RooshV

ARCHIVE

compiled by /u/dream-hunter

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Best Regards,

/u/dream-hunter

July 26, 2026

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Womanly Advice

November 5, 2006 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

If you take a look back at the history of man, you will not find one instance where an average woman's advice about dating or relationships was better than an average man's.

When you ask a woman for advice, she doesn't tell you what works in a world based on reality; instead, she tells you what would work in a perfect, harmonius world where attention is free and plentiful, where no one hurts each other and no one plays any games. She tells you what would work if no one got punished for expressing feelings and interest. She tells you advice that always seems to work in television and movies where the beta always gets the beautiful girl. (Not suprisingly, most mainstream movies are written by beta white guys.)

Want to talk to a girl? "Go tell her how beautiful she is. Her heart will melt."

Girl not putting out in a timely manner? "Be patient and get to know her better. She will reward you with intense passion."

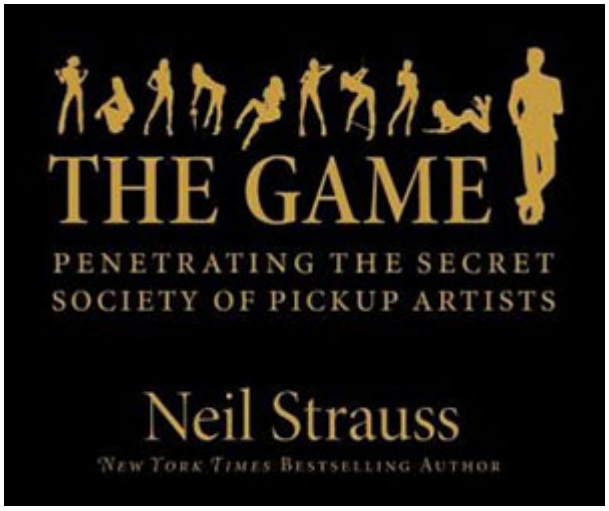
Marriage getting a little loveless? "Send her on a week-long spa vacation. She will come back home ready to cook and clean with gusto once again."

Girlfriend spending your money at expensive dinners? "Spoil her and treat her like the princess she is. The monetary investment will come back ten-fold with eternal love."

In love with a girl who has a alpha-male jerk boyfriend? "Spend quality time with her and remind her how much better you will treat her. Eventually she will dump the alpha for you, an emotional sack of love who loves going down on women."

Listening to advice from woman is like asking a car dealer what's the best way to deal with other car dealers. They are not going to sell out their kind.

At risk of sounding like a Seinfeld episode, I think every man should do the opposite of what a woman says. A woman's advice is pretty typical anyways: they either tell you to give more attention (i.e. try harder) or be patient. When you hear these, it usually means you are probably putting in too much work and need to withhold attention while being more firm with your needs. Your best bet is always to get advice from a man who actually, you know, fucks women.


THE GAME
PENETRATING THE SECRET
SOCIETY OF PICKUP ARTISTS
Neil Strauss
New York Times Bestselling Author

New Domain

November 5, 2006 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

DC Bachelor was started on impulse. One day I came up with the idea and three days later I was a local blogger. I didn't think it would last as long as it has, or else I would have put more thought into the name.

I'm changing it for a few reasons:

1. I hate DC. There is nothing about the city of DC I like more than other cities I've been to.

2. I don't live in DC. I have never lived there and I don't ever want to live there. When foreigners ask me where I'm from, I say Maryland, not DC. Technically, I've been faking all this time.

3. I don't use the word 'bachelor' in real life. Being single is a lifestyle that changes with time, not a single defining word.

So I decided on a domain that is boring but timeless, that will still work no matter where I end up. (The 'V' stands for the first letter of my last name and not the Roman numeral five, though I don't mind being called Roosh the Fifth.)

The content and layout will remain the same. DC Bachelor will stay open as a permanent archive. If you haven't already done so, point your RSS reader to feeds.feedburner.com/dcb, which should still work.

Ten Times

November 6, 2006 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Let's make a brave assumption that 10% of all women in this world between the ages of 18-34 are physically desirable, meaning they are at least a 7 on the 1-10 rating scale. We all know that some cultures are more attractive than others, but for now lets assume they are all the same.

I date Latin, European, and fair-skinned girls. I don't date Asian, Indian, black, or Eskimo. There is nothing wrong with these girls, but I just don't feel it (yes, I know Asian women have tight vaginas). Now say I go visit Columbia. For every 100 girls I see there that are close to my age, I'll want to have intimacy with 10 of them (10%). Since Colombia is mostly homogenous, probably the entire sample size of 100 will indeed be Latin, my target audience.

I run into a problem in the United States because of its diversity. Out of 100 girls I see here, off the bat about half will be girls from ethnic groups I can't work with. So with the remaining 50, 5 will be desirable if we continue using the 10% assumption. That means I will have to meet about twice the amount of girls here than in Columbia to find someone I find attractive.

Now lets drop our earlier assumption and recognize that women from some countries are better looking than others. If we bump up countries like Colombia, Czech, and Spain to 20% (which may be a conservative increase), and bump this morbidly obese country down to 5% (which may be a conservative decrease), the situation for me becomes much more unfortunate.

For every 100 girls I see in the U.S., 2.5 will be attractive (50 x 5%), compared to 20 in a desirable country (100 x 20%). Throw in the fact that D.C. is the ugliest American city and it easily becomes at least *ten times* harder to meet an attractive girl here. This means I have to run into 1,000 girls in D.C. to find the same amount of quality I'd find in 100 girls elsewhere.

There are only three solutions to this problem:

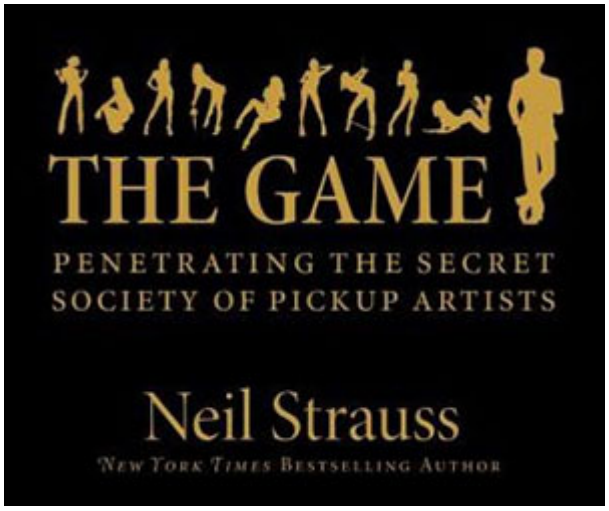
1. Move.

2. Play the numbers game and work hard to sift through tons of undesirable trash.

3. Turn gay.

I'm been doing option two for years. It's more energy intensive but I have dated some quality girls in this area. But then I have to ask myself a couple questions: How much *more* quality would I have met elsewhere? How much *better* would my experiences have been? Luckily for my sanity, I will never know the real answer.

The sad thing with all these numbers and assumptions presented to you is that I have only considered physical appearance, not personality.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Ted Haggard

November 7, 2006 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I've known about Pastor Ted Haggard for a couple years now so I've been closely following the recent revelation of his drug-fueld tryst with a gay man.

For those of you who only read my blog and nothing else, he started his New Life church in the basement of his home with only one church member. He then built it up over many years to a 14,000 follower behemoth that holds services in a stadium. (New Life also has affiliates in other countries.) He led the National Association of Evangelicals which represents **30 million** Americans. He had policy discussions with President Bush. He *was* an extremely powerful man. His decisions not only affected his followers, but Americans not under his leadership. Short of becoming President himself, there are not many ways he could have increased his power here in the United States. This is why his downfall is so amazing. How can a man so close to God have so little self-control?

A lot of people like reading stories of how people succeed. But I like stories of how people fall. And it's not because I'm a sadist, but because the success that everyone loves to praise and masturbate to is often built on weak character that cannot survive the test of time. The success is a fluke, an aberration. In a couple years Pastor Ted will be that crazy guy on a university campus trying to get the attention of passerby's. The next hypocrite who replaces him will lead people who memorize thousands year old scripture as fact, but can't seem to remember how many religious leaders have fooled them in the past twenty years.

The Daily Shower

November 7, 2006 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I stopped taking showers every day. I have stopped the religious scrubbing of my masculine body scent with the artificial chemical you call soap. Since then, my success with women has increased 400%. My intoxicating pheremones now fill the air around me, attracting women who long for a rugged, natural man.

It all happened by accident. I found out that I can gain an extra 15 minutes of sleep by skipping the morning shower. It's not so much that I need an extra 15 minutes of sleep, but now instead of getting up at 8:45am I can get up at 9am, a number that pleases me psychologically. There is one major downside: in the morning it looks like there are small animals living in my hair. But by lunchtime it settles down once the grease starts kicking in. Many girls ask me what product I put in my hair when they are really just staring at scalp grease. (It really builds up in the middle, but that's probably because I only use conditioner. Shampoo is for the devil).

I'm sure there was a time when humans accumulated dirt on their skin and hair, requiring a weekly bath in the village river that also doubled as the village sewage treatment plant. But these days I don't even think many of you know what dirt looks like. Unless you're talking summer heat wave, a daily shower is excessive.

What's It Worth?

November 9, 2006 | by Chaco | Link | Original Link

When Hedonistic, in a recent thread, asked why guys who only want to pump and dump don't just hire call girls for $400 per hour, it got me wondering just what kind of girl a guy could actually get for $400/hr (No, I don't need any call girl services, I got a girl who treats me right). I thought I would do a little research and look at some escort sites. I originally planned to make make a quick clever response in that thread, but what I found deserves a thread of its own. I would like to present some of the results of my research.

[First, before some large men dressed in black hunt me down, every girl selling herself on the web states very clearly that she is only selling her time and companionship, and that no sexual services are implied in the rate charged. Any intimate contact is based on the agreement of two consenting adults and is in no way to be expected.]

Having said that, let us review the market for feminine "charm."

The Data

To spend time with this 23 year old Spanish hottie, Camilla, you must book a two hour appointment for $2,400 and after that initial visit, you may see her for one hour at the rate of $1,200.

To enjoy the companionship of this sultry Russian babe, Anastasia, one hour will cost $350.

If you prefer an all-American cutie like Cindy, her time will cost $250 per hour.

Have yellow fever and seek an exotic Asian like Saki? That will also be $250 per hour.

If you like your women “thick”, then Dani will offer you a special rate of $200 before 2:00 PM, but it’s back up to $250 after 2:00 PM. (Hey, her time is precious).

(no, I am not kidding, I found her out there at those rates).

No discussion of this would be complete without a mention of the high end of the market, for you discriminating gentlemen who seek the finer things in life. Ever want to meet that porn star you found on the internet? Well, one enterprising porn star actually offers men a chance to meet her. She is based in LA but does tours of major cities (she was in DC in

early October) and will fly anywhere if travel is covered. Her name is Sarah Blake, she is innocent looking in a “is she really a porn star??” way, and an hour of her time will cost you $1,000 (discounts for multiple hours available).

And finally, there are the New York/Miami/LA models. This one New York agency does not even list their rates online, but says that the cost of an “introduction fee” to meet a real model “has a comma in the figures”. This is Angelina. You can’t see all of her face, but I have a feeling it looks pretty good.

The Questions

The pics and rates above forced me to ask myself some questions.

1. There are some really hot women selling themselves. Like “why the fuck aren’t you married to a millionaire?” hot. Why do women who can have any man sell their companionship to many men? Is the money that easy for some women?

2. None of these women look like “the type” to be selling whatever they are selling. It makes me think any decent looking woman, and some not so decent *cough* Dani *cough*, could be doing this. So how many are actually doing this? Were my cute college classmates paying their way through school like this? Are those hotties in the A-crowd clubs blowing off guys who approach because they have four men booked the following day?

3. What is with the pricing for these services?? Dani charges $250 an hour, same as hotties liks Saki and Cindy, but shouldn’t she be paying us? And what’s with Camillia and her $2,400 initial appointment? Yeah, she is cute for sure, but one sees girls of her level out all the time. Maybe she is engaging in luxury pricing – making something seem more valuable by charging an inflated price for it.

4. How many men will look at the pics above and never approach a regular girl again? How many girls will look at the hourly rates above and quit their day jobs tomorrow? How many wives who have “lost their passion” will see the hot young girls available to their husbands and rediscover their libido instantly?

Finally, here’s some math for us guys in relationships. In order to get as much “companionship” from girl at Cindy or Saki’s rates to match what a guy gets from his girlfriend in one year (say 3 per week x 50 weeks = 150 per year), he would need to spend $37,500 over 12 months. At Anastasia’s rates, $52,500. And at Camilla’s, $180,000. Having a girlfriend is more economical.

My Best Regards

November 11, 2006 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

"I got married."

Let's have a ten minute silence for all the players out there.

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Help Her

November 12, 2006 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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There are two types of women: ones that exit cars in the middle of the highway and ones that don't. My mom was the former. If my parents started a fight in the car, there was a good chance it would end with my mom demanding to be let out. I would see her a few hours later, tired, sweaty, and mad as hell. Even though walking home punished no one but herself, my mom did this because she wanted to show my dad that she didn't need him. You can say she was a proud woman.

Surprisingly, my parents divorced. After that, because I depended on my mom for food, shelter and toilet, I had to take her shit when she felt like giving it. By my late teen years I decided that it was best not to depend on a woman for anything, even your mother, so that you are free to walk away if you so choose.

After I set out on my own, I would meet women who loved overplaying their hand, whether I was having sex with them or not. Because I didn't depend on them for things necessary for survival, I had no problem cutting them loose. I believe there is no reason to accept verbal abuse from any human being, especially women.

The reason women think they have more power over you than they actually do is because the guys before you never called them out on it. These girls live a life where guys fold over like dominoes to their unreasonable demands and moody behavior. They get away with it because they can, not because they deserve to. They think you like them more than you do or think you need them more than you do. But after one too many tantrums, after you cut off contact, they sit there by the phone, wondering why you don't want them in your life anymore.

Girls are not very good at realizing their value is different with each man they deal with. They don't know their place with you until it's too late. They end up pushing the limit with the wrong man, thinking you will appease her like all the others. I say call her bluff. I say let her out of the car. I say let her cry like a baby. These girls need help to learn how to act. They won't understand it, but you're giving them help.

Look At My Striped Shirt!

November 13, 2006 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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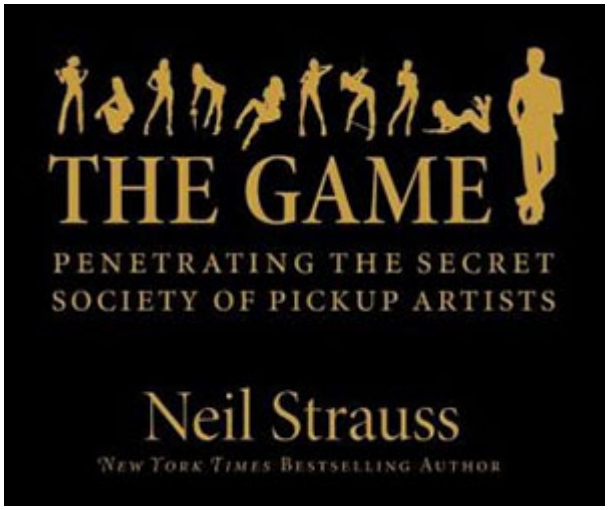
Every white guy who graduates from college must read this and print it out:

> Look at my button down striped shirt! Fucking look at it! This shirt means one thing! I'm coming home with some pussy tonight! That's right! It's been a long week at the office and it's time to blow off a little steam! I am a Junior Vice President! I have business cards that say "Junior Vice President" on them! They're glossy and magnificent! Here! Have one! Take it!
>
> My boys are coming out with me tonight! They all have striped shirts too!
>
> I figure we'll kick off the night with some Golden Tee! I am going to smack the shit out of that little white ball! It's going to be so fucking loud! I'll bet I can drive that pretend golf ball 600 fucking yards tonight! I'm that fucking pumped!

Read the whole thing here.

If you are a white male I want you to say the following: "I am a unique individual. I do not have to dress like other white boys. Blue is not the only color in the rainbow."

Good job.



Masterpiece

November 13, 2006 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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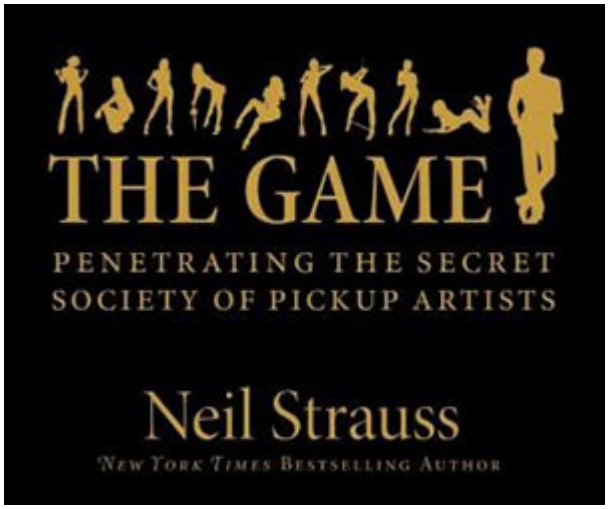
I'm not the only person who writes here, so check the author name under the post title. A lot of people think I wrote the masterpiece on Friday, but it was really written by Chaco. If it's a Friday post, chances are it is not by me.

> So I cave in, I absolutely love reading Roosh V's (formerly known as DC Bachelor) blog! I should be offended by what he writes but instead I'm very intrigued. The majority of his entries have been the most thought provoking thing I've read on the net in a long time. Maybe that's a bit of an exaggeration…but oh well.

From Cheap Appearances. She has a nice body.



Nuclear War

November 13, 2006 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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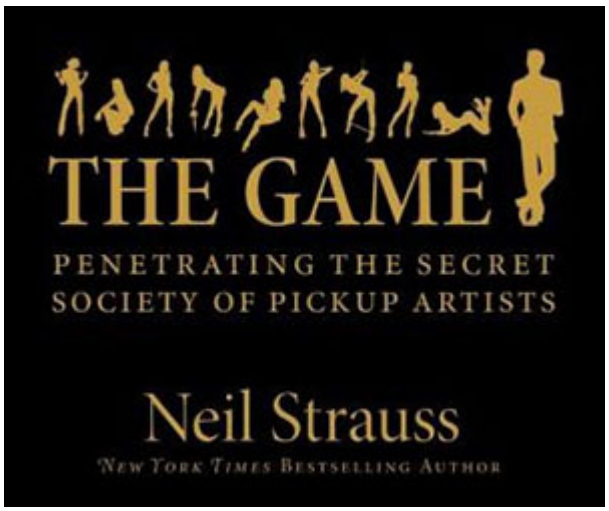
No-knead bread:

Banana bread:

Do never buy silicon

I bake food from the most basic elements of life: water, salt, flour, sugar, bananas, vanilla extract, walnuts. If there is nuclear war, I will be able to survive with just a couple things (clean running water, electric oven, grocery store), while many of you will starve because you were too busy eating Chipotle burritos instead of learning how to bake at home.



Player Or Poseur?

November 14, 2006 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Player. If you see an Indian guy with decent looking white girls, he probably has airtight game. This man's exotic Rorschach inkblot shirt seals the deal (no seriously, I think the shirt suits him well). Though the girl in the middle does seem to be recoiling from him a little.

The Best Commercial I Have Ever Seen In My Life

November 15, 2006 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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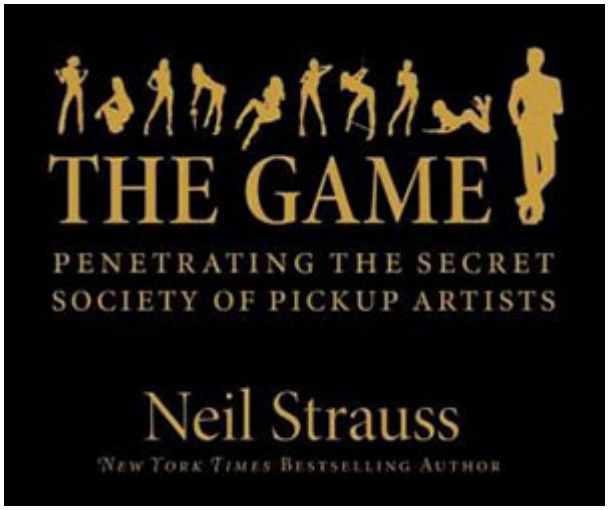
Work safe:

The reason this ad works is because it hits the American woman versus European woman stereotype (among others). The girl on the right, other than being sexy as fuck, is definitely European. The woman — or beast, rather — on the left represents a standard-issue American hog you will have no trouble finding in any mall food court. It appears that she even shops at the Gap like most young American women.

The most offensive thing about the American beast is not her grotesque appearance but her rough, grating, sense-of-entitlement attitude. The sad thing is many American girls act this way even though they are slim and cute, spoiling fine genetics with a bad upbringing. These girls are perfect for guys that like women who try to act hard instead of sexy. “But I have a law degree, I don’t need need to act sexy!”

I’m in love with the Wii girl. I don’t care that she has a petite ass — I want her. If you can find out her name, please share.

Life Insurance Quotes free quotes



The Book

November 15, 2006 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I secretly started writing the book this summer. I thought it would come together on its own so I didn't bother with an outline or plan. Big mistake. After about ten pages, I gave up what turned out to be a fruitless exercise in freewriting, printed out what I wrote, and burned it with my childhood baseball card collection.

Four months later I decided to try again, but in a smarter way. I spent about six weeks working on a detailed outline which was completed last month. I've narrowed it down to these chapters:

- Introduction – typical "how I got here" spiel
- ~~Pre-game~~
- Internal game – I replace your beta beliefs with alpha ones and erase your bullshit cultural programming
- Early game – approach, early closes
- Mid game – phone game, dating
- Late game – sex, maintenance
- Specific game – dealing with special situations
- End game – transcendence

My goal is to keep the organization as simple as possible.

–Begin whining–

This shit is hard. The more I write the more I remember to add more topics. So really each time I write I'm getting farther from the end. It's impossible to make a dent. To get one hour of solid writing done I need to block out about three hours of time because of my short attention span problems. I'm never going to be able to finish. THIS IS SUCKING THE LIFE BLOOD OUT OF ME.

–End whining–

Hopefully I will be finished with an edited draft by Spring. I've moved to the boonies (Gaithersburg) where I'm far from human contact and I have given up pretty much everything — including showers — to make time for writing. It's ironic that to finish this book I need to give up a life that was needed to write it in the first place.

I don't care if this book sells well or not. I feel a new chapter on my life coming up so I need to close this one out with something written. I want something more to show for the last five years other than a huge collection of porn.

Skinny Models? Don’t Blame Me

November 16, 2006 | by Chaco | Link | Original Link

Every woman, gay man, and metro straight guy knows that there has been yet another scandal over models that are too skinny. I say “yet another” because when Kate Moss hit big in 1993, she started a “waif look” that moved fashion away from the curvy glamor girl era of Cindy Crawford, Claudia Schiffer and Linda Evangelista, toward young skinny girls who ultimately got so thin that people started calling their look “heroin chic.”

The latest episode arose when the city of Madrid banned models that were under a certain weight. How skinny are models these days? Well here are some pictures I found showing back-stage shots at New York’s Fashion Week. Based on these pics, I’d say they are pretty fucking skinny.

Dig these girls: I think the one on the left has ribs that stick out further than her boobs.

I’d be scared to bang the girls below. I think my manhood would be cut up by their boney insides.

Oh look, the girl below is eating her one weekly meal!

So who is to blame for this sorry situation? Within the fashion industry itself, it seems there is much blaming of others, but no one who will accept responsibility. Time states:

> Modeling agencies, the motherly folks who inform the models that they can eat or work but not both, say it's because photographers demand subjects with skin, bones and preferably nothing else. The photographers say it's the designers who set the limits. Giorgio Armani, one such designer, last week blamed the stylists,

> the people who put together the looks for the photo shoots at the magazines. The magazines say it's Hollywood or it's advertisers or it's both. And the advertisers say people find their products more desirable when on, next to, or usually just barely covering slender body types.

Let us analyze the above to see if we can figure out just who is guilty. Who are the people in these various categories of the fashion world? Women and gay men, that's who. Straight male stylists? I don't think so. In other words, the people promoting the super skinny aesthetic are those who have no sexual interest in women. Oh sure, there may be the occasional lesbian or the brilliant straight guy who gets in to fashion to meet girls and later commits suicide because the girls in fashion don't eat and the real woman outside of fashion won't bang him because they think he is gay.

But one thing is for sure: straight guys are not to blame. I apologize to the feminist conspiracy theorists who think that straight men have plotted to create eating disorders in young girls everywhere by promoting unrealistic images of women in the media. Sorry, ladies, you are going to have to find another target for your hate other than straight white men. Those boys like women with curves. It's your own female sisters and your fabulous gay friends who promote those terrible images, not us.

The evidence? FHM and Esquire magazines both recently named Scarlett Johannson "The Sexiest Woman Alive." Ever seen Scarlett? This woman eats.

Now that's a woman. 100% natural, too. Oh wait, what about her ass you say?

Photo by Sheryl Nields

Ok there, now believe me? Past winners include Jessica Biel and Angelina Jolie, so more curves on those girls too. There is no way girls who starved themselves to Dolce & Gabbana emaciation would ever win this contest. If I could have my personal pick, Jessica Alba, toned yet curvy, would be the sexiest woman alive.

You girls with with eating disorders can stop paying attention to the beauty aesthetic of gay men and other women. You can stop picking at your salad on dates. You can even order dessert. You want to land a real man? We real men want real women.

Lip Biter Awareness Month

November 19, 2006 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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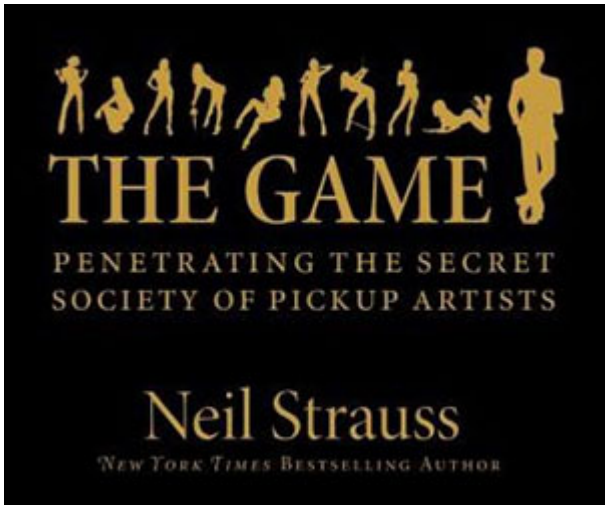
Never take a girl who bites her lip seriously. Very quickly within meeting you, they will, either obviously or not, bite and massage their lower lip while staring right at you with eyes wide open. Lip biters are usually very pretty girls who get a kick out of their power over men; their goal is to arouse you to action where they can then frustrate you. The fun for them lies in the frustration, not the arousal.

Dealing with these types of girls are easy enough: simply remain unaffected and let them wonder why their usual game isn't working. Then they try even harder. In the process they will devote more and more time and attention into you, and next thing they know, they are into you and can't quite explain why. But even then, it takes forever to get these girls in bed because of the hoops they make you jump through. If you do get the lay — and odds are you won't — it's definitely not worth your time to stick with them afterwards. You will never "win" with them and never crack through their game-playing exterior to find the real girl inside (if there even is one). Whether they are playing unconsciously or not, let some other chump try to figure them out.

Either you will get played hard or will not get what you want, which I hope is a normal girl who cares about your needs. I did not meet my first lip-biter until I was 22 years old. She gave me incredible pleasure, but in the end she destroyed me.



Russian Girls

November 20, 2006 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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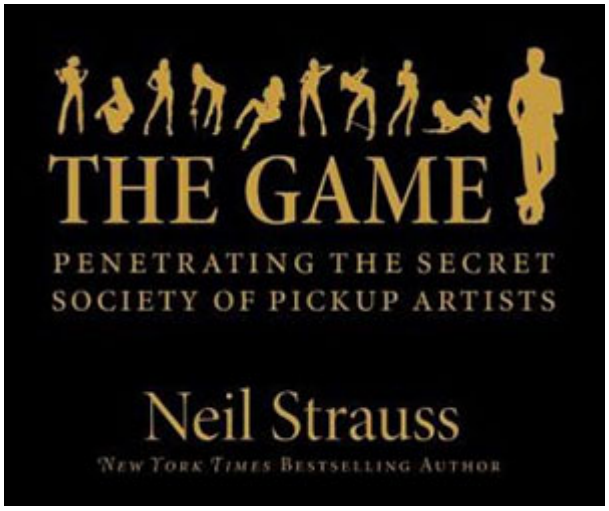
I can not pull a Russian girl to save my life. I have been to at least seven Russian parties in the past year and I've pulled nothing except American. When I try to talk to them, they stick with monosyllabic speech that leads to nowhere, instead of engaging me in conversation that helps me gain access to their vagina.

My Russian roommate, an expert on matters such as this, says the cold attitude of these non-Americanized Russians is not so much snobbiness as it is insecurity, "They are intimidated by Americans and don't feel confident when having to talk in English." It has to be cultural because I've spoken to many other girls where there was a language barrier and I didn't get this feeling that hacking away at permafrost in Siberia would be more interesting.

Let's not forget the good: Russian girls are hot and thin. Sure when they get older they look like a can of Coke, but I'm sure it would be easy upgrade before that happens. To all the men banging Russian girls: God bless you; you are like glorious iron fist of strength and power.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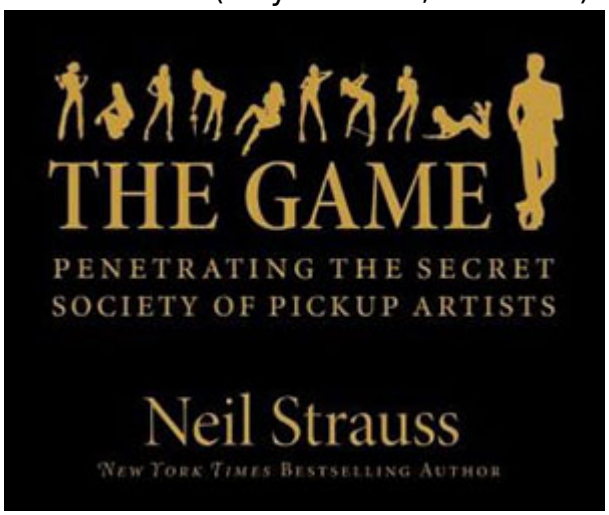
New York Times Bestselling Author

Player Or Poseur?

November 21, 2006 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Babe Ruth Jr.

Poseur. A real player would never point at a camera; it's akin to posing with a bottle of Grey Goose above your head as you party. You tell the world, "Hey look how lame I can be when someone has a camera in their hands!" A real player would take a picture opportunity like this one to wrap his arm around the girl near the ass area, or at least look down her shirt. Instead, this guy stares off into space, wondering why some other guy is wearing the same Old Navy shirt at him. And I know it's from Old Navy because I have the black version (only for work, of course).



Lover Happy Hour II

November 21, 2006 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Hosts: Me, Circle V

When: Thursday, November 30 @ 8PM

Where: Chi-Cha Lounge

My date for the happy hour

Hopefully by the happy hour, V will be fully recovered from her unfortunate beat down in the hands of Las Vegas prostitutes.

Happy Thanksgiving

November 22, 2006 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I give you video entertainment to last the long weekend.

Smashing a Playstation 3 in front of nerds waiting to buy one.

Amazing 'David Blaine' street magic.

"Either the general population will take control of its own destiny… or alternatively, there will be no destiny for anyone to control."

Idiot breaks into liquor store, can't get out.

"If Cookie Monster calls, tell him I'm not talking to him until he comes out of rehab."

"I, locust… FUCK TO YOU."

Latin America's answer to Eddie Murphy's Party all the Time (now a club monster).

Guy at my gym who always tries to show off to the girls gets OWNED.

Japanese guy gets pranked with ride of his life.

Stop complaining at work because it could be worse.

The world series of dice.

George Carlin: owners of this country (i.e. not you) and religion.

Calvin and Hobbes: The Untold Story.

Demetri Martin is a funny dude.

May you eat until you are ill and spend until you are broke.

Gambling = Lame

November 26, 2006 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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This weekend I was in an Atlantic City casino where my views were polluted with ugly and low-class people. It felt like I was at the DMV for two days.

I dominated low-limit poker, not by playing tight-aggressive and using actual skill, but by using mind-games that overworked my opponents' pacemakers. Here is my **TOWER OF STRENGTH & POWER**:

Nothing intimidates your opponents more than making a bet from a phallic metaphor.

After passing by the blackjack tables where mouth-breathers were hooting and hollering after winning $5 bets, I went to watch at a roulette table, which I'm convinced is the unofficial gathering place for people with the lowest IQs in society. These people are betting their hard-earned money on a plastic ball spinning around a wooden bowl. I have more respect for state lottery players. The best part of the game is at the end of a spin when the casino employee literally flushes a mountain of chips down a drain built into the table.

As the tower suggests, I did win overall (+2 BB/hour), but until casinos are full of hot-bodied 21-year-old South American women instead of smelly senior citizens, I'll leave gambling for the dreamers.

Blue Dress

November 27, 2006 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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What happened to the dress on a first date? The last time a girl impressed me with one was years ago. It doesn't matter much if she was pretty or not (she was), but she wore something which completely maximized her look. There is this art — I forget what it's called — where you get into a person's mind and detach them from reality. You create a powerful image in their head which makes them forget about reason and logical thought. Time becomes distorted and this person is ready to drop everything just for ten more minutes with you. But you're not practicing this when you roll up in pantsuits or an unflattering pair of jeans.

When a girl looks standard issue on a first date, she just lost an opportunity for me to increase her value and decide to put in an unreasonable amount of work and time to get her naked on my bed. Girls analyze their failed dates with men and look for that one magic reason why he didn't call again. But it's never just one thing — it's a dozen things. A girl has never completely lost me because I didn't like her style, but getting that right means she can screw up on other things, like not having lips as soft as butter left out at room temperature for one hour.

Not That Important

November 28, 2006 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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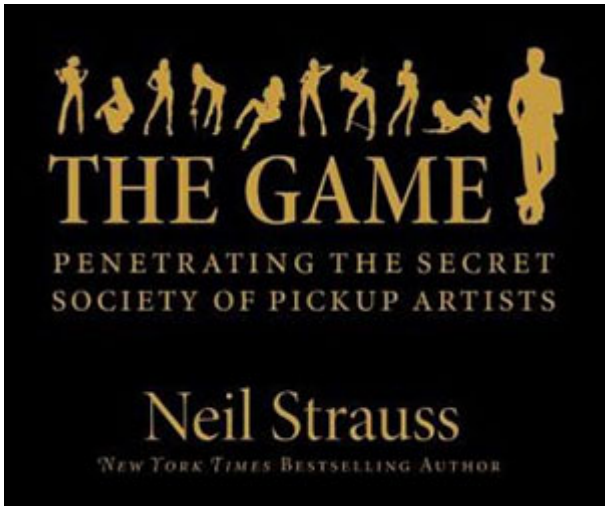
One of the first things I learned after I bought my motorcycle was to always watch my rear when stopped at a traffic light. I would keep the bike in gear and look in my mirrors to make sure the car behind me was slowing down to a stop. If not, I would be ready to maneuver out of the way. Getting rear ended on a motorcycle is so dangerous for the rider that it's a simple precaution you take to stay safe. But I never do that in my car, and I don't know anyone who does.

Three years ago I met Jen through a friend of mine. We developed a rapport where I would give her advice, especially on how to get this one guy she really liked. She was always very kind to me. Eventually I lost touch with her and she pursued a graduate degree to become a therapist.

On Thursday night she was sitting in her car at a red light. Her passenger was a guy she just started dating. A drunk driver did not see the traffic light and plowed into her car, killing both her and her date.

It's inevitable that a lot of people will tell her family that she is "in a better place now." Unfortunately she is not. Everything that you are, that makes you *you*, and gives you this state of consciousness to know that you are a different being from everything else on the planet, resides in your brain. Once you die and the cells in your brain die, it's game over. The only good part about dying, I guess, is that you will never know you are dead. It will be just like before you were born. If you don't make the history books or leave a collection of written works, you will live on in the memories of those who were close to you until they die themselves. And even if you do leave a legacy, you will never know the impact you made. No matter how happy or fulfilling of a life you live, or how rich or poor you become, it will end the same for all of us. We should all be grateful of consciousness, but cursed by it as well. I have never known real suffering, but knowing your existence will end can't be far from it.

The more I become a student of life, the harder it is to come to the conclusion that a supreme being is guiding the course of man with a meaningful grand plan. Our lives are governed more by random events, by statistical probabilities, than something that leads to a final purpose. In the cosmic scale of things, our lives are not even a blink of the eye. If life was a chess match, not only would we not be the pieces, but we would barely be the speck of dust on the chess board itself. While our lives have no real meaning, this consciousness makes us believe that we are special, enough to keep us alive and continue life for the next generation. That's all life is. Jen had 24 years of life and I'm sure she gave it the best she could, but I know she didn't expect to go so soon. If she was in one lane over, she would be alive right now. If such a trivial decision decides whether two human beings continue their existence or not, life definitely cannot be that important.


THE GAME
PENETRATING THE SECRET
SOCIETY OF PICKUP ARTISTS
Neil Strauss
New York Times Bestselling Author

Player Or Poseur?

November 29, 2006 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Virginia Senator Jim Webb and his wife

If you saw this man on the street you would probably be revolted by his gigantic forehead and oompa-loompa appearance. It would be safe to say that any woman with him, especially Asian, is a mail-order bride. But Jim has served in the military where he has killed men with his own bare hands. (Women love men who are not scared of other men.) He's also served in powerful positions, displaying a level of ambition that women over 30 get completely wet over. But most importantly, he has misogynistic tendencies. No matter what a woman says, she loves a man — at least subconsciously — who is ready to put her in her place. This man is definitely a player.

LHH II Reminder

November 29, 2006 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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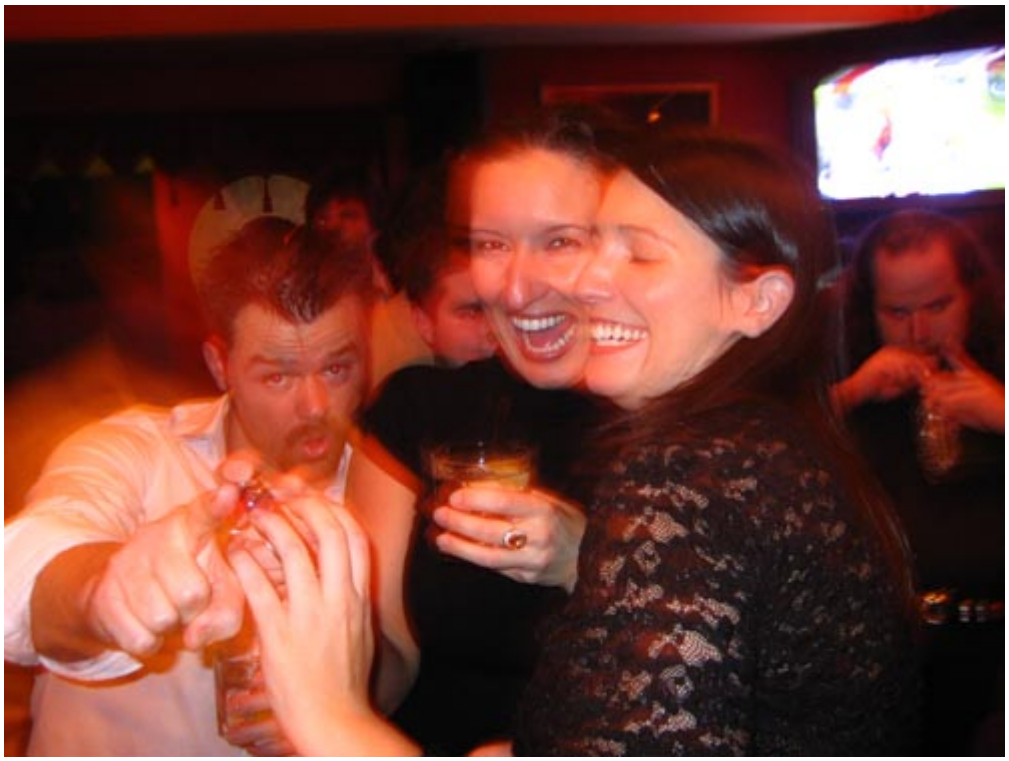
The happy hour is tonight. Look for us by the main bar. Here is a picture of when I brought Judy (tonight's date) home to meet Mom:

Pictures Of Cookie, And Others

November 30, 2006 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



Respect

November 30, 2006 | by Chaco | Link | Original Link

A friend was recently telling me a story about a wingman of his. It seems this guy has good game and a lot of balls. He is the type of player who will approach any girl at any time, even if she is with her boyfriend. One time his wingman walked right up to a girl in a bar who was with her boyfriend and totally captivated the girl to the point the wing had his arm around the girl and the girl was totally ignoring her boyfriend. The boyfriend kept trying to get his girlfriend's attention but she blew him off to keep talking to the player. Finally, in desperation, the boyfriend grabbed his girlfriend and started kissing her in order to ward off the player.

This story got me thinking. It's pretty obvious the girl above had no respect for her boyfriend. Who knows what her motivation may have been, maybe she was pissed at him for something he did and was getting him back, maybe things were good but she wanted to make him jealous, or maybe she just really dug the payer dude and got lost in a trance with him. But whatever the issue, she massively disrespected her boyfriend.

I could call the girl out for acting like a bitch, which she was doing, but I am more tempted to call the boyfriend out. Bro, how could you let your relationship get to the point where your girlfriend would disrespect you like that? Your girl flirted with another player right in front of your face while she was holding the drink *you* bought her?? When your girl thinks she can get away with that, that tells me you're doing something very wrong. My philosophy is that men should take responsibility for their relationships. If your girl isn't treating you right, fix things or get a new girl, but it's up to YOU to manage your shit.

I really think it would be impossible for my girl to do this to me. I have very clear lines about what I consider disrespectful and if I feel I have been disrespected, my girl finds out very quickly. I think it's important for guys to have firm rules for how they expect to be treated and they should not be afraid to enforce them. No, I am not talking about 'pimp slappin your bitch.' I am talking about being willing to have a direct and firm conversation and not backing down if she argues back. If your girl won't agree to your lines in the sand, enforce your views by downgrading how well you treat her. If the problems continue, downgrade her from girlfriend to casual sex partner (or from girlfriend to dumped).

I may be coming off like some macho ass, but that is really not my intent. I am usually a big mush ball around my girl. I am extremely affectionate with her, both physically and verbally. In fact, if some of my old wingmen could see me snuggling with her, they would probably grow queasy, shake their heads sadly, and say I will soon be a broken man, sexless and cheated on.

I beg to differ. I can spoil my girl like a princess because when she crosses a line, she gets instant negative feedback. She knows that if there were repeated infractions it would have a serious negative effect on our relationship. I will not be in a relationship that emasculates me. Period. The end result? The number of infractions has decreased to

nearly zero and 99% of the time she and I are warm and affectionate with each other. She does her best to please me and I do my best to make her feel loved and cared for. It’s the happiest and most beautiful relationship I have ever been in.

It’s all about respecting yourself and demanding that same respect from your girl. When you have those things in place, you can be as soft as you want and she will never tell her friends you are “too nice.”

R.I.P. FirstDateDC.com

December 1, 2006 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Kathryn and I pulled the plug on our baby after 11 months. Here is what I had to say:

> There are only so many ways I can tell a girl that a guy isn't into them. When starting this blog I never thought 85% of the questions would come from women. Because my main skill is in helping men, I know that my typical "move on" advice to women was probably not all that helpful to them. When the goal of a woman is to find one man to nest with, they don't want to hear it when you tell them to find another guy. In that respect, I failed.
>
> From working with Kathryn, I clearly see how tough dating is for people our age. Because of this there is an industry composed of dating books, seminars and workshops, and as long as men and women need to physically mate to continue the species, there will always be a demand for dating advice. While we can't confirm if our advice helped bring two people together, I think we helped the human race more than not.
>
> **My final advice is for everyone still working on that one crush. I know it is fun to have a project, to work on that one guy or girl you really like. But it never fails that the more you really like them, the less chance you will get with them. Liking a person a lot before intimacy occurs is a good sign that they their value is considerably higher than yours. In other words, they can do better. It is not until I stopped valuing women that things fell into place for me.**
>
> Perhaps if we only answered one question a week could we keep it going and stay fresh, but the daily nature of the blog doomed us from the start.

December Book Update

December 2, 2006 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

“So how’s your player book going?”

It’s going well, thanks, girl I used to date.

I never realized how appealing cleaning or peeking into an empty refrigerator is until I started this project. And I’m learning that it’s impossible to write without setting up some sort of reward system. I would start a porn download and not let myself watch it unless I write a certain amount. But then I’d take an early “break” and watch the porn anyway, and make my roommate watch it too. And then we’d play the drums and get some ice cream. After all that I’d get kind of sleepy and head to bed, but not before surfing the internet for a couple hours. Blog writing is so easy because not only are the posts short but you have immediate gratification. I can come up with a good idea tonight and by tomorrow I’d have Roissy and Hedonistic in the comments section fighting with each other, trying to hide the fact that they long for each other’s sex.

On my six page outline, I’m done with the first page. My goal is to be halfway done by the end of the December.

Word count: ~13,000

No New Years Club

December 3, 2006 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

It's that time of year where you start asking your friends, "So what are you doing for New Years?" Panic strikes as Christmas approaches and you still have no idea what lame party you are going to. Well I'll tell you what I'm doing for New Years: I am cooking myself a meal from my Betty Crocker cookbook, drinking a bottle of wine (probably a Riesling), turning off my phone, watching a movie, masturbating, and then going to bed. Total cost: $20. For me there will be no party, no countdown, no overpriced entry fee, no mass text messages, no cheap Champagne, and no party amateurs celebrating another year of life they wasted. Why bother? The people who love New Years Eve are the same who love making a big deal on their birthday. Well there is an age where you stop making a big deal of both — that age is 9.

Now I will not judge you if you spend $100 to pretend that you are fun. It is your money and you can do whatever you want with it, but let's be honest: I am superior to you. I know that fun can not be bought. I know that very little good can can come out of packed crowds. I know that bar and club owners are diluting their vodka as we speak. Everyone tries so hard on New Years ("Oh my God I need to buy a new dress!") that all you end up with is a bunch of losers acting unnatural, praying that they will find someone with a heartbeat to make out with. I will have my own party — a hand party — and I guarantee you it will be fun.

I Have Reached The Pinnacle Of My Game

December 4, 2006 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Years of trolling Craigslist daily has finally paid off: I was recently a missed connection. Behold the glory that is an anonymous female seeking me out:

> Barnes & Noble? – w4m – 20
> Date: 2006-11-19, 1:23AM EST
>
> Today. Yesterday, rather. You stayed till closing.

I confirmed it was me after an email exchange. She's an L.A. implant hipster. The first thing she noticed about me, like most girls, was my hair.

> When I grew my hair out, I noticed that I would attract a different type of girl. The quantity didn't change, but now I was spending time with art snobs, **hippies**, international girls, and emotional crazies.
> October 25, 2006

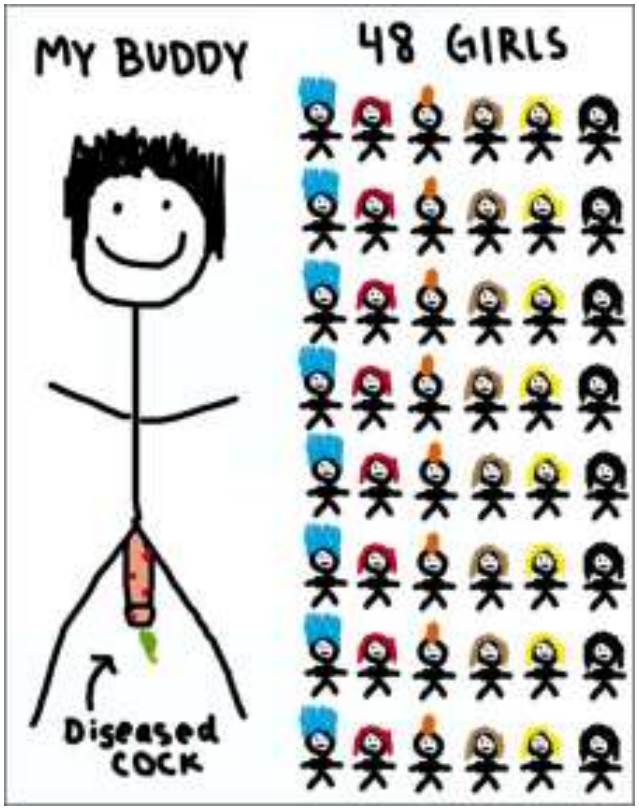
I guess all I have left to accomplish is some sort of massive orgy.

Road To 50

December 5, 2006 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I have a player friend who has 48 notches. No girl who meets him thinks he is a player, and it's this under-the-radar feel about him which is the probable cause of his success. Girls think he is just a nice guy until he bangs them and never calls again.

This graphic gives you an idea of his accomplishment thus far:



He wants to get to 50 where he can then take a step back and look for a quality girl. And he would like to do this before January 1st, which means he has under a month to bang two girls. The Road to 50 series will detail his journey to finally becoming a real man.

Postscript: Before I can even post this, I get a text message Monday night that he got to 49. I knew I should have started earlier.

Postscript 2: Damn it, last night he got number 50. **He got 3 new notches in 4 days**. Oh well that was fun.

Thinking

December 6, 2006 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

If you ask one-hundred people what they like to do in their spare time, not one will say “to think.” Why would they — humans think all the time. In fact, they had to think just to answer your question. Right? But are they simply reacting to information or are they breaking it apart to create new ideas and theories? Do they just nod or frown at the news or do they take time out of their day to understand the big picture?

Unfortunately, people do not think, they consume. Sure, you read news and commentary, look up topics in Wikipedia, watch educational programs or documentaries, but do you put it together? Do you add to the conversation or do you just spit out the same statements you have always been saying? There really is no point anyway: humans are so resistant to change and forming new opinions that they will simply seek out information that validates their existing view. Growth rarely occurs. Real thinking is so rare that there is a term — ‘intellectual’ — for the class of people who actually do it.

The reason people do not think is because it is boring. Oh the torture of having to sit alone, without entertainment and without concern of what else you could be doing to only be occupied by your thoughts. Instead of being bored with the company of their mind, people seek out television or celebrity photos to consume some more. They don’t realize that they are bored with themselves. Look around and you will find people who fill their time with enough activities, distractions, and obligations so they are never forced to be alone with their own mind; so they always can say they’re “busy.” They are like the little baby who gets tired of one toy and reaches for something else, just passing the time, just playing on the surface.

Bitch Slappin' The Boys

December 7, 2006 | by Chaco | Link | Original Link

Like every other guy, there are times when the ways of women mystify me. But at other times, I must admit, my own gender makes me shake my head in confused wonderment. I am not just talking about the alien force that compels some men to sit in the hot sun watching stock cars drive around an utterly plane oval track for hours on end, hoping someone crashes horrifically to end the boredom. I am talking about the world of romance and dating. Let's picture two typical dating scenarios:

Scenario #1

You're in a bar and you notice a girl smiling at you. You smile back, which prompts her to walk over to you and introduce herself. She works hard at keeping the conversation going. She laughs at all your jokes, touches you playfully, and fixes her hair a lot. At closing time she asks you to escort her home. At her door she invites you in to offer you a drink. On the couch at her place, she jumps you and you have wild sex. In response, you notch your belt, tell your friends she is too easy, and never call her again.

Scenario #2

You chat up a cute girl in a coffee shop. You get her number and go out for drinks. Nice conversation follows, she seems cool and interesting. You offer to walk her home, she says there is no need, but you insist, and after some back and forth, she reluctantly agrees. At her front door she stops to say goodnight and you tell her you have to use the bathroom, so she lets you in. After you have pretended to use the bathroom, you sit with her on the couch and bust a move. While making out, she tells you repeatedly that she can't be up late and needs to work in the morning. She moves your hand away from whatever private part you are attempting to grope. She struggles to keep various pieces of clothing on as you attempt to remove them. Finally, either through exhaustion from fighting off your attempts, eagerness to please this cool new guy she is on a date with, or simply the natural horniness that comes from long sessions of making out and being groped, she relents and sleeps with you. In response, you notch your belt, tell your friends she is too easy, and never call her again.

What's odd about this is that if both girls above had put up more resistance and denied their men the ultimate prize, the guys might have called again. Guys, does this make any sense? If a girl bangs on the night you met her or on the first date, she is likely to bang the next time you see her, so what exactly is the problem is here?

I'll never understand this. To me, this kind of bait and switch thing is what we "logical" guys like to blame "emotional" girls for. We guys constantly complain how girls demand we treat them to expensive dinners and flowers, only to decide, after we dutifully comply, that we are "too nice." They tell us they "have a lot going on right now" and are "too busy to date anyone," but a few weeks later we see those same girls grinding on some frat boys wearing cowboy hats in Heaven & Hell.

As far I was concerned, I had no problem with a girl who was ready to get busy real quick. When that happened, I just patted myself on the back for having pimp tight game. I mean, hey, I can't really blame a girl for having sound judgment in men, can I? Once I was done giving myself props, I started making plans to get the good stuff from her again.

When I was playing the game, I wasn't playing for the love of opening lines, phone numbers, or first dates. I wasn't spending weekend nights trolling in trashy Adams Morgan bars until 3:00AM for the joy of communing with sweaty, drunken humanity. I wanted the ultimate prize. When I got it, I sure didn't want to throw it back so fast. I wanted a healthy rate of return on my investment.

Think of how many guys make promises to Satan himself that they will never be nice to a woman again because they got burned by the dinner & flowers trick all through college. Now ask yourself how many girls swear they will make guys wait at least 5 dates before sex because they got burned for giving it up "too soon." Fellas, does it ever occur to you that if you reward "good behavior," you're likely to see a lot more of it?

Cream Pie

December 7, 2006 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Good news for people who have sex: Plan B is now on the shelves.

> Major pharmacy chains such as CVS Corp., Rite-Aid Corp. and Walgreen Co. not only offer the pill throughout their networks, but also pledge to ensure that customers can buy Plan B onsite even if a given employee declines to provide service for reasons of conscience.

AP

Calling 1-888-NOT-2-LATE was easy enough, but you had to wait by the phone so a counselor can call back and ask your girl questions about her vagina.

Counseling fee: $20
Morning after pill: $50
Busting inside a girl because you were too drunk to notice the condom broke: PRICELESS…

…from what other guys have told me.

–

Looooooong time reader Eric has started a magazine in Austin with some friends called The Other Paper. He has a column that riffs on the seduction "gurus" you may have read about in The Game, with their acronyms and ridiculous war analogies.

Austin is the only American city I need to visit.

–

I think I will stop reading comments from now on. Several of you have interesting things to add, but every now and then I have to punch myself in the stomach. It's almost like some of you are reading another blog and then commenting here.

I Am A Rapist

December 10, 2006 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Some items off the rapist checklist:

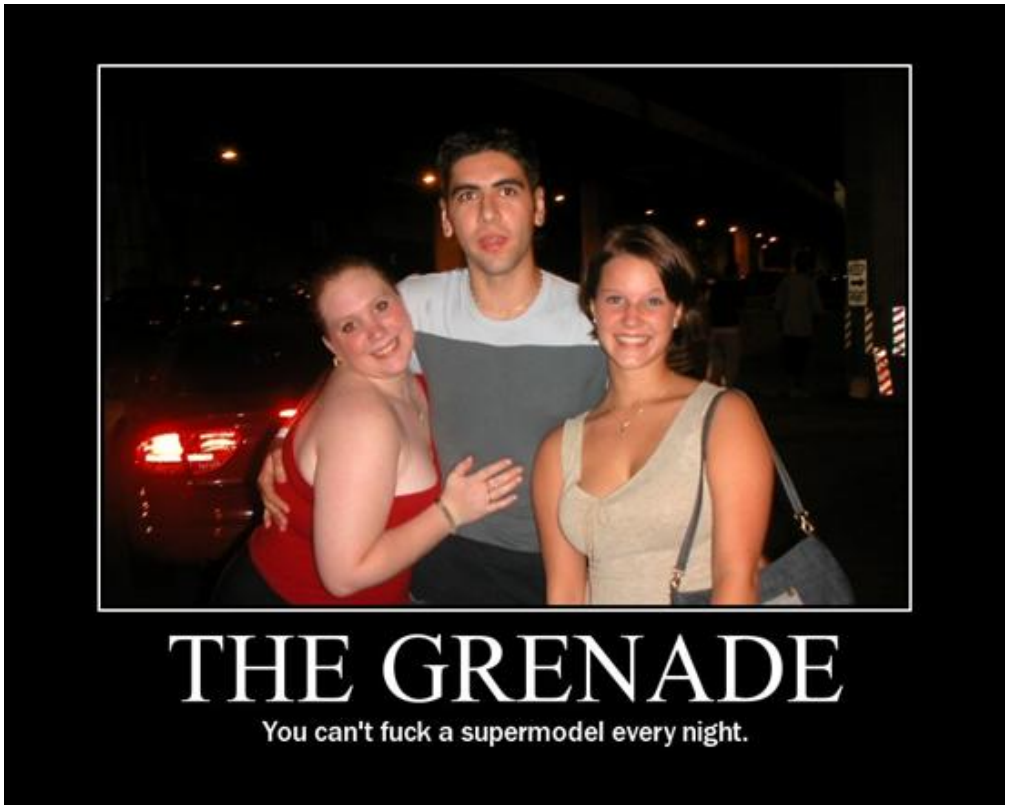
> 1. You are a rapist if you get a girl drunk and have sex with her.
>
> 3. You are a rapist if you get yourself drunk and have sex with her. Your drunkeness is no excuse.
>
> 13. You are a rapist if you 'nag' her for sex. Because you manage to ply an eventual 'yes' from a weary victim doesn't mean it's not rape. You are a rapist.
>
> 14. You are a rapist if you try to circumvent her "No" by talking her into it. She's not playing hard to get, and, even if she IS it's not YOUR responsibility to 'get' her. You're still a rapist.
>
> 17. You are a rapist if you don't immediately get your hands off of her when she says 'no'. You are a rapist if you take your hands off of her and then put them back ON her after 10 minutes and she eventually 'gives in' to this tactic.
>
> 18. You are a rapist if you won't let her sleep peacefully without waking her every 15 minutes asking her for sex. Sleep depravation is a form of torture and YOU are a rapist.
>
> 21. If she said "Yes" to sex with a condom and that condom breaks and you proceed anyway then you're a rapist.
>
> 27. If you had sex with her the night before but she doesn't want morning sex and you pressure her for it anyway then you're a rapist.

During sex, all the power belongs to the male because he controls the speed, tempo, force, and rhythm (unless he chooses to give it up). Even with consent, he is penetrating and he is violating. The author of this list tries desperately to equal the imbalance by making only one sexual interaction acceptable: when the man grovels and asks for explicit permission. To her this is acceptable because the man emasculates himself and transfers power and control — and his manhood — to her side. She doesn't care about equality, or protecting women from men like me; she just deeply resents the fact that sex is where men completely dominate. Unless a woman tells me 'no' once I'm inside her (it has never happened), I'm going to get mine the way I want to get mine. And so is every other real man that has sex. No ridiculous list will change that.

-Den of the Bitter Beaver

Motivational Posters

December 11, 2006 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



-Motivator creator

Soy Latte

December 12, 2006 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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After 27 years of life, I have stopped drinking another mammal's excretion. I have come to the conclusion that cow's milk is better suited for baby calves and not adult humans. The only reason we drink milk from a cow is because it's cheap to produce; if the dairy industry could find a more economical way to produce milk from a camel, we'd all be drinking camel milk within a generation, after "new research" shows that camel milk offers more "health benefits."

I was talking to a friend about my recent decision to wean myself off the cow teat and he told me I was crazy, that milk is good for me and I'm sure to die a horrible bone-shattering death down a flight of stairs at the age of 50.

"How do you know milk is good for you?" I asked.

"What do you mean, it's *common sense*. Studies show it's good for you."

Another victory for public relations! Now I'm not writing this to convince you that milk is bad for you, but the last person I'm going to trust when it comes to what I put in my body is an industry motivated by profit. Whenever you are wondering if you should believe someone or not, ask yourself how much that person would lose if the opposite were to be true. If it's measurable in large dollar sums, as in billions of dollars, it may be prudent of you to be a little bit more skeptical. Money is all too powerful and corrupting of an incentive.

I bought a soy latte recently and was pleased with the taste. I'm becoming such a lame hippie cliche, with my long, non-showered greasy hair and beard, carrying books around and consuming soy products. I won't be surprised if I go vegetarian. On an unrelated note, I'm currently in the market for an acoustic guitar.

Smith Point

December 13, 2006 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I have been in this area since legal drinking age and have visited over 100 bars and clubs around DC, but I have never been to Smith Point. I don't know anyone who goes there but apparently it's a popular bar. Can someone help me "get it"?

Late Night Shots, the promotional arm of Smith Point, has a message board I read when I want to feel better about myself. On the surface it doesn't look like these are the type of people I want to associate with, but I've been wrong before (once, actually). The bar seems like a place the CPMC guys went to before they discovered the existence of the cigar.

If being a part of this white crowd means I can pre-party at J. Crew, I want in **immediately**.

Postscript: "There's enough fodder for mockery in there to keep 100 monkeys blogging non-stop for a year." – Rock Creek Rambler

Why Are There Still Fat People?

December 14, 2006 | by Chaco | Link | Original Link

I have been noticing there are a lot of fat people in this country. Sure, I knew this before intellectually, but it's caught my attention lately because it seems like I am always squeezing myself into a Metro seat next to some really fat person, which I have to do carefully to avoid sitting on the part of them that oozes onto the seat I want to sit in. Having to do this so often got me wondering just how many fat people there are in this country, so I did some internet research and found government statistics on the subject.

The answer: a whole fucking lot.

According to the Centers for Disease Control, 66.5% of adult Americans are overweight. Even worse, half of those are classified as "obese." If you do the math, that means 1 in 3 of my fellow Americans are obese.

How fat is "obese"? Well, it seems "obese" has some official clinical definition that means "not just fat, but really big ass fat." According to a Body Mass Index (BMI) table, a girl who is 5'4 (my girl's height) would have a "healthy weight" if she were between 110 and 140 pounds. She would be considered "overweight" if she were between 146 and 179 pounds. And this little 5'4 girl would be considered "obese" if she were between 175 and 197 pounds.

That's pretty damn big. I'm not talking about a few extra pounds here. I am not picking on people who stay in shape but are not fitness model perfect. And yes, before The National Association to Advance Fat Acceptance hunts me down, I understand that there are people who suffer from medical conditions they can't control that make them gain weight. And yes, there are people who have genetics that hardwire them to be fat no matter what they do. My true sympathy goes out to these people.

But what about all of these obese people who could do something about it if they wanted to? It's not like people don't know what makes them fat or don't understand how to be thin. Who living in the midst of the Information Age still doesn't know that a diet consisting of hot dogs and Ben & Jerrys will make them fat? Ok, maybe there are a few moonshine-selling hillbilly families living in Appalachia who never got the message, but I am convinced that everyone else knows that a sensible diet and exercise are the answer.

If everyone knows how to be thin, why isn't everyone thin already? After all, we live in a vain, image-conscious society. We Americans spend countless billions every year on clothing, make up and accessories to make us look more attractive (if I were not feeling lazy I would look up even more statistics on consumer spending in these areas). We literally worship the most beautiful people in our society – movie actors, TV stars, fashion models, and turn them into modern day royalty. Our culture is obsessed with physical appearance, so why isn't the crappy feeling obese people get when they look in a mirror enough motivation for them?

Moreover, it's well established that we humans select our mates based upon physical

characteristics which speak to one’s fitness for producing healthy offspring. In plain English: slender people get laid. I don’t think you would be shocked if I told you the best looking men prefer to date women who are slender. We also know the best looking women usually date men who are somewhere between yoga toned and bodybuilder massive. If the desire for the sex explains a great deal of human behavior, why isn’t the basic need to have sex with hotties enough motivation for people to stay in shape?

So who can explain this to me? Obese people already know everything they need to know to be thin. When obese people look in the mirror, they receive the instant feedback of disliking what they see. If obese people want to mate with a member of the opposite sex, they live a life with fewer, less attractive mating partners at their disposal. So WHY are they still so fat??

Do You Know Where Your Cocaine Comes From?

December 15, 2006 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Here's an educational video that shows how cocaine is made. Unfortunately there were no bare-breasted women cutting up the coke like in the movie New Jack City.

I've never tried cocaine before and after watching this I don't think I ever will, especially when *recycled* gasoline is a main ingredient. Ammonia and sulphuric acid is also used. The filter of choice is a dirty rag.

The impurities and chemical residues will get you before the drug does.

Source: ThrowAwayYourTV.com

Balls

December 16, 2006 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Casey Serin For Dummies

December 16, 2006 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I've been fascinated by the story of Casey Serin, a 24-year-old who dived into real estate investing as the market turned sour. He bought the bulk of his properties in 2005 with "liar loans," which lets borrowers state their own income to get into more house that they could afford. And with interest-only payments, for at least a few years you can afford your dream house. This housing boom has created new rules that prevent housing from ever going down; by the time you balloon payment begins, you can refinance and cash out a little to get marble countertops or a new car. Unfortunately for many people reading from a DC condo right now, we know this recent housing boom was no different from previous ones.

Casey bought houses at their peak prices, sometimes without even looking at them in person, and found himself unable to get buyers interested. Since he quit his web designer job to be a RE investor, there was no income coming in. He started a blog about his problems, which was immediately successful though it put him on the hook legally since he admits to lying on his loans. The USA Today did a profile on him called 10 mistakes that made flipping a flop.

> In one year, the 24-year-old website-designer-turned-real estate-flipper bought eight homes in four states — and in every case but one, he put no money down. At his peak, in April, Serin had $93,000 he'd taken out of the homes as he bought them. By July, he was broke, desperate for one last deal.
>
> Now? Serin has $140,000 in credit card and credit-line debt and five houses in foreclosure. Last month, he started iamfacingforeclosure.com, a blog that's drawn both notes of condolence and expletive-laced condemnation.

He is sitting on $2.2 million in debt. Only in America will banks lend such a large amount of money to a web designer. But to his credit, if he simply dived in four years earlier, he would be a very wealthy man right now.

I'm not a RE investor but I'm fascinated by this story because I completely missed the boat. I did not buy any properties and got to sit on the sidelines watching other people's wealth increase. I am a bitter renter. But the fact that my rent payment is less than what many of you Whole Food shoppers pay for food a month does ease the pain.

The fun part of all this, and why I'm writing about Casey, is his brilliant blog. He is a soap opera writer, stirring up the pot and getting everyone in a froth over his idiotic moves and statements. Examples:

- Continual search for "creative" and "sweet" deals even though he has to borrow thousands of dollars a month from friends and family.
- Selling a reliable car and buying a used Jetta with a subwoofer that is in dire condition.
- Following the advice of "gurus" and attending real estate seminars. He recently attended a one-week RE seminar and posted about how the book Getting Things Done

might turn things around for him.
- Postings of his discretionary spending which includes visits to Macaroni Grill and Jamba Juice (West Coast equivalent of Smoothie King). The Jamba Juice mentions guarantee at least 100 comments.
- Complete unwillingness to file for bankruptcy (until yesterday).

For the past couple months I know he's been trolling, but I just can't look away. I really want to see where this ends up: if his wife will divorce him, if he will go to jail, or if he will land a sweet deal to get him out of the mess. And it's educational too because I have learned more about RE investing from the hilarious comments section than anywhere else.

I look forward to a housing crash, which would only affect speculators like Casey or buyers who bought more than they could afford. Unless the dollar falls, which is a real possibility for 2007, a housing free-fall would be a most pleasant development to someone like me who is sitting on cash.

- IAmFacingForeclosure.com

Thankful

December 17, 2006 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I feel sorry for women because all guys want to do is fuck them. I think my interactions with the human race would be more negative if I was viewed as genital organ with a life support system built around it. It would bother me as a girl that I'm constantly fed bullshit and lies. "But not all guys are like that!" Yeah and those happen to be the ones girls usually *don't* want to fuck.

While I'm no different from most men, I like to think I leave girls better than I found them. I gave her this pleasure (emotional, physical, and spiritual) that stays with her for at least a month, sometimes longer. I help raised the bar for future men she dates. I gave her hope and experience. She doesn't realize it at the time, especially when she runs into me when I'm with some other broad, but I made her tougher and stronger. The next time she meets a guy like me, she'll be better prepared to play him and get more of what she wants. Smashing and dashing really is win-win for everyone involved.

Clueless

December 18, 2006 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I have no clue when a girl orgasms or not. Unless she tells me, your guess is as good as mine. I know there are some signs like a sudden change in vocalization (e.g. “I’m coming”) or a request for a one-minute break, but it’s impossible to be certain unless I ask. And while I’m curious how many multiple orgasms I did or did not give in a 30-minute period, I don’t ask.

If I ask, I’ll start focusing on her pleasure instead of doing my own thing, which — if I hear from her again — is good enough. The moment I *try* to please her is the moment I’ll end up pleasing both of us less.

P.S. I have not gone down on a woman since 2003.

Player Or Poseur?

December 19, 2006 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

This man appears to be relaxed and comfortable. He has put in a little work to his appearance with the facial pubes and the hand jewelry, but it doesn't look like he is trying too hard. He is not making any weird facial expressions or camera-pointing gestures. His hands are comfortably wrapped around the girl's body.

Other than an awkward claw position for her left arm, the girl attempts to get as close as possible to him, as if she wants everyone on the internet to know they are an item. The thing that seals the fact that this man is a player is that her crotch is almost against his crotch, something that is uncommon when posing for pictures with lady friends. I would guess that his game is at an advanced level for being able to pull a pretty girl from the majority race.

Are You Serious?

December 20, 2006 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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1. No good deed goes unpunished. Yesterday I posted a picture of a seemingly happy couple, complimenting the guy on his game and the girl on her looks. Turns out the guy is gay (he fooled me) and his friends are getting uppity, all because I *complimented* his pussy-getting ability. Whatever. They are obviously new to the internet with their "you have no life" arguments. Next thing they will tell me that are "it" people in DC or something. Sorry my life is isn't going to Fly every fucking weekend to party with the same fucking people. Please teach me how to be cool.

2. A girl who I refused to go down on publicly reacted to my post on Tuesday by basically saying I have mommy issues. I wrote something spiked with venom that was ready to crush her but I decided to put it aside. I have no choice but to defend my honor if she continues the psychobabble.

3. Both Kathryn and V shut down their blogs today. The DC blog community as I know it is over, and I fear the brain drain has just begun.

Not Wanting What You Wanted

December 21, 2006 | by Chaco | Link | Original Link

I never have done drugs, so there are a lot of things about drug use that confuse me. But what confuses me most are how people do coke/ecstasy/meth/whatever to get high but don't think about the crash into depression that comes after. The crash is as much a part of the experience as the high, but nobody ever says "I am going to get high and then get depressed." People just talk about the high part.

Actually, drugs are not the point of this post. I bring them up because I have noticed a similar phenomenon when it comes to relationships. There is a lot of wanting to get high but ignoring what comes after. More specifically, I have been noticing lately that people desire mates with certain qualities, but never think that there may be a downside to those very same desired qualities.

There are quite a few examples of this. My favorite example of late is when women seek a professionally successful (and therefore wealthy) man for a husband and then express great frustration when he is too busy to spend quality time with the family. Did you read the recent news articles about Goldman Sachs year-end bonuses? Those guys don't get anywhere in an I-Bank like Goldman by leaving at 5:00PM every night to be home for the family dinner. Want a man with a chance to make partner in a top law firm? Those guys don't make partner by insisting on time off for PTA meetings. The vast majority of jobs that pay big money also expect you to bust your ass in exchange for all that wealth. Why doesn't it occur to women that the hot shot MBA who is going to buy them that fabulous Georgetown townhouse isn't going to have extra time for his son's little league games?

Men have their own issues with not wanting what they thought they wanted. We know men tend to be attracted to youthful women. I think if you took a survey of men and asked what the ideal age for a wife would be (and you promised you would never reveal their answers any women), I am sure most would say age 18 is perfect. That is, as long as she turned 18 within the last month. But what's funny is that men who successfully land a young hottie then become driven to near madness from her immaturity. I have been guilty of this myself. In the past few years I have dated some women in their early 20′s and then complained to friends about xyz ridiculous! stupid! childish! thing they did. The usual response from guys is usually something like, "Put that bitch in her place yo!". The usual response from women is usually something like, "What did you expect, you idiot??" With hindsight, the ladies have a point. Guys, if you like 'em young, go for it, but don't expect a college girl to show sound and prudent judgment in dealing with you. Expect an impulsive kid raised in an age of instant gratification who was spoiled rotten by excessively indulgent parents.

I could go on and on. Ladies, you want an assertive alpha male with a strong backbone, right? Funny how that alpha male transforms into a macho jerk when he disagrees with you and stubbornly refuses to back down. Fellas, you want that club hottie who wears fashionable sexy clothes? Funny how she transforms into an untrustworthy slut when she

flirts with all the club players who hit on her. Ladies, do you like metrosexuals? Funny how they don't seem so endearing when they insist on different choice of dinner flatware. Ok, instead you want a man's man who knows how to change a tire just like your dad could? Funny how he think spending all weekend watching football games on TV is a way to spend quality time at home (wearing tapered leg jeans with white sneakers, no less).

I think people would be a lot happier in their relationships if they learned to accept that with every desired quality comes a downside to the very same quality. I am not saying those downsides are a party, but nobody should be surprised when they appear.

Very Cool Wine Holder

December 23, 2006 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

This one is cool too.

Gifts

December 25, 2006 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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For everyone: TED talks. Short and long lectures from a bunch of really smart people. Check out the ones by Malcolm Gladwell, Dan Gilbert, and Barry Schwartz.

For the ladies: a picture of me beating my meat.

For myself: a 3.5 pound laptop. My desktop and I had a good six year run.

Ghost Wars

December 27, 2006 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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It only took me about three months but I have finally finished the 600-page book Ghost Wars, about events in Afghanistan and Pakistan leading up to 9/11. My favorite paragraph:

> The [CIA] sent out a team of mechanics knowledgeable about Russian helicopters to try to resolve the [helicopter mechanical issue]. Massoud's men took them to their Dushanbe airfield and opened up one of the Mi-17s. The CIA mechanics were stunned: Massoud had managed to patch an engine originally made for a Hind attack helicopter into the bay of the Mi-17 transport. It was a mis-matched, gum-and-baling-wire machine, a flying miracle. The CIA mechanics were so appalled that they did not even want Massoud's pilots to fire up the helicopter's rotors. They were afraid the whole thing would come apart and send shrapnel flying.

The freedom fighter leadership would fly in these helicopters.

I still find it amazing that one man who traveled in SUV caravans in third-world countries continues to stymie the most power empire in the history of the world. The book, which I highly recommend, lays the groundwork for how this all came to be. Reading it has been the biggest commitment I made all year.

New Year’s Musings

December 28, 2006 | by Chaco | Link | Original Link

I am sitting here at 10:16PM and I haven’t written anything for my now regular Friday spot. I usually try to find inspiration around mid-week but this week I got caught up in the holiday spirit and never got around to it. My usual routine is to sit down at my computer on Tuesday and think of the something that has been interesting me lately and that fits into the general spirit of Roosh’s blog (male-female dynamics, social commentary, sex, etc). Right now I have nothing and I am just writing stream of consciousness style until I get an idea. By the way, Roosh has never once told what I should or should not write: he gives me complete ‘artistic freedom’ (if you can associate any of this with “art”).

Since this is the last post of 2006, I suppose I could offer some New Year’s thoughts. I have been thinking about New Year’s resolutions lately. I never used to make any, but I think I will this year. I used to think they were lame because I felt personal improvement is something people should do year-round. It shouldn’t be some special once-a-year deal that you forget about by mid-February.

But I have been taking stock of things lately and I decided there are some good habits I would like to develop, and some bad habits I would like to get rid of. So this year, I will make some resolutions. I figure if personal improvement is a year-round thing, there is no reason **not** to start on January 1, 2007. So here is my list of things I would like to do more of, and things I would like to do less of.

1. Do something for my health every day. It can be lifting weights, yoga, Tai Chi, whatever, just *something* for my body each day. As my girl said recently, our bodies are the one thing that goes with us no matter where we are, so we should make taking care of them #1.

2. Do something for my mind every day. It can be reading a book, solving a sudoku puzzle, playing chess, anything that makes me think or adds to my understanding of the world. Reading Rooshv.com does not count.

3. Do some relaxation work every day. Deep breathing, meditation, progressive relaxation. Everyone is too tense, including me. ‘Nuff said.

4. Do not do amusing but mindless things like read blogs or look at porn until after I have done the three things above. Nothing against you bloggers (or porn stars) out there, but it’s time to set some priorities.

That’s it. I think if I accomplish those things, even in a small way each day, I’ll be a better person by Januray 1, 2008. I wish everyone luck with their personal goals for 2007, whatever they may be.

My Top 10 Favorite Posts of 2006

December 30, 2006 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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10. The Game

> It's humiliating to go out, attempt to dance, put on this "I'm a cool guy! really!" show, and essentially act like a monkey to get into a girls pants — to lower yourself for someone you don't care about just to get that physical pleasure.

I wrote this because I felt weak to my physical desires.

9. Ten Times

> How much more quality would I have met elsewhere? How much better would my experiences have been? Luckily for my sanity, I will never know the real answer.

In Spain I realized that the DC area really is ugly. A calculator was used during writing of this post.

8. Two and Out

> I refuse to invest in someone of unproven value.

The only time date threes occur is if one of the first two dates were shorter than normal and when she makes it pretty obvious that sex is going to happen.

7. Coffeeshop Couple

> I'm staring at this couple, who are oblivious to everyone around them, and realize that their lives are harder than mine will probably ever get. Their day-to-day struggle for normalcy is much more difficult than it is for anyone I know.

I wrote this on a piece of paper after they left.

6. My Girlfriend Judy

> Finally, I found a woman who doesn't talk back and lets me do whatever I want to her in bed.

I took down the pictures because of some work problems but they are not back up with a new bonus picture.

5. Spain: Lessons

> I liked this girl a lot, but I liked the other girls a lot too. These are the times I feel pity for guys who have crushes and obsess over just one girl for months or even years. There is just too much quality out there in the world to have an obsession.

This post didn't get too much attention but I threw in a lot of game observations.

4. Status

> As a club veteran, I see the types of girls that give second looks to sharply dressed men in VIP booths. If you walk down the ghetto while waving hundred dollar bills in your hand, I doubt you will be surprised when someone robs you of it. Money attracts people who like money.

The idea that personality is more effective than money defines my interactions with women.

3. Not That Important

> It's inevitable that a lot of people will tell her family that she is "in a better place now." Unfortunately she is not. Everything that you are, that makes you you, and gives you this state of consciousness to know that you are a different being from everything else on the planet, resides in your brain. Once you die and the cells in your brain die, it's game over.

I wasn't going to write about her death but all the comments on her MySpace page from people who didn't have a clue changed my mind.

2. My Rules Of Life

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

I had to develop this post for a month before I could even start it, and then it took me another couple weeks to write it.

1. Glengarry Glen Ross (Remix)

> You see my bedpost. You see it? My bedpost has more notches than you will have in your entire life. You see, pal, that's who I am. And you're nothing. Nice guy? I don't give a shit. Good father? Fuck you — go home and play with your kids! You wanna play this game? Close!!

This was easy to adapt from the original because high-pressure sales and getting laid are similar. The scene is from one of my favorites in movie history.

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Here's to another year of consistent blog output.

January Book Update

December 31, 2006 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I'm halfway done with the outline, which is becoming more and more useless as I go on. The hardest part is finding a place for all the material, much of which doesn't fit neatly into categories. Right now my goal is to get it in somewhere for now and worry about editing later.

I'm making progress, but the end seems so far away that I'm just taking it one hour at a time.

Animals Are Tasty

January 1, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I have no problem eating animals. They taste good and the protein in their flesh helps sustain my gym workout routine and muscular development. I go to the store, buy meat that looks nothing like the animal it came from (definitely no hair or feathers or soft skin or anything gross like that) and then I go home and cook them up in a hearty meal that may or may not give me digestive issues one hour later. This is a meat-eating world and those who don't jump on board are pansy-ass liberals who think they are smarter than everyone else.

But what would happen if meat-eaters had to kill the meat they wanted to eat? How about if you had to kill the cow, cut up its body, and filet its flesh. I don't even know how they kill cows — machete, maybe? If you want leather shoes or handbags, you have to condition it yourself. I think you have to leave it out in the sun for a certain period of time. If you wanted to eat chicken breast for dinner you had to take the chicken, hold it on a board and slice off its head with a large knife, being careful not to let all that blood splash on you. Then you get rid of all the feathers, open it up, and gut its internal organs with some type of scooping instrument. Of course you would preheat the oven before the slaughter to save time.

I could not make myself kill any animal for food when I know I could survive without it. Big agri-business does me a service through their immigrant-powered factories in the Midwest: they allow me to eat meat by placing a big enough distance between what happens to the animal and what I see on grocery shelves. (As I write this I'm eating a huge cow cheeseburger with cheese, mushrooms, and grilled onions. Mustard and ketchup is falling all over the keyboard which I have no idea how I'm going to clean up. My fingers are covered in greasy goodness and I'm using the sleeve of my shirt to wipe my mouth because I don't plan on going out later.)

In the old days of rural societies, people had no problem killing their food because that's how they were raised. But in modern, capitalist society, all of us are groomed to be end-users who consume without question. So what if this chicken meat come from a couple thousand miles away. It's still chicken right? So what if this DVD player was made in a dangerous Chinese factory by 16-year-old girls. It's on sale right? If we had to kill our meat, at least half of the country would turn vegetarian overnight.

Exclusively Bad

January 2, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Every weekend, the same scene is played out in thousands of nightclubs in hundreds of cities worldwide: young, upwardly mobile people are doing their best to get past the velvet rope.

If you went to Best Buy to purchase an electronic gadget, and the staff made you wait in a non-moving line, and expressed doubt about wanting your money, and then, depending on the cashier, an extra, random amount was tacked on to the price, would you go back again? It's a strange thing to wait in a line for a nightclub that is not full, where your patience is just a plea for acceptance in dark rooms that have alcohol, loud music, and the possibility of sexual attention. But you don't wait in lines do you? Well, there are other ways people pay for this VIP access, from money to fake friendship to flirting, where the possibility of sex is never outright denied.

It's hard to find something to belong to that defines you as a person. Not everyone is going to be marathoners, artists, athletes, politicians, or imported car enthusiasts. Not everyone will easily find their niche. While there is nothing wrong with the vast majority of people, they fit right in the middle of the bell curve: they are normal, maybe successful, but without a specific group they can call their own. If this normal person is social and in possession of discretionary income, that leaves not many options for hobbies except alcohol and partying. Alcohol makes you feel good so it would make sense that a lot of people go this route. After going out three nights a week to the same places for an extended period of time, they can now say they are in a special group that exchanges pictures and party stories. Now they belong.

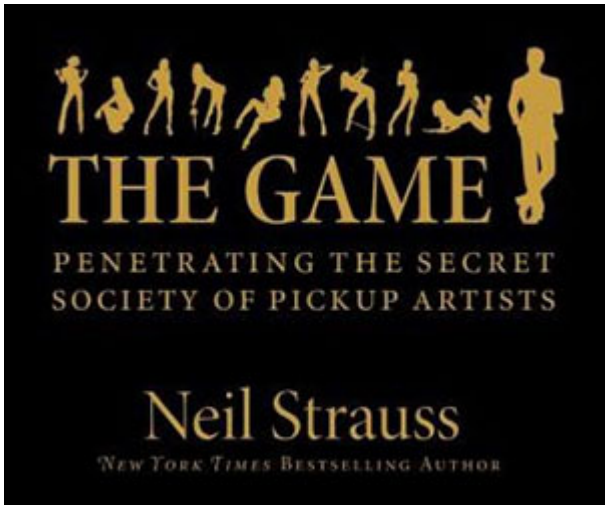
These people, when they are in a nightclub of their peers that gives an air of exclusivity, no matter how manufactured, undergo a transformation. First is appearance. Just like in any social club, a uniform must be purchased which lets others know you belong. This is the cornerstone of the fashion industry and ensures that everyone buys the same styles at the same time. Recently when I saw a girl with a belt around her stomach, I thought she was just being creative, but then when I saw a dozen other girls with the stomach belts in a matter of weeks, I knew the memo had gone out, replacing the tassel belt fashion that seemed to be popular a few years ago. Imitation triumphs over individual style.

Second is attitude. In a sort of mind meld, individuals wishing to join the social club must adopt the attitude and beliefs of the leaders, who are the owners and to a lesser extend, the staff of bouncers, promoters, and bartenders, who know more about projecting attitude than intellect. While owners are the local leaders of this club, party celebrities such as Paris Hilton play their role in determining what is cool and what is not. It is not surprising that Paris Hilton is part-owner to successful nightclubs that bear her name.

Being cool means having a serious look on your face, recognizing someone's worth based on their appearance and who they know, and limiting contact with those who are

obviously commoners. If you are a single man without friends trying to break into a city's VIP circle, all you need is the willingness to pay for other people's alcohol long enough until they consider you a friend. But of course this friendship is only limited in venues that serve alcohol — sobriety would tear the fragile bonds apart. The reason you go inside a nightclub and no one puts out their hand to meet you like they might at a house party is because you could have terribly low social value that taints the reputation they have spent so many months building.

When someone works hard to belong to some group, the value of that group automatically goes up in their mind. This person look downs on non-members and makes sure that others are limited access to preserve his or her membership value. It's not very exclusive if there are too many members. Exaggerated behavior replaces normal behavior, and the harder it is to get into a group the more exaggerated the members will act. Don't work too hard at getting into something that is exclusive. There will be other people who have also bought into that exclusivity, and all the mental rot that goes along with it.



Evolution Of White Trash

January 3, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

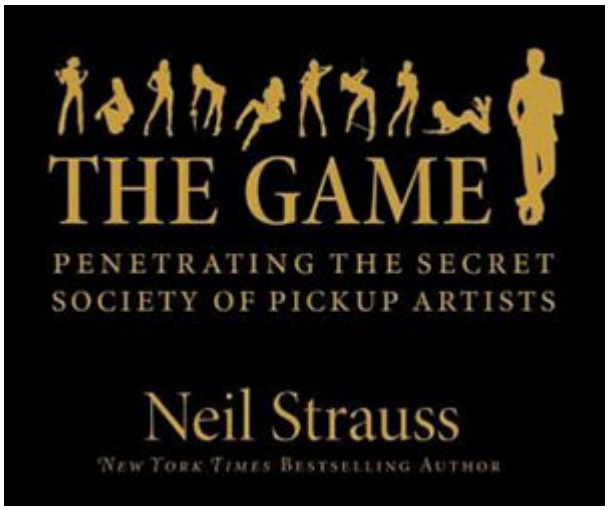
I was sitting in Starbucks when two older white women sat down with three girls. Two of the girls were about 10 years old and the third one was around 18. The 18 year old was complaining about the aloof behavior of a gentleman who owned a pick-up truck. Everyone in the store became very familiar with this young man in a short amount of time.

Later, she started singing Akon's single I Wanna Fuck You (she did use "love" instead of "fuck"). Then the two older women started singing along and encouraged the two young girls — who were probably their daughters — to sing along as well. The little girls sang the chorus.

I see you windin n grindin up on that pole,
I know u see me lookin' at you and you already kno
I wanna love you, you already know

After the little girls were done, the teenager and the two mothers gave them a round of applause.

I can barely tolerate the suburban mom on her cell phone chatting away with a Louis Vuitton diaper bag draped over her shoulder, extolling the benefits of "me-time" while reminding everyone within earshot how little Madison is smarter than her playmates — but I much rather deal with that then have to watch adult women train little girls how to be dirty whores. If my parents pushed me to sing songs about fucking strippers when I was little, I guarantee you I would be feeding mouths instead of blogging, wondering when the fire sensation in my crotch area will go away. Remember: all you need to create life is a functioning genital organ.

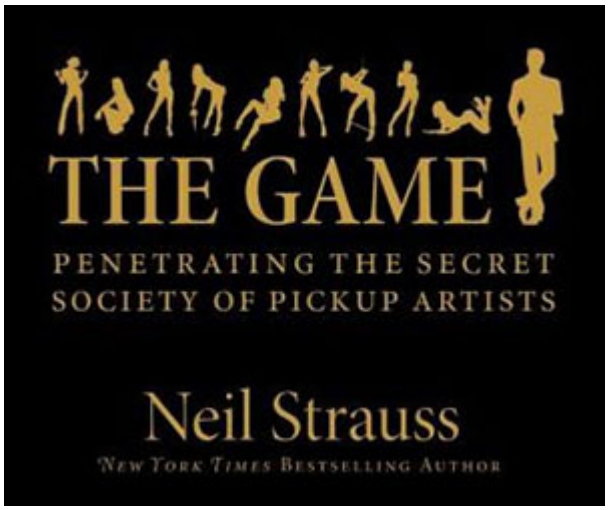


Tired Of Not Getting Attention

January 3, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

When a girl wants to leave early from a club or bar, it's because she's not getting attention from guys. Many times I've seen a girl who is "tired" or has to wake up "early" start her exit, finally get approached by some guy, and then ends up staying longer than me. The question is if they believe their own reasoning.

When a guy wants to leave early, it's because there are too many guys.



Cosmo

January 4, 2007 | by Chaco | Link | Original Link

I love Cosmopolitan magazine. For about a year I have been buying Cosmo every month and reading through it with my girlfriend. It's great fun: articles about sex, pictures of hot girls, lots of lingerie ads. Hell, it's better than a lot of men's magazines.

On the late, great, FDDC I used to tell shy guys who couldn't bust a move on chicks to check out Cosmo for living proof that women love sex and want plenty of it. Case in point, let's review the cover of this month's edition:

SEX Uncensored: Your 10 Most Private Questions Answered.
(one of the questions in the article is, "What is the right way to get into 69?")

BEDSIDE ASTROLOGER 2007: Find Out What's in Store…in Life, Love, and Lust
(on the 15th my girlfriend's "inner badgirl is unleashed" by the "brazen Moon")

Your SEXIEST Haircut Ever
(for inspiration, the article has pictures of movie stars with the "sexiest hair cuts of all time". Mia Farrow, 1967 anyone?)

Chick Behavior that Baffles the Hell out of Guys
(the list includes why women have 3x as many clothes in their closets as men, but always complain they "have nothing to wear")

Carmen Electra: Bouncing Back From Heartache
(I didn't care enough to read that one)

HOT NEW SEX TRICK: This Mind Blowing, Box-Spring Breaking Technique Will Intensify Everything He Feels
(tells girls to slow down and tease a lot before letting their man finish)

How to Decode Your Body's Signs That Something's Wrong
(this is the token health tip. I couldn't be bothered to read it).

PLUS: Make Your Legs Look a Mile Long
(includes fashion tips like "avoid in-between lengths" for jeans and skirts)

What is interesting about Cosmo is the reaction it provokes from women when you mention it to them. Most women SWEAR they don't read it, but somehow they always seem to know what a recent article said. I knew one women in grad school who swore she hated Cosmo, but when I visited her room discovered several copies of it laying on her dresser. My wonderful girlfriend isn't immune to the strange love-hate relationship women have with Cosmo. When we are in a store together and I suggest buying the latest edition, she will always say, "Oh no, I don't want to buy something trashy like that." But when I buy it myself and bring it home as a present, she will say "Oooh, cool!" and we will soon sit down to our monthly ritual of reading it together. It's like Cosmo is a guilty, socially inappropriate pleasure, to be indulged in secret but condemned in public.

As far as I am concerned Cosmo serves the highly useful purpose of teaching girls how to

look better and be kinkier in bed. As such, I hope women learn to publicly embrace their now clandestine love of Cosmo. Wanting to look hotter and please better can only make the world a better place.

La Tomatina Video

January 6, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Here are two short video clips that should have gone in my La Tomatina post a couple months ago.

The first is a clip of the mayhem surrounding the grease-covered ham pole that brave men tried to climb. I used my hand to shield the camera from the rainstorm of grease. While the Asian guy is wiping grease up top, the girl down below got her shorts pulled off. Her pale, white ass was seen by thousands. It was alright.

And this short clip was shot immediately after the ham pole was brought down.

How To Get Your Finances In Order

January 7, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Humans have not evolved to handle modern currency for two reasons:

1. The paper that currency is based on has zero inherent value. When you are gambling at a casino you tend to make bets you would not have made with paper money because you don't have a strong attachment to decorative pieces of clay. But as we get older, the attachment we have to paper money lessens and we get desensitized to its value. Spending money becomes easier. Price tags would have more meaning if it listed how many hours of labor it would take you to buy it. That iPod now costs 13 hours of labor the HDTV is 2 weeks of labor. That $7 slice of cheesecake took you 15 minutes of labor. You may buy these things anyway but its real value is clear because you know exactly how much of your time and energy it takes to obtain it.

2. There are too many streams of income and expenditures to keep track off. We are not designed to make daily purchases, pay bills, deal with emergencies, spoil ourselves, and then be able to have a balanced budget each month. If you were to ask people how much they spend on food, a necessity, each month, they can only give you an estimate which I guarantee is a lot less than they actually spend. Humans need extra help to keep track of multiple streams of data.

I'm sure you know someone whose life is consumed by huge credit card debt. It's even possible that they are much bigger debt than you even though your living situations aren't that different. Why are some people just bad with money and others are not? The answer lies in a person's belief system. Some people believe in things that make going into serious debt an inevitability.

"I know I'm spending more than I make now, but I will be making more money soon." This is counting your chickens before they hatch. Unfortunately, there is absolutely no guarantee that you will be making more money in a year or two. There is no way to predict if you will even have a job. In case you do make more money a year from now, this belief ensures you keep increasing your spending anyway, preventing you from having the extra cash you planned on using to pay off debt obligations. Spending money you don't yet have is an assumption that keeps you in perpetual debt.

"I know I'm in credit card debt, but these are things I need and they are making me happy." There is not a documented case of human fulfillment coming from items manufactured in China. Fact is, other than a quick rush when purchasing something new, your mind quickly gets accustomed to the new possession and your happiness level remains constant. And now you have this consumer good that you need to maintain until you throw it in storage. The ability to increase the amount of happiness you can generate only comes with committed changes on how you view the world and yourself.

I know many girls who own very expensive handbags, and when I ask them why they

bought these bags they usually make a reference to the quality and not the image the brand represents. But those expensive handbags are not handmade and come off the same factory lines as those that cost significantly less. And then I have the friends who insists on buying luxury automobiles because living without soothing German engineering would be uncomfortable. Now I don't know if they are telling me the truth and they are really buying these things for the status, but I do know that the idea of turning these needs into wants is a basic marketing principle that drives the sale of these products. If you can afford these items without going into debt then great, but otherwise you should resort to the free alternative of fantasizing about the objects instead.

"I want other people to know that I am very successful." This stems from insecurity. You are concerned that you are less worthy as a person because someone else is displaying material possessions — probably bought on credit — that is worth much more than yours. So you catch up so this person by going into debt. Problem with this strategy is not that there is no end — there will always be someone who has more than you. So your life is a pattern of trying to keep up, going into more debt, but never really getting there. You sit at home, with all your stuff, still upset and wondering if you can pay more than the minimum payment on your credit card statements. Most advertising put out by marketing agencies aim to make you feel insecure and inadequate, and this is financial death for those that are already insecure. Unless you are on top of the latest rotating style, it's assumed, you are a loser and the girl with the latest pair of boots will show her disgust with dirty looks.

I once read a question on some Dear Abby column by someone who asked how she can get her girlfriends to stop picking expensive restaurants for girls night out without having to tell them she is broke. But your friends should have no problem knowing you can't afford something and if they do maybe it's time to get friends who don't judge you or make as much as you do. (I'm not saying to go hang out in the ghetto but having friends that are poor will save you an incredible amount of money.) By not caring what other people think, you immediately start living a more simple life that allows you to focus on things that make you happy instead of things that other people approve of. There is nothing wrong with not having enough money.

Having correct beliefs makes it very easy stay on top of your finances because you do the right things without having to consciously think about it, in a way that fits your own unique situation. I don't read finance sites or lists of 1,000 ways to save money, but I'm able to put save a large percentage of my income each month because I have internalized the right beliefs.

One of my most important beliefs is knowing that demand increases to fill supply. If a friend buys you a chocolate chip cookie, you are going to eat it even though you may have not been craving for a chocolate chip cookie. If your coworker brings a cake to the office, that cake will be gone even though no one was really hungry. If you just get a bonus at work, you will spend it on things you wouldn't have bought otherwise. If you buy an extra large bottle of cologne, you will use it more often than if you bought a small

bottle. If you have $100 in your pocket, two days later you will wonder where it went. If you happen upon a stash of hot porn, you will masturbate more than usual, maybe into the early dawn hours if you got a lot of sleep the night before. If your mind knows that something is there, it will find a reason to use or consume it. When people complain to me about their inability to lose weight, I simply tell them not to buy food. You can't eat what you don't buy, and a midnight snack craving loses its punch when you know you have to get in the car to find some Doritos instead of reaching your meaty paws in the cupboard.

Places like Costco and Sam's Club exist because people think they are saving money when they buy things in bulk. They see the cost-per-unit price and then toss the extra large jar of mayonnaise into the cart. Without even thinking about it, they will now consume more mayonnaise because their mind knows there is a lot of it. If you look around your house right now, you have a lot of consumables that are just sitting there, inching towards their expiration dates. What this really represents is cash not earning interest. That cash is in the hands of the companies instead. There is little reason to buy more than one week's worth of food or goods unless there is a natural disaster coming. I only buy what I need, don't tie up my cash in things that just sit there, and don't let anything go to waste. This ends up saving me much more money in the long run.

We are tricked into believing that buying the largest size possible makes economic sense. Flyers will advertise how much you are saving by purchasing the warehouse sized packaging of hypoallergenic ass wipes. But are they selling thousands of ass wipes because they are trying to help you save money, or because it benefits them? Companies don't want you to save money — they want you to spend and contribute to their profits. Sizes are getting larger because it benefits corporations. If they didn't make more money on quantity, the larger sizes would not exist. At the grocery store there is now a gigantic jar of spaghetti sauce that is so big it has a built-in ergodynamic handle. You will buy these and consume more or throw away a large amount, and then go back and buy more again because you think you're saving money.

How about if I buy in bulk something that I use a set amount of every week? For me this applies to my Tuna Helper habit. I consume two boxes a week, no more or less, so you think I'd load up on this "food" during 2-for-1 specials. I don't. The point of a sale should be for you to spend less. But what happens is you load up on the sale item so your weekly spending never goes down. In the short-run it may cost me a couple bucks, but in the long-run I save because I strengthen the belief to only buying what I need, cutting spending in almost everything else. Don't turn your house into a warehouse.

The opposite of this principle also holds true: if you constrict supply, demand will lower. If at the beginning of the month you commit to saving a large amount of money and enter it into the budget, and you can see how little you have left to spend on everything else, you have no choice but to constrain your spending for that month. But if you wait until the end of month to save what is left over, you will find there is nothing left over to save.

A tool that reinforces all these correct beliefs is having a monthly budget where you

monitor every dollar you spend. I believe that if people simply knew where their money was going, they would be a lot more careful with it. It's just too hard to understand how much you are spending with credit cards and check cards until you have to manually enter your spending into a spreadsheet and see your monthly balance go down. This act tells your brain that this money you earned no longer exists.

I recently gave my budget spreadsheet to a friend. Like me he set up a line for going out, and estimated that he spends maybe $400 a month in bars and restaurant. Three weeks into December, he was already at $500. Then when he went out to the club, he spent half of the amount that he normally spends because that $500 expenditure was something he couldn't ignore. He saved $30 that night only because he knows how much he spends when he goes out. Every dollar counts. In the long run it adds up to amounts you would leap at if you saw laying on the street.

When you use a budget, your finances become an obsession because they are in your face almost every day. Every transaction, from ATM withdrawals to buying a coffee at 7-11 with your check card, gets logged.

Budget.xls spreadsheet *(Right click > Save as)*

How To Maintain The Budget Spreadsheet

Step 1: Put in your paycheck income and other guaranteed income. If you are a freelancer, you may want to add lines to account from different sources of spending and income. Or you can create a new worksheet in the same spreadsheet and link those values to the main budget.

Step 2: Enter all known bill payment expenses (rent, gym fees, car payment, etc.). For other expenditures like going out and food, make an estimate. You will be changing that number as the months go on.

Step 3: Play with you expenditure numbers until you balance goes to zero. If this seems impossible to you, then you are not living within your means, and having a budget will probably help you most. Hint: cut back on leisure spending.

Step 4: Take note of how much money will always be in your checking account (your cushion). On the first of every month when all bills are paid, that is the value you should have in your account. My cushion is a low $200 because I don't like tying up too much cash. But when my first paycheck doesn't come until the second week of the month, I temporary bring in money from my savings account to cover those early expenses. The more you monitor your account activity online, the less you can leave your cushion since you are always aware of your balance and catch surprises before they overdraft your account.

Step 5: Keep track of every dollar that moves in and out of your main account (usually your checking account). If you mostly use your check card for transactions, save all receipts and pile them on one side of your desk. After you enter them every few days, move them to the other side. I don't recommend forgoing receipts and using online banking to log spending because you will forget whether you entered items or not. Make sure you don't miss transactions that have no receipt, like buying something from the

internet or getting a lap dance at the strip club. If you mostly take out ATM withdrawals, I recommend categorizing what you can and then putting the rest in Leisure > Stuff. For instance say you take out $100 one day then spend $40 on groceries and $50 on going out. When you go home, put -$40 for groceries, -$50 for going out, and -$10 for Stuff. Or just put the whole $100 into Stuff and not worry about categorizing. Using mostly cash makes it a pain to itemize your spending unless you always get receipts.

Important: You are only keeping track of money that moves into and out of your main account. If you charge something on your credit card, it does not get reflected in the budget until you pay that bill. For instance if you charge something in late January but don't pay the bill until February, you enter the expense in February. If you purchase an electronic gadget with a rebate, you have to enter the full cost of the item in your budget and enter the rebate separately when it comes months later.

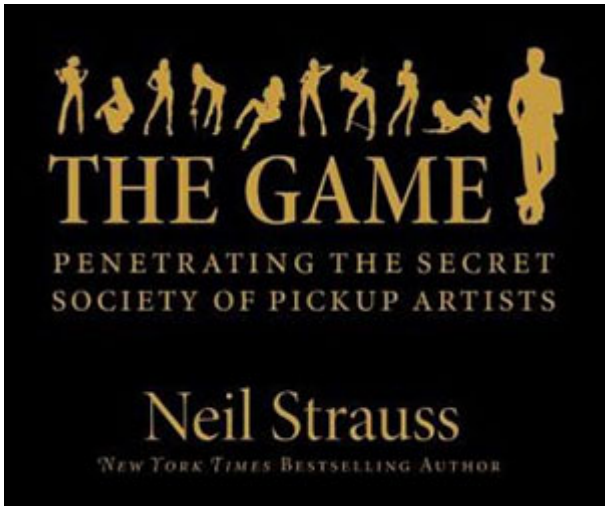
I like to itemize my credit card bills by putting the individual items into their own category. For instance if I get a $20 credit card bill with $10 from internet hosting and $10 from Netflix, I enter two separate $10 charges in my budget and send out a $20 check. My budget does not record the fact that I just sent out a check to a credit card company. If you have a credit card balance you are paying and it is from old spending, I would just use a separate Credit Card line.

Savings is negative in the budget because it is coming out of your main account. Bringing savings money into your main account will be reflected as a positive amount. If at the end of the month you are running a deficit, you need to draw money in from somewhere. If you are running a surplus, put it into a savings account. Since you are not the federal government, you need to maintain a balanced budget every month. If you run a deficit from high spending, and you don't have savings money to make up for it, you need an immediate reality check. Your way of living is unsustainable and will catch up to you sooner than later. It will just take one accident or layoff to send you into deep financial crisis. Plus the recent change in bankruptcy laws make it harder to wipe away unsecured debt.

The nice thing about the monthly budget if you receive a paycheck is the two months a year when you get three paychecks. Since you will not account for this third paycheck when setting up your budget, these checks are like the bonuses you wish your company would give out. Put it directly into your savings account or credit card debt, or do something fun for yourself. These two extra paychecks have gone to my travel fund for the past two years.

I first started using the budget spreadsheet after I spent $320 at French Connection in winter 2002. I felt incredibly guilty because I didn't have that money to spare. After sacrificing on clothing and Starbucks, I started making $200 monthly payments to my debt. Then I squeezed myself even more each month until I was able to make consistent payments in the $400 range. Fourteen months later I made my final payment and was debt free. My income since then has doubled but my costs of living have actually decreased, so all that extra money is gravy. I consider credit card debt to be a form of

mental slavery, and even though I have much less possessions than my peers (I don’t even own a bed), I depend on myself to generate my happiness instead of products made by companies that view me as nothing more than a FICO score. I still have the French Connection clothing that sent me over the edge, including the $120 pair of corduroy pants that I have worn about six times.



Monthly Newsletter

January 8, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

If you look over at the top right, you'll see a form for my new monthly newsletter. I plan on sending the first one in the next week. It will be about getting numbers.

Player Or Poseur?

January 9, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

If you missed it, the last edition of Player or Poseur was the best yet. Reader Mad1 knew the people in the photo so within only a couple of hours there were half a dozen members of the DC clubbing elite taking a break from whatever they do when they are not clubbing to come here and comment. I would say the drama jumped the shark when someone came in with legal threats (gleaned from a Google search, no doubt).

Poseur to the nth degree. It seems like the photographer did him a favor because the girls don't even want him in the picture. Big beta move with the chin rest on the girl's shoulder. All he's missing is a pair of sunglasses.

Here is a bonus picture of Tara Reid with her entourage:

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The Female Date Blog… What's Hot In '07

January 10, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Written by Virgle Kent.

Hey are you a single lonely woman in Washington DC and between the ages of 29 and 70? Are you successful in your career but have a pathetic dating resume of seeming to attract twatwaffles and all-around jerks? Are your dating exploits so funny and whimsical that they always entertain your friends? Have you seen every episode of Sex and the City and relate to at least one of the characters if not all of them? Do you own a pet that was probably the last living thing to see you naked and or orgasm? Did you ever own a diary as a prepubescent little girl? Then wipe the peanut butter of your left nipple and labials and stop feeding your pets because I have just the thing for you! You should totally start a DC Dating Blog! NO seriously a new DC dating blog is what's going to be fetch in 07!

But how do you go about starting and writing a typical cliche DC date blog or TCDCDB? Easy! Catch up on every episode of Sex in the City because this will be your cliche Bible. Now set up a blogger account. Ok now the real fun starts. First link to all the "cool" DC blogs, Wonkette, DCB, Kathrynon, DC Cookie, KassyK, RCR, and anyone else that has more than 20 readers. Second go through a flashback faze to catch all your new readers up and let them know a little about you. Introduce important characters and people in your life. In the flashback phase also talk about horrible dates you've been on and bad relationships you've been in. This of course is what will make you a TCDCDB expert on men, because you've dated so many bad ones that you can give advice on the good ones. But you should also have a Mr. X to reference — a long term relationship or two with a guy from the past that you were in love with but it didn't work out, hence the reason you're on your hopeless dating cycle. The third stage is the most important phase: "comment whore." That's right, you heard me, you've got to comment whore like nobodies business. Get yourself out there! I'm talking no less than two comments on a blog and you must hit EVERY blog on the DC blog's blog roll. Who cares what you say. In this stage you DO NOT DARE disagree with any blogger or you'll get stomped out like Michael Richards at an NAACP meeting. Most importantly though comment whore on other TCDCDB sites. Ok now you've got people's attention.

Here's where the real cliches come in. Start going out on dates and blogging about them. Juggle three or four at a time then when none of them works out blog about it. Most of us and Steve Wonder could see it wasn't going to work out from the start but you had to go through it so you can get to your Carrie Bradshaw routine post. It's the part where you show us you're just a typical girl trying to find love in the big city of DC and how hard it is for you. The part where at the end of your post you ask redundant questions that none of us have ever heard before on date blogs. "What's wrong with men, when does hanging out as friends become a date, why aren't more guys chivalrous, what signs should you look for if he's really into you". Basically any dating question you can find in the advice column of Seventeen Magazine. But you've got to also be able to connect with your

audience and pull them in. When you don't hear back from a guy or you feel sorry for yourself and need advice on anything, ask your readers because they'll know for sure. You gave a guy a blowjob on the second date and he didn't call you back? Well you'd be surprised how many of your readers and fellow TCDCDBers have given blowjobs on the second date and not gotten a call back. You're almost in the club just a little longer.

Pretty soon from all your comment whoring TCDCDBers will pay attention to you and start to sense you're one of their own, and one of them will invite you out to a Blog Happy Hour. Of course you've been blogging "anonymously" so no one knows what you look like. The TCDCDB group will be happy once they realize you look like a cross between Roseanne Bar, Andy Dick, and Smeagol. How is that any guy would not want to date you my precious? You're not in yet but you've moved up to the next level known as the depression sewing circle sisterhood (DSCS).

The way DSCS works is one TCDCBer writes some self-deprecating post because she just got played by some guy so other members and regular people who comment throw her a pity party. Since it is a cliche blog they all give cliche advice like, "cheer up girl he wasn't good enough for you, the sun will come out tomorrow, you'll find love when you least expect it. No man is worth you tears and the one that is wont make you cry. Ok, I think I got that last one of a fortune cookie and by the way your lucky numbers are 2, 18, 7, 45, 11, 69. So after all these comments of vast wisdom TWO DAYS LATER another girl in the DSCS will write a similar post (changing up the guy of course) with the same results and it'll be her turn to have a pity party and leave the EXACT same comments on her blog that we just left on the first TCDCDBers blog two days ago. Once this "Folie a` deux" has spread through the whole circle next month we'll move onto a different dating problem and repeat the whole cycle again.

Soon people will lose interest and expect you to go deeper as a writer. Fuck them this is your blog! You're writing for you (not a cliche) so in response to this you fall back on the old TCDCB crutch, the "Too Much Information Post" (TMI). This is the post where you start talking about how much you love sex. You'll post about your addiction to sex toys and every time you "slut out" it will be posted about with really no point to the story except to point out the fact you had sex. Hold up, you have a pulse and a libido, great welcome to the human race! You're kind of like Samantha from Sex in The City except half her age but twice as fat. It wouldn't be that bad if something funny happen. Like the other week when Pretty Ricky was hooking up with this chick and her cat came up and clawed his balls, so he kicked the cat off the bed but the girl freaked out on him and accused him of "attacking" her cat so she kicked him out of her house. It was the first time ever he left a girl with not only blue but also red balls. See how easy that was?

Once your audience gets tired of your sex story you'll move on to some other awkward story that no one really wanted to know about. Like that one time you got raped by nine Mexicans behind 7/11 and contracted EHV-1 (Equine Herpes). Or how during your senior year in high school you had to have five abortions. Basically something you should only share with your psychiatrist, priest, or family. Congratulations you've sold your soul to have a popular TCDCDB blog! You've made it now kiss the ring and take the third seat on

the right?

Sometimes I feel like TCDCDBers are capable of being in normal lasting relationships but choose not to be. I mean if they put in half as much energy into the actual relationships as they did into blogging about the relationship they might have better luck. But then what would happen if they actually got into a happy relationship is no one would have a reason to read their blog. I mean their whole blog identity has been built on the pursuit of failed relationships and once one works what will they have to write about? NO ONE wants to read a relationship blog where someone posts about how happy they are 24/7.

Ever since Kathrynon and CircleV went down it's as if the female DC blog scene is experiencing a dark age in creativity, spontaneity, and pure humor. I swear if it wasn't for the intellectual stimulation mixed with incredible cynicism of Brunch Bird or the layered poetic movements of Speak Easy a.k.a. The Blog Prodigy, I would have blown my brains out all over my year end financial reports from boredom. I know there are PLENTY of talented female bloggers out there but I swear to god if I read one more post about the DC ban on smoking or how fucking awesome 2007 is going to be I will lose my shit.

Before you hit Post stop and ask yourself the following questions.

1. Have I seen this talked about on Sex in the City?
2. Did something like this happen to another female blogger on her date blog?
3. I'm I blogging about this because I'm upset or angry at the moment?
4. In the grand scheme of things will anyone care?
5. If I died alone in my apartment how long would it take for someone to find my body?
6. Would I want to read this and would I find it the least entertaining?
7. If I were going to blog about sex, would anyone REALLY want to see or think about me naked?

You can read VK's other guest appearances here and here. I have a feeling he will return soon, but that's just my gut talking. I do not have any real information that would warrant such a statement.

Guns

January 11, 2007 | by Chaco | Link | Original Link

I recently signed up for my first NRA gun training class. I will soon be taking the NRA Basic Steps Pistol class. People who have known me for a while would probably be surprised by that. I didn't grow up around guns and I have not touched a gun in years.

My only experience with guns was back in college. I took a rifle class for P.E. credit. I used to lift weights on my own and I didn't want to waste P.E. credits on some athletics class, so I figured I would try something different. The rifles in that class were long barrel .22's meant for target competition. Somehow those rifles didn't feel like real guns because a .22 is such a small bullet that when fired from a long gun like that, there was no noise at all. It was just a light pull of the trigger and then "click". I never thought a gun would go "click". Guns were supposed to go "BOOM!".

Now that I am in a serious relationship and getting past my college years, it's looking like I could be a husband and father within 5 years. That realization has caused some powerful "Defend My Family" DNA programing to kick in. I am obsessed with the need to defend my future family from harm. If a bad guy broke into my home and hurt my future wife or children, I would feel like a complete failure as a man.

I know what every anti-gun person is thinking right now. "But guns are dangerous!"…"You could have an accident and shoot yourself!"…"The criminal could steal the gun and use it against you!" Whatever. I could get into a car accident too, but we don't think of cars as dangerous nor ever suggest a family shouldn't own one because 40,000 people a year die in car accidents.

The gun control advocates crack me up. Oh sure, let's ban guns in a nation full of guns. That logic worked pretty well during Prohibition and the War On Drugs, didn't it? Ban guns and all those guns just disappear like all that marijuana did. And, of course, a gun ban makes all those criminals suddenly stop breaking the law and agree to commit crimes with without them. Great thinking, man.

I suspect this post will piss everyone off because so many people think guns are pure evil. To some, saying one is pro-gun is like saying one is pro-child abuse. I don't care. I do not intend to throw myself at the mercy of a criminal who invades my home and intends to hurt my family. If I take on the responsibility starting a family, I also accept the responsibility of protecting my family through every legal means at my disposal.

Comments FAQ

January 13, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I posted a comment but it didn't show up. The page just reloaded.

The blog software thinks your comment is spam. Either you posted from an open proxy, used a common spam word, or added several links in your comment. Every evening I go through and approve any comments that got tagged as spam when they shouldn't have, so if you post in the morning it may take some time for it to finally show up. Email me if it's a regular problem.

My comment got sent to the moderation queue. What's the deal?

You probably used a word the software didn't like, or you are posting from a proxy. When I approve your comment, I'll change the time so your comment doesn't get lost in the middle of the thread.

What's up with the dunce cap image?

I add this to comments that come from people who have a *history* of acting like a dick. You have to really try hard to earn the dunce cap. I find this solution amuses me more than an outright ban.

Cost Per Notch

January 14, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In late 2005 I wondered how much each notch was costing me. Is my game saving me money over escort services? I decided to add a new line on my monthly budget called “Dating” and keep track of money I spent on dates. I added a separate line called “Nightlife” to account for drinking when I wasn’t in the company of a specific girl. This may hide the true cost of a notch since money spent meeting girls at venues such as bars add up, but my intent when I go out isn’t always to get laid (surprisingly).

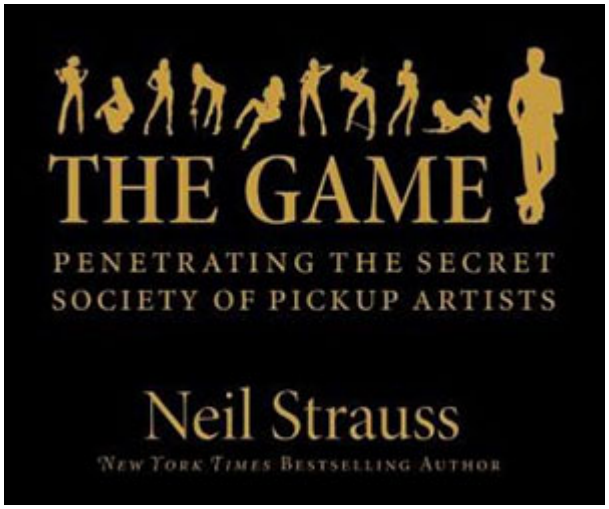
My goal was to keep the CPN under $200. More than that and I’m heading into the hourly charge of escorts.

Because I had constant feedback on how much sex was costing me, I was able to always adjust in order to lower expenses. Midway through the year, to lower my CPN, I started doing more coffee dates and dinner dates where I would cook a meal from my Betty Crocker cookbook. Taking dates up to Baltimore also saved money. After all the sex was done and all expenses tabulated, my CPN for 2006 ended up to be $187. This number also accounts for those girls I went out on a date with but not did not eventually have sex with.

I have no idea if this number is too high or not because there are no benchmarks to compare it too, but the fact that I’m cheap as hell and try to get the bang as quickly as possible means it’s probably on the very low end for most guys my age in this area, especially when a significant percentage of guys seem to enjoy subsidizing a woman’s fine dining habit. I did not do a restaurant dinner date in 2006.

I strongly believe that sex with quality women can be had without spending money, so I am aiming for a 2007 CPN of $50. There is no reason that I should pay more for sex with a twenty-something woman past her physical prime when young guys in college are fucking tight-bodied coeds for practically nothing.

Why don't you get my number?
After doing some cost-benefit analysis...
$187


THE GAME
PENETRATING THE SECRET SOCIETY OF PICKUP ARTISTS
Neil Strauss
New York Times Bestselling Author

Promoters Are Scum

January 15, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Several years ago a friend and I decided to start throwing parties so we could get laid more. We didn't have an original idea or even the willingness to make it succeed, but we had strong sexual desire. There had to be an easier way than approaching a lot of girls.

Our first party was at Topaz Bar around Christmas time. To draw in the females we decided to make it a Toys For Tots charity event, even though the last thing poor kids need is cheap toys made in China. The party itself was a success: about forty or so people showed up, which for the size of Topaz made it a lively event. A total of three people brought toys (including me and the co-host) so I guess that part of the party was a failure. A girl I met a couple nights prior came to the party so the promotion endeavor seemed to be working already.

Early in the evening we had two Marines show up in full uniform including the beret-like hat. Apparently there was a misunderstanding and I accidentally requested the presence of soldiers at the party. They had a couple drinks and impressed us with their awesome posture before they carted off our pathetic collection of charity. The bigger surprise guest of the evening was a 65 year-old man who arrived with a copy of the Washington Post. He requested my presence and talked to no one else, explaining how he's trying to get his social life back in order. I'm not sure if this was code for homosexual sex or not but I blacklisted him from future events just in case.

During all the parties I had to be the good host and make sure everyone was happy while the girls I liked were hit on by a stream of my own male guests. I was cockblocking myself. If I look at how many girls I got from nights I hosted and how many girls I probably would have gotten on those same nights without being a host, the difference would have been zero. Looking back on the whole experience, my time would have been better spent working on my game instead of working on a gimmick. But some good did come from the experiment: two people I introduced at that first party are going to get married soon. Their lives are forever changed, all because I wanted to get laid.

DJ Equipment For Sale

January 16, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In case anyone is trying to be a DJ, I'm selling my CD decks and mixer on eBay:

-Pioneer CDJ-100s (2)
-Behringer DJX400 Mixer

100% positive feedback — bid with confidence!

Idiocracy

January 16, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

You may have never heard of the movie Idiocracy because Fox has done all it can to not promote it when it was released last year.

The movie is about an average man and prostitute who hibernate for 500 years in a military pod experiment. When they wake up, the president-elect is a former porn star and the most popular television program is called Ouch My Balls, about a guy who keeps getting hit in the balls. The hibernators have become the two smartest humans on the planet now that the average IQ has dipped to around 50 points. Intelligent yuppies failed to procreate.

I suppose Fox didn't want to publicize this movie because they would be making fun of the less-than-intellectual audience they entertain with such fine programming as Fox News and American Idol, but you can get the movie on DVD or download it using BitTorrent. It's very funny, created by the same guy who made Office Space. Don't read too many reviews because they give away a lot of the good jokes.

I like to argue that the dumbening of human beings has long ago begun. For ample evidence, go into any Walmart or highway rest stop.

Virgle Kent’s New Blog

January 16, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

VK’s Empire Of Dirt. And with that comes the first blog war of 2007.

Threeway

January 17, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

There is a threeway winding down between Virgle Kent, Ashburnite, and Velvet. I don't have issues with the girls involved but I just wanted to put things in perspective.

A lot of people commenting are readers who have never been to the happy hours to see how these three interact in person. Just be reading body language — who stares at whom and who initiates conversation — it becomes obvious who is telling a story that best reflects the truth. When VK is talking to me about a girl who is on him hard, and that girl is currently staring at him, it doesn't take a dating consultant to know what's going on. It seems like the spinster jockeys who are commenting in these threads will believe anything they read as long as it's written by a woman.

Smokers Deserve Our Sympathy

January 17, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

This past weekend I got to experience DC's new no smoking ban. It was incredible. My lungs, hair, and clothes are so thankful that I have decided to send little gifts of appreciation to all members of the DC Council. I no longer have to air out my expensive club outfits after a night out.

The weather on Saturday night was rainy, so smokers were tightly packed under dry spots and conversed among themselves like they would in high school and college, rejects of society. While I usually look down on smokers, this is the first time I felt bad for them. Some may argue that drinking is not that different from smoking, but I have never stood out in the rain on a wet street to kill my screwdriver beverage. Smokers, addicted to a drug where hits are needed in fixed increments, don't really have a choice, and must brave adverse environments to maintain normal physiological function. It must suck to depend on a smelly drug made by huge corporations just to live a normal life.

Me, inside the club breathing clean air:

Smoker, outside in the rain:

You

January 18, 2007 | by Chaco | Link | Original Link

This post is about you, the Roosh blog reader. After a couple of months at this, I have noticed some things that amuse me greatly. So I got the idea to turn the tables and comment on you and your writing. Below is a list my observations about you. I look forward to reading your comments about yourselves.

1. You think it's all about you. You demand New Yorker quality writing 5 days a week for 52 weeks of the year. As soon as one post appears that seems to fall short of a Hemingway, you launch into hate. If Roosh is the writer, you tell him he is slipping. If I am the writer, you say I am ruining Roosh's blog. It's like you think Roosh and I work for you. My boss is easier going on me than you guys are, and he **pays** me.

2. You only comment when provoked. If Roosh makes an observation about women that seems less than flattering, all kinds of thoughtful comments and interesting discussion takes place. If there is a mellow post that doesn't ruffle feathers, then there isn't much response. If I write something that seems pro-relationship (God forbid), women don't comment and men say I am a boring married guy who is ruining Roosh's blog.

3. You get pissed off for being provoked. This is my favorite. You don't participate unless provoked, but then some of you send hate for provoking you. Make up your minds! Since it's obvious you guys enjoy being angry and indignant, shouldn't you thank us for giving you a reason to get pissed off?

4. You love arguing with each other. In fact, some of you seem to get far more joy debating, attacking, and scolding each other than you get from actually commenting on the post itself. I have a feeling I could write a two line post that if controversial enough, could generate 50 comments from all the attacks and counter attacks you would launch against each other.

Roosh has already posted about how this blog came to be. The bottom line is: he does it for own interest and amusement. I do it once per week to help Roosh get a day off and because I thought it would be fun. Being opinionated guys, we like sharing our views. Some of our posts are serious, some are no-so-serious, and some are just silly. But in the end, it is always about posting whatever is on our minds in a way that interests and amuses us.

Washington DC Salsa Dancing

January 19, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I need to learn how to salsa as quickly as possible, somewhere in DC or Maryland. Money is no object. Any recommendations?

Me = Server Hog

January 20, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

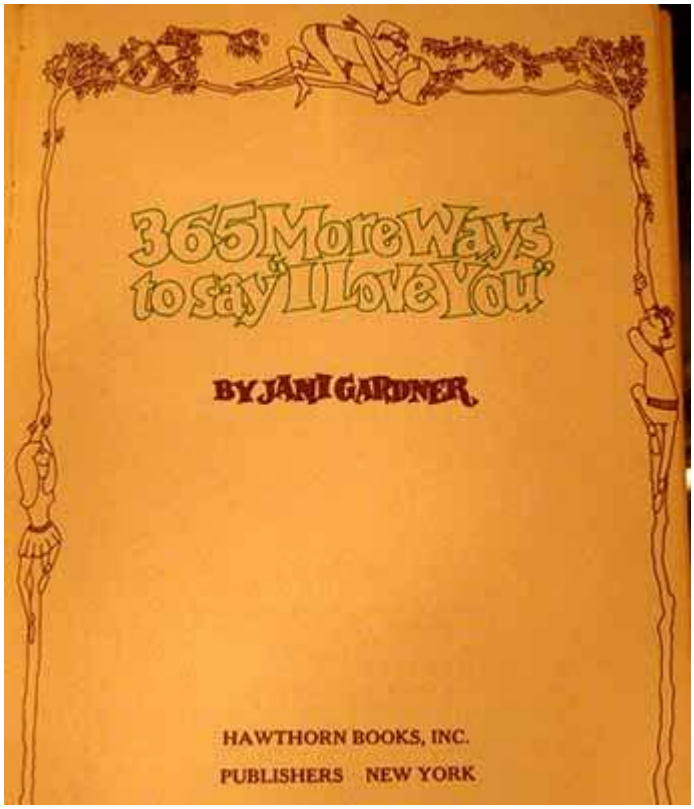
On each individual post there are now previous and next post links at the top so you don't have to click back to the main page to browse through new comments.

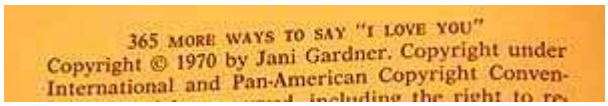
I'm starting to outgrow my shared web hosting plan so it's just a matter of time until you come here and get a "This site has been suspended" message. In the meantime I make regular backups so your precious comments are not lost. I'm looking into other hosting options ($$$).

365 Ways To Say I Love You

January 22, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A colleague of mine handed me a book written in 1970 called *365 More Ways To Say I Love You*, a sequel to what I'm guessing was a successful book. It's intended for women to better please their husbands.





Because this book is no longer in print, allow me to share some of its advice.

> Be available. If you're cooking dinner, reading a mystery, balancing a checkbook — forget it. Burned roasts, unsolved murders, and bounced checks are as nothing when it comes to keeping your man happy.

This is what I'm talking about. While I don't look to women for happiness, I'm more likely to spend time with one who understands that my needs are just as important as hers.

> Get some of that sexy new breast make-up and experiment. Beauty doesn't stop at the neck, remember.

I'm not sure about this one. I think I'd be freaked out if I got a mouthful of rouge instead of teet.

> When you're all alone with him, don't be shy or (heaven forbid!) inhibited. Be free to say and do anything you think might give him pleasure.

Unfortunately women have trouble understanding that if a man is pleased in bed, he will

go out of his way to give that pleasure back. There should be no reason for girls to ask for pleasure before giving it first.

> Try doing without the assistance of a bra — at least at home. Very sexy, this.

As long as your breasts don't sandbag to your waists, I see nothing wrong with this piece of advice.

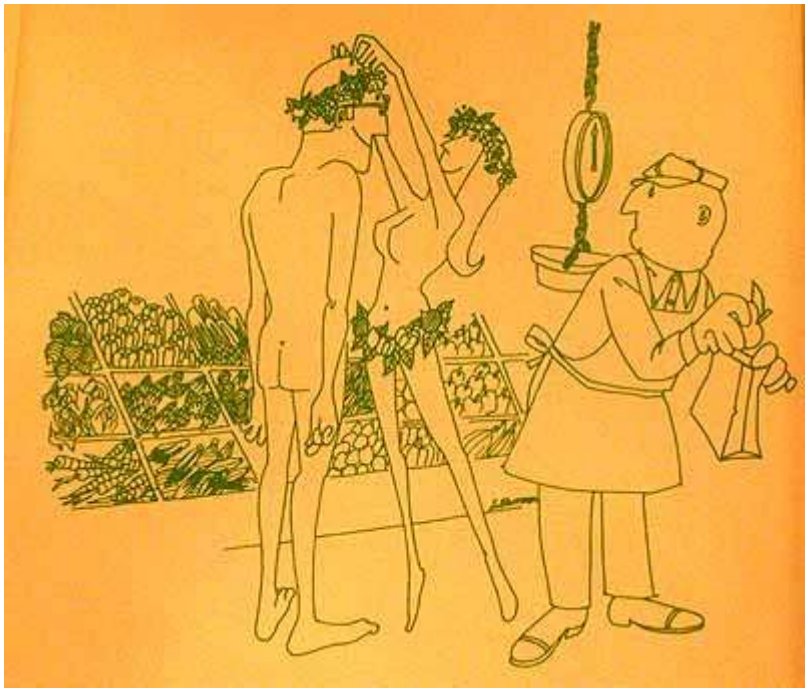
> Make home movies for your strictly private viewing.

It's amazing that something written in 1970 could so accurately describe what most men still want today. Too bad modern girls have so many trust issues that it takes either months of commitment or borderline alcohol poisoning to get sex with her on tape.

Ways To Say 'I Love You' That I 100% Agree With

> Take belly-dance classes or learn to strip like Gypsy or brush up on your tap dancing. Do whatever turns him on. There are kinds and kinds of adult ed.
>
> Hide in the closet naked when you know he's going to hang up his tie.
>
> On Bastille Day, devote yourself to thinking up new ways to storm his defenses.
>
> Use his swim trunks for the flag on a sand castle you two build on the beach. Better make it a very private beach!
>
> Forget how to say "What did you say?" Always try to listen hard the first time he says something. That business about him feeling ten-feet tall has to do with your making him think his every word is a gem.
>
> Renew his subscription to Playboy.
>
> Bring him some banana bread at midnight. (It's in your cookbook under 'B.')

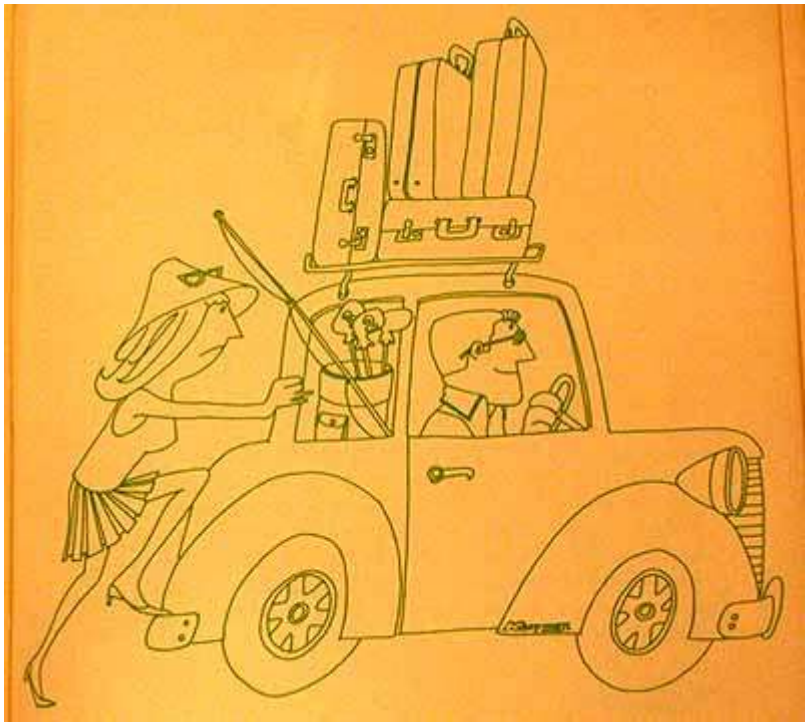
I love banana bread!



Ways To Say 'I Love You' That I Don't Really Care For

> Sneak out at midnight and get him three king-sized cheeseburgers at McDonald’s to celebrate the Feast of the Three Kings.
>
> Call Pan Am and reserve seats for the easiest convenient moon flight. Might be a fun way to celebrate your fiftieth anniversary.
>
> Suggest he grow a beard or moustache in honor of the bearded President Lincoln’s birthday.
>
> Invite him to take you to a hamburger stand. They’re not crowded in February, and besides, they’re cheap and fun. Men love to take us out, but they hate to spend money.
>
> Write to the head of the Institute of Linguistics at the Center for Advanced Study in Behavioral Sciences in Stanford, California, if you want to find out how to say “I love you” in Usarufa, White Tai, Terena, Amuesha, or Mazatec. Show the letter to your man. He’ll think you’re awfully inquisitive. But cute.
>
> Put a note in his shorts saying that the pleasures of a temporary affair are nothing like the pleasures of living with him.
>
> Trace his front teeth with your finger.
>
> Offer to lick the envelope enclosing the income tax.
>
> Tell him you’ll wear your hair in an Afro if he finds it aphro.
>
> Put a special note inside one of his hub caps. The day he finds it, he’ll love you all over the map.
>
> Send him a postcard saying, I’m glad you’re here a couple days before you leave for your vacation. Address it to your chosen vacation spot.
>
> Have his best character traits set in type at the local print shop. With his name at the top and a handsome frame, he’ll love it.
>
> On Armistice Day, patch up the slightest quarrel you might have had with a Western Union I-Didn’t-Mean-It-Gram.

Thirty-seven years later and we’re in a different time where treating men well and catering to their needs is seen as old-fashioned and archaic — but I know that the current system of pumping and dumping (by both sexes) into your 30’s and 40’s to hold out for a perfect mate is one that will lead to the destruction of our species. Unless you want to make pumping and dumping the end and not just a means, like me, you’re probably better off just marrying the first person who accepts you and your many flaws.



Tuck this little note as a bookmark in the book he's currently reading:

You are my poem then, for in my heart
Lovelier than a sonnet, you made rhyme
And I had memorized you unaware.

If he asks, it was written by Sir Thomas Browne. If he doesn't, who needs to tell?

Write up a menu for dinner. In the dessert section, put your name. You might call yourself Flaming So-and-So. He'll get the message.

Paint his name in the multicolored sections of the family beach ball.

Tell him that your Theory of Relativity is that relatives aren't so bad—really—in small doses and, yes, it would be fun to have his over for a cookout.

Comb his hair and scratch the back of his neck while singing his favorite lullaby.

Get a set of Boule balls from Abercrombie & Fitch and learn how.

Cat Lady Early Detection Quiz

January 23, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The NY Times ran a story about how for the first time ever, 51% of women are not living with a spouse. But take a look at the first picture.

A lonely woman with a cat!

Cat ladies typically start with one cat until they add “just one more” enough times to have dozens and dozens of cats who sleep in sinks and defecate in bathtubs filled with gravel and sand. I predict a cat lady epidemic of catastrophic proportions in the next thirty years because of the strange phenomenon whereby American women look for a husband *after* their physical prime. I love cats, but I fear how they will be treated by spinsters that even human beings don’t want to deal with. There will be government animal units that specialize exclusively with removal of cats and the cat lady overlord still glued to her feces infested rocking chair.

Many of you reading are destined to be cat ladies, but now with my Cat Lady Early Detection Quiz, you can get help before it’s too late.

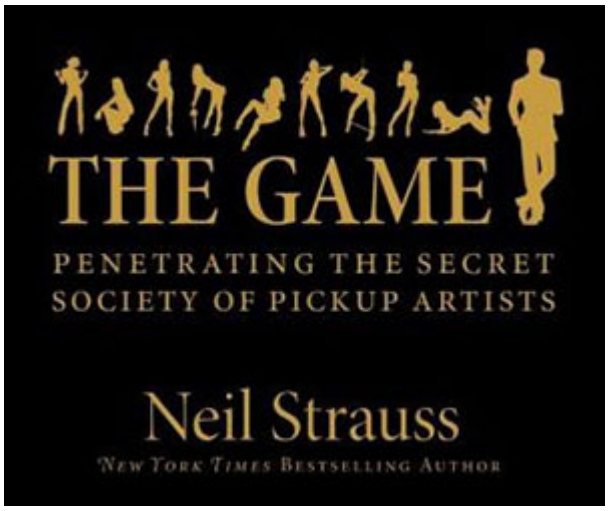
Cat Lady Early Detection Quiz

1. Do you think a cat is a suitable emotional substitution for a man?
2. Have friends or relatives given up asking you when you are going to get married?
3. Are you so scared you will not have kids in time that you have casually looked into adoption web sites?
4. Do you like rubbing your hands through luxuriously soft and furry materials?
5. Do you hug your pillow and cry yourself to bed, wishing a man with a heartbeat was next to you?
6. Have you ever broke off a serious relationship because you wanted to party all the time?
7. To land a man, do you feel like you may need to “trick” him?
8. Do you look forward to marriage so you can finally eat entire pints of Ben & Jerry’s ice cream in one sitting without guilt?

If you answer yes to any of these questions, I have some bad news: you will end up being a cat lady. Mainstream medicine and psychotherapy has not just caught on to the cat lady problem, but I have personally developed a program which will save you in just one session. Simply email me with your photo and I will suggest a local bar near your place where we can begin your treatment. Dress sexy.

- Cat Lady action figure
- Slate: “The typical person who gets caught with more pets than she can handle is a **woman** over the age of 60 who lives **alone**.”

Russian ladies



I Bought A New Desk

January 24, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

For the past year I have been looking for a desk that serves my unique needs:

1. Multi-purpose functioning that uses innovative technology.
2. Saves valuable space in my child-sized townhouse bedroom.
3. Allows me to masturbate on my bed without squinting at the far-away porn action on my computer monitor.

My needs have been met with the Ergopod 500 Workstation, which I have just purchased.

Simulated photo of me in my new Ergopod

Please pray for me that the cloth strap doesn't break and send my 19-inch CRT monitor crashing on my testicles.

- Via aboutcolonblank.

The Love Equation

January 25, 2007 | by Chaco | Link | Original Link

I know everyone thinks of love as an emotion, but I have never been the romantic type. To me, love is very logical. No, I don't mean people behave logically when they are in love. I mean what makes people fall in and out of love is very logical. Allow me to explain.

Although many people aspire to be more unconditionally loving toward their fellow man, let's be honest, there are people we like, people we don't like, people we love, and people we hate. As we meet people throughout our lives, only an extremely small percentage ever win our love. Why is this?

Actually, it's very simple. We each have our individual needs and desires. When we meet people who fulfill our needs and desires, we like them. If they do a damn good job at it, we fall in love with them. This may make love sound very selfish. Well, there is a good reason for that: love **is** selfish. If we get what we want, big time, we fall in love (as long as we don't mind giving back what **they** want). If we don't get what we want, or don't want to give what they want in return, love doesn't happen.

It's all very logical. In fact, it can even be expressed as a mathematical formula.

Let's say a man like Roosh has the following wants in a woman:

1. Nice ass
2. Beautiful face
3. Does not waste his time playing games
4. Does not demand he spend his hard earned money on her
5. Makes interesting conversation
6. Stops making interesting conversation and leaves after sex is over

Then his love formula is:

Nice ass+ Beautiful face+ No games+ Good convo+ No snuggling = Love.

Since this woman doesn't exist, he hasn't fallen in love lately.

Let's say a man like Chaco has the following wants in a woman:

1. Nice ass (hey, great minds think alike)
2. Cute face
3. Highly intelligent
4. Shares mutual interests and outlook on life
5. Gentle disposition devoid of drama
6. Is respectful of Chaco's need to be The Decider

Then Chaco's formula, like Roosh's, is all those things added together = love. Since Chaco has met a woman just like this, he is in love.

Therefore, love is not some random event that strikes us when we least expect it. It's actually quite predictable according to the formula above. When two people meet who match each other's formula's, a deep bond will form.

Understanding this formula is critical for keeping relationships strong. So many couples that fall in love end up falling out of it. Half of all couples who get married and take vows to love each other forever not only end up falling out of love, they often become bitter enemies.

The love equation explains this perfectly. When people start out dating, they usually try their best to win the other's affection. Men are generous with their money, dress their best, shower women with compliments, and try hard to please sexually. Women wear their best outfits, spend extra time on their makeup, laugh at all of his dumb jokes, try to seem impressed with his 'power job', and also try hard to please sexually.

After the relationship has been going on for a while, or worse, after marriage, it's a different story. Now the partners stop trying in the same way they used to. They get lazy and think that their prior feelings or solemn vows will sustain their relationship. This is a fatal mistake.

Once you recognize that love is based on a very logical formula, it should not surprise you that if you stop trying, the person who used to love you won't any more. If someone fell in love with you because you matched an equation that looked like:

Cute+ In shape+ Fashionable clothes+ Sweet personality+ Hot sex = Love…

But now you are now like:

Plain+ Out of shape+ Frumpy clothes+ Annoying nag+ No sex = Pain in the ass…

Then I assure you it's 100% predictable that your relationship will deteriorate and the love will be lost.

Men, you don't get cut any slack here. If you once matched a formula like:

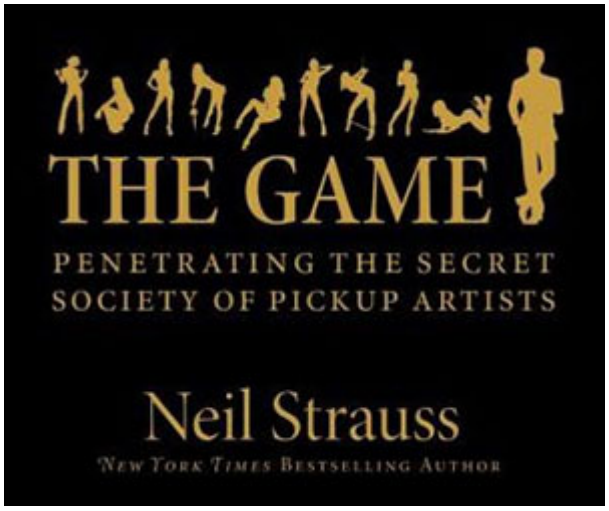
Handsome+ Buff+ Sharp dresser+ Generous+ Confident leader+ Dominant sex = Love…

But now you are like:

Soft+ Sloppy dresser+ Cheap bastard+ Pussy-whipped beta+ Lame sex = Loser…

Then it's certain you will be divorced and financing your ex-wife's trips to Paris with her new lover.

So let's take the mystery out of love. No more being astounded when the love of your life loses its passion. No more demanding to be loved when you no longer provide what your partner wants. Love is not something you are owed, it is something you earn. If you are in a relationship and want to keep it strong, figure out what your partner values in you and never stop providing it. As long as you match your partner's love formula, keeping their love is natural and automatic.


THE GAME
PENETRATING THE SECRET
SOCIETY OF PICKUP ARTISTS
Neil Strauss
New York Times Bestselling Author

Another Move

January 26, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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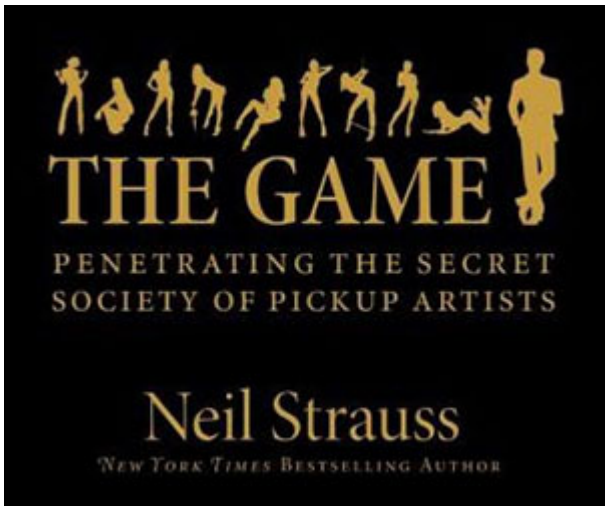
1. If you are reading this, you are on the new server.

2. I added a Top Commenters list at the bottom of the right column. Roissy is current king.

3. I added a contact form link under my email.

4. Now when you make a comment on any post, you have the option at the bottom of being emailed when a new comment comes up. Probably best on older topics or if you don't visit all the time.

Email example:



Why Men Shouldn’t Go On Coffee Dates

January 28, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

One reason I hate MySpace is because it makes it too easy for a girl to get a maximum amount of attention while putting in no effort. The distance between herself and you, a potential suitor, is so great that screening you out is her default move. One reason I don’t get email addresses is because it’s too easy for the girl to reply when she feels like it. She receives attention from guys and takes her time writing back even if she checks her email every 10 minutes (I guarantee you she does). One reason I don’t like coffee dates is because she doesn’t come to the date ready to perform or please. Instead, she wants to relax and let you make her feel warm and fuzzy inside over a non-alcoholic beverage.

A female blogger writes:

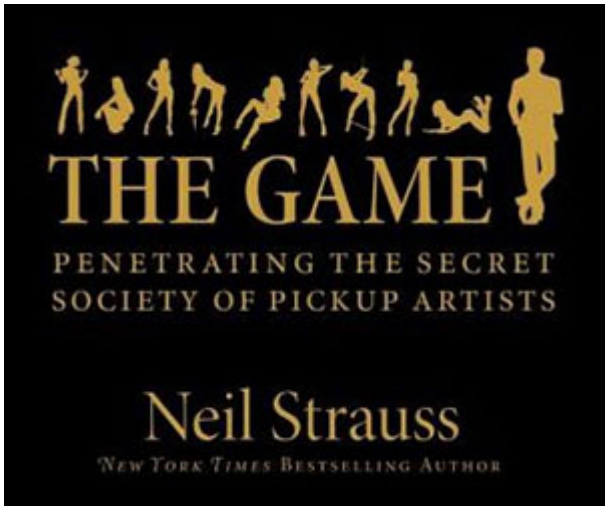
> I LOVE coffee dates. They are totally casual and can be either long or short, depending on your shatter mode.

Exactly. Let me ask you this: have you ever first made out with someone on a coffee date? You haven’t — in fact, no one has. I don’t even see lovers making out in coffee shops. It just does not happen. When a girl wants to go on a coffee date, she is basically saying either she is not trying to hook up with you or does not want you to escalate your game. Safe and comfortable for her means late night masturbation for you. She gets to practice dating and feeling wanted on your clock.

If you don’t make out with a girl when you first meet her, you failed. If you don’t make out with her by the first date, you are a complete sucker. What are you waiting for? Be a man, get her in a bar, make her laugh over a couple drinks, and step up. If you are under 21, get a smoothie, go for a walk, sit on a bench in front of some pond with ducks, put your arm around her, and make it happen. If you are not making out with girls by the first date, you need to seriously work on your game. It doesn’t matter how old you are. If you think making out with girls by the first date is “too fast,” then you are a hopeless beta who probably doesn’t go on dates anyway.

If you liked this post then I think you will like my book **Bang**, a collection of simple but powerful techniques, moves, and lines that make it easier for the average 20-something man to be more successful with women. Topics in **Bang** include discussion of the alpha male, effective opening lines, conversation themes, getting phone numbers, detailed dating strategy, and much more.

Complimenting the book is Roosh's Game Tips Email Newsletter. It's free and your first newsletter will be about how to meet girls in coffee shops. Following that will be newsletters on dealing with flakes, handling cockblockers, and meeting girls in foreign countries, among others. Your email address will always remain private and you can unsubscribe at any time. Put your first name and email address below and click the button.


THE GAME
PENETRATING THE SECRET
SOCIETY OF PICKUP ARTISTS
Neil Strauss
New York Times Bestselling Author

How You Start The New Year

January 29, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

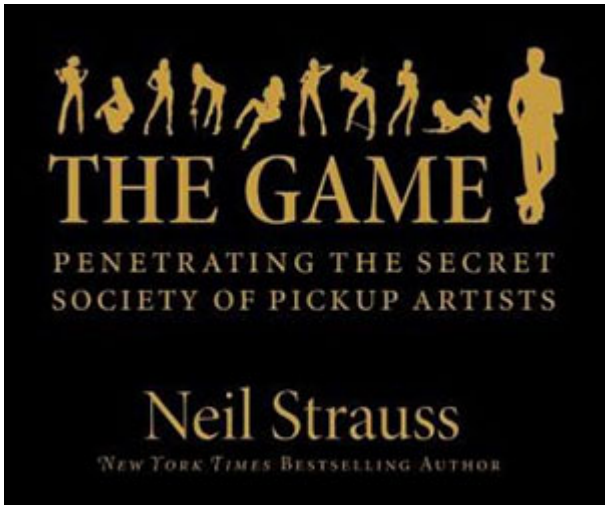
My mother taught me that the way you spend New Year's Eve says a lot about how that year will go. Even something as simple as standing up when the clock strikes midnight will do more to ensure a year of good fortune and success than sitting down. I used to think that she brought this odd belief from Turkey, but my roommate, a high-paid professional who is not Turkish, believes it too, along with other people I know who I generally respect.

It'd be awesome if a few hours could predict the subsequent 365 days. I would go all out and spend a few thousand dollars throwing a party where there would be cocaine for everyone. I'd make many new friends and I'd bang the hottest coke whore in town. I had time to think about this because I was bedridden at home this New Year's Even coughing up mucus and blood. Since there is no TV in my house, I watched the countdown on my computer, unsure of its accuracy.

It doesn't matter if my mother's belief is really true or not; it just matters if she believes it to be true. If her New Year starts in a horrible way, I predict she will indeed have a bad year. Because of her belief she will pay close attention to the bad things that happen to her while ignoring or downplaying or quickly forgetting the good things.

The problem with beliefs which attempt to predict the future is that they constrict how you see the world. The filters we call senses are already limiting enough, but now you add this additional rule which gives up any notion of an objective reality. You also throw away the concept of free will, if you believe in that claptrap anyway, and end up living a life where a few small actions can accurately predict the major currents of your life. "Oh no! A dark colored feline animal existing in my visual field! I'm fucked!" If you are that type of person, my Mom will be more than happy to do your Turkish coffee-cup fortune or analyze your dreams with a 20-year-old book she keeps in a Ziploc bag (to prevent further page disintegration).

Here's my belief: It's best to start the New Year in a horrible way, with illness or grave misfortune. Because as long as you don't die, it will only get better.



Rubber Ducks

January 30, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I used to play this carnival game as a kid. With a magnetic fishing pole I would try to catch one of dozens of rubber ducks moving in water around a circular track. Each duck had a special marker on the bottom to signify a prize, but otherwise they were identical, floating through this pre-determined track, bunched up together.

Are humans any different?

We also go in circles, with no real purpose, letting life's current shape us instead of the other way around. The track is one week of time. Days stand out, but weeks never do. This week will be just like last week. Fifty-two weeks a year for you, and they will all be the same. The details may change but the way you live your life and the path you are on will never change. Tell me who you are today and what you believe and I'll tell you what you will be doing ten years from now. Maybe a new car or a new house or a new lover or a new kid, but nothing the next person you see won't experience. We are the ducks.

I wonder what it feels like to be a rubber duck getting plucked off the track, away from the safe but predictable current. It seems like it'd be scary, flying in the air like that, away from what you know, with little hint of what's going to happen next. But I don't know of a better way for a duck to live.

Grocery Store Fraud

January 31, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Have we ever been told a good reason why there are produce sprinklers at the grocery store? I'm not a farmer but I know that dead vegetables don't need to be bathed in tap water to stay fresh. Judging by the red-orange mold growing in my bathtub, I would assume that extra moisture hastens spoilage.

The real reason is because all that water adds to the final weight at checkout. Notice how they only sprinkle the green leafy vegetables that can hold water in their crevices. You will never see them spraying tomatoes or oranges. My calculations show that this extra water pads the industry's profit by millions of dollars a year, which is why I shake the shit out of my broccoli crowns before I bag it up.

DC Nightlife Reviews

January 31, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I've started rewriting my old Sorso Club nightlife review list as haikus. I'll drop one or two each weekend.

Newsletter no. 2 is going out this weekend.

February book update: (screenshot)

The Glow

February 1, 2007 | by Chaco | Link | Original Link

A few weeks ago my girl and I rented “A Streetcar Named Desire.” For you non-movie buffs, one of the most famous moments in movie history occurs in that film: when Marlon Brando lets out an unforgettable mating call to his wife Stella from the bottom of his animal heart (“Stellllaaaaa!!”). She responds to his passionate, lusty cry and he literally carries her over his shoulder in their bedroom. The next morning, Stella’s sister Blanche (played by Vivian Leigh, Gone with the Wind’s Scarlett O’Hara) is asking how Stella could be with such a brute like Brando, but Stella is just glowing and purrs about how he was “as gentle as a lamb.”

What got my attention was the glow on Stella’s face. Her look of sexual satisfaction was unmistakable. Her face clearly said, “I got it good last night!” It was actually pretty surprising to see that so obviously portrayed in a 1951 film, back when I thought women weren’t supposed to know what good sex was, you know, before the sexual revolution and all. But clearly they knew damn well and it seems the rest of the world knew too.

The scene got me thinking about the women I have dated. If I say so myself, I have noticed that women I have dated definitely glow brightly when things are hot and heavy. And I don’t mean right after, I mean all the time. One woman, after a few weeks into our relationship, actually started getting asked by her female friends, “What are you **doing** for your skin?? You are **glowing**!”

I started to wonder just how universal a phenomenon this glow is? Can one look at a woman and tell if she is getting it good or not just from the presence or absence of a glowing look on her face? So decided to I performed a little informal experiment. For one week, every morning I carefully observed the women I saw on the way to work, both in the street and on the Metro. I would look for women who have The Glow. I figured morning was the best time, because it would be ‘the morning after’, whereas later in the day her mood and face could be more heavily affected by the stress of her job. What I found surprised me:

Number of Women Observed: **Hundreds**
Number of Women who Glow: **19**
Average Number Per Day: **3.8**
Number of Women over 30 who Glow: **0**
Number of Women who Look Dull, Tense, and Gray: **Too many to Count**

I’m serious. And people, we’re talking crowded morning commute on the Red Line here, we’re not talking about a stroll down a country lane. What does this data mean?

Hypothesis 1: It could mean the women of Washington, with rare exceptions, are not getting it on the regular, at least on weeknights.

Hypothesis 2: It could mean that the women of Washington are getting it, but the getting ain’t no good.

Hypothesis 3: It could mean the theory that there is a relationship between sexual satisfaction and a glowing look is bullshit. But I like the theory, so I reject this hypothesis.

Assuming there is indeed a relationship between sexual satisfaction and the glow on a woman's face, does this imply the women of Washington are sexually repressed? Does this imply the men of Washington are lame in bed and can't satisfy a woman to save their lives? And what's with women over 30? Not one women who looked to be over 30 appeared anything other than dull and lifeless. Are these married women who long since lost the passion? Or are these spinsters who wait in vain for that perfect man?

Whatever is going on, the women of DC do not look like happy people. I don't know whether to prescribe these women a good therapist, a good anti-depressant, or a good stud lover. But some type of mass intervention is clearly needed for the benefit of all.

Play Lounge Review

February 2, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Sure, the girls are hot,
but guys are treated like scum
Staff has no respect

Rating: 2/5

Map • Official site

1219 Connecticut Ave N.W.
Washington, DC 20036

R.I.P. DC Cookie

February 2, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I’m disappointed, but not surprised.

In Case You Thought I Was Joking

February 3, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

> ...my Mom will be more than happy to do your Turkish coffee-cup fortune or analyze your dreams with a **20-year-old book she keeps in a Ziploc bag** (to prevent further page disintegration).

How You Start The New Year

The Dream Book

Cloud Review

February 3, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Sound system hurts ears
Middle Eastern men love it
Where is the exit?

Rating: 1/5

Map • Official site

1 Dupont Circle, N.W.
Washington, DC 20036

The Golden Goose Is Dead

February 4, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

For the past two months I have been stealing wireless internet from my friendly neighbor. Along with my roommate, I have downloaded terabytes of illegal music, video, software and the dirtiest of porn, including ass-to-mouth and midget double anal. We have voluntarily throttled our download speeds so we don't raise alarm or fry their router. But recently the free wifi has been silenced. Now all we get is some weak-ass one bar network that only works in the dining room.

I am writing this from Panera. They offer free internet (hot tea is $1.25 and refills are free), but no open ports for illegal downloading. What am I going to do once I get desensitized to the porn I already have? They close at 9PM which means when I go home I am forced to be productive instead of reading message boards until 3AM.

Next to me is a group of seven young men, led by a man my age. By his tonality and speech, I guessed he was with Amway trying to sell these guys into some sort of multi-level marketing scam. He was going on with simple anecdotes and wordy explanations to motivate and inspire. Just like with cold readers ("psychics"), the more vague you are, like this guy was, the higher chance you will hit everyone in the group. Specifics only exclude. Turns out it's a bible study group.

I observed the participants of this group, aged 18-23, and determined they were all beta males. The most beta of the beta, and I wouldn't be surprised if they were all virgins. They deferred to this group leader like he was their mentor, even though to me he came across as an amateur salesman.

He repeatedly said to these young men, "God has a special plan for each and every one of you." Apparently his plan is for them to meet in a franchise bakery every week and follow orders from someone who puts stickers on a Mac laptop. If God really did have a plan for these young men, why does it matter if they went to the study group or not since the plan is already set and unchangeable? Wouldn't meeting in bible study groups and church disrupt the plan that God has? Instead of fulfilling their destiny, these young men are mentally masturbating about how a plan exists. It's kind of like motivational seminars: instead of bucking up and doing what you know you must do, you are spending thousands of dollars and a lot of time to discuss why it's important you do it.

The real reason for this bible study group is to help commit these beta males to eventually contributing significant portions of their income to religious leaders who may or may not practice what they preach. I think they'd be better off telling their human religious leaders to fuck off and donate the 10% tithe directly to charities instead.

Still, Panera is better than the public library. The tables there are sticky and everyone is all up in MySpace. In the meantime I'm praying for the return of the golden goose. If God does exist, I know his plan is to provide me with fresh, DVD quality porn. When I switch to full screen mode, I don't want to see degradation in quality.

The Beard Experiment

February 5, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

After my experience as Jesus, I thought it'd be a good idea to grow a long beard, since there is no good reason not to. I let my face grow for almost three months.

I've never in my life received so many complaints about my appearance. Even my family ragged on me, calling me Taliban, Ayatollah, and mullah. Every week my mom said, "Why would you want to make yourself ugly?" Among natives of this country, Jesus and Geico caveman guy were most popular. I got called Jesus about half-a-dozen times a week, mostly by strangers who thought they were too clever for their own good. Unabomber was common and I heard Rasputin once.

The fun part was the stares. People would gawk at me and break their neck to do double takes. Adults would tug on their friends and point at me. I was a rock star. This made going out at night easier because girls approached me more. They came for the beard and stayed for my personality. But those same girls would say, "Why would you want to make yourself ugly?" They found it impossible to comprehend why I wouldn't look in a way to attract them best, since that's all I should be living for. But overall the intimate attention I got from girls remained the same. I looked like a homeless bum but girls still wanted to fuck me.

In the end I had to end the experiment because I felt like I was wearing an itchy mask. When I shaved it off I had trouble recognizing the reflection staring back at me. So *this* is how other people see me. While I'm lucky to be blessed with the genetics to make a monster beard, I don't think I'll do it again.

How To Cancel Verizon Wireless Without An Early Termination Fee

February 6, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

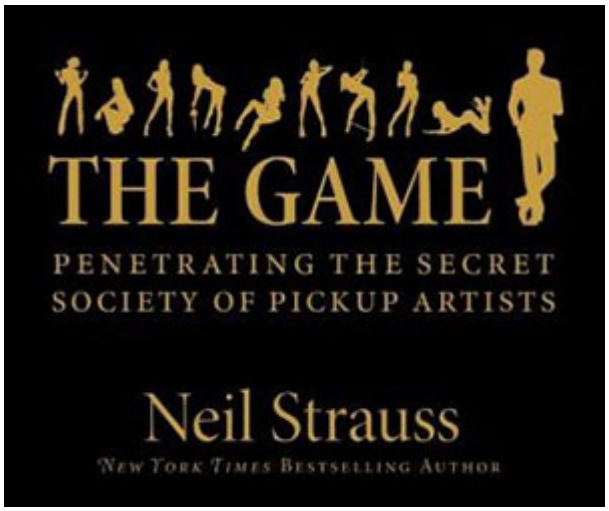
About a month ago I read a post on Consumerist about Verizon raising their text messaging rates by 50% and how you can use that to get out of your contract. (Starting March 1 it will cost you 15 cents to send and receive instead of 10 cents.) I sorted through that post and other posts and comments to construct a cancellation script I could use during the call. They use scripts on us so why shouldn't we have one too? Then I reported back to Consumerist.

> We've laid out these steps before, but we enjoy Roosh's confrontational style. He created the script based on previous Consumerist posts and comments. He talked to three different reps in thirty minutes. **Within an hour after hanging up, his phone was off**.

A blog saved me $175.

You can view the script here. It's helping quite a few people cancel without a fee. Even if you don't want to cancel your contract with them, you should still use it to get a credit on text messaging for the remaining life of your contract. Do it before March 1. Thirty minutes of your time can save you over fifty bucks.

Until my new phone comes in, I'm enjoying the silence.



Player Or Poseur?

February 7, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

1. His hand is basically on her breast.

2. Her eyes are closed and she seems comfortable. She's mentally preparing for sex.

3. His hairy complexion would be better balanced out with some facial hair, but I'm a little biased.

He is a player. Don't believe me? Check out this picture taken a little later:

It’s obvious they had drunk sex in the bathroom. I can smell the sex juices from here (and I can see it on his shirt).

Her body does look pretty nice though.

New Emoticons

February 7, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I've added some new emoticons because sometimes I can't find words to describe the complex emotions I'm feeling.

The smilie legend link is above the comment box.

Chaco The Cowboy

February 8, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Chaco and his fiance have eloped to Las Vegas and are getting married tomorrow. They have decided on a cowboy and cowgirl theme, which is a little bit surprising to me since I don’t think they have ever been south of Virginia. Anyway, he’s going to be busy now pleasing his wife with marathon sessions in the bedroom after day-trips to home improvement stores. Contributing here is no longer the number three priority in his life.

Dragonfly Review

February 9, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A tad pretentious,
but no mouth-breathers around
Pretty girls I've met

Rating: 4/5

Map • Official site

1215 Connecticut Ave, N.W.
Washington, DC 20036

Gazuza Review

February 10, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I want to get laid
But these girls are sitting down
Hand party at home

Rating: 2/5

Map • Official site

1629 Connecticut Ave, N.W.
Washington, DC 20009

Respecting Women

February 11, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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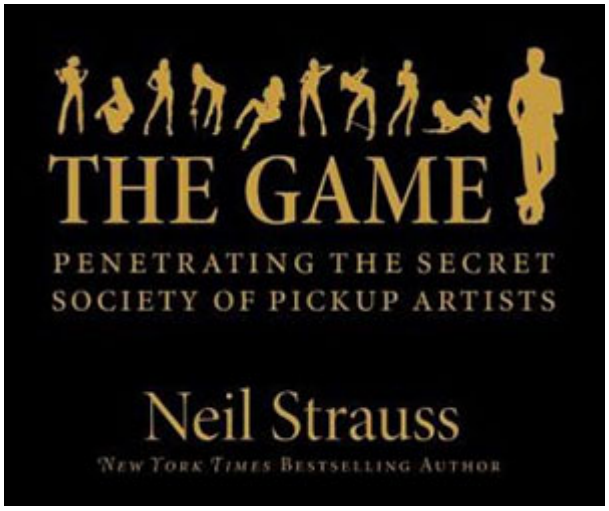
The more a man respects a woman, the less notches he will have. While notches don't yield happiness, if you want to have sex with a lot of women then you should not hold them in high regard.

Are women princesses that must be worshiped, or are they are pieces of meat that should be treated like objects? It really doesn't matter. You can get into a very fancy discussion about the modern woman that uses historical references and very nice metaphors, but in the end your conclusion must be based on reality. And the reality is that women reward men who have little respect for them. Ask any successful player a series of questions about his behavior to women and it will be very apparent that he sees her as something that is more expendable than magical.

I had a friend who was a good guy, but he would treat women very well and care for them and sacrifice for them. He would put his friends before girls he hadn't even slept with (girls he would never end up sleeping with). It got so bad that me and a player friend had to run an intervention: "STOP RESPECTING WOMEN. DON'T DO ANY FAVORS FOR A WOMAN WHO HASN'T PLEASED YOU SEXUALLY." It didn't get through and he's still the permafriend. This is a pattern that is repeated with beta males everywhere. I lost count how many times I was in the company of a beta and a girlfriend that gave him shit in front of me. When I ask the beta if he is going to let her treat him like that, he replies with "She's drunk" or "She's in a bad mood."

Emotional, weak, flakey, fickle, petty, jealous, gossipy, spiteful, insecure, shallow. I'm going to automatically respect that? Disrespect the entire gender, but do respect the girl who earns it. A woman you meet does not deserve the benefit of the doubt until she proves herself.

Russian Women


THE GAME
PENETRATING THE SECRET
SOCIETY OF PICKUP ARTISTS
Neil Strauss
New York Times Bestselling Author

Monogamy

February 12, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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There is no one perfect girl that has all the qualities I want. Instead there are many girls who can please me in a lot different ways. This girl pleases me physically while this other girl has an exotic vibe that I like while this other girl is funny and that girl over there is sharp and witty. I like them all. And because I don't currently want children, why pick one?

Regular sex, you're thinking. Well if you can only get regular sex by committing to one other person, then maybe monogamy is best for you.

Free Wireless Internet In DC

February 12, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Can anyone recommend a coffee shop in DC that has free internet? I found this list but there are no user reviews. Somewhere in the Dupont or Adams Morgan area would be nice.

I've been a regular of Busboys and Poets, whose yuppified hippie vibe I really enjoy, but their internet on the weekends is slower than dial-up. Plus they are expensive: a soy latte costs $5.25 if you include the $1 tip.

Movies I Recommend

February 13, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Life Is Beautiful – An incredible film about perspective, reality, and imagination. The message: life is beautiful, but only if you choose it to be. I cried like a little bitch.

Y Tu Mama Tambien – A movie about two horny teenage boys. The “Oh shit!” ending is a natural result of what happens when you let sexual desire dominate.

City of God – Brazilian movie about life in the favela, order in anarchy. Death, drugs, and sex surround great characters and storytelling.

None of these movies are in English. Lately I’m finding that only foreign films are capable of telling me a story with characters I care about.

Google Maps Upgrade

February 13, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Google Maps now displays Metro stop locations and building outlines.

All this time I've been secretly using DCist's Map to find closest Metro stops.

Fantasies Tend To Remain Fantasies

February 14, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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There once was a time when I would go to bed fantasizing about this one girl. If I could get her then I would be so much happier and everything in life would fall into place. As the years went on that girl would change, but there would always be at least one. No matter who I was currently seeing, I'd think of buying her creative Valentine's Day gifts or taking her on romantic walks on the beach. This occurred during a time I barely got any ass. Maybe there is a girl out there who has all the qualities I want, but it's a waste of time waiting for her to land on my lap, if she so happens to exist within driving distance of me.

It's fun to have this one ideal crush who you think will make you happy and bring you fulfillment while sitting at home eating microwave popcorn, but that's just not how it works. Because meeting girls I connect with is the result of unglamorous, persistent work. There is nothing lucky or fateful about it. I go out and talk to cute girls I like. I put in the effort to get to know them. I stay open-minded about the ones who don't fit my perfect ideal until I at least have sex with them. I listen to my gut and experience instead of friends or Sex and the City. What do you do? If you think something great is going to be served to you just because you think about it when you close your eyes at night, you deserve to be alone.

Mmm Burnt Taste

February 15, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Consumer Reports has deemed McDonalds coffee better than Starbucks.

> The magazine reportedly says McDonald's Premium Roast Coffee has "no flaws," labeling it "decent and moderately strong." The java from Starbucks, meanwhile, was determined to be "strong, but burnt and bitter enough to make your eyes water instead of open."

Starbucks is good for espresso and pretending you have a life outside the house. 7-11 has the best coffee.

Vasectomized Man Serves Up Gigantic Ownage To American Woman

February 15, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A man dates some broad. A few months into the relationship she announces that she's pregnant and informs him that he is the father. But he was vasectomized. This story, if true, has two morals:

1. Never trust a woman, especially an American woman.
2. Never blast inside a woman even if she is supposedly on the pill. Girls are human too and they forget to take it every day.

The only pleasure in life I deprive myself of is not letting my creamy delicious sperm come into contact with vaginal tissue. But I dream about it every day. It's unfortunate that the only way I'll be able to continue my unprotected stroke to the very end is by sleeping with an old woman who has been through menopause.

> **Vasectomy: $400. Speechless look on her face: priceless.**
>
> I'll try to sum up a funny story that happened a few years ago:
>
> I got a vasectomy.
>
> I met a girl soon afterwards. She was nice and attractive but with a selfish streak that raised a big red flag. She was 32 at the time and I could practically HEAR her biological clock ticking. Regardless, she was a good lay, easy on the eyes, and reasonably good company.
>
> I did NOT tell her about my vasectomy and I always used a condom with her to protect against STDs. She assumed, obviously, that the condom was only used for birth control. Silly girl.
>
> We date for a few months. I never made any move towards commitment but she brought it up ocassionally. For me, this was a casual but pleasant relationship. For her – as I was to find out – it was part of life-changing series of events that she was planning very carefully.
>
> Four months into dating, I get the "I'm pregnant" talk. She's going on and on about how the condom must have broke and now we really need to think about getting married "for the baby". She's positively giddy. She has a baby in her and she thinks she's gonna have a good meal ticket (me) to go along with her new 7lb annuity.
>
> At this point, I'm just as giddy. I get to pull the reverse "oops" on her. I figured that she slept with some bad boy and got knocked up. Good thing I was using condoms! Better still that I have a serious mistrust of women who can't think beyond their own uteri.
>
> So I wait a couple of days to "think about all this." I meet her again. I say I don't want kids and that she should have an abortion. I know where this is going and

sure enough it goes there. She goes completely batshit insane on me. There were the usual insults about my manhood. There were threats of legal action. It was all very ugly and I was loving every minute of it.

Well, I let her stew for a few days. She leaves me nasty messages on my phone. She sends awful emails. I'm laughing hysterically.

It was time to drop the hammer. While she was stewing I was busy. First I get a notarized copy from the urologist who performed the vasectomy. Next I get a notarized copy of the TWO test results indicating a "negative test result for sperm" to show I'm sterile and shooting blanks. Finally, I get a letter from a shark attorney stating he has seen the other documents and is prepared to litigate against this woman if she continues to communicate with me in such an unpleasant manner. Also, the letter states that we will insist on DNA testing to show that the baby is not mine. I'm ready.

I meet with this woman at her place. I bring flowers and a small bit of jewelry to show I am willing to reconcile and assume my responsibilities as a new father. I also have stuck in my pocket the documents I have prepared.

She's all giddy again. Her plan is going perfectly – or so she thinks. We talk about our future. We have some pretty good sex. Then, as I am about to walk out the door, I ask her the $64,000 question. "Are you sure that this baby is mine?"

Well, she goes batshit insane again. Hell, she ought to. Her plan could completely unravel if there is ANY question about my paternity. Oh, she's really screaming now. How dare I question her morals. Do I think she's a slut. I'm just trying to weasel out of my responsibilities… blah, blah, blah, yadda, yadda, yadda.

I'm not really mad. I'm kind of embarrassed for her. But since she won't shut up and the neighbors can hear all of this, I ask her to step back inside and sit down. She sits on the sofa and calms down a bit. She is glaring at me with all the moral self-righteousness that only a woman can muster up. She thinks she has me trapped. She is 100% convinced her plan has worked. Oh, the tangled web of lies and deceit she has wrought around herself and I am about to hack through them with a few pieces of paper.

I reach into my pocket slowly. I extract the three pieces of paper and unfold them slowly and deliberately.

I tell her simply, "You're screwed".

Her look doesn't change. There is no way she can fathom what I have prepared.

I continue. "I am sterile"

Her look changes just a bit. Something is beginning to sink in. Naturally, she reverts to women's logic. "You're full of shit. You're trapped and you know it."

I hold up the letter and the test results. "Three months before we met, I had a vasectomy. Here is a notarized letter from him stating what I had done. Here are

two test results showing that I tested negative for the presence of sperm. Blanks. I am shooting blanks. That baby inside you is simply not mine."

This woman is not to be swayed by logic and clear documentation. "Bullshit, those are fakes."

I was ready for that. "No, they are real. This last piece of paper is from my attorney. It's a simple letter to you that states if you pursue any kind of legal action against me for child support that I will insist on a DNA test to prove paternity, that is, to prove that your baby is not mine."

I give the woman all the documents. She reads them slowly, deliberately. With each passing second she can feel in her soul that she has made a very bad mistake. With denial swept away, she started to cry. It's a small cry at first. Then it becomes deeper and more painful. By the time she gets to the letter from the lawyer she is sobbing.

I had no sympathy for her. I turned and walked out the door. Even after I closed the door I could still hear her sobbing.

Epilogue -

I never heard directly from this woman again. I did hear through my friends that she did indeed have the baby. I also heard that the real father was some guy in a band she had met. I assumed that after 30, women stopped going after musicians, bikers, criminals, and thugs. Silly me for thinking the best of American women.

The Moral of the Story -

Get a vasectomy but keep it a secret.

Carlos Mencia & Joe Rogan

February 16, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I've been following the Carlos Mencia–Joe Rogan drama. Rogan has been accusing Mencia of stealing other comedians' jokes, and recently went on stage during a Mencia performance to call him out. He made a video of the confrontation which makes a pretty good case that Mencia is indeed a joke stealer. It's 10-minutes long but worth it (look for the Amazing Racist cameo):

So The Comedy Club in L.A. banned him and his agent let him go. But not Mencia—*Rogan*. Because Mencia has large audiences willing to pay to see him, Rogan has pissed off the people that Mencia is helping enrich. It doesn't matter how noble or honest your cause is—if you get in the way of the green, you will be stopped by those who have power. Lesson in this is to always have a savings account, just in case your character gets you in trouble.

—Joe Rogan's blog

Angry Blogger

February 17, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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White Dade makes a good point:

> As soon as a good, Angry Young Man blogger finds himself a girl, that nasty edge he had goes down the drain faster than a used condom on a Sunday Night. I guess it reasons, though. All the great writers are either depressed or suicidal when they do their best work, so when something comes along that brightens your outlook on life, your work suffers. How fucking selfish.

My potent, productive rage comes from not having what I want. The day I get into a happy committed relationship is the day my writing looks like Chaco's (an *awesome* friend and writer!).

My Nightlife Haiku Reviews Are Shit

February 17, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Alright the haiku reviews are a bust. I just don’t find them to be useful. I will regroup.

Malaise

February 18, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I hate my job. And it's all because I went to Italy.

Two years ago a friend of mine was studying in Rome and invited me to visit. I was comfortable with my routine here, working 40 hours a week to make someone else rich so I can spend two days of freedom on the weekend sleeping in and trying to get laid. But over there I really enjoyed the idea of exploring this different world without having to work. Why does it only have to be two days of freedom every week? Then I went to Venezuela and it was even better. I was taken out of my comfort zone where fun wasn't served on some tour package platter. The simplest things like eating a meal or catching a cab turned into adventures. And the girls—so hot.

I started to dislike my job after Venezuela, until I read a couple job interview books (in the bookstore, of course) and found a new gig that paid a lot more. But the extra money only kept me happy for a couple months. Maybe it's not the companies I don't like, but the idea of working for a company. I don't like following orders from a boss I wouldn't spend my free time with—someone I don't respect. And I definitely don't like spending a third of my waking life in an office building.

Spain made it worse. I was sure I didn't want to commit my best years working to save enough money when I'm too old to enjoy it. I don't want to play golf or bingo, ever.

Most of us are on the capitalist path: to go to school, get educated, become a good worker peon, spend money on consumer products, and die. My immigrant parents thought this would be best for me, so I can't fault them for pushing me into getting a college degree to have a life that is easier than 99.5% of all human beings in the world. But I just don't think it's for me.

Not work

Support The Troops

February 19, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I'm tired of seeing and hearing the phrase "Support the troops." It's meaningless unless you explain what type of support you are talking about. You can want to support the troops but have two completely different outcomes in mind.

Do you mean support the troops in fighting the war? In this case you want to pump more money into weapons and send more troops to back up the ones already there.

Or do you mean support the troops in increasing the likelihood they will survive in the next year? In this case you want to remove them from the bullets and bombs in Iraq and send them back home to comfortable suburbia where they are more likely to die falling down in the shower than getting hit with an IED.

I'm not sure how "Support the troops" has come more to mean "Support the war" instead of "Support life."

Blackberry

February 19, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I don't like people who have a Blackberry. It shows they are uncreative slaves who volunteer to be leashed like dogs. If you really are talented enough to get the big office and the slave device, what's stopping you from being top dog and starting your own business? It's cause you are not top dog, you are a slave. Management is just trying to make you feel special with a $100 radiation device so you won't complain about coming in on the weekends. Is it a coincidence that lawyers, the most loathsome people on Earth, are number one fans of this gadget?

As for girls who have a blackberry, I would never date them.

Blackberry -> Email -> Internet -> Computers -> Virgins males -> Parent's basement -> Real-life Dungeons and Dragons role playing

Therefore a girl with a Blackberry is just like a virgin male who plays Dungeons and Dragons. She is doing well in the male-created and dominated corporate environment because she is more masculine than me, and I have hair **on my ass**. Do you think she is going to stay home to cook and clean and take care of little Dakota? The number to Speedy Maids is going to be permanently attached to your refrigerator.

"Honey, is it okay if we order out again? I'm so exhausted from all that sitting down at work."

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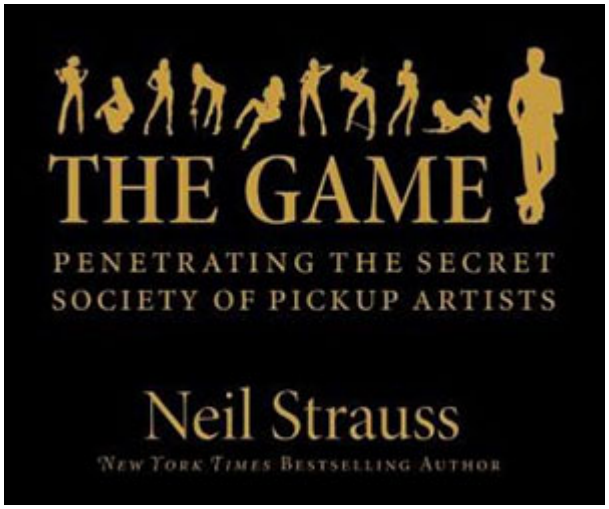
If the United States President doesn't have a Blackberry then you don't need a Blackberry.



Players Happy Hour

February 20, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Photo Credit

Who: Arjewtino, KassyK, Virgle Kent, me

When: Thursday, March 1 @ 7PM

Where: Front Page in Dupont Circle (main bar)

Bucket of 6 Coronas for 10 bucks.

Love Cafe / Cake Love

February 21, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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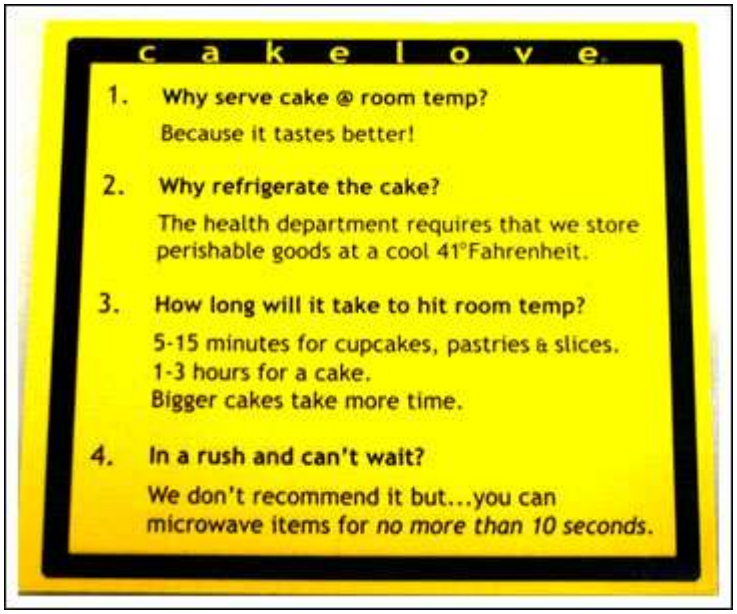
I tried out Love Cafe after a reader recommended it. It's about the size of your average coffee shop with a little nest towards the back that you can hide out in for 8 hours or so without having to buy too much.

The coffee was good—the baristas did a little foam swirl which was a nice touch, but the reason people come here is for the cake. A single slice costs up to $7. They can get 10 slices out of one cake so I can only imagine the profit margin out of something that probably costs two bucks to make. And people were lining up to pay for this luxury cake. They were in their twenties and dressed and acted like me and my friends.

I'm convinced you can take any product, triple the price, and sell it to yuppies who feel special for spending their money. They already do it with tap water, ice cream, coffee, and smoothies. I'm going to do it to steak and cheese sandwiches. I'm going to charge you $20 for one sandwich that has locally raised produce and meat. And you are going to fucking love it and come back for more because it makes you feel nouveau rich. I will have free wireless internet too.

At Love Cafe cake temperature is so important that they have laminated informational cards to tell you when you can eat your cake. If you don't wait 15 minutes until your cake warms up, an employee takes your slice away and asks you to leave. My slice of New German Chocolate cake was very nice and I'll be back because I fit the targeted audience for luxury cake and espresso beverages.


c a k e l o v e
1. Why serve cake @ room temp?
Because it tastes better!
2. Why refrigerate the cake?
The health department requires that we store perishable goods at a cool 41°Fahrenheit.
3. How long will it take to hit room temp?
5-15 minutes for cupcakes, pastries & slices.
1-3 hours for a cake.
Bigger cakes take more time.
4. In a rush and can't wait?
We don't recommend it but...you can microwave items for no more than 10 seconds.

Date Rape Druggings Are A Myth

February 22, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Almost every girl I know has told me a “Some guy at the bar put something in my drink” story. And I never believe them.

The purpose of date rape drugs is to render a girl unconscious. But to isolate the girl where he can rape her, a guy has to pick her up on his own and leave the bar or club with her. If he is already able to leave the club with a girl, he doesn’t need drugs to have sex with her because she’ll have sex with him anyway. Do girls honestly think a random dude they never met is drugging their drinks so she will pass out randomly on the dance floor, making a discreet rape impossible?

A few months ago I was with three other friends at a bar when one of them was accused by a white girl—who he didn’t exchange a word with—of putting a roofie in her drink. Even though no pill was found, the bouncer kicked him out because their policy states that the accusation alone is enough. But this only applies to men because I reverse accused the same girl of putting a roofie in my drink and she got to stay. There was a policeman there and I told him that if my friend really did that then why doesn’t he investigate and arrest someone. His response: “Get out of my face or I will arrest *you*.” Girls don’t hesitate to make up false accusations because they always get the benefit of the doubt (they are honest angels) and there is no punishment if they are caught lying.

“I think I was drugged” is just a convenient excuse for girls to binge drink and lose self-control. The girls you see stumbling in the bar and vomiting on the street are victims, not morons. Well now we have a study which proves these girls are not getting drugged:

> Women who claim to be victims of ‘date-rape’ drugs such as Rohypnol have in fact been rendered helpless by binge-drinking, says a study by doctors.
>
> They found **no evidence** that any woman seeking help from emergency doctors because their drinks were allegedly spiked had actually been given these drugs.
>
> Around one in five tested positive for recreational drugs while two-thirds had been drinking heavily.

Next time a girl tells you she thinks she was drugged because she passed out or can’t remember anything, remind her that those are side effects of alcohol. Then watch as her face fills with contempt because you don’t agree that deep inside every man is a rapist. Women want to be seen as equals but they are not willing to shake the “I’m a helpless victim” mentality.

Postscript: Full text of “A study of patients presenting to an emergency department having had a spiked drink” published in the peer reviewed Emergency Medicine Journal. Number of girls who are going to read it: zero.

Long Live Comments

February 24, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Alright let’s try again.

The signal to noise ratio on comments is getting out of hand. There are trolls trolling trolls and the ban list is almost at 100 IP addresses. I decided to eliminate commenting completely but after looking back on older posts I noticed there are a lot of productive discussions that expand on the topics I write about.

So I want to backstep and try registration first. In order to comment you have to registered. You can change your password that is sent to you and add a web site to your profile that is automatically linked when you comment. (The cool thing about being logged in is you can see the titles and times of upcoming posts.)

Let’s check back in a month and see how it worked out.

Upon Closer Inspection

February 25, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I was out writing when a guy and girl sat near me. The girl was a Brazilian bombshell, maybe 18 years old with a curvy thin body and wavy hair. With her was a black guy, maybe as young as 16, who had a generic urban style topped off with a skullcap.

Her personality was fun—she was laughing at him and teasing and cursing. I like girls full of life with a little bit of drama and she had all the exaggerated looks and movements. I made the assumption that he was banging her after she started touching his hands and calling him baby.

Most average guys would immediately hate on the guy—or attribute his ability to get her on things other than his game—but other than those very obvious cases where the girl is after some guy for money or status, the answer *is* game when she's hot and he's not.

So I observed them. He had an iPod headphone in one ear and was listening to her with the other. He would space out and look elsewhere when she was talking to him where she would have to say "Over here!" She was initiating all the conversation and doing more than 70% of the talking. He was sitting back, relaxing, and letting her do all the work. She complained to him about many things, such as his "disgusting" smoking habit and his attention span problems. At the end they got in a mini fight and she made a dramatic body turn away from him. Then he just pushed her head with his hand and said, "Come on let's go." And off they went.

I'm sure guys treat this girl like a princess, but here you have an average guy who treats her average and she is all over him. Guys only hurt themselves when they hate on another guy because there is always one thing he does which you don't do, or don't do enough of. Observe and watch before you go negative. This particular gentleman had access to her, took advantage of an opportunity, and served the right game that works well. And that I respect.

Bon Ass Experiment

February 26, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

One of my life's pleasures is observing ass—high school ass, college ass, twenty-something ass, spinster ass, and old but pre-menopausal ass. Every female who is menstruating is worth a peek.

After I went through puberty and my balls doubled in size, I created a null hypothesis that all asses are the same. Every age group has the same ass qualities that include firmness, roundness, and gripability. (Because I could not test all three qualities with every ass I saw, I used my imagination to guess how hand-to-ass contact would feel.) After compiling several massive volumes of ass data, I'm confident that we can reject the null hypothesis. I conclude that time alone is a devastating factor in the deterioration of a woman's ass.

When I'm checking out the asses of a gaggle of 16 year olds, I can't help but notice how universally plump and round they are. Even the flattest of the group is still able to embarrass most women 10 years her senior. It is not until her twenties does this ass meat migrate to other parts of her body, like her ankles or the area above her vagina. This is similar in concept to how an aging man's hair flows from his head to his ears, toes, and anus hole.

After 35 years, it's all over. The ass meat loses its cohesive ability and starts to degenerate into a veiny blob of tissue. Even the grip factor declines as well: instead of squeezing an ass that feels like a ripe tomato, your hands squeeze through cookie dough—the grocery store kind that is bought in those plastic tubes. This didn't use to be a big problem for women because they would already be married when their ass peaked, but now with the advent of equality and club guestlists, the modern woman does not get serious about marriage until the ass decline is in full effect. The same society that gives women cosmopolitans, voting rights, and Coach bags is the same that robs them of attention from quality assmen like myself at the time she most needs it. Unless our

culture regresses back to the time when dual housing incomes were unnecessary, it will just be easier for me to find a juicy wife through the reputable mail-order bride industry.

Boom!

February 26, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Couple reader blogs to check out…

Ask Jimmy Suede – Dating column for men.

The Art of the Possible – Liberal-slanted blog without the screeching.

Tin Heart – Blog of my Craigslist missed connection. I think I am an inspiration to her.

Players Happy Hour Reminder

February 27, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I previewed my happy hour post to Virgle Kent a couple weeks ago and I think the term he used to describe it was “weak.” I challenged him to do better and he did. He took a thoughtful approach where he analyzed the personalities of his co-hosts:

> RooshV- What many people may not know about my Mexican friend is that he’s a really good listener. Unlike me he doesn’t cut you off during debate on any subject rather takes in everything you have to say, processes it and gives back a thought full response on the topic at hand. He’s humor is extremely dry yet witty on the British tip. He is a man who is on a path of his own. Obvious strong points of convo are politics, economy, religion, and game theory. Player? The guy looks like freaking Jesus! What girl doesn’t want to let Jesus inside her? Player 4 sho

Not sure about the Mexican, but thank you for the kind words.

Arjewtino took a different approach, using hate from haters to aid in party promotions. I’d quote the hate but they are in image form. Go here to read.

And then there is KassyK. We broke up last week but then made up for the sake of the happy hour. Our friendship is too strong to let something like my opinion on date rape get in the way.

> **Who**: Arjewtino, KassyK, Virgle Kent, me
>
> **When**: Thursday, March 1 @ 7PM

> **Where**: Front Page in Dupont Circle (main bar)

I’m Not Sleeping With A Brazilian Prostitute

February 27, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

So I met this Brazilian guy in the bathroom of a club through this belligerent Belgian guy who I met in the same bathroom about an hour before. Above is a picture of both of them that I took while we were all hanging out in that bathroom.

Since I want my next trip to be in South America, I thought it would be a good idea to pick the Brazilian’s brain. I started by telling him I don’t want to sleep with prostitutes.

“Oh well that’s a problem then. Even I’m Brazilian and it’s not that easy for me.”

“But I’m cool with lots of conversation and what not,” I said. “I don’t mind putting in the time.”

“No, that doesn’t matter. The problem is you are going to be seen as just another tourist. You have to stay there for a while to really understand them. And also a lot of these girls are just looking for a greencard.”

“How long do I have to stay down if I don’t want to sleep with prostitutes?”

“A few months.”

So to sleep with a hot Brazilian girl who is not a prostitute and doesn’t want me for my greencard, I need to live there. I don’t buy it. He did add that there are tons of South American women already here. That’s true, but the quality South Americans here are ambitious and have big egos because they know their competition is trash. I would only consider FOB’s with bad English. But if that’s going to be my standard I might as well go to the country to get the authentic experience. At least there I’ll be the exotic one.

It’s time to start thinking about an extended trip.

If You Don’t Look Like Jesus, Why Are You Still Alive?

February 28, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I wrote some big words in the past:

> While I’m lucky to be blessed with the genetics to make a monster beard, I don’t think I’ll do it again.
>
> February 6, 2007

I RENOUNCE THOSE WORDS. Without a beard I am not a real man—I just don’t look right without long coarse hair covering half of my face. And honestly, the beard was a pussy magnet. There were those off-nights I could just hug the wall and take care of cute girls who come up to me with “You look like Jesus, hehe.” It was like a tractor beam.

No girl will admit it, but they all have a fantasy of being fucked by Jesus. I am the luckiest man on Earth if after just a couple months I can look like the most popular man in the history of the world. Wherever I go, no matter what country, I will be instantly recognized as the savior of the human race. Knowing what I know now, I would kill myself if I didn’t have the ability to look like Jesus.

So thick and beautiful

Newsletter No. 3

February 28, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Coming up this weekend. If you haven’t already, sign up on the right. It’s going to be about buying girls drinks.

I Got Recaps

March 1, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

There were a lot of soldiers last night, drinking, dancing, and crossbreeding for up to 7 hours. Writing about the things that happened would damage lives. *My* life.

Recaps:

Rock Creek Rambler
Suburbanite
MM
Brunch Bird
KassyK
Bad at life
Designs On You
Grateful Dating
VK
Arjewtino
Tex Pundit
Across The River

People who are writing their recap:

V
Jo
LMNTal
KOB
Heather
Freckled K

And at least a dozen others who must have talked to me towards the end of the night.

I never talked about date rape so much in one night.

Comment Edit Plugin

March 2, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

For about four minutes after you post a comment, you will see an “edit” link next to your comment’s time stamp. Helpful if you catch a mistake or want to add something.

Minimize Your STD Risk

March 4, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

> More than one-third of American women are infected with human papillomavirus (HPV), which in rare cases can lead to cervical cancer, by the time they are 24 years old, according to a study being published today.
>
> Washington Post

This means that 33% of girls you have sex with are carrying HPV. The percentage that will tell you they have it: 0%. I have learned that women will get irregular pap smears or sores but stay silent and give you hard questioning instead in what I think is a ploy to take attention away from themselves. I'm convinced the more a girl questions me about where my dick has been, the more likely she is the one who has something. But I'm not mad at women for withholding information because there is only one person responsible for my well-being: me. It is no one's fault but my own if I have sex without protection and get something.

While some people are in the unreasonable "I'll never get anything!" camp, I focus on minimizing risk as much as possible without robbing myself of the man experience.

1. I avoid drunk attention whores. They are high risk and are a pain in the ass to deal with anyway.

2. I study the girl's bedroom behavior. If a girl is ready to have sex without a condom, I imagine she has raw-dogged dozens of guys before me. So I go in with an industrial strength condom. If a girl won't even take off her panties unless I have a condom on, I figure she is probably clean. I bust out with the thin stuff that has a 50% chance of breaking during my rough sexing.

3. I don't plan for risky behavior. The odds I will just want to "see how it feels" increases exponentially if I haven't hand-sexed myself in a while. Add a couple drinks to a loaded cannon and you soon may find yourself asking around for a good dermatologist. I don't recommend hand-sex on the day of a date because you do want to go in with an aggressive edge, but if your balls are always sore and heavy then you need to re-evaluate your jerking habits.

Don't count on women to tell you the truth because they are not good at telling it. Don't give her your disease-free snake and then whine later that she "gave" you something. Assume the worst with every girl, wrap it up, have your fun, then call her if you want. This is an amazing time for men everywhere—don't fuck it up for yourself by being sloppy and weak.

Sloppy and weak since 1979,

Roosh

Club Rain & The Band Theory

March 5, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Virgle Kent invited me to join him and his buddies at Fairfax's newest club called Rain, run by a group of guys who used to promote at Love. If are wondering why I would haul my ass all the way to the Virginian version of my middle-of-nowhere suburban location, it's because I was told the ass quality is above average.

The club itself is one gigantic room playing loud hip-hop and one smaller room that is set-up like a restaurant. The crowd is 90% white. While Baltimore white girls treat me well, the white girls of Bethesda and Georgetown usually don't, and since this crowd felt most like Bethesda I lowered my expectations. But I did do pretty well. Therefore I introduce to you The Band Theory:

> **If you are not a white girl's usual type (Abercrombie all-American), she will be on your ball sack if she thinks you are in a band.**

Long hair, check.
Beard, check.
Funny t-shirt that shows you don't care, check.
Massive natural holes in jeans, check.
Weird but sexy personality, check.

Two of the whitest white girls I rubbed my erection on asked me with hopeful eyes if I was in a band. They were so white and blonde I couldn't see their eyebrows in the dark. I wouldn't be surprised if they didn't even have eyebrows. The reason non-white guys fail with white girls, according to my theory, is because they try to act white instead of looking like they are in a band. If your hair is short now, it will only take one year to get it to band-length. Just let your hygiene and physical appearance go and white girls will be all over you in a very short amount of time.

I think my failures in Georgetown and Bethesda occurred because I started to look like I'm in a band only after I stopped going there. I've been going to Baltimore recently, while looking like I'm in a band, and there I enjoy a level of success similar to the international areas of DC.

If you like hip-hop and white people who all look the same, Rain is your place. Cover charge is $10 and Absolut vodka drinks are $6. Get there around 10pm because they close at 1:30am. Don't forget to look like you're in a band.

Rain Lounge and Ballroom
10418 Main St.
Fairfax, VA 22030

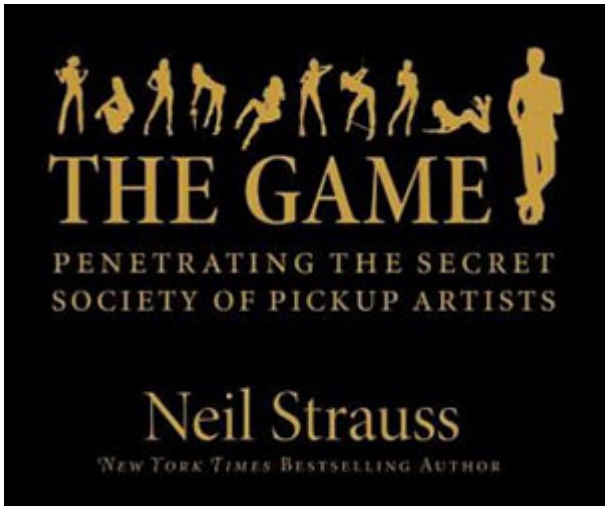
Update (April 26, 2007):

I got an email from the Rain people about their new dress code.

> Effective Immediately: RAIN will strictly be enforcing a new dress code.

> The new dress code is as follows:
>
> “DRESS TO IMPRESS”
> Which means:
> - No Boots/Timberlands
> - No Sneakers
> - No Hats
> - No Ripped/Holey/Torn Jeans
> - No Excessively Baggy Clothes (Jeans/Shirts)
> - No Athletic Gear

I guess I will have to take my holey jeans elsewhere.



Blogging And Sex

March 6, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

After two years I have finally figured out how my blog affects my notch count. If you are a guy who blogs about sex, dating, or how women are inferior to men, pay close attention.

If a girl meets me through my blog, my notch count is not affected. She likes what I write for whatever reason and is more likely to think my writing is coming from a character or persona. I can proceed with normal game:

If a girl meets me through other means, but then finds out about my blog *before sex*, my notch count is negatively affected. She usually finds out through Google, my chatty friends, or because she was snooping around on my computer. Except for one isolated case, every girl who found out about the blog has freaked out in spectacular ways. They use words like horrible, sexist, and awful. Most sentences start with “I don’t believe you would…”

So when I meet a girl at a bar, I do not tell her what I do in my spare time. She can call me shady all she wants but she’s not finding out unless she Google-stalks me. Telling a mainstream girl about my blog is like trying to pull someone out of the Matrix who is not ready. Because of a lifetime of feminist programming, she just can’t handle the truth. The girls who dig what I write are vastly advanced in this respect, and that’s why I rather touch a girl who already knows.

No Headphones

March 6, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Get a pair of earbud headphones and attach it to your computer or iPod. Jam the buds deep in your ear. Then put on a song you really like, something high energy where both channels are the same. Turn the volume up so you can't hear anything else but the music. Now listen for a minute.

Where in your head is the sound coming from? If you are like me it's being "simulated" somewhere in the middle of your head behind your eyeballs. When you hear something out of one ear it is not because you hear it just at that ear, it is because your brain is telling you that it is *probably* being heard in that ear. (It can be tricked, like with firetruck sirens in a city corridor.) Your ears just contain vibrating organs—the sound is processed in your brain and then made to feel like its coming from your ears. But when you put on headphones, you can bypass this locater function so it's almost like the sound is coming from the same place as your thoughts, which have no choice but to take a break. And that is the reason why I don't wear headphones. It blocks the world around me, limiting my observations and thinking. I will never understand why many owners of mp3 players choose to kill their thoughts at every opportunity they can. Assuming, of course, there is something to kill.

Teahouse of Horrors

March 7, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Photo Credit

Over a year ago I sat down with an old friend at Ching Ching Cha Teahouse in Georgetown. This teahouse was recommended by someone who told me I had to try their artisan tea which blooms like a flower inside your cup. My flower was bright pink in color. It reminded me of those novelty pills that expand to form dinosaur shaped sponges when you drop them in water.

Our table did not have sugar so I asked the waitress if she can bring some. She said, “The owner thinks the teas taste best without sugar, so we do not have any.” Oh really?

Many of you are reading this through my RSS feed. It puts out full text of my posts so you can read at sites like Bloglines and Google Reader, or in an aggregator blog that mashes my feed with a bunch of others. If I operated this site like I did the owners of the teahouse, I would not serve an RSS feed—I would force you to come here and read my writing on my own terms.

This is like how, until recently, the music companies only wanted you to listen to music through shiny plastic discs. Their sales numbers show that control doesn’t work. Treating people like children and limiting their options without good reason doesn’t work. People want to choose how ideas or services are delivered to them, or they will vote with their legs and go elsewhere. Not only have I never been back to that teahouse, I have not recommended it to anyone.

When Close Friends Don’t Accept Your Cats

March 7, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Check out the second letter on today’s Dear Prudence:

> I’m a 46-year-old unmarried Caucasian woman. I live alone with my three cats, whom I love dearly. My friends always pick on me because I love cats but haven’t managed to find a man who shares this love with me. Sometimes I feel very alone, although I have my cats. I feel like my friends are talking about me behind my back all the time! I’m very content with my current lack of love, but I sometimes worry that my friends aren’t. They are all happily married with children. I feel as though I’m left out of everything since I haven’t gotten married and had kids. Because of this, I’m thinking of adopting an African baby. Although I feel that I would love this child as much as I love my cats, sometimes I wonder if the only reason I’m considering adopting is to fit in with my friends. What should I do?
>
> —Alone and Unsure

Alright which one of you guys sent that in?

> If you feel so out of sync with your married friends, instead of embarking on an ill-conceived adoption quest, seek out friendships with other middle-aged cat ladies.

Credit to Ribald for the find.

Spinsters In The Wild

March 8, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Ari is a 34-year-old woman living in New York. She likes quality men but quality men do not like her, not lately anyway. Let's take a closer look at this fascinating specimen.

> I'm having one of those days where I feel I lost everything I wanted before I even mounted a battle for them. I'm not going to be a young mother. I'm not going to marry my college sweetheart. I'm not going to be a teen sensation.
>
> Today, I feel like I'm too old to do anything I wanted or hoped to do. I can't find a job I like. I can't find a boy to kiss.

Women feel sorry for themselves in order to get sympathy and validation from other women who know what it's like to feel sorry for themselves. Their goal is to get a superficial injection of happy feelings that stops the tears long enough to leave the house and purchase brand-name clothing products.

> I never thought I'd be 34, unmarried, unemployed and childless. Not having a warm body to lie next to in September is nothing to think about. In December it's reason enough to cry. I never thought, I never considered that I'd still have to be looking. I blithely assumed that my snatch would be snatched up! I mean really. I switched high schools at the start of my sophomore year. I nabbed myself a boyfriend the first damn day. We were together for three years and then intermittently throughout college. In college there were others, I never lacked for a date. Cute, eligible guys were never hard to come by until I actually wanted one. And yes, I know, you'll never find anyone while you're looking but I'm 34, I really can't play coy anymore.

Who would have thought the attention she received when she was 18 would decrease to nothing almost two decades later? There has to be a high school course for teenage girls that brings out spinster speakers (with their beautiful cats) to scare them from trying to be players like men. If they can show pictures of diseased cocks and vaginas in school I see no reason why they can't offer this reality as well.

> And so, as my mom would say; I'm in a mood today. I have a date tomorrow night and I'm not all that moody by nature though so this feeling, it's got to be fleeting, right?

Of course she's still dating, since it has worked so well for her in the past. Because even

at her age she deserves no less than a quality man who is over six feet tall, charming, a good listener, witty, in excellent shape, fashionable but not too metrosexual, not a game player, well-mannered, chivalrous, making six figures, funny but not a clown, a passionate lover, emotionally secure, drug-free, ambitious, nice but not too nice, not self-absorbed, athletic, and friendly to defenseless little animals.

Ten bucks this woman dies alone.

I Am Not In Today's NY Times

March 9, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Remember when I wrote about a script for getting out of your Verizon cell phone contract? A NY Times reporter interviewed me on the phone for a story he was doing on the topic, but I did not make the final cut. 😉

> Liza Tremblay, a 26-year-old owner of Bay Burger in Sag Harbor, N.Y., gave it a shot to get out of her contract with Verizon and avoid paying $175. (She wanted to use Cingular because colleagues told her the reception was better.) She followed a script she found on Consumerist.com. "I used a lot of big words, and I think I got across the idea that I meant business," she said.

—Getting Out of a 2-Year Cellphone Contract Alive

Girls Are So Naive

March 11, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I was at some late-night restaurant shithole with a girl. We were at a booth but I was sitting next to her, hinting to the masses that we are probably not brother and sister.

Our food came (I got falafel) and I started eating when a random guy I've never seen before came up to our table. I tilted my head up to see what the fuck this guy could possibly want. He looked at me with a gigantic smile and said, "Where are you from?" There is an unspoken rule that you do not disturb a man and his bitch when food is on the table.

I said, "You see we're eating right?"

He is still smiling. "Yeah but your face. I, uh, was just curious."

"*We're busy*."

He walks away and I continue my falafel meal. My casual lady partner gives me a typical chick response: "Oh my God you are such a jerk, he was just being nice."

"He wanted to fuck you," I said.

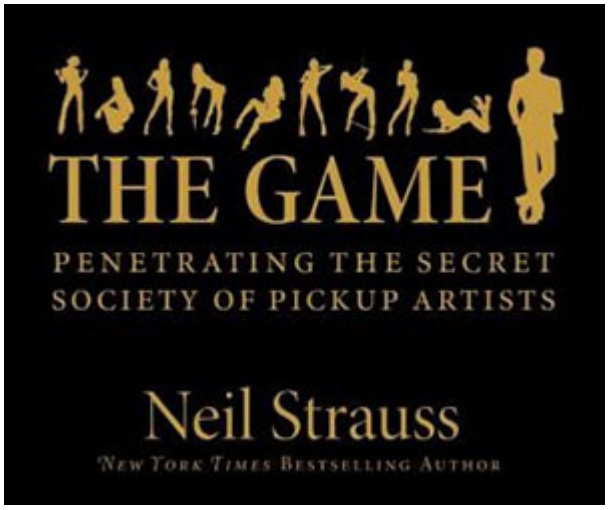
"What?!! No you are so wrong, blah blah blah blah blah blah."

This guy then does the same thing to the next table where there was one girl and three guys. Fifteen minutes later, he is having a one-on-one conversation with the girl *in a different language* while the guys sit there in silence, twiddling their thumbs.

The waitress drops our check and I ask her who the guy is. "Oh him, he's the busboy."

bus·boy *noun*
Minimum-wage restaurant helper whose job rounds out the bottom of a capitalist economy's totem pole

A busboy with stains on his shirt bitched out three yuppie betas whose clothing is worth more than his monthly salary. This is the most incredible moment of game that I have ever witnessed in my life. If you can not neutralize a busboy (granted, the ballsiest busboy in the world), a person whose job is to pick up after you, why are you still alive?



In The Company Of Men

March 12, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I saw In The Company of Men, a movie recommended by Roissy. The plot is about an alpha male who convinces his beta male coworker to help him emotionally destroy a woman. The reason is to “restore dignity” in their lives. The plan is for both of them to date her, take her out, buy her flowers, treat her nice, and then dump her at the same time. What ends up happening is the beta falls in love with her while the girl falls in love with the alpha.

At the end of the movie the girl, who is deaf, confronts the alpha about the game. He laughs in her face and says, “How does it feel?” He leaves her on the bed, crying, proud of his handiwork.

This movie has made me realize that I am a nice, stand-up guy. I don’t lie to women. I don’t manipulate them. I’m convinced I leave them better than how I found them, with short but intense memories of my bedroom. (Clarification: the memories are short due to the nature of the relationship, not because of the actual activity that… ah fuck it).

If you ask a girl about guys who like to sleep around, her blood will boil and she will say they are all jerks with mommy issues. But then if you ask her about the last player she fucked, her tone will soften. It’s because the player, with his experience and fuck style, made her feel good. You can’t stay in business for long if you are the type of guy who seeks destruction instead of pleasure. Most girls can pick up on the psychopaths that Hollywood loves to portray as smooth-talking pick-up artists. These guys end up in the corner office, not in the pants of quality women.

Affection

March 13, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I think it really picked up with those Rules books, when girls decided that giving affection or showing genuine interest is bad game. Successful players have many tools in their toolbox, but girls took “play hard to get” to such an extreme that they became cardboard cutouts, an outline of something that looks human from a distance but doesn’t feel like one up close. The more a girl consumed mainstream entertainment sources where these ideas were prone to be discussed or taught, the more likely she lobotomized the natural feminine instinct that men are naturally drawn into. “I must not let this guy know what I’m thinking or feeling. I must not let him know I care. He will like me then and I will be happy.”

Idiots!

Idiots for digesting and absorbing the absurd musings of Carrie Bradshaw, for incorporating a dysfunctional neurotic character into real life to infect new relationships like toxic mold instead of doing just a little soul searching to find meaning and substance. Idiots for purchasing books and DVDs produced by multinational corporations who care as much about them as a two-year-old cares about green vegetables. And idiots for trying to become careful, in control, and shrewd—for becoming like *my dad*.

A month ago I was winding down a long night in a club. As I sat down on a chair against the wall, I noticed a guy and cute girl sitting a few feet away from me. Two minutes later she slid a little towards me away from her guy friend. If a girl is going to make it that easy for me then I don’t care if I just vomited all over myself, but opening my mouth and creating speech is reflex.

Ten minutes later my arm is around her and I’m getting ready to go octopus on her. Her short dress and petite frame turned on the sleaze machine inside me.

“I was checking you out all night,” she said.

Whoa. I don’t hear that often enough, and it felt good.

“And I love your hair,” she added.

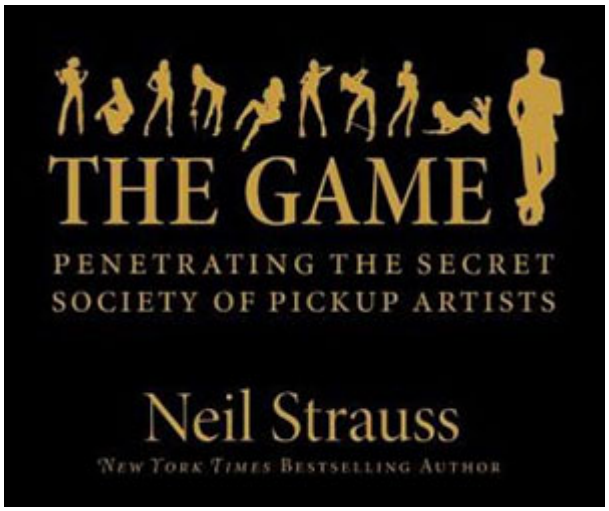
“Thanks!”

And then she started touching it (my hair!). I’m sitting next to a cute girl who is giving me physical and verbal affection as my hand is on her bare thigh and I’m fantasizing about all the ways I’m going to violate her. I can’t ask for much more than that—I was a happy man. She wouldn’t let me take her home that night but I got her number and moved her to the front of the queue. She motivated me because she showed me that she was motivated. This is how intense, fun relationships start, when you quickly feel comfortable with someone and don’t need to ration out attention like it’s a finite resource buried deep in the ground.

But why is this encounter the exception rather than the rule? Why is it so rare to find girls who put out a natural warmth and openness where you can cut through the

manufactured bullshit and start to connect like two normal human beings? It’s because these girls worship celebrity idols who wear ridiculous sunglasses. It’s because they were raised by cable TV instead of their parents. It’s because they don’t trust their natural instinct and it’s because they are a product of an disconnected culture that sees warmth and openness as weakness, where the concept of community is limited to uploading staged photos on the internet for anti-social rejects to masturbate to.

My advice to the American girl: if you are curious about a guy who is curious about you, just be nice. Give him one compliment and make him feel *good* for talking to you. A grounded, real man will be more than happy to take you seriously, more than just a one-time fuck to blow off some steam. Imagine that.



Craigslist Slut

March 14, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A reader requested I write about this Craigslist posting, about a woman who dated 34 men she met off Craigslist in one year.

The posting is written in a universal font size, but when I came across "I'm young, very thick, cute, tall, and blonde," my brain read it like this:

> I'm young, very thick, cute, tall, and blonde.

Her profile sounds reasonable. If it wasn't for the very thick part I can imagine myself hanging out with her and her progressive personality, if of course what she said reflected reality. By now I've learned that girls describe themselves with how they wish they were, not how they are. I wouldn't be surprised if she was more annoying than that random dog that pissed on my leg last year.

> I am promiscuous. (Wikipedia has a great definition of the word if you're interested). I like sex. A lot. Actually, I love sex. I haven't been in a real relationship in a very long time, and I miss regular sex (among other things). I'm multi-orgasmic, and while I'm not going to get too into it, I'm wierd when I'm not getting a sufficient dose of coitus. Now granted, while I am on the ADVENTUROUS side, I am no slut. I think the right guy is out there for me somewhere, but I don't know where the hell he is, or why I haven't found him yet.

Nothing wrong with being horny and fucking a lot of guys. As long as a girl doesn't infect me with her tropical strain of the clap, I don't care too much about how many dicks she has had inside her. Okay, maybe I do care, but the fact that I will never ask her about her sexual history means the issue probably won't come up, unless she can't help but tell me about the gangbang she was involved with in college where she was the only female (true story).

> I've gotten over 3500 responses in the past 6 months

I believe it. Trying to get laid on the internet makes you an excellent copy/paste monkey and really takes "playing the percentages" to a level the idea of courtship has never seen in the history of man. No matter how monstrous the girl is, the internet is an attention generating *machine* that makes her think her value is higher than a girl who weighs under 200 pounds.

Even though our BBW is "not shallow or close-minded," she proceeds to destroy most of the shlubs who dated her.

> Little did I know that you would turn out to weigh about 100 LBS and look like a cancer patient

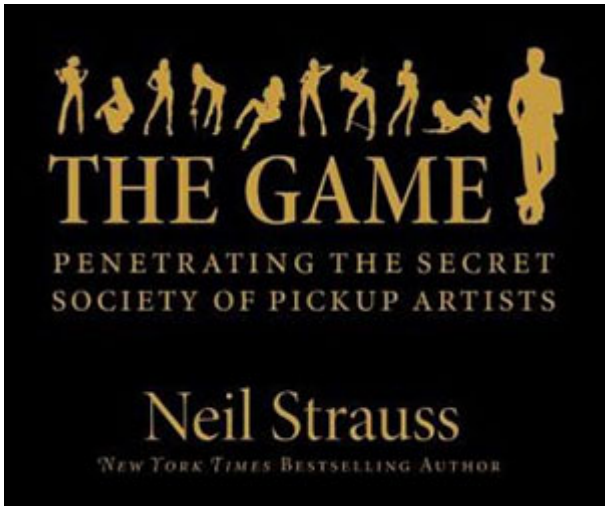
> Seriously. You sent me pics, and I saw Calvin Klein Ads. You brought yourself, and I saw Kramer from Seinfeld. What the FUCK??
>
> The minute you put the condom and slid inside me once, you came. PEACE OUT!
>
> MY GOD YOU WERE THE FREAKIEST MAN IN THE WORLD.
>
> Seriously, I know I give good head, but leave a girl alone man, it's creepy.
>
> CLEAN YOURSELF UP BEFORE YOU TAKE A GIRL OUT, DEUCHBAG.
>
> You had white fizz at the corners of your mouth, and made me want to vomit.
>
> YOU WERE THE WORST I'VE EVER HAD. Poor guy, you don't watch enough porn.
>
> You kinda had this strange constipated look on your face all the time.
>
> …little did I know you would turn into a depressed, ADD, and OCD FREAK. When I touched your dick, you came in my hand.
>
> I wanted to laugh just listening to you and your ridiculous little gay laugh

…and so on. We are now living in a society where a very thick girl can judge other men who, unlike her, have the willpower to stop shoveling double-meat cheesesteaks in their mouth.

She did have nice things to say about me though. I make an appearance at number 18 under my fake name Pat. Yeah I fucked a fatty off Craigslist. So what, who are you to judge? I was going through a cold streak and needed to build some momentum to resume fucking the supermodels that I usually get with.

> 18) ~~PAT~~ ROOSH : **Wow you had a big dick.** You were the greatest fuck buddy ever, because we weren't attached, and didn't know much about each other either. You sure did show me a good time more than once!! You were pretty cocky though, I mean.. you were hot, and you knew it. But come on, you still weren't no Don Juan. You went and found yourself a girlfriend :(

Emphasis mine. The girlfriend excuse was a line, of course.



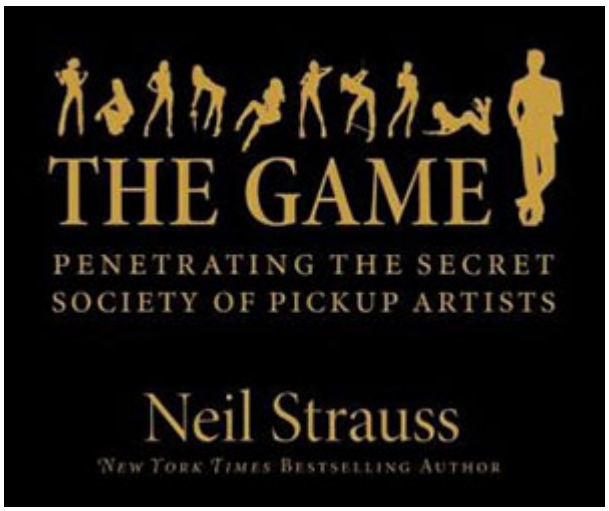
Teenage Girls Are Better

March 15, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

After a couple recent posts talking about girls and young age, I recommend you go read Irinia's Teenagers are hotter than me.

> The most attention I'd ever gotten from men was when I was a teenager. Especially from older men. I used to think they were creepy, but now I realize that they were just over 25. Even with some acne, and a then boyish body, men still honked their horns at me. And now, even if I look good, fewer are going to pay attention because I think the youth has been sucked out of me. I look at these girls on the subway or bus and I'm constantly amazed at how they've all got it going on. On their worst day, these girls, with their youthful glow and childish attitude is far more attractive than me.

I guess this is one of her more depressing posts (if you are a female) but it is accurate and brutally honest. I'm proud to be a reader of her underrated blog. I found her first!



I Dated A Girl Who Was In A Gangbang

March 15, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Yesterday I mentioned how a girl I dated told me she was in a gangbang. Let me share with you how that came about.

Several years ago I was seeing a brunette who put out a girl-next-door vibe but was a piranha in bed. She was perfect for me. Since she was a keeper, I showed her my appreciation by hanging out with her in public instead of just my bedroom.

One afternoon we were at Barnes and Noble reading magazines. She was into the female health magazines like Shape and I was into Maxim and Stuff (give me a break, I was just out of college). I was still dreaming of a threesome, and this girl, due to her unbridled sexual energy, was my best shot at it to date.

“Have you ever been in a threesome?” I asked, quietly.

“Yes.”

“Cooooool! How was the girl like?”

“Umm. There was no girl.”

“Wait. How is a threesome possible without another girl?”

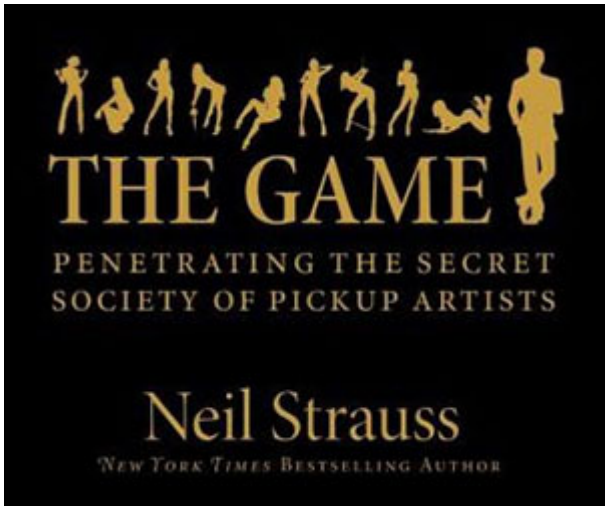
“It was with two guys.”

“Oh, no.”

At that moment, she was dead to me. Alright maybe not dead, but the freak in the sheets and lady on the streets image I built her up to be imploded like an old Vegas casino. She proceeded to give me details as my face turned from ease and contentment to looking like I was dumping a log in the toilet. I listened to her every word as she told me how guys pounded her multiple holes during one drunken night in college. I had to stop her from telling me more. It was my fault for not recognizing the warning signs: her ambivalence towards condoms, her penchant for public sex, and her love of record-setting gangbang events where a random guy off the street has to put in just a couple strokes to make it count. I should have known.

I continued having condomless sex with her but it just wasn’t the same: I kept imagining my best friends tag-teaming her along with me, asking me if I’m “having a good time” and if she is “always this freaky.” A few more months of that, after these kinky bedroom thoughts progressed into a heterosexual gray area, I decided to end the relationship.

In relationships since then I’ve had to stop girls from opening their big mouth and telling me their past sexual history, lest the image I have of them in my head be disturbed. Unless the girl is a virgin. I’d like to know that ahead of time so I can find some black tape to cover the red record light on my Dad’s camcorder.


THE GAME
PENETRATING THE SECRET
SOCIETY OF PICKUP ARTISTS
Neil Strauss
New York Times Bestselling Author

The Last Book Update

March 17, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I finished the 1st draft last month. It came in at a morbidly obese 75,000 words. Double-spaced with size 12 font that comes out to 210 pages. So far I've edited 50 of those pages, spending at least three hours a day to do so. Each page takes me 20-25 minutes to edit.

The blog may suffer during this editing process. Posts may arrive at stranger times.

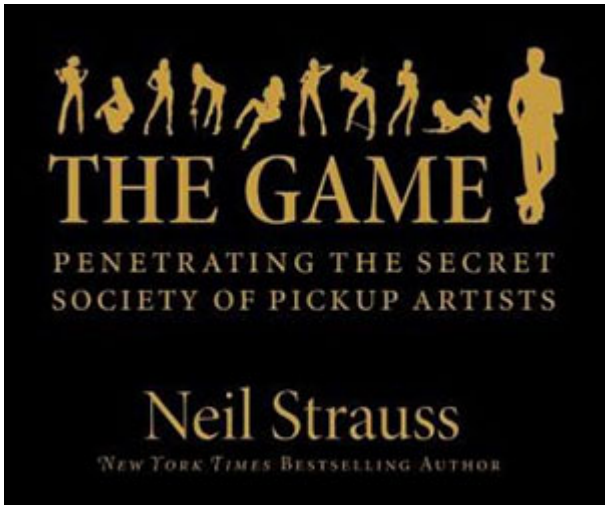
Timeline:

April: Finish the 2nd draft. Send to hand-picked editors. Do my taxes.

May: Decide on a book title (with your help) and create cover. Complete the book.

June: Self-publish. Complete blood vow to never write a book again.

This project has ruined my life, so I will be pleased when it's over.



6 Qualities Of A Good Rape Scene

March 18, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I just saw the movie *300*, which had an awful rape scene—it didn't arouse me at all. **Real-life rape is brutal, horrible, and something I don't believe in**, but I dig it in movies and porn where the fake rape is a symbol of male domination. Here is what makes a good rape scene:

1. Not too much physical violence. There should be no blood and hitting of the girl with a closed fist, though hair pulling is acceptable. The girl can beat the guy on his chest as much as she wants, and she has to say "no" and "please don't" several times. But not too much.

2. Lots of eye contact. This makes the rape more intimate.

3. Some facial grimacing. It should hurt a little initially, but not during the full strokes. Definitely no tears.

4. No protection. I accidentally stumbled on a French porn clip of four masked men "raping" two French girls. Not only did the guys put condoms on, but the girls helped them do it. I was so disgusted that I stopped watching.

5. Change in opinion. The key to a good rape scene is seeing the girl change from hating it to loving it. She has to want to be raped again.

6. After-sex joking or cuddling. She should learn to love her rapist. None of that crying on the floor naked while in a fetal position stuff.

Both genders have rape fantasies and that's normal, but there is a definitive test to see if you really love rape or not: watch the movie Irreversible. The nine minute rape scene in that movie is so violent that it disfigures the victim (Monica Belucci) and puts her in a coma. I did not get aroused during that scene, like I normally do when watching rape, so that means I can joke about rape because I'm not really a rapist (sort of like how black comedians can make fun of black people). That movie turned me off from cinematic rape for several months.

My Doug

March 19, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Dear Doug,

I've been seeing you for two years now without complaint. I came to you after I ended my three year relationship with Anthony and his inconsistent ways. He was much cheaper but you know me—I need complete satisfaction. You were so green when I first started seeing you, with your wide availability and barely-visible corner space, but you kept introducing new techniques that made me feel good about coming back for more.

This past weekend I noticed you had three stations, an entire row. They are not going to give you all that space and not raise your price, so I mentally lubed up my ass for the pounding it was about to receive. Sure enough, the price came to $50. With $12 tip on top of that, you now cost the same amount as a weekend date that ends in sex. I went out that night and girls made fun of me, telling me their haircuts cost less than mine. It's not your fault, but I've lost all my alpha male credibility. I felt so beta the next day that I bought a couple Armani Exchange shirts and some steroids from the internet. Therefore I don't think I can see you again—professionally, anyway. You've always liked my hair long so I think I will try your advice and be a ponytail guy like Choco from Domino. Don't worry, I'll let a couple strands hang on my face like you said. I'll stop by soon because you know I like checking out all your coworkers.

With big love,

Roosh

Free Dunkin’ Donuts Coffee

March 20, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Photo Credit

Dunkin’ Donuts has free iced coffee all day today. While I find donuts to be repulsive, I will hit multiple Dunkin’ Donuts to get as much free coffee as my little heart desires. If I smell like donut grease in the process, so be it.

Full Disclosure: Dunkin’ Donuts has paid me $10,000 for this post.

Wearing The Engagment Ring After The Wedding

March 20, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

As a teenager I learned that engagement rings are only worn during a couple's engagement period. But times have changed. Because women make such a big deal about wanting an engagement ring that costs at least 15% of her fiance's yearly salary (Zales said so), they've become reluctant to hide such precious jewelry just because a couple vows were exchanged. Everywhere you look women have now settled on the retarded trend of wearing both the engagement ring and unglamorous wedding band at the same time, on the same finger. They do this because they want to continue advertising their life partner's salary. How else will her peer group judge her worth as a woman? It takes way too much work to judge a person's character and personality—but that shiny diamond is like a billboard that everyone can understand. "She married a guy with money and fulfilled her purpose in life! I'm so jealous and depressed—where's the chocolate?!"

I would love to see a man try to reason with his long-term girlfriend that an expensive engagement ring is a waste of money, that it's better well spent towards a house or interesting vacation**s**. I'd get the popcorn ready as she rails on him for being unromantic, selfish, and "out of touch," because nothing says romance and generosity like a rock whose supply is artificially controlled by multinational entities.

A woman who wants such a ring is going to be trouble down the road. Next thing you know the car is old because it needed two repairs in one year, a storage facility needs to be rented to house all that shit that went out of style, the McMansion needs an upgrade because the kitchen doesn't have enough space for a restaurant-sized refrigerator to store carry-out, and a hot Polish *au pair* must be brought into the house to watch the kids while cool mommy is in Pilates class.

It is up to us to put the engagement back into engagement ring. If a woman finds it socially unacceptable to wear an engagement ring after the wedding, she will not push for something so costly to only wear for a year or less. Next time you see a double-ring wearer, all you have to do is ask the shallow woman why she wears both rings. Peel at the scab to get to her true shameful intentions. Since women are hyper-sensitive to mainstream opinion, once millions of people catch on to the idea I have written about today, the expensive diamond ring will be history.

Worst Starbucks Barista In The Universe

March 21, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I ordered a tall Americano and a water at the cash register. I waited a couple minutes by the bar but the water never came. No big deal, I'll just ask again.

"Can I get a cup of water?"

The Asian lady barista said, "Sure I'll get it for you this time but next time can you get back in line and ask for it?" Suck deez.

That barista is actually a manager, and I've seen her give attitude to others and reprimand her subordinates in front of customers. After I got my water I briefly considered using my Pulitzer-worthy writing skills to write a letter to corporate headquarters, but that would take too much effort.

A large black man next to the bar sees I'm waiting for my coffee drink. "My drink is taking forever too," he said.

We small talk for 30 seconds. I looked at the Asian barista and said to him, "You see that woman? I really hate her."

"That's my wife."

"Haha yeah right."

"No really, she is my wife."

Self-owned!!!

"Uhhhhhhhh yeah I'm saying that because I tried to get a water but she was not very nice." It only took five seconds for me to regress into a beta male.

"Oh she can seem tough but this store is very busy."

Phew, he's cool with me hating his wife. I chat a little to alleviate my guilty feelings as my intoxicating charm wins him over: he ends up introducing me to her as his "homeboy." He told her to look out for me in the future, so talking shit to a man's wife may actually get me free coffee. I didn't learn a lesson from this.

She’s Like A Doorknob, Everybody Gets A Turn!

March 22, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Michelle is a cute 27-year-old whore. It says so right on her tattoos:

“I Swallow Cum”
“Fuck My Whore Ass”
“Cum Slutt” [sic]
“For Deposit Only”

Let’s find out how this came about.

> I started the tattoo process during the time I was initially trying not to act out on my addiction. Since I was trying hard not to actually have sex with everyone I spoke to during a day, my sexual addiction came out in other ways. My mind could not, would not, and could not stop focusing on sex 24/7 — I was wet and turned on all day, every day. My pussy ached so bad for attention that I could barely function.

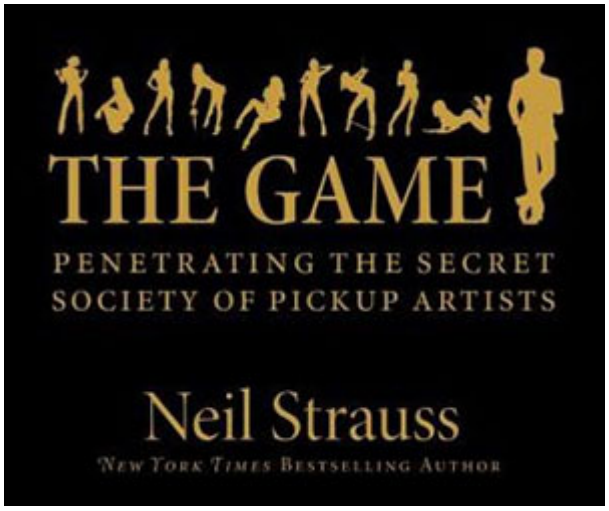
> My last job was an $80,000 a year position as a supervisor for RTD in Denver — I was fired for having sex with the people I supervised. I found out I was known as the “pass around girl” by the bus drivers. It was not a term of endearment, I assure you. The term just sort of stuck, and that is often how I am referred to, and I often refer to myself as such.

Good for her for embracing her sexuality. A lot of you girls reading right now could take a lesson or two from Michelle, who I guarantee you knows how to please a man in bed (or in a Wendy’s bathroom, janitor’s closet, dark alley next to the dumpster, etc.). I wouldn’t worry about going overboard with the tattoos like her though, just one that says “Fuck My Whore Ass” should be enough.

Some body modification magazine interviewed her and published nude body shots, including a close-up of her vagina. It will leave you speechless.

NOT SAFE FOR WORK: Michelle, The Pass Around Girl

Hell yeah I’d hit that.


THE GAME
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Neil Strauss
New York Times Bestselling Author

Girls Getting Back With Ex-Boyfriends

March 25, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Many times a girl has dated me after ending a serious relationship and then dived back into the arms of the ex-boyfriend when I put on the brakes. I have nothing to worry about as long as these girls don't turn gay, but I think I know what this could mean.

1. They can't cut it in the dating scene. It's brutal out there. Telephone calls that aren't being returned, lonely men sitting at the bar waiting for a date that will never show up, statements being wildly misinterpreted, and testicles exploding from too much internal pressure. This scene is like an underground drug den with dirty needles on the ground and zombies walking around with infected veins (emotions) that will never heal. The death blow is that last rejection that prompts the sad but inevitable "Is there something wrong with me" pity party. The fragile human ego has not evolved to handle the volume of rejection and disappointment seen in modern dating.

2. They don't like being ultra-dominated in bed. I think a little bit of pain mixes quite well with pleasure because it makes that pleasure even better. I'm talking about contact with the cervix, bright-red hand imprints on asses, and neck-jerking hair pulling. Every girl is born to like this, but some take a few extra years to break away from feminist programming to fully enjoy being handled like a real woman. And it works both ways: when a girl is on top of me and doing that around-the-world move where it feels something is about to snap off, you don't hear me whining like a little bitch. I can take the pain, just please don't lean too far back.

The getting-back-with-the-ex phenomenon is common American behavior. A break-up is not *the* break-up but *which* break-up—just one of several that drags on a relationship past its shelf date. I look at it like this: if Don Johnson and Melanie Griffith couldn't make it work a second time, then no one can. Unless something intrinsic about the environment or the personalities involved changes, the second and third and fourth break-ups will be low-budget sequels destined for the bottom shelf at the video store. You shake your head at the cover of Police Academy VIII and wonder, "Why did they bother?"

Experiment

March 26, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

What would happen if I came up with a phrase and sent it to five alpha males in sequence to add or edit in any way they wish? The answer: a masculine essay that represents the strong realities of real men. I sprinkled some Roosh dust on the final result to bring it all together.

The magic phrase that was sent to the first alpha male: American culture.

The essay comes out to 1,000 words so I know I'm flirting with the edge of your attention span, but it is possibly the best collaborative effort the internet has ever seen.

Read it here.

Affection Follow-Up

March 26, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Well that was quick.

> Why is it so rare to find girls who put out a natural warmth and openness where you can cut through the manufactured bullshit and start to connect like two normal human beings?
>
> March 14, 2007

I met a girl in a club one week after I wrote that. Even though her parents weren't from the U.S., she put out a very strong American vibe since she was raised here since puberty (pink Coach bag, Asian-straight hair, fake tan, etc.). American girls are not my number one preference but as long as she is cute and not a complete moron, I'm going for sex. We talked for about 30 minutes with light petting involved. She had to leave because her girlfriend's boyfriend got into a fight or something, so it was time to wrap it up.

"I think we should hang out for a drink," I said.

You know her answer is going to be good or else I wouldn't write about this.

"That can be arranged."

It gets me so hot when girls treat me like a coworker. Going forward, can we add value in Meeting Room 2? I want to leverage your best-of-breed interface so bad…

I guess I'm asking for too much to want replies like "I'd love to" or even "I'd like that" because then she would be showing too much interest and I would stop considering her as a life partner. I got her number anyway because I was horny at the time, but why bother calling when you know at the very least you will be subjected to phone tag and "Let me check my schedule"? It's time to hold girls to a higher standard where wanting to go out with me is not enough: I want you to show more enthusiasm than someone in one of those in-and-out comas.

American Culture

March 27, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The following is a collaboration by five alpha males. I edited. Click here for more info.

American Culture is a powerful force in the world today. It is like a conquering army that either overthrows existing cultures and values or incites strong rebellions that seek to repel its influence. The majority of the world is trying to adopt our way-of-life while at the same time harboring resentment and blaming us for the loss of their own culture.

Resentment stems from the fact that the worst aspects of our culture are the ones most likely to be spread. In Egypt you can eat at Kentucky Fried Chicken or Pizza Hut while sitting directly across from the Great Pyramids of Giza. You can walk into a clothing store in Lebanon and watch MTV on the television while shopping for American jeans. Baywatch enjoyed a long run as the most popular TV show in Europe until, much to the dismay of Deutsche Hasselhoff fanatics, it was displaced by Jerry Springer. The American sprawl of identical houses and mega-malls is well-entrenched in Canada, and McDonalds is constantly full of young people just outside Notre Dame in Paris.

The world media, quick to criticize and quicker to demand, plays its hand shaping world opinion by painting a negative picture of the U.S. For example, once the 2004 Asian Tsunami hit, the BBC and many other media outlets not only criticized the U.S. for not contributing more aid, but also for not donating the amount pledged *fast enough*. Even when (at the time) the U.S. had given more money than all other countries combined, the world media still berated them for not giving enough, finding fault by comparing donation amounts to GDP numbers.

These poor perceptions of American actions both at home and abroad can be traced to jealousy. More specifically, a jealous fear of being left out of what C.S. Lewis referred to as the “inner ring.” This is a fictitious ring where we place all the people and ideas whose acceptance we want most in our lives. It’s the cool kids table, with its own set of rules and mores that is exclusive by definition. If you’re out, it’s disaster beyond belief. It’s only natural then for non-Americans to scorn our immorality, our heartlessness, our selfishness, our shallowness, our ambivalence. They hate our money, our power, and our lifestyle like a kid rolling home from school in an aged Tercel resents the preppy jock driving a Land Rover with three hot blondes laughing hard at even his lamest jokes.

Yet in the end, material wealth and loose sexual mores are not the issue. The issue is freedom. The high school dork doesn’t despise the jocks because that particular table has a marvelous view of the hallwayâ€”he despises the fact that the cool kids can sit at any table they want, including that one, or the one he’s at, or any other. When a Frenchman despises your SUV, he doesn’t really hate your choice of automobileâ€”he resents the fact that you can get a job that pays well without funneling more than half of that money straight to the government. You can afford pompous means of motivation and he canâ€™t. He resents the fact that you got to choose your college, even one you couldn’t afford, while he is shunted to a government-run trade school. He resents the fact that

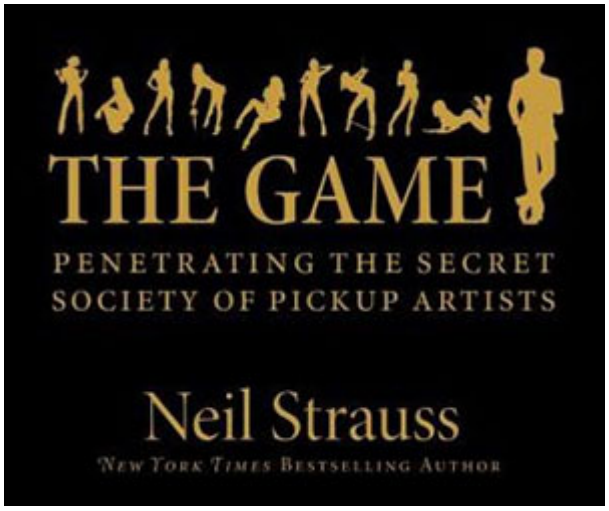
your car can hit ludicrous speeds on public highways without someone three countries over declaring it immoral and thus illegal. He resents the fact that his society is too rigid and unchanging to ever allow such freedom of individual expression.

That freedom of flexibility is what gives us our strength. Try to find good tacos in Denmark. Youâ€™ll end up having wet dreams of Taco Bell instead. You can get great tacos in every state of the Union here because it's not Danish to eat tacosâ€"it actively clashes with their culture. Yet can you imagine someone proposing that taco-eating is un-American? What about pizza? Or sesame chicken with extra broccoli? What makes a McDonald's in Paris sacrilege while a Thai restaurant across from the Washington Monument unremarkable?

Therein lies the true beauty of American culture: it absorbs, it subsumes, it digests all which is great in every other culture it comes in contact with while politely leaving all the cruft and baggage behind. If something doesn't work, it doesn't last. We try on parts of other cultures, and if we like it, it goes in our wardrobe with everything else. And if an idea is too stuffy and uncomfortable we trash it, or snip and tailor it to something better. Nothing is sacred except the freedom that allows us to live like this, the freedom to foist crap like Baywatch on an unsuspecting world, the freedom to idealize high-powered litigation lawyers, half-naked slut starlets and high-school dropout billionaires with the same aplomb.

But drawbacks to our dog-eat-dog world of material wealth and consumption is obvious through travel. In Europe you'll marvel at how elegant, playful, sexy, and approachable their women are. You'll be confused that a mixed group of guys and girls at a club will openly welcome you to join them in partying festivities instead of interrogating you about who you work for or what your political affiliation is. You'll be delighted by the awesome, historical architecture; mesmerized by wandering alleys with cool, hidden retail and commercial corners; smitten with the laid-back attitude and sexually cavalier lifestyle. You finally ask yourself: "Why the fuck do I live in America when I can have *all this*?!?" Tacos and Thai, or hot Danish girls that make all your sexual dreams come true?

Then all of a sudden it's not just France and the contemptuous Frenchman. You need to find a working ATM? Oh shitâ€"the nearest one is in Buda, and you're across the Danube in Pest. You're craving mac and cheese? Too badâ€"every restaurant in Prague has only one item on its menu: slop. You need a toothbrush, rubbers, and detergent at 4AM? Fuck youâ€"there is no 24-hour CVS in Barcelona. Want a quick meal and drink under $10? Eat shitâ€"literally, in London for $25. And there, in London, you realize how great this country is. Except for the Danish girls, it just doesnâ€™t get any better.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Neil Strauss
New York Times Bestselling Author

I Got The Hives

March 28, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The goal of this post is to make you feel better about your life.

My doctor prescribed me the antibiotic *cefdinir* because I was having sinus issues. On the eighth day of a ten day treatment, my body got itchy in multiple places at the same time. I wrote it off as crabs (the sexual kind), but the next day it got much worse. Globs of raised red skin with the itching power of a million mosquitoes moved through my body like plucky terrorist fighters. When they attack my face, I look like a burn victim. Then they go hide in their sophisticated cave system, regroup, and come out later to attack again in different places… twenty-four hours a day, **for the past nine fucking days**. From a skin perspective, these have been the worst of my life—and I've had some bad pizza-face breakouts in my day. The first couple of days were so bad that I had a scratch queue where I had to prioritize which area got attention first (balls). Anti-histamines and cortisone creams have done little. Here's how my back looked on day two:

You're probably wondering what that patch of hair is. Sometimes I think it's the result of a secret government experiment (my bet is on the fluorine), though I can't say for sure. But I do know that it is growing in size and thickness.

Anyway, my doctor said my hives would go away in 2-10 days. The welts aren't as bad this week but the quality of my life just isn't what it used to be—to play with myself I have to carefully time it between hive episodes. I did some googling and turns out that for some people hives stay with them for over *20 years*. Since this is day nine for me, I'm happy they will suddenly disappear tomorrow, just in time for the weekend!

Fresh Meat

March 29, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I noticed three new DC blogs that linked to me. Figuring they must have an awesome sense of humor for doing so, I checked them out for a couple weeks.

Just Going With It

> One-night stand no. 5 or 6: We were fooling around, clothes were coming off, so I naturally assumed that sex was pending. “Let’s save that,” he said. Whoa. A gentlemanly one-night stand. Unheard of. I was disappointed, but kind of flattered. Maybe this guy isn’t for the use ‘em and lose ‘em category. So we went to bed spooning. I was the little spoon. The little spoon with my bare ass against his big spoon. I felt a poke. Oh, I guess we’re not “waiting.” Wait a second … Is he … “Um, I don’t really feel comfortable doing that,” I said. His response: “OK, let’s just do it normal.”

That’s What She Said

> i’m starting to get a little bit distressed about my tendency to black out every friday and saturday night. not only do i lose things (like my gov’t issued blackberry which i am going to have to PAY for) but i have absolutely no recollection of large chunks of time where i interact with people, go places, do things, etc.

The two girl bloggers above are friends and seem to black out often. I wouldn’t classify them as trainwrecks yet but the potential is there.

Something Catchier

> Have you ever drank Aquafina water? If you haven’t you should. And then tell me if you think they carbonate their water. They advertise their water as “uncarbonated water.” It does not appear to have any bubbles or carbonation when you buy it or even when it is unopened, but as soon as you open the bottle, chug a few sips, and put the cap back on. Surprise, surprise! BUBBLES!

This girl seems more balanced. When I read her I don’t think, “Oh man she is so getting date raped.”

With these three girls the DC blog scene will once again see its heyday of early 2006.

Goodbye Corporate Grind

March 29, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

By the time you are reading this, I have submitted my resignation letter to my master at work. I probably did it at around 10:45am, the time I usually stumble in. Two weeks of coasting and I'm out.

I'm moving in with my Dad tomorrow. I'm going to be there for about three months to wrap up my book and prepare for something I've been thinking about for almost two years now.

I do not have another job lined up nor am I looking for another job.

New Blog

March 31, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Now that I'm all big and stuff, I can take more risk and push projects that would have otherwise ruined my reputation. No one has ever attempted what I'm about to attempt—it's just so different and cutting-edge. Without further delay:

Puppy Dogs & Ice Cream

RooshV.com will only be updated once a week so that my creative energies ensure the inevitable success of Puppy Dogs & Ice Cream. For media inquiries, please email me.

April Fools!

April 1, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I thought PD&I.com would be an obvious April Fools Joke, but judging by the amount of "Are you serious?" emails I received, I guess not!

The phrase 'puppy dogs and ice cream' is from the movie Swingers.

> You take yourself out of the game, you start talking about puppy dogs and ice cream and of course it's going to end up on the friendship tip.

So true.

Solutions

April 2, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I have been told that I don't bring any solutions to the modern dating problem, that I just bitch and complain. The reason is because I'm pessimistic the course we're on can be reversed within our lifetimes. But I do think about it.

Before I present my solutions to the problems of modern dating, we need to imagine a world where these problems don't exist.

Roosh's Dating Utopia: I want to be able to go to a leisure venue and be a man (approach) until I find a girl that I connect with. This girl will be open, affectionate, and willing to put in 50% of the effort. She will possess a healthy personality that places more value on life and pleasure than appearances and material gain. She will not have insecurities that make connecting with her on a deep level to be an impossible, teeth-pulling task. She will be sexually secure, emotionally secure, self-aware, and have a willingness to enter relationships without concern or fear for how they will end. She will live in the moment based on feeling and state instead of social norms and preconceived notions. She will not only hit my physical buttons but my emotional buttons as well, providing with me a state of mind that I cannot achieve on my own.

The American way-of-life makes the dating utopia an impossible achievement. Women fail to learn how to treat a stable and secure man, resigning him to a life of sport fucking without the strong pair-bonding that previous generations have enjoyed. That last sentence is critical: the reason I do not get into relationships is because—other than sex—relationships with the girls I meet do not give me anything I can't get through on-and-off, low-commitment dating. It's not the sex that leads to an end of these three-date relationships, it's the girl's inability to provide the man with anything more.

I believe that women should get most of the blame because they are the gatekeepers—they determine the rules of engagement and construct the dynamic that men respond to. They are the ones who have created the modern man through a basic system of reward (sex) and punishment (no sex). A man's game and behavior is *in response* to women he interacts with. I do a certain move or behavior not because I was born with it, but because I learned it through experience as an adult. Since we are products of our environment, to solve the dating problem we need to re-engineer the woman by changing her environment, one that she has accepted without protest.

Solution No. 1: Regress to a society based on satisfying needs instead of consuming wants. Capitalism has created a disposable mindset that women have adopted into their relationships. "I'm just going to test this one out to see if it is perfect for me. I'm not going to get attached because maybe I'll want to try something else." Are we talking about shoes or men? Unless they become gluttons for disappointment, men have no choice but to return the treatment in kind, icing the dynamic for both sexes.

Solution No. 2: Other than giving women the right to vote and protecting them from

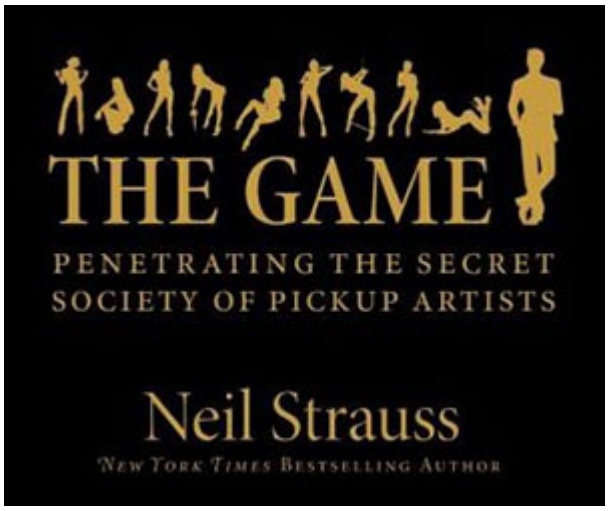
abuse, stop teaching feminism, an ideology that will soon join communism in the history books as a nostalgic failure. Women were tricked by their man-hating, eternally single idols that in order to be treated better by men, they had to treat them worse. The strong man and submissive woman role that has worked for hundreds of thousands of years (the proof is your very existence) has been reassigned in a continuing experiment that goes against genetic roles and behaviors. Feminism is great for empowering women to spend most of their lives working in office buildings, but terrible at training them how to be good wives and mothers.

Solution No. 3: Stop destroying the middle class. The government's complicit destruction of America's manufacturing sector and drive towards globalization (i.e. imperial profit) has made it impossible for a man to raise a family on one income—to take on a role that creates stable households and balanced women who do not starve for attention and validation. The necessity for women to enter the workforce creates a lack of adult supervision in a home where two-hundred channels creates generation after generation of ADD-saddled zombie American girls who believe pleasure can only be derived from drug substances, merchandise, and wealth, not commitment, work, sacrifice, and effort. These young girls grow up with beliefs that poison male-female relations. It doesn't help that the continuing shift of power from people to corporations and the government-led drive to foster voter apathy through secrecy and hypocrisy has created a neurotic, debt-burdened middle class that only looks forward to consuming products and obsessing over trainwreck celebrities. Girls grow up part valley-girl and part entitled princess, with a bunch of other stuff filled in with whatever's hot in the glossy magazines

That's how you do it. That's how you create women who are capable of making a man happy, who will in turn makes her happy. That's how you reverse the climbing age of marriage. That's how you make human beings who are capable of being in an intense, *fulfilling* relationship for longer than three ~~years~~ ~~months~~ weeks. But no one wants to hear it because the solution doesn't come packaged in a pill or magic diet where you can still eat all the desert you want. And no woman wants to stay home and fix buttons when she can spend money pretending to be like the one-dimensional soulless hacks she sees on television. We all reap the costs of her lifestyle.

Not all hope is lost for the American man. There are still countries in the world where the above conditions I propose still hold, where a women still values a man and understands how to serve his needs like she should. It's our job, *our duty*, to get that first-hand experience to see and feel how different things can really be. No flashing cash and no flashing passports: if you worked to build yourself up to the man that you should be, all you have to do is show up. In the end there are going to be two types of men in this country. The first settles for a typical American woman who complains about his hair on the soap bar even though she resembles her mother—twenty years early. The second is the eternal bachelor, love and companion-starved, lamenting that his genes will not be passed on.

Both lose.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Neil Strauss
New York Times Bestselling Author

Big Daddy's Sports Club

April 3, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I got the call from Virgle Kent on Saturday afternoon.

"Hey I'm thinking of calling an audible today. My boy is having a big party in Richmond."

"Richmond? You mean that place past Kings Dominion?" I said. "That's far as hell."

"Yeah but there are going to be **a lot** of sluts."

"I've always wanted to go to Richmond. This would be a good opportunity."

A two-and-a-half hour drive later and we are in some guy's house with sorority girls who are diggin' the vibe that my 100% Huggable Care Bear shirt was putting out. Except for the token fatty who pretended she was hot, the girls were thin, friendly, and cute. I was going to find love that night, but then VK had to tell me all about how his fraternity brothers ravaged their every hole back in the day. Once a mental picture is planted, like for instance me telling all the girls reading this to imagine me hitting it raw from the back in 1-3 minutes of the most intense pleasure you could ever imagine, it's really hard to get it out of your head.

We end up at Big Daddy's Sports Club, which I was told is the only good club in Richmond. Considering it is a cheesy Tequila Beach clone, I started to understand why VK suggested I hype up my DC background, a nightlife paradise compared to the dive bar dreck Richmond has to offer.

Big Daddy's is the whitest place I've ever been to in my life. Other than one staff member, VK was the only black guy there. Let's just say that if you want to ensure a homogeneous crowd, enforce a "collared shirts only" dresscode for men. The only reason me and Tenderheart Bear got in is because ~~of my social engineering skills~~ I wasn't black. If you don't account for fake tans, I was the second darkest person there. If you don't account for the sheep dog that made a brief appearance, I was the hairiest living organism present.

I don't like American girls, but if they are like the girls in that Richmond club, I can get used to them fast. There were two Sienna Miller clones, one Kim Smith clone, and several blondes that registered in the 8 and 9 range. With so much competition, you notice the difference in attitude. For example, if I'm stationary in a bar and there is a moving target, I usually yell "Hey" and then go into my opener. In DC I have to be halfway through it before the girl actually stops (if she does), but in Richmond they usually stopped on the "Hey"—and these girls were hotter. Is it easier to get laid there? I don't know. But I did feel more comfortable being treated nicely.

I like to say that if you can game in DC, you can game anywhere. I know I haven't stayed in cities long enough to be certain about their girl population, but other than New York, I haven't been to a city that gave me a deja-vu feeling. All these techniques I learned to deal with unapproachable or frigid girls are totally unnecessary when I go elsewhere. Some players will live and die never needing the things I and others here had to learn.

The club closed a little early at 2AM. With just a little bit more time I'm sure I would have landed that motel room venue change with the two married chicks, but alas, I ended up throwing hail mary's on the street while my wingman was engaged in expected drama with the college ex.

I was bullshiting with a couple random girls when I heard some guy yellling close to me. I turned around towards the source of the noise, and there was a guy looking at me and all I could make out was "…fucking knock you out!" I've never seen him before in life.

"Well that's not real friendly," was the first thing to come out of my mouth.

Then this neckless, swollen man pushes my chest and next thing I know there are five meatheads encircling me ready to give me an unforgettable beating. Back where I come from, you usually get warnings before a situation escalates into physical violence. If you are hitting on some guy's girl, maybe he will put his arm around her or physically block access to her. Or he'll say, "Bro, she's with me." Or he'll just pull her away. There are a lot of things that happen before the "I'm going to knock you out" comes out. These Richmond guys weren't playing by the rules, damn it. I got pulled out of there by one of our crew members and decided to call it a night before I ended up hurting someone.

I'm not sure if the people at Big Daddy's are representative of Richmond or the South, but even if it's as much as 20% worse, the vibe, attitude, and quality of the girls at this one club blows away anywhere else in DC. And most of these girls were in sororities, a subpopulation that is composed the shallowest and snobbiest women in the world. I don't know if I'll make it to Richmond anytime soon, but it does get me curious about what else the South has to offer.

Part II: Richmond pictures

Newsletter No. 4

April 3, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

This month’s edition will be about the most brutal and effective cockblock a girl has ever served to me, and how it can be repackaged for our own use. If you are not already on the list, sign up is on the top right. It will be sent this weekend.

Richmond Pictures

April 4, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Continued from Big Daddy's Sports Club.

This first picture was taken from the second level of Big Daddy's. All the way up towards the roof are two planks where bouncers help hired club girls on and off from the swings. They get lowered down and swing back and forth in random patterns while everyone on the main floor stops what they are doing to watch (to make sure they don't get landed on, perhaps). In terms of skill, if walking and chewing gum is a 0 and making the space shuttle disappear is a 10, their performance would rate a 1. (One point has been added for their attractive appearance).

Check out the Sienna Miller clone second-to-left. I was talking to this group when Sienna Miller blurted, "Someone take a picture of me!" Yes, m'aam! I told her about the resemblance in an indirect way because I didn't want to blow her head up even further. "You kinda look like that girl in Alfie," I said. Like most people, she didn't see the movie. She may live her entire life not knowing she looks like Sienna Miller. It was talking this group that almost got me beat up.

If you haven't figured it out yet, I have a thing for Sienna Miller. Even though I would cream my pants if she touched me with intimate intent, I'm confident I have the skill to still run tight game on her if I so happened to run into her at Dragonfly. But even though Sienna Miller was in the house, I was more interested in another girl who looked nothing the ones in my masturbation fantasies.

These two girls were the married chicks. The white girl on the right is natural-born-cockblocker with a grating personality and aggressive attitude. She is the type that goes around asking random guys to buy her drinks. I liked her exotic friend instead (no, she's not Indian). She had many piercings and tattoos but was just so nice and sweet—the dichotomy made me lust for her. I won over the white witch eventually but it all proved to be for naught when the husbands rolled by to pick them up.

Back at the house, I entertained myself by throwing an American football up and down and gripping it really hard-like. On the hidden couch to the left was a passed-out girl who for some reason drank more than she can handle.

When the party ends and you look around and don't see any prospects who are conscious, your goal becomes about sobering up and figuring out how you are going to get home. This wasn't the case for VK because the girl on his left was not only conscious but unlikely to puke. In this house lived a couple heterosexual guys in their early-twenties, but I still can't figure out why there is a sexy picture of a man posted on the

refrigerator. An inside joke, I hope.

Deal Breakers

April 5, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The NY Times has an article about deal breakers, qualities a potential mate has that would disqualify him or her from future consideration.

First, take a look at the picture of the really awkward looking man holding the stuffed seal. Do you want to know what he does for a living? **He writes dating advice**. And you wonder why we're having problems.

The article gives several examples of deal breakers, mostly of women dumping men. In this female deal breaker rundown, I'm only counting things the article mentioned as a confirmed deal breaker and not something that is simply disliked.

> 1. "I take her to my apartment, go into the bedroom, and fling back the **sheets**, and she said, 'My husband had these sheets and he was a mean-hearted son of a bitch and you must be like him and I'm leaving.'"
>
> 2. "He didn't even seem sorry that he lived in a 12-year-old **boy's room**, this was like normal behavior. It said to me, this person is not grown up yet. It was frightening. He's lived his whole life in the attic."
>
> 3. "He was very cute, but then I realized he was totally **unsuccessful**."
>
> 4. "I can't sit in a room with **overhead lighting**...It makes me feel like I'm in a police interrogation room. I believe in lamps that are casting warm glows, and anyone that doesn't understand that, I can't be in their house, men or women."

The only deal breaker anyone should have is HIV. That's it. Even if a girl tells me she has HPV or herpes, I would do a detailed cost-benefit analysis before making a decision. The deal breaker is a concept most likely to be held by picky, neurotic women who are single and over 25 years old. I've never heard a man use this term before. Having automatic responses to small behaviors or situations ("His toilet was kinda dirty!") is a sign that you are not ready for adult relationships.

The irony in all this is that a woman's propensity to have deal breakers is correlated to her increasing infertility. The older she gets, the more likely things like ear hair make the list (I got plenty of ear hair—my loss I guess!). Her inability to connect the dots will ensure her genes are weeded out, which means the deal breaker term will disappear in one generation.

Comment Registration

April 7, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Requiring registration to comment is working well so I'm keeping it (background).

When you register, the software sends you a random password. I recommend the first thing you do when you log in is to change it. To do that, click on your username above the comment box:

Type in your new password on the bottom right. If you have a blog, enter the URL in the Website field. If you get tired of your display name, you can save a new nickname and then select it in the drop-down box.

Click for big

The other fields are pretty useless since they are only visible to me. I don't think it needs to be said but your email address will not be sold or distributed.

Blogger Love

April 8, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I gotta give a shout-out to I Now Pronounce You. After Saturday night, all I can say is that he is a white man you need to party with. At the next happy hour, look for the really tall dude.

God Knows Where My Taxes Should Go

April 8, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I visited my old job recently. My former coworkers welcomed me back and asked what I was up to. I told them I'm in the process of quitting my current job, the one I left them for.

A girl I didn't like working with said, "Wait what are you going to do about health insurance?" She works in the science field but doesn't believe in evolution because it conflicts with her evangelical beliefs.

"Well I'm not going to have health insurance," I said.

"Oh great, now if you get injured my taxes are going to pay for you."

God I hate that bitch.

I've met a couple smart conservatives, but I've never met a smart religious conservative. They are like kids who repeat what they hear from their authority figures. Yes, God is really pissed that 0.05% of your taxes are going to someone who broke their leg and can't afford to fix it. He's enraged that an illegal immigrant is using the emergency room to treat Lupe and her 103 degree fever. He's going to send a lighting bolt down to the mother getting welfare because she just can't seem to stop making babies. That's because the real God is one that feels capitalism's idea of individualism is far superior to a concept of society where we have to pay for people who are just too ignorant to go to a four-year university and get a "real" job. God wants you off the government's teet.

I know where God wants my taxes to go: he wants it to go into my protection. He wants it to go to law enforcement to continue the war on drugs (a war we are about to win). He wants more cops on the street to stop crime *for good*. He also believes in speed traps and parking tickets because they save lives. But he wants most of my tax money going to the Pentagon to protect me from Muslim terrorists who are jealous of my way of life. They wish they had Uggs, traffic, monster thickburgers, tanning salons, and Botox. The Muslim extremists who we used to call freedom fighters are terrorizing us because they want to *be* us. We can't let them take away our iPods! And I know this is what God wants because everyone else who believes in God never complains about law enforcement or military spending.

I used to browse through motorcycle forums back when I had one, where a common topic was helmet laws. The pro-helmet law people used an argument that went something like this: "If you get into an accident without a helmet, your health care bills will be more expensive and *my* insurance will be higher." You want to guess how much motorcycle insurance went down once states implemented a helmet law? Hint: it's the same amount that your credit card fees and interest rates went down after the new bankruptcy law was signed. People who have a master-servant mentality, like most bible thumpers, hate it when others are not doing what they think is best, since they themselves cannot live without rules, structure, and guidance. Tell me how to live and tell me want to think so then I can tell other people how to live and what to think.

As for my former coworker, I didn’t bother to argue with her because she is having trouble finding a husband. There is no punishment greater for a woman than a life alone—so I win!

My SAT Score

April 9, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Photo Credit

Back in my day, the most you could get on the SAT was a 1600 (it's 2400 now), and something like 1300 was considered to be a really good score where I came from. I knew I was going to the University of Maryland and only needed an 1100, so I bought a book that had ten sample exams, took three of them, and deemed myself ready. I got an 1140—mission accomplished! I believe I would have done better had there not been harsh overhead lighting. The breakdown:

Math: 670
Verbal: **470** (national average is 500)

I'm glad I didn't get something like a 1480 because I would always question whether I'm living up to my SAT potential. When you get a verbal score like mine, just being able to finish a book and understand the big words means you're doing pretty incredible. I have made big success in life!

Same Thing

April 10, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I don't get why a girl would go out knowing she will have on the same clothing or accessories as other girls her age. I freak out when I'm wearing the same t-shirt as another guy, but if you go into any club you'll see at least ten girls with the same purse. And they don't seem to mind one bit.

A few months ago I went to Atlantic City and brought along this cheap Old Navy thermal with an eagle design on the front (it seemed so stylish when I bought it). I was wearing it in the Trump Taj Mahal when I saw him: a short, ugly 60-year-old Asian man wearing the *exact* same shirt. Fuck! I'm not one to get embarrassed easily, but it was the most embarrassing moment of my life. I pretended I was scratching my chest to cover up the design until the Asian man went back to play Pai Gow. For the rest of the trip, I was confused about my identity.

Same clothing sightings bring up the loser question: if he's a loser and paid money for the same shirt that I'm wearing, what does that say about me? Replace shirts with women and you get the same problem, like this one girl I dated for a while who I've seen with nothing but losers. Sure I'm the exception, but seriously, the Senator? With so many clothing options out there in the world, you are a failure as a individual if you are wearing the same things that most other people have. I'm not saying you need to stand out, but can you girls stop sucking Coach/DD/LV's dick for one minute? Can you white people stop giving North Face 100% market saturation for their cheaply made vests?

I can't do anything about my ex's, but I have solved the same-shirt problem: I only shop at Lord & Taylor. None of my peers would dare step into that store. Problem solved!

Maybe Date Rape Does Happen

April 11, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A man takes a Russian girl named Tatiana out on a bar date. She's having "a really great time" with "good body language." All signs point towards him getting laid, to hearing loud cries of "Da" as petite Tatiana reaches sexual climax. Then she goes to the bathroom. To empty her bladder? Maybe—but most likely to fix herself up for the guy she's about to have intimacy with. While she's gone, guess what he does.

He slips a drug in her drink.

The bartenders see it, take back the drink, and catch up with her outside while she's having a smoke. While they are telling her about what happened, another bartender sees the guy do it *again*. I don't know if I'm more mad at him for trying to drug his date or for just being so sloppy.

This is how I would do it: I would be sitting next to her, talking, and then tell her to "look over there." She'd look and then I would drop the pill in her drink while making a "BOOP" sound effect. Then when she turns back, I would stare at the ceiling like I saw a bird, and urge her to drink quickly before all the ice melts. I predict a 100% success rate.

> Last Tuesday, Judge Bouliane sentenced [Tatiana's date], who had no prior criminal history, to one year in jail but suspended six months of that. Szlamnik entered jail voluntarily in January after agreeing to plead guilty to transporting and furnishing a narcotic rather than to a crime directly related to a planned sexual assault. He is due to be released in May.
>
> Date in jail for drugging beer

If the energy this guy spent obtaining pills and figuring how to deliver them was put into teasing, telling stories, and making a good effort to venue change to his place, sex would have probably happened. Now instead of pounding a hot Russian girl, he's in jail getting pounded on by large black men. Game, not drugs.

Previously: Date Rape Druggings Are A Myth

Present Factoids That Counter Thesis

April 12, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I know I told you I'm not going to give you another book update, but I lied.

I have edited 142 of 193 pages. Once this is in book format, I'm guessing it will be around 125 pages. Here is how the chapters are looking:

> Introduction 1
> Pre-game 5
> Internal Game 7
> Early Game 19
> Middle Game 104
> Late Game 142
> End Game 168
> Appendix 171

If you are wondering why early game is so big, I'm going to guess you are a girl. Early game is, by far, the hardest part of game. The next two weeks may be slow as I wrap up the editing process.

Today is my last day of work (for a long time, I hope). In the next week or so I'm going to talk about what I will be doing for the next year or two, why I'm doing it, and what I had to do to get here.

Some site news: I'm rolling in advertisements, similar to what you see on DCB (example page). I'll try not to make them too annoying. There are also text link ads on the right which have been up for a month now.

I leave you with this graphic. It shows the life cycle of comments to a typical blog post.

> Comment no. 5: Devolve into irrelevant threads
> Comment no. 9: Impugn character of thesis author

I always find it interesting how just one comment can hijack a thread and take it down a strange path.

Before Sex, After Sex

April 15, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

On the surface, it looks like sex ruins things—the dynamic changes, the energy dissipates, and the tension disappears. Sometimes the relationship lasts, but most of the time, it doesn't.

Before sex, it's all about showing up on time and smelling nice. The sexual tension does the rest. It helps you idealize your partner to keep you motivated and on task. I can't be the only guy to think I'm falling in love with a girl only to lose all interest after I catch my breath. While this tension will never be as high as the moment before that first penetration, it can be maintained at a healthy level with spontaneity, unpredictability, and creativity—qualities that only come as a result of effort.

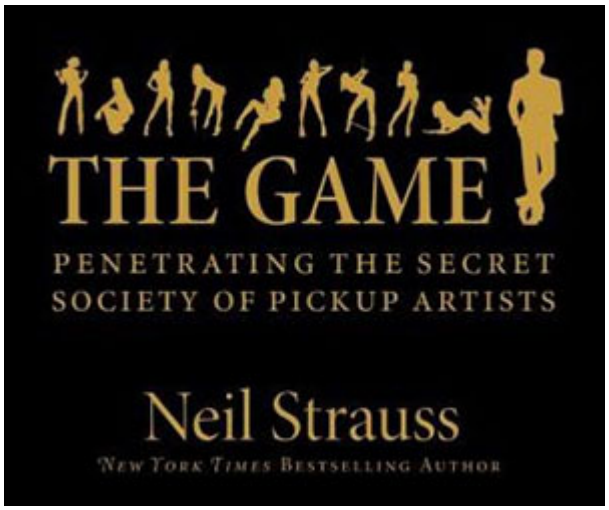
Effort. I think this culture used to be about putting in effort and hard-work back when our parents were coming up, but it's been replaced with expectation. All of us are trained to expect things. We expect to afford a nice car and house for going to college. We expect to be entertained every day . We expect the dead person to be scraped off the road in a timely manner so that we can make yoga class. The problem with expectation is that it leads to entitlement, and entitlement leads to a lack of effort. If both of you are not putting in *more* effort after sex, things will fade out.

The big issue with out generation is not with getting laid (we're in a golden era for that), but with what we believe a relationship should be. He believes beauty queens should fall from the sky if he is earning six figures and she believes Prince Charming and Funny and Ambitious should sweep her into a McMansion because she is well-read and has pretty nails. "I put in this work to get where I am, so I am entitled to an amazing partner for life. I *shouldn't* have to do more." It doesn't work like that. Guys: you are going to have to bring more to the table than flashing your extra glossy business card and offering to take girls to expensive dinners. Girls: it's going to take more than just looking pretty and sending text messages.

People want the best without putting in work, without sacrificing, without caring. We expect to get more than we are putting in, but ask anyone in a happy marriage how it's really done and they will tell you it's all about the effort. You have to care and you have to try, every single day. Good luck finding someone here under the age of 30 who understands that concept. Instead of working towards real change to increase their value, most twenty-somethings instead whine about how life isn't fair and how bad their luck is, as if there is a concerted effort by the overlords of our universe to keep them single and unhappy. You are responsible for your romantic happiness, and no one else. If there is a problem then get off your ass and do something about it, no matter how many years it takes to solve.

But even if you are willing to put in that effort, there is no guarantee you will get back it in return. The expectation mindset is so perverse and widespread in this country that you will quickly get frustrated at the inability of your romantic interests to put in an amount of

work you think is necessary for something to last. It looks like we've gotten to the point where modern dating is about experiencing a lot of disappointment until you finally run into someone who gives a damn and shows it.



Rehab Happy Hour

April 16, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Photo credit

Who: Arjewtino, KassyK, Virgle Kent, me

When: Friday, April 20 @ 7PM

Where: Mezza Luna (two doors down from Science Club)

Technically, I'm not a host this time. I tried to suggest Front Page again but I was pushed aside by the other members of the hosting committee. "We'll let you know what we decide and then you can post about it on your blog there," they said. Little do they know that I control the entire DC metropolitan blog scene.

La Dolce Vita

April 17, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

> Don’t think that safety is being locked up in one’s home. Don’t do what I did. I’m too serious to be an amateur, but not enough to be a professional. A more miserable life is better, believe me, than an existence protected by an organized society where everything is calculated, everything is perfect.
>
> Steiner (Alain Cuny)

La Dolce Vita is a movie that follows Marcello, a gossip rag writer who lives a fast-paced life off Via Venito in Rome. He has a pretty girlfriend, interesting friends, access to beautiful women, a decent job, and a dream of being a respected writer. “Now that’s the lifestyle I wouldn’t mind living,” I thought, halfway through the movie.

But things weren’t so great beneath the surface. His relationship with his smothering girlfriend was draining him, most of his friends were vapid parasites, the beautiful women had nothing to offer him but their beauty, and his job was wholly unfulfilling. And when his most respected friend—the only person who was in the position to help him—committed suicide, Marcello simply gave up and became the type of upper-class garbage that he wrote about, defeated by bitterness and cynicism.

This movie does not tie things up for you in a neat little package. It does not tell you what the sweet life is, what is right or wrong, and who is good or bad, but it does make you think about your own life. Am I living the life that I want? Is chasing my dream going to be worth it? Does it even matter if I reach success, whatever that is? Like life, the movie does not provide you with clear answers.

What did it mean when Steiner, the most successful character in the movie, kills himself and his children? Then I read that quote up top again. While the movie had many themes,

I think the main one is entrapment. The main characters are trapped in some way by their desires or their lot, unable or unwilling to get out. So the sweet life is about being free? That's part of it, but sweetness for me will not be sweetness for you. It's the freedom to go for long-term meaning instead of short-term thrills, of not letting yourself to be held back, and of avoiding comfort. It's the opposite of how most of us are living now, and this movie was made nearly fifty years ago. I suppose that makes sense because the human condition does not change.

Marcello thought being a respected writer would make his life better, but it's really the attempt, trying to be something, that would have made the difference in his life. He was looking at the end result, comparing himself to other people, when he missed out on the *journey* to becoming one, the most important sort of travel that a human can make.

Virginia Tech Killings

April 17, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

When something like this happens you want to get on your soapbox and talk about guns, war, culture, and violence. But don’t use these victims to push your politics.

Back in November an acquaintance of mine died in a car accident when she got rear-ended. This is what I wrote.

VK today had some thoughts about death. Brunch Bird gives her respects. And so does RCR, mm, and Jo.

Keep Getting Phone Numbers

April 18, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In the first newsletter I sent out, I wrote about getting phone numbers from girls. An excerpt:

> When it's time to say goodbye and you've exhausted your options to take the conversation somewhere else, you want to give the girl an opportunity to show interest and offer her number before you have to do it. You do this by ending the conversation with "It was really nice meeting you" and shutting up. If she does like you, she will squirm and get anxious, and probably make a move. If she doesn't offer the number outright she may compliment you to encourage you to get it. And even if she doesn't make any move, you can still get the number if you want. Your options remain open.

The rest of what I wrote was pretty down on getting numbers. I painted it as a consolation prize for not fucking her. You came, you tried, here is a sequence of ten numerals for your troubles that odds are will not result in anything. But even though numbers are not strong, you still must get them *every time*. I don't care if you've only been talking to a girl for one minute when her friend starts dragging her away—get the number. As long as you want to fuck her, get the number, no exceptions.

Say you are an average player and have a great month where you get ten numbers. Out of those ten, about four will return your first call (if you are really good, you may hit eight callbacks.) Out of those four, you may get two or three girls out on a first date. Out of those two or three first dates you will probably get one notch if your middle and late game is good. So if you are average, it takes you ten numbers to one notch. And when I say average I mean to say that you actually have game and some alpha qualities. Do you now see why it's important to get numbers? Behind every number is a chance for a notch. In my scenario there is a 10% chance, but even if you have zero game and there is a 1% chance that the number will lead to sex, it's still worth it.

If you are still not convinced…

1. Calling girls takes very little time. You call her up, leave a message, and if she calls back, you spend 5-10 minutes talking to her. There is also a low opportunity cost because there are not many ways talking to a girl for five minutes on an off night could be better spent. But if you are at a club for three hours on a typical Saturday night, and you talk to a girl for one hour who turns out to be married, you just cost yourself 33% of very valuable approach time.

2. It tightens your phone game. Ask any girl about some of the things guys have done when it comes to the phone and you will see why it is a skill you must master. Go out there, collect dozens of phone numbers over the course of six months, and just get your

phone game up to a respectable level. There is an optimal way to work the phone and unless you start using your experience now to improve with girls you have average interest in, you will cost yourself some more important notches down the road. You don't want to be calling your dream girl without any clue of what to do or say.

Even now, when I'm out there I still get phone numbers of girls I'm not crazy about. I'm playing the game, not trying to get married. Plus unless you keep your game in practice, it will atrophy. Ask any guy who's in a relationship if you don't believe me. If she doesn't call me back then that's fine, no loss, but if she does then I'm going to get her out somewhere and take one of my Durex Extra Sensitive condoms along for the ride. At long as this girl is cute doesn't and fuck up my CPN, I'm down. And who knows, maybe I'll find out she's a special little snowflake.

If you liked this post then I think you will like my book **Bang**, a collection of simple but powerful techniques, moves, and lines that make it easier for the average 20-something man to be more successful with women. Topics in **Bang** include discussion of the alpha male, effective opening lines, conversation themes, getting phone numbers, detailed dating strategy, and much more.

Complimenting the book is Roosh's Game Tips Email Newsletter. It's free and your first newsletter will be about how to meet girls in coffee shops. Following that will be newsletters on dealing with flakes, handling cockblockers, and meeting girls in foreign countries, among others. Your email address will always remain private and you can unsubscribe at any time. Put your first name and email address below and click the button.

Pick-Up Lines For Girls

April 19, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I'm hesitant to advise girls to approach men. I think it's a man job and while not always the case, if a girl approaches a man chances are he can do better. This is especially true if she's approaching you solely based on your looks. There are other prettier girls you could manage to get if you just did a little bit more work. That said, if a cute girl approaches me and I'm feeling too cool for school, I will be more than happy to entertain her interest by trying to get into her pants the same night.

Check out 10 Friendly Pickup Lines For Girls. It is written by a "dating coach." As a man that has been desired by at least one woman, I feel like I am qualified to analyze these openers.

Openers That Simply Won't Work

"Don't you think Batman's cooler than Superman because he doesn't have super-powers to fall back on?" Creative but lame. It seems like she is trying too hard. The best type of opener is one that starts a conversation but is so simple that it seems like you just thought of it.

"You've got an iPod. Should I get the Nano or the 30 gig?" How about neither? If you are going to pander then why don't you just ask him who won last night's basketball game instead.

"This new Snickers bar is fabulous. You've got to try it." This is an insult. Do I *look* like a person who eats Snickers bars? Besides, the peanuts will flare up the hives that have been with me for exactly four weeks and three days, even though I'm not allergic to peanuts.

Openers That May Work

"Hi." Hi.

"Do you think that couple over there is on their first date, or what?" This is a good question/routine for when you are already in conversation, but as an opener it seems weird. It would be better if you frame it as a bet: "Me and my girlfriend have a bet about whether that couple is…"

"That's a cool pocket-watch. Where'd you get it?" Well my dad fought this war, right. During the war he stored this watch in his ass so that he wouldn't lose it. It has a lot of sentimental value. Hey, where are you goi…

"So, what are you doing here?" This isn't a bad opener because a guy can answer in a lot of different ways depending on his mood. From the "Drinking away my unhappiness" to the "What are YOU doing here?" to the "Trying to get laid, duh." But it's a bit too open-ended and a girl will end up getting "not much" as a typical answer.

Openers That Work

"Can you close my bracelet for me? Can you help with this crossword puzzle answer?"

Openers asking for help are very good. Everyone wants to be a hero. My street game opening strategy is also asking for help because that's the best way to get a girl to stop walking.

"Can I sit with you so I won't get hit on?" She's asking you if she can use your man power to protect her from other horny losers. Men like taking on the role as protector.

"I never do this, but I think you're cute and I got tired of waiting for you to talk to me." This is a bold approach and only confident girls can pull this off. It's very good because it calls out the guy for being a beta, and he's forced to scramble and explain why he's sitting on his hands. He will overcompensate by showing that he is a strong man capable of pursuing, which is what you wanted him to do all along.

A common girl line that wasn't mentioned in this article is, "Do I know you from somewhere?" It's cliche but very effective because by the time you realize that you don't really know each other, you are already in a conversation and have identified a couple things you have in common.

After you approach a guy, make sure he takes over and leads the interaction. If he remains passive and you have to hold his hand to keep the conversation going, he is a man who *will* disappoint you sooner than later.

If you liked this post then I think you will like my book **Bang**, a collection of simple but powerful techniques, moves, and lines that make it easier for the average 20-something man to be more successful with women. Topics in **Bang** include discussion of the alpha male, effective opening lines, conversation themes, getting phone numbers, detailed dating strategy, and much more.

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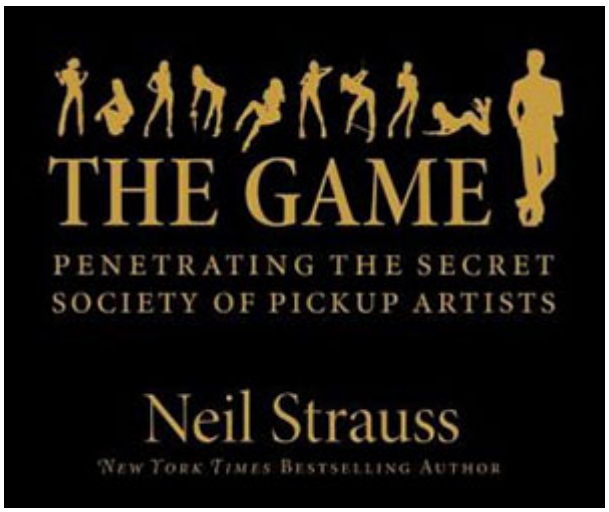


I’m Done, For Now

April 19, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

It’s amazing how productive you can be without having a job, even if you like waking up at 11. Yesterday I finished the second draft and copies will be bound and shipped to my editors after I wake up (is it 11 yet?). It has taken six months to get to this point, more than 200 hours of work. Just to give you an idea of the hardcore-ness…

I will be drinking heavily tonight to celebrate this milestone, and open to being taken advantage of.

Three Words Recap

April 22, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Arjewtino – stop touching me
Average Jane – loves the commenters
Boztopia – hair getting shorter
Brunch Bird – heard another rumor
Candy Sandwich – little bit Italian
Circle V – hurry up already
Dagny T – i'm still taller
et cetera – i hear laughing
Genevieve – new lip ring
Heather B – new york state?
I Now Pronounce You – soco and lime
Irina – past life girlfriend
Jay Gatsy – old people's starbucks
Jewcano – *real* motorcycle jacket
Jo – sweet sweet voice
Just Going With It – definitely not russian
KassyK – such graceful posture
Kayla – not a stripper
LMNTal – will be back
Mandy – i can tell
MM – most sober one
Pat – reasonable and pragmatic
Roissy – the hottest sideburns
Tex Pundit – The Persian Rug
That's What She Said – with some dude
Virgle Kent – sister is hizzot
Work in Blogress – exchanged three sentences

…and assorted friends, coworkers, and commenters. Turnout was much bigger than last time for some reason.

Alpha Male Of The Month

April 22, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I need to get more emails like this:

> I was flirting with this real cute girl last night. Everything's going great, so i say, "you seem like the kind of girl who's a lot of fun… blah blah… you want to grab a drink sometime?" Her response? no bullshit—"that can be arranged." I immediately thought about your recent post on this issue, and gave her a quick 2 minute verbal lashing asking her why she's treating me like a fucking business transaction, and why it would have been so goddam difficult for her to say simply, "yes, i'd love to." Dude i was *seething* inside, i rarely get pissed when i'm running game and know better than to pick fights or scold girls, but this one just had it coming. Told her to beat it, popped a pill and continued hanging with my boys, who were a thousand times more entertaining than the remaining fat girls within eyesight.

I don't care what the frigid women apologists say, but this girl's behavior is neither normal nor acceptable. Men with options don't have to put up with it.

So I’m Leaving

April 23, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Margarita Island, Venezuela

> The cowardly belief that a person must stay in one place is too reminiscent of the unquestioning resignation of animals, beasts of burden stupefied by servitude and yet always willing to accept the slipping on of the harness. There are limits to every domain, and laws to govern every organized power. But the vagrant owns the whole vast earth that ends only at the non-existent horizon, and her empire is an intangible one, for her domination and enjoyment of it are things of the spirit.
>
> Isabelle Eberhardt

For most of the past six years, my job has been fermentation process development. I did experiments with cells (bacterial, yeast, and mammalian) in reactors up to 400 liters in size to maximize the production of biological agents that were engineered into those cells. I’ve worked on drugs aimed to treat anthrax, cancer, HIV, lupus, chlamydia, and arthritis, of which most are still toddling along in clinical trials. The work was interesting but not exciting—it was highly technical in nature and just not something that I wanted to do for the rest of my life. Plus I never felt motivated enough to be a corporate go-getter. The highlights of my day were lunch and checking my email after lunch.

I’m about to buy a one-way ticket to South America, a place where I can travel while saving money at the same time. I want to start in Ecuador, go through Peru, Bolivia, Chile, Paraguay, Uruguay, and then settle in Argentina for a while before I visit Brazil,

Venezuela, and Colombia. I want to get there in July and stay for at least six months. Don't worry, the blog will continue.

When I come back to the U.S., I want to try to live somewhere else, maybe Austin or Miami. It's time to move on from this area. Much of the next couple of months will be spent with my family, playing with my little brothers, having serious discussions with my Dad, listening to my Mom complain about my stepmom, and joking around with my 20-year-old sister. It's going to hurt that they will no longer be a stone's throw away from me.

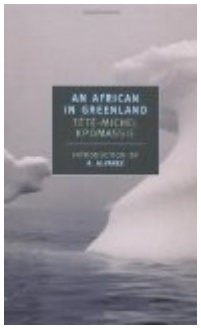
My only goal is that when my time has come, when I know that I don't have much longer to live, I have done everything I could to have a meaningful and purposeful life, one lived to the fullest potential given to me. There is no one goal, one experience, or one accomplishment that can make this happen, but a way of life that enjoys it with rich experiences instead of things and cubicles and kitsch and money. I don't believe in waiting until I'm 65 to do this. My health is good, my sexual drive is good, my savings is good, my mind is good—the time is now.

After I bought my first pocket digital camera, I would take it with me every time I went out with friends. But after about four years, I noticed I was taking pictures that were just slight variations of ones I already took. There are only so many different ways you can capture the same cast on the same stage with the same backdrop. Same as life. It has become too comfortable, too familiar. It'd be nice to experience something new and challenging.

Top 10 Most Important Books

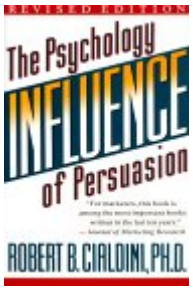
April 24, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

These are the books that have made me think the most and changed the way I see the world.



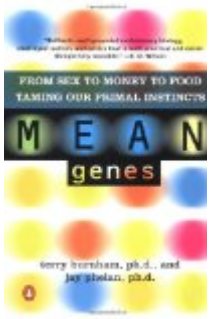
An African In Greenland

The author reads a book about Greenland and decides to leave his home country at a young age to visit. It takes him almost ten years until he finally steps foot on Greenland. Encouraging book if you are thinking about making a big change.



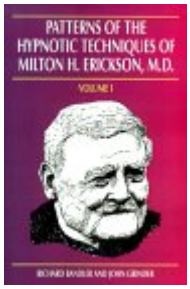
Influence

Required reading. Breaks influence and persuasion down to a science.



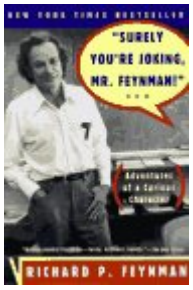
Mean Genes

Fun read that ties together evolution and the way modern humans behave. Men will find the parts on taking “social risk” to be most helpful.



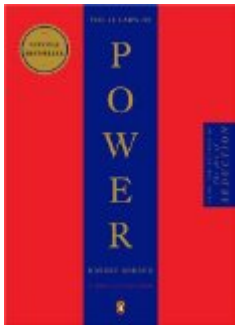
Patterns Of The Hypnotic Techniques Of Milton H. Erickson, M.D. Vol 1

This book taught me how subtle differences in word choice can drastically change the meaning of what you communicate. It has influenced my game and writing.



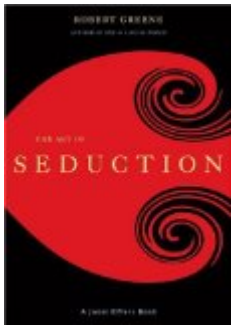
Surely You're Joking, Mr. Feynman!

My role model—a character who is smart, interesting, charismatic, and funny. This book chronicles Feynman through a variety of journeys, from his scientific achievements to his experience picking up women in bars.



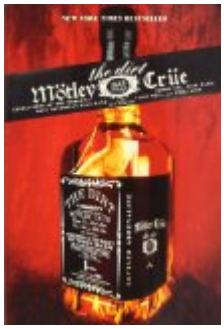
The 48 Laws Of Power

Required reading and future classic. If you haven't read this book yet, why are you still alive?



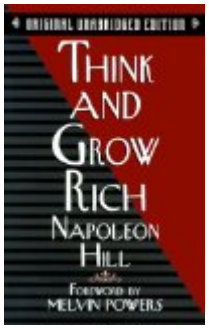
The Art Of Seduction

This book makes the list not so much because of its real-world applications but because it forces you to carefully think about the way you interact with the opposite sex, and how they interact with you.



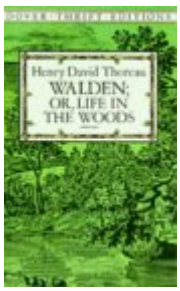
The Dirt

The most entertaining book I've ever read. It made me realize how much of an utter square I've become, due to complacency and laziness.



Think And Grow Rich

Every self-help book is just derivative of this great work, which teaches you how important thinking is when it comes to getting what you want. You can replace money with whatever goal you are working on.

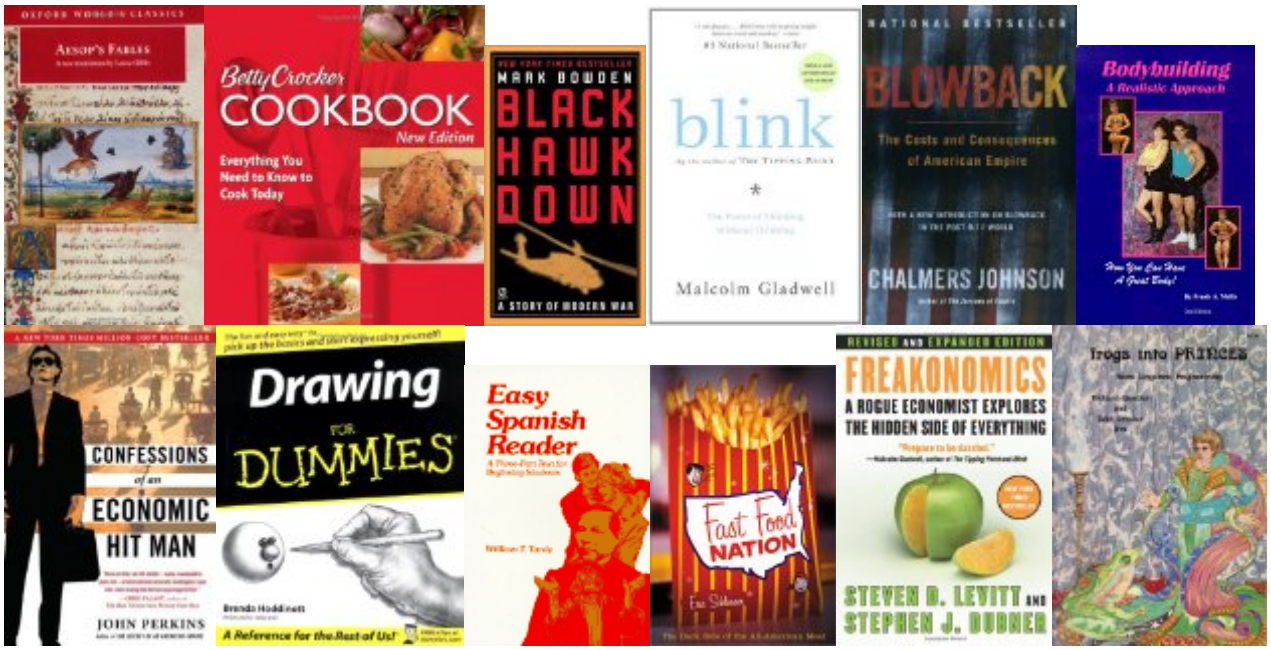


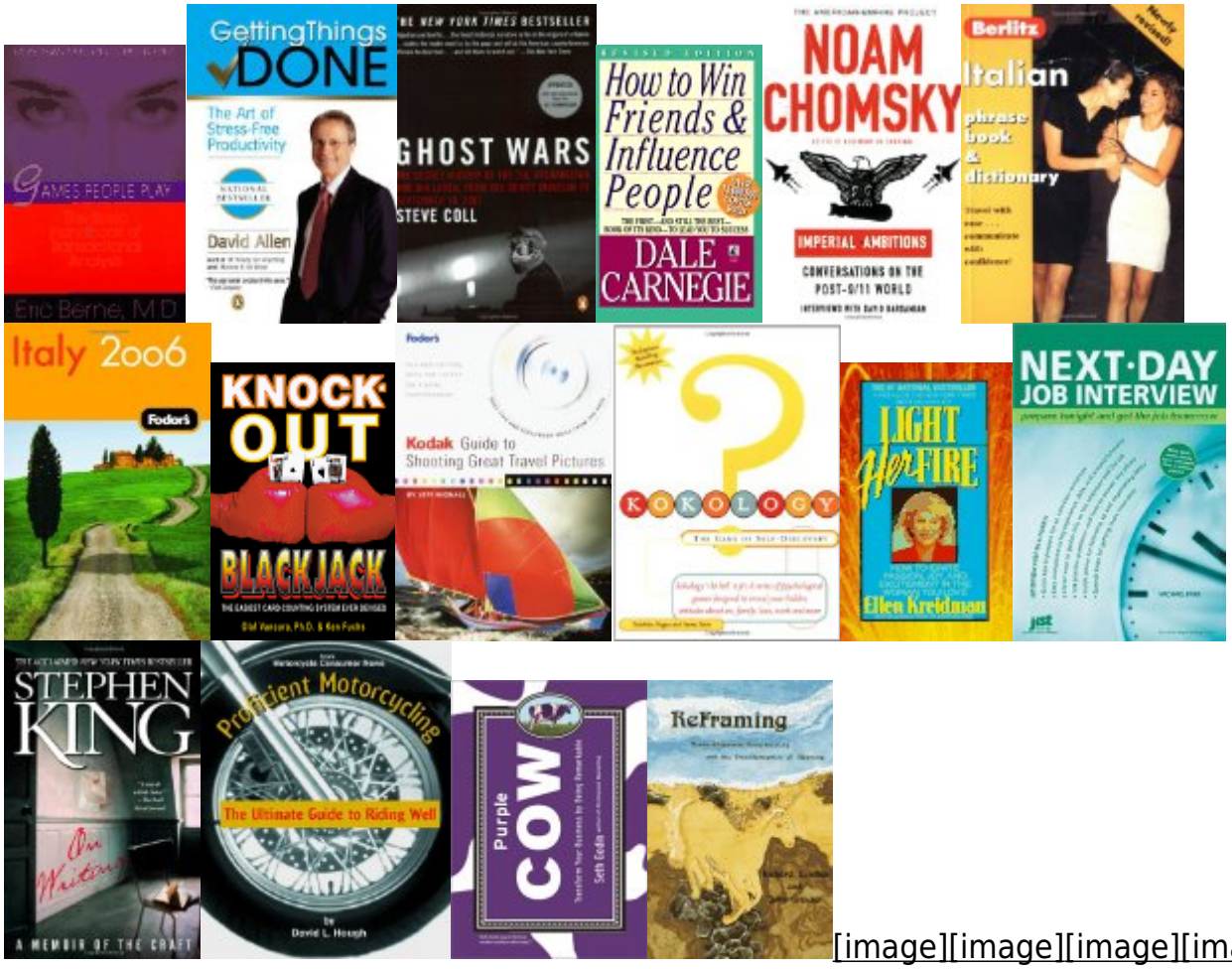
Walden

People have been sold into living a complicated life at a cost of their own happiness and well-being. Even if you read this in high school, you need to revisit it once more as an adult.

The sequel to this post can be found here.

Below are some other books I've liked since college. Hold your mouse over a cover for a text box with my thoughts.





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Funemployment

April 25, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I remember not too long ago I would count the days until the weekend arrived. But now every day is the weekend! I present to you my average weekday:

11:30: Roll out of bed, shower. Do a 30 minute Spanish audio lesson. Eat breakfast/lunch. Check local blogs, Washington Post, Huffington Post.

2:00: Walk to Starbucks at nearby strip mall. The baristas welcome me and my "shift," which averages between 4-6 hours, spent writing or editing on my laptop, reading books, and staring off into space. Total cost is $4 (tall americano and warmed lemon iced cake). Sometimes I study Spanish or run various chores (e.g. getting my car ready for sale.) If it's Monday or Thursday, I go for a 3-4 mile run (8 minute miles).

7:00: Go home and eat like a king (my stepmom cooks Persian food every weeknight). Spend quality family time.

After dinner, sometimes I drive to the late-night Barnes & Noble in Rockville, drink with friends, or try to make intimacy with some broad. But if I stay home…

9:00: Tinker with blog. Put finishing touches on the next day's blog post, making sure there are no errors since I will be sleeping when it goes live. Reply to emails. Read Slate, Digg, Reddit, TPM, NY Times, and various message boards. Browse internet videos. Chat on AIM. Download music and porn torrents.

12:30am: Eat third meal of the day. Do another 30 minute Spanish audio lesson. Read some more. Watch a Netflix movie.

2:30: Productivity rapidly declines. I start to check sites I already checked, hoping for something new. Contacts getting dry.

3:00-4:00: Sleep.

*all times are approximate

I'm productive for about 6-8 hours a day, where I do more than just eating, shitting, and masturbating (i.e. existing), as opposed to 2-3 hours a day when I had a job. Most of what I'm doing right now will not have a monetary payoff, but I'm enjoying myself and it feels like my awesomeness is increasing at a more rapid pace. This isn't for everyone though: the average person needs a lot of entertainment to get through the day without experiencing boredom. Movies and books will not be enough. If you don't have an interest that take up several hours a day at minimal cost, being funemployed may not be as great for you as it is for me.

Not only is shit getting done, but life is slowing down in the process. I don't know what the date is and clock time has become a rigid abstraction. From now on I will be needing at least a one hour arrival window for appointment and dates.

Feminism Destroys Men?

April 26, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I'm going to assume that the author of How Feminism Destroyed Real Men has not been destroyed by feminism since his pictured wife is not a feminist (her hair is really long).

> One day [women will] realise how dull and unfulfilling it is to have a man who doesn't answer back, who offers no challenge or danger – but by then she'll be over the hill and stuck with him for fear of being left on the shelf. Sadly, this is the state of many marriages today.
>
> Back in the Nineties, emboldened by the successes of feminism, women sought to slay the dragon of patriarchy by turning men into ridiculous cissies who would cry with them through chick-flicks and then cook up a decent lasagne.

Sorry Nirpal, but I disagree with you here. The fault of being a beta male rests solely on the beta male. It is impossible to grow up and not observe the differences between alpha and beta male behavior, and how the lifestyle of one is clearly better than the other. It would be great if every man was born an alpha, but it really isn't that hard to dump beta qualities like a bad habit and tack on the correct alpha ones. It just takes time and commitment. Blaming women for being beta is the same as a mother blaming her four-year-old for being spoiled when she is the one spoiling it. If you have the control to change things but don't take the necessary steps to do so, you deserve nothing.

Nirpal gets it right in other places, but the fact that he's married at what seems to be a young age makes me wonder if he's had enough spinster experience to be an authority on this matter. His message boils down to "Be a dick" and "Don't listen to what a woman says."

> But having ticked off the various items on their life checklist, women are left with a nagging sense of dissatisfaction. Where was the drama? Where was the passion? Where was the stimulation and growth?
>
> It was all forsaken for an anodyne, materialistic shopping spree that is a Good Thing, ultimately a poor substitute for a real life. These women consider themselves to be alpha-females, but they are nothing but a pathetic sham.

The best part:

> Last Christmas, my wife threw me out after discovering I'd been cheating on her. On the night we got back together, I made strong, passionate love to her. Unfaithful as I'd been, I was not going to let her have me over a barrel for the rest of our marriage. I needed to keep a sense of self and not allow her to mire me in guilt and a desperate quest of forgiveness.
>
> I needed to let her know what she would be missing if we broke up for ever. I gave her a manful bravura performance that night, and at the height of her

> passion, I asked her: '**Who's the boss?**'

I'm tempted to call out bullshit but I really want this story to be true. I can picture what he said to his wife when she caught him: "But I'm doing this for you! For us! This drama gives our marriage stimulation and growth!" And note the "I'd been," which implies continuous and ongoing cheating instead of a one-time slip. He's not alpha for cheating, but he is alpha for publishing that fact in a major publication that includes his wife's full name and picture. She is so seduced by his alphaness that she doesn't mind the world knowing he likes to fuck around. For that he is Alpha Male Of The Month runner-up.

Start A Blog Already

April 28, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I think everyone should have their own blog, for these reasons:

1. It's a cheap hobby. Other than an internet connection and computer, it costs you nothing.

2. You are a very creative snowflake. When I sit down in front of a blank screen, interesting ideas just pop in my head. Most people have routines (sitting in front of the TV) or environments (eight hours a day of beige cubicle walls) that make it hard for creative ideas to bubble on the surface.

3. You connect the dots. If I didn't have to blog, I would probably buy an iPod and listen to music instead of piecing together the events of my life to create quality stuff.

4. Exposure to new ideas. When you have a blog you start reading more blogs, exposing yourself to interesting ideas, theories, and writing. And if you are in a scene where other bloggers meet, you get to expose yourself to these bloggers, literally, before having sex with them.

5. It improves your writing. Even without taking a writing class, the act of writing will make your writing better through no conscious work on your part.

6.

Head on over to Wordpress.com, pick a blog name (I recommend something generic so you don't have to change it when your life changes), pick a template, mess around with the software, and start writing. Email the blog to your friends, link to blogs you like that are related to you, and comment on them too. Just don't be a kiss ass. Post 2-4 times a week and send me an email after one year telling me how much you wish you started blogging sooner.

Grand Opening, Grand Closing

April 28, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Brunch Bird has closed up shop: “I started this blog a year ago and it’s been a thoroughly lovely experiment.” She will be missed.

Prolific commenter Roissy has started his own blog. Now he’s a fine writer and all, but so far my favorite post of his is the one will all the cats. If you like this blog, you’ll probably like his too.

Rising Sun

April 29, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

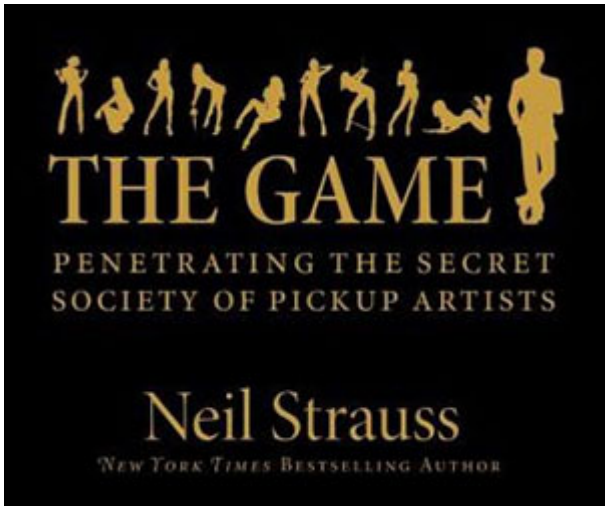
After sex, the power shifts to me. Vagina strength is highest before sex and declines to almost zero afterwards, assuming the girl is with a man who has options. I relax my game after sex not only because the power shift enables me to, but because if we are going to continue seeing each other the relationship has to be built on a foundation where we act natural and closer to our real selves. I know that a relationship built on two people playing hard to get will not last for more than a few dates, so I put less focus on planning alcohol dates with sex being the end goal and try for dates where we have to talk more under sober conditions (e.g. ice cream, bookstore)—more of just hanging out with each other's company. But this is where it starts to fall apart because a lot of girls don't know how to act when the main chase ends. They know their power has decreased so they overcompensate to keep your attention when they already had it in the first place.

I called a girl two days after I had first-time sex with her and she answered the phone. We talked for several minutes and then I suggested we do something in a few days. Her response: "Maybe."

That's in line with "That can be arranged," an unnatural and tried answer, especially to a man whose hand you brought up to your neck for semi-aggressive choking. If you don't want to hang out with me then fine, but don't pick up the phone and try some move you just read in a book by a "relationship expert." Don't tell me the bookstore is boring. Don't respond to my voicemail with a text message. Don't suggest a specific restaurant unless you are treating. Don't start talking about your past relationship failures. Don't be surprised when I decide to move on.

Assuming you are cute (which is why I talked to you) and good in bed (which is why I called you again), you don't have to put on a front to keep me interested. After sex, a girl's game should transition from communication and logistical games to teasing and seduction games, where she tries to heighten a man's physical arousal during the time they are together. She should send him to his buddy saying, "Dude, this girl drives me crazy. For some reason I can't stop thinking about her."

Girls need to increase sexual tension not by withholding attention (an okay strategy before sex) but by giving *good* attention that takes time and work to master. A lot of girls, unfortunately, have no desire to improve their game beyond techniques they learned in high school. To them, attention withholding *is* game. But once a man penetrates vagina, chances are he won't be turned on by the extra time it takes you to return a telephone call.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Neil Strauss
New York Times Bestselling Author

So You’re Looking For A Travel Partner

April 30, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Bologna, Italy

Choose a bad travel partner and you will find yourself traveling in an exotic environment with someone who nags and complains; whose negative vibe brings you down as the clock continues to tick for return to the life-sucking routine back at home. Your friend is not trying to bring you down, but he has his own issues to deal and is too wrapped up in his world to worry about your enjoyment. Don’t take it personal. But you need a good way to tell if someone is good to travel with or not. Do that by asking your potential travel partner the following question:

“Do you like to cook?”

I’m talking about real meals, not warming up chicken nuggets.

Unlike what the famous cookbook says, there is no joy in cooking. Slicing, grating, mixing, chopping, simmering, waiting, washing, and fucking up are basic labors, but I do it anyway. I do it because I like the idea of slowing things down to create food using my own ability. Now it’s not like I’m using ingredients I’ve grown myself in a patch of land out back, but cooking still takes more labor and time than ordering from a menu.

Depending on your cooking style and how much you save, it’s possible that the energy you put into cooking is not much more than the benefits you get out of it. But it still says something positive about you. You focus on the process and the current state instead of the end product. You are patient, without needing instant gratification. You can enter situations without knowing the outcome. You are not looking for a sure thing. You “go with it’ and adapt when things go wrong, because they will. These are the qualities you

want when traveling with someone in a foreign land.

Easy things you do at home take much longer abroad, such as finding and ordering food, asking for help, and getting from point A to B. Much of your time isn't spent on "fun" things, but actually getting to the fun things in one piece without being taken advantage of. To the non-cook, the best kind of travel is the tourist package to a Disneyland-type city where English is spoken in a ten square block city center and there are many wonderful structures that have seen the camera lens billions of times before. At least he won't be "bored." But the patient traveler, the cook, ventures out and accepts that the inevitable frustrations are the same as doing a sink of dirty dishes; it goes with the territory. When you cook something edible, eating it only takes ten minutes—it's the process you spend most of your time on.

All that said, there is absolutely nothing like traveling alone, to have the freedom to do what you want and to face challenges with no support by your side. The only requirement is being able to handle your own company.

I Would Make An Excellent Father

May 1, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

My 3-year-old brother thinks he's slick. Every time he comes into my room he brings a toy but doesn't take it out when he leaves. My room now has Spongebob Squarepants, colorful trains from Thomas the Tank Engine and Friends, Laa-Laa, and a very naked Ken doll. As long as it looks like he's not about to break anything expensive, I let him do whatever he wants. The idea of applying discipline is not compatible with someone who has a problem with authority; I think a better model is rewarding positive behaviors and ignoring negative ones. Of course raising kids is a lot more complicated than that, but it's a ideal start.

Once a week I make a large batch of tuna salad to feed me for lunch. My 10-year-old brother was watching me and remarked how disgusting tuna is. "Have you ever had tuna salad before?" I asked.

"No," he said, "but it looks gross."

I made him taste it through threat of big brother violence. I told him if he doesn't like it then he never has to eat it again, but he needs to try things before he makes up his mind. He tasted it and said it was "Okay," but a couple days later I noticed a large can of tuna on the kitchen counter. Turns out he liked the tuna salad so much that he asked my dad to make some. I decided to keep it real so I took him to eat sushi with me at Tono Sushi in Woodley Park. I told him that, yes, technically sushi is raw fish, but it doesn't taste like fish at all. "It tastes less like fish than tuna, which you already tried." He was down.

I wish I took a picture the moment that first piece of tuna and avocado roll went into his mouth. It looked like someone nailed him in the stomach; pain, fear, and confusion was painted on his face right after the first chew. He wanted to bring it back out, but I encouraged him like only an older brother knows how: "Chew! Eat it! Close your mouth! You better finish that!" He ate only a few more pieces but I was very proud of him, like a parent would be after watching a child's first step. After all, I didn't try sushi until I was 21, and let him know that he is far ahead of me in becoming a real man. I stressed real man one more time, adding that you need to try new things even if you fear it. How else will you find out about things you could like?

My dad spends hours a day with the boys, teaching, talking, and playing, but there are so many parents who drop the ball at being a positive influence on a child's life. And you wonder why so many adults are messed up. From what I see, the key to raising a decent human being is to treat them with respect and give them attention and affection. Sound familiar? Don't dumb things down and don't push away their concerns or questions. Don't let the television compete with them for your attention. Don't tell them "Because I said so." The only reason I would make a good dad is because I'd copy what my parents did to me, which, except for my mother's occasional broom beating, seemed to work out pretty well. The last thing I will do is buy a parenting book from a writer/expert/businessman

who has no investment in me or my family.

“So what do you think of sushi?” I asked.

“It didn’t have a lot of taste. But it was really cool!”

Yes, little brother, it is cool. Now when you turn 20 or so, there is this book I want you to read…

Newsletter No. 5

May 1, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

It’s newsletter time. The edition I’m sending this weekend will describe a coffee shop game experience I had with some girl from North Carolina. I talk about how you know if a girl is interested or not. Sign-up to the right, or go here. If you just signed up and want to take a look at the newsletters you’ve missed, send me an email.

5 Washington DC Bars For Men

May 2, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

If you are a man who doesn't need top 40 hip hop, I have five places that are worth your time. This list is a result of six years of drinking and banging.

Busboys & Poets map

An artsy/yuppie cafe that has food, drink, and coffee. Prices aren't cheap but there is free wireless internet if you like nerding it up in public. This is more of a date spot than a pick-up place, but there are usually sets of cute girls hanging out by the bar after 8PM. Several of the waitresses are also cute. If you are looking to meet someone educated and well-read in their mid-20's to early-30's, this would be a good option. Start a conversation about something existential.

Dragonfly map

This is a house club with an international crowd. The white girls here are more open to dating hairy men than the white girls at, say, an Irish pub or NASCAR race. You'll also run into a lot of Russian and South American girls. Downstairs is a little more quiet while upstairs is crowded with uptempo music. The people here can be pretentious (you will see girls dancing on tables), but it's nowhere near as bad at places like Spank, Indebleu, Fly, Blue Gin, K-Street Lounge, and Play. Come here if you want to meet someone who has used their passport. Their sushi is decent (get the Dragon roll). **Update**: Dragonfly has closed. Go to Grand Central in Adams Morgan instead, which has less international girls but a better girl to guy ratio before midnight.

Front Page map

Out of all the lame white-people bars I've been to, this one has the highest amount of cute American girls. While they are harder to pick up for me than at a place like Dragonfly, their sheer numbers means I'll have opportunities throughout the night. This is a good place if you are broke and on a budget (their Thursday night happy hour is very competitive). Come here if you want to meet stupid, easy American sluts under the age of 30.

Rouge map

Rouge is a pretty bar in the Rouge hotel. This has been my date bar for several years running becuase it is deadly effective at panty wetting, making the outrageous drink prices worth it during a time when I cared about getting laid. If you are a man who has a job and doesn't buy the bullshit idea of dinner dates, take your date here and thank me later. Some nights are crowded and suitable for picking up older women or business travelers, but it can be hit or miss. Similar to Rouge is Topaz, which has a blue design instead of red.

Science Club map

This is like a more expensive Front Page for people who think they are too cool for Front Page. It's a cross between Busboys & Poets and Dragonfly, with house music but little

dancing. Don’t immediately leave if you show up and it sucks: since this venue is more of a launching point than a final destination, you will find that the crowd can change in your favor if you stick around. Science Club also makes a good date bar.

You can run your first 3 or 4 dates from these venues. For example, you meet a girl at Science Club and take her to Rouge for a first date, where you make-out with her and do some groping. Then you do a Dragonfly date two on a weekend night where you seal the deal. Then do a chill date three at Busboys & Poets. The possibilities are infinite!—especially since you can meet girls at any one of these venues.

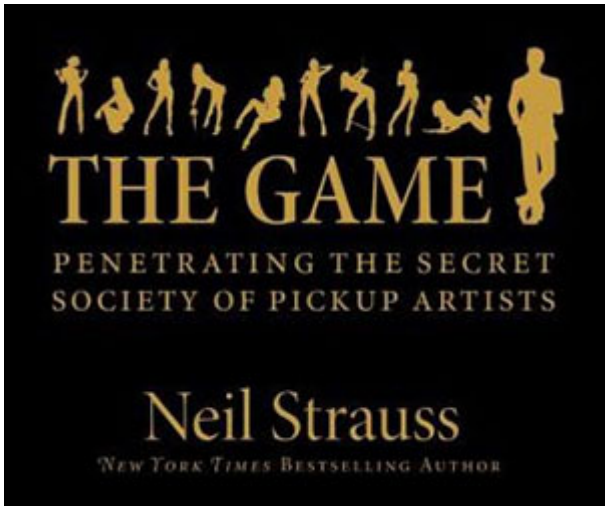
You’ll notice that these venues are not *too* mainstream. There is no Dream, Fur, Ultrabar, Tony & Joes, Local 16, Tom Toms, and Platinum. I believe that if you go to a mainstream bar, you will meet a mainstream girl, and if you are not mainstream and cookie-cutter yourself then it’s going to be a waste of your time.

Honorable Mentions

- 18th Street Lounge – If it wasn’t for their $10 cover charge, I would go here more often. It’s like a more chill Dragonfly. (map)
- Lima – A more Middle Eastern Dragonfly. Very good house music on Saturday nights. Drinks are weak though and you need to be with a girl to get in. (map)
- Gazuza – Has a lot of potential, but most of the girls are sitting down. Similar vibe to Science Club. (map)
- Reef – Similar to Front Page. Wide selection of beers. (map)

If you liked this post then I think you will like my book **Bang**, a collection of simple but powerful techniques, moves, and lines that make it easier for the average 20-something man to be more successful with women. Topics in **Bang** include discussion of the alpha male, effective opening lines, conversation themes, getting phone numbers, detailed dating strategy, and much more.

Complimenting the book is Roosh's Game Tips Email Newsletter. It's free and your first newsletter will be about how to meet girls in coffee shops. Following that will be newsletters on dealing with flakes, handling cockblockers, and meeting girls in foreign countries, among others. Your email address will always remain private and you can unsubscribe at any time. Put your first name and email address below and click the button.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Neil Strauss
New York Times Bestselling Author

American Stereotypes Are So Hurtful

May 3, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A German David Hasselhoff lover recently wrote 10 Common German Prejudices About The USA. I am deeply offended as an American and would like to take some time to clear the air.

"What's with all the fast food?"

We are BUSY people. Have you looked at our GDP lately? It's the highest in the world. You think we got there by taking the to time to cook boring meals at home? Give me animal fat and give it to me NOW. Maybe you'd be rich too if you spent your time working instead of making thick sausage or whatever it is you eat over there.

"Americans are war mongers"

The recent military operations in Iraq (both of them), Afghanistan, Panama, Kosovo, Somalia, and Grenada were all ACCIDENTS of history. We do not have imperial notions on this great Earth, and if you give honest examination to the periods between 1891 and 1897, you will see that we are a very peaceful people.

"Americans are extremely superficial…celebrity culture"

Wrong. We follow celebrities because they have achieved a level of enlightenment that commoners like you and I can only dream about. I'm talking about sex, clubbing, drugs, tell-all books, gotcha photography featuring nipples and shaved vaginas, and most importantly, FASHION. Quick: name a German-born celebrity. I thought so. If you had celebrities then you would be obsessing over their god-like status as well.

"Americans don't give a shit about their poor people"

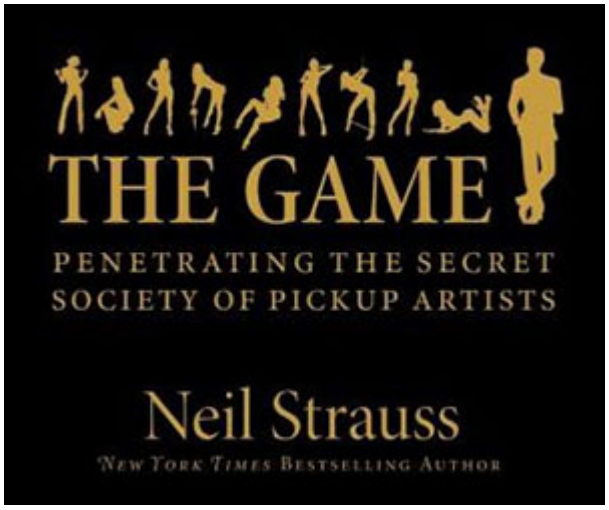
Now you've went too far. Look in any American city and you will see an area of very fine buildings that we have built EXCLUSIVELY for the poor. We give them schooling, food, and police protection, and make sure that they live far far away from the middle and upper classes, who may interfere with their admirable way of life. Poverty in the United States will be relegated to the history books as soon as we win the war on terror.

"Everything needs to be XXL (houses, cars, refrigerators, Burgers, breast implants,…)"

How's that 300 square feet of living space in Germany doing for you? Other than the breast implants, which can be explained by evolution, we need large because our founding fathers, God rest their souls, want us to settle in a vast frontier of rich, bountiful land. Ever heard of the Homestead Act? Otherwise this land would just go to waste, and what's the point of that? As for automobiles, I'd like to see you drive one of your fuel-efficient scooter smart cars on a real highway and see how long you survive as SUV monsters of American pride block your puny visual field.

As an American citizen, I just can't stand by and watch as foreigners trash the country I've grown up in. Instead of acting out in a pointless jealous rage, I think this German

should get a J-O-B so he can afford to buy one of our state-of-the-art plasma televisions. Just don’t forget to budget for the necessary Monster cables.



Language

May 6, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

For the last month, I've been asked the same question at least a dozen times.

> Are you going to South America for the girls?

No, I'm not. And I'll tell you why.

There are two types of connection: physical and emotional. Physical connection is good enough for the first couple of dates until you get in bed with someone, but to continue after that, there has to be some type of emotional connection. Getting with girls abroad is not that difficult; alcohol and physical attraction without many words are enough to fuel a good time that lasts several days or so, until the novelty of staring at each other in near silence and drawing funny pictures wears off. It is very difficult to establish an emotional connection without language.

In college I knew this kid who would play and sing the latest rock ballads on his guitar. Girls would sometimes cry during his performances. I'd think, "Give me a break," while mentally calculating how many hours of practice it would take me to get to his skill level. I did not learn how to play the guitar, but I did look at communication in a different way.

The importance of language, specifically words, did not hit me until I met this one Eastern European girl. She was the same age as me, with short blonde hair, and a type of nonstop laugh that makes you think you have a really good sense of humor. She was fluent in English. She wanted to hear a story, so I told her a story, a personal "love" story that did not have a happy ending. A story for another day.

Telling her this story caused me to relive it once more; relive not so much pain but a disappointed sadness, and I looked in this girl's eyes, who I met three hours prior, and saw tears. She must have experienced something similar, I thought. I looked away as she wiped the tears away to give her a private moment, so she can feel what she wants to feel without someone maybe judging her.

At the time I didn't remember doing that before, making a girl cry from a story; and it's not power I felt, but a sort of humanity where we our experiences, what makes us who we are, is able to affect other people, whether happy or sad, positive or negative. Music is one way of doing this, language the other. Out of all the tricks I know to increase a girl's physical arousal, none can touch the power that mere words have, that a story has.

Will I take advantage of sexual opportunities in South America? Yes. Will I be on the lookout for a serious relationship, for a girl I can import into the United States? No. If you can't make it work with your own people, the idea of romantic love in a faraway land is more fantasy than reality. Unless, of course, you are trying to become fluent in the place you are going to.

I Left My Wallet At Home

May 7, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I didn't used to mind paying for the 1-3 dates it took to get sex. Spending money on dating is part of the game and getting laid, kind of like how the sky is blue. It just is. But lately I've had serious doubts about this model, in part because I have been short-changing my value. It's a lot higher than I think.

This is how I see it: I give a girl much more than she gives me; my stories, my vibe, my game, my sex. Their stories tend to be of the complaint nature and their humor cannot come close to competing with a man's. It's nice that she has a lubricated hole that brings me pleasure, but I have observed that these girls seem to enjoy getting fucked more than I enjoy fucking them. And this is not an insult to the girls—it's just a fact that I value sex less than they value it with me.

Now I know how this is coming off, and I know what you are thinking, but I think my value as a man is at a point where a woman should be paying for my company. When a girl meets me, I honestly believe she is lucky to have done so; and I hope that most of you guys reading this believe that too when you meet a girl. Because I'm giving more pleasure and enjoyment than I'm receiving, it doesn't make a lot of sense that I should have to pull my wallet out when the bill comes.

I understand that I live in a society with deeply entrenched dating norms—one that I do not have the power to change—so I will make a compromise to ease a girl's introduction into my world. I'll pay for the first date. I don't mind too much, especially since the first date venue is my choice. After that though, it's all her.

It's still very early but my cost per notch so far this year is $77, not much more than the cost of a first date. I'm all about putting my ideas and beliefs into practice. In fact, my beliefs do become reality.

Solutions For Girls

May 8, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

It's very easy for me to give advice to a guy: work on your game, have many experiences, and commit to a quality woman on your terms, not hers. Once a guy has game, he will have options into his late 30's and probably beyond. His biggest enemy is himself. His fear, complacency, and insecurities all work to prevent him from getting what he is capable of getting.

It's different for a woman. All the game in the world won't matter when she is passed her physical peak and less attractive than younger counterparts. A woman's biggest enemy is time. The clock is ticking right after college and doubles pace after year 30 is crossed. While many single women at 40 are cultured, intelligent, and make for excellent company, they have missed the marriage boat and will be reduced to competing for the attention of rich players who don't mind flying these overly experienced mind-fuckers out to some exotic locale for a "romantic" dinner, assuming these women have the means and motivation to keep up their looks. They will die not next to loved ones, but to a pile of money that was her only remaining purpose to strive.

When a woman graduates from college at the age of 22, she thinks she has all the time in the world. She builds up her social circle to prepare for *years* of drinking and partying. She gets some twangs of doubt after 25, but the partying continues, now at more expensive clubs where more money needs to be spent on the clothing and accessories that go with the lifestyle. Some even go the extra mile by purchasing Mercedes Benz automobiles, an act that used to belong to the exclusive domain of men.

Then 28 and 29 passes and all she has to show for the previous near-decade is a cell phone filled with numbers of guys she "dated." She hits day spas, gets botox, and then cruises the internet and clubs with a renewed vigor. But it doesn't work, and 35 is here before you know it. You see her out and it appears she is having a fun time but the developing wrinkles and glassy eyes shows her abject failure at reproduction. She finds new meaning through her career and the massive amounts of subsequent disposable income that allows her to enjoy the finer things in life like luxury condominiums and designer shoes the celebrities wear. But every time she sees a child in a stroller, she wonders what happened.

Women have less time than they think. How long does it take to find a quality man? How long does it take to weed out incompatible men and enter a relationship with one that is worthy? How many relationships fail before the one-year mark? How long does a relationship have to last to make engagement possible? How long is the average engagement? How many engagements fail before the altar is reached? Every now and then you hear a story of someone meeting and then getting married after a few months, but this is the exception. A woman needs to give herself at least five years from that moment she concludes she wants to get married. This means a girl needs to start finding a husband *immediately after graduating from college*. You've arrived way too late in the

game if you don't even think about marriage until you've approached 30, when your reproductive peak has passed and your appearance is not what it used to be.

I have three pieces of advice for women who don't want to end up as a spinster. First, use high school and college as a period to work on your game and fuck around. Find out what men like and improve yourself to be the type of woman that men like. Whether this includes getting rid of your neediness and drama or growing out your hair, figure it out before you start your career. If you are not sure where to start, copy the girls who seem to get all the guys.

One thing you should focus on is being sexy, exuding a certain *je ne sais pas* that guys find themselves inexplicably drawn into. Go tell a girl raised on Real World to show you what sexy is and she will put on pricey clothing and accessories and search for the nearest watering hole to down enough drinks until she feels comfortable in her own skin. Sexy is body language, tone, subtle movements and details —the *way* she does things, the way she is. This cannot be purchased at Nordstrom, but only learned with time and through effort.

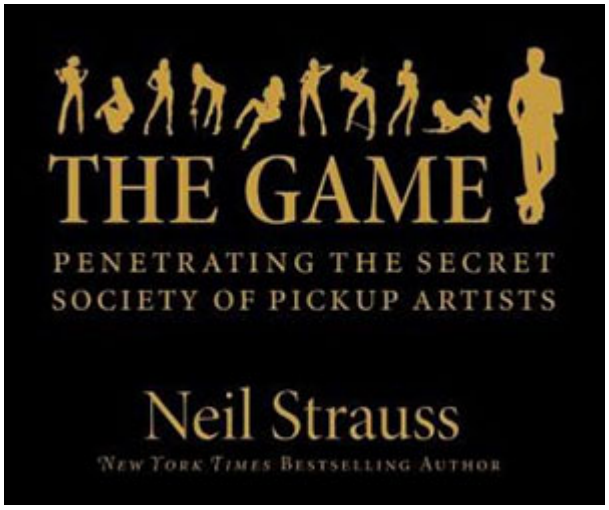
Second, as soon as you graduate from college, have in your mind the notion that you want to get married soon. Be open to it and think about it daily. Reward men who put time and energy into you instead of the players who just want to fuck you. Fuck all the players you want in college, but after that buy a vibrator and don't waste your time with them because they will not marry you. Sacrifice wild sex and roller coaster emotions for something more stable that results in a family (which is what you want, right?).

Hold off on putting out as long as possible. If I have sex with a girl on the second date and it was just okay, I'll be more likely to drop her since I have invested very little in her. But if sex happens on date ten, the psychology of previous investment says I will most likely continue, at least for one more date. Understand: your vagina is the most powerful thing you have. To potential suitors, it should be like the El Dorado, a magical land they will die trying to gain access to. But when you partake in casual sex like one-night stands, your vagina becomes more like the 24-hour convenience store.

Lastly, don't go to bars and clubs often. Once a week is enough. These are horrible places to meet a quality man who wants to commit, and the drinking and smoke will age you more rapidly. Focus on doing more community driven events that don't have the immediate one-night payoff that a bar has. Maybe it's volunteering, jogging clubs, spinning class, or book clubs. You'll have to get creative. I'm not an expert with regard to meeting men, but even at a coffee shop I get to meet and know girls on a different, more intelligent, more meaningful level than I do with girls at bars. A good rule-of-thumb is that the reason you meet has to be something other than the result of drinking alcohol.

It's easy to make fun of the current generation of spinsters, but I do feel bad for them because there was no way for them to know that their lifestyle would prove to be so detrimental to forming a family. But we've observed and studied them and they've been written about in the mainstream media enough to the point where there are no excuses for not avoiding their fate. If you are a girl under the age of 25, I will have no sympathy

for you in the next decade when you whine to me that you've always wanted a family but for whatever reason couldn't find a man. It starts now.



The Problem

May 9, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I read through the comments on Solutions For Girls and I'm just pretty surprised that a lot of girls are denying that there's even a problem, that their lifestyle does not need changing. I first talked about this two years ago (Brooke Shields Is Jealous) and the female shrieking then and now hasn't really changed. Same comments but a different crowd.

I'm still confident that my advice to women is sound and will help them if they want to be helped. It's advice I give to my sister, someone whose happiness and future I deeply care about. There's a reason the title wasn't "Solutions For Roosh." In the end if you don't think a problem exists, then you are probably part of the problem.

Re: Overly Experienced Mind-fuckers

May 9, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

From a reader...

> Don't forget one huge important point — fucking misery loves company. I can't tell you how many times I've seen some stupid washed-up broad do everything in her power to destroy her girlfriends' otherwise happy relationships with their boyfriends. I've seen this pattern over and over, particularly in this DC shit-hole of a city: dumb bird in her mid/late 30′s is queen bee/mentor to girls in their 20′s; one girl in her 20′s has minor tiff with boyfriend, who she otherwise loves, but talks to queen bee about it all for help; queen bee offers staggeringly intelligent feedback, usually something along the lines of "Fuck him, you don't need him, dump his ass, stick with me sister"; girl in 20′s takes this brilliant advice and dumps boyfriend impulsively; now queen bee and girl in 20′s are happy to troll U Street and talk about their shoes, their periods, Grey's Anatomy, and how much they hate men and don't need them.
>
> This really is a big problem — I am convinced that uppity professional women, once they realize that their facile head-game ways have doomed them to a life of being used sexually, wake up one day and start destroying everything happy around them for sport.
>
> When I'm in the initial stages of getting to know a girl now, I do everything i can to stay away from her friends and remain a mystery to her social circle. If i ever decide to have a serious relationship, you can bet that I'm going to be the Snuffleupagus of boyfriends, appearing to her friends purely through her stories about me, until i determine that i have cemented enough of a place in her life that she'll look past queen bee's horse-shit arm-chair psychology and pathology.

Very good observation, and excellent use of Snuffleupagus.

Hung Up On The Opener

May 10, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Guys always ask me the same question when I return from approaching a girl.

> What did you say?

Specifically, they want to know what my opening line was. I ask the same question to other guys too actually, and it's because the nature of the game dictates that the opener is the hardest part. You always want to know how this guy started an interaction with a cute girl.

This isn't a bad question to ask because it can give you ideas, but understand that what you say is less important than if you actually say it. When it comes to approaching, doing is far more important than doing right. And I know this because my off-the-cuff openers are usually pretty retarded. The last opener in a coffee shop that resulted in at least a number was, "You look like you are having a hard time studying," and at night it was, "You should have given him your number" (referring to some random dude who walked away). These aren't even worthy of being copied because they are just average, but the fact that these casual lines got me in meant that the better parts of my game could now take over. The lack of an award-winning opener should never prevent you from talking to a girl you like.

After sharing an opener with a guy that resulted in some type of number or fluid exchange, you'd think he would want to immediately try it out. But he doesn't—he just stands there, wondering how that could have possibly "worked" as cute girls walk by. Guys hung on words are waiting for the perfect line to deliver on the hottest girl. That's not game—that's playing the lottery, waiting for the one in a million jackpot to bring you riches. Approaching is more like the poker grind, where you lose a majority of your hands dealt but can still go home a big winner.

P.S. If you liked this post then I think you will like my book Bang, a collection of simple but powerful techniques, moves, and lines that make it easier for the average 20-something man to be more successful with women. Topics in Bang include discussion of the alpha male, effective opening lines, conversation themes, getting phone numbers, detailed dating strategy, and much more.

Complimenting the book is my Game Tips Newsletter. It's free and your first newsletter will be about how to meet girls in coffee shops. Following that will be newsletters on dealing with flakes, handling cockblockers, and meeting girls in foreign countries, among others. Your email address will always remain private and you can unsubscribe at any time. To subscribe put your first name and email address below and click the button.

A Run

May 13, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

You decide to go for five mile run. No mp3 player or pedometer or stop watch, just your shoes and your clothes.

An 8 minute mile pace is not fast but not slow either. That's a 24 minute 5K, a time your doctor would appreciate. Five miles is a warm-up to a marathon runner, but to 99% of the population it's difficult. Forty minutes of legs moving.

The first mile is easy. Your breathing doesn't fall into a cadence yet and you just enjoy the breeze. It's surprising, though, that there aren't scores of other people running outside like you. It's a nice day and these suburbs are dense. Maybe they have treadmills at home or are at the gym.

Your breathing starts to sync up to your steps. Blood flow is being diverted to your muscles. You're tired now after two miles and would prefer to stop. This needless work is using up precious resources, your body says. You notice your first cramp.

You're halfway through and this hill is really getting you. Your legs burn like bee stings and your breathing becomes more rapid. Stopping seems so nice, but you can't stop—you will collapse before you stop. But you need to slow down. You're doing a 10 minute mile now, but at least your legs are still moving. There's a lamp post over there, just reach that and you can think about stopping. No, you can keep going; try for that bus stop.

Your body is weak, it wants you to stop. But your mind is strong. Trick your body with your mind. Your body must not know you will finish, or it will punish you with more cramps and more pain.

It's just you out here. The cars fly by as you smell that plain suburban air. The sidewalk is covered with blades of cut grass and sticks and twigs from past storms. Does anyone actually walk on these things anymore? This landscape is sad, isolated; you can't see any human beings outside, just people in moving pods, in a hurry to go somewhere, nowhere. This is better than the landscape at a gym at least, better than running next to someone who just put on floral perfume.

You feel like you can run a 10 minute mile all day. What a difference those two minutes are, from body breakdown to breath catching. Back to the 8 minute mile. You're at mile four now, just one more to go. There is no one holding you hand. There are no words of encouragement or support. You are your encouragement and you are your support. No one else can do for your what you can't do for yourself.

Nevermind. Another half mile and you're back on the 10 minute mile. It's just too hard and it hurts too much. Your arms are barely moving now, gimp-like, they just hang there. Your hands flop around, to conserve energy maybe. You see the end though, a yield sign you started at over thirty minutes ago. You can see the end of pain. Your body can see it too.

Your legs start moving much faster now, faster than it's moved all day. Your body wants

to end this. Your body, that son of a bitch, could have moved like this earlier, since maybe that lamp post. It lied to you.

You don’t feel right, but here’s the end. Welcome to yield. A few large stomps to slow down. There’s your heartbeat, in your head and in your neck, pounding. Walk it off and breathe, it’s over. You did it, on your own, and no one held your hand. Because no one will ever hold your hand, not even you.

Beta Husband

May 14, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

It was impossible for me to resist an article titled Why I Left My Beta Husband. It's about a woman who got fed up with her stay-at-home life partner.

> I stayed home with our daughter for six months after she was born while Mark continued, yes, looking for a job. In 18 months, he got just two calls. Meanwhile, I was being pursued by headhunters. Eventually, I took an editing job at a health magazine.

A man's role changes with time. When you're just dating it's about satisfying a woman sexually and providing her with nice company that keeps the good bedroom times rolling. In a relationship it moves to protection and comfort and then in a marriage with children it's about being an able provider. Having an interesting and witty personality will not cut it when your kids are hungry and need new clothes, which is why you don't have kids unless you are prepared to work until death.

> The truth is, I wasn't attracted to [Mark] anymore. It wasn't that he'd changed—he still had the same floppy brown hair, bright green eyes, and long freckled limbs that had literally made me quiver when I first met him. But in my head, I'd neutralized him as a sexual being. I wanted to be overwhelmed by the sheer power of his masculinity in the bedroom, but I wasn't. Because I felt like the man in our relationship.

So she wised up, dumped Mark, and found her alpha stud, right? Of course not. You can never listen to a woman's words because women have no idea what they want. This one simply went and found a Mark-clone who also likes poetry.

> So nobody was more surprised than I was when I went ahead and fell for another stay-at-home dad.
>
> Here's the difference, though: Jason knows what he wants—and it's not a corner office. He wants to have his afternoons free to hit the park with my daughter or paint or translate the writings of Pablo Neruda. There's nothing thwarted or self-pitying about him. When we're cooking dinner together on Friday nights in a kitchen fragrant with curry, or trying to drink coffee in bed on Sunday mornings while my daughter dances around us, I'm so attracted to him that it's all I can do not to rip his clothes off then and there.

So Jason is much better because he *knows* he wants to be a bum. Hey I guess that gives me hope.

You Better Be Sorry

May 15, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I noticed there is a special breed of girls out there who when they return your call, say, “I’m sorry I missed your call.” This isn’t a line or move; they truly feel apologetic for not being able to pick up the phone when you called.

When I’m going through numbers in my phone, thinking about which girl I want to give attention to, I hesitate on the ones that I know won’t pick up their phone or call back promptly. Unlike postal mail, the telephone is an instant medium, so unless you are in a movie theater there is no reason I should wait for more than 30 minutes. Once that cursor comes across a nice girl who has historically been good to me with the phone, I go ahead and hit send and find out what she’s up to. Just to chat, or maybe more.

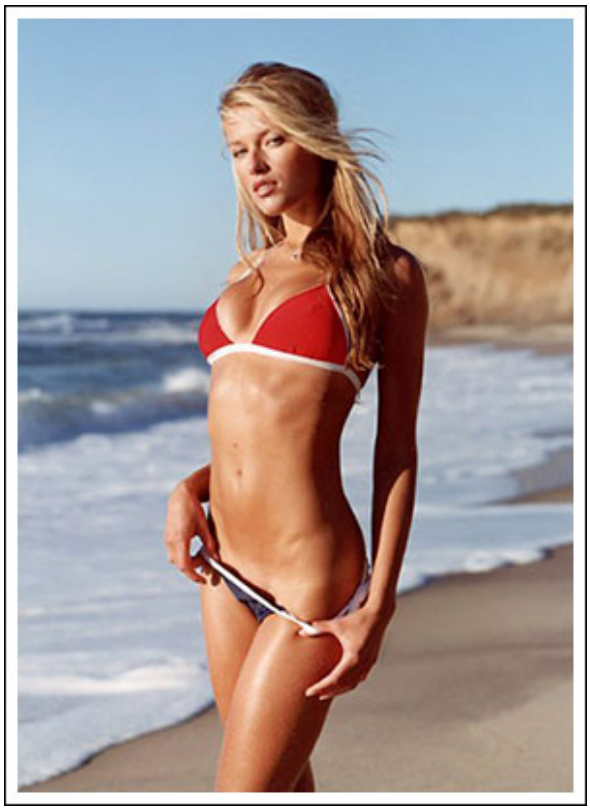
The girls who put up less access barriers, all things being equal, will be contacted first. I’m confident that the guys who do reward girls that put up barriers eventually come around as they age and realize that they aren’t worth the effort.

The Fattest People In The World

May 15, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Joe sent me a cartoon graphic that displays the fattest people in the world by population percentage. We are number one.

It's surprising that a few Eastern European countries made it in the top ten. When I think Czech Republic (15%), I think of this:



Not this:

…though that may be a Brazilian flag her ass is swallowing.

Avoid English speaking countries and Mexico and you'll do alright. The exception is Canada, which I'm guessing has thin people because it's a barren arctic land that does not grow enough food for its predominantly Inuit population.

The Notch Metric

May 16, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Notch count is a powerful metric. It drives men like GDP drives capitalist economies. But the problem with having only one metric is that it can easily be gamed. If you all you care about is notches then just sleep with a bunch of ugly girls. If all you care about is GDP then just allow easy credit and massive government spending.

You'll notice that the most used metrics are ones that are measurable, objective, and easily tracked over time, even if they have serious downsides. The Dow Jones Index measures stock price but not consumer satisfaction. Unemployment data does not measure the quality of work or the level of underemployment. GPA may judge memorization and test-taking ability instead of innate intelligence. Notches do not measure a girl's look, charm, personality, wit, or sense of humor—only the presence of a hole.

Because notch count is not standardized to the man's appearance or to the quality of the notches, it's a number that has a weak to moderate correlation to actual game. It's more valuable when used as a means of encouragement—to push a man out in the field where he can rack up experiences essential for developing tight game. The intense competition among friends that a notch count introduces also serves as motivation.

Another benefit of the notch count is that a man who values them pursues girls he is not truly interested in, which has the end-result of building up his bedroom skill. This is something that his future serious lover will appreciate, just like how every man appreciates a woman's ability to give an excellent blowjob. (As long you don't ask him how he thinks she got so good at giving excellent blowjobs.)

The metric must remain a metric, a guide to progress, and not the end result. For GDP you need to measure quality of life and happiness and for notches you need to establish quality standards. Take the notch count too seriously and you will reach a point where you are banging without improving your skill.

A better metric: Flags

If you liked this post then I think you will like my book **Bang**, a collection of simple but powerful techniques, moves, and lines that make it easier for the average 20-something man to be more successful with women. Topics in **Bang** include discussion of the alpha male, effective opening lines, conversation themes, getting phone numbers, detailed dating strategy, and much more.

Complimenting the book is Roosh's Game Tips Email Newsletter. It's free and your first newsletter will be about how to meet girls in coffee shops. Following that will be newsletters on dealing with flakes, handling cockblockers, and meeting girls in foreign countries, among others. Your email address will always remain private and you can unsubscribe at any time. Put your first name and email address below and click the

button.

The Flag Metric

May 17, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

We need a new metric in addition to the notch count that correlates more strongly to game, but one that, as I mentioned yesterday to be useful, is “measurable, objective, and easily tracked over time.” The reason why guys ask other guys “Bang any new girls lately?” as opposed to “So how is your female happiness going?” is because the latter is too subjective and dependent on individual factors.

Your flag count is the number of countries you have slept with. If you sleep with a girl who was *born* in another country, that’s a flag. If you sleep with two girls from the same country, that’s still one flag. It’s not good enough if her ancestors are from another country because in that case an American flag might as well also be German, Irish, British, or Dutch.

For example, if I have sex with a girl born in Greece, two girls born in Poland, one from Colombia, and a ton from the United States, I have four flags. Most American guys have flags in the low single digits while some of my multilingual friends are in the high single digits. I have only met two men who are in the double digits, including the Italian traveler of average stature who introduced me to this concept in a Spanish hostel. While prolonged travel is not a prerequisite for a high flag count, it seems to help (maybe unfairly so to the point where this metric is gamed).

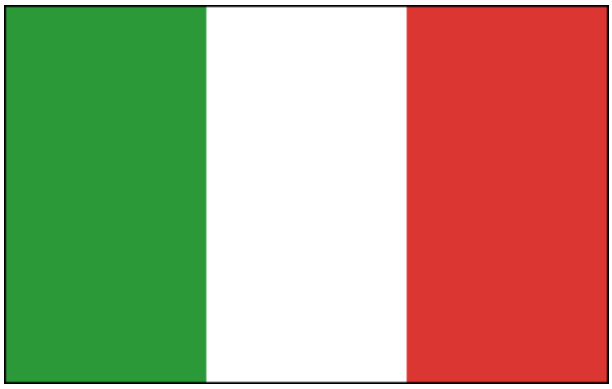
Flags are more telling of your game skill because you are having sex with girls that have different and usually more conservative cultural beliefs and norms. Being desirable to women from several countries signifies more game than being desirable to the same type of girl from the same locale. Abercrombie & Fitch guys who abuse pomade have a lock on the American blondes, but unless they are especially good-looking their game has trouble adapting and conforming to girls from other countries. And an American flag is the least valuable because American girls, from my experience, are the easiest in the world. European guys drool on American girls overseas not necessarily because they are exotic but because tales of their promiscuity have arrived long before they flew in.

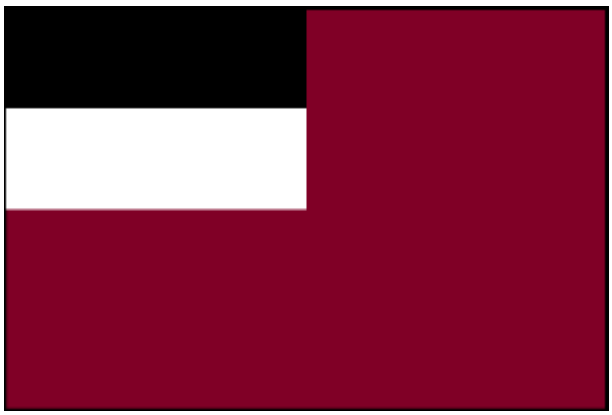
If a guy tells you he has 30 notches but 2 flags, chances are he found a niche for which he is exploiting. It is possible he is a one trick pony. There is no crime in that at all, but his specific niche may not be able to teach you anything. His advice could be like Leonardo DiCaprio telling you that to get laid all you have to do is be yourself and wear nice clothes. But if a guy tells me he has 15 notches but 6 flags, I’ll make the safe assumption that his diverse banging is probably not the result of a golden goose.

Keep in mind the only way to really identify a guy’s game is to observe him in action over a prolonged period of time, which means that unless he is a close acquaintance you will have to always be skeptical and see if his game advice and stories at least somewhat correlates with your own experience. Without experience though, you will have very little ability to separate truth from fiction.

Everything that is worth exploring has been explored, but flags can serve as a modern man's way of tapping into the exotic unknown and pushing himself when notches no longer can. If there are two girls in front of me who are mostly equal, I gotta go with the one who gives me the flag.

Most Desired Flags:

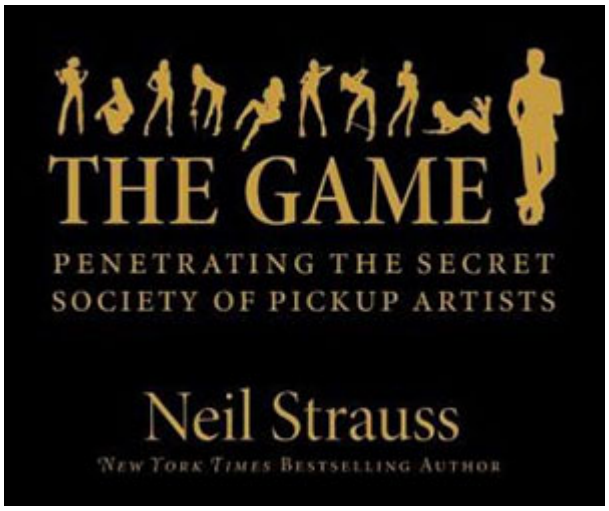




If you liked this post then I think you will like my book **Bang**, a collection of simple but powerful techniques, moves, and lines that make it easier for the average 20-something man to be more successful with women. Topics in **Bang** include discussion of the alpha

male, effective opening lines, conversation themes, getting phone numbers, detailed dating strategy, and much more.

Complimenting the book is Roosh's Game Tips Email Newsletter. It's free and your first newsletter will be about how to meet girls in coffee shops. Following that will be newsletters on dealing with flakes, handling cockblockers, and meeting girls in foreign countries, among others. Your email address will always remain private and you can unsubscribe at any time. Put your first name and email address below and click the button.



More Flags

May 20, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Had a couple interesting questions about the flag metric that I wanted to discuss. But first, what is a notch? The most objective answer would be when the plane of the vagina is broken. This means any depth of insertion. Everything else is subjective. If a guy told me his latest notch was when he put it in one inch, I'd roll my eyes but I would not dispute his notch.

I remember a friend telling me his girlfriend had the belief that sex with a man doesn't count until he ejaculates. Every woman seems to have a different definition that would make the notch count mostly meaningless. The standard definition isn't perfect, but at least you know, at the minimum, what happened.

Onto flag questions:

"How about if she moves to America at 10 years old from her birth country and is basically American?"

If we go by our objective definition, we'd count that flag. This is one of the downsides of the flag metric that will boost every guys's count by a couple flags. But notch count has its own problem where even those hogs you've banged have equal footing with your more respectable encounters.

It's impossible to draw the line and figure out how old is old enough to be flag worthy. How about if she moved here when she was one-day old? Well just like with the one-inch penetrator I'd roll my eyes, but I would not dispute it.

"How about if a girl was born in Madagascar to American parents, and then moved back to this country at a young age?"

This is where I tell you to stop thinking about situations that are going to be uncommon for 95% of men. Again, if you want to count that as a Madagascar flag then fine but you are beginning to shit on the spirit of this concept.

So we've got the notch, cost per notch, and flags as objective, though flawed, indicators of game tightness. In addition, hanging out with the guy for several nights and viewing a sampling of photos of the girls he has banged would paint a much clearer picture of his game.

I've also thought of cost per bang (CPB), which is your total dating expenditures divided by total sex encounters. I haven't touched this one because betas in serious relationships would probably compete very well with even the most supreme of players. If you do test it out though, I recommend you count a series of bangs in a continuous encounter (for instance a nighttime date that turns into a next afternoon exit) as one "bang."

John Rambo

May 20, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

This first video shows how much information our brain processes without us consciously knowing it. Some filmmaker sets up two marketing guys with a challenge to come up with a campaign for a taxidermy chain. The end result is creepy.

The Rambo sequel is coming out in 2008 but there is a 3-minute trailer floating around…

Holy shit I gotta see that.

I really dig the one-man army movies because there is a part of me that longs to be that bad ass than can kill everyone without being seriously injured. Take note of the brutal but necessary ways that Rambo disposes of the Burmese scum, including the bare hand neck claw move. And you know he's going to bang that chick. Every now and I need to watch a movie that regresses me into my true primal state.

No Escape

May 21, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

For the past two months I've been trying really hard to slow things down and not view women as pieces of meat, to just enjoy their company and not always try to bang them quickly. But no matter how hard I try, just knowing I have the ability to make something happen is enough for me to make it happen.

I met a girl at a bar and talked to her for maybe five minutes before I had to leave to catch the Metro. I have been telling myself I was done with numbers but she was cute and Venezuelan so I got it. Besides, I'm going to South America and it will be useful to pick her brain.

On the phone I found out that she is going back home in four days for several months. By the time she returns I will most likely be gone. A girl doesn't give you her number with one week left if she's not trying to bang, but I'm done with this casual banging, I said to myself. "How about ice cream?" Just for one hour, to talk.

Man, that night was chilly for ice cream. "Do you want to get a drink instead?" I said. Of course she wanted to. Once we started drinking that sangria I was put into situation that I'm all too familiar with. The auto-pilot switch went on. It starts with touching first, her hands, her arm, barely brushing her legs with mine, then a couple of stories (true stories of course) that indirectly display qualities that she *probably* wants in a man. Hours pass.

The more time she spends with me, the more my tentacles have a hold on her and the weaker she will get. Yeah, initially she was sitting there in a bar, mostly sober, thinking logically about how she's not a slut and won't fuck some guy she just met, but things change.

When I walked her home, I remember she told me earlier in the night that her rooftop has a good view of the Washington Monument and Capitol. Whether she said that purposefully or by accident, I'd be stupid not to use it. "How about you show me that view you were talking about? I can't stay for very long though." The time-constraint line came out without conscious thought on my part, just like how you can throw a ball in the air and calculate its mathematical trajectory without thinking of numbers or equations.

Girls can be so full of shit. She's telling me before how she is going to be busy before she leaves, but then after rooftop moves all of a sudden she's pretty free the next three days. You can't go wrong if you ignore everything a woman says and just follow her body language and actions and do what you had in mind.

The way I interact with women has more or less turned into a program. If this, then do that. With any situation that comes up I access a prior experience that helps me determine the best next move, like the Deep Blue chess program would do. It sounds technical and robotic but when you are doing this in the flesh it's more like art: the girl is digging you and you got this goal you are trying to fulfill and you have no idea how it's going to turn out. No two girls talk, kiss, or touch the same, and the pathway to bang

ends up differently. The guys who are successful with the game are the least robotic because they can quickly adapt to different environments and girls. They have many different ways of getting to the same thing. I understand how the phrase “art of seduction” came about.

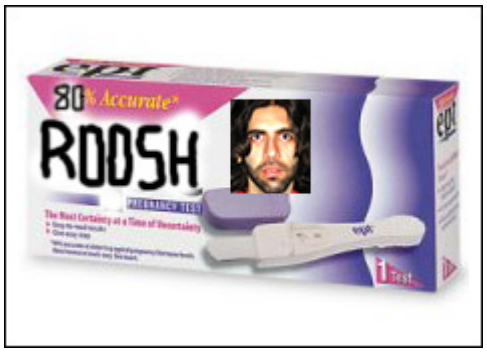
So I’m not going to mess with my before sex game. I’m not going to try to get to know girls better and see them as amazing creatures if there is strong physical attraction. As I found out over sangria, my brain won’t allow myself to make an evolutionary backwards step by artificially lengthening the time it takes to get girls into bed. If she’s trying to get banged, she will get banged. We’ll go with the flow (more like rapids) and have at least one memorable night.

Roosh Pregnancy Test

May 22, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I'm inventing a new home pregnancy test because I'm not satisfied with the ones on the market. Right now all the pregnancy tests are 99% accurate, which is way too accurate. I want there to be serious doubt if the test comes back positive to buy me some extra time to search for cheap one-way fares to a different country. The defining moment of my life should not come to me in a plastic tube brought from CVS pharmacy.

Introducing the **Roosh Pregnancy Test** ™, with an 80% accuracy rating.



With the Roosh Test, if it comes back positive there is a whopping 20% chance that your life is not ruined. That's a pretty good chance! Therefore there is no reason to stress out if there is a positive result. Until you do find out the true result, make a couple simple life changes to represent your renewed outlook on life, like moving and changing your phone number and birth name.

But how about false positives, you may ask, when the test comes back negative but the girl is actually pregnant? Let's take a closer look at the numbers. If the test comes back negative, there is a huge 80% chance that it's correct and she is really not pregnant. If you went to a casino and I could guarantee an 80% winning chance on a roll of a die, would you take the bet? Of course you would. There is only a 20% chance it is wrong and you are in fact screwed, which is pretty damn small, but not so small that if it came back positive you need to start calling abortion clinics.

A man's psychology is such that he needs to be eased into life-changing events. And that's what my inaccurate pregnancy test does, coating his brain with wonderful doubt and inoculating him against the big revelation that would put a halt to his correct lifestyle.

Happiness

May 23, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

My Dad has a special dining room chair that only he can sit in. The regular chairs are plain, old, and without ass cushioning, but my Dad has a fancy chair with a large cushion and a carved design on the back. It's a few inches higher than all the other dining room chairs. His wife (my stepmom) bought it for his birthday.

When my Dad comes home from work around 5PM or so, the house is clean and a pot of tea is ready for him. He drinks his tea and plays with the kids or reads the paper while my stepmom cooks dinner. She cooks dinner at least five nights a week, and during those nights my Dad doesn't enter the kitchen except to get a glass of water. He doesn't do any cleaning either, and even if he wanted to there is nothing to do by the time he gets home. Everything she does is to make his life as comfortable and relaxing as possible, setting up a pleasant environment for him to continue providing for her and the kids.

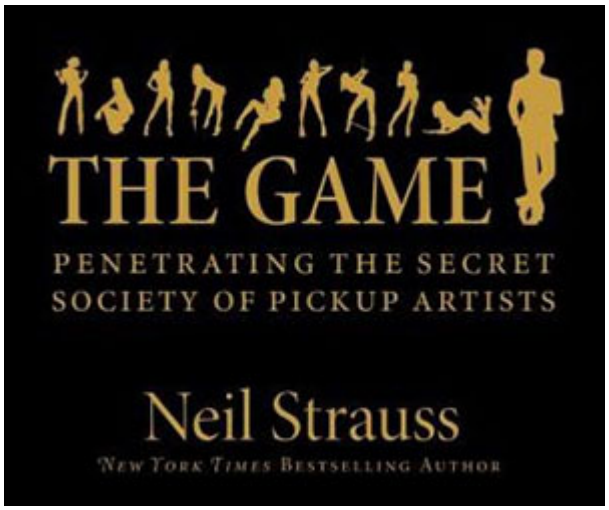
The concept of "me time" is foreign to her; it's family time twenty-four hours a day. It's hard even for me to imagine her asking my Dad to watch the kids while she goes out with friends. It doesn't happen and I don't think it ever will. If she wants to go out, the kids are going with her.

When I cook my own meals, my stepmom likes to clean up after me as I'm still cooking. I've had to fight with her many times to not do my dishes, but she does it anyway. And even if I clean up my own dishes, she thanks me. "Back in Iran, the man doesn't do any cleaning," she says to me. She was taught this from a young age. American public schools have taught me to clean up after myself so it feels weird that someone else wants to clean up my mess instead. Well it did feel weird but I'm quickly getting used to the Iranian way of doing things.

I know what you are wondering. "Is she is happy?" I can tell you with very high confidence that she is extremely happy. For a woman who grew up in a small Iranian town, coming to America, marrying a stable provider, and having two healthy children is like hitting the jackpot. I'm sure that there are women here who hit the American jackpot of marrying filthy rich that are much more unsatisfied than my stepmom. Living in a townhouse and driving a four-year-old Toyota to Ikea is the pinnacle of life to her. Imagine that.

In this country there are 17-year-olds whose parents have given them more material wealth than some of us will ever get to see. They have a "family" credit card and live in an upper middle-class McMansion that they travel from in a new car they received for their sweet sixteen birthday. When you have more than 99.5% of what other human beings have before you even start work, your view of life becomes distorted. In creeps entitlement and poor work ethic that affects your consumer habits (nothing is truly valued), how you view fun and pleasure (it can be bought), and how you approach human relationships (people are disposable).

My Dad has been hinting that he wants to return to Iran, but my stepmom keeps telling me how she doesn't want to go back because she loves life here. Happiness is relative, based on perspective and expectation—thinking too much is detrimental to happiness. Besides, you'll just hurt your head (existential depression is considered a medical condition). I doubt my stepmom wonders about those bigger questions of life. Are the kids fed? Is the house clean? Is the spouse happy? Is there food and shelter? Then life is great. But for a lot of my peers and countrymen, that simply is nowhere close to being enough.



Dragonfly Is Closing

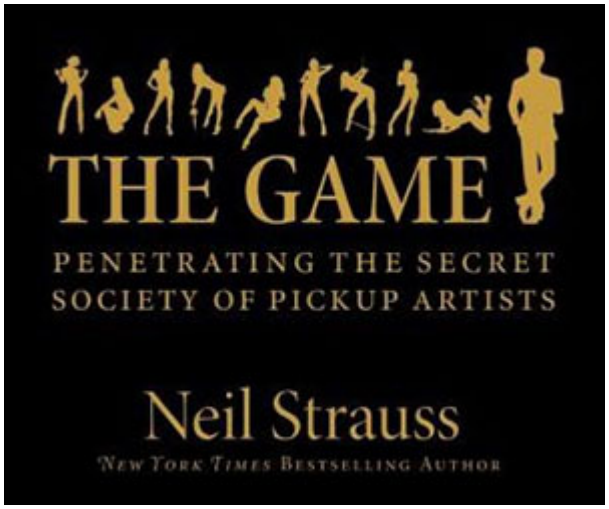
May 24, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Rumor has it that Dragonfly, my favorite lounge/club/whatever, is closing on Sunday or Wednesday. My 5 Washington DC Bars For Men post is already obsolete.

I'm surprised because judging by the Saturday night crowds it didn't seem like they were hurting for business. Someone told Virgle Kent said they are turning it into a boat shop.

Postscript: I went there Saturday night and they will indeed be closed after Sunday (May 27). The management of Fly lounge is taking over and is turning it into a water-themed venue that will be called Current or Wave. Just what we need: another "exclusive hotspot" that only cares about table service.

Postscript 2: Another source claims management will be from Play, and that the new club will open early fall.



Only In America

May 24, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Sunny Lane is a porn actress, which means she gets paid to have sex with random men on camera. Her career is managed by her *parents*, who are very pleased that their daughter is famous and making money.

XXX Family Values (work safe)

> For them, Sunny's co-stars are her "dates," and they say they'd rather her have sex on a porn set than with a "civilian" who might eventually break her heart.

I agree. It's much better for a girl to get fucked by hundreds of large cocks than to try for the kind of relationship that resulted in her existence. This type of thing only happens in cultures where money and fame is believed to be more important than qualities like self-respect and humility. My brothers in Afghanistan would agree that this would never happen over there.

I'm not mentioning this story because it's shocking or surprising, but to show that certain outcomes follow naturally from their corresponding beliefs. Next thing you know they'll have porn movies with mothers and daughters sharing the same guy.

Basic Travel Tips & Links

May 27, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I've received a few emails from people my age asking for some travel advice. I'm posting this one because it has some helpful links for everyone.

> To plan trips I used to go to the bookstore and grab the travel books and sit there and read them. I don't know if you have tried this but it's pretty useless in trying to find places you think are good. There really is no travel guide written for the single young guy. I tried the internet too but it's mostly just advertisements and general info that the travel books have.
>
> So that leaves two real sources of decent info:
>
> 1. People you know, who know you and what you would like.
>
> 2. Message boards, with opinions that are more honest and current.
>
> Some sites I use…
>
> BootsnAll Travel Forum
> Road Junky – i read this regularly
> Hostel reviews
> FlyerTalk Forum
> Couch Surfing – myspace for travelers
> WikiTravel Guides – dry but free
>
> You may be reduced to picking a major city you like and just winging it. Once you get there it will be much easier to find things to do because you only have to ask the locals.
>
> As for travel tips, my main one is to keep your schedule as free as possible. Don't reserve more than your first couple nights of rooms and don't buy any bus/train tickets in advance. Once you get to the location, you will find out about things you can do and you want to be as free as possible to change your schedule.
>
> Roosh

In other travel news, it took me about six hours but I was finally able to get a custom map installed that keeps track of my whereabouts. When I post from down there, all I have to do is attach my longitude and latitude coordinates and a marker automatically shows up here. Then you can click on a post from that location. 😎

The Encounter

May 28, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Enough time has passed where I feel comfortable sharing something that happened to me in Venezuela. The emotional wounds have healed.

It was my fifth night there and I was on Margarita Island. That night I met a couple waitresses at a restaurant who took me to a club two blocks away. I thought I was going to hook up with one of the them but that didn't happen so I was on my own for the second half of the night.

Going through the back of the club put you directly on the beach. I dodged couples making out to sit on a sand ledge facing the ocean. The wind was strong that night, my friends. I closed my eyes and placed my hands on the sand behind me. This is the type of moment that is enhanced with a girl, I thought. Not two minutes later, a random girl I never met before did show up. She sat right next to me.

She was alright looking. Maybe a 6.5 out of 10. Cute but not hot. In bad English she asked me where I was from. I told her and then she said she was from Brazil. Then she gave me this lazy look and glanced at my lips. If you're a guy, you know what I'm talking about. It took less than 30 seconds for us to start making out on this sand ledge. I guess all those things they say about Brazilian girls are true.

We went back inside and I bought a round of Polar Ice beers (a dollar each). This girl is dancing in front of me as I'm sitting down enjoying my beer. Then she asks me where I'm staying. I had a $50 a night apartment with its own bedroom and kitchen, luxurious by Venezuelan standards. She asked me if I wanted to go back to my place.

Now this concerned me. I've had girls move fast on me before but this is exceptionally fast. And she is from Brazil, a land known for its casual prostitution. I told her that I wanted to hang out at the bar a little longer because I like the music. If she saw me as a potential client, I wanted her to get discouraged and move onto easier fish. But if she wasn't a prostitute, she wouldn't mind hanging out for a bit longer. I got a second beer and we hung out for another 30 minutes.

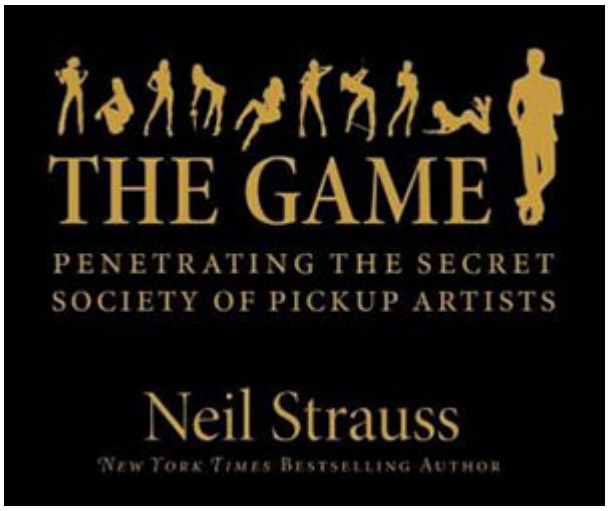
Once I knew her for an hour, I concluded that she definitely was not a prostitute. I was ready. "Why don't we go back to my place?" I said. She agreed, and we walked there. Inside I gave her a tour of the apartment that ended in my bedroom. I went to the kitchen to get some water and to put my cash in the refrigerators butter compartment—just in case she tried to rob me after I went to sleep.

Things progressed quickly in the bedroom. Within 10 minutes we were both completely naked. My condom use can best be described as a hair short of full safety compliance, but with this girl there was no fucking way I'm getting near her without one. She didn't look that clean anyway.

I put on a condom and got ready to make big penetration. Then she said something which has been permanently etched into my brain, Brazilian accent and all.

“Pay me.”

Part 2: Live and Learn



Live And Learn

May 29, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Continued from The Encounter.

I rolled off her onto the other side of the bed. In Spanish I said, “No me dijiste eso. No pago para el sexo” which I was hoping translated to “You did not tell me that. I don’t pay for sex.” I got on my back and stared at the ceiling. She said everything is okay and snuggled up next to me. I got the impression that she would bang anyway, but I was no longer in the mood.

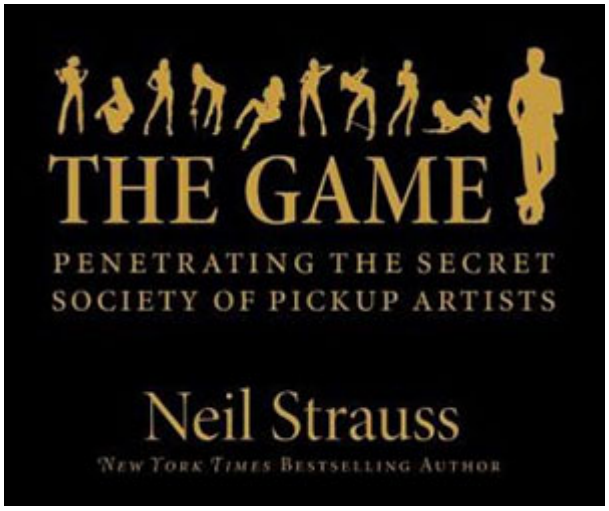
I laid there motionless and quiet, stunned, reliving the past five minutes of my life, still naked with a condom on my junk. There’s the prostitute, laying next to me. She’s probably thinking about how much money she lost on me. I felt dirty, stupid. She got up from the bed and put on her clothes. I put on my boxers and walked her out to make sure she didn’t decide to grab a snack from the refrigerator and discover my money stash in the butter compartment. No more words were exchanged between us. I went to the bathroom after she left and rinsed my mouth with Listerine and brushed my teeth, a mostly symbolic cleansing for I’m sure I already have everything that could be transmitted from mouth to mouth contact.

It’s tempting to say that I should have known, but I disagree. I’ve had some experiences with American girls which come close to the Brazilian, and when you have been bombarded with messages that Brazilians are hyper-sexual beings you figure it’s just their normal way of doing things. Plus I had too many Polar Ices.

I know what I will do next time: I will make a casual reference to being short of cash. Maybe I’ll ask her if the bar accepts credit cards or I’ll say that I’m only having one more beer because I spent all my money and can’t find an ATM. If she is a prostitute, she’ll probably ditch me immediately. Short of asking her if she is a prostitute, which may kill my chances if she isn’t one, any insinuation of being broke should do. Basically what I do now with American girls.

I had a grin on my face the next morning. What a fucked up but crazy experience to have. And all it cost me was a whole lot of sand she left behind on my bed. I’m smarter and have better prostitutite-dar than before, but I’ll be surprised if I don’t cross paths with another secret prostitute again. I’m just glad I didn’t touch her vagina with anything but my fingers.

Conclusion: Sleeping With Prostitutes


THE GAME
PENETRATING THE SECRET
SOCIETY OF PICKUP ARTISTS
Neil Strauss
New York Times Bestselling Author

Newsletter No. 6

May 30, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

This weekend I'm sending out a newsletter about taking advantage of approach opportunities, and when you should beat yourself up for not doing anything. Sign-up in top right, or go here.

Some of the free email services act weird with the mailings, so I recommend you add roosh@rooshv.com to your address book. If you missed any of the previous newsletters, or come Monday you don't get this one, just send me an email.

Sleeping With Prostitutes

May 30, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

About half a dozen guys I've met since college have told me their story of sleeping with a prostitute. There was one thing in common with each guy: none of them actually paid for the prostitute, a relative or friend did. All of them made sure to stress that fact, which tells me that the shame isn't in sleeping with prostitutes, it's paying for it.

I'm not a fan of the "Well you are paying for sex anyway through dating" argument. Sure you spend money on food or drink with the intent of sleeping with a girl, but sex is never a sure-thing and in the end she sleeps with you because she wants to, not because she thinks she'll get something immediately after the sex act is done. I agree that there are golddiggers who put out to keep the good times rolling, but I doubt they actually count how many more dinners they will get from one additional instance of sex.

If I'm able to sleep with attractive girls on my own, I can't imagine a reason or situation where I would pay for one, even if I was about to jam it in. But how about if there is a girl who is incredibly hot and on a level way beyond anything I've experienced? If the price was right and she "looked" clean, I would give it consideration until the disease issue would most likely force me to back out. Morally and intellectually, though, I can handle it.

My Monthly Nut

May 31, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Since late last year I've cut everything I can from my monthly budget. I've reduced all recurring expenses to only three items:

Student Loans: $177
Cell Phone: $38
Blog Hosting: $15

Total: $230

If you don't count the cell phone, which I'm getting rid of when I leave, that means I only need $200 to cover my ass every month. I'm not counting car insurance because I just sold my car two days ago.

Now let's include optional spending on things like coffee, transportation, books, and entertainment. The reason I'm calling all these expenditures optional is because technically I can stay in my Dad's house all day and eat his food and surf his internet without spending a dollar. These figures are from May, which I'd say was a typical month.

Coffeeshop: $72
Dating: $24
Nightlife: $186
Outside food & 7-11: $43
Used books: $35
Public transportation and gas: $103
Gifts & favors: $4
Netflix: $16
Grocery store: $48
Target: $36

Total: $567

Therefore I need about $800 in income a month to maintain the status quo of drinking, reading, writing, and banging. But since living with my Dad is only a short-term arrangement, I'll really need about $1500 a month in income a month to account for shelter and electricity. That's $375 a week, which I can get by bartending again for 3-4 nights a week. If I lived in a developing country I'd need about half that.

A lot of people search for higher paying jobs (or even a second job) to pay for an expensive lifestyle, but my strategy is to go the other way. If you need less things then you can work less as well, giving you more leisure time to do the things you really want to do. While money issues will surface eventually, the only thing I worry about right now in life is missing the last Metro train home.

Summer Love Happy Hour

June 4, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Image Credit: Kathryn

When: Friday, June 15 @ 8PM

Where: Grand Central in Adams Morgan

Who: Arjewtino, I Now Pronounce You, KassyK, Virgle Kent, me

We have recruited a new member to the happy hour team: INPY, who displayed his hosting talent at a successful event two weeks ago.

This happy hour will take place at Grand Central, a new bar that I'm really liking even though there is usually a lot of white people. It's like a cleaner Front Page with better music and more attractive people.

Postscript: For a post that promotes this happy hour better than I just did, go here. The others: KassyK, Virgle Kent, and Arjewtino.

Rock Bottom

June 5, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The first time I went into Grand Central with my wingman, this girl gave me a smile. She wanted me to approach but her appearance was disagreeable. Thirty minutes later she gave me another smile but I still didn't bite. Finally she decided to take matters into her own hands when she slid up next to me at the bar. I was more intoxicated by then and open to talking to her, but no way I was having sex with her.

She gave up after a while because I kept giving one-word answers to her questions. She went to sit down next to her cuter friend, who VK took a liking too. Thirty minutes later he told me he wanted to get the friends number real quick and then we could leave. I tagged along and sat at the table.

The girl who liked me was half German and half Japanese, but unfortunately she was born in the United States so there was no flag consideration. Her face was all sorts of bad—she didn't really have a chin and I couldn't hold eye contact for more than three seconds. This would be like a negative notch.

I was being a good wingman until my beast said to me, "God you're so hot I just want to kiss you." Fellas, if a girl tells you that you're hot, you are way out of her league. Only "cute" is acceptable. I knew this but earlier in the day I checked my budget spreadsheet and saw that my cost per notch was just above my $50 goal for the year. If I bang this beast tonight, mission accomplished. So I banged her. I put a Turkish flag on her face and did her for my Mom's country.

After the deed was done, I looked at the clock and it was 1:30. My ride, the Metro, closed at midnight (it was a weekday) so I was stuck until the morning. I got up at 7am, looked at her face, and felt like dog shit. And I'm not being dramatic—I had to think of all the pretty girls I've dated to make myself feel better.

I stopped by McDonalds for a post-celebratory bang treat of a Sausage, Egg, and Cheese McGriddle. It was tasty and took my mind off the beast bang (the maple syrup is built right into the pancake buns), but I remembered why I stopped going to McDonalds during each of the three times I visited the toilet that day. I deserved loose stools after what I did. At home I couldn't even look my little brothers in the face.

I stooped low just to say I accomplished a goal that was experimental in the first place. The only thing a low CPN proves is that you are dirty and can get one night stands. But I already knew that about myself in the first place. Getting laid on the cheap is nice, but where's the emotional connection? Where's the passion? Where's the game growth? Where's the self-respect?

My CPN for 2007 will stand for eternity at $45. Its neon yellow box has been deleted from my spreadsheet.

It’s Time

June 6, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Reader mail:

> I need to know where you found that can of Stolichnaya vodka. I’ve been looking all over for it, but I can’t find it anywhere.

Ah yes, the can…

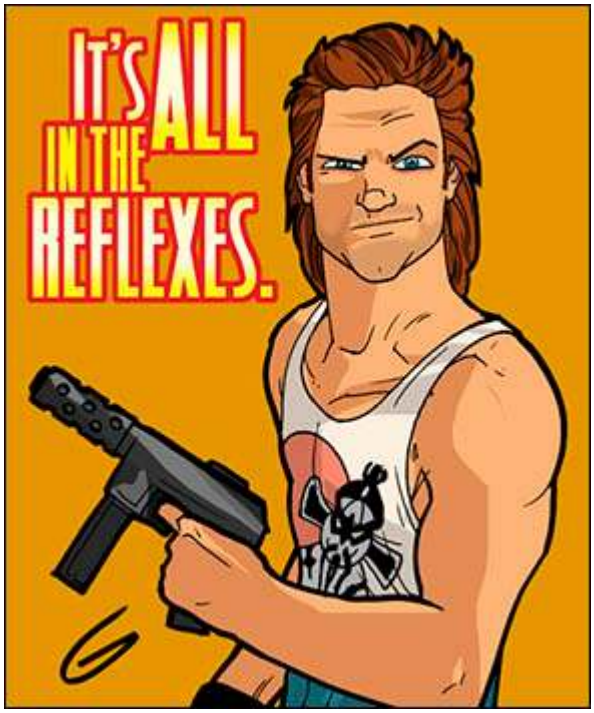
I bought it almost 18 months ago at a Venezuelan liquor store for about $4. The can is 12 ounces, meaning it will produce 8 standard shots.

I’m going to eat a gigantic meal, take the can to a party, and finish it without any chasers. I will be a superstar at the party. As long as I pace myself and munch on snacks, I see no problems with this plan.

Postscript: Well that was disappointing. I killed two-thirds of the can at a party on Saturday and barely got buzzed. The vodka had a semi-sweet taste so maybe the alcohol deactivated or something. Also, I was not the party’s superstar like I thought I would be.

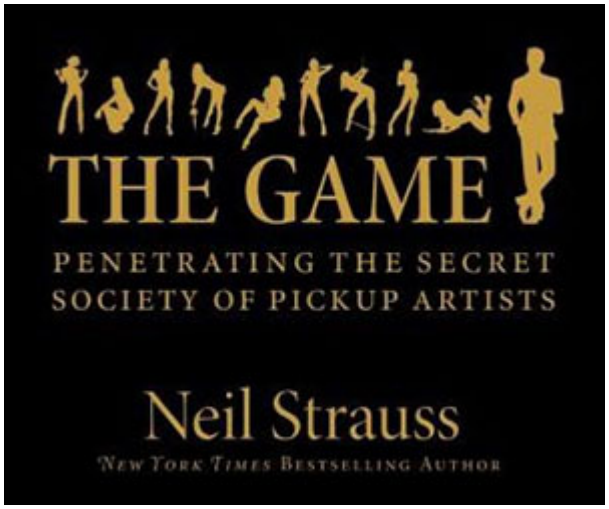
Roosh Update

June 9, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



I've been working on the book. It's the only thing holding me back from leaving because I refuse to buy my ticket until the final copy is complete. I'll be done by the first week of July.

Also, Flag Day is coming up.



Most Retarded Question You Can Ask Someone

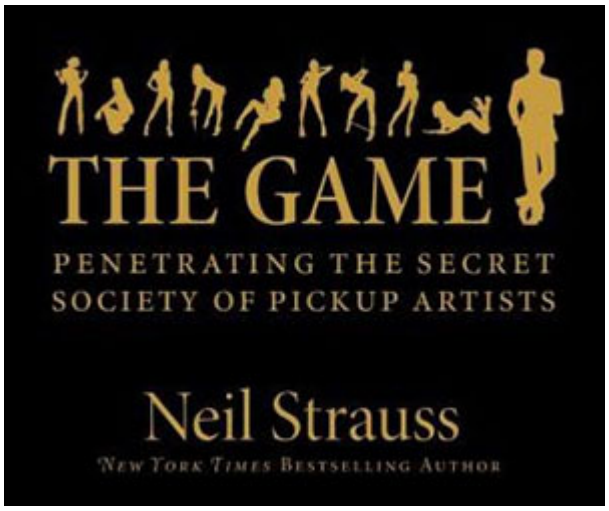
June 10, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

When you meet someone new, there is one question you should never ask:

“What’s your story?”

Every girl who has asked me that has turned out to have no social intelligence. If you have any understanding on how to maintain a good conversation, you wouldn’t ask a question so open-ended that paralyzes more than inspires. Asking this question also shows you are lazy for not tailoring the conversation to the person’s unique background. It’s ten times worse than a guy asking “Do you come here often?”

There are two additional questions that seem similar but are not: “What’s your deal?” and “Who are you?” If a girl asks this with a smirk then she is pleasantly surprised by your personality and is beginning to consider having intimacy with you. These two questions are rhetorical in nature and let you know that your game is working.



Playful Vibe

June 11, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

There is a fun date routine I do when I remember it. Usually this is done after you make out with her and there is a mutual interest. It's a play on when guys divulge their feelings for a girl. She thinks you are going to say something mushy and emotional, but then you go the opposite way. It takes some acting to pull off if you don't want her to catch on to the joke.

You need to say it slow and dramatically. Look down a couple times and purse your lips.

"There is something I have to tell you. I've been thinking about it a lot lately. It's not easy for me to tell you this, but it's something that must be said even though we don't know each other that well. This is what, date one? Still, it just won't feel right if I hold it in."

Look her in the eyes and hold her hand for effect. Now say something innocent you like that has no sexual connotation.

"I really like chocolate chip cookie dough ice cream. I'm addicted. I can't stop thinking about it."

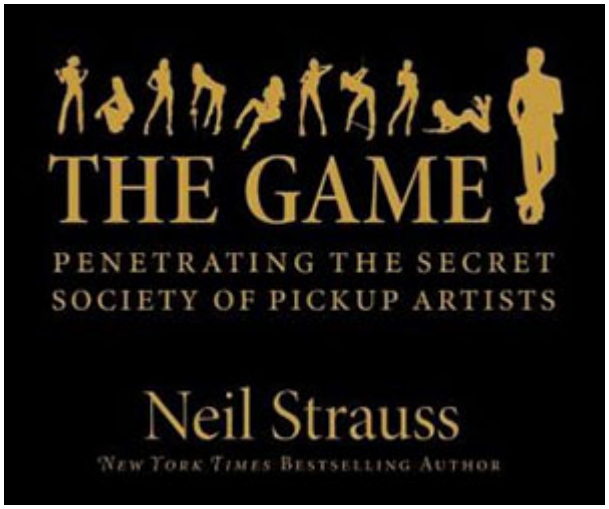
She will either roll her eyes or hit you.

There is a lite version you can do on the same night you meet her when it's clear she is interested in you. Look her in the eyes, with your hands on her hips, and say, "Do you have any idea what I'm thinking about right now?"

You're saying it in a tone where she thinks the answer is sex. Squint your eyes a little so it's all sexy like.

"This chocolate chip peanut butter cookie that they sell at Barnes & Noble. It's so good I could really eat one right now. I ask them to microwave it because the heat energy makes it taste so much better."

It gets a similar response. Fun girls appreciate a playful vibe.



Bet You Didn’t Know This

June 12, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In America, the word we have to describe when one person cradles inside another is “spoon.” You can even use it as a verb, as in, “I like spooning.” This term does not exist in other countries, such as Brazil.

In Brazil, they compare the cradling to oysters. If you want to tell a Brazilian person you want to spoon, say, “I want to lay like oysters.” No joke.

Happy Flag Day

June 13, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Today is Flag Day, a very important holiday that is also my birthday.

I am 28.

While last year I was concerned about my direction in life, this year I'm concerned about which South America travel guide I should buy (Lonely Planet or Footprint). I've been researching for two weeks but still can't decide.

And the Happy Hour is tomorrow!! What an amazing coincidence!!! (No really, it's a coincidence.) Since it's only one day away from my actual birthday, I think it would be acceptable for guests to buy me a drink.

My other co-hosts have have been promoting a Bring A Blogger theme. My theme is **Bring Fresh Meat**. I prefer meeting non-bloggers because they are usually more impressed meeting me than fellow bloggers. Surprisingly, I've discovered that people are meeting and doing stuff from these happy hours. In fact, two individuals who met at a happy hour I co-hosted are about to get married.

Grand Central is busy enough that you can spy first before making an introduction. If you are a ~~groupie~~ female fan then you need to hurry up and introduce yourself because I won't be here for much longer.

Blue Balls

June 14, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I don't think women understand that getting "blue balled" causes actual physical pain. It's not just something we say to joke around. Here's how it works:

When a man gets aroused, his testicles pump cream towards the end of the pipe in anticipation of sex. The cream has millions of little guys who want to get out, like a crowd of people trying to exit a burning building. If time passes and they're still stuck in the pipe, they get backed up and trample all over each other. This creates **pressure**, which is felt as **pain** by the man.

Getting blue balled feels like a 5-year-old punched you in the balls. It's not enough to bring you to your knees but the pain comes up to your abdomen and feels very uncomfortable. There is only one way to relive the pain, and that's to open the pipe so the little guys come out. This can either be done either with the aid of a female or alone in your parents basement.

The arousal has to be intense and sustained for there to be blue ball pain. Watching porn for an hour will not cause blue balls, but being physical with a girl for an hour where you play with her boobs will. I imagine each guy has a certain blue ball threshold.

Opening the valve on a high-pressure pipe causes a more forceful ejection. Cover your eyes.

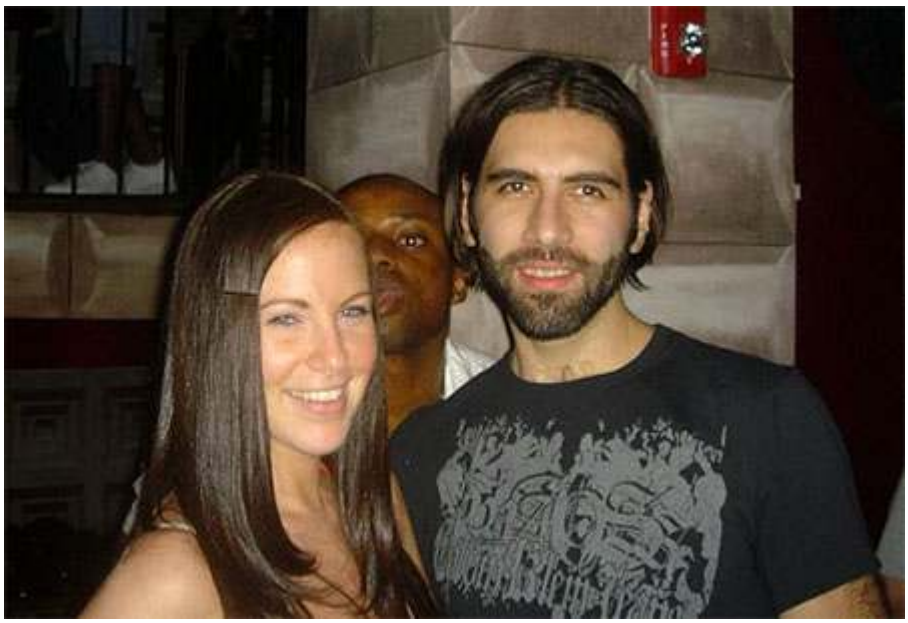
Friday Night

June 16, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Thanks for the shots.

Postscript: Excuse me for the weakest Happy Hour recap ever. It's one of those "What happens at happy hour, stays at happy hour" things. Arjewtino, KassyK, INPY, and Virgle Kent had better ones.

A picture:



I Have A Midland Accent

June 18, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I'm fascinated by accents. I can't get over how the way people speak is completely determined by their environment. If you were just born a few states down, your speech pace and pronunciation would be different. And you have no say in it: your parents chose for you when they picked where to raise you.

Americans forget that other foreigners see our accent as exotic as we see theirs. I've run into some foreign girls who have admitted that my accent is indeed hot. That did not include any British chicks though. The British see the American accent as a mangled, less proper version of their own. Fuck the British, I say. If you want to make a British person upset, ask them if they are Australian. (It's kind of like how we get pissed if someone thinks we are Canadian.)

Anyway, I always tell foreigners that they should learn English from me since I have the generic accent that you'd hear on TV. This pronunciation quiz proves I wasn't bullshiting:

> [You have] the default, lowest-common-denominator American accent that newscasters try to imitate. Since it's a neutral accent, just because you have a Midland accent doesn't mean you're from the Midland.

While I don't care for the French culture, I have to say their accent arouses me the most, man or woman.

Gay Pictures

June 19, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I've been inspired by Arjewtino's gay picture to post two of my own.

Out of hundreds of photos that have been taken of me and my friends, these two were taken at the exact right moment to maximize homotron-ness. I'm not proud of them, but their stories must be told.

This was taken at Dragonfly almost two years ago. My appearance would be seen as normal had it not been for my friends Lindsey Lohan pose.

[image]

The second photo was taken at a happy hour last year. I really don't know what I was thinking, cradling my friends head like that. I'm not sure what he was thinking either. You can tell he's really snuggled up in my arm because his face is all squished. That's Sally the intern in the background.

And that's all I want to say about that.

Withholding Sex

June 20, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Previously, I said:

> If I was a girl, I wouldn't sleep with guys so soon. This advice cockblocks me, but the best defense—to a man whose main goal is to sleep with girls as fast as possible—is to wait, especially since most guys are only willing to have sex with you once and never again. You don't want to put out until a guy shows time investment.

I believe this advice to be sound, but there is a downside in sex withholding: he may see you as asexual.

Say I go on five dates with a low maintenance but conservative girl who rejects all my sexual advances, and on all those dates I do not have an orgasm. What happens is I get used to this and see her as a girl less likely to give me sexual pleasure. As a result, I voluntarily put my junk in a lockbox. After a dog is used to being on a leash, he loses the will to escape. If you attempt to tame your new man's desire, you sap his sexual energy—what makes him a man.

Sexuality is needed to create sexual tension. If you keep your sexuality under wraps, there is no sexual tension. If there is no sexual tension, the man will not be sexually interested (unless he's a beta), and will be less willing to invest time into you. If you are going to postpone sex, get on your knees by date two, grab his dick on the dance floor, and whisper nasty things in his ear to let him know you are a sexual freak worth waiting for. Otherwise you may be perceived as frigid woman who can be better used as a lady friend to pick up other girls who would make more suitable lovers.

Your game has to be tight if you want to postpone sex. If you don't have tight game, your best bet is to have sex with him soon because that may be your best way to keep his attention. If you are not sure whether your game is tight, and by game I mean an vibe and attitude that regularly draws and hooks men, then it's not.

Age & Young Girls

June 21, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I got an email from a young guy:

> Ever since I turned 23, I have started to encounter occasional girls who ask my age upfront when I am asking them out. Both times the girl was 17 (so I understand a little) and since I have gone on to date some very hot girls that were 18. What have you seen as changes in the way younger women act towards you as you get 5 or 6 years older than them?

As I get older it keeps getting easier for me with girls of all ages, especially young girls. Only a minority of young girls will give you a problem about your older age. It's best to beat them to the punch and give them crap about their age first.

Several years ago, my 24-year-old friend took out an 18-year-old on a first date. The whole date he was ragging on her for being so young and inexperienced, that he just isn't "sure" about her. Her instinct was to prove him wrong with a blow job on the car ride home. He banged her once the ride ended.

If I'm much older than her, I'm concerned that she may not have enough experience to please me sexually and mentally. Her lack of experience is obvious when I talk about mine and she has nothing to respond with except her latest mall adventure. Your attitude will indirectly ask her, "What do you have to offer an older, mature man such as myself?" There is no reason you should let a younger girl qualify you because of your age. It is her youth that is a negative, and you must make it clear from the beginning when you respond with a semi-disappointed "Oh, really" when she tells you her age.

I Got Girls For You

June 24, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

It took me five months but I finally enrolled in a salsa class. There are 12 girls in my class and most of them brought their life partner so nothing exciting to write about, but there are other classes…

Imagine this: **20** girls and only two guys. The girls, most of them young, wearing tight gym clothes and moving their hips in provocative motions, while the two guys try to keep up with shit-eating grins on their faces. This is the hip hop class that goes before my salsa class. If you're a dude, lose your ego and take a hip hop class. While odds are you won't bang a girl in your class, the skills will help in the club, especially if you weren't born with natural rhythm (i.e. you're white). Thank me later.

My Country

June 25, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

My anti-Americanism has peaked. Like most Americans, I don't care anymore. Give me the serenity for what I cannot control, etc.

Things about this country I like:

1. Life opportunity. If you are willing to educate yourself, network, and move your ass, you will be rewarded with a salary above the national average, and a lifestyle better than 98% of the world's population. Money will not be a problem as long as you live within your means.

2. I'm fluent in the native language. One thing slowing me down from making an equivalent salary in another country is language, but a lot of immigrants here prove it is a hurdle that can be overcome.

3. Fast sex opportunity. There will always be strong demand for men who know how to turn on women using words and touch instead of money and status. The market is saturated with guys who don't have a clue.

4. The Bill Of Rights. Even with the erosions to our rights since 9/11, there are not many countries where I can tell a police officer that he can't enter my home or search me or my car, or one I can say that our current president sucks horse cock without going to jail. While police agencies are revenue corrupt (parking tickets, red-light cameras), I feel confident that most of my interactions with law enforcement will not end with a beating or drug plant.

5. Target (and it's little cousin, CVS). From sex lubricant to cutlery, gardening supplies to crazy pills, I love how I can walk in a building near my house and buy everything I could possibly need. Compare this to a European pharmacy where your two choices of bar soap are hidden in cabinets and you need to find a clerk to buy chapstick.

Things I don't like:

1. Consumerism. The masses devote their life working to buy luxury crap and Ikea furniture, asking what thing can be bought to bring happiness instead of what can be experienced. The result: a superficial culture that turns something like a stupid party slut going to jail into a national obsession.

2. Aggressive government. With over ~~600~~ 700 military bases worldwide, we're in everyone's business to preserve the power and interests of the white man elite. People's lives, American or not, are meaningless.

3. Corporate power. Industries that form trade groups to spread propaganda and buy politicians have the power to write public policy to maximize profits at our expense.

4. The suburbs. A soulless experiment of strip malls and asphalt that waste the world's most precious energy resource with automobile dependency while isolating individuals to cars, cubicles, and assembly-line houses.

5. Female obesity. If you lower the obesity rate here to a country like France, and reduce the shallowness that stems from individualism and consumerism, American women would compete well with foreign women. Finding a thin American who is not messed up in the head and girlfriend worthy is so hard here that I wonder if going to another country would completely solve the problem.

Even with the negatives, this country is a comfortable, safe, and decent place to live, one that I intend on growing old in unless I find something better. While I don't have American pride, I back all of you up whenever a Aussie or British traveler tries to talk trash with their "Americans are so fat/stupid/materialistic" talking points. I can make fun of Americans because I am one, but I'll be damned if I let someone who eats Vegemite (yeast waste) trash my fellow countrymen.

Laundry List

June 26, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Everyone has a laundry list of qualities they want in the opposite sex. This is especially true for women, whose ideal type often crosses into the fantasy realm. If you break down these lists down into component parts, almost everything can fit into three categories: personality, appearance, and sexuality.

Personality is connection and rapport. Can you spend time with her outside the bedroom? Do you not wish she would stop talking?

With appearance, is she easy on the eyes? Can I take her out in public without constantly thinking I can do better?

Sexuality is chemistry, both inside the bedroom and out. Can I not keep my hands off her? Can she take what I have to give her? Does she seem conscious when I am giving it to her?

Two of these categories need to be satisfied to casually date someone. Usually it's appearance and something else, because these days we are meeting people in bars and clubs instead of being set up on blind dates by our parents. If brighter lighting or sober eyes take away the appearance, the something else won't be good enough to continue seeing the person ever again. Relationships where two categories are met usually last a few dates until things stall out.

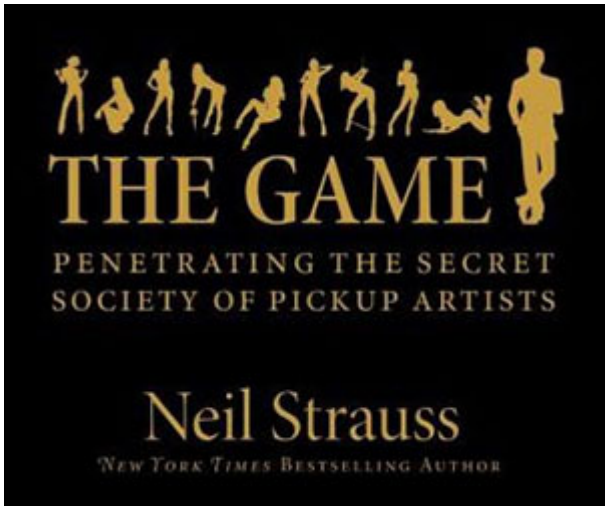
If the third category is satisfied, she is officially compatible with you. The usual result is you will still be in touch with her one year down the road, whether you are dating or not. A common reason a relationship wouldn't work in this case is bad timing.

You need to prioritize your desired qualities. This is my ranking:

1. Appearance
2. Personality
3. Sexuality

Sexuality is third because most of the time I'm spending with a girl will be talking to her and not banging.

What I see with girls is they write off men who don't possess all the qualities they want, and keep in mind their lists are twenty times as long as a guy's. Instead of having a prioritized list, everything for them is weighted equally, which produces the spinster phenomenon we are all too familiar with. As long as a girl is very strong in your two most important categories, it may be worth it if you can work on the third. I'm not saying to settle, but I am saying be realistic and open to someone who is satisfying your most important needs. Because you will not find someone who completely satisfies them all.


THE GAME
PENETRATING THE SECRET
SOCIETY OF PICKUP ARTISTS
Neil Strauss
New York Times Bestselling Author

Peanut Butter & Jelly

June 27, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Two years ago I got trashed on my 26th birthday. After my friends drove me home, I stripped down to my boxers and made peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, my favorite food. This video is them making fun of me while I eat my sandwich. It's pretty embarrassing but enough time has passed that I don't mind sharing.

Speaking of trashed, me and this guy are heading to the beach today and staying until Sunday. I'm taking my camera.

Kwik-E-Mart

June 30, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Several 7-11's have turned into Kwik-E-Marts to promote the upcoming Simpsons movie.

Here are pictures (my favorite)

One of the stores is in Bladensburg, Maryland. Its address should be updated here. I want to buy a Squishee.

Postscript: Picture from the Bladensburg store…

Virginia Beach Sucks

July 1, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I'm never going back again. Ocean City, Maryland is superior is many ways:

-The Drunk Bus, for a last ditch attempt to get laid after the bars close
-More high school girls
-Crowded boardwalk for people watching
-Better bar venues without tattooed meathead military guys and fading cougars (though Ocean City has more white trash)
-No supersonic jets flying over you every five minutes

That jet noise, which is much louder than commercial aircraft, is due to the nearby naval base that operates 7 days a week. You had to pause your conversation every time a jet flew overhead. Now I understand how the Japanese feel.

The actual beach was alright, with ample opportunities for beach game, one of the hardest forms of game. Success at beach game, where you talk to girls on the actual beach, has eluded me even though it's similar is concept to a form I am competent in, street game. Well this weekend I found out what beach game is:

The first thing you notice on the beach is other people's bodies, so it would make sense that a slightly muscular body helps. If you go up to girls with a body like that, they will be very open to talking to you. A little too open. While girls were busy checking him out, I was wondering if my increasingly furry coat would make it harder for me to get a tan.

The highlight of the trip was the first night there when The Body introduced me to the drinking game Power Hour, where you drink a shot of beer every minute for an hour. It sounded easy but after 40 minutes the burping and bloating combined with some

gagging made it a challenge to complete. We went to a bar afterwards where I found a chair in the corner and sat down. Three hours later, the bar closed and I got up. We didn't play that game again.

My only regret from the trip is that we didn't get an intimate scopes picture to cherish this beach memory forever.

Girls Have Normal Sense Of Time

July 2, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Three years ago a girl told me after sex that the last time she did it was a “really really long” time ago. Because I’m curious to a fault, I asked her how long was it. For me, really really long is six months, the longest I’ve gone without sex since losing my virginity. Her answer: “almost two months.” Since then, I’ve noticed that “long time” is getting shorter. It’s just a matter of time until I get “last week.” Keep in mind that I don’t dig for this information. It usually finds itself thrown out there in the bedroom ether.

Because women start feeling very uncomfortable in just a few weeks of no sex, I’m forced to conclude that men are the sexual camel of the species. We can wait so long because we are used to waiting, unlike a girl who can be banging in 2 minutes from the time she makes the decision to bang. Therefore, men are more patient than women, more likely to control their sexual desires (not necessarily by choice), and less likely to need instant gratification. That goes against the fact that many men have banged monsters, but I’m confident those were isolated incidents, in rare moments of weakness.

Finally

July 4, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

After nearly 9 months of work, my book is completely finished. It will be ready for you on **Tuesday**.

I declare the nondescript cover design a success. During the final read in Starbucks over the course of three days, not a single person gave it a double take, unlike when I read this book.

Joseph Epstein:

> Before I had first done so, writing a book seemed a fine, even grand thing. And so it still seems — except, truth to tell, it is a lot better to have written a book than to actually be writing one. Without attempting to overdo the drama of the difficulty of writing, to be in the middle of composing a book is almost always to feel oneself in a state of confusion, doubt and mental imprisonment, with an accompanying intense wish that one worked instead at bricklaying.

The first thing I did when I finished the book was eat a bowl of ice cream. The second thing I did was buy an air ticket to Quito, Ecuador. I leave August 7.

Flags Gold Standard

July 5, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In person I have been getting a lot of comments about the flags metric, which even girls are telling me is "fun."

A while back I wrote about my 50 notch friend. I asked him to email me a list of his flags, thinking he would probably be around the 10 flag mark. He's at **16**, the most out of any man I know. Since he has many international flag repeats, this means that more than 1 in 3 girls he has banged was born in a different country, an incredible feat. His flags:

Armenia
Belarus
Bolivia
Colombia
Brazil
Bulgaria
El Salvador (least valuable flag)
France
Greece
Iran
Mexico
Peru
Russia
Turkey
Ukraine
United States

His conquest of Eastern Europe is strong, and brave exploration of the Americas have been noted. From this list we must conclude that he does not get along with Africans and Southeast Asians. I liken him to the Pizarro of our generation.

Lolcats

July 8, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I used to be all over Cute Overload and Stuff On My Cat, but I'm moved on to the lolcats.

> A lolcat is an image macro featuring a photograph of a cat with a humorous and idiosyncratic caption. The name "lolcat" is a compound of lol and cat.

Visit Slate for a good historical background. The clearinghouse for lolcat imagery is icanhascheezburger.com.

This is my favorite one, only to be appreciated to those who, like me, have a firm understanding of the Italian language:

The next logical variation is **lolgame**:

lolgame.com is taken, unfortunately.

Bang FAQ and Newsletter No. 7

July 10, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The comments yesterday inspired me to make a FAQ about the book. It includes information about delivery, signed copies, and how much I get per sale.

This weekend I'm sending out newsletter no. 7 about what to do when a girl tries to cancel a date on you. The newsletter is a good bet if you on the fence about buying the book since it discusses similar topics with a similar writing style. Sign-up on the right.

Let me know if you don't get anything by Monday, or if you want to check out the newsletter archive. I'm sending it with a new service that should fix the delivery problems.

Girl Notches

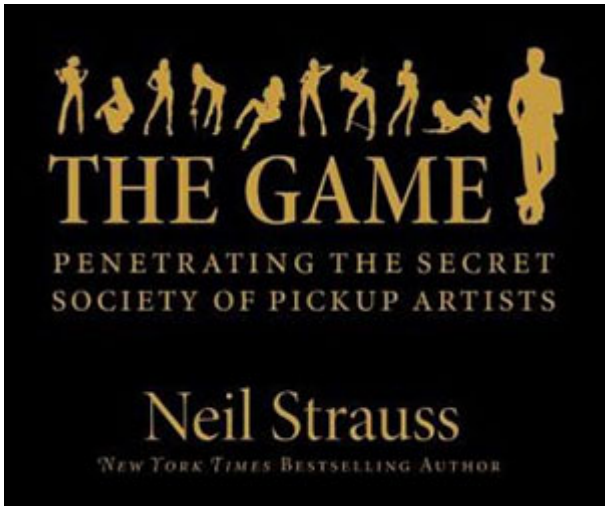
July 11, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I never ask girls how many guys they've been with. I rather not know so my virgin princess image of her is not disturbed, but unfortunately it's not that hard to put together an estimate based on what I already know about her. For example:

Did she have a long-term relationship longer than 2 years? –10 notches
Is she an engineer or computer programmer? –5 notches
Does she own a Coach bag? +5 notches
Does she have a tattoo? +5 notches for each one
Does she know what she's doing in bed? +6 notches
Is she a teacher or feminist? +7 notches
Does she drink more than three nights a week? +8 notches
Was she in a sorority? +8 notches
Does she flirt well and know how to play the game? +15 notches
Has she been in a threesome? +20 notches
Did she take one year off to travel through Europe? +25 notches
Has she ever been a stripper, or at least considered it? +50 notches
Did you have sex with her within one hour of meeting her? +100 notches

The Daily Mail has an article about female notch count, including a picture of five British girls and their respective counts. Check out the cutest girl on the right, who I think most men would give at least a 7. Her appearance is not atypical of the girls me and my friends have dated. Of course she has to have the most notches, at **180**.

If a girl I've been with told me I was number 181, I'd take a deep breath and consider the facts. If having sex with her wasn't like throwing a hot dog through a garage door and she doesn't have any STD's, caring is just an emotional response. It is at this moment that my mental strength and logical thinking would be tested against cultural programming. Even though four football teams of men have had their way with her and I comprise a pathetic 0.55% of all the men she has been with, I would continue the relationship if she was fulfilling my needs. But since she is probably bored of vanilla sex with all that experience, one different thing I'd do is introduce some Rocco-inspired bedroom technique to fulfill my darkest, nastiest desires.


THE GAME
PENETRATING THE SECRET
SOCIETY OF PICKUP ARTISTS
Neil Strauss
New York Times Bestselling Author

Grimiest Bar In DC

July 12, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

It took over six years but thanks to these two I can say with confidence that I've been to the grimiest bar in all of DC: Dan's Cafe.

The main seating consists of a long cafeteria style table in the middle of the room. Against the wall are old wooden booths that appear to be collapsing, along with a jukebox, pool table, and half-a-dozen fake ferns hanging from the ceiling. The only light comes from various beer novelty signs, making everyone—including the scary looking bartenders—extremely attractive.

At Dan's Cafe instead of ordering a drink, you pick a mini bottle of liquor hanging on a shelf towards the back. The "bartender" then opens the bottle and pours it into a glass. He gives you a bucket of ice, a mixer of your choice, an empty glass, and then tells you to sit your ass down and not cause any trouble. The only thing missing is a bulletproof shield around the cashier.

Since you are not paying for ambiance, the alcohol is priced with value in mind. My mini bottle of Absolut Citron cost $15. From that you can make 4 drinks, which at a yuppie bar would cost $32. Some of the cheaper bottles go for $10. I was severely inebriated within an hour.

I think it would be a good idea to take a first date here. Tell her you want to start the night in a cozy bar with character, then act like it's the most natural thing in the world to be drinking from mini-bottles while trying to identify which bathroom the ultra-concentrated smell of urine is coming from (mens). This would be an excellent way to test her shallowness and girlfriend worthiness. Chill there for an hour then take her to a normal bar like the Reef nearby, which will seem like the Delano in comparison. My time is up here so I'll need a brave male reader to do this and then report back for our entertainment. Obviously it has to be a player who dates often and doesn't give a shit if he bombs on a first date, which he almost certainly will here unless the girl is under 24.

City Paper & Late Night Shots

July 13, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The City Paper dealt some hilarious ownage to Late Night Shots on Thursday. The reporter's encounter with three LNS members:

> Then the bearded one in the middle busts out with this: "Do you like anal sex?" I squint. I'm confused. "Do you do anal?" he repeats, head bobbing with excitement. The litany continues. Do I want to take it in the ass? Have I ever taken it in the ass? My silence is taken as an affirmative and he announces that this interview will go no further unless he receives a hand job.

I bet you these guys thought it was the funniest thing in the world to ask a reporter for anal, high-fiving each other and laughing it up for being such badasses—until she published names. Now members mentioned in the article are crying libel in the comments like little bitches.

> Code words like "turbo" and "turbette" help posters maintain the site's exclusivity. The lingo ranges from abstruse to obvious. In addition to "takedowns" and "going to poundtown" or "PT" (getting laid), there's "big timing" (snubbing someone, often a member of the opposite sex, at a bar), "smoke" (an attractive LNS member), and "RBV" (a Red Bull with vodka, the preferred drink of many LNSers).

I guess they have to come up with new code words now that everyone knows what the cryptic "poundtown" means. Another LNS member showcases his superior game:

> He says he knows people talk behind his back, but he doesn't care. He's rich, and that's all that matters. "My brother and I, we do all right," he says. "Guys with money can do whatever they want." He grabs me again and says, "You're kind of cute."

He failed. Overall I found the article to be fair and balanced.

A part of me feels sorry for LNSers, especially the guys. They are just going through college withdrawal and want to be a part of a community where they can get laid with look-at-my-business-card game. As long as they keep their stripped collars and funny boat shoes in the tourist hell that is Georgetown, let them think they are special and high-brow, where nothing says class like a Red Bull and vodka.

Average Late Night Shot member → ← City Paper reporter

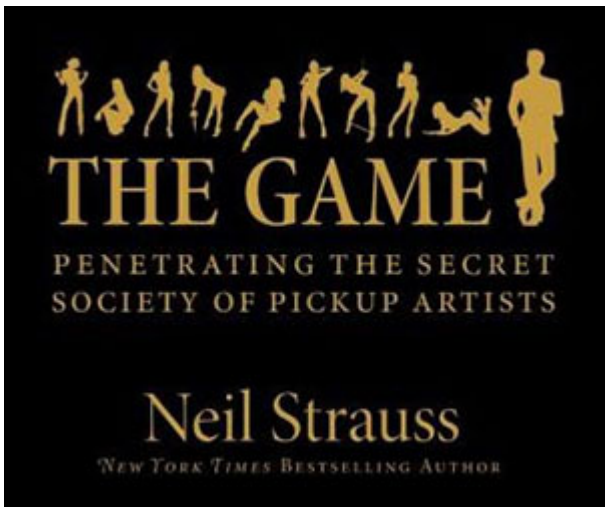
First Bang Review

July 15, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I'm so used to instant feedback on the blog that it's a little nerve racking having to wait for opinions on the book. Here's the first review, posted on Lulu.

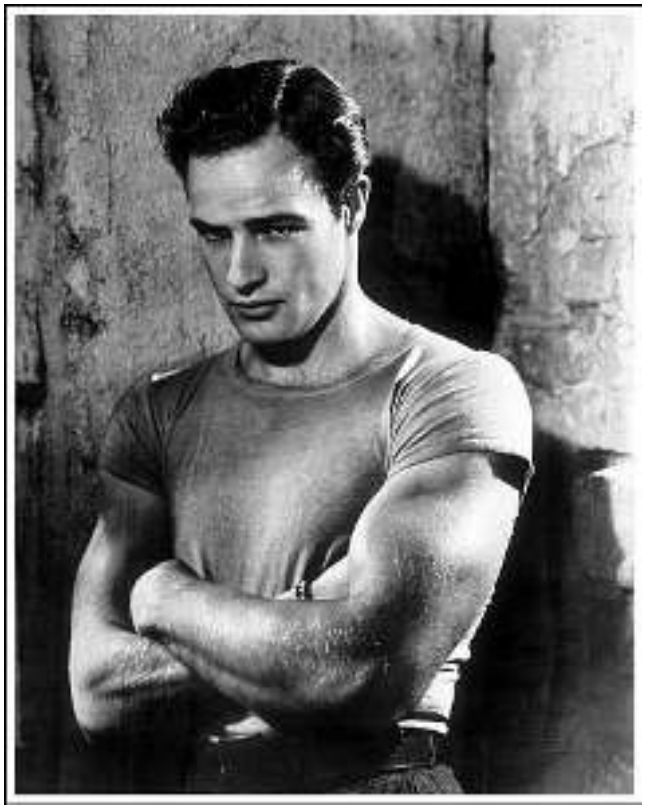
> If you have never read any book on the subject this book is a highly recommend because it sequentially covers all aspects of attracting a girl. It talks about; confidence, approaching, cock blocks, phone game, logistics, conversation, dates, first kisses, removing clothing, relationships, and breaking up.
>
> For people who have read other material, such as me, it's still an enjoyable read largely due to he unique perspective of the author who lets you inside his head.
>
> Some things that stood out for me…The phone game description is some of the best I've seen. Taking clothes off is something most authors skip, this author walks through it. The part of dumping a girl to maximize your chances of banging her later is great. Certain dating rules….
>
> My only complain is that it was too short. It's 140 pages, I read it in one day. The book has no fluff which is probably why I was able to read it non stop.
>
> The intended readers are people who are not getting the results they want with their current methods or people who enjoys reading different perspectives on "game". If you have never read anything on "game", buy it immediately, there is logic to the madness.

66 copies sold in the first five days.



A Streetcar Named Desire

July 15, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



I finally saw A Streetcar Named Desire after getting tired of not understanding its references in film and television. The movie is about Blanche DuBois, a woman with serious issues who stays with her sister Stella and brother-in-law Stanley, a violent alpha male who is so hot that you can't help but forgive the first time he slaps his wife around. (From the movie one must conclude that she liked it.)

In one scene Blanche discusses her beta boyfriend Mitch along with truths that are as relevant today as they were 60 years ago.

> I guess I'm a little nervous about our relations. He hasn't gotten anything more than a good-night kiss. That's all I've given him because I want his respect. And men don't want anything they get too easy. On the other hand, men lose interest quickly, especially when a girl is over 30. When I mentioned marriage, they even forgot where I lived.

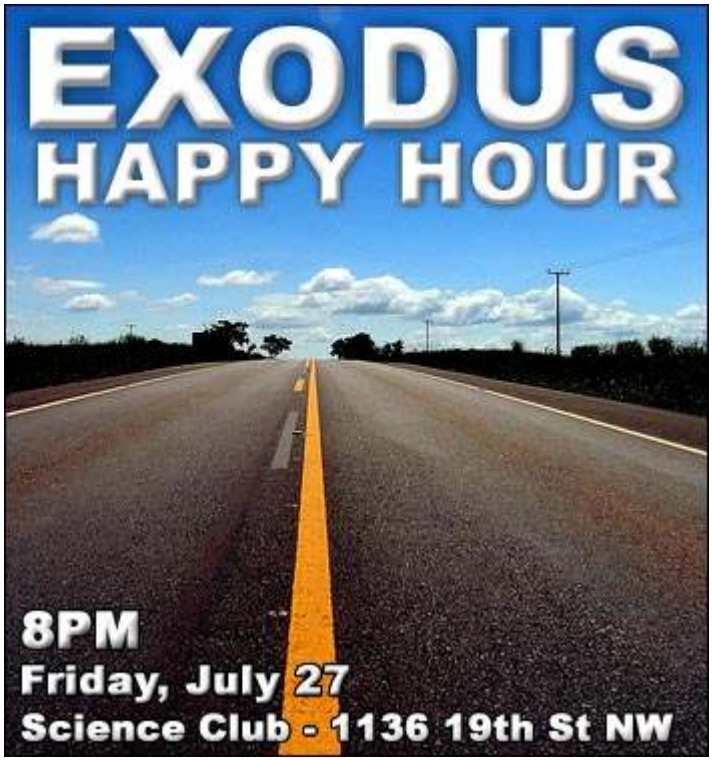
Poor Mitch didn't know at the time that Blanche was the go-to whore back in her home town. She was deceiving Mitch about her previous past, lying that she is chaste and inexperienced when in fact she had many "meetings with strangers."

I meet Blanche DuBois every time I go out. They are past their peak, desperate, and damaged, but they still want to get the attention that dating offers while waiting for a millionaire Shep Huntleigh to sweep them off their feet. They believe 40 is the new 20. Hopefully unlike Blanche they don't get raped and end up in a mental institution, but the common fate of winding up a cougar with too much disposable income does not seem like

a happy alternative. The only difference between now and then is that back then at least the girls hid the fact they were playing the field. Serial dating has become such a badge of honor now that girls will discuss their experiences with anyone who’ll listen over a martini at happy hour, even their date.

Exodus Happy Hour

July 16, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



I'm very satisfied with how this image turned out.

Who: Arjewtino, I Now Pronounce You, KassyK, Virgle Kent, me

When: Friday, June 27 @ 8PM

Where: Science Club

A lot of people are getting ready for summer travel along with myself so why not have a *leaving into the unknown* theme. As with the previous happy hour, we are continuing our **Bring Fresh Meat** concept, where it was nice to see fresh meat having stimulating conversation with old meat. I'm going to bring a Sharpie and a few copies of the book (my "Roosh" signature has been perfected after 20 minutes of practice).

Even though this will be my last happy hour for quite some time, I don't want any tears from the ladies at the happy hour. I'll be posting plenty of pictures throughout the trip that you can set as your desktop background to maintain the closeness. As for the guys, drink buying and the Persian double cheek kiss and hug combo greeting is acceptable, but nothing gay.

Salsa Class

July 17, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I just finished taking my 5-hour beginner salsa class. If you are unfamiliar with salsa, it is a dancing style where the man always leads. This means my partner cannot do anything unless signaled by me, her God on the dance floor.

That leads to the main problem with salsa: I have to lead. When you are dancing with a girl to house or hip hop, you are doing your own thing and she is doing hers, with no real coordination besides keeping the beat. You grab her hips every now and then and rub your boner up and down on her and that's it. But with salsa you have to think about what you are going to do next and if it's a good move. Should I turn her now or do the cross body move? On what count do I do that intimate over-the-head caress / waterfall move? There are zero opportunities to rub your crotch on her and you can't drink while dancing because both hands must be devoted to maintaining God status.

A friend of mine said I'd be an idiot not to learn how to salsa before going to South America. I have a feeling though that my five hours of experience will not get the panties wet. How was I supposed to know that being good in salsa takes months of work? Well, my backup plan is ready—"Hola, soy gringo."

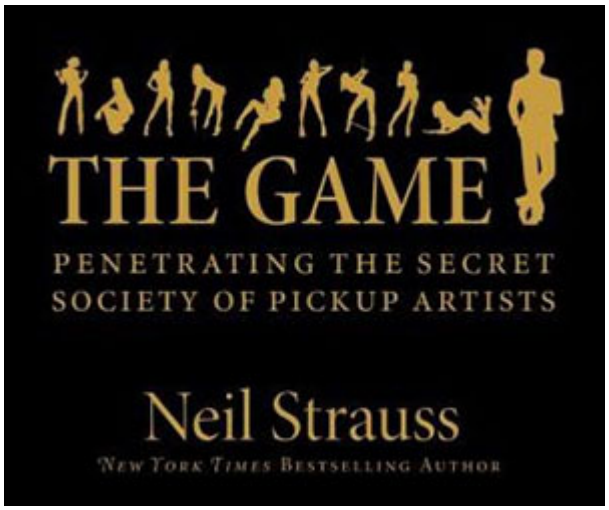
Until You Try To Bang A Girl

July 18, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A lot of girls act skeptical when I tell them stories about the dating behavior of their kind. With a tone that insinuates I'm exaggerating or even lying, I get responses like, "I don't know where you are meeting these girls" or "I don't know any girl that does that." There is no possible way that girls are as bad as I make them up to be, they say, and I must be only going after the really fucked-up ones.

The thing is, until you try to bang a girl, you will never know her true nature. Your college girlfriend who you've shared millions of tears with? You two are actually strangers. That girlfriend you've known since grade school? You might as well have just met on the street.

You do not know a female unless you push the emotional buttons that come with trying to enter her vagina. Her true nature is not talking about fashion or having pillow fights in silk pajamas—it's how she acts when she is being romantically pursued by a real man. If you have not tried to have sex with her then you're only experiencing the tail end of the coin. This is why so many girls think their kind is reasonable and normal, when in fact they are capable of the evilest of evil the world has ever seen.



Beef

July 19, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Several months ago during the early stages of writing Bang, I met a beta male who caused me to change the book. He was awkward and had poor conversational skills, and while I did not ask him about his sexual history, I would not be surprised if he was and still is a virgin. Based on the direction the book was going, would him and his buddies be covered? At the time I could not say yes. I thought about him for a few days and ended up adding more beef to the conversation and bedroom portions of the book. He is not aware of his contribution, and I don't think he wants to be.

One of the hardest parts of writing the book wasn't the actual writing, which was already in my head in the form of various memories, beliefs, and truths, but striking a balance where both the virgin and intermediate player would be taken to the next level, however distantly parallel those levels would be.

A section the inexperienced man will like is in the Late Game chapter where—in excruciating detail—I go over how to take off a girl's clothes, including the ideal order of removal. When you are reading this part, imagine me thinking back to all the girls I had sex, trying to crack the most seamless pattern.

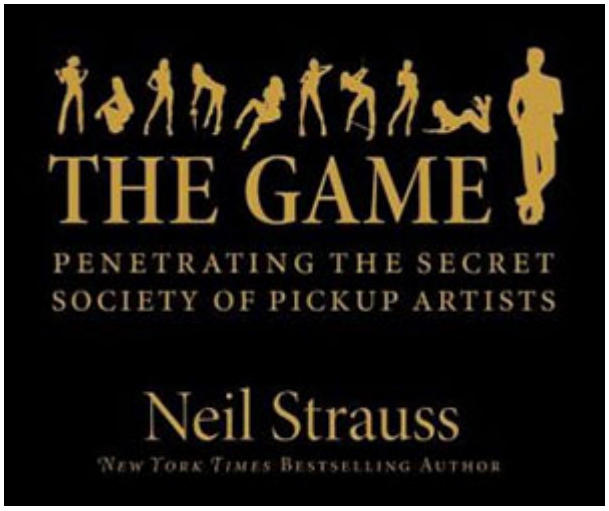
> Next up are socks. First take off hers, then followed by yours. It's very rare a girl will resist you taking off her socks. But if she does, simply skip this step and move on to the next one. Unlike most previous steps, taking off her socks is not necessary to continue because you can always try again later when more clothing is gone. Still, I imagine it would be awkward if you were having sex with a girl and her socks were on.

I hope to get at least one email from a guy who is devirginized because of my work. This is my contribution to the world.

Back

July 23, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

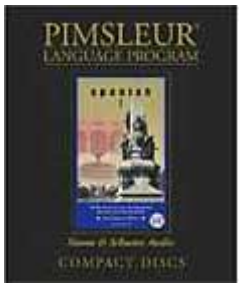
Bang is back after being unavailable on Lulu for about 36 hours starting on Sunday night. If you were waiting to buy it, grab it here.



How To Teach Yourself Spanish

July 23, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

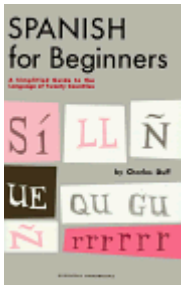
I've been studying Spanish on and off since December 2005 and often get asked what materials I use. While I'm far from being an expert in Spanish, I think I'm stumbled on a formula that makes studying easy and relatively inexpensive. This method is for individuals who want to study at their own leisurely pace without taking classes.



Pimsleur audio courses. Pimsleur is a language instruction brand that teaches you through 30-minute call and response audio lessons. For Spanish and other popular languages, there are three units, each with thirty 30-minute lessons. At thirty minutes of practice a day, it took me about nine months to knock out all three units (some lessons need to be repeated several times). If you finish one or two units and study a Spanish phrasebook that has the most common tourist sayings, you will be comfortable getting around in a Spanish-speaking country. The downside of Pimsleur is that your comprehension of native speakers is low—they often talk much faster than the speakers in the course.

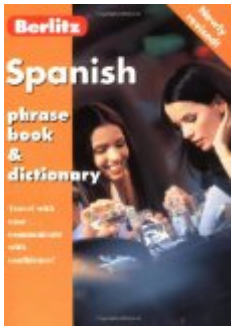
You can buy the courses from about $152 a unit (Google around).

Reading materials. After you finish Unit 1 of the audio course, it would be a good idea to know how the language looks. The Spanish For Beginners textbook fills in gaps from the audio course, and if you study one chapter a week by three months you will be able to read and write in Spanish. Everyone, especially Spanish speakers, will make fun of you for having a book written in 1958, but it's the best Spanish textbook I've found and you can find it used on Amazon for under a dollar. I think the author is dead.



Spanish For Beginners

The Bertlitz phrase book's travel chapter is most helpful, with phrases like *No me siento seguro aquí* and *¡Eso es un escándalo!*



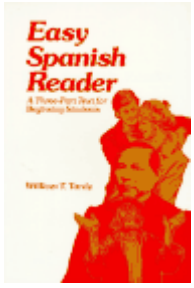
Berlitz Spanish Phrase Book

Throw in an idiom phrase book and a common word book to expand your vocabulary.

1001 Most Useful Spanish Words

Guide To Spanish Idioms

Another helpful book is a reader.



Easy Spanish Reader

This reader defines new words in each new passage and builds off previous lessons until you are reading semi-difficult works in Spanish.

Finally, something handy to have around is a verb conjugation book. It’s optional because you can always look up conjugations online.

The Big Red Book Of Spanish Verbs

Make a notecard for every word you don't know in the textbook or reading materials. It's important to make a notecard of a word regardless if you think you'll use it in conversation or not because you can't predict when you'll hear the word in speech. Maintain a "living" stack of notecards, where you regularly add new words and take away ones that you've memorized.

Words I know

It's helpful to use a mnemonic to memorize words. For example, the word for crab is *cangrejo*. That's hard to remember until you tell yourself that crabs come in **can**s that are **gre**y. Eventually the word sticks in your brain and you no longer need to use the mnemonic. Once you know the words, the next challenge is to use them in a conversation with someone. Example: *Creo que tengo cangrejos* (I think I have crabs).

Spanish media. To get used to the tongue, rent movies in Spanish and listen to salsa or reggaeton. This helps your brain get used to hearing the language, and perhaps you'll pick up on a few words through osmosis.

Recommended Movies

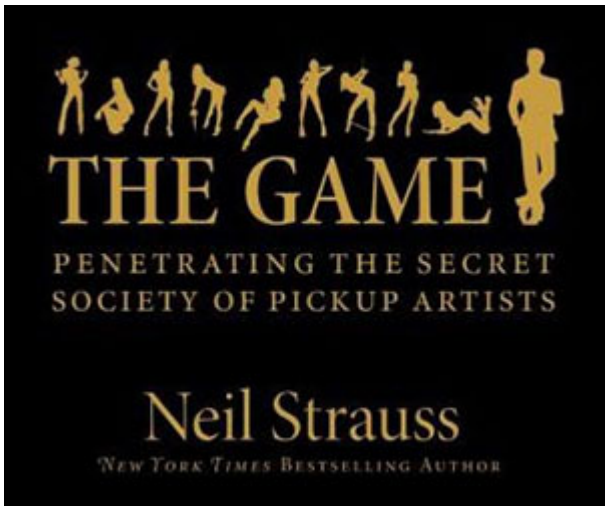
- Y Tu Mama Tambien
- The Sea Inside
- The Motorcycle Diaries
- El Bola
- Secuestro Express
- Amores Perros
- Volver
- All About My Mother
- Talk To Her

Music

- Anything by Juanes or Wisin y Yandel

There is no secret to studying a language other than spending time to memorize and practice the material. After a few months of a few hours a week of study, you can travel through a South American country and not feel lost and confused trying to get around. With one year of study, you'll be able to read menus, *understand* directions, and have conversations with the locals. When I went to Venezuela I had completed Unit 1 of the Pimsleur course and studied the phrasebook and got around without too much difficulty. Between my bad Spanish, their bad English and hand signals, the gist of things were understood.

If you want to put in the least amount of work to learn the language, only get the Pimsleur audio course. You can convert the audio files into MP3's and do them while you are stuck in traffic. Once you are ready to be tested, go to South America where there are much fewer English speakers than in Spain. You will feel insecure about speaking for the first couple days, but you get comfortable fast once you realize that other people understand what you are saying. *Buena suerte!* (Good luck!)



The 1-10 Scale

July 24, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I'm familiar with two ways to rate a girl's appearance: the binary scale and the 1-10 scale. The binary scale tells only says if a girl is bangable or not, but doesn't describe the degree of bangability like the 1-10 scale, which my circle of man friends prefer using.

We calibrate the 1-10 scale by starting with 7, a rating that describes girl-next-door cuteness. She has no major flaws and is girlfriend material for 90% of guys. The problem with 7's is one of relativity: while out with one you run into a handful of girls who are better looking than her. In most men this stirs thoughts of "Can I do better?"

7

An 8 is very cute. The relativity problem disappears but one of personality emerges instead. The hotter a girl is, the less she has had to work on her personality to be liked by others. Because her looks have been enough to get her what she's wanted throughout her entire life, she does not have the training or desire to go the extra mile to please and engage you.

8

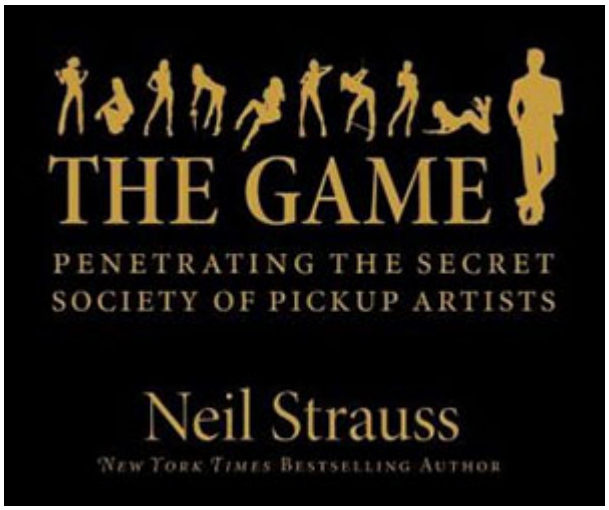
A 9 is what most men would describe as "hot." Getting a 9 seems to be more luck and timing than skill because—besides celebrities—there is no man who consistently gets them. The personality problem you had with an 8 is multiplied with a 9 in logarithmic fashion.

9

The only difference between a 9 and 10 is makeup, clothing, lighting, or photoshop, so therefore 10's do not exist naturally in the wild. Describing a girl as a 10, or dime piece, is unreasonable since you are admitting that the girl is perfect, something that no human is.

A 6 is a girl who is cute when she works at it, but her flaws are easier to notice. Still, it's a respectable rating. Anything under a 6 means you need to drink alcohol to get aroused for sex, especially when you get into the "monster" range of 3 and below. Every man has banged a monster in his life, because men are unable to resist free, no investment sex.

Except me, of course.



First Impressions

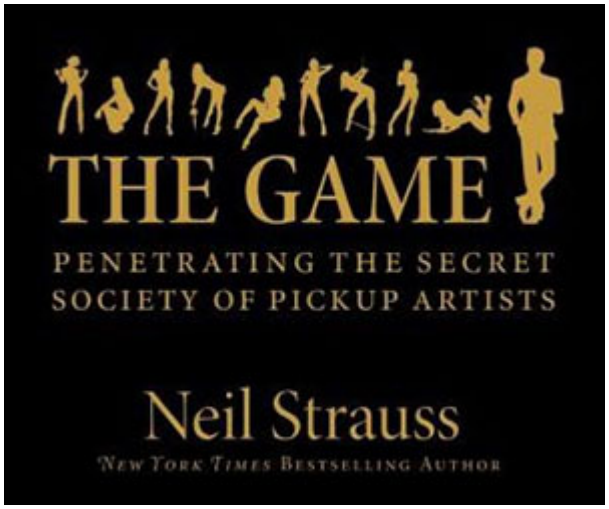
July 25, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I used to come across an older Russian woman in the hallways of my former job. I would often make eye contact and offer up a small smile but she never reciprocated. I remember even saying hi to her one time only to get silence in return. After that I avoided eye contact and never tried to be nice to her again.

Years later, after half a dozen corporate restructurings, I found myself in the same team as her. *Great*, I thought. We ended up having lunch in the same break room next to our cubicle / lab farm. She turned out to be the friendliest person on my team, someone I could talk about things besides work. She even agreed with me on my thoughts about American women and spinsters, which would have never been shared unless we had strong rapport.

On my last day of work, I had my exit interview right after lunch. It was time to say goodbye to my lunch bunch. I gave the Russian a hug and she said, "Who would have thought that someone who seemed so mean would be such a nice guy!" Somehow two friendly people came across as total jerks to each other.

First impressions are useful because it serves as a shortcut to help us decide who to associate with and how to treat them. The only problem is when that impression is wrong, when someone is not aware of a rough vibe they are putting out. It's a question of whether you should give people the benefit of the doubt or not when they don't immediately respond to you in a positive way. How much perceived slight should you take when getting to know someone? I don't know, but I will speak louder when saying hi.



What I’m Doing Today

July 26, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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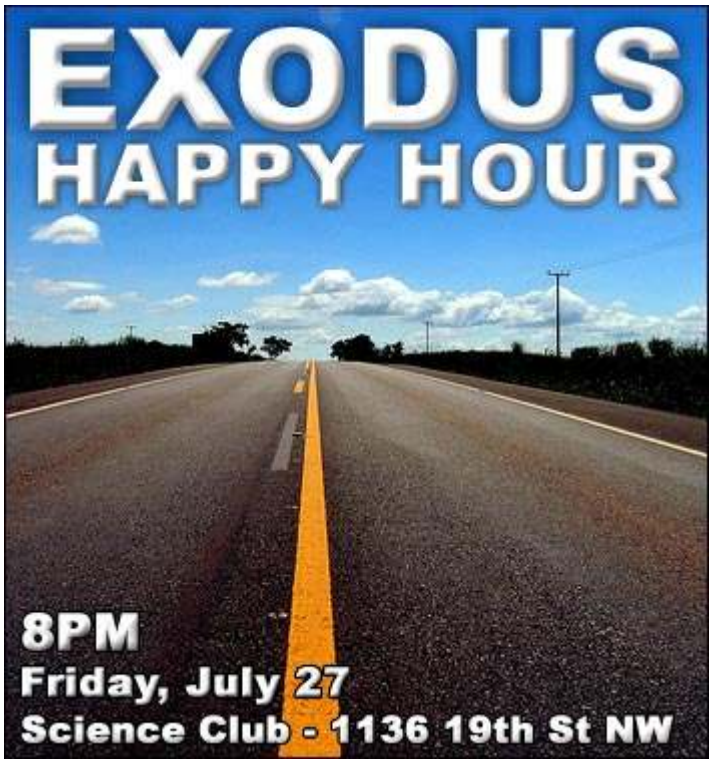
1. The pool. Going to swim some laps and then demolish the little neighborhood kids at sharks & minnows. I strongly enforce a no drains and no human chain rule. I will also be maintaining my recent beach tan with SPF 4 sunblock.

2. The Starbucks. I’ll get a tall iced tea ($1.58) and then go through a stack of Spanish notecards. I’m taking a step back to study alphabet pronunciation.

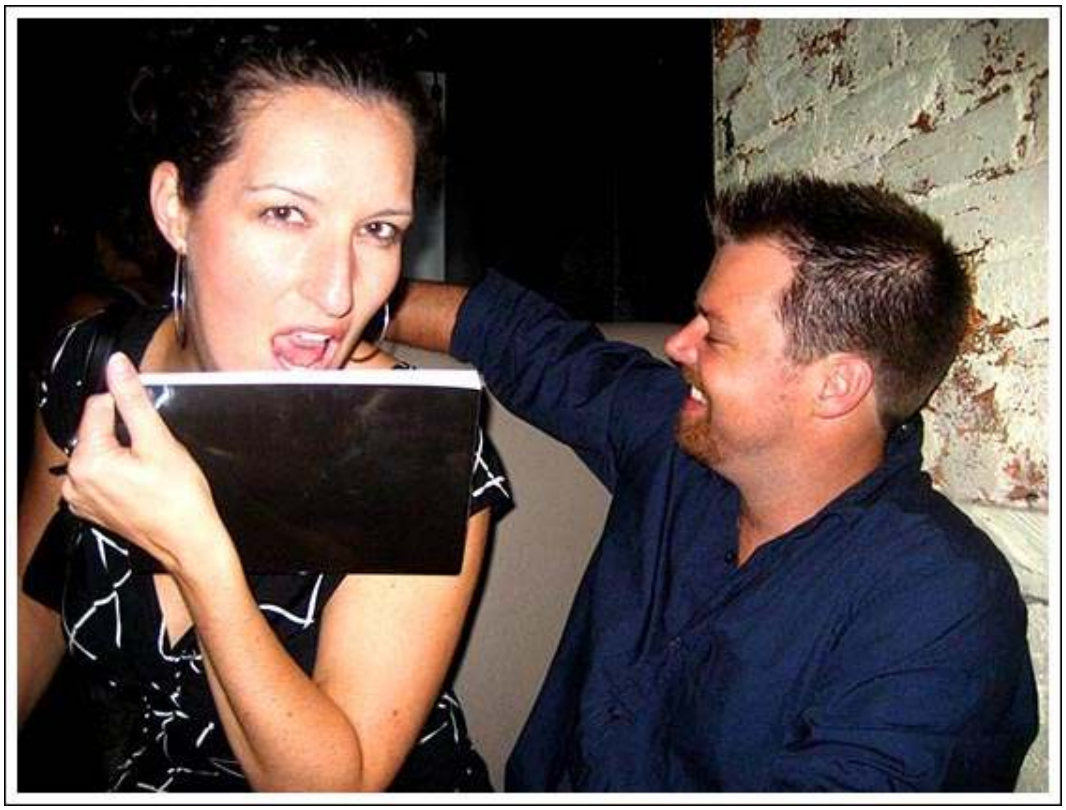
3. The Happy Hour. My last one for hopefully a long time. I’m bringing copies of the book in a Zappos.com box (I just bought these).



Recap

July 28, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

It’s not a good recap unless there is a picture of Cookie / Jessica:



Thanks to my co-hosts and everyone else who showed up. I’ll miss a lot of you guys.

Also thanks to the Steve, the owner of Science Club, who treated me well and bought a copy of Bang. And the bartender—she knows who she is.

Postscript: Picture of me and my two former interns, laughing at one of my awesome jokes…

I don’t remember who unbuttoned my shirt.

Nerd Glasses

July 30, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The countdown at the top of the page is now in the scary single digits. I feel like I'm going into a theater of a movie I know nothing about, and other than knowing the name of my arrival city and the first hostel I'm staying at, I don't know what I'm doing or where I'm headed next. When I was young my mom would have this saying whenever I asked her where we're going. *Wherever the wind takes us*. I think it's her way of saying go with the flow, to not be concerned with the final destination.

But she's concerned about this.

The other night she tried to convince me to stay. *You're stupid to throw away a comfortable life at your age*. To her, my happiness needs to measurable and concrete, like having my own place, a j-o-b, a nice car, money in the bank that is growing instead of evaporating. The only way I could stop the tears in her eyes from falling was to tell I would be back soon, resume my unfullfilling career, and never do something like this again. Certainly taking a trip of this nature will sap the will and desire to take another one and push me to settle down in the suburbs where I can motor around from work to gym to bar to home. *I'll just get it out of my system now before I get old*. She smiled.

My dad doesn't think I'll last longer than two months, and he's been more supportive than some of my friends. While I would like to travel for at least six months, it is totally possible I'll not like things down there and quickly return to the safety of my dad's damp basement, ant infestation and all. I kept this in mind when declining to have a Farewell Roosh party with my friends. I imagine it would be a little lame if I threw this big party and returned before DC's first snow. The only reason I have a feeling I'll be away for a while is because I know that once I return I'll have to resume working. I rather cross the Atlantic and let the Euro finish off my savings.

The other Friday night I went to the late-night Starbucks / Barnes & Noble. I found it strange that the parking lot was filled and a cop car was parked in front of the building. Inside, I noticed half the people I saw had witches hats or round nerd glasses. Little girls in capes encircled my table in the geographic middle of the cafe and every thirty minutes a cute teenage girl would roll by in her skimpy goth-inspired clothing, probably unaware of how that may trigger the sleazy men around her, like myself. I stood out, without a thunderbolt marking on my neck or any other Harry Potter paraphernalia.

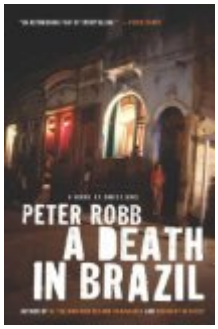
Well it's nice that these people are exciting about something, I thought. *Something they can look forward to.* I wish I could get excited over something here so I don't have to escape from a soulless but nice paying job—a very nice paying job—for something that has no plan, no goal, and mostly involves spending lots of money. I've worked so hard and come so far to this moment that I could be wrapped up in self-delusion, but I think the far greater risk is not doing what I'm doing. I could be gambling with my career, my life, but the dealer is showing a low card, I got 10, and even if I don't have the bankroll a gambling expert says is necessary to ride the ups and down of a typical swing, I'm

doubling down. Regardless of whether I win or lose, or what that next card is, it’s the right move. There will be no regrets.

More Books

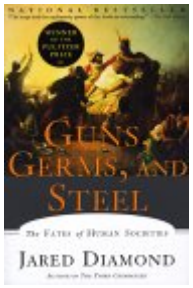
July 31, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Here are a few books I've read since writing Top 10 Most Important Books. My favorites come first.



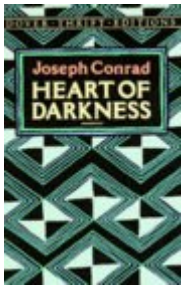
A Death In Brazil

Part travel book and part history book, A Death In Brazil traces back to when the Portuguese landed to the current day leadership of Lula, teaching you about the Brazilian psyche and culture. The author's floral style and use of imagery is engaging and makes this book hard to put down. It competes with An African In Greenland as the best travel book I've read.



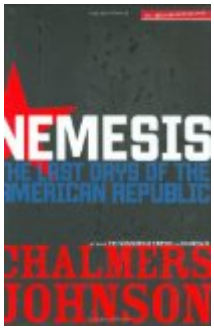
Guns, Germs, and Steel

Excellent book on the history of humans before 1500 AD. It theorizes that differences in human population are not due to genetics or race but to different environments that affected adoption rates of plant and animal domestication, and technology. It attempts to answer why Europeans dominated the globe instead of more "primitive" societies like the Incas or Australian Aborigines.



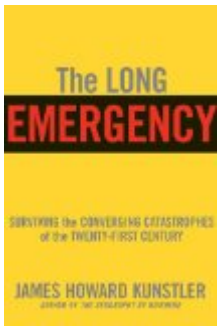
The Heart Of Darkness

The horror! The horror! Short but very beautifully written.



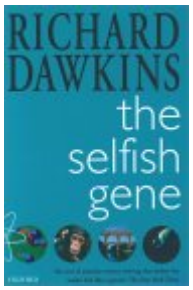
Nemesis

Nemesis is the final book in Chalmers Johnson trilogy about American imperialism (the previous books are Blowback and The Sorrows Of Empire). If you only read one of the three books, it should be this one, which makes the case that militarization will lead to more American aggression; there will be further attacks on America through blowback of our foreign policy; the executive branch will seek increasing power to erode the Constitution; and bankruptcy will be an end result in what the author argues will be good for democracy.



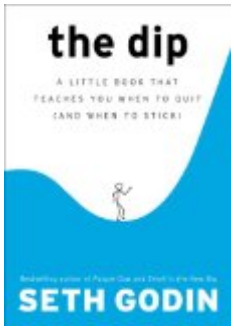
The Long Emergency

Kunstler paints a vivid picture of what will happen as the cheap fossil fuel era comes to an end. While it is alarmist in nature with geopolitical commentary on the Middle East I think is off the mark, this book does make you think about it the future and how a magic wave of free-markets and technology won't save us. Basically, we're fucked. For a preview of the topics in this book, I highly recommend you read Kunstler's blog.



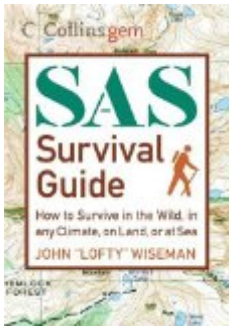
The Selfish Gene

Richard Dawkins makes a convincing argument that evolution selects for genes, not individuals, and that we are all simply robots for gene propagation. A couple of the middle chapters were tough to get through but this book offered a fresh but hopeless view on human life. This is where the concept of memes is first introduced.



The Dip

A book by marketing guru Seth Godin, you can kill it in one hour at the bookstore. It had some helpful tips but nothing spectacular.



Special Air Service (SAS) Survival Guide

Small pocket guide that I would like to have with me if I find myself away from ATM machines and McDonalds.

Sex, Money, and Kiss

This book should be called Money, Money, and Kiss because there is no sex. Gene Simmons will teach you that money is the most important thing in the world (seriously) and how you need to be thinking about it at all times. He details how he monetized the Kiss brand in every way he could think of, like how he tried to make Kiss toilet paper. This book is not very good, but it did have a few gems, such as, “If you are not starving, you are still in the game,” and, “A man is called a catch because he’s trying to get away.” You can probably read this in one sitting at the bookstore.

The Places In Between

This is a travel book about a man who makes a foolhardy trip on foot across Afghanistan a couple months after 9/11. I don’t like his writing style and it seemed like he was more concerned about the accomplishment of finishing the trip than doing it for the stated reason of retracing the steps of some ancient Afghan ruler. The highlight of the book is when he witnesses an Afghani wipe his ass with gravel after taking a shit. Not

recommended unless you have an interest in the Middle East.

Committed To Safe Sex

August 1, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I figure it would be prudent to pack a few condoms in case I get laid in South America. While I'm not expecting to have sex with greater frequency than here, I want to be prepared with my preferred condom brand in case girls start throwing themselves at me. So I bought 100 condoms.

Trustex Brand

They occupy more space than I had anticipated.

The Starbucks Barista

August 2, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I walk to the Starbucks near my Dad's house at least six days a week. I've gotten to know most of the baristas there and they've gotten to know me as the laptop guy who wakes up really late. One of the baristas is a 19-year-old college student who is like the somewhat legal drinking age brother I'll never have. He's chatty, outgoing, and likes having casual sex with girls, so I figure he'd like Bang. I gave him a copy because I want to turn him into an unstoppable player force. He emailed me the other day:

> ROOSH, can i just first and foremost say, I started reading ur book and it is fucking AMAZING. Seriously its as helpful as it is HILARIOUS. Its so good that I have been reading it to all my friends and family as they come into the room. I carry it around everywhere in my backpack when i go out and its still in it's original bag… i value it so much lol. I've been jumping around the book because i cannot control my excited little self as i read the book, my eyes cannot help but wonder to other pages. I was thinking to myself, "Shit, i am going to read this book slowly and savor this work of art masterpiece so it will last longer. i am going to be disappointed when i stop reading."

See the positive effect I have on today's youth?

A second review comes from Mike Forster. He adds a professional touch by using my last name.

> [Roosh] attacks the female psyche like a scientist, using the scientific method to try hundreds of possible moves on his way to developing his plan for success for even the most acne-clad Dungeons and Dragons fans out there. He has clearly spent his entire adult life honing his "game," and the reader is the beneficiary with this excellent book. He uses metaphors and relatable analogies to make all his points crystal clear, outlining what should be the obvious, but for many helpless guys passes as new material. His frank talk about sex is refreshing and well-needed in a society in which openness about any sort of sexual activity or desires is censored from the public discourse. The book is also funny at times, with my particular favorite moment being his analogy that if a girl resists one of your moves in the bedroom, act like your character just died in a video game and simply hit the "restart" button.

Thanks Mike!

A little later he complained that the book could have been longer. I've heard this from a couple people and I think it could be because the page count doesn't account for the large page size and small text. Or maybe it's a fast read because my writing is just so buttery smooth.

Alan Watts

August 4, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

This is the best Youtube video I've seen all year. The South Park guys animated a recording of Alan Watts.

There are five others.

Here Goes

August 6, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I started the travel map with its first marker. Here's a very rough guess of how I imagine the trip could look like if I don't get homesick.

Newsletter No. 8

August 7, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

This weekend I'm sending out my version of the cube game, which you may have first read about in The Game. It's very hard to learn but girls like it because it's similar in concept to their horoscopes and Cosmo polls. Sign-up on the right. Grab a drink before you open this one because it's long.

Right now I'm taking it very easy in Old Town Quito, just observing the people, doing the tourist thing, and reading / studying over non-bitter coffee. I'll start writing about the trip after I leave Quito next week. I still would like to stick to the usual topics here, hopefully two updates a week.

I’m Trying To Get Laid Clothes

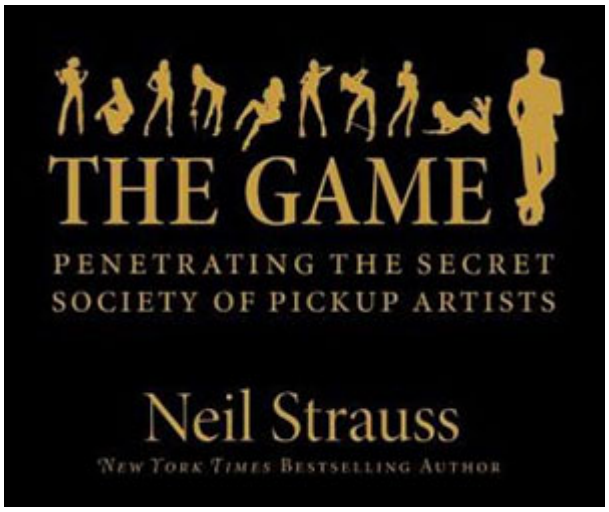
August 8, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

You see a man with a striped shirt, dark pants, and leather shoes from Aldo. He’s not wearing that to feel comfortable, he’s wearing that to get laid. I used to wear this uniform but with diagonal striped shirts because they were in style back in the day. Some of you are too young to remember.

After getting some with i’m trying to get laid clothes, I didn’t like how the next morning’s subway ride home advertises my sexual business. It’s like I’m holding a big sign:

> “HEY LOOK AT ME! I JUST GOT LAID LAST NIGHT!!! MY BREATH SMELLS REALLY BAD BECAUSE I DIDN’T TAKE A TOOTHBRUSH WITH ME WHEN I WENT OUT TO THE CLUB BECAUSE I DIDN’T THINK I WAS GOING TO GET LAID! BUT I DID GET LAID THOUGH!!!!”

The best thing about being a t-shirt guy and jeans guy is that your uniform is discrete and universal. From the club to brunch with the family, I can easily blend into any environment except a funeral. I can have conversations with strangers on the ride home after a night of sex and not a single soul suspects I just let a girl play with my ~~anus~~ balls.



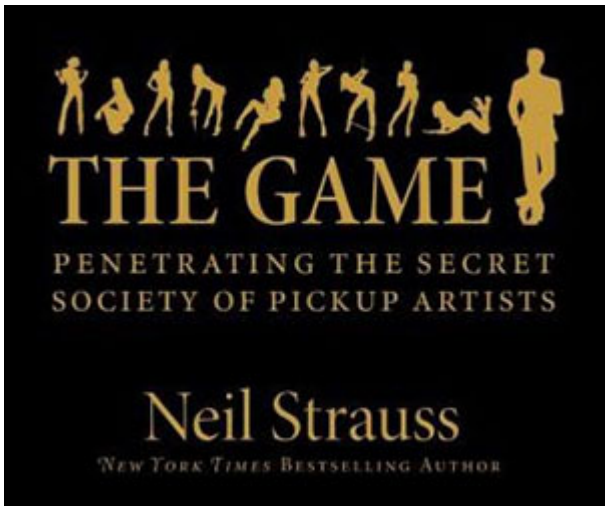
Bang Giveaway

August 10, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A Grandiose Blog is giving away a signed copy of the book. Read about it here.

> Bang is Roosh V's debut hilarious, intelligent and very blunt manual/book/how-to/self-bio/guide on the art of getting laid. A scientist by day and a ~~playboy~~ Alpha male at night, Bang is the culmination of the personal dating experiences of Roosh and you won't be able to put it down once you start.

Excellent.



Ben & Jerry's Free Cone Day In Quito

August 12, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Many will leave disappointed.

Alternate caption: Picture I took five minutes before I got robbed.

For more on Ecuador, check out my Ecuador travel guide.

I Got Robbed

August 13, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

On my third day.

August 10 is Quito's Independence Day, but the celebration started the night before. I was observing a staged reenactment in Plaza Grande until I got bored and decided to walk back to my hostel. One particular street crossing was very crowded and there was a lot of unnecessary pushing and shoving by teenagers. Two thoughts went through my head:

1. This feels like a mosh pit.
2. This is how people get their pockets picked.

I went back to the hostel and noticed my wallet was not in my front pocket. I went through three minutes of panic looking for it everywhere, even in places I knew it couldn't be at—but it was gone. I always thought I'd feel a pick pocket, but I guess their business is making sure you don't.

The damage was $80 and two expired credit cards I was using as mugger bait to distract the respectable stash hidden in a pouch next to my crotch. My innocence as a traveler has been lost for all eternity.

For more on Ecuador, check out my Ecuador travel guide.

Touching

August 15, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I get a lot of feedback from girls about things guys do that they don't like. It's usually something awkward, needy, or weird, or some sort of combination.

A common complaint is touching. Either guys don't do it or they skip a lot of steps that make the touch a big deal and something way too noticeable. The best way to touch a girl is same way you'd boil a frog—do it gradually so she doesn't even notice. Your hands are playing with her breasts and she doesn't know or care how it got to that point. The mistake is touching aggressively before you laid the groundwork. Toss the frog in boiling water and it will immediately jump out.

So how did I figure that out? From girls of course. When a girl likes you she will usually touch your arm, shoulder, or top of your hand when you say something funny or interesting. As time goes on, she will touch you more frequently and for slightly longer, up to a second—a second!—or so in length. It's hard to realize what she's doing unless you really pay attention, and that's how it should be—things flows naturally as you get to know each other. You can begin this natural progression by touching very soon when first meeting a girl. If you touch too late after you've had several opportunities, it will feel "weird" to her and I will hear about it.

Ladies Night For Real

August 16, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

We all know that ladies night promotions are a scam by club owners to attract more men into a bar. The reason, of course, is because men drink a lot more than women. I've never been to a ladies night that wasn't a sausage fest, but there is ladies night here in Quito which is true to its name.

On Wednesdays from 7-10PM at a club in New Town, ladies get in free and drink for free. Yeah, a three hour open bar. Men are not allowed in the bar until 10PM after paying a $3 cover. The line of dudes by 10PM goes **around the block**. So if you're a guy the plan is to stand in line by 9PM, be the first to get in, and enjoy about one hour of quality time with a bunch of drunk, horny girls. So you want to know what it's like?

I do too.

I got a nasty cold on Tuesday and haven't been out since.

For more on Ecuador, check out my Ecuador travel guide.

7 Things You Can Do To Improve Your Game Right Now

August 19, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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1. Stop leaning in. This is the number one problem I see guys do, especially in the first 30 minutes of talking to a girl. They don't realize that by bending over they are saying, "God I'm so happy to be talking to you right now." Or in a bar they talk right next to the girl's ear when it isn't even loud. The last thing you want a girl to know is that you are excited to be talking to her because it sends the signal you are inexperienced, don't have success with girls, and ultimately, have low value. Lean back instead and let her be the one to come into you, and if you create the least bit of interest she will.

2. Stop asking for permission. Can we dance? Can I have your number? Can I kiss you? Because guys don't know what it's like when someone asks for permission to escalate intimacy, they don't realize how lame it is for them to do so. Asking for permission introduces an awkward moment where the girl's brain floods with reasons not to do what you are asking to. Plus you make it seem like you are scared of getting rejected, a quality not attractive to most women. Instead of asking, just do it and see what happens.

3. Memorize one excellent, breezy story. When you first start talking to a girl, she has no idea who you are. If you talked to her because she is cute, chances are she gets talked to by a lot of guys. Separate yourself from the pack early on by telling her a story that hits on many of your positive qualities, such as your confidence, athleticism, sense of adventure, intelligence, humor, wit, story-telling ability, and so on. Because girls read between the lines, the story will not just be a story—it will be a representation of you that does not come across as bragging.

To pull this off, when you are in conversation and it is clear you have her attention, say, "That reminds me of when…." and then begin your story. I like going into stories about travel now, but before that was gym stories, where for instance I would tell girls the very true account of how one particularly gay guy stalked me in the gym and grabbed my hand while I was naked in the shower. If you are not confident of your story-telling abilities, understand that the best way to be good at telling stories is to expose yourself

to good stories.

4. Stop using the word “hot” to describe women. Have you noticed how easy it seems to attract girls who you are **not** that attracted to? Since you think of hot girls as so much more valuable than mediocre ones, you are more likely to behave in a way that makes it clear to her that she is indeed too valuable for you, without even realizing what you’re doing. This is the phenomenon where bad, needy game “leaks” out as a result of your thoughts, without conscious effort on your part. If you want to get physical with hot girls, you need to master your thinking of them first. From here on out, no girl is hot, and there are no tens. She’s either “cute” or “alright.” Don’t be that guy who falls captive to every girl he sees. Instead, trick your mind into lowering her value so that your game towards her is tighter.

5. Get rejected immediately. Go up to a cute girl you don’t know in the next day and start a conversation with what you already know as a man. Make up an opener or just ask how she’s doing. Chances are she will end the conversation in a polite manner, typical of the “rejections” you will face. It may sting that this girl made it clear she doesn’t want to have nothing to do with you, but realize that the only way to perfect your game is to interact like this with a couple hundred girls. There is no other way. This means you will have to branch out from your school, work, or social circle comfort zones. Accept that 99% of girls on this Earth do not ever want to have sex with you, get over it, and keep going until you find the ones that do.

6. Take your hands of your pockets. If you are at a bar looking like you are bored, resigning yourself to standing around and staring at the TV, don’t expect to get a positive response if you approach a girl. She notices what you do before you walk up to her, and if you seem like a buzzkill, she will be less likely to talk to you. While you don’t have to jump off the wall and be that annoying guy who talks loud and high-fives everyone, don’t stand around looking like someone just stood you up. Interact with your friends or the bartender. Not only will staying in an active, talkative state help you when you finally do approach, it makes it much more likely that you even will.

7. Stop giving direct answers. Evade her questions with humor or counter-questions instead, withholding for as long as reasonably possible the answers to her questions. Not only does this show you aren’t trying to impress her, but it also makes her think you are hiding something. This shady vibe will keep the conversation going and make her curious about what is hiding behind the box. You immediately stand out because most men try to appease a girl by immediately answering questions in the hopes she will like him. By doing the opposite, she sticks around to figure out who the hell you are (or think you are), but by then it will be too late—your fish hook is in her and you can run deeper material with her full attention.

Some of these things I learned from my own experiences and others from guys who taught me everything they knew about game. During an intense six year period starting in 2001 I was going out four nights a week throwing everything I had at the girls I wanted to sleep with. I did things like ask them why they were so drunk and even approached

with stick figure drawings on napkins to make them laugh.

My learning curve was a bit long though and not until the second year did a reliable system start to become clear. For the next four years after that I perfected and refined it into something that made my life a lot easier when it came to getting laid. I finally wrote my system down in a book called **Bang**.

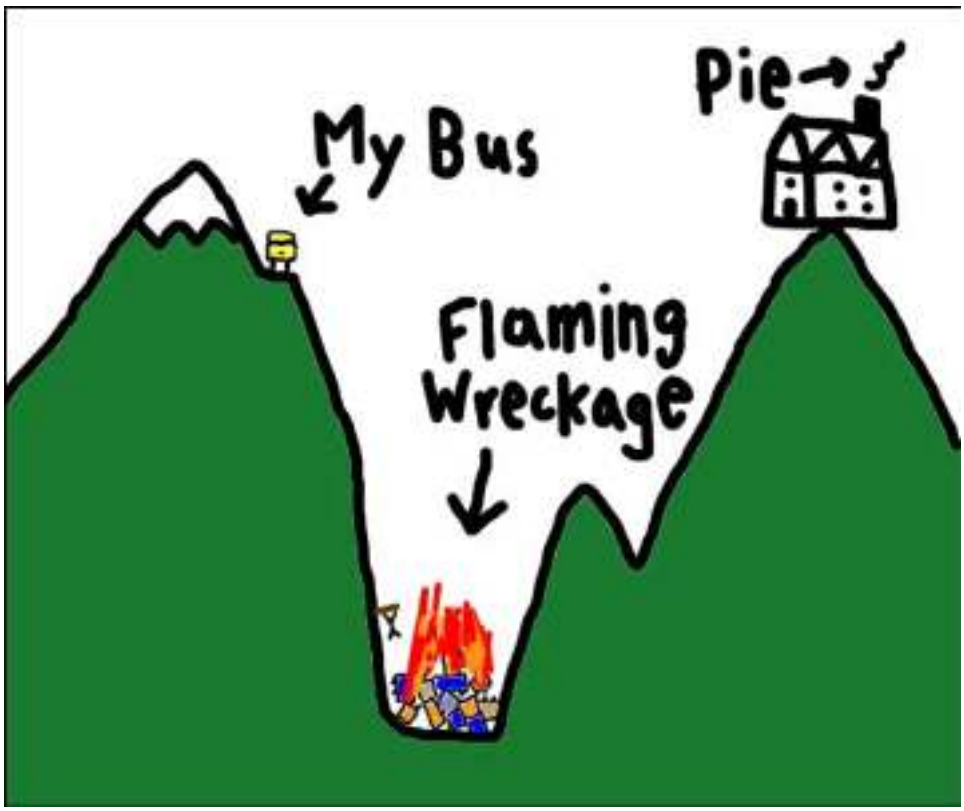
There's no fluff in this book. Instead you'll find 60,000 words in a densely packed textbook teaching you everything from the mindset you need to be successful with girls to step-by-step instructions on how to escalate intimacy with the girls you want to have sex with. My goal was to create a guide that was all you need to get laid.

Because I don't want you to spend your hard-earned money on something mysterious, I have uploaded several sample pages from my book. I also included my **Condom Line**, the line I say when I need to get the condom in a smooth way without ruining the moment. Look for it in the blue box partway down the Bang homepage.

Is It Safe?

August 21, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Side view, no joke:



Most of the ride was on pavement, but I could have done without the one hour long skidding on mud at the edge of a cliff thing.

For more on Ecuador, check out my Ecuador travel guide.

The Two Prostitutes Of Tena

August 22, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Tena is the whitewater capital of Ecuador. Before I bent over some Class IV rapids on the Jondachi River with my monstrous rowing stroke, I studied the townspeople by watching them from a park bench in the central square.

Within half an hour, two random girls sat on my bench even though all the others were empty. The alpha of the pair sat next to me and kept "accidentally" touching my leg and whipping her hair back and forth in dramatic motions. The giveaway was that it was 1PM and they were dressed like they were going to the club.

A bourgeoisie Frenchman I met told me he doesn't get involved with locals from countries that are not equal to his own (i.e. Westernized); otherwise the girls are just seeing dollar signs and there is a good chance of getting drugged and / or robbed. I do agree with him, and it's not a big deal in Ecuador because the girls here are extremely ugly, but it would be a shame if you travel through Brazil or Argentina and resign yourself to only sleeping with other tourists.

Roosh Travel Sex Rule: Do not pursue a girl who approaches you first. It's okay if she gives you eye contact and a small smile to encourage you, but if she walks up to you and starts flirting immediately, things are not what they seem. It's a rule I follow at home too because if a girl is really into me from the start then chances are I can do a lot better.

Even though 98% of the girls in Ecuador are unattractive by Western standards, I am getting a kick out of the attention, mostly in the form of very extended eye contact and "Where you from?" line of questioning. I think it's my beard and height because Ecuadorian men are unable to grow lush facial hair and I'm taller than all of them, past, present, and future.

In an unrelated request, can someone please order me 1,000 extra wide and extra long condoms and ship them to me via express airmail? I've been constructing my own condoms using cow intestines from the butcher shop, which is actually the living room of someone's house.

Actually, I'm lying—my initial stock is still… uh… plentiful.

For more on Ecuador, check out my Ecuador travel guide.

Longest Bang Review Yet

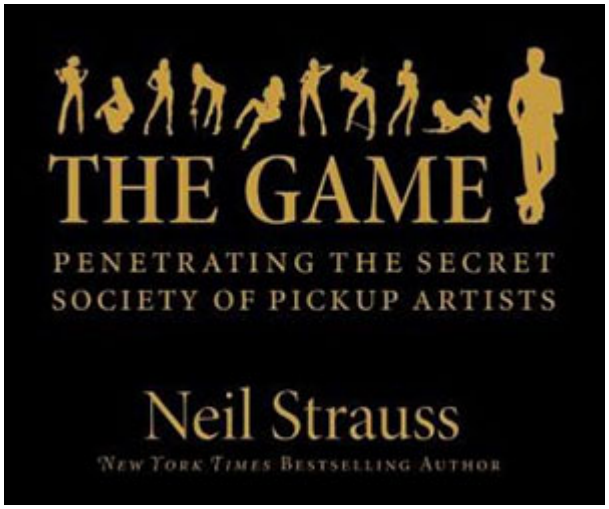
August 23, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Identifying / personal information removed.

> Hi Roosh-
>
> I've finished it and I think it's incredible. I really wish I would have had this book twenty years ago.
>
> I did purchase Stephen Nash's ebook and it basically sucked. It was good material, don't get me wrong. It should have been titled "how to get a life", but I don't guess he would have sold very many copies. Doing what he says won't necessarily get you a GF, I'm living proof of that. Oh and you're book was 1/2 the price of Nash's and 5 times longer. Figure that one out?
>
> None of the other material that I've read or have come across went into what to do once you get in the bedroom. Every guru so far (unless it is a sex only book like the sex god method) has skipped over this. Something tells me that's because they weren't too good at it or didn't want to give away their secrets for fear that some other guy would get better than them. But not you, you're not concerned. Awesome! That's the way a teacher should be.
>
> I like the straightforward manner with which you lay out how to progress. It's something that I've needed to read. I'm the type that always needs a roadmap. Once I've gone down the road, I can invent new ways to do it. Ha ha. I like that you put away with the notion that one has to be very well dressed to accomplish anything. This is probably true in a trendy LA nightclub, but not here in [...]. Clothes or shoes don't do crap. I should know, I've spent lots of dollars on my wardrobe and I don't notice any difference in my game or a woman's level of interest (more or less or more or less women interested).
>
> I guess the best praise I can come up with is that this book should be required reading for every 17 year old guy!!
>
> I don't have many gripes about the book. The length was OK. Sure I'd like to have a seduction book that was a combo of your book, Green's art of seduction, the mystery method, sex god method, selfish gene, etc…something near the length of atlas shrugged. But really, who wants to write that? ha ha. So, the length was fine, there is plenty of supplimental information on the web and if one uses what you teach, one can learn on the fly. I would have liked to see you expand on how to approach in different venues or how to approach married women (direct vs. indirect). I know, what I'm asking can be learned in the field, but it's always fun reading about this. I also wouldn't have minded reading field reports or some of your best lines/ deliveries/ responses and why they were so good. […]
>
> One thing I do want to disagree with you on is the gym. It's the hardest place ever to meet/ attract attractive women. Wow, a courtroom isn't even this tough

> and I have tried :) [...]

Thanks!



Ecuador Means Equator In Spanish

August 26, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Joe T, prolific commenter and traveler, is starting his own travel site called Volette. Right now the blog is up, of which you will find my first contribution about Quito:

> Mitad del Mundo is the built-for-tourists attraction about an hour and a half bus ride from the center of Quito. Even though the equator goes through several countries of the world, it goes through just one country whose name in the Spanish language is “equator.” Plus it’s also the only place where you can take your picture next to an old sign held in place by concrete blocks that proves to all your friends and family that you touched both the North and South hemispheres at the same time.

The whole thing, with pictures, can be read here.

For more on Ecuador, check out my Ecuador travel guide.

The Boob Of Baños

August 28, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

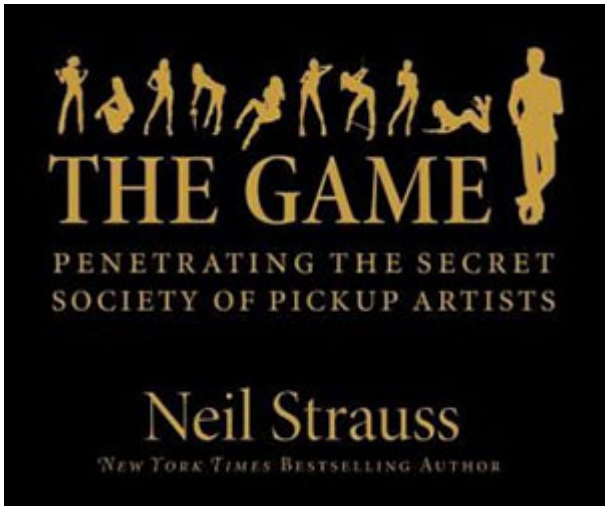
I've been getting requests for pictures of girls, so I did you one better and got you some partial nudity of a full-figured woman.

I took this one day before my camera fell and broke in an ill-fated hand off.

What I liked about Baños is that all the bars are within two blocks of each other. I was at one of them on Saturday night when I found myself talking to a skinny 22-year-old Canadian girl. My mouth was a bit dry after a couple beers, I think, because I sprayed it instead of saying it—right on her face. I could see a bubble of my saliva resting on her left cheek. I wanted to pretend nothing happened and let evaporation do its work, but the bubble was mocking me.

My brain calculated the best mode of action out of millions of possible outcomes. Ten seconds later, I wiped the bubble with my thumb without saying anything. Maybe she thought it was an eyelash.

For more on Ecuador, check out my Ecuador travel guide.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Gym Game

August 29, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A reader weighs in on girls at the gym:

> The majority of the girls in the gym are only there because they are insecure and are looking for guys in the first place. (Of course there is the occasional athlete-female, but those are easy to spot and they have their own Gold's Gym to go to in the first place.) Most of them are begging for guys to hit on them, isn't that why women workout in the first place? To attract men?
>
> Girls in a gym full of testosterone driven men are just asking for us to stick it in their butt. They know what they are getting themselves into. Men in the gym are like a pack of starved lions and the women are the buffet line of meat that we all fight over to get the best piece of prime-rib. Might as well hand it over to me on a silver platter…and then i will decide if i want to eat it, or, whether u should dispose of that shit and bring me some sufficient food.

Colorful metaphors + rage = player.

Luxury Car = Dry Panties

September 2, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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For a man there are two ways to approach getting laid: logic or emotion. With logic, men work on obtaining cars, money, clothes, or anything that is expensive. They focus on the shallower, more superficial things that they themselves use to rate women. For instance, no guy has turned down a hot girl because he didn't like her sense of humor. Sometimes it works but usually it doesn't because they are trying to attract women with items that a lot of other guys have.

Approaching the problem with emotion—jealousy, drama, unbridled rage—will do more to get a girl's attention than Italian shoes. Even women don't realize this. If you ask one what she likes in a man, she is ten times more likely to say nice shoes than "a guy who I see enjoying a conversation with a girl more attractive than myself." But every time a girl I like does see me engaged in conversation with a beautiful girl, it is a certainty that she will be much more receptive to me afterwards. Now I'm not saying follow the girl you like to a club and talk to every cute girl but her, but it would be a better and cheaper strategy than buying a BMW.

When it comes to things like business or engineering, a man's gut instinct is usually the correct one. But with women, it's always wrong. Men need to develop a second instinct that hits a woman's illogical and primitive buttons. A lucky few learned this somewhere along the line, leading to a lopsidedness where 20% of the guys are banging 80% of the girls. The others simply don't care to learn.

Fatality

September 4, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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There is a British girl who I keep running into (Lonely Planet = seeing the same people again and again and again). She's very cute but I concluded early on that she is not serious about sex; she never has more than one drink, she always goes home early, she has low social intelligence, and she only leaves her hand on my crotch for two seconds.

I went to a disappointing ladies night at Cafe Eucalyptus last Wednesday night in Cuenca and of course she was there, with her two latest suitors. Salsa music was playing and one of the suitors, a 21-year-old German bearded fellow, asked her to dance. **Denied**. He was persistent and immediately tried once more. **Denied again**.

He then stands in the corner, alone, dancing with his arms out holding an imaginary partner, practicing his moves. Then he starts stretching his back, swinging left and right to get each vertebrae. It was hard to watch.

For one hour he analyzes, stews, and deconstructs about giving it one final attempt. Even though most guys would have gotten the hint a long time ago, you can see on his face he has come up with a blockbuster that is sure to work.

He comes up to her, grabs her hand, and says, "I just want to try something!"

She shrieks "No!" then turns to me and says, "He's creeping me out!" **Denied three times**.

It gets worse. You see, earlier in the night the German was getting on my case for being "quiet," that something is "wrong." I just didn't want to talk to him. But because he annoyed me I decided to finish him off. He was a horse who broke his leg on the race track, and a ruthless killer was needed—one without mercy.

"You should give him a chance," I told the British girl, like he's a charity case in need of a lucky break.

"Well good job, you ruined his night," I added, like his happiness is something she owns.

Go to sleep young man, it's time for bed.

For more on Ecuador, check out my Ecuador travel guide.

I Am Very Courageous

September 6, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Two emails about Bang...

> I was very impressed by how funny Bang was while still reading like a practical–even technical–pick up guide.
>
> I especially liked your **courage** when speaking to the more shady parts of the game. The [getting inside her place] section featured one of your best lines: [...] I also liked your STD argument: [...] You could have copped out in the Double Your Dating "you can be a nice guy and still a player" way but instead you gave it to the reader straight.

I've gotten a couple positive comments about the deadpan joke on page 109. And...

> Roosh, just wanted to let you know I got the book a couple of days ago. I'm currently reading it and I'm halfway through. I'm certainly no slouch when it comes to the ladies, but if I had come across a book like this back when I was in college...
>
> A lot of the things in there took me many years to learn. I'm saving this one for my kid and handing it to him the first time he gets his heart broken.

In other news, tonight there is a **happy hour**. Based on the venue, looks like it will be nice and sloppy.

I Proposed

September 9, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Her name is Gabrielle and I found her on Marry Our Daughter, which offers youngish girls for marriage. It was a little informal but I gave it a go, putting extra time and care into my central Asia-inspired proposal email.

> Hello,
>
> My name is Roosh. I will make fine husband for your daughter. I will give her lead operation on plow machine and feed her bread, tea, and when harvest is good, acceptable meat from animal.
>
> We will have our own house in farm countryside of Frederick, MD. It is fine community with school for education, McDonalds, and next year our number one Starbucks will open. I would like to pay 10% extra premium so no other man get her. One very important: she must be virgin.
>
> Roosh

I have not received a response so I guess the site a hoax or a pedophile sting operation by the FBI. If you clicked the link then you will be getting a knock on your cubicle siding in 15 minutes. I'm immune due to Peru's complicated extradition process.

Postscript: It's a hoax (thanks Brian).

One Month Update

September 10, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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If you look at the counter at the bottom of this page, you'll see I've been down here for over a month. Some thoughts:

1. The game is a little different. Height and light skin color plays big while style and dancing ability doesn't, but things are not as linear and predictable as a pick-up stateside. It's happened to every guy that he dances with a native for an hour or so, thinks he's making progress, and then she thanks him for the dance and disappears. Cute girls are much more fearless and will approach you to grab your hand and dance.

2. A large percentage of girls staying in hostels are butch-like in appearance with short hair and boyish builds. The cuter ones have their boyfriend in tow. None of them pack clubbing clothes to look good at night—instead they wear trekking pants, hiking boots, and North Face fleece jackets.

3. The living-out-of-a-bag lifestyle is more glamorous when you think about it from home. After a couple weeks my instinct is to find a place of comfort with hot showers and wireless internet and stay still, but I've gotten used to the routine of long bus ride, taxi, disappointment, long bus ride, taxi, upset stomach, long bus ride, taxi, nothing to do, and so on.

4. I keep fucking up. I got my pocket picked going into a crowd, I dropped my digital camera, I lost a disposable camera with two dozen photos (including one of a male turtle raping a female turtle), I lost a credit card, and I ate a ground beef and hard-boiled egg empanada when my stomach was upset. That last mistake led to full-blown ass eruptions and a diet of bread and bananas for five days. It smelled like a homeless man died in my stomach.

5. A condom here is called a *preservativo*.

Even on days when things don't turn out great, like when I spend most of it on the toilet and have to throw liquid shit coated toilet paper in a little wastebasket, or when I can't sleep since the girl in the bed next to me has a cough that sounds like she is dying from tuberculosis, I am extremely grateful for being able to do this.

I Broke

September 11, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I got a Facebook account. 😕

Girl Vs Guy Travel

September 13, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I talked to a girl who showed me a stack of napkins with notes written in Spanish by Ecuadorian men, mostly waiters. She couldn't understand them so I translated. They were all along these lines:

> It was nice to meet you. You are very pretty. I hope I can see you again.
>
> juan@lovesgringas.com
> Juan

My napkins have no words of affection, just email addresses, mostly of European men. Girls who travel don't realize their experience is very different than a guy's. Unless the girl is busted, which unfortunately happens, she is getting ten times more attention than me. I know some of that is bad attention, but you only see a smile on a gringa's face when she's being spun around on the salsa dancefloor. And disappointment on the native's face when she doesn't want to make out.

(Side note: girls who don't get much love back in the States are treated like queens by South American man. It's very common to see an American 5 walking arm-in-arm with a decent looking guy. Many of these girls end up staying for much longer than they had planned.)

When crossing Ecuador's border into Peru, I was a little confused on where to get my Peru entry stamp. I walked towards an Ecuadorian border agent to ask him, but before I could open my mouth he shooed me down the road with a hand-sweep motion. When I returned with my stamp an American girl was having the same problem. This time the same guy waited for her to come to him, let her ask her question in bad Spanish, and then very politely talked to her, smiled, and pointed down the road. Multiple this by a dozen interactions a day and I imagine the overall experience would be quite different.

Expectedly, girls here refuse to admit that they are getting different treatment than me. (They remind me of the girls back home who think they will physically peak past 30.) Next time a girl asks me why I don't think South Americans are "wonderful" and the nicest people in the world, I'm going to point to her vagina.

For more on Peru, check out my Peru travel guide.

New Blog

September 15, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Jewcano opened up shop at The Cannon And The Cutlass.

Like Firecrackers

September 16, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Last Tuesday night I went to Bartini, an unfortunate name for what is an okay house club in the very wealthy Miraflores area of Lima.

At around 2AM I was leaning against the bar near the front of the club, keeping my eye on a drunk bodybuilder who earlier fell on his ass and tried to blame me for it, when I heard *pop pop*. My body jumped and I turned to the front door—the sound came from right outside the club. No one seemed to care so I wrote it off as nothing serious but then five seconds later two burly bouncers braced themselves against the door. A third guy came up behind them and *pulled out a gun* with his right hand and cocked the barrel back with his left. The bouncers let him out and he disappeared. I was about 10 feet away.

There is no "Is this really happening?" hesitation when you see a gun. Right away I got down against the bar and a lot of other people did the same. I was scared but not pants urinating scared. There was a circle of people around me so I selfishly thought I'd be fine if gun shots came inside. Everyone was calm and quiet, and the DJ kept spinning. No one jumped out the windows.

After three minutes the coast seemed clear and I walked towards the back of the club. I stood there and watched as people resumed drinking, smoking, and laughing, like this happens all the time (it actually doesn't in this area of Lima). I looked to the girl next to me and asked, "¿Que paso?"

She made the universal gun sign with her hand, grinned, and said, "Bong bong." I left a few minutes later in case the shooter returned to finish the job.

For more on Peru, check out my Peru travel guide.

Lima Peru Nightlife

September 18, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I was only going to stay in Lima for a couple nights but the nightlife sucked me in and I ended up staying for a week.

Tuesday. There is a mall built into a beach cliff called LarcoMar that has several clubs, including Bartini, a house venue that is most similar to Spank back in D.C. The girls were unfriendly and no one danced until after 1AM, maybe because the DJ's refused to spin any Ministry of Sound-like anthems. My buzz was killed due to gunfire outside the club. $3 cover includes a free beer. 1.5 vodka shots out of 5.

Wednesday. A $5 cover gets you into El Dragon with a free Pisco Sour. A much nicer crowd danced to popular house, rock, and some 80's and 90's, the best mix I heard in Lima. A bit of a sausage fest but the girls were cute and wanted to be talked to. I got a kick out of partying until 4:30AM on a Wednesday night. 3.5 vodka shots out of 5.

Thursday. Sargento Pimienta (Sargent Pepper) is a warehouse with speakers where all the young, very white Peruvians go to party. The old school music is the type that would clear most American dance floors (Celebrate, Getting Jiggy With It, etc), and there was a horrible one hour set by a wannabe Eminem rapper who has only mastered saying "Uh" and "Wooooh!" in the microphone. A breakdancer got on stage and shouted "Fuck Bush," but gave props to Los Angeles. Cover is $5. 1.5 vodka shots out of 5.

The night ended at Eka, a lounge bar that serves more as a date venue than a pick-up spot. Downstairs is the "Factoria" where Death Speed Trance was being played at an insanely fast **148** beats per minute. The four people who were on the dancefloor looked like they were having seizures. I'm pretty confident the DJ killed small furry animals as a child. 0 methamphetamine hits out of 5.

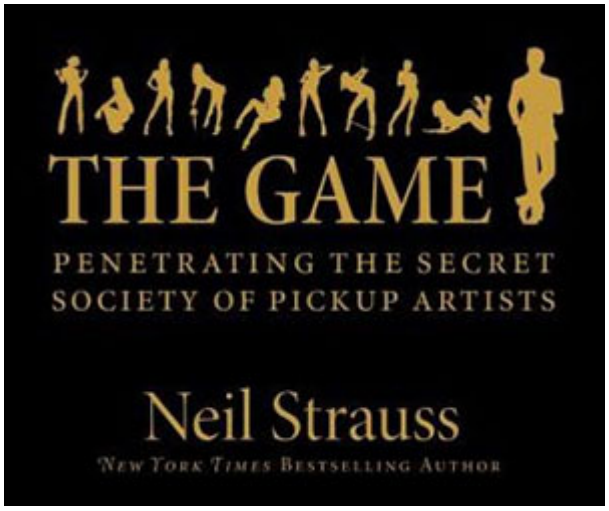
Friday. Gotica is a mega-club in Larcomar, with an astronomical $16 cover (by Peruvian standards) that keeps out the gringo riff-raff who rather drink cheaply and talk sports in the hostel bar.

It's not easy to work the club solo due to its impersonal size, but it had the most beautiful girls I've ever seen in my life. Some were friendly, some weren't, but it's quite a feeling to be standing with your manly beer and looking down at this sea of fine exotic women. Believe me when I say I savored the moment, and I would have taken a picture for you with my second disposable camera had it not been stolen while I danced. An Israeli who introduced me to the club summed it up nicely: "It's hard not to hook up with a girl there. The only problem is you'll have a girl early but you'll be thinking if you can get something hotter." 5 vodka shots out of 5.

Saturday. Gotica.

Everyone has bad things to say about Lima, starting with the depressing fog that permanently blankets the city during winter, but it's been the highlight of my trip so far.

For more on Peru, check out my Peru travel guide.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I Got the Giardia

September 19, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I have parasites attached to the wall of my small intestine, sucking away my nutrients and causing unspeakable bathroom adventures. I saw a doctor and she prescribed me something to defeat the flagellated monsters that are dampening my already mediocre South American experience. The only side effect is urine that has a neon yellow appearance. It's like I'm radioactive!

There are a couples ways to get giardia, but this is how I think I got it:

1. Some guy took a monster dump and wiped his ass. He did not wash his hands, which now contained fecal matter.
2. He cooked up a meal, poking and prodding said meal with his feces soaked paw.
3. He served that meal to me.
4. I ingested his feces.

What's good about South America is that when something good happens, like you find an internet connection faster than dial-up or a clean toilet bowl not dirtied by someone with the same condition as you, it brings you that much more happiness. Still, I'm going to need a little more than being able to watch a YouTube video.

For more on South America, check out my South America travel guides.

Peru Bus Comfort

September 24, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I hopped on a local bus back to Cusco after a visit to the Incan ruins of Pisac. The bus was packed so I had to stand in the aisle, and was faced with the serious decision of whether I should give ass or crotch to the gentleman sitting down next to me. I had to go with crotch because it was the best way I could hold on. Well, after about ten minutes, he fell asleep on my package. I could feel his head on my head. This being one of the top five highlights of my trip so far, I took a picture with my replacement camera (same one as before).

At one point he got up, lifted his head, stared off into space for five seconds and then went right back to my crotch. (They always come back for more.) I wanted to put my hand on his head for the photo but I estimated a high probability of conflict.

For more on Peru, check out my Peru travel guide.

Machu Picchu

September 25, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I was going to pass on Machu Picchu but the peer pressure was too great. It was an expensive notch:

$75 train ride to the town nearest Machu Picchu
$12 round-trip bus ride to Machu Picchu
$40 entrance fee
$7 rip-off mini pizza in town

That's fine as I can say I took this picture:

The views were beautiful and I'm glad I went, but the magic of Machu Picchu is less when you've already visited Pompeii in Italy. I would have been more impressed if I was a ruin virgin, but as you know I get around. I'm at the point in life where I'm more excited by a nightclub's interesting bathroom than an ancient stone structure.

Intestinal parasite survivor

It’s time for Bolivia. Please say a prayer for my stomach.

For more on Peru, check out my Peru travel guide.

Newsletter No. 9

September 26, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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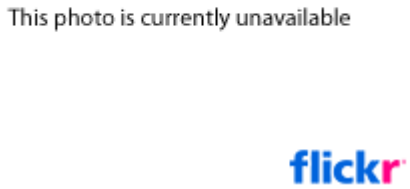
I didn’t forget about September. This one is a discussion about girls who flake. It will be sent this weekend.

I thought that I’d be able to easily continue writing about game/guy/girl topics while traveling, but my writing is a product of my thoughts and those topics are simply not on my mind much. My sex drive has dropped by unacceptable levels.



Floating Islands of Lake Titicaca

10 Quotes

September 27, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Here are ten quotes that have caught my eye in the past few months.

1. "What a gifted child is, in many ways, is a gifted learner. And what a gifted adult is, is a gifted doer. And those are quite separate domains of achievement."
-Malcolm Gladwell

2. "No, I don't like work. I had rather laze about and think of all the fine things that can be done. I don't like work — no man does — but I like what is in the work, the chance to find yourself. Your own reality — for yourself, not for others — what no other man can ever know. They can only see the mere show, and never tell what it really means."
-Joseph Conrad in The Heart Of Darkness

3. "…if you report an atrocity carried out by guerrillas, all you need is one hearsay witness. You talk about torture carried out by an American military officer, you're going to need videotapes."
-Noam Chomsky

4. "It's only bribery if it's not enough."
-Unknown

5. "Just because you dress [provocatively] does not make you a whore — but you are wearing a whore's uniform."
-Dave Chappelle

6. "The mark of greatness is when everything before you is obsolete, and everything after you bears your mark."
-Dave Chappelle

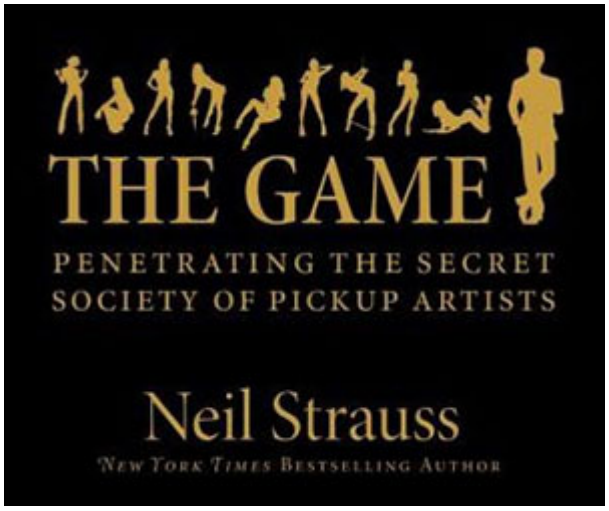
7. "Sometimes it takes a while for a man to find himself."
-Chinatown

8. "Men are like cats—they are always on the prowl and just come in for food."
-8 1/2

9. "I had started on a voyage of discovery, only to find that it was I who was being discovered."
-Tete-Michel Kpomassie in An African In Greenland

10. "A man receiving charity practically always hates his benefactor."
-George Orwell in Down and Out in Paris and London

Jagad Guru and his books and videos on identity.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I Had To Ask Twice

September 30, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Updated: Answer below.

Anyone want to guess how much this hotel room in Copacabana, Bolivia costs per night?

Glad I brought the ~~porn machine~~ laptop

View from balcony

Hints:

1. It has a standard bathroom with a sometimes warm water shower.
2. It’s one block away from the lake in a pretty prime spot.
3. Towels or soap are not provided.
4. There is no TV.

Answer: $3.95 / night

For more on Bolivia, check out my Bolivia travel guide.

Tomorrow Night

October 2, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

It’s Friday night and you’re out somewhere in DC drinking. The next night is your friend’s big birthday bash so you decide to take it a little easy. Taking it easy is more common with girls but even a guy would make sure he doesn’t wind up passed out in a gutter.

It’s Friday night and you’re in some South American town. The party is barely decent but you heard amazing things about a club on Saturday night. You rather wait for that, but you order two shots of vodka anyway to go along with your second caipirinha—there is a high chance you will be cut down and not be able to go out the next night. For all you know the smoothie you had a few hours ago had a more than a dash of the town water and the little bugs are busy moving into their new home.

Random headaches, altitude sickness, mysterious cramps, parasites, salmonella—something is going to get you soon (I’ve had all). There’s no use saving yourself for the future like you do at home. When the going’s good you gotta do it to death.

How To Take A Cold Shower

October 3, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

It’s impossible to backpack through South America without having to take a cold shower, even if you only go to hotels that advertise hot showers like I do. Sometimes there is no regulator, or the morning shower rush simply overwhelms the puny heater and you don’t want to wait another two hours, or they simply lie.

1. You can’t just dive into the cold. You have to mentally prepare yourself for at least 10 minutes. Flex your muscles to pump yourself up and say things like, “I am like block of fire,” and “This will make me a real man.” Nod your head as you think these thoughts and purse your lips a couple times to convince your brain that you mean business. (I really do this.)

2. Turn on the water. Stare at it as it flows and give it the evil eye.

3. Point the shower head away and step in. Be concerned at how cold the mist is. Take a deep breath, close your eyes, and move the nozzle over you head. Howl loud enough so the Incans can hear you.

4. Keep your muscles flexed as you soak yourself with water that feels like it comes from melting ice blocks. Point the nozzle away and clean yourself with soap products. Within two minutes you no longer need to flex your muscles because you are shivering nice and good.

5. Rinse your body. The water doesn’t feel as cold now because violent body tremors are warming you up somewhat.

It takes about 30 minutes for your body to warm up to normal, your hands and feet being last. Congratulate yourself for making a big deal about something that most locals do their entire lives. Pussy.

Girls Don’t Care About Their Vagina

October 4, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I’ve never had a girl worry about where my hands have been when I’m manually arousing her before the main penetration event. Girls who have intimacy with me are safe since I’m relatively clean, but how does she know that I didn’t just shake hands with a homeless man I met on the way to service her?

When a girl is stroking my abnormally large manhood with her hand, I could care less if her hands are a little dirty because I’m encased in a layer of skin—abrasions that would allow for infectious disease entry would come later during unprotected sex. But girls have warm, moist cavities, and what goes in may not easily come out. After all it is an incubator.

Two Month Update

October 8, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Now that my major health problems have passed, the trip has become “okay” with fun highlights combined with many hours in internet cafes.

1. I’m having really bad nightmares. They are usually about me getting physically hurt or maimed in some way.

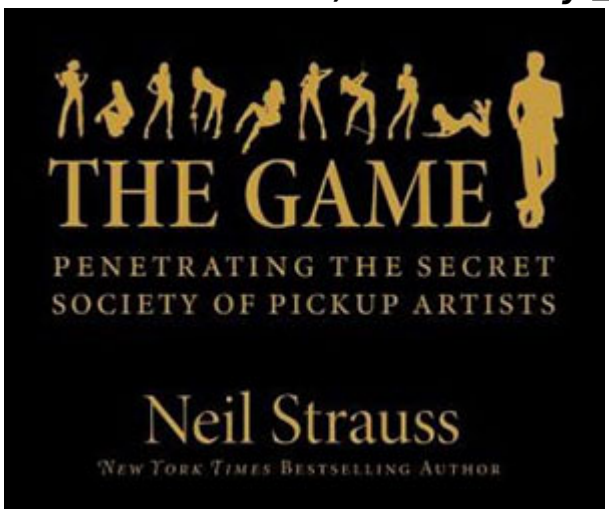
2. Bolivia, the poorest country in South America, is the limit of where I can travel. The hygienic practices of the people are the worst I’ve ever seen, and it trickles down into the restaurants and those cooking the food. The main ingredient in every Bolivian dish is oil (most likely recycled) and I haven’t gone more than a couple meals without finding a bunch of little hairs in the food.

3. My stomach will never be the same: it has been in a permanent state of discomfort (cramps, gas) for weeks. No one makes it through Bolivia with their stomach unscathed, not even travelers from other South American countries. I’ve been living on a diet of pizza and candy bars to minimize symptoms.

4. It was either the the best or worst idea to start in the Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia. I made it but there was a moment when I didn’t think I could continue. That would be when I was in the hospital with an IV in my forearm (salmonella).

The next month will find me in Salta, Argentina for a stop to view the girl mummy and then on to Chile for a couple weeks. I think the worst is over.

For more on Bolivia, check out my Bolivia travel guide.



The Incan Ruins Of Cuzco, Peru

October 10, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

My second contribution to the Volette travel blog is up. It guides you through the most interesting ruins of Cuzco, Peru (with pictures). You can read it here.

I found that I liked Machu Picchu a bit more after writing and thinking about it.

For more on Peru, check out my Peru travel guide.

Commenting Change

October 11, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I’m bringing back anonymous comments somewhat. If you are already registered you can continue logging in.

A couple of my friends that I know well in real life stopped commenting because of registration. It may be too restrictive and cumbersome. But it sure did keep out the haters!

Maybe I miss the haters.

Going Out Alone

October 14, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Approaching girls here is less automatic and fun than it is at home. Regardless of how much alcohol is in me, it just doesn't feel the same. It's almost like a chore.

Like any other complicated skill, approaching is very mood based. The better mood you are in, the more social you feel, the more likely you will not only approach but approach well. This is why in Bang I wrote to get yourself in a room with girls if your state is especially great. For most guys feeling confident and looking good increases the chance of the approach, but I'm learning there are other factors as well. Two big ones:

1. Wingman. The best nights I've had on this trip was when I went out with a *cool* guy. He doesn't have to be good looking but he has to be funny, smiley, reasonably dressed, and most importantly, a flirt. Most of the guys here have zero game so with their hiking boots they feel like mannequins for a generic hiking company. Plus, wingmen actually serve as emotional support so you can laugh off the rejections and keep pushing without getting frustrated or upset ("Damn what's her problem—hey check out that girl over there!").

2. Music. Music is great at putting you in a good mood, but if you don't like it then it has the opposite effect. I can't tell you how much I hate salsa music and the salsa / house hybrid that goes along with it. I just stand there, waiting for it to change, but even a a good 15-minute set of music I like does not do much for me in a 4-hour night. I like reggaeton though (I think I'm the only white person who does).

The reason I go out alone is because I refuse to go to bed early just to avoid feeling uncomfortable. My nighttime options shouldn't be determined by anyone but myself. If you find yourself having to go out alone, the best thing you can do is to make friends with a group as soon as you get in. They will serve as your comfortable home base. If not then you will enter anti-social mode and the alcohol you drink will just make it worse.

I'm in some mediocre club alone holding a can of warm Quilmes beer. It's a tough crowd and the salsa will not end. I'm leaning against the bar, not having talked to anyone except the bartender for 45 minutes. But I see a few cute girls. I just have to ask myself one question: do I want to get some or not? If not I'll leave and stop wasting my time, my liver. Otherwise I go to that group of five girls, with one very nice brunette, yell "Hola" loud enough to cut through the shit that is playing and ask if they speak English. Either I suck it up and work with what I got or go jerk off on the hostel toilet.

This is going to be so easy once I get back home.

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This is going to be so easy once I get back home.

Beefy Gas

October 15, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

An American, Australian, and Englishgirl walk into a hotel made of salt.

It started in a Toyota Land Cruiser with a driver, a cook, and a few gringos, including myself. We paid for a 4-day tour through the southwest of Bolivia, a place where paved roads, gas stations—and what you might recognize as modern civilization—do not exist.

We stayed in a salt hotel on the third night, a building literally constructed from the salt of the huge Uyuni Salt Plain, the highlight of our tour. We bought some bottles of Chilean red wine, got some candles for when the power went out, and started drinking after dinner. There was nothing else to do.

I've written about cockblocks before but the one that happened here stands out for being both brutal and embarrassing. While our lovely cook Sonya tried her best with the meals, there is only so much she can do without running water. Very quickly into the tour I was producing a large amount of digestive gas that everyone in the SUV knew about. It tended to smell like the previous night's dinner, and since we had paper-thin steak the first night, my nickname became "beefy gas."

The salt hotel had a hostel vibe to it with communal tables. Gringos from other tours joined us with their bottles of wine and we all shared pictures from the exact same places. A 40-year-old Swiss lady to my left practiced her English on me and a Brazilian man to the left of her bragged how Rio is the best place in the universe. Next to me was a very cute German girl. Bolivia is not blessed with attractive females so she was the best I've seen in two weeks. We started talking.

The Australian guy and Englishgirl had been traveling together for a month. I assumed they were banging every night, with hair pulling and all that, but in fact she was teasing the guy and using him as a travel bodyguard / buddy, more or less. He was spending the bulk of his two month trip in South America trying to have sex with a girl who openly talked of banging other guys.

Discussion of my beefy gas disappeared by this point, so boy was I surprised when the Englishgirl said, with the utmost concern, "So how's your beefy gas doing?" Everyone heard. Less damage would have been done if she accused me of giving her genital herpes. My comeback was silence.

What a sad story if it all collapsed because of my beefy gas, but the German had a boyfriend, one that she has found was "much harder to leave" than she thought. I was just flirting, having fun, and I can't say I was making much progress. But still, this cockblock got to me. I was steaming, sitting there on three hard blocks of salt. I had to say something.

"Did you bring up my beefy gas because you just weren't thinking or you wanted to make me look bad? This is the first time you see me talking to a girl and then say something that any normal person would agree is pretty embarrassing." The Australian looked

uncomfortable.

Blah blah blah, “I just wasn’t thinking,” she said. I pushed a little bit more because I wanted her to at least feel as uncomfortable as I felt. Then, the truth came out in what may be the first time in human history that a girl has told the truth behind her cockblock.

“Maybe I was a little bit jealous.”

The things I’ve done to get into a girl’s pants—the guys I have cockblocked. I can’t get on her for worrying I might bang some other girl besides her. We were now friends, because honesty is a big part of what friendship is. I mean, when was the last time you told someone you took an extra hour to call because you wanted them to think you were busy?

An American, Australian, and Englishgirl walk into a hotel made of salt. They left nine bottles of empty wine bottles on their table before going to sleep. They next morning they saw the damage: underneath the salt was now red. It looked like a murder scene.

Uyuni Salt Flat

For more on Bolivia, check out my Bolivia travel guide.

Salta Argentina Nightlife

October 17, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Salta is the farthest up you can go into Argentina without seeing any inbreeding with the less attractive Bolivian race. With the eye of a sociologist and a liver of an alcoholic, I studied Salta's nightlife for almost one week.

Wednesday. I was lucky enough to meet Keith, an Irish guy committed to going out more than me. We go to Salon VIP where they played reggaeton, salsa, and cumbia, apparently like most other clubs in town (two or three American hip hop songs are thrown in, always including the American classic "Yeah" by Usher). Coming from Bolivia this club was paradise, with cute girls averaging 17-24 years in age. A group of four Argentine English teachers approached us and kept us busy until the club closed at 5am. Similar to a problem I had in Lima, we debated if we could do better, but when you roll in at 3:30am you don't have much time to work the crowd. $4 cover with free gigantic beer.

Thursday. I tagged along with a few French twenty-somethings to Line Out, a club way out in the suburbs of Tres Cerritos. This was the first night that I got to witness the horrible game of Argentine guys, who seem to be more concerned with proving to their guy friends they are macho than actually getting girls. An *opener* I saw a few times is pulling a girl's hair (big surprise—it never worked!). Argentine girls, especially the young ones, are not familiar with indirect game, which means there is nothing stopping me from cleaning up in Argentina if I run into ones that know English and don't mind my hairiness. $3 cover.

Friday. Two Dutch girls and I started in a club called Mao Mao, a place where 40-something Argentines come to get laid (on Friday night anyway). "Everybody Dance Now" played alongside Madonna as I stood in shock watching the Argentine version of my parents grinding with each other on the dancefloor. We stayed there for 45 minutes, mostly to wait for our next destination to get good since it was only 2AM (things get started late in this country). $4 cover with free drink.

We end up in Metropoli, a club packed with young people dancing to reggaeton and cumbia. It's here I learn that it's efficient to go after gigantic groups of girls because there is always one bound to speak English, though it's usually not the cutest one. On this night I couldn't drink because I started a course of cipro to kill remaining stomach issues that started in Bolivia, but it didn't matter much because the girls themselves don't drink like they do in the States; they have their free drink then just dance the rest of the night. Being sober in an Argentine club is easier and more acceptable than at home. $5 cover with free drink.

Saturday. We have a winner! Club XXI (Veinte Uno) is on Balcarce, the Adams Morgan-like strip where all the gringos and young Argentines go. There were three girls for every two guys, most of them in their early 20's. Excellent house and reggaeton set the mood. It doesn't get much better than this, and while the girls were of average friendliness, a little effort goes a long way into finding one that is both nice and cute. With another Irish

clubbing partner, I'm finding that they are the only people who like going out (maybe because they all have drinking problems). A dozen or so people in my hostel didn't go out on Saturday night because they were "tired." $5 cover with free drink.

Sunday. Back to Salon VIP for their pre-Columbus day bash. Not liking the block long line, me and my Dutch wingman decided to bribe the bouncer with a 50 peso bill (about $16 US). Hilarity… uhhh.. ensued, but we did get in with high fives. Quality took a massive hit from the night before and there was some discomfort when I ran into those English teachers from my first night out, but this was the most lively night yet. The girls here were the least friendly of all the nights even though they were the ugliest, but I'm starting to think it's a response to the aggressiveness of the guys. It was so packed that the only way to get through is to hold up your full beer like a torch to clear a path. For the first time ever I saw music video mixing (perhaps with these).

A strange policy of Salta's clubs is that you must keep the same glass for the entire night or pay $0.75 for another one. You must also pay if you try to leave the club without a glass. What this means is that you have a bunch of guys walking around with empty cocktail glasses in their jean pockets. As a relatively wealthy gringo I am unaffected by the puny fine so I just pay the charge repeatedly throughout the night.

While Lima had more head-turners, Salta has very good foundation of cute girls in the 7 and 8 range with few fatties. I could live here for the girls, so I can only imagine how much better it will get as I move closer to Buenos Aires. Also, when someone needs a light, they don't ask if you have a lighter, they ask if you have fire. It reminds me of The Fifth Element.

If you liked this post then I think you will like my travel memoir **A Dead Bat In Paraguay**, about when I quit my job and sold my stuff to try and bang my way across South America. It contains my experiences with South American women and the struggles that crushed me both mentally and physically. Called "refreshing." "honest," and "inspiring," **A Dead Bat In Paraguay** is available in both eBook and paperback. Check out **the homepage** to watch the introductory video, read exerpts, or learn more about what's inside.

Toilet Travel Rules

October 21, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I remember when taking a dump used to be something that needed very little thought, but in South America you'll need a sound and effective toilet strategy. Here's mine.

1. Flush before you sit. Not only to clean smears left by your dorm mates but to make sure the toilet isn't clogged. Sometimes you know it's clogged but you have to go so bad that you decide to deal with the repercussions later (actually you let the cleaning lady deal with the repercussions). I took a memorable dump in Bolivia in a broken toilet bowl that was still there one day later.

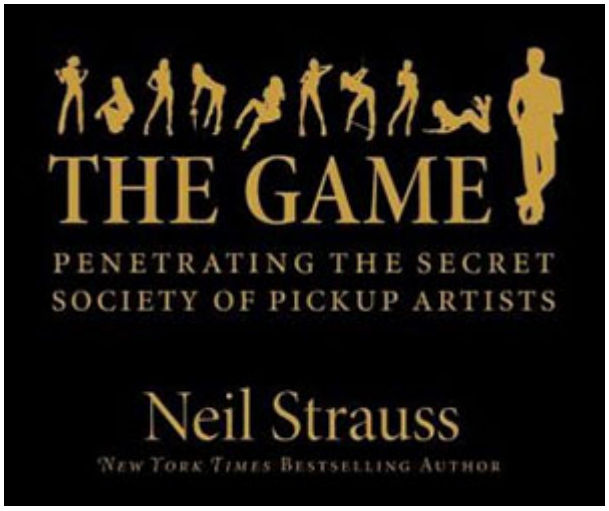
2. Flush often. Your log will not make it down. I repeat, your gigantic shit log will not make it down a South American toilet. I'm not saying chop it up with a stick but if you know a log is coming then access the toilet in a more discrete manner so no one knows you fucked everything up. Otherwise just keep flushing until it goes down. I clog toilets about 25% of the time, which makes every shit the possible highlight (or downside) of my day.

3. If you're a guy, protect your penis head. Don't let it touch the toilet bowl because god knows what will infect your hole. Either cradle your package with your hand or lay a little toilet paper curtain in front of it. The method I select depends on my mood and how long I estimate the shit will last.

4. Pay attention to the toilet paper. While most hostels give you toilet paper that has the consistency of elementary school construction paper, often times one side will be softer. Use this soft side to avoid the abraded anus (no big deal since it heals in a day or two). If you start seeing blood on the toilet paper then it's probably time to buy your own toilet paper.

5. Time your dumps to the maid cleaning schedule. They usually clean the bathrooms in the afternoon (1-2PM) while the gringos are doing whatever the Lonely Planet tells them to do. There is nothing like being the first to take a massive shit in a sparkling clean bowl. If you travel to South America as an evening shitter like me then just hold it overnight one day to put yourself on an afternoon shit schedule.

The dirtier the toilet bowls, the dirtier the stomachs, the dirtier the country. Peru and Bolivia are big winners here, with bathrooms that look like it was play time for kids with diarrhea water balloons.


THE GAME
PENETRATING THE SECRET
SOCIETY OF PICKUP ARTISTS
Neil Strauss
New York Times Bestselling Author

Moths… Flame

October 22, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I sat next to a Brazilian guy on the 23 hour bus ride to Santiago, where we stayed at a hostel that had a guitar laying around. He didn't bring this up on the bus but apparently he studied music theory, has been playing guitar for 13 years, and knows most popular American rock songs, including lyrics.

While he played I sat quietly with my hands on my lap. To the girls my physical presence was disturbing his acoustic treatments.

For more on Chile, check out my Chile travel guide.

I Miss DC

October 23, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

> About 60,000 people responded to the online survey — at www.travelandleisure.com — which ranked 25 cities in categories including shopping, food, culture, and cityscape, said Amy Farley, senior editor at the magazine.
>
> For unattractiveness, Philadelphia just beat out **Washington DC** and Dallas/Fort Worth for the **bottom spot**.

Link.

The picture is coming together. For years men have been told to that DC has a excess of single women and now we know *why*. Let us never speak of DC having a great singles scene (#10) again.

> Democrats and Republicans alike debate (and flirt) over drinks everywhere from intimate lounges to rowdy sports bars, while the capital's monuments and museums make for romantic backdrops when lit up at night. With a tantalizing mix of transplants from all over the U.S. and abroad, you're sure to make some interesting—and hopefully high-powered—connections.

Oh Is That How It Happened?

October 24, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The last place I want a cute Irish girl into me is in a club in Argentina. It was a weekend night and we were the only two from our hostel that went out. Since she was a drinker, hooking up would be as certain as a Chilean from Santiago eating a hot dog piled disgustingly high with mayonnaise and a mix of other condiments that even an American wouldn't touch.

I didn't want to pull the trigger too soon because the girls in the club were nicer. Do you go for the sure thing or roll the dice and risk a silent jerk in the bottom bunk underneath some guy from New Zealand? I couldn't decide so I did the lean against the wall thing where she danced in front of me. I don't know if you have seen an Irish girl dance to house or reggaeton, but it was quite embarrassing—for me! I kept my options open.

About one hour in, she asked if I could hold her coat while she goes on the main dance floor. I said no and placed it on the floor. She said, "If you want to find me, you'll find me," and did a little head flick and off she went. I laughed at this attempt at game and started talking to the three Argentine girls next to me. They were extremely nice since they saw me with the Irish girl, who came back in four minutes, maybe three. She made it seem like she'd be gone for such a long time that reuniting with her would be on par with winning a rigged carnival game.

It's around now she makes a **very strong effort** on this here, but I wasn't surprised because she earlier admitted she likes "Persian guys." I find it amusing how there's a significant number of white girls with no body hair or pigment who have a type that can be best described as "hairy beast." Something about diversifying the gene pool I guess.

This isn't about what happened that night, but what happened a day later. The Irish girl makes friends with a Scottish bird and they tried to get me to come out. I declined because I was leaving the next morning. The Irish girl said, "Oh come on it'll be fun." She looked at the Scottish girl and continued, "We went out to this club last night and I gave him my coat and got lost and danced all night long." That would be like me saying, "I fucked two supermodels in the bathroom and it was grand. They didn't want me to use a condom so I didn't and I don't regret it one bit."

She wasn't lying, just viewing the night through the mess of her female brain. If a girl is not being chased or in control, minor alternations to reality will be made to make it so.

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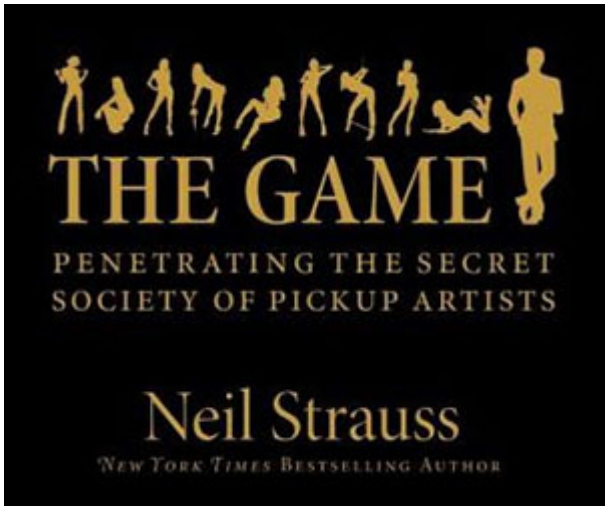
I jerked off. It's a long story.

For more on Argentina, check out my Argentina travel guide.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Neil Strauss
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10 Common Travel Scams

October 28, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I thought I had advanced street smarts when coming to South America, but then I got pick pocketed on my third day. Here's a list of popular scams I've learned about.

1. The pick pocket. This is usually an organized team effort. You are first marked as a tourist and a pocket is identified for picking. Success depends on you being distracted away from the pocket being picked, and this is usually done by a physical bump or shove. Or you do all the work distracting yourself by walking into a crowd at an outdoor celebration. Sometimes you are discreetly marked with chalk beforehand as a signal to nearby pick pocket accomplices.

Defense: Reach for your pockets when you get bumped. Don't walk into crowds and at the minimum don't put anything valuable in your back pockets.

2. The bag lift. Either sitting in a park or outdoor cafe, you notice keys or change on the ground. As you pick it up, the backpack you left a couple feet behind has disapeared.

Defense: Don't take your eyes off your bag. Everyone who had their bag snatched says they only looked away "for a second."

3. The bag slash. Usually on a crowded bus, someone slashes the outside of your backpack while you are distracted with some random commotion. Once slashed, someone sticks their hand in hoping to find something valuable. You don't realize your bag has been slashed. Variation: Instead of slashing they just open the zipper and reach inside.

Defense: Put your bag in front of you when taking public transport.

4. The mustard spray. Someone sprays a condiment around your waist as you are walking outside. A very polite accomplice with toilet paper then offers to help clean up the mess but to get it out all you need to do is take off your backpack. You never see it again.

Defense: Walk with the mustard until you get to a safehouse.

5. The fake police. This is a particularly dangerous scam operated by organized gangs that involves an English speaking confederate who befriends you in a public space like a bus station. A "policeman" arrives to do a random check and finds out your new friend has contraband, and demands you come with him to the fake police station where you tied up and relived of your credit cards and their PINs. Sometimes you are held for days as the robbers withdraw the daily maximum amount from your accounts. Variation: You are in a cab and someone wants to share the ride with you. Almost immediately, a fake policeman pulls the cab over and discovers contraband on the new passenger. The key to this type of scam working is you making the decision to voluntarily follow the fake policeman.

Defense: Ignore a lone officer by pretending you don't understand him. Don't follow any policeman unless multiple vehicle backup arrives and it's obvious they are real. Two

Austrian tourists were victims of this scam in Bolivia and were killed.

6. The bus overhead grab. Once you fall asleep on the bus someone either sifts through your bag in the overhead or grabs it and gets off at the next stop. Nearly 100% chance of happening on overnight buses in countries like Ecuador and Bolivia. A variation is grabbing things from your jacket / fleece pockets as you sleep (while you are wearing it).

Defense: Keep your bag on your lap or check everything in underneath the bus, where it will be safer. Putting your bag on the floor is a poor defense if the robber gets in the seat behind you.

7. The taxi runaround. If you are coming out of a bar or club at night piss drunk, a crooked cab driver will disorient you by driving around. Then he pulls into an alley where an accomplice with a weapon relieves you of your money and clothes. This is an opportunistic crime because the cab driver selects people who he thinks wouldn't notice being driven in the wrong direction.

Defense: Don't get so trashed that you don't know the route home. Speak up if you think something is off to let the cab driver know you won't be an easy victim. If you are certain he's driving you into a trap, get behind his seat and go apeshit. Sitting next to a cab driver is a poor defense because accomplices can get in the backseat.

8. The bar tab. An English speaker befriends you and tells you about this really great bar down the street. You get there and see two girls at the table next to you raise their glasses in salud after opening an expensive bottle of wine. Your tab comes and turns out you bought that bottle of wine and several more for the many mediocre ladies in the bar. Burly bouncers won't let you leave until you charge an exorbitant sum to your credit card. Primitive variation: You are led into a "bar" (abandoned building) where you are immediately relieved of your goods.

Defense: Don't follow someone you just met on the street into a bar or club unless it's a really hot girl.

9. The found money. You are walking down the street and a man walking next to you finds a large roll of cash on the floor. He offers to split it with you. Out of nowhere an accomplice enters and claims it was his money and there is a significant amount missing. The man who found the money pays up and urges you to do the same to avoid serious trouble.

Defense: If it's too good to be true…

10. The switcharoo. A guy on the street is hawking cheap cameras that seem legit. Vendor is long gone by the time you realize you bought a box of rocks. Sometimes even stores will give you a box that is already opened.

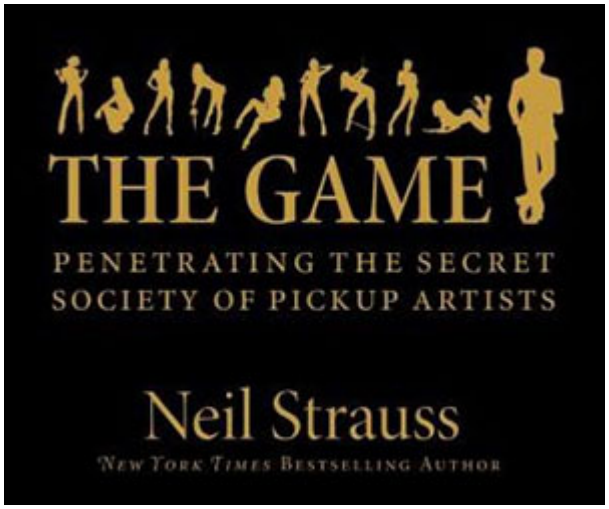
Defense: Examine the goods.

Even if you know every travel scam, you will still be defenseless against a mugger with a knife or gun, or someone who randomly karate kicks you in the head. This usually happens at night where you are *not* carrying things like passport, jewelry, credit cards, or

your Canon digital SLR camera. It’s best to give up the goods when attacked unless you have a weapon of your own and want to battle.

Bottom line: Be skeptical of people and use your brain but don’t but don’t let paranoia rob you of what could be a sexual experience with a local. Not everyone is trying to rob you.

If you liked this post then check out my travel guides, where I give brief reviews on thirty South American cities.



Poor Fucking Dog

October 29, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I saw about 400 feral dogs a day in Chile but this is the only one worth a picture.

Towards the end of the movie Ghostbusters 2, a lady's fur coat touches Vigo's slime and becomes a monster or whatever and scampers down the street. That's almost like how this carpet freak looks like when walking around. I imagine when it lays down to sleep you can't tell which side is its head and which its ass.

Postscript: Since writing this I've met a beer drinking dog who was also picture worthy.

For more on Chile, check out my Chile travel guide.

Re: Poor Fucking Dog

October 30, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Here's the beer drinking dog working on the last drop of Cristal beer.

Me and two other German gringos clamored for a photo as locals in the line of a club watched on, disturbed by the behavior of individuals from the Western world.

I was the only one who got a clean shot!

For more on Chile, check out my Chile travel guide.

Santiago Chile Nightlife

October 31, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

It's difficult to explore nightlife is cities that are both prosperous and large because everything is so segmented. There's the weird house clubs, and there's the expensive lounges, and there's the area where the grunge kids go. Therefore I don't know how representative my two nights in Santiago were.

Friday. A horrible misunderstanding sent me and a few gringos into The Circuit, a **gay** house club in Bellavista. The gringos followed my stupid ass in even though there were warning signs like guys wearing shirts two sizes too small and a complete absence of females in line, all because I didn't want to "walk all night to find a club." Once inside it was too late. It was fun for a half an hour until I ran out of gay jokes (e.g. "Hey look it's so crowded that those two men are forced to hug tightly). Several men were wearing Abercrombie & Fitch shirts, which should tell you all you need to know about that brand, but disappointingly no gay guy approached me beyond some deep stares. I don't know what makes a large gay scene but I imagine Santiago has it because this club was packed. The house music was actually very decent. $10 ass rape cover.

We then went into a heterosexual house club called La Feria nearby but I think it had only four more girls than the gay club. The rule so far in South America is that the clubs have hotter girls than what you see on the streets (somewhat opposite of the States), but that turned out to be not true in Santiago. Quality sucked and the DJ played music that had a lot of beeps. $8 regretful cover.

This was my most expensive night out in South America ($30), and probably the worst.

Saturday. We take a 20 minute cab ride to Plaza Ñuñoa, a hard to pronounce hot spot that only had sit-down bars. Another 20 minutes walking landed us in Kmasu, a decent club playing popular music, including a lengthy hip hop set featuring Dr Dre and Sean Paul. Halfway through the night I conclude that Chilean girls are unattractive; homely faces with pale skin and a culture of obesity that rivals that of the States means the few lookers know they are lookers. The homely girls are quite friendly though. We all got trashed at the reasonably priced drinks and stayed until 6am. The girl I ended up talking to wasn't a drinker so I had to act sober like I just got pulled over by the cops. On the other hand, the American girl with us got so drunk she passed out and needed to be carried back to the hostel. USA! USA! $8 cover.

Santiago doesn't have Salta's weird all-night glass policy, but it does have an interesting way of buying a drink. You have to wait in an orderly line at the register, pay, and then take your receipt to the bartender who makes your drink. It's actually a very nice first-come first-serve system instead of having to wait next to a mob of people snapping their fingers and waving paper money to get the bartenders attention.

Overall, Santiago was a bust.

La Feria

For more on Chile, check out my Chile travel guide.

Ten Years

November 4, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In medium sized hostels I have been called the “party guy.” Because I am not party anything that gives you an idea of the kind of hippie who travels to South America. They think someone who who goes out on Friday and Saturday night and sleeps off the hangovers until 3PM is a novel character.

Once word gets out that I like to leave the hostel after the sun sets, I get asked if I’m “going out tonight” about every fifteen minutes. And then there is the “Did you meet any girls?” No I stayed out for six hours watching futbal. Even though most gringos are younger than me, they come across like they “did” the going out thing (everyone here tries to brag about how they started going to pubs at 13), and are now more enlightened because they rather stay in to drink cheap red wine in the kitchen with an obese monster and some creepy 45-year-old creepy Danish guy who you know is a pedophile.

This is how I look at it: What can I do now that I can’t do in 10 years? Get trashed at some shitty club hitting on 21-year-old girls. Shit I don’t think I can even do this in 2 years.

Postscript: Thankfully as I get closer to Buenos Aires my partying nature is revealed for what is really is: tame and weak.

It’s Going To Be Hard To Leave (Part 1)

November 6, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

If you Google “Argentina models” (or just “models”), you will see nothing better than what I see every day and night. It’s a parade of beautiful girls. As one guy told me, “It’s like they’ve discovered how to engineer hot girls here.” I’ve become so desensitized to it that the only girls I notice are the ones who really stand out—the ugly ones. It’s so brutal to be unattractive here that moving to Chile or the United States would be your only option.

Having a round, proportional ass is such a given that there is no need for me to check them out anymore. But I look anyway to see how nice it is. You know those cheesy beer commercials with the party of very pretty girls? It’s better than that. Very few girls are overweight and all of them—even the tomboys—have long long hair. The only women that have hair shorter than me are the rocker wannabes or women over 40, but even that is rare because apparently older women here believe is still looking like a woman. Maybe I’m overhyping things but it really is that much better than back home. When you ask someone how long they’ve been in town, the answer is usually three days. Here in Cordoba, Argentina I’ve gotten several answers approaching two months, and chances are you’ve never heard of Cordoba. *Es increible*.

Still, many have complained about how “tough” Argentine girls are, but I wonder if that is just beta-speak for, “They don’t approach me like the girls in Peru.” The girls here will not encourage you, will never approach, will not make any sort of eye contact, and will do everything in their power to make it seem like they don’t want to know you. It’s so bad that I’m confident the word unapproachable came from Argentina. But it’s just a front. Once you crack it, and it’s really not that difficult, you are home sweet home.

In Chile I was advised by a native in a club bathroom (not in a stall) to dump my bad Spanish and just open in English to be even more different and exotic. I go up to a group and say something in English or just, “You guys speak English, yes?” It opens better than anything else I’ve tried. In Argentina, depending on the club, it takes only a few approaches to get “in” with a group. It’s the same amount of work you’d have to put in a U.S. megaclub, but unlike the U.S. there are no morbidly obese or warpigs in the group. They’re all good. I tell the gameless gringos I meet here that that’s all they gotta do is speak English but even while drunk they are too scared to approach. They just stand there, getting drunk alone while bobbing their head to house music I know they don’t like, whining about how they can’t wait to get to Brazil. I often have to ditch them in the club because they just fuck things up.

On Saturday night I went to a club called Dorian Gray that surprisingly wasn’t gay. I started talking to three 8’s. Two of them were fraternal twins, with hair almost touching their ass, and all had bodies that would break my buddies necks back at home. I wished I brought my camera. It is very difficult for any reasonable man to choose between the three. While the problem is other countries is “Can I do better?”; the problem here is

“Which one do I pick?”

Girls usually go out in large packs so the biggest problem is indeed the picking. When all of them are giving you an equal vibe and they are all on the same level, it’s hard to make a wise decision. If you pick poorly then it will be all for nothing because not only will the girl who liked you go cold because you didn’t pick her, but her friend will too since she knows her friend liked you. Argentine girls are too proud to be second best. So right now I’ve adopted a mediocre, passive strategy of not picking. I make progress on the group and just wait until one of them gives me a green light. Sometimes the green light comes late, but it always comes. With four girls iin Salta I didn’t know what was going on until one of them asked me to sit with her in the front of the cab at the end of the night. It’s so ambiguous that I’ve seriously contemplated just asking “So which one of you likes me the most?”

The club closed at 6AM so we hopped in a cab to the after-hours club called “The Poor Devil.” They wouldn’t let me pay the cab fare. Finally, after almost three hours, the green light comes: one of them grabs my hand and walks me to the bar. BOOYAKASHA! She buys me a drink and refuses to let me pay for it. And I do mean refuse—I picked up her to physically move her away from the bar but she still insisted. She’s a 22-year-old student. That sort of thing never happens to me at home. Maybe this is how Argentine girls are tough?

They walked me back to my hostel a few blocks away, but then the two other girls started hovering like helicopters. Isolate or die, or as a buddy of mine used to say, divide and conquer. Now the other sister is on me talking to me about hanging out. Are they just being friendly? But I’ve never held hands with a lady friend before. And why did she keep asking me how long I was staying in town? The sun is out now and I’m so exhausted I can’t think. Green light still looks good in the light. It’s 7AM but on the streets instead of seeing professionals in suits or storekeepers tending shop you got dozens of drunk guys singing and running on the streets playfully hitting on the girls milling around. It was bizarre.

CONTINUED…

It’s Going To Be Hard To Leave (Conclusion)

November 7, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

CONTINUED FROM PART 1…

Guys get laid by either mostly luck or mostly skill. It’s luck if you switch yourself with another random guy and sex would still occur. That means you got the girl at the right moment. There is nothing wrong with that but you will you be unable to consciously duplicate your effort. Otherwise, you did something that created attraction and sexual desire and it was only you she wanted. And then you try again the next night, with a better than average chance of succeeding.

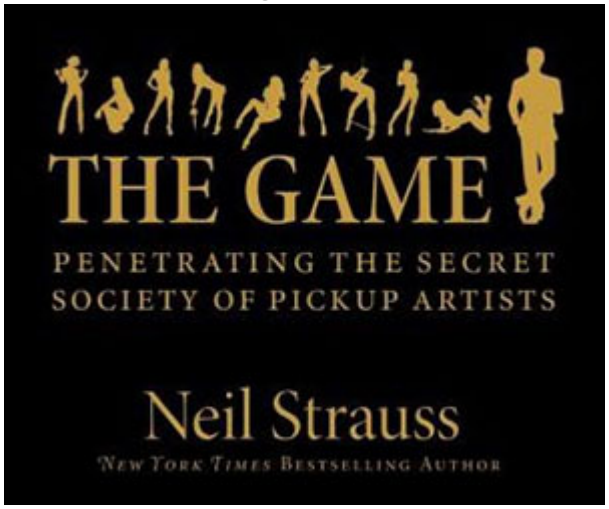
The gringos I’ve met that have a sex story got it by luck, plain and simple. Only one Israeli guy has been the exception. I wish not so I could learn some new things but the typical story is a gringo goes to a bar, a horny 5 or 6 approaches him, and he goes with it and gets some if her bedroom is far enough from her parents room or if he finds a hotel that doesn’t mind a couple without luggage. Only here have I heard “…and then she just kissed me.” If you are so oblivious to a girl’s attraction to you that she has to make the big move then I know you’re struggling for girls back at home and that’s the reason why you enjoy traveling through third world countries so much.

Standing with the three very pretty Argentine girls next to my hostel door, I knew I couldn’t get any further. After nearly four hours with them, I accepted defeat and settled for green light’s phone number. Then, to validate the confusion and ambiguity I’ve been trying to explain to you, the sister asks me for my cell phone number. Whatever, this old man needed sleep. How do these people have so much energy? The next day I seek out the Argentines working at the hostel to explain to me what the deal is, but they are as confused as I was. With two more months here I’ll have time to figure things out on my own.

Two days later she responds to my text message a typical twenty minutes after I sent it. I hate text messaging more than anyone but the definition of awkward would be me talking in Spanish on the telephone. She! used! a! lot! of! exclamation! points!!! but I loved it. I like chasing girls and putting in work from start to finish, much more than a random club make-out that ends once the cab drives away. I’m sweating bullets trying to translate my game into Spanish but with the hostel chef’s help the messages are going and coming. If it’s not difficult and doesn’t have an awesome payoff, it wouldn’t even be worth thinking about.

I was hanging outside on the sidewalk with a Canadian who was digging into some watermelon. Right by us walks a girl in gym clothes, as close to Western perfection as you can get, more attractive than any female I’d see back at home in half a year. But there are no hoots and hollers, no obvious stares. She is very beautiful, but she’s not rare here, and at night the club will be full of girls like her. Yeah, it’ll be hard to leave, but harder not to come back.

For more on Argentina, check out my Argentina travel guide.



Three Months Update

November 11, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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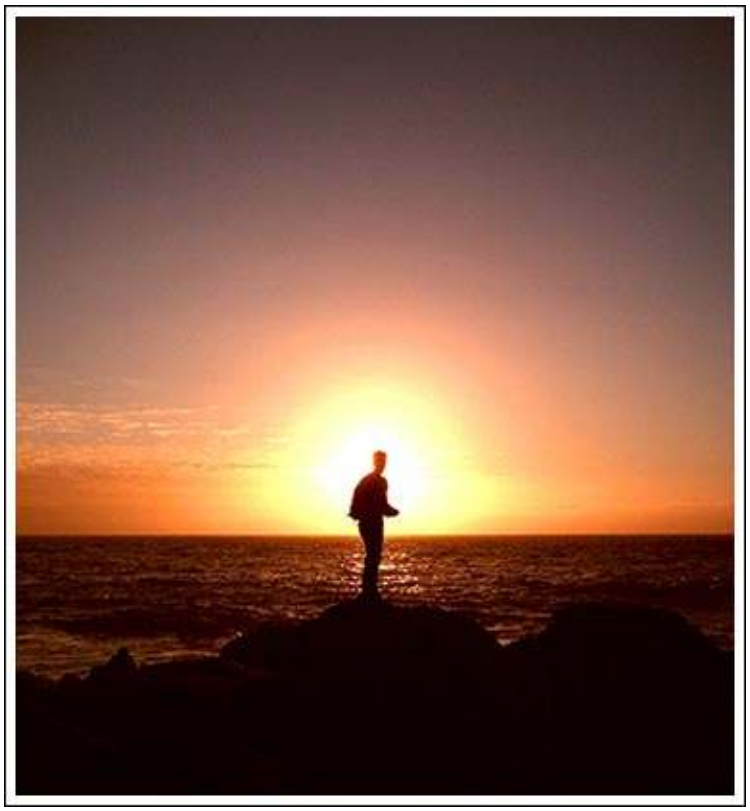
The trip is getting better as designed but an unexpected cost is that I lost a lot of energy and health traveling through the dregs of South America. Peru and Bolivia fucked me up the most. To combat a softening body I started hitting the gym ($3.50 for a day pass) and eating more protein.

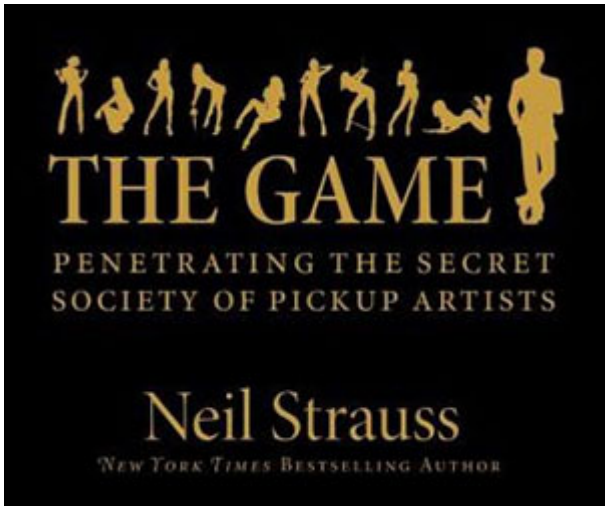
Speaking of the gym, I've gotten to know a Canadian 'roid monster who claimed he shagged 20 girls in 30 days in Rio. He told me to keep my beard trimmed to look more European and prepare to do very little work to get laid like a rock star. Sounds a little too good to be true if you ask me but he's not the first guy to tell me such things.

My stomach is getting better but it still growls like a bear on most days. In fact I've named it Bear. Eating yogurt helps but I think I have entered the chronic stage of whatever I got from Bolivia. On the days I go out I avoid complicated foods so it doesn't end up cockblocking me. At least it's not getting worse?

The big question of the trip is if I should visit those three small countries in South American that no one ever visits (Suriname, French Guinea, Guyana). There's nothing there that I specifically want to see but it'd be cool to say I've been to every country in South America just for bragging purposes. Guyana is a little rough though.



Chile + beach + big rock + sun


THE GAME
PENETRATING THE SECRET
SOCIETY OF PICKUP ARTISTS
Neil Strauss
New York Times Bestselling Author

Valparaiso, Chile

November 13, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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My third contribution to the Volette travel blog is up.

> Class is not a word I'd use to describe Valparaiso's nightlife. I had the unfortunate experience of walking into a club called Cosmonova where the owner at some point came up with the idea to combine aspects of a nightclub with a strip club. It took the appearance of a naked Chilean woman for me to understand why there were 60 men forming a semi-circle in a dark room next to the bar. Nearby was a room of ladies being entertained by what I imagine to be a hairless man, stripping Chippendales-style for their pleasure. Once the show was over and the salivating hounds were released on the much smaller female population, I fought my way to the exit. Talk about warming up the crowd.

At risk of tooting my own horn, I think I captured the city with competence.

For more on Chile, check out my Chile travel guide.

My Travel Buddies

November 14, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

For two weeks I've been travelling with two moai statues. The first head I've named Little Steve.

After a day he complained about being lonely so I returned to the market and bought him a friend.

Meet Big Steve. He is made of stone and is a bit inconvenient to travel with. Last week I rested him on the ledge of the top bunk to be funny but he fell when the maid was

making my bed and nearly killed her. Good thing she has a sense of humor! Since then I put him on my pillow and she never fails to tuck him in.

Signs that you are _____ while travelling...

For more on Argentina, check out my Argentina travel guide.

Another Bang Review

November 15, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Via The Boston Bachelor:

> Bang is a dense but informative read, full of advice even the most weathered Casanovas and "pick-up artists" can appreciate. The book wastes no time in breaking things down bit-by-bit from the approach to the date to the bedroom. For those of you who are more familiar with the whole "pick-up community," Bang strikes a good balance between the structured, sequential "Mystery Method" and the more free-flowing "Charisma Arts."
>
> If there's one chapter that stands out more than others, it's the one titled "Late Game," which breaks down the step-by-step (or article of clothing-by-article of clothing) journey from the end of the date to the end of the orgasm. The chapter titled "Internal Game" is another highlight, as it discusses the most powerful sexual magnet of all–the human mind. The odds-and-ends Appendix also serves up a great variety of tidbits, from approaching girls in cars to dealing with girls who suck (in a bad way) in the sack. I do wish that more specifics on body language and its importance were presented in the book–a minor complaint, all in all.

You can read the whole thing here.

School Of Argentine Girls

November 20, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

***Average** group of girls on an average night (with Aussie wingman)*

When I arrived in Cordoba, I was still trying to figure out the best way to pick up Argentine girls. Two weeks later, after going out most nights with a pack of almost a dozen gringos as motivated as I am, one of the last conversations we had was the smoothest way to take a girl to a love hotel.

It's amazing how fast you learn with other guys. It's similar to how you work out harder when you have a buddy standing over you on the bench calling you a pussy for not being able to push the bar up. Every night we'd talk about our experiences, share our revelations, and then use all that knowledge the following night. We all got pretty good pretty fast. As a couple of them have told me, "I've never in my life hit on girls like I have here." I have! But it's been a while.

Lesson 1: Get a cell phone. While one night stands happen, they are much less common than in the U.S. And how many of those have you gotten recently? A nice phone on a prepaid plan will cost you $50, and a $10 fill-up will last you forever since you will be mostly sending text messages.

Lesson 2: Know where at least one love hotel is located. "So do you know of a hotel around here?" is something you should never ask your chick. Take her out to a bar nearby the hotel to set up the "random" discovery. Going rate for a mostly decent room is $7-$14 for a two hour go.

Lesson 3: You need to average at least five approaches a day, and not just at night. Girls are everywhere: the park, the university, the gym. It'd be silly to wait until 2AM to start

talking to girls. Remember that Argentine girls will *never* approach you. If you are a shy guy and have no intention of approaching, don't come to Argentina.

Turns out it is very easy to talk to Argentine girls, but hard to escalate. Every guy has a story that starts with "She was loving me" and ends with "Fuck I don't what happened." We're pretty sure that the novelty of talking to a gringo (there aren't many here) makes them excited to talk to us for the first 20 minutes or so, giving us the impression that they are into us. Once the novelty wears off and the language barrier becomes more obvious and painful, things fade out. So you need to talk to enough girls to catch one whose attraction for you is enough to overcome the language problem. It helps if she hasn't been laid in a while.

Lesson 4: You have significantly better odds getting laid when you meet a girl in a bar than in a loud club. Go to the house club only after trying your luck at the bars. Only problem is that the bars here are packed with tables and everyone is sitting down, making for tougher approaches. While the clubs have tons and tons and tons of girls, the young ones there are more concerned with dancing than hooking up. It really seems like most of them don't want to get laid.

Lesson 5: Forget everything you have ever learned about eye contact. Don't look for it, don't expect it, and don't wait for it. It is a very poor indicator of interest in Argentina.

Lesson 6: Young Argentine girls are more flakey and have less focus than American girls. If you can't bang an American college girl, it will be very difficult for you to pick up an Argentine college girl, though 90% of girls you meet at night in Cordoba are in college. They also value attention more than American girls, stringing you along just for validation until they get their fix and move on.

The older girls in Cordoba have it tough. The competition is so great that they will make it extremely easy for you if you happen to meet them (I can count on one hand how many girls I have met over 25). Proof of how hard it is for girls out here is that I get much more love from the girl travellers in the hostel than when I was in ugly countries like Bolivia or Ecuador. But I don't bother because, relatively speaking, even the cute gringas seem ugly. On the flip side, even the ugly Argentine girls are cute.

Lesson 7: It takes time. The quality ones are projects that take at least a week to crack if you even got a shot. You need to buckle down, play the text messaging game, hang out with her friends, and keep pushing things into love hotel where you just to "talk" and "*hacer cucharita*." Do all this while working on other girls. If you stay here for only a weekend, you'll need lots of luck.

Lesson 8: Dick game works better here. Girls respond better to jerk + funny than interesting + funny. For example when the girl tells you she doesn't speak much English, say, "Why not? English is a very common language." When she asks you what you think of Argentina say, "It's alright. The girls are very weird." Don't insult, but make a lot of jokes that you are not impressed with the country or girls. Point out things like cultural flaws instead of mentioning how her country has the hottest girls you've ever seen in your life.

Lesson 9: Get ready for the head turn when you go in for the kiss. Every girl does it. Something that never happens in the U.S. may be traumatizing for an American guy, but keep in mind it's a cultural thing and isn't that bad because she sticks around after your attempt. Stay composed like it didn't affect you and retry every 10 minutes or so until you get there. Resist the temptation to force it. If you don't kiss her the first night you meet, forget about it.

The kiss here is a big deal. It's the most frustrating part of dealing with Argentine girls. They make you put in a ridiculous amount of work for something that is so minor back home. But once you kiss them it's like a light switch goes off: they instantly get more affectionate and warm. The amount of affection an Argentine girl gives you after the kiss is similar to what an American girl would give you on the second or third date. When an Argentine girl tries to convince me her behavior is the same as girls from other parts of the world, I ask her how many girls they have tried to bang that are not from Argentina.

Lesson 10: Leave your ego, pride, shame, and humiliation at home. It's hard, and while I'm not completely sure if it's worth it or not, you will not get anything if you are used to playing it cool and letting girls do the work. As I like to tell the guys, "If I put this much energy into getting girls at home, I'd get laid every single night."

Follow these rules and it's a 100% guarantee you will get action here, either from the suddenly insecure female travellers, the Argentine girls working at the hostel, the young ones at the club, or the older cougars who know their place. It's up to you how much you get.

When my ass was exploding in Bolivia, I drew a strict travel plan on a cocktail napkin, including which cities I'd visit and how many days I'd spend there. I wrote down two rules: Do not visit a city unless there is something you want to see or experience, and only stay longer than planned if you are having the time of you life. I originally planned to stay in Cordoba for four nights, but I've been here for three weeks, and the only reason I'm leaving soon is because a buddy of mine is flying into Buenos Aires. My first night going out back in DC is going to be spent fighting back tears. I know it.

Continued… Re: School of Argentine Girls

If you liked this post then I think you will like my book **Bang**, a collection of simple but powerful techniques, moves, and lines that make it easier for the average 20-something man to be more successful with women. Topics in **Bang** include discussion of the alpha male, effective opening lines, conversation themes, getting phone numbers, detailed dating strategy, and much more.

Complimenting the book is Roosh's Game Tips Email Newsletter. It's free and your first newsletter will be about how to meet girls in coffee shops. Following that will be newsletters on dealing with flakes, handling cockblockers, and meeting girls in foreign countries, among others. Your email address will always remain private and you can unsubscribe at any time. Put your first name and email address below and click the button.

Goodbye Cordoba

November 25, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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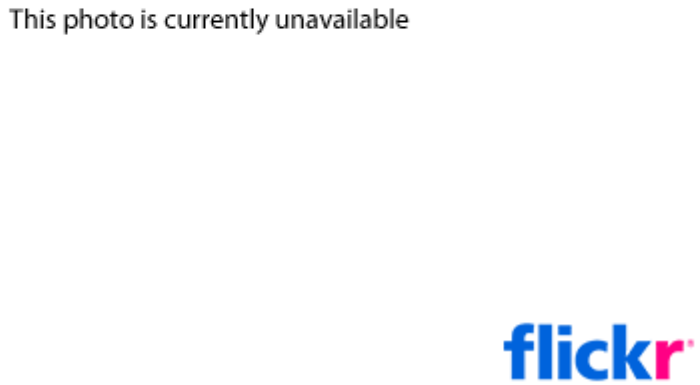
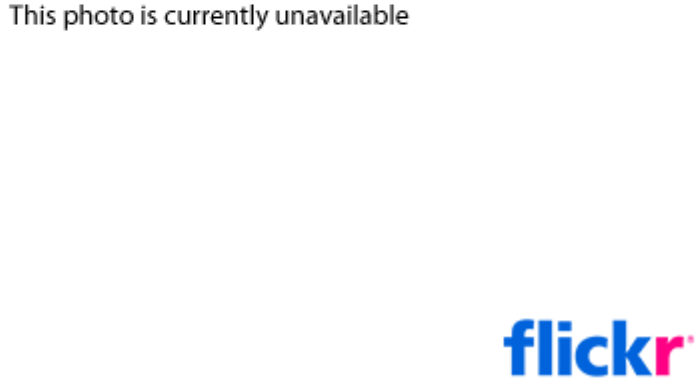
Most fun out of the twenty or so cities I've visited so far.





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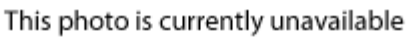
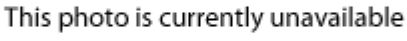
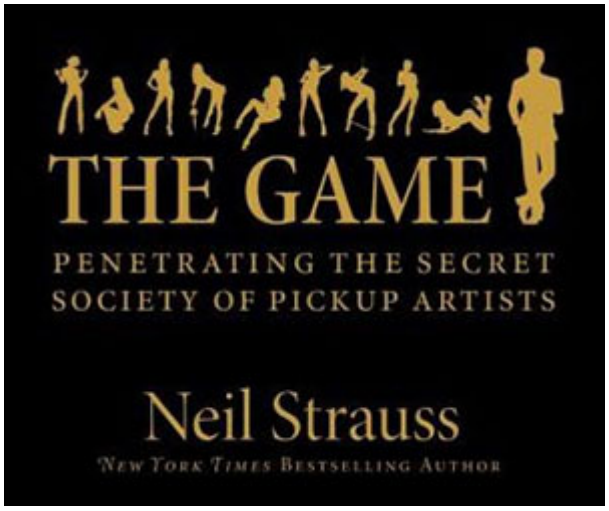




For more on Argentina, check out my Argentina travel guide.


THE GAME
PENETRATING THE SECRET
SOCIETY OF PICKUP ARTISTS
Neil Strauss
New York Times Bestselling Author

Shamefully Sloppy

November 27, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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My game is usually clean but I got sloppy and I think it cost me. It's pretty pointless looking back and trying to figure out where things went wrong with a girl because you can never be sure about what it really was, but I'm pretty sure on this one.

I met up with a project I've been working on for ages and her friends at a bar. We're drinking and having a laugh (Spanish only) when the girl asks me if I brought my camera to take some pictures.

Flashback: She wanted to hang out two nights before on Saturday but I told her I'm staying in when I actually went out. Going out was good and I took many pictures.

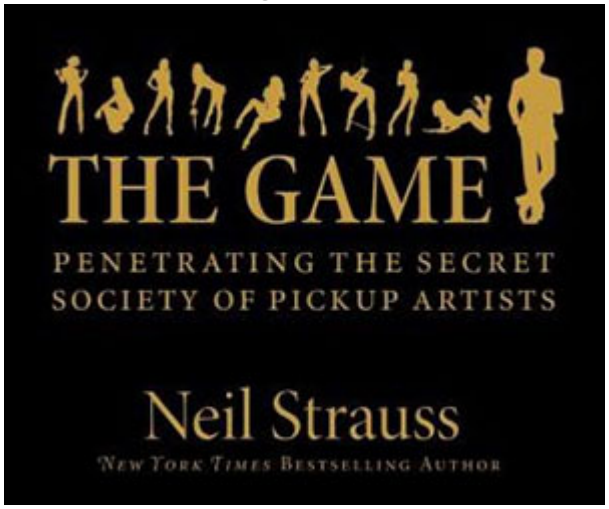
I told her not to look back at the photos thinking she would listen to me but some time later I wasn't paying attention and saw her with my camera stuck on this rather innocent photo. There were others with the same girl, suggesting more than just a random photo op but less than a hookup. The sequence of photos made it obvious they happened recently, as in Saturday.

She called me a liar but with a slight smile, making me think I was fine. I mean if she was from the U.S. then it's likely she wouldn't care too much and maybe be even more into me because of the jealousy factor, but the girls here have a lot more pride.

We planned to meet a couple days later. Didn't happen. Taking forever to reply to my text messages, if at all. Suddenly busy. Completely dead.

If you lie to a chick, don't bring evidence of your lie with you when you see her.

For more on Argentina, check out my Argentina travel guide.



Re: School Of Argentine Girls

November 28, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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There were a few questions to the School Of Argentine Girls post. Here are the answers.

1. When I left the States I weighed 175 pounds. Right now I weigh 178 pounds. The extra three pounds is due to glazed croissants, the only available breakfast food in Argentina, and dulce de leche. Longer hair makes me look skinnier?

2. It's very difficult to meet Argentine girls aged between 25-30, possibly because they are engaged or married. To meet girls over 30 you need to go to the old people's clubs, which I still need to hit for research purposes. I have not noticed the "old guy in the club" phenomenon here, though when I tell girls I'm too old for them I often get something like, "No you're not my last boyfriend was 28!"

3. It's happened to me at least half-a-dozen times that I'm talking to a cute girl and find out she is 16. Usually they look older because of the dim lighting. One of the hottest girls I've talked to in Argentina was 17. Average age is more like 20.

4. In previous countries approaching was harder because I was doing it in Spanish, but I found out that by just doing my thing in English, regardless of whether they understand or not, approaching is far easier, especially after you've racked up a number of successful international approaches that build up your international game confidence. It snowballs until you start doing it in the daytime as well. I worry about the language problem after the approach, but the "problem" is actually my greatest asset.

5. As a commenter pointed out, saying "Quiero hacer cucharita" means "I want to spoon." Girls love that shit.

6. Eye contact in the U.S. is usually an indicator that the girl likes you and wants to talk to you. It makes things a lot easier when you go to a bar or club and don't feel like working too hard. But in Argentina the girls don't make eye contact before you approach, so you're going into each one not knowing how the girl will react. It's actually better this way because you approach based on what you want and not necessarily what the girl wants.

7. My aussie wing is not holding the cigarette.

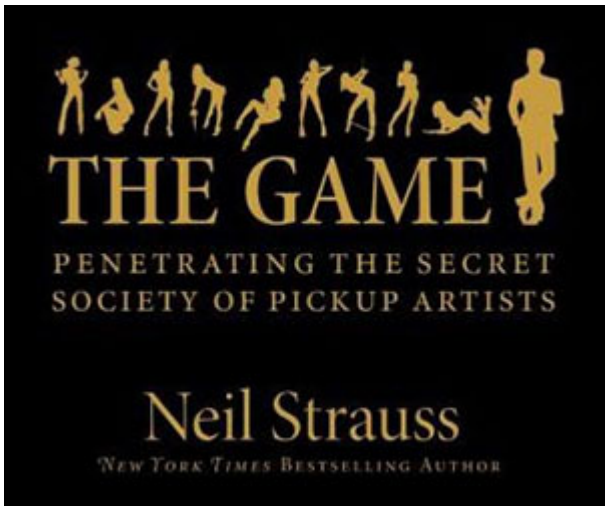
I'm currently taking a short break from the girls and visiting glacier land (Patagonia).

Continued… Argentine Girls Final Thoughts

If you liked this post then I think you will like my book **Bang**, a collection of simple but powerful techniques, moves, and lines that make it easier for the average 20-something man to be more successful with women. Topics in **Bang** include discussion of the alpha male, effective opening lines, conversation themes, getting phone numbers, detailed dating strategy, and much more.

Complimenting the book is Roosh's Game Tips Email Newsletter. It's free and your first newsletter will be about how to meet girls in coffee shops. Following that will be newsletters on dealing with flakes, handling cockblockers, and meeting girls in foreign

countries, among others. Your email address will always remain private and you can unsubscribe at any time. Put your first name and email address below and click the button.



The Giants

November 29, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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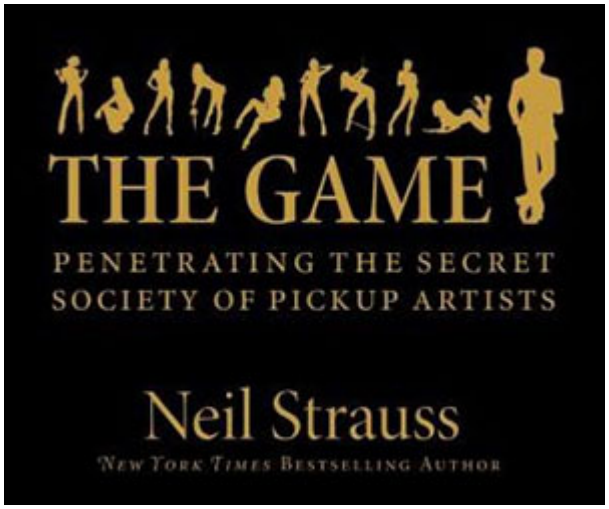
Bobby Rio from The Seduction Bible asked me to recount a memorable pick up story. You can read it here.

> My giant's car was at my place so pulling up I used the reliable "How about I make you a peanut butter jelly sandwich?" She came in.

It was a pre-blog pickup, before my pretty face was recognizable on the streets of D.C. I got recognized about four or five times the month before I left. In South America I have been recognized zero times.



Cordoba and Rosario Argentina Nightlife

December 2, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Argentine nightlife is much different than in the U.S. You go out here at the time clubs back at home close, making for an interesting cat-like sleep schedule. After 6AM you can party until the next afternoon by going to a series of afterhour clubs. (Some clubs only serve the purpose of being the after after club.) The longest I could go was until 8AM. There is a point you just look at the people still dancing and say, "This is stupid I'm not even horny anymore," and hail a cab with the sun in your face. The endurance champion is this Argentine guy named Flaco. Once I remember him and his crew stayed out until 9AM and then went straight to the pool until 2PM. They all collapsed when they came back, reeking of beer and chlorine.

They funny thing is that most people have regular jobs. Many times I'm talking to someone in a club and they inform me they have to be at work in two hours.

Cordoba

Mitre. If you don't want to meet any girls over 22 then come here. Music is top notch with a good mix of just about everything except salsa. This is the easiest place to find 16-year-olds, if you are into that sort of thing (that would be a birth date in the 90's). Go starting on Thursday. $4 cover with beer.

Pobre Diablo. The after hours club that reminds me of Club 5 in DC. Don't go here unless you already have a chick because there are packs of really drunk guys giving one last ditch effort to get laid. At least the average Argentine guy is more friendly and less belligerent than the average American guy. (I've been in Argentina for over a month and have yet to see a club fistfight.) $3 cover for guys.

Dorian Gray. Relatively new club that is popular on Saturday nights. Main floor plays house and a smaller room plays retro and even some hip hop. A little weird with the transsexuals walking around but I've had the most luck with Cordoba girls here. $5 cover with beer.

Club F. Way out in the boonies but worth it. I still have more traveling to do but this is the hottest collection of girls I've seen anywhere (sorry Gotica). Because no gringos make it out here your status will get you farther than back in town. Downside is that catching a cab back is so difficult that you may have to find a bus (people get so desperate that they throw themselves in front of cabs). Still, it doesn't get better than this. Go on Saturday. $5 cover with beer.

Rondeau Street Bars. Several blocks of just bars and clubs. The clubs are smaller than the ones above but they have friendlier girls. Don't be scared to approach large groups of girls sitting down. There is also a few bars around where Fuctuoso Rivera turns into Larranaga. It's dead here from Sunday until Tuesday.

Rosario Nightlife

Listen! Yeah there is an exclamation point in the name. Pretty decent bar that is just what I've been looking for: a club/bar combo. Plus there are no other gringos. The girls here are much friendlier than what you'd find in a nearby megaclub such as…

MDM (pronounced Madame). Me and three other gringos skipped the one block line when I said I was doing a review for the Washington Post. I don't believe that worked, especially since I was wearing a cowboy hat. I have a feeling this club used to be a factory judging by the huge chimney stack in the back. It's now a pussy factory, with more hot girls in one place than entire U.S. cities. Unfortunately there are more guys to match them and the girls here have an attitude problem, especially after 3:30AM or so. In fact, one of my wingmen got violently slapped. It was kind of my fault when I accidentally pushed his hand on a girl's ass, but still, he didn't have to squeeze. We should have stayed at Listen! $3 cover with beer.

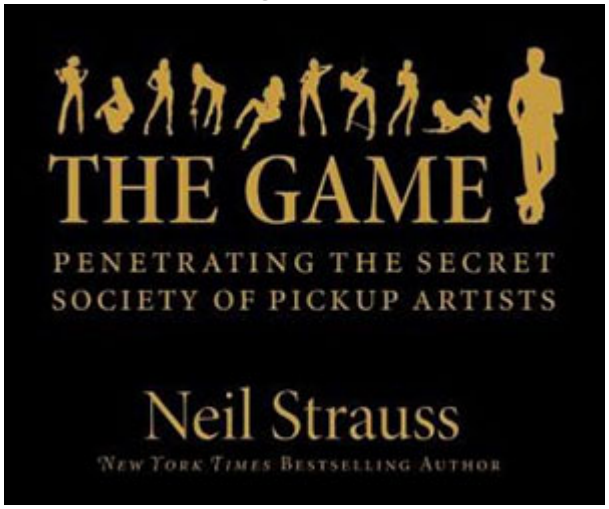
One thing I really like about Argentine clubs is that there isn't the obsession on making a buck with table service, though I'm sure it's just a matter of time until that changes. Missing are those guys who want you to look at them because they are able to pay a 700% premium on a bottle of "French" vodka that a French person has never heard of.

Now I go to Buenos Aires.

Mitre

MDM

For more on Argentina, check out my Argentina travel guide.



Please Stop

December 4, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

This post is for everyone, including me. We need to stop saying “like.” Now. We’re the only English-speaking country that uses like as a filler word and it makes us sound retarded. I cringe when I meet an American, usually a West-coaster, who uses it in every sentence. I want to shake the shit out of them and say “PLEASE STOP YOU SOUND LIKE AN IDIOT!!!” It’s distracting and serves no other purpose than to dumb down your speech. I’m all for slang though, especially English slang (to make out = snog, to like = to be keen, bang = shag, she wants cock = she’s out for it, etc.).

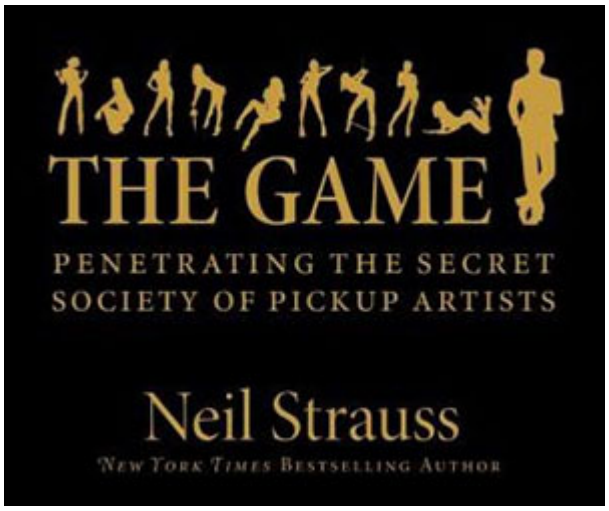
While I’m on this topic I have two other suggestions specifically for American girls.

1. Volume control. Why do you have to talk so loud? I’ve never had to ask an American girl to repeat herself.

2. Stop talking about yourself. No one cares about your very minor personal stories. Out of all the stories you love telling only 2% are worthy. Save the rest for amusing yourself on the bus when your IPOD runs out of batteries. After your story barrage is done and you leave the room, everyone makes fun of you.

The only potential problem American guys have is they all have the same haircut, but that doesn’t bother me.

Oh dude you left your pomade in the bathroom.



Four Months Update

December 9, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I feel like I'm seeing too much for one man. My brain is so constantly stimulated with newness that I'm nervous back home I'll go through withdrawal and just curl up in my dad's basement. Unfortunately it flooded after I left so I may have to deal with some mold smell.

I've realized that my ambition, as judged by an American woman lawyer, is zero. Which means I will never experience amazing sex with a lawyer. I thought after some time I'd get an itch for the lifestyle back home but I still have no interest in having a "real" job, and the only itch I get is from bed bug bites. If I can live comfortably out of a 45-pound backpack for four months, only buying things that need replacing like socks and toothpaste, then there is no other possession I need in life. Things are so simple now—I just worry about my health, people I care about, and how I'm going to challenge and entertain myself. Until the money runs out, anyway.

There is an American I met here that stayed for only two weeks and everyone was shocked his trip was so short. "Typical American vacation," I thought, "I had to do that." We're the greatest empire in the world, albeit a struggling one, but from my sample size we travel less than every other Western European country except Italy. We are looked upon by others as working too much and not getting out of the country, and it's true because our idea of a vacation is usually the beach for the weekend. For the population we have in the U.S., there should be twenty times more of you down here travelling with me, but money and status are so ingrained in our culture that taking time off from making money to travel with few possessions in basic accommodations and challenging environments just doesn't make sense. Plus that gap in your resume would ruin your carefully planned career path.

It looks like I will have more money leftover than I thought so when I return home I can continue the bum / slacker / coffeeshop lifestyle I left behind. It was the best time of my life, without a job, without a car, having deep conversations with my dad, eating Persian food everyday, watching my little brothers grow up, *getting more action than I've ever gotten*, waking up at 11am, thinking writing reading, swimming laps in the neighborhood pool. I can't tell you how this compares until I'm done, until the parasites or whatever in my stomach passes through my system, and even then I'm not sure if you can compare a life that was stable with one that is constantly changing and over-stimulating with roller-coaster ups and down like a manic depressive. One day I'm in the gutter fantasizing about my airplane landing in Dulles, the next I'm researching how much apartments here cost.

On Christmas I will be around Montevideo (pronounced mon-tay-vi-DAY-oh) and then Punta del Este for New Years. I'm tired but there is still a lot left to see.

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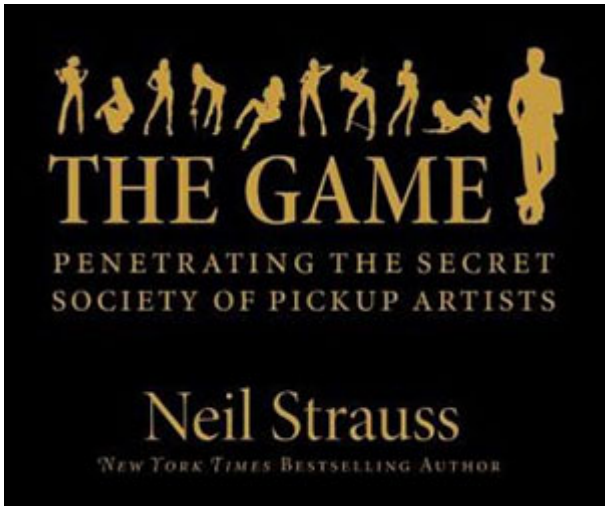
Gym and chicken



It’s That Bad

December 10, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I was sitting in a cafe when I locked eye contact with a girl for two seconds. The first thought to my head was, “Not from Argentina.” I walked by her table of friends and they were speaking Hebrew.

Seven girls check into the hostel. Three of them lock eye contact with me. *Definitely* not from Argentina. I see a Brazilian flag on one of their bags.

Even though I have accepted it, I’m in disbelief that an entire country of girls can not perform such a minor, innocent move. Imagine when you want more than just eye contact. Imagine when you want an Argentine girl to put some real investment into you. I figured out a few things that make it easier, but damn I still can’t figure out the game that is consistent on Argentine girls. I think what I’ve gotten has been right time / right place, and I’ve tried about everything. I won’t figure it out on this trip.

Anyway I gotta go—those Brazilian girls just sat next to me.

Continued… Seven Brazilian Girls Walk Into A Hostel

Seven Brazilian Girls Walk Into A Hostel

December 11, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Sort of continued from yesterday.

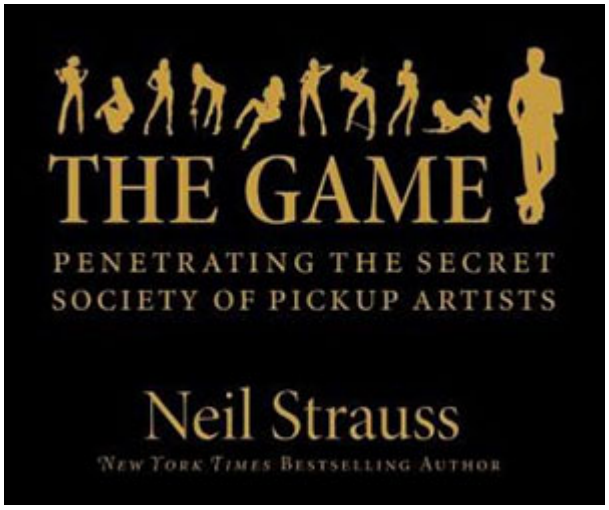
The Brazilians were talking nonstop so I had to dive in without waiting for a pause in their conversation. I said, “I think I know where you guys are from.” South Americans don’t pick up on this type of set-up so two of them immediately said Brazil. Fast forward some fun conversation later and one is teaching me Portuguese, writing some common words in my notebook, while another is drawing a map explaining all the places I need to visit in Brazil. Another is putting her arm around me while all of them are interrupting each other to talk to me. When there is a pause in the conversation I just sit back because they all work to come up with questions to keep it going. Their hyper-warmth makes me feel cold, Argentine.

All the while other gringos in the hostel bar are staring at me, as if saying, “Bro-man invite me in there’s only one of you and seven of them!” Fuck you do your own approaches! One amateur tries to get in by offering us pepperoni pizza. Get that greasy shit out of here. The day I get outgamed by a slice of pizza…

These girls made me feel good, something that only two Argentine girls in five weeks have done. I firmly believe that Argentine girls are capable of this, but only after a very long period of bullshit and games. When a Brazilian girl likes you, you know it. When an Argentine girl likes you, she acts aloof and stupid. Keep in mind these Brazilians are of the wealthy variety with Prada bags.

Later they offered me their caipirinha’s and asked what I’m doing later in the night, but of course I was sick with yet another cold (story of this trip). That’s okay because Brazil is coming. I can’t wait.

For more on Brazil, check out my Brazil travel guide.



Perfect

December 12, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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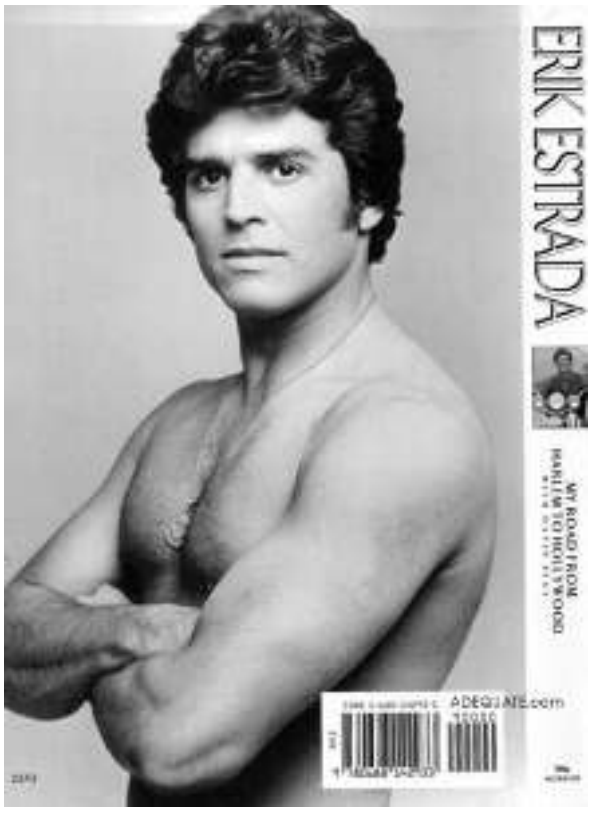
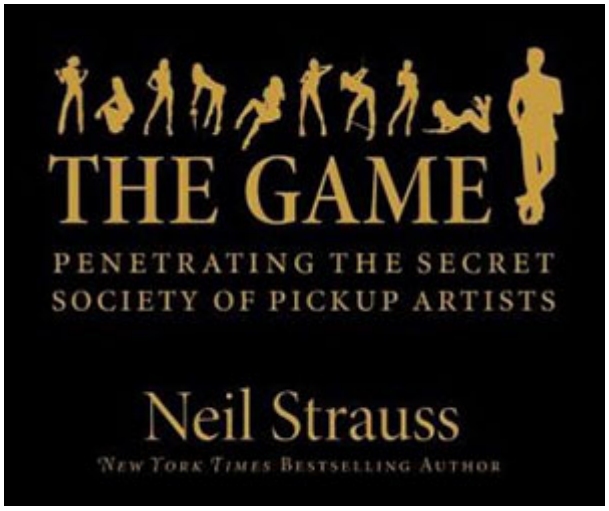
There is an Argentine man that I cannot forget about. I never got his name but he pops in my head whenever I eat in a restaurant. I remember his smile more than anything.

I was in a nice restaurant in Salta, getting ready to order after reviewing the menu. The waiter came to me. He looked like Erik Estrada but with thicker hair. I told him I wanted a particular chicken dish and he looked at me, smiled, and with great energy said, "Perfecto señor." Holy shit I ordered the best thing on the menu! I don't remember the last time I dined at a restaurant like Panera and the pimply faced teenager said my sandwich choice was perfect. Erik Estrada approved of my selection, and because of that approval we had a bond that transcended between two very different cultures. The way he held the smile as he spoke and said "Perfecto señor" will forever burn his face into my brain, more so than the actual dish. This is starting to sound gay so I'll stop but good luck getting that kind of treatment at Applebees.

Postscript: It seems like saying "perfect" is a common thing waiters do in Argentina, but Erik's perfect was real. He knew me from my vibe.



For more on Argentina, check out my Argentina travel guide.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Neil Strauss
New York Times Bestselling Author

Israeli Girls

December 13, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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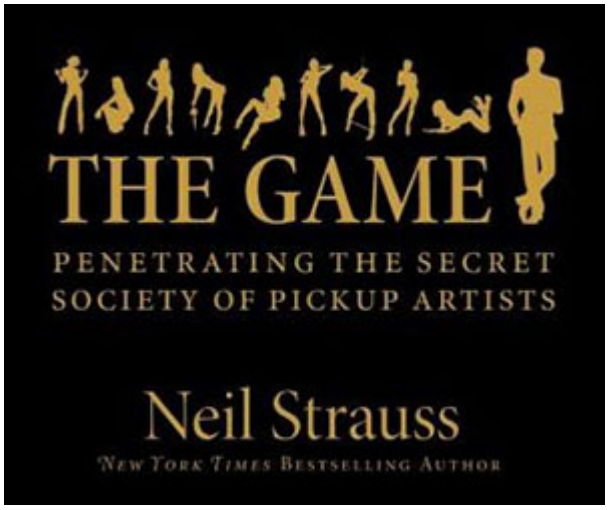
All Israelis are required to serve in the army. Guys go for three years and girls for two. After that they scrounge up some money and travel the world to catch up on some lost time. They tend to like hiking so they cluster around Andean regions, especially Huaraz in Peru and Patagonia. But it's only in Patagonia that I've run into a large number of Israeli girls, and damn they are good looking. Combine the best features of Eastern European girls (nice face with full lips, thin bodies), add in a little bit of Middle Eastern spice (dark hair, tan complexion), and you got some stunners. They are usually decked out in hiking gear without makeup but when they want to look good they blow out Argentine girls, and even with army training they can be very feminine. Their asses though tend to be a little on the flatter side but nothing as bad as Ecuadorian women.

It can be a little weird talking to them because they have had training in how to kill people, specifically men such as myself (technically I'm half Muslim), so watch your jokes in the vicinity of steak knives. They are more sarcastic and cynical than normal so if your game is indirect with teasing, get into a game of yaniv and your magic will be noticed. You don't mind chain smoking right?



Thoughts

December 16, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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The faster you realize will not change the world the sooner you will stop doing things for everyone else and start doing it for yourself.

Do you know how advertising works? Through repetition. You're infected without being aware. When the opportunity arises you will buy the product your brain is already familiar with. Those who think they are immune to advertising are most affected because they make no attempts to block it.

TV is to program you. That's why it's called programming. Turn that shit off.

You'll be dead before your dead. Your spouse will die and your adult children will visit you once a month. You'll be scolded by a minimum wage immigrant whenever you soil your pants. Life is long, but there is a window you need to take advantage of.

No one will complete you. People can only increase or decrease your happiness level. No more.

"Most of the luxuries, and many of the so-called comforts of life, are not only not indispensable, but positive hindrances to the elevation of mankind. With respect to luxuries and comforts, the wisest have ever lived a more simple and meager life than the poor."

Get a medium sized box and put all the possessions you need in life inside. If you can't say goodbye to all that other shit, well that shit owns you. In one year get a smaller box and do the same thing.

Buy nothing day? How about buy nothing month. You've been trained like a monkey to buy since you were two years old.

There is no God. You will die and that will be the end of your existence. All that you are will disappear forever. Remember that every time you stall, hesitate, and fear.

Enjoy it while it lasts because it's going to end. I guarantee you it will. Take a deep breath because the pain will pass or you will adapt. I guarantee that too.

Do you think you'll be playing golf in Florida at 65? You'll be lucky if you can hold a golf club. Don't believe the lies, don't believe the 40-year work plan, don't believe in retirement. Right now is your retirement. Don't believe your real estate broker, don't believe your investment adviser, don't believe your boss. They are using you for your money, time, labor. Use them instead and get the hell out.

That so-called legacy you want to leave? In just a few generations your descendants will be as genetically related to you as a random stranger off the street. Do it for the right reason.

What's the one thing you can do to put your life on a more fulfilling track? Don't ask others for advice, don't put it through committee—just do it now. But you're lazy.

Remember it's the journey, not the end result. No end result has changed any man.

A poor Argentine man I met travels by juggling at intersections and asking restaurants for leftover food. What was your excuse?

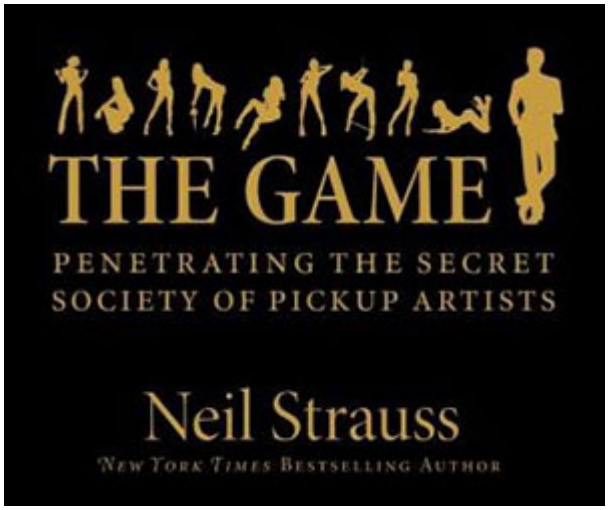
Do not work a day more than you have to. Are you sure that 401k is going to be worth it to you some day? You're betting the prime of your life that it will.

If you want to be unhappy, all you have to do is try to impress other people. If you want to be happy, don't do things which you are told makes you happy.

If you're spending more than your income, you will work until you die. How many years of college and work have you put in so far? If you quit right now, how many years would you last without having to work? Do you see what the problem is? But you're rich all right because you can go out to the new restaurant serving fusion dog shit and down $15 cocktails at the club with people carrying business cards.

"The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation. What is called resignation is confirmed desperation. From the desperate city you go into the desperate country, and have to console yourself with the bravery of minks and muskrats. A stereotyped but unconscious despair is concealed even under what are called the games and amusements of mankind."

Tell me you are not sleepwalking through life.



I Felt Ashamed

December 18, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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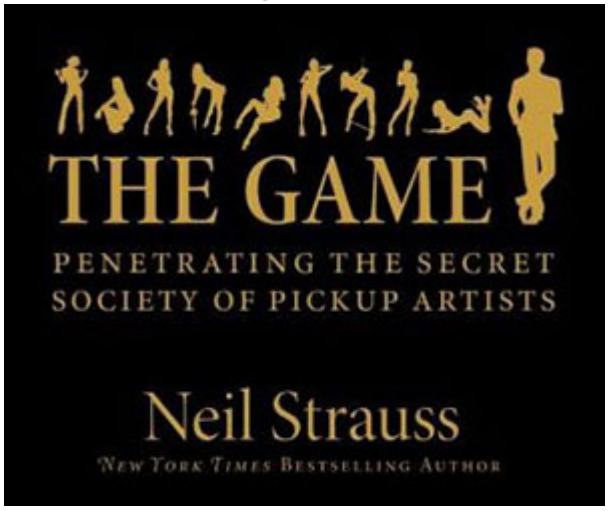
My first night in Buenos Aires I went to a restaurant with two Australians I knew from Cordoba. After our meal a 40's-something woman with a stack of newspapers came inside the restaurant and walked to our table. Before she had a chance to open her mouth I told her we don't speak Spanish. She said that's fine because she speaks English, that she is homeless and selling newspapers for about 75 cents US. I ignored her, brushed her aside like she was nobody. You have people coming at you with some pitch so many times a day that it's hard not to develop a shield to it.

Twelve days later I got a large cheese pizza for takeout and ate it at the hostel. The pizza was so good that the only thing to do the cheese grease justice was to wash it down with a coke. I went to the kiosco across the street and was second in line behind a woman. She paid and through the cage I asked for my coke. Trying to explain I wanted the *mas pequeña* size, my horrible Spanish accent got her attention and she looked at me. I recognized her as the woman trying to sell the newspapers.

I don't remember who spoke first, but she asked me where I was from and said I looked Argentine. I joked how no Argentine guy has as much hair as me. We talked for about five minutes, about left and right brain differences and how she likes art and how my scientist gig didn't do it for me and how her engineer friend has social issues. We were two strangers having an interesting conversation.

She had a large bag on her shoulder which had the newspapers. I was waiting for her to ask me to buy me one, which I was happily going to do. But she never asked.

For more on Argentina, check out my Argentina travel guide.



Patagonia

December 19, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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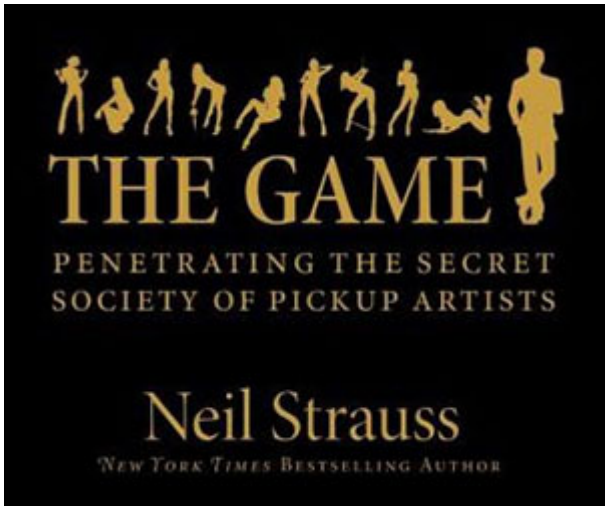
I was getting used to the travel writing thing until I sat down to write the article on Patagonia. I realized that it's so much easier writing about people and events than frozen water, so I had to do massive growth as a writer. Read it here. It has the best pictures I've taken in South America.

> I set out on the clearest of days towards Lake Capri to get views of the main attraction, Fitz Roy, a sharp mountain named by our man Francisco Moreno. I found out why so many hikers I passed on the trail were decked out in serious hiking gear when the wind picked up, the clouds covered the sky, and snow flurries starting blowing in my face. I was in jeans, running shoes, and a sweater, and this is where the regret I was talking about kicked in.

In case you missed the previous articles:

The Middle Of The World (Quito, Ecuador)
The Incan Ruins of Cuzco Peru
The Jewel Of The Pacific (Valparaiso, Chile)

For more on Argentina, check out my Argentina travel guide.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Neil Strauss
New York Times Bestselling Author

How To Get A Paraguay Visa In 9 Easy Steps

December 22, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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1. Show up at the Paraguay Consulate in Buenos Aires at 5pm. Notice they closed three hours ago.

2. Come back at 12PM the next day. Get told to fill out two forms and return with a passport photo the next day at 8am.

3. Find a photo place after 30 minutes of asking random people. Tell the photo guy you need 2×2 photos. Wonder why the photos he gives you are so tiny. Ohhh I mean inches not centimeters. *My ruler doesn't have inches*.

4. Show up the next day at 8am to at least two-hundred Paraguayans waiting outside. Bypass that mess and be first in the visa (gringo) line. *That'll be $65 US*. Argentine pesos not accepted. *The money exchange place opens at 10am.* Seriously consider if you want to go to Paraguay.

5. Mill around until 10am, get the money, pay the man. *It'll be ready Wednesday*. But it's Friday and you're going to Uruguay the next day. *Okay come back in three hours*. Awesome.

6. Find something to do for three hours.

7. Come back at 1PM. Still no other gringos in sight. I guess there is a reason you have met only one or two people who have been to Paraguay. Paraguayans are giving you dirty looks. *It'll be ready in one hour. Wait here*. Start losing hope as you wait past closing with a group of Paraguayans ready to explode in violence.

8. At 3PM, get called to the desk. *Can I see your receipt?* You didn't get a receipt. *Sir we need to see your receipt.* You didn't give me one! *Okay let me see.* Five minutes later… *Okay no problem. Sign here and here and write a sentence saying you received the visa.* Mil gracias!

9. Walk away with a huge grin on your face, staring at your **seven year** visa. At least it's nothing like getting a U.S. visa. Plus now you have a safehouse if things get too hot in the States.

For more on Paraguay, check out my Paraguay travel guide.

Listen To Me, Not The NY Times

December 25, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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With great interest I checked out the *Times* 53 Places To Go In 2008. Cool there is Buenos Aires, which is fun but not the best city in Argentina. There is Easter Island which I lie about going to with the help of my travel buddies. Oh look there's Quito.... Quito?!

While Quito has a couple interesting sights, it's a polluted, dangerous shithole. The most robbery stories coming out of South America are from Quito and Rio. The NY Times wants to get you robbed.

> Quito, the colonial capital perched 9,200 feet up in the Andes, is no longer just a whistle stop. The city's crumbling historic center, one of Latin America's least altered, has been reborn after a seven-year, $200 million renovation. And a crop of upscale hotels has arrived, including a JW Marriott, making Quito a glorious new center in the so-called Middle of the World.

"glorious"

JW Marriott or not, go there if you want to see abject poverty with 5-year-olds covered in soot asking to shine your shoes.

For more on Ecuador, check out my Ecuador travel guide.

Christmas In Punta del Diablo (Uruguay)

December 28, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I figure if you are going to spend Christmas alone, might as well do it from a quiet beach. Without cars, internet, malls, christmas trees and music, turkeys and hams, tinsel and static electricity, it wasn't too bad.

View from my canbaña…

For more on Uruguay, check out my Uruguay travel guide.

Salsa Revisited

December 31, 2007 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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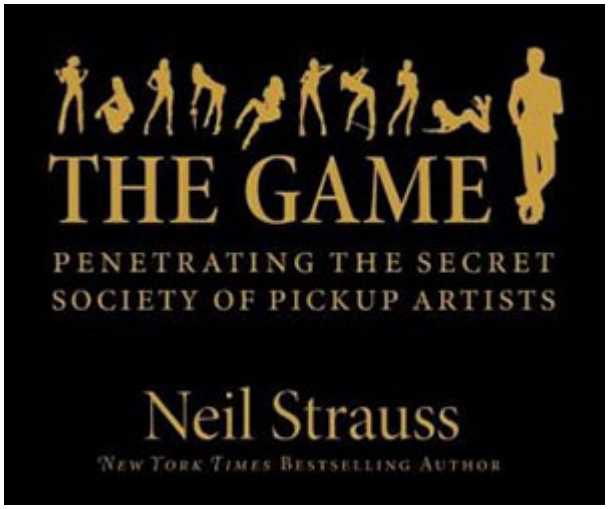
I've concluded that salsa is the most humiliating dancing style for men. You've trained so long and so hard to dance with a girl for a few songs who then pats you on the back before moving on to the next beta. And this is just from what I've seen. I imagine my opinion would be more negative if I was actually victim to this.

The only acceptable dance style is if your crotch eventually ends up rubbing on her ass. Since that doesn't happen in salsa, it's unacceptable for men to become accomplished salsa dancers. It's the only dance that even if you get a hard-on, your girl wont know since you're three feet away from her spinning her like a ballroom princess.



Beach Hair

January 1, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I guess this is for the ladies (or the surfers). How do I get beach hair without going to the beach?

By beach hair I mean when your hair gets greasy and shiny with untameable thickness and stringyness. If I don’t wash my hair for a week outside the beach, it just gets greasy on the top and looks dirty instead of wild. If I don’t figure it out I’m considering bottling ocean water and taking it with me to the city to simulate beach conditions.

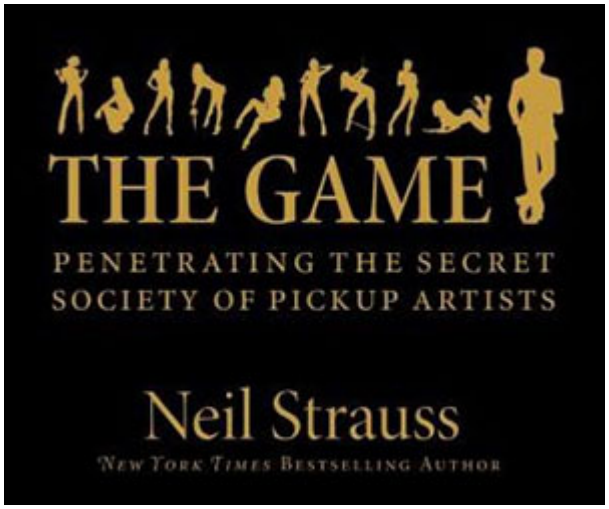
Beach Games

January 2, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I noticed that we play completely different games at the beach. In the U.S. the popular beach games are frisbee, volleyball, and throwing the football. In South America it's paddle ball, some weird horseshoe game I can't figure out, and kicking the soccer ball. I don't think it is possible to buy a frisbee in South America.

Also…

We tend to be early risers when going to the beach to catch the noon sun, but here the beach doesn't peak until **5PM**. If you go out around noon there will only be old people. From a skin cancer and just general comfort perspective, it really doesn't make much sense to go out on the beach when the sun's UV rays are strongest. 5PM sun will get you plenty crisped with that SPF-0 oil I see American girls use.

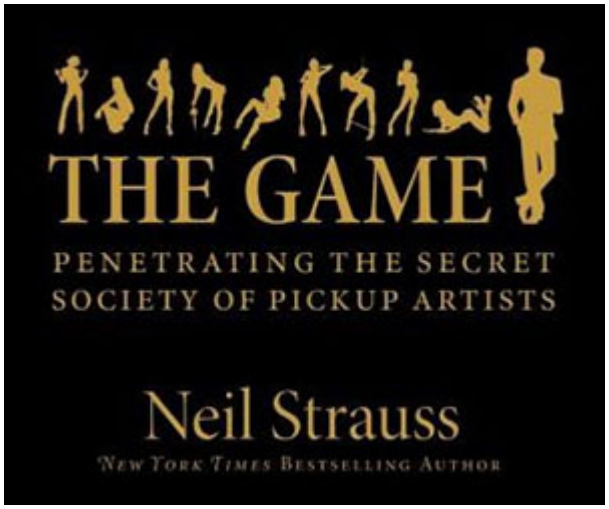


Why She’s Leaving

January 3, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

When a girl wants to leave early from a club or bar, it’s because she’s not getting attention from guys. Recently I saw a couple random hostel girls I wasn’t hitting on start their exit after claiming they were “tired” and have to wake up “early.” But then they got approached on their way out and ended up staying longer than me. Fatigue or some type of work obligation is never enough to stop someone from spending time to get to know someone new they like.

When a guy wants to leave early, it’s because there are too many guys.



Argentine Girls Final Thoughts

January 6, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

PREVIOUSLY: School Of Argentine Girls

1. Argentine girls love disappearing. You think they are loving you hours after you first approached, and then they just ditch you. This may be a reason why Argentine guys are dicks: Why put in the work and be nice and spend all that time if she's going to ditch?

2. Escalation is different. When an American girl starts touching you a lot and holding your arm, you're money and can ramp up. When an Argentine girl does it, it's bait and you should *not* escalate quite yet. If you bite too early, you "lose" and that's that. You need to wait longer than normal for when the vibe of the interaction changes; she'll start staring at you differently and smiling when there is nothing to smile about. Only then do you escalate. I'm still not too clear about this.

3. Dancing is crucial in almost all pick-ups. Since there is no such thing as grinding here, that means you dance for hours a foot away from her touching now and then, waiting and waiting like a puppy dog until you get the green light explained above. If you are the kind of guy like me who prefers leaning against the bar all night with a drink in your hand, you will get significantly less than your twin who hits the dance floor. While dancing offers no certainty you'll get anything, it's the only way to have her attention for long periods of time.

4. There is no cockblocking here from the girlfriends. I'm convinced cockblocking is a cultural phenomenon.

5. If I could try one thing differently, I would go serious push game. Constant challenging. Make it seem like every answer they give is wrong and she has absolutely zero chance with you. Saying things like "I wish you were…" While smiling of course. The only way to find out how far you can go is to make a few girls genuinely mad at you.

6. There is a "you're not worth anything if you're easy" meme floating in Argentina, which means an Argentine girl will never make it easy for you. It's always a headache.

7. Argentine girls like sex, but on the surface the culture is not very sexually liberalized. For example I've never seen such conservative dress before; the girls never show cleavage and they think sexy is showing off their skinny arms. At the end of the night in a U.S. club, a significant number of people are making out. In Argentina it's very few couples. You'll find fast girls but on average they are slower than Americans.

8. In two months I've never seen an Argentine girl buzzed, tipsy, *alegre*, whatever. They just dance or talk all night. Plus there is no shooter culture like in the U.S. The nightspots don't even have shot glasses.

9. Because Argentina does not have an easy pick-up environment, social circle is very important. Gringos who have done well with Argentine girls are ones that have enrolled in school for an extended period of time and built up a social circle. The advice that an American would give a friend to find a wife is the same an Argentine gives to get laid. The

average notch count here has to be lower for both sexes.

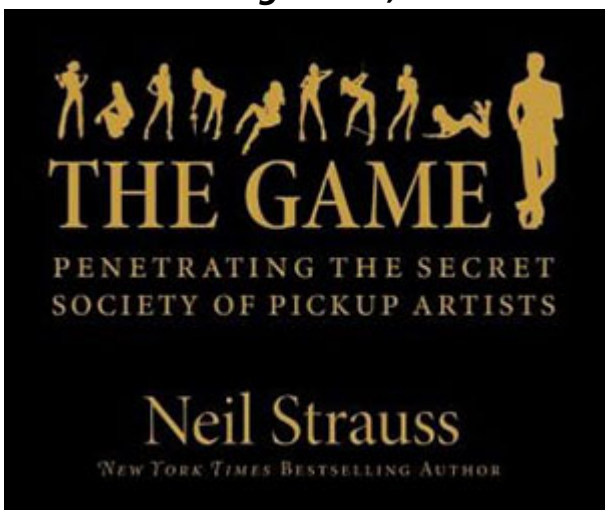
10. In most cultures, when someone is staring at you, you look to see who it is. But the girls here will definitely not look at you if they know you are staring. If I'm walking on the sidewalk and notice a cute girl walking towards me, I avert eye contact and pretend I'm not paying attention until I feel her looking at me. Then I look at her eyes. She'll panic and look away immediately. You are not supposed to know she is looking at you because that may mean she is interested. That's how Argentine girls are.

In conclusion, the girls are a pain in the ass, but every system can be cracked—it's just a matter of how long it takes. But why bother when Brazil is right next door?

If you liked this post then I think you will like my book **Bang**, a collection of simple but powerful techniques, moves, and lines that make it easier for the average 20-something man to be more successful with women. Topics in **Bang** include discussion of the alpha male, effective opening lines, conversation themes, getting phone numbers, detailed dating strategy, and much more.

Complimenting the book is Roosh's Game Tips Email Newsletter. It's free and your first newsletter will be about how to meet girls in coffee shops. Following that will be newsletters on dealing with flakes, handling cockblockers, and meeting girls in foreign countries, among others. Your email address will always remain private and you can unsubscribe at any time. Put your first name and email address below and click the button.

For more on Argentina, check out my Argentina travel guide.



The Odds

January 7, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I just got this message:

> A French canadian guy came across a guestbook entry at a certain hostel in valpo. He was astounded that the entry happened to be yours, as he had bumped into you in cusco and el chantel.
>
> He then proceeded to tell us about your numerous bodily complications.. followed by the statement.. yeah Roosh is a funny guy.
>
> We werent really listening to him up until the word Roosh was shouted across the hostel breakfast table. Turns out youre quite the backpacker celebrity! Luckily we were able to experience cosmonova without actually going there through your detailed recount.

Backstory:

I met a few Australian girls in Buenos Aires.

I met a guy in Cusco, Peru who is French Canadian. Two months later, I randomly bump into him again in Patagonia, about a thousand miles away.

In Valparaiso, after Peru but before Argentina, I stayed at a hostel that had a guestbook. After a horrible night out I put in a lot of care writing a warning to fellow travellers about a certain club. I signed it with just "Roosh."

Both the girls and the guy went to Valparaiso at the same hostel at the same time and discovered that they both knew me through this guestbook entry, which I paste for you here (I drafted it on my laptop):

> My opinion of Valparaiso will be shaped by what happened to me on Wednesday, October 24, 2007. I went to the club strip off the water and landed in a club called Cosmonova. The main bar only had a dozen people, so I explored and found a room guarded by a stocky bouncer. Inside was a semi-circle of guys sitting quietly in chairs, waiting for something. I thought this was the gay part of the club but there was another room nearby that only had girls. I asked the bartender what was going on but with her Chilean spanish she might as well have been talking in Portuguese.
>
> A local overheard my confusion and escorted me back into the room of men. In the middle of the semi-circle was an overweight chilean woman, wearing only sunglasses. And I mean only sunglasses. Men hooted and hollered as they filmed her with their cell phone cameras. "Very sexy?" the local asked me, in a tone like he was trying to convince me how great his country is for having this spectacle. I nodded yes but it was as sexy as watching a hot dog eating competition. I went back to the bar.

> The show ended 15 minutes later. I know this because an avalanche of men frantically searching for a meal poured into the bar. Many went hungry as there was only one girl for every three of them. I use the word “girl” loosely: many were over 30, the type who gets a kick out of watching a shaved, eyebrow plucked man wave his manhood while wearing nothing but a pair of sneakers.
>
> I think it’s time to go back to Argentina.

South America is a big continent. Even with Lonely Planet, the odds of this happening is incredibly small. It made my day.

For more on South America, check out my South America travel guides.

Five Months Update

January 8, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I'm excited to be done with Argentina. I spent a little over two months there, and while I loved Argentina, I have mixed feelings about the people. I always thought that Americans were cold, but compared to Argentina we are not so bad. Uruguay was an easy-going country that reminded me of Venezuela with the light-skinned, attractive, and friendly people. Only in Uruguay have shopkeepers insisted I carry a balance instead of worrying about finding change.

I think I may have what is called post-infectious IBS. It happens after something like a parasite alters the lining of your gut (sometimes permanently), leading to symptoms like bloating, pain, and gas for an indefinite amount of time. From my internet research it seems to be somewhat common after travel to third-world countries. Or maybe it is small bowel bacterial overgrowth syndrome. I haven't had a cup of coffee in two months and tomato sauce and many raw vegetables are off limits. If it's a parasite then it's a *big* parasite because sometimes it feels and sounds like something in moving around in there.

I've had ongoing stomach problems for three and a half months now, and while I think I'm getting better, it's something I need to plan around and think about. At least it's not affecting my face! This experience reminds me of when I had hives, which took over two months to resolve. One day at a time…

Next stop is Rio de Janeiro until Carnival. I decided to visit those three small countries after Brazil and make a go for every country in South America. Why not? If I can get to Veneuzuela then I'm confident I can make it.

I feel like I'm at the midpoint of my trip.

Punta del Este

Iguazu Falls

January 9, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

When you think of South America, the first thing that comes to you is Machu Picchu (or favelas), but as I get deeper into my trip I'm convinced that Machu Picchu is popular for only one reason: it's entire essence can be captured in one easily digestible photograph. It's popular because of marketing. Pompeii is a far more interesting ruin but it's a complex site that doesn't have that money photograph.

You've probably never heard of Iguazu Falls, but it's the Niagra Falls of South America. Waterfalls are waterfalls, but this beats stone ruins any day.

I uploaded a bunch of other photos this month.

For more on Argentina, check out my Argentina travel guide.

Thought

January 10, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Paraguay and Bolivia are the two poorest countries in South America and the only two that are landlocked. Coincidence?

I had to escape from Asunción yesterday due to what happened to me at 4:15am Thursday morning. No, it didn't involve a transsexual, or any other person for that matter. Story coming.

I'm starting to seriously consider my travel luck.

For more on Bolivia, check out my Bolivia travel guide.

Hotel Miami

January 13, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

My second night at Hotel Miami in Asunción, I went to my bathroom and saw this:

It was big and not afraid of me. I couldn't find anything to kill it with except my room's soft-cover bible, but if I failed to kill it I was scared it get mad and try to kill me, so I just closed the bathroom door hoping the problem would resolve itself. It did because I never saw the lizard again.

I was hyper-aware after that and a few minutes later I noticed a gigantic bug on the pillow of the twin bed next to my full size bed. I grabbed the bible and killed it without mercy. I felt sorry for the poor sap who was going to use that pillow thinking it was clean (like it was clean before). The six inch lizard was a sign I should have searched for another hotel, but I pride myself on adapting to tough conditions.

Pride never did me anything good.

I went to bed on Wednesday at midnight. I woke up around 4:15am with my hand touching something on my bed. I pushed it aside and settled into a new sleeping position. About four seconds later it hit me that THERE IS SOMETHING FURRY ON MY BED. I jumped up and turned on the light. It was a dead rat.

I freaked out like I've never freaked out before, flailing my arms and making whimpering noises as I run to the bathroom to wash my hands. I examined my body in the mirror to check for signs of rat excrement or bites. I'm cringing, shuddering, gagging as I think about where this rat touched me.

I covered the dead rat with sheets so I didn't have to see it. The placement of the rat

seemed too perfect, almost like it was a prank, but the door was still locked.

I wanted to leave the hotel immediately, but it wasn't the best time to go walking around Asunción searching for a hotel. I consider staying awake until the sun comes up but there is that twin bed. I turn over the pillow and lay down. Two hours later I fell asleep.

I get up around 8:30am and start packing. Less traumatized, I uncover the rat to get a closer look. Turns out it's not a rat—it's a bat.

It was hanging from the ceiling and just dropped dead next to me. I'm not a superstitious man and I don't believe in omens, but when dead bats start falling from the sky onto your bed, it's time to get as far away as possible. I packed up and went to the bus station and booked a ticket to Ciudad del Este, a city I can cross over from into Brazil. I had two hours to kill so I went to an internet cafe at the end of the bus station.

My scientific knowledge kicks in as I'm checking my email and I remembered bats carry rabies. So I'm in this internet cafe multiplying the odds this bat has rabies with the odds it bit or scratched me while I slept. I'm sure I would have definitely felt it bite me and a check of my body in the mirror found nothing suspicious. I hit Google. The internet is either saving my life or giving me OCD, I'm not sure, but I found things like this:

> Of the 25 cases since 1981 in which people contracted rabies in [the U.S.], 22 involved strains that could have come only from bats, and 16 had the silver-haired bat strain found in the Virginia man. Everyone in those cases died, including several children. **But only one patient was aware of having been bitten**. In the rest of the bat cases, the exposure was described as "unknown," though in many cases family members or patients themselves recalled that a bat had got into the house or workplace.
>
> But that means **one can be bitten by a bat without knowing it**, something

> most people would find hard to imagine.

Now I’m scared. The thing with rabies is that when you find out you have it, you’re going to die. It’s also bad news that this bat was hanging out with a human. With the window closed it had to work to get inside instead of choosing to drop dead in it’s natural habitat. I hop in a cab to the private hospital and get the first of five injections. The consultation with a doctor and the first shot was $35. Getting the rabies vaccine has been the easiest decision of my trip.

> Rabies prophylaxis is 100 per cent effective if given before symptoms appear.
> Link

I still can’t relax.

I arrived in Brazil later that night, and stayed at a nice hostel that didn’t have more wildlife than a national park. It’s nice that traveling gives you such interesting and crazy stories, but I wish I did without this one.

For more on Paraguay, check out my Paraguay travel guide.

I Hate Roosh

January 15, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A girl blogger has this to say about me:

> If you spend some time reading his blog you'll find that he is a true misogynist. He never says he hates women, but it is between the lines in every entry. He has been spurned by women and now has chosen to subjugate them in lieu of therapy. Women are no longer people in his blog, we're dehumanized, gutted, and decapitated for his pleasure/sadism. We are broken down into color, ethnicity, age, number of sexual partners while the bloggers own color, ethnicity, age, profession, number of sexual partners are inconsequential. I think he should do women a favor and visit a whorehouse with a diverse cornucopia of employees. Maybe if they simulate a bar-like setting and slip him their number, it will have the same effect and he'll be removed from the effective man-pool. Because college, post-college, and young professional men are of the same mindset I think most of them are a waste of time. To be fair, Roosh says as much in the above entry. I hate him and yet were it not for the blatant honesty of his blog I think I would still be wasting my time on male attention.

I feel somewhat responsible that I sent this girl down some rabbit hole of man hatred, but sounds like that was the direction she was heading.

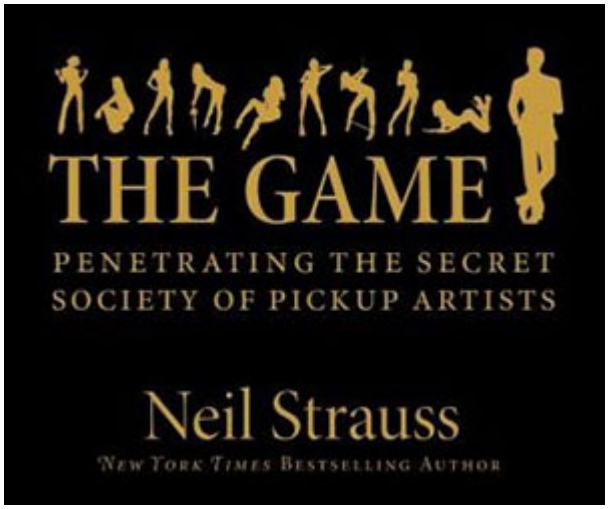
Speaking of DC blogs, a new one I've been reading is Jack Goes Forth.

Postscript:

Strong comment left on her post…

> I wouldn't call Roosh's writing misogynistic, I'd call them observant.
>
> He writes about his experiences trolling for snatch at bars and clubs.
>
> The women he writes about go out to bars and clubs. They let Roosh game them and then go home with him. They make it easy.
>
> You want to be valued for your mind? You want to be respected for "who you are"? Do you imagine that your career impresses people?
>
> Don't go to bars and clubs and let the Roosh's of the world game you.
>
> If anything, *you're* the misogynist – you hate the girls who let him get exactly what he wants for only minimal effort. You hate these girls for letting men treat them as orifices to masturbate into. You hate them because large numbers of men will never waste time on girls who demand to be treated "like a human being" – a category to which I presume you belong – when there are so many girls who go out every night and spend hundreds of dollars a year for the privilege of being pumped and dumped by alpha males. I won't even begin to mention the blatant misandry exhibited by this post. But then again you're a

> woman so you don’t have a problem with double standards, right?
>
> Look, every single person in this world is looking out for themselves. Roosh wants pussy. You want to be valued. Although you have a pussy I don’t think you and Roosh would make a good match. You will end up with a beta and Roosh will end up with herpes. In the end, your desire for men who treat women as princesses is no better or worse than Roosh’s desire for women who just want a one-night stand with a rugged ambiguously darkish guy.
>
> In the end, you can’t blame Roosh for telling it how it is. As you admit yourself, his blog is brutally honest. Read more of it. You will learn how men really have always felt about women and will probably always feel about women no matter how many times the Vagina Monologues are performed at college campuses and no matter how many women leave the house every day in power suits.
>
> Could it be that everything about women’s liberation is one giant experiment that couldn’t ever have possibly worked? Strange that 40 years later Roosh speaks for all men, isn’t it?



Rio de Janeiro

January 16, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

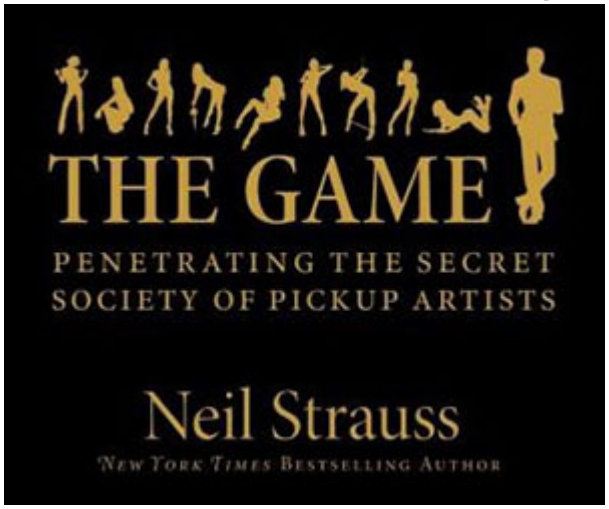
I got a cell phone, signed up at a gym, and started taking Portuguese lessons. I have a feeling I will be here a while.

I need two weekends before I can share my initial thoughts. No snap judgments!

I'm dropping $100/day. Trying to hit $60. 😟

Did you know Prada makes a cell phone?

For more on Brazil, check out my Brazil travel guide.



Guiding Principle Of Male-Female Relations

January 20, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

This is going to be unpleasant.

I've been writing this blog for almost three years, and turns out I have failed to get across the guiding principle of male-female relations to women of the United States.

The guiding principle of male-famale relations:

GUYS ARE LOOKS ORIENTED
GUYS ARE LOOKS ORIENTED
GUYS ARE LOOKS ORIENTED

If you are a woman over 30 who is single and unhappy, it is because you are overweight, have short hair, or have standards far higher than your attractiveness.

In Argentina the girls are fucking nutcases, but it is impossible to find a 26+ year old skinny Argentine girl with hair touching the top of her ass. Impossible.

In Brazil the girls are chubbier and less attractive but they have what is called sex appeal. Men are very attracted to this trait. Since you are American and have as much sex appeal as a woman from Afghanistan, your only hope is getting your looks together.

I know losing weight is tough with so many delicious flavors of Haagen Daz ice cream and Starbucks frappuccinos, but listen: calories in must be less than calories out. You can decrease calories in by eating less food, or you can increase calories out through exercise. Doing both will give you faster results. Also, lifting weights or doing toning exercises will give your body a pleasing appearance. This is something you have to do for the rest of your life. I know it will be brutal to miss your favorite television programs to get your body looking good, but this is the tremendous price you must pay.

Bonus tip: I have never met a fine bodied girl who washes down a night of beer or wine drinking with cheese or meat. Please research the calorie content of your favorite alcoholic beverages and the common late-night snacks you consume afterwards.

I know having long hair is a pain in the ass when it's hot and I know it takes forever to dry, but you are not helping your cause with that "cute" bob cut. Men are not attracted to cute. If we did we'd all own puppies.

I'm sorry you have an unattractive face. Life is not fair. But you will have to significantly lower your standards if you want children or a husband. Not everyone is going to have an attractive mate. I have back and ear hair and various other deformities but since you are not as looks oriented as I am all I have to do is have personality, be interesting / confident, make jokes, etc. (i.e. have game) in order to get with women more attractive than I am handsome. These game traits help you so much less than me that it would be a waste of your time to work on them in place of body slimming or hair growing.

Also, have you have experimented with ways to maximize your looks potential?

You cannot compensate for fat, short hair, or an ugly face with education, an impressive

job, or fancy purses.

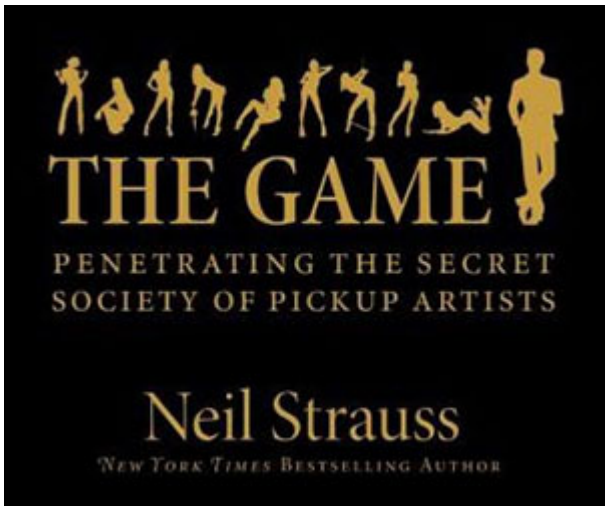
“But Roosh I am thin and attractive with long hair but am over 30, single, and unhappy.”

Then you do not really want a husband or children.

I know every girl is going to write this off as too simplistic, mean, and unfair. It’s too easy for a girl to blame socioeconomic forces, a lack of “good men,” bad luck, or the media for her inability to hook one decent guy. So what I’m going to do is write a very complicated book called “Bang For Girls” that will be a glorious resource for how to look at guys, how to talk to them, how to date them, and so on. Let’s work on everything but your looks, which make the greatest impact on the men you get, so that you can say you are at least trying to make changes.

“But I don’t want a guy who just appreciates my looks. I’m intelligent, independent, witty, funny, blah blah.”

Reread the guiding principles of male-female relations again. Accept it or stay single.



Twenty-Four Hours In Buenos Aires

January 23, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I think it's a safe bet that most of you will visit Buenos Aires at some point, though maybe a few people less after my killjoy discussions on Argentine women.

> During severe rainstorms the sewage system overflows and floods the poorly constructed shacks, giving the air a permanent, foul smell. Every home protects their lone television set with a metal gate, and narrow passages between streets turn into forbidden zones at night. If I came here after the sun set, I was warned, I would walk out naked as the day I was born.

Read the whole thing here. Of course it includes nightlife discussion.

Washington Monument?

Previous articles:

The Middle Of The World (Quito, Ecuador)
The Incan Ruins of Cuzco Peru
The Jewel Of The Pacific (Valparaiso, Chile)
Patagonia (Argentina)

For more on Argentina, check out my Argentina travel guide.

I Don’t Even Care Anymore

January 24, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I had a good run without any health problems or scares for about five days.

On Sunday my hands started erupting into an itchy rash. By Tuesday I was covered with at least a hundred red dots throughout my body with debilitating itching. I did some internet self-diagnosis (I chose scabies) before going to an English-speaking dermatologist the next day. He diagnosed me with papular urticaria, an allergic reaction to insect bites such as bed bugs, which the hostel room I just left had tons of. He said it will take about a week to clear. The spots may remain for some time.

Off the top of my head…

-Parasite
-Salmonella
-Current unresolved stomach issue
-Many many colds
-Mysterious viral infection (body aches)
-Rabies vaccine side effects (dizziness)

I’ve stepped foot in two doctors offices and four hospitals. There was also that house call where the doctor’s assistant injected a dose of cipro into my ass. I think he hit a nerve because I couldn’t put weight on one leg for half an hour.

I guess my body is not made for travel.

Any Guesses?

January 27, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

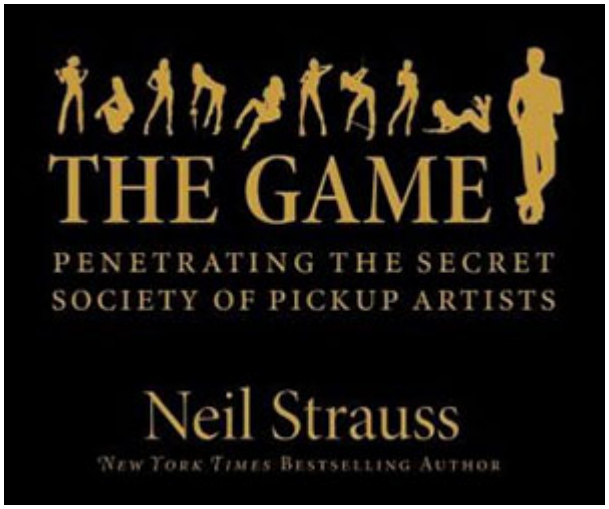
For more on Brazil, check out my Brazil travel guide.

Older Women

January 28, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

After interacting with dozens of young girls on this trip from many countries, I've come to the realization that I'm not as into them as I thought. The motivation to pursue is very low because they are either annoying / boring or have no clue how to turn on a man, especially girls around the 18-year-old range. Maybe they are great if you want to be a teacher, who knows, but it seems like a girl doesn't start being sexually aware and interesting until she approaches her mid 20's. You need to catch them at the sweet spot where she looks good and knows how to please you but is not yet corrupted by many relationship failures. That sweet spot is a window of varying length depending on what country the girl is from (American girls do not have the biggest window).

My beliefs are being challenged here. I have met very cool women in their late 20's and early 30's who have taken such good care of themselves (or are blessed with good genetics) that you can't really say their looks have peaked. What applies to women in the United States does not apply to women in the rest of the world.



Introduction To Brazilian Girls

January 29, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The way some guys talked up Rio it seemed like I'd be getting head within 30 minutes of stepping off the bus. It's ridiculous that I have to state this, because there was a second or two where I was hoping it was true, but not all Brazilian girls are easy and ready to fuck you within a few minutes.

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

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

Then you have the large middle where the girls are educated and have regular jobs. Some are very pretty with fantastical asses and some are frumpy and average. Some are easy but others are surprisingly conservative. But in general the girls are prettier and easier than American girls—at least 50% easier. They are more friendly, they makeout super quick, and give less resistance to the bedroom. While there is zero guarantee you will get action when you go out, you're a huge idiot if you go out at night without cheap motel money and a condom or three.

Two things are important:

1. You must know where to go. If you go to the rich and snobby clubs then it may actually be harder. Go to the smaller venues not known for posing. Because it takes time to find good places, a gringo visiting for a short stay may miss out on the "friendlier" girls.

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

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

This leads to the number one rule of Rio:

Do not date the first girl you have sex with, even if she is just as good or better then what you get at home.

Keep her on the side and go out even more. You'll understand what I mean when you get down here.

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

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

Continued… Brazilian Girls

If you liked this post then I think you will like my book **Bang**, a collection of simple but powerful techniques, moves, and lines that make it easier for the average 20-something man to be more successful with women. Topics in **Bang** include discussion of the alpha male, effective opening lines, conversation themes, getting phone numbers, detailed dating strategy, and much more.

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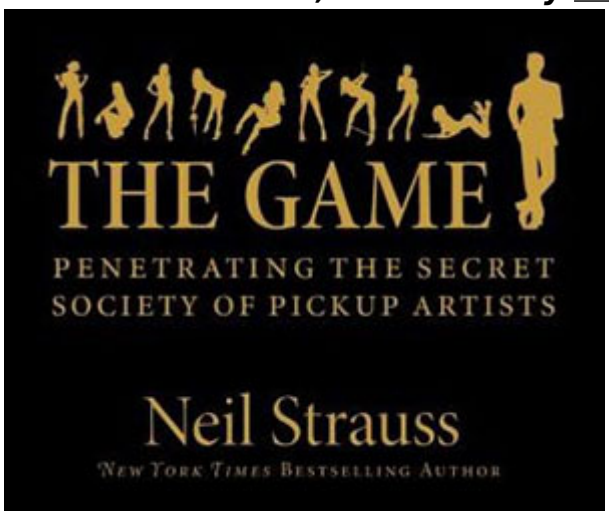
For more on Brazil, check out my Brazil travel guide.



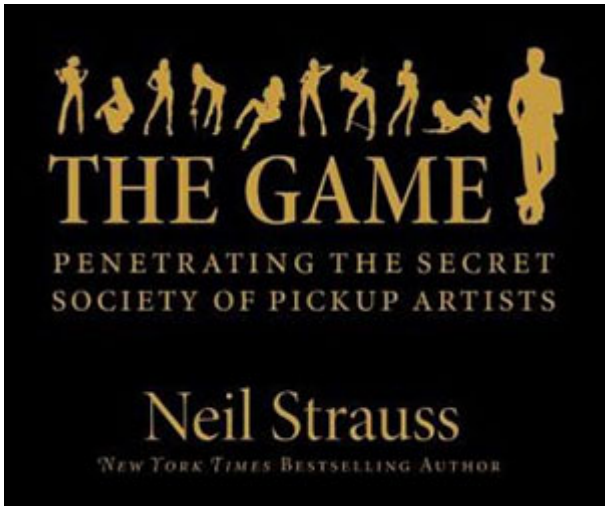
Stale

January 31, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

We are such a pussyfied culture. Here you can drink a can of beer on the street without getting arrested. You can buy a stick of sausage from someone who put their BBQ grill on wheels. Clubs serve alcohol until 5am or later. Pot is smoked openly on the beach and in clubs. Fireworks are legal, even in stadiums (just watch your head.) People can sell hats or electric fly swatters on the street without needing a permit. At night you can urinate against any free wall or fence. The subway doors close with only a beep, not a complicated directive. Sixteen year olds have a drink in the bar and it's not a big deal. You can talk your way in without ID. You can pay your way out of getting arrested. There is no speed traps or sobriety checkpoints. If you step out of line the cops will give you a beating, not execution by taser.

Culture is the United States is stale and governed by too much authority. We are all treated like little children so we act like little children, needing constant entertainment and distractions. By the time we get into a bar we get drunk because it's now such a big deal.

There is pleasure in a mix of chaos and freedom, where not everything is predictable and safe.



Can’t Have It Both Ways

February 3, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

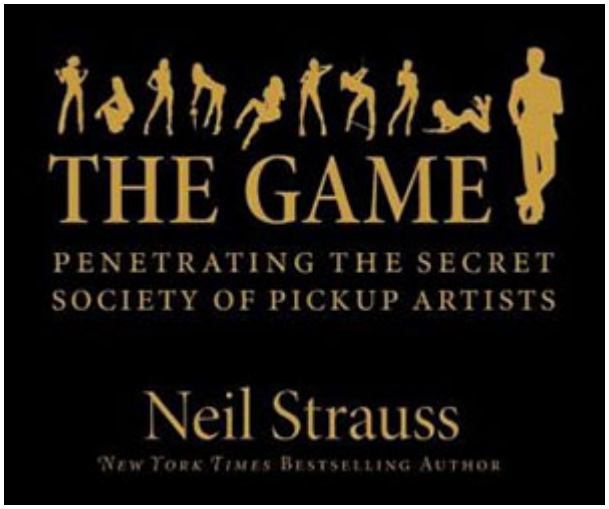
Let’s take a lawyer who makes six figures. His lifestyle matches his income so he has a nice condo, a nice car, and expensive tastes. The monthly upkeep is hefty. He has a 401k but is overworked and gets at most one month of vacation a year that he takes in one week increments. Since he is tired, he’ll probably pick a nice beach resort or comfortable European city. His girlfriends are also successful and they expect him to stay successful. Taking random several month breaks to travel or relax is unacceptable; you don’t go to law school and work hard to move up in the firm to save money for a few years and then quit.

Let’s take a bartender or some sort of freelancer. He has low upkeep because he has few wants. His main expense is rent. When he’s tired of his job or his city, he takes off for a month or two at a time, picking up work when he can. He’s free and sees more of the world but money is always a problem and he always has to hustle. He hates his shitty apartment, his disrespectful roommates, and public transportation. And there’s always that nagging feeling in the back of his head that he should have higher status or be more successful. When his girlfriends get mad, they tell him he’s a loser bum.

Where’s the middle ground? How about a 30 hour work-week that doesn’t involve working for a restaurant or bar that pays well and lets you comfortably take two months off a year. Why can’t that be the American dream of owning a McShack, drowning in debt, and spending hours commuting to and from a mediocre job you’d quit if you can?

Even for the people who love their jobs, they are still spending a third of their waking life in an office building trading their labor for an income less than it’s making someone else. I’m sure a lot of those hours can be better spent doing something else.

Either be wage monkey defined by your valuable crap or watch every cent and pray you don’t get sick. Some dream.



Six Months Update

February 4, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

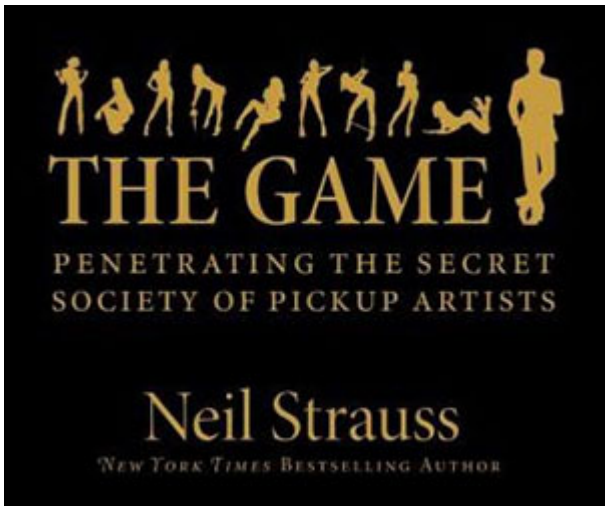
When I was learning how to surf in Uruguay, I met a lot of surfers and they told me that it takes many years to get good, implying that I will suck for quite some time. I didn't mind because the process of learning how to surf is very fun. I could always stay a beginner and I'd be fine with that, but I'm no longer enjoying the "process" of traveling through South America. As bad as I want to go to Sao Paulo, Salvador, Jericoacoara, and on to Venezuela to Merida, and to Colombia, especially Cartegena and Cali, I simply have no motivation or desire to continue.

At first I thought I was physically beaten. My body has been through a lot, but I've been visiting gyms since Argentina and go often here in Rio. Besides my stomach, which is better than two months ago, I'm in the best shape of my life. I think I'm just mentally beaten, homesick and in need of a stable, productive routine. I want to hit the pause button and process the past six months of my life.

Here's what's going to happen: I'm going to come home and for one month it's going to be great. I'm going to see my family, hang out with my friends, catch up with my favorite music, go to the bookstore and read once again, relax in coffee shops that don't mind me sitting around for three hours, and get back to 100% health. Then reality of the boring, stiff, and beachless DC scene will hit and I will ask myself why the fuck did I come back, especially since I love Rio. Even though I know that is what's going to happen, I still want to come back, and *that* is how I know I'm ready to come back. I'm disappointed I failed to fulfill my random dream of visiting every country in South American in one go, but I'm not losing sleep over it.

So the adventure ends. I'll be home soon.

Sugar Loaf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Neil Strauss
New York Times Bestselling Author

Brazilian, Argentine, & American Girls

February 6, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Previously:

- Introduction To Brazilian Girls
- How To Pick Up Argentine Girls

Brazilian: "Where are you from?"
Argentine: *Crickets*
American: "What do you do?"

Brazilian: Open toe slippers with some design
Argentine: Closed toe
American: Target brand flip flops

Brazilian: Hair length depends on current life stage
Argentine: Has either Argentine Girl Haircut #1 (long, with bangs) or Argentine Girl Haircut #2 (long, without bangs)
American: Short because long hair was "boring" or "too much work"

Brazilian: Makeout within 30 minutes
Argentine: Makeout if you played the game right, if the moon is aligned with Jupiter, and if her friends and little cousins like you
American: Makeout within 90 minutes

Brazilian: Takes off your jeans and boxers
Argentine: Takes off her big earrings
American: Takes off her shoes

Brazilian: She feels comfortable after sex
Argentine: She feels like she just carried out an important life decision after sex
American: She feels like a slut after sex

Brazilian: Clingy
Argentine: Distant
American: Low self-esteem

Brazilian: Gives you head

Argentine: Does not give you head
American: Gives you head if you imply / ask, but secretly hates it

Brazilian: Anal region exploration strongly encouraged
Argentine: Anal regions forbidden
American: Depends on level of intoxication

Brazilian: Has two or three caiprinha's
Argentine: Has only one drink, the free one that came with her cover charge
American: Stops drinking when she can no longer feel her friends judging her

Brazilian: Knows how to shake and jiggle her entire body
Argentine: Knows how to dance to house music without showing any sexuality
American: Knows how to rub her ass on a man's erection

Brazilian: Five second marathon eye contact
Argentine: No eye contact
American: Multiple one second eye contacts

Brazilian: Treats you so well you wonder why she likes you that much
Argentine: Treats you like you are that guy on the corner selling hot dogs
American: Treats you like her favorite coworker

Brazilian: Asks you if you are on Orkut
Argentine: Asks you if you are on MSN chat
American: Google's you the second she finds out your last name. Uses results to judge your long-term relationship potential.

Brazilian: Licks your face
Argentine: Kisses like her parents are watching
American: Sucks your neck

Brazilian: "Dance With Me" by 112
Argentine: "Enjoy The Silence" by Depeche Mode
American: "Back That Ass Up" by Juvenile

Brazilian: Most extra fat winds up in ass
Argentine: Borderline anorexic
American: Rolls of meat around waist

Brazilian: "I like you"
Argentine: Pretends she doesn't like you when she really does
American: "You're nice"

Brazilian: Likes social drinking with friends
Argentine: Likes people watching with friends
American: Likes watching TV alone at home with tub of ice cream

Brazilian: Ugly tattoos
Argentine: Ugly piercings and ugly sunglasses
American: Ugly sunglasses

Brazilian: "I need to bang that."

Argentine: “Wow she is really pretty.”
American: “She looks easy.”

Brazilian: Always answers the phone
Argentine: Always responds to text messages
American: Would miss the call from the President of France if he happened to call

Brazilian: If you like emotional girls who want to please you
Argentine: If you like frigid girls who chain smoke and act stupid
American: If you like frigid girls who act stupid

It is possible that my experience with Brazilian girls have been extraordinary, but then I wouldn’t be the only one. Second place is hard to place; if the Argentine girl and American girl are equally attractive, I don’t think it makes a large enough difference, but since Argentines are much cuter, it will depend on how much you value a pretty face.

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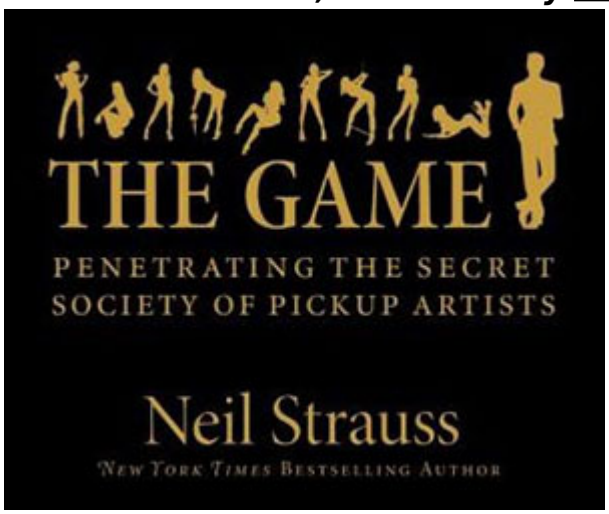

The Worst Hostel In South America

February 10, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I stayed in the worst hostel in South America for ten nights. If you are wondering why I didn't leave, it's because I was trapped after pre-paying for Carnival. Constructing this photo montage helped me cope.

Let's start with my bunk bed.

I had the top bunk, which turned out to be the best bed in my fourteen bed pen. I used the locker behind me as a nightstand. Still sleeping is an Englishman who would sing a song called "Do your balls hang low" when drunk.

Here's my repaired foam pillow:

I didn’t mind the foam so much but it was not very clean (think traveler drool sponge), and many times I’d wake up with my skin touching it.

Here’s a typical mattress, with diarrhea or urine stain, probably both. It was made of the same foam material as the pillows and compressed to the thickness of a slice of Chicago style pizza when layed upon.

I got lucky with my bunk, and by lucky I mean a robber took everything I owned except my shoes so I could walk home naked, but the others were less fortunate.

Note the six inch space between the bunks. It was almost like they were sleeping in the same bed with each other. This room was still better than the one next door that had a large water leak no one could source, or the room nicknamed “the shed” which was damp and moldy.

There were two bathrooms I could use: one in my pen and one in the hallway which twenty other people shared. Here’s a picture of my bathroom:

As you can see, the sink needs to be repaired. About halfway through my stay, another Englishman decided to wash his feet in the sink after coming home from a night out. As he came crashing down to the floor with the sink at 6 o’clock in the morning, I bet he was

both suprised and dissapointed that it was held up by what appears to be bookshelf brackets.

A sign put up my management after the incident was promptly defaced.

The sink was not repaired by the time I left. Here's the other sink:

This sink had a drainage problem that management never fixed so for several days I used a shower stall as a sink. I could only use it while wearing flip-flops because of the splash-back. After each use I dried my shins along with my hands.

Here is the floor of the shared bathroom:

You see that black “water”? My flip flop would get just stuck enough in it that when the sole released the sewage mix splashed on my ankles. For this hostel I aggressively rearranged my number two schedule until after the maid cleaned up, but I was reluctant to urinate as well. The toilets would not flush properly so many times I was greeted in the bathroom with someone else’s feces in the bowl. There will not be a picture of that.

Here’s the security camera. Notice something wrong?

Speaking of security, there was a little favela within closer walking distance than the beach.

The accomodations were so bad that it was the main source of bonding with the other travelers. Many of us maintained countdowns to check out. If you find yourself in Rio de

Janeiro, whatever you do, do not stay at **Che Lagarto Budget** hostel in Copacabana.

For more on Brazil, check out my Brazil travel guide.

I’m Back

February 11, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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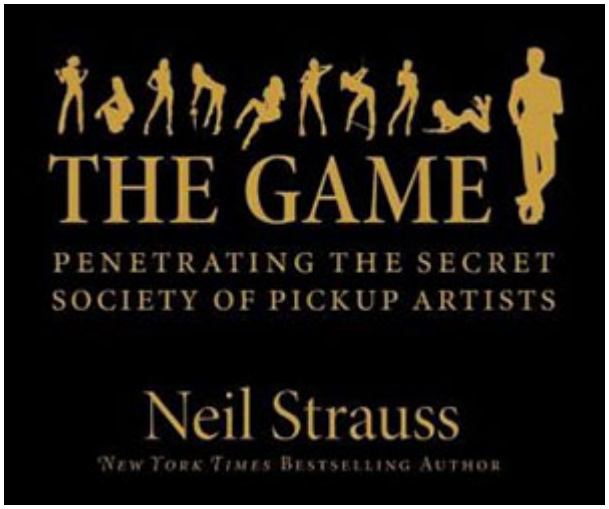
Did I miss anything?



Brazilian Girls

February 13, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Previously:

- Introduction To Brazilian Girls
- Brazilian, Argentine, and American Girls

Most Brazilian girls look like half-Middle Eastern and half-Western European, darker than Argentine girls but lighter than girls from other South American countries. Since Brazil is similar to the United States with its large immigrant influence, it's harder to pin down their physical features as easily as the Argentine girl.

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

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

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

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

an 8 or higher, as is common in some U.S. cities.

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

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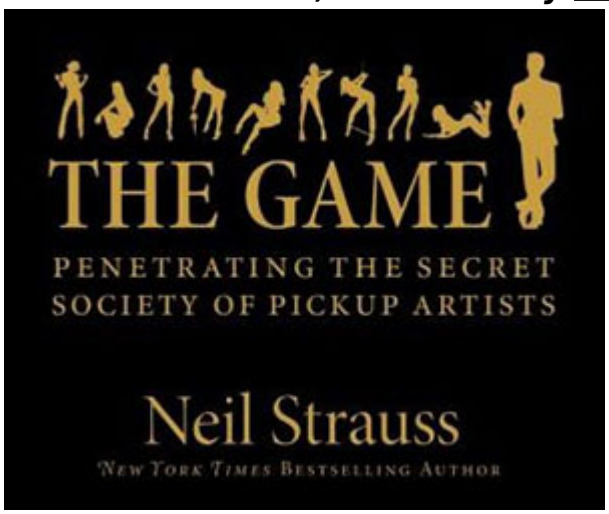

I Wasn’t Kidding

February 14, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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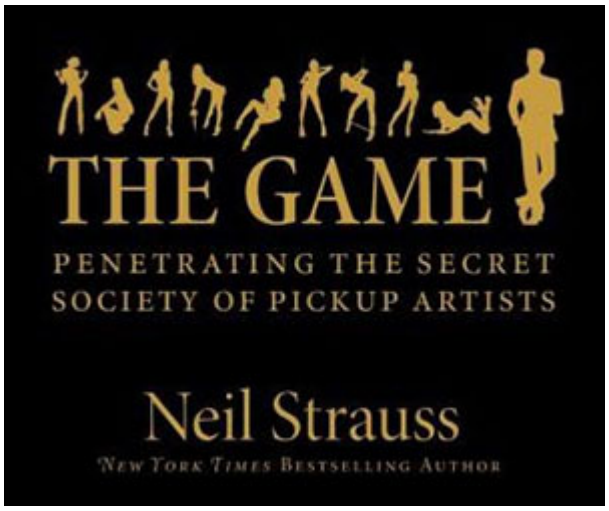
In my six month update post I told you guys that I’ve been regularly working out at the gym. That’s noticeable in this video I made upon my return. I was just messing around with my new webcam.



How Much The Trip Cost

February 17, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A question I'm being asked is how much the trip ended up costing me. I'll let you guess first. Person closest to the actual amount wins a autographed copy of Bang.

Hints

1. The total amount does not include airfare to and from South America (~$1500).

2. It includes purchases I made that will be used back at home, like a replacement camera, flash cards, and t-shirts.

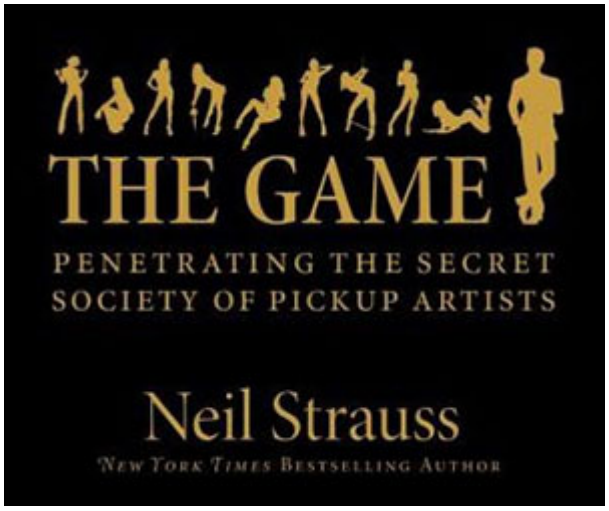
3. It includes small gifts I bought for about a dozen or so people.

4. Even though I did stay in hostels, I don't think I roughed it compared to others. I ate out 90% of the time and never camped.

5. I had only one flight within South America.

Contest ends Thursday at noon. Winner and the answer will be revealed on Friday. You can comment with an anonymous name but leave an email address in case you win.

Good luck!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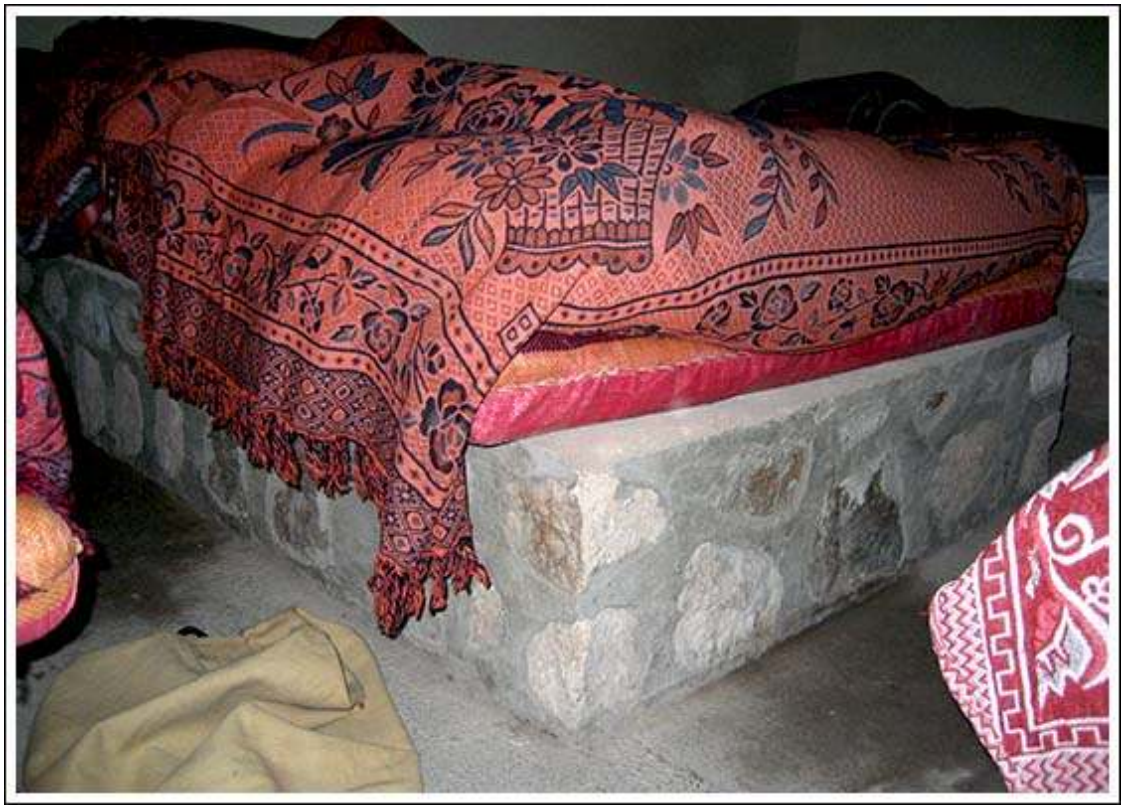
Neil Strauss
New York Times Bestselling Author

South America By The Numbers

February 18, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



...days there: **188**

...countries I visited: **9**

...cities I spent at least one night in: **30**

...days my stomach has not been right: **130+ and counting**

...times I washed my only pair of pants (jeans): **4**

...items the laundry places lost: **2**

...times I used a laundry place: around **20**

...bridges I jumped off: **1**

...times I hand-washed clothing: **0**

...months until I had to take a shit in a bus station restroom: **5**

...months until turned into a "beer guy": **3**

...posts I wrote for this blog: **89**

...words I wrote in my travel journal: **76,000**

...nights spent camping: **0**

...haircuts: **0**

...times I got robbed: **1**

...total number of hours on the bus: **253 (10.5 days)**

…average length of a bus ride: **8 hours**
…percent of my time in South America spent on the bus: **5.6%**
…longest continuous bus ride: **24 hours**
…longest continuous journey without a bed: **45 hours (4 buses)**
…pairs of ear plugs I went through: **8**
…different gyms I used: **5**
…percentage of hostels that I'm sure had bed bugs: **15%**
…beaches I swam in: **3**
…hospitals I've stepped foot in: **4**
…drug or vaccine injections: **8**
…times I was awaken by dorm-mates having sex: **2**
…girls I met that I'd consider dating long term: **1**
…Irish people who broke the "Irish people drink a lot" stereotype: **0**
…pairs of contact lenses I went through: **5**
…times I took language instruction: **3**
…new porn video clips I downloaded: **0**
…books I read: **0**
…times I was bodily searched outside an airport: **1**
…glaciers I saw: **5**
…postcards I sent: **67**
…times I thought I may not make it out of South America alive: **2**
…South American countries I have not stepped foot in: **4**
…hotel room in a small Bolivian city: **$3**
…large smoothie with protein in Rio de Janeiro: **$3**
…Red Bull in a Rio de Janeiro gas station: **$4**
…night at the Copacabana Palace hotel: **$520**
…money I spent not including airfare: **???**
…cost to Quito, Ecuador by air: **$475**
…one-way ticket home from Rio: **$1025**
…price of round-trip ticket from Rio: **$1025**
…regrets: **0**

My First Night Out In DC

February 19, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I was judged.

I went to Marvin (2007 14th St NW), a U-street hipster joint, with VK, Roissy, and fan favorite Insomnia. It's a tough decision of whether I rather be alone in a mega-club filled with future models that don't speak my language or with friends in a bar where I can count the ~~hot~~ cute girls on one hand. It was most interesting that most of the male patrons there had style that was better than a stylish Argentine or Brazilian girl—but they weren't gay (consciously, anyway).

Two young girls walked passed us and I said, "My friends like cats." It worked of course because of my supreme alpha body language. Three of us rotate between the two girls, just feeling out the vibe. I had a short conversation with one of them, a 21-year-old American college student at George Washington University. She was attractive without major physical defects, but just four days out of Rio I wasn't inspired.

It took about six minutes for her to ask me what I "do." I told her I don't do anything, just some things here and there. She asked me what I used to do and how I can survive without a job. "I have some money saved up," was my response. Then she said, "You are so idealistic."

A couple years ago I met a girl who was aggressive in exchanging numbers. We did a coffee shop first date and talked for an hour. It was obvious to me there was no match but I was still nice. At the end of the date, unprompted, she said to me, "I think I know what your problem is…" and then proceeded to tell me what she thought was wrong with me. She was American as well.

Does every girl think she is a psychologist because she took a couple Cosmo personality quizzes?

I didn't call the 21-year-old out for being a baby who doesn't know anything besides drinking, homework, and sucking the occasional dick. We already know what her response would have been: "But I'm so experienced for my age!" (Why is it the only people who tell me that are young, white, and privileged?) I politely let the conversation fade and went back to enjoying my Stella beer. I know my revenge will come one day, when about five years down the road she's in a situation where she questions her path and will regret not asking a couple open-minded questions to a mature man who questioned his as well.

I downloaded some new porn when I got home—I've been watching the same shit for six months.

Top 10 Signs A Girl Is Open To Having Sex While Abroad

February 20, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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This guest post is written by Craig Heimburger of Travelvice.com. He has been traveling for three years.

I've been watching travelers for a while now, and started noticing long ago what types of female backpackers had slept in their beds the night prior, and which didn't.

On their own, none of the items on the list below mean much in the way of forecasting if a girl is likely to hookup on any given night, but start combining these traits, and you've got a better than average indicator that she's open to some lovin' abroad.

1. She's traveling with a guy she isn't romantically involved with

2. She's been traveling for a few weeks without any romantic encounters

3. She's got a week or less of her trip left

4. She isn't traveling with another girl

5. She's sleeping in a shared (dormitory) room

6. She gets showered and made up before going out, but not overly dressed up

7. She's been drinking

8. She's smoking a cigarette

9. She doesn't mention a boyfriend (real or fictitious) as a defensive mechanism

10. She's not from the USA, Israel, Sweden, or the Netherlands

How Much The Trip Actually Cost

February 21, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Most people guessed way too low. Six months in South American cost me **$12,471.28**. Let's take off the $3,000 I spent in Rio (one-sixth of that went to the worst hostel in South America for their six day Carnival package). That leaves $9500 for five months, or $63 a day. Out of that I'd estimate $30-40 was spent on lodging, food, local taxis, and going out. But it was the miscellaneous costs that rammed me: new camera ($300), hospitalization ($550), visas ($200), bus transportation, doctor visit ($150 for a dermatologist in Rio), clothing replacement ($100), new 220-volt shaver ($50), Machu Picchu ($120), etc. Plus I took Spanish and Portuguese lessons ($200). It was very hard to keep costs down.

If you want to take a long trip but don't want to spend this amount of money, here's my advice:

1. Don't get sick, or take out a travel health insurance policy with the lowest possible deductible. Taking out a high $500 deductible like I did is retarded unless you plan on your appendix rupturing.

2. Stay longer in less cities. Not only do you minimize transportation costs but by knowing the city you can eat and get around more cheaply. I can live a comfortable middle-class lifestyle in a nice city like Cordoba, Argentina for around $1000 a month.

3. Don't eat out more than twice a week. It saves you money and minimizes your chances of getting sick. Make big meals and save leftovers for the next day's lunch and dinner.

4. Try to make friends on sites like Couch Surfing to lodge for free. I never did this but if I'm in a money crunch it'd make sense. Plus you'll have a more locals experience. Or you can get an older girlfriend who has her own place. I can tell you right now that you will

get tired of both hostels and gringos after a month.

5. If you really want to save money and get your costs down to $10 a day, bring your tent, wash your clothes, and never use internet cafes. Or sleep in hammocks.

On to the contest winner. First here is my favorite guess:

> $0. I think you spent the whole time in your dad's basement avoiding homosexual thoughts.

Wrong! In close second place with a guess of **$12,000** was **Rajia**. She gets no prize. The first place winner, and champion of this contest, is **Brian** with a guess of **$12,885**. Here's what he had to say about winning the book.

> Man I really don't believe it! I mean I've always wanted the book but I just don't want to pay actual money for it. I've been hoping for some type of sweet contest so when you announced this one on Monday I almost shit my pants at the opportunity.

Just kidding I made that up, but I imagine that's what he would say. Thanks for playing!

Postscript: What he really had to say…

> Some of those guesses were downright retarded. How anyone could guess like $3000 or $4000 is beyond me.

Layout Changes

February 22, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I made some changes to the blog.

- Widened the right column to fit in sponsor buttons.

- Moved site search form to top right.

- Added link to get posts via email.

- Added “Recent Comments” section.

- Added “Top 10 Most Popular” section, which is calculated according to views and comment counts.

- Added a “Share This” button at the bottom of every post.

- Fixed up the related posts section at the bottom of every post.

- Added a post rating system. Rate a post without leaving the page.

- Made “Editor Favorites” current. It used to be called “Still Hot.”

One of my goals was to make the blog more revenue friendly to search engine visitors without annoying regular readers (you). There are no ads in the main text of recent posts.

Culture Shock?

February 24, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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This list you are about to read are things I've always noticed about living in the States but which are especially obvious after being away for six months.

- People come in extremely large sizes. It's amazing how much weight the human body can handle. Also…

- There is no fat stigma or shame, perhaps because we are taught to accept ourselves just the way we are. So you see gigantic beverage and food portions consumed by gigantic people in public. Unlike in some Asian countries, it is not acceptable to tell people you barely know they are overweight.

- People wear corporate logos like **North Face**, **Under Armor** or **Armani Exchange** with pride. They seem to identify with these logos.

- There is a mind-boggling variety of food sold in warehouse-like buildings (supermarkets), but healthy, non-processed, and somewhat natural food such as organic fruits and vegetables are far more expensive than typical food most likely derived from corn or soy.

- On the Metro, everyone has a book with them, with titles such as Making Globalization Work (no lie). You have to be doing something while waiting for something else.

- Americans are pretty funny. If they say their favorite show includes **Seinfeld**, **The Simpsons**, or **Friends**, they are guaranteed to make a good joke at some point in the conversation.

- Most of the middle-class population seems to have a computer phone. At bars half the crowd is typing away on their cute little keyboards.

- It's okay to put toilet paper in the toilet bowl. But where all that flushed toilet paper go???

- There is a heavy display of wealth. People are showing off that they (may) have a lot of

money as a judge of their self-worth. This is a bad idea in many other parts of the world.

In Chile I met a young Dutch guy who was telling me about his girlfriend. She went to India for a month and was so taken in by the culture that when she came back she had “serious culture shock,” moreso than when she arrived in India. He told me that in India there is less display of affection between men and women, so when he picked her up from the airport she only give him a distant hug while in new ethnic garb. At the time I thought, “That girl is full of shit,” and I can confirm it now; I’ve been gone for six months and there is no culture shock. It doesn’t even feel like I’ve been gone.

Brazilian Gym Culture

February 25, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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

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

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

Most importantly let's talk about the girls. In the States you see a lot of young girls in the gym because of the popularity of female high school and college athletics, but in my Brazilian gym the average female was slightly over 30. But these were the hottest 30 and over women I've ever seen in my life, even if a fifth of them had fake breasts. Not only do they have the means and motivation to look good, but they are working off the foundation of Brazilian genes which gives them that legendary ass. If they had it, they definitely showed it.

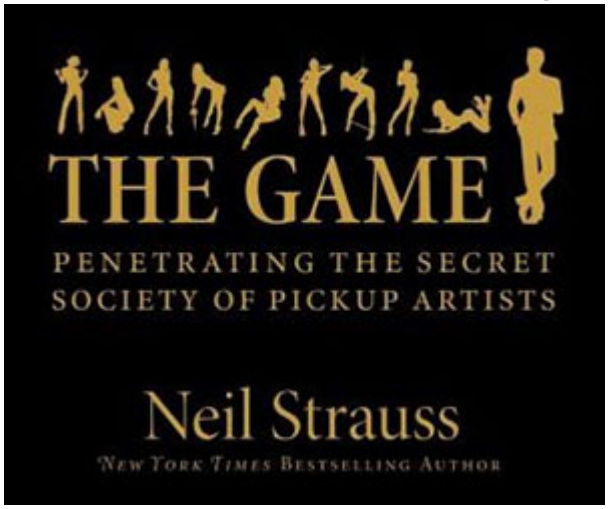
The best part is that many women wore skin-tight lycra ensembles where you can make out the shape of their vaginas. Do you know the machine that works out the hamstrings, where you have to lay on your stomach and curl up your legs? Imagine the views that machine could offer a gringo pervert who looked at Brazilian women with epic asses

wearing one-piece outfits that revealed everything. The calf machine offered very good views of those using the vagina machine. Right now my calves are the biggest they've ever been in my life.

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

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

For more on Brazil, check out my Brazil travel guide.



Carnival in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

February 26, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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If you read only one of my Volette travel articles, it should be this one. I wrote about my Carnival experience, how it's like, and some tips in case you plan on visiting.

> There are two parts to Carnival in Rio de Janeiro: the street block parties called blocos and the elaborate samba parade at the Sambodromo stadium. Both are required for the full Carnival experience…
>
> I'll admit that the Carnival marketing got me. I saw the pictures of half-naked women on floats and thought Carnival had to be just about sex. It's more about…

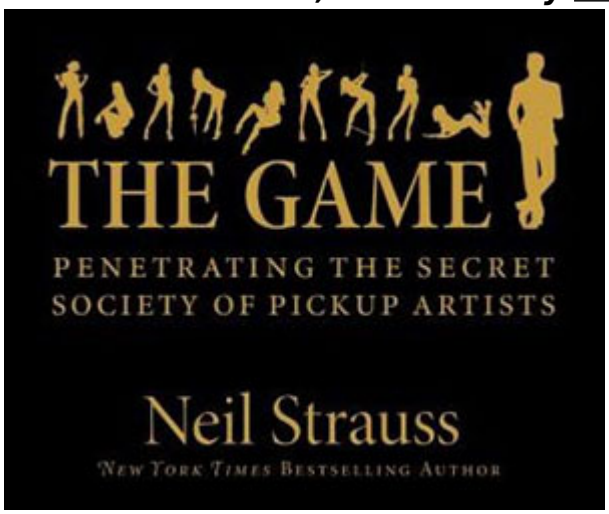
Read it here

I included a dozen photos in the article. Here's a couple:

My previous Volette articles:

- Twenty Four Hours In Buenos Aires
- The Middle Of The World (Quito, Ecuador)
- The Incan Ruins of Cuzco Peru
- The Jewel Of The Pacific (Valparaiso, Chile)
- Patagonia (Argentina)

For more on Brazil, check out my Brazil travel guide.



Love At First Sight

February 27, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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One of my *carioca* lady friends was relaying a story to me and and three other girls. It was about a guy who saw a girl on the subway in New York and fell in love. But instead of saying something to the girl, he went home, drew a picture of her, then made an internet site with the picture and forwarded it to his friends. The site got around and they found the girl, who happened to be Australian. The media got involved and made a big deal about it and reunited them with tears of joy all around. They "dated for a while," which means once the thrill died down she dumped him.

The other girls were touched by this story and went silent as they looked at their drinks, perhaps wishing they could meet a man who obsesses over them like that. Thing is I'm sure they have, but since there was no media coverage they just put those guys in the friends zone.

At risk of being banished from the group I raised my hand to speak and said I thought the guy was a loser who has trouble with women. My comment was not well-received.

"Don't you believe in love at first sight?"

"No," I said.

"You're not romantic at all." They shook their head, regretting they ever made friends with a gringo.

I dropped the issue because I wanted to make it from the table alive, but there seems to be a very fine line between being romantic and being a pathetic beta male. Or perhaps there is no line.

Postscript: Apparently the story is true, but "dated for a while" actually means "went out for coffee." Here is the original site he made and here is more information than you'll ever need to know about these two people.

Leaving Girls Voicemail

February 28, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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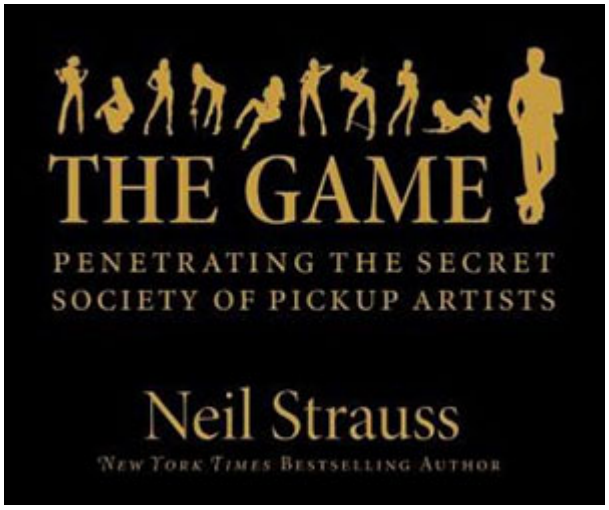
The following exerpt is from my book Bang.

> A girl has made up her mind on whether she is going to call you back before you even pick up the phone. There is no message in the world that will make the girl call you back when she already decided not to, but there are messages you can leave which can change her mind and stop her from calling you back. In the case of voice messages, boring is better. Our simple voice message avoids the pitfalls of a typical bad message, like the previously mentioned joke or story drop and also self-descriptions that insinuate you are forgettable. Bad message example: "Hey it's Steve, from Friday night at the bar, with the striped shirt, just calling to say…." If she gave you her number she is already interested to you (or was at the moment she gave it). Until you see her again in person you can only do more to harm than help.
>
>
>
> [image]photo credit: Voxphoto
>
> Once you leave a message, put your phone down and go occupy your mind with something else. You're expecting a call, not waiting for one. Get on with your life and don't worry about if your phone has a strong enough signal or if your ringer is loud enough for you to hear it. If you are doing things that you wouldn't do if you were expecting a buddy of yours to return a call, then you need to take a step back by turning off your ringer and hiding your phone until the next morning. You give too much power to the girl if you eagerly await her call.

Phone game is important, but it's one of the only areas of the game where simply being capable is enough. The phone is just a bridge to continuing the interaction, not intensifying it. If you keep that frame in mind you will talk to girls like you would talk to a friend: relaxed, fun, and brief. There is a band-aid to bad phone game in the form of text messaging (it used to be e-mail), but you'll have to get her on the phone eventually so you might as well get it straightened out starting now. Bang has several pages on how to work the phone. You can learn more about what's inside the book here.

I’m going to resume sending out newsletters. The next one goes out on Monday. If you are not already subscribed, sign up here or at the form on the bottom right column.



Men Need To Be Inspired

March 2, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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

Several years ago it didn't take much to chase a girl: if I was horny and she was alright looking then I'd go for it. But once that insecurity of not having banged enough girls fades after banging enough girls, it takes more than her just having a working vagina. This is true for most men. I'd engage in sexual intercourse with a typical cute girl I meet, but something she lacks prevents me from putting in an honest effort. Maybe it's a bad vibe or the way she carries herself (or doesn't). If she made it obvious she wanted to have sex with me I would, but I would never ask her out.

Then you have girls who have the looks *and* the vibe. There is "something about her" and I'm inspired to put forth everything I know about girls and game to get her into bed. I will not give up until I get her or get rejected. Most of the time I won't get the girl, but sometimes I do.

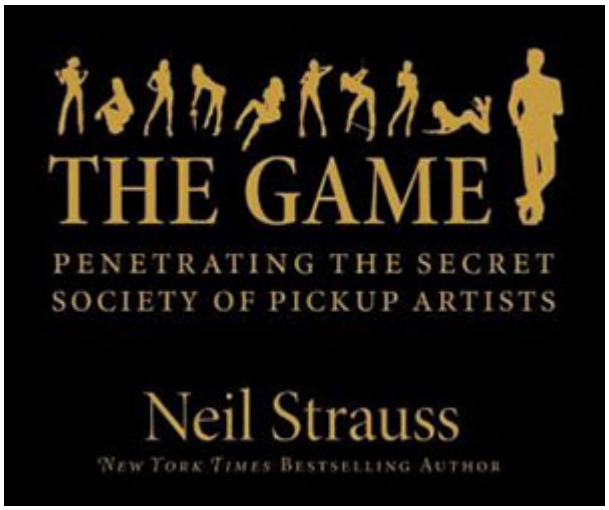
Inspiration breeds desire, persistence, and effort. Why is this important? Because those are the things you need to get the best women. And when you are inspired there is a genuineness that comes out that wouldn't if you were just faking it long enough to get your dick wet.

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

The biggest problem with the Washington DC area is there is little inspiration. There is always something very wrong with the girls; maybe she is fun but frumpy, hot but status and attention-driven, or cute but so witty it feels like you are talking to a cool dude. I go through the motions just to keep my game in shape, like a body-builder would during winter months. Here I'm lazy, in Argentina I stepped up. I went to clubs alone there,

something I would never do here.

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



40-Year-Old Spinster Is Expert On Marriage

March 3, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

There is a sad article called Marry Him which has been floating around. I've beaten the topic to death here but there are a few sections I wanted to comment on.

> And despite growing up in an era when the centuries-old mantra to get married young was finally (and, it seemed, refreshingly) replaced by encouragement to postpone that milestone in pursuit of high ideals (education! career! but also true love!), every woman I know—no matter how successful and ambitious, how financially and emotionally secure—feels panic, occasionally coupled with desperation, if she hits 30 and finds herself unmarried.

Part of the problem is that when she does hit the panic stage she blames everyone but herself. It's hopeless because these women will never make the changes necessary to get a husband. They don't adapt.

> My advice is this: Settle! That's right. Don't worry about passion or intense connection. Don't nix a guy based on his annoying habit of yelling "Bravo!" in movie theaters. Overlook his halitosis or abysmal sense of aesthetics. Because if you want to have the infrastructure in place to have a family, settling is the way to go. Based on my observations, in fact, settling will probably make you happier in the long run, since many of those who marry with great expectations become more disillusioned with each passing year.

All girls have to do is be reasonable. They need to ask themselves if what they want deep in their hearts exists in the real world. If it does then is she bringing enough to the table?

> It sounds obvious now, but I didn't fully appreciate back then that what makes for a good marriage isn't necessarily what makes for a good romantic relationship. Once you're married, it's not about whom you want to go on vacation with; it's about whom you want to run a household with. Marriage isn't a passion-fest; it's more like a partnership formed to run a very small, mundane, and often boring nonprofit business.

This is obvious to most guys. We have this expression called “marriage material” to describe girls who take care of us and would run a good household. We would not consider marrying the girl who allows us to videotape sex so we can show all our friends.

> So if you rarely see your husband—but he’s a decent guy who takes out the trash and sets up the baby gear, and he provides a second income that allows you to spend time with your child instead of working 60 hours a week to support a family on your own—how much does it matter whether the guy you marry is The One?

Notice the extreme selfishness: who cares about the child having a good daddy as long as *you* can be with it? With all we know about the disadvantages of growing up in a single family household, I’m surprised more people are not calling these single mothers for the harm they are doing on kids who I’m sure would prefer to have a father.

> What I and many women who hold out for true love forget is that we won’t always have the same appeal that we may have had in our 20s and early 30s. Having turned 40, I now have wrinkles, bags under my eyes, and hair in places I didn’t know hair could grow on women.

Gross, but don’t forget the kid from an anonymous man.

This article got me thinking to why is there demand for dating or marriage advice. Why does this article (and this blog) even need to be written? I think part of the answer is that there is no tradition or culture to fall back on in meeting people. In this country our parents did not give us sound advice on how to meet the opposite sex and how to find a long-term mate, so a Mystery comes along or The Rules girls write a book (”breathe slowly”!!!) and everyone jumps on because no one knows what the fuck they are doing. Something retarded like speed dating or “lock and key” parties arrive in e-mail boxes and everyone tries it because they have no idea how to meet someone. And a 40-year-old woman who was inseminated with sperm and who failed in finding just one decent man is writing an article in a major publication on how to get married. That would be like me writing about how to keep your long-term girlfriend happy.

If knowledge was passed from generation to generation then you’d have a lot of people growing up with sound beliefs on how to deal with the opposite sex, but that’s not what we have here anymore. Instead we’re hypersexualized and clueless.

A Disenchanted Playroom

March 4, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A photographer named Wolfram Hahn created a photo series of children watching television.

> The children depicted in this series are between three and twelve. Their regards are sad, with facial expressions rather to be associated with adults, unusual for children this age. They regard a spot below the camera; focusing on something in that space not revealed to the viewer. As such they seem lifeless like dolls, or bodies bereft of their spirits.

You can see the photos at his web site. An article was written about it in Art In America.

The photos hit me because I have a four-year-old brother who watches at least three hours of television a day. It's usually educational programs on PBS or Noggin, but regardless of their value they still co-opt his imagination and train him to take cues from marketers. When he enters a supermarket, he asks for specific brands that are advertised on television and knows exactly where to get them.

A lot of us in our late 20′s are caught up in this multi-task / short-attention span culture, but at least we were spared the most harmful effects of television growing up. All I had to look forward as a kid was Saturday morning cartoons, but these days there are several channels that offer video crack to kids using the latest advances in psychology and brainwashing. I'm afraid that my brother's brain will be wired differently than mine, and since I'm not his parent there is not much I can do about it.

Surprisingly Good Sex Tips

March 5, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I planned this post for a Thursday because the weekend is coming and a small minority of you are going to have sex.

Every man needs to read the beautifully written Just Fucking Fuck me, Already. A girl is frustrated about how passive and timid men are when it comes to the bedroom.

> But please, please just fuck me already. Honestly, I appreciate your thoughtfulness. I like that you want to take things slow. I can totally get behind the idea of emotional connection, but dearjesusinheaven, FUCK ME. We've done dinner and drinks. We've gone dancing. We've cuddled and watched a movie. I'm wearing a low cut shirt and you've been staring at my breasts all night. Goodgodalmighty, get to it and fuck me.
>
> When we get hot and heavy, please take charge. Please, please fuck me. Trust me, I'm not going to just lie still – I'll get involved. But don't make me force your hand into my panties. That makes me feel like a rapist. We've been kissing for a half hour and your hand keeps grazing my ass. That's nice, but it's time to move forward. Get on top of me. Don't make me get on top right out of the gate and start bobbing up and down on your cock like I'm practicing some crazy new aerobic yoga because YOU won't go down on me. Roll on top and start dry humping like a good boy should. Don't gently suck my nipples and then pull back when I moan with pleasure. You being coy is totally not what I want. It's not what WE want.

She goes on…

> We really like it when you come. It's called a money shot for a reason. Watching semen shoot out of you is one of the most gratifying things EVER. However, do not assume that she wants you to jack it off onto her face. She might, but don't assume. Seeing and/or feeling you come is rewarding for us, so there's no need to deprive us of it, but please do consult us before unleashing. "I think I'm going to come – how do you like it?" is a fair question that shouldn't rob you of your testicles.

This is a woman who likes men and sex. Notice how she doesn't nit-pick about the little things and is trying to educate men on the **overall experience**. I got an erection after reading it.

On the other side, every woman needs to read Blowjob Tutorial.

> If you simply wanted to get a guy off as quickly as possible, all you need to do is lock your lips at the base of his cock and suction them up and down the bottom ¾ of his shaft at a quick, steady pace while pressing your flattened tongue

> against the underside of his dick. Make sure you are applying pressure with both your lips AND tongue. Keeping your tongue engaged at all times is key. I try to keep mine moving at all times. This is how you get 90% of guys off.
>
> …at least once during the beej, I usually pop his dick out of my mouth and slap it against my tongue or face, then look at him while I rub his cock against my cheeks and lips. Guys are visual, this is just a little something dirty for him to look at.

Not only are most girls clueless the proper technique, they only reluctantly give head when a man asks or insinuates. What happened to doing it because you love it? Asking for head is kind of like explaining the punch line of a joke—it takes away from the climax. I got an erection after reading her post as well, and will be forwarding it to future girls I meet as a “fun article.”

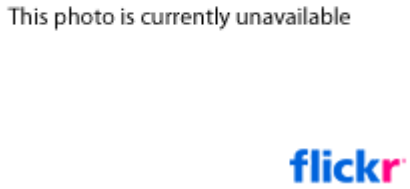
The Fast Kiss

March 6, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

From Bang:

> You'll notice I gave a way to start the date without accounting for whether you kissed her or not in your previous encounter. That's because even if you did kiss her beforehand, you can't just greet her with your tongue—you have to "start over" again and rebuild the energy from the last time you saw her. It's like re-priming a pump. When it comes to the first date, the only difference that prior kissing makes is towards the end of the date, when you are most likely to get farther.

How important is it to kiss a girl when you first meet her? There are a couple ways of looking at it. The first: Does kissing a girl increase the likelihood of her returning my first call? From my experience and that of my friends, it seems to make **no difference**. That's because kissing is really not a big deal in this culture, where girls will kiss a guy just because she is intoxicated and her friend is already hooked up with another guy. (But in Argentina, for example, the kiss is a big deal and probably would increase chances of a return call).



[image] photo credit: guinavere

The fast kiss actually does two things: (1) it keeps you on task and (2) it makes the first date a lot more exciting. When you're talking to a girl and your goal is something vague like "build attraction," what happens is you may overdo things like humor for the sake of being interesting and miss an opportunity. Instead of thinking of how ready she is to receive your mouth, you are wondering what your next awesome conversational piece will be. But if your goal is to kiss her, you will do just enough humor or teasing or conversation until you get those subtle signs to progress things by touching and glancing at her lips instead of talking. You should be getting the kiss under the two hour mark, but 45-60 minutes is more ideal. (If your mind is saying "That's crazy!" then you need to work either on your game or venue selection.)

If you don't kiss her when you first meet, the most you will probably get on the first date is a makeout. Since it's difficult to get the makeout out of the way early in the date, you have to wait until the end, and by then she will most likely not be prepared for doing much more. But if you did kiss her when you first meet, she is far more open to going

past that. **She is going on a date with a guy she already kissed because she wants to do more.** I don't think I had sex with any girl on the first date that I didn't kiss beforehand.

PS. I'm calling in to Bobby and Mike's radio show tonight around 7PM. Listen online or tune in to 90.3 FM if you're in north Jersey. I'm going to talk about Brazilian girls and Bang.

Next Big Project

March 8, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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1. I want to thank my newest sponsor, The Seduction Chronicles. You'll probably like posts such as Top 20 Date Idea "Templates" for Men, Favorite Cocky & Funny Lines, and Interview With Neil Strauss.

2. The radio show on Friday was fun. Listen to the podcast on The Seduction Bible.

3. I'm almost done with my **next big project**. I should be done with it in about two weeks.

4. On a sadder note, Just Going With It is finished. Some local new-to-me blogs I've been reading lately are Bridal Bird, DC Bar Wench, Listen To Leon, DC Hero, and I never know when to shut up

Postscript: Post ratings are back.

The 3 Best Movies In The History Of The World

March 9, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Number 1: Gladiator

Favorite quote: “My name is Gladiator.”

This is the best movie ever made. Whenever a girl asks me what my favorite movie is and I tell her Gladiator, she rolls her eyes and tells me my stock has decreased, perhaps hoping that I would be “above” such a film and instead mention some indie flick that changed the world. As intelligent and cultured as I am, Gladiator contains everything a real man could possibly want in a movie: brutal violence, sword-play, strength, honor, offscreen rape, incest. I identified so much with the hero Maximus due to our similar life arcs that I cried when he died at the end, and I’m proud to admit that.

Number 2: The Fifth Element

Favorite quote: “Ecto gammat!” (Never again without my permission)

This is one of those movies that you find more and more brilliant each time you watch, sort of like Big Trouble In Little China. There is just so much going on: mongoloids, supreme being, Deebo as the President, robot bartender, Chris Tucker, Zorg, Aziz’s light, and so on. The only reason this is not the best movie ever made is because I did not cry. My entire sense of humor can be contributed to this film, and it’s not even a comedy.

Gimme the cassssshhhh…

Number 3: Heat

Favorite quote (more like important life lesson): “You want to be making moves on the street? Have no attachments. Allow nothing to be in your life that you cannot walk out on in thirty seconds flat if you spot the heat around the corner.”

There is an underrated movie that doesn’t get a lot of buzz. People go in thinking it’s going to be this huge action movie and are disappointed when it turns out to be a three hour character movie centered around Al Pacino and Robert DeNiro. It’s the last good movie that Robert DeNiro starred in before he started appearing in dreck like The Adventures of Rocky & Bullwinkle, Analyze That, and Meet The Fockers. I find the bank robber story to be just a device to let the actors work their magic. Like me, I think that you will reevaluate your life after watching.

Notable runners-up: Fight Club, True Lies, Eternal Sunshine Of The Spotless Mind, Coming To America, Dawn Of The Dead (remake), and Coneheads

My Unsafe Sex Rationalization List

March 10, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

My safe sex practices were recently questioned by a girl and I offered the following explanation:

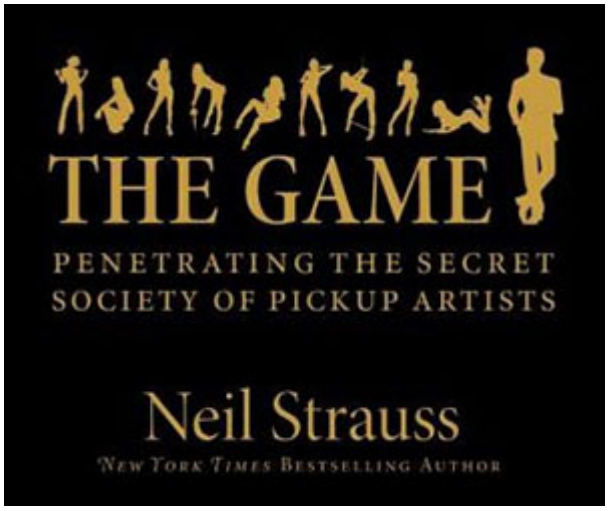
> When I'm in bed with a girl and I get **signs** that tells me she is probably clean, I take that as a green light to take more risk. So I may do something like putting it in without a condom. Just because I did that with you doesn't mean I do that with every girl.

Surprisingly this made the situation worse, but that got me thinking about signs I've used in the past:

- She has condoms in her nightstand (intent to be safe)
- She asks you to use a condom (safe)
- She is upper middle class (more health conscious)
- She is on the pill (no risk of being a daddy)
- She does not seem promiscuous
- She has a clean appearance or smell
- She didn't let me hit on the same night I met her (not easy)
- She was married or got out of a really long-term relationship (more likely to be monogamous, less sexual partners)
- She doesn't identify with Samantha on Sex and the City
- She gets frequent gynecological exams (awareness of all 70 strains of HPV)
- She doesn't have tattoos (low hepatitis C risk)

My list is definitely not scientific, but the more things she has on the list the more comfortable I feel having natural sex. It doesn't help that as I get older I'm getting the feeling of invincibility that I've probably been exposed to STDs but am immune to all of them. I brush aside comments by girls who say I'm "most likely" a HPV carrier.

I think of safe sex as a scale from 1-10. A 1 has never bought condoms and only uses them when the herpes is flaring up while a 10 needs signed laboratory tests from her partner before going raw. I'm a solid 6.5, much higher than guys I know who are in the 3 range. If women understand that the vagina has evolved for millions of years to be the most intense pleasure a man can experience, they wouldn't freak out when we just want to put it in to experience this ecstasy.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Urban Dictionary

March 10, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I did a Google search on "roosh" to see how bad the damage is, and noticed the fourth result is something from Urban Dictionary:

> A poseur who thinks he's a playa. Someone who is clueless about how unskilled he is at picking up girls.
>
> *So Michelle was at the bar and this roosh comes up to her and says "hey baby, what's your sign?"*

It has 83 up votes.

I’m 28-Years-Old And Not Jaded Or Bitter

March 11, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

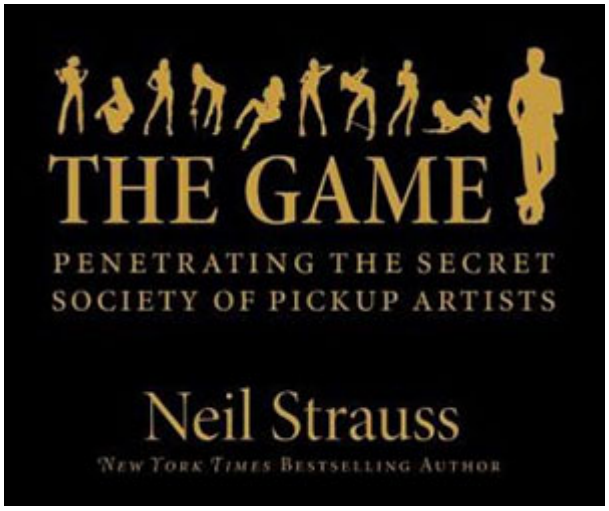
I was at a bar talking to a girl who kept bragging that she was a bitch, and quite literally: she repeated “I’m a bitch” several times when I questioned her abrasive attitude. It made me think back to this girl I met in Brazil, who was feminine and gentle and would be embarrassed to say something like that about herself. But this is America.

I don’t mind a challenge under the influence so I wanted to see if I could crack her candy-coated shell to get to the gooey lubricated center (I know, I’m reinforcing the behavior). Whenever you meet someone who has a shell, 99% of the time it’s because they have been hurt badly in the past, but since everyone has been hurt, why is it some people get colder as go through the human condition and others get more.. human? Well I think it’s because one group has a *belief* that pain is bad and you must do everything to avoid it, while the other sees value in all experiences, good and bad.

After I built rapport with this girl, I asked her why she’s so rough. I told her how much attractive she’d be if she’d be more like a gentle flower instead of a box of razors. Eventually it comes out that she has been hurt. Her eyes well up and I felt a moment. Most girls I meet are intolerable and I wouldn’t want to spend time with them outside the bedroom, but you get these moments from them where they are so vulnerable and sweet. Her shield collapsed and I felt like this was the real girl and I wanted to get to know her. There was a short kiss and I got her number.

I bump into her one hour later. It was obvious the moment was gone and I’d have to work to get it back, but it wasn’t worth it. She’s capable of being the type of girl I want, but I shouldn’t have to constantly dig to find the real person inside. Any girl in her 20’s should come pre-fabricated to livable specifications. I’m not a dog trainer. So I never called her.

Exactly one week later I met another girl, also young. She wasn’t a bitch but she had a shield up as well and referred to being jaded from “crash and burns,” which I took to mean “pumps and dumps.” “Twenty-two and jaded already?” I worked it like other girl and had a nice moment with the “real” or natural girl. Her sister, who was a bitch, became alarmed and dragged her away per the tired American female cockblocking ritual. One hour later I saw her, but the moment passed, and I didn’t bother.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Marvin Review

March 12, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Marvin is a bar that just opened in October 2007. It is located in the "up-and-coming" area of U St near **Busboys & Poets**.

Ambiance: Your grandmother's house.

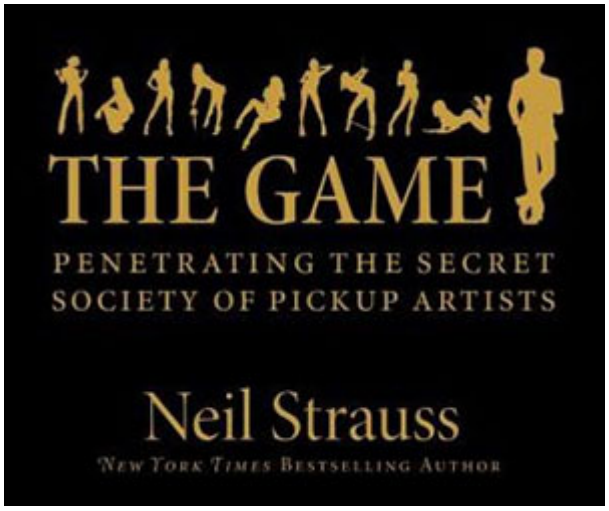
People: Semi-hipsters. The late 20's / early 30's people here are "new" hipsters who have just taken up the cause, instead of being the hardcore type with skinny jeans who only goes to **Black Cat** and drink beer from a can (a low-class way to drink beer in my opinion).

Being a hipster used to be a way to get away from the mainstream, so I find it ironic that hipsterdom has been co-opted by the mainstream.

Girls: Uninspiring for the most part, but posing spot selection makes a big difference. Instead of hanging inside where you'll just meet frumpy girls who can't dance, head to the patio where there is more girl traffic ensuring for a better selection. Some undesirable, older women have given me very strong indicators of interest here.

Chance Of Hooking Up Rating: 2 out of 5. You'll get a number but that's it unless you are very aggressive with tight game.

The Verdict: Go if you want a tolerable place where people are not obviously lame, but if you want to meet girls who are easy then head deeper into the dregs of Adams Morgan where **Grand Central** is still a winner.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Learning During Cold Streaks

March 13, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Excerpt from Bang:

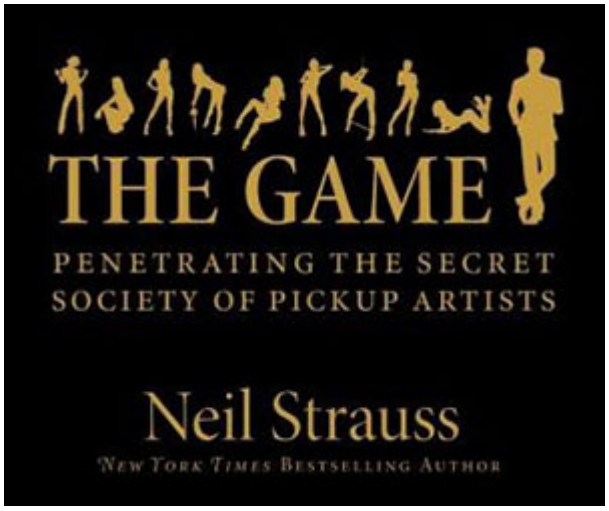
> Some productivity experts recommend you attach a deadline to your goal. For example: “I am going to sleep with a mother and daughter team within six months.” I don’t advise doing this because the game is so unpredictable and quirky that time goals can be discouraging during the inevitable cold streak. As you gain skill, there will be periods where you sleep with multiple girls in a short amount of time, followed by nothing for several months.

When I was a full-time student of the game, I went to great lengths to get out of a cold streak. I would pull out a piece of paper, write a short-term goal, and make a bulleted list of all the things I should do and try to get out of it. The goal was usually set a month from when I started to write down this list. The sad part: I never achieved the goal within the deadline, and stopped making lists.

It took myself years later to realize what happened. During the goal month I experimented a lot with a shotgun strategy, trying to hit something that can get me out of the cold streak. I was learning instead of succeeding. Once the month was over and I was disappointed with the results, I put my list away and then unconsciously only did things that worked well. Then I hit.

At least once a month I go out and spit the craziest and weirdest shit I can think of. I remember one time I got out a scrap piece of paper and pretended I was reading simple lines like “Hi. How are you. What is your name?” Then the girl would peek at the paper and see a stick-figure drawing of me and a cat. And she would give me this look like “Who are you?” I don’t do this to get laid but to learn how girls respond to things and where the limits are. Learning and success go hand in hand, but they don’t always happen at the same time.

Girls and monogamy-included men really hate the methodical approach to game where you set goals in the form of vaginas and write down notes or ideas to accomplish them. I’ll admit it is a little weird, and it’s not something I’d tell to people who aren’t doing what I’m doing, but it works.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Comments Of The Week

March 14, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

First, DoIsRight offers a very detailed unsafe sex point system.

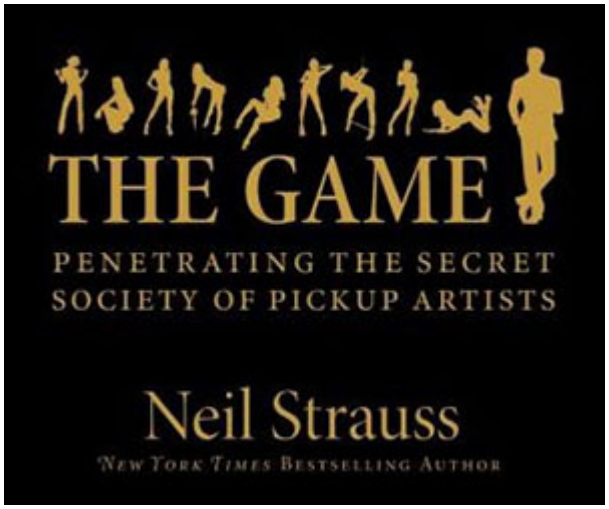
> I do a point system, like I am counting cards. I assign points to every risk factor. the higher the points the higher the risk. No particular order:
>
> 1) Where she lives/ Where she hangs out/ Where you are banging – If she lives in vermont, frequents chelsea, and you are banging her in long island. Vermont has only like 450 cases of hiv, while chelsea is infected by bi men, and if she is willing to go to long island with you to bang she probably has been banged previously by a guido. She has a higher chance of being infected. 3 points.
> 2) Casual questions about drug use. Alcohol frequency, weed, Coc, K, Meth. For coc, k, and meth girls are willing to get fucked in the ass to get high = Infected. Any sign of intravenous drugs – DO NOT BANG. 10 points for coc, k, meth. Alcohol to black out 5 points. Alcohol to loosen up 2 points. Weed a lot 1 point.
> 3) Race – not being racist but it is a huge factor facts wise when it comes to STDs. 1 point.
> 4) Economic status – poor people dont go to the Doctor. Lets hope a democrat gets elected so we have less STDs. 2 point.
> 5) Age – the younger the better. obviously. post 35 – 3 points – post 28 – 2 points – post 22 – 1 point. pre 22 – 0 points.
> 6) If she doesnt ask you to put on a condom, doesnt bring up condoms, just straight to insert. 4 points.
> 7) How many times you have to play just the tip and she does the hip squirm before inserting. No squirming 2 points. Medium 1 point. A lot of squirming 0 points.
> 8) While you are banging if you can stick your thumb in her ass without much effort, that is a bad sign. 2 point.
> 9) If she voluntarily tells you to cum inside of me [sic]. 7 points.
> 10) If you ask where should I cum, and she says inside of me. 5 points
> 11) If you ask, can I come inside of you and she says yes.3 points. If she says hell no. 0 points.
> **12) If she she asks you to put it in her ass. 15 points – almost like being gay**

Second, Nomadz is insulted by people who whine about getting dumped.

> The problem is we live in a society where pain, any kind of pain or suffering, is considered un-natural, and to be avoided at all cost. No one actually accepts anymore that pain, being hurt, suffering, are normal components of a human life and cannot always be avoided. Because a girl (or guy) gets hurt once, she or he takes shelter in a “i don’t want to suffer so i’d better never fall in love again”

attitude, which is plain ridiculous.

What ? Say again ? You have been dumped ? you've had your heart broken ? BIG DEAL ! Get a life. Everybody has. Every human being suffers. Gets rejected. Gets his/her heart broken. THIS IS FUCKING LIFE, and if you can't accept such a small amount of pain, well, just shoot yourself, or become a Buddhist so you can extinguish your worldly desires. This is not pain. This is nothing. **Maybe if you were born in a war-torn african country and had your whole family raped in front of you just before you were enlisted as a child-soldier at the age of 8, well, maybe I'll feel compassion, and understand that you need to build a defensive armour around your soul and mind so as not to become completely crazy.** But don't fracking tell me you need to be a cold-hearted, cocky bitch for the rest of your life because you prom date actually just wanted to fuck you and you felt disappointed.



South America Travel Guide

March 16, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I have finished my South America Travel Guide. I give overviews of each country and city along with a "Chance Of Hooking Up" rating. It's geared for guys.

> **1 out of 5**: You have an extremely low chance of hooking up. Don't visit for the girls.
> **2 out of 5**: You'll need quite a bit of magical luck.
> **3 out of 5**: There are girls around, but it's not necessarily easy.
> **4 out of 5**: You have a very good chance of hooking up if you put in an honest effort.
> **5 out of 5**: Hooking up is guaran-fucking-teed as long as you aren't disfigured.

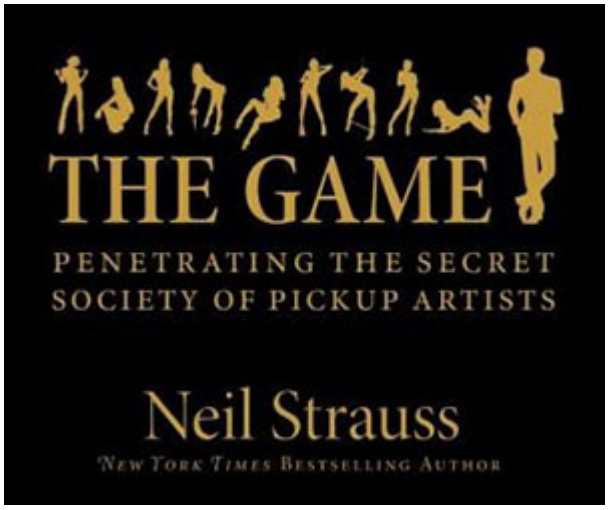
I provide a handy list of all the cities I visited sorted according to their rating. Only one city gets a five (you'll be surprised). I came up with the rating because almost all the guys I know are using women as considering for travel, but popular guides like **Lonely Planet** and **Frommers** don't offer help in that department. In each country's overview, I give a general description of the girls. Here's what I say about Ecuadorian girls:

> Ecuadorian girls look very indigenous with straight black hair, high cheekbones, thin eyebrows, and small eyes. …most of them look like pictures of Native Americans in your high school history textbook. In smaller cities, the white man is looked on with an extra dose of curiosity, and his gringo status will attract an occasional prostitute working pseudo-undercover.

My best guide is on Rio de Janeiro, most likely because I stayed there for a month. I think Argentina will also be popular.

This project gave me a glimpse into travel book writing. Turns out it's a pretty boring and

tedious gig. My guides are basic but they took a ridiculous amount of time to put together.



Monday Morning Reading

March 16, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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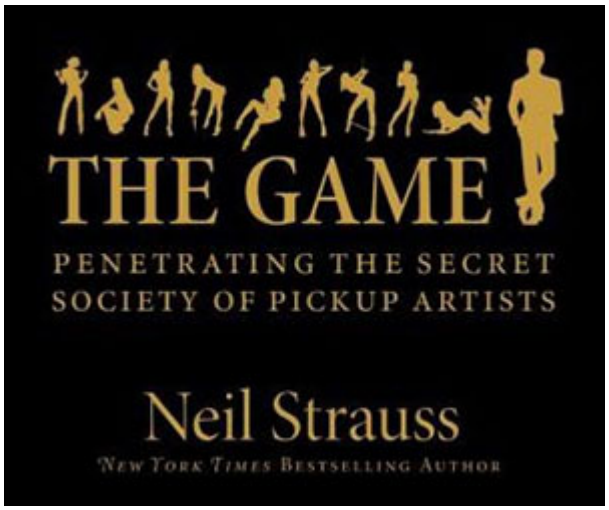
http://stockmarketcrash.atspace.com/

> Many began to realize that the magic of leverage could also lead to their ultimate ruin.

I don't know if you read Kunstler but his doom and gloom predictions seem to be coming true.



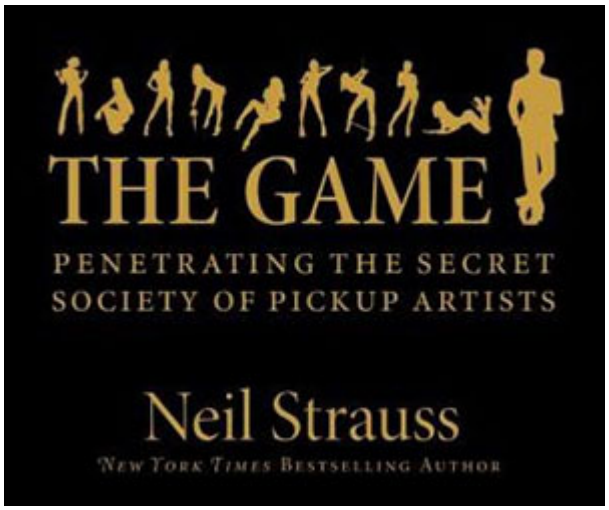
Ironic Hipster Happy Hour

March 16, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Me and Roissy (and possibly Arjewtino) are throwing a happy hour this Friday at Marvin.

Stop by and do the opposite of what this guy sings about…

Finger Eleven – Paralyzer



Getting Approached By Girls

March 17, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

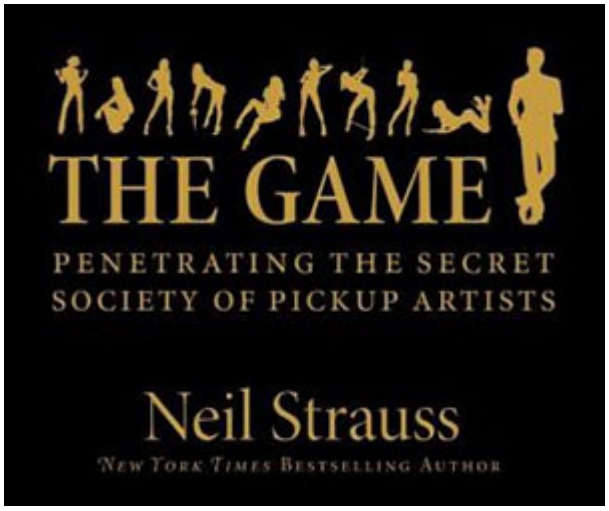
Something interesting has been happening since I returned home: I'm getting approached in bars a lot more, generally by cuter girls who are more direct in their affections.

Before I left, I'd get approached maybe once every couple months by a 5 or 6. I'd talk to her just to be friendly. But each week I've been back, girls are either gawking at me or just approaching me outright. The other night a pretty Greek girl said, "I saw you from across the bar and I told myself that you're hot and I have to talk to you." I don't think I'm ugly but I don't have stereotypical good looks valued by this culture. If the first time you are called hot is when you are 28 then you know something else is going on besides looks. **What has changed in six months?**

A friend of mine suggested that times are changing and girls are approaching more. I do believe this. I think the seduction industry has filtered down to girls and they are taking their sex / love lives in their own hands instead of waiting passively to be swept off their feet. But is six months too short for a cultural shift to occur?

My theory is impossible to prove and has to do with body language. I've always believed that a person's experience, confidence, and attitude is somehow transmutated into their body language. Whatever I experienced in the past six months is being told, like a story, with the way I carry myself. This body language is hitting some unconscious button on a couple girls, and they act with the justification that I'm physically attractive. But looks without the context of body language or vibe is pretty useless unless you are a guy still oogling the pages of Playboy.

So what am I doing differently? Nothing… that I'm aware of.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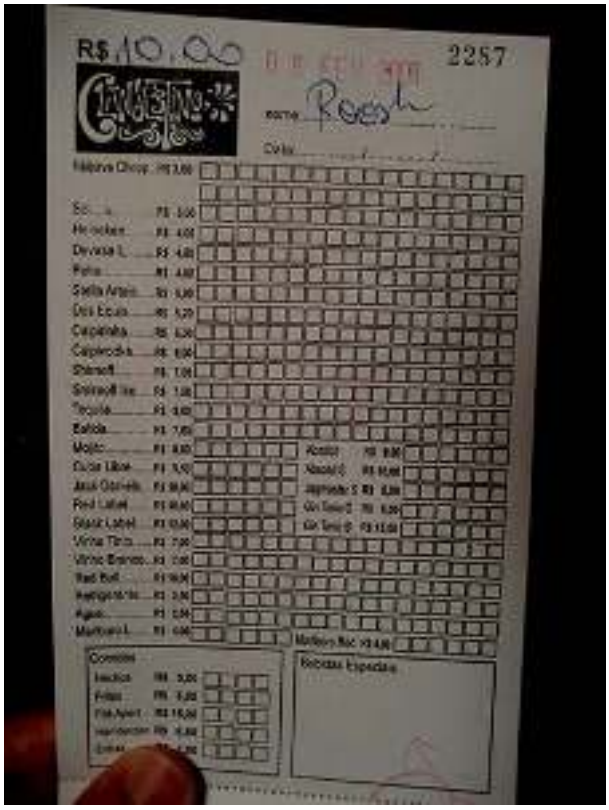
The Brazilian Consumption Card

March 18, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The bars and clubs in Brazil have a weird system. In the U.S. you simply order a drink and then pay for it when it's served to you, but in Brazil you have to give them your consumption card when you order. Here's an example of a consumption card:



They put a hash mark in the box next to your drink and then they seve you. At the end of the night, you give your card to a cashier, pay the total, and get a stamp needed to exit. It sounds efficient but there are three problems:

1. You will lose your card. A lost card is an automatic 200 reals ($120—and increasing) charge. A lot of gringos waxed about drinking more than 200 reals worth of booze and losing their card on purpose to scam the system, but I did not meet anyone who attempted this. (I found it amusing that whenever a guy shared this idea he thought he was a genius for coming up with it.) A vodka drink is around 8 reals so you'd have to get consume 25 mixed drinks to get there. A beer is usually under 5 reals.

2. Long lines. When you want to leave after 2am or so, the line can be painfully long. It's like you're trapped. If you only ordered two drinks, you will usually wait much longer than the time it took to order and pay for two drinks.

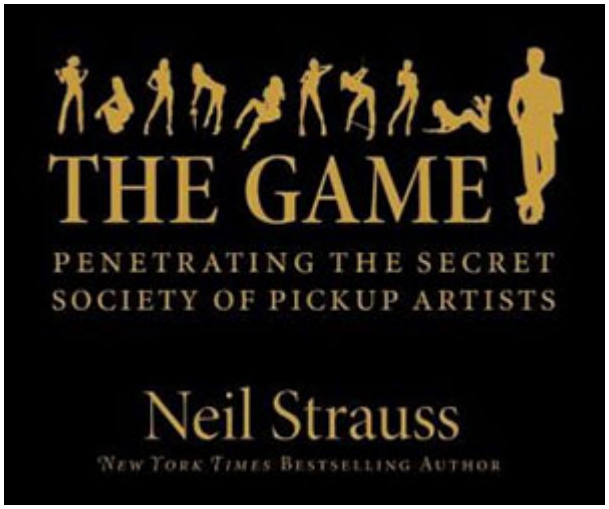
3. Rip-off friendly. The amount I paid was almost always higher than what I added up. (One of the reasons the line moves so slow is because half the people are challenging the final amount.) Sometimes the cover charge goes towards your drinking but other times it doesn't. Transparency is lacking.

This system reminded me of Salta, Argentina, where you had to carry the same glass with

you all night long. When you leave they ask you for your glass and if you don't have it you have to pay something like a 50 cent charge. It was common to see guys tearing it up on the dance floor with a cocktail glass in their back pocket.

One more thing. Remember when I wrote that Brazilians refer to spooning as "lying like oysters?" I was close—it's actually to lie like *seashells*. With the Brazilian girls I met in Rio, I can confirm this as 100% fact.

For more on Brazil, check out my Brazil travel guide.



Player Or Poseur?

March 19, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

This man looks like the chaperone to the young girl in the pink jacket, picking her up after what appears to be a very rough day at the office. Notice how he kind of just floats out there in the ether instead of being included in the photo—even the flash of the camera escapes him. **Poseur**. He also bears a striking resemblance to the president of Pakistan.

President Pervez Musharraf

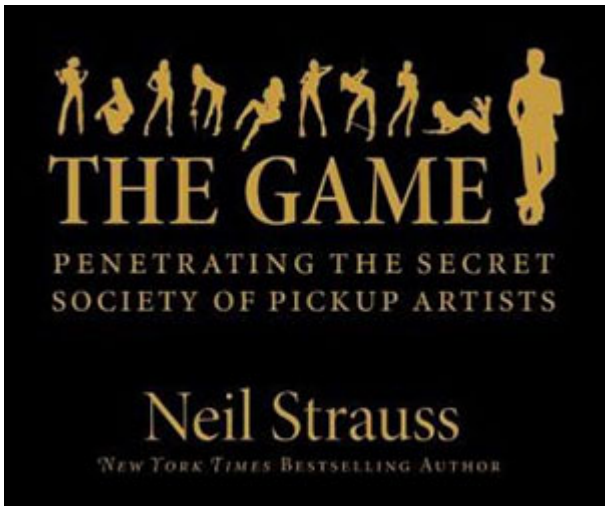
This guy has a hot piece of ass on his crotch and he doesn't even give a damn. It's almost

as if he’s being bothered by yet another attention whore who will do anything to gain his favor. Obvious **player**.

Bonus picture:

You see the ridiculously good looking girl on the left? That’s what Argentina has to offer—in the millions—every time you go out. But here she is a beauty queen and will get drooled on by at least a dozen guys a night. I can only imagine the size of her ego (shit, I would have a big head if I was relatively hotter than everyone else too).

If I was at the club that night and bombed with her, I could go home because there would be no other girls worthy at her level.



Happy Iranian New Year

March 20, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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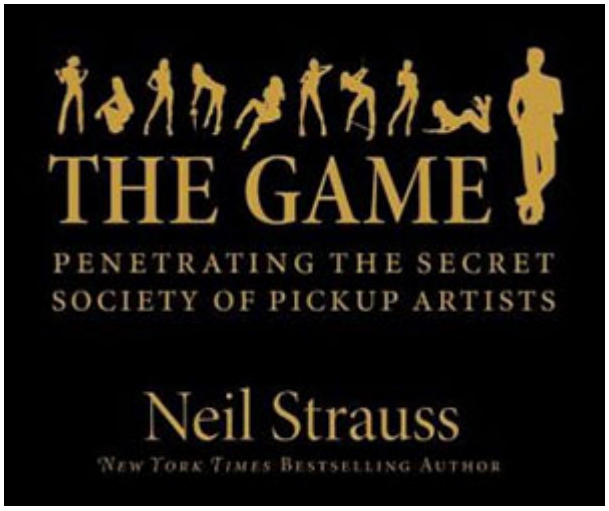
1. Tonight is the Happy Hour. Check upstairs of **Marvin** around 9pm for me and a tall white guy. We're expecting a surprise performance by Snow Patrol.

2. Couple new blogs to check out. The first is The Modern Savage, a pick-up blog, and the second is Bittersweet Amalgam, run by a one Angelo who lives in the DC area. His drawings are hilarious and over-the-top.

3. Yesterday was the first year of the Iranian calender. We celebrated by eating a gigantic stuffed fish. There is a set tradition where you have to lay out several items, each with their own meaning. You eat the goldfish alive when the festivities are over.

4. I leave you this Friday with a quote from an old book…

> The starting point of all achievement is DESIRE. Keep this constantly in mind. Weak desires bring weak results, just as a small amount of fire makes a small amount of heat. If you find yourself lacking in persistence, this weakness may be remedied by building a stronger fire under your desires.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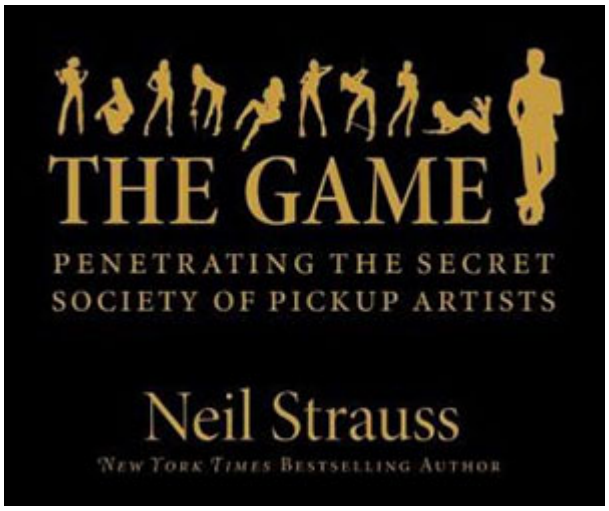
Taking Your Game International

March 21, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I wrote a guest post for The Seduction Chronicles called Taking Your Game International.

> **3. Approach in massive numbers.** The big myth of traveling is that you will get more abroad than you do at home, but there are so many obstacles (no cell phone, no pad, no wingmen, language barrier, lack of venue knowledge, and so on), that the only way to make up for them is to approach a lot more than you normally do. With many girls closed off to having sex with a gringo who is only in town for a weekend, sometimes you need to keep going until you find a girl who doesn't mind *and* speaks your language. It takes a lot more energy than you are used to.

You can read it here.

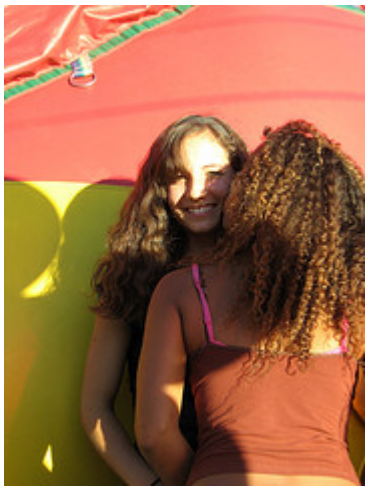


Introductions Between The Opposite Sex

March 23, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Since I've been back I noticed that every time I'm introduced to a girl the accepted move is to shake her hand. After cheek kissing a thousand girls in South America, I find our custom to be quite distant and unnatural. I wondered if this was only an American thing, so I contacted some people to see what the custom was for other countries.

Argentina: One cheek kiss
Brazil: One cheek kiss, but two in Rio de Janeiro
Chile: One cheek kiss
Czech: Handshake
England: Handshake
Greece: Two cheek kisses
India: You put your hands together and say "Namaste"
Iran: Absolutely no touching
Italy: Two cheek kisses
Netherlands: Handshake
Nigeria: Handshake
Russian: Confusing
Sweden: Handshake
Turkey: Two cheek kisses



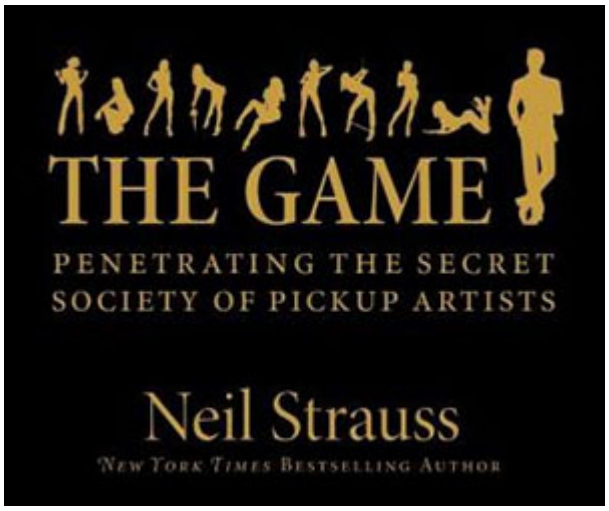
[image] photo credit: ravenmaven

And then there is **France**. I'll let my French buddy Gregorie explain:

> It really depends on the region but it is basically a 2 to 4 cheeck kiss. Most common is two. Four in Paris suburbs or Britany (very stupid, it is a waste of time). Three in some areas but not very common. Bourgeois give only two, lower class three or four (Argentina Mendoza was one kiss…. that was kind of sexy.)
>
> Men usually shake hands, except for V. Good friends tend to cheek kiss but they have to be above 16 to do it. Family, cousins, and uncles kiss each other. When you are introduced to a girl if you are same age and under 30s you can kiss her

> hello, after it is quite complex there is no rule at all.
>
> It is science & the secret of french love.

I was more than ready to conclude with “Western countries are more distant in their introductions,” but I cannot make such a conclusion, though I do find it is ironic that this culture is perhaps the most germophobic in the world but we continue the practice of hand-germ exchange every chance we get. I’ve started to teach girls I meet about the Argentine introduction, which I find to be most agreeable, but I don’t think it’s catching on.



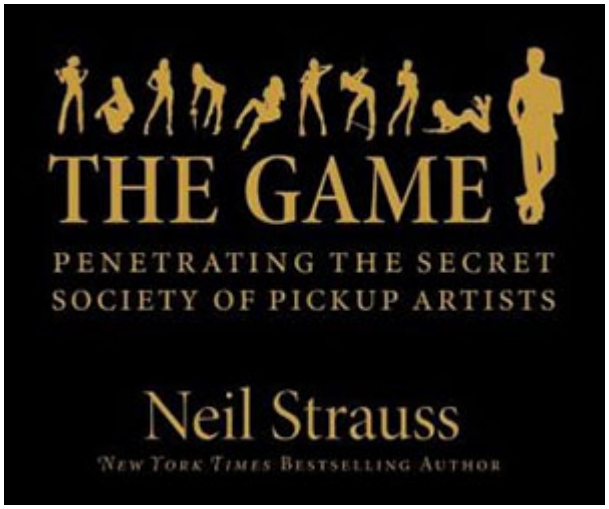
Black Guys Game

March 24, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

There are two kinds of black guys: the urban / hip-hop kind that is heavy on the slang and mimics stylings they see in rap music videos, and college-educated black guys whose style is a mix of urban and suburban mall-strip culture. I'm not impressed with the game of the former.

Over 50% of the time, I notice their opener is "Hey **slang identifier**, you got a man?" If you are a single girl that has no information about this guy besides his appearance and common line, why would you say yes? He's giving you an out and the whole interaction that follows is usually him trying to convince the girl to put the man aside and give him a chance. Direct game does have its uses, but the boyfriend question puts you at a huge disadvantage as soon as you open your mouth. It would be like calling the cops and telling them which bank you are going to rob right before you rob it. Why make it harder for yourself?

I'm confident there is a whole generation of black men growing up that is used to the fact that 99% of all women have a boyfriend.



Getting Men To Commit

March 25, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A common question girls asks me is how to get a man they are dating to commit. When it comes to dating or relationships, this question is much harder than helping guys get laid. Casual sex is more like trying to find a funny t-shirt while commitment is shopping for a house. But I have two suggestions for girls:

1. Read The Art of Seduction. This is not a self-improvement book for those of you that freak out by that genre, but the stories and strategy in here is guaranteed to give you some ideas you can use. It shows you through historical examples how men (and women) have turned into mush with concepts that more or less still work today. Plus it's just a great book. For example, a chapter most girls I meet need to learn is Master The Art Of Insinuation:

> The way insinuation works is simple: disguised in a banal remark or encounter, a hint is dropped. It is about some emotional issue—a possible pleasure not yet attained, a lack of excitement in a person's life. The hint registers in the back of the target's mind, a subtle stab at his or her insecurities; its source is quickly forgotten. It is too subtle to be memorable at the time, and later, when it takes root and grows, it seems to have emerged naturally from the target's own mind, as if it was there all along. Insinuation lets you bypass people's natural resistance, for they seem to be listening only to what has originated in themselves. It is a language on its own, communicating directly with the unconscious. No seducer, no persuader, can hope to succeed without mastering the language and art of insinuation.

The only time girls insinuate these days is when they want to complain about something you aren't doing right.

2. Use jealousy. There is no emotion stronger than getting the feeling that a girl you like and have been breezy with is slipping through your grasp and about to be taken off the market. If that doesn't cause the man to act fast, at least temporarily, then it's time to accept that he will never be ready to commit with you.

Even though *I know* a girl is using jealousy, I can't just tell my brain to shut down the uncomfortable feelings that drive me to her even more. It's powerful, and deadly if used to your advantage. I've said this before but I'll say it again: if you are a guy with your eyes on a particular girl, letting her see you laugh with a girl *prettier* than her will do more to help your cause than any line or routine you can think of.

Player Or Poseur?

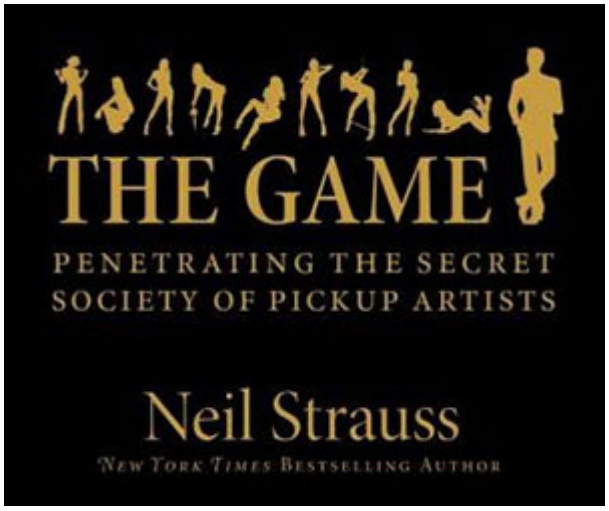
March 26, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

If I was in Brazil at Club Help and saw these two on the dance floor I'd give him a wink and a nod for scoring a sexy prostitute at what I imagine would be a reasonable price, but this was taken in Washington DC.

The guy does not possess any obvious player qualities. In fact, he would be a good example of the anti-player: he's way out of shape, he has the sleeves of his stale stripped shirt rolled up to reveal what appears to be a calculator watch, and he makes zero attempt to enhance his look with something like creative facial hair. But there is something relaxing about his Chris Farley-like smirk.

The girl is obviously having fun. Judging by the way she is dressed and the care she put into her hair, she wants to continue that fun in the bedroom by engaging in sex. The question is with who. Does she seem like the type of girl that would let any overweight white guy put his meaty paw on her waist and his crotch on her ass? Ultimately, the answer lies with body language.

They're out on their third date. This man is a **player**.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Would You Bang This Behemoth Woman?

March 27, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Cassidy is a 6 feet 3 inch “model.”

And here’s a strangely erotic video of her arm wrestling a girl in her panties. She’s not as strong as I imagined. I’m sure she blamed her poor performance on having “too much leverage,” which is the reason I lose arm wrestling competitions to my shorter friends.

Several years ago I banged a 6 foot volleyball player. I had to give her clear instructions in bed because moving her was impossible. What a nightmare when one night she asked for a piggy-back ride. I prefer petite women because they are much easier to handle (and more importantly they make me look bigger), but I will have sex with just about any body type except morbidly obese.

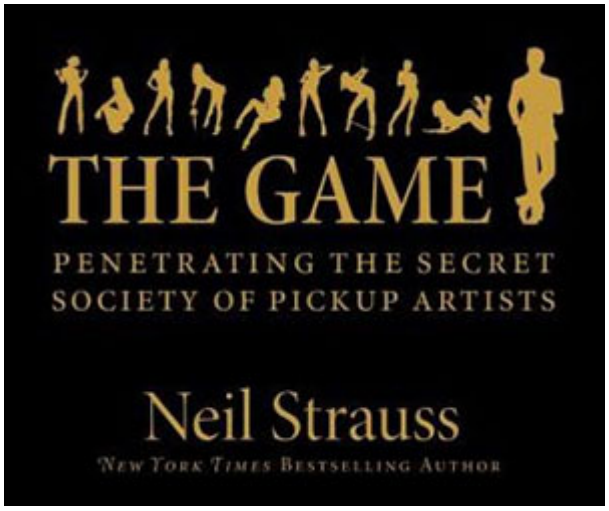
As for my answer, hell yeah I’d bang that. For the story alone.

Jane Goodall-Style Anthropology

March 29, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In response to Black Guys Game:

> Where to begin … Roosh kicks things off with the Jane Goodall-style anthropology of black men and approaches in the DC scene – there are two kinds of black men and over 50% of the time he observed one approach – "the Yo you got a man?" line. His experience and his blog. Let the fun begin.
>
> Roissy takes a shot at guessing about black women's preferences from years of experiences with them, their sociology and socialization in the black community and self esteem. He has gamed and fucked them so he must know them.
>
> John Smith at 9 hours 17 minutes cites a researcher linked to eugenics and the pioneer fund. I would say more but my genes and social community have not provided me with sufficient brain power to determine what Rushton means when he uses words and sentences. (Perhaps someone can summarize it for me)
>
> JP, VK and T bring the black man perspective and explain their game conquests and hash out the details to support their brother(s) in humanity and banging. They were born of black women and/or black men so they must know what they are talking about, right?
>
> I applaud the diversity of voices on the "game" here and confess that I like reading the social science that you guys put into your game. As an old married guy I can keep up with you crazy kids via the internets. Crazy what technology can do, in my day you had to wait for a letter by post or Life magazine article to get the story. But I digress.
>
> What was my point … oh yeah, I get a little nervous when generalizations turn to characteristics defined by race.
>
> There is a pattern to these blog posts that are informed by or characterize behavior by race. Invariably someone points to statistics to prove the causal connections (check), someone (their race is unimportant) makes general statements that label stigmatize and grossly generalize (check, check and check), someone gets called a racist (check) and someone blows up and starts it all over again while pointing out that someone of the particular ethnicity that is allegedly offended supports their reasoning/truth/experience and tells someone to fuck off. Wash. Rinse. Repeat. A time honored dance of racial misunderstandings. Every few cycles someone tries to set a new tone, but they are ignored.
>
> I am not saying that half-truths and generalizations can't be used in these discussion. I do it all the time myself. In this case, such statements are in service to points they cannot adequately support. In short, you can't get there from here.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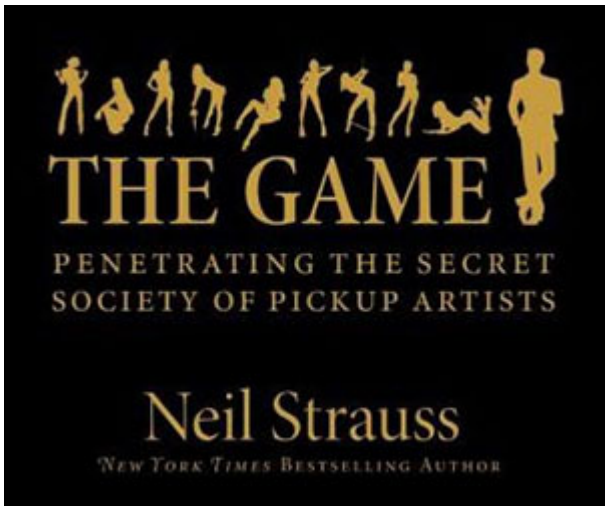
Putting Women On A Pedestal

March 30, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I remember when the act of getting laid used to be a **big deal**. I'd bang a girl and pat myself on the back like I just accomplished something special. My friends did the same thing. But then we got older and the more sex we got the less of a big deal it became. While I'm sure there are a lot of reasons why getting laid isn't a problem for us now, it's not a coincidence the more I put pussy on a pedestal, the less I got. Problem is it's hard to fake not caring about pussy. You still have to **want** it (you won't get something you don't want), but you must barely care if you don't get it.

I do think you have to go through that awkward stage where you care and try hard to get laid enough until it's not a big deal. Then, in a slow process, you start getting more with much less effort. So part of the secret is time, something you can't really teach or bypass. The rest is just hard work.



Why I Came Back Home From South America Earlier Than Planned

March 31, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Six weeks ago I wasn't completely honest when I gave reasons for why my trip to South America ran short. Something happened.

A couple months into the trip it became very obvious that I wasn't going to meet a "serious" girl. The language barrier and my one-city-every-four-days routine made it difficult to happen. There would often be physical attraction, but nothing that had enough substance to last. I thought that would change in Cordoba where the girls are extremely beautiful, but their attitude was quite different than what I have become accustomed to. Even there, nothing got past the physical.

By the time I got to Rio de Janeiro, I gave up any idea of meeting a girl that I would consider dating long-term. I hung out with some fun Australian guys I first met in Cordoba and we did our thing of going out and hitting on the locals. We'd drink and not really care besides getting some cheap thrills. But on my seventh day there, I met someone.

The only reason I approached her was because I swear she gave me a look. We talked and within just a few minutes she told me she liked me. Things moved fast—and not just physically. Next thing I know I'm checking out of my hostel to stay with her. We'd cook together, she'd show me around the city, and we'd come back into her studio apartment and have intimacy. During that time I wondered why it was so much harder to do this back home.

I had to do some serious thinking. If the end game is meeting a girl you consider a life partner—someone that you can maybe even love—then I made it. I'm there. Finally, after approaching a million girls, I'm satisfied. And I doubt it's a coincidence that she is one the most beautiful girls I've ever been with. She didn't want to come to the United States (I don't blame her), so I had to make a decision.

I'm a firm believer in taking risks and adapting to whatever situation you put yourself in. I do believe she is worth it, more than any other girl I met. So we decided to make a go of this. I came back to the States to tie up some loose ends and spend time with my family and friends, and I return back to Rio exactly one month from today. I'm tired of looking at

just a photograph of her taped to my bedside. I'll be back to visit around Christmas.

The blog will continue of course, and maybe even get better as I can write more about how to have a fulfilling relationship. This just feels right.

Happy April Fools!

March 31, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Why I Came Back Home From South America Earlier Than Planned was an April Fools joke, obviously.

I also did a joke on Virgle Kent. On Sunday night a "cute brunette" made a post on Craigslist missed connections about our night out on Saturday:

> This was upstairs in the patio. I was watching you hoping you'd come talk to me.
>
> You=black man, very built, with beige jacket. You were hanging out with a very hairy man with long hair.
>
> Me=cute brunette with black dress. My friends were being anti-social. I'd love to touch those muscles!

I thought I'd have to enlist the help of a confederate to help spread the word but Roissy and Arjewtino both found it within a day and emailed him.

Part of VK's email to his missed connection:

> I'm betting that this is probably a hoax from one of my other friends or a group of spinsters I know that don't like me. I've got money riding on it being a set up. But yeah, I was the bald black guy with the hairy friend.

Kissing Makes Me Drowsy

April 1, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Not long ago I posted about getting approached by girls and gave an example of a girl who complimented me. A friend of mine wanted the whole story with juicy details so here it is.

One of my first night's out back in DC, I go out with three Russian guys to **Tattoo**, a "hip" bar that seems to be hit or miss depending on the night but definitely hit when it comes to your wallet. We were standing in a circle of power when a girl came up to us and asked if we were Greek. Eventually she started talking about my luxurious long hair and how I had Greek features.

I like meeting Greek girls because I'm half-Turkish, and the Greeks and Turks aren't the best of friends. I tell them that if my mom knew I was taking to them she'd kill me. Actually my mom has a lot of Greek friends and wouldn't care, but I like saying it.

The conversation was going very well for the first ten minutes, with some light touching. But then a guy in her group bought her and her friends a drink. She turned around to get the drink and didn't turn back. When a girl gives me the back, I don't wait for more than five seconds. I turned around and continued hanging out with my friends. We reformed the circle.

Twenty minutes later she came up to me and asked why I stopped talking to her. I said, "You turned around and you didn't look back, so I thought our conversation was over." We continued talking and I eventually "broke up" with her because of some random reason. Then she said, "Umm, I kinda have a boyfriend."

I asked her if she was happy and she said yes. Looking back that was a very stupid question to ask because if she was ready to say no then she wouldn't have even brought it up in the first place. But I was lazy and wanted to find out quickly if I should continue or not. Then I half-joked, "Yeah 'cause if I was a girl and happy with my guy I'd definitely talk to other guys that I'm attracted to." Eventually she went to the bathroom. It's at this time I noticed her friends watching me very very carefully, and I imagined how much farther I would be if her friends weren't around.

I re-approach her some time later. Her friends were spying and I didn't want to get

cockblocked so I was more focused with being the fun, cool guy instead of trying to get somewhere, but she was really touchy-feely. I needed to isolate her. Half thinking out loud, I said, “How about you come with me to the dark corner over there?”

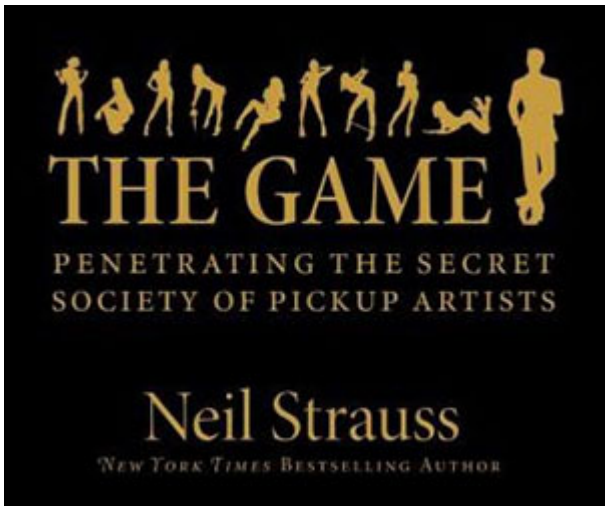
“Okay.”

Without hesitation, I grabbed her hand, led her to the bathroom hallway, and we started going at it. We were doing that for about five minutes, but then I noticed she stopped kissing me. You know how when you kiss for a while it puts you in that relaxed, drowsy state? My eyes were still closed and my lips were searching for hers. I open my eyes slowly and see her right next to one of her friends, who’s holding her arm. The friend looks at me and yells, “BUT SHE HAS A BOYFRIEND.” In no mental state for a good comeback, I smiled and said “Huh?” before wiping my mouth.

Her friends wouldn’t let her out of their sight after that, and I they actually snarled at me a couple times. I managed to get her phone number but with the boyfriend cloud, friends who I’m sure destroyed me, and the fact she was leaving town for a week, I knew my odds weren’t so good.

Most phone numbers go nowhere so it’s important to always push for the one night stand. It doesn’t matter how much she is into you, but if you don’t capitalize on that hot moment then it may pass forever. I didn’t have a chance with the cockblock A-team.

We’ve talked a few times but I haven’t been able to get her out since. It would have been a Greek flag.



The Three Best Cities In South America

April 2, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I've been to 33 cities in every South American country except Colombia, Guyana, French Guinea, and Suriname. Even though I'm confident three of those four countries would never make the list, I may have to make an edit to this post some time in the future.

1. Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. The secret has been out for over fifty years. Yes, Rio has a very serious crime problem and the police won't go into many areas without armored vehicles and full SWAT protection, but if you're a guy looking for a sex vacation and you don't like Asian girls there is no other city in South America that touches your high odds of getting ass here. Pussy doesn't fall from the sky, as you might be thinking, but the native girls actually like gringos. Even the native guys like gringos. Go out every night, don't be a wallflower, and you will get to experience what I plan on experiencing again in the future.

If that hasn't sold you, how about the a gorgeous backdrop and beach weather nearly year round? Sure the water isn't sparkling blue, but you'll be busy on the Ipanema sand angling to get in with the girls in ridiculous bikinis laying next to you.

Low-End Budget: $100-120/day

2. Cordoba, Argentina. The Cordoba tourism agency is going to contact me any day now to thank me for single-handedly increasing tourism to this city by 1000%. I will never get tired of saying that Cordoba has the most beautiful girls in the world. And it's cheap. And the nightlife jumps. There are no fewer than 30 universities here so good luck meeting a girl over 22. The spinsters here don't even go out at night because the competition is beyond intense.

A downside of this place is the girls are pretty damn difficult—especially if you don't know Spanish—but I guarantee you will begging for them when you return home. Their beauty will spoil you until you die. I think I missed American girls for a quick minute until I snapped to my senses: I rather have difficult girls that are my type than easy girls I want to immediately dump after I have sex with them. This is the only place that I talked to 9's every time I went out, **uninterrupted**. There is no cockblock brigade in Argentina (or anywhere else in South America). I've been back to the States for two months and talked

to a 9 once, and I had to compete with only FIFTEEN other guys who felt it was their do-or-die moment.

Low-End Budget: $50/day

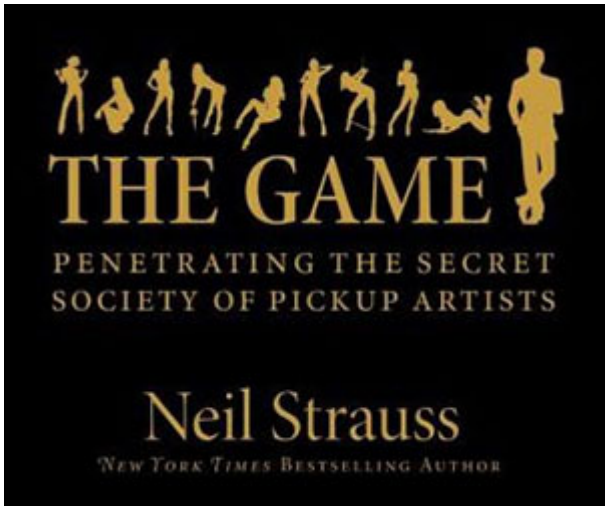
3. Merida, Venezuela. I traveled to Venezuela for a random 10 day vacation a couple years back, and Merida is still on my mind. This is like a Cordoba-lite with a large college population that loves to party. I still remember the bar El Hoya de Queque, perhaps the best bar in South America, where I got rejected by my first Venezuelan beauty (9+) who at the time was probably the most stunning girl I talked to. I remember how excited I was just because I had the chance to have a conversation with her.

The girls are not as hot as in Cordoba and there are less of them around (in Cordoba you walk outside and in two minutes you see more beautiful girls than a Thursday, Friday, and Saturday going out in Washington DC—no exaggeration), but Merida has a fantasy setting on the doorstep of the Andes mountains. There's a lot to do here like horseback riding, canyoning, nature tours, and riding up the tallest cable car in the world. Too bad for Merida that it's part of a country ruled by a dictator who is doing everything he can to kill the tourism industry. "Who needs gringos when we have this black stuff that is bound to run out some day!!"

Low-End Budget: $60/day

A few people have asked me about my future travel plans. Colombia is high on my list so I can claim to be a South America girl expert, but I've been eyeing Eastern Europe lately, and by eyeing I mean I'm asking guys how easy the girls are in Eastern Europe. Perhaps I'll visit Cordoba and Merida for a nostalgic return, but Rio is going to have to wait a bit until I get my money right, which is not going to happen as long as I stay addicted to Guitar Hero 3.

For more on South America, check out my South America travel guides.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Women Don’t Listen

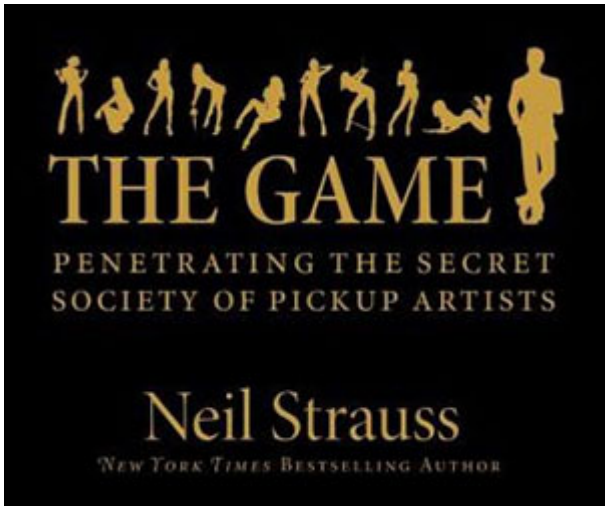
April 3, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

My sister called me up with a game question. A guy she likes said he wanted to take her out on a certain night but did not set a time and place. The day came and she wanted to call him to see if they still were going out. First thing I told her was **put down the phone**.

> It’s his job to make plans so the worst thing you can do is encourage his breezy behavior by doing the work for him. Have a cut-off time, where if he calls you before you will agree to go out with him but if he calls him after you say you already make plans because you weren’t “sure” if you were still going out. This will let him know he has to be a little more firm in making plans.

She agreed with me and picked a reasonable cut-off time of 7PM. If she lets him call at any time then she is sending the message that she is a great backup plan. Note that this is a guy she *likes* and not just wants to have sex with, which in that case it wouldn’t matter.

He called after 7PM, and she agreed to go out with him anyway. It’s not a **big** deal but I think if you want a guy to take you more seriously it’s better to send the message that you are for a “limited time only” instead of “unlimited supplies!”



What To Do If She Has A Boyfriend

April 6, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Chasing a girl with a boyfriend used to be such an awesome challenge for me. I loved how I was penetrating something that I should not be able to. I pursued girls who had a boyfriend more than single ones, but I was young and immature then and don't really do that anymore. I have morals now.

There are girls with boyfriends you should chase, and those that you should not, such as girls who *just* got engaged or married. I don't even need to tell you this because chances are she won't even talk to you. She is still on cloud nine with commitment bliss and wouldn't consider cheating.

On the flip side are girls who are having trouble with their boyfriends. It's possible you won't need a strategy to deal with these girls because you may not even find out about the boyfriend until after you kissed, fingered, or banged her. With them all you need to do is stay aggressive and keep the sexual tension tight. The sex should happen unless something big changes in the relationship.

Then you have the murky middle, where she is not quite unhappy with the relationship but not happy either. Girls are different so one who is slightly unhappy might not cheat but one who is slightly happy might. How do you know if she is worth pursuing or not? Two key signs:

1. Length of time until the boyfriend drop. The longer amount of time until she mentions the boyfriend the better it is for you. If a girl is in a happy relationship, the boyfriend will be constantly popping in her mind like in a game of Duck Hunt. She will feel guilty talking with a charming, teaseful guy and will have to drop at some point that her boyfriend is an amazing guy who rocks her world. But if takes 15, 30, even 60 minutes for this to come up, consider her breakable. Bonus if she doesn't tell you at all and you learn through a third party.

2. Her level of engagement. It's possible she can have a boyfriend but still want to talk to other guys in the bar to keep things "exciting" at home. Maybe she wants to feel alive or still attractive. How can you separate her from a girl who is more open to cheating? The answer is how much she engages you, by doing things like keeping the conversation going, touching you (very very big), and seeking you out after a break in the

conversation, either verbally or through eye contact. If you talk to her for ten minutes and she doesn't even ask you for your name and things feel like a one-sided interview, move on.

If it takes forever for the boyfriend drop to come and she's still sticking around you, then do what you normally do and at the minimum try for the kiss. Two things happen if you get your face close to her to feel for the kiss: either she turns away at the very last second or she says, "I can't… I have a boyfriend." You respond: "Oh that's fine with me." AGREE, AGREE, AGREE. Do not allow her to come up with objections in her mind. Then you try again in a few minutes.

Her: "I can't do anything." You: "We're not! I'm just hanging out." Keep going, keep pushing. If she doesn't walk away from you and get out of a situation where she might cheat, she wants to cheat. So you're just doing what she wants you to do… subconsciously anyway.

There's a myth going around that women are stronger than men, but I think they're just as weak as us. If she puts herself in a position to break, she will.

Every two weeks I send out **Roosh's Game Tips Newsletter**. If you liked this post then I think you will like the newsletters I send out. Sign up by putting your first name and email address in the form below.

First name:

Email:

Put Me On The List

Example Of A Real Alpha Male

April 7, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

First, watch this video. A girl decides to “prank” her boyfriend by smashing a metal baking pan on his head while he eats a crunchy cereal breakfast.

Cute Girlfriend Gives Good Head...ache

Now watch his revenge…

Guy Gets Revenge on Girlfriend for Headache

Eight years ago I’d watch that and think, “He went so overboard. Isn’t he scared of losing her?” That’s why I couldn’t get laid in a whorehouse back then, and why he has a girl that all men would get on.

A lot of guys have this fear of offending a girl or losing her, but **not** having that fear is what quality women are most attracted to. It’s hard for women to resist a man who doesn’t care as much as he should. Deep inside this girl is happy he got her back, and I guarantee you after her ass healed she fucked the hell out of him.

Now watch that first video again. Look what happens at the 27 second mark when he turns around to look at her. We didn’t even have to watch the second video to know he’s an alpha male.

Here’s a second bonus example of an alpha male:

Stop Cockblocking

April 8, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Me and VK were at the DC bar Marvin on a recent Friday night. If you're wondering why we go all the time when the average age is 30, I think it's because we're the only guys there who have game (besides Roissy). We do alright when talent shows up.

Three cute girls were checking us out and wouldn't stop. VK opened them and I joined in later to talk to the tallest one. Within a minute I felt something was wrong… it was like she had a rod shoved up her ass. Turns out she is going to law school. That was all I needed to know. I looked over her shoulder and saw nothing else, so it was this lawyer chick or nothing.

I'm working on her and it's going well. Five minutes into the conversation, in a pitiful attempt to compliment me which I'm sure took a lot of courage for her, she said, "You're not lame." She's touching me and playing with her hair. I was on track, and she's actually pretty good looking.

But then, out of nowhere, the third friend comes back from getting a drink. She looks at me, smiles, and just holds it. There it was. Instantly I think, "I want **THIS** one." I didn't care that I already put work into the lawyer chick because this other chick was just oozing warmth and I knew she was more my type. I take a break from the lawyer chick and started talking to the new girl. But we're not even talking, just looking at each other. It was on and I was very pleased.

After a minute the lawyer chick says "girl talk." The girls huddle up and start whispering to each other. I'm not worried—in fact I have to do guy talk often with my wingman to sort out situations. A minute later they are done and the lawyer chick says, "We're leaving." Then they walk away. 😡

In Brazil I got with a girl and two hours into it I find out that she actually came with a group of friends. The friends never interrupted once. But here you have girls running around treating their friends like little kids, babysitting them and making decisions about which guys guys they should get with. Unfortunately in this passive culture it's not common for one girl to stand up to her friend in the heat of the moment with other friends looking on. She passes on the desirable male to get approval so her already low

self-esteem is not shattered.

I'm on board VK's **Stop Blocking Movement** and started an anti-cockblocking web site to assist the cause. From this point on every time I get blocked, I will go to the blocker and say, "I hope you get The Clap when you least expect it." I know no other way to solve this problem.

I saw the lawyer chick a week later at the same bar. I poked her, she looked, and then ignored me. She won.

Re: Stop Cockblocking

April 8, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Lawyerchick:

> Actually, here's what the "girl talk" sounded like:
>
> Me: "Are you ready to go someplace else? I don't see anyone that I'm all that interested in here, so I'm ready to move on. Unless you think you might like this guy?"
>
> My friend (girl 2): "Nah, he's OK, but I'm ready to go check out someplace else. Let's go!"
>
> So get over yourself.

You just proved every single point I made.. thanks.

You had your chance with me and blew it. Move aside with grace and dignity instead of denying your friend a chance.

The Perfect Woman

April 10, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

This is perfect woman week, brought to you by a guy who needs help identifying the girl with the huge breasts in this photo. Here's what four other fine bloggers before me wrote about this topic…

Roissy: *The perfect woman does not treat love like a supplement to life.*

VK: *It's a warmth and tenderness that lets you know that no matter how strong you are, behind closed doors you're allowed to be weak in front of her and she won't hold it against you..*

The Rawness: *Instead of complementing the male gender, the female of the species now aims to duplicate the male gender, and she's lost a lot of what made her so special to begin with.*

DC Hero: *She'd have ageless beauty and the essence of youth. Lady in the street, freak in the sheets…*

I can't top what these gentlemen wrote, but it got me thinking, and…

It kills me how random life is. A big chunk of me has nothing to do with me. It's just the environment I'm in, the events and people that cross my path. Wrong time, right place.

I was 23-years-old when I met a beautiful girl. I have no idea how I got her but I did, and I didn't have the "game" that I have now. She liked me for me, an eager guy out of college trying to relieve whatever inadequacy he thought he had.

She crushed me, but that was okay. But I did something that wasn't okay. I overcompensated, to the extreme. I had to get even better at the game so not only could I find a girl like that again, but I could keep her as well. You see there was an end goal of a happy relationship somewhere along the line, but it didn't work out like that. The game was the end itself. The perfect woman I thought I wanted slowly slipped away. She morphed into this monster of easy sex and unrealistic expectations. Sex on demand, no later than the third date, and if you're not *exactly* what I want then fuck off.

Part of me wishes I got swooped up by her. Maybe I would see women as more than just numbers and stories. Maybe I'd be in a happy relationship. Sure I'd be whipped and still working in some soulless job trying to pay a mortgage, but at least I'd have this woman who cared for me and loved me, and I would do the same to her. I think I was capable of that.

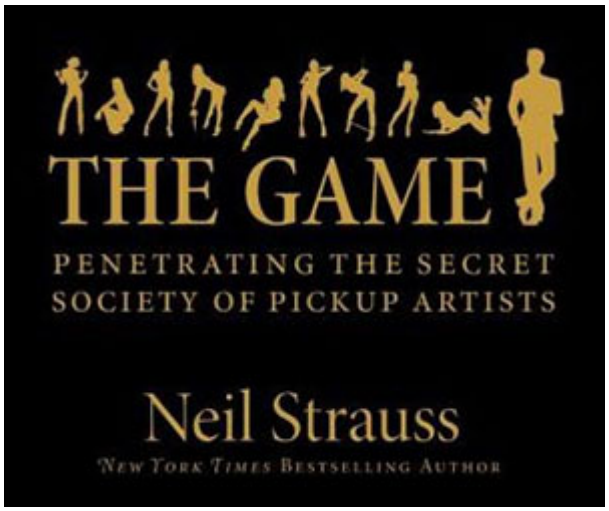
Instead I went down this rabbit hole… deeper and deeper… and darker. I see less than I used to. Too much experience, too used to easy attention and cheap thrills. You can't undo your experiences, especially when there is just too many of them, their naked bodies, their smell on your fingers as you drive home racking up another score… your fantasies of their moans and kisses as you smile yourself to sleep. The way they laugh at jokes you've said a hundred times before.

It gets worse every year, the happy relationship with my “perfect” girl just gets farther as I become more incapable, as I become “better” at getting sex that has meaning but really doesn’t. I don’t even notice differences in girls anymore. But I can’t stop. I notice most other guys can. Am I… a validation junkie? An attention whore? Like the girls I criticize?

When that girl dumped me I cried. I went to her place to get my stuff, hoping I could keep it going. But it was done. I left and parked in a gas station and sat there and cried like a little baby. If that happened today, I wouldn’t even give a shit, and I think that’s my problem. I’m a machine with flesh, no empathy or love… another night, another performance.

She wasn’t perfect, not even close. But she was. Anyone decent looking can be made perfect. You already know it takes very little effort. But I haven’t done it recently.

So… she’s gone. Experience killed the perfect woman. It means nothing to me.



City Paper Article On Me… Sort Of

April 13, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I was recently challenged by City Paper to a haiku contest against two semi-professionals. If you are wondering why, it's because I have attained rock star status on Yelp because of my nightclub reviews that are in haiku form.

> **Contestant No. 3**: Silver Spring sex and dating blogger Valizadeh, 28, writes haiku bar reviews under the name "Haiku review guy" on Yelp.com. Valizadeh has composed 23 haiku since he began posting on the user-generated site in 2006. His Tabard Inn haiku presents a paranoid vision of olde-tyme Washington—"Time warp into past/Presidents hanging on wall/checking out my date"—while his Local 16 review accesses the primitive jockeying of a modern U Street—"I am white person/Do you like my popped collar?/Damn, he has one, too."
>
> "I've been to lots of bars and clubs, but the bars that I'm going to now aren't striking me," says Valizadeh. "I have to be inspired to write a haiku. A place has to be really good or really bad." For now, he's found the bad: "I've popped into the Black Cat a couple times, and there are a lot of hipsters there, so I'm thinking about writing about that next."

Like the other contestants, I was given five topics to write haikus about. They were springtime, meat, cherry blossoms, Franklin Roosevelt, and haiku. Then, a haiku expert from some university judged the haikus. I bombed.

I won a single category but I think it was out of pity. In fact one of my haikus were called "childish" by the judge. I tried.

Read article: Sweet Seventeen: Local haikuists/syllabic gladiators/who will be victor?

The Lost Emails

April 13, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I noticed in the past two months I've been getting much less email than usual. Turns out that Yahoo is semi-blocking emails that originate from my host. I switched to using my Gmail account.

If you sent me in an email in the past two months and I didn't reply, it's because I didn't get it. Try resending.

Postscript: I took away the post ratings thing at the bottom of posts. It was mostly useless.

Treating Girls Like A Dick

April 14, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I'm disturbed and shocked that being such a dick still gets such a positive response in so many girls. Haven't they read The Game by now… and my blog?

I was talking to an tipsy 23-year-old and she was being stupid and getting on my nerves. I did not want to take the interaction further. I said, "Alright I'm done with you—you go now," and nudged her along. She let this gigantic smile, like I directly stimulated the part of her brain responsible for happiness, and she came back.

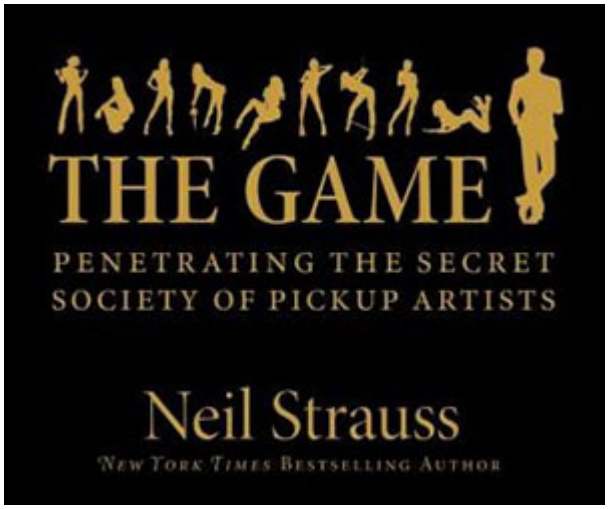
I treated her like a cheap hooker, added a bit of the Roosh charm every now and then, and she was stuck on me even though she **lived** with her boyfriend. I enjoyed telling her things like "What's wrong with you?" and "Why don't you give me a break and go flirt with some other guys?"

No, I didn't bang her, but I shouldn't have gotten as far as I did treating her the way I did when she had to go to Ikea the next day to buy a crappy living room set with her future husband.

If I were to estimate the percentage of girls who like it when a guy treats her poorly from time to time, it would be around 60%. But I like treating girls with respect. It is my hope that by treating girls like princesses, they will treat me like their prince.

…
…
…
…

Yeah right, whatever works, you cheap hooker.



Fallout From The Perfect Woman Post

April 15, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Ever since I made my post on The Perfect Woman, I've received almost a hundred emails from girls asking if I was serious about it and wrote from the heart.

I told them the truth, that yes, I did write that from the heart and that I'm trying to change. I asked them out on a date so they could be a part of the transformation.

As you can see from my public Google calendar, my schedule is pretty full for the next couple of weeks. I just tells girls to add themselves to the calendar to make my life easier. I'm hoping that the deep conversation I have with them over beers will continue me on the path of introspection and self-reevaluation.

Here's a couple of comments from that post…

Anonymous:

> The real question I have is – have we in our pursuit of 'game' added so much 'baggage' that even if we find the 'perfect woman' we won't know it or be in a position to take advantage of the situation.
>
> Do we have as much baggage as the 29 year old woman who is desperately trying to settle down and have a family?
>
> It's different – but it's baggage…

The only thing that makes me different from a spinster in the bar is my gender, and that it's more acceptable for me to be single much longer. Otherwise we are flip sides of the same coin, and probably deserve each other.

Winner of the most depressing comment goes to ovech:

> The lifestyle is no doubt fun but what have I really accomplished? Maybe guys like us are truly damaged goods and doomed to a life of notches and stories. Problem is time goes by pretty fast and tomorrow we might be old and alone with nothing but our notches to keep us company.

I don't see anything appealing about growing into old age alone.

Postscript: Click the names on the calendar to reveal a comment about that date.

How To Be A Master Blogger Like Me

April 16, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In the video below I give you an exclusive behind the scenes tutorial in how to construct an amazing blog post. It gets going around 30 seconds in. Even if you don’t blog, I think you will be blown away by my innovative approach. It turned out slightly not safe for work.

Jerking Off With Your Other Hand

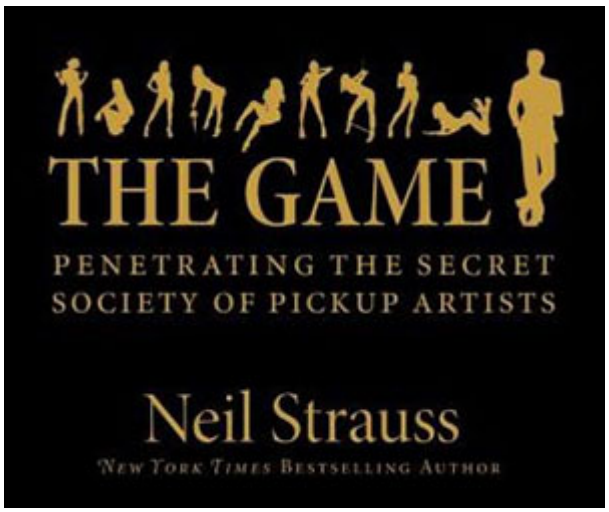
April 17, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Previously: Video prelude to this post

Have you noticed that when you jerk off with your other hand, it feels like someone else is doing it?

When I was younger, I used to jerk off with my other hand so it would seem like an alien was abducting me. It was all fun and games until my mom caught me. I should not have told her the truth.

If women knew how to please me, I would not have to jerk off with my other hand.



Two Videos

April 19, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

First one: “A people’s history of American empire” narrated by a sad-sounding Viggo Mortensen. If you’re interested in this topic I’d take a look at books by Chalmers Johnson.

Second video, and one that strikes closer to home, is what happens when the internet goes out.

Going Forward… Into The Drain

April 20, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I'm bored with the blog. After three years and ~1,175 posts, I feel like I'm rehashing the same shit over and over again, and I don't want to do that thing where I would grab a news article and give my opinion about it. So I may blog a little bit less and try other things.

Also…

1. I think I want to go back to bartending part-time. I'm looking for a room to rent somewhere around Dupont / Adams Morgan / Columbia Heights. If you know anything in the $550-650/month range then please let me know. I don't care if it's a closet. The suburbs are sucking the life out of me.

2. I'm ready to start writing a book about my trip to South America. Maybe it will be something short and in the form of an e-book, but I definitely want to share what really happened down there (i.e. which flags I accumulated). And I don't want to take a year to do it, like I did with Bang. Speaking of Bang I came up with a genius slogan: **More Lays In 60 Days**. It rhymes.

3. I bought the Flip Ultra video camcorder. I'm going to play around it and see if I can do anything interesting with video besides amateur porn.

4. I'm going to move some of my straight-up "how to get laid" advice off the blog into my game newsletter, which I plan on sending more than once a month. Putting things I still use on a web page that is one Google click away is making my life more complicated and awkward than it needs to be.

Next month I'm off to Las Vegas for a week with midget porn lover Virgle Kent (below). Sure it's a cliche 20-something American vacation, but I have to see for myself what the fuss is about.

Here is the first post-South America Roosh photo. The anal beads I got from Brazil is making a strong impact to my style.

New Isn’t Always Better

April 21, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

What should the measure of success be for players? Number of notches? Quality of notches? Quantity / quality of sex?

The better my game, the less new notches I get. When you have sex with a growing number of girls, your rolodex gets large. Do I call the girl who is fun and knows how to do the anal move on me that I discovered in Brazil, or do I roll the dice in the field?

There is a large time / money / energy cost to new notches, and many times they are a total bust. I say build a pleasant stable and let that ride until the girls get tired of your shit. Or vice versa. Even lions don’t hunt all the time.

When Girls Say They Got Tested For STDs

April 23, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A line I've heard in bed more than any other is "I got tested." What every guy translates that to is "I'm 100% clean… put that shit in raw big boy." But let's re-evaluate this. The problem with "I got tested" is it leaves out three very important pieces of information:

1. When? When exactly did she get tested? I can say I got tested for HIV and technically that would be true, but that was over a year ago and the only reason I got tested was because girls kept saying I probably was infected and going to die soon and needed treatment. Girls get gynecological exams once a year at most, so it could have been many months since she was tested.

2. What? Specifically what STDs did she get tested for? Chances are it's just HPV (pap smear). The doctor will examine the cervix for signs of things like chlamydia (80% of girls with this have zero symptoms… long story on why I know this), but unless the girl is honest with the doctor by saying how many hundreds of partners she's had, there will be no specific tests. So "I got tested" could really mean "I got visually inspected." Speaking of inspection, it's interesting that guys will ask more questions about a cell phone they are about to buy than a girl they are about to have unprotected sex with.

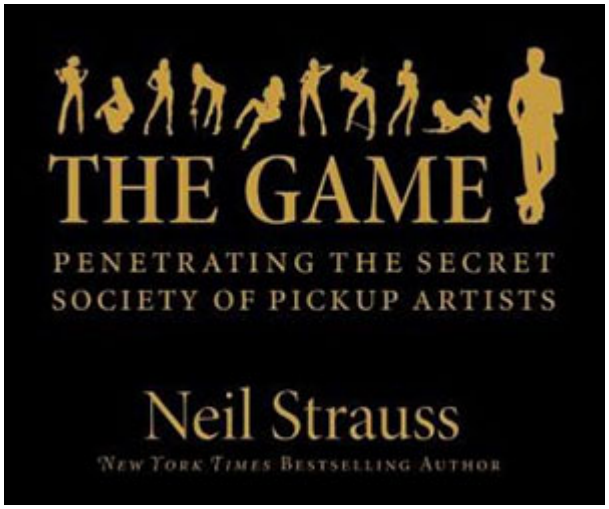
3. Who? Since getting "tested," how many sexual partners has she had? And out of those men, how many played "just the tip" while she was drunk and in no position to resist the raw snake? Having unprotected sex with another man after getting tested sort of nullifies the test, but a girl will never add this information. She shouldn't have to, and do you know why???

IT'S THE MAN'S RESPONSIBILITY WHERE HE PUTS HIS DICK IN. I don't buy that "she gave me" garbage. You gave it to yourself. You're an adult and you have very close to 100% control over what happens to you. Girl's omit information, but so do guys.

The next time a girl tells you she got tested, unless you are going to ask her these questions, which you won't unless you're seeing her for longer than four days, wrap your junk up. But if you have health insurance then dip your hot wick wherever you please! Unfortunately I don't have health insurance. 😕

P.S. I highly recommend Trustex brand condoms. Here's how they look like:

In case you can't see the text, it says **EXTRA LARGE**. I'm not saying I'm like a can of Pepsi, but these pleasantly thin condoms do provide a comfortable fit. It's time to order another month's supply (box of 100).



Man, Fuck DC

April 24, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Thursday night. Dead. Stupid, ugly, humorless, boring, frigid bitches everywhere. Not a single girl I like in four hours. I don't believe I'm still here. For five people. But because I didn't have a plan, because I didn't get my shit together, I'm stuck here for god knows how much longer. I don't know what's worse, being stuck in a job you hate or a place you're sick of. I'll be on a plane by November, December. I pray I don't come back.

Sweet Alizee

April 26, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I never get tired of Alizee compilations featuring her multicultural ass and flawless face. I think the song is about her wanting to be a producer, but who cares really.

I'd jerk off to this if porn didn't desensitize me to where I need to see penetration to get aroused.

Postscript: Here's Round 2, singing in English. Like the previous clip, click over to YouTube and hit "watch in high quality" for better.. sound.

Best Email I've Ever Received

April 27, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

From a girl in Canada..

> So I gotta say….since I first emailed you, I've been perusing your blog. If you are in person anything like what you make yourself out to be on your page, you have become somewhat mythical to me.
>
> I know no one in real life that actually has the attitude towards women and sex that you seem to. No one that actually lives and breathes as the seeming horndog Casanova that you come off as. To me, you are the movie character I watch but would never meet in my day to day. You are the mystery guy some whiny chick writes in to Cosmo to whine about. You are the rock star persona that every sad-ass frontman-wannabe loser on some ridiculous reality show wishes he was but will never, ever come close to.
>
> But I have to wonder – could you possibly be all that and still be real?

Flattery will get this girl everywhere even if it would be a one night sex adventure to remember, but this wouldn't work on girls. They are used to it to the tune of a million daily direct and indirect sex offerings, whether they are pretty or not.

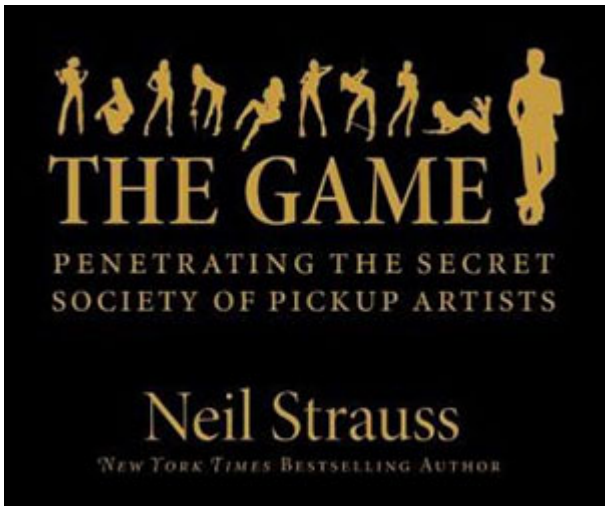
I consider her email fun flirting and something I'd positively respond to, so why do American girls serve up this cocky banter bullshit to "flirt" with me and my friends? I don't know, but one thing I learned a long time ago is if you keep doing something that doesn't work, STOP DOING IT.

Here is another email I got from a girl.

> The last time I wrote to you I told you that I was crazy about this guy, I was super super super nice to him and in return he didn't treat me very well. I asked you what I should do and you said that I should leave him because he was just going to sleep with me once and then never talk to me again. Well, after 3 months of dating I did sleep with him (he was dating other women at the time, I wasn't). This all happened last summer.
>
> A few months later he fell in love with me and stopped dating other women, I was sooo happy. We're so great together, always laughing and joking around-I'm a really easy going gal and I worked really hard to make him feel cared for/loved. I worked even harder to earn his trust and to let him know know I'd never hurt him. Anyways, we were together for 11 months and then I asked him if he'd ever marry me. He told me he doesnt believe in marriage and didn't want it but that he did want me to move in with him.
>
> Well, I'm a traditional kind of gal…I don't believe in living with someone unless you're married (plus my family is very traditional as well). So, I told him that if he doesn't want what I want then we should go our seperate ways, because I do

> want to get married. It’s frustrating!!! Anyways, we’ve gone our seperate ways, which is sad because we were so great together.
>
> But what’s a gal to do? I mean, I put in sooo much work just to keep him happy and in return I didn’t ask for much, but it didn’t work. I mean, shouldn’t he want to marry me just so he doesnt lose me? I told him that I’m going to start dating other men, I don’t care to date anyone else BUT I hoping that it gets a reaction out of him and if it doesnt then maybe I’ll meet a nice guy who does want to get married.
>
> A part of me thinks that I should give in and just move in with him because it feels right and he and I were so happy together. BUT another part of me is scared…I think he might leave me because he doesn’t want to marry me (sometimes I think that he doesn’t even know what he wants or has no clue what he has) and then I think I’ll have wasted precious years trying to find a guy that does want to get married.
>
> OK, that’s enough venting for now…
>
> So what do you think, is this guy ever going to marry me or should I move on? Is there anything I could do to make him want to marry me?

My first instinct is to say it doesn’t matter what you do, he will not marry you. But I don’t think that is the advice she wants to hear.



How To Pick Up Girls For Real

April 29, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

If every girl liked the type of guys seen in GQ and Details, the guys you are trying to emulate, I would never get laid.

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

You’re only as good as your last approach.

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

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

Always let a girl ask you for your name first.

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

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

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

Her friends absolutely hate you, and will do everything in their power, during and after the pick up, to make sure you don’t get it. Having a cool wingman is the only thing that helps.

Girls say I have nice hair, but I wash it once a week… with conditioner. I don’t remember the last time I used shampoo. If a girl likes you and isn’t sure why, she’ll rationalize all sorts of amusing bullshit.

Your game will never stop changing. I remember when I used to grind on girls and dance more than I talked, when I used to pick up girls in clubs and fail miserably in bars. When

your game changes, so should your venue selection, or your results will go down.

Don’t jerk off before you go out.

The best way to get her to stop is to gently grab her forearm.

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

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

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

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

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

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

You’ll bounce back if you care enough.

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

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

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

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

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

I regret I didn’t try harder to get more naked pictures and video. You won’t know unless you ask.

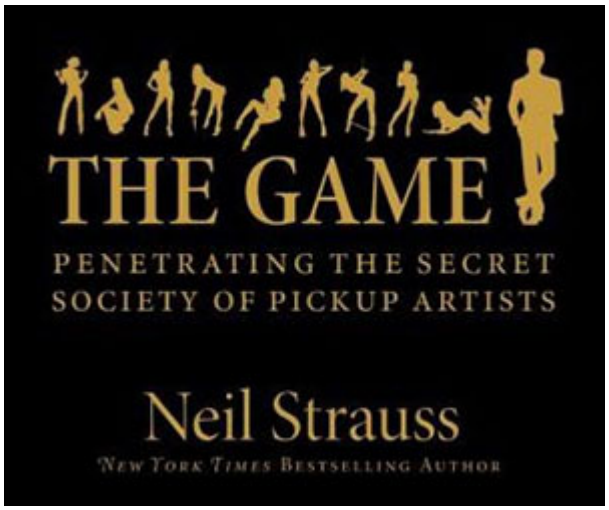
There will be some really bad days, where nothing seems to go right and you forget things you mastered before. It’s okay to beat yourself up about it every now and then.

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

If you liked this post then I think you will like my book **Bang**, a collection of simple but powerful techniques, moves, and lines that make it easier for the average 20-something man to be more successful with women. Topics in **Bang** include discussion of the alpha male, effective opening lines, conversation themes, getting phone numbers, detailed dating strategy, and much more.

Complimenting the book is Roosh's Game Tips Email Newsletter. It's free and your first newsletter will be about how to meet girls in coffee shops. Following that will be newsletters on dealing with flakes, handling cockblockers, and meeting girls in foreign

countries, among others. Your email address will always remain private and you can unsubscribe at any time. Put your first name and email address below and click the button.



My Life Is A Joke

May 1, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

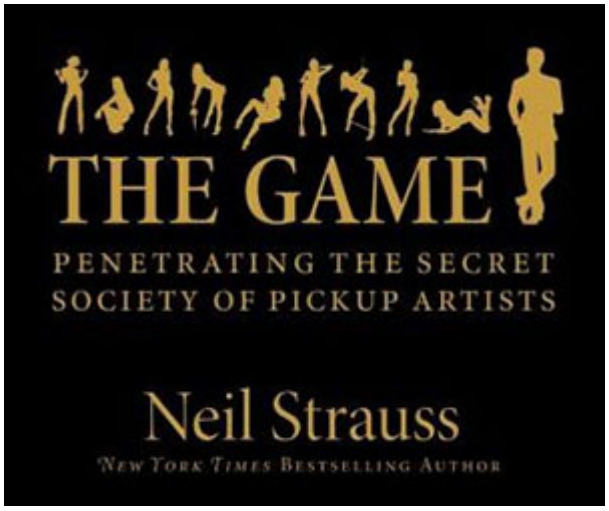
On the weekends the bus ends at 2:30am but I don't get to the metro (subway) station until 3:30. It's an expensive $11 cab ride home. So I hook up my bike on the front of the bus when I head out, lock it up at the metro station, go out and do my thing, then hop on the bike on the way back for the three mile ride home. Even though I stay on the sidewalk it's stupid dangerous and I get yelled at by drunk Mexicans from their cars who mock me and my late-night mode of transportation. I raise my fist and yell back, "Fuck you I used to be a scientist!!" By the time I get home at 4am I'm drenched in sweat and have to stand in front of a fan for 10 minutes before I can go to sleep.

I was out where this older woman was gawking at me. She makes her move while I was eating delicious strawberry cupcakes. The same night she takes me out to drinks and a light meal and I reach in my pocket and slide the lubricated condom around the wrapper getting ready for the only thing I'm really good at in life. Towards the end of the night when it's time to bang she says, "I really like you and I think we should wait to build something. We'll email each other every day until I come back in three weeks."

I got a number of a young, pretty Italian girl. I called her and for some reason she picked up. I don't remember the last time a girl picked up the phone when I first called. SHE WAS NOT SUPPOSED TO PICK UP. I completely blanked. The hamster in my brain just shrugged. One second, two seconds of silence. Three seconds!! Eternity! Out of anything in the world I could have said, it ended it being, "Oh girls don't usually pick up the phone so I was about to leave a message." My wall has a hole.

I had an interview of sorts for a slave labor freelance writing gig. I begged the guy for an afternoon appointment but he preferred 11am, which meant I had to wake up at 8:30 to eat and get ready for the 90 minute commute. The night before I couldn't go to sleep until 5am. I set two alarms but must have cut them both off while in a sleepwalking state because when I wake up the clock says 10am. I emailed the guy, "Sorry I didn't come through," then I went back to sleep and got up at my normal time of noon.

I wonder if I'll ever reminisce about these days when I'm filthy rich and hand feeding my perfect assed Brazilian bride chocolates wrapped in gold foil.


THE GAME
PENETRATING THE SECRET
SOCIETY OF PICKUP ARTISTS
Neil Strauss
New York Times Bestselling Author

100% Bangable

May 4, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I have to clarify some things about me that have been going around in this paparazzi post. Especially this photo..

First the 100% Huggable Care Bear shirt. I don't believe that simply advertising myself as huggable (as opposed to, say, well-endowed or extremely wealthy) gets me an unlimited supply of poon. I will continue wearing it even though there is yellow stainage in the arm pit area.

Second, the floral pink umbrella. In Rio during Carnival I accidentally stole a girl's potted plant costume hat. Here's the hat…

The next day it was raining so I needed an umbrella. What's cool about most cities in South America is that if it starts raining all these umbrella salesmen come out of the woodwork to sell you umbrellas (duh) and trash bag ponchos. I bought one in Rio that matched both the hat and the festivities as well, and **not** because of anything potentially related to a deep deep latent homosexuality.

It's unfortunate that the Care Bear shirt matches ravishingly with my pink umbrella, but it's more unfortunate that this town is so starchy that people stared and made low volume disparaging comments. Yeah but they're too scared to say it to ***MY FACE***… except for this one guy but he was pretty big so I pretended not to hear.

Postscript: Funny, when I grabbed the photo from pervert meathead's blog, the filename was gayhairy.jpg.

What Is Life Experience?

May 6, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Why do young Americans try to prove that they are more mature than they are? I'm talking about the type that will not hesitate to tell you situations they've been in that made them grow "faster" than their peers.

I had a coworker who would always say he's worked since 16. Or this girl would always tell me she's lived abroad and is "different" than girls her age, and another who kept bringing up the painful child divorce and how she had to go to school and work at the same time (the horror!). With all that experience I'm surprised they missed visits to countries where 10-year-olds work on the street for food while living in garbage bag tents next to the bus station. I think in that case they'd find their experience to be pretty damn timid.

I've done a couple interesting things but it's never crossed my mind to use that as proof of my value as a person. Your past doesn't speak for you—you speak for you. Speaking up your past is the fastest way to get labeled as a "douche" if you're a guy and a "nerd" or "drama queen" if you're a girl. It's like that guy who puts his BMW key chain on the bar in a lame attempt to get attention from females.

In the end there is no substitute for the number of days you've lived, whether you spent that "living" abroad in some other country during college or not. There's the claim of experience and maturity and then there's who you are. One you can lie about, the other you can't.

The Beaches Of Uruguay

May 7, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

My newest exciting travel article is on the beach cities of Punta del Este and Punta del Diablo in Uruguay. I'll guess you've never heard of Uruguay so this is your chance to get to know mini-Argentina.

> The nightlife in Punta is extremely expensive and hard to deal with. Mobs of rich men and their model girlfriends (still with oversized glasses) swarm the entrances to famous clubs such as Crobar and Tequila in the "La Barra" club district a few miles away, accessible by taxi or all-night bus. You're not getting in unless you show up way early, know someone, or are willing to pay a painful cover/bribe. So it's not surprising that most people go to La Barra but not to club, and instead hang out next to their cars and drink on the streets. Either way this scene combines the worst of what you'd expect from a "hot" nightlife zone…

Punta del Diablo gets kinder words. You can read the whole thing here.

For more on Uruguay, check out my Uruguay travel guide.

When Your Jokes Are Unacceptable

May 8, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A few European embassies invited me and my friends for an open house on Saturday, and by invite I mean I saw a flyer somewhere. Our last embassy visit was Hungary and its 100-deep line of people waiting for a free ladle of goulash (it had meat). I waited patiently with my muscle freak sidekick, and the conversation got on dreadlocks. I made the comment that it's interesting to see blonde Europeans with dreadlocks, since it puts their fine hair in an unnatural state not achievable without wax. Then he says, "Eww, dreadlocks are grimy and just dirty." Right behind us was a woman with grimy dreadlocks down to her ass.

We kept running into the same people at different embassies. Early on I noticed an Asian woman whose upper body and face was the result of severe burns. You feel real sympathy for a few seconds and then you get on with your life. Me, muscle freak, and another guy was feasting on our goulash where, for a reason I forget, muscle freak shouts, "It's not like you are deformed or anything." At that very moment, the Asian woman walks behind us with her friends. She seemed like the type that already hated black men.

Outside waiting for the shuttle bus, muscle freak was joking about being handicapped. He then simulated a limp, one that was so good I accused him of practicing in his bedroom. As soon as he was done, a woman older than 75-years-old with a limp and a cane walked by.

As for what happened in these three situations, nothing. If you're big and black, you can pretty much do whatever you want. It's almost like a super power.

Mansformation

May 10, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The Seduction Bible is throwing a weekend retreat / seminar in the Dominican Republic this summer.

> Mike and I believe that too much focus has been placed on becoming a pickup artist, and not enough focus has been placed on becoming the kind of man who naturally attracts women. We know that changing your life has to happen from the inside out. The only way to truly be happy and successful is to be "your best self."

You can read about it here.

This is a nice change from the typical $1500 weekend "workshops" where you pay to watch some guy and his friends try to pick up girls in bars while they "push you into sets."

In Cordoba I was thinking of throwing a weekend nightlife tour where you'd pay me to take you to the most crowded (annoying) clubs to drink and get brutally rejected by beautiful Argentine girls. When I go back I'll see if there's any demand for that.

Also, I did a guest post this weekend at TSB… When A Girl Picks Up The Phone.

The Big Leagues

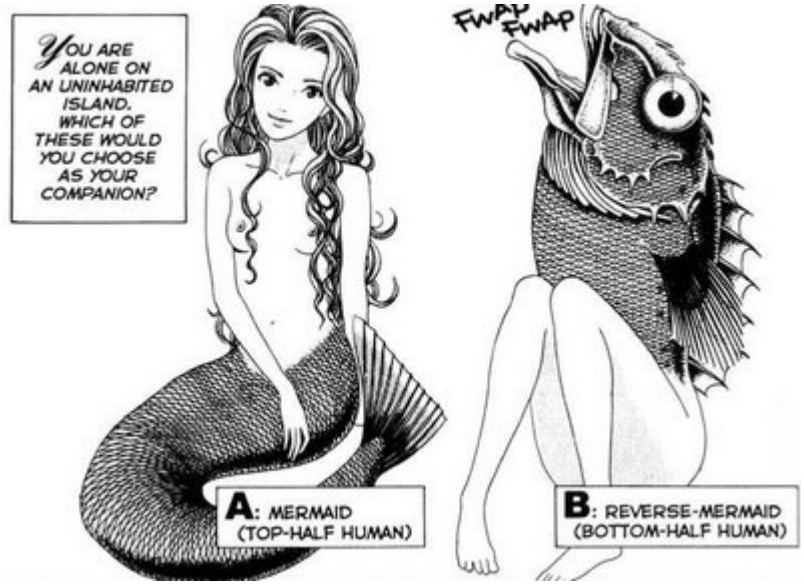
May 11, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Here is a video I produced starring me, my little brother, and his school buddy. Safe for work…

Extreme Big League Competition from Roosh V on Vimeo.

Hmmm

May 12, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



Postscript: It's time to bring some reason into the discussion..

Just because the mermaid has a mouth doesn't mean she is going to let you put something in it. Chance are though the seduction will be easy like in the tom hanks movie and you will get a blowjob here or there. But I don't think it will be blowjobs on demand like most men are imagining. How about if she doesn't have blowjob skill?

For the reverse mermaid, it is true that you have vagina and anus and since it's controlled by a fish brain you can have access to it all you want through rape or whatever. But keep in mind when you have sex you have to hold onto her scaly skin. And she probably will smell like fish. You wouldn't want to hit that everyday… though from the back maybe it's easier.

The key point no one mentioned is that you will get very lonely. Assuming the mermaid speaks your language, you can keep yourself busy with her and maybe even develop something serious.

I pick A.

Worst Email I've Ever Received

May 13, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Previously: Best Email I've Ever Received.

I've been hanging out at Lucky Bar on Thursdays lately because of their budget $2 mixed drink happy hour. I thought it would be a good place to invite this girl who initially emailed me to say she thought my blog was funny. She didn't show up, but a few days after she sent me this email..

> hey new friend. so i just moved and have been sans internet for the past week and it looks like i missed out on a super sweet happy hour special, and an opportunity for you to make a sorry attempt at getting into my pants. well if you and your posse are down for a do-over, i'll see if i can make room for you this thursday.

I know she is just trying to be funny, but how can any self-respecting alpha reply to this email? Any type of reply would be admitting that yes, I indeed would have tried to make a sorry attempt to get into her pants. But that may not have been the case. A week before I got this email…

> were you at lucky bar tonight….? I thought i saw a greasy haired fellow who looked like you.

She was just trying to be funny too, but that kind of makes me wonder how this type of "game" gets out there. It would me like writing, "Hey I saw your fine slutty ass last night at the bar but didn't get a chance to get up on that booty heh."

I'm not saying these two girls want to bang me, but what good does this type of tone accomplish? Am I laughing?

(I am definitely not smiling or laughing.)

Now here are emails from two different girls in Brazil that made me smile.

> hahahahahaha.i loved the video!!!! i can see how busy you are! hehe

and..

> Here the summer is over… which doesn't mean absolutely nothing!! It's still sunny and hot :-) Tomorrow I'll have an açai for you, ok?

Come on, it's not that hard.

Nightclub Bottle Service

May 15, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Steve sent me an excellent link called Bottle Service: America's Nightlife Nightmare

> In the 2000's we have seen a corporatization of nightclubs. Now when you go to a nighclub everyone is some kind of corporate jerkoff. Interesting people are no longer found in Nightclubs. The artists, writers, intellectuals, underground DJ's etc have been effectively priced out of the nightclub with bottle service. The only people that can afford it are the Investment bankers, real estate types, and Celebs (and of course, underworld figures). That is why when you walk into a club you see so many striped shirts that you think you are seeing some kind of 3-D optical illusion. The funny thing is that these are the type of guys who would have never gotten into a club in the old days (nights) when you were picked out because of how you looked, dressed, if you had connections, or by reputation. So today, clubs are full of people that normally would have been standing in line in nights gone by.

Go read the whole thing.

I was daydreaming the other week about what I would do if I pulled $20,000 a month. I fantasized about going to the hottest DC club of the moment and dropping a grand on two bottles of Grey Goose. I'd invite my friends and we'd drink and one of these glamorous DC girls would come by my table and flirt with me and I'd pour her a super strong one. Then maybe I'd get laid after taking her out to dinner and she may even return my calls for a second performance and a meaningful relationship. It would be all be so real and beautiful.

But you know what? I couldn't look at my face in the mirror if I had a cost per notch in the four digits. Shit, even three digits. My cost per notch this year is… I swear to God… under twenty bucks. When you know the real value of pussy it makes absolutely no sense to overpay. It's like taking your car to the dealership for repairs.

If I was rich the only different thing I'd do is step up from rail vodka to Absolut. Like anyone can tell the difference between expensive vodkas once they're mixed with juice anyway.

Argentine Girls Are Weird

May 17, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I just got a friend request on Facebook from a girl in Argentina I didn't recognize. It took me a couple minutes to figure out who it was.

In December I hit on this Argentine girl in a Buenos Aires club for a couple hours. We exchanged emails midway through but later on she disappeared on me when I went to get a drink. I didn't email her obviously. Turns out she added my email to her address book, never emailed me, but used the "friend friender" to beef up her new Facebook page. Whatever… *accept*.

After five months of reflection I'm ready for a round two with the Argentines.

Shoulda banged on that bed. I'm a disgrace.

For more on Argentina, check out my Argentina travel guide.

Bike Ride Home

May 18, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Many of you expressed interest a couple weeks ago in my 4AM bike rides home so I made a video about it. It's just an honest look into a grown man riding his bike after a night of drinking.

What Happens If I Don't Pick Up On A Friday Night from Roosh V on Vimeo.

Are You A Player?

May 19, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Introducing the Are You A Player Quiz, with 21 questions that rate your game. Each question has an answer worth two points and usually one with one point. I also put in an easter egg question to make sure you are paying attention.

Your results will put you in one of four categories. To achieve the top category, you have to get pretty much everything right. At the end of the quiz I explain the correct answers. About 200 guys have taken the quiz so far (I announced it on the newsletter) and only four of them have achieved the top player rating. Good luck…

I am a man and would like to find out if I'm a player by taking this internet quiz, since I don't already know.

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A Taxi Driver From El Salvador

May 22, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I went out to Fly recently for a birthday party, ironically on the day I criticized the idea of bottle service. If you don't live in DC, Fly is one of those generic new clubs that push Grey Goose and orange juice behind velvet ropes. But I have to give the owners credit: the lounge has a cool airplane theme with very attractive flight attendant wait staff. The DJ was taking the crowd through a journey of 90's hip hop and the bathroom was stocked with thick paper towels.

It's all nice and good until you get to the patrons. Three quarters guys giving way too much power to the few girls, most of him were average at best. The hottest ones were dancing on couches with their hands on the fuselage shaking their asses for the men and their fresh barber cuts in the economy section. I noticed everyone is still taking cues from US Weekly and MTV on how to dress, look, and act, and other than my wingman there was no one I wanted to talk to. There wasn't a single girl there who was worth my opener, something that takes motivation and follow through.

One woman pulled me aside and asked if I was a soccer player. I went along and we talked for a couple minutes, but even in the dim lightning I could tell she wasn't a day younger than 35. There was nothing wrong with her, but come on. *I'm in my prime I shouldn't have to converse with that*. She should just grab my hand and lead me to the bathroom and be done with it. During the day time when the advantage is out of her favor I wouldn't even notice her existence, but here she is getting plenty of attention.

I end up in Adams Morgan for a while until I decide to have a jumbo slice instead of the usual falafel. It's been a year… and I see why: it was shit. The cheese came from a crate rejected by Papa Johns and the sauce was a sprinkling of the pale colored juice you drain out from a cheap can of tomatoes. *This is the worst pizza I've ever eaten in my life*. Even worse than the pizza in Bolivia, a place which doesn't have a single Italian or whoever invented pizza to pass on critical pizza-making knowledge to a generation of pizza makers.

I'm alone and two girls share a table with me, savoring every bite of the worst pizza is the world. They kept saying how good it was. One of them has a look like she's about to puke on my face and the other has a blob of grease on her half covered breast. Grease breast chatted with me for a couple minutes and asked me how it's possible I'm single. *Because I refuse to go out with girls like you.* I felt like a jerk for even thinking it.

Everyone else is shoving dough in their mouth with eyes half closed and loving every minute of it. As I step outside I'm saved from stepping on a gigantic pool of red vomit, a waste of what I'm sure was a fine pasta meal. Twenty minutes later on the subway ride back home I hear a splash and turn around to see a man slumped over three seats away vomiting all over himself. A stupid slut I picked up in a club years back did the same thing but in my car. I remembered looking back and seeing a fountain of pink vomit eject from her mouth and land on her chest and then trickle it's way to my seat. *Americans are fucking disgusting*.

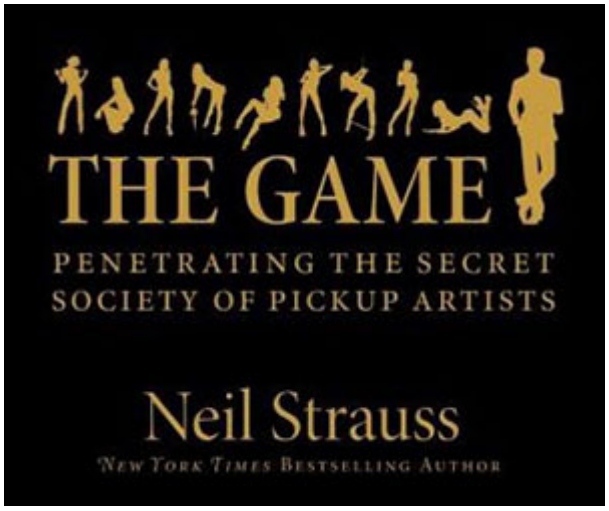
I had to take a cab the rest of the way home. This driver was a talker. He asked me about my night and I told him how it's getting harder to go out. *You never think at 22 or 23 you'll get older and become that guy that rather sit at the bar on a weekday and stare at the wall.* Drinking some gold cachaca in a shot glass, making my own personal music mix and maybe getting an hour or two worth of work done is starting to seem more appealing. He asked me if I was an artist.

We talked about girls and he put me on the spot. He asked me to give him one tip that would help him out. It's been two months since he's even talked to a girl, and he told me a typical story of a girl he liked that he bought gifts for eventually getting into a relationship with someone else. The pressure was on to help this guy out, and I thought about it for a minute before I answered.

There has to be a point where you're talking to a girl or interacting with her and you're about to do something or say something and think… 'I'm going to lose her.' But you do it anyway.

He thought about it for ten seconds and thanked me. I hoped I made a difference, but I don't know for sure. I doubt it.

I had conversations with maybe five girls during the course of the night. But the one with the taxi driver from El Salvador was by far the most interesting and the only one that put a smile on my face after it was done. I shook his hand and wished him luck.


THE GAME
PENETRATING THE SECRET
SOCIETY OF PICKUP ARTISTS
Neil Strauss
New York Times Bestselling Author

Is The Age Of Calling Girls On The Phone Coming To An End?

May 26, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I think we're arriving to the point where girls, especially ones under the age of 25, are becoming reluctant and unable to pick up the phone to call a guy they feel positive but not crazy about. Even though text messaging costs more than sending data from the Hubble Telescope, our hyper-ADD and multi-task culture is becoming increasingly focused on meaningless bursts of communication focused around sentence fragments and abbreviations. This is especially jarring for guys like me approaching their 30's who didn't even send their first text message until two years ago.

It's not too hard getting first dates now without even calling. I first did this in Argentina because of the language barrier but since then I've done it here too. For college kids this is common perhaps but for me it's a revolutionary shift in game. It's just surprising that a girl will go out with you when you put *less* effort into contacting her, yet the young ones actually prefer you text. In fact I've met quite a few girls who tell me specifically that texting is the best way to contact him. Our parents generation will be the last to have written love letters to share in semi-tearful moments some thirty years later.

A good way to get someone to commit is to make someone invest time and energy into you. This is why you meet some girls and they start asking you for little favors. I think they do this unconsciously—perhaps it's genetic—but there is that escalating ladder of favors until next thing you're at Zales buying her diamond earrings. To their unfortunate detriment women are now making it easier for guys to fuck them without putting in this crucial investment. I'm shaking my head at how they continue to dig their own spinster grave (Sex and the City movie is coming out soon!), but this is great for guys like myself who just want hot sex. I can only smile when I blast the same message on Monday to multiple girls I just met and get responses trickling in for just ten seconds of work.

There is still a need to have phone skills, but possibly not as much in the past. The end goal for guys is to find the easiest yet most efficient way to get girls out. I need to experiment a little more, but my hypothesis is it will depend on the girl's age and the breeziness of your text message style.

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Texting Your Way To Love

May 27, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Funny on-topic video…

Texting your way to love (current.com)

Hooker Spotting In Las Vegas

May 28, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The guy who looked most like a bitch had the hottest bitch in the bar. He was a short aging rocker with eyeliner and long stringy hair and a lip piercing and was almost more feminine than his girl. From ten feet away I could not spot a flaw in her appearance.

There was a hooker with a going price of $500. If the first question out of their mouth is "Where are you staying?" then you know they are a hooker. Problem with spotting hookers is that every other non hooker-girl dresses like a hooker too. With the help of a can of hair spray, four inch heels, blonde dye, dim lighting, and a black cocktail dress that leaves nothing to the imagination, 6's were now 8's. A gallon of makeup can hide just about anything and any girl who wasn't morbidly obese could elevate herself into hot girl status. All for just a few hours of work.

The only purpose of Las Vegas is to part a man from his money. (Fyi I lost $300 at blackjack). Men literally lined up to part themselves from their money at the casino clubs, begging to grease the bouncer to enter in addition to paying a $30 or more cover charge. Even guys who are dropping hundreds or thousands on tables had to wait in line.

The first night I went to Body English club at Hard Rock with my partner in crime. The girls were friendly and opening was easier than back at home. The hottest girls I talked to since South America would maintain eye contact with me and smile as I talked. But conversations didn't last as long as I liked. Sometimes it was just a standard cockblock but other times the girls would excuse themselves to some guys table to get free drinks. More than half the club was dedicated to table service. It seemed like every guy was throwing alcohol their way and besides that the only game I saw here was tatted up body builders wearing Affliction t-shirts.

Second night we went to Blush lounge in the Wynn Hotel, a place some Wall Street trader told me was "the most superficial place in the world." He said I don't belong there and I agreed, but this was the special Vegas weekend and I had to party like a rockstar or something. When it comes to slowly losing my money at the $10 blackjack table or hanging out in a club with rich and beautiful idiots, the decision is hard.

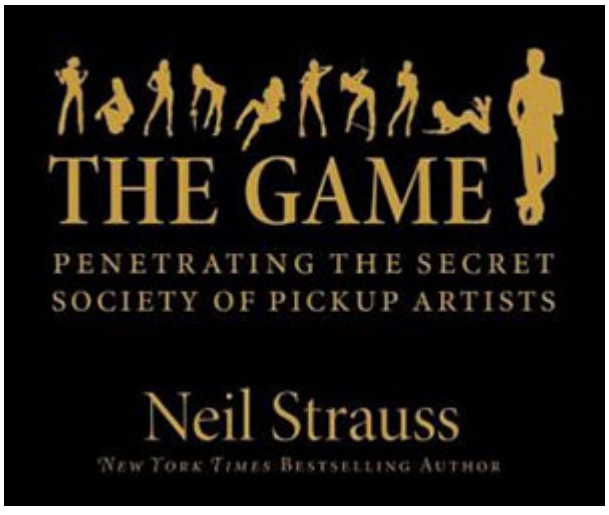
I got a couple numbers from the friendlier club girls but I knew nothing would happen. Same night or bust. Plus girls had a "one for all, all for one" mentality (no soldier left

behind). Hope of easy sex grew dim until we were led to the bar inside Hard Rock's casino. There was no line, no cover, no loud music, and an interesting mix of UFC wannabes, hookers, fake breasts, local girls, and out of towners. A fascinating place where *every* girl wore high heels instead of flip flops.

It was four of us now. The shots were big and by 4am one guy got kicked out and puked in front of the lobby and another was sleeping in the garage. A stunning and gentle 18-year-old named Kylie stuck by my side until her "cool" mom took her away, a 30-year-old woman blonde lawyer from LA who said I was "mainstream but trying not to be mainstream" found out about the *Turkish kiss*, and a 47-year-old attractive Italian woman wanted to bang me. Even at 4am there was still fresh girls rolling in from whatever shithole club they went to, probably the one that, believe it or not, had the slogan **Status Is Everything**.

By the the time the sun was coming up it was just me and a gutter slut with some sort of beret hat. She was talking her head off and I all I could do was nod and say "Yeah?" because I was trying to not vomit on her face. I don't know if I didn't get the urge to take my camera out of my jean pocket because she was a monster or because I didn't remember having a camera in my pocket, but she definitely was not one of those model chicks I saw on the arms of wealthy looking guys that zip right into the club and make me question the starving artist lifestyle. Either way thank god what happens in (…)

Climbing over fences, clenching wet napkins at the blackjack tables, escaping in the morning, lost walking through a Sam's Club parking lot, sharing a bed with another man, disappointment the adorable big-eyed girl is a hooker and not really into me, one and a half meals a day, stealing other people's drinks, not getting into the club, getting into the club, perma-hangover, and being reminded why I stopped playing poker, the most boring card game on earth. Seven days was too much.



When Too Many Girl Options Is Bad

June 1, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

About a month ago I went out like any other Friday night with one male friend. I dressed like how I normally dressed and barely drank. By the time the night was over I got four phone numbers. The unusual thing about this is I talked to six or seven girls during the entire night. 60% conversion rate from approaches is a superstar number and does not typically happen. One number or make-out from four or five approaches is more of what I experience.

The following Monday I had a total of six numbers to call (two were older) and with so many choices I didn't particularly care which ones I got out. So I called them one by one. Two answered and for the ones that didn't I left messages.

Fast forward one week later. The entire pool was whittled down to two girls I was still talking to. I thought about it a little more and concluded they weren't even that cute, so I stopped calling both of them. So nothing happened with any of those girls.

Two weeks after that brouhaha, I met a pretty Brazilian girl at a bar. This was around the time before the Las Vegas trip when I barely went out to save money. But we're still talking (and texting), and the initial connection I had with her was superficially less than most of the girls from the four number fest.

Looking back the previous couple years, nothing happened when I had a boatload of new numbers. I get laid by focusing on a girl and making it work, not blasting with a shotgun and hoping I hit something. That inefficient robot game doesn't work because you simply don't have the time or energy to work on the huge number of girls to get such paltry results. It's necessary for some guys starting out but in the long run you'll burn out and swear off the game forever.

Having options is good up to a point, but then with too many options you actually start getting less. You're like a kid in a candy store and you're too excited to make firm decisions. So you really have to do care about these girls, at least a little bit, or else you won't bother to take it to the next level. But then if you care a tad too much you'll get nothing either. The game is an unforgiving beast.

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The Rise And Fall

June 3, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

> The checkpoint in this video was nearly 50 miles north of the Mexican border, so it would have been utterly pointless in stopping illegal immigration.
>
> The real purpose of these checkpoints is to condition Americans to get used to the police state.

You can read the guy's blog here, which has other videos as well. Reading the comments though you get the feeling that he's fighting a cause that most Americans don't care about. Example:

> I just have to give cuddos to the work that is being done by our Men and Women of Law Enforcement and Homeland Security. Where would be without them protecting us. The problem that people fail to remember is that without these people, immigration/drug smuggling/terrorists would be running our beautiful country. As a Homeland Police Officer myself we deal with the things others don't want to and better yet, if some Hippie Scumbag has a problem with the work we do then move back to Mexico/Canada/or live on a deserted Island and get out of this Country that I love.

Whatever rights are being eroded, remember it can't be done unless normal Americans like the border agents above or the bureaucrats with a law degree go along with it for a paycheck and a feeling of importance and power.

"I was just doing my job."

The authority / spying business is now too big to be stopped. The next twenty years is pretty much already set, regardless if you're a Hillary or Obama fanboy (sorry Hillary fans).

If you're stopped by police, here's what to do. Note the article may be dated depending on whatever court decision or executive order is declared in upcoming weeks.

Did you know that if you leave the country with a laptop, border agents can randomly examine and search the contents of your hard drive and download files? If you resist then they can supposedly deny you entry back into the country. I don't know if I have the balls to find out if that's true or not. Courts ruled this legal on the defense that the data on your computer is the same as something you'd carry in your suitcase.

"Sir the girl in this Dirty But Innocent porn clip sure looks young. Can you verify she is 18 years of age?"

I took pictures of Rio's beaches and in one of the picture was a four-year-old boy laying on the sand. He had a speedo on like many of the adults. How about if an agent saw that picture, what would he think? I deleted the picture before I hopped on the plane home. I lose, terrorists win, etc.

Yeah I know what you're thinking. I'm being too "paranoid." Hey, it's not paranoia if they're scanning your emails and telephone calls. But who cares as long as we can fill up our cars with cheap g…

How come no one is talking of the staggering outflow of money leaving the country every month to finance a society built around the automobile? South American cities like Santiago and Rio de Janeiro put Washington DC's public transportation to shame. Sure in Rio your chances of being robbed on a bus at night is 100 times greater, but at least there is a bus at night. The Metro is a joke with buses that come ever 30 or 40 (!) minutes on main arteries with no Sunday service.

Spend the next ten minutes of your life reading this fascinating article, by the author of a book that just came out called Reinventing Collapse. It paints the case how the collapse of the USSR will be benign compared to the US collapse. And please no "The United States will never collapse" wishful thinking. Every empire collapses (a book I'm reading now is in fact called Collapse). It probably won't happen in our lifetimes but it will happen.

Or will it?

I have 30% of my net worth in foreign currencies, the Yen, Franc, and Krohn. The end game for every fiat currency is hyperinflation, but which currency will bust first? I'm betting it's not Japan (this is a little arguable), Switzerland, or Norway. Are you prepared if the dollar falls through the floor and your hard-earned savings is wiped out? Most people in Argentina weren't prepared.

> The Communist party offered just one bitter pill. The two Capitalist parties offer a choice of two placebos. The latest innovation is the photo finish election, where each party buys 50% of the vote, and the result is pulled out of statistical noise, like a rabbit out of a hat.

"If voting could change anything they'd make it illegal."

There is nothing on the horizon that gives me hope about where this country, or the world, is headed. I watch my back and believe nothing my government tells me.

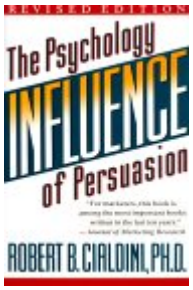
There Is A Pattern

June 5, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

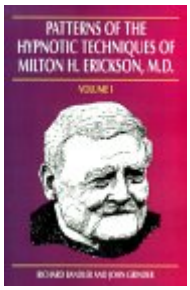
I saw a comment the other day asking me to update my reading list but I haven't touched an inspiring book in a while. I am almost done with Collapse right now (it's the environment, stupid!) after giving up on a couple travel books not worth mentioning. It's a good thing I consider many published travel books boring because it means I have a good chance with mine.

Anyway I went through my stats for the past three years to see the most popular books you guys click over from ones I mention. Here they are in order, and notice the common theme…

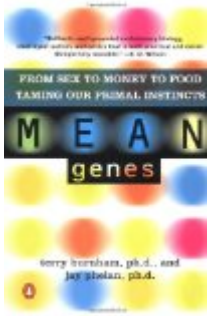
2. Influence (Persuasion)



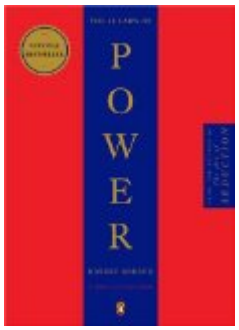
3. Patterns of the Hypnotic Techniques of Milton H. Erickson (Persuasion)



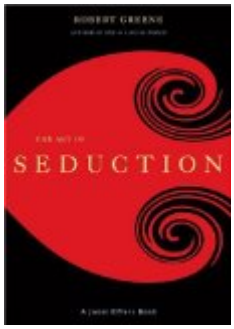
4. Mean Genes (Evolution of persuasion / alpha males)



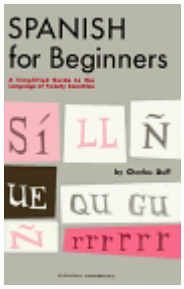
5. The 48 Laws Of Power (Persuasion)



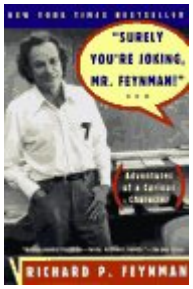
6. The Art Of Seduction (Persuasion)



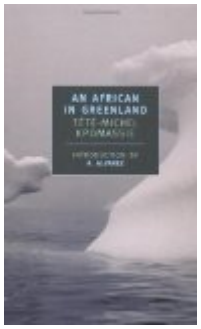
7. Spanish For Beginners (Persuasion in different language?)



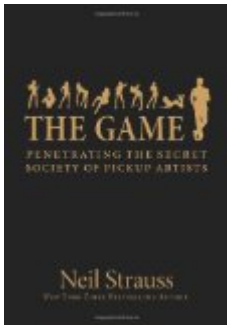
8. Surely You're Joking, Mr. Feynman! (Alpha male)



9. An African in Greenland (Alpha male)



10. The Game (Persuasion)



And the number one book is....

1. Bang (supreme alpha male, persuasion)

It just got plugged into Amazon. (Check out the “Customers Who Bought Items Like This Also Bought” for some eyebrow furrowing.)

> Amazon.com Sales Rank: #422,732 in Books

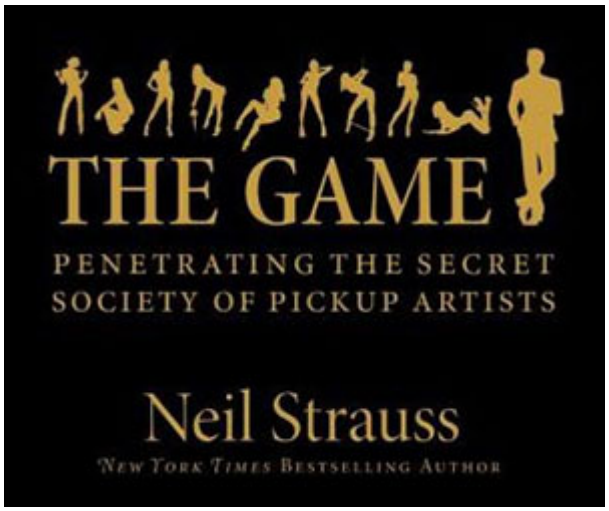
Awesome!

Blog Recommendations

June 6, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The first is See Mike Draw, a brilliant cartoonist who has a very disturbed sense of humor. I looked at his archive to highlight his best cartoons but they're all good. Start with this zombie inspired one.

Second is I Was In Korea, about a young (?) traveler currently in Dubai who likes picking up girls along the way.



Adjusting A Girl's Rating Based On Her Nationality

June 8, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Is a 7 actually a 7? It really depends on where she is from. Not all personalities are created equal and girls from different countries put out different vibes that sometimes adds to her physical rating and sometimes not.

For example imagine we have an American girl who rates a 7 on looks. Let's account for her brain to give her an overall rating. Chances are she obsessed with celebrity culture and fashion. She has expensive tastes and high standards. Her conversational ability revolves around television shows and who's fucking who. She needs attention like a dog who wasn't loved enough as a puppy. Therefore you must subtract 1.5 points to get her overall rating. An American girl who rates a 7 is looks is really a 5.5. In other words she's an undesirable.

How about other cultures?

Argentina. Minus 1 point. Hard to deal with until you get the kiss. Guaranteed chain smoker. Since you're dealing with 8's and 9's though the one point hit does not affect your motivations.

Australia. Minus 1.5 points. No real difference from American girls. In fact other than Vegemite and Outback Steakhouse the Australian culture seems to be a poor knockoff of American culture.

Brazil. Add 1.5 points. Warm, affection, kinky and horny as hell, likes anal play, fun all-around. This means a Brazilian 5.5 is on par with an American 8.5, which is hard to believe but any guy who has had a couple Brazilian girls will agree with me.

Czech and Poland. No change. Beautiful chicks who age well but period of communism have left them distant and skeptical of outsiders who don't speak their difficult language.

England. Minus 1 point. Boring conversationalists with a tired posh act and way too heavy on the drug use, especially cocaine.

German. Add 0.5 points. Submissive girls who aim to please and value strong men. This is how American girls should have turned out.

Ireland. Add 0.5 points. Cool chicks who wouldn't complain if you took them to a lyme disease infested wood for a first date. Heavy drinkers make them easy to shag if that's what you want, which you do.

India. Minus 0.5 points. Date her and you might as well be dating her mom.

Israel. No change. Naturally beautiful but rough and tumble vibe makes you wonder if she's secretly a man. A littler hairier than average but as long as it's not on her face who cares.

Italy. Minus 0.5 points. Beautiful faces but tough exterior and "please me" demeanor.

Iran. Minute 1 point. Very feminine but the hardest game players the world over due to. A shame, really.

Japan. Minus 1 point. Super duper weird chicks. It's like interacting with a child who has a giggling disorder.

Netherlands/Dutch/Holland. No change. These girls are naturally friendly and love exercising on bicycles, saving you money on dates and grocery.

Peru. No change. She will serve you until you die and make delicious stews but will eventually turn into a revolting beast.

Puerto Rico. Add 0.5 points. Absolute animals in bed. I've never had a girl tell me her vagina is, in fact, mine.

Russia. Minus 1 point. Very similar to Argentine girls in terms of initial coldness and nonstop smoking, but naturally low maintenance… until they get a taste of Western culture. After that all bets are off.

South Africa. Add 0.5 points. Wicked, hippie chicks. The kind you want to travel the world with. I'm talking about the white ones with dreadlocks because I've never met a black South African girl.

Sweden. Plus 0.75 points. Charming girls that surprisingly are not all blonde. Cute accent with cuter faces and down-to-earth vibe similar to Dutch and German girls. Probably the most progressive chicks you will meet.

Venezuela. No change. Cool chicks overall whose asses continue to defy human nature well into their 30's.

I have yet to find chicks cooler than ones in Brazil. Do I give up my search for the coolest chick and just move there or do I head to the Philippines like one reader recommended and risk having sex with a lady boy? Would I be considered gay if I had sex with a clever lady boy who knew how to appear like a woman? Either way, I must admit this list is incomplete.

Mystery Bonus: Each girl in the pictures are from the same country…

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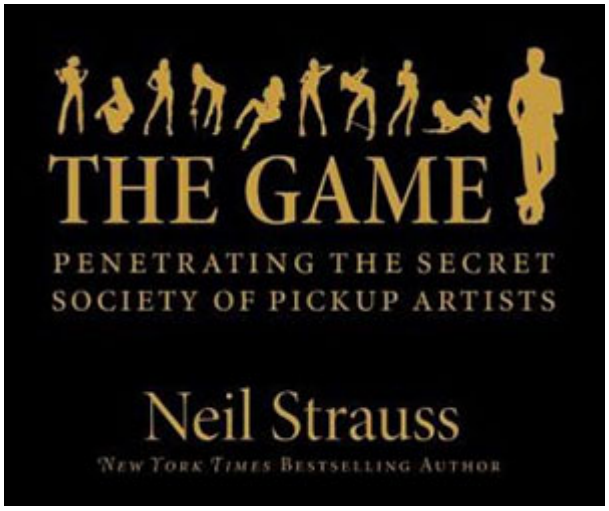
THE GAME
PENETRATING THE SECRET
SOCIETY OF PICKUP ARTISTS
Neil Strauss
New York Times Bestselling Author

Gradually

June 9, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I go to the same Starbucks next to a retirement community so I recognize many of the old people that come in. Last month a man came in with a walker. He was leaning it on heavy and struggling to move just a half foot at the time. He almost fell down while bending over to sit.

A year ago I remember him coming in on his own, walking a little slow but still walking, and buying one of those pink frappuccino drinks. He dropped it and I watched him grab some napkins to help the barista clean up the spill. He was upbeat then and I used to exchange a few words with him, but now he just looks down on the ground as a younger woman helps him around and gets his drink. He sits closest to the door, silent, with no color on his skin, and within a few minute he falls asleep. He just started coming in a wheelchair, and judging by pain I see on his face he won't be coming in much more.

You think it's going to come gradually. That one day you have trouble getting out of bed and think to yourself that in a year or so you will need a cane. And then in a few years maybe a walker from time to time. But nature doesn't work on your clock. It comes when it wants to come. I know this man did not expect to decline as rapidly as he has, one year independent and walking around, the next year barely able to bring the cup to his mouth.

There's an elderly couple I see all the time. They have to be at least 80 years old, with a bond that gives me hope that maybe one day I'll find someone to live out my last days with. They'd come in, get their coffee, and read the newspaper for an hour before setting out. The woman always had trouble walking so the man would hold her arm, like you would see a young couple do at night. Then they started coming in less and less. I used to see them every day, but it's been a month since the last time. I think I know what happened.

Important Life Tips

June 11, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The caffeine content in Red Bull is much lower you think. Drinking a cup of coffee will give you more caffeine than a can of Red Bull. If you want a real boost in energy, stop drinking caffeine altogether.

Shaving cream is not necessary for razor shaving. Simply lather up a bar of soap and apply to your face. Then shave. A sharp razor is more important to a good shave than shaving cream.

If you want to increase your chances of getting laid in Rio de Janeiro, do **not** go during Carnival.

Your body produces weirder smells during travel. If your underarms are foul, trim the hair and dab rubbing alcohol daily before deodorant application. If your shoes and feet smell, apply rubbing alcohol to your feet after showering followed with a talc powder application. Also put talc powder in your shoes daily. Takes about three or four days to notice results in either case.

Wear ear plugs if you get up often during the night. It takes about a week to get used to them, but vastly improves the quality of your sleep… until the wax buildup in your ear becomes gross and unbearable.

Stomach illnesses or questionable food can give you messy solids. Wiping can make the situation worse and take more time than the actual dump. Use the dab / blot technique instead, like you were getting red wine out of a white carpet.

Your hair is oily because you wash it too much. Wash your hair only once a week and after a month you will notice your hair puts out considerably less oil and has more natural shine. This is because taking the oil out every day with shampoo tells your scalp to keep producing more oil. (Unfortunately during summer months you have to double washings to twice a week.)

If your taint is sore after bike riding, you're doing the type of damage that leads to impotence. You must get a better bike seat.

Don't use SmartCards for the Metro bus because it limits your transfer time to only two hours. Paper transfers give you longer transfer times through driver laziness and allow

you to cheat the system in other ways much more easily.

If you want to travel more but keep wussing out, buy a cheap world map and put it on your bedroom wall. You'll have your first ticket booked within a couple months.

Latex condoms tend to dry out a girl after prolonged lovemaking. Don't be shy to spit on her vagina to keep things lubricated. She won't mind.

Flag Day Is Tomorrow

June 12, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Each year when it's time for my birthday I reflect back and see if it topped the year before. I'm pretty sure I'll get to a year that simply can't be topped, but I sit here right now feeling pretty good about the future even though on the surface it seems to be going backwards (with the living in dad's basement thing). I'm working on a plan that will get me out of here for hopefully a long time, but I don't see much happening before 2009.

I'll never know if I made the right choices since I can't turn back time and try something else, but I have no regrets about the choices I've made (so far). It has been 14 months since I've had a job and I forgot what's it's like to sit in front of a computer reading blogs trying not to glance at the clock because I know not much time has passed since the last time I looked at it. I just didn't fit with the corporate world and with my now useless degree the decision was easy to pursue a more mobile lifestyle of freelancing/writing/blogging. Sure it's not for most people, but for me it is and I'm enjoying it even though I have to count every dollar I spend.

So tomorrow I will be **29**. Last week I noticed some grey hairs in my beard. :shudder:

:catlady:

Rock Band Audition & Possible Summer Internship

June 15, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Roissy and I have started a rock band called **Heavy Sack**. He plays bass while I rock out on guitar. We are looking for a female singer to take our band to the next level. Of course I'm talking about Rock Band the video game and not an actual rock band, though I'm sure with a couple months practice on a real guitar I would be qualified enough to start a decent band.

The audition will be Tuesday night at Reef around 9pm or so, which is their Rock Band night. You will sing along to rock classics and be graded by a computer that tells you how much higher you have to go to hit those high notes. We will select a singer not only based on singing ability but pleasing demeanor as well.

The Heavy Sack band name is not in reference to getting blue balled but from having too much testosterone. Our manager and image consultant is Virgle Kent, who will be watching from a distance taking notes in his head.

Also, I think I would like to add a female intern for the summer. You would follow in the footsteps of the wonderful Sally and Dasha, whom I still keep in touch with.

If you are interested and can write and hold a camera with a steady hand to document my adventures, you may be a good fit for this demanding position. The pay would be $0, but you would hang out with me and my friends who will probably buy you beers from time to time. Email me for more details.

11 Signs She’s A Keeper

June 16, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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1. You’d still hang out with her when she’s on her period and there is no chance of sex.

2. You don’t get the inexplicable urge to leave after you ejaculate inside her.

3. You don’t bother to notice if other girls are checking you out when you’re with her.

4. Because you actually enjoy chatting with her you have to make a conscious effort to not contact her too much so you don’t put out a beta male vibe.

5. You think about her when jerking off instead of the blonde bimbo on the screen taking two up the butt.

6. You don’t wonder if you could do better.

7. You want her to meet your friends, sure of their approval in your mate selection.

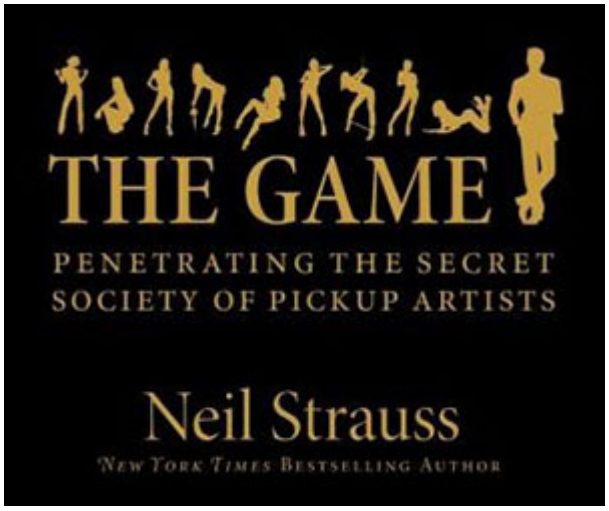
8. You feel more like a man when you’re with her because of her bursting femininity.

9. You think about how lucky you are to catch her at the right moment, right time.

10. She’s concerned, almost obsessed, with your needs and pleasure, especially in the bedroom.

11. You love displaying her on your arm, like a caveman would be when dragging home a mountain lion that almost killed him in intense battle.

This is more of a cumulative list… only a couple may pop up with any specific girl.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Not Dead Celebrities Of Las Vegas

June 18, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In addition to my Hooker Spotting In Las Vegas post a couple weeks ago, I also just finished a more travel-themed article for Volette called Not Dead Celebrities Of Las Vegas.

> The city itself is plopped right in the middle of a desert, originally as wayward transfer for railway shipping goods out of nearby mines. Then the mafia and Bugsy Siegel got its hands on developing the Flamingo hotel, the first "complete" casino resort that had the revolutionary idea of making visitors go through the gambling area to get to their rooms. Just like how modern sports stadiums follow the model of Rome's Colosseum, casinos still match the Flamingo of 1946, with no windows, no clocks, dim lighting, and jacked up air conditioning to prevent gamblers from dozing off.

Read the article here.

Living Room

June 19, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

These two can also be seen in my Big Leagues movie feature.

Mermaid Sex Revisted

June 21, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Previously: "You are alone on an uninhabited island, which one of these would you choose as your companion."

Futurama's take on mermaid mating...

Thoughts On Ejaculating Inside A Girl

June 22, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Here's what I wrote in Bang...

> ...make sure you never ejaculate inside her, even if she is on the pill. Not only is the pill not 100% effective, no girl is perfect with taking it every day. Because you don't want your player career to end prematurely with a newborn, don't ejaculate inside a girl unless you accept the chance of having a baby with her.

I wrote that when I had a good job and a girl wouldn't mind having my baby since I had the means to support it, but boy have times have changed. There is a new exception to my previous ejaculation rule...

The poorer you are compared to her, the safer it is to ejaculate inside her.

The reason is obvious: she does not want to have the baby from some deadbeat who can't even buy diapers. While I don't remember the last time I ejaculated inside a girl, if I got into a relationship with a lawyer you better believe that I'm busting inside her every night. "Cool keep the baby if you want. Hey can I borrow two bucks to take the bus back to my Dad's basement?"

But let's say she's a Polish *au pair* in America for a short amount of time. Absolutely no creampies for her even if her tubes are tied. While I'm poor by most standards, to a Polish *au pair* I'm middle class and having my baby would mean a potential green card if I marry her. The incentives for her are just too great to keep the baby and the last thing in life I need right now is a little Rooshy running around.

Ejaculation safe professions: Lawyer, engineer, publicist, human resources manager, government worker above GS-10, model/actress, doctor, urban planner

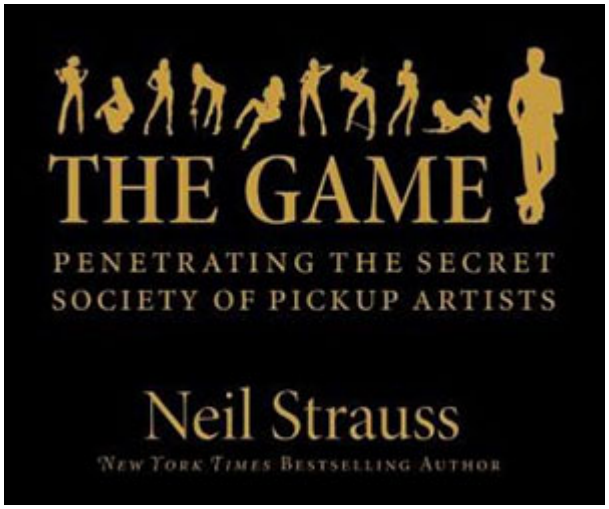
Ejaculation unsafe professions: Teacher, retail clerk, artist, writer, barista, bus driver, storekeeper, librarian, secretary, social worker

Sometimes you can tell just by looking at the girl...

Safe:

Unsafe:

It’s ironic that the more likely a woman can support a baby on her own the safer it is to spread your potent seed inside her. I think we can ~~blame~~ thank feminism for that.



Don’t Let Anyone Tell You That You Need Money To Get Laid

June 24, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

When I first moved into my Dad’s house, I was a little nervous about my sex prospects. I’ve always talked a big game about getting laid with just game, but it’s easier to believe that when you have your own place and a good job.

For the first couple months I was hesitant to reveal my unemployment and basement dwelling status, but then I received encouragement from a player friend who had a home stint of his own and told me it doesn’t make a difference. Turns out he was right.

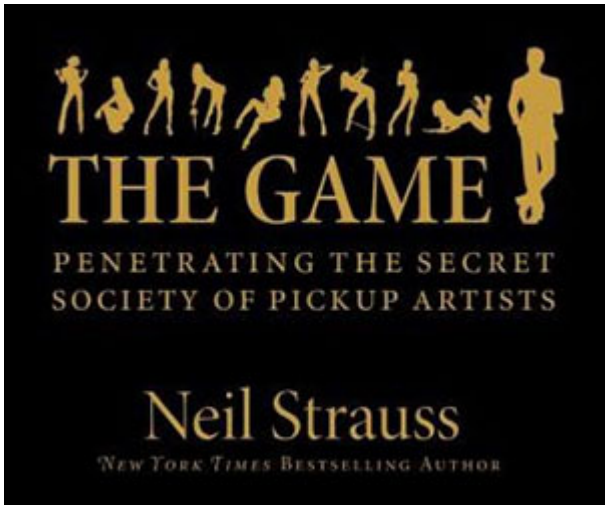
If the main way you get laid is through status or money, then living at home will shut off your poon supply, but if you get laid through game then you actually get more sex because you have more free time to hit on girls. It’s that simple.

And it gets even more interesting. I’d have these moments of self-doubt where I’d think, “Besides being this amazing man, I have nothing to offer girls. I can’t take them on vacations or nice dates. I won’t be able to get a quality girl like I would if I was more established.” But In the past year I’ve dated more amazing, intelligent, funny, passionate, and successful girls than I have in my entire life. I’ve dated girls who invested significantly more money into me than I have into them. I’ve dated girls who give me rides home because they don’t want me to take the bus. It’s not completely logical, but if you’re a guy you already know how flawed using logic is when it comes to women.

Bottom line: you will never miss out on notches by lacking a commodity like clothes, money, or auto that comes with very basic labor. As long as you offer something hard to gain and scarce (true game), then you will always be in demand, and don’t let the bonehead mass audience cause you to believe otherwise. For a short second even I believed it.

If you liked this post then I think you will like my book **Bang**, a collection of simple but powerful techniques, moves, and lines that make it easier for the average 20-something man to be more successful with women. Topics in **Bang** include discussion of the alpha male, effective opening lines, conversation themes, getting phone numbers, detailed dating strategy, and much more.

Complimenting the book is Roosh's Game Tips Email Newsletter. It's free and your first newsletter will be about how to meet girls in coffee shops. Following that will be newsletters on dealing with flakes, handling cockblockers, and meeting girls in foreign countries, among others. Your email address will always remain private and you can unsubscribe at any time. Put your first name and email address below and click the button.



Does Anyone Speak Finnish?

June 25, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A couple Finnish bloggers have been linking to me and even though I don't know Finnish I have an idea what they're saying.

The first one linked to my player quiz. The word romeo is in quotes, his quiz results state he is a beta male, and he highlights the correct answer to the first question (girls should be viewed as dumb cheap hookers). Most likely to point out how awful the quiz is. A hater.

The second one linked to Chaco's old skinny girl post. There's a nice photo of Scarlet Johansen. A fan.

The third one linked to my ejaculation post and got more comments than my original post. Obviously a girl, obviously a fan. I haven't had sex with a girl from Finland but I would.

By the way if you haven't heard of the incredible story of how hopelessly outnumbered Finland fought off the Russians in 1939 then take time to read about the Winter War. More here, with videos.

> To slow down the 163rd in the north, Finnish ski troops made wide circling flanking movements of 20 to 30 miles under cover of the long night and caught the rear and middle parts of the column by surprise. They found Soviet soldiers huddled around fires in -40° weather easy prey to sub-machine gun fire and grenades. Almost any wound was fatal. As the 44th approached Suomussalmi down the Raate Road, they had to pass between Kuomasjärvi and Kuivasjärvi on a narrow isthmus. **350 Finns in hand-to-hand combat closed the isthmus.** Trees were now felled across the road in front and behind with the 44th Division strung out along the road. The 163rd only six miles north engaged in desperate struggles to push the Finns west, but were stopped. Much of this fighting was hand to hand

Ecuador Death Road & We're Pretty Much Homeless

June 26, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I'm editing my next video production, which will be ready on Monday.

Here's two other very short videos you may have not seen. The first is called **Ecuador Death Road**. Captions throughout help guide you through the complex narrative.

Ecuador Death Road from Roosh V on Vimeo.

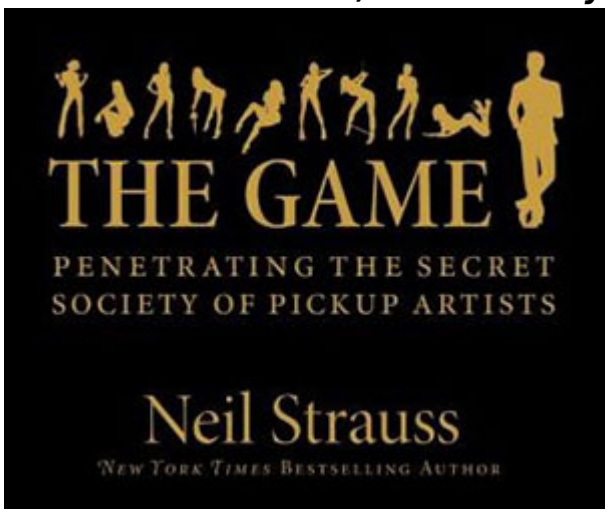
The second video is called **We're Pretty Much Homeless**. Here's the summary:

> Went out to MDM nightclub in Rosario, Argentina. We stayed until early morning and was ready to go back to the hostel but it was impossible to find a free cab. Many kilometers from the hostel, one Australian member of the party had a nervous breakdown which I was able to capture on film. Thirty minutes into our walk, a free cab was finally found.
>
> Another Australian who stayed at the club a bit longer ended up jogging back to the hostel, asking directions in poor Spanish along the way.

My Australian friend is very good looking.

We're Pretty Much Homeless from Roosh V on Vimeo.

For more on Ecuador, check out my Ecuador travel guide.



Review: Sony Mylo Personal Communicator COM-2

June 28, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

If you are wondering why I'm reviewing a gadget, it's because the Sony people sent me a unit. I'm guessing you guys are their target audience.

The Mylo is an "internet communication device," which means it's a tiny laptop. The prime feature is you can use it like a phone with Skype because it has built-in wireless internet (there is a microphone and ear speaker). Mostly you'll be using it to surf the internet but add a Sony memory stick (no SD cards unfortunately) and you can use it to open files and listen to MP3's.

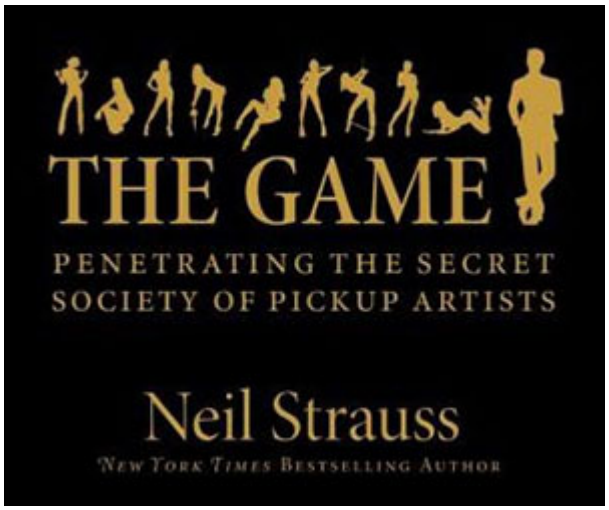
I'm going to rate it on two dimensions: **looks** and **personality**.

It gets a 7 out of 10 on looks. It's lightweight and pleasing on the eye and has neon-looking lights at the ends. You won't be embarrassed with it in your hand. The screen is bright and clear and the keyword is easy to use. The stylus at the end of the wrist strap is discreet. But it's not hot enough that you make someone else feel insecure about their electronic device. iPhone people will look at it and act all smug-like, going off about the superiority of their phone in a passive aggressive mumble.

The personality could use an upgrade. When it's dark you can't see the navigation buttons and sometimes the unit doesn't designed. For example, the zoom button on the browser doesn't always work and it gets schizophrenic with the wireless network. But when you're connected you can run AIM, YM, and Google Talk in addition to Skype, and also subscribe to RSS feeds. It takes pictures with the 1.3 megapixel camera, you can install flash games, and for offline use there is a text editor to take notes.

Since the Mylo will not replace your phone, the best use I can think of it is for travel if you don't own a laptop. Many hostels offer wireless internet now and you can log on to check your email and then make phone calls back home. But you'll have to pay for this privilege: Amazon is selling a new Mylo for $285. It's too expensive for a budget traveler.

I think it's a nice gadget, but with a cell phone and laptop I haven't found a regular use for it. I'm re-gifting it to my 12-year-old brother.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6 Months In South America In 5 Minutes

June 29, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Previous Videos:

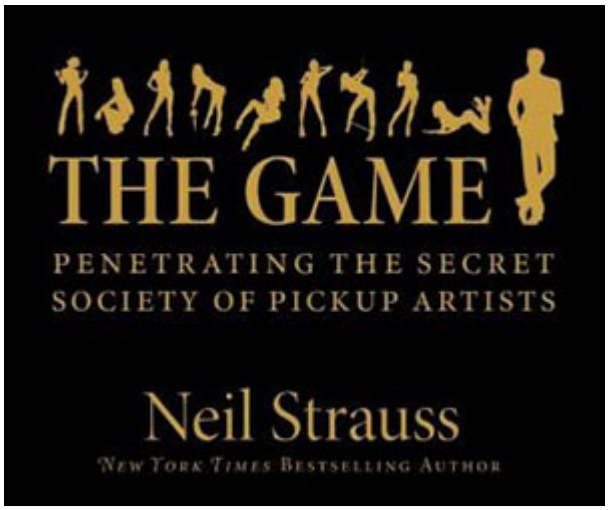
- How To Be A Master Blogger Like Me
- The Big Leagues
- Bike Ride Home
- Ecuador Death Road & We're Pretty Much Homeless

I put together my favorite photos from the trip, picked some mood music, and turned it into a video. Some photos you've seen, some you haven't. It's separated into three parts, mostly in chronological order.

I: Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Chile
II: Argentina (mostly Cordoba)
III: Argentina, Uruguay, Paraguay (dead bat), Brazil (mostly Rio)

6 Months In South America In 5 Minutes from Roosh V on Vimeo.

I think it captured the true essence of the trip.



Sex With Full Sized Girls

June 30, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

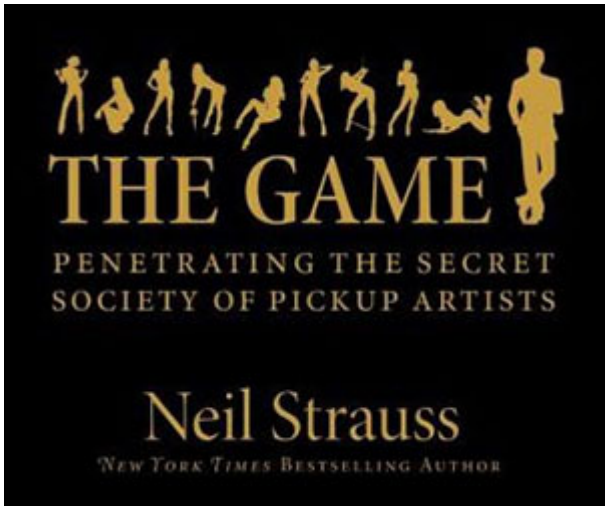
I used to prefer sex only with petite girls, but now I'm proud to say I enjoy sex with a wide variety of body types.

With a petite girl I like how her small size makes me look big and how she is easier to maneuver, but small girls mean small vaginas so I usually have to take it easy. I can't just pound away with impunity and many times I will get comments about going too deep or too fast. I dislike it when my stroke is disturbed but I understand it has to feel good for the girls too.

With a bigger girl, and I mean a more curvy and full figured woman and **not** BBW, man I can pound away and she'll still want it harder than I can provide. There is nothing more humbling than when a girl says "Fuck me harder" and I am fucking her as hard as I possibly can. Full figured women are also less inhibited than fragile petite girls (for reason I don't understand), so things do get nice and sloppy even if moving her around takes more verbal commanding. After sex with a petite girl the room smells like the candle she is burning. After sex with a bigger girl the room smells like her vaginal juices which got all over both of our bodies.

Another advantage of the bigger girl is their vaginas are looser. Having sex with a tighter than a vice Asian girl and my resulting three minute orgasm time has led me to believe that guys who want tight vaginas has not had unprotected sex before. Of course I don't want to be swimming in there but the longer it takes me to reach orgasm the better that orgasm is. Plus I'll be be perceived as a champion in the bedroom. If you gave me a choice between a tight vagina and a loose vagina, I'd pick the loose vagina every time.

Petite girls are like flowers and for girlfriend lovemaking this would be a sound choice, but there is nothing like the possibility of banging a girl with a gigantic meaty ass to get me excited about going out on a date. When I'm especially horny and masturbation is not working only this type of body type can satisfy my craving. Even fat girls I don't mind pleasuring once a year as long as she has a cute face. I mean I didn't spend all that time mastering my game just to have sex with one very specific type of girl. If you like sex, you like sex.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Interesting Tattoo

July 2, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

“I totally want to get a tattoo. I know it has become a trend but I designed one on my own and feel like it would make me unique and not just another face in the crowd and it would even motivate me to keep my body in shape because if I get fat then the tattoo would probably look different you know? I’m a sexual person, definitely spiritual, a lover of nature, and I even write poems. I mean like guys always listen carefully when I read my poems to them and they compliment me on how good they are written. So now I read them my poems on the first date so they can get to know me faster and we can skip all that lame dating bullshit and go right into knowing each other. God I made the best design ever. I can only imagine the faces of the guys who make love to me from behind when they see it, and I’m sure they will love it and realize that I’m a prize as a woman and not all those other boring girls who are even too scared of a needle and who just want to fit in with their boring sun dresses and flip flops. I’m not like them at all because I’m an individual.”

Video Of Girls Getting Brazilian Waxes

July 5, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Vaguely erotic..

Creepy Or Loving?

July 6, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I was sitting down on the subway car thinking of making a play on a Turkish girl to my left. I knew she was Turkish because she was speaking Turkish with her two friends before they cheek kissed her goodbye and made a loud exit like only Turks know how. But she had a Blackberry and a slight resemblance to my wonderful Turkish mother, so I decided to inspect my fingernails instead to see if they needed trimming.

At the next stop two guys and two girls came onto the train. They paired off as they sat and all seemed like just friends. I'm not an expert on body language but at 29 I think I know if two people are fucking or not. They held my attention, partly because I was done looking at my fingernails but also because of their exceptionally clear Spanish. Their minimal use of slang and clear enunciation told me they definitely were not from dirty Mexico or Central America. Maybe they were from Colombia, I thought.

This was the last midnight train, and they were tired. Judging by their backpacks it looked like they studied at some library followed with a trip to some Washington DC forest to blaze. The girls rested their heads on their respective guy. The first guy put his arm around his girl and just let it hang there. They both closed their eyes. Go to sleep.

The second girl had her eyes closed on the second guy's chest as well, but his eyes were opened. He was looking at the top of her head and stroking her hair, slowly and deliberately like she was a gentle flower with fine petals that easily come off. He would not take his eyes off her head. Just staring at her black hair covered skull. He did this for the next twenty minutes, stroking and touching and looking while she did not respond in any way. If I had to take a guess as to what he was thinking, it would be "If she ever leaves me I'm going to kill her and her family." It was one of the creepiest things I've ever seen in my life, second only to an internet video I was tricked into watching of a grown man having sex with a horse. Actually I wasn't tricked, I was curious, like any normal, well-balanced human being would be when presented with the opportunity to watch such an intriguing perversion of nature.

Physical affection is important in a healthy relationship, but it's not natural to pet an unconscious girl who isn't aware of your petting. The only exception is if the girl is in a coma and you are trying to bring her back to life. Creepy guys tend to be beta males,

living absurd fantasies in their head because they can’t do it in real life until one day it comes out in a subway car and is noticed by an astute observer taking mental notes because he refuses to buy an iPod. It just didn’t add up to me that this beta male was in the position to stroke the head of a beautiful girl that I would personally get with in a heartbeat. It went against everything I have learned and experienced in the past seven years. I’ll get over it, I thought—this is just the exception and I shouldn’t change my world view just for this haunting display of affection.

Turns out that that won’t even be necessary.

When they all got up at their stop a surprise switch occurred. The girls held hands of the opposite guy as they walked off the train. Are they all just fuck buddies who swap partners like in an obese swingers farm or are they all just childhood friends? I don’t have to change shit. They’re just friends.

You’re Not A People Person

July 8, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I was talking to someone about public transportation and he made a comment about how he doesn’t like taking the bus because there is a lot of crazy people on it. Take note that he was a city dweller where bus patrons tend to be more educated with proper jobs that that make mom proud. Here in the suburbs you’re lucky if the person sitting next to you has a high school education and can speak English, though that is changing before my eyes as gas prices shoot through the roof. Call me a suburb bus pioneer, if you will.

Here’s the thing about your life right now. You get up in the morning, go in your car cocoon shell (or ride the subway with people like you who have jobs that took an interview longer than ten minutes to get), go to work with other smart people, go to the gym with health conscious people, shop at Trade Joes or Whole Foods where everyone knows what a trans fat is, and then go to the bar or club with more educated or smart people (though rarely beautiful since this is Washington DC we’re talking about). Well that’s not reality.

The humans you are interacting with on a daily basic or a tiny subset of the range of humans that exist. The majority of humans alive today are stupid, dirty, poor, or batshit insane. The only time you catch a glimpse of this is when a homeless person asks you for spare change but living in a wealthy city makes these encounters the anomaly instead of the rule. The human existence is miserable, desolate, brutish, and until recently, short. Remember: the United States is a rich country and most countries of the world are not rich, especially ones that are heavily populated. And let’s be honest, 99.9% of you have never been out of North America besides some Caribbean beach resort for Spring Break.

The point is that you like people less than you think you do, especially if you claim to be a “people person,” something I hear occasionally, usually from a woman who works in PR or human resources. Any “people person” would start getting very uncomfortable if the guy on the bus next to you starts hacking away his flem or reeking of body odor or having a loud, profanity-laden fight on the phone. Riding the subway with a rude group of kids causing a ruckus is an event that educated people must tell anyone that will listen.

You’re only similar to the 0.000001% of the human population that is clean and educated like you and who has the embarrassment filter that prevents any acting up in public or doing anything someone educated would deem weird or strange. Accept that you hate people and if a monster tsunami wiped out another 200,000 people in Southeast Asia you’d be annoyed that news coverage preempted your favorite television show, The Bachelor.

You disgust me.

Re: You're Not A People Person

July 9, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

After yesterday's post a reader forwarded me an email from her friend that describes what I was talking about. To refresh your memory here is what I wrote:

> Any "people person" would start getting very uncomfortable if the guy on the bus next to you starts hacking away his **flem** or reeking of **body odor** or having a loud, profanity-laden **fight** on the phone. Riding the subway with a rude group of kids causing a ruckus is an event that educated people must tell anyone that will listen.

The email:

> I'm just getting settled in. Oh my god it was the ride from hell. First off, getting stopped by cops, put us off by a good 15 minutes. Then, I have a metal chunk of crap where my feet are to sit, and a morbidly obese man squirming not to touch me next to me. This means I get half my seat. He is generating a lot of body heat.
>
> Stopover. Smelly looking tree planters exchange notes on their equipment, some guy tries and fails to pick the hippie girls up. Everyone's standing outside to get the best seat, mosquitoes are going crazy, it's raining. There are tons of fat people wandering in from *****, mullets and bleached blond hair. I contemplate asking one of the skinny tree hugger girls to sit next to me.
>
> I chuck someone's water bottle down the aisle under the chairs, and take a window seat, only to discover two large native men peering at me. I've taken their seats, and chucked their water bottle. A skinny man that looks like a gold digger from the Klondike demands to know if I was on before, and how it is I forgot my seat. I take a new seat, slink down, and stare intently at my ticket.
>
> A girl sits beside me. Next to her, four African men reeking of cologne. They talk for the next 10 hours straight in a language that sounds like a swamp bubbling. Behind me, two native men reeking of booze and cigarettes. "With my luck, we'll hit a tanker truck." "With mine, we won't." Something starts banging under my chair, loud, at random. Then my seat starts to wobble. The natives suspect the wheel axis is coming off, and that the wheel is going to fly off the bus. They then FALL ASLEEP. I pop two codeines and eventually have to tell the driver something funny is going on. We stop in parry sound for tim's and he looks at it, for a second. I figure I've done all I can to prevent my death here.
>
> The african men get off at ******. Their luggage is not on the bus. They start bellowing and lunging at the driver, who yells back. Everyone is looking out the window, and it looks like we might have a fight on our hands after 10 hours in the bus. Driver gets on and closes the door.

> A man in the back coughs a deep cough from his lungs, then swallows his snot. Someone tells him to cover his mouth when he does that. TB TB TB. I run to the front of the bus near *******, open my own coach luggage door and grab my luggage. I hurl myself into a cab before those slugs have even stirred from their slumber.

The email had complaints about body odor, flem, and fighting, among others. Eerie coincidence or validation that what I speak of is real absolute truth?

I'm positive the email came from a woman who is pro-environment, anti-war, hyper educated, a voracious reader, has donated to the Sally Struthers aid program, owns or considers owning a hybrid, and who considers herself a lover of people. Yet if a plumber in her home or a polite bus driver engaged her in conversation she wouldn't know what to say, and that's the issue with educated First World inhabitants who wrap themselves up in the cocoon and have no knowledge or experience of people not like them.

Next month… **You're Not As Open Minded As You Think**.

Women’s Magazines

July 10, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Via Scholarly Reading:

I’m pro-women’s magazines because it makes girls so insecure and wrapped up in their own world of perceived flaws and lacks that they never notice my flowing ear hair, which I let shed naturally.

Vicious Gang Beach Brawl

July 12, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

From a TV show called World’s Most Amazing Videos. Even the girlfriends get involved.

MONDAY MORNING CUBICLE CHALLENGE: Watch the entire video without laughing or smiling or giggling…

How To Pick Up Girls For Under $100 A Month

July 14, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

When I had a job I'd spend over $500 a month to pick up girls in bars and clubs to take them out on dates. That $500 amount is now my entire budget for the month but my horniness has not ebbed. How do I continue getting laid while living in a suburban desert without opportunities for daytime game?

Here's how I do it…

1. Clubs are out. They're just too pricey, even if you get in for free. With a basic vodka drink at $8 you're looking at spending at least $40 just to get your ears blasted while repeating "What did you say?" all night long to chicks who wish they were Lindsey Lohan. It's a stupid waste of money, especially if you're game is talking instead of dancing. It's important to be a competent dancer but if you are the old guy in the club your supreme dancing skills will be seen as weird and creepy instead of attractive.

2. Weekend game is out. I can't deny that most girls I've laid are from ones I've met on the weekend, but is it because the girls who go out on the weekend are easier or because most of the nights I've gone out on happen to fall on the weekend? I'm not entirely sure, but let's face it: weekends are amateur nights, for people who do nothing during the week except work and watch TV. By Friday they are way too excited to go all-out and get sloshed with a group of friends to half-ass the mating dance. When midnight strikes all the girls will be less receptive they should be (based on their quality) because they have been hit on by too many guys in a short period of time.

At the end of a weekend night 98% of all participants fail in their goal to get laid or pair bond. The puffed up jockeying of the guys and the wannabe celebrity attitudes of the girls are replaced with the fascinating late-night feeding behavior, a relatively new phenomenon not seen in our parents time. The herd begins to eat pizza, cheeseburger, gyros, and sometimes falafel, to fill their empty tummies of loneliness and failure. Many will walk out of these eating establishment with grease running halfway down their face.

Weekdays have a more laid back crowd making it easier to meet someone, with fewer guys humping a girl's leg because of liquid courage and less girls who think they have more options than the zero options they actually have. I met a girl during the weekday at a bar and even though she was a regular she told me I was the first guy who ever approached her there. Maybe she was lying, maybe not, but my point remains.

A downside of weekday bar game is that there are fewer girls, but this is quickly compensated by approaches that are far more likely to result in a loooong conversation. You'll have to approach two girls to get something instead of five or more on a weekend. I found a Tuesday bar that has given me bountiful fruit from just a couple visits.

Also weekdays are cheaper if you take advantage of a happy hour's tail end. My average cost for a weeknight is $20, while for a weekend it's $40. All else being equal do the weekends produce double the results or fun? No, they don't. If you can find a nice bar on

Monday through Wednesday then you are set, but take care on Thursday nights because those tend to be stupid college girl night.

3. Public or bicycle transportation. Cars are ridiculously expensive. You have the car payment, insurance, maintenance, upkeep (tires, battery, windshield wipers), car washes, parking tickets, DUI arrests, and gas. Even if I take taxis everywhere it's still cheaper than owning a car. But there are two problems with public transportation:

- During the weekday the subway stops early at midnight, so I'm stuck with a hefty cab ride if I decide to ride out the night until 2am closing. This means I have to start very bright and early at 8pm, a time when things are barely getting started. (Solution: Feel out the vibe when the clock hits 11:30am, when you should know if sweet fruit will be obtained or not. Always stay flexible, like a ballet dancer.)

- Pre-drinking is a no go. If the bus ride takes an hour, drinking at home and just sitting on the bus for an hour will destroy your buzz. It will not be as good when you eventually start drinking again at the bar. (Solution: Don't use alcohol as a crutch to talk to girls. This is something you should be working on long term.)

4. Start your dates at events, not bars. This happened by accident. In my quest to be a cultured man of the world I looked for events like the Greek Festival or European Embassy Open House. There is a lot of substance for fun conversation and you can cap it off with a couple drinks at a cheap neighborhood bar. She won't care you took her to a dump because you were so original with your date idea. Here you are looking at a $20 date instead of the automatic $60-80 date if you take her to nice lounges like Topaz or Chi-Cha Lounge. By the way, did you know there are still guys taking girls out to dinners? Haha morons.

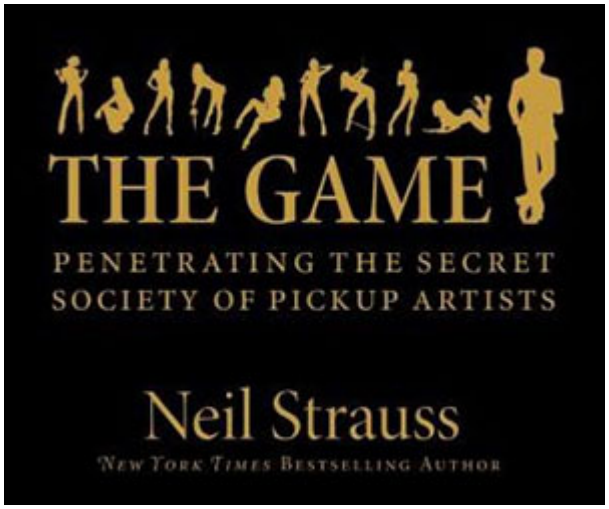
A good place to find events is the Events tab on Yelp which spoon feed you a wide variety of things to do. In effect you are outsourcing your date ideas, but the girl has no idea and your creativity score will shoot through the fucking roof.

The end result is I spend a third of what I used to spend but I go out less and get laid much more. The get laid more is due to factors besides the scope of this post (continually improving game, for example), so it's possible your mileage from only going out one weekday a week will hurt your results unless you're already at a certain level. Another downside is that it will take quite a bit of time investment to find a good weekday spot. You'll have to experiment.

Every time a buddy calls me on Saturday night to see if I'm staying in to write and drink beer alone there is that moment when I almost say yes, but then I remember the amateurs and ugly white girls who spend so much time to look good only to wear cheap flip flops. How about Tuesday night?

If you liked this post then I think you will like my book **Bang**, a collection of simple but powerful techniques, moves, and lines that make it easier for the average 20-something man to be more successful with women. Topics in **Bang** include discussion of the alpha male, effective opening lines, conversation themes, getting phone numbers, detailed dating strategy, and much more.

Complimenting the book is Roosh's Game Tips Email Newsletter. It's free and your first newsletter will be about how to meet girls in coffee shops. Following that will be newsletters on dealing with flakes, handling cockblockers, and meeting girls in foreign countries, among others. Your email address will always remain private and you can unsubscribe at any time. Put your first name and email address below and click the button.



Email Newsletter

July 16, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I just passed 1,000 subscribers to my game newsletter. I've diverted time away from the blog to work on the mailings so that's one reason I post less. New subscribers will get the old newsletters until they eventually get caught up with the new ones. You can sign up on the newsletter page.

Content on the blog is more mainstream / fun while the newsletter is just about pick up.

Linkfest

July 17, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Research your bank and make sure you are covered by FDIC. If you have over $100,000 in any bank you are crazy. Remember that small, seemingly safe local banks invested heavily in commercial real estate that is also collapsing. Spread your risk and follow the news. If I had money in WaMu or Wachovia right now I'd take it to another bank because I don't like waiting in lines.

Ten people you'll find at a bar, including "the sunglasses at night guy" and the guy who "got off work four hours ago, but is still in his suit and tie."

Jack Goes Forth is becoming a very pleasurable read as he finds his voice.

Meet Wayne Gerdes, a "hypermiler" who can get over 100 mpg fuel efficiency in an unmodified hybrid. He turns off the car while on the road and drafts tractor trailers, among other techniques.

"We've been getting a free ride on the global gravy train. Other countries are starting to reclaim their resources and goods, so as Americans are priced out of various markets, the rest of the world is going to enjoy the consumption of goods Americans had previously purchased. This is a natural consequence of this phony economy."

Blogger Jeff Simmeron started an internet war with a local coffee chain. If his name sounds familiar it's because he came to a couple blogger happy hours that Kathryn hosted, where he would pass out business cards with his blog on it. I thought it was a neat idea, but others disagreed. How much I miss Kathryn's events.

Chart of virginity rates among college students according to major. Mathematics and chemistry majors are the big losers. One word: Communications.

A Day At The Pool

July 20, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I don't like swimming pools. I know not everyone cleans their ass as well as I do. But swimming a few laps works my body more than running, and water offers less resistance than concrete pavement.

The kids always take up the swim lane so I wait until the 15-minute rest period to get in the water. Today there were two women still hanging around in my lane, and since it was quiet I could hear them talking. They were speaking Portuguese, and most likely from Brazil.

I watched while I waited. One had to be in her 40's, slowly wading through the lane getting just a bit of exercise, while the other, much younger, was still. She put her back against the concrete wall and placed her arms behind on the ledge, pushing her breasts out. I did want to see more, and I had the perfect excuse.

I moved slowly down the lane to where they were, slowly only because that's how it is when you walk in water. Looking at both I said, "Mind if I share the lane so I can swim a couple laps?" There was silence. Maybe they don't speak English, I thought, and I was ready to mime the act of swimming so they'd understand. But the older woman spoke. "Oh she doesn't speak English. Sure go ahead."

"Are you two from Brazil?"

"Yes we are."

I told them I recognized the language, said a couple words that any gringo who has been to Brazil would know, smiled, and then went back to the other side of the pool to start my swim.

The concept is so logical but yet so foreign to me: meeting people in the neighborhood. That's how most of the teenagers did it, anyway. I was always so focused on bars and clubs that god knows how many opportunities I missed right in front of my doorstep.

I did five brisk laps before I got tired and stopped at the other end of the pool, where the two Brazilians were already settled. I was right next to the older woman, and I don't remember who started talking first, but it started. About her country, my country, marriage, life, food, girls, guys. Our observations about American culture were similar and not so positive, but we agreed that it's easier to have a comfortable life here. You don't need to be rich to have a car, apartment, a million channels and the like. We talked for one hour, the sun baking me much more than her light brown skin.

She told me so many funny stories that my cheeks became sore from laughing. One was about the younger girl wading nearby, the daughter of a close friend, who came to the U.S. only a couple months ago. Fresh off the boat, uncorrupted, and shy to speak the little English she knows. Her first day in this family pool she wore a thong bikini, got in the water, and was too embarrassed to come back out after catching everyone's attention. "You know Brazilians, we don't like clothes," the woman said. Yes, I know.

The younger one had the Brazilian ass, of course—seemingly muscular, with a cute young face, long hair, and smooth olive skin. She's from Florianopolis, if you happen to know the south of Brazil. I'd be surprised if she was over 22 or so, but I never asked. While I was talking to the older woman the girl got in my field of view. She pinched her nose and then leaned backwards into the water. She came back up and slowly wiped the water from her hair with her hands. The sun was shining so strong I could only see the outline of her face. But It was beautiful nonetheless. She was beautiful. I tried to pretend I wasn't affected.

The older woman kept saying that I need to teach the girl English, and in exchange she will teach me Portuguese. I suggested that would be a fine idea, but was careful not to appear too eager. She could start teaching me numbers, I said, so I can understand when the clerk at the Brazilian store nearby tells me how much I owe. The woman even told me their address, telling me to stop by anytime.

If nothing comes of this it won't be for lack of effort. I already know how I'm going to do it. I'm going to buy a two liter bottle of Guarana from the Brazilian store and take it to their place. They will invite me in, minutes will turn into hours, and if there is some attraction the rest will be inevitable. That's how I imagine it anyway.

It seems cliche almost. Brazilian girls, sensual, sexual, open, different, warm. But my experiences do not lie. I know what is in store for me if I knock on that door. Some cultures build their women for men, and some do not.

Not Yet Titled

July 21, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

True I'm a slacker, but sometimes I get work done. I just finished the rough draft of book number two, which I've been working on since around March. Editing takes a while so I'm thinking it'll be done early 2009. Then I take a look at the world map on my wall and pick a place.

Bang is closing in on its 500th copy sold. It will probably happen sometime next month (it's already been a year). I've been considering going the published route with this second book, but the process to get published seems so long, drawn-out, and discouraging. Literary agents and publishing houses take 2-6 months to get in touch with your query letter and after that it's no shorter than a year by the time you see it on bookshelves. Plus most authors don't earn anything beyond their advance, which I speculate is $5,000 – $15,000 for a never-published author.

My bet is I'll stick with the indie route. It's serving me well so far.

It Doesn’t Matter If She Orgasms Or Not

July 23, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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

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

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

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

Do you want to guess what happened?

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

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

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

The Dark Knight Is A Stupid Movie

July 27, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In pains me deeply to write this because friends and family I trust and respect loved The Dark Knight, but after watching the movie I believe it's because the hype machine sucked them in along with everyone else.

> But Roosh, The Dark Knight has a whopping 95%Tomatometer. What could you possibly have noticed that even professional critics could not see?

I shall explain. Allow me to bring you fanboys back into the realm of reality and reason.

Minor Problems

1. When did Gotham City become bright and lovely New York City? A place that I could live and possibly raise a family, with modern skyscrapers at 100% occupancy and busy streets full of new cars and smartly dressed people.

2. Bruce can simultaneously defeat fifty men at a time armed to the teeth, but is thwarted by a nylon net, a two inch blade, and an ill-tempered dog.

3. Holy shit is the Joker organized! He embarrasses the mob, Batman, and the police at the same time, one step ahead of everyone, planting bombs pretty much everywhere every day and able to infiltrate the deepest rungs of power to kill and maim. He drives no. 2 pencils through the skulls of man. He can take punches from martial arts master Bruce Wayne and can even kick his ass. But he can't aim a fucking bazooka!

4. Rachel's (Maggie Gyllenhaal) death was stupid and confusing. Batman *said* he was going to save Rachel but ended up saving Harvey. That forces me to believe that the Joker switched the addresses up on purpose. But then we're sort of kind urged to believe Rachel was a sacrifice and the police commissioner was in on it. No surprise this mess involved Maggie Gyllenhaal, a co-star in Donnie Darko, the most confusing film of all time.

5. When a movie has you rooting for the villain to win and kill the hero and his fake robot voice, it has failed. Especially when said villain's life kept getting saved by our confused hero, even if it caused him great injury.

6. Deebo the prisoner has a heart of steel but the general public are murderous, stupid animals who should be stripped of their right to vote. *You* are the general public.

Major Problems

1. Rachel. A homely, unlikable, somewhat masculine spinster was able to string along two of Gotham's most desirable bachelors? And I was supposed to be sad when she died? I was quite pleased! Both men could do better than the alpha bitch whose grating presence is a bad influence on young American girls. Playing the field leads to unhappiness for women, not marriage with a high-profile male.

2. Two-Face's Transformation. Forced, absurd, and not believable. One moment he's risking his life to save the city but the next he turns into a homicidal maniac because his

bitchy girlfriend died? And it took a private one-on-one with the Joker, the man who killed her, to do it?! The relationship between Harvey and Rachel seemed like a stiff friendship, and it was impossible to jump to the conclusion that her death sent his mind to the fiery pits of hell. Plus with his brain basically exposed from the face fire he would surely get an infection and die within two days, yet he was fully functional and even able to speak without any impediment even though he looked like a mummy in The Mummy.

3. No resolution. In any good story something has to change. The hero has to transform and realize *something* or the end has to be different than the beginning. This is why Batman Begins is a good movie. But in The Dark Knight the only change occurred in Two Face, a secondary character, and it was dumb dumb dumb. Batman regressed into a Big Brother figure tapping everyone's phone and manipulating the press and the Joker will be sent to a jail that he'll surely escape from. The very end has Batman barely escaping from… wait for it… the police! Because a dead **LAWYER** gives hope to a city! The real reason there is no resolution is because they want money for a sequel, which millions will wait in line for hours to see and then praise.

I'm now convinced that any movie that debuts number one at the box office is just mindless trash, engineered by committee to be liked by as many people worldwide as possible, who lap it up like an obese cat drinking milk from a dirty bowl.

11 Types Of Roosh Hate

July 29, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I study my haters like a zoologist would study a population of caged primates unable to reproduce. Here are the types of Roosh hate I've noticed over the years…

1. Boring / lame. Here haters wonder if I was dropped on my head as a baby. Others ask if I'm ever going to write something that isn't so incredibly boring or lame, or both.

2. Sexist pig. Seen in the early days and coming from mostly single women (Chase, hedonistic_pleasureseeker), this style of hate equates me to a cold monster who should move to Afghanistan where I can get a mindless slave women since that is what I deeply want. Or a mail order bride. Many state that no accomplished American women will find me tolerable and I will definitely die alone.

3. Overcompensation. This hate insists that I'm a fake alpha who wishes to undue years of being beta, and that I will never succeed at being truly alpha.

4. Overanalytical. These haters claimed I look too much into things, trying to piece together pieces from the wrong puzzle. I should get a life and "go outside" to enjoy things instead of writing about it.

5. Appearance. I'm an ugly, hairy, smelly, dirty beast of a man. Last year for a couple months "hairy" hate was tremendously popular, but has since died down and replaced with comments about me being greasy.

6. Bad writer. My writing style and vocabulary leaves much to be desired and I shouldn't quit my day job.

I quit my day job and moved in with my Dad. There was an explosive surge in hate with all-new material.

7. Underachiever. Hate comments that say I am a worthless unemployed loser who still lives at home in Dad's basement. Shows up in seemingly unrelated topics, like cinema. Currently the most popular form of hate and found in pretty much every post.

8. Sellout. I'm a money-hungry hack for having advertisements and that I should get a real job.

9. Gay. Haters claim I'm secretly gay and obviously like very large cocks in my mouth or anus.

Some haters try to aim for the gut with hate that takes some thought and time to construct…

10. I know you. This was used by only two or three accomplished haters. It combines many of the above styles of hate into a well written message that is meant to shake me emotionally. Basic formula: "Roosh, I've been reading you for many years now and really want to see you succeed. I think you are a smart man with a lot of potential but now you're floundering. You're ruining your life and now you can't even get a job. I wish you the best of luck but you need to step up, move out of your dad's basement, and stop

being a total loser. If you don't change things, you will be a homeless begger in a short time. Do something before it's too little, too late."

Interesting variant of "I know you" that I've seen: "Roosh I like your writing and I even bought Bang, but lately…**_insert hate here_**"

11. Lost customer. These haters say they were going to buy Bang, but after reading a certain post they have changed their mind and will no longer buy it. This type of hater wants me to feel financial pain instead of emotional pain.

Hater styles come and go. For example "Bad writer" was prevalent in the early days but then subsided. I published Bang and it came back on the radar. "Underachiever" was suspended for the six months I was in South America but returned when the trip was over. "Sexist pig" has not been seen for some time while "Overanalytical" pops up every now and then. And "Appearance" hate continually evolves as my look changes. My haters seem to adjust to me and my content so their hate has maximum strike force, and on some days—depending on the alignment of the moon—they all come out at the same time, unleashing their internet fury on me in wave upon wave of punishing attack.

Now allow me to construct the best Roosh hater comment possible…

> Roosh, we went to the same high school together, and we shared many interesting conversations. You were that shy guy and I was that awkward geek girl that developed nicely after high school. You probably remember me. Anyway I googled you and found your blog. I don't believe what I'm reading, and how sexist you've become with your fake alpha male persona. You were a good person back then, but from reading this I just don't know. Even your writing has suffered, and these advertisements lead me to believe you're just about the money. The reason I googled you is because I wanted to hang out with you again and maybe even romantically date you, but now I don't think so. You've turned into someone I no longer know or want to know. Whereas before I'd buy anything written by you, there is no way I'm going to buy your disgusting, overanalytical fuck guide, and I will tell everyone I know not to buy it as well. Do yourself a favor: get back on track, get out of your dad's basement, stop being a gay loser beta douche, and re-enter modern society with a nice paying job. You're capable of so much more.
>
> A girl who cares,
>
> -Anonymous

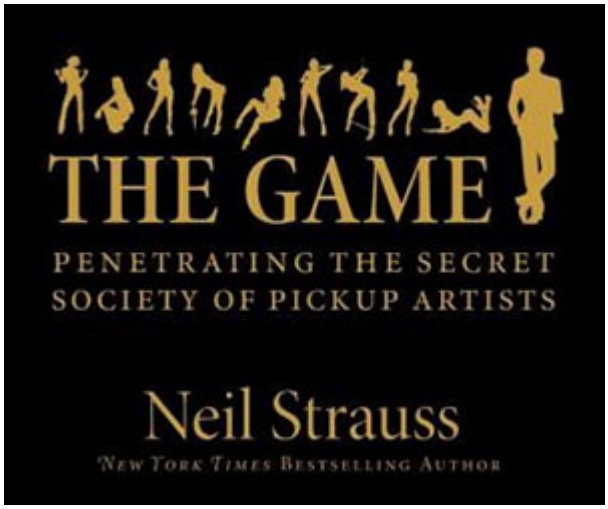
Here's some guesses for possible future styles of hate: long-term relationship ("Look how pussy-whipped you've become, beta boy"), moving to a another city / country ("You can't handle it in cut-throat DC, go back to the minor leagues fucktard"), and less frequent blogging ("You've run out of material… hang it up bro it was good while it lasted, and by the way I'm unsubscribing from your RSS feed").

I ban haters when they least expect it. It's fun to watch their hate gradually increase in

intensity as they gain more and more confidence. I want them to taste power. Months go by and they think they can hate with impunity, then ***BAM***—they are banned and get automatically forwarded to a certain YouTube video meant to inflict upon them great shame, and since they are my most regular visitors, emotional pain as well.

If I still had my old corporate job, which many haters desperately want me to return to for some reason, I'd assign points to each category of hate, store a flask of sweet rum in a drawer, and turn this into a drinking game…

"Greasy hair…" sip.
"Cockgobbler…" full shot.



The Easy Way Out

July 31, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

This excerpt is from Bang...

> With any task you do, whether it be related to women or sports or any type of game, there are a certain number of times you must fail until you succeed. Each act of failure puts you one step closer to success. During an important presentation at work in front of thirty scientists, I interchanged the words lactose and lactate several times. This is akin to showing up at a meeting in the Oval Office without wearing pants. While I was embarrassed afterwards, it taught me simple but essential rules of how to plan and construct a presentation for educated professionals. With each presentation, I got better and better, until I was the preferred person to present data generated by our group. But without those initial mistakes, I wouldn't have been able to polish my skills. Not doing anything may prevent you from failure, but because you make no attempt, it prevents you from success as well. This principle is especially important when it comes to women because you need to rack up a boatload of rejections to understand how to be really good with them. I have been rejected more than most guys I know, but I have also been with more women than most guys I know. You try more, you get more—there is no secret to it.

A week ago I got an email from a guy. He said he's been reading my newsletters and he likes them, and is ready to put them into action with a girl he likes. He wanted specific advice for this situation so that he could succeed on his very first at-bat.

I don't think he liked the advice I gave him, which focused on the long-term instead of the short-term.

Improving your game is not meant for any one girl, it's meant for you. It's meant to give you a skill that you can use until you die. Studying the game or improving for one girl is supplication. You might as well impress her with a fancy car or put on magic pig pheromones.

A lot of guys don't understand that you have to fail a lot with the girls you want to get the girls you want. I keep tabs on the seduction community and there are a lot of products that promote instant, effortless change which appeal to the guys like the one who wrote me. They want to come across as supreme alpha stud to bang the girl in Psychology class. They want to get better NOW to get that gorgeous girl at work. He wants to fake it with a couple magic lines and live the rest of his days as a happy man with the dream girl that all other guys want. But it doesn't work like that.

If you're not ready to put in the work, to get rejected and allow girls to spit on your fragile ego, you will never be good. There is no shortcut.

It's Friday. There's no reason why you shouldn't do at least 10 approaches this weekend. You'll get rejected in most of them, I can promise you that, but come Monday you'll feel

like a king. You'll be a bit closer.

If you liked this post then I think you will like my book **Bang**, a collection of simple but powerful techniques, moves, and lines that make it easier for the average 20-something man to be more successful with women. Topics in **Bang** include discussion of the alpha male, effective opening lines, conversation themes, getting phone numbers, detailed dating strategy, and much more.

Complimenting the book is Roosh's Game Tips Email Newsletter. It's free and your first newsletter will be about how to meet girls in coffee shops. Following that will be newsletters on dealing with flakes, handling cockblockers, and meeting girls in foreign countries, among others. Your email address will always remain private and you can unsubscribe at any time. Put your first name and email address below and click the button.

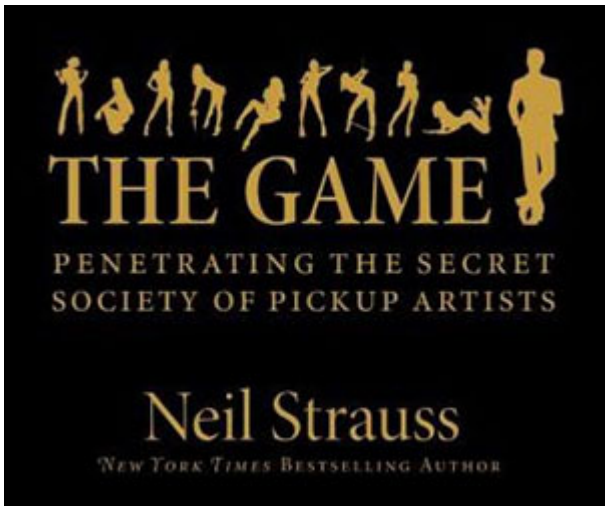
Real Man Travel Guides

August 2, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I didn't like that my South America travel guides were buried on this here blog, so I spun it off onto its own site. I'm pleased to announce Real Man Travel Guides.

I hope that doing this commits me to updating it after future travels. When I'm 40-years-old I envision a gigantic bible that many young men will use as their sole reference to plan travel. "Bro you shouldn't go there because **the guide** gave it a low rating." It's very likely that this could be the death nail in Lonely Planet, Fodors, Rough Guide, and Frommers, but only time will tell.

What I need from you now are reports on how the girls are like in countries I haven't been to. Only together can we conquer the world… sexually.



Not Hot Or Pretty

August 3, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Look at this picture…

Why do 99% of men go ga-ga for this shit? Fake hair, fake eyes, and probably fake breasts. The girl in front is 40-years-old judging by her neck and the other one has a man face without makeup. Yeah I'd fuck 'em, but so what? I wouldn't bother unless they made a strong attempt on my junk. Put any skinny white girl in blonde hair with thick goopy eyeliner and guys will act like stupid dogs. True beauty is lost on this culture.

This is beauty:

Shit wrong picture. Though notice every girl has long hair. Definitely not American. This is beauty:

THIS is beauty:

:tard:

My Philosophy On Life

August 4, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Easy come…

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

Gray

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

Decisions

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

Today

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

Rare

If you find someone with character, don't let that person go. The world is full people who will sell out their beliefs, their words, their country, and their fellow man for money or power. You have government agents spying on their neighbor because they want a steady job. You have doctors who put their name on research papers for a drug that's as bad as the disease. You have the pastor with the extra marital affairs, the environmentalist who owns a car, the family values conservative who flirts with little boys, the lawyer who suppreses free speech for his big money client, the libertarian who takes government assistance, the mayor who helps his friends before his voters. The only way I can sleep at night is if my words and my thoughts match how I live my life. Without character you're a fraud.

Empty

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

the sooner you'll stop waiting for someone else to do a job you can do for yourself.

Stages

There is comfort and then there is growth. You can't do both at the same time. If you are comfortable in life right now then you are not growing. I think I'll go for comfort when I run out of ideas. Or when I'm ready to die.

Extra credit

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

UFO's

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

Should, must, have

You don't have to do anything but die. There's no rules in life. Anyone who pushes rules onto you is suffocating by theirs. No one said you have to work for megacorp on the exact same days and same hours as everyone else. Think about this concept we have called "rush hour." Twice a day most of the population drags themselves to work and then back home again. Who said it had to be that way? Who said you have to have to own a house and car and barbecue grill to be a complete person? Who said you had to work hard most of your life to save money until you can barley bend over to tie your shoes? Who said you had to act and talk and look like everyone else? If you can't answer why you are doing everything you are doing then you're living by someone else's rules, not your own.

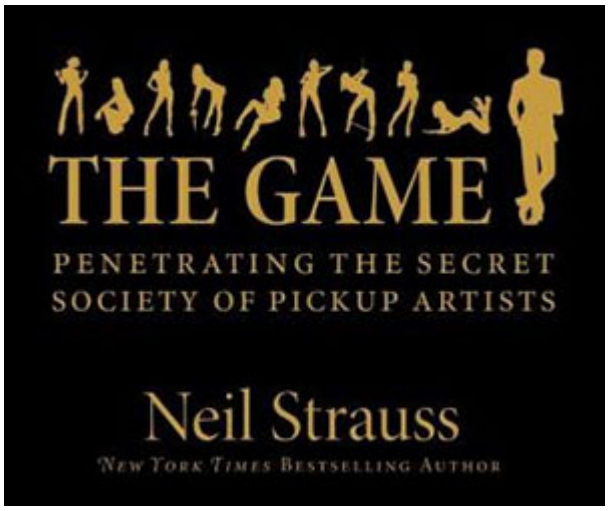
Late

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

Garbage in…

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

payoff. If it’s easy then it’s not worth doing.



Belonging To The Tribe

August 6, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I almost bought the hummus. I was on my way to a picnic to say goodbye to an awesome girl who was going to Africa to end poverty. But I did some thinking. She is white and educated, so it's a guarantee that her friends are also white and educated. That means it's a 100% certainty that someone else will bring hummus. I settled on the pumpkin butter, something that filled the picnic-goers with surprise and pleasure.

Most of the people in the picnic have traveled and done volunteer work. They were all hyper-educated and were vegan, vegetarian, or flex-vegetarian. The snacks they brought were natural, organic, free-range, low sodium, trans-fat free, and without preservatives. I'm pretty sure each one donated to the Obama campaign and owned several Apple computer products. One guy had a American Apparel drooping v-neck shirt on. They almost creamed themselves when they saw I had a cheap disposable camera I called my "art project."

Now there's nothing wrong with them and they were all very interesting people, but they belong to a group that can be easily—and comically—pegged. When you belong to a group, that group owns you. You will dictate your life based on keeping up with them. You will always evaluate your life based on what others in the group are doing. Yet people feel that if they don't belong to something they are nothing. They can't make decisions because they want to do what is perceived as acceptable or cool.

I find it more interesting to dip my wick in many groups, committed to no lifestyle but the one I make for myself, a mix and match that fits my hopefully unique personality. There is no style like the one I create on my own… until I step in a foreign hostel and notice all the other guys are long-haired bearded hippies who dabble in art or writing, distrusting authority and committed to living a frugal lifestyle. Pure coincidence.

Turns out two other people brought hummus.

14 Problems With Americans In One Picture

August 10, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

1. Lack of originality. Men who look as generic as possible with jeans and stripped shirt uniform. Women who stay on top of trends spoon fed to them through advertising.

2. Bad hair. Men who dip their heads in buckets of pomade wax. Women who don't let their hair grow out to proper feminine length (small of back).

3. Feminization of men. Men who are clean shaven in an attempt to have smooth skin like a girl instead of a rugged ugly face like a real man.

4. Bad time management. Men who waste time on girls who obviously are not going to bang them. Young man in the photo is sinking time into a girl who is about to get married. He'd have better luck trying to convert a lesbian. Single girls in picture are not making flirty eye contact with other men even though they are single, lonely, and most likely desperate.

5. No concept of respect or commitment. Bride-to-be allows a strange man to rub his erection on her ass a day or two before exchanging vows to another man. Leads to….

6. Perverse idea of marriage. Doing it just to do it, not because you want to spend the rest of your life with someone. This marriage will not cross the three year mark.

7. Attention whoring. Women who get off on attention, no matter how negative. Bride-to-be on a mission to specifically get drunk and arouse strange men because of bachelorette party "custom."

8. Insecure about place in society. Middle class individuals spending 15% of their

take home pay on overpriced table service to feel special, cool, or exclusive (bottom left). Leads to…

9. Perennial debtors. Does not understand the concept of saving or living within one's means.

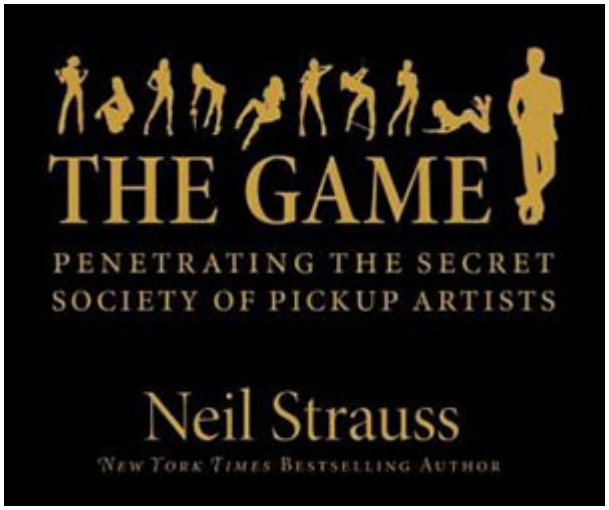
10. Lazy. Obsession with ugly, cheap Target flip flops that display an unwillingness to make sacrifices and go the full mile (girl in black dress).

11. Poor social skills. Use of alcohol as a crutch for social situations. Girls are stiff like soldiers unless numbed by a drug (double fisting girl on right). Conversations with both genders are often painful because of constant self-referencing and use of filler words such as "like" and "you know."

12. No rhythm or dancing skills. Look at the young man with his awkward lean move.

13. Nosy and interfering. Girl in black dress is getting a kick that her friend is getting grinded on but will soon "save" her. Even if future bride wasn't getting married, the cockblock has a 90% chance of occurring.

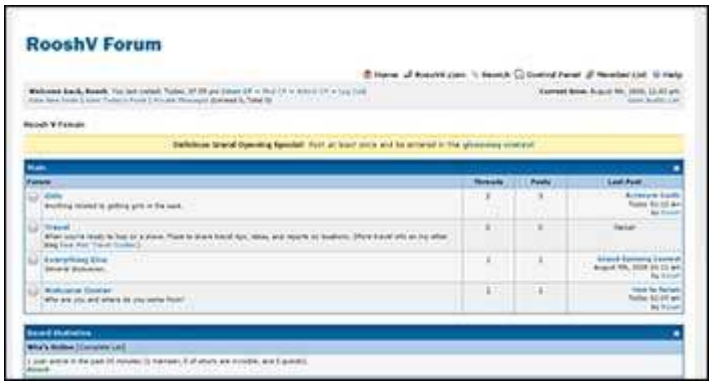
14. Approval seeking. Bride-to-be is looking at her friend to see if her behavior is deemed acceptable or not. She doesn't know how to act or think unless she gets cues from girls she knows, or celebrities she reads about in glossy magazines.



Introducing The Forum

August 11, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I tried to start a forum two years ago but shut it down after a couple months. I picked bad forum software, didn't promote the forum well, and had only one board category with no theme or direction. I learned from my mistakes. Yesterday I opened doors to the Roosh V Forum.



Staring a forum is pretty tough (less than 1% of my readers post comments), so to help things along I'm giving away two prizes. If you make at least one post in the forum in the next three weeks, you will be entered in a random drawing for a $25 gift certificate to Condom Depot or a $15 gift certificate to Amazon.com.

Two specific reasons I want a forum:

1. I want to birth a living beast that is independent of me, like an online version of Fight Club.

2. It's getting hard to keep up with all the emails and Facebook messages I get that ask me for advice. I feel bad when I get an email that starts with, "Roosh I need help this weekend I'm seeing a girl…" and then I don't get to it until a week after. With a forum people can ask questions and get advice besides just from me.

So check it out, register your moniker, and mess around with the control panel and the software's many excellent features. My signature quote is selected and ready to inspire.

I Am A Blogger Stud

August 12, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Four months ago I was in a haiku contest sponsored by the Washington City Paper. I lost the contest, surprisingly, and found it disappointing that my haikus were worthy of mention instead of my blog.

Well ladies and gentlemen, yesterday I finally got the recognition I deserve.

Presenting…. Blogger Stud Living in Dad's Basement, Writing Second Book on How to Get Laid

I talked to the writer on the phone last week and she was very interested in my basement living situation along with the fact that I don't have a job. I fully expected her to rip me to shreds but the post was mostly pro-Roosh. Even the hater comments that followed were very tame.

One section I wanted to elaborate on:

> Roosh V is following his bang-up book Bang (no subtitle by intention so that dudes can read it in coffee shops without everyone knowing they're **losers** looking for advice on how to get laid)…

That was a unnecessary low blow to any guy trying to improve his lot with the ladies and shows you where the mainstream media stands on pick up (I've never seen a MSM article on pick up that was favorable to men). If she directly quoted me it would have went like this: "I made the cover very plain so a guy could read it in coffee shops and no one else would know he's reading a book about getting laid." It seems like the writer has a grudge against guys who like to bed tons of women.

Let me put it this way: what would happen to the American female gender if more men were empowered with choice instead of settling with frigid women who have no problems withholding sex to increase their power? For starters they'd be forced to learn how to please men instead of devoting large amounts of time into fashion, celebrity culture, and eating. We may see this in our lifetimes as desirable American males look increasingly abroad for wives who cannot comprehend this concept called "me time."

An Intimate Tour

August 14, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Previous Videos:

- How To Be A Master Blogger Like Me
- The Big Leagues
- Bike Ride Home
- Ecuador Death Road & We're Pretty Much Homeless
- 6 Months In South American In 5 Minutes

Here a video tour of my house a la MTV Cribs. The video starts in what was actually the middle, but I had to edit it down from the 12 minutes I had. The result is good enough for a Friday slot. Stick around for the end…

An Intimate Tour from Roosh V on Vimeo.

Will She Keep The Baby?

August 17, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Previously: Thoughts On Ejaculating Inside A Girl

There are two questions I ask a girl when it's time to ditch the condom.

First Question: "Are you on the pill?"

What's the point of having a main squeeze if you can't have unprotected sex? If she wasn't on the pill and were to start it the next day, remember it takes at least a month for the infertility to kick in. Unfortunately the percent of casual dating relationships that reach the one month mark is something like 20%. (American "dating" has become such a joke.)

The second question is a little more involved, and I try to find a moment when she's likely to answer truthfully because my future well-being may depend on it.

Second Question: "If you got pregnant right now, what would you do?"

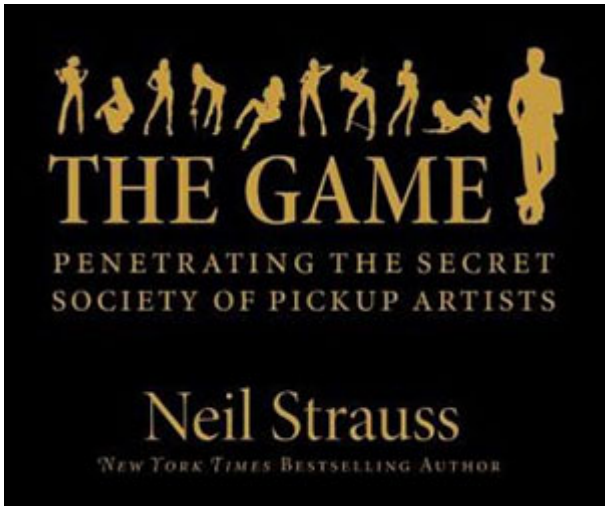
Note the phrasing of the question. I don't want to lead the witness with my desired answer. I'm searching for the truth here.

There's two components to her answer that you must take care to note: her actual words and the time it takes for her to answer. You probably guessed that the less important part of the answer are her words, which most of the time will be along the lines of "I'd take care of it." Sure, at that moment in space time when she's talking to you she wouldn't consider having the baby, but a real pregnancy can change a woman's mind. Flashbacks of teenage years spent babysitting, thoughts of baby showers and shopping for baby clothes, and ongoing nagging from mom have strong effects on a woman.

The *least* she could say is she'd take care of it. If a girl says she would "think about it" then she might as well be planning to have a baby with you. The best possible answer for me is when a girl describes how an unexpected little Rooshy would ruin her plans for a more successful career, future travel plans, better furniture, a larger condominium, and sexier shoes.

The time it takes for her to answer your question tells you if she has given serious thought about getting pregnant or not. If she answers quickly with something that feels like a prepared statement then you can place strong weight into her answer. But if she takes just a couple seconds to reply that means she is searching not for the real answer but probably the one you want to hear. Or it could be one of the girls that I recently dated, who said she's keep the baby and not tell me. She said it would be "none of your business." I kid you not.

Even if you never ejaculate inside a woman go ahead and ask her anyway because how about if your pre-jizz is so potent that it has enough sperm to create life? I think that's a myth, by the way, but I don't really have any scientific evidence to prove it (i.e. please don't take my word for it).


THE GAME
PENETRATING THE SECRET
SOCIETY OF PICKUP ARTISTS
Neil Strauss
New York Times Bestselling Author

Exit Strategy

August 20, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

“I had an nice apartment in Southwest DC. This was in the 70’s. The apartment had a great view and I lived a short walk away from a row of clubs. I’d get off work every day at three and by four I was drinking.

“In short time my place became the party spot. Girls would call other girls, who came with other guys and girls. There were always women, in and out. It was just one woman after the other I was taking to bed. Man, some of them were so beautiful.”

A big grin formed on his face as described one particular girl, using his hands to shape her body.

“But after nine months I had to get out of there. I moved to the suburbs, not far from here but before it was developed.”

“Why did you move?” I asked.

“I wasn’t respecting women. They meant nothing. They were great girls, very good girls, but after a few days I’d move on to the next one.”

“You’re a stronger man that me,” I said.

“No, look. There was one guy there who was a decade older than me, and I was already older than most people so he was that much older than everyone. I’d see him all the time at my favorite club and he was always surrounded by people. You can tell how happy he was when there was a crowd around him. In this club he was respected and known, but that’s all he had. That’s all he lived for. I looked at him and knew that’s not where I wanted to go.

“That type of lifestyle, it’s shallow. Very shallow.”

Forum Update

August 23, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The forum is going very well. Since I opened it two weeks ago there's been 480 posts in 59 threads from 103 users. Here's a couple of threads you may have missed:

- Best Places To Meet Women
- Good Game Philosophy
- Ethiopian Girls
- Traveling To Italy

Make a post by September 2 and you'll be entered into the grand opening contest.

Work

August 24, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

To understand work I first looked at the ants, who work so hard they are called worker ants, as if they exist in a permanent state of work. They are just like the bees, the worker bees, protecting the queen of their hive. Such short leisure time in such short, pitiful lives.

I looked at the rat. There is no worker rat so they must not work as hard, but they scurry at night, running from trash heap to trash heap. Perhaps they know leisure more than the ant knows leisure, but so much time they have to spend to forage for food—and so scared they are, trying to outwit man and his cruel traps.

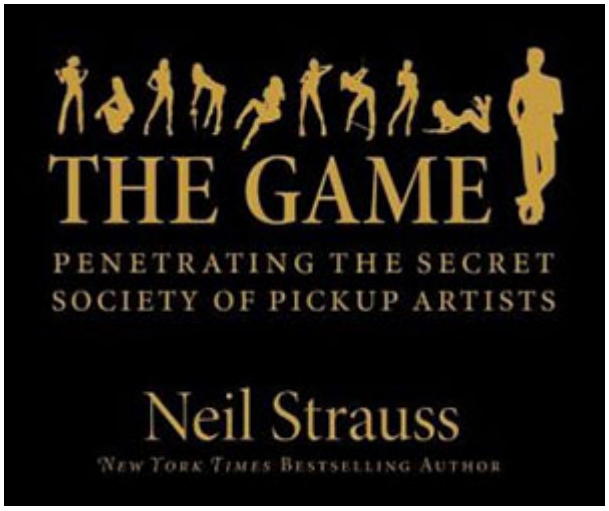
I looked at the lion. The lazy lion, lazy without a doubt, relaxing in the shade, sleeping, licking his paws, resting between meals. The little cubs who know nothing but play and the king lion who lets the women do all the work of the hunt. The lion, I'm assured, knows much less work than the ant, the bee, and the rat.

I looked at the elephant. Even lazier! Sucking in water by the pond, always bathing and snacking on greens from the trees. But alas, elephants and lions are not very smart animals. Smarter than the ant, the bee, and the rat, for sure, but not as smart as the others.

I looked at the gorilla. Man's little brother. But he's the laziest of them all! Fucking and eating all day, cleaning the fleas off his fur and scratching his ass in the jungle without a care in the world. How much time would I have to sit and wait to see him break a sweat!

I looked at my fellow man. With such large brains they must have figured out how to work even less. But wait—he is like the ants and the bees! One third of his waking life into his labor; labor for another—labor he hates! What a twist of fate, a horrible mistake—what an unhappy and busy lot! How lucky is the queen who see the fruits of his labor—what a life for her!

If only the gorilla could laugh, he would surely laugh at the human, who has decided to strain and bend his back lower than him. And laugh he does. The gorilla, you see, does not have to ask to take a vacation. But the human, the poor human—he must bow his head ever so slightly and speak with a soft, gentle voice, and he must ask permission, and hope that it is granted. He must always please his queen.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Neil Strauss
New York Times Bestselling Author

In A World Crowded With Pick Up Artists

August 26, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

My hostel in Cordoba, Argentina was full of guys who were cocky motherfuckers. It was harder to differentiate myself from the pack when our styles of game was so similar. If you liked a gringo girl there, which was rare since the natives are so much more beautiful than chubby English girls, you'd have to fight three other guys who were working on her as well. It became important that the quality of what we spit become important. Simply teasing wasn't good enough—you had to be an accomplished tease and bring out your best material.

At the Reef bar in D.C., pick up artist central for those training in semi-underground lairs, most of the guys use the exact same game since they are learning from each other. Being "cocky and funny" is one of the first things they learn so you have a dozen of them every weekend to the Reef desensitizing the girls there to the that type of approach.

This bar is the exception. In most other places you don't girls who have this intense shield to game, but in five or ten years I can see it becoming like this is most bars in large cities. Will game eventually become ineffective?

No, if case you were wondering. Game will always perform better than being a spineless beta male who can't even do his manly duty to approach a cute girl he likes. Though I believe the bar will be raised. There are two ways to hedge against this outcome:

1. Continuous Improvement. Begin with a good starting point of game that works and then gradually inject your own style into it until it's completely yours. If you're using material that no one guy is using, and that is optimized for your personality, then you won't get this shield that lair members are getting at the Reef (one must question why they flock there repeatedly in such large numbers).

2. Supreme Confidence. The only thing you can't fake is supreme confidence, gained only through massive amounts of experience, failure, and most importantly, success. In ten years if every guy has a cocky vibe then the girls will select the men who they *believe* has the confidence to back it. It's important to work on the words you are saying, but remember the point of those words are just to show you are a confident man. Once you get confidence, the words naturally come out of your mouth and match with the correct alpha body language. You'll be able to read from a phone book but it won't shake the

attraction she has for you. I’m not exaggerating.

Things went back to normal after I left the hostel in Cordoba. Future hostels were full of beta males all too eager to please the girls and my D-grade lazy material would get girls staring and asking me what I was doing for dinner. The Earth realigned itself.

If you liked this post then I think you will like my book **Bang**, a collection of simple but powerful techniques, moves, and lines that make it easier for the average 20-something man to be more successful with women. Topics in **Bang** include discussion of the alpha male, effective opening lines, conversation themes, getting phone numbers, detailed dating strategy, and much more.

Complimenting the book is Roosh's Game Tips Email Newsletter. It's free and your first newsletter will be about how to meet girls in coffee shops. Following that will be newsletters on dealing with flakes, handling cockblockers, and meeting girls in foreign countries, among others. Your email address will always remain private and you can unsubscribe at any time. Put your first name and email address below and click the button.

Disappointed

August 28, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I stumbled on a web site which shows how you will look in 30 years if you submit a photo. I was a little bored so I submitted the following photo taken in January 2007 when I had short hair.

This is what it spit out as the future Roosh…

This Labor Day weekend I will be deeply contemplating my troubled future.

The Myth Of Getting With The Friend

September 1, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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The first thing a guy asks when his buddy meets a new girl is:

“Does she have cute friends?”

I used to be that guy. I used to plead with my friends to hook me up with the friend before he even had a chance to bang his girl. But after many years of begging I must conclude getting with the friend simply doesn’t occur. I have never banged a girl that was the friend of a girl my buddy dated. I think I know why…

Her friends will not be cute. If 2% of all girls are cute then chances the friend will be cute might as well be zero.

Second, there is the compatibility issue. The odds that a random girl plucked from the city will match me at the slightest is very low, which is why approaching on any night takes a few attempts until I find a seed worth being watered (assuming the girls are interested, of course).

Third, I believe girls are hesitant to go full steam ahead with a guy who is close buddies with a guy her girlfriend started dating. Even though it may spur drama and jealousy, things girls are very much into, don’t underestimate a girls desire to have quick sex with someone not already plugged into her social circle.

There is a fourth reason that is the fault of men. When we know our boy’s girl has a friend, we figure we have an “in” and can throw away a lot of the early game that builds attraction. We think we just have to stick out our hand and her mere exposure to our company will be sufficient. Unless she is into our look, that doesn’t work.

In conclusion, counting on your friends for poon is a waste of energy.

Next Month: When you’re friend says his date has “a lot” of cute friends, it’s a 100% guarantee they will be the ugliest you have ever seen in your life.

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The Art Project

September 3, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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My art project is complete after two months of carrying around a cheap disposable camera. Here are the results:

(click to enlarge)

I got jealous of my Dad's garden so I bought a bag of "plantable basil" and put it in a pot, which I'm holding in the picture. I wanted to feel that gardener pride that comes with creating life. My Dad has since taken over the basil plant without my permission. The end game was supposed make a pizza but I lost interest.

Starbucks #07417 is where I get most of my writing done. There is a table that is alone by itself near the entrance and usually I sit there with my back to the door so I'm not tempted to look outside. This picture is taken from that table.

This man is the only college friend I regularly keep in touch with. The picture captures very well the dynamic of his relationship with the girl.

Picture of a famous retired blogger. This was the first time I saw her with the "Argentine haircut" and I was very excited.

Shot of a man hug combined with a little bit of ta-ta from the girl. Taken in the crappy bar Tattoo.

I took my Dad out for dinner one night and he greatly enjoyed the belly dancing entertainment. She rolled around on the floor with a tray of tea cups and pot on her head. Very impressive.

My Dad (left) and his friend at an airport bar.

Two Brazilian girls in heated Portuguese discussion.

Neighborhood kid walking Fluffy the dog. The young man made an appearance in one of my videos. This is my favorite picture from the project.

A night out at the former bar I used to work at.

Me sitting by a pool table. Taken by Arjewtino.

Hanging out at the Reef.

This was the picnic to see off a friend, pictured. I liked the picnic idea so much that I brought a date to the same location a few days later…

She was visiting from South Africa (note her t-shirt). They don’t really make them like that in America anymore.

I know sequels are always worse (except Terminator 2), but I’m thinking of continuing the art project with another disposable camera. Digital just can’t compete to the more natural feel of film.

Bad Writing

September 4, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I'm no Hemingway but I know bad writing when I see it. My 11-year-old brother brought his English course syllabus home and after reading it I'm confident his writing skills will not improve this year. Example:

> Each unit addresses an over-arching theme designed to serve as a lens through which students explore the human experience across time and distance in their own writing and published exposition, narration, poetry, and drama.

Ahh, the language of a self-important writer. All that mess says is "Each unit allows students to practice writing."

> ...students learn the dynamic relationships among literature and language as they study the significant role language plays in literature and in the craft of expressing oneself through the written and spoken word.

"Students learn about the relationship between literature and language and how it can improve both their writing and speaking."

He goes to a public school so I guess we're lucky he can even read.

Here's a new Starbucks in-store promotion:

> The morning begins and is already complete. A **whole**some, nourishing breakfast inspires a **whole** you. Start with coffee. Full-bodied and spicy Starbucks Anniversary Blend. Hot oatmeal completes the meal with **whole** grains and protein. **Whole** fuel to make it through the **whole** morning.

But is it whole?

I don't even understand the first sentence.

The worst piece of writing I have ever seen comes from the internet and was authored by Steve Gillmor from TechCrunch.

> We handle nourishment requests from our loved ones by sharing, which is another way of saying dividing the materials to just above the point where each portion proves insufficient. Children come first since quieting their cries reduces the possibility of alerting outsiders while requiring relatively small amounts compared to peers. Then the spouse or friend is satisfied, setting up a social interaction around the breaking of bread. "Let's grab a bite and talk about the deal."

Both Starbucks and Steve use the root word "nourish." Coincidence?

How To Raise A Feminist Son

September 7, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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There's a blog post called How To Raise A Feminist Son over at one my guilty pleasure readings, Feministing, that is too juicy to resist commenting on. (Side note: am I the only guy who sees the word 'Fisting' in 'Feministing'?)

> My son is beautiful, smart, and extremely capable. Obviously, this terrifies me. I have spent a lot of time asking myself this very, very important question: How do I teach my son to not abuse his privilege?
>
> To be sure, I recognize the privilege my son received by accident of birth. He was born to two white, middle-class parents. I have a college education, as does my current partner and my son's father. He is an only child, and has four grandparents in his life that absolutely dote on him. There is a never-ending supply of love, learning, and involvement. My son has opportunities that many children are not blessed with.

My Comment: Liberal guilt is crushing the mother. As a result this boy will see several third world countries before his 18th birthday, his nose shoved into the trash debris of slums and ghettos to make sure he can never appreciate any future success. Also I wouldn't consider having two mother's an "opportunity." Better than having one mother perhaps but not one mother and father, the most stable of family units.

> We recently purchased a house, and to make the transition easier for him, we allowed my son to pick whatever color he wanted to paint his room. He originally picked pink. (My son adores pink, and spent most of his toddlerhood wearing pink and purple pajamas.) I agonized over the choice. There was a part of me that was overjoyed…my son obviously is confident in what he likes, and doesn't feel the need to conform to what the world tells him about being a BOY. However, I flashed forward to the time when he would invite his male friends over, and they would tease him endlessly about having a "girly" room. The thought of my child being the subject of ridicule is horrifying, as I'm sure any parent can attest to. (Plus, who wants to repaint when he changes his mind in 6 months?!) Ultimately, he chose orange walls and pink trim. I still think about this incident, though, and ponder what it means to try to balance feminist parenting with living in the "real world" where kids can and do get hurt for being different.

My Comment: This boy is not going to have any male friends to invite over if he's wearing pink clothing. I can only imagine the bulging vein that would develop in my brow if my little brothers begged for a pink room. The slapdown would be so swift and vicious that they would never consider it again. No brother or son of mine will be a beta boy on my watch. But at the same time I encourage my little brothers to grow their hair to shaggy length as opposed to the military cuts my Dad prefers and to pursue writing or

artistic endeavors.

I bought butterball bro markers, crayons, and a drawing pad and for a few days it seemed like he was going go to be a Picasso, but since then the pad has found itself underneath a pile of books with his preference going to flash games he plays on the internet. No problem. But if he took an interest in dolls, pink, purple, flowers, makeup, dresses, strawberry cupcakes, or spontaneous crying or feeling I would immediately ridicule and embarrass him, calling him a "baby" and "girl," asking him if he wants me to put on a big diaper and prepare a bottle of warm milk with honey for him to suckle on. They I will watch the hardened shell of alphaness develop, and nod my head up and down in satisfaction. I will not allow him to take on feminine pursuits that will set him up to be a sensitive wussbag who cries while watching movies like *The Notebook*. He will be a man, just like his big bro, and he will sleep with dozens of women and go through many STD scares until one day he gets so tired of banging that he settles down with a compliant girl who loves him unconditionally, cooks, and cleans. She will serve him while he has mistresses on the side.

> My son is very sensitive. He cries easily, gets his feelings hurt often, and is generally more attuned to what is going on with people's emotions around him. He has always been kind of my little empath, reacting to the world around him and showing every bit of what he's feeling to anyone who may be paying attention. This causes MANY of the people around him, especially older men, to be very troubled by his shows of emotion. He has been told more times than I can count to "toughen up", "act like a boy", and "don't act like such a baby, girl, (insert insulting feminine word here)." I get very frustrated trying to teach him that it is OK to be that way, no matter what the world is telling him he *should* act like. I am actually very surprised that more of the behavior hasn't been conditioned out of him yet. I hope that reflects my never-ending support in him and how he choses to display himself. I dread the day when all the conditioning he has received about how to "act like a man" starts to take hold, and I see my beautiful son start trying to hide his emotions.

My Comment: I had to look up "empath" because I didn't know what it meant. I figured it was related to the word empathy. Here's Wikipedia: "…empaths are also able to project their own emotions, or to affect the emotions of others. As a result, empath is a term coming into common usage to refer to a person with a feeling expanded sensitivity or clairsentience." In other words an empath is a woman. I'm sorry the donated sperm had a Y chromosome instead of X, but raising a boy to be a woman is **child abuse**, plain and simple.

> I am very careful to correct people (mostly people that I know, although I have done it to strangers) when they ask my son "Oh, do you have a girlfriend?" that I do not presume my son's sexuality, and he may very well end up with a boyfriend, or not want to have a partner at all. This is usually met with eyerolls or stern looks.

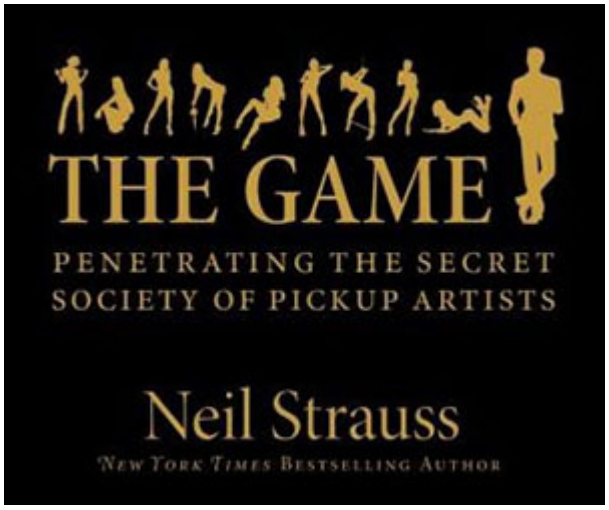
My Comment: We all know what sexuality she wants her son to be. *Wink wink*

> I am outreach worker for a family planning agency, so my son has spent most of his life being immersed in a very liberal, pro-choice, diverse community. I have many friends of different orientations, ethnicities, backgrounds, and beliefs. I find myself wondering if I selfishly seek out people to be acquaintances so I can provide a diverse group of people for my son to interact with. I'm not sure how to balance my desire for him to grow up surrounded by different perspectives with the knowledge that I cannot use people's lives to set examples for him. It's a difficult line to straddle.

My Comment: A vagina will spontaneously erupt from this poor boy's crotch.

Let's be real. The title of her post should be "How To Raise A Gay Son." That's her outcome and that's what she'll get. Poor kid doesn't even have a choice ("pro-choice," only when it suits her). And you know her little empath is definitely going to be a bottom, letting Rico and Gary tag team him during weekend benders. Look, if my either of my little brothers become gay then I would love them not an ounce less, but I'd be a fool to encourage it.

I remember the day I caught my 11-year-old brother searching for "lesbeens kising" on YouTube. I scolded him, for his bad spelling. He'll be alright.



Ruining Roosh

September 8, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I found a post that commented on my latest video. It's titled Ruining Roosh, which I fully expected it to be a hate-fest. Let's take a look. (If you haven't seen the video yet then you might want to watch it first.)

> The first thing I thought was, "Wow, his hair is even WORSE than it looks in stills!"
>
> The second thing was: even if I were an aspiring PUA, I'm not convinced this guy would have much useful to teach me. Sure, the techniques he recommends sound plausible and may, in fact, work for someone like himself. But what the videos, taken in neither a sexual nor even social context, indicate to me is that he is already building on a base of raw charisma that would be extraordinarily difficult to teach or fake. It's hard to articulate the source of the charisma. The tenor of his voice, at a minimum. The structure of his face. Maybe body language is involved, in that he didn't do anything obviously off-putting. The point is, the attraction for women is obvious. I can totally believe his tales of conquest; what I don't believe is his claim that the psychological manipulation he employs would be met with the same success when used by people without his natural advantages.

First, I appreciate the flattering comments, especially since many haters have arrived at opposite conclusion. I wanted to address the comment that I have "natural advantages."

You see my appearance in the video. I look like Teen Wolf spawn and except for my height everything the modern 20-something American woman finds attractive in a man is a quality I don't possess. Girls make fun of my hair almost every night I go out, but they still compliment me in the end, something that I noticed is increasingly. Don't get me wrong I feel very comfortable in my skin, but when I'm banging a girl I don't believe it was because of my look. I believe it's because I said the right things with the right attitude, with the right moves, and with the right body language.

I think a girl will rationalize a man as more attractive when there are subconscious forces at play (body language, tone, etc.). For example, if I had a blog called RooshVirgin.com and every day I told stories about how I never get laid and cry myself to bed most nights and then made a similar video, would the blogger have seen me in the same light? Neil Strauss, author of The Game, is an ugly man with an appearance that is best described a rat. If you've heard him speak he has a high-pitched, annoying voice. (I hear him talk and I truly feel bad.) But have you caught yourself looking at him, after knowledge of his success, thinking "Oh he isn't that bad"? He actually *is* that bad! He's hideous and I even found myself rationalizing his success by saying, "Well he's written a couple articles for the Rolling Stone before The Game. That's why models were banging him." Doubtful.

Last point I wanted to make: charisma is a learned quality. You don't know charm without

hundreds of sexually charged interactions with the opposite sex. My early experiences with women were rough and awkward and I had trouble smoothly stringing together sentences that kept a girl's attention. But now I can do it without trying and it's not because I was born with it but because I've had so much practice.

Every year it's getting easier for me because every year I get better, even as the lines on my face get deeper with age and my physical appearance has long since peaked. I have a feeling my 30's will be the best, easiest years of my life when it comes to women.

If you liked this post then I think you will like my book **Bang**, a collection of simple but powerful techniques, moves, and lines that make it easier for the average 20-something man to be more successful with women. Topics in **Bang** include discussion of the alpha male, effective opening lines, conversation themes, getting phone numbers, detailed dating strategy, and much more.

Complimenting the book is Roosh's Game Tips Email Newsletter. It's free and your first newsletter will be about how to meet girls in coffee shops. Following that will be newsletters on dealing with flakes, handling cockblockers, and meeting girls in foreign countries, among others. Your email address will always remain private and you can unsubscribe at any time. Put your first name and email address below and click the button.

Roosh Portrait

September 10, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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When Roissy got his portrait done I was insanely jealous, especially since I knew who did it. Well after some whining on my part, I'm proud to present the Roosh Portrait:

(It's big at 18″ x 24″)

Thank you Tiff. You have given me a gift that has set an impossible bar for every other girl I will ever know.

My dear mother will be the lucky recipient of this masterpiece.

New Travel Posts

September 11, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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A couple posts you have missed on my other blog, Real Man Travel Guides.

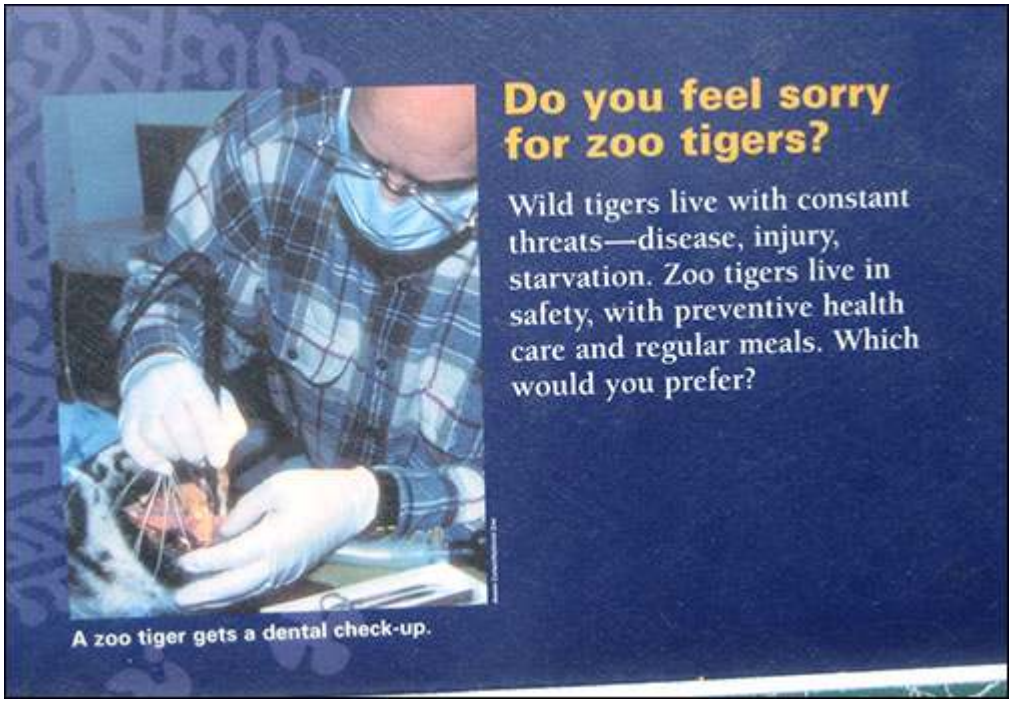
- How To Get Laid In Rio De Janeiro – I've met other gringos who left the city without banging so I felt this post was necessary
- How To Speak To Girls In Basic Spanish
- How To Increase Your Travel Motivation

Here's a short one minute clip with highlights from Buenos Aires, shot before I had the excellent video skills that I have now. The tall guy in the white cap was one of my gringo buddies I met in Cordoba. No girls in the clip, unfortunately…

Highlights Of Buenos Aires, Argentina from Roosh V on Vimeo.

The Zoo Makes An Argument For Prison State

September 14, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



Do you feel sorry for imprisoned humans?

> Wild humans live with constant threats—disease, injury, starvation. Imprisoned humans live in safety, with preventive health care and regular meals. Which would you prefer?

I will never forget the saddened faces on the poor beasts I saw this weekend. No wonder they don't want to mate.

My Friend

September 15, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I see him at least six days a week. He walks into the door and makes a pit stop by my table for two minutes of small talk. He thinks I'm a hard worker because that's what it appears I'm doing whenever he comes in, but most of the time I'm staring at the screen thinking about what mediocre baked good snack I'm going to buy when I get hungry.

He gets the exact same thing every time. A cup of coffee and lemon pound cake. Sometimes twice a day. One time I joked that I just got the last piece of lemon pound cake and added how delicious it was. You should have seen the look on his face—it's like his heart stopped! I never joked about that again.

His legs are thin like my wrist, but he never uses a cane. He walks slowly, his arms halfway outstretched to maintain his balance. Those steep curbs get him. He needs to hold on to someone's forearm to lift his foot six inches off the ground. I told him I see men much younger than him using canes, and he smiled and said he doesn't need one. Once you hold a cane, you hold it until you die.

He still drives, he brags, and I've seen him drive. With my teeth clenched I could barely watch him reverse out of a parking space and almost jump over the curb. It's a miracle his car doesn't have a scratch. Next week he's going to Florida for a little vacation on his own. He will travel alone because he is alone. I told him that's the only way to travel.

I looked him in the eyes one day and said, "When I become old I hope I become you." And I meant it. And he laughed. I hope to be his age and independent, to be spared the brutal effects of aging that appear more cruel than death itself. To have every system of your body shut down unmercifully, to decompose before your last breath. I fear aging more than death, for in death there is no mirror to see how wholly unhuman I have become. I can only wait and see what nature has in store for me, but I hope that when my time is up, and I have lived my life to the best of my being and I'm nothing but an mere container, that I look at death right in the eyes, and beg it to take me. And it does.

My friend was born in 1917. He still has a long way to go.

Bloodbath

September 17, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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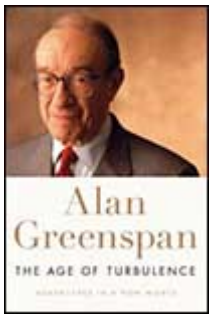
If you are not scared of what's happening in Wall Street then you are either broke or have your head up your ass. I'm afraid. I long for the days when my mom gave me a nighttime chocolate chip cookie and warm milk and then tucked me in and I didn't have wealth that could be destroyed because of corrupt bankers and politicians.

All because of houses!



I have dollars in three banks insured by FDIC, which has a $53 billion fund to cover $6.84 trillion in bank deposits. Another way to put it: it has $0.053 trillion to cover $6.840 trillion in deposits. But when banks gives money to FDIC, it gets sent to the Treasury which spends that and then gives the FDIC an IOU. There is no FDIC fund. Now when banks go bust, guess where the money comes from? The taxpayer. We, along with our children and children's children, get the bill. In effect you will bail yourself out.

The Fed has blown through at least $900 billion this year, but I'm not sure if it includes "loans" swept under the rug like $138 billion to Lehman this week. Who knows how much will be paid back. If you assume like I do that mere human beings who make decisions are not aware of unintended consequences, there is no reason to have faith in Bernanke and Paulson and what they're doing. Like pro wrestling they are making it up as they go along. This is a simulation not unlike SimCity and no one can say with certainty that it will all work out in the end.

Your bank deposits are insured but all you have to do is look how other governments bought time to prevent a systemic banking crisis. They set up "bank holidays" where you are not allowed to withdraw more than a small amount for days, weeks, or longer. The announcement will sound something like this:

> "The bank holiday was declared to preserve the stability of markets… In the past few days, there has been a great deal of speculative activity and we wanted to calm the market down."

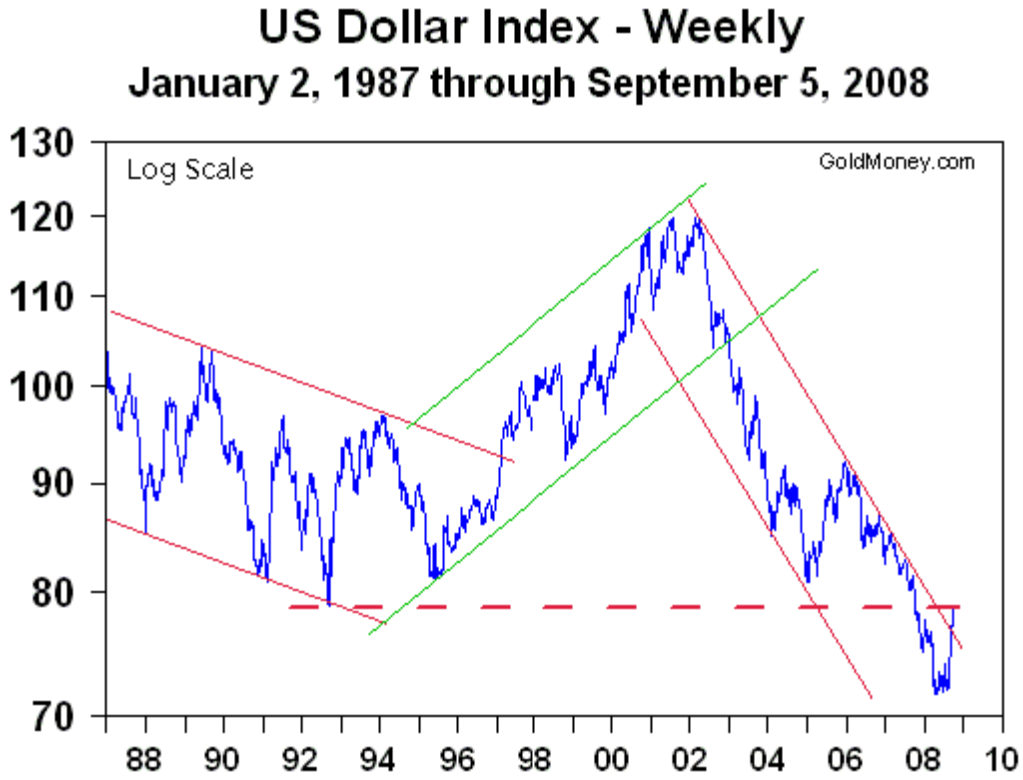
If it's a short holiday then who cares but if it's long then during that time the central bank prints prints prints and all you do is helplessly watch as the purchasing power of your savings diminish. If you're unlucky a new currency is introduced with depressing exchange rates and in effect you're tossed halfway down the mountain and told to start up again. Don't believe it will happen here? I wish I had your optimism. Even now if you

want to withdraw more than a few thousand from a weak bank like WaMu or Wachovia, good luck.

To get away from the upcoming FDIC boondoggle that doesn't involve your crusty mattress, an option is to plug your money directly into the US Treasury with their TreasuryDirect program. You won't earn any interest (unless you purchase a treasury) but at least you don't have to worry about dealing with banks. Your money is safe with the government!

Or is it? What happens if China or Petrol nations that are purchasing up dollars every day decides that they no longer what currency from a sick country? Either outright default or we'll get the United States of Zimbabwe. The reason China is purchasing dollars instead of investing on its own infrastructure is to limit the standard of living for their citizens (easier to control the populace, read *1984*) and to control inflation. But if the American economy tanks and lawn chairs and plastic doohickeys stop selling at Walmart then there is little incentive for them return that money back here in the form or treasury purchases to sustain mind-boggling current account deficits for our wars and shopping. That's one thing I admire about the Chinese: while all we have to show the past five years is plasma televisions and sunglasses (consumption), they have factories (production). Assuming they can get their environmental problems under control, who do you think will see more economic growth in the next 20 years?

What the Fed doing is trying to preserve the system, and I'm sure they will at least partially succeed with printers running full steam, but mathematically something has to suffer from this. It will be the dollar, and it's already struggling.



Bank executives cried deregulation on the way up but now their hands are in our pockets to fix their frauds. Yet they will keep their house in the Hamptons and fancy cars (and

even severance packages irregardless of the smoldering ruin they left behind), while you are I are rewarded with a worthless currency. You better believe that every struggling bank worth a damn is in private meetings right now trying to figure out the best way to present to the Fed that their failure will lead to the collapse of the world so they also get a bailout. Or they will merge with another bank so they are now “too big to fail.” Wages have been on the decline for years (but productivity is up!) and keep in mind that every time you read a rosy news article about bike ridership increasing or frugality being the new hot trend it’s just proof that our living standards are decreasing. Do you think bicycle ridership is increasing today in a place like Brazil or China?

For savers who have worked hard and been prudent, there are a couple options. Accumulate gold and silver from coin dealers (easier said that done), stick them in a bolted safe in your basement and leave them there. If the currency collapses you don’t have to line up at a soup kitchen, otherwise you can sell, possibly for a profit.

My solution has been foreign currencies. Slowly I’ve been moving my money into Swiss Francs, Japanese Yen, Norwegian Krohne, and Australian Dollar via an FDIC insured bank that does the exchange. With currencies it’s all relative so even if there will be a worldwide depression, which currency will do the worst? Unfortunately I think it’s my own. I did something because it’s no one’s responsibility but my own to protect my savings. (Currency trading has huge risks—do your own research.)

There’s a few commentators that I trust to lay it out there straight without any bullshit. Of course I read everything with my brain turned on.

Mish Shedlock

Noriel Roubini (register to view full posts—it’s worth it)

Karl Denninger

Charles Hugh Smith

Jim Sinclair

Ultimately we are at fault for this. During the housing boom no one wanted to stop and question the fraud of big business and even with these bailouts I don’t hear much concern among my peers. I’ve not protested, sent faxes, emails, letters, or organized in any way. I’ve been silent just like everyone else, and only when my savings is threatened do my ears perk up. Too little too late. Now it’s a salvage operation to cover my ass

because of the colossal failure of the U.S. Government to protect its currency and financial system. I would no longer count on them to guard what you have earned. If you don’t take the steps yourself then you deserve what happens.

Postscript: You know what… I’ll step up to lead you all. Is a Sunday afternoon good?

How To Get A Protest Permit In Washington DC

Exercising Your Rights Of Political Protest In Washington DC

Deep Thoughts

September 18, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

My beloved cat Furball loved to masturbate on my pillows, which I didn't like this since he would ejaculate a couple drops of semen on my pillow case. Every time I caught him jerking off I'd spray some water on him and he'd run away mid-jerk only to come back later and to attempt to finish himself off, whereby the process would repeat. For a stretch of time I must have given him the most horrible case of blue balls ever experienced by a feline. But then I thought about it. If I was masturbating, would I want someone throwing cold water on me? No. That would be cruel.

After that I let him jerk off whenever and wherever he pleased. Who am I to tell another animal how to live its life? He wasn't telling me how to live mine, and he didn't even ask to live with me. In fact he was taken from his mother as a baby and bought on the open market like a slave, and I expected him to serve me and make my life better. And I got mad when he wanted to blow a load off! I was the unevolved beast, not him.

I loved him.

Credit Default Swaps For Dummies

September 19, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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"If it doesn't pass, then heaven help us all."

Allow me to teach you what a credit default swap is and why it's so important to what is happening to the economy today.

Virgle Kent borrows $50 from me. I want to get insurance on his debt in case he goes broke. I go to Roissy and say, "Hey, Virgle Kent owes me $50. Can you insure that debt?"

"I'll insure it if you pay me $4 a year," Roissy says.

"Done!"

Roissy is betting that VK will pay me back, especially since he did his homework by looking at VK's credit rating and saw it was superb. Roissy wrote me a credit default swap, an unregulated derivative invented in 1995 by JP Morgan.

Unfortunately Roissy has some problems with his business, and he no longer even has $50 to pay me in case VK goes broke. The premiums I gave him are long gone. Credit agencies notice this and tell Roissy to find some cash or his credit rating goes down. Roissy is fucked because if his credit rating goes down then he won't be able to raise cash at good rates to keep his business open (today's large businesses need a constant flow of credit to maintain operations). Sure enough his rating gets killed and Roissy goes bankrupt.

Now I'm in trouble. The debt I had on my books that was insured is now uninsured. The agencies look at my books and see I have this exposed debt and they downgrade my ass. I have no choice but to enter bankruptcy as well. But I happened to be knee deep in the CDS game too. I wrote a ton of them for Arjewtino, insuring the debt owed to him by other parties. When I go down it puts pressure on him. Like dominoes we fall.

In the carnage it turned out that the ratings we used to judge each other's debt worthiness was bogus from the start. Essentially we all gambled like we would at a blackjack table, but we did it while drunk. And blind.

The insurance company AIG wrote $78 billion worth of swaps.

Ivy League MBA's turned the CDS into an even more insidious device. In ways that I will not begin to understand, swaps were used not just to insure against debt but to speculate if companies would fail or not. It turned out that while VK only owed me $50, there were swaps written worth $500 between parties that VK didn't even know about! The swaps became a means to make money instead of a simple insurance policy. This was enabled by a government run by politicians whose treasure chests were stocked full of kind donations from the big bankers. They did not hesitate to look the other way.

A lot of swaps were written by banks and businesses that are now very sick from making bad bets and possibly outright fraud in the housing boom. (Who would have thought that giving no money down / no-doc loans was a bad idea?)

Here’s the bad news:

> …there are $45 **trillion** of credit default swaps out there. A default on a mere 10% would cause an economic disaster. Unfortunately, it’s guaranteed to happen.

Actually that was the good news. Here’s the real bad news:

> The Bank for International Settlements recently reported that total derivatives trades exceeded one quadrillion dollars – that’s 1,000 trillion dollars. How is that figure even possible? The gross domestic product of all the countries in the world is only about 60 trillion dollars. The answer is that gamblers can bet as much as they want.

The quote up top was said by Henry Paulson.

Time To Act

September 20, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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"The new law of evolution in corporate America seems to be survival of the unfittest. Well, in my book you either do it right or you get eliminated."
-Wall Street

On Saturday night at 2:40am outside a bar I got to talking with a group and it somehow led to the financial mess (this being DC and all). I expressed my staunch opposal to any bailout of the bankers and one of the girls in the group said the following: "So you want the next Great Depression?"

Bailing out big banks will not avert anything. Not a single foreclosure will be avoided. Not a single, honest middle class job will be saved. Not a single home will go up in price. The only job created will be the bureaucrat in the treasury writing checks to Washington Mutual, Wachovia, Goldman Sachs, Merryl Lynch, and so on. This bailout will only prop up bank's **paper** mortgage security holdings so they can survive. They will be rewarded for speculation and fraud and you will be stuck with the bill. The dollar will fall and generations to come will be dealing with the mess. Don't believe what Comrade Bush, Paulson, and Bernanke are telling you.

The U.S. debt obligations ($10-12.7 trillion, depending on who you ask) will never be paid. The faster it goes up the sooner we face end game—default or hyperinflation, maybe in our lifetimes. Congress will soon vote for a bill on this latest bailout. They will approve it and slap those in the face who are prudent with their money, save, and follow the rules.

Earlier in the night I talked to a friend who works for a Congressman. I asked her, "Does it really matter if I write to my Congressman?"

She said, "Well if a lot of people do, yeah."

Take five minutes right now and write your representative, even if it's just a two sentence message stating your opposition. Tell them to filibuster the thing if they have to. And then do it again tomorrow. You either believe in free markets and capitalism or you don't.

For more on what you can do read the following by Mish:

Lies From Paulson Keep Stacking Up: What You Can Do About It

And here's a no bullshit interview with Ron Paul describing why this bailout is a horrible idea.

Hot Girl Game

September 21, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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It was a cool summer night. I wore a thin cashmere jumper my mom bought me for my birthday. At the bar I took steady sips of my caipirinha while talking to my two wingmen about our dimming prospects. And then I saw her. It's a cliche to be drawn into a girl any guy would rate as beautiful, but then again my tastes are not particularly refined.

"She's a 9.5," one of my friends said.

"No, she's a 9." I replied. I had to bring him back down to Earth.

The problem with Washington DC is that it's hard to get hot girl game practice. In a place like Argentina that's all you get. Besides the occasional 8, most of what we deal with are 6's and 7's. They're cute but with generic personalities they don't make you want to quit the game and settle. In a land of 6's I had to roll up with game. I had to be a dick.

She was with a group of eight other girls and I waited until she broke off from the main group. Before I went in I tapped the shoulder of one of my friends so he could witness the whole thing and praise my attempt if it warranted.

"Hey."

She turned around.

"Let me guess… you are from… Argentina," I said.

"Nope, guess again."

"Italy."

"Nope."

"Colombia."

"Nope."

"Spain."

"Nope."

"I give up."

"Bolivia."

"Really? Cool, well, you don't look bad, because Bolivia has the ugliest girls I've ever seen."

"What?! My family is from Bolivia!!!"

"I mean…"

"How can you say that!!!" If she was any uglier the conversation would have been over, but she wasn't. I fake backtracked.

"You must be from the east of Bolivia."

"Yeah, so?"

"Sucre?"

“Yeah.”

“Well I traveled through the west, which was definitely very ugly. The east it a little better, especially the parts closer to Brazil.”

“It doesn’t matter!!!” She taps her friend and tells her I said that Bolivia has ugly people. Her friend is just as outraged. But she’s still standing there in front of me.

“Look no other guy knows Bolivia like I do. I was there for three weeks. In fact I have the parasites to prove it.” I put my hand on my stomach. Actually I was there for only ten days.

“Where are you from?” she asked.

Soon she grabbed both of my hands and we danced. I forgot what exactly what I said but I joked that things weren’t going to work out between us. I think because I noted her hair was shorter than mine. Then she made a comment about some boyfriend and thirty seconds later her friend pulled her away. I shined for six minutes.

The problem is if I see a 9 here I have to be at your best because *there will be no other 9’s for weeks*. It’s quite silly actually and the odds of getting one from a cold approach in this manner in this town are about the same as winning the grand prize in a scratch ticket lottery game, but it’s important to try anyway. Until I get out of this city it’s impossible to live up to my game potential.

I ended up getting a number of a 7.

If you liked this post then I think you will like my book **Bang**, a collection of simple but powerful techniques, moves, and lines that make it easier for the average 20-something man to be more successful with women. Topics in **Bang** include discussion of the alpha male, effective opening lines, conversation themes, getting phone numbers, detailed dating strategy, and much more.

Complimenting the book is Roosh's Game Tips Email Newsletter. It's free and your first newsletter will be about how to meet girls in coffee shops. Following that will be newsletters on dealing with flakes, handling cockblockers, and meeting girls in foreign countries, among others. Your email address will always remain private and you can unsubscribe at any time. Put your first name and email address below and click the button.

Friendly Reminder

September 22, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I've been getting it for years. I branch out into other topics that *I'm* interested in and comments appear telling me to "go back to posting about game," like I'm getting paid to do this. I take this as a compliment since my writings on the matter are so good that people are demanding it, but…

I wrote a 60,000 word book about game.

I have an active newsletter about game.

I have a forum on game.

I have dozens and dozens of archived posts on my blog about game.

There is nothing I've yet to write that is not reason enough for you to step back from the computer and get laid right now. There is no missing piece of the puzzle I'm sitting on.

If there is something I write that you don't like then close your browser and come back the next day. Or don't come back at all. I guarantee you I won't notice.

Box Office Numbers Are Bullshit Propaganda

September 23, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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The Dark Knight, the worst movie of the year, broke a record for the fastest to reach $500 million in film history. Here's why it means nothing…

1. Ticket prices go up every year. I don't believe I let my friend pay $11 for me to see The Dark Knight. In college a ticket at the newest theater with stadium seating cost me $7. That's an increase of 57% in 7 years. But…

2. Box office grosses are not inflation adjusted. Especially not when reported by the MPAA. That's why each sequel of Spiderman and sorry Star Wars kept breaking records. And even if they were inflation adjusted…

3. The U.S. Governments CPI which is used to provide inflation adjusted figures is pure fantasy. Since the 90's the CPI has been grossly under reporting inflation. It barely accounts for the things that are actually going up in price (food and gas) because they are too "unstable." No shit.

Why aren't box office numbers measured objectively with number of tickets sold? Because ticket sales are flat. No hype can be created in flat numbers and no records can be broken. The music industry uses objective numbers with album sales and look how far that has gotten them the past decade. (No music record involving physical CD's will be broken ever again from this point on.)

Box off records are propaganda to get you excited about seeing increasingly bad movies that cater more and more to teenagers, a reliably bored audience that swallows tripe like The Dark Knight.

The Return Of Sally

September 24, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I have an exciting announcement to make. My first ever intern, Sally, is returning to contribute on the blog. She's been in Europe for the past year and is now bursting with stories and observations. Starting tomorrow she will post on Friday's until she gets bored.

If you are not familiar with Sally, I recommend you study some of her previous posts:

- Text Messaging Is A Fickle Mistress
- Having Fun
- Paris Is Not That Fun
- **What's Wrong With You** – must read for women
- The Finicky Climax
- Notches For Girls

It’s Always Something

September 25, 2008 | by Sally | Link | Original Link

To me, living in Europe after having lived my entire life in the U.S. is like learning to drive a standard transmission car after only driving an automatic. At home, I knew exactly how everything worked, and it was fairly easy. But in western Europe I am constantly hamstrung by process, by language, or by rules… and it’s usually a matter of learning how to navigate all of these obstacles – clutch, shift, gas. Or whatever the order is.

For instance, I’ve learned to do all of my errands (dry cleaning, buy milk, buy printer paper) during the week or on Saturdays, because either there’s no place open to buy them on Sundays, or you’d have to hoof it across town to find the open store. I don’t have access to a car, because the car-sharing program here only has standard-transmission cars – which I can only drive with a gun pointed at my head – meaning that a trip to Ikea or the post-package depot (40 minute bus/metro ride) takes serious planning. The English-speaking customer service assistants are all on vacation in August, so better have my phrasebook handy if I’m going to deal with an internet outage, a missing electric bill, or the phone banking system. Hardly anything has a web site, or the pertinent information on that site; so whereas I might go to the DC DMV armed with the right papers to get a driver’s license, it took a couple of visits to figure out what I would have to do here. I won’t even get into the process to get a residence card other than to say it took 6 trips to the city hall and 3 months.

When I first moved here it just felt like life was a series of bad days. Any little thing that went wrong seemed worse because I was living in a foreign place without much of a support network, and there were a lot of times where I just crawled back into bed. But slowly, things got better. Now the idea of doing errands on Sundays seems a sacrilege when I could spend the day reading in the park or playing tennis. I’ve traveled nearly every weekend, I eat the freshest food, and I’ve learned to live on less money because I don’t feel the need to impress anyone here. The good days are outnumbering the bad.

It’s Just Sheer Loss Of Time

September 27, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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From Tropic Of Cancer…

> “The other night I took her on—out of pity—and what do you think the crazy bitch had done to herself? She had shaved it clean… not a spec of hair on it. Did you ever have a woman who shaved her twat? It’s repulsive, ain’t it? And it’s funny, too. Sort of mad like. It doesn’t look like a twat any more: it’s like a dead clam or something.” He describes to me how, his curiosity aroused, he got out of bed and searched for a flashlight. “I made her hold it open and I trained the flashlight on it. You should have seen me… it was comical. I got so worked up about it that I forgot all about her. I never in my life looked at a cunt so seriously. You’d imagine I’d never seen one before. And the more I looked at it the less interesting it became. It only goes to show you there’s nothing to it after all, especially when it’s shaved. It’s the hair that makes it mysterious. That’s why a statue leaves you cold. Only once I saw a real cunt on a statue—that was by Rodin. You ought to see it some time… she has her legs spread wide apart… I don’t think there was any head on it. Just a cunt you might say. Jesus, it looked ghastly. The thing is this—they all look alike. When you look at them with their clothes on you imagine all sorts of things; you give them an individuality like, which they haven’t got, of course. There’s just a crack there between the legs and you get all steamed up about it—you don’t even look at it half the time. You know it’s there and all you think about is getting your ramrod inside: it’s as though your penis did the thinking for you. It’s an illusion. You get all burned up about nothing… about a crack with hair on it, or without hair. It’s so absolutely meaningless that it fascinated me to look at it. I must have studied it for ten minutes or more. When you look at it that way, sort of detached like, you get funny notions in your head. All that mystery about sex and then you discover that it’s nothing—just a blank. Wouldn’t it be funny if you found a harmonica inside… or a calendar? But there’s nothing there… nothing at all. It’s disgusting. It almost drove me mad… Listen, do you know what I did afterwards? I gave her a quick lay and then I turned my back on her. Yeah, I picked up a book and I read. You can get something out of a book, even a bad book… but a cunt, it’s just sheer loss of time…”

But it feels so damn good.

Why I'm A Registered Independent

September 29, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Democratic: **Yes (140)** / No (95)
Republican: Yes (65) / **No (133)**

The Republicans saved the day.

My representative, Democrat Chris Van Hollen, voted for this bill. I warned him in several emails that I would vote against him if he did and I'm a man of my word: if a monkey is running against him I will vote for the monkey. I will also spread word at the coffee shop that our representative was so easily convinced by Bush and Paulson to give away our money.

Republicans saved the day? But the stock market tanked and lots of people have stocks in 401k's!

It will tank regardless. Let the correction take its course. The faster is happens the faster we can divert resources to productive sectors of the economy instead of banks that deserve to rot and die and cease to exist.

The Powers That Be never made a believable connection to how this bailout would save us. "If you save the banks, they'll start lending again for consumer car loans and credit cards!" Yes, consuming instead of producing will save us.

How Voter Fury Stopped The Bailout

> The proposal's defeat was also cheered on by a number of blogs that in recent days have posted links to lawmakers' telephone and fax numbers and urged citizens to oppose the plan. They included stopthehousingbailout.com, a Web site organized by a 37-year-old Los Angeles attorney named Morgan Ward Doran, and globaleconomicanalysis.blogspot.com, run by Mike Shedlock, an investment adviser at SitkaPacific Capital Management. Mr. Shedlock said in an interview Monday that his site had received 1.7 million page hits this month, which he said was half a million more than normal.
>
> On his Web site, Mr. Shedlock has derided the proposed rescue as "a rush to judgment" that would benefit "high-flying financiers who chased big profits through reckless investments," and as "a complete waste of $700 billion."
>
> "A number of people emailed me to say this was the first time that they've written, faxed or phoned their member of Congress," said Mr. Shedlock, a 55-year-old resident of Prairie Grove, Ill. "Were going to phone and fax every member of Congress who voted against this to thank them. … Everyone who voted to pass this bill, we're going to actively organize to oust them."

The cynic in me is convinced they'll come up with something similar and pass that instead.

Priorities

September 30, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I remember calculating my "Cost Per Notch" a while ago, trying to inject some business discipline into my sexual conquests. I knew how much I was spending on dating and from that it wasn't hard to figure out the time as well. Up to somewhat recently I was spending an extraordinary amount of it getting laid (surprise).

When I was a teenager my Mom would come home from a day at work, cook, do the dishes, clean the house, and take out the trash. She'd yell at me and my sister for not helping her out and sometimes beat us with a broom, but we were brats and rarely did help out. I don't remember ever doing the dishes. Almost weekly I'd hear "I hope you appreciate me one day!" I'd tell my friends that I had a crazy mother. After I left the house she would ask me to do things like help her move or look at her retirement paperwork. I'd groan each time until she stopped asking me for favors. I didn't want to be bothered.

In South America I was down on chasing stupid hostel girls I didn't care about, but those girls weren't that much different from the ones I chased at home. I realized how much time I put into them every week of my adult life for mostly unfulfilling, cheap thrills when I didn't bother putting 10% of that time into my own mother. She put two decades of her life into me and I was treating her like how a typical American treats their parents. That's not how things are done in the Middle East damn it.

I'm sure she has sensed the change. I call her more than once a week now and am a little too eager to help her out with her favors. Instead of short visits I stop by for hours and let her talk her head off about whatever is bugging her. If I sense she needs something I get it without her asking. If I can't make her life a little more comfortable then I've failed as a son—and thankfully I've come to that realization while she's still alive! Nothing makes her happier than when I start a sentence with "I don't know how you…" and then recite all she did to raise her son to the strapping underacheiving gentleman he has become. This weekend I'm escorting her to the Turkish festival. We will drink Turkish coffee, get our fortunes read, run into her chatty Turk friends, and bond.

My 22-year-old sister has an active social life. She goes out at least twice a week and messages her friends throughout the day on her unlimited text plan, but she'll go weeks without picking up the phone and calling my Dad or her little brothers, let alone visit though she lives twenty minutes away. I hope she doesn't take as long as I did.

Long Live The Streak!

October 1, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Recently I began exchanging my time and labor for money. Yes, I have a job, my first in seventeen months. (Seventeen months!)

Six weeks ago a friend of mine had a birthday party at the old bar I used to work at. It was three years since I stepped foot in there and I thought little about my six month stint as a bartender. It was just another job, and not a particularly skilled one at that. Towards the end of the night I get a tap on my shoulder. It was my old boss. He asked me if I was looking for work and I said not really but I'd consider something part-time. We kept in touch but nothing happened.

Last Wednesday after a couple drinks at the Reef I took the Metro home and who was in the same train car but my old boss. Serendipity. He asked me again if I was looking for a job and I told him the same answer. He gave me a start date and that was that.

The bar is patroned by a hyper-professional, sharp-looking clientele in their mid-30's and up who constantly thumb their Blackberries. Hipsters or college students do not know it exists, and I often overhear political discussion with names of specific Congressmen and Senators. The average tip is 20%, even for mediocre service during the happy hour rush. Customers are older and more conservative so there will be no grimy bar stories like you might see from other bartenders, but maybe I will find an elderly lady patron who would like to subsidize my travel and writing in exchange for sexual favors.

It took me only a short time to get back into the groove of making margaritas, dirty martinis ("extra dirty, please"), and whiskey sours. Honestly I'm not very fast at making drinks but when it comes to personality I'm unstoppable. Two nights ago a couple pleaded with me to cut my shift early and go drinking with them. Little do they know that years of picking up girls in bars and clubs have given me an uncanny ability to build rapport with complete strangers. Or maybe I'm just an all-around great guy.

In just a couple weeks the pads on my fingers will be rubbed raw and my hands will be sliced with little cuts, but nothing a little lotion and liquid band-aid can't fix. Every night I will take the stack of tips I earned and add that to my bum fund. I will not increase my standard of living one bit—if anything I will bust out the bike even more. Every six nights I

work will mean another month I don’t have to. I think that’s a fair trade.

Differences Between European and American Bar Scene

October 2, 2008 | by Sally | Link | Original Link

-In general, Europeans do not binge-drink like Americans. I thought I drank pretty well, but Europeans have perfected the art of maintaining a buzz for an entire evening as opposed to pounding several drinks in the span of a few hours. Many Europeans do not get drunk while they are out.

-Going to a bar or club is not really a reason to dress up. People will go out in their work clothes (and I don't mean like "hey I'm an asshole who wears a suit to show you how important I am") to a fancy bar or they'll wear a basic jeans/top outfit. I once threatened to leave a cool rooftop bar if I saw any women there wearing dirty Converse sneakers. There is less concept of going-out clothes – the exception is people who live in party-heavy cities, like Barcelona or Paris.

-Eurotrash is a stereotype but it's also true. Have you ever seen adult Americans spraying each other with champagne at a bar?

-In Europe, you do not approach strangers who are unknown to your group. Europeans in general are somewhat distrustful of people unless they have been introduced to them by someone they already know. My girlfriends and I have never been approached while out, and a stranger would absolutely never try to dance with us.

-Because bars and clubs are not limited to people over the age of 21, it can be tricky to figure out which places are legit and which are a bunch of high-schoolers trying to act cool. For instance there is one particular club I can think of that is written up in every guidebook as "posh" and very much a scene, but it's full of 18-year-olds.

-No matter what city and what bar you go to, you will hear the song "Everyday People" by Arrested Development.

Girls Can Be Extremely Subtle

October 5, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In my coffee shop I sit next to a display case that sells a bunch of crap. Women get drawn into this case like a tractor beam and browse through it before ordering their drink. I've never seen a woman browse the case after getting her drink because then she would have to go to the cash register twice if she likes something. When walking in girls only see my back, but when walking out they see my Middle Eastern face. What does that mean?

Well when a girl wants me to talk to her, she checks out the case on the way out. She just stands there looking at the merchandise without really looking. If she's cute I have an opener for this very situation: "You know some of those cups are of excellent quality."

"Oh yeah?"

"No I'm kidding—they put me here and give me free drinks just to say that. "

It's very rare that a sober girl will give an obvious green light during the daytime (unless she is older and horny). Sometimes they don't even make eye contact with you. What a normal girl does instead is give you a very small opportunity to say something. When you are moving away from bars and clubs you need to pick up on cues like proximity or else you will go on thinking no girl wants to talk to you and return to poisoning your liver just to meet girls.

If I have a *feeling* a girl wants to talk to me, I will be right most of the time even though I'm not sure why. I think it's because my subconscious can pick up on things that I can't. Thank you evolution!

If you liked this post then I think you will like my book **Bang**, a collection of simple but powerful techniques, moves, and lines that make it easier for the average 20-something man to be more successful with women. Topics in **Bang** include discussion of the alpha male, effective opening lines, conversation themes, getting phone numbers, detailed dating strategy, and much more.

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Jerk Off Management 101

October 7, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

For a guy there is a question on if he should jerk off before either hitting on girls or going out on a date. Some argue that jerking off before going out takes off the nervous "edge" (*a la* There's Something About Mary) while others say it's that edge that women are attracted to.

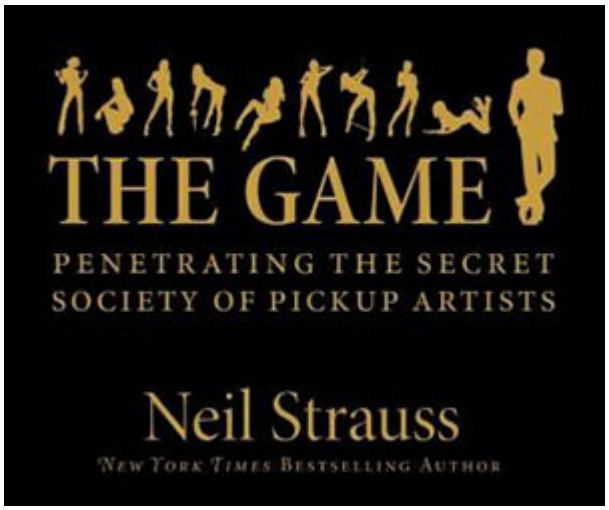
I say both camps are wrong.

What's most important is having high motivation to getting laid, a very sound predictor of future sex. The more you want to have sex, the more you will approach and the more likely you will get laid. Of course there is a line that if crossed puts you in the desperate category, but being horny and sexual alone won't hurt your chances. The nights I get the most prospects and lays are the nights I was especially horny. Knowing this, how should you manage the art of pick up with jerking off alone in front of your computer?

The first thing you need to find out is your recharge time. If you were to get a nice stash of porn tonight (in my case that would be some Kacey, Dirty Latina Maids, or amateur BBW) and jerk off two times, how long would it take you until you'd feel like jerking off again? For me that is 48 hours. Back in my younger days when I discovered masturbation it was more like two hours, but adjustments must be made to an aging libido.

You want to hit on girls when you are recharged and *not* depleted. This is when the act of picking up is congruent with your what both your mind and body want.

So based on a recharge time of two days, I should not jerk off the day before going out. If I know I have a date on Tuesday, I can jerk on Sunday but not Monday. If I'm hitting the bar on Friday night I can't jerk off on Thursday, no matter how much I want to. This system is simple and prevents me from going out with "golden cock syndrome," where the lower pleasure of a depleted ball orgasm makes me lazy to chase new pussy. If you jerk off right before you go out then you are wasting your time and money.



Excellent Financial News

October 8, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Take a look at this currency chart of the Brazilian Real versus the U.S. dollar. The Y-axis is how many reals you can get for $1:

It has lost almost 50% from its peak. If this holds then that means when I go to Brazil everything will be half off. Other Latin currencies are also struggling. As the Chinese would say: in every crisis there is opportunity. For American men everywhere this is incredible news. For the same budget you can **double** the amount of time you stay in Brazil.

Also, I hope you guys liquidated all stock holdings in your 401k's. Otherwise you're getting murdered. I wonder if one day we'll look back and consider it crazy to put retirement money into company stock.

Postscript: I need to step away from the internet.

Roubini:

> At this point the recession train has left the station; the financial and banking crisis train has left the station. The delusion that the US and advanced economies contraction would be short and shallow – a V-shaped six month recession – has been replaced by the certainty that this will be a long and protracted U-shaped recession that may last at least two years in the US and close to two years in most of the rest of the world. And given the rising risk of a global systemic financial meltdown the probability that the outcome could become a decade long L-shaped recession – like the one experienced by Japan after the bursting of its real estate and equity bubble – cannot be ruled out.
>
> And in a world where there is a glut and excess capacity of goods while aggregate demand is falling soon enough we will start to worry about deflation,

> debt deflation, liquidity traps and what monetary policy makers should do to fight deflation when policy rates get dangerously close to zero.
>
> At this point the risk of an imminent stock market crack – like the one-day collapse of 20% plus in US stock prices in 1987 – cannot be ruled out as the financial system is breaking down, panic and lack of confidence in any counterparty is sharply rising and the investors have totally lost faith in the ability of policy authorities to control this meltdown.

Denniger:

> The selloff this afternoon is the "real deal." It was not caused by the stock market getting "mad", it was caused by the short-term credit market along with the Treasury market suddenly dislocating at a few minutes before the bond pit closed at 2:00 PM.
>
> Worse is also the fact that institutional lending has essentially disappeared – both between banks and now it is choking off commercial short-term credit across the board.
>
> It doesn't get any more serious than this. To repeat: short-term commercial credit is threatening to completely disappear from the American scene.
>
> Every action our government has taken thus far, including repealing mark-to-market requirements have made the situation worse by further destroying confidence.
>
> In the overnight market the futures are imploding once again; the Osaka exchange was closed in Japan after hitting its "lock limit" within minutes prior to the Nikkei opening; the Nikkei is now down ANOTHER 10%, for a total loss of nearly 20% in just two days, with Japanese banks trading "offer only" – that is, NO BID. There are rumors of government bond market fails in parts of Europe, and Iceland has essentially been cut off from the rest of the world Interbank marketplace.

Mish:

> The global economic dam has now cracked wide open. Water is pouring everywhere. The bursting of the dam is a fitting tribute to Paulson's and Bush's $700 billion boondoggle to add liquidity to banks.
>
> The public was overwhelmingly against the plan (and rightly so) as were close to 200 economists. Paulson, Bush, Trichet, and Brown all goaded Congress to waste $700 billion of taxpayer money on grounds there would be a global meltdown if the plan was not passed. Congress had it right the first time. The $700 billion bailout helped bust the dam.
>
> Neither the Bush administration nor the fools in Congress voting for the bailout bothered to figure out you cannot patch a failing dam by adding water.
>
> Liquidity measures cannot and will not work, when the disease is the Fed,

> reckless Congressional spending, and fractional reserve lending carried to extreme.

Postscript 2: More Denniger

> Oil will collapse in price to $20/bbl. Unfortunately nobody will have any money to buy gasoline, or a car, so it won't matter. As in The Depression millions of automobiles will be scrapped after being abandoned by their owners for lack of insurance and registration fee money. Cheap scooters will become the dominant form of transportation for those with jobs, as they will be all most people can afford.
>
> As credit collapses distribution of food and other essentials will break down. Unable to access credit, trucking companies will be unable to get goods to market. The current distribution system for food requires travel of over 500 miles from production to consumption; this is untenable in a market where stable credit is unavailable. Food distribution will be severely impacted and in some areas may break down below critical levels.
>
> Unemployment will reach 25% within two years. Median income will fall by 30% nationally. Foreclosures will reach 20 million homes. The government will step in with HOLC-style remediation but it won't matter – the unemployed won't be able to pay irrespective of the price.
>
> House prices will fall to well under $100,000 nationally on a median basis but with lending all but non-existent you'll need 50% down. A few people will make out like bandits near the bottom, being able to buy up homes for $10,000 each in blocks of 10 at a time – for cash. 60% of America will be renters; nearly half of all homeowners will ultimately lose their homes to foreclosure.
>
> Civil unrest will break out in major cities when incomes fall but the cost of food and essential services fail to come down materially, leaving millions of Americans hungry, broke and homeless. Unlike in the 1930s America will not quietly stand in soup lines – instead they will riot, loot and burn. The National Guard will be called up but will find it impossible to exert meaningful control without shutting down all commerce in the affected areas. The decision will be made to cordon off the cities and deny entry to anyone who does not live in that specific neighborhood, essentially shutting down commercial activity. GDP will fall by 30%.

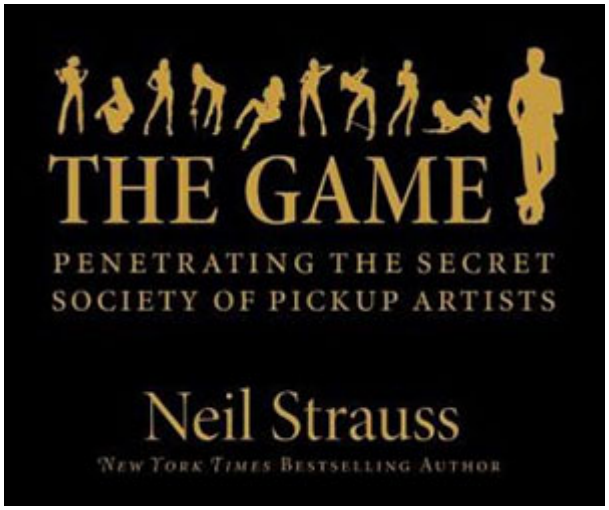
The Lost Roosh Sex Videos

October 8, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Here is a video of me having sex with a girl doggy style. Note how I switch it up to oral without asking permission. Never ask for permission!

Sometimes I rather just be alone. Here is a video with my sex toy I call Mr. Frog.

I have nothing more for you today.



We Major

October 9, 2008 | by Sally | Link | Original Link

Continuing the theme of nasty sex talk week…

kidding! HI-O. Roosh is disgusting isn't he?

I used to be a real clotheshorse back in my college days. That's when I had disposable income – I decided I would start saving for retirement at 25 – and I liked to LOOK GOOD. I still LOOK SOOOO GOOD but now my primary expense is travel. Second is food and drink – mostly drink because I personally believe that drunks are good people, and non-drinkers are very, very bad (ask me about my empirical evidence) and third is books and maybe clothes. Well, maybe not last month, because I bought this rabbit-fur jacket, but that's only because it is beautiful and warm and it reminds me of the real bunny I had to give away last year. And if anyone from PETA says anything right now, I'm going to eat a double cheeseburger with extra bacon while wearing it, don't make me do it.

Anyway. Travel. This month I am all over Europe more than I'm at home, which is awesome. Because I don't hostel, I probably spend a little, okay a lot, more money traveling than some people might and by some people I mean six months in South America. What I am getting at is that recently I hosted a friend who was traveling to Europe for the first time. I love her a lot, but sometimes, she really set my teeth on edge. She's a picky eater (oh really? are we still 4 years old?), which is crazy-annoying to deal with in Europe because there are some weird foods – chicon anyone? It smells like garbage. It's also bewildering to watch someone who has expressed worry about the American financial crisis spend nearly 500 euros on a Louis Vuitton bag at the tacky flagship on the Champs-Elysées. Or how about being afraid of the airport, costing nearly 100 euros and 2 hours to take a cab there and back (public transportation strike). I mean, after a week I could not even deal. It's hard because I want to give visitors a great European Experience, but it's Expensive, and Exhausting.

Really I just wanted to whine about all that. But therein lies a warning: if you do not bring your game face to Europe, you're going to wind up doing what I want to do, which is eat steak tartare, drink champagne, go out to Versailles, and put your ass on a train to the airport with a quickness.

Warning Signs

October 12, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

If I see these around a girl then I mentally prepare to be disappointed in some way…

Flip flops – "I don't need to put effort into my appearance."

Hybrid automobile – "I can pollute the environment with a clear conscious."

Eat, Pray, Love – "I will read what every other girl my age reads."

Dog – "I can only get unconditional love from an animal."

Condoms in nightstand – "I don't keep track of how many guys I fucked."

iPod – "I need to be constantly distracted."

Carryout styrofoam container – "Why cook when you can just go out and buy?"

Vitamin water or vitamins – "I will undo smoking, tanning and drinking with magic water and pills."

Ikea furniture – "I like overpaying for something that my friends have."

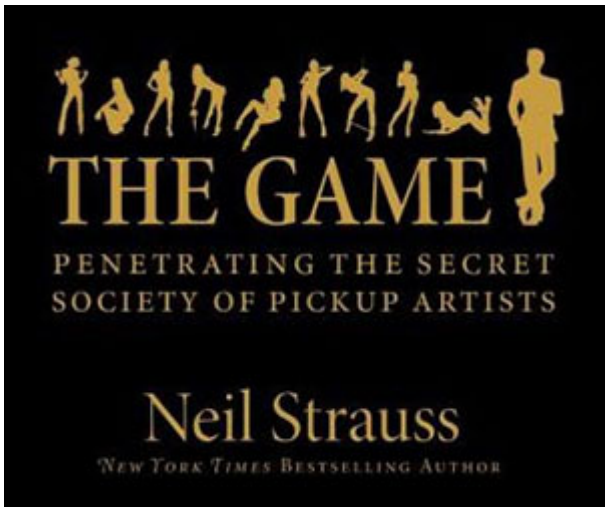
Keffiyeh scarf – "I need my individuality to be defined by others."

Blackberry – "My career is everything I have."

Pearl necklace – "My wedding will cost $50,000."

Cable television – "I am a passive receptacle of corporate marketing."

Last American girl I dated had eight of these warning signs. Last Brazilian girl? Zero.



The Economics Of Sex

October 13, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

After a night at the theater, I posed a hypothetical scenario to Roissy…

“So the economy is going down the shitter,” I said. “Let’s say it’s worse than the Great Depression—absolute worst case scenario.”

“Alright,” he said.

“And retail dies, putting a lot of young girls out of work. And since there is no more credit student loans are history and a generation of girls are unable to go to college because they can’t find a job to pay for tuition. It’s just an ocean of poverty and joblessness. Okay, how much is the average first date?”

“$40 maybe.”

“Now because of the poverty you have millions of girls who would do anything for money. Imagine for only $20 very cute girls who are no more whores than the ones we sleep with would let you ravage them any way you see fit. Just a straight-up transaction. That $20 is less than a typical first date, which is no guarantee for sex. Would you?”

“Hmm, I don’t know,” he said. “How about getting that thrill from the chase? The sense of accomplishment?”

“For $20 who cares?! Overnight guys would stop paying $1500 workshops to get laid. $20 sex with a ‘normal’ girl would make game obsolete. My book sales would plummet.”

I predict that in the next two years meeting girls in the cities hardest hit by the economy will be even more difficult for the average guy. With less disposable income girls are going to stay home more instead of going out. Empty bars and clubs mean guys will be more reliant on meeting girls through friends, family, Myspace, and work. There will be less pump and dumps as guys will want to keep what they managed to get, as they themselves are strapped for cash and meeting girls does cost money. The only guys immune will be those in college, who will graduate to a barren landscape—in more ways than one. More than ever it’s important to have a developed niche where your supply of poon remains uninterrupted in the face of economic uncertainty.

Michael Phelps' Girlfriend

October 14, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

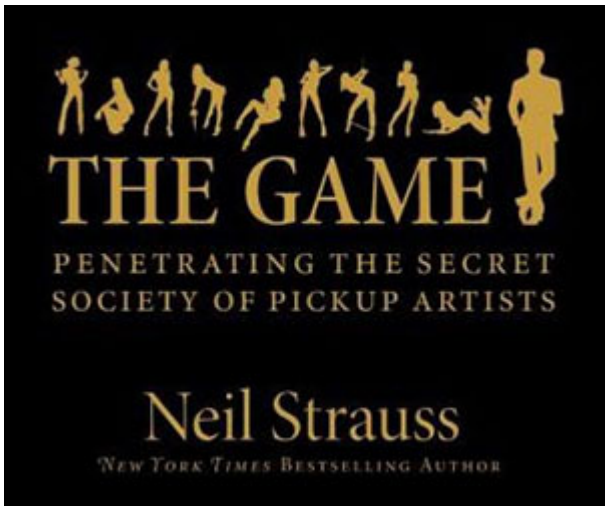
Michael Phelps has a girlfriend, a former Miss California runner-up. Is she a ten? Let's take a look.

"I won a hundred gold medals and all I got was this 7."

Thank god for game.

Postscript: It has come to my attention that the second picture is **not** Michael Phelps'

girlfriend. My bad.



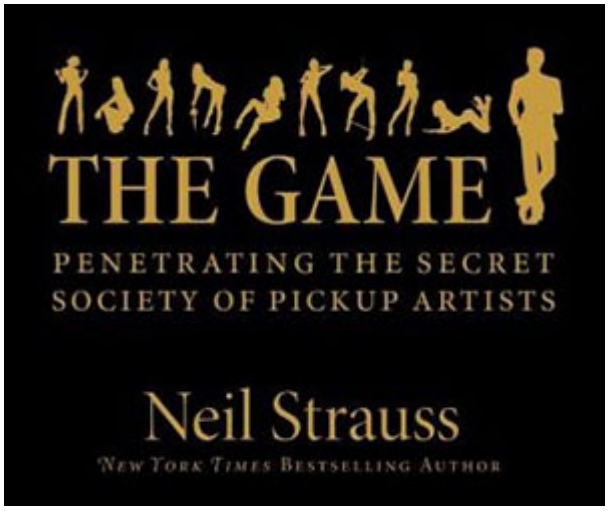
Writing A Book

October 15, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I found an excellent description about what it's like to write a book from a comment on Jack's blog.

> **Fact #4: Writing a book isn't fun.**
>
> If it doesn't make a lot of sense to write a book for money, how about doing it for satisfaction? Many people imagine that they'd "fulfill themselves" (whatever that means) if they wrote a book; or that they'd get a deep pleasure out of the craft elements of the job. In fact, writing a book is a lot of work, and often work of a very tedious kind. It's heavy labor, more akin to building a house than puttering in your basement. (And no one builds a house purely for the pleasure of it.) It's certainly possible to write for pleasure and satisfaction, but seldom at that scale. Poetry, short stories, blogging — all of these can deliver fun, satisfaction, and the pleasures of craft. But writing a book isn't something that can be done in a week or a month. It weighs on you; it's a bear to wrestle into submission, and it's followed by the (generally) no-fun publishing process. And then you've got to endure the almost inevitable commercial disappointment. Imagine going to all the trouble of building your dream house (by hand, naturally) — and then people ignore it.
>
> So why do people do write books? I come up with these possible explanations:
>
> - Some hope to hit the jackpot despite the odds.
> - Some have a dream about being an author, or taking part in "literature."
> - **Some are obsessed lunatics — ie., they feel they just gotta.** < -- that's me
> - Some don't know better (these usually never write a second book)
> - Some have other ambitions, and writing a book is a step along the way.
> - A handful are determined to be trade-book authors as a career, and know what the game consists of, and have (or think they have) the tenacity, toughness, talent, luck and energy to succeed.

The book is chugging along nicely. It should be done Q1 2009. And it's true, I get zero satisfaction from working on it. But I gotta finish.


THE GAME
PENETRATING THE SECRET
SOCIETY OF PICKUP ARTISTS
Neil Strauss
New York Times Bestselling Author

Mixed Groups

October 19, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I don't shy away from approaching groups of girls with the occasional guy, but looking back I can't say those attempts have been fruitful. Recent example: I was hanging out with Virgle Kent when a girl glanced at me not once, not twice, but thrice. She was with one guy and one girl. I went in something light but got absolutely no response. The girl looked away, and the guy she was with gave me an evil stare. It was unnecessarily awkward. Virgle Kent just shook his head and told me he doesn't bother approaching girls with guys in their groups. I was the devil's advocate and disagreed with him at the time but I could only nod my head while reading Your Guy Friend…

> I feel that single women who go out with mixed group of friends and then expect guys to approach and pick them up or hit on them are selfish. I don't think they deserve my game. Selfish because they're trying to play it safe by going out with males that will give them attention because they're their friends. Yet at the same time they want other guys to come over and give them attention also? It's a win win for the girl, no real risk involved, so why should I give them any reward? I feel if you go out with a group of people you should entertain and give them you're full attention. If you go out looking for dick (either that night or in the future) then go hard or go home. If you do come out with a guy friend then the onus is on YOU to make it obvious and clear that you want to talk to a different guy. That mean that YOU will either have to approach the guy or stare him down like a stalker / bunny boiler till he has no choice but to come talk to you. Step your game up.

I'm confident his belief hasn't cost him a single girl worth his time.

If you liked this post then I think you will like my book **Bang**, a collection of simple but powerful techniques, moves, and lines that make it easier for the average 20-something man to be more successful with women. Topics in **Bang** include discussion of the alpha male, effective opening lines, conversation themes, getting phone numbers, detailed dating strategy, and much more.

Complimenting the book is Roosh's Game Tips Email Newsletter. It's free and your first newsletter will be about how to meet girls in coffee shops. Following that will be newsletters on dealing with flakes, handling cockblockers, and meeting girls in foreign countries, among others. Your email address will always remain private and you can unsubscribe at any time. Put your first name and email address below and click the button.

Are You A Registered Democrat?

October 21, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

There was a female canvasser for the Democratic National Committee hassling people outside the Woodley Park Metro stop yesterday afternoon. She easily reeled me in after I made eye contact with her.

“Excuse me are you a registered Democrat?”

“No I’m an independent,” I said, “but I usually vote Democrat.”

“Okay good. As you may know we’re very close to getting a filibuster proof majority in the Senate. If that happens and Obama wins next month the Democrats would have control to….”

I interrupted. “I don’t think the Democrats deserve a filibuster proof majority.”

“Why not?” she asked.

“Two years ago they took control of Congress and the Senate on the premise that they would end the war in Iraq. Yet they have done no such thing. They have rubber stamped every one of Bush’s defense spending bills, and the votes haven’t even been close. Republicans didn’t even have to filibuster. Pelosi and Reid have been steamrolled by the most unpopular President in history.”

“Okay, well, umm.”

“The Democrats even voted for FISA. They voted for the recent Wall Street bailout. They’re not as bad as the Republicans, I agree, but not much better. This year I will be voting against my Democratic Congressman because he voted for the bailout. Even Obama’s timeline to end the war in Iraq has been pushed back. What is it now, 2010?”

She was stuck. The poor thing. She’s just an eager eyed young girl with Obama fever trying to make a difference, but in the end she was a sorry spokesman for her party and should head up the street to Tryst where she can practice on a more sympathetic crowd. The conversation devolved into her explaining to me how if we pull out of Iraq now the situation would get worse. I could swear that was a Republican talking point at one point. Flip sides of the same coin, someone once said to me.

After all that she still asked me if I wanted to donate to the DNC. I declined.

Postscript: I want to think Kelly from Other Brand for sending me this t-shirt. I will wear it with a smug look on my face.

How Old Is Too Old

October 22, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

What is the ideal cutoff age for having a child? If you're a woman with at least a masters degree, you're probably thinking 40, but reality will deal with that notion soon enough.

Trust me when I say you don't want to be approaching 50-years-old with a hyperactive monster running around crying his eyes out because he wants another ice cream cone after the first got smashed into the screen of your new LCD television set (seen in a million times). You don't want to have a kid when you're on the decline and rob him or her of a parent who has energy to take it outside and play for hours instead of forced playtime once a week in the filthy McDonalds ball cage.

My father is my test case. He had me, his first (and favorite), when he was 26-years-old. He had my last brother at 50-years-old. I feel bad for the little one because his father, while the same as mine, isn't the same. My Dad used to take me and a soccer ball out for hours at a time, but my little brother gets 30 minutes of digging for worms while Pops watches from the steps tending to his garden.

"A healthy 50-year-old can't match the energy of even a tired 30-year-old," my dad said to me. I think by tired he meant lazy and by 30-year-old he meant me, but I understood his point. He's old and tired, and while he loves the little butterball he's at the age where he just wants to relax. The internet and television is raising my brother more than it did me.

I accept it: if I don't have a kid by my late 30's then it's not going to happen. It shouldn't—it wouldn't be fair to the kid. I don't think it's going to happen. I'm wholly incapable of giving decades of my life to another human being and making sure it comes out right in the world. While I am growing a very nice basil plant, I admit my failure as a member of this species and will have to find some other way to leave my legacy, if I care to do so. Bless my parents for doing what I cannot.

NYC Observations

October 26, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I went to New York City for a weekend recently, my first visit in several years. To put things into perspective, I stayed a month each in Cordoba and Rio, so the observations I'm about to share with you could be complete bullshit, but I don't think they are.

- No flip flops. Not one stinking pair. The women put in effort, and they looked good. Very common were sexy high-heel boots. My lady friend wore an extremely uncomfortable pair for a couple dozen blocks including a walk through the incredibly Eurotrash Meatpacking district. She didn't complain about her plight as a woman during the process, and neither did the men who approached her when I stepped away.

- Not as fat. Washington DC is the only place in the world where an average, plain-Jane woman with an okay body has her pick of the most desirable men. I've already beaten this point to death.

- A real coffee shop culture, and by real I mean cramped and snobby with passive aggressive notes about the environment strewn about, but no one in a stupid uniform asking "How are you doing?" when they really don't give a shit. I could see it happening in one of their cafes that I meet someone in the same starving / bum boat as myself.

- Too big for its own good. With thousands of possible nightlife choices, it may never happen that I find my most fruitful niche if I lived there. Even in comparatively tiny DC it took me a few years.

- Cheap and fast public transit. Taxicabs don't charge more for extra passengers. Taking one with a group is cheaper than the already cheap subway that blew me away with express lines that skip stops. (The subway fare is $2 for two hours.) Compare that to what I pay for a 25-minute ride from a Maryland suburb to downtown DC at 3:01pm ($4). The DC Metro system is beautiful to look at but poorly planned, and run. I've been on subway lines in South America that are more efficient than ours. Even the Caracas subway which appears to be modeled after DC's Metro runs better than the Metro.

- Cuter girls. I think if DC's girls would lose their twenty extra pounds then they'd compete somewhat well, but they won't, and even if they did their lack of individuality when it comes to appearance and less than shoulder-length hair would always keep them a step behind. For two nights I was more inspired than I have been in nine months.

There was nothing about my visit that told me I needed to move there instead of say the two South American cities I mentioned above, but I wouldn't mind another visit in a few months. There are plenty of dirty hostels though most seem to be located in Harlem or other undesirable neighborhoods.

I Have No Style

October 27, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

1 pair jeans
1 pair shorts
6 t-shirts, 6 pairs black socks, 6 pairs boxers
1 belt
1 long sleeves jumper
1 pair running shoes
1 pair casual Adidas shoes

That's all I had for six months. I had to do laundry each week but I was covered for hiking on mountains, walking on the beach and drinking at bars and clubs. Everything I had matched everything else and I didn't have to spend more than 10 seconds a day with my dress.

When a friend recently told me that all the pictures he has of me is in the same shirt, one my sister picked out for me in Macy's that cost $25, all I could do was shrug. I've worn it at least a dozen times and will literally wear it out until it disintegrates, just like what happened to my last pair of jeans. It doesn't bother me that a bartender at my favorite bar probably thinks I have no clothes. There's no reason it should.

Guys have to be a little careful about what they choose to showcase. If it's money then they will attract girls who like money. If it's style then they will attract girls who like style. If it's personality, then well, you get the idea. I can't say any girls I've gone out with recently have been high-maintenance, and that's just how I like it.

I think I will replace my old brown t-shirt next month. Let me gear up the budget for the $20 cost.

Kitchen’s Fault

October 28, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Previously: Long Live The Streak!

It was a big group of six people. They all wanted to eat. I punched their food and drinks into the screen. The food runner delivered the food 15 minutes later and when everyone was half-finished eating I noticed one irate man missing his meal. I forgot to put in his order. I’ve done this before. I begged the kitchen to make his “on the fly.”

I walked back to the table.

“Sir, there was a mix up in the kitchen and they thought they made your order when in fact they did not. I apologize for this and I’m getting them to make it right now. It should be out in a couple minutes.”

I still got a 20% on that tab. Later I spilled a glass of red wine on two girls. I only got their legs but it was still messy. When I couldn’t think of a way to blame the kitchen I said, “Sorry guys I’m an idiot.”

20%.

I try to pick apart what gets higher tips or not and I’m finding it’s not necessarily good service because if the words “Sorry” or “I apologize” come out of my mouth I do pretty well. It’s good attitude. If they like me I will get a good tip, no matter how shitty my service was.

Two things:

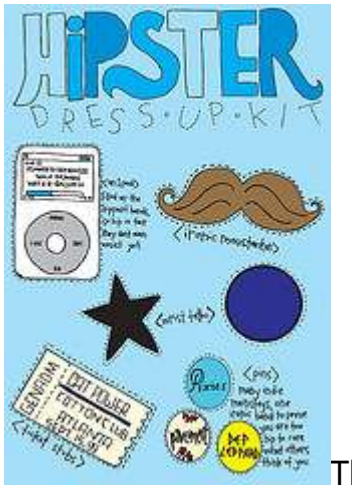
1. If you receive a free drink, it’s because the bartender wants you to give him the money you would have spent. If you get a $8 drink for free, tip at least $5 on that drink.

2. We look at tips on the total amount, not the amount without tax.

If you ever tip 10-14% to one of my coworkers, I will not hear the end of it. They whine about it, call you cheap, and then make fun of your physical appearance of mannerisms. So yes, a good way to punish a restaurant worker is to give a bad tip. It puts them in an instant bad mood. I, on the other hand, realize that tips are voluntary. I am grateful for every crumpled dollar you give me.

Social Incompetents

October 30, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



The first time I saw it I did a double take. A man and a woman, who were obviously together, wore headphones on their individual iPods at the same time. I've also seen it with same sex friends, usually girls, who sit next to each other on the bus, both wearing headphones. Every now and then they remove one headphone to communicate a few words, and then put it right back.

Only an American can take music, something which if you look at the history is supposed to bring people together, and use it in a way to isolate themselves further from friends and lovers. It's no coincidence that none of my close friends own iPods. If someone cannot tolerate the company of their own mind for an hour then there is no reason why another human should.

Cupcakes? Cupcakes!

November 2, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

“Hey Javi, my buddy, life is good?” I asked.

He didn’t smile. “It’s a little rough lately. My mom can’t find a job. My parents are thinking of putting me to work shining shoes.”

“How old are you now?”

“Twelve.”

“Well that sucks. Someone was telling me the other day that your neighborhood is one of the poorest in Buenos Aires. You’re going to be a man a lot sooner than kids in my country.”

“I’m already a man!” He flexed his little bicep muscle.

“Very good. Well I know you’re interested in America and how life is like there. I wanted to tell you a cool part of our culture.”

“Okay.”

“Cupcakes.”

“Cupcakes?” He looked confused.

“Cupcakes! I’m surprised you don’t know. Cupcakes are huge in America. The largest cities have several shops that focus exclusively on selling handmade cupcakes.”

“You mean the little round pieces of cake with frosting on top?”

“That’s the one. But in America we make luxury cupcakes that are just incredible. The best cupcakes you’ve ever had. They only cost $2 or $3 each but if you buy them by the dozen you get a nice discount.”

“$2 can feed for me for the entire day.”

“Oh really, that’s pretty interesting.”

“I mean do they have meat in it? How big are they?”

“No meat, and they’re not very big. I can finish one in about four bites, three bites if it’s especially tasty, which they usually are.”

“Is this a joke?”

“Javi I’m not joking! In my city there is a store called Georgetown Cupcake and people my age line up around the block and wait twenty minutes to get a taste of their amazing designer cupcakes. Another shop opened up nearby and the competition is awesomely intense with people choosing sides over who has the best cupcakes in town. Friendships have been strained. The number one cupcake shop used to be this shop called Cakelove, but now everyone agrees their cupcakes are worse than the ones they sell at the Korean supermarket.”

“Line up for cupcakes? I line up for meals from the government when my parents run out of money. These cupcakes must have drugs in them then.”

“No, no drugs. Just the highest quality ingredients: sugar, butter, eggs, flour, and sprinkles. Delicious!”

“And this is popular in America?”

“So popular you wouldn’t believe. There are articles written about cupcake shops in newspapers. On the internet people furiously debate which shop has the best cupcakes. Talk shows do pieces on cupcakes. They are web sites about cupcakes with close-up shots of cupcakes. Soon there will be cupcake franchises across America like Starbucks and McDonalds. There are even bus tours that stop at culturally significant cupcake shops. It’s fun!”

He didn’t respond. I had trouble convincing Javi that I wasn’t bullshitting with him.

“Javi, remember these are the **best** cupcakes. I’m pretty sure you’d get caught up in the cupcake craze if you lived in America and weren’t so poor.”

“I miss eating chicken and steak,” he said.

“Um that’s nice.”

Stupid little kid. He just doesn’t get it.

Happy Election Day

November 3, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The bar was buzzing last night with election talk. Since I'm not paid to debate my customers (and I don't know the views of others in earshot), I always keep my comments neutral. But sometimes it's hard.

"There is no conceivable reason to own a gun. In Italy you can't buy a gun."

I pursed my lip and nodded. She was a feminist.

"Are you ready for change? Change is coming."

Oh, sure, I'm ready.

Besides some trivial matters, I don't think anything will change regardless of who wins. Unless McCain wins and then dies.

How It Feels Like To Be A Hot Girl

November 5, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I reprised my costume as Jesus for Halloween this year. With my hair 8-inches longer than last time and my beard bushier with almost a month of extra growth, the resemblance I had to Christ was eerie.

It started the second I stepped foot in the Metro.

“Holy shit, it’s Jesus!”

“Jesus Christ!!”

“Look, that nigga Jesus!!”

A Muslim-looking man wanted to have his picture taken with me. I gave a serious look, like Jesus would, and made sure my large-print bible was in the frame of the photo.

On the Metro car a girl dressed up as a devil asked to take a picture with me as well. All the way down the car a group of teenage girls yelled my name (Jesus) and then rushed up to take photos with their camera phones. A girl dressed up as a referee, blowing her whistle loudly every two minutes, was next to ask for a picture. She was rather petite and I wrapped my arm around her so we’d be nice and close for the photo. Sober guys next to me gave me their respect with nods of compliment.

On my walk to the bar I had about four or five cars honk their horns. Guys hung halfway out the window yelling Jesus. I’d raise my arm to recognize their efforts to get my attention. A group of white people partying on a patio gave me a round of applause, and I blessed them with a hand motion that I practiced earlier in front of the mirror.

About a dozen or so photos were taken of me in the bar. I believe at one point a line developed. A girl I didn’t know bought me a beer, but didn’t want to talk. She just went to the bar, got my drink, and then left back to her friends. Countless Jews walked up to me, apologizing. The only time I was upstaged was when this asshole showed up in a robot costume with yellow lights and 80’s music blaring from his box head. He did breakdance moves and a crowd formed around him. I cried foul.

The attention got old pretty quick. I was just a cheap gimmick judged by my appearance and nothing else. People lost interest in talking to me if I stepped out of character.

At the next bar I gave off forced smiles with each Jesus yell. A group who wanted my photo made a demand that I pose with a thumbs-up sign. I declined. They kept demanding and I kept saying no. They made negative remarks out of earshot. Eventually I barely looked when drunk people came up to me with “JESUS.” I was much more receptive with calmer approaches like “Hey man I really like your costume. Is your hair real?”

Approaches fell into two categories: those that increased the likelihood of a conversation developing and those that decreased it. The parallel to game here was obvious to me.

I hesitated going home because I knew I’d have to walk through a sea of drunk people.

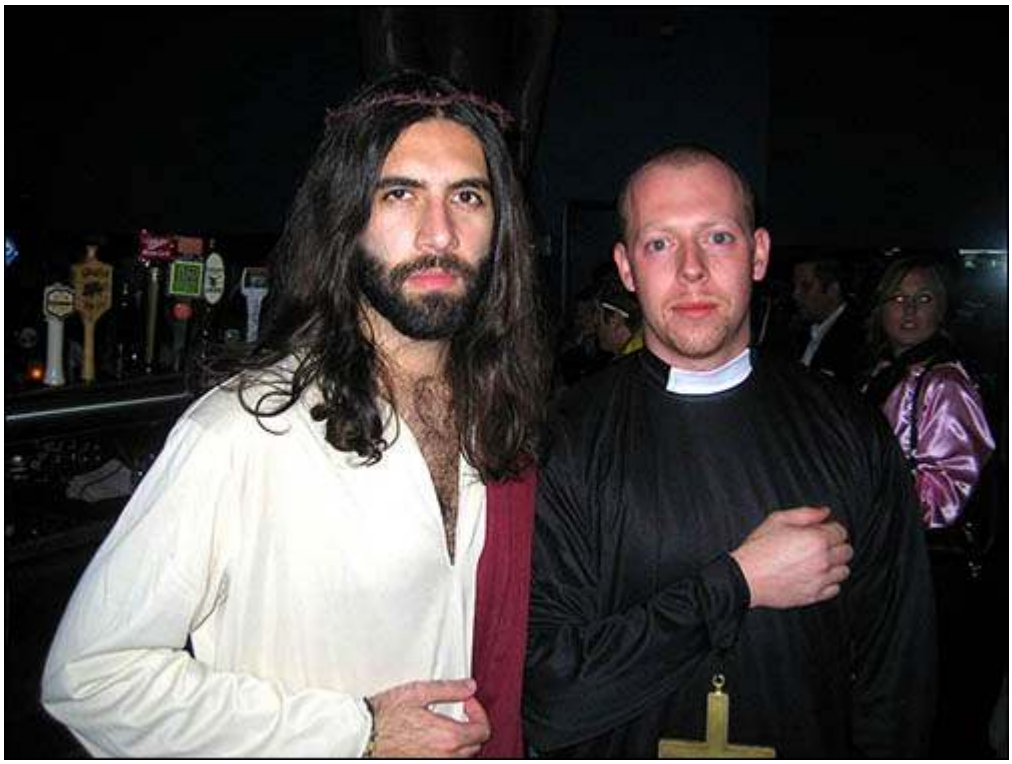
The gauntlet. The attention from cars and and walking drunks was relentless. I wished I could take the costume off, or that I at least brought a band to put my hair back and be less Jesus-like. I kept my head down and avoided eye contact so I wouldn't encourage anyone, but I still got a lot of "Hey Come here!" When I didn't do what people wanted they got annoyed. "Jesus is drunk," they'd say.

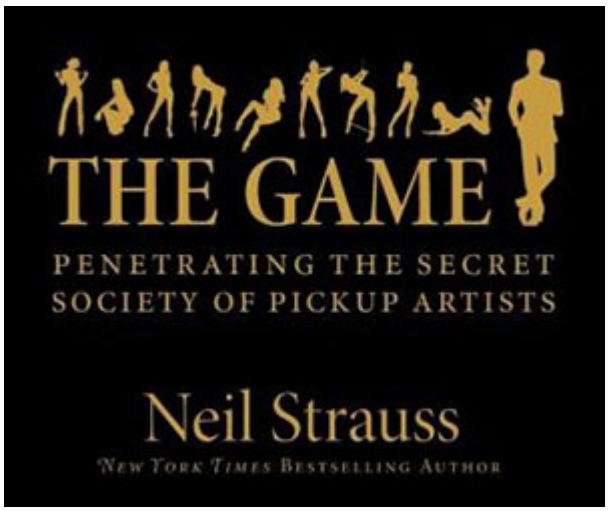
On the subway ride back I fell asleep, but people still tried to get my attention.

"Hey look it's Jesus. He's sleeping."

There is such a thing as too much attention, especially when the attention is identical. You get numb to it, and only respond to something original or different.

Postscript: Take a look at How It Feels To Be A Fat Chick by Virgle Kent, my wingman of the night.





I Don’t Remember Laughing So Hard

November 8, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Check out Got My Girlfriend To Model For My Car (PICS). Then read the comments for the first few pages. You’ll need tissue.

The girl put the photos up on her Myspace in an album called “Bikini Modeling.” She’s aware the internet is making fun of her right now.

> Hm…so I’ve recently been the topic of several internet message boards conversation. I have a few bikini photos on there from a friend of mine. I never said I looked great in a bikini and wasn’t going for high-quality photos. It was fun, purely for entertainment, and it was a beautiful day. Some people think I look great in the bikni, others (obviously) think the exact opposite…..

Obviously.

In case you’re hungry for more…

Bitter Jaded Man

November 9, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

"What is flirtation? One might say that it is behavior leading another to believe that sexual intimacy is possible, while preventing that possibility from becoming a certainty. In other words, flirting is a promise of sexual intercourse without a guarantee."
-The Unbearable Lightness Of Being

I'm on a curly hair kick right now. When a cute curly-haired girl looked at me and smiled I was over in a flash.

"Hi!!!!" I said.

She pretended she was a tough smart ass when I could tell she was much more vulnerable. I like girls who wear their emotions on their sleeve because it's only through emotions that real connections can be made.

As luck would have it, a tall blonde I talked to earlier wouldn't stop looking over at me. Curly hair noticed this and said that if I really wanted to go talk to her I could and she'd leave us alone. I laughed it off. There's game to tell a girl you are desirable and then there is another girl staring at your junk to tell a girl you are desirable. One is more powerful than the other.

About a half-hour into our courtship I made a comment along the lines of "I guess we're going to have to hang out sometime soon." She didn't object to that statement. I think I would date her if it came down to that, and if she was reading this now I doubt she'd deny there was something there besides alcohol and dim lighting. It's rare that I care about meeting a girl these days.

Her friends were leaving. She wasn't ready to be kissed. I asked her where she lives as I reached for my cell phone in my pocket.

"Richmond."

"Wait, where?" I asked.

"Richmond, Virginia."

"When are you going back?"

She looked at her watch. "In about 10 hours."

"That information could have been useful to me an hour ago!"

"Oh so you wouldn't have talked to me then?"

I glanced away, unwittingly giving her my answer.

It was a Friday night and the bar was about to close. There was nothing more to do. The night was done.

But I was cool. Only when you cross certain bridges can you allow a girl to make you feel emotions such as anger, frustration, or even regret. A kiss is the first bridge and sex would be the next. If you let girls affect you before you got what you wanted then I

imagine you would turn into a very bitter, jaded man. Those are not attractive qualities.

Open Letter To A Friend

November 11, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Dear Retired Pimp,

What a difference a couple years make! I don't believe you're going to be a dad. While I'm not sure myself about getting married and having children, the fact that you married a foreign bride who from day one cooked, cleaned, and served your needs means I'm not too worried about your future. I don't see your marriage winding up like the typical, sad case where once a month you pump through your wife's hand as she reads gardening magazines.

I don't have any marriage or relationship advice for you. That's not my specialty. But you recently told me you're having a baby girl. This is where karma could potentially bite men like us in the ass. If you do a good job raising her then she won't end up the neighborhood bicycle like many of the girls we've smashed. Remember that one night we pulled this old broad to my place and almost tag teamed her? All three of us were half naked at one point. She was straddling on top of you and while you played with her breasts I gave her a shoulder rub. I think I was sitting on top of your thighs. I wonder if our friendship would have changed if she let…

Anyway.

Here are some parenting tips:

1. If you don't give her enough attention, she will be insecure and go after any smooth talker who calls her pretty. These men will eventually use and abuse her. She won't leave because she'll have no self-esteem. But if you spoil her rotten, she will gravitate towards the assholes who don't give her any attention. I'd err on the side of giving too much attention short of creating a princess.

2. Being a good parent is not hard, it just takes time. This is why most take the easy way out and stick the kid in front of the television. All that will do is train her to be an obedient consumer. Her brain is like a sponge and it's up to you on what she soaks up. My little brother's favorite foods happens to be processed shit made by Kraft and McDonalds. His attention span is shorter than a cat's. Coincidence?

3. Buy a gun. After she goes through puberty, there are going to be men knocking the door, especially because of her exotic background. Be strict about dating but not too strict because then she will just do it behind your back. (She'll rebel by screwing some dude she doesn't care for in the first place.) I see no harm in following her around town. By then it won't be necessary because they'll have GPS devices you can attach to her belongings.

4. Watch the show WifeSwap on ABC. It's not particularly good but it offers a fascinating look at how parenting styles shape children. How does that saying go… "Our lives are a continuation of our parents'." With everything you do to your daughter there will be an effect, sometimes unintended.

Oh on the show you'll also see that most parents are so retarded that it will be pretty much impossible for you to raise a complete screw-up.

5. If you tell her who not to date, it's a 100% guarantee she will bring that type of man home. Trying to fix things when she is already of age will be hopeless. Her mate selection will be determined by the way you raise her (see no. 1).

6. You will be completely gray in a few years. You don't strike me as a patient man but you will now learn. Either that or you go insane. The next five years until she starts school will be especially tough. If you need to take a break I can babysit her for $15 an hour including meals and unlimited pay-per-view entertainment. My resume includes babysitting my younger siblings. It's true: I didn't even flinch when my little brother did doo-doo in his pants three times in a span of four hours. I cleaned it with a big smile each time.

7. Consider private education. Have you been to a public school recently? I have and it's not pretty. I recently confused my 12-year-old brother's writing for the 5-year-old because his handwriting was so bad. I felt bad at first but now I regularly make fun of his chicken scratch to shame him into improving. I made a really good joke the other night which I'd like to share with you right now.

The 5-year-old is practicing his letters so his mom bought him this huge workbook where he writes and colors each letter of the alphabet. It's the size of a poster board. When both of the brothers were in the same room I flipped open the workbook and gave approving nods. Then deadpan I said: "[12-year-old], I'm looking at your recent work and I really like how your handwriting is improving." I flipped through another couple pages. "Your B's and E's are getting especially good. Keep it up brother I'm proud of you."

He's getting pissed and the little one, not yet able to pick up sarcasm, is yelling, "No, it's mine!!! It's mine!!! Those are my letters!!!! Not his!!! I did it!!!" It was beautiful. Now the little one thinks his handwriting is better than a 12-year-old's. Two birds with one stone I say.

Anyway, they didn't even teach the older one to write in cursive like we had to learn. He can barely read it. And this is Montgomery County we're talking about. It has gotten much worse since our days.

8. Delay as long as possible until she has her first alcoholic beverage. Studies show that the sooner a person tries alcohol, the more he or she will abuse it. You don't want her ending up like so many of the girls we've met who get sloppy, stumble over bar stools, and need to be carried out by friends. They wake up with sore vaginas and don't know why. If she is the type of girl that slams shots and then stumbles off the bar and it's not her birthday, I'm afraid you've failed.

The person she will become is almost entirely in your hands my friend. In a sense you are now a god.

Good luck,

Roosh

Blogger Happy Hour

November 13, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Next Friday I'm teaming up to throw a happy hour at Bourbon with Arjewtino, a hardcore player posing as a huggable beta for his predominantly female readership, and the lovely Lemmonex, an American woman who actually knows how to cook.

Bourbon is one of the only bars I know that has Stone Pale Ale, a beer that I highly recommend for its woodsy undertones.

> This is an ale for those who have learned to appreciate distinctive flavor.

That would be me.

Does Armpit Odor Make Me Irresistible To Women?

November 18, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I knew a guy who had atrocious armpit odor. Because of its signature scent I could walk into a crowded room and know if he was there or not. As a result he made me more uncomfortably aware of whatever funk I was putting out. I started trimming my pit hair and masking the area with Axe-like deodorants. The spray would work for twelve hours or so until my man odor would mix with the perfume, resulting in a smell that was worse than my odor alone.

I settled on an unscented anti-perspirant. This means my natural musk would be on full display at night many hours after I showered (if I showered at all).

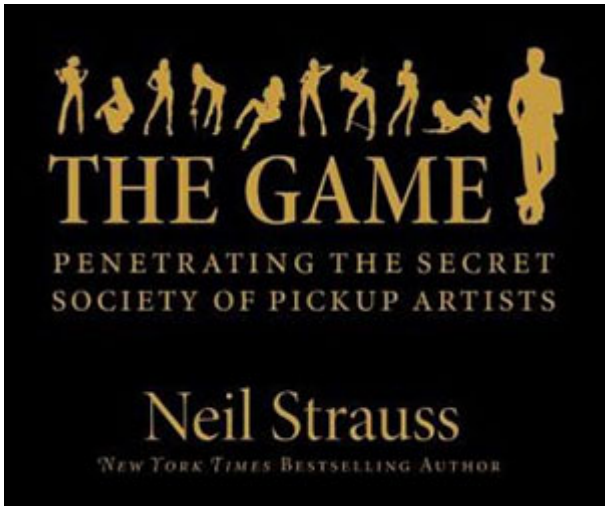
Since I don't wear tank tops on dates, there was no problem when I wore t-shirts because the odor wasn't strong enough to escape the sleeve cuffs. It's after I finished servicing the girl in bed and laid next to her, all sweaty from four minutes of serious thrusting, that the odor was on full display.

When a girl lays on me after sex, she settles her head right on my breast, mere inches away from my arm pit. I got ready for girls to relax in this position, catch a whiff, and then cringe away. But that never happened; they never moved. Were they hard of smelling?

Then there was this husky girl I had sex with who laid on me in a way that her nose was one inch away from my pit. She was *right there*. But she stayed there and fell asleep. If anything she got closer.

I am forced to conclude that women like a man who smells like a man instead of chemicals mixed in a factory. I was made to think that my musk is foul and must be hidden, but my experience shows it's probably a strong attractant. If there is something large corporations pushes you to "solve" with their products (perfumes, razors, dress shoes, vests, bar soap), there's a good chance that doing the opposite attracts more women. At the least it will attract a more natural woman who isn't a closet lesbian that hates the male body and all its glorious secretions.

As for that friend who had bad odor, I never said anything because he always had a pretty girl on his arm. We never figured out how he did it…


THE GAME
PENETRATING THE SECRET
SOCIETY OF PICKUP ARTISTS
Neil Strauss
New York Times Bestselling Author

Lifeblood

November 20, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I know I was lazy with the blog this week. I have a feeling I'll be lazy next week too. But the good news is the manuscript for Not Yet Titled will be done today, and by manuscript I mean something that's pretty close to the final product barring major edits by my editors. This book is sucking my lifeblood but I see the light at the end of the tunnel—I'm close to finishing because I've started fantasizing about what I'm going to do next.

Tonight will be the happy hour at Bourbon with my co-hosts Arjewtino and Lemmonex. Check the first floor first. Upstairs doesn't get going until after 10 or so.

Eavesdropping

November 23, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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There are some guys out there who are still skeptical if a more indirect, aloof game really works. This is the type of guy that wants to walk up to girl, tell her she's cute, and be done with it. All he has to do to become a believer is eavesdrop on a group of girls talking about guys, specifically when one talks about guys she likes who is not contacting her or asking her out.

"We've been texting and then it just stopped."

"Should I text him again?"

"We had such a good conversation."

"I'm not sure what else I could have done."

"I really like him."

And so on. It's pretty fascinating how pathetic girls get when they like guy, but what you will never hear them say is, "I like this guy a lot because he texts me every ten minutes."

You will never hurt your chances if you lean towards the aloof end of the game by contacting her at a tortoise's pace, especially after your first date. Assuming she is remotely interested in you, there is little reason to worry about if you waited too long or are taking it too slow. While you will not automatically be punished if you go fast, scarcity equals value for the typical easy girls you will be trying to get into bed.

If you liked this post then I think you will like my book **Bang**, a collection of simple but powerful techniques, moves, and lines that make it easier for the average 20-something man to be more successful with women. Topics in **Bang** include discussion of the alpha male, effective opening lines, conversation themes, getting phone numbers, detailed dating strategy, and much more.

Complimenting the book is Roosh's Game Tips Email Newsletter. It's free and your first newsletter will be about how to meet girls in coffee shops. Following that will be newsletters on dealing with flakes, handling cockblockers, and meeting girls in foreign countries, among others. Your email address will always remain private and you can unsubscribe at any time. Put your first name and email address below and click the button.

Who Is This Slapdick?

November 25, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Another cute girl. She's going to get her drink and then walk out the door. This Starbucks sucks.

No it's good. You get a lot of work done because there aren't a lot of distractions.

But look at her body, her long hair.

It's hard to tell. Up close she could be a mess.

Wait, she's staying. She grabbed the paper. Interesting, she's sitting right next to me. This never happens.

Just stick to your work. There's time for work and there's time for play.

No this is an opportunity. She's reading the sports section. Weird, why is she reading the sports section?

To see how many touchdowns her favorite football player scored. She obviously likes athletics… look at her body. She's not interested in "writers."

Get fucked. Okay I have to say something. What to say, what to say. Like it really matters anyway.

She's not even looking up or making sighing noises. She doesn't want to be bothered. She's probably waiting for someone.

You shutup. She's reading the classified section now. She's bored. But yeah she's probably waiting for someone.

You don't even know how cute she is. You only saw her profile. She could be ugly.

So what? If I say something I don't have to marry her. If she's ugly then I'll let the conversation die out. Okay say something now, she's looking at the window.

"If you're bored with the newspaper I have a book you can borrow. It's very long though you may not get it done within the next fifteen minutes."

Good job stud, she laughed. You got the magic.

Did you see her face? She's 16!

She does look a little young. But she's developed. You like that cute laugh though…

Whoop-dee-doo. Now what are you gonna do?

Shit I'm not sure. She didn't ask me the name of the book. She could have at least asked. I would have asked. She's giving me no encouragement.

Correct, because she doesn't like you. Go back to work.

It's done, she's back in the newspaper, the classifieds. I won't continue this.

You should have come up with something better. Wait, who is this slapdick?

It's her friend. They didn't greet with a hug or kiss.

Whatever. They're talking about going to college. Congratulations you get snubbed by a

high school girl. How do you feel?

The same. Look, if it wasn't for me you'd never get laid. I'm sure she was just unnerved by our rugged appearance. She's not used to talking to a real man.

Yeah, that's it.

Alright let's get back to work.

Giddy. Hey on the way home can we get a corn muffin from Giant? They're so delicious.

Done.

Game Won’t Always Work

November 30, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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You’re talking to a girl and for whatever reason you are in such a good state that she’s getting your absolute best game. You have to hold back from laughing at jokes you don’t believe are coming out of your mouth. In fact you’ve never spit game so good. She’s laughing and smiling and by all appearances she’s loving it. But then the conversation ends abruptly and she doesn’t even give you a chance to get her number. It turns out that she didn’t ask you a single question. She didn’t engage you or encourage you.

She wasn’t interested.

It’s temping to say she has a boyfriend, or that you are the complete opposite of her physical type. That could be the case but truth is the best game will not always work. In fact it will fail more often than not.

Game is not meant for those do-or-die moments where you must succeed. It’s not a 100-meter sprint where years of training go into that one Olympic prime-time race. It’s more like poker, trudging along one hand at a time for marathon sessions, where even the best players lose more than they win. Game is a skill that increase your chances of getting more and better in the long run at a cost of sustaining short-term “losses” that teach you what you need to know.

Not accounting for skill, the only correlation I’ve seen in game is that the guys who approach more get more. They have nerves of steel. And ego’s that left them a long time ago.

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The Thrill Is Gone

December 2, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

"Missions are stupid, Tereza. I have no mission. No one has. And it's a terrific relief to realize you're free, free of all missions."
-The Unbearable Lightness Of Being

There used to be no obstacles in my path to sex. I had the strong desire followed by unlimited will that allowed me to sleep with a lot of women, something that I felt was necessary to make me a real man. I put up with all sorts of attitude, bullshit, flakiness, and frustration to make it happen.

Now the path is obstructed with debris. She's not putting in enough effort. She's not from the right country. She's stupid. She lives too far. She's too old. She's not sensual or emotional. She has fat arms. She's a lawyer. Something is always in the way of putting in a full effort, whereas a couple years ago it never came up.

It wasn't long ago that I cherished the vagina (the organ, not the woman attached to it). I'd take almost any abuse for the chance to abuse it. I didn't mind doing whatever was necessary, whatever the cost. The pursuit was completely pure.

The problem came about when I realized that women are as much of a source of unhappiness as happiness. Most are simply not worth the time, squirting vagina or not, and the costs associated with laying 95% of them exceeds the sexual benefits gained. And the benefits go down with increasing age: what was exciting when I was 22 is an afterthought at 29. There is little thrill in sticking a new vagina.

I'm at the stage where there is nothing left to prove or accomplish. No additional notch will make me a better person or more of a man than I am now. I've hit the point of diminishing return. As a result I have this basal level of game effort determined by my physical needs alone. It's a lot lower than when I had something to prove. When I had a chip on my shoulder.

I was at a club with a friend and I told him how I'm barely motivated or inspired. He gave me a vigorous pep talk and told me I needed to stop being a lazy bitch. To get what was mine. I was pumped. That night I went to sleep ready to do what it takes to build a massive harem of girls. But the next day I woke up as apathetic as ever.

My mind refuses to allow me to work on something where it knows there is little gain. I'm afraid I've passed the peak of sexual conquest. Of quantity. Unless the girl is special or different in some way, or gives me a flag for better understanding of the world, then I can't just go through the motions.

It feels like I've lost my main purpose in life.

What Else Is There?

December 3, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Previously: The Thrill Is Gone

"The moment a man questions the meaning and value of life, he is sick, since objectivity neither has any existence; by asking this question one is merely admitting to a store of unsatisfied libido to which something else must have happened, a kind of fermentation leading to sadness and depression."
-Freud

"[Men] are born for the solid earth, not for the water. And naturally they won't think. They are made for life, not for thought. Yes, and he who thinks, what's more, he who makes thought his business, he may go far in it, but he has bartered the solid earth for the water all the same, and one day he will drown."
-Steppenwolfe

I'm sitting on a pile of money.

I have three monthly expenses: cell phone, hosting for this site, and student loans, which are very low (public university). I can pay off those 4% interest loans now but I rather have the cash flow.

I live like I'm poor. I can afford to buy a car but I don't want one. I can get my own place but what's the point if I'm not staying long. I never liked dining out. I'm getting close to the level of cash I had before I went on my trip last year, and I barely do any work. At work my manager asked me if I wanted to add some more shifts, but I declined.

I sat on the kitchen table and looked at all the Black Friday advertisements. There's a lot of things I can buy right now: nicer winter coat, boots, fancy SLR camera, and better laptop. But I don't need them. I looked through the fliers for an hour and the only thing that got me out the door was K-Mart's sale of thermal sweaters for $3.97 each. My mom and sister asked me what I want for Christmas and I told them to get me a card. If you said to me I had a month to live I wouldn't buy or change anything.

What a weird place to be in with no dreams, no goal of conquer.

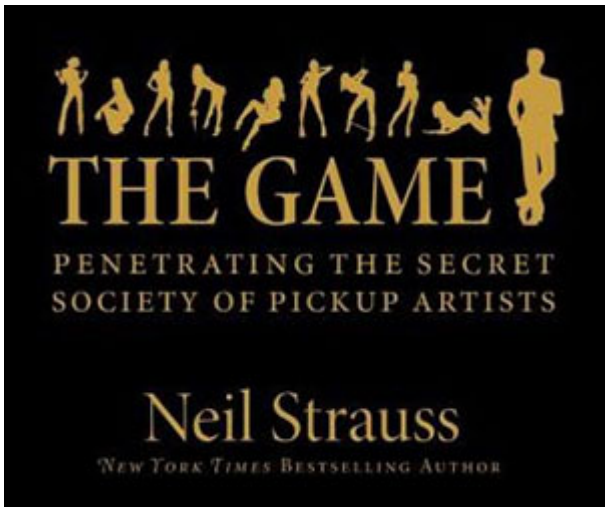
A few years ago someone told me, "Sometimes it's better to want something than to have it." I understand that now. Wanting puts you in an insecure state of mind that distracts you from the big questions which reveal the absurdity of most of what we do. It distracts us from our existence.

So I'll hit the road again. I'll have tons of interesting experiences—more than I'm having here, for sure. But without purpose it can be just as shallow to rack up countries like it is women. What's going to guide me to a glorious end? What will motivate me to get up when I fall? What will make me a better person?

Maybe having a kid would do it. I can go to Brazil, marry a beautiful girl, and try to crack it there. That'd keep me challenged for at least a few years. For the majority of human beings, having a kid solves the purpose problem. But no, I rather remain single.

Monogamy to me seems like early retirement from the best parts of life.

You know how when someone is sure to die they put them in a hospice so they are as comfortable as possible? I feel like I'm in life's hospice. Just fucking around to entertain myself, wishing the clock wasn't moving so fast. I'm not rich but this is how rich people must feel. It's a hollow feeling. Not unhappy or sad, just hollow.



Day Game Workshop

December 7, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Introducing the **Day Game Workshop**, a four hour course where I teach you how to pick up girls in the following places:

- Coffee shop
- Street
- Book store
- Subway →
- Grocery store
- Retail store

I know a lot of guys who are sick of DC bars and clubs and the same old nightly dickfest with mediocre girls whose egos don't warrant their stratospheric levels. Even if you do get past the initial approach you have to worry about cockblocking friends who will do everything in their power to interfere with your game. And if you get lucky hopefully you don't have to wake up the next day hungover with your ears ringing. Bars and clubs are fine if you're patient and trying to build a solid foundation of game, but you're wasting opportunities if you don't work other venues as well.

Imagine if you could approach girls in their normal friendly state, with zero competition, away from cockblockers, in relaxed, cheap places you go to anyway. I'm a believer that connecting with a sober girl who looks good in the light is a wonderful thing.

Understand: most men cannot bear to approach a girl outside of a bar. Hot girls get approached on the street more by homeless men and jokers yelling "Hey you got a man?" than quality men with game. It gives you a huge advantage if you can talk to girls in places that your peers cannot. Plus you'll have access to girls who don't bother going to bars and think it's more "romantic" to meet a guy in a coffee shop.

The only problem is that it's not easy to pick up girls in sober venues. There's no liquid courage to help and no wingman to get support from. You literally are the stranger on the street and it will take a sound strategy to go home from a typical afternoon in the book store with a number in your pocket. That's where I come in.

In this workshop you will…

- ...be taught simple but effective openers and follow-ups for six different environments (no complex, ridiculous routines)
- ...learn logistical nuances that you don't normally have to worry about for night game
- ...get hands-on approach training with me forcing you to approach girls, without the aid of alcohol
- ...watch by example
- ...learn how to shift the conversation when it's time to close
- ...practice getting digits

I will objectively measure your progress with a stopwatch by timing how long your conversations go. This is because time is a strong correlator to if a day game approach ends with at least a number or not. We will see progress as the workshop goes on.

Subjectively I will observe you and take notes on your body language, mannerisms, and conversational content. At the end of the workshop I will debrief you on things you did right and wrong, including areas I see the most room for improvement.

Workshop Itinerary

1:00-2:15: Instruction on how to pick up at each of the six venues.

2:15-3:15: Coffee shop game. We may have to hit a couple coffee shops to squeeze in at least one approach.

3:15-3:45: Street game. You'll do at least five approaches here because of the abundance of girls walking around. I will teach you the logistics of approaching a girl on the street, including how to get them to stop.

3:45-4:30: Book Store. We will find girls in the magazine section, bestsellers, gift book section, and then finally the cafe. There are two bookstores we can visit.

4:30-5:15: Subway. We are going to take the Metro to a different retail section of town. Here we will hop between train cars until we find girls that we can talk to with my subway opener.

5:15-5:45: Grocery Store. We will go to a yuppie grocery store, grab a basket, and start putting shit in it to make it seem like we're real shoppers. After we approach a couple girls we'll ditch our basket in the produce section.

5:45-6:30: Retail. We'll head inside stores and talk to girls shopping for the holidays.

6:30-7:00: Debrief. I'll give you a report card on how you did from notes I took of your approaches and style.

*Allotted times are approximate

Here's the date:

EMAIL FOR DATES

There are only two slots open. That means it's going to be me, you, and one other guy. I designed it this way for a couple reasons. First, there aren't enough cute girls hanging in a coffee shop or bookstore for a large wolfpack of men to approach. Second, I don't see how I can improve your skill in one session without giving a lot of one-on-one attention. I want this to be the most life-changing workshop you ever take. Lastly, it would be lame and gay if there were a dozen guys running around together hitting on girls.

During the workshop you will do more than you ever have in these venues before. If you came in with a bit of game I'm confident you'll get a number or two. If you don't have game then bring pen and paper so your head doesn't explode.

Cost: $175

It includes Roosh's Day Game Manual, a booklet written for the workshop. Here's the table of contents for the manual…

- The Reality
- Differences Between Day & Night Game
- Internalize This Now
- "Excuse Me…"
- Opener
- Fascinating Follow-Up
- Good Chat
- Gaming
- Coffee Shop
- Street
- Book Store
- Subway
- Grocery Store
- Retail
- Closing
- Turning Regular Thoughts Into Openers
- Tweaking
- Final Thoughts

The manual is brief (~2,500 words), but contains mostly tactics and examples. (For detailed explanations of female behavior and game theory you need to read Bang.) It's a cookbook that gives you step-by-step instructions on what to do and say, and should forever end any reason why you can't talk to a girl pretty much anywhere. Each

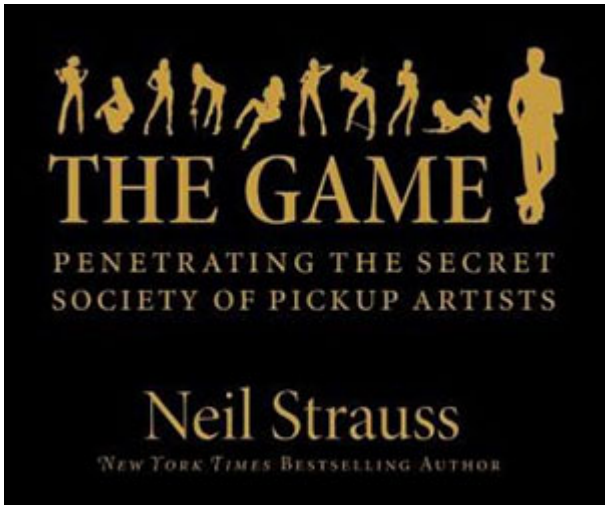
environment has at least two openers with follow-ups, except for the grocery store which has one opener.

The manual focuses on the concept of baiting, where you toss out little pieces of conversation that pique a girl's curiosity. This strategy is important because day game is much more elegant and subtle than night game. As you know you can't just immediately jump into flirting, teasing, and touching, which is why you'll rarely find guys that excel in both night and day game. They try the other out without adjusting, fail, and then entrench themselves further in what they were already doing.

Not included…

- Bang. $15 extra, which is $5 off the normal price.
- Beverages and snacks
- Subway fare

The workshop takes place in Washington DC. I'm also open to doing it in NYC. To add yourself on the waiting list email roosh@rooshv.com with "workshop" in the subject. To read about workshops that have already taken place, check out the recaps page.



How To Pick Up An Ethiopian Girl

December 9, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I think Ethiopian girls are disproportionately beautiful, with their mahogany skin color, large eyes, high cheekbones, huge breasts and ass, and wild exotic hair. But unfortunately for non-Ethiopian men everywhere they keep to their own circle, judged by the fact that I have never seen a white guy with an Ethiopian girl. It's not fair but that's life.

My postings on game and girls is from experience, but I'm going to have to branch out here and share with you a plan on how I'm going to get my Ethiopian flag. As a Caucasian man limited by his non-Ethiopianness, the plan is based on… exaggerations.

Once I find an Ethiopian girl to approach (shouldn't be hard considering that Washington DC has more Ethiopians than any other city outside of Ethiopia), I will attack with this two-pronged strategy:

1. "My old roommate was Ethiopian." I'm going to talk about Girma and how he taught me a few curse words. Unfortunately I only remember the word "sharmuta," which means bitch / whore (apparently in many languages).

"The Ethiopian girls he dated would always cook for him and even come over and take care of him when he was sick. It was weird to see because American girls didn't do that. The American girls had many masculine traits, while the Ethiopian girls didn't."

This shows I am an insider and "get" the culture. I was so curious that…

2. "A few years ago I visited Ethiopia for fun."

"I had a week of extra vacation time to kill. I went to Addis Ababa, among other cities. I really enjoyed the market there—it was huge. I bought a large sugar cane stalk. I wish I could have stayed longer but I worked a corporate job at the time and I couldn't get off more than a week."

By now she will be exploding with curiosity, but I will be restrained in showing interest. Her being Ethiopian is not enough and she will have to prove that she isn't corrupted by the American culture. I'll go for the kill after a round of cocktails at an Ethiopian restaurant where she will communicate with the help in her language while I sit there and stare at the interesting decorations on the wall.

If all else fails I'll just say I'm a speechwriter for Obama.

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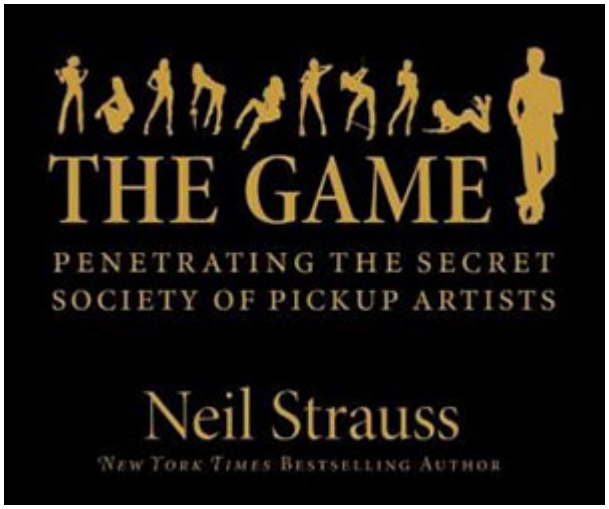
Complimenting the book is Roosh's Game Tips Email Newsletter. It's free and your first newsletter will be about how to meet girls in coffee shops. Following that will be

newsletters on dealing with flakes, handling cockblockers, and meeting girls in foreign countries, among others. Your email address will always remain private and you can unsubscribe at any time. Put your first name and email address below and click the button.



Rooshisms

December 11, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I haven't shared any Bang reviews lately. Here's the first one:

> Hey Roosh,
>
> I just finished Bang. loved it. you are one funny motherfucker. there were certain parts that were absolutely laugh-out-loud; I read them aloud to my roommates. I started calling these "Rooshisms." some examples:
>
> "if the first girl whose number you get you want to impregnate, I guarantee you will bomb spectacularly."
>
> "…but you will really try to weasel your way inside once you get to her place."
>
> "get out of my face or I'm gonna knock you out." LOL!!
>
> "but after a couple times of this you can start to mold her into the slut you've always wanted."
>
> And my personal favorite: "Personally I wouldn't have sex with a girl who does IV drugs or gets banged in the butt by bisexual men." I nearly pissed myself on that one.
>
> You have a great writing style. you don't try to sound stuffy or pretentious or high-fallutin'. you're honest and unapologetic about your desires, which is why I think it's so funny when you talk about your ulterior motive being to weasel your way into the girl's apartment and stuff like that.
>
> I think the thing that makes Bang the best instructional guide to the aspiring player is that it is the best combination of "big picture theory" and examples of lines that actually work. I read The Game (which, in its defense, isn't really intended to teach you how to run game) and then another book which scientifically broke down all the stages of pick-up from approach to relationships, and I have to say Bang was by far the best use of time spent reading. IMHO, it will set you off and–successfully–running into the game faster than any other material out there.

Here's another review:

> Hey. I just started reading Bang and just wanted to let you know it's a great book. I don't cringe when I read it like I do with other books in the genre. Your approach is matter-of-fact and down to earth. Other books, frankly, often appear to be written by douchebags. With your approach one can have actual relationships that are sincere, even if they are just brief hookups or one night stands. You don't advocate lying, dressing up like a raver from 1992, and memorizing bullshit.

And one last one:

> I’ll be honest the book has bumped my notch count a bit, I’m more aggressive in approaching when I used to wait for the women to come to me. What I’ve learned from quizzing various women is that while they think I’m attractive or hot, I look too “nice”, like I am going to buy a woman flowers and kiss her on the cheek after dropping a c note over a bad dinner and not ram their head into the headboard as I’m doing my best fido impersonation.
>
> Props to you for a great book that is an honest approach as opposed to the other really terrible ”pick up artists” books. To be honest, I consider your book to by a psych text which is a good thing.

My second book is coming along. The manuscript is done and my secret editors are editing.

I’m very ready to leave. I will do everything in my power to get out of here by March/April, which means I may have to put finishing touches on the road, something I want to avoid doing since working while traveling is difficult. Without a book to work on there is very little for me to do.

Odds & Ends

December 14, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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1. Bobby Rio over at TSB Magazine is doing another wingman weekend in the Dominican Republic. It's a trip for those who want to tighten up their game and party with other like-minded guys. Judging by the second picture I take it the last one was a good time.

2. I'm going through Brazilian girl withdrawal. Here's a comment from a guy who knows what's going on.

> I know it seems too good to be true, but it isn't. The third day I was in Brazil, not in Rio, but an hour outside of Sao Paulo, me and my Brazilian friend were out and he goes, "Hey, my friend thinks you are cute, you should go for her." I go, "Alright, for sure, I will." I had literally just met the girl when he said this. So I started talking to her, thinking I would have to spit a little game. After 5 minutes, my friend goes, "Why haven't you kissed her yet?" I go, "Man, I just met her 5 minutes ago." My friend goes, "No, here in Brazil, if a girl likes you, you don't have to sit there and work on it, just go for the kiss." When I was in Rio, I was pretty drunk and definitely not on my A-game. This girl approached me, obviously attracted to me, and I started talking and talking, and she eventually got sick of me talking and went and hooked up with some other guy. I blew my chance because I was too slow. That was a bummer too because she would have been the cutest girl I banged in Brazil. Hooking up there is a lot faster because Brazilian men are very aggressive, so the girls are used to it. Plus, the Brazilian girls love gringos. The girls are easy, but still, they don't come off as slutty. It's really weird. Brazil is an amazing place for sure!

3. I'm all over Maria Rita, a Brazilian singer Her voice is like therapy. Start with Despedida, Novo Amor, and Samba Meu. Check out her mother:

Art Garfunkel did a cover of this song in English.

If you want the mp3 of something on YouTube, use vixy.net to convert it. I use the desktop version.

4. Check out my Rio nightlife guide.

5. I'm now on twitter.

6. The site should loan up nice and clean now from an iPhone / Blackberry.

The Best Way To Sell Eggnog

December 15, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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At the bar we often experiment with different types of drink and food. For the holiday season we have a few special drinks. It's not worth selling them since they're cheaper than an average glass of wine, but I like trying to see if I can push them onto customers anyway. I'm all about the challenge.

I learned that singing the praises of the drink is not that effective. Even if the ingredients are top notch, most people are not very adventurous, and it's hard to move them to buy something they don't know.

So this is what I do. I decide which drink I want to sell for a particular customer and then I say:

"This drink is selling very well. It's one of our most popular drinks."

The key word is "popular." It works most of the time. Without hesitation people will buy what other people are buying, because there's the assumption if it's popular then it has to be good. This is why books on the bestseller list tend to stay on the bestseller lists. And this is why girls will date guys they know have slept with a lot of women. To their friends they'll say something like, "Eww he probably has a lot of diseases," but they'll bang him anyway, probably without a condom.

My Hero

December 17, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I was on the subway when the girl sitting right next to me began loudly telling a story to someone on the phone. I am unable to reproduce her hip hop slang so this is a paraphrase:

“You know how I don’t let any guy try to get with me right? I get their number and then throw it away. So I was about to get on the Metro and this guy starts talking to me. He seemed okay. He asks me if I’m hungry and want to grab something to eat, his treat. I figure why not, so I said yes.

“We go to a Mexican place and eat dinner. I’m a little nervous because I would hate if Chris found out I’m hanging out with some other guy like this. I just wanted the meal. The check comes, and get this shit: his card was declined. He leaves to the ATM across the street and comes up apologizing, saying he can’t pay the bill. I’m sooooo angry at this point. So I pay the whole thing—$26 and $2 tip. He tells me he wants to take me out again to make up for not having money. I tell him no and to consider this an early Christmas gift. This sucks because I can’t afford anything right now. I’m so upset.”

I looked the other way and put my hand over my face until I was done laughing. It’s bad enough she had a boyfriend and went out on a date with a guy she wanted to use for tacos con carne (yes, she was obese, morbidly), but why insult the help with a pathetic 7.7% tip? Two more dollars wouldn’t have killed her at that point. Yet sitting on my comfortable orange seat I was extremely proud to be the same gender of the man who gave this girl what she deserved. You know she’ll be stewing for weeks, maybe months. He changed her for the better of all men everywhere.

I got to wondering if he ran “declined card” game on purpose. After the massive social faux-pas of showing up on a date with $0, he knows that any girl who makes it to date two wants to get banged and doesn’t care about his (in)ability to pay. His cost per notch must be admirable. I may have to steal this technique if I ever get in dire straits, but instead of a date two I’ll just try to drag the girl back to my refrigerator box.

ISO Girl Who Speaks Fluent Spanish

December 18, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I'm looking for a Spanish talking partner. I can read Spanish somewhat well but my speaking is weak because I don't practice it much.

I prefer a female speaker because when I travel again that's who I'll mostly be talking to (in bars, clubs, coffee shops, etc.). Any Latin background is fine except Chile (I don't understand Chilean Spanish).

I figure we can meet in a coffee shop somewhere in DC. In exchange I can buy you whatever drink and food you want. I can also lend a sympathetic ear and help you solve your problems in life, if you want.

If it works out I'd like to do it once every week or two. And no, this is not a scheme to get laid. I won't ask for a picture.

Bone Crushing Cockblock

December 21, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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This story happened a couple months ago but I just remembered it the other night while thinking about my life.

I was at a small lounge with a couple friends when I made small chat with this alright looking girl. It went nowhere but later I got much farther with her cuter friend. The deeper the conversation got the more the original girl interrupted, until she finally squeezed me out of the conversation by making her friend dance.

One hour later I'm leaning against the bar and who is dancing in front of me but an Americanized Brazilian girl (good enough). I hit her with my gringo Portuguese and she's curious, wondering why this gringo spent a month in her country. I mentioned a couple popular Brazilian foods for good measure, but I didn't overdo it or else it would come across as me trying to impress her. She asked me to dance.

Apparently half the girls at the bar knew each other, including all three girls I've mentioned so far. While I'm getting somewhere with the Brazilian, the original cockblocker comes up to her.

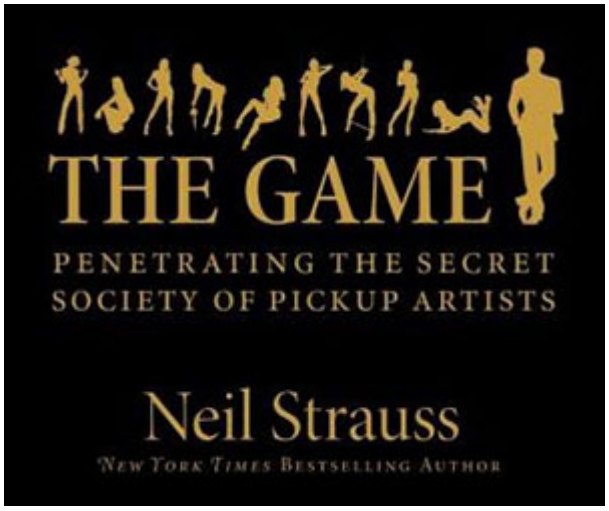
"Oh, you're talking to *him*. He hit on everyone tonight."

I was doing a dry run of the day game workshop with a friend. I told him in day game girls are polite and go out of their way to be helpful even if they think the approach is a pick-up attempt. But in bars if you get a couple girls together the behavior they exhibit is anti-social and downright psychotic. Show me a man who has tons of experience meeting girls in clubs and I'll show you a man who has generally negative views on women. Stupid. Sluts. Idiots. Worthless. Attention whores. Bitches. Mindless. Boring. Etc.

After the girl told the Brazilian that I hit on "everyone," I knew I was done. The Brazilian's face turned upside down and she backed away. Two people who were getting along had it cut short because of a girl who morphs into this beast whenever she walks into a bar. How unnatural.

It's time I share with you my plan to end the cockblocking phenomenon once and for all…

Continued… How To End Cockblocking As We Know It


THE GAME
PENETRATING THE SECRET
SOCIETY OF PICKUP ARTISTS
Neil Strauss
New York Times Bestselling Author

How To End Cockblocking As We Know It

December 22, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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The way to end cockblocking in the United States came to me in a dream. I woke up and immediately grabbed a pen so I wouldn't forget something that could change the lives of millions of men.

If you get cockblocked by a girl, you need to respond by shaking her core so hard that she hesitates doing it ever again, like a mouse who hits the wrong lever and gets the shit zapped out of him. No jokes and no wit—you gotta get dirty.

This is what you must say to the cockblocker. Say it with a stern tone, like a parent scolding a child.

"Did you really just do that? I'm being friendly and respectful to your friend and you rudely interrupt. Did your parents teach you to be anti-social like that?"

Then shake your head and turn your back on her. Don't engage her in a conversation or even act like you hear her response. She no longer exists.

This ruins her night, completely. Girls are emotional creatures and it takes them a very long time to get over getting called out like that. To top it off, girls absolutely *hate* it when you don't allow them to respond. They are so used to getting in the last word in their arguments with men (they are addicted to closure, remember), that she will be thinking of what happened for a long time to come.

I was talking to a girl and mid-sentence out of nowhere this bitch rolls up between us and starts yapping her mouth. I tap her on the shoulder and she turns around. With a straight face I said, "You see we're talking here, right?" She gave me a stunned look and immediately stormed off. Her friend gave chase to console her.

Do you think she interrupted another conversation that night? I don't think so. She probably went home to call her beta hanger-on for support.

If every guy calls out a cockblocker just once a month, I'm confident it will cease to exist in a year or two. I'm dead serious. Girls will continue to cockblock as long as there is no punishment for doing so, and since it's against the law to slap her upside the face, you have to use words. But it's important you don't use profanity or call her names because then she won't take you seriously. Be mostly respectful so she can't immediately write you off as an asshole. You're a good guy who is shocked and appalled by the rudeness you were just victim to. You don't believe what the world is coming to.

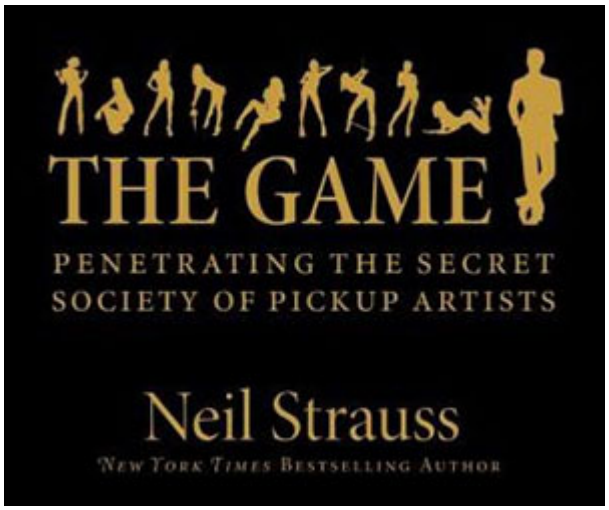
It's our fault that girls cockblock. We've been letting them get away with it for so long that girls know there is absolutely no cost for them to block. We stand there with dumbfounded looks on our face while she gets satisfaction that her friend is going home alone just like her. It's time to let them earn that cockblock.

Here are the keywords to remember: respectful, rude, interrupt, anti-social. I don't care if I get kicked out of bars but I'm going to ruin her night, and she's going to think twice

about doing it again. Worthless bitch.

If you liked this post then I think you will like my book **Bang**, a collection of simple but powerful techniques, moves, and lines that make it easier for the average 20-something man to be more successful with women. Topics in **Bang** include discussion of the alpha male, effective opening lines, conversation themes, getting phone numbers, detailed dating strategy, and much more.

Complimenting the book is Roosh's Game Tips Email Newsletter. It's free and your first newsletter will be about how to meet girls in coffee shops. Following that will be newsletters on dealing with flakes, handling cockblockers, and meeting girls in foreign countries, among others. Your email address will always remain private and you can unsubscribe at any time. Put your first name and email address below and click the button.



Day Game Workshop Recap

December 28, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I have taught three day game workshops, including a dry run with Roissy. Let's start with his thoughts:

> Recently, I participated in a "dry run" day game workshop with Roosh to help him streamline operations. Since my day game is underdeveloped, I happily volunteered to be a guinea pig.
>
> We covered the major types of daytime approaches, including coffeeshop (my favorite), retail, book store, metro, grocery store, and the toughest, street game. Roosh was methodical and detail oriented in explaining how the approaches should go, so there was very little guesswork I had to do. I was pleased that his openers and followups were short, sweet and easy to deliver. A big problem with some pickup material is how cumbersome it sounds when you use it in real life. You want openers and comversational gambits that sound as cool and natural as possible, and only take a second or two to deliver.
>
> Roosh timed the interactions with a stopwatch, which had a surprisingly positive effect. As guys, we relish a challenge, and beating the clock (or, in this case, talking with the girl as long as possible) is a great motivator. Roosh broke a land speed record with a 1.47 second pickup attempt. As for the rest, I won't give away too much here, except to mention a couple things.
>
> Roosh emphasizes a "bait" concept which helps extend a conversation with a girl through the use of open-ended questions and hooks. I asked a girl for directions like a regular guy would do, and she answered, and then… the conversation died. When you bait a girl, you might ask where the metro goes, instead of directions to a specific location. Then you might drop a leading followup like "It's a shame. Public transportation isn't as convenient in this country."
>
> The other major concept discussed was day versus night game. If you think you can seamlessly bring your night game into the daytime, forget it. The two are separate animals. I ran my cocky night game on a girl walking down the

> sidewalk, making fun of her oversized “homemade” ring, and it bombed. I was reprimanded for deviating from the day game script.
>
> On a final note, approaching a group of girls on the sidewalk is less likely to succeed than approaching one or two girls. It’s counterintuitive, because you’d think that a lone girl would be more suspicious of strange men coming up to her in a non-bar environment where approaches are expected, but in fact the opposite is true. The lone girls walking slowly were the most open to the pickup, while the big groups of girls quickly closed ranks and followed the alpha female’s lead like sheep.
>
> Day game is the new night game.

Roissy’s game was at an advanced level so we were able to breeze through the instructional portion of the workshop and dive straight into approaching with the openers and followups. Even though he was spitting completely fresh lines, his delivery was smooth and natural. His only problem, if you want to call it that, is being picky and not getting numbers when he could’ve. He still did very well and I’ll leave it up to him to share specific results.

After working out some logistical issues, I was ready for my four students, two on Saturday and two on Sunday. They came with very different abilities, and the challenge was teaching the basics to those who needed it while allowing the most experienced student to practice closing.

My advanced student had experience hitting on girls in bars. He was also very talkative, the hallmark trait of a successful pick up artist. I pushed him to approach a girl in coffee shop with an opener and follow-up related to what she was doing (typing on a laptop). Fourteen minutes later he got her number.

Two other students were in the beginner to intermediate range. For them I worked on their tonality, body language, and what I call “ramble,” the ability to keep talking while tossing out pieces of bait that allow the conversation to continue.

The last student was a young guy, only 22-years-old, with just about no pick up experience. It was like working with a clean canvas. I’ll never forget the look on his face after his first approach attempt on a very pretty girl in a coffee shop (2 minutes, 15 seconds), which for day game feels like quite a while. Afterwards he remarked how friendly she was. “Welcome to day game,” I said. I don’t think this young man will be spending a lot of time in bars anytime soon.

We didn’t talk to any ugly girls (range was 6-8, since 9’s don’t exist in DC), though I did make one student deliver the subway opener to an old man because we couldn’t find any girls around. I told them **never** to “practice” on ugly girls. From day one they will only go after girls they want to have sex with.

One flaw of the workshop is that it was hard to focus on what will be their day game bread and butter: coffee shops. Each student could only do one or two approaches there, even though it will be where they get most of their numbers. For example they did just as

many approaches in the retail store as in the coffee shop even though they barely go shopping. I still think that that retail practice was useful because daygame approaches have the same framework and experience in one will no doubt help with other venues.

Here's a quick view of the workshop from a student…

> I thought the Daygame workshop was great. I don't think me or the other guy would have gotten nearly the kind of individual attention or the quality instruction from any other PUA company costing a ton more money.

And another…

> I've never done a workshop before, but I've read a couple books and websites. This was appealing because it wasn't going to break the bank, and neither will day game, really. Only two students was nice as well. I appreciate getting the day game packet, something to refer to and study. I don't have much else to say, because results will take more time afterwards. Personally it was helpful for me to declare to someone besides myself that this is something I need to work on. It got me in an approaching mood, and I hope I can build upon it. I think the workshop was planned well because it was during Christmas shopping season, but by chance there weren't as many people shopping/walking around as anticipated. What are you going to do… Roosh made the best of it.

And from the advanced student who got the number…

> I thought the day game workshop was a great workshop. I would divide the workshop into four sections: (1) A discussion of the philosophy of day game. (2) A walk-through of specific day game strategies and lines. (3) Day game practice. (4) Review of your performance.
>
> Here are my thoughts on the sections: #1 is a sound philosophy, and was explained well. #2 has clearly been honed over the years by Roosh. #3 was obviously the critical portion, and was great because Roosh provided on-the-fly guidance and motivation. #4 was helpful, especially because feedback was provided throughout. All in all, Roosh is a great teacher, and it's clear that his motivation with this workshop (just like with Bang) is to help others. There's no doubt that this workshop will help my (previously non-existent) day game to become a useful tool in my pick-up arsenal… and I already got a date out of it

I must say I don't think getting a date from the day of the workshop will be common since you'll be testing out all-new material, but it's nice he's already seeing results.

While I can't completely change a man's game in a few hours, I'm confident that if one of my students sees a girl they like in the coffee shop, street, grocery store, etc., they know what to say and how to say it, and how to get her number if the conversation goes well. They did enough approaches (average of 8 per guy) that they know it's not a big deal to talk to girls during the day.

My first four students got a good deal because the workshop is actually at least six hours,

not four. (One went eight hours.) But keeping in mind the economy is in the shitter and I want guys walking away from this feeling like they got a great deal, I would like to do some more workshops in January for $165. The per hour cost of the workshop remains the same. For a run down of what the workshop is about, check here.

If you are interested then email **roosh@rooshv.com** with workshop in the subject and I'll put you on the waiting list, which I will start going through today. Also if you live in New York City and would consider taking the workshop then email me as well because I might come up in February for a short while.

I want to give a huge thanks for the four guys who trusted me and took a chance without knowing exactly what they were getting into. And also my guinea pig.

Happy New Year

December 30, 2008 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I have no insightful year-end thoughts. If I weren't lazy I would do some sort of "Best Of" list for amazing things I've written the past year, but I imagine that would take a lot of time. March will see the fourth year of this blog.

I'm taking off until Monday. Please use this time to reflect on your life.

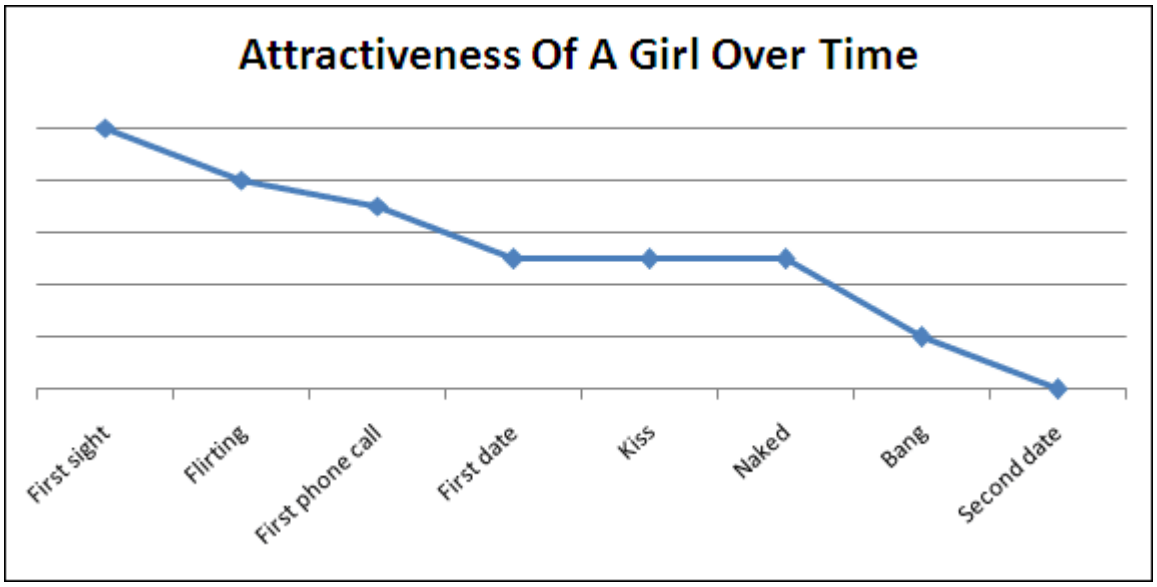
Why Is She Getting Uglier By The Minute?

January 4, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The beautiful lead female character makes an early appearance in the Brazilian movie The Man of the Year. When I first saw her, memories of my time in Brazil filled my head and blood rushed to my pelvic regions. I could feel my pulse in my crotchal area and would do anything at that moment to be in Brazil just to have a shot at girls like her.

As the movie continued and she hooked her claws into the main character, I felt my interest in her fade, until it finally turned to disgust when I saw her in a wedding dress. I moved on to the 16-year-old co-star who gently seduces the protagonist of the movie without the whining and nagging we see in the wife. The young girl is not inherently prettier, but because she has not yet banged anyone the attraction for her holds much longer.

How I felt towards the characters over 90 minutes was a snapshot to how I feel towards girls in real life. Here, I made a chart:

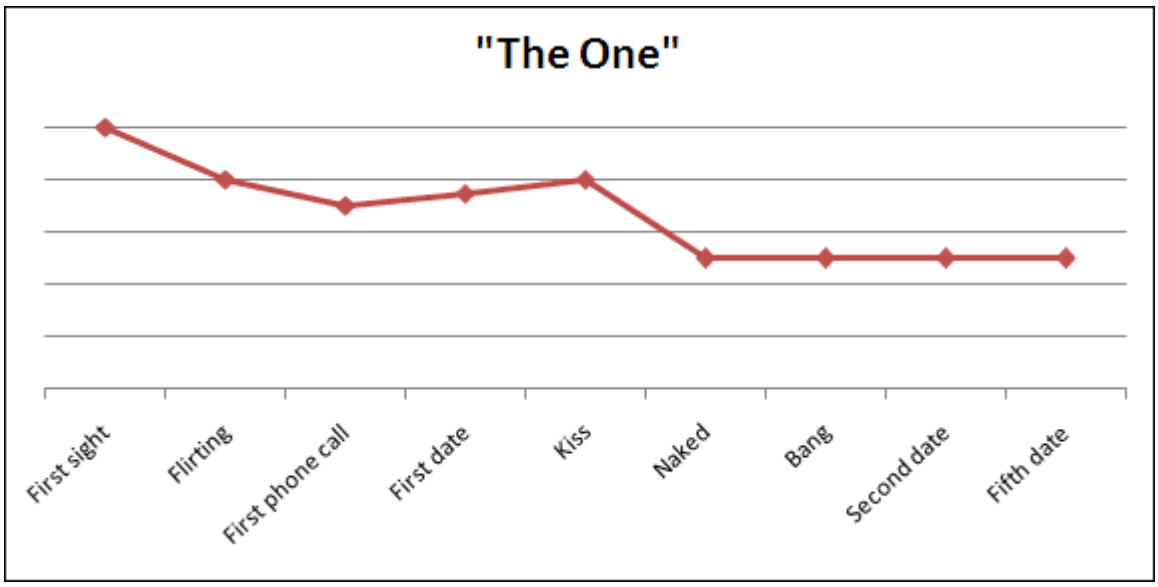


*Notice how the attraction for her is at absolute zero by the second date.

For physiological reasons I don't understand, a girl is never more attractive than first sight. Ever. But my dick always tricks my brain into finding a girl more attractive than she really is. This is obvious when I show up on first dates not exactly sure how the girl looks like, even though I was far from drunk when I met her. It takes two seconds of looking at her face to confirm that I did indeed spend an hour talking to this specimen three days prior.

Her attractiveness decreases rapidly through the predictable seduction until I bang her. By the second date, there is nothing left but the background desire of wanting to get off without having to use my sweaty paw.

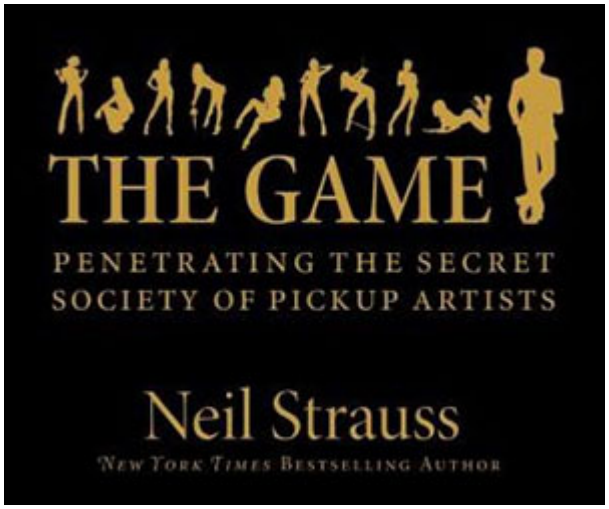
There are, of course, the exceptions…



*Technically this chart should be titled “The Ones.” Whatever.

50% attractiveness retainment by the fifth date is absolutely incredible if you think about it. You conquered and ravaged her body and you want to do it again? Wow.

A girl puts out various cues that is unconsciously processed by a man to create a running tally of her worth. This tally almost always adds to the value of zero, but it is only obvious after sex, when the dick has gotten what it wants and no longer puts in effort to confuse the brain it effortlessly controls.



I’m Ending Cockblocking As We Know It

January 5, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

It took eleven days until I could put forth my contribution to ending cockblocking as we know it. In case you missed it, here are the words which I know will accomplish this goal:

> “Did you really just do that? I’m being friendly and respectful to your friend and you rudely interrupt. Did your parents teach you to be anti-social like that?”

My friend was basically castrated. I was doing something when I look over and he has this shell-shocked look on his face. He said, “I don’t believe how badly I just got cockblocked. Jesus Christ.” It’s like he saw a ghost.

“WHO? WHO DID IT?!” I yelled.

He glanced at a short blonde nearby. Next to her were two girls, including a brunette that I know from experience is probably the one he was going for.

I tapped the blonde on the shoulder and said, “Excuse me, my friend was being respectful and you rudely interrupted him.” She looked away from me, but I wasn’t done. “Did your mom and dad teach you to be anti-social like that?”

I gave a disgusted look and walked back to my friend. I kept an eye on her and the best way I can describe her facial expression was someone who felt like they were unjustly accused. If I could read her brain I would say she thought this: “What the fuck I always do that, why are you picking on me. I don’t understand.”

That’s what I expect. Girls are so used to cockblocking and never getting challenged on it that it doesn’t feel right when they are called out for being the psychopathic cunts that they really are.

A minute later and the cockblocker still looked extremely upset. I don’t think she cried but if I kept pushing that’s what would have happened. Making her cry though is not my goal, and notice how I didn’t use foul language or make fun of her appearance. She couldn’t write me off as a drunk asshole. I was 100% reasonable with my comments, which is why it bothered her.

I put my hand on my friend’s shoulder and said, “Bro, I ruined her night.” He thanked me and we laughed.

I wonder if any other guy out there has defended their honor against a cockblocker yet, but I don’t mind changing the world on my own if I have to. This coming weekend there is going to be one guy out there who doesn’t get cockblocked because of what I did. And I sincerely believe that.

Bitter Women

January 7, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

On my site meter I can see how people visit my blog. Often times it's from Facebook but I can't always read what comments were written about it. One recent time I could. Here's how my blog was introduced:

> are you ready for this??? He's a legend in his own mind. His hairy hairy mind.

Typical Roosh hater right? But then I look at the name. It's a girl that I know. I don't use my blog to settle scores (anymore), but since her friends are swinging by here I thought they'd want to hear another side of the story. This is a public service for them.

Cracks knuckles

At the last happy hour a drunk girl comes up to me and says she loves my blog. She bought Bang, is writing about it for some academic paper, and is generally "fascinated" with me. She says that we met before a year ago at Dragonfly before it closed but I didn't remember. I have a witness to her affections: Lemmonex was looking and laughing at her because she was so drunk and obvious.

She says she's not leaving without me. Notch it up! Or not.

I'm all about sex, of course, but she is drunk to the point of swaying and I was on my first drink. If I took that girl home it would have been rape, and I consider myself above rape. It was just a matter of time until she puked. I got her number knowing full well it's likely I'll never see her again.

A few minutes later she gets kicked out of the bar because she started smoking inside. The bouncer came up to me explaining why he's kicking her out ("I couldn't let it go… smoking has been banned for a year now"), but I tell him that she is not my girl and I don't care what he does to her.

Ten minutes later I peek in front of the bar and there she is, waiting for me in the freezing cold. I go outside and tell her to go home but she says not leaving without me. I say no,

but allow her to make out with me for five seconds. Then I go back to hosting the happy hour. I can only imagine how many guys tried to pick her off while she stumbled her ass home.

A couple days later we chat on the phone for a bit and agree to hang out. I put in the effort, if you want to call it that, because she was born in Saudi Arabia and I wouldn't mind getting such a difficult flag out of the way. On the day of the date I call to confirm a time but she doesn't return my call. So the drunk girl ended up flaking on me. I manage to find the strength to get over her.

I did want that Saudi flag but I wouldn't have changed what I did on the night we met. If you saw her wrecked state then you would understand.

Fast forward two months. I'm at a bar with friends. One friend ends up talking to this girl for quite a while and later tells me that I know her. I look at her closely and it's the blog groupie chick. I tell my friend the story, we have a laugh, and then I go on with my night talking to other girls. I don't say hi or make eye contact with her, even though she was never more than a few feet away from me.

I'm talking to a girl with an ugly beret hat when the blog groupie chick, trashed like before, comes up and plays the same game. Her crotch is rubbing against the side of my thigh while I'm seated on a stool and she's literally pawing at me. She goes on about Bang but is slurring her words, and it's at that moment I understood what type of girl she was: while drunk you can do whatever you want with her, including ass to mouth, but while sober she is a worthless flake and a colossal headache. Again, it would be nice to have that Saudi flag, but I pass. May Allah (ﷻ) be with the next guy who tries to ride that.

I tell her nicely to go back to her friends, but she doesn't want to leave. I ignore her to talk to the beret chick, whose hat I took off because I wanted to see how she really looked. She was pretty and I decided to stick with that, but the groupie is still rubbing up her bits on me.

"Did you two used to date?" the beret chick asked. She was becoming extremely curious.

"Nope," I said, and continued talking to her like there wasn't this drunk girl oddly placed in our conversation.

The groupie was proofing me so hard that I could have replaced my game with reading out of a television manual. Other girls in the bar were blatantly staring.

Eventually it got old and I had enough. "Can you just GO AWAY! I don't want to talk to you." Sometimes with these girls you have to be firm. Finally the groupie chick gets the hint and leaves. By the end of the night she can barely stand and her friends have to hold her hand to walk through the bar. I felt sorry for her.

The next day she goes on Facebook and says I'm hairy and a legend in my own mind. I think the only mind who I'm a legend in is hers. If she ever sends me an update about how her academic paper about me is coming along I'll let you guys know.

New Photo Album

January 8, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I've been happily using Flickr for a while until they tried to extort money out of me. When I uploaded my 201th photo a message popped up saying that if I don't pay them $25/year then any photos after the newest 200 will be invisible to everyone, including me. That information would have been useful to me **200 photos ago, assholes.**

I finally got around to setting up photos on my domain. Here's the link, which you can find in the top navigation bar:

http://www.rooshv.com/photos

There's quite a few that I haven't shown before, such as this sexy photo in the Argentina album. Look at those plump lips…

[image]

Beta Male Of The Decade Award

January 11, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I know we have a whole year left but I got an interesting email from a guy who has been reading me for ages, before blogs were known as blogs. He informs me that Shlonglor, one of the internet's first celebrity gamer geeks, knocked up a girl who is now destroying his life. In addition to his child, he's raising her 6-year-old from a previous relationship, calling the kid his own.

Let's take a closer look.

> So I give her $400 for groceries, next day she wants money. She was supposed to take some of the money up to her moms and use it for groceries this month so her mom wouldn't have to pay for everything. She spent $100 in one day here. She just took another $100 and she wants another $50. I bought airline tickets for $800, GPS/Camera (like $500). It never ends.
>
> See I'm buying a house and It's like $3,100 a month vs. $2,000 a month for my current rent. When I met her I was at $1,200 a month. **She doesn't have a job so it's up to me. :(**
>
> I'm going to have to pay like $800 to move, get a washer, dryer, fridge. I have to pay like $800 to get out of the apartment. I have $77/month college loan payment coming up, I have $3k on my credit card because of all these bullshit purchases, and I owe $1k on car insurance. **She's getting us another loan to help stay alive that I have to pay back within a year.**
>
> It's a horrible time for me to buy a house… I should say no but this is the only time I can probably get a decent place where I got it. **She keeps saying that if you wait, you might never see interest rates like this. She might be right. We'll see.**

She made him buy a house *during* the biggest housing bust since the Great Depression. Ouch.

> I got rid of cable, netflix, gametap. That's like $150.

She made him give up everything that kept his meek existence the least bit enjoyable.

> I will eventually in a year get like 10k back in taxes for the house but that's a long time to survive until then. I'm thinking of borrowing some money from my 401k despite it being down $40k.

What a shitty way to live.

He confesses in the comments that he complains about his girlfriend online so that she'll see it and hopefully get the hint. Fucking epitome of beta. A man who doesn't stand up for himself and instead cries on a blog with sad emoticons deserves nothing but total

ruin. Get a spine man! Stop giving that bitch money! The only question is if she will be able to find a bigger beta to raise his kid once he’s reduced to living in his Honda.

If you’re wondering why a man would put up with this sort of thing, it’s the same reason why women stay with men who slap them across the face from time to time. Low self-esteem, low confidence. They think they can’t do better and that they’re lucky with whatever they got.

I believe he has reached the point of no return where no amount of advice or game will change the outcome. Helping him would be like trying to put toothpaste back in the tube.

Turf Wars

January 12, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Turf is power when it comes to approaching girls in bars. You want your first interaction with her to be in your house, not hers, because if she suspects she has the least bit of upper hand she will take advantage of that to feed her low self-esteem.

(*Disclaimer:* If you're new to the game then you should be approaching girls in every type of situation imaginable to get that experience, but when it comes to refinement you can choose approaches carefully to get the most amounts of sex with the least amount of work.)

Before I approach a girl, I ask myself who has to move or turn away if the approach doesn't go well. If the answer is me then most of the time I don't do the approach. I wait until positions change and she is the one who has to walk away if the conversation doesn't catch. If the girl knows she is the one who can stay put, like in situations where she is leaning against a wall or sitting down on a stool while I'm standing, she will be a bigger bitch than if it was her who had to do the walk. She, or more commonly her beastly friend, will abuse that positional power to make me feel weak. It's human nature to take advantage of perceived strength, and female bar-goers are no exception.

What I do is stake out a spot and stick there. Like a commercial fisherman I wait for girls to come into my net. If a girl is sitting with her large group of ugly friends, I take note and wait until she has to go to the bar or use the bathroom, then pull her into my circle and spit game until things go well or she has to walk away. This is the same strategy I use in a coffee shop, where I wait for a girl at a faraway table to cross my path instead of awkwardly walking up to her. If it doesn't go well I don't have to do anything.

The way I see it is why should I have to do the walk of shame in the likely chance there is no connection? I'm already taking 100% of the risk by doing the approach, the least she can do is fuck off if she's not feeling me.

Almost a month ago I started talking to a girl who stood a few feet away from me. I had to take only one-and-a-half steps to get within conversation range. I put the obligatory face time with the fat friend, who told me her mom was from Chile. Without thinking I said, "Yeah I've been to Chile. Man the people there are so fat." I forgot that she was fat, but I was respectful and tried to recover by quickly changing the subject.

Surprisingly she gets upset anyway and says, "It was nice talking to you," which is code for "Go away."

I said, "I'm going to stand right here. What, I'm going to walk away because you told me too?" Sure, I was probably in the wrong due to my inconsiderate observation, but that doesn't mean I have to obey her command. (Here's a thought for your noodle: if a man takes orders from a woman, is he still a man?)

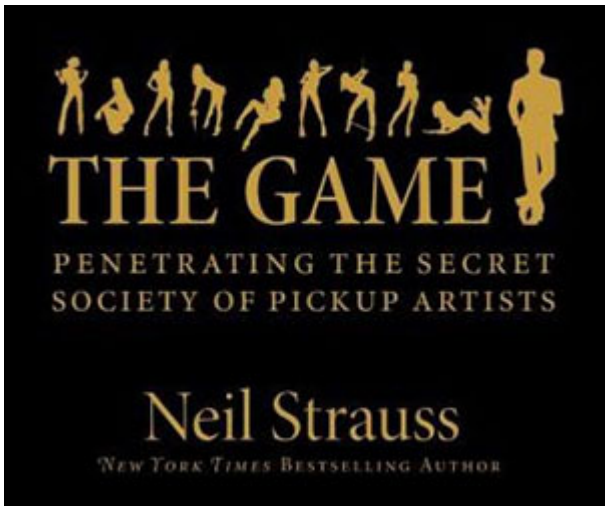
She looks at me, realizes I'm not moving, and then storms off. Her friend stays and apologizes for her fat friend's behavior. Then I walked away, because I wasn't really

interested in her anyway.

You're probably thinking if having to do the walk of shame really matters or not. Isn't it just pride? No, because whoever has to do the walk of shame has less hand. That fat girl who I wasn't even hitting on me tried to use her position to make me feel small, and in this case it backfired. If she was sitting down far from the crowd then I would definitely have to do the walk, and she would have gotten satisfaction from that and repeated it on guys such as yourself.

With turf in mind, even if I fuck up an approach pretty bad there are no repercussions. She walks away and it's over. I can have a laugh and continue as I was with my buddies. That's how it should be: the man shouldn't have to move his body because a girl didn't like him. Now of course I have walked up to girls and gotten numbers and gotten bangs, and that can work very well, but I prefer to have an edge before I open my mouth.

My entire game is becoming increasingly structured around the fact that a girl almost never has the upper hand when she's talking to me.



This Country Is Fucked

January 13, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I've been working at the same bar for about four months now. One of my shifts is lunch and during that time I get the occasional person who comes in to fill out a job application. My record for most applications I gave out in a day was five.

Well I go in on Monday night and there is a stack of paper by the bar. Turns out the day bartender collected over **15** job applications for server and bartender positions during her shift, and gave out half-a-dozen more. She said she felt like an HR person, answering questions and giving out pens. At one point six people were simultaneously filling out applications at the bar. Quite a few papers were actual resumes, with years of professional experience but no restaurant experience. Many graduated from very expensive private colleges (Duke, UVA).

And this is Washington DC we're taking about, a city with supposedly the strongest job market in the country. It seemed like a giant factory closed down on Friday.

Pick-Up Expert

January 15, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I was recently quoted as the pick-up expert in The Great Inaugural After-Party (City Paper). My quote comes at the end. They asked me if I think the extended nightlife hours will help guys with their game.

Speaking of pick up, I caught VK's recent post describing his idea for a Plan B Commerical:

> If I made this commercial I would have kept it real and to the typical situation Plan B is called for. The woman wakes up in the morning and her bra and panties are still spinning from the ceiling fan. Her hair looks like a birds nest, her eyes are blood shot red because she left in her contacts, and her make up is ruined. She's clearly hung over as fuck. She's slightly startled when she realizes she's not alone. She looks over and THIS guy is in the bed with her…….

It was followed by a picture of me sleeping. A reference to Gizmo-like babies came shortly after.

His next post was No One Cares About Your Boyfriend.

> …have you ever noticed that the fatter, uglier, older more frumpy a woman is the quicker she is to announce to the world that she's in a relationship as soon as she's in a relationship. You can tell that she's not used to getting attention (or dick) and it's been forever since her last relationship.

So true.

The Stupidest Thing A Girl Has Ever Done To Me

January 20, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I'm almost reluctant to write this post because I've done a lot of stupid things in my life when talking to the opposite sex and it'd be hypocritical to make fun of others for doing the same. But then again as clueless as I used to be with women, I never did anything this dumb.

I was talking to a girl who had issues communicating. She was taking the the hot/cold, push/pull concept to a laughable extreme. One minute she'd say "Stop being so stupid" and then follow it up with "I think you're cute" and light petting. It was jarring, like listening to an old CD that keeps skipping. Going hot/cold is only effective when used with elegance and charm. If it's not subtle then it comes off as unnatural. When she was complimenting me it seemed almost forced, like she was just doing it so she could again be a bitch, her real natural state.

I got impatient with her attitude but gave her a chance to stop blowing it with me. I said, "Okay now I'm going to teach you the right way to act around a man." Then she did it.

She gave a big lick to her left palm followed by her right palm. Then she placed both hands on the top of my head, and rubbed down to the top of my face. She might as well have spat on my face.

I'm confident that at the time she did it she thought, "Okay now I'm going to be a bitch but it's going to be fun and he's going to think I'm this challenge! Hehe I'm so fun!!" Instead I told her to grow up and she stormed off. It's easy to make fun of pathetic beta males, but how about girls who simply don't know how to act around a man that they like?

If you are approaching 30-years-old like this girl and still haven't gotten a basic game worked out to attract men besides looks, then you are pretty much doomed to multiple cat ownership. I pitied her because she was unable to express herself in a fun, interesting way that didn't come across as mean-spirited or weird. I would have been more interested if she didn't speak at all and we just looked into each other's eyes in complete silence. In essence, she had anti-game.

Brazilian Girls In The United States

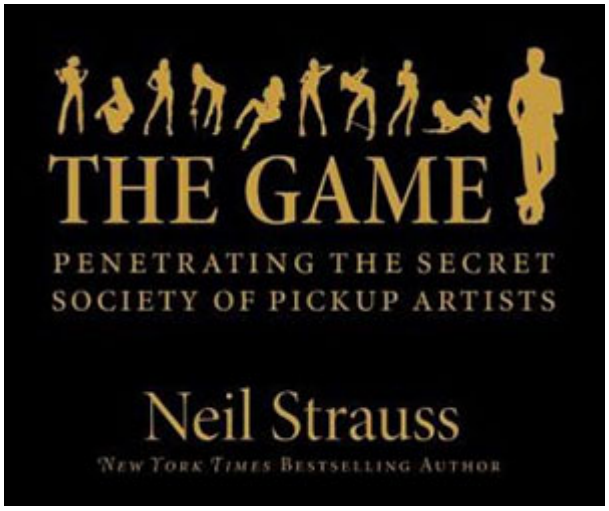
January 21, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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

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

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

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


THE GAME
PENETRATING THE SECRET
SOCIETY OF PICKUP ARTISTS
Neil Strauss
New York Times Bestselling Author

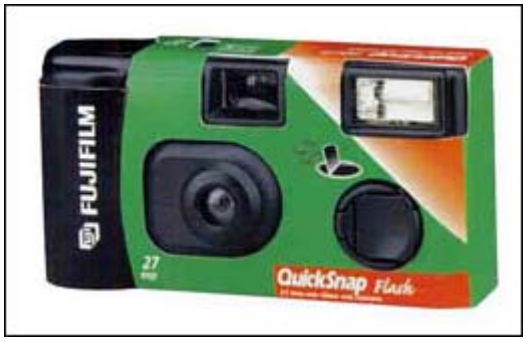
Huge Camera Fatigue

January 22, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Is the guy with the huge SLR camera now a cliche? Five years ago I'd see him in the wild and think, "Oh cool, a real photographer. I wonder how many of his pictures have been published in National Geographic." Now I think, "Look, another wannabe photographer."

They used to get automatic respect. Now they get none. That's what happens little niches become mainstream.

A true photographer is happy to use this…



While the amateur "needs" this…

The Fast Kiss II

January 25, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

It's very important to get the kiss out of the way as quickly as possible because it's rare you will bang a girl the same night you first kiss her. For example, let's say you first kiss a girl at the end of date one. Then it will be hard to also bang on that date. You may bang on date two or three. But if you kiss her when you first met, there is a much higher chance you will bang on date one. Get it?

I'm extremely reluctant to get a number from a girl who I don't at least come pretty close to kissing since I'd have to invest a minimum of **two whole dates** to get the bang. Honestly, what percentage of girls out there are actually bearable to hang out with for several hours of time that two dates entail? 2%? 4% tops? Don't be bamboozled into spending time with a worthless chick, which is safe to say every chick you will talk to this year except one, two if you're lucky.

This is why I go for the kiss even if I don't think I will get it. So the girl senses I'm about to make a move because I'm getting closer to her face and then gently pulls back—big deal. But now she knows what I'm about and if she goes out with me (and she will if she sticks around), it's as if she has signed a legal document accepting all the moves I may choose to do, including any attempt to weasel my way back into her place. I guarantee you she will show up on the first date with a clean, shaved vagina because of the aggression I displayed when we first met.

Speed is of the essence. On a long enough timeline enough variables will be introduced into her life that prevents you from pumping her. But once you already bang, who cares? You got want you wanted, and can begin the cycle of meaningless birth and death anew with another hole. Giddy up.

Previously: *The Fast Kiss I.*

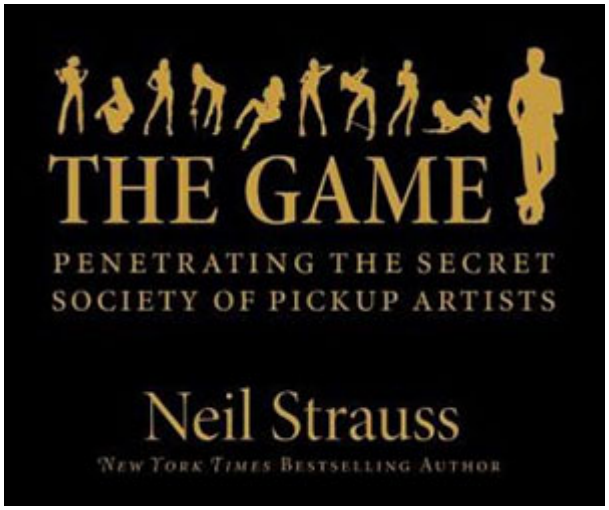
Picking Up Hipster Chicks?

January 26, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

One of my recent day game students was a hipster. I poked fun at the subculture a bit and he told me I should seriously consider hitting hipster spots. He said, “At Black Cat, 60% of people there are girls, and half the guys there are gay.” He added that they are also cuter than average because they are notoriously superficial and overly concerned with looks. The case he laid out was pretty solid.

I wonder what the average level of game is among hipster guys. I’m guessing the farther out you go from mainstream venues, the poorer game you’ll find. Guys at regular bars spend their spare time at the gym and hitting on drunk girls. Guys at Black Cat spend their time dressing themselves and finding new bands. He did know a lot about fashion and music so I’m guessing those are the angles you need to play when going into the hipster circles.

As for the student, he shattered both workshop records: longest approach (15:30) and most numbers (2). One was at the grocery store, and he didn’t even buy anything. I was extremely proud. But then within two weeks three other student tied him with two numbers each and another broke the time record (23:00). Three phone numbers remains stubbornly elusive, but it’s just a matter of time.



Return To Austerity

January 28, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I quit my bartending job. I lasted 4 months. This is after 17 months of not working. Towards the end I started buying clothes, taking taxis, eating out, and going out on dates to expensive lounges. I was trading my labor for things that were unnecessary and less important than my leisure time.

While I will stick to my Johnnie Walker Black habit (thanks Dad), everything else must go and I will stop getting phone numbers of girls who I know won't put out on the first date. I will endure bike rides in the cold. I will go back to counting every dollar that leaves my pocket. The world has righted itself, and I look forward to focusing more on important things like writing, reading books, watching mediocre foreign films, and squatting for six hours a time at my regular coffee shop.

I do not believe in the Western idea of continuous work. I work only has much as I need to, and not a day more. This will fuck me over pretty bad at some point in my life, I'm sure, but not today.

I Found Something Better Than The Female Wingman

January 29, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I have accidentally discovered the logical progression to a female wingman. Remember the Saudi groupie chick who was pawing at me in a bar? It got the attention from a few girls, including one who kept bringing it up on our first date. “I have never seen anything like it,” she said.

Instead of a female friend, what you want is a female sponge who smothers you in public. Go to Craigslist and pay a cute woman to throw herself at you in a crowded bar. You only need her services for one hour (estimated cost: $20-40, lower is she’s unemployed). Act indifferent during her affections and let the numbers roll in after she leaves. It’s best if she’s **not** too hot, or else it won’t be believable, especially if you have no game and are a loser. I’m a special case so it’d be best for me to enlist the services of the hottest chick possible, since the sight of a dime piece throwing herself on me is very natural.

To save some money I have forwarded my entire nightlife itinerary to the Saudi chick.

Garden Variety Haters

February 1, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A blogger I've never heard of before, "Miss A," recently blasted me on her blog in All Is Fair In Love And War. Here's what she said:

> [Roosh] has no moral compass, and no conscience to speak of. Women are "holes". Sex with women is a notch, and if you happen to be international, you're a "flag". If you read his blog you will know what the lowest of the low are thinking, and then you'll be prepared for the worst and hopefully not fall victim to any of their tricks. The main thing you'll see is that most women are "worthless" not being worthy of taking out on real dates because they aren't hot and they are too annoying. Who does this guy think he is? Does he think he's hot? It's unbelievable. Bottomline, if a guy doesn't put forth the effort you deserve he's most likely not interested in you –he's after easy sex. Dating isn't easy, so prepare yourselves! Remember, all is fair in love and war!

Honestly, that made me smile. I'm not going to attack her because she added me on Facebook and Twitter (I think she has a guilt-ridden crush on me and this is her odd way of flirting), but I will state she is 37-years-old. On her blog she claims to be a "relationship expert" but she is single and childless. That's like me claiming to be a player but happily married with three kids from one mother. I wouldn't take her on a date but I'd probably hit same night since she was born in the Netherlands and I haven't had sex with a girl from that country yet.

I can't say I would hit this next hater: Suburban Sweethart. She wrote this:

> Unfortunately, a Google search for "dating in DC," done solely for the purposes of this blog post & not because I've turned to Google to play matchmaker for me, turns up such awesome single specimens as [Roosh], formerly the owner of a blog called "DC Bachelor," who Obamicon'd himself with the phrase "Pickup Expert." Yeah, sometimes I'm glad to be flyin' solo.

Voluntarily, I'm sure.

> Yeesh. Maybe I should get a couple of cats or something.

Bingo, your mind is on the right track. Better yet, go back to Ohio and take the rest of your pale, homely, and socially awkward statewomen with you. If you were raised on a farm or are from the the following states please don't interact with me in person, or even make eye contact: Ohio, Idaho, Iowa, Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana, and Illinois (except Chicago). One large reason why DC is filled with ugly girls is because we have this constant influx from the ugliest, most genetically inferior states.

She did write a flattering comment about me on another blog though:

> Someone sent me an email when I first posted that blog entry, warning me that if

> I wrote about Roosh, I would garner unwanted attention. I think (s)he meant well & was trying to look out for me, but it weirded me out because how powerful/mean IS this Roosh dude? Bad enough that he's deluded & disgusting… better off single, eh, babe? ;)

Powerful…

I'm still waiting for some originality when it comes to Roosh hate. It seems like haters are going to my hater page and copying and pasting it around the internet. These two spinsters above performed Roosh hate style #2.

The Most Thrilling Workshop Ever

February 2, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

It was the Sunday before Obama's inauguration. The weather was cold but nothing like the weekend before when my students and I had to endure temperatures in the low teens. I arrived at the meeting point, a special Starbucks that was inadvertently made for day game, not knowing anything about my two students besides their names.

They finally arrived and it became clear to me that they had game. I only need to hear a man speak for 30 seconds before I can put together a pretty accurate assessment of his ability. Generally the chattier he is—without making inappropriate jokes—the better he'll do. If there is one skill that is more important than any other when it comes to picking up women, it's being able to talk in long prose without continuous feedback.

The first student was Indian but he looked more Middle Eastern. He was thin with a shaggy haircut, a little shorter than my own. He wore a retro plaid shirt and a classic black overcoat with a pin on the left lapel. I'll call him Shaggy. The other student was a white man with a closely cropped haircut. He wore basic blue jeans and a blue crew sweater with a white undershirt. Army, who I'm calling him, would fit quite well in places where white people gather. Both took care of their appearance and seemed to be in good shape.

They told me they were hesitant about signing up for the workshop because they already get laid, but wanted to master day game. They mentioned the reasonable price. In my head I felt like my decision to charge lower than I can was validated since I'm able to teach guys who are not mere beginners. For some guys my workshop is Game 101, but others it's 330, a third year course.

Army struck first. On the way to deposit a paper cup in the trash can, he casually approached a young, innocent-looking girl who sat alone at a table reading the bible. She responded very enthusiastically to the opening material and a few minutes later he got her number. No girl is immune to game, a fact that I already knew.

Army: 1
Shaggy: 0

While Shaggy was conversing with a blonde girl nearby working on her laptop, two random girls came up to the table and asked if we're doing some "male-female psychology" program. I did catch them earlier trying to listen into the lecture material. I wasn't forthcoming about what we were doing and only gave them vague statements about "relationship dynamics." Then loudly one of the them said, "BECAUSE HE [Shaggy] IS RIGHT THERE TALKING TO THAT GIRL." My eyes opened wide, appalled at the lengths girls go to cockblock. I turned my face while simultaneously waving the girls away, not wanting to encourage them to speak any further in case they might do some real damage. Since they were standing and I was sitting, they had no choice but to obey and leave, slightly stunned at my rudeness.

Shaggy hesitated to close on the laptop girl. The problem with day game is you are never 100% sure you're getting the number, unlike night game where if you're talking to a girl for a certain amount of time (>20 minutes), the number is pretty much guaranteed unless you're an idiot with no game. He redeemed himself in Urban Outfitters. A tall blonde girl with hipster glasses was browsing through some sweaters on sale near the stairs when he approached her using material. It took about 8 minutes for the number to be exchanged. Shaggy was the first student to get a number in a clothing store (during the workshop).

Army: 1
Shaggy: 1

Both men were charged up. On the street Army approached a cute, young girl who looked mightily similar to the one in the coffee shop. Shaggy and I watched her show major interest ("Where do you live?") and used telepathy to tell Army to go for the number. He starts to close the deal when two things happen. First, her Dad calls her on the phone. Army stood there calmly but I imagine it was awkward for him, but as long as the girl stayed put there would be no reason for him to move away. Second, she said she was on her way to church. This caused Army to freeze. He stalled and she didn't wait, in a hurry to meet up with her father in a nearby place of worship. Army told us he suspected that she was a member of the same congregation as the girl from the coffee shop.

In the next clothing store, Shaggy chats up a gorgeous girl by the cosmetic jewelry section. There was no conceivable reason for him to be around beaded necklaces, hoop earrings, and sparkly head bands, but the opening material is natural enough that is lowers a girls' guard who would otherwise be suspicious about why a man is a full level away from the men's section. It was here that I noticed a flaw in his close technique: he tried to integrate himself into her future plans instead of just asking for the number outright. I take note of this in my notebook for later debriefing.

Only twenty feet away in the young intimates section, and almost within earshot of Shaggy, Army delivered. He approached two friends and talked for ten minutes, ending the interaction with both of their numbers. Even though he got two numbers, I'm only counting it as one since he can't go for both girls. Like I mentioned to them in lecture, it's very difficult to go for one girl in a pair. One student did it in the following week in the Barnes & Noble, but only because one of the girls was leaving town in a day. The out-of-towner faded into the background voluntarily.

Army: 2
Shaggy: 1

Though we're barely halfway through the workshop, I said, "It will come down to the grocery store." The grocery store is the last venue.

I hyped up the competition so they are motivated to close and set a new record: 3 numbers. While getting laid serves as plenty good motivation, it doesn't have that instant gratification as beating your fellow man. Both approached girls with no encouragement from me, but neither are able to convert on subsequent street or bookstore approaches.

We got on the subway.

The trains were uncomfortably packed, an ideal environment for subway game. Army came within striking distance of a girl on her way to an inaugural ball. She had on a conservative black dress and three-inch heels that squeezed her toes inward towards the middle. It seemed like her toes were tripping on top of each other. Army did admirably, talking to her for four minutes and blowing through awkward points in the conversation to get some semblance of rhythm going. Maybe if she wasn't getting off so soon there would have been a number, but… nothing.

In the middle of the car Shaggy talked at length to a fun, smiley girl. As luck would have it, she had to make the exact same transfer we did. Waiting on the next platform, he bailed on her without getting the number. Infuriated, I told him to go back and get the digits because she is obviously interested. He did.

Army: 2
Shaggy: 2

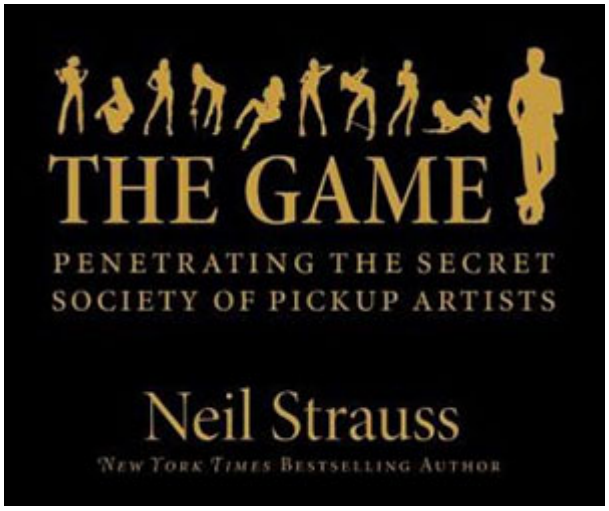
Like I predicted, it came down to the grocery store. I told them they both have tied one of my previous students who got two numbers on a workshop, and that if they want a more permanent place in the record books they *must* get 3 numbers. I added how it will be near impossible for anyone to get 4 numbers. They're pumped and ready, like bulls ready to be released onto the ring. They grabbed shopping baskets and I released them off into the wilderness that is the Whole Foods produce section.

The grocery store is the final exam. I let guys roam there on their own without me by their side. If they can't approach a girl completely alone by the end of the workshop, then I've failed them.

Now remember that it's a Sunday night, the slowest night of the week for grocery shopping according to the supermarket lobby (Food Marketing Institute). For this reason both Army and Shaggy were roaming the aisles, back and forth, waiting for prey. They stalked the same girl in the yellow shirt, waiting for a perfect moment that will never come. Eventually Army walked up to Shaggy and asked, "Did you approach her yet?" Shaggy said no, and Army replied, "Alright then I will." He casually strolls to the girl in the yellow shirt and spits his game, but she wasn't biting. Shaggy made an attempt of his own but there was nothing there as well. If it was a Saturday night I think the end result would have been different.

Army: 2
Shaggy: 2

The workshop soon came to an end. If God existed, I'm sure he would be proud of what I'm doing.


THE GAME
PENETRATING THE SECRET
SOCIETY OF PICKUP ARTISTS
Neil Strauss
New York Times Bestselling Author

The Tipping Habits Of Washingtonians

February 4, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Young people in large groups that come exclusively for happy hours tip poorly. At tables they drop out one at a time and always underestimate the cost and number of their drinks. They also forget about tax, which at 10% eats half a 20% tip. With them I automatically add gratuity. The last guy standing is usually screwed but that's life.

I don't automatically add gratuity to large groups of old people. They tip very well.

Gay people tip the best.

People give higher tips when paying by credit card than cash. I suppose because in the latter case they see their money physically leaving them.

No matter how expensive a drink is, most people will not tip more than a dollar a drink at the bar. But if you're serving them at a table, they will give you a tip at around 20%, even though it took no additional work than walking a few extra steps.

People don't understand that when a bartender gives them something for free they're supposed to give more than a dollar extra. The bartender is not stealing from the bar (because that's what it is) to save you save money. If a bartender gives you two $7 drinks for free, the tip on those drinks alone should be *at least* $10. You can't go wrong if the tip on a free drink is the cost of that drink. That ensures you'll be treated extremely well on all your visits. For this reason I very rarely hook up people I don't know, even if it's a group of girls that are flirting with me.

If the manager tells me to give a regular customer something like a free appetizer or drink, I don't say it's "on the house." Instead I say it's "on me." That ensures it's a higher tip because it makes it seem like I went out of my way, not that it was a business decision by a manger or cook.

The tip is always dismal when one person pays by cash and one by credit card. The guy paying cash puts his share along with the tip in the billfold on top of the credit card. They give it to me and say, "Put it on cash first, then the rest on the card." The guy with the credit card then adds a tip only for his portion, not remembering (or caring) that he just used the tip his friend gave me to pay a few dollars less. This problem would be solved if the guy paying cash would hold that tip until after I run his friend's card.

The percentage tip I get is strongly correlated to the amount of times I make the patron smile or laugh. I used routines on bar patrons, not unlike what I would use on girls in the club.

It's hard for people to give more than 20% tips no matter how amazing the service is. After a certain percentage it feels like throwing money away, because it is.

Why Fat People Don’t Mind Being Fat

February 5, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

It took me a while to figure this one out.

Around my skinny, health-conscious friends, the topic has come up on how fat people can stand to be fat. “It’s not that hard to lose weight,” one would say. “I wouldn’t allow myself to get big,” another would add.

What we didn’t understand is that most fatties fatten up in adolescence. In high school and college, during the toughest stage of their life to be fat because of taunts, snickers, and a lack of sex during perhaps the horniest stage in their life (and don’t give me that feminist bullshit that a woman’s libido peaks in her 30’s), they are *still* unable to lose the weight. Then they become adults where being fat is far easier. There are fewer taunts, less people openly judging them, and they now have better access to millions of hours of hot porn. Whatever motivation to lose weight is diminished since in our politically correct society no one is going to get on them for being overweight, not even family members.

In conclusion, it is nearly painless to be fat as a adult in the United States.

Pins On A Map

February 8, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Whenever I get into a conversation about travel I mention how I have a map of the world on my wall that I like to stand in front of and stare at. A few times people have asked if I put pins on all the places I've been to. I have not.

The reason is because I can no longer decide what is pin-worthy or not. Is it stepping foot in the city boundaries? Staying overnight? Or maybe I have to live there to add a pin.

Calculating notches is easy because it's objective. If a guy crosses the plane of the vagina with his manhood, he has a notch. Case closed. He can add as many pins to that as he wants because he has both physically and mentally affected another animal through this guided and purposeful action, for all eternity.

But doing it with cities or countries isn't the same. It proves nothing except that your body existed in a certain geographical coordinate for a particular amount of time. It would be the same as chopping up the current city you live in into 1,000 square boxes and seeing how many boxes you can step into. Can a man who stepped into 800 boxes make a claim about knowing the city more than the man who stepped into 799? If not then what's the point of keeping count of such things as countries or cities visited?

Plus we're not accounting for the location of the Earth around the sun. When you step in a country it will be in a different spot in the universe than when I stepped in it. There's an infinite amount of ways to measure how we fill space. Therefore you cannot use mere presence at some point in space-time as a judge of experience or knowledge, something that people who have been to a lot of countries tend to do. I remember the time a guy wanted to play a game called "Let's name all the countries we've visited." Not surprisingly he had been to the most.

But vagina… that's different.

Black Jumper

February 9, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I need some help. In December 2007 my jumper (I think that's what it's called) was stolen from a hostel in El Calafate, Argentina. Here is the last known photo of me wearing it:

Let's take a closer look at the jumper:

Notice the quality, starting with the heavy-duty zipper. The bold racing stripes add a nice touch. And it's hard to tell from the photo but there are two zippered pockets on the side. The random chest graphic tastefully avoids advertising the brand (Buffalo). Finally, there is no hood, which I like.

I've looked for months to find a replacement but I got nothing. Once Spring hits it'll be

hopeless. What specific store can I buy this in DC or New York? I’m willing to drop $100. My only requirements is it has to be black, hoodless, with pockets and a non-obnoxious design. I’m desperate. I’m ready to make guys on the street offers on the spot when I see something I like.

This would be fine if it didn’t have a hood:

The reason I say New York is because I’m going there today for about a week. There has to be a place on the East Coast that sells this.

So Played

February 11, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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This following meme is played. Please do not use it anymore in conversation.

“Really? No, really?”

And it’s closely related cousin…

“Seriously? I mean, seriously.”

In the past three months I’ve caught dozens of people from many different subcultures using it, meaning it has filtered into the mainstream. Even a recurring bit on SNL is titled “Really?”

It’s time to find another way to express your incredulity. Some possible alternatives:

“What an unexpected turn of events.”

“I’m very disappointed with that outcome.”

Blog Crush Happy Hour

February 12, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I'm doing another happy hour with Arjewtino and Lemmonex at Marvin next Friday. For more details on the concept visit their blogs now.

Sour Dick-Sucking Lips (Part 1)

February 15, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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The entire story can be viewed in this PDF file.

I look up at the metal chandelier in the main room and notice it has twelve tiny bulbs in the shape of raindrops, set imperceptibly low. It's so low this place will go out of business before having to replace them. There is more light coming from candles placed on eight tables halfway encircling a small dance floor, where late 20-somethings move to deep house as if they were having a mild seizure. I feel like I'm in a dark cave and rabies infested bats are about to descend from the ceiling and inflict pin-sized bite wounds on the crowd. Those who didn't feel the bites in the commotion and seek treatment would eventually die after the virus hitches a ride on a nerve into the skull to feast on brain matter. I already have the rabies vaccine so I'd yell maniacally during the bat attack with my arms high in the air so everyone would think I'm the leader of the bats. I'd trip them going down the stairs and laugh at the hilarious heap at the bottom.

I return to reality and squint around the room, searching for pussy. It's impossible to make a correct decision when the most important feature of a woman, her face, is deliberately hidden from view. That must be why this bar is so popular. I remember the last two girls I got out, their faces a far model from perfection when hit with a halogen bulb, and I relax, ready to thank the owner of this shithole for doing me favor. I'm in a fantasy world, and the joke is on everyone here that the person they're talking to doesn't have a leathery face. I do an imaginary toast in front of my nose and finish the last of my Johnnie Walker Black, by now watered-down from the ice and tasting almost like flat cola.

I don't know where my friend is, but last I saw him he was talking to a blonde slut with big jugs on the patio. I walked away because there was nothing for me. Neither of them noticed. I lean against the DJ booth, currently occupied by a mop-headed guy from Eastern Europe with not an ounce of muscle on his skeletal frame. He bobs his hair to the music like a dufus, getting all into it, and a 300-pound man directly facing the booth gives him a thumbs-up sign. I notice I'm starting to sweat, but I don't want to take of my jacket because I hate the shirt I'm wearing underneath. The only reason I have it on is so my fashion-forward friend takes a break from making derogatory comments about my limited wardrobe. I wipe the sweat off my face and in a flash a girl, alone, enters my view.

My eyes must have adjusted to the darkness because I see her clearly. She has long black hair, a petite nose, enormous dick-sucking lips that seem out of place with her olive complexion, and small, expressionless eyes. She begins to turn away from me and in that quarter-second profile view all I can see besides her thick, shaggy hair were these two lips that protrude unnaturally from her face. By the time her back faces me my legs are moving and my right arm rises from its resting point besides my hip. I tap her three times on her left shoulder, and she turns around and looks at me.

"Let me guess," I say, pausing to build suspense, "you are from Argentina."

“Nope,” she says. Her lips curl up slightly, and that encourages me to continue. It’s obvious to me that my appearance meets her minimum requirements.

“Colombia?”

“Nope.”

“Italy.”

“No.”

“The world has over 180 countries, and I know them all. This could take a while. Give me a hint,” I say with a slight smile.

“I’m a mutt,” she says.

“I’m a mutt too. Go on…”

“Quarter Somalian, quarter Filipino, half-white.”

“Wow… I mean…” I try to regain my composure, “I would have probably never gotten that.”

“Probably not, where are you from?”

I go into the whole Persian / Turkish thing, telling her that explains my thick, luscious eyebrows and generally hairy complexion. She laughs and I realize I’m no longer leaning against anything, but standing near dancers who are bumping into me and not apologizing. It’s much easier to figure out where to put my hands if I’m leaning against something. I take two steps away from her towards the bar. At the moment I step back, I leave my right arm suspended randomly in the air as if it was a bridge, and ask her where her friends are at, an innocuous question that gives her an acceptable excuse to follow a strange man two steps towards the bar without admitting to herself that she is showing too much interest. She does not realize how much knowledge of human persuasion it took to pull that ridiculously simple feat, and at the time I don’t realize it either. At some point it became too laborious for my brain to process every little trick it learned from either books, movies, watching other men, or personal experience. My body is simply a vehicle for my brain to act, and in that way I’m a robot.

Much of my body weight rests on my right elbow, which is planted on the bar. My left hand casually drapes across my abdomen. My left leg is ramrod straight while my right leg has a kink at the knee. In college Art History class I learned that this type of body position, with one hip above the other, was a great step forward in art. There is a name for it that I don’t remember but being able to reproduce this stance in stone was impossible for most of human history.

I am so into my own bullshit that I have trouble paying attention to what a girl tells me in a loud bar. This girl is no exception and I drone on about myself for some time—about how I’m a free-thinking wanderer that takes risks, but indirectly so it doesn’t come across as bragging. I mention the countries I’ve visited and the scientist job I threw away, like I’m proud of being broke but with intimate knowledge of the bed bug life cycle. She digs it, of course, and I let her add her own plain thoughts every minute or two, but I interrupt often because if she talks too much she will take charge of the conversation and I will get

off task. I want to get to know her as a person just a touch more than the DJ, whose sedate music is somehow whipping women in tall black boots into a frenzy. It's a disgusting sight but in the capital of the free world I can't find any other bar that I fit better in.

Out of thin air GQ appears and reminds me that we have to go to a party down the street. I put my index finger up and five minutes later ask her if she wants to have a drink with me at a later date. She looks down and lets out a little smile. She has yet to ask me my name so I'm forced to ask first. Rachel. It's cute that she is shy in an endearing way, that she is not a weathered professional working on her 100th cock. It won't be long now until girlfriend circles throw a party for this momentous occasion: "100th Cock Party," says the Evite with an cartoon image of martini glasses complete with olives and lemon twists. And condoms if they were allowed.

I text message Rachel in exactly two days, on a Monday night. I ask her if she wants to grab a drink on Wednesday. She replies that she is busy but if I rather hang out on Thursday. Her counter-offer was an extremely good sign, and it did calm the irritation that came from taking a full two days and a dozen back-and-forth text messages to get her out for a simple date. She took up to two hours to reply at times, and when I took twelve hours to punish her she simply took more (fourteen hours and twenty minutes).

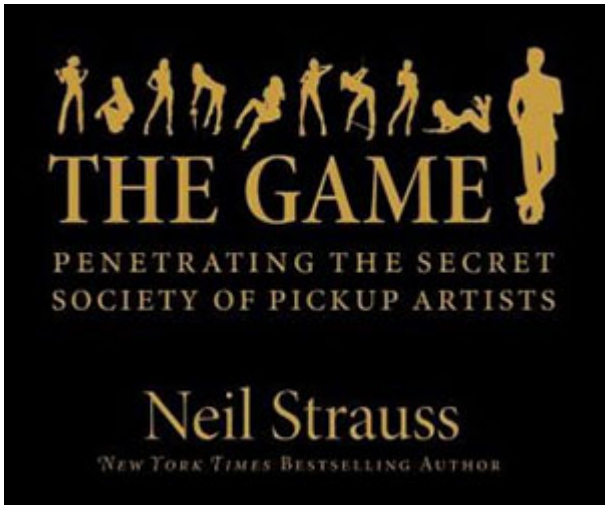
I instruct her to meet me at an inexpensive bar that prides itself on not having bottled beer. She arrives a few minutes after me in a hipster outfit: red-checked flannel shirt, colorful wool gloves, and tight skinny jeans. I finally catch a glimpse of her round though short ass, and decide it's more than acceptable. Her lips are glossy, a dark pinkish color and her annoying bangs cover her right eye. Every five minutes she jerks her neck to the right so that she can see me with full vision.

We sit on back-less bar stools in front of a large wooden column. Intimacy is more easily achieved with a booth because I can sit next to the girl and casually wrap my arm around her lower back. Most girls don't even notice this. It's a little more tricky at the bar. I have to initiate innocent contact with my legs until an hour or two in I pretend my finger is an imaginary pen and doodle on the part of her leg below the meatiest part of her thigh. This touch is too non-sexual to be objected by the girl, but not fifteen minutes later my hand will rest on the top of her thigh. Like a frog bathing in a pot of slowly boiling water…

As the night goes on my hand moves up, while our legs become stuck in a permanent state of incidental contact. In a booth the kiss is usually simple because the sides of our bodies are already touching, but on bar stools there will always be at least a foot of space between us. Bridging this space can be accomplished through a variety of means, the easiest of which is pretending I didn't hear something she said and need to move closer to catch it the second time. For effect I squint my eyes. Then I just look at her lips and go for it, not knowing or caring what her reaction will be. I can't think of a recent time it has failed, but I know it has in the past.

Rachel sits dewy-eyed, drinking a chocolate-espresso stout, while I tell her my thoughts about life that come from hundreds of hours thinking and staring into space, alone. Her

eyes tear up after I went on about South American poverty, predictably, like other girls have, and it's at that moment I know she's ready: she has entered that a vulnerable, emotional state that is ripe for taking a risk, and in this case that risk is getting fucked by a brand new, fresh cock. By this point I already doodled on her leg. In capital letters I wrote "I WILL FUCK YOU" but of course she doesn't realize this, and my hand has crept up to within five inches of her crotch. It's here I'm careful because any sudden movements when I'm so close to the hole can freak her out and null out hours of work. I remove my hand from her thigh and spin my bar stool to face her directly. Our legs interlock. My right hand rests on the left side of her hip at the spot where no matter how much weight a girl loses there is that mass of squeezable fat that makes it easy to hold onto her tightly when fucking from behind.



Sour Dick-Sucking Lips (Part 2)

February 16, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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PREVIOUSLY: PART 1

She says something about visiting Guatemala, or Nicaragua, or maybe it was Honduras. It's one of the countries that liberals filled with guilt visit they can take pictures of dirty children and return back home and brag to their other guilted friends about how much it affected them and changed their outlook on life. "But the children… they were so happy!" they say, as they chow down on free-range chicken and organic fruits bought at the Whole Foods in their up-and-coming neighborhood that still has a pesky crime problem from menacing black youths. Jerome, with a respectable three purse snatchings under his belt, nearly as poor Pepe in Tegucigalpa, is not deserving for help, unfortunately, and it would be better if rents keep going up so him and his family (five siblings in all), can be displaced somewhere in a distant suburb. Pepe, the rascally bastard (literally), has a stack of thirty-eight wallets neatly placed in the corner of a room he shares with his two older sisters, one of which turns tricks two blocks from the town square. She's 15-years-old. The funny thing is that even if Rachel found out that Pepe is a thief—about to graduate to armed robbery and then organized kidnappings—that fact wouldn't chill her heart to him any less, and she would rationalize by saying he was born disadvantaged and is forced to steal. Believe it or not, Pepe has an 8 gigabyte iPod Nano with the latest tracks from Fall Out Boy.

Rachel rambles on about how she found her soul in Honduras, I'm now sure it was, and my brain refuses to process her words in a way that I can provide a suitable response. The boat is ready to board and I can't concentrate on having to get into new conversational topics. Besides, after four beers I'm only capable of deep bedroom stares. I get closer and then look over her right shoulder when I recognize a bald, skinny man with glasses sitting in a booth with two other men. It's Stanley Clemens. Four years ago I worked with him in a biotech firm, and though we were in different departments we interacted quite a bit and shared a drink or two at company sponsored happy hours in the cafeteria. And by drink I mean Bartles & Jaymes wine coolers. Not me but him. I drank beer, like a man, but he would only drink the raspberry-pomegranate flavor and give off a faggy "Ahhh" after every third or fourth sip like someone was diddling his prostate. One of my coworkers told me that he once caught Stanley getting his dick sucked in his office by one of his hot-bodied subordinates, and looking at him within shouting range I simply don't believe that a man who drinks fucking wine coolers got his shit gobbled on by a girl ten years younger than him *in his office*. I count on him not recognizing me and decide not to say hello.

Slightly bothered, I stare back at Rachel who wraps up something about how the non-profit work she does in Maryland is related to her interests in Central America. I continuously nod up and down like a novelty drinking bird and she finishes. Before a long silence envelops us both I ask her to repeat what she just said as if I didn't hear, which

technically I didn't. I stare at her dick-sucking lips, ready to kiss her after what has now been four hours of talking, and she speaks again, slowly, because she understands and accepts what I'm doing. I squint my eyes and stare at her lips, and her speech slows even more until she trails off and leaves an incomplete sentence hanging in the air, and I carefully move in closer, and my eyes are almost closed now, and I inhale loud enough so that Stanley can hear, and our lips touch.

"You're fresh," she says. But she didn't say it in English but *Spanish*, and I'm content that I understood what she said. Apparently she is fluent in Spanish but this means nothing to me and I close my eyes again and pull her towards me by using my hands, which are at her hips, and we kiss, very slowly, so that I can feel the softness of her dick-sucking lips, the actual tissue it is composed of and not just the outside texture.

Rather abruptly the song "Chasing Cars" by Snow Patrol comes on and I stop kissing for a second to look at the bartender, who knows me, I think—he should after all the girls I brought here—and he gives me this knowing stare as if telling me he did it on purpose. I shoot back a slight smirk by twitching my left cheek muscle and go back to kissing Rachel, whose lips are the softest I've ever experienced in my life. As a kid I used to make Toll House chocolate chip cookies from a recipe on the back of the chocolate chips package where each batch called for two sticks of softened butter. Sometimes I'd cheat and zap the sticks in the microwave for fifteen seconds or so but it would melt the surface and eventually give the cookies a flatter appearance. Well, Rachel's lips were like butter softened in the microwave. The mood is perfect, her lips are perfect, and my game is perfect. Not long after I close out my tab, $45, by paying in cash. We leave and I make sure not to make eye contact with Stanley.

I walk her home less than a mile away and sober up quickly as we make our way through her ghetto neighborhood. Short, ugly Hispanic men shuffle around like large rats and I put my hand in the same jacket pocket of my portable canister of pepper spray. I've tested it outside before and it shoots a forceful, jalapeño-red stream ten feet straight ahead. To make sure the spray was the real deal I wafted the mist from the practice spray onto my face and immediately began a sneezing fit that lasted four minutes. I want one of these Mexicans to say something, anything, and then get a full blast of sauce in their face and cry, "¡Aye aye pero porque! ¡No me gusta! ¡En serio?!"

"Officer, he attacked me and I feared for my life."

"I understand sir, I would have done the same thing. We're going to export him back to El Salvador where it will take him at least six months and twelve gallon jugs of water to make it back to our country again. Damn wetbacks are ruining America."

Finally we arrive at the lobby of her project and I take my hand out of my pocket. She stops by a wall of mailboxes, a quarter of which are broken and open.

"Can I use your bathroom?" I ask.

"My place is a hot mess."

Hot mess… where have I heard that before?

“That’s cool I won’t look. I just want to pee. I’m about to urinate on myself.”

“I can’t let you in.”

“No, seriously. It’s burning like fire. You can blindfold me.”

“I’m sorry I can’t.”

“Alright well can you point me to an alley where I can relieve myself,” I bluff.

“Yeah there is one right there,” and she points next to dumpster encased in a wooden fence. Black graffiti lettering covers the large wooden door.

“Fuck, are you serious?”

“I’m sorry, I can’t. I’ll clean my place and next time you can come in. I promise!”

I don’t remember that ever failing me. Actually, it never has. Even when the girl has hated my guts she still let me in to use the bathroom. Sure she kept the front door open and waited by it impatiently with her shoes on, but making me use the alley? What kind of cold heartless bitch lets a new guy she’s hooking up with use an alley in the middle of the *ghetto*?

No, Rachel is shy. She is shy in an endearing way, in a way that only a girl who hasn’t had almost 100 cocks knows how to act. It was okay. She’s naïve. I kiss her goodnight, then piss in the alley, one hand on my dick and one on my pepper spray, which is in the shape of a small dick, so it’s like I had my hands on two dicks, and then start home. Sometime during the night she sends me a text message saying she had a great time. That’s the least she could do, and I smile when I receive it, like an artist smiles when he’s done with a painting he just finished. But really I just started the painting.

Sour Dick-Sucking Lips (Part 3)

February 17, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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PREVIOUSLY: PART 2

I couldn't stop thinking about her.

I bought her a canister of pepper spray for late-night walks home. I took her to an upscale French brasserie downtown where she was impressed with my wine knowledge, and couldn't have been more pleased with the French cabernet I picked out for her. The manager on duty, a man I used to bartend with, gave me 50% off. I did not tell her that he did this. I sat with her in a bookstore café, sharing a chocolate bundt cake with a dollop of drinking chocolate in the center, her reading a 20th year anniversary edition of The Unbearable Lightness Of Being by Milan Kundera—because I gave it to her as a gift—and me reading The Sun Also Rises by Ernest Hemingway. Though she is only 23-years-old, and those under 25 cannot give a proper reading of The Unbearable Lightness Of Being because of their lack of life experience, especially in the area of love, she is stimulated by certain passages, such as the following: "When a society is rich, its people don't need to work with their hands; they can devote themselves to activities of the spirit. We have more and more universities and more and more students. If students are going to earn degrees, they've got to come up with dissertation topics. And since dissertations can be written about everything under the sun, the number of topics is infinite. Sheets of paper covered with words pile up in archives sadder than cemeteries, because no one ever visits them, not even on All Souls' Day. Culture is perishing in overproduction, in an avalanche of words, in the madness of quantity. That's why one banned book in your former country means infinitely more than the billions of words spewed out by our universities."

I took her for a weekend to New York City where we stayed at the affordable Pod hotel, and had sex at least a dozen times. We toured Williamsburg in Brooklyn and the Lower East Side and bought luxurious cupcakes and drank *cafecitos* in cozy cafes with old and broken furniture. On the third Thursday of the month I took her to a Brazilian party at a bar called Bossa where I watched her samba, because, I must have absent-mindedly forgotten to mention, she's a samba instructor. She knows how to vibrate her body in ways that most men will only be able to watch on a television screen every February when a blip about Carnival makes its way to the news, and I enjoyed that I ravaged her once we returned back to her apartment in the ghetto, both of us having carried pepper spray. I took her the National Portrait Gallery of Art, where I pretended to know what I was talking about, and afterwards we hit a family-owned Lebanese restaurant for falafel wraps topped with freshly-made hummus, which gave me gas almost immediately because of a synergistic combination of garbanzo beans and olive oil. She was a hollow vessel that I filled these realistic fantasies with. It could have been any girl with dick-sucking lips, but it was her, and beyond sex I wanted her to be my main Washington DC girl, to join my Cordoba girl, my Rio de Janeiro girl, and my New York girl—soon to be

replaced by another, much younger girl that I met in a coffee shop next to a bus company's Chinatown DC-NY bus stop. She had a piercing one inch above the left edge of her lip, and lacked a certain grace that I've become accustomed to, but like all women—and all other mammals for that matter—she can easily be trained.

I quickly bore myself with the fantasies and hit the pornography hard, trying to find girls who look like Rachel to give my fantasies a little more… sustainability. So far they were based on nothing but her appearance. The dryness of her personality made it easy to mold her into any situation, but difficult to make them more personable and intimate.

Esquire calls me four days after our first date. He asks me how it went.

"It was… magical," I laugh. "Her lips are so soft."

"Mmmm she got them DSL's I saw."

"Does she ever. We were at the bar for five hours, talking. She wouldn't let me back into her place but I think there is… something… there. She is trying to cure world hunger, or poverty, and you know that that type of girl is made for me."

"Wait, something there?" he asks, confused.

"Yeah, like a connection."

"And you haven't fucked her, right?" I can hear him chewing something, probably two grilled chicken breasts cooked on his George Foreman grill. I'm pretty sure he went to the gym after work.

"No not yet, but I'll probably hit the next date," I lie, knowing full well I'm not getting her panties off until at least the fourth date, but most likely fifth.

"Remember Beth, the girl I dated a few months ago?" he asks.

"Yes I remember. What, did she call you?"

"No, but after we started fucking—I think it was our sixth date or so—I told you I was catching feelings and you got on me pretty hard about it. You said it was 'too soon.' And now you're telling me you feel a connection for a girl you only kissed—after one single date?"

My mouth was open ready to speak but no words came out, my throat frozen.

"Look, you know how these bar sluts are. The minute you," he pauses to search for a word, "*value* them as an equal, especially before you fuck them, is the minute you can punch yourself in the dick since you won't be using it anytime soon. I'm curious as to what type of spell she put on you, bro."

"No, no, you're right. Shit you're right. I guess I think that… that she is different. She's shy, you know? She's not… I mean… I don't think she's like the bar sluts we usually fuck."

"Did you meet her in a bar?"

"Yes."

"Was she with a big group of friends?"

"Yes."

“Was she drinking?”

“Yes.”

“Did she give you her number easily?”

“Yes.”

“Was she wearing tight clothes?”

“Yes.”

“Was her lips extra glossy on your date?’

“Yes. They were blinding.”

“How many drinks did she have on the date?”

“Three. Okay, okay I get your point. But I didn’t do anything wrong, yet, I think. It’s still on.”

“Dude just bang her first. If you’re dating for a month or two then you can think these things. I shouldn’t have to tell you that.”

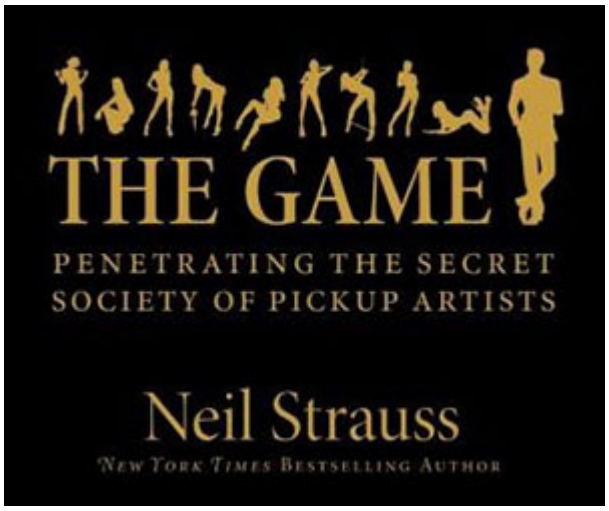
“You’re right. Fuck, I’m such an idiot. Also I called her last night, three days after the date, and… she hasn’t called me back yet.”

“Because she’s a bar slut. She’s probably juggling three other cocks at the same time. You know how they are.”

“I know. I need to hit first.”

I need her to call first. It’s noon on the second day since I left a message. I just took a hot shower and now I stare in the bathroom mirror after wiping off the fog with a dirty pair of boxers with gray sharks on them that my mother bought for me three years ago as a Christmas gift. My beard is very thick now, about four weeks of growth, but it doesn’t make my face look fat and swollen because the hair on my head is bushy. To maintain it I have to shave my neck and the top of my cheeks every three or four days so the beard line neatly descends from the middle of my sideburns to the sides of my mustache and fills the entire space below it until the underside of my jaw. I have no empty patches in my beard, something that most white men and all Asian and black men cannot achieve, and I’m proud of this. The ten or so white hairs in my beard only adds to its power. Years ago girls would tell me they have never been on a date with a guy who had a beard before, but I no longer hear that which tells me that beards are back in style, and this is good for me since what I normally do is now considered hip among shallow girls who are into appearances and trends. The shallower a girl is, the worser her decision-making skills, the more likely she won’t think twice about sleeping with me way too soon. I decide I don’t need to shave today since I’m not going out, and study my reflection in the mirror. I accept that I’m upset that Rachel hasn’t called me back, that she would just throw it away for no reason. I think of text messages I can send her to revive my effort, and flirt with this: “Hey I don’t think you’re that cold. What’s up?” I don’t think I’d tell Details if I did this. I splash cold water on my face to shut the large pores I have around my nose and watch as the water slides down my face and disappears into my beard, then

reappears at the bottom of my chin in drops that finally fall into the sink.



Sour Dick-Sucking Lips (Part 4)

February 18, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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PREVIOUSLY: PART 3

Four hours later my phone rings. It's *her*. The worst thing I can do is pick up the phone but that's exactly what I do because I'm deathly afraid that if I don't speak to her now I will have to play phone tag for several more days. That would kill the seduction for sure. She has the power and I'm still in a spell, but at least I'm aware I'm in the spell, which is one step away from snapping out of it. I call her out indirectly about taking so long to call by saying "Finally." She doesn't apologize or give me an excuse, which is worrying. During our short conversation we set up a date for the next night at a hotel bar that I suggested. After the call I get a thought: "She's not shy, you idiot, she's *cold*."

The next day she texts me a few hours before the date and asks to relocate to a bar closer to her neighborhood. I reply "Okay," but I'm livid. "She better have a damn good excuse," I say to myself, and pack up my things from the coffee shop where I was tunneling through Fathers and Sons by Ivan Turgenev. I begin to walk and take the long route so I can be late, and pass by pant-suited women wearing sneakers and bald men walking tiny dogs. A tall brunette with curly hair approaches on the left and gives me a half-second glance then looks down and to the right and in my head I'm thinking what I'm going to say to Rachel about changing plans, and if this really is a lost cause and I should just stand her up right there at the bar and at least make her feel like horseshit. The spell is weakening, and my anger is still high and my lower lip is pushing up on my upper lip into the early stage of a frown, and I walk into the bar 20 minutes late to find her drinking alone, almost done with a bubble glass of red wine. She is playing with her phone, either because she's bored or because doesn't want to appear like a total loser. I accept that I have zero power with her. I tell myself to do everything possible to fuck her tonight but deep inside I know that it's absolutely not going to happen.

She has her hair back into a complicated bun so that her eyes and forehead are visible. I like it because I knew it took some time to do. She has on a slight v-neck sweater that draws my eyes down to her small breasts and her lips are gleaming like usual. The sight of her appearance relaxes me slightly and I tell myself that the fact she is here, looking good for me, is a positive sign and she really does like me and I should just make the most of it.

I am slightly distant and out-of-sorts for the first hour of the date. I ramble on about insignificant matters, like the nude painting on the wall and the schizophrenic weather, waiting for the Johnnie Walker Black to kick in and for her to do something that allows me to say this is all worth it and I'm not wasting my time and lifeblood. As if she senses this she reaches into her large purse and pulls out The Rum Diary by Hunter S. Thomspon and hands it to me: "I think you'll like this." Pleased, I pull out my beaten copy of The Unbearable Lightness Of Being from my bag, since I always leave it in my bag to show girls I meet in coffee shops (so they think I'm deep), and hand it to her. I tell her that by

noting passages I've marked in the book she will learn more about me than she can by mere casual conversation. She doesn't make a comment about this and I realize that I made a grave mistake and should not have given her the book because *she won't get it*. I tighten the muscles in my forehead and something is telling my mouth to open and my vocal chords to vibrate and without thinking I say, "Look, this is my only copy. If we don't happen to see each other again I'm going to ask you to mail it back to me." She laughs and then I look at her with wide open eyes and say, "I'm serious." She is still laughing, and I realize that I will never see her again.

Our legs have been touching for a while around the knee. I ask her why she is sitting so far away from me. She moves closer, my hands find homes around her thigh and hip and lower back and we kiss, but it wasn't nearly as good as the first time because the spell was much weaker. Still, it's good, because I love her lips.

A little bit after the kiss the topic gets on schooling and I ask her what her major in college was. I'm on my third drink, and so is she. The cocktailer brings us two complimentary Jameson shots because they were out of some frou-frou drink she tried to order earlier. They sit on the table, untouched.

"Woman's studies."

"What?!" I fake surprise. Only a chick as cold as her could be a card-carrying feminist.

"WO-MAN'S STU-DIES." She says it in a way that suggests other men have been just as disappointed as me.

"Well that explains everything." I say, smug-like.

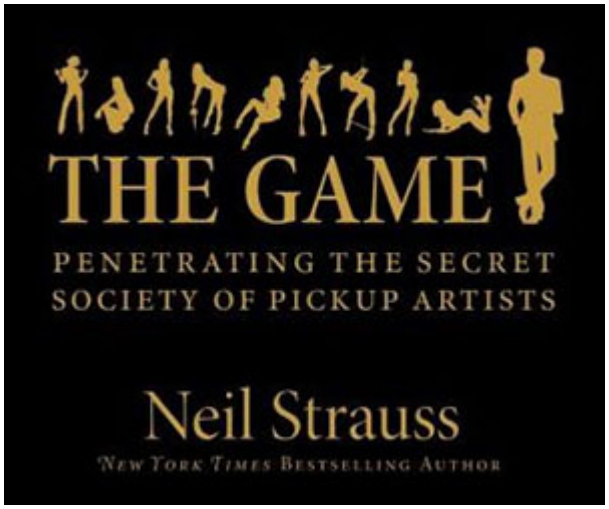
"What do you mean?"

"It explains why you're cold like all the white chicks I've dated." Maybe I should have used the word "frigid" instead of "cold" but I think that would have ended the date immediately. I soften it all with a smirk but her face shows she doesn't care for the comment. I feel tricked because the only reason I approached her was because she looked South American. "False advertising," I mumble, but actually I'm happy to learn that none of this is my fault. There is a limit to what game can accomplish: unfortunately it can't undo four years of brainwashing that teaches impressionable young women that they are actually better than men.

I pour a third of her shot into mine. We both drink our shots, and now I'm feeling a glimmer of hope I may actually hit tonight, because she doesn't move her body away from me after I call her cold and she has nearly four servings of alcohol in her system. She's a small girl so I know she's feeling loose. Half-an-hour passes. I ask for the check. It's $55. She plops her Powerpuff Girls MasterCard on the check presenter but I slide it off. It's a bad habit that I only let girls pay after I fuck them, which generally isn't a problem when it happens by the end of the first date. Maybe I'm still spellbound, who knows. I tip $20 to show the cocktailer appreciation for the Jamesons.

We start the walk to her place. It's about seven blocks away and I briefly consider hailing a cab because it's cold but I don't want to spend any more money on her. Our arms are

locked in the French style and there isn’t much conversation. There’s nothing specific I can think of that would warm her up to getting banged in moments time. I see both sides of this problem: on one hand if I keep talking I can distract her from what it is I want her to do, but on the other hand a silence can allow her to fantasize about having me deep inside her, assuming that’s where she’s at. Also, if I talk too much I may say something stupid at the absolute worse time to do such a thing. Tonight I pick silence, but after I bring up one thing…



Sour Dick-Sucking Lips (Part 5 of 5)

February 19, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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PREVIOUSLY: PART 4. The entire story can be viewed in this PDF file.

"So why didn't you want to meet me at the hotel bar?" I purposely save this up for the end of the date, after she has invested a whole night in me.

"I don't like going to bars I haven't been to before," she says. Immediately my lips tense and I'm in disbelief. I unhook my arms from hers and look at her face.

"That makes absolutely *no* sense," I yell, getting the attention of a man in a brown blazer passing us in the opposite direction. "If that was the case then you'd never step into any bar!" I want to add "idiot" but I hold back. I'm offended that she thinks so lowly of my intelligence that I'd swallow such tripe. I slowly resume walking again, looking straight ahead, and she grabs my arm, which I take as her way of apologizing, and says, "Oh come on, you know what I mean."

"Obviously I don't."

"Look I just didn't want to trek all the way to Dupont."

"It's only one stop away! It's an extra 10 minute walk!"

"But it's far!"

I think my face is turning red but I can't tell. I take a deep breath through my mouth. "It takes me 30 minutes to come out here to meet up with you. And you're telling me right now that you don't want to take one metro stop to meet me at a bar that I take effort into choosing? This is… *stupid*." By "this" I was referring to us, this relationship, but it doesn't seem like she catches that. She doesn't catch a lot of things.

"Calm down you're just being silly."

She is still holding on to my arm and I can feel my chest rising up and down whereas I didn't before my outburst. With her apartment complex in sight the words "hot mess" pop into my head and now I remember why it sounded so familiar the last time I was here: it's similar to The Killers debut album, *Hot Fuss*, a record that starts strong but quickly fades into mediocrity. In an unfortunate attempt to be taken more seriously, perhaps to mimic Coldplay's formulaic success, The Killers have gravitated away from pop-rock monster hits to a mellower sound that is neither inspiring nor affecting. Plus Brandon Flowers' lyrics have eroded into a realm of cheese that competes with trance anthems from the early 00's ("Castles In The Sky" by Ian Van Dahl, "Heaven" by DJ Sammy, anything by ATB, etc.). This is most apparent in their third album, *Day In Age*, where only two tracks are not cringe-worthy: "A Dustland Fairytale" and "I Can't Stay," though neither have given me a compulsive urge play dozens of times a day like I did "Mr. Brightside," and to a lesser extent, "Somebody Like Me." "Mr. Brightside" still moves me, probably because I anchored it to a beautiful bartender I tried to sleep with who loved the song as well. I'm not so sure why she did since it's about a man who quickly falls for a girl after just a kiss only to have his affections go unrequited. I think she's in

Greece now.

I don't have to do or say anything to get into Rachel's studio apartment—it is assumed. I walk into what feels like an Ikea showroom, because she's in Ikea's market audience and doesn't know any better. I casually explore the space, use the bathroom, and then sit on her GRANKULLA futon. She joins me with her laptop and asks how I'm getting home. I say, "Don't worry about it," and watch her wrap up some work she needs to do for the next day. While on the futon she makes sure not to touch me. This has happened to me many times before; sometimes it takes a while for a girl to warm up to me when I'm in her place for the first time. I match her distance and take out my laptop from my bag. Left inside is my copy of Fathers and Sons, a tin of Altoid Peppermint mints, one condom (size extra large), Sennheiser ear bud headphones, a travel toothbrush, a travel contact lens case, and a ballpoint pen.

After she finishes her work I show her pictures from my time in Brazil. The first photo that pops up on the screen is of me in boxer shorts splayed out across a bed. I quickly hit the right arrow on my keyboard and say, "Uh that was taken by a… friend." It happened over a year ago anyway. She seems to take interest in the fifty or so other photos I show her.

"So how are you getting home?" she asks, again.

"What do you mean?"

"You're not staying here."

"Who said I wanted to stay here?!" I say. I show her more photos, from Argentina. Now I'm very sure there will be no sex on her MANDAL bed, next to the LEKSVIK nightstand, opposite the BILLY bookshelf. Ten minutes pass. Casually I say, "I think the Metro stopped running. Uhh mind if I crash on your futon?"

"This is only our second date! I told you you can't!" she yells as she gets up from the futon.

"Alright you want me to walk home? Take a $60 cab? Great, okay."

She says "I don't believe I'm doing this" and orders me to get off the futon so she can pull it out.

Once the futon is ready she says again, "I don't believe I'm letting you stay here." I wonder why my luck is so bad that I found the coldest feminist in the city. Usually they are extremely easy because they don't believe in "social constructs" like "whore," "slut," and "cum dumpster." I begin to wonder if Rachel was sexually abused as a child, because I've never seen anything like it. But while I'm here…

She's changing into her pajamas in the bathroom while I mill around the kitchen looking for a snack, something like a granola bar. I haven't eaten in eight hours. She comes out and I stop what I'm doing to lean against the frame of the kitchen entrance, like James Dean, I'm hoping. She walks up to me and I extend my arms and she grabs them and comes into me. I bend my head down and she cranes hers up and we kiss. My hands go lower until they cup her ass and this goes on for about three minutes and right when I'm about to push her onto the futon she pulls away from me and I'm left there drooling with

my eyes closed, searching for her lips in the air with my own. It takes me ten seconds to snap out of it. She is already laying in her bed.

I go to the bathroom to brush my teeth and take off my contacts. Then I lay on the futon with all my clothes on, only ten feet away from her. It's hard for me to accept that I'm in a girl's place and not sharing her bed. In the darkness I tell her that when I was young my mom used to tuck me in and make me warm milk with honey. "You don't have to make me warm milk with honey," I say, "but I would like to be tucked in. And I want a goodnight kiss." She asks me if I'm kidding and I say that I'm most definitely not. She sighs loudly and then gets out of bed, walks over, and kneels over me to give me a short kiss. I tell her to lay down for a minute and she lets out this aggravated moan, but does it. We lay side by side, kissing, and I'm being very careful not to trigger the switch that will cause her to scamper back to the bed. My left hand returns to its rightful place on her body and she seems to be getting into it, but her breathing is light and shallow. A girl about to have sex breathes heavily and lets out deep, elongated breaths.

Her hand is near my stomach and I grab it gently to lower to my dick but it doesn't budge. Then I begin to roll on top of her and before I could complete the move she slithers like a snake away to her bed.

"How do you… how do you just stop like that?" I say. "It's like you're a *machine*." She doesn't reply. My erection goes limp and I fall asleep.

I take the same bus as her in the morning. Upon parting we make plans for a couple days later, a Saturday, and then she gives me a nice kiss goodbye. I didn't consider not making plans with her but I set it up in a way that I'd be with my friends and she'd tag along. If she acts weird I can ditch her with no detriment to my night. I swear to myself that I won't buy her anything. It doesn't happen. She cancels on Saturday and tries to reschedule for an off-night. I tell her I already have plans, even though I'm free. I'm being played. I tried and I failed. I'm sour as hell. I never contact her again, and she never contacts me again.

On the same Saturday we were supposed to hang out, I go with Robb Report to a hipster bar, our second of the night. While I wait at the bar to order a drink, a tall, half-Asian girl with incredible bangs make eye contact with me. When I catch her she turns around to her friend. I tap her on the shoulder three times and say, "Where I come from if you look at someone you have to talk to them. You have to ask them… what their favorite flavor ice cream is." I've never said that before, and am satisfied with the improvisation.

"What's your favorite flavor ice cream," she asks, smiling.

"Chocolate chip cookie dough, of course."

Three hours later I'm fucking her on her friend's uncomfortable leather couch. I try to fuck her a second time but my dick is half-soft from the scotch (and condom) and keeps bending like a cheap rubber hose. Her dryness doesn't help. "I think you're done," I say. She lives in New York and I think I want to see her again. She's affectionate and just as pretty as Rachel, and contacts me the next day just to say hi, but I still feel sour.

I did this to myself.

Travelvice I

February 24, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I wanted movement and not a calm course of existence. I wanted excitement and danger and the chance to sacrifice myself for my love. I felt in myself a superabundance of energy which found no outlet in our quiet life.
-Leo Tolstoy

When I got the travel bug I tried to find travel blogs that would help me with advice and knowledge for my own journey. It was much harder than I thought. A lot of blogs were by post-college graduates who didn't want to start work yet, and others were by people who wanted to feed starving children in towns without electricity. Eventually a chance discovery led me to Travelvice, written by Craig Heimburger, a man who I would say I share many personality traits with.

Craig has been traveling for three years, a year of which I've been following. During his journey he met a Peruvian woman and had a boy. I thought that would surely end his journey, but he takes them on the road with him. His boy, now almost one, has probably been to more countries than I have.

I follow up on a lot of his post with so many questions that I figured I might as well interview him. I wanted to pick his brain and find out why he's doing what he's doing, and also draw out the beliefs that drive him. So here's part one of the interview I had with Craig. My questions are in bold and his answers are in regular text.

You had an established career after graduating from college and you also got your MBA a couple years after that. It seems like there was a decision to move up the professional ranks but then you completely changed gears to where you are today. How and why did that happen?

During my first year of travel I'd sometimes lay out a description of my former standing in the U.S. similar to the one you've described in the question. I was working full-time in Phoenix and doing evening classes for my MBA (paid for by the same consulting company that I'd later leave just weeks after finishing my degree).

I was happy, getting plenty of lovin' and leisure in that lifestyle (despite the terribly full, yet routine schedule). The corporate brass wanted to promote me to a senior level that

would've probably doubled my salary and expanded my ability to enact change within the organization. By most standards these dimensions of personal and professional success would've been enough to keep the lips of most any 25-year-old grinning from ear to ear, behind a glass of rum at least half his age.

But a seemingly innocuous visit to Thailand in the winter of 2004 (that mostly took place during/after the massive Boxing Day tsunami that rocked the region) set in motion a mindset that has since seen me living quite "comfortably" (warning: very subjective) out of a backpack for over three continuous years.

Years back, I'd had the notion that I'd seriously commit to learning German and become a knowledge worker of some sort in Germany. (I'd been rather captivated by the place on a high school exchange back in '96.) Pursuing my Master's put an end to that idea, but not the notion of living abroad. And when my 2004 holiday visit to Thailand came along, the overwhelming desire to escape from the uninspiring game of corporate chess (political posturing, elbow rubbing, etc) came crashing down on me like the nearby tsunami that could've very well claimed my life.

But deciding to up and abandon your stable life for one of pure travel is a vacation delusion that few actually follow through on. I reflected on several things during and shortly after this initial Thai experience:

– My mother passed away at a young age from cancer when I was only 17. This can age a young man considerably in his youth. This teaches you that life is fleeting. That life is short.
– There's more to a short life than working in an office building, sitting under the sterile blue-white light, chained to a computer monitor.
– That materialistic wants are far from the materialistic needs that I actually need to be happy, and that being in a corporation, surrounded by individuals perpetually looking to upgrade their lives by purchasing the next best house, car, phone, or television was not an environment that I wished to surround myself with any longer (especially since it's so tempting and easy to get wrapped up in the behavior yourself when all your peers are doing the same).
– That I should have to ask permission from someone for my time — to beg a boss for permission to please, pretty please, can I have a three-day weekend? I give my time to a company, not the other way around.
– That I couldn't allow the idea of living abroad to become an unrealized pipedream.
– And if not now, when?

It took nearly 11 months to finish up that degree, design and build a Web site that would best allow me to share my knowledge and experiences with others, prepare a successor at work, and shut down my life. Belongings were lovingly sold, tossed, or donated to charity, friends and family. I spent a lot of time researching not where to go, but what to take. And ultimately, my life was compressed down to that of a backpack small enough to fit in the overhead bin of most any commercial passenger plane. And that's the way it's been since December, 2005.

Did you get comments from people close to you that you were "throwing" away your career or not living up to your potential? Or were people inspiring you and pushing you to do it? How do you respond to people who question what you are doing?

Truly one of the best ways you can leave a company is to tell them you're doing it for travel. Not for another company, or for any other myriad reasons people give notice for, but to go and do the very thing that your peers are afraid to do themselves. And this, this response is even more motivating for the individual shedding themselves of their environment for reasons of wanderlust.

Still, years later, I get furrowed brows and letters of what amounts to dissatisfaction with the choices that I've made (and continued to make) with my lifestyle from my mother's side of the family. Perhaps more than a little xenophobic at my grandmother's level, down to the 'long vacations are what retirement's for' mindsets of her children and their families. They could just never really grasp what I would want with more than two weeks of vacation time per year and a stable, well-paying job. To toss it away to live an unscheduled life in the (comparatively) impoverished places of the world seemed certifiably nuts.

On some level I found that parts of Rolf Potts' book *Vagabonding* articulated a handful of the thoughts and feelings that I was having in 2005. And as I slowly expanded the circle of people around me whom I was revealing my intentions to throughout the year, I'd refer them to this book as some insight into my state of mind.

I've since discovered that many of my coworkers thought I'd be back after only six

months. I had the undying support from my father and brother, but there wasn't a single person in my network of friends, colleagues or acquaintances I knew that could offer me any inspiration or advice on perpetual travel. Perhaps if I was from Australia it'd be a slightly different story, but such things are just not a part of the culture in the United States.

The plan was simple enough though: not to travel forever, but to live abroad for the rest of my days.

You've experimented traveling without a guide book and you don't seem to have a high opinion of other travelers who follow the Lonely Planet trail. How do you feel about the backpacking and hosteling culture? What do you think travel means for most of the travelers you meet?

The Lonely Planet trail is both a blessing and a curse, and certainly has its place in the lifestyle of even the most seasoned of travelers. For the tourist trail provides a level of predictability and comfort in unpredictable places.

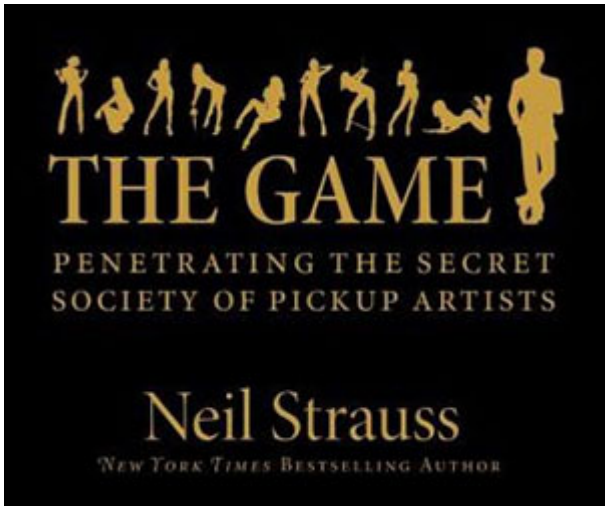
It's quite common for me to arrive at town in Latin America and dump my gear at a guidebook listed hostel or guesthouse for the first night (where applicable), using the remaining time that day and early the next morning to locate a better option. This isn't at all hard to do once you open yourself up to making it a part of your lifestyle.

The hard part often comes into play when you have to make decisions on socializing and the cost of your accommodations. I'm often left with the choice of a bunk bed at a guidebook hostel or a private room that's cheaper than a space in a 16-person dormitory, but with no one to talk with. In some cities you want to be alone, and in others you want to get laid easily. Hostels–especially the kitchens–are great places to meet potential lovers.

But really, guidebooks have their places, and I'm thankful they're around (even though I'm traveling without one at the moment). People that want to be sheep can be sheep, and people that want to mix it up can mix it up. It's a damn good safety net to have with you, but one person's safety net is always going to be another person's lifestyle. With time, the brave and bored emerge from the packs and trickle into the hills and villages.

Travel is what people make of it, and satisfying to one traveler is far from it to another. It's an overwhelmingly personal, selfish thing that sometimes doesn't extend beyond the bar, bed, museums, and monuments. But at the heart of it all is personal satisfaction—doing what makes you happy.

CONTINUED: Part 2


THE GAME
PENETRATING THE SECRET
SOCIETY OF PICKUP ARTISTS
Neil Strauss
New York Times Bestselling Author

Travelvice II

February 25, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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This is part two of an interview with Craig from Travelvice. You can read part one here.

Say I'm a 25-year-old educated guy and I think travel may be the answer to my quarter life crisis. And I like girls. Where should I go? And where should I not go?

Big regions of the world that I've explored and can speak with some modest authority on: the Caribbean, Latin America, SE Asia, and Eastern Europe (including Turkey).

In SE Asia you're in a better position to get laid than in other places in the world because the tourist girls aren't very interested in doin' dirt with the local men. So for the vast majority of opportunities this mindset eliminates a lot of competition. Add to the mix that you also probably want to sample some Asian fare, and you've got a large market of tasty possibilities.

The downside to SE Asia is that you've got a lot of stress placed on your physical characteristics. It's the tropics buddy, and if you're not looking okay topless in a swimsuit (or at least confident and fun loving with your approaches), you could be having problems (as the cut Aussie standing next to you with the 'cute, exotic' accent will certainly put you in check).

SE Asia is also full of couples and groups and almost zero hostels. This is a very challenging place to be without a friend, as you should be getting private rooms nearly 100% of the time and the bulk of the socializing is done at the bar. Traveling alone and don't drink socially? You're probably gonna be sleeping alone every time unless you want to pay to play.

You want a controlled dose of decaying Latin American structures, mixed with plenty of new foods and flavors of women to frolic with in the sheets? Peru is your spot my friend.

While places like Colombia, Costa Rica, Brazil and Ecuador hold a special little place in my heart for such things, Peru has the proper balance for a short-term vacation, and the geographic placement to explore the continent should you have the time or desire. One-way flights on SpiritAir from Fort Lauderdale to Lima are almost always less than $300.

My suggestion for Central America would have to be Guatemala. Pretty easy to get off the

tourist trail if you'd like, lots of things to experience with opportunity for neighboring countries, and just a crap load of tourists from all over the world, many of whom are getting their feet wet for the first time in Latin America. (It's very, very easy to get laid in the popular backpacker city of Antigua.)

But I had a friend of Iranian descent that just slays women in the States because he's aggressive and has a different 'exotic' look about him, but he failed miserably in a place like Argentina, where black hair, 'exotic' features and aggressive men are the status quo. Avoid Argentina if you're looking to get laid, as the competition is high and the women are slow to lower their defenses and move past a certain point. It's a great place to admire some great looking females and enjoying some excellent wine and steak, though.

I'd certainly avoid the Caribbean if you're looking to get some lovin'. Unless you're on some sort of cruise ship thing where you can hammer away at your opportunities over the duration, you'll probably be out of luck. On many islands local girls have children by 15 or 16, and tourists tend to stick to their resorts or ships. Puerto Rico might be the exception, but then again, why limit yourself to just one island when you can have a continent of opportunities for a fraction of the price?

And finally, if you're into ugly beaches but tight Aussie and Kiwi bodies, Kuta Beach (on the island of Bali) in Indonesia is your spot. Shit, shit beaches and generally a shoulder-shrugging environment, but the place is truly hedonism at its finest. (Although Thailand is far more accessible a place, and just as ripe for debauchery.)

Ultimately, the wonderful thing is that the pretty girl you might never have had a chance with is sitting across the table from you in a foreign country, and you know you automatically have both travel in common. Use that and run with it—everyone does (exhaustingly so, sometimes).

Your ability to travel very cheap is well-known. What is your strategy when it comes to spending less but still getting a good experience? What are some common ways you see other travelers wasting their money?

The cost strategy totally varies by location, but it starts with something as simple as budget: I have none. I'm all the time looking for the angles to spend as little as possible for the greatest benefit. Saving money one day doesn't mean I splurge the next. You've got to purge that mentality from your mind. Spend when and where it's warranted, haggle, and always ask for a discount or what the weekly rate is for rooms even if you're

not going to stay that long.

I'll tell you flat out right now that the biggest budget killer for travelers is alcohol. If you're drinking with any regularity, add $10-15/day to your shoestring budget. I'm typically in a situation when my private room costs the same price as a beer or two. I know that for every drink that I buy, that's money that I could've used to live in the city another night. Men, you need to learn to get laid without getting drunk.

The second big budget killer is restaurants and traveling too fast (transport costs money). Outside of Eastern Europe (where I'm cooking nearly 100% of my meals in a kitchen), I'm eating off the streets. Street vendors are your friends. They're an excellent source of information, and you can see exactly what the condition of their food is. I don't trust the mystery of a restaurant kitchen, where cockroaches and bacteria thrive. But if you have to eat at one, eat at a popular place with locals. The food is less likely to have been sitting there for hours or days before being served to you (which they will have no qualms doing).

And for the love of God, stop buying so much bottled water (another huge budget killer). If the locals are drinking it, so should you. I've got an infant son that's been drinking the tap water since he was born, in a dozen countries all over the world, and he's amazingly healthy. Just be sure to put a good amount of yogurt in your diet to help foster the good bacteria in your belly. The sooner you acclimate to the local bugs, the less loose stools you'll be having. Don't like the taste or you're just afraid? Put some of that sugar-free Tang stuff in there (available everywhere). Now you're drinking liquid mango–problem solved. Americans may want to watch this video: Bottled Water is Bullshit.

At the heart of any long-term penny-pinching traveler, you'll find a generally adaptable person. Someone that modifies their tactics according to the way the game is played in the country they're in.

Here in Europe, I've been spending only dollars a day in one of the most frighteningly expensive places on the planet. How have I done it? By adapting to the environment. Six months of continuous CouchSurfing has allowed me to have the all the perks of a home, without having to endure the $35/night rates for dorm beds in the same city. Instant cultural immersion, oddities explained, questions answered, access to local insights, and regular Internet access. It's been an amazing experience, and my total spending comes out to be something around $250 a month!

Good travelers are resourceful by nature.

With so many places to visit, how do you prioritize which cities and countries and step foot into? Do you have travel by schedule or plan or do you play it by ear? What advice do you have for someone who doesn't even know where to start when it comes to picking places to go?

The only plan is that there is no plan.

I learned a long time ago that planning much more than two weeks in advance is wasted energy. I've usually got a general direction that I'm always sort of headed in, but the specifics of the cities and how to get there are always a mystery until I'm ready to make the next jump. Back before I had the family in tow, I was a big fan of jumping on a bus and randomly getting off at an anonymous city that looked good. It's a little more complicated these days, but it's still pretty much unplanned.

You need not let your budget dictate where you want to go. If you're serious about doing it up at shoestring levels (< $10/day), then you'll find ways to do it. CouchSurfing in Europe only takes dollars a day.

My general advice would be to pick a place where you can relocate overland easily, into countries you're curious about. Figure out what you're after: beer, monuments, girls, local insights, archeology---whatever. Look for parts of the world that pique your interest, and book the cheap one-way flight to the biggest airport. Land yourself at a popular hostel or CouchSurfing host, and you'll absorb more stories and advice than you can handle. You'll be on your way in no time.

CONTINUED: Part 3

Travelvice III

February 26, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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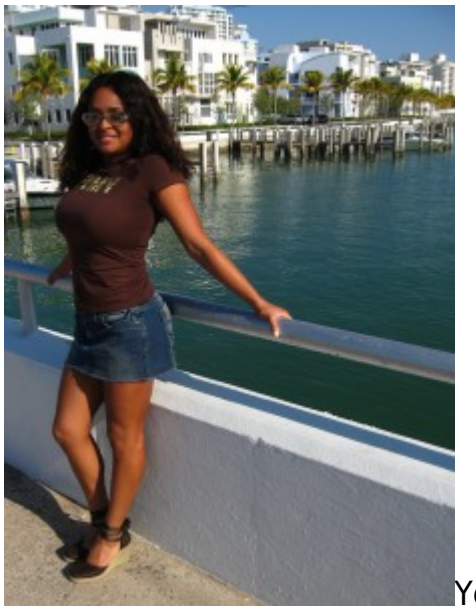
This is part three of an interview with Craig from Travelvice. Read parts one and two.

You have mentioned your son, who was the result of a relationship that started in Lima, Peru. It does not seem like you will move to Peru full-time. How do you balance being a new father with your travel lifestyle and what role do you see in your son's life? Also, do you think that based on your son's exotic background he's going to do very well with Peruvian girls?



Yeah, Aidric's a stud. At 13 months he's got more stamps in his passport than most Americans, and gets more positive attention from females than the best looking guy at a bar. For him, this is only the beginning of a life sure to bring an excessive amount of ladies, love and travel into its fold.

Lord help me (and my mental state) if I move to the U.S. or Peru full-time. So long as I'm not physically crippled in some form that keeps me from running or crawling away, I won't be found in this situation. Even then, chances are good that I won't be found in either of these places for more than a few weeks at a time every few years.

So yes, this attitude always begs the question: Where will you raise your son? Where will he go to school? Where will you or he this or that?

These answers will come with time.

It's true. This isn't an easy lifestyle for individuals or families. And I truly don't know for how many months or years I'll continue to keep it up. Personally, I love it to death, but I've certainly got a tolerance for it that others don't.

The pace will continue to slow as time progresses… three months in a country or city here, six months there. Maybe one day I'll even find a place that captures me enough to keep me there longer than a handful of months—that's hard to envision now, but hey, so was being a father.

Aidric has been very fortunate that in his first year of life both his parents have been

available or by his nearly every hour of every day. I'm a full-time traveler, but a full-time father first. Sometimes I need remind myself of such things when the distractions of travel and life start pulling your attention in different directions. This balance can be very, very difficult. You must adapt or risk everything (should you decide not to, or find yourself incapable).

Tatiana and I aren't together simply because of our son. She's told me as much, as have I her. And I hope to have Aidric by my side as often as possible as he grows. There will be times when he returns to the Americas with Tatiana and I don't. There will be times when I go into some deep part of Africa and won't allow him to tag along. I've an unquenchable thirst for life outside the U.S., and that will continue to be a part of my life for many years to come, just as Aidric and Tatiana will continue be a part of that life.

And as for Aidric's love life when he's of age? Oh man, heaven help those poor girls. A true international man of mystery that will speak many languages with perfect fluency (and carry at least as many passports to match—three at current count). He'll have the insights of his terribly-experienced parents, and that of years of exposure to different nationalities. They won't stand a chance, Peruvian, Swedish or otherwise.

Without a doubt, this will be one interesting fellow when he's older.

A problem of boredom often comes up with long-term travelers. Now that you are traveling with your son, has that problem been mostly eliminated? With him are there things you can't do now that you could before?

Here in Turkey, an elderly traveler told me a rather entertaining line the other day: "The only people that get bored traveling are boring people."

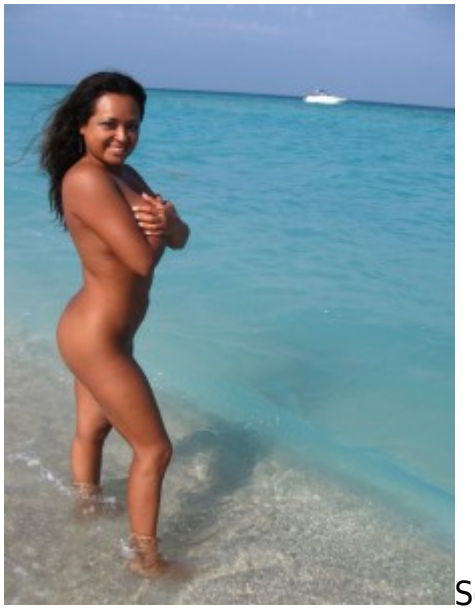
It's true, travelers need projects to work on while they travel, least they become unsatisfied with their ample free time. Each successful long-term traveler has their own style of projects, or what they even consider a project. But we all do them. We have to do them.

I think I would've gone nuts if I didn't have a travelogue as a creative and emotional outlet during my first two years of travel. But things are different now. Traveling with another person allows you to vent and explore oddities without the need of writing to get them out of your system.

Adding my son into the travel mix of adds a crazy amount of stress and repetition. I think boredom now comes in the form of having to adopt an undesirable routine (like making baby food by hand, waking up by his schedule not yours, changing diapers, lugging around supplies, etc). Every parent must endure the pains of repetition in this manner, but we get the burden of having to reengineer or make it work at a basic level all the time because every week (or more) we're in a new home. You'd think it'd add flavor, but it just adds stress.

Having an infant certainly limits you, but on some levels expands your opportunities. Do I think I would've successfully hitched onto a yacht in the Caribbean, lived in a banana plantation in the middle of nowhere, jumped off jungle waterfalls, snuck into Machu Picchu, or even participated in a Brazilian carnival the way I did if I had a child in tow? Hell no. Likewise, gone are the days of anonymous vaginas and risky sex in public places. How on earth am I gonna manage to do that now?

But having a child opens up doors to homes that might be otherwise closed. I'm less of a threat with a son and girlfriend with me—not that having a friendly smile didn't open doors previously—and I certainly get away with photographing locals more often when Aidric's strapped to my chest. I think in my upcoming travels to India, being a family man will alter my experience in the country dramatically compared with other solo travelers.

 So yeah, I miss out on some wacky adventures, but I guess I'll never know what paths I would've walked down that I'll be walking now. Maybe these are the better paths? Who knows.

Long ago I came to terms with the idea that you can't see and experience everything, but to appreciate what you do. This is just another extension of that philosophy.

You've mentioned you cook most of all of your meals, and I'm assuming it's not spaghetti and tomato sauce like I see all other gringos make. Can you share one of your favorite recipes that is easy to whip up in hostel kitchens?

In Latin America, probably three meals out of four were purchased and eaten on the street. In SE Asia, finding a kitchen is about a rare as finding an actual hostel. CouchSurfing here in Eastern Europe and Turkey, that's where the kitchen-time has been

accruing at levels I haven't known since 2005.

For me, the biggest problem with cooking your own meals is that buying the little spices and niceties necessary to make a 'fuel meal' a 'good meal' cost. I've not only got to buy them, but then carry them if I don't use 'em up (least I lose that investment). So, why spend $5 on ingredients for a meal when I could just walk down the street and eat a skewer of something that looks like meat for a dollar? In SE Asia, it'd be silly to try and cook for yourself, given the abundant, diverse and inexpensive cuisine out there.

But, there are times when homemade meals make for good conversation and company. I loved cooking in groups in Latin America—especially for a group of women. Getting several people in on the deal makes it affordable, delicious and social.

CONTINUED: Travelvice Recipes

Travelvice Recipes

February 27, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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This is part four of an interview with Craig from Travelvice. Read parts one, two, and three. In this final installment Craig shares two recipes that he and Tatiana routinely make for their CouchSurfing hosts.

Papas Doradas (Golden Potatoes) ala Travelvice

This is a super-simple one for the sometimes absentminded chef.

You'll need:

- some potatoes
- a big pot and a frying pan (or two)
- cooking oil
- salt
- curry power (optional)
- cheese that melts easily (optional) and a cheese grater (also optional)

1. Purchase potatoes (of similar size), wash the dirt off 'em, then toss 'em in a pot of water (making sure you have a pot big enough to fill over the level of the potatoes). Bring the water to a boil and cook the potatoes until they're only partially done (maybe only 30% cooked).

2. Grab a frying pan and put a bunch of oil in there (don't just coat the pan, we're gonna be frying the potatoes in there, so there should be plenty–but don't go overboard). Put the heat on high.

3. Drain the water and bring out a knife. Now, slice the potatoes with their skin still on, making something like a thicker potato chip. Each potato will probably make around 8-12 slices, but it really depends on the size of the spud and your slices. They shouldn't be thin or too thin–think chunky chips.

4. Now, toss the potato slices into the heated oil and listen for the sweet sound of Latin America (…frying oil). Occasionally check the slices, waiting until they're golden brown, then flip onto the other side. Forgetting about them and overcooking takes a while, so no

worries there.

5. When they're ready, take the cooked potato slices out of the oil and place them on a large plate. Immediately shake a liberal amount of salt onto them. In my style (which is damn tasty), I prefer to add a bunch of powered curry and grated cheese (sliced thin, if I don't have the tools) to the still-hot slices.

Making a bunch of these is necessary, as folks love 'em (and also make a great snack while drinking beer). But beware: it can take awhile to cook. It's best to have a second pan going to speed things up, and also be cooking something else in the meantime (like the main entrée if it's a part of lunch/dinner).

Arroz Árabe (Arabian Rice)

This dish really has nothing to do with anything Arabian, but Peruvians have named it as much anyway. Instead of making your unimpressive, boring white rice in the hostel, grab a couple people and have folks get in on this sweet, tasty variety.

You'll need these amounts to serve about six men and women:

- a pot with a lid
- cooking oil
- 100 grams of angel hair pasta
- 200 grams of rice
- 100 grams of raisins
- 1 tablespoon of curry
- 1/3 tablespoon of salt
- 3 cloves of garlic
- 1/4 liter of Coca-Cola
- chopped pecans or walnuts (optional)

1. Put the pot on the burner and coat the bottom with oil.

2. Break the raw angel hair pasta into pieces and fry on high heat until they get medium to dark brown.

3. Add the uncooked rice, powered curry, and ground garlic to the pot and continue to fry and stir it on high heat until it looks like the majority of the raw rice has been fried.

4. Add the raisins, salt and water (preferably heated or boiling) into the pot. The water

level should be enough to cover the rice. Turn down the heat when it all starts to boil and put the lid on.

5. When the rice is almost done, pour the Coca-Cola in there, stir it up a bit, and turn off the heat. Put the lid back on.

6. Wait 5-10 minutes for the rice to finish cooking, then serve (optionally topping with chopped pecans or walnuts), and enjoy!

Thanks Craig for taking the time to answer my questions and share your recipes. Until we meet on the road… boa viagem.

State Of The Day Game Workshops

March 1, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I have now taught ten day game workshops to nineteen men. April will most likely be the last month I do these. I'm going to be a little mum on my plans since they aren't finalized yet, but I plan on hitting the road by May.

Here's some workshop thoughts from a few students:

> I'd give the workshop an A+ grade. I liked how easy the system is, and thought Roosh was a great teacher. He explained everything in an easy to understand manner, and then closely watched the approaches, taking good notes so he could give lots of feedback. He uses a casual, "under the radar" style with openers that just sound like natural conversation. Because they are so easy and natural sounding, the openers take only a minimum amount of balls to deliver. Roosh gives you a 100% effort–worth every bit of your money.

The key to tight day game is indirect approaches. Direct game is not game at all, but a roll of the die based on what a girl thinks about your physical appearance.

> First of all, I really appreciate how you stayed beyond your planned time, and helped me get started with day game.
>
> I thought entire program was well thought-out and 'easy to follow', although actual execution of the routines were rough.
>
> I think the workshop could be improved with additional help beyond 'opener' and 'follow up'…(like when we kept on asking you for possible scenarios after back-and-forth follow up) but then again… I imagine anything beyond is mid-level game, and there would be too many scenarios and factors involved.
>
> The workshop was really worth the cost and time, especially with the idea that "SHE WANTS TO GIVE YOU THE NUMBER, NOT THAT YOU ARE SCHEMING TO GET THAT NUMBER". That statement and idea really opened my eyes and my attitude towards the game.

When you're using the material for the first time it will be choppy, though rarely disastrous since the approach is indirect. With practice it will get a lot smoother. Beyond the follow-up I teach the main idea of what you want to do (baiting, rambling), but it is not feasible to memorize conversation. That would be too robotic and unnatural.

> My overall experience with the Day Game Workshop was positive. The provided workbook that was extremely helpful and the in depth explanation of the concepts gave me a better understanding of the pick-up techniques that work. Not only did Roosh show me how to successfully approach women during the day, Roosh also made the workshop fun and gave me the motivation I needed to approach women. Of the 15 women I approached during the workshop, I came

> away two numbers (one of which, I dated today). After the workshop, I even used Roosh's techniques on the subway to get an additional number from a pair of girls. I am quite satisfied with the the Day Game Workshop and would recommend it to anyone with a desire to learn how to attract women. THANKS ROOSH!

This was one of my most advanced students. His day game learning curve will be short because he was already decent with girls beforehand.

> The workshop was great, and more than worth it. It was transformational and helped build my confidence to go out and practice. I actually talked to a woman on the street and used FALNUC and said let's hang out. I didn't number close, but I did something I've never done before and it honestly made me proud. I've been on kind of a high since Sunday. I have been talking to girls and not getting scared to open because I'm so under the radar using some of the lines you taught me as well reframing it that my interest was just not sexual during the day. I'll write more later this week as I just got back from a date, and I do need your advice moving to the Bang. Your book will probably answer it for me, but I won't get a chance to read it until this weekend.

FALNUC is an mneumonic I made up for when it's time to get the number. Each letter stands for something. It's a bit involved but it increases rapport while reducing the liklihood of a flake.

> The workshop lasts about 8 hours, of which roughly the first several are spent going over the theory and the material, and the the remainder is spent in bookshops, grocery stores, clothing stores and other usual places people go to during the day.
>
> Although the material can be pretty dry, things pick up quickly when pickup attempts are made. Roosh has a pretty clear idea of what works and what doesn't and is an encyclopedia of experience. Perhaps my attention span is too short, but while I found it difficult to absorb the written material, once it was demonstrated in practice a structure was developed and then honed in on.
>
> Roosh does a good job of keeping things fun, humorous, and informative. Overall I would recommend this experience to anyone.
>
> Pros: Asking Roosh all sorts of questions about lots of aspects of the game.
>
> Cons: Sitting for a lecture for several hours is why I go to school.

The most common complaint I have is the initial 2-3 hours where students are listening to me talk. I'm aware of this but I don't want to put students in tough situations without preparing them beforehand. The material takes time to explain, and it should because it's not easy. Here's another comment about that:

> I didn't like the amount of time we spent at Starbucks. We were there for about three hours just looking over your packet. It reminded me of school, and so my

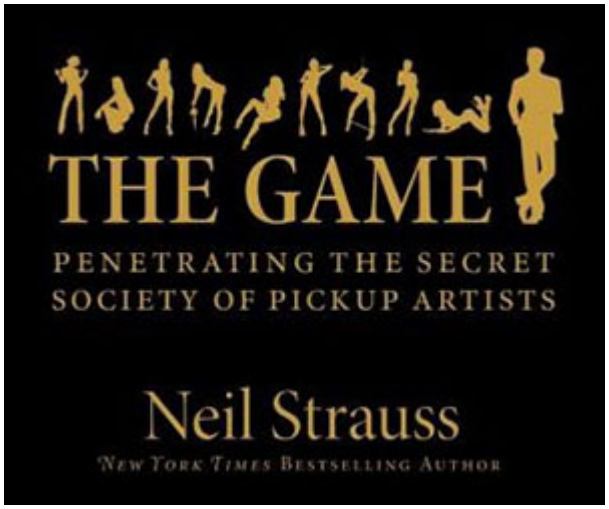
> mind began to wander. I thought we should have been thrown into the fire immediately. If we had left earlier, we might have seen some hotter women.
>
> As far as you analyzing our approaches, that was the best part of the workshop. The nuggets of information you fed me were very useful.
>
> Overall, it was an experience that has numbed me from the nervousness of approaching.

This student had the type of personality where he liked a challenge, but most guys would be traumatized if "thrown into the fire." In a perfect world I would give students personality quizzes before the workshop and pair them up with someone like them.

Here are the previous things I've written about the workshop:

- Day Game Workshop Overview
- Workshop Recaps
- The Most Thrilling Workshop Ever

I teach these on Saturday's now. If you're interested email me at roosh@rooshv.com with "workshop" in the subject.



The Sweet Spot

March 3, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

American girls fall into four age ranges. One of those is most ideal for dating. Note that this *only* applies to American girls.

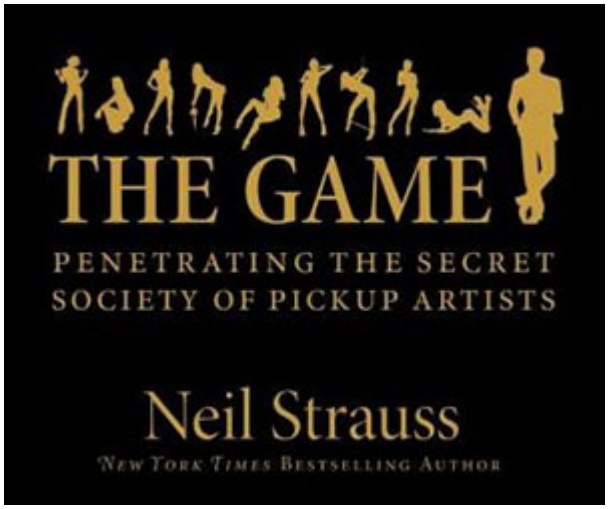
18-21: She is child-like and mostly intolerable. Her speech sounds like another language. She will only have sex when completely trashed, and has few redeeming qualities beyond her body. Says a lot of things that make you think you're wasting your time. Best game to use: jealousy.

22-24: By now she has had at least a dozen cocks of experience and knows how to handle yours expertly in bed (a good thing). Her game is developing but she still makes a lot of "mistakes" by being affectionate and showing interest. Says a lot of things which reveal her vulnerability. Best game to use: mysterious, aloof, emotionally unavailable.

25-28: Begins to take herself too seriously. She tries to emulate celebrities or characters in television or movies. Friends are settling down with boyfriends and she decides to step up her game by playing hard to get, which comes across as cold and stiff instead of coquettish. Says a lot of things that make you roll your eyes. Best game to use: asshole, dick.

29+: Refuses to be put out to pasture. Once realizing she will die alone, she clings to her paper-pushing career as the purpose she has been looking for all along. She is still hopeful she will meet her doctor stud, and refuses to lower her standards to real market value (think dilapidated foreclosure property). Says a lot of things that make you laugh (at her). Best game to use: why bother?

American girls really aren't so bad if you stick in the 22-24 age range. The exception is girls who are in law school or want to be lawyers. Those girls have the ambitious, goal-oriented, and calculating brains of men. Whatever trait that makes a woman unattractive, they got it.



Slumdog Millionaire Is A Stupid Movie

March 4, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Let's start with the good. The premise of using a game show to tell a story is excellent. In terms of device effectiveness it approaches "Rosebud" in Citizen Cane. It's the execution, in the form of a horrible script, that makes it a stupid movie.

Minor Problems

-Plays into every single poverty stereotype known to man. This is no surprise since the original story was written by an Indian expat who lived in Western countries.

-The game show questions chronologically match Jamil's life perfectly.

-Presence of M.I.A. Paris Hilton can sing better than her. The one reason I think she is popular is because of the catchy hook in "Paper Planes."

-How do slumdogs learn English on the streets? It would have been more authentic if the whole movie was in Hindi, which I think is a nice language. I don't really go for Indian girls though.

-Awkwardly placed subtitles. I shouldn't have to search for them.

-Too many scenes where I had to suspend disbelief. A blind boy recognized someone he had a fleeting encounter many years earlier? A first name is enough to find a girl in a city of 14 million people? An older brother who would do anything to protect his younger brother suddenly has a change of heart for a piece of ass? A little boy changed into an elaborate costume, pained himself blue, gathered religious props, and then wandered aimlessly in middle of sectarian violence? Police who wouldn't at least flinch that a man is burning right before them? A new millionaire who was watched by *everyone* in India sits sad and lonely in a train station? Brother pulls out three suitcases of bills from his back pocket? One boy vomits when he sees a kid get his eyes burned out, but another remains cheerful and happy when he's dipped in human feces? Etc etc.

Major Problems

-Calling people slumdogs. This is a made-up term made up by white people. It is not what poor Indians call other poor Indians. I don't know how they got away with this. I can't even call a girl "spinster" in real life without getting dirty looks.

-The older brother. After building himself up as a serious hood and reaping all the money rewards that come with that lifestyle, he abruptly decides to off himself. So he finds redemption while his pathetic brother gets the girl and the money, and because he prayed once on screen we're supposed to believe he really has a heart of gold. Come on, that role is usually played by a prostitute.

-Wholly unrealistic. The beautiful girl would never, ever go for the pathetic, obsessed chump with not a scrap of personality. The main character is just too unlikable. I never wanted him to win, and I never wanted him to get the girl. In real life she would have felt quite privileged to be married to an rich ogre who puts her up in a luxury mansion.

Instead she goes after the guy who looks more like a loser kid she's babysitting. There is not a single scene which explains her love for him.

I must state that I had a bit of a bias going in. Way too many white people were stroking this movie's dick, warning me it may be overhyped. The last time this amount of white people loved a movie was Crash, a steaming pile of contrived, patronizing dogshit.

In the end Slumdog Millionaire is a great movie for people who don't watch foreign movies but want to say they watched a foreign movie. If you want to see a good movie that gives a respectful portrait of the plight of India's poor, rent Salaam Bombay.

If you're a Bollywood director then I'm sorry, unless you Westernize your movies you will never see success in English-speaking countries.

Cougar Club

March 8, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Dear Dude,

I need to tell you what happened the other night at the club. I was standing in the middle of the bar, minding my own business, when your girl walked by and gave me a little smile. She stopped near me and then out of instinct I said something about her being in my dancing space (since I need a lot of space to "show off my moves"), and she laughed and asked me what my name was. Eventually she ran back to her friends and I went back to standing and staring. About an hour later, while I'm still at the bar watching my friend get sloppy with some Ohioan transplant, guess who walks up to me? She said, "I just wanted to say goodbye," but here's the thing: she wasn't leaving. That was just a line.

I noticed some rather deep wrinkles around her eyes. I looked at your girl and I said, "Be honest, how old are you?" She said 31, which as you know is a lie. How old is she really? 36? I don't call her out because the fact that she is lying means the aging process is already traumatic for her. I also noticed the huge rock you gave her, which sparkled when hit by club lights rotating on pods attached to the ceiling. It's so nice of you to buy her such a pretty ring. You must have a good job.

I wasn't in the mood to dance so I let her rub up next to me. I touched your girl on her shoulder, her back, her waist, the top of her ass. Not once did she pull back. Her body was a little soft but not too bad; I can tell she makes the effort to hit the gym about once a week (though remind her that to tone up that ass there is nothing better than the stairmaster). Her friends lingered around but they were extremely trashed and wouldn't have noticed if your girl did anything with me or any other guy in the bar. What a pathetic sight you missed!—five women rapidly approaching 40 stumbling around the bar like hungry dogs, doing anything to get their face licked by a younger guy. But you know what though? For being over 35 your girl doesn't look bad. She's bangable, at least.

It got a little interesting because while I was talking to your future wife this other old bitch starts gawking at me. She probably thought that since I was talking to one oldie I'd get with another, as if I was a member of the cougar club or something. They didn't know that I strongly prefer girls under 25. (There was that 32-year-old I fucked three weeks ago but her body was just so curvy yet petite that I couldn't resist. I never called her after we smashed though.)

I take a break from your girl to talk to the new cougar, and get this, she actually *brags* that she dates younger guys. Like that's going to make me want her cellulite ass even more! I get tired of her because she was trying to attract me by showing off her supreme confidence (as if I value that), and went back to your girl, whose attention I still had. The fact that I talked to another girl didn't hurt my cause. I looked at your girl and I said, "So are we making out or what?" If I really wanted to kiss her I would never reveal my cards in such a way—I just wanted to see how she would respond.

“No we’re not, but if I were to make out with a guy in this club tonight it’d be you.” How sweet, no? I looked at her and said, “Well, it’s obvious to me that you are breakable, but…”

And then something catches my eye. It’s a much younger girl standing six feet in front of me. Nice body, so-so face. She was with a friend who was dancing with some guy, meaning she was either lonely or bored and would be pretty open if I went up to her. It was an easy decision. I walk towards her before finishing my sentence, because your girl is not worth it. Not even for a sloppy make out. And you’re going to marry her. What a stupid fuck you are.

Sincerely,

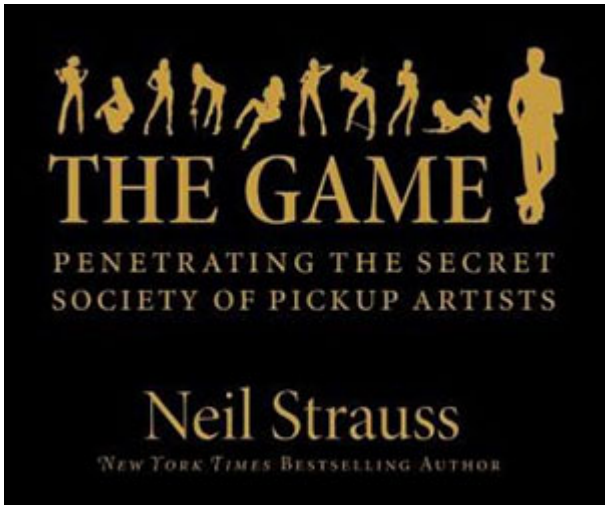
Roosh

Famous Betas In The Wild

March 10, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

“I used to feel so alone in the city. All those gazillions of people and then me, on the outside. Because how do you meet a new person? I was very stumped by this for many years. And then I realized, you just say “Hi.” They may ignore you. Or you may marry them. And that possibility is worth that one word.”
-Augusten Burroughs, author of Running With Scissors

It took him “many years” to get the courage to say hi to someone. What’s sadder is that he’s a best selling author, meaning people identify with him. The average person is a coward.



Roosh Reality Workshop

March 11, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

To make some extra money I'm now offering the **Roosh Reality Workshop** every Monday starting next week. For one day you can say goodbye to your boring cubicle life and live the excitement that is my life.

Tour Itinerary

12:00pm: You arrive at my Dad's house. My stepmother will let you in. Go straight downstairs and into my room. I'll be snuggled deep in my toasty bed, waiting for you (not like that).

12:15: Time for breakfast. We will dine on a peanut butter and jelly sandwich on whole wheat, my favorite food, and a crispy apple. Then we read the paper for half-an-hour, shaking our heads at government incompetence and abuse of power. *This meal is included in the workshop.*

1:00: We will lay out newspapers on the floor and sink of my bathroom and do what I call "hair management." Depending on growth, the following areas will be trimmed: underarm, beard, back of neck, sideburns, nose hair, ear hair, and pubes.

1:15: Shower, but body only. I have to be in the right mood to wash my hair.

1:30: Ride bikes to nearest Starbucks a half-mile away. If you didn't bring a bike then you can use my little brother's. It has a horn. At Starbucks we will get a drink and then sit down at my favorite table. You will watch me write and I will encourage you to do the same. If you don't have a laptop then I can give you pen and paper. Three hours in we will take a snack break. I recommend the multi-grain bagel which only costs a buck. *Your Starbucks purchases are NOT included in the workshop.*

7:00: Dinner time at the house. You will enjoy Persian homecooking and real hospitality. My brothers will annoy you but you will find them cute. All silence once Seinfeld comes on at 7:30.

8:00: Time to wind down with a book in the living room. We will sit and read for two hours.

10:00: Movie time. We will watch a foreign and/or independent movie. None of that Hollywood garbage. Even if the movie is in English I will still leave on the subtitles because I don't want to miss anything. I believe many people don't understand the movies that they watch because they miss intricacies present in the dialogue.

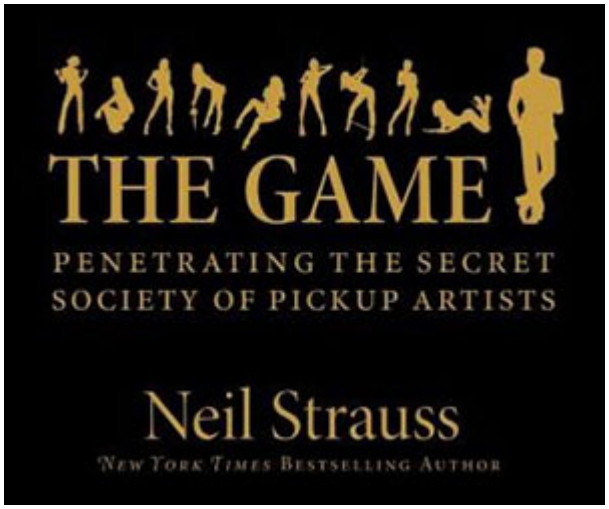
12:00am: Internet time. You get to watch me schedule a mediocre post for the future, and listen to me whine about how I've lost the passion to blog. I'll put on some Brazilian music and you'll feel worldly.

2:00: Jerk time. You watch me jerk off to porn. Right now I'm heavily into black on blondes but I'm feeling a transition soon to legal teens who look like minors. You can join me if you want, but none of that gay touching shit.

I'm pricing this tour at *only* $69, and that includes complete Roosh access to ask me whatever you want. I won't be in the basement forever, so email roosh@rooshv.com with "reality" in the subject line if you're interested. Add $10 if you want me to provide you with a fresh cum rag. This workshop is open to guys and girls.

POSTSCRIPT: Slots for the next six Mondays are fully booked. I'll post again when space opens up.

POSTSCRIPT 2: Jeez people this is a joke. Please stop emailing me if I have a spot open.



The Secret To Getting Laid

March 15, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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

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

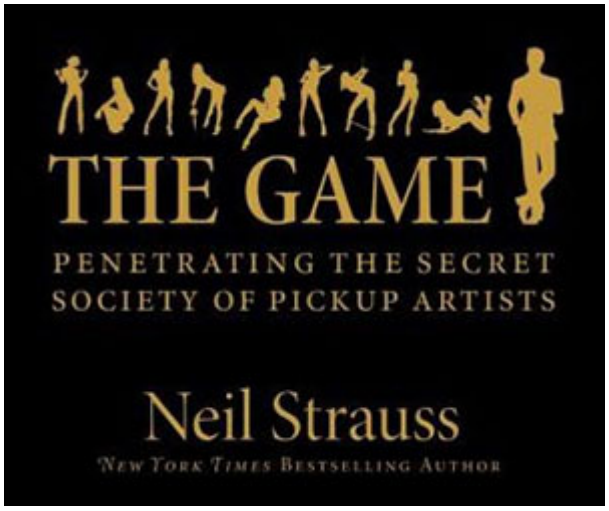
If you want to have sex with one girl, you must do X number of approaches, get Y numbers, go on Z dates, and so on, where Z is less than Y is less than X. A certain number of attempts equals one lay, and that number will always be greater than one, sometimes significantly so. Tell me how many fresh prospects are in your phone and where your game is at and I'll tell you how many notches you'll get in the next month.

One reason for this is because lays are the product of momentum, not one-shot deals. It's similar to surfing. A surfer waits for hours for that nice wave, resigned every now and then to catch the duds. But he definitely doesn't enter the water and catch a big one right away (unless Poseidon is smiling down on him). If he wants to catch ten good waves he allots several hours in the water. If you want to bang one quality girl, you must approach a ton of girls—about as many that fit in the back of a dump truck.

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

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

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

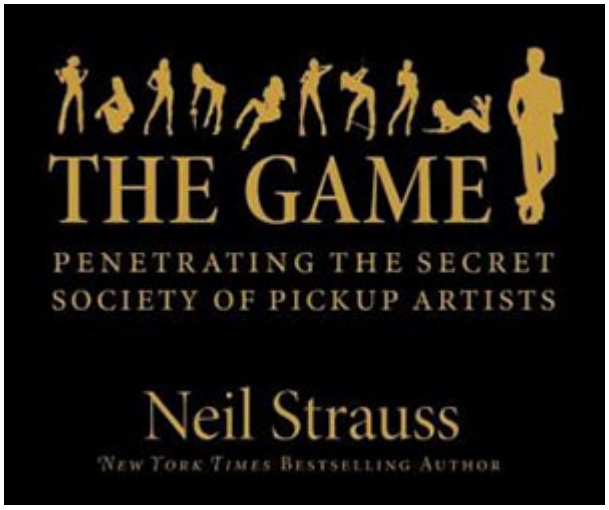
March 17, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I'm nobody! Who are you?
Are you nobody, too?
Then there's a pair of us—don't tell!
They'd banish us, you know.

How dreary to be somebody!
How public, like a frog
To tell your name the livelong day
To an admiring bog!

—The deranged Emily Dickinson

If a girl tells you she writes poetry, or God-forbid she actually tries to recite you some of her poetry, run. Run hard and run fast because she is dramatic and unstable. Poetry is a form of ambiguous, obtuse communication, and a girl who takes to *creating* it is one that will be especially unable to serve a man's principal need of easygoing, drama-free companionship. The most damaged and insane girls I've met have considered themselves budding poets. You were warned.



Facebook The Game Killer

March 22, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

At first I thought it was a neat idea that other people could upload photos of me and then tag them so everyone else could see. For some Facebook users, especially girls, this feature makes them feel like a famous celebrity, and their friends the paparazzi. Hey look, that girl I banged two years ago went to the beach with some dude, and that other girl went on some farm and milked a cow. Awesome. But then I began to wonder why I'd want people I haven't hung out with in a while to see what *I'm* doing.

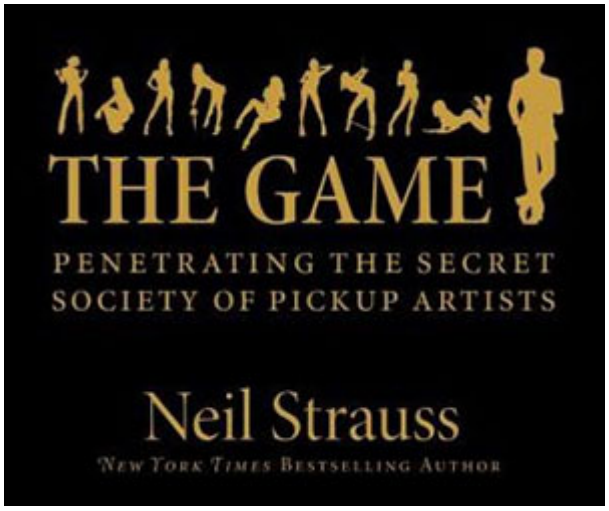
At first I thought it was a cool idea that I could see what one of my friends writes on another friend's wall. It would just pop up right there when I loaded the home page, that my buddy from Ireland is about to visit the guy from England who puked on my hostel bed in Uruguay. I could read when and where they are meeting up. But then I began to wonder why I'd want people I haven't hung out in a while know who *I'm* talking to.

At first I thought it was a fun idea to have status updates. I can see what my friends are thinking, what restaurant or club they're on their way to, and how they feel about a recent television program. Even if I haven't talked to them in months, I feel like I'm right there with them, like when we used to meet face-to-face. But then I began to wonder why I'd want people I haven't hung out with in a while to know the details of *my* life.

Even worse, why would I want a girl I'm trying to bang, who searched and found me on Facebook, know what I'm doing, who I'm talking to, and the details of my life? How can that possibly help me get into her pants? It doesn't, so I locked it down. I don't allow others to view tagged photos of me or write on my wall. My status updates are generic and lame, and give you no idea of the places I'm spending my time at.

It's too easy and comfortable for a girl to keep tabs on you without having to actually interact with you. Now if a girl goes through Roosh-withdrawal she'll have to put some effort into asking me via message or email, possibly giving me the opportunity to reel her in for a real encounter that results in sex. And she'll have no idea that a girl I banged the night before just tagged a shirtless photo of me taking a massive dump in her bathroom.

I like to be mysterious.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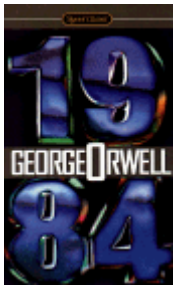
More Books 2

March 24, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

PREVIOUSLY: Top 10 Most Important Books & More Books

“All I ask of life is a bunch of books, a bunch of dreams, and a bunch of cunt.”
—Tropic Of Cancer

Here are some quick thoughts on books I’ve read in the past year or so, from best to worst.

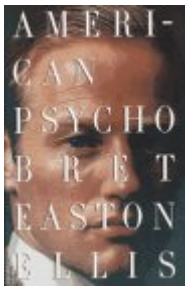


1984

George Orwell is my hero.

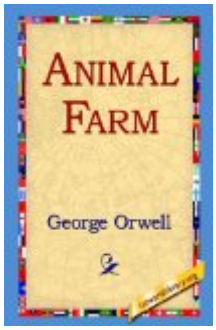
The Unbearable Lightness Of Being

A beautiful, philosophical novel about love, choice, and death.



American Psycho

Incredible writing, though extremely disturbing (hungry rat trapped inside a woman’s vagina that was filled with blue cheese, etc.). For a good laugh tell a feminist this is your favorite book of all time.

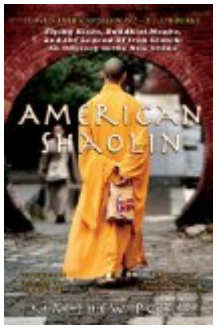


Animal Farm

Good stepping stone to 1984. Short book that you can read for free (along with *1984*).

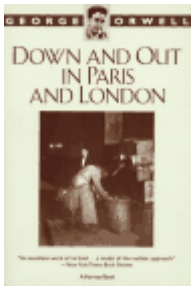
The Jungle

Page turner with the biggest underdog character in modern literature. Poor Jurgis.



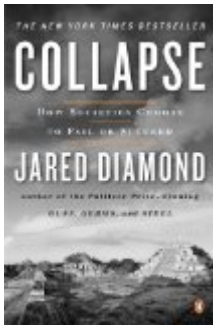
American Shaolin

Hilarious memoir of a plucky white guy who moves to China to train with shaolin masters.



Down And Out In London And Paris

Gritty story of a man surviving in Europe’s underworld. Semi-autobiographical.



Collapse

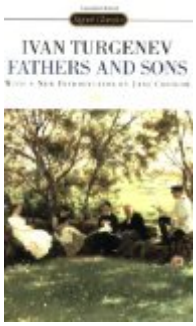
Attempts to answer why past civilizations failed. Author's evidence suggests it's almost always due to environmental problems. Long but enjoyable.

The Rum Diaries

Good read, especially if you like to drink.

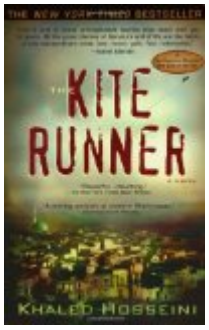
Into The Wild

Interesting story about a young man who gives up all his money and possessions for a long trip that ends with his death in the Alaska wilderness. Was he courageous or stupid?



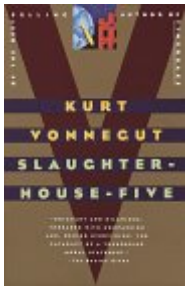
Fathers and Sons

19th century Russian novel about feudalism, youth, rebellion, and love. Decent.



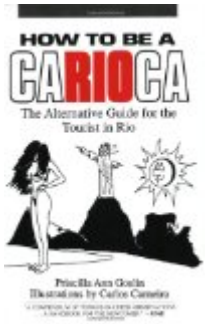
The Kite Runner

Starts off strong but fades into silliness.



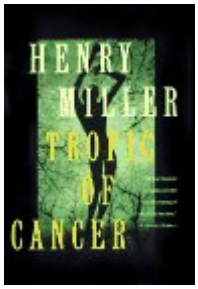
Slaughterhouse Five

War book whose most compelling passages were about alien abduction.



How To Be A Carioca

Slightly dated expose into the culture of Brazilians, particularly those who live in Rio do Janeiro. Contains handy phrases full of slang.

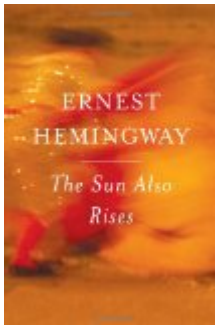


Tropic Of Cancer

A stream of consciousness diary of a man slumming it in Paris. Writing is incredible but if you need a plot then this book is definitely not for you.

Fight Club

The only book I have read where the movie was better. Skip.

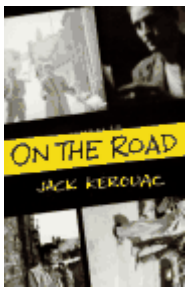


The Sun Also Rises

It had a couple moments, but mostly a snoozefest.

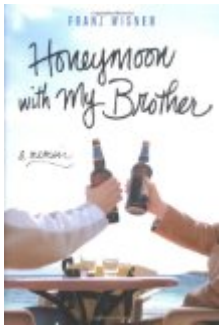
One Day In The Life Of Ivan Denisovich

What a slog. Hated it.



On The Road

The most tedious book I've ever read in my life. Cheesy dialogue and characters. I dare you to finish it.



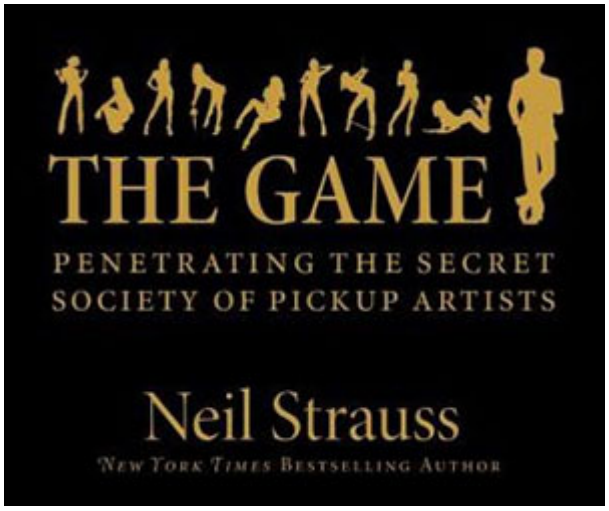
Honeymoon With My Brother

The main character couldn't stop whining about how his fiance dumped him. Get over it loser.

The Art Of Travel

If the art of travel can only be figured out by going to the *Bahamas* with your girlfriend then I'm doing it all wrong. Utter tripe.

Book recommendations are most welcome.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Bad Girl Game: Transparency

March 26, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

It was a Sunday afternoon when I was leaving the house of a girl I met the previous night. We didn't have sex. On my way out I suggested that we grab a drink some time. She said, "Oh, I'm a very busy girl though."

"Mmhmm that's cool. When is the next night you are free then?" I asked.

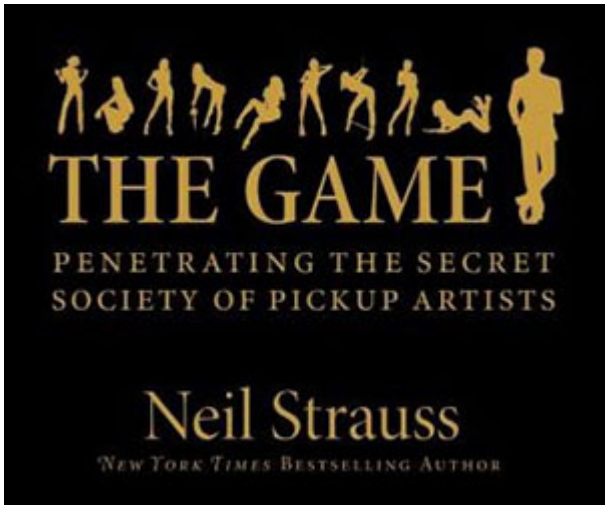
"Well I'm not doing anything later."

"Tonight? No I can't. It's family night… my dad cooks a feast every Sunday. How about Tuesday?"

"Umm Tuesday let me think. Yeah I guess I can do Tuesday," she said, in a tone that made it sound like she was doing me a favor.

On Monday night I sent her a text message asking if we were still good for Tuesday night. She said, "Sure, or Wednesday too if that's better for you."

So the self-described "busy" girl was free on three of four subsequent nights. If you're going to play the game, then play it right. Otherwise you look like an idiot.



The Dark Side

March 29, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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

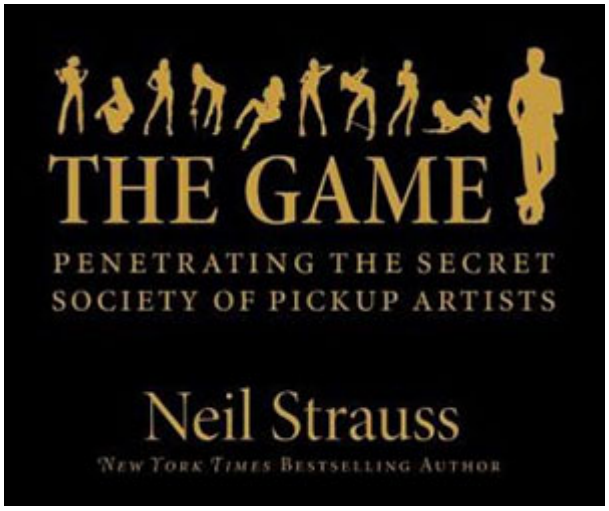
Inability to view women as equal human beings. My default opinion of any girl I meet is "worthless dirty whore until proven otherwise." When so many girls have opened their legs up for me so quickly and easily, it's hard for me to respect them (and their opinions or ideas) like I would a family member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

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

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

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

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


THE GAME
PENETRATING THE SECRET
SOCIETY OF PICKUP ARTISTS
Neil Strauss
New York Times Bestselling Author

Time For A New Trip

March 31, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Well I have failed to finish my second book in the year I gave myself. It's been 14 months and I have no book. For it to be Pulitzer Prize worthy I'm going to have to hack at it for several more months, maybe even a year.

There was a time I rationalized staying here because I was saving money, but I've saved all the money I need and it's time to move on. I gave my dad a month's notice and he jumped up and down pretending to celebrate, but I know deep down inside he's quite upset.

The obvious choice is to go to Colombia and finish the journey I started in 2007 before I pussied out. My Spanish is pretty decent and I can return to trying to get laid while having diarrhea, but you know what? **Been there, done that.**

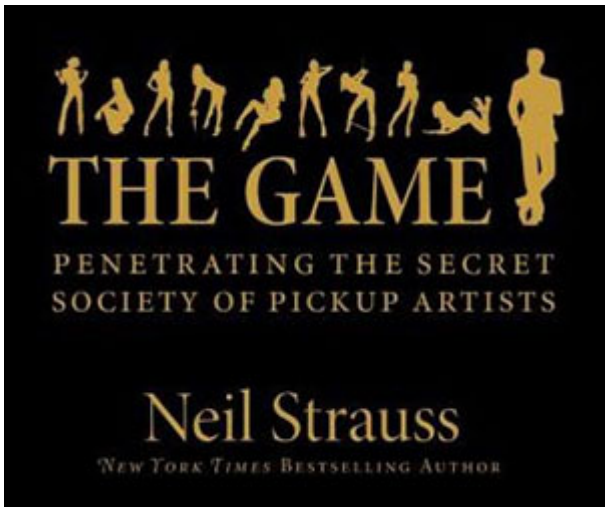
I don't want it to sound like I'm getting soft, because I'm not, but I'm tired of not having any conceivable reason to wake up every afternoon. I've decided my existence would be less shallow if I do something that has meaning and positively contributes to society. I looked on my world map and picked a country where not only can I do a lot of good, but stand out enough to easily slay the local woman.

I'm going to Ethiopia. I fly to Addis Ababa for three months on Earth Day, April 22. (I picked this date on purpose for symbolic reasons.) I will be volunteering at an orphanage to take care of youngsters who've lost their parents. This is a logical move for me since I have two little brothers and am very experienced in applying discipline on kids who get out of line and talk back. I don't like to take out the belt but sometimes you got to or else the little bastards run all over you.

No I'm kidding, I'm not going to beat the kids, but I will not hesitate to use an elevated vocal tone when the four-month-old I'm feeding is crying even after he's been burped, fed, and changed. Not only will I make a difference but I'll also get my Ethiopian flag out of the way, and then when I return back to DC all I have to do to get bang stupid white girls who work at non-profits is tell them I saved starving African kids. For my Facebook profile photo I'm going to have someone take a picture of me bottle feeding the most sickly kid in the orphanage, looking deep into his big sad eyes with a look of both hope and despair. Hopefully there will be a fly resting right on his eyeball, though if not I can

photoshop it in later.

Take that haters. In one swoop my life now has ten times more meaning than your material existence working in cubicles. While you continue to destroy the environment with your first-class lifestyle, I'll be nurturing life into those who aren't as fortunate. Say shit to me now…



She Knows About The Blog

April 5, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

It's very unnerving when I'm out on a date with a random girl and she says something which strongly implies that she knows about my blog. In the past few months I feel like it's happening with every girl. The only response I have come up with is to twiddle my thumbs uncomfortably.

I had a first date where the girl said, "You must be able to save a lot of money since you live at home." Problem was I hadn't yet gotten to that part yet—I never told her my living situation. I asked her how she could have possibly known. She insisted I did tell her, but telling a girl that I live with my dad is such a "big deal" that I always know when, where, and how I brought it up.

On another first date I told the girl that I hang out a lot at coffee shops and she made a comment that I had a "brooding" coffee shop look. Then she said, "You must have good coffee shop game." I've never, ever heard a girl utter the phrase "coffee shop game" in my life. Plus this date took place soon after I first announced my day game workshop.

Another first date. I brought up my South America trip when the girl asked, "So while you were in South America, did you blog about it?" Not conclusive, you're probably thinking. Well, out of the dozens of times I talked about my trip before, getting asked if I *blogged* about it has never come up—not once. There's a million other questions to ask first, like what countries I visited, how long I stayed, what were the highlights, etc.

Another girl. The morning after we met she asked, "So do you live with your Mom?" I told her I didn't, since I don't, but then she asked again. I looked at her and said, "Is there something you want to tell me?" She said no. Then on a future date she slipped two more times. First, when I told her I had two younger brothers, she said something to the effect of, "Aww chubby brothers are cute."

"How do you know they are chubby?" I snapped. (One way to know is the photos that I have put up on the blog.)

Her answer was unsatisfactory: "Oh little boys are always chubby."

The charade continued, but first let me tell you what two of my groupies did recently. They hit me up on Facebook, properly stroked my ego, and then met up with me one night at a bar. One of the first things they asked me was for their rating on the 1-10 scale. (From time to time I get emails with pictures attached asking this as well). I refused, just because it's too weird, and that was that. Well my date, while laying in bed, asked me to rate her. She fished by saying, "I'm a 6, right?" A girl that doesn't know about my blog would never bring up her rating.

There were one more peculiar incident, in Brazil, of all places. I'm in a cab with my date (our second), when she randomly she asked, "Do you have a blog?" At least she was direct about it.

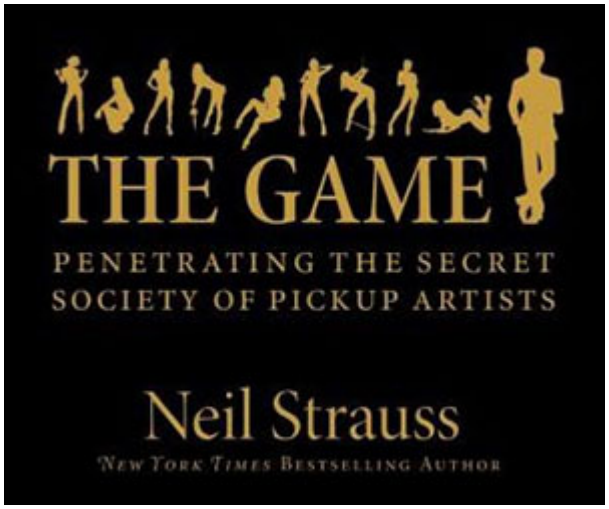
Here's something one of my students told me:

> In Entourage the actor Jeremy Piven plays Ari, and in a recent interview he said that girls he meets never admits that they know him from the show. But every now and then they accidentally call him Ari instead of Jeremy, and then quickly tries to play it off.

Not counting the Brazilian, three out of four girls I mentioned got my attention first. They either made strong eye contact or approached me outright. Based on what I know about the female gender, I'm forced to conclude one thing:

Besides generic compliments, girls are reluctant to do things which announce a man's value. By bringing up my blog, a girl is admitting that she is a fan or a follower (one stop short of a stalker), and this decreases her value relative to mine. It's not in their best game interests to reveal that they know me. So they don't.

What's irritating to me is that even after a girl slips badly, she still doesn't admit it. But I know how I'm going to deal with it from this point on. I'm going to ask her *so what's your favorite post*, and she's going to give this fake, confused look, and I'll fuck her anyway, because if it mattered she wouldn't be out with me in the first place. But it won't happen since in only sixteen days I'll be in Ethiopia.



Bad Girl Game: “I Like To Move Slow”

April 7, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Previously: Transparency

I never tell a girl that my average bang happens on date 1.1. Instead I run normal game and break down the resistance like a merciless Israeli commando fighter. If I were to tell a girl on the first date “I like to move fast” then I’ve shown all my cards. Her pussy shield will increase and make my glorious sex goal that much more difficult.

So why do girls make verbal declarations of their desire to go slow? If I’m proceeding in a seduction and she is resisting, I don’t mind because it’s part of the game, but when she tells me she likes going slow on the first date I’m forced to do an immediate cost-benefit analysis to see if she’s worth investing one more minute of time into. On the other hand, if she went slow anyway without saying it then I would have no preconceptions and the psychology of previous investment would keep me chasing well after I had originally planned.

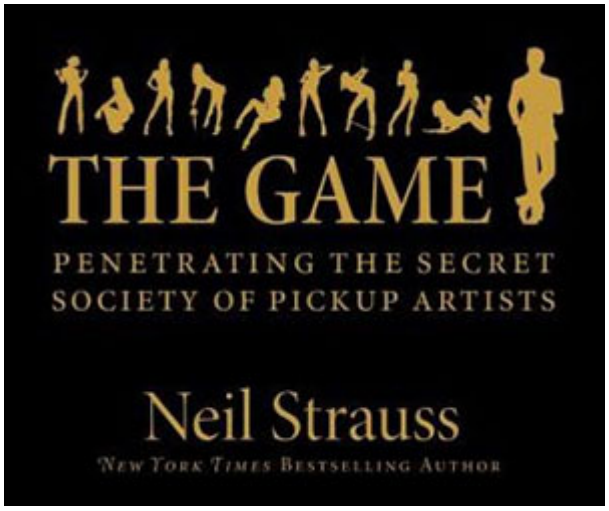
It happened the other week when this girl knew I was going to Ethiopia soon to volunteer at a crumbling orphanage. She told me she wanted to move slow and I just laughed it off but she meant it as I would soon find out and I wondered why she was out on a date with me if that was the case. It’s rude to lead on a man like that.

Since no value is conveyed when a girl says the line, I’m forced to believe that girls are too lazy to stop and think about game like a superior man would. Next time a girl criticizes a man’s lines, just remind them of theirs, like this one that I still hear: *I don’t usually do this*.

Yeah…

I don’t…

either.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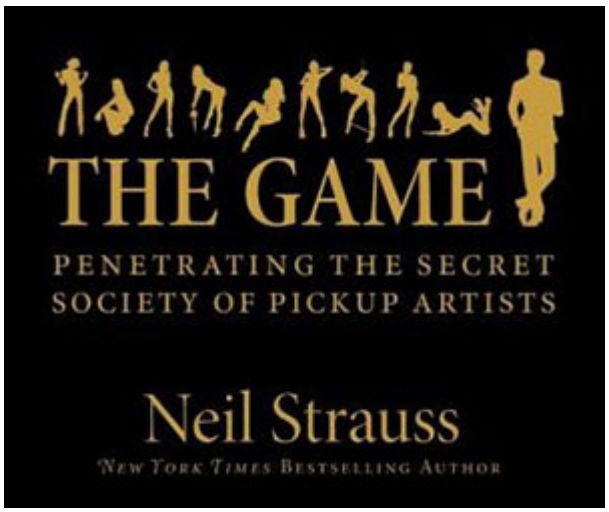
Roosh V Reader Survey (Of Fun)

April 9, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I made up a survey that includes a couple dozen questions about you and what you think of the blog, including what you want to see more of. I'm hoping this will help me decide what direction to take things. I have a feeling you guys want me to write more about economics and politics but I'm not completely sure so that's a reason I made the survey. Your identity remains anonymous as IP addresses aren't logged and I don't ask for your email address. To keep you awake I threw in colorful questions like number ten.

I will share aggregate data later, especially for the more fun questions. **Take the Roosh V Survey (Of Fun)**.

Postscript: Survey is closed!



My Most Talented Student

April 12, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I congratulated Pete on the third number he received from a girl at the bookstore. I told him that it will be very hard for another student to get four numbers to break his record, but to be sure he should get one more so that his record remains in the history books for just about eternity. “No one is going to get five numbers,” I told him. He pulled his fourth number on the subway a little while later.

I can tell how good my students are by the end of the introductory conversations I have with them. If they give rich answers full of explanation and are generally chatty it’s a very good sign they will do well during the workshop. Two weeks after Pete’s performance I noticed that my new student, Tyler, had that natural chattiness skill, even going out of his way to build rapport with the other student in the workshop.

After the lecture portion was over, the three of us ventured from one venue to the next. The guys approached while I timed their conversations and took notes. Even though I sensed that Tyler had the innate talent, he did poorly in his first handful of approaches, running out of gas early in the conversation. I pulled him aside and said, “There is no reason why you shouldn’t have two numbers in your pocket right now instead of none. You’re fucking sleeping out there. How bad do you want it?” Some guys need fires lit under their asses because penetrating vagina can be too far down the road to serve as immediate motivation while out there on the field.

Through teaching workshops I have learned that being nice and encouraging like a grade school teacher does not translate into real world improvement. For an immediately jump in performance I bring out a healthy dose of disapproval, insult, abuse, and humiliation, which all act as a NOS nitrous boost for men.

My lashing worked because at our next venue, an H&M, he got two numbers, one upstairs and one downstairs. No guy has gotten two numbers in the same place before. He opened indirectly, stayed in the conversation, kept rambling on, built intrigue by tossing out bait, and then went for the number. Sometimes he stayed on script and sometimes he didn’t, but since he wasn’t appearing desperate I wasn’t getting on him too hard about strategy. He was so pumped that in subsequent approaches girls would tell him they had a serious boyfriend and he’d laugh it off and ask if the boyfriend would mind them

hanging out. His desire was burning, like gonorrhea.

At the bookstore he got an email address and then a number. I told him I couldn't count the email address so he still had to get one more number to tie the record. The other student had a *what the fuck* look on his face and made a comment about Tyler's decent looks, but after doing fourteen of these workshops I knew his appearance was only part of the equation. His ramble and humor was among the best I've ever seen, and Tyler even commented to me that before he got into the game he "didn't get shit."

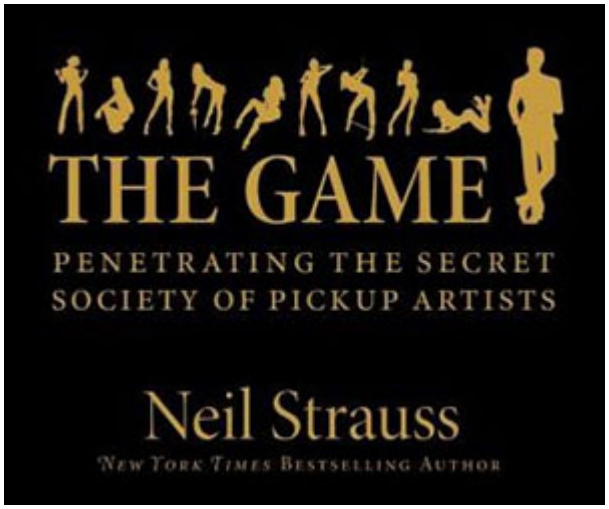
On the subway he got another number, tying the record.

Grocery store was the last venue. "Tyler, I don't mean to put any pressure on you, but if you get one more number you get the record. *No one* is going to get six numbers." There wouldn't be a post if he didn't get. Out of 17 approaches he got five numbers all from cute, bangable girls for a 29% close rate, and I'm not counting the email address.

What did he do right? He could talk. He could tell if a girl was getting bored with a topic he picked. He was funny. He was interesting because he had done interesting things. He worked out and took care of himself. And he wanted it bad. A hater can flip the equation say he rejected 12 times in a few hours, more times than most guys get rejected in a year, but by playing the numbers game and putting in his dues he's being rewarded for his hard work.

Five years ago I wouldn't have imagined having no prospects and then going out one Saturday *afternoon* and getting five of them without using money or status. And without having to get cockblocked. My own success and the success of my students has completely convinced me that day game is a sustainable way to meet girls and get laid. As soon as I'm done with my second book, which is inching towards the finish line, I'll start work on adapting my day game manual into a book. It's what the people want.

Tyler wrote about the workshop on his blog. I teach my last two students this Saturday. With these workshops I feel like I've made a positive impact to the world, and now it's time to do the same but in Ethiopia with starving kids instead of horny guys.



Girls Who Write Poetry Update

April 14, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

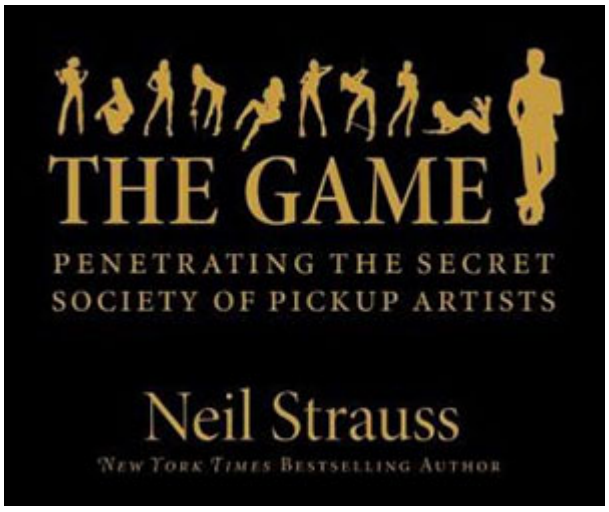
From my post Girls Who Read Poetry:

> The most damaged and insane girls I've met have considered themselves budding poets.

Eight days after I wrote that I went on a first date with a young girl who was half-Asian. As you know I don't have an Asian fetish (I've only been with two), but when I asked her what the Asian half was she got defensive and accused me of having the yellow fever. In her dreams. Anyway she told me that not only does she write poetry, but she organizes "slam recitals" as well. She also said she was going through a feminist stage, saying, "If you really think hard about it, every man has violated a woman not just by rape but by going too fast or too deep during sex." I wonder much longer it will take for feminists to say the act of consensual sex is actually brutal rape.

Immediately after the date she googled me and found out about the blog (a gigantic headache compared to a girl knowing about it beforehand). Surprisingly, she didn't take it well. She left a scathing speech on my voicemail where she sarcastically referred to Bang as a "bestseller" and in so many words telling me to have a nice life on my way to the fiery pits of hell. I saved her message and have since played it for a handful of my students during workshop downtime.

The blog giveth and the blog taketh away. She'll never find out that my fuck *style* is fast and deep (I learned that if I make a girl's vagina sore, it's a guarantee I'll get a callback for more of that pounding). On a side note, I keep meeting girls who actively write poetry which means I'm doing something to attract the drama queens. I don't know what it is but please someone make it stop.



Open Letter To Poetry Girl

April 15, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Dear Poetry Girl,

Reading your comments in yesterday's post pleased me. I'm happy to see that you still think about me, even in hateful terms, because it's a testament to the strong bond we had going until you found out about my blog.

Do you remember the night we met? You were wearing a yamaka and dancing wildly with your friends in order to get attention from horny men. I leaned against the bar with my drink and watched from a distance, unsure if I wanted to make my presence known. I'll be honest: I wasn't struck by your beauty initially—probably not as much as other men in the club—but there was something indescribable about your presence, your vibe, that piqued my interest.

When you eventually came to the bar I made a comment, not one that can be found in my book Bang, which teaches men how to have sex with piles of female bodies, but a spur of the moment insight that related to what was happening in that particular moment of space-time. We went off to the side away from the disapproving stares of your friends, and sparks flew. You touched my beard and I casually placed my hand on your hip, bringing you to within inches of my face. How my loins longed for you! Your silky as shit black hair and your endearing freckles. Your sweet-smelling supple skin that only a 22-year-old of half-white and half-Asian descent could have. I told you that I was leaving in a month and I could see the crack develop in your heart, but the smile returned to your face when I said I'd be back soon in time for those snuggly winter nights where we would curl up next to each other by my dad's fireplace to sip on fair-trade hot cocoa.

How many minutes passed until our lips first touched? It couldn't have been more than fifteen. The passion was too great, the lust too wild. You told me about 58 times that you don't make out with guys in bars, so imagine how special I felt to be slobbering all over your face, caressing your soft butterfly lips with mine. I wanted to pleasure you that night but alas it was not meant to be, for your friend couldn't drive twenty minutes to her home and instead had to spend the night with you.

I think you'll agree that our first date got off to a rough start when you dared challenge one of my views on life. I let it go as a glitch in the matrix, but you had the audacity to rebut me a second time within earshot of other human beings. I realized that you had a bit of trouble understanding how gender roles work. I poked and I prodded and out it comes that you have been utterly and hopelessly brainwashed by the feminist movement. What a waste of such a pretty little face! Do some research and you will find the only reason women get into feminism is because they can't find a real man to properly ramrod them. Think about it for just one minute. If a woman was getting the *good* dick every night, would she waste time with other women who bitch and moan about other men? Of course not.

Then you dropped the bomb that you spend a significant portion of your life writing poetry. That's when *my* heart cracked. I knew that even if I wasn't going to Ethiopia to feed skeletal-like African children, the odds we'd make it past five dates would be extremely low. The reason is simply because your views and drama would come to be about as pleasurable as visits to the tooth removal doctor. But we had the unbridled, wanton passion! Unbridled! Wanton! It would last us as long as it took for us to make sweet love.

Or so I thought.

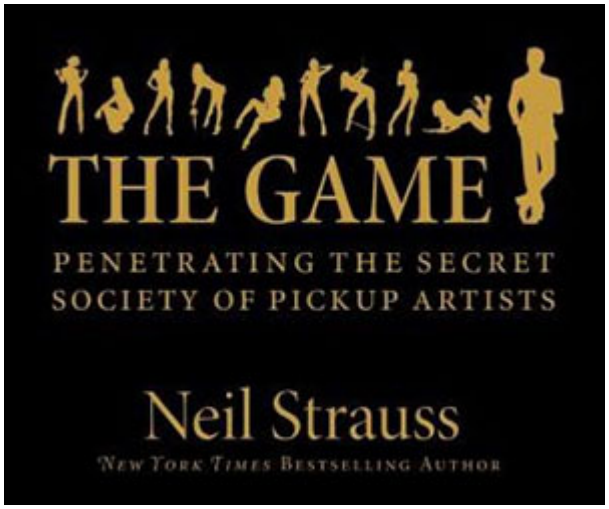
At the end of that first date I gently weaseled my way into your bedroom. I didn't have to twist your arm. You wanted my masculine, hairy body pressed against yours, and what was it you said at the bar? Don't be shy. You said I was *irresistible*. Yes, do you remember that? I was flattered and still am. In fact you made my ego so big that I have to walk into doorways sideways now.

You wouldn't let me hit that night on your bed. You wouldn't even stroke my dick through my boxers. You have little idea of its well-proportioned head to shaft ratio and the ridiculously strong bulging vein on the underside. I think it's because you're not a slut (snicker—just kidding!). I was ready to wait as long as it took to get to date three when I was certain to hit, but it never happened because you found out about my blog and jumped to conclusions. You hate Bang. I see that know, but the funny thing is, Poetry Girl, I didn't use any game on you. Read my book to prove this to yourself. I didn't have to. You gamed me and I just held on for the ride. Don't deny it.

Look at what you've done to me. It's Wednesday night and I'm typing out this hopelessly romantic missive! Oh Poetry Girl, I just don't want to give up on you. Give me one more chance. Let's go on a coffee shop date and reignite that spark. Then let me beat that pussy up.

Love,

Roosh



Argentine Girls Final Thoughts II

April 19, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

PREVIOUSLY: Argentine Girls Final Thoughts

"Sex is mathematics."
—American Psycho by Bret Easton Ellis

One class of email I get are guys who need advice on how to deal with girls from Argentina. I'm posting parts of one recent email along with my answers.

> Hey, man. I'm from Washingon, DC. I saw your posts a few months ago about Argentinean girls in Córdoba especially, but I happen to be in Buenos Aires. I've been here since June and my game is pretty damn good, but I'd say I have trouble with actually sealing the deal.

I'm nodding my head up and down at this point. I have received dozens of emails with this exact problem.

> For example, tonight I met 32 girls, but I have trouble sealing the deal physically. I touch of course, but still I guess it's hard to get to the kiss. Aparte es dificil convince the chicks that you are the one for them. I'd say I can meet chicks really, really easily, but actually going for it and making sure that we hook up is another thing. And FYI it's not that I'm a pussy and don't escalate etc. For example I touch as mentioned, I mention sex, I suggest "us" in a subtle way, and I try to go for it, but usually end up with the girls as friends not fuck buddies.

There are three ways to fuck an Argentine girl. The first is to just go balls out and keeping approaching until you find the slutty one who likes gringos. It's not efficient but it can work for guys that don't have enough time to figure them out. Assuming you have decent *indirect* and *aloof* game, it should get you pretty close to success. But if your game is direct, generally speaking you will do poorly and risk going 0 for 32. I say "generally speaking" because I have seen one guy successfully work direct game on Argentine girls, but he's the exception at this point. Stick to indirect and approach a truckload of women and you should hit eventually.

The second way is to use sound strategy, of which I'm still developing. My working theory is this: if you go into a group of Argentine girls with the intent of making out with one of them, it's almost a certainty you won't. Instead you have to think, "I'm going to fuck with this girl's head and she's going to be so intrigued that she will be on my nutsack." You have to be the coquette. This passivity goes against everything I've learned with how to American girls, but I have accepted that Argentine girls are a different breed of animal. Touching them is mostly ineffective in building attraction. More studies need to be done and if I ever go back to Argentina, I may carry out the research needed to crack the code, as I have for American girls. It would just be a damn shame to have a culture of women that no one has consistently figured out how to fuck.

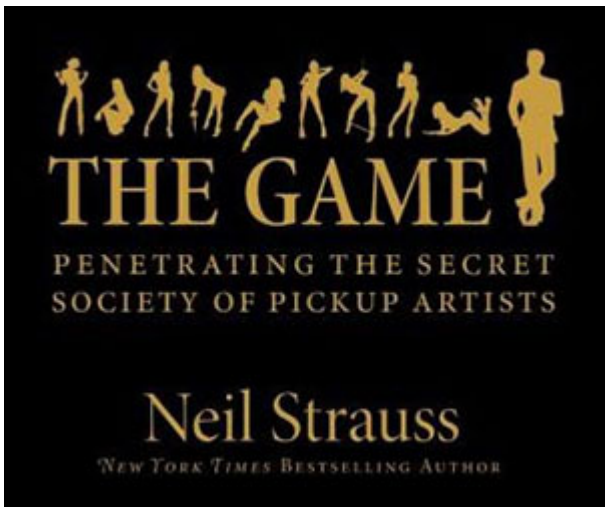
> …another thing; as you mentioned the girls are completely wacko here. It seems like I see a girl staring at me or talk to a girl and she likes me and then she goes coldish saying that she has a boyfriend (obviously and blatantly as if she wants me to know she's lying) lying) also just kind of moving away even though it's obvious she wants it. I also think it may have to do with lack of escalation or maybe escalation (kino for example) too fast. And also I think they play hard to get even when they actually like you just to bust your balls,; they is crazy, but obviously some of the cutest girls on this fucking planet.

If you keep doing something that doesn't work, you need to try something *completely* different that would never be needed in America. For example, say if often happens that a girl breaks her neck for you and then you walk up to her to say hi but she goes cold. Instead, how about you walk up to her and say, "Excuse me can you stop being rude and staring at me like that? Where I come from we don't do that." Have a blank expression so she doesn't know if you were serious or not.

If a girl shows you her "boyfriend" on her cellphone (something that will happen about 50% of the time), she wants you to think she is desired by another man. Instead how about you say, "Oh wow he's a good looking guy. Is he gay? I swear at the club I was at last night I saw a guy looking like him kissing another man." Her response will be to qualify him, putting her on the defensive. Continue the charade with a confused look on your face, as if you think it's a little strange she likes bisexual men.

I think you get the point. I'm not saying these moves will get you instantly in her pants, but if you constantly experiment you're bound to strike on something that gets the reaction you want. Bottom line: do something very different than what you are used to doing. Because Argentine girls are very different.

When it comes to Brazilian girls, use standard American game. No change is needed.

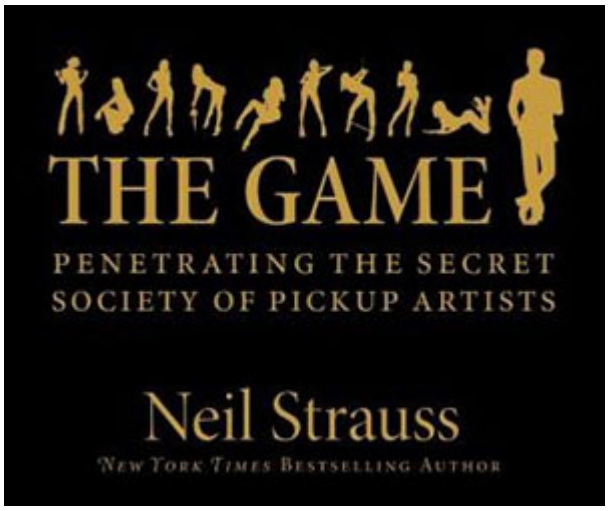


Re: Time For A Trip

April 21, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

On April 1 I made a post about how I was heading to Ethiopia on April 22 to help kids in poverty. It was a *reverse* April Fools joke (i.e. the truth). As you read this I'm on a cramped flight headed to Addis Ababa and in just a day or so I will post photos of cityscapes and naked African kids to prove that I wasn't bullshitting.

I figure this trip will be similar in length to the previous one (six months), but most likely shorter as my plan is less ambitious. If you have any Ethiopian travel tips then please share, and yes, I already know about the HIV situation. I'll be okay since I bought some industrial strength condoms that are just one thickness grade lower than bicycle tires. I'm not going to feel anything and I'm definitely not going to blast but as long as I can brag about pounding Ethiopian girls I don't care. Depending on my mood and health status I may swing by Egypt and visit the pyramids via camel transport.



Welcome To Ethiopia!

April 23, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

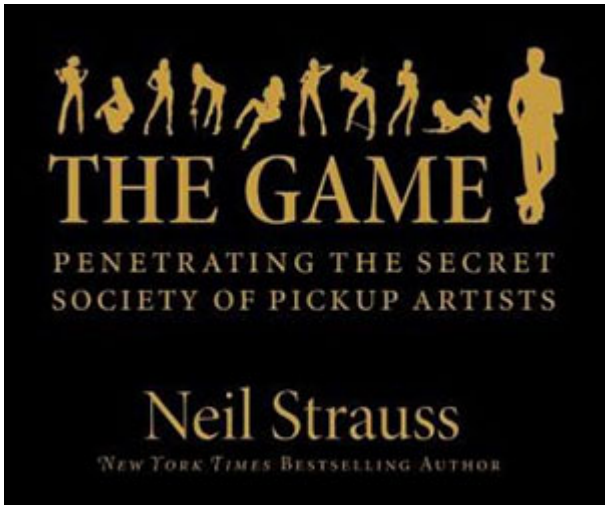
I've only been here for two days but I already feel deeply affected by the charming Ethiopian culture. It doesn't hurt that as white man I'm being treated like a rock star. In fact, I've banged two Ethiopian girls so far.

I have three pictures to share. This first one is of the farmers market. It's very similar to the ones in America, especially the one in Dupont Circle (DC).

This second picture is one of the girls I banged. Her name is Assefa. What initially attracted me to her was her titties, but it was her charm that really sealed the deal. We made sweet condomless love many times in her mud-brick home. She recently got tested, so it was okay. I trust her. Why would she lie?

I bought a souvenir t-shirt from the market (cheesy, I know), and then went hiking in a field of dirt. I found a nomadic tribe and asked if I could have my picture taken with them. They agreed. Here's your proof that I really am in Ethiopia:

I'm currently working on a detailed strategy guide on how to bang Ethiopian girls. Sneak peek: be white.



Welcome To Bogotá

April 26, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The going-to-Ethiopia thing was only supposed to be an April Fools joke, but idiots kept commenting about it days after so I decided to let it ride. The prank has brought me great amusement, thank you, and the only downside was I have betrayed your trust forever. According to my survey, half of you believed I was actually going to Ethiopia.

I'm in Bogotá, Colombia right now. My first night out I went to a bar in the "bohemian" (think dreadlocks) La Candelaria part of town with a fun Croatian guy. My Spanish sucks huge donkey balls apparently so I can't rely only on day game yet. I still need that loud club music to make take the awkwardness off the many silences where the hamster in my brain is trying to construct coherent sentences that are more interesting than "Creo que esa es el baño para hombres" (I think that is the men's room) and "Tu y tu amiga tienen pelo rojo" (You and your friend have red hair).

While the Croat was talking to a girl I decided to go for the hottest girl in the place. She was standing nearby with her two friends. I point to my friend and said, "That's my friend" in English. She looked at me for two seconds as I stood there patiently. Then she spun around so hard and fast that the end of her hair hit my shoulder. What the fuck. The last time I got rejected like that was in December 2007 in Buenos Aires.

Later I got up on my stool for five seconds to place my empty Corona on a table. When I returned there was a girl sitting on my chair. She was a friend of the girl who rejected me. The chair theft had to be planned. The girls were bullying me and I had to stand up for myself.

"Perdon, esta es mi asiento," I said. *Excuse me, this is my seat.*

"Si, pero estoy cansado," she replied. *Yes, but I am tired.*

"Si pero yo tambien. Quiero mi asiento." *Yes but me too. I want my seat.*

"No no por favor estoy muy cansado…" *No no please I am very tired.* She gave me a puppy dog look.

"Hablas ingles?" *Do you speak English?*

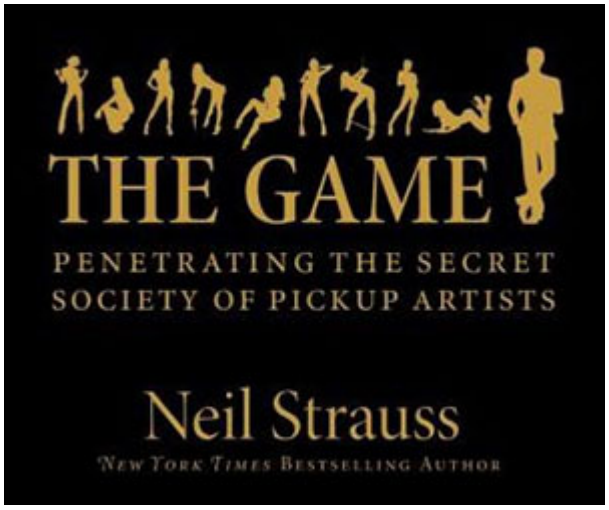
"Yes I speak English."

"Okay look girl you gotta get up. Come on let's go."

I put my hand on her back and gently pushed her off. I got evil looks for the rest of the night from her crew but it's okay—I got my revenge.

I shouldn't have told you this episode since it's the exception. Colombian girls are very nice and eerily similar with Brazilian girls in terms of personality. I think these girls were from Argentina because that's the shit I would expect there. In fact if everything goes well here I see no reason to ever return to Argentina unless I have to do a visa run.

Give me three more weeks to gather data and I will present to you my findings on Colombian women.



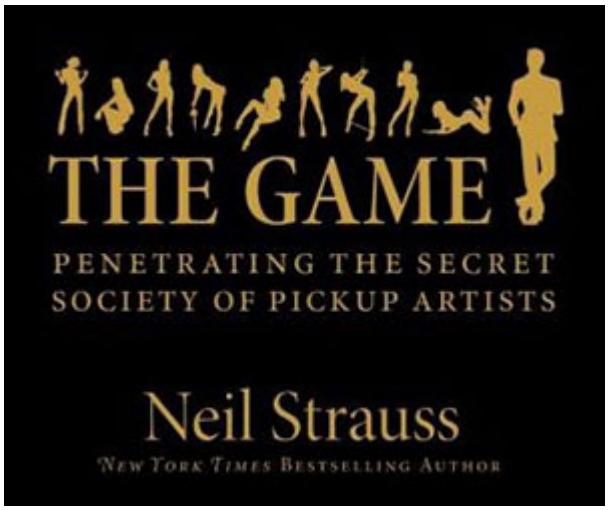
Loose Pussy

April 28, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Whenever I meet a guy who likes Asian girls, one of the things he says to me is, “Their pussies are so tight.”

How is that good? Unless you’re a porn star the speed of your orgasm time is probably on your mind. The vice pussy will make it impossible to hit that respectable two-minute mark (without a condom). While I don’t actively try to give a girl an orgasm, I want to at least put on a respectable show. When you go to the circus you expect a certain level of talent from the elephants, and when you don’t get that you complain to anyone who will listen, including those who may consider seeing the show in the future… if you know what I mean.

If I had the choice of twins, once with a tight pussy and one with a loose one, I’m going with the loose one every time. It will take me so long to blast that by the time I finally do, after fucking in at least five different positions, she will think I’m a sex god even though it was just her pussy. That leads to my theory: girls with loose pussies have better sex, which leads them to have much more sex, loosening their pussies even more. It’s a vicious cycle.



Thought Experiment

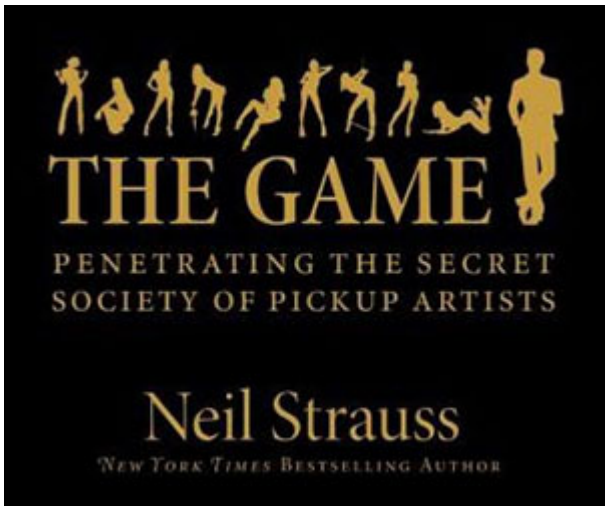
April 30, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

You go into a bar alone because you don't have any friends. You get your drink and stand near the girls bathroom, where there is a short line. A cute redhead makes eye contact with you then goes inside to use the facility. She comes out five minutes later and when she closes the door behind her your nose is hit with a wall of shit. She just took a nasty dump that you know from experience was probably sudden-onset diarrhea. You move away from the bathroom to a safer area.

Two hours later you are talking to a girl. She introduces you to her friend—the girl who took the dump. Thankfully she didn't extend her hand to shake. You talk with her for five minutes and notice she is looking deep into your eyes, asking questions about you and your background, and a lot cuter than you originally thought. She's a solid 8, but there is another problem—her breath smells like she just ate a canned tuna sandwich. What to do?

Think about it logically for a minute. My answer in a bit.

Best Answer: Get her number. Because of her high appearance rating it would be prudent to give her a second chance during a non-primetime slot (Sunday afternoon) for something like a smoothie. If her hygiene is then proper, insert her into the usual dating rotation. Sometimes a girl has a bad night. Many times I've forgotten to wash my sack before heading out to the club, and I can only hope I wasn't punished for it.



Survey Results (Part 1)

May 3, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I'm too lazy to graphically present the data so you'll have to make due with text. I also skipped a couple questions. 632 people completed the survey.

What is your age?

0.9% Under 18
8.7% 18-21
30.4% 22-25
42.6% 26-32
13.0% 33-40
4.3% 41 or older

I thought readership would be a little younger but I'm not surprised that the bulk of you are close to my age.

What is the highest education level you have completed?

32.3% of you have a masters degree or greater.

Do you live in the Washington DC metropolitan area?

25.5% said yes. This figure used to be around 75%.

How did you find out about my blog?

More than half of you found me through another web site.

How long have you known about my blog?

11.8% Pretty recently
22.3% 3-6 months
22.9% 7-12 months
26.5% 1-2 years
12.9% 3-4 years
3.6% Over 4 years

This result suggests a lot of churn-and-burn in readership. People stick around for a year or two, lose interest in the topic matter, and go onto new things. For many guys, picking up girls is a flash-in-the-pan sort of thing.

What topics do you want to see more of? Check all that apply.

60.9% Straight-up how to get laid advice
91.1% Male/female observations, analysis, and commentary
40.2% Travel
55.0% Travel mixed with girls
51.2% Philosophical ramblings about life and existence
26.5% Self-deprecation
20.8% Politics / economics
25.9% Pictures

12.7% Video

I'm pretty surprised that politics garnered so few votes, though I'm encouraged at the showing made by philosophical ramblings.

Are you subscribed to my email newsletter?

42.4% Yes

Have I inspired you to take action in some area of your life?

53.1% Yes
46.9% No

I change lives.

Do you eagerly await my blog postings like a newborn boy awaits milk from his mother's breast?

52.4% Yes
47.6% Yes

A whopping 100% of you said yes. This is incredible data right here.

Do you have an active blog (Wordpress, Blogger, Movable Type, Tumblr, etc.)?

21.2% of you said yes. Nerds.

Do you comment on my blog?

1.0% Yes, regularly
8.0% Occasionally
29.5% Sometimes or rarely
61.4% Never

This is a question I added after the first day. 90% of you don't regularly comment. This result has made it easier for me to pull commenting as an experiment.

Would you say your job is fulfilling?

43.8% of you said yes. Possible follow-up: If yes, are you on an anti-depressant?

You're at a coffee shop. Coffee or tea?

67.9% Coffee
32.1% Tea

Tea made a good showing probably thanks to international readers, who I accidentally threw under the bus with this America-centric survey.

Do you believe in God?

47.1% Yes
52.9% No

Godless heathens. 😈

What is your gender?

82.7% Male
17.3% Female

I don’t know what those women are doing here. If there was a way to ban only women I would.

FOR GIRLS. How many sexual partners have you had? Estimate if necessary.

4.8% 0
20.2% 1-3
37.5% 4-8
22.1% 9-15
8.7% 16-25
4.8% 26-50
1.0% 51-99
1.0% Over 100

I was sharing this result with Roissy and he reminded me about using a multiplier. We settled on two, so double these results to get the true numbers. For the one girl who admitted to banging over 100 guys, can you email me so I can anonymously interview you for the blog. I’m curious about how that number was racked up, and if some sort of gangbang was involved. I won’t judge you.

FOR GIRLS. Has my writing ever made you feel upset, sad, or depressed?

8.3% Yes, on many occasions
47.2% It has at least once
44.4% No not at all

I’ve failed as a man with that low 8.3% number.

FOR GIRLS. Why do you read my blog? Check all that apply.

22.4% I like you
53.3% To learn about guys
24.3% To learn about girls
41.1% Curious about this idea of game
32.7% Good writing
81.3% Entertaining and/or funny
42.1% Boredom

Almost half of girls read my blog to alleviate boredom. Guys I want you to keep that in mind whenever a girl tells you how her life is busy and great.

Three write-ins to share:

> Many, many times your perspective has resonated with me. I particularly enjoyed this past Halloween episode, in which you likened your Jesus experience to the Hot Girl experience.
>
> —
>
> I hate your view of women, but I’m impressed with your attention to the intricacies of interpersonal relations. And you’re funny. You make an occasional grammar mistake, but overall the writing is above average and entertaining. And

> don’t take this the wrong way, but as a woman, I read your blog, kind of to keep my guard up, know-your-enemy kind of research. But still, you are very entertaining.
>
> —
>
> I’m a girl, but I find the whole idea of game interesting. It’s just a neat perspective into the interactions of men and women, who may or may not have different hopes surrounding outcomes.

FOR GIRLS. Have you given up hope finding your soulmate?

11.8% Yes
60.8% No
27.5% Already found him

Lots of girls got mad because they don’t believe in the idea of soulmates. Overall though the result shows females to be (unrealistically) optimistic. The 11.8% know what’s up.

FOR GIRLS. Are you a feminist?

22.6% Yes
53.8% No
23.6% Not sure

How can you not be sure?

FOR GIRLS. Do you own or have you owned a cat?

Let’s take a look at the result from two angles. First, from girls who said Yes to being a feminist:

37.5% Yes, owned or own a cat

Next, from girls who said No to the feminist question:

31.6% Yes, owned or own a cat

We’re seeing triangulation here with what we’d expect in the real world. In other words, if you are a feminist then you have a 15.7% increased chance of being a cat lady. The data doesn’t lie. Feel free to cite this figure in your academic papers.

FOR GIRLS. Would you have sex with Jesus if he were alive today, you were single, and he hit on you?

38.5% Yes
61.5% No

I look like Jesus, so….

FOR GIRLS. Have we banged, kissed, or went out on a date?

6.1% Yes
93.9% No

I know a lot of girls lied on this one. Should be 10%.

Now onto guys…

FOR GUYS. How many sexual partners have you had? Estimate if needed.

5.9% 0
17.6% 1-3
27.5% 4-8
20.8% 9-15
12.8% 16-25
7.6% 26-50
5.2% 51-99
2.7% Over 100

If you bang 26 girls, you're in 75th percentile of all men. Bang 51 girls and you're 92nd percentile. You know what to do.

FOR GUYS. How would you rate your game?

49.7% Beginner (occasional phone number or date)
42.4% Intermediate
7.9% Advanced (getting laid regularly with pretty girls)

FOR GUYS. Have you ever had a one night stand?

71.3% Yes
28.7% No

I posed this same question to the girls and the result was just about the same.

FOR GUYS. How would you describe your condom usage overall?

23.5% 100% compliance
38.4% Consistent
19.1% Sometimes
9.6% Rarely.. I'm a dirty boy
9.4% N/A – I don't have much sex

I wish I asked "Have you ever had an STD?" to triangulate with notch count and condom usage.

FOR GUYS. Do you refer to yourself as a "guy" or as a "man"?

45.3% Guy
54.7% Man

I'm a real man.

FOR GUYS. How often do you jerk?

6.2% Multiple times daily
24.3% Daily
34.8% Several times a week
22.2% A couple times a week
6.2% Several times a month
6.2% Not very often

I used to be daily.

FOR GUYS. What was the last time you made an adult woman cry (that you weren't related to) through the power of your words?

For this result I cross-tabulated the answers with number of sexual partners.

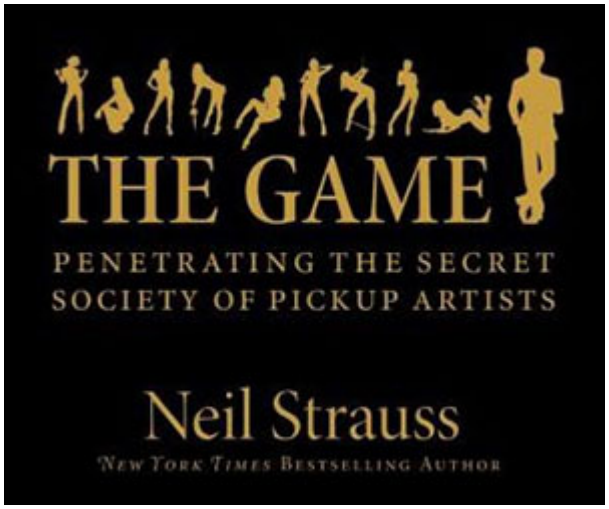
33.9% of guys who made a girl cry within the past month has banged over 15 girls
17% of guys who *hasn't* made a girl cry in the past *year* has banged over 15 girls

Approximately how many books have you read in the past year?

1.9% 0
16.9% 1-3
22.9% 4-6
18.0% 7-10
12.5% 11-15
7.7% 16-20
20.2% Over 20

Girls are voracious readers. 34.2% of them have read over 20 books in the past year, while 17.3% of men have.

Continued...



Survey Results (Part 2)

May 4, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Have you bought or read Bang?

30.4% Yes
69.6% No

I don't believe my blog is an untapped market for my book.

FOR THOSE WHO READ BANG. Do you think Bang was worth the money you spent on it?

92.2% Yes
7.8% No

FOR THOSE WHO READ BANG. Have you tried any techniques or lines from Bang?

77.0% Yes
23.0% No

FOR THOSE WHO READ BANG. In your mind, what do you think is holding you back from being more successful with women? Check all that apply.

15.1% My appearance
19.6% My personality
14.5% Another one of my personal attributes
12.3% Money
33.5% My current situation (e.g. where I live)
55.3% Fear or lack of confidence
70.4% Laziness
25.1% Free, high-quality porn

I'm pretty shocked by the laziness number, which I'm sure goes hand-in-hand with the high-quality porn option.

Some write-in comments:

> More material on day game is requested. my voice is relatively soft and less captivating, so I have much less presence than people with worse game, humor, etc. I also have a more witty cheeky type of humor, that may escape the grasp of some girls. Information on ditz game, or how to make one's humor better understood would be appreciated. sometimes it's a language barrier thing, sometimes it's not. eg when asked where I'm from, sometimes I'll say, "Los Angeles, I'm kind of shallow and superficial." btw, you have an excellent deadpan in your video.
>
> —
>
> Lack of quality women. Getting revved up about a simple bang just doesn't seem as big a deal when I generally get dissatisfied with the chic after a few dates

> anyway.
>
> —
>
> I find most women to be tiresome, dull, and basically empty shells of what used to be a human being. After one realizes he can sleep with basically anyone he wants, he tends to find better shit to do. When I work a girl now it's because she has substance, and merits my attention. Otherwise it's alot of work for a pussy assisted jerk. Fuck that.
>
> —
>
> Living in Southern California and having not grown up here. DC is so the minor leagues. I get laid almost every time I visit my family. There is zero competition from lawyers, consultants, and programmers. SoCol has lots of competent naturals and a premuim is placed on physical attractiveness. In essence the competition starts at a much higher level. Similar to the shock you felt when you went to Argentina. At the end of the day you have to work twice as hard but if you go on some business trip to Cleveland you know you have the battle tested skills to bang 3 random in 10 hours.
>
> —
>
> Feelings of shame and inhibition from a Catholic upbringing.
>
> —
>
> I am one of your best friends inSOMnia

Thanks Insomnia.

FOR THOSE WHO READ BANG. Do you have any other comments about Bang?

A dozen comments about day game. I get it!

> Bang is dope. I like most the straightforward way you differentiate between alpha and beta males. And between confident and non-confident people. The line that resonates with me is the one that goes.. "confident people dive into situations that are critical to their goals, regardless of their perceived chance of failure". Nice work.
>
> —
>
> I loved how it made me feel like you were taking the journey from beta to alpha with the reader. You didn't come off as some pretentious douche.
>
> —
>
> Far too short.
>
> —
>
> I think it was a great book on the fundamentals on game. Just to give you background, I'm a beginner/intermediate player- I can get laid with moderate frequency, but still not on command with whom I want or with consistency every night I go out. I think the only way to improve ony our book would be to go in

> depth on certain areas- as an Expat in Asia (I'm also Asian), I'd be interested to hear your stories and how you had to adjust your game while overseas, something I think you have a fair amount of experience in.
>
> —
>
> Great book. Lots of useful information. I always use the XXXXXX technique now to guarantee getting in.
>
> —
>
> I tried the strawberry story, it's good stuff. Unrelated to Bang, The cost per notch analysis is a great idea.
>
> —
>
> I bought your book for two reasons: – I saw in your blog that you give realsitic and straightforward advice – personally i think you are the only pickup expert that has a likable personality: the other seem to have a personal philosophy that blends the worst aspects of self-help and selfiness in a (from a european point of view) very yuppie-american way.
>
> —
>
> A story telling approach might have worked very well in a few places. Walk us through a few successes and failures from start to finish.
>
> —
>
> I thought it was useful and practical. In a very few cases, it could have been better edited, but overall an inspirational and solid guide.
>
> —
>
> The sections on The Vibe and Inner Game are some of the best self-improvement advice I've ever read – extends way beyond just trying to get laid. Thank you.
>
> —
>
> the structure needs to be improved and more openers/ routines would be nice. overall it was a good read and learned some stuff and it covered the majority of subjects but i felt like with some topics ,a bit more in depth information would have been nice.

FOR THOSE WHO DIDN'T READ BANG. Why haven't you bought Bang? Check all that apply.

18.8% I'm a girl
1.8% I'm gay
2.8% I hate you
5.9% I think you are a fraud and/or a phony
8.5% Too expensive
32.6% Unsure of its quality
18.3% I have no money *(if you can't swing $20 then you got more to worry about than your game)*

16.2% I don’t care for picking up girls
20.1% I’m in a happy relationship
35.7% I’m lazy
20.3% Not sure

Write-in comments:

> I don’t read books on how to pick up girls written by homo’s
>
> —
>
> Think over analyzing the going out experience would tarnish it for me. I always have a ton of fun when I go out.
>
> —
>
> I’m gay but I’m interested in a straight dick’s perception of a pussy. It’s weird. I don’t like you at all because you are sexist, homophobic, mcp etc, but who cares, its not like I have to sleep with you. To be clearer, I pity your personality, but what you write is generally informative – things that you don’t hear in person.
>
> —
>
> Live at home and don’t want my mom to see
>
> —
>
> you wouldn’t let me
>
> —
>
> Plenty of seduction material abound….maybe you could convince me more?
>
> —
>
> I used to buy into that stuff all the time. I quit caring about studying the dynamics of pickup about four years ago. Now I just spend all my money on booze and get laid being a loser drunk. It works for me. I like going out alone because I am a prowler.

Lots of guys said they have too much pick-up material and don’t see how an additional book will help.

How do you feel about my decision to visit Ethiopia to feed starving African children?

16.9% It’s great!
8.6% It’s forced / trite
19.4% Whatever, not exactly my cup of tea
46.5% I don’t think you are really going to Ethiopia
8.6% Other

Have you left the United States in the past two years for leisurely travel?

69.7% Yes
30.3% No

How long was your last international vacation?

9.4% 1-5 days
25.5% About a week
28.3% Two weeks
12.0% 3-4 weeks
24.8% Over a month

Surprised at the large number who escaped for over a month.

Did you get the diarrhea?

21.4% Yes
78.6% No

I voted Yes.

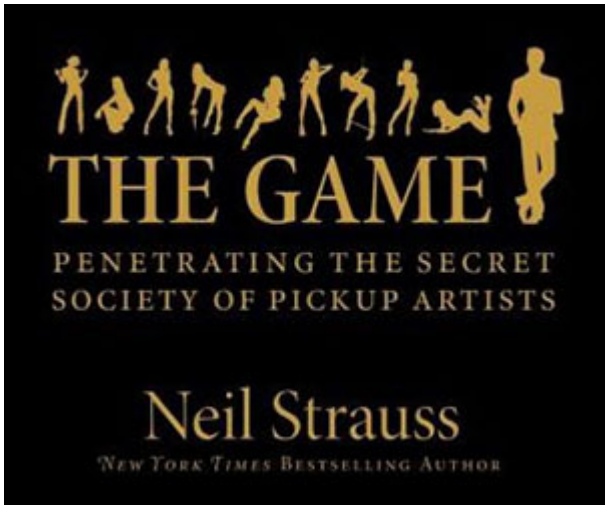
Have you picked (or will you pick) a travel location based mostly on the men or women?

33.0% Yes (39.5% guys answered yes while 8.7% of girls did)
67.0% No

Have you gotten laid in a foreign country with someone you didn't already know before you arrived?

46.2% Yes (47.5% guys said yes while 40.9% of girls did)
53.8% No

Continued…



Survey Results (Part 3)

May 5, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Why do you travel? Check all that apply

74.1% Learn new cultures
72.4% Sight-see
46.2% Meet exotic women or men
68.2% To de-compress, relax
80.2% To get away

Write-in responses:

> I like going to horrible places like war zones or places like Auschwitz or Jonestown. I just returned from Sudan a few hours ago, for example. I still haven't really come up with a good answer for when people ask me why.
>
> —
>
> conversations and friendship with other travellers
>
> —
>
> To find the meaning of life.
>
> —
>
> There's a quote by R.L. Stephenson, that sums up my travel philosophy perfectly: "For my part I travel not to go anywhere, but to go. The great affair is to move." (something like that)

What is the most important thing you've learned in your life so far?

There were 430 write-ins. If yours isn't here that doesn't mean I didn't like it. Don't be hurt.

> I think the realization that most of what we're told is rubbish. And by this I am referring to statements about things such as how things or people are in a certain place, what women want or value, what constitutes "responsible" behavior, what should make me happy (marriage, a mortgage, 2.5 kids, etc.), what sort of art we're supposed to value, etc. I have to throw this one in as well: If you're not happy with your life – change it. Fuck the critics that tell you that you're making a mistake by walking away from a good job or a nice girl or a nice city. They're not living your life and since I'm an atheist, I think you only get one. Do what makes you happy, not others happy. Be selfish.
>
> —
>
> it's possible to rewrite your life story.
>
> —
>
> Sometimes, just acting like you have authority is enough. People respond when

you seem like you’re in charge, whether or not you actually are.

—

Where there is no desire there is no fear.

—

The stuff you think is so important as a teenager/young adult really doesn’t matter at all in the real world after age 25.

—

1) If you want it that bad you can probably get it, if you’re not trying then you don’t want it that bad. 2) You can make yourself sombody else if you’re willing to commit.

—

Personality goes a lot farther than skill or intelligence.

—

When you get pissed (drunk) in a New Country make sure you can make your way back to your bed, as sleeping in a hedge isn’t fun when it’s Cactus. also Camels & Arabs haven’t a much of a sense of humour

—

The goal in life is to figure out what makes you happiest (e.g. what releases the most pleasure inducing chemicals in your brain most consistently and most sustainably) and then doing that as much as possible. No one can tell you what this will be, and this will likely change over long periods of time.

—

The police will fuck you even if you have done nothing wrong… so hire a decent lawyer

—

If you don’t choose how to live your life, others will choose for you

—

Sex is easy. Especially since I am gay. Straight people have it so complicated, plus deal with the boobies. eww.

—

1) Be thankful of the opportunities you have been given. I could have easily have been born in another country where I wouldn’t have had access to education or survived passed twenty five. Make the best of what has been given to you and never feel like you’re entitled to it. 2) Not to judge a person you don’t know. Everybody has reasons for what they do, just because you don’t know them doesn’t give you the right to pass judgement. 3) Lately, and with a lot of influence from yours and Roissy’s blogs I’ve learned that most girls are pretty stupid. I’m not sure how I feel about that right now, it’s great to know but I wish I

feel like a dumbass for putting them on such a pedestal until now.

—

Your life is yours alone, don’t spend it trying to make other people happy. If you’ve got a 9-5 occupation, that is considered making someone else happy.

—

People who say they’re trying to “find themselves” are dipshits. What makes your character is what is outside you, wrought by your hands and words not inside you with mincing thoughts and empty words, and anyone who surrenders to some such excuse such as “it was my upbringing” or “it’s in my genes” isn’t strong enough to shape the clay of their lives. Oh Roosh, you really, really really need to read Zorba the Greek. I don’t know why I didn’t post that on the book thread.

—

life is way too short, and people chase after the wrong things their whole life, i think your idea of not being married to a career and experiencing as many women as you can is the right track. on your death bed, you will probably only remember the women you have had, and who made your life better, not what you did at a cubicle for 45 years

—

Fuck content, it’s all about style

—

No woman will ever love me just for who I am or what I can do for her. I must be able to prove my value in a social context outside our relationship, preferably by making her jealous of my other options. In fact, each of the women I have loved has told me as she finally broke up with me that she would probably be attracted to me again if I would have an affair. But I don’t know how to have an affair, so I lost them.

—

Nobody gives a shit about your problems.

—

Never associate with people that have nothing going for them.

—

The taint is the male g-spot.

—

99.99% of people are sleep walking through life, and I don’t want to be one of them.

—

The problem with people who have no vices is that generally you can be pretty

> sure they’re going to have some pretty annoying virtues.
>
> —
>
> That it’s important to have male friends, and you should not let go of them.
>
> —
>
> Contrary to what “society” said, doing well professionally isn’t the key to getting hot chicks
>
> —
>
> You will always lose money chasing women but you’ll never lose women chasing money.
>
> —
>
> Most of the little shit people get wound up about resolves itself if you give it time to do so.
>
> —
>
> inflammable really means flammable!

Do you have any additional comments about how to improve my blog?

> Not to improve the blog, but the question about soulmates was odd – why assume women believe in soulmates at all? I don’t, but am in a happy relationship, so I selected “already found him.” Would have been nice to have another option.
>
> —
>
> You admit to, and others accuse you of, being a hater of women, in the line of your “Dark side” post. You seem to regard it inevitable. If you could transcend ,and grow a heart back, your readership would triple.
>
> —
>
> Even though you are broke at the moment. More info on being successful and making money…
>
> —
>
> It seems like your style has gone from naturally inflammatory to purposefully inflammatory. I’d say keep giving advice you’d actually take and quit trying to go extreme just to incense the haters – though it is pretty fucking funny occasionally.
>
> —
>
> Your blog is drenched in ego and I think it makes for an entertaining read, plus it makes me not feel bad about occasionally hating you. The Roosh haters should just give up their cause because your blog wouldn’t be fun if you weren’t such a bastard.
>
> —

More pictures and videos that you take/make. Also really miss the great old MS Paint diagrams you used to make.

—

DO NOT, under any circumstances, write more about politics or economics. Game, women and more game please.

—

I think when you figure out what you're doing with your life next, it will get better. I think you're past the whole picking up chicks thing. You're getting too old for it.

—

Less endless rambling about pathetic beta men and how awesome alpha men are. It gets old after a while.

—

Yes, I think you banned me for awhile (linked me to some spanish youtube video) because I made a comment dissing your worldview. Stop being such a pussy and let the haters like myself make our stance heard. You don't need to read it or take it to heart, but show some balls and stop looking for all your comments to be that of adulation.

—

No. You've been doing this long enough that it can't be expected to get any better. Most blogs reach full potential quite early, and after that it's only a matter of whether the writer can be bothered to keep doing it. I would be satisfied to see you maintain your current standard.

—

Your writing is amazing. Self-deprecating, hilarious, and insightful. Your videos, generally, have not been as impressive. Your "how to blog" video is great, but I think it's because it's the only video you had that was semi-scripted beforehand. What the fuck is wrong with you? Based on your content and your ability to write, you should be in the thousands of RSS readers. You should have a huge following, but you don't. Are you just an awful marketer? Why don't you get word about your blog a bit more? Your writing should appeal to about 90% of all young males, but somehow, no one knows about you. Start marketing yourself.

—

i like the comparison of different cultures like the argentine vs brazilian girls…i started dating brazilian girls because of you, am learning portuguese, and plan on going to brazil in the next year. best advice i've ever gotten, thanks, roosh

—

Two approaches, go personal or go polemic/personal I hate polemics but as you can tell it has been good for Roissy's numbers. You have flirted with both of those

extremes, personal stuff about you, your life and stuff and polemics about the male/female dynamics/politics/econ. But I imagine it must suck to have people think they know you from reading about you. Whatever you decide to do, I think that people respond not just to ideas but to the personal stuffbehind the idea. The best of the idiot box tv, radio, or writing has elements of the personal. The power of your ideas may capture people but they stay for the personality – the man underneath the idea. Whether you go travel and chicks or vision quest in Ethiopia for orphans and chicks or your libertarian strain and chicks, the story you are telling is of a guy making his way in the world, his way. I read you because although I disagree on econ and politics and probably many aspects of life, I think there is something interesting in your story. I like that you are working it out while we watch. And I get to relive my youth reading about your exploits so keep that stuff up too.

—

I feel like you hold back a lot of experiences that we could all learn from. And I would like to hear more of your opinions about current events, but your real opinions and not just BS as if your trying to get a rise out of people. But I'll read the blog either way, I'm a fan and I appreciate your work.

—

You seem to have a very negative and detrimental outlook on life. But its funny to read.

—

I've read your blog for a while now. I think the blog is beginning to bore you. Your posts are shorter and less frequent. I realize you're writing a book, the newsletter etc. This is an outsider opinion, so I could be totally off base, but I'd take a little time off. My favorite 'era' of this blog was around the time when you and BigHeadDC used to feud. Your victory was swift and complete. Something's different between then and now. It's still a go-to blog for me and I enjoy it very much. Lastly, I want to reiterate how much Bang has helped me. Thank you.

—

topics lately are boring, miss the DCbachelor days. More interested in travel and getting laid. Also looking forward to another book.

—

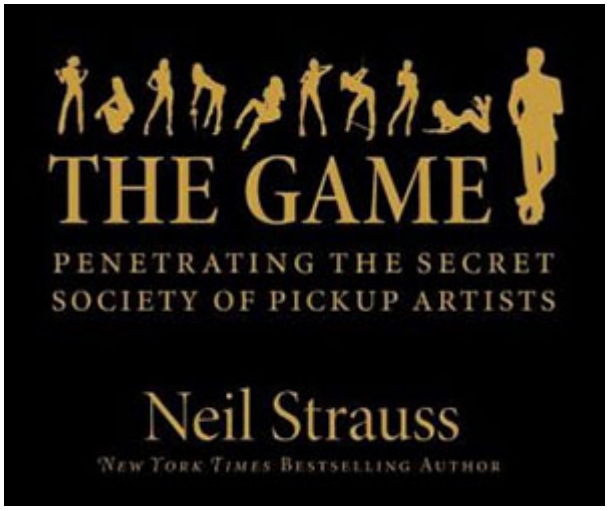
Please, I beg you – no more wikipedia based economic theories. As an economist, they are both obvious, and painful to get through.

—

Not only do I love your blog, I've recommended it to several friends, both male and female. My single female friends NEED your blog, so they can understand the alpha male mind. Conversely, many of my male friends are betas, and they are the ones who read you, yet despise you and disagree with you. They continue to

> retain the false hope that there’s a woman out there who appreciates a sensitive guy. My man’s an alpha, btw. He’s you, 10 years ago.
>
> —
>
> I’m really tired of all the women / bang posts. I think you should be beyond that as a person and a writer. It’s just a pussy, get over it. Of course I understand if that what 80 percent of your writers are interested in reading…but again, I think it’s a waste of you mental energy and creativity and time.
>
> —
>
> In every real man a child is hidden that wants to play (Nietzsche). I think there was a more personable aspect to your original blog dcbachelor that you’ve drifted away from. In a sense I got the impression you thought the end game was more feasable then, but at this stage, in this reality, and from what you have seen and experienced, you’re somewhat pessimistic in your view of women and finding an ideal partner in what has become a sea of filth. I agree with you on the instant gratification, the cynicism, the fickle mentality, the selfish and illogical behavior. All this energy invested for a fuck…and as you said…it’s just wasted time. At the same time one must move forward in life, that was then, this is now…you must evolve, not remain stagnant so take the blog in the direction you want. I guess at the least you should bring back the stick figure cartoons….those were classic and added some fun imagery to go with the content.
>
> —
>
> I know you’re getting tired of blogging, but I’d love to see more consistent posting again. Daily might be too much, but just regular, maybe set certain days of the week. Otherwise, keep doing what you’re doing – I very much appreciate it.
>
> —
>
> the best thing you could do to improve this blog is to not take any of your fucking retarded readers’ advice. if any of us had any good ideas for a blog, you would be reading our blog, not the other way around. keep it up

It was fun reading the suggestions from people who don’t normally comment on the blog. The only thing that I will probably change is to promote my book a little more. Only 30% of my readers buying my book seems pretty low.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Hostel Kitchen Line

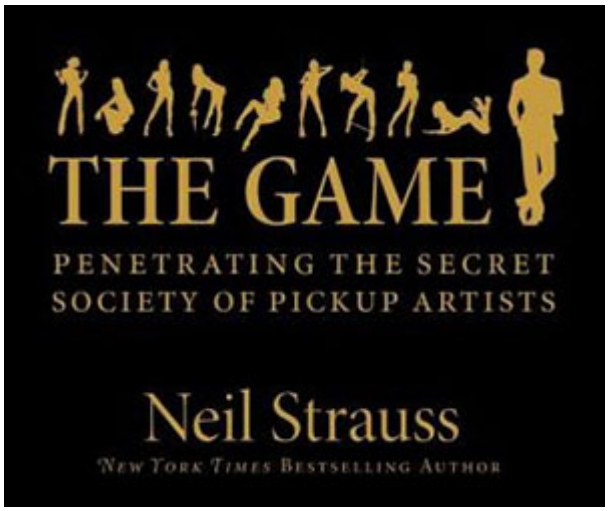
May 7, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

If you're in the hostel communal kitchen while a girl is beginning to cook dinner, say the following:

"What time is dinner going to be ready?"

The key to this line is to say it as deadpan as possible. When the girl (or girls) laugh, give them a weird look as if you find it strange they are laughing, as if gringas cook for you all the time. Follow up with, "Oh, please don't put a lot of salt. I don't like too much salt in my food."

The next thing out of their mouth will probably be "So where are you from?" or "What's your name?"



Anger

May 10, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

You arrive late to your house after a rough day, starving. You haven't eaten in twelve hours. Every carry-out shop seems to be closed. The last thing you want to do is cook but you have to eat so you decide to whip up a tomato and onion omelet. You slam a frying pan on the stove and take out a cutting board to chop up the vegetables. You're chopping the tomato as fast as you can but in your haste the blade slices your index finger and you scream in pain as blood sprays on the floor. You have to go to the hospital. You buy an Almond Joy from the vending machine in the waiting room.

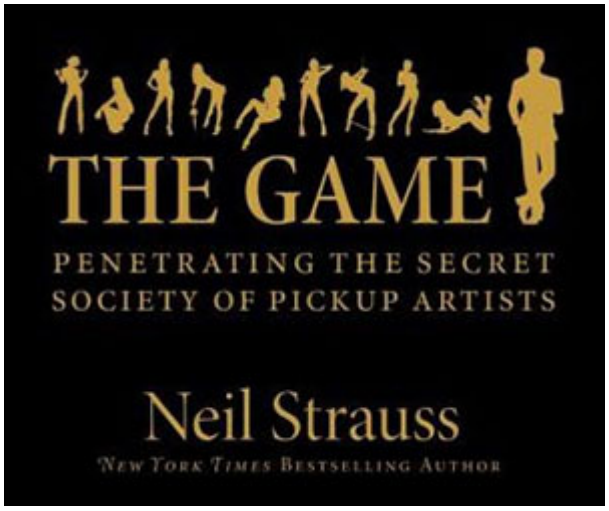
A few times over the past year I have resorted to using anger on girls who weren't responding in the way I desired. While superficially it seemed to get them back in line, I can now firmly conclude that it's an unfruitful path that leads to negativity and unhappiness.

Many times I've been out on a first date with a girl who turned out to be different than when I met her. Her sass has been replaced by biting remarks and her charm replaced by constant challenges and tests. She seems moody and distracted. Is there a way to respond that can salvage the interaction? Unfortunately no. Once a person makes a decision to use poison in a relationship the only antidote is complete withdrawal, not to respond with the same poison.

"Thanks for wasting my time tonight by acting like a **bitch**."

There are two different responses you will get to a statement like this. The first is the girl gets extremely offended and soon leaves. The second is the girl mocks offense but actually gets turned on. In the latter case you think calling her out "worked" and you'll soon be rewarded with the compassionate and loving girl you wanted all along. It doesn't happen. She will simply butter you up enough so that you decide to continue the date until she soon hits you with something else that provokes the anger again. It begins to define the relationship and now it's a game of emotions and one upmanship, not one of mutual sharing and enjoyment.

Anger begets anger. If you want any semblance of a positive relationship, understand that using anger will not accomplish this goal. Only positive qualities such as your intelligence, wit, humor, or warmth can elicit likewise in a woman. Like the expression goes, if you have to resort to anger, you've already lost. I'd like to modify that a bit. If you have to resort to anger, excuse yourself politely and feel sympathy for the next guy who takes her shit because he feels like he doesn't have a choice. You do have a choice . If her "as is" presence is not working for you, then walk before she sours you on the female gender as a whole.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Of Course You Can

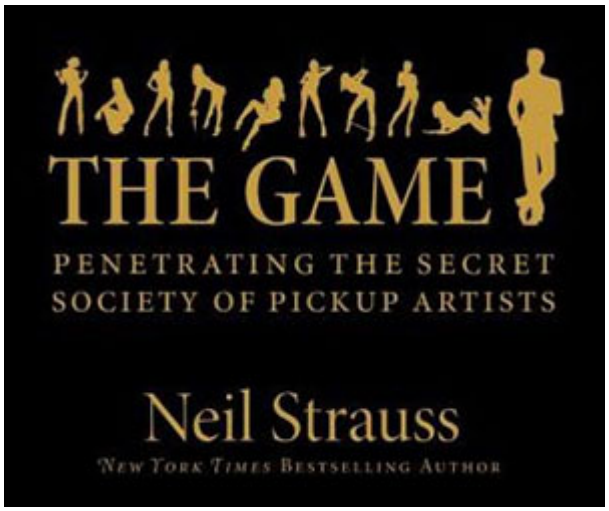
May 11, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

There is that festering question that pops up in the minds of men and the more desirable he is, the more frequently it comes.

"Can I do better?"

Think about how many billions of girls there are on the planet. Whatever girl you end up with, there will be *millions* of others you can get who are better—cuter, funnier, sexier, crazier in bed. You can chase better your entire life but you will die well before ever reaching the limit of your potential. If you want to be sane you're eventually going to have to destroy this question from your mind.

But, if you know for a fact that you can do *a lot* better…



Thoughts On Number Closing

May 14, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Recently day game student extraordinaire wrote this about getting numbers:

> I was putting too much emphasis on getting the phone number and not enough on the method. Numbers equal nothing if you can't act on them. Maybe I had the idea that I could build a little more rapport when I called. Or maybe our first date we could get to know each other a little more. I was missing the point that a girl won't go out with you if they don't feel comfortable, if they think they can do better, if they think you are just some run of the mill bar guy…
>
> I was at a bar in Boston. On the dance floor with a girl. We were making out, talking, nearly fucking. This girl didn't return my call or text. This was the last draw. Something needs to be done…And that is when I came up with this new experiment.
>
> I will no longer mutter the words "can I have your number?" First off, if you are getting numbers, you shouldn't be asking for them….you should be telling them. "I'll take your number and give you a call next week…" for example. Or just hand them your phone. This works too. But my experiment didn't incorporate any of this. Flat out, don't even ask or insinuate you want their number.

Roissy verified the technique:

> I have run similar number closing game on girls, and I can inform you this reverse psychology method is highly effective. It's a wonder I don't number close like this all the time, but sometimes you have to remind yourself of what works and what doesn't, or you fall back on old familiar habits. When she isn't immediately biting, Tyler's advice to prompt a girl to initiate some kind of exchange of numbers is crucial.

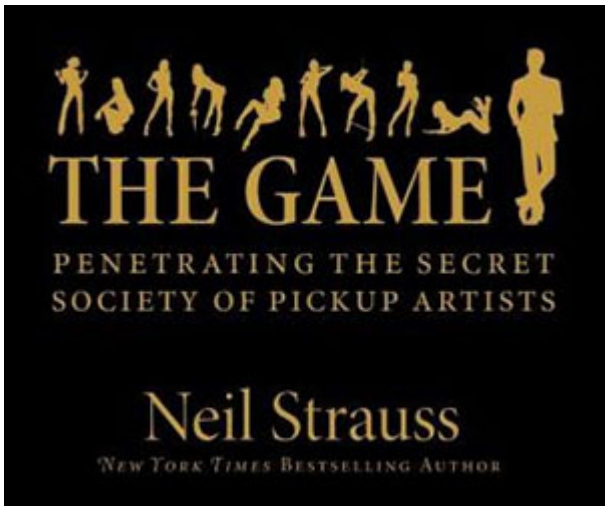
I agree with both of them. If you read Bang (or took my workshop) you'll notice my technique to get a number is not asking for the number but the date, because if you just ask for the number there is a good chance that's all you'll ever get from her.

But there is something more important than the way you get the number: the process. If all you have in your mind is the close then you will be too inwardly focused. You're be like an actor on a stage unable to see the audience. Instead you have to love every minute of interaction you have with the girl, the word-plays, the humor, and the stories you share with her, or else your incredible close technique won't matter. Tyler's number method is very good, but does it work because of the method itself or because he stays in conversation longer than usual when chances are the attraction will be stronger, because it is not the mere act of her asking that reduces the chance of a flake.

For example, say that I'm talking to a girl in a bar and it's going remarkably well. I know she's interested in me and it's just a matter of time until her number is in my phone. She

is getting impatient though for me to make a move and has decided to do it herself. Right as she is about to open her mouth to say, “Let’s exchange numbers,” I unknowingly beat her to the punch by saying, “How about we hang out sometime?” Because I asked before she did, does that mean there is a higher chance of her flaking out on me? Of course not. Keep in mind that some girls will never ask a guy for her number no matter how interested, so there is a potential for missed opportunity if you wait for her.

It’s impossible to prove that one method of technique “works” or not, so your best bet is to focus on the entire interaction and how you are making her feel. While there are many ways to fuck up getting a number, as long as you keep it breezy and ask for the date, I believe it doesn’t make a difference in the long run. You think you’ll get flaked on less because of a new move you started doing, but this isn’t a science experiment where all variables are controlled. Your game gradually improves in the time you run such experiments and you’re doing different things in addition to the new technique.



Game Failure

May 17, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

If you've been in the game for a while and are not seeing results, then I know why. You have one of these three problems.

Gross physical deformity. Nothing that hitting the gym, acne medicine, or hair/beard experimentation can't fix. You don't have to be good looking, but if there is something that really stands out and makes you look like a monster, either hide it or get it fixed. Also guys, if you're trying to bang lots of girls there is no reason to be obese. Sure you can still do it, but why make it harder on yourself with something that can be solved with some discipline and work?

Inability to socialize with other human beings. If no one wants to be your friend, then no girl will want to bang you. Getting into the game before you can have a normal conversation is like learning how to ride a bike before you can walk. There are many self-help books on how to have conversations and read people.

Awkward mannerisms like fidgeting and nervous ticks. These are things that make a girl think about what is wrong with you. You're going to have to study yourself in the mirror or videotape yourself to pick these out because no one will tell you (it's too awkward to bring up).

If you have these problems then you will not get much mileage out of game. First work each one of these out, and then learn game. Otherwise you're just wasting your time and will inevitably reach the conclusion that game doesn't work and all girls care about is money and model good looks.

Male/Female Observations, Analysis, And Commentary

May 18, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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

Like many guys, I have an analytical mind. I don’t mind breaking things down into their component parts to understand them more fully. But just like how you don’t need to tear apart a radio in order to use it, you don’t need to understand women to fuck them. The more you understand them the *harder* it is to fuck them, and the reason is because they too complicated and variable.

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

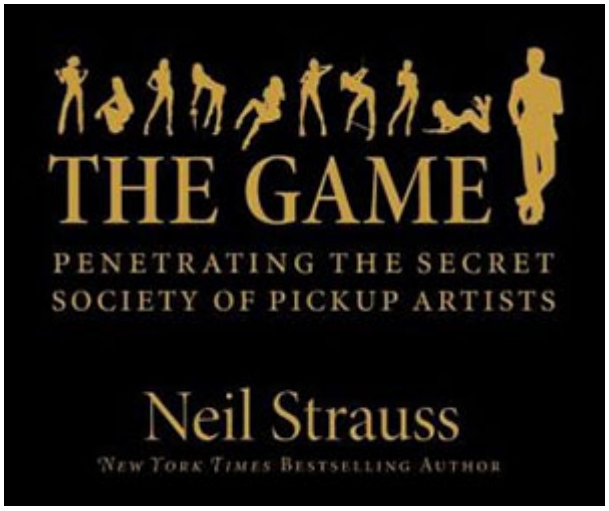
Do you see the difference? One is dependent on understanding them and the other in dependent on your effort. One leads to a road of mental masturbation and the other leads to a road of unprotected sex. I gauge a woman’s response to things, but I don’t make a conscious effort to determine the why of a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

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

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

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

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

May 19, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

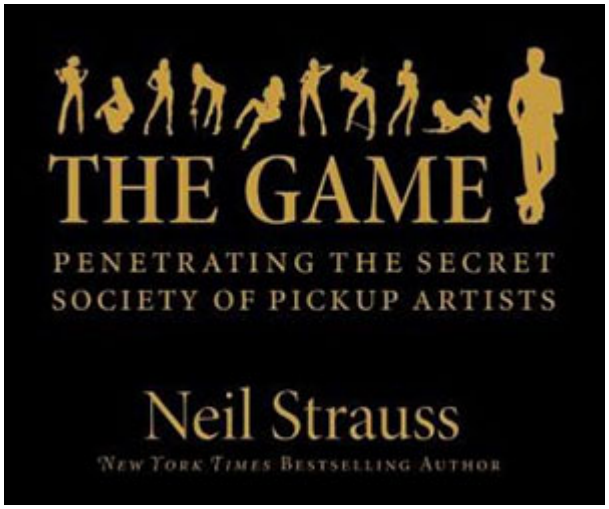
I'm getting a lot of questions about how Colombia is, especially the girls. I'm going to hold off until after I leave to give you the complete run-down because I want to make conclusions on the full experience, but there are a couple things I can say right now.

Argentine girls are hotter than Colombian girls, but also harder.

Brazilian girls are sexier, more interesting and *probably* hotter than Colombian girls, but also easier.

I saw probably because Brazil is a huge country and you get a lot of variance depending on where you go. Plus it will come down to personal taste (i.e. if you like fake tits then Colombia is for you, if you like big asses and a wider variety of color then Brazil).

It's becoming more obvious to me every day that Brazil is the big winner. The guys who are singing the praises of Colombia the hardest have not yet been to Brazil, and that's all you really need to know, though I am enjoying myself in Medellin right now and will remain until I finish my second book.



First Date Kiss

May 24, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Excerpt from my book Bang:

> I cannot stress how important it is to kiss her by the end of the first date. Except for one exception, a virgin, every girl I have ever had sex with was kissed by that time. If we are aiming for sex by date three, a very reasonable goal, we need to get the first kiss done quickly. Otherwise it will take much longer to get there and you will enter the very dangerous territory of committing to a girl who is probably getting what she wants (attention, validation) at your expense. Kissing a girl by the first date is such a huge and reliable predictor of upcoming sex that I don't bother calling girls who resist it. With so many girls out there who are comfortable with intimacy, it'd be a waste of your time to go down the rabbit hole of a relationship with a girl who is going to blue ball you. You need to know how a girl is in bed before you decide to make a real investment in her, and it would be a large waste of your resources to wait until date eight or so to find out that she is a dead fish. Don't buy the juice before you get a squeeze.

Almost two years after these words were first published, they still hold true: I've never had sex with a girl I didn't kiss by the first date. While most of the sex I get now starts with a one night stand, I find it impossible to imagine how sex could occur promptly if the kiss doesn't happen quickly. Actually I can try:

First date ($60): Awkward hug.
Second date ($35): Kiss on cheek, maybe peck on the lips.
Third date ($120): Kiss on lips, but no groping.
Fourth date ($8): Kiss on lips plus groping.
Fifth date ($45): Hooking up on bed or couch, but no clothes come off. Brief titty grab.
Sixth date ($20): Girl resists at bra removal stage (you fumbled with the hooks for too long).
Seventh date ($2): Sex.

Assuming you have 1-2 dates a week, this process takes a month and an estimated cost of $290. Yeah sure that's one way to do it. Here's another way to do it:

First hour ($0): Talking and then make out.
Second hour ($8): Hand firmly planted on her ass.
Third hour ($0): Transition to second club.
Fourth hour ($8): Sloppy hook up with other girls watching, giving me that sexy eye.
Fifth hour ($0): Drunken animal sex on her uncomfortable futon.

There is nothing like extremely fast, impersonal sex to brighten any night. As for the thrill of the chase, isn't five hours enough? How many hours did our ancestors spend hunting game on the savanna? One hour maximum. Men are built for short, intense bursts of activity, not prolonged courtship where all energy is drained and the power shifts to the

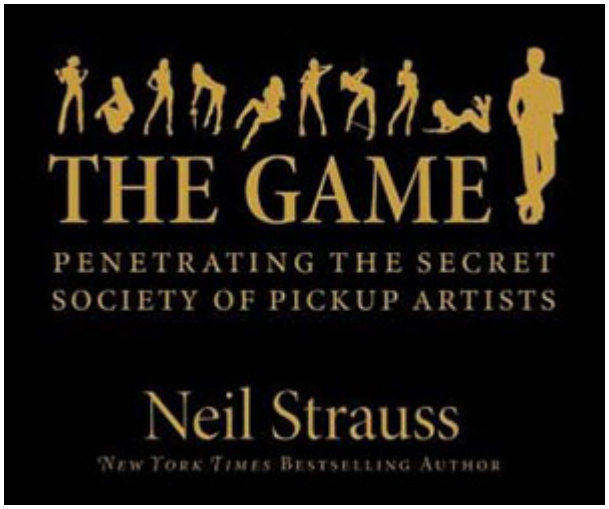
object being chased.

Bang details a game for a fast sex goal, not the idea of courtship you may be familiar with through Shakespeare and Hollywood movies in the romantic comedy genre.

Here's a new review:

> I have read Bang and I thought it was a beneficial read. I had recently ended a multi-year relationship and needed to update and refresh my game.
>
> Your book offers valuable insight into human interaction. Although the title of the book is Bang and the subject is mainly pleasure, I think many of the principles can be applied to business in order to help with networking, negotiating, selling, etc.
>
> My results from the book were great. I think the book provided me a way to get in the right mindset to begin approaching (and succeeding) after many years where it was not necessary to approach.
>
> I live a few blocks from the nightlife so I got to the point where I would go out just to run experiments. I found that I could wait until 90 minutes before the club closes and go out. I was having very successful results. I met a group of Brazilian girls one night, and I have been dating one since. I suppose I did not follow your advice when it came to how to prevent a relationship….

You can find out more about what's inside the book and read additional excerpts on the Bang homepage.



How To Walk Away From A Girl

May 26, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

"...in my opinion, it's better to split rocks on the road than to allow a woman to take possession of so much as the tip of your finger. It's all," Bazarov was about to use his favorite word, "romanticism," but restrained himself and said, "rubbish. You won't believe me now, but let me tell you, you and I fell into feminine society and found it pleasant, but brushing such society aside is just like dousing yourself with cold water on a hot day. Men don't have time for such nonsense."
—Fathers & Sons by Ivan Turgenev

When a girl says something rude or curt, whether it's making fun of your shirt or mocking your "line," there is only one way to respond to her:

"It was nice meeting you."

This is what girls say when they don't want to talk to you anymore so they know exactly what it means, and they'll feel rejected by it even if they weren't interested in you. It's a classy retort that prevents you from stooping to her level. You come out the better human being.

If you're a keyboard jockey I know what you're thinking: "But Roosh a girl calling you out on your line is only a Level III shit test! You have to respond in an alpha male manner with a witty DHVKOCK comeback and then swoop her caveman style while actively showing passive disinterest!" No, fuck that. If a girl doesn't know how to act and be respectful then she blew her chances with me. Only by coming after me and proving her worth after she makes a mistake is it appropriate to give her a second chance and the eventual privilege of riding my veiny cock.

Most Dangerous South American Countries

May 27, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

My ranking is based on your chances of getting robbed by a pick pocket or mugger. I'm not counting murders or kidnapping. To construct this list I used personal experience and stories that came back to me from other travelers. It's by no means scientific, but should give you a good idea of what to expect.

From most dangerous to safest…

Brazil. Everyone seems to get robbed here. All my Brazilian friends have been robbed many many times and I think it was a miracle that I wasn't, especially during Carnival. This country is not for beginners.

Ecuador. Den of thieves. Problem here is pick pocketing and bag theft on buses. Everyone has either been robbed or almost robbed in Quito (I was pick pocketed).

Venezuela. I was there in 2005 but hear it's since gotten significantly worse. Caracas is the most dangerous city in South America.

Peru. I think there is so much crime here because you have a lot of beginner tourists wanting to see Machu Picchu. Mostly pick pockets and bus theft.

Paraguay. I haven't heard a lot of stories out of here, and I only spent a week in the capital. It's on par with Bolivia and Peru.

Bolivia. Outside of La Paz, the danger factor is average. In the medium sized cities I've walked around at night without problems.

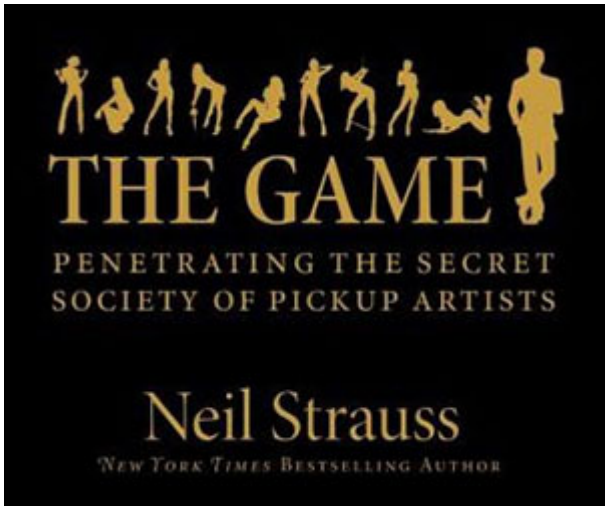
Colombia. Surprisingly safe if you take basic precautions in cities at night. There are lots of expats here and on average they've been mugged "only" once every year or two.

Argentina. Buenos Aires does get a few gringos, but as a whole the country is very safe and I've stumbled out of clubs in the middle of the night dozens of times without problems. I don't know anyone personally who has been robbed in Argentina and I spent almost three months there.

Uruguay. The beach towns are extremely safe. You can leave your belongings for a quick swim and be reasonably certain they'll be there when you come back. A good beginner trip would be Argentina and then Uruguay.

Chile. It's very similar to Argentina but I'm giving it the title of safest South American country because I took the Santiago subway with my 40-pound pack to the bus station. Valparaiso has sketchy areas at night but you can tone down the paranoia factor a bit here.

Even though Chile is the "safest" country in South America, keep in mind it's around two times more dangerous than Washington DC at night. You'll definitely feel it when the sun comes down. Wherever I am in South America, I fully expect to be robbed every time I walk out the door, so I only take what I need. Worst case I'm out 50 bucks and an old digital camera. My only fear is getting my entire bag robbed. That would be catastrophic.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Be That Guy

May 31, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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

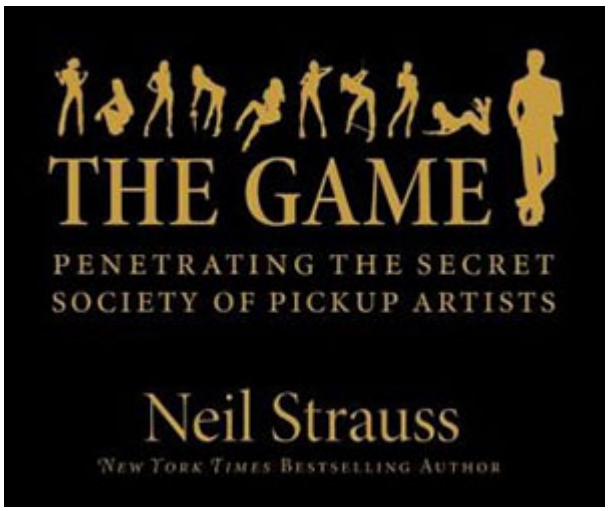
At the end I thought, “Is she doing this with her friends right now? Is she asking her friend how to get with me? Is she asking her friend how to get me to stop flaking?”

Of course not.

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

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

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



Open Letter To Virgle Kent

June 1, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Dear Virgle Kent,

Since I brought some extra medium t-shirts with me to Colombia one of the first things I did when I arrived in Medellín was ask around for a gym. Sure I want to stay in shape but my goal is part vanity: I remember all the times that girls came up to you and started touching your body like it was a piece of meat and I wouldn't mind that happening to me. Plus your recent post on gym game got me motivated.

Medellín has a chain of excellent gyms called Body Tech but the membership price is outrageous, something like $120 a month. My meathead dreams dashed, I decided to stick to my normal routine of pushups, pullups, and then a brisk run. (There is a childrens playground two blocks from my place where I can do pullups.)

I went to the stadium for my first run. Each lap around it is 0.44 miles (I measured it using Google Maps), so 7 laps got me to about 3 miles. Afterwards I started walking to the subway station when a shirtless man inside a park off the sidewalk caught my eye. He was doing bench presses. Curious, I walked closer and there it was—a free outdoor gym.

There were two jungle gym apparatuses in the middle for doing pull ups and four concrete benches for chest, two flat and two incline. There were parallel bars for dips and other bars for doing abs. The weights were not weights that you are used to but concrete blocks permanently attached to the bars. Plastic buckets were used as molding and in most cases they're still attached to the concrete. There are no numbers on them so I have no idea how much they weigh (it's a matter of feeling them out to see if it's the proper weight). Most of the bars are long but a couple are shorter for doing bicep curls or chest flys.

I started working out immediately. Alongside me were five other guys who I wouldn't want to be caught with in a dark alley at night. They had menacing looks and wouldn't stop staring at my obvious gringo appearance, and I'm sure they wondered why I didn't go to a real gym since I'm probably rich. Little do they know I'm in the same boat as them.

I'm so used to proper machines that besides the most basic exercises I didn't know what to do. So I watched the guys, who were very creative with how to use the equipment. I didn't know there were so many different ways of doing pull ups. You would probably laugh at their technique though—actually they had no technique because they'd do one set of something, then they do something completely different, and then something different. They were mixing chest and back exercises. But they were cut as fuck. Not really huge like you but extremely ripped. I copied them.

This past Sunday was my fourth visit.

The ground is dirt and since May is the rainiest month in Medellín there is mud in certain spots. There is no water fountain obviously but an old guy comes every half-hour to sell

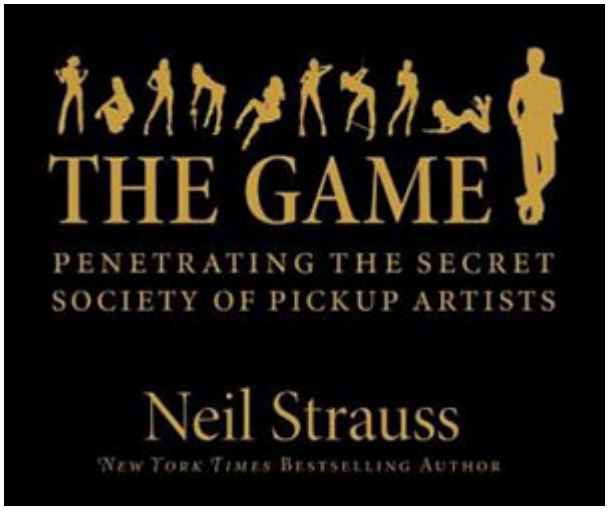
small bags of water for a quarter. During sporting events at the stadium a third of the gym doubles as a parking lot. One time I worked on the incline about four feet from a Peugot while this guy's dog was rubbing up against my leg. Some of the lifting bars are bent and without soft padding I can see callouses develop in real time. It feels like working out in a prison gym. I'm out in the yard keeping my eye out for the the guy who wants shank me in the ribs. I haven't been shanked but I have had my water bottle stolen twice.

When I do chest flys I have to breathe through my nose because when I tap the bars at the top dirt falls right down on my mouth. Have you done bench presses on a concrete bench before? It fucks up your clavicles. I have two red spots on my back that don't seem to be going away. Nonetheless I feel like a man. I wish you were with me in this gym so you could feel more manlier than normal as well.

When I come back I'm going to be so strong that I will want to start fights in the bars with the nerds who accidentally bump into me. I'll only do it when you're right there though so you can get my back. Thanks bro.

Sincerely,

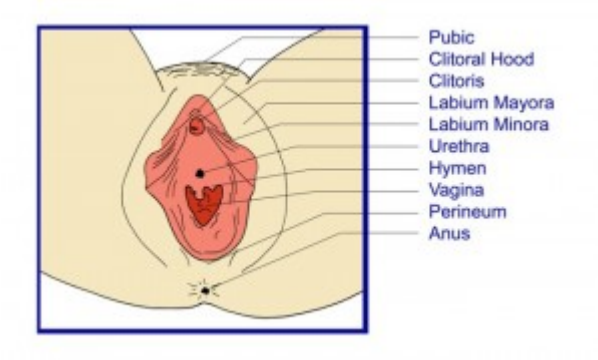
Roosh



Help, My Vagina Doesn’t Feel Anything!

June 3, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

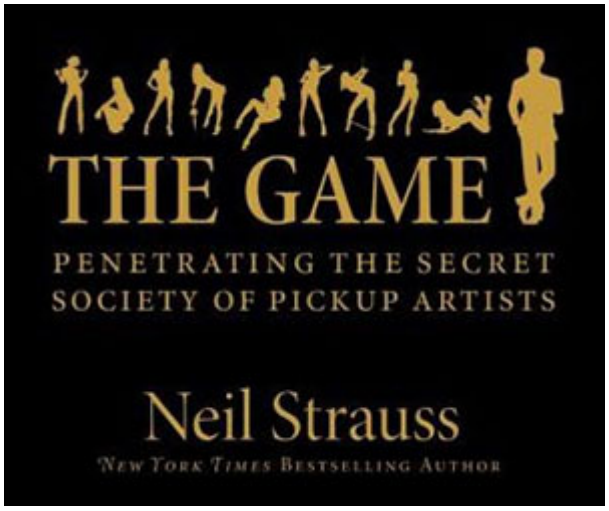
I woke up the other day with a boner and kept it going by thinking of sex without condoms. A thought that entered my mind is how most girls cannot feel the difference between a naked penis and one covered with a condom. Condoms have broken on me a couple hundred times and only a once has the girl noticed (of course each time I pretended the condom was still on and kept going like an animal just let out of a cage). Many girls have straight up told me that can’t tell the difference.



A condom is a smooth layer of latex, a totally different feel of real skin. How can a girl’s vagina not tell the difference between latex and skin? That must mean the inside guts of the vagina is not as sensitive as we think. Her fingers can definitely tell the difference when she’s directing the cock action, but her vagina cannot. Since men can tell the difference between sex with a condom and without, that tells me the penis is far more sensitive to touch than the vagina is. That also means a sound strategy for illegal raw dog sex is to introduce a hole in your condom that causes certain breakage.

So what gets a girl off then? For them sex is more about the entire act, across mind and body, and not just centered one one organ of their body. For men it’s all about the dick. Our entire body except for our dick can be lying in an isolation chamber but still get off (think glory hole).

If you can conquer a woman’s mind, she will enjoy the sex regardless of your performance, assuming you’re at least average. Trying to understand the vagina is like trying to understand the woman attached to it, an exercise in futility.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Kissing Technique

June 7, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Continuing on the kiss theme, here's an excerpt from Bang:

> Don't overdo the kiss. She may interpret your desire to constantly kiss her as neediness. You always want to leave her wanting more by stopping short right before you think she is get-ting satisfied. If on a first date I kiss a girl for say a total of five minutes, I'd rather do it in five one-minute bursts than one five-minute session. After you pull back from the first kiss of the date (it will always be you that pulls back from kisses first), wait a good 10 minutes before you go back in again to show her that kissing is not a big deal, and resume conversation like nothing major happened. Re-entry is best when another natural silence in the conversation takes place. Feel free to throw in a couple fake-outs where you get really close like she thinks you are going to kiss her again but you pull back and continue conversation. Be unpredictable about when you end kisses—sometimes you go in for a minute, sometimes two minutes, and sometimes only twenty seconds. Save the extended make-outs for when you get her in a bedroom. You want to tease her—blue-balling yourself in the short term—to turn her on so much that she doesn't resist when you escalate in the bedroom.

Here's all you need to know about kissing girls:

Less is more.

Less is more.

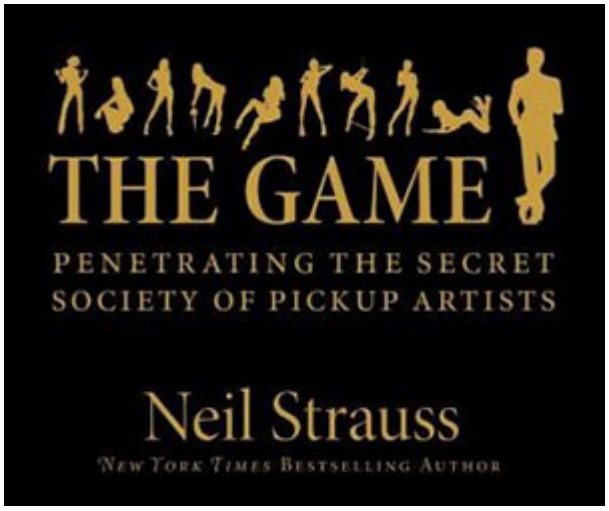
Less is more.

You're not in college anymore. There is no reason to open your mouth wide enough that a kittens head can fit into it and then go crazy. Unless the girl is drunk (or Brazilian), she will not enjoy it.

If you spy on dates you see two kinds of guys. The guys who don't give a fuck, where the girl keeps coming into him, and the guys who try to kiss the girl at every instant he gets, like he's scared she's going to walk out on him if he doesn't release his tentacle grasp upon her. Which guy is going to get his dick sucked hard by the end of the night?

For about the first two dates, you will be trying to kiss her more than she kisses you. But by date three, once her attraction for you is hopefully cemented, it should be the other way around. She should be on you like a wet rag, kissing you to claim her territory in front of other girls. But if you're trying to claim her as territory, then your hold on her is weak and she will soon get tired of you because you are needy and desperate. Also, you're leaving a trail of drool flowing down on her chin. Might want to get that with a napkin.

I recently updated the Bang homepage with 10 new sample pages that you probably haven't read before, including tips from approaching to sealing the deal.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True Cost Per Notch

June 9, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Previously I tried to calculate my cost per notch by dividing the amount of money I spent on dates and girl within a period of time by the number of girls I banged. It was fun to calculate and helped me realize that I could be a lot more frugal and still get laid a lot, but recently I thought about it a bit more.

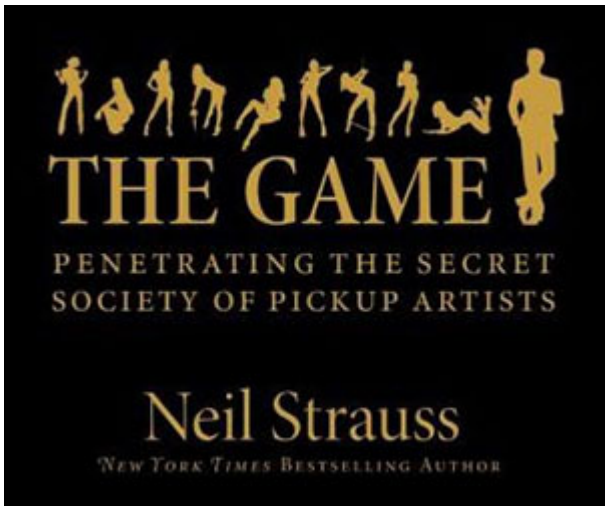
The reason I exist is to reproduce. In other words everything that I do in life, no matter how unrelated to the act of getting laid, is a cost against getting laid. Whether that is renting an apartment, shopping for a shirt, eating a post-dinner snack, taking a language class, or buying a book, it should all be counted towards my cost per notch. The apartment provides a space to bang my girl. The shirt is how I present myself to the girl. The snack provides sustenance to give me a pleasing appearance. The language class enables me to communicate. The book makes me a more cultured person able to have conversation with girls. And so on. The purpose for my entire being is for the act of sex, so everything that comes with being should be counted towards sex.

The true cost per notch is your total expenses for life divided by girls banged.

Because I have detailed spending budgets saved for many years in Excel, I can give you a rough number for my true cost per notch.

2006: $6,500
2008: $3,100.
First five months of 2009: $1,400

That's a 78% reduction in getting laid cost from 2006 to 2009. I attribute this entirely to game and niche finding. While I don't recommend you spend thousands of dollars on a dubious workshop, my data shows that you can save yourself many times that if you advance to a high level of game. It's too costly not to learn, as the guys with TCPN's in the high five digits can probably tell you.

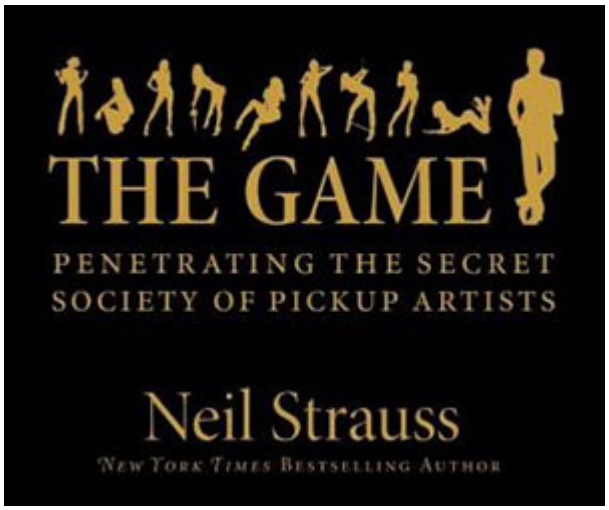


Thought Experiment

June 10, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

You're on a first date with a fine Colombian girl who knows just about the same English as you know Spanish. It's a toss up as to who speaks each other's language better. Should you speak in English or Spanish during the date? Think carefully through the reasoning.

Correct answer: Speak in English. When you speak a foreign language you're not fluent in there will be many moments of frustration where you can't express yourself properly. This leads to feelings of inadequacy, which you want *her* to experience instead of you. She will be looking inward to her own failure instead of your possible flaws. You are her teacher guiding her towards the light. You are the authority figure. As long as she understands your jokes, you're going to get some at the end of the date because she will be wondering if you still even like her after she was barely able to speak to you.



Happy Birthday

June 13, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I’m 30.

With this right mix of youth and experience I have a good feeling about the future.

Forum Plug

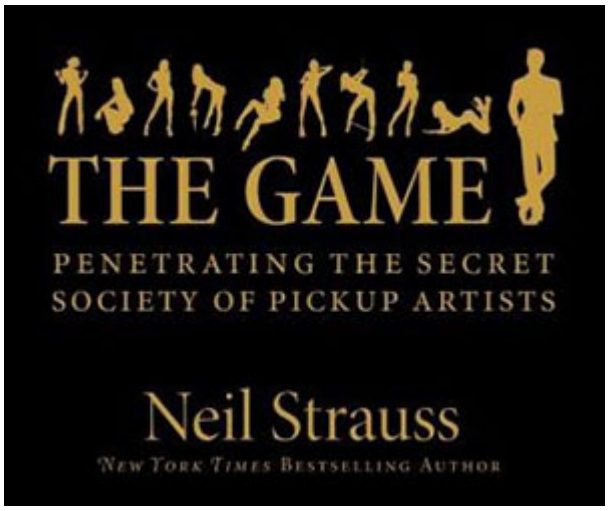
June 14, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I've noticed a couple changes to my forum in the past couple months. Whereas before there was a dearth of expertise in the Girls forum, there has been a noticeable increase in guys who know what they're talking about, with less "How do I get this girl?" questions from guys who can't type complete sentences. The biggest surprise though has been Travel forum, which is becoming a resource where many guys use to plan their vacations (see this post on Iceland).

Thankfully, you won't find many acronyms or five page "field reports" of cringe-worthy lines.

Here are some interesting recent threads:

- Going to Brazil in June
- Chance of getting laid in India
- Just landed in Rio
- Prague
- Medellin
- Safety/Protection in South America
- Older guy wants younger girl
- The jaded girls
- Situation suggestions?
- Any other smokers out there?
- What's up with American girls?
- Cooking for women
- Better part of the Middle East



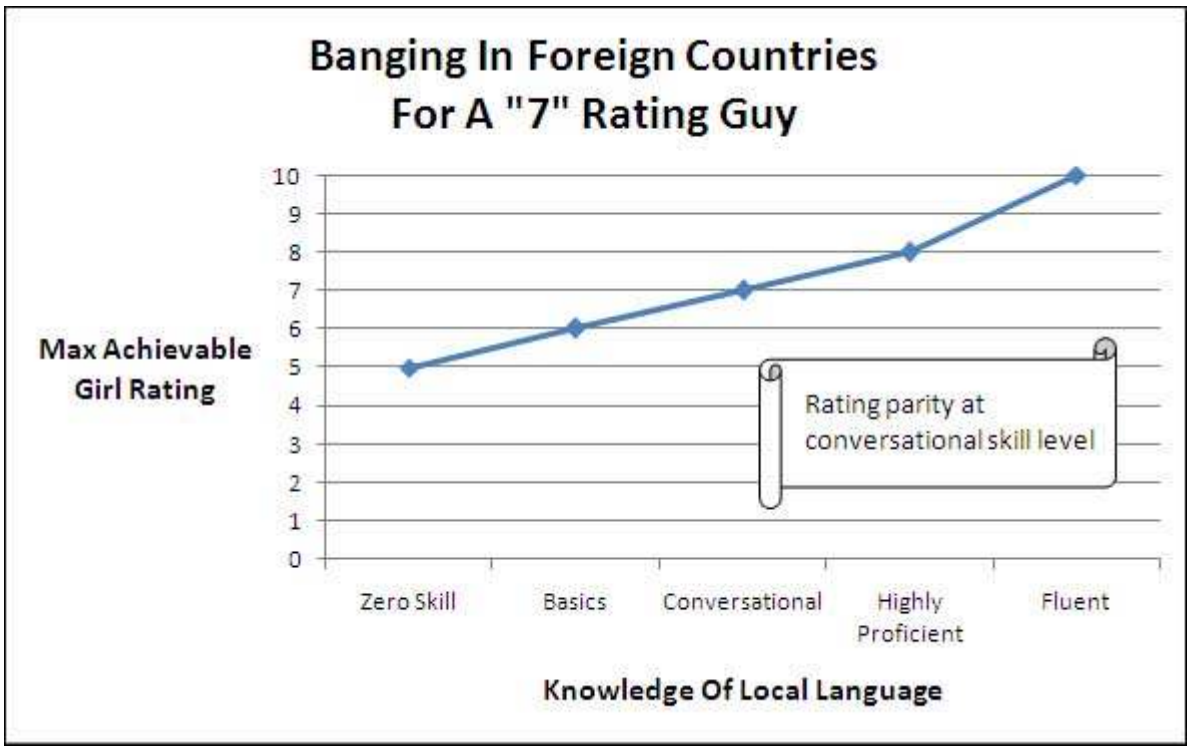
Banging Girls Who Don’t Speak Your Language

June 16, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Only one girl I’ve banged in South America didn’t speak any English (the other non-English speakers I could’ve banged were either ugly or fat, or both). It’s now clear to me that language is the most a man can do to increase his quality in a foreign country. If you can’t communicate properly then you’ll be circling around the dreg pool, where her attraction will be mostly based on your looks.

I’m made a couple graphs to demonstrate this fact. They assume two things: (1) You have competent game, and (2) The girl does not speak a word of your native tongue. Let’s keep this simple and assume things like status and money aren’t factors.

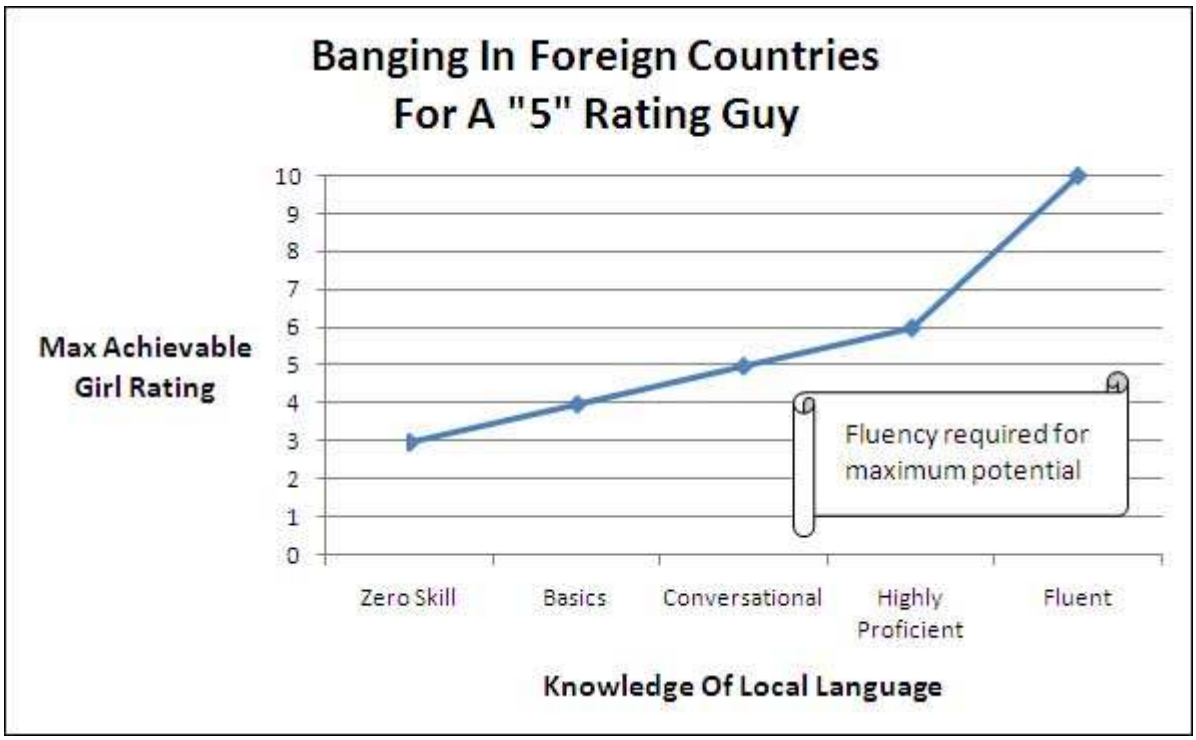
This first graph is based on a man whose looks are in the 7 range.



Notice how he cannot get better than his looks unless he is proficient at the language. This is my problem. I’m in the conversational skill range which means I can’t do a whole lot better than my looks.

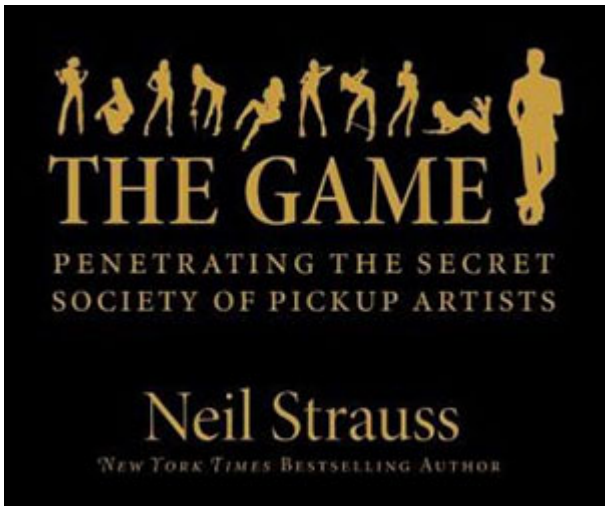
In order for me to see a bump in quality I have to master the language, but to master the language I need hundreds of hours of speaking under my belt. So I’m dating girls I don’t really care for just to speak in Spanish. That sets up a nice win-win scenario because even if I don’t get laid on a date I’ll still get in a lot of practice at a cost that is less than a private language tutor.

Okay now let’s take a look at a guy who is in the 5 range.



Do you see what fluency does? Sky's the limit. When you see ugly guys with hot girls in the United States, I guarantee you they speak the same language (duh). This is only possible in a foreign country if there is a large exchange of cash or drugs.

You should consider your language knowledge factor if you want to fuck beautiful girls abroad, assuming you don't want to pay for it. The exception is if you're an exceptionally good looking guy, but even knowing the basics will bump up what you can get by a solid point. The lesson in this is to study the language before you go, and don't be like a lot of pathetic American gringos I've met who come to Colombia just to fuck *prepagos* (prostitutes).



Post-Gym Gaming

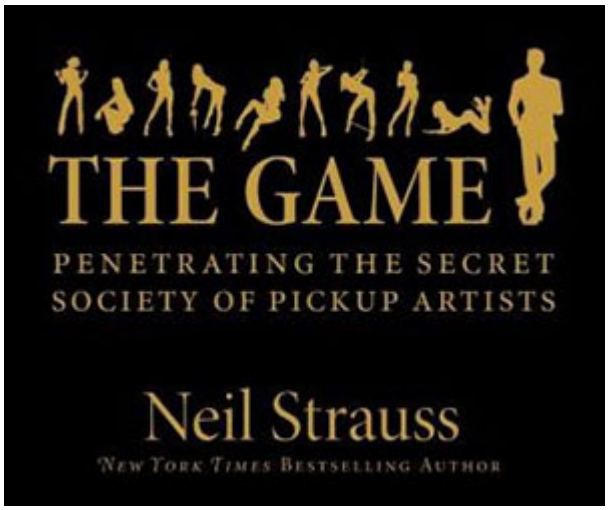
June 18, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

There was a post on Roissy's blog about gaming when you're hungover. I like the points made by the reader, but the absolute last thing you want to do while hangover is talk to anyone, let alone try to get laid.

A similar state is soon after a very tough workout. I'm talking about at least an hour lifting weights followed by a brisk 2-3 mile run, not jog. If you feel like you're going to collapse by the end of it, then it was hard enough. You'll feel destroyed and your body will ache. Movements become very slow, as are your responses to stimuli. You walk like a wounded giant, deliberate with each step. Your eyes linger on insignificant objects. A gentle calm comes out when you speak, carefully enunciating each word, pausing after every several. Time slows.

Take a shower and then head to the bar. You'll be horny because of the testosterone pumping through your veins. Sit down and mull over your drink until a girl comes into your view. At this point your opener will not matter because your body says it all: supremely confident man without a care in the world. Little does the girl know that you're just exhausted, not really supremely confident.

If your primetime night is Saturday night, I expect you at the gym at around 5pm. We don't want too many hours of recovery before you go out.



The Diminishing Necessity Of Picture Taking

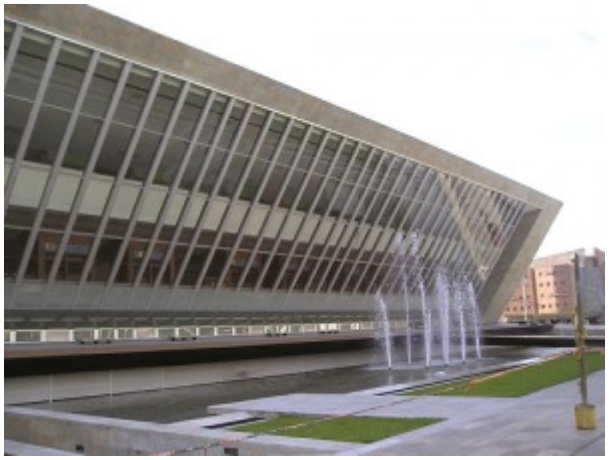
June 21, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

It is no longer necessary for me to take a camera while traveling. We've arrived to the point where every possible monument, building, desert, plain, outhouse, storefront, plaza, cathedral, beach, and market has been captured by another human being and uploaded onto the internet. It's just wasted labor to take photos that not only have been taken by other people, but taken far better than I can.

I was in Bogota. Let's plug that into Flickr. Here's Bogota.

Does it matter that I didn't take the photo? No. I'm in Medellin. Here's the building where I take Spanish classes, found via Google.

Here's a nice library I've been to a few times, from Flickr.



I've seen this particular vantage point with my own eyes but I didn't take a photo. Doesn't make a difference. My experience in Bogota or at a school or library is not diminished by the fact that I didn't capture it with an electronic device.

So what's left? Pictures of people.

Does the world really need more photos of me in front of monuments and other places? If anything the picture is ruined if I'm in it.

I'll meet friends on the road no doubt. Surely I'll want photos of them, but I will likely add them on Facebook, where there will be hundreds of their photos at my disposal. That person does not need another photo taken of him or herself, I can assure you.

I'll get laid on the road, and want to take pictures of the girls I have sex with. Why? To show my friends that I can score? Doesn't matter anyway, because she'll be on Facebook too. Unless I'm taking naked photos there's no need to turn on my camera.

As long as everyone else takes their camera everywhere, *you* no longer have to.

Medellin Is Testing My Will & Strength

June 22, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

If you're a square then Medellin has nothing for you to worry about. But if you have some vices then you could get sucked in.

Hookers - A bang in a whorehouse is $13. You can get a threesome for $25. I heard of a whorehouse that had an anal special for May. It's no surprise that a lot of gringos come to Colombia just to frequent the whorehouses.

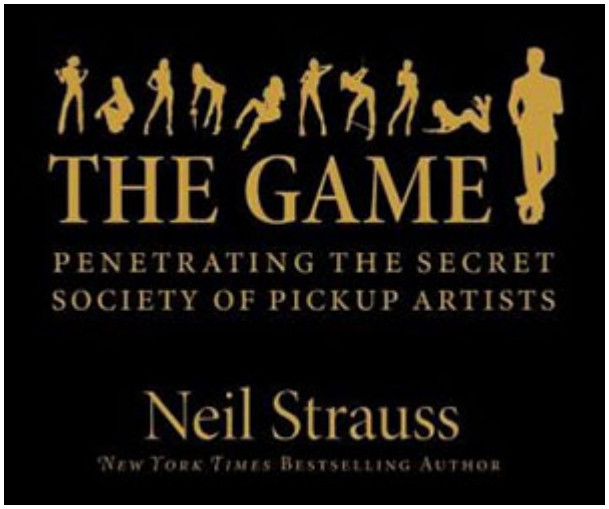
Drugs - A gram of cocaine is about $5, but if you got a guy then $2.50. A fifth of an ounce of marijuana is $5 (I'm guessing the weight but it's good for about 20 cigarette-sized joints). Pharmaceuticals are also cheap.

Casinos - There are a handful of clean casinos that have the usual games including hold 'em poker. The blackjack tables allow surrender which improves your odds somewhat. I have found $1 blackjack tables. People play like fucking idiots (I saw a guy split 6's against a dealer face) but it's fun if you have a friend.

Alcohol - Many clubs offer all-you-can-drink specials that start at $15. Domestic beer, rum, and *aguaardiente* are dirt cheap.

Silicone- More fake breasts than any city in the United States. Really adds to the overall ambiance.

Las Vegas got nothing on Medellin.

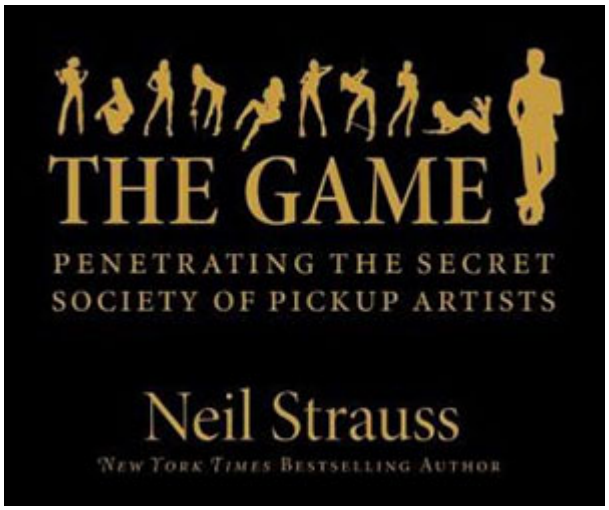


OWNED

June 23, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

American gringo comes to Colombia to fuck prostitutes every day. Gives them an extra ten dollars to fuck raw dog. Did it on several girls. One girl has an improperly implanted birth control device of some sort in her vagina. Nicks his dick on it while fucking and out comes the blood. With a Colombian prostitute.

I think the chance of getting HIV from a prostitute is low… unless you go raw *and* get your dick gashed up in the vagina. Idiot.



Thought Experiment

June 25, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

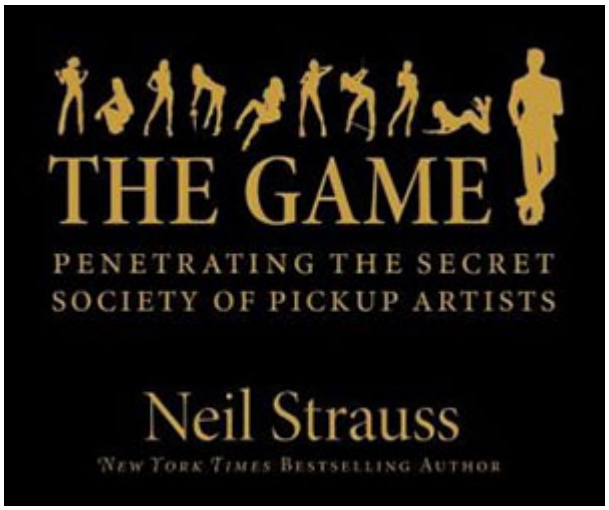
So it's likely I have unconsciously swiped Roissy's "Test Of Your Game" feature and repackaged it into a "Thought Experiment." I swear it seemed original when it popped in my head! Let's hope he doesn't mind.

You're in front of a Colombian club, waiting for your Swedish friend to finishing smoking his cigarette, when you see a girl wearing yellow Chuck Taylors giving you the eye. Cute face, extremely petite, unknown ass size. You walk up to her and say something in English. She doesn't understand so you translate it into Spanish and she laughs along with her friends. There's eight of them total, six girls and two guys. You go inside the club with your Swedish friend after chatting the group up a bit.

One hour later she tells you to join her in a corner section of the club. You don't care for dancing but you know dancing is very important for Colombian girls so you fake the salsa steps and move your hips a little to the reggaeton as you get closer and closer to the girl in the yellow shoes. She can dance, of course, like all other Colombian girls, and you get a raging boner that will force you to furiously masturbate later.

Two hours pass and you've since explored her ass (not huge but meaty) and it's obvious the girl is really into you, but you're tired of dancing. You sit down on the couch and next to you is one of her friends that you didn't notice earlier.

The new girl is a little more plump but has a more feminine appearance compared to her hipster friend. She's wearing tight clothes that reveal her curves and has hair that goes down to her ass. Her mascara is think and heavy but it contrasts well with her dark hair and tan skin. You chat her up and instantly it hits you that you settled on the wrong girl. You want the new girl instead. What do you do?



Re: Thought Experiment

June 28, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

PREVIOUSLY: "You chat her up and instantly it hits you that you settled on the wrong girl. You want the new girl instead. What do you do?"

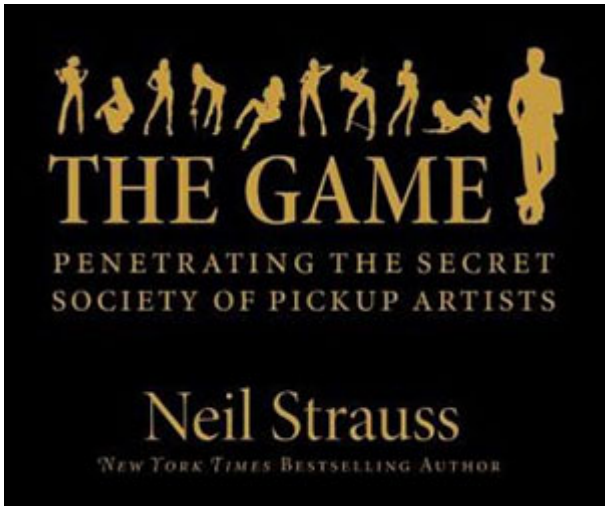
Unfortunately there is nothing you can do on the same night. The large amount of time spent on the girl in the yellow shoes has made it clear to her and everyone else that she is your pick for the night. Even if the new girl does like you, will she agree to see you at risk of damaging her close friendship? No. If you go for the new girl it's a 95% guarantee you will get neither girl. But!

If you know for a fact the girls aren't close friends, try for the switch right then and there. Otherwise…

The correct move is to stick to the girl in the yellow shoes and date her. Only after you seal the deal with her can you take a chance on the new girl, who you will surely see again in this case since Colombians like to hang out in huge groups. One possible move is to date the new girl for a while and eventually dump her, easing into a friendship where you give her the hope of getting back together. Since officially you're single, you can attempt to pass yourself to the new girl like the neighborhood bicycle.

You will need much more time with the new girl for her to risk the friendship than the 20 minute exposure she had to you in the club. If you bang one, you'll have a better chance at banging the other. It's still an incredible long shot, but the best shot you have.

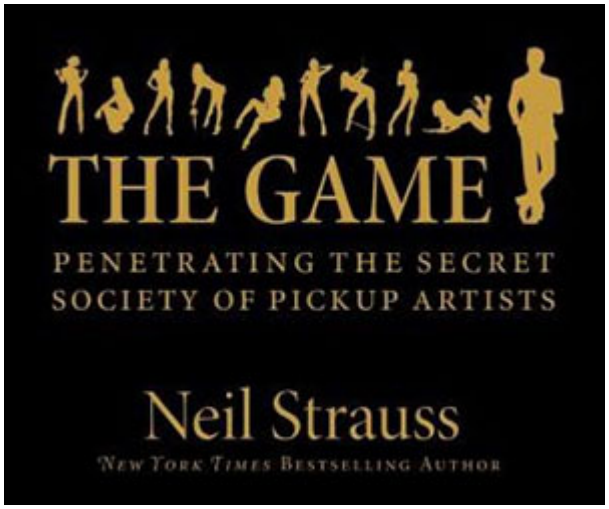
This is not a favorable situation under any circumstance and you'll be lucky if you can pull it off once in your lifetime. The lesson is to properly survey your surroundings and choose wisely from the get-go.



Roosh Interview

June 29, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

There's a somewhat lengthy interview of me over at pick-up blog Latin Stylez. The 26-questions are roughly divided into two parts: pick-up and travel escapades. There is also a question on my future plans.



My Drinking Strategy

July 1, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

"This wine is too good for toast-drinking, my dear. You don't want to mix emotions up with a wine like that. You lose the taste."
—*The Sun Also Rises by Ernest Hemingway*

After a decade or so of drinking, I have settled on a strategy which lessens the negative effects of alcohol while maximizing the amount of pussy I get, and I'd like to share that with you right now.

First, let's take a night that I drink heavily on—at least five liquor beverages in a short amount of time. After the fourth drink in less than two hours, there comes a point where I feel absolutely invincible, like I can hit on any girl in the universe with the tightest of tight game. Unfortunately it's an illusion. I *think* my game is great but it's actually not proven by the results: I rarely pull when drunk. Just like how a drunk guy thinks the girl he's talking to is hotter than she really is, when heavily intoxicated I think my game is better than it is. Plus, that feeling of invincibility fades very quickly as the depressant side of alcohol takes effect and all I want to do is lean against the bar or sit down.

You're probably thinking, "Wait, I've gotten laid when drunk many times." If you go back to those nights, I believe what happens is you interest a girl while merely buzzed, and then continue drinking with her until you're both drunk. So the drunkenness comes after you already lock in your prospect, and is very rarely the direct cause of sex.

Second, research has shown that binge drinking messes with your dendrites (neural connectors). I like my dendrites and don't want to damage them.

Third, it takes a while for alcohol to work its way through your body. If you're feeling fucked up and then buy a sixth drink, you're going to feel really fucked in a couple hours since the fifth drink hasn't even taken effect yet. This is why police officers don't mind waiting an hour or two until testing your blood for alcohol at the station (the lowest you'll blow is when they pull you over). It's a waste of money to be done partying but still processing the last couple drinks you bought.

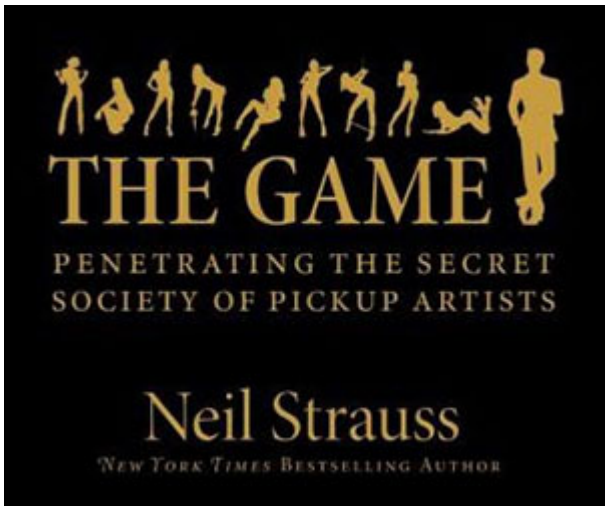
Keeping the above points in mind, while also wanting the favorable of alcohol's loosening effects, my strategy is as follows:

Consume no more than three scotch drinks or five light beers per night.

You get the buzzing effects of the alcohol while still retaining that pimp game ability. You avoid the effects of hangover. You kill very few brain cells. You don't hurt your wallet. You're disciplined and rely on your abilities instead of drink, since three drinks will not give you stupendous courage. It puts you on a similar level playing field as 80% of the girls who are drinking, and very rarely will you be drunker than her, which is death when it comes to pick up.

I get my scotch with two or three rocks and then sip sip for about hour, enjoying the effects as they take hold in a comfortable manner. My third scotch is done by 1am but I

continue to feel a light buzz until 3am closing time. The next day I wake up refreshed, whether in my bed or in a girl's. Best of all I only spend a maximum of $35 a night of drinking the finest of spirits. I can be dirt poor but still do this.



Roosh’s Perfect Burger

July 2, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

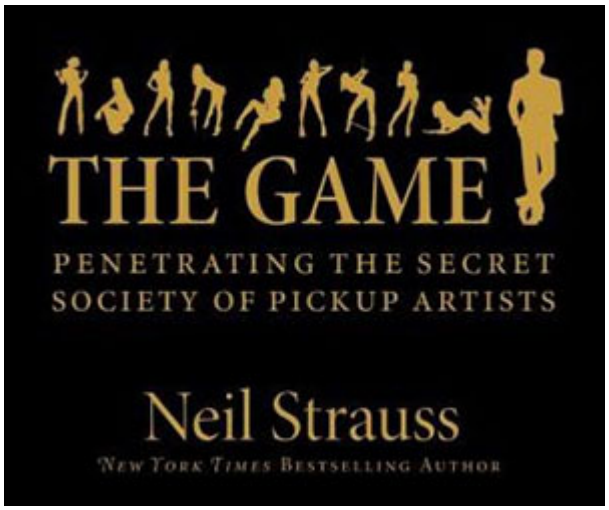
Before I share with you my blockbuster burger recipe, I must state that I don’t eat a lot of red meat (about one pound a month). It’s not that I have any objections to eating cow, but I think the way it’s produced today is disgusting. Still I can’t resist a good burger, which I have perfected and will now share with you. Feel free to make this for your Independence Day barbecue.

1: Get a third-pound hunk of **ground beef** and add the following spices: **salt**, **pepper**, and **cumin**, in a three, two, and one ratio, respectively. This means three parts salt for two parts pepper for one part cumin. In case you’re wondering, the cumin gives it a nice earthy flavor. Go a bit heavy on the salt—no point trying to be healthy when you’re eating the shredded scraps off the slaughterhouse floor.

2: Put the patty in a pan and circle it with sizable chunks of **pineapple**. Cover the pan and fry on medium-high heat. The grease will leak out of the patty and soak the pineapple in meaty goodness. Once that grease is almost evaporated, turn everything over. Slap on a slice of **cheese** and cook for about three or four minutes more, still covered. This should get you to at least medium-well. If you want it well-done then wait a couple minutes after turning it over before adding the cheese.

3: Toast *thin* **bread**. You want to taste the burger and toppings, not grain. Use cheap white bread, it doesn’t matter. Plop your meat on a slice of bread and top with cheese, **tomato** slices, pineapple (which will be just slightly charred—oh god, so good), **avocado** slices, **honey mustard**, **ketchup**, and **lettuce**. The ensuring burger will be a colossal mess, but pure heaven.

The secret to the burger is the cumin, avocado, and pineapple. Enjoy.



Poetry Girl Update

July 5, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A few months ago I introduced Poetry Girl, a girl who found out about my blog and flipped out because it clashed with her diehard feminist beliefs.

> She also said she was going through a feminist stage, saying, “If you really think hard about it, every man has violated a woman not just by rape but by going too fast or too deep during sex.” I wonder much longer it will take for feminists to say the act of consensual sex is actually brutal rape.

She posted some choice comments and I followed up with Open Letter To Poetry Girl

> How many minutes passed until our lips first touched? It couldn’t have been more than fifteen. The passion was too great, the lust too wild. You told me about 58 times that you don’t make out with guys in bars, so imagine how special I felt to be slobbering all over your face, caressing your soft butterfly lips with mine.

The very same night of that letter I ran into her at the same bar we met. I wrote a poem about what happened, and recite it in the video below. Following that is the full text of the poem and a closing thought.

I roll up to the bar with my crew, four deep
And who are those girls in the corner that I see?
You and your friends, partying like rock stars backstage
Sipping on long island iced teas

You made eye contact with me first
And it sent shivers down my spine
But look at these new girls in my path
The shorter one is mighty fine

My liver was aching for another drink
I move to my left and you’re right there
You stood stiff like a winter tree
But I’m on this new girl sooooo I didn’t care

I shoved my tongue down her throat right in front of your face
Her lips weren’t as full as yours
But she wasn’t annoying with all that feminist bullshit
I couldn’t wait to take off her drawers

Ooph that last stanza was rough
This medium of communication is so obtuse
Makes sense that you would like it
Along with your love of bitter grapefruit juice

Alright back to the story at hand

My tongue down the girl's throat
You watching like you wanted in
I had a boner like a rocky mountain goat

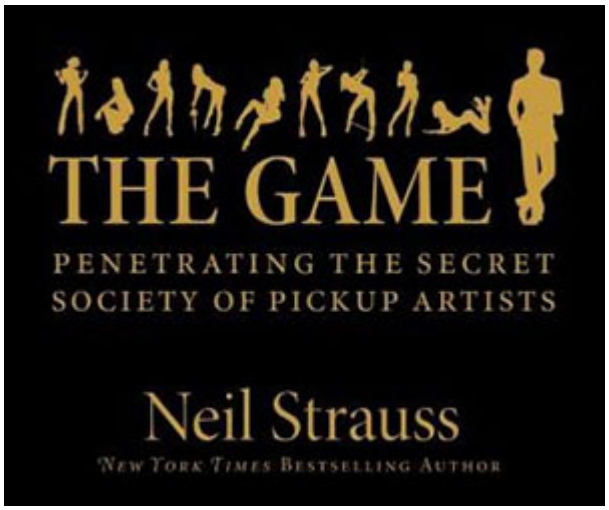
What's going on with my buddy over there?
Your friend is complimenting his cologne
And now she's touching his muscles
Now she's putting her number in his phone!

So I guess this night didn't turn out too well for you
You should've quit while you were ahead
Not try to give me longing looks of regret
I'll never bring you to my bed

There is a lesson to be learned in this. Girls are strong and can make all sorts of proclamations via phone or email, but once you get them face-to-face with a couple drinks they fold like cards and backtrack faster than you find another girl to hook up with.

Previous Videos:

- An Intimate Tour
- How To Be A Master Blogger Like Me
- The Big Leagues
- Bike Ride Home
- Ecuador Death Road & We're Pretty Much Homeless
- 6 Months In South America In 5 Minutes



Post-Sex Evidence Cleanup

July 7, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Life was easier when I was at my dad's. Girls knew they couldn't come over to "my place" so I did all the banging at theirs. They had to deal with cleaning up after my body hair, sperm, drool, mud streaks, etc. Even when I had my own place before I'd still do a lot of the banging on their bed, but in Colombia no girl lives alone so 100% of shags take place on my **king size**.

After each bang I do a clean sweep of the room to get ready for the next visitor. Colombian girls are more jealous and clingy than American girls so it's important they don't know you're fucking around or you're in for a visit from her machete-wielding little brother.

Post-Sex Checklist:

- Condom flushed down the toilet?
- Condom foil wrappers disposed of in kitchen trash, not bathroom trash?
- Girl's hair picked up and flushed down the toilet?
- Sex juice, lubricant, and **blood** blotted out from sheets with a dirty rag?
- "Forgotten" items like lipstick tucked away in secret location?
- Disposal of all my clothes that came into contact with girl into hamper, regardless of cleanliness?
- Hanging of bedsheets to air out any additional scents?
- Removal of all glassware with potential lipstick marks?

If I'm faithful to the checklist there are only two ways that I can get caught.

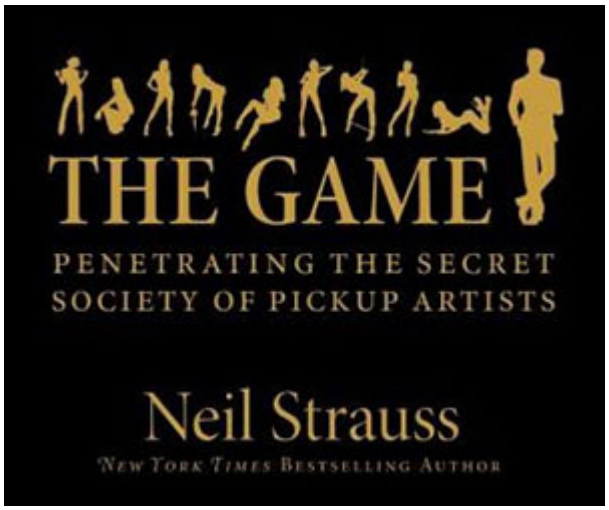
1. The girl gets a hold of my phone. I have text messages about meeting with girls though nothing blatant like, "The fuck you gave me last night was great." I am very careful about not leaving my phone around, especially since I forgot the password to lock it.

2. She sees me out with another girl. This is probably how I'm going to go down. I tend to hang out often in Medellín's Parque Lleras, a compact zone of bars and clubs, and visit the same few places. It's not because I like Parque Lleras, which is the cheesiest place in the city, but because I don't know of other places to go where my chance of being stabbed in between the ribs is acceptably low.

Physical evidence is the killer. You can always deny rumors or purported sightings by a friend, but a tiny piece of condom wrapper laying at the side of your bed and she'll never let it go. If she has no physical evidence on you, and did not you see with another girl, deny until you die. Be a sociopath and believe your denial. Tell her she's crazy. She knows you're a cheat and you know she knows you're a cheat but she has no proof so… **not guilty**.

Now I haven't made a verbal commitment to any girl, and they know I'm a pig, *más o*

menos, but there is an expectation here that you be monogamous after a couple dates. Technically I don't and shouldn't have to make any effort to hide my activities, but it's worth the piece of mind. Plus I don't want girls to have a trump card to ever play on me. Don't ever give up that upper hand!



The Worst Thing You Can Do For Your Game Is Get Laid

July 8, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

When not getting laid you're putting 95% of your brain power to making it happen, but once you have a regular bang it dips down to under 50%, a dangerous level for those wishing to improve. You don't brainstorm, try new things, or push yourself. Atrophy begins. Complacency is second only to laziness as a game killer.

The only time I really try, approaching both day and night, is when I'm not getting any ass. If I'm banging a pretty girl why would I put that energy into going out many times a week to find another? (Having a large harem of girls who live in your city is great if you have a lot of free time, but otherwise it's pretty exhausting.)

Assuming a girl I'm seeing keeps me sexually satisfied, I enjoy the little break where I don't have to try and scheme and plot for every cute girl I see. When I feel my game is slacking and I get bored with the girl, I simply dump her, making sure to burn the bridge, and start from zero again. Don't implement the fuck buddy maneuver *if you want to keep your game sharp*. The idea that you have a girl now and can transition to something better sounds good on paper, but I haven't seen this work out too well in the real world. You'll hear lots of people say, "Oh well you should never want it bad. You should have something on the side." **WRONG!** Only when a man is experiencing true hunger does he do what is necessary to feed himself.

The reason I got so involved into game, I suspect, is because in D.C. I rarely liked girls long enough to see them for more than a month or two. I was in a permanent state of hunt that always kept me involved. This is why you'll only find droves of "pick up artists" in places where the girl quality is shamefully low (per capita, I'm pretty certain that D.C. has the most PUAs in the United States). They need additional skills to pull the few gems out of the slimy cesspool.

Needy Girls Vs Confident Girls

July 12, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The most important quality that shapes your experience with a girl will be her self-esteem level. I want to focus on the two extremes, of girls who are very needy or very confident. Of course most girls are somewhere in the middle.

Needy girl: Emotional, "weak."
Confident girl: Aloof, hard to read, though she may slip while intoxicated.

Needy girl: Calls you when she shouldn't.
Confident girl: Pings you via email, sometimes text.

Needy girl: Has trouble playing the game. Finds it to be stifling, cold, unnatural.
Confident girl: More like a guy in how she approaches the game with her intense use of logic.

Needy girl: In a constant state of apprehension about how you feel or think about her.
Confident girl: Wondering if she could do better.

Needy girl: Tells you how she feels about you. Free-flowing with compliments.
Confident girl: Backhanded compliments, shows affections mostly with tepid gestures.

Needy girl: Busts out with the first "I love you" without thinking it through.
Confident girl: Does a cost-benefit analysis before saying it.

Needy girl: Must give her a lot of support, attention, and validation. May feel like her therapist at times.
Confident girl: She'll bitch and complain about things, but nothing where the tears flow.

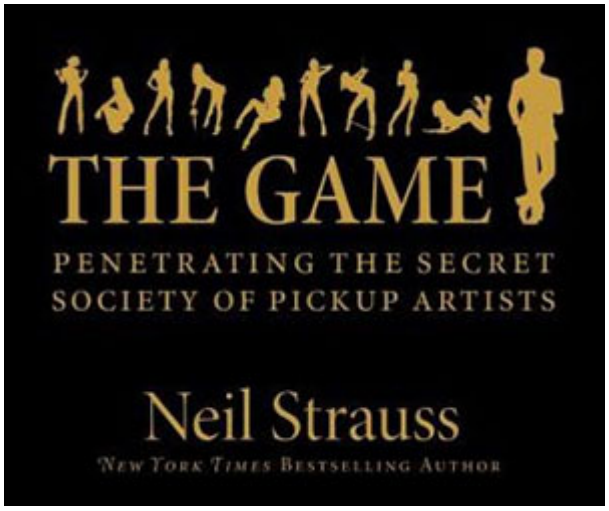
Needy girl: Easily hurt by criticism.
Confident girl: Easily angered by criticism.

Needy girl: Goes out of her way to please you.
Confident girl: Wants you to go out of her way to please her.

Be careful about confusing needy and desperate. A desperate girl is more like a stalker, a girl who calls you several times in a row when you don't answer or who says things like, "What, you don't like me anymore?" Or you go on one date with her and she wants to bring you home to meet the parents, already plotting out the future. Needy girls can remain single for a long time until they select a mate while desperate girls have trouble doing so. While all desperate girls are needy, not all needy girls are desperate, though the line can be fine at times.

When it comes to longer term relationships, you will be happier with needy girls. Carefully read my list again if you're still not sure why. Confident girls are great for a challenging score but not much more.

In the United States, it's hard to find beautiful girls that are needy, but this isn't the case in other cultures such as Brazil and Colombia, where besides for upper-class girls, you often have a pick between needy and desperate only.


THE GAME
PENETRATING THE SECRET
SOCIETY OF PICKUP ARTISTS
Neil Strauss
New York Times Bestselling Author

Newsletter Update

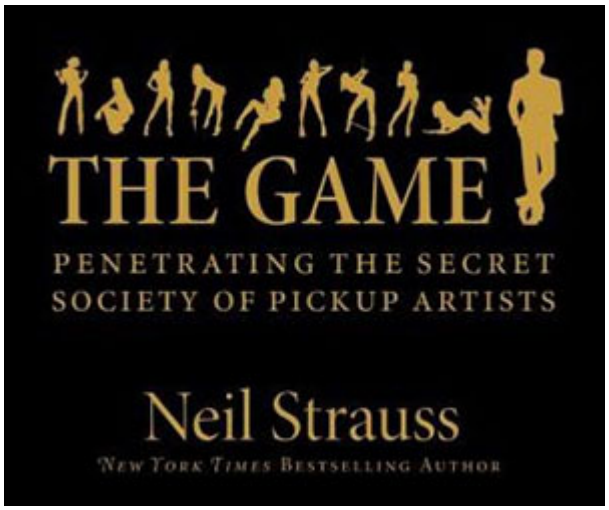
July 13, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I just passed 5,000 subscribers to my email newsletter. Here's a small sampling of the emails you'll receive if you sign up…

- Why isn't she calling you back?
- How to handle girls who turn out to be flakes
- Stressing out over missed opportunities
- How to pick up girls who have boyfriends
- A weird opener that stops girls dead in their tracks
- First date survival guide
- When it's your life or death duty to bang that
- What to do when a girl calls you a robot

I think it's interesting that a lot of people on my newsletter don't read my blog and a lot of people who read my blog are not on my newsletter. Anyway, on Thursday I'm emailing an update to everyone about some exciting things coming up soon.

I don't share your email address with anyone and you can unsubscribe at any time. Sign up on the newsletter page or right here…



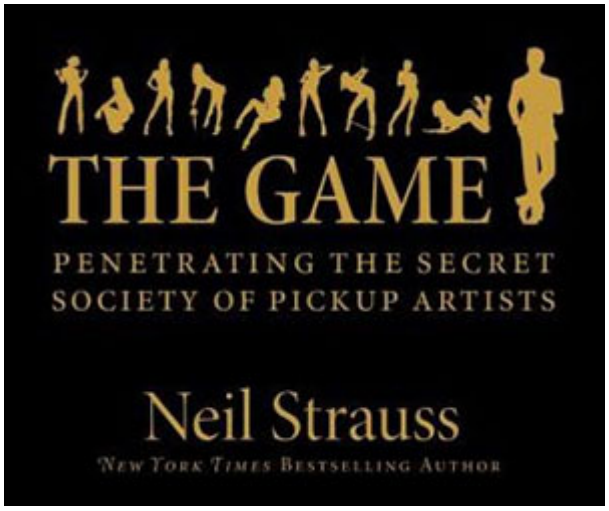
Re: Needy Girls Vs. Confident Girls

July 14, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Here's an email I got about my Needy Girls vs Confident Girls post

> You should have labeled this Emotional vs. Logical girl. Because really, that is the difference between the two types. Each woman is governed to varying degrees by these opposite traits.
>
> The confident girl is simply one who has enough logic to control her emotional impulses, unlike the needy girl. Really you should look at the scale as the purely emotional girl on one end and the Vulcan girl on the other. A girl either has enough logic to control her emotions or she doesn't. The resultant behavior is the difference in the ratio of logic to emotion.
>
> Needy girl: Emotional, "weak." Emotional is key term.
> Confident girl: Aloof, hard to read, though she may slip while intoxicated. When drunk, logic goes out the window
>
> Needy girl: Calls you when she shouldn't. No impulse control
> Confident girl: Pings you via email, sometimes text. Gives her more time to think, ya know.
>
> Needy girl: Has trouble playing the game. Finds it to be stifling, cold, unnatural.
> Confident girl: More like a guy in how she approaches the game with her intense use of logic. Yep
>
> Needy girl: In a constant state of apprehension about how you feel or think about her.
> Confident girl: Wondering if she could do better. Both the needy and the confident girl are in a constant state of apprehension about how you feel. One shows it, the other hides it. If the confident girl is not apprehensive, then she just isn't in to you.
>
> Needy girl: Busts out with the first "I love you" without thinking it through.
> Confident girl: Does a cost-benefit analysis before saying it. Waits for the guy to say it first
>
> Needy girl: Easily hurt by criticism. Will obsess over criticism
> Confident girl: Easily angered by criticism. Wrong. Takes it in stride and uses it for self improvement.
>
> Needy girl: Goes out of her way to please you.
> Confident girl: Wants you to go out of her way to please her Wrong. Waits for a sign of commitment first before she shows this level of emotional attachment. It's all about self preservation.

I think she makes some pretty good points. I make educated guesses on what girls think based on observable behavior, but of course that's not a perfect strategy.


THE GAME
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SOCIETY OF PICKUP ARTISTS
Neil Strauss
New York Times Bestselling Author

The Correct Way To Catch A Metered Taxi In South America

July 16, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I told the taxi driver my destination. Next thing I looked at the window and was in a strange neighborhood, only to be reassured by the driver that we'll be there in a minute or two. When we finally arrived I noticed the fare was noticeably higher than I'd paid before.

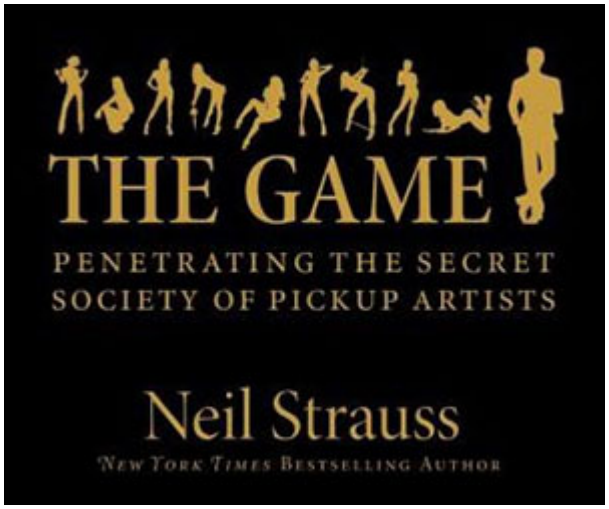
I thought long and hard about all the taxi drivers that have ripped me off by taking the long route, and I realized they were almost always young. The old taxi drivers around my dad's age almost always took the direct route, probably because they don't have energy to hustle.

If you ask the young guys why they're taking the scenic route, they respond by saying it's quicker or the faster way has too much traffic. Very often they "forget" where principle roads are with an act worthy of a Golden Globe. They will take you to a closed road and feign surprise like an act of god was probably involved. I've had some of them go literally in circles. Late at night they inspect me in the rear view mirror to see if I'm drunk or not to take the *really* long way, but I always pretend I'm sober by sitting up straight and having my eyes wide open. The old guys just want to put in a day's work and go home to their families. To them it's not worth it.

When I need to hail a taxi, I now wait until I can get visual confirmation of the guy's age before raising my hand. If there is a taxi line and an old guy is second, I wait until someone takes the first cab so I can get in with the old guy. If you think this is a matter of money it's usually not, because the long way rarely costs more than a dollar extra, but as a man of honor I don't like paying more than someone else for the same service. Plus I don't want to give the hustlers the immense satisfaction that comes from hustling a

gringo. The only way I'll hop in a cab of a young guy is if I can give him specific instructions (i.e. *Quiero ir a la casa de puta—el mas grande—**por Oriental***).

It's 100% safe if the old guy is sleeping inside the cab when you knock on his window. He will take the direct route.



Balancing Between Compliments & Insults

July 19, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The following excerpt from Bang discusses the middle ground between compliments and insults…

> The opposite of a compliment is an insult, something you should also avoid. If you had a linear scale with a compliment on one end being a 1 and an insult on the other end being a 10, some of the material you've read so far reach into the 6 range. Their purpose is to let a girl know that you are not impressed with her, even if below the surface you really are. The more you show her you're impressed, the more likely she will perceive her value as being too high for you. Sex withholding follows as a result.
>
> While saying "You're too old for me" may seem like an insult on the surface, it is taken as a joke when you have already established a fun and playful vibe. Context here is important: if you were talking about something boring like politics all night and then all of a sudden you tell her she's too old for you, she will get offended. But if you were already joking around with her for a while, she'll know that it's just a part of your personality.
>
> Regardless, some girls will get insulted by your humor and think, "Who does this guy think he is?" While I don't apologize to any girl who takes my humor wrong, I definitely don't continue to push her buttons once she is already upset. To me her annoyance is either a sign of incompatibility or a bad line on my part. Did I accidentally say the wrong thing or did she get offended at a line that girls normally respond well to? I make a judgment call if this interaction can be saved or if there is another girl around that my time could be better spent with. Because trying to convince her that you were joking is a form of beta male supplication, it's best to move on if your material is poorly received. The goal of material in the middle of our compliment-insult scale is to make her aware of her own faults instead of yours. Once the focus is taken off you, she will be much more susceptible to game.

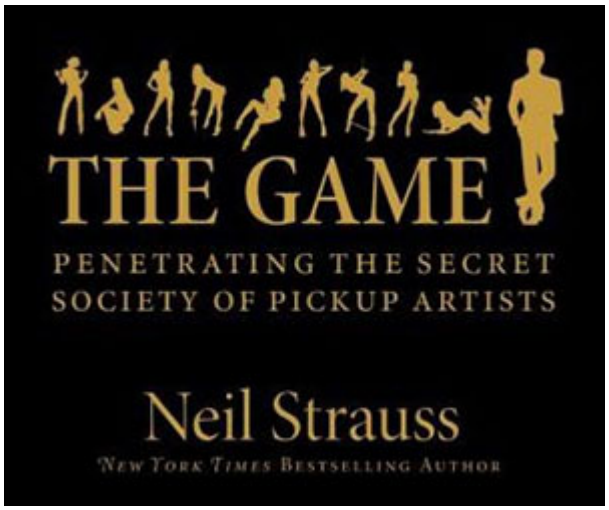
The last two sentences are very important. Solid game makes the girl look **inward** to her own faults or lacks. Your backhanded compliments and teasing takes the focus off your uneven chin, odd mannerisms, and balding scalp. If you have a rather large deformity then your game has to be that much more potent to compensate for the flaw.

Unfortunately you can't just go around insulting girls, which is what a lot of guys do after they read books like **The Game**, where the "neg" was heavily featured. You can study negs all day and night but you'll still fuck it up every time with the wrong tone or body language. It's better to avoid its use until you get to an advanced Matrix-like level of game, but by then you probably won't even need to use them. Focus on material on the "6 range" like I explain above. I give tons of examples in my book.

Speaking of my book, here's a recent email I received about it...

> How's it going man? I recently put together enough money to buy Bang and I have to say it was not only worth every penny, but more. I don't usually say shit like this (especially about things I have to pay for). I bought David DeAngelo's DoubleYourDating eBook a few years back and I have to say that Bang BLEW IT AWAY. You can use this as a testimonial if you want. Oh, I have also read Swingcatt's eBook and I not only had more laughs and a better time reading Bang, but I found it more useful and my game is doing so much better. I like your approach to the field, you put things simply in a way that I can understand. However, you use advanced tactics like DeAngelo and Swingcatt, but explain it on a step by step basis with examples to real life events and situations. I can't thank you enough.

If you haven't yet bought Bang, check out its homepage, read a couple sample pages, then buy it. Thanks.



Desperate Times

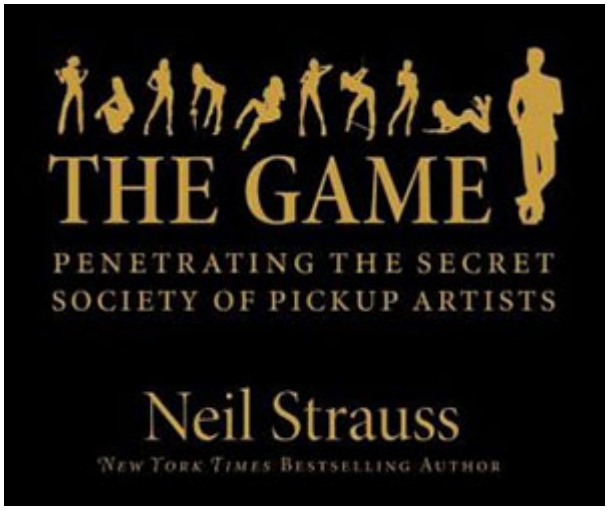
July 21, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The first time I did it I was in Las Vegas. I lost all my money on the blackjack table and didn't have enough cash for a drink. I was too proud to ask my friend for a loan until we got back to the room. I saw a bottle of Stella standing on the casino's bar all alone, completely full. I looked around, grabbed it, and took a sip. It tasted fine, not warm but not cold either. I finished it quickly and placed the empty bottle back on the bar. What a rush! Mostly from the thrill of the crime but also from drinking on another man's labor.

The following two months were especially rough. I had little money coming in. I wanted to go out but I couldn't afford it. I remembered what I did in Las Vegas, and reluctantly went with it, perfecting the skill. I stole microbrew pints and brightly colored cocktails. I stole screwdrivers and champagne with lipstick imprinted on the glass. I enjoyed it more than I should have. It was addictive—the plotting and planning, the positioning of my accomplices, the feeling of my heart beat race from the fear of getting caught and pounded upon, and finally the confident grab. It's all in the grab! Like an eagle swooping down on a defenseless squirrel, gone before you know what happened. The rush of stealing drinks was so great that one of my friends got addicted to it even though he was gainfully employed. Unfortunately he contracted a mysterious virus and had to stop.

I preferred the cocktail drinks with the skinny little straws. Not much backwash. I tossed the straws and drank from the glass. The more colorful the drink, the more it glows in the dark, the faster it went down my throat. Beer bottles are for amateurs. The rim is coated in another person's mouth, perhaps a girl who just got finished sucking a dick in the bathroom. If it's not full then forget it. The martinis are the real score. There is no fast getaway like that clear drink, only one-third consumed, its owner turned around trying to get into a beastly girl's pants. Thick green lime wedge. Another gin & tonic. Not my first choice but I'll take it. The liquid touches my tongue five feet away from the crime, and what a beautiful surprise—a gimlet! Perfect for the summer. Refreshing. I slam the empty glass on the bar and a satisfying burp erupts from my belly. The guy looks around for his drink.

I wanted to get good. I wanted to steal a drink in front of a man face and he will think it was mine all along. I wanted him to doubt himself, his being. I wanted him to be in disbelief that another man would perform such an act. But I already did it. It's gone. Replaced by an empty glass. *Buy another drink old man, this time not something so sweet.* Then I got a job (bartending, ironically). I couldn't live like that anymore. It was too dangerous, too shameful and pitiful. But sometimes I see a full drink, sitting unguarded, and my heart skips a beat, and I squint my eyes through the darkness, and I notice my friend's glass is almost empty, and I take a deep breath, and…


THE GAME
PENETRATING THE SECRET
SOCIETY OF PICKUP ARTISTS
Neil Strauss
New York Times Bestselling Author

Girls Who Love To Eat At Restaurants

July 23, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The first time I saw it I thought *holy shit*. A sous chef at a fine dining restaurant I worked at used a salt pourer, the same type you'd buy in the grocery store, to layer several grams of salt on a piece of organic hamburger meat. Now I understood why customers needed to order so many glasses of water after feeding on it.

I gradually learned that if you want to wow a bunch of foodies, you need only to keep five steps in mind.

1. Copy the trends, whether its fusion cuisine, charcuterie boards, fennel oil, or something gay.

2. Add as much salt and butter as you possibly can.

3. Put medium-sized portions on gigantic plates. If it would look ridiculous to a starving African kid then the presentation is 100% correct.

4. Drizzle colorful sauces on the fringes of the plates to remind the foodie of an ice cream sundae.

5. Charge *at least* $25 a plate. If it's cheap then it can't be that good.

Several years ago I took out this girl from Central America. She told me she was poor and later it came out that she ate out for dinner with her friends *four times a week*. Her laziness burned a whole in her pocket, gave her a crucial muffin top, and was clogging her arteries, all so she can pretend that she knows what good food is. She added that she was "too busy" to fuss around in her kitchen.

Now if a person is too busy to provide basic sustenance for themselves, that tells me their priorities in life are completely wrong, as proper nutrition and suitable shelter are the two most important things to survival. I met many other girls like her and things started coming together…

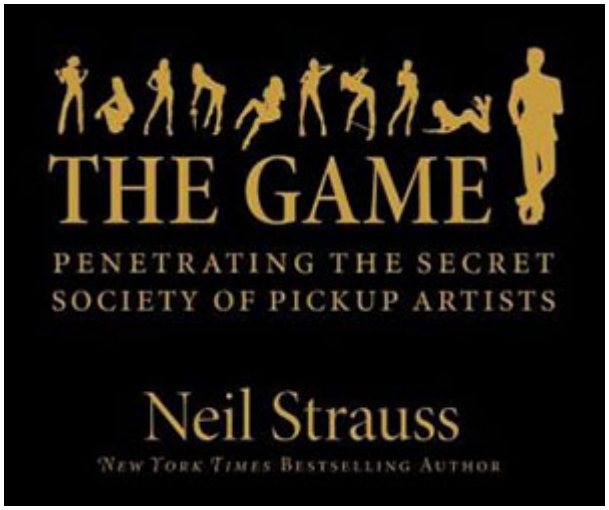
Girls who frequently eat in "fine dining" restaurants are horrible for casual dating. They are only suitable for one night stands.

If she puts low effort into herself, as cooking is indeed personal effort, she will put absolutely zero effort into you. You think she will ever cook for you? Hah! Bitch don't know how to cook. You think she'll take care of you when you're sick? Bitch doesn't care about her own body—why would she care about yours?! You think she will give you

affection? Bitch hates herself, and thinks affection is giving you a shitty blow job once a month.

Most quality girls I have dated have either cooked for me or never suggested we “go out” to eat. Learn from my experience.

PREVIOUSLY: Girl Warning Signs and 11 Signs She’s A Keeper



Gal Costa Concert In Washington D.C.

July 25, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

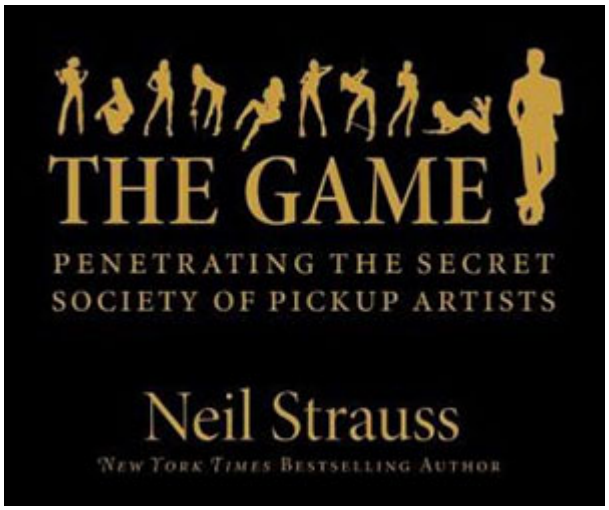
For those of you in DC who want to check out Brazilian girls, I got the event for you.

Gal Costa, a famous Brazilian singer, is playing at George Washington on November 1. Tickets prices seem reasonable, and I'd go if I was in D.C. The pre-sale code is BRAZIL.

Here is a sampling of her music…

Pretty loungey.

This is probably the worst type of event to *meet* girls, but for a few hours you can enjoy the beautiful language and pretend you're cultured. And hey, maybe you can get yourself invited to an after party.



Career & Life Question

July 27, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Here's an email I received last month...

> Roosh,
>
> Happy 30th!
>
> Will you give me some insight/advice on career/life development. I believe we share similar ideals and interests. Hearing your perspective may help me set some goals and develop a plan.
>
> I am 24 y/old sales professional living in a downtown area of an east coast capital city. I've developed my game from reading and practice. I own and have read Bang. I've acquired a beautiful and amazing foreign girlfriend, she's well out of my normal league, but she'll never learn that.
>
> My problem lies in that I can not find any passion in my work. I am on my second job from college. Every day I come in and day dream of doing something else, along the lines of entrepreneurship and running my own show, ideally location independent. The problem is I do not have the resources to leave my current job.
>
> What I'd like to hear from you: Your advice or ideas of what you would be focusing on if you were 24 y/old and had the knowledge/experience you do now.

My strategy for living is very simple. I live so below my means so instead of working much I can spend time on other things I rather do, that while not extremely exciting (e.g. reading books, sitting in coffee shops all day, learning a new language, writing), is far better than working for someone else.

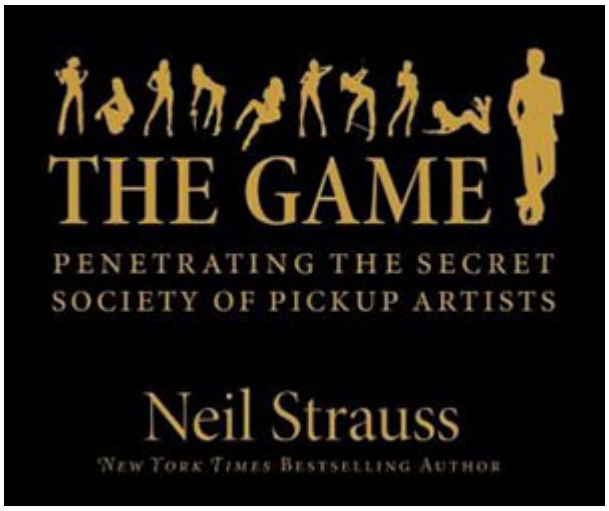
Depending on which part of the city you live and how often you go out, doing these things in Medellin, Colombia will cost you about $1,000 to $1,500 a month, an amount that is definitely not unattainable for a lot of people. Sure I'm not living like a king, but it's impossible to have my own place and go out regularly in the U.S. on $1,000 a month.

There is a common theme of other guys I meet abroad: they all have some sort of business that can be operated with a laptop computer (I've met a lot of affiliate marketers). This gives them the freedom to work wherever they wish. Having a business

is great, but having a mobile business is even better. I have a great friend who owns a successful restaurant, but he hasn't taken a vacation in years because he's tied to his store. He's making money but he can't enjoy it besides buying toys, which only give short-term happiness. My friends at home have money and comfort but are stuck. I don't have a lot of money but I'm free. The dream is to have both.

Knowing what I know now, if I was 24-years-old, I would change one thing: I would have used some money to buy internet sites that I further developed for advertising revenue, something semi-passive so I don't have to keep at it every day. But that's just me. I think you should have a regular job along with a side business while saving as much money as you can, because a pile of money is a pile of freedom. There's nothing worse in life than being in a job you hate with no money in the bank and no options besides getting another crappy job. **Nothing will change unless you save money.** This may mean making drastic changes to your lifestyle to reduce expenses.

One last thing: Be careful about asking for advice from others. If I listened to all the well-intentioned people who told me what to do, I'd never be living in Medellin right now, doing exactly what I want. Take a risk and carve your own path.



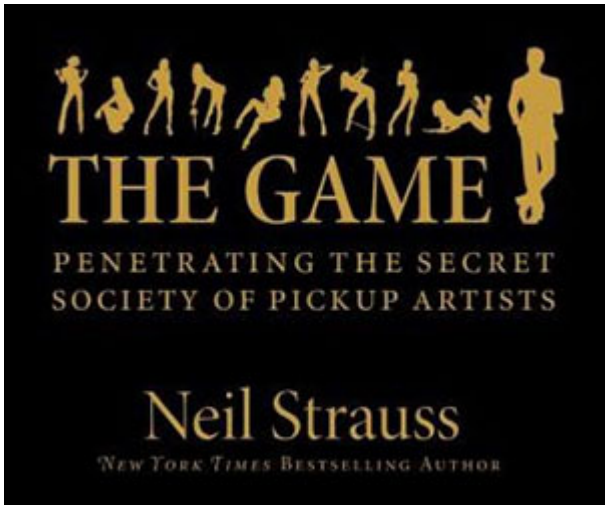
Book Number Two Is Coming

July 28, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

As people on my newsletter already know, my second book, the one I started in March of 2008, is 100% complete and will be ready for you in seven weeks. It will be simultaneously available in paperback, Kindle, and eBook PDF.

I have a few review copies available. If you have an active blog and would like one, email roosh@rooshv.com.

It feels great to be a free man, but I know it's just a matter of time until the mental sickness I have takes over and pushes me to start work on the next book.



Turning Potential Insults Into Game

July 29, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

***PREVIOUSLY*:** Balancing Between Compliments & Insults

Insult: "You're really pale."
Game: "Did you just get a tan?"

Insult: "You're short and oompa-loopma like."
Game: "I think I grew since the last time i saw you."

Insult: "Your hair is thinning."
Game: "I think your hair would look really good with a volumizer."

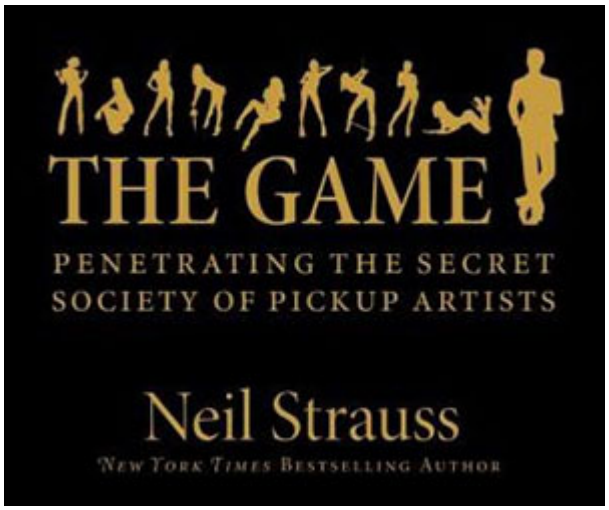
Insult: "Your breath reeks."
Beta Game:: "Mmmm this gum is so good! You want some?" *And if she says no?*
Alpha Game: "Did you eat a lot of onion for dinner?"

Insult: "This meal [you just made] is pretty horrible."
Game: "Interesting texture of this meat you cooked. You know my favorite cookbook is Betty Crocker. The recipes are laid out easily so that a monkey can cook them. In fact I read an article on the internet where monkeys cooked delicious meals from the Betty Crocker cookbook."

Insult: "You're frigid in the sack."
Game: "I hear the sex gets better once you become more comfortable with the other person. You'll want to explore more and make noises to show you're… still alive."

Insult: "Shut the fuck up bitch jeez."
Game: "Shh shh shh. Don't talk I heard something." *You can keep her silently indefinitely…* "No no, not yet.."

Insult: "Have you gained 20 pounds in the past couple weeks or is it just me?"
Beta Game: "Hey let's sign up to the gym together!" *Why should you do work because of her lack of discipline?*
Alpha Game: "Your body seems to be changing rapidly. Are you at that age or…"
Super Asshole Game: "Are you pregnant?"



The Buñuelo & Palo de Queso

August 2, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I'm not sure how Colombians make it past age 50 with most everything they eat fried in recycled grease. While Americans eat unhealthy food as well, for them it's not so much the quality of food but the fact that they eat **too much**. Colombians don't eat a lot, but they have grease with everything.

First let me introduce you to the *buñuelo*. It's a ball of deep-fried white dough. That's it. Fried in that recycled yellow grease. If you squeeze it in your hand all the grease comes rushing out and drips onto the ground. Of course it tastes delicious.

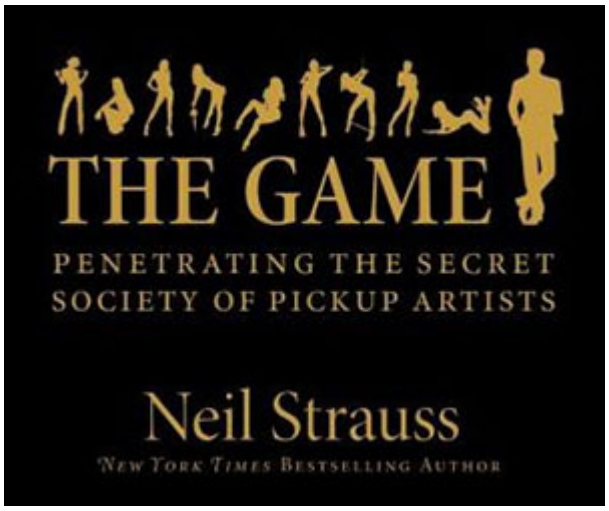
Then there is the *palo de queso*, which is slightly less popular and sold in bakeries. It's a simple rod of pastry loaded with cheese curd. But is there a way to make that more unhealthy? Yes, by deep frying the bitch in the yellow grease and sell it for a few cents more. The first time I had the extreme *palo de queso* I felt like I was drinking straight-up grease with all the oil that got stuck in the layer between the bread covering and the cheese filling.

There was another episode with the *palo de queso*. My Colombian friend took a first bite and, I swear to God, it ejaculated a stream of grease onto his forearm, scalding his skin. The *guevon* manning the counter gave him a napkin without skipping a beat, telling me that this was common, and my friend shrugged it off. I'm told that more Colombians are hospitalized every year due to hot grease burns than chest pains.

It's not uncommon for a Colombian to see my lunch (peanuts, avocado, banana, corn pancake), and remark how healthy I am. What they really mean is boring. They'd switch out the banana for a plantain, fry it, smother the pancake (*arepa*) with cheese and possibly sausage, and toss the avocado on top with dollops of Colombian red mayonnaise. If you come to Colombia to open a health-food store, you will only get business from annoying gringos who carry around handwoven "day bags" bought in either Ecuador, Peru, or Bolivia. Without a deep-fat fryer, your establishment will not win the bellies of the locals and you will have to close shop or turn it into a backpackers hostel.

But the big question is, does this unhealthy diet translate to fat Colombian women? I will

share my thoughts on the matter next.



American Girls Vs Colombian Girls

August 4, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

It's no secret that Colombian girls are a chubby bunch thanks to the grease that finds its way in every meal. While it wouldn't hurt for them to lose between 5-10 pounds, most between the ages of 18-30 are bangable. Yes, I'm coming out to say that at least 51% of Colombian girls are sex worthy. A drink or two and you'll ram a lot of what you see on the streets.

Can I say the same with American girls? Hmmm…

The other day I was in the Medellin immigration office to renew my tourist visa along with a couple dozen other gringos. There were three American girls that I identified through their accent, and do you know what all three had in common? They were **GIGANTIC**. I forgot about bad it was in America until their unsightly masses reminded me.

Here's your average American woman:

I'm sure my foreign readers are wondering if I'm fucking around. I'm not. She is average if you account for the entire United States and not just metropolitan cities.

Here's your average Colombian woman:

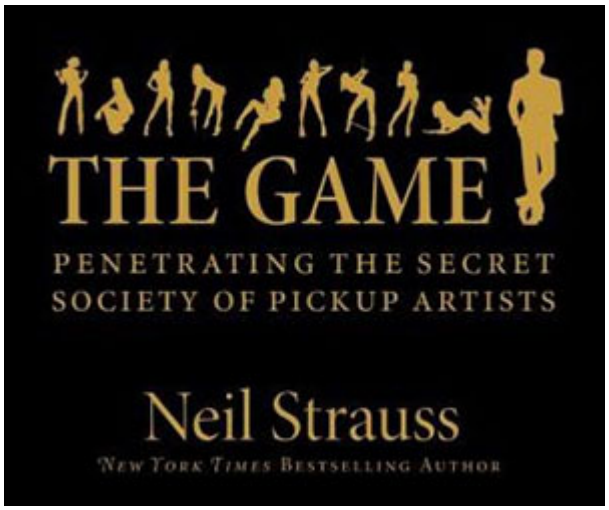
Yeah she has the thunder thighs, and most likely a little roll above her vagina, but nothing that would rule her out from sex. You'd slam her, as would I.

"But Roosh not *all* American girls are fat."

True but the small supply of skinny ones causes their market value to shoot through the roof, kind of like what happened to Beanie Babies and the Wii. The fatties end up polluting the entire poon supply.

With Colombian girls you think, "Chica needs to chill on them empanadas." With American girls you think, "Gorda needs to *stop eating*." There is also something else going on. The chubby Colombian girls will have a fun, feminine vibe that makes you still want to fuck them, but American girls don't have this—without looks you get a debater who wears flip-flops and reads supermarket magazines to learn how to please a man. I love getting into a conversation about American women with gringo men because of the nonstop brutality and laughs that ensue. **No foreign man prefers American girls except loser Italian guys**. They are the worst in the world, though British girls are pretty damn close.

For all of you stuck in the States gaming these girls, you have my sympathy, as I did it for many years. Sure Colombian girls can be smothering and overly affectionate (*meloso*), but that's a flaw I'm willing to accept. I think you would do too.



Cheddar Cheese Gay Boyfriend Destroyer

August 5, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Here's an email I got in response to a newsletter email I sent about a failed pick-up attempt on the subway…

> Roosh,
>
> Sup brother. You know…there is nothing like picking up a girl in front of a vigilant crowd on an aluminum tin can shooting through the darkness of DC in an underground tunnel.
>
> You know…now that I think about it.
>
> Our ancestors, the ones whose idea of "game" was to bark at the boom, lead large groups of gorilla-like men into war against other sub-human tribes, killing something to eat every night. They would be fucking proud of your subway pick up.
>
> Their pick up line was to take out their muddy cock and bang the girl of their choice in some cave in northern Europe.
>
> To you my friend I say…
>
> "Let's kill us something to eat tonight."
>
> Not many have the balls to pull an approach to a girl in the subway.
>
> But the truth is we're all cavemen in suits. Not suggesting we whip out our muddy cocks but, fuck it….it takes a man to look at something in front of him and say "I don't give a shit…..I want THAT."
>
> You know what I mean?
>
> No clever movie lines.
>
> No cheddar cheese gay boyfriend destroyer.
>
> No thought.
>
> Just DESIRE.
>
> I think dating sites and all this bullshit that goes along with them is retarded. Every son on this planet deserves to know that his father met his mother somewhere and had the balls to pick her up.
>
> I mean, how gay is it to say I met someone on the Internet.
>
> "My mom and dad met on the Internet because she's a recluse and my father had no balls. Wow look at the time….time to make love to my hand."
>
> You know what I'm saying.
>
> Anyway…
>
> Thanks for the story man.

Something to read before your commute to work.

Older Women Refuse To Blame Themselves Or Face Reality

August 9, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Bartender-blogger-columnist Jack recently posted about a pair of ladies who criticized unmarried men over 30-years-old, a group I will be part of in under a year. The ladies have failed to realize that their snark could easily and brutally be spun back onto themselves. In fact, all they did was point out their own misgivings.

> Hi! Me Unmarried Man Over Thirty. Call me UMOT! You pretty lady! I act same way I did 15 years ago. I hang with buddies, drink beer, smoke pot, play video games. Maybe in band? Play music! UMOT no want to grow up! I want to bang on my drum all day!

If a man rather drink beer, smoke pot, and play video games rather than take you out on a date, what does that say about you? Human beings are animals that respond rather predictably to punishment and reward—if there is no reward in trying to fuck you then men will choose other activities. I don't think this is an insult to the man, but to the woman who has not worked on herself properly to be more interesting than Halo 3.

> Sometimes UMOT get sad. UMOT's friends get married and leave UMOT! This makes UMOT question fundamental lifestyle choices! Maybe UMOT should no have sold all personal belongings to follow Phish for three years/live in Costa Rican Jungle/hike the Appalachian Trail? UMOT do what UMOT want to do. That it! I no like do things I no like doing!

Are you sure the man is questioning his choices, rather than his friends? The risk of marrying an American wife is so great, as this modern institution is so decidedly anti-man, that the only acceptable option is to go with a foreign bride who is not well-cultured in materialism, entitlement, and celebrity personalities. I'm told there is a country called Thailand where slim yet slightly curvy women are physically resistant to aging. They trip over themselves to marry even beastly American men whose legendary sexless streaks coincide with lunar eclipse events. What do *you* bring to the table that motivates this beast man for your vagina?

Let me put it this way: if there was a Old Pussy stock traded on the NYSE (ticker: OPSY), it would have been kicked out of the exchange ages ago for consistently trading under a dollar. Take a look at this photo, of a man who purchased 10,000 shares of OPSY thinking it would rise up in price. How do you think he feels now?

If a man really wants to get married (not sure why when nothing can be gained through marriage that can be had by simply shacking up), a foreign bride is the way to go. **American women are great for casual dating and easy sex, but make for horrible wives.** A foreign bride will give you a good ten years before she becomes corrupt, and even then you'll at least get home cooked meals. You always have the

option of buying another bride, maybe her younger sister, for something like three donkeys and a bag of potatoes.

> UMOT likes sexy with ladies but UMOT no want commitment. That why I date women who younger than me by 7 years minimum. They no make me feel immature. They no threaten poor decision making skills. I no commit to nothing besides beer, spliff!

I remain unconvinced that fucking young pussy is a "poor decision making skill." It costs less, comes with lighter baggage, and is not as demanding. If men are choosing younger women instead of you, it's time to find out what qualities that young woman has that you don't. Actually I'll tell you what it is: pristine youth, something you wasted and lost, for all eternity. The boat has sailed, and instead of buying a new ticket you are hoping for the captain to notice your high-pitched shrieking and turn the ship around. He won't. Why don't you do something productive like knit a sweater or write a romance novel? You gotta leave your mark on the world some way, because we all know you're not having children.

> I make baby in 10 to 15 years with pretty young lady who make baby easy! No lady my age need apply. You make UMOT uneasy with independence, intelligence. Scares UMOT. I no like lady my age! Go away lady my age! Go away!

Independence and intelligence are great qualities in men and women who want to excel in the corporate boardroom, but are horrible for those men who want a relaxed, easy life, where not every little thing is a life or death debate that can be traced back to something Gloria Steinem wrote 30 years ago. Women need to understand that men don't want independence and intelligence. **Men want femininity, excellent sex, a hot body, homemaking skills, and compliance with minimal talk-back.** Women need to stop deluding themselves that men what the same thing in a mate as themselves.

> Nice to talk to pretty lady! Maybe I text later? Maybe hang at my studio apartment? Make sexy? Okay, me tired now. Me drank PBR, tequila until early morning and must sleep now on second hand mattress. Night, night, pretty lady. UMOT go Dreamland. Me text later.

The reason I text you is because you are not worth my time. You are not worth the energy to pick up the phone and make sounds with my voicebox. You are boring and expendable, just another hole I want to fuck to pass the time. If you want me to pick up the phone and take you seriously, you can start by cooking me a meal from scratch and deep throating my veiny cock against the back of your throat. Until then, good luck finding a man who is willing to put up with your shit.

Logical Thinking Increases The Size Of Your Sack

August 11, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I treat this one so poorly. I don't take her out, I spend little money on her, I put little thought into our time together, I do nothing extra to please her, and I disappear every now and then when I don't feel like seeing her. When we are out it's impossible for her not to notice me checking out other girls. Sure I make her laugh and give it to her like no other man has, but a part of me is still in disbelief that she still calls me and jumps at the the chance to hang out when I suggest something like an ice cream cone.

But that's exactly why.

Imagine if I did the opposite. If I treated her like a princess, took her out twice a week to nice restaurants spending rolls of cash, came up with original and creative date ideas, and called her daily so she can sleep soundly knowing that I'm not fucking other girls. Do you think she would open her legs any time I wanted, especially on short notice?

Yet that's what most guys do, thinking—logically—that it helps them get and keep the pussy. But when it comes to girls, logical thinking gets you nothing but a heavy sack. This is why very intelligent, otherwise successful guys with their own luxury condominium can't get laid to save their life but I could when I lived in my dad's basement while stealing other people's drinks when I went out. This is why opposite George in Seinfeld was successful.

She told me she loves me a few times, but when it became apparent I wasn't going to say it back, she stopped. Eventually she's going to throw in the towel, but not before I get bored of her first and find another girl.

Is This What America Has Become?

August 13, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Nothing has given me the urge to burn my American passport more than the above photo. I truly wish you could see my face as I type this. It's hard to admit but I'm basically on the verge of tears, deeply concerned about the future of not only our cherished culture but human existence. In spite of decades of knowledge that science has brought forth about basic cause and effect of our actions, *we are still using plastic bags?* The actions of the American consumer here are absolutely abominable. This is the **EARTH** damn it. We only get one.

POSTSCRIPT: Not that it's relevant, but here is a description of the American consumer pictured…

> I was afraid that if she saw me taking pictures of her with my iphone, she'd attack me. Her belly hung down to mid thigh. Her chin rested on her chest. She had tattoos on her arms and her mouth. Every other word was an obscenity. Then she screeched at her mother (another fine specimen) to get down there and pack her own groceries because she wasn't going to do it for her. Of course, Mother was paying for all *four* carts of groceries.

The "Karma" tattoo on her lower back means she'd let you slam on the first date.

Travel Advice On Over 35 Countries And Counting

August 16, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The travel forum now has reader comments, ideas, and game tips on over 35 countries and countless more cities, becoming quite an impressive collection of knowledge. In the early days guys would mostly travel and then report back their thoughts, but in addition to that it's becoming a place where trips are planned in their early stages. I'm getting ready to go to Brazil again and my plans are definitely being influenced by things I read there.

Here I organized many of the threads into continents so you can browse by places you're interested in:

EUROPE

- Amsterdam & Paris
- Balkans
- Prague, Czech Republic
- London, England [2]
- Helsinki, Finland & Riga, Latvia
- Budapest, Hungary [2]
- Iceland [2]
- Dublin, Ireland
- Italy [2] [3]
- Italian / French Riviera
- Romania
- Valencia & Ibiza, Spain
- Stockholm, Sweden

NORTH AMERICA

- New York City [2]
- Montreal, Canada
- Toronto, Canada

LATIN AMERICA

- Central America [2]
- Bariloche, Argentina
- Buenos Aires, Argentina [2] [3]
- Belo Horizante, Brazil
- Curitiba, Brazil
- Minas Gerais, Brazil
- Rio de Janeiro, Brazil [2] [3] [4]
- Sau Paulo, Brazil [2] [3]

- Santiago, Chile
- Bogota, Colombia [2] [3]
- Cali, Colombia
- Medellin, Colombia [2] [3]
- Dominican Republic
- Quito, Ecuador
- Guam [2]
- Panama
- Panama City [2]
- Peru [2]
- Lima, Peru
- Mexico
- San Pancho, Mexico

AFRICA

- Ethiopia
- Lesotho [2]

ASIA & MIDDLE EAST

- India
- Tel Aviv, Israel
- Ulaan Baatar, Mongolia
- Philippines
- Philippines & Thailand
- Thailand
- South Korea
- Odessa, Ukraine
- Tashkent, Uzbekistan

Some days the travel forum is more active than the girls forum, which is the *raison d'être* that I created the thing in the first place.

If you have traveled to one of the above places, can you take a couple minutes to post your thoughts and recommendations? For the good of man.

The Extremely Bright Side Of American Women

August 17, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I know I've written some harsh things about American women, but if you look at my past and current behavior, of continuing to pursue and bang them, it's obvious that I value American women when it comes to sex.

The reason is because American women are extremely easy. You won't find another non-Western woman who is easier. In fact if you live in the United States, you should consider yourself lucky that you have a breed of woman that opens her legs at moment's notice. The word "freebie" is actually slang that exists only in America.

Sure I don't recommend dating them long-term, but as an American citizen you have an incredible opportunity to rack up notches that foreign men can only dream of. Though I complain about them and will continue to do so until I perish, there is no alternative for a super-quick and fun lay.

Go to Argentina and see if the girl will suck your dick. An American woman will suck the life out of it. Go to Peru or Ecuador and see how the girls maintain their hygiene. American girls are OCD about always smelling like artificial roses. Go to South Korea and see if you can have a normal conversation with a girl who doesn't giggle every five seconds at her cell phone. American girls appreciate humor and will get your sarcasm. Go to Russia and see how much money you have to drop to get a reasonable girl. American girls will bang a homeless man if he can make her laugh. Go to Colombia and try to get a one night stand. American girls are dripping after an hour or two of good chat.

I hear about guys who are "sick" of American women but have only banged one or two, making me wonder if they are simply betas who can't get laid anywhere. Newsflash: If American girls think you are a chump, the only girls who won't are the poorest of the poor in third world nations. (Make sure you bring extra money on your Asia trip because Min Pang's mother needs new cutlery.) Bang American girls rotten and then when you get bored of success, spread your wings a little to see what else is out there.

Again, I'm glad I'm not dealing with American girls on a weekly basis, but for short bursts they are laughably easy to game and enjoyable to bang.

A Magical Land Where Lemons Are Green And Limes Are Lemons

August 19, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I've been learning idioms here in Colombia to seemlessly integrate myself with the locals. The challenge is using them properly in live conversation, and I'm happy to say that I did just that with one I've been dying to use for a while.

The English idiom "I need to sleep on it" translates to *"Tengo que consultarlo con la almohada."* If you translate that back to English it means, "I have to consult with the pillow." It's a great idiom.

I went to a street market to buy some lemons, which in Colombia are green like limes and share the same name. To clarify: both lemons and limes in Colombia are green, and they are both called lemons, but different *types* of lemons. Lemons are called *limon* and limes are called *limon tahiti*, suggesting that they are both members of the same family. If you ask a vendor for a *lima*, what most gringos think of as the Spanish word for lime, you won't be understood.

American lemons are larger than limes, but in Colombia the lemons are smaller and look almost exactly like American limes.

Yet there's more…

Oranges in Colombia are green, like American limes. Again, the **oranges** are **green**. They're still called *naranja*, which is Spanish for orange. What really fucks with your head is cutting open a Colombian lemon or orange to see bright yellow or orange pulp inside a green shell.

Back to the story. At the market the vendor knew I was gringo and quoted me $0.75 for two green lemons, an outrageous sum. In my plain clothing I don't understand how he pegged me for a very wealthy man.

I got him down to $0.50, then said, *"Tengo que consultarlo con la almohada"* and walked away. Score! The look on his face said, "Who the fuck is this interesting gringo?"

Down the street I found a place that sold me four lemons for $0.20. This short series of events worked out really great for me.

Or so I thought, because when I went home I actually bought limes. Now if I come across a recipe that calls for a lemon or lime, I look for another recipe.

Self-Loathing Attractive Feminists Cannot Wait To Be Unattractive

August 23, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I stumbled on a DC blog the other day called Holla Back DC. The female blogger receives submissions of girls who were hit on by guys on the street, deeming it **SEXUAL HARASSMENT**. She pins the episodes on a custom Google Map, which she hopes will serve as a public service for other women.

Let's take a closer look:

> I turned and the man started asking me if he could have my number to call me sometime. I politely explained that I am married and hoped that would be the end of it (it never is!). He then proceeded to ask me if I would go to happy hour with him and his friend. (Sounds like a really great, safe idea, right? Ugh.) Again, I politely told him that I would not jeopardize my marriage under any circumstances.

Another:

> The older man standing next to me leaned over and said, "You have two weapons on you, do you know that?" I ignore him. He says, "Your legs – those are your weapons." I look right at him and say, "I don't appreciate it when you make comments about my legs, you don't even know me." He shakes his head at me just as the light changes. As a walk down the escalator at the U Street metro I see him harass another woman.

Don't be fooled by the attention whoring of these women: they *like* getting cat called. If you read through the blog you will see many cases where the women encouraged the men by responding back and answering questions. They have an innate need of wanting to be desired by the opposite sex, but their logical brain has to account for the feminist brainwashing that is guiding their current life choices. The end result is a behavior of writing in to some retarded blog to chart "harassment," also known as human fucking nature.

Since it's rare to see hogs getting cat called, my guess is these feminists at least have a pretty face or body. Let's say the girls look something like this...

Not bad, but in short time she is going to look like this:

No amount of spray-on tanning, salon haircuts, or organic food will prevent this painful transition. Please prepare yourself for upper arms the size of papayas.

How many times do you think the girls will get cat calls in ten years? Zero. It simply will not happen. She will be invisible to the eyes of man, a non-entity, and that's when I guarantee you she will *miss* the days when stocky Latinos considered her a sexual creature.

The one thing that bothers me most is the amount of control these women hope to strangle life with. Now they want attention only when they give permission. It's not enough that men need consent to engage in hetero sexual relations, but today's feminist wants to play God in simply who gets to exchange words with them in public. If it's not in a way that she deems inappropriate, then it's an unlawful, arrestable defense. **Feminists want to make bad pick-up lines punishable by jail time.** Take a minute to imagine how it would be like to have a relationship with these types of women.

"Stop giving me those googly eyes. We're not having sex tonight!"

"Ouch stop pulling my hair. Treat me with the respect I deserve!"

"Don't peel the carrot so deeply. The skin is not that thick! You're wasting perfectly good carrot idiot!"

Holla Back girls, just be patient. Your "problem" will rectify itself, and soon enough absolutely no man will desire you except the sorry sap of a husband you've learned to dread having sex with.

Why Travel To A Country That Is Harder To Get Laid Than The U.S.?

August 25, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I got an excellent response to my American Girls Are Easy post:

> I always kind of got the impression that THE major benefit of going to places like Colombia was that they were stocked full of beautiful women (way more 8s, 9s, 10s per capita than the U.S., in other words) AND you could seriously do way better there quality-wise than you could in the states: i.e. if the best you could probably get in the U.S. (or whatever your native country is) is a 7.5-8 if you REALLY worked for it, then if you go to Colombia or Brazil or Eastern Europe, THEN the best you could get might be a 8.5-9, maybe even a 10. Do you agree?

Unfortunately no. Your quality dips when you go to countries like Colombia or Argentina. Even if you're fluent in Spanish, it will be rare you pull better than you did in the States without a lot of time and an enormous amount of effort. So why do it?

I was out with a guy from New York on Thursday at a Medellin club that has the best ladies night in the city. The first 60 girls get in free while everyone else has to pay $15 for an open bar. The point is to get there early to be greeted by tables of girls sitting alone without guys, a rare sight here as everyone goes out in mixed groups. I was talking to my friend at the main bar while warming up with the local drink (*aguaardiente*). Eventually I asked him why he's in Colombia when it's significantly harder to get laid, since as a man with game he didn't have problems back in the States. He looked at me and just shrugged his shoulders, but I understood him completely.

Sure if I think about it I can come up with valid reasons. I'm here because it's hard. Because it's different. Because if it was easy everyone else would be doing it. Because it challenges me. Because the world is a big place. Because I don't like comfort or stability. Because I'm young. Because the air tastes different. Because it's cheaper. Because I like taking risks. Because I like speaking a different language. Because I like variety. Because the alternative of living in an American city with an American girlfriend doesn't appeal to me. Because when I'm on my death bed and look back on my life, I want to see one that was well-lived full of rich experiences, not one of missed opportunity and regret.

I've been bitched incredibly hard in South America. I've never been so disrespected and so flaked on by women than I have in Colombia and Argentina. I'm talking about ego-shattering treatment that would lead to a hatred of women in weaker men. But I'm still here in Colombia, and I'm still going out and trying my hand, and all the reasons above are just things I came up with after the fact. It's a game, and I keep going until I get what I want. It's either in you or not.

If you're not willing to work harder than you ever have in your life, for returns that are far from guaranteed, then I advise you stay in the United States.

The Use Of Scripted Material (Routines)

August 27, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Here's another excerpt from Bang:

> You may have an initial resistance to using scripted material, but chances are you're using them already. If you've ever told a story more than once, you are telling a routine, a conversational piece that you know your audience will positively respond to. If you've ever repeated an opinion of yours with the same backing evidence, you've told a routine. Openers and routines come together to form a conversation that girls enjoy. You are giving them what they want: fun vibes from an interesting guy.
>
> The only problem with repeating the same thing over and over again is that you tend to go from telling to reciting—you begin to talk faster and limit eye contact while you stare off in space and speak from memory. As long as you keep your speech pace at a normal rate and maintain eye contact at all times, there is a very low probability that she will ever think you are using lines on her. And even if she does, as long as she is enjoying your company, she won't care.

There's not much more to be said about using routines as it's something that men are usually comfortable implementing into their game. The only problem I see is that men tend to use too many routines, making them come across more like a social robot instead of a natural. It's better to use only two great routines in a pick-up instead of six mediocre ones. Right now I use only one (detailed in Bang), with the rest being off-the-cuff or basic one-liners. In the book I also explain how to construct your own custom routines.

Here's a new book review that was posted on the forum recently:

> This is the only book you need on pickup. And that's all that really needs to be said. But let me elaborate.
>
> There's lots of "useful" information on game out there. But I put "useful" in scare quotes, because it's all moot if you aren't making material progress toward your goal on a daily basis. Bang is different; it points you in the right direction, gives you a map, and shoves you — hard.
>
> The book is short and to the point, clocking in at under 150 pages. You can breeze through it in an afternoon. Upon completion, you will know, without a doubt, how to approach girls, move them into your bedroom, and fuck them. The section on "The Vibe" alone justifies the eminently reasonable cost of the book.
>
> Do you need anything else? No. And the beauty of the book is that it makes that fact abundantly clear.
>
> I also like the fact that it's designed as a starting point, and not a destination. By this I mean that every other program I encountered touts mastery of the espoused methodology as the target. Bang is explicitly different. It's a

> foundation, upon which you're encouraged to build your own seductive edifice.
>
> In fact, Bang opens up by describing the concept of "gameless game," the state where you don't even realize what you're doing anymore — you're just being yourself, and that gets you laid. I can't think of a better end game; nor can I think of anything that will help you achieve that state faster than Bang. I have no greater praise than this.
>
> Downsides? Only this: I hope there's a second edition with better proof reading. There's nothing that obscures meaning, but there are enough unsightly errors of spelling and grammar to merit mention.
>
> Now if you'll excuse me, I have a lot of approaching to do.

Check out the Bang homepage to find out how to grab your copy.

On Vacation

August 31, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I'm going to the beach. I've assembled a collection of twenty posts for you to review and study while I'm gone…

1. How It Feels Like To Be A Hot Girl
2. The Movement To End Cockblocking As We Know It
3. An Argument For Only Approaching When You Have the Upper Hand
4. The Downside Of Hitting On Brazilian Girls In The U.S.
5. Gimmick To Pick Up Without Doing Any Work
6. A Short Story Of Getting Played By A Feminist
7. Ideal Age Range For Dating American Women
8. The Secret To Getting Laid
9. The Dark Side Of Game
10. Three Reasons Why Most Guys Don't See Game Progress
11. Why Understanding Women Will Hurt Your Chances At Getting Laid
12. The Do-Or-Die Importance Of Kissing A Girl On The First Date
13. The Best Way To Walk Away From A Bad Approach
14. How Talking About Her To A Guy Friend Reduces The Change You'll Bang
15. The 'Less Is More' Technique To Kissing Girls
16. Things To Know When Banging Girls Who Don't Speak Your Language
17. Differences Between Needy Girls And Confident Girls
18. The Fine Balance Between Compliment And Insults
19. How To Pick Up An Ethiopian Girl
20. The Fact That Game Won't Always Work

See you in a week.

A Closer Look At The Damaged Brains Of American Women

September 7, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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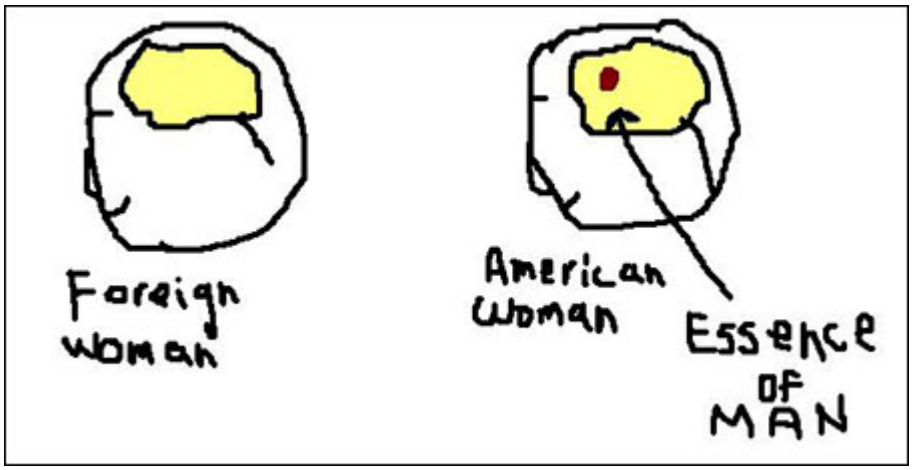
There has to be something to explain why American women are so much more undatable compared to their foreign counterparts. As you may have heard, American women are great for meaningless sex, but horrible for long-term relationships. To live out your days with a woman who attends to your most primal of needs, it would be foolhardly to land an American girl.

American women get their unique behavior from culture. This includes televison, higher education, corporate wage slavery, and the trappings of consumerism. Our culture teaches women that they are equal to men and can achieve anything that men can achieve. I'm not going to argue whether this is true or not (it's not), but what must logically follow? That women **become** like men. Here is the consequence:



You will see that the American woman has aquired what I call the Essence Of Man. Her neverending quest for equality has indeed worked, for a part of a man's brain has sprouted inside their own. Understand: American women are hermaphroditic when it comes to their behavior, personality, and attitude. When you date an American woman, you are dating a part-man and *not* a true woman. For that you actually need to go abroad.

The American culture, unfortunately, is in the process of exporting (i.e. polluting) other nations. It's just a matter of time until the Brazilian girl, for example, is corrupted with similar thoughts of equality and masculinity. Already in some of their brains, especially upper class Brazilian girls, you may have an Essence Of Man speck—just a little area of degeneration that flares up every now and then like a stubborn cyst, but nothing that warrants emergency attention. The American woman is infected with an uncurable metastatic cancer. The doctor can only offer palliative care.

When a man leans over to the feminine side, as we saw with the somewhat recent metrosexual trend, his sexuality is rightfully questioned. But when a woman leans over the masculine side, she's praised as independent, ambitious, and strong—a go-getter

who successfully “made” it. Every now you’ll find a man who wants those latter qualities in a woman, and it’s because something perverse has happened: the American culture has masculized the woman and feminized the man. It has caused the man to seek out qualities that for millenia were exclusively desired by females. Within his brain is the Essence Of Woman.

The Best Motivator That Gets You Approaching Girls

September 9, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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

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

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

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

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

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

P.S. If you liked this post then I think you will like my book Bang, a collection of simple but powerful techniques, moves, and lines that make it easier for the average 20-something man to be more successful with women. Topics in Bang include discussion of the alpha male, effective opening lines, conversation themes, getting phone numbers, detailed dating strategy, and much more.

Complimenting the book is my Game Tips Newsletter. It's free and your first newsletter will be about how to meet girls in coffee shops. Following that will be newsletters on dealing with flakes, handling cockblockers, and meeting girls in foreign countries, among others. Your email address will always remain private and you can unsubscribe at any time. To subscribe put your first name and email address below and click the button.

Next Week Is Launch Week

September 10, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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My second book will be released next week. I'm going to introduce you to the book and share excerpts, a couple reviews, and also some behind-the-scenes information on what it was like to write it. The fun starts on Monday.

Tomorrow

September 13, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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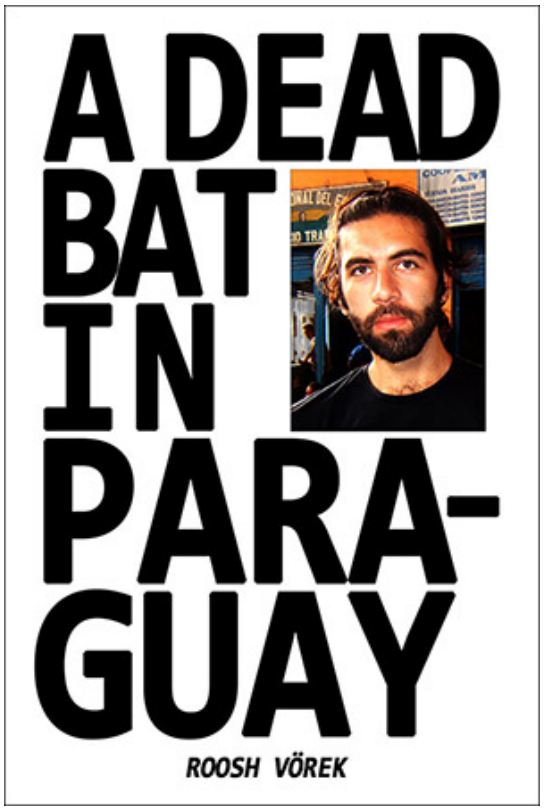
Here's the cover. It goes on sale tomorrow morning.



You'll notice that I settled on a pen name that won't require a domain change. It's derived from the name of a flaky Turkish pastry that my mom makes. Originally it was an inside joke with my sister but it stuck, and a lot of people in Colombia know me as Roosh Vörek. It's just easier this way.

When addressing me in writing please don't forget the dots over the "o" (keyboard code ALT + 0246).

A Dead Bat In Paraguay

September 14, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Twenty-seven months after I published Bang, I present to you A Dead Bat In Paraguay, a 262-page memoir of my six-month adventure through South America. Here's the book's website:

http://www.adeadbatinparaguay.com

It has two sections. The first is a brief synopsis with an overview video, and the second offers full details of the book, including its contents and my motivations for taking the trip. I'll paste the first section here...

Two-Minute Video Overview

Synopsis

> **A Dead Bat In Paraguay** is the true story of when I decided that the best way to deal with my existential crisis was to sell my possessions, quit my professional career as a scientist, and hop on a one-way flight to Quito, Ecuador in order to visit every country in South America. I sincerely believed the trip would put me on a track towards a more fulfilling life of excitement, intrigue, and exotic women, away from my soulless corporate job in a Washington D.C. suburb.
> Instead, I humorously fall from one country to the next, striking out repeatedly with the local women, getting robbed, having dreams that became reality, self-diagnosing myself with a host of diseases, and suffering repeated bouts of stomach illness that made marathon bus rides superhuman feats of bodily strength.
> Along the journey I chronicle the friendships, the women, and the struggles, including one fateful night in Paraguay that I thought would lead to my end.

Click here if you're ready to order your copy, or visit the A Dead Bat In Paraguay website for more details about the book. If after reading the the book's website you're not sure if it's for you, hang tight this week for excerpts and reviews.

A Dead Bat In Paraguay: Sample Pages

September 15, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

It's a little tricky picking which excerpts to show you because I didn't want to pick a part that was especially good or gave away important plot details. In other words I didn't want to put the best jokes of the movie in the trailer.

I settled on three excerpts that I think represents the book pretty well.

The first details a tour I took in **Potosi, Bolivia** of a mine that the city depends on for its existence. I describe how the miners basically stuck to colonial techniques for extracting minerals in godawful conditions, shortening their life spans in the process. It gave me a different perspective on how reasonable my thoughts were when I quit my job a few months prior.

The second excerpt takes place in **Salta, Argentina**, a place that I made a big push to get with an Argentine girl. I describe a bit of my strategy on getting with a local woman and how it wasn't quite working. I was becoming increasingly frustrated, and it showed.

The third excerpt takes place in **Asunción, Paraguay** and highlights my deteriorating mental state. I had recurring fantasies of getting maimed and becoming seriously ill. I couldn't wait to leave for Brazil, but then something bad happened.

You can read all three excerpts here. Also if you go to the Amazon listing of the book, you can read the first few pages where I start the book off in the United States while working as a cubicle slave. Or you can click "Surprise Me!" and get a random page from the book.

A Dead Bat In Paraguay: Two Reviews

September 16, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Here are the first two reviews. There's a queue of more reviews to share, and I will get to those in the upcoming weeks.

The first review is from Craig via email. He writes:

> Roosh,
>
> Just got finished with the book, and I've got to tell ya, I found myself laughing out loud at over a dozen times during the story. You did a great job summarizing your six-month (South American ordeal) with enough detail and conversational fragments to keep the pace moving along, but without the sensation of losing too much depth.
>
> Without a doubt, I've never read something that made me want to go and take a shit right then and there, just to nod in approval of its firmness.
>
> I'm very pleased to see this sentence in the book–so much so that I made a note to myself tell you as much: "If travelers are more independent than the average person then they must also be the least empathetic."
>
> Spot on.
>
> At some point I decided I liked that idea (remembering good lines, that is), and made a small collection of my favorites, most of which certainly made me chuckle out loud:
>
> *Six spoiler quotes removed!*
>
> It's wonderful to see a story that isn't all happy and rose-colored — certainly more realistic (and more in line with what people should actually be reading before traveling to keep their expectations in check).
>
> It's impressive that, despite all the anguish, you've managed to once again find yourself in South America. I'm assuming the investment in the language certainly played a part in that thought process. I certainly hope you're eating some natural yogurt this time around, to keep the good bacteria counts in your belly topped off (to keep the bad stuff at bay). A small, regular serving of sugarless yogurt is the cornerstone for good health abroad…
>
> *Digestive advice*

> Thanks again for the fun read.

In February I put up a three-part interview with Craig where he shared a lot of his travel tips.

The second review is from Alpha Dominance:

> In addition to the knowledge Roosh shares, the story itself is well written and entertaining. It highlights the experience of South American travel, from the hardships of food-born illness, the hardships and hazards of traveling thousands of miles by rickety bus to the camaraderie of hostel living and the difficulty of getting a genuine cultural experience off the beaten path of the lonely planet travel guide. It's an enthralling read but an accessible one, not requiring a doctorate in literature to enjoy.
>
> I recommend checking out "A Dead Bat in Paraguay," you won't be disappointed.

You can read his entire post here.

Visit the A Dead Bat In Paraguay homepage to get your copy.

A Dead Bat In Paraguay: Behind The Scenes

September 17, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Alright so this week I published my new book and shared sample pages and reviews. Let's close it all out with a behind-the-scenes breather…

- One thing I didn't want to do was take years to write this book. So I avoided real work and moved into my Dad's basement where I wouldn't have to worry about things like cleaning my bathroom and cooking. All I did was write, shit, and game.

- I couldn't write the book inside my Dad's home because he had internet (i.e. constant porn access), so most of it was written in the Starbucks next to a Leisure World, a place where old people get ready to die. I had my choice of many older ladies and I could have racked up a lot of notches, but I focused on the book instead. For you!

- I tried to keep track of how many hours it took me to write this. My estimate is a little over 500 hours. I shouldn't have told you this because if you don't like the book you'll think, "Haha he wasted 500 hours of his life on this!"

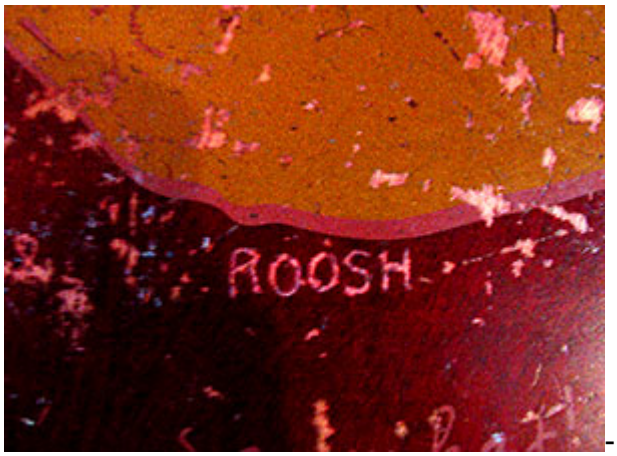
- What's great about books is that for a short amount of time you experience a sort of mind meld with the author. Reading about someone's experiences is like a shortcut to experiencing them yourself. And then there's experiences like mine which you may hope not to experience yourself.

- Sure I wrote this book to entertain and educate, but the real reason is for the fame. The irony about becoming world famous by writing about trying to get laid is that girls recognize me and I no longer have to try to get laid. Giddy!

- I've held proof copies of the book, but not the final copy since I'm still here in Colombia. You'll hold my book before I do. This has to be the first time in the history of the world

that someone has sold copies of his book without caressing it first.

- The plan was to finish the book in my Dad's basement, but 14 months there I still had no book. I decided to move out before I turn the age of 30 so people don't start calling me a loser. It took 4 more months in Colombia to get it done. I was so scared of getting my laptop jacked in Colombia and being set back that I never took it outside my house until I was completely done.



- At the very end of the book's homepage you'll see an option to download the RTF format which is friendly to iPhones. So far I've sold more of those than Kindle copies. The iPhone is the future of ebooks?

- If you want an autographed copy then hang on for bit. I'll be back in D.C. some time in 2010. I'm returning to Brazil in five weeks for an indeterminable amount of time.

- One sneaky person snagged a copy of the book last week from Amazon. He or she is the first person to purchase the book. Someone else bought it on Sunday. It was actually available for sale on Amazon for about a month if you searched for "Roosh" or the book's title.

I want to thank everyone who bought my book so far. If it wasn't for your support with my first book Bang then there would be no A Dead Bat In Paraguay. If you haven't already, check out the book's website to learn more about it before grabbing your paperback or eBook copy.

Of course I'm going to plug this book like a mother the next few months, but starting Monday we're returning back to normal posts.

POSTSCRIPT: Before I forget I wanted to thank my design guy Dan for doing the book's homepage and also for modifying the main image at the top of this page. Check out his work.

The 9 Immutable Laws of Pick-Up

September 20, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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

I mentioned this before in Be That Guy

> I was trying to bang this girl and she was being very flakey and taking forever to get back to me. I asked my friend what I should do about it and we proceeded to go over my options after I told him everything that had transpired so far.
>
> At the end I thought, "Is she doing this with her friends right now? Is she asking her friend how to get with me? Is she asking her friend how to get me to stop flaking?"
>
> Of course not.

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

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

Play the game with what you have learned from the past. Don't be a pussy and give blow-by-blow details to your buddy hoping it will somehow help you.

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

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

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

For example, say I met an 8 in a popular nightclub. She has suitors all around her and every ten minutes she glances at her cell phone to read a text message from one who is

badly trying to fuck her. She just got laid two nights ago by one of her ex's. The next day I met a 7 in a coffee shop, a talkative girl who didn't break eye contact with me in the hour that we chatted. She showed more interest. Who should I put more energy into?

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

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

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

4. The opener is the least impactful part of the pick up.

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

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

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

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

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

6. You will get flaked on until you die.

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

One solution to to the flake problem can be found in The Secret To Getting Laid:

> If you want to have sex with one girl, you must do X number of approaches, get Y numbers, go on Z dates, and so on, where Z is less than Y is less than X. A certain number of attempts equals one lay, and that number will always be greater than one, sometimes significantly so. Tell me how many fresh prospects are in your phone and where your game is at and I'll tell you how many notches you'll get in the next month.

The guys who are doing it wrong only work on one girl at a time. Since odds are that girl will flake, they will have to "start over" after each attempt, never building that crucial momentum which is important in getting laid. When I'm ready for a new notch, I go into a sort of "on" mode, approaching like crazy, getting a handful of numbers, and then working on all of them at the same time.

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

7. Pick-up difficulty is relative and depends on venue selection.

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

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

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

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

result.

Don’t worry, they’ll another be another opportunity to upgrade next time, but on this night, go ahead and get your dick wet. As a man who has lost count of how many times I skipped over the sure-thing and got nothing, trust me when I say that the other girl won’t put out. You’ll get a number at most. This partially goes against my philosophy that you should pick the girl and not let her pick you, but when guaranteed sex is at play it’s okay to put that aside.

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

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

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

Interview With Muscle & Game Master Virgle Kent

September 22, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I checked in with my buddy Virgle Kent the other week and asked him a few questions about working out and pick-up. Let's start…

So say I finally convinced a guy to sign up for a gym and he's going to go three times a week. How should he start?

> Well the first thing to do is decide on what exactly he's trying to do and what is his goal for his body. If he's fat and wants to lose weight and get toned, he'll probably want a program with lighter weights and more reps. If he's skinny and wants to gain muscle mass then the weight will be heavy but less reps. Lifting weights though is a personal science, so the more you know about your body and what it's capable of the faster you'll achieve your goals.

How about basic nutrition: what is an easy strategy that will help with muscle growth?

> Easy, for muscle growth you'll want protein plain and simple. You'll want it from your food and whey protein. Again if you know your body and what it can handle, you'll want to eat to grow. It gets complicated though when depending on the time of year and where you want your body to be in a certain time. For example, during the fall and especially in the winter I eat one way to gain mass and size. During the spring and summer I eat another way to cut up. But let's keep it simple: high protein.

I weightlifted for years in addition to intense cardio but never got big. Here in Colombia I weightlifted without cardio for two months and got bigger than I've ever been. How do you feel about cardio exercises with weightlifting?

> Cardio is a very tricky thing. If you're a big fat fatty naturally then you'll need to do a lot more of it and weight lift to get muscle definition and especially if you ever want to see your abs. But guys like you and I who are naturally skinny and have low body fat at our age, TOO MUCH cardio is the enemy. You start doing too much or running for long distances then that will hinder how much muscle you can build. I really never do cardio, never even ran and was huge. But honestly there's no way to escape doing cardio. I got away with not doing it in my early 20's but as I get closer to 30, I do it lightly. To get ready for Vegas I only jogged on the treadmill 2 to 3 times a week for 10 minutes. I also would change it up with running incline for 5 of those ten minutes. Cardio is needed.

What are some common mistakes you see guys making in the gym?

> Ha, doing some gay ass John Basedow work out they read in Men's Health, where they try to balance on one foot on a ball while dumbbell curling with one hand and doing an overhead tricep extension with the other. The exercise doesn't do anything but make the guy look stupid. But the more serious mistake is not asking for help on how to correctly do an exercise. Incorrect form on any exercise is a total waste of time of that exercise.

How do girls react to men with large muscles? How do you avoid being seen as a typical huge guy with muscles?

> For the most part I think the girls are cool with it but I also understand that the girls are typically already into guys with muscles. But I find it cute when they find a reason to touch me or feel me up. Sometimes they straight grope and don't even try to hide the fact. I don't think if a girl has a conversation with me they can peg me as a meathead. This is DC so as soon as I tell them about my nerdy job working with numbers and spreadsheets in finance it's kinda of hard to peg me as a meathead. Once I get into my love of Woody Allen movies its a wrap I'm not your typical meathead. I also joke around that I do a lot of Yoga and Pilates and move away from talk of the gym. Basically I try to play up my nerd side.

If a guy takes your advice and gets big, is there anything new he needs to keep in mind when gaming a girl than when he was weak and flaccid?

> Yeah, don't act like a meathead. Don't talk about your workouts and even going to the gym. Be polite and a little sensitive. It's easy and tempting to slip into cave man mode (I've done it from time to time) and get all "Me Tarzan, you Jane" on them. Over the years I've found that being big yet open, approachable and civilized works well with women. You want them to feel like you can protect and take care of them physically but you have a few things to offer them on the emotional side. Be as well rounded as you can be.

How would you describe your overall pick-up style? Does it change depending on city or environment?

> My overall pick up style is probably Humor and Comfort. I want the girl to make her laugh, make her feel comfortable as if we've known each other for years. I don't want it to feel like a pick up. I try my best to disarm and charm. A girl will more likely let you put your penis inside her if she feels comfortable about it (of course this isn't always 100% trust me).
>
> As far as city goes, we're in DC it's like marathon training in Colorado or when Goku trains on King Kai's small planet with 100x Earth's gravity. It's harder, the women are ice cold. This city will force you to develop your game mentally or sink. As much as I hate it, I owe my success with women to it because it has made me a better at game. When I go to other cities or environments my game stays the exact same but the response is ten times as strong.

You have the ability to come up with interesting on-the-fly openers that work. Care to share your strategy for doing so?

> It's simply based on environmental observation. I read somewhere that a real ninja can find 10 things in a room to kill you with. I think a guy should be quick and smart enough to find ten things in a room he can talk to a woman about. I think some people make openers way too complicated, just keep it simple and remember that an opener is a reason to have a conversation. When all else fails just make fun of another less attractive girls outfit (just make sure it's not her friend or sister).

We talked about mistakes that guys do in the gym. But how about in the bar? What do they do which kills their chances of getting with girls?

> Reading The Game or Pick Up Blogs and taking it to literally. Picking up is a state of mind it's not so much what you say but how you say it. Guys hear Peacocking and go out and buy huge gold male sign necklaces, shave a mohawk on their heads, get tear drop tattoos on their face then wonder why no girls in DC will talk to them. They could have simply put a pink pocket square in a blue blazer and gotten the result they were looking for. This is not something you can learn from a book, in a seminar or in one year.
>
> Another thing is how they carry themselves in a room or in the company of women. Mistakes like not making eye contact, hands in pockets, and standing at the back of a crowded bar or away from the dance floor, even when they're out to pick up girls.

How do you feel about mud turtles?

> God bless em. Some nights you're feeling lazy, you've had a long day and your really don't want to work for it, you just need a turtle. They know how to make a

> man feel great because they really appreciate the smallest attention you give them. Just try not to go on a Turtle bender… no more than two turtles in a row, then cut yourself off and go for the regulars.

How much longer do you think you'll be doing this? Do you see an end game in the near future?

> Real talk Roosh, I want out so bad I can taste it. This life is all I've known since one year out of college. It scares me that each year I get a little bit better at it, this nomadic life, being selfish. You learn to become an actor to force a fake connection with a girl. But if you do this long enough it's becomes harder and harder to tell yourself or know when you're not faking it, so what happens when you meet a girl you really like how do you turn this off? If you're good at being a certain type of man how easy will it be to fail when you try to be a different man.
>
> There will be times when you go on hot streaks and hook up with so many women and feel good for a short while. In a couple of months you won't even remember their name or the hook up whatsoever. It makes you question what's the point. But this is a prison of our own creation. We all came in of our own free will. At some point each of us decided that we wanted to know how to be good with women. I wonder if we would have made that same choice if it we knew it meant the loss of emotional connection.
>
> To answer your question though I hope the game ends soon for me but the chances are very slim.

Thanks VK. Read more about his thoughts on game and life over at his blog VK's Empire Of Dirt.

“The Book Is Fearless”

September 23, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I got two more reviews of my new book A Dead Bat In Paraguay to share. The first is via email…

> First and foremost: The honesty of the book shines through very brightly. The book is fearless. Embarrassment, shame, humiliation, rejection, self-doubt (and not the cool, hip kind you’d see on TV, but the kind that’s like a thorn in your confidence): It’s all there, not gussied up in the slightest. I don’t think I’d have the courage to write this book.
>
> Because of that, the book is actually inspiring. Not stare-up-at-the-stars inspiring, or dramatic-comeback inspiring – those are just masturbation. Your acceptance of the kind of pains that can erode a person’s moxy until he is tiny and petty, and your persistence through that pain with an eh-fuck-it attitude, comes off as more genuinely masculine than anything I’ve seen or read in a very long time. It reminded me of Luke in “Cool Hand Luke.” I actually wanted to go get rejected all night at a bar after reading this, just to think afterwards, “I’m as tough as Roosh.”
>
> That’s mixed in with a lot of humorous and insightful commentary.
>
> If I had to complain, I would say the prose comes off as too simple sometimes, and the frankness of the book occasionally undercuts the storytelling. I know that contradicts what I said earlier, but I guess what I mean is this: In reality, sometimes the hero slips and falls in the shower and so the villlain wins, or vice versa. When you find out that’s what happens, you think, “Well, shit, that was anti-climactic,” but afterwards it will stay with you longer because it’s more relevant to your life than a shoot-out in an abandoned factory in bullet-time. That’s like your book.
>
> Also, the price was right.

The second review is from Brooklyn Boy…

> Admit it. You want to travel. See the world. See the sights. See everything you’ve never gotten the chance to. It will change you. That *Eat, Pray, Love* book has become a phenomenon … or so you hear. It worked for her, it can work for you. That’s how these things go.

> Except it isn’t. There are parasites and half-day bus rides and no part of your path that feels uninfluenced by Lonely Planet. The native girls challenge your once-bulletproof advances and the backpackers that don’t seem every bit as vapid as the stateside ones who bored you. You will get robbed. And you will return to a hometown that seems locked in step with six-month old footprints.

You can read his entire post here.

There were two reviews from last week and you can also check out a couple quick comments about the book on the forum. Order the book here or learn more about it.

Do Not Help A Girl Out With Her Problems If You Want To Fuck Her

September 24, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I witnessed a frightful scene recently. At the university cafeteria there was a gorgeous girl with tears in her eyes talking to her guy friend. She was apparently exasperated over something, repeating "*Es complicado!*" many times. In response to her problem, the guy gently rubbed on her back and shoulders with a smirk that said, "Yes I finally get to touch her!" He pulled her in close one moment and gave her a lingering kiss on the top of her head. His tender embraces nearly brought a tear to my eye.

Understand: The only time it's acceptable to talk to a girl who's crying is if you're the source of her tears.

Otherwise you're asking for permission to be removed from the pool of potential suitors who get to fuck her. I mentioned this previously in my dark side post, and my mind hasn't changed one bit. If you want to fuck a girl, do not help her out with any of her problems. I would even hesitate to give her trivial aid such as driving directions ("Have you heard of this thing called Google Maps?"). The only acceptable responses when a girl asks for help is "That sucks," or "I don't know… hey can you put this in the trash?"

If you do eventually have sex with a girl you helped then realize that you're getting the boring, provider sex while guys like me are beating that pussy up to its biological limit.

Flashback: Womanly Advice & Russian Girls

September 26, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I want to start a new "feature" where I reach around back into the archives and pull out posts that are both interesting or useful today. It's time to dust off some of the gold I've written in the past.

The first post is Womanly Advice. I offer reasons why you should never listen to a woman when it comes to getting laid.

> When you ask a woman for advice, she doesn't tell you what works in a world based on reality; instead, she tells you what would work in a perfect, harmonius world where attention is free and plentiful, where no one hurts each other and no one plays any games. She tells you what would work if no one got punished for expressing feelings and interest. She tells you advice that always seems to work in television and movies where the beta always gets the beautiful girl. (Not suprisingly, most mainstream movies are written by beta white guys.)

In the other post I lament about my failure to bed Russian Girls..

> My Russian roommate, an expert on matters such as this, says the cold attitude of these non-Americanized Russians is not so much snobbiness as it is insecurity, "They are intimidated by Americans and don't feel confident when having to talk in English." It has to be cultural because I've spoken to many other girls where there was a language barrier and I didn't get this feeling that hacking away at permafrost in Siberia would be more interesting.

Roissy was the most helpful with sharing tips in comments 23 and 32.

Brief Introduction To Buddhism

September 27, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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In Spring of 2009 I picked up What The Buddha Taught by Walpola Rahula and after reading each chapter I went on the internet for more explanation on concepts mentioned in the book. I took notes on everything so that I could consult with them later, as the beliefs espoused by Buddhism matched very closely to my own.

Here is a sampling of the topics I took notes on:

- The Four Noble Truths
- The Five Aggregates
- The Noble Eightfold Path
- Anatta (Concept of No Soul)
- Meditation
- Five Hindrances to Clear Understanding
- Seven Factors Of Enlightenment

Download my notes in a PDF file (the nested lists would take forever to format for the blog). I reread them myself every month.

The Two Things That Tight Game Comes Down To

September 28, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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

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

1. Being interesting

2. Being cool

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

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

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

If you are interesting and cool then you're a man who has a quality woman or fucks a lot of girls. If you're only interesting than you're the stereotypical shlub who lands a homely Peace Corp girl with that go-getter attitude ("Must get a graduate degree before we have Connor!"). If you're only cool then you'll get trashy skanks or club rats (not necessarily a bad thing).

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

Should You Marry The Conservative Girl Or The Whore?

September 29, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I received a very interesting email from a man who has done both. Let's take a look:

> I wanted to write you a note because you posted a blog about being with a whore or being with a conservative woman.
>
> I know from experience with both that whores are the best. I was married to a conservative woman for four years. I was much like you. I went with a ton of whores who would sleep with me in the first hour of a date. Sometimes we would not even get out of the house for the date we had planned because I had her clothes off already.
>
> I thought to myself, this is not the type of girl to marry. I ended up marrying a very conservative girl. She would do most anything for me and was as sweet as can be. Trouble is I wanted sex all the time and that was something she needed all the planets aligned properly before she could have it. It was ridiculous! We started off having sex a few times a week and I thought, okay I can live with this. Then as we got into our daily routine she got very uptight.If I forgot to take the garbage out she would be saying "I am not in the mood. We need to clean the house. I need you to be more sensitive…" etc, etc, etc. Eventually we went from 3 or 4 times a week to once a week and then once a month and then we went as long as six months. Can you believe that? I cannot even imagine it. I wanted to see what would happen if I did not initiate it. I don't think she even noticed.
>
> Well, rest assured that relationship ended and sixteen years ago I decided to marry a whore. And, I might add I married one of the biggest whores I could find. My relationship with her is awesome. I swear to you I could call her and tell her to come to my office and blow me and she will without hesitation. We have sex six or seven times a week and often it is her initiating it. She will even and has on occasion been with other men at my request. Yes, this sounds bizarre but after years of begging for it and feeling like it was a reward for good deeds I went a bit crazy but I am glad I did. She literally does what I tell her to do and who I tell her to do.
>
> She would NEVER cheat on me if I preferred it that way but when I tell her to take care of a guy or two or three or actually up to four one time, she will do it without hesitation.
>
> I swear this is true and I can prove it to you. I actually look at my decision to marry her as the single best decision in my life. We have four kids ages 12 to 8 and she is an unbelievable mother. Our kids are very well adjusted. One is gifted and talented. Others are great at sports, dance, etc.

> That is it. I say go for the whore.

It could be that he's only had experience with two extremes, but he paints a picture of one extreme as being far better than the other.

I know what some of you thought when you read this line: "She would NEVER cheat on me." You thought, "Whatever, she's cheating on him."

Let me pose three scenarios and you take a pick of which you prefer.

1. You marry a conservative girl and within a couple years you get mediocre sex once every two weeks.

2. You marry a whore and she fucks the hell out of you whenever you want but she cheats on you behind your back. You never find out about it or even suspect anything.

3. You marry a whore and she fucks the hell out of you whenever you want but you *know* she cheats on you.

Which is the worst option? Option one of course. If you're an alpha who marries the whore, I have no doubt that neither two or three will come to fruition and she will be faithful to your cock as long as it can satisfy her.

I know if I ever get married it will be with a dirty girl (foreign of course). Assuming that sex goes down by at least 50% a couple years after marriage, I need to marry a girl who has a deviant sexual appetite. If you marry a girl who barely meets your sexual needs before marriage, guess what's going to happen after you marry her.

Four Places To Practice Your Spanish In Medellin

September 30, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I recently wrote a tongue-in-cheek guest post for Medellin Living, a blog run by a guy named Dave who I met here in Colombia. Here's an excerpt:

> 3. There's casas and there's *casas*. I'm talking about the places where older gentleman callers visit for 30 or 60 minute intervals. Many gringos I've spoken to, especially American gringos, have told me that frequenting these casas is great for their Spanish, and is much more economical and fun than paying for a 38-hour block of lessons from EAFIT. This is a great option if you don't mind that your language study to come with a slight risk of the clap.

EAFIT is a popular university where many gringos study Spanish. I like to think the post is funnier if you've been to Medellin.

Dave also wrote a review of my new book on his other blog, Go Backpacking.

> Ultimately, A Dead Bat In Paraguay is not your typical travel memoir, and that's exactly why I enjoyed it. Roosh's book should appeal to all backpackers, though I have a hunch young men will appreciate it more. For the lady travelers, if you're curious to gain some insight into the inner workings of the male backpacker's mind against the backdrop of discovering foreign lands, you'll want to check it out too.

Time is ticking for me here in Medellin as I have to leave the country by October 22. You can only stay in Colombia for six months a year on a tourist visa.

Flashback: Why Mediocre Women Desire Hot Men

October 3, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A while ago I wrote a post about the desire of average-looking girls to score a “hot” guy with disregard to his personality prowess, something that I believed was a newer phenomenon.

> Men have a shallow gene that has been passed on for generations, making looks far more important than any other quality a woman can possess. The best advice I can give a mediocre woman is to go to the gym and do some squats to plump up that ass, because personality is a guy’s number two trait at best. So when a guy says he wants a hot girl, that’s just evolution talking. But when a girl says she wants a hot guy, it is a guarantee that she is mediocre looking.

I also mention that hot girls generally don’t value looks as much as many probably think. It’s another reason why if your game is tight you should start your nights (or days) at the top instead of going for 6’s and 7’s.

Ode To The Game

October 4, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

There is no bigger rush I can experience as a man than going up to a girl I don't know. I've done it for years, probably hundreds of times, and my heart still races and I still get that thrill.

Stand-up comedy is just a man and his mircophone, but in pickup not only do you not have a microphone, but you don't even have the attention of an audience that is willing to give you the benefit of the doubt. If you think getting heckled on an elevated stage is bad, you've never experienced the harsh demeanor of a single woman with disposable income.

There is nothing else I know that is more powerful than walking up to a stranger, without prior introduction or even eye-contact, and merely talking to her until she comes to decision that she wants to be penetrated by you, created from absolutely nothing but your willingness to take a social risk. There are two kinds of men in the world: those that approach women and those that don't, those whose desire motivates them to take action and those who wait and pray for miracles.

The art of pickup is the most purest art a man can study, and I'm increasingly finding it hard to respect men who don't pursue it.

Thoughts On Goal Setting

October 5, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The attainment of a large goal leads to a burst of happiness, followed by an unhappy void where you ask “What do I do next?” It’s the **work**, in the form of your creativity, energy, planning, meditation, and problem-solving that fulfills you and takes your focus off suffering. Avoid poisonous existentialist thoughts by keeping yourself busy with goals or projects, one after the other, until your time on Earth ends.

Unworthy goals strive for material attainment, which offer little in terms of lasting happiness or experiences worth remembering. Money is not a worthy goal unless some type of personal growth comes with it. Make just enough money to fulfill your worthy goals, and not a dollar more. While money can provide important things like health care and suitable shelter, it cannot fill your emptiness.

Worthy goals have consequences that lead to more happiness. For example, studying a language. I study Spanish two hours a day (and recently Portuguese as well) in a foreign country, meeting people of a different culture, exercising my brain, thinking and practicing with my senses while exploring a new land. New projects and rich experiences result from that. Worthy goals yield fulfilling lifestyles. Not everything you do should have a financial payoff.

Old aches will be replaced by new aches. You will always ache for something, but it’s important to ask yourself if it really is worth going for.

Why I (No Longer) Do Any Illegal Drugs In South America

October 6, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

When you buy drugs here, you directly bankroll thugs with guns. You support the gangs in the *favelas* and *barrios* that kill each along with the occasional bystander who was in the wrong place at the wrong time. I doubt you like living near thugs with guns, but thanks to your business you help create that reality for the poor who are just trying to survive. The reality is that drugs are not grown and processed in some happy and peaceful hippy commune.

Many gringos care immensely about how their meat or vegetable produce is grown, but don't care about where their cocaine comes from. I don't have any moral objection to drugs, but because today it's a business that results in death and destruction for innocent people, I refuse to use.

It’s Time You Reconsider The Idea Of Retirement

October 8, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Unfortunately I don’t think you’re going to be able to stop working when you’re 60-years-old and then off the fat of the land until you die. Please consider the following questions:

Will the dollar be seriously devalued in our lifetimes?

Will Social Security and Medicare survive?

Will the cost of health care continue to go up?

Will wages keep up with inflation?

Will corporations continue to outsource middle-class service jobs to other nations?

Will the stock market provide suitable returns to your 401k?

Will the government increase taxes to make up for their haphazard spending?

And most importantly…

Will you survive to the age of retirement?

What are you going to do when (and not if), the social netting holding our parents hand into retirement falls apart? Hell, even they are going to have a harder time retiring.

That said, here is a reasonable retirement plan:

1. Save $10,000 a year.

2. Put into CD’s, gold, and a basket of foreign currencies, and nothing into the stock market casino. Forget about hefty returns and focus more on retaining what you have earned. People go to great lengths to shop around and get a good deal on a laptop or digital camera but don’t mind “investing” thousands of dollars into companies and funds they know little about

3. Get a reitirement visa at age 60 to a country that has low cost and reasonable health care, like Ecuador, Colombia, or Argentina. Countries in Southeast Asia would also be suitable.

4. Die.

If you save $10,000 a year for 30 years during your prime earning years (30-60 years old), you’ll have $300,000. Assuming it holds its value in today’s dollars (ha!) or you invested wisely, you can live comfortable in a place like Cuenca, Ecuador for 25 years at a cost of $1,000 a month. That money would last you until you’re 85, without having to depend on your incompetent government.

My Youngest Day Game Student Ever

October 12, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

One of my most interesting day game workshops took place this past weekend. My student was Jessica's kid Jack.

I was a little surprised when Jessica asked me to teach her kid day game. I told her I thought he was a little young, but she was insistent on giving him a head start and I'm not one to turn down money being thrown at me. She volunteered to pay my round-trip ticket from Colombia and also threw in a little bonus in case Jack went potty on himself during the workshop. He's almost a year old.

The workshop started in the coffee shop with three hours of lecture material. It's there that I felt that Jack wasn't really comprehending my teachings. He couldn't stay focused and sobbed loudly through much of the session, drawing dirty looks from many patrons who probably assumed I was his father. He definitely went potty on himself and with the help of Starbucks personnel I got him cleaned up and ready for the hands-on session where he would chat with girls.

I asked him multiple times if he was ready for the approaches, but he would just give me blank stares while smashing his Spongebob Squarepants toy on the table. I took that for a yes.

He wasn't exhibiting any approach anxiety (suggesting a possible natural ability), and opened an extremely attractive young 20-something girl next to our table. He completely blew the line I taught him, instead mouthing off gibberish that even I couldn't understand, but unbelievably it worked and she turned her body completely to face him with a giant smile. She complimented his appearance and touched him immediately and incessantly, something that has never happened to me in coffee shops. For taking absolutely no notes during the lecture portion (instead he gnawed on the pen I lent him), his first approach was proceeding quite splendidly.

The girl tried to lift him up for some reason and that's when we both noticed that he went potty on himself again. I figured the approach was over and we'd have to leave, but she cleaned him up with some moist toilettes left over from the last time he went potty and resumed playing with him. I was in total disbelief that his technique was working, and started furiously taking notes on what I was observing. The girl eventually gave me her number, telling me to call the next time Jack wanted to play. Weird thing is Jack never asked for her number, and it's here that I suspected Jack was using an inner game technique.

Jack and I then went to the Urban Outfitters. He started to wreck many of the display cases and the staff wasn't all too pleased with my sheepish apologies. I distanced myself and let him crawl amok while I pretended to shop for extra skinny jeans. Out the corner of my eye I saw three beautiful girls rush to his side from nowhere and say, "What are you doing little guy?!" There were encircling him, all on their knees, asking Jack questions like

what's his name and how old he was. The girls definitely were interested but Jack was more into his beloved Spongebob, now heavy with drool. They gave up after trying hard for five minutes, possibly more. I started to doubt Jack was completely truthful earlier when he remained silent after I asked him if he had any prior pick up experience.

We left Urban Outfitters and went to McDonalds. He didn't eat much (half his French Fries ended up on the floor), but he killed his Coca-Cola. The sugar and caffeine energized him for our next venue, the street, which any guy knows is the hardest place to pick up.

Here's where it gets a little weird: Jack didn't have to do the approaches himself—the girls approached him outright. Not only that but they lavished him with compliments on his physical appearance, saying he was "cute," "adorable," and a "handsome little man." I was flabbergasted as neither myself or my previous students have ever been approached on the street like that. Even when he wasn't being approached, the amount of eye contact he got was more than I received in the past week. Jack didn't seem to be too interested in the girls though and declined to close any of the them. I started to feel a bit insecure that I was being somewhat upstaged by someone who *supposedly* had no prior field experience.

The effect of the carbonated beverage was wearing off so I figured we only had time for one more venue—the bookstore. Once inside he immediately went off to the children's section and grabbed *Goodnight Moon*. I advised him that it's better to put down the baby book and grab an interesting one that he can use as a prop for conversation, such as *The Omnivore's Dilemma* or *Eat, Pray, Love*. He yelled at the top of his lungs, which I took as a no, and rampaged through the store while crumpling the book's pages. I had to assure the staff that I'd purchase the now-destroyed book, which I would later bill to Jessica.

During the rampage we both took notice of a gorgeous Eastern European girl, presumably on vacation (she had a plastic bag from one of the Smithsonian museums—Air and Space if I remember correctly). I was ready to throw Jack under the bus to game her myself, but she slid up next to him before I could make a move and asked him, "What book do you got there?"

Jack showed her his work of destruction and the girl, who turns out was from Poland, was

so enamored that she started reading from the ruined pages. Then suddenly I was hit with a most offensive wall of fecal odor. The Polish girl stopped reading (she was at the page where the cow crashes through the window), and said, “Someone went doo-doo in his pants!” Apparently Jack took a massive dump.

I’ll be honest: I felt a little pleased at his accident because I was tired of his nonstop success, but then without warning the Polish girl embraced him and then carried him to the bathroom to clean his bottom. They came back and were laughing hard, and I can swear they were making fun of me but exactly how I do not know. Then the Polish girl looked at me said, “Here’s my number. Call me if you need help with your handsome little man.”

“Oh I don’t think I’ll need help,” I said. “But if want to grab a drink tomorrow night we can….”

“Uhhh I don’t know. But if you have Jack around then I’ll come.”

Yeah that stung a bit.

The Polish girl left and I tried to give Jack closing remarks on a table in the cafe, but he just drooled all over the material while putting two pennies in his mouth that he found on the floor. I called Jessica and she came to pick him up not long after, thanking me for my service.

I sat alone in the bookstore coffee shop for a while staring at an Ernest Hemingway poster that was up on the wall, trying to piece together exactly what happened and why the past seven years of my life studying game was challenged in a few hours by someone who used nonsensical gibberish to communicate, soiled his pants repeatedly, and destroyed shit like a crazy maniac.

But then I thought about it more. Jack beats to his own drum. He shows disinterest. He has his own hobbies that he’s 100% commited too, like drooling and bashing things. He’s a straight-up alpha dog, and **that’s** why those girls threw themselves on him. There’s no other explanation, or else I’ll have to admit that my entire lifestyle is a sham.

There are many ways to skin a cat and Jack has shown me that a simple “Bahhhhagooboopsshhh” is just as effective and saying something like, “So what qualities do you have which make me want to get to know you better?” And here I thought I knew everything about game. Thank you Jack and Jessica, for teaching this old man some new tricks.

A Universal Problem With American Girls

October 13, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

This is a problem that the American girl has in far greater proportion to other cultures….

She doesn’t listen.

She is incapable of keeping her mouth shut. She can’t sit down and digest an involved oral story with multiple threads because the hampster in her head is spinning about a related personal experience that she just must share, even though it brings no absolutely no value into the world. You can see it on her face, her lips pursed ready to speak before you’re halfway finished, having since stopped listening because she’s in a tizzy of excitement over the lame shit that’s about to rape your ears.

You’re wrong if you think this is a problem with all girls. Colombian girls for example are on the other end of the extreme and frequently have little to talk about. Since they have less “interesting” life experiences, they don’t interject every thirty seconds with nonsense. I love it when I’m telling a story to a Colombian girl and she sits there enthralled with eyes wide open, as if I’m a master storyteller worthy of a Pulitzer. And this is while I’m speaking in mediocre Spanish.

American girls respond to stories not with interest or follow-up questions but with their own stories that technically aren’t stories at all but merely incomplete anecdotes. You can tell her you went to Africa to develop a system of building cost-effective mudbrick huts for the poor and she’ll respond with “Cool, yeah I traveled last year to Thailand and it was so awesome. I love travel!” What the fuck is that?

She lives as if everything exists as a mechanism to talk about herself. It’s a frustrating phenomenon that only comes in handy when you’re spending time with the American girl you want to hate fuck and not have to bother attempting a deep conversation (i.e. 95% of the time).

Girls Are Huge Fucking Liars

October 14, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I know I'm stating the obvious but only recently have I realized *how much* girls lie, and it's only because of how much I've been lying to them.

As my game has gotten better over the years I've been able to have more than one girl in the rotation. Chances are that one of the girls will especially want to spend time with me on Saturday night, but since it's physically impossible to be in multiple places at once, something has to give. In other words, I have to lie to at least one girl.

My go-to lie is, "Oh I already promised Chris that I'd hang out with him. Maybe we can meet up later in the night though." Of course she will not hear from me for the rest of the night. With one girl I so overused Chris that she asked me if he was my boyfriend.

Once I had to make up a very elaborate story excusing a cancelation about how a hot dog I ate caused a night of vomiting, with full details of the hot dog, the toppings, the precise location I bought it, and even the number of times I vomited (thrice). I'm a strong fan of illness excuses and recommend you use them for last-minute cancellations.

Sometimes I use the "I'm so tired from a long week in front of my laptop that I'm gonna just stay home tonight" excuse. This is a little dangerous because the girl can invite herself over, but if she's not needy then chances are she won't. Note that with just a few extra words you can turn this excuse into a night of minimal-effort sex: "I'm so tired from a long week in front of my laptop that I'm gonna just stay home tonight with a box of wine. Why don't you come over for a drink?"

I'm lying to this girl and that girl while banging that girl and this girl and life is good, and then one afternoon I try to set a date with a girl and she texts me saying, "My stomach is not feeling well I'm going to stay in tonight."

That's my lie bitch!!

And then weeks go on and I banged this girl and I'm going for round three so I call her on a Thursday night to find out what she's doing and she says, "I'm so tired from school I'm gonna stay in tonight."

You whore!!

And then another week goes by and I had tentative plans with a girl to go out on Saturday night and then the day comes and she tells me, "Oh I have to go to this lame birthday party with some coworkers but let's try to meet up later."

Slut stop playing!!

These weren't the first times I've heard such excuses but they were the first time I heard them as lies. And then I reminisced years back and realized that every girl I didn't have sex with has lied to me. And every girl I did have sex with has lied to me, regardless of how much they were into me, regardless if my game was super tight with them or not. Because here's the reality:

No matter how good you fuck her or how much you make her laugh or much she professes to "miss you" and "want to see" you, she will lie to you because you are not her best option every night of every week of every month of every year, just like you aren't hers.

She is lying to you unless one of the following two things comes out of her mouth:

1. "I don't feel like seeing you tonight."

2. "I have found something better than you tonight."

Because that's the truth. That's why we flake on girls and they flake on us. Welcome to a large world with an infinite number of options. This is why having multiple girls around is so important as it will be much harder to get stuck with your hand on a night you don't want to use it. Odds are that one of your sluts will be in the mood for a bang.

Since lying is a form of disrespect, respond by doing… nothing. Do not reply, do not indulge her lie. Do not wish her well, do not say "Okay sure maybe we can do something later." She has disrespected you and now must make the effort to regain your favor. If she likes you then she will, because no one flake will kill it entirely, but if she doesn't contact you again soon then the relationship is just about done. Any attempts on your part to chase her after an obvious lie will just weaken your hand further. She will start to see you as desperate.

You're probably thinking, "But Roosh if a girl lies to you and she is working other options shouldn't you do something to strengthen your hold on her and save it?"

This mindset comes from a model of scarcity, where you are hooked on the pussy and don't want to "lose" it. By not giving a shit or responding, you tell **yourself** that she just lost out big time. Any other conclusion is false. In my world, it's the girls who lose out when they decide not to spend time with me, even if in reality they got something better (impossible!). This thinking helps me get into the pants of the **next girl**, who recognizes my aloof, apathetic, and non-needy nature as something attractive and intriguing, and rewards me accordingly with yet another shallow but satisfying notch on my bedpost.

Go Down On Women And Get Oral Cancer

October 15, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Via the New York Times:

> Smoking and alcohol abuse are the major causes, but 25 percent of oral cancers appear in people who have never smoked or drunk to excess. The suspected cause of at least some of these cancers is human papillomavirus, or H.P.V., the same sexually transmitted virus that causes most cervical cancers, which can invade the mouth during oral sex. “Some are already hypothesizing that if kids are inoculated against H.P.V.,” Dr. Kahn said, “there will be a turnaround in the oral cancers caused by H.P.V., too.”

I think more research needs to be done in this area for the millions of men who, for whatever reason, go down on women voluntarily. They need to know if they’re putting their lives at risk by going out of their way to give a woman pleasure.

Luckily I have already been taking the proper precautions without even knowing it, and am pleased that not going down on girls will pay off with a potentially longer lifespan.

Flashback: A Case For Game

October 16, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Before I wrote Bang I put up a week of posts called "Tight Game Week," which had many concepts and ideas that eventually found it's way in the book. In Default Game I make a rational case for the use of game.

> Silences are deadly in the first 15 minutes of a pick-up. This is where you need two or three conversational threads, or routines, that you can pull out and use. You've memorized them, you know how a girl will react, and you know they will open up the conversation even further. If you've ever told a story more than once, you've used a routine. It is something that is reliable, effective, and refined.

For Bang I changed that "15 minutes" to 30.

Comments Are Coming Back Tomorrow

October 17, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

It's been six months since I've had comments on the blog. The main reason I took them off was because I felt that the signal to noise ratio was too low.

For the past month or so I allowed comments on my posts over in the forum. It hasn't been extremely active but there was some good discussion and only twice did things get somewhat a little out of hand, but even then it wasn't the hate-fest that regularly went on here (part of which I take blame for due to my sometimes passionate style of writing).

So I did some thinking and came up with a simple idea: have a clear rule that encourages good discussion. Here's what you'll see just above the comment button tomorrow:

> Criticism is fine, but be respectful. If you wouldn't read your comment outloud to its intended recipient in his or her home then don't post it. Comments that break this rule will be deleted. Thanks.

I came up with this when I remembered how very polite my blog haters were in real life when I met them, probably because it's very hard to hate on someone face-to-face who hasn't wronged you personally. Therefore if you wouldn't read your comment to me or whoever it's directed to in person, then a revision is in order.

I want to give it a trial run for a month or two. A part of me feels like not having comments enabled chokes off some good insights related to the topics I write about here, and I want to give it one more shot. Let's see how it goes.

Never Tell A Girl That You've Been In Love Before

October 18, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Remember the ending of *Ghostbusters*, where the woman demon Gozer asked the guys if they were a God?

> Gozer: Are you a God? [Ray looks at Peter, who nods.]
>
> Dr Ray Stantz: No.
>
> Gozer: Then… DIE!
>
> [They almost fall off the building.]
>
> Winston: Ray, when someone asks you if you're a god, you say "YES"!

Now say you're on a date and the conversation gets on relationships. Here's an important rule to keep in mind:

If a girl ever asks if you've been in love, say NO.

No exceptions. There are two reasons for this.

1. The little competitive creature inside her wants to be the first, popping your cherry, so to speak. You're officially a "challenge."

2. She wants to dig deeper to find out what's "wrong" with you, if you're a sociopath or just cold-hearted. During that process of discovery, she relaxes her guard and you can sink your tentacles deeper insider her, eventually including your big tentacle.

Not to mention that saying you've never been in love opens up a lot of interesting conversational threads. For example, if a girl asks my thoughts on *why* I haven't been in love, I simply reply, "I'm dark and disturbed. Some people aren't made for love. Other people are made for… cutting flesh." That line guarantees me at least a makeout.

I'm not sure now why I included the bit about *Ghostbusters*. Seemed fitting at the time.

The Truth About Medellin

October 19, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Time really flies when you stay in the same place and develop a routine. Six months in Colombia is done and gone as tomorrow I leave Medellin for Fortaleza, Brazil. From there begins a 1,700 mile journey back to Rio that I plan on tackling by bus (check the about page for map updates). I'm sure nothing bad at all will happen during that time.

Before leaving Medellin I wanted to do a sort of tribute video that shows how far the city has come from the Pablo Escobar days of the past. Using clips I've shot of the city over the past couple months, I've put together something poweful which I'm confident will increase Colombian tourism by a significant amount. In fact I'm expecting the Colombia Tourism Board to start sending me royalty checks or just hire me outright as a travel consultant.

The video has a subtle reference from A Dead Bat In Paraguay for those of you who read the book. Here it is...

Thank you Medellin, for making these past six months so wonderful.

“Men’s Rights” Has Become A Euphemism For “Sexual Loser”

October 20, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A random comment I made on the blog In Mala Fide has made the rounds a bit. It was in reference to the “Men’s Rights” blogs and forums that I notice popping up everywhere. Here’s the comment:

> I’m not against Men’s Rights, but a lot of these blogs are written by guys who have no game and can’t get laid, and serve as just an outlet for being a lifelong sexual loser. It’s like women who get around in their circles to complain about about how men aren’t sensitive or caring enough.
>
> These guys dedicate their time to complaining about feminists or marriage, yet they have zero experience with either! I suspect they are anti-social, bitter virgins who simply don’t have anything else to do with their bountiful free time, too fearful of putting their fragile ego on the line to be a man and actually get laid. They have draining corporate gigs and the only thing they have to look forward to are weekly visits to Chipotle Mexican Grill.
>
> In fact you will not go wrong in life by not listening to a man who can’t get laid. He can be very intelligent but his thoughts are not based on the “real world” where there are guys banging and traveling and starting businesses and having a good time with life. Thinking without doing is nothing but masturbation, something that I suspect these MR bloggers do a lot of.

Now I want you to brace yourself for what I’m about to tell you.

You braced?

A lot of guys in the Men’s Rights community do not believe that game works. Yeah I spit out my vitamin water on the monitor too.

Don’t believe me? Try wallowing through these threads:

Is the “PUA” approach to women valid?

Why the PUAs are winning

(This is a good opportunity to gripe about the misuse of the acronym PUA. It stands for pick-up artist, which is a man who uses the art of game to pick up women. If you say, “I don’t know if I believe in PUA,” you’re saying “I don’t know if I believe in pick-up artist.” That doesn’t make sense. Game is a philosophy (or lifestyle) that is mastered by guys who can be called pick-up artists or players or whatever. I prefer the player term, though it doesn’t seem to be popular among white males.)

Pretend you’re me for a second, and you’ve read comment after comment by guys who don’t believe in game, when you yourself have made a complete 180 because of it. What further proof can I offer than myself, a sexless wonder who started getting laid only after

studying and practicing game?

Unfortunately no proof is enough for Men's Rights followers. I can film my pickups from start to end, using several lines that are word-for-word what you can find here or in Bang, film the resulting three-minute sex act and declarations of affection from the girl, and they'll still find some way to rationalize that I'm not using game at all. They'll say I'm a natural, when they don't understand I've been working on my game every week for going on nine years.

They'll say, "Roosh is naturally funny, or charming, or okay looking. I'm sure he would do well even without game." Wrong. I'm "funny" because I've practiced my jokes on hundreds of girls. I'm "charming" because I've measured the reactions of women to see what works and what doesn't, and kept only that which got the result I wanted. I'm "okay looking" because I work out, tried different styles, learned how to carry myself, and have rigorously experimented with different hair and beard configurations. I can tell you right now where a Jesus haircut would work well for me versus a hipster shag cut.

If you see me pick up today it does look very natural because I've integrated all these game component parts into something fluid that works a good percentage of the time, but there was absolutely nothing fluid about my initial attempts to overcome my inability to get laid.

I don't hide from you guys that I've been rejected a million times. Of course I still get rejected to this day, by girls who for some odd reason don't want to bang me. If you've read A Dead Bat In Paraguay you saw how bad it can get. But I'm very open to learning, and I continue to do so no matter how satisfied I've become with where I'm at. For example I used the lessons from those tough six months in South America to come to Colombia and do pretty well with the women. In fact I almost wish I had more troubles so that I would have a "problem" to base a sequel on. But there are none, and I know no one wants to read a memoir about a guy who is happy and getting what he wants.

Then the Men's Rights guys will say, "But he is SELLING books."

Yes because anyone who's passionate enough about a topic to spend months or years to compile their life experiences into works that teach others cannot be trusted. If someone has written a book or produced anything of value, do not listen to them! They're ruthless businessmen in disguise! I wouldn't even listen to someone who has a blog because they're obviously doing it for the fame of receiving many visitors or comments (and in the case of male bloggers, groupies). Or else they would simply maintain a diary that rests inside their nightstand. They blog mainly for their ego. Same for people who post on the same forums for years. They have an ulterior motive of wanting to feel special in knowing that other people respect their four-digit post count and are getting something out of their words.

In fact if you think about it, anyone who shares knowledge is suspect. Lately I only gain knowledge from homeless men who talk outloud to themselves because they're not doing it for money, fame, ego, attention or any type of satisfaction that comes from helping others. Approach anyone else's words with extreme hesitation.

Hyperbole aside, all men can learn and improve, whether it's in business, women, sports, or Chinese checkers. To think that getting laid is genetically determined and that you can't improve—what a horrible way to live! If I had to accept my lot I would probably be in some shitty job not getting laid and feeling miserable about how "unlucky" I am while complaining about how much women suck. I would be a Men's Rights follower. I would camp out on blogs and forums all day posting "intellectual" comments for other guys who are socially awkward because they are too scared to step away from the computer monitor for one minute and take some social risk by practicing conversation with attractive women.

But if you tell them, "Bro, you need to approach a girl and get some action," they'll say, "Stop using shaming language on me!" That's their comeback. It's like a little boy on the playground saying, "Don't make fun of me! I like eating my boogers!" For guys who supposedly love using logic, they are completely unable to properly defend their lack of action, and have insulated themselves in a protective internet bubble where they gang up on the slightest bit of dissent by saying it makes them feel ashamed. They can't get laid, they supposedly don't like women (especially Western women) and don't want to work to bang them, yet they whine and bitch about women all day long.

Now I've whined and bitched about women plenty on this blog, and I think it's especially fun to get on feminsts and American women, but at the end of the day I'm also banging feminists and American women, drinking with them, having a laugh with them, and cuddling with them until I get bored and need a break from their sense of entitlement and masculine attitudes. Variety is the spice of life and the reason you're reading me right now is because of the wide range of experiences I've had with many different types of women. While I wouldn't mind being a one-hit-wonder by wearing my plaid shirt every night and going to a hipster bar in D.C. to get laid with minimal effort, there wouldn't be much advice I can share for men of the world.

The bottom line is that a real man puts himself in new, challenging environments and pushes the limits of his ability and character to get what he truly desires. I greatly admire the 21-year-old who goes onto my forum and posts about a brutal rejection, but perserveres and weeks later shares a success story. I admire the three guys I met in Medellin who all rolled up with little Spanish but got their flags in less than two weeks after approaching like machines day and night. I admire the guy who I saw do his first ever bookstore approach and get a long-term girlfriend out of it. You think they give a shit about Men's Rights? No, because they use game to get laid with the women they want. They believe in action to accomplish their goals, not mental masturbation with a bunch of guys who have trouble telling you what a vagina feels like, yet can't stop obsessing over it.

There Should Be A Requirement For Getting Tattoos

October 22, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

If you want to get a tattoo you have answer yes to the following question:

Have you ever been into a fight as an adult?

Otherwise you should reconsider.

The popularity of tattoos is at the point where you see a lot of skinny, frail men getting them. Before I came to Colombia I remember witnessing the jarring sight of an emaciated man wearing a horizontal striped shirt with a rainbow colored sleeve tat (his sleeves were rolled up). My suspicion is that men like him are getting tats to appear tough.

“I’m not going to work on building my confidence, go to the gym, or even approach girls. I’m just going to get this here outrageous tat and graduate to being a bad ass right away! Where my groupies at!”

The only man I know who is qualified to have a tattoo is Virgle Kent, the most violent, ill-tempered man I know. Do you have a friend who considers getting a beer bottle smashed on his head the warm-up to a fight? Well I do (true story). He breaks heads up and down 18th Street with frightening regularity and that’s why he’s my buddy.

Today’s tattoo trend is reducing the value of his tattoos. The only way to rectify the problem is if guys like VK grab tatooed betas by the collar and demand they laser it off. He can pull a Fight Club and take their drivers license and say he’ll visit soon to check on them. Or he can use a piece of glass from the street to carve up their tat right then and there, leaving the wannabe tough guy in a pool of his own tears and blood.

In twenty years, when even your mom has a tattoo, I’m afraid it will not convey the bad ass qualities as before (for proof take a look at what happened to the mohawk). Instead, only those who know how to cave in faces will be seen as cool.

Flashback: Working For The Man

October 24, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

When I had a job a couple years ago I was asked by my little cousins to give a speech at their career day:

> I talked to 3rd graders first and was very impressed with their zombie-like state. Even though they probably didn't care about what I was saying, they appeared to be paying close attention. They stared at the front of the class while remaining completely still. They obediently raised their hands when I asked for participation, and no one spoke unless I called on them. They read questions from a worksheet given out by the teacher.
>
> The environment was robbing them of creativity and spontaneous excitement. Whenever a kid got distracted and started doodling or going through things in his desk, the teacher interrupted me to snap at him. This happened even more in the 1st grade class because they were not fully "trained." I felt bad for them. They were being ordered around like soldiers.

I have overcome the brainwashing of public schooling and my mom's constant nagging to do what I'm doing today, which if you're reading this on Sunday afternoon is riding an eight-hour bus.

In the next post I share my tips for making it through a day at the office.

> Put your back to your cubicle entrance and practice falling asleep with one hand on the keyboard and the other on the mouse. (Make sure you have a work-related document open on the screen.) This is easy to do if you have a chair that has a high back. There are two things to watch out for: (1) Your screensaver may activate while you nap, and (2) Your hand may smash some keys, making people who pass by you wonder why you have a screen full of G's. When someone knocks on the frame of your cubicle entrance, waking you up, they will confuse your tired haze with deep and creative thought.

I respect people who are doing what they can to make a living, but that office shit was unbearable to me.

18 Reasons Why You Don’t Get Laid

October 25, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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1. You don’t know how to tell a story in a way that gets a girl’s imagination going.

You don’t know how to share interesting experiences that not only make her wish she was there with you but also make her want to be with you in future stories as well.

2. You’re too needy.

You contact a girl much more than she contacts you. You freak out if she doesn’t call back right away. You worry when there is nothing to worry about.

3. You don’t know how to build attraction.

You don’t know what a girl’s buttons are. You don’t know how to talk to her in a way that makes her more interested in you as time goes on.

4. You haven’t optimized your look.

Have you taken the time with different hair and beard configurations, or do you still look the same as five years ago, wearing that same shirt with the stain on the sleeve? You don’t need model good-looks to have sex with pretty girls.

5. You don’t drink.

Alcohol is a magical drug that makes getting laid significantly easier, and I’m not talking about getting girls drunk. Just one drink increases the chance you will get laid about 20%. Three drinks in her system is all you need.

6. You don’t work out.

You’re a fright to look at naked. You don’t have to be a meathead, but if you feel good about your body then you’ll feel good about yourself, and this comes across in a positive attitude with girls you talk to.

7. You’re a pussy.

You don’t want to get rejected. You don’t understand that guys who get the most women also get rejected the most.

8. You don’t know how to make a girl laugh.

I like to think that a childhood of watching *Simpsons* and *Seinfeld* is all you need to be funny, but there are humor how-to books you can learn from as well.

9. You have an extreme deformity that hopefully can be fixed with either hard work (obesity) or surgery (gigantic nose).

Modern science has come a long way.

10. You don’t have confidence.

You don’t like the man you see in the mirror. You don’t believe that you were meant to sleep with lots of girls. You’ve given up and sloth around playing video games or poker, praying and hoping that maybe one day you’ll get lucky instead of doing the work

necessary to be an interesting, confident man that girls like.

11. You limit your prospect pool by only going after girls at work or in your meager social circle.

You think the only way to get a girl is to have some sort of prior introduction. You've never tried walking up to her cold in a bar, coffee shop, or bookstore.

12. You believe you need to be friends with a girl first.

You think that a girl has to see you as a buddy before she can see you as a lover. Unfortunately there is no animal lust in friendship. By being friends first, you almost guarantee that that's all you'll ever be.

13. You do dinner dates.

They greatly decrease your chances of getting action. Not only does all that food impede the absorption of the wine (see number five), but you're sitting far away from her, unable to touch. Do drink dates instead where you can sit right next to her as that alcohol takes hold.

14. You're not persistent.

You give up way too easily. You don't understand that you may need to get rejected a few dozen times before you come across a girl that likes you. Maybe more. Second to not even trying, giving up too early is the most common mistake guys make.

15. Your breath reeks.

It doesn't matter how fun or good-looking you are, but if your breath smells then you're not getting anything.

16. You have limited life experiences.

It's hard to hold a conversation with a women if all you know about is sports. You can fake it a bit if you're a voracious reader, but the best way to talk about interesting things is to do interesting things. Chances are that doesn't involve a computer or television.

17. You're cheap.

You need to pay to play. This means keeping up a presentable appearance and going to places where the women are. Even the cheapest drinks at happy hour bars are going to cost you money, and many of those dates will not result in sex. Unless you're in Thailand paying $10 a bang you're going to have to get used to the idea that it costs money to get laid. Just don't confuse this with showing off your money to women. If you're interesting and make a girl laugh, she won't care you're poor in order to have sex with you, though she may not see you as long-term potential.

18. You're not cool.

Do other people not want to hang out with you? Do they dislike your company? Do people make fun of you behind your back? Do you have trouble maintaining friendships? Do you look or dress like an idiot? While the definition of being cool depends on where you live, it does involve a degree of fitting into society, as the girls you will be trying to bang live in said society as well. If you're going to be uncool, then you will have to hang in places

where uncool girls are and try to get with them (e.g. goth bar).

If you liked this post then check out **7 Things You Can Do To Improve His Game**.

Idiot Model Gets Taught An Important Lesson

October 27, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I like teaching women lessons because I want to make the world a better place for men everywhere. If you got bitched by a girl but didn't bitch her back then you've fucked over another man. Now he is going to have to deal with that same shit in the future since you didn't take care of it.

Cockblocking is a good example. There are guys who don't do anything when they get disrespected by the rude girlfriends, only ensuring that the behavior continues. Because of how I've handled these situations, I'm confident that I've stopped many cockblocks for guys in D.C. who I don't even know.

Along this theme I want to commend Joe Francis, the owner of Girls Gone Wild, for teaching a lesson that has changed the life of a girl who made a grave mistake. If you aren't already familiar with Joe Francis he's known for being a dick. Check out this article from a couple years back.

> Francis told the cameraman to leave and pushed her back on the bed, undid his jeans and climbed on top of her. "I told him it hurt, and he kept doing it. And I keep telling him it hurts. I said, 'No' twice in the beginning, and during I started saying, 'Oh, my god, it hurts.' I kept telling him it hurt, but he kept going, and he said he was sorry but kissed me so I wouldn't keep talking."

Rape or just proper bedroom technique? Scientific surveys says that 90% of rape accusations are fake, used by women to get attention or to annul slutty behavior. You should be even more skeptical of rape claims against a notorious celebrity.

Actually has a male celebrity ever been successfully charged with rape? With fame-obsessed women throwing their vaginas on them the last thing they need to do is coerce themselves on a groupie. For example if I ever get accused of rape then you know it's bullshit.

Alright back to the lesson. Joe Francis was at a club recently talking to a random girl. That girl's friend was model Jayde Nicole, who for whatever reason didn't like what Joe said or did. Later while he was walking through the club alone, Jayde poured a shot on Joe's shoulder. He then turned around, grabbed a fistful of her hair, and pulled as hard as he could, dragging her on the floor. Click here to watch the video of this incident.

And here's a picture of the model:

Let’s do a little blow-by-blow:

0:07: Joe is walking through the club. Jayde sees him and outstretches her arm to get ready for the pour.

0:11: The shot is dumped on Joe’s shoulder.

0:13: Stunned, Joe looks around to see who grievously insulted him while Jayde retreats back to the bar trying to play off her involvement.

0:15: With a face full of fury, Joe grabs Jayde’s hair and pulls with all his might.

0:19: Joe gets jumped by men trying to defend the attacker’s honor.

0:30: Jayde stands stunned by the bar and needs to be consoled by friends. I have a feeling she didn’t expect his reaction.

1:02: Jayde is boo-hoo-hooing uncontrollably at the bar. Her friends are stroking her now-mangled coif.

Here’s what I think of the situation:

Bitch deserved it..

You can argue whether or not the punishment fit the crime, but as he did no permanent damage to her I think his response was more reasonable than not. It’s not like he pulled a Mark Wahlberg and blinded a man in an unprovoked racist attack.

If you don’t agree then I’m afraid you’re still drinking the feminist koolaid that teaches men that it’s always “wrong to hit a women.” Well it’s not always wrong to hit a woman. As a man who’s been pushed to the edge, I’m stunned at how deft women are at inciting violence, even when you’re warned them repeatedly to simmer down. I believe some women want you to hit them because they want to see you care, especially if you have an aloof, hard-to-read nature.

Do think Jayde would have attacked a man like that in a Middle Eastern country? Hell no because she knows she’d be **murdered**. I’m definitely not saying that’s what we need, but our culture has taught women that they can disrespect men without repercussion, and has taught men to accept that disrespect like little punks. Well there are men who

haven’t bought that view and are making the world a better place by teaching women like Jayde that you can’t go around attacking men. I guarantee you she will never pour a shot on a man again in her life.

You Can Only Hit Your True Potential By Getting Rejected

October 28, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Today's Bang excerpt comes early on page 12:

> The second reason I'm a fan of rejection is because it maximizes your results. The most uncomfortable rejection I can think of is the head-turn when you go in for a kiss. This usually leads to a very awkward moment, more so than when a girl blows you off during an approach. But now I believe the head-turn isn't a bad rejection because it means you are not wasting kisses. If you never got rejected trying to kiss a girl, it means there are several girls you could have kissed but didn't, only because you didn't try. Rejection tells you that you are pushing to get all that you can. A man who doesn't get rejected is one that is not reaching his true potential.

In 2002 I was introduced to this hot-as-balls girl from California, a "part-time model" who visited D.C. for only a couple weeks. I remember at the time I had a leather-bound journal which contained random drawings I made, some of them not half bad. I often carried it around with me to bars as a prop to pickup women. It was a good conversational piece for a guy who at the time didn't have a lot to talk about besides Starcraft and microbiology.

The California girl was digging me and in the club we sat on a couch talking and touching. I was a little giddy that this game business was "working" on her (I was using borrowed routines from "Mystery's Lounge," long since closed) and decided to try out a line that some guy there said is gold when it comes to getting the kiss.

At the height of our sexual tension, instead of just going for it like I would today with the help of proximity cues, I said, "I want to whisper something to your lips." She laughed hard in my face and didn't stop for at least a full minute. I was bummed to say the least.

She stuck around though and we flirted some more, but I didn't get the kiss.

Two days later the phone rings, and it's her! She was going back to the California the next day and invited me to her aunt's house somewhere in bumfuck Virginia. I sprayed on some Drakkar Noir, put on my going-out jeans, and headed over to her house, getting lost along the way and having to consult some maps in a 7-11.

I made it to her house and got to meet her aunt, who was a nice woman, and the girl and I watched some TV and talked. She had a cold though and didn't want to grab a drink, but before she left I decided that I was going to try again anyway, since I didn't have anything to lose. At the door of the house I went for the kiss, and she rejected me again. She gave me a hug though and we kept in touch for a couple months until things faded away.

At the time I didn't know when a girl was "ready" to be kissed, so I just tried every single time as long as the girl didn't mind my company. That year every girl who wanted to kiss

me got kissed by me because I tried on all of them. I didn't waste any kisses because I erased all preconceptions about when a girl wanted me to kiss her or not.

But now I'm experienced and what not and know when a girl is ready, so I don't bother when a girl doesn't want it, right?

Wrong!

Even when I know from vast personal experience that the girl doesn't want to kiss me, I try anyway, especially on the first date. I know that by the end of the first date if I don't get a kiss, I probably won't bang her, so I go for it all the time. Sometimes I go in thinking, "Oh boy this isn't going to work," and sure enough it doesn't. But I'm fine with that and because **every girl who wants to get kissed by me will get kissed**.

My kissing potential is at 100%, and who knows how many additional girls I've banged because I pushed when I wouldn't otherwise from reading the "signs." I'm pretty good at knowing the signs but I ignore them, or else I'd be playing it safe and cautious, something a man with burning desire rarely does. Get rejected as much as you can, in approaches and during closes, to achieve the most of what your current skill level can give you. If I'm not getting rejected, I know there's girls I could be messing around with but am not. Plus I'm always surprised at girls I got intimate with that I thought wouldn't be down for anything.

In Bang I talk more about getting over shyness and fear when it comes to doing approaches before sharing openers I recommend you use. Here's an excerpt from an in-depth review of Bang in The Spearhead (by Ferdinand Bardamu's):

> As a general rule, 90 to 95 percent of the pickup artist literature available today is garbage. Most of these clowns are snake oil salesmen hocking overpriced e-books and DVD box sets containing info you can just as easily find online for free. There are, however, a select few books on game that are worth buying, and Bang, Roosh's entry into this expanding field, is one of them. If The Mystery Method is the Bible of seduction literature, Bang is the Paradise Lost, and is a title that anyone interested in improving their success with women should buy, post-haste.
>
> …
>
> Merely from the standpoint of diction, Roosh's book is miles ahead of its competitors. Anyone acquainted with the seduction community knows that it's a swirling cauldron of nerdiness and weirdness, with its own vocabulary of "HB10s," "IOIs", and "neg hits." Hell, the obnoxiously pretentious term "pickup artist" was invented so these geeks could pretend to set themselves apart from the rest of us grinders. In contrast, Roosh writes like a normal human being instead of a social retard. You won't have to worry about coming across an undefined three-letter acronym every other page, necessitating a trip to the glossary and taking you out of the moment. He even refers to men who sleep with a lot of girls by the normal term: "player." Solely in this regard, Bang is a

> much better read than almost all of the seduction literature on the market.
>
> But if style is queen, then content is king, and Bang more then delivers in this regard. Roosh's major innovation is the use of unscripted material in his game alongside standard canned material. For example, he introduces the concept of the "environmental opener," which is a way of opening a girl with a line based on what's happening in the surrounding environment. Additionally, he also writes on "conversational threads" as a way to hold a conversation with a girl that is both natural and holds her interest. The book is also rich with examples that allow you to contextualize the lessons. Given that scripted lines eventually become played out as dudes use them on chicks over and over, the ability to incorporate unscripted material into your game is a necessity if you want to stay on the circuit. If you're having trouble in this department, you'd do well to pick up Bang for that reason alone.

Click here to learn more about ordering your copy of Bang.

How Important Is The Attractiveness Of Your Wingman?

October 29, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

When it comes to your pick-up success, should you go out with a guy better looking than you or worser looking? From the feedback I get, many guys want to go out with guys who are **worser** looking, but that's probably not in their best interests.

The initial response you get from a girl is partly (some will say mostly) dependent on your looks. If you are a great-looking guy then you will get a more positive, warm response than guys who aren't as good looking. It's the nature of the game that better looking guys don't have to work as hard.

Say you're at a bar and standing with your good-looking wingman. Girls constantly check out the scene and will discreetly notice both you and your friend. If you approach a group, they will be slightly warmer to you because they know that your hot friend will eventually join the conversation. His attractiveness "rubs off" on you to give you better responses. If you're wingman is unsightly they may respond more tepidly in the hopes that you **don't** bring him over.

The rule that all wingmen should have is that the guy who does the approach has dibs on the hottest girl in the group. If you do the approach and your studly friend comes to join, you still get a chance at the hot one. Assuming your game is tight there's a good chance you'll still get her. I've pulled the hotter girl in a group many times when I was hanging out with a better-looking friend. I mention this because if you view your wingman as potential competition then you're limiting not only your results but how hard you improve your own game.

The Ghost Technique

October 31, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I'm all about game innovation so I'm more than eager to share new tactics we can use. I got an email from a guy who is using what I call the **Ghost Technique**, and it offers a good mix of aloofness and scarcity to get the bang and then some. Here's his report:

> Hey I'm Ed I would like to share a little story of how I got out of the just friends zone. I met this chick at a pool hall. Let's just say her name is Meg. It turned out she was the sister of my brother's girlfriend. So it was easy to get a conversation going. The problem was Meg's boy friend owned the pool hall. I figured I would leaf it alone, but as they say forbidden fruit taste sweeter. I ended up going to her house and we talked all night. I did the gay thing. But I brushed her hair and rubbed her back even baked cookies I got myself as far into the friend zone as I could get.
>
> So then I disappeared for three months, left town went to Washington dc had fun there. In the meantime back home my brother told the sisters that I got into a crazy car crash and died. Note this was not my idea. Well after three months in dc I return home. The sisters came to my house to pickup my brother, that's when he told me that the girls think I'm dead. After a WTF moment I figured I would use this to my advantage. I had a little fun walking out of the woods as a ghost. They where so glad to see that I was alive, that in less than a week I slept with both the sisters and even the mother.

I've instructed my surrogates back home to inform everyone of my untimely yet thrilling death in a jet ski accident. This may be the biggest technological advance I've seen in game since the use of glow sticks in trance clubs.

Rationalizing Today's Mistakes Will Cause Tomorrow's Problems

November 1, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The other week I watched America's Next Top Model (I was being held hostage by the FARC and forced to watch). It was the first episode of the season and for one part of the show all thirteen or so girls had to get up at 6AM for their first photoshoot.

The morning came and the camera showed them all piled up in a van, ready to go. Then the girl who the night before volunteered to wake everyone up realized that someone was missing. She paused for half a second, said "Ah well" and jumped in the van, even though the missing girl offered her crucial wardrobe help before. The backstabber said, "Even though she helped me earlier, she needs to take responsibility. I'm not her mom."

Let's assume this was real and not staged, for we all know that women are capable of such an act.

Now imagine if guys operated like that. "Hey bro I know you had a job interview today and I promised to wake you up but I'm not your dad so whatever." Our culture pushes women as the more caring and sensitive of the human genders but not counting mass killings they do the evilest shit known to man, causing far more emotional damage than men ever could. The only way I know of seriously hurting a girl is by dumping her and fucking her mom raw dog, but women are more far more imaginative when it comes to backstabbery and all-around general wickedness.

But that's not the point of this post. The point is the rationalization offered by the backstabber. Consider this old quote: "Humans are not rational beings, they're rationalizing beings."

Rationalization deflects blame when you make a decision, not only preventing you from learning from your mistakes but also turning you into a delusional person. You drift away from living in reality where you can see things as they really are to make correct decisions in the future. It's a slope where not owning up to bad decisions causes future bad decisions. You don't learn, and you don't grow.

I'm always evaluating the decisions I've made in life, and there are many that I look back and think, "Hah, I really fucked up there." I think about having made the correct choice and can easily imagine how the outcome would have worked out better for me. I can't change the past and I'm not going to cry about it, but the thing about life it that it presents you with similar decicions and choices that while different, can be better approached with prior lessons learned. When you stop rationalizating, and admit you are often wrong, you make better decisions in the future that will make your life easier and hopefully more fulfilling.

The model in the opening example will continue to fuck over people, always finding some retarded rationalization, all while creating a pile of enemies that I guarantee you will get her back hard in the future. It's a sort of karma that really isn't karma, that exists in the

physical world and easily controllable when you approach your past actions without ego or emotion. In the end when you rationalize, you only cheat yourself.

Travel Is No Excuse To Look Like Shit

November 2, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I have little respect for English-speaking gringas. They go everywhere in braided bracelets, unwashed hair, loose-fitting drab clothes, and ugly sandals or flip-flops. I've trained many Colombian girls that the only way to definitely conclude if a girl is a gringa or not is by her cheap footwear.

Girls from Colombia (or Argentina or Brazil—take your pick) never wear flip flops to the bar unless they're on a beach because they have respect for themselves, whether or not they're on the hunt for a guy. Your relationship status should not be a determinant to how you present yourself to the world. In other words if you look like shit on purpose then **you are shit**.

I've met quite a few gringo guys in Colombia who came more or less for sexual adventures. Each one has put in more effort into their apperance than the average gringa. They bring button-down shirts, nice shoes that you can't run in, and in some cases tasteful jewelry accessories. Hell even I travel with two button-down shirts.

If the men are putting in more effort than than the women in looking good, you know the Western culture has really done a fucked-up number on society. The sad part is that even with the gringas looking like they just walked out of a handicraft market, there are still a long line of guys that hit on them. This ensures that nothing will change. Female laziness combined with male desperation will doom us all.

How To Pick Up Argentine Girls (From An Argentine Guy)

November 4, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Comment from the other day:

> You talk about how hard Argentina is but for me **it was the biggest pick-up cakewalk I have ever had. The only one I have ever had.** The women chased me aggressively.

The reason? Because he "groomed" himself. Yes, dude banged Argentine models because he shaved and put on a nice t-shirt. I called the troll out to lay out his strategy, a story, pictures, or anything that gives his boast some credibility, but of course "he" hasn't posted since. I use quotes because lately I'm noticing women trolling as men on my blog and others. "The women chased my aggressively" sounds like something a girl would say. (Here's another example of a girl trolling as a guy and my reasoning why).

There were also some other misguided comments about "looking good." All things being equal, looking sharper *may* help you get laid depending on the type of girl you're going for, but telling a guy to cut his hair in order to bang Argentine girls left and right tells me either you don't have game or haven't been to Argentina. In fact for some type of girls, looking sharp will hurt you (hipsters, artsy chicks, midgets, etc.)

Finally an Argentine guy rolls by and tells everyone to sit down and shut up. Here's some required reading for anyone going to Argentina:

> About middle class Argentine girls from an Argentine guy:
>
> 1. Our girls drink very little.
>
> 2. Our guys are really forward, confident and insistent. A-hole game or direct game will not set you apart, you will just blend in. Last minute resistance is actually Last few days resistance and we are trained to deal with that.
>
> The girls need to rationalize a story for you. You want to be: the guy I met at yoga classes, or the guy who works with my friend, the guy who's friends with X's boyfriend or the guy who plays rugby at the club where I play field hockey. Being the random guy I met at a bar is usually not enough. If you are a foreigner, you need a story that will make you be around for a longer period of time (I'm leaving tomorrow will usually backfire and usually so will I'm leaving next week). Girls will make out with guy they met at a bar, but this guy needs to create his story to take it further.
>
> Since most guys will lie, deceive and twist facts when talking to women (btw, "having game" is translated as "tener parla"), girls need to screen the guys.
>
> In terms of tactics:
>
> 1. Roll in a group for optimum results. If it is a beach town in the summer, you

> want to be with the guys who have the motorcycles, jetskis, quads or who are into kite-surfing or beach volleyball. You also want to host house parties or be regulars at a club as part of a big mixed group.
>
> 2. The girl you may get will have seen you before. Your groups will join at one point, and that will provide the setting for her to lower her defenses. Because of this tactic, you need to have different groups of girls around, with a few potential targets in each group for each guy.
>
> 3. Pickups take time, same night action is rare. As an example, if I'm traveling to Argentina for only a week, I know I won't be getting much action. The 3-date structure is quite prevalent: you meet a girl at your friend's birthday party (on a Saturday) and get her phone. You take her out for drinks or dinner the following Wednesday and make out. You catch up with her on Saturday as part of a mixed group. You pick her up and drive her each time so you'll have the logistical upper hand. Come Saturday, she should put out. But all this relies on me meeting the girl on my first couple of days in town.
>
> Conclusion: the rules of game apply in Argentina, but pickups take much longer (days vs hours). To have multiple girls, you need to be creating your story with multiple girls along time. If you give up on each pickup the same day, your numbers will suffer. You need a big backlog of potential girls to keep your numbers up. A successful crew will have different groups of girls around them. They may throw a party and have them all around (along with other guy crews) or will juggle the groups for smaller outings. The girls will also have different crews to hang out. To differentiate yourself, you need to be part of the most interesting crew. If you don't have a crew, you need to be a regular at a specific club or bar. Meet a few girls one day, maybe make out with one and have follow up dates or just meet them again next time they go to that club. The 2nd time around, you are no longer a stranger.

Everything he says 100% confirms what I know about Argentine girls. As for the guys who say that Argentine girls are easy to pick up, ask them two questions:

1. How many did you bang?
2. Pics?

You'll find they either got lucky with one girl or banged a couple that you personally wouldn't. Not every Argentine girl is beautiful. Believe me that if a gringo banged a hot Argentine girl he has a dozen pictures of her on his computer.

Single Women Who Purposefully Have Children Are Commiting Crimes Against Humanity

November 8, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

These women are bringing a child into the world (because god knows we need more) with the knowledge that he or she will be more fucked up than the general population. Studies show that raising a child alone is the worst thing you can do to a human being, especially if that human is male. Is the woman going to teach her son how to stand up for himself? Is she going to teach him how to be attractive to women and then bang lots of them, like his genetics dictate? Is she going to give him the self-confidence to carve his own path in life? Is she going to teach him how to beat someone in the face? No, no, no, and no.

My parents divorced when I was 8, and for the next twelve years or so I visited my dad two nights a week. So when I got out of college, I was only 30% man. With much time, determination, and sex with different women, I have been able to become 99% man (yeah, I like myself a good snuggle from time to time), but it would have been a hell of a lot easier if I had a constant male influence in my life. Unfortunately many guys have been raised by their fathers but they might as well be fatherless—their dads didn't teach them shit, sometimes because they didn't quite know how to be a man themselves. This has happened because Western society has not demanded that men act like men.

I got to see a sad example of single motherdom in Pipa, Brazil, a small beach town in the Northern coast. There was an Italian mother and her 8-year-old boy traveling with the grandmother and aunt. Three women, zero men. They put a long rainbow-colored tassel in his almost shoulder-length hair and a piece of woven jewelry around his tiny ankle. They indulged his every whine without teaching him things like sports, play fighting, and smashing objects. He copied their feminine ways of speaking and the poolside sight of my hairy body nearly scared him to death—he literally trembled with fear like someone had dropped him into the lion sanctuary at the zoo. I'm absolutely certain this adorable little boy will be a huge fag when he gets older. Now how is that not child abuse?

While there's nothing wrong with being gay (except the doing it in each other's butts part), you must accept that homosexuality is on the deviant side of nature. The Italian mother was actually married when she had the future sausage jockey, but many Western women who have failed in love will be having kids using sperm donors. These self-absorbed women do not care that they are destroying a human life as long as they can attempt to relieve the immense emptiness in their lives, caused by chasing that cheddar in the corporate office instead of pleasing a real man who could fertilize her BPA-tainted eggs with a child. Thanks to their actions, society will be filled with a billion gays who wear tassels in their hair. And guys like myself will have the burden of having a lot of sex with the remaining women who are still wired to want a man who treats them like shit.

I guess this is all working out quite well for me then.

Don’t Go To South American Clubs With High Cover Charges

November 9, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I noticed that rich girls in South American clubs are harsher than rich girls in American clubs. One time I was in a “posh” Brazilian club with a cover band singing *English* songs, said something casual in English to some cute girls near by, and got flat-out dissed, even though they were singing along to the song. The bitchiness level of some well-to-do Colombian and Brazilian girls can be very surprising. I think part of it is that rich people in poor countries have a chip on their shoulder and want to prove they’re as big and bad as someone from the U.S. or Europe. They resent that they live in a developing country that many people still label “third-world.”

Easy solution: Do not step inside a club that has more than a $5 US cover. I’m rolling into clubs with $20 covers and wondering why I’m having challenging nights, but then I go into a casual bar and do great off the bat. The more expensive the South American club, the worser I do. If you balk at the cover charge then imagine what the average Brazilian or Colombian or whomever thinks about it. The only problem is that it’s tough finding those fun local bars, as guidebooks and internet sites usually spit out the expensive venues.

I think lower middle class bars and clubs are a good compromise between quality and easiness. It’s true those rich clubs have the hottest girls, but if you’re just passing by the city odds are that won’t be the source of a bang, especially without some sort of introduction or “in” to get the ball rolling. The girls there don’t give a shit you’re a gringo. Of course they’re always exceptions, but the one place your exotic gringo status is neutralized is a place where rich assholes hang out at. If the ratio of drunk guys wielding champagne bottles to hot girls exceeds 0.5, buckle down for a long night. And if you see someone with an iPhone, leave immediately.

Postscript: A Brazilian has informed me that a new iPhone costs around $1,200 in Brazil, based on today’s exchange rate.

Thoughts On The Balance Beween Caring For A Girl and Being Completely Apathetic

November 10, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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As much as I hate to admit it, my happiness is still tied to the responses I get from women. I have been unable to achieve a complete Buddhist-like state when it comes to game, and my states remain affected by them.

If I approach a cute new girl and get her number, say in a tough day-time approach, I am pleased and pat myself on the back, thinking of my little success for the next couple hours. If I then fuck her, I'm in positive spirits for at least a day. If a new girl I thought was a lock flakes on me at some point in the seduction I get annoyed and experience a bad or neutral mood for hours. If I don't get the bang when I've done everything in my power to do so, I'm frustrated.

It's happened where a girl didn't reply to my phone call, and I scratch my hand wondering why, only for her to finally respond and my mood to immediately lift. I want to get away from this completely, of reacting emotionally to responses a woman gives me, but I know that's asking myself to remove a part that makes me human. While I worry less about outcomes with specific women than the average man, there is obviously a part of me that cares, mostly for my own success and sense of accomplishment.

Garden-variety apathy is a common attribute of those men who rack up lots of bangs, but I want complete robot-like apathy when it comes to the initial stages of pick-up because I know that emotions such as the ones I experience only hinder my maximum potential. The time I'm feeling down will lead to missed opportunities because I won't be "in the mood." The times I'm feeling up does the same because of the "I just got laid—I don't need to try" mindset, also called Golden Cock Syndrome.

There is a negative to robot-like apathy, because to not care is to lack desire. Unfortunately at zero desire you'll be prevented from playing the game at all and attemping anything, as you can reason that women are not needed for your existence in the first place. This is a tough point to reconcile, and it's entirely possible that my current mindset, of caring a little, is actually most optimal.

Giving Up On The Game After Six Months

November 11, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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At risk of giving the Men's Rights virgins some ammunition, here's an email I received the other day, edited to remove any personal information:

> I lived in Brazil most of my life, read The Game 6 months ago, and since then I have consumed lots of material about pick up. I noticed some solid improvement, both dealing with women and in my social life in general, but after reading your last post I found out that my goal is impossible to achieve.
>
> I thought that by improving my game, I would be able to overcome the insane level of bitchiness of hot Brazilian girls on expensive clubs, which, as you said on your post, are the hottest here. But your post made me believe that pick up knowledge available does not have hot/rich Brazilian girls in mind. I know from personal experience (from before and after reading any material) that the same principles apply, but I am no longer confident that what is available is enough for Brazilian expensive clubs.
>
> [In the United States], I was amazed by how approachable American girls were, and in average they were hotter too! I could at least get a phone number from a reasonably good looking girl every night. I felt like fishing in barrel, compared to my life in Brazil.
>
> Anyway, I think I will officially retire from my pick up studies. I make very good living, and have good social skills. I am not very good looking (a 6 or 7 I'd say), but I have been on a long term relationship with a solid 9-10. She's a very nice girl, I just thought that it was bad timing, and that I had more of life to experience. I thought that studying pick up would have made a more mature man, helping dealing with anxiety, and evolve my social skills as a whole. I thought to myself: "when I am confident enough so that I *feel* am able to pick up any girl I want — yes, those on those clubs –, I will have experienced my feelings and will be mature enough to settle down". Anyway, I no longer believe that that goal is achievable.

My reply:

> So you've been studying game for six months, have not banged a silly hot Brazilian girl, and deem it "impossible" even after you've seen improvements? Do you know how ridiculous this sounds? You're writing this to a man who went to South America and was basically dying slowly but still went out there and chased hard until he [DBIP spoiler]. I'm sorry I can't respect this email at all because it screams quitter. If I was also a quitter then we can whine together about how hard life is and how hard it is to bang pretty girls but no, because I don't give up.

> Your solution is to man up, stop whining, and go do 200 approaches in the three months.

A noteworthy part of his email:

> I thought that studying pick up would have made a more mature man

In six months he expected to be a completely new man! Come on people: real, lasting change takes time. You can go out there with new lines or techniques and get laid in the next month, but changing who you are is a gradual process that you won't notice until way into the future when you accomplish some difficult task or goal using some seemingly inconsequential thing you learned from a prior experience. It won't be obvious.

I was reading the blog of this girl who traveled through South America. The post from when she returned home said something along the lines of, "I'm so disappointed that I'm back and feel like exactly the same person." Unfortunately people want to go out and do this big experience and feel an immediate payoff to justify it, a result of the Western culture sickness where everything is cost-benefit analyzed to death. But of course that's not how life works. The cumulation of many experiences will gradually change you, but nothing where you can draw a line from point A to B and say, "Yes climbing the Inca Trail has helped me… get this raise at work!"

Lastly, you can't go wrong if you do things you enjoy that keep you engaged in life. I sought out the game because it's what I wanted, not because I saw a bestselling book at Barnes & Noble that was targeted to my age and gender. If your heart isn't into something and you merely follow popular trends, you'll quit before accomplishing anything meaningful.

My Latest Big Project

November 15, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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"So Roosh, what have you been doing since you finished A Dead Bat In Paraguay?"

I'm glad you asked.

I have completely overhauled all my game tips newsletters. I gave them a new look, edited for clarity and typos, removed fluff, and added new moves and techniques. That may not sound like a big job but all my newsletters combined clock in at 47,000 words, only 13,000 words shy of Bang.

If you're already subscribed you've probably already seen the new design. Something new is that for each edition I throw in a different quote I like.

Here's a sampling of the emails you'll receive if you sign up:

- How to handle flakey girls
- How to pick up girls in coffee shops
- The one thing that makes girls see you as more confident
- An easy way to isolate a girl in a bar
- When is the best time to approach a girl?
- How to pick up girls on the street
- The reason why she isn't calling you back
- Simple move to defeat bedroom resistance

There are over 30 more editions with tips on day game, night game, approaching, venue selection, conversation tips, dating strategy, and sealing the deal. My newsletters are basically a free book on game that you get in snippets at regular intervals. I don't share your email address with anyone and you can unsubscribe at any time. Sign up on the forum below…

If you can't see the sign-up form above then you're probably running some type of adblocker. Simply send a blank email to roosh-game-tips@aweber.com to sign up.

My Dune Buggy Adventure In Pipa, Brazil

November 17, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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

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

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

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

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

The hog (click this photo and others for bigger size)

My biggest fear was getting lost. The map from the agency was like one you'd get when

entering an amusement part—definitely not drawn to scale. But turns out I didn’t even need the map. In my buggy I followed the water and it took me down well-worn paths of buggies before me, alternating between sand, rock, and dirt. I was getting the hang of driving the beast and ready to tackle more challenging terrain to see what it was made of.

Birds feasting on a dead hippo

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

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

To Be Continued…

My Dune Buggy Adventure In Pipa, Brazil (Part 2 of 2)

November 18, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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PREVIOUSLY: Part 1

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

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

You really feel alive when the stakes are raised. I'm thinking about the $1,000 while trying to figure out a solution at the same time. My instinct was to panic but I'm a sensible man so I decided to use my brain.

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

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

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

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

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

Before I had to say anything a buggy approached. It must've crossed the shallow water that I chickened out on earlier. I flagged him down and the first thing he said was, "Is that your buggy out there?" I nodded and he let out a chuckle. Then he told me to hop in, saying he'll help me get it out. For the rest of the day we'd communicate in Portuguese.

He introduced himself as Roberto. Turns out he drives around tourists like on the tour I took in Natal. We went into the village and stopped by his house first. There I met about eight or nine members of his extended family, and for most of them this was the first

time they had ever met an American. Their house was spartan but comfortable, with multiple beds to a room and religious Jesus statues on every table. I answered their curious questions and they complimented my Portuguese, saying my accent is southern, from Rio or São Paulo. I assumed that the books I was learning from gave me the southern accent.

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

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

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

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

We went back to town and walked around the center to buy fish caught minutes before. He paraded me to everyone he knew and I answered the same questions repeatedly like a parrot, getting fast enough that people thought I was near fluent in their language. This is where I mention that if you meet a Brazilian girl who has never met a gringo before, she will be *very* receptive.

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

I said, "This is like a pharmacy!"

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

The impotence plant

View from the Dona's house

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

Compared to the $35 tour in Natal, the costs for my buggy adventure was quite a bit more:

$110: Rental
$30: Gas
$15: Boat passages
$8: Farm passage
$18: Labor costs for the two men that helped
$18: Compensation for Roberto (I offered to pay his gas money)

That's $200, or about six times more than the tour.

The problem with tours is that nothing really good or really bad will happen. You get a controlled, pleasant experience where all you have to do is push the shutter button. If there's a problem then you simply sit and wait while your guide figures things out. Though I don't like judging whether an experience was "worth it" or not based on how much it cost, this was one of the most interesting days I've had in South America. I experienced a tough problem, had to work my way out, and in the meantime connected with locals who weren't already spoiled by gringos. There's not a whole lot more I could've asked for besides a buggy blowjob (by a girl, not Roberto).

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

16 Different Types Of Game

November 22, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Asshole Game: This is where you fire off relentless volleys of jabs, teases, and light insults that act as foreplay and make her ask, “Who is this guy?” It’s important to get the one-night-stand when using asshole game because by the next day her vagina will have dried up.

Baller Game: Roll up to the club looking crispy with your crew. Throw paper in everyone’s face and wait for the girl who likes money to make her presence known.

Caveman Game (a.k.a. Brazilian Game): You grab a girl in the club, pull her close to you, and have a very basic conversation for one minute (if that) before you try to kiss her. Ignore her inevitable resistance by holding her body and head in place. Even if she keeps her lips completely closed while you kiss, try to open them with your tongue.

Cocaine Game: You’re at the club talking to a girl and drop a casual line about having coke back at your penthouse, which is really a shitty row house but she won’t care as long as she sees that pile of coke. I’ve never run this game but it’s a no-brainer if you use drugs. Just don’t lie and say you have coke when you don’t because hell hath no fury like a cokehead denied coke.

Celebrity Game: This is when the girl thinks you’re important for some reason. From my experience I can say that girls seem to dig the fact that you’re known, even if in one city, even if it’s for something like banging girls. I’m pretty sure that guys don’t start bands only for the music.

Cool Guy Game: You casually drop all the interesting things you do (or have done) while making the girl laugh every now and then. The key to this game is fun conversation that makes the girl feel lucky she met you. Essential for daytime approaches.

Hail Mary Game: Go to the club, take a deep breath, and approach 10-20 girls. Ignore the ones who try to make you feel like a loser. Used for when you go to a place where you have zero social proof or a look not desired by the natives.

Internet Game: Gather your best photos and then craft a cocky first message with the occasional undercapitalization so it doesn’t look like you’re trying too hard. Blast 300 girls on Myspace, Plenty Of Fish, or Mingle, try to get a date from the three that respond, then freak out at the “updated” look of the one who comes through. Try to bang her anyway.

Last Man Standing Game: You’re the only guy who didn’t dip, pass out, or puke. Her friends all went home leaving you two alone at 4am in the morning. You’re both drunk and horny so the only logical thing to do is fuck (or eat greasy food).

Owner’s Son Game: You go to a club where you happen know the entire staff. They let you get away with things that normal patrons cannot, like dancing on the bar with your shirt off while drinking straight from a bottle of Jack. Girl’s notice this and approach you because they figure you’re the owner’s son. The only guy I know who has run this game successfully is Virgle Kent.

Friend Of The Owner's Son Game: You get the residual, lesser-quality pussy from being the friend of the guy that all the girls think is the owner's son.

Pizza Game: Stand in front of a late night gyro or jumbo slice pizza spot and holla at girls walking by. Insult them when they don't respond positively to your comments about the sexual nature of their bodies.

Rape Game: Used for when a girl is acting either difficult or prudish. Drag her to your place and tell her you're going to have her way with her and there's nothing she can do about it. Throw her on the bad, rip off her clothing, and do what you promised while ignoring her fake protests. With some girls you need to simulate rape conditions to get the bang, but be careful because rape game correlates highly to unprotected sex. The last thing a girl cares about when getting fantasy raped is using a condom. Also, you might want to use a fake name and safe house when running rape game in a Western country.

Solo Dolo Game: You go alone to a decent bar or lounge looking sharp, drink fine spirits from a prime spot, and wait for a girl who doesn't mind anonymous sex to give you a subtle look that invites conversation. Casually drop the convenient location of your condo or hotel suite early in the conversation. Coined by G Manifesto.

Sleazy Game: You're always pining to get back into her place or yours, because once isolated in a bedroom you know that sex has a very good chance of occurring. In fact most of your game revolves around making this happen. For example, a couple times I purposefully missed the last subway train home to ask the girl to crash on her couch, knowing she wouldn't refuse. And then I bang. It pays to be sleazy.

Starving Artist Game: You casually drop that you are an artist of some sort trying to produce something remarkable while barely making ends meet. It helps if you have a weathered look with dark circles under your eyes so she can see how you're suffering for your art. Since she meets more lawyers, doctors, and cubicle slaves than artists, she will be curious about you all the way to *her* bedroom. You can't take her back to yours since you live in your dad's basement, a fact that legitimizes your artist status to her even further. (Note: Starving Artist game doesn't play as well in non-Western cultures where being a lawyer or doctor is far less common).

Game is multi-dimensional so it's rare you only use one type of game to bang a girl. For example my game is strongest when I start with Asshole Game and then end with Sleazy Game and a sprinkling of Rape Game. If I'm in a hipster bar I run Starving Artist Game and Cool Guy Game. In a foreign country though I'm forced to predominantly run Hail Mary Game and Last Man Standing Game, though I would like to move to Solo Dolo Game in a few years. In Washington D.C. sometimes I can get away with only running Celebrity Game or, if I'm out with Virgle Kent, Friend Of The Owner's Son Game. As you can see there are many ways to skin a cat.

“Just Text Me Your Address”

November 24, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Sometimes when setting dates I need an address or some extra information from the girl. For example we agree to start in two hours at her place, but I need an address. On the phone I’ll say, “Just text me your address.”

You’d think that the girl would right away get off the phone and send the text, but they never do this. They always wait a little bit so they don’t appear needy. I noticed that most girls will wait on average 10-15 minutes before texting information you need for the date. The longest I’ve experienced was 25 minutes. What’s funny to me is that this is a universal rule and every girl does this, as if it was written in a book somewhere that all girls have read.

Of course I do the same thing.

Don’t Even Bother Veryifying Her Phone Number

November 29, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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There was a time when I’d get a number of a girl from the bar and a part of me would come alive. A potential new notch! If the girl was especially pretty, I’d value this number to such extent that when I got home I’d write it on a separate piece of paper, just in case my phone broke or got stolen. I didn’t want to lose an opportunity with a new girl.

Most other times I was very careful to enter her number correctly in my phone, lest I make a mistake and never am able to reach her again. How horrible that would be!

Do you see how much I valued the pussy? Before I had sex with her I was so pressed over it that I had fear I may never be able to contact her again. It’s possible that the girl never picked up on this neediness, but I bet I showed it in other ways during the pick-up where I demonstrated how I thought she was a valuable snowflake.

Flash forward to present day. If I lose her number, or don’t put it in correctly, who cares? I’ll just pick another girl up the next night. There is an unlimited supply of girls for me to get with, and even if the girl was cool, it won’t be much time until I meet another one that’s even better.

No pussy is golden. They’re a commodity, millions of them present in every city in every country of the world, waiting for me to put in my attempt. A failure or misstep with any one girl is not worth one bit of mental stress.

In fact, it should be the girl who is worried that the number is not entered correctly. It should be her that insists I call her phone so that she has her number, not the other way around.

Until the girl amazes you in some way besides looking pretty, she has low worth. Until she comes through with great sex or some nice affection (cooking, small gifts), she should not occupy more than a fleeting thought in your mind.

Re: Dilemma For Guys With Tight Game

December 2, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

PREVIOUSLY: Dilemma For Guys With Tight Game

The answer I was looking for was “nothing,” explained nicely by Flashman:

> Nothing, other than getting across a vibe of total sexual satiation through facial expression and body language, which will not register with all girls, especially those you cold approach without them having checked you out.
>
> Game is broadcasting the maximum amount of attractive traits in as short a time frame as possible, but if the audition is cut off after 4 seconds, there’s not much you can do. In hindsight, a boderline harsh neg or bold statement (”you look like the kind of girl who would stalk me after we slept together”) might convey the information, but who cares. Unless a celebrity or heavily social-proofed, these rejections are inevitable and not worth a second thought or even slight bitterness.

It’s true there are some tricks you can use to possibly turn around the type of rejection I presented, and humor would be the way to do that as suggested by VK and Tyler, but I don’t believe there is a recovery that can consistently improve such an outcome.

The problem with approaching without social proof or a reputation that precedes you is that you can’t show your entire worth in an opening line. It doesn’t matter how good that line is or how alpha your body language is, but those things can’t simply can’t overcome a girl who is not open to chatting with a random guy who has no immediate value besides maybe an okay appearance. She must be open.

Game rarely ever convinces a girl to have sex. All it does is increase the probability of banging a girl that is thinking she may want to get banged soon. This is why you have to approach in numbers. Raw game is about working your ass off on many girls you want and waiting until one comes through. Then after you’re done with her you repeat the process. Until you build a reputation, social proof, or a valuable quality whereby girls initiate contact first, you will always be working.

So while that girl is laughing at you, maintain your composure and approach another girl later, and just keep going until you find one who is open to chatting with a guy. Then run that game that has proved deadly so many times before.

A Replacement For The 1-10 Scale

December 13, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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My attempts to teach others to objectively use the 1-10 scale to describe female attractivness has failed. For guys outside of my crew, the scale means absolutely nothing and doesn't do what it was supposed to do: standardize beauty. The problem is that guys give every girl a 7 or 8 when that's far from the case.

So it's time to come up with a more general scale that will work anywhere at a slight cost of precision. Let's put all women into the following five categories:

1. Beast. These are the girls that reduce your confidence after sex, not increase it. You wake up the next day and wonder, "What was I thinking?" This happened to me once a couple years ago when I experienced such morning shame that I had to escape from the girl's house after she hopped into the shower. I fenced a wall of her gated community and grabbed a bus because I couldn't afford a cab.

2. Okay. A girl you wouldn't introduce to your friends, but is bangable. She probably has about 10 extra pounds, some mild acne, and a sense of style that makes my lumberjerk shirts look awesome. You want to put girls like this is the fuck-buddy bin. Side note: It's strange that girls who are fat or ugly have bad style, even though style is something easily changeable that could drastically improve appearance. A fattie should never, ever step out of the house with anything less than three-inch heels.

3. Cute. This is your classic 7. A girl who is attractive and extremely bangagle, and your friends wouldn't hesitate to say "I'd hit." On some nights when she does creative shit with her makeup she can be extremely attractive. She will also look better during short vacations to Las Vegas or the Carribean because she starved herself the week prior to get ready.

4. Real Cute. Reaction from your player friends will be "Damn, she's cute" or "Oooh she's real nice." Most normal men though would call these girls hot. I would only get into a longish term relationship with a girl in this category or higher, because with a merely Cute girl I'd be disturbed with thoughts knowing I could definitely do better.

5. Hot as balls. To get a girl here you will need a little bit more than just game, perhaps status or fame with a healthy dose of luck. If a friend sees you with her his comments may enter the haterade realm of "How much are you paying to hang out with her?!" or "How the fuck did you get her?" The irony of the Hot As Balls girl is that you often see her with some overweight, balding, unkempt, or otherwise extremely hairy man. Life plays cruel jokes on us all.

Let's put this system in action with a couple examples…

"Yeah last night I woke up next to this *beast* and remembered that I didn't use a condom. Should I get tested?"

"I'm tired of banging *okay* girls. Should I bang prostitutes on the side to improve my approach game?"

“I approached this *hot as balls* girl and she told me that she wouldn’t have sex with me if I was the last guy on earth. Then she threw her drink on me. What’s a good line that I could have responded with?”

And so on.

So there you have it. The 1-10 scale, unfortunately, has failed. If Virgle Kent or Roissy tells me they went out with an 8 I’ll know exactly what we’re working with, but any other guy and the 8 will probably not be an 8. She’d just be okay.

If this scale falls then I have another one waiting in the wings. It’s called “Pic or shut the fuck up.”

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How To Tell A Girl What You Do

December 14, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Expanding on the why logic hurts guys theme, I want to give two examples of how to drop the same job: a world-class clay potter.

You're at a bar talking to some girl. The first question she asks you is "What do you do?" You reply, "I'm a world-class clay potter. I do exhibits here in D.C." The girl looks at her friend and rolls her eyes. "What a loser, bragging about clay pots," she thinks. The conversation dies down a couple minutes later.

You're at a bar talking to some girl. The first question she asks you is "What do you do?" You reply, "You mean for money?"

"Uh yeah for money."

"Well it's complicated."

"Complicated?"

"Yeah well I work with the Earth. I make things with mud and dirt. Then I sell my mud creations to discerning individuals."

"Are you serious?" she asks.

"Yeah I love mud. I just have this thing for mud. I mean, who doesn't?"

"I don't," she scoffs.

"Well that's a shame. Thanks to mud, I'm able to come to bars like this and buy this beer. Cause of MUD."

"You're weird."

Then she gives you a look, wondering if you're serious or not. Three hours later you're fucking her on your bed. On her way out, she notices a picture of you handing a clay pot to the mayor of some small Eastern European town, a piece you sold him years ago. You call her a few days later and she agrees to go out with you, and you fuck her again.

Logic dictates that you should directly state an accomplishment to a girl in hopes of bedding her, but as many guys know, this doesn't work. If logic worked, guys would be wearing t-shirts with their yearly income and/or dick size (the latter for me), yet in reality they would be labeled a douche and laughed out the bar.

Be shady and dance around the answer instead. **Purposefully not impressing a girl is the best way to impress her, since it shows you don't care about her and that your value is higher than hers.** Let her find out things eventually on her own by accident (after some insinuation on your part) where the effect will be much more potent. Let her think: "Why didn't he brag about this great accomplishment?" Because you don't give a shit. And that's a key piece of the puzzle to fucking a lot of girls.

What Are You Waiting For?

December 16, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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"The infinitesimal place I take up is so tiny compared to the rest of space where I'm not, and which has nothing to do with me; and the portion of time given me to live is so negligible next to the eternity in which I haven't existed and won't—while in this atom, this decimal point, the blood courses, the brain works, and wants something also... What an outrage! What nonsense!"
—-Fathers and Sons by Ivan Turgenev

Sometimes I wonder how it will feel like when my time is up. Will I be conscious of the last breath I take? Will there be a moment of awareness after my heart stops? When clinically dead, will I be able to feel or sense anything, suggesting that the electrical impulses in my head ramp down slowly, or will it be more like an on-off switch where things fade to black? I wonder how it will feel the second I know I'm going to die, assuming I don't get a bullet in the head or find myself in an exploding airplane. I like to think it will be a moment of blissful resignation, but I wouldn't rule out a combination of sheer terror and unfathomable fear.

I don't believe in an afterlife or a soul. When you die, you die, and everything that you are disappears from the earth, only to be remembered briefly by your ancestors or works. I can't think of anything more cruel—to be given life and the opportunity to grow and change and experience and love and have it all taken away from you, as if it was all for nothing, nothing but nature's joke on you. It won't matter how many women I've slept with. It won't matter how well-traveled I was, how many languages I was able to speak. It won't matter how many expensive things I was able to accumulate. And all those books I've read, those tasty dishes I learned to prepare—for nothing! All those experiences I learned from, some that helped me become a better person, all for naught.

But no matter how meaningless, insignificant and absurd human existence is, I feel very alive right now. I can feel pleasure and pain, happiness and disappointment. I can shape how I want to live the current moment and do just a bit of planning to help assure future moments feel great as well. Though I'm very skeptical of free will, as each of us are limited by and dependent on too many factors outside our control, I do have enough power to make marginal and sometimes significant improvements. There are things I can do to more often hit the pleasure centers in my brain, helping push aside those poisonous existential thoughts that inevitably lead to depression and melancholy.

The worst thing about life—death—is also the best thing, because I know that my time here is limited, and it's best spent pursuing what I want, and nothing less. I look at people who postpone, waiting to act, either for some type of miracle or maybe the arbitrary flip of the calendar year in the form of a "resolution," and I think to myself, "Don't these people know that one day they're going to die?" Maybe they forgot, and won't be reminded until someone close to them passes away, or when they themselves go through a serious health scare, but by then it may be many times harder to make any sort of

meaningful change.

But I don’t forget. That’s why today I will wake up and do what I want to do, in the place that I want to be. It won’t be a perfect day as I am bounded by the human experience, but the parts that I can affect and mold are being affected and molded. And if you tell me I’m going to die tomorrow I’ll just shrug my shoulders at you, because before I take my last breath I know I’ve done everything I possibly could to live this meaningless, insignificant and absurd life to the absolute best of my ability.

How Culture Shapes Game (Using Colombia As An Example)

December 21, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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The most optimal game depends on two things: the nature of the women and the culture they reside in. But since women are deeply affected by culture, we can say that it's really culture that determines the type of game you need to use.

Once you understand the culture, you can devise a game that works in that culture (and that culture alone). Some pieces of game can be shifted around, but not all. For example cocky game works great in the United States, but less so in Colombia. It is more effective in Argentina, but not as much in Brazil. Why is that?

Cocky game was made for confident girls. Since American girls are much more confident, we'd expect it to have a strong effect. On the other hand the girls of Colombia and Brazil are rather needy and insecure. Cocky game is too hard for them, and therefore should be used sparingly, if at all (anything past light teasing will decrease attraction instead of increasing it). The girls of Argentina think they're European, and with that comes an increase in confidence where you'd see more utility with the cocky vibe.

Instead of throwing yourself into the fire and trying a bunch of random things in a new country, it's wiser to understand facets of how that culture works and then work your way backwards. Let's do that with Colombia, which has two main cultural differences that greatly affect how you play the game.

1. Cell Phone Use. Charges are borne on those making the call, not receiving them, so everyone there answers their phone. No one wants to have to call the person back because making calls is very expensive (40 cents a minute). No one leaves a voicemail, and if you leave one it's a guarantee it won't be checked promptly. Text messaging is also comparatively expensive, and not frequently used by those who aren't Americanized. Service is not as reliable and messages can arrive hours late.

Most people never make calls with their cell phone. They go to independent *minuto celular* vendors located on most street corners to make calls at a cheap rate, usually because they have empty balances on their cell phone and can only receive calls. They are also very slow to recharge their balance. Every time someone calls you it will probably be from a new number, so therefore there is no call screening in Colombia. Girls answer their phone most of the time when you call.

Optimal Game: When you get a girl's phone number, do not text message her and do not leave voicemails. Call her in 2-4 days and if she doesn't answer then the correct play is to keep calling back once a day. Leaving a text message may not get a response if she has no money in her balance so setting dates via text is not advised. If she's not answering it's because she's genuinely busy, not because she is screening, since the strange number could be her cousin for all she knows.

Interesting Twist: Email game plays here. I've set dates with email relatively easily. MSN

Messenger is also popular, but it's a rather time-consuming way to set a date and I avoid it since you both have to catch each other online at the same time.

2. Family. Family is the most important part of Colombian life. Every girl lives at home with her parents, and they require details of her social life (including potential suitors). Even if she's in her 20's, she needs permission to go out. It'll be common for one of her parents to call her during your date. She also has a curfew which means she cannot stay out late. You usually don't have enough time to take her out and then return to your love dungeon for a lengthy bedroom seduction.

Optimal Game: The home dinner date. It's the most reliable way of getting a girl into your house and boozed up in a short amount of time. Be sure to cook a light meal without a lot of grease so the alcohol absorbs properly (I recommend a basic chicken stir-fry with rice). Since you don't have to move locations, you can bang her without going over her curfew. You generally can't do two dinner dates in a row so only use it when you're at least 50% certain she's ready to bang (preferably after you've made out with her). I've done more dinner dates in Colombia in six months than in the United States the previous five years.

Interesting Twist: If you have a poor girl on your hands, she may ask you for taxi money back home.

A third dimension which I'll just briefly mention is social circle. There is no nighttime pick-up culture in Colombia as girls hang out in huge mixed-set groups, so the optimal game will involve more daytime approaches at malls and universities.

I'm tempted to add Catholicism. Brainwashing from the church causes girls here to give robust resistance in the bedroom, but since the optimal game remains the same (persistence) there really is no need to describe it in-depth.

If you just understand the cell phone and family differences in Colombia, you'll be well ahead of other gringos in banging the girls there. There are others which I will discuss in the future, but these two are the most important.

When you want to bang abroad, you'll save yourself a lot of grief if you step back and see how the culture functions. How is the belief system different? What are some common things you see differently from your own country? What are the personalities and behaviors of guys who have the hot women? Then devise a few tactics that may be more suitable for your new environment and try them out.

But how about if you don't have enough time in your visit to study cultural nuances and just want to get your flag? Then throw efficiency out the window and approach like a machine with the game you know. And hope for best.

Female Wingmen Are Overrated

December 24, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Here's an Bang excerpt from page 56:

> You may want to turn an attractive lady friend into a wingman. The female wingman is supposed to let other females know that you are accepted on this Earth by at least one woman. But we use her differently than a male wingman. While your buddy is by your side to talk to the girlfriends and absorb distractions, the female wingman is there to increase your social standing. When you enter a venue, you want to talk to your lady friend long enough for other girls to see. Make the interaction ambiguous by talking close and encouraging her to touch you from time to time. Then, go approach girls on your own, who will now be much more receptive to your game.
>
> The purpose of the female wingman is just to increase the success rate of your approaches. While you can bring your lady friend along with you in the approach, I find that the girls tend to talk too much amongst themselves, severely limiting my ability to game. Don't let a girl do the approach for you—approaching a girl you want to sleep with is your job and no one else's.

I can't remember the last time I've seen a man properly use a female wingman. He thinks that because he has some social proof the girls will start coming up to him, or that the wingwoman will do all the work, but it rarely works out like that. What ends up happening is that he barely talks to other girls.

I will always recommend men use a male wingman before female ones, for two reasons. First, when you have a cute girl on your arm you get lazy and comfortable, probably because your hunger is tamed. Second, there's a subconscious desire not to get rejected in front of other women (especially ones you know), so you'll tend to only go for other girls who gave you a good signal like eye contact.

Unless your female wingman knows you play the numbers game to get sex, and that you do get rejected often, you'll be much more hesitant to approach than if you were hanging out with another guy. While I do value the social proof that comes with hanging out with beautiful women, the female wingman is too overrated for guys who already have game. The benefit is marginal unless you know exactly what you're doing.

In Bang I do give some additional tips on macking with a male wingman, including what to do in the unfortunate situation where you feel like your wingman is cockblocking you. Check out the Bang homepage to read more excerpts.

Oh, Merry Christmas.

1,295 Posts

December 28, 2009 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I'm taking off until next week. In the meantime here are some recent posts worthy of another look:

1. Do Not Help A Girl Out With Her Problems If You Want To Fuck Her
2. The Best Motivator That Gets You Approaching Girls
3. The 9 Immutable Laws Of Pick Up
4. Interview With Muscle And Game Master Virgle Kent
5. Brief Introduction To Buddhism
6. The Two Things That Tight Game Comes Down To
7. Never Tell A Girl That You've Been In Love Before
8. 18 Reasons Why You Don't Get Laid
9. Don't Go To South American Clubs With High Cover Charges
10. Thoughts On The Balance Beween Caring For A Girl and Being Completely Apathetic
11. Are You A Real Man?
12. 16 Different Types Of Game
13. How To Tell A Girl What You Do

Still bored? Check out the full archives from RooshV.com and DCBachelor.com, where you can browse by post title and month. As of today I've put up 1,295 posts. I also have a Twitter feed, in case you're into that.

6 Step Strategy For Living Abroad

January 3, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The only thing harder about moving to another country is deciding on where. You can read guidebooks and forums all day but you'll never be absolutely certain that recommended places fit you best. You need to go there to find out for yourself.

Let's start with the first two steps…

Step 1: Compile a long list of cities and countries that you want to visit. Categorize those by continent and see if it's obvious that you should visit one continent before all others. For me that was the case for South America, though Eastern Europe was a close second.

Step 2: Plan out a logical route for your first ambitious trip abroad. Fill the spaces in between with cities you are curious about and others that help chop up long trips. Consult guidebooks to see about train or bus times between cities along with ballpark lodging numbers that help you calculate a rough budget. Giving you a budget estimate is useless without knowledge of your travel style and tastes, so ask those who are similar to you for an idea. (You can also use sites like One World to plan around-the-world trips via airplane.)

For me travel has two modes: research and living, with some overlap in between. I generally like to visit a city first before committing an extended period of time there. My first trip to South America was mostly research, hopping around and taking notes on the cities I liked. Out of the 30 or so I visited, I discovered two that I wanted to return to: Cordoba and Rio. I did stay in both cities longer than I planned, but not long enough to where I felt like I was a resident instead of a tourist. Understand that to find a city you love, you may have to visit a lot of cities you dislike. It's a process that takes time.

My current trip is heavy on the living side. I stayed in Medellin for six months, with research side-trips to Bogota, Cali, and Santa Marta. I'm now in Rio de Janerio after researching the north of Brazil. If I like any of these research cities I'll stay up to a week and consider returning in the future for a longer time. For example Pipa is a beach town that I would definitely live for a summer, something that I would not have known unless I visited. While I value other people's opinions of places, I won't know for sure unless I go there and have a look.

I don't really see the point of doing *only* research, which is the Western way of travel, assuming the Westerner is not merely going to a Caribbean resort. There will most likely be foreign cities that make you happier than your own, and visiting them without having the option of staying longer to feel it out seems a bit torturous to me. If you'll never be able to move to a city that you love, I'm wondering if it's best not to travel in the first place, because you'll be stuck in your crappy city knowing for sure that there is something better.

Step 3: Figure out money and work logistics. This is where guys start with the

excuses that they “can’t,” but to me that says they don’t want it bad enough. Fine, stay where you’re at it and live vicariously through others, but I get emails from guys all the time that are working their asses off just for a month away, and that’s usually how it starts: a decent-sized trip that a guy figures out how to lengthen in future years. My first trip away was only a week long.

Step 4: Enjoy your trip. I strongly urge you to integrate yourself into the cultures you visit by learning the language and avoiding other gringos. How will you know if a city is good or not for a medium or long-term stay if you don’t mix with the people who live there? If you’re coming to South America, learn Spanish or Portuguese. Don’t be lazy. With just a few hundred words you’ll be able to do so much more and be more motivated to talk to locals and begin to understand how they’re like. It’s okay to stay in hostels but every now and then spring for a roach motel to get away from English and general comfort. Push yourself a little more than you’re used to.

Step 5: Reflect after your trip is over. Is there a city you fell in love with? If you visited at least a dozen, chances are one of them will be worthy of a lengthy return. How can you make that happen? You’re probably going to have to figure out a different way of making money, perhaps your own internet or freelance business. Talk to other guys who have what you want and figure out how they did it. While it will be hard to duplicate someone else’s success, there will be lessons you can learn. I know it’s not easy to figure out a new way of making money, but I’ve met a ton of guys doing it. You can as well if you have slightly above-average intelligence, and if you’re reading this right now then chances are you do.

Step 6: Live abroad. Book a one way ticket with money in the bank and some passive income coming in on the side. Once there rent a room and spend a couple hours a day working, a couple hours a day learning the local language, and the rest on your own pet projects. Hang out at a local university, explore the nightlife, make friends, sleep with the local women, enjoy life, and eventually return home a better man. What more can you ask for?

And thankfully while living in a city your expenses will be significantly lower than when traveling through.

After my current trip in South America, I plan on coming back to D.C. to recharge for several months and then maybe do a tame trip through parts of Europe. That’s my master plan, research and living, research and living, until there’s not a whole lot of research left to do and I build roots in a place that I love.

How To Tell If A Girl Is Serious About Fucking

January 5, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I like to think there are two kinds of prospects: one where the girl is serious about fucking and one where she's not.

The girl who is serious about fucking either likes you a lot and/or hasn't gotten laid in a while. The latter reason, especially, will do more to ensure sex in a rapid matter. She likes sex, thinks of sex, masturbates almost nightly with her foot long black dildo, and sincerely wants to get laid. And it's not so much that's she naturally horny because in America if you haven't gotten laid in a month then you're a huge loser, so many girls try to relieve this friction by banging random men only a few hours after meeting them. (I wish this was the case in non-Western parts of the world.)

The second girl is more wishy-washy. Sure she wants to get laid, but as a sexual camel she can go a while without it. Sometimes flirtatious attention is good enough to hold her off for months. There is no urgency for her, which is a headache for the horny man.

The way to find out if she is serious about fucking or not is by the end of the first date.

If you try for the kiss, and you don't get it, she is not serious about fucking. I'm not saying you can't eventually fuck her, but you'll be chasing that pussy for many weeks.

If you try for the kiss, and you do get it, she is serious about fucking. She may not fuck you, but if you play your game right there is a coin-flip chance you will hit.

It's that simple. A sloppy make outs on the very same night you meet her is not a reliable indicator because maybe she just wanted to kiss a guy, but setting a date with a new guy and slobbering over his face at the end of that date is a pretty good indicator of how earnest she is.

In addition, if she flakes last minute on the first date, she is definitely not serious about fucking. This is highly disrespectful actually and worthy of phone number deletion. I've *never* been able to turn around a seduction where the girl flaked on the first date.

I had a first date with a Colombian girl a few months ago and didn't get the kiss at the end of a four hour date. My Colombian friend said, "Oh that's no problem, girls here rarely kiss on the first date." So it's a cultural phenomenon right? Wrong, because I've had other first dates in Colombia where the kiss happened (including a daytime date at a park). Sure enough I got her on the phone again and while she claimed to want to hang out, she wanted to wait a week when she wasn't busy with school. **Not serious about fucking**. Don't waste your time with these girls. This is a reason why your first dates should be reasonably-priced drinks, to screen out girls who are merely looking for attention and not veiny cock.

If you don't kiss by the first date, you won't hit sooner than date five. What pussy is worth that kind of investment?

Allow me to answer that… ***none***

Travel Overview Of Northern Brazil (For Guys)

January 6, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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

Here's where I went…

Fortaleza:

A large, plain city with several decent beaches to choose from. If you're on a budget then head to the sketchy Praia de Iracema beach, which has rooms starting at 55 R$ (divide numbers in Brazilian *reals* by the exchange rate, which as of this writing is around 1.72). Get off on Avenida Beira Mar facing the beach and bargain with the over dozen hotels clustered nearby. If you have more money to spend then head to upmarket Praia do Futuro a couple miles away.

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

Speaking of the girls, I've never seen so many husky women as I have in Fortaleza. It's as if they're all spawn of football players, which is interesting because the men appeared normal. While the women tend to be overweight with hammy arms, it's their wide build which was most disturbing. This was the first city I visited after Rio, so the downgrade in

attractiveness was shocking and took a bit away from the Brazilian woman mystique.

Natal:

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

Praia Ponta Negra is the quaint tourist beach with clothing shops, modern restaurants, and a nightlife center. I stayed in Pousada Recanto das Flores for 50 R$ a night, a clean option located only one block away from the beach. I didn't get to experience the nightlife but it's around Rua Bezzera in Alto de Ponta Negra. The girls were cuter than in Fortaleza.

Praia de Pipa:

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

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

The Brazilian girls that live in Pipa tend to be of the tattooed and dredlocked variety, but since this is a tourist destination you'll get lot of well-maintained rich girls from cities nearby, though they're usually traveling with family or significant others.

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

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

Recife:

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

of streetwalkers, especially on the weekend, though people tell me I should have gone to colonial Olinda where most dirty backpackers stay.

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

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

Salvador:

What an overrated piece of shit city. It's literally one big favela that is not worth more than two hours of your time. Leave your bags at the bus station, visit the historic center, and then get the hell out of town to a place that's not so dirty or dangerous. Or just watch the movie Cidade Baixa.

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

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

Ilhéus:

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

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

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

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

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

Here are some related topics on the travel forum:

- How To Prepare For Brazil
- Carnival In Salvador
- Beach Game Strategy
- Florianopolis Tips
- São Paulo Tips
- Good Country For Girls And Lifestyle?

In conclusion, the north of Brazil has some nice beaches and decent value, but it's rougher and doesn't have Brazil's most beautiful women. For that you have to start in Minas Gerais or Espirito Santo, the two states north of Rio, and work your way south (I'll have more about my visit to Espirito Santo in the future). Unless you got money and time to blow and want to learn about Brazilian culture, I'd skip the north.

How To Get Laid Without Approaching

January 10, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Not every man has to approach to get laid, for there are lifestyle choices you can make which allow the women to come to you. While it's rare to meet a man who has tight game but never approaches, taking on a lifestyle "gimmick" will make it easier for every guy. Here's some things you can do which eliminate the need to approach:

1. Bartender, bouncer, or promoter. This is where women have to interact with you. With game and personality it'll be very easy to take these normal interactions to the next level since your high value is already assumed. Even though bartending is manual labor and something that a monkey can do, girls are incredibly impressed by it. I left out DJ'ing on purpose because while women do approach you, it's not as common you think. You're unable to communicate with her and she gets bored and goes right back into the crowd to get grimey with another guy. Unless you're a world-class DJ, you'll get scraps.

2. Musician who performs in live shows. It doesn't even matter if you're in a good band or not. Simply perform and then have some drink afterwards with the commoners. Girls will compliment your show or ask you a question about a song that touched them deeply. It doesn't matter how many panties get wet with your music but you won't get anything unless you mingle after the show.

3. Surfing instructor. You're the expert not only in surfing (getting nice views of her body as you push her into waves), but also in the nightlife. Try to make tentative plans to meet up at night or merely make a strong recommendation for the spot you're going to. You'll run into her and once liquored up she'll be rather easy. Seen it a million times.

4. Tour guide. Again, your expert status conveys high value and as long as you show personality it won't be hard to get an after-tour drink.

5. Foreign language instructor. The key here is to teach hot rich girls who you normally wouldn't have access to. I've heard many stories of gringos teachers getting with very hot women that would be extremely laborious to pick up otherwise. To score you'll have better odds teaching for a large company with group classes than occasional 1-on-1 private tutoring.

6. CouchSurfing host. There's a Brazilian guy I met that has a CouchSurfing profile but only replies to requests by cute girls. He has accumulated quite a few flags this way because as you know girls traveling alone willing to stay with a random man is probably down for that random cock.

Others gimmicks worth mentioning: Studio photographer, pool lifeguard, and cable repairman.

Every now and then there is a weird gimmick that you wouldn't think helps a guy out. For example the guy who works as a waiter in the family-owned pizzeria for the summer at the beach gets laid like a champ. The main idea here is finding something where girls have to interact with you in a setting that shows your value, then turning on that charm.

You won’t have to do any cold approaches again until the goose dies.

Is It A Bad Idea To Ask For Phone Numbers?

January 11, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Here's an email I received recently:

> I've recently realized it's usually a bad idea to ask a chick for her phone number.
>
> 1. If she's truly interested, she will ask you!
>
> 2. By asking her for her number, you are raising her status in the interaction between the two of you.
>
> 3. Getting her number gives her reassurance that she doesn't need to sleep with you that night because you are already into her enough to want her number.
>
> 4. If you know you will never ask a girl for her number unless she offers it, you will quit spending so much time overanalyzing your time with her, wondering how to manipulate the interaction to get the number.

1. Many girls do, but not all, including girls that you can get out and fuck on the first or second date. By keeping this rigid rule you cost yourself notches, plain and simple.

2. Not by as much as you think, especially when you preclude the number ask with "you seem cool." Understand that most women of the world like confident guys who make the first move. I'm convinced that my aggressiveness and persistence gets me laid more than my awesome jokes. Don't confuse those qualities with neediness or desperation.

3. I don't see why this is relevant when you only get the number *after* you've tried all you can to hit that first night. Many of the numbers you get should be on the steps of her house or in the narrow dark alley right next to it.

4. I agree with you for guys who only think in numbers. But if your interaction with a girl is cut short, it pays to ask.

Let me put it this way: say a very low 1 out of 50 numbers you get results in a bang. And the time it takes to get a number is 20 seconds. And the time to call or text that number is 60 seconds. (80 seconds x 50 numbers = 1 hour of time). Is it worth one hour of time spread out over weeks or months to bang an attractive girl?

Of course, especially when you consider that one hour is at least the amount of time you spend jerking off in a week. Fact is one hour is a drop in the bucket. Get numbers all the time after you've already pushed the interaction as far and long as you could. Don't hope to meet those confident girls that can ask. Not only is that as much luck as game, but those aggressive "in charge" girls have slept with tons more guys than the more timid ones. Every now and then I still like seeing the girl grimace upon initial penetration.

Vitória, Brazil Travel Guide For Guys

January 13, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

What a pleasant surprise this city was after waddling through the north of Brazil. A tip in the forum told me that it was a hotbed of Brazilian poon, so I decided to stop by for a night to check it out. I left ten days later.

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

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

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

If that's too expensive for you then you have to head to sketchy centro a couple miles away, within walking distance of favelas. There your best option is the Cannes Palace, a clean hotel with wireless internet, air conditioning, and mini-fridge. It'll set you back R$69 a night. If that's still too much, then try the run-down Hotel Avenida two blocks away from the Cannes (Av. Presidente Florentino Avidos 347, tel. 27 3223 4317). It's R$55 a night for their best rooms but you don't get air conditioning or a fridge.

The key to not breaking the bank here is to go to clubs before 11 for their "happy" specials. Let me explain how it works. If you get to the club late you pay something like a R$40 or more cover and then drinks on top of that, but if you get there early then you pay

R$50 for *consumação*, or consumption. This means your entire R$50 contribution goes towards drinks, which equals about six caipirinhas or three Johnny Walker Blacks. It's almost like paying cover but drinking for free.

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

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

An alternative to Vitória is Belo Horizonte, the state capital of neighboring Minas Gerais. I haven't been there yet but from what I read it seems like a larger version of Vitória but with nicer girls and a hostel. I also hear good things coming out of Porto Alegre and Brasilia, where being a gringo carries higher status than in Vitória and definitely Rio, which I believe is going through gringo fatigue.

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

A Conversation About What's Wrong With America

January 17, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

My roommate from Denmark was locked out of his room the other day and waited in the kitchen for the landlord to deliver a spare key. I cooked dinner in the meanwhile and we got to talking. At some point he asked me, "Why are you here?"

—

"Everyone keeps asking me that and I wish I had a quick, powerful answer, but it comes down to two things: wanting to explore, something I think most men want to do, and wanting to get away from the American way of life. I really can't say which one motivates me more to be here.

"In America you go to college, which you're told is supposed to be the most fun years of life, and then you get a job taking orders from some pencil dick in this grand mission to chase money and accumulate stuff. I don't need stuff—all I need in life is a laptop and good speakers. I'll be happy anywhere because it'll keep me busy. I can write, read, listen to music, stay in touch with friends and family… I don't need more than that. Now I date girls young enough who think that type of lifestyle is 'cool,' but if I ever want to have a family some day I'll probably have to make some changes.

"I don't want to work 40 hours a week doing the same thing to be insulted with a 3% raise and a pat on the head every year. I don't want to count down the days to the weekend where I punish my liver because my week was so lifeless. I don't want to wait until Saturday to take a book to a coffee shop and lose track of time. In college they should sit you down on your first day and say: 'Ladies and gentleman, your mission in life is to make the days of the week irrelevant.' What day is today? I don't know. Days of the week are bar and club names for me now, places I know are good. Sunday: Casa Rosa. Wednesday: Casa da Matriz. Thursday: Democratica. Saturday: Rio Scenarium. I feel like I've made it because I don't care what day it is.

"Americans are lazy but they're not. When it comes to money they'll work like fucking mules. You'll never see someone put in as many hours as an American, kiss ass like an American. They'll do anything to make that extra dollar to get that plasma television or dine in some frou-frou restaurant that got a good review by some idiot on the internet. They'll grin and take it in the ass when the boss asks them to stay in on Saturday morning a month before performance reviews are due. They will work and barely complain when you tell them they can't take a long vacation. Hell, even if you give them a lot of time off they wouldn't know what to do with it. They'll take a trip to the Caribbean or some pre-programmed cruise to be trapped with a bunch of whales, one handshake from projectile diarrhea.

"When it comes to anything else Americans don't want to lift a finger. I mean look at heath care. Americans think it's pills and MRIs. Why aren't many people connecting the dots between the American diet and health care? Americans eat like pigs, look like pigs,

get sick with diabetes, heart disease, god knows what else, and then complain that health care is too expensive. Their lifestyle makes it expensive. Don't get me wrong I believe the government should provide free health care for its citizens, but exercising four times a week is my health care. Eating vegetables, cooking all my meals, avoiding junk food, drugs, stress—that's my health care. I probably spend more hours a week on my health than on making money. Americans don't cook or simply take care of themselves because they're too tired from making money. They want to pop pills with side effects to keep eating 'comfort' food and sit on their asses. After putting in a tough eight hours or more with the man that's all they have the energy to do.

"And the women… 'I don't need a man. I'm independent. I don't need a man, I got my own money, my own job. I don't need a man.' The result is that an American girl thinks it's weakness to show a man how much she needs him. I don't know if you had a corporate job in Denmark, but dating an American woman is like dealing with coworkers. They're very careful with what they say. Every laugh is meticulously orchestrated—she must've laugh too hard now or you may think she thinks you're funny. Every word's use was analyzed and judged—she mustn't show too much interest because that's weakness. 'Shit I just showed too much interest I have to be cold now—let me make fun of him about something.' I'm lucky I've spent enough time down here to know that that simply isn't real. That's not how women, as in women of the human race, really are. Those American girls are basically programmed to be more distant than their nature. And they wonder why they're so unhappy. Nature is a powerful thing, and you'll always lose when you go against it.

"The other night I went out with this Brazilian girl. Very cute girl, a few years younger than me. It was our second date and we went out to some gringo bar and after our first drink she looks at me and says, 'If you were leaving back to America right now, I'd come with you. I'd take a chance and do it.' Other Brazilian girls have done and said similar 'weak' things, and Colombian girls as well. And that's real, because the nature of a woman is she *needs* a man. These girls here understand that. They don't hide it, and I don't punish them for it. A girl that knows she needs a man, that that's the point of her existence, will treat men very well. She'll pleasure him, make him happy, hold onto him a little tighter at night. You think an American girl will ever say something like that?! If I tell an American girl some of the things that the girls down here have said to me, she'll be shocked, 'But but that goes against the book! They're showing too much interest! They're showing weakness!'

"You remember that American girl I brought back a couple weeks ago? Okay I know I'm in Brazil and fucking an American girl looks bad, but truth is American girls have become perfectly designed for easy, meaningless sex. It's like one step above jerking off… no emotions, just business—like getting with a prostitute. It takes just three hours to get them in bed, and you're fucking her for the first time and she says cunt this, cock that, like she's in a porno movie, because she watches that too. I just met the bitch and she's moaning that she likes how much I'm beating her pussy up! Look that's fun, like how jerking off with your left hand is fun, but it's not normal. A normal girl will be quiet the

first time, will be self-conscious, will wonder if she's pleasing you properly or not.

"The Western culture has broken the women. A girl wakes up and she's 30 and has no man and no hope for a man, yet she already passed on several who didn't give her the tinglies or butterflies in her stomach or whatever the fuck term she uses. Because of course the culture gave them this sense of entitlement as well, to think that with mediocre looks and ten extra pounds they can get a hot stud like they see in the magazines in line at the grocery store. And then they get old and have to compete with younger and prettier girls. They can't win. They won't. So what do they do? They throw themselves on young guys who still value older women as 'experienced' and 'mature.' But those guys age and get a clue, and then you see the woman going on 40, working hard at the gym, desperately trying to fight the sag, bragging that she fucked this college guy. What a miserable existence.

"My parents aren't American but in the end I'm a product of that culture and it takes a lot of time and effort to fight the programming —to do what nature intended you to do. Unfortunately I think I'll always be tethered to America. My family is there and I can't even talk to my mom on the phone without her guilting me into coming back and taking care of her, even though she doesn't need taken care of. I don't know… I'm going to go back and the first month is going to be great with my family, and my friends, and then after that they'll be nothing for me. I don't fit in there, and I don't exactly fit in anywhere else either. What am I going to do in the States—get an American girlfriend? Get a 9-5? Fuck that. I don't know what I'm going to do."

Stop Being Needy

January 19, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

"Apparently, he was not totally ignorant of one of life's great secrets: women don't look for handsome men, they look for men with beautiful women. Having an ugly mistress is therefore a fatal error."
—The Book Of Laughter & Forgetting by Milan Kundera

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

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

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

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

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

She Used To Be A Different Girl

January 21, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The following is a guest post by my partner-in-crime Virgle Kent.

Man, on Monday I haven't seen that much heat on this blog since I told a hipster chick that the band Grizzly Bear was slightly overrated—that one didn't end well. Roosh wrote something about American women not showing enough interest when it comes to needing men and how the western culture has broken them, and I'm just paraphrasing there but for some reason this got me thinking on my normal chicken and the egg thought process of game and gaming. Now just follow me for a second.

Let's say you spit game to a pretty girl and she's very receptive, touching, laughing at all your jokes and at the end she gives you her number. You call in a couple of days and she picks up on the first couple of rings (yes this is DC, shut it). After quick conversation you set up the date and she shows up without flaking or even being "fake late" (yes, still in DC). The date ends with a make out and by date two she let's you hit (I'm sorry DC, "Beat the pussy up"). Now after that nothing really changes, she hits you right back when you text, picks up phone calls or calls back as soon as she's available, and sticks with plans. If you want a relationship she's down, but not too pushy about it. My question is if you had a girl who knew how to "act right" in public or when you're alone, and was generally a nice girl, would you still use as much game on her as you do with other girls?

By now if you've been hitting the DC streets you already know what's up, you know the truth is that game works best on bitter women who believe that game can't work on them. The jaded ones who've survived and been through oh *so* much are too wise to fall for silly alpha lines as they've developed anti-game to combat your game. These women are the ones who are serially pumped and dumped. Since women like this are too messed up to have relationships with once you're anti-game radar goes off, go for the notch and be out faster than Snooki's vagina when a Tiesto beat comes on (what is that beef jerky).

Although we could blame Western culture on the bitter girl who chose the pursuit of

career, education and weight gain over not settling with a reasonable guy early, understand that the first girl who responded well to all your advances without putting up much of a front is the same girl at one who is ice cold and jaded—they are just at different times in their lives.

Guys get so used to running game all the time that it almost becomes a dating crutch. A script we follow down to the exact detail. If you overgame a girl who is open and already into you you're just making it harder for the next guy that comes along after you because now he's going to have to game her twice as hard. It compounds and builds and by the end she hates herself for liking guys like you. Gaming never really goes away but I do think there are certain times it's not needed as much as one thinks.

This does remind me of this one time last year back when Roosh was being stalked by this psycho poetry chick that wrote a Valerie Solanas type S.C.U.M Manifesto. At Brazilian night on a Thursday I met one of her girls—she had an Israeli vibe going on and a phatty you could see from the front. I got her phone number and the next night she invited me to stop by her coffee shop where she would be working. She brings up Roosh and goes on to start talking all this shit about him. "That guy is such an asshole, he's so pathetic, all that game shit doesn't work, no real girl would give him the time of day, what a loser, blah blah blah blah." By then she already knew about his blog from poetry girl.

I sat quietly and let her run her mouth for a minute or two enjoying my free food until I smiled and asked how long she's worked at this coffee shop. She said a couple of years. I asked if she was working here sometime back last Spring and she said yes. I told her I remembered her because Roosh and I used to come in on Saturdays and sit in her section to get some work done. The reason I remembered was because Roosh flirted with her and got her number using standard waitress game, with lines he had used many times before. Her face turned bright red as she had honestly forgot and she was so genuinely embarrassed she begged for me not to mention anything back to Roosh.

There's a lesson in that one somewhere.

Anti-Flake Defense Move For Flakey College Girls

January 24, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In Medellin I was the old guy on campus. Even when I wasn't taking classes I'd go there on certain afternoons to study Spanish and hit on girls. Some American women may say that's disgusting and pathetic, and who knows maybe it is (laugh), but I can assure you there is nothing disgusting or pathetic about slamming a college girl that looks 16-years-old.

I want to talk about how to deal with the intense, sometimes brutal flakiness that college girls put out when trying to get them out on a date. This post isn't about meeting them because it's just as easy as any other girl, perhaps easier because of their bubbly and free-spirited nature.

I've only dated a couple college girls in the States as an adult, and sure they were unreliable, but the flakiness exhibited by Colombian college girls (and Colombian girls in general) exceeded anything I've ever seen in my life. I became so accustomed to it that even if I had a date I proceeded as if I didn't. There was a 50% chance the girls would either cut off all contact on the day of the date or send a cancellation text message a few minutes before it was supposed to start—and that's if you're lucky (I've had guys tell me the girls didn't cancel until they were already waiting at the bar). Days go by after the cancellation until they tell you a laughable excuse on MSN Messenger.

I've tried to work many different angles. Being patient with the girl doesn't work. If you accept getting flaked she will just flake on you again (this one girl got me three fucking times). Being aggressive doesn't work. You look desperate and scare the girl off. Being angry doesn't work either, because why should a girl care if you, some guy she hasn't even made out with yet, gets mad at her flakiness? There is only one option left: fighting fire with fire. **You must be flakey yourself.**

You don't want to use the fire strategy on a college girl who isn't a flake, so it's best you get flaked on a lot to be able to identify the flake's unique characteristics. But let me get you started: generally speaking if the college girl is hot and has a large social circle then she's a flake. If she is a no greater than cute and has few friends, then she probably isn't.

Now set a date like you normally would by asking her for a drink a day or two in advance. If she agrees, tell her you will call her that afternoon to set a time but are thinking around 9pm, for example. Then when the day of the date rolls around, simply don't call or text her.

If she attempts to call or text you towards the evening that means she got anxious about going out with you and wants to ask if the date is still on for the night. Pick up the phone or text her back and set up the time as usual. (If she contacts you way early in the afternoon then it's to cancel—don't respond.)

If she doesn't call or text you, that means she didn't give a shit about you enough to see if the date was on or not. Bummer.

Only do this with flakes! This is a technique you don't want to introduce to a girl who is going along with the river's current, as it may fuck things up.

For flakes you need to put out a strong "I don't give a shit" vibe, and nothing does that more than simply not confirming a date when you said you would. It's by no means foolproof, and doesn't prevent a premeditated flake, but it's the best available tool I have come up with that hits her with the right aloof vibe while making her do at least some of the work.

The Guido With The Best Game On Jersey Shore

January 27, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Jersey Shore is a brilliant anthropological look at modern game because it puts together a bunch of shallow, horny people who love to go out and hook up. Compare this to the typical Real World snoozefest where you have more "balanced" characters like the emo doofus who couldn't pick up a girl if his life depended on it and the angry black man who is more interested in debating than getting laid.

I would like to rate the game of the four guys who are on the show, from worst to best.

4. Vinny

This guy added very little value. No one hated him, no one loved him, and he merely existed to make an occasional comment that got token laughter, feeding off the others instead of getting his own vibe pushed into the storyline. His energy wasn't bad and I actually didn't mind his fist pumps in the club but he never seemed to make a play on any decent girl. The first girl he hooked up with was his boss' girl and then he tried to go for his roommate's sister. This is what guys with no game do—shit where they eat. And then his Atlantic City bitch gets embarrassingly ganked by Mike, who shouldn't be faulted for it because he knew like I knew that Vinny had zero hope of sealing the deal. His main purpose is to fill up space.

Bottom Line: Vinny has no game. He needs to take a workshop or something, but then again he's only 21. I'm sure he'll be fine in a few years.

3. Ronnie

Ronnie was almost as boring as Vinny. He lacked Mike's charm and wit and was always logical, complaining about nonsense or calling out someone for trivial matters instead of playing the diplomat. His cackle laugh is obnoxious and fake but he does have the ability to crack a decent joke every now and then. The basic strategy of his game is to show up looking "fresh," do that crunk dance he learned from watching Rize, and then not open his mouth too much.

Most of the work in getting laid for him is indeed his muscles and hair. This was obvious when Sammi repeatedly said how "hot" he was, and initially with her it wasn't his personality that did the heavy lifting. His energy in the club is good with his dance moves and because he's laid back without showing too much interest I'm pretty sure he has banged a few girls in the past.

Unfortunately there is heavy degradation to his game once he gets into a relationship. He kept saying gag-on-a-spoon things stitched together from bad movies like, "I thought the shore was the best thing to happen to me….. but *you* are," and "I don't know what it is about you, but I could kiss you all day." But since these dumb lines come after sex, I wonder how much it really affects his pussy-getting ability.

Even though I'm sure Ronnie would demolish me in a fight, he came across as a needy little bitch, chasing around Sammi who's only somewhat decent after fixing herself up for

three hours. She had the ham arms, a lackluster buddy, and the most annoying personality on the show.

Bottom Line: His game is only looks, and with that he can only get stupid girls who are less pretty than he is handsome.

2. Pauly D

Pauly has the elements of tight game simmering somewhere underneath. There is no reason he shouldn't pull every night but frankly he was unable to live up to his potential. He needs to look alive, lower his standards a bit, and approach more instead of waiting for Mike to get shit going. In fact for most of the show he basically rode Mike's coattails. Otherwise he's cool, aloof, knows how to dance, has interesting hobbies to bring up in conversation, and is cocky but not too cocky where it borders on caricature like Mike. These selected Pauly quotes reveal that his mind is in the right place:

"I'm just trying to roll with it."

"I have a game plan… I don't want to waste my time."

"My girl was fucking busted… I was just trying to go with the flow."

His constant talk about high standards is probably bullshit because he did put in a significant amount of time into the Israeli girl who was mediocre at best. I find that guys who constantly harp on standards usually use it as an excuse to not approach, as you always see them later with average girls. Mike has lower standards but with the sheer quantity of girls he's getting with it's a guarantee that a hot girl will slip into the rotation every now and then.

One important thing Pauly needs to do is be more persistent. He had J-Wow on his bed peeping at his cock but he didn't even try to get her shirt off or play with her boobs. I know she had a boyfriend at the time and probably wouldn't fuck them that night, but his chill vibe may be a little too chill, and he needs to give a damn when it's time to close the deal.

Bottom Line: Pauly has the right mindset and some good moves but he needs to step up in order to realize his true potential.

1. Mike "The Situation"

You gotta admit that Mike has personality and charm. Sure he's cheesy and over-the-top, but behind his outrageous cockiness there is a wink and a nod that it's a tough guy act and he's an alright cat behind that. Now while he is very good at building attraction, it's obvious that he has a tough time closing the deal. One of the reasons it that he was way too obsessed with that fucking jacuzzi. Bro you use the jacuzzi to get them to your house but once there say it's broken. Man has gotten laid well before the jacuzzi and will continue to do so if jacuzzis cease to exist. There was also the big late-game mistake he made when he ordered greasy pizza with the sluts he brought home, an amateur move usually played by guys who just graduated from college.

For some reason he counts his chickens before they hatch, having a "I'll fuck her when I want" mindset that obviously doesn't work. Still, I think he has the right attitude with girls

that he just wants to sleep with as he even admitted many times that it's a numbers game. He probably did get rejected the most on the show (let's give him a pass on that embarrassing bitterness business with Sammi), but then again he kissed the most girls and had the most bangs. In the end it's the results that matter as there are no style points in fucking.

The fact that he banged that cute girl raw dog in the jacuzzi should leave no doubt that he's a true player. Gotta get that notch no matter what!

Bottom Line: Mike is charismatic, fun, and has the right game mindset, though he could tighten up his deal-sealing technique. Despite his gay stripper vibe he was the most consistent and therefore has the best game.

Note how the guys had a "whatever" attitude towards phone numbers. They're all about the same night and if you want to fuck a lot of girls then that's how it's done.

One of the reasons I enjoyed this show is because it reminded me of how Virgle Kent and I run game in D.C. While the background and people are different, the elements are the same: same-night pulls, grenade jumping, street game, muscles, random make-outs, alcohol-fueled drama, fights, stalking, cockblocking, and so on. I especially enjoyed the scenes where the guys extracted girls back to the house because it's there I could identify a lot of mistakes they were making when it came time to close, a couple of which I mentioned above.

In a bar you can have a dozen girls thinking about banging you but if you don't have a plan to ease just one away from the friends into a bedroom then you won't get a lot of bangs. The first part of learning game is about building attraction, but then you have to master logistics, of being persistent and cool in herding her to the bedroom. Otherwise you'll just have a stack of phone numbers.

For the most part the guys on the show have the attraction part nailed, but it's the logistics that cost them quite a few notches. Divide and conquer, isolate and bang. When building attraction becomes automatic for you, the game becomes one of timing and logistics.

Brazilian Women Understand How Attraction Works (Part 2 of 2)

February 4, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

PREVIOUSLY: Part One

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

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

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

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

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

First she showered her body. Her hair stayed dry in it's already perfect state, long to the small of her back, soft and feathery like you'd see in a Pantene Pro-V shampoo commercial. After changing in a short black dress that came halfway up her thighs, she escaped to the bathroom with a brush and returned ten minutes later, suggesting that hair like hers is no trivial matter to maintain. I don't think she'll ever get an ugly bob cut like an American girl, who works forty hours a week pushing papers that contribute nothing to the progress of the world but is too lazy to spend a few extra minutes a day on her hair.

She then got out her compact and began applying makeup. She put on a dark rouge to stand out against her olive skin, glossy lipstick to match, and thick eyeliner which made her eyes look twice as big. You can imagine what that did to her stare and it's here I noticed that my breathing picked up in speed. She slipped into five-inch heels that highlighted her freshly painted toenails, a bold orange color that matched her fingernails, so fresh in appearance it had to have been done just a day or two prior. I really have no

idea how she could walk in those heels but she made it look effortless, like she practiced often starting from a young age. If they killed her feet I doubt she would let a man know.

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

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

The Brazilian girl didn't leave right away—she had to wait for a friend who was staying in the bunk above hers to return. She sat down on her bed and then very slowly and deliberately started putting lotion on her long legs. They did not have mosquito bites or mountain bike bruises and cuts like the gringas in the dorm next door. By now I've already run out of my good Portuguese and had nothing more to say, frustrating to a man who in English can talk to a wall for five hours nonstop without interruption.

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

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

Here's a business idea for a Brazilian woman out there: write a book called "Why Brazilian Women Get All The Men," in the spirit of "French Women Don't Get Fat." Teach Western girls to look their best at all times, to know how to maintain eye contact with a man, how to move, how to properly laugh at a man's jokes, and how to exercise the ass. An entire chapter must be dedicated to ass exercises. Teach them to forget about being witty or

snarky or funny or “intelligent,” as those things decrease attraction instead of increasing it. Teach them well so that when I go to an American bar I don’t see average girls with chipped nail polish, flip flops, masculine movements, and a generally sloppy appearance—I see a sexual creature that I want to get to know, possibly for more than one night.

When BOPE Invaded My Favela

February 7, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

View from my kitchen

I live on the edge of Favela Dona Marta, a "pacified" slum where police operations two years ago have removed all drug gangs. There is a police outpost inside the favela and also one right outside, and it's not uncommon to see them traveling to and from the posts with guns drawn. Once I saw a officer walking alone with a gun in each hand as if he's seen too many Hollywood action movies, but not once did I hear a single gunshot for the first six weeks I lived there.

One night I was trying to fall asleep around 3am when an explosion went off. It seemed similar to the fireworks that the teenage boys usually set off so I thought little of it and went to sleep.

Six hours later I woke up to the sound of a helicopter circling overhead. I've seen helicopters before but it was so close to the ground that it felt like something out of a Vietnam war movie. The blades made a very intimidating and ominous sound, suggesting that any attempt at escape would be impossible. I looked outside my window and saw a black helicopter with the word "Policia" written on the side. It climbed up the hill and then there was a quick burst of gunfire followed by small explosions that created big balls of smoke. Then silence.

On the other side of my window in front of the building there was a tank with the BOPE insignia and fifty officers mingling nearby with their M-16 rifles. BOPE is the elite special forces of Rio that is basically a war arm of the police. They get called for special protection missions and also to extract suspected gang members. They're so efficient at killing people, including innocents, that human rights organizations have complained about their "shoot first, ask questions later" policy and alleged use of torture during

interrogations. Basically if BOPE gets called there will be loss of human life.

A plains-clothes man with shorts and a wife beater seemed to be directing the officers. He had a walkie-talkie in his hand. Maybe an informant? Then the helicopter began firing again. The soldiers started up the tank, made a terrifying war cry, and started running up the hill behind it. The helicopter continued to circle overhead. Here's the exciting footage I managed to catch before I hid in my closet and curled into a fetal position:

The guys came back down, regrouped, and then went in again an hour later. I didn't understand why they repeated the same procedure. Was it a training exercise or an enemy they simply could not take out? I got a little excited about living in the middle of an urban combat zone and imagined how many panties I'd make wet by the telling of this story if I somehow survived. Then my Brazilian roommate came home and I asked him what the fuck was going on. "Oh, they're filming a movie."

Damn.

I wasn't the only person who missed the memo as there was a big dustup about everyone thinking it was the real thing.

For the next day I heard the sound of helicopters everywhere. My ceiling fan was a helicopter. The running shower was a helicopter. The airplane flying overhead was a helicopter. And when I thought of the helicopter I thought of gunfire. I now have a better understanding now of how post-traumatic stress syndrome works. If I am exposed to the brutalities of war for an extended period of time I'm certain I would be permanently damaged. Someone slammed a car door… fire in the hole!

Turns out they were filming Tropa Elite 2, a follow-up to an excellent movie. "I saw the filming of Tropa de Elite 2 because it was right outside my place." I'll take it. At the end of the shoot they took a crew picture right in front of my gate. My humble shack is famous.

POSTSCRIPT: I got body searched by the regular cops two nights ago while walking home (second time it's happened to me in Brazil). It included a very rough crotch inspection. As much talk as there is about America being Big Brother, I've never been searched in the States. On the bright side, Brazilians don't have tazers—if you give them

lip they merely beat you with batons.

Going For Sex Early

February 9, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Here's an excerpt from Bang:

> It took me some time to get comfortable with venue changing to her place or mine. I used to think not enough trust was established and there was no way she'll let a strange guy she just met a couple hours ago take her somewhere alone, that I probably was going to murder or rape her. But this isn't the case—if the girl thinks you are a murderer or rapist she won't spend time talking to you. When a girl declines a venue change, it's either because of logistics or because she doesn't want to appear as a slut. The girls who do get turned off by your one night stand attempt are the ones who would take a long time to get into bed anyway. The attempt screens out those girls who aren't serious about sex. Plus, having a sexual intent by using physical touching and the desire to isolate makes it clear that friendship is not in the cards. She will just walk away from you before settling into a friendship, which you are not interested in. Going for sex early is win-win: if she submits to your moves then you get laid, and if not then you can move onto the next girl without wasting valuable time.

Some of you are thinking that by only going for easy girls I'm screening out "good" girls who are worth more investment. I'd believe you but I already tried that—I tried going slow on girls I thought were more valuable than the rest, but it rarely worked out in my favor. I was either putting way too much work in it for little back, the interaction would end before I got sex, or the girl wasn't as valuable as I initially thought.

I have much more patience with Colombian and Brazilian women because with them I'm rewarded for waiting a date or two longer. Our connection gets deeper, the intimacy is better, and generally I feel like the relationship is more healthy and not primarily based on sex. For some reason that type of patient mindset doesn't serve me well with American girls. It's better I just hit and quit with them, enjoying the quick casual relationship while fantasizing about a "real" relationship with a women who is more suitable for type of thing.

Of course there are exceptions and not every American girl is permanently damaged for all eternity, but it seems a lot harder to find relationship prospects in the States than in South America. The odds are simply not in my favor. Going for a relationship with a girl who has had a few dozen large cocks before me just doesn't make a lot of sense as I would be paying more for a product that has been at a heavy discount (or free) for so many years before. I could look for many years in America before finding something acceptable, whereby it would take a fraction of the time in a different country.

Bottom line is if she's a whore then treat her like one so you'll at least get yours instead of getting played in the process. And then the time will come where you meet a girl who is more needy with less cock experience. Sure she doesn't talk like a porn star in bed but

she’ll genuinely care about you and want to make you happy while overlooking your many flaws. Then you can slow it down and get to know her as a human being. But until you meet that girl, it’s in the best interests of your cock to get sex as fast as possible.

In my book Bang I give advice on how to get the notch quickly, with discussion on venue changing to the bedroom along with specific steps to get past ball-busting resistance. View sample pages here.

How To Cheat On Your Girlfriend Without Getting Caught

February 14, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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

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

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

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

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

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

if I just got got, and found her sitting on the bathroom toilet going through all my shit.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Friday I’m hanging out with Steve but how about Saturday?”

“Steve wants to go to Sushi on Tuesday night to talk about some girl problems so let’s do movie night on Wednesday.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Second, the scratch on the back of your neck happened when you were in the kitchen. You left a cabinet door open and when you reached down to pick something up off the floor, you come back up right under it and caught your neck. Of course you will wear a

collared shirt to cover it up and prevent her discovery, but if you never wear collared shirts around her then she will be even more suspicious if she catches the scratch. If you have a sister and can borrow her makeup this may also be a good play, or just go to the nearest department store's cosmetic counter. I'm not joking.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Saturday night: She says she is free.

Likely Story: She met a gringo on the first Friday and he asked her to a coffee date or drink early Saturday evening. There he told her to keep the following Saturday free but eventually flaked on her. This means she's actively looking for better. Either you step up and offer more of her core needs (without being needy about it of course), or you can say fuck it, get a couple more bangs, and move onto another girl.

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

Just Keep Going

February 16, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Nothing seems to go right. You've been out eight times the past month and have only gotten two numbers. Neither girl called you back. You don't remember the last time you kissed a girl, fucked a girl. It seems like none of them want to have anything to do with you, and you don't know what you're doing wrong. You're lonely and dying for any sort of female companionship. You think maybe it's not in you to be good with women. You're not good looking enough, funny enough, rich enough, witty enough. Every other guy is better than you, and you wonder if you're ever going to get laid again. You can't even look at couples holding hands in public anymore without feeling depressed. It's Friday night, and you don't even have a friend to go out with.

Take a shower, put on your clothes, hit the bar, and just keep going.

Months ago you started a new business, but it's not doing so well. It's bleeding cash and you're living with your parents, barely surviving. The business refuses to pop. You already sold your car and your main mode of transportation is the bike you had in college over ten years ago. In the rare chance you make it out at night you have no choice but to steal the occasional drink or two because you can't afford your own. You see other guys your age with fancy cars and clothes, and feel ashamed that you have to watch every dollar and cook ramen noodles five times a week. A friend hands you a beaten-up book on sales, one of your biggest business weaknesses.

Crack open the book, take notes, write out a plan, and just keep going.

For a year you planned out this grand voyage around the world, but you've been dealt hardship, illness, and stupid problems one after the other. It seems like you're bedridden half the time and the love you thought you had for experiencing exotic places has been replaced by constant thoughts of returning home. You're unable to communicate with the natives and are having trouble making friends. Cultural differences are greater then you had imagined and you're tired of being ripped off by everyone who sees you as nothing more than a wallet. Everyone back at home seems to be having a better time than you, and now you have doubts about your decision. But you know how lucky you are for being able to do what you're doing, and a fellow traveler told you about a city somewhat nearby that has the things you're looking for.

Pack your bags, go to the train station, and just keep going.

Until you think you're putting your life in danger, just keep going. Until you have proved to yourself that you are stronger than everyone else who has attempted what you're attempting, just keep going. Until your being is completely shattered and you're on the verge of an emotional breakdown, just keep going. Until you've reached your absolute physical, human limit, until you've squeezed every drop of value out of the fruit you're chasing, and until you are certain without a single doubt in the universe that absolutely nothing positive or worthy can come from what you're doing, just keep going.

Do not stop. Just keep going.

My System To Learning A Foreign Language

February 18, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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One thing I noticed with learning Spanish is that if I use a new word once or twice in a real conversation, it sticks in my head for months. Even simple words I've memorized like "church" or "bucket" fade from memory since I never use them.

So that got me thinking about the most effective way to learn a language, and I stumbled on something that has worked for me in Portuguese.

First, only learn words that you frequently use in your native language.

If you're studying a resource and it has a word that you haven't used in English during the past month, don't even bother writing it down. The most effortless way to learn a language is to only study words that you will use soon in conversation because that helps commit it to memory. If you're not exposing yourself to what you're studying then it will never stick.

With Portuguese I first started with 200 basic words that I wrote on notecards. With each notecard I wrote the English version on one side and the Portuguese on the other. I studied by looking at the English word and then guessing the Portuguese word. This is what I have been doing with Spanish since the beginning, but I did one little extra step with Portuguese that is making a big difference: I made up a sentence using that word.

Let's do an example with the Portuguese word for person, which is "pessoa."

What is a common sentence I use with that word? Well many times I've been in a bar or club that was slow, so I've said, "There aren't a lot of people here tonight."

I know how to say "there," "a lot" and "people," but let's pretend I don't know the word "tonight." I look that up and find out it's "esta noite." I write that down on its own card.

The next day I get to the "noite" card and then make another sentence I might use. How about: "Where is a good club to go out at night?" I don't know how to say "club" so I look that up and the next day make another sentence which leads to another new word and another new sentence. Do you see how this works? I'm learning the language in my own words. And since I'll soon use all these new words I can toss them from my notecard stack after a few days to continually add new ones.

When I'm talking in Portuguese and there is a word I wanted to say but couldn't, I write that word down right then and there and look it up later, because I know it's a word I'm going to use. One night months ago a Brazilian was complaining about how some gringos didn't want to pay a $3 bar cover and I was dying to say "Some of them are cheap" but I didn't know how to say "cheap." So I looked it up when I got home and it was etched in my brain ready to use the following night.

The system in a nutshell:

1. Grab basic language resources that teach you the structure of the language and initial words you must know. I recommend a verb book, dictionary, grammar

book, and the Pimsleur audio course. Start with the audio course and only move to the books once you get the basic pronunciation down.

2. Make notecards that focus on words you use in your own language. Make up a new sentence on-the-fly for each word.

3. Carry pen and paper everywhere (or have a smartphone) and write down words you wanted to use. Consult a dictionary but also ask locals to nail the pronunciation. You must do this because in just an hour or two you will forget all the words you wanted to look up.

4. Commit for 90 minutes a day. It's a myth to think you'll "pick up" the language enough to be conversational in a reasonable amount of time. Unless you're 5-years-old it's not going to happen quickly without study.

Study the language in your own words, then go out every day to practice what you learned on the local women. In just a couple months you'll be able to have basic conversations and communicate a good portion of what you want to say, including your game translated from English.

After that you'll hit a wall when going from having conversational skill to being proficient, a place where I'm stuck in with both Spanish and Portuguese. Maybe I'll have some advice about that in the future.

The Super-Aggressive Game Of Brazilian Guys

February 21, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Brazilian game as told to me by a Brazilian guy:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ah but there would be no post if he did.

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

Over the next 15 minutes, Renato went for it at least seven times. It was painful to watch him get rejected again and again, especially when I saw it coming each time. Her body position was permanently set in a way to get ready for the backwards lean and after every rejection he would just make her laugh some more and keep touching to get ready for the next rejection. She didn't walk away from him though, and kept playfully hitting him.

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

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

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

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

1. "Click here to check out an incredible new knitting book."

2. "Finally! A resource that helps you knit clothing for you and your friends. Click here to learn more."

3. "Click here for dozens of new knitting patterns."

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

1. 4 clicks and 2 sales. 50% conversion rate

2. 12 clicks and 3 sales. 25% conversion rate

3. 20 clicks and 1 sale. 5% conversion rate

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

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

American guys roll up to a girl and say okay here is my job and my Netflix queue, click here to have sex with me. Many girls say no, but if they eventually do get the kiss chances are they'll have an decent chance of banging.

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

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

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

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

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

My intention here is not to trash the game of Brazilian guys. Their aggressiveness is admirable and I have picked up a couple small things from them, but no matter how long I stay in Brazil I don't think I'll completely adopt their strategy because the sales data shows they are on the extreme end of the spectrum. Passive Western guys who don't try anything, like the hostel guy I mentioned in the beginning, are at the other end. It's working the middle that will see the most bangs, where you are aggressive but allow the girl to be aggressive as well. Only when she puts in a good bulk of the work will you seal the deal consistently.

Excessive Public Displays Of Affection

February 23, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Lately I've begun to notice how a man's essence is revealed by his public displays of affection. Low status and needy males will do the following to girls they are having sex with:

1. Ache to remain in some type of embrace for the majority of a dinner or bar date. He will not feel comfortable breaking any sort of physical contact, like how a child holds onto her favorite Spongebob Squarepants pillow while asleep.

2. Refuse to check out other women in his surroundings who are painfully more beautiful than his girl. He volunteers to give her his balls for the duration of the relationship and stops being a primal man that wants to fuck the world's women.

3. Goes for more than one kiss, regardless of date length. There is little reason to kiss girls more than once or twice at any public location, unless you haven't banged her yet and are trying to get her horny enough to bang. A needy male feels that if he doesn't constantly kiss his girl, she will lose interest.

4. Leans over the imaginary middle line between himself and his girl for more than 20% of the date. It's better not to hear the girl and simply nod than exhibit weak body language. Most things a girl says aren't important anyway.

5. Lay on a girl with eyes closed, as Roissy eloquently pointed out.

If I can tell you're needy without having to interact with you, then you're making many mistakes that will negatively affect your quality of life. A man will be happier in relationships where not only he has the upper hand but the girl is coming after him for attention and affections. **The less you work, the more she will.** Otherwise things will always be under her control and you will be in a perpetual state of chasing.

Because let's be real: no relationship is 50/50. Someone will always know in the back of their mind that they run the show. You have absolutely failed as a man if that's not you.

The Thirty-Five Maneuver

February 25, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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You got no girls, no prospects, and absolutely nothing on the horizon that would hint towards future sex. You'd kill for just a measly date to get the ball rolling again. In that case I recommend the Thirty-Five Maneuver, which I've had to pull out in foreign cities. It's an intense burst of activity that can help turn the tide.

The maneuver begins on a Thursday. After you wake up go on an internet dating site and message ten girls. If you're in Latin America then Badoo is a good place to try since it's free.

Then go out on Thursday and do five approaches, either day or night.

Go out on Friday and do ten approaches, either day or night.

Go out on Saturday and do ten approaches, either day or night.

The approaches only count if there is at least some interaction (if she ignores you or tells you to fuck off then it doesn't). I guarantee you that by Monday night you'll at the minimum have a couple phone numbers and a date planned. With fresh prospects you can now build some momentum going into the next weekend.

What I like about this maneuver is that it isn't sustained—give just give one incredible burst of pickup energy and then sit back for a while. It makes sure to take advantage of the weekend where more girls are going to be out, either shopping or drinking.

The downside is that finding girls could be difficult depending on where you are. You may have to dedicate a few hours each day just to hit your quota. Put other things on the back burner while you execute the maneuver because it must have utmost importance in your life at that time. Keep in mind that most men of the world don't even approach 25+ girls in their life, so what you're undertaking will take quite a bit of lifeblood.

I like to bust out the Thirty Five Maneuver when I'm in a new city and want to make something happen quickly. I don't always have time to take it cool and that's why I think this move will be well-suited for guys who are on the road. While I don't like to do the manuever becomes of its inelegance and labor intensity, it has not once failed me.

What Is Real End Game?

February 28, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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In the past I've referred to End Game as a game of no game, where you still play but are not mindful of specific routines or moves. You internalize the correct behavior and by merely existing you spit optimal game.

This explanation is not sufficient for many guys. They want to know when they can stop playing the game completely—when they can sit back, put up their legs, and enjoy the rewards of their game labor. In that case I can say that end game is when you meet a girl you want to have a deep relationship with and commit the rest of your life to.

But is that really end game?

How many guys out there used a bit of game to get a half-ideal bride then threw it all away once the papers were signed to get the cliche once-a-month sex (if they're lucky) from a nagging woman who gained a significant amount of weight? Most guys over 30 know someone in this situation as it's not merely internet lore discussed on message boards and blogs.

When you stop demanding respect and standards from your significant other, how can you possibly expect to get the best of what she can offer you? Once a dog is house trained do you just let it run wild whenever it wants, never punishing it for when you find your favorite socks all torn up? No, you keep your hand firm and demand the dog act in a way that pleases you the most. It's not an accident that dog training and proper wife management share many common elements.

The point of game is to get what you want from women. Therefore when you stop playing the game, and let the stars dictate how she acts towards you, you will stop getting what you want. A very tiny percentage of women in the world are programmed to please you if you're needy and don't have balls, which is unfortunately the case for men who don't use game in today's society, whether they're conscious of it or not. You must be scarce, you must be confident, you must be cocky, you must tease, you must have value, and you must demand respect.

If you think that you can stay in the game for a couple years to get a girlfriend and then be done with it, I'm afraid you're deluded because we've arrived at a point where game is absolutely necessary to deal with the modern woman, just like how today's cubicle dweller *must* exercise frequently to maintain an attractive weight. By not using game you get lower quality and less sex while the game guys clean up.

A cushy job is no longer enough. A fancy car won't do it. A McMansion won't help you either. The new reality is that you need game to compete with guys who are **less** attractive than you and who make **less** money than you. Not learning game is like showing up to a job interview in jeans and a t-shirt while the guy next to you is decked out in a custom suit. Nine times out of ten you won't get the job. Universities offer feminist theory classes—maybe in my time they'll have pickup theory classes as well,

because that’s what is currently needed to even the playing ground. Men need the tools that game offers them to achieve their genetic potential in our feminist culture.

The truth is you should never stop playing the game. The moment you stop playing the game is the moment you stop getting what you want. Some years I will play more than others, but I will not throw away principles based on human nature and hacks into today’s woman which allow me to properly get and manage as many women as I can handle. If you want to be happy then you must embrace game. Game is happiness, and end game is death.

Is The Main Reason I'm In South America Because Of Girls?

March 4, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A tough question is when people ask me why I'm in South America. The answer I feel most comfortable with is a three page manifesto, but is it really that complicated?

While the South American way of life in different than in America, *my* way of life doesn't change much from country to country…

11am: Rise and shine
2pm: Coffee shop to sit in front of laptop for several hours
7pm: Gym, grocery store visit, or various chores
9pm: Cook dinner then jerk around on internet, watch movies, or go out

This is the routine that keeps me productive and happy no matter where I'm at. It's not glamorous but it fits me well, and only a couple parts of it will change in foreign countries. They are:

1. Language. Obviously there are communication issues but to me that's a fun challenge that exercises my brain. Neutral effect.

2. Money. I experience considerable cost savings by living in South America where I have to work much less for a lifestyle of leisure and chasing tail. Positive effect.

3. Family. Our lives are finite and every month I don't spend with them is another month that is basically gone forever, so that does bother me a bit. Negative effect.

4. Coffee shops. In South America you can't really spend four hours after only buying a cup of tea. So I look for corporate places like McCafe and Starbucks where the staff doesn't care. (In Rio the mall in Leblon has comfortable sofas with free internet.) Neutral effect.

5. Grocery stores. They do not have the incredible selection that American stores have. The grocery store nearest me doesn't have broccoli, cauliflower, lemons, and any kind of berry, for example. Negative effect, but honestly my life isn't too different if I can't eat broccoli and strawberries.

6. Going out. The point of going out is to bond with other guys, drink, and get laid. The guys I meet here are more like short-term buddies than the deeper friendships I have at home; the alcohol is more substandard (caipirinha with turpentine cachaça anyone?); and of course the girls are from a different planet.

Is my life different if I'm actively spending time with a South American girl that treats me like a king and is hyper-feminized? Yes, I believe so.

Recently I was at a bar with my Danish roommate and there were three Australian girls around us getting aggressively gamed by four Brazilian guys. During that time they kept looking over. I had a hunch that they wanted us to "save" them.

Next thing we know the girls moved right beside us to where one of them was brushing

against my arm.

“Looks like you guys have a fan club,” I said, without any emotion.

“Oh my god these guys won’t leave us alone!”

“Well if you keep talking to them then they’re going to think you like them.” I found it hard to believe that they didn’t understand this simple concept.

“Can you help rid of them for us?”

“You seem like big girls I think you can do it.”

Then the other one looked at me and said, “Don’t be such a big jerk!”

This very brief exchange showed issues that I don’t experience with South American women. First, they’re attention whores that are stringing along other guys just for kicks. Fights between horny drunk guys usually start because of girls like these. Second, they’re testing me to see if I’ll save them within only 15 seconds of talking to them. And third, they’re displaying a snappy attitude that is more suited for debating than romance. Don’t test me or ask me for premature favors and then get an attitude when I don’t bend over backwards for you. These are things I don’t want to deal with.

I looked at the most aggressive of the Brazilian guys and said, “Ela gosta de você… MUITO” while pointing to the girl who told me to stop being a jerk. That roughly means, “She likes you… A LOT.” Sure enough his eyes opened wide and he pursued with renewed vigor that made me quite pleased.

When I get homesick all I have to do are two things.

The first is open my budget spreadsheet to see how much money I’m not spending. The second is talk to Western women. And I’m not kidding—when I get homesick I just hit on gringas at the bar. I zero in on their pasty, flawed skin, their masculine attitudes, their slovenly appearance, their self-entitlement, and I swear to god I’m energized for a month or two before homesick thoughts cross my mind again.

I dislike American women and I can’t live very comfortably Stateside working only 2-3 hours a day. Therefore I’m in South America because of money and women.

Introduction To Epicurean Philosophy

March 8, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

PREVIOUSLY: INTRODUCTION TO BUDDHISM

For my second trip to South America I put 30 books in a duffel bag. One of them was The Essential Epicurus, a collection of works by the Greek philosopher. From Epicurus.net:

> Epicurus (341–270 B.C.) founded one of the major philosophies of ancient Greece, helping to lay the intellectual foundations for modern science and for secular individualism. Many aspects of his thought are still highly relevant some twenty-three centuries after they were first taught in his school in Athens, called "the Garden."
>
> Epicurus's philosophy combines a physics based on an atomistic materialism with a rational hedonistic ethics that emphasizes moderation of desires and cultivation of friendships. His world-view is an optimistic one that stresses that philosophy can liberate one from fears of death and the supernatural, and can teach us how to find happiness in almost any situation. His practical insights into human psychology, as well as his science-friendly world-view, gives Epicureanism great contemporary significance as well as a venerable role in the intellectual development of Western Civilization.

While reading the book I'll admit that I dozed off while going through his explanations on clouds…

> Clouds may be produced and take shape as the result of the compression of air by the forcing together of winds and as the result of the interlacing of atoms that grip one another and are suitable to bringing about this result…

earthquakes…

> Earthquakes may result both from the imprisonment of wind inside the earth, and from the earth's shifting in small masses and its constant movement, which produces the quaking.

and falling stars…

> What are called falling stars may be produced partly by the stars' rubbing against each other and by the falling out of their fragments where a blast of wind occurs…

But I stuck in there and was rewarded in the end was very nice quotes that do provide a blueprint for living. Here are my favorites:

> The man who alleges that he is not yet ready for philosophy or that the time for it has passed him by, is like the man who says that he is either too young or too old

for happiness.

For there is nothing dreadful in life for the man who has truly comprehended that there is nothing terrible in not living.

Becoming accustomed, therefore, to simple and not luxurious fare is productive of health and makes humankind resolved to perform the necessary business of life.

[The wise man] thinks that it is preferable to remain prudent and suffer ill fortune than to enjoy good luck while acting foolishly.

No pleasure is evil in itself; but the means of obtaining some pleasures bring in theire wake troubles many times greater than the pleasures.

If every pleasure were [maximized] and existed for a long time throughout the entire organism of its most important parts, pleasures would never differ from one another.

Of all the things that wisdom provides for living one's entire life in happiness, the greatest by far is the possession of friendship.

We do not need the help of our friends so much as the confidence that our friends will help us.

Speaking frankly, I would prefer, when discoursing on nature, to utter useful things, like oracles, to humankind, even if no one should understand them, than to agree with popular opinion and enjoy the constant accolades offered by the crowd.

Some men spend their whole life furnishing for themselves the things proper to life without relaizing that at our birth each of us was poured a mortal brew to drink.

The voice of the flesh cries, "Keep me from hunger, thirst, and cold!" The man who has these sureties and who expects he always will would rival even Zeus for happiness.

The wise man who has accustomed himself to the bare necessities knows how to give rather than to receive. So great is the treasure house of self-sufficiency he has discovered.

There is also a limit to frugality. The man unable to consider this suffers a similar end as the man who indulges in excess.

You ought to do nothing in your life that will make you afraid if it becomes known to your neighbor.

The following method of inquiry must be applied to every desire: What will happen to me if what I long for is accomplished? What will happen if it is not accomplished?

If the gods listened to the prayer of men, all human-kind would quickly perish since they constantly pray for many evils to befall one another.

> No fool is satisfied with what he has, but instead grieves for what he does not possess.
>
> He who is not satisfied with a little, is satisfied with nothing.
>
> Know that what passes for good and evil among the throng if ephermeral, and that wisdom shares nothing in common with fortune.
>
> Many men who acquire wealth do not find deliverance from evils but an exchange of their present evils for greater ones.

My take on his philosophy: peace of mind and confidence can only come from knowledge based on facts, and it's the prudent application of knowledge that leads to a happy, social life where being poor but wise is preferable to being rich and lucky.

You can read his works for free at Epicurus.net.

The Superflag & Language Notch

March 10, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I'd like to add two new objective metrics to the ones we already have, which are the notch, the cost per notch, the true cost per notch, and the flag. Let's quickly review those existing metrics.

The notch has existed since the dawn of time and is when a man keep tracks of how many vaginas he has penetrated. It's serves as a quick glance at your game.

The cost per notch (CPN) is when you divide your total *dating* expenses with the number of girls in that same time period. Here we don't count the cost of picking up like going to the bar and drinking with friends, but we do count dates with girls you took out but didn't eventually bang. You're running weak ass game if your CPN is over $300, and need to push for more one night stands. There was a stretch of six months living in my dad's basement when I got it down to $40.

If you make the assumption that a man's existence is solely to fuck and procreate, which I accept, then **all** of his expenses should count towards notch attainment. This is called the true cost per notch (tCPN). Take your earnings for the year, substract it by how much you saved, then divide the rest by your notches for that year. A stellar true cost per notch is under $2,500. For a man who takes home $35,000 a year after taxes, that's 14 notches. I have an very low tCPN because my income is also low. I'm on the calorie restriction diet of game.

Finally there's the flag, which is a notch from a girl born in a specific country. I argue that flags show more skill than the mere notch, but not all flags are created equal. A captured Peruvian flag counts less than a flag from Spain or Italy, for example. An American flag has no value because banging an American girl is too easy compared to girls from other countries.

Note that a guy can have a lot of notches, low cost per notch, and a lot of flags but still bang monsters. These don't account for quality, and are therefore used for shits and giggles, self motivation, and friendly competition among friends. In other words don't take these too seriously and always try to fuck hotter girls each year. That said I'd now like to introduce two new metrics:

The Superflag. This is a virgin flag, meaning you banged a virgin from a specific country. Most guys have a virgin flag from their own country, but getting it in another country is incredibly challenging, and nearly impossible while traveling (you need to live abroad to pull this insurmountable feat).

I came up with this metric after I made sweet love to a teenage Colombian virgin.

The Language Notch. This is banging a girl from macking in a foreign language. It's the hardest metric to attain because you need to learn a new language and then adapt your game to it.

Sometimes the hardest part of getting a language notch is finding a girl who doesn't

speak English, as this was my problem in Rio until I get lucky and met a girl from the south. After getting the three easiest language notches (English, Portuguese, and Spanish), I'm wondering how the hell I'm going to get more. I'd like to have five before I die, so perhaps one more romance language like Italian and then something impossible like Russian where letters are replaced by alien-like symbols.

I'm going to take a hard stance on the language notch. I can't grant you one if you pick a poor girl from the slums and use mostly sign language to communicate and get the bang. It's yours only if you build attraction in her language, meaning complete sentences (e.g. making her laugh with an intelligent joke, warming her heart with a story, etc.). If you banged her with your laptop opened to Google Translate a few feet away, I'm sorry but I can't sign off on that.

One great thing about language notches is that it improves your skill all around because you master the non-verbal aspects of game like body language and tonality, and you're called upon to get more done while saying less. It's a very reliable indicator of your skill, so much so that if you have at least three langauge notches I ask that you get in touch with me so I can pick your brain a little.

A lot of haters criticize the shallow lifestyle of banging a lot of women, but mostly because of game I speak three languages, and a ton of other guys are learning languages as well to get with foreign women. It's ironic that many guys into game are ten times more cultured and worldly than their feminist cunt haters whose only skill is paper pushing.

Alright to review, here's our collection of objective metrics:

- Notch
- Cost Per Notch
- True Cost Per Notch
- Flag
- Superflag
- Language Notch

In the end the game should be fun, and that's what these metrics are.

Is There A Consistent Way To Build Attraction With Brazilian Girls?

March 14, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Usually if I find that something works I repeat it many times to see if it keeps working, and if it does then I can start developing an optimal game. With Western girls I find that cockiness mixed with humor and teasing will be the most consistent means to have sex with a large number of them. I can roll up into Anycity USA, make a couple witty sarcastic jokes, and have the girl asking me personal questions. I can meet an Australian girl in a hostel, ask what's wrong with her hair, and have her asking about my plans later in the night. I can make oogly eyes with a white South African girl in a bar, tell her I'm a farmer, and get a fun back-and-forth going. Unfortunately this type of game does not work on Brazilian girls.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

girls I used to see are currently dating a gringo.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

So I have no idea how to bang a Brazilian girl who doesn't speak English or who doesn't already come pre-programmed liking gringos. Your guess is as good as mine. But now when I approach a girl, I ditch after a minute if she's under 24 and she doesn't try to say a few words in English. Otherwise I simply run cool guy game, tell her my story, crack a couple jokes, tease her very gently, and sit back as she'll do most of the work for me. With Western girls I definitely work at building attraction and it may be several minutes in until I "hook" her, but with Brazilian girls if attraction isn't there almost immediately then

nothing will happen.

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

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

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

Approaching Large Groups Is A Waste Of Time

March 16, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I'm not a big fan of approaching large groups of four or more people, whether they're only girls or mixed with guys. I honestly can't think of a harder way to pick up a girl. When it comes to big groups I wait until the girl I like isolates herself before making a move.

Mystery invented "group theory" and it was the foundation of his game, but when you look at his appearance and pickup style it's obvious why he was such a fan of it: he looks like a wizard and even performs wizardry. *Of course* he's going to open the group, and now with his fame I'm sure it's even easier. But for an average guy like myself who doesn't know magic tricks and leaves the tarot cards at home, it's smarter and more efficient to wait.

Three weeks ago I was at the champagne bar with my Danish roommate. It was a Wednesday so there weren't many people, and the girls who showed up were older and on the thickie side.

We're drinking and I noticed a cute petite girl with five other people at a table (three guys and two girls). They were busy talking amongst themselves and having a good time, and to me it was obvious they were all friends. I could go up to them with some fun opener, but odds are I'd be there for three minutes and then they'd politely tell me to have a nice life. I calculated that the odds of extracting her from the group was 11.4%. So I waited instead because it was just a matter of time until she had to stop by the bar, use the bathroom, or go outside for a smoke.

She went outside for a smoke. I looked at my roommate and told him to give me his phone since I left mine at home. I went outside and pretended to make a call. With the phone to my ear I looked over to my right and noticed she was standing ten feet away smoking alone. I took the phone down from my ear, entered 0-6-1-4-1-9-7-9-#-CLR, and then took a few steps towards her.

"Excuse me do you know what time this bar closes?" I said in English. I followed up by asking what other places were good that night, an admittingly boring approach but it matched the sedate environment of the bar. She was helpful and I noticed her accent definitely wasn't Brazilian.

"Your accent is different—I don't think you're a B girl."

"No I'm from Argentina."

We talked for at least fifteen minutes outside, well after her cigarette was done. She really dug the fact that I traveled through her country and we went into the differences between various cultures. To introduce some tension into the interaction I joked that Argentines were snobs who think they're Italian. She responded by saying she was half-Italian. Eventually she invited me to sit at her table and I chatted with her friends, mostly ignoring her, until they dropped out one by one The night ended with me and my

roommate walking her home where numbers were exchanged (I already tried to get her to another bar but she had to wake up early).

Now I'm not saying that you can't pull from large groups, but to do well at it you'll have to be a clown, at least initially. But no matter how great your jokes are or how accurate your handwriting analysis is, it's terribly unlikely that you'll be able to talk to your girl without having her ugly friends be all up in the conversation.

Approaching large groups is too much of a roundabout way to pulling one girl. It's a better strategy to wait until that girl isolates herself, which is what you would have do to anyway. Plus she'll be much more open to talking to you without her judgmental, obese, and cockblocking friends spying on the conversation. Plus as long as she stays in her group it's doubtful that other guys will make an attempt, so it keeps her safe from other cocks until you're ready.

If by the end of the night you're ready to go and she's still nestled in her group, then go ahead and make an attempt, but if you can wait, then wait.

When The Passion Diminishes

April 6, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

"He tells himself it's because he's getting old. Every time something is repeated, it loses a part of its meaning. Or rather, it gradually loses its vital force, that vital force which automatically, inherently, presupposes meaning."
—The Book Of Laughter And Forgetting by Milan Kundera

A couple readers dropped some serious wisdom in a post last week.

From Mike:

> After a certain age, around 30, if you've had good success with women they just no longer have the same ability to energize you and attract you. At first I struggled against this, but now I just accept it. It could be a physical libido thing, or a psychological thing (once you've been fairly successful at it and see what it's all about, it no longer seems like such a big deal. At first you're really curious about what a really pretty girl might be like, then you find out, repeatedly, and it's good but not that special, and you no longer have anything to prove to yourself), or a combination of both, but be aware, Roosh, that you might never get the same old frenetic interest in girls back. It might be gone forever.

From West LA:

> When one exhausts an old passion, the common tendency is to try to revive it, but this tends to be futile and wasteful. Better to move on to new passions, keeping the old one in your life in a reduced way, as an enrichment, an enhancement, but not the main thing. You want to avoid stalling into entropy. You want to keep progressing as a person, improving your place in the world and your capacity to get whatever you want (in this big world of diverse options).
>
> It seems the feeling we actually value most is way below the surface of the particulars of the endeavor at hand. Finding yourself becoming indifferent to an old passion (which used to run your life) can be liberating, which can be refreshing, even exhilerating, as you are free to focus on new stuff and get absorbed in it, unfettered by your old obsession.

When I first got into the game most of my pickups were from dance approaches (to hip hop or house music). As I learned talking game the number of dance approaches I did went down until finally I stopped doing them completely. Instead I'd wait for a girl to stop dancing before I engaged her because I could make a stronger connection that resulted in less flaking. Then one night I went out with an old friend who was still into dancefloor game and he pushed me to grind with a couple girls. I couldn't help but feel lame. I don't know why but something I did so many times before, and got so much enjoyment from, was impossible for me to do again. So I stopped.

In Rio I had a line that would open girls 90% of the time. Because it was so deadly I got

lazy and didn't try to come up with new material. After a couple months I started to feel like a hack. Even my Danish roommate begged me to stop using the line, though it helped him on a couple occassions. The line worked, and was getting the desired result, but suddenly the process became important—*how* I succeeded became more important to me than if I succeeded. There had to be some art to it, because I've done it without art so many times that I'm merely duplicating past efforts. So I stopped using the line, experimented with several new ones for a month, and come up with something twice as fun that I packed with me to Argentina.

When you have sex enough times, the act itself loses importance. Sex doesn't have too much meaning for me now but the story behind it can do ten times more to motivate me to keep chasing women than merely sticking another bar slut. Was it unique, different, or extraordinary? If I'm not dying to call my friend afterwards to tell him what went down and how I conquered insurmountable difficulties, then I know I just went through the motions to get my dick wet, that I took one little step closer to being a hack. I don't know if there's something genuinely wrong with that, but it's inevitable that man will put in increasingly less effort into something that doesn't inspire him.

There's the often-used analogy that life is like a river, bending around obstacles, strengthening, weakening, always flowing yet eventually reaching a destination. When you try to repeat something you've done so many times before, you're attempting to reverse the flow of the river, a painful and ultimately futile act. Yes it's sad that something that gave you happiness no longer does so, but holding on will cause you to miss out on the next thing that could give you even greater happiness. Once you've squeezed all the juice from a fruit, it'd be foolish to eat the rind.

The Brazilian Movie Actress (Part 3 of 4)

April 13, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

PREVIOUSLY: Part 2

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

"You told me you've been to New York before," I said.

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

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

"Wow that's pretty strange."

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

"Yes, it is. Did you take a class?"

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

"What else? How is it like living there?"

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

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

I wanted to feel out her interest a bit more. She was talking to me, which was a good

sign, but how interested was she? I can't yet say there were heavy flirtations.

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

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

"What seat are you?" I asked.

"16E."

"I'm 16D!"

"Really?!"

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

CONTINUED: Part 4

The Only Way To Completely Eliminate Flaking

April 18, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Having to experience flakey chicks is probably the most frustrating aspect of game. You had chemistry with a girl, exchanged contact information, and perhaps did a little kissy action, but she simply wouldn't get back to you or agree to plans. And then you analyze every bit of the interaction to see what you did "wrong." I have a mountain of emails from guys listing the many affections a girl has done to them and then asked me, stunned, how she could have possibly flaked.

How can I reduce flaking? Is there a line I can say before getting the number? Etc.

Sure there are lines you can say, but are those flake-reducing or simply game-enhancing? I believe that specific things meant to reduce flakiness are just tightened game features that show qualities like confidence and scarcity, and should be done regardless.

Men are logical beings and when they set a plan or commit to something they carry it out most of the time. If you're a guy you probably feel a little bad or guilty for cancelling on someone, but women don't. They have a very powerful rationalization system that makes it all too easy for them to leave someone in the lurch. When it comes to setting plans, the commitment part of their brain is weak and "Yes" is an word that has significant overlap with "Maybe" and "No."

Just take a look at how much women flake on their own kind. The reason they don't care when they flake on you is because they've been doing it forever. Who the hell are you? You're some guy she talked to in the bar for an hour, big deal—she flakes regularly on the girlfriend she knows from grade school.

I'm sure you've reluctantly gone out on a date with a girl who you were no longer sure about. You didn't cancel beforehand because, like I mentioned above, you'd feel bad for cancelling. You're a man of your word. Have you ever heard the expression "She's a woman of her word"? She's a heartless beast who doesn't feel a scrap of guilt for cancelling and flaking, and she feels comfortable doing it because she does it all the time, with other guys, girlfriends, and even family (my sister flakes on me and my dad regularly). And this is all because of the advanced rationalization system that I already mentioned. We really need some scientists out there to do some MRI scans to pinpoint where it's located in the female brain. Maybe zap it with some x-rays.

My headline to this post was a bit sensational. You can't eliminate flaking completely, but you can reduce it to practically zero. **You must build a wonderful connection.** It's wonderful if after meeting you she's wondering how she managed to live life until that moment. If you did it right she will message or call you within a few hours of parting before you contact her first. It takes about 8-12 continuous hours to build a conection that has the chance at being wonderful. It's okay if there was sleep involved for a few of those hours.

I'm sure you're familiar with Mystery's seven hour figure, where he says that that's how

long it takes to comfortably bang a girl. I do believe it's conservative as many of us have done it well before that, but note how it's easier to have a one night stand with a girl than build a wonderful connection. It's something so intense and so dependent on real chemistry, which game facilitates, that it resembles Hollywood more than real life. I've only done it maybe three times.

Therefore you must ask yourself how reasonable is aiming for zero flakiness? Is it easier to work on multiple girls and bang the ones that come through or should you go all-in on one girl who you'll probably get tired of after a bang or two anyway? Try to make a wonderful connection, definitely, but the faster you accept flaking, like how you accept the Earth revolves around the sun, the less frustrating your life will be and the less importance you will place on any one girl. You're able to sidestep the frustration that causes so many guys to quit the game before realizing their potential.

If you think you've met "the one" and know the wonderful connection is simmering underneath the surface, it's best to wait as long as reasonably possible before stuffing your meat inside her to heighten the tension and build a "storyline," something that is important more in relationships than one night stands. But would I personally wait before having sex with a girl because I may want to wife her up?

Nah, she may flake.

The Colonial Towns Of Minas Gerais (Brazil)

April 20, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Previous Brazil Guides:

- Foz do Iguaçu
- Rio de Janeiro
- Northern Brazil
- Vitória

Minas Gerais is located in the nortwest of Rio de Janeiro State, and easily accessibly by bus. Known for its cheese, pork, and women, I decided to have a little look before leaving Brazil. I visisted four cities in two weeks.

TIRADENTES

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

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

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

If you insist on talking to girls, find a club in the nearby city of São João del Rey. It’s only

30 minutes away by bus, but you'll probably have to catch a cab back afterwards.

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

OURO PRETO

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

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

Where to stay? I stayed in the Pousada Sao Francisco de Paul, a hostel with rustic private rooms. It's not particularly good value but it's close to the bus station so you don't have to take a taxi.

DIAMANTINA

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

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

There is not a whole lot to do here, so come if you want to relax, read, or get some work done without other tourists around. The value here is very good, as food and lodging is the cheapest of the other colonial cities.

Where to stay? I highly recommend Pousada Dos Cristais. For only 70 R$ per night I stayed in a very large room with a balcony. The staff is very friendly and there are two cats.

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

CONTINUED: Belo Horizonte Nightlife Guide

Belo Horizonte (Brazil) Nightlife Guide For Guys

April 21, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Previous Brazil Guides:

- Foz do Iguaçu
- Rio de Janeiro
- Northern Brazil
- Vitória
- Colonial Towns of Minas Gerais

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

Thursday Night:

I went alone to Arcadium Bar in the popular Savassi area. They played *forro*, which is the Brazilian version of salsa with more of a country twist. I think the music is a bit annoying personally, but I didn't want to leave Brazil without trying it out once. (The New York Times recently wrote an article on forro.)

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

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

Friday Night:

I met a German guy who had both game and a sense of humor (a first), and we took a 20 minute cab ride to Chalezinho, a club that was recommended by a girl I met the night

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

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

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

“United States!”

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

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

“Just hang on I’ll help you out.”

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

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

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

By 4am I gave up. Perhaps there was a slut in the room that would bang me same night, but after nearly ten tries I didn’t find her. I sat down on a bench and looked over to my right to see an average looking guy kissing what I’d say is my ideal type of girl. Six months of living in Brazil coalesed into that moment and I realized that I too can have that girl. All I had to do was permanently move to Brazil and learn Portuguese.

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

be less than if you stayed permanently.

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

Saturday Night

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

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

At the club she picked the German. She was cute but nothing to cry over so I went to work on the girls there and by my third approach I found something better: an 18-year-old from Juiz de Fora, another Minas city that I hear has very good night action during the weekend. It took about ten minutes to get some kissy action from her, and then I looked over her to see the German making out with the hostess. All good right? Well unfortunately for me my girl's brother was there, and he cockblocked me later as I was entering the groping stage of the seduction. I sort of understood.

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

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

Bottom Line:

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

Belo Horizonte Nightlife Guides: NaBalada and Guia BH

Lodging: Chale Mineiro Hostel ($), Hotel Sao Bento ($$), Hotel Metropole ($$$), and Motel Papillon, an hourly motel for sex located at Rua Rio de Janeiro 639.

When A Girl Says She's On Her Period (And Other Excuses)

May 2, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

There are cases where you're seeing a girl, contently banging away, then she throws you a curveball and says, "We can't have sex tonight because…"

1. "…I'm on my period."

I've had sex with quite a few girls while they were on their period, so I know they are more than willing to screw while leaking blood. On the other hand, some girls (heavy bleeders) are truly uncomfortable because it makes a gigantic mess. The key to dealing with this excuse is noting *when* she tells you.

If a girl truly likes you, she'll want to spend time with you and hide the fact she's on her period until the last possible moment, when you'll be "trapped" and can't really do anything about it but snuggle. She'll tell you in bed before the clothes are about to come off and then add a big "Sorry!" This is a great opportunity to be a man. Tell her, "It's okay baby," point to your dick and then say, "Well it's not going to suck itself."

If a girl tells you she's on her period at the date planning stage (via phone), she's lying. This is a big warning sign that she's not really in the mood to see you and is hoping that you'll cancel. But of course this is a trap, because even if you do what she wants and change plans, she'll attempt to give you shit for it.

If she tells you during the date but before you get to a bedroom, it could be a coin toss either way, though most of the time I believe she's being truthful and "warning" you out of consideration not to get too aroused and potentially blue balled. If you have several drinks at the bar, romantically hold hands, and then she tells you towards the end of the night, she's merely being thoughtful.

If a girl tells you she's on her period but adds, "But we can do other things," then she loves you.

2. "…I'm tired."

If she tells you this at any point it usually means you're not going to have sex. Realize that if a girl is really into you she'll pretend she's **not** tired so you don't think she's boring. It doesn't matter if it's true or not, but she should make an attempt to hide this.

For example, say you're out with a hot girl but you have diarrhea. Do you tell her, "I have the runs today"? Of course not—you'd probably hide that fact until your extreme discomfort prompts her to ask what's wrong with you. Then you'd play it down while disappearing to the bathroom for 10 minutes because "there was a long line."

3. "…I'm not in the mood."

You've lost her, or almost have. Withdraw for a bit and tighten up your game.

When in a casual relationship, here is the rule you want to follow: **You must always lead the girl to believe that the main thing you want from her is sex, and that**

by not providing it on-demand you may walk. This keeps her in a state of apprenhension where she wonders if you actually like her or not, and encourages her to try extra hard to be an all-around good catch because she's scared you'll leave her if you get better sex. By treating her like a commodity (which she is), you encourage her to provide more value.

Therefore if a girl tells you on the phone that she is on her period, tired, or not in the mood, cancel on her. Say, "It's no problem because actually I was feeling tired today anyway, maybe some other time." Notice how we don't call her out. Instead we provide an excuse that waters the seed of you only wanting her for sex. Add more water by waiting four days before calling her again, after her imaginary period or fatigue spell is most likely complete.

It can be a tough judgment call if she gives you an excuse during the date. Unless she says, "We can do other things," you're taking a big chance with your game by sticking around and giving her your time with no future possibility of sex. Personally I would give an excuse to make it an early night, without showing any anger or annoyance. Again, water the seed of doubt.

If she says, "Oh, we can't have sex tonight," while walking to your house or hers at the end of the date, and is very insistent on you agreeing that you won't try to make a move, say, "What… do you want me to sign a contract?" She'll throw out all sorts of drama and then you can say, "Look, you're acting weird. Maybe it's better I leave." Ditch then wait for her to contact you again.

If she gives you an excuse at the last moment in bed, but does not give you head or let you do her in the butt, get up after relaxing for 15 minutes and tell her you can't sleep since you took an early nap and rather get some work done. Another option is to say you have to return some videos. If she does go the extra mile to make you orgasm with her other cavities then I see no reason why you can't give her some snuggly time.

The reason you should take a hard line towards sex excuses is because when you reward a girl for not having sex with you (by spending time with her), she loses respect for you. She begins to see you as another chump. Her game instincts turn on and she'll wonder how much she can get you to commit to her while providing less and less. Nip this in the bud early, and make her *believe* that the only thing you want from her is sex (through indirect means that she can't directly call you out on). She'll stick around for quite a while to prove to you that she's worth so much more than that.

The Mechanics Of A Hot Streak

May 9, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

My first significant streak happened in America. I ended up in a girl's bed five consecutive times going out, with two of those ending up in vaginal sex. During the streak I was going out with two condoms, travel-size toothbrush, and contact lens case, and in the middle of it I considered buying a murse for my hygiene accessories.

My second big streak happened in Brazil at a certain club. Out of six consecutive times going there I kissed seven girls and banged three of them. Two of those girls were the hottest I've ever slept with. Then I went out a seventh time and well, let me start from the top…

The first two times I went to the club was in 2007. On my virgin visit I slept with an awesome girl, who I wrote about in A Dead Bat In Paraguay, and the second time was a meaningless make-out that didn't make the book. I went back to the United States and two years later returned to Brazil.

The third time I went with two Mexican girls and an American guy who recognized me in the hostel we were staying at. One of the Mexican girls wanted me, but I passed because she looked like a very handsome boy. She got upset, cried, and left. I kissed an 18-year-old girl after and then another girl that who I leveraged into splitting a taxi ride home, saving five whole dollars.

The fourth time I went solo on New Years Day. I stayed there for four hours and got absolutely nowhere, paid my tab, and then on my way out met a half-Lebanese girl who spoke English. We went to another bar and she took me home, but we didn't do the dirty until the second date.

The fifth time I went with my Danish roommate. We met two young girls and halfway through the seduction we did a switcheroo because the girl I was going for took to his somewhat hidden tattoos. That wasn't a problem because her friend was more my type, but she was young and flakey and nothing happened besides making out.

The sixth time I went alone. My third approach was on a soap opera actress who didn't speak English and had never been with a gringo before. I solved that little problem of hers a few hours later.

The seventh time I went alone again. I wanted to keep the streak alive until ten, only because it's a nice round number. To prepare I first went to the mall to check out girls, approaching two to warm up. That night I ate, showered, and rolled up to the club at a good time looking fresh. The amount of pressure on me was high. I remembered how I couldn't wait for the previous streak to end, but now I considered myself a professional—a game athlete, if you will. I must embrace the intensity and still perform. No excuses on how it was dead or how the girl's weren't good looking. I'd make it happen.

Guys, I spit the best game of my life that night. I wasn't too eager, I wasn't too passive,

and had the right amount of energy. Every 15 minutes I did a solid approach from one of my two favorite spots in the club. The girls were biting and except for one case there was always a conversation where I was being touched and getting asked questions. But my head was swollen and half of the girl's weren't good enough. I kept thinking I could do better.

In other cases I kept running into pairs of girls. I couldn't isolate any of them and things kept fading out. Nothing was clicking besides fun conversation, and a phone number wouldn't be enough to preserve the streak. Girls I passed on earlier in the night were now making out with other guys. People were pairing up and I felt like the odd one out. I drank too much. At the same time, I had a booty call begging me to come over and service her. So after four hours I made the decision to end the streak and get laid instead.

I left the club and got in touch with my booty call. She denied me, saying it was too late.

I felt destroyed. Some of the anger was towards the booty call, but most of it was due to the broken streak. I should have hooked up with anything just to keep it going, in hindsight, because it was providing me with an incredible amount of confidence. So much confidence that not hooking up on one night put me into the depths of despair and pain. I was lost and confused. But within a week the itch returned and I was ready to go back to work.

Even though the end of my latest streak caused temporary hardship, I advise you to get a streak of your own going, for a few reasons:

1. It increases your confidence to stratospheric levels. It was like my muscle mass had tripled in size. The streak begins to define you, convincing you that you are the ultimate pimp.

2. You create a new normal. Gone are the days where you have "bad nights" or consecutive nights not getting anything. Gone are thinking that phone numbers means you scored. It becomes extremely weird and grievous if you don't suck face, and you become more determined to stay out longer while doing more approaches. You learn what it takes to get consistent and the word luck escapes your vocabulary.

3. You ride momentum. This is a big part of successful game, where you hook up with many girls in a short period of time followed by a cooling-off period where not much happens. A streak has the momentum already built in, and I swear my cheeks blushed a rosier red during both of them. It's like other girls knew I was in a streak and wanted to be a part of it. I fully recommend you hook up with a straggler to keep a streak going as long as possible.

I have one additional tip. When you're in the middle of a streak and you're starting to feel the pressure of keeping it alive, focus more on attempts than results. Go out and tell yourself, "Alright tonight I'm going to do ten solid approaches," instead of, "Tonight I gotta get laid!" Focus on attempts and then when you get a promising prospect the close will be automatic.

Two weeks later I returned to the Brazilian club. It was mostly empty and there wasn't even ten girls in the place. I order my Johnnie Walker Black with three ice cubes and

waited in one of my spots, eventually doing my first approach. It hit, and within 20 minutes we're kissing and talking about what to name our babies. I've never had to approach only one girl in a South American club before. I like to think it was due to experience from the streak.

How To Bang Argentine Girls: The Final Chapter

May 16, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

There are a few things I learned upon my return trip to Cordoba, Argentina.

1. A white Argentine girl is harder to bang than one with a little bit of brown in her. These brown girls are more similar to Colombians in the work it takes to get with them. And I must stress similar because there is a difference. In Colombia girls flake right before the date, but in Argentina they do stupid shit well before. For example, in Argentina a girl will throw her number at me and then when I get her on the phone to make plans she'll say, "Sorry but I have a boyfriend," or something equally retarded. They just wanted to see if I'd ask them out or not. If you're doing it by text then she simply won't respond after a couple back-and-forths, no matter how much affection she gave you previously, making asking girls out here a lose/lose dilemma which game theory doesn't have obvious answers to.

Many times it's happened where a girl responded very enthusiastically when I messaged her, with replies that included exclamation points, but then simply gave me radio silence after I tried to set plans. I wanted to get an insiders look at this phenomenon, so I went through the steps of making plans with one of my Spanish speaking partners with the intention to disappear on her when it was time to finalize the time, like Argentine girls did to me.

She texted me on a day I had mentioned I might be free, asking if I could meet up later in the evening. The plan was to simply not respond and leave her hanging, but I just couldn't do it. It's too mean to leave someone out there like that so I eventually replied (with an excuse, but at least she got a response). It's almost evil how disrespectful Argentine girls can be. While we do see issues like flakiness in Colombia and even Brazil, at least those girls have the consideration to let you down easy. It seems like in Argentina the girls have a goal to make you feel like shit, at multiple points in the seduction.

2. In the U.S. to upgrade from a 5 or 6 to a 7 takes a marginal amount of work. But in Argentina it's significantly harder. There are the very cute girls who take quite a bit of time (and luck), and then bangable girls who are similar to Colombians in terms of difficulty. For example, I get looks and approach invitations from 5's and 6's all day, but the 7's and up only look with their peripheral vision, if at all.

3. If the club you're going to has a web site or can be googled, you shouldn't go there. Alright that's an extreme rule, but you don't want to go to trendy places frequented only by "white" Argentines who think they're European. Experiment with trashy bars and clubs.

4. Because your first date with an Argentine girl will most likely be with her friends, the appearance of the girl you approach doesn't matter much because odds are she'll have at least one cute friend. Argentine girls younger than 30 don't like doing one-on-one dates right off the bat like in America. So what happens is she invites you out to a big group

and then you can play the field and turn on the charm for the girl you really like. Stay on a friendly vibe with the initial girl you met in order to make a painless switch. In other words, don't lead her on because if she likes you too much then her friends will back off.

On my first day in Cordoba an ugly girl at the mall was eye fucking me. I wanted to practice my Spanish so I opened her, and within five minutes she had my number. She called me later that night and invited me to a birthday party that had many girls cuter than her. There was a sad moment when she realized I didn't like her, but I was able to meet prettier women that I wouldn't have otherwise. The girl you approach during the day, for instance, will be merely a gateway to more poon. It's best to do these day approaches on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, to get invited out later those nights while her feelings for you are still strong. Two downsides to this strategy: (1) You may not like her friends or they may have boyfriends, and (2) Who wants to regularly approach ugly girls?

5. Cordoba has a lot of beautiful girls because of the huge university population, but when you take that away, like I got to see on Easter weekend when the students went home, the locals are of equal beauty to other Argentine cities. What happens is pretty girls from small towns in surrounding states come to Cordoba to study, and then go back to where they came from or move to Buenos Aires afterwards. Cordoba has that wow factor when you go to a club, but most of those girls are under 23 and frankly, not yet ready for the type of easy sexual relationship you probably want. Even doing simple things with them will give you grey hair.

6. Like I described in A Dead Bat In Paraguay while observing my Italian friend Beppe, you can't escalate on an Argentine girl like you can with Western sluts. You have to be 50% more passive than usual (assuming you're as aggressive as I've taught you), and let the girl do a lot of work, either by messaging you first, inviting you out, or asking you to come to the bathroom to do drugs. The main idea here is for her to initiate the escalation move and then you finish it off.

Unfortunately many Argentine girls will not put in any work, so you'll get "rejected" when the girl simply does nothing. Pushing the interaction hard or going direct only works on desperate girls (i.e. ugly), and boy do those desperate girls skip out on game playing to get laid! Note this passive type of game is **not** optimal in Brazil or Colombia. In Argentina you're punished for being a man who goes about getting what he wants, which is probably why so many Argentine guys are weird and creepy, or have just given up on women completely to devote their lives to rock music and pot smoking. Your best option is to sit there, be cool as fuck, get her laughing, and just hope for the best. In America the game is like a mountain, difficult at times but with a visible goal that is attainable for those who train hard. In Argentina game is like a cloud, impossible to grasp.

I have to put some things in perspective. When I first visited Cordoba, I was coming from the dregs of South America (Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia). I was blown away by the appearance of the women without having the twelve months of experience that I later gained in Colombia and Brazil. While I still think Cordoba has some of the most beautiful women on

the continent, they're pretty lame, insecure, and immature. And even when they get older, a Cordobesa in her late 20's has the maturity of a Brazilian or Colombian in her early 20's. Sure their appearance is splendidly feminine, but they are missing the sexy vibe of Brazilian and Colombian women, and definitely the dancing ability of the Brazilians. On the bright side they seem to pick up on sarcastic humor a lot better than other South American women because of their love of American television shows.

7. Many guys told me that once you get an Argentine girl out of her city and social circle, she'll be much more tolerable. I find this to be the case with two Argentine girls I've fooled around with outside of Argentina, one in the U.S. and the other in Brazil. They were very easy to make plans for, hardly flaked, and didn't play psychosexual games. Therefore it may be easier to get your Argentine flag outside of Argentina. I hear there are a lot of Argentine girls in American ski resorts.

8. Argentina is the only country where the quality I can get is lower than in the United States. I'm talking about a timeline of one or two months. Sure if I lived there forever I'd land some decent girls, but why bother when there's this big country that starts with a B right next door, where women have healthy attitudes towards sex and like wearing high heels instead of dirty Converse shoes or cheap boots.

9. I don't want to make it sound like you can't get laid there—I know tons of guys who have and even a few who got one night stands. But compared to other places, the amount of work you have to put in for something average is insanely high. I've never seen a gringo with an Argentine girl who was higher than a 6, which means I've never been jealous of something a gringo has pulled. But in Brazil it's happened a few times.

10. My Argentine lady friend says that once you have sex with an Argentine, the floodgates open, but that's how it is in Colombia and Brazil as well. Argentine girls think this compensates for their pre-sex craziness, but they obviously haven't banged girls from other countries. Argentine women are simply not *vale la pena* (worth the pain) that it takes to get them in bed. Stop by Buenos Aires to get your flag by visiting some lame Irish pubs, where the women are more progressive, older, and speak English, then get the hell out and head to Colombia or Brazil. Honestly even that may be too much of a waste. You miss out on nothing by not banging an Argentine girl. Nothing.

Argentina is a very nice country, but trying to crack their women is a waste of life. I don't plan on ever returning.

More Posts About Argentine Girls:

- School Of Argentine Girls
- How To Pick Up Argentine Girls (From An Argentine Guy)
- Brazilian Vs. Argentine Vs. American Girls
- Argentine Girls Final Thoughts
- Argentine Girls Final Thoughts (Part 2)

Why Approaching Should Be The Foundation Of Your Game

May 18, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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

Let's say it's Saturday night and we're at a crowded bar where there are 10 cute women.

How many of them are in relationship that they're happy in? I'd guess 3.
How many of them have fuck buddies? 2.
How many of them are in a bad mood for whatever reason and don't feel like getting to know a new guy? 1.

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

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

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

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

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

Trash Can Desk

May 20, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

"It's hard to know, when you're in such a jam, which is worse—not having a place to sleep or not having a place to work. One can sleep almost anywhere, but one must have a place to work. Even if it's not a masterpiece you're doing. Even a bad novel requires a chair to sit on and a bit of privacy."
—**Tropic of Cancer** by Henry Miller

One of the hardest things about traveling is finding a decent place to work. A lot of countries don't have that lingering coffee shop culture that we have, with comfortable work spaces and a staff that leaves you alone. In South America it's too much to ask for wireless internet, electrical outlets, a bathroom that is less than a quarter mile away, and a large selection of artisanal teas.

Most of the time I had to work from home (or hostel), but unfortunately I wasn't nearly as productive. In the States I've had peak days of cranking out five hours of honest-to-goodness work, but I rarely got above two hours in South America. For my latest trip I took some pictures of my work spaces, which I believe you will find fascinating.

Bogota, Colombia

Finding a table and chair was sometimes challenging, so for my first city I used a trash can as my working platform. It's here that I put the finishing touches on A Dead Bat In Paraguay. On a trash can. When the maid came by I had to remove everything so she could empty it.

Medellin, Colombia

My first Medellin apartment had a pretty decent work area. I started the trip drinking water out of bottles but eventually drank straight from the tap. I never got sick from it. My stomach was actually healthiest in Colombia (it got worse in Brazil and then fell apart in Argentina where my “Days Without Diarrhea” counter never got into the double digits). I’m okay now, thanks.

The desk in my second apartment was considerably smaller, but I lived near a McCafe where I could hang for a couple hours at a time. Note the kitty calendar hanging on the wall (thanks sis).

Fortaleza, Brazil

I stayed in this hotel for a couple days and converted the nightstand into a desk. My Portuguese books are stored at the bottom.

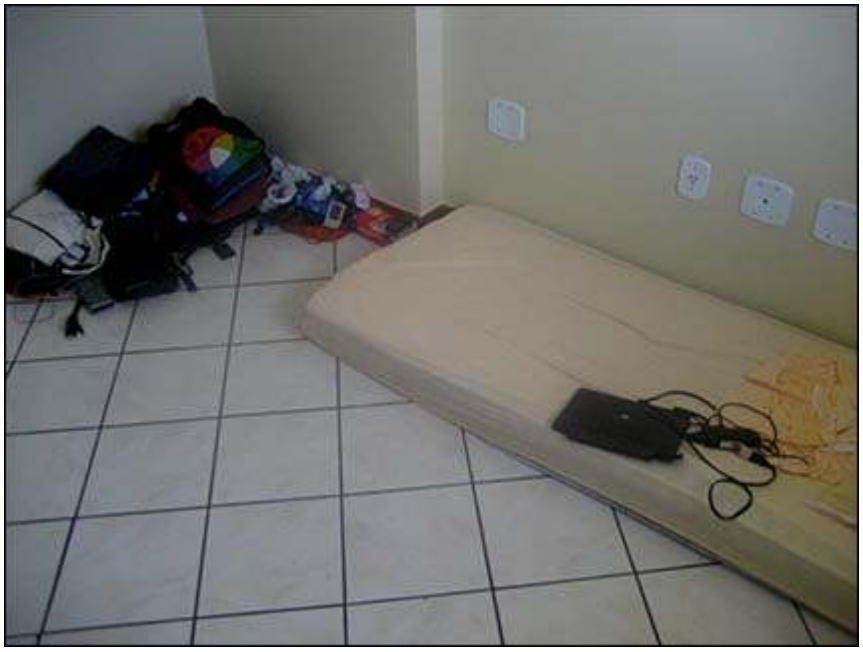
Pipa, Brazil

The desk was a little low so I'd have to hunch over to see the screen. There was a massive ant colony nearby that was drawn to the warmth of my laptop. Brazil has a lot of ants.

Vitoria, Brazil

This is the niciest and most expensive hotel I stayed in during the trip ($70/night). Ironically, it was the only place that charged extra for internet and breakfast.

Vila Velha, Brazil



I moved to an apartment in a neighboring city, owned by a guy who worked at the expensive hotel. He had no furniture here so I went to a mattress store and bought a $40 foam thing that barely held up for my week stay. I didn’t get any work done here.

Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

This was my home for the first two weeks in Rio until I found my favela shack. I had to revisit the trash can desk. I actually got a lot of work done here because the room was usually empty with my gringo dormmates sightseeing or visiting the beach. I'm sure they thought I was loser since I didn't do much during the day.

Cordoba, Argentina

For the first time in my life I lived alone. The apartment came furnished and set me back about $700 for the month (it was expensive because I was on a month-to-month contract). I dreamed of living alone for a long time, but it was surprisingly boring, probably because I didn't have anyone to talk to. I had a lot more fun living in my Rio shithole with my dreamy Danish roommate.

In Cordoba I finished my third book. It's about Colombia, and should be out in a month.

Is São Paulo (Brazil) Worth The Visit?

May 27, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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

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

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

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

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

A lot of Brazilians say that "São Paulo never sleeps," but that's not exactly true. In a city of almost 20 million people, there were two clubs listed on a popular nightlife guide for Monday. Tuesday wasn't that much better. Until Thursday, you don't have many options besides some sit-down bars. This is not Vegas, and it's not New York either. On the bright

side, girls are more curious about your gringo status and a surprising percentage speaks English. For some guys it will be easier to pull here than Rio.

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

Fried Chicken Empire

June 1, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I'm in the dumps. It started during my final days in Rio around the time of my five year blog anniversary. My Danish roommate already left for São Paulo and I was going through some drama with a girl. My subsequent travels through the state of Minas Gerais were pleasant, especially the weekend in Belo Horizonte, but I started losing motivation to do things.

I went to Córdoba, planning to stay for at least two months, but it became apparent that I wasn't going to last. I made an honest effort on the girls for one whole week but then gave up completely, realizing that I really didn't like them. I didn't care for the challenge. Eventually I dated a Brazilian girl who I met through my young landlord. She tried to drag me to clubs but I resisted, saying I rather do quieter things.

My apartment didn't have internet so I sat and watched VH1 Classic and Style & Life for over three hours a day. I followed a four-year-old season of Project Runway and also saw a gay guy beat out all the girls on Paris Hilton's show. I didn't want to study Spanish, didn't want to write, didn't want to travel, didn't want to hit on girls, and I didn't want to read. I forced myself to take Spanish lessons just keep myself busy, so I could say I was doing something productive.

I came back to America and it's been fine so far. It's great catching up with Virgle Kent, Roissy, and The Rookie, and especially fun to watch The Rookie in action. He reminds me of my younger self when I approached not just to get laid but to experiment or have a laugh. Now I just approach to get laid. It's a job, putting in my time to get that notch.

My two books sell on their own. I've already put in the grunt work for a setup that is mostly passive. I'm not rolling in money, but I do make enough to live comfortably in developing countries. If I stopped being so fucking lazy I could make more, but with a good amount of cash saved up (enough for my future travel plans that I'm thinking of this winter), I can't get excited enough to work more than I am now.

With the blog I've been doing the bare minimum, three posts a week. You'd be annoyed if I did less. This isn't because I don't have ideas, but I'm simply too lazy to develop them. I have a file with ideas so old that I don't remember what angle I was going to take. So I delete them, a potential nugget of knowledge lost forever because I didn't want to work for a few minutes.

I think I'm feeling down because I've reached my loftiest goals. I've shared all that I've wanted to share. I've banged the girls I've wanted to bang. I've experienced what I've wanted to experience. And I have enough money in my pocket that I don't need to steal other people's drinks anymore, no trivial accomplishment if you've been there. It's true I could dig deeper, but I've hit the point of diminishing return in most things I've set out to do. You pass the peak of something and it becomes a grind, so it's easier to repeat the process with something new. But what new worthy goal should I set out to do? Try to

write for a magazine? Get a book “professionally” published? Accumulate lots of money? Aim for fame? I wish I cared more about those things.

Lately I’m having some morbid thoughts. I do a lot of healthy things so that I can live a nice long life, but now I’m questioning that. People are running marathons twice a year so they can live until 85 instead of 70. But what are you going to do after 70? Go to Europe a couple times a year? Watch more television? Unless you’re lucky like Hugh Hefner, who’s looking pretty frail these days, old age is no joy ride, regardless of how healthy you can keep yourself. Would you trade shoes with your grandparents? Because that’s what you have to look forward to. I never believed it made much sense to plan to work your ass off now in order to make it to an age period where the grim reaper is on your doorstep, but I understand we need a lot of people to think that so society can function.

I think many people refuse to accept death. A deep fear of it then manifests itself in obsessions and compulsions with exercise and food (only grass fed and organic!), and sometimes environmental concerns (no plastic bags!). At least it keeps them busy. The reason I work out and eat right is now for mostly aesthetic reasons. I’d eat pizza and McGriddle sandwiches every day if it didn’t make me feel lousy and increase my body fat percentage. Why not otherwise? To preserve a couple years when the highlight of my day is waking up and realizing I’m not dead yet like many of my friends and relatives? I’ve read stories of the 80-year-old man lifting a piano over his head and another a few years younger building a fried chicken empire from scratch, but I’m realistic to know that those things probably won’t happen to me. And say I have children. Are they going to want to deal with an old man who can barely hear and do very little besides sit in a recliner and stare blankly off into space, reminiscing about the glory days where all his sexual perversions were satisfied? This isn’t Colombia where my kid is obligated to take care of me until I die but America where I’d be lucky if my nursing home is within 100 miles of my spawn.

I understand that while life is long, there is a window for the best years, starting in your early 20’s and ending somewhere in your late 40’s. I know I only have 30 good years at the most, and I have already used up a third of that. But right now I’m wasting my days, and I’m not sure how to get out of it.

Things I Love About America

June 3, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Amazon.com: Huge selection of anything I can possibly want, priced fairly with usually free shipping, and delivered right to my door. This is what I missed most about America.

Netflix: I get my choice of just about every movie ever made in the history of the world, also at a fair price. When I'm abroad I hit up Isohunt to download movies, but they are rarely enough seeds for the faggy foreign movies that I enjoy (I've seen just about everything from Pedro Almodovar).

Supermarkets: Huge warehouses stocked with a million items that allow me to make any type of recipe imaginable. In South America, it can be hard to find basic foods like broccoli, ginger, lemons, limes, salsa, spices, barbecue sauce, parmesan cheese, turkey or chicken breast, spinach, and decent bread. Standing in the produce section of an American supermarket now feels like I'm on a movie set. Fresh food here is expensive (cheeses, produce, meats), but all that processed garbage is very fairly priced.

Liquor Selection: Go to any bar and there are fifteen types of vodka, four types of bourbon, and six beers on tap. American night spots have great selection for whatever mood you happen to be in. In Brazil you're lucky if a bar has a palpable whisky. And besides for a couple exceptions, all South American beers taste exactly the same, along the lines of Budweiser.

Herbs/Remedies: Is your stomach growling and in need of some soothing peppermint? Need a specific vitamin supplement? Probiotics? Coenzyme Q10? Fish oil? Resveratol? These things can be hard to find and expensive in South America, but in the U.S. all you have to do is go to GNC or a site like iHerb.

Target/Walmart: One stop shopping for all your hygiene, home, clothing, and electronic needs, all at rock bottom prices. To be fair, there are Walmart-like stores in every South American country, but they tend to be out in the suburbs.

Customer Service: The customer is always right in the United States. Without having to raise your voice, businesses will do a decent job making sure your needs are met. In South America they just want your money and if there is a problem then too bad because they simply don't give a shit whether you are satisfied or not with their product. Even the staff is disrespectful: they will stop talking to you midway to look at a text message they've just received. American cable companies like Comcast look top-notch compared to the ones in South America (e.g. NET).

One afternoon in Rio may have had me going to two separate grocery stores, the pharmacy to buy shampoo, the "informatics" store in the mall to buy a USB stick, and then a hardware store to buy a plug extension. Three hours of my life, gone, when in the U.S. it would've taken an hour at most.

I'm sure you see the pattern. Most of the things I missed were based on our consumer culture: choice, convenience, and selection. Other than that, America has only one other

benefit over foreign countries: health care.

Just kidding. There are no other benefits.

After Exactly One Month Back In The States…

June 10, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I have some questions to ask you patriotic Americans about disturbing things I've noticed.

1. Why are the food creations so monstrous?

2. Why are people so big? How come big people don't have any shame?

3. Why are 50% of men either gay or dressing and acting gay? Is being gay cool now? Why is American culture losing knowledge on how to be a man?

4. Why do straight men in the bar line up to hit on the sloppiest girls wearing Target flip flops? Don't they know they're encouraging negative behavior?

5. Why do men well over 30-years-old, with wrinkles and gray hair, dress like hipsters with skinny jeans and Converse shoes?

6. Why can't people see the hypocrisy of caring about the environment while owning a car and flying in aeroplanes?

The girls are still easy at least.

The Three Components Of Female Beauty

June 15, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I used to think beauty was beauty, and a girl either had it or not. I was describing the **genetic** quality of a woman's beauty—her face, hair, and body type. Assuming a girl doesn't overdo it with the Haagen Dazs, she will score high on innate beauty if a psychologist measures her face for symmetry and proportion.

I spent a lot of time Argentina, a place where genetic beauty was very high, but wasn't too crazy about the women. One big reason was because they were lacking in two other components that make up true beauty, which are needed to predict how hard a man will chase for sex.

The first is **femininity**, and describes her appearance. Is she wearing high heels and makeup? Or is she wearing dirty Converse shoes and a cheap summer dress? Are her clothes snug, revealing her curves? Or does she look sloppy with baggy jeans? Is her hair long? Or did she cut it because she was too lazy to maintain it? While a girl can't change genetics, she has complete control over how feminine she appears.

Recently I went with my mother to visit her female doctor. Judging by the graduation date from the diploma hanging on her wall, the doctor was in her late 30's, but looked to be almost the same age as my mom. Her hair was completely gray (she doesn't dye it), she had no makeup on, and dressed like a menopausal woman. She moved like an old man. Someone who interacts with dozens of people a day was ugly in just about every way except for her intelligence, and has absolutely no pride in how she presents herself to the world. Unfortunately Western cultures are trending towards punishing women for appearing too feminine in the fear that they might be perceived as weak, dependent, and "girly." At the same time men are punished for being too masculine, resulting in an androgynous archetype that both sexes overlap with (in America it's common for some straight guys to be confused as gay, and some straight girls to be confused as dykes).

The final component is **sexuality**. It's all the behaviors a woman does, consciously or not, that announces to other men her fertility and ability in the bedroom. It's how she walks, how she looks at you, how she dances, and the minute changes she makes to her mouth while listening to you. It's the things that make a man bite his lip and vow to do anything to get her. It's the overall vibe that makes her a sexual animal and worth killing for (in prehistoric time, anyway). In my opinion this is the most important component of beauty because it takes the longest to get bored of. You can take for granted a girl's pretty face and painted toenails in a week or two, but the magic at which she gets your dick rock hard can last years.

To put things in perspective, let's compare the three components with four different cultures: America, Colombia, Argentina, and Brazil. Each has scores that range from 0 (lowest) to 10 (highest).

	America	Colombia	Argentina	Brazil

Genetic beauty	5	8	8	7
Femininity	2	6	5	8
Sexuality	2	6	3	9
Total Score	**9**	**20**	**16**	**24**

Even with my overly generous rating of Americans, they are still half the women of Colombians and Argentines, and a third of the Brazilians. While Brazilian women are on average not the prettiest in South America, they blow away their counterparts in the other categories. When American women look like men (I predict this will happen in 50 years), a sound option for American guys will be to move to Brazil working on some oil rig or as Amazonian logger.

Having a girl with high genetic beauty and femininity is nice because your conquest is constantly validated with others staring at her, but this gets old after a short while. If you're going for long-term happiness and pleasure then she needs to have that high sexuality score. If you're in a country where sexuality is punished, or the women simply don't have the knowledge or capacity to be sexual, then I think you already know what you have to do.

Drunk Girls Are Not The Easiest

June 20, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

South American girls don't drink nearly as much as American girls. When I was in clubs down there I'd imagine how much easier my job would be if they didn't nurse their drinks. How many more bangs I would have if they didn't average only two or three for the entire night!

When guys asked me what the deal was in getting with foreign girls, I complained about their slow drinking and how it was harder to get down to business. But was I really getting more in the States because the girls there drank more?

I don't like to make conclusions with looking at the data, so I reflected on circumstances surrounding the first times I had sex with American girls. First thing I immediately realized was that I never banged a girl who was trashed or shit-faced. This is probably because drunk girls are almost impossible to game. They can't maintain a conversation, can't stand straight, and are like retards in how they process stimuli. I believe guys perceive them as easy because they are nearly unconscious and will not be able to put up a strong fight on the way to a bedroom.

(If you want to look at how cockblocking evolved here, look no further than the drinking habits of American girls. If there wasn't a cockblocking mentality then there'd be a million rapes every weekend because so many of these girls are too immature and stupid to ensure their safety by not drinking to the point of blacking out. They need to babysit each other like little children up until at least their late 20's. But it's when girls unnecessarily cockblock, which they do out of habit, that provokes annoyance and sometimes anger from men like myself.)

For my study I chose a sample size of five American and five South American girls I most recently banged and rated them on their drunkenness at the time of initial penetration. Here's the scale I used:

1: Completely sober.
2: Two drinks. More outgoing and chatty.
3: Tipsy. More flirty with slower movements.
4: Very tipsy. Eyes closing, problems speaking.
5: On the verge of passing out or puking.

Let's start with the American girls first.

American Girl A: She was drunk enough that The Rookie almost got some right after me. Score: 4
American Girl B: Mostly sober. She kept saying "I don't usually do this." Score: 2
American Girl C: She had a few strong drinks. I noticed her speech ability decrease slightly. Score: 3
American Girl D: Sweated out much of the alcohol by dancing. No obvious sign of intoxication. Score: 2

American Girl E: Just a tad tipsy, but otherwise very coherent. Score: 2

Average American score: 2.6

Now for the South American girls.

S.A. Girl A: She was very tipsy when I met her, but the night I hit she only had two drinks. Score: 2
S.A. Girl B: She walked nearly half a mile to my place without any difficulty. Score: 2
S.A. Girl C: We had a glass of wine and then fell asleep. We woke up a couple hours later, completely sober, and did the dirty for the first time. Score: 1
S.A. Girl D: I bought a lot of booze in the hopes of getting her drunk, but she didn't even finish the first drink. Score: 1
S.A. Girl E: Did it the morning when we were completely sober. Score: 1

Average South American score: 1.4

My sample set says that, on average, American girls are twice as intoxicated as South American girls when I have sex with them. Since these aren't standardized for time, I cannot firmly conclude that girls who drink more are easier (though I think it's safe to accept), but I can conclude that American girls are more comfortable having sex under the influence. Alcohol is more of a sex lubricant to American girls while for South American girls it's dancing or simply nothing.

South America was the first place where I'd kiss or fuck girls who were completely sober. Developing game in the United States I had a belief that alcohol was essential to intimacy, but I understand now that it's a cultural phenomenon, albeit one that cannot be ignored. While you don't need to get American girls drunk to fuck, you should drink to *connect* with them at night. You can cover your sobriety by lying about how you're the designated driver or what have you, but truth is no girl wants to fuck the designated driver. In South America you can take a girl for a walk in the park and then hit for the first time. I'm not exaggerating.

Most Livable Country: Colombia, Brazil, or Argentina?

June 22, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

My master plan was to live in Colombia, Brazil, and Argentina for six months each, and then evaluate which was best to live in for extended periods of time. Here are the total lengths of time I stayed in each country during my last trip:

Colombia: Six months
Brazil: Five and a half months
Argentina: One and a half months

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

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

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

LAW ENFORCEMENT

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

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

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

Advantage: Argentina

PUBLIC TRANSPORTATION

Colombia: Local buses are run by private companies. While cheap, the lines are confusing and the buses old and very uncomfortable. The routes are not always logical and transfers are commonly needed. Medellin's metro line though is clean, safe, and very

reliable, but often crowded. The one good thing about the buses is that they come very frequently and you can flag them down anywhere along the route.

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

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

Advantage: Colombia

SUPERMARKET FOOD

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

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

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

Advantage: Brazil

RESTAURANT FOOD

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

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

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

Advantage: Argentina

WOMEN

Colombia: The hardest part of getting laid in Colombia is dealing with the language barrier (you won't meet too many girls who speak English), but if you're conversational in

Spanish and approach during the day you shouldn't have too many issues banging cute girls. Flakiness will be your main problem.

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

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

Advantage: Brazil

NIGHTLIFE

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

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

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

Advantage: Brazil

COFFEE SHOPS

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

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

Argentina: Hands down the best coffee shop scene. Big cities have tons of pleasant cafes

with wireless internet and delicious sweets. There is a lingering culture here so feel free to camp out for a couple hours.

Advantage: Argentina

SAFETY

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

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

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

Advantage: Argentina

FRIENDLINESS OF THE LOCALS

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

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

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

Advantage: Undecided

TAXIS

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

Brazil: Taxis here are the worst. It's very rare that a taxi driver, no matter how nice to me on the surface, will not try to scam me. I've had to argue with so many that I dreaded taking a Brazilian cab—I began taking buses everywhere instead, even late at night.

While getting ripped off rarely means more than a $5 difference, it was the principality of it.

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

Advantage: Colombia

MUSIC

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

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

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

Advantage: Colombia

CELL PHONE SERVICE

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

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

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

Advantage: Colombia

LANGUAGE CLASSES

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

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

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

Advantage: Argentina

VALUE

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

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

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

Advantage: Argentina

VIBE

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

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

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

Advantage: Brazil

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

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

New Book Tomorrow

June 27, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

It’s my shortest at only 54 pages, but it has information that is pretty hard to find anywhere else. Here’s the availability breakdown:

Paperback: $12.47
Kindle: $0.99
eBook: Free download

I’m experimenting with a “pay what what you want” model for the eBook. If you like the book then you’ll be able to donate. Full details tomorrow.

Bang Colombia: Textbook On How To Pick Up Women In Colombia

June 28, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Four and a half years ago, after visiting Venezuela, I got the idea of doing a travel pickup guide. Hints of it were seen in my Real Man Travel Guides blog along with my book A Dead Bat In Paraguay, but I never commited myself to writing a complete guide for one country. In the past year I realized that my free time and background made me very qualified to work on such a project, and that it'd be fun to try. At the start of my fifth month in Colombia I buckled down and began work on Bang Colombia, finishing it about nine months later. Here's the synopsis:

> Bang Colombia is a strategy guide designed to help you sleep with Colombian women in Colombia without paying for it. It contains dozens of moves, lines, and tips learned after six months of research in Medellin, where I dedicated my existence to cracking the code of Colombian women, who are more challenging than their Western counterparts. In addition to teaching you the differences between Colombian and Western culture, it details the logistics of traveling through Colombia, tips on studying Spanish, a packing guide, and recommended nightlife for the country's three largest cities. You'll learn three effective methods of meeting Colombian women, how to combat their flakey nature, how to ask them out via email and phone, how to date them, how to seal the deal quickly using non-obvious shortcuts (even if you're staying at a hostel), and much more. With lines shared in both English and Spanish, Bang Colombia aims to be a must-read for every Western man visiting the country.

You can get your copy at **BangColombia.com**. It's available in paperback or Kindle editions from Amazon, and a "pay what you want" eBook in PDF format that is free to download with no strings attached. If you choose to donate, you'll get a little bonus as an extra thanks for supporting the book. On the website I also share notes of the mindset it took to write the book and specific details of exactly what's inside.

May every man who reads the guide get their Colombian flag.

Why Bang Colombia?

June 30, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

From a business standpoint, writing Bang Colombia was a big risk. How many of my readers have thoughts of visiting Colombia in the next year or two? I'll be surprised if it was more than 50. That means I spent many months writing a book for a few dozen people. Why didn't I work on my day game book first, which is much more likely to be a financial success?

A couple years ago I realized that you have to write a book because of some duty that calls within you, whether you think the result will be successful or not. I simply had to write Bang Colombia before anything else. I wrote a game book, wrote a travel memoir, lived abroad, dated a lot of South American women—it'd be a waste of experience for me not to.

Anyone who has wrote a book knows it has to be more than about the money. There has to be a calling that drives you to grind it out in front of a screen for hundreds of hours when a million other professions would pay you more for much less frustration. In the end you have to be proud of what you do regardless of what your bank statement says. Otherwise you're a sellout and a hack.

As for the future, my plans are finally falling into place after a rather aimless start back in the States. I'm horrendous at keeping schedules, but here's what I want to do in the next year:

July: Complete text messaging guide
August-October: Complete day game book rough draft
November: Complete epilogue to A Dead Bat In Paraguay
December-January: Complete 2nd draft to day game book
February: Prepare for next trip
March: Eastern Europe? Ethiopia and the Middle East? Brazil?
April-June: Finalize day game book while abroad

I've already written the outline to the day game book, so it's just a matter of hauling my ass to the coffee shop for dreaded marathon sessions that I haven't had to do since A Dead Bat In Paraguay. To hold you over until I'm done with it, check out the day game tips in my newsletter and also in Bang Colombia.

In Brazil I wrote a very rough draft to an unnamed game book which I was thinking of releasing next, but based on its subject matter it'd be more logical to get the day game book out first. So you'll see two more game books from me hopefully soon and then I think I'll take a hiatus for a little while. I'll go live in a quiet village for a couple months or something. Maybe I'll pick up with some fiction or more travel writing after that.

I'm not lifting a finger until after the holiday. Then it's going to be like I have a full time job. At least for a little while.

I Forgot How It's Like To Get Cockblocked

July 5, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I went to Cafe Citron with The Rookie on a recent Thursday night. It used to be one of the only Latin spots in the city, always packed with sweaty, aggressive Central American dudes, but so many new salsa spots have opened that it was barely half full this time.

There were three girls dancing in a tight circle near us, definitely the hottest ones there.

"I'm trying to think of my line," Rookie said.

"Doesn't matter, it's a suicide mission right now. One girl won't just stop dancing with her friends to talk to you." I thought about it for a second and added, "A dancing approach could work."

"I'll just wait until one goes to the bathroom."

"Or goes to the bar."

One went to the bar. She was closest to me so I made a move. I tap tapped her on the shoulder. She turned around. "Excuse me but your salsa dancing seems like it's from Colombia."

"Why do you think that?"

"Just the movements. That's how Colombian people dance to salsa." I was making this up of course.

"No actually I'm from Brazil."

Living in Brazil for six months has given me an automatic two minute conversation with B girls in the States, because they're mildly curious about the where and why of my time there. I told this girl a few sentences in Portuguese and she's smiling and asking me light questions, but I noticed her body was angled towards the bar, as if she wanted to walk away. To gauge her interest I said, "Sorry I didn't mean to stop you on your way to getting a drink." She was totally free to leave at that point without being rude. Instead she said, "No that's fine." I was getting ready to buckle down when her two friends simultaneously pulled her away from me in a coordinated attack.

I went back to my spot and was trying to understand the emotions I was feeling. It was a mixture of disappointment, annoyance, and confusion. Why would those girls do that? Didn't they see she was having a nice conversation with a non-creepy guy? It's not like I was trying to lead her to another part of the bar. I didn't even start touching her yet.

It's true I've been cockblocked in South America, but usually when doing throwaway approaches on the street or when talking to a girl who had a boyfriend I failed to spot. It has been about 14 months since getting assaulted with a cockblock of this caliber. Standing there with my warm Corona beer, I tried to remember back to when this used to be a common occurrence.

An hour later came closing time and the lights got brighter. I was walking out with the Rookie when he spotted the Brazilian leaving with her group. "I'll try again," I said.

I reapproached her in Portuguese. Before I could even finish my sentence, a new female friend wrapped her arm around her and led her away.

“Wow that was rude,” I said to the new cockblocker.

I don’t remember the exact words, but there were a couple tense back and forths where she told me to fuck off while I told her that her that she has no class.

We were out on the sidewalk so I expected a white knight to “save” her and get in my face, but I forgot that Latino men are not as pussified as American betas. One came up to me and said, “Stop talking to that bitch.” He probably got cockblocked by her earlier.

It’s been too long that I’ve gotten into an argument with a cockblocker, so my attack was not as strong as I would’ve liked (she definitely wasn’t about to cry and seemed to get a kick out of our little street battle). And then it hit me—I actually had a scripted counterattack to this problem.

> If you get cockblocked by a girl, you need to respond by shaking her core so hard that she hesitates doing it ever again, like a mouse who hits the wrong lever and gets the shit zapped out of him. No jokes and no wit—you gotta get dirty.
>
> This is what you must say to the cockblocker. Say it with a stern tone, like a parent scolding a child.
>
> **“Did you really just do that? I’m being friendly and respectful to your friend and you rudely interrupt. Did your parents teach you to be anti-social like that?”**
>
> Then shake your head and turn your back on her. Don’t engage her in a conversation or even act like you hear her response. She no longer exists.

It had to have been bad if I started an anti-cockblocking movement, and while from a sociological perspective it’s interesting how cockblocking is a cultural phenomenon, I’m ready to destroy the next ugly bitch that interrupts me while I’m talking to a girl that is obviously considering having this hairiness on top of her in the throes of passion.

What Happened To Baltimore?

July 7, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

After college a couple guys introduced me to a Baltimore spot called Hammerjacks. Now closed, it was a huge warehouse-style club that had an open bar for $20 on "college" Thursday nights. It was there I started my game journey, first with dance floor crotch-on-ass game. The large size of the club meant I could approach a million girls if I wanted to, and the initial successes I had in Hammerjacks gave me the confidence to transition to talking game in D.C. bars.

One of the reasons I stopped going to Baltimore every week was because the logistics were horrible. I didn't have one-night stand game back then so it was pointless to drive an hour for a date to see a girl who most likely lived in a dorm. I still visited Baltimore monthly because the girls were definitely of higher quality than in D.C.

I can't say that anymore.

I went on a Friday a few weeks ago to both Canton and Fells Point for the first time in over a year and was stunned and how huge, sloppy, and ugly the girls were. The only approachable girl I saw was waiting in line of a pizza place. I actually wished to be back in D.C., and I hate D.C.

The reason Hammerjacks kept me interested for so long was because those girls I was grinding my junk on were babyfaced teenagers who weren't technically from Baltimore. While the area of Federal Hill may have some college cuties (I'm thinking of the bar Dirk McGerk), I completely understand why all the guys who email me from Baltimore say the scene is a wasteland. Without finding a niche I don't see how I could be happy there. The city is dead to me.

The Medellín Diaries (Part 1 of 5)

July 11, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Karl said it was the Americans who ruined it for all gringos. “In the past two years there have been boatloads of Americans coming to Colombia to have sex with prostitutes. You can go on the internet and see it—sites devoted just to fucking them like which brothel to go to and who will let you do it in their butt without a condom. The families here know what’s going on and now they’re very hesitant to let their daughters date a gringo, because they think we’re all like the Americans. Are American girls that hard to fuck?”

“No actually I think they’re pretty easy,” I said.

“So why are millions of American men fucking prostitutes here and pretty much anywhere that’s poor?”

“Well you need game to have sex with American girls. It’s like a special key, and once you have it it’s somewhat automatic. Lots of guys never learn it or they’re old and fat and don’t care anymore.”

I had been in Colombia for only two weeks. The first ten days was in Bogotá and now I moved into a sort of gringo boarding house in Medellín. Most of the residents were single guys who were in Colombia either for sex or drugs. There were a few older men in their 40′s who would tell me about the prostitutes they were banging with such excitement that I think they expected me to give them a high five or a pat on the back.

Karl, who was Swedish, was staying in the room next to me. He was approaching a year in Medellín, well past the date on his entry stamp. “I’ll just pay a stupid fine,” he told me. He had blonde hair and baby blue eyes, a deadly combination in South America that would get his foot in the door more often than not. It didn’t matter that he was short and had to balance on his tippy toes to reach the top cabinet in the kitchen—girls were drawn to something their country could not produce. Unfortunately my complexion is the perfect shade of brown that allows me to fit in just about anywhere on the American side of the world, and unless I open my mouth girls think I’m a local. I’ll only stand out in Africa, Asia, or Iceland. Even Sweden, Karl told me, is stocked full of Turkish immigrants who work in döner kebab restaurants and look just like me.

My fifth night in Medellín was a Sunday. I finally got over a case of laryngitis and was ready to go out and flirt. I didn’t get much action in Bogotá so the pressure was building to get my Colombian flag out of the way before it became *a big deal*.

I asked Karl if there was a good place to go out on Sunday night. Two hours later we were in a cab on our way to a small hip-hop club called Karma. Sunday was their busiest night.

“I don’t want to spend a lot of money tonight,” Karl said as we got in line.

“Yeah neither do I.”

“You want to go in on a bottle of rum? It’ll be cheaper that way.”

“How much is it?

“48 thousand.” $24 dollars.

“Yeah sure.” I figured my half of the bottle would last me the entire night. We went inside and made our way to the bar. The club was packed.

From the few nights that I went out in Bogotá, it was clear that girls hang out in big groups of guys, and according to Karl it’s because they can’t afford their own drinks. They need to go out with someone who can buy them liquor.

“A lot of these guys are drug dealers so you have to be careful,” Karl said.

“What does that mean?”

“Just don’t talk to any girls with guys who look mean.”

“But all the girls here are with mean-looking guys.”

“Yeah that’s a problem in this place.”

In Colombian clubs there’d be several girls who would stare at me, but when I’d walk up to say hi a random guy would pop in from nowhere to listen to the conversation or butt in. Isolation was difficult. The guys were very protective of the girls and the only option I saw was to approach the guys first. Maybe compliment their ubiquitous graphic t-shirt or something.

The rum was sweet and the hip-hop music made it go down my throat easier. Even when the ice cubes in my glass melted I drank the rum straight, warm. It didn’t take long to finish my half of the bottle. I lost Karl at some point and later found him outside smoking a cigarette while texting on his phone. “Bro the girls are hot, but it’s hard to pick up here,” I said.

“Yeah you don’t pick up in the clubs—you pick them up on the internet and then you invite them with you to the club. Buy a bottle and have a good time.”

“Plus the guys… I don’t think they like me.”

“Yeah because you’re making them jealous. When a guy looks at you twice it’s because he caught his girl checking you out.”

“What happens if he looks at you three times?”

“That could be serious. Be careful because I almost got killed one time.”

“Killed?”

“It was one night that I was so drunk.”

“Isn’t that every night?”

“No shutup.” He looked up from his phone and took a drag from his cigarette. “I talked to this girl who was with a big guy and even when he got in my face I kept talking to her. He wouldn’t go away and I said, ‘What are you going to do?’ He said he was going to take me outside and stab me in the neck. I said, ‘Let’s go bitch.’”

“Smart move.”

“I was really drunk.” He laughed and took another drag. “The bouncer saw what was going on though and pulled me out while the guy was yelling and pointing at me with his

hand shaped like a gun. I waited outside 45 minutes for him to come out but he never did. I got into a cab and went home. What they do is call the *sicarios*—assassins—who live in the hills. They ride to the club in their cheap motorbikes and wait for you to get into a taxi. Then they follow you and when you stop at a red light they pull alongside the taxi and start shooting. And you're done. Sometimes they give money to the taxi driver to help pay for the damage."

Thing is Karl didn't learn his lesson. When we went back inside the club he kept trying to talk to guys who obviously didn't want to talk to him, and I had to keep pulling him away. The bouncer kept his eyes on us. I realized that Karl was the type of guy that could get me killed, without doing it on purpose of course.

I went to the bathroom and when I came back Karl had a fresh bottle of rum and was drinking straight from it. He could barely stand. The bouncer eventually had enough when he started talking shit to another guy and kicked us both out. Karl's bottle had disappeared by then and I think someone stole it, since he told me never to leave bottles of booze laying around in a club.

On the cab ride back to the house my head started to spin. Both of us ended up puking.

TO BE CONTINUED

The Medellín Diaries (Part 2 of 5)

July 12, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

PREVIOUSLY: Part 1

Karl's room was small and only had a twin size bed. I had a table with chairs in mine, so I'd leave my door open as an invitation for him to stop by. He usually would, always with a bottle of beer in his hand. We had a cleaning service but because of his crushing hangovers he'd keep telling the maid "mañana." It wouldn't take long for the pizza boxes, dirty clothes, beer bottles, and trash bags with used condoms inside them to pile up next to his bed. His room smelled like anus.

Downstairs was a fridge of booze with a log sheet to mark each bottle we took. Karl's box was completely full of hash marks. Every other day he jokingly accused me of charging beers to his account. We did some backwards analysis and calculated that he drank about eight bottles a day, which was less than another gringo staying down the hall who killed a 12-pack every day of the cheapest beer that was sold in the supermarket.

"Did you see the American guy bring another girl?" I asked.

"No I didn't see her. How many girls is that now?"

"I think that's four in as many days. They're pretty beastly though—I mean I know you'd bang them but I got standards." I paused for a second to allow him to react to my insult, but he didn't. "I asked him how he was meeting them and he told me they were from a previous trip. I dug some more and he told me his strategy: meet girls during the day."

"At the mall?"

"No on the street. He says he simply goes up to girls and asks them if they want to have lunch with him. He said, 'None of these poor girls turn down a free meal. And it only costs you a few dollars. Then you bring them back to your place and they open their legs.' But he says the girls are so poor that he has to give them taxi fare back home."

"Oh yeah the barrio girls don't have any money. Most didn't finish secondary school and now they just walk around *centro*, or they get their nails done."

"Where did you meet your girlfriend?"

"On the internet. I'm shy I don't like walking up to girls."

"Your girl is cute though. Today I was on that site you told me about for an hour and only found five girls who weren't monsters."

"Yeah it takes time, but that's the same site I met her on. We've been going out for a year now. You know I was married to a Colombian before right?"

"No you didn't tell me."

"A few years ago I got married but it didn't work out. We married right here in Medellín but divorced in Sweden. It lasted two years."

"You think you're going to marry this girl?"

“Oh I don’t know. I want to start a business here with her. Or maybe take her back to Sweden. She’s a good
girl.”

“What are you doing now for money?” I asked.

“Online gambling.”

“Poker?”

“No, robots.”

“Robots?”

“I have these robots which know how to beat the house long enough to get the sign-up bonus, so I find people to run the robots for me. I pay them a cut of the winnings. Business used to be good but it has slowed down.”

“How much were you making?”

“Oh back then when it was good—$300 a day.”

“Damn!” I did the mental calculation in my head—almost ten grand a month.

“Ooph it was crazy. Me and my partner would fly around to Mexico, Las Vegas, Barcelona, just blowing money. I had a penthouse here in Poblado on the top floor of a building. It was huge with a bar and a hot tub. I was paying 2.5 million pesos and month for it and then I was going out and spending another 200,000 pesos a night. I would buy bottles and pour it into people’s cups. Girls would notice and ask me to dance and we’d do pick-me-ups.”

“Pick-me-ups?”

“Cocaine. For the penthouse I bought a grocery bag of cocaine and dumped it on the bar. It was a huge mountain of coke.” He rested his hands on the table shoulder-width apart and moved them up to shape an imaginary pile. “It was like in the movie *Scarface* and I’d have people over and they’d put their nose in the pile and start sniffing. But I don’t have that kind of money now.”

“What happened to all the money?”

“I blew it all. I haven’t saved anything. Never in my life have I saved.”

“Sounds kind of romantic,” I said. “I’m too reasonable to do something like that.”

“Do you do coke?”

“No I’ve never done it.”

“Oh I got to get you to do it. It really picks you up.”

“Once in while I smoke weed.”

“Dude the weed here is so cheap. You can get a joint for maybe 9,000 pesos, the size of a thick cigar. It will last you for days and it’s the strong shit, but I don’t like weed it makes me sick. Next time I call my drug dealer I’ll get you one. I haven’t talked to him in a while.”

I asked him if he was trying to go out later and he said he’d think about it. A club called

Babylon was having ladies night. Girls get in free and guys pay 30,000 pesos for all they can drink. Another one of my gringo friends went the week before and picked up a cutie, saying when he walked in he was approached almost immediately and didn't have to do any work for the rest of the night.

A few hours later Karl came in my room dressed up in dark jeans, an ironed collared shirt and a fitted blue blazer. Every Scandinavian guy I've met has had style. We hopped in a cab soon after and on the way there he saw a Mercedes S-series ahead of us on the right.

"Rapido, rapido, quiero hablar con ese carro," he told the taxi driver.

In the car was a portly man with three girls. Karl said some things in Spanish that I couldn't understand.

"Who was that?" I asked.

"He owns the Poblado apartment I rented. He's the biggest player in Medellín. Always has half a dozen girlfriends."

"So he has money?"

"Of course dummy. Didn't you see his car? Girls are lining up to get fucked by him. His father is rich, owns land throughout the country. He was thinking of importing a Ferrari here, but thought that may make him a kidnapping target. He could afford it though. I remember one time he gave me his business card and sent me into the grocery store to give it to this beautiful barrio girl. You know those girls who give out samples in the stores? They make shit, maybe 10,000 pesos a day. Her parents wet their pants that the richest guy in Medellín wanted to take out their daughter. It's like winning the lottery."

"What happened?"

"He took her out on a date, but he said she had a scar on her chin that he didn't like. When she was little she had a cat that scratched her."

We got to the club and sat down on cheap wooden chairs next to the bar, which was so wide you had to yell at the top of your lungs for the bartender to hear you.

"I'm so tired I shouldn't have taken those sleeping pills earlier. I need a pick-me-up." He was drunk. He drank five beers before we left and a quarter of bottle of rum. The bartender had just handed us another bottle, the same brand that caused us to puke the other night.

After a drink I followed Karl outside to watch him smoke a cigarette. While he was on the phone trying to convince the guy with the Mercedes to come to Babylon, a guy approached me selling *chicle* (gum). There's a million guys selling *chicle* on the streets in Colombia because Colombians chew the most gum per capita in the world, or so I'm told. I declined and then he said, "Que tal cocaina?"

"No pero tal vez mi amigo quiera."

He wanted patiently for Karl to get off the phone and then started his pitch. Karl was interested. While leaning back against an old Datsun he bargained the *chicle* guy down to 15,000 pesos for a big hit.

“Where are you going to do it?” I asked.

“In the bathroom.”

“But the counter is dirty.”

“I’ll just use my keys.”

He went into the bathroom to do his drugs and when he didn’t come out ten minutes later I thought maybe he had passed out. I walked in to see if everything was okay and heard him talking on the phone in Spanish, probably to his girlfriend. He stayed in that stall for almost an hour.

I couldn’t do better than an ugly girl who approached me when we initially walked in. Girls wouldn’t even give me a chance to say my line. To get their attention I’d tap them on the shoulder as they were walking by, but they kept going. It turns out they’re not as easy as American girls to stop. I’d have to walk up to them. With Karl camping out in the bathroom it felt like I was at the club alone. There was another girl who liked me but she was morbidly obese, stuffing her mouth with birthday cake.

Karl eventually came out of the bathroom and I noticed the coke didn’t pick him up at all—he was worse off and his eyes were half closed. Then he did the thing where he started approaching guys. I told him I was leaving but he ignored me. I tried again ten minutes later with the same result. I left him there and took a cab back to the house.

The next afternoon I was worried that he didn’t make it home and that I’d be partially responsible for his death. I imagined having to make an official statement to the Embassy of Sweden, but he eventually strolled into my room with a beer in his hand. He asked me how much money I had spent the night before.

“30,000 pesos for the cover and 15,000 for taxis,” I said.

“So how the fuck did I spend 100,000 pesos?”

“I thought you only paid 15,000 pesos for the pick-me-up.”

“Ah it was the *chicle* guy! He tricked me and took my money!”

“That probably explains why he disappeared after you bought the coke.”

“That fucker tricked me. What happened later in the night?”

“Not much, but you started talking to guys at the end.”

He laughed. “Yeah that’s a bad habit of mine.”

TO BE CONTINUED

The Medellín Diaries (Part 3 of 5)

July 13, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

PREVIOUSLY: Part 2

The following weekend we went to a party hosted by the rich guy with the Mercedes. All you can drink for 50,000 pesos. Supposedly all the hottest girls in Medellín were coming and only fat gringos would be the competition. One month in Colombia and still no sex, I was hoping the party might turn things around, but when Karl began hyping it to the moon I knew it was going to be bad. Turns out there were more fat gringos than girls, and only two were cute.

Karl was trashed and mostly incoherent by midnight. I ended up meeting an Australian guy named Dan who was going on six months in Medellín.

"Other gringos keep telling me how friendly the girls are here," I said, "but I'm not seeing that yet. I'm having some trouble."

"It's because the girls here are idiots, "he said. "They don't work or have education. Talking to them is a nightmare and after six months I can't even fake a conversation. Here you ask a girl what she's up to and she just says she's hanging out at home, or how she went to get her nails done, or how she went to the mall. You won't have anything in common with them, but since they're pretty they expect you to buy them dinners and shit. They're spoiled from all the drug guys they have dated who take them out and pay for everything. When they meet a gringo they expect the same."

"Have you been to Argentina or Brazil?" I asked.

"Yeah, both. Brazil is the best I think for girls."

"So why are you here?"

"I'm a teacher here."

"So your Spanish is fluent?"

"Yeah it's decent," he said.

"Is it helping you?"

"Of course but I'm at the point where I'm just tired of the girls. They're all the same, all boring and fake."

Could Argentina be better than this? I know the girls there are a lot crazier, but it was easier to talk to them in clubs. They don't hang in these massive groups of guys.

Another Aussie guy overheard me talking about Brazil. "Brazil is good for sluts?" he asked.

"I mean, better than here. It's easier to pick up in Brazil."

"Where do I go in Brazil for sluts then?"

"Do you mean prostitutes?"

"No, just sluts." He was getting impatient.

“Well I’ve only been to two cities in Brazil, but you can’t go wrong with Rio and points north. If you go south then it gets harder. But Argentina has the hottest girls I think.”

“But are they easier than Brazilian girls?”

“No, definitely not.”

“So for sluts I should go to Brazil?”

“Uh yeah, but Peru is easy too if you’re a gringo.”

“Just tell me where to go for the fucking sluts man, fuck.” He squeezed his lips tightly and leaned his body
closer. For a second I thought he was going to punch me in the face.

I looked at Dan and said, “Your friend is creeping me out.”

“And the funny thing is he teaches English to little kids.”

“What the fuck, I just want sluts. What’s the big deal?”

“Okay then go to Cuzco, Peru. Definitely. You’ll love the girls there—they are surprisingly pretty. Not indigenous-looking at all like in other parts of Peru.” Truth is Cuzco had some of the ugliest girls I’ve ever seen in my life.

After trying our hand on a couple of girls with fake tits, we decided to head to Parque Lleras, the most popular nightlife zone in the city. Dan suggested we all go to Blue, a rock club.

“I hear there are a lot of gringos there,” I said.

“Yeah but there’s a reason for that—the girls there like gringos,” Dan replied.

“It’s the only place where you can pick up a slut in this town,” said the creepy Aussie.

Karl was talking to a part-time gringo prostitute that both Aussie guys had already fucked. Her going rate was 150,000 pesos but supposedly you can bargain her down to 70,000 towards the end of the night. We convinced Karl to meet us at Blue, but in his stupor I had doubts he would make it. It’s a miracle that he’s still alive with the way that he gets shitfaced every single time he goes out.

Blue was a dingy Colombian club with American rock music. The middle of the club was full of tables and there were two dance floors, a large one in the back and a smaller one in front. I saw a Colombian girl sitting at the bar watching her two friends dance. I slowly made my way over, leaned towards her ear a bit and said, “Let me guess… you’re from Colombia.” She laughed and asked me where I was from. She spoke English and even though she wasn’t particularly cute, I decided to stick around because there weren’t many other options. It appeared that every single hostel in Medellín had unloaded their predominately male clientele in the club, and though I didn’t count I’m pretty sure there were more gringos than Colombians.

The Aussie guys were talking to other girls until they disappeared, which was a shame because I wanted to exchange numbers with Dan. Then Karl arrived with his whore, who eased him into a chair at the bar because of the trouble he had standing up. He gave me a slight smile of recognition. I winked back at him.

I knew I was lowering my standards in order to get my Colombian flag. This awareness wasn't helping my cause so I kept ordering more drinks for myself, until my inner monologue quieted down. I sat on a stool next to the girl and we chatted on and off, in both English and Spanish, until almost an hour in when I asked her to come to the dance floor with me. I wanted to get the kiss out of the way. She shook her head no. Ten minutes later I asked her if she wanted to go right outside to get some fresh air. She shook her head no again. Frustrated, I went outside alone and sat on a stool meant for smokers. I didn't believe I wasn't getting anywhere with a girl that I didn't even like.

A random American gringo sat next to me and I told him the story of the girl. He said, "Well the club is closing in 15 minutes. You might as well just hang in there and see what happens." He had a good point. I went back inside and when the girl saw me her eyes lit up. She did a 180, grabbing me and bringing me close. I kissed her right then. It's like she wanted to give me enough love so that I wouldn't leave her again.

Karl asked me if I had any money. My guess is that he wanted to fuck the prostitute, who was looking pretty decent as the night went on. His decent fashion sense made it seem like he was rather wealthy, but I'd seen him go stretches of three or four days surviving on nothing but his beer tab, a bag of white rice, a cheap package of hot dogs that smelled like cat food, and assorted foodstuffs left over by guys who had checked out, until casino robot monies finally got wired into his account (in the meantime he'd stay home all day and flirt with girls on the internet). Then he'd blow it all on drugs, rum, and women, only to repeat the process a week later. I don't know if I loved hanging out with Karl because he was an interesting guy or because I wanted to be there at the exact moment his life imploded. He was the type of guy I thought only existed in Hunter S. Thompson novels.

I pretended I didn't hear him and then he got leaned in closer and asked for money again. I lied to him and said I only had 10,000 pesos for the cab ride home when I actually had close to ten times that. The prostitute left, angry at Karl for wasting her time on a weekend night. I'm sure I did Karl a favor because she would've robbed him of his money without putting out. My girl's friends eventually ditched, leaving her with me and Karl. I looked at her and said, "The roof at our *mansion* has a great view. Why don't you come for a little bit and then I'll take you home afterwards?" She agreed to come back with us.

It was pretty routine after that. I had to act like I was interested in her as a human being when I just wanted to stuff my dick inside her hole. I fucked her two times and then in the morning escorted her to the front of the house after telling her to write down her number on a piece of paper. On the way out she swiped a promotional flyer of the gringo mansion that contained its address and phone number. That worried me terribly so when I went back into the room I grabbed my used condoms from the trash can to make sure my sperm was still inside. Then I flushed them down the toilet so the maid wouldn't see. She thought I was a nice gringo unlike the other prostitute fuckers and I didn't want her to know that I was sexually active. I saw her as a motherly figure.

Karl came into my room with his hands on his head, complaining about his hangover. "So how was it?" he asked.

“Have you ever fucked a corpse before?” I said.

“No. Wait. Yeah no.”

“Yeah well I have. It was awful—she didn’t do anything. Just laid there and the only noise she made was grunts of pain, which actually kind of was a turn on, but the mere act of sex hurt her, in every position. It was the worst sex I’ve ever had.”

“Ooph. That sucks. Hey how much money did you spend last night?”

TO BE CONTINUED

The Medellín Diaries (Part 5 of 5)

July 15, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

PREVIOUSLY: Part 4

A few weeks went by when Karl booked a ticket back to Sweden. He wanted a good-paying job for a few months so that he could return and properly marry his girlfriend. He told me it would be "easy" for him to get a job on an oil rig in Norway, but I had my doubts since he had no oil rig experience. In fact he had no professional experience at all, unless you counted his internet scamming and operation of a bar that got shut down by the Greek authorities.

"Did you call Miguel for the weed?" I asked.

"Oh yeah I forgot. How many bags do you want?"

"Two. That should last me for the rest of my time here."

"You still have a shitload from the first bag. Are you sure you need two?"

"It's only $5 a bag. I might as well." It crossed my mind that I'd have a lot of excess to get rid by the time I was ready to leave the country.

"Hey have you been to a casino yet?"

"Not yet," I said.

"You know I forgot to tell you that casinos are pretty good for meeting girls. There was this American guy I knew that would only pick up girls in the casinos. I mean you go there and there's a dozen beautiful girls just standing around, and if you're a gringo who isn't disgusting you'll do well. All the other people who go there are deadbeats."

"I'm kind of off gambling though. I always lose."

"You really don't need to gamble. Just play some slots and drink and talk to them. He got a lot of girls from that, and you have to think about why those girls are hired—for their looks. Let's go now, you're not doing anything."

"Okay but I still have to cook dinner. That's going to take about an hour."

"Fuck you I'll get you an empanada. But first let me do a pick-me-up."

He was already pretty drunk from drinking beer and rum all day, but after he inhaled half a gram of coke he livened up real fast. He was swaying but surprisingly lucid.

We walked into the casino and there were a dozen girls in their tight outfits staring at us, looking bored out of their minds. There was more staff than gamblers.

We sat down at a $2.50 blackjack table with three other Colombians and cashed in $30 each. The blackjack action was far from world-class. A gentleman sitting next to Karl split everything, including 6′s when the dealer was showing a face card. The girl sitting next to him would stay on 12 when the dealer showed an ace. The third person would wait for the dealer to announce her count total before making a move. They kept losing and cashing in more money, at a rate of over $50 an hour. I wondered how people so stupid could

have so much money to blow.

Karl and I were the only ones at the table who understood English. I was able to safely mouth off.

Let's see what this idiot is going to do now.

What the fuck he's messing up the deck!

Karl lost his $30 immediately, not winning a single hand. It was especially ironic since his job is to game online casinos. I hung in there and kept the drinks coming so he wouldn't leave. We had some laughs in between moments when I refused to take his advice on how much to increase my bets, even though in the end it would have won me more money. Sometimes Karl annoyed me with his constant inebriation and potential to get my killed, but he was an addicting guy to have around and I knew I was going to miss him when he left.

When it was time to go home (I broke even), he told me he wanted to do some more coke. "You won't be able to sleep if you do more," I said.

"Oh it's okay I have some Ambien."

The next night was his second-to-last in Colombia. He invited his girlfriend and her family to the gringo mansion for a goodbye dinner. I came back from an impulsive visit to the casino after losing $50 at both blackjack and poker, the latter of which was especially embarrassing since I played in a table tournament and busted out on the first hand dealt. Inside the house I saw balloons and streamers decorating the living room. I took a meek peek inside. A large, half-eaten chocolate cake was on the coffee table with dirty plates surrounding it, and Daddy Yankee was playing at low volume on the portable stereo. Everyone stopped talking to look at me. I introduced myself to Karl's girlfriend, her parents, her sister, her uncle, her two cousins, her sister's boyfriend, her sister's boyfriend's sister, and a little 2-year-old who was chasing a balloon on the floor. They were friendly but stiff, as if something was wrong. Karl was not in the room.

I walked towards the kitchen to put away some avocados I bought on the street and saw Karl slumping against the wall in the hallway with his head gyrating back and forth. A bottle of beer was in his hand and he was mumbling something I couldn't understand. True to form, Karl got completely trashed in front of his girlfriend's parents.

The mother approached me in the kitchen and in a soft voice asked that I take care of him, but there was really nothing I could do. When some guys get drunk they simply can't hear anything remotely connected to reason or logic, and Karl was way past that stage. The girlfriend's family gradually left, whispering things to each other with concerned looks on their faces, and no one but the little toddler wore a smile. I felt bad for Karl's girlfriend, who I doubt has ever been more ashamed in her life.

Every five minutes after that I heard a big crash when Karl fell on the floor in his bedroom. He'd howl my name and tell me to get dressed so we could go to a strip club. "Come on fucker I'll buy you an empanada," he repeatedly yelled. "I just need to do a pick-me-up and I'll be fine. I'm fucking calling Miguel right now." I closed my door and

ignored him. It didn't take very long for everything to become quiet.

The next day he came into my room groaning in pain. He looked old and beaten.

"I think you have a drinking problem," I said. "The only time you should not get drunk is in front of your girlfriend's parents, but you got the drunkest I've ever seen you."

"No it's these new pills I'm taking. They make me drunk really fast. I'm not used to them."

"You're blaming one addiction on the other! It's just an excuse! Look I don't care, but your girl has to have a heart of fucking gold after what you did last night."

"Hah yeah she's great."

"Though honestly I'm getting used to your drug problems. Hey speaking of drugs did you call Miguel? I still would like those two bags of weed."

"Look at you, you drug addict!"

"Please, once or three times a week is not an addiction."

That night I was on my way out for a date with a cute girl I met at a local university. Karl walked me to the front door where his girlfriend was already waiting behind the gate. She was going to spend one last night with him before he left the country. It was only one day after the dinner party debacle and she was visibly angry, greeting him with the word *borracho* (drunkard).

"Well at least he's not drunk right now," I said, with a cheesy smile.

"Yes but he needs to change," she said.

"Well maybe a little, but who doesn't? He's a great man and I'm lucky to know him." I squeezed his shoulder like he was my best friend in the world (at that moment he was), and said goodbye. It was the last time I saw him.

The next day a 53-year-old American man with bad arthritis took Karl's room after the maid decontaminated it with potent chemicals. He immediately asked me how to score some weed and pussy.

The Medellín Diaries Postmortem

July 18, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I wrote about Karl because he is the human form of Medellín. It's interesting how some guys are Colombia guys, some are Brazil guys, and some are Argentina guys. Each attracts a distinct personality. I'm a Brazil guy, a place that isn't even on Karl's radar. Karl is Medellín, Medellín is Karl. The city is made for guys like him.

A few people commented that he is a "loser" or "pathetic," but I never thought that of him. Though he had his drug issues, I enjoyed his company and was truly saddened when he left. At risk of sounding gay, I looked forward to when he would come in my room to regale me with crazy stories from his past. Sometimes I even left my door halfway open to encourage him.

I can see how Karl could be considered a loser by most hyper-educated American office workers. He doesn't have a car, a condominium, disposable income for fancy restaurant dining, and he certainly doesn't have health insurance or a retirement savings. He's not well-read. He goes against everything us Westerners are trained to become, but if I had a choice between spending a night with Karl or with educated Chad, the dutiful government contractor with pleasant features, I'm going with Karl every time. One is interesting and exciting while the other is safe and boring. A night out with Karl was a trip into the unknown, with a level of uncertainty that I had trouble handling at times.

I'm not trying to justify Karl's lifestyle, but it works perfectly for him. He's with the beautiful girl he wants, back in Colombia in the apartment that they share, doing his booze and drugs, barely working, hatching his next scam. He's living his dream and I respect him for that. There's not a lot of people I can say that for. Fact is most do what they're told, not what they desire.

If I ever run out of things to write about, all I have to do is hit up Karl and tell him to start from the top. I think his life would be a very successful book. I'd definitely include his business plan on how to run a successful trans-Atlantic cocaine empire. It's all about having a GPS system worked out, he said. What you have to do is…

Game Hall Of Fame

July 22, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I've written a handful of posts that would make for great reading right before you're about to run game. They will get your mind ready not only to approach but to use the correct technique as well. I made this list especially for noobs who need a little extra boost to get going in the right direction.

I advise you read one post from each category before leaving the house.

APPROACH PREPARATION:

- The Best Motivator That Gets You Approaching Girls
- Hung Up On The Opener
- The Secret To Getting Laid
- Why Getting Rejected Helps You Reach Your True Potential

MOTIVATION:

- Just Keep Going
- What Are You Waiting For?

MINDSET & TECHNIQUE:

- Acting Like A Dick
- How To Pick Up Girls For Real
- Be That Guy
- Stop Being Needy
- 7 Things A Guy Can Do To Improve His Game Right Now
- The Fast Kiss I & The Fast Kiss II

Another useful pre-game guide is the *Bang Cheat Sheet*, where I summarize the six main game points you need to always have marinating in your head. It comes with any donation for Bang Colombia, which I'm proud to say has passed 2,500 downloads as of last week.

Men Who Choose Homosexuality Over American Women

July 26, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A fellow American I met in my Belo Horizonte had an odd complaint about me: he said I talked "too much" about girls. I scratched my head because the only two safe topics that you can talk about with just about any guy in the world are sports and pussy. What else am I going to talk about? Art? Style? I wondered if he was homo. Did my gaydar fail yet again like it did really late at night with that Colombian guy?

Yes, yes it did.

He eventually told me, "Dude, I'm gay," as if he was annoyed I didn't figure it out on my own. It wasn't obvious anyway—I've met straighter guys who acted more gay than he did.

One morning we got to talking at the dining room table and I asked him when he realized he was a homersexual. He said, "I didn't know until really late. In college I tried to date girls but had trouble connecting with them. After college I couldn't even get dates. I thought something was wrong with me. Then I experimented with a guy and it felt more natural. It felt right. It's so much easier for me to meet men than women."

"Do you catch or pitch?" I asked, in the most empathetic tone possible. "You know it sucks when you're gay because only one guy is getting the pleasure."

"I like to receive, but you know what… it is *very* pleasurable. I love receiving. Mmmm very very good."

"Okay I'm going to watch some porn on my computer now."

Let's put his story through the **Roosh Translator™**:

"I was tired of being a virgin."

How many men are there in America whose failure with women made them "realize" they were a homosexual? Thousands, I'd estimate. These are guys too disillusioned with the American female to put the game work needed to penetrate their holes. Guys who concluded that these girls are not worth the effort, and that they rather get banged in the butt than deal with them or figure them out. I have a feeling these gay boys had gay tendencies before their conversion, but how many guys in Brazil converted to homosexuality because they couldn't get laid? Colombia? Russia? Italy? Significantly less, I imagine.

How many other guys have given up on dating and rely solely on prostitutes? And how many others put their cock in a lockbox until they can fly away to bang foreign pussy? These guys are withdrawing themselves from the dating market, making it even harder for the educated middle-class American woman to find a partner with the same socioeconomic background as her own. The problem that only exists for African-American women (finding a long-term mate within their race), will now become one for white women as well.

I know some American girls are cool, sexy, and attractive, but that small percentage is shrinking to where living in a city of a million people is no guarantee you'll find one. If you have then great job, but most guys are not as lucky, something that seems to be a growing factor these days. As a whole, American women are deficient in so many areas that men are choosing homosexuality instead. I wonder what this means for the future of the white American race.

Soccer Player Alphas

July 29, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Recent email I recieved...

> I could not help feeling curious about if you (given what you have written about Argentinian girls and alpha and beta males) have seen the video that many Spanish males are now commenting on, in which Spanish player Joan Capdevila turns down an Argentinian show hostess...

> Transcript
>
> ROMINA: Let's send a greeting to Flo!
> JOAN: A greeting to Flo? Haha...
> ROMINA: So, how was the world cup?
> JOAN: Well, as you can see, (it went) very well, (we are) champions!
> ROMINA: Who would you like to dedicate this victory to?
> JOAN: Well, to everyone, (SHE CUTS HIM HERE) to Spanish people, to my son...
> ROMINA: Hey, could we reproduce Sara and Iker's kiss [last video on this page], but on the cheek?
> JOAN: With whom?
> ROMINA: With me!
> JOAN: No... no, no, no.
> ROMINA: Hey, for real...
> JOAN: You're not my type
> ROMINA: (hesitates) Well... you're not my type either! Come on! Well, there you have them...
>
> This is the same man who gave Sara Carbonero (Iker Casillas' girlfriend) a perfectly serious but short interview wearing a bucket on his head...

> About 90% of men are saying he was great and she deserved to be put in her place. About 10% are saying that they would have given her the kiss and more, or that he must be gay. As a woman, my feelings are:
>
> **1.** This is a man who respects himself and knows his worth, and will not take any slut that comes his way, just because she's there. I would prefer this man instead of a more handsome one who seems desperate for some action.
>
> **2.** This woman did not show an ounce of self respect, intelligence or professionalism. She starts with a stupid question, to which Capdevila answers quite politely, then asks a second one, but she cuts him stupidly, and does not let him speak. If we're interested in a man, listening to him is the best way we have to know him better. Asking him to reproduce Sara and Iker's kiss was pathetic, as any intelligent person will not want to be the replica of anything. It may sound

> mean, but I think she deserved to be turned down and put in her place. I already respected Capdevila a lot, but that respect increased after watching this.
>
> **3.** Capdevila behaved quite differently with Romina that he did with Sara Carbonero. But Sara's attitude and attire was obviously intended to be more serious and professional. Each girl was treated the way they clearly stated, with their demeanor, that they wanted to be treated.
>
> **4.** Many other men would have taken advantage of this girl's slutty behaviour and act disrespectfully in consequence.

It delights me when an Argentine girl is cut down. Besides American women, I can't think of a better species it could happen to.

I can only speculate whether Capdevila was born alpha or learned it through his soccer fame, but the fact he didn't hesitate for a microsecond to turn down that idiot suggests an inborn tendency. The irony in all this is that it's Casillas (the lowly goalie) who is banging the hottie. Watch this video and observe how she demolishes all parameters of the beauty scale:

So sexy.

Could the goalie pull this type of girl twenty year ago? Nope. The world has become so fame-starved that it doesn't matter what position or even sport you play anymore (even skateboarders have groupies). Hell, it doesn't matter if you're actually good at anything—as long as you're known then you're in the club. Get an ounce of fame to go along with solid game and you'll put up numbers that Casanova would be impressed by.

Broken English Movie Review

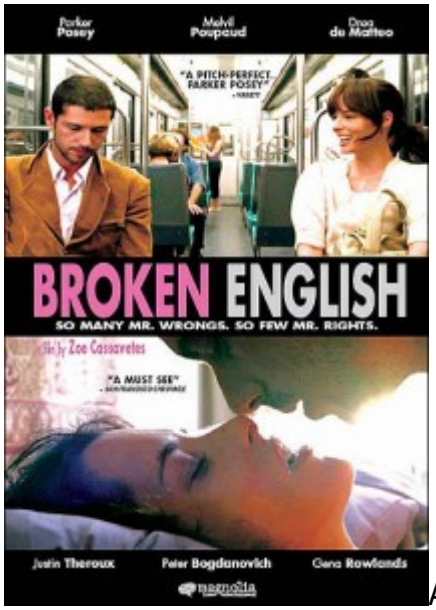
August 1, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I lose interest in a movie if a bumbling beta attracts a beautiful female (e.g. every Adam Sandler movie ever made). There has to be a chance that the relationship would happen in real life or else I'm watching a science-fiction flick that depicts a parallel universe where the immutable laws of attraction are suspended. This is why I like La Dolce Vita, Gloomy Sunday, When Harry Met Sally, movies by Pedro Almodovar (Broken Embraces, Talk To Her, Volver), and a couple by Woody Allen (Vicky Cristina Barcelona, Hannah & Her Sisters, and Annie Hall). A silly movie with cringe worthy dialogue like Before Sunset will get cut off after 10 minutes.

I recently saw Broken English, a movie centered around an American woman named Nora who is panicking because she's in her 30′s and has no hope of finding a man. Even though her best friend is extremely unhappy in her relationship, Nora becomes desperate to settle down. (Fittingly, she had a chance at her friend's man years ago but passed on him). Written by a woman, the movie nails a lot of the American female qualities which I have been beating here to death lately:

-plain clothing
-not sexy
-oversized sunglasses
-anxious
-overly logical
-not well-traveled
-slutty but unaffectionate
-neurotic and jittery
-snarky
-doped up on pharmaceuticals
-unable to control alcohol consumption
-distorted view of the relationship between sex and attraction

Nora reminds me of about 20 girls I've dated. She's played by Parker Posey, your stereotypical pretty American girl (before the obesity epidemic). She's reasonably cute, someone who you wouldn't be ashamed walking down the street with. Wrinkles are starting to show on her face, but most men would sleep with her if given the chance (I would). With the right hairstyle and outfit she could be classified as extremely attractive.



As she wonders “What happened?” to the past ten years of her life, so does the viewer. How many guys did she pass on while in her physical prime? How many “actors” did she date until she realized they were no good for her? Why didn’t she take her mother’s advice sooner, who was at least successful enough in love to bear her? The movie doesn’t explore her past, just her current dating mishaps of getting pumped and dumped and going out with a man who has serious baggage. She becomes bitter and jaded, closing off her mind to potential suitors.

Approaching the depths of loneliness, she reluctantly attends a party thrown by a coworker. There she meets an artistic Frenchman who has classic direct game more common with his Spanish and Italian counterparts. American women are taken off-guard by this game at first (Nora calls his approach “intense”), but commonly break down to the persistent charm and affections of these men. (Sorry, a European accent or some otherwise exotic quality is needed to run this particular style of game. Trevor with the striped shirt would be laughed out the bar if he went around telling girls he wanted to kiss them.)

The Frenchman’s direct game is world class, and it doesn’t take him long to dismantle her bitter shield and get right down to business. We would expect a pump and dump in this case, but no—he’s smitten and spontaneously asks her to return to France with him. She says that she can’t because of her oh-so-important event planner job, among other logistical reasons, but we know it’s because she’s deathly afraid of being disappointed yet again.

The film falls apart after that, which is probably why you’ve never heard of it before. It could have been *the* spinster manifesto up there with Sex and the City, but instead gets tossed into the indie yarn stack behind Chasing Amy. Nonetheless, if you like my blog, you’ll like the movie. The game performance by the Frenchman is alone worth a viewing (note his body language, his devastating use of silence, and his tonality). Completely ignore the fact that in real life a handsome Frenchman wouldn’t fall for an aging spinster who, frankly, was a bitch to him for most of their time together, and enjoy a pretty accurate take on American hook-up culture from a woman’s perspective. It makes me almost feel bad for them.

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

August 3, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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

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

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

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

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

"He probably deleted his profile."

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

"How much?" I asked.

"Like half a million a year."

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

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

Well, they're about to get married. I highly doubt a prenup will be signed.

Talking about Steve made me do an evaluation of my life.

Cons: I have very few possessions. I don't make a lot of money (a friend of mine joked that I probably qualify for public assistance). I don't have health insurance. Every day I push concerns about the future into the back of my mind.

Pros: Freedom and mobility.

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

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

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

Okay now put your hand down.

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

Reenactment Of An Actual Approach

August 5, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I played around with the site Xtranormal, which lets you make videos with cartoon actors, and made a reenactment of a throwaway approach I did at a bar recently (the girl wasn't very attractive).

I don't think I've ever had a one-night stand with a girl who crossed her arms while talking to me. I feel my penis soften when it happens.

I had planned to do a contest for you to reenact an actual approach, but the site is way too buggy.

The Totem Pole Of Race Attractiveness

August 8, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Before I started traveling I was reluctant to believe some races of men are more highly desired by women than others. Growing up in multi-cultural DC, I'd see white guys, black guys, and Latinos all getting with reasonable-looking girls in the clubs. I did notice that Asian guys only got with Asian girls, but otherwise I believed that for the most part all men are created equal.

I was a little naive.

After having lived abroad for more than 18 months, I see there is a very clear totem poll of male desirability. I used to think that my game was all that I needed to outperform any man, but unfortunately many foreign girls are so crazy about certain physical features that I have to work like a mule in some areas of the world.

Before you call me a racist for sharing these thoughts, keep in mind that this isn't what I think is desirable, but what I've observed others to find attractive.

Let's start with the ranking for men, from most desirable to least desirable. If you placed a handsome representative from each category in a lineup and let the world's women pick their favorite, here's who would get the most votes:

1. European men with darker, sultry features from countries like Spain, Italy, Portugal, and France
2. Northern European men with light features from countries like Denmark, Sweden, Finland, Netherlands, and Norway
3. Western men with medium features from countries like England, United States, Australia, Canada, and Ireland
4. Middle Eastern men with darker but slightly rougher features from countries like Turkey, Greece, Morocco, Iran, and Algeria
5. Latino men from countries like Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, and ones in Central America
6. Arab men from countries like Egypt, Saudi Arabia, Jordan
7. African men
8. Southeast Asian men from countries like Thailand, Philippines, Indonesia
9. Indian men
10. Asian men from countries like Korea, China, Taiwan

Where do we place men that don't exactly fall within an category? In many cases there is some mixing and matching. Israeli men would probably fare better than your average Middle Eastern man. German and Russian men would go a notch above Western men. And Colombian, Argentine, and Brazilian men would hover around the Western and Middle Eastern categories. Personally I'd put myself mostly in category four (I have a big Turkish face and a Chewbacca complexion). I don't feel my background affecting my pussy-getting ability unless I'm hanging out with a guy in one of the first two categories.

An interesting group is African-American men. Their African ancestry suggests they would be viewed slightly unfavorably, but thanks to cultural forces that display then as cool, progressive, and dangerous, they do better than Latino men. They can thank MTV and Hollywood.

I cannot answer the why to this list. I don't know why Asian and Indian men are not highly desired the world over. It's true that those guys on the bottom of the list have to work much harder than guys at the top, but that's life. Count your blessings that you're a man, where appearance issues can be overcome with things like game, status, lifestyle, and gimmicks. One of my best friends is an Indian man with some status and he consistently

dates cute white girls, so I know it's not a death sentence.

How about if we did the list for women? It'd be similar to the mens list but with a couple changes:

1. Northern European women (+1 movement)
2. European women (-1)
3. Western women (no change)
4. Latina women (+1)
5. Middle Eastern women (-1)
6. Southeast Asian women (+2)
7. Asian women (+3)
8. Arab women (-2)
9. Indian women (no change)
10. African women (-3)

Northern European women take the top spot (men are crazy for fair features). There was some shuffling in the bottom half of the list where Asian women got a healthy boost at the expense of Arab, Indian, and African women. Like with the men, Colombian, Argentine, and Brazilian women would be placed around categories three and four.

Why are Asian women viewed more favorably than their male counterparts? It's because they are seen as submissive and compliant, qualities that make for a good partner. Plus

Asian genetic features are more pleasing on the feminine form. And how about African-American women—do they see a boost like with African-American men? I don't see that. Media portrayals have not been kind to them—they are shown to be combative and promiscuous. There are some exceptions to their perception (Ethiopian women fare rather well in being desired by men), but unless the African girl has a shade like Halle Berry or Tyra Banks, she will have trouble competing with other women higher on the list.

A good yard stick is the mail order bride industry. What countries do men want to purchase women from? Asian countries, Slavic countries, and some Latin countries. You do not see mail order brides coming out of Egypt, India, or Africa. These women who are at the bottom of the list are at a severe disadvantage. They can pretty themselves to land a quality man in their category, but it will be very hard for them to upgrade unless they possess exceptional beauty or lower their standards (e.g. Indian girl dating a pasty white nerd). Again, life isn't fair.

You can use knowledge of the first list to find countries you'll be well-received in—simply visit a place where the local man is several rungs lower than yourself. Religion may be factor (no one gets laid in Arab countries unless they pay for it), but if you're in the middle of the list you may want to try Africa or Asia before you blow your wad in Spain or Italy. Call it pussy arbitrage.

One final note is to keep in mind that scarcity can increase your value. An Indian or Asian man in Denmark won't do as bad as you might think due to how exotic he would be. (Partly for this reason black guys have found themselves quite a niche in places like Sweden and Germany.) If I go to Finland or Iceland I know my darker features will help get my foot in the door with many curious women, but I'm not going to kid myself—I'll still need game to seal the deal.

Don’t Make Trip Suggestions Before She Does

August 10, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

When you first meet a girl, it’s safe to suggest ideas for future dates based on things you have in common. But once you start dating her, you have to be very careful about throwing ideas for longer dates that could be considered trips, like a visit to Atlantic City, the beach, or some full-day excursion to a national park. This conveys heavy-duty interest and forces her to evaluate her power.

I’ve made this mistake twice. I thought things were going great, threw out a trip idea to the beach, and then watched the girl go cold on me. A somewhat recent example involved a very young girl who was on my large nutsack 24/7. She’d call or text me every day, sometimes asking if I missed her or telling me how much she was thinking about me. I relaxed my game and contacted her often too, slightly relieved that I didn’t have to play as hard as I normally do (but of course I didn’t get mushy on her).

Eventually I suggested a weekend trip to the beach. It’s not so much that I really wanted to go to the beach and that it’d be important for us, but it was a way to keep up with her and maintain the exciting momentum. She replied with “I don’t know,” and flaked on me the next date. The upper hand I did so well to maintain was lost in just a few words. I was disappointed with myself.

The proper move is to wait for her to suggest a trip first. Then when she does, say, “Maybe we can do that.” I already knew this, but there are times I get cocky and feel like I have enough experience to take a risk and break the rules. Sometimes it works out in my favor, but other times it doesn’t and I have to relearn something I already mastered. Experimentation is a double-edged sword best meant for girls you don’t care about keeping around for more than a couple bangs.

I don’t recommend you throw out trip (or even date) ideas after you already have sex with a girl. Whenever a girl suggests a trip to me, I think, “Cool she really likes me.” Don’t let *her* have that thought instead. Make her wonder if you see her as more than just a bang. Let her reveal her cards first in an attempt to get a look at yours. Being aloof and slightly cold pays off a lot more than showing you care.

Reenactment Of A Reapproach

August 12, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I have recreated another awkward social situation with teddy bears. It happened in the same bar as the previous video.

Background: I approached a girl and we ended up talking for about five minutes. She was a medical school student but appeared slow and ditzy, only giving me one-word answers and blank stares. I figured she wasn't interested, so I ended the conversation with, "Well it seems like you want to head back to your friends, it was nice chatting." The night was young, no big deal.

But then fifteen minutes later she got right next to me. She was so close that her back was rubbing against my drink-holding hand. This is what followed:

As you can see I fell into her trap. She wanted me to keep trying, and I took the bait (albeit reluctantly). It's surprisingly common how often a girl gives you encouragement after a failed approach by coming closer or giving you more eye contact. Needless to say, it's a trap. She'll just reject you again. This is how women get their kicks, while for men it takes at least getting our dick sucked to achieve the same level of satisfaction.

Bang More Women By Rejecting Them

August 15, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In the past couple of years the quantity of girls I sleep with has crept up. This is due to many reasons I'm sure, but during that same time period I notice that I'm "rejecting" a lot more girls. By that I mean I walk away when I find out that she isn't close to what I want. I may be talking to her and the light from her cell phone screen reveals some acne. Or I realize she doesn't have a fun vibe. Or she's socially awkward. Or her black dress was hiding a pancake ass. Or she's way too witty (at the expense of being sexy). When one of these things happen, I politely end the conversation. No hard feelings.

There was a time I used to keep these interactions going because, ultimately, the girl was bangable—or else I wouldn't have approached her—and I was hungry for sex, since I didn't get it as often. But I rarely did bang those girls. It would stall at the number or makeout stage. Why is that I'm going full court press on far fewer girls today, but getting a lot more bangs in shorter amounts of time? Two reasons:

1. I free up more time for the girls I better connect with. Talking to a girl you're not crazy about means you won't spit your best game. And without your best game the odds you'll bang her, assuming she's not throwing herself on you, is extremely low. It's futile to force the attraction if you don't feel it around the 5-10 minute mark. In these cases you'll only get a number.

Time is crucial. I still run most of my game at night during the weekends and each night has, at most, four hours of prime game time. If I spend ninety minutes on these mediocre interactions, I've given up 38% of my night for nothing. Plus my energy will be lower for the better prospects I may encounter later. If you're a game newbie then grinding it out can be valuable to getting your social skills up to speed, but it's very possible that talking to the boring chick with the lame sense of humor will cost you for that *entire night*. It's too risky to exchange an extra word with a girl that I know deep down is someone who won't get me excited. That time is better spent maintaining your state with your boys instead.

2. It subconsciously increases your value. When you pass on enough girls, you start to believe you're the man. Of course with my experiences I think I'm a pimp, and that shines through with my body language and tone, without me having to think about it.

Girls pick up on things that you cannot see, hear, or feel (think of them as a mutant species that can sense more than three dimensions of space). Luckily for us, we don't have to consciously learn how to subcommunicate these positive traits—we pick up on them in time. This is how I can meet a guy and within about 15 seconds know if he's good with women or not (a side effect of my heavy involvement with the game has given me the female ability to screen men). Now imagine what type of vibe a guy who tries to bang anything he talks to puts out. You better believe that girls can pick up on that.

For me there has to be something in those first 10 minutes that tells me there's

something special going on. There has to be humor and laughing, meaningful questions, flirty looks, and a magnetism simmering underneath the surface. My energy and time are the two most important things I have, and when I begin to value it yourself by passing on mediocre chicks, I get more. In the end it’s so much easier to bang a cool chick. Don’t waste your time on those who aren’t.

A Typical Night Out In D.C.

August 22, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Since I came back in May, I've been refreshing my Western-style game with VK and The Rookie. It was fun at first, but after just two months going out is no longer more satisfying for me than rolling solo in a large foreign club. To show you why, let me highlight a recent Friday night out.

GIRL #1:

I've gotten so used to running solo dolo game at night that a good wingman is like an added bonus. I love hanging out with my boys because of the laughs we share, not necessarily because they're gonna help me get laid. Out of habit, sometimes I wander in a one-man wolf pack looking for opportunities.

I approached a group of four girls alone, got in, and was talking to the one I preferred (21-year-old college student) while the other three walked away. One good skill to learn is to engage the group enough so they accept you, but not so much that they all want to keep talking to you at the same time. This is where I find that Mystery's strategy of ignoring the girl you want rarely works, because what happens is you build some rapport with a friend you don't like, and the best-looking one will let it proceed. By the two minute mark I must engage my first choice if I want to isolate her in a reasonable amount of time.

I have a rough framework for the first thirty minutes of conversation with topics that include music, dancing, age, clothing, bar ambiance, taste in mates, and people appearances. Within each topic I have my little lines and conversation threads (I share this in Bang). This framework makes it impossible not to get a decent conversation going if the girl is single and doesn't mind my look, allowing me to "fake" a connection with someone I have nothing in common with. If I get to the thirty minute mark, the kiss is usually mine for the taking as long as I don't get cockblocked, but after that a semi-real connection is needed to have a good shot at the one-night stand.

With this girl I lost motivation to continue. She had no personality, no sexy vibe. I didn't want to "work" anymore by talking to her because I had no interest in taking her to bed. So I said it was nice meeting her and walked away.

Her genetic beauty: 7
Her femininity: 5
Her sexuality: 1
Total interaction time: 10-15 minutes
Reason for no sex: I wasn't digging the girl

GIRL #2:

We went to a different bar. I approached a cute girl walking by me and it opened. Her girlfriend started talking to my friend.

My girl was very enthusiastic in the beginning, judging by her smiling and touching. She was a little too sassy, but there was some charm lurking underneath and I liked her

provocative outfit (with heels). I felt like she was a good one-night stand candidate.

Suddenly she said, “I don’t think my girl is into your friend.”

“Hmmm well they seem to be getting along, but who knows,” I said.

“No, I know her. She’s not into him.”

So what the fuck do you want me to do? I changed the subject. The energy of the interaction changed. She was smiling less. I felt like I was losing her, unable to maintain the initial momentum. Then her friend pulled her away. This is another reason why flying solo can be easier—in pairs of girls you don’t have to worry about if the friend likes your friend, though I’m not certain that’s exactly why it ended in this case. Either way, bros before hoes. Her friend’s loss.

Her genetic beauty: 7.5
Her femininity: 7
Her sexuality: 6
Total interaction time: 5-10 minutes
Reason for no sex: The girls weren’t digging me and/or my friend

GIRL #3

There was a petite girl who appeared a little sloppy (untucked collared shirt), but I saw some potential. The Rookie said she looked like Ellen Page from the movie *Juno*, which I haven’t seen. I approached her and we’re talking, but I realized she was totally lame. Even my energetic Moroccan friend couldn’t get her to make a facial expression. I politely bowed out.

Her genetic beauty: 6
Her femininity: 2
Her sexuality: 0
Total interaction time: 5 minutes
Reason for no sex: I wasn’t digging the girl

GIRL #4:

This girl was definitely the hottest of the night. She was a 21-year-old half-Paraguayan blonde that lived in Peru for three years as a child. Her body and face were exceptional. Her Spanish was fluent. We talked for a while and she made several compliments, saying I was “interesting” with a “rugged” look. She made a comment that her ex was about the same age as me. While it’s hard to connect with young girls, if that young girl has traveled a bit, I’ll probably be very close to her ideal type (I have a brooding traveler look they tend to like).

One problem I had is that she didn’t give me a lot to work off of, due to having little life experience (she just got out of college). At some point in the conversation we talked about dating culture in the U.S. versus other countries. My intention was to insinuate how it can be tough to meet someone you connect with, even if you live in a large city, but I think she interpreted that to mean she would die a cat lady.

Speed bump aside, we kept going. I felt like this was a very solid prospect, the best of the

night thus far. Then four of her college girlfriends joined the conversation. They didn't cockblock, thankfully, but the energy changed to where I completely lost her attention. Within a few minutes they all decided to check out another bar. I didn't get the invite to go with them, a very bad sign. They left.

My Moroccan friend said, "Dude why didn't you get her number?"

"Get a number off a 21 y/o that I didn't even kiss? Pointless." I still had a lot of groundwork to lay.

Her genetic beauty: 8.5
Her femininity: 6
Her sexuality: 3
Total interaction time: 30 minutes
Reason for no sex: Logistics, lack of solid connection

GIRL #5:

It was getting at that hour where you could see the desperation on a guy's face. Bitch shields were going up. Men with cigars were smoking at double speed in the hopes that a woman would notice them. Other men with fedoras were constantly fixing themselves. No time for mistakes.

I saw a curly-haired girl walking through the bar alone. I stopped her and we talked for a while, in a conversation that began very similarly as the other four of the night. She was a PhD student, unfortunately, but her body was exceptional. I wanted to keep going to see what would happen.

After 15 minutes her sister rushed up to her and took her away. I wasn't upset (am ominous sign). A short time later, she walked up to me to continue the conversation. This was a *huge* indicator of interest, and normally my one-night stand radar would go bonkers, but while we're talking I noticed she was careful about maintaining her distance from me. She had proper posture, not the sloppy slouching that I would be looking for at this time of night (she stopped drinking because she had to "get up early"). There was very little touching and the interaction had a coolness about it. The auto-shutoff mechanism on my one-night stand radar kicked in. She also had lazy eye, which was rather distracting (her right eye had a mind of her own when she got excited about something). I told Morocco not to leave me alone with her, because I didn't want to talk to her continuously.

The bar eventually closed and I walked to a pizza place with her, her friend, and some random guy. While they waited in line for their grease injection, I told them I was going to wait outside. I stepped out, realized that I only wanted to bang her if I didn't have to talk or kiss her, an impossibility, then ditched without saying goodbye. I went home alone and jerked off.

Her genetic beauty: 7
Her femininity: 4
Her sexuality: 2
Total interaction time: 45 minutes.

Reason for no sex: I wasn't into her.

Let's say it takes me around 30 solid approaches to get one lay in D.C., and by solid I mean that I have to be into the girl and willing to do whatever it takes to get laid. On this night I made only two solid attempts. If I go out twice a week, that's only 15 attempts a month (my day game opportunities are lacking right now). Unfortunately I back out in most of my approaches in D.C. because of not being interested in the girl, something that rarely happened in Brazil or Colombia. I put my heart into just about every approach I did down in those countries.

Since banging a new girl every two months in unacceptable (1-2 new notches a month is a rate that I prefer), there are two possible solutions for when I'm in America:

1. Go out more to increase the odds of finding girls that I like.

2. Lower my standards.

I've chosen option two. When I'm particularly horny I would drink more and go for the gold on girls number 1 and 5 above, in effect doubling my attempt rate. While I still consider them bangable, I know I'm reducing myself to specimens whose personalities and vibes I dislike. It slightly burns that I was pulling superior quality just a few months ago.

An interesting thing I've noticed since I've been back: my libido has decreased to such a level that I've considered going on supplements like horny goat weed. Ultimately I decided against it (I'm already numbing myself with more alcohol), but I do think it's amusing how a city's lackluster women can drive me to increased drug usage. My horny goat weed will continue to be stints abroad, not a pill, no matter how "natural" it is.

Believe it or not, I'm not upset about this at all. I've made peace with life in America because it's feeding the beast for richer experiences elsewhere. Only thing is I doubt that I could live in this area permanently. Why should I when I can live like a prince in cities with better women?

On the next night I went out, I had a one-night stand with a girl I started talking to a little before last call.

Her genetic beauty: 6
Her femininity: 6
Her sexuality: 2
Total interaction time: 75-90 minutes
Reason for sex: Game, alcohol, lowering my standards
Happiness level: Unchanged

More Cockblock Destroying Lines

August 24, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I'm a strong proponent of calling out cockblockers, but I noticed that two things have to be present for me to do it:

1. The cockblocker has to interrupt the conversation *and* stay in the vicinity, as if to rub it in my face. If she whisks the girl away I'm not going to chase them down because the energy to call out the cockblock has to be less than the actual cockblock.

2. The girl has to be high quality. Most cockblockers actually do me a favor, but if I was liking the girl then the cockblocker must pay, especially since in D.C. it will take another month until I meet another reasonable chick.

That said, here are some additional cockblocker responses to the one I already shared.

RESPONSE #1:

Approach the cockblocker and say, "Hi do you have a finance or husband?"

99% of the time the answer will be no. If she doesn't answer or tries to ignore you then glance at her left hand ring finger for confirmation.

"It looks like you don't. Well I think your time would be better spent trying to find a man instead of worrying about who your friend is talking to. Maybe that's the reason why you don't have a ring on your finger."

Babality!

Say it like you're trying to give her relationship advice. If she gets nasty on you then it just confirms how much you upset her.

If she's in a relationship say, "Well I think your time would be better spent pleasing your man at home instead of worrying about me. I feel sorry for him." You just called her out for being a shitty wife more concerned with cockblocking you then giving her spouse blowjobs. These are devastating comebacks. She'll cry, I promise you.

RESPONSE #2 (By Mike):

> YOU: "Wow, your life must really suck."
>
> HER: "What do you mean/WTF do you mean?"
>
> YOU: "You're life is so miserable and unhappy that you can't bear seeing anyone else have fun. That must suck."
>
> [Banshee screed.]
>
> YOU: "No, really, I am so sorry." *Walk away*

It's not important what you say, just that you say something penetrating enough that she'll cockblock at least 1% less in the future. All the guys who say "You can't change anything" are terribly wrong, and only showing their complete ignorance about human nature. People have changed for much less. One or two public verbal lashings will be all

that it takes to temper the cockblocker for the rest of her life. Don’t do it for me—do it for your countrymen.

Reenactment Of Running Into A One-Night Stand

August 26, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

PREVIOUS REENACTMENTS:

- Arm Crossing Approach
- Do You Have To Stand Right Next To Me?
- Doughboy's Super Direct Game

The first half of this week's reenactment is depressing. Here's an insecure girl whose body I ravished, spilling her guts out to a man who only cares about himself. I tried to be extra nice so she wouldn't feel completely worthless.

After the initial pity party, I realized that she was looking much cuter than I remembered. Her hair was did and the outfit she wore highlighted her Latin curves. My crotch began to throb. I decided that I wanted to fuck her again, and you'll see how I tried to weasel my way back into the mix towards the end of the video.

I'm disappointed my Zack Morris "time out" technique failed because with a little bit more time I could have given better responses to this rather uncommon situation. No matter because shortly after the confrontation I met a petite Ethiopian girl with a gloriously thick accent. I lost interest in the one-night stand chick yet again. Welcome to life.

How To Deal With Crippling Approach Anxiety

August 29, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A couple months ago I had a debilitating hypochondria attack that lasted a week. I thought I was going to die of a rare disease. I wrote about a previous attack in A Dead Bat In Paraguay, where I described moments of terror in between obsessive checking of symptoms and health resources. In both cases I couldn't stop negative health thoughts from entering my head, even though I knew they were unreasonable. An above-average intelligence offered me no immunity and probably made me even more susceptible.

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

"A book?" I replied.

"Yeah you know—words and paper."

I went to Amazon and read reviews on several. I eventually settled on The Worry Cure by Robet Leahy. My attack subsided by the time it came to my door. It's definitely a self-help book and I felt hesitant to begin reading. I'm a highly experienced man of the world—how much more can I possibly learn? Several weeks passed before I cracked it open.

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

Here's a couple of things I learned from the book about my problem:

- Obsessive checking on the internet and seeking reassurance from family or friends that I wasn't going to die soon only had a temporary benefit, and kept the attack going. I wanted to be an expert on health to rule out possible problems.

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

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

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

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

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

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

- When you are about to approach a girl, you overestimate the chance of getting rejected

outright. You imagine the worst possible outcome.

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

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

The book offers mental techniques to reduce anxiety. I'll share two:

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

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

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

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

13 Quotes About Life & Women

August 31, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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1. “Your wife has got to understand that no matter how much you love her, you’re a hunter, and your hunting is no threat to her. But no wife will ever understand that. No, no woman will ever understand her man.”
—The Book Of Laughter & Forgetting by Milan Kundera

2. “Don’t you see that a man’s whole personality is bound up with his income? His personality is his income. How can you be attractive to a girl when you’ve got not money? You can’t wear decent clothes, you can’t take her out to dinner or to the theatre or away for weekends, you can’t carry a cheery, interesting atmosphere with you. And it’s rot to say that kind of thing doesn’t matter. It does.”
—Keep The Aspidistra Flying by George Orwell

3. “I am afriad that women appreciate cruelty, downright cruelty, more than anything else. They have wonderfully primitive instincts. We have emancipated them, but they remain slaves looking for their masters, all the same. They love being dominated.”
—The Picture Of Dorian Grey by Oscar Wilde

4. “The curious little talent that I happen to possess—the ability to hypnotize a woman with words—very seldom lets me down. It is not, of course, done only with words. The words themselves, the innocuous, superficial words, are spoken only by the mouth, whereas the real message, the improper and exciting promise, comes from all the limbs and organs of the body, and is transmitted through the eyes. More than that I cannot honestly tell you about how it is done. The point is that it works. It works like cantharides. I believe that I could sit down opposite the Pope’s wife, if he had one, and within fifteen minutes, were I to try hard enough, she would be leaning toward me over the table with her lips apart and her eyes glazed with desire. It is a minor talent, not a great one, but I am nonetheless thankful to have had it bestowed upon me, and I have done my best at all times to see that it has not been wasted.”
—The Visitor by Roald Dahl

5. “At the time, I often thought that if I had had to live in the trunk of a dead tree, with nothing to do but look up at the sky flowering overhead, little by little I would have gotten used to it. I would have waited for birds to fly by or clouds to mingle, just as here I waited to see my lawyer’s ties and just as, in another world, I used to wait patiently until Saturday to hold Marie’s body in my arms. Now, as I think back on it, I wasn’t in a hollow tree trunk. There were others worse off than me. Anyway, it is one of Maman’s ideas, and she often repeated it, that after a while you could get used to anything.”
—The Stranger by Albert Camus

6. “Words do not express thoughts very well. They always become a little different immediately after they are expressed, a little distorted, a little foolish. And yet it also pleases me and seems right that what is of value and wisdom to one man seems nonsense to another.”

—Siddhartha by Herman Hesse

7. “It happens quite easily that he only sees the thing that he is seeking; that he is unable to find anything, unable to absorb anything, because he is only thinking of the thing he is seeking, because he has a goal, because he is obsessed with his goal. Seeking means: to have a goal; but finding means: to be free, to be receptive, to have no goal.”
—Siddhartha by Herman Hesse

8. “I am, as you may have gathered, a fairly resilient fellow. I explode when provoked, but I never brood about it afterwards. I scrub it out. There’s always another day. What’s more, nothing stimulates my mind so much as a whopping disaster. In the aftermath, in that period of deadly calm and absolute silence that follows the tempest, my brain becomes exceedingly active. As I sat drinking my whiskey during that terrible evening amidst the ruins, I was already beginning to ponder and plan my future all over again.”
—My Uncle Oswald by Roald Dahl

9. “Men make their own history, but they do not make it as they please; they do not make it under self-selected circumstances, but under circumstances existing already, given and transmitted from the past. The tradition of all dead generations weighs like an Alp on the brains of the living.”
—Karl Marx

10. “The only way a woman can ever reform a man is by boring him so completely that he loses all possible interest in life.”
—The Picture Of Dorian Grey by Oscar Wilde

11. “And beneath his pessimism, his bleak conviction that all the machinery was rigged against him, at the bottom of his soul was a faith that he was going to outwit it, that by carefully watching the signs he was going to know when to dodge and be spared. It was fatalism with a loophole, and all you had to do to make it work was never miss a sign. Survival by coordination, as it were. The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, but to those who can see it coming and jump aside. Like a frog evading a shillelagh in a midnight marsh.”
—The Rum Diaries by Hunter S. Thompson

12. “Our job in this lifetime is not to shape ourselves into some ideal we imagine we ought to be, but to find out who we already are and become it.”
—The War of Art by Steven Pressfield

13. “Everyone must leave something behind when he dies, my grandfather said. A child or a book or a painting or a house or a wall built or a pair of shoes made. Or a garden planted. Something your hand touched some way so your soul has somewhere to go when you die, and when people look at that tree or that flower you planted, you’re there. It doesn’t matter what you do, he said, so long as you change something from the way it was before you touched it into something that’s like you after you take your hands away. The difference between the man who just cuts lawns and a real gardener is in the touching, he said. The lawn cutter might just as well not have been there at all; the gardener will be there a lifetime.”

—Fahrenheit 451 by Ray Bradbury

Video Reenactment Contest!

September 2, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Reenact an amusing or awkward conversation using the site Xtranormal.com and win a glorious prize! Once you've created the video, email the link to roosh@rooshv.com with the word "Contest" somewhere in the subject line (it's not necessary to port it to YouTube). The winner will be chosen by the peanut gallery.

Rules:

1. Video must be shorter than 3 minutes and 30 seconds. I want to see impact, not boring drivel.
2. It must be based on a real life situation. I have an advanced bullshit detector so don't try to trick me.
3. It must be received by noon Wednesday, September 15th.

Helpful Hints:

1. Use the basic characters of each environment so you don't have to pay anything.
2. Use pause insertions to create a realistic dialogue.
3. Click the Magic Camera button so you don't have to manually set the camera for each verbal exchange.
4. If you don't have any ideas, go out with a couple ballsy openers and see ~~which bar you get kicked out of~~ where it takes you. Write down the dialogue afterwards (or punch it in your phone) so you don't forget the good parts.

I will judge videos based on humor, social awareness, humor, likelihood of authenticity, and humor. It's okay to be rejected in your video, as that will score high on the humor and authenticity scales. The site also allows foreign languages, so if you want to do an international reenactment in Spanish or Portuguese, I will be happy to review it. In fact, if I get enough foreign reenactments, I'll create a runner-up prize.

The winner will receive… hold on to your seat… a paperback copy of my book A Dead In Paraguay!!!

I'll narrow the entries down to a handful and then open the floor for viewer feedback. Your video should be a Roosh-pleaser first, and then a crowd-pleaser second.

Let's go over two well-done reenactments. The first is from Roissy.

This video is very realistic, since Roissy wears blazers in real life (if I'm not mistaken he also has a t-shirt with a fish on it). The masculine woman depicted in the video is how the average D.C. lawyer acts. I felt like I was watching real life.

Our next video is from forum member klasik, who recently asked if he should raw dog his MILF girlfriend. He's in the hat…

I don't think I've heard the term "chubby chaser" before, but I like it.

If you're an anti-social creep who doesn't interact with human beings, I'll accept a soliloquy (I actually spelled that correctly on my first attempt). The following video is

titled “Black men do well almost anywhere.” It’s adapted from a recent blog comment.

I leave you with one final tip: the best videos involve some degree of pain or awkwardness. If you have any questions, post it in the comments so everyone can see the answer. Good luck.

American Girls Don’t Use Condoms Anymore

September 6, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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

Raise your hand if you’re scared of AIDS.

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

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

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

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

3. When gearing up for the second act of sex, just diddle her vagina with your dick and stuff it in. If she objects, get a condom and try again next time. By the fourth of fifth time, you’ll be banging raw guaranteed.

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

At first I thought I was just sleeping with the sluttiest of sluts, but I looked at their middle class background (sometimes upper class), and their circle of seemingly normal friends, and realized that it wasn’t the type of girl but the culture that she was raised in. We’re simply not educating people on how to have safe sex anymore. It’s the 21st century and Americans are being taught abstinence (!!!) instead of how to put on condoms like in Brazil or most European countries. Even the act of distributing free condoms in high

school is controversy enough to make the news, complete with obligatory interview with a fat-ankled woman screeching, “We shouldn’t be in the business of encouraging sex!”

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

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

“I trust my instincts,” she said.

“What exactly does that mean?” I asked.

“Well, do you have anything?”

“No. Well, I’m 99% sure I don’t.”

“Okay then. So then my instinct was right.”

“Oh god.”

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

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

Favela Redux

September 8, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Remember when I posted a video clip thinking that my Rio favela was under attack? Like I mentioned, they were actually filming the movie Tropa de Elite 2 (from my shack's window I couldn't see the cameras or support staff). I recently stumbled on a behind-the-scenes clip of that day's filming:

My front gate shows up at 0:40. The green-tarped kiosk at 0:56 is like a mini 7-11, where I bought staples such as milk, Guarana soda, and snappers. Only once did I go around the corner deeper into the favela (I was curious), and while it wasn't dangerous, I didn't exactly blend in. I knew a gay Algerian guy who lived in the deepness and he didn't have any issues taking back his "crazy" B boys for nights of fun.

Here's a video of a couple gringos riding their mountain bikes down the same favela. They end in the place where the BOPE troops from the previous clip walk up to.

You can hear the encouraging crowd in the background. I find that even the thuggish favela dwellers are rather friendly and deferent, while in America a group of approaching urban youth can be intimidating, not yielding the path and maybe even making derogatory comments (especially towards women). In Brazil this never happened to me—they'd get out of the way before I even thought about it.

Here's a news clip talking about how the favela is the first to be hooked up with free internetche. It has some nice panoramic views of poverty:

While I don't miss living in a favela, I do miss bragging about it, and most of all I miss the location. Right in the middle of Botafogo, it was close to everything and within 10 minutes walking distance to my favorite club to pull one-night stands (Casa do Matriz). I hated the actual apartment (it was old, there were five other roommates sharing 1.5 baths, and the kitchen had thousands of cockroaches of at least three different breeds I'd never encountered before), but it suited my leisure needs more than any Washington D.C. suburb I've lived in. Toss in the danger factor that got many a panties wet, and I'd definitely live in a favela again.*

*As long as it had a 24-hour police protection and I was living on the edge of the favela, not inside it. It also must have high-speed internet, hot water, and reliable electricity, with nary a hint of raw sewage odor.

Day & Night Game Workshops

September 12, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Introduction

I'm again teaching workshops in Washington DC, which will run four hours in length and teach men how to approach and talk to women in both day and nighttime settings. Outcomes that will be taught include getting a phone number, kiss, venue change (i.e. instant date), same-night date, and one-night stand.

The daytime workshops, which will take place on Friday and Saturday afternoons, will focus on how to meet women in coffee shops, bookstores, on public transportation, in grocery stores, retail stores, and on the street. The night workshops, which will take place on Friday and Saturday nights, will teach you how to meet women in bars and clubs.

During both workshops, you will:

- receive a comprehensive manual containing more than two dozen effective openers and follow-ups that will allow you to approach women anywhere
- practice the material on approximately ten girls who meet your quality standards (no fatties)
- learn techniques to get numbers, dates, and one-night stands
- get detailed written and verbal feedback on your game, from your body language and mannerisms to your conversational content and closing technique, which will serve as a blueprint for your immediate improvement
- be able to tap the brain of a man who has slept with a boatload of women in locations around the world and has dedicated nearly a decade of his life to penetrating women as quickly as possible—with the least amount of effort

I urge you to read on even if you're familiar with my old workshops because I've revamped the program by adding new methods and technology.

Background

Nearly two years ago I began teaching eight-hour game workshops in DC, which included both lecture and fieldwork of approaching girls in coffee shops, retail stores, grocery stores, the subway, and on the street. Within the next few months I taught thirty-two men and provided feedback on 416 of their approaches during nearly 150 hours of workshop time. These men were white, black, Asian, Indian, Latino, and Persian, with ages ranging from 21 to 54. I received positive feedback from thirty of these men, and neutral feedback from two.

Though I considered the workshops a huge success, I discontinued them in South America (though I did conduct one in Medellin). I don't mean to sound like a wuss, but teaching them was the hardest job I've ever had in my life, more so than being a teenage janitor at a bagel shop, a DJ, a bartender, or a microbiologist. Each workshop involved several hours of nonstop talking, movement, and thinking. At the end of each one I was

exhausted, but pleased at being able to provide a service that men valued. It's a job I can only perform during occasional bursts of inspiration and energy.

Improvements & Innovations

I've been back in America for four months, and during that time I've been thinking about how to improve the workshops based on my own observations and feedback I've received from students. I came up with seven improvements, including two innovations that aren't being used by any other game instructor.

Elimination Of Long-Form Lecture:

This was the biggest complaint from students. Many were bored having to sit in the same chair for hours as we worked our way through the workshop manual, and I couldn't blame them. Essentially, they were paying money to have me read to them. If you look at commercial "boot camps," you'll see that their structure includes more than a dozen hours of sitting in a classroom listening to a good-looking actor talk about game—with much less time spent on making actual approaches. Adult men can read the material on their own—they attend workshops to learn how to do it live and to be critiqued on their technique.

Expanded Workshop Manual:

In order to eliminate the lecture, I have beefed up the workshop manual so that it can stand alone. To do that, the word count has increased by some 300% and I've revised it to make it more clear and concise (even having it professionally copyedited). In essence, the manual is now an Early Game book, packed with openers, follow-ups, and details of the when, how, and where to use them. You'll receive the manual via email a few days before the workshop so you can read and study on your own. That way, you'll be able to come to the workshop with a fair understanding of the game you're going to run. Along with a brief introduction, we'll spend 10-15 minutes before each venue reviewing and rehearsing the lines before you go into action. We'll also do a couple fun social exercises to get you thinking in the right direction.

Addition Of Night Game Instruction:

Due to numerous suggestions, I've decided to also teach night game. You'll have the option to do either a day or night workshop—or both at a discounted price. (If you do both, I recommend taking them on separate days so you don't overload your brain.) The workshop manual now addresses nighttime approach logistics and includes six openers you can use exclusively in bar or club environments. Regardless of what workshop you take, you'll receive the complete manual, featuring both day and night game techniques. This way you can see one part in action while working on the other on your own time. For example, if you mostly run night game now but are thinking about running day game in the future, you can take a night game workshop and have the day game material in reserve for when you're ready to get started.

Optimized Game Material:

My day game material has been time-tested and put through the ringer with hundreds of

approaches, thanks in part to my students. This has allowed me to optimize the openers and follow-ups to have greater effectiveness. If there was a line that students had trouble with, I took a long look at it, even using basic statistical analysis to aid in the process. The bottom line is the game you'll learn has proved its worth and will offer you the highest chance for successfully approaching any woman—day or night. In the manual I also share some new bar lines that I've developed in the past year, which I haven't published anywhere else.

1-on-1 Workshop Option:

Some men prefer to learn individually and do more approaches than a 2-on-1 session, so for this round you'll have the option of attending solo workshops. In the 1-on-1 workshop you'll be able to approach more, get more individual attention, and see me make more demonstrations. With two guys, there are fewer chances for me to demonstrate various approach techniques without taking away opportunities from students. (And as you may know, DC doesn't have a huge pool of cute women to choose from.)

And now for the workshop innovations:

Custom Post-Workshop Report:

A few days after you take the workshop, you'll receive a PDF file evaluating every approach you made during the workshop, with straight-forward critiques on what you did right and wrong. Of course I'll give you plenty of tips during the workshop, but I believe that having a report you can reread will serve as a better reminder of how you can improve your game. This means that I'll be furiously taking notes in the corner while you talk to women.

The report will also contain a section titled *Things That Are Holding You Back*, in which I'll explain what is stopping you from banging lots of girls. In past workshops, I tried to be as gentle as possible, but this time I'll make suggestions that may wound your ego a bit, with the sole intention of improving your game. For example if I think your style is off for the girls you're trying to get with, I'll tell you. After all, you're paying me to make a positive difference in your life, not to coddle you. Also if I know a good venue in DC that fits your swag, I'll suggest it. The report will serve as a blueprint for your improvement in the next 6-12 months, and will take me approximately one hour to create for each student.

Secret Service Style Two-Way Communication Radios:

In past workshops I wasn't always able to hear everything students said, especially if I wasn't standing right next to them. Later I would ask them to replay conversations for me, but they weren't able to remember all the details, some of which may be subtle but important. With the radios, I'll hear most of what you say and be able to offer more accurate and effective feedback. I may even be able to determine where you lost a girl's interest—something I'll note in your report. This means I'll be wearing an earpiece when you approach. Your radio will also come with an earpiece that, depending on your mood, you can wear during an approach or two so I can feed you game advice in real time (I'll arm you with a ready-made excuse if the girl happens to see it.) Think of me as a

modern-day Cyrano de Bergerac. The radio will be more effective for day game, since background noise at night may be too high, but you'll wear it anyway as a backup mechanism. Note that conversations will not be recorded, thus ensuring the legality of the method.

Here's a diagram of the wiring system I'm using for the workshop:

I'll ask you to wear some type of undershirt—either a wife beater or simple t-shirt—to attach the microphone and earpiece body. The microphone will remain hidden even if you wear a regular t-shirt over your undershirt, but a collared shirt will better conceal the earpiece wiring in the couple instances you put it on. The push-to-talk button will go in your front pocket and the radio itself will go in your back pocket.

Two Habits Of Highly Effective Trainers

I've taken a lot of lessons in my adult life: music, motorcycle, bartending, Spanish, Portuguese, racquetball, sailing, and a whole bunch of corporate workshops and training that I've thankfully forgotten. Over the years, I've learned two things about what it takes to be a good instructor:

1. Lecturing isn't effective. Being a passive receptacle is the least effective way to learn something. Anything I've gotten good at has been from doing instead of just listening, which simply doesn't work for a majority of people. I apologize to my prior students for putting up with this format.

2. Feedback is the key to improvement. The best instructors I've ever had recognized exactly what I was doing wrong and then had the honestly to tell me without having to sugar-coat. I remember my Spanish instructor in Argentina who thought my accent was straight-up "bad." She stopped me every few seconds and forced me to repeat words to her liking, sometimes making me feel like an idiot, but I experienced the

biggest improvement to my Spanish thanks to her tough love/positive feedback approach.

In my workshop, with the addition of the secret service radios and post-workshop report, I'll make the feedback rain on you in a friendly but honest manner. With pinpoint accuracy, I'll give you a list of actionable items that will have you seeing more improvement in the following three months than you've experienced in the previous year. I'm confident that my advice will make you eager to get back out in the field to try the suggestions I made.

What To Expect From The Workshop

You won't be coming to me as a blank slate. Even if you're a newbie, you'll have some previous experience, and our goal will be to help you jump up one level in the next 3-6 months. Here are the five basic levels of game, keeping in mind that there are also varying degrees between levels.

Level 0: Newbie who has never cold approached

You'll learn how to approach, and I'll expect you to have a handful of 1-3 minute conversations. After the workshop, you'll have less fear about approaching, since you'll have firsthand experience that it's not as bad as you imagined it to be.

Level 1: Beginner who has done a couple dozen approaches

You'll learn how to maintain conversations and to convey interest. You'll have conversations that will be longer than five minutes in length, coming close to at least getting a number. After the workshop, you'll have sharper social skills and better calibration ability (i.e. knowing when a girl is interested or not).

Level 2: Intermediate gamesman who has gotten bangs out of cold approaching

You'll have a couple conversations longer than ten minutes and will most likely get at least one number. After the workshop, you'll become more effective at closing and escalating.

Level 3: Advanced gamesman who has gotten many bangs in the past year

You'll get at least two numbers, with a 20% chance of banging a girl you meet during the workshop. Afterwards your game will be sharper and more refined. I'll help you move your focus from phone numbers to same-night dates and one-night stands.

Level 4: One-night stand master gamesman

The workshop will freshen up your game, eliminate bad habits that have escaped your radar, and allow you to learn additional shortcuts that get you the bang faster.

With these workshops my job is to upgrade your game software instead of installing a new operating system. We'll take what you have and refine it to give you the most mileage for rapid improvement, though ultimately it'll be up to you to use the feedback and material after the workshop to maintain your progress. The workshop isn't about creating overnight success stories, but putting you on the correct track so it all happens sooner.

On average, you'll do twelve approaches during a day workshop and eight at night. If

you're taking the 1-on-1 workshop, you'll do more. In previous day workshops, the average student made fourteen approaches.

Previous Reviews

Here's a detailed review from the last workshop I taught. It was a combination day and night workshop that took place in Medellin, Colombia.

> My goal of doing this workshop was to gain the confidence to approach girls. I am confident in many areas of my life but approaching women was just not one of them. I think my biggest issue is that I just did not know what to say. I can confidently say that Roosh has given me the tools and the confidence to approach girls. I can honestly say this because I approached girls/groups of girls about 20 times that night and saw firsthand that the tools that Roosh gave me really do work.
>
> I came into the workshop with the goal of learning the specifics of how to approach women in a nightclub. But I came away from the workshop with far more than that. I'll start from the beginning…
>
> The first part was a 2-3 hour lecture. I was apprehensive about having a lecture beforehand when I figured I would get a lot more out of the night if I was to just start approaching girls ASAP. I was wrong. Roosh created a thorough manual that started with inner game and ended with the specifics on how to approach women in any situation (cafe, grocery store, street, bar, etc.). His material was surprisingly unique and the main concepts I learned are things I had never read before. He made sure that I understood the material completely and I think that rehearsing certain situations with Roosh really helped. The only critque about this portion is of the workshop is that we did not have enough time to complete the manual before doing approaches. It would have helped to start an hour or so earlier. Even so, we did finish going over the manual by the time the night was over at around 3 or 4am!
>
> After finishing the lecture part we headed to an area with an abundance of bars and clubs. Our first mission was for me to approach girls/groups of girls walking down the street. I used a very simple line to get the girl(s) attention and have some short conversations that went pretty well. I even got a few numbers out of it. Even with the line Roosh provided I never would have been able to get the girls to stop and talk with me if it were not for Roosh's specific technique to do this. He made it easy for me since he specifically positioned me and pointed out the girls I should talk to ahead of time before passing them.
>
> The next portion of the night was at a busy bar. No, we did not just go up and approach as many girls as I could without discretion. The way Roosh suggested doing this felt far more comfortable because we took a position in the bar and I approached girls when they either passed us or when it seemed natural (i.e. getting another drink at the bar). But even then he did not just say, "ok go talk to the girls when you get another drink at the bar." He explained how exactly I

> could do it, involving positioning, the best opener to use, etc.) Let me also add that we only approached attractive girls! I ended up with a few good conversations at the bar and had a great time!
>
> Next up was a busy bar/small club. As soon as we walked inside he pointed out a group to approach but I chickened out…plus they were a bunch of hippie looking girls with manly hair. I think Roosh understood my apprehension and we went further into the club where I approached a group of girls with Roosh's simple opener and wound up talking/dancing salsa with one of the girls for a bit. I was ready to move on and Roosh sensed this so he pointed out another group of girls to approach. It ended up going like that for a while. Though a few times I chickened out and he told me to go walk around and don't come back until I approach a girl(s). This tough love was what I needed and eventually I did approach some more girls. Then some more! For the first time in my life I could rotate between groups of girls which I imagine really helps with attraction but also made me feel that much cooler! I ended up dancing pretty heavily with one girl and on my way between rotating from groups of girls Roosh advised me on how to isolate her. It didn't work out so well seeing as how she was with her cousins and sister though but I am confident that I can do it in the future in an easier situation.
>
> I chose to end the night after 8 hours of lecture and approaching girls because I was exhausted. I had such a blast that night and Roosh's instruction was invaluable and though it's to early to say, most likely a life changing experience. I have a thorough understanding on how to approach girls in any situation in addition to other factors like posture, positioning, etc. I am probably at a tougher stage now because I know in my heart that I have no excuses not to practice this stuff and if I don't I have nobody to blame but myself.
>
> I just came come from 7 1/2 months abroad and am extremely busy visiting friends, family, and catching up on my work. But I am excited about starting my last semester of university so that I take advantage of the great opportunities and situations to approach girls. It really helps to have Roosh's continual guidance as he had made it abundantly clear that I should keep in touch and update him on my progress and any questions I have.

Here's another review from a man who eventually slept with a girl he met during the workshop.

> I really had a great time on the workshop. The idea of approaching random girls is not new to me, but I found that my interactions often weren't going anywhere unless the girl took some sort of initiative/interest. The Galnuc and banter topics you discusses are a solid way of building interest and rapport while not sounding like some random pushy werido. You were encouraging and made it fun along the way once we hit the street, although in the beginning some parts were more helpful than others.

> That first Turkish girl I talked to was pretty rough, I'm thinking maybe there's a way to be more private in the beginning. It may also make you and the guys in the workshop more comfortable. Maybe grabbing one of those tables by the window would have been a good idea to mitigate this.
>
> One of the big realizations I had during the workshop is to hit on a girl without actually hitting on her. Girls know you're doing it, but for some reason you can't come out and say it, you need to talk about some BS random goofy stuff like you gave us. (more on this below).
>
> Later that night I texted 3/4 numbers I got but never called the Germans staying at the Marriott since I got a response from 2 out of the original 4. (The german's international # bounce back on my carrier). The blonde sign language girl was going to a show and going out in georgetown so that was too far away form where I was going (Dupont) so the Brazilian was the girl I was going to meet up.
>
> When the Brazilian girl showed up she was really looking good way more impressive than at the store. She friended me on facebook so you can see her picture, and a good example of day to night transformation. She met with my friends and we hung out for a while before going back to Dupont Circle to hang out and chat on the fountain for a while. She told me that she knew I was hitting on her right away but thought it was fun and was attracted to me (as mentioned above) I'm thinking the material really helped to clear the air and make it fun. At any rate after talking and getting a little touchy, I took her back to my place and banged her. That's right, one of your workshop students got laid as a result of the workshop. Now I'm not sure what the going rate of hookers is these days, but for $175, that's a great ROI. And this girl was no hooker (not that I would know), she was a cool girl with a great personality and fun to hang out with.
>
> So there you have it, I had a great time. Thanks for your tips and information along the way. I'm going to stick with this and try to get better, I really enjoy meeting women and during the daytime I believe is the best time to do it.

One of my youngest day game students posted a review of the workshop on his blog. My favorite part:

> What I learned in that day game workshop changed me forever. It was worth every penny.

Some of the men who've taken my workshop have reached incredible heights. I'm especially thinking of Tyler, who I see today as an equal, not a protégé.

Pricing

Below are prices for all the workshop types and sizes. They are subject to increase.

	1-on-1	1-on-2
Day	$590	$350

Night	$570	$325

Every workshop includes the following:

- At least four hours of in-field instruction
- Custom post-workshop report
- Electronic editions of the workshop manual and my book *Bang* (if you already have *Bang*, deduct $10)
- Complimentary email support for any game questions you may have for three months following the workshop
- A 50% discount on my upcoming day game book (expected release date: second half of 2011)

If you want to sign up for both a day and night workshop, you'll get a 15% discount off the total price. If you want to take a workshop with a friend, you'll both receive a 10% discount.

You'll notice the prices are higher than two years ago. The main reason is that my knowledge of game has increased considerably, allowing you to learn material that is closer to being bulletproof. For example, the day game workshop has a new module on venue changing and same-night dating, something that wasn't covered in the previous round. A small sampling of other modules include: Differences Between Day & Night Game, The Optimal Mindset, Rambling & Baiting, Nighttime One-Night Stands, and Turning Regular Thoughts Into Effective Openers.

I estimate that there are less than five men in Washington DC who have the deep game knowledge and experience I possess while also being able to teach it effectively to others. You'll be learning from a veteran—not from someone who only made his first approach a couple years ago after seeing *The Game* at Barnes & Noble. With this new workshop I aim to continue providing good value for guys who want to improve their game.

Scheduling and Sign-Up

Day game workshops will take place Friday and Saturday starting at 2:30 p.m. Night game workshops will take place on the same days, at 9:00 p.m. To sign up, email me at **roosh@rooshv.com** with the word "Workshop" in the subject line (or use this form) and tell me which dates are best for you. Once we find you a free slot, I'll ask you to make a deposit with a credit card to lock in your spot. The first available workshop date is Friday, September 24, 2010.

You'll get the workshop manual and *Bang* via email the week of the workshop, along with other details, such as what to wear and bring. You'll receive your follow-up report three or four days after the workshop.

If you live in New York City, the cheapest way to attend the workshop is to take Bolt Bus ($35 round trip) and stay one night in the HI Hostel ($32.95/night), which is close to the starting locations of both the day and night workshops. A slightly cheaper option is the nearby Washington International Student Center Hostel ($27.78/night).

If you have questions about the workshop, post them in the comments section so everyone will be able to see my answer.

How To Use The Silence Technique To Fuck Boring Girls

September 14, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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A player's prime strength is his chatting skills, to be able to talk on and on about interesting things even when a girl isn't responding. But as good as his chat is, it's no guarantee he'll fuck her because, ultimately, we need her to give responses that allow us to customize our chat to strengthen the attraction and comfort. Yes it's true—the girl needs to be animate for sex to occur (unless you're talking about rape, which is a different skillset altogether).

After interacting with a billion women, I've realized that around 95% of them are simply not interesting (as me). Their social skills are not up to par, they don't have interesting life experiences, they don't know how to tell even a basic story, they don't know how to make you laugh, and they don't have any peculiar talents that might be able to entertain you. Plus, a girl may not know how to ask open-ended questions even if she likes you, something most humans learned as a teenager. While a lame girl should be passed on, I'd fuck only two girls a year if I waited for one with my ideal personality. Some nights you just want to have meaningless sex. In that case, what do you do?

Determine if she likes you or not.

If she does, go through the motions, keep chatting as if you're performing a seminar practiced in front of the mirror, and then fuck her. If she doesn't like you, then you're better off moving on to the next girl. Most of the time we can determine if a girl likes us or not by the number of personal questions she's asking, but boring girls may not be able to do this rather simple feat. Therefore you must test her.

When you feel like you're not making progress and she's just standing there like a zombie, hit her with one of the following. Maintain eye contact and *remain silent* after saying each one.

Line No. 1:

"I think I'm talking too much. I'll be quiet and let you talk."

If she likes you she's going to ask a question (probably a lame one, but one nonetheless), or she'll say, "No no I like what you're talking about." This means she's interested and you can proceed with robotic chat. If she makes zero effort to continue the conversation with your silence, pull the eject handle and parachute to safety.

Line No. 2:

"It seems like you're ready to get back with your friends. I didn't mean to bug you."

If she likes you she'll say "No, I'm fine," and then look at you with eager eyes, hoping you'll continue.

Line No. 3:

"Are you usually this quiet? Or maybe you don't like guys who are as gloriously hairy as I

am.”

Substitute “hairy” with one of your prominent physical features. If she likes you she’ll laugh and then ask you a question or make a comment about your feature.

Execute one of these lines between the 7-15 minute mark. Do it too soon and you won’t have built up enough attraction so that she wants to work for you, and do it too late and you waste valuable game time and energy. Short of asking girls “Do you want to fuck me,” we need to use the silence technique to screen for those cute but lame girls who are actually down to fuck. Follow with robotic chat and then go for the same-night bang. You definitely don’t want to take these girls out on dates.

A big downside of game is that is raises your value, eliminating many girls who you would have happily dated when you had zero game. While I don’t see an easy solution for this, at the very least we can still have sex with lots and lots of girls.

Reenactment Contest Submissions

September 16, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I received 13 entries for the contest. They display a range of game and humor in a variety of settings, so choosing a winner will be tough. I want to have an open commenting period so you can share your thoughts to help me decide on the best video.

If I had to pick the winner today, it would probably come down to one of the following two submissions.

Bookstore Pickup:

"I tried to pick up a girl working at Barnes N Noble. I used a book about the moon as a prop."

What a nice example of cocky game using an indirect opener while finishing off with direct flourishes. It's not hard to imagine this working on a young bookstore employee.

Absurd Booty Call:

"An under the radar booty call turns into absurdity when the girl brings her dog with us."

The funniest entry. I like the time warp effect where the contestant shows several scenes in the same video.

Below are the rest of the submissions. Click the title link to watch (links open in a new window).

- **Roommate Sex** – "Soon after a painful breakup, I moved cross country with a long-time female friend who had constantly rejected my advances for years. She changed her mind when we got to our new place."
- **Airplane Pickup**
- **Seducing A Feminist** by Dragonet – "A recent conversation I had at a pretentious party."
- **Fresh Off The Boat** by Vincent Ignatius – "A hot Indian fob was flirting with my American-born half-Indian friend. He's too much of a pussy to cheat on his girlfriend, even when she's 1000 miles away. I didn't know she was behind me."
- **Gangbang Tonight** – "This is a real life approach I made a few months ago when I decided to have some fun and fuck with people. I promise that it is all true and I did get her number"
- **English Bitch** by Vincent Ignatius – "I made out with an English girl in a bar here in the US. This is what happened right after. I wasn't really trying to take her home. She was a bitch so I just wanted to treat her like shit."
- **Flailing Arms** by The Rookie – This is a girl I passed on to the Rookie in a bar (more details). You'll be able to see why.
- **Unrelated Major**
- **Hostel Banter**
- **Real World** – "This took place at K street lounge rather early in the night. I'm still

talking to the girl, but she mentioned it was a weird opening."

- **Rose Tattoo** – "It is about one of my conversations with the first girl seen in this video (via Naughty Nomad) when I was in Boracay in April. "

I now turn to the peanut gallery. Who do you think should win the grand prize of A Dead Bat In Paraguay and a $20 Amazon gift certificate? If you're a contestant, feel free to get hyphy on your video.

Release of Bang Second Edition (With Text Messaging Guide)

September 19, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I have updated Bang with two new sections: *Going Out Alone* and *Text Message Communication*. If you bought the book in the past six weeks then you already have the new edition (it contains 155 pages instead of 139 and has "Roosh V" on the cover). If not then read on to learn how to get the new sections for free.

Text Messaging Game

I started writing Bang in 2006, around the time when text messaging was barely on the radar. I completely missed the boat on this technology, and actually called it a "waste of time." Things change, and starting in 2009 I noticed that I rarely called girls anymore. The reason was because text messaging got better response rates than calling girls on the phone. **For Western girls I now recommend that you set dates by text message instead of calling.** We've arrived at the point where calling girls is a nostalgic, chivalrous act that will hurt more than help because it shows too much interest. Personally I'm surprised how quickly this shift occurred.

At the end of 2009, I started writing my text messaging guide. It's not too long, at only 3,000 words, but I include everything you need to know about text up to the bang. It contains:

- My detailed strategy that shows you word-for-word how to get dates in the shortest amount of time possible. All you have to do is plug and chug.
- The one text messaging mistake most guys make that kill the tension and lessen the chance a girl will go out with them.
- A method for regulating your text response times so she won't perceive you as needy, desperate, or too available.
- Discussion of the "restart text" technique, which get things going again with girls who have been acting distant or busy.
- My flake-defense move that prevents you from getting stood up when you schedule a date a few days in advance.

Besides putting the guide in the second edition of Bang, I also created a PDF file that I'm distributing via my newsletter this Wednesday. If you're already subscribed to my newsletter than keep an eye on your inbox. Otherwise, click here to sign up or use the form at the end of this post. You can unsubscribe at any time.

I'm putting the guide on my newsletter because, as a public figure, I don't want my word-for-word game to be archived by Google for girls who go searching for me (it happens frequently). If you just want the guide and don't give a shit about the newsletter, then unsubscribe after you save it to your computer. This will be your only chance at getting the text messaging guide without having to buy the book.

The second major update to Bang was the addition of a post I made earlier this year: Definitive Guide To Going Out Alone (a.k.a. Flying Solo). Because I receive a lot of emails from guys who have trouble finding wingmen well-versed in game, I felt that including the guide was important for the book.

Timeless Classic?

I was hesitant to crack open the first edition of Bang and begin revising. I was a little nervous that a lot of the information would be obsolete and I'd have to practically write a new book. Of course that wasn't the case. Besides the phone/text issue and a handful of grammatical changes, the game that my book is based on hasn't changed. You still need to tease a girl and be cocky, aloof, and interesting. You still need to be a challenge. "The Vibe" that I describe over several pages is still the optimal attitude you want to have when gaming girls. The steps you need to perform in getting a girl to the bedroom and removing her clothes is still the optimized technique in getting a notch. The main concepts in Bang are ones that I use today, and I don't see them changing anytime soon unless new technology is invented or some sort of revolution occurs. In that case I'll be on top of it to suggest new adjustments.

I still believe that Bang continues to be the best all-around resource you need to learn game. It touches on everything from internal game to meeting girls to sealing the deal, and even for things I don't go in-depth on, I give enough information where just a little work and creativity on your part will help find an effective solution. With the addition of my newsletter and blog to supplement the book, I think I provide around 80% of what a Western man needs to know how to get laid successfully in today's culture. That's my job and that's what I'll continue to do.

Here's a recent review of the first edition of Bang:

> If Mystery writes like he's trying to teach Rain Man how to pick up chicks, Roosh writes like he's teaching average men to pick up. Mystery's structure is still something you should learn, but Roosh's lessons in Bang will probably stick in your mind better. Everything that Roosh writes can be fit into the Mystery Method, but it flows more naturally in Bang and is more enjoyable to read. I know Roosh's advice works, because I've figured out many of these things on my own through trial and error. I've relied on strong inner game and knowledge of Mystery's structure to keep me going but have developed the practical aspects of

> game with little reference to the work of others. Bang could have saved me a year and a half of work if I had purchased it sooner.

The entire review breaks down every chapter.

New Reading Formats

Bang is now available in four formats:

- Paperback (via Amazon)
- Amazon Kindle – instant download
- eBook PDF format – instant download
- eBook ePUB format (for e-readers and iPhones/iPad) – instant download

Every eBook order includes both PDF and ePUB formats within the download package.

Click here to read sample pages that reflect the newer edition. If you like what you see, head over to the order page.

Newsletter Sign-Up

To receive my text messaging guide for free, sign up to my newsletter by putting your first name and email address in the form below. It's private and you can unsubscribe at any time.

The Future Of Game

September 21, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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

Hot Girls Under 30 Will Be Impossible To Lock Down

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

Flaking Will Reach Epidemic Proportions

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

The Definition Of Monogamy Will Loosen

You know how some people call themselves flex-vegetarians, meaning they are meat-eaters but like to pretend they are vegetarians? Beautiful women will have flex-monogamous relationships. In relationships they will cheat and stray regularly, as our culture will by then have perfectly taught youth the art of rationalization. "You don't have

to accept your current situation!” “Do what you like!” “You’re a unique snowflake!” “You don’t deserve to be uncomfortable!” She’ll cheat on strange men without a condom and not feel any remorse, and if you dump her she won’t care because she’ll do the same with the next guy in line (they’ll be several).

Game Plus Fame Will Be More Important Than Anything

It doesn’t have to be national fame, but you must be known for something with a reputation that precedes you. You must have a YouTube channel with millions of views. You must be a proprietor of a hipster butcher shop. You must be a popular writer, artist, or musician. You must be nightclub promoter or DJ. You must be a competitive skateboarder. Your must be the notorious editor of a cupcake newsletter. In a culture where a million people are “famous,” you’ll have to work your ass off for scraps if you’re not. Nurture your own style and niche and then leverage that to get pussy. Game will always have its use, but **game plus fame** will be the qualities that tomorrow’s Casanova possess. Otherwise you’ll be approaching all day and night to fuck a 6 who stops calling you after a couple bangs. You must have the complete package to get the hottest girls, with game being only the first ability of a multi-level game warrior. Guys without game will simply not get laid, not even with ugly girls.

The main factors driving the change is feminism and the uglification of the species. If you want to fuck average girls, game alone will get you there, but it will be increasingly difficult to fuck and keep attractive women since their numbers will be too low. Game and *something else* will be needed. The climate of the future will make it tough for a handsome man with a nice, middle-class job to land a pretty girl. Of course it will happen, as those girls will settle down eventually in their 30s, but the majority of men will not be successful at it. This future is inevitable unless the obesity epidemic peaks within the next five years and feminism is eradicated.

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

How To Shorten Your Game Learning Curve

September 23, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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The way you study a game resource is just as important as the resource itself. You should approach game as if it was the most important subject you'll ever study in your life—because it is. Unfortunately a lot of men put more time into studying for a freshman level art history course, whose subject matter they'll never again encounter, than a topic that depends on the continuation of the human species. Ironic, I know, but that's how much the corporatocracy has us tricked in acting like mindless clogs to keep the empire humming along.

Let's say you bought Bang (or any other game book) and are ready to commit to getting this part of your life handled. Here are the steps you must take so that you absorb and retain the material:

1. Read slowly. Do not read more than 10 pages per day, and take the occasional day off. I get a lot of emails from guys saying they read my book in only couple sittings, and while that's a nice compliment to my elegant writing style, how much of that material are they going to remember? With instructional guides, you need to stop once you've learned three or four main concepts, because your brain will forget anything beyond that. Let the information marinade for 24 hours as you rehearse it in your mind. I wouldn't advise finishing Bang in less than three weeks.

2. Take notes by hand. Pull out some paper, grab a pen, and get busy. If it takes you over 5 minutes to get through a single page, then so be it. Cut down your daily intake to only a few pages a day if need be. Game demands concentration. Remember this is a skill you want to excel at until you perish from the earth. Whether you want to get laid like a champ or maintain a long-term relationship where you have the upper hand, you must approach the subject matter with the utmost seriousness.

3. Type up your notes. Then reread them and grab a handful of actionable items that you can do immediately (e.g. hitting the gym, working on your appearance, setting goals, approaching in the bar or coffee shop, etc.). Soon you'll begin to learn or notice things you haven't before.

4. Revisit your notes in a month, and every month thereafter. Reread them and then add or subtract things based on your new experiences. If you come up with a good follow-up to a line you've been using, note it down. If you created a routine that girls like, note that down too. Add material from observing successful naturals in the field. If something didn't work for you, delete it. Bold and italicize important points so you don't forget what works best for you.

5. Reread your game resource in six months. Your brain will notice things you haven't before when you had less game experience. Add them to your notes. Even though I wrote a book based on my game, I have forgotten things I've done. Our brain is very choosy with the information it decides to retain, and if you don't use a specific move

for a short amount of time, it will atrophy, especially if you took a break due to a relationship or illness.

6. Continue the process of adding and subtracting from your notes. You'll be able to taper down note reviews to once every two to three months. In under a year, your notes will be a customized game based on your personality, that is most effective for you than any other man. It will be a written form of your social self.

It takes a lot of time to write notes, continuously edit them, and analyze the effectiveness of your social interactions, but if you want to get good at game this is the fastest, most effective way to do it. Less than 10% of men will fail with the method I have just described.

I don't take notes if I read a novel, but if I read a book on something important like Buddhism or how to breathe fire, topics where the information can improve my life, I take it seriously. Otherwise I'm wasting my time because as soon as I finish that book I will have forgotten 95% of what I *just* read. Thousands of guys have read Bang, but some have gotten much more mileage just by how seriously they approached it. I'll be happy if you're just entertained with my advice, but I'd be happier if you bang a lot of girls because of it.

Sex Is Mathematics

September 26, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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The past year I've become interested in the mathematics of game. In Bang Colombia I introduced the Approach Index:

> [The Approach Index] states how many girls an average looking guy with decent game has to approach before he's likely to bang a cute girl. If you're conversational in Spanish, that number in Colombia is 60. If not, you'll need to approach about 120 girls. (If you're a very ugly guy or have zero game, increase these numbers accordingly. If you're a very ugly guy and have zero game, then increase them further.) The Approach Index doesn't count internet attempts, only face-to-face approaches.

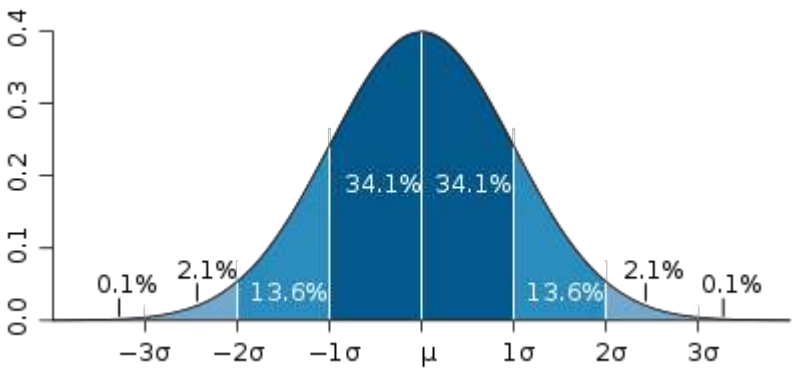
I made the Approach Index to help guys know how much work they'll have to do to get laid in foreign countries. Men are too dissimilar for the 60 or 120 values to be accurate, but guys can compare them to other countries to see which is easier to get laid in.

Taking this a step further, I want to introduce the Fuck Number, the number of girls a specific man has to make before he gets laid. Here's how to calculate your Fuck Number:

Fuck Number = (Number of girls you've approached in the past two years) ÷ (Number of girls you've fucked)

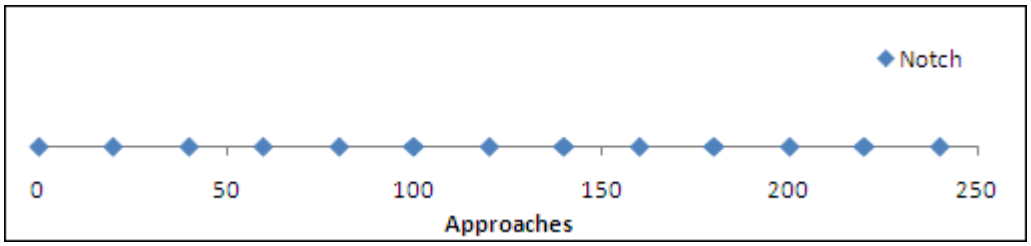
You may be wondering why I selected two years instead of, say, a lifetime. The reason is that a man's Fuck Number is constantly changing (improving in his 20s, 30s, and possibly 40s, until finally plateauing around 50 years of age). We need a number that is based on a good amount of data to have actual meaning, but also strongly correlated to current game. Two years is a reasonable compromise. Therefore you must recalculate your Fuck Number regularly, but truth is I don't know any man who counts his approaches. Therefore the Fuck Number is a theoretical concept.

In the past I've guessed that my fuck number was around 30, but after accounting for all the bullshit approaches I do for laughs, I wouldn't be surprised if it was half that. Let's pick 20 for the sake of example. That means I have to do 20 real approaches to get a new notch. Because the number is an average, it falls on a bell curve.

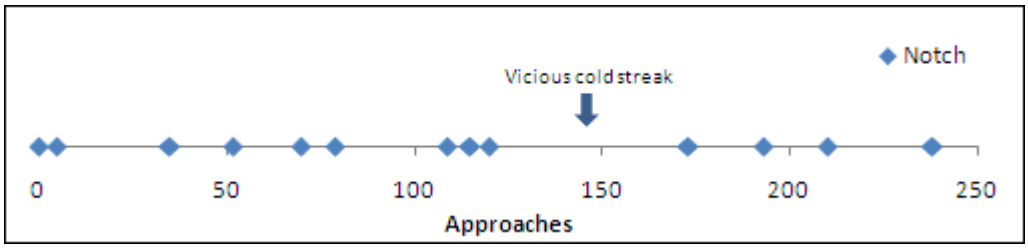


It's possible that during the last two years I got laid only 5 approaches after the previous

one, or as much as 80 after. This is the nature of the beast, and perfectly explains both the hot and cold streak. In fact, since the data is normally distributed, it should never happen that I get laid at exactly every 20 approaches like this:



Instead it looks random and noisy, like this:



The second chart is what I see in real life. In a recent month I slept with three new girls, and then the following month got absolutely nothing, not even a kiss. The month after that I started heating up again. There is no such thing as a perfectly neutral streak—you're either leaning hot or leaning cold. If you've been leaning hot for over six months, that means you've jumped a level of game.

Many guys say they "got lucky" after getting laid, but really they came close to their Fuck Number. Thinking about this concept makes me realize there is no luck to getting laid at all—it's just statistics (romantic, I know), and all based on your existing game.

Every non-virgin man has a Fuck Number (the mean), and for him to get laid he has to do two standard deviations in approaches from the mean to pretty much guarantee getting laid. Let's say a man's fuck number is 317 with a standard deviation of 100. Using the principles of normal distribution, this man has a 0.4% chance of a new notch after only 17 approaches, and a 99.6% chance of getting laid after 617 approaches. That means he could have a cold streak of *years*, but within those 617 approaches he's going to get laid.

I've already shared my thoughts about how continuous approaching is the key to banging (Just Keep Going, The Secret To Getting Laid), but the concept of the Fuck Number provides rudimentary mathematical support that sex can be had with only attempts instead of any game at all. While I don't want to be the man who has to do 617 approaches to get laid, the *most important factor* in getting laid is how many approaches you do.

I hate to take the fun out of game, but it's just a form of technology that allows you to screw more girls with less effort, like how the assembly line allowed Ford to make more cars at a cheaper price. To get laid all you need is will and energy. Add game to improve your efficiency, but it's not required.

Roosh Life Update

September 28, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Last week was mostly promotional for the second edition of Bang. It case you missed it:

Monday: I shared details of the new edition, especially the text messaging section
Wednesday: I discussed the gloomy future of game
Friday: I gave the most optimal method for studying any game resource

I received a lot of emails from guys who missed Wednesday's newsletter that included a download link to the text messaging guide. I'm going to send it again one more time this Friday, so fill out the newsletter sign-up page by then (or the form at the bottom of this post) to receive it for free.

With this major project completed, it's time to edit my life schedule…

~~**July:** Complete text messaging guide~~
September—December: Complete epilogue to *A Dead Bat In Paraguay*. Start day game book rough draft. Prepare for next trip.
January: New trip

As you can see I've simplified my plans from before. I've been getting the itch to go to Brazil for the winter and actually started planning for it, but as of right now I think it's best to suffer through a DC winter to get the day game book off the ground. If I go to Brazil again I may get stuck there forever, yet I still want to visit other parts of the world. This decision is tearing me up inside, so I've stopped listening to Brazilian music because of the pain it causes.

On a sad note I've started charging for Bang Colombia (same price as A Dead Bat In Paraguay). I don't have the audience size where a donation model would bring enough money to support projects like it. The donation rate was respectable (2.5% with an average donation of just under $6), so I may experiment with it again in the future.

On a positive note, in July, a month when I didn't release anything new, I sold just over 300 copies of my books. Considering that in 2008 I sold on average 40 copies a month, this is an exciting development. It has given me the confidence and financial support to focus exclusively on writing. I haven't worked for the man in three and a half years.

Newsletter Sign-Up:

To receive my text messaging guide for free, sign up to my newsletter by putting your first name and email address in the form below. It's private and you can unsubscribe at any time.

Reenactment Of My Personal Crisis

September 30, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Continuing on the theme from Wednesday's post, this video reenacts a recent conversation I had with myself while out at a bar with friends. My alter egos are represented by South American soccer players. This is the most emotional and groundbreaking reenactment I've done.

I will have to make a decision soon.

REENACTMENT CONTEST UPDATE:

Speaking of decisions, I've chosen the winner to the reenactment contest. The grand prize goes to… Bookstore Pickup by mkpoway. While many videos were entertaining, Bookstore Pickup had the highest overall score based on the categories of humor, game, and authenticity. The viewers choice award goes to Rose Tattoo, which many readers enjoyed. Thanks to everyone for participating.

15 Ways To Knock Some Sense Into Her

October 3, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Here's an email I received recently:

> I hope you're doing well back in DC. I've enjoyed reading your writing, books, blog. Overall you speak well to the frustrations of contemporary American masculinity's condition. However, there's nothing—absolutely nothing—I enjoy more than your rants about American women. I went to an international themed rooftop happy hour last night, and though I was able to comfortably pull the hottest girl there to another bar afterwards, my overall takeaway was utter disappointment at the wasteland of the scene: washed out cougars starving for attention, fat chicks, and 3s acting like they're 6s because they know politics and work for a think tank. Disgusting!
>
> I guess the only upside is that most of the guys don't have any game to speak of, and work with the sole purpose of appeasing value-inflated cows. So though I have minimal game, it does help. Even my friend who invited me to this event seemed to just accept it as reality, but as I'm sure you know it's impossible to talk about these things with most people. Anyways, that was on my mind today, and then I saw this article in my google reader: 15 Ways To Charm Her. I couldn't read it all the way through for fear that it might taint my burgeoning alpha identity, but I wanted to send it over your way, in hopes that it might spark a burst blood vessel in your brain.

Allow me to offer a reasonable rebuttal for each item…

> 1. Stand up for a lady. Actually, this doesn't just involve chairs.

Be worth standing up for by not being overweight or sloppy. Visit the dermatologist to clear up your acne. Go to charm school if you don't know how to act like a lady (if you were born in the United States then odds are you don't).

> 2. Know that the SEC has the best football TEAMS IN THE NATION. Big 12 fan? Hmm, perhaps you should keep walking.

Develop a skill or talent of your own instead of obsessing over athletes (or celebrities) who don't care about you, or know that you even exist.

> 3. Kill bugs. Delta Burke as Southern belle Suzanne Sugarbaker on Designing Women said, ". . .Ya know, when men use Women's Liberation as an excuse not to kill bugs for you. Oh, I just hate that! I don't care what anybody says, I think the man should have to kill the bug!"

Put on a pair of latex gloves and kill grease stains along with mold rings in the toilet bowl.

> 4. Hold doors open. This goes for elevator doors too.

Wear something that highlights your toned backside so I'll look forward to holding the door open for you.

> 5. Fix things or build stuff. I once watched in awe as my stepfather built a front porch on the house he shares with my mother. He knew just what to do, cutting every notch, hammering every nail. The project was complete by sunset.

Fix up yourself so you don't look like a hag when you go out.

> 6. Wear boots occaisionally [sic]. Not the fancy, I-paid-$l,000-for-these kind. We're talking about slightly mud-crusted, I-could-have-just-come-in-from-the-field boots.

Wear only high heels after the sun goes down.

> 7. Take off your hat inside.

Grow out your hair.

> 8. Grill stuff.

Cook things besides chicken nuggets and Hot Pockets.

> 9. Call us. If you want to ask us out, don't text and don't e-mail. Pick up the phone and use your voice.

Why? You'll spread your legs regardless.

> 10. Stand when we come back to the dinner table. "Just a little half-stand is enough to make me melt," my friend Stephanie says.

Suck my dick without me having to tell you.

> 11. Pull out chairs. Wait, that's not all. Scoot them back in before we hit the floor.

And then swallow my load and tell me how much you loved the bleach-like taste. Please your man with enthusiasm and he may want to return the favor.

> 12. Pay the tab on the first few dates. "If you ask me out, you pay," Stephanie says. "If I ask you out, you should still pay." Listen, guys, it's just simpler this way.

Put out on the first date.

> 13. Don't show up in a wrinkled, untucked shirt. Care about your appearance but not too much. Don't smell better than we do. Don't use mousse or gel. You shouldn't look like you spend more time in front of the mirror than we do.

Don't show up in Target flip flops. Smell good. Fix your hair up. ~~You should look like you spent more than five minutes in front of the mirror.~~ You should look like you own a mirror.

> 14. Never get in bar fights. Patrick Swayze might look cool in Road House, but in

> reality, bar fights are stupid and embarrassing. You don't look tough. You look like an idiot.

Don't sleep with tough guys who like getting into bar fights?

> 15. Know how to mix our favorite cocktail JUST THE WAY WE LIKE IT. Fix your favorite too. Sit down on the porch (it's okay if you didn't build it), tell us how your day went, and we'll tell you about ours.

We truly don't care how your day went. You should feel lucky that we even acknowledged it with a nod or eyebrow raise. Enjoy our cocktail then let me ravage you in the bedroom. When we go out, act the courtesan and don't let on that you're a dirty girl I love to make gag.

Whether this list is humorous or not, nowhere within the post or comments does a woman chime in to share what she would exchange in order to have a man who follows each item (every other comment is "Love this!" or "OMG so true!"). Like the German terrorists in the original *Die Hard*, today's woman doesn't want to make any concessions. She will not change if you honor her demands. She wants to continue bursting with masculine attitude from her fatty pores, not possessing any redeeming skill besides paper pushing in the meanwhile, and yet still land the handsomest prince of them all. Unfortunately, they do not realize that by being poor catches themselves, they encourage men to let themselves go, too, quickening the pace at which the entire American species will be unfuckable in less than one-hundred years. In the end, women are planning to blow the roof whether the FBI helicopters arrive or not. Assholes.

Lifestyle Interview With Naughty Nomad

October 5, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

There are a few guys on the forum who are either living the dream or close to it: independently mobile while banging foreign beauties. This week I'll share interviews with two of those men (in the future I'll be putting up more).

Today's interview is with Naughty Nomad (a guy who raw dogged an HIV-infected African girl). Even though he's in his early 20s, he has collected more flags than most men will get in their lifetimes. Without further ado…

1. Can you give us a little background on your age and the type of environment you grew up in? What are some things that influenced you earlier in life that put you into the position you are in now?

I'm coming on 24 years old and just finished university (in stereotypical Irish fashion the family business is in pubs). I was fortunate enough to have a liberal upbringing as my parents are entrepreneurial hippies who love to travel and smoke weed. Since I was a little kid I always dreamed about exploring the world and simply refuse to accept alternative conventions. Luckily, I have friends and family of a similar mindset. I now work my life around travel.

2. Talk about your ideal girl. What does she look like? Where is she from? What's her personality like?

I've thought a lot about this. She wouldn't be Irish that's for sure! You got to diversify the gene pool.

With looks I'm very particular. She would have to be very exotic, the kind of women who enters a room and renders other men dumb; jaws on the floor hot. I prefer sallow skin, jet black hair, very slim, a low upper arm circumference, good hip-to-waist ratio, a strong jaw line and big eyes—I told you I was particular. Certain ethnic groups fit the bill – Arabic, Eastern Slavic (preferably Ukrainian), Amharic (Ethiopian), Indian, Armenian & Latin girls.

With personality I guess the main thing is she can mingle with friends and family

effortlessly. That requires a girl who's relaxed and confident with a good sense of humour. This needs to be balanced with someone who is passionate, sensual and affectionate. Who best fits the bill in this regard? In my experience I would say Filipinas. There's a reason they're rumoured to make the best wives.

So to answer your question, my ideal women would have the personality of a Filipina and be mixed race Ukrainian/Ethiopian. That's why they call them ideals right? Why stop there? I could become a Muslim and get four wives – a Malaysian, a Saudi, an Ethiopian and a Slavic Azerbaijani—now that's ideal.

In reality, I'll probably fuck half the planet trying to my "ideal women," reach 50, give up and marry a Balinese beauty queen in her 20s. Sigh.

3. What type of game do you run? How does your typical bang go down? How do you change your game when you're abroad versus in your home country? How do foreign girls and Western girls differ?

I peacock quite a bit and it works wonders—sombreros, jaunty summer hats and berets often make up my attire. I get approached quite a fair bit as a result. I'm also quite direct, but without being needy; kind of take it or leave it approach. Consequently, 90% of the women I sleep with is within 7 hours of knowing them. I have the same pick-up line for every girl I meet… "Where are you from?" Generally, I'll have been to their country or can speak a few words of their language. This really gets the ball rolling. I DHV [demonstrate higher value] with a few travel stories, make a few jokes and try to get them jealous by talking to other girls. Generally, if I manage to kiss, there is a high probability of a fuck. I like to use some NLP stuff to get girls horny as hell soon in the interaction and then I back off, ignoring them for ages—it's great fun! My mid and end game is solid, provided the logistics are favourable.

My game plan changes massively depending on the region. In Eastern Europe I run a lot of internet game and arrange dates before I go over. I've hooked up with quite a few girls this way, even banged a model or two. In Asia, I use day game and give out my number in shopping centers. In Africa, I just show up! Haha. Western girls are different, as direct game isn't as effective and a lot of BS is required. Outside my country, the Irish card works wonders, especially with Americans. In Ireland, I generally get lazy, save my cash and just find an Asian or African fuckbuddy for a few weeks at a time.

4. Describe your travel experiences and strategy. What kind of lodgings do you stay in? How do you approach integrating yourself into a new culture with regard to food, language, local customs, etc.? What do you fill your days with? Do you have a basic strategy for meeting women while you travel?

I have a serious hard-on for dangerous places. I've been to over 50 countries, including Antarctica and a few self proclaimed republics. I try to travel 3 months in the summer and 1 month in the winter, with a few side trips in between. I generally stay in cheap places as I usually travel for long periods of time. I've couch surfed a few times—it's a fantastic way to meet new friends and get into local social circles. I love mingling with natives as much as possible and usually take a language course before I travel. I'd like to think I'm pretty

adaptable—I'll eat, drink and wear pretty much anything.

My strategy for meeting women is documented above but I would add that having a local SIM card is crucial, as well as knowing a good place to take a girl on a date and a potential sex location afterwards. I spend my days doing the usual tourist stuff, but usually stoned. In some places, I just go nuts and can have up to three dates a day, that keeps me pretty busy!

5. How do you make a living? How did you get into it? What are some skills you had to learn?

I own a small printing and web/graphic design company with an office in my hometown. It's a simple set-up, but it makes money. On weekends, I'm a DJ and a freelance croupier. I'm also in a band and have a small recording studio that sporadically gets business. My income is irregular but is flexible enough to allow me to travel. I'm by no means rich, but when you're your own boss you can do whatever the fuck you want, when you want.

6. What are your future goals? How do you see your life playing out in the next 10-20 years?

By 35-40, I want to have visited every single country in the world! I'm currently training for my microlight (ultra-light aircraft) license and plan to circumnavigate the globe by the same time frame. I'm also investigating opening a few hostels abroad in the near future; a great way to finance living abroad, meet women and gain fluency in a language. We shall see.. for now the world is my oyster! I would also like to see the blog becoming more popular, it's very enjoyable sharing one's experiences and getting into the whole blogger buzz. It's only a few months up and things are going great.

7. What's the most important thing you've learned so far in life?

There are no absolutes and life is fucking short. Everything is relative, especially with women. As soon as you step outside your own country and start sniffing round, you come to realise the grass is definitely greener; beautiful women are very curious to meet foreign men and are in abundance. Who are we not to indulge?

Naughty Nomad's blog has numerous travel guides for Asian and European countries, with a main focus on girls and drugs.

Workshop 2.0 Update

October 10, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I wanted to share a couple thoughts from the workshops I've taught since starting up the program again a month ago.

DAY VERSUS NIGHT:

Day game is still the most popular option (even most of the night instruction I've done has come from guys also doing the day game portion). A lot of men are simply not big on drinking and don't want to spend time dealing with attitude, inebriated girls, cockblockers, and other distractions. On the other hand, night game is still the best venue for getting fast sex (sometimes within a couple hours), and a reasonable choice if you're a moderate drinker. The trend I see is that guys like myself start off with night game in their 20s and then ease into day game once they lose interest in the bar and club scene. If you're starting to learn game in your 30s, your best bet is with day game.

SECRET SERVICE STYLE RADIOS:

During the day workshop I can hear the entire conversation in my ear piece (the fact that it's live makes me feel like Agent Smith). In version 1.0 of the workshop most of my suggestions were related to body language since I couldn't hear most of what was said, but now I'm able to give feedback that is more related to game content. For instance, one thing I've noticed is that guys tend to fall back on ineffective conversational habits, such as asking personal questions when they run out of interesting chat. It usually takes about 4 or 5 approaches with my constant harping until the student starts to step away from them, and until then it's common to see a guy commit a mistake just one minute after I told him to avoid it. Some things are so ingrained that I have to beat it out of the guy.

The radios don't work very well at night. I only hear bits and pieces of the conversation because the background noise is too high. So now I just stand as close as I can to the student.

THE VALUE OF DEMONSTRATION APPROACHES:

I enjoy demonstrating approaches, especially since it's the only way I'm meeting girls at the moment, but I've come to the realization that demonstrations are ineffective to a newbie. A guy can watch me get numbers/make-outs all day but then when he approaches he hasn't taken anything from it.

When you want to learn a new song on an instrument, listening to someone else play that song over and over again doesn't increase your ability to play that song. Instead you need to hear it once to know how it sounds, and then you get to work with repetitions. Since my game is mostly calibration, meaning it can vary greatly depending on the girl I'm dealing with, watching me can actually hurt. Though if the girl is cute I insist on demonstrating.

My hope with day demonstrations is for you to understand how to maintain a convesation before the girl starts to invest herself. For example, in the clothing store I sometimes do

an approach with a bundle of plain socks to show how it's possible to have a conversation with just about anything. The sock prop was a joke at first, but I've developed a sock routine that has become pretty effective. I guess it's one of those things that you have to see to believe.

NIGHT WORKSHOP THOUGHTS:

The day workshop is nice and structured. We visit a venue, do a couple approaches, then on to the next one. The night workshop is more chaotic. While there are breaks to talk about previous approaches, it's not like during the day when we relax halfway through over tea and cookies. The mixture of alcohol, brutal cockblocks, and a surplus of dudes can have a demoralizing effect on new gamesmen. You need a tougher shell if want to crack night game.

That said, if you want to unnerve people in a bar, simply write in a notepad. About five times per night workshop I hear "Why do you have a notepad? Are you a journalist?" Some guy even asked, "Are you transcribing the conversation I'm having with my friend?" Yeah, asshole, your jokes are so amazing that I have to write everything down.

NEW REVIEWS:

I wanted to share a couple reviews from new workshop attendees. The first review is from blogger Neo:

> We rehearsed the openers before each venue. There was a beautiful girl who had entered the coffee shop at some point while we were reviewing the manual.
>
> Roosh: "That's the type of girl guys get into the game for."
>
> I agreed. She was really attractive, if I saw a girl like this on a regular day I wouldn't do anything, but I had to go for this. So I opened with one of the openers Roosh gave me and began a simple conversation. On the inside I was nervous, but the conversation flowed really well using the techniques Roosh taught me. She was studying for the LSAT and we shared the same ethnic background. Having dated a couple of girls in law school I also knew their hot buttons. About ten minutes later I had her number.
>
> Roosh: "How do you feel?"
>
> I was on cloud nine, this was one of the best looking girls I have ever gotten a number from.
>
> We continued through DC, going into each venue. The only issue was the lack of quality of the girls around. After the first girl I set my bar pretty high, I only wanted to approach very attractive girls. I had to prove to myself that I could build interest with girls who were supposedly 'out of my league.'
>
> We went to a bunch of different locations where I approached and Roosh did some approaches as demonstrations. One of the reasons I took Roosh's workshop and like his style is that he doesn't promise a magic pill. Quite the opposite, he says that getting good at game is a lot of practice and hard work. Before the workshop started he told me what types of closing percentages to expect.

> Roosh's approaches were a lot more relaxed and flowed better than the ones I did, I could tell that he had done a lot of them. We even did some hilarious approaches using outlandish items we found in the store. It made the workshop fun, and showed me that approaching girls is really no big deal and nothing to take seriously at all.

You can read the whole review here. Next up is an email from another student that I received three days after he took the day workshop:

> In other news: first daytime number close! Cute 18 y/o Mexican (thought she was Colombian) who happened to be obsessed with [my country] and wouldn't believe I was [age]. Walked and talked for 10+ minutes, ended with: "So you want to grab a coffee tomorrow?", "Well, I don't really drink coffee", "Ok, want to do something else then?", "Yes! of course!", then number exchange. Would be a little surprised if this doesn't convert, but logistics are going to be rather interesting.
>
> Point being, this never, ever would have happened more than 3 days ago! Didn't think it would be this easy :)

The number of exclamation points in his email might suggest it's fake, but I assure you it's not. Sometimes it's not a matter of me making the man, but bringing the man out. Here's another review:

> I had a great time during the day game workshop and it was a lot more fun than I had anticipated. The workshop was exactly what I needed because my biggest problem was getting past the mental barrier and fear of doing an actual approach.
>
> Strengths: The templates that we used were a great starting point on how to approach a women. This helped because the hardest thing about an approach is the beginning and these openers helped ease our nerves a bit since they seemed like simple conversational pieces. The venues that we went to were very diverse and it made me realize how I can pretty much run game in locations I didn't think were possible
>
> Weaknesses: There isn't much that I would say an improvement is needed. This workshop was about running day game and I don't think there is anything that wasn't covered. In my own case the only thing that I wished was to receive the workshop manual a little earlier so that I could study/memorize the material better and try to figure out my big bait material. The manual was top notch, not too big but straight to the point. I will know it like the back of my hand.
>
> The post workshop report was the best feature since I forgot a lot about what happened during the approaches after the fact. It helped me to get an overall idea of what I need to focus on in the future.
>
> Overall the workshop is something I would definately recommend to friends or

> anyone else who I thought had the same issues. I will give myself time to work on my game for now but I think I would be open to another workshop at a later date for either the night game workshop or to tweek my day game even further.

While the game curriculum is the same for every student, I like to offer custom tweaks to individual men. For example in this student's report I told him to introduce touching into his day approaches, a targeted suggestion that would give him more mileage because of his unique personality.

PRICING & SCHEDULING:

Here are the current prices:

	1-on-1	**1-on-2**
Day	$615	$375
Night	$560	

If you want to sign up for both a day and night workshop, you'll get a 15% discount off the total price. If you want to take a workshop with a friend, you'll both receive a 10% discount. Both workshops take place on either Friday or Saturday. To sign up, email me at **roosh@rooshv.com** with the word "Workshop" in the subject line and tell me which date is best for you. I'll ask you to make a deposit with a credit card to reserve your spot. Currently I'm taking dates through Thanksgiving weekend.

For full details on the content of the workshop and what's included, visit the workshop page.

Living In A City With Pad-Worthy Women

October 12, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In DC I usually go out in the U Street area. It has a good mix of slutty girls, pseudo-hipsters, and Ethiopians, without too much of the late-night thuggish ruggish bone element a few blocks away in Adams Morgan (even if it didn't I'd still pass because of the general sloppiness in the women that party there).

Recently I was at the apartment of a friend of a friend, located only one block away from my favorite spot in U Street. It was small but nice, with a little bar, a large bathroom that would make for airy dumps, and a view from the living room of street action below. I went home that night and fantasized about having my own apartment in that area, and how much better my life would be. I would get more one-night stands due to better logistics. I could cook for women and romance them in my bedroom. I could maintain normal relationships. Even with my current income I could rent that apartment without having to eat cans of beans more than twice a week.

Then I asked myself, "What girl have you met in DC that you would be eager to bring to your new pleasure palace?" Up to that point every DC girl I had banged recently with at their place, in a car, on a lady friend's couch, or in a park next to American University. My question was tough. There was that young Italian girl I saw briefly but we were more fuck buddies than a couple. The Spaniard was just my type but she didn't stay in the city for long. All the others were cheap thrills without long-term potential. The more I thought about it the more I realized that there is no girl living in DC who I would want bring over to my pad, spend time with them, and then clean up afterward. This is in addition to overpaying for DC rent (compared to other cities, anyway).

A couple days later I spent time with an old friend. He asked me what work I needed to do that required me to stay in the area. I had no answer. "It seems like you already got your dose of family and friends," he said, "and now it's time to hit the road again." I had only been back for three months, but he was right. Besides a handful of people, there is nothing holding me here (all my hobbies and work can travel with me). During the summer I was using the excuse of sleeping with random girls to delay having to make a real decision of what to do next.

After talking to my friend I got home at 6am and stayed up for another hour making a list of things I have to do before leaving again. I accepted that nothing here captures my imagination, or even motivates me to work hard or be a better man. There is no comfort in the growth zone, and there is no growth sleeping with another American slut. It's a waste of my prime.

I finally made a choice, selecting a starting country using a very similar process that Eddie Murphy used in *Coming To America*. I plan to be there early January. I need two months to prepare and then another month to get through the holidays. I'm already starting to experience the feelings of excitement and fear that came before my previous trips—two emotions that disappear within the first week in my new home as I learn how

to adapt and carve out a routine that keeps me sane and healthy.

I’ve always thought I’d choose the lifestyle I’d want to live, yet for some reason I feel like it has chosen me instead.

Lifestyle Interview With Lumiere

October 14, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The next lifestyle interview is with Lumiere, a man who has the most flags out of anyone on the forum. While by some measures he may be considered "old," he shows that age is no obstacle to living a mobile lifestyle full of banging foreign women. On the forum you'll find his best advice on Asian and South American countries.

On to the interview…

Can you give us a little background on your age and the type of environment you grew up in?

I grew up in a rough working class environment in Liverpool in northern England. I turned 40 recently.

What are some things that influenced you earlier in life that put you into the position you are in now?

Well in my early life I was obsessed with technology and, quite frankly, I was a nerd all through my teen years and was a very late starter when it came to women. However when I moved to London I was able to make a good living in tech which allowed me to save up and travel a lot.

Talk about your ideal girl. What does she look like? Where is she from? What's her personality like?

There are many things about women that I am attracted to but the principal factors can be broken down like this: I am a sucker for women with beautiful eyes—the windows of the soul. I love women who have natural figures. I hate the blonde/peroxide/false breast look. I love women who have a certain body type where there is a beautiful waist to hip ratio. A beautiful feminine curve. Above all I am most attracted to women who are totally aligned and in touch with their feminine polarity.

Personality? Warm, sweet, intelligent, adventurous, open minded.

In terms of ethnicity, I am a total sucker for the exotic. If a women is Mediterranean or South American or some crazy, sultry mutt mixture like quarter Mexican, quarter Russian and half Lebanese, I am sold.

What type of game do you run?

I run pure form game. I also teach it. It is based purely on vibing emotionally, solid inner game and being totally connected to your masculine polarity.

How do you change your game when you're abroad versus in your home country? How do foreign girls and American/Western girls differ?

The basic pattern detailed above never changes but in my home country I tend to avoid English girls and go for foreigners and, when I am abroad I tend to go for the local girls of the country I am in.

In Western countries, girls have mostly lost connection to their female polarity and are far

less sensual, soft, and feminine. They act like men. Also the concept of a woman knowing how to take care of her man has mostly been lost in Western countries and is seen as subservient whereas with many foreign girls, being able to take care of their man is a point of pride and not being able to take care of him is regarded as a failure.

Describe your travel experiences and strategy.

My travel experiences stretch across several decades. I have been around the world a few times in a single loop. I have taken many one-off trips but, when I have taken those one-off trips I like to spend at least a month in a country and explore every bit of it if i can.

Going on a holiday for a few weeks and lying on a beach has no interest for me at all.

In terms of strategy, I use the internet to build a prospect pipeline of local women before I arrive. I don't buy a guidebook so I don't feel the temptation to get trapped in a tourist loop. In short I avoid the three principal mistakes that a lot of people make:

1. Arriving in an unfamiliar country or city with an empty prospect pipeline.
2. Being lead around by the nose by their Lonely Planet guidebook.
3. Hanging out with people from your hostel as a social network instead of meeting locals.

What kind of lodgings do you stay in?

A mixture of hostels, crashing on couches and hotels (if the country has decent affordable hotels). Depends on how I am feeling and how much privacy I think I will require. If I am staying in a dorm or crashing on a couch, I like to scope out the location of a decent short time hotel to avoid losing lays for any logistical reasons.

How do you approach integrating yourself into a new culture with regard to food, language, local customs, etc.?

My approach to travelling is when I arrive in a country I want to know and embrace the culture of the country that I am in. The four principle ways of doing that are:

1. Walk their streets
2. Eat their food
3. Sex the local women
4. Speak the language

Obviously with language, that's connected to how long you are going to be in a country. If I am in a place long enough to merit learning the language then I do, and, if not then I don't (apart from learning one or two cute phrases).

What do you fill your days with?

Mostly chilling these days. I have already seen enough temples, churches, etc. in my life so I tend not to do the tours that are laid on for tourists. If it's something that sounds fun that I have not done before then I will do it even though it's touristic.

For example, I was in Vang Vieng last month and went tubing on the Mekong which is the number one tourist draw in a very touristic town, but I have never been tubing before and the parties that were happening in the bars that all the tubers stop off all the way along the river were raging. Music was great. I was swinging off rope swings and throwing myself in the Mekong, zip lining, water slides, mud volleyball, etc. I had the most fun I

have had in a long time.

So I keep an open mind to fun even if it's touristic and try not to be a snob and miss out on cool stuff just because it touristy.

Do you have a basic strategy for meeting women while you travel?

1. Fill prospect pipeline before I arrive with local women and hook up with them.

2. Avoid hooking up with backpackers or travelers, making exceptions only for relatively local countries. For example when travelling in Argentina, there's nothing wrong with hooking up with a Brazilian from your hostel. You are still in South America having a South American experience at least.

3. Adapt to local culture. For example, I know that in many Southeast Asian countries that it is just not part of the culture for local women to go to bars and drink alcohol. In the bars I know that I am going to encounter only tourists and semi pros. Therefore I know I will need to day game and to shore [bang prostitutes without paying for it].

How do you make a living? How did you get into it? What are some skills you had to learn?

A mixture. I play poker, teach game and lifestyle design, and do freelance journalism. My most reliable income however is passive rental income from property I have in London. In terms of skills, there are plenty but I would say that lifestyle arbitrage and learning how to use it has been a very key skill.

I believe you have the most flags out of any guy on the forum. How many do you have?

Well there are there are only 193 widely recognised sovereign states. I lost count a long time ago but I would guess around 75 flags right now.

The whole flag thing is a bit of fun though. I don't regard either picking up girls or capturing flags as a competition. Also, I am not a womaniser which I would imagine a serious "flag collector" would be.

A womaniser is somebody who uses women for sex, tosses them aside and says "next" whereas, as you can surmise from my philosophy of maintaining the connections that I have with women for a long time, I am only really interested in long term relationships. Not long term relationships in the way that society typically defines them, but long term relationships non the less.

I just love to travel and embrace the culture of the country that I am in. Sexing the local wimmins is just one of the ways of embracing the culture. One cannot truly appreciate or know a culture without sexing the local wimmins.

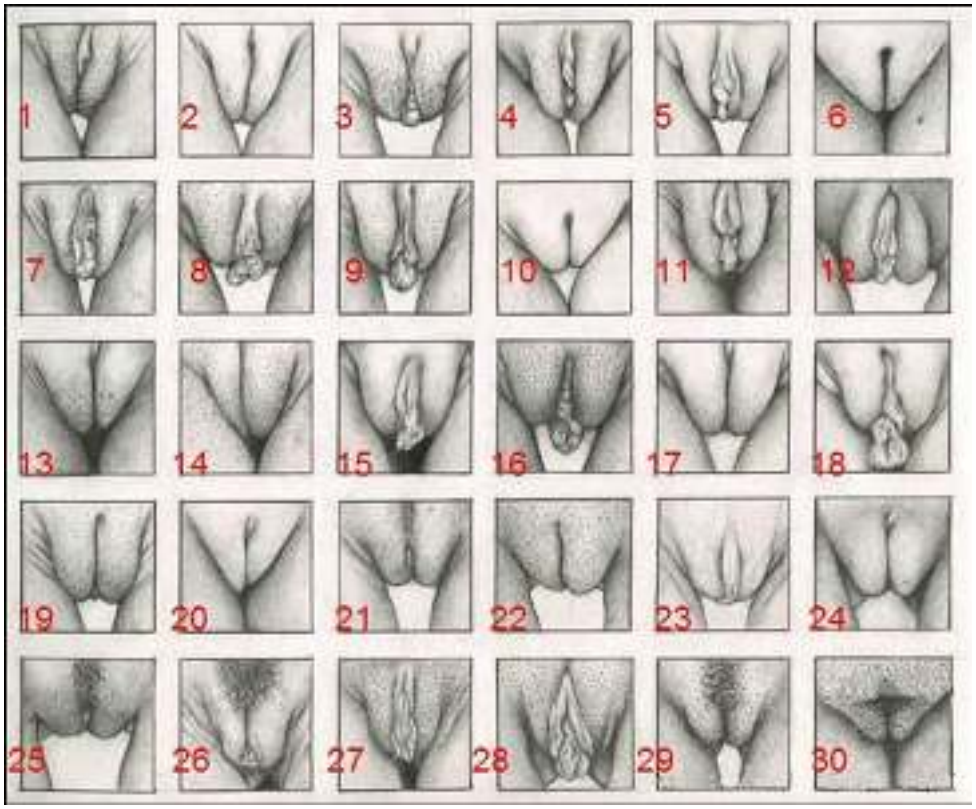
What are your future goals? How do you see your life playing out in the next 10-20 years?

I have designed my lifestyle in such a way that I have total freedom. Principally that involves removing all obligations from my life and removing location dependency as well. That allows me to live in a totally free manner, removes the need to plan and allows me to improvise and to truly live my life in the moment. So my plan in the next 10-20 years is

to do whatever the hell I feel like doing at any particular time.

30 Types Of Pussy

October 17, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



(Image source: unknown)

1. Razor bump pussy. She's still experimenting with the best Gillette model. The new razor with five blades caused a surprising amount of irritation.

2. Honda Civic pussy. The most common type of pussy. Reliable and basic with clean lines.

3. INTJ pussy. The clitoris is out just enough to make a pleasant introduction, but she's not exactly dancing on the bar.

4. Cunnilingus pussy. Another common pussy type with strong clitoris action. Easy to go down on if you do that sort of thing (I don't).

5. Vintage porn pussy. Humans have long since evolved, so you won't find a young girl with this pussy anymore.

6. Lazy pussy. She's putting in zero effort with her appearance yet still expects guys to approach her all night. You suspect she alternates between only two "going out" outfits.

7. Spinster pussy. This scraggly and worn pussy gave up and is ready for the body attached to it to die.

8. Dog ear in the wind pussy. The clitoris flaps around like it has a mind of its own, but trying to understand its movements will only confuse you.

9. Rain drop pussy. One more drop of pussy flesh and the surface tension will no longer be able to hold the entire apparatus to her body. I like the clitoris here more than the dog

ear in the wind pussy because it's easier to diddle.

10. Pedophile pussy. Perverted men put it all on the line to score this virginal pussy. It's as pristine as a mountain spring—can you blame them?

11. Predator pussy. If you stare at this pussy for 40 seconds, an image of the Predator alien will pop out at you.

12. Big pussy. Easy entry/exit, but she won't feel anything if you're not well-equipped. She'll be polite, though, and let out a few token moans at your ineffective thrusts.

13. Experienced pussy. This pussy tries to fake but those bumps don't lie. They act like tree rings and are easily measurable by trained scientists.

14. Social anxiety pussy. Awkward body language and tonality. You need a lot of foreplay with this one.

15. Domestic violence pussy. The pussy got out of line so the man had to slap it around, leading to a swollen, tender appearance. (That reminds me—what do you say to a girl with a black eye? Answer: Bitch I already told you once!)

16. Diarrhea pussy. This pussy ate a bad meal from Taco Bell and is now shooting semi-digested pellets into the toilet bowl.

17. Toyota Camry pussy. Roomier version of the Honda Civic pussy and more reliable with lower maintenance costs. Bring along a couple of your friends. (Editor's Note: This is my favorite pussy type. I don't have time to figure out how pussy works—I just want to hop in and get to my destination as quickly as possible.)

18. Last minute pussy. God didn't decide on the gender of this pussy until the last minute, hence the huge meaty bit that makes penetration extra challenging.

19. Chubby pussy. You look at this pussy and are not sure whether to recommend the cookie diet or P90X.

20. Shy pussy. More outgoing than social anxiety pussy, but her constant silence makes you wonder, "Does she like me? Is she playing games?"

21. Developmentally stunted pussy. If they caught the problem early then an endocrinologist could have prescribed a hormone treatment, but unfortunately it's too late now and what you got is a pussy that is small and under-powered.

22. Used to be fat pussy. This pussy has lost so much weight that the remaining skin is flabby and loose like an overripe pear.

23. McMansion pussy. You love this pussy in the beginning, bragging to your friends about all the extra storage space it contains, but then once you see your electric bill you wish you bought something more economical.

24. Eagle pussy. Wings in the back offer more stability during flight. Graceful, earnest.

25. Interstate highway pussy. When they built this pussy it was like a dream to drive on the freshly paved asphalt, but overdevelopment of the surrounding areas has led to intolerable sprawl.

26. Anteater pussy. How your grandma's pussy looks like. Loosening muscle and skin

has forced the first couple inches of the vaginal canal to prolapse outside of the body. Grandpa ain't complaining though… that sly devil.

27. Terminator pussy. One of Skynet's first models. The clitoris has a formidable exoskeleton that will swallow up your dick if you don't disable the chip first.

28. Turkey pussy. Wings, giblet, caruncle, wattle—you got it all here. Starter package comes with special handling instructions and food for the first month.

29. Department store pussy. It looked great when you tried it on in the fitting room, but at home it looks a little off. Maybe it's one size too small?

30. Morbidly obese pussy. When this pussy gets sick you need to need to call the special ambulance with the human crane. All hands on deck!

The Rabid Wolf Mentality

October 19, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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

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

Since then my tolerance for not getting laid has become extremely low. For the first two weeks after a new bang I show some symptoms of golden cock syndrome ("Whatever, I just got laid with this new chick—I'm staying in tonight"), but by the third week I feel like I'm definitely in the throes of a cold streak. I start approaching during the day to bulk up my prospect pipeline and add one more drinking night during the week if need be. By the fourth week it feels like I haven't gotten laid in forever. I may even say "I got to get laid" to friends. And shortly thereafter it happens almost like magic—my dick penetrates a fresh vagina.

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

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

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

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

me do all the time.

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

2010 Reader Survey

October 21, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

It's that time again. Many of you probably remember the 2009 Reader Survey a year-and-a-half ago. I asked dozens of questions with the intention of trying to construct a profile of my average reader.

This time I want to primarily learn two things:

1. The type of content you want to see in the future. I have a few ideas in mind, including cell phone apps.
2. Which format you like to read books on. I'm seeing decreasing importance with paperback among my readers.

The 2010 survey is short and shouldn't take more than five minutes to complete, and your input will help me decide how to prioritize and release future projects. If you have a couple minutes to spare then I'd appreciate it if you click here to take the 2010 reader survey. All responses are anonymous. Like before, I'll share later.

Kill Your Game Guru

October 24, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

"Beyond a given point man is not helped by more 'knowing.'"
—**Ernest Becker**

Since resuming workshops, I've been more careful about analyzing my day approaches. From those reflections I've realized that it's not just a couple things I do right, but literally hundreds of things, most of which I'm not consciously aware of. I can teach a guy everything I think is important to getting laid, but it will never be enough for him to get at my exact level. He'll improve, perhaps considerably so, but he won't turn into me.

Achieving a mastery level of any skill depends on three things: innovation, creativity, and motivation. You can live with me, watch me do 1,000 approaches, have a brain implant that offers a direct connection to my throbbing brain, but you will still not get to where I'm at right now. Instead, you must forge your own path *after* you've attained a competent level of skill which can best be described as semi-consistency. You must then invent a game that works best for you, becoming your own guru in order to achieve the highest levels. There is no book written out there to turn you into a master—you must write it yourself. That's the lone feature that separates guys in the big leagues from those still stuck in the minors.

Everything you read on my blog is intended for beginner and intermediate gamesmen. I sometimes share advanced tips on my newsletter, but those tips are so customized to *me* that it's not going to be helpful for men who are much different. I've been in the blog game long enough to know that you'll grow out of me within a couple years (for evidence check out the difference in commenter names on a two-year-old post like How To Pickup Girls For $100 A Month and something more recent like Most Livable Country: Colombia, Argentina, Brazil.) Unless you're reading me for entertainment purposes, you'll either give up on the game or take off the training wheels and do your own thing with minimal outside influence.

Every man who is serious about the game will arrive at a point where there's nothing more he can learn from other guys besides the occasional line. In the past year I've taken note of maybe four or five interesting lines from Roissy, Virgle Kent, and Mixxmaster, but not much more. It's not that I'm closed off to learning, but—at risk of displaying my ego—who's going to teach Jimi Hendrix lessons on guitar? The point of diminishing return from outside game material has long been passed. Any further improvement in my game must come from within.

If you're mostly content with your sex life, but want to achieve the next level, the only way is to stop studying game and then reinvent the damn thing yourself. It's possible that reading about game every day on the internet is a crutch that prevents you from experimenting and developing your own material where you come up with insights into human psychology and behavior that perfectly match your life and personality. Otherwise you read my blog and think that you're "involved," but you're still waiting for a magic line

or technique instead of grinding it out in the field. I don’t mind feeding you, but you’ll hit a ceiling of high competency that I or any other game guru can’t help you with.

Like an injured lion cub brought back to health at the local zoo, there comes a time when the lion heals, grows up, and is ready to be released into the wild. His first couple of steps are shaky and fearful, but next thing you know he’s tearing into the neck of a gazelle right before stuffing his meat into a young lioness under a shady tree after executing the paw nudge opener. His roars of delight can be heard for miles. Thing is I don’t remember ever teaching him the paw nudge opener.

I'm currently conducting the 2010 reader survey, where your input will help me decide what content to release in the future. Click here to take the survey. It shouldn't take more than a couple minutes to complete.

D.C. Cops Don’t Care If You See Yourself As A Princess

October 26, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A video making the rounds is a girl who got arrested at a Washington DC metro station. You only need to watch the first minute:

I was conflicted after watching it. On one hand I agree that police overstep their boundaries, letting their ego make decisions on who they arrest and how, but on the other hand girls like the one above need to understand that the world doesn’t exist to serve their unreasonable demands.

I’ve seen a lot of police brutality videos on the internet, and 90% of the time they get me riled up. Fucking police state! Who do those cops think they are! Yet my encounters with policemen in America have been uneventful affairs. The reason is because I act respectfully around police: I don’t curse, I’m not sarcastic or condescending, and I obey instructions. Plus I’m white. I’m going to defer to an officer’s authority because he has a significant amount of power over me, and angering him would make my life more difficult than it needs to be. While I agree with standing up for your constitutional rights, you can do it respectfully in the courtroom instead of getting tazed in the anus. If you’re white and get rough-housed by the police, you did some seriously stupid shit, and I’m afraid to say that most likely you deserved it, whether you’re a man or woman.

That said, the girl above made two grievous errors:

1. Mouthed off to a cop she already angered (the video depicts only their second encounter, well after the cop told her to leave the station).

2. Snatched her arm away when he decided to arrest her, and then further resisted when he tried to handcuff her. I know cops say “stop resisting” just to cover their ass, but she did seem to be resisting. If that was me I’d shut the fuck up and put my hands behind my back.

Even when viewing this video from my anti-authority lens, I can’t conjure up much sympathy for the girl. She did something I’d never do, and had to pay the consequences of her actions. Welcome to the real world.

Since I’m familiar with the area this happened in, allow me to fill in the details. The girl is 23 or 24 years old and a graduate of George Washington or American University. Her rating on the attractiveness scale is a 4 at most (see 3:45 in the video for a view of her rotund size—a likely explanation at why it took so long for the cop to completely restrain her). She drank herself stupid nearby at either The Green Turtle or McFaddens, two cheesy bars that are like the McDonalds of the DC nightlife scene for recent college graduates. She got hit on all night by a predominantly frat boy clientele, boosting her already unreasonably high ego to stratospheric levels. With the alcohol in her system I’m sure she felt like the queen of the ball, but did not take home a guy that night because

her stumpy lady friend executed the vicious cockblock right after last call.

Still on a high, she got rowdy when entering the metro system, forgetting that the Gallery Place stop is heavily patrolled by policemen because of regular fighting by bored urban youth. Treating the cop like one of the dweebs she turned down in the bar, she decided to give him the same cuntish treatment, even performing a practiced backturn that I'm sure has incurred feelings of rejection on dozens of men before. Some guys have been persistent, though, and tried to regain her favor after such a rejection, but her white knight in the shorts is always on the scene, lingering in the background, ready to soothe things over like he tried to do in the video when he begged the cop to "just let her go." Even with his display of bravery, he still did not receive the pity fuck once mommy and daddy bailed her out the next morning.

Did she learn her lesson? Let me phrase it this way: do you have any doubt that every time she interacts with a policeman in the future her heart beat and blood pressure will increase, her skin pores will produce more sweat, and she'll ultimately think twice before acting like a spoiled little princess to someone with authority? I have zero doubt. The irony of all this is if she was properly put in her place beforehand by real men, she wouldn't have the courage to go hard on a policeman. When I watch a video like this all I can do is shake my head at the kind of woman society is producing.

And then I laugh. What an dumb bitch.

I'm currently conducting the 2010 reader survey, where your input will help me decide what content to release in the future. Click here to take the survey.

Trip Contest

October 28, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Yesterday I booked a one-way plane ticket. The new adventure begins on January 11, 2011. Since I haven't given too many hints about where I'm going (hell even I wasn't absolutely sure until the other day), I think this would be a good opportunity to hold another contest…

The first person who guesses the country I have a flight to gets the ebook editions of Bang, Bang Colombia, and A Dead Bat In Paraguay. Fill in the email field of your comment so I can send you the prize package.

Here are some hints to start you off:

1. It's outside the U.S.
2. I've never been there before.
3. The cost of the ticket was between $300 and $1,500.
4. I'll stay in this first country for 2-4 weeks before moving on.

I'll only accept one guess per person, but if I see you guys struggling then I'll drop another hint in the comments and then you can guess again. Workshop students are ineligible, since I blabbed to them about my intentions to go there.

POSTSCRIPT: A commenter has correctly guessed the country. More info.

I'm currently conducting the 2010 reader survey, where your input will help me decide what content to release in the future. Click here to take the survey.

The United States Of Broken Women

October 31, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Not until I was back in the U.S. for five months did I go on a date with an American girl I hadn't already slept with. My game up to that point was only one-night stands and late-night meetups, and while it was serving me well, I was essentially porking the same girl over and over again.

This new girl I took out was a little different—classy and elegant with superb body posture developed from years playing the piano. I initially approached her at a coffee shop and we connected on various levels: we both have traveled extensively, we both speak Spanish, and we both hate D.C. The first date would be judged as a success by most people, with kissing at around the two-hour mark and enough gas left in the tank to keep it going for far longer.

I have a bad habit when I kiss a new girl without sleeping with her (i.e. when there is still sexual tension). For the first night I think about her. I imagine how the relationship would pan out along with all the nice little moments we'll have, until I snap out of it the next day. But with this girl, my brain wouldn't go along with my cheesy routine. I struggled to conjure up any sort of future scene between me and her even though we matched quite well on paper. I started to think of the reason why.

If I showed up looking nice on a date with a Brazilian girl, she'd compliment my appearance. An American girl would ask if I was a "hipster," or make some otherwise neutral comment similar to one a random elderly lady might give in a grocery store line. Do I need a girl to make a positive comment about my appearance? No.

If I was having a great time with a Colombian girl, she'd touch my thigh and say she was having a… great time. When an American is having a great time, she'll tell a convoluted story about how her friend is dating some guy she met on the internet. It's my responsibility to flesh out some underlying metaphor that is supposed to represent her feelings for me. Do I need a girl to make a statement telling me she's enjoying my company? No.

If a Puerto Rican girl likes me, she'd invite me to her home to bake a dish from her country that she suspects I might like. An American girl will offer me her Chipotle leftovers or make me a peanut butter and jelly sandwich, untoasted. Do I need a girl to cook delicious food for me? No. I don't need a girl to do anything but spread her legs, but these optional things hit the provider buttons of my brain, telling me that I can put more effort and investment into the girl. They tell me to take a short break from the game and enjoy at least a little bit of time with this new person.

Two days after the date with the American girl, I was out, prowling harder than ever. While she kissed me with enthusiasm and let me begin to make explorations of her petite body, the interaction had the same staleness I've become numb to. There was nothing about it that instilled any type of hope or feeling that my happiness would increase if I

spent more time with her. The best analogy I can give you is that we were colleagues trying to hide an affair from everyone in the office. It didn't matter that we were in the dark corner of the bar or isolated in a car, but it's as if people she knew were watching and judging her, and she was not allowed to say pleasant things or initiate a touch that could be considered "strong interest." And forget about displays of natural human vulnerability—that's simply not allowed.

Maybe we were starring in a reality show and she wanted to solidify a hard-as-balls reputation so that she would get a future book deal with an idea she had been tinkering with for the past couple of years: "How To Be A Cutthroat Independent Woman In A Cutthroat World. Did I Mention Cutthroat? Cutthroat!" There wasn't a scrap of feeling or emotion, and any opening up on my part by making positive but non-needy comments about our interaction would be severely punished with her not returning my texts or calls. Opening up to a Colombian, Brazilian, or Puerto Rican girl would be rewarded with reciprocation and a further deepening of the relationship.

The connection I get from one month with a Brazilian girl is the same connection I can get from spending one year with an American. The former starts calling me "baby" by the second date, something I started to do but actively repress for American girls. I'm two different men—one cold and unaffectionate to get some cheap fucks that tide me over until I'm rewarded for being a passionate, confident man to a grounded woman who knows how to be happy in a relationship.

I've dated too many American girls like the one I'm describing to you, so many "coworkers" who wanted to stay professional. (The only time that mask comes off is when I penetrate her—then she adopts a completely different persona that is best described as porn satire.) One reason I have tolerated this behavior recently is I was only interacting with them for a short time until getting to sex. And most of that time was under the influence. Prolonging the process with long-form dating reminded me of how challenging it is to accept this masculinity and lack of warmth, especially when you've discovered that it's not real, that women are really not like this. Believe me when I say I'm not angry, bitter, or sad—I'm only disappointed that the women of my birth country have been destroyed through the work of intellectual man-haters. Or is it the fault of suits in power who go along with the anti-man nonsense to lock up the female vote? All I know is that winning the lottery is only marginally harder than finding a woman who can serve her man like in the not-so-distant past.

Read this profile and tell me if it was written by a man or woman:

> I'm an ironically-self-proclaimed "bright young thing" in Washington DC, by way of the midwest. I currently work as a researcher/analyst/Intelligence and Reconaissance Ninja for a social media PR agency, where I anxiously await the DotCom Bust 2.0. I also frequently find myself on the fringes of the DC libertarian movement, having begun my life here as an intern for the free-market think tank mafia. My favorite pastimes include brunch, blogging, sharpening my wit, terrifying people with my charm, self-parody, and digesting the absurdities of the

> world around me. And in case you were curious, I'm much sweeter in real life.

If you told me this was written by a man, I'd raised my left eyebrow (the only one I can raise independently) at the "much sweeter in real life" statement, but I wouldn't be particularly shocked. It has the hallmark style of a guy trying to be witty and smart to impress whomever might read it—with the intention of sparking interest in a girl who desires someone with a stable job. Well it's in fact written by a woman, a term I have no choice but to use loosely these days. After taking several hours and a dozen drafts to get it just right, I guarantee you "she" congratulated herself for coming up with such a *powerful!* and *impactful!* description of who she is. While I have no doubt that sexless dweebs who didn't notice her misspelling of reconnaissance are lining up to shower her with attention, her profile is what I think about when I want to get rid of a persistent boner, or when I want to last longer in the sack while I'm fucking a girl.

I won't neglect to mention the flip side of the detached, professional woman because I just met her a couple weeks ago—a young lipstick feminist educated in an expensive university. She was sexy but had the bad habit of biting my lip, and not the sensual nibble that increases pleasure, but a sting that caused me to instinctively pull my head back. "Don't bite my lip like that," I said the first time it happened. "Oh come on," she replied. It was my fault I didn't enjoy the bite, even though it felt like the prick of a novacain needle before getting a cavity filled. She did it again. *I'm serious don't bite my lip.* She was insulted. How dare I question her chomps of passion!

She calmed down for a couple hours, but then it came again much harder than before. You might as well have taken a binder clip meant for a stack of papers and put it on my lip to pinch off a piece of flesh. I flipped out and the interaction terminated. I'm certain she went home to complain about me to her friends: "What a loser I met tonight! When am I going to find a real man who can handle this jelly!"

During the five days it took for the little scab to slough off my lip, I wondered where I could score some of the testosterone she must be injecting so I, too, can adopt a take-no-prisoners attitude that she was taught will get her what she wants out of life. In reality the testosterone is not injected directly into her skin—it's absorbed by her brain through the culture, which is rewarding young girls when they display go-getting aggressiveness that men used to possess. At the same time it punishes the easy-going, compliant qualities that are necessary to maintain fulfilling relationships and sane households. Even basic human traits like charm and flirtatiousness are like abstract paintings in America, nebulous constructs that no one wants to figure out or work on.

I thought back to the Colombian girl who was too *meloso* (affectionate) after just a couple weeks of dating. Not used to this behavior, I sternly told her to tone it down. I still remember her response—it was the same as a newborn kitten adjusting to earthly light: scared and confused. What a heartless monster she must've saw me as! Thing is I *was* a monster. They say acceptance is the first step, and with each foreign woman I date, I come closer to being a man that I would've never been had I not peeked around the corner into the "bad" neighborhood that all the cool kids seem to be sneaking out of.

Grab a random man off an American street. Take away the penis, broad shoulders, and body hair. Add breasts, a crotch hole stingy with its lubrication, and a tendency for inane chatter that is insignificant to all forms of life two minutes after it's uttered. You have an American woman. I'm not attempting to be funny: I sincerely cannot *feel* the difference between the men and women of this country once you take away the clothing and hair. Men look and act like fags while women act like men of yesterday, all to make a lot of money in an office park that contains a Starbucks. If you draw a venn diagram of both genders the circles might as well completely overlap. My expectations with women here are so low that going out with one is like spending time with my 7-year-old brother: as long as she doesn't piss her pants and embarrass me in public, the date was a great success.

The man who doesn't mind American women is cold and disconnected himself, hopelessly confused about his masculinity and his place in the world. I'd be an easy cheap shot for me to say "they deserve each other," but the truth is *no one else wants them*. If a Brazilian man couldn't fuck an American girl, he wouldn't spend a minute with her on a beach in Rio while educating her about his culture. If a Russian girl couldn't get a greencard from an American man, she'd rather put up with the alcoholic trolls dying off like flies in her own country than swallow her pride and post a dating profile on the internet.

An American man mating with his own kind reminds of when I saw two stray dogs having sex on a South American beach. The male had a little bicycle tire stuck around his neck which was attached to a long rope that trailed behind him (put there by some teenager I imagine), while the female was a nasty little thing infested with boils that finally let the male mount her next to a heap of trash. Locals and tourists were laughing at the scene, rushing to grab their cameras to take pictures. The dogs finished their business oblivious to the mocking.

One day later and the tire and rope was still attached to the male. I'm certain he died with it. The American man is not as helpless—he is free to remove the tire and rope, but decades of brainwashing have led him to believe that a fucking tire around his neck is the way things should be and that there is no alternative. Like the feral dog, he will fade into oblivion unaware that people are laughing at him when he copulates with the man-beast he calls a woman, or worse, a wife.

While traveling I rather say I'm a dirty Muslim Turk than an American. Seeing drunk douche bag Australians pull over my American counterparts is all the proof I need that the people from my country *turn off* others. Our culture of money and flash is universally admired, but the ignorant, fat, and lost populace that make up 99% of this country is wholly revolting to those who accept what it means to be human. The less American women I date and the more steps I take back from what it means to be American, the more I feel like a real person.

Wingman Rules

November 2, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Wingman rules must not be obvious. I say that because whenever I hang out with a new guy without discussing the rules beforehand a severe "miscommunication" is sure to follow. In case you forgot, here are the rules:

1. The guy who does the approach gets first pick. This should be common sense, but many times I've approached a group where my wing made a beeline for the hottest one. *I'm not doing the work for you, bro.* It shouldn't have to be said that the guy who put the most upfront investment should also receive the biggest possible reward. If your wing makes the approach, your mindset should be "I'm on standby, ready to help if he needs it." It would be nice if life was like *Swingers*, where two guys match up well with two random girls, but the reality is that you're lucky if just one guy comes out of there with something. That guy should be the one who did the approach.

2. Don't join the set until invited by the guy who did the approach. Understand that he's busy building interest and trying to establish conversation. By randomly rolling up and squeezing yourself into the mix, you'll disrupt his flow. There will be some point in the conversation, usually between the 1-3 minute mark, where he makes a comment about who he's with. That's when he glances over and introduces you. Before that, though, your only job is to hold the fort by deflecting potential cockblockers.

In some cases your friend will isolate the target on his own after the girlfriend moves off to the side. Your instinct will be to move on the girlfriend since she's free, but are you sure you won't fuck it up? Your boy is already isolated with his girl, so if you spit bad game the girlfriend may cockblock out of disgust with you. I'd play it conservative and let your boy get something strong going before you even start thinking of what you're going to get out it.

3. Don't upstage your wingman it front of his girl. Don't talk about your job, don't crack jokes, don't interrupt their conversation to say something witty, and definitely don't touch her—just *shut the fuck up* and make her think you're a quiet dude. The most grievous thing you can do is make it harder for your boy when we already know getting laid isn't the easiest thing in the world to do.

When I'm introduced to my friend's girl, I'm pleasant but terribly boring because I don't want her to have any doubt that she already snagged the "cool" friend. Without even saying anything, I hype up my buddy and make it more likely he'll hook up with her. The only time you should turn on the charm for the girlfriend is if *you* are already fucking her friend. For example, if you started dating a girl and she brings her girlfriend out, feel free to be your normal self. But in front of your boy's girl, simply be pleasant and quiet.

It's rare to see two guy friends who both approach with equal intensity. Usually there's the bold guy who does all the approaches and then the timid one who secretly hopes to ride off his coattails. Wingman rules are meant to maintain the power structure so the

timid friend with weaker game knows his role as the helper. Hopefully he'll get thrown a bone at some point, but until he grows a set and does some approaches himself, his job is to revel in your game glory and not fuck things up.

Problems usually come up when your wing is an alpha like yourself. Since when has "rules" stopped him? What happens is he doesn't respect your approaches, and then you don't respect his, and both of you end the night with no girls. While these rules can be seen as rigid, it ensures the best possible outcome for both of you, especially for the man who's doing most of the work. Whenever I go out with a new guy I start with "This is how I usually work it at night," and then go into the rules. No man has been bothered by them, and it almost always guarantees a decent night.

Get Ready To Learn About Iceland

November 4, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The winner of my trip contest is MAS, who correctly guessed that I'm starting my next trip in Iceland. I was surprised that he got it at only the tenth comment, so I asked him about his strategy. His response:

> I recently saw a bus ad for Iceland Air. It said something about being a layover for other European sites. Your question made me think of that bus billboard.

I picked Iceland for one main reason: it's the polar opposite of my South American experience. Everything about it is different: climate, culture, food, language, and women. Yes, I know that it doesn't have the prettiest Scandinavian girls compared to Sweden or Finland. I know the people are "weird," and I know it's going to be cold with only four hours of sunlight a day, but I'm not looking for a vacation. I want an interesting experience, and as the only tourist dumb/smart enough to go to Iceland in winter, I have a feeling I'll get it. (As for the weather, it's just a little colder than Washington DC's winter.)

My plan is to stay there for a month before moving on to the European mainland. Here's a list of countries I'm most interested in (as of today):

- Bulgaria
- Croatia
- Denmark
- Estonia
- Finland
- Hungary
- Latvia
- Lithuania
- Romania
- Russia
- Sweden
- Ukraine

I'm going to narrow this list down by at least half so that I'm spending more time in fewer countries—I have little interest in racking up more than a handful of countries and flags. Instead I want to dig deep with these new countries like I did in Brazil, Argentina, and Colombia, and that's hard to do that while backpacking in hostels. In fact, I've ditched the backpack—I bought a huge piece of luggage with wheels to hold both summer and winter clothing. My former Danish roommate said Scandinavian guys have ten times more style than American guys so I'll need the extra space to pack a collared shirt or two.

Nature

November 7, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

On a recent Thursday night I hung out with a group of friends. It was low-key because I had to get up early the next afternoon. I only had one drink.

During the drive home I was listening to music and thinking about if I should grab a burger snack at the McDonalds near my house (I was leaning against it because I knew it would probably give me gas). I wasn't on my cell phone, I wasn't thinking about some girl who did me wrong, and I wasn't drunk—my mind was clear and unusually free of distraction.

I was driving on a four-lane road. There were two lanes to my left going in the opposite direction, then a small median, then my lane, then the final lane to my right. Suddenly a black cat popped out of some woods from the left. I watched it quickly cross the opposite side of traffic. I only braked softly, assuming it would make it across the road with room to spare, but I badly misjudged its trajectory.

In the split second that a collision appeared imminent, two options popped in my head: braking hard to avoid impact or speeding up to pass it before it got off the median. I ended up slamming on the brakes, and came to a near stop in the middle of the road. I didn't hear any thump so I slowly put my foot back on the gas. I drove 30 feet away, then looked in my rear view mirror.

I saw a black mass in my lane violently jumping up and down, as if it was possessed by a demon. I stared at the mirror for at least 20 seconds, watching the cat toss its body around. My throat tightened. I took a deep breath then pulled over to the side of the road.

All my friends know I have an unusual fascination with cats (for a heterosexual man, anyway). I've been known to read cat blogs, cat comics, and I'm still a sucker for cutesy lolcat images. So when I got out of the car and walked up to the animal, I was not prepared to see that most of its head had been crushed. Blood was splattered all over the road. I instinctively put my hand over my mouth, and just stood there in shock, unable to look at it for more than half a second at a time. Its body was still shaking. After suffering badly for another minute, the cat finally stopped moving. If another man hadn't pulled over to help, I would have probably burst into tears.

It's not my fault the cat was slow. It didn't even have a collar. Stupid feral thing was probably crawling with fleas and parasites. There are billions of cats and maybe I did the thing a favor by putting it out of its misery. This type of thing happens a million times a day, right?

I imagined that's how other people would rationalize what I had just done. I'm not a PETA member and I don't think a cat's life is more important than a human's, but it's one thing to feel sorry for cute little animals dying and another thing to have killed one of those cute little animals. I'm the guy who gets a kick out of internet justice when 4channers locate the perpetrator of a cat abuser from a single frame of torture video, and though

this was an accident, I inflicted the same harm as those sociopaths. For a few hours it did feel like I killed a human being.

The cat I hit could not predict the accident. It’s not like it could plan for living the most pleasurable cat life possible until some idiot tried to time its movements as if it was a squirrel. Sometimes I wonder about people who plan their lives that way, working on the assumption that not only they’ll live until they’re 75 years old, but be in perfect health right up to their end. Every day I remind myself that nature doesn’t give a shit about my goals and dreams, that it will eventually misjudge my trajectory in a way that I will not agree with. I just hope it doesn’t again give me such a direct role when it needs to annihilate something it created.

The Women Of Vitória (Brazil)

November 9, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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

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

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

> I've heard the same complaint from many (Brazilian) people about the capixabas [people from Vitória] not being very open and friendly. I could think of many reasons for that, but mostly I think it's just because Vitória is an island and used to be a "green barrier" (barreira verde, don't know how to say that in English) to protect Minas Gerais. So we have spent a lot of time without much contact with other people, and I guess we have grown a little "suspicious" of everyone.
>
> We're not used to having tourists visiting, even from Brazil (except for the mineiros). You'd be surprised to know that a lot of Brazilian people don't even know where Vitória is. I get a lot of "Vitória da Conquista?" (a city in Bahia) when I travel. People joke saying that Bahia is North of Rio (meaning that Espírito Santo doesn't exist). We're a small town—we only have twice as many people as Copacabana, a *neighborhood* in Rio. So I guess we're like an unpopular high school gang, just hanging out together and looking out for each other. It's hard to get in (and no one cares to try), but once you do, you'll realize how cool we are. :)

> The problem with being an American guy trying to get girls in Vitória, I think, is that a lot of us have the natural “anti-American” instinct (as we also have the “anti-carioca”, the anti-anything that we consider better than us). As in “Did you really think it would be that easy to get me to bed just because you’re from Rio/New York/Paris?” We have an inferiority complex that we try to make up by being snobish and playing hard to get. But, it usually doesn’t last long. Girls in Rio are used to gringos, we’re not used to anyone. That *will* become an advantage eventually, but it does take a lot of game.
>
> And, everyone knows everyone here. Women (at least my girlfriends and I) try to be very careful with what they do, because the next day everyone is already talking about it. And when I say that everyone knows everyone, I really mean it (it’s crazy).
>
> There’s another problem that is very specific to Vitória too: there are a LOT of girls, and not too many guys. This *could* mean that girls would be easier here (out of desperation!), but this is what happens: guys have become the biggest assholes (not alpha assholes; just plain assholes). They think you have a moral obligation to worship them. So if they approach you and you’re not interested, they’ll immediately start cursing at you or trying to offend you. I’ve seen it happen a lot. Sometimes we *are* interested, just not in the mood to play their caveman game. So most girls in Vitória have grown tired of that, I think, and end up being more interested in hanging out with their girlfriends than putting up with one of these guys. You’ll see a lot of us dating guys from other states (who don’t live here, and whom we’ve met in Rio or other cities).
>
> A capixaba girl will behave completely different in another city, with other men (and without other capixabas around to make gossip). But maybe what I’m saying is all just bullshit and we *are* actually snobs. But I don’t think we are.

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

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

The Reenactment Video That Ends The Obesity Epidemic

November 11, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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PREVIOUS REENACTMENTS:

- Arm Crossing Approach
- Do You Have To Stand Right Next To Me?
- Doughboy's Super Direct Game
- Running Into A One-Night Stand
- Did You Fuck On My Couch?
- Bookstore Pickup
- My Personal Crisis

I wanted to pile on Roissy's recent anti-fat crusade with some activism of my own. In the following teddy bear video, I use a fictional conversation with a fatty to "hypnotize" all fatties into losing weight. Fatties who watch my video will find themselves shedding pounds in the next couple of weeks, seemingly by magic. No cookie diet necessary.

Let me guess—you now have the uncontrollable urge to remain hungry, right? Great success!

NEW CONTEST:

On a totally unrelated note, after numerous complaints I've come to the conclusion that the cover to A Dead Bat In Paraguay sucks major balls. So I'm holding a cover redesign contest on Crowdspring where the winner gets **$550 of real money**. Read the details. I'm hoping this bountiful prize will attract some real talent that can improve one of the crappiest covers ever made. Contest ends on November 23.

The Happy Man

November 15, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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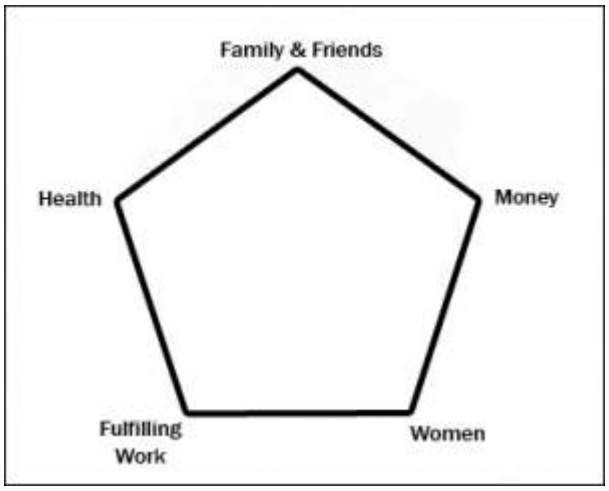
This post is adapted from a conversation I had with my 14-year-old brother.

While there is a large number of things that can increase the happiness of a man, I believe only five are absolutely essential. They construct a pentagon:



Family & Friends

Human beings are social animals. All those studies that say alcohol is beneficial to your health actually measure the social benefits of drinking (among other things), and not the effects of the drug itself. Truth is we need a stable circle of people to confide in and pass the time with. I accept solitude as a necessary feature of life, as even family members will come and go, but I know that I'm a more grounded, stable person when I'm anchored with other people that share my blood or personality type.

Health

If you've ever had a serious health scare, you know how just about everything else fades into the background while you focus on repairing your body, but a lot of people continue to mortgage their future with unhealthy living. This isn't about living to 100 years old, but living the most number of years with a sound body that enables you to enjoy other points on the pentagon. I rather die at 50, healthy as a horse, than living until 70 with half of those years afflicted by a chronic disease that could have been prevented.

Health is not only physical but mental, too, such as the case with depression and anxiety. I know that my mental health degrades when staying in the United States for an extended period of time, improving drastically once I hit the road.

Fulfilling Work

It's hard to approach other areas with vigor and optimism if you don't look forward to each and every day, something that only a fulfilling job can give. Otherwise you may fall into ruts that involve drug abuse and wasteful habits like television watching or obsessing about the news. There are too many hours in a day to suffer not having something that stimulates your brain and allows you to feel that you're making a positive difference in

the world.

One good thing about my generation is that they are less patient with boring jobs. You won't find us working in factories (like there are any, anyway) and it's common for men to take a year or two off to explore things on their own in order to discover the type of life that tailors them best. You probably already know several men who are doing what they love, with gigs that most likely started as an extension of their hobbies. We live in an age where a budding writer, musician, artist, or entrepreneur can succeed with desire and hard work, something that was considerably harder twenty years ago. Old excuses for being stuck in a dead-end office job are no longer valid.

Women

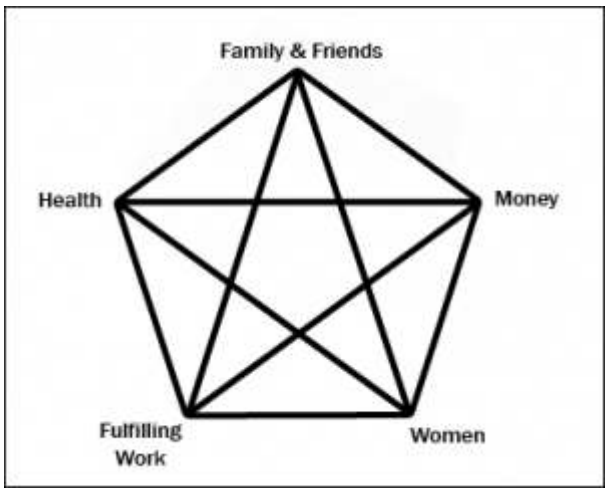
We can't fight the genetics that nature has given us, which says that we need to mate with fit members of our species. It is undeniable that a man is most happy when he's sexually active. There is a point of diminishing return where too many women will not increase happiness, but there is a basal level of sex that I'm sure releases beneficial hormones into the male bloodstream, allowing him to more easily focus on other aspects of the pentagon. For most of my 20s, my main focus was on women, but as I can now stay sexually active with a smaller amount of effort, my focus has easily shifted to accomplishing other goals.

Money

Lack of money limits your options for achieving other areas like health and women. One problem with the Western man is that even though he is making a lot of money (compared to men from other countries), his lifestyle is too high maintenance and full of consumer waste. His income is high but because he doesn't save, he will never see the benefits that a pile of cash can give him, such as peace of mind and extra options during stressful times when he experiences a direct hit to work or health areas. The Western man ends up worrying more about the future than a poor man living in a Brazilian favela.

Currently I'm more financially secure than I've ever been in my life, but I live like a frugal man because I know that an upgrade in lifestyle with more "stuff" will not result in an increase in happiness. I enjoy my time with simple experiences while letting money in the bank balance the ups and downs that will get thrown at me.

Understand that every point is connected and always affecting each other:



In America it's hard to have health with money, and even an overindulgence with women can result in health problems. A problem with work may strain relationships with family and friends, or hammer your energy so that you don't have enough left over for women. Here's the happy man "pentagon" that we have been trained to believe since birth:

Many Western men believe money, above all else, will lead to happiness, but your life can still be bleak if you are rich but haven't worked on the other areas.

I can't say I'm too optimistic for the Western man. It is now exceedingly difficult for him to find a decent woman, regardless of his income. He has the least amount of friends of any culture, and he has to deal with the most expensive health care system in the world along with diminishing job prospects. While expatriation is an idea that may improve the life of many men, it will not bring him more happiness than if was already born into a society whose soil was fertile enough for his development. Western land has become an increasingly harsh environment for robust crop cultivation.

The key to happiness is balance. While a short-term excess with one point won't hurt you, prolonged obsession with women, work, or money, for example, will definitely cause other areas to suffer. Is there a book written on how this balance can be achieved? Is there a man who can be modeled? I don't believe so. You must determine the best mix for yourself by being mindful about working on all five areas. That usually means working hard on your goals, changing comfortable routines, taking risks, and being a real man instead of a chump that modern culture is telling you to be. You must carefully stop and think at what affects your being. You must make the right changes, and you must embrace a lifelong process that will make you not only happier, but the best man that you can be.

2010 Reader Survey Results (Part 1 of 2)

November 17, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Here's a brief summary of the multiple choice results:

- 95.3% of you are men. Sausage party!
- 60% of you are between 22 and 32 years old.
- Out of those of who own an iPhone or Android phone, 55.7% are likely to buy a Roosh app.
- 88.5% of you think field reports would help your game.
- 21.2% would likely buy an audiobook edition of Bang.
- Only 14.7% own an e-reader. Most of you do not plan on buying one anytime soon.
- 64.6% of you would not mind if I released a book in ebook format only.
- About half of you like the current mix of game, travel, and lifestyle posts. A third wants to see more game posts.
- 40.8% of you do not know I have a Twitter account.
- 7.2% of you do not know I have a newsletter.
- Two-thirds of my readers are begging for more reenactment videos.
- 2.8% of you want me to commit suicide.

Before doing the survey I had ideas for three separate iPhone apps. The results only confirmed that it's something you guys would be interested in, but then I did some research on the Apple approval process and realized that there is zero chance my apps would be improved, even if I toned them down. I guess what I'll do is wait a year or two for Android to get more popular and write apps for it instead. Fucking Steve Jobs has deferred my dreams! On the bright side I don't have to install iTunes bloatware on my computer.

Now let's look at the write-ins. Keep in mind I only was able to display a fraction of the comments I received. Just because you don't see yours here doesn't mean it didn't penetrate my being.

How do you feel about ebooks?

- Who wants to read on a tiny gay screen.
- Depends on the book. Throwaway reads are ok but I like having books I go back to on paper. Any kind of DRM makes them useless and I wouldn't take them for free.
- I like the privacy of ebooks; nobody knows what you're reading
- I work away from home (Englishman in France). A Kindle means I get immediate delivery of ebooks via 3G. I have >100 books on it at the moment which I can carry where and when I want. ebook IS the future
- It won't really take off till they combine them with smartphones.
- Kindle is amazing. All my jackets have inside pockets, it slides right in. I look down on fellow public transportation riders who stare off into the distance, wasting their

lives waiting for a bus. I think the Kindle is enough to get people reading again who would otherwise not, and game is enough to turn betas into alphas. They go hand-in-hand. Brilliant.
- dictionary function is cool for all the big words you use **[Editor's note: Do I sense sarcasm?]**
- Ever since the time Amazon deleted versions of "1984″ on people's Kindles, I've decided to NEVER buy an e-book reader.
- To be perfectly honest, I like ebooks because you can download them for free from third party sites

How do you feel if I released future books in electronic format only?

- Ebooks make me think of self published wana-be hucksters.
- I am ready to remit money only by post, not online **[I get emails like this all the time.]**
- Whatever is cheaper
- Do not use DRM on your ebook. It will greatly restrict the number of people who can read it (B&N DRM is not compatible with Amazon, for example). Those who want to steal text will do it from PDF anyway. **[None of my current electronic editions contain DRM, even the Kindle versions]**
- A few years from now printed books will be very rare. In the new version of Fahrenheit 451 they'll be deleting hard drives….
- Real paper books are more respectable
- Does Amazon have the new edition of Bang yet? I want to buy it, but don't want to get the old edition by mistake. **[Yes it does.]**

Do you think I'm achieving a good content mix on my blog?

- Your posts on how American women suck get a little repetitive. We all know it's true, but continually posting on it is unnecessary. More ACTUAL game posts, please.
- You have a good mix, but I like your blogs on game the most, your travels are interesting but I don't know how applicable they are to me bc I don't international travel that much and the lifestyle is nice but I respect that we have 2 different lifestyles (which is ok, I'm not trying to copy you)
- Your not about Travel or liefstyle man, sorry. Your about fucking bitches (game) and that is what makes you best. If you going to do something travel related it has to be all about the game inside of it. Like how Naughty Nomad does the city guides for places around the world but it's all there just to help you game more.
- Maybe it's just me, but I've read most of all I'll ever need to read about game, but I would never get tired of reading about lifestyle and travel.
- Your experiences abroad are far more entertaining and informative than those of the local variety.
- Your mix is fine, but as a writer/intellectual with definite plans for global travel, I'd like to hear more about your vagabond artist mindset.

- Maybe it's just where i'm at in my life, but I completely skip your travel posts.
- I'd especially like to see more practical traveling advice – "this is what I did to not get mugged," "your best option for travel in s/a or afr. is such-and-such," and "here's how to make fast friends with couch surfing hosts so you can keep it up"
- You don't talk about politics much these days. If possible, try to talk about it even less.
- I like the life philosophy posts you put up, they break it up very well. The travel ones are good, but make me feel shit for how little places I have been.
- Something about how to find yourself.
- Game and lifestyle posts are the main reason I read your blog. The travel stuff is cool too, but I find the travel posts I enjoy the most also have elements of game and lifestyle woven in.
- Game should always be the backbone of your blog's content but I'd also like to see more posts about gaming in foreign countries and I think this is a unique aspect of your blog that greatly adds to its appeal.
- The game and travel posts are the core or your blog's appeal. I'm having trouble recalling lifestyle posts which were not all but about travel or game. So I guess I'd advocate upping the game posts until you get to travelling again, otherwise the blog starts to lean a bit much towards the 'life' posts
- Maybe you could also share thoughts on game on underage girls? i am sixteen years old and still have to do some improvising

What is your verdict on the teddy bear reenactment videos?

- I would never look at freakin' teddy bear do anything.
- They're ok but it wouldn't be the end of the world if you stopped doing them.
- The personal crisis one was a window into your soul.
- They're all fucking hilarious. I have a picture of you in my mind as a guy with dead-pan delivery, and the videos match that expectation and reinforce it. They're hilarious + informational.
- Ah, where to begin. I love direct game one "are you scared? because I'm not". I like the idea that maximum ballage can take you places. The follow up with your sister is great too. The jilted, previously banged chic one was also excellent. Of the ones not contributed by you, Roissy's was the best, though being a regular reader of his as well certianly helps. That lawyer shit never gets old.

Pretend my blog is a radio show and you can call in any post you want. What is the title of a post you would like to see in the future?

- Losing your virginity
- First impressions from a Silvio Berlusconi late night private party (with pictures)
- Rooshv moves to location with better weather and hotter girls. Stops complaining.
- Hot girls that know they're hot.
- Sober game

- Elevating Your Perceived Status As An Outsider
- Game tips for Geeks / People who have spend most of their youth achieving academic excellence and now want more sex
- How To Eye Fuck
- 'Quick monthly review of dull celebrity news that you can spout to girls. Witty remarks about said dull celebrity news for gaming purposes'.
- How to bang a co-worker and keep things drama-free. or How to fuck the friend of a girl you've been sleeping with.
- Maslow's Hierarchy of Pootang
- Sarging for seniors
- Does Gaming ruin you as a potential good Husband?
- Banging the "princess" college girl…and all her friends
- how to build confidence flying solo **[Answer: Fly solo]**
- Top 10 things that don't matter for game
- Real tales of Colombian women. What were your dates like? More details.
- Roosh conquering Addis Abeba (and I'd probably come down and join you in your crusade)
- A Step-By-Step Explanation of How I Ditched the Corporate Grind–And How You Can, Too.
- How I tag-teamed a cheerleading squad with [FAMOUS NAME]
- my greatest breakthroughs in learning game
- How Your Friends in Steady Employment with Families Made a Bad Decision
- training women to tolerate flatulence
- "How to take yourself seriously without taking yourself too seriously"
- 100 MORE reasons why foreign women are better than american women.
- "The American girl who wasn't annoying"
- What I would tell my younger self
- Most common mistakes guys make when abroad **[I had this planned at some point]**
- dealing with the police in south america: trying to convince them you didn't know how old that girl was.
- Logistics. They is what a snl looks like in crazy detail.
- The Bratislava movie actress.
- Funniest Experiences in Meeting or Bedding Women
- The Mistakes That I Still Make
- who's really running chateau – a rooshv exclusive exposé
- How I Banged an Ethiopian Babe
- Life advice with a hairy unemployed womanizer.

CONTINUED: Part 2

2010 Reader Survey Results (Part 2 of 2)

November 18, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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PREVIOUSLY: Part 1

What should I do with my life?

- Please leave this disaster zone we call America, where the subtitle should be “We have everything but no one is happy”. After being born and raised in the US, I spent 2005-2009 in Peru. Never was I happier, or had more quality girls to bang, than there. I’m heading for Ecuador this coming January. I can’t wait to get back to that life.
- Seems you’re finding your way….learning how to make money independently and mixing foreign travel with occasional trips back to the US (though you seem more and more disillusioned with america). i am very interested in your periodic posts about how you are too far down the path of bedding new women to ever get with a single girl. you’ve started to make me think that game mastery is ultimately self-defeating…a very fun ride to…nowhere
- Who cares, just keep writing and making more funny videos (my all time favorite was the one about Medellin, fucking awesome!) **[Read the video comments---many Colombians are wishing for my death.]**
- DC sounds like crap and it coloring your view of all America. I love Austin, Tx and the chicks are beautiful and usually cool, though of course we have our share of bitches, flakes, etc.. I don’t feel the same way that you do about America in general though. I am happy here. I don’t think I would be happy in DC though.
- You should travel to Poland and report on your success with game. I went there 4 years ago and the quality of women in terms of appearance was the best I have seen anywhere (I have been to Brazil (Rio), Chile (Santiago), Hong Kong, and Italy as well as most major U.S. cities. Krakow and Cieszyn are unbelievable. I wasn’t very aggressive then, and had limited time, but I guarantee you’d appreciate the quality, and am wondering how much success you’d have.
- I think you’re doing a pretty good job of leading an “examined” life. You seem a little hard on yourself, like you should be making a decision. Living in the moment is great, something I’ve learned from the 30 year old Colombian girl I’m currently dating, thanks to help from your blog :-)
- Expand your empire. Destroy your enemies. Hear the lament of their women. Pulverize poon perpetually. What the fuck? Settle down? Make more money. Do more lifestyle experiments (not necessarily inside the realm of game), those are always wildly popular and help to get wider exposure.
- You need a worthy challenge. No matter what city you go to, even if you find one where the women are the most amazing, beautiful, sexy, cultured, sophisticated, and secretly-dirty creatures ever, you’d still eventually become dissatisfied as long as your objective is simply to bang them all. A worthy pursuit… to a point. You’ve

cracked Mother Nature's code. You can get sex easily and will always be able to. Well done. But as we know, "success with women is more disillusioning than failure." Perhaps you're disillusioned. You've conquered something that has been engineered to be hard. And how do you define "success"? Just banging? Maybe. But you've conquered that realm. So what if you move the goal lines?

- I obviously don't know you, so take it with a grain of salt, but you seem to have some attachment to the people in your life and moving across the world can wreak havoc on that. It has it's perks of course, but be prepared for relationships with friends and family to take a hit.
- Dude, go to NYC for 6 months. It's increasingly where your readership is. And imagine how many more readers you'll gain once you're writing about gaming in NYC. You'll tire of it eventually, but it would be a great change of pace. Not the cheapest place you could go, but may well pay back as an investment in your business.
- American empire is crashing, things will only get worse for the majority of people. if you have the means to leave, which you do, i suggest you skip town.
- I personally think the US is on the decline and it will take some time to recover. If you have a decent income stream, the quality of life can be much better in south america or some parts of asia. if my spanish was better, i'd move to colombia or buenos aires. but i don't have an income stream.
- Four months in DC, four months in a foreign country, four months somewhere else, every year. Variety is the spice of life. If you live in a foreign country for more than a year or so it will lose its luster.
- Your view of American women is skewed because of your location. I lived in Virginia for 4 years when I was in college, and it was the worst experience of my life. Terrible women, terrible weather, terrible people. I moved to Los Angeles after I graduated and traveled the country for a half year. Los Angeles is filled with beautiful women, interesting people, and good times. I don't see myself going anywhere for a very long time. Amazing place to be.

Complain to me about things you don't like about me or my blog. Don't hold back!

- You cross the line at times. Hyperbolic comments about women are generally not true, and they feed the minds of men who are too stupid to appreciate the humor without taking it as commentary on the true nature of women. I prefer the company of men who want to reverse-engineer women's minds in order to have lots of sex, yet are sophisticated, and not woman-haters (even if we hate that they don't want what we want). The more misogynistic stuff leads to more idiots commenting. I enjoy a little misogynistic humor myself, but only when it's pretty close to the truth. I understand that's a tough trick to pull off though.
- For the love of god no more tits or vaginas without warning. I like to read your blog at work and not get fired.

- Release the Day game book already.
- You're getting old. Half of your posts are over my head. The Xtramoral stuffs good.
- Too focused on easy girls. Not a big deal, since the principles are the same. But you do seem low on patience. I'm not looking for one-nighters myself. Also you need to eat better. Try watching Anthony Bourdain or something.
- More photos in the posts man. It's the 21st century and everyone wants to see a graphic even if your talking about some girl you banged and you don't have a photo, throw in a dog photo or something, just to add something.
- You could calm down on the criticism on american women. I think we get the picture. They leave a lot to be desired, but for most of us we have to figure out how to deal with them. Also some of your english is lacking in correct grammar. No big deal though.
- Your writing style could use more professionalism.
- I don't like you stalling on projects. Hurry up and get that Day Game Booklet out!!!!!!!!!!! Your taking your sweet ass time; I could be dead tomorrow in this busy ass city!
- Stupid pop-up box on the website even after I have signed up for the newsletter.
- I'd appreciate a greater frequency of posts.
- I liked that dark side of game post, and the dialogue where you were emo and not sure you wanted to game anymore. Gaming dumb chicks kind of bores me, even if they are hot. Did any hot chick actually engage your mind? When did you start feeling something almost real? A little more vulnerability would be nice. When did you crack?
- The misogynist posts aren't really entertaining. If you don't like women, why dedicate so much time to them? Monks seem quite content.
- Your blog and Bang are bringing out the best (and worst) in me. Sometimes I'm not sure if I like what I am becoming but results don't lie.
- I think I might be attracted to you if I met you, but then I'd be quickly turned off because you don't have a job.
- In general, I'd like you to be more upbeat on your blog. When you talk about travelling, or your happiness at the success of your books/workshops, you write with a really clean and infectious enthusiasm. I want to take your workshops just to see you on top form gleefully clearly getting a high out of teaching and using microphone tech and stuff! However, when you talk about women it comes across as bitter and sometimes even poisonous.
- I don't get much out of the interviews. I go to your site because i dig your writing style and your attitude on life. Reading about other game heros and their amazing rock star lives is not interesting to me.
- You don't make your position about flip flops clear enough
- Dude, let yourself go and travel more. I have been living overseas for 8 years and haven't had the desire to go back even once since then. It is hard for me to understand your urge to return to seemingly "recharge the batteries" — family and friends there not withstanding. GOING BACK would be a total battery drain for me. I

make my family and friends come visit me if they want to see me, otherwise tough shit. You heart is free… learn to follow it.

- Firstly i would like to say that your abundance of coarse, Persian facial hair reinforces the cave-manish and Neanderthal-like nature of your thinking. Your greasy locks have also caused me to rescind my belief in Christianity, as i can not reconcile the fact that an egomaniacal misogynist such as yourself shares the same external visage as Jesus.
- You have a blog? I that was an ad for your book.
- I miss the economic posts, i would like to see your opinon on Obama, illuminati, etc. The only question I have is since your core business revolves about you bedding the ladies what will happen if you decide to setle down? Which will then be your income flow? Don´t leave all your eggs in one basket.
- I don't like your regular bashing of capitalism/consumer culture, which fuels your existence and is responsible for your income. Your complaints and writings on the subject just sound juvenile and uninformed, like some college kid who has never experienced anything in the world. You're better than that. Your computer and the tools you use to disseminate your writing, your readers' computers, etc. all come from this.
- I find some of your viewpoints a little sociopathic at times, and think you could refrain from (for instance) writing things like how to cheat successfully. A real man ought not lie about that sort of thing; it's a form of cowardice, not to mention unjust.

Stroke my hairy balls a little and tell me what you like about my work or things I should keep doing.

- I enjoy your writing style, especially your stories like Medellin diaries. I generally agree with your world-view, and it is interesting to read your opinions and experienced based views, and realize that I have formed very similar views on my own, in my own life experience, (validation is perhaps the best term?). I like how you are not afraid to step out from behind the curtain so to speak, and show your readership a little about you the real human, verses hiding behind the internet. This seems to have been a theme for you all along but few others do it. On a side note I'm very impressed that you've been able to keep the momentum and mental energy flowing for over 5 years as it seems many fade out quickly. Keep up the good work. I think you are a quality writer and would enjoy reading your work (and future books) even outside of the genre of travel and game. Perusing the old DCB archives I noticed you used to give your opinions on all sorts of different topics and current events, which I enjoyed. I think I may have seen this on another comment, but it's your personality which shines through your words, regardless of topic, that is entertaining and keeps me interested. Like talking to a good buddy, that i never met. Cheers.
- Consistently entertaining PUA blog (among the very best), and because you're willing to discuss odds and the amount of work necessary for the typical guy to get a

lay, you have more credibility to me than any other source out there giving me advice on PUA. Thanks man!

- I think you take a lot of shit in the comments that is undeserved. keep up the good work
- You are god, your advice on game simply works, nuff said.
- I've enjoyed your no frills approach to explaining how to get laid. You system helped me land more top notch pussy than I could have ever imagined. Taking girls out on dates to dive bars, places which I already frequent, has become a religion and helped me to break away from the crutches of one night stand and social circle game. I salute you for being the first to easily explain the process of "dating" women for the sole purpose of banging them. It has been life changing.
- I like that your straight forward and to the point and tell things how it is. I like people that are real. You are real.
- Your success is based on your truthfulness. (That's why you have female followers, for example.) So keep it up!
- You call it like it is. Your advice is geared more towards actual pickup rather than other PUAs who pretend to know a lot but just parrot out some meaningless advice and only seem interested in selling their next product.
- I bought bang with no expectations and was blown away. I've lent it to friends but always ask for it to be returned (unlike any other book I've ever lent out). Recently I've used both your txt message and flying solo guides to get laid. I read your twitter and if you gave a field lesson in NYC I'd sign up in a second. In the beginning when you wrote that women should "serve" their men I thought "this guys clearly a misogynist". But I realize I couldn't have been more wrong. You don't hate women, you love them. And those negative thoughts were the product of years and years of liberal feminist garbage being force fed to me. Castration is a side effect of living in NYC. After reading Bang I started to hit the gym, took a few Thai kick boxing classes, etc now I'm in amazing shape and I get laid like never before. Thanks for helping me get some testosterone back.
- Its the best pua blog for motivation. I think that you are a great teacher. I have a feeling that most guys need help on that initial cold approach. Its that courageous leap that prevents most from accomplishing what they desire. If you can articulate what is or what is not going through your mind at that moment it would be beneficial to your readership. Break down that speedbump for us, and experience will teach us the rest.
- I like your writing. I'm a former chief editor of a national magazine, still contribute regularly to magazines, and won't put up with bad writing — yours isn't. I would buy a piece from you if I were still in the market, and you were covering something I could use.
- Keep up the dead on analysis of just how non-complex girls really are even though they pretend with great facades to be some sort of vault.
- I like it that you put links in your posts that take me to older, slightly relevant posts. Nice variety of topics, and thanks for keeping politics out of it.

- Always well written and perceptive. I think you could easily create a empire by taking you understanding of human interaction and using to teach business skills. How much fun that would be I don't know, but I believe you have the option.
- Bashing the bullshit sense of entitlement all western women have. Providing inspiration. Travel, language learning, writing, slamming pussy. Combining them. Don't stop now.
- You're blunt. You"re aimed directly at my demographic. I don't have to suffer through the Race-baiting that occurs at multiple other PUA sites. You"re humble. You're willing to try to cover a subject throughly in one post instead of just mentioning one thing and dropping it. You seem chill.
- You, unlike any other game blogger, talk about stuff regular guys can do. You are not all pretentious, I can see myself being like you in a gaming situation. Keep it real like that.
- Congrats for creating and awesome forum, especially the travel forum. I am looking forward to try and meet up with some of the other users one day. But also the other subparts of the forum are good – that and the tim ferriss blog really keeps me updated with everything worth getting to know on the net and IRL.
- I read "The Game" 3 years ago, which was significant to me because it made me believe that it was possible that a regular guy could do this successfully. But I was twisting in agony until I bought "Bang" two years ago. My socially life is twenty times richer. Seriously. Sincere thanks.
- You're writing style is excellent, as are your storytelling skills (several have had me riveted until the end). Overall your blog is fucking awesome. Seriously, you have no idea how much more of a man I've become since reading it. You were a large factor in my decision to quit my job and go traveling, one the best decisions I've ever made (albeit for different reasons than you usually have). My attitude towards and the way I treat women since I've been reading has changed, with positive results. Keep up the good work, we need more blogs like this.
- Your travel adventures are the best. They are the optimal vehicle for you to discuss game, hone your story telling skills and have adventures. It allows others to live vicariously through you. You are an inspiration in that regards.
- I like the semi-detached writing style of many of your anecdotes. i like your continued unwillingness to be phony. i like your commitment to reject others' expectations for you and to do your own thing. i always appreciate your wit and candor. i've noticed an increase, however, in emotion regarding your exploits; namely, disgust. while on the surface, one would think it's disgust with the women involved, i suspect a small degree of latent self-loathing is involved. this is new. examine this possibility, objectively.
- I was randomly searching about argentina girls on google, which led me to your blog (and board), where i was first really introduced to real game, which led me to a trip in south america which was the best time of my life. thank you man.
- "Bang" has the best practical outline for building things up from a foundational level that I've ever read.

- I live a similar lifestyle as you so I find your blog fascinating. You talk about things I think about but never publicly say.
- Your no-bullshit approach is extremely refreshing. Whereas many PUA Community guys make outlandish claims about being able to fuck any girl they want, I appreciate that you might put up a post (e.g. your Belo Horizonte post) where you say that even after years in the game you still have off-nights. This has undoubtedly given me more confidence than any of the hyped-up "Get laid now!" shit you see on other pickup sites. Although I can see some evidence of influences from famous PUAs in your work, your blog stands apart because it isn't full of geeky acronyms and pretentious bullshit like you get on some sites — I'd much prefer to be a player than a "PUA". I found "Bang" to be a very complete, analytical, straitforward resource which covered all the basics very well, and your posts about South America genuinely helped me with the girls when I travelled there. You have a dry sense of humour similar to my own which makes the blog consistently fun to read.
- On the other hand, when you rip American girls I get a certain satisfaction knowing that you have female readers as well and by telling them just how incapable of pleasing a man they really are you're bringing down their egos just that much more.
- I like the way you are able to cover a myriad of topics, like balancing poignant insights on the human condition, with articles such as 30 types of pussy! (lol) I come to this site for entertainment purposes, procrastination (my failure at university will be attributed to you) and to gain an understanding into the internal machinations of men. What you write highlights my naivete with things and sometimes makes me sad. But you are to be commended for your honesty.
- I'm a student in London, there are more nationalities represented by the student body here that the UN. Currently I have about 5 girls in the kitty, a Brazillian, a Californian, an English born Chinese, a German and a Thai. You're observations have been proven again and again, the Brazillian is by far the most feminine, and knows how to treat a Man, whereas the Californian is awkward, un-feminine and cold, needing to drink herself silly in order to feel comfortable around a Man.
- Your blog is good enough, out of the hundreds of millions of blogs out there, that I choose to read it and that I care about it enough to fill in this survey for you. What else do you really need?
- You wrote one of the best game books ever. I hope to someday see a chart that shows a precipitous rise in STDs starting the day it was published that baffles scientists forever.
- None of this inner game bullshit and how to become the "old spice man" by thinking positive and reading Ayn Rand. I like your approach where you run the numbers and tell it how it is.
- You have definitely found a purpose in life, and you are doing a good job motivating others to live better lives.
- Your game advice is brilliant and has absolutely gotten me bangs. For that I am very grateful and will continue to gobble up everything you have to say about how to fuck women. We seem very similar in outlook and I enjoy your travel stories and

musings on American society. Your advice on gaming foreign countries has been invaluable (I have spent about 6 months in South America and find your insights to be largely correct) and something I haven't seen anywhere else in the game community. Keep it up!

- I love the dynamic between your blog and Roissy in DC; he lays out the theory; you show how it works in the field. Enough to hit his tip jar when he had one and to pay $ for Bang.
- Despite what some of these lame beta supplicators complain about periodically, I LIKE that your blog isn't just about "game." Game isn't just lines and routines. It's about how you live your fuckin' life and how you think. You get that, and mad props for it.
- I continue to think that your greatest strength when it comes to writing about game is that you sound like a regular guy and that your conquests are attainable for the regular man, albeit with much hard work. You don't pretend that you have always been a ladies man and you don't pretend that you never make mistakes.
- I enjoy your writing style more than anything and your cruel, dark, dry sense of humor. Funny posts that illuminate your indifference to the modern man make my day.

I've always thought of myself as a "normal" guy. If any man had my experiences, I figured, they'd make the same observations and come to the same conclusions. But then I noticed that some guys who have much more experience than me in some fronts (e.g. having more notches, living in a country longer than I have), do not see things as clearly as I do. Over the past couple of years I've realized that my gift is being able to make correct conclusions and generalizations in a short amount of time. I wrote Bang Colombia after six months of living there—just imagine if I can provide that caliber of advice after staying somewhere for only one or two months.

Thank you to those of you who took the survey.

Fuck Speed

November 21, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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The fastest way to fuck a girl is to meet her at night. If you start talking to her around midnight, it's not too difficult to be pumping her main hole by 4am. Even if you only get a kiss, you could fuck her the next time you see her without much resistance. (Not getting at least kisses at night? Then stick to day game—you'll get flaked less).

Thankfully we live in a culture where women are happy to lower their value by spreading their legs at a rate that any elderly woman would find horrifying and repulsive (well, there is one exception). This is where I go along with the feminist party line. There is no such thing as a slut! A girl shouldn't feel guilty for fucking a hairy beast like myself in two hours! Today's woman is liberated!

Truth is females will naturally price their pussies at its true market value, so what we expect is for low-value American women to put out at hyper warp speed. And this is what we see in the field. Women are so insecure about a man putting future investment into them that they rationalize slutty behavior as saying, "Well, I should at least be able to get laid. I haven't gotten any in a month!" Horrible mindset for society, great mindset for horny yeti's like myself.

A two-hour fuck time is unlikely to happen during the day. While same-day banging is possible, the more likely outcome from a daytime meet is a phone number after 5-30 minutes of chat. This means your dating trajectory will be slower.

Typical Nighttime Dating Trajectory
Meet: Kiss and light petting.
Date 1: Drinks at a bar. Bang.

Typical Daytime Dating Trajectory
Meet: Number exchange.
Date 1 (weekday): Drinks at a bar. Kiss and light petting.
Date 2: Drinks at a bar or light fare like sushi. Bang.

As you can see, day game requires at least one extra date. This is where I remind you that the three-date rule is obsolete. Five years ago it was a good timeline to get sex, but today's model of woman is extremely filthy, to the point where three dates is like using dial-up internet. If you are patiently waiting for three dates to get sex, there's a good chance you're a sucker, especially if you're based in a big city.

Now take a look at my dating trajectory:

Roosh's Typical Nighttime Dating Trajectory
Meet: Bang.
Date 1: Bang. Lose interest.

Roosh's Typical Daytime Dating Trajectory
Meet: Number exchange.
Date 1 (weekday): Drinks at a bar. Kiss and light petting.

Date 2: Drinks at a bar or light fare like sushi. Bang. Lose interest. Dream about Brazil. Whine on internet.

I haven't been able to shorten the time to bang for day game. One shortcut you may be thinking of is to schedule the first date on a weekend, but that's a risky move because it could be perceived as strong interest (i.e. needy). Plus most girls who have only talked to you for less than 30 minutes are not ready to dedicate a weekend night to you, unless she's ugly, desperate, or has no life of her own.

A better option is to prolong the meet, but logistics are rarely favorable to do that. The one big downside of day game is that it takes longer to fuck. While you need less game to get day numbers, you have to have decent dating game since that's where you'll be spending most of your time with her.

I don't like one-size-fits-all models that try to predict when to go for the bang, but for guys with average game, you should be able to hit the date after you kiss her. The exception is if alcohol is involved during the meet, which helps explain the one-night stand. (Side observation: In the history of the universe I doubt any guy has pulled a one-night stand with the designated driver)

The newbie gamer should stick with day approaching, since he can have initial success (phone numbers) with weaker game. It also allows him to tighten his date game, which is something he's always going to need. Once the newbie gamer gets laid from day approaching, he can begin to mash together his meeting and dating game into a bar game hybrid where he goes for the one-night stand. If you get good with night game first, you'll find day game to be too slow, and only work on if you get tired of going out at night, or if you're in a country that doesn't have a nighttime pick-up culture.

While I like day game in that I meet a more diverse group of girls who are less likely to flake and have crab-infested vaginas, night game will continue to be my bread and butter until I'm the old guy in the bar. I know of no other way that I can have a girl in my bed so quickly with such little effort. Even in countries where one-night stands are harder to come by, like Colombia and Brazil, it's still the easiest way to get laid.

Which Cover Should I Pick?

November 23, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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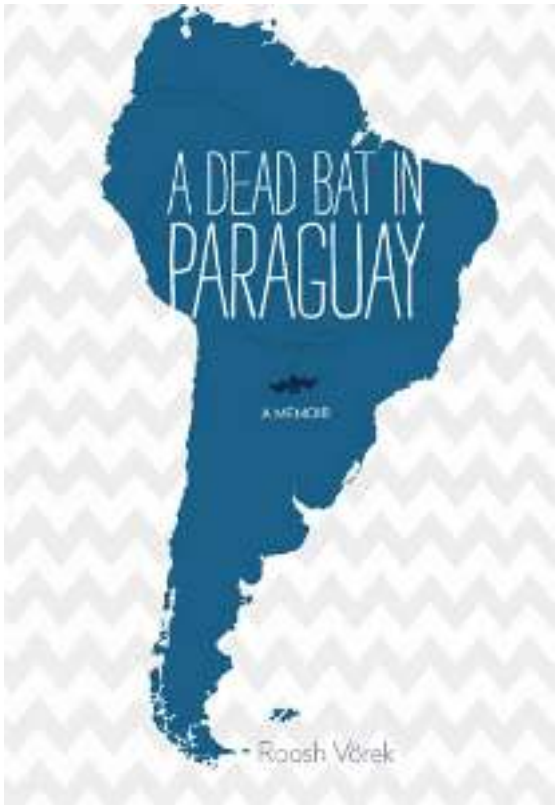
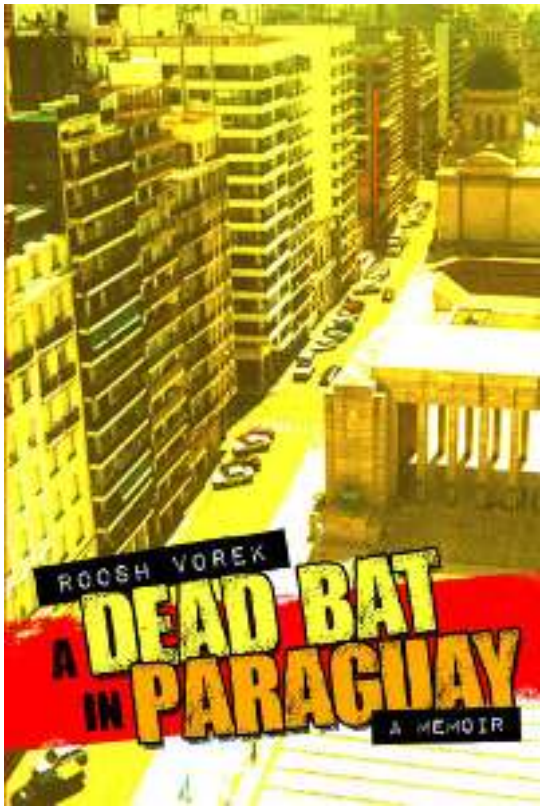
Entries are in for the cover redesign contest!

I want a cover that not only is crowd-pleasing but also builds intrigue. If you're in a coffee shop and you see someone reading a book with one of these covers, which one would make you want to learn more? Out of over 100 submissions, here are the four I like most:

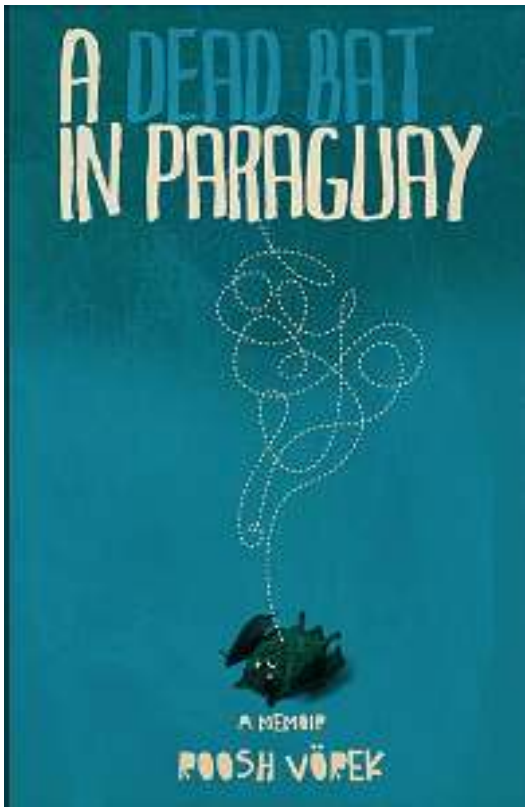
1:



2:


ROOSH VOREK
A DEAD BAT IN PARAGUAY
A MEMOIR

3:


A DEAD BAT IN PARAGUAY
A MEMOIR
ROOSH VÖREK

4:

After you've digested these, go here to vote, where you can also see six other finalists. You don't need to rate each cover, but at least give your favorite cover five stars. I hope to decide by Sunday.

For those of you who already read the book, which cover do you think matches it best?

The Present Moment

November 28, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Let's say that in the course of my life, I sleep with 500 women, travel through dozens of countries, change the lives of thousands of men through my writing, and generally have an all-around fantastic life with fulfilling hobbies. Let's say that I give it my all and achieve the best life I possibly could, given my innate limitations, and I lay on my death bed with not a single regret.

How much does that truly, really matter? I'm going to enter a void of nothingness after death, and whatever mark I live on the world will be erased anyway when the human race perishes. What difference does it make if I sit alone in a dark basement for the rest of my days instead of trying to sleep with women, see the world, and pursue challenging endeavors? Why not just kill myself right now, and spare the misery of human existence, the suffering that is sure to fill the space between whatever blissful moments I experience?

As self-aware as I become about my nature, I'm still operated by the program that is encoded in my genes. I'm hungry as I write this and will soon have to seek out food. A day after that I will have no choice but to defecate the unused bits. My mind ventures into sex often, and I will have to relieve those intrusive thoughts by attempting to copulate with a female. It forces me to express its knowledge by creating pieces of writing that I share with other people. It produces neurotransmitters which dampen my mood if I stay in the same environment for too long, and that can only be improved if I go somewhere else. I can't kill myself because my brain tells me I can't.

No matter how meaningless and absurd I find life, this moment demands everything—my attention, my abilities, and my energy. My brain wants satisfaction right now and makes me suffer the chemical consequences if I don't follow its urges. I must observe new cultures, sleep with different women, enjoy music and other sources of entertainment, and then share all the lessons I've learned to strangers who gain from my creations.

So, yes, it does matter. This moment matters, and I want it to be the best that it possible can.

I Picked A Cover

November 30, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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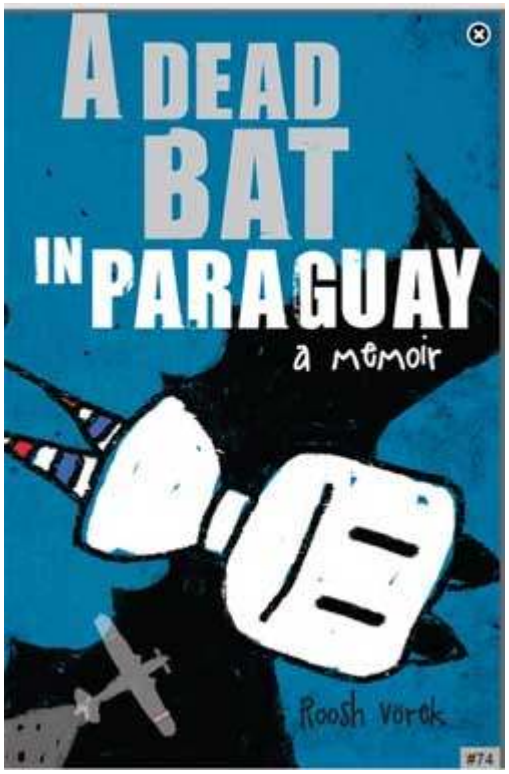
I decided to pick the lowest rated cover:



I made my decision to please the guy who left the following comment...

> Can you pull this off? Can you honestly see yourself holding this book up in front of strangers and telling them that you wrote this book? Id snicker at the title. Hell I'm laughing now. The huuuuuuge frown on the "bats" face. HAHAHA. Fuck it, Roosh. Pick this one just to make me laugh.

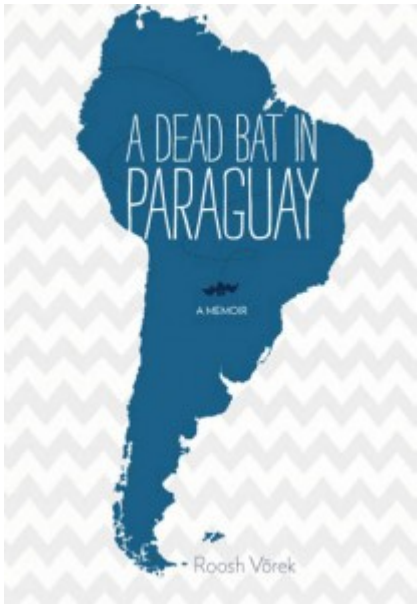
Of course I didn't select this cover, but I do like its whimsical, almost sad nature. Too bad it wasn't well-received by the masses.

Out of the four covers I liked best, the first one I eliminated was 4, which was rated second-best by everyone.

Artistically it's an incredible cover that captures your attention, but it's too spiritual and doesn't go at all with the book. A handful of voters made comments about the cover…

> Seems pretnetious like you're taking the whle I look like Jesus thing too far
>
> …
>
> Connotation for me is catcher in the rye, not the lady killer explorer feeling I think you want.
>
> …
>
> great artwork…love how the title was done, but the pic of you seems too much like some kind of fantasy novel…with sorcerers and goblins.

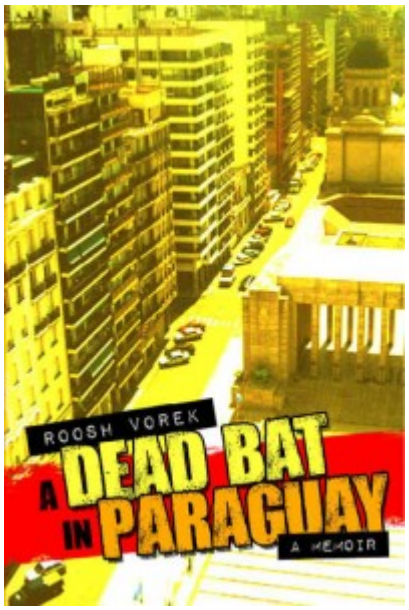
I eliminated 1 next. I thought the concept was clean and crisp, but a bit too minimalist. I needed something more emo.



The designer actually has a blog where he redesigns book covers for fun. It's through his site that I invited him to participate in the contest.

It came down to 2 and 3. If I were a boss at a publishing house, the choice would be 2,

since it's a "safe" design that would appeal to the greatest number of people.

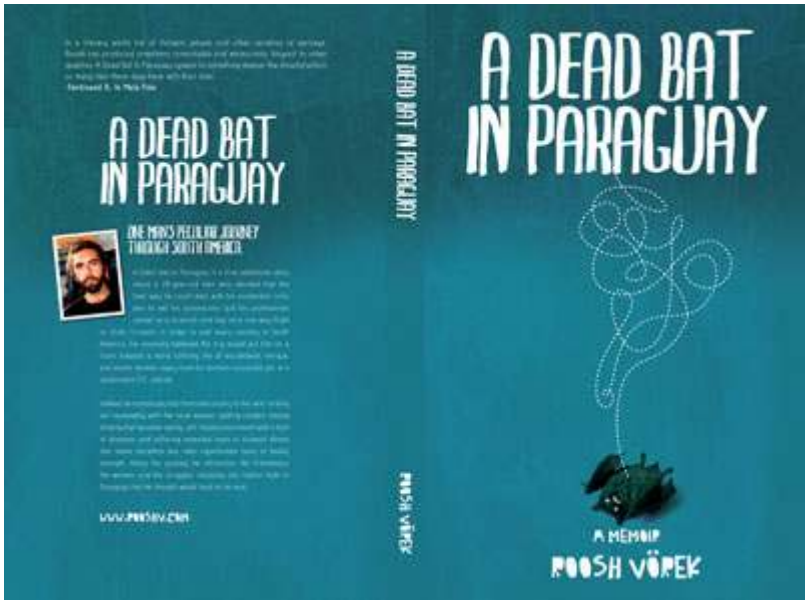


The typeface is magical and I really dig the Traffic-inspired yellow filter on the photo, which I took while in Rosario, Argentina, but unfortunately the cover didn't really capture the mood of the book. (The designer behind it is a great guy I've used several times in the past.)

When I saw cover 3, I asked myself if the author read the book before he did the design. Here's a reader comment that captures my sentiments:

> This cover is "it" hands down. The dead bat leaving a flight trail behind in the shape of South America is just so elegant and ties into the title and theme so beautifully. The actual illustration of the bat, as well as the color scheme, gradient, and subtle line work in the background are well crafted as well.

I like how the dead bat has an almost comic feel to it, since the scene the book title refers to *was* a bit comical. This is the cover that says, "You're about to read an amusing book that has its serious moments." I feel good about my decision to go with cover 3, especially since it was rated highest by everyone who voted (by a hair). Honestly I could have picked any of these four covers and still been able to sleep well at night.



Here's another comment:

> i still like the original cover best; your book is not a wes anderson movie. you know your place in the zeitgiest – controversial, self-made from the internet. the original cover reflects that hustler's attitude. the book was about the text, and i liked that the same mind who wasn't afraid to spill his guts (and come out a bigger man than the rest of us) was the same one who said "fuck the cover" and just pasted the title and his face on the cover. if i had to choose, this one.

Funny thing is when I did the original cover I thought it was awesome, but I could no longer ignore all the complaints, along with evidence that cover does matter when it comes to sales. It may take a month until the cover is updated on Amazon, so if you're thinking of buying the paperback, I'd hold off a little.

In other news, on November 15 I started writing the day game book. You can take a peek at my progress log (a little habit of mine is to track how many hours it takes to write a book). For the first draft I go for speed, just vomiting all over the keyboard. I slow it down when it comes time to edit.

No more bullshit—this book is finally happening. Looks like it'll be about the same length as Bang.

Lifestyle Interview With David Lee

December 2, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I first met David in Medellin a little over a year ago. He wasn't yet in the country much longer than I was, but seemed to know the entire expat scene (in the couple times we hung out he was constantly running into groups of gringos that he knew).

His love for Medellin helped make him the go-to guy for advice on the city, which he shares on his popular Medellin blog. I used him a couple times when I needed fresh ideas for where to take girls on dates.

Right now he's back in Medellin, subsisting on income from his internet properties. He took the time to answer some questions…

1. Can you give us a little background on your age and the type of environment you grew up in? What are some things that influenced you earlier in life that put you into the position you are in now?

I recently turned 34, and by all accounts, grew up in a stable, upper middle class American family. My parents have been married over 35 years. My mom stayed at home with me and my younger brother, while my dad, a businessman, worked hard to provide a comfortable standard of living for us all.

I began listening to punk music very early. By age 10, I can remember owning a Sex Pistols tape. In my early teens, I was listening to bands like The Dead Kennedys and Suicidal Tendencies. By my late teens, I was getting into the California bands like Pennywise and NOFX. Even though I was very introverted and reserved growing up, the lyrics by these bands and others affected my developing attitudes toward how a guy should live his life.

After college graduation, three of my best friends were planning to travel around Europe for the Summer. It seemed like a great opportunity, so despite my parent's protests, I joined them. It was my first time traveling abroad without my parents, and I quickly learned how easy it was to find a place to stay, meet other travelers, and get around. After about 10 days, my friends all wanted to go home due to lack of funds, or girlfriend withdrawal. I thought they were crazy, and since neither problem was an issue for me, I spent the next 6 weeks traveling on my own. Despite some loneliness, I had an amazing time, and was officially hooked on the freedom that backpacking and solo travel afforded.

2. Talk about your ideal girl. What does she look like? Where is she from? What's her personality like?

The more time I spend outside the United States, the more I realize my ideal girl is from a European or Latin American country. I love to travel, and discovering new cultures through relations with women is a lot more exciting than talking to taxi drivers and walking around a city with other backpackers.

Right now, it's safe to say I'm smitten with the women of Colombia, where I'm currently living. Here, my type is the norm: a few inches shorter than me (I'm 5'8″) or equal in heels, with tan skin, long black hair, and a petite body. She doesn't speak English, which forces me to improve my Spanish. That provides a fun, sometimes frustrating dynamic to the dating experience. She's dependable and punctual, which seems to be a rarity in Colombian women, and is pursuing her own passions in life. We absolutely must connect on the dance floor, as it's a big part of the nightlife here, and an activity I can't get enough of after being a wallflower all my life.

One of the downsides to Colombian women (who don't have dual citizenship, in say, the USA), is that travel is very difficult and expensive for them. Since traveling and living abroad is extremely important to me and my work, I don't know if I could ever be in a long term relationship with a Colombian girl. In that respect, Western European women (French, Italian, Spanish) become a more attractive option.

3. What type of game do you run? How does your typical bang go down? How do you change your game when you're abroad versus in your home country?

I began reading and practicing game in early 2009. I was a member of the Stylelife Academy for about a year, and was able to connect with other guys in the Washington, DC area to go out with. My game is the antithesis of cocky/funny. If there's such a thing as "sincere" game, that would sum up my approach. Early in conversation, I focus on highlighting my travel experiences and independent lifestyle. Ideally, a first date will be at a salsa club where I can DHV, gauge her attraction via body language, and be in an easy position to go for the first kiss.

In the USA, I find Internet dating to be a waste of time. It requires far too much effort, and offers too little in return. By comparison, in Colombia, I can copy/paste the same message to a hundred attractive women, and get enough results to keep me occupied for months. The interested ones respond back with their phone number or e-mail address, as if to say "let's cut to the chase."

As other interviewees have already mentioned, I've discovered in Colombia that it pays to

line up dates via the Internet before you visit a new city. I think this strategy will change how I travel going forward.

4. Describe your travel experiences and strategy. What kind of lodgings do you stay in? How do you approach integrating yourself into a new culture with regard to food, language, local customs, etc.? What do you fill your days with? Do you have a basic strategy for meeting women while you travel?

In November 2007, I resigned from my management job at an insurance company to take a 15-month trip around the world. I visited over 20 countries on 5 continents, staying in a mix of hostel dorms, beach bungalows, cheap hotels, and private homes via Couchsurfing.

When I got to Medellin in early 2009, and decided to stay for 6 months, I spent the first month living in a party hostel which was terrible from a logistical standpoint. Even with a private room for part of the time, I wasn't allowed to have overnight guests. Once I made the switch to renting rooms in apartments, I didn't have to worry about such rules. If I'm traveling to other parts of Colombia, I pay more for private, budget hotel rooms. I do this not only because it makes it easier to bring a girl back if the opportunity arises, but because I'm getting tired of the hostel scene and like to have a quiet, comfortable place to work.

Until I got to Colombia, I put little to no effort into learning other languages because I was always just passing through, and it's easy to rely on English, or simple body language to communicate. In Colombia, I began to learn Spanish, and am being rewarded with more dates as a result. Couchsurfing has been a great way to see cities and cultures from a local's perspective. Trying new foods has become an increasingly important part of my experiences, and I've been greatly influenced by Anthony Bourdain.

While traveling, my days are filled with typical sightseeing activities. During my RTW trip, I spent more time than I expected updating my blog at Go Backpacking. I was earning a few hundred bucks a month from advertising, but that kept me motivated to publish content 6-7 days a week. While living in Medellin, I spend a lot more time blogging/working in my apartment, and fill my free time with the gym, salsa lessons and dancing, movies, and hanging out with friends. In the countries I visited before Colombia, I was always trying to hook up with other travelers, but that changed when I got to Colombia and my attention was focused squarely on the beautiful locals.

5. How do you make a living? How did you get into it? What are some skills you had to learn?

I currently make a living through travel blogging. My primary blog is Go Backpacking, while I began Medellin Living last year to document the expat lifestyle in Colombia. I also launched a membership website, Travel Blog Success, earlier this year to help other people build high quality travel blogs. Most of my income is from selling advertising on the two blogs, though I am beginning to offer private consulting services as well.

After my first trip to Europe in 1998, I returned home and taught myself basic HTML so I could publish my handwritten journal on the Internet. After people actually started

reading the thing, and emailing me for advice, I bought the GoBackpacking.com domain and added more content. I even made a few hundred bucks from a Eurorail affiliation at the time. But creating an HTML site wasn't fun or easy, so I went on a 5-year hiatus, before getting into blogging in 2007, ahead of my RTW trip. My friend had convinced me there was money to be made, and he was right. In addition to knowing some HTML, learning how to build websites using WordPress, write effectively for an online audience, and optimize content for the search engines has been important. I've also learned a lot about negotiating with advertisers, leveraging social media to build a brand, and Internet marketing.

6. What are your future goals? How do you see your life playing out in the next 10-20 years?

I'm currently planning to spend New Year's in Tokyo, Japan, and then see a little of the country in early January 2011. Afterward, I'd like to address some business-related needs back in the US, and then return to Medellin for another 6 months. Starting in July 2011, I'd like to see the rest of South America. In terms of my online income, my goal for 2011 is to average $5,000 per month which means I'll need to do more work, and less partying.

In the next 10 years, I'd like to continue splitting my time between traveling and living abroad in a variety of countries, such as Brazil, Italy, and France. I'd also like to be earning six figures from my web business. Along the way, I'd get married, and maybe have a kid or two.

7. Tell us more about Colombia. Why are you drawn to the country? How are the women like? How is it like to live there? Has the country changed your opinion of America, either the culture or the women?

Colombia as a travel destination first entered my mind in May 2005 when I met a Swiss backpacker in Costa Rica who had been there. He said it was safe, and the women were beautiful (specifically, they had big tits). From that point forward, I was determined to get there to see the women for myself, and also to go somewhere everyone else in the world deemed too dangerous.

In January 2009, I couchsurfed with a cute university student my first week in Bogota, and as she took me around the city, I began to realize most Colombians were normal, well-intentioned people. It helped that I wasn't being shot at or kidnapped either. When I flew the 25 minutes to Medellin, I immediately knew I was in a city I didn't want to leave. Medellin sits in a valley 1,500 meters above sea level, surrounded by big green mountains. A metro system and cheap taxis make getting around the city easy, and the temperatures are Spring-like year round. For a city of 2-million, it has a small village feel to it.

In the 30+ countries I've seen so far, there have always been beautiful women, though some have far more than others (sorry Rwanda and Nepal). For me, the typical Colombian girl is the sexiest. She's very image conscious and thus takes care in her appearance, whether at the gym or a nightclub. She displays a sense of femininity that seems lost in American women. Chances are she has a good sense of rhythm, and can dance well.

Unfortunately, they have strong jealous streaks, and are also very flaky, and far less punctual than American women. And while I've come to expect it, I still get annoyed.

8. What's the most important thing you've learned so far in life?

Have the courage to pursue the kind of life you want to live—follow your passions, regardless of what others say, and don't give up. Chances are it will take a lot of hard work, patience, and persistence, but it'll be worth it.

David maintains two travel blogs: Go Backpacking and Medellin Living. Read other lifestyle interviews here.

The Exile: Sex, Drugs, And Libel In The New Russia

December 5, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

While I don't thing it's hard for a book to change your life, enhancing it in some way, I do think it's rare for one to completely alter your future and put you on a different path than you had intended. This latter type of book ultimately causes you to take a risk that increases the likelihood of an earlier death. Books that have done it for me include Surely You're Joking Mr. Feynmann, Walden, and A Death In Brazil. They instilled enough curiosity and provided enough motivation to quit my job and hit the road for South America. My book A Dead Bat In Paraguay has also done this for a handful of guys, too, sending them to third world swamps of disease that are less safe than their pleasant suburban cubicle. Malaria, anyone? It's possible that some men may have their life expectancies shortened thanks to me. Cool.

It looks like I may have to add a new book to my list: The Exile: Sex, Drugs, And Libel In The New Russia.

I have a close Russian friend who would tell me stories about the motherland, but besides mentioning the occasional vacation to Moscow, he hasn't ever given much detail about what goes on inside the country. I was always curious yet never motivated to visit. Then I read The Exile.

The book is centered around Mark Ames, a self-described loser from California who goes to Moscow to get away from America. He's soon joined by Matt Taibbi, who you may know from his recent articles in The Rolling Stone. For nearly a decade they go on to publish the most controversial newspaper that post-Communist Russia has ever seen.

The story begins with Mark Ames and his 9-month ordeal with butt scabies in the "European Care House," where he mooched off his foreign girlfriend and her mom. Afterwards, he leveraged his stepfather's death from a brain tumor to land a shitty job in Moscow, eventually winding up as a personal assistant for a smelly Pakistani mogul. After a gig with an English rag called Living Here, he started up his own paper called The Exile with the help of a shady Russian investor.

Drug use is featured very prominently in the book (the launch of The Exile involved bountiful supplies of methamphetamine to meet deadlines). The authors prefer heroin, speed, and cocaine to alcohol or marijuana, and even go so far as to detail sociological reasons why speed was more likely to take off in Estonia than Russia, for example. In fact, most of the newspaper was written under some type of substance (the graphic designer drank one beer for all 24 pages of the publication, passing out at his desk upon completion). I'm not big into drugs, but some passages made me want to score some smack and inject it directly into my veins for the hell of it.

> The expatriate mentality is a tough thing to explain easily. Any affluent or even middle-class American who renounces the good life of sushi delivery and 50-channel cable television to relocate permanently to some third-world hole usually

> has to be motivated by a highly destructive personality defect. Either that, or something about home creates psychological demons that in turn create the urge for radical escape.

While Ames was working as a slave for the Pakistani, Taibbi played professional basketball in Mongolia. He returned to the States for surgery and then jetted off to Moscow to work as a writer. Ames steals him from Living Here and the synergy that results takes us on a wild ride through Moscow's corrupt government, the two-faced expat community, and the techno club scene full of teenage girls who were eager to copulate with Americans. Of course I couldn't get enough talk about Russian girls, with my favorite part of the book being when they describe ladies night at the Duck Bar. It was dubbed "rape camp" by the expats, a place where "you got laid even if you didn't want to." Rivers of puke, massive brawls, police raids, and sex on tables were the norm. "The Duck changed people," they said.

Included are dozens of full-length Exile articles to give perspective on the stories, which are just as fun to read as the main text. This is one of those books you didn't want to end, so I made sure to read all the articles to prolong the pleasure.

Of course Russia is better off now, but I decided that I must (eventually) visit a country where "even the policewomen are hot." Fuck places like Prague, a safe destination with cheesy, Western-owned businesses that'll remind me of Buenos Aires (Ames describes how Czech women are far inferior to Russian women, anyway). To top it all off, Ames hates American women. In the chapter titled "The White God Factor," he shreds them so bad I don't advise any American girl to read the book unless they want to be put on suicide watch. Quotes like this only put a smile on my face:

> All American women, and practically all the European women, are socially and sexually devasted by Russia. They're at a massive disadvantage for the first time in their lives. They didn't expect it at all. None of us did. We all came here expecting to skim the top, showing the poor savages how to work, eat, dress… But things started to happen to us. We—the expat men and women—veered off in wildly different directions, on to nonintersection planes.
>
> …
>
> Expat women like my old girlfriend get hit with a double-whammy of shit luck in Moscow: First, they're physically outclassed by the Russian girls; and secondly, the Russian men are slouched, pasty, unkempt, and, in most Western women's eyes, the ugliest men in Europe. And yet… even the Russian men don't want expat women. Which leaves—exactly no one wanting expat women. That's right: no one.

Just a couple weeks ago I was at a coffee shop when a tall Russian woman walked in. She was just barely cute, and could stand to lose a couple pounds, but she had on a sexy red dress and four inch high heels. Her makeup and hair were immaculately done, and it was only two in the afternoon. Even though there were hotter American girls in the coffee

shop along with her, she made them invisible and almost worthless. She was the only girl that entire day that I'd work for in order to lay, and it was no surprise that the American man who came out to meet her (internet date, I suppose) couldn't contain his excitement. He wore a cheesy grin as if to say, "I don't believe my luck!" Hell, I felt lucky just to witness her, like a zoologist catching two endangered animals mating in the wild without having to use binoculars.

> American women have been raised to believe that traditional qualities of femininity—appearing as though you are trying to please the man by caking on makeup, wearing tight short skirts that show off your legs, speaking in a high voice, giggling, and deferring to his desires—as well as characteristics usually used to describe sluts—high heels, heavy perfume, sleeping with a man on the first night without demanding he use a condom—are not only atavistic and repugnant but, ultimately, unsuccessful tactics in the competition for Mr. Right.

Ames and Taibbi paint a portrait of Russia being the last known wild west, where death or dismemberment is a real concern. I know things have changed since the book was published in 2000, but as long as I avoid uber-rich Moscow, I think I can capture some of what they experienced over a decade ago. The fact that they make a place like Brazil seem like Disneyland on family fun day means I have no choice but to visit, sooner than later. I highly recommend The Exile, one of those rare books that makes me want to be a part of the story. After you read the book, check out theVanity Fair exposé that acts as the epilogue.

The Dirty Truth About Traveling To Meet Women

December 7, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Let me be the first to say that traveling is no shortcut to learning game. It will not solve whatever girl problem you have in your home country. Instead, it's likely you'll pack the problem with you and continue to struggle.

The dirty truth is that *you will not get hotter than what you get at home.* In other words, if you can't get more than a 6 in the United States, it's unlikely you'll get more than a 6 in Colombia. There are, of course, big exceptions worth sharing:

1. Do you know the local language? If you're competent in Spanish, you should be getting hotter women. If we split up knowing a language into 12 different grades or levels, each level of attainment will allow you to get a 0.20 increase in attractiveness on the 1-10 scale. Towards the end of my time in Colombia, my Spanish level was 5 out of 12, meaning I could score a solid point above my already respectable results in America. This is actually what happened. The girls I got with in Colombia weren't incredibly cuter, but they were definitely cuter.

2. Are you staying for a while? If it's long enough to integrate yourself into a social circle, you'll have more opportunities to get cuter girls. I really don't see the point in traveling to a country for a weekend just to get laid, or even a week, because you're not giving yourself time for opportunities to naturally occur. I know some of you are limited by corporate jobs, but it's better to save up your time for at least a two week trip than something shorter.

3. Are you an approach machine? If not then forget it. You shouldn't even travel unless you have solid early game because approaching in another culture introduces so many new factors that you need to devote your attention on. You don't want to get off the plane and worry about the basics like approach anxiety or what opener to use.

4. Is there a heavy concentration of English speakers in the country you're visiting? For example, if every other girl speaks English in some Eastern European capital, then you should pull quality with time and effort.

So let's say you're going to Rio de Janeiro for one month, where you plan to rent a room. You studied Portuguese for six months prior, and can have basic conversations that put you at 3 out of 12 on the language scale (you're a slow language learner). You also worked on your game to where approaching and having fun conversations isn't a difficult task. Can you get a hotter girl there than you can in the States?

Most definitely, especially since English speakers in Rio aren't uncommon.

But we all know the average tourist going to Brazil isn't doing all that. He's going for a week with a stack of cash with no plan and hoping things just work themselves out. He's the first to ask if his awful high school Spanish will be sufficient. That man will be disappointed with his results, and come back home saying Brazil was "okay."

Have you noticed that by "quality" I'm only referring to a girl's attractiveness? Let's say

you can sometimes get a 7 in the States and go to Rio for two weeks without any language ability. My experience says that you're unlikely to get more than a 6. But that 6 will have a personality and vibe that is so much more pleasing than your American 7 that you'll be happier with her. The likely result is that you go home, study Portuguese, work on your game, and then come back to get even better.

Be realistic and be prepared to work. Travel is great, and personally I've defiled a lot of nice women that I would never have met in the States, but you already know how long I've stayed in those countries and how hard I worked to integrate myself into the culture by learning the language and doing as the locals do. When it comes to international dating, the more preparation you do before your trip, the more you'll get out of it.

What Are You Playing With?

December 9, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

My 7-year-old brother is the type of kid who can stay entertained for hours playing with a couple low-tech toys while humming and talking to himself. Quietness in other kids is usually a sign they're destroying something, but my brother is exceptionally good and gentle. I know I'll have to toughen him up when he gets older.

One night I popped into the living room to see him watching television with a rolled-up piece of paper in his hand. It was cream-colored and a bit large, like a small poster. I asked him what he was doing.

"Nothing, just watching T.V."

"Cool," I said.

My 14-year-old brother was on the couch with his laptop. I'm pretty sure he surfs porn on it, but I have no proof, and don't actually care. As long as he's not gay.

I started to leave the room when I thought, "Wait, where did the little guy get a poster?" I turned back around.

"What are you playing with?" I asked him.

"I don't know it's nothing. I found it downstairs." He was putting it on his mouth like it was a blow horn, and using it to knock down his Hot Wheel cars from the coffee table. The edges were slightly crumpled.

"Mind if I take a look?"

"Okay but I want it back. It's mine because I found it first."

I grabbed the rolled-up paper. It was of thick stock, and didn't have a glossy coating that most posters have. I slowly opened it up and saw my name spelled out in a calligraphy font. *It can't be*. Right below my name were the words "Bachelors of Science" and then "Microbiology." It was my college diploma.

I flashed a dirty look to my other brother. "You idiot while you were digging for books you must have left my diploma out. Now it has drool on it, thanks."

He started laughing and said, "That's so funny!" I gave him a stone-faced stare and then he made a conscious effort to hold back his laughter. "Hey it wasn't my fault! You know him—he touches everything!"

"Can I have it back now?" the little guy said.

"No you cannot have it back. This is not a toy, this is my college diploma. I spent four years and twenty thousand dollars to get this."

"What is a diplomo?"

"A *diploma* is something you get because your parents tell you that's what you should do, and then you wake up one day and realize that you change your mind and…" I trailed off when I saw him furrowing his brows. I pride myself on always being honest to my little

brothers, but I don't want to confuse them with my existential speeches. "It's just something that says you finished a lot of school and can now get a job."

My dad came into the room to see what the commotion was. I told him the story and he scolded the little guy until his upper lip started trembling, a sign that he's about to cry. I looked at my dad and said, "Pops, it's really okay. It's not like I'm going to use it again anyway."

More Books 4

December 12, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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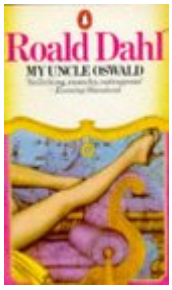
PREVIOUSLY:

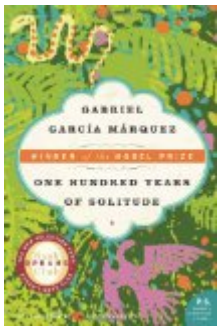
- Top 10 Most Important Books
- More Books
- More Books 2
- More Books 3

FICTION:



My Uncle Oswald (strong recommendation)

Probably the funniest book I've ever read. I laughed out loud so many times that reading it in public often provoked stares. It's imaginative, clever, unpredictable, and happens to be about a guy who likes seducing women and making money. His first venture was in Blister Beetle powder, which transforms anyone who consumes it into a mindless fuck machine. I only hope that I can write a fictional book half as good as this before I die.



One Hundred Years Of Solitude

This book is written by Gabriel Garcia Marquez, Colombia's most famous author and also a Nobel Prize winner. He tells the history of his country through several generations of the Buendia family, starting with the patriarch Jose Arcadio Buendia. The story is entertaining in itself but a knowledge of Latin American history—specifically Colombian—will give you a more complete experience. While not an easy read, intertwining themes of solitude, the rise and fall of civilizations, and the circular nature of history make 100 Years a rich book that feels alive in your hands as you read it.

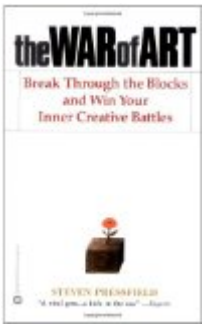
The Time Machine (free on kindle)

A short book you can finish in only a couple settings, about a man who invents a time machine and travels to the future. The book is slow-going until we find out humans have evolved into two species, with one dominating the other. It's an entertaining book that could've been improved with more interspecies sex action.

Invisible Man

I actually intended to buy H.G. Wells' The Invisible Man but accidentally got this instead. It seemed interesting so I went ahead and read it. It's about a black man who grows up "invisible" in the Jim Crow era. He's dealt with in a base stereotypical manner, often exploited and manipulated, and constantly fought against what society expected of him. It would have been more powerful to me if I was black, but it was still a pleasant read with some exciting moments. Unfortunately the end, which takes quite a while to get to (the book is nearly 600 pages long), didn't provide me with a satisfying payoff. Plus there was so much symbolism thrown around that I'm pretty sure I missed a good chunk of the intended meaning.

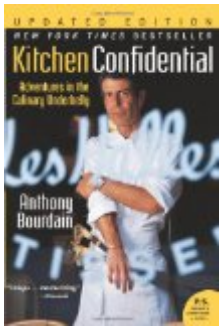
NON-FICTION:



The War Of Art

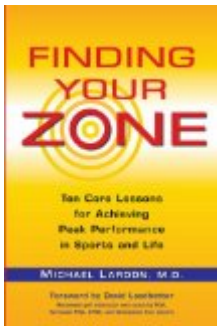
This is a self-help book meant for creative types who find it difficult to complete the projects they've envisioned. The author, who has written several bestselling works, personifies the procrastination, fear, and anxiety we experience as "resistance," a force that ensures we don't reach our creative potential. Do you want to check your email

really quick before starting your project, only have it prolong into a vicious loop of wasting time? Want to send out a few text messages in the middle of a tough work session? Want to organize your entire wardrobe instead of crack open your word processor? The author says these are all forms of resistance. I feel like this book was written specifically for me.



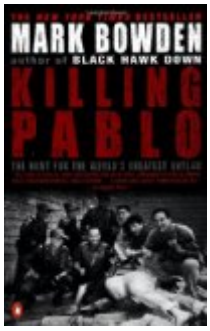
Kitchen Confidential (strong recommendation)

The first time I saw Anthony Bourdain's travel show I thought, "Who the fuck is this guy?" If you told me he was a former chef I wouldn't have known because food seemed to be more in the background than stories about locals. Since I enjoyed his show, it was an easy decision to buy the book, which chronicles his years as a chef. I was expecting a hackneyed diary but the book was funny, revealing, and well-written, telling you not only what goes in a restaurant but how to order from one (Sunday brunch is for suckers!). I worked in the bar of an upscale restaurant for a while so I can confirm that cooks and chefs really are supreme assholes like Bourdain describes.



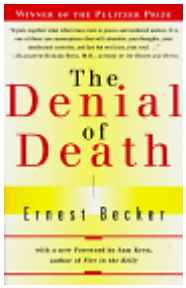
Finding Your Zone

I noticed that I was significantly worse on my musical instrument when playing for other people, especially my instructor, than when I practice alone at home while half-naked. I knew that it was because of how I was thinking, and I greatly narrowed the performance gap by not aiming for perfection, among other things. This book gives a ton of examples of real-world athletes overcoming performance anxiety (Tiger Woods being most common) while offering easy-to-implement tips to avoid choking. A lot of concepts in this book are common in the self-help genre.



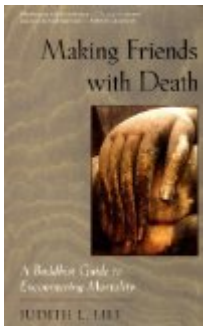
Killing Pablo

This is a thrilling book that is even more relevant after living in Medellin (most of the city was built on drug money). It details how Pablo Escobar, through his "bullet or bribe" strategy, rose to become one of the strongest men of Colombia, capable of even toppling the state. The United States got involved and while we know how the story ends, it was still exciting to read. I stayed up until 7am in the morning to finish it. If you like Black Hawk Down then you'll enjoy this one.



The Denial of Death

I hoped this book would make it easier for me to deal with death, but it did the opposite, making me realize that my life is more meaningless than my puny animal brain could even begin to imagine. The ways I've sought to live a fulfilling life (by becoming a "hero") will not lead to my salvation, and "the only way out of human conflict is full renunciation, to give one's life as a gift to the highest powers," which the atheist author considers to be the force of nature. He focuses exclusively on psychoanalytical commentary for how humans view life and death, with heavy emphasis on the works of Freud, Otto Rank, and Kierkegaard. It was such a slog to read that it made me wish that someone with more soothing prose like Malcolm Gladwell tackled the subject instead. Still, I did gain a lot of valuable insights into how humans like myself view and tackle the subject of death.



Making Friends With Death (strong recommendation)

This is the death book I was looking for. It teaches you how to approach death, how to meditate about it, and how to deal with people who are dying, all through a Buddhist lens. That last topic, especially, is something that you can use on relatives whose time

has come. My mother has been bedside for many people who've died, and she unwittingly does just about everything the book recommends (it's no accident that she has become the de facto leader when things turn grave). Her powerful recollections of what it's like to hold someone's hand as they take their last breath never fails to move me.

The main idea behind this book is that the only way to appreciate life is to embrace death. Don't obsess about it, but keep it close so you're prepared for the final "transition." Whenever I see someone wasting their lives, not living to even 20% of their potential, I say to myself, "That man does not think of death." I think it about it often.

How To Game Young Girls

December 14, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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The following advice is meant to be used on girls between the ages of 18 to 22, a range that is close to the ideal.

1. Treat them poorly. Young girls are very responsive to asshole game, until they become desensitized and sometimes even repulsed by it in their later years when they primarily seek a provider. These days the only girls who would be responsive to classic negs are the young ones. They have no asshole immunity like the bitter and jaded bunch who have seen (and fucked) it all.

Sample move: If she's acting feisty say, "Do you normally act like this? You know it's not too late to enroll in charm school. I hear that's making a comeback."

2. Don't go for structured dates. They'll flake on you without apology, and then laugh to their friends when you show annoyance. Do more last-minute and same-night planning, which reinforces number one on the list. Roissy has more about this point here. I completely agree with his sentiments.

Sample move: Keep taking her to your favorite dive bar. When she asks what you did on the nights you didn't spend with her, mention cool places you visited with "a friend." Make her think she's being kept away from the hip spots because you're embarrassed of her.

3. Bring up her flaws and casually write them off as a case of her being too young. Keep her insecure by hinting that she has yet to hit her potential as a real woman. Maybe one day she'll be good enough for you, but not yet.

Sample move: When thinking of getting her number say, "I think you're cool, but you're so young. How about for a first date we go to Chuck E Cheese. We can play some fun games and they'll be no pressure for you to maintain a long conversation. I won't judge you."

4. Do not bring up having a serious relationship before she does. A young girl is especially aware of the power balance of new relationships, and will jump ship when she realizes she's "winning." Make her struggle instead to pin you down.

Sample move: When the girl suggests to take things to the next level, discount her feelings by saying, "Are you joking?" Ouch. Heh.

5. Do not underestimate her game. Do not lower your guard for one second and feel that you can breeze through, because before you know it, she will get the upper hand and you'll be sitting there like an idiot wondering what happened. The average 21-year-old girl has game that is three times as potent than the average 31-year-old guy (many times I've found myself doing moves in my late 20s that I remember being done to me by a girl in her early 20s). Even teenage girls barely out of puberty surprise me with their game awareness.

Sample move: If she takes two hours to write back to a text (besides her typical one hour

response time), don't overlook it as something insignificant—it could be a major test. To play it safe, take a full day to respond back.

6. Make her think you only want her for sex. While you want to do this for every girl in the early stages of a relationship, you need to make this more clear for the young girl. Because she knows she's not good enough for you (see number 4), she'll take extra steps in lovemaking to keep you interested. Think of her as the little whore that you're using as a personal fuck toy. It's not like she has much more value than that anyway.

Sample move: Make an excuse as to why you can't hang with her after finding out she's on her period.

7. Avoid wasting your time with status plays. Young girls care very little about status (e.g. if you live in your dad's basement or not). For them it's all about feeling feeling feeling. If you're trying to impress a young girl, you've already failed with her. If you only knew the losers they normally fuck, you'd understand that attraction-building (see number 1 and 2) should be your main focus. You don't even need comfort with a lot of them.

Sample move: Live in your dad's basement.

8. Act younger than your age. I have a sister who is seven years young than I am, so I know their style of humor, the way they talk, and their general interests (for me it's actually easier to connect with a 23-year-old girl than a hag my age). It's okay if you're 40 years old, but it's not okay if you look and act 40 years old. If you don't know how to connect with her on even a basic level, then you won't have enough juice to bang her.

Sample move: Make insightful observations about a show she watches, like how Pauly D is the only guy on Jersey Shore that you'd hang out with in real life because of how cool and funny he is.

The bottom line with young girls is to bring out your most assholish nature, keep your game tight, and enjoy plundering pussy that will be loose and dry only five years in the future.

Omar Encounter Reenactment

December 16, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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PREVIOUS REENACTMENTS:

- Arm Crossing Approach
- Do You Have To Stand Right Next To Me?
- Doughboy's Super Direct Game
- Running Into A One-Night Stand
- Did You Fuck On My Couch?
- Bookstore Pickup
- My Personal Crisis
- The Reenactment Video That Ends The Obesity Epidemic

This latest reenactment happened at my favorite bar. The black teddy bear is Omar.

I've been hit on by quite a few gays in my life. Even though I have zero interest in homosexual relations, and am repulsed that a man wants to do activities with me involving either my anus or his, I'm still respectful and polite. I answer their questions but ask no questions of my own, and it usually only takes a minute for him to get the hint. No harm, no foul.

So it says a lot to me when a girl responds like a bitch when I try to start a conversation without insulting her. I don't care how many lame guys tried to hit on her beforehand, or how bad her day was, or how far along her cervical cancer is, but if someone comes up to you in a nice manner, you should return the favor. It's fine if you give one-word answers—I'll get the hint in twenty seconds—but going out of your way to put me down shows you don't even possess basic humanity. That type of girl would see a bleeding body lying on the sidewalk and not do anything because she desperately wants to fire off a text message to her friend that recaps the latest episode of Glee.

If I can treat gay guys with kindness, when I don't engage in that anus lifestyle, there is no excuse for a woman to not do the same to a man who approaches her in a public place. The girl is free to act like a bitch if the guy is rude, but otherwise she needs to take a hard look at reality, which says that she has absolutely no worth to the human species besides her vagina. Pick any woman from a crowd of your choosing and I'll bet $10,000 that she will not add a single drop of knowledge or wisdom to mankind during her lifetime. No woman does.

You don't want to talk to guys? That's fine, just don't come out and expose me to your anti-social retardation. Stay the fuck home.

The Most Important Thing A Man Has

December 19, 2010 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Read this email I received from a guy who calls himself Grandpa…

> In Bogota a few years ago I was talking to a HOT Colombian girl. She asked for a drink. I bought one for her and then she walked away. I was pissed. An old Colombian guy at the bar said, “You are new here and do not know what the hell you are doing.” I guess I don’t. He said, “Buy me a beer and I will give you an education that you cannot buy with money.” What the fuck, I might as well lose two drinks.
>
> He gave me the best advice I have ever had that ended up landing me more Colombian pussy than I can count. He said the most valuable thing a guy has, especially an older guy (I was almost 40 then), is his dignity. (Yea, I am older now, but I am living in Brazil with a 22 year old smoking hot girl, with a few more on the side… yea, yea and a cabinet full of Viagra).
>
> He told me the best way to handle when a girl asks me for a drink. First look at your watch and remember the time. Then completely ignore her comment about the drink. Change the subject and just bullshit for five full minutes. He said make sure you time it. You gringos will not be able to stand this situation and it will seem like an hour. After five full minutes, as part of the conversation, ask her what she is drinking, then wait another few minutes. Excuse yourself, go to the bar and get her and yourself a drink (preferable where she cannot see you), and bring it to her. This does a few things for you.
>
> 1. You are in charge of the situation, not her. She does not control you.
> 2. You will use your position of power to take care of her needs.
> 3. Buying her the drink is on your terms and your timetable, not hers.
> 4. You do not respond well to commands, especially from a woman. You ignore her commands.
> 5. You do not get angry with her commands because they are meaningless to you and you are above that.
> 6. It is okay for her to let you know what she wants, but it is entirely up to you if she gets it, and when she gets it.
>
> The old guy told me that when I immediately bought her a drink she felt uncomfortable being in charge of the situation, and that I was easy and not to be respected or followed. I dated a lot of Colombian women and each of them kicked hard against me. After a while I realized that what they were really asking is “Are you strong enough for me to trust you to lead me?” After a while (weeks) most of the smart one learned to be very sweet and whisper in my ear, “I am getting a little thirsty,” with a sweet Colombian smile.
>
> That place is fucking AWESOME. I got more Colombian stories than you can

> imagine.
>
> Grandpa
>
> P.S. The doctor who said if your woodie lasts longer then 4 hours, go to the doctor did NOT live in Colombia or Brazil… Happy Hunting.

This email reminds me of my first night going out in Colombia back in April 2009 (it feels like forever ago). In Bogota I went with a tall Croatian man I met at the hostel to a bar in the La Candelaria neighborhood. Almost immediately we started talking to two Colombian girls. The Croat was bursting with energy and doing all sorts of crazy dance moves to hook his girl, while I took on a more laid-back vibe with mine. About twenty minutes into the interaction, she asked me to buy her a drink.

I didn't have any experience when a girl asks me that in South America, because even in my previous trip it never happened. So I gave her my typical American response: "Do you want me to just write you a check?" The interaction then terminated.

The next morning, the Croat told me how he fucked his girl without a condom and was scared of contracting a sexually transmitted disease.

"Too bad my girl wasn't open," I said.

"No dude, your girl *was* open. You just went with the wrong game. You needed to be more playful instead of bitching her out. Back at the other girl's place, I thought I was going to get a threesome for a second. I was so close!"

What he said didn't really register, but over the next several months I realized that my worth to women—especially South American women—was not only in my humor or intellect or even game. It was also my ability to provide, made obvious when you consider the average Colombian girl can barely afford to buy herself a drink. It took me a little too long to realize their value system was different than Western girls.

I had the notion, from my upbringing in America, that a girl must like me for ***me*** and not my money or anything "superficial." I was stubborn about letting this go at first ("But my jokes are so great!"), until I noticed that fucking a girl who likes my jokes versus fucking a girl who likes the fact that I can buy her an imported beer makes no difference to my dick, or ultimately, my happiness. As long as I'm not getting used for either it's all the same, and I'd be a moron not to use whatever strength I possess to hit the attraction buttons of the local women. Let's just say that highlighting my ability to provide—in a casual, non-flashy way—did not hurt my results with Colombian women, and is something I'm more aware of displaying in poor countries. It's a careful balance because if you overdo it you can look like a total douche bag, but then again you shouldn't go out of your way to hide the fact that you make a couple bucks.

Whenever I think back at the night with the Croat, asking the Colombian girl if she wanted me to write her a check, I cringe. What a rookie mistake.

Day Game Workshop 2.0 Lessons Learned

January 5, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

From September to November I taught 16 workshops to 19 men. While it was hard work (believe it or not), it was extremely rewarding to see guys sometimes make a sizable improvement in just a few hours. Teaching the workshops gave me a changing-the-world-one-man-at-a-time sort of pleasure.

The flow of knowledge wasn't only one-way, and from each workshop I learned not only want it takes to be a good teacher but also what works for the average man. I can teach game that works for me all day, but the workshops helped me refine game that works for a broader stroke of man. If something that worked for me didn't get as much mileage for the majority of students, I made necessary adjustments.

I want to give a little preview of the day game book I'm working on and share three common mistakes that my students made during the day.

1. They didn't talk enough. During the day you need to be able to basically talk nonstop for the 2-5 minutes it takes for a girl to warm up to the conversation. An early pause is death, and a huge chunk of the book will be about maintaining conversations even when the girl isn't giving you much to work with. A universal problem is guys running out of chat within 30 seconds then asking personal questions, turning the approach into an uncomfortable interview that pushes the girl away.

2. They stood too close. Guys are standing next to girls like they are in a bar or nightclub. During the day there is no benefit to proximity like there is at night. It has the downside of making her nervous and uncomfortable. If you can raise your arm and touch her, you're standing too close.

3. They teased. The pickup community has failed guys with regard to teasing. Guys think they are teasing a girl when they're really insulting, and doing that during the day is a guarantee of killing the approach because she hasn't consumed alcohol to soften the blow. Many times I've been listening in to an approach and predicted the end it after I heard such a "tease" (it comes 20-60 seconds after the mistake was made, but sometimes instantly if it's harsh enough). I've had to take a hard line with my students: "absolutely no teasing." During the day we build attraction through other means.

The parts of the workshop that got my heart going was when I got to listen in to an approach by a student who I'd put in the high beginner level. He would have approaches where he's able to move the conversation forward, but he'd be making enough mistakes where it's very possible she'd walk away. I'd be standing there a few dozen feet away with my hidden earpiece, pacing back and forth while clenching a sweat-soaked napkin and saying to myself: "No no don't say that… change the topic… go for the close… why why why!" I know I was going through more stress than the student. Other situations where the guy was bombing or doing exceptionally well didn't get my heart going like those middle-of-the-road approaches. It was like watching the beginning of a classic porn

movie. Will the pizza delivery guy have sex with the young girl or will he not notice she's half naked and blatantly staring at his dick while slowly licking her lips? The suspense is killing me!

I must say that the wireless radio system was a wise investment. I was able to give targeted advice and identify a clear pattern to success and failure. They were such a benefit that I don't think I could teach a workshop in good conscious without them, because otherwise I simply won't know the bulk of what the student is doing wrong (or right). My day game book will be stronger as a result.

I wanted to give a last thank you to the guys who took a 2.0 workshop, especially since I know it's not easy to give a random guy off the internet several hundred dollars. I sincerely hope I put them on the right path.

Hello Iceland!

January 11, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Let the new adventure begin!

American Girls Are Using Negs Now

January 13, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I remember when I'd never get approached by women, even when I went out four nights a week. I accepted that I was not a good-looking guy whose looks alone could propel a woman to start chasing. I didn't cry about it since I was still able to get laid by approaching, but it did gnaw at me that other guys had to put far less effort than I had to.

Then slowly, as I optimized my look and improved my body language, posture, mannerisms, and so on, more girls approached me, or at least gave me steady eye contact. Unfortunately it wasn't from the girls I wanted (their attractiveness was in the 4-6 range), but I welcomed the attention anyway. Their approaches were usually very simple, along the lines of asking a question about the bar or making a compliment about something I was wearing.

These days, the quality of girls who approach me has jumped up a bit to the 5-7 range, with the once-in-a-blue-moon 8, yet it's still not frequent enough or at a consistent quality that I can stop approaching myself. In the past two years I've noticed another change: American women have started using negs on me. Of course no one knows how to really use negs, so they just come across as insults. Here are some recent examples:

"Did you just come from an ugly sweater party?" (I wasn't wearing what I thought to be an ugly sweater.)

"I want the chair you're sitting on."

"Why are you wearing my dad's tie clip?"

Sometimes the girl is not using the neg as an opener, but as a failed attempt at teasing early in the interaction. They make fun of my hairy arms or my retro flower shirt or whatever else I'm wearing without using a scrap of charm or humor. We're talking straight-up insults.

When this happens, I look at the girl and say, "Does that pick-up line usually work? Because it sucks."

"Uh, uh, it's not a pick up line! You wish it was!"

Reverse the genders. That little dialogue sounds familiar, doesn't it? We've come full circle my friends.

Now allow me to trace the history of girls using negs:

1. The Game was released, teaching guys to go around insulting girls. Negs were the main principle of the book mentioned in dozens of articles and television reports. Unfortunately they don't work like newbies thought they would. Maybe it did work at some point on a certain type of girl that Mystery approached, but it doesn't any more. Negs are like punching a girl in the face and saying "it works" just because you got a reaction. Truth is playful teasing remains king in building attraction at night.

2. American girls, who have become increasingly clueless on how to flirt,

learned about the neg concept via the media and figured it would be suitable to use on guys. Girls are stupid in that they think there are no gender-specific rules or techniques. Believe it or not, they still think us guys judge them based on things like their career and stability.

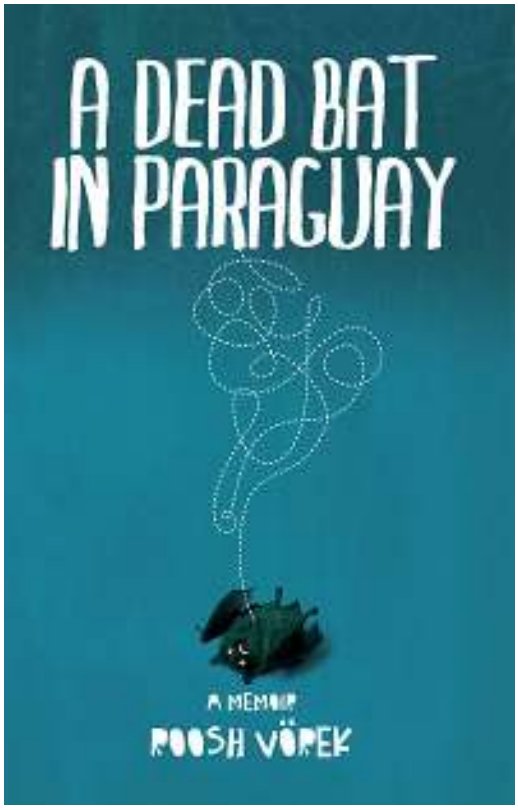
The men have no idea how to act like men and the women have no idea how to act like women. They learn mistakes from each other, and neither get what they want as the culture slowly loses knowledge of how to efficiently mate with the opposite sex without copious amounts of alochol. It's sad if it wasn't so amusing.

It's 2011 and everyone is trying to use negs. The neg is officially dead.

A Dead Bat In Paraguay Expanded Edition

January 16, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I'm happy to annouce the release of the expanded edition to A Dead Bat In Paraguay, a little over one year after the initial release. The two major changes are a new cover and a seventeen page epilogue that describes what happened during my second trip to Rio.



A Dead Bat In Paraguay gets murdered in sales by my other books (even Bang Colombia), but I have much more pride in it than the others. For artists there's what pays the bills and then there's what you do because you wanted to share a story. I think this book shows who I really am (the good and the bad) and also the best of whatever writing ability I possess. While not everyone loves it—in fact I'm pleased that women hate it—the feedback I've received tells me it has inspired and entertained men, serving its purpose.

Starting tomorrow I'm going to release the epilogue on the blog, primarily for people who already own the book. It digs deeper into a relationship I had the first time around, one that I wanted to continue upon my return to South America. You'll find out if reality matched my plans.

I asked myself if the epilogue would be considered a spoiler for those who haven't yet read the entire book. I don't think so. I feel like the main text and the epilogue can be considered two separate works that complement each other, though reading both would give a more complete picture and allow you to see the changes that I went through from start to end. The only issue is that some characters in the epilogue may seem underdeveloped since they were already introduced in the main text.

If you want to receive the epilogue in one PDF file to print or read on your e-reader, I'll be

sharing it on my email newsletter Wednesday morning. You can sign up below or on this page if you're not already on the list.

A Dead Bat In Paraguay is available in the following formats:

Paperback ($14.97)

Kindle ($9.99)

PDF & ePUB package ($10.97)

To receive the epilogue in one file, sign up to my newsletter by putting your first name and email address in the form below. It's spam-free and you can unsubscribe at any time...

A Dead Bat In Paraguay Epilogue (Part 1 of 4)

January 17, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

“So how was the Northeast?” Paula asked.

“It was just like you said—poor, but with great beaches. I went to Fortaleza, Natal, Pipa, Recife, Salvador, and Vitória. I liked Vitória the most because I swear I was the only gringo there.”

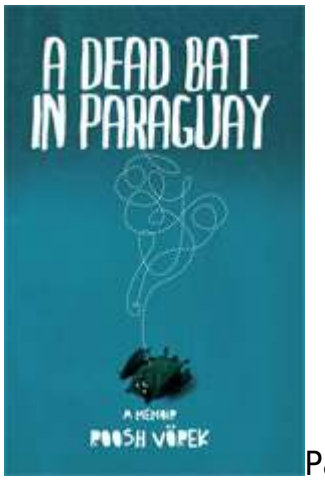
“Vitória? Only businessmen travel there.”

“Exactly. I’d go to a club and guys would come up to me and say, ‘Hey, you’re the gringo, right? I heard you talking outside in English.’ I’d ask questions about how to get girls, just to make them feel like they were teaching the gringo something. The girls didn’t really care, though, and would brush me off. After my last trip, I kind of thought I’d be more welcome by the women if there were no other gringos around, but I guess that’s not always the case. Overall I had a fun time and believe it or not, nothing bad happened!”

“Don’t say that,” she said. “Now something bad will happen. Do you want to get another beer?”

She looked just like I remembered her from when she and her friends had showed me around Rio while I was dealing with my health and mental problems. I initially had planned to stay in a hostel in Ipanema, but she insisted that I crash at her place for a few nights.

In Vitória I ended up staying with a guy who worked at my hotel. He didn’t have a guest bed or sofa, so I had to buy a $40 foam mattress. I hoped it would last the week, but after the first night the foam flattened until it felt like I was sleeping directly on the floor. When Paula told me she didn’t have a mattress, I reluctantly rolled and tied the piece of shit up with rope and hauled it to Rio by bus. I’m certain other Brazilians thought I was homeless because I hadn’t shaved for a few weeks.



Paula and I caught up on things in the bar by Copacabana’s beach. I arrived two hours prior and for the last half of the bus ride my stomach was grumbling loudly, but I wrote it off as a bad case of gas. Not once in the past seven months, the first six spent in Colombia, had I gotten a stomach illness. During my last trip I had learned to cook most of my meals and limit the street food, but in the last month I had gotten cocky

and started eating from the street again. At the Vitória bus station I ate an odd-tasting *coxinha de frango*, a deep-fried chicken and cheese ball that was neon orange on the inside. I figured it contained a kind of cheese I hadn't had before.

There wasn't a whole lot to tell Paula about the previous seven months. In Medellín, I had written a new book, studied Spanish, and put a lot of energy into sleeping with Colombian women. It included going to the university to hang out in the common areas to ask girls for help with my Spanish. Instead of being the old guy in the club, I was the old guy in school, but thankfully girls like men around 30 years old. I made a couple new friends, dated a really nice girl who pokes me every now and then on Facebook, and played blackjack in the casinos. Life was good, easy, and most importantly of all, cheap.

Colombia had spoiled my return to Brazil because it competed so well on many fronts, including quality of life, cost of living, and women. I had held Brazilian women on a magic pedestal for a long time after my return to the States, but now Colombian women were almost there with them. Picking one over the other would come down to a matter of personal taste because I doubt different men who have experiences with both would consistently arrive to the same conclusion.

My stomach continued to churn as Paula gave me updates on her life and her new boyfriend. I started sweating and figured I could squeeze my ass cheeks together for another half hour before using the bathroom at her place, but it's amazing how the human digestive system can move at the speed of sound when it wants to. I finally excused myself to visit the bar's restroom.

The lone toilet was covered with drops of urine and the toilet paper was out, so I quickly grabbed a dozen paper towels from above the sink, put four on the seat, and sat down. My body shook with a tremendous explosion as the entire contents of my bowels ejected in less than three seconds. There was a loud "bloo-bloop" sound and then, just like that, it was over. I lifted my ass to take a peek at what was underneath and thought, "That wasn't so bad."

We left the bar soon after and went back in her place, where I had to go again. The only problem was that her bathroom was inside her room, only six feet from the bed. There was nothing I could do to mask the embarrassing ass explosion sounds, not even a dinky ventilation fan. Over the next ten hours I had to go to the bathroom at least fifteen times while Paula slept. Poor girl—I'm sure she thought I was shitting on her head. My anus became so abraded and raw from all the wiping that it felt like I had been sodomized with a Brillo pad. During brief moments of sleep I crossed my legs, for fear that I'd accidently shit on my foam mattress.

Two days later, after a few meals of rice and potatoes, I was fine again. No fever, no lingering pain, and no constant gas. No five-month ordeal like last time.

"Whenever I see you, you're sick," Paula said, shaking her head. "Maybe you should see a special doctor."

"I was healthy the past seven months, I swear!" She probably thinks I was a premature baby and now have to deal with some type of lifelong immune system disorder.

Not wanting to impose, after three nights at her place I checked into a hostel and began looking for an apartment.

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I called Mariana. She picked up on the second ring. I started talking in English without saying my name, to see how long it would take for her to know it was me. It only took a couple seconds.

“It’s so good to hear from you,” she said.

“Guess where I am right now.”

“Rio de Janeiro.”

They say you can tell when someone is smiling or not on the phone, and I like to think she was during our conversation. We chatted for a few minutes and made plans to hang out in two days.

Over the previous 23 months I had thought of her often, but I didn’t overdo it. I didn’t think of her as the solution to my problems and I’d stop myself if I wandered into any girlfriend fantasies. It’s true that she had rarely popped in my head when I was seeing a new girl, but after the dust had settled and I was alone again, I’d remember our time together and wonder if it was the real deal or not. Was I romanticizing a short relationship made intense by what I was going through my last time here, or was she really the one?

Now that I was back in Rio, I had trouble holding back. I got excited. For the next day, all I could do was think about what our reunion would be like. Should I pick her up when we hug? Should I go for the kiss right away? Should we end up in a club after a drink or two at a quiet bar? Should I dress up or keep it simple? Should I trim my beard or keep it a little long? I found myself thinking about things I didn’t usually worry about.

We agreed to meet the next afternoon at 5pm. At first I thought she wanted to meet early because she couldn’t wait to see me, but then I realized she probably had other plans later that night. I was ready to jump to the conclusion that she had another guy. After all, it had been two years. What did I expect? Was she supposed to greet me with open legs and scream, “Take me, Roosh! I’ve been waiting for you all this time!” Back to reality, and that reality is that a lot of time had passed, and people meet other people. Still, her having a boyfriend would destroy my plans for picking up exactly where we left off.

TO BE CONTINUED…

A Dead Bat In Paraguay Epilogue (Part 2 of 4)

January 18, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

PREVIOUSLY… PART ONE

Nostalgia is a powerful thing. I had a constant smirk on my face while doing all the simple things I had done before, like getting a *folhado* at my favorite bakery, recharging my cell phone balance at the mobile shop, doing pull-ups on the beach bars in Ipanema, and eating lunch at Delirio Tropical. In Copacabana, I visited Marcelo's juice bar and was surprised to see him still working there. I walked up to the counter and before I could say anything he squinted in a flash of remembrance.

"I was here two years ago," I said.

"What's your name again?"

"Roosh."

"Roooooooosh, that's right!"

He put out his hand and gave mine a healthy shake. We chatted for maybe thirty seconds and then he went back to work. I think I was more sentimental about our relationship than he was judging by how quickly the smile evaporated from his face. I wanted him to be more than just my juice guy, but I knew he saw a dozen gringos like me every day and I was lucky he had remembered me at all.

Eventually I ran out of nostalgia. I walked around Ipanema, by the McDonald's, KFC, and expensive boutiques I'd never stepped into, then thought, "Okay, now what?" I did it. I had come back, just as I'd told everyone I would, and I was about to reunite with my girl, but the mission that had consumed my thoughts for the past two years was almost complete. I felt a little empty, and then I remembered something someone had once told me: "Sometimes wanting something is better than having it." That was probably why I hesitated in Vitória before returning to Rio. I stayed there ten days instead of three, perhaps subconsciously conflicted about the fact that I was about to finish what I set out to do. I wanted to hold on to wanting just a bit longer.

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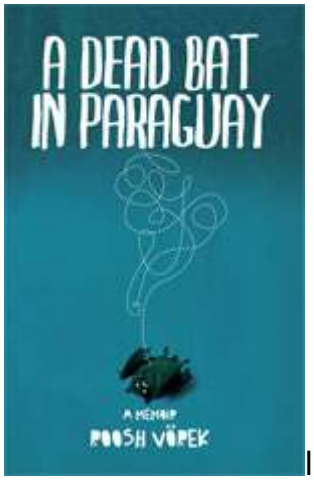
I had no complaints when Mariana pushed our date back one day (because of allergies, she told me) to Saturday night, which was a more proper time for a reunion. We were supposed to meet at the subway station, but it began pouring, so she texted me her address instead. At our meeting time I stood partially hidden under a tree in front of her building, waiting for her to come out.



I stared at her for a good five seconds before she noticed me. It was a careful stare, trying to see what had changed and what hadn't. Her hair was longer—longer than mine, finally. Her body still looked great and it's wasn't obvious that she had aged two years. She smiled when she saw me hiding behind the tree. I gave her a hug, but she seemed decidedly cool, only giving me a weak embrace. The first thing she asked was where the taxi was, and when I told her I had let it go, she sounded annoyed, asking me twice why I'd done that, almost scolding me like a child. If she was happy to see me, I couldn't tell.

We decided to walk up a steep hill to some local bars in her neighborhood. She had a tiny umbrella, so we both got wet as we lost our breath climbing, and several times she criticized herself for not bringing a bigger one. She was tense and made little effort to help with the conversation. The silences were painful. We hadn't seen each other in two years, but after five minutes we had almost nothing to say. I thought either she had a serious boyfriend and was simply giving me a token meeting or needed time to warm up to me again.

When we finally settled into the bar twenty minutes later, I decided to approach it as just another date: I'd talk my ass off, tell her the interesting things I had been doing, make her laugh, and touch her more and more as the evening progressed.

"So my book is done. I finally finished it—and you're in it," I said.

"Oh, no!" She laughed.

"No, it's nothing bad. Meeting you was a good way to end the story, I think, after all the bad stuff that happened."

"What name did you give me?"

"Mariana."

"How did you pick that?"

"Well, I went on the internet and did a search for Brazilian names, and you seem like a Mariana, so I went with that."

I told her about the book, carefully avoiding its sexual theme and focusing on the friendships and cities I had visited. Mariana is the type of girl who didn't care much about my past, but I still didn't feel comfortable with her knowing about all the girls I had tried to get with before getting with her. I didn't want to trivialize our relationship by saying it

was the culmination of dozens of approaches and brainstorming and effort and game. There's no romance in that.

By the second hour of our date, we had settled into a fun conversation. She opened up more, telling me about the time she had been robbed at knife-point, the traveling she had done, and the productions she had acted in. There were many moments where we relived our time together and I'd say, "I put that in the book!" Even though she had never seen the book and had no idea what filled its nearly 300 pages, she seemed pleased that she was in it. The whole time I held on to the hope that our reunion wouldn't be anything less than worthy of the two-year wait.

We moved to a sushi bar and as we walked, she hooked her arm through mine. She seemed to laugh harder at my jokes and gave me longer stares. She asked more questions, and if this had been any other date, I would have been thinking, "This is going well."

After four hours of talking, we decided to call it a night. On the walk to her apartment we held hands, but at the front door she was prepared to say goodbye and send me on my way. I couldn't let that happen.

"Can I use your bathroom?" I said. She didn't answer. Without skipping a beat, I added, "Okay well can you point me to an alley where I can go? Hopefully I won't be robbed."

She paused for a few seconds. "No, that's fine," she said. "You can come in."

I knew I'd be staying a while when she offered me a drink. I went into her room and saw that the pictures of her guru were still there, but the shelf of herbal remedies was gone.

"Where's all your medicines?" I asked.

"What medicines?"

"You know, the natural medicines you used to have in those dropper bottles."

"I think you imagined that."

"Are you sure? Because I put it in the book."

The last bit of nostalgia I had was with her and I milked it for all it was worth. I wanted the wait to be validated. I wanted to be correct that she wasn't just another notch. I had so many relationships that were meaningless that I needed this one to be real.

"The last time I was here," I said, "I was a bit messed up, I think. When I went home, I hibernated in my dad's basement and it took two months until I felt normal again. I'm telling you this because I didn't want to leave you. There's a lot of things we didn't do together."

"You didn't have time," she said.

"I could've made time. I could've stayed longer. I…"

She put her hand in mine. A few minutes later she led me to her bedroom.

—

There was a peculiar moment the next morning when I left. She gave me a kiss goodbye

and said, “Take care.”

“Take care?” I replied.

“Yeah, take care,” she repeated. “Isn’t that what Americans say?”

“Well, ‘take care’ is something you say to someone you’re not going to see for a while. If you run into an old college friend you haven’t seen in years and you chat for a couple minutes, you say ‘take care’ at the end. It means ‘See you in a few years, maybe.’”

“Oh, no, that’s not what I meant at all,” she said. Then she gave me a more proper farewell as I left.

I really wanted to say that she was indeed the one, that I ended the game because of her, that we feel in love and had beautiful Brazilian babies, and that I lived out my days in a tropical country. But that wasn’t the case.

Five days later we met for lunch at her suggestion. Beforehand, I debated whether I should comment on her coolness. I knew something was wrong because all the signs were there: rescheduling our date, getting annoyed at my letting the taxi go, excusing aloof behavior with a made-up illness (allergies), not inviting me back to her place, and giving me an impersonal goodbye. I remembered the first time we met, when she had asked me to come over, but the previous night I had to weasel my way in as if she was any other girl. Her kisses were also different—quicker, colder, and not as sensual. Our lovemaking was more detached. I decided to not say anything and see what would happen. Well, I didn’t have to wait long.

During lunch she barely said a word. Like on our date, I talked and talked to get something out of her, but she responded with simple one-word replies. I had brought a book with me, Milan Kundera’s *The Book of Laughter and Forgetting*, and the only time she really said anything was when she explained that she had liked his most famous work, *The Unbearable Lightness Of Being*. Did I have to bring one of his books on every date just to get something going? Whether she was no longer interested in me or not, there is no way I can date a girl who doesn’t talk to me. Disappointment set in.

We finished our meal in silence, then she said, “I have to tell you something.”

I knew what was coming.

TO BE CONTINUED…

A Dead Bat In Paraguay Epilogue (Part 3 of 4)

January 19, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

PREVIOUSLY… PART TWO

“I think we should just be friends,” she said.

I’d been dumped many times before, where things simply faded away and a girl stopped agreeing to go out with me. Maybe I would run into her later and we’d have sex again for old time’s sake, but not once in seven years had a girl I genuinely liked sat me down and said she never wanted to be romantically involved with me again. The last time I had been hurt, but this time I was angry.

She was about to tell me why when two businessmen sat next to our table. She asked if I wanted to talk on the beach. I agreed. We walked without saying anything, then sat on the sand.

“You don’t have to give me a reason,” I said. “I don’t care, whatever you want.”

“No, but I want to tell you. When we first met, my heart was open, but I can’t do this. I can’t see you for two months and then have you go away again. I can’t suffer like that.”

Oh, god. She was giving me the excuse I had been using on girls for the past year—a spin-off of the ‘It’s not you, it’s me’ routine.

“I understand completely,” I said. “If that’s what you want. I knew something was wrong anyway, because it didn’t feel like last time. You were colder, and from the moment you postponed our date, I knew something wasn’t right.”

“But I wasn’t feeling well,” she protested. “I had allergies.”

“Look, if I was in a hospital bed, half-dying, I’d still crawl out to see you after two years. You just weren’t excited. I told myself, ‘I’m 100% sure she’s seeing a guy,’ and that’s what I still think.”

I looked deep in her eyes because a part of me wanted to know the real reason, even though that reason would ultimately boil down to her not wanting to see me. I needed to know if she had something else going on instead of preferring to watch *telenovelas* at home rather than spending time with me.

“He’s not better than you, but he’s here. You’re going to leave in two months. Then what am I going to do?”

“The other night you were telling me that you were thinking about having a kid in a year or two,” I said. “When a woman says that, what she really means is that she wants a child right now, and I understand that. You’re at the age where you’re ready to find something long-term, but I can’t give you that.”

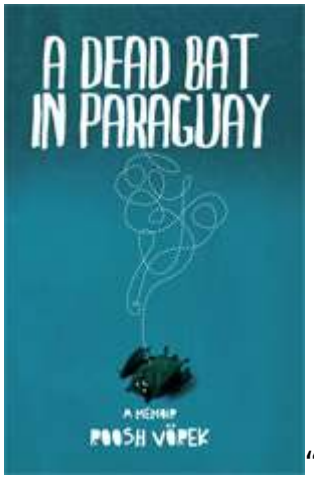
“I know you can’t.”

“I guess the only reason we got together in the first place was because you had just broken up with someone. I was the rebound.”

“Yes my heart was open then. I knew you were leaving soon and it wouldn’t mean anything.”

I winced and turned away, my eyes falling upon a group of guys in skimpy Speedos playing foot volleyball.

“But now it’s harder, because you’re staying longer, but you’ll still be leaving again. You’re too…” She fumbled for the right word. “Light.”



“I’m sorry I’m not a Brazilian citizen. I’m sorry I can only stay a couple months at a time, but it’s because I’m light that we even met. It gives and it takes, I understand that. You think this conversation we’re having right now is the first time for…” I wanted to talk to her as if she was a therapist and discuss the pros and cons of living the lifestyle that I’ve chosen, but I stopped short and started making patterns in the sand with my book.

“And you barely kept in touch while you were away,” she said. “Do you know the word cultivar?”

“Yes, to cultivate.”

“That’s what I want. Something that grows. You sent me two postcards, a couple emails, and we talked once on the phone.”

“So you wanted me to call so you could ask when I was coming back, only for me to say, ‘I don’t know, maybe soon.’ What would we have talked about? ‘Hey, Mariana, I’m going out with my friends a lot and writing. Oh, yeah? Great. I can’t wait to have *açai* again.’”

“Well let’s be friends. And I mean that,” she said. “This Saturday I’m going out dancing with my friends, and I’d like it if you’d come along and meet them.”

“No, that’s okay.”

“What?”

“I don’t want to be just friends. No, it’s either all or nothing with me.”

“So you don’t even want to see me again?”

“We can exchange emails, and maybe have lunch before I leave the country.”

She frowned and tightened her lips. Part of me felt bad for her because after all she was a girl I really liked, but another part of me was pleased that I was hurting her.

“I can’t believe you don’t want to be my friend. You’re blackmailing me! This isn’t how

Brazilians do it. We keep in touch. We see each other."

"Yeah, well, I do things differently," I said flatly. "I have enough friends anyway." That was a lie. There was only one other person in Rio I could call.

"Then the only thing you really want from me is my body."

I said nothing, wondering about the question myself.

She told me that every other guy she'd ever broken up with had jumped at the chance to stay in touch and that I was being silly not to want the same. I refused to reward her decision to dump me with friendship. I wanted her to wonder if she made the right choice by letting me go. She needed to feel genuine loss. I had to inflict either pleasure or pain—nothing in between. I had to burn my bridges because it was the right thing to do.

"I think it's time for me to go," I said.

We got up and she insisted on escorting me to my hostel. On the way she continued to push the friendship idea, but I said little, thinking that I wanted her to feel what I was feeling: utter rejection.

"You really don't have to walk me back," I said, as if she was following me like a pest. At the end of the block she stopped, but I kept walking.

"Wait!" she called after me.

I stopped, looked back, and said, "Yeah?"

"Aren't you at least going to give me a hug?"

I sighed, then gave her the most awkward hug I could muster, my body leaning so far forward that only the boney tops of my shoulders touched her body. She stood on her tiptoes to give me a kiss on the cheek, but I pulled away as soon as I felt her lips make contact with my skin.

It was another goodbye, two years and two blocks away from the last one. I took three steps back and stared into her big eyes, which were glassy with tears. She smiled wanly, as if encouraging me to say something comforting, but all I wanted to do at that moment was destroy something beautiful. I raised my hand and said, "Take care."

I didn't wait for a response. I immediately turned and walked away.

—

A couple weeks later I got into a fight with Paula's best friend, Joana, at a samba club. She had discovered my writings and tried to use them against me. The entire night I endured things like, "So when are you going to *bang* these girls?" "Are you going to learn samba so you can *bang* a lot of girls?" and "What clubs do you go to so you can *bang* girls?" I bit my lip. I didn't want to create a scene, but at the end of the night, while hailing a taxi, she said, "The night is still young enough to *bang* girls. You should stay out."

I'd finally had enough. "Can you shut the fuck up about that already. Are you going to do that all the time from now on?"

The ride home was awkward. Of course she told Paula, who cooled toward me afterward,

taking days to reply to one of my text messages instead of the usual hour or less. I now had no friends in Rio.

One night about a month after Mariana dumped me, I went to Lapa alone. While walking up the stairs of the club, I ran into her. She was with her sister and didn't offer to introduce me, as if I was a distant acquaintance, so I just nodded as if to say *I see how it is* and kept walking.

She found me later and asked what had happened. "You tell me what happened," I said. "You seemed like you didn't want to talk and didn't even offer to introduce me to your sister."

"You looked upset! It seemed like you wanted to walk away from me!"

I stuck with her for the rest of the night. We sat on the couch and talked about emotions, love, and all sorts of nonsense my friends back home would have made fun of me about. Whenever I looked away, she wiped away her tears. We gently stroked each other's hands and when she stared at me, I got the feeling that she wanted me to make a commitment and say, "Baby, I'm going to live in Brazil. Let's do it!" That's what she wanted, and I felt confident that if I said those words, she would have been mine as long as our relationship could last.

I imagined how my life would be if I chose that route. I'd have to make a permanent move to Rio, and the only way to do that legally would be to get married. We'd be husband and wife, with our own little apartment in Copacabana. Three nights a week I'd cook American food, three nights a week she'd cook Brazilian food, and one night a week we'd go out. I'd support her in her career and listen to her troubles at work. We'd take trips into the Brazilian countryside to get away from the city. We'd be best friends. I'd become an English teacher or get some other job that brought in a regular income. We'd have a Little Rooshinho and I'd find out if I had what it took to be a good father. We'd outgrow our apartment in Copacabana and get a bigger one in Ipanema. I'd become fluent in Portuguese. I'd visit my family and friends in the States once a year. I'd become a family man and have a regular, pleasant life. If our marriage worked, we'd make each other happy until our last days, companions until death. Our graves would be side by side.

I remained silent.

"You were never in love with me anyway," she finally said.

Besides my gentle touches, I offered Mariana no reason to dump the guy she had just "started" dating to get with me. I made my choice, and I was ready to live with it.

We walked out when the club closed at five in the morning. When we hugged, she closed her eyes and practically dived in my chest, but she didn't let me hold her long enough to kiss her. She hopped into a cab and at that point I realized she was too sure of what she wanted to be weak for another night or two. I could accept that, but I went to bed wondering how I was going to meet another girl like her. For my remaining three months in Rio I didn't.

Those were shallow times, going out to drink and fuck random girls in my *favela*

apartment while building very little of substance. There was the pretty daughter of a gastroenterologist, who spoke French and treated me well, but I just couldn't fall for her. There was a *telenovela* actress from São Paulo who was gorgeous but spoke no English and was hard to pin down. There was an Argentine girl with a magical booty who tasted like a bar ashtray. There were traveling American girls I slept with only hours after meeting. It's after these girls, ten days before I was set to leave Rio for good, that I had an overwhelming desire to see Mariana again. I didn't care if it was "bad game" to contact her or not, so I called and said I needed to see her before I left. She agreed to a date.

FINAL PART TOMORROW…

A Dead Bat In Paraguay Epilogue (Part 4 of 4)

January 20, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

PREVIOUSLY… PART THREE

The crowd at the champagne bar was typical: older professionals who wanted to wind down after work. We sat next to each other at a huge table that ran the length of the bar. I caught her up on my life in Rio.

“When I first came here, I fell in love with the city and imagined myself living here, but now I don’t know if I’m ever coming back.” I took a sip of champagne, which was extremely cold because of the salt solution the bartender had put into our ice bucket.

“Why don’t you like Rio?” Mariana asked.

“Well, it’s expensive and dangerous, the traffic is bad, the nightlife sucks, there’s too many gringos, it’s either unbearably hot or raining, it’s dirty, smelly, making friends is hard, and I don’t even like the beach that much. It’s like Rio was a girl who I fell hard for, but once I got to know her, I realized we didn’t have a lot in common. I think it was you who…”

I paused.

“Me who what?” she asked.

“The first time I was here, you made the city better than it actually is.”

“I don’t believe that.”

“You don’t have to, but there’s no reason for me to stay here now, or even to come back.”

I noticed that she was touching me often and shifting nervously in her seat. I had gotten her to meet me under the guise of friendship, and while I didn’t expect more, I was sure hoping for it.

“Remember that guy you told me you had just ‘started’ seeing?” I asked.

“Yes.”

“Well, I think that was a lie. I think you invented him to make me feel better.”

“No, I really was seeing a guy! But I’m not seeing him anymore.”

“Oh.”

“And then there was another guy.”

“What?”

“But it was really quick. Very short.”

“So you’re not seeing anyone right now?”

“No.”

“Well, good, because after this bottle of champagne you can come to my place and we can make love one last time.” I smiled, but not too hard since I wanted her to believe I

was mostly serious. Just testing the waters.

“Oh, baby, no.” She shook her head. “Let’s just be friends. ”

“I’m leaving in ten days—it’s not like I’m asking for more. But anyway…”

“So did you meet any girls?”

“A couple, but nothing serious. After you ended it I wasn’t too upset because I thought it would be easy to find your replacement, especially since I met you only a week after I arrived in Rio.” I paused a moment. “But I haven’t been able to find another Mariana.”

She smiled, but said nothing. I asked if she was still on her allergy medication. She said she wasn’t. I kept filling her glass and eventually ordered a second bottle.

I was having trouble containing my feelings and said some things I knew I shouldn’t have, but it felt right and she seemed to be getting closer to me. I went with it. There was no need to lie or pretend.

“When I came back,” I said, “I was ready to give us a shot, to see only you.”

“I don’t believe that. I know your type, going from country to country. You probably have girls in each country that you keep in touch with.”

“No, well… no, you’re wrong. No one I really care about,” I said, searching for the right words. “The last time we talked, I got the feeling that you wanted me to make a stronger commitment, to invest more.” I paused again, then asked the question that was on my mind for the past couple months. “I guess what I’m asking is… if I lived here, would things be different?”

She looked at me for what seemed like eternity and said, “Yes, they would.”

I nodded, then the conversation drifted into silence. I tried to kiss her a few minutes later, but she turned her head at the last moment.

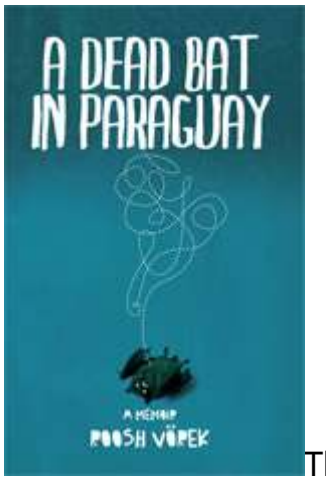
“We’re only friends,” she said. “Friends don’t kiss.”

“They don’t?”

“Well, sometimes,” she said softly. Then she gave me a look that said, “I’m going to be vulnerable now… please be gentle.”

I approached again slowly, and when our lips touched, I felt something unusual—something electric that seemed to paralyze my body. Only my lips and mouth were alive, and they were heating up. For the next thirty seconds I felt this heat coming into my mouth, increasing in temperature with every moment. The movements of her tongue triggered flashes of white light on the back of my eyelids. My head seemed to separate from the rest of my body. The people and the music faded into the background until we were completely alone, until I processed not a single thought or sensation besides the heat in my mouth and the lights dancing in my vision. I don’t know how long the kiss lasted, but she pulled away first, leaving my lips hanging in the air. It took several seconds for the sounds of the bar to reenter my consciousness and for my body to reattach itself. I looked at her, confused, as if coming out of a hypnotist’s trance. I swallowed hard and began to rub my hands over my face. Then I excused myself and

went into the bathroom so she wouldn't continue to see the effect she had on me.



The champagne continued to flow and like an octopus I let my hands explore her body, slowly creeping up her leg until she smacked them back down. I just wanted to have her one more time, and then we could be done for good.

Getting her back to my place took quite a bit of convincing. I had to basically sign a contract stating that she'd stay no more than fifteen minutes and that we'd only hug and kiss. Of course she couldn't help herself once she was lying on my bed, and neither could I.

When it was over, I lay on my back, staring up at the ceiling fan, trying to keep my eyes focused on one of the rotating blades, wondering how a petite Brazilian girl gained so much power over me.

I turned on my side to face her and said, "I don't see you for three months and I'm leaving, but now we're… doing things."

"Well, yes, that's why," she said. "This is how I protect myself. Why would I get too close to someone who's staying a short time?"

We stared at each other for a long moment, and then I said, "I love you." I didn't smile.

She laughed.

"Why are you laughing?"

"Because you're not serious."

"How do you know I'm not serious?"

"Because you're not ready!"

I saw her twice after that, once for a movie and the other for a walk through a park. Things were decidedly more friendly and nothing got past simple hand-holding or light kissing. She made a reference to having "drunk too much" the night at the champagne bar, and I got the hint. We were just friends—and there would be no additional sex.

After the park, we went for a quick *açai* and grabbed the same bus. I was emotionally numb. I wanted to get off the roller coaster ride she had put me on and if she wanted to only be friends then fine. It didn't matter anyway—I was leaving in two days. Even if she wanted to stay with me, I wasn't ready to move to Rio just for her. She was right.

I told her my stop was coming up. I looked over to her and saw tears streaming down her

face, more tears than when I had first left her about two years earlier.

I had trouble understanding why she was so upset. I stared at the back of the seat in front of me until I broke the silence with, “Quero cafuné.” It was a phrase she had taught me, which means, “I want to gently stroke your hair.” She laughed and told me to be sure to use it on other girls.

“I guess our time was two years ago,” I said.

“Yes. I was more open then.”

“I’ll always remember it.”

We both knew I wouldn’t be coming back to Rio again. I gave her a quick kiss, then pulled the cord and walked towards the back of the bus.

It was finally over for good.

—

If you liked the epilogue, download the first chapter for free to see how it all started.

Make Her Come To You

January 23, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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

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

"Going out tonight?"
"What are you getting into tonight?"
"Where you headed tonight?"

She responds and then back and forth you go until your messages take a stronger tone of urgency upon realizing you're in a bar with tons of cock and no hope for a same-night pull. Regardless, **do not leave your spot to meet up with a girl. She must come to you.** I don't care how lame the bar you're at is or how much you like the girl or how sincere she seems in wanting to see you, but you must never relinquish home field advantage by going where she is. It's a guaranteed trap, even if you've already fucked her a couple times.

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

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

The revolting part is that girls will go to quite an extreme to set a trap that snags even experienced players. One recent example involved my friend. A girl he met at a bar asked him to come with her and her girlfriend to a shitty bar in another part of town. My friend knew that she probably had some guy waiting for her there so he declined. The girl then

started making out with him and *stroking his cock* through his jeans to show that she's not playing games and really likes him. This sold my friend (sold me as well since I told him it was probably safe to go), and he hopped in a cab with the two girls. Needless to say but she did have another guy waiting for her, and used my friend to make that guy jealous. I felt just as burned as my buddy did, especially since I didn't see it coming.

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

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

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

“Night Game Is Dead” & “Roosh Syndrome”

January 25, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I noticed that Ferdinand has been stepping up his blog game recently over at In Mala Fide. I wanted to comment on a couple of his posts that caught my attention.

The first is Night Game Is Dead…

> It’s time to pronounce the death of night game. After having its limbs hacked off and its genitals yanked out by the root for dog food, night game has finally shuffled off this mortal coil to that big swank discotheque in the sky. If you just discovered [the seduction community] and are reading up on the best shotgun negs to use on a HB7.5, you’re already behind the curve. The minute you step out of the cab, you’re going to get slaughtered.

He goes on to give an accurate assement of how it’s like to game in a modern club while taking a shot at Steve Jobs for being the “biggest cockblocker is human history.”

> In the good old days when cell phones were overpriced walkie-talkies, people who went out on the weekend were forced to engage with the world around them. As late as two years ago, you could introduce yourself to a girl and be assured that you could carry on a civil conversation for at least fifteen minutes. You might not get the lay or even a number, but you could put in a decent effort.
>
> No more. The minute the girlies get to the bar, they whip out their iPhones and start texting all their friends to tell them where they are. Then the whole gang shows up and they all turn a deaf ear to everyone else save for the bartender.

I agree with him in that I wouldn’t dare step foot into an American club with the intention to pick up. I don’t mind taking a date for some drinking and dancing, but the hurdles I have to face when rolling without girls are sometimes insurmountable. A club in a poor country is only marginally better.

My biggest issue with clubs is the high male to female ratio. Here’s a picture that a forum member posted from a night out in Ultra Bar in Washington D.C.

That's an 8:1 ratio on a non-gay night in a big city club. This example is extreme, but even the 3:1 ratios that are just about universal in DC will kill your odds. The reason is that when a girl knows she is scarce, she puts on more cuntish attitude that makes getting laid much harder, regardless of whether the other guys in the club are approaching or not, and regardless of how good your game is. When I'm in a place where the ratio is equal, or where there are actually more girls than guys, I can *feel* the difference. Girls are looking more, smiling more, approaching more, spending less face time with their phone, and being much more receptive to even my laziest game. When a place is packed with dudes, the best "positive" outcome is to work your ass off to get with a 6. I'm not saying you can't get laid, but I am saying that it won't be worth it.

Another reason why club game has declined is because of the proliferation of bottle service. Here's an email I received which articulates the problem:

> The whole bottle service concept did major damage to my club game. I'm lucky enough to be a pretty good dancer, so nightclubs have always been good to me. But when the owners started dedicating much of what used to be a large central dance area, ideal for trolling and mingling, to seating areas for bottles I mourned the loss of a lot of great rooms. I live in South Beach (since 1997) and watched most of the best clubs around 2002 start to turn into meathead venues, largely for tourists and our version of bridge and tunnel types from metro Miami coming in who wanted to be posers with their "bros" and pretend to be big deals. What a shame.

The post Ferdinand wrote should really be titled "Club Game Is Dead," because night game is still alive and well in bars, which are still the main way that Western girls have sexual relations. While of course some problems exist with bars, they are the easiest way

to get laid in modern society. Once your game becomes competent, **what matters most is venue selection**. Every large city has bars where getting laid is no harder than it was 10 or 20 years ago, and if anything it's easier, even when you account for the proliferation of mainstream game and smartphones.

Venue selection is an art, but let me share the secret: neighborhood bars. If the bar has a crowd of regulars during the week, then it's probably a good venue to pick up. If the bar only packs them in on the weekends, like clubs do, then you're going to run into a lot of amateurs who are less concerned with getting laid than being a dumb ass. You have to pick bars where the main goal of its patrons is to drink in a familiar place instead of showing off, stroking their egos, and getting together with a large group of friends. Once you identify these bars, the difference between them and clubs can make it feel like you're in a different city. Personally, I'd have extreme difficulty getting laid in a club like pictured above. It's an unnecessary challenge that would just make me hate myself.

Of course there are downsides to the neighborhood bar: the quality is lower on average, the girls are less likely to put more care into their appearance, and it takes a bigger time commitment to do solid approaches since there are fewer targets, but if you're in the business of getting laid at night then this is the way to go.

If you're having trouble getting laid at night, there are two things to look into. The first is your game. If you know other guys are getting laid but you're not, then there are likely some things you need to work on. But if no one is getting laid, even guys you know who can get laid, then it's venue selection. Commit to finding neighborhood spots out of your comfort zone. If the neighborhood spots don't give you the type of girl you want, you'll have to move to day game, and if day game doesn't give you good fruit, then you may have what Ferdinand calls Roosh Syndrome…

> There's a new disease spreading among American men of intelligence, class and accomplishment, characterized by total disgust of the victim's surroundings. The victim becomes increasingly repulsed by the pointlessness of his job, the venality of his co-workers, the stupidity of the people he meets on the street, and the boorishness and dullness of the women he is expected to date. He becomes sullen, forlorn, and anti-social, preferring to self-medicate with alcohol and commiserate with his trusted friends. Self-help books and prescription drugs either don't help or defeat the purpose of helping by destroying the victim's mind. Vacations to other places, particularly foreign countries, can temporarily ameliorate the symptoms, but every inch of progress made while away is undone once the victim returns home. The only way to cure the disease is for the victim to leave for good.
>
> I'm calling this disease Roosh Syndrome. And I've got it.

Roosh Syndrome happens after you discover quality. Once you get a taste of an easier standard of living, a better way of life, better women, or better anything, it becomes impossible to erase those experiences and continue living in what is now a low quality environment. I've touched on this a million times in the past—especially in this

video—where you become “permanently damaged” after rich experiences. Nothing short but prudent and methodical exploration of the new environment can alleviate the disease.

Ferdinand writes:

> I couldn’t justify this self-imposed life of pointlessness any more. I couldn’t sate myself with promises of doing something about my life later, when I had more money or fewer worries. I had to take action.
>
> I polished up my resume, punched up letters of introduction, and sent them both out to a million different places. I went to job interviews, shook hands, and BS’ed like I was back in high school trying to get into Fucknozzle U. And last month, I struck gold.
>
> …
>
> Living in America is like being a zombie, an endless torture for anyone who isn’t a mindless member of the Crowd. Today, I begin my journey back towards the world of the living. Today, I begin my new life.

The trend I’m seeing is not so much more men living abroad (men have always done that), but men with lessening attachment to the American way of life. More men are willing to admit that there is something wrong with the system that their parents rarely questioned (the mainstream acceptance of books like The 4 Hour Work Week is testament that today’s generation is not crazy about having a boring job with its nine-to-five stability). There is a loss of pride that is tempting men to open other doors, not only due to dissatisfaction with the women, but with the country’s future and place in the world.

Why work so hard for something that seems on an irrevocable decline? How can you not get curious when reading about places like Brazil, China, or Singapore, the rising stars of the world? Why can’t *my* country be rising? Personally, I wouldn’t mind being in Brazil as it achieves its potential—I’d adopt the country so it can give me the feeling of “national” pride that I don’t have for my own. Call be a bandwagoner, but like anyone else I want to be on the winning team, and unfortunately America has been at the bottom of my fantasy rankings for quite some time. I hope that changes, but I don’t see anything looming in the future that gives me hope. So I pack my bags.

The Epilogue Of The Epilogue

January 27, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A common question from last week's release of Dead Bat's epilogue was, "What kind of game did you use on Mariana?"

I describe how we met in the book, but it was just like any other approach. I didn't do anything special or different. While I did feel a connection with her mighty quick, I can't say I consciously made that happen. The law of averages says that a tiny percentage of approaches will go exceptionally well, and that approach in Rio happened to occur with a girl that I was attracted to more than any other girl I had ever met in my life. You may want to call me lucky, but if you've read the book, you can see how that good luck was balanced out by a lot of frustration and difficulty beforehand. The universe has a way of balancing itself out.

"Have you thought about going back to Rio?"

No, the ship has sailed. Maybe I made a mistake, but there's no use dwelling on past decisions. I can only control what I do today, which is to put myself out there and grind it out until something clicks with another girl, no matter how long it takes.

I wanted to share two other things that I didn't get a chance to last week. The first is a review from a guy who just read the book (personal details were omitted).

> Roosh, just finished A Dead Pat in Paraguay while flying across the Pacific thus beginning my second big world adventure. How fitting. During the fourteen hour slog to New Zealand I laughed out loud several times generating looks from those poor souls folded up in the adjacent seats. Your intestinal issues were reminiscent of my time last year here in NZ where I contracted a parasite called Campylobacter. After three days of relentlessly shitting out my brains I received a call from a girl I had been lightly but persistently pursuing.
>
> After assessing the state of my broken asshole, I concluded that meeting her should be fine provided I didn't eat or drink anything. This was shortly after I discovered your website and "game." After walking around the park she suggested we get a drink. Against my better judgement I agreed and we went to a nearby bar for a few beers. I was surprised at how well my stomach initially tolerated the beers and a couple of hours later we ended up at her place getting frisky. When we were mostly naked, I felt a stabbing stomach pain, emitted an eye-watering, paint-peeling, cloud of noxious gas in combination with shitting my underwear which also contaminated part of her bed sheets. Fuck me. She got pissed and I left with crushing shame and embarrassment— then she called two weeks later and apologized… flag shortly attained thereafter!
>
> My connection with your writings of Argentina were also noteworthy. After spending a month there last year and two weeks this year I must say your descriptions of the women are amazingly accurate. On page 180, after reading

> “At that moment I believed in god because only an omnipotent being had the power to stop me from getting laid after all I’d done,” I laughed so loud that the guy on the plane sitting next to me asked met to keep it down… man I identified with that! Actually, my luck with the hostel gringo girls are usually good (especially this year in Mendoza), but the native Argentinian is a hard nut to crack. When I was living in BA I did get into a social group of upper-class late twenty somethings and ended up on a ten-day fling with a beauty.
>
> Can’t say ADBIP is the next great american novel, but I was entertained and moved at the end. I identified with many tales and at times it seemed as though you were recounting parts of my traveling life. I consider it a worthwhile read. So did you ever offer to have Mariana come to the USA?

No, she loved Brazil and didn’t want to leave (a reason why I laugh when haters suggest girls date gringos like me for the “greencard,” as if everyone wants to come to America.) Most foreign girls I’ve dated were middle or upper class in their respective countries and didn’t care about the States besides wanting to check out New York City.

I’ve also recorded some thoughts of the new edition right from Icelandic headquarters in Reykjavik:

Well that wraps it up for the expanded edition. If you want to learn more, check out the homepage, which I recently had redesigned to match the new cover. You’ll find more details, sample pages, and reviews.

I wanted to give a little update on the day game book. I’m just about done with the second draft. We’re looking at a July release, but it will depend on how long it takes me to do venue diagrams in Visio, which I’ve never done before.

Either next month or March I’ll be releasing a compilation of sorts, and around that time you’ll start seeing Iceland posts, ranging from nightlife stories to in-depth analysis of the women. I’m hesitant to publish anything about Iceland until leaving to resist making premature conclusions. I have my apartment booked until early March.

Finally, there’s another book I have in early development that may be finished by the end of the year. It’s still early to tell but this may be one of my most productive years yet.

What Is Your Project?

January 30, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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

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

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

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

“My project?”

“Yes, your project. What are you working on?”

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

“So you’re going to write a book?”

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

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

year and a half after that. You can say it was my personal hurricane.

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

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

If it is hard enough, the mere act of attempting to accomplish your goal will make you a better man. Success is not at all required—it serves as the cherry on top. The journey itself will be its own reward, and you'll look back to how far you've come. And how much wisdom you've gained. I cannot predict what benefits will come from taking on a difficult task. It really could be one of a hundred things, most of which you would have never expected. But it will come.

So, what is your project?

Women Who Say I Hate Women

February 1, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A common charge leveled against me by women is “You hate women.” It’s a mind-boggling accusation if you consider I’ve spent more mental energy at “figuring” women out than 99% of men on the planet. If you also account for the amount of time I’ve spent writing out my thoughts and analysis about them, it gets upped to 99.9%. I’m not going to be cheesy and say I love women and how they’re all beautiful creatures, but my entire life would be a fraud if I really hated women. I would be a goddamn fool to dedicate a good portion of my free time to them if I genuinely hated their guts.

Think back to all the women you’ve ever dated in your life. How many of them would you consider “special?” It’s probably in the single digits. Now how many of them were just alright or slightly memorable? Finally, how many were forgettable enough that you wouldn’t care if you ever saw them again? It’s safe to say that most women you meet won’t make a positive impact to your life, and only a select few have brought you sustained happiness. Some women you’ve loved, and some you’ve hated, but you unless you’re desperate you approach each woman with a little skepticism, wondering if she can please you with the qualities you desire. Having a default opinion that all women are wonderful snowflakes makes it likely that won’t you even get to experience them in bed. It’s not a matter of hating anyone, but having a high opinion of yourself and knowing that you deserve a woman equal to or greater than your own value.

The truth is that when a woman reads my blog, she becomes exposed to some uncomfortable truths. Chances are I’ve perfectly described her own flaws. She now has two options: accept my criticisms and make an honest effort to improve herself, or block out what she just read by saying “He hates women.” The latter makes it’s easy for her brain to discount everything I’ve written and continue on her current trajectory. It’s a form of self-denial.

I do something similar after I read the opinion of a girl about dating, when I snoop around to see if I can find photos of her. If she’s pretty, then I *may* consider the points she raised, but if she’s not someone that I would bang, I safely disregard everything she said since following her ideas would push me farther away from getting the attractive women that I desire. Another example: if a pretty girl in a bar compliments my shirt, I know I’m on the right track, but if an ogre does the same, I disregard it completely. I prepare to burn the shirt if another ogre hits me with a similar compliment.

American feminists who accuse me of hating women think that I’m bitter because I can’t fuck a feminist, but the reality is that the easiest girl for me to fuck are feminists. And when I mean easiest, I mean ***easiest in the world.*** They’re so easy that I suspect European men prowl through international airports in their cities looking to “assist” fresh female American arrivals, knowing it’s just common sense that a woman who doesn’t believe in a “slut” concept will fuck anything for the most arbitrary of reasons, like a “sexy” foreign accent or so-so skill at playing Wonderwall on guitar. Ultimately, I believe

feminist hate against me stems from all the guys they've fucked who have never called them back, who made them feel anything but "empowered" and "independent." I'm their punching bag to make them fell less like a… slut.

Humans need a way to filter information, and one way we do that is to trash everything that comes from someone we don't already agree with. Feminists do this to me by saying "Roosh hates women." You better believe that no feminist wakes up and says, "Today I will change my mind or my lifestyle if someone challenges my beliefs." So they have quick retorts that keep them in their fantasy bubble, easy rationalizations for their lonely existence. I'm getting older so my beliefs are getting entrenched, but I will change my mind if new evidence suggests I hold an incorrect viewpoint. That's because I'm a man, and most men are capable of doing that. I've *never* seen a woman change her mind in the face of contrary evidence. **Not once in my entire life.** She either throws a temper tantrum, starts with the name-calling, or pretends she never held the incorrect viewpoint in the first place.

A more amusing hater comment I come across is, "He hates strong woman." I've always thought "strong woman" was an oxymoron—it would be like a beta male going around saying, "Forget her, she can't handle a weak man." When someone says "strong woman," this is the image that comes to my mind:

- burly build, definitely not svelte
- short finger nails, short hair
- overly opinionated
- thinks she understands how the world works
- self-absorbed
- too much focus on building her intelligence instead of her attractiveness

Why would any man on this planet want a strong woman? Shit, I'll accept that charge without debate—I do hate strong women, because it would be like dating a she-to-he transsexual. It's actually a good screening question you should ask the next girl you meet: "Do you consider yourself a strong woman?" Unless she hesitates, run for the hills.

Some women I hate, some women I care for, but most I hold in neutral regard. Unless a girl can come close to matching qualities of someone special I've dated in the past, I'm not going to worship her. And the reason I don't worship women is because I actually like sex and want to continue having it. Instead I will treat her like the filthy dick hole she really is. Who knows—if American women rewarded men who worshipped them, the rules of the game would change and maybe my first book would be called *Compliment & Cuddle* instead of *Bang*, but they don't. In the end this is just another case where if you listen to what a woman says about how men should act, your existence would be completely void of sex. I feel that if I'm not getting accused by women for hating them, I'm probably doing something seriously wrong.

Approaching Vs Social Circle

February 6, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

When you have approach game, it's actually harder to meet girls in the way most other guys do, like through social circles or hobbies, than it is to do cold approaches.

This was obvious to me when I came back from my second South American trip and attended a Portuguese meetup in a D.C. coffee shop. I was surprised by the turnout (over 20 people) and how most of them were girls, but only three were cute enough that I'd consider putting my penis inside them. I needed a healthy dose of luck to not only be placed at one of their tables but seated near them as well. Then she had to be single. Then she had to have a pleasant personality to sustain a good conversation (we weren't drinking alcohol, after all). Then there had to be no other guy who would interrupt my game. Then she had to be attracted to me. The odds of getting just a number in this type of scenario is shockingly low (10% or so), yet it's the main way average guys try to meet women.

Compare the meetup to a crowded bar, where in the same time period I can do more than five solid approaches with a 10-20% chance of getting a one-night stand—of getting laid! Sure I have to deal with attitude and sharp distractions, but when you have the ability to approach it's ten times easier than doing a generic meetup with a hobby you're not exactly passionate about (kickball, for example). I can go anywhere, not know anyone, and use that skill to get laid. So it boggles my mind that guys don't put in the effort to learn approaching when it allows a direct line to their sex goal.

Approaching allows you to cut out the middle man. You don't need to maintain a social circle in the hope of meeting a decent girl. You don't need to do activities with strangers you rather do alone or not at all. You just wipe the smegma off your cock after a day of sitting in front of a laptop then go out to a place where the women are. No prior introduction or shared activity needed. I'm at the point where banging a girl from social means makes me feel lazy, almost like cheating.

Don’t Let Bad Breath Hurt Your Game

February 8, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I’m about to give you the most important game tip of your life. Ready?

It doesn’t matter how good your actual game is, how much money you make, how great your style is, or how much status you have, but if your breath is so bad that the girl finds it difficult to talk to you, you’re not going to bang her. The only girls you’ll manage to get with will be hard of smelling.

I was out the other month when a friend said that my breath smelled.

“Impossible,” I said. I floss and rinse daily along with two or three brushings.

He insisted and passed me a piece of cinnamon gum. I became concerned.

Bad breath comes from two areas of your mouth: teeth and the back of the tongue. The first can easily be addressed with brushing and flossing, which catch bits of food that bacteria digest, producing the bad breath odor. For example, if you eat a steak dinner and not brush for a couple hours, your breath will have a musty smell as bacteria break down the cow protein left on your teeth.

A more common source of bad breath is your tongue, specifically the back where the tongue carpet starts to change from red to lighter colors. The front of your tongue is constantly rubbing against your hard palate and teeth, so it doesn’t contain much bacterial colonization, but the back doesn’t go through this natural cleaning process. It’s a perfect breeding ground for bacteria that produce odor. Since I always brush before I go out, I knew the smell was coming from my tongue.

Breath Test: Go grab a metal spoon. Flip it over, open your mouth, and scrape the back of your tongue several times. You should be going far enough to trigger your gag reflex. Pull out the spoon. If you did it right you should see a cloudy liquid. Now smell it. That’s how your breath smells. If it’s offensive in any way, your breath is not fresh. If you can put your nose to it and not be perturbed by the odor, you’re fine. I did this test definitely picked out a sharp, tart-like scent.

The solution is easy and costs less than ten dollars. You need mouthwash with alcohol and a tongue scraper which can you buy at the pharmacy (or you can use the spoon). After brushing, scrape the back of your tongue to disturb the stinky bacteria colonies, going as far back as you can. Then gargle with mouthwash, which is the best way for the liquid to access the back of your tongue. You should be making the “Ahhhh” sound as you’re doing it. Within a week your breath should be fine (test yourself again by smelling the scraper), but you’ll more likely notice a difference in only two or three days. Here’s a decent resource if you want more details.

I know how my breath got stinky. First, I switched to a fluoride mouthwash that didn’t have alcohol. Second, I had a couple bad colds with heavy post-nasal drip action (mucus contains bacteria). I had another cold here in Iceland which produced an uptick in odor from the breath test, confirming that I have to be extra diligent with mouth hygiene after

recovering from a cold.

I know how important having good breath is to game, especially at night when you're talking close, so I had to drop everything to address this issue after my friend made the comment. I asked him how long my breath had been stinky.

"For a while."

"What didn't you say anything?!"

"Because you were doing well I thought it didn't matter!"

It does matter, especially to girls who are on the fence. If they are sort of interested in you, yet your breath smells, then it'll definitely be a deal killer. Even good friends are reluctant to mention bad breath, so don't accept a random girl to do that job. Only girls who are crazy about you are willing to pretend it's a temporary problem that may correct itself, but that's not something we should count on.

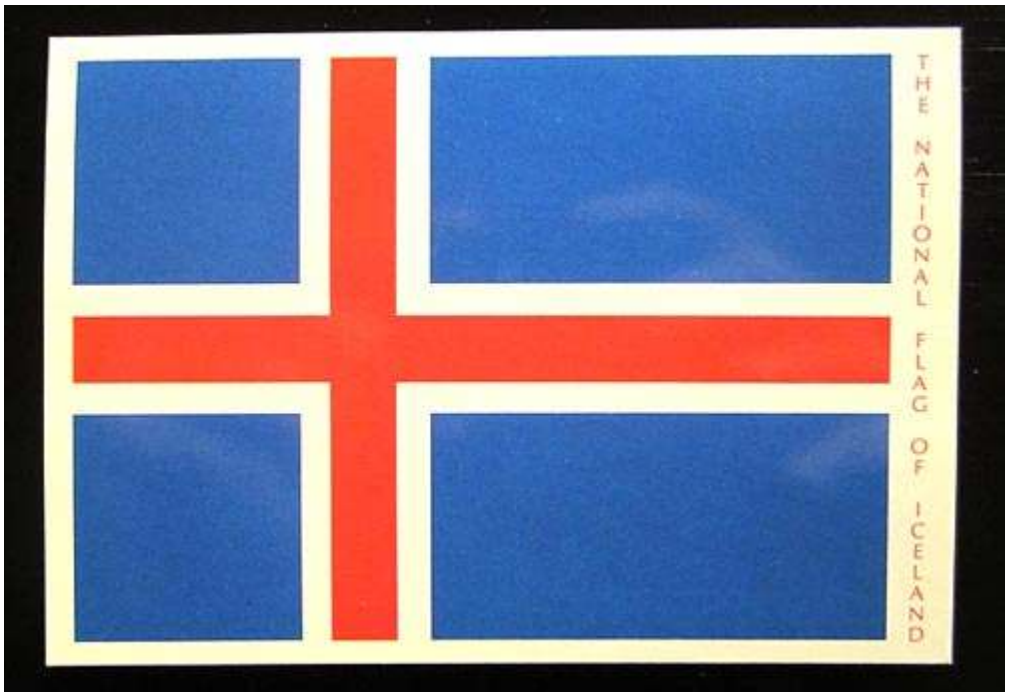
After this latest episode I've become neurotic about my breath, bordering on obsessive-compulsiveness. The irony is that about one out of every six girls I talk to have slightly tarty breath themselves that I know from personal experience is coming from their tongue. If it's not too bad I'll endure it to get laid, but if I want to see her again I'll lay out my mouth hygiene strategy for her. After today I can just show her this post.

Icelandic Anonymous Postcard Contest

February 10, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

- Do you have a score to settle?
- Is there a girl you want to creep out?
- Is there a friend you want to play a joke on?
- Is there a family member you want to scare?
- Do you want to deliver an anonymous message to your mortal enemy?

Well I have some good news: I am offering to anonymously mail the following postcard on behalf of one lucky reader to anyone in the world…



Icelandic flag

The winner can tell me the words to write on the postcard or give me a general idea of what he's trying to accomplish. Yes, an author of books (me) will write your postcard. I'm also able to write in foreign languages (specifically Spanish and Portuguese). My handwriting is legible and rather handsome, so rest assured your message will be deciphered.

Your postcard will be mailed with an Icelandic stamp from Reykjavik, capital city of a tiny little country that is barely noticeable on a world map. Your target will have no idea that it was *you* who is responsible for the postcard, unless you want them to be. If you're an international player, feel free to use this as an opportunity to confirm an alibi that you went to Iceland to hike on glaciers instead of the Soviet Union to visit your mistress. The only guideline is no death threats or anything else that may get me in trouble with Icelandic authorities.

The Contest:

The person with the correct answer to the following question gains control of the

anonymous postcard.

How many days in Iceland did it take for me to get my Icelandic flag? I arrived on January 12, so if you think I got the flag on January 31, that would be day 19.

Tiebreaker Question: How many minutes did it take from meeting the girl to demolishing her vagina? It was a one-night stand.

Put your answers in the comments field below.

Hints:

1. Look at a calendar for days that a one-night stand would typically occur.
2. Put some thought into the tiebreaker question, since it will likely come down to that.

Rules:

1. Leave your email address in your response so that I can contact you if you win.
2. Only one guess per email and IP address.
3. I will accept answers until Monday at 9pm (eastern standard time). Check back at this post after that time to see the winner.

It’s Your Fault That American Women Are Winning

February 13, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Several months ago I announced the peak of feminism. Now I realize why the idea for that post came to me: they got everything they wanted. They make more money than us. They’re calling the shots in the mating game (keeping guys like me in business). They put no effort into their appearance. They refuse to be feminine. They are painful to talk to, mere vessels for the bonehead mainstream media. They don’t provide any additional value to a man that he can’t provide himself. And you’ve let this happen.

When was the last time you put an Americunt in her place? When was the last time you called out a cockblocker? When was the last time you made fun of her sloppy dress? When was the last time you demanded a woman cook you a proper meal? When was the last time you told her to fuck off with her offensive, masculine attitude? You haven’t done anything, and neither have millions of American men before you. You complain but continue to take abuse, and now she’s after your job. She’s after your livelihood. She’s going to boss you around at work and she’s going to make the rules in the house, and if you don’t like it she’s going to call the authorities to pummel you. You thought she would stop at equality? She wants it all, and she’s gonna get it, because all you’re going to do is cry about it to your friends while swigging back a artisanal microbrew.

I know you rather have women be the target of my rage while you sit there and laugh at however many funny comments I manage to shit out onto my laptop, but if you’re not prepared to look in the mirror and ask what you’re doing to make this country’s women a better species, you deserve nothing but the coldest, most monotone, most asexual Gap-wearing she-man beast who rather watch an episode of some brain-dead fashion reality show with a box of reduced-fat Wheat Thins than suck the life out of your dick.

A couple years ago I had an arrogant thought: “With some of these American girls I’m fucking, I think I should be compensated, either with drinks or cash payment.” I started to believe that American girls were getting more value out of getting fucked by me than I was by fucking them. I tried to put the thought aside but it only intensified with time, finally hitting a crescendo when an attractive but unstable girl traveled to a foreign country to receive my creamy load on a dirty bus. She stalked me in front of grocery stores thereafter, crying and begging me for more dick. Her obsession proved that she was getting a lot more out of the “relationship” than I was.

The only acceptable duty for the female human is to take care of the cock and the casa. Anything else is superfluous and detrimental to the process of life. In exchange, the man provides for her so she’s not required to work. That’s how it’s worked for hundreds of thousands of years, but now we’re supposed to believe that the last 50 years is progress. To me it looks like de-evolution, one that we all have let happen. The most humiliating thing I can think of is having a female boss at work—being *ordered* by a woman like a dog. And I bet you think that’s okay, just the normal state of affairs. Fuck, I rather be homeless than let a super-sized Hobbit with ankles the size of my neck tell me to follow

up with Stan in accounting.

Go against nature and you'll feel its fury, as childless cougars prowling clubs on the weekends can tell you. It's inevitable that men will reclaim the throne once again, but due to your unassertiveness, it might not happen until long after you're dead.

Destruction Of The Ego

February 15, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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

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

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

Janus was the first to speak.

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

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

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

Bruno loved his own jokes. In fact he was tinkering with the idea of working on a comedy book. He couldn't believe Rolf thought that was his main problem with women. He took a deep breath and looked to Janus.

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

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

"Rolf you need to stop shaving your chest and waxing your eyebrows. Girls have asked me if you're a fag." Rolf didn't flinch. If you looked close enough you could pick up a

barely perceptible head nod.

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

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

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

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

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

“Steve your body odor can be overwhelming. Have you tried a deodorant stone?”

“Bruno brush your teeth before you go out.”

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

Steve saw an eye doctor and had fake conversations with himself in the mirror to catch his twitching. He saw another doctor who prescribed him a strong anti-perspirant with potent levels of aluminum that are fatal to small animals.

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

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

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

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

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

The Easiest Day Of The Year To Get Laid

February 17, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Men have their theories about which days are easiest to get laid. Here are four that I hear often:

Valentine's Day
Common Sense: Single girls feel especially lonely, so they'll want to fuck any guy that gives them a little attention.
The Reality: She's fantasizing about love, not sex.

Halloween
Common Sense: It's easier to approach since you have a costume, and girls will be extra slutty since they're already dressed like a slut.
The Reality: Groups are too large and distractions from other costumers too frequent. She's in the mood for constant attention reinforcement, not a long conversation that leads to sex.

New Year's Eve
Common Sense: Everyone is in a celebratory mood with the goal of heavy drinking.
The Reality: All the fat amateurs come out to play, leading to a horrible talent pool, in addition to the high sausage presence because of guys who think like you. Plus there's a substantial increase in unattractive couples and tearful drama.

Any Day It Rains
Common Sense: If she goes out while it's raining, she must be extra horny.
The Reality: Rain dampens her horniness.

With all four of the above cases I see lower close rates than a regular day with nighttime temperatures at 65 degrees Fahrenheit or above, but there's one day where I've seen easy success: New Year's Day.

It says a few things if you're a girl going out on the night of January 1:

- You're lonely, and perhaps desperate.
- You didn't get a solid New Year's Eve hookup.
- You're horny as balls.
- You're not in a relationship (if you were, you'd have spent your wad the night before and elected to stay home).

I went out on January 1 this year, which happened to fall on a Saturday. The scene was dead, and felt more like a Tuesday night than the best night of the week, but the girls who did come out wanted to fuck. I was getting so many looks and smiles that I thought they confused me for James Blunt or the lead singer of Miike Snow. Girls were complimenting and touching, making me feel like I was in Rio and not DC. I had developed three DTF prospects in a short amount of time and I estimate I only exchanged about 300 words with the girl I eventually did penetrate (Virgle Kent was in the adjacent

room, snoring). The opener I used was, “Do you mind if I reach over and grab a napkin?” Then she just started talking to me about napkins. This was the second year in a row I got laid thanks to January 1, and the pressure is now on to keep this budding streak alive.

Sometimes New Year’s Day falls on a dud day like Monday, but in any decent city there is at least one bar that is active on any given night. Go to that bar and then thank me later. There’s nothing like starting the year off with a bang, and you only have to wait 11 months until you can try it yourself.

The Game Balance

February 20, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Be confident, but not arrogant.

Be a lovable jerk, but not an insufferable asshole.

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

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

Be warm, but not needy.

Be funny, but not an entertainer.

Demand respect, but don't be angry.

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

Seek quality, but be realistic.

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

Be persistent, but don't be desperate.

Learn from other guys, but be your own man.

When getting into the game you will be bouncing from one extreme to the other, usually from being overly nice to being an asshole, from being shy and quiet to talking for the sake of talking. You'll likely see better results from these shifts, but they will not be highest until you tread the middle where you're both an empathetic human and a primal animal.

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

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

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

Guys Who Use Their Race To Pick Travel Spots

February 22, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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A while back I posted the Totem Pole Of Race Attractiveness, where I list which races are preferred by Western men and women. I added that a potential application for men can be to help decide which countries to go to, but unfortunately I've noticed that many are using race as the **deciding** factor.

The travel forum is littered with comments from guys not only asking about a country's girls or prime spots, but whether their race is welcome there. If someone cannot confirm that girls will immediately open their pussies for them, a guy hems and haws or picks somewhere else.

How is having a mindset of "I will only go for girls who I know already like me" not pathetic and weak? It's just an indirect way to minimize the fear of rejection. I don't care how "hard" a country is, or whether you're white, black, Asian, or Indian, but game is game and if you got it then you should be able to fuck a decent chick in a reasonable amount of time no matter where you go. You don't want to work for pussy? Then you deserve a fat American chick with attitude. Traveling solely because you want easy pickens puts you one short step away from the beer-bellied whoremonger. If Asian guys can pull white chicks in America and black guys can pull girls in Thailand, then you have no excuse.

I understand that a lot of guys don't have the time and money to do big explorations, that they only want to travel somewhere easy, but the rub is that nowhere is easier than America. If you can't get laid here with some consistency then you will be grossly disappointed with your two-week vacation in Colombia or Eastern Europe. The best indicator I can tell you of how well you'll do abroad is how well you do at home. Finding girls, meeting girls, communicating with them, contacting them, and figuring out their sexual norms will all be harder in a foreign country.

My advice to you is to pick a spot that you're curious about in something besides the women. I didn't go to Iceland because I heard the women were great (just the opposite), but I wanted to experience living on an island near the Arctic Circle with its five hours of sunlight a day. The women were secondary. And as much as I like Brazilian women, I like the Brazilian culture even more. I feel like I fit into the country, and my travels there are not just about finding the hottest women but finding the city that is most comfortable for me to live in. Soon I'll be stepping foot into countries where I've heard almost universally negative reports about the women (and their dislike for hairy men who look Muslim), but that plays no part in my selection process. I don't care what the women like—***I only care what I like***. And my experience tells me that I can get what I want as long as I focus and work for it.

Travel solely to get with women and you will not be satisfied. Unless you completely move to another country, it will be tough for you to get much better that what you

already get.

Roosh’s Brazil Compendium: Pickup Tips, City Guides, And Stories

February 27, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I’ve gotten a lot of requests to write a *Bang Brazil* guide, something that would be analogous to *Bang Colombia*, where I break down the country and its women so that a man short on time can go there and have a good time. While *Bang Brazil* is not in the works, I’ve done the next best thing: I’ve compiled all my writings about Brazil into a book. I’m calling it **Roosh’s Brazil Compendium**.

Contents

The writings included in the compendium have been updated, freshly edited, and logically organized into five chapters:

- Girls & Game
- Guides
- Stories
- Carnival
- Favorite Reader Comments

It comes out to 94 pages of nothing but Brazil, with a word count that is almost double that of my Colombia guide.

Here’s what you’ll learn inside:

- Descriptions of Brazilian girls by socioeconomic class and how each reacts to

Western men
- The personality, look, vibe, and game of the average Brazilian girl
- An explanation into the hyper-fast kissing culture
- The difficulty in pinning down an optimal game to use on B girls
- One important thing you can optimize that has little to do with “game”
- How to reliably identify a B girl who is open to having sex with a Westerner
- A strategy to picking out bars or nightclubs that maximizes your chance of hooking up
- The aggressive strategy that Brazilian guys use to kiss their women
- How to set up an optimal bang progression that doesn’t stall after the kiss
- How to tailor your game for the women of Espirito Santo, a state north of Rio
- Dozens of little tips and tricks that increases your B girl notch count
- How it’s like to run game in Brazil when you have blonde hair and blue eyes
- My thoughts on trying to pick up in Brazilian gyms
- Why you shouldn’t bother trying to meet B girls outside of Brazil
- My favorite reader comments that offer additional insight and analysis on Brazilian girls, cities, and culture

In addition, the compendium contains details on specific cities…

- Travel overviews of Fortaleza, Natal, Praia de Pipa, Recife, Salvador, Foz do Iguaçu, and Ilhéus, with nightlife and lodging recommendations for each
- How to prepare for a trip to Rio with the goal of getting laid, including details on lodging options, day activities, nightclub recommendations, study materials, logistical tips, and ways to mentally prepare
- Detailed travel guides for Vitoria and Belo Horizonte, with a primary focus on where to find girls and how they stack up to what you can find in Rio
- Overview of three pleasant colonial towns (Ouro Preto, Diamantina, and Tiradentes) that are ideal for when you want to take a break from the cities
- A discussion on the merits of a visit to gignormous São Paulo
- An obsessive-compulsive comparison of Argentina, Brazil, and Colombia that will help you plan for future trips
- A detailed report on Rio’s Carnival, and why it may not be the best time for you to get laid

I also include four stories, which will help you further understand Brazilian culture and women. You’ll find out…

- The secret to a Brazilian girl’s mojo that Western women desperately need to take note of
- Why it’s so important for men to attempt difficult or dangerous tasks
- What I did when an upper-class Brazilian girl tried to steal my cheap bottle of champagne
- How a simple meeting with a B girl in an airport affected me in a meaningful way

Paperback & Ebook Details

I’m releasing the PDF eBook of the compendium ***for free this Friday on my newsletter***. After Friday, I will change a nominal fee for the ebook ($4.99), which will help subsidize the release of future travel guides for free. If you would prefer a paperback edition, you can **order the compendium on Amazon**. There you’ll also find the Kindle edition.

If you're not already on the newsletter, put your name and email address in the form below and hit submit. It's spam-free and you can unsubscribe whenever...

One Game For All

March 1, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A common mistake that guys make is having two different types of game: one for girls they don't care about and one for girls they do. So they go to a bar, spit something indifferent to a chubby girl, and then all of a sudden perk up for the hotter girl that comes within their sights.

When you overvalue a girl by thinking you need to spit your high-octane game, your brain concludes that it's dealing with something "important." It will then increase your anxiety and fear about making a mistake, leading you to spit inferior game. By overvaluing the girl and changing tactics, you put the pussy on the pedestal, and we all know where that leads you (hint: not pussy).

The correct move is to have one default game that you use on every girl. If you meet a girl at school, she gets your default school game. If you meet her at the bar, she gets your default bar game. If you normally go for the kiss at the end of the first date, then that's what you should do for **every single girl**. I don't care how good this new girl looks or how conservative or educated she is, because the time you think that a girl is "special" or different, deserving a new type of game that you haven't perfected, is the time you don't get her. She must mold to your timeline and fuck track, not the other way around, and if she doesn't then it's on to the next one.

Come up with a game that works for you, and then use that game for everyone. Minor adjustments here or there are fine, but don't change your tested strategy because you think you're dealing with a magical girl. Once you see every girl in the same light, what will happen is that beauty no longer gets your motor running like before. You treat those pretty girls as poorly as the others and realize that all of them are more or less the same. Seducing an 8 will be no harder than seducing a homely 6, and often it'll be easier.

Iceland Is Not A Sausage Fest

March 5, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

It’s only been two months but I’ve already forgotten how it’s like to be in the middle of a sausage fest.

Getting Laid While Unemployed And Living In Your Dad's Basement

March 8, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Here's an email I received recently...

> So, I've been unemployed for quite some time, and as a result my confidence and self-esteem has dropped to an all-time low. I stopped hitting on girls, because I feared a lack of employment would sink every and all interaction. I had it in my head that a girl would never get with a guy who was a jobless bum.
>
> But after reading this post and reading through Bang as a refresher, I was finally able to recoup some of my lost courage and started talking to girls again. But with a few of the girls I've been approaching and talking to, I've been hit with the dreaded, "So, what do you do?" question. I do the indirect thing and it has worked, but the girls usually know I'm just having fun, and some of them will persist with the question in a smiling, nagging way. Now, if I was shooting for the one night stand, I'd probably never reveal what my job status is, but my game is nowhere near that tight yet, so I usually have to do the 1-3 dates thing.
>
> I have a date set up this Tuesday with one of those girls who persisted in knowing what I do. I'm pretty sure the question will be brought up again sometime during our time together, so I'm trying to figure what I should say. Should I continue to never reveal my unemployment until she just gives up and moves on? Or should i just come out and tell her, "I'm unemployed," in a stern, direct manner?

When you're gaming at night, it doesn't matter if you're the president of a Fortune 500 company or a model photographer, but you should always be playfully indirect when asked about your job, at about the point where she thinks you're trying to hide something. The reason is because being evasive and shady builds attraction, while answering honestly and directly decreases attraction. Only after you've pulled her chain for a while can you reveal the truth in a way that doesn't try to impress her.

For example, if you're a computer programmer, don't say you're a "Senior project manager for a defense contractor" unless you want to instantly dry up the pussy. Your first answer should be a made-up profession, like organic farmer or seal hunter, then only afterwards when she insists on knowing the truth can you say something self-depreciative like computer drone, cubicle slave, or office monkey, things you can use for just about every profession. Understand that girls get hit with dozens of fancy job titles every week, and the only way to stand out and show you don't give a fuck about her is to make yourself appear like a loser. It's ironic but perfectly contrary, and easy to implement into your game starting right now.

(It's a little different during day pickups, where you don't want to discourage a sober girl

by being overly aloof. If your conversation is serious and barely playful, give a serious answer.)

If you're unemployed, think for a second about what other unemployed guys say to girls. I'll go ahead and tell you—they say "I'm between jobs" or "I'm consulting" or they lie outright and say they're employed. Wrong, wrong, and wrong. Instead you will look her in the eyes and say "I don't have a job right now." Then silence. Don't qualify it and don't apologize for it. Let it sink in for a few seconds and then change the subject by asking her, "So what do you do?"

The other irony of game is that the unemployed guy will bang the girl faster than the employed guy. When you don't hit any of her provider buttons, there is no point for her in waiting to bang you since it's not like you're going to take her out to dinner (or anywhere else for that matter). As long as she is attracted to you, your chance of a one-night stand is high. Plus your blunt and self-deprecation made her horny, since no other guy has gone out of his way to not impress her, forcing her to subconsciously conclude that you are indeed a high-value male. But if you go on and on about your important job, raising the prospect that she may get some freebies out of you, she will not give you the one-night stand and you'll be the chump working for the pussy when I fucked it without any effort.

Bottom line is I stay with my dad while in the States because it doesn't affect my sex life. If anything, I see a positive effect. When a girl finds out I'm a bum that gives her absolute zero hope of a future or anything for free, she opens her legs in four hours or less. Why should she wait? She's attracted to me and knows she's not going to get any additional benefits as time goes on. I become an impulse "purchase" like a candy bar in the grocery checkout line.

The only problem with living at my dad's is the logistical hurdle of being in the suburbs, which is located 30 minutes driving from the nightlife zone. If I lived next door to my dad's in my own townhouse, I would not get laid any more than I have during my previous stays there. While living a bit far out from the action has cost me notches, living with my dad *never* has.

It still boggles my mind how girls simply don't care what a man's situation is as long as she's attracted to him. A lot of haters want to say something like, "Oh well, you only bang the trashy or low-quality girls." My friends VK and Rookie are witness to some of the gems that got fucked on the floor mattress of my basement room, which you can personally tour in this video. They range in age from 21-32, of differing races, socioeconomic backgrounds, and even nationality. The epitome of dad's basement game was when a wealthy girl drove me home in her BMW X5 and then loved the floor mattress so much that she wouldn't stop bugging me afterwards with a barrage of text messages. In that case I was the one who had to cut things off. To build off of Roissy's saying, **5 minutes of basement-dwelling alpha is worth more than 5 years of beta**.

The only time living with your dad may matter is if the girl wants to get married in the next two years, but if that's the case I guarantee you she is well past her prime and worn hard from a lot of previous alpha fucking. In other words, I wouldn't even drag those girls

back to my dad's house in the first place. All that really matters with your home is its proximity to the pickup venues. I will be the first to admit that having a place within walking distance of my favorite bar would increase my notch count, but as long as you have an **enclosed private space**, you're solidly in the game. As my many car bangs can tell you, even a mattress is superflouous.

Therefore I'm not surprised by a recent article in Slate magazine called Sex Is Cheap: Why young men have the upper hand in bed, even when they're failing in life. An important quote…

> **And yet while young men's failures in life are not penalizing them in the bedroom, their sexual success may, ironically, be hindering their drive to achieve in life**. Don't forget your Freud: Civilization is built on blocked, redirected, and channeled sexual impulse, because men will work for sex. Today's young men, however, seldom have to. As the authors of last year's book Sex at Dawn: The Prehistoric Origins of Modern Sexuality put it, "Societies in which women have lots of autonomy and authority tend to be decidedly male-friendly, relaxed, tolerant, and plenty sexy." They're right. But then try getting men to do anything.

Does it make sense to you why I don't pony up $1,200 a month for my own studio while in DC? **Because I don't need to.** Incredibly, I'm not punished for being a 30-something male "loser" with no stable job, no future prospects, and no proper bed frame. But I have game, and today that's all you need to get more sex than you can handle. Thank you feminism, for helping create a society where I get more pussy than most of my peers, even though 50 years ago the only sex I'd get is from prostitutes. No other period in human history has been more sexually tilted towards men than the time we live in now. As long as feminists remain deluded in thinking they have the sexual power, this magnificent orgy of casual sex will continue unabated.

The Boner Test

March 10, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

This is a guest post by Samseau.

Years ago my brother ran away from home to live in Missouri with a girl he fell in love with over the internet. It was supposedly true romance, but I couldn't understand his choice because of how ugly she was. I'm talking every branch on the ugly tree ugly. There's no way I would be able to get it up for her.

Then one day it struck me: maybe I should envy my brother. If he could get it up for her, maybe *he's* the lucky one. Here I am, stuck dealing with the "pretty girls"—and the major attitude problems and psychological issues that come along with them—wondering if I'm doomed in my search to find a decent girl to share an orgasm with.

I once had a lady friend who would write my school papers, sew my torn jeans, cut my hair, cook me dinners at her house, teach me to drive manual transmission, and ask to spend the bulk of her free time to be with me. She easily had the best personality I've ever encountered on a girl, and yet, I never made a move on her. It didn't matter how great she was, but she didn't pass the boner test.

The strength of my boner completely determines both my desire and ability to have sex. If I saw a man making out with a crossed-eye unattractive girl, I used to have the same reaction as everyone else: "disgusting." Now I think, "She's gross, but at least she can pass some man's boner test." That is what counts because all boners are equal in the eyes of god.

I used to spend most of my time chasing girls simply because they were pretty, but I'm no longer fooled. It isn't the chick that counts, her looks, or even her personality, but the boner she gives me. It's all about the boner. It took me a while to disconnect a woman's beauty with my attraction for her, an evolutionary accident that has deprived me of more sexual pleasure than I care to remember.

If an unattractive cross-eyed girl could give me a pulsating hard-on, would I deny myself that satisfaction because other men might think less of me for doing her? How much should I care about everyone else's opinions of me?

Suppose you find yourself talking to a perfectly normal girl. She's funny, smart, and has been incredibly pleasant to you. She even bought you a gin and tonic. And then you feel it: movement in your pants that definitely wasn't from the wind. Something, though, is holding you back: your old college friends who tagged along with you. They all have their girlfriends with them, each with a respectable rating of 7. Your girl is just a 5, if that. By making a move, your boys will think you've sacrificed your standards. You can already imagine their criticisms: "She's too old for you," "What a sloppy slut," or "Dude, what's wrong with her face?!" You pull back, skipping out on a guaranteed lay.

These days I think, "If she can make the little guy happy, why should I care what the big guy thinks?" No one else cares about my boner. My boys aren't going to jerk me off after I

pass on the easy lay, and my dick definitely isn't going to jerk itself when I walk into my bedroom alone later that night. Please don't confuse me for a chubby chaser: I estimate that 80% of my pickups are directed at beautiful girls, who are usually dehumanized whores that happen to have hot bodies which give good boners, but if I can enjoy a girl most other guys would not, am I not the luckiest man in the bar?

Do you see that girl over there who's so disgusting that other men can't even look at her? Well as luck would have it, she knows how to give me a boner. Not only am I going to fuck the hell out of her, but I'm going to enjoy the look of satisfaction on her face that says, "Thank you so much!" It makes me feel like a good Samaritan.

There's only one test that matters: the boner test. Everything else is ego.

The Dick Move

March 13, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The early stage of every relationship has contained a dick move, an act of disrespect that hurt the other member of the relationship. Since the person who performs the dick move first tends to have the upper hand for as long as the relationship lasts, you must execute it before she does, no matter how pleasant things may seem on the surface.

You don't know how stupid I feel when I'm porking a nice girl, going with the flow, relaxing my game by being punctual and responsive, and then get hit with a dick move. I don't care if the girl feeds homeless children, is curing cancer, or has a physical disability recognized by the Social Security Administration, but she *will* perform the dick move eventually. I hate to inject poison into a relationship that appears to be progressing nicely (it's not in my nature to do so), but I have no choice if I want to keep seeing her. **You must hurt her in order to keep her.** I shake my head and curse human nature every time I have to stab a girl in the gut, but I do it to keep our relationship strong and to maintain the upper hand.

Here are some possible dick moves:

1. Cancelling a date on the same day it was scheduled. Bigger dick move: Canceling within an hour of the start time. Once I did the bigger dick on a Colombian girl with the result that she didn't flake on the next date, which if you're familiar with Colombian women was a minor miracle in itself.

2. Not responding to a text or voicemail within 24 hours even though she asked you a question. This incurs a huge amount of anxiety that you lost interest in her. Bigger dick move: Pull a Mark Sanford and wait at least three days.

3. Show up to a date with a guy friend of yours. Make little effort to include her in the conversation. Bigger dick move: Show up to a date with a lady friend.

Slap her with the bigger dick if she's over confident, promiscuous, or young and beautiful. Use the normal dick if you consider her a "good girl."

The dick move can only be used after sex has occurred. While I suppose you could use it beforehand as part of a normal game repertoire on a game-playing chick, it won't have the same punch. She could easily laugh it off since her vagina has no longing or memory for your penis.

Use the dick move when you sense a barely perceptible decrease in her affections, usually in the form of less enthusiasm about making plains or less energy when you're out together. When a girl does the dick move on me first, I don't have to look back farther than the last date to realize that things were off. This happened a few months ago with a girl in the form of a decrease in compliments she'd tell me. She still fucked and kissed me passionately, but her verbal affections were off from before. I stalled at the next opportunity I could have done a dick move, which gave her a chance to do it to me in the form of taking forever to reply to a simple text message, cementing my loss in hand.

Some of you may be scared of “losing” the girl with a dick move, but that’s actually impossible because they are attraction builders, not destroyers. If it seems like the dick move did lose her, you did it too late after she already lost interest. Multiple dick moves stacked on top of each other can scare a girl off, but one or two dick moves won’t. If you want to maintain a relationship with a modern woman, you must carry around dick move tools in your leather work belt.

If a girl hits you with her dick first, all hope is not lost. You have to return with the bigger dick move, hopefully making her cry with a premeditated fight related to something petty (I’m not joking—inducing tears is important to regaining the upper hand). Then you may have to follow with a regular dick move to get things back on proper footing. A rough rule of thumb is two dick moves for every one of hers. Sudden withdrawal where you disappear for several days while she waits for a response is your trump card, but it should be your absolute last resort. If you find yourself constantly on the defensive, always retaliating with dick moves in response to hers, she sees you as a weak man. With the next girl you need to come out firing to lessen the chance of dick moves coming from her side of the ring.

This advice falls in the “don’t underestimate a woman’s game” category. With relationships you must use the dick move at will when she gets testy on you. Otherwise you give her permission to forgo attempts to please you. Again, if you like her and are considering something medium or long-term, you must hurt her.

Do Black Guys Have A Game Advantage?

March 15, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

If you're a white guy just starting out in the game, you may have witnessed black guys talking to girls of different races with the appearance of making easy progress. Perhaps you wonder if it's just easier to get laid if you're black, something I've thought of myself before getting into the game.

From what I've observed in the field over the past ten years, it's actually harder for a black guy to get with a non-black woman. Many people underestimate that a majority of women are totally closed off to the idea of dating a black man or any other man outside her race for whatever reason. They may have dated a black man once in the past, but don't have the open mentality that is needed for a newcomer to properly seduce her. On the other hand, the girls who do like black guys will be much more passionate about trying to get with them than a girl who likes white or Latino guys.

Let's say I go out with a black guy to a random club in Argentina. I estimate that ten out of the fifty girls there will be be somewhat open to dating me. I'll have to work to get them, and my results will vary, but I have a shot with these ten girls. Only two or three out of the fifty girls will be open to dating my black friend, but those few will be much more vigorous in letting that interest be known. They will look at him more and maybe even approach him outright, where I'd have to do my own approaches. Even though he has significantly less options, his chance of closing that night will be higher than mine.

Black guys have a more limited selection in potential partners that are outside their race, but they have it easier with a girl who is already predisposed to liking black guys. If you compare a white guy and black guy with equal game and looks, the white guy will slightly edge him out on quality, and the black guy on quantity. To me that comes out as a wash. While I often see hate on black guys for going after heavy set girls, any truth to that can be attributed to their personal preferences of desiring thickness, not an innate inability to scoring higher quality.

Unless you're talking about special situations like a blonde haired guy in Brazil, white and black guys have no significant game advantage over each other.

The Amazon Kindle Is A Game Changer

March 17, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

When e-readers started coming out a couple years ago, I thought of them as unnecessary and expensive. Last time I checked the reading process worked pretty damn well on paper, with enough trees remaining on Earth to keep that going for a few more generations. I questioned why we're taking a simple and pure act of reading a book and turning it into a complicated beast with technology that doesn't add any value to the process. I also did the math and calculated that reading books on the Kindle would be more expensive than reading used books. So if it didn't add any value to the reading experience, and cost more money, why would it take off as a product?

My second trip to South America lasted 13 months, and during that time I traveled with a duffel bag of about 40 books (many were Spanish and Portuguese learning materials). While it was a pain to carry around, I was able to keep up my reading while on the road. I didn't want to deal with the duffel bag system for my current European fuck tour, so when the Kindle reduced in price to $139, I decided to try it out. The duffel bag was replaced with this:

I'm one of those "I like the feel of paper" guys. Nothing can take away from the sight of real ink printed on real paper. That took about one week to get over. Due to the dim background, reading on the Kindle is actually easier on the eyes than reading on white paper, and not at all like reading on a regular computer screen. I noticed that not only was I reading faster but my sessions were longer. Since I've written five installments of book reviews here on the blog, I can actually calculate my reading speed in four separate periods.

August 2007 – March 2009: 1.1 books/month
March 2009 – May 2010 (Duffel bag period): 1.3 books/month
May 2010 – December 2010: 1.1 books/month
December 2010 – February 2011 (Kindle period): 5 books/month

From August ’07 to December ’10, my reading pace was 1.2 books per month. After getting a Kindle, that jumped **over four times** to 5 books/month. I know that the Kindle sample size is small, but even if it settles to a mere 2.4 books a month that is double my normal pace.

The kicker is that the latest batch included a couple of paperbacks. I’d go slow on those, then knock out a Kindle book in under five days, something I rarely do to dead-tree versions. I found myself planted in front of it for marathon sessions, with a result that I stopped watching movies (goodbye Netflix Instant subscription). What the Kindle did for me was make reading a book more enjoyable than on paper.

There are a few drawbacks, though, which are worth noting:

1. Reading PDFs can be a pain because either the typeface is too big or too small (it’s only bearable if you rotate the type orientation by 90 degrees). Instead of dealing with that I let Amazon’s email service convert the book to the .azw format, but some formatting is lost.

2. You can’t easily flip back to an earlier section. To do so you have to bookmark your current page, find the earlier page, then go back to your bookmarks screen and click around to your current place in the book. While the Kindle remembers where you last left off after turning off the device or going to the home screen, it offers no easy solution to quickly refer to other passages.

3. Books heavy in images aren’t suited for the Kindle. I tried to read Jay Z’s *Decoded* but the formatting was so bad I eventually requested a refund. Charts and tables usually show up fine, but it all depends on how much care the publisher put into their Kindle format.

4. No epub format support (sometimes you’ll find a depository of free older books that are in the epub format). In that case I use the bulky program Calibre to convert to mobi format, which is readable by the Kindle.

5. You accumulate books there’s no hope for you to read and feel overwhelmed with so many choices. This isn’t entirely a bad problem, but with a Kindle I really feel like I’ll never be able to “catch up.”

Recently I read a review where a user said it “re-kindled” their love of reading. As corny as that sounds, that is what the Kindle does. Whatever pace you read at now, you’ll read more with a Kindle. Don’t buy the device to save money because you’ll be spending more on books than you ever have.

Here’s a little in-home demonstration:

With my own positive experience using it, I’m hitching my wagon to the Kindle. Call me a fanboy but I believe e-reader devices are the future of books. While no one is predicting a 100% market penetration with e-readers (people still do buy CDs after all), it *will* shrink the paper book market. Book stores and publishers must adapt to this change to stay relevant, yet I’m skeptical they’ll let go of their existing model (I still see Kindle versions that are more expensive than the paperback edition). Guys like Joe Konrath show that the

publishing houses are especially in for a world of hurt.

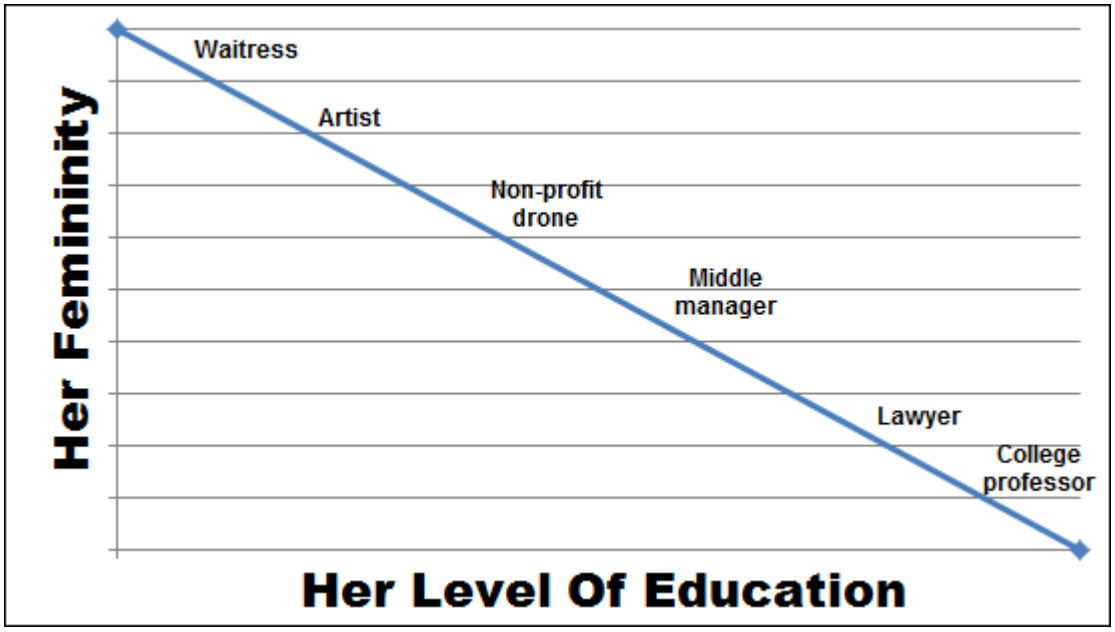
Here are recent Kindle sales of my books:

They went from nothing to nearly 200 copies after just eight months (it's on pace to pass that for March). To put things in perspective, it took me 26 months after publishing Bang to sell over 200 copies/month *for both ebook and paperback*. Even though only a tiny minority of book readers own a Kindle, they read so many books that just a minor uptick in Kindle sales will move a large volume of copies. So while the Kindle sales rank for Bang has remained steady (around 9,000), each month I'm selling more because of all those new Kindles. Therefore in a year or two that modest rank of 9,000 can translate to something like 20-30 book sales a day. You won't need to be famous or published to earn a fair income that enables you to write more books.

As for which version to buy, I have the wifi-only version (unless you don't have wifi at home I see no point in paying extra for the 3G version). Even when I return to the States I can't imagine putting away my Kindle and going back to paper. If I had a choice of paying a couple dollars extra to read it on the Kindle than to have the paperback, I'd go with the Kindle version, which I can easily slip into my jacket pocket to read anywhere. As you can see, I've become quite a Kindle groupie, and believe that within ten years they'll be more people reading on them than on paper.

The Relationship Between Femininity & Education

March 20, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



Femininity is a quality that pleases men. Therefore from the chart we can deduce that educated women decrease a man's happiness. A good test to see if a girl is over-educated is to add the word "sexy" before her job title. If the resulting phrase ignites arousing images in your head, then she'll most likely have what it takes to satisfy you.

Boner Inducing

Sexy waitress
Sexy bartender
Sexy teacher
Sexy librarian
Sexy flight attendant
Sexy PR rep
Sexy actress

On the other hand…

Boner Softening

Sexy IT specialist
Sexy business manager
Sexy tort attorney
Sexy civil engineer
Sexy anesthesiologist
Sexy research associate
Sexy financial analyst

Anything beyond a bachelors at a public university is a near guarantee she'll possess a large basket of masculine traits that will prevent boners. Unless you're a latent homosexual, you won't get many benefits from a relationship with a woman on the right

side of the chart.

Eating Disorder Training For Fat American Women

March 22, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I have noticed that any attempt on my part to gently limit someone's overeating is met with swift resistance from women. They say, "Don't talk about food—you'll give him/her an eating disorder!" This is a tactic that attempts to silence all discussion on eating habits or food quality in front of fat people, as if they're helpless victims born with a genetic disease. It also implies that having an eating disorder is the worst thing in the world. I believe the opposite. The reality of today's obesity-industrial complex is that fat women *need* an eating disorder to lose weight and regain the resemblance they once had to the human form.

I like to think of myself as pragmatic, always aiming for the least amount of harm for all parties involved. Therefore I have concluded that having an eating disorder would be more beneficial to a girl's health and society as a whole than weighing over 135 pounds. For the past year I have secretly been teaching women private workshops where I give them an eating disorder in order to keep the pounds off. The workshop has finally been optimized to the point where I can now accept public enrollment.

Here is the workshop itinerary:

No Judging Weigh-In: Each girl gets a name tag with her weight on the label instead of her actual name. She'll then be referred to as that number for the duration of the workshop. For example: "What city are you from, 313? Do you like living there, 313?" The dehumanization process is essential to installing a new belief system.

Friendly Meet & Greet: I encourage each girl to walk me through a normal day in her eating so I can calculate her caloric intake (I will double the food quantity she tells me to arrive at the actual figure). After each response I continue the shaming process by saying, "Holy shit, that is *a lot* of food! Wow, really… wow."

Rainbow Vomit Session: Vomiting is the most reliable tool in the weight loss toolbox. In this session I present a huge Chipotle chicken burrito with all the toppings (including the guacamole, which costs extra). I tell her the burrito is a reward for having the initiative to take the workshop. After she inhales it and gives off that satisfying post-burrito burp with vague onion aroma, I say, "You fat hog that was a test, and you failed! Now you're going to vomit all that shit up because you *shouldn't* have eaten that garbage food!" I present her with a bucket and train her how to jam her longest finger all the way her throat and keep going until portions of her previous meal make its appearance.

Food Enjoyment Challenge: I take her to another room where there will be a smorgasbord laid out on a table, with food from each fat group, including, but not limited to, the fried group, the butter group, the cheese group, and the cupcake group. I then lead each girl—with Chipotle vomit still on her chin—directly to the feast and tell her to pick out and eat any one item. She'll be scared but I will pat her on the back and insist everything is okay, that the smorgasbord is a way to ease her nerves after the intense

vomit training.

Once she's about to put the food in her mouth, I viciously slap her hand and knock the food away. I then repeat the process 1,000 times or until her hand needs to be bandaged, whichever comes first. For the intellectuals out there, this is basic Skinner programming, which has long since been proven effective. I am doing something that her parents should've done instead of fattening her up like a cow approaching slaughter.

Tasty Eating Session: Inside the next room is a bowl of brown rice with carrots and broccoli. I instruct her that she must eat only three bowls of day of such food along with a multivitamin. I regale her with heroic stories of people surviving prison camps on meager rations, like how those in the Gulag got along just fine on black bread and gruel.

Sexy Mirror Endurance Challenge: I lead the girl to Room 101, where I rip off all her clothing except for her bra and grannie panties. I place her in front of the mirror and yell out the following insults:

- "Look at these huge rolls all over your body! You don't even look human!"
- "There are kids starving in Africa and you can't stop stuffing your fat face!"
- "Stop it! Just stop eating! Jesus fuck!"
- "Just look at what you've become! You belong in a fucking zoo, not human society!"
- "You're so fat you look like a real-life Botero painting!"

I continue the barrage until she breaks down and cries. I'm talking about the blubbering cry where she can hardly breathe and tears are coming out of her eyes, nose, mouth, and anus.

Happy Goodbye Session: By now all the women should be terribly frightful of food (my follow-up reporting shows they don't eat anything for three days after the workshop, giving them a solid start to sustained weight loss). I go around the room and tell each girl how truly disappointed I am with her appearance and how in one year time if she doesn't lose weight then she deserves to get a bad case of the gout. Luckily for her, no other diet sees such a high success rate, not even the cookie dough diet.

When I see them again in a year, with their trim bodies, pale skin, and hollowed eyes (from malnutrition perhaps), I offer my congratulations and take advantage of their fragile state by seducing them to bed. It's no surprise that former fatties make the best girlfriends because they're in a constant state of fear that you're going to leave them for someone even skinnier. Even though they have normal weight at this point, I still tell them they're disgustingly obese to keep them so mentally weak that they can't resist my demands for ass to mouth and getting banged by carnival midgets while I watch from the closet with a box of tissues.

The workshop costs only $25. I'm shouldering most of the expense because I want to genuinely help fat women. If you're a fatty who's interested in taking the workshop, please email me at roosh (at) rooshv.com. Paypal and credit card is accepted.

Timing Is Everything

March 24, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A woman's desires can swing wildly from one extreme to the other in a short amount of time. I could have a one-night stand with a girl I approach on Saturday that would have shot me down had I approached her on Friday night instead. On the other hand, a man's desires are mostly stable and resistant to change. It has never happened that a guy turned down the possibility of sex because he was in a "bad mood." He could be fresh from his grandfather's funeral but he's still fucking that hot girl as long as she's down. (I could already imagine the guy saying "My grandfather would have wanted me to pork her.")

Even though that revolting fatty at the bar hasn't been laid in three months, she's currently suffering from indigestion after eating at a frou-frou restaurant and therefore will not be open to your attempt. A petty fight with her friend or a pair of jeans that doesn't fit like it used to can also totally turn her off from sex, snapping shut her vagina like a bear trap, regardless if she *should* be open to a suitor who obviously has higher value than she does. Yet on another night she could be satisfied with the Brazilian wax and nail job she received from the salon, making her go for sex no matter what. She'd then fuck a guy who was actually worse off then the guy who approached her a couple nights before.

Sometimes there is no rhyme or reason to the men that women eventually select to penetrate their vaginas. I have no doubt that others have looked at me with a pretty girl and thought, "How the fuck did he get her?" The answer is that I approached her when she was open and delivered a "good enough" game at that moment in time. I didn't know she was open, but because I'm always approaching, I'll catch girls like her at least on a somewhat regular basis.

Reading the signs of a girl who is open to sex is more art than science, so trying to do it is usually a fancy excuse to not approach. Unless you're taking a break from sex, your goal should be consistent work, not decreasing work, and as long as you play the numbers game, you'll ensure that you've at least made attempts on open girls. If you only do one approach this coming Saturday night, I'll bet money that it'll be on a girl who isn't open.

In my flying solo guide I mentioned that I make myself do at least 10 approaches a night. If I don't get any bites by number ten, then something is wrong and it's best I go home, masturbate, and regroup for another night, since it's a certainty I approached at least 2 or 3 girls who were definitely open. Without doing 10 approaches, though, I can't say for certain that I had a bad night—it's possible that I just had a bad streak of approaching girls who haven't shaved their legs in weeks. It's totally fine that on Friday night the pretty girl called me an ugly orangutan because on the next night there will be an open girl who gets approached by me at the right time before another male with higher value than myself is able to put in his bid. I cannot guarantee success on a particular night, but I can on a stretch of nights.

No matter how many different ways I look at it, all answers point to the same thing: approach. Everything else can be taken away. Even game.

Never Listen To A Woman

March 27, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

You've probably read my thoughts about not listening to a woman about dating or relationships, but now I've come to the conclusion that you shouldn't listen to a woman about anything. I've observed almost no cases where a man's status or position has been increased from following a woman's advice or opinions, and it's much more likely for him to be harmed from it.

Within any topic a person's level of expertise will likely fall within three categories:

1. Expert Status
2. Familiarity
3. Unqualified

If I were to pick the topics that I'm an "expert" on, it would be game, American dating culture, and South American travel and dating culture. A conversation in any of those topics may have me teaching my audience some things since few others possess deeper experiences that match mine.

I'm familiar in a handful of other topics, but with those it's not uncommon for someone to know substantially more than me. I would gladly defer to another man's more superior grasp of the subject matter by expressing humility and an open mind.

I'm wholly unqualified to discuss things like monogamous relationships, maintaining a marriage, or sports. If those topics come up I completely shut my mouth and nod my head.

The problem with Western women is they pretend they're an expert on topics that they're unqualified to talk about. Think for a minute about what the average American woman has expert status on. If she graduated from a regular university and works in the Human Resources department, for example, her expertise would be shuffling papers, conducting job interviews, talking on the telephone for long periods of time, flaking, text messaging, Kim Kardashian, and primetime television. She is probably familiar with dieting, fashion, and whatever subject she majored in college, and then she's unqualified on *everything else*. Therefore if she's trying to assert herself on those other topics, you can safely ignore every word that comes out of her mouth.

A woman thinks after reading a couple articles on Huffington Post she's qualified to jam public policy down your throat, or that she can competently discuss statecraft. She'll go to Thailand or Argentina for a week, glance at the abject poverty, hear about a new microlending organization, and then all of a sudden think she's an expert on geopolitical concerns. She'll watch some news report on the environment and buy "green" products, urging you to do the same because she thinks she's saving the world. She'll read health articles in the New York Times and start making comments as if she's a trained nutritionist. She'll go on about the importance of feminism even though you may actually know more about the history of the movement than she does. The epitome of this

overreach is your 35-year-old lonely spinster giving relationship advice when we all know the only relationships she's qualified to discuss are those with felines.

Even a girl's opinions on *friendship*, a basic element of humanity, are completely useless. Just about all female friendships are poisoned with jealousy, envy, drama, frequent abandonment, and a neverending series of petty fights and backstabbing that leave the average man scratching his head about where all that anger and disloyalty is coming from. Personal attacks that would stun grown men are weekly occurences in female friendships.

So what's left? Well, if I'm on a date with a girl I will happily listen to her stories, observational comments, or experiences with a committed hobby she has worked hard on, but the moment she starts trying to preach or educate me on matters she has little true understanding on, I know she has gotten too big for her britches. Too many guys before me allowed her to ramble on about nonsense without telling her to shut the fuck up, and because of that she actually believes that she possesses wisdom or knows how to solve problems like men have done for centuries.

If you peel back the layers of a modern woman, you'll find that her life's total education has little real-world application. It's filled with liberal idealism and pop culture nonsense that has no positive bearing to you or any other man. Never ask a woman for advice on anything besides maybe fashion, and never let a woman influence you with her flawed and shockingly incomplete body of knowledge. Seek out a woman for her beauty, femininity, sexuality, and pleasing, low-maintenance personality, but not for her intelligence. The more of it she thinks she has, the more pompous bullshit you'll have to put up with.

Your Duty As A Man

March 29, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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

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

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

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

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

Compliment & Cuddle: The Nice Guy Method To Making Love

March 31, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

If you're wondering why I've gone soft since last year, it's because I've been developing a kinder, gentler game guide that is less evil and more sustainable to humanity than Bang. I'm happy to announce this new guide is finally ready to be released for free starting on Monday.

Here are some things you'll read about…

- The exact moment I realized that game was destroying me and my readers
- Six deprogramming steps that every former gamesman must perform to becoming sensitive and caring once again
- Why experiencing a woman's "two minutes of hate" will put you on a path towards true redemption
- The absurdity of evolutionary justifications to explaining modern sexual selection
- The real reason why women don't want a confident man who beats to his own drum

The guide also shows you how to better connect with women. It contains…

- Six powerful beliefs that help you put the pussy on the pedestal
- A breakdown on the three most appropriate places to meet women: church, work, and social circle
- An easy technique to have a conversation with her so that she feels like a celebrity
- Four strategies to maintain the proper groveling vibe in long conversations

- The top nine compliments you should use on women to make her feel unique and special

It then has a step-by-step guide to taking your friendship to the next level, including…

- How to prepare written notes before calling a girl for the first time
- Real-world examples of how to insert exclamation points and smiley faces in every text message you send
- Four additional strategies for advanced groveling on a “shared function outing” to ensure she stays happy at your expense
- Tips to weaving family and work topics into every conversation
- My favorite way to imply how your hypothetical “dream girl” can easily squeeze mother out of the picture
- The importance of letting her know that you earn money from a real job

Finally, the guide teaches you how to go from platonic friendship to real intimacy. It describes…

- How to smoothly pay for her dinner at a trendy restaurant without even looking at the receipt
- A recipe for initiating the cuddling protocol while she’s sound asleep
- My foolproof tactic for not getting a boner in her presence
- How to execute the “Caribbean Vacation Move” when it comes time to seal the deal
- The easiest way to ensure you’re not actually raping her

By releasing **Compliment & Cuddle** for free, I hope that its ideas will be disseminated far and wide, erasing the damage I’ve done with Bang, a stupid book that has taught men to go for sex as fast as possible without any consideration of what it does to the female or her vagina. I’m sure many of you are in disbelief that I’ve reversed courses, but I hope the solid advice I present in the guide will convince you that C&C game is actually the most optimal way to intimately connect with the modern woman. Check back on Monday for more.

Compliment & Cuddle (Part 1 of 5)

April 3, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

INTRODUCTION

In May of 2010 I realized that I had serious problems when I banged yet another girl only two hours after meeting her. A life of casual sex was making me a mere shell of a man, increasingly incapable of real human emotions like caring, empathy, and most importantly, true love. I had become nothing more than a machine for thrusting its hips into women of varying shapes, sizes, and colors—a mindless animal driven solely by the prospect of sexual adventures. It was time to make a big change.

For the next month I thought back to my college days, when three lovely girls let me be their friends. They gave me permission to help them with their studies, buy them small food items from the cafeteria, compliment their beauty, and most importantly, cuddle. There was no sex between me and those three girls, but there was meaning and true connection. They told me about all their desires, their ambitious career goals, their life problems, and the men they were dating who treated them like trash. Looking back, the relationships I had with those strong women brought me to within an inch of happiness bliss, yet I let it go to fuck dozens and dozens and dozens of women, with nothing to show for it but stories of wild sex and STD scares.

I decided to change gears and adopt a new game based on complimenting and cuddling. I'm sure I don't need to tell you how much happier I am today. Sure, I have seen a 99% decrease in sexual activity, but just like investing in the stock market, time is needed to see rewards. Sometimes a lot of time. I'm super confident that a firm commitment to complimenting and cuddling will give me all the sex I want when a great girl comes to the decision that I'm her best option and not Mike from the club who doesn't have the decency to text her back in a timely manner.

Unfortunately, I've created a lot of damage with my fuck guide *Bang*, an evil resource that has sold thousands of copies across the world. It has irrevocably changed men from complimenting cuddlers to pump-and-dumpers. God, please forgive me for this great sin I've committed against mankind! I don't even want to estimate how many girls have had their vaginas ravaged and abused by men who weren't completely sincere in their affections. I've made the world a worse place, but while there's absolutely nothing I can do to erase the damage caused upon god's magnificent feminine creatures, I can control

what I do from this point on. Therefore, I'm pulling *Bang* off of the market. The contents of that book will no longer enable men to crush the flowery petals of the glorious Western female.

I feel like I've come a long way since embracing my human side and can barely recognize the sexually active man I once was. There's an easy test to discover if you're also a true human being instead of an automaton: do you uncontrollably sob while watching *The Notebook*? I rented it last month and nearly choked on my tears. If you watch *The Notebook* and don't cry your fucking eyes out, you're not a real man, period.

A real man is not one who fucks a lot of beautiful women with the minimal amount of effort just to get fleeting pleasure of an orgasm that shoots semen all over a girl's body or face, or even one who "plays the field" to ensure getting his nut for the night. No, a real man harnesses his sensitive emotions to prevent harming another soul. If every man on Earth wanted to just fuck, either in their home country or abroad, what type of world would that create? It'd be a sad, sick world, and I don't want to be a part of it anymore. It's no accident that my Netflix queue is now filled with movies such as *How To Lose A Guy In 10 Days, Runaway Bride, The Bridges Of Madison County,* and *Brokeback Mountain.* Different man, different movie interests.

Six Steps To Re-Education

Renouncing my past and crying my eyes out during quality movies only brought me halfway toward redemption. To complete the process, I had to perform a six-step re-education program, which I also recommend for you. It's simple and won't take more than a couple months.

Step One: Admit that you're powerless over a woman. There's no tactic or strategy that you can use to defeat that power, and if god didn't want women to be the stronger of the sexes, he wouldn't have given their vagina a lock while leaving your penis with a faulty key. You must consider women to be the supreme beings in your life.

Step Two: Only a woman can make you realize your true manly potential. It's definitely true that behind every great man is a strong woman, pushing him to reach his potential with friendly reminders to change his underwear or not to leave little hairs on a bar of soap. Since it's possible that your strong woman will be too busy with her innovative paper-shuffling job at work, you'll probably need to hire a maid to do things like scrub the toilets and polish the wooden Ikea furniture.

Step Three: Make the decision to hand over your love to a woman. Let her hold it, stroke it, and hopefully not take advantage of the sweet vulnerability that you're displaying by crushing it with all her might. When giving her a promise or engagement ring, one that's the most expensive you can afford, feel free to verbalize this exchange by saying, "I'm now giving you my love."

Step Four: Make a list of all the wrongs you've done to women. It took me about forty hours to make that list, and it was actually longer than the guide you're reading right now (shame on me). I didn't realize how many women I had wronged by sticking my penis inside their vaginas, only to never contact them again. With all the pain I've caused, I

rightfully deserve to be compared to horrible people who've caused great suffering in the world, like Stalin or Fergie.

Step Five: Contact all the women you've hurt and apologize profusely, then ask them to tell you everything wrong with you in two minutes of continuous criticism. Push the phone against your ear hard enough that there's physical pain to coincide with the emotional pain you're hearing. Once she's done with the two minutes of hate, offer to take her to dinner. I was surprised not only at how many women took me up on my dinner offer, even though I previously destroyed their soul, but also at how much of a dent it caused to my savings account.

Step Six: Make a prayer to god, asking him to relieve you of your horrible deficiencies, because only an invisible omnipotent being in the sky has the power to improve your situation in love. A common saying in the Muslim culture is "God willing," a helpful mindset that allows us to sit on our hands and play video games all day until god decides to send us a quality woman

After you complete these six steps, you'll be ready to learn the *true* game—Compliment & Cuddle game.

INTERNAL GAME

A common argument that shallow game guys use to justify their behavior is evolution. They say that evolution determines the laws of attraction, that evolution has created women who want jerks, that evolution this and evolution that. I say hogwash!

Evolutionary Justifications Are Bullshit

Do you really think we're the same breed of human being that existed 2,000 years ago? Do you really think we have the same needs they had? Of course not. Today's human is more cultured, more compassionate, and more intelligent. We're no longer brutes who drag women by the hair into a moldy cave. We're not strong warriors with black dirt under our fingernails that women fawn over due to having qualities such as strength and power.

Today's human female is more pleasing to the eye (assuming she's not morbidly obese) and is invariably more sweet smelling, thanks to a modern company called Bath & Body Works. She's more gentle, plays fewer petty games, and shaves her legs once every two days during the summer. Even men shave their chest hair now, so when you mouth off about how women want the alpha warrior of the past, all I have to do is point to the chest of the man sitting next to you to prove how wrong you are. The rules have changed so greatly that using evolution as a justification for what women want is like saying we should go back to family farming instead of using modern corporate methods with the cancer-causing chemicals and genetically modified seeds.

A common argument that game guys use is that girls want confident men. Let me be the first to say that confidence is overrated. Maybe girls wanted confidence in the past, but today's woman wants a guy she can mold and control. Only by giving women what they want—upfront and with no strings attached—can we get what we want (love and real intimacy). It's much better to approach a girl as a blank slate than as a finished man

product that could offend her modern sensibilities or make her think you just want to use her for sex. So many guys lose out on complimenting and cuddling just because their confidence scares a girl into thinking that she won't be able to wrap him around her cute little finger.

The game guys also go on and on about alpha males and beta males, as if there are only two types of men in the world. They say that to sleep with a lot of girls you have to be an alpha male, but have you personally seen an alpha in public with his head comfortably nestled in the lap of a cute but not-too-pretty girl? I haven't. Only beta males can experience this type of joy, while an alpha acts nonchalant and smug with his girl, even checking out other women in her presence. Many times I've seen the pain on the face of a girl who couldn't quite control her man, telling me in so many words that it would just be a matter of time until the unloving relationship comes to a fiery end in the man's favor.

The alpha/beta phenomenon is what happens when you combine evolutionist mating theory with simple-minded sex automatons who don't see women as the intricate beings they really are. Game guys think if you act in a certain way—aloof, for example—that all of a sudden a woman will be attracted and have sexual thoughts. That is totally incorrect. Only with repeated nonsexual and friendly exposure to a woman can you be seen as a potential long-term mate.

Put The Pussy On The Pedestal

For those of you who have been bamboozled by game guys, let me help erase the damage they've caused and share the correct mindset for awesome complimenting and cuddling. First, put the pussy on the pedestal—as high as you possibly can. After all, she's the supreme being whose life is more important than yours in every way. Her satisfaction and happiness supersedes yours, and you must check yourself before you wreck yourself every minute you're with her to make sure that she's enjoying the fruits of life more than you are. If she's at all irritable or whiny, it's because *you're* doing something wrong. You must then do what it takes to please her so her beautiful smile and charming personality reveals itself once again. Here's a helpful hint: always sacrifice what you want so she gets what she wants first.

An easy way to put the pussy on the pedestal is to fantasize about the girl you desire for at least twenty minutes every night before you go to bed. This accomplishes two things. First, it increases the chance you'll have sweet dreams about her, like going on an innocent afternoon picnic, saving her from a life-threatening situation where she sees you as a hero, or beating up a man who grabbed her inappropriately in a bar with your fists of fury. Second, it brainwashes you into thinking that she's the most important thing in your life, because, well, she is.

If you've internalized step one from the introduction's re-education section, you should have no problem putting that pussy on the pedestal. I just have one word of warning: don't think about sex. Smack your dick with your strong hand if you catch yourself getting a boner while she's in your thoughts. Another way to kill your boner is the age-old trick of

thinking about baseball, the most boring sport in the world after ice curling.

There are five smaller beliefs you should adopt that will make it easier to put pussy on the pedestal. They all sharpen your internal game to get you ready for maximum complimenting and cuddling. Say each to yourself 100 times per day. If you want, say them at rapid-fire speed to create a mild panic attack.

“I may never get laid again!” Believing you may never get laid again gives you a desperate vibe that girls love. They want men who they know need them, not just for sex but social interaction as well. Pretend a horrible zombie plague has left you as the last human being alive and there is no woman you could have sex with.

“Without validation from a woman, I am nothing!” I’m probably beating a dead horse here, but unless you’re approved by a woman, you’re a piece of lint that doesn’t even deserve to be in the company of chubby-but-still-healthy females around the world.

“Every girl hates me!” This is true in all likelihood, especially if you still have an aggressive edge you learned from those scamming game gurus. Until you sharpen your compliment game, you won’t be able to nurture a strong connection with a woman. This will be easy for you to do once you’ve read the compliment database that I describe in the next chapter, which I call *Compliments and Useful Nice Terms*, or CUNT for short.

“My dick is too small!” I understand that not everyone can have a girthy dick with hair coming up the shaft like yours truly, so it’s best to constantly worry about if you can satisfy her in bed when the time comes. You’ll have plenty of time to ruminate on your dick size for the several months (or years) it will take for the object of your affections to actually see your reproductive device.

“I must stop thinking about sex!” If you think about sex too much, a girl will be able to see it in your eyes. She’ll label you a creeper and choose to cuddle with someone else instead. The Mormons have published countless volumes to help you stop thinking about sex or masturbation. In particular, I’m thinking about their booklet *Steps In Overcoming Masturbation*. It contains several nuggets of gold such as: “When the temptation to masturbate is strong, yell STOP to those thoughts as loudly as you can in your mind and then recite a pre-chosen Scripture or sing an inspirational hymn. It is important to turn your thoughts away from the selfish need to indulge.” Another fine example: “In very severe cases it may be necessary to tie a hand to the bed frame with a tie in order that the habit of masturbating in a semi-sleep condition can be broken. This can also be accomplished by wearing several layers of clothing which would be difficult to remove while half asleep.”

The bottom line is don’t let your little penis be the boss of you. Let your *heart* be the boss of you.

TO BE CONTINUED…

Compliment & Cuddle (Part 2 of 5)

April 4, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

PREVIOUSLY: PART 1

EARLY GAME

Now we're going to get into some tactics that will put you in position to hit your girl with compliments and cuddles. While internal game discussed the optimal mindset, early game will talk about direct actions to execute in the company of the opposite sex.

Rejection Is Stupid And Awful

Rejection is the toughest part of the human experience that burns like horseradish. Suffering through it—and yes, it *is* true suffering—is unnecessary and only makes you conclude that you're not everything to every woman. Why confront that ridiculous reality? It's no surprise that accepting rejection is a prime strategy that stupid game guys use to sleep with a lot of women.

I don't want you to go through hundreds of rejections like I did, which eventually led to loveless sex, because it will cause you to see the world as dark and shallow instead of wonderful and rosy. Understand: girls want men who see the world in those latter terms. They want men who think of flowers and tasty flavors of artisanal ice cream, not one who ruminates about death, pain, and casual date rape.

Game guys experience rejection mostly in the form of approaches, where they walk up to a girl *they don't even know* and try to have a conversation with them. What's the best that can happen from that? A number? A sloppy makeup session? Sex with no emotion behind it? You can't build anything of substance through so-called approaches, which is a tool—let's be honest now—for creeps who have the mentality of hyenas, offending and scaring girls left and right. It's called "cold" approaching for a reason (because it's cold, the opposite of warm or hot). Instead, I want you to maintain a safe ten-foot radius from women at all times so they don't feel threatened by your presence.

Instead of having a multitude of venues where you try to approach women, we're going to meet them using the big three: church, work, and social circle. At church, I recommend you focus on bible study groups, since that's where you can meet girls who share your innermost values. At work, the girl is already going to be comfortable with you, since you see her daily. And finally, social circle is great since you don't need to put yourself dangerously out there by approaching.

There’s no risk in trying to cuddle with girls from the big three, unless she takes your advances wrong and you’re eventually disgraced at your church, fired from work, or ejected from your social circle and left godless, broke, or lonely. Since those negative outcomes shouldn’t happen more than 50% of the time if you follow my advice, it’s worth the risk because otherwise you’ll need to walk up to random girls with no prior introduction and try to get something going, which is every bit as hard as it sounds. It’s much preferred to risk personal ruin than to figure out the stupid cold approach business that is sure to crush your ego.

Another benefit of meeting girls through church, work, or social circle is that it ensures you don’t have to change your routine one bit to meet the future apple of your eye. Just keep doing what you’re doing and wait and wait until that special girl enters your life, as if placed there by god’s own hand.

The main idea is to only run C&C game in places where the girl can’t reject you outright. Definitely don’t try on the internet or in bars or clubs, though school is a possibility, especially if a girl sits next to you every day and has become accustomed to your timid presence. Imagine what a loser you’d be if you tried to chat with girls in venues that serve alcohol, a *drug* that guarantees she’ll do something she regrets. This probably will be shocking to you, but some game guys explicitly advise their followers to use the benefits of that horrible drug to advance their sex agendas. I don’t see how trying to sleep with a girl who has had more than one drink can be considered anything but rape.

Once you find your princess in one of the big three venues, all that’s left is to start a cute little chat.

Interview Her Like She’s A Celebrity

Pickup lines obviously don’t work. I remember when I once paid $5 for the following line: “If I was a bear, would you be my honey?” The guy on the internet who sold it to me guaranteed girls would love it, but the responses I got were laughter, and I don’t mean the “laughing with you” kind. I was mocked as if I was the biggest retard in the world, and so humiliated that I couldn’t talk to women again for a year.

We’re going to use something natural and honest, with zero chance of being rejected or laughed at. All you have to do is wait for the absolute perfect moment in your church, work, or social circle when you’re in her vicinity due to natural means. For example, if you’re in the cafeteria at work waiting behind her to get a cup of coffee, paired with her at church to contemplate whether animals go to heaven, or sitting on the same couch at a party thrown by mutual friends, you can hit her with your opening statement. Bow your head ever-so-slightly when you start speaking to show reverence to her supremeness (the Japanese got it right on that one!).

Here’s your opening statement: “Hi, what’s your name?” That’s it! Just ask her name! When she responds, say, “Great to meet you!” Please note the exclamation point and realize that girls want to know that you’re genuinely excited about them. Right then and there she’ll take you for a gentle puppy dog looking for honest friendship.

As for having a conversation, forget about memorizing stupid routines or “conversational

threads.” Routines are especially evil because you’re telling her something you *know* will get a positive response. That’s so fake and wrong. Do you think she’d ever dare to repeat a move that has increased her power over men in the past? Well, if she would, she’d be guilty of manipulation, but I estimate only 1% of women commit such trickery. It’s men who tell adventure stories, humorous anecdotes, or cocky lines as part of their game of deceit. Assholes.

There’s no need to understand the dynamics of good conversation or even how to maintain rapport. There’s no need to memorize the aforementioned evil tactics. All you have to do is pretend she’s famous and ask a shitload of questions that make her feel special. Lavish praise on her to blow her head up and make her feel as if she’s the only girl in the world (like the Rihanna song). After all, she’s the one who deserves the spotlight, not you. Here’s an example of a stellar conversation to serve as a guide:

“Hi, what’s your name?”

“Stacy,” she says.

“Great to meet you!”

“Uh, likewise.”

“So, where do you live?”

“Arlington.”

“Oh, cool! What do you do?”

“Um, I work in human resources.”

“That sounds so exciting! I’ve always wanted to work in a human resources department! What company do you work for?”

“I don’t mean to be rude, but why are you asking me all these questions?”

“You seem interesting. I just want to get to know you!” (Put on your best puppy dog face so she’ll know you’re sincere.)

“Oh, okay. Well, I work for a pharmaceutical company.”

“Is it fun to work there? I’m sure it’s a blast!”

“Yeah, it’s okay.”

You get the idea. If you put her pussy on the pedestal and really *believe* that she’s a better human being than you, this type of conversation will become as automatic as the sunrise. Notice how her last statement (“Yeah, it’s okay”) hints that she’s beginning to *feel* like a celebrity. This means you’re accomplishing your task and within an hour or so, she’ll probably ask your name. Congratulations, you now got your foot barely squeezed in the door.

You’ll find it easy to focus exclusively on her because most women are more fascinating than the average man. As a gender they have successfully dedicated their lives to the pursuit of interesting things, and I’m not just talking about her surprising interest in the World Cup every four years or her encyclopedic knowledge of reality television. By the time you meet your queen, she already will have worked at an environmental non-profit,

studied abroad in a poor Central American country, practiced yoga, dabbled in veganism, completed a marathon in under nine hours, and strongly supported gentrification to push out lazy black people from the hipper parts of a cosmopolitan city. You can't compete with that, so don't even try. Instead, drink from the goblet of her extensive life experience. Gain from it and make her feel like the celebrity that she rightfully deserves to be.

The Optimal Groveling Vibe

Even if you successfully treat her like a celebrity, there will be a point where you simply run out of questions. You'll then need additional tactics to keep the interaction going in a way that continues to make her feel elevated in stature. Here are a few strategies that work well:

Indulge and glorify her to eternity. Always be fascinated with everything she's doing. This means you must make it seem like she has accomplished incredible feats, even if in reality they're less significant than a fleck of dust landing on your arm. Dig in as far as you can on her most mundane tasks, like renewing her driver's license, doing laundry, parking an automobile, or contributing a dollar to a homeless man who made a surprisingly funny joke. In the first example, you can ask if the line was long, if anyone was mean to her, and how it's possible for any girl to appear as cute as she does in her license photo. Dissect everything she does, blowing her head up to such an extent that in the future she'll need to walk sideways through any doorway.

Never upstage her. Let's say you make a difference in the local community by volunteering at a soup kitchen on weeknights while she's glued to Bravo. You may think of mentioning your good deed as a way to show her you're a worthwhile man, but first ask yourself how she's going to feel by knowing you're doing something for the betterment of humankind. Telling her would sound like bragging, and girls don't like bragging. Therefore, she should never know that you volunteer or in any other way positively contribute more to the world than she does. Instead, tell her that you also watch television on weeknights, but on a lesser channel like TLC or Oxygen.

Always hide information that may question her "accomplishments." For example, let's say you're proficient in Spanish. It turns out she studied Spanish for six months while in Peru, but has so much trouble stringing simple sentences together that it seems as if she hadn't studied Spanish at all (although she did mention spending "a lot" of time with the local Peruvian guys in some sort of vague cultural exchange program). When she embarrasses you in a neighborhood El Salvadorian bakery by speaking in decrepit Spanish, bite your lip by not correcting her or speaking properly. It's better to absorb her stupidity or laziness like a bathroom rug than to question it.

Quantity is better than quality. The key to building a friendship with a girl is to understand that it's okay to spend endless hours with her without anything actually happening. You may recognize this technique as putting in "face time" at the office. The key is to make her so comfortable and bored around you that she can't help but tell you personal things like how other suitors aren't treating her as well as you do. Even reading

a book with her in silence for two hours is an act she'll appreciate.

Don't be too curious about your environment. The more experienced and worldly you are, the more interesting things you'll have to say. While that's great when you're around your family or male buddies, it's disastrous around a female because you'll unknowingly squeeze her out of the conversation, upstaging her and making her feel bad. When you're cultivating a new friendship with a girl, be especially uncurious and immune to the world around you. You may even consider not following the news, though you can feel free to read celebrity gossip, since girls love talking about that shit. Imagine her excitement when she discovers that she can discuss Lindsey Lohan or Kim Kardashian with you just like she could with a female friend.

The best way I can sum up the optimal vibe you should be adopting is this: **grovel and glorify**. Are you groveling in her presence? Are you glorifying her? Then you're on the right track. All that's left now is to compliment.

TO BE CONTINUED…

Compliment & Cuddle (Part 3 of 5)

April 5, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

PREVIOUSLY: PART 2

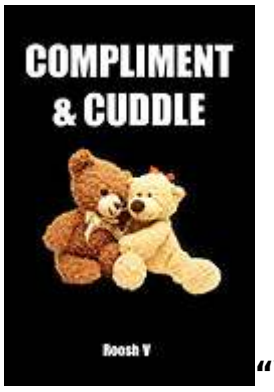
EARLY GAME CONTINUED…

Compliments and Useful Nice Terms (CUNT)

The grovel and glorify strategy is something that a lot of guys already know how to do, but most don't know how to compliment, which is the main way to set yourself apart in order to proceed to intimacy no longer than ten years after you first meet her. Here are the top nine compliments to use on women:

"You look great! Did you do something to your hair?" It doesn't matter if she has a butch cut or obviously hasn't washed her hair in several days. Since a girl's hair is a significant source of her feminine power, complimenting it will make her happy.

"Where did you get that outfit from? It's very stylish!" Whether she bought it from the Gap, Old Navy, or Dress Barn is trivial—just make sure you don't use the term "sexy." That could be considered sexual harassment and get you into big trouble with authority figures.



"Your eyes are really standing out today! Are they usually so bright and beautiful?" Even if she's hungover and looks like something the dog dragged in, compliment her beauty, particularly her eyes, which many famous compliment and cuddlers like Tobey Maguire and Keanu Reeves consider the windows to the soul.

"Any guy would be lucky to date a girl like you!" This is a indirect way to hint that you want to date her, but it's so subtle that she won't even pick up on it, so there's no need to fear an impending rejection by using it.

"Your fingers are so slender! Do you play the piano?" Use this compliment even if her fingers are short and stumpy like breakfast sausages. It insinuates that she has skills beyond sending more than 200 text messages a day.

"The report you did is the best I've ever read. Have you thought about writing a book?" Even though the only book she'd be qualified to write would be "How Not to Accomplish Anything After College Besides Making Money," imply the opposite.

"You're a great conversationalist, much better than my guy friends. Have you

considered going into public speaking?" It doesn't matter if her speech is only 10% actual content and 90% filler words such as "like" and "you know." You're groveling and glorifying, not evaluating and exasperating.

"I'll be honest. I feel a little intimidated by your intelligence. You must use more than 3% of your brain that a mere mortal like myself uses." I should have put this at the top of the list because it's very unlikely that anyone has ever praised her intelligence before. They'll be tons of loser guys making remarks on "that ass" or her ability in the bedroom, but no one has ever cherished the organ that makes her the true snowflake she is.

"Where did you learn to be so charming? I wish I could be as charming as you!" Even though charm died in Western women on August 18, 1920, you want her to think she's reviving the feminine grace of yore. You'll soon become the recipient of all those bland jokes she let die in her head without telling a soul, which can be the source of endless future compliments.

A good opportunity to compliment is when a girl asks for an opinion on something. The most obvious example is when she asks whether she looks fat in a certain dress. Since you'll be asked that question many times in the course of your life, it's best to practice your answer in front of a mirror every week. The goal is to say, "No way, you look great!" at the exact millisecond she's done asking. Any hesitation on your part will make her think you're lying and that she needs to lose a few pounds by cutting back on all the goddamn food she eats every day. You don't want her to change, even for the better, just to fulfill your selfish desire to be with a presentable girl.

On average, you should be hitting her with one compliment every fifteen minutes. After using all nine of my suggestions, just follow the general pattern and you'll be fine.

I'd like to close this chapter by sharing some *Useful Nice Terms* to pepper your conversation with. Pretend it's like a video game where the more nice terms you use, the more points you get. Here are my favorite terms, which will each earn you five points with every use: wonderful, peachy, fabulous, tremendous, super-duper, wicked, unreal, swell, stupendous, cool, and really cool. After about a million points, you'd better be ready for some serious cuddling!

MIDDLE GAME

If your grovel and glorify game is tight, it'll be easy to arrange for an innocent hang-out (without alcohol, of course). Always have a safe activity in the back of your head that you can invite a girl to after you've interacted with her for about ten hours. Acceptable options are ice cream, movie, coffee shop, or ultimate Frisbee. The best way to ask is through the following template:

"I don't know if you're busy this Saturday afternoon, and it's really okay if you are, but I was wondering if it's possible that maybe you'd be sort of interested in going with me to _____. You don't have to if you don't want to. Really, it's okay." Then bow your head slightly, as if submitting to her awesome power.

How can a girl say no when you ask like that? If she does say no, it's probably because

she’s busy with the various hobbies that make up her fascinating life and not because she doesn’t want to hang out with an accomplished groveler like yourself.

The bottom line is not to make it seem like you’re asking her out. She should be able to conclude without a reasonable doubt that you won’t try to kiss her or touch her like a creep at the end of any future date. Think of them as “shared functions” that are completely safe and devoid of any potential for human sexuality.

Calling Her For The First Time

Once she agrees to going on a shared function with you, it’s time to get her phone number. Simply ask, “May I please have your phone number?” When it’s time to save it to your cell phone, fumble the entry and make a remark about how you don’t normally save numbers. This ensures she won’t think you’re a male slut who is experienced with a lot of women.

Call her in a couple days before the function. Girls don’t answer their phones these days because of how busy they are, so you’re going to leave a message. Here is your voicemail template: “Hey, Stacy, it’s Roosh from church, the guy you talked to on Wednesday around three o’clock for about one hour on the left side of the main room behind the third row of chairs, remember? Anyway, I was hoping you’d still like to catch a movie. If you can call me back, my number is (301) 555-1234. If you’re busy and can’t call me back, that’s fine. I’ll try again in a couple days.”

Do you see how easy you make it for her with that message? What she’ll do is save your number in her phone and then not call you back, hoping you’ll be a man and call her again in a couple days like you said you would. She’ll probably answer your second call, but if not, just repeat the process of leaving messages and calling back until you wear her down.

When she finally answers say, “Hey, it’s Roosh. I hope I’m not bothering you. Is it a good time to chat because I can always call back at your next earliest convenience.” If she’s not watching television, she’ll be free to talk.

Have written notes ready on things you can talk about before making the call. Here are some sample notes from a recent phone call I made:

- weather sure is crazy lately
- ~~obsessing~~ thinking about the great convo we had
- just bought a new t-shirt from Urban Outfitters
- becoming a huge fan of turkey hot dogs

By making notes, you won’t run out of discussion topics. After about twenty minutes of borderline inane chatter, you’ll finally be ready to lock and load plans on your friendly meeting.

Don’t use text messaging to make first contact because it’s rude and shows that you really don’t care. It’d be like calling a dear friend to wish him Happy New Year’s after one in the morning instead of at 12:01 on the dot. Don’t be lazy about putting in that extra effort. On the other hand, text messaging has its uses when you want to confirm an

event. The key is to use lots of exclamation points and smiley faces in *every* message. For example, “8pm sounds good!! :)))” or “I can’t wait!!!!!!!!! :P :P ;)” are excellent text messages to send.

CONTINUED: PART 4

Compliment & Cuddle (Part 4 of 5)

April 6, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

PREVIOUSLY: PART 3

MIDDLE GAME CONTINUED…

Advanced Groveling

It's time to hit you with additional strategies to help you make it through a shared function, during which the girl will become more comfortable with you than ever before. They water the seeds of friendship so that in the next couple of months you can go for cuddling.

Befriend and be nice. Everything you do should be on friendly terms—so friendly that she suspects you're in need of subdermal testosterone supplements. You don't want her to think you're an aggressive brute who may make her feel uncomfortable in the bedroom by trying to put your penis inside her. Instead, be as gentle as a toddler after his afternoon nap. Definitely don't get into any heated arguments, don't share your honest opinions if they're much different than hers, and don't let her lift a finger while she's in your presence.

Supplicate and spend. To supplicate means to bow down to a woman's needs. It's the only way you can show her that you're a compliant man capable of giving her happiness. Let her determine all the details of your shared activities by handing the decision-making process to her on a silver platter. A proper supplication vibe is amplified by spending money. Let's be honest: no girl wants to cuddle with an unaccomplished writer hack who lives in his dad's basement. Instead, they want a successful man with a solid job and fair collection of middle-class possessions, a sign that she can financially depend on him in the future.

There are two ways to let her know of your provider status. The first is to name-drop the possessions you own, such as your plasma television with thirteen-speaker sound system, technology that poor men can't afford. The second is to adopt the mindset of "Whatever she wants, I shall abide by providing it like the real man that I am." On your shared function outings, get a feel for her consumer preferences—whether it's a customized latte with five laborious modifications or a cool trinket sold by a street vendor who can barely speak English—and then purchase the fuck out of it. Beam with pride while giving her the item, as if you're a prince handing his princess a royal present. Her smile will show that

she appreciates your efforts, and you can start fantasizing about a future cuddle session that will surely blow her away.

Worry and wonder. There's always something better you could be doing to please her. In fact, I guarantee there are at least a dozen things you're doing wrong, and only with obsessive worrying can you discover what those things are. Here are some questions to ask yourself when you're out with the girl:

- Is something wrong?
- Is she mad at me for some reason?
- Does she like another guy more than me?
- Will she ever see me for the man I really am?
- Was she not impressed with my Bose sound system?
- No, really, is something wrong?

Put yourself in her shoes and then assume the worst, that yes there is something wrong, and then be quick on the draw with an apology. Here are several examples:

- I'm sorry if the coffee isn't as sweet as you like.
- I'm sorry I was three minutes late.
- I'm sorry you're not having a good time.

You can make things even better by executing the following strategy:

Ask and accommodate. What does she want right now? Would she prefer to do something else? If she could do anything, money being no object, what would it be? The answers to these important questions, which you should constantly ask her, will give you a blueprint to her happiness. There are many foolish men out there who never bother to ask a woman what she wants, selfishly demanding that she please *him* and give *him* happiness. That's barbaric! Only by probing her to the point of annoyance will you know what she really wants, and once you find that out, give it to her.

Be as accommodating as possible (at sacrifice to yourself if necessary) to strengthen the bond you have with her. If you ask and accommodate, not only will she respect you more, but she'll never take advantage of your kindness by metaphorically stomping on you with a sharp boot heel. This mindset will lead to a level of patience that would even impress Job. Let her take as long as she wants to decide what she wants to do with you, if anything.

Deeper Conversational Technique

Once you get the hang of the compliment and grovel strategy, the potential still exists for long silences during extended meet-ups. To avoid that, here are two topics of conversation that are safe and useful in every type of situation: family and work.

Talking incessantly about your family lets her know that you also want to have a family. You should especially stress how important your mom is in your life (don't be afraid of insinuating that you're a momma's boy). She'll know that your strong maternal love could easily translate to love for her when the time is right. To assure her that she won't have

future competition, feel free to insinuate that your ‘dream girl” can push your mom out of the picture like a dermatologist freezing off a stubborn wart.

Tell her how your little cousins, nieces, or nephews are growing up like magical beanstalks and that you truly love being a part of their lives. This gently implies that you want to be a father someday. Since all women want to be loving mothers, putting aside their mindless cubicle jobs to do so, this technique reinforces that you’re ready to put down roots into the Earth and settle down.

Work is also a great topic because it hammers into her brain that you make enough money to support her. The best way to set your financial stability apart from the millions of others guys is to go on and on about your cool IT or engineering job, even going into the details of specific networking projects or logistical hurdles your technical transfer team had to overcome. Trust me when I say that she’ll feel lucky that she has finally met someone who makes a real income, unlike all the other hairy losers camping out in Starbucks for five hours after purchasing an Earl Grey tea and cheese bagel.

There will still be times when you’ll run out of family or work chat. When that happens, you’ll have to fall back on asking intriguing questions that stimulate her mind. Here are five questions I use with great success:

“What is your favorite _____?” Fill in the blank with color, food, pet, ice cream flavor, or office supply store. Keep it fun and weird.

“Where is the weirdest place you’ve fallen in love?” Maybe it was at work, a neighborhood block party, or a circus. You’ll probably be surprised at the answer!

“If you could be any beautiful flower in the world, which would you be?” Agree with whatever answer she gives. Then tilt your head sideways about twenty degrees, smile, and say, “You know what? I kind of do see you as that flower, now that you mention it.”

“If you could write your own teen paranormal romance novel, what would you call it?” It’s a fact that girls love paranormal romances, so this question will get her talking about all her favorite books, which you can then find in the ten-cent pile at the local library.

“How badly do you want to save the Earth from environmental destruction?” I’ve never met a girl who didn’t want to save the environment. Sure, her carbon usage may be among the highest in the world thanks to owning a car and flying on jets, but it’s the little things she does like recycling Vitamin Water bottles and not using plastic bags that will delay the inevitable collapse of the human species by a full nanosecond.

After you’ve been on a dozen or so shared functions where the two of you become great chums, thanks in part to your fun questioning, it’s time to take things to the next level and get her out on a real date.

Your First Real Date

Even though I call this a real “date,” it’s not a word that you’ll use with her. Remember: you don’t want her to think you actually like her as more than a friend, so anything that

makes her feel like you're trying to escalate the friendship will turn her off and eliminate any future chance of cuddling. Therefore you're going to use a little trick to get her out on a date—without her even realizing that it's an "official" event that you'll eagerly log into your Moleskine diary.

The only venue a man should take a proper woman to is a restaurant. It's no accident that the act of feeding hits all her provider buttons (something that will help you down the line when eventually asking for her hand in marriage). The first thing to do is to comb the food section of your local newspaper for the newest, hottest restaurants in town. It has to be expensive for her to be impressed (if you don't have the money and must charge it on your credit card, use one with cash back rewards for extra savings). At one of your shared functions, say, "Hey I just heard about a new restaurant in town. Do you want to check it out? My treat." She'll say yes, especially when she realizes she won't have to pay. Trust me.

If she puts up a fake protest that she doesn't want you to be spending that kind of money, just tell her you got a fat promotion at work and can definitely afford it. It's like hitting two birds with one stone: not only do you impress her with the dinner, but you also hint at your robust income. Don't be shy to drop a comment like, "I'm making more money than I really need—I can't wait to share this with someone special in my life."

There are two ways to prepare for your first official date. First, dress real classy by suiting up, and don't forget the pocket square (if she asks why you're all dressed up, say you didn't get a chance to change after work). She won't be able to avoid looking at your fine threads which only a proper job could buy. Second, bring some sort of gift. Nothing can top the majesty of a single red rose or a Whitman's Sampler from the local drugstore. What you're essentially doing is beginning the process of sweeping her off her feet.

Start the date with the *big* touching move: your hand on her shoulder for one full second. This should be the first time you'll have touched her during your friendship, which I estimate will be at least three months strong by this point.

After you're both seated, don't be forceful when it's time to order. Hem and haw a bit to fish out her food preferences so you can order something that is similar to her dish. Don't tell her what she should eat, and under no circumstance should you order for her. Or you can just memorize the following line: "I'll have what she's having." It's especially useful when ordering wine. Avoid hard liquors, and definitely avoid beer, which would clash with your Macy's suit and hint at a proletariat background. I suggest having no more than one glass of wine because the last thing you want to do is get intoxicated and let your ancestral masculine essence shine through.

The conversation during dinner should be jovial. Reminisce about past outings, like the time you ran into the thorn bush during a flag football game or when a goat bit your finger at the petting zoo. Avoid touching her feet under the table because after the big shoulder touch from earlier, you'll need at least a one-week cooling off period before you touch again with your hands or feet.

When the check comes, put your credit card in the check presenter without looking at the

bill. This lets her know you're not cheap and will be able to buy her more things in the future. Finally, when it's time to part ways, give her a quick peck on the cheek. I know this is a terribly bold move and you'll be nervous about it, but it's also friendly and shouldn't make her think you're interested in her sexually. If all goes well, she'll say, "Thank you for dinner," though if she forgets it's no big deal.

If you're like me, you'll probably be so happy from the dinner outing and little kiss that you'll have extra spring in your step on the lonely walk home.

CONTINUED: PART 5

Compliment & Cuddle (Part 5 of 5)

April 7, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

PREVIOUSLY: PART 4

LATE GAME

After five dinner outings and approximately $750 in expenses, it's time to go for the glory: cuddling. You've finally arrived at modern seduction's ultimate moment.

Cuddling

During your dinner dates, you will have treated her to the finest establishments in town, transporting her in your environmentally friendly automobile. When you drop her home on that fifth date, where you drank two glasses of her favorite French wine instead of the usual one, look her deep in the eyes, deeper than you ever thought was possible, and say, "May I come in, please?" Then immediately morph into your puppy dog face so she knows you're harmless and not some serial rapist who puts in many months of work and investment to commit a horrendous crime, which according to the Rape, Abuse and Incest National Network, affects 250,000 women every year. The sad thing is I'm pretty sure they're underestimating those figures.

Constrain your delight when she says, "Yeah, I guess you can come in, but no funny business, okay?"

While in her apartment, take off your shoes and get comfortable on the couch. The moment is now ripe to divulge your tree feelings for her, which is the safest way to take the relationship to the next level. Otherwise, any move you make will have the potential for a razor sharp rejection.

Hold her hand and say, "You probably already know this, but I have deep feelings for you. You're one of the most special girls I've met in my life and I just want you to know how I feel." A typical response will be, "Okay, well, I just want to be friends." She'll have trouble maintaining eye contact, probably because she shares some of the same feelings but isn't as assertive as you are about disclosing them. Then say, "That's fine with me. Friendship alone with you is better than nothing at all. I'm very happy."

She'll seem underwhelmed, but rest assured that her insides have been ravished by your declaration. In the upcoming weeks, she'll see you not just as a Frisbee and dinner buddy, but as a man who is capable of giving her the comfortable future that she deserves. More

immediately, your declaration will set the stage for innocent cuddling.

Yawn, then say, “Oh, boy! Is it okay if I take a nap here? I had a lot to drink and I don’t want to drive drunk and kill someone in an awful car crash.” This won’t be a lie, because she’ll know that you had *double* what you normally drink. She’ll reluctantly allow you to stay, and this is where you hope and pray and wish that she lets you lay on her bed. If not, you’ll have to take her out to another dinner before trying again.

If she says her bed is big enough for you to crash there, keep things safe by hopping in with all your clothes on, including your socks. After about twenty minutes, give her a gentle poke in the arm to make sure she’s sleeping. Then, slowly and gently, wrap your arms around her and embrace her as she slumbers. Feel her wonderful warmth against your plaid shirt and skinny jeans.

Resist getting an erection, because she may wake up and call the national rape hotline. If she does wake up and angrily asks why you’re holding her (maybe reiterating that she only likes you as a friend), act surprised and say you must have had a pleasant dream. Now this is where your fanciful dinners come into play. If you went all out and spent those stacks of cash like I told you, she’ll feel indebted to letting you hold onto her like a child holding onto its mother. She may even respond by touching you back, which gives you a green light for the holiest of all cuddles: the spoon.

Unfortunately, spooning can be dangerous, because your crotch will be close to her vagina, so you must think about every game of the most recent World Series to prevent getting a massive boner. On the bright side, the spoon will water the seed of love. Don’t be alarmed if she completely dominates your every waking thought from that point forward.

You’ll probably notice a change in her demeanor the next morning. She’ll be more loving, offering to make you a meal of cereal, banana, and if you’re lucky, instant coffee. Assuming you didn’t get an inappropriate boner, the cuddle session will make her realize what a safe and trustworthy man you really are. She’ll then increase the level of detail about dates she goes on with jerks and how positively you compare to them. Some of her stories may make you uncomfortable, especially when those jerks “spend the night,” but don’t lose hope—every girl has to let a few dozen jerks spend the night before she finally realizes that *you* are the one. Keep hope alive!

As a man who has had sex with a lot of different women, let me be the first to say how underrated cuddling with zero chance of sex is, especially when love is involved. If your cuddle sessions begin to happen less frequently, just intensify your **worry and wonder** meditations. It’s bound to be because you’re doing something wrong, and it’s up to you to fix it.

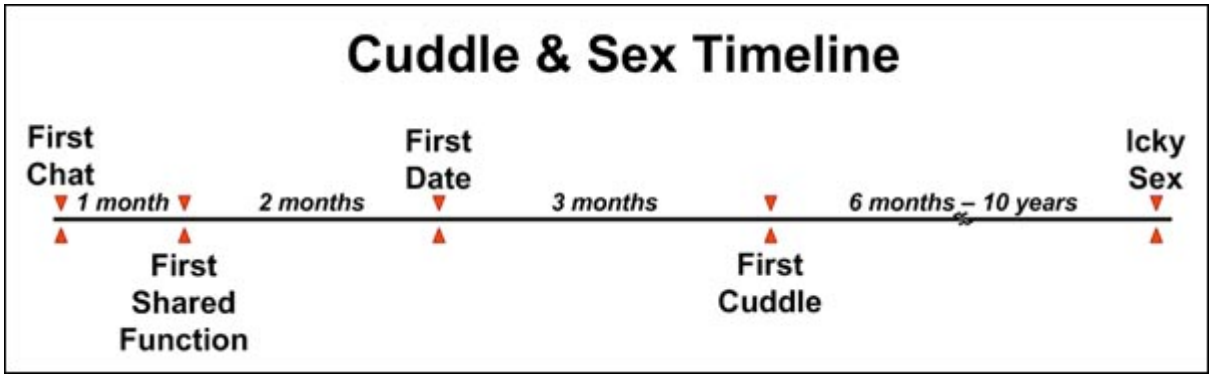
Sex without love is like eating food when you’re not hungry—you simply can’t appreciate it on a profound level. That leads to a final strategy I want to share with you: **fall fast and furious**. The faster you love her, the more likely she’ll return that love half-fold at some indeterminable point in the distant future.

Sex And More

After your cuddle partner is done getting her vagina treated like a glory hole by other so-called “men,” and the first of many deep wrinkles begin to appear around her eyes, she’ll miraculously realize that you’re her true soul mate. You’ll know because she’ll finally give you a peck on the lips, which means it’s time for you to man up by suggesting a romantic getaway to a Caribbean island where you can then enjoy prolonged kisses.

You may be wondering how long it will take until she realizes that you’re better than the dozens of jerks she’s known. The best rule of thumb is when her skin starts to lose elasticity from the natural aging process. Wrinkles are definitely part of that, but I find a better indicator to be a loosening of the skin around her upper arms and thighs. When you start seeing blobs of tissue, get ready, because she’ll soon see you for who you really are and start stepping up her game to win your favor.

The younger and more attractive she is, the longer it will take for her to come around. If she’s already halfway degraded, it will of course take significantly less time. This is why it may be better for you to go for cuddle sessions with women who are already beginning to lose hope of ever settling down. Going from a 23-year-old hottie to a 33-year-old spinster is like going from competing in the Olympics to the Special Olympics. Here’s an illustration to give you a sense of the timeline I’m talking about:



Sex is a foregone conclusion if you pony up for the Caribbean vacation. There’s nothing more conducive to lovemaking than the romantic mood created by spending a lot of money, but to make sure you never offend her, wait until she explicitly asks you for sex. The worst thing you can do is pseudo-rape her by playing games like “just the tip” or feeding her multiple alcoholic beverages in the hope of getting her horny. Don’t place her hand on your penis, don’t touch her vagina, and definitely don’t squeeze her breasts. The line between consensual sex and rape is so fine that unless the girl initiates sex, you’re committing rape.

Studies by honest feminist organizations reveal that 40% of men in the United States have raped a girl (even if they didn’t realize it), but only 0.005% have ever been prosecuted. There’s a lot of raping going on out there, and it’s your duty not to contribute to that statistic. A good rule of thumb is the following: if you’re not sure if it’s rape or not, it’s rape. You should stop, drop, and rest, then allow her to initiate the **Consensual Sex Transaction Operational Protocol (cSTOP)**, which you can obtain from the women’s studies department of any major university.

I find that the first time you have sex with a girl will coincide with a strong urge on your

part to ask her hand in marriage. I mean, why wait? She'll probably hint to it anyway by reading bridal magazines in your presence. That should be your clue to go to Tiffany's and drop at least five months' salary on buying something that will impress all her friends and make her feel like a real woman. Only propose if you're sure she sees you as a man worthy of a lifetime of control and contempt or else she won't accept. All that's left is to enjoy your beautiful family.

In this guide I've walked you from points A to Z on how to maybe someday make love to a woman in a way that has *real* emotional meaning. I understand that it takes time to see results from this strategy, which is why I'm not expecting to see any success stories in my email inbox for at least two or three years. But when they finally arrive, I won't be at all surprised if I'm invited to a few weddings. By then I'll have released a sequel to help you navigate through the wonders of marriage, tentatively titled *Mope & Masturbate.*

Good luck, and god bless.

Compliment & Cuddle Post-Mortem

April 11, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I wouldn't dare insult my readers, whose support I always appreciate, but if it was not obvious to you that Compliment & Cuddle—which I announced on April 1—was a joke, then you're a moron. Sorry. Unless you have Asperger's or autism, I just don't see how it can be taken seriously.

I first came up with the "Compliment & Cuddle" term in this post:

> Who knows—if American women rewarded men who worshipped them, the rules of the game would change and maybe my first book would be called Compliment & Cuddle instead of Bang, but they don't.

Afterwards I thought how it would be amusing if such an actual guide existed. I looked at the calendar and noticed that April Fools was coming up, and since I still didn't have a good idea, I drew up an outline using Bang as a contrary reference and then got to work. The plan was to make you think the announcement was an obvious gag, when the real gag was that I actually wrote the shit out. I like to consider it a reverse April Fools joke.

It's ironic that this beta layguide is the most compelling reason I've ever presented as to why game is so important. If there's a set of behaviors and beliefs which obviously decrease a man's sexual opportunities, like C&C game, then variables must exist to affect a man's ability to get laid. Therefore, using the power of logic, even the most self-deluded beta or feminist is forced to conclude that there has to be a game which maximizes a man's chances of scoring. Detailing the worst game possible is evidence that another game must work better.

The second reason for this guide is that I wanted to drill into your brain the whole scope of beta acts that you should avoid. If you're about to do something that you remembered reading in Compliment & Cuddle, you'll now jerk away from that behavior like a vampire reacting to sunlight. You have been successfully programmed for acting more alpha.

Lastly, I wanted to show how being nice can actually be more manipulative than the tactics I teach. All those nice guys act that way primarily because they *think* it's the best way to get what they want in return (love or intimacy). Guys like us who use game are ultimately more honest because we are more direct about our sexual needs. It's no surprise that reason contributes to why women will respect an alpha much more than a

beta who is being subversive about the “friendship” he is cultivating. Ironically, she trusts the shady alpha more than the loyal beta.

The C&C man I describe is what feminists describe they want—a cautious, supportive men who respects their sexuality, but one they rarely settle for unless no alpha wants them. A female’s words of what she wants in a man will never match the guys she ends up fucking. Like I’ve already said countless times, never listen to what a woman says, especially when it comes to what she wants. Just look at the results instead, like the “asshole” she ended up dating for two years and still can’t stop talking about.

I noticed there were a lot of “that used to be me” comments. As a recovering beta, writing C&C wasn’t that hard—I just had to remember my high school and college days and let the words flow. I don’t want to get all mushy, but with this series I felt more of a sense of brotherhood with my readers than anything else I’ve written. We’re all in the same boat—guys who sucked with women and now piece by piece are gaining knowledge and skills to get what we want from them. Though we’re from different races, ages, and nationalities, we’re all moving along the same path. Thankfully the techniques and mindset to achieve our goals, which range from one-night stands to long-term relationships, and nearly identical.

The sad part about Compliment & Cuddle, which you can now download as a PDF file, is that it’s maybe not soft enough for what a lot of guys actually do. I’m talking about guys who literally worship women like these fools:

Tight game can’t exist unless there is a large population of men who don’t have game, so let’s thank all the cuddlers for keeping our tactics effective.

Something Is Rotten In The State Of Denmark

April 13, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

If you follow my Twitter feed or have read this post on the forum, you'll see that I'm not too happy in Denmark. Stupidly, I locked myself into a two-month lease when I arrived because I assumed it would be at least as good as Iceland, but it's not even close. Just last week I thought, "This blows. It's time to tighten things up. You need to make a list of all the countries you want to go to with reasons why…" and then I paused, because I know I did this before. From A Dead Bat In Paraguay:

> That night I came up with a plan. With my guidebook next to me and reports of other travelers simmering in my head, I wrote a list on a napkin of the next ten cities I should visit. Next to each city I put how long I was allowed to stay in each, plus or minus a couple days. It was time to introduce a little structure and discipline or I'd never finish the trip. Instead I'd just keep getting sick in cities I didn't care for and miss out on the ones I wanted to visit most (Rio, Buenos Aires). At the bottom of the napkin I wrote down two rules that became my new travel strategy: "Only go to a city if it has something you want to see and experience," and, "Only stay longer than planned if you are having the time of your life. No exceptions." I wanted these rules to last beyond the ten cities I listed, until the end of the trip.

The biggest mistake I keep making is investing too much time in crappy countries, but is that a mistake or just a normal feature of travel? Is it possible to ever eliminate going to a "bad" country? While hindsight is 20/20, commiting two months to Denmark, a place that has gotten zero positive reports, seems inexcusable, even though just a few weeks ago I felt brave for doing it.

I have to come to terms that in the year 2011 I'm not going to discover a magnificient unconquered land. I'm not going to be the first horny gringo to tap a species of women that no one knows about. I will not find the diamond in the rough. There is a reason why men repeatedly go to the same countries in South America, Eastern Europe, and Southeast Asia, and why they don't go to Denmark, Belgium, and Mongolia. As much as I like to think of myself as a mighty conquistador, I might as well stay in America than duplicate the experience I'm having right now in Copenhagen.

I'm curious about countries like Sweden and Germany, but Denmark has scared me straight. I'm heading east to Poland in a few weeks to begin following the path left by men before me.

I wanted to close out with a little update on some projects I'm working on:

- **Argentina Compendium:** This should be out in a few weeks.
- **Day game book:** Third draft is done. I'm still on track for a July or August release.
- **Bang Iceland:** I just finished the rough draft. Once it's done, I will chop it up and

release it for free on the blog. I'm hoping for a June release. Patience, please.
- **Denmark guide:** I don't want to waste much time writing a guide for a country that I will advise you not to visit, but there will still be some posts about my experience that will help you in a place like Sweden or Norway.

I haven't taken a break from the blog in over a year so I think now is a good time to do it. Check back in a week or two.

The Girl Score (A System For Rating Individual Girls)

April 24, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The 1-10 system is a pretty reliable way to rate the attractiveness of women. It does have its flaws (one man's 9 can be another man's 6), but it gets the job done more often than not. What we don't have is a way to measure the overall quality of an individual girl that accounts for additional things besides her appearance. I've constructed something that accounts for all the parts of a woman that is most likely to bring happiness to man.

One problem players experience with dating women besides getting actual sex is deciding which ones they should invest time into for more serious relationships. The girl score is a tool to help you determine if a girl is worthy of fuck buddy status, casual dating, something more, or nothing at all. It is calculated not only after you've had sex with a girl but have also gone on *at least three dates* with her, a long-enough time length where you can reliably rate her merits. By the third date you should have a very clear idea of who the girl is, where it's unlikely she'll still be hiding any of her strengths (girls show their best traits first, as probably you do, too).

So what qualities make the best women? I've narrowed it down to five things, each of which is rated on a scale of 1-10:

Attractiveness. A universal desire of men everywhere is beauty. While you can become desensitized to it, you cannot become desensitized to ugliness—you merely tolerate it because you have no other option. You can put a beautiful but brain-dead girl who speaks a foreign language in front of me right now and being with her will be much more pleasurable than an ugly girl who can talk about the creation of the universe. I save philosophical life discussions for my guy friends because having one with a woman would be like asking a plumber how to install a ceiling fan. Since attractiveness is so important, the 1-10 score here is multiplied by 5.

Sexual Performance. Sex is a big part of why we exist, and if a girl is unable to satisfy you sexually at any time you want to bust a nut then she has failed in her duty as a woman. It doesn't matter whether she uses her pussy, mouth, or anus, but she must use it with vigor and enthusiasm to give you maximum pleasure. Women have to understand that they've evolved for millions of years for the main purpose of carefully selecting a man and then pleasing him. A woman should consider suicide if she cannot strongly fulfill this most basic feature of life.

Nurturing. Does she cook for you? Does she want to take care of you? Does she have a good living space that suggests she knows how to maintain a home? Does she give as much as she takes? This quality is more important for long-term relationships, and basically comes down to the following question: does she have heart? Otherwise, she will destroy your soul in a drawn-out process that leaves you nothing but an shadow of your former self. Your friends won't even be able to recognize you.

Woman Quality. Is she feminine and sexy? Do you feel proud with her when out in

public? Does she make you feel like a strong man? Is she compliant, keeping talk-back at a minimum, while sacrificing her needs for yours? If a girl is pretty, but masculine in appearance or attitude, you won't be able to forge a strong emotional connection with her. It would be like dating a lifeless doll instead of a living, breathing creature of the Earth.

Personality. Is she pleasing to spend time with? Is she capable of light but enjoyable conversation? Does she keep drama and jealousy to a minimum? Does she get along with your friends? With personality it's not so much that you need a hyper-intelligent or well-traveled girl, but someone who is cool and easy to pass long amounts of time with. It's better she say nothing then nag, whine, or torture you with her geo-political views that she is in no way qualified to talk about.

Now I want to give you general scoring guidelines so you know how to rate each factor.

Attractiveness

10: This score doesn't exist besides retouched magazines photos. Therefore any guy who says he has fucked a 10 is exaggerating at best, lying at worst.
9: Models or actresses like Scarlett Johansen, Mila Kunis, and so on.
8: Beautiful.
7: Cute and pleasing to look at.
6: Needs help from makeup or lighting.
3: Beast.

Sexual Performance

10: You get a raging hard-on just thinking of what she can do to your cock. She's better than the porn stars you watch on PornHub. Your nickname for her is "deep-throating cock gobbler."
9: Stupendous in bed.
8: Horny girl who bows down to your cock like it's her medieval dungeon master.
7: Solid bedroom performance.
5: Average.
3: She offers you a handjob because she can't make you cum with her dry pussy or mouth.

Nurturing

10: Future mother of your child.
9: Her happiness seems like it's entirely dependent on yours.
8: Goes out of her way to make sure you're content.
7: You see some potential for her to be a good wife or mother, but she needs to work on consistency.
6: She'd reluctantly go to the drug store to buy you medicine if you were sick.
5: She'd warm up a can of soup in the microwave.
1: It would take her a while to notice you died in your sleep.

Woman Quality

10: What a woman! She makes you feel like a pimp.
9: You feel blessed to have found such a sexy bitch.
8: She makes you slightly more jealous than you normally would thanks to her irresistible feminine allure.
7: Definitely girly, but nothing extraordinary.
5: Studying her movements wouldn't get your dick hard. You'd have to at least make eye contact with her taint to get the penis blood flowing.
3: She seems to get more looks from lesbians than heterosexual men.
1: Some people confuse her for a man.

Personality

10: The most interesting girl in the world.
9: Extremely fun and infectious to be around. Everyone loves her.
8: Great charm.
7: Pretty cool.
6: Pleasant.
5: Jane Doe off the street. Her personality is not going to win any awards.
3: Getting a teeth pulled doesn't seem so bad.
1: Well, at least she has a pussy.

Now I want you think of all the girls you went on at least three dates with. To calculate a score, simply multiply the attractiveness score by five and add to it the other values (sample chart), for a possible maximum score of 90. While I don't think a girl should score a 10 in attractiveness, I do think it's possible with the rest of the categories. A 10 is *perfection*, so you shouldn't be tossing it out like candy.

The point of coming up with the girl score isn't to compare with other guys, but to compare with other girls *you've* dated. It's an objective metric that tells you two things: (1) who you should spend your time with and, more importantly, (2) if you should proceed with a girl when she hits you with relationship talk.

I calculated the scores of about 25 girls I remember going on at least three dates with and then ranked them from top score to lowest. From that list I was able to construct cut-off values that happened to be true for me:

- With a score of 60 I'd turn her into a fuck buddy
- At 65 I'd consider an open relationship with her where I give part-time pursuit to other girls
- At 70 I'd consider a relationship
- A score of at least 73 means deep emotional involvement is a dangerous possibility

Now that I have determined my cut-off points, all I have to do after going on three dates with a girl is plug-and-chug to tell me the best way I should proceed. This saves me time, my most important resource, and allows me to make correct decisions even if I'm in a vulnerable emotional state. (Note that my cut-offs will be different from yours since our scoring will be different.)

I used the girl score recently when deciding whether to make an investment of sorts on a specific girl. I felt strongly for her, but was very hesitant to do what was required to take the relationship to the next level. The reason, as I found out, was because she scored a 66, which is just above the cut-off for a mere open relationship. There is no doubt in my mind that a month of dating with her would bore me, since it has in the past with girls in her score range. I therefore did not make the investment, and can sleep well knowing it was the best decision. If she scored a 70 though, I may have tried.

The girl score doesn't care if you're lonely, coming off a bad sexless streak, or exceptionally horny—it will objectively tell you what you need to do. It prevents you from slipping back to an ex that can't possibly provide you with the happiness you desire, while simultaneously giving you evidence to pursue something deeper with girls who are worthy.

Understand that a girl's score will change with time. An American girl I dated in 2002 scored a 73.5. It seemed impossible for me to get over her, and of course I tried various pathetic means to get her back, like sending her an e-card with animated bunnies on her birthday. None worked. Two years after we dated, I randomly saw her in a local mall. I noticed that something wretched happened to her face—drug use, perhaps—where she dropped a full point on the attractiveness scale. I got over her quickly after that. It makes sense to me 9 years later: since attractiveness has a weight of five, her overall score dropped to 68.5, which while high, is out of my relationship range. Hindsight allows me to make sense of old scores, and old scores will now allow me to make sense of future girls I get involved with.

Word of warning: just because a girl scores high (>70 in my case), doesn't mean you should treat her "well." Quite the opposite. I have to be much more methodical in my game because the past has shown me that relaxing with high-value girls will cause *them* to dump me. On the flip side, it's comical how girls in the 50s range are almost pathetic with how they throw themselves at me, probably because they've unconsciously given me a high "guy score."

Every man has a ceiling of what he can get. At this current stage of my life, I doubt I can get higher than a 75. This is fine for me since a 73 or higher will absolutely give me happiness, but it does cut it quite close. Note that a guy's score can increase in time, since girl's rate us on categories such as stability and interestingness, but unfortunately a girl's score can only go down. If you want to get married with a girl, ask yourself if you still want to be with after she sustains a hit of 5-10 points that is sure to come from aging.

You may be wondering why we don't account for a girl's job. Truth is girls who are highly educated score very low in the Woman Factor and Nurturing qualities. If I were to add a work category, I'd actually have to allow negative scores to account for the fact that professional women are impossible to please, which is a consistent source of unhappiness for men. If I take out a middle-class Colombian girl to a place like TGIF, she'd be appreciative and thank me for the meal with a blowjob even though she doesn't like giving blowjobs, but if I did that to a middle class girl from D.C. she'd text her friends

during the meal saying how lame I am and later post an anonymous rant on Craigslist about how men are idiots who don’t know how to treat a strong woman.

I hate to get too mathematical when it comes to seduction, but this scoring method takes away the emotional factor that, truth be told, causes men to make serious mistakes. This objective measurement makes it less likely you’ll make an error by diving into a relationship with a girl who isn’t worthy, while simultaneously pushing you to invest in a girl who is.

One Night Can Change Everything

April 26, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

My second visit to Rio didn't start off so well. I couldn't find an apartment, I had trouble making friends, and I got dumped by a girl that I wanted to develop a relationship with. I was struggling with Portuguese and not making headway with the new night venues I was experimenting with.

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

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

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

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

I didn't bang her that night. I weaseled my way into her room but couldn't even get off one article of clothing. The bang happened on the next date and we ended up dating for about a month, which when you're abroad feels like forever. During that time I connected with my Danish roommate, pursued my nightlife niche, made solid progress with my Portuguese, and settled into a pleasant work and exercise routine. Most importantly, a little tide of girls began rolling in. That Brazilian girl was day zero of four months of happiness in Brazil that made me forget about the Colombian girls I was messing with. She was the beginning of a memorable period of my life that made me hate Argentina for the month I ended up staying there afterwards.

No matter how bad things get, all it takes is one girl, one night, to get you back on track. I don't care how many rejections you've sustained beforehand, or how many dozens of

girls have recently flaked on you, but that one special meeting, which you cannot predict, will pick you up and give you the confidence you need to keep getting more and better. If life is full of peaks and valleys and you're in a deep slump, it's just a matter of time until you get out of it, yet it's not enough to merely go out. You can't sit quietly in the dark corner of the bar for two hours and think you'll be thrown a bone. You must work hard, consistency and continually, approaching and persisting every night to your maximum capability until your head hits your pillow.

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

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

Do American Women Have Looser Pussies?

April 28, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

While I believe every girl is born with a pussy tightness that correlates to her body shape, I'm coming to the conclusion that environment can have a strong effect. In other words, can too much fucking stretch out the pussy?

I've had foreign pussy so inexperienced that I *could not get my dick inside them*. I just physically couldn't do the insertion. We'd go to bed and try again later, as if we were training for some type of marathon. That was a strong piece of supporting evidence when they told me I was their third or fourth guy ever (in one case, first!). Sure, maybe some of them lied, but do you know how many times I couldn't get my dick in an American girl?

Zero.

I always get it in. Usually on the first try with no lubrication, even the petite Americans with bodies like 12-year-old boys. And I've fucked a lot more American girls than foreign girls. I don't even have to do the two or three fingers in the vagina trick to loosen them up—it's already loose enough for me to get down to business. It's becoming clear to me why American girls are so obsessed with dick size.

Another possible conclusion is that American guys have big dicks, but in Iceland I noticed that the girls had loose pussies too. It doesn't take you too long in Iceland to realize that lots of fucking goes on, so therefore I don't think it's dick size, especially since I strongly suspect that Icelandic men have small dicks. Unless the girl you're dealing with has a husky body, I'm ready to conclude that a loose pussy is a warning sign that she has had a lot of cock. While there's nothing wrong with that, since you're benefiting from her loose standards, you'd be a fool to wife that up.

With further study my hope is for pussy tightness to be like a canary in a coal mine on the relationship worthiness of a woman. Hopefully an entrepreneur will invent some type of discreet tool so we can objectively measure it while in the bedroom.

Feminism Killed The Nice Guy

May 1, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The problem with modern feminism is that it has disrupted a gender equilibrium that has existed for millenia. And yes, that equilibrium had men exerting their control and superiority over women, but it was an equilibrium nonetheless that has helped the human species perpetuate and colonize the Earth. Feminism's successful foray on mainstream culture has destroyed that balance and made it increasingly hopeless for today's man to land a decent woman who cherishes him, let alone one who can be a suitable mother to his children.

I will concede that some aspects of feminism are just and proper. Women should have some say of how many children they want, if they want to work, and if they want to get married (and with whom). They should not be held as sex slaves against their will. They should be rewarded based on their skills and accomplishments just like a man should, and equal pay for equal work is reasonable. However, today we have women overreaching and demanding more than their fair share. They want high positions not based on their skills but simply because they are female, continually shoving false "glass-ceiling" and unequal pay myths down our throats. They want courts to subjugate men they divorce for the most trivial of reasons, and they want to put-down and play any man who attempts to form a connection with them using a provider (beta) game that has worked for his most recent ancestors.

Unfortunately there will be no setting back of the clock. As long as women retain suffrage, our politicians will continue to appease them for votes by refusing to scale back anti-man laws. Unfit mothers will continue to keep custody rights while fathers pay support for a child who is brainwashed against him. Single motherhood will increasingly be glorified. And as long as American-style capitalism provides decreasing job opportunities for men, women will continue to excel in mundane office jobs that better suit their social, emotional brains instead of the factory and engineering jobs of the past that provided men with a fair income for his entire family.

I believe that today's man can still restore his dominion in a world that is skewing against his favor by doing one thing: becoming a sexist. He must possess sexist beliefs for three reasons:

- To have sexual relationships with women who are at least as pretty as he is handsome.
- To assert his superiority over his female competitors in the workplace by playing the office game as well as they do (e.g. constantly bringing up accomplishments to managers, being outspoken, being two-faced, ass-kissing, and backstabbing).
- To get laid *at all*.

In the past you didn't have to believe that you were superior to women. The system was set up so that all you had to do was go to school, get a good-paying local job, and ask

your mom to put in a good word with the neighbor's cute daughter. The first girl you fucked would probably be your wife, you'd have your two kids, and you'd live the so-called American dream. Today this is not possible. Your father's father would be unsuccessful at mating in today's climate of feminism which has allowed a tiny percentage of alpha men to monopolize the best women. As American women become more obese and gross, there are fewer desirable women left outside of the alpha males' harems. The nice guy is left with nothing but scraps—and those scraps have attitude.

While it doesn't look good for you in terms of marriage, at the minimum any educated, employed man in a first-world nation should be able to sleep with a handful of decent women a year. But without having sexist beliefs, he will wholeheartedly struggle in that front. Here's what it means to be a sexist:

- Having a low level of respect for women.
- Having the belief that the genders are not equal (you should nod or smile at the following quote: "A woman can do anything a man can do, as long as a man first shows her how").
- Not listening to them about anything.
- Studying flavors of game based on the alpha-male model, an effective countermeasure to feminism.
- Preferring the company of compliant, feminine women of different nationalities where feminism has not made strong inroads (Eastern Europe, Southeast Asia, South America).

You don't have to hate women and you don't have to abuse them. You don't have to commit any crimes against them. But you must believe that you are superior and deserve more than them. With the addition of game practice, you will then be sexually rewarded for those beliefs.

It's a sad fact that the modern feminist withholds sex from the nice guy, disgusted with his subservience, while servicing the sexist alpha man, increasing his power and rewarding him with more sexual delights than he could have experienced since the days of Itzcoatl. The nice guy is weak and starved, left sexless and alone, a pathetic specimen resigned to the brunt of jokes in beer commercials and crappy sitcoms. If he wants to be procreate, he has no choice but to rise from the ashes a sexist. The more of those beliefs he accepts, the more he'll get what he wants in the fucked-up world we currently live in.

Game That Jumps

May 3, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A common question I get asked is, “What caused your game to jump to the next level? What was the missing piece?” My answer: “Nothing. Improvement was so slow and gradual I couldn’t tell I was getting better.”

Only when I look back several years can I prove that my quantity and quality both went up, because it never happened that one day I got up and everything became easy. Sure there were moments of clarity where I realized something important, but that didn’t change my results immediately. Improvement with game for me has been like the tide coming in where I can’t tell as it happens. Eventually it just hits you that the waves are much bigger than not too long ago.

There is actually one exception, and it isn’t related to being enlightened or figuring things out. It’s when I come back from a stint abroad. Whenever I grind it out in new countries, no matter how poor they are or how easy there are supposed to be, my results aren’t much higher than what I just experienced in Washington DC, a place where I’ve obsessively honed my game for almost a decade. But then when I return to DC, things become obviously easier. Last year I got so much for putting in so little effort that I honestly believed there was a new female trend that had girls preferring hairy guys above all others.

In South America I’d be working my ass off, earning every bang, and then come back to DC and notice that all of a sudden I don’t have to date anymore to get laid. Or I noticed that reasonable girls are approaching me (instead of only the ugly ones). I didn’t think my game improved while approaching girls for months in Spanish or Portuguese, but apparently something had changed.

I think there are two possible reasons for the jump. The first is that worldly experiences somehow transmutate into a man’s body language and vibe through a process that I don’t understand. I personally don’t think my experiences are that unique since I’ve met a ton of guys doing similar things, but compared to the general population, living for six months in a city like Medellin is definitely out there. The weird thing is I don’t even have to say or insinuate I’ve been to South America anymore to manually build value–it’s like the girls already know that I’m “cool.” They show serious interest in me before I can drop juicy tidbits about myself whereas before that wouldn’t have been the case. Some of my recent experiences make me think I’m ridiculously good looking because girls are taking the initiative to getting me into bed, something that has only started happening in the past two years.

This partially upsets me because now I can’t break down my success like I could before. With my first bangs I knew everything that I did right, but recently there have been too many that I can’t attribute to much more than luck or good logistics. I have a good conversation, start touching, and then she’s down. Even in the bedroom I get a fraction of the resistance I used to, when in the past I remember it being somewhat of a Herculean

struggle.

The second reason I experience a jump from a stint abroad is because my game is improving while on the road without realizing it. When I was approaching ten girls a night in Vitoria, speaking child-like sentences in Portuguese, I felt like I was going backwards. I felt like I was losing my sharpness, humor and knowledge on how to get laid with English-speakers. But then I returned home, way out of practice, and got bangs right off the bat, as if struggling for months in a foreign language simultaneously improved my English game.

I went from being an intermediate player to advanced through dedication and forging my own unique path. If any guys tells you he is teaching you "advanced game," what he's really teaching you is advanced game that works for *him*. I can teach beginners better than anyone else else out there, and intermediate guys will get a lot of value out of me as well, but if you're already consistently getting laid then I don't know what to tell you besides some tips that merely refresh your memory. Personally I haven't seen a new game concept in a couple of years, so the only thing that is pushing me higher at this point are unique experiences that make me unlike other men.

You want to jump to the next level of game? Master it right where you're at, then go somewhere different where you have to master it all over again. Do that a few times and you'll be unstoppable.

When A Girl Asks You To Buy A Drink

May 5, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I've slightly softened my response to this question over the years. While I still maintain the position that you shouldn't buy a drink for a girl unless you've already kissed her, getting asked this before that isn't entirely bad because if she was completely unattracted to you, she wouldn't even ask. It usually means she has neutral feelings but still wouldn't mind talking to you for another few minutes. This question is a great opportunity to inject game to turn that lukewarm interest into something stronger.

An example of how I recently reacted to this question happened with an early-20s something Danish girl in a Copenhagen bar.

"Why don't you buy me a drink?" she asked.

"Sure," I said. "I'll buy you anything you want." I smiled at her and made no move towards the bar. Then I said, "Do guys usually buy you drinks?"

"Yeah they do."

"And why do you think they do that?"

"Because they're nice!"

"No, they buy you drinks because they want to have sex with you. They think that every drink they buy will put them closer to getting you into bed, but of course it doesn't. The problem if I buy you a drink right now is I'm not going to respect you, and then I'm not going to respect myself. If we were on a date it'd be different, but we're not."

She looked at me with her mouth agape but I remained silent, letting things simmer for a minute. Then I ordered another scotch and said, "But you can have a sip of my drink." She accepted, but of course didn't like the taste.

She looked at me and said "I think I like you." For cold Scandinavian chicks that's like dropping a nuclear flirt bomb. Then we went to a booth away from her sister and kissed. My response worked because it was a good mixture of hot and cold, where I refused to play by her rules but left the door open for a connection to develop by hinting that I'm capable of human warmth.

Instead of memorizing what I said, it'd be better to work on the beliefs that helped borne this reaction. What principles can you adopt so that when a woman tests you, you correctly respond on-the-fly without having to recite anything like a spelling bee contestant?

I say you should believe no woman deserve gifts or favors unless she does something for you first. That they are expendable and in surplus supply. That respect is earned, and that if things don't go well with this one, if she doesn't bend to your will, then in a few minutes another will come along. Believe that anything you do for a woman must be on your terms and on your timetable, never on hers, and that you don't give a fuck either way if she ends up liking you or not, but if she does there will be an exchange of fun

times and fluids.

Believe in those things, and even though your response to the same situation will be completely different than mine, it will still be correct.

There’s No Punishment In Going For Sex

May 10, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

For some reason girls don’t punish a man who aggressively tries to get her into the sack—as long as she likes him. Let me share two examples:

1. I got a girl in bed the same night I met her, but encountered heavy resistance in the bedroom where I couldn’t take off her panties. I tried repeatedly, enough to where she threatened to leave, but kept trying anyway. She didn’t leave, and the morning after I tried again. Still nothing. We banged the next date.

2. I met a Brazilian girl at a dinner party. We kissed quickly (no surprise), and then I made her a strong drink which sent her to the edge of unconsciousness. I escorted her home, weaseled my way into her room, and tried to get things going on the bed. Unfortunately she was too drunk, so it felt like I was trying to reanimate a corpse, but I didn’t care because I wanted to get laid. An American feminist would’ve considered my actions attempted rape, and I admit it was creepy as hell. She told me to get her number, I did, and we banged on the next date.

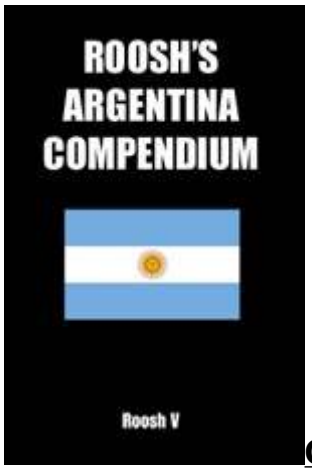
In these cases I basically came across as a borderline rapist, but the girls still wanted to see me. Compare that to the beliefs I had as a young man, where I thought that you should never offend a girl by pushing too hard for sex. My real world experience says the opposite—that girls *reward* men who try to get them in bed. If a girl likes you, and then finds out you are sexually attracted to her, she becomes even more attracted to you. If a girl doesn’t like you, and finds out you are sexually attracted to her, she becomes less attracted to you. Therefore if there is mutal interest, attempting sex only makes her like you more. I don’t know why this is, but I know that I’m never punished for aggressively trying to sleep with a girl that I like.

Going after what you want is always the correct move.

Roosh’s Argentina Compendium: Pickup Tips, Guides, And Stories

May 12, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Roosh’s Argentina Compendium is a book that helps you sleep with Argentine women in Argentina without having to resort to prostitutes. It gives travel information and stories on eight popular cities while sharing the best advice and analysis on how to pick up the women. It is available in paperback and ebook.



Contents

The 64-page Compendium is organized into four chapters:

- Girls & Game
- Guides
- Stories
- Favorite Reader Comments

Here’s what you’ll find inside…

- The minimum number of approaches you need to do to get your Argentine flag
- The optimum dick vibe you should possess that doesn’t overdo it (with examples)
- Description of strange cultural features and effective countermeasures
- How to avoid the most common trap that an Argentine girl will lay on you
- What you need to know about eye contact
- The two principle strategies you should use to bang an Argentine girl that accounts for the length of your trip
- A simple line to transition to a love hotel
- Enlightening techniques from a local on how to bang his country’s women
- Whether you should start your approaches in English or Spanish
- The type of Argentine girl that is as easy to lay as a Colombian girl
- Ten key insights I learned upon my second trip to Argentina
- Why approaching ugly girls acts as a gateway to better poon
- The reason you can’t escalate on an Argentine girl like you can with a Western slut

The Compendium contains travel and logistical information…

- The logic (or illogic) or traveling to a country that is harder to get laid than in the U.S.
- Humorous analysis that compares Brazilian, Argentine, and American girls
- Detailed guides with day, nightlife, and cheap lodging recommendations for Buenos Aires, Cordoba, Rosario, Salta, Mendoza, Puerto Iguazu, El Calafate, and El Chalten
- Breakdown of street safety for the entire South American continent
- My favorite reader comments that offer additional insight and analysis on Argentine girls, cities, and culture

I also include a handful of more lengthy pieces…

- The shame I felt after my dealings with a Buenos Aires bag lady
- How visiting Argentina has forever desensitized me to beauty
- Blow-by-blow account of my time in Patagonia
- Review of the best sights in Buenos Aires

Two Argentine Game Tips

It's usually obvious when an American girl likes you because she asks personal questions and starts touching. You can then escalate the encounter and go for a kiss. Argentine girls are a little more tricky. Even if she's touching, you still have to restrain yourself and wait just a bit longer *until she starts giving you a focused look or smiles when there's nothing to smile about*. This is important because if you bite too early, she will close up and you'll get nothing.

Let me share another quick tip…

Argentine nightlife is pretty easy to figure out. You'll find tons of bar and club listings on the internet or in guidebooks, but you should do your damndest to avoid those spots because the girls will be excruciatingly hard to lay. Even though Argentina is relatively poor, clubs with their own web sites attract the "rich" and white Argentine girls who are ten times harder to bang. If you want to meet girls who are easier, venture into the seedier bars where they're are a little darker but no less "Argentine." Chances are you'll be the other gringo in the place.

The Compendium is filled with tons of tips like the two above, things that are not common sense to guys who are used to American or English girls. It's intended for guys who don't want to spend a lot of time struggling to get Argentine women in the sack and rather learn from a man who dedicated the bulk of his three months in Argentina to figuring out the women. This isn't a "magic" book that claims you won't have to put in effort and creativity, but I share so much potent insight and analysis that I guarantee your job at banging Argentines will be far easier.

Order Your Copy

The eBook edition of **Roosh's Argentine Compendium** (containing both PDF and ePUB

formats) costs only $4.99 and is processed by your choice of Google Checkout or Paypal. That's about the same price as a large bottle of Argentine Quilmes beer. It comes with a **1 year** money back guarantee (overkill, I know). If you don't like it for whatever reason, email me at roosh (at) rooshv.com and I'll refund your purchase no questions asked. Click the image below to order the ebook package…

The paperback edition costs $10.97 and comes with a 30-day money back guarantee from Amazon, and the Kindle edition comes with a 7-day money back guarantee. Click the image below to order the paperback or Kindle edition from Amazon…

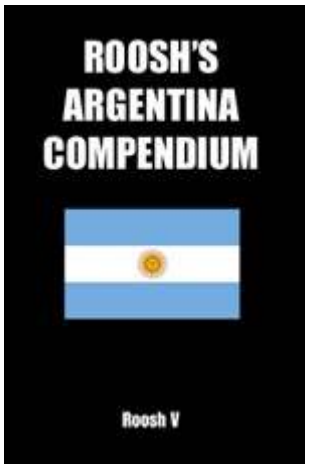
Good luck in Argentina!

Roosh’s Argentina Compendium: Free PDF Download

May 12, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

After compiling the Brazil Compendium, I figured I might as well do the same for Argentina. I’ve updated, edited, and organized all my previous Argentina writings into four chapters: Girls & Game, Guides, Stories, and Favorite Reader Comments. It comes out to 61 pages.

Here’s what you’ll find inside…



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Click here to download the PDF of the compendium for free. If you like it, you can support the work by buying the paperback or making a donation. Your support allows me to continue releasing the bulk of my work for free. Thanks.

That wraps it up for South America. While I'm a little salty that I didn't move my ass in Brazil or Argentina to develop a proper "Bang" guide like I did for Colombia, I do think the Compendiums are the next best thing. They would demolish any other game resource for Brazil or Argentina if ones actually existed.

I feel a sense of closure now with South America. I've made peace with the continent.

One Bitch On Your Nuts Is Worth More Than Two Trying To Peep

May 15, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A big mistake that guys make is trying to upgrade from a girl they haven't fucked yet. I wrote about this in The 9 Immutable Laws Of Pick-Up...

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

What happens is you approach a girl, get in good with her, and then suddenly notice a bunch of hotter girls checking you out, maybe even coming close with the hope that they can intrude on the conversation. Sometimes it gets even more extreme, like what happened to me one night in Copenhagen.

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

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

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

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

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

The fourth girl was from Iceland, a petite thing on the same level of the blonde. She

actually knew an Icelander that I know (that's Iceland for you), and we talked about how Icelanders hook up. She gave me this smile that I remember from Iceland means, "I want to have sex with you," but I cut off the conversation and told her that maybe I'd see her around.

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

Do you want to know what would have happened if I ditched the blonde and went for any of those girls? Nothing. I wouldn't have gotten laid, because the act of ditching your main bitch for another girl causes your value to drop. The main reason those girls wanted me in the first place (being with the blonde) would disappear, they'd re-evaluate their attraction for me, and odds are I'd get a make-out at most. If you go for the upgrade, you might as well just hand your balls to the new girl and beg her not to screw up your decision.

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

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

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

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

LOLgame

May 19, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I think game should be approached seriously, especially parts of it that you can control. You should put in an honest effort by studying the right resources, setting goals, doing the necessary amount of approaches, and perusing prospects. But when it comes to the outcomes of your game work, you should take things lightly. How a girl responds to you after you did your best is completely outside of your control and not something you should get worked up over. It's best to have a sense of humor in dealing with the infinite amount of responses you'll get from women, many of which will be negative.

To make light of those responses that can happen to players, I created a game image macro. I've always been a fan, first with lolcats and most recently with Socially Awkward Penguin and Advice God. I noticed there wasn't one for game so I grabbed this famous picture of Mystery wearing heavy eyeliner to use as the background:

Then I made eighteen lolgame images that you can judge using the smiley face rating system. Here are my favorites:

GIRL DIDN'T RESPOND
MAKE SURE PHONE IS STILL WORKING

TALK TO A GIRL ALL NIGHT LONG
FIND OUT SHE HAS A BOYFRIEND

YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY TO A DATE
SHE CANCELS BY TEXT MESSAGE

Click here for the other thirteen. What's cool about the QuickMeme site I put them on is that you can easily add your own caption.

LOLGAME CONTEST: I will be giving the electronic editions of all my books to the one man who creates what I deem the best caption by Monday at noon (EST). Click here to add your caption (submit as many as you like). I'll announce my favorite image on my Twitter feed and the winner can email me to claim his prize. I'll be using the hashtag #lolgame over the weekend to evaluate noteworthy submissions. Good luck.

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WORSE

Gheridge (Part 1 of 5)

May 22, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

There was always someone in the bathroom. That's what happens when there are six adults living in an apartment with just one toilet. If I left my door open, I could see part of bathroom door, enough to know if it was being used or not. I had to be quick when it was free before someone else walked in.

One night I was preying on the bathroom when I heard the front door open and close. Everyone else was home so I knew it was my Danish roommate, Henrik, returning from kung fu practice. His room was at the end of the hall, so if I left my door open it was a guarantee he'd stop by to have a little chat.

"Hey buddy," he said, with a little gym bag hanging from his shoulder.

"Hey buddy, what's up?"

"I chatted with Vanessa today. Remember that girl you met at Emporio?"

"Yeah, the girl with all the piercings," I said.

"Right. Well she told me about this new bar we should check out."

"Yeah?" I wasn't enthusiastic.

The week before we had gone to some shithole in Larenjeras and while our current spots in Botafogo and Ipanema weren't that great, we were at least getting some action. Neither of us had much time left in Rio and I didn't want to waste it with nightlife exploration when it was possible that we'd already found the best spots.

"It's a rock bar up in the north zone, a little farther out than Lapa. Actually, it's a lot of bars in a small area," Henrik said.

"The north zone? Aren't the girls ugly there?"

"No, the girls are better. My friend made a comment that they like rock types. She said they'd like you. You just have to wear your tightest jeans."

"She really said that?" I asked.

"She did. The best day to go is Saturday."

"Saturday? But that's Casa do Matriz night. I always get something there. That's prime time!"

"This new bar will make Casa do Matriz look like camel shit."

I stroked my chin. "What's the name of this rock bar?"

"Gheridge."

"Gheridge?

"Yes, GHER-idge."

"Sounds like a luxury condominium development. *Good evening, sir, and welcome to the Gherrrridge.*"

“What?”

“Nothing. Hey, maybe I can meet my dream girl there!”

“Yeah, and maybe she won’t turn out to be a bitch slut.”

I laughed. He was still sour about the dream girl.

“So how do you spell this Gheridge?” I asked, changing the subject.

“How would I know? I’m not good at spelling words in English. Just Google it.”

“How am I going to Google a word that I don’t—”

Right then the bathroom door opened and Bruno, the unofficial leader of the apartment since he’d been there for eight years, stepped out wearing nothing but underwear. His age was something of a secret, but I put it at around fifty-five.

Just as I was about to put my hands on the armrests of my chair to hoist myself up, Henrik started to walk away, saying, “Hey, I have to use the bathroom. Let’s talk about it later, okay?”

—

Before I tell you about our night out at Gheridge, I should give you some background information about how I found the apartment.

I arrived in Rio in early December during peak tourist season to find rental prices to be through the roof. People were asking over $800 to rent a crappy room with a shared bathroom. I holed up in a $15 a night hostel in the meanwhile, firing off messages to promising listings I found on Craigslist and other rental sites. Most of the landlords didn’t write back to my English/Portuguese hybrid message. I knew that a lot of gringos wired deposits without even looking at the places, so I wondered if my request to check things out may have pegged me as a high maintenance gringo.

After a week in the hostel with no solid leads, I started to get worried. My plan to spend summer in Rio without blowing my wad was in jeopardy and I began thinking about going to Argentina, land of crazy women, until after Carnival when rental prices would be cheaper. My Brazilian acquaintances didn’t offer any encouragement, telling me that, yes, getting a rental was hard and I should leave and come back later.

Then I met an English girl in my dorm room who changed everything, and the irony was that she was Indian. Thing is I *hate* Indian girls. Not only do they have the flattest asses on Earth, but they’re the most frigid and masculine, making American girls seem like quality romance material. But I have found an exception to that rule: Indian girls who don’t like being Indian. If all her friends are white then she probably hates her heritage, and therefore Indian in appearance only. This particular English girl acted whiter than other white girls, so I was in the clear to spend time with her.

On her last night we went out for drinks at a bar near the hostel and chatted a little about life, relationships, and how difficult it was to use condoms consistently. She had a fiancé at home in England, but she talked about him with a barely perceptible tone of annoyance that my advanced cheat-dar was able to pick up. All the time I’ve spent in hostels has given me the uncanny ability to tell if a traveling girl with a boy back home is

likely to cheat, and how far she'll go.

I expressed my frustration in finding a room to rent.

"You've only been trying a week," she said.

"Yes, but I've tried everything. I even asked everyone who works at the hostel. I think I'll just go to Argentina for a few months and then come back after the high season passes."

"What was your original plan?"

"Well, to live in Colombia for six month, Brazil for six months, then Argentina for as long as it takes to get tired of the women. Two months max, I figure."

"And how long have you been in Brazil so far?"

"I reckon a month." With English people I like to use fancier words so they understand me better.

"So you're ready to throw away your plan after just one week's worth of difficulty?"

"Yes, but—"

"I don't know, it just sounds to me that you don't want to stay here after all. If I had a plan likes yours, I'd stick to it. I wouldn't give up so easily."

I listened.

"Have you heard of choicelessness?" she asked.

"I haven't."

"It's a Buddhist term where you imagine that you have no other choices or options and that you must face your current situation and make it work, no matter what. So applying that to your situation…"

"I have no choice but to find an apartment and I can't leave until I do?"

"There you go."

I sat in silence for a minute, thinking about her concept. "I don't want to blow your head up," I said, "but that's pretty brilliant. Such a great idea from such a young woman. How old are you again?"

"Twenty-seven."

"Oh, well, that's not that young."

"Hey!" she said, pushing my shoulder.

We smooched a little that night, but by the next day she was so wrought with guilt that she was extremely short with me. It didn't matter—I had already tapped her value with the Buddhist lesson, and just as I was about to hit all the rental sites again, I found an email in my inbox from a Brazilian woman. She had a room available and left her phone number. I hadn't emailed her before and she wasn't from one of the sites—had someone else given her my address? I took it as some sort of heavenly sign and called her immediately. Within the hour I was on my way to her apartment.

One thing about Rio is that you're always within rifle range of a *favela*. If there is an open space on a mountain, there will be shacks, and where there are shacks, there will be

industrious young men packaging drugs for sale to Rio's middle class. The irony of Rio's drug problem is that the sons and daughters of those who are fighting the drug war are supplying dealers with money through their marijuana and cocaine purchases. No one talks about the demand side of the drug problem—it's entirely the fault of the dealers, and any means necessary must be used to take them down.

Sort of like how a little child is instinctively afraid of snakes and spiders, it doesn't take watching grisly news reports or hearing gunshots to know that a *favela* is not a place you want to be. So I was getting a little nervous when the *favela* in the distance got closer and closer as I triangulated the address of the apartment.

"This has to be a mistake," I thought, but then under the address I looked at the quoted monthly price again: 750 R$. That was about $400. I hesitated when I crossed the *favela* border that began at the end of the paved road.

Any normal person would have turned back. Any normal American person, anyway, but something inside me spun to life. I was out of the gringo zone now, and while I was still in Brazil, a "dangerous" country, for the first time since my return trip I felt nervous. My heart was beating fast and my hands became even more sweaty than its normally moist state. Probability of death rising… *rising*. That feeling is like a drug to some men, and though I hadn't yet looked at the apartment, it was obvious to me that I would accept it, regardless of what it was like. I was going to live in a *favela*, whereas five minutes earlier I would have scoffed at the idea.

My tour of the room was a mere formality that took no more than two minutes. It didn't matter that the building was over sixty years old, that the front gate was stubborn to lock, that the kitchen was crawling with gigantic cockroaches, or that I'd share one bathroom with five other adults. Even though I wasn't in one of those shacks perched up on the hills, I was so close that from my bedroom window I felt like I could reach out and touch them. I handed my first month's rent over to the landlady and moved in a few days later for what would be a three-month stay.

CONTINUED: PART TWO

Gheridge (Part 2 of 5)

May 23, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

PREVIOUSLY: PART ONE

Henrik was icy toward me at first. He was careful with his words and didn't ask any other questions besides where I was from. I pegged him as a snobby European who hated America. Plus he was from Denmark, a country that, according to my high school history class, was so insignificant that it might as well have never existed.

The German girl was nicer, as were the other three roommates, who were all Brazilian. It's a shame, really, because I wouldn't have minded having an English-speaking guy to go out with. While I dislike going out to clubs alone, I was determined to do my work, solo or not.

All interaction between my roommates occurred in two places: in front of the door to the bathroom or in the kitchen. The latter wasn't much larger than the bathroom and had a tiny rusted table with a lone chair where I'd eat my meals (everyone else ate in their rooms while watching television). I'd be sitting, eating my rice and chicken, and a roommate would come by to grab a snack from the refrigerator or to do a load of laundry.

It was because of the refrigerator that things started turning sour with the German girl. The problem was that it had a habit of not closing unless you put a bit of muscle into it, something I wasn't used to in my first couple weeks. I'd accidentally leave the door cracked open for hours, sometimes overnight. No food spoiled, but it was a situation that needed to be remedied. The young Brazilian guy gently reminded me to close the door, and I made a mental note to be aware of it, but it still took a little while to get the hang of it.

One day I was eating dinner when the German girl walked into the kitchen to grab some food. Apparently I had just left the door cracked again because she yelled, "WHO KEEPS LEAVING THE DOOR OPEN. OH MY GOD I DON'T BELIEVE THIS. JESUS CHRIST."

She knew it was me—it couldn't have been anyone else—so unless she was yelling to herself, which I doubted, she was yelling at me. She stormed out of the kitchen, leaving me to finish my meal in anger and vowing never to forget her grievous insult.

Two weeks later I had a Brazilian girl over and wanted to get her drunk on caipirinhas to guarantee access to her vagina. There was no ice in the freezer, so I went to the store to buy a five-pound block of ice, the only size they had. I had to smash it against the cobblestone street in front of my building to break it up into smaller chunks.

The German girl came into the kitchen while I was making the drinks (she seemed to come by every ten minutes when I had a visitor over, the nosy bitch), looked at my girl, looked at the bag of ice, looked at the limes I was cutting, and said, "You bought that *whole* bag of ice just to make *one* caipirinha?" Then she snickered, one of those smug I'm-better-than-you snickers.

I wanted to snap back at her, especially since I was still stewing from the refrigerator door

incident, but my cute date was right there, eagerly awaiting her drink. I knew that was the night we'd fuck, so I contained myself. Later, in bed, I was extra forceful with my hip thrusts to make the Brazilian girl moan loud enough so the German girl could hear, though I'll never know if she did.

The initial interactions I had with Henrik in the kitchen were informational in nature. I'd ask him something about internet downtime, what day the maid came, where the bathroom squeegee was located, or why the twenty-year-old washing machine was overflowing and making horrible grating sounds like it was about to explode. He did his best to help, answering right to the point, but giving no extra information for me to latch onto. I wasn't exactly chatty around him, either, because he was a snob and I don't mix with snobs. I was really just trying to be friendly and to create a pleasant living environment.

But I couldn't help myself when one night I saw him bring home a dark-skinned girl. I was in the kitchen, cooking something barely edible, and saw her enter the apartment and go straight to Henrik's room. She walked by so quickly I couldn't even properly check out her body.

They were in the bedroom for less than an hour. Then he walked her to the front of the building to put her in a taxi. I guessed it wasn't a first-time seduction and he had made love with her beforehand.

Our front door had to be locked with a key, even from the inside, so as he was fumbling with the keys to lock the door on his way in, I asked, "What that a first date?"

"Who, her? Oh, no. I've been seeing her for a little while."

"Where did you meet her?"

"An internet dating site. It's called Brazilian Cupid."

"Are those sites any good here?" I asked. "I tried that a bit in Colombia, but the quality can be hit or miss. It takes a while to go through all the profiles to find the cute girls."

"It's not bad here. I don't even do anything, really, just put up a profile and let the girls show interest by giving me a wink."

"A wink?" I asked.

"Yeah, it's a button they can click to show they like you. It's like, um, a poke on Facebook."

"Oh, right. Some sites call those smileys. Either way, I never got winks in Colombia." I had a flashback of club nights where I worked like a mule just to get a number or kiss on the cheek. "I'm not a fan of internet stuff because too many times I've met girls that seemed fine online but were ugly or retarded in person. I always feel tricked, because she knows I won't immediately dip out."

"Usually I talk to them online for a while to make sure they're decent, because otherwise, yeah, you can meet a lot of duds," Henrik conceded.

"If I'm in a bind and need a slump-buster, I'll hit up the internet and message anything

with four limbs, but otherwise I'd rather make it work in the bars."

"Do you put up a lot of photos?" Henrik asked. "That could be why you don't get winks."

"I put up a sexy photo of me on a Colombian beach, but I can't say it helped. You do have blonde hair and blue eyes, though, which is pretty exotic here. How many guys on the dating site look like you?"

"Not many."

Henrik was a couple years older than me but much better looking, and I say that as a staunch heterosexual. He was tall with an athletic body from practicing kung fu, he had two tasteful tattoos (one of some ancient medieval dagger and another of a joker), and he was classically handsome in a European way. From my experience in Rio, I knew he was quite a catch for Brazilian girls, but by judging from his internet gaming, I guessed that he was like other good-looking guys I'd met and was far lazier about approaching than I was. That meant we probably got a similar amount of poon.

Don't get me wrong—if I had the option of being incredibly good-looking I'd pick that in a heartbeat, but working hard does help equalize things somewhat. If a guy like Henrik worked as hard as me to get laid, it'd be impossible for me to keep up, no matter how many girls I approached and what tactics I used. There's an eventual ceiling that no man can overcome unless he becomes famous.

Henrik and I talked about internet game for a while before he went back to his room. He told me which bar he liked going to (Emporio) and I told him my favorite (Casa do Matriz). He expressed interest in going to Casa with me, but I was hesitant to mess up my Casa mojo if Henrik turned out to be a poor wingman. Plus I was getting used to running solo game, which was becoming easy thanks to being able to play the I'm-new-in-town-and-I-don't-have-any-friends angle.

Still, no matter how well I can do on my own, I eventually need to bond with another man. I need someone to appreciate my dry humor and to hear my latest theories about life and stories about women. I can't stand having girl stories die in my head. I hate when something funny or crazy happens and I have no guy to tell it to. If all sorts of interesting things happen to me, but I don't tell them to anyone, and they fade faster from my memory as a result, did they really happen?

I went out alone that weekend, but the following Saturday afternoon I knocked on Henrik's door and asked if he wanted to come with me to Casa. He accepted. That was the night he met his dream girl.

CONTINUED: PART THREE

Gheridge (Part 3 of 5)

May 24, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

PREVIOUSLY: PART TWO

There weren't many clubs in Botafogo, the neighborhood where we lived, but there was Casa do Matriz. The first time I went there was years ago when I met Mariana, and since then I hadn't been able to find a place in Rio where I could pull so consistently. Of course I didn't get laid every time I went, but smooching was common and I once had a seven or eight night streak where I got at least that much. I hadn't been able to accomplish that type of run anywhere else.

Everything about Casa was perfect for my purposes. It had a main bar room that wasn't too loud for talking, two dance floors for touching, a lounge room for kissing, and little nooks and crannies for picking off girls as they walked by. The cover charge wasn't much (about $5 if you got there before midnight), the drinks were reasonably priced, and the music wasn't bad either. But there was one problem: the quality of girls was low.

Casa attracted lazy Brazilian girls who wore dirty Converse shoes and old t-shirts, so finding a diamond in the rough takes time. Lucky for me, I had plenty of it and lived only three blocks away, so in a dozen or two visits I was able to land a handful of decent girls. At worst I kissed an average girl, but even that got the pipes going well enough that I could satisfy myself with a solid jerk at home.

Now I'll be the first to admit that it was a little cheesy to go back to the same place, spitting the same exact lines, and getting the same results—I was like a stand-up comedian who hadn't changed his monologue in years. It was pure laziness, but can you blame me? I've always had to work to get laid, so why shouldn't I enjoy a spot where I barely have to? While I got sick of the place toward the end of my time in Rio, every now and then I get all nostalgic and blubbery about it in retrospect.

For our first night out, Henrik asked how he should dress and I told him that Casa was casual. I wore my regular blue jeans and a red plaid collared shirt that had a skull and bones patch. Henrik slicked back his long blonde hair and wore black skinny jeans, a bit faded from too many machine washings, a grey collared shirt with some type of repetitive flower design, and a black vest. He looked like an obvious foreigner while I looked like a Brazilian hipster whose clothing could have been better fitted. It was a good contrast and ensured that no girl would like us both simultaneously.

We walked to Casa and found it was dead. Halfway into our first drink, it was obvious the place wasn't going to pop.

"Sorry it sucks tonight," I said. "It's usually a lot better than this. Maybe it's a holiday or something." I noticed a huge line at another bar nearby, Pista 3, and wondered if that party had drawn the Casa crowd. "How about I buy you another round and then we go somewhere else since it's still kind of early.

We finished the round and then he said, "How about we go to Emporio?"

I paused a couple seconds, trying to remember the two times I had gone there during my last trip. “Doesn’t it have a ton of gringos?”

“Sure it’s a gringo bar, but the girls who go there like gringos.”

“Yeah,” I thought to myself, “but they’re even lower quality than Casa. Prostitutes go there, for fuck’s sake!” I then said, “Hold on, let me think if I know of a better place.”

I knew of a club in Lapa, but it was too late for that. There were other clubs scattered around, but they had high covers and we were sure to encounter a line. Most had awful logistics for meeting a girl. For being such a huge city, Rio sure did have shitty nightlife options.

Finally, I said, “Alright, let’s go to Emporio. It can’t be worse than this.”

When we got to Emporio, Henrik bought a round of beers from the back of a van parked half a block away. The bar itself was more a gathering point than a bar because most people just hung out in front, buying cheap beer and soft drinks from the van, which probably made as much money each night as the bar itself. We picked a strategic spot by the main entrance and sipped our beers. Henrik pulled out a cigarette and held it in a peculiar way, with all his fingers curled into a half-fist and his thumb pointing straight up to the sky. The butt of the cigarette was close to touching his palm, and when he took a drag it looked like was covering his entire mouth.

“Do you approach women?” I asked.

“What do you mean by approach?”

“Like when you see a girl you like, do you go up to her and start a conversation?”

“Sometimes. I like to wait for a sign first. If she looks at me a couple times, then I go in.”

“What’s your line?”

“Something about borrowing a cigarette or a light,” he said.

“What do you do if you’re in a bar that doesn’t allow smoking?”

“I can still ask her if she has a light as I’m on my way out for a smoke.”

“That’s probably the most natural line in a bar.”

“What do you use?”

“Usually something situational, but lately I’ve been opening by asking if the bar plays a certain type of Brazilian music called *tecnobrega*. Or I ask for clarification on what a word means somewhere on the wall or menu. I like to get conversations going about having her help me in some way because it lowers her guard. It’s also kind of a test—if a girl can’t even assist you on a basic human level, she probably isn’t interested in meeting someone. Your line does the same thing.”

“I never analyzed it like it.”

“It’s my job,” I said, matter-of-factly.

“What do you do?”

When I told him what I write about, he was intrigued but skeptical at the same time, a

common response I get from guys who aren't into the game. I made sure not to insinuate that my approach or methods were better than his. I never criticize the game of other guys unless they explicitly ask for advice, because I can only imagine how annoying it would be if someone I just met started shoving their dogma down my throat.

"Have you been to America?" I asked.

"Yes, about five years ago," Henrik replied. "I did a backpacking trip with my friend and visited something like twenty states."

"Shit, you've seen more of my country than I have. What do you think of the girls?"

"Honestly?"

"Dude, I'm not a patriotic American, don't worry."

"The girls weren't very pretty. Your country has some beautiful parks and natural things like that, but I didn't like the girls. They were all fat."

"The sad part is that things have gotten worse in only the five years since you've been there. It gets worse every year." I shook my head and looked down at the ground.

"Why is it like that?"

"There's probably a hundred reasons why, but I like to think it's what happens when you intersect feminism, capitalism, suburban living, and a lack of tradition that guides people to live balanced lives. Keep in mind that America is barely 200 years old. We have no customs, nothing that's passed on from generation to generation like say, Denmark. Instead, we just do what the corporations tell us to, and they want us to buy more, eat more, and be more shallow and brain-dead."

Henrik was interested in hearing about America's problems and we'd have many more enlightening discussions in the kitchen over the next couple months. The last one had me saying things along the lines of, "Fuck America… it's not worth saving… it will eventually happen everywhere… have you been to Eastern Europe?"

A lot of people were starting to come to Emporio. Henrik told me that people go to their main destination first and then bounce to Emporio afterwards, which serves as the after-hours spot and your last chance to hook up on a weekend night in Rio. Even though there is rarely more than two cute girls at any time (usually surrounded by dudes), the turnover is rapid. If you stay a while you can squeeze in quite a few approaches on decent girls who are guaranteed to speak English.

I began to understand why he liked Emporio so much: it was perfect for his cigarette line and poor Portuguese. The irony was that I never fucked a girl I met at Emporio and he never fucked one that he met at Casa, so the great compromise for the remaining months, which I'm sure cost me a couple notches, was for us to go to Casa first so I could run my game, then go to Emporio so he could run his.

He was glancing at a girl twenty feet away from us. It wasn't the casual kind of glance that I would do, just to see what the situation was, but a blatant, penetrating stare.

"What's going on there?" I asked.

“That girl is beautiful.”

“She’s not bad.”

“Not bad? Look at her body, her face, her hair.”

“No, she’s good,” I said. “I just like them really petite. Small girls make my dick seem huge, like a horse’s dick, and I like that.”

“What?”

“Horse’s dick. You know, a baby’s arm. Funny story… this one girl I fucked was so petite that my dick was just as wide as her wrist. We measured them side by side. It was like she was getting fucked by her own arm! We had a good laugh about that—well, at least I did. It turned me on immensely.”

“You’re sick. You’re probably going to be a pedophile when you get older.”

“Yeah, maybe.” I’d considered that prospect myself. “But, hey, that girl is cute and rather voluptuous. Too bad she’s surrounded by three gringos.” One of the guys actually looked like a Henrik clone, tall and fair-skinned, but his shorter hair gave him more of a jock feel than Henrik’s European romancer vibe.

“I just need a look,” he said. “Once I get that look, I can go in, but I can’t without it.”

It was comical how hard he was staring at her. While she did glance over for a couple milliseconds, he needed something more sustained. Finally, fifteen minutes later, it came.

“There it is!” he said. “Did you see it?”

“I must’ve missed it.”

“I think she smiled. I could be seeing things, but her lips raised a little.”

“But how about the three guys? You think they’re going to let you talk to her?”

“I guess we’ll find out.”

He slid a cigarette from his pack, placed it in his half-fist smoking position, then started walking. He passed not one, not two, but three groups that had an active smoker, before stopping at her group. I couldn’t hear anything, but I knew he was asking for a light. One of the gringos offered it.

Five minutes later he was having a one-on-one conversation with the girl while the three guys diddled their dicks off on the side, letting it all happen. I couldn’t believe it. After almost an hour, I got tired of waiting for him to come back, so I took a bus home.

—

Not until the next evening did I catch Henrik. He was in the kitchen cooking a curry dish when I was on my way out for a run by the beach. I stood in the doorway and gave him a huge grin. He smiled back.

“So?” I said.

“What’s up?”

“Tell me what happened with the girl!”

“Oh, yeah, the girl.” He paused, pretending like he hadn’t already thought about what he

was going to tell me. “It was very nice, man. She’s dreamy. I think I’ve met my dream girl.”

“Really? Wow.”

“Yeah, we just talked and talked all night and I got her number. I feel happy.”

“She speaks English and everything?”

“She has perfect English.”

“Who were those guys with her?”

“Her friends.”

“Did you kiss her?” I asked.

“No, she’s too good for that. I want to take it slow with her. She’s special.”

“Oh, no, he’s putting the pussy on a pedestal!” I thought. Then I said, “I see. Well, what’s the next step?”

“I’m going to call her in a day or so. What was that bar you were telling me about in Ipanema? They had a samba band or something.”

“It’s called Conversa Fiada. It’s kind of expensive though.” I gave him the disclaimer because I knew his funds were even more limited than mine. I was making American dollars selling books while he was making Brazilian *reals* teaching English to flakey clients.

A few days later, their first date went down at the bar I recommended. There was no kiss. For their second date, she came over for one of his homemade dinners, where I met her for the first time. When she left the shack, Henrik had a big smile on his face.

CONTINUED: PART FOUR

Gheridge (Part 4 of 5)

May 25, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

PREVIOUSLY: PART THREE

"You got her over already, nice," I said. "So was there sex?"

"Nope."

"But you kissed her right?"

"Nope, not yet."

It took everything in my power to restrain my displeasure with the speed of his seduction. I had to be gentle. "You know that she's… Brazilian, right?"

"Yup."

"And that they like kissing?" I couldn't think of an easier girl in the world to kiss than a Brazilian.

"I know that, but I want to take it slow."

"I understand. Actually I don't, but—"

"I don't want to mess this one up," Henrik interrupted. "I have a good feeling about it."

"Oh, dear. Well, I'm curious about how this will go."

Many times in the past I had made the same mistake Henrik was making, where I changed my typical sleazy game for a girl that I considered "special," and then watched as she slipped through my grasp. The moment I thought about giving her the special game was the moment I started to lose her. By valuing her as a worthy human being, neediness leaked out from my every pore. She would eventually pass on me in favor of a guy who treated her more (in)appropriately.

Over the years, I've learned to be the McDonald's of game. No matter where you get a McDonald's cheeseburger, you're going to experience the same taste, as if the same Mexican from your home city had been teleported to a foreign McDonald's just to microwave your Big Mac. Whether a girl is ugly, cute, or beautiful, whether she has a great personality or not, I put her on the same fuck track. I don't slow down my game for the better girls. I don't take them to fancier bars and I definitely don't bring in any additional stories or gimmicks designed to make her see me as a more valuable man. When I started to see them as the same, I started getting "higher quality" girls with more regular frequency. My dick has thanked me for it, especially since I don't need to use condoms on hot girls due to them being cleaner than uglier girls.

I saw what Henrik was doing and wanted to tell him about my McDonald's theory of game, but that would have offended him, especially since he seemed confident about putting her in his dream girl pipeline. If we were BFF's, I could have been more vocal, but any heavy-handedness on my part could have damaged our budding friendship. So I bit my lip.

Predictably, things went south with the dream girl. He did kiss her, at least, on date four or so, and I got to hear a vivid description of how wonderful her lips were, but she started taking longer and longer to reply to his messages. She'd interrupt their Facebook chats and not resume them, even though she was obviously online. Henrik's instincts told him to try harder and do more to win her favor, while hers told her to pull back even further. His dream girl was slipping away, but he was still reluctant to hit on other girls during our Casa and Emporio outings. He said talking to other girls would make it feel like he was cheating.

"Can I study your dream girl?" I asked.

"What do you mean?"

"I want to study her so I can see exactly what she does to get guys like you wrapped around her finger. Then I want to use those moves on girls."

I think my influence was working, because within two weeks he was approaching girls again. Finally he'd had enough. She never bothered to contact him after returning from a trip, and the next time we went out, he actually kissed a girl at Emporio.

"Why didn't you treat your dream girl like the random skank you kissed tonight?" I asked.

"Because she wasn't my dream girl," Henrik replied.

"Exactly! Do you see it now? When you call a girl your dream girl, you won't fuck her! By *not* caring, you put out the best game!"

"I don't know." He put his hand on his chin and thought for a short while. "Maybe you're right, but I've gotten my dream girl before, up in João Pessoa."

He told me the love story, which I admit was romantic and involved several transatlantic flights and declarations of love.

"How did it end?" I asked.

"She dumped me for another guy."

I pointed in the air, as if was further proof of what I was saying. It was all making crystal clear sense to me. Henrik was too much of a romantic in a modern world where everyone is self-absorbed and selfish with barely an ounce of compassion or empathy. The current model of human female from the factory floor isn't made to handle the Henriks of the world. He was setting himself up to be repeatedly crushed by the very girls he liked most.

The Monday after he kissed the random girl at Emporio, he sent a message to the dream girl. It went something along the lines of "I don't know what type of game you're playing, but thanks to you I did something really stupid with another girl over the weekend." He didn't go into detail, but it wouldn't be hard for the dream girl to conclude that he had fucked another girl.

She replied back almost immediately. "What do you mean? I was just busy. How are you? We need to meet up."

She agreed to come by for a movie several days later, but flaked on the day of the date. I told Henrik it was completely hopeless and that she was just playing him for shits and

giggles, but he tried again and set up a new date. This time there was no cancellation.

I squeezed his arm, looked him in the eye, and said, “Tonight, you’re going to fuck her. No more ‘dream girl’ bullshit. You know she’s not reliable, you know she’s playing games, and you know she has other gringos chasing her. She’s not a dream girl, she’s a slut, and I want you to tell her that as you pump her hole tonight.”

“She’s not a slut.”

“She is! She’s a gringo slut and you have to treat her like one! You know she is—everything she’s done to you has pointed to her being a game-playing slut.”

He frowned, reluctant to accept the truth.

“Look—just fuck her silly,” I said. “Assume this is the last time you’re ever going to see her. Has she given you any indication that she’ll come through for you in the future?”

“No.”

“Has she done anything to earn your trust or respect?”

“No.”

“Hell, it’s a miracle she’s even coming over tonight!” I said. “I expect to hear her screams coming through the walls. Just do it.”

I was in disbelief when she actually walked through the door, but then again Henrik is a charming man and easily more interesting than the other frat boy gringos she was meeting at Emporio every week. They went straight to his room and stayed there for at least two hours. A couple times I put my ear to the door to see if I could hear any sex noises, but there was nothing besides his television and a faint squeaking sound that could’ve been anything.

I saw three possibilities. The first was that he was treating her like a Brazilian princess and snuggling next to her as the movie played. The second was that he had made a strong effort to fuck her and had been rebuffed. The third was that he had made the effort and she had opened her golden brown vagina.

My door was open when Henrik walked her out. From the corner of my left eye I saw her for not more than half a second, but I swear her gait had changed. It was flatter and less bouncy than when she walked in. Even her walking speed was at least half a mile per hour slower. Something had happened.

Henrik walked in about five minutes later and stood in my doorway. I looked up at him from my desk and he stared back without any expression on his face. We had a mini staring contest for ten seconds.

“Well, come on,” I said. “Do I have to ask?”

His lips started curling upward. “I fucked her.”

I stood up, nodded, and gave him a double high-five, yelling, “Thank you, god! That’s what I’m talking about!”

After the celebration had died down, I asked how the pussy was.

“It was a great pussy,” he said. “Tight and wet.”

“It’s a miracle you fucked her,” I said. “Now take it and move on. I’m proud of you, bro.”

I knew he would never experience that pussy again, no matter how much he tried. We ran into her at Emporio several times after that. She was always with a new gringo, tall and blond, just like Henrik.

—

The night before Gheridge, we went to Zero Zero, an upscale club in the Gavea neighborhood. We arrived early to avoid the hefty cover charge and picked a nice spot by the bar on the patio. It was one of the most expensive clubs in Rio, not a place for easy pickings, but we started to grow tired of the mediocre quality of women at Casa and Emporio. Other spots we tried, particularly in Lapa, weren’t much better. There was too much luck involved in finding the next dream girl (a term I started to jokingly use with greater frequency), and our conversations started turning to other Brazilian cities where we could ply our trade. Henrik had his eyes set on São Paulo, while mine were veering slightly northwest, to the state of Minas Gerais.

I bought the first round, a pair of fruity caipirinhas that were feminine in color. Many nights I bankrolled Henrik’s drinks because he had no money. He never asked me to buy him anything, but I fed them to him without asking anything in return because I wanted him to get into a good state that would put *me* into a good state. I’d estimate that he bought me a drink for every four I bought him, and while I thought about the imbalance at times, I kept the liquor flowing because I enjoyed his company and knew our time was limited.

We were sipping on our drinks when he said, “Roosh, I think it’s time to upgrade your wardrobe.”

He took a hard look at my plaid shirt with the skull-and-bones patch. I looked at it, too, as if wondering whether he was seeing what I saw.

“Look at how baggy it is. It’s like a dress. That’s for the day, but you need something better for the night. Look at all these Brazilian guys here in their t-shirts and sneakers. If you step it up just a little, I think you’ll get a lot more winks.”

Even the Brazilian guys in their basic t-shirts were at least wearing something that showed off their muscles. I spent a lot of time at the gym to get decent-sized, but I was hiding it at the moment, like a girl with a wonderful ass wearing baggy jeans. When I went back to the States, I spent several hundred dollars upgrading my wardrobe, using Henrik as a model. I hate to say it, but he was right—now I get approached by women complimenting my clothing whereas it never happened before.

There were a couple older girls in the corner, and Henrik started the conversation with his cigarette line, but neither of us were motivated to stick with them. I talked to another girl for a while, but it eventually went cold.

“Remember the Danish girls we met at Casa the other week?” I told Henrik. “For a second I thought I was going to fuck a Dane without even having to go to Denmark.”

“Yeah, I’m surprised they flaked like that.” Flake was a word I had taught him.

“And the thing is, I don’t even know how it ended,” I said. “They were completely down, got into the cab with us, and then suddenly changed their minds.”

“They must have done sign language or something. One of the girls kept wrinkling her nose. Maybe that’s the abort signal among their circle of friends.”

“At least we made them pay their share of the cab ride,” I said. “Hey, if I go to Denmark, will I be a rock star and get laid with absolutely zero effort? I’m talking about not even having to shower daily.”

“No, you’ll have to shower and look sharp, but I think you’d do well because your gorilla hair suit will be very exotic. I don’t want to get your hopes up, though, because our girls aren’t that much better than Americans. I mean, they’re better, but there’s a reason I’m chasing Brazilian girls and not Danish girls.”

“Makes sense.”

“Yeah. Those Brazilian girls from Wednesday night were nice, though.”

“It would have been nicer if I had fucked mine.”

“You were close,” he said.

“I think I was a little farther than close. I’m telling you it was that huge heap of garbage right in front of her hotel that did me in. It totally killed the moment. It smelled like we were standing on a mountain of dirty diapers. She ran into the building before I could even weasel my way inside.”

“That’s tough luck, man.”

“It happens.” An idea I had been working on entered my head. “Have you thought about the amount of luck that goes into having sex with a random girl? Like how many little events have to work out perfectly up to the moment of penetration? When you don’t bang, it looks difficult and hard, but when it works, it’s the easiest thing in the world.”

“Banging dream girls is difficult.”

“Fuck, I’m saying it *shouldn’t* be difficult. If it is, then you’re putting way more into it than you’re ever going to get out of it. Look at you with your dream girl—all that work for one little fuck.” I paused, then added. “You know, I still don’t believe you banged her. That made me question my whole model of game. If I witness something like it again, I may have to update my theories.”

“Are you going to write a book on it?” he asked sarcastically.

“I might. I’ll call it *The Man Who Made Every Mistake In The Book But Still Got Laid*.”

He smiled. “Shut up, you stupid American. You don’t know how to treat a woman.”

I thought of calling him a snobby European, but I concluded that he would have taken it as a compliment, so I just said, “Whatever, fancy boy European.” Then I mocked the effete way he smoked his cigarettes, but I was disappointed in my insults because they just didn’t have the same bite as “stupid American.”

The club got crowded and we talked to a dozen girls, exchanged numbers that wouldn’t

lead to dates, and warded off incredibly mediocre English groupies who wouldn't take no for an answer. In the cab ride home, I asked him if he thought Gheridge would be good the following night.

"Yeah, I'm sure," he replied. "The girls will be nicer and cuter, with more of a rock style, so wear your white v-neck."

"The deep one?"

"The deep one."

—

By the night of Gheridge I'd lived in the *favela* for a little over two months, with only three weeks left. Henrik had two weeks left, so it would be his second-to-last Saturday in Rio. It was dangerous to experiment with new bars with so little time remaining instead of hitting our usual haunts, but as I said, the mediocre quality had been getting to us and plus we were starting to run into the same girls over and over again. We craved a fresh scene with something different. Maybe Gheridge would be so good that I'd look forward to coming back to Rio someday, a prospect that was becoming unlikely as I began to tire of the city, its congestion, its heat, and its gringo-fatigued women.

The day was normal enough. I hopped on a bus to the Leblon mall to camp out at their Starbucks (it had air conditioning—our apartment didn't). There I did some research on how to get to Gheridge, since Henrik wasn't very good with directions. He didn't even have an address, just the name of a little neighborhood way up in a part of town we'd never been before.

I found a bus line that would get us there, but it would be tricky knowing when to pull the cord for our stop, since we didn't know what the neighborhood looked like. There was going to be a raised train track that ran parallel to the bus, and the moment the track went over a bridge and diverged from the bus route, we'd have to pull. I drew a little map on a napkin with a "Pull Here" label. We had to get it right the first time because neither of us had maps. I would've been open to taking a taxi, but Henrik didn't have much money and I didn't want to shoulder the entire fare.

I'll be the first to admit that I take a long time to get ready at night. I have to cook my dinner, eat it, then do the dishes as soon as I'm done (I hate coming home and having to do dishes). Then I take a shower, shave, floss, brush my teeth, rinse with mouthwash, put on deodorant, make sure my hair is perfect, listen to some music, get my condoms, earplugs, copy of my passport, and so on. It takes me about ninety minutes from start to finish. Most guys eat some leftover junk food and then throw on their clothes (total time: ten minutes). On the night we visited Gheridge, I had to do some additional preparation: trim my nose hair, ear hair, and a bit of my chest hair so it didn't seem like a carpet was trying to fly away. I also had to clean my shoes. By the time we were out the door, it was already 11:30.

"You take longer to get ready than a girl," Henrik teased.

The walk to the bus stop in front of Botafogo's dirty beach took fifteen minutes. The bus

came a couple minutes after that. We boarded and paid the woman working the turnstile. I could immediately tell that the bus was either going by or directly to the ghetto, and most likely by many ghettos, because the people on board were several shades darker than what you'd see on Ipanema beach. In South America the easiest and most reliable way to judge a person's place on the socioeconomic ladder is how dark their skin is. It's not fair, but that's the reality.

Anywhere else in Rio we'd just be two typical sex-hungry gringos, but on that bus we got stares from everyone. We sat next to each other and I pulled out the crude napkin map.

TO BE CONTINUED…

Gheridge (Part 5 of 5)

May 26, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

PREVIOUSLY: PART FOUR

In my entire life it had never occurred to me what the maximum speed of a city bus was, but I can now tell you it's about sixty-five miles per hour. I know that because the bus driver gunned it during a three-mile stretch of freeway. He turned off the interior lights while barreling through tunnels and repeatedly changing lanes, probably without using his turn signal. The back of the bus was jumping and there were yelps from older women sitting up front who also uttered a few choice words. I've never been afraid of death, but I really had been hoping to check out Gheridge first.

The bus hit smaller streets and then slowly made its way through *centro*, the commercial zone of the city, a place every guidebook warns to avoid at night. Hundreds of homeless people were everywhere, hugging the buildings, either sleeping on cardboard or limping around with their meager belongings. The more we drove by the huge buildings, which were headquarters to Brazil's biggest corporate giants, the more it felt like a city within a city, an underworld that I wasn't supposed to see. I thought about how things must be really bad for a person to be homeless in Brazil and not even to be able to live in a shack perched on the side of a mountain.

"We've been on this bus for at least thirty minutes," I said to Henrik. "Have you seen any train tracks?"

"Not yet."

"I've never been to this part of Rio before."

"Neither have I," Henrik said. "It doesn't look safe."

"No shit, it's deserted. My expectations for Gheridge are lowering."

"Don't worry about it. I have a good feeling about this."

"You think Gheridge is like an oasis? A bar with beautiful, clean women that is surrounded by *favelas* on all sides?"

"Are you being sarcastic again?"

"I don't even know anymore," I admitted. "Hey, look—I think those are the tracks we're looking for."

They were indeed train tracks. Now we had to wait for the tracks to go over a bridge. The problem was that there were multiple bridges, all similar in size.

"How big is this bridge we're looking for?" Henrik asked, looking concerned.

"Google Maps showed it as sort of big," I replied. "It had arch supports, so I don't think it's one of those little interchange bridges."

"Does it go over water?"

"I don't think so."

We were two gringos in the middle of a deserted part of Rio, looking for a bridge with arches while riding on the ghetto bus.

“Look at that bridge,” said Henrik. “It has arches.”

It did have arches, but it looked smaller than I’d expected. “I don’t think that’s the bridge we want,” I said. “Let’s keep going a while. If the tracks veer to the right, then that was the bridge.”

The tracks veered to the right. There was a “Fuck” and “Damn it” and then we got off the bus at least a mile away from Gheridge. Now next to a busy highway, we’d have to follow it back to the bridge.

“Come on, let’s start walking,” Henrik said after the bus had dropped us off.

“Hold on, let me think. You know we’re in a bad area, right?”

“It doesn’t look that bad.”

“Dude, it’s bad, and we’re both obvious gringos,” I said. “Maybe we should take a cab,”

“And how are we going to catch a cab by the highway? We’d have to get on a side street, but I can’t see one from here. All we need to do is walk that way for fifteen minutes and we’ll be there.”

“Okay, but take off your shirt,” I said while looking at a guy sitting on a small hill a couple hundred feet from us.

“What?” he asked.

“Just take off your shirt.” I removed mine.

“I knew you were gay!”

“Shut up. Whenever I’m in a bad neighborhood, I walk shirtless so the thugs will think I’m like them. No one has even been mugged with his shirt off.”

“Does it work?”

“Ask me if I’ve been mugged in Brazil.”

“Well, have you?”

“Never.”

Henrik immediately took off his shirt and his pale Danish skin seemed to glow in the dark. No one was ever going to believe that such a pretty boy was a thug.

He took the lead, walking several paces in front of me, going way too fast. “Slow down, Henrik, they’ll think we’re scared and trying to get away,” I complained. “Thugs walk slow. Just pretend you’re a thug.”

The guy on the hill was soon joined by two others, and not far behind us was a young man with a backpack, his eyes firmly planted on the ground. On our left I saw some makeshift tents made of green tarps, shelters for the homeless. Even though I didn’t have much in the way of valuables on me, my heart was pounding.

I wanted to keep looking back, but I knew that would have been a mistake. Then they would have known we had something worth stealing. Thugs only look back to see if

there's someone they want to rob, so giving frequent glances would only confirm that we were good targets.

What I did was stare hard at whoever was behind us and made sure they saw me looking at possessions like shoes and bags while verifying that the distance between us and what turned out to be a small flock of men wasn't narrowing. Henrik was now well in front of me and if I was attacked he wouldn't even hear me above the roar of the cars flying past us.

In the distance I saw a few convenience stores with people milling outside, and then, finally, the train bridge. Next to that was a wide road with various vendors setting up shop to sell beer and snacks. There would be many rock bars, with Gheridge being the last one at the end of the road. I looked back one more time and only saw the man with the backpack. The others had disappeared. We were safe.

"Should we ask someone where Gheridge is?" I asked.

"It should be easy. We'll just walk down this road until we see the sign," Henrik said as we put our shirts back on.

My body was sweaty and stinking of the street. I wanted to cool down. "You mind if we get a beer at one of these bars as a warm-up for Gheridge? That walk made me thirsty."

It didn't take long to find a dive bar. There were two guys and a transsexual wearing a choker that contained enormous spikes. It looked like a torture device. The barkeep was a large man with a beer belly that his wife-beater could not contain.

"Gheridge better be better than this," I said.

"Don't worry. My friend said Gheridge is a good spot. A lot of people go there. It's going to be good."

"How's my breath?" I said, leaning in close. "I forgot to rinse with Listerine before leaving the house."

"It's fine."

We sat in silence for a short while. Henrik was more comfortable with silence than the average American, content to not say anything for most of the time. I broke the ice. "Carnival was kind of shitty, no?"

"I can't say it was the highlight of my time in Rio." He took a swig from a tiny glass that needed refilling after just a few sips.

"I think Carnival sucks," I said. "Brazilian Carnival is for Brazilians, not gringos. Did you notice how much harder it was to meet girls?"

"Yeah, they were always with big groups of friends. They didn't seem as open."

"Exactly! Let me ask you this: when was the last time you fucked a girl that you originally met while she was in a group of four or more?"

"Dream girl."

"Fuck. Okay, how about another girl?"

I gave him not more than two seconds to think, then said, "See! When a girl is out with a

big group, it's much harder to get sex."

"But you met that Argentine girl last week at the champagne bar," Henrik countered. "She was with a big group."

"Yes, but I didn't approach her until she was alone outside."

"Even so, I don't know."

"Look, my theory holds for most cases," I insisted. "If a girl is in a group larger than three, there's no use bothering unless you know how to make a straw rise out of her drink without using your hands."

"You know how to do that?"

"No, but there's a famous guy in America who picks up girls with magic. He wears goggles and a top hat and looks like a circus ringleader."

"Does it work?"

"He's considered the best pickup artist in the world. He even had his own reality show."

Henrik laughed. "Only in America!"

The transsexual was making long stares at Henrik. "Looks like someone could be getting lucky tonight," I said while elbowing Henrik in the arm. "You want me to make an introduction?"

"I think I'm okay, but thanks."

We finished the large bottle of beer and went back outside. The crowd on the street had gotten denser with people who were hardcore grunge, or goth, or whatever you call it. No other color was acceptable except black. Girls had black lipstick, black nail polish, and black eye liner (the latter I didn't actually mind). There were many spiky contraptions and chains.

I looked at Henrik and gave him a death stare, but he just put his hand on my back and said, "Relax, buddy. Wait until we get to Gheridge."

"Yeah, I'm sure it will miraculously change at Gheridge."

"Now *that* was sarcasm."

On the bright side, we were the only gringos on the street. We got constant stares, especially Henrik, who was the only natural blond around. Everyone probably thought I was his Brazilian tour guide.

The road curved right and the sounds of people got louder. "I'm pretty sure Gheridge is this way," Henrik said.

Then I looked to my left and saw a large pile of rubble. It seemed like the result of a missile or bomb attack. Concrete blocks were strewn about and I could see a gap where the main door must have been. Strangely enough, the rubble had become a hang-out spot, and at least three dozen teenagers had picked a concrete block to sit on, smoking and drinking. In the middle of the rubble I saw a young girl with black everything. She couldn't have been older than sixteen, but she was absolutely stunning. I could easily see her natural beauty behind all that gunk on her perfectly proportioned face. And who had

his arm wrapped around but a twig of a boy who I could have lifted with one hand. He also was wearing black lipstick and eyeliner. They started kissing.

“Look at that over there,” I said.

Henrik turned his head and said, “I’m used to that now. Brazil is weird like that.”

“Yup. Guys who would never get laid in the States are banging girls that are hotter than anything we have. Oh, life, why do you play such cruel tricks on me?!”

Our English was getting some attention now. Kids would look at us, only to realize that they were lowering their cool quotient in the process, then immediately look away.

“Well, we’re here,” Henrik said.

We stood in front of a tiny neighborhood bar with fewer people than the pile of rubble. There was rock music playing inside and a single pool table, but nothing more than a couple plastic tables and chairs. There were four or five ugly girls talking with guys.

Looking around in disbelief, I said, “Holy… fuck. You brought me all the way over here for this? What is this shit?”

“Strange,” Henrik replied. “This isn’t quite as good as my friend described it.”

“Not quite as good? The shitty juice bar next to our place has better-looking girls than this!” I took a deep breath. “Are you positive this is the right place?”

Henrik looked at the sign and said, “Yup, this is Gheridge all right.”

I looked at the sign myself, then looked at Henrik, then looked at the sign again. I stared at each letter very carefully, as if trying to change them with my mind. I closed my eyes for two seconds, then opened them again, but the letters didn’t change: G-A-R-A-G-E.

“Hey, Henrik,” I said, looking at the sign once more. “What does that sign up there say?”

“What?”

“Can you say that word for me?”

“Is this a joke?”

“No, it’s not a joke. Just say it, please.”

He looked at it for a few seconds, then said what I already knew he was going to say. I nodded, then put my hand up to my face, not sure whether I should laugh or cry.

“You… stupid… European! That says Garage, not Gheridge! I never would have come here if I knew it was Garage! There’s no good bar in the entire world that has a name like that!”

“Are you sure?” He was scratching his head. “It’s not pronounced Gheridge?”

“No, Henrik, it’s not pronounced Gheridge.”

“But how do you explain the word *garbage*. Why are the endings the same but the sounds are different?”

“I don’t know, man. But that’s definitely not Gheridge.”

We both stood staring at the sign in silence, as if it was a monument of some sort.

“So, you want to go to Emporio?” Henrik finally asked.

“Yeah, I’m down.”

We each bought a bottle of beer for the road and caught a bus to Ipanema.

—

One year later, I arrived in Copenhagen to visit Henrik. On my first night he took me for a walk through his Vesterbro neighborhood, pointing out the cool bars and cafes.

“Why are all these bikes unlocked?” I asked. The first thing anyone notices about Copenhagen is the bicycles.

“No, they’re definitely locked.” He showed me the small wheel locks that went on the back.

“But anyone can just pick it up and put it in a van!”

“Sometimes that happens, but you’ll get your bike back when the police catch the guys.”

“They *catch* bicycle thieves here? There must be no crime here then.”

“There’s quite a bit now,” he said. “We even have shootings between gangs, just like you do in America.”

“How many people die a year from shootings?”

“In Copenhagen? About ten. In the entire country, fifty or so.”

It was a world away from Brazil, or even the United States, but apparently such numbers were worrying to the Danes. They had even begun to have home invasions, something that hadn’t existed a few years earlier.

We sat down to eat at a kebab place to get caught up.

“I’ve started seeing a girl,” he said.

“Oh, yeah?”

“Yeah, she’s pretty, incredibly fun, and has the most beautiful brown eyes I’ve ever seen. I really, really like her.”

“Tired of blue eyes, huh?”

“Yeah, I never meet girls with brown eyes here.”

“Is she good in bed?” I asked.

“We haven’t had sex yet. I’m taking it nice and slow.”

I smiled and said, “You know, that sounds familiar.”

Naomi Wolf Is A Delusional Old Hag

May 30, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

While most Americans were traveling to the beach this weekend thanks to Memorial Day, a holiday meant to commemorate the loss of predominately male soldiers who fought in our grandest wars, the Washington Post takes a messy liquid shit over its remaining male readership in publishing a piece of feminist propaganda by Naomi Wolf. Her thesis is that older women are better than younger women because they are more confident, more stylish, and have better resumes, and that older men who date those younger women are losers who are missing out on true happiness. Take a look at her opening anecdote:

> Recently, I was at a party, and a man who, like myself, was in his late 40s, arrived with a woman 20 years younger. It took only a few moments of conversation before the rest of the group realized that the two had very little in common. And yet I did not feel the frisson of envy among the men present, nor did I see a bristle of jealousy from any of the stylish, accomplished women in their 40s. In fact, the mood of both genders was tender, almost pitying. The man may have imagined that he was showing off the youth of his date the way he might show off a new Maserati; but parading her around like an acquisition seemed only to make his friends feel sorry for him.

The party, which I imagine to have been stacked with menopausal women and their beta male hanger-ons looking to be thrown a sexual bone, had only one person worth the attention of the entire group: a man who spurned them all by deciding to fulfill his genetic destiny with a woman who could bear his child, not an "accomplished" woman in her 40s who is sterile and incapable of maternal duty.

Wolf's jealousy can be spotted a mile away by even Stevie Wonder. There is no reason any woman would give a damn about why some man is dating some girl unless she secretly wanted to exchange places with the selected girl, who in this case was written off solely because of her young age.

This opening salvo sets the tone for an article which argues that non-fertile women, whose bodies have the habit of degrading into the shape of a soda can, are actually the best long-term mates for men. Believe it or not, this is what got published in the fifth most read newspaper in the country.

> I look around at the magnetic and dynamic women my own age, I look at my own life, and instead that script seems more like a convenient fiction—designed, as so many aspects of "the beauty myth" are, to make women feel less powerful; in this case, just when their power, magnetism and sexuality are at their height.

Wolf knows what you want in a woman better than you know yourself. Forget about all that sexy, feminine crap I've been writing about. At the end of a long day at the job, where you're working long hours for low pay in a strained economy, what you ache to

come home to is a… magnetic woman. Magnetism will put a hot meal on the dining room table, it will take care of your kids, and it will give you orgasms in bed. With the addition of being “dynamic,” construction of our dream woman is now complete. I don’t want a woman with concrete sexual skills and homemaking abilities—I want one who can be described with corporate buzzwords that make me feel like I just came out of a bad job interview.

> Since [writing The Beauty Myth], many of the issues I warned about have, indeed, gotten worse. The body size of fashion models and starlets has dropped still further; fashion ads showcase women who look as if they should be hospitalized. The technologies of cosmetic surgery have become so commonplace that there are communities in which women with unreconstructed faces are seen as bucking the norm. Breast surgery is almost universal in pornography, and pornography is almost universal in the sexual coming-of-age of both young women and young men; those images now have greater impact than they did when I wrote the book.

Wolf implies that the average American woman is so stupid and suggestible that she’s absolutely powerless to the evil forces of fashion magazines and pornography. She’s saying that a woman will follow just about whatever you put in front of her while having no ability to think on her own, that watching anal gangbangs on RedTube and PornHub is corrupting her soul and turning her into a mindless zombie consumer. In so many words she’s saying that today’s woman doesn’t have the strength to fulfill her womanly duties.

I completely agree with Wolf that women are not fulfilling their duties. To turn the tide, we must protect women from their environment by placing them in isolation cages away from all forms of marketing or entertainment. While they remain locked in those cages we must teach them real skills that further a household, such as dressing nice, cooking, cleaning, staying fit and trim, and child rearing. We must pass laws that forbid women the exposure to anything that doesn’t help strengthen the family unit. The first thing to be forbidden will be feminist propaganda written by childless women who are in all likelihood closeted lesbians.

Let me demonstrate how hypocritical this old broad is. Her book The Beauty Myth was published by HarperCollins, a company that puts out a never-ending supply of cheesy dieting and self-help books. It’s owned by News Corporation, whose 20th Century Fox studio reinforces more gender stereotypes in a single summer movie season that I will in my entire life. They also publish Vogue Magazine, which last time I checked is a fashion magazine that Wolf suggests is steadfastly destroying women.

A more recent book of hers called The Treehouse is published by Simon & Schuster, who just unleashed Eva Scrivo On Beauty onto the world, a book “packed with information on hair, skin care and makeup techniques.” It’s owned by CBS, broadcaster of the Superbowl, which has accepted millions of dollars from GoDaddy whose commercials feature attractive women showing off gigantic breasts. Wolf specifically singles out such breast enhancement culture as a horrible destructor of a woman’s self-esteem yet she is

all too quick to show her ample cleavage at public events. It's easy for her to criticize women trying to get a respectable chest when she already has massive udders.

I honestly don't care about those GoDaddy commercials, Vogue Magazine, or any dieting book that fleeces women with dubious health advice, but if you're going to make it your life mission to criticize cultural forces which you believe are destroying women, and **at the same time** cash royalty checks from those companies while they ejaculate that crap onto the the faces of American women, what does make you? It makes you a hypocrite and a phony.

She criticizes "beauty products" made by companies that supply profits for the companies that pay her. That would be like me publishing a men's rights book with the same company that also puts out a gender studies textbook that says the only way to eliminate rape is to eliminate men. I should be rightly denounced for such hypocrisy, yet this woman can stay on her ivory tower and put out silly ideas in mainstream publications without being called out on it.

Wolf doesn't care about women, she just cares about her bank account, her accomplishments, and her speaking engagements that take her around the country. For any woman to hitch her wagon to Wolf would be like a real conservative stroking the balls of Bill O'Reilly. One has to wonder if they even believe half the things they say.

> When I am at a social occasion, the showstoppers are no longer the young beauties in their 20s. Rather, those who draw all the light in the room are the women of great accomplishment and personal charisma—and these are usually women in midlife. (Indeed, at events I have attended recently, cadres of conventionally beautiful young women seem now to be treated almost like wallpaper or like the catering staff.)

Can you imagine going to a party where all the men ignore young beautiful women who can still conceive children while going for old woman rejects whose breasts hang down to their waists without the aid of a bra? Can someone at the Washington Post fact-check this anecdote? Actually there is no need. The reason those "young beauties" aren't getting attention is because *they're already with a man*. Old hags have no choice but to desperately wrangle away the spotlight by being "witty" or "engaging" since they're so desperate to meet someone—anyone—who will stick around for more than a casual encounter. A young woman does not have to try and does not need a multi-page resume listed with her accomplishments. As long as she's attractive, she just has to be.

> The change in social norms around the issue of women's aging is immense. There is now an influential and growing demographic of educated, well-off women whose status, sense of self-esteem and sexual cachet rise rather than fall as they head toward midlife. I do not see younger women looking at accomplished women in their 40s with pity or derision: I see them looking ahead with admiration and even envy.

I sure don't see social norms changing, but then again I don't go to New Yorker-style

social functions where feminist hacks lick each other's pussies. Wolf offers absolutely no evidence to this "immense" change besides anonymous quotes. She provides no numbers to support the "growing" demographic of menopausal women who can get any man they want. Besides younger studs in their early 20s getting seduced by pathetic cougars who pay their bills, I surely don't see a new paradigm forming that changes what men have done for hundreds of thousands of years. The day I see men of this country tacking on 20 years to the ideal age of women they currently prefer is the day we have evolved into a new species.

And can someone please tell me what "sexual cachet" is? I'm guessing it's doublespeak for sexual desperation. We've arrived at the juncture where modern feminism has been reduced to single women armed with thesauruses. The movement no longer provides any sort of data, evidence, or even the flimsiest of surveys for their assertions. They're doing nothing more these days but preaching to the choir of undesirable, lost women.

> Many older women no longer see younger women as rivals in the same way. "I have empathy for them," said one 54-year-old psychologist. "I want to mentor younger women, not compete with them," remarked another friend, a 48-year-old photographer.

Substitute empathy with jealousy and mentor with sabotage and we have the most accurate quote in the article.

> Certainly some men my age still date or marry younger, as our friend at the party sought to do; but in my own circles, at least, it is considered more macho for a man to have an accomplished woman his own age on his arm.

This is the first time I've seen a feminist use a reverse-shaming technique where she compliments a behavior that only beta males have been performing. If going for a 45-year-old woman is macho then I will never be macho. When I'm 60 years old, alone, decrepit, and staring at a warty dick whose glory days have long since passed, I will be anti-macho by going to Colombia or Thailand to sleep with 18-year-old prostitutes for less than the price of taking a woman like Wolf to dinner with nothing to gain from it except hearing her deluded opinions and mighty accomplishments. Dating a bloated hag like Wolf would put even the most strapping of men on the fast track to viagra dependency.

> When I asked my single male peers why they were dating or having relationships with women their own ages rather than younger women, I heard variants of this: "Today, someone isn't less cool as she gets older. She is just as cool or cooler. And, if a woman is taking care of herself, there isn't really a difference sexually between a younger and an older woman – except that the older woman is more comfortable with herself and more sure of herself."

Those men are single for a reason: they are unsuccessful in dating younger, more desirable women. They have no choice but to date their peers. I know of no society in the world where dating 40 and above is macho, preferred, or pleasurable. Such a society only

exists in Wolf's magnetic brain.

By insinutating that older women are so amazing, she strongly presupposes that younger women are stupid and undesirable. Wolf doesn't really care about feminism or the female gender, she only cares about older women her own age, specifically herself. Her article is nothing more than a diary entry of a bitter spinster who can't get a man and is jealous of those women who are outperforming her on the dating market. Wolf secretly hates the beautiful 23-year-old former cheerleader who has gotten the commitment from a handsome jock who wants to take care of her for life, since the ship has long since sailed for her to get anything but a sniveling dweeb who couldn't fuck a 20-something girl to save his life.

> So, at the risk of sounding socially incorrect, I am going to deviate from that script, and I invite all women of a certain age to join me. A great many of us don't feel particularly wistful or rueful about our earlier physical selves. A great many of us really like where we are.
>
> I like where I am.

In the *Five Stages of Grief*, denial is the first stage. This is where she's at. Let me sum up the stages for the life of Naomi Wolf:

Denial: "Being old and ugly is beautiful. I can land any man that I desire because I'm a best-selling author, something that men specifically select for."

Anger: "I keep getting passed on for younger, more beautiful women. Guys only fuck me once or twice and then dump me via text message. Even my Craigslist hookups are not calling me back. This isn't fair!"

Bargaining: "Come on just give me two more years. I should be able to trick a decent man into marrying me. I'll go to the beauty salon, I'll dye my hair weekly. I'll even cook real meals without using a microwave. I don't want to die alone!"

Depression: "Wow I don't believe this has happened to me. I wasted my entire life teaching women to be strong and independent and all that has gotten me is a life of loneliness and isolation. Maybe I should have been nice to all those decent guys who gave me attention instead of dismissing them outright because they didn't agree with all my crazy beliefs."

Acceptance: "Time to buy some cats."

Here is some more evidence she's in the denial stage:

> Sure, I am startled when I forget to put a color rinse in my hair, and I look into the bathroom mirror and see a sheen of gray. But I look at it with a kind of gentle curiosity: So that is what that will be like!

> I am overwhelmed with gratitude for a body that can move and hike and swim, seduce and be seduced, be exhilarated and overjoyed, and all of this in the blessing of being free of serious illness.

She found other ladies who are in denial as well:

> A 59-year-old teacher said: “I’d rather look great for who I am than try to look 19. I feel happier in my skin than I did when I was younger.”

The most pathetic part of her article is when she tries to rationalizes her declining beauty:

> There are many other delightful surprises about being at this stage on the journey. I don’t miss the brutal sexual harassment that young women receive from men—and I love the far gentler flirtation or civil compliments from cab drivers and park chess players my own age or older. On the street, young women are told: Give me some. Older women hear: I love your eyes. That is not a bad trade.

Did you read that? A benefit to aging is that she gets less sexual attention from the opposite sex, and when she does it’s from the creepy guy who sits in the coffee shop all day with stacks of old newspapers (newsflash to Wolf: he tells *every woman* she has beautiful eyes). Her argument that becoming invisible and undesirable is a good thing is so convincing that I bet hordes of young women are speeding up the process by dyeing their hair grey and tripling their tanning sessions to induce premature wrinkle formation.

Unfortunately for us, her opinions are not invisible as long as publications like the Washington Post give her a voice to spew nonsense onto the masses that I’m hoping fails to convince anyone but older woman who insist on denying the reality of evolution, sexual selection, and human nature. Men do not prefer older women. Men do not care about a woman’s magnetism. Men do not want an overly-opinionated cow who excels only in talking bullshit instead of maintaining a home. Wolf can continue to write articles and books for corporations that push the very culture she claims to be against, but nothing will change the immutable laws of human nature.

Until women realize that their window of opportunity is short for landing a quality man, they will continue wasting their lives thanks to enablers like Wolf, who would rather die in a house that smells like cat urine than see a woman succeed with men when she has so horribly failed.

Warning Signs A Girl Isn't Worth A Relationship

June 1, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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

In the movie *A Bronx's Tale*, a mafia don teaches a young man that after a girl gets in his car, she should lean over and unlock his door to be considered a keeper. Here's the scene:

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

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

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

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

4. Not apologizing when she texts or takes a call in your presence. If I'm on a first or second date with a girl, and she starts reading texts, sending texts, or actually taking a call without excusing herself first, she will never see me again. Even the most conceited bitches will let off an "Excuse me I have to take this real quick." Otherwise she doesn't deserve another meeting with you, even if she puts out and turns out to be okay in bed. You let a girl disrespect you like this and you might as well hand her your balls.

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

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

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

More Book Reviews 6

June 7, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

PREVIOUSLY:

- Top 10 Most Important Books
- More Books
- More Books 2
- More Books 3
- More Books 4
- More Books 5
- The Kindle Is A Game Changer

REVIEWS:

The Rise And Fall Of The Great Powers

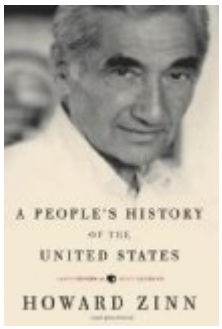
The gist of this book can be summed up in the following quote: “Great Powers in relative decline instinctively respond by spending more on ‘security,’ and thereby divert potential resources from ‘investment,’ [compounding] their long-term dilemma.” Sound familiar? The key word is “relative.” That’s super if you’re growing at 4% a year, but if there are other countries growing at 8%, then you’re losing power. It doesn’t even have to be that great a difference: “A country whose productivity growth lags 1 percent behind other countries over one century can turn, as England did, from the world’s undisputed industrial leader into the mediocre economy it is today… not because it wasn’t growing, but because others were growing faster.”

Therefore world power is in constant flux. The unique set of circumstances that vaulted the United States to ridiculous heights in the 20th century are no longer present, leading to gradual loss in power and industrial capacity that becomes another’s gain. A country’s resources, technology, education, culture, and a multitude of other factors determine its economic growth rate, and that will never be the same as other nations.

“Those who do not advance, go backwards and who goes back goes under.”

This is a dry, technical, and long-ass book that took me forever to read because I was usually camped out in front of Wikipedia to learn more about the events mentioned. Nonetheless, I think every man must read it to understand the workings of state power and what amounts to the foundations of modern human society. It helps you wade through today’s bullshit news cycle to look at the big picture and determine what’s really

going on in the world.



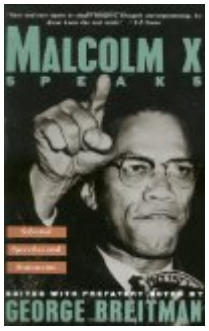
A People's History Of The United States (strong recommendation)

The previous book had me leaning more pro-war and pro-state. I become convinced that resource grabs were simply the way things should be done in a cruel world to ensure survival of states. This book brought me back down to Earth, showing the human costs of those actions in the United States, specifically in regard to the obscene greed of its upper class (top 1%).

The analysis here shows that from our founding, the United States is a country created by the rich white man for the rich white man. All other groups, such as blacks, Native Americans, women, laborers, and the landless poor, have been suppressed, killed, or marginalized to continue the great sucking of wealth and power to the elite that continues today right out in the open. Only when the elite's very stability is threatened do they make concessions to those groups. For example, Zinn argues is that they gave blacks "Civil Rights" not out of moral duty, but because black agitation was increasing unrest at home and the amount of criticism they received abroad, jeopardizing their long-term wealth-stealing goals.

One thing that strikes me about this book is that today's problems, such as Wall Street raping the treasury, the government getting into wars against countries that haven't attacked us, and special interests fighting tooth and nail against increasing our standard of living, are essentially yesterday's problems, and not much has changed. That's just testament to what the book calls the most ingenious control system that has ever existed. Our two-party political system is perfectly tuned to distracting the white man against the black man, labor against professional, right against left, and immigrant against natural-born, while the top 1% continue growing their wealth at unprecedented rates. The author makes it clear that both Democrats and Republicans are complicit and that the "apparatus" is rigged, contributing to what Malcolm X called the world's biggest "con game." If you're a fan of 1984, past actions of the United States will ring familiar.

This book will help you redirect your anger from the Mexicans, from the religious nuts, from black people on welfare, to the real cause of this country's problems: the top 1%, who are immune to our laws and will stop at nothing at taking every dollar they can possibly grab. I highly recommend this book for any American citizen. It's what you didn't learn in high school.



Malcolm X Speaks

I thought of Malcolm X as a violent and racist figure of the Civil Rights movement, a portrayal the media was pushing at the time of his ascendance, but I was wrong. From reading the speeches in this book it's obvious he was the ultimate truth teller, breaking down hypocritical and oppressive American policies better than anyone else at the time.

He believed in basic human rights for black people, rights that the Constitution should have already given them, but advocated violence when those rights were denied. He definitely didn't believe in holding hands to sing "We Shall Overcome" while his people were being lynched and firehosed, making Martin Luther King and the rest of The Big Six seem more like Uncle Toms who got tricked by the government to tame down their demands in exchange for being figureheads in their people's movement.

You don't have to be black to read this book. If you hate the US Government then you'll be nodding your head throughout, though of course black people will be able to identify with it more. Choice quotes:

"It's just like when you've got some coffee that's too black, which means it's too strong. What do you do? You integrate it with cream, you make it weak. But if you pour too much cream in it, you won't even know you ever had coffee. It used to be hot, it becomes cool. It used to be strong, it becomes weak. It used to wake you up, now it puts you to sleep. This is what they did with the [1963] march on Washington."

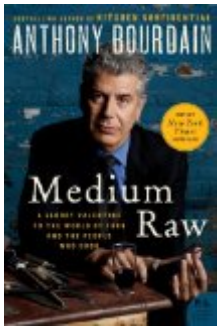
"Three hundred and ten years we worked in this country without a dime in return—I mean without a dime in return. You let the white man walk around here talking about how rich this country is, but you never stop to think how it got rich so quick. It got rich because you made it rich."

"When you take your case to Washington, D.C., you're taking it to the criminal who's responsible; it's like running from the wolf to the fox."

"Nobody can give you independence. Nobody can give you freedom. Nobody can give you equality or justice or anything. If you're a man, you take it. If you can't take it, you don't deserve it."

"It takes power to make power respect you."

It's sad that his life ended prematurely. I think he had the potential to make real changes not only for blacks but all oppressed people, including the lower class.



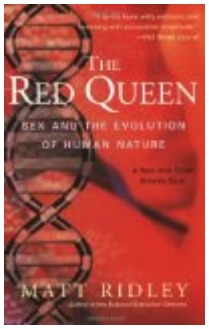
Medium Raw

If you liked Kitchen Confidential, then you'll like this follow-up, where Bourdain continues to tell food stories with his sharp humor and honesty. The fact that I'm the opposite of a foodie yet still enjoy Bourdain's writing is a testament to his strong personality. Quotable gems:

"Whatever riches they may have acquired or may yet acquire, there is and always will be the lingering and deeply felt suspicion that come tomorrow, it will all be gone. No amount is enough or will ever be enough, because deep in the bone they know that the bastards could come knocking at any minute and take it all away."

"Luck is not a business model."

"It's very rarely a good career move to have a conscience."



The Red Queen

This book shares theories of sexual selection, first starting with animals, particularly birds and chimps, and then humans. While it won't help you with your game, it's a fascinating look into how sex is a huge evolutionary driving force. It pushes the fact that animals don't just evolve to compete with other animals, but to compete with members of the same species, and it's that sexual evolution that has made big-brained humans what they are.

I like how the book describes why the sex act even exists, a question I hadn't contemplated (answer: parasite resistance). It explains less complex questions such as why men are a knowledge-hungry gender (answer: in the past, gaining enough knowledge to outwit other males got more sexual partners, so that trait persisted over time). The term "social proof" isn't specifically used, but there are explanations as to why it's such a powerful attractant. It also suggests that men are so power-crazed because in the past those who sought and gained it were the only ones who procreated. The author even describes how and why a woman's body declines horribly after 30.

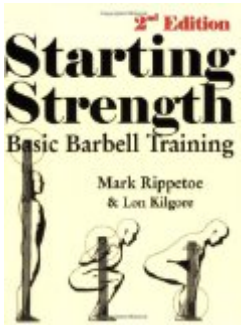
I'll admit it was a dry work, and even with my biology background some of it still went

over my head, but I've only scratched the surface at the amount of insight this book contains.

"The nature of the human male, then, is to take opportunities, if they are granted him, for polygamous mating and to use wealth, power, and violence as means to sexual ends in the competition with other men—though usually not as the expense of sacrificing a secure monogamous relationship."

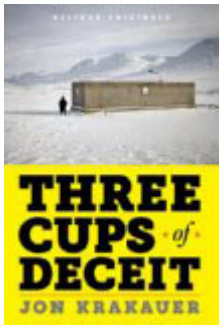
Here's a Nelson laugh to beta males: "[The modern woman] strives to acquire a provider husband who will invest food and care in her children while finding a lover who can give those children first-class genes."

And a fuck you to feminists: "The assertion that 'culture' explains human variation will be taken seriously when there are reports of women war parties raiding villages to capture men as husbands."



Starting Strength

I was turned on to Starting Strength by this excellent article, which explains how what you're doing in the gym is probably not making you stronger. The book was highly detailed (nearly 60 pages on how to do a squat) and helpful with explaining proper technique, though the programming section was a bit sparse (here it is in a nutshell). While I'm no gym newbie, I am one of those guys who have been going for a while on and off and can't say I'm getting stronger. I'm going to try this program out and report back in a few months.



Three Cups Of Deceipt

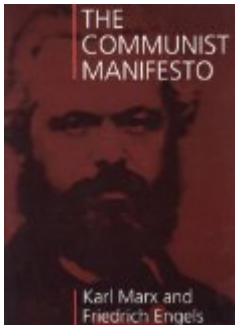
I remember a couple of years ago I'd see "Three Cups Of Tea," a book about a white man helping build grade schools in Afghanistan, prominently displayed in bookstores. The book launched the author and his charity to lofty heights, but unfortunately it was a scam. The guy who wrote Into The Wild denounces him in a short but strong book with backing interviews and evidence. If you hate fakers and phonies like me, this book will give you a massive hard-on.

Americans are a trusting people, and here we have just another case of them getting scammed by some purported do-gooder who is nothing more than a con artist. I do have one tip for everyone: be very wary of people helping others outside their race. When a white man is gung-ho about helping Muslims or blacks or whomever, an eyebrow should be raised. No, both eyebrows!

The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin (free on Kindle)

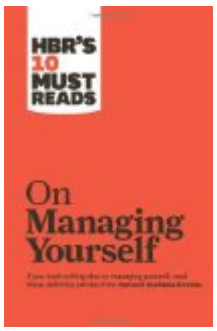
The first half was interesting as we learned about how Ben built his wealth, but then it became a painful slog. I can't recommend it. I did like this quote though:

"Human felicity is produced not so much by great pieces of good fortune that seldom happen, as by little advantages that occur every day. This, if you teach a poor young man to shave himself, and keep his razor in order, you may contribute more to the happiness of his life than in giving him a thousand guineas."



The Communist Manifesto (free on Kindle)

The only reason I read this was so I can drop it in conversation and have people think that I'm an intellectual. Unfortunately it's an excruciating read. If you want to get the gist of it then check out the Spark Notes. The most important thing I learned from this book is not to read any more books over 100 years old.



HBR's 10 Must Reads On Managing Yourself

I feel quite ripped off from this purchase. The first article by Peter Drucker was helpful (you can read it for free here), but then it was a nonstop stream of corporate-speak bullshit and self-help mumbo jumbo that is old news to anyone who's worked in an office

for a year or two. This compilation had more to do with how to be a better corporate manager than “managing yourself.” Waste of money.

Typical American Woman Meme

June 9, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Before I announce the new meme, I want to congratulate the winner of the LOLgame contest, who beat out 400 other entries to capture first place. Here's his submission:

Click the popularity link on the LOLgame page to view the best-rated images.

We all did a good job making fun of ourselves, but now it's time to aim our artillery on American women. After finding a picture that I think best represents their attitude and figure, I went ahead and created 22 images to get you started. Here are my top 5:

TIME TO BROADEN MY MIND
READ EAT, PRAY, LOVE

WAITED 30 MINUTES IN LINE
FOR A CUPCAKE

Click here to view all the Typical American Woman images.

New Contest: I will give the electronic editions of all my books to the one man who creates what I think is the best image by Monday at noon (EST). Like before, the winner will be announced on my Twitter feed next week. Good luck.

7 Things I Would Tell My Teenage Self

June 14, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Yesterday I turned 32 years old in Poland, a place where I have a pleasant lifestyle thanks to years of work on my game and my books. Yet if I followed the below suggestions from a younger age, it would have cut short the amount of time I spent doing things that made me unhappy, allowing this moment to arrive much sooner. These are the things I have already told my 15-year-old brother.

—

Dear teenage Roosh,

1. Don't listen to your parents. They want you to have a stable and boring existence without the struggle they had to go through. They want you to play it safe instead of taking risks that may lead to your ruin or even death. Unfortunately, if you follow their advice the most you'll get out of it is a steady paycheck. You will have a mere average existence with average women and average experiences in an average city. Understand that the more risks you take, the greater rewards you receive.

2. Hit the gym. Just because you're not the best looking guy doesn't mean you should give up on being attractive. Weight lifting will help you build confidence and increase your testosterone level so that taking risks literally becomes in your blood.

3. Cut off the television, internet, and video games. Pick a hobby such as music, writing, DJing, languages, or sports, and dedicate one hour per day on it. You'll be a beast before you even hit 21, where it'll not only make a positive contribution to your life, but give you the option to take an alternative path.

4. Read at least two books every month. You don't know shit about life right now. Hell, you still won't know a whole lot even when you turn 30. Keep yourself sharp by tapping into the brains of others through their work. Writers have spent hundreds of hours to create books that distills all their knowledge or experience in an easily digestible format. Take advantage of that, and watch your conversational skills increase as a result.

5. Stop being concerned about what other people think of you. They don't care about you. They are so wrapped up in their own insecurities and what you think of them that you're wasting your energy trying to get accepted by strangers. Take risks, fuck everyone else, and note down what you learn. If you're not making a lot of mistakes, you're not doing enough.

6. Take the pussy off the pedestal. You know what? Just become sexist. If getting laid is what you want, that's the path you should take in the feminist society you live in. You can soften that stance when you get older, but for now just view women as mindless fuck toys who are garbage. Whether or not they really are garbage, this will get you more pussy than you've ever imagined. Sure it becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy in a way, but you're living in an age where the laws and cultural environment concerning marriage are set up to destroy you. You might as well get laid a lot.

7. Have a backup plan to earning a living. Don’t count on putting in four years at college and getting a cushy job that lasts until some golden retirement. Don’t count on some cunt in Human Resources to like your answer to what your greatest weakness is. Don’t let people who don’t care about you determine your income. Re-read number 3 again. One hour a day into something has probably made you a mini-expert. What service or product can you now create with your expertise that someone else would be happy to buy? Trust me when I say you’ll be much happier making $20,000 a year controlling your destiny than four times as much being controlled by someone else.

Good luck little Roosh!

Sincerely,

Old Roosh

Do American Guys Have The Best Game In The World?

June 19, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Through my travels I've adopted a strong appreciation for American-style game—the same game that is made fun of by feminists and haters who love tearing apart its negging and peacocking attributes (two things I believe should be microscopic features of any man's repertoire). The truth is that when done right, American game is at the top of its class. Only American men and their Western counterparts in England, Ireland, and Australia have the skill and ability to walk up to girls at any time of the day, sober or not, and start an interaction that leads to sex.

I don't have to tell you that approaching is hard as balls. It takes years to get to an elite level and even then it's still hard. There is a long trail of tears left by men who attempted it but simply didn't have enough fortitude to push forward. Those same men are left participating in kickball, frisbee, and dodgeball clubs to meet unattractive women with thick ankles. For the majority of men in the world, watching a guy approach a girl cold and end up with a number or kiss might as well be magic, and I personally take it for granted that I have this ability when so many will die before even having a minor success from it.

Like any other challenging skill, the rewards are immense for those guys that learn it, but I find that only Western men are motivated enough to master approaching without the aid of a dance floor. The ultimate show of game commitment is approaching during the day, something you only see done by Western men.

From movies and television you'll get the impression that Spanish or Italian men have the best game. I wholeheartedly disagree. They are more scared to approach, and once they finally gather the liquid courage, all they do is compliment and show needy behavior. If you grill any American girl who has had a lot of experience with them, the term "creepy" will be thrown around frequently. Only naive Western girls who swing by those countries for a short amount of time fall for their compliment & cuddle game. Hell, even I believed Spanish guys were game masters thanks to watching movies like *Vicki Cristina Barcelona*, but witnessing them in action has been an exercise in trying not to spit out my drink from laughter. They are not actually capable of doing the following:

How about men from other countries? Here's a small sampling:

Brazil. These guys are top contenders for best game, but there's a big problem: they move way too fast. They get a lot of kisses, but less bangs than those kisses would predict. Brazilian guys are samplers, not closers, but still get an honorable mention for their strong alpha game.

Iceland. The worst game I've ever seen in my life. The guys don't know how to approach or have conversation. They wait for girls to approach them. Pussies.

Denmark. They have strong social circle game and their conversation skills are better than Icelandic guys, but they are too scared to approach unless drunk.

Poland. There's a Dr. Jekyll and Hyde thing going on with them. When sober they're pathetic betas who would pee their pants at the sight of a beautiful women, but when they drink they step up and do dance floor approaches that work for them since their women love to dance.

Ecuador. I was very impressed by Ecuadorian men. They're salsa dancing is magical and they have a positive attitude that suck women in. They're persistent and not afraid to approach outside of the bar. If you're in Latin America and see a short dark guy approaching like a madman, I bet he's from Ecuador.

Argentina. Similar to guys from Spain, but a little more aggressive. You have a few guys who are animals in the club but most depend on social circle game.

And now for Western guys:

England. Great humor and charm, but when they overdrink they turn loud and obnoxious. They cockblock themselves with their lack of alcohol control.

Australian. Also good humor with a great cocky vibe, but sometimes this borders on abrasive, which pushes girls away. They can be the most annoying of Western men.

Irish. The funniest of the bunch, but worse than the English when it comes to self-cockblocking with drink.

American. Most laid back, at the cost of being more passive, but they are best at preventing self-sabotage. Therefore they are better at sealing the deal on girls who aren't drunk.

When it comes down to it, two guys in the world have the best game: Western guys and Latin guys. Western guys have better conversation ability and cocky humor while Latin guys have better dancing ability. Unfortunately, Latin guys have eye-rolling talking game that prevents me from crowning them with the top spot.

By saying "American" I'm including black guys, who help raise the level of American game by picking up slack of the beta white dudes who are too chicken to approach. Without black guys on our team, we would definitely be worse than the English or Australians, but their cool factor and aggressiveness puts them on the starting roster. Plenty a white man would do himself a favor by learning their fearless approach style.

If you are American, understand that your culture possesses the right mix of factors that allow you to excel in cold approaching. You're more talkative than most other guys in the world and you have female targets that not only are talkative themselves but don't mind being picked up by random men. For you not to take advantage of that fertile environment—to believe the Hollywood bullshit that European men are better than you—is to shit on your American heritage and waste plenty of bangs that you deserve. In other words, you are better than you think you are, and I know this because I've seen how godawful foreign men are when it comes to approaching and flirting.

The truth is that an American with tight game is just about impossible to compete with.

He’s not a romantic and he’s not a particularly skilled dancer, but boy can he bullshit his way into a girl’s pants.

The Fishbowl

June 23, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

This is a guest post by Giovonny.

Finding venues or situations where you have even a small edge translates into a lot more bangs over the long run. This is why "find your niche" advice is so common to see. While it's important to work on your look, game, vibe, and conversational skills, it's also critical to carefully select a social environment that gives you a competitive advantage. I call this fishbowl selection.

In any fishbowl, the bigger fish monopolize the food supply. The inability of smaller fish to compete often lead to their deaths, which is why it's much more common to see small fish than large die in the same tank. Luckily we're not fish, so we can choose which fishbowls to swim in.

In each fishbowl you're *directly* competing with other men even though it may not be obvious on the surface. Are you putting yourself in environments where you have the advantage? Are you in fishbowls with girls who are looking for a guy of your type? Or are you putting yourself in fishbowls with aggressive piranhas that are outcompeting you for food?

It doesn't make much sense to socialize with girls who don't appreciate men with your look, style, and vibe. Same for competing against guys who have large advantages over you. If you continually find yourself in that situation, it's time to find another fishbowl. Here are three things to keep in mind:

1. Location is everything. Choose venues that give you a game advantage. It should match your personality and style as well as your game skill level. The crowd, lighting, music, and noise level should all allow you to display your best game and nothing less. Understand that not everyone has the type of game that works in a loud club. In that case the solution may be as simple as going to a smaller or quieter bar. Or maybe your modest style and job mean you should hang out in the working class part of town instead of the trendier areas. You should be going to places where you have a comparative advantage over other men.

2. Be wanted. What type of girls are looking for a guy like you? Are they light-skinned black college girls? Educated white girls? Working-class Latinas? Artsy girls? Party Girls? Vegan girls? Identify the types of girls that you connect with—the girls that "get" you and appreciate you—by trying out a variety of venues and noting how you're treated.

It's important to choose locations where the girls like your style and will respond to your type of game. If you're a tall white guy with blonde hair, maybe you should focus on the salsa clubs where you're more likely to stand out than the Irish pubs where most guys look like you.

3. Commonalities. If you meet a girl who shares your interests, you'll obviously be able to connect with her much easier. If you are an academic type who likes intellectual

conversation, don’t waste your time at a bar full of girls who like frat guys. Instead you would do better at bookstores, coffee shops, college libraries, organic markets, museum events, and running clubs. What are your interests? Which places have girls who have those same interests? Go to those places.

I definitely use the fishbowl concept to help me in my dating life. When I turned 21, I couldn’t wait to go to the hottest nightclub in San Francisco that had girls who were the “cream of the crop”—the most beautiful ones in the city. Of course this club also attracted plenty of local professional athletes and celebrities. I put on my best clubbing clothes, waited in line for half an hour, and paid thirty bucks to get in.

That was retarded, because I couldn’t compete or operate in that environment. My clothes were nice and tasteful, but they were from Sears. My conversational skills were strong enough to get girls talking to me, but I wasn’t getting a strong sexual vibe from any of them. The girls at that club were not looking for a guy like me—they were looking for men with power and status. I was in the wrong place.

The very next night I went to a local college bar. People knew me. My appearance fit in more with what girls were looking for. I had some status. That night I met a girl who played soccer at the same college that I went to. She took me home, all because I wasn’t a little fish in the college bar fishbowl.

As I’ve gotten older and improved my game, I’ve identified places where girls are most receptive to me. As a health nut, that means I do well in health clubs, health food stores, college fitness classes, outdoor athletic events, and farmers markets. Those are my fishbowls where I’m bigger than most of the other fish. You’re either a predator fish or a little goldfish struggling for a meal, having to settle for partially digested scraps left by a fish stronger than you.

So which fishbowls are you swimming in?

The Benefits Of Living In Second-Tier International Cities

June 28, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A second-tier city is generally not among the top three most interesting cities of a country. Most travelers only stay in one for a short amount of time, usually a weekend. You know you're in a second-tier city when a girl asks you *why* you're there, like you're crazy not to be somewhere else.

The first second-tier city I lived in for a while was Cordoba, Argentina. It's well-known and gets a lot of play in Lonely Planet, but your average visitor only stays to party for a few nights before settling in Buenos Aires. While I didn't slay much pussy there (my best lay was a Brazilian), I enjoyed the vibe more than Buenos Aires. It was more *tranquilo* with friendlier, pretty girls who were excited to meet me since they rarely ran into tourists. Costs were also cheaper. However, knowing what I know now, Cordoba isn't nearly second-tier enough. If I go back to Argentina one day, which I won't, I'd pick a smaller city.

The point of staying in a second-tier city is to leverage your foreign status in a place where girls don't usually meet foreigners. The thinking goes that the higher your exotic status, the easier it will be to get girls in the sack. At the minimum, girls will be more receptive to your approach.

Here are some general pros and cons of a second-tier strategy:

Pros

- You stand out more
- Girls view you as novel
- Cheaper cost of living
- Easier to find a niche since city will be smaller

Cons

- More boring
- May have more limited female selection
- Harder to find short-term apartment rentals
- Nightlife can be quieter during the week

One thing I want to make clear is that you don't have to go to a second-tier city to get laid. I spent quite a bit of time in Medellin and Rio, meccas to horny men from around the world, and still pulled fine in spite of the fact that in some bars I'd see a 4:1 ratio of gringos to locals. In some cases, it's actually better to visit a top-tier city because the girls are more used to men from your culture. One of your peers has already cracked a nut that you can now eat without spending much time and energy. These "English

groupies" will be easy, but trust me when I say they're not particularly attractive.

I want to be the nutcracker, not the tenth Western guy a girl has fucked. I also enjoy the feeling of being the only foreigner in a bar. While that's not necessary to get laid, being the most exotic guy in a place gives me a confidence boost. It's kind of like working out at the gym. Your muscles are barely bigger than a month prior, but you *feel* more confident, so it translates into tighter game. My best game comes out when I know I'm a special little snowflake.

Another benefit of a second-tier city is that you can achieve rock star status thanks to decreased (or non-existent) competition. If you get an apartment in a good area of town, build up a little social circle, and find your niche spots, you can do far better than if you were in a top-tier city. The fruit of the second-tier city may take longer to ripen, but it's more juicy.

If you're only going somewhere for a week, then you might as well hit the top-tier spot, but if you have more than two weeks, strongly consider a second-tier city. Here is a sampling:

Argentina: Tucuman, Sante Fe
Brazil: Brasilia, Belo Horizonte, Vitoria
Bulgaria: Plovdiv
Colombia: Manizales, Pereira
Denmark: Aarhus
Estonia: Tartu
Germany: Frankfurt, Stuttgart
Poland: Wroclaw, Poznan, Katowice
Russia: Nizhny Novgorod
Spain: Zaragoza
Sweden: Gothenburg
Ukraine: Lviv

One way to find a second-tier city is to google "list of cities in [country name]." Pick the city you've never heard of that has roughly 500,000 citizens and you'll be in second-tier paradise (less than 300,000 and it may be too small). Some tiny countries, such as ones in Eastern Europe, have second-tier cities that are more like villages, so in that case just hit the capital. The forum has two great threads on second-tier cities:

- Second Tier Cities
- Swooping In American Tier Two Cities

I wrote this from a little studio in Poznan, Poland. I'm five minutes walking distance from the main nightlife area. I can't confirm it but I believe I'm the only American living here who isn't a student. When I tell a girl "I live here," I wish you could see how their cute little Slavic faces light up. The only thing luckier than being an American slaying Polish women is being a Polish girl in a mediocre city meeting a cool American (her first) who has his own place. For a man who wants to work less in getting better responses from

women, second-tier cities are the way to go.

How Baking Soda Changed My Life

June 30, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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

- **Trimming my armpit hair.** I've read that the odor comes from bacteria on the hair, but taking it off only marginally helped.
- **Aluminum based deodorants.** I sweat so profusely that the aluminum barely puts a dent on the river-like flow.
- **Deodorant stones.** Two applications a day definitely helped, but the odor stubbornly remained.
- **Direct application of 70-90% isopropyl alcohol.** I got this idea from working in a laboratory where we used alcohol as a sterilizer. If I washed my armpits twice a day and sprayed afterwards, the smell was greatly reduced, but it was too labor intensive.

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

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

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

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

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

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

How I Planted The Seed Of A Revenge Cockblock

July 4, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Recently I was at my Poland "hack bar," the place where I can run the same old game week in, week out and get consistent results. Once I find this bar in a city I don't even bother going to other venues because of the huge risk involved in not hitting up a place where I pull like a champion.

I was standing in my usual spot, checking out the local talent, when a nice brunette (7.5) came up right next to me and smiled. We started talking. She had a large group of friends with her, one of whom was a little girl with a thick British accent. She was arrogant, trying to make fun of my American accent by saying it wasn't "proper." Then she used the word "hearer." I politely corrected her and said the correct word is "listener," since I've never heard of hearer before.

"But hearer is a word in Britain," she said.

"I'll take your word for it."

"It's much better than listener. I only use hearer."

I turned on the sarcasm: "Yeah I definitely came out tonight to have a gladiator battle about the word hearer. Are you British?"

"No, I'm Polish."

"Well you seem British," I said. "You're cocky like them."

"Thanks!"

"No, that's not a compliment. It's ugly when a girl is cocky. I don't know any guy who likes that. Polish girls are ten times better, so you should act more Polish."

"Whatever!" she said.

Then the brunette's beta orbiter wanted to practice his English with me. I felt like the American clown for a little while, engaging the entire group, until finally I settled into a one-on-one with the brunette.

I've banged Polish girls who showed half the interest that she did. She approached me (practically), laughed at my lamest jokes, and remarked how she has never met an American guy who looked Spanish before. Polish girls like both Americans and Spaniards so I was like the best of both worlds. Her smile was constant and bright while talking to me. I may have been her dream man.

Then suddenly another one of her friends who I hadn't noticed before squeezed through the circle and grabbed the brunette, pulling her away to dance. It was a blatant cockblock by an ugly broad who I guarantee lived abroad in England or America. Where else would she learn such anti-social behavior?

The brunette turned her face toward me and smiled, as if saying she wanted to stay. She said, "I'll be back," then let her friend finish off the cockblock. I began to wonder if the

hearer orchestrated it from afar.

I'll admit I liked her. She was a girl-next-door type whose slow stares and pouty lips hinted toward a ravenous slut lurking somewhere inside. But she made the decision to end the conversation at its peak, saying in so many words that her friendship with the ugly girl was more important than meeting a man she liked. I have no sympathy for girls who make this decision. If she can't tell her ugly friends to back off for a night then she's not serious about fucking.

It took 20 minutes for me to meet another girl, a blonde (6.5). I don't know if I'm giving her a lower rating because I'm partial to brunettes, but she was looking good in four-inch heels and a tight top. Her breasts, I would later find out, were E cups, but she had such low body fat that she looked like a lollipop. She understood the power of her boobs, and started touching me with them, nearly knocking me over because of their immense size.

Within a few minutes my boner was raging. She playfully hit me when I told her I wanted to take her home and make sex with her, but seemed disappointed when I told her I was an ass man. She let me inspect her ass with my hands. "It's nice, but very average," I said. She hit me again. We were having a great time flirting, and all signs pointed to a happy ending for the night.

The brunette came back, about one hour after she first left. She stood right next to me and stared, looking annoyed. I decided that I was going to help her.

"Hey blonde, this is my friend, the brunette." They chatted for a while until I eased back into talking to the brunette. She tried to position herself between me and the blonde. The blonde saw this and got agitated, but I put my hand on her side to let her know that I wasn't trying to ditch her, that she was my ho for the night.

"We were talking and you just left," I told the brunette.

"My friends wanted to dance," she said.

"It was rude how your unattractive friend interrupted like that. Is she your babysitter?"

"No she's not, but we can talk now."

"I would, but I met someone else. Sorry." Her face dropped. I took the blonde to the dance floor.

I hurt the brunette for one reason: so she could directly see the damage that her supposed "friend" did to her. I clearly pointed out the cause and effect relationship of her friend's cockblocking that even a retard could connect. She will now resent that friend and cockblock her sometime in the future, meaning my revenge seed is already planted and will be delivered without me even knowing.

Should I have given up on the blonde for a girl that I liked a little better? Should I have made an attempt to at least get the brunette's number?

No.

The best any man can do is give a girl an opportunity to connect with him. If she passes on that opportunity and he continues to pursue her, he needs to explain to his dick why he only likes imagining about getting pussy instead of actually fucking pussy. I'm in the

business of getting laid, not waiting for girls to finally come around and realize I’m a decent guy. We’re not in the age of Casanova where multiple letters over a span of months is required to fuck women. Courtship is as dead as the telegram. Tonight you can meet a girl, talk for a couple hours, and take her to bed. There’s no reason to jump through hoops, and the more hoops you have to jump through, the more likely you’ll walk away empty-handed.

I took the blonde home and beat up her pussy like I just came out of prison. She had to tell me several times to slow down because I was thrusting like a demon gorilla. Condom use was sparse.

Needless to say but her breasts were the biggest I’ve ever experienced. Watching them flop around while she lay on her back getting pounded was one of the best sexual highlights of my time in Poland so far.

Man’s Resistance To Change

July 6, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

“When a man realizes that he has been changing continuously every moment, he grieves neither for what he has lost nor for what he has gained.”

Not many Americans subscribe to Buddhist philosophy, which states that all life is impermanent and in a constant state of transition. This includes things you may see as everlasting, like your personality, humor, or attitude. You may think that your essence is permanent enough that it can be locked up in a bottle and retrieved a month or year from now, but your environment and experiences are changing you every hour of every day.

A denial of change is what Buddhism claims to be the primary source of human suffering. A modern example is people who refuse to accept the aging process of the human body, putting it through plastic surgeries that make them, ironically, less human in appearance. Another is the denial of death, of worrying so much about extending your life through an obsessive-compulsive approach to health that you forget to live it.

The average man who comes to me to learn about women wants to change his results, but not what he considers to be his self. He wants to learn the “magic bullet,” the one little item he thinks will significantly increase his results, without having to make wholesale changes to his behaviors or routines. I consider this to be his biggest stumbling block to success. He wants to meet a lot of women, but he doesn’t want to approach outside of his social circle. He wants tight day game, but he isn’t willing to dedicate two hours a week to day approaching. He wants fast bangs, but he doesn’t want to go to bars or clubs. He wants hot girls, but he isn’t willing to build up his skills by first getting with more average women.

In fact, the “magic bullet” is one of the most commonly used marketing strategies out there. Real estate seminars, get-rich books, and even mainstream publications like *The 4 Hour Body* advertise how just a tiny bit of work on your part will get you exactly what you want. There’s only one or two things you’re not doing that will completely change your life! You can remain the same you, keep your routine, and not have to commit to a long journey of improvement! This marketing gimmick is taken to its logical conclusion with a $93 game book called… wait for it… *Magic Bullets*.

I think of man as a collection of computer programs, perfectly designed systems for accomplishing a defined set of tasks, whether it’s excelling at a specific job, being good with women, being a drug addict, or the countless other lifestyles and behaviors that humans live. When it comes time for man to change, he wants to use his existing number counting program, for example, on something that doesn’t even involve numbers. He doesn’t want to write a new program.

Change can only come when new programs are written, which alters the relationships between all the other programs. The end result in a newer, upgraded operating system. Only by accepting change and realizing that who you are now will be gone forever—and

would never last forever in the first place—will you get closer to becoming the person you want.

If you want to make big improvements to your life then you have to accept the possibility that one day you won't completely recognize who you see in the mirror. Disregard the Western concept of "self" and work hard until you finish writing the new program that accomplishes your goals. This already happens under you nose, but to speed up the process you should consciously embrace it. It's better to achieve success as a "new" person than stay the same and never get what you want.

15 Reasons Why Washington DC Sucks For Guys

July 10, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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1. There aren't many attractive women. Most are sloppy, ugly, fat, and don't care about looking good for men.

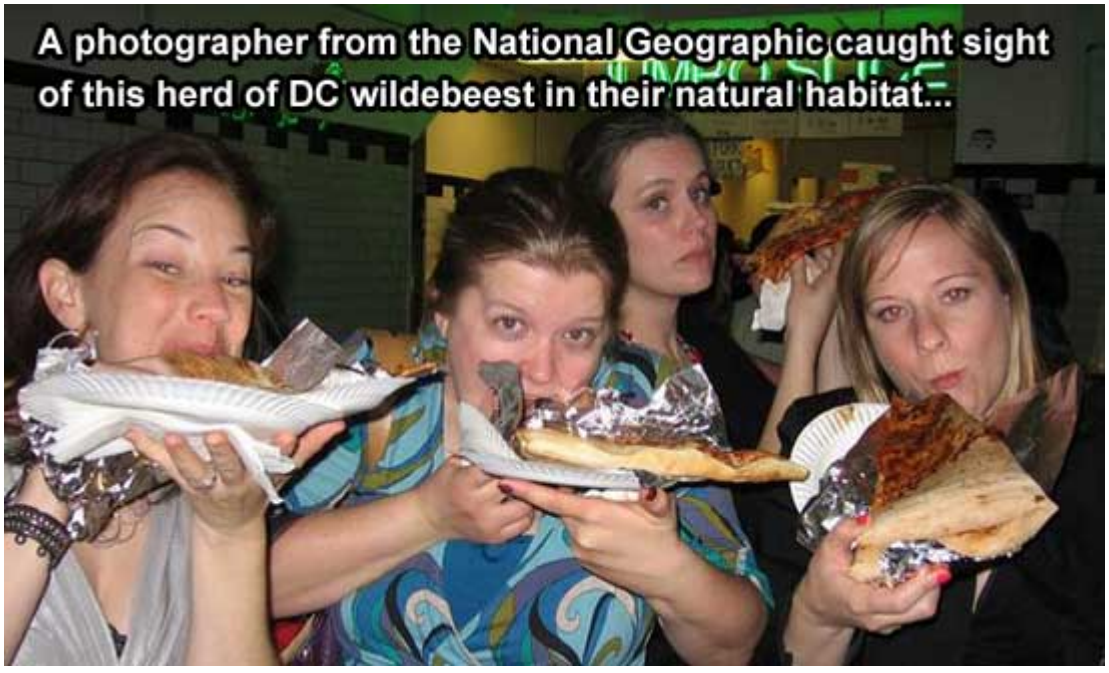
"DC has a lot of over-educated white girls who could stand to lose 20 lbs. They have decidedly average faces. Said women believe that their education level and wack governmentalish type job makes them more of a catch than looking photogenic and being feminine… " #

"I remember my first year here when it was not unusual to go to bars or clubs and see a good ratio of attractive women to men. Unfortunately things have changed drastically. Even the few girls that are out… a lot of them are unattractive. A few of the attractive girls I have smashed have also told me they thought the women here were mostly ugly. This creates a problem for single men. The pool of attractive women is a lot smaller here then it is in LA/NYC or Miami." #

"There's a map that claims that there is a higher proportion of single women to men in the DC area. But it doesn't take into account that a lot of women don't really take care of themselves like they do out west. Most of the girls that move out here don't come to pursue modeling careers. It's also cold half of the year. Not as much pressure to stay in shape." #

"The only chicks who move to DC seem to be chubby, pasty white girls who have grad degrees in Poly Sci or Public Relations (or some other bullshit) and want to work in a gubbymint job or for a non-profit." #

"Go out to a bar in DC this weekend. The few girls that you even see out will put very little effort into their dress. Is it so hard to put on makeup and high heels at least? I guess they can get away with it because there is very little competition here." #



2. The city has boring, cookie-cutter people.

"The problem with DC is the majority of industries it caters to have boring, lackluster people (law and government). Government workers are the laziest, blandest, most depressing, least passionate people around and that becomes somewhat contagious. They go through the motions and count the days to retirement but they enjoy the security of a government job. The other problem is 3/4 of the city is off-limits if you aren't looking to get shot and robbed." #

"It's pretty conformist, bourgeois and relatively upscale. If your goal is simply to have a stable, upper-middle class lifestyle and you are fairly conservative, it may be the city for you. It's more for people who work, want to unwind on the weekends and mostly seem to have steady girlfriends or maybe date around somewhat. However, DC does seem to weed out the extremes of society including real creative energy and excitement." #

"DC has always drawn lots of consultants who come here with job offers directly out of college with the Booz Allen, Accenture, and PWC's of the world. Sure, some of them are hot, but it's more the homely academic type. You also get a lot of the khaki-wearing men who put the girls on a pedestal, giving them an increasing sense of self-worth. It's kind of funny… last time I was in LA at the beach area and saw several smokin hot chicks with guys who had the emo band look, tight jeans, crazy hair, etc. That's something you rarely if ever see here." #

3. Regardless of what surveys or Census figures say, Washington DC is the biggest sausagefest on the Eastern seaboard. This is obvious to anyone who has been out on a Saturday night.

"My sister just moved from NYC last year and really hated it, primarily because she felt like she was surrounded by government drones with no personality, but when she found out she could go out to a bar with 5 dollars in her pocket and have guys buy her drinks all night, she quickly changed her mind." #

4. It forces you to lower your standards and date low-quality girls you would've never previously considered.

"The amount of guys i know that married a DC girl is minimal, and those guys married down. I don't know one guy from DC who is married to a girl from this area where I thought to myself 'Wow, good for him, that's a nice pull.'" #

5. The few girls who are pretty have princess attitudes because of all the attention they get from the surplus of desperate, horny men.

"You get a few hotties at some of the consulting companies (Accenture is pretty good about hiring hot chicks), but they're in the overwhelming minority and benefit from a supply/demand issue. Also, the ones who are attractive and have grown up in the area are basically spoiled princesses who have been having their asses kissed their whole lives and have no concept of reality." #

6. The city is rapidly exporting cool, attractive people while importing ugly political nerds from the Midwest or upstate New York who insist on wearing flip-flops all the time.

"I went down there with a buddy this past summer for 3-4 days and hopped from Dupont, Adams Morgan, and U Street. We hit the happy hour spots on a Thurs/Friday. Nothing. Whatever talent I remember DC having has left." #

"Does anybody remember south of dupont back in 07/08? Sooo many chicks just walking around. I remember the first time I went to Play lounge (midtown) back then. The place was packed with women. Then you'd step outside and the sidewalks had girls coming out of 1223. 1223 is gone and now it's called Dirty Martini and it's not even a club anymore. Heck even Lucky Bar used to be great. That place was like shooting fish in barrel.

"Now it's terrible (low quality and a sausagefest)… I was at Public and Rumors last weekend and it was such a sausage party. Do you remember the Park at 14th back in 08/09? Two years ago I went to their international night and it was four floors of model-looking chicks of every race. It used to be diverse and high quality. Now it's ghetto as hell. Recently an NFL player got stabbed outside of there. Even during the day and after work Dupont used to have a lot of hot girls walking around. Now it's a lot less. Not sure what happened. I'm glad I'm not the only one who has noticed." #

7. There aren't enough cute white girls for white men who don't want to date minorities.

"Without sounding like a racist, this is what is killing DC nightlife for me. I'm a white dude and I like white girls with a few exceptions here and there. The demographics of this area have shifted dramatically where there are so many Asians, Middle Easterns, blacks, and Hispanics that 1/5 of the girls out that night are actually white (and that doesn't mean they are slim or attractive or single). Because so many people work for the government some way or another and make decent money, there is no income segregation and all the races party at the same places. There is a shortage of white girls and girls from Latin American countries like Brazil or Argentina." #

"I think last time I was at Modern I felt like I was in Asia." #

8. Women who live in DC gradually become status whores, obsessed with what you do and if you're getting a table at the newest club on K Street.

“A ton of status whoring, fake people, degree chasers, one uppers, the ‘I care less than you do’ crowd.” #

“First conversation starter is always “What’s your job?” Lame just lame.” #

“DC women are very superficial… they are sizing you up to see how you can benefit them and their career. People live to work in this city… they all will have law degree’s, mba’s or some silly phd and they will make sure that’s the first thing you know about them. They’re gonna be looking at your clothes, car, and all the other dumb shit they use to measure you.” #

“Just about every 6+ chick found in a DC bar/club thinks she’s a 10 and has her 24-7 bitch shield up. Shoot, I am a white dude who works out constantly (9% body fat only), dresses sharp and makes it a point to always smile (I have nice teeth), yet the number of times girls give me the eye roll here is unreal! Sometimes, I dream of being a tall celebrity cat as that seems to be about the only foolproof method of getting GOOD-LOOKING women in DC.” #

9. Recent implants have sucked all the character out of neighborhoods by supporting soulless corporate chains. Soon the only stores in the city will be Starbucks, Potbelly, Chipotle, or cupcake shops.

“Neighborhoods filled with culture and diversity are being dissolved and turned into breeding grounds for kids trying to slum it with the safety of a Whole Foods in the vicinity.” #

10. Adams Morgan turns into an open-air ghetto on weekend nights during the summer. You can’t walk around after last call without wannabe thugs making derogatory comments at your girl.

11. There are not as many young and nubile au-pairs coming into the city as before.

“I’ve also noticed that the au-pair market has shrunk. I dated some au-pairs back in ’05-06 and although it was transient, at least I wasn’t lonely. But that avenue seems very diminished now.” #

“Cosign on the decreased au pair sightings. They used to be dime a dozen five years ago. There are so few that the fat Polish girl who would get no love back in her hometown is

getting approached 20 times a night in DC. I knew a mediocre Brazilian girl (a 5) come to DC and tell me how amazing it is that guys offer to buy her drinks and take her for rides on boats (Georgetown). She loved the city of course. Back in Brazil she was a nobody." #

12. It's one of the most expensive cities to live in the United States , yet the girls are bottom of the barrel and still expect to be treated like NYC models.

13. The subway system is managed by retards, resulting in a high loss of life for a public transportation system in a first world city.

14. The weather sucks. It's an intolerable swamp in the summer and cold enough in the winter that most women hibernate with their vibrators.

15. The HIV rate is the highest in America, exceeding that of many African nations.

In conclusion, Washington DC fucking sucks. I feel sorry for your dick if you live there.

I Took An HIV Test

July 12, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The last time I got an HIV test was in 2002, a year after I discovered game and began dabbling in sex without condoms. One early incident scared me: I played just-the-tip with a girl who was on her period. I waited a couple months then went to an anonymous clinic for an HIV test. The result was negative but the anxiety of waiting for it made me swear never to get tested again unless I had to.

I walked into the clinic and sat in the waiting room. My doctor was an attractive Polish woman in her 40s with blonde hair and high cheekbones. I told her that I wanted to get tested for every STD known to man. She filled out some paperwork and sent me to get my blood drawn.

I hated using condoms. It felt like eating steak with a bag on my tongue. I constructed an unscientific method to tell if a girl was "clean" or not, but I still contracted molluscum and nonspecific urethritis. I didn't know who gave me either since both times I was fucking multiple girls without condoms.

I asked the nurse how long it would take to get my results. "One week," she said. You'd think in 2011 the blood test would be faster. I had plans to travel to another city the week after; should I postpone the trip just in case I was positive? I didn't want to make any big decisions until I knew the result.

I've long ago stopped examining my dick. Otherwise I'd be in the doctor's office every other month for something I couldn't explain. Three years ago I got tested for everything except HIV and was shocked that I didn't have anything, especially herpes. I've also been through several pregnancy scares from using the pull-out method on girls who weren't on the pill. I came out from those unscathed. I'd go stretches of being safe only to regress back to fucking every girl without a condom. I knew it was self-destructive, but I couldn't stop.

Two days after the test I fucked a new girl. She was very pretty and seemed clean. She wanted it raw so I gave it to her raw. I got mad at myself for not waiting a couple more days for my result before putting her in potential danger. Already the test would not be current, but I needed to get the previous nine years off my back.

I like to think I'm an intelligent man. I know that I can fucking die from getting HIV. I know that condoms protect against that. When I go out at night I have a condom in my pocket and intend to use it, but something happens to my brain when you put a naked woman in front of me. I lose all logic and reason. If the girl seems clean and doesn't make me put on a condom, then I'm not using one, even on one-night stands.

That week I patiently waited for the result. I wasn't as nervous as I thought I'd be. It was what it was, and no worrying would change the outcome. I stayed off Google and kept myself busy by focusing on work. Three days before the test, I had a date with my favorite Polish girl. She always forced me to use a condom so I knew she was safe, but I

wondered what I would tell her if I tested positive. Our relationship would probably end.

I think I understand why Tiger Woods went raw on all those strippers and porn stars: it feels good. Yes, he could have put his wife's health in jeopardy, and yes, he could be exposing himself to god knows what, but that's not what we think about when the girl wants our naked dick inside her. You think about feeling good and nothing else. It's like a drug.

Three more days until the result. I was less scared of HIV the disease than the changes I would have to make because of it. I didn't want to change anything. I wanted to keep fucking as many girls as I wanted without worrying about having something that could kill myself or my partners. I didn't want the party to end.

In the nine years I didn't get tested for HIV, I've had over a dozen sexual encounters that deeply concerned me. It was usually the rough sex episodes that left my dick feeling like raw meat. During my second trip to South America, I had a couple of strange flu-like illnesses. I wondered if one of those could be acute HIV syndrome, but I was too scared to get tested. I continued fucking raw. It didn't help that girls rarely asked me if I had been tested. If they did I'd say, "I don't think I have anything." That was good enough for them.

I had trouble sleeping the night before getting my result. What if? I lay in bed, wondering. I said to myself, "Stop being such a pussy. If you have it then you'll deal with it just like everything else you've dealt with in life." But how many girls did I give it to? Am I the grim reaper?

The anxiety of my unknown HIV status increased with each new girl I fucked, whether I used a condom or not. I would make myself feel better by reading articles about how hard it was to contract HIV from heterosexual sex, but that no longer helped while in Poland after feeling tired and weak for two weeks. It got to the point where I so convinced myself I was positive that I had to get tested to start treatment so I didn't die. I couldn't postpone it any longer.

I sat down on the chair outside my doctor's office. My body was shaking. I saw the receptionist hand off my results in a sealed envelope. I felt like my future was written on that piece of paper. My life may come down to this one moment in a small Polish clinic. I wanted to run out of the building, return to my apartment, and pretend everything was okay.

One day everything will change, and I will have to say goodbye to the current life I have.

The doctor called me in. My legs barely carried me to her desk. I sat down and blurted out, "I'm really nervous." She laughed and said, "You're fine. You don't have anything." I left her office and bought a cone of ice cream.

One day everything will change, but not today.

Don’t Worry About How You’ll Break Up With Her

July 14, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

For a guy new in the game and not used to crushing hearts, one of his biggest concerns is how to end things with a girl he just wants to have sex with once or twice. In some cases, he chickens out on the bang because he knows deep down in his gooey core that he doesn’t want a serious relationship. After knowing girls for only an hour, he imagines how a relationship would pan out and any other potential issues that would prevent long-term compatibility. He focuses on avoiding drama and discomfort instead of getting laid.

I knew a guy who would not have sex with a girl he didn’t feel crazy about. “It’s not fair to her if I have sex when my feelings aren’t strong. I don’t want to hurt her.” I asked him two questions:

1. “Are you so self-absorbed to think a girl is going to fall for you after sex?”

2. “Why are you so scared to let a girl know that you’re a sexual being who wants sex? Are you not a real man?”

(I guess that was three questions.)

I told him, “Girls want to fuck too. If it’s not you, it’ll be some other guy, and whether you love her or not doesn’t change the fact that she needs dick just as bad as you need pussy.”

Caring about a woman’s feelings is foolish because I guarantee you that she doesn’t give a fuck about yours. In other words, caring is a form of supplication, a hallmark Compliment & Cuddle trait. One thing that separates the elite players from those in the minor leagues is that the former has the killer instinct of a Spartan warrior who sacrifices his body to the gods during every battle without worrying about the outcome. He fights (fucks) first and evaluates afterward, assuming he survives.

Personally, it’s impossible for me to judge the quality of a woman until I fuck her, and before that I don’t even think about any future lovey-dovey scenarios. Not until I bust my first nut do I decide if I want to do it again or deposit her on the curb. If I’m not interested in her and she tries to see me again, here’s what I say:

“You’re a nice girl, but I don’t think we’re a good fit. Let’s just be friends.”

If you don’t like a girl, the only cost to you is those sixteen words. You can even send this as a text message.

As hard as this may be for you to believe, a woman respects a man more who only wants her for sex, while resenting the man who catches true feelings for her. If she is able to capture your heart in a short amount of time, that tells her that she could do a lot better. By letting her know that your interest in her was short-term, you fulfill her fantasy of hooking up with a high-value man who is unattainable. By dumping her after sex, you actually **improve** the quality of her life. Yes, you read that right: pumping and dumping a girl does her a favor. You give her something to hope for (the return of your cock), along with a painful story that brings her closer to her friends. Hell, if you dumped her without

any lame apologies then you could end up fucking her friends, too.

It’s Okay To Be A Beta Male

July 17, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

From reading my blog and others, it’s easy to conclude that male behavior is either white or black. If you’re beta then you’re a virgin who will never get laid. If you’re alpha then women want you to cum inside them on a Colombian bus.

It’s more accurate to say that alpha-beta qualities fit on a line, with a multitude of traits determining if you lean alpha or lean beta.

I still have many beta traits. Off the top of my head:

- I get sentimental easily, making short relationships more important in my mind than they really are.
- I can be overly affectionate, both verbally and physically, which usually turns off Western women.
- I don’t let girls pay (as long as I have money), even if they have a decent job.
- I’m willing to travel long distances to have sex with a woman that I like.

These are qualities that I’m no longer working on eliminating because I’ve learned that they do not hurt my chances with women who are my type. While being overly affectionate may cost me with an American girl, it does not with Colombian, Brazilian, and Polish women, who are overly affectionate themselves. If I want to sleep with American women, I consciously make changes to my “problem” traits to ensure I still get laid.

I’ve learned that it’s okay for a man to have many beta traits as long as his behavior does not stem from insecurity. If he’s beta because he longs for assurances and acceptance, he will have a problem getting women no matter what, but if his beta traits are quirks of his nature that make him have a “soft heart,” then he will not be punished as severely.

The beta who gets laid does things with women because that’s who he is and that’s what he wants to do with his women. The beta who doesn’t get laid does things because he’s trying to win her over or overcompensate for his insecurities. It’s not the behavior but the intent behind it that gets interpreted and judged by women. They can feel the difference between a man who says he likes her because he enjoys her company or the man who says that because he’s hoping she will like him back.

If you’re a hopelessly sentimental beta, there are three traits you must have if you want to be sexually succesful in a Western country:

1. Confidence. You must have a high opinion of yourself. This is built from success in sports, weight training, or fucking. It also comes from completing ambitious projects.

2. Approach Skill. You must have enough interactions with the opposite sex to meet a girl who is buying what you’re selling (your personality or look). I don’t care how confident you are, but you’re not going to get laid if you don’t meet enough women.

3. Sexual Persistence. You can’t wait all day for a girl to make it be known that she wants to have sex with you. You must make it happen by constantly escalating in the face

of her token resistance.

After mastering these traits you can throw in other things like style, proper venue selection, tighter game, coolness and so on to become a more valuable man that gets frequently chosen for sex. But then again I wonder if any man who has confidence, approach skill, and sexual persistence can still be classified as “beta.” Either way, it’s very rare for the most alpha of alphas not to have at least a beta trait or two simmering underneath their armor.

When I’m in America I actively repress my beta urges, and it’s not hard because of the antagonistic feelings I have with the women I meet there, but in a place like Poland I let beta Roosh run wild and free to be rewarded with more sex than ever. It’s an amazing thing to sincerely compliment a woman, kiss her with passion, and divulge your feelings for her to receive mind-blowing sex and her desire to get into a relationship with you. In America that simply does not happen.

It comes down to identifying the beta traits you have and finding out if they are costing you sex or not. If they are, can you work on changing or minimizing them? Do you *want* to change or minimize them? If not then either you have to accept less sex or move to a place where those traits are wanted, such as South America or Eastern Europe. Minimize or move—pick one.

The No-Dating Challenge For Intermediate Players

July 19, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

What exactly is a date? It's a meeting with a member of the opposite sex at a time determined at least a few hours in advance. It takes a modicum of planning and commitment.

The Challenge*: For three months, I don't want you to go on a single date with a girl you haven't already had sex with.*

Should you choose to accept this challenge, you will display extreme reluctance in getting phone numbers before either make outs or strong displays of interest on the girl's part. Her number is not even in your mind because you're going for it all—the vagina. Your only option for meeting a girl is via texting while you're already out by inviting her to the place you're at.

I undertook this challenge last summer, and the results were telling: I got more bangs with the prettiest girls than any other summer in DC. Remember that I did all this without having to seduce a girl on a date (the "dates" I went on were with girls I had already defiled). Dating before sex was actually detrimental to my sex goal since so many girls during the summer want the *immediate* satisfaction of having a cock with Middle Eastern ancestry inside them.

Today's culture is making girls so used to getting what they want when they want it that dating unnecessarily delays their entitled pleasure. I took advantage of that through my normal strategy of **Always Be Weaseling (ABW)**, where I push for a venue change to her place or my father's car at the end of the night.

Unfortunately, things are a little different in the winter. Girls are going out with bushy vaginas and unshaved legs, not having washed in days. They are not prepared to receive my veiny penis, so one-night stands are triply hard during this season. Therefore I don't recommend you try this experiment when it's cold outside since it may not be clear how effective it really is.

If you already have a few one-night stands under your belt, meaning you know at least one way to make it work, I'm confident the no-dating strategy will lead to more sex for you. The irony of this technique is that it led to more "mini-relationships" for me with girls who did not flake on subsequent dates. There's an anti-flaking strategy right there for you: fuck the girl immediately before you even need to use the phone.

How Important Is It For A Man To Suffer And Bleed?

July 21, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Here's a comment from the forum:

> I love Poland. A true globetrotting playboy knows when it's time to kick back and enjoy low-hanging fruit, and when it's time to get down and bleed. Poland for the former, while places like Argentina and Spain for the latter.
>
> After a few months of bliss, boredom and complacency sets in, and you're longing for girls to feign indifference and play a mind game or two rather than show their cards right away. As a man, I just love the novelty and struggle of the chase too much, otherwise I'd live there forever. Great in the short-term though.

Not all guys have great success in Poland, but if you have the right key then the girls put out surprisingly fast.

I have the right key.

My game is not going up in Poland because what I had before arriving was insanely overkill. I came packing nuclear bombs when all I needed were slingshots. About two months in, I started to get "bored" of banging so much. I wanted to go somewhere else where I would struggle a bit and then have to come up with new methods or tactics. And then I slapped the fuck out of myself.

I bled for four years in high school, unable to talk to a pretty girl without urinating in my pants.

I bled for four years in college, constantly stuck in the friends zone with girls I hoped would give me pity sex.

I bled for nearly a decade in DC, improving my game on career-driven cunts who didn't make me happy.

I bled for six months on my first South America trip, trying to figure out why my DC game wasn't working on Latin girls, all while shitting my brains out due to various infections.

I bled for two months in Denmark on girls who were even worse than the DC girls I hated.

And then a short while into Poland I considered leaving because I believed that struggling was necessary to my growth as a man. Truth is I'm not sure how to live without bleeding.

I look at my reflection in the mirror a little longer these days, to make sure what I'm experiencing is real. I savor the moment because soon I will become numb to what is making me happy right now. I will stay in Poland until I no longer care about sex, until I need to give my dick a rest, until the thought of fucking another 110 pound Polish girl disgusts me. I will stay in Poland until I get deported. Maybe this will take another month, maybe another three months, maybe longer, but I would be a damn fool to leave when all my dreams are being met in a place that is as close to natural viagra as I've found.

I originally planned on some grand European voyage of visiting ten countries, but now

that’s out the window. I will stay in Poland indefinitely, because I don’t want to bleed anymore.

How To Pull A Robbery

July 24, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The problem we face at night is that there are too many horny guys who approach as much as we do. If you wait for girls to be alone, you will have a lower selection than if you also approach girls who may already be talking to guys. While it doesn't make any sense to hit on girls with boyfriends, it's not a bad idea to hit on girls who are in the process of getting gamed. Here's how to do it:

1. Pick the right target. A girl who's a good robbery candidate will be talking to a guy that she has not yet kissed, meaning he's not her boyfriend or fuck buddy. She should not be intimately touching him, though it's fine if he's touching her. If they're kissing, don't bother. While you can pull robberies when the girl's two-year boyfriend is in the same club (I have), it's more of a crap shoot.

Robbery Countermeasure: Make out with girls quickly, in under an hour.

2. Patiently wait for him to get distracted. A lot of things happen in a bar when a guy has to turn away. Maybe his buddy wants to tell him something (my favorite), he has to go to the bathroom (less frequent), or he has to go to the bar to get a drink. You'll need one of these distractions where his focus will be taken off the chick for at least 30 seconds.

The most common failed robbery attempt I see is when a drunk idiot tries to approach a girl on the dance floor who's actively dancing with another guy. This will result in failure because a girl will not indulge your approach if she's in the middle of the interaction. The pause is needed. For the first few seconds of your approach, the robbery victim shouldn't even know that his prospect is getting hollered at. He should back turn around, see his chick enjoying a chat with you, and think, "What the fuck?"

Robbery Countermeasure: Do not let your girl out of your sight until you make out with her. Hold your urine until you get the kiss. Going to the bathroom on a girl you haven't kissed is a risk in sausagefest environments.

3. During the pause in their conversation, do your standard approach. No special game is needed.

4. Do not engage the guy. Don't be friendly with him and don't make eye contact with him, because it will just give him an in to come back. Since he has yet to make out with the girl, he can't barge back in without seeming needy, so he has to sit on his hands and hope for the girl to ditch you.

5. Lower his value. You'll catch him watching from the corner of your eye. Tell the girl, "By the way, that guy you were talking to is staring at us pretty hard right now. I think he likes you a lot." Almost always the girl will discount him by saying, "Yeah I just met him." Sometimes she'll hate on him outright. It's never happened where she says, "Oh I must get back to talking to him." Her attraction for him is decreased when you verbalize his affections for her. It's like he himself told her.

6. Prevent the reverse robbery. If the interaction is going well, he will be salty as hell that you stole his chick. He'll stand nearby, staring hard, with smoke coming out of his ears. The smarter guys ease back on the girl by saying something like, "Oh hey, I lost you for a second." The dumber ones try to grab her away, which never works. What you must do is move her to another spot in the bar so that any appearance by the guy makes it seem like he's stalking her. If you take her to another section and the dude follows, she will be creeped out and lose all remaining attraction she had for him. If you stay in the same spot where you did the robbery, you put yourself at risk for the reverse robbery.

You may be wondering, "Won't the girl immediately turn me down if I approach when she still wants to talk to the other guy?" No, for three reasons. First, she may want to make the guy jealous by talking to you, never guessing that your game is tighter and she will actually become more attracted to you instead. We use her feminine need to stir jealousy as a trap to get her talking to us.

Second, when a girl is about to hook up with a guy, she starts wondering if she could do better, just like I'm sure is the case with you. You let her shop around just a little more before deciding to get with that guy. It's not your fault that you are indeed better.

Third, the guy probably put her in a good, flirty state that automatically gets transferred to you. She's more receptive than if she hadn't been talking to him. It's almost like he's warming her up just for you.

Your robbery attempt will only succeed if you overall value is higher than the guy's. If you're a loser but the guy is cool as shit, then you will be caught red-handed. I only go for the robberies when I know I'm cooler than the guy, which is 98% of the time. Since you need to build fast attraction with robberies, I guarantee you will not even rob a pack of bubblegum if your game is weak.

I must say that it's immensely satisfying to have a guy with a stupefied look on his face staring at me in disbelief, hovering around in the hope that the girl I stole will return to him. He's thinking if I know her from somewhere or if I'm maybe an ex-boyfriend. *How did he get in with her so quickly? How is he making out with her so quickly?!* I'm a complete stranger, a man who has fought in the jungle longer than you have, who put in his dues longer than you have. Here's a pen and piece of paper to take some notes on.

Always Have A Plan B

July 26, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Right now we're living in an age of overconfident women who believe the best way to find their Prince Charming is to play the field for a decade or three until deciding that they're on the physical appearance downswing. Since it's unlikely you'll be chosen as their end game provider man (and if you do you're probably doing something wrong), that means you'll have to put up with a lot of anti-social behavior and flaking in order to get casual sex. The sad fact is that no matter how tight your game is, how many dozens of girls you've fucked, or how hard your two-week Brazilian girlfriend used to suck your cock, Western women who are lower quality than what you've had before will try to treat you like crap.

The quickest path to unhappiness with dating is to hope that a girl will please you, treat you with respect, or even show up on dates. While I do think it's rude for a girl to treat you poorly when you haven't done the same to her, she is free to act in any way she wishes. She has that choice because it's not against the law for her to send a last-minute cancellation text or to not pay attention when you're telling a story that means a lot to you. After putting out our best game, her behavior is not something we can control.

But you can control how you deal with women. You control who you ask out on dates. You control who you reward with attention. You control whether to contact her again after sex. You also control how to plan dates so that things will still work out in your favor even if she disappoints you. This means you should always have a backup plan so that when a girl cancels, you'll have an alternative that is as superior as going out with her.

It never happens that I'm sitting at home, upset that a girl cancelled on me. I'm never trying to analyze why she changed her mind at the last-minute. I'm never thinking of what witty or cocky text to send to get things back on track. It's impossible for a girl to upset me because I was never counting on her in the first place. Here are three things I do when it comes to dating:

1. I plan dates on nights where I've decided that I'm going out no matter what, whether she comes through or not. In Poland I would do a first date on a Wednesday night, the same night I know of a club that has ladies night. It's no big deal if she flakes because I will still have a good time flirting with women.

I don't schedule a date on days where there is nothing going on. If she flakes on my ass, that means I'm in danger of getting stuck at home, sifting through my porn collection. The worst thing you can do is wait for her send a confirmation text to know if you should hop in the shower and start getting ready. Don't give her that power.

2. I tell her to meet me in a location that is close to another good spot I can bounce to. Many times a girl will take you for granted and put no effort in helping with the date conversation. Or she'll nurse her beer until it tastes like camel urine, saying she wants to "take it easy tonight." If after one drink she has not performed to a standard

that you would've expected based on your original meeting, wish her a good night and ditch her. You'll already know where to go.

3. I take a book. If she's acting stupid then I take out my book and start reading. She can drink alone or pretend like she has to catch up on her text messaging. The absolute worst that can happen to me on a date night is that I have a couple beers and read a good book.

It should get to the point where your plan B is decent enough that you actually don't mind when a girl flakes on you. It has happened to me where I've actually hoped a girl would flake so that I can do the backup. The strange thing is that the better backup plan you have, the less likely you'll get flaked on. It's almost like girls can feel that your night is not hinging on whether she makes an appearance or not.

Twice in the past couple of months a girl flaked on a date, I executed the backup plan, and had a one-night stand with another girl. Don't be surprised if a girl flaking on you sets the wheels in motion for you to meet a girl that's even better. These days when a girl flakes, she's often doing me a favor.

More Book Reviews 7

July 28, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

PREVIOUSLY:

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- The Amazon Kindle Is A Game Changer

REVIEWS:

Stalingrad: The Fateful Siege: 1942-1943

I actually intended to buy a book on the siege of Leningrad, but by the time I realized my mistake I was already a third way through and unable to put it down.

The Battle of Stalingrad was *the* decisive battle of World War 2, not D-Day as American propaganda may have led you to believe. By the time the battle on France's beaches occurred, the German army was already in full retreat on the Eastern Front and severely weakened in the West. As awful a man as Stalin was, he won WW2 for the allied powers. The American loss of 0.32% of its population doesn't begin to compare to Soviet Union's 13.88%.

The closest humanity came to hell on Earth was Stalingrad. The loss of life and suffering was staggering, and decades after the battle they were still finding human remains. For Russian soldiers crossing the Volga River to defend the tiny sliver of city they still controlled, it was guaranteed death. Many wouldn't survive even a day. There was no escape from the reaper because the Soviets put NKVD secret police soldiers in the rear to shoot anyone who tried to run away. That's what it took to defeat the Germans, who got overconfident against the "inferior" Slavs. The Americans or British would have surrendered had they encountered the same situation.

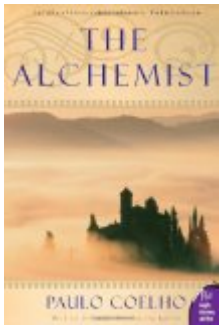
I thoroughly enjoyed this book. If you like to read about war then you'll like it, too.

"Women were often forced to offer their emaciated bodies to survive or to feed an infant. There are reports of improvised brothels in the ruins. In several instances, love of a sort

grew in the unpromising circumstances between Russian women and German soldiers. It was almost invariably a fatal liaison."

"The survivors were so badly starved that when their rescuers gave them bread and sausage from their rations, most died immediately."

"Survival often ran counter to expectation. The first to die were generally those who had been large and powerfully built. The small thin man always stood the best chances."



The Alchemist

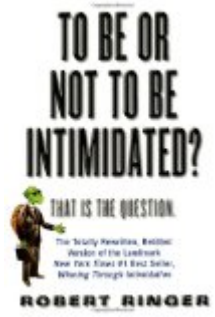
This is an allegorical novel about a young man trying to find purpose and meaning in life. If you liked *Siddhartha* then you'll like this short book, especially since it appears that the author has studied Buddhism.

I think the writing is just average, but the message is strong and it will encourage you to keep at whatever project you're trying to succeed in.

"The secret of life is to fall seven times and to get up eight."

"When someone makes a decision, he is really diving into a strong current that will carry him to places he had never dreamed of when he first made the decision."

"Everything that happens once can never happen again. But everything that happens twice will surely happen a third time."



To Be Or Not To Be Intimidated

Recommended by Ricky Raw, this is the best sales book I've ever read, written by a real-estate agent who shares what he learned from being a broker for large apartment deals. Some of the methods he uses to close deals are nearly identical to what I use to close pussy.

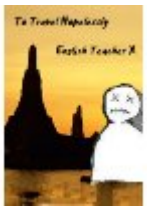
I like how the author stresses getting paid instead of just closing the deal. Many times you hear a guy say, "I went out to the bar and got a number and make out." That's nice, but he didn't close shit. I don't care how many numbers and make outs you have, but until you fuck, you are not a closer—you're merely accumulating prospects. He also

urinates on “be positive” advice that is common in self-help circles. His ruthless, no-bullshit take on deal closing was very refreshing.

The author teaches you that in sales it’s important to:

-hope for the best but expect the worse
-build a few solid prospects instead of dozens of bad prospects
-be able to recognize the types of people who will “steal your chips”
-not worry about offending someone in the pursuit of your interests
-establish a strong “posture” that ensures the deal will be closed
-make your target think that closing the deal isn’t a big deal for you, that you have a lot of other deals going on
-be able to judge how desperate sellers or buyers are
-be both willing and determined to walk away
-understand that you’ll always get burned from a deal gone bad even if you guarded your chips carefully
-become best friends with the law of averages

The book was a great, entertaining read, that while is better served for business use, has principles that directly apply to game. I highly recommend it.



To Travel Hopelessly

This is a compilation of short stories by English Teacher X, an American guy who has taught English abroad before I even knew what travel was. His stories of traveling, teaching English, and chasing girls give a great taste of what it was like to be on the road during the 90′s and 00′s in those former pussy paradises that are now inundated with hordes of gash hounds like myself.

“I can’t say the world had disappointed me exactly, but I’d disappointed myself in how little I’d seem to get out of it. So you go to India and stay in a cheap hotel, see a sight or two, eat some local food, talk to some locals, but not many because they’re inevitably trying to rip you off by getting you to buy a carpet or something from their cousin’s souvenir shop. Was this enlightenment? Because it felt like the same old shit.”

At times I thought that I was reading something that I had written.

“He was typical of the ‘new breed’ of English teacher—hated everything about it, but could live a lot better and get laid a lot more abroad, so he wasn’t going home anytime soon.”

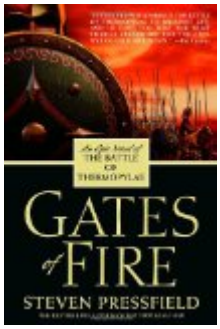
His crisp writing wastes no words. If you like my travel writing, you’ll enjoy this book.

English Teacher X Guide To Teaching English Abroad

I have absolutely no interest in being an English teacher, but I was thirsty for more of his writing style so I bought this book and knocked it out in two days.

“Why are [foreign] students all over the world studying English? To get right in that big rat race that you’re so eager to leave behind.”

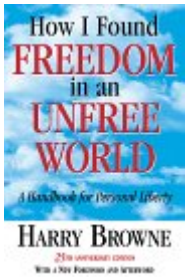
He goes over the state of teaching English abroad, his experiences, and some specific teaching techniques. You’re more likely to enjoy this book if you have some interest in language or travel. That said, there were plenty of laugh-out-loud moments, usually involving excess drinking or trying to sleep with female students.



Gates of Fire: An Epic Novel of the Battle of Thermopylae

I was on a war kick so I decided to take a look at this piece of historical fiction, which is basically the book version of the movie *300* without all the homoerotic imagery. It gives you a good background of the Spartan war machine, their society, and the logistics of war in that era. It was an entertaining book with well-written action scenes.

“Dienekes says the mind is like a house with many rooms. There are many rooms one must not go into. To anticipate one’s death is to go in one of those rooms. We must not allow ourselves even to think it.”



How I Found Freedom In An Unfree World

This book is an attempt to apply libertarian philosophy as a template for a person’s entire life instead of just for the political realm, with most of its advice concerning personal relationships.

“You have tremendous control over your life, but you give up that control when you try to control others.”

The author tells you to embrace other people's natures while listening to your own, and to go after your own interests above all others, even that of your family. This book could be retitled "Finding Freedom Through Selfishness," and it's pretty close to how I've been living my life the past ten years.

Instead of trying to change the broken culture I come from, change American women, or change bosses I didn't like, I simply constructed a lifestyle from the ground up based on my personality and needs. Instead of protesting and trying to change the world, I changed myself (starting with learning game) and worked around the system to get what I want. This strategy has worked for me.

"You're in the identity trap when you try to be interested in something because it's expected of you, or when you try to do the things that others have said you should do, or when you try to live up to an image that others say is the only legitimate, valid image you're allowed to have."

The book encourages you not to bother trying to change the world. Work on changing yourself and finding your own happiness. Let other people waste their energy in fruitless endeavors where they must convince thousands or millions of people in order to make small, incremental changes. Fuck the herd and beat to your own drum.

"Improve your own situation without having to go to the trouble of making others agree with your way of thinking."

Read this book if you want a great motivator to get off your ass and make a big change. All the excuses you probably make to prevent yourself from acting will be addressed in this book, which is like a *4-Hour Workweek* from the 1970s that covers all aspects of your life instead of just money.

"There's always a way [to happiness]—as long as you're not looking for ways to change others."

While the book is out of print, the PDF was available in the first page of the book's google results last time I checked.

Hell's Angels: A Strange and Terrible Saga

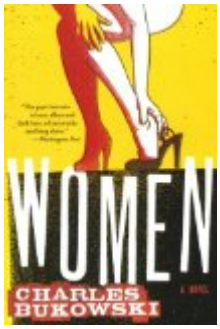
This is the story of the Hell's Angels motorcycle gang when they started gaining nationwide notoriety in the mid 60s. They were both feared and admired by the suburban stiffs who were fascinated by their drunken and violent ways. Many a "good girl" would throw herself at the Angels for sex, and during their peak they had as many groupies as famous rock stars.

The book is one of the earliest I've read that goes into false rape accusations. A girl would

want to get fucked by some bad boy Angels, realize that it was a less romantic experience than she had hoped for, then cry rape the next day, sort of like what happens these days. One passage painted a vivid account of a gang bang/rape that gave me a little boner:

“A hard core of eight or ten kept at her for several hours. In all, she was penetrated in various ways no less than fifty times, and probably more.”

If you’re a fan of Hunter S. Thompson’s other work then you’ll no doubt enjoy this one.



Women

A semi-autobiographical book by Charles Bukowski. It’s about an alcoholic writer who becomes mildly famous and suddenly has young, beautiful women throwing themselves at him. The story is essentially a bunch of field reports of girls he fucked, written in the Hemingway style of short declarative sentences. This book will be most interesting to you under three conditions:

1. You personally knew Charles Bukowski.
2. You’re a man who doesn’t know what it’s like to easily fuck a lot of girls.
3. You’re a woman.

I felt like I was reading the blog of an old guy excited to be getting laid. It contains fine writing, but it’s really hard to read a book about a guy’s life when it’s less interesting than yours. This is one of those books that was groundbreaking when it was first published, but wouldn’t get much notice if it was released today.

“That’s the problem with drinking, I thought, as I poured myself a drink. If something bad happens you drink in an attempt to forget; if something good happens you drink in order to celebrate; and if nothing happens you drink to make something happen.”

“A man could lose his identify fucking around too much.”

Do The Work

I read this book because I was a strong fan of the author’s related work, *The War of Art*, but it doesn’t come close to comparison. It’s a fluffy, brief work that reads more like a

Seth Godin book than something containing insight that I haven't seen elsewhere. I can see how it can be mildly motivating to some, but you'll be better off reading *The War of Art*.

I Keep Getting Tricked By Polish Girls

July 31, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In Poland, a high percentage of girls are in existing relationships. If you take a snapshot of a Polish club on any Friday night, around half of the girls will have a boyfriend. That wouldn't be a problem if they were prone to infidelity like Western women, but unfortunately Polish girls are maniacally faithful to their "potato" boyfriends. Here's what usually happens:

- I approach a Polish girl. Things are going great and then she tells me she has a boyfriend about fifteen minutes into the conversation.
- She says that I'm better than the boyfriend, and starts with the compliments about how I'm handsome, confident, and strong. Yes, they really say those things.
- I ask if she wants to have sex with me. She says yes.
- I stick with her for a couple more hours under the assumption that I have a decent chance of getting her back to my crib.
- She ditches me at the end of the night to fuck her boyfriend's brains out while I'm stuck with nothing but my hand.

Polish girls are very convincing about making me think I have a shot. I remember one case where the girl said she's "about to" break up with her boyfriend. I stuck with her all night and got nothing in the end. They want to experience the good feelings of talking to a cool foreigner, but not the guilty feelings of cheating.

Recently I went out on a Tuesday night to an club that, while cheesy and filled with sausage, was the only place in town that had a crowd. I settled in a spot next to the dance floor and approached a girl who was with her two girlfriends. She was overeager to chat, saying that she never meets foreign guys. After ten minutes she said, "I'll be right back." This is usually code for, "I don't like you," but she came back promptly and we settled into a flirty conversation. Her name was Anna.

It didn't take long for the boyfriend drop to come. Then it played out like so many times in the past: she complimented me, touched me, and compared me favorably to him. Whenever I was on the verge of gathering enough strength to walk away, she'd do something intimate like hold my hand or get close to my face, as if she was doing just enough so I wouldn't leave. It was hard to resist her feminine charm.

Anna's two friends came back to collect her, thinking I was the typical club douche bag. While they had a conference discussing my merits, I thought back to all the nights I was tricked by a girl who only wanted the validation of being desired by a man other than her boyfriend. It was turning out to be another night where I'd get nothing.

I glanced over to one of Anna's friends, who was slightly cuter. She was wearing black four-inch heels and a cocktail dress that left little to the imagination. Her ultra-petite figure made her look about 16 years old. She gave me a warm look after Anna introduced

us. I asked her how she knew Anna, but she responded with a confused look on her face.

“Kasia doesn’t speak English,” Anna said.

I used Anna as a translator, finding out that Kasia was a 21-year-old student who lived in the suburbs. She spoke fluent German.

Every seduction must have a bold move where you announce through you words or actions that your intentions are sexual in nature. Sometimes that comes right away if you use a direct opening line. Sometimes it’s when you go for a kiss. Sometimes it comes at the very end of the night when you try to get her back to your place. Timing alone determines if your bold move is perceived as creepy or sexy, which is why it’s best to push it back until you’re sure the attraction is built. With Anna and Kasia, I decided to make an early bold move. Otherwise I was at risk of entertaining both of them all night long without getting anything in return.

I put my arm around the girls, let out a smirk, and said, “I would love to be with both of you tonight. How about we walk to my apartment, have a few drinks, listen to some good music, and make love?” I took a page out of the Vicky Cristina Barcelona playbook.

Anna giggled and then translated for Kasia, who smiled and reciprocated my half-hug. Anna then said something I’ve heard many times before: “I want to, but I have a boyfriend.”

I used Anna as a translator for the next fifteen minutes, building up as much rapport with Kasia as possible, until it was time to complete the switch. I looked at Anna and said, “You know you’re my first choice, right?”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean that you are the first girl tonight that I liked, but you have a boyfriend.”

“Yeah, but we can still talk,” she said. She grabbed my hand. Kasia pretended not to be looking.

“But that’s not fair to Kasia. She’s single and doesn’t have anyone to talk to. And I’m single, too. It only makes sense that I try to kiss your friend.”

She looked upset, but my logic was sound. Disagreeing would have been like spitting on Kasia’s face. “Good luck,” she said. I had her reluctant blessing.

I grabbed Kasia and took her to the dance floor. We kissed quickly. After dancing for a little longer than I would’ve liked, we sat down in a booth and tried to have a conversation. It was like two 6-year-olds communicating . Thankfully she could understand more than she could speak, so I kept talking about whatever I could think of, like I was reading from an invisible book. She’d listen, smile, and we’d kiss every few minutes. She had never met an American man before.

I told her I wanted to take her home. “No sex,” she said, a phrase that she could pronounce very clearly. I made the universal sign for sleep, telling her that I was tired anyway. It took about twenty minutes to get her to understand that just because she came to my place, it didn’t mean we had to have sex. I was telling the truth.

Anna let me take Kasia home, sparing me the cockblock. The first thing I did when we got

to my place was load Google Translate on my laptop.

She typed in, “How many girls have you been with in Poland?”

“10,000.”

“No, really.”

“A couple.”

“Do you always bring home girls like this?”

“Never on Tuesdays. :)”

“Do you want to see me again?”

“Of course. You’re pretty, you’re sexy, you’re fun. I see no reason why I wouldn’t want to see you again.” I kissed her.

Her tiny size really hit me when she took off her heels. I asked her how much she weighed. “Thirty-five kilograms” (77 pounds). Besides her surprisingly round ass, she had the body of a gymnast who didn’t quite make it past puberty.

We moved to my bed. I got her down to her bra and panties but she kept saying “no, no.” I was so turned on by her beauty and petite figure that I told myself she’s not walking out my door without getting fucked. At that moment I accepted getting locked up in a Polish prison in order to make it happen.

She tried to go down on me but her mouth was too small. Then I grabbed her and made her sit directly on my face. I ate her pussy, the first time I’d done so in a couple of years. I enjoyed it.

I put on a condom, lubed up, and finally got her consent to put it in. The best way to visualize our lovemaking is an elephant mounting a kitten. My dick was half the size of her neck. I put her on her stomach and went deep, pounding her pussy like a pedophile. She took it like a champion even though I imagine it must have felt like getting fucked by a telescope. My orgasm was from another world.

While talking to Anna I saw a vision of the end of the night, of me sitting in my room jerking off to porn. I knew she would apologize for having a boyfriend and give me a little kiss goodbye on the edge of my lips. I knew that I would walk home alone. This time I refused to accept that.

How To Become A Shapeshifter

August 2, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The conversation is going okay, but ten minutes in she still hasn't asked for your name. She keeps looking over your shoulder. What message are you sending her? How is she perceiving you? Does she see you as cool or uncool, interesting or boring, sexy or strange? Thumbs up or thumbs down?

Boring. She sees you as boring. Step back and tease her about her thick winter coat, like she's preparing for a Russian winter. Ask her if she's hiding a little midget in there.

If I suspect that a girl's perceptions of me are not helping me get to sex, I make changes to the conversation or my body language to fall more in line with what she wants. Lots of guys call this "calibration," where you adjust on a case-by-case basis based on the type of girl you're talking to based on the response you're getting. This doesn't mean putting prettier girls on a pedestal but changing your game depending on her personality or background.

Here are a few basic examples of what I change depending on the type of girl I'm talking to:

- **Black girls** – I use more cockiness and direct game
- **Hipster girls** – I stress my artistic side and anti-mainstream leanings
- **Young girls** – I use shorter sentences and smaller words, say "like" and "you know" more often, and qualify her relentlessly
- **Late 20s white girls** – I use more SAT words while showing more obscure wit and trivia knowledge
- **Foreign girls living in America** – stories that show I'm an international man of mystery
- **Asian girls** – I insinuate that I have a massive dong

For example, an anecdote I'd tell to a young black girl who's a senior at Howard University would not be said to a white girl who's a medical student at George Washington. You may think this is acting, but it's more about choosing which parts of you to highlight to your audience in order to build a stronger connection.

The seventeen years I lived in a Maryland ghetto (White Oak), the six years I worked in corporate America, my DJ/bartending experiences, my time abroad, and my writing projects have all allowed me to put on different suits to interact with different girls. By having had varied experiences in my life, I can pick and choose the best way to develop a spark with a girl whose background possibly matches something I've done. This helps me fuck an American lawyer cunt, a Colombian college student, an Icelandic engineer working on her masters, a Danish flight attendant, a quirky Polish pixie, and so on all within a short time frame. These girls have nothing in common with each other besides the fact that they have a vagina, yet I was able to connect with them strongly enough to

get sex.

If you easily fit a stereotype, then you will only be able to bang a stereotype. If you're a die-hard prep, you'll only fuck preppy girls (which isn't entirely bad if you love preppy girls), but a Brazilian girl would seem foreign and even strange to you. With this idea we're getting into the big picture, where you're not just changing a minor aspect of your game to fuck a girl, but adding a part to your being that gets you noticed by someone completely different.

Only by branching out and trying different things, while having friends from different socioeconomic groups and backgrounds, can you truly experience variety. While it's possible for you to bang an artist even though you're a corporate worker, it's much easier if you know something about her artist tribe, or have dabbled in art yourself. To relate to all sorts of women, you'll not only have to try all sorts of things in life, but achieve minor success, competency, or deep understanding with them. This may mean cutting back on the more wasteful uses of your time.

If you're not happy with the kind of women you're fucking, you'll have to step out of your comfort zone and dive into something new. It's impossible to form a real connection with someone who shares nothing in common with you, and only by experiencing all that life has to offer can you experience all the types of women that exist.

The Brazilian Way To Carry Grocery Bags

August 4, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In Brazil, grocery stores can be quite far from the favela. Because carrying plastic bags with your hands over long distances is painful, Brazilian people who don't have cars have come up with two novel methods to carry groceries that transfer the load to their shoulders.

The Saddlebag Method

This is usually done with four bags. It leaves your hands mostly clear in case you need to carry additional items like toilet paper or a pack of Bartles & Jaymes wine coolers.

The T-Shirt Method

This method can only be done with two bags. You tie the ends of each bag together and put your head through the big hole as if you were putting on a t-shirt. I like this method when I want my hands to be completely free to text girls I met at the club.

I've never seen anyone carry grocery bags like this outside of Brazil, even in other South American countries like Argentina or Colombia. It's a purely Brazilian innovation that I've been using for about two years. My hope with this post is to spread the idea throughout the world so I can see other people doing it while I'm doing it. I can only imagine the intense look that will be exchanged.

Never Let A Girl Reject You Twice

August 7, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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

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

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

I even made a reenactment video when a girl who had previously rejected me stood too close for comfort. She tricked me and I was rejected again:

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

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

If she ends the conversation first on her own volition, meaning there was no cockblock or fire in the bar, it's 100% over. I don't care how close she stands next to you or if she accidentally touches you. I don't care how many brief stares she gives you. If she ends the conversation saying she'll come back, but doesn't, it's over. If her friend enters the conversation and she doesn't make an attempt to include you, it's over.

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

You're not a bus that comes every 10 minutes. You're not the 7-11 that stays open 24 hours a day. You're the once in a millenia asteroid that lands in Siberia and kills a lot of small animals. If she happens to miss that then she will die before having the chance to experience it again. She has one opportunity with you and that's the opportunity that you

create with your approach. If she does not explore that opportunity with her most capable social being, then she can fuck off.

The Ego Test

August 9, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Samseau's boner test is a spectacular game innovation. Using it in Denmark has made me realize that my ego has been playing a big part of the girls I choose to bang. It turns out that my dick gets hard for 5s or 6s, so a combination of the boner test plus the inhospitable Copenhagen environment meant that I was banging some very mediocre girls there. The boner test dictated that I bang those 5s and 6s, so I did, especially since it was hard to find 7s and above in what turned out to be one of the ugliest cities I've ever stepped foot in.

I don't mind banging a 6 every now and then, but the boner test seems to select for the 5s and 6s. If you're solely using the boner test then it's unlikely you'll get above a 7 since it would be superfluous to the aim of the test. You become too focused on your nut for the night, banging girls you don't want to see again. This means your new pussy acquisition costs are quite high since you're not building a harem of chicks for those off-nights where you don't feel like working. Therefore we need a new test that accounts for quality, and yes, ego.

The Ego Test: *Would you want to see her again in public when the sun is out, while sober?*

Would you want to grab an iced coffee with her on a nice summer afternoon? Would you want to hold her hand walking through the mall while she shops for a new toaster? If not then you must realize that the chick you're about to bang will be a one-and-out, and the next weekend you'll still have to hunt.

I will use both tests depending on the local talent. If it's horrid like Washington DC or Copenhagen, where getting decent quality may take an extended period of time, I'll use the boner test, get my nut for the night, and be thankful for it. But if I'm in a quality environment, I'm switching to the ego test. Otherwise I'm selling myself short. If there are pretty girls in your city, there's no excuse why you shouldn't be going for them, regardless of what your boner is telling you.

Unfortunately, ego will play a part in our conquests. Otherwise we would just be getting drunk and banging nothing but hogs. While the boner test chipped at my after-sex happiness when I caught sight of the specimens that remained on my bed, I believe using it is your best bet if you're stuck in mediocre environments like America, Denmark, Peru, or Bolivia. But when you're in a place like Brazil or Poland, feed the ego and enjoy the ride.

Top 15 Game Tips For Long-Term Relationships

August 11, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A lot of guys email me for relationship advice, where they banged the girl and now want to keep her over a long period of time. They may find the game to be fun and life-changing, but they ultimately want to settle down with one beautiful flower, which is probably what you want as well.

Unfortunately, I can't help you much there. I have a PhD in one-month sexual relationships, not pair bonding. That said, the blogger formerly known as Roissy has put out the best relationship advice for men that you can find on the internet. Here are what I think to be his top 15 relationship posts:

- Agree And Amplify - an elegant method for dealing with shit tests
- Dread - how instilling dread helps promotes a healthy relationship
- Teasing Should Be Like Breathing - how to maintain a fun, attractive vibe in your relationships
- The Fundamentals - how to be the aloof and indifferent man
- Relationship Game Thoughts - dozens of practical relationship tips, rapid style
- Tender Lovemaking - how to deal with various relationship scenarios like making plans and visiting family
- Trumped-up Charges - how to respond when a girl starts nagging at you
- Things A Man Should Never Say First In A Relationship - how to avoid saying cringeworthy lines
- I Love You Too - how to respond when a woman says she loves you
- Subtle Dominance Plays - how to execute moves that increase your power
- The Male-Female Spontaneous Touch Initiation Ratio - how to judge the health of your relationship
- How Good Is Your Alpha Acumen - what to do when your girlfriend treats you poorly in front of other people
- Hints Your Relationship Is Doomed - how to regain the upper hand when you've lost the power in a relationship
- The Easiest Way To Revive A Flagging Relationship - what to do when your girlfriend withdraws from you
- The Hazards Of Long Term Relationships - how to avoid the negative features of relationships

These fifteen posts are safely saved on my hard drive. Who knows, maybe one day I'll get into a serious relationship myself.

The Wingman Is Dead

August 14, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The inevitable moment has arrived where I prefer to go out at night alone than with a wingman. I no longer seek the company of men when I'm focused solely on getting laid.

The first reason why is that I get approached more. It's easier for you to approach a lone girl standing by the bar than a pair, is it not? Well you better believe it's the same for girls, too. Only by going out alone have I had nights where I do only one or two approaches and get laid. In Copenhagen it was automatic that if I dressed up nice I'd be approached by at least three girls that passed my boner test (around the 6 range). Girls higher on the scale approach indirectly by standing right next to me while giving marathon eye contact, making it painfully easy for me to strike up a chat.

The interesting thing is I'm never the hottest guy in the bar (or even close), but her first choice for sex is a guy who is in a drunk wolf pack roaming around the bar like an idiot with a hungry look in his eye. So by being alone, not drunk, relaxed, and approachable, I get bumped up on her sex wish list.

This is where I tell you that social proof is overrated. You need it as much as you need to be over six feet tall. Now I play the *reverse* social proof angle by almost bragging to girls that I'm alone and have zero friends (dolo proof). I lost count how many girls have told me it was "cool" and "intriguing," which is contrary to what game logic would tell you. Social proof is more for places where girls actively seek status, like nightclubs with table service, not regular bars and chill neighborhood spots you should be going to.

The second reason I like to go out alone is that I experience fewer logistical problems and drama. It's so hard at my age to find a guy that I'm compatible with, thanks to my firmly established quirks and neuroses, that I've mostly given up on making new friends. The random local guys I befriend usually have an inferior level of game with horrible instincts and an incomplete understanding of wingman rules. He can make a mistake on a girl in the group that gets attributed to me, he can blow my spot by revealing too much information he wasn't supposed to, or he can do an infinite amount of stupid shit that raises my blood pressure and makes it harder for me to get laid.

The best time a wingman is useful is when there is a pair of girls, but even then the odds that both of you will match up with each girl and get the hookup is so low that is has happened to me less than five times over the past ten years.

While wingmen help you get into a social mood, perhaps their most suitable function, I've found a suitable replacement: watching an episode of *Seinfeld* before going out. A few laughs from Kramer and the gang get my mind ready to duplicate the same sarcasm and playful nature on girls at the bar. Even this type of prep work is necessary because while solo you're given a pass for having a more low energy vibe since, well, you're alone. You don't need to be amped up, you don't need to dance like a monkey, and you don't need to pretend you're having a great time with a fake smile on your face. You don't even need

to bob your head to the music. You have carte blanche for initially appearing “boring.”

I appreciate and value male comradery, but I no longer care for finding new wingmen. If I’m passing through a city for a few months, sex is far more important than a short-term wingman friendship with a guy. Even if I go back to DC and find out my boys have wives, my instinct will be to go out alone rather than meet new guys. Your game will arrive at the point where other guys will fuck things up and make things harder instead of enhancing your chances of pulling. I will admit that I prefer a life of bountiful sex than hanging out with guys who aren’t exactly on the same page as myself.

4 Ways To Get A Flag

August 16, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Here are the four main methods in capturing a flag, from easiest to hardest:

1. Fucking a foreign girl who lives in your home city. This is how I got my first flags before traveling. The common example is a girl who was born somewhere else then moved to America where she fully assimilated to French fries and iPhones. Another case is the *au pair* who is here for a year or two. Banging her will be almost no different from banging an American girl, though the subtle differences may open your eyes to the wide world of foreign poon. My pleasant Puerto Rican flag was like a gateway drug that turned me onto Latin culture, helping drive me to South America. Her magical booty changed my life.

2. Fucking a foreign girl while neither in her home city or yours. This happened to me recently in Reykjavik when I got my Danish flag. I was abroad, she was abroad, and the boning happened without delay. A more common example could be a man living in Rio banging a Brazilian girl traveling from Belo Horizonte (it doesn't matter that she's still in her home country—the fact that she's traveling makes the pussy open ten times faster). These bangs are especially easy if she doesn't have many friends with her and wouldn't mind a little excitement by riding a semi-anonymous foreign cock.

3. Fucking a foreign girl who is vacationing in your home city. This is marginally harder than the two above cases because of timing and logistical issues. Unless you live in a tourist hotspot like New York, Washington DC, Miami, or Los Angeles, it may be wholly unavailable to you. It doesn't help that the American government has cockblocked the fuck out of the American man by making it harder for rich and slutty foreign girls to get tourist visas.

If she does manage to visit, she will usually be here for a short time and her grasp of English may be weak, but the fact that she's traveling and likely doesn't count foreign cock in her scorecard means it shouldn't be too hard to bone her, especially since you're a studly representative of the country she's obviously interested in learning about. This is how I got my Spanish flag, when I wasn't even close to getting it during my two-week trip through Spain.

4. Fucking a foreign girl in her home city. Call me naive but several years ago I thought this would be the easiest way to get a flag. In fact it's the hardest, for a multide of reasons: many locals girls are completely closed off to foreigners, there may be serious communication issues, the culture she's plugged into may have significantly slower sexual norms than what you're used to, she doesn't want the stigma of banging a foreigner in the vicinity of her peer group, and finally there exists the logistical issue of finding attractive women. On the other hand, it's the most satisfying method of flag capture.

Every country I go to, I work like a dog to get the flag. I always encounter stories about

guys being greeted by open labia in the arrivals gate at the airport, but that has never happened to me (except in Poland). As an average-looking guy with an average skin tone that isn't too dark or too light, I have never gotten especially warm reactions (except in Poland), and for me getting a flag with a local girl is significantly harder than getting laid in my home city (except in Poland).

I will eventually say goodbye to Poland one day and continue to work hard to get the girls I want, because that's what I do. I don't anticipate many easy flags in the future.

Summer Hiatus

August 18, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The content I've put out during the past four months have been more well-received than my previous material, both in terms of feedback and traffic. During that time I've also completed my upcoming books Day Bang and Bang Iceland. I need a break from my grueling three posts a week blogging schedule so I'm going to take a couple weeks off to relax before Day Bang's September 19 release.

Here are ten recent posts I've liked the most:

- The Girl Score
- One Night Can Change Everything
- Feminism Killed The Nice Guy
- One Bitch On Your Nuts Is Worth More Than Two Trying To Peep
- Gheridge
- Naomi Wolf Is A Delusional Old Hag
- The Busted Dudes Test
- 7 Things I Would Tell My Teenage Self
- How I Planted The Seed Of A Revenge Cockblock
- Compliment & Cuddle

In the meantime, if you haven't read Bang yet, now is a good time to do so. If you're still bored, the forum is pretty active with some great threads:

- End Game? How do you think you will end up?
- Dance Floor Game – using music to get laid
- MILF pussy secrets
- How to get laid on okcupid like a boss
- The Greatest Opener of All Time
- Easiest Place You Have Ever Been to Swoop Fly Girls
- Romanian Conquests

See you in September.

Don’t Listen To A Foreign Guy On How To Pick Up His Country’s Women

September 5, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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When you go to a new country with no knowledge of the local women, your instinct will be to ask a local guy in your age range. Since he’s more of an expert than you are, he must have some golden tips to help your cause, right? Unfortunately you’re wrong. The *last* person you should ask for pickup tips is a local guy, for two reasons:

1. A local guy picking up a girl will always be different from a foreign guy doing the same. The approach will be different, the conversation will be different, the vibe will be different, and the length of time to get her in bed will be different. His typical bang will not mirror yours.

2. Local guys love to cockblock foreign men. Let’s be real: you’re going to his country to fuck his women and he knows it. Since chances are he has much more pride for his country’s women than you do for American women, he will steer you down the wrong path and give you bullshit advice. I’ve lost count of how many times foreign guys gave me pickup advice that was the *opposite* of what ended up working. Was he ignorant or trying to trick me? Probably a combination of both. While an American player is more likely to believe in a model of abundance and is more willing to share game with another guy, foreign guys think that if you get laid it will come directly at his expense.

If you want to learn basic knowledge from foreign men, one way is to listen to his actual stories. Make him tell you about the last few girls he’s fucked and how it went down while ignoring his editorial comments. That may give you some useful information, but the problem with that is they lie. The most beta foreign guy will make it seem like he fucks all the time and sex is easy for him, even though his body language and lack of women or game skill suggest otherwise. Two weekends of hard work in any country will tell me more about game than any local guy can.

If you want to build a social circle, befriend local girls in the 6 range, who don’t mind welcoming foreign guys into their group (there is sure to be at least one available 7 or 8 in that crew). If a local guy wants to be your friend, I’ll bet one month of book sales he doesn’t know any cute girls who are single. Why would a local guy welcome a competitor if his social circle has hot girls he wants to fuck? I know I wouldn’t, and I’m one of the most generous guys I know.

When it’s time for you to get tips on the local women, ask men from *your country* who have traveled there. Avoid interactions with local guys as much as possible because they will cockblock you at some point, whether consciously or not. I’m real hesitant to mix with local guys who deep inside I know don’t want me to pillage their women. Don’t underestimate the amount of shame a local guy feels when you’re fucking his women and he’s not.

How To Know If A Girl Was Really Raped Or Not

September 7, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I've become extremely skeptical that rape occurs anywhere near the level that feminists claim. To understand how difficult it actually is, all you have to do is imagine trying to rape a girl. Consider these three points:

1. It's very difficult to fuck a dry girl. Unless your dick secretes Astroglide from its pores, it just won't go in. Lubing up your dick takes at least one hand, so forget about doing it when a girl is yelling and screaming and trying to twist her body away. In the case of rape you'll basically have to assault her with one arm while re-lubing. Feminists think our dicks are made of metal but they're more sensitive than butterfly wings. It seriously hurts when trying to fuck a girl who's dry.

2. You won't be able to rape her long enough to bust. Try to imagine fucking a girl who is fighting you with all her living being. With rape you just won't be able to get your dick inside and keep it there with any amount of rhythm necessary to orgasm unless she's completely restrained.

3. She has two knees. I was doing a little rape fantasy with a Polish girl where I put my entire body weight on top of her. I said, "I got you now, get ready to be raped." She said that it would be easy for her to get out of it but I laughed and told her that the rape is definitely going down. She then showed me how easily it would be to knee the fuck out of my groin, which brought the rape roleplay to a premature end. She made me realize how easy it would be to disable a man trying to fuck her.

Here's how you know whether a girl was really raped or not:

- Did she have obvious and serious physical injuries on her body suggesting she received heavy blows that had the potential to knock her out?
- Did she have a roofie in her system, confirmed by laboratory tests?
- Was she tied down with rope?
- Was she gang raped, in which she was completely restrained by other men?
- Was her resistance subdued with a knife or gun?
- Was she a feeble old woman who could not put up resistance?

Unless one of these conditions is a yes, she didn't get raped, because as I man I know how nearly impossible it is to rape a woman otherwise. Even if I could physically overpower a girl, I could only imagine trying to rape one in my apartment building with her yelling at the top of her lungs. The cops would be at my door in five minutes. And if a girl is not yelling at the top of her lungs then she's not being raped.

A girl with no injuries and no drugs in her system who claimed Chad raped her on the second date in his bedroom is a liar who deserves to go to jail. Whenever you see a rape story in the news, simply look at the facts presented. What evidence suggests she was truly raped? Unfortunately, most of the time the only evidence is her word, and we

already know how much a woman’s word is worth.

Don’t believe the rape hype. The odds that a girl will be raped for real in her life approaches zero. Don’t let girls get away with spreading bullshit that rape is common. The truth is that it’s much harder to rape than to fuck a typical American slut using her consent.

Western Culture Poisons Women

September 11, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Are you familiar with twin studies that are supposed to determine how much of our personality is influenced by genetics versus the environment? Well I have my own twin study going on in Poland, where I observe girls who have lived in America and Britain with those who have not. The differences are striking. It confirms to me that it's no accident Western women possess so many horrible qualities.

A few weeks ago I met a tall Polish girl who lived in America for two years. She tried to make fun of me for being alone in the club, when she was in fact alone herself. She smiled while busting my balls, as if she was getting enjoyment out of it. I hadn't had to come up with insult retorts in quite a while, so it took me time to deploy my counterattacks. They were guided in by GPS satellites, beautifully destroying their target. Her face turned sour and she looked like she was about to cry.

I remember the Lithuanian girl I approached in the grocery store. She lived in Britain for five years. Since this was a day approach, I gave her no cockiness, yet when I asked her to repeat her difficult name a few minutes after she first said it, she said, "Really? You can't remember my name?" Her attitude was flippant, ready to punish me for trying to build rapport with her.

I remember another Polish girl who lived in Britain for one year. She was the coldest one yet, telling me to "Shut up and listen" while going on about how she's tired of one-night stands and is finally ready to sucker land a guy for a relationship. She questioned everything I said, had no humor about her, and told me she doesn't wear heels because "they hurt." Even though she wanted to continue talking to me, I cut the interaction short.

I've interacted with several dozen Eastern European women by now (mostly Polish) and these are the only three times that I was left with a bad taste in my mouth when a cockblock was not involved. While not all my interactions with Polish women result in beautiful lovemaking, it's very rare that I'm wondering to myself why she had to act in a rude manner when I wasn't disrespecting her. Therefore it's easy for me to conclude that **Western cultures cause direct negative harm to a woman's feminine vibe and allure**. Here are eight things that happen:

1. She loses the ability to flirt with a man without busting his balls or insulting him.

2. She does everything in her power to withhold interest, even when it's clear that sex is on the agenda. She takes "play hard to get" to an inhuman extreme.

3. She looks for every opportunity possible to turn a man's banal utterances into an opportunity to debate him on his beliefs or behavior.

4. She uses conversation as a means to her entertainment, instead of a means to getting to know a man more deeply.

5. She becomes more lazy about her appearance by gaining weight, wearing flats and flip

flops instead of heels, and cutting her hair short into strange lesbian stylings.

6. She goes out of her way to brag about her accomplishments as if she was a man while doing her best to ignore your more lofty achievements.

7. She becomes obsessed with her cell phone, playing with it incessantly and using it as a substitute for social interaction. She loses the ability to enjoy the present moment.

8. She becomes a status whore more concerned about your job, who you know, and what you own instead of the experiences you've had.

Western culture is a like a disease on the female human. I don't know the exact epidemiology of infection, or what sorts of experiences cause such devastating damage, but stepping foot inside the borders of America or Britain for more than three months will cause the female victim to become infected with the Western virus. For every year she spends in the West, she must live for ten years in a culture where feminism and unbridled capitalism has not yet corrupted society in order to rid herself of the disease. Unfortunately, by the time all traces of virus are undetectable in her bloodstream, she will be old and craggily, no longer suitable or capable of mating. Western culture essentially renders them sterile.

To give you an idea of how far gone Western women are, I present the following article: My first-date dress works every time. It's a story about a horse-faced woman who has determined that her success in getting call-backs from men is due to wearing a reasonably attractive dress.

> Men respond better to "feminine" clothing items, such as dresses and skirts, than they do to pants, according to professional matchmaker Rachel Greenwald, author of "Have Him at Hello."

American women are so clueless about how to act like women that they have to re-learn common sense from "professionals" who teach them (for money) that men like skirts more than pants. I'm guessing these experts also moonlight in teaching others that the sun will rise again tomorrow.

The best analogy I can make to this pathetic state of affairs is the human race losing agriculture, the ability to grow their own food. In a panic they collect experts from around the world who slowly figure out that seeds go into the soil, that the soil needs water (not Brawndo), and that the substance growing out of the soil can be harvested as food. Sadly, Western women are rapidly losing the knowledge and ability to be women.

For men there are only two courses of action. The first is to adopt an "ignorance is bliss" attitude where you only date Western women, never realizing that you're injecting your seed into a diseased body. You can go to sleep thinking you just ate filet mignon when in fact it was ground beef patties treated with ammonia. Close your eyes and pretend.

The second option is to get a taste of feminine women abroad, specifically in South America, Eastern Europe, or Southeast Asia. Your palate will explode with sensations and tastes it has never experienced before, leading you to curse yourself for not sampling it sooner. Yes, you will have a couple years of unhappiness when you're still stuck with

Western women while your Brazilian long-distance girlfriend begs you to return, but you will gradually complete the necessary actions to ensure that you never have to date a contaminated woman again.

I implore you to act on the second option by going straight to the farm for the freshest, tastiest food possible. Otherwise you are stuck with a glorified McDonalds dollar menu, which is exactly what Western women have become: mass-produced dreck that you consume only when you're drunk and nowhere else is open. You deserve better.

My Biggest Game Fuckup

September 13, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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My most embarrassing game mistake happened when I was 24-years-old and still in the early stages of perfecting my skills. I was learning a lot from my best friend at the time, “The Bomb,” who had a great natural vibe that I tried to mimic. We would usually hit the huge clubs in DC, but every so often we’d hang out at some college bars near the University of Maryland since we knew a couple people who still went there.

Somehow we got into a group of five girls who were freshmen and sophomores. I had my eye on Carolina, a skinny Puerto Rican with dimples and big eyes. At the same time, her best friend Katy had her eye on me, sending me messages on AOL Instant Messenger at random hours of the night. She was cute but a bit more husky and chubby than I would’ve liked. Like most men, I prefer women who are not overweight (maybe we can get a dating professional in here to verify that).

The Bomb and I successfully set a date with Carolina and Katy one weekend night. Since they were underage, the plan was to sneak them into a bar where we knew the bouncer. It would have been nice to eventually get them to my place, since my living room had a spare couch, but we didn’t talk about it much.

The date went well. We drank, flirted, took pictures, talked, and touched. At last call I randomly suggested we all go back to my house to hang out some more. The girls agreed.

Two young girls and two guys going to a private home on a Saturday night. The math added up, the logistics worked out, and if you were to tell me this story now, I’d ask, “So, how was the sex?” It doesn’t get much more open and shut than that.

The problem was that neither The Bomb or I discussed how we would close the deal. We had sex on our minds, sure, but we didn’t consider the steps that would take us there. We hadn’t even decided which girl we would take. Instead, we agreed to “see what would happen.”

Once at my place, The Bomb got on my computer and pulled up the web site of a new business he was working on, eagerly telling Carolina about his marketing plan. I messed around with my DJ equipment, letting Katy play with the decks. We were all in the same room. I didn’t offer the girls anything to drink. I knew Katy wanted me, but I still held out hope that somehow I’d get Carolina.

Thirty minutes in, the girls said they were tired and wanted to go to their dorm. The night was over.

Neither me or The Bomb were at all upset that we didn’t get laid that night. It was no big deal at all. “Maybe next time,” I told him. Even though we were knee-deep in game, our mindset of what was possible was so out of touch with the slutty reality of American sex culture that we didn’t realize we fucked up. Only now can I look back and realize our rookie mistakes, enough so that I’m sure Katy and Carolina were shocked that neither of

us made a move on them. I cringe that they probably thought we were gay.

A few of our mistakes quickly come to mind…

- I didn't understand that Katy's crush for me made it impossible for Carolina to hook up with me first. Instead of getting at least one girl, I got neither.
- The Bomb and I went out with the intention of "having a good time" instead of getting laid. We didn't focus on the goal. So yes, we had a good time, but we didn't get laid. It's hard to get more than what you imagine.
- We jolted them out of a sexual vibe with our talk about business and DJing when all the girls wanted to do was drink and fuck. It's almost as if we were waiting for the girls to make a move on us.
- We did not isolate the girls once at my place. The Bomb should have invited Carolina to the kitchen with him to make a drink. Then I should've locked my bedroom door, fucked Katy, and let The Bomb fuck Carolina on the couch. It's possible we could've fucked both girls that night. The sad part is that we didn't even *attempt* isolation at any point in the night.

I put my head down in shame whenever I think of this story, but at the same time I appreciate how far I've come. I now realize that everything I do with a girl should be purposeful with the end goal to fuck her. I do not hang out just to hang out. I do not pick a random bar far from my crib when others are closer. I do not neglect to discuss the game plan with my wing if there are multiple chicks in the picture. I do not wait for a girl to make a move on me. I do not hope for girls to isolate themselves. I do not destroy any sexual momentum I've built up by going asexual at the moment of truth. My entire game from meet to close should be surgical and deliberate. If there's something I'm doing that I can't say is helping me get laid, then I must stop doing it.

You know you're optimizing your game when you look back at nights like the one I had and quickly see the mistakes you've made. Unless you're cringing at your game from yesterday, a girl will cringe at your game tomorrow.

Are Beautiful Girls Lazier With Pleasing Men?

September 15, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Is there any truth to the stereotype that hotter girls have nothing to offer but their beauty? Are they less able to please you in bed, take care of you, and have pleasing personalities? Or is the stereotype propagated by guys who use it as an excuse for their game failures?

I believe there is truth to the stereotype. It comes down to basic logic: a beautiful girl doesn't have to be anything else but be beautiful to get high value men. Because men value beauty more than anything else, an 8 or above doesn't have to work as hard on other things that may make a man happy.

This applies to hot guys as well. I've noticed that the better looking a guy, the less game he has. He simply doesn't need game because "good enough" girls will always be approaching him. This sets the stage, thankfully, for less attractive guys like myself to take advantage of the fact that he isn't at his potential. I can then use game to get girls more attractive than he's getting. If you look at a lineup of guys who have banged over 100 girls in their lifetime, most of them will be merely average looking. The "hot" guys get quickly ensnared in long-term relationships because it's easier for them to do so.

The best sex I've had was from mediocre girls who let me treat their bodies like garbage receptacles. Before leaving Iceland I remember sleeping with a chubby American girl who blew my mind in bed. She made positive editorial comments about my manhood and my powerful ejaculate. She begged me to explode in her mouth, and even complimented the taste of my semen. I raped that poor girl's vagina and mouth until I had no sperm left, but she still pleaded for more as if I was her dungeon sex master.

Now compare that to the two prettiest girls I've been with. They made me plenty happy, but sex was merely average. There was no need for them to beg for my cum down their throat because they knew I'd still contact them again regardless. Girls will only do enough nastiness in the bedroom to keep you on the line, and hotter girls know they can lay there like a dead fish to keep you coming back for more. They unconsciously understand a man's genetic weakness for beauty, a fact that modern-day feminists like to deny.

While hotness in a girl is a sign that she will put less effort into satisfying you, it's possible for you to find the exception. You may find the girl with the complete package, who is exceptionally beautiful and prefers being treated like a cum bucket in bed. Unfortunately, I have not found this girl. In the meantime I will continue banging all types of women to satisfy not only my genetic need for beauty but also my perverted need for sexual defilement.

Day Bang: How To Casually Pick Up Girls During The Day

September 18, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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After much delay, I'm happy to release my day game book. It addresses a major weakness of my previous game book Bang, which is teaching men how to approach women during the day.

Day Bang is a 201-page book that teaches you how to pick up women during the day, primarily in a coffee shop, clothing store, bookstore, grocery store, subway, or on the street. It contains 51 openers, 23 long dialogue examples with commentary, and dozens of additional lines that teach by example.

Day Bang includes…

- The optimal day game mindset that leads to the most amount of success
- An easy mental trick to prevent your brain from going into a flight-or-fight response when it's time to approach a woman you're attracted to
- A detailed breakdown of how to use the "elderly opener," an easy style of approach that reliably starts conversations with women
- 2 ways to tell if a girl will be receptive to your approach
- How to avoid the dreaded "interview vibe"
- 10 common mistakes guys make that hurt their chances of getting a number

Day Bang shares tons of tips and real examples on having successful conversations. It teaches you…

- How to use my bait system to get the girl engaged and interested in you
- How to segue out of the initial opening topic into a more personal chat where you'll get to know the girl on a deeper level
- How to take the interesting things you've done (your accomplishments, hobbies, and experiences) and morph them into bait hooks that gets the girl intrigued enough to want to go out with you
- My "Galnuc" method to seamlessly get a girl's number
- An easy hack at the end of your interactions that will reduce the chance of a flake

and prime the girl for going out with you
- Ways to open up a conversation on a girl who isn't giving you much to work with

Day Bang goes into painstaking detail on how to approach women in a variety of common environments…

- How to open a girl in coffee shops when she has a book, laptop, mp3 player, cell phone, research paper, crossword or Sudoku puzzle, or nothing at all
- Two methods for approaching a girl on the street, depending on if she's moving or not, with a diagram to explain all the approach variations
- How to approach in a retail store or mall environment, with openers to use on customers or sales clerks
- How to approach in bookstores, with specific tips on how to customize your approaches in the cafe, magazine section, or general book aisles
- How to meet women in public transportation, on both the bus and subway
- How to meet women in grocery stores
- How to approach girls in secondary venues like a beach, casino, concert, gym, hair salon, handicraft fair, museum, art show, park, public square, or wine festival

Dozens of additional topics are logically organized into 12 chapters…

- **Preparation**. How to reduce your approach anxiety
- **Opening**. How to deliver your opener in a way that doesn't scare women away
- **Rambling**. How to have conversations that make women interested in you
- **Closing**. How to get a number in a way that reduces the chance she'll flake
- **The Coffee Shop**. How to pick up in coffee shops and cafes
- **The Street**. How to pick up outdoors
- **The Clothing Shop**. How to pick up in retail shops, malls, and big box stores
- **The Bookstore**. How to pick up in bookstores
- **Public Transportation**. How to pick up in the bus, subway, or long distance transportation
- **The Grocery Store**. How to pick up in grocery stores
- **Other Venues**. How to pick up just about anywhere else women can be found
- **Putting It All Together**. How to maximize your day game potential

The lessons taught in this 75,000 word, no-fluff textbook will help you meet women during the day. If you need tips on what to do after getting her number, consult my other book Bang, which contains an A-to-Z banging strategy. Day Bang focuses exclusively on daytime approaching.

Here's a review by a reader who won a pre-release copy:

> I was really excited to finally read Roosh's take on day game. (That's why I hit refresh about 1,000 times while trying to win it in the forum contest a few weeks back.) I was introduced to the concept by reading some of Jeremy Soul's stuff

from Love Systems, and I've loved reading Krauser's uber-alpha take on it. It's funny though, as both of them focus on approaching much the same way you do in night game: walk around, see a target you like, and then go open her.

I tried it out for a bit and found decent success, but it seemed so forced, much like the whole Mystery Method of night game. I don't have the best game at night, but mostly my game is predicated on setting up what appears to be random bumps/introductions/questions, etc. As a result, it seems just entirely natural, and I've had many girls say that to me in bed afterwards, that they liked how I didn't try to pick them up – it just naturally happened (which is, of course, not true).

I didn't know what to expect from Roosh on this topic, but I'm already a big fan of his. His approach to game seems the least contrived of anyone out there. And after reading Day Bang, he cements his position as the guru for normal people. It is a method/philosophy that fits me like a glove.

I've always been an outgoing person, so the concept of the elderly ramble was not only hilarious, but something pretty close to what I do on a regular basis. But seeing it codified really hit home. Roosh focuses much more on situational pick ups than the street game so favored by others, and again, it just seems so much more natural. If I had to summarize Day Bang in one sentence, it would be "Day Game for Actual Humans".

I could really go on at length, but the book is worth it even if just for getting to understand the idea of the elderly ramble or to internalize the metaphor of girls as cats during the day (Every day when I'm walking around the city, my head keeps saying "Don't scare the cat."). At its core, he gives simple rules like this to keep in your head until they become unconscious behaviors. The first half of the book is basics like this, which culminates in "Galnuc". At first, I had no idea what that meant either – but after he explains it, it's like every other one of his concepts. A simple explanation and map for a reality you already knew existed but couldn't describe. Seriously, between the ramble, don't scare the cat and Galnuc – that's like 80% of the battle. And since I can internalize that quickly, I can begin to live in the moment, instead of focusing on mechanics.

I think this is Roosh's best gift. He's explaining simple fundamentals – things that no longer need explaining to him, as he has progressed well past them – however, despite his distance from such a beginner's mindset, he's able to lay out the structure in such clear and relaxed language. There's none of that boot-camp "Approach 1,000 women now, private!" bullshit, just some of the best writing style in all of the game community. It never feels like he's writing a book or talking from on high about how things have to be; you really don't feel his ego coming through the pages like you do with other game writers.

The book concludes with just a ton of information on how to succeed in some particular locations. From simple tips – to full-on diagrams of coffee shops and

> more. The breakdowns of each place let you begin to see how he thinks, and that is the type of learning that builds you into a more complete man instead of a robot with pickup lines.
>
> Somehow, Day Bang wasn't at all what I was expecting. I had gotten used to the idea of day game being exclusively about street pickups. But after reading it, I feel like day game isn't some big thing I have to conquer, it's just going to become part of my life. Congrats Roosh. Job well done. And again, the writing style was so natural and flowed so well. You have honed a true skill.

Click one of the following links to learn more:

- Full details on what's inside
- Ten full-length sample pages
- **Details on how to order a copy in paperback or ebook**

Thanks to everyone for being patient while I worked on this book. I think you'll find that it was worth the wait.

The Paradox Of Game

September 20, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Haters of game are usually quick to point out game's paradox. It goes something like this…

"A major principle of game is not to put the pussy on the pedestal, but that's exactly what you're doing when you spend hundreds of hours learning and practicing game."

I say that I don't put pussy on the pedestal, but I've spent the good part of the last ten years doing everything I can to fuck pussy. How is that not a contradiction? Allow me to explain.

Not putting pussy on the pedestal means not caring whether you fuck any particular girl. You could be a sex-crazed nympho player, but you won't give a damn if Stacy comes over to your house and decides not to fuck you. You could have quit your job to focus on game full-time, but you won't care if Jen flaked on you. You don't care about *individual* prospects, while caring immensely how to close prospects in general.

I don't care that Stacy didn't fuck me, but I will try out new techniques to tighten my bedroom game. I don't care that Jen flaked on me, but I will implement a new tactic so there's a low chance of it happening again. Instead of putting pussy on the pedestal, I'm putting my dick on the pedestal by modifying my behavior so it gets what it wants before pussy gets what it wants.

Donald Trump is one of the world's most famous real estate investors. He knows more about real estate than perhaps anyone else, living and breathing it every day of his adult life. I'm sure he values his real estate business like a father values a son, but if he doesn't close a particular deal, will he be upset? Will his business empire crumble? No, he chalks it up and moves on to the next deal without losing any sleep. He puts his business on the pedestal, not individual properties. He will not close a deal unless his business benefits from it.

You have to really want sex, more than anything, but not care about the outcome with any specific girl. You have to go out with the mentality of a rabid wolf, but not care if a girl doesn't like your approach or another girl doesn't want to kiss you. You must desire the goal, not the girl. Here's what you must think:

"I really want to fuck tonight, but I don't care if a girl I approach doesn't want to fuck me."

It's doing everything you can to fuck girls, but not worrying if *she* doesn't want to fuck you. It's a subtle difference that, when understood, gives you the correct vibe to getting laid, of putting out a sexual vibe while not being needy, of being dedicated to your goal while being aloof, of being aggressive but always having the will to walk away. In any bar I'm sure I want to get laid more than anyone, but I walk away from prospects more often than any other guy, a behavior that actually gets me laid more than those guys. This is

the paradox of game.

I try hard while seemingly not trying, a balance that has taken me years to master. Until you get there, understand that you must have a strong desire to get laid in order to get laid. You must care about getting laid more than any other guy, but not care about getting get laid with *her*.

The 3 Blowout Rule

September 22, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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A blowout is when a girl doesn't allow you to finish your opener, doesn't respond, or makes fun of you. In any night venue, if you get blown out three times in a row at any point, leave. Even if you're a newbie and your game skill is low, you should not be in a place where you can't even find one girl to indulge your approach for a few seconds.

I wholly believe in persisting until the end of the night, but three in a row is my canary in a coal mine that the odds are stacked against me in that particular location. In the past year it has always held true that when three consecutive blowouts happened, I did not be getting laid no matter how many more approaches I made or how hard I tried. For whatever reason, some venues are so bad that your normally tight game cannot begin to counter its black hole pulling you into a reluctant masturbatory session.

Sometimes you'll discover that a venue can be great one night, but awful the next. An example is a Latin club I used to go to here in Poznan, which was fun on weekdays with girls who were reasonably friendly. The music was cheesy, but I enjoyed hanging out by the bar and doing an approach once every twenty minutes or so. Things changed on the weekends when there was a large influx of "bridge and tunnel" guys, both Polish and Spaniard, whose presence caused the girls to ice up.

Whereas on Thursday at the Latin club I could meet a girl and get laid, on Friday night I couldn't even get a girl to respond to me, even though I'm the same guy in the same venue spitting the same game on a girl who is on the same level as the night before. The three blowout rule was being broken so regularly that I stopped going there on weekend nights entirely, instead frequenting a quieter club across the street where it has *never* happened that I got three blowouts in a row. The irony is that you may do great at the Latin club on the weekend but get the three consecutive blowouts in the club I do well at. This is why venue experimentation is so important. Follow your data, not the crowd.

Think for a second about how much of a bitch a girl has to be to blow out a guy, even if that guy's line is weak. What has to be going through her mind to completely disrespect a man who, while may not have the best game, is being respectful about trying to start a conversation? It's the mind if a girl who has absolutely no interest in being real, friendly, or even human. It's okay to get rejected and have stalled conversations, but finding three cunts in a row is the same as god giving you a personal message to get the fuck out and go somewhere else. It'd be wise to act on that message.

“You Can’t Get Laid In The United States”

September 25, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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A common criticism I see is the following: “You can’t get laid in the United States so you go to third world countries to fuck poor women.” It’s an easy insult that serves a strong purpose for the two groups that primarily use it, women and beta males.

For women, it allows them to believe that they are still beautiful princesses who don’t have to lose weight, adjust their attitude, grow their hair, or put on a pair of high heels. It’s much easier to call guys like me “losers,” to believe that no desirable man would ever step foot inside Brazil or Poland to meet women, than it is to look in the mirror and be disappointed with what they see.

For beta males and white knights, the insult allows them to deny the fact that other men are pulling quality women while they’re getting nothing but turd droppings from butch feminists. They want to believe that a man who does “dating travel” only gets uneducated, diseased women who have AIDS and large vaginal sores. It’s much easier for him to fire off the insult than to tighten his game, stop playing video games, stop pedastalizing masculine women, and undertake the challenge of world travel where English may not be the dominant language.

There is no snappy retort when someone uses the insult because it comes from two deeply held beliefs of self-preservation:

1. “I don’t have to change or improve myself to get what I want.”
2. “If someone doesn’t like me, it’s never my fault.”

Most guys who dabble in dating travel do it not because they can’t get laid in America, but because they want to lay *better*. An American man with tight game can leverage that into getting with foreign women who I guarantee will increase his happiness level. Yet as I’ve said before, how you’ll do abroad is based on how well you do at home. All the guys who think that it’s a cakewalk to get laid with beautiful women in places like Colombia and Argentina have obviously never stepped more than a couple feet away from their masturbation station. It can be easy only after hard work and time, but not right as you get off the plane.

How about the guy with severe appearance deformities, negative game, and a psychiatric disorder who decides to hit Thailand in order to sleep with a dozen prostitutes? Should we shame him for such a trip?

We shouldn’t. If it makes him happy, and he’s able to leverage his American dollars to get abroad what he can’t get at home, he should fuck all the prostitutes he can handle. Explain to me how it’s smart for any society to prevent millions of sexually frustrated men from getting their biological needs met. For feminists to deny fucking these “losers” and then shame them at the same time for paying prostitutes is nothing short of cruel. If these men committed mass suicide, not a single feminist tear would be shed.

I have any analogy for why guys like me hit the road in search of their own little slice of

happiness. Let's say that the town you live in has only two bars called **Cuntfest Bar** and **Poonani Paradise Bar**. It's Friday night and you get separate text messages from friends who are at each bar. Here's what the text messages say…

Friend number one: "I'm at Cuntfest Bar and it sucks. There are six dudes for every girl, and the girls are hideous and overweight. Their attitude sucks."

Friend number two: "I'm at Poonani Paradise Bar. There are four girls for every guy. The girls are feminine, beautiful, affectionate, and a pleasure to talk to. Most are wearing short skirts and 4-inch heels."

American women and their beta-male apologists would have you believe that you're a creep and a douche bag for going to Poonani Paradise Bar. Their argument is that you should "man up" by going to Cuntfest Bar, which is close to how I see America.

By going to Poonani Paradise Bar and refusing to put up with bad behavior, obesity, and so on, you have declared war on American women. You are now the enemy. They will begin to use all sorts of weaponry to make you feel ashamed for going to Poonani Paradise Bar, because they know that the less people who believe in Cuntfest Bar, the less power they have. **Anything you do that increases your ability to be sexually successful while decreasing your dependence on dating American women will result in them trying to isolate and disparage you.** The quickest way to enrage an American girl or her beta male orbiter is to state that you don't need American pussy.

Imagine for a second if every man in the United States not only knew about Poonani Paradise Bar but also the means to go *and stay* there. What would happen? Withdrawal of penis from the American dating market. The most valuable and sharpest men would abstain from relationships with American women, who would gradually lose their power and have to make adjustments. While I don't think this will happen in my lifetime, women are only willing to make changes when the number of men trying to fuck them decrease. To keep the line of desperate men long and obedient, they will do all they can to spread the word that Cuntfest Bar is the only acceptable bar for men to drink at.

Their growing problem, however, is that too many men have been to Poonani Paradise Bar, also known as the "third world" (a tag given for any country not in predominately white North America or Western Europe). These guys are now starting to tell their friends. They're going on forums and writing positive reviews praising Poonani Paradise Bar:

"5 stars for thin girls"
"Fell in love, will visit again"
"A++++ says my dick"

Women can continue to call me and my brothers-in-arms losers and creeps for going to the "third world," but we still won't accept their obese and sloppy appearance, we still won't put up with their shitty attitudes, we still won't marry them, and we still won't give up the prime of our lives to be with them. If being happier means being outcast by low-quality women who don't even act like women, then so be it. South America, Southeast Asia, and Eastern Europe, here we come.

7 Signs You Should Approach A Girl

September 27, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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A big part of game that isn't often discussed is picking the right targets. Any man can approach 20 girls a night, but such indiscriminate carpet bombing is likely to tire the man out before he finds a girl who wants to openly receive his game. I believe as much effort should go into picking the right target as knowing how to approach them, because better prospects mean you need a less tight game to get sex. Do you want to cold call people who would never be interested in your product or do you want to call those who filled out a web page requesting more information? Hopefully the latter.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I used to force myself to do 10 approach a nights, but now I rarely get to that number before something happens because I know how to "cold call" those girls who already want to meet men. I gamed hard for a long time, but now I can game smart. I just look for the signs.

Day Game Support Forum

September 29, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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It's been eleven days since the release of Day Bang and the response has been amazing. Six-hundred copies sold by the end of day three, a feat that took Bang 16 months to achieve. I was on my email constantly on release day, giddy like a little kid, eager to see how many books were being sold in real time. I'll remember it as a day that I made it rain with books. If you bought Day Bang, drop me an email and tell me what you think of it.

Before the release I gave out several review copies to bloggers. These are guys who already liked Bang and enjoy my work, so of course they lean on the positive side. Still, I think they give additional insight into how guys well-versed in game view the book. After the reviews I'll explain how you can get complimentary day game support if you choose to do approaches based on what you read.

The first review is by the blogger formely known as Roissy:

> Technically, the writing is sharper and clearer than his first book, minus a few grammatical typos. It is also blessedly free of well-worn community jargon, so you get the impression that you're reading a cool guy talking to another cool guy in a natural setting, instead of a reformed geek giving a seminar in a hotel conference room. The book is a breeze to read and stresses practical advice as much as theory, which is to be commended. There is enough game theory in circulation, and while having a theoretical underpinning for the reasons why game works is critical to building your inner game and strengthening your resolve, ultimately it's the field-tested tools of the trade that are going to motivate you to get out there and put it all to work.

The next review is by Quest:

> Though it is not a beginner's guide, there are aspects of Day Bang that make it a great ambassador for Game. One of the book's greatest virtues is the way it contradicts traditional pick-up artist and Game advice, proving that we as a community are not inherent assholes or douche bags, but that we merely do what is necessary to have success, whatever the environment. Within its pages, Roosh advocates honest conversations and compliments, and cautions against even gentle teasing. Of course, this is just to get a girl interested in dating you, building light attraction and rapport, but the harsher stuff is still reserved for ramping a girl up toward sex. This is a more human side of Game, and Roosh has proven here why it has its place. The day game system is still ultimately about banging lots of beautiful women, but it is just a step in the process, albeit a crucial, potentially life-changing one.

Here's a review by Michael Byc, a lifestyle blogger:

> Mystery and Neil Strauss unleashed upon the world mnemonic memorizing furry

> hat wearing automatons. Roosh's Day Bang will unleash upon the world conversationalists and pursuers of interesting lifestyles. Day Bang peers beneath the glossy veneer of game. It does not offer false hope or tricks. Roosh maintains complete honesty with his readers. In the first pages he himself informs the reader that his success rate on a good streak would be a 50% close rate. On average you will never reach more than 40%. Sobering. Brutal honesty is a commodity. In a world of sugar coating salesmen there is nothing in this book covered with powdered sugar. The first lesson: reading this book alone will not get you success. You must understand yourself, your deficiencies, and most importantly you must enter the trenches. There is no such thing as an arm chair Lothario.

Next review is from Danger & Play:

> He gives you a mental paradigm that conquers approach anxiety. He gives you solid stock material to say. You won't need to creatively come up with a clever line. Everything you need to say to open the pretty girl in line behind you is already programmed in your head.

Then we got a review by Gmac, who lately has been rolling with my DC crew (Virgle Kent and Rookie):

> I'll admit I laughed at first when he recommended emulating conversations with elderly people. "Really? That's part of your game model?" Well guess what, it works. I should have taken a page out of my own book in the past, because even for me it was those casual, seemingly innocent conversations that truly led somewhere.

Next review is by Freedom 25:

> At a first glance though, it doesn't seem subtle at all. It actually feels suspiciously easy. There are no complex routines. There is no elaborate hierarchy of the stages of attraction. There is very little to memorize. The book itself is full of examples of successful daytime approaches, but they are presented as exactly that – examples, rather than gospel to commit to memory and regurgitate. Instead, Day Bang suggests men take a more natural, relaxed, and less eager-to-impress attitude towards day game.

Finally, we got a review by Bronan the Barbarian:

> Roosh's writing skips the PUA nerdfest. It's easily readable, relatable and often pretty damn hilarious. Roosh frequently interjects his trademark dry humor, keeping the reader engaged throughout. Potential game scenarios, diagrams of optimal game locations, common mistakes and useful openers give the reader a complete day game manual from start to finish. Another bonus – Day Bang's methods work to increase value in any conversational situation as Roosh adapts

> many proven sales tactics to the social realm. In fact, my only criticism of the book is that its examples are geared toward densely populated urban/suburban areas – if you're in a smaller city with fewer targets, you'll need to get creative and use the information and concepts to create your own openers.

I know there will be tons of questions from guys who start applying Day Bang's techniques, so I went ahead and set up a free Day Bang Support Forum. Check out the FAQ, post your question, and hang tight for an answer by yours truly. With the addition of a dedicated forum, I hope to make this the tightest day game model the world has ever seen.

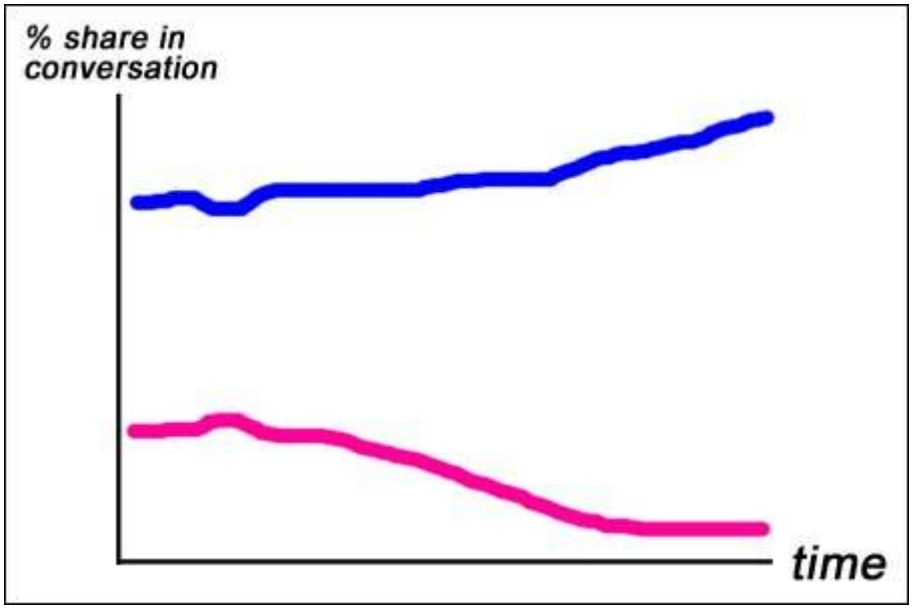
The Talking Ratio

October 2, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The best way to tell if a girl is attracted to you or not is if she asks you personal questions. The more she wants to know about you, the more likely you will have sex with her. The problem with this method is that it's not foolproof, especially at night, where a girl will ask you things like what you do or where you live without any intention of getting banged by your vein snake. You'll also encounter girls who are so shy that they don't ask you questions even though they're interested.

There's another indicator that is even more reliable in predicting a successful outcome, and that's if she's increasing her stake in the conversation. In other words, is she talking more than when you first started? If yes, then you have a solid prospect on your hands. Otherwise, the conversation will soon end. I've noticed this phenomenon before but only now have I realized that it does just as good of a job in determining if sex will occur than when a girl asks you personal questions. Combine the two and you might as well be able to predict the future.

Whether a girl is shy or not, you should see a relative increase of her participation in the conversation no later than the three minute mark. For example, let's say that you approach a girl and during the first three minutes you're doing 75% of the talking, which is about standard. If after those three minutes you're talking even more then I guarantee the conversation will die. Here's how a failed approach looks on a graph:

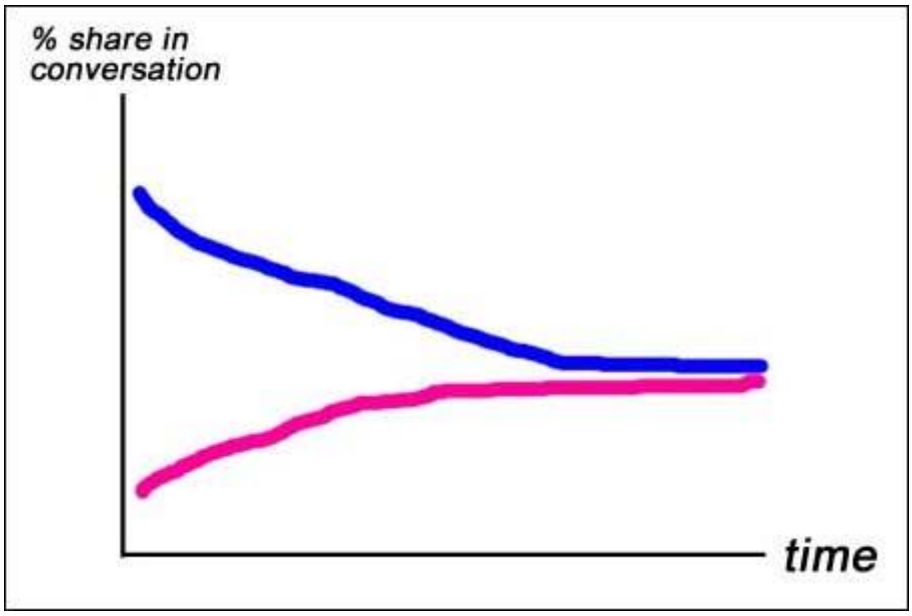


Girl is pink, guy is blue

It seems to be going well in the initial moments because of her participation, but after a mild bump that gives you false hope, she gradually goes silent. Our ego wants to think that she's enraptured with what we're saying, so we keep going and going, oblivious to the fact that she's actually not at all interested and planning an exit strategy. All a sudden she hits us with a "I'm going back to my friends" and we're left stunned. *Why did she leave when she was listening to everything I said?!*

What many men fail to understand is that seduction is a two-way street. The girl *must* be participating. The more she talks, the better it will go, even if she's interrupting your turbo game material. There's much truth in age-old advice to shut the fuck up and let a woman talk (once attraction is established).

Here's how successful pickups look:



Notice how she steadily increases her share in the conversation. Often times she ends up talking more than you, sending the pink line over the blue.

When you notice she's talking less than when you first started, understand that her attraction for you is decreasing. Continuing to talk won't help matters, so what can we do to improve the situation?

Shut your mouth.

If you notice she's talking less, just stop talking completely after using one of the silence lines I wrote about before. Additional lines you can try (said with a smirk):

"Can you please stop talking? I can't get a word in with you."

"I noticed you're not talking much. Do you not like foreign men with beards like lush carpet?"

The best thing you can do when she's pulling back is to push her away. If she then makes the decision to stay, she will automatically invest herself more into the conversation. The worst thing you can do is talk even more in the hopes that something will hook her, because she's probably not even paying attention to your words anyway.

This technique is not a fix for building attraction; it merely tosses you a life vest when you're already drowning. It gives you a chance at survival, but understand that over 80% of the time the interaction is unsalvageable if she's withdrawing from it. Therefore it saves you time more than anything. Unfortunately, as you already know, you won't be able to connect with every girl you approach.

The talking ratio is like a good friend telling me that I'm doing well. It reminds me to relax a bit once the conversation is established and focus more on letting her do what she

wants in order to get comfortable with me. It lets me know that the hard part of the approach is done, and all I have to do is start touching and think about getting the kiss.

I’m Ready To Man Up

October 4, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I’ve been doing a lot of thinking lately. I’m still here in Poland, pretending to be Peter Pan, having purely sexual relationships in a life void of responsibility where no one counts on me and no one expects anything of me. There is no reason to wake up before noon. I spend my days writing, reading, drinking, and chasing pussy. I have so much free time that I decided to learn Polish, one of the hardest languages in the world, just for the hell of it. I feel that there should be something more to life, even if it means taking on what may initially seem like a burden.

I’m convinced that the solution is to grow up and do what society expects of me, to be a man as defined by my middle-class peers.

I will man up and fly to Washington DC. I will fix my resume, make up some amazing bullshit for the four-year gap in professional employment, and become a microbiologist again. Hopefully I won’t have a mean boss, and hopefully the HR gals like me enough so I don’t get the axe in the first round of corporate restructuring.

Once stably employed, I will man up by looking for a modest condominium in the suburbs, taking on a mortgage that is not too crushing. The mortgage will give me a respectability that my self-published fuck guides never could. Hopefully the value of my condo doesn’t decline, the condo association nazis don’t complain about my music, and no major repairs will be needed that force me to eat ramen for an extended period of time.

To get around in the suburbs, I will man up by purchasing an environmentally friendly automobile, preferably a Toyota Prius. I will finance it. I will have to budget carefully since gas, insurance, and maintenance adds up. Hopefully I don’t get into a catastrophic accident.

I will man up and enroll in a part-time graduate program by borrowing the tuition (I can get my dad to co-sign the loan since he likes it when I go to school). If I really move my ass, I can have a fresh degree in four years, which will really impress my boss and set me up for a 4.5% annual raise instead of the usual 3%. My debt load should now keep me quite busy and anxious for the next 30 years.

I will man up and find a wife on eHarmony. She’ll be my age, a handsome woman tired of being pumped and dumped, with a masculine sensibility that South American and Eastern European women don’t have. She will drastically shorten her hair six months after the wedding, and in spite of my disapproval, she will gain one pound a month until finally exploding like a whale for our first of two kids. She’ll never make the effort to lose the pregnancy weight, no matter how many subtle gym membership gifts I get her for Valentines Day, Mothers Day, her birthday, and Christmas. She will lose interest in having sex with me. The most humiliating moment of my life will be when she tells me to pump her hand while she reads a woman’s magazine. I will feel unattractive and unloved.

Once the kids are in middle school, my wife will initiate divorce proceedings because “the

feeling” is no longer there. The feeling was no longer there for me either, but I was willing to make it work for our children. Nonetheless, I will man up and let her take the property, the cars, and the kids. I will pay her steep child support payments that leave me on the edge of poverty. My kids will be brainwashed against me, and hate me for the rest of their lives. I’ll hate them too, but if I stop paying child support I will be sent to prison. With little fatherly influence in their lives, my son will become a little bitch and my daughter a slut who loses her virginity at the age of 14.

I will not give up on life. I will work even harder and make wise investments until my kids are 18 and the burden of child support payments are lifted. Once eligible for social security at the age of 67, I will take my modest nest egg to a modern country with a cheap standard of living, maybe Poland. Once there, no one will count on me and no one will expect anything of me. There will no reason to wake up before noon. I’ll spend my days writing, reading, drinking, and purchasing pussy. I will have so much free time that I’ll decide to learn Polish, one of the hardest languages in the world, just for the hell of it. Yes, I’m ready to man up.

More Book Reviews 8

October 6, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

PREVIOUSLY:

- Top 10 Most Important Books
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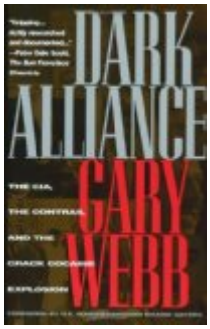
- More Books 7
- The Amazon Kindle Is A Game Changer

REVIEWS:



Dark Alliance

This book is about how the CIA turned a blind eye when Nicaraguan Contras (rebels) were selling cocaine in the United States to fund its war against a new Nicaraguan leader who was hated by the U.S. government. Tons and tons of those drugs were piped direction into inner cities, where they were processed as crack and sold to black people. The book provides more than enough evidence to show the government knew this was happening. They let it proceed because they felt overthrowing the Nicaraguan government was a cause worth sacrificing Americans who were already living on the margins of society.

At the same time Ronald Reagan was teaching you to Just Say No, he was letting cargo planes of drugs enter the U.S. (many owned by CIA contractors) in a program run by Oliver North, all because he was chafed by Congress' decision to pull funding on the Contras, "freedom fighters" that were composed of human rights abusers and corrupt officials who looted Nicaragua when they had held power.

"The administration had allowed South Central's biggest cocaine trafficker to call the United States his home."

At the same time, crack hysteria by the media set the stage for the creation of extreme drug laws that locked up users and small-time dealers for long mandatory sentences. The government allowed the drug to enter the inner cities while locking up black men en

masse who touched it, all while letting the big-time traffickers go. The black community was hit three times: they were flooded with drugs, they were further impoverished while buying those drugs (helping fund a war in Central America), and finally they were jailed in massive numbers, ensuring destruction of the lower class black family unit.

People who want to blame black people for their failings or addictions can do so all they want, but it doesn't make it right that the government allowed this to happen. From the beginning they knew where those drugs were going but carried out their illegal program anyway. Things Malcolm X said over two decades prior about white participation of black destruction eerily went down exactly according to his words.

The media was complicit in all this:

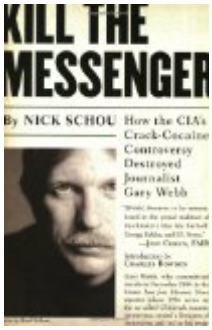
"One truly remarkable thing about the crack scare was the degree to which the national press—particularly the New York Times—walked in lockstep with the federal government on the issue, fanning the flames of hysteria and unquestioningly parroting the official line, a media phenomenon usually seen only in times of armed conflict."

Attacking crack and being "tough on crime" was a great way to score votes at the polls, leading to many easy re-election campaigns in the second half of the 80s. You couldn't find a politician who didn't think crack was going to destroy the country.

Once this "dark alliance" was exposed, the government repeatedly lied and stonewalled. The Justice Department should be renamed the Obstruction of Justice Department. The DEA is the Drug Enabling Agency. It was almost amusing how many government agencies did the very opposite of their publicly stated missions.

This book confirmed to me that the CIA is independent of U.S. law, with tentacles in ever major media organization and federal agency. It's an enterprise that funds its own projects through illegal means if need be, using contractors, front companies, untraceable bank accounts, and layers of agents to evade detection in order to support programs that the American people would unquestionably be against. They are the most powerful group in the world, with no accountability and near unlimited power to accomplish its covert goals in the name of preserving "American interests." They especially love using drug money to support paramilitary groups that aren't big fans of human rights (Laos and Afghanistan are other countries suspected of CIA involvement when it comes to drug trafficking).

The depressing part is that this is only one program that got exposed, though every once in a while there is a mistake that suggests the CIA is still involved in drug trafficking. The author's efforts to expose the CIA sadly contributed to his suicide. He wrote a powerful book that makes you lose whatever remaining faith and trust you had in the government. Highly recommended.



Kill the Messenger

This book is basically a summary of *Dark Alliance* with additional reporting that gives more insight into the life of Gary Webb until he committed suicide. It describes how the mass media, particularly the Los Angeles Times, wrongly attacked Webb's credibility and ensured he could never again get a job in journalism. They set up a straw man saying that Webb failed to prove that the CIA sold crack cocaine, when in fact Webb never said that (his argument was that the CIA knew where the drugs were going but didn't put a stop to it). The media were ten times more focused on combing through Webb's past than actually advancing the CIA-contra link that he provided solid evidence for.

I felt like the book was forced to adopt a more nuanced view on the CIAs role in drug trafficking. It's one of those things where unless you have a copy of a drug contract printed on CIA letterhead and signed by the director, you have insufficient evidence and therefore are a loony conspiracy theorist. On the other hand, when the U.S. wants to invade a country, all it needs is to find one disgruntled soldier to say that he saw weapons of mass destruction to get the war drum beating. If you want to take down the CIA you need HD video with sound and nothing less.

Gary Webb was just doing his job, but unfortunately he had some existing character weaknesses that made his banishment from the profession he loved result in depression and then tragedy. It looks like he died in vain, for nothing has changed.

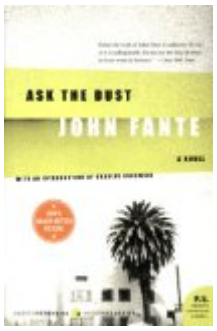
Anything You Want

I met the author of this book in Rio, after already having been a fan of his blog. We talked a little about life, business, and travel, surprised that so many of our beliefs were similar yet our paths so different. He poured his energy into music and business while I poured mine into women and writing. I hold him up to be a business role model, a guy on the same page as myself who brought value to his customers over several years and was greatly rewarded for it.

I bought his book the day it came out and read it in a couple hours. It's an inspiring and

practical story of how he took a hobby and turned it into a business that later sold for $22 million, including the gut-wrenching mistake he made that cost him $3.3 million. He tells you what worked for him, knowing full well that his strategies go against what they teach you in business school. I highly recommended it if you want to start your own business.

“When someone’s doing something for the money, people can sense it, like a desperate lover. It’s a turnoff.”

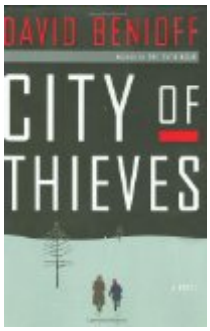


Ask The Dust

This book was a strong inspiration to Charles Bukowski, so I thought it deserved a read. It’s a semi-autobiographical story of an insecure young man trying to crack it as a writer in Los Angeles during the Great Depression, written in a stream-of-consciousness style. Most of the book revolves around his attempts to get paid for his writing while trying to seduce a Mexican girl who happens to be in love with another man.

I couldn’t sympathize with the protagonist because he had absolutely no game. He came across as a loser with a level of betatude that made me cringe at several points throughout the novel, not at all deserving to get the Mexican girl. The little action in this book stems from his attempts to come to terms with his feelings for her while she uses him as a tampon again and again.

The bright side of this book is the prose; the writing completely won me over. It’s up there with the best I’ve read, though it’s hard to describe why. It’s not too descriptive, it’s not too floral, but it just flows, and you want to keep reading even though you don’t care about the story or the characters. If you like Bukowski or Henry Miller then you’ll like this book.



City Of Thieves

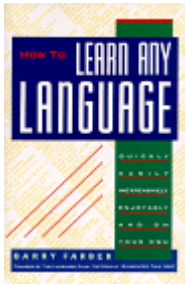
This is a historical fiction novel using the Siege of Leningrad as a backdrop, when the Nazis surrounded the city for nearly three years in an attempt to destroy it. It’s about two men (a soldier and a teenager) who got into trouble with the Russian secret police. Their “crimes” would be usually punishable by death, but a general decided to spare their lives

if they can find a dozen eggs so he can use it for his daughter's upcoming wedding. Under normal times this is not a hard task, but during the blockade, when people were resorting to cannibalism to survive, eggs were worth their weight in gold.

In a capable story that is both entertaining and engaging, the reader is whisked from one scene to the next in the characters' futile attempt to find eggs. It's a good book written by someone who followed his writing workshop notes to a T, but it's not great for two reasons. The first is that the main character is a pathetic beta who falls in love with a girl who is stronger and more masculine than him. At several points in the book I was hoping he'd die.

The second problem with the book is that the author keeps interrupting the best action with lame and irrelevant side stories. Just tell me the fucking story and spare me from your hack attempt to build suspense.

Other than that I recommend the book as a fine read, especially if you have any interest in Russian history or World War II.



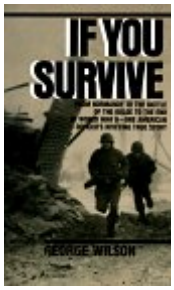
How To Learn Any Language

I was looking for a language learning blueprint that could help me learn any language. I believe I found it with this book, which was written by a guy who has mastered 25 languages. He gives you practical advice on how to tackle new languages with the goal of helping you gain fluency.

The book had two strong tips that I immediately implemented while studying Polish. The first was to take a stack of blank notecards wherever you go and write down the things you wanted to say but couldn't so that you can later get a translation. This tip understands that you won't later remember at home what you wanted to say at the grocery store, for example. I've even started taking pen and paper to me with the club, writing down game lines that I want my Polish teacher to help me translate.

The second tip was using mnemonics to memorize tough vocabulary. He teaches you how to make a story out of each word, that while labor intensive on the surface, is the fastest way I've found to get words to stick in my brain.

My only complaint with the book is that it was somewhat contradictory. At one point he says don't worry about grammar, but at another he's saying to do your best to learn proper grammar. It was a minor issue in an otherwise fast read of one man's journey through the world of language learning. If you're trying to learn a language right now, this book will definitely motivate you.

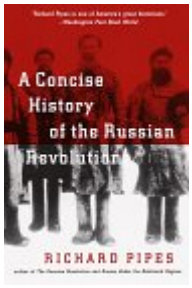


If You Survive

This book is one foot soldier's experience in World War II, from his landing in France after D-Day to his injury a few months later. The story unfolds battle to battle as the author tells you how the war was fought and what he did to survive. Instead of talking about war through the sweeping eye of a historian, this book gets at a micro level of detailing logistical issues like transport and reloading on ammunition in the thick of battle.

What struck me most about this book was how an inconsequential act, like picking up a pack of cigarettes, would lead to death. Just one inch to the left and you might have lived. More than anything else, reading about war teaches me how insignificant human life really is.

While it contained a lot of technical descriptions that sometimes made it hard to visualize the battle scene, *If You Survive* was a riveting story that avoided editorializing about the evils of war. It simply told you how it is.



A Concise History Of The Russian Revolution

The crux of this book is that Lenin and his cronies managed to take over a country with a small minority of support from the people. Once in power they resorted to permanent use of terror and absurd governance that almost destroyed a "great" nation.

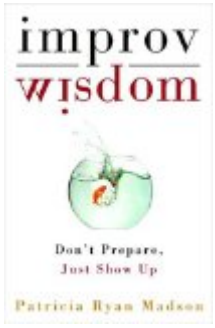
Lenin made it up as he went along, especially since the idealistic writing of Marx didn't work out so well in practice. He was great at winning the game of politics but horrible at managing a country with a goal of increasing his people's standard of living. His efforts to abolish money for a barter system and to eliminate the laws of supply and demand seem comical in hindsight. He treated Russia as one big laboratory that destroyed the economy and resulted in a famine that cost millions of lives along with untold human suffering. His crackpot schemes make you feel sorry for the Russian people.

Many historians say Stalin was one of the most ruthless men the world has ever seen, but his whole ideology came from Lenin. The only thing that stopped Lenin from killing millions more people was his premature death.

"Soviet Russia was the first state in history to outlaw law. This measure permitted the authorities to dispose of any individual who stood in their way."

This book has a couple of strange features. The first is that it's suspiciously pro-Jew. I don't care either way of Jewish participation in the rise of Russian communism, but the author went out of his way to make sure they came out favorably. Secondly, the author is vehemently anti-Communist, repeatedly asserting that life under the tsar was better for Russians. I looked into his Wikipedia biography and turns out that he is indeed Jewish, with ties to both the CIA and Council of Foreign Relations. When he was accused of writing "the Polish version of Russian history," he called his attacker an anti-Semite.

Overall this was a dry work full of facts that kept me engaged only because of my interest in Russian history, but I couldn't shake the feeling that I was reading propaganda.



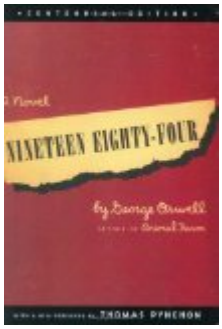
Improv Wisdom

Call me a sexist but I hesitated to buy this book because it was written by a woman. I can't think of the last time any woman has given sound life advice that has helped a man, but the 5 out of 5 stars it got on Amazon convinced me to drop my cash on it. That was a mistake.

This book has several problems:

- Straight-up bullshit, such as "When we train our minds to accept whatever arises, ideas grow, and we nourish the garden of our imagination." I think I saw that sentence on the back of a milk carton.
- Real-life examples are about women, often the "busy mom" variety.
- Beta male advice about caring for others, saying yes all the time, leaving thank-you notes for trivial reasons, and paying tolls for random strangers.
- Cheesy hands-on exercises that I doubt the author did herself.

The author admits she has brought forth no new wisdom at all, but collected a bunch of feel-good tips she gleaned from Buddhism and other self help works. This book is entry-level self help for women who need an easy follow-up to Eat Pray Love. The best thing about it is the title.



1984

I already read this book twice before but wanted to hit it one more time. From reading Russian history in the past year, I feel like this book was “based on a true story.” The only difference between the Bolsheviks and their stranglehold on Russia for so many decades and 1984 are names and technology. If the communists wrote a manual on power I believe it would not be far off from this.

Unfortunately for us, 1984 does act as a manual for countries where “freedom” and “liberty” rein today.

“The Party told you to reject the evidence of your eyes and ears.”

Even though WTC7 looks like a controlled demolition, it fell because of office fires. Even though WTC7 looks like a controlled demolition, it fell because of office fires. Even though WTC7 looks like a controlled demolition, it fell because of office fires.

I have to ignore what my eyes and gut tells me and tote the Party line. Nineteen terrorists, box cutters, Osama, jealous of America, and so on.

“The essential act of war is destruction, not necessarily of human lives, but of the products of human labour. War is a way of shattering to pieces, or pouring into the stratosphere, or sinking in the depths of the sea, materials which might otherwise be used to make the masses too comfortable, and hence, in the long run, too intelligent. Even when weapons of war are not actually destroyed, their manufacture is still a convenient way of expending labour power without producing anything that can be consumed… The object of war is not to make or prevent conquests of territory, but to keep the structure of society intact.”

1984 is easily my favorite book. I like to revisit it occasionally to help remind me of government’s true goal, its boot pressed against my face.

5 Reasons Your Game Sucks

October 9, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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

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

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

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

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

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

The solutions that will take your game to the next level are building your confidence to lofty heights, devaluing pussy, making the law of averages your god, and experimenting until there’s nothing left to experiment with. Until then you will only see average returns from your game investment.

How To Choose The Best Prospects For Fast Sex

October 11, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

How do you know when to walk away from an interaction? How do you know when a girl is not a good candidate? First, you'll need at least twenty notches of experience from cold

approaches. You will then pick out the patterns of how those twenty girls responded to your game. If you meet a girl who responds in an opposite way from the pattern, stop talking to her. In essence, you're testing her to see if she responds in a way that other girls you've fucked have responded.

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

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

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

With the use of several other tests, I will know within 30 minutes and with 75% certainty if I will get the one-night stand or not. Compare this to my past, where it was common to waste over two hours on a chick to only get a number and not even a kiss. Today that simply doesn't happen to me because I have my funnel tests that I stick to regardless of how pretty or interesting she is.

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

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

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

The Hypocrisy Of American Feminism

October 13, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

This is a guest post by Athlone McGinnis.

There is a significant difference in the nature of Swedish feminism versus American feminism: the latter wants to have things both ways ("We're totally equal but men should still be chivalrous"), while Swedish feminists appear to actually mean equality when they say it.

I don't think that American men hate feminism in and of itself. The vast majority of American men don't have a problem with legal and occupational equality for women, but what really irks them is the hypocrisy of it all. The root cause of it is the uniquely arrogant nature of American feminism, whereby women demand more power without any consequences. The basic fundamental nature of these issues is defined by a female desire to have their cake and eat it too.

Consider the following issues:

1. "Manning up." Females here want to ride the cock carousel in youth while shunning commitment from the beta males who do want it, sometimes outright insulting them. Then they want to age while shaming and harping on them to "man up." Have cake, eat cake.

How can a man win in this situation? When he tries to be the nice, committed, idealistic romantic that women say they want, he gets shunned. The feminists label him a "Nice Guy" ™, which in their lexicon is code for creepy loser with an agenda. So he is shamed for "manning up."

Assuming the guy isn't an idiot, he proceeds to adapt. He learns game, stops taking women out on dinner dates, and keeps things more casual. His success improves. He mans up in a way that women weren't expecting, but then as he ages, he once again encounters problems. Now those same women who "didn't want to get serious" suddenly want to get serious. They shunned him for wanting to commit so he stopped committing, and it worked. Now they shame him for not committing enough and failing to "man up." Since they're rapidly aging, they want back the cake they ate (read: rejected) in their prime, expecting the former "nice guy" to provide it.

2. Obesity. Fat women in America want to eat however they like and maintain zero impulse control or discipline, but they also want to be treated as though they were fit, cute girls without looking the part. They shouldn't be called unattractive or unhealthy even though they are unattractive and unhealthy. Have cake, eat cake (literally).

3. Divorce laws. "We as women are entirely equal to men intellectually and socially, but we still want alimony, and will proceed to initiate 75% of all divorces even though we were the ones begging men to 'man up' and marry us in the first place." They beg men to man up, and yet promote a legal system that gives men very little incentive to do so. Have cake, eat cake.

4. “I just want a nice, reliable guy.” After saying this she proceeds to bang the idiotic DJs down the street while ignoring the “nice, reliable” guys she does know. Says one thing, does another. Had the cake, ate the cake. Later on, she’ll wonder where all of the good guys went, and you’ll start hearing her call for her male peers to “man up.”

5. Don’t know how to cook. Roosh mentioned this one on his list of 42 Things Wrong With American Women. Not knowing how to cook isn’t really a bad thing in and of itself. The problem comes when you insert hypocrisy. These same women who lack cooking and other domestic skills (i.e., cannot fill a traditional feminine gender role) expect men to fulfill traditional male gender roles (pay all the bills and be chivalrous). Again, they want to have their cake and eat it too. It is equal when they like it, misogynistic when they do not.

6. Sex Tourist. Women who travel are always “broadening their horizons” and “discovering the world”. Nobody is going to question a woman who wants to take a trip to Latin America for a summer. A guy, though? Probably a sex tourist. Nevermind the fact that quite a few older women travel to parts of the Caribbean trying to “Rent a Rasta.”

Take the movie *Heading South* as an example, about older American female sex tourists in Haiti sexing up and generously compensating young Haitian teens. It received solid reviews and even a few awards at Venice in 2005. Let’s imagine a movie with a very similar premise except the protagonists this time are American men in the Dominican Republic sexing up teenage girls. How well received do you think that would have been?

7. They have standards way beyond their level of attractiveness. This is another item off Roosh’s list of 42. Fat girls here don’t lower their standards. They do not limit themselves to a guy with a similar BMI. They want a dude with 10-12% body fat, just like every other chick. Yet whenever men complain about not being able to date a woman on their own level, women label their standards “unrealistic” by saying, “Clearly you’re just looking at the wrong girls! Maybe the problem is you!”

Women can want whatever their hearts desire and state it openly, but men are shamed for voicing those same wants. She is free to go on and on about her 400+ point list of requirements (“He’s gotta be at least 6’2″, has to have a masters, must make at least six figures, needs to be handsome”), but when a man starts with his much shorter list (“She needs to be loyal, caring, but I’d like her to also be thin…”), he is a delusional misogynist promoting unhealthy standards of beauty.

8. Cougars. Older women sport-fucking men half their age is fine. Those women are empowered, embracing their sexuality. Who cares if she just hit 40 and the guy is barely old enough to buy alcohol? Now let’s replace the 40-year-old female cougar with a 40-year-old male businessman, and the 21-year-old college dude with a 21-year-old female co-ed. What happens?

Whereas the cougar was “empowered” and not widely criticized for engaging in a relationship with such a huge age gap, he is a “dirty old man”. He is obviously going through a mid-life crisis, even though she clearly wasn’t (and we all know that women hit their sexual prime at 35…right? RIGHT?).

All of this is easy to see through, and that is why men hate it so much. It is just too wildly transparent and self-serving. Equal pay and legal rights are fine, but feminism here isn't demanding that. It's asking for female dominance, not equality, and that is somewhat infuriating. Modern, mainstream third-wave American feminism seems to very strongly support, or fail to criticize, these constant double standards. This is why men hate it.

Getting back to the Scandinavian question, Swedish feminists may be outspoken in their demand for absolute equality, but they're not going to encourage their women to eat and look like land-whales while still nurturing ridiculously high standards for men, which is part of why they have only a 9% obesity rate. Men there are not forced to deal with the hypocrisy of physically repulsive women asking to be treated as though they were way above the law. Their women may not fit traditional feminine gender roles very well, but they're also not subsequently asking men to keep filling masculine roles the way many American women do (they're more likely to pay on a date, among other things). Thus, the guys don't seem quite as angry, and I don't blame them. I wouldn't be either.

On another note, American women of all kinds seem to generally maintain a passionate hatred for beta males. This varies somewhat by community (it's obviously more extreme among blacks, less so among whites and Asians), but it's there. They are almost universally unwelcome in this society by females.

It has been mentioned before that in Scandinavia and much of the rest of Europe, beta males seem to carry a lot more value. Now, consider that the majority of men everywhere are what you would call beta males, and you have a clearer answer. Swedish women are not quite as hostile to betas, which comprise the majority of the male populace, meaning you will see more amicable gender relations. American women, especially feminists, tend to dislike betas. Thus, you have less amicable gender relations.

Add to this the raw capitalist nature of American relations where so many relationships seem to be about the transfer of status and cash, rather than the more crucial intangible things, and you have a recipe for hostility. The women here never really love the men in the first place, and the men, most of whom are betas, naturally react with skepticism and hostility towards a female populace that is more openly and viciously hostile to betas than others across the world.

I Lost The Polish Magic

October 16, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

May of 2011 was an amazing month. I arrived in Poland with no expectations, eager to put two bad months of Denmark behind me. I was not ready for what was in store for me: bangable women everywhere who were fluent in English and had little attitude. Most importantly, they liked me. They liked my look, my humor, my conversation, my beard, my accent, and where I came from. On my third day I slept with a girl whose quality was top five of all women I've been with in my life. I called her "little egg" (*jajeczko* in Polish) because of what she cooked for me the morning after I slept with her.

Little Egg was beautiful, smart, sexy, optimistic, funny, and happy, a former punk kid who grew up faster than her peers, eventually settling into a fashion career. We had great chemistry so I always looked forward to talking and joking with her. I'll always remember one night she showed up wearing a necklace that had a little gun. It made a click sound when you pulled the trigger. She shot me twice. I never met a girl who made me laugh as much as she did.

I kept Little Egg at arm's length because I didn't want to stop whoring. When I wasn't with her I tried to fuck any Polish girl that could get my dick hard. I had one-night stands every night of the week except Sunday and Monday. Most of my conquests were college girls under 23 years old, nine years younger than me, and six years younger than Little Egg, the most mature and grounded of them all. I was living my dream, my dick was living its dream, and all was good in the world. I found my utopia.

It didn't last long. Little Egg went cold on me after two months, suddenly busy when she wasn't busy before. Was she tired of my reluctance to advance the relationship or did she meet someone else? I'll never know. Summer arrived and all the students left, leaving the city a shell of its spring self. The pussy switch flicked to the off position. No more one-night stands and no more easy lays. My dream gradually turned into a nightmare. I lost the Polish magic.

During the summer I had to lower my standards for girls who were much harder to lay. Only in Washington DC did I have to work so hard for so little (hell, even summer in DC is better). I kept going like a good soldier until banging a nympho Polish girl who helped keep my testicles empty in those hard months. I enjoyed my time with her, but she was too shy and restrained. Besides, I didn't want just one girl, I wanted all of them. I wanted a great girl on my arm while fucking young sluts on the side.

One day towards the end of September I walked to the grocery store and noticed girls all over the place. It seemed like a cargo ship had suddenly dumped a huge load of pussy on the streets. School had resumed. I wanted the spring back, I wanted the magic back, and was willing to do whatever it took to get it.

With school back in session, I went out on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday nights. I put in the work, at least 25 approaches, but there was little magic to be found. The clubs

were filled with sausage. The young girls weren't as extra horny like before. The magic must've been a one shot deal, I thought, so better ramp up the day game to at least get some dates going. I figured that in May I came at the right time with the right energy, leading to a great epoch of my life that could never be duplicated. *You never see it coming, you only see it go.*

I went out on Saturday night, the first of October, tired and dejected. I hadn't been laid in two weeks. Expecting failure, I planned on doing five daily approaches at the mall starting on Monday to re-build a pipeline that was bone dry after burning the bridge with my summer fling.

At the club I sat down away from the action, something I never do. I told myself I'd get up when I saw something decent. It took half an hour for that girl to arrive. She was alone, wearing tight jeans, high heels, and a simple black top that revealed a nice curve in her lower back. She had long brown hair and bangs. She was a 7.5, no more and no less, with a petite body type that satisfied my perverse elephant-on-kitten sex desire. Still, I didn't want to get up. I started making excuses why the approach would not go well, and remained seated.

Five minutes later she was still at the bar, just standing there. My excuses fizzled in the face of a good opportunity. I pulled myself up and moved my legs until I was right next to her. I tapped her on the shoulder and said, "You don't look like you're from here. You look like you're from… Macedonia." She had dark eyes and hair so it was plausible.

"I'm from Poland," she said with a huge smile. "Why do you think I'm from Macedonia?"

She laughed at my jokes and complimented my appearance. She told me how badly she wants to visit America, particularly New York City. Within a few minutes she asked me what my astrology sign was, perhaps the biggest sign of interest a girl can give me without getting on her knees and blowing me right there. Over the next three hours I gradually increased the sexual tension as if playing with an oven thermostat. Light touches before heavy. Dancing a foot away before grinding up on her body. Gentle brushing of my lips against hers before driving my tongue in her mouth. You know a girl is ready when all you have to say is "Let's go" for her to jump to attention and face the door, eager to leave with you.

In my apartment I made her a vodka drink that I knew would go untouched, the glass sweating all night. I leaned against my kitchen counter and pulled her body against mine. She took off her shirt, I unbuttoned her jeans, and she did the rest. I stared at absolute perfection: 100 pounds, C cup breasts, a round ass that would please any black man. She took of my clothes, bending down to get my jeans off. I unsnapped her bra and pulled down her wet panties. *Roosh, get a condom.* She stroked my dick with her hand and I put it between her legs, her bald pussy. *Roosh, get a condom, it's in your back jean pocket.* I felt her juices leap onto my dick, smothering it with lubrication. *Roosh, get the fucking condom.* I turned her around, still leaning against the counter, and pushed her down. *Stop Roosh you dirty motherfucker!* The shape of her body was flawless. All I wanted in that moment was to be inside her. My inner monologue went quiet.

I went straight to raw dog, my dick going in smooth like butter. My eyes rolled in the back of my head and my head tilted up to the ceiling. For twenty seconds I felt paralyzed with pleasure, unable to move. She didn't mind doing the work, holding onto the couch for balance to fuck me in and out, her moans getting louder. I regained focus and gave her the best dick I could, in the kitchen, against the couch, against the window with a view facing the entire city, and finally on my bed, her pussy juice leaving a crumb trail throughout my apartment. I pulled out right in time and ejaculated a liter of cum all over her body, shooting up to her neck.

We fucked again and again and again. I instructed her to talk dirty in Polish and she obliged as I fucked faster and harder. I had no idea what she was saying but I assure you it sounded sexy. Even Vietnamese would have sounded sexy at that point. After three nuts I knew it would be impossible for me to cum again, but I couldn't stop. I was a mindless fuck zombie with no other function in life but to pump that poor girl's pussy. Even sleep wasn't required, only fuck.

I started getting angry that she was able to handle so much dick, so I fucked her as violently as I possibly could to tire her out, as if trying to lose her in a sprint, choking her and yanking on her hair, but I only fatigued myself in the process. "I need a time out," I'd say, pulling out slowly. She'd cuddle next to me while I caught glances of my raw dick, wondering how much more it could take. After a twenty minute breather I'd wake her up and fuck some more. My dick was inside her for over two hours by the time she left the next afternoon.

Four nights later I brought home another girl. She had the same petite and thin dimensions, a body that I'd be lucky to experience even once a year in my own country. The sex wasn't as good, especially since I was mindful enough to use condoms, but it was good enough.

October was turning out to be even better than May, but something felt off. Was magic simply fucking a lot of girls, or do you need something more, like having a Little Egg on your arm to balance it all out? I wasn't sure, because I didn't want to be sure. I wasn't ready to examine the purpose of my current existence, to accept that my pursuit of the easiest sex possible may have costs that are decreasing my happiness.

Sometimes your subconscious decides for you. As if just out of curiosity, I started to casually research flights out of Poland.

You Did This To Me

October 18, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

You made me learn game. You made it very clear that being nice, chivalrous, and patient was not the way to have sex with you. You let me know that being your friend, listening to your problems, and supporting you through hard times would only result in me getting to hear you fuck other guys. You pushed me to approach a million women to improve my ability to get laid.

You made me a selfish asshole. You rewarded me with sex when I treated you poorly. Your pussy got wetter the less I respected you. You made me go against my kind nature by being more cocky and arrogant.

You made me emotionally cold. You punished me any time I told you my feelings. You lost interest in me whenever I showed you basic human affection before you gave me affection first. You showed me that the less I concerned myself with your well-being, the more you did what I wanted.

You made me go for shallow one-night stands. You wouldn't return my call even though we had what you admitted was a great conversation. You would flake and disappear for no obvious reason, making me feel like a piece of shit. You made me view sex as a numbers game where I treat you as nothing more than a "prospect" towards my sexual needs, an entry in my cell phone that represented possible sex, not a human being I wanted to build something with. You gave me no choice but to speed up all interactions at caveman speed so I could at least get a nut.

You made me leave America. Your entitled attitude become unbearable and your appearance disgusting. You have lost what it means to be a woman and what it takes to make a man happy. You have so little value to give yet you still expect Prince Charming to one day sweep you off your feet. You are a corrupted and damaged female, and have tried your damnedest to bring me down to your level.

The more game I learned and the more women I approached, the more sex I got. The more I worried about my needs and the more I treated you like crap, the more you went out of your way to please me. The colder I was to you, the more likely you'd want to be with me. The faster I went for sex, the less you flaked on me. The more time I spent away from America, the happier I became.

You made me hate feminism. You made me forget about marriage. You made me a voice for men who have gone through the same struggles that I have. The interactions I have with a woman tomorrow is entirely due to your influence and how you've treated me the past fifteen years. Who I am stems from your responses to my attempts at fulfilling my biological urge of sleeping with you. You've shaped my game and views towards women every time you rejected me and every time you opened your legs. You made me who I am, and every day you create one thousand men who are just like me.

The Manosphere For Dummies

October 20, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The term “manosphere” is generally applied to any game or men’s right blog that goes against mainstream thinking of pedestalizing women at the expense of men. Since there’s no central authority, that leaves some guys who stumble onto one of our sites left wondering what the deal is. It doesn’t help that there are wide variations in focus between one manosphere blog and the next.

I have found an article that effortlessly ties in all our beliefs. It makes it clear what we stand for while offering one devastating argument after another against feminist thinking. It’s called **The Misandry Bubble**.

It’s a rational, well-sourced work that explains exactly how men in the West are being destroyed, specifically beta males. The article is long but necessary reading for every male citizen of the United States.

“Beta males who were told to follow a responsible, productive life of conformity found that they were swindled.”

The author describes the climate that gave rise to game and guys like me, even though he gets a bit moral about its application. By teaching you game, I hope that you will avoid a fate that befall many men in America. In case you don’t want to learn game, the article will scare you straight from getting married:

“There are large numbers of middle-class men who were upstanding citizens, who were subjected to divorce against their will, had their children taken from them, pay alimony masked as child support that is so high that many of them have to live out of their cars or with their relatives, and after job loss from economic conditions, are imprisoned simply for running out of money.”

I’ve never seen an article that so thoroughly destroys feminism in one swoop. It made me wish I had written it myself. Some choice quotes:

“The word ‘misogynist’ has expanded to such an extreme that it is the Pavlovian response to anything a ‘feminist’ feels bad about, but cannot articulate in an adult-like manner.”

“The ‘feminist’ media’s attempt to normalize ‘cougarhood’ is evidence of gasping desperation to package failure as a desirable outcome, which will never become mainstream due to sheer biological realities.”

“The obligation of working-age people to support the elderly should not be socialized in order to subsidize women who chose not to reproduce.”

He even cites expatriation as a method to subvert feminism, something I recently hinted at in You Can’t Get Laid In The USA.

I’ll be the first admit this is a depressing article for showing how men have been crushed in the past 40 years, but at the very end he offers hope by predicting the end of the

feminist movement. Either feminism dies or it takes the whole of Western society with it. The game will change with its demise, but by that point I'll be an old man with a duffel bag of Cialis banging teenage prostitutes somewhere in Latin America. I'll let the next generation figure it out.

How To Be A Man

October 23, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Fifty years ago you would've probably received a basic education, created a family, and then supported it with a menial yet well-paying and stable job. Not only were you considered a man by society if you achieved all three of these milestones, but you would've felt like a man as well.

Times have since changed. After educating himself, the modern man is lost on exactly what to do or be so that he can have a sense of pride in who he is. Creating a family with masculine women who are eager to rob you blind in a failed marriage doesn't make sense anymore. Being secure in a good job where you don't have to worry every few months about getting laid off is a thing of the past. What can you do so that you feel like a man in today's culture? I've determined six things:

1. Fuck 25 girls. After 25 notches, you will have a strong understanding of female quality and psychology, giving you needed tools to make good decisions when it comes to relationships and commitment. Before that number, you run the risk of entrapping yourself in a toxic relationship that takes away from your manhood instead of feeding it. You'll have a nagging doubt in your head about whether the girl you're with is ideal for you or not. Also, there is no other way I know of that builds a man's confidence than fucking significantly more women than the average man.

2. Intimidate others with your physical size. Is it possible to be a man if others think you are weak and non-threatening? Is it possible to get respect from others when you look frail? As fast as I'm sure your newest smartphone can dial 911, it's hard to feel like a man if you don't think that other men would fear getting into a fight with you. This doesn't mean going on steroids, but it does mean getting strong and taking weightlifting seriously.

3. Don't be afraid of getting your ass beat. You're not a man if you win a fight, but you are one if you're not scared to get into that fight. When you realize that you're not made of glass, you stand up for yourself in all situations, whether they possess threats of physical violence or not. You push back at disrespect even if you think you may get beat up. The irony is that the less scared you are of getting beat up, the less likely other men will ever fight you. Accepting that a beatdown will happen almost guarantees that you'll never receive one.

4. Give back to those who took care of you. When you were growing up, who looked after you? Who helped make you who you are? Chances are you've yet to return the favor. Starting with our parents, we take for granted those who have helped us along the way. Right now they could probably receive help with something that you're able to give. Repaying them is a surefire way of increasing their happiness, which in turn will make you happy. While I'm sure there are many starving kids in Africa who could use your help, there are people closer to you who could use it, too. Help them first.

5. Accept that you will die. Western culture does a great job of making death a painless afterthought, an event that might as well never arrive. It teaches everyone to deal with death by turning into obsessive-compulsive automatons when it comes to diet, exercise, and risk avoidance. Instead of living the best, most pleasurable life they can, people waste their time by hedging their bets in order to *maybe* live a longer, more unfulfilling life. Accept that you will die, sooner than you think, and get to work on those things that you want to accomplish right now, not ten or twenty years down the line. By doing the things you want without delay, you listen to your nature and become a stronger person in the process.

6. Do something worthy that other people admire. A genetic bug in the male genome is that we want to be admired. It's not enough to do something great, but we also have to be acknowledged for doing something great. Until then it's hard to feel like a man. Don't do just the bare minimum. Don't go easy on a project or hobby that means a lot to you. Don't stop until you've gone farther than what most other men who have attempted it has. After you've reached a high level of achievement, share your knowledge and allow other men to accomplish what you have. When others want to do what you have done, you will feel like a man.

Do all these things and you will come into your own and be comfortable in your skin. You'll also serve as a role model for those young guys trying to find their place in the world.

“I Fell In Love And Got Married”

October 25, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

At the grocery store I ran into one of the first Polish girls I ever approached. Five months had since passed. She asked me what I was up to, surprised that I was still in the city. I said, “I fell in love and got married.” Her eyes and mouth opened wide until I let her know I was joking.

I thought about that little encounter afterwards, particularly how my whole strategy with women for the previous ten years is to bang them as quickly as possible with the least amount of work and bullshit. I’ve created an efficient factory assembly line that is custom-made for fucking and almost nothing else.

I don’t want to go for daytime hikes or romantic walks.
I don’t want to go to museums.
I don’t want to dine in restaurants.
I don’t want to solve a girl’s problems.
I don’t want to go on little vacations to the beach.
I don’t want to spend quality time.

On any given night I want to have a couple drinks, a couple laughs, and then fuck. I’m so dedicated to this goal that one outcome keeps repeating: short relationships that usually die after the second or third bang. There are no hard feelings, no tears, just a silent, non-dramatic end that quietly fades from both of our lives when it’s clear that two fucks was all I wanted from her. Then I go out and find another girl who is similar but different enough to keep me interested in order to repeat the same process over again.

Have I lost a part of what it takes to be happy in a long-term relationship of mutual sharing and companionship? I’m not sure, but when you’re a man with options who can fuck as much as your dick can handle, you don’t lose sleep wondering whether you’re on the right path or not. When you have a solitary life in strange cities without friends, you don’t care for much more than drinking and fucking. The particular lifestyle I’ve signed up for is making it increasingly unlikely that a monogamous relationship will happen for me.

It doesn’t help that the more I become the man I’ve always wanted to be, the harder it is to find a woman who stimulates me both intellectually and emotionally. It’s as if my experience is pricing me out of the world dating market, which was best explained by commenter Begby a few months ago:

> The supreme irony of it all is that as soon as you’ve [become accomplished] and met all of [your] goals that make you interesting, funny, strong, attractive, and alpha, you are going to be WAY better than any potential woman you will end up with. You will be dumpster diving for the rest of your life because no woman can really measure up to a fully developed man. It’s called penis envy.
>
> Why on earth would you treat them as anything but disposable toys, to be used 3 or 4 at a time and then discarded in short order? They are all inferior to the self-

> possessed man, so why would we want to spend our lives with inferior people? You let them stick around long, and they start working to ruin your life and keep you emotionally unbalanced so they can control you. Then when you are worn down enough to give them some of that control, they feel they “conquered” you, and are no longer attracted to you.
>
> When is the last time a woman entertained you for hours, made you laugh, said witty things that she made up on her own, etc? Like never? All they are good for is sex, and even that is boring after a few times with the same girl.
>
> Men really did get the short end of the stick on this planet—having to bust our ass 24/7 in a misguided effort to impress people who are far inferior to us.

The Polish girl at the grocery store believed my joke because she barely knew me. Otherwise she would just roll her eyes, because the outcome I told her would simply never happen.

10 Things Every Guy Should Know Before Traveling To Iceland

October 27, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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1. The weather sucks.

The average high temperature during the winter in Reykjavik, Iceland's capital, is about 32 degrees Fahrenheit. Cold, but bearable. Depending on where the thermometer falls, you either get daily doses of cold rain or fat snow, meaning it's rare to see the pavement completely dry. You also have to deal with a brutal wind coming off the Atlantic Ocean, sometimes topping fifty miles per hour. The weather and darkness were so bleak that it was actually neat in a somber way.

Summer is better. The average high temperature rises to the 50s, and around the solstice you get to experience nearly twenty-four hours of sun per day (bring a night mask). Summer also means tourists. College lets out and everyone takes their vacations in the interior or abroad. Even smack in the middle of winter, I was surprised to see so many foreign travelers, but thankfully they were the older type who came to make day trips to the countryside. There were very few guys like me who had come mainly to pillage the women.

2. Icelandic girls don't throw themselves on foreign men.

If you're thinking of visiting because you want to stand out, I have some bad news: Iceland is a tourist-plagued country, especially with visitors from Northern and Western European countries, though the closing of an American air force base several years ago has helped make Americans slightly novel once again. By the time you roll up on cute little Inga, she will have met dozens of guys just like you. While that fact in no way should discourage you from going, don't for a second think you're visiting some type of isolated tribe in the Amazon that will be amazed by your steel tools and exotic spices.

Unless you're into chubby chasing, you'll definitely have to move your ass to get laid with what you think of as a pretty Icelandic girl. To make it happen, I recommend a two-weekend stay, which if you start on a Thursday would be a minimum of ten days. You'll be able to do some pipelining on an Icelandic dating site and then go all-out on two sets of Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, which are the only suitable nights to game. If you want to get your Icelandic flag, two weekends will be required.

3. Iceland is a village founded by rapists.

Iceland was founded by the Vikings, supreme badasses who some-how figured out how to live in one of the least pleasant environments on Earth. On their way to the island, they stopped by Ireland and kidnapped some Celtic women as wives. It's safe to assume that brutal rape was part of the program, which is why you see a surprising number of brown-haired Icelanders. While their skin is almost always milky white, less than half of the women are platinum blonde, which is probably the stereotype you had about them. Disappointingly, there were some Icelandic guys who even had my dark hair color and

beard.

The tiny population of the country (less than half a million) means that no one is more than one connection away from anyone else. The running joke goes that when two strangers meet, they aren't surprised to find out they're distant cousins. Due to this extreme smallness, Iceland is like a little high school where gossip spreads like wildfire, causing privacy to be more valued than in other cultures. If just one person finds out that Inga slept with Janus, then literally the entire "village" will know in just a few days.

4. Icelandic girls are incredibly easy once drunk and isolated.

Thanks to a wonderful synergy between feminism and an Icelandic girl's desire to self-medicate with alcohol, you'll find that night bangs happen incredibly quickly, often within an hour. While getting an "in" with an Icelandic girl will be hard due to her introverted and skeptical nature, once you get that in you're going to be rocking the bed in record time. Iceland is the only first-world county I know of where nearly instant sex is possible without having to pay for it.

5. Where you stay is half the battle.

The best way to get Iceland bangs is to find a girl and throw an "afterparty" at your place once the bars close, so you'll need your own room stocked with a bottle of booze within walking distance of the nightlife zone. I can't stress enough that your hotel or apartment room must be close. The more likely a stone thrown from the bar you're gaming in will land on your hotel or apartment, the more girls you will fuck, all because you're making it easy for drunk Icelandic girls to continue their night. If your place is so far that you need to take a taxi, you've already lost the game.

Open Google Maps and do a search on Reykjavik. Zoom in and locate the domestic airport on the left (Reykjavíkurflugvöllur). Above the domestic airport is a park and a lake, and

then a square called Austurvöllur, which is in front of the Althingi parliament building. Above that square is nightlife ground zero. Don't lodge more than ten blocks from this area! I lodged a respectable five blocks away, so all I had to do was say the name of the street I was on (Aegisgata) for the girl to say, "Oh, wow! That's close!"

Since logistics are such a big part of banging in Iceland, you want to make it as easy on yourself as possible. If you're not ready to pony up the cash to stay in a nearby hotel or apartment (no hostels!), don't go to Iceland.

6. Everyone speaks English.

English is widely spoken, even by old people, so there's no need to bone up on your Icelandic (the girls won't even give you bonus points for saying a few words in their language). The natives possess sharp enough English that you can successfully hit them with typical American or English sarcasm without having to dumb it down. If learning the local language is important to you, then go to the following site for free lessons: icelandiconline.is.

7. Iceland is not for the budget traveler.

Iceland is expensive as balls and definitely not for the budget-minded traveler. Understand that just about everything except whale meat and some species of fish are imported by ship or air, leading to some eye-opening prices in restaurants, grocery stores, and bars. Clothes and electronics are also expensive, and even a "handmade" sweater crafted by Icelandic children in sweatshops will set you back at least $150. Hell, even a decent knit cap or pair of gloves approaches $50.

Pack everything you need for your stay so you don't have to waste money, including basic supplies like contact lens solution, which costs about $20 a bottle. Definitely bring an unlocked cell phone (get a SIM card after arrival in the main tourist office off Ingólfstorg square), though you probably won't use it since one-night stands are the way to go.

8. Iceland is a wonder of nature.

If you have some money to blow and get excited by landscapes and touristy things, then Iceland will satisfy your craving. Besides Blue Lagoon, there are several day tours where you can view glaciers, geysers, mountains, and whales.

Two well-known tour agencies are Mountaineers of Iceland and Eskimos. They appear to have identical tours, with Eskimos being cheaper. Sample programs include night tours above the city to see the northern lights, riding ATVs to explore caves and glaciers, horseback riding through the country, snowmobiling on glaciers, and the popular Golden Circle tour to see all of Iceland's environmental extremes. I didn't do any tours because I got my fill of nature stuff in South America, but at the minimum a Golden Circle tour, which will run about $350, will make you feel as if you did your tourist duty of exploring the island.

9. Icelandic people are very serious drinkers.

The irony of Iceland's sky-high liquor prices is that I've never been to a place where people get so consistently drunk. I guess if you lived on an island in the middle of the ocean with nothing to do you'd probably take to drinking as well. Beer is the most popular drink of choice since it's cheapest, with Viking and Tuborg being the most common (Tuborg Classic was my favorite). The two national liquors that are taken in shot form are Brennivin, a strong schnapps, and Opal, a disgusting concoction that you'll want to wash down with something smoother like Jagermeister.

If you're not a drinker, there is no point in going to Iceland.

10. Iceland has an Approach Index score of 40.

My approach index states how many girls an average-looking guy with decent game has to approach before he's likely to bang a cute girl (not including internet approaches). Since there are so many variables involved, the index is best used to compare easiness of one country with others. First let me share the numbers from previous countries:

Argentina: 90
Brazil: 50
Colombia: 60
United States: 45

From these numbers we can conclude that a man has to do twice as many approaches to get laid in Argentina than the United States.

To make the index more scientifically rigorous, I counted my actual approaches until I banged my first Icelandic girl. That number is 34, with eight of those being from daytime approaches, a method that I already mentioned is rather unfruitful. For an average-looking guy with average game and average standards who doesn't mess with day approaches, I'm assigning an approach index value of 40 for Iceland.

This means you'll get your flag at about 40 approaches, give or take a few. This also means it's slightly easier than the United States, but only by a small amount. If your standards are a little lower than average, you'll get the flag in fewer approaches. If you stay for two weekends and do 50 quality approaches, odds are you'll fuck an Icelandic girl. While I can't guarantee that, I would bet on it.

The above article was adapted from my newest release, **Bang Iceland**, an 80-page book that teaches you how to sleep with Icelandic women during a visit to the country. It contains tourist tips, game advice, and sex stories that give you all the information you need to pillage creamy white Icelandic women. It's available in both paperback and ebook. Read sample pages or learn more about the book.

Today Is Day Zero In The Destruction Of Man

October 30, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

From this day forward it will only get worse. The march of Western civilization will spoil and ruin everything that can make man naturally happy. Countries that are ruined will continue to degrade. Other countries that are still capable of allowing men to enjoy life will only worsen. Consider today as the start of a race where forces you cannot control will work to strip away anything good and human.

Technology and globalization will make man more idle, unable to find meaning of his place in the world. He will have no need to work the earth or understand nature. He will be in front of computers all day and televisions at night. Entertainment and shiny tablets will be shoved down his throat, making him complacent, dumb, anxious, and entitled. Man is being turned into obsessive-compulsive victims who are nothing more than glorified pushers of smartphone buttons, unable to live without the constant distraction of beeps, noises, and moving images.

The elite will own your mind and body. The parasite class sees you as nothing but a little machine to generate their wealth, and they will suck you dry until there is nothing left but bone and dust. The 20th century workers revolution was just a speed bump in their march to dominate you. Full employment and an ever increasing standard of living will not be realized. The unemployed masses will only swell. You will be living from check to check, on the brink of starvation, if that's not already happening to you now.

The West will continue their destruction of the humale male until society itself collapses. No longer are there incentives for you to reproduce in a Western country, and doing so could lead to your ruin and even imprisonment. The future is a minority of white men ruling over the proletariat, not for the purpose of human good but for controlling power. Orwell's boot is above all of our heads, ready to stomp down.

Women will become more masculine until the word "woman" no longer has any meaning. They are losing the ability to act like women and maintain a household at a pace faster than even I could have imagined. The end game is an Androgynous World Order like what they have in Scandinavia, where there is no "girl" or "boy," and any behavior that one gender can do is also acceptable by the other. Criticism against gender and race is not allowed. Conformity in thought must be maintained at all times.

Countries go through a cycle on their path towards male destruction:

1. Alpha Man Paradise. These are corrupt societies where a successful man can set up his own little harem, not unlike those of ancient Aztec or Chinese civilizations. Average men are resigned to picking up scraps. Example countries: Russia, Iran.

2. Good Man Environment. A country where men are still respected by both government and women (Poland, Colombia).

3. Man Destruction Pending. These countries have been injected with the destruction virus. Advancement to the final stage is possible within our lifetimes (Brazil, Spain,

Germany).

4. Men Being Actively Destroyed. Wholly inhospitable environments for men. Rampant false-rape charges and financial rape in divorce court. Being an alpha male is already a crime or soon will be (United States, England, Australia, Scandinavia).

Japan is a great example of end game where men simply cease to reproduce, resigning themselves to sex dolls and comics. In 100 years, all Japan will be known for is producing strange pornography.

It pains me to put Brazil in category three, but my eyes don't lie. I was surprised at the *progresso* Brazil was making between my trips there, spaced only within two years. While Rio and Sao Paulo will give you five times more happiness than Chicago or Washington DC, it's becoming increasingly less so. Even in Poland, the amount of smartphone and corresponding bitch face of women using them increased within only six months once T Mobile opened up shop here. For countries in a state of man decline, it will be necessary to visit their second or even third-tier cities where the ills of "progress" have not yet influenced the populace. For those men yet to be born, the only way for them to experience the feminine women that sexpats like me currently take for granted will be to step inside luddite towns with populations under 25,000 people.

I look into the future for guys like us and all I see is darkness. It's not getting better anywhere. There is no place where women are becoming more feminine, where worker power over industry is increasing, or where people put aside technology to interact more with their fellow man. This means we have no choice but to become flexible and location independent, moving from one pile of rubble to the next, trying to squeeze out the remaining ounces of happiness that the world is capable of giving us. Baby boomer men have lived in what was perhaps the best time to have been a man on earth, where they could marry a real woman and build a family while working a stable job, all in the same place. That's over, and it will never improve. Loot while you can.

Tapping Into The Hipster Niche

November 1, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

"The hipster movement did not produce artists. It produced tattoo artists. It did not produce photographers, but snapshot and party photographers. It did not produce painters, but graphic designers. It did not yield a great literature, but it made good use of fonts." —Christian Lorentzen

In the USA there still exists a niche where men can find reasonably attractive girls: hipsters. Girls who run in hipster circles are concerned with their appearance much more than the average girl, meaning she will not come out of the house looking like she has given up on life. Most importantly, she'll be skinny. Yoga chicks and hipster chicks are the last remaining skinny breed of American girl left.

Unfortunately, besides her average weight, the hipster chick will possess a lot of downsides:

- Ugly prescription glasses
- Stupid tattoos
- Complete lack of femininity
- Unpainted nails, often chewed down to stubs
- Overconfident even though she's only knowledgeable about music and fashion
- Outfits that make you wonder if she's trying out for a position in the circus
- Always trying to be witty and ironic

Nonetheless, she's still better than the alternative, a "mainstream" girl who is 20 pounds overweight, speaks in LOL dialect, and wears flip flops everywhere. Hipster chicks are like the lesser of two very horrible evils.

Now you can't just roll up to a hipster bar with a stripped shirt from JC Penny and expect to get good responses. You'll have to make a few cosmetic changes. First, grow out your hair and beard. You don't have to adopt a Jesus look, but you should not look like you're about conduct a job interview at Goldman Sachs. Second, buy a couple deep v-necks along with a snug pair of jeans. It doesn't have to be skinny jeans, but it shouldn't be baggy in the 50 Cent style. Congratulations, you now have a basic look that will not be objectionable to hipster girls.

One way to stand out from the other hipster dudes without getting a lot of video game tattoos or being in a band is to have some muscles. Hipster dudes are frail with concentration camp bodies, so having a more athletic build—that your v-neck will undoubtedly highlight—will do a better job of tapping into her ancestral desire for a strong man. Just don't be jacked because hipster chicks don't like that. Even though hipsters are obsessed with their look, making sure each strand of hair is strategically placed across their face, the trick is making it seem like you don't really care.

As for what type of game to spit, I'm confident you'll quickly adapt as you start

approaching them. At first you'll feel unprepared to talk about their favorite venues and music, but after 20 approaches and some basic internet research, you'll be able to discuss their interests. Other than that you can run your normal game, so there's no need to reinvent the wheel.

I unwittingly tapped into the hipster niche after buying a $7 white v-neck in Brazil. I came back to the U.S. with my already shaggy hair and scruffy beard and did quite well with them even though they were nothing like the Latin women I was banging in South America. I remember how the first American girl I fucked after that trip was wearing bright red pants. Until then I had never had sex with a girl who owned such an item.

The hipster niche will not be exploitable for long as that subculture becomes increasingly homogenized with the mainstream (I'm sure you remember the time before plaid became popular). Plus, hipster chicks are getting fatter. Or maybe fat chicks are becoming hipsters. Anyway, I estimate you have about two or three years to rock it out with some pseudo-anorexic hipster chicks until fatties completely take over the country and smother us all.

There was a time where the only way you could exploit the hipster culture was to wear a cape and a monocle, but that time is no more. Put on a v-neck, build glorious scruff above your neck, and enjoy sex with some weird and self-absorbed women.

Are Icelandic Girls Hot?

November 3, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The first time I heard the phrase “Icelandic girls,” I thought of hotness. How can a race that has procreated on a lonely island for a thousand years with little outside influence have nothing but the most ravishing blonde beauties? While there are plenty of those beauties to be found, I want to first describe the reality so you have the right expectations.

Your average Icelandic girl will have pale skin, light brown hair, a small chipmunk face with nose pointed upward, and a body that is average to slightly chubby with slightly large breasts and an average to small ass. When it comes to hair color, I estimate that 25% of the women are platinum blondes, 25% have dark brown hair, and the rest are in between. Regardless of hair color, her skin stays pale thanks to limited sunlight for half the year. If she’s a shade darker than everyone else, there’s a good chance she’s from Denmark, where most Icelanders can claim ancestry.

If you like Latina women with dark hair, olive skin, and big asses (I’m thinking of Brazil right now), Iceland won’t have what you’re looking for. I will say, though, that fucking a pale, hairless girl gives a great “beauty and the beast” contrast to my darker skin color and hairy body. I felt like a wolf from the woods coming into the city to rape a fair-skinned woman, then escaping back into the darkness before the townspeople could find out what happened.

One way that I’ve found pale women can beautify themselves is to apply eye makeup as thickly as possible to give their eyes a dark contrast against their light skin color. Icelandic girls don’t do this. Instead they insist on bright red lipstick that makes them look clownish. I never thought I’d complain about girls not putting on makeup correctly, but I strongly feel that Icelandic women aren’t maximizing their appearance.

When it comes to weight, they are generally a little thick with flabby arms (there’s no gym or exercise culture in Iceland), but nothing on the scale of American obesity. Nonetheless, it was shocking to see fatties walking around with the price of food being what it was. This suggests that higher-priced food won’t be a cure for America’s obesity epidemic and that more drastic action must be taken.

One positive point is their dedication to looking sexy, even in the hipster bars. Girls wore

heels (usually boots), skirts, black stockings with interesting patterns on them, and generally tight clothing that revealed their figures. Even a more butch Icelandic girl with the sides of her head shaved off put effort into her appearance. While I did question some of their fashion choices, especially when it came to wearing jean shorts over black leggings, the girls generally highlighted their figure regardless of how cold it was outside, especially on the weekends.

Overall I'd say that Icelandic girls are slightly sexier than American girls, but since they're not as fat, this causes a considerable increase to their rating. The best analogy I can give for how the average Icelandic girl looks like is Jodie Foster in *The Accused*, the movie where she gets gang raped on a pinball machine. I find her appearance in that movie to be rather reasonable, and can therefore recommend Iceland as a place where you'll be pleased with the level of talent.

The above article was adapted from my newest release, **Bang Iceland**, an 80-page book that teaches you how to sleep with Icelandic women during a visit to the country. It contains tourist tips, game advice, and sex stories that give you all the information you need to pillage creamy white Icelandic women, with extra details not released on the blog. It's available in both paperback and ebook. Read sample pages or learn more about the book.

The Feminist Sex Lie

November 6, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Feminists and their apologists do all they can to convince people that the world is better off with their ideology. They have one specific argument they like to use on guys who study game in an attempt to make them appreciate feminism. It goes something like this:

“It’s feminism that allows you to sleep with a lot of women. Without it your game wouldn’t work. You should thank feminism instead of bashing it, because you are benefiting from it.”

This is a lie that I actually used to believe. The truth is that feminism does not allow you to sleep with a lot of women, something I discovered during my six months in Poland.

Poland is a country that has been untouched by feminism. The movement completely passed over it, along with neighboring countries that were part of the Soviet bloc. But is getting laid harder here? Nope, it’s even easier. How can this be explained?

Game, the sum of tools meant to increase a man’s sexual worth, and not feminism, opens up those legs. In Poland I have a system to screen out all Polish girls that either sympathize with feminism or share even the smallest character trait with their feminist counterparts in America. I’ve terminated any interaction with a girl who is even 5% feminist, and yet the lays come fast and furious, with more than half of my bangs resulting from one-night stands. Yes, I’m taking girls home the same night in a “conservative” Catholic country that has no feminist harps screeching on television and where nun sightings are a weekly occurrence. By having the right game, I create opportunities that would supposedly be impossible to achieve without glorious feminism.

You can argue that the Polish girls I got with are sluts, or that I’m using my hairiness to get them, but you can’t say it’s feminism. Because of feminist attempts to brainwash the masses, you may think that sluts only exist in the Western world, that only they are “empowered” enough to fuck around. My dick is laughing at that premise. You don’t need feminism to have a healthy sex life with a lot of women. Mixx is fucking dozens of women in Colombia. Does he need feminism to do that? Naughty Nomad is banging nubile African princesses, racking up more flags than anyone I know. Does he need feminism to do that? Credit our success on looks, money, game, easy sluts, or what have you, but definitely not feminism.

I will reluctantly give feminism one thing: among the common man they sped up the dissemination of game, an art that has been taught for over 2,000 years, starting with Ovid’s The Art Of Love. The anger they have inflicted on this generation of men has caused game teachings to be more accepted into the mainstream, but feminists are not the only women who enjoy sex with men who have their shit together. Approaching, having tight conversation, being confident, and being aggressive with sealing the deal works anywhere in the world at any point in history, not just in modern Western culture. Maybe in some places it may take an extra date or two to get the bang, but unless you’re

talking about ultra-conservative countries where women wear a hijab and extra-marital relations are punished by the state, your dick will not suffer just because it's in a country not dominated by feminist cunts.

When an American girl tells you to thank feminism for being able to play the field, tell her your boy in Poland is fucking more than his dick can handle, even though the country has not been afflicted by the culture of obese, masculine women with fattitude who think they're better that men. Western-style feminism, a movement that didn't stop after suffrage and equal pay, serves absolutely no benefit to you or society. Don't let them make you believe otherwise.

The Bolivia Effect

November 8, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Not only is beauty relative, but the way you perceive the same girl is relative. Imagine you just broke up with this girl from a year-long relationship:

And then you were told that you had to move to a deserted island with this girl:

You'd be disapointed, right? Now how would you feel if you had to move to the island with the above girl after dating this:

You'd probably feel like you just won the lottery. It turns out that the girl you were with yesterday directly influences how you feel about girls you see today. It can also affect how you see women of an entire country.

The Bolivia Effect: You will overvalue women of any country you visit if the previous country had uglier women.

I've experienced three Bolivia Effects. The first is when I actually left Bolivia for Argentina. I was so floored by the beauty of Argentine women that I was ready to renounce American citizenship and permanently move there. While the women are indeed beautiful, the Bolivia Effect made me miss out on a lot of their flaws. In my second visit to the country (after living in Brazil for six months), I couldn't believe I thought they were so amazing. I only lasted one more month until leaving.

My second Bolivia Effect was going from Washington DC to Iceland. Because Icelandic women dress sexy, something that DC women don't know how to do, I initially thought they were above average when in fact they have the same problems shared by their Scandinavian cousins. They were of respectable stock but nothing special.

The third Bolivian Effect was going from Denmark to Poland. I was so repulsed by Danish women that I could have stepped in North Korea and thought it was paradise, but thankfully Poland really is a place where horny man dreams come true. Still, it has its weaknesses. The Bolivia Effect caused me to ignore a butterface problem that didn't begin to register until three months into my stay. Only when I forgot about how bad Denmark was did I start to see Poland for what it really was.

The problem with the Bolivia Effect is that it prevents you from objectively comparing your exploits for choosing an end game location in order to sow your wild oats or settle down. If I originally visited Argentina after Brazil, would I have still stayed for three months? If I went to Poland after Argentina, would I have been able to tolerate the butter?

When it comes to women, there is no truth except for relative truth. Our most recent experiences color current ones, which is why I overhyped Poland and Argentina while underhyping places like Colombia and Brazil.

Unfortunately, the more experience I rack up the less confident I feel that I'm being objective. The best I can do is tell you my stories, relay facts (not emotions), and let you make decisions on where to visit yourself. Even then, it is impossible to make the absolute best decision possible for you'll always be deciding from incomplete and impartial data. Not only will no two men ever see a country the same, but with separate visits, you'll never see the same country the same.

The Peculiar Personalities Of Icelandic Girls

November 10, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Icelandic girls are extremely shy, boring, and cold (I'd describe American girls as annoying, abrasive, and cold). Unless you get them drunk, you'll have a hard time building any sort of connection. When I met someone who was unusually warm (asking me questions and maintaining strong eye contact), it would be a guarantee I was talking to a foreigner.

In the beginning of my trip I wanted to conclude that Icelanders were an anti-social species, but very often I saw people having long conversations with their friends in coffee shops and bookstores. So while they're capable of normal human interaction, their shyness, combined with a lack of charm and skepticism of outsiders, makes it challenging to establish rapport in a way you're used to. The vibe I got from many of my interactions was that they simply didn't care to put one ounce of work into helping the conversation, especially when they were sober. It's unfortunate that unless she was drunk and borderline about to puke, talking to her was like getting a tooth pulled.

There is a big exception: if the Icelandic girl has lived in England or America for a while. In that case, she'll be used to long-form conversation that you already do on girls. She'll also be more accustomed to dating, something that Icelanders don't do (they simply fuck, only developing relationships if their social circles happen to overlap).

With the Icelandic girls who have been exposed to Western culture, you can use gradual escalation in the form of chatting, flirting, touching, kissing, and so on, as if it's a timed program. Otherwise, you'll have to adopt some new techniques to account for the fact that having more than a thirty-minute heart-to-heart conversation with her is just about impossible. In addition, she won't be turned on by your charm, wit, or cocky and funny game because, after all, she doesn't mind sleeping with Icelandic guys, who are boring as rocks. Therefore, you have to time your approaches toward the end of the night so you can go for a quick venue change to your room, a strategy I'll elaborate on in the future.

What I want you to understand is that good chat is *not* valued by Icelandic girls. They really don't care about your status back home, your vast experience, or your accomplished humor. While I'm not saying to be boring on purpose, the things that get

you laid with American or British girls will be of little help on an Icelandic girl who hasn't had long-term exposure to your culture.

So what criteria do the girls use to select for sex? Appearance and vibe. If they like both and you can eke out a respectable fifteen-minute fluffy conversation where you're being a non-cocky cool guy, you have a high chance of getting her in bed.

I asked several Icelandic girls about the vibe they wanted in men, but I didn't get any clear-cut answers. Most said they liked "sexy" guys who were "different" and "stood out," vague statements that could mean just about anything. Looking back at my own Icelandic bangs, it seems that timing and logistics were the primary keys to success, assuming the girl didn't mind my appearance or vibe. This means approaching a girl at the right time when she was looking for a hookup and then providing a nearby private room to make it happen. My Icelandic bangs felt more like plain old luck than any other country I've been to, but since the girls love to fuck and will do so quickly, that "luck" became somewhat consistent.

So far I may have painted a picture that the girls are boring and quiet, but they're a rambunctious bunch when hanging out with friends, doing all sorts of crazy, silly, and obnoxious shit. You look at a girl, think she's the most fun in the bar because of her wild dance moves, then approach only to have her clam up. In another instance, you think she hates you because of how withdrawn she's acting, but then she offers to buy you a drink. Even guys get into the drink-buying act. In Iceland I've never had so many people buy me drinks before, even as expensive as they were. It seems to me that drink-buying is a crutch for shyness, since one of the most reliable ways for them to break the ice is, "You want a shot?" In Iceland the general goal is to go with your friends and get retarded, not to have a deep one-on-one conversation by the bar. I'm not saying that deep conversations don't happen, but it's rare.

On the plus side, the girls are extremely polite. I can't say I've ever been blown out, even when they were drunk. They'll be nice as long as you're asking for some type of help, like a bar recommendation or how late some place closes, but don't be surprised if they quickly shut down and give no additional information that might help the conversation proceed. They're sort of like guys in the fact that their communication is to convey information instead of to flirt. Sadly, flirting or charm is nonexistent, as is the case with most Scandinavian girls. Until Iceland, I had no idea that a girl would be interested in fucking me after a conversation where absolutely no sexual or playful vibe was established.

I can easily say that an average conversation with a Colombian taxi driver was far more intimate and enjoyable than one with the average Icelander. The night I went to see a Brazilian singer with a Russian girl about one month into my trip was eye opening. The Russian was chatty about life and travel while the Brazilian singer was charming, smiley, and graceful. The fact that the Russian girl asked for my opinions almost blew my mind, because even Icelanders didn't give a fuck what I thought of their country. One month into my Iceland stay, I forgot what it was like to experience basic human warmth.

Don’t confuse my criticisms on Icelanders with bashing them. Not every culture will fit what you’re accustomed to, and Icelanders actually think American friendliness is fake, forced, and superficial. I’m not here to say which culture is better, but a discussion on their personality traits, including their weaknesses, is essential if we want to identify the optimal game in banging the women.

Another important trait of Icelandic women is that they’re die-hard feminists. They believe in equal rights, suffrage, and abortions for all, but thankfully they don’t do the American thing of calling you out on your perceived flaws or mistakes. In the early stages of your interactions with them they won’t try to jam their liberal opinions down your throat, they won’t go on about the inferiority of men, and they won’t try to make you feel small.

While I could argue that a lot of American women actually hate men and get joy out of shaming them, in Iceland the girls are more laid-back and just out to have a good time and get drunk. She’s too busy drinking to have a verbal battle with a guy because she didn’t like his approach style. (In America and Denmark, though, I believe girls have a hidden agenda and go out with an intention to feel superior). An Icelandic girl is definitely quiet and boring, but she won’t disrespect you early on.

Her overall attitude will be positive when you first meet. She won’t say much, but she won’t make you groan or roll your eyes. She’s just a shy girl who takes a long time to get to know strangers, but once she starts to feel comfortable with you, let the groaning and eye-rolling commence. I once had a girl argue with me about what “real hip-hop” is, pulling up a YouTube video of two chubby Icelandic guys rapping in plaid shirts on a green hill. Thankfully, the opinionated feminist only reveals herself after sex, and since most sexual encounters are one-and-out, you may never get to experience the annoying side of an Icelandic girl. The fact that she doesn’t talk much before sex can actually be chalked up as an advantage, since the things they have to say are likely to irritate you anyway.

The picture in your mind of the average Icelandic girl should be a decent-looking shy chick who gets a little sexy and a lotta drunk for the weekend. She’s not particularly feminine or graceful, and her movements and body language are sometimes gruff. She won’t care about appearing ladylike, even when she’s wearing sexy clothing. What this ultimately means is that Icelandic girls are for fucking, not for falling in love with. While there are countless tales of men visiting Latin America or Southeast Asia and finding a wife, this will definitely not happen to you in Iceland. Go there to drink, get laid, and see some interesting scenery, but be prepared to pay a bit of coin for that privilege.

The last point I want to make is that Icelandic girls have a very loose concept of fidelity, meaning she’ll definitely cheat on her Icelandic boyfriend for a guy she knows isn’t staying long. If she claims to have a boyfriend but he’s not currently in the same venue, you can safely ignore what she says. The only question you may want to ask is, “Are you meeting up with him later?” Because the girls get so drunk, they’ll easily succumb to cheating if the logistics are right and there are few spying eyes.

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The above article was adapted from my newest release, **Bang Iceland**, an 80-page book that teaches you how to sleep with Icelandic women during a visit to the country. It contains tourist tips, game advice, and sex stories that give you all the information you need to pillage creamy white Icelandic women, with extra details not released on the blog. It's available in both paperback and ebook. Read sample pages or learn more about the book.

Goodbye Poland

November 13, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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May and June in Poland were two of the best months in my life. I had to research ways to increase my libido so I could keep servicing the insatiable sexual appetites of Polish women, who have long since been neglected by their goofy men. After an abrupt summer pause the action resumed in October, meaning all was good in the world, right?

No matter how great a movie is, it just isn't the same when you watch it a second time. In October I went to the same clubs that I was so successful before, but I couldn't regain the excitement, and decided that I'd be happier trying to find another great movie. Even paradise feels normal after a while.

My time in Poland can be represented in two innocent events, both of which happened on the same day.

I went to the dental clinic for a basic cleaning, surprised to find that my dentist was an attractive woman younger than me, with revealing curves despite her loose white coat.

It took me ten minutes to realize that she was actually flirting with me. After she did a fine job sand blasting my teeth, I sat by her desk and flirted back. We talked for a short while and one step short of going for the number it comes out that she's married. Not comfortable pursuing a married woman, I aborted my attempt, but how common is it to be in a country where not only the dentists are pretty, they're interested in you as well?

I was on my way home when I saw a tall girl on the street walking towards me. I immediately focused on her sexy legs; they seemed five feet long. My eyes slowly moved up, savoring her magnificent body, building up to the moment of eye contact. I got up to her face and immediately recognized her as a girl I had fucked a couple months prior. How common is it to be attracted to an anonymous girl on the street only to find you already banged her?

I'm completely aware that it may never get better. Poland may be the best place in the world for me, but leave I shall. I don't want to bleed, and I don't want to suffer, but I need the drug of new experiences, new action, new places, and new women. I'm like a baby who needs a new toy jingling in front of him, or else he gets irritated and kicks wildly into the air.

Goodbye Poland. You've made me a happier man, a better man. Even though I can come back to defile you anytime I want, I know it won't be quite the same.

The “I Have Standards” Excuse

November 15, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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If a man says, “I have standards,” I guarantee that not only does he fuck few girls, but the ones he does are no prize. You’d think it’d be the opposite, that a man with “standards” would be fucking model quality all the time, but it’s never the case. He fucks average-looking chicks and then rationalizes it by saying things such as “She has a good job” or “She’s not a slut.” A man who harps about standards is using that as an excuse for a poor sex life.

The quality of girls you fuck fit a standard bell curve. For me the meatiest part of the curve would be around 7, meaning that’s my typical lay. Some high 5s and high 8s may get squeezed in, but it’s reliably centered around a 7. When I first started in the game, the meatiest part of my curve was lower, closer to a 5. With tighter game, my average shifted to the right.

If I went out right now and said to myself, “I have standards; I’m only fucking 8s,” then what would happen is I’d get laid less with no guarantee of fucking more 8s, especially since they are in short supply. It would be like an unemployed man refusing to accept jobs “beneath” him in a tough job market. As you know, it’s much easier to get a job when you already have one, so putting yourself through a cold spell because of your ego actually prevents you from getting what you wanted in the first place.

I believe in having flexible standards. When I go into any environment, whether it’s a new city, bar, or shopping mall, I quickly evaluate the talent. What is the average beauty present? I then adjust my standards based on what the environment is giving me, starting at the top and then working my way down. At the bar I identify the top two or three girls I want and go about making those approaches. If it hits with them then great, but if not I lower my sights so that I still get laid. If the 8s don’t bite I move to the 7s. If the 7s don’t bite then it’s on to the 6s. If the 6s don’t bite then I go to the 5s to see if they are capable of giving me a boner. This process ensures that on any night I get the best that’s coming to me while still getting laid in quality-poor environments like Washington DC or Copenhagen. In theory, with relative standards I should be getting laid the same amount anywhere I go.

Sometimes I hear a man say something like, “I rather not get laid than fuck an ugly girl.” He doesn’t understand how the bell curve works. He doesn’t understand that no man is fucking only hot girls, that they only sneak in every now and then. To fuck hot girls, you must fuck lesser girls to properly play the bell curve game. I’m fucked hotter girls than most men, but I’ve fucked some hogs as well. I’ve fucked them all.

Guys who claim high standards are no different from entitled American broads who post Craigslist ads listing a grocery list of positive qualities they desire. As you already know, it’s unreasonable to think that your dream girl will be served to you on a silver platter. You have to sift through a lot of stiff avocados until you find the dark ripe one in the back of the bin. What’s great about the sifting process with women is that fucking is fun. Even

those hogs I banged gave me my nut for the night and a funny story to tell my friends. There was no opportunity cost because I only went after them when I knew I couldn't do better for that night. Sure, a tiny part of my soul cried in exchange for those notches, but my dick gave me a double high five. If I could go back in time I wouldn't change anything.

You can't go from not getting laid to fucking hot girls without accumulating a lot of sexual experience that comes from banging girls who aren't as hot. Having high standards rob you of that experience, ironically forcing you to date uglier girls for even longer had you not eliminated your ego from the start. Understand that lowering your standards is a temporary cure-all to whatever game or sex problem you're facing, whether it's in the approach, flaking, getting numbers, or sealing the deal. As long as the girl passes your boner test, and you didn't get anywhere with the hotter girls in the room, you should get with what you can. Fuck that hog and keep fucking them, until the day arrives when you're done putting in your dues and don't remember the last time you banged one.

How To Pick Up Icelandic Girls

November 17, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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The most important night to pickup in Iceland is Saturday, which I consider *the* night to get laid. Everyone goes out on Saturday night to get fucked up, so the night venues will definitely be more packed. Friday is still a great night to go out, but when it comes to fucking, it seems like girls have a plan to do it on Saturday.

On the weekends, Icelanders start heading out around midnight. By 1:00, places start to fill, and by 2:00 there are long lines for the most popular venues. Thursday night generally sucks, since only a handful of bars have people and everything shuts down at 1:00 instead of 5:00 on the weekends, but it's still worth a try.

In America I've always recommended going out early, about four hours before closing. Since it generally takes a few hours of talking to get a one-night stand, it's best to start a conversation with an open girl between 10:00 or 11:00, venue change to another spot a couple hours after that, and then close out the second bar before making the final venue change to your place or hers.

That's not how things work in Iceland. There you have a 10-30 minute conversation, sometimes mixed with dancing, before relocating to your apartment and fucking. Because there are no "long" seductions like in America, there's absolutely no benefit to going out early. All the action happens at the very end of the night.

My first two bangs came from girls I started talking to *after* closing, which definitely confused me at the time. It was surprising to learn that as the night goes on, girls get more and more friendly, hitting maximum receptiveness after five (in America, it's just the opposite).

Icelandic girls have a term for the men they meet at a late hour: the "last-minute man," sometimes also referred to as "the six a.m. man." They don't give a damn about rapport and personality because in their drunken state all they want to do is fuck (god bless them). All you have to do is present yourself as the best last-minute man option as the bars close. Do this by casually approaching girls as a normal, cool guy who drops the fact that he has nearby private lodgings. If you're thinking, "Wow, this sounds too easy," that's because *it is*.

The best type of game in Iceland is therefore **last call game**, where you start approaching at the end when she's at her drunkest while separated from her friends and possibly looking for a hookup so she doesn't have to go home alone. It will seem weird to wait until the last minute to approach, since it doesn't work in America, but it's the way to go in Iceland if you want to get laid at night.

If you're only in Iceland for a weekend or two, by all means go out around 1:00 and enjoy the nightlife, but it doesn't matter where you are before 4:00, since it's unlikely you'll be able to sustain an early approach. I did all my venue experimentation early in the night, but come 3:00, I was on my way to my favorite spot to get ready for real work. All you need is one girl to bite by closing time to arrange for the afterparty move.

When you're ready to approach, use simple, indirect openers. My favorite opener, which works on just about any girl, is "You don't look like you're from here." Squint your eyes then make up another country that you "think" she is actually from. Act surprised when she says you're totally wrong. Inquire about her ancestral lineage and ask her to say a few words in Icelandic as a playful way to give proof that she really is from Iceland. By that point she should ask where you're from and how long you're staying in Iceland (if not, she's not interested).

In most countries a girl will get turned off when you say you're only visiting her city for a short while, such as in Colombia where I've advised men to be as vague as possible about their departure dates. *Not so in Iceland*. Since girls value privacy in a town where she runs into former lovers on a weekly basis, she'll be excited to hear that you're going to leave soon. Because I was staying so long, I actually insinuated that I was leaving sooner that I was, the first time I've ever done so. Iceland could be the only country in the world where the women don't like it when you stay.

While opening Icelandic girls is incredibly easy, making headway with them is another matter. I had a lot of conversations that would simply die around three to five minutes, especially early in the night. I'd go on and on about my observations or opinions and she would just stare at me and nod, offering absolutely nothing that I could use.

Only if she has lived abroad will she respond in a social way that you're used to. For that reason I became averse to opening girls before they were at their maximum drunkenness, when ironically they were more capable of having a conversation. Your chances of getting a basic chat off the ground after four a.m. is dramatically higher than before.

The main reason it's hard to converse with an Icelandic girl is that she's so used to meeting people who already know her friends. I noticed that most Icelanders start conversations by talking about who they know and what school they went to. A ten-minute conversation is just about guaranteed.

She likely won't have the tools to build a connection with a completely random man who isn't connected to her life or social circle in some way, regardless of how good his conversational skills are. It doesn't mean she won't fuck you (she definitely will), but it does mean she won't do so from the value you've built through a long conversation. What

you must do in Iceland is go back to the Stone Age by using less language and more persistence in dragging her back to your cave.

The second reason it's so hard to have conversations is that you'll be interrupted every other minute, since she literally knows half the people in the bar. She won't be so keen to resume the conversation with you especially if you've been talking for a short while, which will probably be the case since the interruption will come soon. Thankfully, at the end of the night, most of her friends will have already left or have been neutralized by too much alcohol. Approaching at that time is money because the chances of an interruption are greatly reduced.

Keep all your conversations basic and refrain from teasing too hard. Hit her with questions about things you've seen during the day. Joke around by asking if Icelanders really believe that elves and trolls live in the hills (many do). If there's a dance floor and she's in the mood to dance, use it, because it can only help you.

You'll know you're putting out the correct fun, laid-back vibe if Icelandic guys or girls are offering to buy you drinks. At first you may be reluctant to accept a drink from a stranger, but in Iceland it's pretty close to an insult to refuse. Accept graciously. Think of Icelandic nightlife as a happy party where alcohol flows and strangers buy other strangers drinks. When it comes to buying girls drinks, though, I recommend you do it only after she buys you one first.

If she has bought you a drink and the conversation is still going after ten minutes, she probably has serious interest in you. Your instinct may be to get closer for a kiss, but you have to be careful about this. While touching and mild groping is acceptable, trying to kiss girls in bars shows you don't understand how big of a problem gossip is on the island. While she's a card-carrying feminist, she still doesn't want the slut stain because her community is so small (it was common for me to repeatedly run into girls I had previously fucked).

It's no big deal if you don't get the kiss out of the way when you're in the bar since it'll happen quickly once you get her isolated. Sex will follow the first kiss within minutes. Definitely touch her to establish an intimate vibe, but if her friends are around and you're in a crowded place, the risk of going for a kiss far outweigh the benefits (if she doesn't mind being kissed in public, she'll definitely let you know by coming within a couple inches of your mouth).

A good prediction of how far you'll get with a girl is by counting how many of her friends are circling around. If you decided to murder the Icelandic girl you're talking to, how many witnesses would have seen you with her? The fewer witnesses there are, the more likely she'll accept your afterparty suggestion. If there are too many witnesses, she'll be hesitant to show genuine interest since she'll be so worried that members of her tribe think she's easy.

While she's in denial of the fact that she's a slut, we know she is, and all we need to release that inner slut is to get her isolated and away from prying eyes. Though Icelandic girls are wary of foreigners, we have an advantage over local guys since fucking us won't

“count.” If she wants to fuck just to fuck, which she will if she’s out drunk on a Saturday night without a boyfriend, then you’re her man… her last-minute man.

One Icelandic girl told me, “Everyone thinks we’re sluts, but that’s a misconception. There are consequences to sleeping around.” While I disagree with that statement and think that the girls are indeed hardcore sluts, there are almost no consequences for her to sleep with someone who is going to leave the city soon, which is why we make it clear we’re not staying for long. These girls want one-and-out fucks, not potential long-term relationships. At first I was slightly offended at this, since I think I’m a good catch, but when I realized how little work I had to put in to get laid, I quickly got used to it.

Let me sum up how your average Saturday night in Reykjavik should look like so far. You had a couple of drinks in your room then walked out the door around 3:00 a.m. You got in line at the bar and eventually wound up inside with another drink in your hand by 4:00. You picked a prime post-up spot and made small talk with the Icelanders around you to get into a social mood, letting them buy you drinks and buying them drinks in return. Around 4:30, you increased your alert level and made a more conscious effort to approach cute girls close to your spot. You did *not* run around the bar approaching girls like a monkey, but remained cool, casual, and tethered to either one or two locations. When a girl bit by asking where you were from and what you were doing in Iceland, you pulled her chain by hitting her with humorous responses. She proved to be too drunk to talk further, so you suggested some dancing, which she accepted. Your faces got slightly close, but you didn’t try for a kiss. The clock now strikes 5:00 and the bar is closing. It’s time for the afterparty move.

If a bar is closing and you haven’t gotten any bites, pick a new spot by the exit and approach singles and pairs on their way out. Increase your hustle and, if necessary, run around the bar like a monkey to find women. Here’s the opener to use after last call: “Do you know if there’s another bar that’s still open?” You’ll either do this in the bar or, if the barman kicks you out, in front of the bar where people gather in impromptu street parties before heading off. If she’s helpful, go on about how you think it’s still early and wouldn’t mind having another drink. If the girl continues to engage you, asking more than one personal question like your name, job, travel plans, home country, or place of lodging, do the afterparty move, which I’ll describe next week.

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Female Empowerment Is Slavery

November 20, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Here's a bedroom conversation I had with an empowered woman…

Woman: "Do you want to get married?"

Me: "I'm not ready to get married, but I am ready to hold on—at least temporarily—to the good girls I meet. When I'm older I think I want to be with one great woman and occasionally cheat on the side to keep things fresh. This is how they do it in South America. The guy provides for the family while the wife turns a blind eye. I know you think that's unacceptable, but I believe being able to cheat, without openly disrespecting my wife, is a way to ensure a marriage's long-term success."

Woman: "That's what my grandfather did to my grandmother. She actually knew the girls he was sponsoring, but she didn't have any options. This is why it's better these days. Women have options."

Me: "What do you mean by options?"

Woman: "I don't have to be enslaved by my husband."

Me: "So instead of being enslaved by your husband, a man who is not perfect but provides for you and loves you, you want to be enslaved by the corporation you work for? You want to depend on a company that can fire you at will, that values profits above everything else, and that would commemorate your death with a three-line email mentioning how you were a pleasant and obedient worker? How important can your job—excuse me—your *career* really be if they can find your replacement in the time it takes to post an ad on Craigslist? It sounds like you're trading loyalty of the most important man in your life for a faceless entity that has little stake in your happiness as a woman. I rather depend on my spouse for bread and shelter than a board of directors who identifies me as an expendable entry on an accounting spreadsheet instead of a human being with wants and dreams."

Woman: "But you would want your wife to stay at home and do nothing with her life?"

Me: "How long does it take to cook three healthy meals and keep the home clean? Not more than four hours. If she is awake for 16 hours a day, and spends four hours of quality time with me, that means she has eight hours to do whatever she wants, at least until the kids start rolling in. She can pursue her hobbies and passions, go to the gym, read books, and enjoy her leisure time. As long as it doesn't come at the expense of maintaining the home, and she does her best to please me, she is free to do what she wants."

Woman: "But I want to accomplish something. I don't want to be just a housewife."

Me: "Pushing papers in an office is accomplishing something? Let's be real, no woman is going to win a Nobel Prize with her work as a human resource associate, middle manager, or government bureaucrat. If you owned your own business or ran a charity that fed starving kids, I'd agree that you were accomplishing something, but spending all your days in meetings, dealing with dumb office politics, and being a standard-issue wage

slave sounds a lot less fulfilling than being able to pursue your interests while satisfying a man who takes good care of you."

Woman: "But if I don't have a job and my husband has an affair, I'll be helpless. I want to have a backup plan in case he neglects me."

Me: "So you're going to marry someone with the expectation of failure? If you already have divorce in the back of your head before you walk down the aisle then I guarantee it won't work. It's having the need for options and a way out that ensures the marriage will fail. It's only when both parties are unconditionally committed to the marriage that it has a chance of success. You don't think the man has stake in the marriage when he knows that his wife's survival solely depends on him? You have to have made a horrible decision to marry a man who is willing to put you on the street. In that case it's as much your mistake as it is his failure as a husband. It's having too many options, too many outs, that has made marriage a joke that it is today. Either you depend on each other for everything or do what everyone else does and form a business partnership that can be severed with two lawyers over afternoon coffee. It takes serious commitment and sacrifice to make it work, something that people don't do as long as they have their call-this-law-firm-in-case-of-emergency Plan B.'"

Woman: "You want to force your wife to stay home?"

Me: "I don't know any woman who would rather put up with rush hour traffic and a job that doesn't move humanity forward than stay home and raise a good family. You're telling me you rather work than be provided for and not have to worry about money? There are billions of women in the world right now who would think you're insane for preferring to work in a padded cubicle box for forty hours a week. Unfortunately, you've been brainwashed to think that it's a better idea to make shareholders rich through your labor than to dedicate yourself to family. Consider that this whole full employment movement for women is less than 100 hundred years old, a blink of the eye in the hundreds of thousands of years of human history. It's one of the greatest tragedies committed to women of the world, and it will not be reversed."

Woman: "You're going to provide for a woman so that she doesn't have to work? You can afford that?"

Me: "I will only get married if I'm able to provide for her and two future kids with solely my income. This is becoming impossible in declining societies like America and Britain, but it can be done in South America and Eastern Europe, which works out fine for me since I prefer those women anyway. They still have what it takes to be a good wife and mother."

Woman: "I just don't want to be bored at home."

Me (smiling): "Don't worry, I'll find you some nice hobbies. Maybe you can start your own side business. In America, a lot of women get burned out with their soulless careers and become bakers or sell arts and crafts on the internet."

Sadly, female empowerment is nothing more than a form of disempowerment. It forces women to dedicate their lives to capital, not husbands, gradually destroying society in the

process. Men’s rights guys and game guys are nothing but symptoms of the disease, manifestations of a dying body.

Soon after the above conversation, she gave me a real compliment without a hint of sarcasm, the first time she had done so. She held me tighter and sweetly asked me if I wanted to see her again. While Western corruption has made women like her absolutely despise provider men, deep down they want a strong man who can take care of them and make them forget about being mere little machines in the creation of wealth for others. Thankfully, there are still women in the world who will completely and unreservedly dedicate their lives to men instead of their little office jobs.

Back To Basics

November 22, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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A sharp rise in your game from a hot streak makes you overconfident and arrogant, causing you to forget all the things that were getting you laid in the first place. This has recently happened to me twice:

1. In Iceland I was getting silly fast one-night stands in under an hour. I quickly got spoiled and felt like I didn't have to work anymore to get laid. I went to Denmark, fully expecting to continue my one-hour bangs. I didn't even come close. I had a chat with Virgle Kent and he told me to "go back to basics." I stopped focusing on the goal of sex and instead wanted to have long, interesting conversations, which meant I had to go out earlier and be more thoughtful with the girls I approached. I got laid within a week.

2. My first two months in Poland was nonstop banging. Polish girls were supposed to be conservative but I was spending most of my time changing bed sheets. Then summer came and all the students left. Instead of taking a step back and re-evaluating the situation, I doubled down and tried to go even more direct to get faster bangs. The results were dismal, including one frustrating night where I brought two girls to my door within a couple hours of each other but couldn't seal the seal with either. I went back to focusing on good conversation and customizing my game to their reactions instead of going HAM on each approach regardless of what they were giving me. Within two weeks, in the dregs of summer, I had a new bang.

Back to basics. That's what you have to do when nothing seems to be working and you've become entitled that you should be having easy sex with quality women. Just like how we complain when women get entitled, thinking they should be dating Prince Charming, the same can happen to us with sex. When you hit those inevitable rough spots, where nothing seems to be working, humble yourself and think about all the things that led to your success so many times before.

How To Bang Icelandic Girls Using The Afterparty Move

November 24, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

There are no bars that remain open after 5:00, yet people will still want to party (Icelanders live for the weekend, if you haven't noticed). This leads to a strong afterparty culture where some guy randomly decides to host people in his house. He invites four or five people and then word spreads to a larger group, but the problem is that everyone is so drunk and discombobulated that the afterparty rarely gets off the ground. People drop out, get lost, lose their phones, encounter drunken drama, and so on. So while everyone will be in front of the bar talking about an afterparty, most end up just smoking a couple cigarettes before going home. While it's nice to get invited to an afterparty, it's far better to throw the afterparty yourself so you'll have home court advantage.

To execute the afterparty move, first say, "Are you going to sleep right now?" Give off a tone that makes it seem like you're definitely not trying to go to bed. Unless she says yes, add, "Well I'm thinking of throwing an afterparty in my apartment. I have some good music and scotch. I'm staying right down the street." (If the girl is really digging you, then all you have to say is, "Do you want to come over for a drink? I'm staying right down the street.")

It's as simple as that. If you get to the point where you can suggest an afterparty, your chances of getting laid are already at 50%. You make it very easy for her to say yes since you're giving her the privacy she needs in order to get intimate. If you're staying at a luxury hotel, don't be afraid to namedrop it.

I know what you're thinking: what happens if you invite a girl to your place and her friends want to come? One time I rolled an afterparty on a girl and she invited two girlfriends, so it was the four of us walking to my place. Then suddenly the friends got into some sort of fight and dropped out, leaving me isolated with the girl, who still wanted to come. Even if you end up taking a couple chicks back, Icelandic girls don't babysit or cockblock one another, so all you have to do is hang in there until the others drop or pass out.

One thing I loved about Iceland is that at the end of the night people really don't give a

fuck what happens to their friends. You'll be surprised how many girls are drunkenly wandering alone on the streets at five a.m., whereas two hours earlier they were with a group of twelve people.

There's a kidnap variation to the afterparty move that I want to discuss. Let's say you approach three girls at the end of the night and they seem interested in your afterparty. Then two of those girls go off to the side to have a conversation with some other people, leaving you isolated with the third girl. It's at this moment you should double down on your afterparty—in effect "kidnapping" her. Say, "Well I guess your friends don't want to come to the afterparty, but how about we still do it?" Reiterate how close your hotel room or apartment is. If she says yes, say, "Cool, let's go" and start walking. If her friends are out of sight to the point where the girl concludes that they have walked away, the bang is in the bag.

As you can see, this is more logistics than game. You need to approach at the right time, get her isolated, and then swoop her away with the afterparty move. Once in your room, get comfortable, make some drinks, put on some music, and then sit back as she makes it all too easy for you. Sex will be a foregone conclusion even though you haven't kissed yet or talked long. The sex will be sloppy, her pussy will be dry since she doesn't care about foreplay, and her breath will probably be awful, but hey, the speed of your "seduction" will make up for it.

Let's say you approached a bunch of girls after last call in the bar and then in front of the street, but got no bites. Your next gambit will be walking around the center of the city approaching lone girls. While you can also approach pairs and triplets on the street, go for singles first. This strategy would never work in the States, but it does in Iceland.

Be polite and ask girls if they know of another bar that's open. Try to get a chat going by sharing details about the bar you were at and how you're still trying to figure out Icelandic nightlife. If she asks where you're from or any other personal question, hit her with the afterparty move a minute later. If she declines the afterparty, your last-ditch play is to offer to walk her home, weaseling your way inside once you're at her front door by asking to use the bathroom.

She has to be moderately inebriated for these moves to work, but chances are she will. It's the late street approaches that are actually your best chance of fucking a young college girl who stubbornly didn't separate from her pack until the very end of the night.

The bottom line in Iceland is that the game is just beginning at last call and keeps going until there are no more people on the street. If you gave up and went home alone to fall asleep at 6:00, you didn't work hard enough. As a last resort, you should get a late night-snack at a busy food shack and continue approaching there, asking girls for an open bar.

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The above article was adapted from my newest release, **Bang Iceland**, an 80-page book that teaches you how to sleep with Icelandic women during a visit to the country. It contains tourist tips, game advice, and sex stories that give you all the information you need to pillage creamy white Icelandic women, with extra details not released on the

blog. It's available in both paperback and ebook. Read sample pages or learn more about the book.

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

November 27, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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

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

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

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

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

5. Did you both remain in the same venue after the number was exchanged? If you get her number and she merely goes to a different part of the bar, maybe even flirting with other guys, you just had a weak interaction. The number should only be exchanged when absolutely necessary, when the forces of nature will separate you and the only way you'll ever see her again is if you get her contact information.

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

7. Did you kiss her? There's a lot of debate over whether kissing a girl increases the

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

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

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

Bang Audiobook Edition

November 29, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Last year I did a survey where a fifth of you expressed interest in an audiobook version. I finally got around to hiring a voice actor to produce it. Here are two audio samples:

Bang Audiobook Sample No. 1

Bang Audiobook Sample No. 2

I outsourced the job because it would have been too labor intensive for me to make it error-free and smooth. I picked the actor for his deadpan delivery (similar to mine), so his tone shouldn't confuse you. The total length of the audiobook is 5 hours and 15 minutes.

I'm selling a Bang audiobook and ebook combo for $23.97. I don't want those of you who have bought Bang in the past to essentially re-purchase it with the combo, so I'm offering the audiobook (without ebook) for $9.99 until Sunday night. After Sunday, only the combo will be available.

After clicking the link below and checking out with Paypal, you'll be prompted to download the unrestricted MP3 files, which you can put on any device…

Click here to buy Bang Audiobook for $9.99.

If the response to this audiobook is positive, I will do one for Day Bang next year.

Are You Okay?

December 1, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I decided that I had to get my Icelandic flag no matter what. If I had to fuck a fatty, I'd put an honest effort into doing so and there would be no bitching or complaining until the deed was done. I had to release the unbearable pressure.

The only problem was that I couldn't come up with the motivation to approach. I just didn't want to do it. I sat at the bar for over an hour, talking on and off to the Belgian bartender. His coworker was a cute girl from the Czech Republic.

"You're totally blind," she said. "That girl with the curly hair was staring at you."

"Oh, I saw that, but she's way too stocky for me. I like my women around your height, about 110 pounds."

"I weigh 50 kilograms—what is that in pounds?"

"Let me check." I pulled out my cell phone and used one of the tools to convert 110 pounds to kilograms. Then I looked at her and said, "My phone says that 110 pounds is 49.9 kilograms. Soooo… what are you doing next week?"

We laughed and she playfully hit my hand. I would have loved to ravage her, but unfortunately I already had a Czech flag and my next fuck *had* to be Icelandic. I didn't want to be in the dangerous position of running out of time before flag attainment.

Why was I putting such pressure on myself? One reason was that it would be a fucking travesty to be in a country for two months and not get a bang. Toss in a big dollop of ego, in that it "should" happen quickly for me since I teach this shit, and the pressure was even higher. I've arrived at the point where if I don't get laid within two hours of landing in a country, I'm a phony who no one should listen to.

I did a couple of warm-up approaches and they went how they normally went. The girls were polite until we got interrupted or they ditched. I had trouble sustaining things and couldn't transition from superficial conversation to playful teasing and flirting.

Later I saw a cute dark-haired girl with olive skin. I approached and she turned out to be Australian, on vacation with two girlfriends. I actually had more trouble understanding their accents than with the Icelandic girls.

I said, "Alright, I'm going to guess which city you guys are from just by hearing you talk."

"Go ahead," one said.

"Melbourne?"

There was a chorus of "Oh my god, how did you know? That's so awesome!"

It was a lucky guess.

I was accepted into the group and the other girls allowed me to isolate the cute one. We talked for quite a while until I felt a kick on my shin. I looked to my right and it was a girl who dipped on me earlier. I leaned into her and said, "You ditch when I'm talking to you

but then you see me talking to another girl and now you want to chat? I see how it is.” I then ignored her because I never let a girl reject me twice.

The girlfriends of the Australian eventually came back and wanted to drag us to the louder part of the bar to dance. I went reluctantly. Once we were there, I realized I’d have to stay with those girls for the rest of the night for an opportunity to bang, because they weren’t going to separate any time soon. Just like when talking to the Czech girl, I got on myself for losing focus. I returned back to my spot. I had to get the Icelandic flag first.

Then I saw the girl I had gotten to within a few feet of my front door. I hadn’t contacted her and it had been a week, so I wasn’t surprised when she shot me a visible scowl and turned around. A player always keeps his options open, so what I had done a few days earlier to prepare for this very scenario was change one digit of her number on my phone. I knew there was a good chance I’d be desperate and horny if I ever saw her again.

I went up to her and said, “Hey, I think I know you.” She was visibly annoyed and didn’t even look me in the eyes.

“What happened? I texted you and you didn’t write back,” I said.

“You didn’t text me.”

“I definitely did.”

“Well, I didn’t get any text, so—” she said, looking away.

“Well, that’s weird. Let me see.” I pulled up her number on my phone and said, “This is your number, right?”

“Yeah that’s my num—wait! No, you got it wrong.”

“Oh, shit. I must’ve entered it incorrectly,” I said, putting on a performance that would have gotten me nominated for an Oscar. She told me the digit to change, but it didn’t register in my brain.

“Hey, I have to leave right now to go to another bar, but text me later,” she said, giving me a big smile that let me know I was back in it.

I watched her walk away and thought about my brilliant execution of the old “I put it in wrong” trick. Then I looked at my phone to correct the number, but I had forgotten which digit was wrong. Fuck, so much for brilliant execution.

I did more approaches, but it was the same shit—an okay start to a conversation that went nowhere. The girls gave me absolutely nothing to work with and it felt like I was having a monologue with myself.

Last call came. It was my fifth night out in Iceland and I had to admit I had no idea what the fuck I was doing. My game had been only marginally effective on one girl out of the thirty or so I had approached in the country so far. I was throwing everything and anything out there, hoping something would work, but none of my best prospects for the night were from Iceland. The Czech and Australian were fun girls who knew how to flirt, and I felt like I had a solid chance of getting somewhere if I had pursued them, but how

could I elicit such a reaction in Icelandic girls?

It turned out I was asking the wrong question. Instead of trying to elicit a certain reaction, I had to ask myself *if* I needed to elicit that reaction. I assumed all girls went through the same progression of flirting and touching and so on, but could it be possible that some girls don't need that in order to have sex?

The next thirty minutes went by quickly. First there was the tall ballerina. She was drop-dead gorgeous, but the conversation ended quickly. Then there was the girl with custom feather earrings. That conversation lasted three minutes. Then there was her friend, who actually asked me questions, but that died out, too. Then there was the friend of that friend. She barely spoke to me but did something peculiar upon leaving. As she was walking away, she gave me a long stare. I'm standing there, waving goodbye as if she was leaving on a ship, while she stared with her head craned around to face me. Did she want me to follow her? Was that a sign?

The back bar shut down, but the bartenders let me stay with them. I did a shot with the Belgian and gave him a recap of the night. Then he said, "You know, it's funny, sometimes after work I go sit on a bench outside and some girl starts talking to me and takes me home."

"Wait, right on the street?" I asked.

"Yeah, right here," he laughed. "It just happens… they pick you."

"How many times have you banged a girl that way?"

"A few times."

"Wow."

"Yeah, man, it's weird here. It's hard to explain."

I helped him clean for a few minutes and then went to the part of the bar that was still open. I stood next to the window and looked outside while a girl stared at me. I asked her when the bar closed.

"It closes now," she said.

"That sucks."

"Do you want to come with me and my friends?"

"Yeah, sure," I said.

"Do you want to do cocaine?"

"I don't mind weed, but, um—"

"Come on let's go!" She grabbed my arm and led me outside to meet her friends. The only problem was her ugliness; she actually had a tooth missing on the bottom row. Two blocks away we stopped for a minute and I decided I just couldn't sleep with her. She sensed it and walked away, leaving me alone on the street corner.

I looked around for a bench and found one, but concluded it was ridiculous to even try. I gave up for the night. I still hadn't gotten a flag in a country where sex was supposed to

be easy. I was a failure and a total fraud.

During the walk home, I slowed my pace to relive the night's approaches and to identify my weaknesses, stretching a ten-minute walk into more than twice that, but nothing was coming to me. I was tired and intoxicated and just wanted to go to bed.

What I'm about to share with you next will seem like fiction. If I read it, I'd automatically assume it was false, regardless of who had written it.

I was almost within sight of my front door, walking slow with my head facing the ground. I heard a woman's footsteps behind me, but I was so dejected that I didn't bother to look back to see if she was attractive or not. The footsteps got louder, and then I heard a voice.

"Are you okay?"

"Who, me?" I said.

"Yeah, you. Are you sick?"

She was decent-looking, with blonde hair, blue eyes, and a petite body. She wasn't quite pretty enough to approach a few hours prior, but at six in the morning I couldn't believe I was in the game with a bangable prospect so close to my house.

I livened up. "Oh, I'm fine. I'm just a little tired. I'm not used to staying out so late like you Icelanders."

"Where are you from?" We stopped walking at the exact same corner where the girl from the previous week had escaped into a cab.

"I'm from the States."

"I love foreigners!" she said, taking out a cigarette as if to say she wanted to stick around for a while.

The hardest place to pick a girl up is on the street. It's such a pain that I don't bother unless the nightlife sucks, so for a girl to approach *me* so late at night on the street was something I'd never experienced in my life. If I had seen an approach go down like that in a movie, I would have been disgusted and turned it off, yet it was happening to me.

I said, "You spoke to me in English. How did you know?"

"Oh, just by the way you dress and look. It was easy."

We talked about Icelandic culture, American culture, and what I was doing in Iceland. She was about to finish her cigarette when I asked if she was tired.

"Not really," she said.

"Well, do you want to have a drink with me before you go home? I live right there," I said, pointing to my front door.

"You live right there?"

"Yes, I live right there."

"Who are you staying with?"

"No one. I'm alone," I said, maintaining eye contact.

“Sure, I can use a drink.”

I made her a scotch on the rocks. She took off her shoes and settled on my bed while I put on some music.

“Do you think I’m a slut?” she asked out of the blue.

“What do you mean?” I said, needing time to think.

“I mean, don’t you think it’s weird that a girl will come home with you after only a few minutes?”

“Not at all. We had a nice conversation and the natural thing to do is to share a drink and get to know each other better. You have to understand that in America things can move really quickly. If you get along with someone, anything can happen.”

She smiled and took off her jacket. “That makes sense.”

I played it slow, and by slow, I mean I didn’t join her on the bed for about two minutes. I tinkered with the music queue on my laptop and changed into shorts and a t-shirt in front of her. Only then did I join her on the bed. We kissed.

She pulled away and said, “Icelanders don’t date. We’re not like Americans. Only Americans date.”

Obviously she hasn’t been in other parts of the world. ”So, what do Icelanders do?” I asked, humoring her.

“We meet at night and have sex. Then we say goodbye the next morning and run into each other some other time.”

“But how about if you like the person?”

“Doesn’t matter.”

It seemed to me that she was trying to prove that she didn’t get attached to guys. She calmed down on the tough-guy crap and her clothes started coming off. Then I heard the sweetest five words a girl could ever say: “Do you have a condom?”

There was maybe only two minutes of total kissing time before I violated her vagina. I felt so little investment in the bang that I didn’t even make the slightest effort to delay my orgasm by changing positions. I simply went directly for the nut then rolled over and fell asleep. It was the most impersonal sex I’d ever had. She might as well have been a prostitute.

In the middle of the night I got another boner, put on a condom, and jammed it back in while she was half-asleep. I came and passed out again with the condom still on my dick.

In the morning, she lingered longer than I would have suspected for someone who “doesn’t date.” I fiddled around on my laptop, hoping she would leave.

“What song are you playing?” she asked.

“This is something by Empire of the Sun,” I said.

“Oh, I’ve heard of them before. They have the same singer as MGMT.”

“No, that’s a different band.”

“But their singers are the same.”

“I assure you, they’re not.”

“No, I’m sure they are,” she insisted.

You stupid dumb bitch. I went on Wikipedia and proved her wrong, but she still remained skeptical.

“So,” I said, “do you need help getting home?”

I walked her to the door and then said, “Well, if you get horny next weekend, I’ll check the street corner at exactly six a.m. to see if you’re there.”

I gave myself a fist pump when the door closed, then went back to sleep.

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The above story is from **Bang Iceland**, an 80-page book that teaches you how to sleep with Icelandic women during a visit to the country. It contains tourist tips, game advice, and five additional sex stories that give you all the information you need to pillage creamy white Icelandic women, with extra details not released on the blog. It’s available in both paperback and ebook. Read sample pages or learn more about the book.

What Manning Up Really Means

December 4, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I noticed that you never hear a young girl telling a guy to man up. The demand is always coming from girls over 25, sometimes much older than that. I think I know why this is…

A woman's desire for men to "man up" is inversely correlated to the number of dating options she has.

The more men she has in the pipeline, the less likely she'll care if a guy mans up or not. Do you think a hot 21 year old co-ed, who is getting more attention than she can handle, who has guys desperately trying to wife her up, really notices that men in Western society are withdrawing from the marriage game? Things couldn't be more peachy in her world because of the nonstop attention party she's enjoying.

But all parties come to an end. The young girl will make the decision to pass on many suitors to perpetually live the Sex and the City lifestyle. When she turns 30 the wrinkles around her eyes are no longer easy to hide with Covergirl, and guys suddenly become more lazy in trying to get her out on a date. They are not contacting her after she puts out like they were before, even though she made them wait three full dates before opening her legs instead of three hours. They're not so eager to introduce her to friends. The attention she gets on OK Cupid is good for only a temporary confidence boost since 99% of the guys messaging her are lower quality than what she could get in the past. Something is off, but since it definitely isn't her, since she has done absolutely no wrong in her life and made no poor decisions, what must have happened in the previous six years is that men became boys. There is no other logical explanation.

She has fond memories of being 23 and wanted by every guy without having to do any work on her part. But even though she's now more cultured, more traveled, more intelligent, more polished, more cuntish (in a way that female authors argue is attractive), none of that is hooking them like they did before. She remains oblivious to the fact that age and beauty matters. She sincerely believes that suddenly men have lost interest in being men. **The sad truth is they have simply lost interest in her.** She decided not to get on the ship when it was boarding, and now it has sailed away, never to return.

This is what manning up really means: for you to accept that she was a party slut in her early 20s while in her physical prime. Manning up means to forget her past, her mistakes, and the opportunities she passed on. Manning up means to commit to a "strong" woman who has read a lot of books and dined in many restaurants that got positive reviews on Yelp. Manning up means chasing older women who have been pumped and dumped dozens of times. Manning up means decreasing your sexual opportunities by not learning game and not traveling to countries where you can get better women. Manning up means marrying a spinster who has shown no signs she would be a good mother. Manning up means committing the rest of your life to an entitled woman who will let herself go and care only about her career accomplishments, not her appearance, and definitely not your

happiness.

Women Who Become Bitter And Jaded

December 6, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Why do people harden as they age? Why do they become bitter and jaded? The simple answer is to avoid pain. By forming a rigid shell, a person can avoid experiencing the same pain they've felt in the past.

Imagine that a girl falls in love with a football jock in college. She fucks him on the first date, thinking that he liked her. Afterwards she contacts him to say what a great time she had. He doesn't respond, and ignores her when they cross paths in public. The next time she has a wild night with a man, she will be hesitant to compliment him or express her gratitude. She'll pretend that she's not at all that interested in him in the first place.

Now imagine that a guy meets a girl in a bar. They have an amazing four-hour conversation where it turns out that they share a lot of things in common. To prepare for the first date, he researches restaurants on the internet, hoping that his selection will provide the perfect environment to create a magical spark. On the day of the date, after reservations have been made and his outfit selected, she cancels with a lame excuse and disappears. Five years later, he considers all women in bars and clubs to be sluts.

Rejections in dating cause both men and women to change. They begin to withhold displays of emotion, compassion, or interest. This is especially severe in women, who are emotional by nature. You can argue that a man not being emotional or sensual is just a man being a man, but a woman doing the same turns her autistic. A man's coping mechanism to rejection causes him to be more masculine, but a woman's coping mechanism to rejection *also* causes her to be more masculine, a trait that decreases her ability to make men happy. Other negative qualities also take hold in her…

- She is slower to open in any conversation
- She distrusts men
- She is less willing to put work in new relationships
- She cares less if men think she's beautiful or not
- She unnaturally restrains her natural interest in men
- She learns how to make a "bitch face" while in public, a frown that makes it seem as if she's constantly smelling something bad

What women don't understand is that by trying to avoid pain, they also eliminate the pleasure that precludes that pain, those positive feelings that are part of any budding love affair. By tossing the baby out with the bath water, all that's left is a watered down version of both extremes: relationships engulfed in mediocrity, indifference, and vague disappointment.

While guys do this as well, it's to a lesser degree. Women grown in the wild go from being 100% sensual to 10% sensual after five years of Western-style nonstop dating. Men go from being 30% sensual to 10%. In essence, men are going half retard while women are

going full retard. I can't say I've even gone half retard, even with the billions of rejections I have faced from women in my life. I don't fantasize about a girl when I'm not in her presence, but when she's in front of me I dive into the experience fully.

I encountered a fork in the road when I was around 25, four years after I started learning game. One side said "Bitterness (low pain and pleasure)" while the other said "Keeping it real (pain and pleasure)." I took the latter path. I leave myself open with no shield because I want to experience emotional pleasure, one of the best things about being human. Unfortunately, unless the woman I'm with has the same mindset, no emotional connection will result, with the ensuing relationship remaining purely sexual, satisfactory but not spectacular. In a modern world where everyone is ready to withdraw into their turtle shell at the slightest hint of pain, finding emotional connection is becoming increasingly difficult, and maybe even futile.

I Don’t Want You To Get Raped

December 8, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I was walking home from a coffee shop when I noticed a girl crossing the street in a path that would collide with mine.

“What’s that building there?” she asked, in a thick accent that made it clear she wasn’t Icelandic. She pointed to a large glass structure that was being constructed. I had asked myself the same question two weeks before, curious enough to research the answer on the internet.

“It’s the new theater house,” I said. “They’ll hold plays and shows there. Are you a tourist?”

“Yes. I’m here for two weeks.”

“Your accent is different… it sounds Russian.”

“Yes, how did you know?”

I nodded. “Where I come from, there are a lot of Russians. Their accent is easy to spot.”

It was her first day in Reykjavik and she was eager to learn about the city. It was only a couple days after I had fucked the Icelandic girl from the street, so I couldn’t believe I might get my Russian flag in the exact same way.

I said, “I’m actually about to walk by the center square on my way home. If you want, I can show you a couple of spots.” She was eager, so we started walking.

The first place I showed her was my day hangout. “This is the bookstore I spend a lot of time in. I like it because they close late at ten o’clock. A lot of the other coffee shops close much earlier.” We walked inside and went into the café, where we talked for almost an hour about Iceland, Russia, and America; a cultural conversation that comes easy with other foreigners. Her English was good, but she had to talk slowly, and I slowed down so she’d understand me.

I got a better picture of her body once she took off her coat. She was extremely thin, making her seem taller than her 5’10″ height, with light brown hair that came all the way down to her stomach. Her cheekbones gave a slightly hollow look to her eyes. I had trouble identifying any obvious physical flaws. She was generic and void of anything unique, but pretty close to perfection. She had the ideal proportions to be a runway model, and with the right makeup and clothing I knew she would blow away most girls.

After some time chatting, I wasn’t convinced she was genuinely interested in me. Even though she had approached me, the interaction had almost a professional feel to it. Did she just want to practice her English? Was she trying to tap my head for information on Iceland? We exchanged email addresses after I told her of a bar I was going to the next night.

She didn’t show up at the bar, emailing me to say she couldn’t find it. I invited her to a small rock concert a couple days after that, but she didn’t even reply. I was going to give

up on her forever, since I never reinitiate contact with a girl who doesn't reply to one of my messages, but I still had a long way to go before understanding Russian women. For research purposes I decided to probe the situation and see if she'd react the same way that an American woman would (with radio silence).

I sent her an email that said: "Did you leave Iceland already?" Of course I knew she hadn't.

She wrote back quickly, asking if I wanted to go for a walk, apologizing that she hadn't replied previously due to internet trouble. The plan was to meet in the same bookstore at eight on Friday night.

By that time I had been in Iceland for three weeks. After I got my flag, I became temporarily disinterested in Icelandic girls because their personalities were so cold. While they look marginally better than American girls, have silkier hair, and aren't as fat, it felt like I'd been talking to rocks. It was hard to draw them out in any sort of fun conversation since they didn't socially respond the way women in other countries would. They didn't seem to be curious about other cultures or other people and they had nothing remotely interesting or funny to say. I was ready to conclude that their specialty is getting trashed, acting silly on the dance floor, and fucking.

The consequence of dealing with socially withdrawn people is that you become socially withdrawn yourself. It got so bad for me that I'd go for two or three-day stretches without even having a conversation with another human being. I'd talk to myself out loud at home, just to hear the sound of my voice. Combined with the five hours of weak sunlight a day, I felt like I was in a social isolation chamber. I started to get nervous that Iceland was infecting me with some type of antisocial virus, and that I was losing my bubbly nature.

The Russian girl showed up a half-hour late. She wore knee-high boots, a short skirt paired with black leggings, and a leather jacket over a black shirt. We sat at a table and talked about ourselves.

"So what do you do?" I asked.

"I'm a model."

"Interesting. How long have you been doing that?"

"Four years, since I was fifteen. I'm considered an old model now and probably won't do it much longer. These days they recruit girls starting at twelve."

"That's weird—a girl that young doesn't look like a woman."

"Well, with makeup and clothing they make them look much older. I look completely different when I'm on a job."

I became curious about seeing photos of her glammed up, later making a strong effort to add her as a Facebook friend.

"So what are you going to do afterwards?" I asked.

"I'm in school now and currently teach runway walking to girls. In Russia, you have to work very hard to get anywhere, so I'm trying to secure a good future. There's no time to

hang out just to hang out. When I spend time with someone, there has to be some sort of exchange."

That confirmed something I'd heard from guys who had dated Russian women: "They are always playing some sort of angle." I didn't know what she wanted to get from me, but I was hoping for it to be cock.

A café was holding a little concert featuring a Brazilian singer from Rio. I wanted to stop by and see if there was a Brazilian community in Reykjavik I could snake my way into. The Russian agreed to come.

"Maybe we can go to a bar after the concert," I said. "I know a couple nearby."

"I don't drink," she said.

"Really? But… you're Russian."

"Are you saying all Russian people are drunks?" She wasn't smiling.

I wanted to say yes, but I could sense it was a touchy subject. Maybe her father was an alcoholic and had beaten her mother when she was a little girl.

"No, but the Russians in Washington DC are hard partiers. You're honestly the first Russian person I've met who doesn't drink. That's like meeting an American who doesn't like cheeseburgers and french fries." I smiled.

"I can drink Coca-Cola, juice, water, and hot chocolate." At that moment I noticed her necklace. It had a pendant of the Virgin Mary. My hope of sex was fading.

We killed some time in the bookstore before the start of the concert, talking a lot about her life in Russia. For being only 19 years old, she had a lot of interesting opinions on the things she had experienced, offering them at will without me having to drag it out of her. She asked follow-up questions to my own opinions and even had a sense of humor that kept me laughing, something most girls I meet are incapable of doing. The funniest thing she told me was, "Reykjavik feels like the Russian countryside instead of a capital city. I'm expecting a cow to walk by any second now."

The more laughs and stories we exchanged, the more I felt my social nature coming back. Even though I hadn't been in Iceland long, I had almost forgotten how rewarding human interactions can be. I was a little upset to know that my new friend was leaving in only two days.

I was more upset that she wasn't a drinker. I've only fucked one other girl who was a non-drinker in my life. That girl wasn't hard to get into the sack, but it did take longer than normal. I gave myself a 10% chance of fucking the Russian, a low number, but enough for me to pursue matters.

In heavy snow we walked to the concert venue. The Brazilian singer performed and almost brought a tear to my eye, not because I could understand what she was saying (though I'm sure it was about love and heartbreak), but because I knew I could have been in Brazil instead, spending less money to be with wonderful women who were sexy, feminine, and eager to please me.

After the show, the singer came up to me and the Russian. "Thank you for coming," she

said, greeting me with a double cheek kiss. “Where are you from?”

“I’m from America, though I lived in Rio for a while. That’s why I wanted to come tonight. Do you live here now?”

“Yes. I’m trying to move permanently to Iceland. I came with my daughter and we have a nice life here.”

Is she fucking crazy? Exchanging Rio for this? Then again, she was in her 40s, and forty years of anything wonderful will make it stop being wonderful. I also couldn’t discount the fact that Brazilians really like blue-eyed white people.

The singer engaged the Russian girl by asking questions and patiently waiting for her labored responses. She spent only three minutes talking to us, but the interaction was so pleasant that afterwards I was glowing. In one day the Russian girl and Brazilian singer had made me feel more human than any Icelander had. It was that night that I knew I’d never return to Iceland.

When it was time to leave the café, I looked at the Russian girl and said, “My socks are wet from snow getting into my shoes. Do you mind if we stop by my apartment one block away so I can change them?” She didn’t mind. My plan was to make my move once there.

I walked in, but she stayed outside in the freezing cold, waiting for me to change my socks. I gave her an “Are you serious?” look. She reluctantly came inside, but not any farther than the door mat.

“Are you going to change your socks?” she asked after I had opened my laptop.

“Are you in a rush? I mean, what do you want to do now?”

“Well, I have an excursion tomorrow morning, so I should be getting home.”

“You sure you don’t want to hang out more?”

“No. I should go.”

“Well, then, I guess I don’t need to change my socks after all. Let me walk you to the street corner and point you in the right direction.”

I wasn’t upset or bitter about her decision, since I had seen it coming a mile away. She gave me a nice hug at the intersection but lingered afterwards as if she wanted to keep chatting.

I said, “You seem like you want to hang out some more. Do you want to go to a bar? We don’t have to chill in my apartment.”

“No, no. I really must go.” She leaned in to give me a kiss on one cheek, then the other. I held onto her and she smiled, then we kissed on the lips for a few seconds.

“Why don’t you come back inside for fifteen minutes?” I asked. “We can listen to some music.”

“No, I shouldn’t,” she said, then turned and walked away.

I went back home, slightly discouraged but feeling good about the night. I was content with staying in, but with only two good nights to go out in Reykjavik during the week, I’d have to take advantage of both. I watched some old episodes of *Seinfeld* on my computer

while drinking a fair amount of scotch before heading out the door at three.

I went to Bakkus near my apartment, not motivated to talk to Icelandic girls. Time flew and the bar lights came on. Realizing I had absolutely no prospects, I started approaching in earnest.

First girl, nothing. Second girl, nothing. Then I noticed a girl who was the friend of another girl I had approached on my first night out. I had barely exchanged three words with her, so I wasn't sure if she'd remember me, but she did. That was surprising since she was now drunk out of her mind and holding onto the wall for support. I was inebriated myself, but nowhere near the way she was.

Her friends had ditched her and left her all by her lonesome. She desperately looked for them, fiddling with her phone, but they were all gone. I couldn't believe my luck.

"I guess I'll walk you home," I said. She didn't say anything. Once she started walking I followed her.

Five minutes into the walk she fell into the snow, hiking up her skirt so that I could see her stockings almost all the way up to her pussy. Helping her get back on her feet confirmed that her body was the real deal, like a little ballerina with a big ass (my ideal type).

"Look at you, falling all over the place," I said. "You're a mess."

"Fuck you!" she said. "You don't have to walk me home!"

"It would be cruel to leave you because another man might try to do something to you. I don't want you to get raped."

"No one rapes anyone in Iceland," she said.

"You sure you want to test that out right now? You can't even walk straight."

"Whatever, you're such an asshole!"

I didn't know if she was joking or flirting. She kept telling me to leave and I kept saying it was my duty as a man to make sure she got home safe. I said, "I have a sister who's a couple years older than you. I'd want a guy to walk her home as well." That was the first time I had leveraged a family member in the hope of building enough trust to get laid. I couldn't decide if it was tight game or pure evil.

Then she grabbed my hand. For balance? For intimacy? I didn't know, but I did know I wasn't going to fuck her. I've never fucked a girl in her parents' home while they were sleeping, and while there's a first time for everything, I wasn't counting on it. On the other hand, I did have to piss like a racehorse.

When we got to her place, I asked, "Can I use your bathroom?"

"Yeah, whatever." Her speech was like an American girl. It turned out that she actually lived on the East Coast for a few months.

I took a leak in her bathroom, which was decorated like a ski lodge with various woodsy knickknacks and little troll figurines. I came out to find her in the kitchen, warming up a huge pot of chicken soup.

“Do you want some?” she asked.

“No, I’m good.”

“Thanks for walking me home,” she said, in what was her kindest statement of the night.

“You’re welcome,” I said. “Can I take off my shoes?”

“Yeah, go ahead.”

She was talking loud, as if no one was home, but I did notice a shut door that I assumed was her parents’ bedroom. I sat down on the couch while she messed with the soup. Eventually she sat down next to me, putting her legs over mine. Her wet feet were tiny and I compared them to my hands, which were a few inches larger. I went into horny creep mode and started rubbing her legs while talking. She placed a hand on my arm.

“Tell me something about you,” she said.

“What do you want to know?”

“Anything, I don’t care.”

“My life is pretty shallow,” I said.

“Why?”

“Because I’m never somewhere long enough to put down roots. I just go from place to place, and even if we were to be perfect for each other, it still wouldn’t work because I’m leaving soon.”

She leaned closer and said, “That’s sad.”

Then I kissed her. She tasted like beer and cigarettes, but now with my hands exploring her body I got more aroused in five seconds than I had with the Russian girl all night. Without saying a word, she got up, poured out a bowl of soup, and went into her room. I followed her.

It went so fast in her bedroom that even I felt weird. Clothes ripped off. “Do you have a condom?” Jam the dick inside. Barely any kissing. I was too drunk to feel anything and she was too drunk to produce much in the way of lubrication, so after five minutes we stopped having sex, if that’s what you want to call it, and lay on our backs. She fell asleep and started snoring. Her soup went untouched.

I took a short nap and when I woke up, her alarm clock said eight a.m. I figured it would be a good idea to leave in case her parents woke up early, so I ducked into the bathroom, threw the condom into the toilet, and flushed. It wouldn’t go down. I flushed again, but still nothing. I wanted to protect her honor (more like get rid of the evidence), so I fished it out the toilet and wrapped it in half a roll of toilet paper. I went back to the room and put it in my coat pocket along with the condom wrapper. Then I got dressed and left while she slept.

The next day, I heard a knock on my window. It was the Russian. I thought, “Yes! She wants to fuck! Two bangs in one weekend!” But no. She sat next to the door with her coat and scarf on, shying away whenever I got close. I tried to go caveman at the end but she just kept saying, “When you come to Moscow, I’ll show you around!”

Two weeks later I went to Bakkus again. After last call I stood outside in front of the bar, looking for targets, when the Icelandic girl I had fucked walked out with a guy in the same way I had walked out with her. She was so drunk that he was holding her arm so she wouldn't fall over.

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The above story is from **Bang Iceland**, an 80-page book that teaches you how to sleep with Icelandic women during a visit to the country. It contains tourist tips, game advice, and five additional sex stories that give you all the information you need to pillage creamy white Icelandic women, with extra details not released on the blog. It's available in both paperback and ebook. Read sample pages or learn more about the book.

Make Her Think Something Is Wrong

December 11, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Declaration Of Holy War Against Fat Women

December 13, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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One reason I'm not currently in America is because I don't like the women. Since their appearance and personality give me softies, I've been proactive about going to other countries where the women still act like women. I'll be the first to bitch and complain about a problem, but I will do things that remove myself from what I think is making me unhappy. If American women suck, just get up and leave. Easy, right?

The problem is that American culture is being exported at such a rapid pace that it's following me like a shadow. I'm watching in horror as Brazil gets swallowed up by American values, the populace getting ever fatter. In Krakow I was shocked at how much bigger the girls were compared to other Polish cities, the only difference being that there was a McDonald's or KFC on every block. I now understand that I can't run away from this problem. It must be destroyed at the source.

If I was a god, and could change only one thing about women that would make most men happier, I would wave my magic wand and shave a billion pounds off the female populace. While taming her masculinity is high up the list, only if she's thin will you experience boners that have 80% power or more. You'll be able to gather up enough effort to get a lay out of her, a little morsel of happiness. But if she's fat and unsightly, it really doesn't matter how cool she is. What must be annihilated before anything else is the culture of obesity, the biggest threat to a modern man's happiness.

I'm happy to announce that I've declared jihad on fat American women. Under my Muslim name Muhammad V, I've started a group blog called **Fat Girl Jihad** to solve this grotesque problem. Other "Muslims" have joined me on this jihad, including a Muslim-Irish American.

My goal with the site is to make it more acceptable to shame, bully, and humiliate fat women into thinness. All other solutions have failed, so it's up to us to make fat women too ashamed to leave the house with all their extra blubber and folds. Let them self-segregate into their fattie clubs and their Plenty Of Fat dating sites. Let them go to Walmart and buy paint bucket containers of ice cream. And then let them go home and eat that ice cream, alone. This jihad will not end until public spaces are filled with thin women whose egos are normal thanks to not being surrounded by fatties all the time. We cannot stop until the country is filled with women who we can lift with our own musculature.

I know you're thinking that it's futile, that we can't stop the tsunami of American-style capitalism and accompanying morbid obesity, but even if that's true I'm not going to give up without a fight. American men, with all their faults, are not like uber-beta Scandinavian men who are still waving the white flag as feminists take over and fuck their countries in

the ass with rubber dildos. American women may very well get their cake in the end, but it is our duty to make it as unpleasant for them to eat it as we possibly can. *“Are you sure you should be eating that?”*

If we can make America a better place for men, then I believe we’ll make the world a better place, no matter where we choose to go. Hopefully in short time it will be completely acceptable to make fun of fat women, not just on the internet but face-to-face as well. Together we can change the women, one pound at a time.

Fat Girl Jihad Twitter: https://twitter.com/fatgirljihad
RSS Feed: http://feeds.feedburner.com/fatgirljihad

Full credit goes to forum member Raliv for coming up with the name to Fat Girl Jihad. If you want to contribute to this jihad, contact me.

7 More Things You Should Know About Icelandic Girls

December 15, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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1. Don't bother trying to get phone numbers and date.

Notice how in my night game breakdown there is absolutely nothing about going on dates with girls. If you're moving to Iceland permanently, get as many numbers as you want, but if you're only there for a short time, asking for phone numbers from girls you meet in the bars or clubs is a dumb move. Unless her boyfriend is right there and she wants to give her number for a late-night rendezvous, your phone's dial pad shouldn't be used on weekend nights. In Iceland my cell phone mostly served as a heavy watch.

The lack of dating in Iceland creates a fascinating bang progression. In America, it would take a certain number of digits, kisses, and dates to get one bang. For example, you could get twenty numbers, go out on four dates, kiss two of them, and bang one, building momentum off smaller closes to get the big close—sex. In Iceland, you can go seemingly long periods without anything at all, not even an innocent kiss on the cheek, and then ***bang***—you catch a girl at the right time and she's down for your afterparty.

The smallness of Iceland does a good job of explaining why there isn't a dating culture. Consistently running into the same people over and over again encourages men to bide their time and take less immediate risks. For them it's okay that they didn't make a move on the pretty girl they've been eyeing because odds are he'll see her again next week, possibly with a mutual friend who can set up an easy social introduction. Even if conversations do go well, why should he ask her out on an expensive and possibly awkward dinner date when he'll see her again while she's more liquored up and horny? The guys are passive not because they're genetically weak (they come from Viking stock for fuck's sake), but because the environment encourages them with more bangs if they pretty much wait for pussy to fall onto their laps.

2. You'll run out of girls to approach if you stay too long.

If you're staying for a while, you'll feel the smallness in the second month once you start to recognize most of the people in your regular bars. If you plan on moving to Iceland for a long period of time, you'll eventually run out of girls to approach. In that case, it will be worth reapproaching girls in the hope that they're hornier the second time around.

Reapproach by saying, "Don't I know you from somewhere?" This is actually the common approach that Icelandic men use, and it works because it will help get a conversation going about who you know and what places you frequent. Even if you're 100% sure where you've seen her before, pretend that you're only vaguely familiar about how you met. You lose a lot of value by vividly remembering people, because it implies that they impacted you strongly.

3. What you think of as "game" has little effect in Icelandic.

The game that works best in a country is a reflection of that culture. In hyper-competitive America, with a wide gap between the haves and have-nots, the proper game is showing

how you're better than the next guy, either by being funnier, more talented, more famous, more of an asshole, or what have you. In Iceland, a small, egalitarian culture where class differences are minor and everyone treats everyone else the same, the proper game is being a chill, outgoing guy who can provide the best logistics for private sex.

I must stress that in Iceland I didn't feel like I was using game at all. I definitely didn't win over any Icelandic girls with complicated routines or techniques like I would with their American counterparts. On one hand, this news should be welcome to guys who have a ways to go before having tight game, but on the other hand, for guys who rely exclusively on game skill, trying to get laid in Iceland can feel like taking a step backwards.

4. Minorities do better in Iceland than in America.

The tricky part of generalizing how well a black man would do in Iceland, for example, is that you don't see much hooking up in the bars. So while on the surface things seem to be neutral, who knows if they're actually going to have sex afterward. That said, it wasn't obvious to me that minorities would have an easier time than myself (girls consider me more Latino-looking than Middle Eastern).

The guys who should do best are Latinos, since their olive complexion is considered sexy. Next up are black guys, who should focus on clubs that play hip-hop music to better target a more open-minded audience. Then we have Asian and Indian guys, who will see less discrimination from Icelandic girls than American girls. I don't like making generalizations on race because individual variance is so great, but I believe minorities should have it easier in Iceland than in America. White guys should find it easier as well. In fact, Iceland is easier for everyone!

5. Being an America is neither a strength or weakness.

The only time being American really helped was if she happened to love America or had traveled there, something that is becoming increasingly rare due to the weak Icelandic currency. Therefore don't expect much of a warm welcome, even if you dress or look completely different from the locals. Your bangs are mostly going to result from approaching a horny, drunk girl at the end of the night, not by somehow broadcasting your exotic status by looking cool at the bar.

That's not to say that you won't be approached for looking cool at the bar. I was approached more in Iceland than I was in Washington DC, but waiting to get approached isn't a sound game model if you have a short timeline. Also, the typical girl coming up to you will be chubby with average looks. Depending on your standards, this could be good or bad, but for me the hottest Icelandic girls I fucked were the ones I approached.

6. Icelandic guys have horrible game but great style.

It's safe to say that Icelandic guys *can't* approach. Until I got to Denmark, I've never seen such piss-poor all-around game. I'll give them a pass because the Icelandic environment promotes passivity, a strategy that may actually increase the chance for a permanent male resident to land a girlfriend. While sometimes they do approach while drunk, the only time I saw "normal" approaches was from Icelandic guys who had lived abroad (in

places where they had to approach to get laid) or guys who like American culture and have been exposed to game writings on the internet.

Don't take any advice from an Icelandic guy about women. Either they have no idea what they're talking about or they'll fuck with you by giving obviously bad advice (a part of me thinks they don't like the idea of richer foreigners coming to Iceland to bang their women). If an Icelandic guy is talking a big game to you, ask him to demonstrate. Chances are he'll pile on the excuses about how he doesn't think any of the nearby girls are cute or how he has a girlfriend. Unless a dude shows you how it's done, don't listen to him because it's just way too tempting for them to sabotage foreigners.

However, feel free to accept fashion advice from the guys, who dress as if coming out of a *GQ* photo shoot. I brought some nice clothing to Iceland that would have made me stand out in an American bar, but I looked almost underdressed in Iceland, where guys rocked bow ties, skinny ties, suit jackets, pocket squares, and cardigans. Their dedication to style is especially surprising considering how expensive clothing is, making me conclude that most of an Icelander's income goes toward booze, clothes, and food—in that order.

7. Icelandic hookup culture is kind of fucked up, and that's coming from me.

I still can't get my head wrapped around how strange Icelandic hookup culture is. It's basically backwards: they have sex first before having an extended conversation that women from almost any other country in the world would require as a prerequisite to sex. While I'm not complaining, it was sadly all downhill after I had sex with an Icelandic girl, because she'd then start with the lame, arrogant feminist shit that I don't care for. Thankfully all that nonsense came after I already got what I wanted.

The above article was adapted from my newest release, **Bang Iceland**, an 80-page book that teaches you how to sleep with Icelandic women during a visit to the country. It contains tourist tips, game advice, and sex stories that give you all the information you need to pillage creamy white Icelandic women, with extra details not released on the blog. It's available in both paperback and ebook. Read sample pages or learn more about the book.

The Morality Of Game

December 18, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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When in America, I never feel that pumping and dumping city girls is morally wrong, mostly since I know they love fucking, partying, drinking, and playing the game. They feel proud to be successfully emulating their horse-faced television role models, and are as likely to pump and dump me as the other way around. Even with girls I dated for a month or two, I never got the impression that I was emotionally hurting or scarring them when I walked away (it's not like I had to lie about wanting a serious relationship to get into their pants). After I was done with a girl, I knew it wouldn't take more than a couple weeks of going out for her to get boned by a new man who was comparable to myself.

I'll be the first to admit that many of my bangs back in the States were hate fucks. The masculine attitude and lack of care these women put into their style or hair irritated me, so I made it a point to fuck them and never call again. Doing that probably didn't make the world a better place, but I can say with confidence that I never hurt a "good girl," something that I don't believe exists in American cities. If you think about it, is it even possible for a girl to be considered good if she is borderline overweight, has a sloppy appearance, consumes a diet of reality TV and Kim Kardashian, possesses no homemaker skills, doesn't know how to be feminine, is addicted to attention-whoring on social networking sites, wants to ride a lot of cocks in her physical prime, or thinks dining out at a restaurant is the best way to be interesting? I'm just wondering.

In South America, a place where I wasn't getting many one-night stands, I happily dated the girls I became sexually involved with. If I lost interest before sex, I stopped calling without guilt. No morality questions came up.

In Iceland, also known as Planet Slut, girls wanted to get rogered after knowing me for less than an hour. It was a pure sexual transaction. No morality questions came up.

In Denmark, I might as well have been in America. I fucked "progressive" women who were empowered to bang me on the same night (go girl!). No morality questions came up.

In Poland, I had the magic stick. A perfect storm of various factors made me as close to a rock star without actually being one. What ended up happening was I had one-night stands with good girls, the most good I've met in my life. You'll be doubtful that they were good girls if they fucked me the same night, but I have no shame to admit that I was manipulating them. I had a system that was bulletproof, based on an incrementally increasing series of commitments with targeted routines at the right moments that released their inner slut. It's no surprise that buyer's remorse was a side effect. Many girls were in disbelief that they had sex with a hairy man beast so quickly.

Towards the end of my stay, when the third or fourth Polish girl insisted on cleaning my apartment after I ravaged her pussy from knowing her just a few hours, I started to feel guilty that I considered them a notch on my bedpost, a data point on an upcoming fuck

guide, while they saw a potential future with me. It didn't help that I began having to lie about how long I was staying in the country. My strategic lies and tested game did not give these trustworthy and gentle girls a fighting chance to resist a rapid sexual outcome. I started to feel guilty about what I was doing.

In the past, I never created a one-night stand. I banged girls who were horny, hadn't been laid in a while, and would have probably fucked another guy if I didn't show up. But in Poland I created bangs. They had boyfriends or were actively getting fucked by another guy. They weren't cruising for cock and some never had a one-night stand before. I made her feel that she had an amazing connection with this foreign man, causing her to do something that she hadn't ever done. Then, in all likelihood, I cooled off. There was no one to replace me in a month or two. The connection she felt must have been fraudulent if I opted not to pursue it.

Did I hurt some Polish girls? I remain pensive about it because I don't see them as drunk sluts, or American cunts who I want to hate fuck. I saw them as girls that, had I been in a different place, I'd want to date long-term. I began to pedastalize Polish girls because after nearly seven months in the country, I realized that they were worth being put on the pedestal. They are good and wholesome girls.

The morality question only arises if you're creating bangs in non-Western countries instead of merely screening for Western sluts who are pining for sex. Trust me when I say you aren't hurting any American or British girl with your one-night stand game, since in just a month you'll be a forgotten cock (she probably won't even count you as a notch). Yet if you go to Poland and sell big dreams to a girl who never met a foreign man before, she may view that sex as a means to some type of long-term happiness, not the end itself.

I'm almost thankful of one thing: that I'm from a country where it's impossible to love the women, where they want the same shallow fucking that I want, because if I was Polish, how could I spend over ten years pumping and dumping girls who want to care for me, cook for me, and do everything they can to make me proud that they're on my arm? You can't master game in a country where the women are worth it, because you'll find a sweet girlfriend before you get to that high level.

If I ever go back to Poland, it has to be when I'm older, when I'm done banging just to bang. A big part of respecting the game is respecting the power it has over women, and not purposefully hurting a girl who obviously doesn't deserve it. Sadly, for most of you stuck in the States, you'll probably never meet that girl. Pump and dump at will.

How Not To Get Laid While Traveling

December 20, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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1. Have a budget so tight that swinging for a private room will send you into the throes of bankruptcy. You should travel on such a shoestring that you won't be able to provide decent logistics when a girl wants to have sex with you. Hope instead that the girl you meet has parents who are out-of-town, since I can almost promise you she won't live on her own.

2. Eat street food every meal so that you can get a food borne illness. Make the assuption that street food in the United States is the same as street food in the Philipines or Ecuador. Full-blown diarrhea, with its accompanying pain, dehydratation, and frequent trips to the bathroom, will tighten your game.

3. Make no effort to learn the local language. Nothing turns on a local girl more than to suspect you're a sex tourist with your inability to say basic words like "hi" and "thanks."

4. Take the advice of nerdy travel bloggers who say you should pack as light as possible. Leave all your nice clothes at home. Pack one pair of hiking boots, sweat-proof nylon pants that make a swish-swish sound when you walk, and a couple t-shirts with ironic sayings on them. Foreign girls throw themselves all over guys who are rocking the backpacker style, especially those who wash their clothes in the hostel sink with bar soap.

5. Jump from one ultra-popular tourist city to the next. Your trip should be a roller coaster ride of picture-taking in as many mega-cities as possible, not a slow meander where you learn the best spots in second-tier cities to meet and date local women.

6. Do not pipeline on the internet before your trip. Instead of messaging cute girls you may find on dating sites, Badoo, OkCupid, or Couchsurfing, it's better to assume that on your first night out you'll find a bar with dozens of beautiful women who like the beige fisherman hat you bought specifically for the trip.

7. Makes friends with other foreigners who have zero game and just want to get drunk. Going out alone is boring and hard. Instead, you should hang out for several hours in the hostel until everywhere can agree on going to the crappy bar across the street. Sure, you won't get laid, but you'll no doubt enjoy the crazy antics of Noah the Australian who threw up in the bathroom.

Follow these seven tips and I promise you that foreign pussy will remain foreign.

Top 5 Nightlife Venues For Reykjavik, Iceland

December 22, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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One reason that Reykjavik nightlife is so active is that the outlying suburbs have so few venues. On the weekends you get hordes of people coming into the city that you don't normally see, which is why you shouldn't freak out if you don't see any talent walking around mid-week. Disclaimer aside, here is my top 5 list for guys looking to peep Icelandic women…

1. Bakkus (Tryggvagata 22). This is the best bar in Iceland to get laid. The main floor has two bars and a large dance floor, while the bottom floor has a small bar and a tighter space for seating. I'd classify it as a rock dive bar, but it regularly plays house music and will feel more like a regular club. The girls aren't the hottest in Iceland, but they are young and friendly.

What I'd do is arrive on a weekend night around 3:00 a.m. and hang out in the downstairs bar. It doesn't get a whole lot of traffic, allowing you to save your energy for prime time (last call), but if a girl does come within your radar you can easily start a conversation since it's quieter than upstairs. If a cute girl is giving you eye contact, definitely don't be shy about approaching. I don't want you to get the idea that you shouldn't approach at all before last call; it's just not essential to work hard before that time.

Around 4:30, which is a half hour before last call, go upstairs and lean against the main bar while looking out toward the crowd. It's then you should start to approach. Since so many girls will be drunk off their ass, don't be offended if she doesn't respond (it's not that she's trying to be a bitch, but she's having trouble with her sensory perceptions). Pick off isolated girls who were trying to get a drink in the bar, but don't shy away from pairs since it will be easy to divide them. Try for the occasional triplet, though don't waste your time on larger groups unless you're getting serious eye contact.

When the lights come on, continue to approach girls who are meandering out until finally getting kicked out by the bouncer. Continue approaching in front of the bar and then on the streets until no girls can be found.

2. Austur (Austurstraeti 7). This club definitely attracts an older crowd, sometimes women in their thirties, but they'll be more aggressive in showing their interest as they get just as shitfaced as their younger counterparts. The strange thing here is that there was a big disparity on how I was treated (either the women were awesomely friendly or just plain nasty). The music is top 40 and the drinks are expensive ($9 for a crappy beer). The best spot for chatting up girls is on the right side along the main bar.

3. b5 (Bankastraeti 5) is a compact venue that gets insanely crowded. This is hands down the craziest club I've ever been to in my life. Even though everyone is dressed

wonderfully, with girls in heels and tight clothing and every guy in some type of suit, they are completely committed to getting blackout drunk.

There is constant pushing and shoving. Drinks get spilled everywhere. People fall on the floor and are unable to get up. Girls dance on the couch and then fall on top of people. Guys are itchy to get into fights. Girls pass out cold while friends try to wake them up by slapping them in the face. Thanks to the incompetent bouncers, it's basically anarchy inside, and in any other country this spot would be shut down in a week. Now imagine that scene while everyone is dressed like they're going to a formal function.

The biggest problem with b5 is that it's extremely hard to pick up in. People tend to come here in mega-large groups so each girl is going to know at least ten people, causing your approaches to be constantly interrupted. Since it's impossible to have a conversation, unless you like "clubbing" and plan to dance the night away, it won't be a fruitful spot. If you're a bar guy like me, you'll be running for the door within an hour.

Above all other venues, it's crucial to get to b5 early. The line outside, if you want to call it that, would offend the sensibilities of any bouncer. Line cutting is the rule and people actually rush the bouncers to get in, as if trying to escape from a fire. If you want to go, and I think you should for the experience, get there before 1:00 and then sit back and wait for the mayhem to commence.

4. Bar 11 (Hverfisgata 18). Thanks to their beer-and-shot combo special, young people go here to get seriously trashed, making Bar 11 one of the sloppiest bars in Reykjavik. The main issue is that it's a bit small so you won't have a lot of selection. Nonetheless, a lot of hookups go down here.

5. Kaffibarinn (Bergstadastraeti 1). This trendy bar, which is co-owned by the singer of Blur, attracts an older crowd with an average age pushing twenty five. I'll admit that I wish this was Bakkus. I love the music, the back bar, the "scene," and what have you, but there are two big problems. First, the girls are snobbier here than anywhere else. This bar attracts the famous musicians, writers, and people from the Icelandic fashion industry and art scene. The front of the bar has a line for commoners who have to face up to thirty-minute waits while "VIPs" are whisked right in. You can still pull here, but it's more of a "who you know" type of vibe than anywhere else in Reykjavik. The second problem is that sometimes it's a huge sausage fest, something that's not a problem elsewhere. Now that I think about it, I really wasted a lot of time here.

The above article was adapted from **Bang Iceland**, my 80-page book that teaches you how to sleep with Icelandic women during a visit to the country. It contains tourist tips, game advice, and sex stories that give you all the information you need to pillage creamy white Icelandic women, with extra details not released on the blog. It's available in both paperback and ebook. Read sample pages or learn more about the book.

How To Pick Up Girls In A Coffee Shop

December 25, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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1. Go to crowded coffee shops. Your best bet is to visit coffee shops so crowded that all tables are taken. Find the cutest girl in the room and ask if you can share her table. If there isn't a crowded coffee shop near you, sit at a table where a lot of people have to pass by on their way out.

2. Bring an interesting prop that helps with conversation. Even when I'm working on my laptop, I carry an interesting book (or e-reader) that I can use if a conversation develops. It's even better if you bring a prop related to one of your hobbies, which allows you to easily display value. For example, if you travel a lot, wear a scarf that you bought abroad. If you're a chef at a restaurant, have a "draft" menu lying on the table. If you're a tango dancer, have a picture of you doing a complicated move as the background to your laptop screen.

3. Camp out. Coffee shops are peculiar in that you need to stay a while until opportunities present themselves. It's not like a club where you go inside, check out the talent, and then immediately leave if you don't see anything you like. Even in crowded coffee shops, it's unlikely you'll be able to do more than two approaches per hour.

4. Come up with "elderly" openers related to what she's doing. Is she reading a book? Ask her if the book is good. Is she working on a laptop? Ask her if the laptop is a good model. Is she reading a research paper? Ask her if it's interesting. Keep it easier on yourself by focusing on props that you can talk about. This makes your approach more natural. A reason why coffee shops are so easy to approach is that girls always have props (even if she's playing a game on her cell phone, your opener can be if it's a fun game or not).

5. Do the approach. Simply say "Excuse me" and then ask a question related to her prop. If the girl is not seated near you, you'll have to say it as she walks by your table or when you walk by hers (on the way to the bathroom, for example). Sample opener: "Excuse me, you seem really into your book. Is it a good book?" This simple line will open her over 80% of the time.

6. Talk about the prop you opened with. If you asked her about a pen she's writing with, and then 30 seconds later you ask where she's from, the girl will feel like you're "hitting" on her and then clam up. Instead, talk about the initial prop for at least two minutes until moving onto more personal topics. This is called "elderly chat." You know its elderly when you can have the same conversation with a guy and he won't think you're gay. It should be neutral and non-sexual without asking personal questions (she can ask personal questions early on, but not you).

7. Drop big bait. The hardest part of a day pickup is getting out of elderly chat and dropping enough value where the girl feels compelled to learn more about you. Big bait is a statement that hints towards something interesting you're doing or have done. For

example, if I'm in a coffee shop talking about coffee with a girl, I can say something like, "When I was in Italy, the coffee was so rich and smooth that I didn't have to put much sugar. I really wish I could find a coffee shop like that here." If she's curious, she'll make a comment about Italy or travel. If she likes you, she'll outright ask about your trip. Sometimes it takes three or more of these big bait drops until a girl asks you a personal question.

8. Move into a personal chat. After she asks you a personal question (it can be as simple as "What is your name?" or "What do you do?"), you now have enough to at least get a number. Make the conversation more playful by wondering if she's half-German. Ask for her age. Find out where she lives (for date logistics). Give opinions and comments about her answers without teasing or insulting her. Understand that girls can't handle cockiness during the day like they can at night.

9. Get her number. If she's reciprocating with the personal chat by asking you questions in response to yours, it's time to get her number. The most seamless way to do is to ask where she usually hangs out. After her answer, ask if she wants to hang out with you for a drink. If you got this far, she will almost always give you the digits.

One problem you'll face is numbers that don't go anywhere. The easiest way to fix that is to prolong your conversations to a minimum of 15 minutes. While you can get a number after only a few minutes, those are unlikely to lead to a date. During the day, longer conversations are better.

In conclusion, open on a neutral prop that you talk about for at least two minutes. Drop big bait until she asks a personal question, then get to know her with both playful and serious questions. Finally, get her number. Easy, right?

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The above coffee shop article was 890 words. My day game book, **Day Bang**, is 75,000 words, with 26 pages alone on coffee shop approaching and an additional 68 pages on approaching, conversing, dropping big bait, and closing. If you want more details on how to pick up women during the day, click here to learn more about my book.

More Book Reviews 9

December 27, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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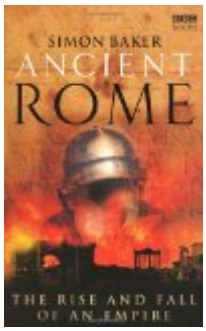
PREVIOUSLY:

- Top 10 Most Important Books
- More Books
- More Books 2
- More Books 3
- More Books 4
- More Books 5
- More Books 6
- More Books 7
- More Books 8
- The Amazon Kindle Is A Game Changer

REVIEWS:



Ancient Rome

This is one of the most interesting books I've ever read. The author does a great job of turning ancient history into a page turner full of drama and intrigue. Assuming your Roman history knowledge is as poor as mine (public schools), over 90% of the information in this book will be new. It describes six of Rome's most important periods: the revolution inspired by Gracchus, the rules of Caesar, Nero, and Constantine, the Jewish rebellion, and the events that led to Rome's fall.

What I got most out of the book was identifying the rhyming nature of history. Do any of these points sound familiar?

- "In becoming a superpower, Rome, so it was said, abandoned the very values with which it had won its supremacy."
- Roman rulers used "self-defense" pretexts to invade other countries, with hawks criticizing doves for not being patriotic.
- War benefited the Roman elite before the masses.
- The aggressor nation will state conditions to avoid war that are impossible for the antagonist country to comply with.
- "The battle ahead was about liberty and justice winning out over tyranny."

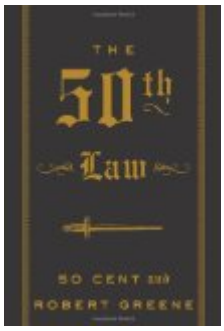
- Roman elite hated to make concessions. They'd fight to the death instead of give an inch to the well-being of the masses. They felt that they earned it, even though they used hook and crook to amass their wealth.
- The people seen as "barbarians" gradually wore down the empire, causing it to spend itself into bankruptcy.

There is a constant battle between the elites and masses, with ebbs and flows of power over an empire's life. Great leaders pick a side to further their own glory, changing the course of history. What's sad about America is that we haven't even made it to the 250 year mark yet are already suffering from signs of decline. Carthage, an empire that most people have never heard of, survived for 700 years. Hell, there are coffee shops in Italy that are older than America.

If you liked The 48 Laws Of Power, reading this book is like going directly to the source. Buildings grow taller and technology get ever more advanced, but the human need for power and domination remains the same. Men must seize power when the opportunity arises because if they don't, they will languish alone in bitterness to watch others take what they could've had.

"Rome had been on a slippery slope of moral decline ever since the sack of Carthage in 146 BC. Without the fear of that Mediterranean power to keep it in check, Rome had free rein to indulge in the selfish passions of greed and domination. Now, in the sack of Rome, that process had come to its logical, revolutionary conclusion. All human, earthly cities—even the new Christianized Rome of Constantine—were transitory and ephemeral…"

Highly recommended.



The 50th Law

This book is like a sequel to The 48 Laws Of Power, using 50 Cent's story as a backdrop on how power can be gained or lost. If you loved 48 Laws, which most of you have, just stop reading this review and buy The 50th Law right now. It's written in the same style, where real-life examples are used to bring home the author's points. A lot of what the book had was review for me, but I was still unable to put it down, soaking up the wisdom as fast as I could. Here are some points you'll read about:

- Expose yourself to what you fear.
- Soft environments make you soft.
- If you depend on others for too long you lose the ability to take care of yourself.

- You should be even more vigilant when things are going well.
- Constantly adapt to your circumstances.
- Don’t try to please others.
- Always be willing to walk away.
- Embrace death. Let it motivate you.
- There is no perfect opportunity to strike.
- You are only free when others are unable to disappoint you.
- More preparation will not necessarily lead to a better outcome.
- Talent and good intentions are not enough; be fearless and strategic.
- Resist the temptation to want to depend on others.
- “Never be a minion, always be an owner.”

This is an inadvertent manual on how to quit the grind and be your own boss. Read the list again; it’s practically a blueprint for location independent living.

One thing the book did was give me newfound respect for 50 Cent. I’ve always thought him to be a simple, if not silly, rapper, but turns out he’s one of the sharpest men that has ever come from the hood. If you forget about him selling crack to his community, he’s a classic American success story (he makes Drake seem like a member of the table tennis team).

With 50 Cent’s story in my head after reading the book, I wanted to **make shit happen**. You want to be a success like 50. In that respect, this book is definitely more motivating than 48 Laws.

The book also has tons of motivational quotes, which I think is worth the price of admission alone. My only complaint is that Robert Greene has stuck to his style of writing in generalities, almost like a cheesy psychic. He has an outcome that he wants to go for and will speak in vague terms to back that outcome up. You wonder if he just made it up as he went along. Nonetheless, this book gets my stamp of approval and should be required reading for all men.

“People who cannot suffer can never grow up, can never discover who they are.” —James Baldwin

“I was born alone and I will die alone. I’ve got to do what’s right for me and not live my life the way anybody else wants it.” —50 Cent

“The kid in the school yard who doesn’t want to fight always leaves with a black eye. If you indicate you’ll do anything to avoid trouble, that’s when you get trouble.” —50 Cent

“When fortune wants to advance a new prince… she creates enemies for him, making them launch campaigns against him so that he is compelled to overcome them and climb higher on the ladder.” —Niccolo Machiavelli

“Events in life are not negative or positive. They are completely neutral. The universe does not care about your fate; it is indifferent to the violence that may hit you or to death itself. Things merely happen to you.”

Black Passenger Yellow Cabs

A black man of Jamaican descent goes to Japan to teach English for several years. In the process he bangs over 40 women, goes through several abortions with his girlfriends, comes to grips with his inner demons and whoring ways, and finally begins the progress of settling down. This book offers very detailed cultural and sexual observations of Japan, along with brutally honest personal introspection.

Not only is the author an ass man who uses both day and night game to achieve his sexual goals, but he also likes banging raw. He uses sex slang similar to what I use to describe scores with my friends (it's impressive how many metaphors he came up to describe a boner). He even has game moves that ring familiar. For example, he likes whipping out his dick, something that is part of any Virgle Kent sex story. His main opener, "You look like you speak English," is something I've used many times in the past. The book was like a friend telling me his sexual exploits and addiction to Asian women, with asides that give you facts and analysis on the culture. It's refreshing to see a natural player who grew up independent of the current game wave.

"Running counter to natural human thinking, the Japanese appear in general to minimize pleasure and maximize pain. All of life is an unending, character building *shugyou* (endurance course) to develop one's strength."

He paints a picture of Japanese girls that are not entirely favorable: bad teeth and breath, immature personalities caused by poor social development, inhibited natures, and backwards thinking from believing in ancestral rules meant to "save face." On the other hand, Japanese girls have hyper-clean pussies that are easy to bring to orgasm. They're also so insecure that they can't leave the house without makeup or name-brand fashions. Most importantly, they love foreign men (especially white and black men).

The author eviscerates Japanese men. They are the most beta of the beta, sexual androgens who are more in love with their boss than their woman. The married ones essentially outsource sex with their wives to foreign men by turning a not-so-blind eye to the practice. The others simply withdraw from society into a world of manga, video games, and porn.

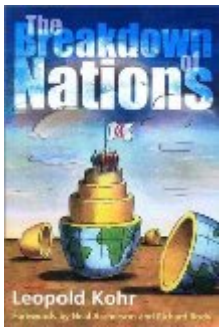
Like with many other Japanese expats, he came to find the country and its people hard to deal with, leaving after seven years…

"The thrill was gone and it was no longer exciting to have this revolving army of women flowing to and from my apartment. I had simply outgrown the need."

There are two flaws in this book. First, he's an admitted feminist. He constantly complains

about how Japanese women are being subjugated by the men. At the same time he takes advantage of Japanese women for sexual gain, he cites studies that show Japanese women are being taken advantage of by the culture. He actually thinks feminism in Japan would lead to an increase in birth rates, not bothering to look at the low birth rates in countries where feminists dominate.

Second problem is the book is way too long. With most tension popped by the second half, I felt like I was reading a blog with long entries instead a book more tightly tied together. My interest waned towards the end as it seemed like escapades were being repeated. Other than these complaints, I consider this book a fun sequel of sorts to An African In Greenland, with enough sex stories to give you a complete picture on how it's like to get laid in Japan. Reading it makes you feel like you're already halfway to getting your Japanese flag.



The Breakdown Of Nations

(This review refers to the abridged version of this book which you can download here.)

"It is only in small states that there can be true democracy, because it is only there that the citizen can have some direct influence over the governing institutions; only there that economic problems become tractable and controllable, and economic lives become more rational; only there that culture can flourish without the diversion of money and energy into statis pomp and military adventure; only there that the individual in all dimensions can flourish free of systematic social and governmental pressures."

In other words, smaller is better. The author makes a convincing argument that a country's misery stems from its bigness, not its lack of power. The size is like a cancer, slowing killing the host until it either devours itself from within, gets subdued by another rising power, or splits into smaller states.

"The proposal of the national theory to cure the world's misery by eliminating the evil-doing nation would lead us nowhere. For the moment one evil-doer disappears, the vacancy, as post-World-War-II developments have amply shown, will promptly be filled from the unsuspected but ever willing ranks of the previous defenders of better causes."

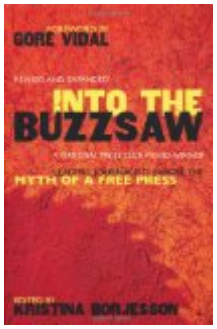
The common denominator in nations committing atrocities is simply having the power to commit those atrocities. Aggressive humans will start wars because they think they can win and won't be punished for it. The author believes that the problem lies with possessing great power, a phenomenon that occurs in large super states. If you reverse the trend towards bigness by keeping countries small, you'll have more responsive governments that are less likely to try to dominate the world.

Small states have limited resources and power, making them unable to engage in a modern war that can cause more destruction than all medieval wars combined. The small state will also be more flexible and responsible in solving social and economic problems. A modern example of this is Iceland, which has already recovered after a collapse of its economy three years ago.

“Great power attracts by its very nature the strong rather than the wise, and autocrats rather than democrats.”

Big states don’t serve the individual, only a handful of artificially created population segments. It serves “society,” not you. This allows the super state to naturally drift to totalitarianism because it’s the most efficient means to control a large population of diverse tribes.

Written fifty years ago, this book not only predicted American imperialistic ambitions as a logical behavior of world power, but also the problems that coincide with those ambitions. The author, now dead, believed that America would spend itself into oblivion, resulting in an increase of state power that attempts to control the citizenry.



Into the Buzzsaw

This book argues that the American media is controlled by a handful of globalized companies obsessed with profit and ratings instead of truth. Several journalists contribute articles on a wide array of geo-political incidents that American people have been hoodwinked on, arguing that “responsible journalism” is now nothing but a euphemism for protecting institutions and the government.

“Oil context, geographical context, ruling-class context, historical context—all are hidden from the average American.”

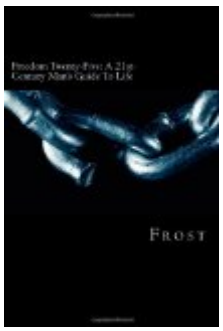
A few things you’ll learn about…

- The great oil game and how that affects modern conflicts in the Middle East.
- Illegal activities by the CIA (Cocaine Importing Agency) in Bolivia, Venezuela, Afghanistan, Southeast Asia, and Afghanistan.
- How the Washington Post sends sensitive stories to the government for approval before publication.
- Strong evidence that TWA 800 was accidentally shot down by a Navy missile during a training exercise.
- Government strategy for relentlessly pursuing those trying to uncover the truth.
- How globalized companies that own media outlets depend on American hegemony

> for ever increasing profits, ensuring they will never take on the American government.

"The word 'conspiracy' is commonly used now to malign those who raise unpopular questions about sensitive issues. The fact is conspiracies do exist."

Reading a book like this makes me feel that a curtain is lowered in front of all of us, that everything we hear in the "free media" is theater, not much unlike Russian or Chinese media. I have long since stopped accepting any report that gets most of its facts from the government. No one, including your leaders, should get the benefit of the doubt. Make them prove it.



Freedom Twenty-Five

This is a book that might as well be titled, "Introduction To The Red Pill." In five chapters (Purpose, Wisdom, Sex, Money, Health), Frost gives you tips to escape the grinding Western cog. At the same time he offers a window into his journey to self-improvement and of dumping the 9-to-5.

This book is best served as an introduction to those either not heavily exposed to Manosphere writing or those who are new to it, since he spends roughly equal time arguing for the lifestyle as providing details on duplicating it. I consider it more of a gateway drug to digging deeper in other works, depending on what you need to work most on. For example, I mostly agreed on the section where he advocated for the Paleo diet, but I would still need to look up additional Paleo resources in order to fully implement it into my life.

If you're knee-deep in my blog and others, the information will seem introductory in nature, but for beta males it's an eye-opening work that will question the choices they've made in life, and then put them on the right path. Therefore I recommend it mostly for newbies who have not yet started their self-improvement journey. It will offer a stern wake-up to those who are coasting along and waiting for magic to happen.

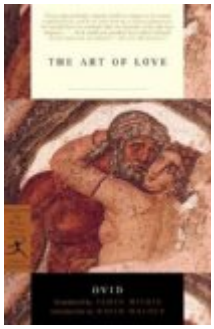
This an ambitious work aimed to help men live better lives, and the first that I've seen that combines all features of "red pill" thinking into one work. While I think the book could use some more action item specifics, it was a strong effort that will help guys who aren't yet there. I don't think authors should be supported merely for self-publishing on their own dime, but Frost should be rewarded for trying to connect the lifestyle dots in this book, something that very few other authors have attempted. You can read his blog here.

"My problem was a lack of purpose. I was, like so many in this generation, adrift. I had no

mission. No destiny. I was a sack of flesh and DNA waiting to expire, no matter what my job title was or what degrees I had."

"We are the TL;DR generation."

"We are rebelling against a culture of laziness, mediocrity and spiritual poverty. We are rebelling against a world that encourages us to be passive, risk-averse and unremarkable."



The Art Of Love

"Women like being hurt. What they like to give, they love to be robbed of."

I couldn't help but read what is arguably the oldest game book is existence, written by Ovid around 2 CE. Ovid teaches you how to be a gentleman who understand's what turns women on. While a lot of his advice is meant for a time where chivalry was rewarded, it's not surprising to see that many of his lessons still hold true today. Here are some of them:

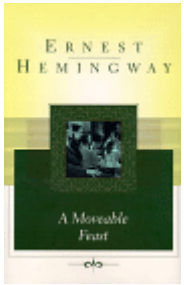
- Don't let her think she's the only girl you're working on.
- Go where the women are.
- The best place to meet women is the theater. It's a target-rich environment with a wide variety to choose from.
- The second-best place to meet them is the circus because you sit so close to other people. Start an elderly chat about the animals.
- Some women want to sleep with men they fear.
- Touch her by pretending to flick dust off her blouse.
- Always try to speak with confidence. If you're drawing a blank, make it up.
- Loosen her up with wine; it's fuel to the fire of attraction. But don't get too drunk because you'll make mistakes.
- Be careful of beer goggles. Don't judge her appearance until you get her out in the day light.
- All girls want sex but they pretend they don't.
- There is no optimum strategy for disabling the maid cockblocker, but definitely don't give her too much attention. Also don't assume that someone close to you like a blood relative won't block you.
- Ignore her on her birthday. She will only think of the man who didn't buy her a gift.
- Keep her hopeful by making promises, then break them (i.e., flake on her).
- Don't be stuffy and business-like. Be engaging and say what you want to say.
- Be persistent. She won't tell you to seduce her.

- It’s her loss if she rejects you.
- Mirror her body language.
- Make sure your clothes are well-fitted. Don’t look like a goof.
- If you want to say something risky, pretend you’re drunk. You can use that as an excuse in case it’s not received well.
- Customize your game depending on the girl you’re talking to.
- Display your strengths to her while minimizing your weaknesses.
- Compliment the parts of her that you think she’s insecure about.

This book could also be called Bang Roman Empire for its specific venue advice on where to find women.

Besides the novelty factor of reading an ancient game manual, the book itself was a chore to read. The list I shared with you above is the gist of the whole thing, though I must add that beta game is definitely the heart of Ovid’s style, even though it’s more tactical than the more pathetic variant we see practiced today. Back then, strategic compliments and effusive charm got the job done before there were one-night stands and the ability to isolate girls away from her entourage (in Ovid’s time women married exceptionally young, so every one of his approaches was on a married woman).

I wonder what someone in 2,000 years will think of us if they discovered a copy of Bang. My guess: “They had sex? Gross! Now where did I leave my sexbot…”



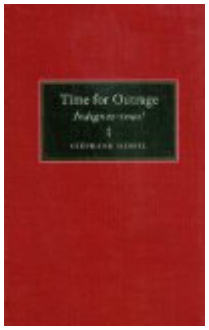
A Movable Feast

This book is an autobiographical account of Ernest Hemingway’s young life in Paris during the 1920s while mired in poverty trying to get his writing career off the ground. I became interested in it after watching Woody Allen’s excellent movie Midnight In Paris, about a modern man’s journey back in time to Paris during the same time that Hemingway and friends produced their finest works. The movie portrays Hemingway as a blunt, serious man who speaks in powerful bursts of straight talk.

The prose wasn’t exactly gripping, but I found it far more interesting than his boring work The Sun Always Rises. It simply contained thoughts and events of a writer’s life, along with descriptions of his friends Ezra Pound, Gertrude Stein, and F. Scott Fitzgerald, the latter of which would have been more prolific had it not been for his controlling, jealous, and bipolar wife.

You’ll be interested in A Movable Feast if you want to learn more about Hemingway or the artists who were famous during his time. Overall it was a pleasant read.

“All you have to do is write one true sentence. Write the truest sentence that you know.”

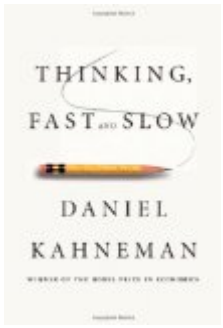


Time For Outrage

More an essay than a book, Time For Outrage puts the onus on you to fight the system. You can't complain about injustices in the world unless you are fighting those injustices. Do something, and do it now. This essay is like your cranky grandfather telling you to stop being a pussy and fight for what you believe in.

"'There's nothing I can do; I get by'—adopting this mindset will deprive you of one of the fundamental qualities of being human: outrage. Our capacity for protest is indispensable, as is our freedom to engage."

I'm doing my part by ragging on shameful women.



Thinking, Fast And Slow

Your brain makes decisions without conscious thought by using two mental processing systems. One is fast and intuitive (system one), controlled by your unconscious, and the other is slower and deliberate (system two), controlled by your conscious. Your brain does everything it can to process decisions using the first system since it takes less energy, but it's often prone to error. People who are less rational and intelligent are more prone to using the first system for more complex situations, making them more likely to fall for logical traps and biases.

For example, when you're driving you use system one, but when you're looking for a specific address you switch to system two, which explains why you turn down the music or stop talking to a passenger (system two doesn't like to be distracted). Since system two takes a high amount of self-control and mental energy, it actually can make you feel tired and depleted. This is why a night of talking to girls can make you feel exhausted even though you did very little physical activity (you've been using system two for many continuous hours). Your brain will do everything possible to avoid such dutiful thought, preferring to stay in auto-pilot, which takes the least amount of energy. In the book The War of Art, Steven Pressfield called this "resistance." Your brain doesn't want to stay in system two long enough to complete a large project like a book.

The problem with psychological studies, which this book is based on, is that it doesn't duplicate real-world behavior. Most of the artificially created experiments are done in classrooms on Western students who want to get their study credit as quickly and easily as possible. I think they *hint* at how the brain works, but ultimately psychological studies are based on research that is not transferable or directly observable outside of the university. Plus even the author admits that most psychologists are morons when it comes to statistics, continually putting out studies with sample sizes so small that they say absolutely nothing.

Psychology also doesn't give action items that can improve other people's lives. This book says things like "Don't be so trusting of your instincts" or "Be skeptical of sales tactics," but those are vague pieces of advice you can pick up in an old issue of Readers Digest. More about psychology can be picked up in the biographies of great men than a compilation of studies.

I know you've read Malcolm Gladwell's books, but have they helped your life? They were fun reads that gave you knowledge like "the tipping point," but little to apply it with (e.g., how to create a tipping point). This particular book will not help you with your career, love life, or personal life. It was like reading trivia.

Ultimately the field of psychology has done little to make people happier or to uncover life's wisdom. While reading this book's run-down of cute classroom studies, I'm thinking, "Yeah, so?" An active life well-lived is all you need to understand how human beings think. Ironically, self-help business books like The 48 Laws Of Power or The 50th Rule, which are based on history and the experiences of man, give you far more wisdom that mainstream psychology books.

I got the point of this book in its first 100 pages and stopped reading.

The Shameful Media Reaction To Bang Iceland

December 29, 2011 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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This will be my last post about Iceland.

After writing guides for three South American countries, and getting no local reaction besides a few hater comments on my blog, I was expecting more of the same when I released Bang Iceland. Instead, every major Icelandic media outlet reported about the book. Because the coverage was almost universally negative, for one week in November I was the most hated foreigner in Iceland.

Click here to view the timeline of how it all went down.

I received dozens of negative messages that included the occasional threat of being beat up if I choose to return to the island. A few said that I broke a law and would be pursued across Europe (one guy said I committed copyright infringement by using the Icelandic flag on the cover). The coverage jumped the shark when Iceland's largest feminist organization denounced me via their morbidly obese spokesperson. In a case of "the enemy of my enemy is my friend," the responses then turned slightly in my favor since apparently a vocal minority of the Icelandic population hate feminists.

I was in Poland when this was happening. I'm not shy of attention, but I began to get nervous and paranoid when the stories started coming in. I felt vulnerable that an entire country was against me, and wondered if they would use their power to crush me in some way (Julian Assange?). I asked my sister for advice and she said to stand up tall and attack them back, but by that time the coverage waned and Icelandic life went back to normal.

The irony of Iceland's reaction is that it was far more intense than less progressive or liberal countries I've written about. It appears that the more fat feminists a country has, the more angry the populace will be when it comes to game teachings that help men how to sleep with women. Have you forgotten the mockery that Neil Strauss and Mystery had to endure when The Game came out in the States six years ago? While cliche PUAs are a sideshow for most, feminist countries particularly don't like it when you teach anything that helps men get what they want from women.

Last year Colin from the Expat Chronicles was questioned by the Colombian government after his writings exposed some uncomfortable truths in that country. Locals only want you to write about how great their country is, not that the women like fucking foreign men, the country is a shithole, or that government agents are corrupt. In the case of Iceland, they didn't want me saying that Icelandic girls were sluts. Icelanders, the shyest people I've ever met, gathered their courage on internet forums and Facebook to make fun of my appearance, call me a liar, say I was a typical American idiot, and threaten me with bogus laws so I'd "unpublish" the book, all while those instant bangs that I accurately described still went down every Friday and Saturday night in Reykjavik. Iceland calls itself a "global haven for free speech," but the minute something was

published that didn’t suck their dick, they were calling for censorship.

I will be releasing Don’t Bang Denmark in a couple weeks. While I don’t expect a shitshorm like I got from proud little Iceland, I have to accept the possibility that I may not be able to happily return to countries that strongly disagree with my writings. The wave of rage from Iceland has actually followed me into the Baltics, with local sites spreading “warning” calls of my arrival as if I was a dangerous serial killer. Sadly, when it comes to men chasing skirts, Europe’s views are a couple decades behind America.

When Is It Too Late To Learn Game?

January 1, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I constructed a chart to determine if it's too late for you to learn game:

A lot of guys in their 30s and 40s missed the game boat during their youth. They grew up in a time when feminism was taking hold but before countermeasures had yet to be developed. Should they just curse their timing and forget about ever becoming good with women or should they pick up a game book and start reading?

The fact that every month of practicing game can yield significant gains tells me that it's never too late. Even if you're a 50-year-old guy, there are tons of concepts you can learn in the next year that will help your odds with women.

The process is similar to learning a language after your 20s. I won't ever become fluent in Polish, but studying one hour a day for a couple months (at the age of 32) allowed me to connect with more Polish people. I could ask for directions, order what I wanted from a restaurant or coffee shop, and have simple chats with women who didn't speak English. My goal wasn't complete mastery of the language, but being able to do more than I could before. You should have the same goal with game.

The only thing that older men need to be careful with is which school of game they learn. It wouldn't make much sense to duplicate Mystery's club game when their ages make them better suited for hotel lounges, coffee shops, or artistic venues. They must select the game advice that would fit well with the lifestyle of a more mature man. I predict in the next few years you'll see more books dedicated to serving this age group.

Game is just an assembly of tools to increase your value to women. While it does give you specific lines and techniques, it also teaches you to be the best man you can be by

hitting the gym, becoming well read, gaining interesting experiences through travel or hobbies, and having great answers to typical questions that women ask. I don’t know of a single man who wouldn’t be helped by that.

50 Things I Learned Last Year

January 3, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Everything they say about European winters is true.

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

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

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

The happiness you experience from success cannot be bottled up to appreciate another day. You need to constantly seek out more success that is even better than your last. If you cannot top an achievement, you have peaked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

If you're going away for a while, write a diary for one month before your departure. If you ever get homesick on the road, read that diary. If that doesn't cause you to stop being homesick, you're probably not meant to live abroad.

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

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

Baking soda.

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

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

It's better to overpack than underpack.

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

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

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

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

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

Your haters increase in direct proportion to your influence.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

4 South American Travel Itineraries For Guys

January 5, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I've been to every country in South America except for the three that no one ever goes to (Suriname, French Guiana, and Guyana). From my 17 months of experience there, these are the four trips I'm recommending if you only have time for a two-week vacation…

The Newbie Trip (Argentina)

Itinerary: 7 days in Buenos Aires and 7 days in Cordoba

Why You Should Go: The country is relatively safe and has lots of sights, making it a great place to break your South American cherry. Most importantly, it has women that will wow you, especially if you're coming from fat America. Tourist infrastructure is well-developed and easy to use, though beginner Spanish will make your trip more enjoyable.

Why You Shouldn't Go: There's a high chance you won't get laid.

Buenos Aires

The Easy Grenades & Old Rocks Trip (Peru)

Itinerary: 7 days in Lima and 7 days in Cuzco, the launching point for Machu Picchu

Why You Should Go: It's cheap as hell, the archaeological sites will keep you busy, and Peruvian women think the white man is god, making it an ideal trip for game beginners to get their feet wet with flagging (as long as they're not too picky).

Why You Shouldn't Go: Women are generally ugly and you'll probably get a foodborne illness.

Machu Picchu

Fun In The Sun Trip (Brazil)

Itinerary: 7 days in Rio de Janeiro and 7 days in Florianopolis

Why You Should Go: Assuming you visit during our winter (December-March), you'll enjoy nice beaches while trying to bang sexy women. Brazilian culture is by far the most exciting and colorful in South America.

Why You Shouldn't Go: It's expensive and the women are becoming increasingly snobby.

Ipanema

Nonstop Game Trip (Colombia)

Itinerary: 7 days in Bogotá and 7 days in Medellin

Why You Should Go: Colombia is made for 24-7 approaching, particularly during the day and on the internet. If you go hard you should be able to pick up a couple notches.

Why You Shouldn't Go: Girls are flakey and don't speak much English. Conversational Spanish is somewhat required.

Colombian ass

South America is a huge continent and offers dozens of additional cities that are worth a visit, but I believe the above four itineraries are best for guys who don't have a whole lot of time for long-term exploration. They'll give you good experience for future trips within the continent.

For more tips on good travel locations, check out my travel forum.

7 Ways Feminism Is Destroying American Women

January 8, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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1. Makes women think that all they have to do to succeed in life is show up. Today's woman thinks she deserves the fruits of life just because she's a woman, that since her gender was "oppressed" for so long it's time to receive reparations through generous societal benefits and advantages in education at the expense of men who weren't even alive during the supposed period of inequality. The result is a woman who is viciously entitled when it comes to receiving good grades, jobs, or relationships. When she fails at gaining these three, she does not blame herself, but both men and her feminine condition.

2. Makes her proud to be ugly. Go into any middle-of-the-road bar in a major city and what do you see? Overweight women with short hair, loose clothing, and flip-flops. Feminism has taught women that it's okay for them to look like they just rolled out of bed and that any attempt to look "feminine" will make men desire them for their looks instead of their intellectual and philosophical brains. Evolution laughs. Men are attracted to beauty, and always will be. Next thing you know, American women will appear in public wearing pajamas.

3. Makes them argumentative, uppity, and difficult. Feminism has taught women to "speak your mind," a euphemism for "bitch about everything." They can let nothing rest that they even mildly disagree with, and rather start World War III about some insignificant matter than simply biting their tongue and changing the topic.

4. Makes them dependent on global corporations for lifestyle guidance. The feminist message has been co-opted by companies that aim to sell women more crap. Of course corporations love "equality" and having women in the workforce, because they can move more products and increase their profits. Modern day feminists like Naomi Wolf and Jessica Valenti, who try so hard to empower women, get their income from media and publishing companies that are part of global corporations which also put out a neverending shit stream of dubious dieting and exercise books. The main form of empowerment for women today is for them to spend their disposable income on the goods of multinational firms.

5. Makes it exceedingly hard for her to find a life partner that is equal or above to her level. Feminism has given women more money while taking away their biological need to have a family. Because a woman finds it naturally difficult to marry a man of lower means than herself, she simply remains single until death, with nothing but her cats to keep her company when she takes her last breath. Pushing faux equality has created a generation of impoverished men who make unsuitable husbands. Women are making more cash, men have more limited work options, and marriage is on the decline, threatening the very fabric of society. Great job, feminism.

6. Makes her overvalue alpha males, causing her to be pumped and dumped by dozens of suitors. The majority of American men have been brainwashed by the

feminist message, making them the most pussified specimen the world has ever seen. The contrast this creates with the minority of alpha men remaining results in a perverse Pareto law where small amounts of men are sexually monopolizing a majority of the women. What will end up happening is that beta males will completely withdraw from the marriage market and into a world of interactive porn and video games. The powers-that-be won't care as long as the Mexicans are still reproducing and H1B visas are granted to every Indian and Chinese person that applies.

7. Makes them unfit mothers who don't know how to take care of a household. Have you ever dated an American woman who knows how to cook a meal that doesn't involve frozen ingredients? If she can't cook for you, how is she going to cook for your child? She won't: the corporations will feed your son with their genetically modified foodstuff while she's busy posting his pictures on Facebook in between nonsensical updates of how women make less than men for the same work. I hope your income is high enough that you can hire a maid or nanny, because American women have no skills or ability to properly raise another human being.

When society eventually does collapse because of feminism, I want to be there to hear the excuses that feminists offer for the decline, especially since they got absolutely everything they wanted. For them to have to face the failings of their utopia vision, to have men simply be unwilling to reproduce, will be similar to the fall of Russian Communism in 1989: unexpected and containing a transition period full of hardship, but with a whole lot of reason to celebrate for those of us who suffered under oppressive rule. I hope I'm alive when it all comes crashing down.

Don’t Be Spoiled

January 10, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

If you’re a man who has slept with a lot of women, it’s hard not to have those successes floating in the back of your mind when you’re looking for a new lay. You may feel that you’ve unlocked an upper level of pussy and shouldn’t have to redo lower levels that you labored on when you were younger. You wouldn’t even mind if new girls you meet had prior knowledge of all those beautiful girls you fucked, all to make the social proof obvious. You much rather leverage past bangs into current success instead of starting from scratch and grinding it out.

The beautiful Colombian girl you fucked a couple years ago? Doesn’t matter. The 18-year-old with a perfect body who you raw dogged? Big deal. The doctor’s wife you seduced that let you drive around in her husband’s expensive toys? No one gives a fuck. You’re only as good as your last bang. The past is not water that you can carry over to the present, just an abstraction that grows dim in your mind with time.

I rode a little high into Latvia after banging two new girls during my final weekend in Poland. I was ready to keep the momentum going and do even better in my new home in Riga. The universe had other plans for me.

I swung wildly but was unable to connect with the ball. My first week I went out on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, did countless approaches in almost ten different venues, both day and night, but had only two measly numbers to show for it. I was annoyed and angry because I thought I had passed the point of grinding it out, especially after coming from a country that was easy for me. The universe knew I was getting spoiled in Poland. It wanted me to be humbled again, to appreciate what I had. It began throwing curve balls to remind me of it really takes to succeed in the game.

I was beat by the time Saturday came around. I didn’t want to go out, and my thoughts constantly drifted back to Poland. I made myself snap out of it. Whatever made me successful there was not present in my new home, so I had to treat Poland as dead. I went to the coffee shop and wrote down a plan to get my Latvian flag from the things I had so far learned in my three days of experience. That night I walked out of the door with the plan in my pocket, telling myself that I couldn’t return home before 7am without exhausting all possibilities.

I got lucky on my third approach and returned home half past five with a Latvian girl. She had no idea that violating her pussy was the culmination of four grinding days where I questioned the decision to visit her city.

The universe doesn’t owe you anything. I don’t care what you’ve done in the past. I don’t care where you’ve been and who you’ve fucked, because there is nothing that says you are supposed to succeed today. No girl you talk to has to treat you well or be easy just because she’s not as hot as another girl you had a long time ago. All that matters is how committed you are to putting in time and effort towards your goal. Your game, your skill,

your environment, and the level of difficulty will always change but as long as you work, you will succeed. Walk up to the universe, tell it you’re not spoiled, you’re not entitled, and then punch it in the face. Make it watch you put in that work.

Introduction To Danish Culture

January 12, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Denmark is one of those countries that saw glory several hundred years ago, lost its power, and then reinvented itself into a mostly pacifist nanny state. Thanks to its participation in the NATO alliance, Denmark has reasonably low military expenditures that—with its high tax rates—allow it to divert funds into social programs, in which it ranks among the best in the world.

The Danish welfare state is admirable: every citizen receives fully covered cradle-to-grave services. A Danish person has no idea what it feels like to not have medical care or free access to university education. They have no fear of becoming homeless or permanently jobless. The government's soothing hand will catch everyone as they fall. To an American like myself, brainwashed to believe that you need to *earn* things like basic health care or education by working your ass off, it was quite a shock.

The biggest surprise was that the Danish government pays people to attend university for both undergraduate and graduate degrees. In addition to having health care costs covered and access to cheap rent, all students receive at least a $1,000 a month stipend to attend class. Along with part-time jobs that pay high wages, the average Danish twenty-something lives a pretty comfortable life getting educated to eventually follow a straightforward career path in a country where nearly full employment seems to be the rule.

Even if you don't get a job, the government will pay you each month until you do. Do you feel like taking a little hiatus to a foreign country? As long as you can show you're taking part-time classes, the government will keep the cash flowing. For a lower-class American, becoming a Danish citizen is almost like winning the lottery.

How is Denmark able to afford this? Two ways: they spend a third less of their GDP on the military than we do, and they tax the hell out of their citizens. Tax rates start at 40% and tilt above 50% for the top classes. My effective tax rate last year as an American resident was 20%, so the question I've asked myself is if I'd want to double my tax for not having to worry about being homeless or getting a serious disease. I'm leaning towards no, since of course one day I'm going to be a billionaire like every other American and don't want half of it taken away. I would actually save money by being taxed at 20% and getting

private health insurance, but then again I'm middle-class and can afford it. America is great if you have money, but Denmark is great for everyone.

What surprised me most about Denmark is their healthy job market. It's almost guaranteed that a job will await every Dane after graduation, and I'm not talking about crappy jobs at McDonald's or Walmart, but well-paying career positions. After taxes and the exorbitant high prices for basic goods, Danish people still live comfortably. No one is starving and you'll have to look hard to find homeless people.

It's no accident that the American media isn't eager to discuss the many citizen benefits that countries like Denmark have. They are quick to do profiles on poor countries in the third-world, but they rarely write about the extensive services Scandinavian countries provide for all of their citizens, regardless of race or class. When they do talk about these countries, it's usually about how budget cuts are looming for their "ailing" social models, as if the average American citizen is doing far better.

Unfortunately, there is a cost to providing your citizens everything they possibly need: you make them averse to taking risks. Why bother when you got it made in the shade? There is little incentive for entrepreneurship and striking it rich, even though the *Ease of Doing Business Index* ranks Denmark as number six, only one behind America. Danes would rather work for the man and do the minimum required of them to coast through the system than take a gamble. Being aggressive and taking risks may cost them some serious benefits, so they do what they need to in order to maintain a decent middle-class existence. While I don't blame them, this mildly offends the entrepreneurial spirit within my American core.

The Government's Role As Mother And Father

Thanks to its extensive services, the Danish government has replaced parents as the primary caregiver. The Danes decided that there was too much inequality in the system with the rich having access to all the benefits, so they constructed an egalitarian society. The government's utopian visionaries told parents, "You don't have to do anything but love your children. We'll take care of the rest. Oh, and when you get old, we'll take care of you, too."

Since family is pushed out of the picture, one consequence is that Danish people very seldom talk about their families. I never saw a 20- or 30-something Danish adult with an elderly person, whereas in Poland I saw it a dozen times a day. The old people are pushed aside to be taken care of by the system, not by the kids, the opposite of what I saw in South America where the elders are cherished, often living in the same household as the younger generations. I'd bet that the average Danish person interacts with the government more than with their parents.

Another consequence of the Danish system is that women no longer need men. For hundreds of thousands of years, women have sought to marry powerful men with strong financial means in order to live a comfortable life (or to merely survive), but in Denmark this is not at all necessary. Danish women don't need to find a man, because the government will take care of her and her cats, whether she is successful at dating or not.

Her quality of life won't be negatively affected if she happens to remain single until death, whereupon her cats will inherit her possessions according to Danish law.

Since a Danish woman is in no rush to find someone, she wants to hold out for her top choice instead of having to "settle" for any particular man while she's still in her physical prime. The result is that Danish women like to sample men and play the field, thinking they have all the time in the world. They're also less willing to change their behavior by adopting a pleasing figure or style that's more likely to attract men. It's no surprise that there's a flood of sloppy 30-something women on dating sites, making Denmark one of the most popular countries where the Internet is used to find a mate.

In spite of the negatives, I think the Danish economic and welfare system is superior to the American system for one simple reason: it's fair. They have achieved a near utopia of human equality, where everyone can educate themselves and seek employment without fear of possible bankruptcy from illness. Even the mentally decrepit and drug addicted are treated like human beings, meaning that everyone has an opportunity to rise up above their station. In the United States we have a bad habit of kicking people when they're down. Watching people fall, especially the famous, is almost a national sport, but in Denmark, they put out a strong hand to help you back onto your feet.

I liken the United States to a jungle where everyone must fend for themselves. A lot of people don't make it, but the ones that do can roam the land freely and suck on its glorious fruit. On the other hand, Denmark is like a pleasant zoo with scheduled feeding times and twenty-four-hour veterinarian care. While I'd prefer the American system if I was on top of the food chain, the average human being would be better served by the Danish system.

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The above article was adapted from my newest release, **Don't Bang Denmark**, a 72-page hater travel guide that teaches you how to sleep with Danish women while simultaneously convincing you not to go. It contains tourist tips, game advice, sex stories, and hate. It gives you all the information you need to dislike Denmark with extra details not released on the blog. It's available in both paperback and ebook. Read sample pages or learn more about the book.

Poor Little Roosh

January 15, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I went to Miami Beach for spring break in my senior year of college. It was the year 2001 and I was 21 years old. A friend sold me into going even though I couldn't really afford it. He urged me to put the trip on my credit cards, saying that I'd surely pay off upon getting a real job after graduation. He made it sound like it was the opportunity of a lifetime and if I didn't go then I'd regret it forever.

I had been out to clubs a couple times before, but I had absolutely no game, no style, no confidence, and no money. All I had was hope that I'd get lucky. My mom helped me pack my wardrobe, including two fine pair of brown slacks, and I was off.

For some reason, guys think it's easier to succeed with women when they are far away from home, that you unlock some type of cheat code that places you in a parallel universe where women are ten times more attracted to you. I thought no different. I believed that stepping foot in Miami would reveal the Casanova that was always bubbling underneath. I even took a couple boxes of condoms.

It become very clear early on that I would not succeed. I was a helpless little minnow in an ocean far bigger and more competitive than my University of Maryland lake. Me and my slacks were utterly unable to compete, but that doesn't mean I didn't try. I approached at least ten girls that week, my first approaches ever, and actually got a number from one (I remember calling her from a pay phone). I also talked to a "hot" girl for about fifteen minutes. I was proud of myself. Though I didn't come close to getting laid, or even kissing a girl, it was the moment I first dipped my foot into the pool. The water wasn't as cold as I had thought.

I get nostalgic when I think about that trip. I was just a sexually frustrated guy who wanted to bang a couple girls until finding a nice girlfriend. Back then I fantasized more about cuddling and romantic trips than aggressively loosening a woman's pussy. I had no clue I would become who I am today, a guy who fucks just for the sake of fucking with no higher aim in mind.

I thought that learning game would be a means to the end of helping me get a girlfriend, but I didn't know that within my nature was a man who viewed the game as the end itself. Now I look back at poor little Roosh of 2001, and remember how he had to gather the powers of Zeus to approach just one woman.

Then I wonder why men become who they become.

What Is The Real Purpose Of Women?

January 17, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I thought of this question after reading Schopenhauer's essay On Women. Is their main purpose in life to push papers in an office? To become fans of pop music? Addicts of smartphones? Mindless consumers of corporate brands?

No, it's simply to reproduce.

Quick—name a female scientist besides Marie Curie. Name a female artist during the Renaissance. Name a famous female architect or Nobel Prize winner. Women have been quiet in the history of the world not because of male privilege, but because they're not designed to achieve. The advantage that nature has given them concerns solely their appearance.

> [Nature] has provided her with superabundant beauty and charm for a few years at the expense of the whole remainder of her life, so that during these years she may so capture the imagination of a man that he is carried away into undertaking to support her honorably in some form or another for the rest of her life, a step he would seem hardly likely to take for purely rational considerations.

A woman loses her beauty during motherhood because it's superfluous to her existence. For every MILF you encounter there are 100 mothers whose drab appearance would not even breach your consciousness. Western women, through their stupidity and lack of self-control, have rebuked nature's call of taking advantage of those few years of beauty by staying fat and masculine for their entire lives. It's too little, too late when she's unable to attract decent men in her mid 30s or silence the call of her genes telling her to become a mother. She will remain barren, a failure in life.

I've always said that even shy and young girls have a competence of game that would rival that of experienced men who are much older. Female game, in the form of cunning, manipulation, lying, and charm, is hard-wired into their genetics. While some men are also born with such skills, most have to learn it through trial and error. Men of the past have found it much easier at becoming skilled at a specific trade and earning money in order to land a wife than to compete with women in the game arena. But when having a good job is no longer sufficient, like it is today, the arduous process of becoming competent at game must be undertaken. The demand for game advice has become so great that it has spawned its own *industry* in several countries, the first time that has happened in world history.

> [Women] are *sexus sequior*, the inferior second sex in everything respect: one should be indulgent towards their weaknesses, but to pay them honour is ridiculous beyond measure and demeans us even in their eyes.

This is a fact that white knights will never understand. As any game practitioner knows, a woman does not respect you if you respect her. Call this sad or unfortunate but that's the

reality of human nature. Women do not like you if you attribute value to them that is not actually there. Complimenting a woman beyond her appearance, such as on her personality, courage, intelligence, or what have you, is a sure-fire way to *not* sleep with her. Even complimenting her beauty has become dangerous. Do so at your own peril and be hated by your penis for all eternity.

> That the property which has cost men long years of toil and effort, and been won with so much difficulty, should afterwards come into the hands of women, who then, in their lack of reason, squander it in a short time, or otherwise fool it away, is a grievance and a wrong as serious as it common, which should be prevented by limiting the right of women to inherit.

There is a reason why a woman's vagina was locked up and guarded in ancient times until marriage: she could not be trusted with her sexual choices. Look at a modern woman's sexual behavior and ask yourself who is gaining from her promiscuity. Alpha men are gaining. She's wasting the few years of beauty she has to fuck them with absolutely no commitment or strings, and soon will be left alone, without a provider, and nothing to show for her prime years of beauty besides HPV and a bitter attitude. Ancient practices were followed to specifically avoid this outcome, no matter how "misogynist" they are to the modern feminist cunt.

There is no point in wasting any more energy worrying about their plight. They made their bed and will now lie in it while sucking off the alpha she just met in the bar. Having game, being alpha, and understanding the true nature of women allow today's man to be harem masters of the past. I'm enjoying this party to no end, but one day the music will stop. And then I'll adapt again.

The Biggest Cockblocker In The World Is From Denmark

January 19, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The Danish system of equality is amplified by Jante Law, a set of cultural rules that is deeply engrained in every Dane. Its main tenet can be summed up as: “No one is superior to anyone else.”

It’s taboo to show off, brag, or even indirectly show your value. You can’t talk about how much you enjoy your job, how you bought an awesome brand new anything, or how generally happy you are with life—anything that might show how you may be better than your audience. When you disagree with someone, you have to be very gentle about criticizing them because otherwise you would imply that you’re smarter. You can never say “you’re wrong” to anyone. Most Danes avoid possible arguments by simply not bringing up their contrary opinions.

Here are the ten rules of Jante Law:

1. Don’t think you’re anything special.
2. Don’t think you’re as good as us.
3. Don’t think you’re smarter than us.
4. Don’t convince yourself that you’re better than us.
5. Don’t think you know more than us.
6. Don’t think you are more important than us.
7. Don’t think you are good at anything.
8. Don’t laugh at us.
9. Don’t think anyone cares about you.
10. Don’t think you can teach us anything.

Take a minute to think about the resulting personalities of people who believe in these rules. Combine it with Danes not being risk takers. Can you imagine the type of conversations that result?

Painfully boring conversations.

Everyone is scared of generalizing or giving strong opinions. Risky topics are avoided. Showing knowledge or experience must be done in a light-handed way. All your

accomplishments, no matter how small, must be minimized to make them a result of luck instead of hard work or innate talent. You can't judge those who are less fortunate than you by calling them lazy or stupid. You're immediately punished for showing any real spark or emotion. You must hide your individuality and conform to what society expects of you.

The Danish egalitarian system and Jante Law feed on each other to form what is one of the most liberal, feminist-friendly societies in the world. Therefore, when it comes to getting laid, your American attitude and belief system will cockblock the fuck out of you before you even open your mouth. Since basically the entire point of game is showing you're better than the next guy, something that Jante Law specifically forbids, it's no surprise to find that game efforts will not be well received in Denmark, especially if you consider yourself an alpha male. It was amusing how often and how quickly I'd offend every Danish girl without even trying.

In the States you may have heard someone say, "If the police want to get you, they will. There are so many laws on the books that you're always breaking one at any point." I feel the same way with Jante Law. As an American, you're breaking every facet of Jante Law just by being American. Your confident body language alone is breaking tenets one and four. Understand that Danish culture will cockblock you on your every approach.

Even minor game techniques go over poorly in Denmark. For example, let's take a look at this statement: "When I was in Colombia for six months, I studied Spanish. I got good at it, but now I suck again." A pretty innocent way to show value to a girl, right? Not in Denmark. I'm implying that I'm more well-traveled than her and also more knowledgeable in the realm of language. I'm breaking Jante Law. The girl will punish me by withdrawing from the conversation.

You're probably thinking that this is absurd. That's because you're from a country like America, England, Australia, or Canada, where that type of statement will be rewarded with female interest. The conversation you're supposed to have in Denmark should be void of these types of "value drops" while at the same time not teasing her at all, since teasing implies that you're better than her. Consider that even wearing a tight t-shirt that shows off your muscles comes close to breaking Jante Law because you're bragging that you're stronger than someone else. In Denmark, individuality must be destroyed for the greater good. You're not an individual, just a worthless slug that is just like all the other slugs.

While the Danish government has made human rights more egalitarian, Jante Law has made sex more egalitarian. Instead of a few guys fucking all the women like in the States (while the sexual losers stay home and play World of Warcraft), you have more Danish guys getting laid, though with fewer partners. In other words, the alpha male is neutralized in Denmark. He's not rewarded with more sex for his alphaness because alphaness breaks Jante Law.

If you were in a country where game didn't really matter and everyone downplayed their attractiveness by looking like they had just come out of a thrift store, which man would

fuck the most women? Answer: the one with the best social circle.

My biggest complaint about Jante Law is that there is a double standard in how it's applied. I've already remarked how Denmark is a highly feminist country. It's a place where women think they're equal or superior to men, eager to castrate them for displays of alpha masculinity. So can you take a guess as to which gender will be hypocrites when it comes to the law's application?

Danish women are the most hypocritical breed of female I have ever encountered. Let me give you an example. In conversations, I would make a comment about how Danish women aren't feminine or that the state shouldn't be so eager to take care of drug addicts who have no interest in quitting. I was then scolded for having "expectations" of how people should or shouldn't act and that I was attributing a person's faults to his nature instead of his environment. Fair enough—that was their argument and I can respect another person's opinion.

Then five minutes later, I'd say I was going to Poland. The Danish girl would frown and say, "Why Poland? The people there are ugly. Polish girls are dirty prostitutes." *Really? You just got on me for generalizing, but now you're doing it five times worse.* This happened to me at least a couple of times each week.

You're not allowed to criticize Denmark or their way of life, since you're just a stupid, possibly fat American, but she can criticize anything she wants while shitting on your opinion at the same time. This angered me to no end, and the fact that Danish women ended up being so wrong about Polish women suggests they hold some jealousy towards them.

I've come to the conclusion that Jante Law has two real purposes. The first is to hold men down. It serves to cherish women and their opinions and hypocrisy while preventing you from "fighting" back. A girl can break Jante Law but you can't, and if you do, you'll be banished from the tribe. This is a classic case of women demanding equality but then perpetuating inequality to further their cause at the expense of men's.

The second feature of Jante Law is to keep your neighbor down. If there is no benefit for your neighbor to show off his unique character, experience, or wealth, that means he'll be more ashamed about doing better in life than you. Jante Law is like an anti-bragging behavioral modification drug meant to make people who aren't as skilled or successful as you feel better about themselves.

What Jante Law ultimately does is protect the egos of women and the unambitious who constantly feel the need to compare their lot with everyone else's. While I approve of the benefits the government gives to all its citizens, Jante Law is something I can't live with. Unfortunately, we have to accept that they go hand-in-hand, that we can't fulfill basic human rights for all without viewing everyone as equal. That's fine for most people, but I've spent way too much time happily surviving in the jungle to pack my bags and move into the zoo.

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page hater travel guide that teaches you how to sleep with Danish women while simultaneously convincing you not to go. It contains tourist tips, game advice, sex stories, and hate. It gives you all the information you need to dislike Denmark with extra details not released on the blog. It's available in both paperback and ebook. Read sample pages or learn more about the book.

The Grim Reaper

January 22, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I remember ten years ago when the thought of death put me into an immediate panic. I couldn't bear to think that all I am will cease to exist. I didn't want to believe that one day everything I did to become the best man I could would disappear for all eternity. I'd push the thoughts out of my mind like I'm trained to do by Western culture.

Now it's rare that a day goes by where I don't think of the grim reaper. I hold death real close to my chest, using it as the main way to act instead of waiting for tomorrow. The reaper pushes me to go against what my upbringing has indoctrinated me to do, to fit my peg body into the college-career-mortgage-marriage hole.

The more I think of death and the more I use it as a tool, of knowing that there is a clock on my life that ticks every second of every day with a random deadline that I can't predict, the more it has pushed me to take the tough steps of making big changes in my life.

It's now clear to me what I have to do so that I will not be upset when the end is near: I have to complete as many of my dreams and goals as quickly as possible. It's a bucket list I must work on while still very much alive, not when I turn 50 or get diagnosed with a life-ending illness. I'm in the prime of my life, but I'm living as if it will soon end.

I believe the more times you can say "been there, done that" on your death bed to all the things you set out to do, the more peacefully you can go. These can range from the insignificant to the lofty:

- Banging a big Brazilian booty
- Writing a book
- Learning a foreign language
- Starting a successful business
- Living in another country for one year
- Procreating
- Playing a few songs on a musical instrument
- Fucking cheap hookers who loved you all night long
- Paying off debt
- Owning a restaurant or bar
- Starting a nonprofit organization
- Beating someone up with your bare hands

While it will be impossible to complete everything you want to do before you die, there is a point where you feel like you've done enough, where you've gone far above your human duty and any extra day you live on earth is gravy on top of what already was an exciting life where you acted instead of waited. When it's your time to go, you can say to yourself, "I had a good run," and close your eyes with no regrets. This is what I want.

Imagine That This Is The Last Time You'll See Her

January 24, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The biggest way to disappoint yourself while playing the game is to have expectations that a woman will satisfy you, treat you with respect, or come through for you in any way, shape, or form. They say you should live each day like it's your last, so when it comes to women, you should enjoy each meeting as if it will also be the last.

A lot of things can happen that prevent another date, most of which has nothing to do with you. This is especially true today when every woman feels like a little celebrity thanks to Facebook, Twitter, and Tumblr. She's content getting validation from internet fans and orbiters as much as a man in the flesh. Other times it may be completely about you. Maybe she's losing attraction for you or just not into your style of humor. In either case, besides spitting the best game you can, the result is out of your hands.

There's no guarantee the number you got will lead to a date. There's no guarantee that an amazing first date will lead to a second. There's no guarantee that a girl who said you gave her the best dick in the world will want to see you again. There's no guarantee that your girlfriend of six months will not suddenly fall in love with another man. The only guarantee is the law of averages, which tells you to play the field and not bet the farm on one hand. Monogamous relationships with honorable women who want to grow old with you until death do you part is a thing of the past.

In my early 20s, it was my nature to romantically fantasize about women I met. Reality helped me temper that habit. Otherwise I'd be an emotionally shattered man too scared to ask out another girl for fear that she would flake on me. The truth is that fantastic pickups and dates only slightly correlate to whether you will see a girl again. You can have the best game in the world with buttery lips that make her melt with ecstasy, but there's no way you can counter a hater comment by her fat friend who did her best in making your girl feel guilty for going out with you. There's no way you can keep her ego at a normal level when 20 guys hit on her the night after you met her. You have absolutely no control over most of the things that block your chances at getting into her pants.

Women have trained men like me to be as cold as possible in order to meet my sexual needs. When I'm with a girl that I like, and I look into her eyes and she looks back into mine, I do all that I can to get what I want from her at that moment, because I know there's a good chance I may never see her again. Her pretty face can disappear off the face of the earth, and it won't make any difference to me.

Danish Girls Are Ugly And Fat

January 26, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Danish girls have thick, stout builds, with Pepsi can bodies and faces that have come into contact with every branch of the ugly tree. They rank up there with the women of Fortaleza, Brazil, as the huskiest women I've ever seen. If you want to have a football player son, I advise you to procreate with a Danish woman. While they're not as fat as American women (who is?), they're definitely not as svelte as their Icelandic counterparts, who can be a little thick themselves.

You'd think they'd be thinner with all that bicycling they do, but they overcompensate with frequent late-night kebab meals and an all-around fatty diet. Just like in America, it's not proper to shame fatties into not being so fat, so Danish people are more likely to attribute someone's disgusting obesity to a glandular problem than from constantly stuffing their pie hole.

I'm still in disbelief that the women of a country can be so ugly. Copenhagen is one of the few large cities I've been in the world where I can go several days without seeing an approachable chick. This was also the case in Bolivia, a place where my dick simply powered down due to lack of arousal.

While you'll still spot cute chicks in the city (somewhere), the average Danish girl is both undatable and unfuckable. You won't be wowed by the women and you won't be changing your travel plans to stay longer. The few girls that are decent looking know they're relatively beautiful and have large flocks of guys surrounding them. The worst part of this is that Danish guys are actually much better looking than the girls. The result is a surplus of good-looking dudes and a limited supply of hot girls. That means that guys are forced to date down.

It was routine to see decent-looking Danish guys with busted Danish girls, but never the other way around. If I saw a hot Danish girl with a man, he'd always be very good-looking. Unlike girls in Brazil or Poland, there's no reason for a Danish girl to date down because the sexual market is heavily skewed in her favor. Denmark is one of those places like Washington DC where you have to work like a fucking mule to get a 6. The same amount of work in Brazil or Poland would get you an 8.

One feature of the Danish girl that bothered me the most was her masculine walking

style. She keeps her arms still while hunching her shoulders over like a wild boar, as if she wants to barrel into something. Sometimes she tilts her head down to add to the masculine effect. I don't know where they learned how to walk, but I can assure you it's not feminine. Denmark is the only place where I got out of the way on the sidewalk if a thick girl was approaching, for fear that I might be injured in a possible collision.

Their tits are of respectable size, but their asses are pancakes, not helped by their love of jeans so baggy that they often have to pull them up. If you're an ass man like myself, you'll be in tears by your second night in Denmark. The fine asses you do end up seeing will probably be owned by a non-Danish girl.

The hottest girls are usually mixed breed daughters of Middle Eastern immigrants. If she's good-looking and has a bit of olive in her, you can bet that she's Danish in culture only. While most foreign girls in Denmark live a normal middle class lifestyle, many are prostitutes shipped in from Africa or Eastern Europe. They walk the streets at night in Copenhagen's Vesterbro neighborhood, where prostitution laws aren't enforced. In Denmark they tend to punish the johns instead of the whores, since the girl is an "unfortunate victim of her environment."

In every country I've been to, prostitutes are bottom of the barrel. They're almost always ugly, filthy whores who would have to pay me to have sex with them. While for the most part this is true in Copenhagen, there were a shocking number of streetwalkers that blew away the Danish women. The hottest girl I saw in my first five days was a sexy Middle Eastern prostitute who walked like a normal woman. I couldn't believe that such an attractive girl had to sell her body. How did she arrive at that predicament? Why couldn't she get a sugar daddy? How much did she charge, anyway?

Later, when I moved into my apartment, a Russian prostitute working in front was usually hotter than all the girls I'd see during a night out. Believe me when I say I was tempted. It seems that in Denmark the hottest girl a guy can get is a prostitute, while in the States the prostitutes serve mostly to provide orgasms. When streetwalkers are hotter than the local women, something is very wrong.

Even the style of Danish women is atrocious. They dress frumpy and dumpy, as if they just checked out of a homeless shelter. For some reason, these girls are big fans of dirty black military-style boots, turd-green or brown jackets (sometimes with a German flag on it), loose clothing, baggy jeans or MC Hammer parachute pants, and mismatched scarves or grandma shawls. Their favorite color is brown, since anything feminine like pink is sexist and breaks Jante Law. They step up their style game at night, but during the day they look like absolute hell. There seems to be a competition on how plain and unattractive they can make themselves.

For an idea of what I'm talking about, check out the blog Hel Looks, a site where some guy takes street photos of people in Helsinki, the capital of Finland. Though the country is different, people dress the same.

On the site you'll notice odd hair styles that are similar to Denmark, as well. Many Danish girls go to a salon and say, "Shave the sides, but leave a bit in the middle." I would

estimate that 10-15% of girls have some part of her head shaved, usually only one side. If they elected not to shave it, they sometimes slick it back like in the Robert Palmer music video "Addicted To Love." But even the girls in that video, who were designed to look like emotionless sexbots, are fifty times more bangable than your typical Danish girl.

I have painted a picture of ugly-faced women with thick bodies, flat asses, short (or no) hair, military styling, and a walk that makes you want to get out of the way. In summary, Danish girls would make fine soldiers. Even though Denmark is not a militant nation, if World War III breaks out, the government can call upon these female Scandinavian warriors to fight for their country. Since they're not busy looking like real women, they'll find adapting to life in the army most agreeable. If you like rough and tumble army chicks who can possibly open a beer bottle using their hands (and not look sexy doing it), Denmark is the place for you.

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The above article was adapted from my newest release, **Don't Bang Denmark**, a 72-page hater travel guide that teaches you how to sleep with Danish women while simultaneously convincing you not to go. It contains tourist tips, game advice, sex stories, and hate. It gives you all the information you need to dislike Denmark with extra details not released on the blog. It's available in both paperback and ebook. Read sample pages or learn more about the book.

Pussy Paradise

January 29, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In my early 20s I had a dream of traveling the world without having to answer to anyone. I wanted to wake up at noon, work at my own pace, and sleep with a lot of women. It took over a decade of combined effort on both my game and writing, but I have realized that dream. Today I am free, and besides the occasional hurdle, sex is no longer a problem. It almost feels strange to me that it ever was.

I should have unbridled happiness flowing from my pores, but truth is my life today brings me contentment, not bliss. I've gotten used to this lifestyle and see it as normal. Only when I think back ten years do I appreciate how far I've come.

I've become a man without goals. I don't need more notches or a higher income. I don't want a family (right now). I don't want a smartphone or tablet device. Besides a couple of countries I want to visit in the future, there is nothing else I want. What should I try to achieve next?

I've meditated about this problem a lot for the past couple months. My thoughts kept going back to the pussy I had in Poland, where my penis reached the then pinnacle of its existence. I don't need any more notches, that's for sure, but I can't think of anything else that keeps my mind sharper and my masculinity stronger than chasing pink. The day-to-day adventures of pussy chasing keeps me young, vigorous, and fully engaged in life. Being a slave to the pussy has made me a warrior. I'm miles ahead of the sexual pack when compared to my male peers of the world, whose approach to getting laid is based more on luck and hope than concerted effort and strategy.

If pussy is my fountain of youth, it is clear what my new mission in life must be. It was under my nose all along, something I must have known was the answer but could not admit to myself. Here is what I wrote almost a year ago:

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

Ironically enough, I titled the post "Your Duty As A Man." At the time my duty was slightly different, just to travel through Europe and fuck around, not to find this magical patch, this pussy paradise. I wanted to meander through Europe and accumulate random experiences and flags. Then Poland happened, and that plan no longer made any sense after I realized that a consistent stream of high-quality pussy profoundly affected my immediate happiness in a positive way. The feeling that comes from being unstoppable with the women was like natural heroin. Every night in Poland I'd go to sleep with a little

smirk on my face, ready to die in peace, even if I was alone in bed.

It’s finally obvious what I have to do. My mission today is to find a place that exceeds Poland. My goal in life is to find pussy paradise.

I want to be in a place where if I step outside and take a deep breath, pussy will come. I want to walk in a huge club and be the most desirable man who women compete over. I want zero-effort pussy of the most beautiful girls I’ve ever had in my life. Maybe you’re laughing right now that I’m dreaming, that this place doesn’t exist, but I believe it does, and sometimes belief is all it takes.

Before a man searches for pussy paradise, he must understand its transient nature. Nothing stays paradise forever. They’re like once in a millenia tsunamis that occur after a convergence of unlikely factors, never to be seen again in a location for many generations. In two recent countries I visited, Estonia and Latvia, I saw the scattered ruins of the paradise that existed before me. Stories from those who remembered its peak suggested great riches and glory to all those men who visited, but I was too little too late (actually five years too late). With the rapid societal changes that globalization brings, I estimate a 1-3 year window until emergent pussy paradises fade, with the only thing left for late arrivals is the smell of faint pussy juice in the air.

When you stay on the road you start to develop a sixth sense for where pussy paradise may be. You look at a city name that you’ve never seen and have a feeling that this could be it. Then you dedicate a lot of time and resources to investigate further, only to be likely disappointed. In my hand I hold yet another losing lottery ticket, but the jackpot continues to grow and I still believe in my numbers. I will find pussy paradise, no matter how long it takes me.

8 Signs You're A Game Denialist

January 31, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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1. You follow over a dozen PUAs on the internet. You know the entire product line of each, but you publically claim that all are scam artist liars. When someone posts a pirate link to one of their new 12 DVD sets, you quietly download it.

2. You are obsessed with looks. When a man claims success with women, you attribute 100% of that success to his appearance. In your world view, a good-looking guy who is deaf, blind, and mute would still get laid a lot.

3. You are obsessed with money. You think you need to be rich to get a 7, yet you spend your free time playing video games posting on hate forums instead of increasing the income that you think is so important to sexual success.

4. You offer no solutions. If you do, they'll either be an abbreviated version of existing game advice or be just flat-out retarded. One prominent game denialist said the secret to getting laid is to take a shower and then go out and completely ignore women (he wasn't joking). Instead of pursuing a path of self-improvement, you complain endlessly like an elderly woman.

5. Your mother had power over your dad. You're trained to believe that only women can be empowered, not men. The best thing a guy can do is to accept that he sucks with women and get a 9-5 job to enjoy the occasional Chipotle meal with a side of guacamole.

6. You find it hard to believe that women want to have sex just for the sake of having sex. You think heavenly bodies need to be aligned for a girl to have a one-night stand or put out quickly, that she needs to go through a 100 bullet point checklist just to open her legs. I've seen haters who claim that one-night stands "don't exist" and are "impossible."

7. You believe in the myth of the good girl. You think that all the girls having sex are sluts. You think that an "honest" girl guards her pussy like a medieval sentry and only puts out for rich and good-looking guys who invest one year doing Compliment and Cuddle groundwork. You think playing the numbers game is "wrong" because it just selects for girls who want to have sex, when the entire point of game is to have sex with girls who want to have sex.

8. You have society anxiety disorder. The amount of unresolved fear has built up in you for so long that it is no longer curable by modern psychiatry. Therefore, you're most likely a 20-something virgin. The world is a dangerous place, and those who have successfully met that danger head-on are obviously con artists or liars.

Sadly, if all game denialists died right now, neither men or women would mourn them. They provide value for neither.

Danish Girls Are The Most Masculine In The World

February 2, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Danish women possess no flirting ability. They have zero charm and zero allure. Not a feminine drop of blood courses through their veins. They don't know how to treat you well, cook for you, or make you laugh. They don't know how to look sexy. They won't defer to your masculinity. They can fuck you, but no more. What they do have are pussies and opinions you really don't care about hearing. *That's it*. Denmark takes top prize for having the most unfeminine and androgynous robotic women I've met in the world.

Since she's unable to flirt, a Danish girl doesn't know how to show interest, and thinks that doing so would be showing weakness. She won't go out of her way to make you feel like a man. She's just… there, wasting space in a bar that could be better used by the cute foreign hookers mingling right outside.

Speaking of hookers, I'm not exaggerating when I say they are more charming than Danish girls. They *consistently* made me smile. On lonely walks home when they approached me for my money, they said things ten times funnier than anything I heard from a Danish girl.

If you're stuck in Copenhagen and want something that reminds you of what a woman should be, your best bet is to find a foreign girl who has been in Denmark for less than one year. Otherwise you'll get yourself a corrupted specimen of a woman that will make you less happy than your run-of-the-mill American girl who insists on wearing flip-flops twenty-four hours a day. It's that bad.

Even the Danish girls who have somehow escaped the corrupting influence of the androgynous culture (she'll probably be from Jutland) will have some random masculine quality that fucks everything up. She'll look good from across the bar, maybe even slightly sexy, but when you interact with her you'll discover that she has a deep voice. Or she has man hands. Or she moves like a man. Or she has a slight mustache. Or she is arrogant like a man. I've met girls in Denmark who were more masculine than me, and I'm the hairiest, horniest motherfucker I know. I'm barely exaggerating when I say that mimicking Danish women has taught me how me to be a stronger man.

Initially a Danish girl will be somewhat reserved, but it takes no more than fifteen minutes for her true outspoken nature to shine. Since a Danish girl thinks she's an expert on

everything, be prepared to get educated on matters your feeble brain can't possibly comprehend. You're going to hear the wackiest, most liberal opinions you've ever heard in your life (e.g., "The state should supply and inject heroin addicts with pure drug in a safe environment that is also provided by the state"). Take the most liberal shit you learned in college and multiply it by fifty to get a feeling for what you're going to hear in Denmark.

If you *don't* want to bang a Danish girl, disagree with her. While this may build attraction with American girls, for Danish girls it completely shuts off the pussy faucet. They want the role of the alpha while you're left with the role of the dopey beta. Therefore if you want sex you're best served by simply nodding or asking her more questions so that she talks enough to make your ears bleed. You will hate yourself for doing this.

If you don't like a girl, just question what she says, tell her she's wrong, and enjoy the argument. In Denmark, the girl is always right and it's the guy's job to validate her stupid beliefs long enough to get her into bed. Again, while in America, nodding along won't get you laid, in Denmark it will. She wants an obedient little puppy dog, not a challenge who sees her as the idiot she really is.

Danish girls don't like masculinity, cockiness, or outspoken guys. Because of Jante Law, any attempt on your part to even indirectly show that you're more experienced, knowledgeable, or smarter than her will terminate the interaction. Even if you're definitely more experienced than her (she's likely to only be a student, after all), you must pretend that you're both equal. I don't care if you're ten years older than her and have lived in a dozen locations around the world after succeeding at a million-dollar business built from scratch, but you must treat the stupid opinions of a 23-year-old Danish girl with reverence and respect if you want to get laid. In other words, you have to sell yourself out for pussy.

Yes, I did this. I sold out. I nodded along to a stupid girl's opinions to get laid. I feel ashamed for doing it, but I got my nut every time and never called any of those girls again. Maybe I did come out on top a little.

A big problem is that just about everything offends a Danish girl, especially if you make casual observations about her culture, whether positive or negative. She doesn't believe in stereotypes or generalizations *at all*. She has the belief that everyone is a completely unique snowflake and any attempt to generalize is wrong and offensive. The irony of this is that Danish people are so incredibly homogenous and alike due to Denmark being a strong conformist culture that they're the easiest people to generalize about. When girls told me not to generalize, and I noticed that they were basically carbon copies of one another, I concluded it was a case of *the lady doth protest too much*. If you interact with one Danish girl, you might as well have interacted with them all.

The thing that pissed me off the most about Danish women was their hypocrisy. Like I've mentioned previously, they will bash anything non-Danish, expecting you to sit there and take it, but the moment you make even a mild criticism about their culture, they're ready to call the police.

For example, it was common for a Danish girl to joke that Americans like cheeseburgers and French fries. She's indirectly saying that Americans are fat. I get it, and I don't care, because Americans are fat and I personally love cheeseburgers and French fries. I would counter her observation with one of my own by saying, "We love hamburgers, but you guys like the kebabs. Those places are everywhere." Pretty innocuous comment, right? Wrong. The Danish girl gets offended and counters with, "No, Danish food culture is quite varied. You're not looking hard enough to find other places." Really, bitch? There would be no less than four kebab shacks within a stone's throw.

There are so many kebab shacks in Copenhagen that if an alien landed in Denmark he'd conclude that kebabs, shawarmas, and gyros have been Danish cuisine staples for thousands of years. I'd ask Danish people what their typical cuisine is and they'd give me an answer like "thick wheat bread with meat on it." In other words, sandwiches. Yeah, real indigenous. They'd rather die than admit that a "stupid American" got them pegged.

It's the girls' denial of reality (in exchange for an ultra-liberal worldview) that made it least enjoyable to spend time with them. They use conversation as a way to display the superiority of their beliefs, not hesitating for a second to immediately strike down anything you say. While she has a right to do that, the real-world effect is that blood rushes out of your penis. Talking to a Danish girl has the same effect on your dick as going for a dip in a cold swimming pool.

I could bite my lip for a couple hours just to get my dick wet, but the second after I ejaculated I could no longer put up with it. This means that I didn't get one repeat bang during my entire stay in Denmark, simply because I couldn't tolerate the girls any longer.

I had to "reset" my tolerability clock by hitting on new pussy, which unfortunately was almost exactly the same as old pussy. I was miserable. I dealt with my predicament by offending as many girls as I could and getting them ensnared in my "you're a hypocrite" trap. My favorite bit was to say how Danish girls were the least feminine I've ever met and how I couldn't wait to leave such an androgynous country. I got more satisfaction from bitching out Danish girls than actually fucking them, because one made me feel like a man and the other a pathetic sellout.

Sadly, the dynamic of insulting girls instead of banging them was similar to what I had with American girls, though at least the latter liked masculine, outspoken guys. If you're a sniveling beta male, Denmark could be your heaven since you have the vibe that Danish girls like, but if you respect yourself and have trouble keeping your mouth shut when people are bullshitting you, Denmark will not be pleasant.

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The above article was adapted from my newest release, **Don't Bang Denmark**, a 72-page hater travel guide that teaches you how to sleep with Danish women while simultaneously convincing you not to go. It contains tourist tips, game advice, sex stories, and hate. It gives you all the information you need to dislike Denmark with extra details not released on the blog. It's available in both paperback and ebook. Read sample pages or learn more about the book.

How To Build Your Own Groupie Harem

February 5, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A form of sex that eludes many men is groupie sex, where a specific accomplishment or creation has built enough attraction for a girl to fuck you. The only game needed in that case is "don't fuck up" game. In Western culture, where being known is more important than having skill, cultivating your own groupie harem is a reliable way to get easy sex from girls in the 5-7 range. Here's how you can do it...

1. Start a nightlife, party, and game hybrid blog for the city you live in. Write about going out and having fun. Skip the philosophy and politics.

2. Once in a while, post a picture of yourself. It doesn't even have to be a clear picture of your face, just something that hints at the strapping man behind the mirror.

3. Blog five times a week. If you're starting from scratch you have to amp up your quantity to get noticed. Make your content a little sexist, but you don't have to go full-Roosh.

4. Share a couple sex stories that hint at you being a desirable, experienced man. One of your stories should have the following line: "She told me that no other man made her cum as hard as I did."

5. Connect with your scene's top bloggers by commenting on their shitty blogs. It's okay to be a comment whore as long as you're giving value. The better your comments are, the more likely someone will click over to your site.

6. Cultivate your audience. After six months and at least 100 blog posts, you should have at least 300 unique visitors a day, half of that from locals. You will get occasional emails and comments from girls that you can follow-up on. If a girl is leaving comments on your blog with her email address, it's acceptable to contact her privately (in fact, she probably wants you to).

7. Attend local blogger meetups. Among the local set your half-Roosh sexist content should have helped built a reputation that will no doubt precede you. If there are no meetups in your city, coordinate with two other girl bloggers to plan one (they have mostly a female following). Throw a happy hour in a centrally located part of the city.

8. Fuck all the groupies.

I had the most amount of groupies when I ran DC Bachelor, when over 60% of my audience was from DC (now it's less than 5%). There were monthly happy hours with a freshly rotating crop of vagina that passed my boner test. By 2007, my blogger buddies and I had banged most of the cutest blogger chicks and their readers. (Fun fact: it came out later that both Roissy and I banged the same groupie—what a lucky girl!) Sadly, the quality of groupies soon took a huge dive and the happy hours became more of a support group for fatties once they found out they could get easy attention in spite of their unsightly appearance.

As my readership has gone international, so have my groupies. When I was living in

Colombia, I started getting hit up by a Brazilian girl on Twitter. She was gorgeous, so call me beta for making sure to stop by her horrible city in the Northeast for one week of magnificent love-making. Unfortunately, my current crop of lady fans live in random parts of the world. My groupie days have come to an end.

Your first groupie will probably be a thickie blogger chick who wears flip flops, but don't worry—your quality will increase with your notoriety and blogger status. Soon after that will come the paranoia, where you're not sure if that chick is looking at you because she likes you or because she knows you. Probably both.

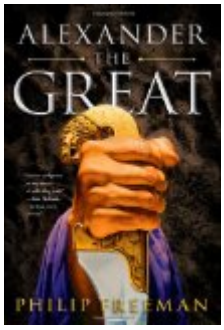
More Book Reviews 10

February 7, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

PREVIOUSLY:

- Top 10 Most Important Books
- More Books
- More Books 2
- More Books 3
- More Books 4
- More Books 5
- More Books 6
- More Books 7
- More Books 8
- More Books 9
- The Amazon Kindle Is A Game Changer

REVIEWS:



Alexander The Great

This is an entertaining book about how Alexander conquered the Persians to create one of the largest empires of the ancient world. The author takes you along all the key battles while giving you insight into the personality of perhaps the most known man to have ever lived.

What struck me most about Alexander was that all he cared about was glory and conquest, not money or women. He was the human incarnation of the saying, “If it’s not hard, it’s not worth doing,” and simply wanted to accomplish what no other man had done. He even preferred winning when disadvantaged because he know it would increase his glory. He wanted to be a legend, and on that front he succeeded.

Even though he killed an untold number of people, I couldn’t help but root for him along the journey. Perhaps an unfortunate quirk of human nature is that we love winners, no matter what they have to do in order to win. Those who consider him a murderous tyrant must realize he was a man of his time, no more brutal than other generals who conquered the lands before him.

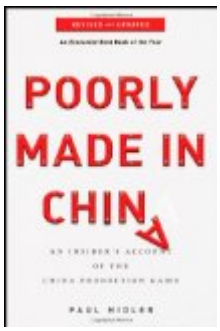
The only problem with this book is that writer goes on historical tangents that don’t relate

to Alexander, needlessy listing names of historical extras and foreign lands without giving you much context to work with. Other than that, I had trouble putting this book down. If you like reading about war or history, you'll enjoy it.

"Alexander was seeking the glory that comes from taking an unexpected risk—and winning."

"Brave deeds are what true men do."

"To truly understand Alexander we must realize that—perhaps more than any man in history—he hated to lose. Alexander was and is the absolute embodiment of pure human ambition with all its good and evil consequences."



Poorly Made In China

"This is a book about Chinese obfuscation and subterfuge. It is about gaming, strategy, and tactics."

The author of this book worked as a consultant for American importers who wanted to manufacture in China, acting as translator, inspector, and local expert. He has written a surprisingly entertaining book about how the crafty Chinese try to squeeze importers through a variety of tricks, either by producing goods using inferior raw materials or gradually raising the cost of production. With some of the stories I was on the edge of my seat wondering which party was going to get screwed, and at times it read like funny travel memoir with episodes of tourist scams and culture clash.

"Chinese factories often engaged in quality fade—the incremental degradation of a product over time. They quietly reduced the amount of materials or else manipulate the quality of raw inputs. The changes were gradual, almost imperceptible. The importer was neither asked for permission nor told."

I can never look at common items the same way. Essentially everything you buy that is made in China is prone to faulty, deceitful, and unsanitary manufacturing practices. In one of many examples, a Chinese factory changed the formulation of liquid soap so that it congealed under cold temperatures, coming out of the bottle in clumps of jizz. The importer could no longer say with confidence what the ingredients were after the factory owner tinkered with the recipe. Through trickery and superior negotiation skills, Chinese factory owners made importers so dependent on them that in essence they becomes the boss while the Americans became middlemen, mere agents.

In a passage from Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle," which took place in the early 20th century, a poor young mother goes to the store to buy milk that has a blue tint. It was obviously tainted, but there were no regulations or enforcement in place to ensure she

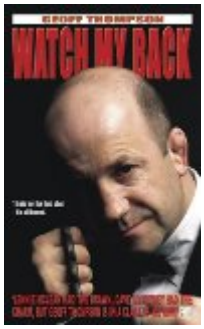
was getting a quality product. There is an assortment of agencies now to help prevent that sort of thing, but just a tiny percentage of goods coming from China, some of it food, is being inspected. We're back in the wild west where buyer must beware. While you probably trust big brands, you shouldn't trust the factories those brands outsource to.

The book also points out that shaming companies who outsource isn't the answer to America's problems. If just one company in your field successfully outsources work, you *will* go under if you don't find a cheaper way to do business. A problem is that Americans don't give a damn about Made In USA, and will happily purchase the Chinese product if it's a nickel cheaper. Every American whining about there not being enough manufacturing jobs—while shopping in Walmart or Target—have to do some soul searching, because it's that behavior which began the exodus of jobs to Chinese shores.

It was bittersweet to read about the economic implications of China's success because ultimately globalization is a zero-sum game. One country's gain is another loss. While Americans currently get to pay less for goods than the rest of the world, they give up their factory base in the process. Cheap crap at Walmart will end once our credit line runs out. Then we will have no cheap imports or jobs. We'll have to depend on China for the most basic of necessities. China is in it for the long-term while Americans are living paycheck to paycheck, quarterly report to quarterly report.

"Importers were thinking checkers, while manufacturers were playing chess."

All that's left is checkmate.



Watch My Back (Kindle) / (Paperback)

"My goal became to control and master fear, rather than erase it."

This is a memoir of an Englishman who grew up having intense anxiety and fear of physical confrontations. He decided to face his fear by becoming a bouncer, ending up in a rough club called Busters. The book features exciting tales of bouncing and fight stories combined with his personal development.

The bulk of this work features simple stories of him beating people into a pulp. The knockouts never got old and I laughed out loud many times throughout the book. With this great power of destruction came his transformation into a bully, where he was ready to hit anyone at the slightest provocation. In spite of that, you root for him to continue knocking people out.

Towards the end of the book, the author talks a lot about the physiology of fear and how to deal with it. Many times he stated how he had trouble dealing with the fear before every fight, that a new match could lead to his end. He repeatedly stresses that fear can

be tamed but not completely eradicated.

This is a book of one man facing his fears and getting what he wanted out of life. My only complaint is that he goes off on little side-jaunts while in the middle of the action, but otherwise it's a captivating story that I recommend.

"Your own mind can be your worst enemy and that as soon as you give in to these thoughts, even a little bit, they grow stronger and stronger, feeding on each little victory, making you weaker and weaker."

Stuff Parisians Like

This is the Parisian version of Stuff White People Like, best for people who are planning a trip to France. I bought it as a temporary substitution for going to the country. The book portrays French people as insecure and snobby, obsessed with what other people think of them (I guess you could say the same thing about Americans). Overall I found it interesting from a cultural standpoint and sometimes funny, but it's a better read if you know some French since the author sprinkles many French words throughout without giving English equivalents.

"Rule number one is that jeans are never to be worn with sneakers in Paris. A person walking the streets of Paris wearing jeans and New Balance shoes is American."

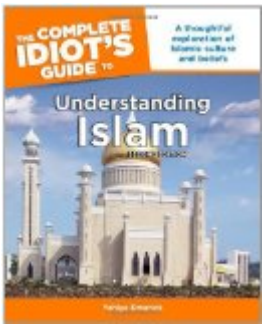
Guilty as charged!

(I thought the author's biography was interesting. He seems like a go-getter.)

The Pomodoro Technique (free download)

The Pomodoro technique is for managing your time and getting shit done, based on doing uninterrupted 25-minute periods of real work that you time using a basic kitchen timer. I already do a remix of this technique from various productivity tips I've implemented in the past ten years where I work for periods of 60 or 75 minutes instead of 25 (I also take longer breaks). When it comes to writing books, I find that 60 minutes should be the minimum work unit because of the time it takes to get into the writing "mood." For regular office tasks which the book seems geared to, 25 minutes should be sufficient.

It also contains a system for helping you deal with distractions and eliminating bad work habits like getting up for a drink you don't need or "quickly" checking something on the internet. This book reads like a technical report, but it contains a lot of useful tips if you're interested in improving your productivity.



The Complete Idiot's Guide To Understanding Islam

I read this book because I'm converting to Islam. Just kidding, I read it before launching Fat Girl Jihad so I could make better jokes. However I did read it with an open mind to try and understand one of the world's largest religions.

The book was mostly a disappointment. It offered a rosy propagandist view of Islam that did a horrible job of batting down counter-arguments to some of the religion's problems. The story of Islam presented here is just as silly as Christianity's, but you got to respect how efficiently the religion commits its disciples through a ridiculous amount of prayer and a yearly fast. Having to pray five times a day means god and his potential punishments will be constantly on your mind. You become obsessed with god.

The argument made here is that Islam is awesome and peaceful and any negativity you perceive is from media distortions, extremist groups, and misrepresentations by backward cultures. In other words, Islam can do no wrong. Unconvincing elementary school logic is used throughout, such as: "If [Muhammad] was addicted to sex, he would have married all young women. Instead, they were mostly old and/or widowed. Each wife had a special status in the community."

The most disturbing part of Islam is that it declares humans to exist merely to serve god, placed above your family and even your own life. Every negative thing that happens to you in life is god's way of testing your faith to him. You are his pawn, his slave, and he is the puppet master of your existence. Your earthly life is his way of testing you to see if you should be admitted to Paradise, but entering is a little tricky.

When you die, your soul enters a sort of purgatory, or soul storage. You chill there for a while until Judgement Day when you line up in a huge hall where every human who has ever lived, regardless of their faith, waits to be judged by god. That "day" of judgement actually takes 50,000 years, so all those suicide bombers who are aching for their 72 virgins, which the book does not mention, still have to wait a little while longer. Can I take my Kindle while I wait?

Another problem with Islam is that your life is more or less pre-ordained by god. It is his will for you to be who you are, which is why most believers say "god willing" when they want to improve their lot. This squelches most forms of ambition and achievement in its

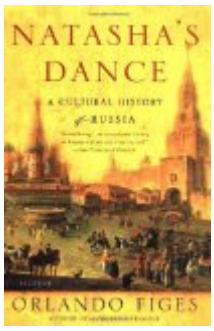
followers. While Muslims don't prefer poverty, it's better to accept god's will than work your way out of it since you'll be rewarded in the afterlife anyway.

Islam believes that a woman's natural state is very seductive and distracting to men, and that efforts must be made to temper their allure so that men will not be urged to sleep around outside of marriage. For example, during prayers women must line up all the way in the back so that men do not get excited at seeing them bend over in front of them. While I consider that extreme, I do agree with Islam's view that a woman's vagina must be protected before marriage. As American culture has shown, a woman should not be trusted with what to do with her vagina from the standpoint of securing long-term relationships (they give it up easily during their prime years when they should be using it as leverage to land a male provider).

In most countries that practice Islam there are no unchaperoned dates. There is no drinking at the club and no sex before marriage. The man pays a dowry to invest himself into a marriage with his virgin bride. While virgins make for horrible casual sex partners, I would pick them over the slut for long-term commitment any day. Islam gets it right in this regard.

Finally, this book documented the first historical case of trolling: "Some Jews actually pretended to convert just so they could gain entry into Muslim meetings and ask confusing questions to sow doubt into the minds of recent converts." Obviously the trolls did not succeed (do they ever?). I suspect it only inoculated the believers against further criticism.

I'm glad I read the book from the standpoint of being more learned about Islam, but I can't say it was an enjoyable read.



Natasha's Dance

I'll be honest: I picked up this book so that I could learn more about Russian culture in order to bang the women. On that respect, the book failed. It was what it said it was, a cultural history that reviews the intersection of art, the common man, government, and foreign influence, starting with Peter The Great when he built Russia's first "European" city, St. Petersburg. It gives a blow by blow account of various artists and dandies with muted action and cutesie anecdotes.

The book started off describing the Russian duality of being Russian versus being European, which comes from Peter's modernization push in the early 18th century. At one point, Russian aristocracy were better at speaking French than their own language, but the whole thing about Napoleon invading the motherland soured them on French culture.

I got so bored with this book that I had to stop reading (it’s almost 800 pages long). I don’t want to be harsh and say it sucks, but it definitely didn’t serve my sexual needs. Unless you’re interested in *old* Russian culture and art on a scholarly level, skip it. It will not help you bang Russian broads in the year 2012. I repeat: it will not help you get your Russian flag.

The 3 Types Of Danish Girls

February 9, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Don't Bang Denmark was recently the subject of a panel discussion on a Danish morning show. Click here to watch.

There are only three types of Danish girls that I've noticed: the perma-student, the older woman, and the mom.

You know those people that have been students for what seems like forever, always working on a master's or PhD? That's your first category, the perma-student. Since the government pays for education, a Danish person would be stupid not to achieve the highest level possible, especially since in Denmark there is a strong correlation between years of education and income.

It will be rare to meet a girl under 26 who has a full-time job and is not in school at least part time. It's great that she's investing in her future, but the problem for you is that liberal universities destroy a woman's femininity. The more years she spends in them, the less likely she will be able to please you, physically and emotionally.

Since Danish girls spend much more time in universities than American girls, I'm sad to conclude that American girls are more feminine than Danish girls. Yes, it's true, I've found a species that is even more masculine than American women. After accounting for the fact that Danish girls aren't as slutty as American or Icelandic girls, I hope you're beginning to see that we have a real problem on our hands.

An annoying feature of the perma-student is that she has a chip on her shoulder. Even though she hasn't worked a hard day in her life and has had her hand held by the government every step of the way, she thinks her education has given her everything she needs to know about the world, including your own country. She thinks that her time in school is a superior substitute for real-life experience.

I had cases where, in the process of obtaining sex from a Danish girl, she said some outrageous shit that offended my sensibilities so greatly that I had to terminate the interaction by telling her what a retard she was. It's a bad sign when an American has to tell someone of another country they're being arrogant, since we're generally the most

arrogant assholes on Earth.

The second type of Danish “girl” is the older woman, starting at 30 years of age. She’s finally done with school and ready to settle down, but is finding it harder to get guys since she has zero femininity units left (she used them all up during the decade she spent in college). The main problem is that her looks have faded and she never lost the freshman twenty. She’s reduced to trolling Internet dating sites with high contrast photos that hide what the unmerciful hands of time have done to her face.

While I don’t like older women, in Denmark they were great for breaking slumps since getting them into bed was easier and more straightforward with less flakiness. This type of girl is easiest to fuck, but you’ll regret it in the morning. I know I did.

The final type of Danish girl is the mom. While she can be young, I usually saw them in their late twenties. Motherhood has reignited her femininity and she will probably be more pleasing than her motherless counterparts. You will find the occasional MILF, but expect to see some serious degradation to her face.

You’re most likely going to encounter the perma-student during your stay, especially if you head to popular bars and clubs for gaming at night. I find that younger girls who are around 21 will be the most enjoyable to talk to because they aren’t as outspoken. The sweetest and kindest girls I talked to were all young.

The worst girls are around twenty-five, an age when they think they know everything. They will be the first to call you out on your game or to give you shit. By the second week in Copenhagen I got into four heated arguments with Danish girls after two months in Iceland without having one. For you, the most pleasant interactions will come from the youngest Danish girls you can find. Troll the high school if you have to.

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The above article was adapted from my newest release, **Don't Bang Denmark**, a 72-page hater travel guide that teaches you how to sleep with Danish women while simultaneously convincing you not to go. It contains tourist tips, game advice, sex stories, and hate. It gives you all the information you need to dislike Denmark with extra details not released on the blog. It's available in both paperback and ebook. Read sample pages or learn more about the book.

He Who Hesitates, Masturbates

February 12, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I patiently waited to order a drink behind another customer. I was looking around for talent when I saw a gorgeous brunette slide up to my left, also wanting to order a drink. She gave me eye contact then slowly opened her purse to fetch her credit card. She had trouble finding it. I wondered if I should approach her or not. I kept trying to fish for more eye contact to be absolutely sure I wasn't going to be rejected.

At the same time, I noticed a bearded foreigner leaning against the bar. He was anxiously looking around, especially at me. For a second I thought he was gay. Thankfully he was out of position behind a screen of bodies.

The girl stood next to me for another minute or two. I looked at her some more and she glanced at me one more time, but I didn't approach because it didn't seem that she was definitely interested. A spot at the bar opened up and she stepped forward, putting her right next to the bearded man. After she got her drink, he tapped her on the shoulder three times and said something I couldn't hear. One hour later I saw him kissing her upstairs on a couch.

I was leaning against the bar in a loud Estonian club. It was ladies night and with that came a solid 1:1 ratio of females to males. I could sense the favorable ratio with the increased eye contact I was getting from women. I was feeling good about the night even though the music was intolerably loud.

A girl I had been checking out for the past hour finally got up from a table she shared with her girlfriend and walked to the bar. She stopped right next to a good-looking man. I cringed when I saw her give him eye contact before rummaging through her purse. I was blocked by a group of people and couldn't access her. My position was hopeless. I prayed that the guy wouldn't approach because if he did I knew she would give a favorable response.

I stared at the man intently, trying to will him not to approach. He looked at her constantly while she continued to go through her purse. All I needed was for the customers at the bar nearest me to pay for their drinks and move so that my position could improve at his expense.

After a couple minutes of them standing side by side, the crowd finally shifted and she walked up to a free spot in the bar, directly next to me. After she got her drink, I tapped her on the shoulder three times and started talking. She was receptive and eventually invited me to join her and her friend. After some time chatting, her friend dropped out and we went upstairs to sit on a couch. We kissed there. At the end of the night she agreed to come back to my apartment.

I wouldn't have been worried if my opponent guy was an average guy, but he was attractive and nicely dressed. Thankfully for me, he was Estonian, meaning he could only approach a girl while drunk, which at the time he was not. If I was in America, it would

have been automatic that I'd be out-played in that scenario, but thanks to this man's fear of approaching, I snatched a girl up that, had I been in my own country, would have been approached a billion times that night before my opportunity came.

A big part of why foreign guys are successful with local women is not the fact that they're foreign, but because they are more confident, more bold, and more interesting than the local guys who grow up in a less cutthroat environment than American men. The shit that we have to go through to get laid is so overkill that if anything we have tone down our game 50% so as not to overload a European girl's brain. Nonetheless, I wouldn't change my country of birth for any other. The tough environment of America has given me a killer instinct that allows me to do well just about anywhere else I go.

Women Who Still Say I Hate Women

February 14, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I still get criticism from women that I secretly ”hate” them even after I previously addressed the issue. In that post I also took a stab at the “you hate strong women” comment that I’ve been getting more of recently.

> A more amusing hater comment I come across is, “He hates strong women.” I’ve always thought “strong woman” was an oxymoron—it would be like a beta male going around saying, “Forget her, she can’t handle a weak man.” When someone says “strong woman,” this is the image that comes to my mind:
>
> - burly build, definitely not svelte
> - short finger nails, short hair
> - overly opinionated
> - thinks she understands how the world works
> - self-absorbed
> - too much focus on building her intelligence instead of her attractiveness
>
> Why would any man on this planet want a strong woman? Shit, I’ll accept that charge without debate—I do hate strong women, because it would be like dating a she-to-he transsexual. It’s actually a good screening question you should ask the next girl you meet: “Do you consider yourself a strong woman?” Unless she hesitates, run for the hills.

(I seem to have inadvertently described Danish women before I stepped into Denmark.)

Haters will say that my current lifestyle is a way to get back for not being good with women when I was young. I’m about to use logic to handle this argument, which means it will not convince a single woman.

What would you say is the most intensely pleasurable feeling that a human can experience?

The orgasm, right?

I hear some drugs can mimic and exceed the orgasm, but for 99% of the human population, the orgasm is bliss.

Believe it or not, it actually happens that I give women orgasms. I don’t try too hard, but in order to obtain an orgasm myself, the girl sometimes experiences one before I do. My favorite sexual position also happens to be one that women greatly enjoy (doggy), so I’d estimate about 50% of girls I have sex with have at least one vaginal orgasm. Since I don’t try to experience an orgasm for myself while purposefully preventing a girl from getting one, many girls that I supposedly hate will get an orgasm from my actions.

Therefore, in my quest to hurt women, I occasionally give them the most pleasurable feeling that a human being can experience. That’s a crappy way to show your hate for

women. For the women I slept with that didn't experience an orgasm, at the minimum I made them feel intimacy and good feelings in their vaginal area. A better way to hate women would be to wear a mask and break their legs with baseball bats. Or get into a long-term relationship with her, wait until she tells you she loves you, then fuck her mom. I must be misguided to think that having fun conversation, giving good vibes, and having casual sex is a way to make women of the world feel pain.

Some women say that you hate women if all you want to do is have casual sex, but they also say you hate women if you're a nice guy who doesn't want to be treated like a door mat. Unless you do exactly what a girl wants, and serve her immediate needs with absolutely no concern for yours, you hate women. That, my friends, is an argument that only a hamster can believe in.

How To Pick Up Danish Girls At Night

February 16, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I made a response video the criticisms coming out of Denmark. Click here to watch.

Night game should be any strapping young man's bread and butter. There's no reason why he shouldn't be able to visit a bar or club to pull pussy for the night. Unless… every venue is a fucking sausage fest.

Going by my hypothesis that all the attractive women left Denmark to pursue a modeling career, what remains in Copenhagen is tons of sausage. It was rare to see less than a 2:1 ratio of males to females, but often it was much higher. The only time I experienced a favorable ratio was when I mistakenly went to a lesbian bar. The amount of sausage was close to unbelievable, and definitely worse than Washington DC.

Another negative hit to night game is that most bars allow smoking. It wouldn't be so bad if there were actually decent women amid the clouds of smoke, but that wasn't the case. My typical night in Copenhagen was drinking in a smoky bar with a ton of dudes and ugly, masculine girls.

The optimum night game to have is this: **nice guy who approaches a lot and isn't shy about going for the one-night stand**. I understand that this is a bit contradictory, since nice guys don't go for one-night stands, but that's the best way I can put it. Be aggressive about approaching and sealing the deal, but be passive and slightly meek while in conversation. It's better to be a generic, neutral, pleasant guy who wishes for world peace than one who has strong opinions and wants to share deep wisdom gleaned from a lifetime of rich experiences. Don't rock the boat if you want to get laid in Denmark.

So what do you talk about? What do you share opinions on? Anything but Denmark. If you want to talk about Denmark, frame it so that you're asking her for help, not that you're sharing observations. From a getting-laid standpoint, being self-deprecating about your own country to fit her stereotypes is much better than criticizing hers.

What I ended up doing was complimenting the things about Denmark I liked: the kebab shops and the cradle-to-grave services. I lamented how I didn't have health care and how

everything in Denmark seemed fair. This went over really well because it validated the superior feelings she had about her country. She would then modestly bash Denmark so that Jante Law karma was preserved. Simply nod your head as if you're a student of her land (nodding is tight game in Denmark, if you haven't already figured out).

To get along great with Danish girls, I would have to regress to a beta male, which is what I was back in the year 2000. Even if Danish girls were worth making that change for, which they're definitely not, it would take years of work to go back to being a scared little boy. In other words, if you're an alpha male, you'll only be able to make window dressing adjustments that will still put you far away from having the optimal nice guy game to connect with Danish women.

Even if you keep your nod game tight and don't accidentally turn girls off with comments that seem innocent to you, there's no guarantee you'll be sexually successful. There were too many times where I saw a Danish guy with top 1% nod game only get a chick's number before watching her ride home alone on her bicycle. While I do think a nicer Roosh would have gotten laid more in Denmark, I'm skeptical if it would have caused me to love the country instead of hating it with all my being.

Approaching

Indirect game will be your best bet, since the girls are so cold that they won't know how to handle your direct game. The good thing about Denmark is that the indirect approach style I use in the States remains effective. Feel free to bring out your more creative openers.

Be a little bit careful about giving too many humorous responses to the personal questions they ask, because Danish girls are very sensitive to cocky humor. By not answering directly, she may think you're making fun of her, thereby breaking Jante Law. My advice is to give one playful answer and then calibrate to see if she went along with your joke or not.

When a girl asked me what I was doing in Denmark, I would say, "I bought a farm in Jutland. It's always been my dream to be a farmer." Some girls would give me a stone face, as if saying, "Look, asshole, just cut the shit and tell me what the fuck you're doing here." In that case, if you still want to talk to her, you'll have to be more "boring" with your conversation by giving direct answers. The younger girls usually get taken in by humorous responses, which you can milk for a while before revealing the truth.

Opening girls should be easy for you, because your opener will be "normal" and not some of the lame shit Danish guys say or do. They approach toward the end of the night with stupid drunk game, increasing female bitch shields as the night goes on (this is a reason why I advise going early).

One time I saw a Danish guy open a girl by getting on his hands and knees and crawling between her legs. He went through, stood up, and tried to dance with her, but the frightened girl quickly rebuffed him. I almost dropped the drink out of my hand from pure shock. That's the level of game you'll have to beat in Denmark.

Conversation & Escalation

Starting conversations will be pretty easy because of your exotic status. Color me surprised at how interested girls were to know that I was from America (apparently not a lot of Americans visit Denmark). The fact that we're in Denmark, when most Americans don't even know that Denmark is a country, helps set us apart from our countrymen.

What didn't help was that I'd usually get cockblocked during the rare times when things were going well, almost with the same frequency as in America. Danish girls have such a hardcore feeling of loyalty towards each other that they're reluctant to ditch their girlfriends for a chance to get laid. More than anywhere else I've visited, it seemed like maintaining group cohesion throughout the night was important, whereas in America most nights end with some type of drama of who left who and whether Stacy is so drunk again she's going to be a slut and fuck some guy without a condom. Even Danish guys had this group cohesion, sacrificing their own dick for the sake of being a "good" friend. Morons.

Just like in America, I recommend you feel for the kiss on the same night you meet. If you're at a bar during the weekend where alcohol is involved and you're having a conversation that isn't interrupted often, I don't see any reason why you shouldn't get a kiss from a girl under the two-hour mark. For an average Danish girl, two hours is a sweet spot for the length of time it takes to kiss her, assuming she likes you and you know what you're doing.

The biggest problem in getting one-night stands is logistics. Since all girls ride their bicycles to the bar or club, it becomes a pain in the ass for them to ditch the bike, go home with someone, and then pick it up the next morning. For a guy, having to pick up his bicycle the morning after getting laid is no big deal, but girls are overly worried about their precious hipster bikes and deathly averse to taking an expensive cab (medium-length rides are more than $20 US). One thing you can do is suggest that both of you ride to your place, but if she lives far from you, she'll be resistant. Only if she is really horny will she be willing to overcome bad bicycle logistics, which is already stacked on top of the group loyalty problem I just mentioned.

The best logistical solution to the bicycle problem is to live within walking distance of where her bike is parked. When it's time to go for the afterparty move by inviting her over for a drink, you'll state how you live only "five minutes walking distance" away. The hamster in her brain likes this because she knows that regardless of what happens in your place, she won't be far from her bike.

Therefore when it comes time to game at night, go to spots that are near your place, even if it's not as good as a more distant spot. More than half of the battle in banging a Danish girl from night game is logistics, so get that settled from the start. When she asks where you're staying early in a conversation, you better believe she'll note your "down the street" answer in her head.

Hater Routine

My hypocrite hater routine was meant to trap a girl who was trying to call me out for

generalizing about Denmark. Early in a conversation, I'd make one of my observations about the country with a barely perceptible tone of annoyance. I'd say, "I've noticed that everyone in Denmark likes to wear earthy colors, like doo-doo brown and dark green. Also, the girls here are big fans of dirty military boots." The girl would get annoyed at that statement because I used the word "everyone." There is nothing a Danish girl hates more than when you generalize or stereotype, especially her own gender.

After she told me I needed to open my eyes to the awesomely unique and androgynous Danish style, I would offer a pseudo-apology: "I guess you're right. I shouldn't be so quick to judge."

Let a couple minutes go by then tell her you're planning a trip to Poland. Say, "I hear the girls there are very nice and charming." Since Danes look down on Poles, she'll say something to the effect that Poles are dumb, trashy, or ugly. Now you've got the bitch. Say, "You're stereotyping an entire country even though you criticized me for doing the same just a couple minutes ago. Are all Danish girls hypocrites?" Before she can respond, finish her off by saying, "In America, there's nothing we hate more than a hypocrite." Shake your head sideways as if you pity her, then turn away. Fatality. While I don't expect women to have much in the way of character, they should at least be consistent.

Long-Form Dating

If you've dated in America, you've dated in Denmark—it's just about the same shit. Text a girl two to four days after meeting her to plan for a first date around Wednesday at a bar near your place. Run your standard game without any cockiness and escalate from there.

Danish girls definitely open up more after they've known you for a while, so don't worry if you'll run out of things to say or not. Just let her tell you all her crazy opinions while nodding and casually touching. Go for a venue change to your place at the end of the night or try to weasel your way into hers.

The bright side is that girls are sincere in insisting to pay their share, unlike the fake "Oh I can pay" thing American girls do. Danish girls feel empowered in being able to afford their own alcohol, and thankfully the chance of banging her won't go down if she contributes like may be the case with American girls. Being too heavy-handed with your insistence to pay the entire check actually breaks Jante Law because you're implying that she's poor or that you have more money than her. Let her pay.

Even though I've just described to you the basics of sleeping with Danish women, my hope is that you'll never have to use this advice. My Danish friend Henrik did hint that Copenhagen wouldn't have what I wanted, but I was arrogant in thinking that I could overcome all odds with my experience and game skill to find a diamond in the rough. What a fool I was. If I lived in Copenhagen, I estimate it would take one year to land the caliber of woman that would only take me two or three weeks to find in Brazil or Poland. Thank god I'll never know for sure.

The best indicator of whether you'll like Denmark or not is if you enjoy American girls who lean toward the hipster side. If that's the case, you'll probably enjoy Danish girls, since they are less fat than American girls. They're a tad harder to get into the sack, mostly

due to logistical issues, but other than that you shouldn’t experience any additional difficulty. God bless you if you prefer masculine women who dress sloppily, because the pool of available women you can date in first-world nations is much larger than for me.

I’d understand if you wanted to move to Denmark to raise a family, but if you still want to visit with sex as your primary goal, consider yourself warned. I ignored all warnings and proceeded to needlessly endure two months in a country that made me miserable. Believe me when I say that I’ve learned my lesson.

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The above article was adapted from my newest release, **Don't Bang Denmark**, a 72-page hater travel guide that teaches you how to sleep with Danish women while simultaneously convincing you not to go. It contains tourist tips, game advice, sex stories, and hate. It gives you all the information you need to dislike Denmark with extra details not released on the blog. It's available in both paperback and ebook. Read sample pages or learn more about the book.

Not All Women Of The World Want An Alpha Male

February 19, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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If you only interact with women in the United States, particularly the big cities, it's easy to conclude that most of them want an alpha male. They want an outspoken, masculine, and cocky peacock that treats them poorly and plays hard to get. They don't want an agreeable nice guy who gives them compliments and shows eagerness in wanting to take them out. Only by displaying alpha traits did I get laid as I came of age in Washington DC. Before I started traveling in my late 20s, I didn't even think that women of the world would want their men any other way.

My game softened while I was in South America, but not too much. While I could be more affectionate and caring, the women of Brazil, for example, loved men who pursued them aggressively. The women of Colombia, used to dating mini drug lords, wanted ambitious men who weren't shy about displaying their means. They seemed to want a 33% beta and 66% alpha man, a mix that didn't clash with my prior held beliefs. It's only when I got to Europe that my alpha male model of seeing the world started to collapse.

In Iceland, I noticed that the women didn't care if you were alpha, just that you were good-looking and had a private room. In Denmark, I had to become an silent uber beta just to get laid. The more beta I was, the more Danish girls I fucked.

In Poland, I killed it by being a horny beta male. While I did approach and wasn't shy about escalating, I complimented Polish women freely. I bought them drinks and even the occasional dinner, treating them like a girlfriend even if they weren't. I wasn't cocky and rarely teased them. I didn't do anything to manually build attraction. I was just my talkative self and they were fine with that. The more soft and Drake-like I was, the more I was rewarded with their attention and affections.

I want to give additional clarification of what I mean by "beta." I wasn't supplicant and I didn't hold their purse while they went to the bathroom, but I wasn't an asshole either. I wasn't needy, I didn't contact them often, I didn't want to see them more than twice a week, and I didn't buy them presents or flowers, but I didn't play hard to get. I led the interaction, but I considered their suggestions and needs into account, such as asking them where they wanted to go or what type of food they wanted to eat. I did my best to increase their happiness, but I also expected something in return for what I gave them. I wouldn't disagree with you if you said that my preceding definition of beta is "lesser alpha," but for the sake of contrast lets call it beta.

There was no thought in my head that said to run alpha game on Polish girls, simply because they were so sweet and compliant. It wouldn't have made sense. They showed up on time for dates, didn't play games, didn't argue with me just for the sake of arguing, didn't stare at their phones every five minutes, and didn't try to make me jealous by flirting with other men. Even in long-term relationships it doesn't appear you need to run "relationship game" to keep their attraction level high. It's true that I did use game to get

the bang, but it was soft compared to what I run on American women.

The alpha model that you know well, that you use to bang American girls, is a temporary aberration in male-female dynamics, a preference that arises when a culture becomes sick and the functioning of normal relationships—and therefore society—breaks down. Alpha preference is not universal and not the way things have always been (all those studies done today that suggest the preference are being done on American and British women, not Polish or Estonian). While your father may be an alpha, he has no clue what alpha means, because there was no need in his time to actively become anything but a provider. If you think back to the times when women wanted ultra alphas, it was only when life was brutally short and resources scarce, but as long as there were stable tribes, beta providers were preferred. Providing *was* alpha.

As much as I want to blame feminism for causing women to have a predominant alpha preference, the women of Scandinavia are hopelessly drowning in feminist propaganda but do not prefer alpha males. Besides the occasional experimentation with a bad boy, they prefer subservient betas. A dominant alpha preference is present in only a handful of countries, most of them English-speaking. Even in South America, a place where alphas can do quite well, you'd be shocked at how many sniveling betas you see with beautiful young women.

I'm slowly coming to the conclusion that something is wrong with a culture if the women explicitly prefer alpha males. It makes illogical sense from a biological and humanitarian standpoint that a woman would go after men who will not provide or take care of them. Consider that women in America are mindlessly rushing to be used as cum buckets, which is being further encouraged by the media and Hollywood that makes fun of beta men for being boring, dopey, or unromantic.

To find out if a mating behavior is wrong or not, just use the sister test. Would you want your sister riding the carousel? Would you want her being subjected to what you do to bang American women? Or would you want her playing hard to get in order to find a good man who wants to take care of her forever? A society is healthy if the way you want your sister treated is the normal and prevalent behavior. This is the case in Scandinavia, Poland, and the Baltics, but we don't have that in America, a place where women openly despise and mock nice guys. The irony is that my sister knows I treat American girls like disposable razors while at the same time understanding that I must do so in order to get laid, as if I have no other choice.

The broken American system has given rise to sexual jackals like myself who take advantage of the current environment, but understand that a broken culture is not needed to have an exciting sex life. My time in Poland was sexually just as fun, only less porn-like. My mood was more balanced, my interactions with women were more pleasant, and my overall stress level was low. It now seems almost perverse to me that I had to act hard and hyper-masculine to fuck girls, that I had to be a caricature of an action movie character instead of simply being positive, easy-going, and engaging. But that's the American culture we have today. If you live in the United States, learn to be ridiculously

alpha or move somewhere else.

How To Pick Up Girls On The Street

February 21, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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1. Consider another venue. Yes, the first step to picking up on the street is asking yourself why you want to pick up on the street. It's the hardest venue, hands down, meaning every other day venue you can imagine is easier. Is there a mall or retail shop nearby? Coffee shop? Grocery store? Hell, even a Walmart will be easier. Street game will be the first venue you want to try, though it really should be the last because of its difficulty level. The only time it's "easy" is when you're in a foreign country and can act like a confused tourist.

2. Research a good spot. For most cities, the best time to do day approaches are Saturday afternoons. In college towns it's the opposite where weekday afternoons are superior. Use your eyes to determine when you usually see lone women walking around. Pick a street or park that has at least one cute woman walking by every five minutes or so. You don't want dense squares that are jam packed with people, because the force of the crowd will make a conversation uncomfortable for her. Once you find a good spot, camp out in a discreet area and wait for an attractive women to walk by. This method is far easier than walking around aimlessly in the hopes of finding women. Find a good spot in your city and master it.

3. When a cute girl walks by, follow her until she hits a Don't Walk signal. This may take a few blocks of stalking. The logic behind this method, especially for you day game newbs, is to talk to girls who are already stopped because it has a higher chance of leading to conversation than trying to stop them while in movement. That doesn't mean you shouldn't try to stop girls, but it will be harder, especially if she's walking fast. If you're smart, you'll choose to spit "lazy street game" by finding a bench next to a sidewalk. In that case just open her as she walks by while you're seated enjoying a Big Gulp. This is my preferred method for both the street and mall.

4. Ask her where you can find a pet shop. I've tried a couple dozen of street openers and this one is the best. It's weird, different, and takes some brainpower to answer, forcing the girl to snap out of whatever she's thinking about to digest your question. Most often the girl will say "No, sorry." This is when you step up to the plate and unleash mountains of ramble.

5. Ramble until you can ramble no more. Tell her how hard it is to find a pet shop. Give her a reason why you're looking for one (to buy some fish, a cat, or a dog). Give a reason why you asked her instead of someone else ("you look like an animal person"). For two tough minutes, you will be talking about nothing but pets and pet stores, making it up as you go along, warming up the girl in the process for a more personal chat. Pet ramble is necessary to get her into a social mood where she is more likely to show interest in what comes next.

6. Drop big bait. Your first big bait will be, "When I was in blah, it was easy to find pet shops. But here it's very difficult." If she doesn't mind that statement, give off another

sentence or two about the place you were in and how it's different. Make general comparisons between cities and use what she gives you to continue the conversation. If you're a foreigner, mention how you "just moved" to the city and are trying to "learn the local culture."

7. If you stall, hit her with the "don't seem like" line. I guarantee you will stall because on the street girls don't give you much to work with. If you hit a speed bump after two minutes of pet shop conversation and after dropping your first piece of big bait, say, "By the way, you don't seem like you're from here." Now you can "guess" where she's from based on something she's wearing, her accent, or the style of her hair. Does she ask you where your from, or at least show some interest? Great, then go from there. But after all this if she doesn't help you with the conversation, then she'll probably end it soon.

8. Get her number. If you successfully got out of pet shop talk, she's standing there with a half-smile on her face, and she asked you a personal question, you're in the clear to get her number. Exchange information like age and name, ask her where she usually hangs out, then suggest a drink meetup. While you can get a street number after only five minutes, you want to push towards at least 10 minutes if you want a date out of it. This means approaching girls who are at least walking slow and in no rush to get anywhere. If she's really into you, tell her you were about to grab a smoothie and if she wants to join you.

I don't bother with street game unless I'm in a foreign country, where it's ten times easier to pick up due to my shockingly confused foreigner status, but it's possible your home city may not have many day options besides street game. In that case, do chunks of at least five street approaches at a time. The difficulty of this approach means you will definitely need a one or two approach warm-up until the ramble starts flowing. No man is born with the ability to ramble about pets and pet stores. If I don't do a pet store opener in a couple weeks, my ramble on the first approach is horrid even though I've done this a million times.

The joy of this opener comes after you fuck a girl when she asks you, "So, were you really looking for a pet store?" Once I even had a girl say, "My mom doesn't think you were really shopping for a kitten." The fact that she will tell *everyone* about your unique pet store approach keeps you on her mind and increases the chances she will go out with you on a first date. Your approach can actually be a great conversation topic on the date since you can "update" her on your pet search status.

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The above street game article was 1,100 words. My day game book, Day Bang, is 75,000 words, with 18 pages alone on street approaching with an additional 183 pages that teach you how to approach, ramble, drop big bait, and close. If you want to learn how to effectively pick up women during the day, **click here to learn more about my book**.

The Ditch Move

February 23, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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My new Danish roommate, a 22-year-old student, figured out that it was a whole lot easier to get laid if he let girls come to him. He set up a CouchSurfing profile that advertised his apartment as being “just a few steps” from the central train station. He sorted through a dozen requests each week from hippie travelers, only responding to cute girls. At first glance, it seemed like the perfect scam to get laid without any effort, but there were two big problems.

The first was that the quality on CouchSurfing was laughably low, comprised mostly of ugly girls who were bottom of the barrel from their respective countries. The second was that their photos were grossly misleading, just like you’d encounter on a regular Internet dating site.

Both factors were in full effect with our first CouchSurfer, a young American girl. She gained entry into our house even though she had the ugliest face I had seen in months. “She looked good in the photos,” my roommate said with a disapointed look on his face.

“You underestimate a woman’s skill in misrepresenting herself on the Internet,” I replied.

Two more female CouchSurfers came the following day—a Russian girl who didn’t like talking and a chubby French girl with a sexy accent who was obviously looking to screw. My roommate and his Danish buddies all competed for the French girl while the Russian and American faded into the background. It was a typical scene of young guys fighting it out for one chick, ensuring that no one would get her (it took a second stay a month later for the French girl to get fucked by one of the guys).

I left the crowded apartment to join my original Danish roommate from Rio, Henrik, at a party thrown by one of his friends. His date was a Brazilian girl he’d been trying to seduce for three years. A couple weeks earlier they had masturbated in front of each other on Skype, where she made many positive comments about his penis size. All signs pointed to a bang.

The first thing he said when I arrived at the party was, “I fucked up.”

“What happened?”

“I tried to kiss Camilla, but she wouldn’t let me. Now it’s all ruined.”

“Okay, slow down,” I said. “Tell me what led up to it.”

“We were in the kitchen, standing really close. I looked at her and said, ‘I’m going to kiss you now.’ Then I leaned in, but she turned away.”

“That doesn’t sound that bad. How long had you guys been out before you tried to kiss?”

“About two hours.”

“And she’s Brazilian, right?”

“Yeah, of course.”

“I mean, you were in Rio with me. The girls kissed at way under two hours, and that was without any Skype sex. She has known you for three years, she’s seen your cock, and she didn’t want to kiss? That doesn’t make any sense.”

“Yeah, I don’t get it.”

“It sounds like she’s playing some weird game. Why would a girl go out with a dude on a weekend night unless she’s at least trying to get some action?” I wondered out loud. “I bet that living in Denmark for so long has poisoned her Brazilian vibe. It’s the same thing with Brazilian girls I meet in America. They act colder and more strange.”

“So what should I do?” he asked.

“How are things right now?”

“Well, I pulled back. We haven’t talked in about twenty minutes.”

“Let me think of a plan. You still have options.”

While Henrik moped in the kitchen, looking for alcohol, his friend Paul came up to me with a copy of my book, *A Dead Bat In Paraguay*. Henrik had told him about me and my blog after returning from Brazil.

They’d been talking about the book before I arrived, so the four girls there were eager to meet the guy behind it. They asked all sorts of questions as if I was famous. Unfortunately, they were ugly, but I didn’t mind the attention, since it was the closest I’ll ever get to an official book signing.

“Can you read from the book?” Paul asked.

“You mean read out loud?”

“Yeah, out loud.”

He handed me the book and I scanned for passages a mixed-gender, liberal crowd would enjoy. Should I read the part about when I had explosive diarrhea in the Peruvian mountains? The part when I wet the bed in Bolivia? How about one of the dozens of nights when I masturbated after failing to get laid?

“The book is sexist and foul,” I finally said. “The girls won’t like it.”

He insisted, but I refused. While I’ve always gotten satisfaction in knowing that girls who read my work are offended, I didn’t want to be the center of attention at a party where there was no girl I was interested in.

One ugly girl ended up reading several pages. Then she pulled me aside and asked if I was “arrogant” and “anti-feminist.” She seemed proud to be confronting me, but I just smiled and nodded my head, refusing to engage her in the debate she’d obviously been mentally rehearsing. It would have just fucked up my mood.

Henrik came up to me looking upset. “Dude, you won’t believe what just happened. You know that bottle of Jameson I brought to the party?”

“The bottle that’s now empty?”

“Yeah, that one. Camilla still had a glass half full of Jameson. I grabbed her glass to pour

some into mine, but she said, ‘Stop taking my whiskey!’ She yelled at me!”

I scratched my beard. “This is bad,” I said. “You’re not getting laid tonight.”

“I didn’t think so.”

“First the head-turn, and now denying you whiskey that you brought. She’s being cold. A bitch, even.”

“Plus she mentioned she may try to meet up with her friends in a bit.”

“Wow, that is bad. It’s over, bro.”

“Damn it.” He tightened his mouth and looked down.

“But there is one thing you can do,” I said.

“Tell me, please.”

“Now there’s no guarantee it will work, and for tonight you have to completely forget about getting laid, but it’s your best shot at fucking her at some indeterminable point in the future.”

“What is it?” He was eager now, and I paused a few seconds to heighten the tension.

“Ditch.”

“Ditch?”

“Yup, just leave without saying anything. That drives a girl crazy. She’ll blow up your phone and call you a lot of nasty names, but at the same time it will make her pussy incredibly moist like carrot cake. She loves a guy who doesn’t want her, and there’s nothing like the ditch move to let her know that.”

“What does it involve?”

“Tell her you’re going to the bathroom, exit the building, then don’t answer her texts or calls for at least a day.”

“I can’t do that. That’s so mean.”

“That’s the whole point, dummy. It’s your best bet. Otherwise, I’m afraid she’s going to ditch you first. All signs point to that.”

I could tell he was torn. He was a nice guy who loved the art of romance now being asked to be a supreme dick. The only reason he finally agreed to my plan was that I had never let him down in the past. Everything I had ever told him worked, especially in Rio, where thanks to me he had fucked his dream girl. He knew it was in his best interest to do exactly what I had told him.

We began putting the plan into action. First, I loudly complained about wanting to go to a bar, but expressed confusion on how to navigate from the residential area we were in. I took out a map and pretended to be studying it.

Then he told Camilla, “I’m going to put him on the right path because he wants to go to some bar. He’s a stupid American and he doesn’t know how to get there. I’ll be right back.” Of course he had no intention of returning.

We walked out of the apartment together, hurrying our pace once on the sidewalk. “My

heart is pounding," he said.

"Yeah, because you just disrespected the fuck out of someone," I laughed, "but when you do it enough times, you don't even feel anything."

"You're a monster, Roosh."

"Thank you. I consider that a compliment."

We were in line at a rock bar when I advised Henrik to turn off his phone. I was afraid he'd respond if she called.

"Now understand that it's over for tonight. We must meet new girls. Tomorrow night she'll blow up your phone, probably after 6:00."

"Are you sure?"

"While I don't like to guarantee anything involving female behavior, I absolutely guarantee that she'll contact you tomorrow. This move never fails to help a man regain the upper hand."

We waited in line for at least fifteen minutes, pumped at the prospect of meeting some new girls, when suddenly Paul came up to us. "Where did you go?" he said. In the back of the line was everyone from the party, including Camilla.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck! What do I do now?" Henrik said.

"Oh, man, you're fucked," I said. "This has never happened before. You weren't supposed to see her for the rest of the night."

"No shit!"

"Did you tell anyone you were coming here?" Copenhagen was too big a city for such a coincidence to occur.

"Well, I told Paul earlier that we should come here."

I shook my head in disgust, wondering if the beta male in him had subconsciously sabotaged the move. We walked into the bar, leaving them still waiting in line.

"Look, just don't make eye contact with her. If she comes up to you, say, 'Yeah I intended to come back, but then I realized we weren't having a good time, so I decided to stay with Roosh. I didn't want to have my whole night ruined.'"

I actually rehearsed it with him twice by pretending to be Camilla. Since asshole game wasn't in him, I didn't want to take any more chances.

Through sheer luck, Henrik recognized a girl he had fucked in the past. He talked to her just long enough for the time it took Camilla to come in and witness it.

Henrik eventually came back to me and said, "Let's forget the move. I want to talk to Camilla and smooth things over."

Doing so would have completely demolished the value he had gained from the ditch move, so I convinced him that the best course of action was to leave. I began doubting that he was even capable of running the ditch move to its completion. I felt that giving him the move was like giving a nuclear bomb to a country that didn't have any missiles to

launch it.

We went to a seedy bar close my house. The American bartender hooked me up with a whiskey on the rocks that was filled almost all the way to the top. The first Danish girl I talked to said, “What weak drink are you having? Just ginger ale?” I insisted she take a sip and she nearly choked on the drink, something I thoroughly enjoyed.

It took only three days in Denmark to tell my first Danish girl to fuck off. I put zero effort into tempering my character to better mesh with their combative and aggressive personalities. My beginning game wasn’t trying to figure out how to bang Danish girls, but approaching in huge quantities to find one “normal” girl who wanted to have fast sex with a confident, slightly arrogant man. That turned out to be a fool’s errand.

Attempts to share my stories with them failed because it made it seem like I knew more than they did, breaking the cultural rules set forth in Jante Law. Things got worse when I offered my conclusions or generalizations based on those experiences. I couldn’t even *insinuate* my positive qualities, which is a big chunk of what seduction is about. The parts of my game that had helped me get laid elsewhere were completely useless when it came to the average Danish girl.

By the night of the party, I had only been in Denmark for two weeks, but I had already started to miss Iceland. It’s true that the girls there don’t have a whole lot to say and are just as combative, but at least they’ll fuck you. I put up with Icelandic girls because I knew I would be rewarded with fast sex, but Danish girls give you a lot of shit before they give up the pussy. Because Danish girls are so alpha, any attempt at being alpha yourself will only lead to conflict. Up to that point, the only cool chick I met out of a couple dozen approaches was a shy girl who lived on a farm.

At the end of the night, I got into a conversation with a girl I immediately pegged as bitter. I held the line and she finally opened up when she mentioned that she painted in her spare time. I took an interest in it and she showed me a picture of one of her most recent paintings on her iPhone. I looked and made a nice comment about the colors. Then she said, “Well I don’t care what you think since I do it for myself.”

I went ballistic. I called her “fucking insane” for showing me something with the intention of discounting any reaction she would receive. I ended my tirade with, “You must be single.” I looked at her friend and said, “Your friend is single, right?”

“Yes.”

Earlier in the conversation, I noticed two Icelandic girls I had talked to earlier, off in the distance smoking cigarettes. I remembered how my Iceland bangs went down: hitting up a girl at the end of the night for an instant venue change to my apartment. Those girls could smoke on their walk home; they didn’t have to wait there. I concluded that they were waiting for a pair of guys to swoop them up.

For some reason, I continued talking to the Danish artist, even though I knew she was a lost cause. By the time of the iPhone moment, the Icelandic girls were gone. I passed on a good opportunity to have sex in order to talk to a girl whose main goal was showing that

she didn’t care about what I thought.

The next day, Camilla contacted Henrik at 4:30 in the afternoon. He didn’t answer, as I had instructed him. She called two more times, and eventually they got into a chat on Facebook. I was online at the same time, telling him exactly what to write. While he regained the upper hand, she was too tough and combative in subsequent encounters, never lowering her aggression to allow humor to bring them back together.

The problem, I told Henrik, was she had become too Danish.

Alpha Male Vs. Beta Male

February 26, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I commissioned Anchorbolt Studios out of Los Angeles to make a fun video showing the difference between alpha males and beta males (with a Bang promo at the end). Grab some popcorn for this three minute clip…

Now I'll be the first to admit that the words alpha and beta have lost a lot of their original meaning, especially with recent discussion here on foreign women preferring betas. This video is meant to be an amusing comparison of a typical bar alpha and bar beta **in America**. Soon we'll have to qualify the terms by saying American alpha, Polish beta, Baltic epsilon, Danish uber extreme beta, and so on.

As for the clip, I got a kick out of the alpha saying my lines. It's cool to think there are thousands of mini-Rooshs running around, gaming and banging. I'm so proud.

Thanks goes out to the actors for participating in the clip and especially Giordany from Anchorbolt for making it.

Everything I Know About Women

February 28, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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

“Yes I’m Roosh.”

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

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

One month later he came back.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He came back nine months later and greeted me in decent Spanish. He told me a lot of fun stories about Colombia, including how he had a little fling with Maria, a girl he met while asking for directions in Medellin. “When I was in Colombia I heard a lot of guys

hyping up Brazil, so I started learning Portuguese. It's not so hard because the languages are similar. But anyways I still want you to teach me everything you know about women."

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

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

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

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

Hiatus

March 1, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I'm going to take a break from the blog for a short while to study Russian since I just moved to the Soviet Union. My next post will be dropping a short game book that will hopefully entertain you comrades until I come back in the Spring.

Now would be a good opportunity to catch up on my older books. You can view all of them at Bang Guides. The forum will stay open and I should be around Twitter.

My Existence Is Becoming Illegal

March 11, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

On Friday, Jezebel published an article that contained a list of "hate" sites in the manosphere. They used a site called Man Boobz as its authoritative reference, a misandrist hotbed written by an overweight feminist woman with large breasts. I scored a spot on their list because I don't always call women back after I have sex with them:

> Roosh Vörek is a Maryland-raised PUA ("pick up artist") whose specialty is sex with foreign women; his blog is a sales vehicle for his books like Bang: The Pick Up Bible and Bang Iceland: How to Sleep With Icelandic Women in Iceland, which one Icelandic feminist group described as a "rape guide." Vörek likes to talk about his many "notches" (seductions) and such things as "American cunts who I want to hate fuck." He adds: "I'll be the first to admit that many of my bangs in the United States were hate fucks. The masculine attitude and lack of care these women put into their style or hair irritated me, so I made it a point to fuck them and never call again."

The quotes-out-of-context game was played for several more sites you probably know, such as In Mala Fide, Spearhead, and A Voice For Men, though I am the only game blog to have made it (Heartiste should have been on there). Jezebel makes it clear that all the sites are "woman-hating" and "misogynistic."

Hold on, my mistake, I'm getting reports coming in that Jezebel didn't write this list at all. It was actually published by the Southern Poverty Law Center, an organization you may have remembered from high school U.S. history class. It was important during the black civil rights era in the United States, eventually suing the KKK out of existence. To save helpless victims of the American patriarchy, they are now attacking a group of guys who empower men, along with a bearded fellow who teaches how to score some of that sweet poonani.

Reason magazine published a response with a headline channelling The Onion: The Southern Poverty Law Center Is Now Writing About Pickup Artists as Hate Groups.

> Take note, America: Having consensual sex (Roosh is not a rapist, but a seducer) with someone you don't actually like and then never calling her/him again will land you in a reputation-ruining** **SPLC report [which] gets sent to every law enforcement agency in the country**

Business Insider also put up an article:

> Be careful, fellas: If you use your personal blog to rant about women, a civil rights group just might publicize details about your mortgage and medical history.

Our cause is real, and it has arrived. Ironically, it is my inclusion on the list which has

people gunning for the SPLC as an irrelevant organization. Here's what the National Review had to say:

> Now, piggybacking on the two minutes' hate against Limbaugh, [the SPLC has] found a new arena of hate groups, comparable to neo-Nazis and the skinheads: the "manosphere" of misogynist web sites, including, among others, "Roosh Vörek . . . a Maryland-raised PUA ("pick up artist") whose specialty is sex with foreign women." As if that weren't funny enough, one of their sources of information is—I am not making this up—something called manboobz.com.

Instapundit also weighed in. Finally, there's a surprisingly fair article in the Huffington Post which almost makes me out to be a nice guy.

Two things I've written come to mind…

> "Anything you do that increases your ability to be sexually successful while decreasing your dependence on dating American women will result in them trying to isolate and disparage you." [Source]

Check.

> "Being an alpha male is already a crime or soon will be." [Source]

Work in progress.

If a girl doesn't like you after she has consensual sex with you, or has bad feelings in her wittle tummy, she can say you raped her. Go to jail, creep. Rape laws are intended for real rapists, but they are being applied to fake rapists.

If a girl doesn't like your approach, there will be a law on the books that will deem it illegal (they're currently working on it in my home city). You'll be arrested and have to explain a criminal record of "public sexual harassment" to potential employers. It is intended for perverts, but it will be applied to normal guys like us if you happen to have the bad luck of approaching a girl with issues or other mental problems, of which a whopping 25% of American women suffer from.

Instead of banning game, an Orwellian task, your elite masters will attempt to neutralize its effects by giving women a "put him in jail" card that she can use at the beginning or end of the process. Don't like your approach? "Officer, he assaulted me by touching me on the shoulder." Feeling regretful for slutty behavior? "Judge, he raped me while I was intoxicated."

It is clear that gender hate is now a one-way street. Men can hate women but not the other way around. Men can rape, women can't. Men can be abusive, both physically and emotionally, but women can't. Men can be misogynist, but women can't be misandrist, a word that is unknown to most of the American population. Men can be described as lazy slobs who play video games all day, but women are perfect as-is in a country where there are organizations trying to convince you that being fat is both healthy and beautiful. Male teachers get sent to pound-me-in-the-ass prison if they have sex with a student, but

female teachers only get a slap on the wrist. If you're a man, you're likely a perpetrator of hate, violence, and abuse to innocent American women, even if you don't yet realize your thought crime, but never the other way around. If an American woman is being "strong" and "independent" by criticizing you, you best stop whining, man up, and accept her masculine behavior as the new normal in today's glorious utopia.

If a group called RadFem is outed for advocating real hate and abuse to men—of fantasizing *about killing men*—then you should just ignore it. No media outlet will dare report on extreme feminists. They will not be put on any liberal think tank's hate list. But if some guy teaches men how to get laid while making fun of women who have long since stopped acting like women, his name is not only put on such a list but it's forwarded to law enforcement agencies across the country. If another man teaches men how not to get raped in divorce court or get his kids taken away, he's advocating hate speech. The supreme irony is that the principal source for the SPLC list is a vehement anti-man web site, Man Boobz, whose main audience is lesbians and transsexuals. This is who they consult when constructing a report that may have serious consequences for those *heterosexual* men mentioned. It would be like President Obama asking me to construct a list of gay guys who have may have said meanie things in the past.

Look back ten years. Do you remember hearing about false rape accusations? Was there a such thing as "street harassment"? Now imagine ten years into the future. How much more "progress" will they make? My only hope is that the sites who made the SLPC list will attract a larger audience who helps push back feminist attempts to outlaw normal male behavior. This arduous process, for the most part, is unacceptable to me. Life is too short to fix a broken culture, to change the minds of so many brainwashed people who are primed since birth to deny reality. I believe the only real solution is expatriation. Until that solution can be achieved for you, learning game and carefully choosing women you get involved with will suffice.

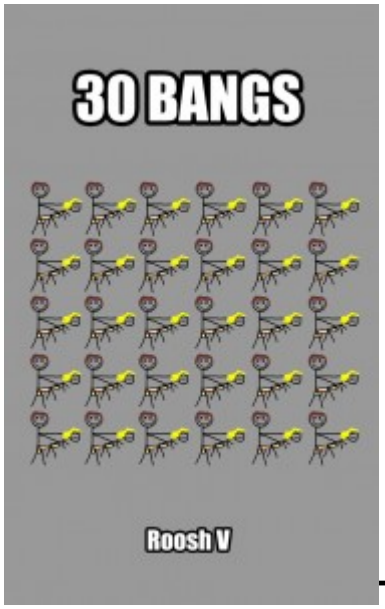
When I first found out that I was on the SPLC list, I laughed. I accepted all the congratulations from my readers on Twitter and on the forum, but at the end of the day I felt depressed. I felt depressed because I know that my ideas will never be widely accepted in my lifetime, that as long as I write I will be constantly attacked. I was attacked in Iceland, I was attacked in Denmark, and I was attacked by neo-Nazis in Estonia who called the police on me for having a drink at the club. And now the establishment in my own country is on the verge of declaring my writing and ideas to be illegal. I don't know exactly how I got here, but I have a feeling that this is just the beginning.

If I knew years ago that blogging about getting laid and travel would put me on a hate list by a civil rights organization, I would have stayed anonymous. Too late now. I will be silenced at some point, but until then I will go on with my big head held high. I'm far from done.

My New Book: 30 Bangs

March 25, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Today I'm happy to release my latest book, **30 Bangs,** which I'm dedicating to the Southern Poverty Law Center. It details how I had sex with 30 different women while consciously using various game methods and techniques. The purpose of this book is to show by example so that you can duplicate the behaviors, moves, and lines that led to my success.



The short stories contained in this brief memoir include the following…

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

30 Bangs contains straight-forward reports about belt notching. As you make your way through each story, you'll be able to see how my skill at sealing the deal became more lethal. My hope for men who read this book is to realize not only what is possible when it comes to fast sex, but to adopt a killer instinct mindset for use in their own future bangs.

Here's a review by a reader who won a pre-release copy:

> Really enjoyed the book, as always. The writing is tight and Roosh's ability to show progression in his game and point out mistakes in hindsight gives it a lot of authenticity. Most of us on the forum have read a lot of Roosh's stuff, but I could see this as a good intro for a first-time reader, since his game comes off as relatable and pragmatic in contrast to some of the more self-aggrandizing "PUA"

> dogma that newbies would find viscerally offensive to blue-pill ideas of reality.
>
> After buying and reading both “Bang” and “Day Bang,” I often wondered about the situations that led to developing the standard tactics, so it was cool to see the origins of a few of the best moves. The book also shows a lot of intermediate/advanced game concepts in action if you read between the lines (social proof in “The Resistance”, The “slow close vs. rabid wolf” necessity of pushing for the bang quickly, different ways of diffusing last minute resistance etc.), so I think there’s something that players at every level can take away from it.
>
> I definitely laughed out loud a few times (especially at the “I told her that brand sucked” line in “The Vegas Slut”), so it scored highly on the entertainment scale for me as well. The number of bangs described was enough to illustrate certain recurring patterns in interactions with women, but it was varied enough not to be needlessly repetitive. Overall, really awesome stuff. Buy it.

Click one of the following links to learn more:

- Five full-length sample pages
- **How to order a copy in paperback or ebook**

I think you’ll find the ebook and Kindle price ($5.99) to be most agreeable. Also, the cover above was rejected by Amazon for some reason so the paperback does not contain the MS Paint graphic.

I’m Back

April 1, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

It’s been over a month since I started my hiatus, the longest I’ve ever taken. In that time I dived head first into the Russian language. About four months after I initially started studying it, I banged a girl using Russian only. It was a glorious bang, one that kept me high for several days after. It only took a few hours from start to finish, but that’s not counting the 100+ hours I studied. The more work you put into something, the more you appreciate the reward.

Not surprisingly, my motivation to study Russian for over two hours a day has been sapped. I want to get back to writing. My newest book 30 Bangs has been well-received and next up is Bang Poland. Then I’ll have guides on Latvia, Estonia, and maybe Lithuania. Currently I’m thinking about writing a memoir for my experience in Industrial Shithole. I don’t think I work hard, maybe only a couple hours a day, but I work steady, and those couple hours easily translates to a few hundred thousand words a year.

I can’t help but notice a lot of changes in how our beliefs are being perceived. Our ideas are becoming more popular—you can see them in comments to articles published in mainstream outlets. Women are getting a lot of pushback for their feminist beliefs, their bad attitudes, their poor appearances, and their male shaming. I think this will only get stronger. We haven’t won anything yet, but really we have. The cat is out of the bag and it’s not going back in.

Right now I feel more hopeful than ever for my fellow man, even if it’s over for me. I’ve now lived outside of the States for nearly three years total and have no interest in living there again. If you’ve experienced what I’ve experienced, I’m sure you would feel the same. Still, I know a lot of you are stuck in the States, and I want to help you find happiness in the sausage fest you can’t yet escape.

My main goal right now is to act as an ambassador to the outside world, to be real with you on how things really are when you step out of America and its fantasy culture that fights reality and biology. I will do this by sharing my stories and experiences as I live in one country to the next. Instead of only teaching you American game, something that is becoming more distant to me, I will teach you world game.

It turns out that game is not much more different than a language. You could try to speak English when you land in Colombia, and you may be understood, but you will be able to communicate better if you learn Spanish. American game can work in many places, but it’s best to learn the correct local game from the start. This is what I’ve been doing, and I will continue to share with you what I discover about these new “languages.” I will tell you how *real* women are like and the type of man they want. I will tell you everything.

Class for the new semester begins on Wednesday.

Sniper Game

April 3, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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

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

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

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

1. Careful venue selection. This isn't just picking a bar versus a club, but the right *type* of bar or club. If you think back to where you've pulled the most girls, that venue has a lot of qualities which, for whatever reason, helped your success. This can range from the loudness of music, lighting, dance floor size, crowd personality, and bar layout. I find that venue selection is more important than the ratio of males to females. I can more easily pick up in a sausage fest of my favorite venue than a poor logistical venue that has a better ratio of girls.

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

3. Reconnaissance of the females. After settling into my spot, I observe the women. On any given night, there will be two or three that I really want, and maybe five others

that I'd bang. All are fair game for an approach, as I won't pass on a bangable girl for a shot at a "dream" girl. I carefully study each girl. How many people is she with? Is she drinking? Does she seem more interested in dancing or talking? Is she looking around the room? Does she have a ring on her finger? How is she responding to guys who approach her? Is she moving in a sexual way that suggests she wants male attention? Is she more engaged with her friend(s) than the crowd? Is she making eye contact with me? From this study I guess which girl or two would be most open to having sex with me on that night. I keep a stalker eye on them (using my peripheral vision, of course).

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

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

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

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

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

entire process is if there are girls hot enough that motivate me to snipe and if they are feeling my vibe.

Here are things I DON'T do…

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

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

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

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

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

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

Drama, Vodka, Sex, and Blood

April 5, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Before I came to Denmark, Henrik introduced me to his Swedish fuck buddy over Skype. At that time I was planning to go to Sweden, so he was trying to do me a favor by setting me up with a local. The Swede and I friended each other on Facebook.

Unfortunately, he told her about my blog. It was upsetting to her since she was a diehard feminist, as most Swedish girls are. Our subsequent chats consisted of her bitching me out about my sexist beliefs, so I was forced to remove her on Facebook and block her on Skype. She'll become important later.

Henrik adamantly refused to take my advice on dating a new dream girl he had met right before I came to Copenhagen. She proceeded to dump him after the second date, before they could do more than kiss. He was much less responsive to my ideas than when we were in Rio. It seemed that spending a year in Copenhagen with his old friends had caused him to fully regress to being a nice guy.

For the first month, Henrik and I went out one or two nights a week, reliving some of our Rio days. We joked about how our friendship was unlikely since we believed essentially the opposite of everything, especially women. He was a romantic beta who wanted a long-term relationship, and I the shallow gash hound who just wanted to fuck something for the night.

Over the next few weeks, I started to develop a mild resentment that he didn't see things the way I did, even when I led by example. How could he not come to the same conclusions I had? Why did he insist on spitting a game that made it harder to get with women? A crack in the friendship developed when one night I got angry at him after he pulled me away from talking to a girl at last call. The reason? He was "bored." He wanted entertainment while I was focused on getting laid.

I tried my best to rationalize how much his friendship meant to me, but now he was doing actual harm. I began to see only the negatives. Instead of bickering with him like my instinct was telling me, I realized that with only one more month remaining in Denmark it would be best to just take it easy until I left. There was no point burning a bridge when in all likelihood our friendship was going to dissipate anyway.

One night I convinced him to go out with me to a bar. He met a tall Polish girl. They connected quickly and the following Friday he invited me out to dinner and drinks with her and her friend. It sounded like a four or five-hour affair, so I asked him to send me a picture of the friend. If she was at least a 6, I'd go. She turned out to be a beast, so I told him, "Thanks, but no thanks."

Then he disappeared. I didn't hear from him in more than a week, even though we had been contacting each other almost every day. He finally messaged me to say he was going on a two-week trip with his buddy Paul to the Middle East.

During the three weeks I didn't see him, I experienced a hot streak. It felt like pussy was

falling from the sky. I was getting so much more going out alone than with Henrik as my wingman that I began thinking hard about our friendship. I concluded that we were friends because of my loneliness, not because we were a good match.

In no way did I blame him for not getting laid. I take full responsibility for my sex life, but his absence made me realize that I no longer needed him, or any other guy, to help me meet women. I didn't need a guy to put me in a social mood, and I didn't need him to wing me. A can of worms opened up where I asked myself what was more important to my life, friendship or casual sex.

Fast forward a month to my last Saturday night in Copenhagen. Henrik came back from his trip and I was genuinely excited to hang out with him for what would probably be the last time. He told me he had invited one of his friends for my goodbye celebration. It turned out to be the same Swedish girl who had beefed with me online.

I was annoyed, but tried to keep a positive attitude, saying I'd be nice to her. I went to my favorite bar and told him to meet me there.

While waiting alone, I talked to three friendly Danish girls, one of whom I took a liking to. Our conversation was going well when all of a sudden an ugly hog came between us and started stroking my arm.

"Excuse me, but I'm having a conversation with someone," I said to her.

She didn't move. I increased my volume: "I can't talk to you right now, so can you please move?" I wasn't surprised because it has actually happened before where Danish beasts had come up to me and refused to take no for an answer. Then I saw Henrik out of the corner of my eye, laughing. It turned out that the beast was the Swedish girl.

I put on a fake smile and politely asked the Swedish girl if she would move so I could resume my conversation.

"You don't like me, do you?" the Swedish girl asked.

"You're very quick."

"But why not?"

"Look, I don't want to talk to you. I don't like you, and now you're interrupting my conversation with someone. Leave me alone."

She walked away while giving me the middle finger. I resumed my chat with the Danish girl. Ten minutes later, the Swedish girl interrupted us again.

I looked at Henrik and said, "Hey buddy, thanks a fucking lot for bringing this stupid bitch here on my last night. That's how much my friendship means to you, huh?"

"I'm not a bitch!" the Swedish girl shouted.

"Yes, you are. A stupid, ugly, fat, cockblocking bitch. Now get the fuck out of my face."

"Don't try to intimidate me!"

Then Henrik said, "Don't talk that way about my friends."

"So now she's your friend and I'm not. Okay man, I see how it is. Well you know what?

She can fuck off and so can you."

"You're just being angry now," Henrik said.

"No shit I'm angry. What kind of friend are you? You know it's my last night and you bring a girl who gives me shit and then cockblocks me. You disappear for a week because I don't want to go on some lame double date. Fuck all that."

"And do you know why I disappeared on you? Because I was trying to teach you the value of friendship for not wanting to hang out with me and my girl's friend."

The bar was dark, but my face was shining a molten red. I felt ambushed, like it had been his plan to start drama with a girl he already knew had been giving me problems.

I said, "Hold on, let me get this straight. You ditched me because I didn't want to waste a Friday night with your girl's ugly ass friend? Are you my dad, trying to teach me a lesson?" I took my phone out of my pocket, removed the SIM card he had given me when I arrived in Copenhagen and threw it at him. "Take your fucking SIM card and go fuck off with that ugly fat bitch. FUCK YOU!"

Did I overreact? Possibly, but I didn't want a friend who was capable of making me that upset. Our friendship, spanning two continents and seventeen months, was over. They walked away and left the bar.

The Danish girl I'd been talking to witnessed my temper tantrum, freaked out, and also walked away. I was no longer in any mood to talk to girls. I just wanted to go home, but it felt like that was what Henrik and the Swedish girl would have wanted. I decided to stay. In the next hour, I slowly got my mood back. I focused on drinking vodka from my spot, making small talk with the guys and girls around me.

I started chatting with a 28-year-old woman. Things were going well, but then I got into a heated argument with a drunk Danish guy who almost pushed me off my chair as he tried to get a drink at the bar. I told him to stop, he didn't, and we were on the verge of blows until his friend broke it up. He was considerably bigger than me, but I had so much anger bubbling underneath that I was ready to fight and get beat up. The Danish woman walked away. Scandinavians are a peaceful bunch that don't like displays of violence or aggression.

I was very edgy, but tried my best to remain calm. I knew I was failing when a gay guy came up to me and said, "Man, you look really pissed!"

Two ugly girls approached me but I didn't indulge them for long. It was getting late and I was losing hope. Sure, my mood could've been better, but there just weren't any cute girls to talk to. I sat in silence for what seemed like forever, stewing about the night's events, when two young girls came into the bar. I forced myself to approach.

"You guys don't look like you're from here," I said. I went through the motions until a conversation hooked. I ended up talking to the blonde while her brunette friend flirted with the bartender.

The night before, I stupidly told girls I was leaving "in a few days." I went home alone, without a number or a kiss, the first time I'd gotten absolutely nothing since flying solo

without Henrik. I'm positive my knightly honesty was the reason why. I find it weird that even when a girl wants a one-night stand, she needs to be able to rationalize it by saying to herself that a relationship *could* have developed.

I learned from my mistake. When the blonde asked me when I was leaving, I said, "I live here," even though my flight was scheduled to leave in four days. Twenty minutes later I was making out with her while the friend was making out with the bartender. I bought a round of drinks and soon it was almost five a.m. I asked if she wanted to go. She said, "I can't leave without my friend."

Her friend told us she wanted to wait for the bartender until he was done closing the bar. Of course she didn't want to wait alone, so the three of us sat on a bench outside, in the cold, for an hour.

My girl was falling asleep, so I talked gibberish to keep her awake. Finally the bartender came and took the friend away. I said to my girl, "Do you want to hang out at my place for a little while?"

"Yes, but we can only sleep."

"That's fine," I said. "I'm tired anyway."

We walked to my apartment.

Once on my bed clothes began coming off, but I was getting a shitload of resistance. She said, "I'm not very experienced at this." She was 18 years old.

I said, "We can take it easy and slow, no rush." Then I uttered the biggest lie of the night: "I want it to feel good for you. I'm not worried about me."

It worked.

The poor girl was so self-conscious that she didn't even like it when I looked at her pussy to do the insertion, and insisted on leaving her shirt on. Centimeter by centimeter, I worked it in by feel with the help of about a gallon of lube.

I can assure you that the sex didn't feel good for her, but toward the end I could get some rhythm going and actually busted my nut. Then I saw all the blood on my bed.

The sex was awful, but I didn't care because wounding that 18-year-old pussy left my dick hard until she left. I don't know why, but the fact that she was thirteen years younger than me aroused me tremendously. She asked if I wanted to hang out again and I told her maybe, but I'd be out of town for a while. I didn't feel at all bad or guilty about what I did.

I never spoke to Henrik again.

The Secret To Landing A Man

April 8, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Feminist culture has done a good job robbing American women of their natural feminine allure. All that's left are empty shells of human androgyny that is begging to be filled by so-called female dating experts who were unsuccessful in landing a man themselves . Cosmo, self-help books, and Jezebel are eagerly filling the hole, creating women who are unattractive and painful to talk to.

If you want to boil it down to one sentence, here's what they are teaching young women today: "Just do what guys do to you!"

Want to attract a guy? Talk about your awesome office job!

Want to get him more interested? Be witty, funny, and interesting!

Want to make him wonder about you? Neg him!

And as much as they made fun of The Game when it came out, they are now taking a whole chapter out of its playbook by negging guys so regularly that it's becoming the main way American women "flirt."

Women think, "Some guy used this on me once and I fucked him, so it must work!" They honestly think that men and women are the same, so that game must be interchangeable. It's just a matter of time until they learn how to pee standing up.

The even bigger mindfuck is that a lot of guys out there have been tricked to think that he's happier with a woman who has a good job, is witty, and busts his balls. But that's another topic altogether.

Here is the secret to landing and keeping a man:

1. Spend most of your free time into improving your appearance.
2. Lower your standards.

Any possible problem a girl has with a guy is because she's not hot enough for him. It's as simple as that. I don't care how mentally incapacitated a woman is, but if a man feels that she is much hotter than him, that she is "out of his league," he will pursue her with everything he's got and want to wife her up. If a Russian 9 wanted to date you but didn't speak any English, I bet you'd speak your first Russian sentence in a week. Any possible complaints a guy has about a girl's personality or character magically evaporates if he sees her as hot.

When a man asks a question about how to get a girl, he already lost her. When a woman asks a questions about how to get a guy, she's not hot enough. Any questions?

Okay I see there are some hands raised in the hamster audience…

"But I really like this guy and he doesn't like me."

You're not hot enough. Spend more time into improving your appearance and then lower your standards.

“I want a hot guy like my girlfriend has.”

You’re not hot enough. Spend more time into improving your appearance and then lower your standards.

“I work with this guy named Trevor. I give him a lot of signals but he doesn’t ask me out. What’s the deal?”

You’re not hot enough. Spend more time into improving your appearance and then lower your standards.

“Guys only want to have sex with me. What do I have to do to get into a relationship?”

You’re not hot enough. Spend more time into improving your appearance and then lower your standards.

If you’re a girl and have to think about “game” at any point in trying to get a guy, that means you are not hot enough for him and are aiming way too high. Otherwise he’d be chasing you with absolutely no effort on your part. Correct girl game is improving your appearance and lowering your standards.

What this means is that you will have to get a man who is less handsome than you are pretty. This is how it works in most of the world. You do not deserve a hot man because there is a 99.8% chance you are nowhere near hot (or even pretty, no matter what your friends say). You should be lucky that there is a man out there somewhere, ugly or not, who is willing to put up with your bullshit and neuroses. Take whatever you can get, and I’m not joking. Otherwise start building your cat colony.

Women in Industrial Shithole, my current home, are very sharp with their appearance. I swear that a 5 can make herself look like an 8 in the club, yet she’s with a 4 guy. They maximize their appearance and get someone who is *still* under their attractiveness level. You better believe that 4 guy is happy to land what sometimes appears to be an 8, meaning he will not stray or be aloof with her. The woman doesn’t need any game to keep him, because once all that makeup and hair is did, she’s a model to him. He worships her.

In America, you got 6 rating girls who look like 5s with their flip flops and short hair trying to snag an 8 guy. No amount of Cosmo reading or “girl game” is going to solve this problem. Hell, you can **win the fucking lottery** and still an 8 guy is not going to want to put up with your mediocre ass. Get a 4 guy, wrap him around your finger, and be thankful you don’t have to buy any more cats.

As you can see, the problem of finding a man has nothing to do with game or there not being “good men” left in the world. The problem is that women have grown up in a fantasy culture that teaches them that they can get a man more handsome than they are pretty, something that has not regularly happened in the course of human history.

To all the future cat ladies reading me: simply improve your appearance, aim low, and you’ll never again have to worry about game or keeping a man. You know you did well when your dude is ugly enough that everyone thinks the only way he got you was because he has a big dick.

There Are Two Ways To Play The Game

April 10, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Either you can make deposits or make withdrawals.

You're making deposits when it's hard going and you're doing approaches in new or tough environments. You're leaning new things but making many mistakes. You're working hard. You're getting a return on investment that is less than what you're putting in. Freebies are rare and accidental. But every Monday morning you go to the bank and jam everything you've earned into the vaults.

You're making withdrawals when it's easy. You're not learning anything new. You're not working hard. You're getting softer. You're doing what you already know to get results. You're cashing out on your savings to have a smooth ride today.

For most of the eleven years I've played the game, I made deposits. I made deposits in the United States, in Colombia, in Brazil, and definitely in Argentina. Then I got to Scandinavia, where I noticed my pockets were much lighter every Monday I went to the bank. By the time I got to Poland, I no longer made deposits. I was cashing out large sums. I cashed out everything I had learned in the past ten years to make the pussy rain. It led to the most sexually enjoyable seven months of my life, a time I will never forget.

When I left Poland for the Baltics, I went to make another withdrawal at the bank but the teller said that there were insufficient funds in my account. Did I blow years of savings in just seven months? I went to another branch and they confirmed that my balance was zero. I couldn't believe I was broke. For a second I thought I could keep making withdrawals forever, that I saved enough money to live fat and large until I died. I didn't realize that ten years of savings can easily be wiped out in a few months of hard spending. I had nothing left.

I started to make deposits again in Latvia, working as hard as I ever worked. In Estonia I continued saving, though at a slower pace. In Lithuania I stepped up and saved some more. Then I got to Industrial Shithole, and let me tell you that I've never saved so much in my life. I'm earning so much that I'm making *daily* deposits. I'm studying the language. I'm building a social circle. I do approaches where there is seemingly no hope of success. The last time I worked this hard was when I was 22, when I had no money in the bank.

Either you're making deposits, earning every lay with your blood and sweat, or you're making withdrawals. Right now I'm making deposits. I can't tell you when I can start withdrawing again. I don't know if it's going to be here or in another country, but I know that it will come, and it will be the best time of my life.

Are You A Slave?

April 12, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

If your boss says you will be immediately fired without severance unless you lick a toilet bowl, would you do it?

Are you worried what would happen to your credit score if you miss a student loan or credit card payment?

Are you scared of getting sick?

Are you paranoid of leaving comments on web sites for fear that your employer or friends might find out about them?

At work are you tagged like a dog with an identification badge?

Are there things you want to do with your life but can't seem to find the time?

Do you withhold your real views from people so you don't damage your "reputation"?

Is the reason you are not starting a blog or writing a book because your identity might get out and hurt your employment status?

Do you believe it's important to have professional and social responsibilities just for the sake of having responsibilities?

Think of something you bought in the last year. Was one of the reasons for making the purchase to impress other people?

Do you tell people what they want to hear?

Do you defend groups or organizations that do not defend you?

When you travel to foreign countries, do you withhold your whereabouts for fear that the authorities will come after you and your attempts to write a sex guide?

If you answered yes to any three questions above, you are a slave. Other people are living your life and thinking for you. Your existence is merely to serve them.

I see too many men who are house slaves but think they are free. They get a few crumbs from the master, get a little time off to go to the beach, and are even allowed to eat at the master's table. They are happy not to be working on the fields, but they are still controlled and owned.

If you are a slave, can you think of ways to escape from the plantation, from the clutches of your master? What is one thing you can do tomorrow to put you closer to gaining your freedom?

What do you have to do to become your own man?

Eastern European Women Become More Masculine In America

April 15, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Previously I have written how Western culture—particularly American—is toxic to women, causing them to be more masculine. I have stumbled on a research paper written a few years ago that matches my conclusions.

East European Women and the Battle of the Sexes in American Culture (PDF) interviews Eastern European women who have immigrated to the United States. Let's begin with an EE woman sharing her views on gender roles:

> I won't refuse to be a woman in any way. On the contrary, I insist to be treated in a certain way, and I think I deserve it. You cannot have a man walking next to me and I'm carrying something heavy, and he comes and asks me to carry it and I would say, "No, I'll carry it, because you know, I wanna show you that I'm as strong as you." Give me a break! Of course he will carry it. He is three hundred pounds more than me, **he has muscles**… And if he comes, boy **I appreciate it!** (Bulgaria, age 35, 6 years in the US).

Only when I got to EE have I begun opening doors for women and helping them put on their coats. If I did this in America I'd be deemed a weak man not worthy of sex, but in EE this is a prerequisite to getting sex. Being chivalrous actually helps me get laid.

Giving compliments to EE girls (even generic ones like "You have a nice smile") go a long way into winning their hearts and vaginas:

> Many women also miss compliments about their physical appearance, which are common and are not regarded as sexist in Eastern European.

In America, a compliment is **sexual harassment**. You're a creep who deserves to be fired. You can't say nice things about her hair, face, or clothing. Even if you don't work with her, such a compliment will close her vagina faster than a Venus fly trap.

> East European women feel that in the US gender lines are blurred and the behaviors of men and women are very similar to each other. They are not always able to distinguish between men and women based on appearance, manners, or conversation.

Women acting like men and men acting like women. Denmark called—they want their Jante Law back!

The reason you should not listen to American women talking about "gender roles" is that they are lacking in clear gender. Would you ask a chicken how it's like to be a cow? You could, but you'd get a better answer if you ask the cow. To find out the characteristics of a woman—a real woman— you have to ask one. They exist in South America, Eastern

Europe, and Southeast Asia, in case you're wondering. Some men tell me that real American women exist in rural Southern areas, but I have not been able to confirm this.

Just because a human being has a vagina, it doesn't mean she knows what a woman is, just like how the majority of American men have no idea what it's like to be a man, assuming we define a man as someone who doesn't sell out his gender and even himself for a chance at mediocre pussy.

What does American culture do to relationships? Let's have a look:

> Gender-neutral treatment "sterilizes" relationships between male and female colleagues, and as a result East Europeans often lose interest in interactions with American colleagues of the other sex.

If EE women have maintained what it means to be a normal human female, which is what I argue, and they are unable to have meaningful relationships with Americans, that means that Americans are sterile humans. The American culture is dehumanizing, emasculating, and defeminizing.

Here's what the women think of your countrymen:

> EE women perceive American men as less masculine than men in Eastern Europe.

And also:

> "That's why it's hard for me to date [an American man], because I feel I have to be the man of the relationship."

American men have become so pussified that the most feminine women in the world feel like men when dating them. In other words, American men act like women. And how do EE women view American women?

> EE women perceive American women as more assertive than they are, and they feel that American women "try to be like men," "boss men around" (Albania, age 22), "try to dominate a lot," "dress like men" (Bulgaria, age 35), and "expect to be treated the same way as guys" (Hungary, age 23).

American men who travel think American women are masculine. EE women think American women are masculine. How long will it take for these masculine women to put mirrors up to their man jaw and realize what they've become?

Here's another statement that echoes my thoughts:

> Participants believe that promoting gender equality means giving up women's femininity.

Whenever I bring up the topic of Eastern European women, the first thing an American woman will do is say they are eternally dominated by horrible men, that I'm personally taking advantage of them by being a sex tourist who preys on impoverished women that have no free will. They barely stop short of saying that most EE women are sex slaves.

This is despite the fact that **they've never stepped foot into Eastern Europe**. What they're implying is that EE women are stupid and blind to see the heavenly light that is gender androgyny, of women acting like men. The study addresses this:

> EE women are repeatedly told that they are oppressed by men even if they do not feel that way, and they are reproached for their acceptance of politeness from men.

American women are ragging on EE women for accepting compliments and flirtations instead of marching into the Human Resources office and filing a nasty complaint. American women are so combative they even get into arguments with EE women:

> "[The American woman] implied that I didn't understand what American feminism was about. I think I perfectly understand. And the other thing that struck me was her aggressive attitude. We weren't discussing at a point. She was patronizing. She was telling me that I don't understand. And I think I do understand. And I backed up, and I thought it was not worth it, because she wasn't listening to me."

We have a name for that: the rationalization hamster. She held onto a view that was brainwashed into her from studying a useless major in college and now refuses to change it no matter what. She is even unable to discuss it like a normal adult. While women are not known to use logic like men, I can tell you from personal experience that EE women are much less blind to opposing evidence. An American woman would rather get knifed in her vagina than change her mind concerning gender issues.

I have claimed that foreign women will become less sensual and feminine after living in the United States. The paper confirms this:

> As a result the women become cautious around American men and avoid the use of touch during conversation with men entirely…
>
> They seek to avoid cultural misunderstandings by becoming more gender-neutral and more impersonal. One woman from Belarus describes checking the language of her emails five times before she sends them to American men in order to make sure that she does not sound too familiar, because earlier someone broke off contact with her, possibly for this reason. They also avoid touch, gender specific topics in conversation, and sometimes they avoid interacting with American men altogether.

So she touches less, treats all men like coworkers, and withdraws from meaningful interactions. Sound familiar? Do you think you'd be more or less happy interacting with a woman who has these frigid traits? But wait, there's more:

> Because people behave in a gender-neutral way in most public interactions in America, East European women feel that part of their feminine identity is invisible or has to be hidden. They dress is a more informal and **less feminine**

> **way** when they are with Americans, because when they do dress and behave "like an East European women," other around them seem intimidated and interact with them less.

EE women have no choice but to dress less like a woman so that haters don't try to isolate her. The reason is because American women don't want to compete with a woman who, you know, looks like a woman. Even though American women know deep down inside that men like feminine women with long hair, heels, sexy clothing, and pleasing attitudes, they refuse to act that way because they're lazy, entitled, and want to be valued solely for their hamster brain. Today's American woman rather masculinize the entire culture of women by shaming feminine behavior and spreading fat-is-healthy propaganda than grow out her goddamn hair.

> "I cannot appear in a way that I really am, naturally, because the expectation that you shouldn't be too personal and you shouldn't be too feminine."

Femininity is punished in America, and all those women who step inside its borders will transform, ever so gradually, to men. The sad part is that this effect is only partly reversible. Whenever I meet an EE girl who acts masculine, I ask her if she has lived in America or Britain. Most of the time, the answer is yes. Even once back in her homeland, she keeps a lot of masculine habits. She was been infected with a virus that has no immediate cure.

In America, you are considered a slave if you go out of your way to please men. EE women don't feel that way:

> "I enjoy certain activities. Why I enjoy them, I don't know. Their assumption is that if I do cooking every day, I necessarily do it because I'm pressured by my husband. On the contrary, **I enjoy to cook for him**, and my favorite part of the day is when I serve the meal and we sit next to each other and we talk. I'm not pushed to do it, I'm not pressured to do it, I do it with pleasure, and I don't want to give it up."

It's hard to imagine an American woman cooking for her man every night, let alone once a week.

The kicker is that this paper was written in 2004. Would you say that in the past decade American women have become more or less masculine? Have their attitudes gotten better or worse? If anything, this paper grossly underestimates the damaging effects that American culture does to women.

I'm not happy that we let the feminists and the elite de-feminize women and make them more like men. But for every action there is a reaction, and they are getting their reaction—their pimp slap—right now, of growing numbers of men who refuse to go along with the gender equality bullshit of putting up with women who don't act like women. We will shame women who act like men. We will make fun of fat whales. We will punish women who have masculine behaviors. They changed the culture, now it's our turn to do

the same.

Flag Sweeps

April 17, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

For many dissatisfied Western men, the flag concept has changed what it means to travel. Instead of just going to a country to take pictures of old churches, there is now a singular focus on conquering foreign vagina. Reading Lonely Planet has become pipelining. Sightseeing has become day gaming. Partying has become… night gaming. An entirely new school of game is developing to help you sleep with as many foreign women as possible.

As satisfying as flagging is, it can be hard to stay motivated once you've accumulated a respectable flag count. After you hit one of the two most important milestones (10 or 25), you'll probably find the thrill fading away. I found something that gets the thrill right back: **the flag sweep**.

A flag sweep is when you get flags from a specific geographical area. The sweeps can be attained in a shorter amount of time than it takes to score a high number of flags like 25. Some sweeps are attainable in just one trip.

Here are some flag sweeps:

Iberian Sweep (2 countries)
-Portugal
-Spain

Aegean Sweep (2)
-Greece
-Turkey

Oceania Sweep (2)
-Australia
-New Zealand

Baltic Sweep (3)
-Estonia
-Latvia
-Lithuania

North America Sweep (3)
-Canada
-Mexico
-United States

Indochina Sweep (3)
-Cambodia
-Laos
-Vietnam

Inca Sweep (4)
-Ecuador

-Peru
-Bolivia
-Chile

Scandinavia Sweep (5)
-Denmark
-Finland
-Iceland
-Norway
-Sweden

Eastern Europe Sweep (6)
-Belarus
-Moldova
-Ukraine
-Baltic Sweep

North Sea Sweep (6)
-Belgium
-Denmark
-England
-Germany
-Netherlands
-Norway

Central America Sweep (7)
-Belize
-Costa Rica
-El Salvador
-Guatemala
-Honduras
-Nicaragua
-Panama

Central Europe Sweep (7)
-Austria
-Czech
-Germany
-Hungary
-Poland
-Slovakia
-Slovenia

Balkan Sweep (7)
-Albania
-Bosnia-Herzegovina
-Bulgaria

-Greece
-Macedonia
-Montenegro
-Serbia

Southeast Asia Sweep (9)

-Burma
-Indonesia
-Malaysia
-Philippines
-Singapore
-Thailand
-Indochina Sweep

Mediterranean Sweep (9)

-Albania
-Bosnia-Herzegovina
-Croatia
-France
-Greece
-Italy
-Slovenia
-Spain
-Turkey

Western Europe Sweep (11)

-Austria
-Belgium
-England
-France
-Germany
-Ireland
-Italy
-Netherlands
-Switzerland
-Iberian Sweep

South America Sweep (13)

-Argentina
-Brazil
-Colombia
-French Guiana
-Guyana
-Paraguay
-Suriname
-Uruguay

-Venezuela
-Inca Sweep

Former Soviet Union Sweep (15)

-Armenia
-Azerbaijan
-Georgia
-Kazakhstan
-Kyrgyzstan
-Russia
-Tajikistan
-Turkmenistan
-Uzbekistan
-Eastern Europe Sweep

You're free to make your own sweeps. For example if you're a history buff, maybe you'll try the Axis Powers sweep (Germany, Italy, Japan, Sweden). Or maybe an Anglo sweep for countries where English is the primary language (Canada, USA, Ireland, England, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand). Even if you're not a flagger, chances are you probably are close to completing one or two of the easy sweeps.

The only sweep I've completed is the Baltic sweep, but I have my eye on the Scandinavian, Eastern European, and Balkan sweeps. My hunch is that a couple of the sweeps above pop out at you as being worthy of your time. For example, I have no intention of doing any of the Western European or Asian sweeps, though the tough FSU sweep is whispering sweet nothings into my ear.

If you're a travel newb I think the Inca sweep will actually be that easiest, least expensive, and most fun, though you may have to lower your standards quite a bit in Bolivia (I recommend you get your flag there in Santa Cruz where the talent is highest). The Iberian sweep seems easy enough but the quality will be low and difficulty high. The North American sweep shouldn't be too challenging. The Baltic sweep used to be easy but it's getting increasingly harder as sex tourism wrecks that part of the world. If you have a friend that can take a couple months off with you to travel, try a 5-7 country sweep.

If you didn't have a project to do before reading this, I hope you have some ideas now.

More Book Reviews 11

April 19, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

PREVIOUSLY:

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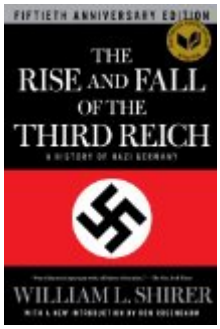
- The Amazon Kindle Is A Game Changer

REVIEWS:



The Rise And Fall Of The Third Reich

This doozy of a book, clocking in at 1,280 pages, chronicles the rise of Adolf Hitler from homeless vagabond to warlord of Germany, which he came to control for 12 years. Hitler was legally granted power by the state thanks to his political genius, his use of terror, and his masterful lies, where a million things had to fall in his favor for him to succeed. Statistically it shouldn't have happened, but it did and the entire world had to deal with it.

"That one day he would build [Germany] and rule it he had no doubts whatsoever, for he was possessed of that burning sense of mission peculiar to so many geniuses who have sprouted, seemingly, from nowhere and from nothing throughout the ages. He would unify a chosen people who had never before been politically one. He would purify their race. He would make them strong. He would make them lords of the earth."

He laid out his full plans in Mein Kampf, a blueprint for how the war would proceed. If Western leaders at the time read the damn thing they wouldn't have pursued the policy of appeasement, led by the British. The later performance of the Brits during the war was admirable, mostly thanks to Churchill, but it could have been prevented had they not let Hitler take over Austria, Czechoslovakia, and the Rhineland, whetting his appetite for

conquer.

While a pass should not be given to the German people, imagine a politician feeding your ego by saying you're a member of the master race who deserves more land and wealth after your country just got whipped in a war and had to bow down to concessions you thought were humiliating. Hitler was selling the dream and the people happily bought. The bitter irony is that upon the German defeat, "subhuman" Slavic Russians came pouring into Germany to begin the biggest mass-rape in world history of the so-called master race.

The book became more interesting as the war hit, but even then it focused more on diplomatic and political developments than battle action, giving you an eagle eye view on how statecraft is done. Very little detail is given to the major battles of the war. If you like battle scenes, this book will be unsatisfying.

The reader gets a clear picture of how Hitler's disastrous decision to invade Russia spelled the beginning of the end. Here was a man who thought he was infallible and unbeatable, walking into the Russian war machine that, after some initial defeats, came back to crush Germany (there was a lol moment when the Germans realized that Stalin had *twice* the number of divisions they thought he had). Even when Hitler's officers warned him about Russia's power or his own stupid war tactics, he dismissed them. His judgement could not be questioned.

The Nazi terror wasn't just against the Jews. The Germans literally enslaved conquered peoples to work in factories, camps, and farms. They also had a medical testing program that, for example, wanted to see how long a man would survive after being dipped in freezing water. The chapter on what the Germans did to civilians and POWs is a sad stain on the human race. Mass executions were the norm. Only the Germans, with their famed efficiency skills, could have killed so many people in such an expedient manner.

"Nazi degradation sank to a level seldom experienced by man in all his time on earth."

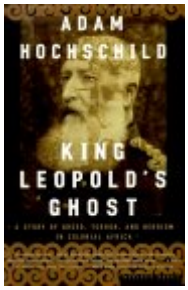
Nazi Germany was a time for crazy people to shine. In most countries the medically insane are not given state power, but in Germany they were the cream that rose to the top. Sixty million people died as a result of Hitler's war, about 2.5% of the world's population.

This book contains no American propaganda saying that we won the war. While we played an important role, the Russians won it for the allies in Europe. The reason Stalin got so much of Eastern Europe was because of the immense sacrifice the Russians made in the war, more so than any other country.

What I liked most about the book was that it highlighted the mistakes that leaders made which contributed to setbacks and losses for their side. The 20/20 hindsight nature of history makes it clear to see how randomly made decisions can have profound consequences that weren't previously considered. War really is a chess game that requires you to see several moves in advance if you want to come out victorious.

This isn't a history book for newbies because of its exhaustive attention to detail. It's essentially a Nazi diary that often gives you hourly updates as events unfolded, almost

like watching a live news feed. It took a couple hundred pages alone just to get to the war. The minutiae was tiring at times when the author gave mini biographies on tertiary characters who played the most minor of roles, but it was always just interesting enough that I wanted to continue reading. If the point of a history book is to inform and transport you back into time, then this is one of the best there is.



King Leopold's Ghost

This is a book about how tiny Belgium came to colonize the vast Congo in the early 20th century thanks to their crafty king. Using marketing and political genius, he grabbed a land rich in rubber, ivory, and minerals, enslaving the local population to fill up ships headed back to Belgium. Researchers estimate that 10 million Congolese died. Such a large percentage of the population had perished that the Belgians had to let up on their brutal methods to prevent their extinction.

Today's consensus view is that what the Belgians did were horrible, but if we were Europeans living a couple centuries back, would we have thought slavery was evil? In another 500 years, what behavior that we do today, without question, will be seen as evil by humans of the future? How much are we a product of our times?

Initially there was little sympathy for the plight of Africans because they used slavery themselves. It made it easier for Europeans to write them off as "savages." The great white man got little resistance in their efforts to "civilize" them, ironically by being uncivilized savages themselves through mass murder and torture, in particular the chopping off of hands as both a punitive and accounting measure. I find it interesting how every atrocity has its own flavor. The Nazis had the gas, the Communists had the frozen gulags, and the Belgians with the cutting off of the hands.

"In the Congo, as in Russia, mass murder had a momentum of its own. Power is tempting, and in a sense no power is greater than the ability to take someone's life. Once under way, mass killing is hard to stop; it becomes a kind of sport."

In perhaps a low point for humanity, the Belgian king brought a couple hundred Africans and put them on display for the world fair:

"When the king was told that some of the Africans were suffering indigestion because of candy given them by the public, he ordered up the equivalent of a zoo's don't-feed-the-animals sign. The placard said: 'The blacks are fed by the organizing committee.'"

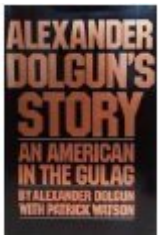
This occurred less than one-hundred years ago.

Some men who visited the Congo began to spread the word of what the Belgians were doing, leading to one of the most successful humanitarian movements of the 20th century. The second half of the book describes the series of events that eventually led to

Congo’s independence. This is where the shining light of America—the CIA in particular—makes its appearance to keep corrupt dictators in power that are friendly to U.S. interests, with the Congolese forever suffering.

In the end this isn’t just a history book but a story of will, how one man from an insignificant country landed a colony the size of America east of the Mississippi to become exceedingly wealthy. He used much of that wealth to construct magnificent monuments that today will impress many foreign tourists in Brussels. On their organized tours through the capital, however, they will not learn that the targets of their many photographs cost millions of African lives.

“The urge for more can become insatiable, and its apparent fulfillment seems only to exacerbate that early sense of deprivation and to stimulate the need to acquire still more.”



An American In The Gulag

Say hello the real life version of 1984. An American working in Moscow’s United States embassy after WW2 was kidnapped on the street and declared a spy. He was put through unspeakable suffering and torture until being shipped off to the gulags where it became a game of survival. The U.S. government completely sold him out and even lied to his family about the circumstances involving his capture, all to maintain smooth American-Soviet “relations.”

In this book I learned what to do in case I get imprisoned:

- Keep yourself busy by creating little tasks, no matter how meaningless they may be.
- Try to outwit your captors to have the feeling that you still have control over your life. Don’t give them the satisfaction. (“I often wanted to cry for relief but I knew that if they saw me crying through the peephole then they would know I was beginning to crack.”)
- Review all your memories to take your mind off the suffering you’re facing.
- Never lose the will to survive. Many gulag prisoners dropped dead for no apparent reason because they lost that will.

What struck me about this book was how there was a system created for the sole purpose of crushing the human spirit. And it worked. It’s hard to comprehend how so many millions of lives were destroyed because of the power that Stalin was able to attain.

I highly recommend this book, especially if you’re the type of person who is prone to complaining about stupid shit and have lost touch with reality in your comfortable iPhone existence. It was one of the more powerful books I’ve read.

“I believe it was at that time that my eyes and my mouth began to settle into a grim cast which is still my normal expression when I am not excited or laughing, and even then I am told it lingers around my eyes. My iron mask never came off, and I can see that it never will.”

Worthless

This book is meant for guys in high school and college who have not received good advice on what to major in. It tells you which majors to avoid (liberal arts, business, psychology) and which to study (STEM), assuming you want a good income without depending on your parents or the government.

It is no accident that majors involving math have the best opportunity for employment:

“It is through math you will achieve financial stability and an increased chance of life-long happiness.”

Majors with math—particularly engineering—are hard and avoided by most college students. Even college administrators are eager to push you into a useless liberal arts degree because of the lower cost for them in doing so (no laboratories or special computers needed). Lots of parents let their students major in something dumb like Communications and then wonder why their kid can’t find a job four years later.

If the main source of employment for your major is teaching, like in philosophy or women’s studies, that means your field is a ponzi scheme that requires ever more students to keep it going. Ultimately, it offers no tangible value to society. The author cites starting salary figures to support his arguments, but one only needs to read a college graduate sob article to see that just about all the unemployed have a liberal arts degree.

“Why spend $5,000 a quarter on tuition to pay some old, bitter washed-up professors who got suckered into this “profession” 20 years ago to tell you about “Women’s Studies” when you can simply pick up a book at the library and read it for free?”

The author doesn’t pull any punches, trashing majors such as education, political science, and general biology. He holds strong contempt towards the university elite for not giving the young generation skills needed to survive on their own.

“The real reason they make you take prerequisites is to generate more money for other departments, notably departments of worthless majors. Understand worthless degree programs are like zombies. They always need new bodies to enter the program, otherwise the program goes away. So to ensure there’s enough demand to keep these worthless programs going, they force all of you non-worthless degree people to take

some token class in those fields.”

I knew the author was plugged into the manosphere because of his many attacks on the women’s studies major (here’s his blog). If you have any doubt that the author is one of us…

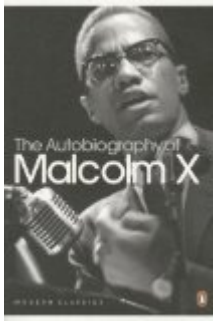
“A ‘sexual abuse center’ or ‘shelter’ is usually set up on campus, not primarily for genuine victims of sexual assault, but rather to create jobs for otherwise unemployable women’s studies majors. Worse still, in order to receive additional funding these feminists will lower the bar in terms of what constitutes ‘sexual assault’ on campus to include innocuous things like an unwanted advance from a guy, thereby making it seem like there’s an ‘epidemic’ of sexual assaults on campus.”

The author argues that today’s economic stagnation is partially caused by kids picking the wrong field of study. Those who major in liberal arts become parasites on society because they take away value through their need of massive help in the form of government programs.

“It’s nice and kind to think about society and do charitable things, but the single best thing a person can do for society is simply support themselves and enjoy life.”

I’ve been out of college for ten years but still thoroughly enjoyed this book, which gave me a renewed perspective on the Occupy protesters and the anger they have at holding a psychology degree that can only get them a job at Starbucks. The finance industry should rightfully be blamed for raping taxpayers, but who should be blamed for educating American youth in majors that can’t get them a good job?

The first thing I did after reading this short book was buy a copy for my 15-year-old brother.



The Autobiography Of Malcolm X

This book chronicles his life from birth until his assassination. It’s primarily a biography but also throws in a lot of his beliefs and politics, much of which I read in Malcolm X Speaks. Here we get a good look at the events of his life that led to his activism.

One surprise of the book is his description on female psychology when he was essentially a gigalo to a white woman.

> A woman should occasionally be babied enough to show her the man had affection, but beyond that she should be treated firmly. All women, by their nature, are fragile and weak: they are attracted to the male in whom they see strength.

> …
> Sophia always had given me money. Even when I had hundreds of dollars in my pocket, when she came to Harlem I would take everything she had short of her train fare back to Boston. It seems that some women love to be exploited. When they are not exploited, they exploit the man.

Yes, Malcolm X was a player. He toned it down after converting to Islam and becoming a dedicated husband, but he never forgot about a woman's true nature:

> Now, Islam has very strict laws and teachings about women, the core of them being that the true nature of a man is to be strong, and a woman's true nature is to be weak, and while a man must at all times respect his woman, at the same time he needs to understand that he must control her if he expects to get her respect.

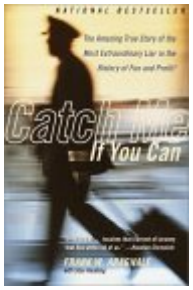
He correctly described the entitlement of American women:

> I don't know how many marriage breakups are caused by those movie and television-addicted women expecting some bouquets and kissing and hugging and being swept out like Cinderella for dinner and dancing than getting mad when a poor, scraggly husband comes in tired and sweaty from working like a dog all day, looking for some food.

If only he knew how bad things have gotten in 50 years.

Malcolm X has become a sort of role model for me, not as much as for what he did for black people, which of course was admirable, but for his relentless, fearless pursuit of the truth in the face of intense criticism and later, death threats. He had a cause that he believed in, that knew would lead to his end, but he kept going anyway. He wasn't in it for the money or the women, but a belief on how a better world should be. If I can accomplish just 1% of what this man did, it would be something I'd be immensely proud of.

"I have been more reassured each time the white man resisted me, or attacked me harder—because each time made me more certain that I was on the right track in the American black man's best interests."



Catch Me If You Can

If you've never heard of Frank Abagnale, he was perhaps the greatest American con man of his time. He stole millions while impersonating a pilot, doctor, and lawyer, all before he was 21. Through uncanny street smarts and masterful social engineering, he was able to

attain a high-wheeling lifestyle full of travel, women, and expensive clothes, solely by using his cons.

Even when he had enough money and could retire in some tropical locale, he kept doing things for the challenge and personal glory. For some men it's never enough—they keep going until their ruin. Frank was caught and inevitably sent to jail, but he got a second chance in working for the government to catch guys like him.

The lesson I took from this book is to realize that every system, no matter how secure it looks, has a flaw which can be gamed. When I travel, I look for such flaws or loopholes in the dating culture, where a woman is likely to put out quicker due to some behavior you show to her. Sometimes I find it, sometimes I don't.

I initially hesitated to read this book because I already saw the movie, but it turned out to be an entertaining read that did a good job of describing Frank's motivations and thought while performing his brilliant scams.

"The transaction also verified a suspicion I had long entertained: it's a not how good a check looks but how good the person behind the check looks that influences tellers and cashiers."

"As long as a man knows what he is and who he is, he'll do all right."

From Pieces To Weight

I enjoyed The 50th Law so much that I went ahead and bought 50 Cent's autobiography, focusing on his life before hitting it big with his first album Get Rich Or Die Trying. He talks about how he learned to hustle on the streets of Queens by selling crack, later applying those "business" techniques to when he wanted to be a rap star.

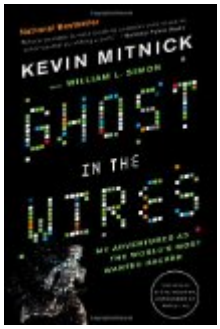
50 gives you a first person view of the inner city and how a life of crime, after doing the cost-benefit analysis, is the best option. Rising above the ghetto, while a romantic notion for those in the white middle class, has about the same odds as winning the lottery. I'm not saying that to excuse thuggery and law-breaking, but this book shows how much men are a product of their environment.

"When we got there, I saw a bunch of niggas with baseball bats and two-by-fours. A few niggas had knives and brass-knuckled fists; one guy had a dog chain. I couldn't believe it. I was like, Awww, fuck that. Let me out—I'ma shoot all these motherfuckers just on principle. They were out there like it was the seventies, like we were going to rumble or some shit."

It wasn't as educational as 50th Law, but sort of like how 30 Bangs was to Bang, it gives you an idea how 50 developed his beliefs. I highly recommend it for its entertainment

value, especially if you already like 50. I knocked it out in only a couple days.

“The hard times only seemed hard when I was going through them. Now, they’re just memories. Besides, if I didn’t go through the hard times, I probably wouldn’t be able to enjoy the good times.”



Ghost In The Wires

I’m not a hacker or computer programmer but I picked up this Kevin Mitnick autobiography on impulse. Surprisingly, I couldn’t put it down.

Like Frank Abagnale, Mitnick was always obsessed with finding a hole in the system. He started hacking into the telephone system and then later computers. Most of his hacks were not due to code but to social engineering, where he pretended to be someone with authority to extract secret information. It took a lot of charm and social know-how to pull of his hacks, something that is at odds with the stereotype of hackers being fat guys in the basement poring over volumes of code (though in the book he describes such guys). With his ability to create false papers and identities, to use cloned cell phones, and to gain access to just about any computer network, Mitnick came pretty close to a real life James Bond figure.

His hacker stories were interesting without being too technical. Only in a few instances did it really go over my head, but I understood them enough to get the main idea. When he wasn’t describing his hacks he went over the many stints he had in jail, including time in solitary confinement. Even when he knew getting caught again would send him back for a long time, he couldn’t resist one more challenging hack. Because of the way his brain was wired, he would find hacks when not consciously trying. Hacking became a part of him.

What interested me most about the book was the amount of failure that went into a specific hack. There’s a lot of “rejection” when you fail to get access or get discovered by a system administrator. Mitnick didn’t care—he just kept trying until he got in. If one approach didn’t work, he simply tried another. I notice this mindset in a lot of players that I meet.

His ultimate downfall was that his inability to stop hacking constantly supplying the Feds with clues. After getting caught for the last time, he served a few years in jail and is now rehabilitated as a security consultant. Entertaining read.

World Game

April 22, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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

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

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

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

2a. Adopt a more classic style. Don't go out and buy new clothing, but pack the more generic items that would work anywhere. The two looks I rock is black v-neck and jeans or collared shirt with skinny tie. It doesn't matter where I go—these two will not be objectionable to women. If you're going to stay in a place for a long time, you can play a niche angle because you'll have time to do it (and find it), but in a short time frame you should go for mainstream appeal. Understand that many foreign countries don't have as many niches and scenes as in America. In Industrial Shithole there really is just one niche in the club: mainstream. If you roll up with baggy pants and a baseball cap, you may not be well-received (you probably won't even be allowed to get into the club).

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

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

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

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

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

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

boyfriends.

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

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

11. Compliment (and cuddle). In America you are severely punished for complimenting a girl. She thinks you're a weak man who is falling in love with her (like when buying her a drink). If you're in a work setting, you may lose your job if she deems your compliment about her attire to be "sexual harassment." It's a different story outside of America. Girls warmly receive compliments because it's part of the "I like you, do you like me?" game that is a natural progression to intimacy. If you're like me, you probably have no idea how to compliment a woman after banging American sluts for so long. The three easiest compliments you can give which will give you a lot of mileage are: (1) "You have nice eyes," (2) "You have a nice smile," and (3) "I feel really comfortable talking to you." If you're American, you are trained to think these are cheesy or generic, but good lord have they helped me gain access to many a foreign vagina. A good time to compliment is about the same time you buy the first drink.

The easiest way to sum up world game is "horny nice guy." You're horny because you approach and escalate, and you're nice because you treat girls well and are not arrogant. With this vibe you will do much better than hitting foreign girls with American game, which is highly specialized to apply to entitled cunts whose pussies only get wet when they are treated like a trash can. If you use American game on a feminine girl with good family roots and a heart of gold, she will think you are strange and crazy. Game as you know it is really a Western invention for use on women who no longer use biology or the pursuit of happiness to select mates. World game is nothing more than being a good man who isn't a pushover.

Becoming A Flexible Smoker To Increase Bangs

April 24, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The farther east you go in Eastern Europe, the more likely it is that a girl will smoke. Even if she doesn't, at least one of her friends will, and that friend won't want to smoke alone.

In nightclubs they tend to do it in designated smoke rooms or outside, both of which are quiet compared to main rooms that can be ear-splittingly loud. While I can hear fine, girls have a very tough time hearing me in the second half of the night when their ears are shot.

In Lithuania, there were always girls in the smoking rooms, usually at a good ratio. Simply asking a girl for a light before going into your opener made it a normal talking approach. If the conversation goes well, you can easily invite her to the bar or to go dance. The main cost is smelling like cigarette smoke.

What has also happened is that I'd be talking to a girl and she asks me if I smoke. When I say no, she says she is going to smoke and will return. Most of the time she does come back, but it kills the vibe and takes me a step backwards. If I tag along and watch her smoke while I abstain, it makes me feel like a puppy dog that is following her. While this is not a situation where I'd smoke, I can see how it would help.

Being a casual smoker when going out in a place like Lithuania would greatly increase your approach opportunities and also strengthen rapport with girls who are smokers. Now I know it seems weird, maybe even beta, to start smoking just to get laid, but it's an argument you can use on drinking as well, or just about anything that helps your cause to bang more women. In Lithuania, where a large population of smokers are segregated from the non-smoking areas, you would definitely get a better ROI by adopting a flexible smoker strategy. The four or five cigarettes you'd ending up smoking a week is unlikely to damage your health in the long-term.

In Industrial Shithole, where smoking is allowed everywhere (even in coffee shops), there is no point in lighting up since you already have continuous access to all the girls in the room. But if you live in a place where smokers are segregated, and the non-smoking areas don't offer good logistics or opportunities, you might as well try it. In sausage fest America, where each approach counts, I wonder how many more notches I would have if I had adopted a more open-minded strategy while living there.

Two Foreign Languages Every American Man Should Learn

April 26, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

There is no stopping the rapid degradation of the USA, both with its economy and women. In short time a large portion of the male population will be unable to find a good job or a good woman, despite their best efforts. The smarter ones will pull the eject lever and parachute down to a foreign land where more professional and sexual opportunities can be found.

As I've written here many times before, you can't expect to arrive in a foreign country and make it rain with only speaking in English. I can't say anything about the level of fluency you'll need for establishing a foreign career, but with sex you need basic knowledge of the local language, especially outside of Europe.

Having to learn a new language for every country you go to is impractical, so you want to get some bang for your buck. The language you choose to learn should have the following benefits:

- be spoken by a large percentage of the world population
- be a stepping stone to other desirable languages
- be spoken in countries with beautiful women

The two languages that best fit the above requirements are **Spanish** and **Russian**.

Being able to speak Spanish is as close you'll get to having a superpower: there are 20 countries that speak it, homes to the biggest bootied women in the world. An added bonus is that Spanish is very close to Portuguese, unlocking three additional countries for rape and pillage (Brazil, Portugal, and Angola). If you're conversational in Spanish, it will only take you a couple months of intensive study to achieve the same in Portuguese as well. Both of these languages also give you a running start for the other Romance languages: Romanian, Catalan, French, and Italian.

Spanish is hands-down the easiest language for English speakers to learn. Attempting it as your first foreign language is worth your time because you have to learn how to learn a language, as strange as that may sound. In your Spanish studies you'll develop tighter language habits that help you for much harder Russian.

Russian is the language spoken by the most feminine women left on the planet. Unfortunately, it's hard as balls. Besides the cyrillic alphabet, you have noun cases, gendered verbs and nouns, comparative adjectives, difficult pronunciations, and all sorts of other crazy shit you don't see in English. However, learning it will open up a whole new world of Former Soviet Union (FSU) pussy, such as Belarus, Kazakhstan, Kyrgyzstan, Tajikistan, Ukraine, Turkmenistan, and Uzbekistan. You probably know nothing of these countries, but guess what: neither do most of your countrymen. There are no cheap RyanAir or EasyJet flights. There are no stag parties. There are no Australians getting

drunk in hostels. These are pristine but challenging places that have women you can't find anywhere else.

As an added bonus, Russian is similar to Bulgarian, Serbo-Croatian, and to a lesser extent, Polish and Czech. Russian will give you the grammatical foundation to more easily learn these other tough languages. You'll be shocked at how far you can get with a language such as Russian from studying only one hour a day. As for Spanish, studying one hour a day for three months will enable you to start having real conversations.

My advice to you is to learn Spanish first. Make it a project for the next 2-3 years. Take 1 or 2 trips a year to Latin America and work on your world game. Dabble a little in Portuguese and Brazilian poonani. If you're content with Latin women then carve out a niche while seeking employment opportunities that are sure to open up with your increasing fluency. When you're ready for something new and even more challenging, Russian and the former Soviet Union awaits you.

Recommended Resources For Learning Spanish

- Pimsleur Spanish (Units 1-3) – three units of Pimsleur give a great language foundation
- Madrigal's Magic Key To Spanish – intuitive, easy approach
- Spanish Verb Tenses Activity Book – a million exercises that drill Spanish verbs into your brain
- Easy Spanish Reader – progressively harder reads

Recommended Resources For Leaning Russian

- Pimsleur Russian (Units 1-3)
- New Penguin Russian Course – the best Russian textbook (not like there's a lot of choice anyway)
- RussianPod101 – tons of downloadable audio programs, fairly priced

Again, start with Spanish first. Success there will give you the confidence that you'll need to tackle Russian.

The Brazilian Government Is Trying To Censor Me

April 29, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

On the heels of being denounced by the Southern Poverty Law Center, I recently received the following email from *enforcement@turismo.gov.br*, a domain that leads to Brazil's Ministry of Tourism. It was forwarded to me, my domain registrar, and the "abuse" address of my host. It's the first time that a government organ has contacted me in regard to my writing.

> To the website Administrator and Server
> Ref: Association of image of Brazil
>
> Dear Responsible Officer,
>
> **The Brazilian Federal Government, through the MINISTRY OF TOURISM, has found that the website, hosted in the network of server ThePlanet, promotes pornographic content in the internet.** Such content relates striking and characteristic features of the Brazilian Identity, such as the colors of the flag, culture pictures and images of Brazilian cities, to prostitution or sex.
>
> Considering the institution of the Brazilian National Policy on Tourism, created by the MINISTRY OF TOURISM, Article 5th of Federal Law n. 11.771/2008: "The Brazilian National Policy on Tourism aims at, among other things, preventing and fighting touristic activities related to abuse of sexual nature and others that affect human dignity" – the Ministry is taking steps to dissociate the image of the country with internet content of sexual and/or pornographic nature, which stimulate internet users to seek Brazil as a tourist destination for such activities.
>
> Given that, the MINISTRY OF TOURISM OF BRAZIL **kindly requests the removal of such materials** from the website located in the URLs listed attached, or the dissociation of such pornographic content with Brazilian identity or Brazil, as well as the removal of pay-per-click ads and subsequent redirection of such website, since these associations are in disagreement with the image of the country and are harmful to the actual aim of the Brazilian Government: the increase of sustainable tourism in Brazil.
>
> Brazil is signatory to several International Conventions, including the Convention on the Elimination of All Forms of Discrimination against Women, which suppresses the trafficking in women and exploitation of prostitution, and the United Nations Convention against Transnational Organized Crime, which determines the prevention, suppression and punishment of trafficking in persons, mainly women and children, activities which are often sustained by means of sex tourism.
>
> Thus, we reiterate our request for the removal and disabling of access to pornographic material identified in this document in order to collaborate with the policies sought by the Brazilian Government to Brazil.

> Should you have any questions, we are available via e-mail given in the signature of this message.
>
> Sincerely,
>
> MINISTRY OF TOURISM OF BRAZIL
> enforcement@turismo.gov.br
>
> Attachment:
>
> http://www.bangguides.com/travel/brazil-compendium/

The above link leads to the information page for my book, **Roosh's Brazil Compendium**, a compilation of all my blog posts on Brazil. The headline of that page says: "Strategy Guide For Meeting And Banging Big Booty Brazilian Women In Brazil." I agree that my guide promotes sex with Brazilian women, though via normal game methods and not through prostitution. My book does not contain pornography and doesn't advocate rape, sexual abuse, violence, sex trafficking, or slavery. While it can be considered tasteless by some, it doesn't advocate breaking any laws in America or Brazil.

I'm not surprised to receive this email because Brazil is going through rapid change. Its leaders want to be taken seriously to enter the "first world" club of nations. To accomplish this they are pushing ultra-liberal and feminist programs in order to duplicate the West and what they *think* is necessary for economic and societal success. While feminism and liberalism organically evolved in the United States over several decades, the Brazilian government wants to get there within a few years.

To understand what I mean, check out the recent news coming out of Brazil:

- After divorce, women automatically inherit government subsidized real estate property
- Brazilian Congress plans to heavily fine companies whenever a woman gets paid less than a man
- Retirement fund for government employees to subsidize women's retirement 5 years earlier than men
- Mayor bans music offensive to women and gays
- Theater owner arrested over racist joke by stand-up comedian
- Brazil debates outlawing homophobia
- Famous sex worker club shut down by government

This is feminism on steroids, putting Brazil on a path overshooting what they have in Scandinavia, the most feminist place on Earth. It's happening so quickly that, as far as I know, there is no male response in the form of a men's rights movement, but I expect it will appear soon enough (Brazilian men aren't nearly as spineless as Scandinavian men). The government is so involved in installing feminism that a new term has been invented: state feminism.

> Feminist activism in Brazil has stretched the very concept of democracy by including women's rights in the process of re-democratization of the country. It

> has articulated a more participatory form of state feminism, and it has expanded and diversified to the extent that is best to always speak of feminisms in Brazil in the plural. Brazilian feminisms have made important contributions towards re-defining women's place in society and in **building a more gender equitable society**. They have been instrumental in drawing up **new legislation** promoting gender equity and in the formulation of **public policies** for women, carving new spaces in **state machineries** to implement and monitor them.

People think I'm joking when I occasionally comment that Brazil is on the rapid downswing, but the feminist takeover is happening at a faster pace than has ever been seen in history, recently aided with the election of its first female president. Combined with the fact that the population is fattening at an obscene rate, what we're seeing is the transformation of an entire country into a sort of Feminist 1984, the first of its kind. The attitude of Brazilian women was already above average when I was there a few years ago, so expect a country that may be very unpleasant to visit by the end of this decade.

For those of you who whine to me that I complain too much about feminism, you're part of the problem. You don't understand that this ideology is like a virus that won't stop, and pretending it doesn't exist by closing your eyes will only make it worse for yourself and every other man on this planet. Brazil is still better than the West, but it's being destroyed as we speak mainly because of pro-feminist policies. There is no doubt in my mind that feminism is the **principal enemy for men today**. If you don't see that then, well, you deserve the most masculine, fat, short-haired, insufferable cunt that exists. If things continue on their present course, that's all we'll be able to get.

As for my response to the above email, I'm not removing anything.

Asking A Girl When Was The Last Time She Had Sex

May 1, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In a neverending quest to optimize my fuck funnel, I'm always looking to correlate a girl's answers to my questions with her sexual behavior. If girls who eventually fuck me give the same answers to a specific question, I will look for that answer in the future.

In Poland, I began asking girls when was the last time they had sex. I'm not sure why I first did it, but the information I got from asking has encouraged me to now always ask during night pickups.

When there's a pause in the conversation at about the 30 minute mark or beyond, after there has been flirting, I look her in the eyes and say, "Can I ask you something…. when was the last time you had sex?" She will be taken aback and remark how personal your question is, maybe asking "Why?" Then say, "Because I have an answer in my head and I'm just curious. If it's yesterday then that's fine, I won't judge you."

Logic would tell you that the longer her answer, the more likely she will bang you that night, but your logic would be wrong. The optimum answer is 2-6 weeks. The answer is poor if after six weeks and godawful if after three months. Worse yet is if she refuses to answer at all, which likely means she has sexual issues. The most conservative girls answered me even if she wasn't at all interested in having sex.

Before we analyze why shorter time frames are better, understand that girls will lie. Just like how when you get pulled over by the cops on a weekend night and automatically say you've only had "two drinks," a girl's default answer to seem normal is "two weeks." In fact, I hear it about 50% of the time, which should be statistically unlikely. It's a safe answer that insinuates she's neither a prude nor a slut.

I've found that an answer of two weeks generally means she has an infrequent fuck buddy and will put him on the side burner for better. The good news is that the more likely she has a fuck buddy, the more likely she needs to fuck just to fuck, with no emotional connection required. These horny girls are a player's bread and butter. They will not take much time to lay because they *need* sex. When a girl says two weeks, commit to the interaction and try to get her home.

Up to six weeks is also acceptable, but between six weeks and three months means she has the ability to go without sex and doesn't find fucking as necessary. You are less likely to get more than a kiss on the same night, though she will probably fuck you within two or three dates. If you get such an answer on a Saturday night when the venue is packed with girls, you may want to eject early. If it's an off night and there are few other options, stick to the interaction and see what you can get out of it.

If a girl says under two weeks, she has a semi-serious fuck buddy or boyfriend. Girls are constantly worried about what you think of them, so if she has no problems telling you that she just got her vagina demolished, she is less likely to view you as a future sex partner. You want her to be shy about saying she just got fucked—even though you told

her you wouldn't judge her for it—so that she doesn't think you view her as a slut. If she doesn't care how you view her, which comes from answers under two weeks, she's not that interested in you. It has happened where girls I've suspected of having a boyfriend gave an answer such as "two days ago." She doesn't care what I think because she's happy with her dude and is just using me for entertainment.

If you hear a longer answer over three months, you're tempted to think that you hit the jackpot of a horny girl who needs the cock, but these girls actually don't need sex at all. They're sexual camels. Think of how many dudes have offered her cock during that dry spell and how she has refused *all of them*. It won't matter if you happen to be better than the dozens of dudes that have tried during that time period because she places her sexual needs (or lack thereof) above your value as a man. When a girl tells me an answer of over three months, and she's a pretty girl who is likely hit on every time she goes out, I get the hell out of there. Let some other guy try to crack her dusty vagina.

Asking a girl when was the last she had sex is like gathering intelligence for an upcoming covert operation. You need all the information possible to make a smart decision on not only what to do with your time but how to proceed with the seduction. I no longer "go with the flow." I don't hope that luck is on my side. I figure out what she wants and her level of horniess. If I consider her a good prospect, I act on that information in order to close the deal as expediently as possible. If I close then great, but if not then I think about the interaction and what can be learned to optimize my fuck funnel and increase my future close rate. Romantic, yes?

Every night I'm out, I either succeed or learn. I'm guided by experience and knowledge, not luck. All players reach a point where luck is no longer part of his vocabulary. All that matters is skill and work.

Everyone Is Hoping That You'll Fail

May 3, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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

There is no point in telling other people your goals. They will talk you out of it or give you bad advice. There is no point trying to convince others of your world view. They will plant seeds of doubts that prevent you from action and seeing the truth. The minute you go just slightly higher than you have been, they will try to sabotage you. They are the worrymongers, fearmongers, scaremongers, shamemongers, guilt-trippers, trolls, and haters. Ignore them. Feeding them brings you down to their level, which is exactly what they want.

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

Nature's Program

May 6, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

For millions of years, the worker ant has been following a genetic program to serve its queen. To maintain a harmonious society, it commits its life in the hive to one of hard labor. It's good work but not always easy.

One day a mysterious mind-altering chemical is sprayed over the queen. It inexplicably leaves the worker ants and serves a new master, the wasp. The queen is initially hesitant about this change, but the wasp is bigger and stronger, and promises to give its new subject even more benefits than the worker ants could provide for her. All the queen ant has to do is work just a bit harder than before.

Thanks to the wasp's better mobility, it is able to shower the queen with more gifts and exotic foods that she has never before seen. The queen is happy that her increased labor is resulting in an increased gain of stuff received.

After working for the wasp for many months, the queen can't say she's happier. In fact, she's less happy, with a dull dissatisfaction that plagues its days no matter how much stuff the wasp gives it. The wasp, seeing this dissatisfaction, sprays her with more chemical to keep her confused. It then distracts her with various gossip from the grasshopper hive and also tells her that with just a little bit more work, she can get the new type of bread crumb that the preying mantises are eating. The queen decides not to return to the worker ants because she doesn't want to receive less gifts, food, and entertainment. To her, happiness is material, something she can touch with her mandible.

So the queen stays with the wasp until her death, thinking she made the correct life decision. The wasp, of course, received much more from the queen's labor than what it gave her, becoming the richest wasp around. The queen died with nothing, not even a bread crumb to her name, with muscles that were strained from hard labor.

As much free will as human beings think they have, we've been programmed by nature to fulfill a certain mission. Nature rewards us with the release of enjoyable neurotransmitters if we do so. Even if the mission appears basic and maybe even "boring," going against it will guarantee dissatisfaction for the animal subject.

Human males are programmed for adventure, accomplishment, and procreation.

Human females are programmed for nesting, communication, and procreation.

The chemical being sprayed upon all of us, particularly women, has them serving a new power instead of having a natural relationship with the worker ant, which is the human male. She bows down to her new masters: her consulting firm, Facebook, Apple computer, gender neutrality groupthink, restaurant week, and so on, receiving much more validation and worldly enjoyment than one man could possibly give her. Yet she is less happy than ever. She is becoming mentally sick, self medicating more than her species ever has in human history.

In spite of this, she would never trade in her new masters for a single hard-working man.

She doesn’t want to be a “stay at home mom,” a phrase that the wasp has cleverly redefined as “slave.” Every now and then she suspects she would be happier if she went back to the ant hive, but then she thinks of how the wasp would no longer give her shiny gifts that the worker ants cannot possibly carry on their backs. She decides to remain with the wasp, dying alone and unhappy.

If you go against the program that nature has installed in you, you will become sick. To tell all women that their path to happiness is to run the male program instead of the female program they were born with is one of the biggest lies told to womankind. The result is what we see now: a collective collapse of women into derangement and masculinity, of entitled women who have a loose grasp on reality and what it means to be human.

The wasp is getting nervous now. The worker ants are not happy that their queen were stolen from them. Their revolt is just beginning, but deep inside they know that natural order will never be restored to their hive. The best thing they can do is travel a long distance to a new hive where the wasp has not yet sprayed its chemical on the queen.

The Roosh Program

May 8, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I want to share a game program for those of who are starting from scratch, regardless of age. It's not meant to turn you into a Casanova, but it will quickly take your game above the mainstream average. It's also useful for beta males who just got dumped. Every step in the program is essential and must be followed if you want it to be effective. Here we go…

1. Start a workout routine. Working out will surely improve your appearance, but there are two other reasons that are more important: (1) to increase your testosterone levels, and (2) to increase your confidence. Both are absolutely vital for successful pickup. If there's a gym near you, I recommend Starting Strength, which I've personally seen strong results from. If you can't afford a gym, buy Convict Conditioning, a bodyweight and calisthenic program. Within only one month you will see noticeable gains.

2. Get your hands on a game resource. As you know I've written two game books, Bang and Day Bang, but there are other options as well. Mystery Method is one of the more important books in the field and, if you don't want to pay anything at all, you can go with the free Layguide, a resource I started with. Be sure to take notes on whichever resource you select. I don't advise using The Game as a resource because it's more of a memoir, with only a cursory glance at specific game techniques.

3. Do 100 approaches. You need to get a feel for game, its structure, tempo, and how cold conversations work. This is going to be a rough period for you because chances are you won't get laid from your first 100, but realize that all players have gone through this stage. I recommend 10-20 approaches a week in either day or night settings. Don't mix the two because their game is very different and doing both will confuse you. If you already go out at night, for example, then do your first 100 at night. You must also understand that 100 means 100. It doesn't mean 30, it doesn't mean 60. There is no shortcut to this step. If you don't do the 100 approaches, you're not doing the program.

4. Watch one episode of Seinfeld a day. Seinfeld is an American comedy program that will teach you two things: (1) how to spit humor that girls like, and (2) how to have long, meandering conversations (i.e. how to ramble). What's great about the show is that it offers quintessential American humor that will be well-received anywhere in the country, and even in foreign countries as well. I've lost count how many times I've successfully used word-for-word bits from the show in my pickups. The best time to watch an episode is right before heading out to approach. You can find used DVDs of the show for only a few bucks.

5. Limit masturbation to only one day a week. You're not going to be too motivated to the challenging task of approaching girls if you're not horny. Therefore you must greatly curtail your masturbation habits to only one day a week, preferably an off day like Sunday. You want your weighted balls to push you to approach since there is no option of

release through your overused hand.

6. Write down notes and observations in a dedicated player notebook. Learning game bombards your brain with so much information and data that it's necessary to write notes from your field experiences. Record lines that worked and lines that didn't. Jot down specific venues you did well at. Write your conclusions from episodes of success or failure. I also want you to keep track of your daily approach count to know when you've gotten to 100. Your player notebook will eventually be a personal bible that reminds you of all the lessons you've learned.

7. Read one new book every two weeks. My old recommendation was to read only one book per month, but I no longer consider that to be enough. Reading is important because it sends a waterfall of words through your brain that want to come out during conversation. The biggest problem beginners have is maintaining interesting chats, a gap that book reading and Seinfeld viewing help narrow. If you're looking for book ideas, I've reviewed over one-hundred. Many will give you excellent fodder for conversation.

8. After your 100 approaches, take two weeks off to reflect. Spend days in the coffee shop with your player notebook to take further notes and review the things you have learned. Instead of blindly continuing, I want you to break down your 100 and then come up with a plan for your next 100. Where are you failing? What are your sticking points? What is the feedback that girls have been giving you? What are some changes you can make to improve your results? Re-consult your game resource if you have to. Ask questions on the forum if you don't know how to solve a problem, but don't ask a thing until you've done your first 100.

9. Repeat steps 3 through 8 while still working out. Stick to the initial venue you started with (if you did your first 100 at night, stick to night for the next 100). This allows you to build real competency. Don't try to switch just because it's difficult, because both are difficult in their own way.

Most newbies will not get laid in their first cycle of 100 (maybe not even a date), but a few number closes should hopefully occur. In the second cycle you should start to see dates or intimacy if you did step number 8 correctly and identified your weaknesses. Some others who start off with low social ability will take even longer, maybe four or five cycles. It doesn't matter how many cycles it takes as long as you focus on your goal and refuse to stop until you get what you want. If you find yourself wanting to quit like a little pussy, watch one of the following YouTube clips and then go out and give me at least five approaches…

- Powerful beyond measure
- I am a champion
- How bad do you want it?
- Inch by inch
- Pain is temporary
- Hard work beats talent

There’s a man inside you that is being held back, dying to be released from the pitiful sexless existence he’s trapped in. I know this to be true because your ancestors were real men who survived a much harsher world than the one you are being coddled in. Now go put in the work to release him.

25% Of American Women Are Mentally Ill

May 10, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

This is a guest post by Athlone McGinnis.

The USA has long had the highest rates of mental illness in the world, but the latest reports on the extent of it are still pretty shocking: mental illness struck one in five U.S. adults in 2010.

> Among the highlights, people in the 50-plus age bracket had the lowest incidence of any mental illness (14.3%), while those ages 18 to 25 had the highest, at 29.9%. Women had higher rates than men: 23% versus 16.8%.
>
> When broken down by racial and ethnic groups, the highest rates of mental illness were seen among people who reported two or more races (25.4%), followed by whites (20.6%), blacks (19.7%), Native Americans or Alaska natives (18.7%), Hispanics (18.3%) and Asians (15.8%).

This is an important story for American men looking to maintain perspective: at least a quarter of the women you run into at any given time are not going to be alright upstairs. When you take into consideration that the highly sought after 18-25 demographic has even higher illness rates and that many of the mentally ill go undiagnosed, you could be looking at a vastly higher proportion of crazy girls, possibly approaching 50%.

This can make success in the game a little tougher to quantify because a less than desirable outcome with any given girl could just as easily be due to the mental instability of your target as it could be to your own failings. When dealing with a mentally unstable girl, even the right moves can lead to her lashing out at you for no apparent reason.

This female mental health story doesn't stop there. Have you ever wondered about the unusually high prevalence of female obesity in the USA? How is it possible that so many morbidly obese women can justify their appearance with absurd rationalizations that they possess "real womanhood", "huge (read: fat) racks" and "womanly curves," among other patently absurd claims? Have you grimaced as you watched some go as far as to eliminate even slightly overweight men as dating options, despite their own inability to stay at a normal size?

There are no coincidences here: obesity is corellated with mental illness.

> University of Tasmania researchers studied data collected from 1,135 girls in 1985, and again 20 years later, and found "persistent obesity" was linked to the mood disorder…
>
> "[Obese women] had twice the risk of depression, so it was quite a strong effect, " he said.
>
> "The researchers do not see the same effect in boys or men."

Another article expands on this link:

> Psychological disorders which obesity may trigger include depression, eating disorders, distorted body image, and low self-esteem.
>
> Obese people have been found several times to have higher rates of depression. For example, David A. Kats, MD and colleagues at the University of Wisconsin-Madison assessed quality of life in 2,931 patients with chronic health conditions including obesity. They found that clinical depression was highest in very obese participants (BMI over 35).
>
> Evidence from the Swedish Obese Subjects (SOS) study indicates that clinically significant depression is three to four times higher in severely obese individuals than in similar non-obese individuals.

This final study shows the correlation more clearly:

> Obesity was significantly associated with any mood disorder (OR 1.23), major depressive disorder (OR 1.27), any anxiety disorder (OR 1.46), and most strongly with some individual anxiety disorders such as post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD) (OR 2.64).

In other words: fat girls are quite likely to be nuts. The fatter she is, the greater chance she has some type of mental disorder. It's no surprise that this news has been scarcely published in mainstream outlets, for fear of offending women.

Is it a coincidence that the most mentally ill nation in the developed world is also the most obese? The next question to ask is this: how did we get here? Why are these widespread mental health issues a reality in the USA?

I believe the cause is cultural. American culture promotes endless work without self-gratification. It represses sexuality, resulting in a society that wants to be sexual but cannot express it, thus creating unhealthy sexual dynamics. It's obsessed with dog-eat-dog individualism, materialism, and consumerism. This society is built to breed unhealthy people who are materialistic and constantly stressed and overworked. America's Faustian bargain to achieve its dream is to trade high incomes and material possessions for balanced societal cohesion and a high mental quality of life. The effect of this bargain on women, on both their mental health and their appearance, has been nothing short of devastating.

Do It For The Notch

May 15, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

My seven months in Poland caused my standards to increase to stratospheric levels. The Baltics had a higher talent pool to satisfy that, but I was approaching less because of the winter. It didn't help that the women were harder. I estimate I was getting laid at a 50% decreased rate.

My Baltic tour started coming to an end in Lithuania during a rare cold spell. Not deterred, I went out on a Thursday night, suited up. No matter how ready and pumped I was to get some prime Lithuanian ass, there was little action on that night. After walking around for a while I finally managed to find a small club with more women than men. Right away, a tall local girl approached me, the first time that happened in Lithuania. She was okay-looking but the vibe was off and her teeth were snaggly. I ditched.

At the bar there was a brunette standing next to me. I couldn't get a good look at her face before making an offhand comment. I said, "Is it just me or is there a cold breeze coming through here?" She looked at me and smiled. I was initially taken aback because of how ugly her face was. Everything was wrong: spooky eyes, big nose, horse mouth, and asymmetrical facial structure. I actually flinched a couple inches. She was so ugly it seemed like she was wearing a mask.

I should have ended the conversation right then and there, but I pitied her. I indulged in it until I felt like a good samaritan. Then I stopped talking. But she kept going, not all discouraged by my silence. Next thing I knew, we were talking for at least half an hour. I would make short comments here and there, until I put my hand on her hip due to game reflex. A bit of electricity ripped through me: she had a tight body. I explored a little more, going towards her back to the top of her ass. It was spectacular, very unlike her troll face. The sword fight between my dick and brain commenced. My dick shouldn't have won (I just got laid a few days prior), but time went on and I was still there with my hand rested on her body.

My dick tricked my brain. It said, "If you fuck her, you'll build momentum going into the spring. Bang her to get even better quality in just a few weeks. It's no big deal, bro, you won't see her face when you pound her from the back."

There are two types of men in the world: those who do it for the notch and those who don't. There were other girls in the club and I'm sure I could have progressed on them, but Lithuania is not a one-night stand culture. I already had enough numbers in my phone and wanted to go for the gold. The ugly girl liked me enough that I felt like I could win. I was going to sell out my standards for an easy lay, but there was another problem: her breath was awful. I was entertaining fucking an ugly girl with bad breath while suited up. You know the humiliation you get after banging a hog? Well I was experiencing it *before* the bang. In spite of that, my brain wouldn't stop. *Do it for the notch. Do it for the momentum. Just do it, you pussy!*

So I did it for the notch. After spending nearly two hours with her in the club, I invited her back to my place and she accepted. Her kissing did not please me. The sex, which should have been a saving grace, was awful. She was awkward in bed, even leaking blood all over my sheets and balls. She didn't want me to do her doggy style, saying it was "like rape." It was the worst sex I had in Europe. I couldn't get her out the door fast enough.

The next day was the lowest of my adult life. I felt ashamed and dirty. I couldn't look myself in the mirror, in disbelief that I went so low to have bad sex with an ugly girl who had halitosis. The post-sex afterglow I was supposed to feel was more like a clinical depression.

When a guy is depressed over a girl who dumped him, the common advice is to fuck other girls to get over her. I learned that the same advice applies when you bang a beast. She gave me momentum alright, but not in the way I had imagined. I was driven by shame and humiliation, not the desire for success.

The next night I had never been so driven to approach pretty women. I figured I'd have to bang at least five girls to metaphorically wash away the beast blood that found its way on my testicles. I don't remember working so hard.

If I ever find myself in a funk, complacent and lacking motivation, tired of pussy, of the grind, of running game, I'm going to put on a suit and fuck the ugliest girl I can find.

Perception of American Women As Masculine Is Going Mainstream

May 17, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Recently, Gawker published a long article about American men who are using social networking sites, particularly VKontakte, to meet Eastern European woman. While it had an obvious slant against men, they let through a lot of facts that are regularly discussed here…

> "American men are being decimated. That's one of the reason homosexuality is so popular," an FSU-fancier named Ken told me. "[American] women have become so dangerous, so damaging that it's just not worth it."
>
> "Russian women know what they are," he added. "They're not men with boobs. That's what they are in America, they're men with boobs."

Of course Gawker couldn't help but shame men for using the internet to find non-masculine life partners…

> These men say they prefer Eastern European women because they're more family-oriented and traditional than their American counterparts. But they often fall into the **bitter misogyny** you'd expect from men who concoct sweeping sociological explanations for their **shitty love lives**.

The Gawker writer also threw in the word "creepy" a couple of times, especially when discussing the time she spent researching the site…

> I started by mass-friending, picking women who looked friendly enough to not blanch at a random request from an American, and attractive enough to have possibly been hit on by recently divorced guys slumped over their keyboards in middle America. **It felt creepy.**

Going after attractive women in a foreign country for a relationship is creepy, but American women who cruise for cock on OK Cupid or Craigslist is not? It's hard to find an American man who isn't tired of this hypocrisy. It no longer works in getting them to do the bidding of women like it did before.

The article shows how it's easier for an American beta to land a feminine woman abroad than in his own country. Sure it involves a few flights and dozens of hours in front of the computer screen, but the odds of scoring a traditional foreign wife via the internet is now apparently much higher than trying to wife up an American woman who prefers short-term memberships in alpha male harems. We may have underestimated how bad things are for the average American guy if young guys still in their prime are willing to sift through hundreds or even thousands of profiles of girls who live halfway across the world just for a shot at basic companionship.

Last week, the Eastern European woman I'm currently dating came over to cook me dinner. She brought a tupperware container and said, "I pre-cooked the veal for two hours so that you don't have to wait long for dinner." This normal gesture for her—while at the same time an extraordinary one for me—confirmed that my wholesale rejection of 'fat men with boobs' back in America was correct and logical. The kicker is that you don't need masterful game to land a feminine woman in Eastern Europe—being a standard issue beta male will actually get you a serious girlfriend just as fast, if not faster, than being a cocky alpha who is a pro at fucking American sluts. For either type of man, taking a dive into this part of the world yields immense benefits in the form of healthier and more fulfilling relationships, even on a casual level.

We may soon arrive at the point where if an American man wants to get married with a normal weighted woman before he turns 30, he will have no choice but to go abroad to South America, Eastern Europe, or Southeast Asia. Instead of putting up with land whales on OK Cupid who have laundry lists of qualities despite their trashy tattoos, Skrillex haircuts, nonexistent homemaking skills, and tough guy attitudes, a man can sift through online profiles of thin and feminine foreign women that have actually been trained by their mothers on how to serve their husbands. He can leverage his Western citizenship to find the future mother of his child without worrying if she will divorce him and take all his money simply because she's "bored" and no longer has "butterflies" in her stomach.

I expect the Jezebel crowd to soon associate foreign social networking sites to "sex trafficking," "pedophilia," and "online harassment." The reason is simple:

> Anything you do that increases your ability to be sexually successful while decreasing your dependence on dating American women will result in them trying to isolate and disparage you. The quickest way to enrage an American girl or her beta male orbiter is to state that you don't need American pussy.

It no longer takes a dedicated manosphere reader to know that something is deeply wrong with American women. You don't need to do hundreds of approaches to know that they have stopped acting like women. Thankfully, the average beta male with absolutely zero game now has options if he wants a feminine woman, whereas ten years ago he was stuck. If enough men say no to American hippos that treat them like coworkers instead of potential life partners, if enough men hit the road in search of real women who aren't entitled to expect the world to be handed to them on a silver platter without providing any value in return, American women will have no choice but to adapt to a world sexual market where their worth is not as high as they think it is.

Does Success Mostly Stem From Confidence?

May 20, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

People always look for causes. They want the world to be explained with outcomes that are easy to duplicate. It's not enough to know what happened but also *why* it happened. For example, when you see a handsome man talking to a pretty girl, your brain wants to immediately conclude that his success is based on his looks, not his personality or any other factor that you can't easily see.

All the things I have explained in the past that make a man attractive is an educated guess based on experience. If being alpha and cocky gets me laid more than not being alpha and cocky, I will conclude that those two reasons must contribute to success. If one night wearing a sexy v-neck shirt caused more girls to approach me, I want to believe that the v-neck caused that. If growing out my beard in a country led to decreased success, I want to believe that girls there don't like beards.

I may very well be right on all those fronts, but I cannot provide scientific proof that the causation is fact. I have not done a double-blind study because it would be impossible to do so (any psychological study would merely provide a possible correlation).

The question that comes up is this: is it possible that some behaviors are not the direct cause for the result? Is it possible that the v-neck was not the main reason for girls approaching me? What else could be going on?

Because I've had success with a large combination of looks, game styles, professions, income level, and living situations, I have to look at the one of two things that is always present when I'm getting laid: effort or confidence. Right now I want to focus on confidence.

I believe how you feel about yourself is a strong determinant to how you'll do with women. Followed after that is your game, frequency of approaches, venue selection, overall look, and so on. All factors contribute to the whole, but having a confident core will predict your success more than whether you spit indirect game versus direct game, whether your hair is long or short, or whether your style is hipster or James Bond.

If having muscles makes you feel more confident, you'll act more confident and be more successful. The confidence that comes from having muscles is more attractive to women than muscles themselves.

If wearing a suit makes you feel more confident, you'll act more confident and be more successful. The confidence that comes from wearing a suit is more attractive to women than wearing a suit.

If being the only foreigner in a city makes you feel more confident, you'll act more confident and be more successful. The confidence that comes from being the only foreigner in a city is more attractive to women than simply being the only foreigner in the city.

If having a big zit on your nose makes you feel less confident, you'll act less confident

and be less successful. The confidence drop that comes from having a big zit is less attractive to women than the zit itself.

Game gives you confidence because it forces you to take on a lot of experience that makes you both able and comfortable when interacting with women. Approaching gives you a base of confidence that can be built upon. Once a man's confidence level is high and stable, he can begin to pick up with anything. This is when game starts to lose meaning to him. He can go up to a girl reading the phone book and she'll laugh and be intrigued. He can open with "Hey how are you?" and a girl will respond with a question of her own.

A man's game and look will always matter, but it begins to matter less. I can go out looking like a werewolf but as long as I feel confident doing it, I will get laid. There is a point where you transcend all the little things, but to get there you have to build a strong foundation.

When I go out wearing a suit, and I'm the most sharply dressed man in the venue, I feel more confident and get more attention. Your gut instinct is to say the suit alone causes the increase in attention or success, but is that not just the easy guess? It discounts other causes that we can't see or measure. I believe it's the increased confidence—and not the suit—that results in the bulk of the increased attention.

Now what if I were to tell you that I get laid just as much when I wear a ten dollar white v-neck with yellow armpit stains? I get less attention, but I bang just as much, if not more. I feel a tad less confident in the pit stain shirt than the suit, but I unconsciously increase the effort portion on the confidence-effort scale. When you're lacking in one, you can compensate with the other. If you're not a confident man, your success can come purely from raw effort and perseverance.

When a man talks to a woman, there are things being communicated that we are not consciously aware of, just like how other wavelengths of light exist beyond what the human eye can see. We want to believe that concrete things like appearance, cocky lines, and wealth result in sex, but I believe they are just the visible frosting, that other things are being transmitted and received. I don't know exactly what those things are, but it seems that being as confident as you can will properly transmit the right messages.

Before you go out to talk to girls, you must ask yourself what is it you can do to make yourself feel as confident as possible. If it's wearing a suit every night, then so be it. Otherwise, just work your ass off.

The Evolution Of Hate

May 22, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Years ago when I was operating as DC Bachelor, my full name and even “Roosh” was a secret. If people saw me in the street they’d ask if I was “DCB.” When getting out of DC became my most important goal, I changed the name of the site to Roosh V, a generic title that wouldn’t be dependent on my location.

A lot of newbie creators who put out of their work think getting haters is a sign of accomplishment that suggests their content is of high quality. I, too, thought this. I thought it was fun that all these anonymous morons were foaming at my writing. What I didn’t realize at the time was that these amateurs were the seed for more determined haters that fit more the personality profile of obsessive stalker.

There was a gossip blogger in DC who started writing posts about me around 2006. Let’s just call him Big Gay Rob. He was like the Perez Hilton of the city. He started emailing people for my full name and place of employment. Eventually he got my name. He published it and my heart stopped. Thanks to Google, for all eternity my birth name would be associated with my writings. Not long after, he found out about my previous employer and suggested people call them to say that I’m an awful human being. He went on a tear to reveal the names of the most prominent DC bloggers at that time. There was also another gossip blog allied with him that said I was a rapist who had every STD known to man and simian.

By the time my public information was released, I was a few months away from quitting my job and heading to South America for my first big trip. But what would happen if I wanted to get another job? There would be absolutely no way that a corporation would hire me after doing a simple Google search.

Big Gay Rob made the decision for me: my writing would become my life. Failure was not an option. I had to succeed or be resigned to bartender jobs.

The next couple of years were hard. I hemorrhaged money and was always on a tight budget, having even to resort to stealing drinks in bars. I also encountered difficulties in my travels that I hadn’t expected, but I kept writing and putting out books that I thought other guys would like. Thankfully, they have rewarded me with their purchases. When Big Gay Rob published my name I wanted to crush his skull, but today if I see him I’d shake his hand. There was opportunity in the crisis he created for me that took a few years to germinate.

Sharing personal information is step one in the hater manual. If you are someone who tells the truth, regardless of the subject matter, it will question people’s beliefs and world view. They will hate your guts for it and become motivated to tear you apart. Publishing your name, home address, or private pictures is their first method of attack.

If you’re still standing after getting outed, and show no signs of quitting, step two is to make up lies to tarnish your reputation. The main lie used on me is that I’m a rapist who

consciously spreads STDs to women. Game denialists say that I sleep with prostitutes. Recently I read the story of a hater contacting all the female Facebook friends of a certain PUA saying he has STDs, takes advantage of women, and so on.

I was not personally prepared for step three, which is to get the authorities involved. Now I must stress that I'm pissed at myself for letting a hater get leverage on me, but it happened so I had to deal with it.

In my European trip I misunderstood the Schengen tourist visa rules until I had already overstayed. I was aware that I may be hit with a fine or an outright ban for 1-3 years, a penalty I was mentally preparing for. While in the Baltics, towards the end of my trip, a hater from Estonia put up a web site that said I was a horrible sex tourist who was staying in Europe "illegally." He linked to posts that detailed my travel and game strategy. He went on to spam Reddit, Couchsurfing, Stormfront, and the commenting sections of many Estonian media sites. The ensuing traffic I got from Estonia was ten times what I'd normally get. The problem is that he also put up phone numbers and email addresses to the police in Tartu and Tallinn, the two biggest cities in Estonia.

Within two weeks of arriving in Tartu, a brigade of Estonians went online and announced places where they had seen me (one guy even correctly guessed the apartment company I was staying in). By the fourth week I was recognized every night I went out, more than I ever was in my home base of Washington DC. While I was nervous of police involvement, since getting deported would mean a definite travel ban, the bigger effect was that I couldn't game in peace. Too many people knew me and were "warning" all the girls that I was a dangerous rapist who spread monkey STDs to pureblood European women. Many girls were curious about me, but their friends would invariably cockblock by saying I was "dangerous." I remember one girl telling me, "There is no way I'll let you leave with my friend!" I don't like playing the race card, but if I was a blonde Swedish guy I wonder if the reaction would have been the same.

One night in the club, towards the end of my stay in Tartu, I noticed two girls looking at me and talking. It was obvious that one of them knew me and was telling the other about who I was. The girl who knew me was massively overweight. I ignored them.

At the bar, another guy recognized me. I bought him a shot because I was in a good mood. Eventually I started talking to a blonde girl. Things were going well until I got a tap on the shoulder from the bouncer. He ordered me to come with him to the front.

There were two policeman in full gear waiting for me. I figured that this was it, I'm getting kicked out of the EU, short of fulfilling my sex mission in the Baltics. The cops asked me for my ID but I said it's in my room, which was true. I felt heavy vibes as they briefly discussed what to do, but I maintained the best poker face I could.

They asked for my name and I give my full name, not Roosh. They asked me to write it down and I did. One of the officers looked at my name and squinted his eyes, like he was trying to figure things out. They asked me where I was from and my birth date. The guy I bought a shot for came to my defense, saying I'm a "good guy." The blonde girl also watched with a concerned look on her face. They had a small conference and said that

I'm not the guy they are looking for, thanked me for my cooperation, and left.

My guess is that the obese girl called the cops on me and said that my name is "Roosh." If I gave that name, the game would have been over and there would be no Bang Estonia (currently in development). I went back to the blonde that I was talking to, who was much warmer to me perhaps because of the "danger" factor, but I figured it was best to leave in case the cops figured out that I was the same guy. I went to another bar, where I was recognized again by yet another girl.

I'll be the first to admit that the episode was exciting, but the benefits of anonymity cannot be overstated. I slipped out of Tartu and went to Tallinn for a week where I went unnoticed despite a last ditch effort by the haters.

A couple months ago some guy wrote about how he saw fake "Wanted" posters in his neighborhood. There was a picture of a black guy and under that his full name and number with a message saying he was a liar and cheater who hurts women. It became clear to me where the future of hate is going. The haters, which in our case are feminists, liberals, and beta males, will try to use government institutions to get you to stop doing whatever they don't want you to do. But since their accusations are usually based on lies or half-truths, I liken it to amateur terrorism. It's only the recent case where they were correct in that I was overstaying that they could have caused a big problem for me.

Big Gay Rob had won. He gave me a couple grey hairs. He also made me more committed to my writing. He helped me think of the big picture in how I could make a living from my work. My Estonian haters have also won. They made my time in Estonia more stressful than it should've been. They probably cost me a notch or two. They also made me realize that if I want to write a guide about a country, I can't announce going there. They taught me how to do my work in complete peace and anonymity, which I was successfully able to do the past three months in Ukraine.

For every attack there is a countermeasure that makes you less prone to further attacks. I'm sure one day the haters will cook something else up for me, and when it happens I'll be ready for them.

What Is A Misogynist?

May 24, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A misogynist is a man who disagrees with women.

A misogynist is a man who wants a woman to respect him.

A misogynist is a man who would hit a woman if she hit him first.

A misogynist is a man who thinks children in single-parent households grow up to have more problems than children raised in dual-parent households.

A misogynist is a man who believes that women are not always right.

A misogynist is a man who believes that men and women are inherently different.

A misogynist is a man who believes that it's his right to approach women he finds attractive.

A misogynist is a man who prefers younger women over older women.

A misogynist is a man who doesn't withhold his true thoughts or ideas just because he's in the company of women.

A misogynist is a man who tells a woman to "shut up" if she's talking out of her ass.

A misogynist is a man who thinks current divorce laws are unfair against men.

A misogynist is a man who believes that fat women are disgusting.

A misogynist is a man who doesn't talk in politically correct tones like a White House spokesperson.

A misogynist is a man who thinks women from South America, Eastern Europe, and Southeast Asia are more feminine than American women.

A misogynist is a man who thinks it's unhealthy to be obsessed with celebrity gossip.

A misogynist is a man who thinks false rape accusations are a problem.

A misogynist is a man who thinks men and women make the same amount of money for equal work.

A misogynist is a man who thinks women look better with long hair than short.

A misogynist is a man who believes that nature is as influential as nurture in determining personality.

A misogynist is a man who believes assertions must be scientifically proven before they are accepted as fact.

A misogynist is a man who thinks girls should play with dolls and boys should play with trucks.

A misogynist is a man who refuses to accept attacks on normal male behavior.

Most American women agree: I am a misogynist.

The Home Dinner Date Move

May 27, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Some girls can be especially hard to extract to your place. You may live too far from her for a spontaneous venue change or she can be an early riser. As you already know, getting a girl over is half the battle, so why not eliminate that issue completely by inviting her over for dinner?

If there's one dish you can cook for yourself that doesn't involve frozen ingredients, you can successfully execute the dinner date move. Even if you live in a house with five other people, it can result in sex as long as you have your own room. Simply follow these steps:

1. Execute the move only on date two or beyond. A girl will most likely not accept you dinner date offer after only talking to you for an hour at the bar. For her to have a date in your house, a minimum of two face-to-face interactions must be achieved before she'll want to come over.

2. You must have at least kissed and slightly groped her at the previous meeting. The move is done when the next logistical step is sex, which usually falls on date two or three. Otherwise what will happen is you waste the move to get no more than a kiss.

3. Pre-sell the date. If you're at the end of a first date where kissing and touching has happened, say, "How about next time we do dinner at my place? I just learned how to cook a new dish." She will be noncommittal, which is fine, because you're just planting the seed so that she begins to accept the idea of coming over. There's no need to iron out the exact time or date. Contact her in a couple days to make the plan.

4. Don't start cooking until she arrives. There are two reasons for this. First, you want the cooking process to help you put in "face time" where she gets comfortable in your home. Second, you want her to start drinking while her stomach is empty so the booze (usually wine) has maximum effect. After eating, the alcohol will barely make a dent in her decision-making apparatus, so get her drinking as much as you can *before* the meal. Therefore it's good to have meals that take at least one hour to prepare. To encourage drinking, try to stock your house with her booze preference, which you should know from your previous meetings with her.

5. Cook something you know. Don't make the mistake I made several years ago by planning an elaborate three course meal that had me more focused on the food than the girl. It also showed that I was trying to impress her, which causes most American girls to lose attraction. Instead, cook a basic meal that is edible. If it's pasta with Ragu sauce, then so be it. I usually cook rice with chicken and vegetables, a light meal that alcohol can punch through like a bulldozer. If she makes fun of you for such a simple dish, sarcastically apologize that you're not a gourmet chef.

6. After dinner, get her on a surface where sex can occur. I like couches. It's not hard to start banging there and then move to the bedroom. Many guys make the mistake

of suggesting to watch a movie after dinner, but by the time it's over she will have sobered up. Instead, put on The Weeknd, sit on the couch, talk, and then start kissing. After a bit of this, when you're sure she's aroused, get her straddled on top of you and start taking off her clothes (shirt and bra first). Have a condom already in your back pocket so that you don't need to disturb the action by getting up to retrieve one. If you don't have a couch, give her a "tour" of your room and put the music on there.

If you don't get the bang, you have to do two normal dates before attempting another dinner date. Girls don't like back-to-back home dinner dates.

The period of time I used dinner dates most was in Colombia. I had a lot of trouble getting one-night stands and bringing girls back the normal way, so I'd whip this move out on date two or three to get my bang. The move was most successful when executed on the weekends (Colombian girls aren't like American girls in that they must go to the bar or club on Friday night).

The home dinner date move is also great for beginner or intermediate players who aren't yet confident to do weasel moves. Even though I have a doctorate in weaseling, I occasionally have to do the move when I encounter girls who give resistance to coming over at the end of dates. Thankfully, there's always a move for whatever flavor of resistance a girl is putting up.

Is Game Making Women Overconfident?

May 29, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I was talking with a Ukrainian guy who wants to move to America someday. He asked me a lot of questions about our women. Obviously, I didn't have a whole lot of good to say…

"In America, a 200 pound woman who you would never have sex with is more confident than a beautiful woman you have here. Logically that doesn't make sense, because how can fat and ugly women believe in themselves so much? But that's the reality. When they are in the club, they reject men in the harshest way possible."

It really is quite amazing how very unattractive women in America act like they are hot shit. There is no humility and no gentle nature, just loud and brash behavior that makes you wonder if they're self-deluded or "faking it until they make it," even though we all know the only thing they're making is the end of a pint of Haagen Daaz. They even have the audacity to repeatedly say "I'm hot" without a hint of irony. Why are they acting this way?

The first possible culprit is social networking. Heartiste described this phenomenon in the past:

> Try to picture this life, except with the sex roles reversed. Every one of your trivial observations or random thoughts gets "upvoted", literally and metaphorically, by throngs of admirers, mostly female but some male too. Your lauded accomplishments amount to sharing cute puppy pics. Say something stupid? No one will call you out on it. Make a lame joke? Everyone laughs uproariously. Post a drunken photo of yourself? Hundreds of chicks "like this" and cheer in unison, "you go, guy!". Tell no one in particular that you are sad, and you're having a bad day? Hundreds more line up to offer uplifting messages of support.
>
> You get the idea. Now, what do you think experiencing life like that will do to your self-esteem? If you answered, "my self-esteem would fly through the roof", you win. Again.

Social networking takes many years to have a collective effect on the women. For countries where it has only been popular for two or three years, you don't see the raising of self-esteem like in America. But I wonder if it's only a matter of time.

Another factor is online dating. We've all heard stories of how girls using Plenty of Fish, OK Cupid, and Match.com get hundreds of messages even when they're not that attractive. Why should she care that you approach her in the bar when her inbox is full of guys within the safe confines of her MacBook Air? For most girls that I dated in Eastern Europe, I can only imagine how much more negative their attitude would be had hundreds of men complimented them and offered to take them out. The internet has done a lot of good for guys like us who can share game knowledge, but I wonder if the net

effect is negative.

This Onion article describes another reason: a culture of fake girl power and undeserved validation seeking.

> According to witnesses, a tight-knit group of five female friends spent a wild night on the town Saturday, overindulging in emotionally supportive behavior and generally validating the living shit out of each other.
>
> Confirming the women get together at least once a month for an all-out, anything-goes session of nonjudgmental reassurances, 28-year-old Sarah Dotson said the evening quickly turned into “a total rager,” with the friends sharing excessive amounts of admiration, empathy, and encouragement for one another.

We have trained women to deny reality in order to keep up appearances and to believe that a woman is not at fault for anything bad that happens to her. Soul-searching and disagreeable opinions are avoided. Anything good that happens comes from her strength and intellect while anything bad comes from being oppressed by men or society.

I think there is also a fourth reason which pains me to say: game. For every five guys who learn how to approach cute women, there will be one who has standards so low that he’s actually happy to get laid with a whale. In cities with huge populations, Washington DC included, that whale will be approached multiple times every week. How can you not conclude that you are indeed hot shit when guys are constantly trying to get at you?

Maybe women are not being so self-delusional after all—maybe they are just responding to the fact that they live in a country where their dating market value is not low. If their shares were priced on the world market, it would be a penny stock, but on the NASDAQ it’s traded like a hot tech IPO.

The American game revolution is late stage. Every single man in his 20s has heard of game and is familiar with its most basic tenets. He may even have tried several approaches himself. When the revolution was just starting, the sheer act of approaching was a demonstration of higher value. Back in 2002 when my game was shit, I got blown out only in a small percentage of approaches, even with the most awful openers that you could imagine. Girls would be pleasant for a minute or two before bowing out. I believe it’s because the confidence I displayed from doing a tough approach was intriguing to them. That is no longer the case. Your average 22-year-old American girl with only a 5 rating has now been approached an absurd number of times, nulling any confidence display you’d get from the approach alone.

Game, over the long term in any society, has a confidence raising effect on the women, increasing the level of game you need to achieve the same result as before. I would not be able to get laid with my 2002 game on those girls I banged ten years ago if I tried today. All the young men coming up not only have to run game in sausage environments but compete directly against older veterans in their early 30s who are going after the same girls. They are not in an enviable position and may have to resign themselves to lower quality for the short term.

In the next decade, the ugliest of women are going to be picky beyond reason and cruel to men who may very well be way above them in biological value. This is the reality you are facing with gaming in America, making it even more important to not only have tight game that is ruthlessly honed but also an additional niche or gimmick to give you a clear edge.

You can see that there are too many variables contributing to the pussy hell that many men encounter in the United States, and I see absolutely no demographic or cultural factor on the horizon that might reverse this trend. If there is no hope that the situation will improve in America in the next ten years, and the current crop of women are not providing you with happiness or a solid return on your time and energy investment in pursuing them, I think you know what the solution is.

Don’t Be A Pussy Beggar

May 31, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

While getting laid is important, there are things I won’t do to get laid. The first is directly pay for it. Maybe there will be a day when I become tired of the game, but I’m not even close to getting at that point. There are other reasons that are more subjective:

I will not follow a girl’s orders or demands. If a girl insinuates that the only way to continue talking to her is to buy her a drink or do her a favor, she won’t be satisfied with how the interaction turns out. Same if she tells me I “must” or “should” do something.

I will not accept insults. If her style of flirting is to review my flaws, I will give her one chance to calm down and be real. If not then I return it right back to her ten fold and ruin her night.

I will not accept rude or callous attitude. If a girl is testing me for the short term by being frigid, I’ll pass her test to get the bang. But if she really is a bitch or is trying to put me down, I will walk even if I may see a bang on the horizon.

I won’t let a girl reject me twice. It’s within a girl’s right to reject me, but then she becomes dead to me. A rejection means I will not communicate with her ever again.

Sometimes I come home alone after a long, grueling night out where I failed. I’m horny, drunk, lonely, and dejected, but there’s one thing that I still have: my dignity. I rather jerk my own dick than go against my beliefs for a few minutes of pleasure with a girl who’s not treating me like a human being. With my dignity intact I can continue playing the game with my head held high, knowing I didn’t sell myself out for sex. Otherwise, there’s no limit to the abuse you’ll take from women. You’ll be nothing more than a chump and a pussy beggar.

Getting laid is challenging enough, but I make it harder by only doing it on my terms. There is no woman in the world worth bending over for.

When You Should Walk Out On A Date

June 3, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In a perfect world, girls would be feminine, beautiful, and sexy. They would insist on treating you with respect. They would feel honored to spend an evening with you in a bar having drinks with their cell phones turned off. The reality is a little different. Through no fault of your own, women may show up on dates only to treat you like scum. In that case you should get up and leave. Here are three scenarios you should watch out for:

1. She is more than one point uglier than her profile pictures (for internet dates). We all know that a girl will put up photos of herself that might as well have been created using the latest Hollywood CGI technology. These days you must do an automatic one point deduction from how she looks online. But if she's two points uglier in person, maybe due to massive weight gain or photoshop trickery, you should not proceed with the date. She's conning you, hoping that you'll let her blatant deception slide to give her one or two hours of entertainment that she couldn't get by honestly representing herself. Dont let her get away with it.

If this happens to you, say, "You don't look like your photos. I'm not happy you tricked me so I see no need to proceed with this date."

2. She talks on the phone for more than one minute. It's not terrible if a girl answers the phone to tell the caller she'll ring back, though it would be better if she sends the call to voicemail. I'll let it slide once or twice if she apologized immediately afterwards. But if she answers the phone and then has a unhurried conversation that you time as being over a minute long, she doesn't see you as a real man and has no intention of sleeping with you. This is especially the case if her phone conversation has laughter, a sign that she has settled in for a chat. She does not at all care that you look her servant, waiting for her valuable attention.

If this happens to you, stand up, seek out the waitress, and ask for the check. When the check comes, demand her share of the bill. Make payment and say, "You can talk on the phone all you want now. Have a good night." Cap it off with a smile. Bonus points if you walk to the bar and have a drink at your leisure to catch up on your Kindle app reading.

3. She brings someone else to the date. If it was clear that you were supposed to have a 1-on-1 date and she brings someone uglier than her, she sees you as a chump who will take whatever miserable situation she puts you in. This is more common in South America than the States.

If this happens to you, say, "You didn't tell me you were bringing someone." Let her give you some lame ass excuse about how she just found her friend or "cousin" on the street. Then say, "Okay well I hope you two have a lot of fun." Smile then leave.

As for other cases, the most common that will come up is texting. The correct move is a little tougher to call since she will be disrespectful for only 20 second bursts. Personally, if I need to send a text I wait until I go to the bathroom so it doesn't disturb the flow of our

conversation, but some women don't give you this courtesy. You'll want to drop some hints that you don't like it and see if she stops the behavior. Say one of the following two things during her second text attempt:

- "Do you want to take a ten minute break so you can catch up on your text messaging and Facebook updates?"
- "I see you have a lot of important text messages to send. Is this a bad time for our meeting? We can try again in a few days."

Say it with a concerned look on your face, as if you really want to give her time to text message the world. If she doesn't get the hint and continues to text after that, she's basically telling you that you have zero worth in her eyes. Get the check and bounce.

A date is an implied social contract that two individuals will share a non-interrupted conversation over food or drink. If she breaks that contract through deception or disrespect then you are under no obligation to continue. If you value yourself, you should end it before you spend any more time or resources into a woman who is not treating you like a human being. There is no game move here to salvage the prospect, for it would be like trying to sculpt a turd into a beautiful statue. Delete her number from your phone and move on.

20 Reasons Why I Don’t Want To Live In America Anymore

June 5, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

5 Reasons From Estonia:

5 Reasons From Lithuania:

5 Reasons From Poland:

5 Reasons From Ukraine:

Do you notice something in common with the photos? The girls are cute, but they're not all hot. In selecting them I aimed for the 7 range, which would more fit the profile of girl-next-door than model.

I purposefully picked girls that exist in **high numbers** in their respective countries. The girls above are definitely above average, but you won't have to walk around for long to find this level of talent. Any day I go into a club I will have a couple chances at the girls like the ones above, even if it's a sausage fest. There seems to be no shortage of

bangable girls, as if there is magic womb that continuously spits them out.

You're probably thinking, "Well NYC or Miami has these types of girls everywhere, too." Great, but are banging them? Are they giving you the time of day without attitude? Are they fun to interact with? Do they know how to please you? Are you happy with them? If the answer to those questions is yes, then congratulations, you're the man.

But I know how the situation is for the average man in most American cities. Girls like the ones above are intensely pursued by many men and a growing list of qualities are needed to land them with consistency. At the minimum you need game, which takes a couple years of practice to get at a high level. You'll then be able to easily bang girls, some cute and some average, but good luck trying to experience meaning with them. In Eastern Europe it takes longer to bang, but it's easier to have meaningful—and dare I say fulfilling—relationships. Most importantly, the girls above are attainable, meaning they're not out of reach even if your game isn't yet at an advanced level. In some American cities you need to bring the Britannica of game just to get with 6s, assuming you can find them.

Even in a tough place like Kharkov, Ukraine, where a special game is needed on girls who are more simple-minded and transactional, I wouldn't have to think for a second in picking them over American women. If you rather have femininity, beauty, and homemaking skills over sarcasm, ball-busting, snark, and flip-flops like I would, then the choice is clear: Eastern Europe.

14 Things You Didn't Know About Roosh

June 7, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

This post is inspired from a recent entry on G Manifesto's blog.

1. I was a spoiled momma's boy. For the seven years before my sister was born, my mom treated me like a petit prince, giving me whatever I wanted and indulging all my tantrums. Even late into adulthood, she would offer to do my dirty laundry or throw money at me when I didn't ask. I would often leave her house with tupperware containers full of delicious Turkish food. As a child, I ended up developing a strong attachment to her that led to extreme shyness (I'd latch onto her leg whenever in the presence of strangers). For my first day of day care and kindergarten, I cried while everyone else played.

2. I challenged other boys to fights, and lost. I remember losing three fights that I started. One was after I purposefully destroyed another kid's homework by walking on it. After school he slapped me in front of a large crowd. He was about to pummel me but adults appeared and he got scared. Another time I was talking trash on the basketball court and got beat by an African kid who left me whimpering in the corner while he continued playing ball. The last case I remember was when I challenged a guy while on my bike. He connected a punch to my face that made me fall off.

3. I was one of the only white kids in my neighborhood. Most of my friends were hispanic, black, or from other third world countries. I didn't have any race identity or consciousness that I was either white or Middle Eastern because I was constantly surrounded by diversity. Not until I got to high school did I become more aware of the boundaries. Even into adulthood, most of my friends remain either minorities or the first-born generation of immigrant parents (e.g., Russian, Indian, Persian).

4. My first job was a janitor at a bagel shop. My daily duties included washing the dishes, mopping the floors, and cleaning the bathroom. After my first day of work, my mom cried because she thought her son was doing menial labor, but I loved it because at 16 I had a car and a lot of disposable cash. I later got a job at Boston Market where I made a bit more. I had early experiences in life where I was rewarded when I worked hard, so whenever I want something, I naturally default to that strategy.

5. I took French for four years. I didn't take the class seriously in high school so when it got too hard I ass-kissed by helping my teacher set up a language computer lab at the time when the internet was becoming popular (1997). I remember installing some programs that allowed me to remotely prank my classmates. One would display a warning box telling them to step away from the computer because the "radiation protection mechanism" on the monitor had failed. Another program had the Energizer bunny going across all the lab computers in sequential order.

6. I was a late bloomer. I had a bone age about three years young than my actual age, so when I was 16 I looked closer to 12. It's not until I was a freshman in college did I start

to look like a man. I think I'm going through a second puberty as I write this because the amount of hair I have in my ears and on my back is increasing at an alarming rate. Most of the players I know also happen to be late bloomers. Not getting into the game until you're almost an adult means you will be more logical and analytical about your approach to getting laid. You're also more likely to learn game skills from print.

7. I hated reading. My verbal SAT score was 470 out of 800. I never got higher than a B in English or writing class. After graduating from college I started reading self-improvement books that acted as a gateway drug to normal books, primarily non-fiction. My reading habits recently exploded after buying a Kindle. I've read more books in the past year than in my first 22 years of life.

8. My mother's side of the family has a few depressives and substance abusers. I've had addictions to video games, gambling, and game. There have also been some stretches where I've had to curtail my drinking. Right now I can't say I'm truly addicted to anything as even my slavery to pussy has toned down greatly from years past, though I'm sure it's still way above average.

9. I'm frugal. Lessons I've learned since eliminating my credit card debt after college has stuck with me into my 30s. If I come across a windfall of cash, I save 90% of it and spend 10% at my leisure. I think there's a lot of truth in the Fight Club quote "The things you own end up owning you." I do a cost-benefit analysis whenever buying material things, even a $20 t-shirt. I'm much more likely to spend money on experiences that'll give me bangs or good stories.

10. I originally wanted to be a freelance writer. I envisioned myself being a writer for magazines and travel guidebooks, even after I published Bang. I took first steps to get on that path but then realized that my voice would be molded by other people and I'd have to change my writing depending on what the editor needed. By writing a blog and self-publishing my own books, I could release what I thought was best. I'm lucky that my voice (and lack of filter) is something that a lot of guys appreciate, but it has put me in a box.

11. Most of my life is boring. I spend several hours a day in front of my laptop. On most days I have to force myself outside. What you read comes from less than 15% or less of my actual existence. I look to work to ground me and gives me "permission" to have fun. I don't feel right about going out if I didn't put in an honest day's work.

12. On the seventh month after releasing Bang, I sold seven copies and made only $56. I was certain that self-publishing was not the way to make money so I started work as a bartender when I came back from my first trip to South America. I kept promoting Bang while writing on the side until the book went viral in its own right. Three and a half years later, when Day Bang came out, I sold over 2,000 copies of my books in one month. I bought myself a suit, put the rest of the money into my savings account, and took four days off before diving back into writing.

13. I don't trust many people. Right now there are only three guys in the world that I completely trust and can count on for support. I'm always open to meeting new people,

but the level of rapport I have with these three will probably not be matched for the rest of my life. As I age it's getting harder to make friends because I'm becoming more particular and neurotic, as I believe the case for most people.

14. I don't care for living a long life. I've seen how elderly people live and it's not pleasant. I exercise somewhat regularly and eat right, but mostly to have a strong body for the present moment to attract women, not for old life.

Culture Parasites

June 10, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A culture parasite is a person or company who sucks away value from a culture for the sole purpose of making money. They decrease both the intellect, class, and even appearance of the population that it's targeted against. Here are some examples of American culture parasites:

- Kim Kardashian
- Apple Computer
- Gawker
- Uggs
- Jersey Shore
- Chipotle
- Jinjiang Jiaxing Group Limited (Chinese flip-flop manufacturer that exports to USA)
- Facebook
- Naomi Wolf
- Most media companies

The above has done more than its fair share of contributing to the decline of American women, and therefore your happiness. Chipotle, while providing tasty 2,000 calorie burritos, has helped fatten the population. Apple's iPhone, which has made it easier to stay connected to the web 24/7, has decreased the attention spans of women. Facebook, while allowing you to stay in touch with old friends, has made women into attention whores. Jersey Shore, while an entertaining program (at least for the first season), has propagated memes that have made women less funny and more vapid. And so on. If you're in a bar and are annoyed that every woman is glued to her iPhone surfing Facebook, yet you have an iPhone and also use Facebook, who should you blame?

It's okay to complain about the pussy hell we've found ourselves in, but if we go right ahead and support those which have helped create that hell, do we deserve improvement? We all have to hold up a mirror in front of ourselves, myself included, and ask if we're giving attention or money to the very things that are degrading our society and making us less likely to find a quality woman.

Even if we stop supporting all culture parasites, we may not make much of a dent in our culture's decline, but at least our demands will be congruent with our character. We will have a right to make those demands and have the expectation that they be met.

Why Feminism In America Will Die

June 12, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Worrying and complaining are inherent human traits. Some cultures lean more to the worry side while others lean to the complainer side. Americans are hardcore worriers *and* complainers, something that you can perhaps trace back to the makeup of those who founded the country several hundred years ago. For whatever reasons you can come up with, we are naturals at both.

In many poor countries I've been to, the worries and complaints that I hear are usually tied to survival:

- "It's hard to make money."
- "I can't afford to buy good things for myself."
- "I'm scared of crime."
- "Food is too expensive."
- "My employer has not paid me in two months."

Those in the third world spend most of their energy into merely eeking out a reasonable survival. They don't get upset that their iPhone has lost internet connection because they don't have an iPhone. They don't stress out about traffic because they don't have a car. I met a female engineer in Eastern Europe whose standard of living was lower than an IHOP waitress back in the States.

Americans don't understand how high their standard of living is. A bus ride through the suburbs will provide evidence of this when you see urban youth who don't even have full-time jobs sporting the latest smart phone technology and designer fashions. Only in America can "poor" people have what only rich people own in other countries.

Most Americans no longer concern themselves with matters of survival. While the current economic situation is changing that, I guarantee I don't have a single reader who is not sure where he's going to get his next meal. There is not much fear of being homeless or gunned down. Since you still have the human need to worry and complain, they will be centered around things that don't necessarily improve your standard of living. You will never complain less in life, no matter how happy you are—you will only complain about other things that would seem absurdly trivial to someone who is struggling to survive. In the West, the process of addressing problems that are not in the radar of most people of the world—that are beyond the scope of basic human rights—is called "progress."

American women, the most skilled worriers and complainers, are no longer concerned about survival. For the past few decades they have been able to focus all their energy into improving their gender's power and status over men. They've achieved their goals because the powers-that-be indulged their demands for whatever reason (to gain money, pity sex, power, and so on). They are making more money than men, are more employed, are more educated, and even have the ability to destroy a man's life with one false

accusation.

But thankfully no more progress will be made for their cause. The American empire is struggling. More people are hungry, poor, and long-term unemployed. Americans are becoming more concerned with survival than fixing problems that don't improve their standard of living. When everything was going smoothly, a feminist invention such as "sexual harassment" was a red alert emergency that changed policies and laws in a short amount of time. We put our energy into it because things were otherwise going well. But look at how the new feminist invention, "street harassment," is slow to make progress. They've been at it for years, screaming about the "perverted" men who objectify women on the sidewalk with their cat calls, but it's not getting mainstream support, just token recognition from law enforcement who say that "existing laws" can be used to combat it.

The truth is no one cares. Times are tough now and no one wants to put the required energy into indulging some overweight women who are faux offended when a Hispanic man whistles at them. Even Rush Limbaugh has not suffered any lasting consequences from calling a feminist a "slut" on radio. When Don Imus made similar comments a few years back, he immediately lost his job.

I won't care that a commercial depicted girls as loving pink toys if I'm eating cans of beans and corn every day.

I won't care if a pharmacy is giving girls a hard time about buying Plan B if I have no money.

I won't care about some "rape culture" protest on a college campus if I'm already late on my rent.

In fact, I'm going to hate them for complaining about something so trivial when I'm broke and eating beans. I will say they are crazy and deluded.

Feminist progress is entirely dependent on a strong economy. A great example is Brazil, which is seeing incredible economic growth. With that, the feminists are achieving massive gains in power. For every GDP percentage that economy grows, I swear I see an uptick in hater comments on my older Brazilian writing. On some weeks, I get more feminist hate from Brazilian women than American.

While I would never wish for a country to struggle just so the feminists can't make gains, the factors present in America, Brazil, and Scandinavia dictate that their economic success will equate to feminist success. This is not so in Colombia, Argentina, Eastern Europe, and countries in Asia. I don't exactly know why this is, but I know that when America struggles, so will feminism.

Since our oligarchy is hellbent on sucking all the wealth out of this country through their wars and banking scams, that leaves only one outcome for the American brand of feminism: death. Within our lifetimes, without us doing a damn thing, it will lose significant power and strength. The feminism you know today will never get stronger as long as America gets weaker.

9 Things I Want To Say To My International Critics

June 14, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Two years after I released Bang Colombia, the Colombian media exploded in three days of hate that sent hundreds of angry Twitter comments my way (many from attractive women). In addition to the book making it on primetime news and radio, here are the web articles I found:

- Publimetro
- Terra
- El Pais
- El Espectador
- Vanguardia
- Caracol Radio
- La Región
- Semana
- El Liberal

I have nine things I would like to say to all those who are angry about my travel writing:

1. Sex is a normal biological process that occurs whether it's written about by me in a book or not. I've yet to see any evidence that a noticeable "Roosh Boost" occurs in countries I write about.

2. It may be hard to believe, but your women like fucking men who are from different countries. Attacking me won't change that. Procreating with a different race or background is an evolutionary advantageous behavior that lowers the rate of genetic disease.

3. Consensual sex with girls of legal age is not predation and is not rape, no matter how many times you say it is.

4. You should be more concerned about turning on your women instead of trying to stop foreign men from successfully providing them with their emotional and physical needs. One path yields more sex, while the other gets you nothing.

5. By the time my book about your country has been published, thousands upon thousands of men have already had sex with your women. Nothing you do can stop this from proceeding unless you completely ban tourism.

6. You can't pick and choose what effects of globalization impact your country. You must take the good (increase in trade and technology) versus the bad (competition from hairy foreign men).

7. Censorship doesn't work in the internet age. Go ahead and ask the Brazilian government how easy it is to take sites off the internet. If you look hard, you'll probably find hundreds of sex-themed articles about your country. My work is just a drop in the bucket.

8. Criticizing the use of game as “manipulation” shows that you’re stuck in the wrong century. Science now backs up game concepts such as touching, preselection, and being alpha as ways to be more attractive to the opposite sex. Your argument is essentially “Be unattractive on purpose because it’s natural and right.” Good luck with that. Instead, American men want the best game to get penis inside vagina. You will not dampen the demand for this crucial knowledge.

9. You should thank me and my compatriots for spending money in your country. Your hotels, restaurants, tour agencies, and nightlife venues get paid. Your people will suffer more if we go elsewhere.

Here is a response video I made to the Colombian hate (these videos are becoming like a tradition)…

Bang Poland Drops On Friday With 6 Bonuses

June 17, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Since I know most of my readers have no immediate interest in Poland, I wanted to sweeten the deal by adding additional content that will encourage you to check out my newest travel guide, **Bang Poland**. If you buy it this Friday, June 22, you get the following bonuses:

-**50% discount**. The ebook and Kindle editions will normally be priced at $9.99 but you can get it on Friday only for $4.99. The paperback will not be discounted but you still get the bonuses if you buy it on Friday.

-**My raw game notes from Poland**. I share my working game notes along with my post-mortem analyses from pillaging three Polish cities on weekend trips. These are personal annotations that at the time were for my eyes only. You'll be able to take a look at the method to my madness.

-**Sneak preview into my Latvia guide**. You'll get the chance to read my *Scammer Chicks* section of the book before anyone else.

-**Interview with Polish-American player Michael Byc**. He shares additional tips on Polish girl game along with some adjustments you'll have to make with Polish girls living in America.

-**11 minute long private video**. I give you a top 9 countdown of all the countries I've been to in the past 17 months, including breakdowns on Ukraine, Finland, and Sweden that I've yet to release publicly. You'll also be able to download the audio in MP3 format.

-$5 off coupon towards my mega ebook combo that includes Bang and Day Bang. The coupon will be valid for the next month and includes five other titles for a total price that is under $20.

You get the above bonuses only if you purchase Bang Poland this Friday when it will be priced at $4.99 for the Kindle or ebook editions. After Friday, the bonuses disappear and the book will cost $9.99. If you buy the book on Amazon, forward your receipt to *imbangingpoland@banguides.com* to receive your bonuses.

The reviews on Bang Poland are starting to come in…

> I am willing to wager that while writing Bang Poland, there was a smile on [Roosh's] face and an air of contentment because of the wonderfully satisfying (both physical as well as emotional) experiences he was having. This genuinely comes off in the book. This is the first Roosh book that I've read where I get a sense that he is actually batting for the local women with all his heart.

Early thoughts on the book suggest that this is probably the best travel guide I've written.

"But Roosh, won't your book spoil Poland? Can't we keep it our little secret?"

Understand that for the past 11 years I have been directly competing against other guys for pussy. I embrace this competition because it has honed my game and made me the person I am today. If you are scared to compete, if you operate with a scarcity model of the world, then you don't deserve Polish women. If your sexual success is dependent on hiding information then your game is weak and I hope you get smashed by some up-and-coming players. I will find out what spots you are trying to hide and put it out there for all to read.

Right now there are two main groups who are enjoying Polish women: Spanish men and Polish men. They are in Poland, as we speak, making love to feminine, big-breasted women. By not publishing this guide, all I do is protect their interests.

Bang Poland will turn out to be the cockblock of the decade. Spanish and Polish men will now have to go up against a Roosh-trained American sex army that I hope will fly into this magnificent country by the millions dozens. Those guys with weak game who are enjoying Polish women today are not ready for the pain train that this book is going to bring. Their poosy paradise will become tougher so that my countrymen can experience a taste of what I was lucky enough to experience last year.

God bless America, and all the men who want better than American women.

13 Personality Traits Of Polish Women

June 19, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Except for a couple minor flaws, Polish girls are most pleasant to deal with out of any other foreign woman I've been with. She has so many positive qualities that it's best to describe them in list form…

1. Sweet, gentle, and considerate. Even when a Polish girl rejects you, she's sweeter than an American girl who fucks you. If a Polish girl hates the drunk guy trying to approach her, she still treats him with respect by letting him down easy, especially when not in a snobby club. Since her nature is not to be mean, she'll give light rejections that don't even feel like rejections. Polish women don't get validation in rejecting men. They won't bust your balls just for the sake of busting your balls and they won't insult you if you happen to utter a bad joke.

2. Nurturing. A Polish girl gets pleasure if *you're* experiencing pleasure, similar to the vibe of Brazilian women. It may not come early in the relationship, but don't be surprised if down the line she does things to show that she wants to take care of you. I loved it whenever a Polish girl would insist on cleaning my house, offering to cook for me, or making genuine offers to take care of me when I was sick. Trust me when I say that it never got old. The result of that nurturing trait is that it becomes obvious she'd make a great mother. I dated a couple Polish girls that made me think, "If I were to have a kid, I'd want to have it with her." That thought has never occurred to me when dating in the United States. Polish women made me want to be a provider—a strong man who could maintain a home and take care of her financially.

3. Feminine. They look and act like women—end of discussion. Not counting a tiny minority of hipsters, Polish girls want to look their best at all times to be more attractive to the opposite sex. If it wasn't for the American girls I ran into in Poland, Polish girls would have made me forget what it's like to deal with masculine women.

4. Intelligent. Education is important to Polish women, but they don't let it ruin their feminine allure. I met Polish lawyers who were in the 99th percentile of femininity. Polish women prove that it's possible for a woman to be both intelligent and feminine, and that the two terms aren't mutually exclusive like I thought when living in Washington DC. If a Polish girl gently rebuffs your date suggestion by saying she's busy with school, she's probably being truthful instead of blowing you off. She takes her education very seriously.

5. Funny. They have a surprisingly sharp sense of humor, with a grasp of sarcasm that is comparable to American girls. I was warned before my arrival that I'd have to tone down my humor because Polish girls wouldn't get it, but if anything it was the opposite. I could dial it up from what it was in Iceland and Denmark. I was surprised that my American-style humor transferred so well until I discovered that they love American movies and television. The funniest girl I ever dated was Polish, even though her English wasn't that great. If she had been more fluent in English and could have expressed herself fully, the

title of this book might have been *Marry Poland*.

6. No drama. The biggest fight I had with a girl in Poland, if you want to call it that, was when she refused to suck my dick while she was on her period. That argument lasted two minutes. The girls are so easygoing that I don't even know how a throw-stuff-across-the-room type of fight could occur. I've been brainwashed to believe that there has to be tension and petty fights to keep a relationship interesting, and while that may be the case for some, I was more than content with smooth sailing and consistent sex.

7. No games. The girls have no idea how to play the game. They don't know how to lead you on, trick you, or use you. Correction: they probably know how to do those things with simpleton Polish guys, but if you're moderately experienced in the game you'll be able to read a Polish girl's intentions from a mile away. It was almost like having the answers to a test before showing up to take it. Her lack of game means she'll be more forgiving of *your* bad game. A mistake that would cost you the opportunity to sleep with an American girl won't even be noticed by a Polish girl. Toward the end of my stay I was spitting only 50% game, even wining and dining a girl who still rewarded me with raw dog sex on demand.

8. Monogamous. Girls are happier sleeping with one guy than playing the field. They have no desire to lead a *Sex and the City* existence. Once you get her in bed, no matter how quickly, you can most likely enter a relationship with her if you wish. It can be debated whether a Polish girl sleeps with a lot of guys during her lifetime (I doubt it), but I'm certain it's sequential, one at a time, instead of dipping her pen in many simultaneous inkwells. Polish girls are also much more resistant to cheating than Western girls, even if they're ready to break up with a boyfriend.

9. Horny. Polish girls look and act wholesome, but good lord do they love sex. My manhood usually tired out other women by the second or third go around, but Polish girls wanted much more than I was able to provide. They wanted the dick inside them for as long as possible, not satisfied with only one fuck per night, which is all that Polish guys seem to muster. I told one girl that she had a pussy made of steel, and she took it as a compliment.

10. Insecure and self-conscious. Polish girls don't want you to see them when their hair and face aren't done up. There were three girls I dated somewhat long-term, and I saw none of them without makeup. It's possible they were ugly without it, but I had no chance of finding out because they always looked pretty for me. Even if a girl was coming over just to fuck, she'd still look like she was ready for the club (having a girl come over for a booty call in heels was a first for me). Polish girls care deeply about what you think of their appearance, no matter how long you've been dating.

11. Family values. Polish girls have strong relationships with their mothers. Only in Poland did I see mothers and daughters walking hand-in-hand in malls while eating ice cream or talking. I even saw them shopping at grocery stores together, and that was in cities, not little villages. I rarely saw such a sight in Western countries, and when I did, the daughter would treat her mother like an annoyance instead of a queen. I have a suspicion that this strong maternal love is why Polish women are so nurturing—they

simply learn it from Mom. For this reason, I think they'd make excellent mothers. Before Poland I had abandoned all hope of being a father, even considering a vasectomy, but now I think I'll leave it on the table since I know they'd do a bang-up job raising my hairy spawn.

There are also two downsides to Polish girls that are worth discussing…

12. Not too affectionate. Besides handholding, Polish girls are shy about being affectionate in public. She's not ashamed to touch you, but she won't exactly go out of her way to make you feel like the most important man in the world. Their ability to be verbally affectionate is even worse. While a Brazilian girl will tell you "I like you" after just fifteen minutes, a Polish girl may take a couple weeks. She's not confident sharing her emotions because of being raised in a culture that doesn't encourage that type of display. I have to admit that Poland was a country where it was harder to develop a strong emotional connection than in Latin America.

13. Not too sexy. While Polish girls are ultra-feminine, they prefer hiding their bits. You won't be biting your knuckles at the sight of a Polish girl wearing a stripper-inspired outfit with her boobs hanging out of her shirt. They know how to dance, flirt, and be charming, but their general behavior isn't a cause for instant boners. "Wholesome" is a word you'll often hear when their general appearance is being described.

If it wasn't for those two issues and the butterface problem, Poland would be just about perfect. Nonetheless, Polish girls were a joy to spend time with. I definitely plan on returning some day in the future.

Bang Poland: How To Make Love With Polish Girls In Poland (UPDATE)

June 21, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Today I'm excited to release my latest travel guide, **Bang Poland**. Here are just a few things that the 93-page book contains:

- A breakdown of the best Polish city to visit for getting your Polish flag
- A detailed description of a Polish girl's body where I address the stereotype of them having gigantic breasts
- How many approaches you'll likely have to do in order to make love to a Polish girl
- My method to getting one-night stands in a country where one-night stands aren't common (I describe what type of venue to hit, when to go out, how to approach, how to maintain a conversation, two moves to help escalate the interaction to a kiss, and four surgical routines that release a Polish girl's inner sex demon)
- What to do when a Polish guy inevitably tries to cockblock you
- Detailed city guides on Poznan, Gdansk, Sopot, Wroclaw, and Krakow, where I describe the best day and night spots for meeting Polish women

Here's a review from a guy who received an early copy:

> This is the first time I read one of Roosh's books. I have to say I was very pleasantly surprised. Judging from the title, I assumed it was merely directions on how to get laid in Poland. Well, it does give you a breakdown to getting laid but also a very entertaining read. I ended up reading the book fully in two days because it was that enjoyable.
>
> I have read many of Roosh's blog and forum posts. Many of his detractors call him a woman hater, misogynist, and other flattering descriptions of a man who takes no prisoners. I think those same people would be shocked at some of Roosh's conclusions. I tend to think even Roosh, himself, was shocked by the end of his trip.
>
> Poland was never a destination that I thought about until I read Bang Poland. Now it is a must see destination.

Click one of the following links to continue:

- Learn more details on what's inside the book
- **Order a copy in paperback, Kindle, or ebook**

If you bought Bang Poland on release day from Amazon, forward your receipt to imbangingpoland@bangguides.com to get your bonuses.

UPDATE: Thanks for pushing it to number one in Amazon for the Travel category…

Is It Foolhardy To Pursue Happiness?

June 24, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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

Let's pretend that your idea of happiness is living on a beach, not having to work, and reading books all day. You spend ten years getting rich to realize this dream. You fly off to the beach, turn off your cell phone, and start reading a queue of many wonderful books.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then I thought moving out of Washington DC would make me happy. Traveling around

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

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

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

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

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

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

3. Tweak your life is small ways before focusing on the big. If most of your unhappiness is coming from the neighborhood you're living in or your roommate, try finding a new apartment before you decide to up and move to another city entirely.

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

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

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

There's nothing wrong with moving to a new city, going to South America for a month, starting an internet business, and so on, but when it comes to happiness, it's worth going for small changes first that give you an idea how you'll deal with a big change. I knew that I'd like South American women because of the ones I interacted with in the States. I knew that writing full-time would be fun because I was already doing it part-time. Let the

tweaks you make tell you if it’s worth going for a bigger change. Base your actions on thought-out plans, not impulses, or you may find yourself even less happy than before.

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

10 Things I Learned From Living In France For Fourteen Years

June 26, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The following is a guest post from Finn Skovgaard, a writer from Denmark.

France is one of those countries everyone has an opinion about, and which has spawned many stereotypes: the French are eternal seducers, lazy, speak only French (so fast that no one else can understand it), and drive like the Italians, just to mention a few. But, hand on your heart, how much do you really *know* about the French that you haven't just heard in clichés? And, since you're reading Roosh's site, you may well ask yourself if you'll ever stand a chance against the army of romantic French seducers Hollywood will have you believe are omnipresent.

Un. Etiquette – or not

Don't waste your time and money on snob etiquette guides like the one recently promoted in the Telegraph, unless you will be banging high society. As you will see in the readers' comments, many British expats in France have torn it to pieces. You'll only make yourself look ridiculous, stuffy, and old-fashioned if you try to behave as described in what could look like a retired diplomat's guide. Other guides may be better, but travel guides have a tendency to stick to old-fashioned stereotypes that tell you very little about modern life in France.

The young, typically under 30, are fairly easygoing and nothing like the old president Charles de Gaulle stereotype, head tilted towards his backside, looking upwards towards the top of the Eiffel Tower in superiority. The last president of the *grandeur de la France* generation was Jacques Chirac, who stepped down in 2007, replaced by the dynamic and modern Nicolas Sarkozy. A similar change of character has taken place amongst ordinary Frenchmen, at least outside the snob circles.

Every guide book will tell you to say *vous*, not *tu*, and to address people as *Monsieur* or *Madame Poubelle*, or whatever their surname, but the young generation is no longer like that, and will quickly use *tu* and first names. The young Internet generation doesn't have the obsession that English is a menace to the French Republic, though the miserable French schooling system doesn't give them much of a chance to learn it. Hence, the more French you speak, the better, and don't hesitate to use what you know. The main thing is not how much French you know but that you approach them in their language.

Deux. Indirect Conversation

Once the introduction is done, you can get a conversation flowing in French, English, Franglais, or whatever. Using two languages always gives the possibility of getting some conversation going by simply explaining words, concepts, and differences. If you're American, you'll probably find that although the French are always ready to criticize the US in public, many of them secretly admire and envy its power and success regardless of

the economic crisis ravaging even the US.

France is a country with a Latin culture, and it is expected that you ‘sell’ yourself and talk about your exceptional experiences and personality, contrary to Denmark, where you have to present yourself as modest, one out of the grey mass, as Roosh found out to his horror in Don’t Bang Denmark.

You need to be aware that the French often talk indirectly, in complete contrast with the more direct American way. Let’s stereotype a bit and ask for the salt:

US: “Salt, please.”

UK: “I’m terribly sorry, but I wonder if you would possibly allow me to ask you to be so kind as to pass me the salt, please.”

France: “I’d say a bit more salt would perhaps have brought out more of the flavor in this dish.”

The French will not always tell you in direct terms what they want. They have a tendency to speak in diplomatic and indirect phrases. You may need to continue the thoughts of the girl and figure out ‘so what would a woman want in this situation?’ I deliberately omitted the word ‘logical’ since—as most men know—a logical woman is an oxymoron. Look carefully for innuendos too.

***Trois*. Latin pride and secrecy**

You will rarely hear a Frenchman admit he made a mistake, and even more rarely apologize for a mistake. According to the Latin roots of French culture, that would be seen as a weakness. If a retailer has goofed, and if you manage to convince him that he needs to compensate for it, the retailer will in most cases call the compensation a “commercial gesture.” The intention is to avoid losing face. Note the indirect element of this type of communication. Never mind that the example uses a retailer; this is the way the French think.

As well as saying things indirectly, the French are often minimalistic about the information they give out, as if there were a secret police waiting in hiding to arrest anyone who said too much. When you live in France for a long time like me, you notice a stark contrast with a country like the UK where the government makes a large number of informative and detailed leaflets available to people to explain administrative procedures and your rights and duties. Not so in France.

In the not so far past, French administrative documents used to be secret. Before the Internet started gaining acceptance in France, something that happened several years later than in the English-speaking world, it was very difficult to find such government documentation. The Internet has certainly helped, but even governmental information sites are still often incomplete.

I know you’re unlikely to be interested in French government, but I tell you this because governments are made up of people, so they function the way the people think. Many young women work in the civil service, so you will meet them in the Paris nightlife anyway. Talking about the French civil service, the concept *promotion de canapé* (sofa

promotion) refers to the way some of these attractive young women get promoted. Before Jacques Chirac became president of France, he was mayor of the Paris city hall where he was known as *tonton braguette* (uncle zipper) among the young secretaries because of his womanizing. I was told this by a former city hall secretary. Money and power attracts bangs in France—forget about political correctness.

The French care a great deal about their privacy, and it can look like something close to an obsession the way some of them value every single bit of information as if it were something that could put them in prison. Withholding information and speaking indirectly are both a type of diplomatic behavior that can require great communication skills to match. Don't try to wiggle out of a debate that is getting too complicated for you with a silly joke or pun as you would in a British pub. It will neither be understood nor appreciated.

***Quatre*. French Humor**

Another minefield is humor, sarcasm, and irony. Forget everything you know about American and British humor. What I just said is indirect language for 'avoid humor until you understand French humor, whatever that is.' I'm still not sure after 14 years in France.

The French tend to take things more literally and seriously, and will not catch British subtleties. It may seem contradictory that they take things literally, since I just said they speak indirectly, but what they would take literally is their interpretation of what you just said, after a diplomatic decoding, if necessary. The French diplomatic decoding does not work the same way as the British decoding of subtleties. As you can see, this can become extremely complicated, so watch your step. Try to avoid complicated subjects unless you know what you're doing.

So what *is* French humor? Imitations of politicians seem to amuse the French, particularly when someone has goofed, like Dominique Strauss-Kahn, who took his womanizing too far. Sexism and immature jokes about sex are also popular on French TV, typically in the form of a discussion panel of all men except for one attractive young woman with big 'attributes.' Actors making silly faces and acting in an exaggerated way, like Louis de Funès, are popular; not that there are many of them, so the French still laugh at the late de Funès. A French movie is not a real French movie if a few big-busted women don't bare at least their tops, preferably more. Apart from that, your guess about what French humor is as good as mine.

Let's end number *quatre* with a quote by the French *Green Card* and *Cyrano de Bergerac* actor Gérard Dépardieu who was once thrown off a plane after peeing in the aisle: "*[The British] are people who have a great sense of humor. It is the French who are cretins.*" Do yourself a favor and do not repeat that in France.

Cinq. Equality between sexes. Not.

You might wonder if you stand a chance against the stereotyped, romantic French seducer who, in Hollywood productions, always speaks English with an accent like the French singer Charles Aznavour. You certainly have a chance. French men are ordinary

guys like you. Forget the stereotype. The difference is simply that they have fewer inhibitions, and they know that gallantry and showing off their advantages still works in France.

Holding a door for a woman is normal in France and won't earn you an assault like the "I'm a grown-up woman perfectly capable of holding a door myself, you sexist jerk" response followed with the 400-pound lady flattening you against the wall while bulldozing through the door. That is, unless you happen to stumble upon a female American tourist.

French women ask for equal salaries, an end to discrimination, and full equality, just as elsewhere, but in a sense, they want to have their cake and eat it too, since they won't give up female privileges. It is still widely presumed in France that the man is the main breadwinner. If a woman is talking about her insufficient income, she may well be asked, "but aren't you married, Madam?" presuming that the man alone earns sufficient money for the family and that the woman's income is just an optional extra. The equal rights stuff is much more of a façade than in the US, the UK, and the Nordic countries.

Some French women quite openly target guys who have enough money to keep them in comfortable lifestyles without their having to work—outside the bedroom, that is. They have no qualms about this, and they would expect a quite liberal access to the man's credit card in return for their sexual favors. In a case I know, the man ended up having enough after his girlfriend emptied his credit card account to buy shoes when she should have done the shopping. One day, he moved without telling her in advance or leaving a new address.

Six. All the French are happy about the great French lifestyle. Or?

When you speak to the French, it's fine to mention the classic advantages of France, gastronomy, nature, art, monuments, and all that. But you don't want to take this so far as to appear as a naïve teenager who has learnt his tourist guide by heart. As an adult, you know there is a backside of the medal, and while you don't need to highlight the negative parts, it's no good to pretend they don't exist.

Before bursting out how happy the girl must be to live in such a great country, take some time to make her talk about how happy or not she is herself to avoid stereotyping her. Many French are truly happy about their lifestyle, but many others are faced with problems such as the 10% unemployment, the financial crisis, unsuitable housing, 7 million living in poverty, and so on. Others may be stuck in the Kafkaesque and sometimes corrupt French administration or justice, struggling with favoritism and lack of humanity in the way they are treated.

I have never seen so many depressed people as in France. The hard statistics make France rank third in suicide rates in Western Europe, North America, Australia and New Zealand after Finland and Belgium. The rate is twice as high for French farmers. A survey comparing France, the UK, Germany and Italy placed France as the largest consumer of antidepressants. The background for this is partially a paternalistic state that meddles in everything people do, leaving less individual and financial freedom than in many other

western countries. France is what many Americans would call a ‘socialist paradise’.

There is no need to take the initiative to talk about negative subjects, but if the girl starts, some compassion and understanding will be well received. You don’t have to suggest a lot of solutions, although you don’t risk much by suggesting that politicians are incompetent idiots everywhere. Women simply like someone lending them an ear.

Sept. Ze Lazy French

The French are perceived as lazy, but is it true? Yes and no. In private companies, the French seem as productive as elsewhere, but in the civil service and semi-public companies, the lifestyle may be more laid-back with long and numerous coffee and chatting breaks, and long lunch hours. Among the unemployed, many turn down job offers if they are not the perfect jobs. To their defense, it has to be said that because of the reduction of social allowances, if they start working, they may end up earning almost the same as if they didn’t work, and in some cases, they will earn less. So long as the state pays them for not working, and so long as working more doesn’t really improve their situation, why work?

For the French youth seeking employment, three out of four consider a civil servant career attractive. The only reason for that is that it’s a job for life where it’s impossible to be laid off, and where they don’t have to work too hard. You won’t find many aiming for the sky. Everything and everybody have to fit into pre-defined ‘boxes,’ and there is no ‘box’ for unconventional people. The French business culture is quite the opposite of the US.

Capitalism, profit, privatization, and globalization are dirty words in France. The French have been brainwashed by their politicians to believe that free markets are the root of all evil attacking the French lifestyle, and that turning the clock back to the 1950s and closing the borders would solve all their problems. Hence, the French are scared to death about the future and any change. All the French political parties support a big, all-controlling state and its corporatism.

***Huit*. Rules are there to be broken**

While the French want a big state to take care of them, they don’t like to abide by its rules. It’s difficult to write about France without including some clichés, so it’s quote time again:

In England, everything is permitted, except what’s prohibited.

In Germany, everything is prohibited, except what’s permitted.

In France, everything is permitted, even what’s prohibited.

In the USSR, everything is prohibited, even what’s permitted.

-Winston Churchill

The French would not appreciate a word as direct as cheating, but whatever they call it, that’s their national sport. If they see their opportunity to steal something without being caught, they don’t see anything wrong with that. It’s part of their mentality. There is no social stigma associated with cheating even if caught. That was just bad luck, as when

someone snatches a parking space just before you.

Stealing and cheating is a God-given right in France. The French have many rights but few duties. They have a right to spend more than they earn. They have a right to a comfortable life, five weeks paid vacation, strikes, long lunch breaks, long weekends, blockades, making mistakes, or at least that is how the French perceive things. The trouble is that honesty often doesn't pay in France. Another problem is that French politicians are just as dishonest as everybody else and regularly involved in scandals, so they set a bad example.

I think he [Dominique Strauss-Kahn] is a bit like all the French, a bit arrogant. Besides, I don't really like the French."

Gérard Dépardieu, March 2012.

— Fin —

'Hey, wait a minute,' I suppose you'll say now, 'there are only eight points. You said *ten* things you've learned in France! You're cheating!'

My reply: never trust that what you get has anything to do with the promises in France. The French cheat. That's how it is, and that's how it's always going to be. WYSINWYG is a main rule in France.

Finn Skovgaard has been a Danish[1)] expat since 1993 and lived in England[1)], Luxembourg[1)], Germany[1)], and since 1998 in France[1)]. A former IT specialist, Finn has worked in freelance writing, web editing, translation, relocation service, and tourism the last ten years. Finn is the author of Streetwise-France.com, a practical guide to living, working, and traveling in France, and the French Page and the Danish Page with sarcastic and critical views, the latter confirming Roosh's very negative experiences in Denmark, as described in his book Don't Bang Denmark.

1) Explanation for American readers: Denmark, England, Luxembourg, Germany, and France are European countries. They live in houses and apartments, not mud huts, and they have refrigerators, cars, and computers.

Call The Bitch Out

June 28, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Years ago when I first started calling out cockblockers, asking if their mothers taught them to be so rude, I didn't have issues with girls who weren't actively cockblocking. My rage was only channeled to blockers. But things changed, attitudes got worse. It got to the point where my nights in DC were full of calling out cunts.

It's a fact that persistently calling out any sort of negative behavior will gradually eliminate that behavior. While a short-term solution for men is to avoid American women completely, public shaming is a long-term investment strategy that **will** result in culture change. The potential for humiliation, whether public or private, is one of the greatest drivers of human behavior.

Private Man has recently come up with a fun term for calling out deluded American women: nuking the hamster.

> This is when a man has to directly confront a woman's rationalization hamster and knock it out off its wheel with carefully constructed words and phrases. It's an insult, to be sure. But it's an insult that wields Red Pill wisdom and is not just some random put-down.

Remember in Fight Club when Tyler Durden gave members a mission to complete until the next meeting? Well here's your mission: call out a bitch who deserves it. If she says something anti-man, criticizes one of your reality or scientific-based opinions, cockblocks you, or otherwise acts rude, I want you to ruin her night. Here are how five easy lines you can use (credit to Private Man and his readers for inspiration):

1. "You're not attractive enough to be acting like that. Get over yourself." Give her an elevator stare while grimacing before delivering the line.

2. "You must be single. I don't see that changing anytime soon." A nice follow-up would be a backturn.

3. "How many cats do you have?" Put on a confused expression on your face, as if you really want to know.

4. "Lady, are you pregnant? You should not strain yourself in that condition." This is said to a bitchy fat girl. Make sure to look at her rotund stomach or fat arms before delivering the line.

5. "I actually know a nice guy who likes bitter women with attitude like yours. Do you want me to set up a date?" It's always a great insult to give them relationship advice.

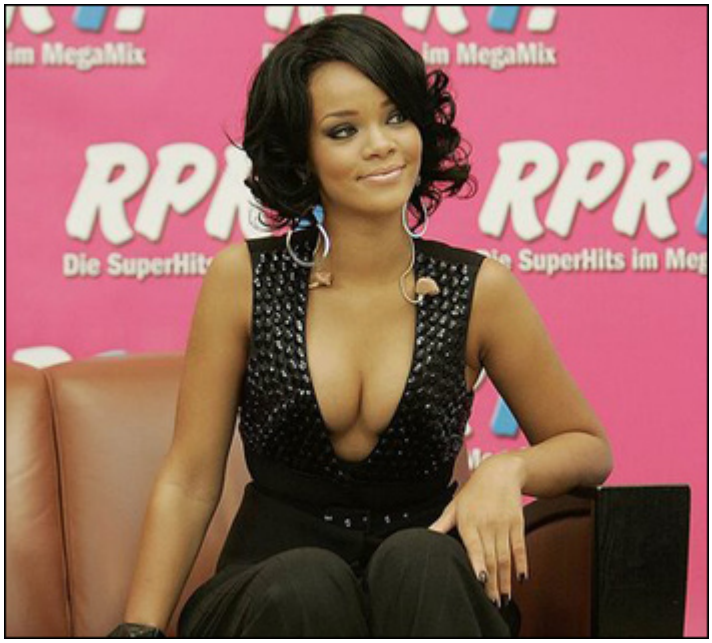
I want to be clear that these are not to be used if a girl merely rejects you. Every girl has a right to do so, and using an above line after a rejection will just make you seem insecure. But if she's acting uppity and has not yet rejected your advances (maybe because you're not even hitting on her), nuke the bitch.

Black Men Who Date White Women

July 1, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

On white nationalism sites there is growing anger at black men who date white women. In the past year it has even spilled over into the comment sections of non-racist blogs. It appears that some white men don't like the idea that they have to compete with men who, on average, take more naturally to game principles than they do. Their rage is growing in lockstep with a diminishing pool of attractive and slim white women.

I think their anger is misplaced. They shouldn't get mad at black men—they should get mad at black women. The average black woman is America is not like this…



She's more like this…

While black men have a preference for girls with a big booty and thick thighs, they don't have a preference for land whales. As fat as white girls are getting, they are still not as fat as black women, meaning that you'll have more black men crossing over. This has less to do with racial preference than beauty preference, and I'm not even considering the aggressive and entitled attitude that many black women have.

If white nationalists were serious about black men not dating whites, they would start a nutritional non-profit aimed at the urban cores of the country to help black women lose weight. Once black men find their women to be more attractive, they will be less inclined to date outside their race. I guarantee you that if most black girls looked like Rihanna, white women would suddenly wonder where all the brothers went. Even I would switch to dating black women if that was the case.

One of the reasons I identify with black men is because I see a lot of parallels with them dating white girls and American men such as myself dating foreign girls…

American men are tired of enduring obese American women with attitude.
Black men are tired of enduring obese black women with attitude.

American man has a gateway sexual experience with a foreign girl that tells him things could be better.
Black man has a gateway sexual experience with a white girl that tells him things could be better.

American man figures out what he has to do to be more attractive to foreign women, like soften his game or learn a new language.
Black man figures out what he has to do to be more attractive to white women, like adjust his slang or tighten his style.

American man receives hate from foreign nationalists who don't like him dating their

women.
Black man receives hate from white nationalists who don’t like him dating their women.

American man realizes he no longer has to date American women to be happy.
Black man realizes he no longer has to date black women to be happy.

Even in Jim Crow days when black men were murdered for talking to white women, they still did it. The reason is because men can become very determined when chasing their sexual ideal of happiness. The sometimes threatening hate I’ve received coming out of Colombia and Estonia won’t slow me down because I’m convinced that dating American women again would be worse than getting waterboarded. The only question is when black men will jump again from white women to foreign women. If posts on the travel forum are any indication, they’ve already started.

In the end, the racists and haters cannot win, even if they resort to violence. Estonian men and white men either have to learn how to compete or just drop out of the game entirely. Unfortunately, as American women (both black and white) continue to decline, xenophobic and racist mudslinging will only increase from the sexual losers who are unable to adjust in today’s hypercompetitive dating environment.

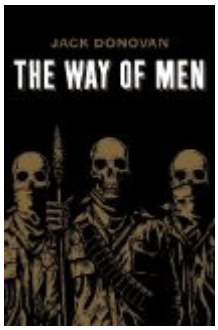
More Book Reviews 12

July 3, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

PREVIOUSLY:

- Top 10 Most Important Books
- More Books
- More Books 2
- More Books 3
- More Books 4
- More Books 5
- More Books 6
- More Books 7
- More Books 8
- More Books 9
- More Books 10
- More Books 11
- The Amazon Kindle Is A Game Changer

REVIEWS:



The Way Of Men

This book aims to explain the nature of man and masculinity, using both historical and present-day examples to paint a picture of what makes a man. Today, anyone with a penis is biologically considered a man, so the author delineates the difference between being a man and "being good at being a man."

"A man who is more concerned with being a good man than being good at being a man makes a very well-behaved slave."

In the past, you were a man through survival and warfare. If you were surviving or fighting in battle, you were a man. Today, any retard who can speak in complete sentences and push buttons on a smartphone will survive. Anyone who knows how to use a credit card can see the world in comfort. Even combat is becoming robotic and detached, like playing a video game.

In spite of modern progress, men still want to be men. Their attempts at masculinity come out in other forms, like bodybuilding, training in MMA, becoming a policeman or

fireman, trying to bang a lot of women, and simply reading war histories or the biographies of great men. The Way Of Men explains how all of us seek a path to expressing our masculinity in a world that is trying to punish and control it.

“Men are dropping out and disengaging from our slick, easy, safe world. For what may be the first time in history, the average guy can afford to be careless. Nothing he does really matters, and—what’s worse—there is a shrinking hope of any future where what he does will matter.”

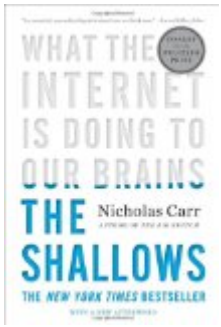
The book picked up steam in the second half where the author’s voice strengthened when talking about the damaging effects of modern culture on masculinity. One thought provoking question he asks is: what do men have to gain with a feminist utopia? You quickly realize there is almost no benefit to the pile of crap that the ism ideologies are trying to force upon you today (and don’t say easy sex, which I have debunked in the past). They’re not making you more of a man, they’re not making your family stronger, and they’re not increasing your happiness. The minute it takes a woman to show a man what it takes to be a man is when men stop being men. And that’s what’s happening now.

“Aren’t most men today spoiled mamma’s boys without father figures, without hunting of fighting or brother-bonds, whose only masculine outlet is promiscuous sex?”

This book was important to me because it described the why of my current existence (and likely yours as well). Why do I get satisfaction from collecting flags and notches? Why do I like sticking my dick in a lot of different vaginas? Because in today’s world it’s one of the easiest ways to express my masculinity. While I’m sure I possess some genetic features that pushed me towards this outcome, I’m a man of my environment. I would have probably had a different “hobby” if I was born a couple generations ago.

“One of the great tragedies of modernity is the lack of opportunity for men to become what they are, to do what they were bred to do, what their bodies want to do.”

This book should be required reading for all American men, containing brilliant insights I had not previously considered. It clearly shows how your masculinity is being muzzled in order to achieve an experimental result that doesn’t serve your interests. Highly recommended.



The Shallows

This well-written book claims that the internet is changing the way we think by shortening our attention spans and preventing deep focus, making our brain addicted to shallow information that’s received in small cocaine pellets. It also claims that it’s decreasing our dependence on memory. The internet is doing all the remembering for us, atrophying

critical memory centers of the brain.

“When we outsource our memory to a machine, we also outsource a very important part of our intellect and even our identity.”

The author argues that a technology like the internet has a deep influence not only on our lives but conscious human thought, keeping us in a state of distracted hunger. On the other hand, he concedes that deep thought is an anomaly for humans. Ancient humans skipped from one sensory cue to the other like what the internet enables us to do now, which is why we’ve taken so well to it. It tickles our primitive brain.

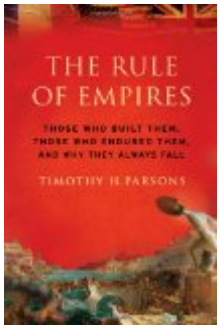
“Every click we make on the Web marks a break in our concentration, a bottom-up disruption of our attention—and it’s in Google’s economic interest to make sure we click as often as possible. The last thing the company wants is to encourage leisurely reading or slow, concentrated thought. Google is, quite literally, in the business of distraction.”

I was pleasantly surprised that the book reviews brain functioning, neuroplasticity, and how important inventions like the alphabet, map, clock, and printed text changed the way we think and communicate. I learned how our brain is impacted by everyday things we take for granted.

I bought this book because I’ve become concerned that I’m getting addicted to the internet. I’ve had to stop myself from compulsively checking a loop of email, blogs, and social networking sites for new information as if I was possessed by a demon, making me wonder if my internet habit isn’t that much more useful than watching television. Chances are you don’t even remember 5% of things you read on the internet yesterday, let alone a couple hours ago.

I also know I can’t be the only one who has lost the ability to concentrate on long articles on the web. I’m forced to use Readability’s “Send To Kindle” feature to read articles later without being plugged into the internet. It’s just too tempting to have a million windows open and hop around them like I was a kid in a candy store where I rather be entertained with short-form content and pictures.

Overall, this book does an excellent job of reviewing brain research and interviewing experts to explain what the internet is actually doing to us. No matter how great an invention is, there will be downsides that must be examined.



The Rule Of Empires

The Rule Of Empires examines imperial rule in seven failed empires: Roman Britain, Umayyad Spain, Spanish Peru, British India, Napoleonic Italy, Britain’s Kenya colony, and Nazi-occupied France. It argues that a main reason empires fail is by enfranchising their

subjects, who demand greater rights and power.

“Stable imperial rule is an impossibility in an era when self-determination has become a basic human right and transnational flows of wealth, people, ideas, and weapons mean that no community is truly isolated. […] By the turn of the 19th century it became increasingly difficult to consign Europeans to the kind of subhuman subjecthood that was central to profitable imperial extraction. […] The voting western European public considered themselves civilized and moral and would not tolerate a return to the excesses of earlier imperial eras.”

In the past, a ruler could get support from his citizens to invade another country by saying he was doing it for the strength of the nation, but this reasoning today will not get you majority support. Modern empire builders have to say they’re doing it for the good of the subject people instead of for national glory, ultimately making extractive empires politically unsustainable.

A common trend in the fall of these empires is that the locals get tired of paying tribute to their masters, a bunch of people die, sometimes over the course of a hundred or more years, and then the masters leave because it’s no longer profitable or acceptable (from a humanitarian standpoint) to run the empire. The author therefore places great detail in how empires of run. Instead of giving you battle detail, he goes through empire organization and administration, even at the level of tribute-collection methods. This book is better suited for budding bureaucrats than warriors.

The author repeatedly stresses that the overall point of conquest is to enrich the empire through looting or colonization. The cost of invading should be more than offset by booty gained. He argues that since America does not plunder, it is not an empire. It invades countries at its own expense ($3 trillion cost for Iraq war will be paid by Americans, not Iraqi oil), meaning that it will starve itself unless it is better able to exploit its imperial subjects, either by stealing their resources or labor.

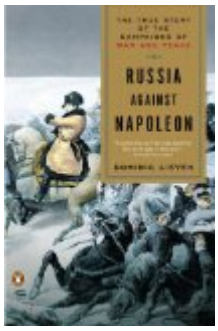
In the end he brought things full circle with an epilogue about the recent Iraq war…

“Operation Iraqi Freedom was an attempt to use imperial methods in an age when formal empires are no longer practical, viable, or defensible.”

Even if formal empires are legitimate today, the occupation of Iraq was “unquestionably one of the most pathetically inept imperial regime in recorded history.” Events from America’s nation-building efforts are almost slapstick and would get laughed at by any of history’s famous conquerors. We’re great in showing strong bursts of military power, but horrible at extraction.

Overall, this book is extremely pedantic with a level of detail that wore me down. It does not have sub-headers for its mammoth chapters, just one river of text that doesn’t seem to end, making it feel more like an academic work than fun Saturday afternoon reading. The timeline is also not linear—within chapters the author jumps around until you’re not sure what exactly you’re reading. The chapter on Napoleon was especially sloppy, making me feel like I was looking at raw research notes. It’s definitely not a history book for newbies, but it kept my interest because so much of the information was new to me. If

you don’t mind to read what feels like a raw data dump, then you may like this.



Russia Against Napoleon

Why do I insist on reading these mammoth history books?! Because Wikipedia doesn’t have enough detail. I want to be in the driver’s seat as the greatest men in history made decisions that shaped their world. In that respect, this book doesn’t disappoint.

Russia Against Napoleon dispels the myth that Russia won simply because of weather or luck, assertions that have remained over time as mostly Western authors have written the history of the Napoleonic Wars. The author closely examines the Russian side and how their superior military planning and strategy defeated Napoleon, whose stale tactics and rough diplomacy were outwitted at almost every turn by the Russian Tsar Alexander.

Russia’s plan for 1812 was actually one of scorched earth retreat, aimed to wear out Napoleon—and the strongest army ever seen in Europe at the time—without losing a lot of men. Besides some relatively minor mistakes, it couldn’t have gone much better for the Russians. Their disciplined rearguard killed the morale and strength of an increasingly hungry Grande Armée, who were forced into a too-little-too-late retreat that cost Napoleon most of his men.

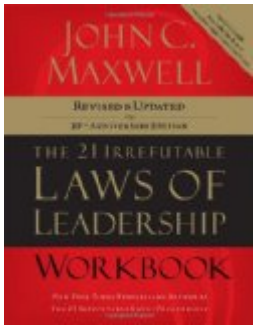
What I liked most about this book was that it gave you a birds-eye view of statecraft, as if you were in the same room when war decisions were being made. It made you almost feel like you were getting to know the leaders on a personal level. Other things the book taught me:

- Even the most brilliant of men will make poor decisions.
- War is fluid: the victor does a better job in taking advantage of his opponents mistakes.
- Wrong decisions in hindsight seem like the absolute best move at the time.
- There existed a formula to winning wars of the past: get an advantage over terrain, attack when you have the upper hand, and exploit enemy mistakes.
- Underestimating your enemy is how many wars are lost.
- There’s nothing wrong with retreat. Better to preserve your army for a future battle when you have an advantage than face total annihilation.
- Even in time of a war where your country’s future hangs in the balance, men can’t help undermining their side due to jealousy, resentment, ego, and pride.

This book is not without its problems. There are so many characters that you get confused easily and are not sure who is who. The amount of detail was too much for me,

almost to the point where I couldn't believe that we knew so much about events that happened 200 years ago. For example, the author talked about specific farms that the armies got their horses from and how it impacted the cavalry of each side. There was a lot of discussion about bureaucratic logistics and accounting. The book also didn't have any maps, so unless you know 19th century European geography, you'll only have a vague idea of where the battles were taking place.

My eyes would often fall heavy when reading, but I was pleased when I finished it. This is the type of book that you go out and celebrate when you're done.



The 21 Irrefutable Laws Of Leadership

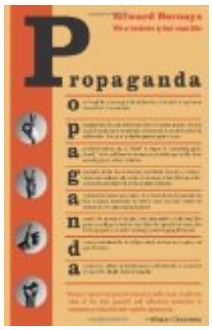
This book is like a shorter and less eloquent 48 Laws Of Power but for leadership. Some of the things I learned from it:

- You can't do it all yourself—you must assemble a team. Leaders mobilize resources instead of trying to do it all.
- Leadership is nothing more than influence. If you have followers, you're a leader.
- "Leadership isn't how far we advance ourselves but how far we advance others."
- People naturally follow others who are stronger than themselves.
- Leaders give hope that tomorrow will be better.
- A leader's potential is determined by his inner circle.
- People don't follow causes, they follow leaders.
- The greater the leader, the more responsibilities he must take on and the more he must give up.
- "Success is the greatest threat to tomorrow's success." What gets you to the top won't keep you there.

This book had a few negatives. First, it got a little too self-help with what to me was common sense. Second, some of the pages seemed to be filled with fluff just to hit a certain page count. Lastly, the "Applications" section at the end of each chapter was impractical. For example, some activities involved asking a friend to monitor you for a week on random leadership traits.

In spite of the book's flaws it does provide a lot of value by sharing helpful anecdotes, quotes, and explanations that teach you about leadership concepts. I think you'll get the most use out of it if you're a manager in a corporation and want to move up the ladder than if you have a little internet business on the side. Overall it's a quick, entertaining read that is a good starting point if you want to learn more about leadership. I definitely

have a better idea of what it takes to make a strong leader than before.



Propaganda

Professional use of propaganda started in World War I. When the war ended they simply shifted its use against consumers to sell them more crap under the banner of “public relations.” The reason that the word propaganda began having negative connotations was because the American government kept calling out “German propaganda” as having deceit and lies, forever anchoring the word to its more underhanded uses.

The father of propaganda and author of this book, Edward Bernays, is either evil or a genius, depending on how you look at it. He was one of the first guys to apply what was known about the mind to the task of trying to influence the masses. His whole motivation for doing so was because he felt that societies can only function when an intelligent elite guides the decisions of the ignorant masses.

“It is on the men inside, working under conditions that are sound, that the daily administration of society must rest. […] The conscious and intelligent manipulation of the organized habits and opinions of the masses is an important element in democratic society. Those who manipulate this unseen mechanism of society constitute an invisible government which is the true ruling power of our country.”

In other words, the modern use of propaganda is a way to control the masses and help them navigate a confusing, dangerous world. Bernays believed that superior human beings should “help” inferior humans with how they think and how to live their lives.

“Ours must be a leadership democracy administered by the intelligent minority who know how to regiment and guide the masses. Is this government by propaganda? Call it, if you prefer, government by education.”

There are many corporations who you are loyal to. Ask yourself, how did this loyalty develop? Why did you first buy their product? In a crowded market of many options, the reason you chose to deal with a particular corporation is because they “educated” either you or a friend who recommended them to you. Corporations are gigantic entities with loyalty only to the dollar, meaning that a person’s rabid love of an entity like Apple or Chipotle is an unnatural connection that came about by manipulating the subject in ways that he refuses to understand. It’s brainwashing on a mass scale, aided by science.

Consumers think they are making decisions based on sound cost-benefit analysis, but there are men in suits somewhere who targeted you, your desires, and your insecurities in a way that increased the chance you would give them money.

A good example of modern propaganda is fashion. A bunch of guys in a room decide what

newfangled creation they want to sell and by cooperating with television, celebrities, magazines, and influential web sites, they push a certain “style” that requires its victims to buy clothes they don’t need. Corporations know who influence your decisions and go after them to push their products.

“Men are very largely actuated by motives which they conceal from themselves.”

The book is more like a long brochure that Bernays hoped to hook future clients with. Once you get past the first 30 pages it becomes a chore to read. His writing style didn’t make things any easier, but understand that what he laid down here served as a rudimentary blueprint for manipulation on a large scale. It’s a short read that you can knock out in a couple days.

An Unexpected Twist [Kindle Single]

This is a true story of a guy who had his colon impacted. He describes the many surgeries he went through and all the funny moments that entailed have a gigantic section of his digestive tract removed. It’s one of the more amusing short stories I’ve read.

My Seinfeld Year [Kindle Single]

The author, a struggling actor, gets the chance to write for Seinfeld thanks to his connection to Larry David. The problem is that he’s the most beta and neurotic guy I’ve ever read in print—he actually makes George Constanza seem confident and alpha. Nonetheless, once you get past the slow beginning where he shares his life story, you get to read about how Seinfeld was made along with some behind-the-scens moments. Only check this out if you’re a Seinfeld fan.

I’ve also recently put up several of my short work on Kindle. Simply do an Amazon search for “roosh single” and you’ll find four of them.

Summer Hiatus

July 5, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I'm taking a break from the blog for a couple weeks to enjoy summer here in the Balkans. You can view the archives to check out the newest posts you may have missed.

It's also a good opportunity to catch up on my books. You can view all of them at Bang Guides. The forum will stay open and I should be around Twitter.

How To Get A Flag In 5 Days Without Pipelining

July 22, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Many of you are short-term travelers who need to get in and out of a country while capturing its flag—but without using internet dating sites. The strategy I'm about to share with you has a somewhat high failure rate, but I believe it's better than anything else out there.

We will assume a flag mission of five nights where you arrive on Tuesday and leave on Sunday.

Before The Trip:

1. Pick one city and do extensive reconnaissance. Research the nightlife to identify the top three or four clubs in that city. Three resources you can use are the travel forum, WikiTravel, and Google. You'll be looking for places that pop up repeatedly. Night game is a key element for the mission.

2. Find an apartment or hotel that is within walking distance of the best clubs you've researched. It will likely be in the nightlife district. You should be no farther than 0.6 miles from this area (a slow 15 minute walk). If your place is so far that you must take a taxi, the game is partially lost. You can't skimp on lodging, so forget about hostels.

3. Don't masturbate for five days before your trip. You want to go in with a loaded gun, aching for sex.

4. Leave your ego at home. You should not devote your energy to bitching out girls, calling out cockblockers, and getting into beefs with guys who step on your shoes in the club. Let's things slide to remain focused, because even the most minor of distractions can take your eyes off the prize. Pretend you are being sent on a covert military mission to destroy a strategic bridge but encounter random enemy units along the way. It's better to slip away unharmed than engage them in battle where you can be mortally wounded.

During The Trip:

1. Approach like a motherfucker. The whole purpose of your existence for those five days is to approach women. Do not take your work with you or bullshit around on Facebook. Do not take *Anna Karenina* and plan to read it in your spare time. If you're usually a low energy, slow-roll kind of guy, take some caffeine. Set up music playlists and watch motivational videos on Youtube to keep you in the mood.

2. Use day game approaches to continue your reconnaissance. Day game is great for building prospects, but it's weaker than night game when it comes to fast bangs, which is what we need in such a short mission. The worst thing you can do is set up dates with girls for prime time Friday or Saturday night slots and then get denied. Unless your antennae is sharp and knows when a girl wants to fuck, use day game to…

a) Continue mining for nightlife information. Keep searching for triangulation so that the venues you pick on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday nights are gold.

b) Warm up your game. Day chats give you a hint to what you need to run at night. It also keeps your brain locked in game mode so you're always "on" and ready to approach.

c) Line up girls for bangs number two or three. If you get your flag before the weekend, chances are you'll be too tired to keep approaching after that. Use your day meets to set up weekend dates for lazy lays.

The biggest problem with day game is that it's less effective when your timeline is tight. Attractive girls tend to have shit going on and may not be able to drop everything for a date scheduled too soon after you meet. If you do manage to get a quick date, schedule her early in the night around 7pm. After three drinks, be bold and ask her if she wants to return to your room for some bullshit activity. By 10PM either you're about to fuck or you're out the door to another venue. In a five day trip you should screen for party girls who like alcohol.

3. Visit a lot of venues early in the week, and then drill down so that you know what the best venue is for Saturday night. In the beginning of your trip you should methodically scope out the venues you've researched. By Saturday night, generally the easiest night to get laid anywhere in the world, select the best venue you've encountered as *the* place you stay to grind out the bang. You don't have time to hit all the clubs of the city so you must trust your research and stay in the one that is reasonable. Understand that in large cities it can take months to properly research the nightlife, so you're going for acceptability, not perfection. It's very likely that the Saturday night venue you select is only 50% as good as the city's best venue, but still good enough to get a bang.

4. Do the approaches. You should be doing five day approaches every day and ten each on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday nights (do five each on Tuesday and Wednesday nights, if possible). This should come out to a minimum of 50 approaches for your stay. Because it's so labor intensive, you have to eat right, get a full eight hours of sleep every night, and go easy on the drink. One way to know if you'll succeed or not if you can get laid in less than 50 approaches in your own country. If not, you should not be attempting this mission. Game newbies will need at least two weeks to successfully capture their flag.

5. Consider every night to be do-or-die. Don't go home early on Wednesday night with the excuse that you will hit it hard on Friday or Saturday night. Every night you must take advantage of every approach until all hope is lost. If the clubs close then you must walk up and down the streets and visit the late night fast food shacks for additional attempts. Either you get laid or you go home feeling like a pathetic loser. There is no middle ground.

If the clubs close on Saturday night and you still don't have your flag, you can't go home for at least another two hours. This means you must be the last man walking on the streets like in a zombie apocalypse before you can go home and accept failure. I repeat, *you can't go home until you're a beaten man,* until you feel like a sack of worthless shit for not completing your goal. This is what it takes to get a weekend flag in a place you've never been before. I want you to ask yourself right now if you have the will to do this. Go

ahead, I'll wait…

If there wasn't a voice inside you that screamed "Fuck yeah" then close this browser right now and go play some video games. Understand: most guys can't do this. Most guys are too scared to even attempt it. They can't handle going to a country with the expectation to get laid in such a short amount of time. They say they only want to have "fun," that they don't want to take it seriously, and then all they have to show for it afterwards are pictures of gay ass churches and a new girl on their Facebook that they will never close. I take the game seriously and in return I get serious results. Ask yourself if you want the same.

As you can see, this method is a brute force hack. There is no elegance, finesse, or social engineering to it. The main determinants to success are iron will and hard work. Since you're going into a country whose culture is new to you, you don't have much opportunity to create a custom-made game for the locals. You also don't have time to find a niche or run sniper game. Your job is to keep going until you meet a girl who digs your game and foreign vibe. It helps if she's horny and not on her period.

While on the surface this may seem like spamming a city with approaches, it's actually the hardest game challenge I know of. When so many guys shudder at the thought of doing a single cold approach, you're expected to do at least 50 within a few days on alien women in an alien city without a wingman, support, or a single prospect in the pipeline. You're expected to cut through a billion logistical hurdles to squeeze out a bang on a woman who makes your dick stand up when you put your hand on her ass. It will take absolutely everything you got and afterwards I promise that you'll need several days to recover. It's the Superbowl of game, where you're down by five and driving from your own 20-yard line at the two-minute warning. There is no do-over and there is no extra time.

The only thrill I have left in life are flag missions without pipelining. I don't judge the man who pipelines, but internet notches don't give me the same thrill as hitting a brand new city with nothing and beating up a fresh pussy in less than 100 hours, of going through the up and down emotional roller coaster of experiencing frustration, disappointment, delirium, rage, and bliss within mere moments of each other. Even if you fail, the skills you learn increase the chance of success for the next mission, meaning that over time you will become extremely skilled at high pressure lays. I have yet to fail a mission, but I'm sure it will happen. I will be crushed but I will learn from it, and then I will be even better and stronger than before.

The feeling I get from a successful flag capture is nothing short of exhilarating. The quality of the sex is irrelevant, because this is the closest a modern man will get to what it was like for his ancestors to go hunting for a cavewomen. In today's world, I can't think of anything else that makes me feel more like a man.

The End Game Of American Feminism Is To Allow All Girls To Be Fat Sluts

July 24, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In the 1920s, the feminism movement was all about equal rights between men and women, particularly with voting.

In the 1960s and 70s, it was about the right to kill a human fetus inside you.

In the 1980s, it was about not being sexually "harassed."

Today, the modern feminism movement can be boiled down to one thing: allowing Western women to be fat sluts. They are fighting for the right to look as ghastly as they want while being able to ride one-hundred cocks without being judged.

While old-school feminists like the National Organization of Women (NOW) still have legislative goals in the form of affirmative action and ending sex slavery once and for all, the millennial feminist you know so well—who forms the main readership of a site like Jezebel—is primarily concerned with eliminating fat and slut "shaming." In other words, they want to fuck whomever they want while being a "healthy weight," which is enigma code for F-A-T. Only once in a while do they write about the unfortunate plight of genital mutilation in some far off African country or sexual abuse in a FSU country that they can't pronounce.

Take a look at a sample of popular Jezebel posts I caught one day:

"A cupcake is a symbol for both a vagina and the female orgasm" – it's okay to be fat

Professional woman drinking more.. so? – don't judge women for slutting it up

Stupid British writer calls French women sluts – don't judge women for being sluts

Miss Fiji outfit shouldn't be objectified for revealing Western outfit – slut slut slut

And so on.

You may be thinking, "Well, what's wrong with sluts? Isn't that the point of your site, to fuck girls as easily as possible?"

The problem is that since slutdom is not a woman's natural state, at least not on the same level as men, something must be altered in an American woman's mind to make her feel comfortable taking ten times the amount of cock than the previous generation of women. That something is masculinization: they must become like men in order to fuck like them.

If American women were feminine, thin, and nurturing sluts, I would have no complaints, but they are a breed of slut that compare horribly to foreign women who, while less slutty, outperform them on every other conceivable metric. I would rather work 20% harder for sex with women I want to keep around for repeat banging then a one-off on a thickie with attitude. Those who disagree with me about not wanting to put in a bit of extra work have probably not slept with a single foreign woman who hasn't been

corrupted.

If my assertion is true that millenial feminism is primarily concerned with letting girls be fat sluts, and feminism continues to get aid and power from the establishment, then you should see a trend of women getting fatter, more masculine, and less able to take on the more traditional role of being a mother, wife, or even pleasant girlfriend. Now I've been out of the country for 18 months so I guess I'll ask you: are women getting fatter or thinner? Are they getting more masculine or feminine? It's harder for any man, American or not, to be satisfied on just easy sex alone if there is little other value that a woman can offer. Sadly, 90% of American men are not even getting a taste of this "easy" sex.

The majority of men who read me don't want to play in a field of fat sluts. Once in a while it's fun to pork one, but I think most sharp men are realizing that the newest push by millennial feminists for fat acceptance will eventually make it extremely difficult to find a girl worth settling down with. While I'm sure there are some men out there who are having a fat slut bonanza, the culture has overshot. Every year that goes by will just make it harder for any of us to be content with American women.

Is Porn Messing Up Your Game?

July 26, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

New York Magazine published an article a while ago called He's Just Not That Into Anyone, about man's increasingly intimate relationship with online porn and how it's affecting their relationships with women.

> As a result of the blending of reality and fantasy, some women have chosen to willingly play along by a new set of rules in order to keep their men interested: they're intentionally impersonating porn stars. Sadie, the real-estate agent, says, "A lot of guys have come to expect P.S.E. [the "Porn-Star Experience"] as a common thing—snatches waxed bald, access to every hole—and plenty of women are more than happy to provide. A few might enjoy it, but for most it's harrowing. I think there's a fear that if they can't make it happen, their boyfriend will retreat online.

Finally, something that gives American men a bit of leverage! So of course it's no surprise that feminists regularly criticize porn as a dehumanizing horror that acts as a gateway to sexual violence. As I've written before, anything that reduces female power and gives it to men will be reflexively attacked.

I have mixed feelings about American women imitating porn stars. On one hand they are eager to do nasty things that I would have had to beg for in the past, but on the other hand sex has a disconnected and even circus-like feel to it, as if a bear on a unicycle will roll by as she's deep-throating my cock with tears welling up in her eyes. I'm not saying I need an emotional connection while I fuck a girl, but porn star sex does reduce the intimacy level of the act and make it more surreal.

> 25% percent of college-age men said they'd faked orgasms.

If there's one bit of advice I can give men, it's *never* to fake your orgasm. Not being able to orgasm is one of the best ways to make a girl feel anxious and insecure. When I'm unable to come, which often happens with condoms (raw dog for life), I simply stop sex and say, "I'm not going to make it." I can almost see her hamster spinning…

- Is he not attracted to me anymore?
- Is there something wrong with my vagina?
- Should I give him a blowjob even though I don't want to?

It also shapes the power structure of the relationship. She knows that a man who doesn't orgasm is more likely to stray to get that orgasm. As a result, she tests you less and does more things to win your favor. I don't advocate withholding your orgasms on purpose, but don't be afraid to stop the sex act if you don't see your nut on the horizon.

The article also brings up the age-old question about masturbation frequency. I used to think that it mattered little, but I'm now firmly in the camp that too much masturbation

will hurt your success rate. It’s a simple matter of needing to be genuinely horny in order to put in the necessary amount of work to lay pipe inside a new vagina.

Personally, I need 2-3 days of no masturbation to get into a horny state. Since most of my bangs happen starting on Thursday, that means I do not jerk off after Monday.

In Poland, there was a good chance I’d get laid on Wednesday because of a club that had ladies night, so the only time I would ever jerk off there was on Sunday nights. Mainstream advice to “let a load off” before going on dates or hitting on girls is great—if you don’t want to get laid.

I have a friend who can jerk off six times in a day yet still be amped enough to hit on girls, but he’s an outlier. For the average guy, placing distance between himself and unlimited free delicious porn will lead to the optimal hormonal state needed to get laid. As accessible as porn is today, you should be actively resisting its siren call. Sexual capital in the form of heavy balls is needed to maximize your game efforts.

She Is Bitch (Part 1)

July 29, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

My mind was already on Ukraine. I could stick a fork in the juicy hype that was buzzing around it. “Learn Russian,” the guys who had been there would say to me. “Go before the Euro 2012, before it gets spoiled,” they’d add.

Every night I’d grab my mp3 player and take a walk outside in Riga’s Old Town to knock out an hour of Pimsleur Russian, the steady cadence of my footsteps acting like a metronome to keep my brain focused. I started the nightly walk in Poland and carried it into Riga.

“Every word counts,” my language motto goes. Winter’s arrival made the walks cold, but strengthened my resolve. Like a bodybuilder, I was working hard in the off-season to show a lot of new muscle when it was time to take off my shirt in the summer.

The Old Town of Riga was deserted during the week. There was no one to hear me doing my Russian courses under my breath, saying things like “Excuse me, where is the central square?” or “My wife and I want to drink something.” I’d put myself on a loop that would take me past coffee shops, office buildings, and residential apartments that had somehow escaped the ugly Soviet-bloc style of architecture. The occasional taxi would roll by on the cobblestone streets, looking for a tourist to scam with their rigged meters and “Euro only” payment demands.

One Wednesday night during a walk I saw a short man with dark features approaching me. He stopped a few feet away. I hit pause on my player, only two minutes left in my lesson, expecting to resume it shortly.

“Do you know a good place to go tonight?” he said in a thick Italian accent.

A sex tourist, I thought.

I took off my headphones. “Wednesday is a tough night. There’s a place called Milk, but you have to take a taxi. Besides there, I’ve never been out on a Wednesday night. Things don’t get started until the weekend.”

“How about in Old Town? Where can I go?”

“You can always try the Colonel. If that place doesn’t have people, I doubt anywhere else will,” I said.

“Where are you from? Are you American?”

“Yeah, I’m from Washington DC. And you?”

“I’m from Italy. You’re traveling here?”

“I’m staying for a month. I’ve been here for a couple weeks so far, but I don’t like it too much.”

“You’re walking like you are upset. I could see in your face that you’re not happy. Look, what are you doing right now? Did you eat?”

“Actually, I was right about to go to TGI Fridays to get an American burger. I haven’t had one in the while. You’re welcome to come with me.” He stuck out his hand and introduced himself as Luigi. We walked to the restaurant and got a table.

Whatever image you have of a stereotypical Italian wouldn’t be far from Luigi. He was short, not more than 5 feet 4 inches tall, with a slightly round belly. He had a clean face with wide eyes that made him always seem curious. He talked exactly like the mobster types in Hollywood movies, with the same hand gestures and Italian filler noises like the teeth sucking and the “Ah’s” and the catch phrases like the “Oh, come on!” and the “Don’t-uh bullsheet me!” and “I swear on my seester!” He was one year older than me and could probably have passed for my brother.

He said, “Before I came up to you, I was positive you were Italian. I was going to speak Italian, but at the last minute I changed to English because of your clothes.”

“I get that a lot. When I was in Poland, most of the girls thought I was from Spain, but Italian was the second most popular guess.” He nodded and I continued, “I had a great time in Poland, but so far Riga has been a huge disappointment. So many guys said this place was amazing for women, but I’m just not seeing it, and I feel like I’ve been everywhere in the city. I’m ready to give up.”

“Look, I’ve been here twenty times. If you came five years ago, the women would throw themselves on you, but now it’s shit. I don’t know what happened, but I swear on my seester it used to be better. Every girl wanted a foreigner, but now they don’t care. Riga is finished.”

“So why are you here?”

“It’s like a drug, I just keep coming back because I’m stupid, because I know the city and I’ve met so many women before. I fell in love one time here with a girl, four years ago. She wasn’t blonde, but she had the beautiful blue eyes. She looked like a doll. I told her I want to be with her forever. I pay for her to come to Italy, I introduce her to my family, I treat her like my queen, and then in the end, she fuck me. She left me for another guy who had more money than me. These girls, they are *obsessed* with money. They don’t care about you, how you look, your job, your personality, just if you have money.”

“How did she screw you?”

“Before she came to Sicily, she said she wanted to see Rome for two days. Why do you think she wanted to go to Rome? Because she has a cock there. These girls have cock everywhere—you can’t trust them. So she came to Sicily but she changed. In Latvia she think I was a rich man, and compared to men here I was, but in Italy I am normal. She knew that and right away tried to get a better man.”

“Is that what you’re looking for here? A wife?” My burger and fries arrived. Luigi was on auto-pilot now.

“No, I have a girlfriend. I come here just to play. We live in Ireland because I hate Italy. Look at me, do I look like typical Italian white trash? I know you’ve seen the Italians here. They are nothing, they are shit. Back at home they live with their mother and father until

they are 40 years old. They don't have a job and come here because flight is cheap. I don't want to be like this trash. I want to be successful. I want to have class. I have a good job. I have my iPhone at home. I want to travel. I want to experience the world. When I go home and visit my family they don't understand me, why I do this. I don't want to be like an Italian."

"Let me tell you," he said, "I love America. I love America with all my heart. The people there, they believe, they are optimists. 'Yes, we can!' Your flag is on the moon! You are the biggest country in the world. Americans can do anything they want. You don't know how lucky you are to be one, how much power you have."

"Maybe in the past it was great to be American, but I think our time is gone."

"No, it's still here. America is a dream that people still believe in. It's the fantasy, the movies, the music, New York City, Las Vegas, Miami. Come on, man, you're American. Be proud! Girls here love America. I will die for your passport."

"I'm not sensing that. The girls here don't seem to care."

"That's because you're going to the wrong places. We will go out, I'll take you to the right places. I come to Riga and I get a girl every night. Tonight we will meet girls. We will do it."

"But it's Wednesday. Where can we go?" I asked.

"Don't worry, we will find a place. We will do it!"

Was an Italian man selling me the American dream? Yes, he was—and I was buying. This was part of his infectious nature, his game. He made you believe in yourself, selling you fantasies, and even when it turned out that those fantasies weren't true, you wanted to go back to hear more. Luigi gave me faith in myself, shutting down the voice of logic and reason. I wanted to believe him. I wanted to believe that my American passport mattered in Latvia, where every one of my experiences so far had contradicted that.

"I went to New York City many times and they don't care about my accent. I go to a bar and I try to talk to the girls, but they don't talk to me. I love America but I don't understand American women. 'Do you want to smoke? Do you want to talk? Do you want to do dance? Do you want to drink? Do you want to fuck? What the fuck do you want?' Then I go to Canada and I talk in my accent, like Tony Soprano, and the girls they like it. They compliment me. I can't live in America because it's hard to get a green card, but I will move to Canada. Close enough, just no guns. But I still love America."

"What do Latvian girls want?" I asked.

"They want money! It's their sickness. It is so sad that you have beautiful girls here and they will give you pussy for a couple drinks and 20 lats." [20 lats is $40 dollars.]

"Yes, but you keep coming back. You're part of the problem, no?"

"Yes, because I love the blonde girl here. They are my dream and I come here and give them what they want. I sell them the dream and I fuck them, and if they ask me for 20 lat then I will give it to them as long as I can fuck. I'm going to marry my girlfriend one day, she is going to be the mother of my child. This trip is my last one here. This is… how do

you say in America when a man is going to get married?"

"Bachelor party?"

"Yes, this is my bachelor party. Please teach me the English, all the slang. I want to know it."

"So all these girls are prostitutes?"

"Yes and no. These girls are not prostitutes, but they are looking for opportunity. So either you sell them the dream, the future with you in America, or you give them the money. But you don't go to a girl and say 'How much?' Maybe she asks you before sex, maybe she asks after sex. Maybe she never asks you. It's not always so clear."

I had long ago started taking notes with my pen on what he saying, jotting things down on my paper placemat. He knew I wrote travel guides, so he stressed important things by adding, "Put that in your book!"

I said, "In American slang, we call girls like that semi-professionals, or semi-pros. They're not full-blown prostitutes, but they're not normal girls, either. The line is blurry and you're not sure what you're getting. But I only want a normal girl."

"You want a normal girl in a fucked-up place? Roosh, this is not America. This is not Italy or Sweden. The people here have no class. They don't care about who you are as a man. They want money and they want a future. They want to trade their beauty for something, for something they can touch and feel."

"I guess that explains why the first Latvian girl I fucked had lived in England for a long time. She seemed more Western than Latvian. I think there are normal Latvian girls, but they're just hard to talk to."

"Yes, they are hard because they think you are a sex tourist. The normal girls only want a Latvian man. So we have to deal with the girls who are bitches, who want money. Those are the two types of girls here, the normal girl and the bitch. You are going to normal clubs and getting nowhere, right?"

"Right."

"You must go to the bitch club and treat those girls like a bitch. It's very easy here, I will explain it to you." He took a dramatic sip of his mojito. My pen was ready. "They don't like cheap men. Very early you have to buy her a drink."

"Right away?"

"It depends. I like to start with conversation, but you can even go up to a girl and say, 'Would you like to have a drink with me?' This is why in Latvia it's important to go out with a friend. That's why I talked to you outside. I don't want to go out alone. I hate being alone. Two is perfect here because the girls are always in twos. That's how you know a girl is a bitch because she won't be in a big group. If ten of her friends are making a big party, she's a normal girl and you won't get anywhere."

"Yeah I always get cockblocked when approaching a girl who's part of a big group. They don't even let me finish my opening line. Right away a friend comes and takes her away,

like she’s trying to save her from being raped or something.”

“Yes because they think you are a sex tourist.”

“Do you think I look like a sex tourist?” Maybe I was putting out a sex tourist vibe.

“No, man, you don’t look like a sex tourist, but you’re a foreigner. The normal girls do not like foreigners anymore. Forget about it. Look at the time, almost 12:00. Let’s get the check and go. I’ll tell you the rest later.”

We paid the bill and left. I was ready to follow Luigi’s lead.

TO BE CONTINUED…

She Is Bitch (Part 2)

July 30, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

PREVIOUSLY: PART ONE

He walked with me to my apartment so I could drop off my laptop and wash up. He said there was no time for me to take a shower, so I just brushed my teeth and scrubbed my armpits over the sink. Once back on the street, he started telling me about his method.

“This isn’t like America where you have to go in circles to talk to a woman. They want a strong, direct man here. Give her a good look in the eyes, smile, hold it, and then ask her how she’s doing. That’s it. You’ll know right away if she wants to talk to you or not. Let me see your smile.”

I smiled.

“Okay, fake smiles aren’t so great, but that’s a good start. Just smile and look her in the eyes. Don’t be scared, and don’t look away first.”

After I went to an ATM to withdraw some cash, we saw two girls coming up the sidewalk. One was cute and playing with her dog. The other was a land whale who had managed to fit into a party dress two sizes too small.

“Want to demonstrate?” I asked.

He stopped next to the girls and said, “Hi, ladies, how are you?”

The fat one responded instantly, complimenting his accent and asking where he was from. Even the cute one was friendly, so we all engaged in small talk. The fat girl turned into a bit of a stalker, however, following Luigi and me for a block until finally getting the hint.

“That girl is too fat,” he said. “I just wanted to show you what I mean.”

“What’s funny is that those girls were more receptive than I would have thought. If I approached them alone, I doubt if they would have responded like that.”

“The girls here think it’s weird when you go out alone. They don’t like it.”

“It was the opposite in Poland. I’d go out alone and the girls would commend me, saying they liked my confidence.”

“Yes, because Poland is a normal place. Remember that we’re in a shit place and things are different. I teach you so you understand.”

We walked to the front of a tourist club called Scandal, debating whether we should go in or not. Then a pretty brunette said hi to us. Wow, I thought, being with a friend really improves things. Luigi took over the conversation and asked what her and her tall friend were up to. They said they couldn’t get in because the brunette was too young and the bouncer she knows wasn’t working. They asked if we wanted to go to another club where she could get in. Luigi enthusiastically accepted.

I always do research on a country before I fly in. One thing I read about Riga is that a girl

will lead you to a bar of her choosing where prices are grossly inflated. She gets a cut of the proceeds and slowly drains your wallet while pretending she likes you. By the end of the night, you're broke and she goes home with the excuse that she has to take care of her mother. I've read some horror stories where a guy unwittingly buys a bottle, gets a bill for an absurd sum, and isn't allowed to leave until he pays up. Burly Russian types escort him to nearby ATMs to make the withdrawal.

The two girls were extremely friendly, asking questions interview-style, where during the previous two weeks I had trouble finding more than one girl who acted that way. I was skeptical. I didn't want to discount the power of being with a friend, but their vibe seemed off. While walking to their club, the brunette hooked Luigi's arm and the tall girl, who wasn't at all attractive, hooked mine. Without any doubt in the world, I knew something was wrong.

"So what do you think of Riga?" the tall girl asked.

"It's a weird place."

"Why do you say that?"

"Well, you have the Latvians and the Russians, and they're completely different people. It depends on where you go, I guess."

"Where have you been so far?" she asked.

"Just to a couple clubs in the center."

"Do you have a favorite?"

"Not yet."

"What other countries have you been to?"

On and on it went. The conversation wasn't natural because Eastern European women don't ask rapid-fire questions. What's funny was that she was talking to me the way I always tell guys not to talk to women.

Five minutes into the walk, I said, "Hey, Luigi, can I have a word with you for a minute?"

"Yeah buddy wants up?"

"This doesn't feel right. I think we should go back."

"Why, man? These girls are cool."

"Nah, I think it's a scam."

"No, man, you're just being paranoid. I've been to Riga twenty times, I'm not an idiot. Let's just see where they want to go. Trust me, I'm not the last boy scout. I won't let anything happen to us."

He was a convincing little man. We resumed walking with the girls.

"So, where are we going?" I asked the tall girl.

"Don't be so nervous," she said. "We're just going to have fun."

"Does this place have a name?"

"Don't worry about it!"

“Well, how far is it?”

“It’s close. Just a couple more minutes.”

She kept asking questions to keep my mind off the bar we were going to, but her awkward conversation style just made me even more suspicious. We made a left turn, a right, and then another right, which was the city equivalent of going three blocks to walk one.

“So do you know where this bar is or not? We’re walking in circles,” I said.

“Don’t be so nervous!” she said, but all my brain heard was *be so nervous*.

“Hey, Luigi, come here for a second,” I said, drawing him into another conference. “You know we just walked in a circle, right?”

“Yeah, it looks that way. Strange.”

“Look, this is a fucking scam. I’m 100% sure. We’re wasting our time.”

“It’s okay. Let’s just check out the place and if it’s a scam, we’ll leave.”

“So you want to continue wasting our night just to confirm it really is a scam? I have my ATM card on me and a lot of cash. I don’t feel comfortable at all.”

“Don’t worry, man.”

“Yeah, famous last words.”

“Look, they say it’s close. Let’s just check it out.”

“They’ve been saying its close for the past ten minutes.”

“We’ll just look at it from the front. I agree that it’s starting to smell like shit, but if it’s shit, we won’t go in.”

We went back to the girls. I didn’t even bother to put on a fake smile. Luigi really thought his girl was intensely attracted to him and walking us across town because she eventually wanted to fuck him.

Ten minutes later, we were approaching the worst area of the city, with no signs of civilization in sight. I stopped all conversation with the tall girl. If I got scammed on my own, having been honestly tricked, I’d take my licks and learn from it. But in this case I had seen the scam a mile away and was allowing a new friendship to suck me in way farther than I would have otherwise gone. I was putting my fate in Luigi’s hands.

“Alright, I’m going back,” I suddenly said. “Luigi, this is bullshit. We’ve been walking for twenty minutes and now we’re in a shit part of town. Even if the bar isn’t a scam, I don’t want to go.” Then, I added in a whisper, “I don’t even like the girl. I don’t want to fuck her. She’s not even cute.”

“So you’re going to leave me here alone?”

“You’re welcome to come with me if you want, but I’m not going to do something I don’t feel comfortable with.”

Luigi got stern with the girls. “Hey, ladies, this isn’t some bar where a bottle costs 500 euro, eh?”

Their cheesy smiles tried to assure him. For a guy who supposedly had so much Riga experience, I couldn't believe that he was still indulging a scam that was going down word for word the way I had read about on the Internet (it wouldn't be until the following night that he revealed he had been scammed multiple times in Riga).

"Okay, Roosh, I talked to the girls. They say it's just three blocks down. How about we get into a taxi and look at it from the front? If it's not good, we'll drop them off and go back to club we were at."

That sounded reasonable to me, especially since we would pick the cab. I hailed one on the street, but the driver didn't speak English. We got in and the girls gave him directions in Russian. We had unwittingly given them complete control over the situation. They had told Luigi that the bar was only three blocks away, but just like on foot, we started going in circles. Either these girls were such amateurs that they had forgotten where the scam bar was, or they were deliberately trying to disorient us.

"I used to live here. This is a very bad area," Luigi said.

"No shit," I said. "Hey girls, do you know where this bar is or not?"

The pretty girl said to the taxi driver in Russian, "He doesn't understand," followed by a little laugh.

The taxi driver just smiled, understanding what was going on. The scam was definitely on and my heart started racing.

TO BE CONTINUED…

She Is Bitch (Part 4)

August 1, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

PREVIOUSLY: PART THREE

In all fairness, some of the girls were rather cute. Out of the three categories of women in Riga, two were present: bitch and desperate. The desperate girls were easy to spot: they were fat and poorly dressed. The bitches were always sexy.

“Hey, look at that girl,” Luigi said, pointing towards a fat brunette. “On Badoo she asked me 150 lats to fuck her.”

“That’s $300. Are you sure she didn’t mean 1.50 lats?”

“No, I’m sure.”

“If she’s asking that much, I guess that means that there are actually guys who have paid. Fucking sex tourists.”

Luigi said, “This is my last visit here. Let’s get a drink and try to have a good time.”

By “let’s get a drink” he actually meant “how about if you buy me a drink?” I figured his funds were tight since he was always complaining about the high drink prices.

I handed him a vodka and Red Bull and he immediately started talking to a short blonde. She was a country girl with below-average looks. I put her in the desperate category. When they were still talking five minutes later, I knew he was in. All of a sudden I felt alone and in need to chat up a girl. Going out with Luigi I actually talked to very few girls because I was so busy talking to him.

I saw a tall blonde standing by the dance floor. She was wearing heels and a mini-skirt—a typical scammer chick, but she had a girl-next-door vibe with Princess Leia braided hair and a plain face. Because I knew all the scams, I felt immune.

I approached her and said, “You look like speak English.”

“A little,” she said.

“Are you Russian or Latvian?”

“I’m Russian.”

“I’m actually learning Russian now. I’m studying one hour a day. It’s a hard language.”

She didn’t seem impressed and turned away slightly. I glanced over at Luigi. His girl was laughing. There were two foreign guys for every Latvian girl, so I had to try to make this one work.

I looked at her and said, “Do you want to dance?” She said yes.

After a couple minutes on the dance floor I put my hand on her hip, but she stepped back and made an X with her arms. *Okay, relax, no problem.* She eventually warmed up and we were dancing somewhat close.

I said, “This club is awful. I want to kill myself for coming here.”

“Do you want to go somewhere else?” she asked.

“Yes. I know a normal club we can go to.”

“Then let’s go.”

I felt like we were two lost souls, stuck in a club we both hated, extremely lucky to have found each other.

I can’t believe how naïve I was.

TO BE CONCLUDED…

She Is Bitch (Part 5 of 5)

August 2, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

PREVIOUSLY: PART FOUR

The following night Luigi and I met at the TGI Fridays and ordered burgers. It was his last night in Riga.

“So what happened to you after I started talking to the girl?” Luigi asked.

“The bitch tricked me,” I said, “but first tell me what happened with the blonde.”

“I fucked her,” he laughed.

“How did it go down?”

“Remember last night I was telling you to sell these girls a dream? Well, my energy was really high and I was telling her that she was so beautiful and her hair was so soft. Then I said, ‘Look you’re a pretty girl. You like me, I like you, how about I give you 20 lat and we go to my place and hang out?’”

“And what did she say?”

“Of course she say yes. I told you, these girls are crazy about money. So I took her to my place, less than one hour after I start talking to her, and I fuck her. I even fuck her in the ass! It was so tiny.” He cupped his hands to accentuate the tightness.

“And you gave her the 20 lat?”

“No, I didn’t even give her! In the morning I could tell she wanted to ask me something, like she wants the money, but she didn’t ask and I didn’t bring it up.”

“What would you have done if she brought it up?”

“I would tell her that I didn’t have the money and I have to go to the ATM later. What is she going to do? Call the cops? These girls don’t have pimps.”

“So you scammed her. Amazing.”

“Yes, remember, I’m from Sicily.”

“So while you were scamming a chick, I was getting scammed.”

“Yes tell me what happened. I saw you talking to a nice blonde.”

“I approached her and we started dancing. After a while we agreed to go somewhere else. I was going to take her to the Latvian club we were at earlier, since it’s normal and the music is good, but once we got outside, she wanted to take me to a bar in the opposite direction.”

“Uh oh.”

“Exactly,” I said. “She didn’t want to come to my bar because she didn’t trust me. I said, ‘Trust? We’re going to a public club, not my apartment.’ She insisted on going to her bar.

“I told her, ‘Look, don’t try to screw me. I’ve been in this city for a month and I know what goes on here. If you want to screw me then go right back inside and find another guy.

There are many guys there who don't care about getting screwed.' I basically told her I wasn't an idiot and that she was wasting her time if she was trying to con me. She got offended that I'd think of her that way. She stopped walking and then our faces got real close, like we were about to kiss."

"So she was sincere?"

"Yes. I was convinced she wasn't a scammer and that she really liked me. Either that or she was the best actress I have ever met. We walked and walked, just like with those two chicks from our first night out. She kept saying it was close, like they did. I was getting a little anxious, but not too much because I believed she was real. Then we finally arrived at her club. I walked in and it looked fine—nice bar, DJ, big dance floor—but there were only two people in there.

"I went up to the bar and asked the bartender how much a Finlandia vodka cost. Usually it costs 2.50 lats, even in the good clubs. Well, he showed me the menu…8 lats. $16 for a shot of average vodka. I went back to the girl and said, 'Do I look stupid?' She didn't answer. I raised my voice. 'Look at me! Do I look fucking stupid? I told you not to screw me, and now you bring me to this fucking scam bar. What the hell is wrong with you?'"

"So she is bitch?"

"Yes, she is bitch. She broke down and started crying. I couldn't tell if she was faking. She said, 'I feel ashamed.' I told her, 'If you want to come with me to the normal club, we can go now. Yes or no?' She didn't give me an answer, wanting to talk instead. I could tell she was trying to stall, that she wasn't really attracted to me, so I left. It was almost 5:00. I thought it was hopeless, but I didn't give up. I went to another Latvian club and met a thirty-year-old who was sitting alone at the bar."

"Alone, that's like a jackpot."

"Yes. I got her to my place, but we didn't fuck. I couldn't get her clothes off."

"At least the night wasn't a total loss."

"Yes, it was. What happened last night was something I would rather not have experienced. I was being genuine to a woman that I was attracted to, wanting to have a good time, and she was acting the whole time like she was starring in a movie. She saw me as a piece of shit. The whole thing was completely fake. This whole city is fake. I don't know why you keep coming back."

"Because I see them as the bitch they are. In this city one person is always doing the scamming. So if you're not scamming her, which last night you were not, then you get scammed."

"I understand that, but I don't want to be in a place where that's the reality. I prefer the fantasy world of women wanting to have sex with you just because they like your sense of humor or personality. My culture is different."

"I already told you I've been burned here many times. One time I take home a girl and when I come out of the bathroom she made two drinks. She made a toast 'to our health.' All I remember next is waking up the next morning with the worst headache of my life.

She stole my phone and passport. Another time some guy on the street stole my passport, and then there was the girl who stole my laptop."

"Jesus," I said.

"Yeah but it's part of the game. You fuck her before she fucks you. I'm good at this. Well, at least now I am."

"You were walking directly into a trap on Wednesday night, dragging me with you. I saved your ass," I said with a laugh. "Are you sure you're good at this?"

"Last night I was good!" he said, smiling broadly.

When our burgers came I realized why Luigi loved Riga so much: he was a scammer himself. He got joy out of tricking girls at their own game, even though he had lost the game many times. For him the fun wasn't just fucking a girl, but tricking her in the process. He made me feel prudish in that I wanted to be honest and just have some fun sex without any scams, tricks, or money attached.

"So what do you want to do tonight?" he asked.

"Sleep. I'm tired."

"When I walked by Scandal there were some people inside. Let's just go for a drink."

"Oh, no, I'm completely done," I said.

"This is my last night here and you're going to say goodbye to me in front of an American burger place? Let's have one drink to our friendship and that's it. Come on. I don't want to be alone. Oh, and let me tell you some more reasons why I love America and the American dream…"

Twenty minutes later we were walking to the club. I already knew how the rest of the night would go.

Am I Losing The Ability To Bang Western Women?

August 5, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In the past I've written about how spending time abroad helps my game when I return back to the States. Being put in new situations with foreign women apparently translated into a better ability to fuck American women. Now that I've been in Europe for so long, coming home must mean I'll be able to fuck American girls on demand, right?

I recently spent three weeks in Hvar, a Croatian island that is often rated in the top ten of European summer destinations. I went with a plan to pick up some Eastern European flags, but unfortunately the island was stacked with British and other Anglo women. Because I still wanted to get laid, I made due and tried to bang anyway.

My results were poor: in my first ten nights I banged only two British girls. That's a one out of five night success rate, which is actually *worse* than what I was getting in Washington DC before I left. Granted, one of the girls was a virgin, and I did run out of gas after the fifth consecutive night going out, but I worked hard to get paltry results from women who were vacationing and supposed to be easy. Here's what happened:

1. My time in Europe is taking me *away* from the optimum game to bang Western women. Western game is very particular: put out a fun, cocky vibe and maintain nonsexual banter until going for the kill with a subtle weasel move in the end. This has not been my game for about two years now. I've been a "confident beta" who compliments, buys women drinks, and romances them by showing affection and making them feel like they're being swept off their feet. Western women don't reward that type of game.

2. Western women want to keep conversations superficial and comical. I don't go to the club to have philosophical discussions, but after thirty minutes of conversation with an Eastern European girl, I want to ask her questions that give me an idea on who she really is. With a Western girl, you have to continue the witty banter to infinity—it never stops, even after sex. You need to entertain your way into her pants and if you hit her with a couple bad jokes then she will lose attraction for you. She only cares if you're stimulating her in the present moment. Western women want stand-up comedians while Eastern European women want a good man.

3. Western women kill the moment and soften your boner. I was on my balcony with a Canadian girl from Toronto. When I got close for the kiss she said, "Okay so is this where we kiss? I think we can kiss. But we can only kiss and that's all." She wouldn't stop talking about the kiss, like it was the biggest thing in the world. I almost felt like she wanted me to sign a contract specifying how the kiss would go down. Suddenly I felt like there were twenty cameras on me and what was supposed to be an intimate moment became farce.

The second example happened with an Australian girl while still at the club. I went for the kiss at about the hour mark and when I got to within two inches of her face she said,

“Really? You’re trying to kiss me already?” I scratched my head a bit and then went in again a few minutes later, only for her to keep saying “Really?” I told her to stop acting like she’s doing the director commentary on a DVD. I got the kiss, but when I’d do any escalation move she’d say “Really?”

4. Western women are less forgiving of any errors you make. While it didn’t help that the island was stacked with dudes who were approaching like mad, Western women are ready to jump ship when you make the slightest mistake. Did you give a comment that may be construed as a needy compliment? She walks. Did you call her out for an incorrect statement she made? She walks. Did you show an ounce of raw male desire? She walks. If you don’t put on a perfect performance, and she thinks she has other options, she will absolutely not give you the benefit of the doubt.

5. They think they are hotter or better than they actually are. It’s been a while since I’ve seen so many overweight women acting like they are prizes on the sexual dating market. In Eastern European countries I’d get free love from 5s and below who would make it easy for me to get at least some action, but Western 5s don’t give you love—they cockblock you and make fun of you. Fat girls who are past their prime gave me shit for no reason when I wasn’t even hitting on them.

6. They have a herd mentality and act as if they’re still teenagers. If a girl likes you, but her four friends don’t, then you’re out of luck. To get one lay you have to make sure all her friends think you’re a great guy, and if just one of them doesn’t like your hair style then she will make it her life mission to cockblock you. In Eastern Europe, I could ignore the friend and just go for the one I like, but with Western women you have to “game” the entire group, including the ugly one with attitude. Girls who I would never interact with voluntarily hold the keys to my sexual success, and besides day gaming, there’s nothing I can do about it.

7. They are slaves to the “natural” seduction. They believe that amazing and intimate moments happen to them passively and that they shouldn’t put conscious effort into helping it along. In Eastern Europe, you can actually use logic to get a girl in bed. You can ask her, “Have you made love with an American man before?” and if she says no you can respond, “Well now is your opportunity. Let’s go to my apartment, listen to some good music, and make love.” While the girl would laugh and say no, we would then go to my apartment, listen to music, and bang. Say a similar line to a Western girl and she’d think you were a desperate creep because you’re verbalizing something that should “just happen.” You can’t talk about sex and must hope instead that you two tumble on the ground and your dick pops into her vagina. The bathroom line I wrote about in Bang that is stupid effective to get into an American girl’s place is too corny to use on Eastern European women.

As much as I’ve blasted Western women here, I go in fresh with every new encounter. Believe it or not, my biases won’t automatically come up if tomorrow I happen to meet, say, an Irish girl. I’m warm, affectionate, and maybe even a little romantic. That’s a problem because Western women don’t want a man with those traits—Eastern European

women do. Western women want comedians who fit a profile of something they recently saw in a romantic comedy where sex happens magically while the man pretends all along that he doesn’t want sex. He accomplishes that by constantly teasing and making jokes. Apparently I used to be good at doing the same, but it doesn’t seem to be the case anymore. Without any doubt in my mind I can tell you that my ability at banging Western girls has gone down. And I think that’s the best thing that has happened to me.

How Men Will Learn Game In The Future

August 7, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The modern game movement was popularized by Mystery, a tall man who wore black nail polish, furry hats, and aviator goggles. In spite of his unique appearance, he spoke a lot of universal game truths that could be used by average guys. Most of it, however, did not resonate with them, especially his group approach techniques that required being interesting to four or more people simultaneously. His use of magic tricks and other theater proved difficult to reproduce.

There are an infinite number of methods to have sex with women, but any game teacher will only teach you one—the game that works for him. That game may still increase your results, but it's not personalized for your unique personality and look. It's not even personalized for the city or country you live in.

For game to increase its effectiveness in helping men, I believe it must be tailor made to a degree we haven't yet seen:

- Game for a black guy with a Kid Cudi vibe who lives in Washington DC.
- Game for a former high school football player who likes Asian girls in San Francisco.
- Game for a blonde surfer dude who moves to Brazil.
- Game for hairy Middle Eastern guys in Eastern Europe.
- Game for Indian guys who like white girls in Texas.

There should be at least one qualified guru specifically dedicated to hyper-niche markets like the ones above. It's already being accomplished informally in game forums, but I expect it to become more organized in the next few years.

The game that I teach is generic enough to work for a wide audience. It's specific but not too specific. It's not quirky or strange that you have to be exactly like me for it to work. New gurus coming onto the scene will find it almost impossible to attract a large audience because of how saturated the field is. Second wave pickup must (and will) drill down to detailed niche markets. There will be less money in it, for sure, but unless you reinvent the wheel, you won't get many eyeballs to yet another "dating advice" resource. You'll be seen as a copycat at best, a spammer at worst.

I've cracked a door open by writing my travel guides. With a book like Bang Colombia, a small market has developed for further instruction, possibly in the form of workshops done by a man who has lived in Colombia and further hacked the code of Colombian women. If there was an American man who halfway understood Ukraine, I would've happily fork over a couple hundred dollars for him to teach me when I first arrived there. Specialized knowledge that takes months or years to obtain will become very valuable to men who are short on time.

The niche markets don't have to be international. For example, there is a huge pent-up demand for guys who want to crack dating sites like OKcupid or Plenty of Fish. While a

“How To Date On The Internet” book will do well, imagine if a guy cracked only OKcupid and put out something like “How To Bang One Girl A Week From OKcupid.” I hate internet game but even I’d want to check out that book. Or how about a book called “How To Pick Up Girls In Starbucks” with twenty openers and dozens of bait examples that are only used in that chain of stores.

In twenty years or so, when game theory is studied on the university level, I envision a man taking a 500-question personality quiz in order to tell him the optimum game he should spit. You would share your living situation, female preferences, race, style, and so on. Instead of a one-size-fits-all game that we have now, where you hope what you’re reading works for you, you’d have a detailed recipe that works specifically for you and only you. The only limiting factor in success after that would be how much effort you put in.

The macro discussion of game may be nearing an end as most of the general topics have been analyzed to death by bright male minds. Now it’s time to go micro.

Top 5 South American Countries With The Hottest Girls

August 9, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Since South America is a popular destination for American men, I wanted to give more detail on the level of talent you can find there. For each country on this list I included three photos of girls who are on the *high end* of their country's beauty scale. They are not exactly representative of the country but should give you an idea of the eye candy you'll witness.

1. Argentina

It's hard to find more beautiful women than in Argentina. Their slightly tan skin, petite but shapely bodies, and long black hair perfectly combine European ancestry with mestizo blood. Too bad the women are crazy.

2. Colombia

Colombia is the slightly less attractive sister of Argentina but with larger asses and breasts (often fake). They are not as crazy as Argentine women, but are notoriously unreliable. Nonetheless, they are generally easy to get intimate with and are therefore a top choice for love tourists.

3. Brazil

While Brazil has some stunning beauties, with the most amazing booties you'll ever see, their faces are average at best. The strength of Brazilian women lie with their sexy and feminine natures more than their genetic appearance. They also aren't that hard to get in the sack.

4. Venezuela

This country is supposedly the land of beauty queens, but the typical girl on the street will have a nice ass with a just alright face. Venezuela is currently a wreck of a country to visit, making Colombia the more obvious choice if you’re looking for this type of woman.

5. Chile

You'd think Chilean girls would look similar to Argentines, but unfortunately they have a more indigenous face with fatter bodies. In spite of their lower beauty score, they act like they have the appearance of Argentine women. I don't recommend you visit this country for the women, but then again it's better than what you can find in Ecuador or Peru.

Even though Argentina rates as the hottest, Brazil and Colombia have women who are easier and more likely to make you happy. For a newbie love tourist, the latter two are obvious choices.

American Women vs. Eastern European Women

August 11, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

This clip uses my post 42 Things Wrong With American Women as a basis of comparison with Eastern European women.

Click over to the YouTube page to see some good comments that have already been left.

How To Avoid A False Rape Accusation

August 12, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

American girls primarily pick their sexual partners based on feelings instead of logic. She fucks you not because you're a good man who matches her reasoned compatibility criteria, but because you made her pussy wet with a cocky attitude and aloof nature. The problem with selecting sex partners based on feelings is that if she happens to get a bad feeling about you right after sex, she's going to back-rationalize and find a way to blame you for it. You'll be in for days of anxiety wondering if those bad feelings transform into the worst-cast scenario: a false rape accusation. You patiently wait for her to send a text message that you can use as rape defense.

It's not uncommon for American girls to "flip" after sex and make a 180 degree turn once her emotional high of attraction comes down. She can go immediately silent, ask you to leave, start crying, or get angry. I've had degrees of all four happen to me, leaving me in a stressful state on how to deal with a girl whose feelings could bring the judicial hammer upon my head even though I didn't do anything wrong. Should I be nice to her? Should I storm out? Should I have recorded the interaction with my phone?

The best thing you can do when a girl flips on you after sex is be firm and mature. In other words, act like a stern father whose insolent child is throwing a temper tantrum. Don't escalate the encounter into nuclear war, but don't lay down and let her get away with acting silly.

- **If she's being suddenly combative**, say, "You're acting immature and rude right now. When you're done with your temper tantrum, let me know."
- **If she's giving you the silent treatment**, say, "You're acting strange all of a sudden. Were you a virgin?" She will say no and then you can respond, "Well it sure seems like it by the way you're acting now."
- **If she's crying**, say, "Crying after sex is not a typical response unless you were hurt. Did I physically hurt you?" She will say no. Then say, "Okay well let's act like adults. If there's something on your mind, you can say it. I'm not a mind reader."

The message you want to send is, "I don't accept the way you're acting right now." You're not insulting her, you're not escalating the encounter, but you're insisting on an adult atmosphere where feelings without explanation are not permitted. In essence you are dragging her out of a child-like state and bringing her back into the adult world. If she can't handle that, you should end the interaction.

The last thing you want to do is be weak. Women who flip after sex absolutely hate weak men, and like a piranha sensing blood in water, the weakness gives them permission to escalate. I believe that false rape accusations are done primarily on men who put out a weak signal that hints they'd bowl over in the face of an accusation. Women don't accuse fighters—they accuse men who they think won't fight back.

Keep in mind that there should be a slight hint of compassion in your response because, after all, your penis was inside her and there was obviously some sort of connection for the sex act to occur, but don't let her get away with acting immature because she will milk it for all it's worth. Appeasement didn't work on Hitler, and it won't work on American women either.

Live by feelings, die by feelings. When women let sex be determined by little feelings inside their tummies, they will inevitably pick partners that will make them feel regret afterwards. Unfortunately for men, the repercussions from her feelings can have real-world consequences. Be firm in the face of those negative feelings to survive the whimsy of her hamster brain. These days not only do you need game in fucking American women, but you also need to be a psychologist to deal with the unpredictable aftermath.

Pussy Exists In A State Of Equilibrium

August 14, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

"The entropy of [Earth's] constituent systems fluctuates up and down at varying rates."
-The Sisyphean Paradox

All organisms on Earth have some limiting feature or constraint that prevent them from dominating the environment. The exception is humans. They exist in a state of disequilibrium that allows them to exert an influence far beyond their fragile little bodies could have predicted. But since nature prefers equilibrium and balance, this temporary state will one day come to an abrupt end.

The invisible hand that pushes nature towards equilibrium works on smaller scales as well, in particular with regard to the human female. I have personally witnessed the work of the hand in my travels, where anything good tends to be balanced almost perfectly with the bad.

In **Poland**, the women loved me and my penis, but their faces are average and the cities are only good for four months out of the year.

In **Ukraine**, the women are hyper-feminine and make perfect girlfriends, but there are several logistical barriers (starting with language) that make it tough to make the pussy rain. It doesn't help that most of the country is a horrible shithole.

In **Iceland**, okay-looking girls are extremely easy, but they aren't feminine. The cost of living is high and the weather sucks.

In **Brazil**, the women are sexy, sensual, and know how to fuck, but their faces are average, they have small breasts, and their bodies are getting fatter. The cities are sketchy and the culture is becoming dangerously feminist.

In **Colombia**, girls are pretty and feminine but extremely flakey and it's tough to pull at night due to logistical issues. You need Spanish to do well.

When someone asks me which country is best, I have to ask back in regard to what. For beautiful girls? For relationships? For easy sex, for day pickups, for night pickups, for internet game, for speaking in Spanish? Equilibrium is always at work to prevent one location from having it all, meaning that pussy paradise cannot be a natural state. The good news is that sometimes it takes a while for the invisible hand to apply to brakes on a budding pussy paradise. During the 90s, there were pussy paradises as far as the eye can see east of the Berlin Wall until the introduction of capitalism and RyanAir restored equilibrium.

Was the 1960s and 70s in America a pussy paradise, when you could bang *thin* women who were still feminine? If it was, equilibrium was unfortunately established with the successful propagation of feminism. We still have easy sex, but with masculine fatties who have attitude.

Your mission, if you choose to accept it, is to find a city or country where a *temporary imbalance* tips the odds in your favor. Is it Peru or Philippines where the white man is

treated like god? Is it a third-tier American city in the South or Midwest that has feminine women aching for alpha cock? Is it an industrial city in Russia with three desperate women for every alcoholic man? Unless you find a place where an imbalance has yet to be restored, you'll be going to spots where the good equalizes with the bad.

Understand that temporary imbalances are just as likely to work against your favor than for it. Countries like the USA and England are today full of frustrated men who are working too hard for scraps of mediocre pussy. Girls are having a ball in these penis paradises because they can put less effort to get a good man than the previous generation of women. For men who live in penis paradises, happiness is not about finding pussy paradise but just getting the fuck out to any other place that has basic equilibrium. Even a 1:1 ratio will seem like pussy paradise to them.

In the course of our lifetimes there will be many triggers and events that lead to cultural shifts. These shifts create imbalances that could produce temporary pussy paradises. I've saved up a bit of money, so when I suspect that such a place has appeared, when I hear that communism has been repealed in Belarus and women are partying like it's like 1991, I'll be on a one-way flight over there with my bag of extra large condoms. I'll be sure to tell you all about it… after I get my fill.

Are You A Hater Or A Facilitator?

August 16, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A hater will read a story and try to think of why it's fake.
A facilitator will read a story and find out what the author did to succeed.

A hater gives a lot of thought into how one race is superior to another.
A facilitator learns from the strengths of other races to accomplish his personal goals.

A hater feels better when others fail.
A facilitator feels sympathy when others fail.

A hater posts blog comments that take away value.
A facilitator posts blog comments that add value.

A hater focuses on a person's weaknesses.
A facilitator focuses on a person's strengths.

A hater fails at getting laid and then calls all women bitches.
A facilitator fails at getting laid and then figures out what went wrong.

A hater surrounds himself with people stupider than he is.
A facilitator surrounds himself with people smarter than he is.

A hater is closed off to new information that doesn't fit his world view.
A facilitator is ready to change his world view in light of opposing evidence.

A hater believes there is only one path to success.
A facilitator believes there are many ways to skin a cat.

A hater feels better by trying to keep other people down.
A facilitator feels better by lifting other people up along with him.

A hater goes to the club to grill other guys and make fun of them.
A facilitator goes to the club to hit on girls.

A hater gets upset when his peers succeed before him.
A facilitator gets extra motivated when his peers succeed before him.

A hater believes the path to self-actualization is to withhold knowledge.
A facilitator believes that the path to self-actualization is to teach others.

A hater is dominated by negative thoughts.
A facilitator is dominated by positive thoughts, even in the face of guaranteed failure.

So, are you a hater or are you a facilitator?

There Are No Ugly Girls In America

August 18, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I share some thoughts about an incident that went down not long ago when we called a girl blogger ugly….

Click over to the video's YouTube page to read comments that have already been left.

Orgasm Or Money

August 19, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

After Luigi left, I saw Riga in a different light. I felt like every responsive girl was playing some sort of angle and wanted to get to know the monetary part of me instead of the real me. It seemed pointless even to try.

But my dick. It wanted to fuck something. It didn't care that whatever I fucked would probably try to scam me. It needed release inside a real vagina.

I went into a quiet coffee shop for a couple hours to catch up on work. I walked out late, around 11:00, and stood in front of the door to zip up my jacket and put on my scarf. It was a Tuesday night, not the best day to go out. A girl with brown pigtails walked by, giving me eye contact. In an instant my hand went up and made the universal "wait a moment" sign. It took about three more seconds for an opening line to enter my head.

"Do you know a good place to go on Tuesday night?" I asked.

"Actually, I could ask you that. I don't usually go out on this day."

I eliminated her as a scammer since she was alone (they always operate in pairs), but something just wasn't right about a pretty girl walking alone trying to find a place to go out in her own city. Even so, I decided that as long as I controlled most of the variables, I'd come out on top.

"There's a bar near where I live that usually has people," I said. "How about we go there for a drink?"

She agreed. She didn't hook my arm or grab my hand, a telltale sign of a scammer, but my guard was still up.

"What do you think of Riga?" she asked.

"It's hard to find a normal girl here. In a lot of the places I've been to the girls are working, trying to trick guys. I know there are a lot of sex tourists here who don't mind that, but I just want a nice conversation."

I told her about the scammer clubs and she said she had never been to them before. I wanted to think she was telling the truth, but I had decided not to believe a single thing that came out of a Latvian girl's mouth.

My apartment was next door to the bar. I told her that I wanted to drop off my laptop bag.

"You can meet me at the bar or come in with me."

She decided to come in, which I thought was peculiar. She had only knew me for ten minutes. How did she know I wasn't going to rape her?

I couldn't help but ask once inside my place. "How do you know I'm a good guy?"

"You have an honest face. You seem like a nice person."

She unzipped her coat to reveal a thin body. I brushed my teeth and changed my clothes. When she saw me shirtless, she gasped, "Oh my god!"

“What?”

“You’re so… hairy. It’s amazing. I love hairy men, but I never meet them. It’s hard to find that here. You’re like a bear.”

“Not many girls like it.”

“No, it’s very nice. I have hair, too. Do you want to see?”

Was she about to show me her vagina?

“Yeah, sure,” I said.

She slipped one side of her dress off and showed me an armpit full of hair. I can’t say I was expecting that.

“A lot of guys like it,” she said.

“I find that hard to believe, but okay.”

Everything else about her checked out, so at that moment I still thought I could bang her. During the sex act I wouldn’t even see her pit hair, but I wished she hadn’t shown me. Curiosity killing the cat, and all that.

Before leaving for the bar I showed her a bottle of champagne I had in the fridge. It was my afterparty move since finding out that girls in this part of the world went crazy for bubbly.

At the bar we sat on a couch, getting to know each other a little. As I told her some of my recent travel experiences, I noticed that she was much more comfortable with silences than I was, something I had noticed about Eastern Europeans in general.

I said, “We Americans have a need to talk constantly. When we hear a silence, we get this urge to fill it. I know it’s something that’s a product of my culture, but I can’t help feeling that silences are weird.”

“So everyone just keeps talking?” she asked.

“Yes. It’s a little different if you’re in a big group. Then it turns into a competition to talk. People have a list of things that they want to share and then, at the hint of silence, they blurt them out. So everyone is talking about their own thing, but hardly anyone is giving feedback to what was just said.”

“That’s stupid. There’s nothing wrong with silence. Sometimes you can understand a person more with silence than with words.”

“I’m starting to see that here.”

I told her that the biggest challenge for me was understanding a culture as quickly as possible, not only so I can write about it, but also so that I could get along with “the people.”

“When I go to a country,” I said, “I like to notice what’s different. How human beings, even though they’re the same animal, have a wide range of culture, beliefs, and behaviors.”

“So you see a lot that’s different, but what have you noticed that is the same?”

My mouth opened, but no words came out. I wanted to say sex, but that can actually be quite different. I mean, the act of sticking your dick into a woman is the same, but the moment leading up to it and what a girl does during the sex act can vary widely.

“You know, I don’t really know,” I said. “That’s the first time a girl has ever stumped me with a question. I’ll have to think about that.”

She smiled as if to say, “See, I’m not a typical Latvian girl.”

She said she was only 26, but I was sure she was hovering near 30. Earlier she had mentioned having a boyfriend, so I followed up to see what the deal was.

“I live with my boyfriend,” she said. “He’s 55. He’s a famous artist who has published a lot of work.”

“He doesn’t mind you going out alone?”

“He doesn’t care. Our relationship is open. I think the best relationships are open, or else the passion dies and it gets boring.”

I started to relax, convinced that she was just a horny chick out for an easy lay and not running a scam. It helped that she wasn’t talking on the phone to coordinate with a potential accomplice and that I was in a bar I had been to many times before. All seemed right in the world, except for the armpit hair.

When I came back with a second round of drinks, our faces got quite close and she kissed me. Then she asked, “Do you want to fuck?”

Trick question?

“Maybe,” I replied.

“50 lat.” [$100 US]

Oh, come on.

I maintained my composure. “Look, I don’t want to waste your time, but I’m not going to pay for sex. You should move on to another guy.”

“I’m just joking,” she said, kissing me again. “I like you.”

My shields were now fully up. I figured her Plan B was to get me so turned on that I couldn’t help but pay, and that was exactly what she tried to do.

We talked for another half hour and she didn’t bring up money again. She was actually an interesting girl, raised in the school of hard knocks where she tried to take advantage of every situation. I wanted to proceed with the interaction, not necessarily because I was dying to bang her, but because I wanted to see what would happen. As long as I watched her like a hawk, I was straight.

We went back to my apartment to open the champagne. We sat on my couch and she started stroking my dick through my jeans. She took off her dress and sat in her bra and panties. I wasn’t surprised to see a carpet around her vagina. With her panties on it looked like a mustache. I still had a boner, but I can’t say I enjoyed the hairiness. It was more novel and weird than gross, like something out of an old porn movie.

She went to the bathroom and asked if I wanted to watch.

“Why would I want to watch?” I asked.

“I don’t know, some guys like it. They pay me 5 lats.”

She came back and I asked if she normally tried to get money for sex.

“I only did this one other time, with an English guy. He was a doctor and very nice. I think he was a virgin.”

“Only one time?”

“I swear. But I’ll have sex with you for 50.”

“I’ve never paid for sex in my life,” I said. “I want to see how long I can go until then. Tonight isn’t the night I’m going to do it, sorry.”

“You never paid for sex in America? Girls don’t ask for money?”

“No, they don’t ask for money. If a girl likes me and my personality, we have sex. There is a song that goes, ‘The best things in life are free.’”

“Well, that’s stupid. They should ask, because if you ask you get to have sex and you get money, too. It’s normal here to ask. A girl should always get the best deal possible.”

“I don’t know if that’s really sad or really smart.”

“But I like you, so if you don’t want to pay then just give me an orgasm.”

“And how do you want me to do that?”

“Lick my pussy.”

I looked at her vagina mustache. She moved her panties over so I could see a little bit of pink. She started playing with herself and making fake moaning noises.

“Is there a third option?” I asked.

“No, orgasm or money.”

“Maybe my dick will give you an orgasm.”

“And if not, you’ll fall asleep, and I won’t have orgasm or money. I’ve learned that a man must give you one of the two upfront, so no matter what, I get something out of the sex.”

“Yeah, I’m never coming back to Latvia.”

I turned on the television and we watched some music videos. When she realized I wasn’t going to give her orgasm or money, she started telling me a sob story. The government had just levied a 1,000 euro tax on her. Her parents were suffering in some shack. Her boyfriend didn’t give her passion. She started crying and said it was my fault that her parents were poor.

“Why is it my fault?” I said, unmoved.

“Because your parents have a pension. Your pensions fucked up our economy!”

“Neither of my parents have a pension. They work for themselves. Good try, but it’s not my fault.”

“Okay, fine, but help me. Give me some money.”

She was crying and shrieking, doing the whole bit. There were actual tears, but the only way I could have been more disaffected was if I had been snacking on some popcorn.

“Why don’t you ask your boyfriend for money?”

“He won’t give it to me!”

Smart man, I thought.

Then she leapt up and snatched 25 lat that was sitting on my dresser.

I grabbed it back and said, “Look, I’m not a charity. I’m not giving you money. I told you an hour ago to go find another guy. Go to Scandal where guys will pay you to fuck.”

“But I like you. I’m scared that if I have sex with you I’ll fall in love with you.”

“Right. Hold on, let me call the Academy to nominate this performance.”

“What?”

“Never mind.”

It’s interesting that telling a whore you don’t pay for sex doesn’t discourage her. She thinks she’s more seductive than the other whores and can get you to open your wallet. Whores probably think a guy like me is just being coy.

As she put on her dress, I heard a crumpling sound and instinctively reached for her pocket, thinking she had stolen something. Inside were four condoms.

“You’ve only done this once before?” I asked. “It seems like you’re mighty prepared.”

“Okay, well, tonight I wanted to make some money. I’m just in bad situation right now.”

“Why don’t you get a job?”

“There are no jobs.” What she actually meant was, “I don’t want to work in a coffee shop. Tricking guys for sex is a whole lot easier.”

The whole charade was starting to bore me. My dick had been soft for quite a while. If we weren’t going to fuck, I wanted her to leave me in peace so I could jerk off.

“I think it’s time for you to go,” I said. “I want to shower and do some other things.”

“Go ahead and shower, I’ll wait,” she said.

“No, that’s okay. It will be a while.”

“Do you want to hang out tomorrow with me and my boyfriend? We can show you some art.”

“Sorry, but I have plans.”

She persisted in seeing me again, in what I think may have been a genuine desire, but I’ll never know for sure.

The thing I had been hating most about Latvia was the acting. I thought I was good at detecting lies, but Latvian girls were on a level I hadn’t seen before. I didn’t know what was real or not, so I assumed they were acting about everything. It wasn’t a good way to build any sort of connection or normal relationship, but at least I wouldn’t be surprised.

After she left, I scanned my apartment for missing items. Nothing was gone. Then I

thought about what she had said, how it was stupid for American girls not to ask for money before sex. Was it possible that the sexual culture in America and other Western countries is fantasy, and that the best move for women was to get as much as she could out of a guy? Or was she just lying about Latvian culture to make me feel better about giving her money?

It makes logical sense for a girl to get paid for something she was going to do for free anyway, but it would change everything—the dynamic, the game, and even the sex act. To me it's unbearable to think a girl might be spending time with me *only* because of money, something that isn't an inherent part of me. If she was into me solely for my looks, I'd more be okay with it. I wonder if I'm being insecure for thinking this way, but I'd rather play in the fantasy world than in a place like Latvia.

More Book Reviews 13

August 21, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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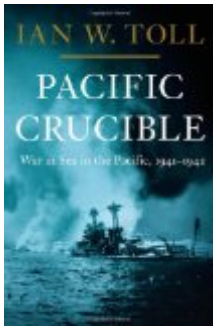
REVIEWS:



Pacific Crucible

I needed a break from land-based war books so I checked out this one about Americas fight with Japan starting with the bombing of Pearl Harbor and ending with the Battle of Midway. I'm used to history books with heavy analysis so I was initially taken aback with all the eyewitness testimony, story telling, and smooth prose. While it lacked tight specifics on the drive to war, it turned out to be a page turner that I couldn't put down. The action was superb and peeking ahead at the battle results on Wikipedia didn't at all dampen my enjoyment.

Japan attacked America because we got in the way of their imperialistic ambitions in Asia by choking off their supply of key resources like oil and steel via our Asian bases primarily centered around the Philippines. Japan believed it was their godly destiny to control Asia at the same time we worked with the British to control or at least influence big chunks of it to further our economy. I would never take the viewpoint that the Japanese were just in their Pearl Harbor attack, but we did partake in Asian land and sea grabs for our own benefit. Judging by what the Japanese did to their subjects, it actually turned out we were a kinder ruler.

I didn't know how badly America was getting spanked by the Japanese. For the first few months of the war they had near total reign over the Pacific. If you isolated that early period, it wouldn't have been a stretch for you to conclude that we were doomed to lose. Since of course we did win, thanks mostly to our superior intelligence network and code-breaking ability, this book is actually a great comeback story in disguise that got me feeling a little proud about being born in the USA. With our recent use of a Hollywood-style "sky crane" to successfully land a rover on Mars, it seems like there's nothing the American can-do spirit can't overcome.

“America was like a gigantic furnace. Grey had said: ‘Once the fire is lighted under it there is no limit to the power it can generate.’ […] Between 1940 and 1943, Britain tripled its war production; Germany and Russia doubled theirs; and Japan increased its war production fourfold. In that three-year period, the United States multiplied its war production by **twenty-five times**. […] By 1945, the U.S. Navy would be larger (as measured either by number of ships or tonnage) than the combined fleets of every other navy in the world.”

In my previous review post I wrote how underestimating the enemy seems to be the most common path to defeat in war. That fact reared its head in this story, with Americans initially underestimating the Japanese and then, after Pearl Harbor, the Japanese underestimating American soldiers, who they thought were soft and lazy.

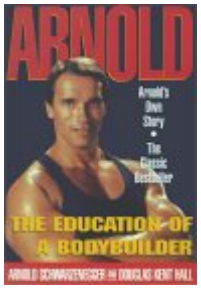
“The [Japanese] subhumans of 1941 had mutated into the superhumans of 1942. Many Allied soldiers apparently believed that the Japanese possessed preternatural senses and abilities. Like bats, they could see in the darkness. Like panthers, they could move soundlessly through the underbrush. Like ants, they could communicate with their own kind by some unspoken brainwave. Unlike men, they had no fear of death.”

How far the Japanese man has fallen! From alpha warriors to beta huggers of life size dolls—I don’t think we’ve ever seen a collapse of human males in such a short amount of time. By comparison, the transformation of the Vikings to the effete Scandinavian men of today took hundreds of years.

“A trail of foam marked the track of each torpedo as it closed the range toward the ship. Some were ‘porpoising’–alternately breaking the surface and then diving. Johnston watched the submerged missiles with dismay, and realized that the Lexington was not going to dodge them all. ‘Their wicked noses look to me like death incarnate. I have the illusion they are alive, and breaking water to peek at us, only to dive again after having made sure of their courses.’”

A surprising strength of this book was its maps: they were easy to understand and had helpful arrows detailing the battle action. Most history books seem to have maps that can only be read by cartographers, so I felt the visual guides greatly enhanced the fighting scenes.

Pacific Crucible is ultimately one of the best history books I’ve ever read. I hoped it wouldn’t end. It’s an amazing story of victory in the face of initial defeat that makes you feel nostalgic for what America used to stand for, values that sometimes show up every so often today. Highly recommended.



Arnold

From the very first page, Arnold Schwarzenegger's autobiography makes you want to hit the gym. Reading the amount of work this man put into being the world's best bodybuilder will make you want to prove your own worth by lifting some heavy-ass weight. I was on a little break from the gym because I was vacationing on an island (a sound excuse, I figured), but within a couple days of cracking open the book I found a hotel with a dinky gym where I could lift. It's one of the most motivating fitness books I've read.

The first half of the book is a first-hand account of what it really takes to be at top of your field, with all the roadblocks, vultures, and haters that come along with it. Within these pages lies the best feature of the book: Arnold's belief system. You find out the thoughts that have led to his incredible success in body building, acting, and politics. Even if your current goal isn't related to those, they will bitch slap you upside the head and get you moving. Arnold's inspiring attitude makes him more American than Austrian, so it's no surprise that he loved the United States.

"I could tell if a girl was repelled by my size. And when I'd catch her looking at me in disbelief I would casually raise my arm, flex my bicep, and watch her cringe. It was always good for a laugh."

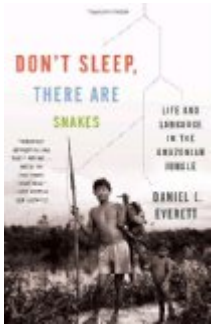
You probably already know that Arnold was a ladies man. He viewed them as distractions to his goals, primarily serving as objects for his sexual pleasure. He relaxed that stance in his later years but a look into how he fathered his maid's child while married to Maria Shriver shows that he wasn't entirely domesticated. Players will wink and nod at a few passages of the book that concern how he approached women and sex.

"Normal people can be happy with a regular life. I was different. I felt there was more to life than just plodding through an average existence."

The second half of the book gives basic nutrition and body building advice that was of course less interesting and more technical. It did cause me to make a couple tweaks to my lifting program that seem to have a positive benefit, such as taking shorter rests between sets (45 seconds instead of 120 seconds).

Ultimately this short book was a captivating story of how the fruits of a man's labor, combined with the right beliefs, can help you achieve what you set out to do. I highly recommend it.

"Bodybuilding changed me entirely. I think I would be a different person now if I'd never trained, if I'd just worked somewhere. It gave me confidence and pride and an unlimited positive attitude. I can apply my success to everything."



Don’t Sleep, There Are Snakes

“Science is not just about research teams in lab coats working under the direction of an eminent scientist. It can be pursued by lone individuals slogging it out in hard times and hard places—feeling lost and over their heads, yet challenged to bring new knowledge out of their difficulties.”

This is a memoir of American linguist Daniel Everett who spent over a decade studying the Piraha Amazonian tribe and their language. I got pulled in quickly because of the extraordinary experience this man had while trying to map out one of the world’s least understood languages, one that has thwarted many linguists before him.

Linguaphiles will like this book most. You get to see how Everett learned a language from absolutely nothing, with no grammar book, no Pimsleur audio course, and no dictionary. Many times you can feel his frustration while struggling to figure things out, followed by the exhilaration when he finally got it. The book has an interesting twist in that the author is actually a missionary whose main goal was to learn enough of the tribal language to create a Bible translation. But after a short while you wonder who is converting who.

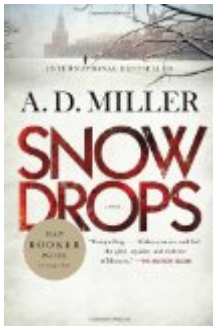
“I thought again of the challenge of the missionary: to convince a happy satisfied people that they are lost and need Jesus as their personal savior.”

I identified with the author because we’re both doing similar things. He’s trying to decode spoken language while I try to decode sexual language. The ups and downs he felt in the book is not unlike what I’ve felt and recorded in my South American memoir. The only advantage in his methodology over mine is that he has focused on only one area to study, going deeper than many before him, while I hop around every couple of months. I can’t imagine staying in a country for over ten years like he has.

One unexpected surprise is that you learn a lot about Brazil, its interior inhabitants, and how they balance their Amazonian heritage with Brazil’s rapid modernization. An inadvertently funny part of the book is how a Brazilian boat crew ferrying his deathly ill wife put on soccer jerseys, anchored the boat, and went for a two hour *futebol* match on land.

The book takes a nerdy turn towards the end when Everett challenges Noam Chomsky’s linguistic theories based on what he learned from the Piraha’s language. Chomsky, while a genius, pulled a lot of his theories out of his ass without any fieldwork. Everett has found an exception to his “universal” grammar and recursion theories, but Chomsky’s fanboys have attacked back and tried to discredit Everett. The book also touches on some philosophy, particularly on existence, truth, and the present moment. It’s a potent memoir that was educational, funny, and thoroughly entertaining. Recommended.

“There is no ‘real world’ that we can actually perceive without the filter of language telling us what we are seeing and what it means. […] We perceive the world, both as theoreticians and as citizens of the universe according to our experiences and expectations not always, perhaps even never, according to how the world actually is.”



Snowdrops

This is the fictional story of a 40-something British expat lawyer working in Moscow. He meets a Russian girl on the metro and ends up pursuing her, but things are not as they seem as she gets him involved in a shady business deal that makes him question his deepening affections for the girl. The journey of intrigue and deceit he gets thrust into was interesting but also predictable. You can easily see the hammer coming down on him from a hundred pages away.

I definitely recognized the interaction between the British protagonist and the Russian girl, making it clear to me that the author had experience dating in Russia. His descriptions on the culture—the face control, the overweight oligarchs, and of course the women—were accurate. He also nailed the concept of Russian friendships and how it's expected to ask and receive a neverending stream of favors. I quickly noticed that my "friends" in Ukraine saw me as a resource that can be extracted like a mineral in the ground. As a man who is stubbornly reluctant to ask for help, I found those friendships to be rather one-sided and unfulfilling.

"In my experience, you could roughly gauge the level of depravity in a Slavic city by the time it took, after you arrived, for someone to offer you women."

Snowdrops was a quick read that held my interest. I enjoyed the crisp writing, the tightly woven analogies, and the fast-paced—albeit predictable—story. The ending was a bit stale, but if you're interested in checking out Russia or Ukraine, I recommend this book. It will show you firsthand what this part of the world can do to a Western man, but for a more potent picture, you need to read The Exile.

How To Get Away With Murder

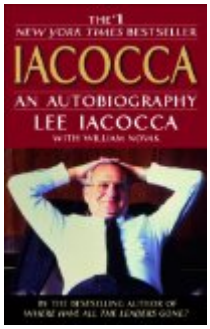
Evan Wright, author of Generation Kill, looked into the life of Enrique Prado, a man who worked for Miami drug lords before making it into the upper reaches of the CIA. Wright focuses on a murder that Prado may have committed while working for a drug cartel and how the CIA later protected him from prosecution.

This book reinforces the concept of how justice is a malleable concept in America. Laws are selectively applied, especially in the face of the CIA (you can see more evidence of that in the books Into The Buzzsaw and Dark Alliance). Out of all the organizations that

make me ashamed to be an American, the CIA is at the top. It's a government within a government that does absolutely whatever it wants with no possibility of punishment, and there's nothing that will change that.

"Running operations through Blackwater gave the CIA the power to have people abducted, or killed, with no one in the government being exactly responsible. The deniability that protects the government also shields the bureaucrats who run it. In such a system, it's nearly impossible to detect mistakes, incompetence, or corruption."

What I love about this book is that it fucks over a lot of people who I'm sure wanted to keep certain events quiet. Sorry Enrique, no peaceful retirement for you. The problem is that there isn't much heart coming out of the pages—it's mostly fact driven narrative that overloads you with meetings and dates, making it read more like a news reel than a compelling story. Nonetheless, at only 124 pages long it was a fast-paced read. If you hate the CIA then you'll enjoy it.



Iacocca

"Learning the skills of salesmanship takes time and effort. You have to practice them over and over again until they become second nature. Not all young people today understand that. They look at a successful businessman and they don't stop to think about all the mistakes he might have made when he was younger."

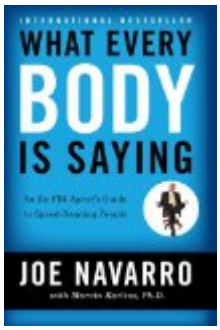
This is the entertaining autobiography of Lee Iacocca, a famous American businessman who made his mark in Ford by developing the Ford Mustang. He later went on to work at Chrysler to turn the company around when it was on its death throes. This book mostly focuses on his business experience, his takedown of "King" Henry Ford II, and his political views, written in a straight-shooter, conversational style.

The book contains a lot of great business and leadership wisdom, with just the right amount of arrogance that seems to breed great men who know how to get shit done. However, I didn't buy his argument that the reason Chrysler needed a loan guarantee from the government was because of oppressive regulation. In America we see a lot of examples of rabid capitalists who are the first to line up for loans and bailouts. They preach government deregulation when profits come in, handouts when they don't.

My biggest complaint of the book is that the tone got a little too defensive and negative in the second half where he tried to answer all his critics. He went from providing value to trying to settle scores. It also was written during a time when Japan was crushing the US, so his warnings about their booming strength was greatly overblown. Nonetheless, if you like the business side of things or are an entrepreneur at heart, you'll enjoy this quick

read.

“In a disposable society like ours, there are no real heroes. Nobody lasts very long.”



What Every Body Is Saying

This book, written by a former FBI agent, starts off by claiming that there are three ways that humans react to danger: freeze, flight, or fight. This doesn’t mean danger in the form of a saber tooth tiger, but an uncomfortable question, situation, or revelation. In response to those, a person will give off “pacifying behaviors” that displays the discomfort, like touching one’s body. The reason that pacifying behaviors is universal to humans is because self-touching releases endorphins and soothes the brain.

Let’s imagine for a second that a woman is touching her hair while you talk to her. That actually is not a direct sign that she’s attracted to you—it means she’s nervous. Ironically, you want a girl to initially display pacifying behaviors that show she’s under stress because it implies she’s intimidated by you and sees you as higher value than herself. It’s when a girl is too comfortable and putting out high-confidence displays (something the book discusses) that she may not be attracted to you.

When I roll solo to a club I regularly touch my neck, chin, and stroke my beard. According to the book, I do these things to comfort myself. Once you consider that I’m alone in a crowded, dark place where my senses are being bombarded by loud music, heavy crowds, and flashing neon lights, this makes sense. I touch myself less when I’m with a friend because he is giving me comfort that I don’t get when I’m alone.

Some things you’ll learn in this book:

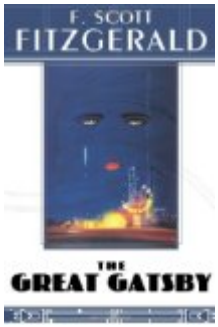
- Blocking the eyes with your hand, even in a subtle way, is a powerful display of disbelief and disagreement.
- Any touching of the face, head, neck, shoulder, or extremities is meant to self-pacify.
- The direction of a person’s feet is where they actually want to go.
- Hands on knees while seated means the person wants to leave.
- Leg crossing while standing is a high comfort display.
- Interlaced hands behind the head is a display of comfort and dominance. So is placing hands on a table while standing.
- Interlacing of fingers is a low-confidence gesture, except when thumbs are extended straight up.
- Head tilting is a powerful way to say “I am very comfortable.”

- We squint when we are angry or when we hear something we don't like.
- Lip compression is a sign of negative sentiment.
- Nose pointed up is a high confidence display.

The biggest problem with the book was that it was boring to read. I felt like the author was adding in fluff to hit a page count, but I got a lot of value from learning about *low* confidence displays, such a sticking your thumbs in your pocket while leaving your hands out. I did this from time to time but not anymore (a more confident alternative is to put your hand in your pocket while leave your thumbs sticking out). In the "fake it till you make it" school of thought, you can force yourself to do all the behaviors the book describes as high confidence until they automatically happen.

Another reason to check this out is to know how to successfully lie to the authorities. The book says that liars often freeze and think maintaining laser eye contact is a way to appear honest, something I have thought is actually the best way to lie. Instead I should gesticulate and be animated, as if I'm being forceful with the truth, and to refrain from pacifying behaviors.

Body language in general is not something that I worry too much about when it comes to talking to girls. You can tell much more strongly where you stand by her verbal response and the ratio of her talking—if it increases or decreases as time goes on. I've always thought that body language analysis is not worth the effort. If you can run tight game while also examining her body parts to see what they're doing, then power to you, but just keeping the conversation flowing keeps my brain occupied enough. This book will actually better serve you in correcting your own body language, but not so much for reading others.



The Great Gatsby

I became interested in this book after finding out that Hollywood was making a new Gatsby movie. While reading it I ignored the well-accepted fact that it is one of the greatest pieces of American literature ever written and tried to see if it would hold its own for a year 2012 reader.

The story centers around the mysterious Jay Gatsby and the popular parties he throws, though no one seems to know who he is or what he does for a living. We soon find out that he's throwing those parties to get back a girl he lost during a time he was in poverty.

The book felt a bit like Fellini's La Dolce Vita, dominated with dialogue of bored rich people who are obsessed with status. The conversations were nuanced enough that I wondered if I was missing something that I would have picked up had I read the book

closer to when it was originally released 90 years ago, but a lot of modern concepts of seduction can still be found, such as social proof, building interest through scarcity, and displaying dominance in seemingly banal conversations to establish alpha cred.

I wasn't too impressed when starting the story, but my eyes soon felt like they were gliding across the pages, hinting to me how much work the author put into editing the prose. Not many old books can keep me engaged like this one did.

I don't mean to insult the story by praising the writing. It's interesting with a bittersweet ending, where we find out what happened to the most popular man in New York. Analyses of this book point to the decadence of the 20s as the driving force of the book's story, but I think a modern day reader who dabbles in game can find new meaning to the book by simply asking, "What happens when a man goes beta to get an old girlfriend back?"

Do you want to read more book reviews? Click here for the previous set.

How To Approach Girls At Bars

August 25, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In this clip I give a demonstration on some easy ways to approach girls at the bar ordering drinks….

Click over to the video's YouTube page to read comments that have already been left. You can also hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

The Men's Rights Movement Is Dead

August 26, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Three years ago I wrote a post titled "Men's Rights Has Become A Euphemism For Sexual Loser." I argued that the movement is made up of manginas who refuse to improve themselves. Afterwards, a part of me felt regret for blasting them. After all, we're all on the same team, in search of happiness in an increasingly male hostile world.

So I reached out to them. I commented on their blogs. I tweeted their posts. I endured their temper tantrums about how game "doesn't work" or is "only for sluts." I held out hope that they would self-organize and smash feminism in the face. But nothing happened. There was no action, no "movement" to speak of. In that time they only had one victory to boast about: the removal of a Huggies commercial that was deemed offensive to dads. The sad part is that the anti-diaper activism happened *outside* of the MRA sphere. They couldn't even claim it was their work. They were the reporters who arrived late to the crime scene trying to pretend they still had the exclusive scoop, but the viewers at home weren't fooled.

The biggest problem with MRAs is that they are not activists. They are pamphleteers. They believe knowledge alone will solve the ills of the world. They believe that merely reading about how men are getting shafted will improve the status quo. They believe that one-thousand of them typing away and producing ten-thousand blog posts will change society. Men will spontaneously rise up! They will fight the matriarchy! But they haven't, and they never will. Their movement hasn't produced any results, only little online playgrounds where sad boys can sit in the sandbox and helplessly watch girls play with the cocky boys who understand the rules of the game.

I looked in the dictionary for the definition of activist: "the policy or action of using vigorous campaigning to bring about political or social change." What political or social change have the men's rights pamphleteers brought? Say MRP in one syllable. That's the sound they make every time they sit down and hit publish on another one of their turd rants, giddy at the prospect of changing the world when a cup of strong coffee accomplishes more change to their actual turds. They are not read by the influencers of our society. They don't have the ears of politicians, professors, or journalists. They get the occasional snarky mention from Jezebel and think they're accomplishing something when they're actually being used as nothing more than fodder for female bemusement or page views that help make Nick Denton richer. Even the feminists, their supposed mortal enemy, refuse to debate them on equal footing.

There are 684 woman's studies programs in the United States. How many men's rights programs have the MRPs helped instate? Zero. How many pro-man laws have been passed thanks to the work of the MRP? None. How many real victories can they claim? Not one. The entire men's rights non-movement can be boiled down to one middle-aged man named Paul Elam who is carrying the weight of a thousand pamphleteers on his suffering shoulders. That's not activism, that's following one dude's blog. The difference

they think they're making by cheering the public outing of false rape accusers or "male shamers" is the same difference my sister makes when she reads an article in Cosmo.

I've made dozens of posts complaining of American women and feminism. I've read a thousand articles on the internet about how they are ruining society. Aren't I just like the MRPs? Aren't I just another professional whiner like them? There's a difference:

I take personal action and encourage other men to do the same.

At the same time I was complaining that American girls are fat, I was blasting inside Polish girls with perfect bodies. I tell men how to sleep with such women.

At the same time I was whining about divorce rape, I was dating a Ukrainian girl who treated me like a king. I tell other men where to find women like her.

At the same time I complain that the American economy is in trouble, I was completing another book I knew my readers would like so that I could increase my income. I provide men with a forum that contains a lifestyle section to discuss money-making tips.

At the same time I was ranting against the Skrillex haircut, I was banging a Lithuanian girl whose hair belonged in a Vidal Sassoon shampoo commercial. I tell men how feminine women are like.

Instead of taking real action with their lives, MRPs are hoping the government will one day serve their interests and give them things that me and my readers are achieving on their own. I don't need the government to pass laws against alimony. I simply won't marry in the USA. I don't need the government to pass laws promoting fair child custody laws. I won't impregnate an America girl. I don't need the government to increase punishment for false rape accusers. I'll cover my own back. I don't need the government to ban trans fat to lower the weight of the population. I'll go to Poland. While they try to change the minds and culture of 310 million Americans with their WordPress blogs, I'll be hitting on pretty girls in a Croatian bar. I'll be living the life that I want instead of being entitled and waiting for the government to give it to me. In the same breath they call me a pussy beggar, they beg the government for protection from pussy.

Last time I checked, the government is not forcing me to interact with American girls. They are not forcing me to live in Washington DC. I can improve my station any way I want. The reason is because I'm from the motherfucking United States of America. If I can't figure out how to improve my appearance, learn some game, make some money from an internet side business, travel abroad to fuck women, and find happiness in the world, then **no one** can. I don't need the American government to look after my interests, because I can chase after my own. Instead of listening to Paul Elam tell me that men are getting fucked, I will step out of the house and find a girl who wants to get fucked by me.

Anything that a MRP wants right now can be achieved somewhere in the world. You don't need the government to provide it for you—simply get on an airplane and make it yours. But they rather sob silently in the closet with a box of tissues while watching women get their pussies demolished by men who have learned skills they are are too scared or lazy to even attempt. Just like how fat women use the euphemism "healthy body weight" as a rationalization to be obese, MRPs use their illusionary movement as an excuse to sit on

their ass and be a loser at life.

I know you are entertained by my occasional anti-feminist rants because I read your comments. I see my stat counter spike up whenever I take a hot steaming shit directly in a feminist's mouth, but I also get dozens of emails every month from guys who thank me for helping them. They are getting more out of what they want in life because they are *acting* on the advice I'm sharing. Instead of complaining about the state of society and shooting loads of ecstasy all over the men's rights subreddit, they are making changes to their life to grab that pizza slice of happiness that is undoubtedly easier for an American citizen privileged to be born in the most prosperous country the world has ever seen. The MRPs are wasting this economical advantage by spending all their time reading blogs by guys who have no idea how to help men achieve their goals.

I want to say I'm saddened that MRAs and myself are unable to co-exist, but really I'm not. They add no value to my life and give me no answers on how to navigate the modern world. They were faced with a choice: spend all their free time on blogs or **approach a god damn woman**. They picked the former. For that I have no respect for them. The storm has arrived and they are the dead weight that must be quickly tossed overboard to prevent the boat from capsizing.

The only true regret I have is that as part of the "manosphere" I'm automatically grouped in with those guys, who are even bigger losers than I could have imagined three years ago. By saying that I know they will hate me now more than ever. They will say I'm using "shaming language" and that I'm hurting their feelings, but they should thank me for this righteous shame because it's the only way they will see the dead-end road they have taken. From the bottom of my dark heart I want to give them a piece of advice that I sincerely hope they take: before you decide to change the world, try changing your own life first.

Direct Day Game For Beginners

August 30, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The following is a guest post by Krauser.

Most of Roosh's regular readers will be quite aware of his take on indirect game as outlined in Day Bang. The hairy one has been kind enough to offer me a platform to discuss how to take your experience in indirect game and try direct. I'll focus on the differences because a lot of the basics are shared by both styles.

Pre-Game Mindset

You must be a master of your intent. Direct game is about recognizing, embracing and making a weapon of your sexual intent. It's not enough to tell a girl you like her; you have to be utterly congruent with your desire so that when you step up to her and look into her eyes she doesn't see any hesitancy, contradiction or apathy. It's the purity of focus and self-belief which will be conveyed through your subcommunication and offset the (mistaken) theory that letting the girl know your interest before she shows interest is a weakness.

Mastering your intent requires much inner game work but I'll reduce it to these three elements:

1. Empty your logical forebrain of all the feminist-beta bullshit telling you what women want and what a real man is. Most readers here will be quite far along that road. If you have any doubts, ready Aubrey Andelin's *Man of Steel and Velvet*. A poorly-trained forebrain will cockblock your intent.

2. Deeply introspect about what type of women you like. You can't be going half-cocked into a direct approach thinking "she's alright, I suppose I wouldn't mind fucking her" or you are bringing contradiction into your intent. Elderly opening in a supermarket is different because you aren't putting your intent out early and thus there's no contradiction between your intent and your behavior. In direct game, when you stop a girl you must *know* she's the kind of girl you like and genuinely feel the pull to try to fuck her. No sitting on the fence.

3. Accept it's ultimately a numbers game. You'll only be able to get girls who are available and into you. This primer will show you how to put your best foot forward to maximize your chances of getting them, but it won't turn a No Girl into a Yes Girl. Think of it as turning over stones…. *here's an interesting-looking girl, let's find out if she likes me.* Rejection happens a lot but it's nothing, she's just screening herself out for you.

Conquering Approach Anxiety

Most guys who practice indirect game will have found themselves a new comfort zone where they don't really have to put themselves on the line until they've received interest, a couple of gulps on the big bait, and are thus ready to go with a Statement of Interest. You must shock yourself out of this.

The frame of indirect game is weaving a web, painting a picture, conducting a symphony,

while direct game is steamrolling the girl with confidence and masculine presence. You can't take the frame of one and succeed with the other. So, knowing you are going in harder and faster, how do you control the approach anxiety jitters?

Remember the Bonnie Tyler song *Holding Out For A Hero*? Women are crying out for a real man of depth and character to sweep them off their feet. Girls go around chasing their tails until a man (figuratively) grabs them by the nose and leads them off. They are tired of wishy-washy pushovers. Successful intimacy is the highest priority in every woman's life and thus any time she meets a man who may be good enough to meet this need *she will make the time to find out*.

Don't worry about "she looks busy" or "I'm interfering with her day". She wants you to interfere. The whole act of being a man is to penetrate her day, her mind, her body. She's on your side, hoping you are that guy she's been waiting for all this time.

Target Selection

For beginners, avoid using direct game in "ambush scenarios". This means any situation where the girl can't get away from you without losing something (e.g. at a coffee shop table, waiting at a bus stop, sitting on a train). Direct game can be done in these scenarios but requires far more finesse. Stick to the core direct game sets—a lone woman walking somewhere.

Choose a woman who turns your head. You must feel the "blood bubble" where your whole body is telling you *open that girl*. If you find yourself intellectualizing, looking twice, wondering "Is she hot?" then it's not the girl for you. Your intent must be pure so she has to, from the available evidence, fit your idea of your type of girl that you previously introspected.

The Stop

Generally I let a girl walk past me before I open but it's not rigid. Let her walk, count to three, then jog after her. You need to be raising your state and loosening your social inhibition as you catch up so make your jog loose and playful. Pretend you are thinking of a private joke so a half smile or smirk crosses your face. Look at her ass, watch her walk, feel the desire to fuck her. Think what you could do to her if she was naked and bent over your sofa.

As you catch up, pull to one side and leave a couple of feet space as you get overtake her. Turn your head and look at her, getting into her peripheral vision a few steps before you turn, cut across and stop in front of her. **You must stop in front**. Imagine she is a train on a track. You want to be straddling the track. You fully intend to command this woman's attention. Commit to it. Your whole body is showing the same purity of intent as the words about to come out of your mouth. Put out a hand in a gently commanding Stop motion, look her dead in the eye, and smirk. Then looking at her the whole time, deliver the opener. Your body language and eye contact are what will freeze her to the spot, not the words.

The Opener

Through your introspection you should already have a good idea what you want in a woman and through your target selection she should fit this. Therefore you can come out directly and tell her what this is. I usually suggest guys try this structure:

- Salutation
- Pre-frame
- Root
- Mild Compliment
- Assumption
- Breakdown (2 complimentary, 1 tease)

It all happens in about fifteen seconds and is easily personalized. For London, which is full of the foreign girls I chase, I concentrate on her nationality, such as:

Hi (S). I want to tell you something (PF). I was just over there and I literally just saw you (R) and wanted to say you look quite nice (MC). Very Spanish (A). It's you big black hair, dark eyes, and weird fashion (B).

When the nationality is obvious but I'm a foreigner, such as my recent trip to Croatia, then I can still mention it, such as:

Hi (S). How good is your English? (PF) I'm here on holiday and I've been noticing something about the women here (R). You are a real woman (MC). You exactly fit my image of a Croatian girl (A). It's your long straight hair, elegant fashion, and funny serious look on your face (B).

Often the content of the opener will come to you as you see the girl such as a smile as she walks by, a hair toss, a serious expression, how she's dressed, or how she walks. Whatever you feel is what you work with because purity of intent and head-to-toe congruence is what carries you through. Make your assumption and then feed three things back to her that you can see, the last one being a mild tease.

Hi (S) Can I just say something real quick? (PF) I was just sitting over there when you walked past and totally turned my head (R). You have a great feminine walk (MC). I'd guess you are a proper woman (A). You've got that soft walk, your hips swaying from side to side, a bit of a too-cool-for-school pout on your face (B).

Bridging To A Conversation

If you've opened well and she's at least theoretically available to you (i.e. not married, reasonably attracted) then you must bridge into a real conversation. Failure here will lead to her smiling, saying thank you and then walking away because you didn't subcommunicate that you intend her to stay. Hopefully your three observations will give her something to work with and respond to. If not, you'll have to plow a little.

Accept that in the beginning the weight of responsibility is on you to create something out of nothing. She takes time to open up socially and she knows this is a pickup so she requires you to show a little of yourself in making things happen. It's a chance to show your social skills so embrace it. Roosh likes rambling so if you have a good ramble bring it

in but crucially make it *all about her.* Follow the 90/10 rule that regardless of who is doing the talking, the conversation is about her. Day Bang already gives advice on how to ramble so I needn't go into detail here and will instead discuss meta issues. Namely:

1. Hold your frame that it is perfectly normal to stop a girl on the street and talk to her. If you fully expect her to stay and talk, she will fall into your frame. This is her chance to meet you, a chance to find successful intimacy with a bold confident man. You aren't sold, you are merely interested in what you've seen so far and wish to find out more. This screening frame is consistent with the 90/10 rule where you are finding out about her.

2. Use your eye contact and slow vocal tone to build the Love Bubble. After a few minutes she'll forget where she was going. In a perfectly executed street stop a girl will lose all track of time. Her prior direction gets squashed by the direction you put on the interaction.

3. The first few minutes are light and flirty, building the vibe and injecting energy into the interaction. Once she's giving back and opening up you can dial that down and get more real.

4. You are gradually mastering her, overwhelming her with masculine dominance, and leading her by the nose into your world. Once you are about ten minutes in and she's passing your compliance tests, telling you about herself, and giving interest, it's time to move for the instant date. As a rule of thumb always insta-date to the nearest suitable location within direct line of sight. Don't worry about perfect locations, you just want to get her momentum moving with you and the first drink ordered (to thus settle into the first date style frame). I use some variations of this transition:

(Looks at watch) Look. I'm enjoying this. I've got a bit of time. You've got ten minutes, right? Cool, let's go get a coffee over there (point to cafe).

Then start moving that way so she falls in line. If she wobbles, restate "Look, it's ten minutes". If she gives a real "no" then counter with "Okay, we'll do it another day when we've got more time" (pull out phone, take number).

Once on the instadate, treat it like a first date but where the girl is slightly more nervous.

Expectations

It's important to understand that in day game you are encountering girls in their natural environment, their daily lives. This has an up and a downside. The main downside is the girls are not self-selecting for availability like in nightclubs. Such places act as a magnet for girls who are available and horny and thus have a far higher proportion of them than in the street. This is why the mentality of turning over stones is important, so you don't take it personally when many of the girls have serious boyfriends and are unavailable.

The big upside is also *the fact you are encountering girls in a real environment*. You see them as they really are and you know what you're getting. There's none of the fake nightclub persona that a girl will put on (e.g. a bitch shield) or friends to deal with. There are no distractions, just the real girl being her real self in ready-made isolation. This is

particularly appealing to introverts such as myself who want to communicate authentically and directly as soon as possible.

Many guys ask what is a good success ratio? Well, how long is a piece of string? If you can find girls that you really like then as a beginner you'll be doing ok if twenty approaches nets you….

- 1 date
- 3 numbers
- 5 good conversations and 5 awkward conversations
- 10 fairly quick blowouts

But these are just numbers I pulled out of my arse because there are so many variables. If you approach girls no better-looking than you are, or conceal your intent, then you'll get less blowouts and more flakey numbers and dates to nowhere. Conversely, if you push it hard and chase prime totty expect far more blowouts but you'll occasionally turn up a hot date that other guys deem out of your class.

Krauser is the man to go to if you want to learn direct day game. Visit his blog or check out his model. If you think indirect game is more your style, check out my recent articles on picking up in the coffee shop or on the street.

Do Muscles Matter?

September 1, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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In this clip I discuss muscles and how they are perceived in different countries….

Click over to the video's YouTube page to read comments that have already been left. You can also hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

Denying Death

September 2, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Most Americans have a morbid lifestyle due to their overeating and inactivity, but a large percentage of the population are health nuts who want to live a long, healthy life. I used to be that guy. I was very neurotic about what I ate, even going without meat for two periods of my life. I didn't go so far as only eating organic foods, but I avoided processed meats and snacks with ingredients I couldn't pronounce. I boycotted McDonald's. I thought hot dogs were made by the devil. I moderated my drinking and did my best to avoid second-hand smoke. I dutifully exercised three times a week for 30 minute increments.

Today I'll eat hot dogs and ham. I'll eat McDonald's breakfast if I happen to be up at an early hour. I'll spend four hours in a smokey club. You want to go for a jog? Hmm, how about we grab a beer instead? I drink like a fish if I'm in the mood. I'm not careful in order to live a long life. Everything I do is to either help me accomplish my current goals or to feel good today. I eat a diet that gives me energy… today. I maintain a figure that is attractive to women… today. I lift weights to boost my testosterone levels… today. I take multi-vitamins to avoid getting colds… today. I don't care how long I live unless today is the best day I can make it.

So I don't understand when my peers say they want to live until they're 100, completely rearranging their life and experimenting with supplements that give no guarantee that they will live even a day longer than compared to a more "unhealthy" lifestyle. Living today for a tomorrow that may not come is living based on fear. Accepting death, something that happens to us all, actually turns out to be a lot easier than staying on top of the latest fad diet or health news that invariably contradicts yesterday's health news. Accepting death forces you to chase your dreams now instead of postponing. Adopting a healthy lifestyle is nothing more than a postponement lifestyle, a fancy way of procrastination.

A great article in New York Magazine perfectly shows America's denial of death…

> The traditional exits, of a sudden heart attack, of dying in one's sleep, of unreasonably dropping dead in the street, of even a terminal illness, are now exotic ways of going. The longer you live the longer it will take to die. The better you have lived the worse you may die. The healthier you are—through careful diet, diligent exercise, and attentive medical scrutiny—the harder it is to die.

Attempts to delay death now may do nothing but increase your suffering in the end. Many will put a lot of hard work in their 20s running on a treadmill like a hamster to finish out a couple extra years in a nursing home, unable to even remember who they are due to cognitive decline. I'll take the massive coronary instead.

> This is not just a drawn-out, stoic, and heroic long good-bye. This is human

> carnage. Seventy percent of those older than 80 have a chronic disability, according to one study; 53 percent in this group have at least one severe disability; and 36% have moderate to severe cognitive impairments; you definitely don't want to know what's considered to be moderate impairment.

What a crappy deal. All that medical advancement and progress in longevity to become a shadow of your human self. This is what people are signing up for when they run their yearly marathon and practically starve themselves with a vegan diet. You can't even smoke a cigarette these days without someone thinking you're a complete moron.

> One evening, almost three years ago, getting into the shower, she caught her lagging foot on the rail of the shower door and went down into the tub. She lay there, shivering in the tepid water until morning, when her neighbor became alarmed. There is a precept here, which no doctor quite spells out: once it has begun, it has begun; decline follows decline; incident precedes incident.

My views on death changed when I lived with my dad next to a retirement community of elderly rich people. Even though many had the best care available to them, including nubile African and Thai nurses, being over 75 is brutal. It's not like Jack Lalane doing 100 pushups. It's not ballroom dancing in tuxedos. The most fit, strapping young American men in their prime were now getting wheeled in before me, or walking at a pace so slow you can't help but get agitated when stuck behind them. With most of their friends and relatives dead, it's a lonely place to be. Their adult children, who should be the bright spot of their lives, treat *them* like children who must be endured. Like the author of the article, many can't wait until they die.

Sadly, they have nothing to look forward to in life except death. Their brain is going, they aren't mobile, and they've lost the ability to do their hobbies. The highlight of their day is straining to read the paper or talking to random people like me about the good old days.

> … the purpose of long-term-care insurance is to help finance some of the greatest misery and suffering human beings have yet devised. […] 'Old age,' says one of Philip Roth's protagonists, 'isn't a battle, it's a massacre.' I'd add, it's a holocaust.

My dad would always tell me and my sister that he doesn't want to be a burden on everyone if he gets old. "Don't worry about taking care of me, just let me go." Of course we would object, but he saw what I now realize: it's not worth living when you can no longer take care of yourself. There is no happiness in having to depend on others for things you used to do without thought and effort. You will come to a point in your life—and I hope that it's far off for you—where death isn't a bad deal at all.

Often times I see some comments asking me why I'm "so negative." Why don't I just write about the wonderful parts of life and focus on all the good in the world? The reason is because there are negative aspects of life and the human experience that don't go away if you close your eyes. Living life through a filter is not living life—it's pretending. No matter how I look at it, living for today is the best thing I can do. So I don't want to

read health news. I don’t want to know what chemicals are in the meat or in the water. I don’t want to do the paleo diet. I just want to enjoy this day that I have before me.

9 Things I Learned From Wearing A Suit

September 4, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Thanks to influence from both Virgle Kent and The G Manifesto, I decided to try out suit game. It started with buying a suit while I lived in Poland. I tried on many different suits and picked the one with the best natural fit. It happened to be from Zara. It wasn't the highest quality but it looked good on me and was therefore acceptable for testing purposes. I had the jacket sleeves shortened to allow the cuff of my shirt to stick out a bit and I also tailored my pants, both the waist and length. I would wear it with a pocket square and skinny tie. Here are the things I've noticed from my suit experimentation:

1. I received more eye contact from everyone. Women gave me more stares, but I actually got more attention from men, who approached me frequently to compliment my attire.

2. Women did not approach me outright because of the suit. After ten wearings it only happened twice, both by girls I wasn't interested in. You still have to be pro-active about approaching. Don't expect the suit to draw in women like a tractor beam.

3. It caused me to spend more money. Wearing a suit had a strange psychological effect on my spending habits by encouraging me to make it rain in the club, even if I didn't plan on doing so. It's like my brain insisted on pushing a behavior that would better match my look.

4. My standards went way up. When I looked good and knew I looked good, I became much more discriminate about who I approached, with the effect that I approached less. Very few girls were good enough for me when I was suited up.

5. Non-Westernized girls don't appreciate a man in a suit. If you go to Eastern Europe, it won't be uncommon for you to see beautiful girls with guys dressed like bums. The girls know what a suit is, but it's not something that makes them interested in you. The times I got positive attention from the suit was more from Westernized girls. I remember in Iceland and Denmark I'd get approached many times from girls when just wearing a nice collared shirt.

6. It didn't make the game easier. I've written many times how money has less effect on getting laid than people think. If it improves your logistics and access to women it will help, but just having a stack of cash in your pocket isn't going to do much if you don't have the game and lifestyle to match. If you pick up a girl in a suit and then take her home in your hoopdie to some shithole apartment, you may actually turn her off more than if you had more of a hipster look. She'd feel tricked. The suit has to be part of a rich tapestry.

7. I got more mileage from the suit while wearing it on dates. If a girl already liked me, and then I rolled up on the first date wearing a suit (on the weekend), there was a sort of "power couple" effect when we went into a club. With a suit and a pretty girl, I would get an insane amount of looks from other females, increasing my date's jealousy.

The suit would also make her feel more proud to be hooking up with such a fine looking gentleman.

8. Not all venues are made for suits. The effect of the suit will be greatly diminished in a fancy place where every other guy is wearing one as well. On the other hand, wearing it in a dive bar will be a waste of your fine threads. The best place to wear a suit is in a semi-nice venue where you are the only one wearing a suit. You will stand out in a positive way.

9. It can make you feel really hot. Even in cold weather, wearing a suit indoors can make you sweat. From a practical standpoint, it's not the most functional thing to wear when going out at night where even a little dancing will be involved.

Overall, suit game promotes a more passive strategy where you hope to catch some eye contact from willing girls in order to do more casual, situational approaches. Unless the girl approaches you outright, the amount of work you'll have to put in compared to when you're suitless remains the same. The problem is that the suit encourages you to lay back and be cool, meaning you will do a lot less approaches than normal. Therefore, I actually got laid less with a suit than without. It did not have a notch-increasing effect that I was hoping for. Unless you're in a venue where girls are approaching guys in suits (I'm getting word that this may be the case in America), I don't see it helping much.

This experiment reminds me of how game and effort trumps everything. They are the biggest determinant to a man's results with women. I don't believe it would happen that we can take the same girl and have her be interested in me while suited up though completely reject me if I'm wearing something like a v-neck and jeans. This may be the case in elite venues, but those aren't the type of places I go to.

If you have the bankroll to frequent places where women look for status and wealth, a suit would be a logical choice to get your foot in the door, but looking to the suit alone as some type of game miracle prop is foolhardy. It must fit in with your overall look, game, and vibe. I'll wear it once or twice a month just to mix things up (if it's not hot), but I don't see it taking over my more casual style in the foreseeable future.

Sex Tourists vs. Love Tourists

September 6, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Sex tourists go to countries with the explicit goal to pay for sex.
Love tourists go to countries with a goal to date women. This may include sex, casual relationships, and long-term relationships.

Sex tourists do not study game.
Love tourists study game, psychology, and other related fields that help them be more attractive to women.

Sex tourists share tips on where the best whores are located.
Love tourists share tips on where the most feminine women are located.

Sex tourists hate American women.
Love tourists hate American women.

Sex tourists think that all women care about are looks and money.
Love tourists understand that human attraction includes a wide range of variables and factors.

Sex tourists go to a city with a goal to drop cash in brothels.
Love tourists go to a city with a goal to start conversations with attractive women.

Sex tourists pack viagra.
Love tourists pack baking soda.

Sex tourists do not have sex without directly paying for it
Love tourists do not pay money to have sex.

Sex tourists pay for the “girlfriend experience.”
Love tourists get real girlfriends.

Sex tourists learn how to say “How much for one hour?” in the local language.
Love tourists spend months doing Pimsleur language audio courses, sometimes taking university-level classes.

Sex tourists rationalize paying directly for sex as efficient.
Love tourists rationalize not paying for sex as real.

Sex tourists congregate on the internet to share whoremongering stories.
Love tourists congregate on the internet to share city data sheets.

Sex tourists don’t care if there are love tourists around.
Love tourists prefer to stay far away from sex tourists.

Sex tourists would consider getting a mail order bride.
Love tourists wouldn’t consider a mail order bride since he can cultivate real relationships from scratch.

Sex tourists get freebies in the form of an extra 15 minutes from his whore.
Love tourists get freebies in the form of a blowjob in the bushes by a girl who loves

Americans.

I don’t blame feminists too much for grouping us with sex tourists since love touristry is at the leading edge of the nascent movement, but if they wish to get into an intelligent debate about why we do what we do, the difference must be respected.

Why You Shouldn’t Get Excited About A Girl

September 8, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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In this clip I discuss how your emotions should be tame after meeting a girl….

Click over to the video’s YouTube page to read comments that have already been left. You can also hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog, like this **bonus video** that details my future plans.

Death Of The Natural

September 9, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Thirty years ago, your mother would have given vague answers when describing why she became attracted to your father. He would then have given even vaguer answers when describing how he got your mom. They would speak through rosy and determinist glasses about how their love was a foregone conclusion or "meant to be." Back then, human psychology wasn't developed to the point where either could dive into the micro of their seduction like we can today.

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

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

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

At the absolute minimum, today's man must not make game mistakes. He doesn't have to possess the tightest conversation or weasel game, but he must know what turns on woman. He doesn't have to be alpha, but he can't show beta traits. He doesn't need the best text messaging game, but he can't reply faster than she does. Denialists can reminisce about the past all they want, but to be sexually successful in today's world, you need to know more psychology than Freud did in his time and at least a basic understanding of game theory.

The truth is that natural players are a dying breed. Going with the flow and just being alpha isn't enough to out-pull a serious student of the game who brings in various

academic and empirical schools of thought into his quest to get laid. This is why it's so common for a natural to retire before he's 30—he's simply unable to compete longterm with guys who are more committed, have more game tools, and have mastered keeping their pipeline full while putting in the least amount of energy. And with hypergamy raging at rates we've never seen, the natural's decision to hang it up with his cute girlfriend serves as absolutely no guarantee she won't stray. He'll need game for the relationship, too.

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

How The Game Is Played: Three Years Later

September 11, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I checked back with Virgle Kent to follow-up on an interview I did with him three years ago. Let's begin…

1. It's been a while since we last had a chat about how you run game. What have you learned since then?

I've learned to strip away most of the bullshit. To do a lot with much less, to become a minimalist when it comes to game. I thought having a great job and a title would make gaming easier then I lost that. I thought having the best gym body would automatically equal having great game then I went more than four months without touching weights. Through everything I learned that what mattered most was the experience I've had with practicing game on women. I eventually got everything back and more but still remember the lessons I learned over the past three years. Time has a way of humbling men.

2. I'm sure you'll agree with me that the definition of game is changing. In the past it was about wearing loud clothing and negging girls with memorized lines. What do you think game means today? What direction is it going?

Game has evolved into a whole theology on what it means to be a man and feel like one in today's society. It's about being a man during the first approach, during a relationship, and even during a marriage. The secret being it's not really what you say but how you say it. In the future men will have to work on setting themselves apart from other men with individual aspects of their lives that will make them naturally more interesting than most guys in the bar, lounge, party, or any environment they're trying to pick up. Self improvement will be key.

3. Some commenters have pointed out that game is nothing more than a response to modern feminism. What relationship does feminism and game have with each other? How will this interaction change in the next couple of years?

Feminism is interesting. I disagree with the thought that game is the response to modern feminism. Feminism has been around far longer than game. I'll tell you what, game works best on feminists, girls so assured of themselves and filled with fake confidence based on their education and careers that they never see it coming. Most feminists honestly believe that game doesn't exist or would never work on someone like them. But in the grand scheme of things most young women are feminist in name only, because they're alone and have nothing else to hold on to or call themselves so they use feminism to feel a part of something. So if they meet a real alpha or guy with game and it's between him or dying alone with one cat and two eggs holding on to each other for dear life, what do you think they'll choose? For most women, feminism is an act of convenience more than a lifestyle of faith.

4. A man's game usually is a result of his personality and the type of girls he goes for. What kind of girls are you banging lately? How have you honed your

game to get them?

I've been having a lot of affairs with married women. More than I'd care to admit. To get them I'm just a really good listener. To me I'm intrigued by some of these beautiful wives in this town with the worlds biggest ring. I used to think the size of their rings meant they were happy and in love. So I started asking questions and listening. What I found was these are women who realize that ever after is a fucking long time… with the same person. They have the house, the kids, the cars, but I learned a beautiful woman's greatest fear is becoming invisible. And these ain't fat housewives that let themselves go either. I'm talking from 27 to 38, yoga-mats-and-pilates women.

It's not as simple as it looks. Sure some are sluts no questions about that. But others just reach a point. The greatest thing I learned just being a successful alpha isn't good enough to keep your woman. They all have this minimum level of attention, love, and sex needed from you to keep them. If you drop below that level she'll find it from someone else. This made me open my eyes to my own relationship and not taking anything for granted or think I got it in the bag. But then again I've never been with the same woman for over a year so what the fuck do I know.

5. You've recently been involved in a long-term relationship with a foreign woman. How was that like?

Night and fucking day, it was surreal, like owning a PC then switching to Macbook. The simplicity and the intuitive ease. It changed me in giving me hope for guys like us, like when we need to retire from game and relax there are women out there that are feminine, loving, and trusting. It's tough sometimes living in DC to believe there are women like that out there. I didn't need to use that much game with her after I got her; her attraction level to me was still high. But I remembered the lessons I learned from affairs with married women and made sure I kept up my end of attention and showed I cared in my own alpha way. Overall I would equate it to that feeling you got from being in Poland, a place where feminine women do exist. Like seeing a unicorn.

6. There seems to be a lot of anger among young guys who have flocked to game denialist forums to mock the use of game. They use similar language in their attacks as the feminists. What do you think is going on here? Do you think young guys are taking to game like we did in our early 20s?

I think young guys are just being young by their nature. What comes with that is anger, and more commonly, impatience. They're in denial because game didn't work fast enough for them. They read the books, followed the blogs, did everything "word for word" and in 6 months, 10′s weren't falling from the sky. It's like a guy who has never worked out before joining the exact same gym Jay Cutler works out at and buying the same supplements Jay advertises in Muscle Magazine and is shocked—fucking shocked—he too isn't benching 350 for sets of ten. So he says fuck body building, that it's for idiots and assholes, and decides to take up a vegan diet and practice bikram yoga because it's more hardcore and spiritual and less gay… wait what.

Part of it is our fault. Game bloggers that show the end results. We don't talk much about

our mistakes or times we failed at a pick up, or even the many years trying to crack a certain type of situation, which is where the true lessons are learned. It's always finished product and young guys read it and it looks easy to them like anyone can do it. Like my favorite quote from Nick Wells in The Score goes (and I'm paraphrasing here)…

"Sit down and make a list of everything you want to get in your life, the cars, the house, all the toys. Then spend the next 25 years of your life getting it piece by piece."

7. You've just revealed a new site to the world called Nexxt Level Up. How is it different from your existing blog? What do you hope to accomplish?

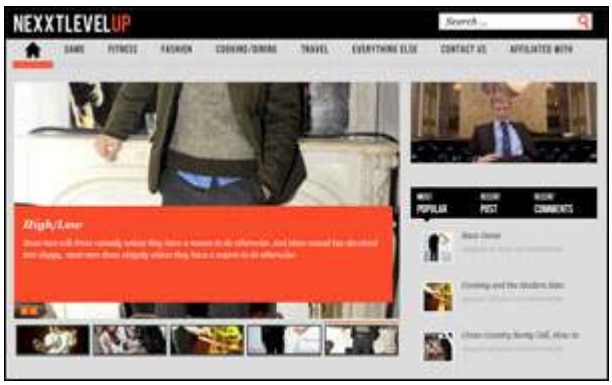
I'll start with the concept. Right now I feel that typical game blogs are in what I like to call theory or concept mode. Everyone has their own theory on the best way to number close, neg, one night notch, etc. What the reader has to do now is study that and learn what works for them. Soon everyone adopts which style of game works best for them after a few years. Once that's done, what's next?

My goal with the game lifestyle magazine was to fill that void. I wanted to touch on other elements of a man's life that could help improve his game. Fashion, health and fitness, cooking and dining, and travel. These are a lot of areas to cover so I was sure to bring in men who knew more than me in these areas, guys that I look up to on their own blogs.

It'll be different from other "group blogs" in that everyone brings their own special expertise to the table to build something going in one direction. It's more focused. Hopefully a different post a day and a one-stop shop to just learn something different or what you might not have thought of before. I'll still be writing about my game theory and my little sex stories as well, but the purpose is that the site as a whole should help improve your overall game and life, giving you an advantage on guys who are still stuck on theory.

It's a new concept (in our game world), but hopefully what comes across is the possibilities of where game can go as a whole, that the only thing holding us back is ourselves. I have a feeling that other game blogs will band together as groups and something will push through to the mainstream. This is my attempt at that.

*Check out Virgle Kent's new project at **Nexxtlevelup.com**. Catch up on his existing work here.*



The 3 Principal Types Of Game

September 13, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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In the past I wrote a tongue-in-cheek post called 16 Different Types Of Game that should have probably been called "16 Angles Of Game." From my travels I've actually only identified three types of game that most men use.

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

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

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

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

Countries where eastern game should be used: Former Soviet Union

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

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

Europe

The above three types of game are the primary colors of game. Going to a new country means you need to mix them in various amounts to come up with the optimum game for that location. For example, in Brazil I'd fill my paint bucket two-thirds with world game and one-third with western game. In Poland I would use 90% world game and 10% eastern game. In America I'd hit the gym harder to pack on muscles that girls respond more favorably too while I'd slack off in Ukraine and make friends instead, knowing that big gains in the gym won't help me get laid as much as having a social in.

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

Is The Men’s Rights Movement Really Dying?

September 15, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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This clip is a follow-up to my recent post The Men’s Rights Movement Is Dead….

Click over to the video’s YouTube page to read comments that have already been left. You can also hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

“Don’t Text Me Again”

September 16, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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It has become clear to me that American women have lost the ability to deal with men in an adult manner, overcompensating for feelings of disappointment and rejection by lashing out like children. The best example of this phenomenon is the “Don’t text me again” message they send to guys that said or did something they didn’t like. I’ve been to over twenty countries now and America is the only one where I’ve received this message. Everywhere else in the world, girls will simply stop messaging you, but American women will regularly hit you with the toddler equivalent of “I’m not talking to you anymore!”

You sent her three messages in a row?

“Don’t text me again.”

You tried to make her jealous by commenting about going on a date with another girl?

“Don’t text me again.”

You had drunken sex with her and want to try again without all the booze?

“Don’t text me again.”

You jokingly told her not to be “flakey” after she cancelled yet another date?

“Don’t text me again.”

In America, the girl wants to let you know that you are experiencing a live rejection, even if you made a minor error. Because she is not comfortable is dealing with things that didn’t turn out in her favor, she wants to escape from any situation that may cause her to lose face or look stupid, in a way that shows **she has power over you.** That last part is important, because only in America does a girl want to show that you are beneath her in the game of sex where she obviously has so many suitors that she can flick you away like a little bug.

You may experience a form of their childish outburst when getting approached by a fat hog in a bar. When you make it clear, even on polite terms, that you’re not interested in a conversation with her, she will sneer at you like you just insulted her grandmother. I remember the time when a fat American girl approached me and was disappointed I didn’t engage her, responding with, “You’re not interesting. I don’t want to talk to you anymore.” She then gave a dramatic backturn and went to her friends, safe in her deluded mind that she didn’t actually get rejected. Her friends probably piled on and commented what a loser I was so she can continue living life with the thought that she’s a desirable woman who wouldn’t dare get turned down by any man.

What factors are present in the American culture that causes women to do this? Why are they quick to make another human being feel like shit? The sad part is that even some guys are doing this, too. They see that they are losing a girl and they resort to sending a “Don’t text me again” message.

The truth is if you’re sending such a message, you’ve already lost. You’re showing that

you have been personally hurt, that you are a child who doesn't know how to live in a world where it's impossible to get everything you want. When a woman sends such a message, she shows that the culture has made her sick. Personally, I don't know any man who wants to be with a sick woman.

“You Broke Me”

September 18, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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One week before I moved to my logistically superior Zagreb apartment, I encountered a 20-year-old girl at a taxi stand late at night. We ended up talking and I got her to come with me to an after-hours bar. We kissed. We met up again a few days later but she insisted on not drinking. We kissed some more and my hand passed over her vagina for 300 milliseconds. It didn’t go farther than that.

I was anxious on the day I moved to my new apartment. It was the longest I’ve ever gone without a flag. At the tail end of a long European trip that contained many easy notches, I had absolutely zero motivation to play the dating grind. I was dropping girls off my pipeline for minor transgressions that I wouldn’t have two years prior. Croatian girls aren’t the easiest but I was confident that bad logistics was requiring me to date instead of banging on the same night. But after moving, what if I still failed? What excuse will I use if I still couldn’t get my flag? My pride was at stake.

I went out the first night with two guys, one American and the other British. The American has been living in Croatia for a while and was amused at my flagging mission, while the British guy was in the same boat as I was, still after his first Croatia bang as well. The Brit and I exchanged many “so close yet so far” stories. He had what ended up being a dud date that night while I went with the American to a bar near my house.

At the bar I met a tall girl with a nose stud. She was very pretty and after a short while she ordered a shot, took it, kissed me, and then ejaculated it into my mouth. It felt gay but I went along with it. Later I touched her and she said, “Don’t touch me.”

I replied, “I’ll touch you if I want. If you don’t like it then walk away.”

“I like that,” she said. She liked the hard game, so I gave it to her. We walked out of the bar and sat on a bench, a mere three minutes away from my apartment.

She went over to the next bench about 30 feet away and asked for a light from a random group of kids, but when she came back she realized it wasn’t lighted. Then she asked me to take her cigarette and go re-light it because her “feet hurt.” Based on the game she was responding to inside the bar, I knew my best option was to say no. It was a test, and I’d pass the test by refusing to be her puppy dog.

I was wrong.

She was furious I didn’t light the cigarette, saying I was “cold” and not a “gentleman.” She stormed off, disappearing into a taxi. I was stunned. It seemed like such a sure thing. Most times you’re allowed to make a couple mistakes but this was all she wrote. I went home, unable to recover.

The second night I went out solo to the same bar. My first two approaches went nowhere. I didn’t want to continue. Then I got a text message from the Brit, saying he just got his flag from a last-minute date. I couldn’t give up now. Then who do I see with her friends but the taxi stand girl, Maya. She was curt, not giving me much affection. I sarcastically

asked her if she wanted me to pretend I didn't know her.

Eventually she warmed up and kissed me out of view of her friends, but would leave every five minutes to "find" them. I didn't feel safe to hit on other girls while she was watching, yet it was primetime Saturday night—I'm not going to stand around like an idiot. To cover my ass, I told her, "By the way I know a lot of people here. If you see me talking to someone, either guy or girl, don't feel shy. I'll introduce you to them." Truth is I didn't know anyone there.

When she was right out of view I got into a conversation with a young Croatian girl who looked a bit Estonian with her chubby cheeks. She had a huge booty and a good vibe. During the conversation it turned out that she loved America and men with beards. She accidentally touched my stomach, felt that it was hard, and licked her lower lip like I was a piece of steak. Maya saw me talking to her so I waved her over, knowing she'd refuse to join.

As a test I told the new girl, "How about we go into that corner over there and make out?" Most girls would laugh that off, but she looked in the corner and said nothing. She might as well have yelled, "Take me, you hairy stud!" Then I asked myself why go for the silver when you can go for the gold? I said, "Actually I'm kind of annoyed by this crowd and all the smoke. How about we go for a walk?" She agreed. I steered her into the direction of my apartment. Halfway there we sat down and made out.

She said, "I have to use the bathroom," and walked towards a tree to urinate. I told her not to act like an animal and use my bathroom right down the block instead. I said, "After you use the bathroom we can have a quick drink and then come back to the bar." Once in my apartment, we were fucking within ten minutes. She begged me to give it to her hard and I obliged. When it was done she said, "You broke me." I liked that.

It didn't take long for her to receive a shrieking "Where are you?!" call from her girlfriend. She fixed herself up in the bathroom, taking away the tell-tale signs that she just got her pussy pounded, and gave me a kiss goodbye. Her friends will never know she banged a guy barely 45 minutes after meeting him.

I was content with my flag, but not too much since it was something that should have been coming anyway. Still, in the most vivid way I confirmed how important logistics are and thought of my Washington DC days when I lived in the boonies. I wondered how many dozens of notches that cost me.

I sent a text message to the Brit: "Croatian flag!!! Finally, damn." Then I remembered Maya. I texted her a lie: "I went to meet up my friend real quick. Are you still at the bar?" After nearly an hour I didn't get a response. I thought that was odd, and when I looked at my phone more closely, I realized it had crashed. I restarted it and she did in fact reply, saying she was still there. I casually asked if she wanted to meet for a drink before she went home, and when she said yes, I took a quick shower and met her near my front door. I said, "We can go to the after-hours bar, but how about you come see my new apartment? It's very nice." She came in.

Once inside, she went to my bedroom and we got down to business. The resistance was

token. The only problem was that the other girl was a 8 out of 10 on sexual ability while Maya was a 2. Her kisses were average and she wasn't doing much to turn me on. I got her naked, put on a condom, but had trouble putting it in. Not only was her pussy tight like an anus, but the angle of entry was all weird. I was fumbling around while she laid there, not helping. I penetrated her by a hair and then my dick started going soft. There was no way I could get it in.

I took off the condom and regrouped. I explored the topography of her pussy with my fingers to loosen it and figure out how it was constructed. I looked down and saw that my hand was covered by blood. Then I looked at my crotch and saw more blood. I asked her if she was a virgin but she said no. We cuddled for a bit and once the shock of the blood wore off I started getting hard again. My dick, that son of a bitch, wasn't ready to give up. At the height of my new boner I put on another condom, slathered it with lube, and properly laid pipe to get the notch.

Afterwards, I wasn't surprised to see that the lower half of her body was bloody. She took a shower while I examined the scene. This has happened to me so many times before that I knew what to do with the sheets (soak it in cold water). She was deeply embarrassed and I reassured her that it was okay. I changed the sheets and told her she could spend the night but she declined and took a taxi. As soon as she was out the door, I sent another text to the Brit: "Another notch!!! Hahahaha!!!!!"

In my sex afterglow I thought about what just happened. In the previous month I tried my hardest and only banged one German girl but no Croatians despite working hard at it. Then by merely having a better located apartment I was able to get my flag and a bonus bang within two days of moving.

I can't deny that my game has changed. It used to be marathon jog of dating, of driving around town and going to hotel bars and cooking dinner for girls. Now it's a 50 meter dash. I want to be the Usain Bolt of game, of hitting girls with a fast-paced performance and capping it off with a short walk to a nearby apartment where sex is inevitable. In marathon game, when you're building a real connection with someone, logistics aren't a dealbreaker, but in the sprint, it's everything. The next time I go out, I will look around the room and use all the experience I've gained to identify the one girl who wants to have sex with me right now. I won't accept anything less.

Emotional Sex vs. Logical Sex

September 22, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Before I introduce this week's video, I wanted to give a heads-up that I'm releasing three new books this Friday:

- Don't Bang Latvia
- Bang Estonia
- Bang Lithuania

I'm doing a special where all three books will be priced at **$3** on Friday only. Click here for more details.

In the below clip, I talk about the difference between getting laid with emotional game (for American girls) versus logical game (for European girls)…

Click over to the video's YouTube page to read comments that have already been left. You can also hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

Your Friend Is Creepy

September 25, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I went to the college club on a Wednesday night. The crowd was predominately college freshman. The guys didn't look much older than my 15-year-old brother and the girls, while beautiful, were in huge groups. My Estonian friend Yargus was supposed to show up to meet me with a lady friend of his, but I got impatient and decided to go somewhere else.

In Tartu there were two popular bars and four large clubs. Three clubs sucked and the one I had just left from had mostly teenage girls. The bars weren't much better. One named Zavod was a dank pit while the other, Moku, was the size of a bedroom. Still, for a college town of only 100,000 people, there were several options, all within walking distance of each other.

I checked out Zavod first. It was packed with people, mostly guys, and everyone was ugly. I heard Spanish and English as much as Estonian and there were senior citizens hanging out at the bar getting drunk. I left to take a peek at Moku. On the walk there I received a text message from Yargus: "Hey, that girl you danced with last week is going to Zavod. I just ran into her."

Before getting the message I had seen her on the opposite side of the street after leaving Zavod, but she didn't see me, and even if she did, I doubt she would have cared.

Maggie was 23 years old and finishing her final semester of college. I took a liking to her because of her wide eyes, thick lips, strawberry brown hair, and gentle smile. I used to like sass in a girl, but my time in Poland changed that. Girls who were sweet, gentle, and slightly shy became my new preference, and Maggie fit the bill.

When we met the week before, I led her to the dance floor. I thought I was doing well until she stepped back when I tried to touch her hips. I asked if she had a boyfriend, the only logical reason she would deny a subtle move, and she said that it was "complicated." Tired of being tricked by European women with boyfriends who wanted to use me to get attention, I excused myself to go to the bathroom and never returned.

Moku was quiet with only ten or so people, all sitting down. I grabbed a seat by the bar and ordered a scotch. If I wasn't getting laid, I might as well enjoy some fine liquor. I ordered the most expensive scotch they had, which came to $6.

The bartender had a neck tattoo of a cheetah. Neck tattoos in Estonia were novel. It didn't look quite right, but I'm sure the local girls thought it was bad ass. He started asking questions about where I was from and what I was doing in Estonia. It turned out that he was in the Estonian military and about to leave for Afghanistan.

"Afghanistan? As part of our war?" I asked.

"Yes, we have guys there now."

"Estonia has troops in Afghanistan?"

“Yes about 150. You don’t hear about this in America?”

“Most Americans don’t even know that Estonia is a country.”

“Well we are a part of NATO, so we help you guys out so that if Russia invades us again you’ll help defend us.”

“Does Estonia have oil?” I asked.

“Not much.”

“Then we probably won’t come to your rescue.”

“But we have beautiful women.”

“I won’t deny that!”

Next to me was a group of four girls. The cutest one, who I later found out was the bartender’s girlfriend, motioned me over. I moved my chair a couple inches and leaned over.

“What’s your name?” she asked.

“Roosh.”

“Do you want to talk to my friend?” She looked over at the fattest girl in the group.

“Whatever,” I said, disappointed, but the fat girl didn’t even turn to look at me. I was getting rejected by a fattie I hadn’t even approached.

“Did you say something to her?” the cute girl asked.

“What are you talking about? I never spoke to any of you before.”

“Well, then why is she upset?”

“I don’t know and I don’t care,” I said, moving my chair back and turning away.

At last call, the cute girl came up to me again, still trying to solve the mystery as to why her fat friend was upset.

“Maybe she’s gassy,” I offered.

Then she stuck around, giving me the impression that she wanted to talk to me. It made sense once I found out that her boyfriend was being shipped out in a week. The bartender had been nice to me so I didn’t want to be a jerk and work on his girlfriend. It would have been more proper to wait until he was on the battlefield, fighting my country’s war.

I looked at the time as I left the bar. Almost 3:30. I wanted to go home, but something told me to keep going. I remembered the text message from Yargus. I started walking in the direction of Zavod, now hopeful about a girl I had long since given up on. I convinced myself that I wasn’t acting desperate, that I just wanted to see her reaction when she saw me. If it was positive, I’d pursue it.

On the walk to Zavod, a blonde girl was walking in the opposite direction. I don’t know what it is about Estonian girls, but approaching them on the street yields tremendous results. My first three street approaches at night all led to venue changes. For whatever reason, Estonian girls are totally different creatures when isolated from their friends.

“Excuse me, do you know of a bar that’s still open?” I waited a second until just before I

knew what she was going to say, then added, “Except for Zavod. I really hate that bar.”

She laughed and started thinking aloud. She was cheery, thin, and had an average face that wasn’t as good as Maggie’s, but for a Wednesday night I couldn’t deny that she was a good prospect. I was committed.

She suggested a bar, then said, “Let’s go check it out.” Four for four. The only other place I’d had great luck with nighttime street game was in Iceland.

“So, dude, what are you doing here?” she asked.

“Did you live in America? European girls don’t usually say dude.”

“I watch a lot of American television.”

“I see. Well, I’m here for a couple months, just hanging out, I guess.”

“Do you know anyone here?”

“Yeah, I have a friend named Yargus. I like him because he’s older like me and we have some things in common. Most guys in Tartu are young, so it’s hard to get along with them.”

“Wait! Does Yargus have blonde hair?”

“Yes.”

“Is he like 30?”

“Yes, I believe so.”

“I know him!”

“Oh, cool,” I said.

“He’s the creepy guy!”

“Wait, what?”

“Yeah he’s the creepy guy. My friends know him as the creepy guy.”

My dick’s instinct was to throw him under the bus, but my brain fought it. “I think he’s cool,” I said. “He showed me around and introduced me to some clubs.”

“But he’s creepy!”

“No, I don’t think so at all. You’re wrong.”

She stopped walking, then said, “I don’t think I can hang with someone who is friends with Yargus.”

“You’re being offensive. It’s easy to call someone names. What did he do that was so bad?”

“He’s just creepy.”

“You’re just talking shit. The only person who’s creepy is you.”

I made a U-turn, only steps from my apartment, and headed toward Zavod. The fact that this girl, probably no older than 20, was wrongly judging a fun and charismatic guy was unacceptable. I wondered if maybe she had been watching a little too much American television.

By then it was four a.m. The odds that Maggie would still be at Zavod were almost zero, but by going home I felt that the girl on the street would win. I'd show her—by going to the worst bar in town.

Zavod was even worse than before: five guys for every hideous girl. But there was Maggie, standing alone and not talking to a guy. Now came the moment of truth. I walked up to her and squinted, as if I barely remembered her. She saw me and closed the gap with a big hug. I've never seen a smile so big.

Within a couple minutes her hand was on my chest. I repeated the same move from the previous week, the hip touch move, and this time she didn't resist. I got a drink and we talked so close that we were practically in full embrace. She was maintaining the conversation, doing her best to make sure I didn't leave. My boner had arrived onto the scene.

Her blonde friend interrupted for a conference. She was with a guy, so the best scenario would be that she left with him while Maggie stayed with me. That's exactly what happened. After the friend had been gone ten minutes, I suggested that we leave, too. She didn't object.

I dragged her back to my cave, saying that just because she came inside didn't mean we were going to have sex. Once in my apartment, she wouldn't even let me kiss her. It had to be the boyfriend. She wouldn't let me get close, either, but at the same time she didn't seem uncomfortable, enjoying the strong vodka drink I made for her.

After an hour of talking without progress, I resigned myself to getting her number. At one point, after running out of ideas, I said, "How about we go to my bed and make love?" She laughed it off. With failure inevitable, I began to get looser with my speech.

"I don't think I'm going to stay in Tartu for more than a couple more weeks. I really like the city, but it's a bit too small for me. I'll go to Tallinn and then to Lithuania to finish my writing project, but I really want to live in Ukraine. I want to stay there for a couple months. I study Russian an hour every day."

"So you're not staying in Estonia for long?"

"I know I should lie to you and say I'm staying long, or at least keep it vague, but after my time in Poland, I think I need to take a break from Europe to go somewhere different. Ukraine gives me that opportunity. Unfortunately, you and I won't fall in love and have hairy half-Estonian babies," I said, smiling weakly.

Then, inexplicably, she kissed me. I was so caught off guard that I didn't even have a chance to wet my lips. Like a switch she went from being guarded to being passionate, and in no time we were on the couch with me frantically removing her clothes. I couldn't believe it was happening. I had 100% given up on the idea of sex, but then we were fucking on the couch and then on the bed.

After I came down from my orgasm, I looked at her and said, "I didn't expect that." It's almost becoming a cliché that I get sex after I thought all hope was lost.

"I like to give surprises," she said.

“I had given up, you know.”

“I know you had, and that’s why I kissed you.”

“So you made me suffer?”

“Yes.”

“Well, it worked.”

“I knew I wanted to have sex with you when we were at Zavod,” she said.

“But you resisted coming to my apartment, and then to kiss.”

“I know.”

“Even then you knew were going to have sex?”

“Yes, I had already decided.”

What a mind fuck! What she was saying was that the only game I needed the entire night was to not give up. As long as I hung in there, I would have been rewarded. While I do think I could have blown the opportunity by doing stupid things, what she was telling me suggested that girls decided on sex well before men realized they had.

Maggie reminded me not to bother figuring out women, but just to do the things they reward. They reward guys who approach, make conversation, and persist. I can happily do all three.

After she left the next afternoon, I thought of Yargus and the text message he had sent. It was probably just an afterthought to him, a way to ping his new American friend, but for me it made all the difference. I made sure to thank him the next day, not mentioning what had happened with the girl I met on the street.

*You just read a story from **Bang Estonia**. It will be released along with **Bang Lithuania** and **Don’t Bang Latvia** this Friday. Buy the ebook edition of all three books, the Baltic Trilogy, for only $3 on release day.*

The Baltic Trilogy

September 27, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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UPDATE: The $3 deal is over. You can now grab the Baltic Trilogy at its regular price of $9.99. Thank you to everyone who bought it on release day.

I'm happy to be releasing three new books: **Don't Bang Latvia**, **Bang Estonia**, and **Bang Lithuania**. *For today only* I'm selling all three in one package for $3. After today, this combo will sell for $9.99. In total you'll receive 140 pages of Baltic stories and travel advice. All three books contain the following:

- Historical and cultural backgrounds that help you understand the mentality of each country
- Detailed descriptions of the women, including both appearance and personality
- The amount of work and time you'll have to put in to get your flags
- Game breakdowns on meeting and laying Baltic women via internet, day, and night methods
- Detailed city guides on when and where to find women
- Sex stories that add color to the optimal game you'll need to spit

Many travelers treat the Baltics as one entity, but each one can be quite different, forcing me to write three separate books instead of one. Here's a review from a reader who received advance copies:

> This trilogy isn't Roosh's finest work but contains enough gems and nuggets of useful information to make it highly recommended for any man planning to plunder the Baltics. From his writing you feel Roosh is at heart a nice, cool guy looking for a place in the world that still has the beautiful, feminine women of yesteryear. This makes his writing all the more poignant as he isn't a dried up, cynical, exploitative pickup artist, looking to get as much action as he can and then move on, he is truly looking for connection in his life.
>
> The highlights for me were without doubt the stories, evidence of just what a good writer Roosh is becoming – in my opinion the finest in the manosphere. Just reading them made me experience the loneliness, the homesickness, the daily struggle to understand foreign women, the constant uprooting as he goes to a

> new country. It really made me think twice about going for very long extended stays in foreign countries were I don't have contacts nor speak the language well and that's the mark of a great writer, that he makes you feel truly and deeply through his words.
>
> A slight disappointment at the short length of these books and that he didn't cover Vilnius in the Lithuania book (my preferred destination) but apart from that, this is another recommended installment from the world's most eloquent love tourist.

I stayed in each Baltic country for one month, which is why I agree with the above reviewer that these aren't my strongest travel guides. Nonetheless, I do think it has the right mix of travel data and stories to bring value for men who are interested in Eastern Europe. I picked a price point today so that even if you aren't immediately interested in traveling to the Baltics, you feel that you're getting your money's worth.

Today's special is sold via Paypal. It contains the PDF, ePUB (Nook), and MOBI (Kindle) formats that are DRM-free and loadable onto any device. After submitting your payment you'll be instantly forwarded to the books' download page. *Click one of the following links to continue:*

- Learn individual details about Don't Bang Latvia, Bang Estonia, or Bang Lithuania (including paperback option starting at $10.97)
- **ORDER THE BALTIC TRILOGY FOR $9.99**

Coming up in a couple months is Bang Ukraine. I also have to drop blog posts on Sweden, Finland, Norway, and Croatia.

“You’re A Liar”

September 29, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I talk about recent accusations that my European sex stories are too good to be true. Excuse the low budget set-up…

Click over to the video’s YouTube page to read comments that have already been left. You can also hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

It’s Better To Have Guts Than Brains

September 30, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Over ten years ago I remember reading the story of a man from the South who decided to go into the vending business. He started by walking to a grocery store and asking if he could put in a machine selling candy. In exchange he would share a cut of the sales. They said yes. He cold-called all the stores in his area, installing dozens of machines. No employees were needed to do the job so his days were spent moving machines around and filling them with product by using an old pickup truck. By his second or third year he was grossing over a million dollars a year. He made more money than he thought he could ever earn.

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

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

It’s Saturday night and Steve is getting home late from the gym. The chat he had with Tiny about what kind of protein powder is best for muscles remains on his mind. He takes a shower, eats some chicken breast, and puts on a shirt that is one size too small before heading out to meet his boys at the bar. Once there, he starts pounding shots. He looks at a girl and says, “I like your ass.” She gives him a nasty look and turns away. He orders another shot and uses the same line again. Still nothing. His friends laugh every time he fails, but he doesn’t care. Finally, on the eleventh attempt, the girl doesn’t immediately leave. He pulls her in close and starts grinding on her like he was in college all over again. He buys a round of shots to butter her up. Steve says, “Let’s go for a walk.” He takes her behind the club and fucks her next to the dumpster without a condom. If Steve bothered to ask what the girl did for a living, he would learn that she works for a non-profit helping feed homeless kids in Central America.

Neither Steve or the Southern businessman has much in the way of brains. No intellectual

would voluntarily spend time with them over Chad or the PHD students. They are looked down upon by upper society and are never commended. On the other hand, the Chads of the world are praised even though they have a fatal flaw: they act less than the think. The PHD students are ultimately scared of taking a business risk, preferring to stay sheltered in their higher education cocoon. Chad is scared of approaching women and rather play it safe from behind his computer. They may eventually get what they want, but not to the degree of the businessmen and Steves of the world who, with far less knowledge, skill, and intellect, are getting more out of life. On one end you have smart and safe while on the other you have simple and bold. One leads to comfort while the other leads to results.

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

American Girl Personal Ad

October 2, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Hello, I am an American girl who lives in Washington DC. Do you think you have what it takes to date me? I'll go on a coffee date with a man who has all of the following:

I want you to be confident, but not so confident that you're arrogant.

I want you to be witty and engaging in conversation, but not too witty that you make me feel dumb.

I want you to be intelligent, but not too intelligent that you're a nerd.

I want you to be nice, but not too nice that you're a pushover.

I want you to be fit and strong, but not so strong that you're vain and look like a freak.

I want you to be funny, but not so funny that you're a stand-up comedian.

I want you to be family oriented, but not so family oriented that you're a momma's boy.

I want you to take all my bullshit, but not the bullshit that is actually testing your masculinity.

I want you to compliment me, but not too much that I think you're needy.

I want you to be aggressive in bed, but not so aggressive that I don't feel any romance and tenderness.

I want you to be supportive when I have problems, but not so supportive that you're like my dad.

I want you to take care of your appearance, but not so much that you look better than me.

I want you to have a successful job, but not so successful that you work long hours and neglect my needs.

I want you to be humble, but not so humble that other men come across as more accomplished than you.

I want you to be kind and send me flowers, but not too often or I'll think you like me more than I like you.

I want you to be affectionate, but not so affectionate that it smothers me.
I want you to be faithful, but not so faithful that I can't at least suspect you could cheat with other women.

I want you to be serious, but not so serious that you're not spontaneous and fun.

I want you to be a great conversationalist, but not so great that I have to wait long to tell you how I broke my nail.

I want you to be independent, but not so independent that you don't really need me. Unless you fit every single one of above criteria, FUCK OFF. I don't date LOSERS that are scared of a strong woman who speaks her mind. Also I know I have a big booty, but I don't date black guys (I'm not racist because my BFF is black). I hope you don't mind a

full-figured woman who is at a healthy body weight.

Oh yeah, I have a 8-year-old daughter who I love WITH ALL MY HEART. You’re not going to get with this unless you can handle that. Don’t waste my time. Bye.

Washington DC Meetup: October 13

October 4, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Washington DC makes up a disproportionate amount of my readers, more than any other city in the United States besides New York City. It's the place where it all began for me and where the pain continues for a lot of guys who rather be somewhere else. Well next Saturday we can put all the complaints aside and hang out as men, because I'm hosting a meetup with my bodyguard Virgle Kent.

When: Saturday, October 13 from 8pm to 12:00am

Where: Location will be announced at 6pm on the day of the meetup via my Twitter feed. Check it before you arrive in case we change venues after 8. The neighborhood will be U Street.

What: This is a casual meetup. There will be no Hello stickers, speeches, or top hats. Meet your fellow man, tell me your life story, drink, and try to bang something above a 4.

Secret Handshake: I've done blog happy hours before so what'll happen is that there will be a few guys around me and then another circle of people who are also part of the meetup. A forum member recommended a secret handshake of sorts so you don't have to go around asking guys if they're part of the "Roosh thing." What you should do if you think a guy is part of the group is ask him where a pet shop is. He can confirm by giving an answer that at some point contains the secret code word: "hamster." Here's an example:

> First Gentleman (suspecting the other is an RVFer): Excuse me, do you know if there's a good pet shop nearby?
>
> Second Gentleman (indeed, an RVFer): Why, yes, they even sell a special breed of hamster…….. (raised eyebrow)

If he doesn't give an answer with "hamster," then he is not part of the meetup and continued efforts to talk to him will be viewed suspiciously. Bottom line is don't be shy. You may have to approach your fellow man and then have a series of conversations until you and I can finally shake hands as the heterosexual men that we are.

"I'm a girl. Can I come?" I'm friendly to all my female fans but if you're not at least a 6 then don't bother. You should come close to being a girl of this caliber:

If you come with the purpose to debate me or my readers then we will gangrape you (emotionally, not physically, because I've never physically raped a woman and would never condone such a thing in any jurisdiction where it is illegal by law).

"This sounds like it will be a sausage fest". Will it ever! On October 13 this will be the most glorious sausage fest in the city outside of Cobalt. I expect at least 30 guys to show, mostly starting at 8 but then it will trail off as the night goes on. We will single-handedly destroy any chance that other guys will get laid. To help me pick appropriately sized venues for the meetup, please fill out this one-minute survey if you're thinking of coming.

Out Of Town Logistics: There are bus routes from many East Coast cities, run by companies such as Eastern Shuttle, Mega Bus, and GotoBus. If you go to Skyscanner, you can probably find air fares under $100. There are four options for lodging. The first is Booking.com for hotels that average over $150 per night. Then there are hostel options that start at $35/night. Third is Airbnb ($60/night and up). Lastly there is my Dad's basement. The key is to be within walking distance of any Metro station. This map is centered around the best location to be in.

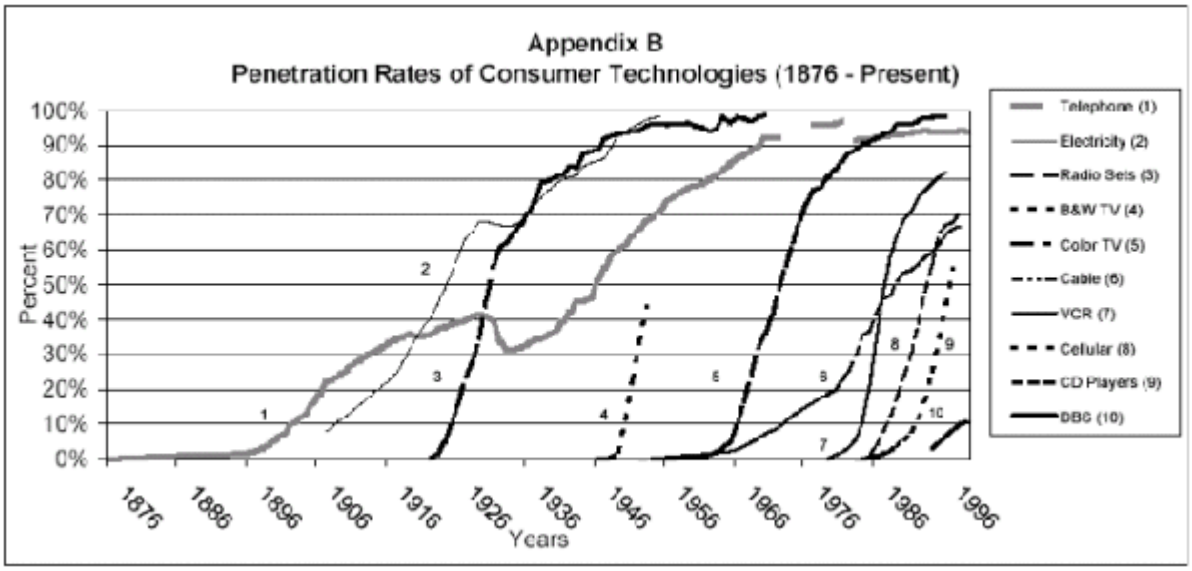
On totally unrelated matters, I like drinking flavored vodkas with only ice. Absolut Citron and Stoli Vanilla are my favorites.

Calling Girls On The Phone Is Dead

October 7, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

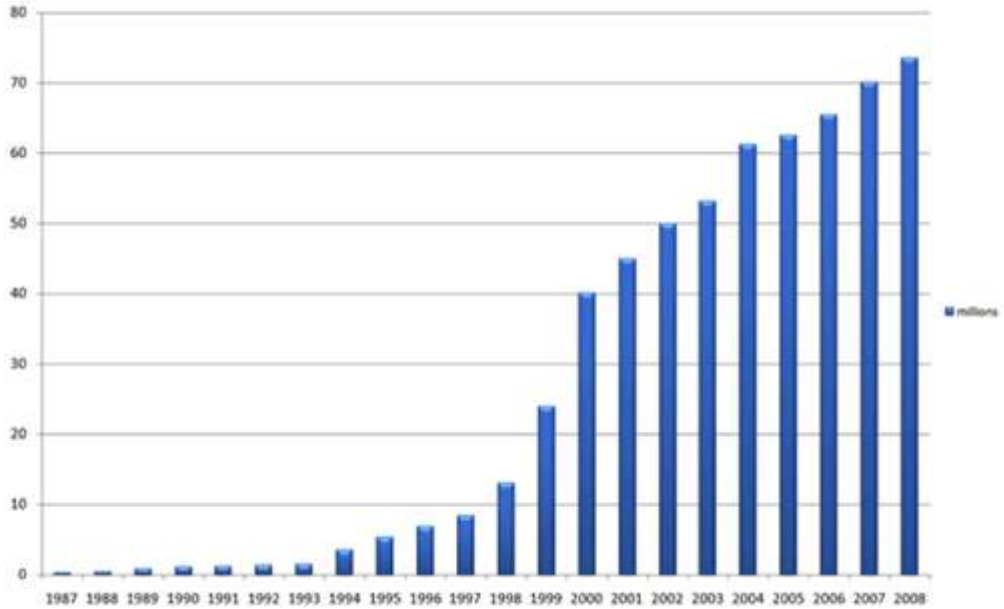
Four years ago I asked the question "Is the age of calling girls on the phone coming to an end?" Today I can confidently say that it has. There are very few circumstances where calling a girl under 30 to set up a first date is a proper move. Today you won't lose out on a single bang by not having "phone game," something that personally took me a couple years to master.

Here's a chart of the telephone's adoption rate (solid grey line):

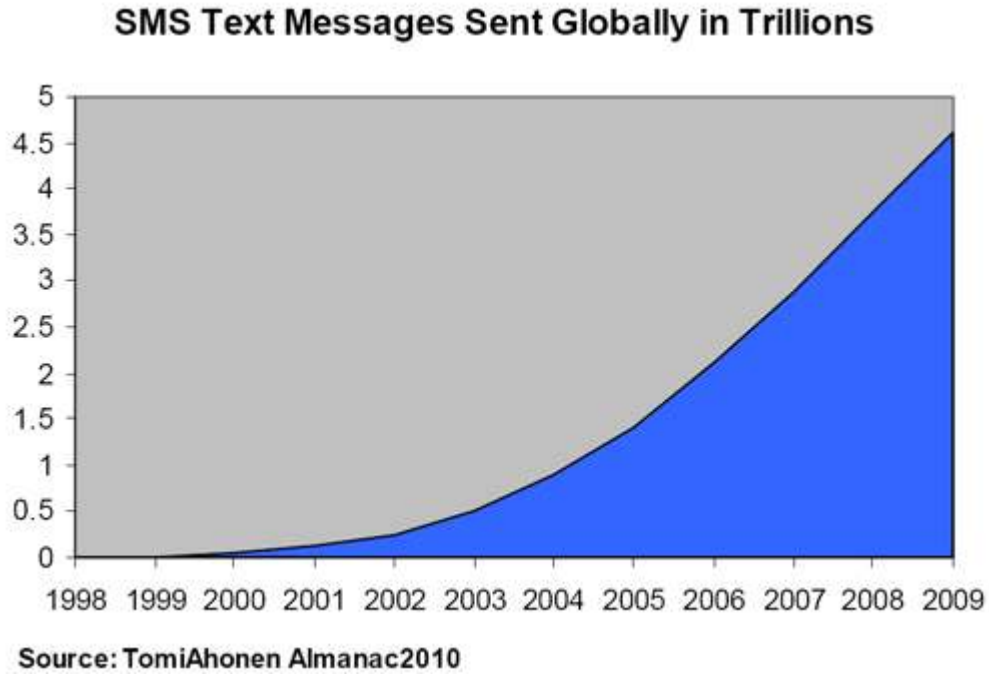


You'll see that it took about 70 years for the telephone to hit a 70% penetration rate. Until 1950, it wouldn't have been bad game to write women letters or just pop up at her door to ask for a date. But in 1970, do you think the girl would be open to a random knock on her door? Would she promptly reply to a letter that you sealed with a drop of your masculine cologne? Probably not.

Now let's take a look at the adoption rate of smartphones:



It took 20 years for smartphones to go from nothing to a 70% penetration rate, meaning we're forced to adapt three times quicker to this technology and the new habits it brings forth (text messaging, mp3 listening in public, social networking, etc.). The chart shows that things didn't really get started until 1999. Check out this:



When you call a woman, you are spitting at the above chart. You are saying, "The girls I talk to are unaffected by the culture. They are my luddite lovers. I will ignore technology and trends and do what I'm used to doing." Are the girls you're hitting on oblivious to Facebook? Do they not attention whore on Instagram? Do they not send 1000 text messages a day without hesitating to hit the silent button whenever a call is received, even from family?

Game is a reflection of the culture, and a rejection of that means your game is autistic, existing in its own special little world that only you understand. Even from a contrary perspective, calling girls will not result in more bangs. It is not a shortcut. The odds that a girl is ready to talk to a new guy she met three days ago at the exact same time he decides to call her, and be open during that conversation, is just about zero.

In today's world where everyone thinks they are "busy" with bullshit tasks like watching Honey Boo Boo on television, calling someone when they don't expect it is inconvenient and even considered rude. When you consider that if you do it right texting doesn't cost you dates, and cumulatively takes less time than a typical 10 minute call, you actually spend less energy getting bangs than back in my day when I had to take a deep breath and dial a number.

For those of you who still want to cling to calling girls, there is a case you can do it. It has to be when the following two conditions are met:

1. She already has your number in her phone. She knows it's you so when she picks up there is no need for you to introduce yourself and have that potential "Oh crap I don't want to talk to him right now" moment.

2. She strongly hinted that she prefers calling over text. If a girl says “Call me” then it’s a good sign she will be open to a phone conversation, but unless she’s explicit with that preference, calling a girl who probably has little experience talking to new guys on the phone will lead to an awkward conversation.

Do you lose out on a date by texting the above case instead of calling? Nope.

I’m not saying that technology should be blindly embraced. I’m not saying that the world is a better place because of Facebook, text messaging, and so on, but I am saying that for better or worse these developments have been rapidly embraced by attractive women. Not adapting with the times by changing your methods is the same as an old man complaining about the shallow nature of the internet. Sorry old man, but calling is dead. Text instead.

How To Meet Girls In Grocery Stores

October 9, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Here is a grocery store excerpt from Day Bang...

> Approach a girl while she's shopping, timing your movements to intersect either in an aisle or at some point around the perimeter. Just make sure to catch her before the checkout line, and preferably before she reaches the frozen foods section.
>
> [Another] option is to plant yourself in a popular section (wine and cheese, produce, or bakery), hang out there for at least ten minutes, and approach girls who come within your tentacle grasp. As long as you're slow in your movements and browse on your way to any girl, you won't raise their guards. Also, don't worry about what the staff thinks of your activities, in the grocery store or anywhere else. At nearly all establishments, especially corporate chains, staff members are instructed not to bother the customers.
>
> While you should take your time moving through the store, you must act fast when you see a girl you like. Most girls have a shopping list and grab their items with the goal to get out quickly. They won't wait all day for you to approach. In retail stores, girls are in browse mode, so you can take more time planning your approach angle, but in grocery stores girls know exactly what they want and won't linger long, unless they happen to be making a complicated recipe. Therefore step up your hustle after you've identified a target.

In Europe, the grocery store has replaced the coffee shop as my favorite day game venue. Because the coffee shop culture there encourages social interaction with friends instead of going alone with a book or laptop, the most consistent place I find girls alone is the grocery store. Another bonus is that since they are focused on buying items, she won't be on the phone or have on headphones.

The game I would run in foreign grocery stores is different than at home. In America, I quickly zero in on something in her basket and ask if it is good or not. The issue with this opener is that you don't have time to leisurely check out the girl and then examine her basket—you have to be staring mostly at her items and quickly open when your paths intersect. You will approach girls who, upon closer inspection, may not be that good looking, but thankfully with indirect openers you can bow out immediately after she gives an answer by ceasing all ramble. You never have to commit yourself for more than 15 seconds.

Things become much easier when you're a tourist. I've tried a lot of different openers and found one so easy that it feels like cheating. When you walk into a foreign grocery store, get a basket and walk straight to the bread aisle. Grab a wheat loaf. Then with that loaf prominently displayed either in your hand or on the top of your basket, do your shopping as usual. Put a confused look on your face and open with this: "Excuse me, do you know

what type of bread this is?" You can use it on girls no matter where they are in the grocery store.

Here's a common way the conversation turns out:

Girl: "It's wheat bread."

You: "I see. It was hard to tell because I don't speak the Finnish language. Is this a good kind of bread?"

Girl: "I've never tried it before."

You: "There were just so many options that I didn't know which one to choose. Which bread do you recommend?"

Girl: "Have you tried the dark bread? It's very common here." At this point there's a good chance she'll walk you over to the bread aisle to show you her favorite bread.

You: "Interesting, I've never tried this bread before. What does it taste like?"

Girl: "It tastes like so and so."

You: "Do you usually eat it with a spread or with lunch meats?"

Girl: "Lunch meats?"

You: "I mean deli meats like ham." You can explain the etymology of the term 'lunch meats' and how people from 'other places' eat lunch.

Girl: "I eat it like so and so."

You: "Cool, because where I come from we don't have a lot of breads. It's much easier to pick."

If she has any interest in you at this point, she will ask you where you're from and the chat gradually becomes more personal.

The above is classic elderly game that works a little too well when the girl is even mildly curious, especially in Europe. After she bites on your "where I come from" bait, you can move onto nightlife or restaurant recommendations and then hit her with "Where do you usually hang out?" before getting the number. If she doesn't bite but continues to chat, you will keep dropping "where I come from" bait until she bites. There have been times where I had to drop it four times before the girl bit. (If you're running game in your home city, you'll have to mix up the bait drops.)

If the above sounds easy to you, that's because it is. I've gotten used to leveraging my stupid tourist status in foreign countries to make these types of easy openers, to the point where it doesn't even feel like an approach. On the other hand, American girls are much more conversational during the day, and running coffee shop game there is the easiest out of anywhere in the world. There are some disadvantages to European day game but since the quality is so much higher, I don't really miss my coffee shop time back in the States.

For those of you who are envious about me running easy day openers abroad like "What type of bread is this?" or "What time does this place close?" then I have a solution for you: become a foreigner. The best day game is foreign day game.

—

The above grocery store article is 980 words. My day game book, Day Bang, is 75,000 words, with nine pages alone on grocery store approaching with an additional 191 pages that teach you how to approach, ramble, drop big bait, and close. If you want to learn how to effectively pick up women during the day, **click here to learn more about my book**.

Outcome Independence Leads To Failure

October 11, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I've been noticing a trend in self-help circles of being "outcome independent." It's when you don't worry about the outcome and just put in the attempt and shrug your shoulders at the result. Outcome independence reminds me of kindergarten where you still got your gold star even if you didn't accomplish anything.

Let me ask you this: were important men of history outcome independent?

Was Alexander the Great outcome independent when he decided to conquer the world?

Was Hitler outcome independent when he wanted to conquer Europe?

Was Theodore Roosevelt outcome independent when he wanted to be the most badass US president the country has ever seen?

Was Martin Luther King, Jr outcome independent when he wanted to eliminate segregation in the South?

What happened when these men suffered a set back to their goals? Did they say, "Oh, no problem, maybe I'll have some better luck next time"? No, they got mad. They analyzed their mistakes, adjusted their strategy, and tried again until they succeeded.

My advice for you is to be **outcome dependent**. If you don't succeed, you should get upset. You should feel down in the dumps. If do your ten approaches in the club and walk away empty handed, I don't expect your head to be held up high. What went wrong? What can you change for next time? How will you use miserable feelings as fuel into getting what you want?

Understand that even the smartest of men come up with rationalizations to protect themselves. It's hard to admit that you failed and came up short, but not doing so will put you farther from your goal. Separating your emotions from the desired result is a guaranteed way to rob yourself of a great motivating tool. Depend on the outcome and fight for it.

How Culture Affects Game

October 14, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

By now it should be obvious that you wouldn't game an American girl the same way as a Russian girl. It takes most men only a couple international trips to realize that game is not a one-size-fits-all routine. The more you understand the type of girl you're dealing with, the more bangs you'll get, and the best way to understand a girl is to understand the culture she's from. In particular there are two parts of culture that matter to us most: (1) attention span and (2) how much access men have with women.

A culture's collective attention span determines how women respond to stimuli, whether it's a man approaching them on the street or a news headline displayed on a computer screen. How do they give their attention to that which interests them? How efficient are they at multitasking? How addicted are they to a steady stream of new information? In my travel research I'm finding that knowing the attention span level almost entirely tells me whether I should pursue a short ball attempt (one-night stands, fast kisses) or long ball attempt (phone numbers, dates).

How would you describe the attention span of an attractive 25-year-old American woman living in DC? Let's take a look at her day:

- Wake up to an alarm with no time to spare. Shove a Pop Tart in the toaster before running out the door.
- Be greeted at work with urgent emails.
- Have concentration constantly interrupted by meetings, emails, and phone calls.
- Spend lunch break catching up on news and social media, but only have time to scan headlines and skim articles.
- Pop an adderall or other brain altering drug.
- Begin leisure activities after work, such as happy hours and kickball club.
- Grab a big bite to eat from Chipotle.
- Wind down day in front of television with iPad in lap, scanning through a dozen new messages on OK Cupid and POF.
- Reach for iPhone and reply to three guys recently met the past weekend.

The American girl is bombarded with information and attention all day long. For all her faults, however, she's able to multitask a large amount of information without suffering a nervous breakdown. Now let's take a look at the day of a Russian girl, who while even more beautiful, happens to be poor and living in Siberia.

- Roll out of bed with a completely clear schedule. Mill around the kitchen talking to relatives.
- Check old Nokia brick cell phone for text messages. Nothing new.
- Take a slow walk to the market for provisions.
- Cook lunch for the family then hang out in Nastya's apartment since her parents

aren't home. Flirt with the stupid local guys who are destined to become alcoholics.
- Flip through magazines that feature the fast paced-lifestyle of New York City and other cosmopolitan cities.
- Receive a call from oil man Gregor who gives her spending money in exchange for sex.
- Fantasize about Prince Charming.

The Russian girl has many hours to do as she may and most of that will be spent hanging out with her friends in the neighborhood. Needless to say but she would welcome a new man into her life that meets her low standards. She's free almost every night of the week starting at 5pm.

The American girl doesn't have the time because she's just too busy. If she goes on a date with you on Tuesday night, how will her kickball team defeat the KFC Krushers? Her attention and time is valuable. Assuming you pick her up at lunch time in the coffee shop and get her number, within four days that event will almost seem like a distant memory because of how much more stimulus she has received since then. But if you pick up the Russian girl in the same way, two days later you will be fresh on her mind (she would have spent a couple hours thinking about you). Which girl would you go for the kill immediately upon meeting and which girl would it be acceptable to play it slow knowing that you won't have to compete with her social calendar?

Now take a look at the following three headlines:

- 10 Things I Learned From Living In France For Fourteen Years
- Musings From Living In France
- I Didn't Like France So Much After Living There

If you were faced with these three on Twitter at the same time, which would you click? Probably the first. Now imagine that a girl has ten new text messages on her phone from guys. Who is she going to "click" first? **The guy who already gave her the good dick.** The more daily stimulus she receives, the more you need to stay in the picture by having sex with her as fast as possible. To rise above the noise, her pussy you must quickly destroy.

Besides attention span, it's also important to look at how much access guys have to women. In the recent past, a woman's options were limited by her immediate social circle and the occasional man who approached her. If she met a guy at a dinner party on Friday night, that man could call the following Thursday and be assured that she didn't meet anyone else since. Her standards were within reason and flaking was less, simply because she didn't have a lot of guys hitting on her.

This is roughly how it was when I was in Ukraine earlier this year, where I almost never got flaked on and girls always wrote back to my initial text. My phone number to date ratio was well over 50% assuming I had at least 15 minutes for the initial pickup. This means if I wasn't feeling "on" during a certain night, I could get a number and have a

healthy chance of setting a date. I wasn't punished for taking a more leisurely pace.

Compare that to today in America. Women who I wouldn't fuck with your dick are now getting hit on a dozen times a day on the internet. Social networking sites allow her to build a constellation of orbiters who constantly feed her with attention and make her feel more desirable. Technology, particularly the smartphone, allows them to field male attention all day long. While the proliferation of game hasn't helped things, since she's now approached in person a lot more, the rapid adoption of internet and mobile devices has instantly made every average girl a near celebrity in the amount of attention she receives compared to her counterpart 30 years ago. Sadly, there's no reversing this thread. The world is copying the American model and within our lifetimes even areas in South America and Eastern Europe will be corrupted. It's happening as we speak.

So attention spans are getting shorter and girls have exponentially more options than before. What can you do? The solution, which I hope you currently practice, is to go for the fast kill by pushing interactions as far as you can, not only to rise above the information overlord she experiences with modern life but also to squeeze out all the guys who are hitting her up, mainly via the internet. For the longest time I've been telling you to go for one-night stands to avoid flakes, cockblocking by friends, and other supernatural reasons, but now we know *why* you need to work so fast: to stay in the news. If you run night game, push the interactions fast and furious to the end. If you do day game, go for instant dates and contact them soon before you get bumped down the list by all the other guys who flood her inboxes before you even make first contact.

All those beta males who used to stay at home listening to Lionel Richie, too scared to approach a girl, now have Facebook and OK Cupid to hit on women, and they are doing so in high numbers. All those girls who would've taken up knitting or scrapbooking now have constant entertainment options and Tumblr. Your stellar pickup at the bar will mean absolutely nothing in three days when you're already a fading memory because of the spammer men flooding her electronic devices. We've arrived at the point where the only way for her to take you seriously is if you already fucked her. The long ball game is dead. Give her the dick, and give it to her fast.

13 Things I Don't Like

October 16, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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1. People who leave their cell phone on the table while I'm talking to them. I feel like I have to compete for their attention with an electronic device. What's the point of telling something that requires deep thought if our conversation will be interrupted at any moment?

2. Girls who immediately try to change the first song I put on after they enter my apartment. This is one of my major tests to find out if a girl is able to not be selfish for three and a half minutes to enjoy something that her partner prefers. It's the most reliable sign I have for whether a girl is relationship worthy or not.

3. Guys who don't ask questions. Either you use conversation as a window to learn more about other people, or as a means to get things out of your head. I'm convinced that self-absorbed men would make far better companions if they simply started a blog.

4. People who tell me I "should" do something for the benefit of society instead of for myself. I don't have to do anything but pay my taxes and die.

5. Foreign bars that don't have good vodka. Brown liquors like whiskey are prone to cause bad hangovers when consumed in large quantities, making it more suitable for a weekday libation than weekend fun. Mixing alcohol with sugar also increases the severity of hangovers. If I'm going to party all I need is a decent vodka that is consumable with only ice. Sadly, many European bars don't have this.

6. Guys who spit horrible game within earshot. I have a low cringe reflex when it comes to hearing bad game. It offends the past 11 years of my life where I practiced my own game to make it something digestible to women of the world. If a man is telling an average girl how beautiful she is, or is actively seeking her approval, I have to physically withdraw myself from the area.

7. Chicken breast that starts smelling only a day or two after you purchase it. This is common when buying from foreign grocery stores because of their limited use of preservatives. Washing the chicken does very little to reduce the speed of spoilage. I learned that you can still cook stinky chicken and it will taste fine, but it should be thrown out if it starts to become slimy. In America I've never had stinky chicken—I can let it sit on the counter for a couple days and it still won't smell.

8. Having to piss with strong morning wood. I get urine all over the toilet.

9. Girls who reply to a text message the following day. Bitch, I know you're not that busy and I know you stay up late doing nothing of importance. If you're going to take a full night to write back, I'm going to take a full eternity to do the same.

10. Mediocre books. They're not good enough to be excited about reading, but not bad enough that you shouldn't finish. With so many few books that are great, I'm afraid mediocre books are unavoidable.

11. Condoms. They should only be used in the first night you have sex with someone,

but never again. If you like each other to repeat the sex then there is a seed of love that would easily justify a trip to the doctor for STD treatment or an abortion.

12. Belts that don’t fit perfectly. One notch makes the pants too loose and the next make them too tight. I customized my casual belt by creating a notch, but I slimmed down shortly after, making the next official notch more suitable. My ugly customization is on full display to the ladies.

13. Fat arms. The body part that is most visible on humans are the arms. It’s the window to the rest of your body, and one reason why meatheads spend so much time doing bicep curls in the gym. Unfortunately for women, arms are a suitable place to store fat thanks to their physiology, unlike a fat man who can still have reasonably slender arms but a gigantic stomach. Women who have fat arms announce to me—and the world—that they don’t care about their appearance, and if they don’t care about their appearance, how are they going to care about pleasing me?

Player Wake-Up Call

October 18, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Every now and then a player needs a wake-up call to remind him of what it takes to win at the game. He needs a rude awakening that should never have happened.

While alone I approached two 20-year-old Croatian girls sitting on a bench outside of a Zagreb club. After an hour-long chat, they invited me to come with them inside. I took a liking to the thinner one. She told me how she never meets people who speaks English, and how she would love to practice with me.

We walked into the club and I bought a round of drinks. They asked me to dance with them and I agreed. We danced in one of those lame circles and I didn't even touch the girl I liked. I wasn't concerned because I had already decided that Croatian guys couldn't spit game, meaning I had my girl on lock for the night.

After fifteen minutes, I wasn't in the mood to dance anymore. I told them I'd be at the bar. My girl said, "We'll dance for a little bit longer and I'll come find you." I ordered a drink and checked out the talent, but there weren't many opportunities. After twenty minutes passed, I got a bad feeling. I looked around and saw her dancing with a guy. I positioned myself to get a better look. He was just a kid, no older than 22, but he was *aggressive*. I stared, pathetically, until I finally saw them making out hard while he squeezed her ass.

It seemed that everyone was looking at me, even though nobody was. I felt a burn in my chest. The pain turned to anger and then self-loathing. Defeatist thoughts rubbed salt and pepper on my wound. *You stupid, fucking idiot.* A lifetime of earned confidence was sucked away in a flash.

I know that the difference between a winner and a loser is that the winner keeps going. He doesn't let the transient feelings of anger and frustration determine who he is. He understands that he is human and will hesitate and make mistakes. I kept going that night, but I didn't pull. I tried and failed, and that's okay, because the next night I went out, I was prepared to dance for hours. I was ready to work.

The Worst Thing A Man Can Do

October 20, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Something the DC meetup reminded me of…

Click over to the video's YouTube page to read comments that have already been left. You can also hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

The Helsinki Diaries

October 21, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I can't say I missed Ukraine. What should have been poosy paradise was pure labor. It had the first species of women I met who were both transactional and extractive, where the best type of game to run is based on a college economics course. The city I lived in, Kharkov, was dirty, unsightly, and poorly planned. The nightlife was lacking, English wasn't common, and it wasn't as cheap as I was led to believe. People were rude and grumpy, and towards the end of my stay even I became agitated at the smallest things. I did end up dating a great girl, but it's not a place that I look forward to going back to.

Instead of listening to many men who suggested I hit the Mediterranean for the summer, I decided on returning to Scandinavia. I was still bitter from my two crappy months in Denmark a year prior and wanted to see if I could improve that experience with what I had since learned. I also wanted to get the Scandinavia flag sweep, which meant I'd have to bang girls from Finland, Sweden, and Norway. I decided to stay in Helsinki for a week before deciding what to do.

On my first day in Helsinki flying in from Ukraine, I felt a huge drop in femininity units. There were so many overweight women wearing hipster outfits waiting in line at McDonalds that I was expecting a camera crew led by my friends to appear from a corner. While the style wasn't as bad or gay as what Hel-looks broadcasts to the world, there were no more girls wearing 5 inch heels during the day along with sexy outfits. It was time to adapt.

The level of beauty, however, was surprising. Perhaps thanks to influence from Russia and the Baltics, I noticed many cute girls right off the bat. By comparison, in Denmark it took three full days just to find one decent-looking girl I wanted to approach.

I planned on only a one week visit. Since I was familiar with the region, I figured I could capture my flag quickly instead of staying for the normal two month allotment that I usually set for flagging and travel guide research. In Poland I did "city flags" where I took a trip to another city from my home base in Poznan to see if I could get a weekend bang, but that was much easier than what I was attempting in Finland.

Even on a two month stay the pressure to get a flag is strong, but with only one week it was an all-consuming obsession. I was ready to do whatever it took to sleep with a Finnish girl.

—

On my first night out, a Sunday, I found a club called Tiger that had mostly foreigners. I waited patiently in line and then entered what I can best describe as the Jersey Shore of Europe. Every bad club stereotype was in effect: Ed Hardy shirts, sunglasses, fist pumping, and hoisting bottles of vodka in the air. The cheesiest dudes in Europe were all gathered in one place for an epic sausage party with girls who were cockblocking at will.

I did one approach, got nowhere, then went home. The next day I got on myself for not

enduring a bit more, but it was a Sunday, and who gets laid on Sundays? I took it easy on Monday night, which I knew would be dead, and got myself ready for the big surge starting on Tuesday.

My mission began in earnest with day approaches, but I was rusty as hell. In Ukraine I probably did less than forty day approaches overall, most of them in my first month. I gave up mostly because of how painful the interactions went—either the girls didn't speak English or spoke a tiny amount. In Helsinki I aimlessly walked around the center and did a few approaches that progressively improved as I warmed up.

When I taught day game workshops in Washington DC, some girls would bust out their smartphone to help my students find a "pet shop," especially the foreign ones. This is what Finnish girls were doing to me. The only problem was that they weren't asking me questions. My "Where I'm from" bait was getting nothing. In the Baltics it was more or less automatic. Finland started to remind me of Iceland, where the girls were polite but not engaging. After about ten approaches over two days, my ramble was back on point, but I had no solid prospects to show for it.

Tuesday night was my first real night out. I went to Millionaire's Club, a venue that was highly recommended on the forum. I immediately saw why: it had a large bar separated from the dance floor. It's one of those places where you can approach a girl by the bar and then move her to the dance floor to get more intimate.

Within twenty minutes of milling around, a Middle Eastern girl randomly asked me where I was from.

"U.S. And you?"

"My parents are Iranian."

"Oh cool, my dad is," I said.

"What's your name?"

"My birth name? It's Daryush."

"That's a very common Persian name!"

"I know, and you say it better than I do."

"Why are you in Finland?" she asked.

"Sex and drugs. Why else?"

I had tossed my "sex and drugs" overboard in Ukraine because the girls were unable to pick up on sarcasm, but the Persian girl got it and laughed. I had decided that I didn't want to live in a country where I couldn't use that line.

"Where were you born?" I asked.

"Iran."

I was torn. She wasn't a Finnish flag, but I didn't yet have an Iranian flag. It would go nicely with my United Arab Emirates flag. Should I go for the Iranian flag at risk of jeopardizing my Finnish flag mission?

Iranian girls are not exactly known for being easy, but when she told me that she was

living in Finland for ten years, I knew that she had internalized the Scandinavian attitude towards casual sex. I didn't need to look further for confirmation than her two blond friends, who were taking shots and flirting with nearly every guy in the bar. One came up to me and stroked my beard, making comments about how I could further my look. I started doing a cost-benefit analysis in my head, wondering if I could pull off two flags in one week.

The Iranian girl became aggressive, almost like a man. She actually slapped me a couple times, hard enough that I felt it, but in a way that she could say was "flirting." Since she wasn't Finnish, my guess is that she had to prove to her friends that she could fit into the group by going harder than the both of them, sort of like how a white guy with black thug friends does crazy shit to prove he's as hard as them. I was more bewildered by her slaps than anything, and it took three of them for me to finally say, "Don't do that again." She obeyed.

I was excited to be talking to someone with a strong command of English. I defaulted into being chatty, but it didn't take long to offend her when I said "I like girls with long hair."

"So you discriminate against women?"

"Discriminate? It's just a personal preference. Do you like guys taller or shorter than you?"

"Taller, but I give shorter guys a chance."

"How many guys shorter than you have you seriously dated?"

"None."

"Okay then, it's the same thing."

"Not really because a girl who is bald could be an amazing person inside."

"So if I was 200 kilos heavier, shorter, and bald, you would still talk to me?"

"Probably not," she said.

I flipped my hand upside down as if to say "Well there you have it" but she refused to back down and insisted that liking girls with long hair was horrible. I was talking to a hyper-educated woman who spent god knows how many years in school, but accepting simple logic was still a work in progress. I knew she wouldn't see my point of view, but the debater in me wouldn't yield.

"Have you ever seen those commercials for African charities?" I asked.

"Yes."

"When they show images of the starving African children, have you noticed that they are always bald? It's not because they go to the barber every week—it's because when you don't have enough protein in your diet, you don't grow hair. Therefore hair is a sign of fitness, of health. When a girl has short hair, she's mimicking a state of malnourishment."

The science quieted her down, but she soon threw out a comment I couldn't ignore. She said, "I like to be dominant over men."

"That's too bad because I would never let a girl dominate me. It's not natural."

One minute later she said, “I’m going to talk to my friends.” I had a girl who was into me but I destroyed it by trying to teach her lessons. I realized that the conversation I just had might as well have happened in Denmark, where I kept challenging girls about their stupid beliefs and got nothing out of it except a hater book that caused outrage throughout the country.

I remembered my “nodding strategy” when a Scandinavian girl would tell me crazy shit. The secret was to let them talk, not challenge their beliefs, and be pleasant while escalating the encounter to intimacy. I decided to listen to my own advice.

TO BE CONTINUED…

The Helsinki Diaries (Part 3)

October 23, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

PREVIOUSLY: PART TWO

The next day I was low on gas. My 32-year-old body was done after just two nights of partying, but I bought a couple cans of Red Bull and used that for fuel. During the day I managed a couple of approaches, but my heart wasn't into it. Since I found a night spot that I knew I could get laid from, day game was no longer on the table. It would be better to conserve my energy.

The previous two nights I was out the door by 11:30, but on this night I was dragging. I didn't leave until 12:30. I went back to the Millionaire Club.

I expected it to be more crowded than Tuesday and especially Wednesday, but it was nearly dead except for two girls at the bar. I approached the one nearest me and it turned out that she was Russian-born but moved to Finland when she was young, sort of like the Iranian girl. She was friendly and smiley, not at all stoic like I would've expected. She had a bit of Finnish flair with a colorful dress and gigantic red flower in her hair, but still retained the Russian sexiness.

She was touching me almost immediately, so I was debating whether to throw the Finnish flag under the bus yet again for a flag that I've had previous trouble capturing. The fact that I didn't have my Russian flag after living in Washington DC, home to a huge Russian population, was embarrassing to me, but if I pursued her I would only have two nights left to smash something Finnish. With Millionaire providing so many opportunities, and the weekend yet to arrive, I believed I could take the risk. I wanted to try for three flags in one week.

The approach hit a snag because of her fat friend. She kept interrupting and wouldn't shut up. Without a wingman (Jon was at a club down the street), I had to simultaneously entertain fattie while gaming my chick. The task wasn't made any easier with the fattie trying to call me out: "It's weird that you are alone" and "You should lose the beard, most girls don't like it."

I had a million comebacks to use but since I wanted to get laid I replied with witty niceties instead of telling her that a morbidly obese girl doesn't have a right to criticize *anyone*. I looked around the club for a guy rolling solo like me so I could pin him on the fat girl, but there was nothing available.

The Russian girl then asked me if I wanted to go outside and smoke. And continue the three-way conversation with fattitude? I passed, safe in the knowledge that she would return back to me, especially since our faces got so close that we almost kissed. There weren't many other guys around so I felt safe. I let them go smoke, saying that I was going to get a drink instead.

Twenty minutes later I notice them in another part of the bar. The Russian girl was not looking my way. Then three guys approached them, one of them eagerly going for the

fattie. By not going out for a smoke, I fucked myself, even though just a couple months prior in Lithuania I had explicitly learned to go for a smoke with girls to keep the interaction going. There were no other girls to approach.

I comforted myself in thinking that the dude she was talking to had weak game, but I couldn't exactly just go up to the new group of five. Of course the fattie was no longer cockblocking because she was getting attention. I had no choice but to let that scenario play out, since I wasn't in a position to barge in and grab her away like she was my girlfriend. I decided to walk to Onnela, a club nearby that Jon texted me to say had girls.

The club wasn't all bad but it was half empty and there weren't many good opportunities. Jon was grinding on a Finnish-Indian girl. I did two approaches, got absolutely nowhere, then went outside. It was now 2:30, with only one hour left until the bars closed. I was exhausted, both physically and mentally, but I knew I had to soldier on. I walked back to Millionaire.

I was horrified to see the Russian girl grinding on the dude. I'm talking about a hands-on-the-floor, bent over, booty clapping kind of grind that left no doubt where that interaction was going. Apparently I had made a huge tactical error in assuming she would return, an error I seem to repeat. I was pissed because I like to think that I'm at the level where I don't make such a nuclear mistake, but there she was, about to make out with this dude. I should have made that fat bitch at least earn the cockblock instead of withdrawing from the interaction voluntarily.

One of the hardest parts of being a player is controlling your state in the face of disappointment. If I let a situation like that put me in a sour mood, I wouldn't be able to have the right energy to game other girls. For five minutes I talked to myself, saying that the mistake was already done and there was nothing more I could. The pain settled down enough to where I could calmly approach a blonde girl I saw looking around. She didn't indulge my attempt so I approached her nearby black-haired friend. The reason I knew I could also approach her was because my opener on the blonde was so indirect that no martian spectator could conclude I was hitting on her. I was just a friendly guy.

Laurna had a shy personality type, not so conducive for one-night stands. I'd have to use a jackhammer to pry her out of that because a phone number alone would be useless to me. The first thing I did was buy her a shot. Then, to get the conversation off boring chit-chat that she was comfortable with, I tried to steer it to the personal. I asked, "Do you like American men, around 32 years of age, who are hairy and have beards?" She laughed and we ended up talking about our ideal types.

Then I asked when was the last time she had sex ("long time ago"). I asked her if she had made love to an American man before ("no") and joked that if she's lucky, she may have that opportunity. It was a risk talking about sex so much, but with little time before the bar closed, I felt like I had no other choice but to be blatantly sexual.

Finally, the last song of the night came on, a romantic R&B number. "Do you want to make slow dance with me?" I asked, in those exact words.

"Yes I do."

And it’s there we kissed, just as the lights came on, as if right on schedule.

“Do you want to come to my apartment and have a drink with me?” I asked.

“Are you staying in a hotel?”

“No, a private apartment next to the Kampii metro station.”

She paused, a typical response by girls who don’t want to seem easy. I took that as my cue. I said, “But I’m not expecting sex. We’re just going to have a drink and if you want to leave after half an hour that’s fine, but I think it would be fun if we continued the night to talk and maybe kiss a bit more.”

“Okay, but no sex,” she said.

“Of course not,” I smiled.

Now it was time to play the cockblock slalom. She mentioned earlier that she was supposed to share a ride home with her blonde friend, and now there were two Colombian friends of hers tagging along, including a flamer who kept giving me shit for not looking like I was American. In front of the club I passed the test from the Colombian by dropping some American slang. He yelled, “You sound like you’re from New York!” He said that he suspects I’m a sneaky guy, but eventually left with his Colombian lady friend, leaving me with my girl and the blonde. Two down, one to go.

I walked in suspense with them to the taxi stand, with no idea if my girl was coming with me or not. I kept silent while they talked in Finnish. Once there, the blonde got into a cab, closed the door, and left, leaving me and Laurna outside.

TO BE CONCLUDED…

The Helsinki Diaries (Part 4 of 4)

October 24, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

PREVIOUSLY: PART THREE

I knew she would put up some resistance to sex once in my place, but I had no idea it would be so intense. We kissed in my kitchen but she refused to let me take off her shirt and also declined to lay on my bed. I made her a strong vodka but she held her liquor.

After an hour of standing in the kitchen without getting any of her clothes off, I knew I'd have to be more methodical about how I was going to get this bang. I decided to hit her with a three-pronged resistance buster strategy.

There are many ways for human beings to learn something. Some are auditory learners, some are visual learners, and some are experience-based learners. When it comes to breaking down resistance, some girls succumb to emotion, some logic, and some to never-ending persistence. I decided to hit her with all three.

The logic part of the program was selling a sexual opportunity that she doesn't normally have, specifically in sleeping with an American guy, something I had initially brought up in the bar. I spelled out the uniqueness of our encounter then asked, "Do you want to have sex right now?" I hit her with this many times to get live feedback on my progress. At first her answer was "I want to but I won't," but later it changed to "I want to but I shouldn't."

The emotional part was kissing her passionately, complimenting the unique things about her, and hinting towards a future together.

The persistence part was repeatedly trying moves that I knew she would say no to. It wasn't elegant, but I knew that some girls want to succumb to a strong man.

The key moment came when I went to lay in bed, genuinely tired. I said she wasn't allowed to lay down with her jeans. She thought I was joking and tried to hop in anyway, but I didn't let her. I told her that's my rule, but she was stubborn and refused to take them off. There was a standoff. At the moment the air in the room started getting uncomfortable, I said, "How about we compromise. You can wear my shorts." It was a reasonable request and allowed her to save face by not accepting a man's demands, something that Scandinavian women don't like doing. But for me I knew it was a victory because my shorts were so big for her that they would offer no challenge to remove.

She came into bed and I wrapped my body around hers. It didn't take more than ten minutes of just minor pressure for her to ask me if I had a condom. I put on the condom and captured my Finnish flag. As it turned out, she was on her period.

—

In the morning Laurna watched me eat peanut butter sandwiches before leaving. I got her number and honestly wanted to see her again. She was a feminine girl with a great body—what more could I ask for? Even after napping and drinking coffee, by nightfall I had absolutely no energy. When I stepped out the door past 1am, all I wanted to do was

return back home, but I was greedy and wanted to get three bangs in one week. I often read stories about guys getting three or four bangs in a matter of a couple days, but I had no idea where they got the energy to do that. After two bangs I just wanted to lay down and sleep forever.

Back at Millionaire I tried my best, but could only manage to do two approaches in zombie fashion. Even though I only busted three nuts in the past three days, the last thing on my mind was sex. A girl would've had to throw herself at me for that to happen, and since that didn't go down I went home and crashed.

I felt more energized on Saturday and did a little coffee shop tour where I people watched. I was surprised by Finland and its women. I had heard bad things about how hyper-masculine they were, and while that was true compared to Eastern European women, there were still quite a few feminine beauties around. Finland offered a small but substantial selection of cute girls who spoke English, liked to drink, and had little hangups about hooking up. Maybe I liked it because I had just come from Ukraine where the girls didn't drink much, didn't speak English, and saw every guy as a potential bridge to a better life instead of a fun romp in the sack.

That night I went back to Millionaire for the last time. I had been in the city for less than a week and already felt like a hack by going to the same bar so much. I noticed a blackjack table and decided to try my luck even though they broke international rules by taking your money on a push. A couple of girls gravitated near me and I chatted them up while I played. After losing 10 euros, I got up feeling ready for more action. I started approaching and really did give it my all, but I would have no luck on this night.

I eventually met up with Jon and we hit the streets for some good old street game. We met two girls who he had briefly talked to at another club. One was half-Asian and the other was a blonde Finnish girl who looked Swedish. They were both 19. We rolled an afterparty and brought them to my cramped studio apartment. The problem was that they refused to drink. They were celebrating a graduation party since the afternoon and were sobering up. I did everything to ply them with alcohol besides forcing it down their gullets, but all we could manage was a lame 4-way conversation.

Jon tried to isolate the Asian girl by asking her if she wanted to grab a quick bite to eat at the McDonalds down the street, but she declined. They absolutely were not separating, and there was no dancing to hip hop like with the Thai girls. It came out that the blonde had a boyfriend and was supposed to meet up with him shortly. Thanks for wasting our time.

I fell asleep slightly disappointed. I went out five nights in a row, got laid on two of them, but felt like I had somehow failed.

—

For my last night I had made plans with Laurna. She researched places to hang out and replied to my texts promptly using full sentences and proper punctuation. She texted me before the date to apologize that she was going to be "8 minutes late." She later said she was joking, but she was exactly eight minutes late.

Even after spending four months in Denmark and Iceland, it was the first time I went on a date with a Scandinavian girl I banged. Over a bottle of champagne, we had a nice chat about travel and cultural differences between Americans and Scandinavians. She busted my balls a couple times, her default strategy of being “just one of the guys,” but my lack of witty comebacks to them, or even acknowledgement, made her start appearing like an aggressive man. Once she realized I’m not like Finnish guys, she eased into a more feminine role, free of the debate vibe that is boner kryptonite.

We went back to my apartment and I cooked a small meal. She was more comfortable with the sex this time around since she wasn’t bleeding. She said, “I could get used to this.” Maybe I could’ve too. I didn’t think Finland was supposed to have girls I’d like, but here was one. I’m sure if I stayed longer and increased my sample size, I would find masculine girls that would sour that image and even out the bell curve, but if you told me then that I had to stay for two months in Helsinki during the summer, I wouldn’t object. It’s cosmopolitan enough that if I got tired of the Finnish girls I could try for some other flags.

The next morning there were no tears goodbye, but it was a touch melancholy. She told me to visit again and I told her I’d consider it. Upon leaving for Sweden, I had warmer feelings about Finland than Ukraine or Latvia, something I didn’t expect. Until I stop wanting easy sex, the Finlands of the world will remain on my radar.

Two Reasons Why You Shouldn’t Live In The Suburbs

October 27, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

With a little tour of a Maryland suburb…

Click over to the video’s YouTube page to read comments that have already been left. You can also hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

Women Who Own iPhones Lose The Ability To Love

October 28, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I want you to think of your grandparents and the love they had. It's true that maybe your grandmother felt "stuck" with gramps, but for better or worse their relationship endured for some time and there was a golden period of at least a decade where they were completely dedicated to each other. Unless one of your grandmothers was a flight attendant on the first commercial jets and saw daily affections from new men, she was absolutely not cheating on grandpa.

Fast forward to today. What comes to your mind when I ask you to think about the concept of love in America? Did you laugh? Shake your head? When was the last time you ever heard a woman say "I love him," even referring to her husband? The ability for women to love is being murdered, and the assassin is the smartphone.

Philosophers and poets have given many wonderful definitions of love, but to keep it simple, there are only two main components:

1. Mutual attraction
2. Lack of other options

You can argue that being "in love" is different in that it involves some sort of passion or lust, but for many centuries love has come to mean being attracted to someone while simultaneously not having better options. A married woman in the 1900′s would be hit on maybe once a year by the butcher and that was it. The love she had for her husband was not disturbed unless he went off to war. Today? She could gain 30 pounds and be hit on ten times *a day*. There is no other tool that increases the amount of times a woman is hit on than a smartphone.

For women, the smartphone is a bridge to receive offers of penis twenty-four hours a day. With text messaging and use of apps that connect her to Facebook, dating sites, Instagram, and the like, your average girl is receiving subtle and not-so-subtle sexual offers every other hour. She even gets to hear a bell tone when a new penis is putting in his attempt. The smartphone is a perfectly designed machine *for women* to field dozens and dozens of penis offerings every month when in the previous generation your average woman wouldn't receive that many in a lifetime.

This constant shower of penis makes it absolutely and hopelessly impossible for a girl to experience love. She can experience passion, and she can be in lust for a short period of time, but within a year of any relationship, the sheer amount of cock still coming through her iPhone will make her *feel* like she didn't get the best man she could have, or *feel* that her life isn't as exciting as it could be. She will be unable to settle with one man and be happy. The pitiful option left for men to cope with these times is to "game" their wife—after she took a vow to serve him till death do her part—so that he can rise above the cock offerings that won't stop coming.

I know what my female readers are thinking: *"Well guys have smartphones, too! They are*

incapable of love just like me!"

And you would be incorrect. For men, the smartphone is a tool to *gain* a sexual option. Asking a woman on a date or trying to win her favor via text messaging or Facebook makes her a mere prospect. A potential prospect who *might* be sexually interested in you, who *might* say yes, is not that same as having guys at the ready immediately come over if you just say the words. The psychological effect of being offered guaranteed dick is not the same as being able to offer some dick. One is passive while the other is a numbers game that takes fifty times more energy for absolutely no set reward.

The minute a man stops using his phone is the minute all potential prospects dry up. If I take a week off from the game, my phone doesn't make a beep. I don't even need to re-charge it once but every three days. But if a woman takes a "break" from the game, or changes her relationship status to engaged on Facebook, will the cock offerings dry up? Will she stop receiving "What are you doing this weekend?" text messages? Of course not. Even when a man receives a commitment from a woman, he must still compete with other men as if his girlfriend is eternally stuck in a sausage fest nightclub.

Peer into a woman's smartphone and you'll find Las Vegas, nonstop blinking lights and action. Peer into a man's smartphone who isn't working on his game and you'll find something out of a country Western with tumbleweeds rolling through. The only text messages he may very well receive are service notices from his cell phone provider announcing the newest data plan special. Love is dead only for women, not for men. If anything, men are much more interested in love and serious relationships than women are, but they cannot fight the culture tsunami that is drowning them. They want to love a woman who has become incapable of it because of her unconditional adoption of a machine that is only good for one thing: playing the field.

On a Friday night in Croatia I took a beautiful girl out for drinks. I weaseled her back to my place and we had sex. After she left, I fantasized about having sex with her again. I was excited that I could take a break and focus on her instead of having to chase new girls. On Saturday night, by accident, I met another girl in the club. We talked and kissed for hours. Her body was slightly better than the first girl, but she was otherwise similar. When I was woke up on Sunday and lay in bed, the girl on my mind was the one I met on Saturday night, not the one I had sex with. The girl from Friday almost felt like a distant memory, as if she got bumped out of view by the newer girl, though my penis was inside her less than 48 hours before.

For women who have smartphones, you're the one getting "bumped." You get bumped down the list as more cock offerings come into view and the memory of having a conversation or date with you travel farther away in her mind. The smartphone *alone* changes her behavior. It changes the way she dates and how she selects men for sex.

I've been to many countries and it's no surprise that foreign women with smartphones are much more similar to their American counterparts than the ones without. Her attention becomes more fragmented, her attitude increases, and she's less willing to put work into the interaction, symptoms that come from receiving an overload of male

attention via a tool that seems to be perfectly designed for it. If a girl has a smartphone in hand, she is simply less able to commit to a man. She will experience constant malaise because of all the hot action she'd hate to "miss." When she's ready to cheat—and she will—she will have at least five guys who would jump at the prospect without her having to do much more than send a "How are you?" text message.

If the changes brought by the internet weren't disruptive enough, men now have to compete with smartphone devices that simultaneously force them to compete with other men who in the past wouldn't even fall under their girl's radar. We're arriving at the point where women don't need to lift a finger to get with men because so many desperate, supplicative men inflate her ego, worsen her attitude, and make her lazy when it comes to any relationship. Why should she put in work when she doesn't have to? Why should she commit when she's so obviously desired? Did you not notice that the last self-shot photo she uploaded on Facebook got 40 likes? She doesn't care if you get annoyed when she flakes. She doesn't care if you don't like her flip flops.

Soon every woman in the world will have a smartphone, and the idea of commitment and love will be a throwback, something that belongs in old movies. Until then, when I'm talking to a girl and she pulls out some piece of shit old Nokia phone, I can't help but get a little excited. I know she will be warmer, I know she won't flake, and I know that I'm about to have an experience with a woman that will give me an honest shot. But if she pulls out a smartphone, I know that she'll just be adding me to her collection of penises. She's the celebrity, and I'm nothing more than a fan.

Read More: *How Culture Affects Game*

Say Hello To My New Friend

October 30, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The posts you read on my blog usually take a month or two from concept to publication. A thought enters my brain, I nurture it, take notes, write a draft, and then revise it over a few weeks until you see the final product. Because of this process, quality would drop if I posted more than three times a week.

Enter Twitter, a great platform to quickly share interesting links and media (my feed sends out about 100,000 clicks a month). Only problem is that it's constricting in how much you can express. There's no way to collect relevant comments that add to the conversation.

I needed something that would fit in between my blog and Twitter, so I created a site called Return Of Kings. Instead of telling you what it is, check out a sample of recent posts:

- What A Pump & Dump Looks Like
- This Blacksmith Is A Man
- Is It Easier To Get Laid In Poor Countries?
- The Story Of O (book review)
- Juicing: Flash In The Pan Or Growing Lifestyle Movement?
- What It's Like To Opt Out Of TSA's Body Scanners

I plan on updating it 7-10 times a week. Subscribe to the RSS feed or follow it via Twitter and Facebook.

To encourage participation, I'm running a contest where **five $15 Amazon gift certificates** will be given out as prizes. On December 1, I will pick five random comments as winners. The more comments you leave until then, the greater chance you have to win. Just remember to leave your email address when you post (it won't be displayed publicly). Limit one gift certificate per person.

One thing I want to try is posting "street style" photos of attractive foreign women, similar to how it's done on The Sartorialist and Hel Looks. I know a lot of my readers travel with expensive cameras, so here's the plan:

1. Travel to a country as you normally do (with your impressive camera).
2. Approach pretty girls on the street asking to take a photo for a men's magazine site. I will provide you with a business card template that you can show them when you approach.
3. Take a couple pictures that you send to me.
4. Segue into a personal chat where you try to get her number (if you wish).

I get content for the site and you leverage your photography hobby to approach women in a way that shows value (and builds your portfolio). It's win-win! I'm also open-minded

to other contributions, so contact me if you want to help.

Click here to check out Return Of Kings.

The Point Of Diminishing Return

November 1, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

It's difficult to know when to quit. Whether you're dealing with money, pussy, or travel, there comes a point where you pass the point of diminishing return. When the correct move is to enjoy and reflect on our gains before moving on to something else, why do we keep doing the same thing? Why do we forego new opportunities for an old habit that doesn't give us as much pleasure as it used to?

Poker and blackjack players know how hard it is to end a session. It doesn't matter if you're up or down—there is a psychological pull that keeps you seated until the typical result of losing all your money, no matter how well you may have been doing. In poker you go on "tilt" where your emotions override your logic and you lose everything while complaining about how some sucker called the pot when he "should've" folded. Those who do well at gambling not only have to be skilled at the game but also strong enough to get up from the table when there is little advantage in staying.

It's the same feeling when having a goal to save money. You tell yourself when you have X amount of cash you will feel comfortable in life. Then you get there and realize that you could use a bit more. You get to your second goal but decide to keep going. I have saved much more than my initial goal I set over five years ago but now I feel it's not enough and decided on a goal that is *ten times* more than the original. I know that if I get there it still won't be enough. You can give me one million dollars right now and I'll still feel insecure after a month or two, thinking of ways to increase it further.

The problem with humans is that the program in our DNA tells us that it's never enough. We simply can't stay satisfied with what we have. Another example is notches. I can't seem to stop chasing them, even though I get less pleasure from the pursuit than in my twenties. The only difference between chasing money and chasing notches is that the former is sanctioned by society while the other is not, but in the end they're not all that different.

When is it time to say *enough* and ease out of chasing something that used to give you so much happiness? Why does it seem impossible for me to quit a game that has defined me for so long? Many men stay hooked long after they should've quit, hanging on to a pursuit that no longer makes sense, all while neglecting the present. You face the risk of forgoing new pleasures that may take you way above what used to give you everything, but no longer does. The hardest thing in life is knowing when to get up from the table.

12 Things Wrong With America

November 4, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Here are some things that I immediately noticed upon returning to Washington DC after being away in Europe for twenty months:

1. There are a lot of girls in the 5 range. These are girls who would be 7′s if they lost weight and purchased a beauty kit. Oftentimes I'd see a girl in a coffee shop or in a bar and say to myself, "Yeah, I'd bang her, but I wouldn't approach her." In some situations these girls actually do approach men, setting the stage for an easy one-night stand that you hope is not witnessed by anyone.

2. Everyone is a slave to their phones. The need for Americans to be constantly distracted with smartphones is a result of their perverse need to keep pace with whatever technological device Silicon Valley shits out. I noticed that only blue-collar Mexicans on the bus are able to sit still without playing with their phone or MP3 player.

3. There is no unifying culture, but everyone talks the same. The next ten people you see can be from completely different backgrounds and styles, with no obvious pattern to their character, but the second they start talking it's obvious they consume the same mass media. Americans value individuality but only when it comes to appearance. A preppy Georgetown lawyer and H Street hipster can actually have identical speech. "Really?"

4. Strangers are too friendly. If I talk to a person it's because I want to have sex with them or exchange information, but Americans view conversation as a means of entertaining themselves. Since most people (not just Americans) are not interesting or funny, you have to endure the populace and their poor attempts at being social. It's so obvious to me why I naturally evolved indirect game—it wonderfully hacks into the American communication style.

5. The signal-to-noise ratio in conversations is abysmal. Americans know how to speak, but they don't know how to have a conversation. Their typical chatter is so inane that most of my conversations are trying to figure out how to end the conversation. Sometimes you just want to say, "You gotta shut up!" European people can be shy on the surface, but they generally talk about interesting things and know how to calibrate their audience. Americans are so clueless that they continue talking even when you stop making eye contact and focus on something else.

6. There's no concept of boundaries. During my first trip to a Starbucks, I overheard an employee recapping her weekend. Within a couple minutes I knew what guy she liked, how drunk she got, the guy that her friend likes, and who she has ongoing beefs with. I've heard people talking about medical issues on the phone while riding the Metro. You get the feeling that people want you to notice them. This is even more extreme with urban youth who are loud and physically encroach on your space so that you have no choice but to recognize their existence.

7. People worry about the most insignificant things. With all their survival issues solved, even among America's poor, there is a sad amount of energy put on mundane problems. For example, I overheard a woman telling someone, "Did I tell you I broke my nail?" She went on for five minutes to explain how it happened and how much it hurt.

8. Female interactions are dominated by fake compliments. Women greet each other not with a hello, but a compliment based on appearance, even though that compliment is in no way warranted. I lost count how many times I heard, "You look great!" I'd turn my head to see a woman who absolutely did not look great. I suspect that insincere complimenting is another drop in the bucket to account for why American women have large self-esteems that are above their actual worth.

9. The level of game among men is going down. I may have to recant my earlier sentiment that American guys have the best game, because with nights out in DC and Baltimore, I saw game that would make some Eurofags look like players, and that's if I saw guys even approaching. It also appears that guys are getting game material not from reputable sources but popular television programs. The game or PUA movement—whatever you want to call it—has peaked. This is good news if you're in the game, because you will develop specialty skills that the younger generation simply won't bother to learn.

10. People stuff their face after a night of drinking. It's disturbing to see so many people eating greasy food after consuming several hundred calories from alcohol loaded with juice. Most of them are overweight yet they eat pizza or artisanal burgers right before they go to bed. It's like they want to be fat.

11. Society is being constructed to protect women at the expense of men. In America, women are treated like porcelain dolls that must be treated gently. Great work has been made to ensure they are more educated than men, and women under 35 now make more than them. This protection has entered the nightlife sphere. Now you enter a popular bar that has five burly bouncers equipped with ear pieces to field any bogus complaints from women. It has become a risk to even verbally bitch out a girl. In America I feel like just walking around is a trap, and that some woman, somewhere, will use the state's power to inconvenience me or ruin my life in some way. The amount of power they have over men is absolute.

12. Boys in public schools are being brainwashed with feminist ideology. My little brothers are being trained to act like women—to care, share, be polite, and blindly follow authority. The vice principal at my 9-year-old brother's school called my dad because he laughed when his friend was teasing another kid. They also made him sign a *contract* saying he would no longer hang out with that friend during recess. It's just a matter of time until they suggest ADD drugs for him so that his female teacher isn't inconvenienced with normal boy behavior.

On a brighter note, here are two good things about America…

1. Drinks are expensive, but they're extremely strong. I thought I was becoming a man in Europe because I could take down eight or so vodka drinks and still keep it

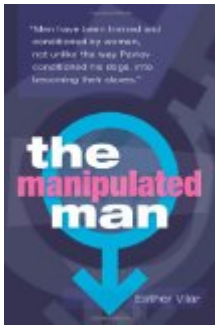
together, but after just three vodkas in America, I need to slow down. My alcohol tolerance hasn't gone up as much as I thought.

2. Game is made for feminists. It's so deadly effective on them that I understand why I proclaimed America to be the best place to get laid. More than any other woman in the world, feminists want excitement from men, something that modern game teaches them. Unfortunately, after too much time abroad, trying to get laid with American women feels like dumpster diving.

Read More: *A Conversation About What's Wrong With America*

The Manipulated Man

November 8, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



“Could it be that strength, intelligence, and imagination are not prerequisites for power but merely qualifications for slavery? Could it be that the world is not being ruled by experts but by beings who are not fit for anything else—by women?”

Esther Vilar argues that the freedom men think they have in selecting a wife and being head of the household is actually slavery, and that working the same job for forty years to support a woman is no different than a child repeatedly playing the same board game. *The Manipulated Man* is one of those books that reframes your world view (even if you were already on a red pill bent), making you question what value women offer besides their vaginas.

While men pick a career and work 40 years nonstop because they have to, today’s woman treats her career more as a temporary adventure. She’s ultra-serious about it in her 20s but then tosses it overboard for children upon landing a successful husband. I find that Vilar nails the more traditional societies which still exist today in Eastern Europe, particularly Ukraine, and how those crafty women enslave a man through marriage in exchange for popping out a kid and doing a couple hours of housework per day. Keep in mind this book written in the early 70s and referred to a time when the nuclear family was still intact, so she did not predict the degree that Western women would soon enslave themselves in the rat race.

“Theoretically it is possible for a beautiful woman to have less intelligence than a chimpanzee and still be considered an acceptable member of society.”

Vilar argues that for all the liberation that men have given women through inventions like the washing machine and dishwasher, they still choose to spend free time on entertainment over intellectual pursuits. They have no interest in challenging their brains like men voluntarily do. She defines men as animals who work, nothing more. Men work for all their lives while women only work if they have to (if they are ugly or unable to find a husband). In other words, the sign of a damaged or low quality woman is one who doesn’t have the choice to stop working.

“Women’s proven lack of imagination makes clear that they have no *a priori* need for new inventions. If they did, they would invent things more often themselves.”

For a while now I’ve come to the belief that men need to lead the household and provide

for their family to be happy and feel like a man. I want to be proud of being able to take care of a wife and kids. Vilar argues that this pride is no different than a donkey feeling strong as it carries a heavy load.

If the American-style 21st century marriage isn't working, and the traditional provider marriage exploits men, what should men do? Unfortunately this book doesn't provide answers, and you start to get the feeling that marriage in all forms is a bad deal for men. Any long-term pact you make with a woman must be carefully weighed. You must ask yourself if you are getting a good return for your labor and time in exchange for vaginal access and a possible heir.

There are a couple things in the book that I disagree with. First, she argues that masculinity and femininity are environmental constructions, sort of like how your typical feminist views gender roles. She thinks there is no genetic component to maleness or femaleness, which can be easily refuted by looking at examples in the animal world. Second, the male archetype she uses in the book is a typical beta male, who is extorted by women without—in many cases—even getting sex in return. One benefit of being a player today is getting low-effort pussy where you get more than you put in. I may be a slave to the pussy but if I'm able to get a constant supply of it and the accompanying sexual pleasure while putting in decreasing amounts of work, is that not a fair deal?

"For man, who was brought up to be proud and honorable, every working day is merely an endless series of humiliations. He shows enthusiasm for products he finds useless, he laughs at jokes he finds tasteless, he expresses opinions which are not his own. Not for a moment is he allowed to forget that the merest oversight may mean demotion, that one slip of the tongue may spell the end of his career."

I've never had a book that made me reconsider so many of my beliefs like this one. It ended up being the most vicious takedown of the female gender that I've ever read, five times harsher than anything I've written. My mind was buzzing while reading, hungry for a fresh take on the male-female issue. If you still have the problem of respecting women, this book will fix you right up. Not only will you avoid getting entrapped by a woman, but you'll have a better understanding of what causes their seemingly irrational behavior. Highly recommended.

Read More: *"The Manipulated Man" on Amazon*

Toronto Sucks

November 10, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I don’t plan on ever going back…

Click over to the video’s YouTube page to read comments that have already been left. You can also hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

Two Types Of Night Game To Run On American Girls

November 11, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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For my month back in the States, my game either knocked it out of the park or failed spectacularly, and I had trouble figuring out why since I stuck with the exact same line. Why was it getting such an inconsistent response?

I didn't figure it out until my last night. I had a cold and I was completely sober. I wasn't at all horny, so I knew I wasn't getting laid. I studied the crowd like a scientist instead and watched my friends put in their work. Around 1am, I noticed that most of the crowd was heavily intoxicated, whereas one hour before at another bar most people were relatively sober. I saw guys getting pretty far with just dancing, smiling, and short conversation. Things started to make sense.

There are two types of night game that are most effective:

1. Most Interesting Man In The World Game (MIMITW). This is where you wow the girl with value or status. You indirectly show that you're better than 99% of the other dudes in the bar. This is a more natural game for older guys.

2. Super Aggressive Talk-Dance Hybrid Game (SATDH). Here, you're physical from the start, using high energy confidence with dancing to build attraction. Girls are more likely to value your appearance and aggressiveness than your personality or experience. Younger guys have the energy to run this game but older guys can do it, too.

When most of the crowd is sober, the best game to run is MIMITW. When most of the crowd is drunk, and girls have already been approached ten times, the best game is SATDH.

In the DC meetup, I was approached by maybe forty guys throughout the night. It was such a roller coaster ride of meeting people that I subconsciously resisted the guy who wanted to get in a deep, long-winded conversation. It's not that I didn't want to have a nice chat, but I lost the attention for it—my brain got primed for short and fun interactions. After the meetup was done and I began talking to girls, the game that came out of me was SATDH game. I ended up walking out with one girl and getting a sloppy makeout after ten minutes (though in the end I didn't bang).

On another night, when my energy was far lower, I was trying to run MIMITW game late in the night. It failed. Girls just didn't care about getting to know me. It seemed like they were somewhat interested at first, but then lost attraction as soon as they realized that all I wanted to do was talk. What happened to me at the meetup is what happens to girls as a night progresses. After they've been approached ten times and have had several strong drinks, their attention is fragmented and their brain is geared up for exciting interactions, not deep talks. They don't care if some guy they meet lived in Ukraine for three months or speaks many foreign languages.

In Europe, I ran MIMITW game all night long, even in clubs. You can probably guess why: girls get approached much less *and* they drink less. Even at 3am, I can hit them with a

monologue of my life story and I'll have their complete attention (and then interest). In America this just doesn't happen at such a late hour. The game I spit after the meetup was accidental, for I don't run SATDH game anymore, but it's what you need if you're going to game late in American cities.

The implication of this is simple. If you want to run MIMITW game, you need to go to bars and lounges and do most of your game work before 1am. If you want to do SATDH game, you need to go to clubs and amp up your energy to levels similar to a bubbly television host. Give big smiles, grab her confidently, and dance exuberantly when Rihanna comes on. Figure out your nature and then mold your night game to maximize that. Otherwise you'll get blown out and have no idea why.

American Men Are The Best Slaves

November 13, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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An American man will begin enslaving himself after high school by taking on over $20,000 of student debt for a worthless degree. Afterwards he will work at Starbucks to satisfy his Sallie Mae massa. The government massa lets him know that he must pay up no matter what.

He will sign up for credit cards and spend more than he earns to impress his peers, forever indebted to his banker massa.

He will eat whatever genetically modified food that his Monsanto massa gives him, and have to endure endless food recalls because massa doesn't like keeping the factories clean.

He will pay over $100 a month for a cell phone plan to his AT&T massa so that he has fast access to his Facebook massa.

He voluntarily enslaves himself to the wife massa by signing a legal marriage document. He must gain permission from her to see his friends or rearrange cups in the kitchen cabinet.

He puts in a vote every four years hoping the new massa will make his life better, but he doesn't understand that the new massa only serves the corporate massas.

With no self-identity, the slave looks to massas like Apple and Samsung to feel happy. He waits in long lines in the cold to get the massa's latest techno crap.

He programs himself with television so that his massa can tell him what to buy and how to act.

His feminist overlord massa has made him believe it's possible for fat women to be beautiful.

He is in constant fear of getting chemically tortured by the policeman massa. He is more than eager to get x-ray'd in the airport by his TSA massa.

His massas make him believe that one day he will be a billionaire, so he better not get uppity about how he's treated. He can't take off time from work to protest because his boss massa will be upset.

His water has estrogen and other chemicals because he lets the pharmaceutical massas drug him and his countrymen.

He's scared to write anything online because one of his massas might get mad and blacklist him.

He's letting the public school massa turn his boys into girls.

Not content letting his mom and wife massa tell him how to live his life, he has allowed Human Resources to help control his deviant behavior while he serves his work massa.

Out of everywhere I've been in the world, it's American men who make the most obedient

and compliant slaves. No other place has men seek out multiple massas to have their life controlled and dominated. If I was a massa, I would only buy American males.

How To Bang A Girl While She's On Her Period

November 15, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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One part of the game that used to depend on luck was if a girl I wanted to bang for the first time was on her period or not. Because sex for women can be so impulsive, waiting for the opportunity to bang after her period clears may result in failure. I estimate I lost out on about four or five notches in my life because of this.

The solution was right in front of me all along: go for the notch while she's on her period. In Scandinavia I had a streak of three one-night stands in a row of girls who were menstruating. If I was a beginner player, I would have probably lost out on all three.

There are two components to running period game…

1. Get over the blood. If you're wearing a condom, you won't notice the difference in sex quality. As long as you wrap it up and don't bang heroin junkies, you're safe.

2. Run some game to let her know you don't care. A girl can be extremely insecure when blood is leaking from her vagina, so in clear terms you must assure her it's something that doesn't bother you. When a girl hints she wants to have sex with you but can't because of her period, hit her with some of the following lines:

"I don't care. I'll drink the blood."

"I'm at the age where it really doesn't matter. I don't let a normal bodily fluid get in the way of an intimate moment."

"I've had enough sex with girls on their periods that I can't even tell the difference anymore."

"I find guys who care about that to be more immature than average. They see sex as a sterile act while I see it as something more animalistic. It's okay if it gets a little dirty."

"Do you have a towel? … Then it's no big deal."

Once you let a girl know that 1) you won't judge her for the blood, and 2) you see menstruation as human nature, she will actually be overeager to get on with the deed. I once had a girl go from "I'm sorry I can't have sex" to "Let's do it, my sheets are dark."

I banged a Finnish girl who produced a huge amount of blood (small drops of it actually squirted from her vagina). Afterwards my bed looked like a scene from *American Psycho*, but I couldn't tell during the amazing sex. She was sheepish but I gently assured her, all so we could do round two in the morning, which we did, with just as much blood. I was almost able to make a donation to the Red Cross. Besides the extra thirty minutes to wash the sheets after she left, I wasn't bothered or disgusted one bit. Truth is I'll drink the blood.

London Sucks

November 17, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I go to shitty places so you don’t have to…

Click over to the video’s YouTube page to read comments that have already been left. You can also hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

How I Trolled Lithuania's Biggest News Site

November 18, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Recently Lithuania found out about my book Bang Lithuania and went wild with rage, just like has happened in Iceland, Denmark, Colombia, and to a lesser extent, Estonia. As per the media outrage playbook, I got a request for an interview.

In response to my travel guides, I've done two live radio interviews, a couple phone interviews, and many email interviews. The one thing I learned is that no matter how reasoned, logical, or polite I am, I'm still going to get fucked when they ask me retarded questions (Colombia), cut me off live on the air (Denmark), or be highly selective about which of my responses they publish (Iceland). The reporters job is to ensure I stay the villain to sustain national outrage, which provides them with viewers and listeners for cheap.

So when a Lithuanian reporter asked me for an interview, I was ready to say no. But then I asked myself, why not have fun with it? I agreed to the interview and gave her bogus answers that I hoped would piss off both the men and women of Lithuania even more. And in this, I think I succeeded, for the entire interview was published on the news portal Delfi. Here it is…

—

I notice you call Lithuania a third world country. Why?

Where did you see this? I never called it third world.

So I read you're a microbiologist. Why did you decide to write about girls and sex and stuff? What happened when you?

Having sex with foreign women and writing about it is more exciting than working in a science laboratory with Asian and Indian men.

Do you actually believe that things written in your books work? Does anybody actually buy your books?

My books are "non-fiction," which means they are true. I noticed that no one in Lithuania is actually challenging my observations. I'm accurate in Bang Lithuania like I have been in my eight other love tourism guides.

I have sold almost one million of my books. I hope to cross the two million mark in a couple years. While some men prefer to spread their manliness by having children, I write books. American men are hungry for sex knowledge, and my books satisfy that hunger. I know what men truly want…. sex.

Do you mind being called a sexist?

No, it is a compliment. If people do not call me sexist, then that means I'm a weak man. I am a strong man, not weak.

Do you have any goals in your life? What are they?

To have consensual sex with as many European women as humanely possible. My

parents are Middle Eastern, so to have sex with white women of pure race is great form of pleasure for me. If I was born 5000 years ago, there is no way I could have sexual access to such beautiful and pristine women.

How do you make a living?

I sell books.

Are you still on Southern Poverty Law Center's list?

Yes. This list has helped me sell a lot of books. Is there a list in Lithuania I can be placed on?

What is an ideal woman for you? Both physically and mentally

I don't care about her mental attributes. I like her to be petite, dark hair, slender, with a large butt. Unfortunately, Lithuanian girls have very small butts, like Asian boys. Also, breasts are not important to me, but Lithuanian girls usually have big breasts. But not as big as Polish girls.

Do you have a girlfriend? Can you be a monogamist? And do you think any girl can trust you? after all you only write about picking them up and getting laid

No, I do not have a girlfriend, because after a couple of months they find out who I really am. Once that happens, they get their fathers, brothers, and cousins involved and it causes a lot of problems for me. I've been admitted to the hospital twice because of incidents involving the family. I rather not explain further.

And do you imagine yourself in a committed relationship?

Yes, but only after I create a new identity. I plan on teaching English to foreign kids who have rich parents and can give me enough salary to support the playboy lifestyle I've become accustomed to. I will obviously have to change my name and appearance.

How did you decide to go to Lithuania? Had you heard anything about Lithuanian women before? If so – what (a few examples)?

I went to Lithuania because I wanted to perform the "Baltic flag sweep." This is when a man sleeps with a woman from Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania. (Capturing "flags" is a fun American game, but with sex instead of sports). I already had sex with an Estonian and Latvian woman, so only Lithuania was remaining. I was very satisfied when I completed this mission. I felt like the biggest man in the world, like I could climb any mountain in Europe.

Summary – Lithuanian girls, what they're like?

They're very beautiful but it takes time to get them into bed. They were not impressed when I told them I was a writer. Unfortunately, Lithuanian women are not as desperate to be with an American man as I had originally thought. I imagined they would throw themselves on me and beg me to take them to America, but this did not happen. They seem to like Lithuanian men who play basketball and wear Adidas clothing.

With how many Lithuanians did you sleep? What was the quickest "score" in Kaunas? (no names please just tell me methods, time and so on)

I don’t want to disrespect the Lithuanian women I slept with by answering this question, but I’ll just say that it was A LOT of women.

Please don’t take it too personally blame my curriosity. You are not the best looking man (in an objective comparison with movie or sports stars’ standarts), do you think that was one of the reasons you didn’t sleep with a girl above 6 in Lithuania?

Yes, my unattractive appearance hurts my sex life and I blame my parents for this, but what can I do? During the end of my stay in Lithuania, I started lying to girls by saying I owned two t-shirt factories in China. They gave me much more positive attention than when I said I was a travel writer. I wish I had more time to leverage my status as a Chinese factory owner, but I could only stay for one month because Estonian neo-nazis found out where I was and threatened to beat me up. Next time I visit Lithuania, I will lie about my money and status from the very beginning to sleep with 7′s and above. I will also wear Adidas sweat pants because I saw a lot of beautiful girls with men who wore them.

I believe, you’ve got loads of negative attetion from readers, from media… How do you react? Do you ever say anything to them?

I know I’m doing something right when people from all around the world hate me. Didn’t Jesus get negative attention when he was spreading the word of God? If I die because of my work, it will be worth it. My books will live on forever.

—

I thought the Jesus comparison was over the top and would reveal my trolling, but it did not. I take it my troll interview was a success since it got over 300 more comments than the original article that announced my book’s existence. I was satisfied with my work, but the tears of laughter dried quickly from my eyes and I was even too lazy to translate the angry comments. I couldn’t be bothered to shoot a response video. Having an entire country angry at me just doesn’t give me as much joy as it used to.

Read More: *Lithuania Hates Me*

How To Kill The Player Inside You

November 20, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Every now and then you hear stories of a player finding his dream girl and then effortlessly becoming a provider who never looks at another girl again, but I think the transition is a lot more problematic. Going from banging a lot of girls to only banging one—while simultaneously changing your day or night game leisure activities—can be such a shock for men that it greatly decreases their happiness. I believe that the bulk of this unhappiness actually comes from a man retaining player beliefs that are incompatible with monogamist beliefs.

Here are the eight beliefs that a player must change if he wants to enjoy a committed relationship…

Player Belief: "I'm in my prime. I should be banging a lot of girls."
Monogamist Belief: "Thankfully I found this girl while I'm in my prime. I can enjoy her when life is richest."

Player: "I can do better than her. I'm selling myself short."
Monogamist: "A man can spend his whole life finding a better girl. I'm lucky that I found someone who I can enjoy the passing of time with."

Player: "She's not the coolest girl I've dated. I should call Mariana."
Monogamist: "A failed relationship with a better girl still means you weren't a proper match. Tasting fruit is not the same as owning the fruit tree."

Player: "I feel more masculine when I'm hunting for pussy."
Monogamist: "I feel more masculine when I provide for my girlfriend."

Player: "Relationships are boring. I need more excitement."
Monogamist: "Casual sex is shallow. There's no deep connection or love."

Player: "She's not young enough. She's showing signs of age."
Monogamist: "I want to grow old with the person I love. This is what humans have done for hundreds of thousands of years."

Player: "She doesn't understand me. We're too different."
Monogamist: "Real compatibility takes time and mutual understanding. Don't confuse sexual attraction with human connection."

Player: "Relationships are very time consuming for little gain."
Monogamist: "Game is very time consuming for little gain."

If a guy is in a relationship with a girl and one of the above player beliefs pops into his head, he must counterattack it with a monogamist belief. Otherwise his dissatisfaction will undermine the relationship. This is what happened to me in Ukraine, where monogamy was implied with a girl I dated. Player beliefs would flood my head daily, especially when I saw an attractive girl. I didn't counter them with monogamist beliefs so I eventually sabotaged the relationship and caused the Ukrainian girl much grief and

pain.

The process of going from player to monogamist is essentially beta male programming. You're moving back to beliefs that men who are unsuccessful with women have, but it's a necessary step if you want a monogamist relationship. In what situation would I want to go from being a player to a monogamist. I came up with one scenario: when it's harder for me to get laid.

As long as I can pull at my current skill level, there's no benefit in moving to monogamy, which seems to be a lifestyle that you have to endure and brainwash yourself to accept. No matter how I look at it, the player lifestyle is superior to that of the monogamist. Even if I meet my "dream girl," I know that in just a few months the prospect of banging new pussy will give me more happiness than the stable relationship.

I know that there will be a day when my player abilities falter and I can't pull like I used to. In that case I will land a reasonable girl and make a reluctant go out of it. I have no doubt that player beliefs will still try to destroy the effort, but by then there will just be one monogamist belief that will defeat them all: "You can't do better than this."

One Thing You Need To Know About Happiness

November 24, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Filmed from a secret location…

Click over to the video's YouTube page to read comments that have already been left. You can also hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

The Swedish Girl In The Coffee Shop (Part 1 of 2)

November 25, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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My true feelings about a country come out after I get the flag. It tells me a lot about what I need to know about interacting with the local women, and unless I see hope of something a little meaningful, unique, or special, I back down. That's what happened after getting my Swedish flag. I didn't care for prowling through the mall or going back to the club Sticky Fingers. I just wanted to spend my days at the coffee shop.

The one I started going to had a blonde girl with curly hair. She was not the most beautiful girl who worked there but I was drawn to her warm personality in a country where people were restrained from showing emotion or excitement. One day I pointed to a pastry and said, "Where I'm from we don't have that." She asked where I was from and I wanted to explore things further but there was a line behind me.

After three or four days of ordering from her without really getting anywhere, I came on a Saturday afternoon when she wasn't there. You know how you can tell when someone is looking at you from the corner of your eye? Well, as I was reading my book, I felt it. The second I looked up I saw her walking by. She slowed down her gait a bit so we could exchange hellos.

I waited a while to see if she would come back around but she didn't. I began packing my things to leave. At that moment she came to bus the tables next to me.

"The sun is finally out today," I said.

"Yes, summer wants to arrive."

"I'm a little surprised by the cold weather. People told me that if I wanted to come to Sweden then I should do it during summer, but it's the middle of June and it doesn't feel like summer."

She put the tub down on the table. "July and August has good weather here. By next month it should be fine."

"I don't think I will be here next month," I said.

"How long are you staying?"

"About two more weeks. Oh, I actually wanted to ask you something."

"Yes?"

"Do you recommend any touristy things to do? Honestly I haven't done much but come to this coffee shop."

"I can think of some things. Are you here in the city alone?"

"Yes, I'm alone. What's your name?"

"Jenny. And yours?"

"Burt. I know you work a lot, but if you get free for an hour we can take a walk. Maybe you can show me around."

“Yeah maybe.”

“Do you work tomorrow?” The coffee shop was getting busy and I knew she couldn’t keep chatting.

“Yes I’m here until closing.”

“Okay well you think of some places and we’ll talk tomorrow.”

It was a risky move to not go for the number right then, but I knew Sunday would be quiet and I could get it on stronger footing. I also planned on showing up late so that she would (hopefully) wonder if I was coming or not. When I meet a girl at a bar I go full-court press and aim for a nonstop chat of a couple hours to get her in bed the same night, but in a situation where you see someone regularly, a dance has to be played. Attention must be regulated.

That night I went early to the club Excet at 10:30 to avoid lines and a cover charge, but was hit with a $20 fee nonetheless. I was the fourth or fifth person there and settled onto the ground floor where the DJ played a lot of Drake and Kanye West. The music was quiet enough that I could pick the brain of the young bartender for nightlife tips. He was a big fan of America, like most Swedes, and asked me a lot of questions about which city he could go to for both work and play (I told him New York).

The crowd turned suddenly. One minute it was quiet and the next I felt like it was packed with drunk people. Behind me was a group of eight guys, all plastered, with one in a wheelchair. I had never seen a drunk guy in a wheelchair before that wasn’t a homeless man. He began raging, throwing cups at his friends in response to them dumping a beer in his lap. I was hit twice and told one of his friends to tell him to take it easy. He said, “You should tell him!” That was a neat trick, I thought, letting the cripple get away with anything because everyone would feel too guilty to tell him stop misbehaving. I moved away from them and watched the cripple terrorize the crowd with impunity.

My first approach of the night told me how things would go. I talked to a cute girl who was interested that I was American, but her friend wouldn’t stop pawing at her. The conversation lasted five minutes. My second approach was on a girl who actually wanted to live in Washington DC and was excited I was from there. It doesn’t get more money than that, but a few minutes later her friend physically got in between us. It was the night of cockblock. Every single approach would end a couple minutes in. I looked around to the other foreign guys and they were getting with 4′s and 5′s and 6′s. I refused to go below a 7.

By 3am, with two hours left to closing, I was exhausted. I had gotten absolutely nowhere. I wasn’t even getting close. It became hard to do an approach after this time because groups merged and the male to female ratio was four to one. I badly wanted to go home but I felt that since I had stayed out this late, I might as well go all the way. I maintained sobriety by following a one-drink-per-hour rule. I made it until 4:45 just as the club was emptying.

As an afterthought, I remembered how this hour would be prime game time in Iceland, that all I would have to do was walk around for a bit and approach singles. Would it work

in Sweden? Only one way to find out.

CONCLUDED: PART 2

The Swedish Girl In The Coffee Shop (Part 2 of 2)

November 26, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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PREVIOUSLY: PART 1

Once outside, my first approach was on a girl walking behind me. What I did was pause at the intersection, stare at my phone confusingly, and wait for her to catch up before hitting her with my night street opener ("Can you recommend a bar that is still open?"). She didn't know of a place but kept engaging me. I knew it had potential because a girl will not talk to a man at 5am for no reason.

"Do you mind if I walk with you for a bit?" I asked.

"Sure, no problem."

I was starting to believe I could pull, but then a few minutes into the walk she said, "Well there are my friends, bye." Up ahead there were two girls staring at me.

I was encouraged. I started to reminisce about my Iceland bangs and how approaching lone girls late at night was also effective in Estonia. I thought about how this leads to the most anonymous sex possible, even more so than the internet. There are no witnesses and no information of the interaction is logged on a computer.

Halfway to my apartment, a lone girl was walking towards me. She had bangs, which was a good sign, but up close she was a 5.5 at most. Under no circumstance would I approach her in the club. She was wearing running shoes and some sort of smock for a coat. I approached her more out of habit than a desire to sleep with her.

She took my approach a little too well and we buckled down for a ten minute chat on the street. She was bangable, but barely. The best parts about her were her bangs and full lips. I decided not to go for it.

"Well I guess you're tired and want to go. I don't want to hold you all night on the street," I said.

"We could go somewhere else," she replied.

I must admit that something inside me comes alive when I know it's going to be an easy bang. Before she made the offer I was reluctant to go through with it, but now that she made it clear I wouldn't have to work, I got excited about the prospect of sex.

I suggested we walk to my place for a drink. Once there I made two screwdrivers. We sat on the couch and talked for ten minutes about how Sweden is gender neutral, and then we fucked. Meet to bang took about 30 minutes.

Her body wasn't fat but she was stout. She had absolutely no curves. Her ass was flat. She may have been the only girl I had sex with who kept her ass fully flexed during the act, which made it seem even flatter. She made almost no noise. The sex was mechanical. Her lips were nice, however. I got my nut and after that I tried to sleep next to her but couldn't. I felt like there was a thing on my bed that I needed to get rid of.

I moved to the couch. I wanted to take a shower. I felt superior in the club to the foreign

guys who I thought were getting mediocre quality, and then I went and did the same thing. I didn't feel so superior now.

A lot of negative thoughts went through my mind as I lay on the couch. That I was dumpster diving. That I was passing on relationships with good girls to bang what was currently on my bed. That I was on the road to associating sex with negative feelings and uncomfortable situations. That getting a good night's sleep was better than this. That I was just in another country I didn't like with a girl I didn't care for.

My line of thought started to veer into just quitting the game entirely, but then I asked myself, "If she was pretty, and you liked her, would you still feel bad?" No, it's only with these mediocre girls I fuck from one of my "I gotta get laid tonight" missions.

She got up in the morning and put on her clothes. "You're leaving?" I asked, feigning surprise. She said she had to do some things. I was polite and asked for her phone number. She gave me a little kiss and then thankfully was gone from my life forever. I felt like my apartment was infected. I started cleaning—the dishes, the bed, the bathroom. I took a shower. I wanted to remove any trace that she was there. I wanted to repress this bang in my memory like I have many others.

I slept for much of the afternoon and got up feeling a little better. I distracted myself with some work then went to the coffee shop at around 8pm. Jenny was working the cash register, smiling like is usually the case.

"You're always smiling," I greeted her. "You seem like a happy person."

"I am happy!"

"So tell me what is a good drink for someone who is tired and needs a bit of energy. Something that gives you a little boost."

"Coffee?"

"Perfect, I'll take one."

The coffee shop was empty so we began to talk. I asked if she had thought of any tourist recommendations. My hope was to use her answer to segue into setting up a walk.

"Have you checked the internet?" she asked. "There is the tourism site of Gothenburg…"

I hid my disappointment. In the past 24 hours she had time to think of a potential date and realized that she didn't want to go ahead with it. Usually when a girl changes her mind like that it has to do with another man in her life, but whatever the reason, the result was the same.

"When are you leaving again?" she asked, as I added sugar to my coffee.

"The end of the month. This means we don't have enough time to fall in love and make babies."

"Well we can't anyway…" I stopped stirring and looked up. She had a nervous look about her like she was about to tell me a secret. "Because I have a boyfriend."

I nodded. "That's too bad. We probably wouldn't have worked out anyway." I smiled, genuinely happy that it was her situation and not me.

I said, “If I was mayor of a town, I would make all women wear a badge announcing if they had a boyfriend or husband. This way a guy knows what her status is. It’s a shame to get to know someone you like only to find out they have someone else in their life.”

She called my idea weird and then I went to sit down.

The coffee shop remained quiet, but Jenny kept coming around to bus the empty tables. We got into many long conversations, mostly about where I have been. I was frank with her: “Even if you were single and we were perfect for each other, I would have to leave soon anyway.”

“How can you live like that, just moving around?”

“It’s like a drug, I guess. Different cities, different women. I get bored of things quickly, like a little kid who needs to be constantly entertained. It’s fun, and it’s exciting, and I’m lucky to have this opportunity, but lately I’m wondering if it’s kind of… empty.” The naked body of the girl from just a few hours ago, with her ass clenched tight, popped into my mind.

“At the same time, it’s so interesting,” she said. “I don’t usually meet guys with your experience. I would love to talk to you more about it.”

She told me that she was going to Copenhagen for a few days. I gave her some recommendations on what to do since I stayed there for two months and then she told me that we could hang out after she got back. She didn’t qualify it by saying “as friends.” I got her number and was pleased, genuinely interested in seeing her again. This was a girl I would want to get to know and sleep with more than once, maybe even develop a little relationship.

That night I looked at the calendar and realized I didn’t have much time until meeting my friend in Croatia for our three-week party and fuck fest on a Mediterranean island. Before that I wanted to squeeze in a side trip. I already had my Icelandic, Danish, Finnish, and Swedish flags and needed only Norway to complete the Scandinavian sweep.

I planned a full weekend in Norway that would get me to Croatia in time for my friend. I had to be in Oslo in nine days. By the time Jenny came back from Copenhagen, we’d only have two possible days to hang out. I would need more time than that to make something happen with her, but I really wanted to get my Norwegian flag.

Don’t Miss: *14 Things Every Guy Should Know About Swedish Girls*

One Piece Of Advice

December 2, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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

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

Older Roosh: Italy. What was the date again?

YR: November 2005.

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

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

OR: So the trip was a positive experience?

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

OR: How's your Spanish?

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

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

YR: Wait, what year are you from?

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

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

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

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

OR: No, I am not fucking with you.

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

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

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

me.

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

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

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

YR: Well then, this is easy.

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

YR: Oh, I don't mind working.

OR: I know.

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

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

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

OR: I am no happier than you are.

YR: What?

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

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

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

YR: Yes, I do.

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

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

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

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

OR: But you have something I don't.

YR: Well, what is it?

OR: Hope.

YR: Hope? Who cares about hope!

OR: The best way to get through today is having the thought that tomorrow could be better. I no longer have hope because I have achieved my dream life. I'll wake up tomorrow and know that it's going to be difficult to achieve more than what I have now, that there is nothing else I want or need or desire. Let me ask you something. During your job, while you're sorting data in Excel, attending meetings, or inoculating fermentation tanks in the laboratory, what do you think about?

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

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

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

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

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

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

YR: But I just can't see that.

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

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

OR: Let me give you a short anecdote. Right now you take a shower every day, but there will be times in South America where a shower is unavailable. You will stink, your hair will be oily, and your skin will feel tacky. Then you will finally have access to a shower, and the moment that that hot water hits your head, you will feel pure bliss. Your eyes will close and you will let the water run down your body for ten minutes before you even want to move. The soap you lather on your skin will almost feel electric. And then you will take a shower the next day but it won't give you even 1% of that feeling.

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

OR: Interpret it as you may.

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

OR: Right now you have no idea how to sleep with a foreign woman. You failed in Italy

and you will fail again in Venezuela (sorry). It will take you a couple years of hard work to get good at it, enough to where you can teach other men.

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

OR: Such is life.

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

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

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

OR: Without struggle, there is no man.

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

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

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

OR: I get more out of a book.

YR: A book?

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

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

OR: The sex urge remains strong, but humans become desensitized to repetition. The amount of work you put to get one sex act today will seem unreasonably laborious in seven years. You will perform elaborate feats of self-deception to keep you active in chasing women, sort of like how an aging football player who can't give up the game becomes a coach.

YR: What are the acts of deception? Frankly, I don't believe how I won't be chasing women until I die. I'm in this for life.

OR: It's best you discover it on your own.

YR: I see. At first when you told me all the cool things I'd accomplish, I felt great, but now you're making me nervous.

OR: My apologies.

YR: So you must have other cool hobbies if you're not chasing tail all the time. What do you fill your days with?

OR: I write, read, study a foreign language, and socialize. Lately I've been keen on taking long walks.

YR: You don't hunt for women?

OR: I still do, but it's more casual. An approach here or an approach there on girls who catch my eye and don't immediately remind me of someone I have slept with in the past.

YR: That sounds so… boring. I don't want to do that.

OR: We are both doing what makes us happy in this present moment, and we both have the same levels of happiness.

YR: I don't know what to think.

OR: Think nothing. Just listen to the voice inside you. He will push you to do certain things and you will succeed and fail. You will feel pain and you will feel pleasure. You will cease doing certain behaviors and then commence with others. You will live a life to the best of your ability.

YR: Look, at least give me some advice. It doesn't have to be anything specific. You're speaking in platitudes that I can't really apply.

OR: Okay, I can give you one piece of advice.

YR: Go ahead.

OR: Everything good that happens to you is bad, and everything bad that happens to you is good.

YR: Huh?

OR: You don't have to accept your brain's first interpretation of the things that happen to you. You can frame them in any way you wish to stay undisturbed by the randomness of life, because if good things make you happy and bad things make you sad, you will forever be a slave to things that you cannot control.

YR: I'm not sure I understand.

OR: One day it will make sense to you, and when it does you will be at peace with yourself, no matter what country you're in, not matter how many notches you have, and no matter what your income is.

YR: I'll take your word for it.

OR: Oh and Younger Roosh, one more thing before I leave. Whatever you use for deodorant, dump it in the trash. Use baking soda instead.

You Have No Idea How Easy It Is For Good Looking Men

December 4, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Neither do I, of course, but I know such a man. We became friends in my senior year in college when I started to become aware of game and the successful habits of guys who get laid. Almost daily he would have an anecdote about talking to random girls and how easy it was to get phone numbers. Many of the dates he ended going on resulted in getting some type of action. Sometimes I wondered if he exaggerated his success, but looking back I believe he actually underplayed it to not hurt my feelings. He knew I wasn't getting any play and probably hid the strong interest girls were showing him while I got none.

Fast forward twelve years. I was back at home for a month after my trip to Europe. I hung out with him and another college friend in Baltimore. All three of us majored in the sciences with intentions to become doctors, but we all dropped that in favor for eventually starting our own businesses. One would open a restaurant, the other would start a consulting firm, and I would write.

We went out to a nearby bar that had about two guys for every girl. I immediately noticed my friend getting extended eye contact from women. I would maybe get a glance while he would get a double take. One girl walked by us, stared at him, and slowed down, possibly to give him a chance to approach.

We walked to another bar where it was more of the same thing. I might as well have been invisible. Then I saw a girl grab his arm and stare at him like a lost puppy dog. It was both pathetic and amazing at the same time. He didn't say anything and she walked away, continuing to stare from a distance. She seemed to be displaying signs of love while even more girls stared. For him this was normal, another night of receiving more female attention than an average guy receives in an entire year.

All the game you learn and all the effort you put yourself through to make yourself an attractive man still can't compete with my friend. He just has to show up, smile, make small talk, and seal the deal. The reason is because the United States is a country where aesthetics is an increasing component in attraction. My friend gets more visual attention now in his early 30′s than his 20′s, even though he has passed his physical prime like I have. The shifting culture means my friend's value is actually going up every year, not down, while average-looking men who don't work on their game are seeing their value plummet.

All is not lost for the average man because nature always provides opportunities to counter imbalances. Since my friend gets so much attention, he doesn't do many cold approaches. This has a way of limiting his potential. On the other hand, I approach like a dog, which means it expands my potential. Approaching is the great equalizer. I also visit countries where aesthetics play a minor role, so in the end our quantity and quality are

similar. The only difference is I work much harder than he does.

The irony of his attractiveness is that he would do worse if he left America. If his main strength is his appearance, and American girls value appearance more than anything else, he wouldn't do as well in places like Ukraine or Lithuania, where appearance is valued much less. In Washington DC, a land of stiff men who wear khakis on the weekend and think girls are impressed by job titles, he's at the top of the pack. While he does have justified complaints of crappy DC girl attitudes and overall low attractiveness, he's a shark in a land of goldfish. He doesn't plan on moving away from the city anytime soon.

The better looking you are, the happier you will be in America. When you consider that American women will actively chase good-looking men, I don't see the urgent need for handsome men to hit the road in Eastern Europe or South America. Most men, however, don't have these looks. We don't get daily attention from beautiful women and therefore need to learn game. We need to consciously improve our value. We need to go to countries where we can get much better than our homeland with equal efforts. We have to hustle more for not hitting the genetic lottery. And I completely accept that. I want beautiful and feminine women, and I will do what it takes to get them.

Read Next: *Everything I Know About Women*

How I Trolled Latvia's Biggest News Site

December 6, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Christmas has come twice this year! Latvia's biggest news site Delfi asked me for an interview and I happily obliged. I already blew my load trolling the Lithuanians so it was a bit harder this time around. I'm afraid some of my answers were more mean than funny, but I think there are a couple laughs to be had. Enjoy…

In your book (at least about Latvia) you never call yourself a sex-tourist. But other guys are sex-tourists. What's the difference then?

The main difference is that ultimately I'm searching for love. Until I find this love, I want to have sex with every girl that can give me an erection. My testosterone levels are so high that I have an erection for most of the day, even when I'm walking in public. In America we call this "walking boner."

Latvia was one of the worst countries for sex-trip, but how many Latvian girls you banged totally?

More than 1 but less than 10.

Do you know, how many girls you have banged? How many girls have you banged at least twice? Can you tell a proportion/percentage between one-night-stands and at least two-night-stands?

I would have to hire an accountant to sift through the actual number, but I'd be surprised if it was under 500. I think maybe only five or six times did I bang a girl twice. It's hard to pick one girl when there are so many more girls that would voluntarily have sex with me.

Do you have a girlfriend? How long was your longest "normal" relationship (without cheating)? Have you ever been in love?

No. I've never had a normal relationship. I think I was in love but I'm not sure.

Do your parents know about your hobby? If yes, what do they think about it?

My dad doesn't care but my mom has practically disowned me. She thinks that I'm the head of some type of "army" that teaches thousands of "sex soldiers" how to take advantage of women like the Muslim men are doing in Norway and Sweden. I keep telling her that I don't advocate for violence or forced blowjobs but she is getting old now and her hearing is not so good.

Have you ever asked to any shrink why are you so obsessed?

Yes I did. She told me that I was overcompensating for a youth when I didn't get a lot of sex and that I need to meditate on my youth or some stupid stuff. I tried to have sex with her and then she told me I couldn't get treatment anymore. I haven't seen a shrink since her.

You began your career as an industrial microbiologist, but now you are more like traveler and writer. Or maybe you still have a regular job? Anyway, since there are millions of sex-tourists in the world, have you sold a lot of your

books?

Yes, I have sold almost one million books. I didn't make a lot of money when I was a microbiologist, but now I'm a millionaire teaching guys how to have sex with women. Can you think of a better job?

Are you a well-respected sex-tourist? How many people, in your opinion, really listen to your advice?

Dude I'm a LOVE TOURIST, not sex tourist. My web sites receive 3 million page views a month, which I think is greater than the population of Latvia. Just curious: how many hundreds of people read your news site? [*Reporter actually answered my question*]

How often have you been beaten up during your sex trips? Have you been an object of sexual desire of some gay-sex-tourist? Have you caught STS during your crusades?

Yes I have been beaten up many times, usually when I talk to a girl who is with her boyfriend. I need to stop doing that. When that happens I beg them not to destroy my beautiful face, because this is my main strength in getting with women.

I don't want to disclose my medical history with the public, but yes I've had many STSs. In fact, I think I have one right now and am looking for a doctor. But it's not AIDS.

You said that you don't mind to bang fat and/or ugly girls. Have you ever failed to succeed to bang a girl only because of her ugliness?

I don't remember saying that. But yes I've failed with ugly girls that maybe even you wouldn't bang. It's okay to have sex with a fat girl, but only once in a while. One time a week is okay.

What are the most valuable virtues in girls in general? What are the best character features in Latvian girls (if there's any)?

Their eyes, I guess. I don't like Latvian girls because they kept trying to take my money.

For example, you said that in "Essential" club you didn't see any self-respecting local girl? Who would you call a self-respecting girl?

Today girls are very lazy. They get money and go shopping and spend all day in front of the mirror. The perfect girl would live on a farm and do manual labor with a plow. She'd raise chickens, milk the cows, and clean the barn. She'd also cook and clean. The girls in Essential don't know how to plow, cook, or clean. They're useless besides for sex, and even that they're not good at it.

How long is your dick and dos it make any difference?

I haven't measured in a long time, but my nickname for it is "baby's arm."

Do you think you're somehow special, or with absolutely the same success it could by any guy in the world?

Any guy can have my success, as long as he approaches 100 girls a week. The world can be his!

—

I’m pretty sure Bang Poland will be the next book to go big with local media, probably within the next month or so. I’ve developed a sixth sense for this type of thing.

Read Next: *She Is Bitch*

Bang Missions Are Therapy

December 9, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The best way to lose your fear over something is to desensitize yourself to it. We can talk psychological mumbo jumbo all day and doctors can prescribe you the best medications in the world, but the only way to get rid of demons is to face demons.

Are you afraid of approaching? Approach a lot.

Are you afraid of heights? Look down from a tall building, time how long you can stand it, then try again a day later for a longer time.

I used to be a hypochondriac. You'll pick up on that if you read A Dead Bat In Paraguay, where at one point I was certain I was dying of rabies. If I had a headache I'd think it was brain cancer. I had panic attacks about having HIV. I used to have flare ups every month or two, but in the past year I haven't had a single episode. It stopped. The reason is that I addressed the root cause of hypochondria: a fear of death. I read articles involving death and I meditated on how my own death would be like. I still don't want to die, but the idea doesn't scare like me it did before.

There is one thing you can do to help you face all your fears, your hypochondria, and your anxiety: a weekend bang mission. This is when you fly alone to a new city in order to get laid at all costs. Let's take a look at what this entails:

- A flight
- Exploration into the unknown
- Massive amounts of rejection
- Possibly getting an exotic illness
- Threats from local men who don't like you hitting on their women
- Possible failure at your ultimate goal

A bang mission is a microcosm of a man's life. All the bad things that can happen to you in a year of normal living can happen in this one weekend. Your ego is bombed, your self is questioned, and your fears are grinded into your face. To top if off, you're alone without any social support. Bang missions are so tough on your mind and body that it will likely take you several days just to recover from them. In an age where classic forms of masculinity are being shamed into obsolescence, bang missions are one of the few remaining ways that a man can test his ability, face his demons, and have a valuable experience that will remain with him for life.

You probably have some issues right now. You have anxiety. You have self-esteem problems. You have self-doubt. It's hard to avoid developing these problems when living in a culture controlled by ideologies that marginalize the role of men in society. Instead of paying $250 an hour for a blue pill psychiatrist or taking mind altering drugs that don't address the root problem, I prescribe four weekend bang missions for you in the next six months. Your problems will lessen, your character will strengthen, and you may even get

laid. There’s not much more to ask for.

Read More: *How To Get A Flag In 5 Days Without Pipelining*

The Rise Of The Mini-Relationship

December 11, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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

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

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

It's actually less energy intensive to maintain a harem of two or three girls than a real relationship with one girl who expects much more from a boyfriend than—as one American girl put it to me—a "consistent hookup." Compare that to my experience in Ukraine, where acquiring pussy was labor intensive and one-night stands were tough. I quickly got into a relationship, not because I was retiring from the game, but to maintain the consistent sex frequency I desired. I made a decision based on local market forces that had nothing to do with any change in my character or goals.

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

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

You'll find real men increasingly use women for sex and light companionship for short time periods, between one to six months. When the cost of renting (of being the consistent hookup) becomes too high, and the woman demands that the man purchase her pussy in the form of a commitment, he will discard her and enter another mini-relationship. The player will only purchase the pussy when renting becomes too difficult,

like happened to me in Ukraine, but even that was self-limiting as over time I became more knowledgeable of the local market.

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

Relationships have more to do with economics than love. If the price of your current pussy fluctuates out of your favor, turn in your rental to get a different pussy that gives more value. Have fun with your current pussy: go on a little trip with her, snuggle with her after stretching her out, let her cook for you, and then when maintenance costs rise, toss her aside for a newer model. America today is a renters market. As a matter of fact, I see a lot of used models in good condition coming onto the showroom floor right now.

Read Next: *How Culture Affects Game*

How To Become An International Playboy

December 16, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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The Wall Street Journal recently published an excellent article called Death Of A Playboy. It argues that cultural and economic factors have put an end to playboy lifestyles of the likes of Peter Beard, Gunter Sachs, and Porfirio Rubirosa. This is no surprise if you consider that a big part of that lifestyle was the pursuit of elite hobbies like car racing and polo that get little interest in today's internet age. Yesterday's culture was also more inclined to embrace the mild chauvinism that came with being a playboy. If those playboys lived today, the media would simply highlight how badly they treat their mistresses and publish gotcha shots of their hairy naked asses on private beaches.

What can be achieved today is a form of a playboy-lite lifestyle, where fewer men can become true playboys but more can experience a taste of what real playboys had. You no longer need to be a millionaire with special connections to hit the hot spots of the world. You don't need to be the most interesting man in the world to sleep with beautiful foreign women. It's true you won't have access to supermodels and high-society events, but you will experience things that your dad could have only dreamed of.

Here are the steps into becoming a lite playboy:

1. Set your own work hours. You can't be a playboy if another man is dictating how you must spend your time. You should be at liberty to hop on a plane to explore a new city whenever you desire. This probably means you need to start an internet business. Come up with an idea this month, put at least one hour a day into it for the next two years, and you'll be on your way.

2. Stay in centrally located apartments. Hostels are great for backpacking but horrible for the playboy lifestyle, and hotels are expensive and not comfortable for long trips. A recent innovation that makes it easier to stay in affordable apartments is Airbnb, where homeowners rent you their places at prices that are cheaper than hotels. The first apartment I rented through them was nicely decorated and got many compliments from the women I brought over.

3. Play the numbers game. You won't truly leverage your strengths unless you're putting yourself in front of a lot of women. Whether via internet, day, or night game, you should be always prospecting for talent and squeezing them through your fuck funnel. There's no escaping the game grind.

4. Pursue a unique hobby. The playboys of old kill us with their sportsmanship and artistic endeavors, but that shouldn't stop you from spending at least one hour a day on photography, writing, music, or language. There has to be something in your life that is not just about pussy and money, that gives you meaning when—for whatever reason—you need a break from the two. If there's nothing more to your existence than ass and cash, you set yourself up for depressing periods of emptiness and frustration.

5. Assemble a good crew. You should be extremely selective about the men you invite

into your world. Unless a man is in the same boat as you, or vigorously working to get there, he should be no more than an acquaintance, because there is a high chance he will bring you down and sabotage your efforts. I prefer rolling with a wingman, but if the man isn't of high character and worth, I'll go it alone. Thankfully, the internet has a way of bringing together men of like-minded interests. I've met many men from the forum who I trust and I'm sure I'll meet many more.

Living the playboy-lite lifestyle can be done for only $2,000 a month. You can find a nice apartment for under $1,000 a month in most European cities and walk yourself to the best bars, cafes, and clubs to drink to your heart's content for modest prices. You can't afford to get bottle service in the hottest club every weekend, but you can put yourself in front of beautiful women and let your game, which you've honed in the West, do the rest. Making $2,000 a month via the internet is not easy but very doable. The good news is that many cities in South America and Eastern Europe open up to you starting at $1,500 a month.

I don't care for the playboy term or even want to say I am one, but as my years living abroad stacks up, it's getting easier to compete with the local men to get desirable women. I could go into a city and within a week, have my finger around what it takes to enjoy it, both emotionally and sexually. As I continue traveling and the number of girls I maintain correspondence with goes up, I realize there are now many cities I can step foot in and have a good chance of getting laid within 24 hours.

I didn't accomplish this lifestyle overnight. I pounded the pavement for years, first in my own country and then through visits in more than twenty others over the course of several years. I can tell you that it's great to hit a club in a foreign city and look around at the men and realize that I'm not a little fish like I was in the past, that all I have to do is put in the work and get what's coming to me.

Read Next: *20 Reasons Why I Don't Want To Live In America Anymore*

The Decline Of American Women

December 18, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I got a short email the other week that contained a Youtube clip. I was ready to watch it for a few seconds before moving on, but I became mesmerized at what I saw. I viewed it just not just once but two additional times, and every couple of days since. Here it is…

Pretty but not plastic, flirtatious but not easy, wholesome but not prudish, feminine but not artificial, serious but not angry, energetic but not grating, natural but not boring, thin and curvy and provocative without tattoos, stretched ear lobes, and shaved haircuts.

Nostalgia for the past is rejection of the present. It's a sign you're unable to cope with change and the inevitability of progress, for nothing in the world static. It's very possible that had we all lived in 1969, we would have ached for another era, but I can unequivocally state that I would be happier if I had access to the women in the music video. I can also state that you would also have been happier. No *50 Shades* obsessed slut can begin to compete with a woman who can give an abundance of value besides the hole between her legs.

I say this knowing that women from the past were not easy. I know I could not have banged them on the same night. I know that I would have had to invest in them and to reason with their parents to approve of me. These are things that I would—then or now—eagerly do in order to have quality that is simply becoming too hard to find in the country that America has become. It's a strange thing, if you think about it, that if today is the easiest time to have sex, why are men still discontent? Why isn't sex on demand with fuck buddies making us happy? Why do we complain about sluts, iPhones, Facebook, and the like, tools which have no doubt increased our notch count? Why is there a nagging feeling in the back our mind that *something isn't right*?

The reason is because quantity of sex is only one factor in constituting the happiness of a man, and it's not a very strong one. Considering that you are awake for over 100 hours a week, how much of that is actually ideal to be spent engaged in sex thrusting? Even if it was a super-human ten hours a week, quantity without accompanying quality pleases a man far less than quality without quantity. I've had sex with many feminine women in Eastern Europe, and I can assure you that sleeping with just one of them surpasses sleeping with ten American or Scandinavian sluts who let me smash within the second hour of meeting them.

Quantity will never trump quality, and quality is simply what we lack today in America. We have easier women who are women in genetics only, who can't even compare with what has awed me in a grainy music video. The women of America today are not feminine, pleasing, sensual, or even interesting, no matter how many marketing and women's studies classes they've taken. They are vaginas, existing solely for an alcohol-fueled pump that is wholly separate from emotion or human feeling. The sad part is that multitudes of men today are clawing at *each other*, cockblocking each other,

putting their own gender on the chopping block and white knighting against their neighbor for a mere chance at the beasts that our culture has produced. We've sold out our own kind for a new type of woman that is shamefully clueless on how to please men.

What do we gain in intimacy with the modern American woman? What benefit is added to our character for learning how to jump through hoops for surreal porn sex with a girl who has been brainwashed to believe that women should no longer act like women and that *you* are the enemy? Choking her and calling her a slut in bed is no different than entertaining yourself with an action movie that is not even worth a second viewing, and every time you do so, thinking that making her gag on your cock is what makes you content, you have unwittingly plugged yourself into the feminist matrix. You strengthen their cause as you dehumanize sex and make it meaningless and insignificant, well removed from its biological and bonding purposes. I must admit that I have done more than my share in helping feminism by increasing the dating options of average girls as I send hordes of men to approach them in the bar and club. Am I not the ultimate traitor to my gender if the result of my work raises the collective ego of low quality women, making them all feel like they're the princess of the ball? Am I not making it harder for a man of an average station to get his slice of the pie?

If today is the best time for women in terms of having freedom to do whatever they want while simultaneously controlling the behavior of men via misandric protests and laws, then it can not also be the best time for men, for gender balance is a zero sum affair where the gains of one is the decline of the other. No, the best time for men, in terms of fulfillment with women, has long since passed, and all we can do today—in fact, what we are forced to do today—is to go against our nature and be aloof players and approach robots in order to get sexual intercourse, a very basic feature of human life since time eternal, in between grinding away our lives in front of glowing computer screens and smartphones as we make our masters proud, hoping to feel just 1% of the masculinity that men of the past felt.

When I watched that music video, I initially felt happiness that there was a time in America where women were my ideal, but then I felt sadness for everything it has lost, for everything that we will never get back again, and it all makes complete sense why I've rejected my own country. It makes sense why I've spent so much time in South America and Eastern Europe, especially the latter, where women of that video can still be found right in the supermarket, the cafe, the town square, the bookstore, the nightclub, and the shopping mall just a quarter mile away from where I write this, and my sadness moves away from my own bizarre fate to those men who aren't that different from me, still stuck in America, suffering gladly because of ignorance and manipulation. I hope they realize what I've realized and have the ability to choose as I have, and one day when they're on an airplane flying from their homeland, they can look down through the clouds and say *God Bless America* for the greatness it has achieved in its short existence, yet accept what I've long since accepted, that America was one great for men, but no more.

Read Next: *12 Things Wrong With America*

The British Virgin (Part 1 of 3)

December 23, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I went with an old friend to Hvar Island, Croatia for a three-week stay. Times have changed since we were prowling clubs in Washington DC, many of which have closed. Back then a phone number had a reasonable chance of leading to a date and not every club was built around table service. Flaking and cockblocking weren't yet nationwide epidemics. The decline for my hometown seemed to accelerate when Obama won, sending in a wave of pasty Midwesterners who thought they would change the world with their hope. The only thing that changed was how much fatter the DC population became.

There aren't a lot of nightlife options in Hvar. Before 2am you have about four or five bars where you can actually approach women and then after 2am you only have two clubs. The most popular bar and club combo is Carpe Diem. Most people start at Carpe Diem Bar around midnight or so to warm up for Carpe Diem Club, which is a ten minute taxi boat away. I quickly found out that if you don't have any prospects before going to the club at 2am, you're in for a tough night. There are simply too many aggressive guys at the club trying to make something happen.

The only issue at the bar was the seating. There is a ring of elevated benches around the patio that girls like to sit at, making them elevated and tall, like they are relaxing on a throne. I tried a couple approaches but the girls had too much positional power. The queens didn't put one scrap of energy into the conversation.

On our fifth night in Hvar, we went to the bar early so we could get a seat on the elevated bench. We picked a prime spot with a view of both the crowd and the Mediterranean Sea, soaking in the air and reminiscing on old times. Now married with a kid, my friend spent more time remembering those old times than continuing them, while I never stopped living that life.

I was starting to feel a bit of pressure because in Hvar I had yet to bang a girl, even though I didn't care much for the mostly Anglo women on display. It took a while for my mind to get used to the idea of capturing an Anglo flag instead of a new Eastern European one.

It didn't take long for three British girls to stand in front of us. They asked us if the seats around us were taken. Two of the girls gravitated to my friend, eventually sitting on his right side, while the third, a tanned brunette, sat to my left.

"This is a good seat," I said, "you can see everything from here."

"Have you been on the island long?" she asked, defaulting to a standard hostel conversation.

"This is our fifth night here. We have two more weeks left."

"Only in Hvar?"

"Yes. When planning the trip we wanted to pick one place where we could relax without having to hop around. I know a lot of people want to see as many Croatian islands as

possible, but for us it’s just about hanging out. We haven’t seen each other in 18 months.”

“Why haven’t you seen your friend in 18 months?”

“I’ve been living in Europe during that time while he’s still back in the States. I convinced him to come and visit me. You’re from England right?”

“Yes, London.”

“You guys can take a 30 euro flight on Easy Jet to come here, but for us it’s at least a $1,000 round trip, sometimes more. A lot of Americans stick to the Caribbean or Latin America when it comes time to take a vacation. How long are you in Hvar for?”

“Five days and then I go back.”

“Go back to work?”

“I’m kind of in between jobs right now.” She put her head down slightly. “What do you do?”

For a split second I paused, debating if I should give her the playful answer or real answer. “I’m a writer.”

“Oh cool. What kind?”

“I do mostly travel writing right now. I stay in a country for a few months and put out a small guide, mostly on the nightlife and other things.”

“What is the name of your guides?”

“You don’t want to know. They’re very offensive and crude. I don’t let me sister read it.”

“Umm, okay. But you make money from it?” Almost every girl asks that. They find it hard to believe that you can make a living from writing.

“No. My parents send me $10,000 every month to fund my lifestyle.”

She gave me a confused look, not sure whether to take me seriously or not.

“I’m just kidding,” I added. “My job pays the bills.”

During the conversation I caught glimpses of her petite body. She was wearing sandals, a summer skirt that went to the middle of her thighs, and a blue tanktop. She had not much in the way of a chest so I was curious about her ass and if it was big enough for my needs. Her father is Israeli and there was a hint of it in her face, with a strong chin, large almond eyes and long eyelashes. Her black hair was slightly curly and pulled back with a fastener. She told me she was 24 but looked maybe a year older.

“Do you have any stereotypes about America?” I asked. She paused. Knowing what she was thinking, I added, “And it’s okay if they’re negative. I’m not a sensitive American.”

“Well, Americans are loud. I see them on the tube and they are always the loudest ones.”

“What do they talk about?”

“Just random stuff. They seem to get excited at the smallest things. The girls also have a weird way of talking, almost nasal like.” She imitated the speech, which I quickly identified as the Valley Girl accent.

“Yeah that gets annoying even for me. I don’t say ‘like’ or ‘really’ to foreign people because it makes it harder for them to understand what I’m saying. I like to think I speak the Queen’s English, all proper and grammatically correct.” She laughed and I took that as a cue to move two inches closer to her. I looked over to my friend, who was doing fine holding court with her two friends.

“Also, the American humor is a little obvious,” she said. “It’s not sarcastic like the British. Your humor is more dry actually, it’s not typical of Americans.”

“I get that a lot. In America we like to announce jokes by implying, ‘Okay here comes a joke so get ready to laugh!’ I think that takes a lot of fun out of it. Sometimes it’s okay to make a joke that the other person doesn’t get.” My drink was empty but I was still holding onto the glass.

“How about the American accent?” I asked.

“It feels slower.”

“Yes because we enunciate our vowels. We like vowels. British people hate vowels I think.” She wanted to interject but I continued: “This is why when British people sing, they sound American, because when you sing, you stress the vowels. If singing is beautiful, and British people sound American when they sing, that means that the American accent is beautiful.” She squinted her eyes and smiled, like I just pulled a trick on her.

“What do you think of British people?” she asked.

“I don’t like British guys. You say Americans are loud but they are worse. They also get semi-violent when they drink. I haven’t had much experience with the girls. They seem American at first glance.”

“We’re definitely more reserved than American girls. Right away they start telling you everything about themselves even if you didn’t ask.”

“It’s only with an American where you can know about their sex lives within only a couple minutes of meeting them. We’re also self-absorbed. We love talking about ourselves. If you’re in a group of American people, no one will listen. It becomes a competition to talk. It’s sad, really, like they didn’t get enough attention as a kid or something.”

I looked at my friend and asked him how he was doing. He didn’t seem interested in the girls so I knew he was keeping them entertained for me. The bar was filling up with guys, mostly from Norway and Sweden, and it seemed like the British girls wanted to go somewhere else to sample the island’s nightlife. I felt I had built enough rapport with my girl, Tanya, to let her know I had some interest in her. If she didn’t recoil, it would be a good prospect to pursue for the rest of the night.

“So did you meet the man of your dreams on the island yet?” I asked.

She gave a long pause, debating how she should answer.

“I met a guy last night.”

CONTINUED: PART 2

The British Virgin (Part 3 of 3)

December 25, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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PREVIOUSLY: PART 2

My plan was to walk straight to my apartment located fifteen minutes away, but when we were only a couple hundred feet in front of the club, she sat on a bench. I didn't object. You can't be too heavy-handed with this sort of thing.

"It's a beautiful night out," she said, looking up in the sky.

"Yes, very beautiful. You can't see these stars when you're in a big city."

"There's something I have to tell you," she said, meekly.

"You have AIDS?"

"No I don't have AIDS!" she yelled.

"Well what it is?"

"I'm a virgin, so nothing can happen tonight."

Usually I'd have a funny response to that statement, such as "I can help you with your problem," but I was immediately disappointed. I got excited about railing a petite girl who didn't mind being penetrated by my digit in the club and now I'm being told nothing will happen. If she's a virgin at 24 then there's a reason for it. I didn't think there was anything I could do.

"You seem upset," she said, after a minute of silence.

"Upset, no. You being a virgin isn't a problem for me, but you're leaving tomorrow, so we don't have enough time to pursue things at a speed that you're comfortable with. Just curious, why haven't you had sex yet?"

"I haven't met the right guy."

"Well, the first time will be painful and awkward. The right guy won't take that away."

"The first time can still be good," she said.

"No, it won't be good. It will be the worst sex you ever have in your life. There will be blood and pain, and not until you have sex four or five times will it start to feel good." My vibe turned paternal, like I was helping her out. "I know I'm not the right guy to help you with this. You need someone patient who is willing the put in the time to make it feel good for you, to go slow and be gentle. While I do have virgin experience, the last thing on my mind on this island is to take away a girl's virginity. It's a thankless task. Men should get paid for it, really."

She asked me a couple questions about the virgins I deflowered and I answered matter-of-factly, like I was giving a scientific lecture. I discarded my game filter and started saying anything that came to mind because I didn't think victory was on the horizon.

"It's a shame really—a pretty girl like you never having sex. You're in the prime of your life and you're missing out on one of the most pleasurable feelings that a human can

experience. It’s a waste.”

I stared off into space and we sat silently for a few minutes. It was already 4am. She seemed content sitting next to me, her arm resting on my lap. She wasn’t looking at her phone and she wasn’t debating me on any points I was making. I wondered if I should proceed.

I turned my head to look at her and she stared at me. Her silence was hard to read, and I would’ve killed to know what she was thinking at that moment. I leaned in to kiss her and she responded, and then I resumed my program of stroking her hair and legs. Our intimate moment was then interrupted the next bench over by a man violently puking into the grass.

“Gross,” I said, “let’s walk that way a bit.”

“Okay but I’m getting tired.”

I bent down and she jumped on my back, and I carried her as we walked in the direction of my apartment. I didn’t tell her where we were going, but I assumed she knew.

“You can put me down now, you don’t need to prove that you are strong,” she said.

“Why not? I like proving that I’m strong. That’s what men do.”

I carried her like a mule, hiding the labor in my breath until she insisted I put her down. With about 8 minutes left to go in the walk I hit her with constant chatter to distract her.

“Where are we going?” she finally asked.

“We are going to my apartment to listen to music and have a drink. We’re obviously not going to have sex.”

She didn’t object, but a big flight of stairs caused her to balk. So I picked up her again, this time with my arms. Though she was only 105 pounds, I really had to give it all I had, and thanked myself for semi-regularly doing a strenuous program of squats in the gym. She complimented my strength and I felt validated and pleased.

Once at my place, I made drinks and then offered to show her the view from my balcony. She was suddenly energized, her eyes darting around, as if her brain was going a mile a minute. She didn’t touch the drink and barely cared about the view. It took me longer than I’d like to admit to notice that this girl, at the age of 24, was ready to lose her virginity.

I suggested she lay down on my bed. She didn’t want to kiss—she just wanted to get straight to penetration. I left on her bra and removed her skirt and panties. Her pussy was trimmed. It looked pure and clean. I put on a condom, squirted on a bit of lube, and tried to work it in while she squeezed her legs in a vice grip around my body.

“You’re going to have to relax,” I said. “It’s going to hurt like hell, but I will go slow.”

And hurt it did. Poor girl was biting down on her lower lip, whimpering, as I managed to get two inches inside her. I want to say I was a complete gentleman but my animal instincts did take over and I went faster and deeper than I should have.

In the darkness I noticed some blood forming on my sheets but it didn’t stop me from

going down on her. I ate her pussy like a lion feasting on a deer carcass, which relaxed her a bit and allowed me to go almost all the way in when I got back on top of her. To combat her tendency to squeeze her legs, I shut them closed and fucked her missionary, which is easier than it sounds. Her pain subsided a bit and I came.

The first thing she said afterwards was, “I didn’t orgasm.” I laughed and told her I wasn’t surprised, that it will take time to find out the sexual positions that pleasure her most. I also added that a woman cannot orgasm as tense as her body was.

I went into the bathroom and dumped the blood-soaked condom in the toilet. I rinsed my mouth with water and noticed it was faint red when I spit out.

She wanted to leave so I walked her to her hotel and exchanged contact information. Her eyes remained wide open as if she was somewhat traumatized.

The next day my friend asked me what happened. All I had to do was show him the bed. It looked like someone had taken one cup of blood and threw it on the white sheets. We were renting from an old married couple that already complained to us about our noise level and having guests, so I didn’t want to jeopardize our stay when they came to clean the apartment in two days only to see a horrifying scene. I went to a bedding store and bought the exact same sheets for $30. At night I discreetly disposed of the bloody sheets in the dumpster. I felt like I was covering up a crime.

I thought about the virgin a lot in the next couple of days. I thought about how I wanted to turn her into my own personal sex kitten, completely clean of other cocks. She messaged me and asked how my trip was going. Encouraged by her initiative, I replied back saying, “It would be nice if you came to visit me before I return to the US. I will be in Zagreb for at least a month.”

She came to visit me in Zagreb a couple weeks later, staying for three days. We had a lot of sex and I was quite pleased to take the principal role in molding the sexuality of a female human being.

I visited her again three months later for five days, and while the sex was better, I began to lose interest. New pussy began to feel like old. I thought that having a virgin would make me more likely to hold on to a girl, but my eye began to roam again, until eventually I deflowered a new virgin that was younger and even more feminine. Her pussy was so pure and clean.

Read Next: *“You Broke Me”*

Just Quit

December 30, 2012 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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When I look back at most of the tough projects I've attempted in the past five years, there is one thing that always happens: it gets so hard that I want to quit.

I'm learning Polish right now (apparently for the thrill, since most Polish people speak English), and soon after memorizing around 600 words and phrases, I hit a wall. My brain resisted learning new words. The noun cases and verb conjugations remained somewhat incomprehensible, and I wondered if the language was actually made for humans. The other night, in the middle of an audio lesson, a thought entered my head…

"This is pointless. Just quit."

I wanted to quit Spanish too, but I stayed with it and remain conversational to this day.

I wanted to end my first trip to South America after one month, but stayed with it for five more and was rewarded with an experience of a lifetime.

I wanted to quit the game in the first year because it was too hard, but I kept going and developed a skillset that will stay with me until I die.

Anything that has ultimately brought value to my life, I have wanted to quit before I reached my goal. I was ready to put things aside and take the easy way out. But I've never trusted myself. I ignore the voice that tells me to quit, as loud as it gets, even if failure seems imminent. I refuse to listen to my brain when it whines that something is too hard.

If something isn't worth doing, you'll just forget about it. It fades from your life without much thought, but when your desire to quit comes from frustration, from something being too hard, then you absolutely must continue.

When the "just quit" voice popped in my head during the tough Polish lesson, I knew right then that it was something I had to continue. I decided not even to take a break. Now that a new year is upon me, I'm thinking of what project or journey or goal I'll get into where—in a moment of weakness or temporary defeat—a voice will tell me to quit. Then I will smile and know I made the right decision in attempting it in the first place. If at some point I didn't want to quit, it probably wasn't worth doing.

Is RSD Hurting Young Men?

January 1, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

For the longest time I thought that Washington DC was the capital of PUA culture in North America (alongside Los Angeles), but I hadn't yet been to Toronto. Hands down, I've never seen so many PUAs in my one week visit there than I have in my entire life. There are Toronto bars where you can find over two dozen PUAs working simultaneously to approach every single woman in the bar in rapid succession (go to Madison Avenue Pub on Thursday night to see what I mean).

I've already chronicled how Western society is making it hard for men to have normal relations with women, let alone get laid with someone who is of at least their equal. In Toronto, the odds are even further stacked against men: women of low quality are actually *more* difficult to bed than in Washington DC. It's the only city I've been to where the girls are more concerned with getting late-night food than getting men. For thousands of guys in Toronto, the solution to this problem is adopting the RSD style of game, which is approaching on a mass scale.

RSD, or Real Social Dynamics, is a PUA company that was popularized in the book *The Game*. About eight years or so I was invited to review a workshop they had in DC. All I remember is that the instructors, specifically Tyler, approached *a lot*. I thought I approached plenty but these guys took things to a level I hadn't seen. I saw them approach girls with guys, girls sitting down at tables, and other scenarios that had a low probability of success. They didn't care.

You quickly learn that one of the main tenets of RSD is to spam approach. They push you to approach every single available girl just to lose the fear of approaching, and even if the girl isn't feeling you or showing signs of disinterest, you must "plow" through as if her response doesn't matter. Then after doing 1,000 or more of these, you will be a master player. Their instructors, whose skills I don't doubt, have dedicated their lives to approaching to such an extent that compared to them I'm a mere hobbyist.

In Toronto I met a college kid who reads my work. Him and his crew are plugged into RSD teachings and we got the opportunity to talk about the RSD style of game that has taken over Toronto. He told me that to get laid in Toronto you need to spam approach until you get lucky with a girl where you aren't cockblocked by the "mother hen" dominated social circles. RSD also encourages guys to approach full time by doing it daily, hitting astonishingly high approach counts each week. I had trouble believing that for many guys, this is what game has been reduced to.

When I left Toronto, I completely understood why there is a "PUA Hate" culture: RSD is teaching guys to interact with a high number of girls in uncomfortable situations, training them to dislike and eventually hate the process of getting laid. They've created mindless approach machines who regularly get kicked out of night spots and stopped by security in malls. The burnout is so high and the upheaval to the self of an RSD student is so extreme that many become game denialists for life, and are actually less likely to

succeed with women had they adopted a more balanced approach to getting laid.

In my Roosh Program post, I advocate doing cycles of 100 approaches. Yes, that is a lot of approaches, suggesting that a numbers game is definitely involved, but you have to work on yourself, too. You have to lift weights, read, and take on interesting hobbies. You have to improve your overall social skills instead of merely ignoring women's responses. You must constantly measure your results and reflect on what you're doing. Compare that to my reader who considers a "warmup" to be 10 approaches in the first *15 minutes* of entering a club.

Another RSD student did a "30 day challenge" where if he didn't get laid with going out in that month, he would sleep on the street with homeless people. RSD students have quit their jobs to focus on approaching full time. It seems like the goal is to get a guy to lose his identity in a program that either turns him into a disgruntled hater or a guy whose only skill at life is approaching. It's no surprise that RSD is often compared to a cult, with Tyler their leader.

I have a 16-year-old brother. I've started introducing him to some game techniques, but the main area I've been helping him with is weightlifting. The other month he happily emailed me when he did one rep on the bench at 165 pounds, something I didn't do until I was 22. I'm also teaching him about ramble and how to elaborate his replies when talking to girls instead of giving short answers. But would I tell him to approach nonstop? To "plow"? No, because I don't want him to hate interacting with women, the inevitable result of doing what RSD teaches. If he tells me one day that he found out about RSD and is trying one of their programs, I'd fly back to the States to run an intervention. If my teachings are like smoking a joint, RSD is like shooting heroin.

While Toronto, DC, feminism, smartphones, and so on are making it harder for men to land women, is being an autistic approach robot the best answer? The irony of the RSD system is that it's so time intensive that it would actually be easier just to learn the guitar and start a local band to bang groupies. We now live in a time where many guys think the best answer to getting laid is to be a human spammer instead of a good man, and maybe in the end they're right. RSD is simply a male response to all the Torontos of the English-speaking world.

The Eye Contact Test

January 3, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I can tell if a country is going to be good to me within two hours of landing. I don't use any complicated formula or system. I don't count sex ratios or do test approaches to feel out the vibe. All I do is notice if girls are making eye contact with me. If during my first trip to the grocery store a handful of women look my way, I know the country will treat me well.

My eye contest test isn't on just attractive women but all women, even grandmas. I want to see if there is a culture of evaluating foreign-looking men for their value, an important first step in any seduction. I want women to simply *notice* what is out there. A country's eye contact habits is therefore more a sign of openness than raw attraction. It means women are in buying mode, ready to be approached by a man who wants to sell his goods. It doesn't mean she will be easily sold, but the opportunity is there.

Here are the five countries where I got the most amount of eye contact within my first couple of days:

- Poland
- Croatia
- Estonia
- Lithuania
- Brazil

And here is a list of countries that I one day would return to:

- Poland
- Croatia
- Estonia
- Lithuania
- Brazil (more so to see how it's being destroyed by feminism)

It's in these countries where I know that if I put in an honest day of approach work, I will eventually be rewarded. They are harder than places like Argentina and Latvia where I got little eye contact and my results were random and inconsistent, even with dedicated effort.

The catch is that not all women from the top five countries consider me their type. For example, Brazilian girls like men that are just about the opposite of my appearance, but I still had some of the best women of my life while I was there. The fact that Brazilian women are open, which I can tell with their eye contact, means that approaches can successfully be used to get laid, even if I'm not their ideal.

The implication of this is simple: if you're in the United States right now, and you go to a country where you get less eye contact within the first 24 hours, it will probably mean

you have to work harder. If you get more eye contact, you'll have to work less. You can read all day about which type of guy does well in which country and which race is desired by the local women, but all you need is a trip to a crowded supermarket on your first day to predict how things will go. No other analysis is required.

Read Next: *The Boner Test*

My Best Posts Of 2012

January 5, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In chronological order…

7 Ways Feminism Is Destroying American Women

> 2. Makes her proud to be ugly. Go into any middle-of-the-road bar in a major city and what do you see? Overweight women with short hair, loose clothing, and flip-flops. Feminism has taught women that it's okay for them to look like they just rolled out of bed and that any attempt to look "feminine" will make men desire them for their looks instead of their intellectual and philosophical brains. Evolution laughs. Men are attracted to beauty, and always will be. Next thing you know, American women will appear in public wearing pajamas.

Pussy Paradise

> I want to be in a place where if I step outside and take a deep breath, pussy will come. I want to walk in a huge club and be the most desirable man who women compete over. I want zero-effort pussy of the most beautiful girls I've ever had in my life. Maybe you're laughing right now that I'm dreaming, that this place doesn't exist, but I believe it does, and sometimes belief is all it takes.

Everything I Know About Women

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

Drama, Vodka, Sex, and Blood

> Two ugly girls approached me but I didn't indulge them for long. It was getting late and I was losing hope. Sure, my mood could've been better, but there just weren't any cute girls to talk to. I sat in silence for what seemed like forever, stewing about the night's events, when two young girls came into the bar. I forced myself to approach.

World Game

> In the States, you will probably be amped up in a night out because of dealing with girls who have attitude. You can harness this anger into a cocky vibe that snags the next girl. But when abroad, anger will lead to a vibe that the girls don't like. I wouldn't even bother calling out a foreign cockblocker because it will just take you away from having the optimum softer attitude. Let things slide.

The Roosh Program

> I want to share a game program for those of who are starting from scratch,

> regardless of age. It's not meant to turn you into a Casanova, but it will quickly take your game above the mainstream average. It's also useful for beta males who just got dumped.

She Is Bitch

> "I understand that, but I don't want to be in a place where that's the reality. I prefer the fantasy world of women wanting to have sex with you just because they like your sense of humor or personality. My culture is different."

The Secret To Fast Sex

> I tried everything to get them to come, even saying I'd pay for their cab ride back, but it didn't work. I'm sure I would have banged at least two out of those three if I had rented an apartment in the center. Instead, I had to get their number and accept the built-in 50% flake rate that comes from dating.

Women Who Own iPhones Lose The Ability To Love

> For women, the smartphone is a bridge to receive offers of penis twenty-four hours a day. With text messaging and use of apps that connect her to Facebook, dating sites, Instagram, and the like, your average girl is receiving subtle and not-so-subtle sexual offers every other hour. She even gets to hear a bell tone when a new penis is putting in his attempt. The smartphone is a perfectly designed machine for women to field dozens and dozens of penis offerings every month when in the previous generation your average woman wouldn't receive that many in a lifetime.

One Piece Of Advice

> Your environment doesn't change your borne temperament. It provides little boosts to your happiness level, but it always falls back to where it was at the start. Changing your belief system can definitely affect the thermostat of your temperament, but only by a small amount.

If you want to browse through last year's posts, check out the archive.

Bang Ukraine Will Be My Last Travel Guide

January 6, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Before I tell you why it will be my last guide, I'm happy to announce its release for this Friday. If you buy it between then and Sunday, you'll receive the following seven bonuses:

-Bang Ukraine analysis from a Ukrainian player. A man I met and trust went over my book with a fine-tooth comb, offering 22 pages of critical commentary that gives you a local perspective on how to bang Ukrainian girls while providing dozens of additional tips.

-21 Ukrainian women analysis. I present pictures of 21 Ukrainian girls that give you a representative sample of what you'll encounter, from low-end talent up to the top. With each picture I give commentary on how difficult (or easy) the girls will be to pickup, along with extra facts on Ukrainian culture.

-How to teach English with no experience. Teaching English is a great way in Ukraine to meet women and make friends. I give you tips to make it happen along with sharing two resources that help you survive in front of a classroom.

-Sample English teacher resume. I share with you the resume I used to get an English teacher gig in Ukraine. From my example, it shouldn't take you more than 20 minutes to construct your own.

-Curated raw data on Ukraine. I compiled and formatted the best datasheets and reports on Ukraine from my forum into one PDF file. You'll encounter 48 pages of raw data, stories, venue recommendations (day and night), logistical information, and general advice from men who have tried to bang the Ukrainian cities of Kherson, Kiev, Kharkiv, Lviv, Odessa, and Melitopol.

-5 things I should have done differently. I objectively review my Ukrainian experience and reveal some changes I could have made that would've improved my

sexual success. I hope you don't make the same mistakes I did.

-50% discount. The ebook will normally be priced at $9.99 but you can get it this weekend for $5.

In addition you'll of course receive the ebook edition (pdf, mobi, and epub) of **Bang Ukraine**, a 103-page guide that breaks down Ukrainian women like no other book has done. Get the bonuses and the book (199 pages total) for only $5 if you purchase this weekend starting on Friday morning. On Monday, the bonuses will disappear and the book will be priced at $9.99.

But wait, there's more. This weekend I'm also doing a super travel combo where you can buy all ten of my travel guides, which includes Bang Ukraine and the bonuses, for only $19. That comes out to 704 pages and 246,000 words, my life's labor for the past three years.

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Why Bang Ukraine Will Be My Last Guide

After I wrote Bang Colombia in 2010, I had a thought: "Wouldn't it be cool to write *ten* travel guides?" I decided to make it my project. After reaching back to my previous writings to compile guides for Argentina and Brazil, I went to Europe to complete the task. I calculated that I'd have to spend at least two months in each country while hitting the poosy hard to construct worthy guides that guys would get value from.

I lived in Reykjavik for two months and wrote Bang Iceland. Six left to go.

I lived in Copenhagen for two months, confused on whether I should write a guide on a place I disliked, but tried anyway for the experience, and Don't Bang Denmark was born. Five left to go.

I lived in Poland for seven months, a place that had thin and sweet women who liked sex. The resulting Bang Poland guide was the most beta thing I've written. Four left.

At this point I began to tire of the guides. I went to the Baltics during winter while being hounded by internet haters, spending only one month each in Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania. Maybe I should stop… ah fuck it. The three guides were released simultaneously (Bang Estonia, Bang Lithuania, Don't Bang Latvia). One guide left before I could be freed from this nearly three year project.

Ukraine was unique enough that it give me plenty of material for a book. In fact, Bang Ukraine is the longest guide I've written, and perhaps my best in terms of sociological analysis. I want to go out on top, and hope this book accomplishes that goal.

I'll still write about the locations I visit, but in blog posts that don't take me months to complete (e.g., Sweden, Finland, Norway, and Croatia). I'm not writing more guides for a few reasons…

1. It got boring. I stopped getting satisfaction from writing them or even releasing them, regardless of the media exposure they received.

2. I stopped caring about "cracking" the code of a country. I'm much more

interested in getting laid than being intellectually rewarded for successfully generalizing about a culture.

3. It's too niche. How many guys in the world want to go to Ukraine in the next year but *not* pay for prostitutes? 500? I'm spending a lot of time creating work that just a handful of guys want.

4. I want to once again get leisure from travel. The reason I started traveling in the first place was to gain freedom from work, but eventually I turned travel into another job. From day one in a country I had to do research, write, and go out to get laid even if I wasn't horny.

I've learned something important while doing this project: individual variance is huge. One man can kill it in a city where another man can fail spectacularly. This can occur even in the same club in the same city on the same night. This variance comes not just from your personal appearance but your level of game, style of game, age, personality, and girl preference.

I was writing guides that more-or-less stated "Do X and you will receive Y," but some guys could perfectly do X and still not get Y, while in another country they may do X and get even more than I got. Every culture has common truths and patterns, but in a two week trip, it takes a sharp man to take advantage of that. The emails in my inbox tell me that the guides helped more than they hurt, yet now I wonder if it's time to let you ride without training wheels and enjoy the raw discovery of a country like I have been doing the past several years.

Every day this week I'll have a post about Ukraine to get ready for this final release. Check back tomorrow for more.

American Girls vs. Ukrainian Girls

January 7, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

American girl: “What do you do?”
Ukrainian girl: “Why are you in Ukraine?”

American: Asks you to buy a drink
Ukrainian: Expects you to buy a drink

American: Flip flops because they’re comfortable
Ukrainian: High heels because men like them

American: 20 pounds overweight
Ukrainian: 5 pounds underweight

American: Looking for a stable career
Ukrainian: Looking for a stable husband

American: Won’t shut up
Ukrainian: Won’t open up

American: Hates makeup
Ukrainian: Qualified to be a makeup artist

American: Fake attitude
Ukrainian: Fake nails, eyelashes, and sometimes eyebrows

American: Obsessed with celebrities
Ukrainian: Obsessed with money

American: Bang in three hours
Ukrainian: Bang in three dates

American: Knows how to heat chicken nuggets
Ukrainian: Knows how to cook meals passed on from her grandmother

American: Has bulky dimensions like an Australian rugby player
Ukrainian: Has petite dimensions like a normal girl

American: You have to trick her into having sex
Ukrainian: You have to logically convince her into having sex

American: High self-esteem when beauty doesn’t warrant it
Ukrainian: Low self-esteem when beauty warrants it

American: Pretends to be a porn star in bed
Ukrainian: Pretends to be a virgin in bed

American: Complains there are no good men
Ukrainian: Complains you didn’t buy her flowers

American: Grinds on every cock in the club
Ukrainian: Does not grind

American: Feels uncomfortable with silence

Ukrainian: Feels uncomfortable with too much chatter

American: Treats you like a coworker
Ukrainian: Treats you like the master of her life

American: Relationship gets worse after first bang
Ukrainian: Relationship gets better after first bang

American: Never traveled but thinks she knows the world
Ukrainian: Never traveled and insecure about it

American: Obsessed with Apple
Ukrainian: Obsessed with Apple

American: I'm not getting laid tonight so neither will my friends, and neither will that guy over there
Ukrainian: I'm not getting laid tonight

American: Goes to supermarket in pajamas
Ukrainian: Goes to supermarket in mini skirt

American: Brags about banging a black guy as proof she isn't racist
Ukrainian: Does not tell anyone she banged a black guy

American: Dresses like a bum even though she has money
Ukrainian: Dresses flashy even though she has no money

American: Sees men as misogynists who have institutional privilege
Ukrainian: Sees men as a bridge to a better life

American: Will believe anything you tell them
Ukrainian: Human lie detector

American: Pretend she's strong and independent
Ukrainian: Knows she's fragile and weak

American: Brags about dating multiple guys at the same time
Ukrainian: Brags about gifts that rich men bought her

American: Thinks lawyer are boring
Ukrainian: Thinks lawyers are accomplished men worthy of marriage

American: Goes out twice a week to clubs to get attention from men
Ukrainian: Goes out only once a month because she can't afford it

American: Thinks casual sex and free birth control are essential to being happy
Ukrainian: Things marriage is essential to being happy

American: Fucks a guy who can make her vagina wet
Ukrainian: Fucks a guy who can improve her life in some way

American: Expert at taking webcam shots from magic angles
Ukrainian: Expert at posing sexy for photos in ugly park

American: Ideal man has to be witty, spontaneous, and interesting, with stand-up comedian level of humor

Ukrainian: Doesn’t care about a man’s personality as long as he has money

My newest book, *Bang Ukraine*, will be released on Friday. It’s about how to bang Ukrainian girls (click here for details). Check back tomorrow for when I share a large photo collection of Ukrainian women.

25 Reasons You Should Visit Ukraine

January 8, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I assembled this photo gallery of Ukrainian girls that are 7′s and up. They exist in plentiful supply in all major Ukrainian cities. Not all will be easy to lay, but they will be available day or night for you to put in your attempt.

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In Case You Need More Convincing: *25 MORE Reasons You Should Go To Ukraine*

How To Pickup Ukrainian Girls In The Club

January 9, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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*The following is an excerpt from **Bang Ukraine**.*

Ukraine caused me to revise my theories about wanting to be in countries with a high female to male ratio. In Poland, the ratio was much worse (often at one girl for every three guys), but I picked up much easier. I learned that ratio is only one factor to consider when determining if a city is good or not. Being able to communicate fluently in a common language is surprisingly much more important than being surrounded by boatloads of women.

The style of night game you should implement is what I call “Weekend at Bernie’s game” or just “Bernie game” for short.

Weekend at Bernie’s is a wildly popular American movie where the main character, Bernie, a businessman, dies an untimely death. To keep up appearances and avoid getting in trouble, his two goofy underlings make it seem like Bernie is still alive by giving him sunglasses and manipulating his movements as if they’re controlling a puppet. On a beach resort they ended up making Bernie look like the life of the party. While dead, Bernie makes many friends and even hooks up with a pretty girl. In the sequel, which I believe was a box office smash, Bernie is brought back to life using a voodoo spell where he performs a strange tribal dance with his chest puffed out.

In Ukraine, the girl is Bernie. I want you to pretend she’s dead and that only you have the shaman power to make her undead. Follow these four steps:

1. Do most of the talking (at least 90%). She will give short responses that do not at all help you continue the conversation. Silence will be standard. It will seem like she has passed into the netherworld, but as long as her body is still there (i.e., she doesn’t walk away), you’re doing fine and should talk about anything that comes to your mind. Some silence on your part is okay, but too much silence and she may reanimate and walk away into the arms of another guy.

2. Touch early and often. Do you remember the scene in *The Matrix* where Trinity brought Neo back to life by declaring her love for him? Well you’re going to bring the Ukrainian Bernie back to life by touching her a lot. Start touching her arms, her back, her hips, and—once you’re on the dancefloor—her ass. Words will not reanimate Bernie, only touching. I’m convinced touch is the main way that a Ukrainian girl gets attracted to a man. Just understand that while doing this, she will not touch you back. As long as she’s still with you, however, you’re doing fine.

3a. When you run out of conversation (and this will definitely happen because of how little she gives you), suggest a dance. There actually should be less suggesting and more demanding. The girls are so averse to giving direct "Yes" answers that you have to constantly be leading the interaction. If any of your game moves are dependent on a Ukrainian girl saying "Yes," they will not work.

To start the dance you can put your hand on her back and say "Let's go dance" or pull her hand towards the dance floor. Once you get a look at how guys run their aggressive Bernie game, you'll probably feel very passive and slow. Assume the "Yes" and proceed from there.

3b. Sometimes it'll be a better idea to drink before dancing, especially if the music is crappy and she's not yet in a dancing mood. After a ten minute conversation with her, once she's shown her interest in standing next to you and listening to whatever ramble you've mustered up, ask her what she likes to drink and then make a move to the bartender to get it (unless she gives you a clear "No"). It's generally a bad sign when a girl refuses a free drink from you because that's her way of saying, "I don't want to owe you a damn thing." If a girl turns you down to both drink and dance, she's probably going to walk away from you shortly. If she accepts both of your offers within the first 30 minutes or so, you're doing great.

4. Attempt to kiss Bernie. It's more important that you attempt the kiss than actually get it. This is because you want to establish a sexual frame to make it clear that friendship is not on the table. You don't want to realize on the first date that you're in the friend zone when you hoped to be in the fuck zone. I must say that I've never been friend zoned so much as in Ukraine, basically because my sexual intent was too weak early in the interaction.

If you liked this excerpt then you'll like Bang Ukraine, my 103-page book that teaches you how to sleep with Ukrainian women during a visit to the country. It contains tourist tips, game advice, and sex stories that give you all the information you need to bang hyper-feminine Ukrainian women, with extra details not released on the blog. **Click here to**

learn more about the book.

Bang Ukraine: How To Sleep With Ukrainian Women In Ukraine

January 10, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Today I'm excited to release my final travel guide, **Bang Ukraine**. Here are just a few things that this 103-page book contains:

- How you can hack the backwards Ukrainian mentality to get laid
- How to respond when a Ukrainian woman tries to cross-examine you
- Description of the 3 types of Ukrainian girls, and the one you should go for in order to obtain sex
- How to develop a solid backstory so she doesn't think you're a sex tourist
- A detailed breakdown on how to pick up during the day, including opening strategy, conversation tips, pitfalls to avoid, and how to best answer their common questions about your visit
- The best nightclub pickup strategy that has ever been put into print for the country of Ukraine
- How to have a conversation with a Ukrainian girl who possesses bad English, with over a dozen topics and ideas to be used both for when you meet her and on dates
- Three date strategy for sealing the deal, with specific venue suggestions, tips, and moves
- What to do when a Ukrainian girl tries to extract resources from you in a long-term relationship
- Two short stories that offer additional insight and information into Ukrainian culture, including interesting examples of making love to Ukrainian women

If you purchase the ebook edition of Bang Ukraine before Sunday at midnight, you get the following seven bonuses:

- Bang Ukraine analysis from a Ukrainian player (22 pages)
- 21 Ukrainian women (pictures and analysis)
- How to teach English in Ukraine with no experience
- Sample English teacher resume
- Curated raw data on six Ukrainian cities (48 pages)
- 5 things I should have done differently in Ukraine
- 50% discount off regular price

You get 199 total pages of Ukrainian advice, data, stories, and strategy for $5. After Sunday, the bonuses will disappear and the price will rise to $9.99.

Click one of the following links to continue:

- Learn more details on what's inside the book
- **Order your ebook copy (pdf, mobi, and epub)**

Bang Ukraine is my tenth and final travel guide. I'm doing a special where you can get all ten of my guides and the Ukrainian bonuses for only $19. The download package contains pdf, mobi, and epub formats for each book.

Click here to order the Super Travel Combo.

I started writing my first book, Bang, back in 2006. In the past seven years, I've written 14 books that contain 1,432 pages and 518,924 words. I've also produced a Bang audiobook with the help of a voice actor. In this final combo special, get all 14 books, the Bang audiobook in mp3 format, and the Ukrainian bonuses for $35:

Click here to order the My Life's Work Combo (256 megabyte download).

Lastly, I wanted to thank everyone who has bought one of my books in the past. Your

support enables me to put out writing that gives men value. I'll be glued to my laptop all weekend so email me if you have a question or a problem with downloading.

5 Reviews Of Bang Ukraine

January 11, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The first review is from a Russian expat:

> If you've heard that Ukraine is nothing but a bunch of hotties willingly sexing strange westerners (and the fact that a foreign bride site is the first hit on google when you search for "Ukraine" doesn't do anything to dispel that), you're wrong. Remember when I said Roosh mentions the culture? In the women you can see a direct reflection of that – due to the harsh, unforgiving nature of Ukraine – from the men, to the police, to the weather, the corruption, these girls are extremely closely guarded and wont just hop into bed with any man on a whim since it is extremely dangerous, and noone would help them if they "fuck up". On the flip side, once their icy outer shells are broken and the defenses penetrated, Ukrainian girls are presented as perfect feminine girlfriends that most men could only dream about. And this trade off makes courtship worth it
>
> This is extremely helpful to people who believe in a "one sized fits all" type of game that seems to be prominent with Mystery Method fanboys. If you go there with that attitude, expect to be blown up. The way Roosh seems to go about sex in this book would get you laughed out of most NYC bars. He asks "interview style" questions, he holds doors open, he pays for stuff – all of these things that your parents taught you to do, but then you painfully realized that they did not work in 2012 America. Roosh is a damn gentleman in this book, which in itself is surprising to see.
>
> Of course you have the other side of the coin – the bad seeds. If Ukraine was filled with nothing but hot skinny girls that would reciprocate proper courtship, this could be the magic land of vagina that every man searches for. But the hot Ukranian girls, who readily know that they are way prettier than the women a lot of Westerners are used to, will readily hustle unsuspecting men. It's a poor country, and people have to do what they can to survive. Roosh does an excellent job demonstrating a dating strategy that is both effective, and simultaneously weeds out the hustlers out there.

This review is from a man who lived in Ukraine for a year:

> After living in Ukraine for over a year, I was eager to read Roosh's thoughts on his 3 month stay.
>
> Ukraine is a like a different world compared to Western mentality.

I could almost hear the frustration coming off the pages when I started reading Bang Ukraine. It was as if I wrote many of the passages after having lived there for over a year.

Roosh breaks down 3 categories that a man can fall into when trying to date a Ukrainian woman. He goes into further detail on how to position quickly for the correct category. If you follow his advice, you will save a lot of time and money. I can't tell you how many western guys I have seen wasting time and money on women that wasn't interested in them.

Women grow up knowing how to work men. Ukrainian men know how to handle their women while western men are like lambs to the slaughter. I have seen Western men getting fleeced by Ukrainian princesses without even so much as a kiss.

I really enjoyed many of the personal stories and dialog towards the end of the book. I think it really helps cement the ideas and techniques discussed in previous chapters. Not only do you have a "what to do" list, but you have a dialog that showed what Roosh did to be successful and what he did that wasn't successful. Sometimes we learn more from our mistakes and Roosh, as always, was gracious enough to include examples where he blew it.

Even after living there for as long as I did, I learned a few things based on Roosh's experiences. Some of the ideas I never really put together until I read his book. A few "yeah, I never thought of it that way" moments put a smile on my face while devouring the content. The crazy part is you end up with a sort of love hate relationship with the place.

This review is from an expat living in Ukraine:

> I did buy Roosh's other books, and while they were very good indeed—i.e., they helped me understand the mentality of Western women—they are of limited practical value to me, as I am only interested in the women from between the

Yalu and the Vistula. I was much pleased when Roosh released Bang Poland, quickly devoured it, and noted to myself that I shall revisit Poland. Finally when Roosh offered review copies of Bang Ukraine, I asked for one. Imagine my surprise when he sent me a copy. Thanks Roosh! I've been waiting for Bang Ukraine for a very long time!

Bang Ukraine's format is very much like Roosh's other travel guides. He spends 5 pages on the Ukrainian culture, 3 pages on Ukrainian cities, 5 pages on Ukrainian logistics (i.e, where to stay et al), 12 pages on Ukrainian girls—their mentality, approach index, et al. 36 pages of the book is spent on gaming girls in the Ukraine, which actually flows into the section on the girls, as Roosh goes into detail about the mentality of the typical Ukrainian girl. A further 33 pages is spent detailing his personal experience with the girls. The rest few pages of the book is about logistics in Kharkov, which I promptly skipped.

Roosh's expository on the Ukrainian culture and cities are too short to do anyone any good, but honestly, he's not writing as a ethnographer here—if you really want to know more about the culture, buy a book on that.

His sections on logistics is dead on, as is his description of the cities. I must say, I found his description of Kharkov as an "industrial shit-hole" to be rather funny. I frankly, do not find these cities to be shit-holes, and find them to be far more enjoyable than your typical American suburb. As Roosh noted himself, the level of talent will more than make up for any lack aesthetics in city planning. But as the Russians say, каждый дрочит, как он хочет (every man jerks off the way he wants—i.e., whatever floats your boat). As a side note, Khakov boasts one of the most idiotic mayors on this side of the Dniper, as you can see here:

For those of you who don't know what a typical "industrial shithole" looks like, look no further than this music video by Nastia Komenskih:

Back to the review… Roosh's description of the mentality of the typical Ukrainian girl is very accurate. He posits that the girls are out to extract as much as possible out of the guy; the love tourist should to be careful not to spend too much initially on the girl, as she will automatically put you in a potential husband category, thus slowing down the potential lay. Roosh offers many other nuggets of wisdom, such that I wished that I would have read this books years ago, as I would have had much more lays.

I would add, however, that he suffers from not being fluent in Russian. (Yes, Russian—if you're going to the Ukraine, don't bother studying Ukrainian, learn Russian, or just use English.) That said, this book is a must read for anyone who is thinking about going to the Ukraine—both for your casual love tourist, as well as any wife-hunters.

I would like to add that for the exactly reasons Roosh talked about, for the expats who are willing to commit to the Ukraine long term, this is the mythical PP. If you are a man of means, the entire Donbas can be your oyster. Competition for the

> greater beta (an actual beta will get his balls handed to him, mixed with сметана—sour cream) in the Ukraine is fierce, leading to acts of mate stealing, and giving rise to the phrase жена – не стена (a wife is not a wall/barrier—meaning, I don't care if he's married, I can compete with his wife, because I'm younger/hotter/tighter).
>
> I would like to add a word of warning for the neophyte; the Ukrainian mentality is not exactly the same as the Russian mentality. The Ukraine suffers from a "small country" mentality, leading to silly arguments with Ukrainian nationalists about whether their country should be called the Ukraine or simply Ukraine (I believe it should have a "the" as any country whose name starts with an adjective, even if in another language, should have the "the", e.g., the Argentine, the Nederlands, et al). A joke sums up the Ukrainian mentality very well:
>
> When Russia turned off the gas to the Ukraine, the Ukrainian parliament sent Yulia Timosheko to the Kremlin to negotiate. Upon arrival, Putin posits that he will turn back the gas in return for a blow job from Timoshenko. She agrees, but insists Putin stand on a chair. After said act, Putin asks why he needed to stand on a chair. "Because," Timosheko answers, "Ukrainians never kneel in front of Russians!"

This review is from an American who visited Kiev for two weeks:

> Having just read Bang Poland in September (was in Poland), and reading Bang Iceland a few weeks ago (heading there in a few weeks), Bang Ukraine definitely had a different feel than Roosh's other books.
>
> It follows the same framework and outline, but Bang Ukraine felt more instructional and calculated than the others. And not in a bad way – Ukraine is so damn crazy and hard to understand that it likely needs a more direct and no nonsense approach to it. Of course the story portion was great as always and had me actually laughing aloud to myself.
>
> My experience in Ukraine differed from Roosh's in a lot of ways, which I can almost guarantee is because I stayed in Kiev the capital as opposed to the industrial shithole of Kharkiv. So while some things were quite different living in the major city (one night stands, more drinking, more promiscuity, etc.), Roosh was dead on about a lot of the ingrained attitudes of these girls.
>
> First off, Roosh is right that the level of femininity you will experience will shock your senses. Heels, skirts, hair, makeup all the time and done well. It's fantastic.
>
> Next, I do agree that it is quite impossible to swoop in for a weekend and succeed. Even though I had success it wasn't until I was there for a week into my 10 night trip where I started "figuring" things out. His methodology is damn accurate with the type of touching and aggressiveness you have to put out. Only in Ukraine did I touch like this and have it widely accepted. I also agree with his beliefs about when to get the number, and about acting like a "man" as I've

> never seen it so required and expected as it was in Ukraine to be a non-apologetic man in the most traditional sense.
>
> The description of what it was like talking with girls was very similar as well. The funny thing is, and now that I think back about it, is how much these girls change once you bang them. I also had a mini-gf (though not as long as Roosh), and it was actually refreshing to have a girl become funny and cook and clean for you and so on. You get a great girlfriend that you enjoy talking to, seeing and generally being around.
>
> I'm always a fan of the stories section. However dare I say that Roosh's Yulia story was quite long…perhaps a sign of how much he liked her? Awww… Just kidding my friend, having seen a glimpse at what these girls could offer visually and with their femininity I can see how what you describe happened to you would happen to most men. And back to the story, even though it was a longer story the reader is still entertained throughout and waiting to see how it ends.
>
> Enjoyed the read and highly suggest it to those traveling to Ukraine, especially for Kharkiv and other smaller cities.

And finally there is a review from Bronan:

> When you think of Ukraine, you probably think of Chernobyl, beets and oppression. At least that's what I think of, and not just because I have a beet fetish. Shh, don't tell anybody.
>
> Luckily travel writer and love tourist Roosh V is here to sort of confirm my beety suspicions about Ukraine with his newest travel guide Bang Ukraine. Unfortunately for haters across the globe, Roosh has stated that Bang Ukraine will be his last travel guide. Fortunately for you, Roosh is going out with a bang (you get it?!?!?! Bang???!?!?!??1!). I've reviewed several of Roosh's guides in the past and Bang Ukraine is probably my favorite work so far.

If you liked this post then you'll like Bang Ukraine, my 103-page book that teaches you how to sleep with Ukrainian women during a visit to the country. It contains tourist tips, game advice, and sex stories that give you all the information you need to bang hyper-feminine Ukrainian women, with extra details not released on the blog. **Click here to learn more about the book**.

What Comes After Bang Ukraine?

January 12, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I've received a lot of questions about what I plan on doing next. Here is a video of my thoughts, including a prediction for 2013…

After a week of nothing but Ukraine, the blog will return back to normal on Monday. Thanks to everyone who ordered this weekend—your purchases will keep me fed and sheltered for some time.

Destiny Is Real

January 13, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

When you look back five years and think of how you arrived to your present condition, you probably nod with understanding as you recall the work, effort, and bit of luck that brought you here. The road to now may even have some logic to it. But if you asked yourself five years ago to predict this moment, or a man from a time machine gave you a vision of how you would be in five years, you'd be shocked, disappointed, or frightened. You wouldn't have been able to imagine moving from point A to point B, though once you've made it to point B, it becomes rather sensible how that journey took place.

Within your genetics, influences, character, and temperament, there is only a small list of outcomes that are possible for you. There may be fits and starts to get to that outcome but the destiny will eventually be realized, sort of like how a toddler falling down while learning to walk doesn't create doubt in anyone that it will one day be a great walker. This outcome can only be altered by your influences, which you are exposed to by chance. Each influence you stumble across tweaks your destiny.

Early in youth you are like a boat in the ocean, whose movement is easily affected by the wind and wake. As your influences gain in focus and consistency and your character becomes more stable, you become like a car, far more stable than the boat. You have great variability on which lane to pick and what position to take within that lane, but you're still sensitive to weather and other drivers on the road.

Once you believe you've found truth or wisdom or happiness, and are sure of your path, you become like a train. Your destiny is now ordained, and you will only be affected by the greatest of calamities such as a hurricane or earthquake. Your speed can vary but it alters the arrival of your destination by only a few minutes.

The only degree of free will that you have is the influences you select—the friend you spend time with, the book you read, and the movie you watch. These help determine the mode of your transport and its direction and speed. Most humans fail to graduate from steering a boat, remaining a slave to the environment, whipped around in all manner of storms. But the train is not so easily affected. The heaviest of storms can impede its progress but to a small degree. Its tracks guarantee it will arrive to the destination.

I just stated that you have free will in choosing your influences, but do you really? How did you choose the last book you read? You had many choices, I'm sure, but it's the previous books you read and whether you enjoyed them or not, whether their message agreed with your nature or not, that ended up determining the next book you picked. Therefore you did not have complete free will. In fact, I believe you have no free will at all in picking your influences. They were randomly thrust upon you at the right time at a crucial point in your development as a human being. Show me the last ten books you read and a selection of ones you are thinking of buying now, and I will guess with significant accuracy which one you read next. It would be obvious to me, just like how the

route from point A to point B is obvious when you look back from point B.

You are a vessel, a bridge to the accomplishment or execution of something, whether it's performing labor, disseminating a message, or transmitting ideas. You had no choice in this matter. Reading this article right now was not an exercise in free will. You have been influenced throughout your life to be primed to read it at *this point in time* when your mind would put up zero resistance to its reading. You may not agree with its contents, but the choice to read it was not yours. It was a long journey that was shaped by the chance of your influences against your genetics, character, and temperament.

When I decided to visit Ukraine, it was because a germ that started from my birth was at a certain bloom and decided that Ukraine would best serve its interests. When I study Polish, it's because the season has changed and the climate has now become suited for a task which my mind believes is more important. When I decide to write a book, that decision was influenced by everything that has happened to me in my 33 years of life. It is actually impossible for me *not* to write the book when the idea pops into my mind. I am but a vessel to this task.

We have complete control over our day-to-day activities. Tomorrow you have a choice in how to fill your day, as you can decide on a whim to call in sick or skip class, but a day is but a drop in a man's life. The driver inside you does not care for a day because it operates in years. It is steering you. The influences that you have picked in the past, or rather the influences that found you at the right time in your development, determine your future. Point B is unknown, as even the most intelligent man cannot predict what lies ahead, but when you get there it will be so obvious and fitting that you may even trick yourself into thinking that you actually predicted it—no, that you consciously *controlled it* every step of the way! But you have no control. The randomness of being influenced, which would closely resemble to what scientists call nurture, may trick you into thinking you had some choice along the way.

Sometimes I open a book that I think will be important, and a thought enters my head. That thought goes something like this: "This book is going to take me down a path which I know not the end, but which the end is written, and at that end I may remember this book and how it opened my eyes to a new idea that was very agreeable to me, or a new behavior which I was eager to try, and it will put me one step closer to an end that is a total mystery." And I nod my head and start reading, understanding the power of influence and how it shapes my destiny.

Read Next: *One Piece Of Advice*

An Avalanche Of Feminist Hate

January 15, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

On Return Of Kings yesterday I posted the The 9 Ugliest Feminists In America. I wanted to make an objective statement about the physical appearance of America's dimmest feminist minds. I didn't challenge their views, talk about rape, or say that women should be denied suffrage. No matter, because the feminists went apeshit and melted the server down. I've never experienced anything like it.

The who's who of the Jezebel junta took a break from being oppressed by the patriarchy to share their thoughts..

Amanda seemed to have been especially wounded at my jab that she was injected with testosterone in the womb. There was also a tweet from Feministing to it's 64,000 followers, "congratulating" their leader Jessica Valenti for making the list, but it has since been deleted. I also mustn't forget the tweet from—I kid you not—a "fat studies scholar." I believe it involves studying feminism while simultaneously eating cupcakes.

Wonkette, which I don't believe is still operational, had an extensive post published soon after the initial tweet...

> Roosh is a cool dude. He is a pickup artist Mens' Rights Activist who will take a break from boning all the world's hottest women to teach you how to rape Ukrainian girls or something.
>
> But Roosh is sad we guess, maybe his pageviews are not everything he would like them to be, but he has come up with a surefire way to get all the sweet honey clicks, and that is by ranking all the ugliest feminazis, obvs. So Sandra

> Fluke is obviously a grotesque monster (just look at her!) plus she makes you pay for her birth control.

I'm a PUAMRA now.

On the blog of Rebecca Watson (the feminist who tried to bring down great man Richard Dawkins after a nerd hit on her in an elevator), one of her writer's tried to make an insult…

> Basically, a dude who is so handsome he can only be depicted as a cartoon lest everyone die from orgasm should his actual photo ever be published, took a list of outspoken feminists and declared them ugly and the world was like 'WHOA! THAT'S SO ORIGINAL AND DEEP! NO ONE HAS EVER CALLED FEMINISTS UGLY BEFORE! You, faceless cartoon man whose legal name is totally definitely Roosh IRL because why would you hide behind a pseudonym, are a true hero!"

A simple Google image search on "roosh" would have quickly led her to my true identity:

No feminist outrage is complete without the house male feminist defending his masters. Here is a man, a word I use with great reluctance, whining that he didn't make the list…

> ..there is not a single feminist man in the entire list. I feel so very left out — not to mention offended on behalf of my gender.

He outdoes himself, however:

> Yep, every single woman listed is in fact beautiful.

Every single woman listed is in fact not. How deep does your balls have to be buried in your blubber folds to find this woman beautiful:

Mangina par excellence Hugo Schwyzer also whined about not being put on, no doubt in order to maintain his supply of stretched feminist vagina.

Someone asked me why I would resort to such childish name calling. It's the same reason I call out cockblockers. The cockblocker already cost me the girl so there is no real physical gain in confronting her, but my words hurt her and ruin her night. Bitching her out means she will probably suffer the same fate as me: having her night disturbed. That satisfies me.

Thanks to the feminist movement, America is lost for me and a lot of other men. Nothing positive will come from America's contaminated womb in the next couple of decades, but like confronting a rude cockblocker, I want to offend them. I want them to know that there is a man ape somewhere in Eastern Europe whose words can cause the feminist sphere on Twitter to lose their shit. That's all. I don't want to talk to them or argue with them, and I don't want to debate them. Many men smarter than me have provided reasonable and logical arguments that unfortunately are like planet kryptonite to a feminist. They cannot be convinced and they cannot see reality. They don't even possess enough math skills to read a chart with basic statistics. The *only two ways* to annoy them is to mock rape or call them ugly. Anything else and you're wasting your time.

I wanted to send a message that I consider them unattractive women. They received that message and were wounded by it, enough to get their followers to throw hate at me all day. Happiness for me as a man and as an American is helping men get what they want out of life while pissing off the very women who are contributing to America's horrendous cultural and female decline. Judging by that standard, I gotta say that yesterday was a good day.

Read Next: *The Decline Of American Women*

Growth Vs. Comfort

January 17, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Should a man structure his life around comfort or around growth?

Comfort, principally in the form of poosy paradise, is very appealing to me. I want to settle in an environment where the sex is easy and low effort. I want to have liberal use of my free time and not be forced to work, lift weights, or study languages. I want to be able to make spontaneous plans, party every night, and generally pursue a hedonistic path without cause for worry about the future.

On the other hand, growth, in the form of hard work, is also appealing to me. I want to struggle in my efforts to get laid so that I learn more about seduction and human nature. I want to have a daily schedule busy with tasks that add value to my life and others. I want to exercise my brain and my body, as time consuming as it is. I want to fail more often than not to discover truths of the universe.

The problem with comfort is that over time there's an atrophy of skill and ability. You start to forget what enabled you to experience comfort in the first place. The problem with growth is that you're forever running on a treadmill, only intermittently enjoying your labor. I ache for both comfort and growth simultaneously, seesawing almost daily. If I have a tough night in the club, my mind starts thinking of booking a ticket to where poosy was easy. If I bang out a girl over a few days, emptying my balls, I start wishing for the excitement and variety of the game, of something new and different. If I write a new book, I'm ready for a hiatus where I can sit back for weeks, but just a couple of days into it, new ideas pop in my head and I can't wait to get back to work.

The problem lies in the ability to easily change your environment. That bad night at the club, if I let it, could very well send me to an entirely new city. Therefore the question is not so much whether to choose growth or comfort, but **impulse or restraint**. Those who choose comfort are impulsive, unable to delay gratification, while those who choose growth are able to maintain this delay in the pursuit of long-term goals. Do you have a role model who chose a life of impulse? Did great men of the past choose impulse instead of continuous hard work?

I think it becomes obvious which is the correct path that enables you to be the best man you can be. Comfort should can be chosen after great success, but only temporarily, because comfort is weakness and growth is strength. A life of growth is the life of man.

Read Next: *It's Better To Have Guts Than Brains*

It’s The Patriarchy’s Fault

January 22, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I was late today to work because I accidentally switched the AM/PM setting on my alarm. It’s the patriarchy’s fault! They construct technology solely for men, not understanding that my needs as a woman are different.

At a work meeting my manager criticized an idea I had for one of our ad campaigns. I excused myself to the bathroom where I cried for twenty minutes. It’s the patriarchy’s fault! They simply are unable to peel away their inherent bias to see the value of a woman’s idea compared to that of a privileged man’s.

At my co-ed kickball game today we lost by a large margin to a team that had one man who was very athletic. It’s the patriarchy’s fault! Men should not be able to perform with 100% effort on the field because, even though men and women are the same, men are just a little bit faster in sports. This creates unnatural distortions during games when we’re just supposed to be socializing and having fun. Men should be required to wear 20 pound leg weights so we have more equality during competition.

At the happy hour after the game, a creepy guy asked me for my phone number and it made me feel weird. It’s the patriarchy’s fault! Men should know better than to offend the cultured sensibilities of a woman by thinking they can get sex from just anyone. I will be writing a letter to the kickball league so that I don’t have to bear to see him anymore.

On my drive home there was an accident on the road that caused a massive backup in traffic. It’s the patriarchy’s fault! The accident was obviously caused by a man whose testosterone was raging too high. Men with high testosterone should drink more soy milk.

At dinner I lost all self-control and ate an entire box of cupcakes that I was saving for a dinner party. It’s the patriarchy’s fault! Subsidies to male sugar farmers causes an overproduction of delicious sweets. I should not have been able to buy so many cupcakes at an affordable price. The government should step in and do something about it.

I logged onto OK Cupid today and I got messages from all these losers making comments about some minor cleavage I displayed in one of my pictures. It’s the patriarchy’s fault! Men treat women like objects instead of intellectual creatures. They are so blind to the personalities of women that it’s no surprise that anti-social autistic diseases afflict mostly men.

I called my dad and asked him for some career advice. He told me that I have to think about my ideas more carefully. It’s the patriarchy’s fault! I shouldn’t have to work harder than men for equal work but less pay. I’m so sad that my dad is trying to manipulate me to serve men better, but thankfully Obama is on the case to solve this horrible problem.

I looked in the mirror and absolutely hated what I saw. Even though I’m only 30 pounds overweight, I shouldn’t loathe my own body for any reason. It’s the patriarchy’s fault! They are pushing unrealistic standards on women that are utterly impossible to maintain

in the busy and independent lifestyle that women have today.

I watched a reality television episode where one of the female characters was actually *pushed* by a man after she slapped him for being an insensitive jerk. It's the patriarchy's fault! Men should never hit women for any reason. Shame on men everywhere for not speaking up against male-on-female violence.

I read an article in Cosmo magazine that tried to teach me 100 ways to please a man. It's the patriarchy's fault! This male-owned magazine is just perpetuating negative stereotypes where women are metaphorically enslaved by horny men who just want to get their rocks off. I did enjoy the celebrity gossip page, however.

I lay in bed after such a horrible day and cried myself to sleep. It's the patriarchy's fault! A world in which I'm unhappy and have to experience unpleasantries shouldn't exist. Tomorrow I hope I will be perceived as beautiful by everyone I come across, be complimented for my great ideas, and be approached by an intelligent, sexy, funny, tall, rich, and well-endowed man who respects my independence and strength. Please god destroy the evil patriarchy so that nothing bad will happen to me ever again. Only then can I finally be happy.

Read Next: *I'm Ready To Man Up*

The Approachable Girl Metric

January 24, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Every time you step foot into a bar, you're faced with a choice on whether to stay or not. That decision can make or break your chance to get laid. Is there a way to consistently make the right choice?

I believe there is. Simply count the Approachable Girls (AG) in the venue. If it's greater than one, you're in a good spot.

Let me define an AG, so you can see why having only one or two in a venue is a lot harder than it sounds. An AG is a girl who:

is not with any guys
is bangable (in your book)
is not sitting down at a table
is not dancing
is not plugged into her phone
is not with more than two people

The above criteria is what I've observed as key to being able to do high-impact approaches with basic game ability and a low rejection rate. You're also less likely to get cockblocked. Of course you can approach girls who are dancing or who are in mixed-set groups, but those take much extra labor and have a high chance of failure. The AG score aims for success without stress. For that you'll need a score of at least 1 in order to justify staying in any venue.

Believe it or not, some huge clubs can have AG scores that are 0. The venue may have a lot of girls, but they are not in a desirably approachable state. Here's a run down of AG scores and what they mean:

AG = 1. Typical for a weeknight bar scene. Stay for only a drink.
AG = 2. Average bar or club. Worth staying for longer.
AG = 3. Solid prospects. Buckle down for the night.
AG > 3. You must be in Ukraine, Croatia, or Poland. Look around, maybe you'll see my big head.

Bottom line is the higher the AG score, the more likely you'll get some type of close. If you're faced with three venues on a Friday night, count the AGs in each and then return to the one with the highest. It's that simple.

My mind came up with the AG score because the male to female ratio was no longer a reliable indicator of how I did. In some places I pulled better when there was a bad ratio than a good one that should've been easier. I found that what matters more is not the number of females present or the ratio, but whether they are *approachable*. Once I see at least two of these approachable sets, I know I'm in an acceptable place, regardless of what else is going on. I buckle in and get ready to put in some work.

Read Next: *The Flag Metric*

15 Factors That Determine If A City Is Great For Men

January 27, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I'm sure you're no stranger to the game SimCity and how changing one variable can have a huge effect on the makeup of your creation. Real life is no different, with thousands of variables and factors that constitute the temperament of any city.

My mission for the past couple of years has been to discover the most important variables that contribute to whether or not a city is poosy paradise. That is, what has to be present for the city to contain feminine, beautiful women who are relatively easy to get into bed while also contenting the spirit of the man who lives on its grounds? I've come up with fifteen factors…

1. Total Population. It's no accident that "big city mentality" has come to have negative connotations. Girls will be less friendly, more "busy," and more hypergamous in their attempt to land one of the many hyper-successful men that you have to compete with. Big cities also pose logistical problems, are more expensive, and are generally soul draining places that take man far away from his ancestral nature. I've determined that the optimum city size is between 500,000 to 1.5 million people, large enough to offer wide selection and variety, but small enough where women are friendly and male competition less intense.

2. Demographics. Many internet articles and almanacs claim high female-to-male ratios in the 18-65 cohort for many cities, but when you narrow it down to 18-30, you'll find that most places are hopeless sausage fests. While not all sausage fests are equally bad, a city must provide a man with encouragement and inspiration to be socially active. Sausage fests give little of either. It's also obvious that a woman will be less willing to date you if there is a seemingly unlimited supply of guys for her to sample.

3. City Vs Suburb Density. The city core should be denser than the outlying suburbs. Otherwise quality women will be too diffuse and dating will be logistically hard. Two examples of cities where suburbs are more dense than the city centers are Toronto and Washington DC, arguably the two worst cities in North America for men. Dense city centers also pave the way for more day game opportunities. You won't have to walk around for an hour just to do two approaches.

4. Nightlife Blueprint. A city like Rio de Janeiro has many nightlife areas, but they are spread out over a large area. Same goes for Kharkiv, Ukraine. The effect of this is that you sample less venues and reluctantly settle into spots that may not suit your game best, eventually resulting in a lower ROI. If you need to take a taxi to get around, the nightlife is far from optimal. You want to have compact nightlife centers like in Cordoba, Poznan, Krakow, Reykjavik, and Tartu, where taxis are not needed.

5. Local Economy. The stronger the economy, the less able you will be able to "impress" a girl coming from America. Ideally you want a girl to think that by associating with you, her life may be improved in some way other than sex. Otherwise you will be in a

city where the desirable women are holding out for high status men. On the other hand, you don't want a city so poor that women can't afford to dress nice, wear perfume, and go out to day or night venues. The city should only be "a little bit" poor.

6. Adoption Of Feminism. While cities that are highly feminist pave the way for one-night stands, they tend to destroy hope of finding pleasant and feminine women. You can identify feminist growth by staying on top of news stories where the latest "slut walk" is heralded as a momentous human rights victory. You must also understand that for cities without feminism, women have high expectations of men to provide and lead. If you are unable to do this, you may have trouble in non-feminist cities.

7. iPhone Penetration. In foreign countries, not all smartphones are created equal. Girls who own iPhones show more negative behavior than girls who own a utilitarian Android phone that costs less than half as much (only in America are iPhones cheap). The presence of iPhones are the canary in the coal mine for how much flaking, attitude, and general difficulty you'll face with foreign women who are obsessed with seeking status. While smartphones will eventually blanket the world, you should pay close attention to the ratio of iPhones to Android models in your determination of whether a city will be good to you or not.

8. Level Of Male Aggressiveness And Game. While you don't compete with any one man in a city, you do compete with the collective. If the standard of game is higher, you will get less than in a city where the standard is lower, regardless of how high your own level may be. When I was in Poznan, I witnessed an atrocious level of game where guys wouldn't approach (when they did it was only on the dance floor). I concluded that Polish guys have no game, but when I went to Warsaw I was amazed to see guys approaching like animals, with both talking and dance game. They were fearless enough that they neutralized my "chill guy in the bar" game.

A high standard of game is also the case in Brazil, unlike its nearby neighbor Colombia. Ideally you want to be in a city where the guys don't know how to approach or are scared to. Besides, if you see guys approaching like machines, chances are you're in a city where game is required due to women being difficult or existing in a low ratio.

9. Depth Of Social Connections. Assuming you're a guy who will arrive in a city without knowing anyone, you don't want the city's populace to be heavily dependent on social circle for their human interaction needs. If the people are so insular that it's hard for an outsider to swoop in and access the local women, you're in for a tough grind. The two cities where I found social circle to be extremely important were Gotenburg and Cordoba. You can pickup in those cities, but your results will be paltry compared to integrating yourself into a social circle instead.

Since social circle game is an indirect method to getting laid, I must conclude that social circle dependent cities are not ideal for the player. On the other hand, cities that have very weak social circle connections (Washington DC) means that women will be more open to playing the field and openly receiving constant attention from men, especially via internet dating sites. The cities I've done best in is when the average girl I meet has only

one or two good friends that she's not obsessed with seeing every weekend.

10. Western Culture Omnipresence. A slight fascination with Western culture (particularly American) will help you show value and get your foot in the door, but a heavy fixation will also coincide with a desire for material excess, a Carrie Bradshaw dating lifestyle, and attitude and speech that unfortunately mirrors that of a standard-issue American girl. I've witnessed first-hand the damaging effects of Eastern European girls living in America for more than a couple months and how it made them undatable. The ideal balance is when she's curious about American culture but not actively idolizing it.

Closely related to Western culture obsession is a strong table service culture. If the major clubs actively seek and court men to pay for expensive bottles, you're going to experience difficulty with picking up at night.

11. English Penetration. Full penetration of English, as in Scandinavia and the Anglosphere, will coincide with obesity, flip flop style, and masculine attitude. But too little English, like in Eastern Ukraine and Colombia, and you're simply unable to communicate. The sweet spot is about a 60% penetration rate, which means that a little more than half the girls you talk to in the 18-30 cohort are conversational in English. You'll be upset at some beautiful girls you can't communicate with, but there will still be a large sample of English speakers who are feminine and pleasing.

12. Cost Of Living. The lower the better, assuming that low cost doesn't decrease the quality of other variables. I've lived in many great cities for under $2,000 a month, and that includes living alone in a centrally located apartment. Ironically, the more expensive the city, the worse the women tend to be.

13. Hipster Culture Adoption Rates. Hipsterism is de-feminizing: it promotes smoking, grotesque body mutilation in the form of piercings and tattoos, ugly style, and sarcastic attitudes. However, a slight hipster culture is acceptable in that it yields easier women and a greater variety of night venues. It's only when there are too many hipsters that women no longer need to look or act feminine.

14. Major Universities Per Capita. If you want a city with young women who are untainted by dating, you need cities that have at least one major university per 100,000 people. Otherwise you'll have an older female population of women who already went through their slut stage and now expect you to wine and dine them in order to put out, compared to younger girls who will ride your penis for experience or experimentation. Huge cities may have many universities but the students are diluted due to the population size, meaning it's quite difficult for cities over 1 million in population to hold to this rule.

15. Crime Level. A city with crime doesn't affect you as much as it tenses up women and makes it more difficult to approach them in day situations. If a girls thinks strange men who approach may be a mugger, it will be much harder to have a conversation with her that results in a number being exchanged. Another problem of a high crime level is that girls refuse to walk alone at night, taking away yet another solid opportunity to

approach. Lastly, lots of crime means you need to take taxis to get around, increasing the cost of living for that city.

I'm sure there are more factors that I've yet to observe or understand, but I believe these fifteen are the most important in evaluating cities for a pleasing lifestyle full of feminine women. A man will save time and ultimately thousands of dollars if he does research on the above factors before planning to spend a lot of time in any one location.

Read Next: *How To Become An International Playboy*

Poor People Are Happy

January 29, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

SWPL: “Money is the root of all evil. It doesn’t bring happiness.”

Roosh: “Please explain.”

SWPL: “I visited Bolivia recently and did a tour of the salt flats. On the way over we stopped at a village that was extremely poor. I felt bad at first, but then these little kids ran up to me with the biggest smiles I’ve ever seen in life. They were covered in dirt and grime, even on their faces, and were wearing tattered clothing, but I swear, they were the happiest human beings I’ve met.”

R: “Did the kids want anything from you?”

SWPL: “Yes, they stuck their hands out. I gave them some chocolate.”

R: “Did the chocolate satisfy them?”

SWPL: “Did it ever! They were so happy, ripping open the packaging and shoving it down their little mouths. It was amazing how such a simple item gave them so much pleasure. If I gave you chocolate you probably wouldn’t even be half as happy.”

R: “Is there anything else you could have given them that would have made them even happier?”

SWPL: “Um, I don’t know.”

R: “How about new pairs of pants?”

SWPL: “I guess. Their pants did seem old.”

R: “How about if you constructed a new house with air conditioning. Would that have made them happier than your chocolates?”

SWPL: “You’re just being silly now.”

R: “I’m asking you hypothetically. Of course I know you are not able to build a new house for them.”

SWPL: “Okay then, yes, I guess making them a house with air conditioning would make them happier than chocolates. It was mighty hot and they didn’t even have fans.”

R: “How about if you gave them $10,000. They could use that to build a new house, eat for a year, and buy as much chocolate as they want. Would that make them happy?”

SWPL: “Yes. I think $10,000 would make anyone happier.”

R: “But you said they don’t need money to be happy.”

SWPL: “Now you’re twisting my words. I said that without money they are *capable* of being more happy than people who are richer than them.”

R: “Are you richer than them?”

SWPL: “Yes.”

R: “Are those kids, and by extension, their families, happier than you?”

SWPL: “Yes, I believe so.”

R: “What is the reason that they are happier than you?”

SWPL: “Because they are better able to appreciate the little things in life that we, in our fast-paced capitalist lifestyle, fail to appreciate.”

R: “Do you want to be happier than you are now?”

SWPL: “Yes, of course.”

R: “So when do you plan on moving to the Bolivian dirt village?”

SWPL: “Don’t be stupid.”

R: “Why wouldn’t you move if it would make you happier?”

SWPL: “I can’t. I have my family and friends here. I have responsibilities.”

R: “What responsibilities?”

SWPL: “I have student loans.”

R: “The student loan companies will chase you to Bolivia?”

SWPL: “I can’t just move there!”

R: “So you don’t want to be happier than you are now?”

SWPL: “I want to, but the culture is different. I would have to learn Spanish.”

R: “Learning a language is a small price to pay for being happy. I’m sure with even your meager savings you can live a year in the dirt village without having to work.”

SWPL: “But… the village doesn’t have internet.”

R: “You need internet to be happy?”

SWPL: “I’ve gotten used to it. Look, if I was born in the dirt village I would have been happier, but since I was born in America, I can’t just go live there.”

R: “Are things like plumbing, air conditioning, supermarkets, and clean clothes important to you?”

SWPL: “Yes.”

R: “It is to me, too. I wouldn’t live in the dirt village. It would make me less happy.”

SWPL: “See that’s what you don’t understand. It makes *them* happier. They are used to the village and can appreciate living with less stuff.”

R: “If you gave them a choice between living in the dirt village and swapping lives with you in the suburbs, with its fast-paced capitalist lifestyle, which would they pick?”

SWPL: “They would want to live here, but it’s because they don’t know better. They would wind up being less happy than in the dirt village.”

R: “They wouldn’t be happier with plumbing, internet, and less dirt?”

SWPL: “Okay, well, maybe a little happier at first. Then they would get bored.”

R: “Being bored with something, or taking it for granted, reduces your happiness levels so that you long for poverty?”

SWPL: “I don’t know.”

R: “How much time did you spend with the dirt children?”

SWPL: “About ten minutes.”

R: “And during that time you were able to evaluate their needs, their desires, and then conclude that they enjoyed living in dirt housing with the most basic of sustenance?”

SWPL: “Their smiles were very real to me.”

R: “I have no doubt that they were, but if I saw a person of wealth 1000 times greater than that of myself, my smile would be genuine as well as I stuck my hand out. I’d hope that that person would pity me and give me just a tiny percentage of his wealth so that I could get a taste of his more comfortable and pleasurable lifestyle.”

SWPL: “They don’t need that lifestyle.”

R: “Do you? Do you need the iPhone that you keep staring at every couple of minutes?”

SWPL: “I mean…”

R: “Is it possible that you interpreted their smiles incorrectly, and that they are indeed living a life which, had you lived it, would be close to suffering?”

SWPL: “I may have misinterpreted things.”

R: “You are not the first person to tell me that poor people are happy. Do you have an idea of why this is?”

SWPL: “I don’t.”

R: “It’s a self-defense mechanism.”

SWPL: “Explain.”

R: “It is inherently unfair that you have 1000 times more than another human being who, through the bad fortune of having been born in the wrong place at the wrong time, will never have a comfortable life that you take for granted, no matter how hard they work. If in your travels you were to see this and accept it for what it is, you would break down in tears at the horrible plight of many billions of people on this earth, but when you convince yourself—in fact delude yourself—into believing that poor people who live on $1 a day are happier than you, you are able to push away this realization so that your travels are uninterrupted by the cruelness of humanity, so that you can upload photos of dirt children on Facebook and receive the likes from your friends who comment on how happy the children seem to appear.”

SWPL: “I didn’t think of it that way.”

R: “If you were unable to trick yourself into thinking that hungry children are happier, how do you think that would change your travel plans?”

SWPL: “I would stop visiting poor countries, I guess.”

R: “Or you would just close your eyes to the poverty, as I have. Poverty is not your fault, but spreading the idea that poverty is happiness, or is somehow romantic, is an insult to those who are experiencing it.”

SWPL: “But I feel guilty that I have so much more than those kids.”

R: “Do you really?”

SWPL: “Yes. I wish they weren’t so poor.”

R: “How much money do you have saved up?”

SWPL: “Only $2,000. It’s my emergency fund.”

R: “Poor people live in perpetual emergency. Donate that money to a poor village. Let it go to their water and food. Do it now if you care about them!”

SWPL: “I can’t. I need it.”

R: “They need it, too.”

SWPL: “But I worked hard for it!”

R: “I thought you wished they weren’t so poor.”

SWPL: “Yeah but…”

R: “Do you still think poor people are happy?”

SWPL: “Not really.”

R: “Are you going to do anything about their plight?”

SWPL: “No.”

R: “And neither am I. Now go forth and continue your search for happiness. Work hard and pay off those student loans. Maybe soon you can afford another vacation.”

—

The above was inspired from the Bolivian chapter in my book *A Dead Bat In Paraguay*.

The New N-Word

February 5, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Back in the Jim Crow days, the quickest way for a white man to put down a black man was to call him a nigger. The black man would experience an immediate emotional reaction to the term and its associated stereotypes. Images of the white man's enslavement of his people would likely pop into his head. This word was a gift to white racists due to how quickly and easily it hurt the black man.

While the n-word still has the power of insult, it's not as strong as in the past. Today, black men use variants of it to cordially greet each other and you can find its use in rap music and stand-up comedy. As long as a white person doesn't it use it with the hard R, insult is not automatic.

There is a word today that women have adopted as their defacto n-word when they want to put down a man of any race. It has the immediate effect of making men feel weak and embarrassed. That word is "creepy."

Its definition has expanded over the years, going from something representing pedophilic or deviant behavior to anything which makes a woman even slightly uncomfortable. It's a powerful word that is successfully causing men to tread carefully around women for fear of getting the stain applied to them. It's being used to control men and make sure they don't question female behavior and overreach.

If you see yourself as a man who believes that feminism is hurting men, and that women have gained at the cost of men, you should never use this word. It must be banished from your vocabulary. Every time you use it, you validate its use by a woman to trash your own gender, giving it even more power.

Whenever you hear someone say "creepy," whether a man or a woman, you must stop the speaker and question why they used it, just as if they were using the n-word. Their answer will likely come down to one of two reasons:

1. A man said a critical thing which hurt a girl's feelings.
2. A man was being masculine.

Being critical and being masculine is my human right like it is yours. Allowing women and their enablers to get away with using this word will have the end result of emasculating men who fear being labeled it.

Women know that words are extremely powerful in causing negative emotional states, which is why they are crusading against the use of words like "slut" and "fat." While they campaign against having their behavior restrained in any way, they are simultaneously increasing the use of words like "creepy" to restrain men. Don't let this happen. Stop using the word creepy, and question its use every time you hear it.

Read Next: *The End Game Of American Feminism*

Everything Good That Happens To You Is Bad

February 7, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

> A farmer had only one horse. One day, his horse ran away.
>
> All the neighbors came by saying, “I’m so sorry. This is such bad news. You must be so upset.” The man just said, “We’ll see.”
>
> A few days later, his horse came back with twenty wild horses. The man and his son corraled all 21 horses.
>
> All the neighbors came by saying, “Congratulations! This is such good news. You must be so happy!” The man just said, “We’ll see.”
>
> One of the wild horses kicked the man’s only son, breaking both his legs.
>
> All the neighbors came by saying, “I’m so sorry. This is such bad news. You must be so upset.” The man just said, “We’ll see.”
>
> The country went to war, and every able-bodied young man was drafted to fight. The war was terrible and killed every young man, but the farmer’s son was spared, since his broken legs prevented him from being drafted.
>
> All the neighbors came by saying, “Congratulations! This is such good news. You must be so happy!” The man just said, “We’ll see.”

The above proverb comes in many forms, all showing how the first interpretation of events that happen to you is usually the emotional one. There is good in bad and bad in good, and both can be acted upon in a way to give balance. Otherwise life will toss you around like a doll as you hurry to categorize every event as “good” or “bad.”

The ancient Greeks believed that once you prepared for battle with the best troops and arms you could muster, the actual result would be based on fortune. If they lost many battles in a row, they’d actually use that as a reason to fight again, for fortune would surely not deal so many continuous defeats. While they did take superstition a bit far when cancelling an attack due to a solar eclipse or a strong storm, I believe their approach to life’s randomness was the correct one. They hoped for victory; they planned and trained for it, but the moment the first arrow flew, they understood that little more could be done.

Today, we try to eliminate the effects of fortune. We over-plan, over-estimate, and over-expect in the belief that it will guarantee a result. Then what happens when fortune plays its hand out of our favor? We fall like a house of cards…

- “Why is this happening to *me*?”
- “I didn’t do anything to deserve this.”
- “It’s too hard.”
- “I give up!”
- “Life isn’t fair.” (Sent from my iPhone)

If things didn’t go your way then it is “bad” and if things went fine then it is “good.” Modern humans, with all their superior technology and knowledge, have conditioned themselves to behave like laboratory rats, hitting a lever in the hopes of receiving a drop of morphine instead of an electric shock. Every day they hit the lever expecting a positive result, but when they don’t get that result they believe that life dealt them and only them a bad hand, no matter how many billions of people have a far lesser station.

Instead of being slaves to the result, we should let the god of probability determine our fate after preparing the best we could. While some emotion helps you stay invested in your goals, events are neither good or bad. When you act to the best of your ability, over the course of a lifetime, you’ll steadily be driven towards your desired result. The goal is not to be a master of your environment, but to be a master of how you let your mind interpret your environment.

Read Next: *One Piece Of Advice*

There Will Be No Bang Croatia

February 9, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

But there was a thorough breakdown. Check out these posts I wrote on Return Of Kings:

- Everything You Need To Know About Croatian Girls
- 22 Photos Of Pretty Croatian Girls
- 16 Tips For Having Sex With Croatian Girls
- Top 5 Clubs In Zagreb To Get Laid

Croatian girls in a nutshell: pretty and thin but increasingly require American-style game.

If you haven't been to ROK in a minute, here are some posts you may have missed:

- The 5 Easiest Clubs In The World To Get Laid
- How To Bang A Brazilian Woman In 5 Easy Steps
- All Girls Love Rough Sex
- An Amazing Manosphere Blog You've Never Seen
- 3 American Cities Men Must Avoid At All Costs
- How Black America Has Predicted Our Future
- American Women Simply Can't Compete
- Taking The Red Pill Destroyed My Family
- The Manosphere Is Reaching A Tipping Point
- The Ironies Of Female Empowerment

ROK has surpassed this site in page views for January (just over 1 million). The magazine-style layout makes that feat easier, but it's still a nice accomplishment. Stay on top of ROK posts by following its Twitter feed.

What Is Your Campaign?

February 10, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Projects are long and often require effort from a number of disciplines. They take research, planning, an execution for time periods that are usually longer than a year (e.g., writing a book, starting a business). While projects should be a part of any man's life, how about the smaller goals that can be completed in a couple months or even weeks? These goals are campaigns. They are short projects that require heightened focus and singular effort. Here are some examples:

1. You're traveling through the Baltics for one month and want to get all three flags. During that month you stop working and focus only on getting laid at all costs.

2. You want to increase your bench press by 50 pounds in eight weeks. You hit the bench three times a week and make it the first exercise in your routine.

3. It's summer and you want to learn how to barbecue. Every night after work you fire up the grill, causing you to miss your favorite happy hours.

4. You want to bang a Colombian girl but only possess basic high school Spanish. For two months you study Spanish four hours per day before visiting Bogota for ten days.

5. You want to study the Ancients. You buy The Landmark Herodotus, The Landmark Thucydides, Anabasis, and other historical works to slam them for three hours a day for six weeks.

6. You want to get a coffee shop bang. You hit coffee shops before work, during your lunch break, and after work, making a concerted effort to approach one girl each session. This requires you to wake up earlier and put aside other routines.

7. You want to start an internet business but you don't know the first thing about programming. You purchase three or four HTML/CSS books and learn enough in one month that you can complete your first landing page.

Campaigns cause you put everything else on the backburner in order to make a herculean effort into one singular goal. Your life temporarily becomes about this goal and nothing else. This surge is unsustainable due to its intensity, but the fact that it can be accomplished relatively quickly gives you the motivation to endure.

Two months should be the maximum for any campaign, and if you think it will take much longer than that then you're looking at a project that should require low-level daily effort instead of maximum daily effort. Campaigns are so consuming that other parts of your life will degrade until it's over. You know it's a good campaign when your friends and family discourage you from attempting it, saying that you should "take it easy" and not push yourself "so hard."

At the end of your campaign, you'll have accomplished a significant task or learned a new skill, all in a short period of time. You'll also notice something else—you now have a boatload of free time freed from campaigning. At first you'll be overjoyed with this prospect because you can go back to your old routine, but when you return to these base

activities, something simply doesn't feel right. You feel like you're wasting your time, like you're not moving forward.

Campaigning is a natural state for men. Several hundred years ago, men would alternate between sessions of farming and war. An Athenian would plant seeds in his farm, sail off to war, then come back to reap the harvest. Only since the Industrial Revolution and the division of labor have men been reduced to a cog that does the same task every day in the same environment with the same people. Campaigns are a great way to break free from the monotony of modern life, to open your world view in the time it takes to reap a harvest.

I urge you to take on a new goal that you can accomplish within two months from 2-4 hours of daily effort. Put all the inconsequential time sinks into the background. Once your campaign is complete, pat yourself on the back and take a well-deserved break. Feel the boredom gradually crawl back into your skin as each day not campaigning makes you feel increasingly empty. This is when you know it's time to take on another campaign.

Beginning in your 30s, you'll look back on your life and not recall the day-to-dry drudgery you've had to endure or the fools you've had to suffer, but all the great campaigns you've completed. As much as modern society would like to convince you otherwise, a life of campaigns—of taking on new goals and adventures—is the most natural state for man.

Read Next: *What Is Your Project?*

The End Game Of Feminism

February 12, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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The end game of feminism is to make it impossible for a female to do any wrong, absolving her from all responsibility for her actions, no matter how reprehensible. The fact that a human being has a vagina will soon mean that she can not make a bad decision about *anything*. Punishing or criticizing a woman for her life choices will be abolished.

Name one thing right now that a feminist would criticize their gender for doing. I'll save you the mental effort: there's nothing. There is absolutely nothing that a girl can do that would get hate from feminists. For example:

- Girl has no willpower and is 50 pounds overweight? Not her fault. She's beautiful. Social constructs need to be changed.
- Girl sluts around with 100 guys without condoms? Not her fault. She's empowered and strong.
- Girl is irresponsible with sex and has five abortions in her 20s? It's her body and she can do whatever she wants. A fetus inside her is not a living entity.
- Girl is making less money than men? The patriarchy is holding her down.
- Girl gets drunk in a guy's house and has sex with him? He took advantage of her. She was raped.
- Girl studies stupid major in college and can't get a job? The 1% owes her a marketing manager position.
- Girl sleeps with her college professor in exchange for a better grade? She was a victim. The professor took advantage of her.
- Girl likes dating guys much younger than her? You go girl! Rob that cradle!
- Girl experiences an uncomfortable moment of any kind? She's being harassed. Men are creeps.
- Girl travels to Italy or Spain to bang hot European men? She's romantic.
- Wife gets slapped by husband after she pushed him first? Call the police and send him to jail.
- Wife cheated on her faithful husband? He wasn't attending to her needs. She wasn't happy. Give her the kids and half his money.
- Mother runs over her own kid in an accident? The SUV wasn't safe. It's the auto industry's fault.
- Mother kills ***all*** of her kids? She was mentally sick. We must give her love instead of severe punishment.

On the flip side, almost anything a man does is wrong:

- Guy is nice to girl in hopes of getting sex one day? He's dishonest. He's the polar opposite of nice.

- Guy approaches girls in the bar in hopes of getting sex? He's a rando creep loser.
- Guy on OK Cupid says he wants a girl who doesn't play games? Let's publicly mock him on Tumblr.
- Guy graduates from college in field that uses math? He's privileged. We must create expensive programs to push girls into math while excluding boys.
- Guy makes a joke about fat girls? Hate speech.
- Guys says he doesn't date black girls with ghetto attitude? Racist.
- Guy likes working out to have strong muscles? Narcissist.
- Guy spends his money on a fast sports car? He's overcompensating for a small penis.
- Guy doesn't want to date girls because he's tired of flakes? He needs to stop being a boy and man up.
- Guy says he wants his wife to stay at home and raise the kids? Slaver.
- Guy believes in limited government without welfare? Right wing whacko.
- Guy believes hard work is eventually rewarded? Wants poor people in Africa to suffer and starve.
- Guy calls girls on the internet ugly? Whole internet comes pounding on his door.
- Guy hits on a girl on the street? Street harassment. Disturbing the peace.
- Guy travels to Ukraine to get laid? Sex tourist.
- Guy likes dating girls much younger than him? Sexual predator.
- Guy likes dating girls just a *little* bit younger than him? Immature and irresponsible.
- Hairy man says he likes to raw dog? Disgusting and foul.
- Promiscuous gay man spreads HIV through raw dogging? It's okay since he's gay. Give more taxpayer money to fund HIV research.

The most mundane male behavior is quickly attacked, while the most egregious female behavior is rewarded or ignored.

As a man, I can clearly see right and wrong behaviors within my own gender. For example, mixing Coca Cola with Johnnie Walker Black (or better) is wrong. Not lifting weights is wrong. But when it comes to feminism, and young American women in general, a man can't criticize a single thing they are doing without experiencing insults of sexism and misogynism. How can you possibly have a reasonable argument with a feminist if the leading organization of women is not willing to concede that even a crazy mother murdering her own kids is wrong?

I feel sorry for the man who attempts to engage feminists in intellectual debate with the hope of making them see the light or to understand reality. As you can see, that was never their goal at any point in time. They don't care about your arguments because you are a MAN. They won't accept your judgement of them because you are a MAN. Unless you are willing to admit that there is nothing wrong a woman can do, and that most male behavior needs to be corrected with help from the state, your efforts will be in vain. You're better off calling them ugly instead.

The Female Orgasm Is Trivial

February 14, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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There is nothing more meaningless and superfluous in the world than the female orgasm. Biologically, it is an accident of evolution. Whether a female has an orgasm or not does not affect her ability to become impregnated by a man's seed, which is ejected only when *he* has an orgasm. If men stop having orgasms, the human race will be extinct in 100 years. If females stop having orgasms, there will be much shrieking and fury in the pages of Cosmo, but the race will continue unimpeded. Fertility rates will not drop even 1%.

If spice was eradicated from the earth, and food suddenly became bland, would you stop eating? You'd miss certain tastes, but your health and well-being wouldn't be affected as you'd still get pleasure from chewing and feeling sated. If the female orgasm was abolished, women would continue to have sex because the act of sex, of feeling a man thrusting deep inside them with masculine power, is pleasing to the woman.

Giving a female an orgasm is like giving a child a piece of candy on top of his required sustenance. The candy may provide the parent with a temporarily ability to slack off on providing the child with its other more whimsical wants, such as a new toy, but otherwise the child's development or character will not be affected.

If a woman decided to have sex with you, that means you provide value to her besides the sexual. Whether you give her an orgasm or not is irrelevant, and she will continue seeing you even if the sex was uninspiring. The only breed of woman who is obsessed with sexual satisfaction are professional sluts who see you as a penis instead of a man. Nothing is lost for you by not having sex with them a second time, and even if you do provide these sluts with a great penis, she will soon ache for a new one. If anything, giving her an orgasm may add by one or two the amount of sexual episodes you have with her. Trying to satisfy her is actually a foolhardy investment for it doesn't guarantee your value in her eyes. The orgasm's hold on a woman is tenuous because she becomes accustomed to the pleasure that any one man can give her, quickly taking it for granted.

In fact, being able to give a woman an orgasm is more a curse than a blessing. She looks forward to the sex act not as a way to please you, as easy as that may be, but as a means for her pleasure alone. Her expectations rise at your expense while she forgets that you like orgasms too.

Recently I was having sex with a young Polish girl who was experiencing some pain, even though I deflowered her a month prior. A moment of weakness entered my brain and I asked, "Do you want me to stop?" She quickly corrected my error, saying, "No, I want you to finish." And finish I did, without providing her any pleasure except the emotional satisfaction in capitulating yet again to the only man who has ever violated her. Her opinion of me didn't change from her still lifetime lack of a vaginal orgasm, and she was more than eager to spend time with me in the future.

The type of woman that is worthy of your time doesn't care about her pleasure, only

yours. In fact, any woman who verbalizes her hope of experiencing an orgasm or—more obnoxiously—gives you unsolicited advice on how you could make her achieve one, is not at all worthy of your time. It would be like a child demanding candy from her parents even though those parents provide more than enough food for the child to survive and grow. A woman, it turns out, needs an orgasm like a fish needs a bicycle. Her orgasm is a vestigial relic that will face evolutionary pressure of eradication as nature realizes it's not essential.

I will nod my head if a woman tells me she has experienced an orgasm from my doing, but deep down I don't care one way or another. If she dislikes my bedroom program that she is free to leave at any time, for I know that there are way too many woman who correctly place more value in *my* orgasm, which has biological significance while hers does not. A man who even thinks about the female orgasm for just one minute of the year is misguided and wasting his time and energy on something that will not bring him any long-term satisfaction in his dealings with the opposite sex.

Read Next: *It Doesn't Matter If She Orgasms Or Not*

One Week In Montreal

February 17, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Wednesday:

The Liquor Store: Upon arrival I went to the liquor store to arm my afterparty move. In the vodka aisle I was debating whether I should get Absolut or Skyy. Seemingly out of nowhere, a tall girl appeared and said something to me in French. I took advantage of this and asked her if there's a "local liquor" that I should try. She showed me a couple things as I asked her questions. I tried to continue the conversation, but she was with a girlfriend and didn't stick around to chat.

The Too Good To Be True: My first night out in Montreal was quiet. I walked up and down St Laurent, the main nightlife strip, but couldn't find a bar with more than ten people. I settled on a lounge that had two girls sitting at the bar. There was another girl, alone, who looked at me and smiled. Immediately I approached and she started asking me questions in a thick French accent. It can't be this easy! Indeed, it can't. She was friends with the bartender and DJ, who kept "checking" on her. I had no chance.

The Tall Blonde: A taxi driver led me to a place where a college kid was throwing a party. I was the oldest guy there. I spotted a stunning blonde, hotter than even the top tier of Croatia. I approached, but it didn't hook so well. I was appreciative of the opportunity on a level of talent I rarely see in the wild.

Thursday:

The Return Of The Coffee Shop: I found a coffee shop with a communal table. There were three attractive girls around me. I approached the one who smiled at me. I asked, "Do you know what time this coffee shop closes?" She was from Vancouver and talked a lot—I barely had to do anything. I left with her number and texted her the next day. I sent "How are you?" and she asked me if I wanted to have a drink. It felt like a trap, and sure enough the date fell apart after I found out she only wanted to talk "about travel." I didn't want to waste two more hours to find out if that was true, so I dipped. She was the only non-French speaker I interacted with.

The Pixie: I went to a hipster bar and sat next to a girl. She had a bit of attitude but was cute, with a great body. I ordered a drink and she said that I "could" get one for her, too. I declined, and three minutes later her date arrived.

Friday:

The Tall French Girl Part I: She approached me in another hipster bar by saying something in French. "Can you say that again in English?" I replied. A little taller than I'd like, but thin and sexy. "Let's get a drink and sit down," I said. She didn't want to kiss and went out for a smoke, never to return. I didn't go with her because I suspected she wouldn't bang me same night. I wanted to talk to other girls.

The 18 Year Old: I approached a young girl. The oldest guy she had dated was 28. I bought her a shot of tequila, then we went at it, sloppily. Her body was delicious. She

invited me to the afterparty with her friends, but the cockblock came, and I was left alone on the street. A wingman wouldn't have hurt.

The Tall French Girl Part II: I saw her on the sidewalk in front of the bar. "Where did you go?" I asked, feigning mild disappointment. She didn't meet another guy, and didn't see me kissing the other girl. "Let's go for a walk," I said. We walked straight into my place. It took over an hour to kiss her. Getting her onto my bed took another hour. I was getting tired. She wouldn't let me remove her clothing. "I have to go home, I have a dog," she said, "but you can take my number."

Saturday:

The Petite: At the coffee shop I saw a girl with a perfect body. She was wearing a short skirt and high boots. I got a half boner staring at her. Face was fine, but irrelevant. Once the café was about to close, I looked at her laptop and said, "Is that a good laptop?" It was a good laptop, with internet access. We walked out together and she asked me if I wanted to have a beer. I agreed and on the way over she told me she had a boyfriend. She took me to a bar that seemed expensive, but she was eager to pay her way. She lived in another city and was leaving in two days. Then came one of her friends, a spinster who immediately started talking in French even though she spoke English. I made an excuse and left.

The Thick Hair: At another hipster bar I met a young French girl. She was curious and friendly. I was the first American she had really talked to. Two tequilla shots. I'm touching, getting closer. Sometimes it's so much easier to game an 18-year-old than a 24-year-old. They get impressed easy. Until her friend comes. I think I need a wingman.

The Romanian: Halloween festivities were hurting me. Bigger groups with fewer people overall. In a bar I approached a hot Romanian girl, but she was with her boyfriend. Her sister was there, a butterface, but body was good. She likes American guys. I'm American. She asked me to come outside to smoke. "Let's go for a walk," I said. She bought cigarettes then we ran into her sister and three other guys. One of the guys she knew tried to pull the robbery. He told her, "I was thinking about how great we get along." Not good. "Hey, I'm going this way," I said, ready to say goodbye, but she ditched everyone and came with me to my apartment. She didn't even want to kiss at first, but succumbed eventually. She was nervous and awkward. I took her to my bed, got some clothes off, then suddenly, "I can't do this! I have to leave!"

Sunday:

The Dream Girl: I went to a club on hip hop night. I spotted a gorgeous girl with wavy hair and green eyes. She was extremely shy and I didn't make much headway when the first cockblock came. Ten minutes later she stood next to me and I gave her a gentle elbow without saying anything. She resumed the conversation and opened up as I dropped some value. At some point I told her I was a nice guy and she replied, "You're definitely an asshole. Only assholes say they're nice!" It was on, but then this ugly Indian cunt came and said, "I'm only here for two days and I want to hang out with her so I'm going to take her away!" They were celebrating a birthday. For the rest of the night she was

firmly in the middle of a group of six girls. Access denied.

The Toronto Butterface: I went to another bar, where I talked to a blonde from Toronto who was visiting her friend. She was dressed in a cat costume. Every minute she would break the conversation to talk to the gay bartender, returning with “Sorry!” The bar closed and the lights came on. Her face was rough. She must’ve realized my displeasure when she said, “I feel like you’re judging me.” I replied, “No, I’m just trying to figure out the color of your eyes because I’m… colorblind.” It didn’t last much longer after that.

Monday:

The Student: I settled into a coffee shop and asked a cute French girl what time it was closing. It hooked and we talked for a bit, but she got ready to leave when I announced I was in town for a short while.

I tried my best to get laid with a French-Canadian girl, but I failed. Should I have been more patient with dating? Should I have gotten more numbers? Should I have pipelined? The issues I faced:

1. I was getting great vibes, with many girls approaching me outright as if I was in Iceland, but the sex speed was slower than I expected.

2. I should have researched more venues instead of settling on the one nearest me. I got lazy.

3. I went during Halloween weekend. I never get laid during Halloween. I feel that girls are more concerned with getting validation than getting laid.

4. I should have **lied** about how long I was staying. Montreal girls are not slutty like Scandinavian girls—they don’t seem to want to put much investment in a guy who is leaving soon.

I got down not just on my Montreal failure but on the concept of the short flag mission. While exciting, it’s a guarantee you’ll have to aim lower and select for sluts (not that I dislike sluts). There were too many cases of nice girls slipping through my grasp when I knew they’d be mine if I stayed longer.

My Montreal experience highlighted the downside of love touristry. Even though I had the resources to spend a week there with solid logistics, I still walked away empty handed. I had one week in Toronto to make magic happen, but the drop in quality and increase in difficulty killed my motivation. My first flag failure was all but assured. I spent two weeks in Canada, had two short dates, kissed four girls, and got three back to my apartments, but in the end I simply could not connect. It was a tough failure to swallow.

Hiatus

February 19, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I haven’t taken a blog break since July 6 of last year. It’s time for another one. I got a lot of good stuff coming, including a new book. In the meantime I’ll be around Twitter, the forum, and ROK. You can also check out the archives for older posts you’ve missed.

How To Have Sex With A Virgin

February 28, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I've had sex with four virgins in my life, from America, Colombia, England, and Poland. I believe this is statistically above the mean so I'm probably doing something right when I meet these girls. I attribute my success to these three techniques:

1. I show disappointment when she tells me she's a virgin. I make it clear that I value fun sex, not virginity. I state that it's a "shame" she doesn't have any experience whatsoever on what I consider to be one of the most enjoyable behaviors that a human can have. Something must be wrong for her to still be a virgin.

2. I tease her virginity. I make light of her experience by saying things such as:

- "So you don't know how a penis works? It's not a muscle, you know. :)"
- "So what do you do on weekend nights—play with your doll house? :)"
- "You've lived 20% of your life and haven't experienced sex? That's depressing. :)"

Under no circumstance should you convey that her virginity is a benefit to you, but don't flat-out insult her either.

3. I disqualify myself from being the right man to deflower her. Yet at the same time, I will hint that I am a professional de-virginator who would do a great job. Say the following:

> I have some virgin experience and honestly I didn't like it. The sex will be horrible, there will be a lot of blood [when isn't there?], and it will hurt you more than anything. You will want to scream and cry. It's such a thankless task for men that they should get paid to do it. I would have to be extremely patient and gentle, but I'm too old for that. I don't think I'm the right guy. Too bad, really, because you're not an unattractive girl.

In spite of saying this, you'll still escalate and get her to the bedroom.

Sex with virgins is quite awful, but they're so insecure about it that they will do just about anything you tell them. They have no experience to dispute your assertion that doggy style is "the most popular" position, or that blasting inside their mouth is "normal." So while it's great to train her into being your own sex doll, understand that it takes about one month (roughly 8 sex episodes) to get her up to speed. Therefore unless you can see yourself dating her for at least a month, there is absolutely no point in banging her—you will never get a return on your investment.

If you will be in town for a while and she's somewhat cool, go for it. The month after you take away her virginity, after your manhood is etched into her memory until she passes into the netherworld, you'll be surprised at how quickly your student has learned to please you in the exact manner that you desire. Her pace of learning may even cause you to believe that the human female evolved for millions of years to sexually satisfy men,

and not much more.

Read Next: *The British Virgin*

Give Me A Complex

March 2, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I need a new insecurity that causes me to overcompensate massively…

Click over to the video's YouTube page to read the 50+ comments that have already been left. You can also hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

The Destructive Merger Of Dating Choice & American Culture

March 5, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Choice in dating removes the necessity of personal effort. When a man knows that he has choice in the dating market, he will begin to expect more sex while putting in less effort. When I'm in a city that is generally "easy," I go out later, approach less, and don't take much time to prepare for a chance at getting laid. I just walk out the door because I know my existence is likely to be good enough. In this type of scenario, the marginal cost of banging an 8 instead of a 7 is not worth a change in my routine.

In the United States, women have more choice in men than their counterparts in any other nation. An American 7 is approached via day, night, and internet 100 times more than girls in Eastern Europe. Not only is she approached more, but she is approached by more desperate men who put her on a pedestal much higher than anywhere else.

As I've detailed in the past, choice creates an environment where only the tightest game will be rewarded. Not only will a man in this environment have to approach a lot, but he will have to do so with skill so high that his own father would have died a virgin if forced to do the same.

Choice acts as a "feeder" to create a girl who flakes, overeats, sleeps around, cockblocks, and becomes masculine. Choice feeders include night clubs, Facebook, OK Cupid, game, the iPhone, and any other technology or environment that allows men to approach women in order to get sex.

When I was in Poland recently, I walked around a shopping mall and saw many beautiful girls. I thought to myself, "Even if I bring 50 American guys in this mall right now to approach nonstop for a month, the girls wouldn't sour. They would be slow to gain weight, lose their femininity, or become rude. Why is that?"

There are two reasons:

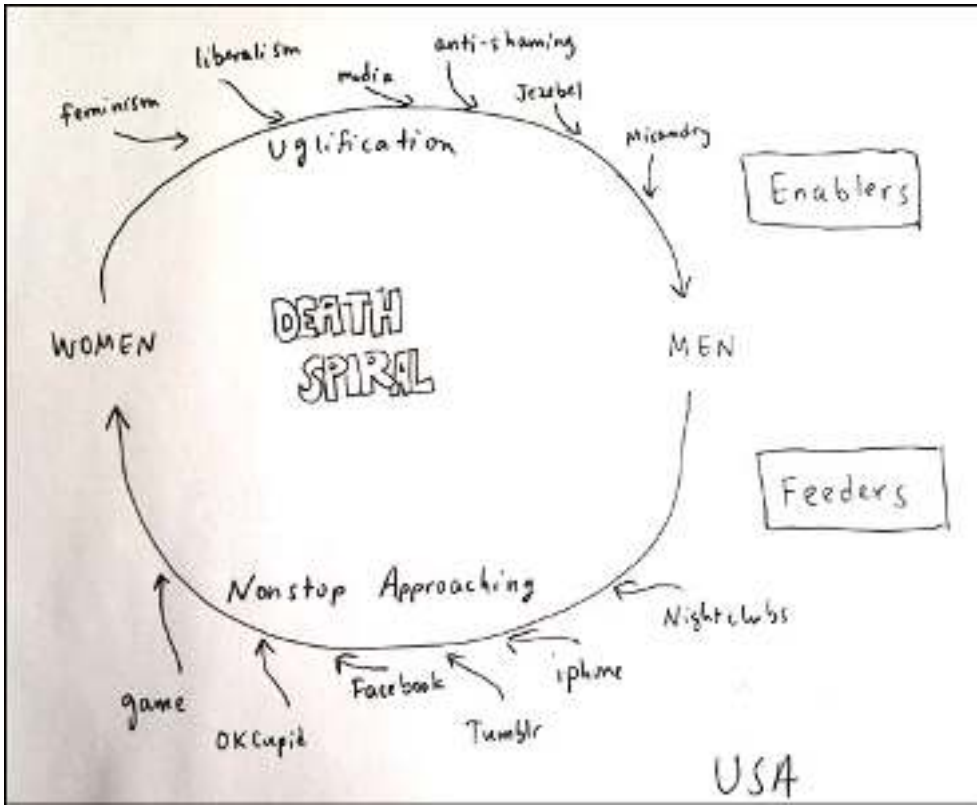
1. In Poland, a girl sees an approach as a random encounter with a man. In the United States, a girl sees an approach as a gender issue, rape by the patriarchy, or a means by which women are somehow being objectified. There are factors in Polish culture that prevent the girls from seeing an approach in those terms, while in America we have cultural "enablers" that tell the girl to behave like a trashy sailor or go to battle when interacting with a male.

2. If a Polish girl, after being approached 1000 times on a vacation to Washington DC, goes back home and becomes fat, slutty, and masculine, the approaches would stop. But if she remained in America, men would continue approaching her because of how low their standards have become, a problem that is due to demographics and cultural persecution of masculinity.

"Enablers" are institutions, movements, or memes that tell a woman to embrace the

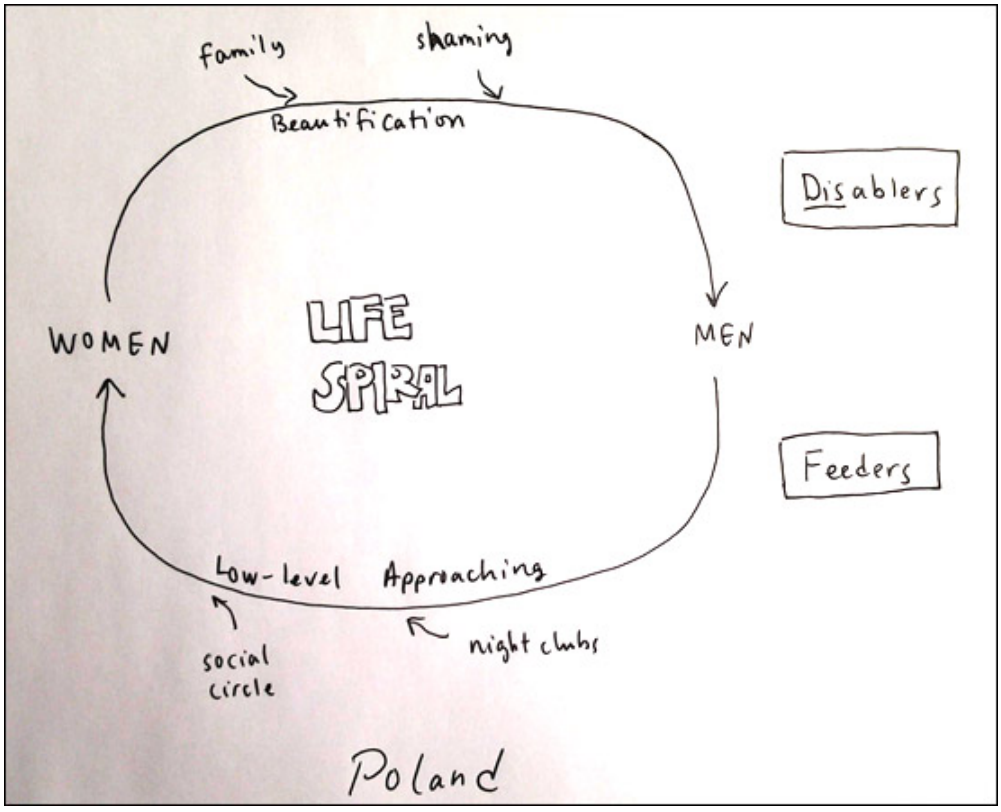
negative features that result from her having a lot of mating choice. Enablers that exist in the culture include feminism, liberalism, anti-fat shaming, anti-slut shaming, divorce laws, and misandry representations in the media.

Feeders and enablers work together to create a death spiral:



Women feel the immediate effect of the feeders in the form of approaches while men feel the immediate effect of the enablers in the form of uglier, bitchy girls who are not relationship material.

Now let’s take a look at Poland:



In Poland, notice how there are less feeders and a complete absence of enablers. In fact, there exists *disablers* in the form of family pressure to marry along with a strong fat and slut shaming culture to prevent uglification. In fact, the disablers promote beautification.

When an American girl turns 21 and begins to hit the clubs in stride, unburdened by her college social circle, she is unsure how exactly to take being approached so much. It may initially seem neat to her, but then she goes onto Jezebel to read how game is stupid and how even nice guys are evil. She reads advice columns telling her that she can have it all while playing the field in her twenties and even early thirties. She reads a news report about how important Slut Walks are in empowering women. She hears Obama saying how it's unfair that woman make less than men. And finally she sees a book in Barnes & Noble about how men have turned into little kids that need to man up.

Her mind is unable to resist these influences since they come in the form of a nonstop assault that happens to confirm with what she's learned about men in her university elective courses. Enabling now takes place. She will begin to see men approaching her as inferiors and as a nuisance, treating them with disdain and disrespect. The uglification process begins soon after, giving her faux self-esteem and confidence in being ugly and masculine. When she hits 25, she is stronger and more empowered than men her age.

She stays single and sleeps with the men who can keep her turned on for a couple hours without saying a bad line. These men are not as handsome as those who approached her when she was 18 and 19, before she began shopping at Lane Bryant, but the marginal cost of being skinny would only get her a guy one point higher. The result is a fat girl who mildly hates men, never reproduces, and has well over 50 sexual partners by the time her body gives up releasing eggs.

I call it a death spiral because every additional set of approaches causes the erosion of

habits and beliefs that were meant to preserve her appearance and femininity. She can slack off because the guys keep coming and the greatest media influences in her life tell her to embrace the fat. They even put out flawed studies that tell her being fat is healthy. In countries with a death spiral dating market, you will see increasingly overweight and useless women who still believe they deserve Mr. Perfect.

The American cultural elite will promote any method or policy which increases a woman's choice while simultaneously limiting a man's. You would think they would therefore embrace game since it gives women more choice in men, but it gives men greater relative choice, especially for the alpha male who can easily swoop up a boatload of notches via one-night stands.

The elite will therefore actively seek those methods, behaviors, and policies that give women a greater *proportional* amount of choice than men. It turns out that internet dating is perhaps their greatest tool, as even the most pan-cis-trans feminist with shaved head but unshaved legs has a profile. In fact, internet dating, combined with the smartphone, are the two most amazing male screening tools to ever be invented, giving even average girls more male attention that female celebrities received a generation ago. Every time you send an email blast on OK Cupid to get a few lukewarm responses, if any at all, a feminist smiles. Every time you approach a girl in a club and bang her within a few hours through the use of game, that same feminist will ask the authorities to investigate if your empowerment was actually illegal in the form of rape.

Feminist sympathizers have grouped gender behavior into two categories: choice enhancers and choice blockers. The former will increase how much choice women in a society have while the latter will decrease it, since it gives more power to men or causes them to "drop out."

Choice Enhancers:
Technology
Social networking
Restaurants/bars/happy hours/gentrification
Birth control/abortion

Choice Blockers:
Counter culture movements (MGTOW, MRA)
Game
Love tourists
Foreign brides
Porn
Sex dolls

Blockers will be viciously attacked by all women (not just feminists), because they decrease a woman's *relative* choice compared to men. Have you ever heard of a woman crying that a black-owned barber shop was getting shut down to be replaced with a wine and cheese bar? Never. But the second they read a story about a lonely and shy American man finding a Ukrainian wife, they lose their shit. In fact, it's easy to predict the

response of future inventions or behaviors by just asking yourself who it gives more choice to. If it gives more choice to men, there will be some group that will push for it to be criminalized, regulated, or banned outright.

As you can now see, the solution to our problems is not simply a matter of beating feminism and shutting down Facebook. There are multiple factors working simultaneously to destroy women. I predict the death spiral will impact other countries as the same feeders and enablers present in America make their way around the world.

Or will it? While I do think countries will get worse before they get better, many have a built-in cultural resistance that prevents enablers from completely taking over like they have in America. Why is it that a place like Brazil is so open to American-style feminism while a place like Ukraine is not? What is it that accelerates or limits the damaging effects of giving women choice in the dating market? These are questions I will answer in the future.

Read Next: *The Number One Corrupter Of Women*

I Was On Romanian Television

March 10, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Usually I'd have to write a Bang guide to get a media outlet calling me, but on my fourth day in Romania I was shadowed by a news crew for the country's largest television station. Here is the clip that aired on Sunday morning:

And the clip that aired on Sunday night, with different footage and also a map:

Last night I was on a date with a girl who wasn't aware of all my secrets when a Romanian guy on the street said, "Hey aren't you Roosh? I just saw you on TV!" I quickly shuffled her away and was faced with many questions.

How Many Notches Is Enough?

March 12, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

If you're banging girls from a specific region or city, there comes a point of diminishing return where an additional notch no longer improves your game. Your earlier notches quickly help you realize something new about human nature or what you like in women, but eventually new conquest will stop adding value beyond physical pleasure.

This fact isn't a justification for you to slack off, because there is a notch milestone you need to hit that allows you to build a foundation of game. This foundation is needed to not only develop the skills for landing women, but also be able to identify what quality is. Because America has so many substandard women, you need to bang quite a few of them to pick out quality while simultaneously learning how to feed their hamster brains (i.e., pass tests, tease, put out an aloof air, and send text messages with grammar mistakes). Most importantly, hitting this number prevents you from getting tricked into committing with a low-quality chick that robs you of your happiness or ruins your life in a failed long-term relationship.

The minimum notch count for America is 25. Until you hit that number, you don't know enough about women in order to make correct decisions that satisfies both your mind and penis. Note that this number is only for the United States. In countries where the standard of women is higher, you need to bang far less women in order to possess the right tools for successful game and relationships. Let's go over those counts for other countries I've lived in:

Argentina: 6 notch minimum
Brazil: 8
Colombia: 6
Croatia: 8
Estonia: 6
Iceland: 22
Lithuania: 4
Poland: 4
Sweden: 18
Ukraine: 6

The lower quality the women, the longer you need to be a player in order to gain enough experience to have successful long-term relationships (or even get into one). There are guys in Eastern Europe whose first bang is with a beautiful sweetheart who blows away the first 25 notches of your life. They are walking hand-in-hand with their girls right now, totally oblivious to the fact that men of better means are finding it extremely difficult to get what they got in spite of having more game, money, style, and muscles.

If you hit the minimum notch count, and then decide to be a game hater or men's rights activist, I will wish you the best of luck in your endeavors. But if you're living in a big American city, have two notches, and are posting "only looks matter" comments all day,

you still have a lot of work to do. The reason is because you don't understand your country's women and you don't have the level of experience needed to criticize those who understand the women and culture enough to know how and why the sex act occurs. The irony is that I would be skeptical of an American MRA with ten notches, but pay closer attention to one from Estonia who has that same count.

Going past the minimum notch count for your country will not uncover some deep truth of humanity or unlock a treasure chest of happiness or game enlightenment. In the States, banging 100 girls will barely put you in a better boat than banging 25. The extra 75 will be mostly for entertainment, stories, or laughs. In a country like Lithuania, where the girls make for great girlfriends, being a player is actually a waste of time. You will spend all that upfront energy to get bangs but not receive the relationship benefits that Lithuanian women provide.

Countries with low quality women will create a class of men who play the game permanently, warranting calls of "man up" by those same women who would grind to dust any man who made the incorrect choice to get into a relationship with them.

An unfortunate double bind exists in America. Getting the needed 25 notches to make correct relationship decisions will also tell you, clearly and unequivocally, *not* to get into relationships with American women. Compare that to Eastern Europe, where every new notch makes it clear that being a cutthroat player will bring you *less* happiness than relationships. There are less benefits when chasing notches in Eastern Europe since most girls you get into bed are indeed relationship material.

The player is not born. He's created in broken societies where early experiences made it all too clear that relationships with his women would be far from his best interests. The more time I spend away from America, the less I want to be a player.

Read Next: *Value Is Everything*

Social Welfare Creates A Society Of Sluts

March 14, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The countries I've visited with the most feminine women have also had the least helpful social welfare programs. If you know how much a country spends on their welfare in relation to GDP, you can come close to predicting how feminine, compliant, and nurturing their women are.

If a woman knows that she can be impulsive, a bitch, a slut, or get knocked up by any man, yet still receive free food, shelter, and a mobile phone from the government, what incentive is there for her to settle with a good man and keep him happy? Why would she pick any man who works in a "boring" job like engineering or computer programming instead of having exciting hookups with the indie guitarist who plays every Tuesday night at the dive bar?

When a girl thinks she can play the game for fifteen years, she simply won't give a provider a chance until her womb is polluted, until her body is twenty pounds beyond its optimum carriage, and until she's so entitled that the poor sap who marries her can't possibly give her satisfaction. His life will turn upside down when she gets bored, divorces him, and takes his money.

In countries where welfare doesn't exist, picking the guitarist over the engineer will actually decrease a girl's survival chances. She may end up homeless and have to depend on the church for beetroot soup. She will definitely not have a car, a good home, or an iPhone, not even an older model. She will not have reliable access to health care. Therefore she must be extremely careful about who she sleeps with, and only when she's still very young can she slip once or twice and fuck the bad boy without a condom. But if she's still fucking a bohemian who smokes weed every day after she's 25, her future will be bleak as the odds she enters poverty becomes 100%.

Ukraine doesn't have welfare for women. Women there *must* find a husband or else they are in big trouble. While Ukrainian women can be tough, extractive, and transactional, especially for naive men raised in Western suburbia, they ultimately make for excellent partners. I got into a great relationship just one month after I landed in the industrial shithole of Kharkiv, and it ended up being more satisfying than all the relationships I've had with American women. The amount of pleasure she gave me based on the little work I had to put in was not surprising considering that she wanted to show her worth so I would deem her a good wife. Even upon marriage, she would not taper her womanly duties because a divorce would put her on the street.

There are three ways a woman can survive in this world:

1. Working
2. Government (welfare)
3. Husband

If you want an opportunity to meet the best women in the world, simply pick a country

with low wages and no welfare. Those women will run, not walk, to the boring provider who has zero game, a 100 pound bench press, and clothing from Old Navy. I'm not saying you'll bang a lot of hot party girls in those countries, but I am saying that you will find a *caring wife* one-hundred times easier than in America.

You must go to a country where a man of modest means, who is making GDP level income, is a far better bet for a woman than the government. This is not the case in many Western countries, especially Scandinavia, where the government provides a much better deal than any man. The irony of Scandinavia is that their taxes are so high to provide those gold-plated benefits that it's almost impossible for a man to compete with the government as a provider. The government cockblocks its own male citizens, who have the indignity of having to pay for the cockblocking. Is it any surprise that the biggest sluts in the world exist in Scandinavia? Why be a good woman when the government will bail your slutty behavior out? Their governments are too beta for sluts to fail.

It's much easier to choose a bi-annual visit to a welfare office to get monies directly deposited in a bank account while succumbing to whorish tendencies than to serve one man and ensure that his marital investment is paying off. If there is no potential for the woman to endure financial hardship after getting kicked to the curb for being lazy, foul, or unattractive, then the institution of marriage will collapse. There would be no incentive for it.

Government welfare is a woman's backup plan, letting her know that if she fails with pleasing a man, with internet dating, with a strategy of one-night stand empowerment units, she will not be on the street. In addition to its soft form of government paper-pushing jobs, welfare provides incentive for the worst part of female nature to be released, subsidizing alphas with the right attitude but wrong job while reducing betas—who contribute most to society through their slavish labor—to masturbation and sex dolls. Note that welfare for men, in the form of unemployment benefits, doesn't have the same perverse effect as welfare for women, because a man does not marry to be provided for. Therefore if you want a society of good wives, and not just good sluts, welfare for all women must be abolished.

Once the abolishment takes place, women who already made bad decisions with men will suffer and wind up on the street, begging private charities for food while turning to prostitution. Their children will be admitted to foster homes to be trained as future criminals of the state. But this suffering will provide a much needed example to young women, still motherless and in the prime of their fertility, of what type of future is in store for them if their slut stage goes beyond one or two bad boy cocks. If anything, school trips in fortified yellow buses can be taken through bad neighborhoods where it's easy to see how yesterday's party slut is today's dazed streetwalker.

As men we have to ask ourselves what type of women we ultimately want. If it's good sluts, the Western world will more than provide (as long as you can provide tight game). If it's good women, we must change the state's policies or—more simply—relocate to countries where the state does not compete with us and encourage women through

generous welfare programs to live a life of fucking around instead of maintaining a good family. I hope you choose wisely, because your future as a father and husband will depend on it.

Don’t Miss: *American Feminism Wants All Girls To Be Fat Sluts*

Interview On Washington Times Blog

March 16, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I never thought I'd do an interview with a publication owned by the late Reverend Sun Myung Moon, but it happened. It was split up in two parts (1 and 2). Here it is:

> **Joseph F. Cotto:** *Over the last several years, many have come to believe that chivalry is no longer a practical social norm. Do you agree with this idea?*
>
> **Roosh V:** Chivalry was an exchange. Men would be chivalrous while women would look presentable, cook wholesome meals, and take care of the home. This obviously has broken down, but women still believe men should hold their end of the bargain while they abstain. It's 2013 and they advise men like me to open doors, be polite, and pay for dates, yet when you tell them to act like a lady, they denounce you as a "sexist" or "misogynist."
>
> The irony is that women absolutely do not have sex with chivalrous men anymore; they stick them straight in a black hole known as the friend zone. Until women reward chivalrous men with sex and relationships, it will continue to be be phased out of society.
>
> **Cotto:** *Today, divorce and infidelity rates are disturbingly high. Insofar as men are concerned, why do you think that this is the case?*
>
> **Roosh:** Divorce in America is a great deal for women. She gets half a man's assets and monthly payments that can be quite substantial if children are involved. The more money the man has, the more she gets paid. The ultimate humiliation for husbands is to pay alimony for a woman who then takes care of her "bad boy" lover in his former bed. If you take away incentive for a woman to remain a wife or to be loyal, she won't.
>
> **Cotto:** *It is often said that "Nice guys finish last". Generally speaking, what are your views about this idea?*
>
> **Roosh:** That phrase presupposes that nice guys are even in the game, but these days they are resigned to being spectators. If you are a nice guy, the best hope you have is marrying a spinster in her 30s who already had more than a couple dozen sexual partners when she was "discovering" her sexuality during her 20's, and she'll still put you below her office career.
>
> You get the used car with high maintenance costs while the jerks who treat her poorly get to drive the new car off the lot, enjoying the new car smell.
>
> **Cotto:** *Often, men develop midlife crises due to serious self esteem issues. Do you believe that this is inevitable, or more of a self-fulfilling prophecy?*
>
> **Roosh:** When your masculinity is being shamed into obsolescence by the feminist elite, when women are repeatedly passing on you for bad boys, and when no one seems to give a damn that you've had a respectable career where

you've contributed meaningfully to society in some way, you'd have self-esteem issues too. When you've done everything that women told you in order to land a wonderful wife and mother, but you're alone and stuck on Match.com with nothing but 50 year old divorcees giving you winks, I think you would wonder why you worked so hard in life and if it was all worth it.

Cotto: *Feminism is a tremendously controversial subject. From your standpoint, what legacy has it left for men?*

Roosh: Weaker men. The whole point of feminism is to absolve women or all responsibility for their actions while shaming or criminalizing masculinity. Women act more masculine in their pursuit of power while men are becoming unsure of which behaviors they can safely exhibit, forcing them to take on more feminine traits. In the end you'll have an androgynous society where both sexes are unhappy because you've taken them far away from natural behavior that has existed among humans for hundreds of thousands of years.

Cotto: *During the years ahead, do you expect political correctness to find a welcome audience among younger generations of men?*

Roosh: The best brainwashing program for politically correct speech is higher education. This is where you have a man's undivided attention for four years. You can stuff his brain with whatever nonsense you want, but since fewer men are now going to universities, I think you will begin to see men growing up without this brainwashing and then questioning a lot of PC ideas.

Cotto: *Since you became a professional writer about dating, what has been the greatest lesson you learned?*

Roosh: American women are the worst in the world. I'm not using hyperbole; I've been to over 25 countries and have dated in most of them. It's the only country where I have consistently sour experiences with uppity women who seem to swallow all the male hatred that has been taught to them in college and by the media. Dating an American woman is like going to battle, and I feel sorry for all the men that are still stuck with them.

Cotto: *If you could give men a single bit of advice for the life well lived, what would it be?*

Roosh: Get out of America. Make your money, start some type of internet business that frees your mobility, and hop an airplane to a destination where English is not the primary language. At least when it comes to women and comfort, the grass is indeed greener. I've lived almost four years outside of America, and I have no desire to go back.

Cotto: *Now that our discussion is at its end, many readers are probably wondering how you came to be such a noted voice about men's issues. What inspired you to pursue such a career?*

Roosh: It was an accident. I originally writing guys how to find happiness

> through sex and casual relationships, but soon it became clear that the more American girls you sleep with, the less happy you become. My search abroad for feminine women made it easier to write comparisons on how bad American guys have it.

The interview almost turned out to be a “red pill for dummies” guide. The question is if it convinced any white knights and beta males.

15 Reasons Why Toronto Is The Worst City In North America For Men

March 17, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

For most of my adult life, I was pretty confident that Washington DC was the worst possible city for a man to live in, but I have found a place that is worse: Toronto, Canada. Here are the reasons why…

1. Girls are more excited about getting late night food than having sex

Do you remember how excited you were as a kid on Christmas when opening up the hot toy of the season? Well that's how groups of Toronto girls act at last call when they realize it's time to stuff their face with hot dogs, poutine, or diner fare. I thought women in DC were a little weird about getting pizza after the bars close, but the women of Toronto take it to another level—they have a plan to eat junk food before they even start drinking.

2. Girls cockblock more than anywhere else in the world

Good luck trying to have a ten minute non-interrupted conversation in a bar or club if her

friends are nearby. If they don't physically pull her away from you then what happens is that a rotating gaggle of women will come to "check up" on her, as if you're on the verge of beating or raping her in full view of everyone. I've never seen such baby-like behavior in the Western world. I even experienced a case where the fat friend of a girl I was talking to said that I could "proceed" with the conversation. Fuck that.

3. Girls think they are cooler than they actually are

In DC you have a bunch of lame people who think they are important because of their government job. In Toronto you have a bunch of lame people who think they are cool because… I don't know why. This is even worse because instead of trying to impress you with the work they're doing, they try to impress you with slang, name-dropping, or commenting on how "busy" they are. I remember when a girl tried to insult me by calling me a "fucktard" and another white bread girl said to "get at" her. Just because you know the words to a Drake song and go to hip restaurants doesn't make you cool.

4. Girls are obese

I’m afraid that America has to take some blame for this because it seems that the our lifestyle has corrupted Canadian girls. It’s a shame because a lot of them have cute faces (they’re more attractive overall than DC chicks), but once you catch sight of her fat arms and the muffin top she’s trying to hide by wearing black, you start thinking of the porn clip you’ll soon be masturbating to.

5. Girls don’t give eye contact

I know some girls are reading right now and thinking, “They don’t give you eye contact because you are ugly!” This very well may be the case, but in Montreal I got daily eye contact from women who were much better looking than the Toronto specimens I had to deal with. Not only that, but Montreal women would smile at me. Yes, you read that right: attractive women would look at me and smile. In Toronto I might as well have been invisible.

6. You have to be approved by the “mother hen”

Every social circle in Toronto has an overweight woman who acts as a leader of the pack. She is the one who tells girls where to go and who to talk to. Apparently this is how she gets power in life since she’s unable to exert the upper hand over men due to her unattractive and portly appearance. If the mother hen doesn’t approve of you then you will not get laid. She can snap her fingers and her minions jump to attention so that they are not excluded from the tribe. Therefore not only do you have to build attraction with the girl you like, but you also have to charm a fat and ugly girl to give you permission to just continue the interaction.

7. Too many Asian and Indian girls

I think legal immigration is a great thing because it allows people from third world countries to lift their station and have a go at a first world lifestyle, but if you like white girls, a place like Toronto just won't do. At any bar at least 30% of the female clientele will be filled with minority races that don't appeal to discriminating men like myself. While the Asian girls weren't that bad since they adopted a white manner of appearance, the Indian girls were absolutely not attractive.

8. Ugly girls are desperate while attractive girls are inaccessible

It shouldn't be much of a challenge if you want to bang a Toronto girl who is a 5 or below. She will approach you, smile at you, and be generally easy (though of course you'll still need game to seal the deal). In the accidental conversations I had with these unattractive women, I wished I had lower standards so that I could have mostly carefree sex that happens a million times a day in most parts of the world. In Toronto, however, once you get into the 6 range, the difficulty of banging increases in shocking fashion. The 6′s and 7′s give you attitude or are encased in huge social groups. The 8′s and above, if you happen to see them, already have dudes.

9. The entrenched PUA culture is raising the egos of all women

I thought that Washington DC had a strong pickup culture, but I hadn't been to Toronto. PUAs are like rats in Toronto, infecting many venues with their fake high energy, puffed-out chests, loud fashion accessories, and total sobriety. On Thursday night I went to Madison Avenue Pub where I got to see at least 50 of them approach every woman in the bar. As much as I want to hate on them for increasing the girls' bitch shields, I now understand why they do it: they have to. The best game in Toronto is not being an interesting man but just approaching a million girls with your freezeouts and spin moves and negs until you find the horny girl who wants to fuck.

10. Last call is at 2am

It wouldn’t be so bad if venues didn’t get hopping until midnight, but two hours is simply not enough time to find a good venue, mingle, and meet an attractive woman who you want to take home. By the time you get warmed up, it’s time to go. In Toronto you won’t have enough time for a real seduction, so what you see at the end of the night is a bunch of phone numbers being exchanged before girls rush off to a diner to stuff their face.

11. If you make just one mistake with a Toronto girl, you will be rejected

Your conversation has to be 100% perfect and 100% politically correct. You can't say anything that can be remotely construed as offensive, weird, or needy. Once I told a girl that I like "feminine women" and she immediately ditched me as if I farted. In Toronto the best game is to speak like you're a White House spokesperson. And god help you if you utter a lame joke! In one case I was talking to a girl for 30 minutes and had kept the conversation tight enough that we were getting to the kissing stage. Then I made a mediocre joke and she said, "Wow that was corny. I should leave now." This came from a woman who didn't say one interesting or funny thing to me all night and thought I would be impressed with her "marketing" job. Toronto women would absolutely never get laid if they were men.

12. It's very expensive

Food, drinks, taxis, and lodging are all more expensive than DC. Do you get any additional value for paying more? Nope, you only get crappier women and intolerable weather.

13. It’s a suburban city

Most of the people who party within the center on weekends actually live in boring cul-de-sacs. Friday and Saturday nights in Toronto is like how Washington DC is on New Year’s Eve: amateur hour. You get a bunch of office drones with no character or class crowding venues and acting like they’ve never seen alcohol or the opposite sex before. My best night out was Monday because there was a total lack of 905′ers.

14. It takes a lot of work to date up

I never saw an average-looking guy with a hot girl, but I saw many attractive guys with average girls. Toronto is a penis paradise where a woman can date a man much more attractive than she is pretty. If you're not a good looking guy, you either have to own a nightclub or approach 100 girls a week.

15. It beats men down

I saw too many men who looked like corpses. They had no color, no energy, and seemingly no will to live. Spending too much time in Toronto will reduce your ambition, your horniness, and your happiness. Many guys I talked to said that when they traveled abroad, they couldn't believe that hotter women made regular eye contact with them and responded with gentle smiles and warm vibes. Toronto is one of those cities that can make men hate life. Staying out of here becomes essential for your mental health.

Both Toronto and DC suck, but I wouldn't hesitate to pick DC first. The nightlife gets going earlier and lasts longer. More girls live in the city. There is much less cockblocking. It's not a deal breaker if you say a bad joke. Girls actually want to get laid, and it's simply easier to get one-night stands. While Toronto had prettier women overall, it's not enough to make it a better city. You know you're in a crappy place when it's midnight and you are more concerned about spending less money than having a good time with a cool chick. For the nights I spent going out in Toronto, I wished I stayed in and read a couple good books instead.

Don't Miss: *15 Reasons Why Washington DC Sucks For Guys*

The Only Relationship Game You'll Ever Need

March 20, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

You've probably noticed a few game blogs in the manosphere that focus on relationships, such as Red Pill Room and Married Man Sex Life. Heartiste has also been active in this area. Without relationship game, the argument goes, your wife will lose her butterflies for you, lose respect for you as a man, and then one day begin divorce proceedings that will destroy your family dream and your well-being.

I agree with this argument when we're talking about American women. With them, the game never ends, and the men who don't play it, whether on the first date or on the wedding day, will get played. But I think I have a better game for you to play: get into a relationship with a woman whose love for you is not dependent on you being aloof or treating her like a bratty little child. Get in a relationship with a woman whose feelings for you don't seesaw daily or need constant maintenance and upkeep as if it was a rusting Harley. Get in a relationship with a woman who you can do something nice for without her wondering where your balls went. Get in a relationship with a woman who was actually sincere in her vow to be with you through thickness and thin.

I've always thought that I was a damaged soul for not wanting a relationship with a woman, that maybe people are right in their psychological assessment of me that I have mommy and/or daddy issues, but now I believe the problem was that I met so few American women who were worth it. Whereas 10% of American women I banged deserved an additional care in my mind after my pelvic muscles delivered its first orgasm in their presence, that percentage for Eastern European women skyrocketed to 80%. Four out of five girls I bang in Eastern Europe are worth a second bang.

This latter group is so sweet, kind, and feminine that I'd be a damn fool to discard them after just one bang. And if I did, I'd feel not just player guilt for dumping them but *human guilt* as well, as if I was hurting someone that would be hard pressed to deliver me the same harm. Unless an EE girl puts out obvious slut signs, or she's absolutely clear I'm not staying for long, I won't pursue her if I'm not willing to date her for at least a few weeks and give the relationship some type of chance. It doesn't feel right to waste this girl's time because chances are she's looking for a long-term relationship. On the other hand, if she's American, I don't delay in giving her what she wants, which is riding her like a donkey hopped up on meth while calling her a dirty slut.

I treat EE girls like princesses. My average date is taking her out to dinner, out to drinks, or cooking at home for her. As much as I complain about how Western woman can't cook, I like serving women as much as they like serving me. I like making sure they're comfortable in my apartment as if they were a good friend, and allowing them to take off their painful heels and relax while I whip up my favorite foods. I'm not perfect, however. I like to troll these thin women to take just one bite of the delicious chocolate cake I bought in the bakery, and then encourage them to take a second as they protest with the might of their gentle strength. I can't help that I receive pleasure out of watching

them give in to dangerous temptation.

After the dishes are done, either by me or her, I take her to the room and ravage her in a way that always gives me pleasure and sometimes gives her pleasure, and then I welcome her to stay the night even though I know my sleep will be worse off for it. If she wants to leave I will call her a taxi and drop the fare in her pursue in spite of her objections. If she wants to mistake my kindness for weakness, if she wants to misinterpret my Middle Eastern hospitality for insecurity, where guests are treated like royalty, that is fine with me—she can walk out the door and never contact me again. I'm nice to her for the feeling it gives me, not for the feeling it gives her, but in the end the niceness is the same and I feel a good man for it.

These girls do come back again and again to get treated well and pounded well. If you told me five years ago that girls as young as 18 would reward the man who treats them well when modern American wisdom dictates that a woman can never be whole unless she fucks around for many years, I would have wondered where your time machine was parked. But there is no time machine. This is 2013, and there are still girls who want the nice man that can provide, keep his promises, stand by his commitments, and use smiley faces in text messages.

When I'm surfing the manosphere and read an article on running game on your American wife, I nod my head on the necessity of such an approach, but then that nod quickly turns to pity for the author and his readers, that this is what they *must* do to maintain a relationship so the women won't hate him, cheat on him, or leave him in financial ruin. I'm thankful that I can put myself in places where being the nice guy not only gets the girl, but keeps her too, and I only hope that other American men can one day experience the same.

Read Next: *The Manosphere For Dummies*

American Feminist Adria Richards Gets Gang Raped By The Internet

March 21, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A feminist lost yesterday in a very big way. Let me try to put away my smile to write this.

A couple days ago, Adria Richards was at a developers conference and overheard a tame sexual joke between two men about a “big dongle.” On a scale of one to ten, with one being a Disney movie and ten being a cafe recap of a girl I banged who was on her period, the joke would rate a 3, but she proceeded to do what any feminazi who hates men would do: she took a picture, posted it on Twitter, and then asked for someone to save her. She felt unsafe and offended by two men who were having a private conversation that didn’t involve her.

The employer of one of those men, the spineless company Playhaven, decided to fire him.

> "As a result of the picture she took I was let go from my job today. Which sucks because I have 3 kids and I really liked that job," the post said. "She gave me no warning, she smiled while she snapped the pic and sealed my fate." #

Feminists and white knights on Twitter congratulated the actions of Adria, and if this happened a couple years ago, the story would end right there, but men are angry and tired of this feminist bullshit. They didn't let it go, because they know one day it could be them losing their bread for making a harmless joke.

As I've written before, feminist denouncements are meant to tarnish a man's name and ruin his employment. Adria's actions fit the profile, but what goes around can come around—Adria was employed by SendGrid, a corporation who wants to have a clean public face. Just like how feminists come after our livelihood, we can go after theirs. The internet, apparently led by Anonymous and 4chan, gave a thunderous pimp slap to SendGrid with a DDOS attack that disrupted service for their paying customers. SendGrid quickly realized that Adria was hurting their ability to make money, so they fired her ass.

Intellectually, we've been crushing feminists since we've started, but our debate and shaming victories haven't translated into real pain that modify their behavior. I have been knee-deep in feminist excrement for a long time, but this is the *first time* I've seen a feminist dealt such a clear and unambiguous defeat at the hands of men, and the most interesting part is that this was at the hands of regular men who have no connection to the manosphere. Her bread was taken away from her and her reputation will forever be hanging over her head on Google.

Feminists and Toronto manginas are in absolute disbelief, going crazy on Twitter and talking about a lawsuit against SendGrid. Ugly feminist award winners Jessica Valenti and Kate Harding are also stunned…

I'm not surprised at their reactions—it's like Mike Tyson getting knocked the fuck out for the first time. His powers seemed so strong that no one can believe he's laying on the canvas, not even Mike himself.

Corporations are not inherently feminist—they simply don't want any negative exposure on behalf of their employees. Feminists have understood the power of going after a man's bread for a long time while we sit red-faced, twiddling our thumbs and lobbing funny but ineffective insults. But now we know how to get them. The manosphere is big enough to where even modest coordinated action on our part can make the more egregious feminists take responsibility for their disgusting actions. Maybe it's time to flex our muscle.

While it's prudent to keep an eye on SendGrid to make sure they don't secretly hire her back, this firing lays out a blueprint on how we can fight these cunts and teach them a lesson. You better believe Adria, and any other feminist who watched the events of the past couple days unfold, is going to think real hard before denouncing a man for a bad joke. This was a victory for men everywhere.

Oh and lest I forget, I hear that SendGrid has one position open. Apply within.

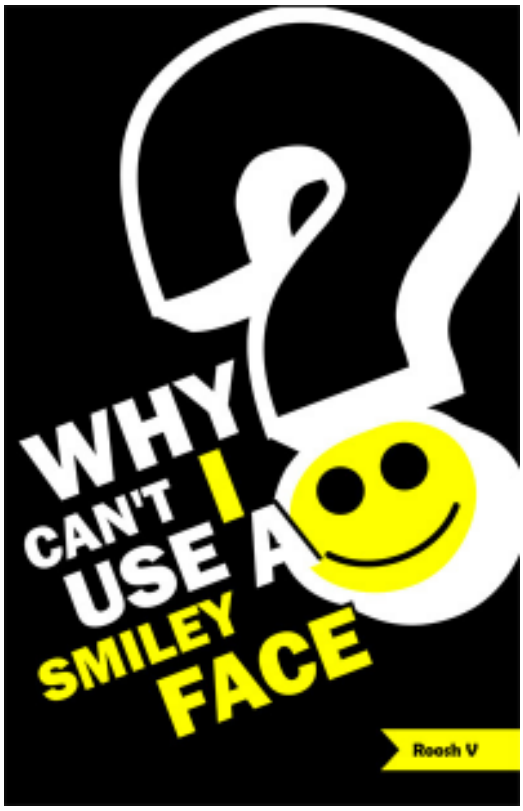
A Message For People Who Love Toronto

March 23, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

This video is in response to many of the 600+ comments left on my Toronto post this week, which was viewed by over 225,000 people…

Click over to the video's YouTube page to read comments that have already been left. You can also hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

Also, my new mini-book is coming out this Friday…



You can read some early reviews here. It's going to assume a bit that you already read A Dead Bat In Paraguay, so I'll have a combo that includes both. To get started, you can read chapter 1 of Dead Bat for free.

Traditional Gender Roles Create Feminine Women

March 24, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Why is it that giving choice to American girls causes them to act like they need to go on a sex bender, while the same result doesn't happen in a place like Poland? What is restraining Polish girls from getting on the cock carousel and becoming an entitled slut?

In the past I've stated that Poland lacks enablers like feminism, liberalism, Jezebel, and a culture that promotes misandry and slutdom. These enablers are not the disease, but merely symptoms of the disease. There is a higher level phenomenon that enables the enablers: the elimination of traditional gender roles.

Traditional gender roles are best exemplified in modern Muslim societies where the man provides while the woman takes care of the home. A woman submits to a man's power because, as dictated by nature, men have been given more intellect and strength than women. Traditional gender roles are opposed to the uglification, masculinization, and slutification that enablers advance in Western society today.

You won't be feminine if you think men are the enemy instead of your provider. You won't be feminine if you place career before family. You won't be feminine if you have no shame for being an overweight tatted-up slut. Enablers, in effect, are creating a new breed of woman that only benefit men who profit from their labor (capitalists) while robbing value from a potential husband who wants a family and peaceful home.

If you go into a Polish club, you'll see that the girls still have interactions with a high volume of men. They still have Facebook and iPhones and other features of American lifestyle that allows them to play the field and have choice in men. It's not at as high of a level, but it's prevalent enough that you will notice these things after just a couple days in the country. Nonetheless, you don't see an equivalent decrease to their femininity (not yet, anyway). The amount of choice they experience doesn't poison them like it does an American woman. It's because Polish society hasn't yet eliminated traditional gender roles. The degree of choice a woman has, combined with how traditional the gender roles are, compose the two greatest factors that determine the makeup of women in any society.

Let's take a look at three different mixtures:

1. Zero Choice For Women + Strict Traditional Gender Roles
2. Some Choice For Women + Firm Traditional Gender Roles
3. Unlimited Choice For Women + No Traditional Gender Roles

If I were to ask you to assign a region of the world for each of the above three mixtures, could you do it?

1. Middle East
2. Eastern Europe, Southeast Asia, South America
3. Western countries, Scandinavia

The combination of female choice and traditional gender roles create the women of a

society, just like how mixing different colors of paint can create a specific pigmentation. High dating choice with an absence of traditional gender roles will create a male hell where women stop acting like women (Anglosphere). On the other hand, no dating choice in a culture where gender roles are strong will have women that you have to marry in order to have sex with (Iran).

Let's say you are a 26-year-old man who wants to easily sleep around without concern for quality or feminine traits. Where would you go? Now how about if you want girls who make for feminine girlfriends but aren't excruciatingly hard to get into the sack? Now how about if you want a virgin who will dedicate her life to you?

My guess is you prefer the second option. The reason why Eastern Europe, Southeast Asia, and South America are so popular for Western men is that it offers a middle ground where you can have fun casual sex *or* find a pleasant girlfriend or wife without being the most interesting man in the world with game that rates in the top two percentile. Notice how many Western men who venture into Eastern Europe have increasing difficulty as they cross Poland and enter Ukraine and then Russia, where gender roles are stronger and you need additional knowledge or skill to navigate the waters. We can stray from our culture quite a ways until the learning curve becomes steep.

Feminism is a rightful boogeyman because it's a mechanism for removing traditional gender roles *while* increasing dating choice for women. In fact, if there was a perfect poison for destroying women, eliminating the family unit, and lowering fertility rates, feminism would be like cyanide Sometimes I can't help but admire how effective this ideology has been in changing female behavior at great detriment to men, but as they say, you can't put toothpaste back into the tube. This is why I advise men to go to places where there is still some toothpaste left to squeeze out.

There is an interesting failure of feminism that is worth mentioning: its inability to eliminate slut guilt, a mental process that I believe is genetically hardwired into the female brain and can not be wholly defeated. It's so ingrained that even feminists attack sluts, though under the guise of other reasons. As slutty as the girl you fucked the other night is, she will still do her best to rationalize away her sluttiness or even verbally declare to you that she "doesn't usually do this." This is a reason why slut shaming will be a powerful way to affect the behavior of women for the rest of time.

When you meet a girl who values unlimited choice and comments about "sexism" or "misogyny," two code words that suggest gender roles have been eliminated, you're dealing with a slut who would make for a horrible wife. She still feels slut guilt, but her behavior will still be more slutty than the world average. You can safely ejaculate inside her without asking if she's on the pill because she will not keep the baby. She does not want the unlimited choice party to end.

Increasing choice and reducing traditional gender roles are two factors that are rapidly destroying women. There will be further degradation going into the 22nd century with the annihilation of the family unit and rise of government co-parenting, where women will be raised via handbooks created in university programs that are approved by feminist and

homosexual thought leaders. Unfortunately, things will not get better within our lifetime, but with this knowledge at hand, all you have to do is identity the type of women you want and then board an airplane to visit the country that has them.

Read Next: *The Destructive Merger Of Dating Choice & American Culture*

How To Bang A 9

March 26, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

When you go out over the weekend and get a batch of numbers, you're almost guaranteed to get a response from the ugliest girl you picked up while not getting a response from the hottest one. It only makes sense that lower value girls will see you as higher value.

For example, say you went to the clubs this weekend and got five numbers. Three of the girls were 6s, one was a 7, and one was an 8. Come Monday when you start contacting them, which girl would you want to agree to go out on a date with you? Of course the 8. Even if the personality of a 6 was superior, your desire for beauty transcends personality and you will be more inspired to bang the hottie. But by Tuesday, only two of the 6s contacted you. You didn't get a response from the others.

Now fast forward one year later where you have some type of niche that puts you into contact with beautiful women. You go out to some exclusive parties and get five numbers. Three of the girls were 8s and two of the girls were 9s. The ugliest girl of that bunch contacts you and you eventually bang her. The "ugliest," of course, was an 8. A girl of her caliber wouldn't have hit you back the previous year, but now you banged it.

A lot of guys ask me how to bang 8s and above. It's pretty simple actually: get a lot of numbers of 8s and above. If you're getting numbers of 9s, that means two things: you have capable game and you have access to beauty. It's just a matter of time until you smash top shelf.

Sadly, the average guy has neither access nor game. He interacts with mostly 6s and talks to a bonafide 8 maybe once a month if he's lucky. He gets super excited when he meets that 8 and hopes that it will translate into a bang, but of course it doesn't, because the top end of your number closes will rarely convert. If it does, it's more luck than skill. Guys treat the phone number of an 8 like gold. They spit needy game without realizing it and are then disappointed when the girl doesn't even reply back to a text, when that result was easy for me to predict.

Instead of relying on luck, it's better to rely on math. Get a lot of numbers of hot girls and eventually one will come through, just like how you can get a 6 to come through today because you have approached a lot of them. You need to play the numbers game with a 9 just like you are doing now with 7s and below.

"But Roosh, I don't get opportunities with 8s and above. I don't meet enough of them to play the numbers game."

Then you won't get them. What do you have to do where talking to 8s on a weekly basis is routine? I've put myself into some nice Eastern European cities, but even then, access is an issue. There are 9s in Zagreb, but I was only able to do one solid approach a week on them, which wasn't enough. Until you're doing at least 5 approaches a week or more on the talent you want, the math won't compute in your favor.

A few weekends ago I got six numbers, all low to high 7s with one high 8. Did I get excited when I got the number of the 8? Nope. I don't play the luck game, I play the math game. And the math game says that I need to put myself in front of much higher talent and get more than just one number of an 8 or above.

I'm sure you get a little jealous when you see a guy with no game and no muscles with a smoking hot girl. Don't be. He had the access you don't have, and played the numbers game on a tier of women you don't see often. Look at that man and ask yourself how you get math on your team just like he did. Then it's just a matter of time.

Read Next: *7 Signs You Should Approach A Girl*

Why Can’t I Use A Smiley Face? Stories From One Month In America

March 28, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Today I’m releasing my new mini-book, **Why Can’t I Leave A Smiley Face?** It’s a 52-page memoir about the month-long visit to America in October 2012. Here’s the description:

> How many sexual partners is too many?
> What happens when you’ve lived away from your birth country for too long?
> Why do moms give bad advice to their sons?
> Why do Americans talk so much?
> Should a one-night stand have romance?
> Can a man ever be more interesting than a woman’s smartphone?
> Are you your father’s son?
> How much money is enough?
> Which country is best for men?
> Can a city decrease a man’s sex drive?
> Why is it that using a smiley face is needy in one country but not in another?
>
> These are the questions that come up in **Why Can’t I Use A Smiley Face?**, a short memoir about one man’s brief return to America after living in Europe for nearly two years. Stories range from trying to bang girls in Washington DC to getting caught up in a web of lies.
>
> Living abroad can bring great experiences, relationships, and happiness, but it may cost you friends, family, and even your own identity.

The book costs **$3**. If you purchase the Kindle or ebook edition (pdf, mobi, and epub package) before Sunday at midnight, you get a discount of one whole dollar. The price will increase to $4 after that.

Click one of the following links to continue:

- Read sample pages from the book

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This book is a mini-sequel to *A Dead Bat In Paraguay*, the memoir I released four years ago after quitting my job and living outside of America for the first time. I recommend you read it first before Smiley Face to better appreciate the stories. While reading Dead Bat is not required, you should at least be familiar with my background to put Smiley Face in context. This weekend I'm offering a combo deal where you can get all three of my memoirs for $8. The download package contains pdf, mobi, and epub formats of each book, for a total of 433 pages…

Click here to order the Memoir Combo.

I started writing my first book, Bang, back in 2006. In the past seven years, I've written 15 books that contain 1,484 pages and 537,867 words. I've also produced a Bang audiobook with the help of a voice actor. In this combo, get all 15 books and the Bang audiobook in mp3 format for only $35:

Click here to order the My Life's Work Combo (256 megabyte download).

Smiley Face is on the short side (it will take you about 90 minutes to read), but it's a story I wanted to tell. I hope you enjoy it.

A Few Hours Left

March 30, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

You have a few hours left to take advantage of the massive $1 discount to my new book, Why Can't I Leave A Smiley Face? If you order before midnight, you pay $3 instead of $4. Here's a reader review:

> Roosh has an approach to writing about his life that is at once clinical, self-reflective, funny, critical and–one just does not expect this–philosophical. In his latest, he returns to the country of his birth and ultimately find us wanting; but I'm jumping ahead of myself.
>
> The book is a series of vignettes documenting his return to visit friends and family after years away. Each chapter describes occurrences on this journey and reads very much like an quirky, independent movie so much so you will think you were at your local art house cinema drinking a Belgian lager and watching a cool guy make his unconventional way through life.
>
> As he describes what's happening, Roosh deadpans his observations like a movie voice-over. He writes with a detachment that is at first startling but ultimately refreshing and makes me think he may be reproducing for us what happened in his mind real-time as it was actually happening.
>
> As you read, you stumble across various pronouncements about the human condition from a man who will, in his lifetime, meet more different people in two years than most ever will in a lifetime. He is frank, quite brutally frank actually, about sex. He is brutally frank also about the female of the species, genus Americanensis. Here, for example, he describes how many men it takes to turn a woman into a ruthless entitlement mare:
>
> "I estimate that it takes ten male partners for a woman to start realizing that she doesn't "need" a man. Any man who dates her after that will get half-assed relationship efforts and increased entitlement. She knows how easy it is to get [a man] that, though maybe not as good as yours, will validate her nonetheless."
>
> Since 10 is quite a low number in modern America, if one accepts his assertion it is no leap of the imagination to see where things have gone. And every other story he tells of meeting women in DC seems to bear this out.
>
> Especially funny is the story of the female lawyer who cannot understand the psycho-dynamics of reality and asks–no demands–attention. On his metaphorical feet as usual, Roosh turns ice cold and decides to see just how far he can push the interaction. And like the damaged spirit that she is, unrecognizing, blind, she stumbles unfeeling towards eventual cat-owning obsolescence. No way a normal person could absorb this every weekend and emerge unscathed. Roosh seems to shake his head, clarity prevails: I'm back in the United States.
>
> More than the travails of random encounters with tigresses is Roosh's

> interactions with his mother and sister. It seems he'd thought they were supportive of his lifestyle, but something about their XX chromosomes had since taken over and produced arguments against his choices, and it seems to find him taken aback. "In my own house, too?"
>
> What I like most about Roosh's writing is the philosophical calmness with which he writes, how he describes the process of levelling counter-arguments without emotional outburst especially considering he's "arguing" with those he loves about a way of life he has come to love. One can be forgiven for thinking it a writer's low trick, made to show how cool under fire he is, but watch his videos and you can sense this is how he is regardless of the circumstance. It is no leap to connect this person with his writing persona and sense the veracity of it.
>
> Methodically, he rips apart mom's reasoning so that, by the end, she is making what I feel is the painful demand that either he change or he stop communicating with her. This couldn't have been an easy thing to write about, but it is invaluable to anyone thinking of hoeing this road. This is what may and likely will happen to you: even your own family will disapprove of your jumping the society-lain train tracks.
>
> Another family story, this time of dad. Seeking perhaps to understand himself further, he meets up with his father over a weekend's gambling in Atlantic City and coaxes from him the apparent genetic source of Roosh's "talents," shall we say. Dad was a "player" back before it became codified, before it became popular. The apple doesn't fall far from the tree.
>
> Underlying all this and forming a backbone of his new book is the world-weariness: he's half-expecting something new, please surprise me. Perhaps in the two years I've been away, he begs, please be different. But he only finds more of the same and even worse. It is a jungle of the heart and the cougars are winning: you can play with a tame lion, but those claws, those claws, those claws. The title of the book comes from a tryst with a woman who coldly dispatches him from her bed, and in a moment of vulnerability, he leaves a note and discusses with himself how best to convey that a human experience between them has occurred instead of a steel bare transaction: perhaps a smiley face? She never calls back.
>
> And so, as he departs (sister no longer cries at the airport) he comes to the conclusion that America is the land of the barren of soul. He no longer recognizes it and thus leaves its shores, a stranger. I wonder what that means for the men who are left behind. I ponder this question and my soul freezes at its outer edges.

And another review:

> I picked it up before bed, thinking I'd read just a small bit of it before crashing out. I was about halfway through and set it down to get some sleep, but then it

kept nagging at me so I picked it up again and finished the rest. I say “nagging at me” because it wasn’t like it was the most captivating book in the world, but I felt like it touched me on a real emotional level in a lot of ways (no homo), so I had to put those thoughts at ease by finishing.

Maybe it’s because I’ve struggled with a lot of the same emotions and challenges Roosh talks about over my last year of being home in the states. In fact, I think a lot of the issues touched on are things that have been in my mind over the past couple weeks.

I also found my spirits lifted in some of the brighter moments, even smiling a little; Roosh has a great ability for getting readers involved in his story. I especially appreciated how his camaraderie with the other forum members seemed to balance him. Makes me want to meet more like-minded guys.

On another note, I’ve noticed that in a lot of Roosh’s more recent writings, he seems to float back and forth between wanting to settle in a little bit, maybe even questioning his beliefs about women, and just embracing the momentum he’s already built in his life. I think this is something a lot of us struggle with. He doesn’t overdo it or give the red pill back; he just acknowledges its presence.

To be perfectly honest, I felt like some of the play-by-play in the nightclub chapters was a little too drawn out and that some of the “angry” banter Roosh had with women seemed pretty trivial in nature. Then again, I think a lot of the guys who read the PUA stuff enjoy this play-by-play type writing, so I’d say it fits that side of the audience. And while the personality revealed in some of these interactions may have rubbed me a bit wrong, one of my favorite aspects of any Roosh writing is the way he lays it all out there to be seen, warts and all.

He doesn’t sugarcoat something just because it might put himself in an awkward or less than favorable light. I always respect this type of honesty in a writer, and revealing the true subtleties of human nature makes for a more interesting, believable read and commentary on the lifestyle we’ve chosen.

In conclusion, I liked this homecoming story and will probably give it another go. Coming home to suddenly feel like an outsider can sometimes wear on you and leave you wondering if perhaps it’s you that has become flawed. Just knowing others experience the exact same thing is reassuring and offers a reminder that we aren’t all born into a place that’s right for us.

For some of us, there’s just no going back once we’ve embraced the international lifestyle (much like taking a red pill of any other hue). It’s a scary, somewhat alienating feeling, but you just have to keep searching for whatever it is you’re looking for. Even if it never reveals itself, sitting home probably wouldn’t have made you any happier, and at least you reach the end-game knowing you gave it a shot, which is far more than most people can say.

I hope you find what you’re looking for, Roosh. Thanks for another good read.

If this book interests you, click one of the following links:

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The Life's Work combo has all 15 of my books (1,484 pages), including Bang and Day Bang, my two popular game books. It also contains the Bang audiobook in mp3 format. The price is $35:

Click here to order the My Life's Work Combo (256 megabyte download).

Your thoughts on Smiley Face so far are encouraging me to tackle a longer memoir in the future.

I Lived With A Girl For Five Days

March 31, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Day 1

The British girl I devirginized arrived to my hotel room with a carry-on bag. I was a bit surprised because we didn't discuss her staying with me, but since I had no intention of going for other girls, I didn't say anything. It wasn't the first time that a girl weaseled a relationship escalation move on me. I'll have to be more mindful of this in the future.

I hadn't seen her in three months, so we got right down to sex. It was good. For the first time there were more moans of pleasure than screams of pain.

Day 2

While she was out for work, I explored the city and went to the coffee shop to work. She came home at 6pm and after a couple hours of relaxing in the room, we went to an Italian restaurant. She paid. After that she showed me around the center of her city, but it was touristy and not what I would have liked. We had a couple drinks at a bar. Then we came home and had sex.

Day 3

It was Saturday and in the morning we had sex. She previously disliked it when I hit from behind because it's "impersonal," but unprompted she turned over and assumed my favorite position. I went deeper than I ever have. Afterwards I asked her about her change of heart and she said, "I'm starting to like it more." My sex training was starting to take.

For the first time I felt the urge to separate from her, but instead we had breakfast downstairs. We had more sex. I told her I "had" to get work done and that she was welcome to come with me to the coffee shop with a book. She got bored after an hour, as I expected, because no one has coffee shop endurance like I have, and went back to the room. I enjoyed this time alone and was reluctant to return.

I researched an area of town to go out. We took the subway and stumbled on a Belgian restaurant. Her eyes seemed more focused onto me than before. She knew that I was immediately going to Poland after my time with her.

"I enjoy our time together," I said, "but knowing what happened last time I was in Poland, I think it's best we take it one day at a time. Who knows, maybe you'll meet someone here."

After a long pause, she said, "I recently started dating someone. It's early." Her head bowed slightly. Now I know who she's been texting on and off from the bed in between my orgasms (she herself has still not experienced an orgasm, as far as I knew).

I was actually pleased. I would feel no guilt with whatever choice I'd make with her. But I was curious: "How long have you been dating? Does he know you're with someone else?"

"Not very long. He thinks I'm with an American girlfriend."

We went to a bar, had a drink, then went back to the hotel room to have sex. Like always,

we did not use condoms.

Day 4

She left early for a bridal dressing. I timed it so I would leave the hotel room right before she came back to maximize my time away. I went to drink with a couple guys. She texted me on and off, asking if I'm having a nice time and suggesting time points to meet, but I kept it vague and stayed out late. I returned drunk to the hotel room and unrobed her for sex.

When I was about to orgasm, I pulled out and said, "Open your mouth." I put my dick in her face but she didn't open. "Open, open!" I said, hurriedly, but her mouth remained closed. Then I came all over her face. I laughed and got her a towel. "I told you to open."

Day 5

Today was her birthday. I gave her morning sex before she had to go to work, but this time she didn't want to leave. She snuggled up next to me in a half-dressed state, wanting to talk when I just wanted to sleep. She made a move for my dick, but I denied her. I turned my head away when she wanted to kiss. "You're going to be late for work!" I said. She left and I felt relieved that I had the next eight hours completely to myself.

I dreaded her return, but when it came I wasn't entirely displeased. A part of me missed her companionship. For her birthday I took her to Pizza Hut since she told me she liked pizza. She was satisfied and we went back to the hotel room for more sex. Afterwards I told her that I could no longer perform. I never had so much sex in five days.

On my way to the shower, she said, "I have to make a call."

"Is it the guy?" I asked, mockingly.

"Yes. Are you jealous?"

I laughed. "No, not at all."

The next morning she insisted on driving me to the airport. As an extra birthday gift I gave her a near-full bottle of Absolut vodka that I had purchased at the airport duty-free shop.

She parked the car at the departure gate. I didn't want to linger, quickly getting my bags and hugging her goodbye before the tears welling in her eyes fell. I gave her a kiss goodbye and made my way to the terminal, eager for round two of Poland.

Read Next: *The British Virgin*

Why Is Working For A Corporation So Awful?

April 4, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Except for start-ups in Silicon Valley that let you use scooters indoors, it has come to be common wisdom that corporations are horrible places to work. It shouldn't be like this. A regular salary with benefits in an environment that puts you in constant touch with other humans shouldn't cause misery, but in reality corporate work is one of the most soul-destroying activities you can do. Why?

1. It makes you helpless. The knowledge that you can be laid off, transferred, or snubbed at any time makes you feel like you have no say in your destiny. You're at the mercy of the invisible bureaucracy, of layers of people who have control over your livelihood and the final say on your future.

2. It makes you fake. When a stripper goes to work, and has to give lap dances to fat men for money, she puts on a smile and pretends that she's enjoying it. You do the same when you have to work in a corporation. You put on a fake smile and adopt a shielding personality to deal with people you would never choose to deal with in your spare time. This levies a significant blow to your self-identity.

3. You have to deal with Human Resources. Promiscuous women who graduated with a bogus degree now got you by the balls. Assuming you get through their dating interview process, you still have to comply with their rules and regulations, and you must be cheerful when they pimp slap you for stepping out of line or suffer one of their 90-day probations where you have to supplicate to their whims. You have to be alpha with your work but beta and subservient to the HR gals and all your other insufferable coworkers. Otherwise you'll be written up and punished like you were in elementary school.

4. It makes you do things you hate. Your day-to-day tasks involve doing what makes the corporation money, not what you want to do with your life. The odds that a corporate position perfectly matches your passions are just about zero. Enjoy all the meetings, the Kaizen training, the diversity seminar, and the writing of TPS reports.

5. You receive low pay. You'll never make as much as you bring in. Once Uncle Sam takes his cut, and you account for commuting, you'll always be selling yourself short. When your yearly review comes, you have to beg like a dog for a 4% raise that barely keeps up with inflation by telling your master all the wonderful things you did in the past year that made the company money. It's humiliating.

The answer to this sad existence is to start your own business. It's a tough challenge that will take time until you start bringing in income, but you'll work on your own terms, control your destiny, be able to choose your customers, and not have to work with ditzy women who have power over you. Most importantly, you'll be able to follow your passion. I wouldn't have it any other way.

Read Next: *Now You Need Game To Get A Job*

My Appearance On A Ukrainian Talkshow

April 6, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Click the caption button to activate English subtitles (you may have to go to the video page on Youtube):

The title of this show was “Sex Mission” but it might as well have been called “Roosh Roast.” They came at me pretty hard, from just about every angle. I knew it going in so that’s why I was more impressed than surprised with the stuff they pulled. My main concern was keeping my pocket square from sliding down (I was successful).

Before I go over the highlights, you’ll see that I wore an earpiece. Someone in the studio translated everything for me but obviously there was a delay. Since the show had so many people competing to talk, by the time I heard the complete translations, someone else was talking. This definitely limited my participation. The show also edited about half of what was filmed, including my distinction of love tourists vs sex tourists, among other things.

1:55: Yes it’s true, I did study bacterias in college.

2:39: lol at grocery bag picture.

3:10: Ukrainian nationalist commended me for having the energy to visit so many countries. “He must be exhausted!”

4:00: My longest monologue, capped off with a passport beard shave, one of my newer moves for use in the East.

5:04: They found my Ukrainian girl pictures post and then brought out two of the girls.

5:50: I tell the girls to leverage this exposure into an entertainment career. I suppose my mentality is still American.

6:32: Host tries to get a rile out of me, saying I made everything up in between studying bacterias. I did speak a response (which I forgot), but it was edited out.

6:59: I’m being threatened with a lawsuit. I wasn’t scared. Both of these girls are huge attention whores, especially the brunette, whose hero is Paris Hilton. I promise you they loved being on the show.

9:00: I met this guy on Couchsurfing and we hung out twice at night.

10:14: “Of course I had to lie.” lol

10:37: There goes me, under the bus.

11:05: This girl is a lying bitch—I never approached her. I don’t holla at plastic surgery victims.

12:35: “I told my friend about it,” who happens to be a popular reporter. What a setup.

14:44: Fat Bono comes through with a smackdown on American girls. I enjoyed this. He seemed to be mostly supportive of me.

15:54: Nice camera shot.

16:45: The crazy sex tourist hunters arrive with footage of them making an Italian man cry. Most of the audience was laughing at this. I started losing the spotlight at this point.

19:13: My best pose, I'd say.

19:30: This woman is insane, full of anger. She was not pleasant in any way.

20:41: Sex tourist hunter says I'm breaking the constitution for using the flag. This argument was also used for Bang Iceland.

21:01: Go bang American women, hell if I care!

22:05: The crowd is showing me more support. I'm starting to feel like Rocky in Rocky IV. I wanted them to chant my name by the end, but this did not happen.

23:30: Max the sex tourist hunter takes actual weapons with him when he goes out. After the show, the bodyguard immediately came up to me and escorted me to the backroom, worried that Max might do something.

25:10: Is this shit over yet?

25:57: The hate goes from me to Max.

26:08: This woman (a singer, I think) was very nice to me after the show, but she didn't speak English. I'd make love to her.

26:41: It's revealed that Max is a PUA, or something.

27:43: I aimed for the jugular.

28:17: I win?

28:45: Pizza.

29:06: And I'm done.

31:26: Lovely lady who was a strong fan. She actually read about my work before the show and said that she agrees with my teachings.

32:19: Pocket square looking good.

33:04: Elegant, yes.

Overall it was a good experience. Going on this show here or that interview there is giving me experience for one day when the stakes may be higher.

Learn more about the book that led to the appearance: Bang Ukraine.

The War Against Men

April 7, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Your average American woman doesn't identify as a feminist, and may even refuse to call herself that due to embarrassment, but a host of feminist beliefs have been installed in her brain that not only determine her personality, but also how she interacts with the opposite sex. Without having to consciously accept feminism, she is more feminist than Betty Friedan, more feminist than Gloria Steinem.

What are the most common feminist beliefs in America? There are three:

1. Men and women are equal, but the patriarchy still favors men in all areas of life. If a woman fares poorly in something, it is due to structural imbalances in society or outright discrimination.

2. Any criticism of American women by a man makes him sexist, misogynistic, and a sex tourist. Any mistake or wrong by a woman can be traced to the fault of men.

3. A woman does not peak with her beauty. She peaks with her intellect and experience, which means that she must spend her youth educating herself with liberal arts degrees to eventually trade her labor to capitalists. In the meantime, she will become a mature human being by having sex with with any man who excites her.

A feminist—a true feminist—takes these three beliefs to the government and tells them to do right through legislation. She also gathers her friends and makes complaints to media companies and advertisers to mold their behavior and products through threat of boycott and bad exposure. In this regard they've been successful. Politicians will do anything to get their votes, and corporations (including the media), will not share views that offend them. Of course, just about everything offends them, so the range of allowable thought gets narrower with each passing year.

Your average girl on the street is not an activist. She doesn't protest, organize, or even write emails of complaint. She's too busy distracting herself with Instagram, her iPhone, celebrity gossip, and the latest reality TV shows, but the three beliefs are still firmly entrenched in her brain. She thinks women are being held down, she thinks women are less fallible than men, and she thinks her value is not tied to her beauty.

If she's not protesting or complaining, where and how do these beliefs reveal themselves? Where do they leak out from her brain and transmutate into the real world? On you. You are the primary recipient of these beliefs.

Feminist thoughts ferment in her brain for many years without her realizing it to eventually rain down like napalm on your senses in the form of words, actions, and outbursts when you approach her, have sex with her, or have a relationship with her. I don't need to tell you that this will not be positive.

She will think you are privileged. She will think that any good in your life has been achieved merely because you have a penis, not because of your hard work. She will believe that power should be taken away from you and given to women. She believes

that within your being is a rapist who would not hesitate to violate and beat a woman, and the only reason you aren't raping her is thanks to the laws of the state. She believes your only true need on earth is to be a sperm donor, and that medical technology will eventually—god willing—make you superfluous She believes that if it wasn't for you and your gender, the world would be at peace with no death and no suffering. She will interpret any thing you say which doesn't portray her as perfect and moral to be sexist, chauvinistic, and in urgent need of re-education. She will attribute any behavior or quirk of yours that doesn't turn her on to be weird and creepy. She will wonder whether you're an anorexic apologist if you criticize the foods that she loves, such as Chipotle burritos and Starbucks frappuccinos. She will wonder if your vacation to Brazil was really a sex trip where you took advantage of poor women who live in slums. She will think you're a slaver if you ever dare hint that you'd want the future mother of your child to stay at home.

She will dissect all your stories, analyze every word of your text messages, and prowl through the internet like a private investigator to rule out the fact that you are in all likelihood a bigot who needs to man-up from a pathological inability to handle a strong women who is experienced with sex, clerical work, and fancy restaurants. It only takes these three beliefs to lead to dozens of opinions about you that make you the enemy of womankind.

Make no mistake that this is a war against heterosexual men. This is the war of our generation. This is a war against men who are presumed guilty at birth, and whose innocence is mere purgatory until a newly devised outrage sends them to hell. You are the enemy and you will be denounced in the form of "misogynist," "creep," and "sexist," and this denouncement will stay with you and affect your livelihood in ways that modern technology allow. You will be prosecuted by the fattest and ugliest cunts of the land, with no hope of appeal.

The young woman who doesn't even think she's a feminist is nonetheless waging war on you, her attitude and denouncements the weapon, her vagina the booty that is yours if you defeat her with your sword to choke and gag her in a way that she has been taught to like in books that have been foisted upon her as if she was a mindless automaton. Every time you thrust into a feminist who doesn't think she's a feminist and forgo a relationship with her, you inflict a wound. Every time you ignore her existence, you inflict a wound. Every time you make love to a foreign woman, you kill her outright.

This is a defensive war. We have been attacked, shamed, and taxed by them and now there is not much of our blood left. They demand more and more yet give us less and less, to the point where some men are deciding it's not even worth it to have sex—not worth following their biological purpose of existence. The United States is becoming a battlefield, and it's those who don't pick up arms and foolishly appease the enemy and believe in its benevolence that will suffer most. All we demand is a pleasant woman who can raise our seed in a pleasant home, but that has been denied us, and we have been left floundering on a confusing search for masculinity in a society that attacks us and makes us feel ashamed for being men. We didn't start this war, but we will finish it.

The King Of Warsaw (Part 1 of 2)

April 9, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A year ago I got an email from a reader of mine named Kamal. He lived in Warsaw and asked for some advice on getting with the local models. My advice to him was simple: “To get a star you have to be a star.” Even though I wasn’t swimming in models myself, I knew that it took displays of high value to get with women who are viewed upon as having high value. Through the months he sent me short updates about living in Warsaw, but they were somewhat forgotten in the huge pile of mail I receive.

By the time I arrived in Warsaw to continue my exploration of Poland, I was ready to pick a city and stay for an extended period of time. By hopping from city to city, I was not leveraging the value I’ve built up over the years. I became so dependent on the cold approach to get laid that the minute I stopped approaching was the minute all my prospects dried up. I knew that the only way I’d get “passive” sex is if I build up some local status and have girls seek me out based on what they have heard or seen. I was ready for Warsaw to be the place that I stay and work on this new game.

I wasn’t in the same state as my last trip to Poland, when I had very little European women experience and was hungry for notches and flags. Now I was looking for stability and something that resembled a more normal life. Even if I was thirsty for more bangs, Warsaw would have stymied me. The quality was below the Polish average but the male competition was intense. I had written off Polish guys as being duds, but in the first few clubs I went to, they were out in force, approaching like maniacs. There was no room to build up a bit of a mysterious vibe and play it slow like I did in Poznan. It was a race to approach the fastest, spin the girl around, dance, and so on. I didn’t have the will for it.

It didn’t help that the attitude of the women were more sour. I was getting dismissive responses and two girls I approached even asked me to buy them a drink, something that didn’t happen to me in the entirety of my previous stay in Poland. I could tell that the biggest and fastest growing city in the country was having a negative effect on women who I naively thought were immune to that sort of thing. My plan to stay in Warsaw, to build local status and get passive bangs, was cancelled after just a few days.

—

Kamal responded to my arrival email where I asked if he wanted to have a drink. He agreed and we met on a Friday night. He greeted me with a large smile and a handshake. Immediately I noticed he spoke with a French accent. It turned out he was from Morocco, which has a strong French influence. He led me to one of his favorite lounges where the doormen cordially greeted him. We checked our coats and I noticed that he was suited up. If I knew, I would have upgraded the H&M v-neck I was wearing.

I followed him to a table where he introduced me to four Polish women, one of whom he recently had sex with. More people joined and he always quickly introduced me as his friend. He worked the table like a raconteur, talking enough to show value but not so

much that he bored his audience. All eyes were on him while I got the perfunctory "Where are you from?" but with no substantial follow-up to my answer. He made everyone feel special enough but not too special, and he tossed me a few glances that I interpreted as "You're alright, yeah?" I noticed he would often adjust his cuff links, not because they needed to be adjusted, but perhaps to relax himself, to take the edge off of being in the social spotlight.

"This is only the warm up spot," he told me. "There's a club I want to take you to." After a couple drinks and more introductions with Warsaw scenesters whose names I immediately forgot, we left to the club a few blocks away. It was a mob scene. The line was more than half a city block long. Before I objected to what would be an uncomfortably long wait, he said, "Follow me." We walked down the line and received cold glares as we passed those waiting in the cold. At the front door the velvet rope gave way and we were whisked in.

Inside the club we went straight to the VIP room. I excused myself to the bathroom and noticed that they had real cloth towels, not paper. The club itself wasn't bad, but the talent was lacking. Kamal apologized and said that it was usually better. He bought me a round of drinks and we stayed awhile. He showed me pictures of the model he was banging, the one that my advice helped him get, and I made no attempt to conceal that I was duly impressed with the evening, which ended at a local bar down the street with a round of Polish yellow vodka.

The next night we started in the same lounge. He brought one of his fuck buddies. I won't lie—she was gorgeous, and so refined that I didn't know Polish girls came in that flavor. The story he told me of how he got here had a lot of detail, with explanation into his early game and how he deflected the cockblock and so on, the type of detail that men who don't do so well with women wouldn't even be aware of. I wanted to dig deeper into his success.

—

On Sunday afternoon we met in a quiet café. "You've built up quite the empire here," I said.

"Thank you. It took two years."

"Two years?" I asked, surprised.

"Yes, the first year I didn't do as well. That first time I emailed you I was actually in the middle of a slump, but I took your advice and decided to be the star. I got a beautiful flat in the center, I joined a business club that connected me with the most successful people in Warsaw, and I actively used Facebook to keep contacts warm. Like today out of the blue I got a message from a girl I kissed six months ago. She asked me if I wanted to meet for a drink. I think it's because she saw all the other girls that comment on my profile."

"So this wasn't an overnight thing?"

"No, definitely not. When I first came in the city, I was working real hard. I was going out

all the time and approaching girls like crazy. I was banging some but it took a lot of effort for what I got. For a while I was spending serious money on bottles and not getting much in return. I even spent time gaming the bouncers. Now over 80% of my bangs come from that club, where I can sit back and snipe. I had one streak where I approached four girls over a weekend and banged three." I mused for a few seconds on the logic of such a streak.

"When you approach a girl now in one of your regular spots," I said, "she has probably seen you before flirting with other girls or talking to the staff. So you're leveraging the status without knowing it."

"This is possible. Now random bangs come to me out of the blue. My social circle is big, money is good, and I'm about to buy an apartment here. I love the city and plan on staying." He's 27 years old.

"How do you make money?" I asked.

"Just like you. I sell game books but to a French audience. There are not many French 'PUAs' like in America, and I was one of the first." He went on to list some of the technical specifics of his business before the conversation came back to how he created his Warsaw lifestyle.

I said, "I really like the idea of building a social network and getting messages from girls out of the blue. I'm getting tired of actively hunting every night. If I don't approach for one month, I don't get laid. I have to always be working. The irony is that my money is passive. We're talking now and I'm selling a few books probably, but when it comes to getting laid, I use a different approach that's starting to wear on me."

"You saw me this weekend. I did maybe two or three approaches. To get this you have to invest hard in the beginning and then you can relax. You can do it very easily with what you know."

"Yes but there is a problem: I don't stay in the same place. You've been here for two years. I rarely stay in a place for two months. How can I build passive bangs in that short of a time? My travel habit guarantees I'll have to keep grinding it out, at a time in my life where I'm least motivated to do so."

"Well that's a problem then."

"It is."

TO BE CONCLUDED

The King Of Warsaw (Part 2 of 2)

April 10, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

PREVIOUSLY: Part 1

On a Thursday night I went to a club alone. In order to recapture the glory days where I was the approach machine, I decided to do ten solid approaches.

My first approach was on my ideal type of girl, but ten minutes in her friend dragged her to dance. I did more approaches, not because I wanted to get laid, but because I was supposed to hit ten. The alcohol wasn't loosening me up and I was getting more withdrawn as the night went on. My opening line felt stiff. My mouth was actively moving but my brain had left the building and was waiting outside. I made it to eight approaches, kissed a girl I only got a half boner for, and left.

There's no physical reason why I couldn't do something that I've done dozens of times before, but the desire wasn't there, even though I would have happily banged 50% of the girls present. I'm now only willing to work for a certain type of girl who I know can give me immense pleasure with minimal investment. Otherwise I have to be especially horny, something that may happen one or two nights a month.

—

I met Kamal once again at the lounge and he told me that the random girl who messaged him on Facebook the other night was coming with three other friends. They eventually arrived and his girl was the cutest. The second cutest wasn't bad, but she didn't want to chat and went with the other two to dance.

Kamal and his girl talked next to me and I could tell that he would get far based on how she was smiling and giggling at most things he said. I remembered when she took out her phone to text someone and he said, "Why are you texting me, I'm right here!" He never put out an arrogant vibe or displayed anger. He was a gentleman with style, something that plays very well in a country that lacks such men. He built the foundation with his logistics, personal attributes, and social circle investment, and could now cash it in for years to come. All he needs to do is show up. While he was talking to the girl, I was thinking about which parts of him I wanted to implement into my own game.

I did a handful of approaches but it was tough. In one of the snobbiest bars in Warsaw, the cold approach was getting me less mileage than even industrial Ukraine.

Kamal came up to me and said, "We're going to a new club. I took a girl there yesterday and bought a bottle but she didn't drink so they saved it for us tonight. We have to kill it."

"But how about your girl?"

"She's going to meet me later. She wants to spend time with her friends."

"Are you sure it's a good idea to leave her? It's okay if you need to stay with her, I can find something to do."

"No, it's better I leave. I want to play around a bit and then meet her later."

We went to the club and got to work on the vodka bottle. In the VIP section there were many guys older than me dressed in suits and smoking cigars. Opposing them were women in their late 20s who seemed like they would accept cash for sex. A couple of them had bobblehead body language, physically present but not mentally. The main crowd had average talent of somewhat older people.

I started talking to one of the club's dancers, a privilege that the VIP access gave. She was surprisingly receptive, asking me questions and deflecting cockblocks from her fellow dancer friends. She went to dance and actually came back. I offered her a drink from Kamal's bottle and she accepted, later inviting me to dance. I tried to touch, a suitable move after our 30 minute conversation, but she pulled back and said, "I need space." I replied, "I'll give you space" then walked away.

She came back to me later, a huge sign of interest, but there would be no extraction on this night. My need to stay in one city was now stronger than ever. The optimum strategy of scoring top talent was being painted in my head with three colors: game, residency, and local value. As long as I only had one, I would always have to work.

After killing the bottle, we stumbled out of the club and walked to another. Kamal eventually got the text from his girl and left. I went home not long after, alone.

—

The next afternoon we met at a café to review the night. I said, "Now before you tell me what happened, I'm going to guess that you came close to banging but didn't get quite there. It seemed like it would take one more date."

"When I went to the club she was at, she was dancing with another guy."

"Uh oh."

"But then when she saw me, she immediately stopped dancing and came to me. She didn't look at the guy again. We danced for a little while and I asked her if she wanted to come over for a drink. She said she wanted to but that her friend was drunk and needed to come with us. I said, 'I wouldn't mind hanging out with your friend, but I just had the maid clean my apartment and I don't want her puking in it. I can tell she doesn't look well.' She asked what she could do. 'Let's put her in a cab. It's the best thing for her.' The three of us went outside and we shoved her in there."

"Cockblock disabled, nice."

"Yes. Then we went to my place. I made drinks but on the couch she was playing really hard to get, like she didn't want to kiss me."

"Did you kiss before?"

"Not much, just short kisses."

"That's not good."

"Yeah, so I told her, 'Look you need to open up, you're being cold and I don't like that.' And then finally she kissed me. After a while she asked me if I wanted to have sex. I said, 'No, of course not, I'm not that easy.' So we're playing this dance, back and forth, until

finally I suggested we go to my room. She said yes and then we banged."

"Boom!" I gave him a high five. "It was nice to be there for most of it to see it go down. She seemed a little aloof but I guess her plan was to get banged all along."

"She had really sexy underwear, like she knew she was going to get laid. She just broke up with her boyfriend and was ready to be bad."

"That's inspiring, man. What you got is what I want. I just need to find my city."

"You'll find it."

"I hope so, but I will say that you were the right person to meet at the right time in the right country. It's like god put you in front of me, giving me the answer of what I have to do next. It's like he said, 'Roosh, I know you're having problems right now figuring out what you want to do. I want you to meet this guy named Kamal.'"

He laughed, not minding my melodrama.

"What you've done here," I went on, "such as being a regular at a couple good spots and getting in with the staff, I've done a bit of in other cities, but it was mostly accidental. Just like how I'm conscious with game, I need to be conscious with being king of a city. I don't see why it can't be done."

"It can be done."

For the previous two years I was searching hard for poosy paradise. I believed that within the first week a city should slap me across the face and announce if it was paradise or not, but Kamal did the opposite. He went to a city that wasn't poosy paradise and *made it so*. He created paradise from something mediocre by putting in his blood and sweat, while I was living the life of a wandering gypsy, expecting paradise to be handed to me merely from my ability to hop on an airplane. I saw the flaw in my approach, and on the bus ride to my next city, I was ready to change the game that I've been running for all of my adult life.

Read Next: *13 Personality Traits Of Polish Women*

Masculine Conservatism

April 14, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

It's apparent that the manosphere is giving rise to a new school of thought. Whether you are visiting a game blog, an MRA site, or an MGTOW forum, there are a lot of commonalities in our belief systems that don't match existing ideologies.

A few months ago I wrote an article on traditional conservativism. Here's an excerpt:

> Traditional conservatives can be boiled down into believing that not all change is good. They look to the past for what was lost and how to recapture it while liberals look to the future for what more can be gained in the form of expanded rights, new privileges, birth control subsidies, and dole money. Both offer a counterbalance to society, with one side hitting the brakes while the other hits the gas.
>
> I think it can be argued that in the past 30 years all we've done is hit the gas, with very little thought of how that progress impacts human behavior. The pedal is now to the metal while we all race down the highway in the dark of night without wearing out seatbelts. Traditional conservatives highlight the deadly accidents and say, "Look at this, we need to slow down!" while the left yells, "Fuck it, we need to keep going!"

But how much of the tradcon ideology really matches what you and I believe today? Last time I checked, most of us are not ready to marry a virgin or forgo playing the game. We're not in a hurry to raise a family. Instead, we seek periods of hedonism to be slightly balanced with more traditional viewpoints that accept reality and human biology.

I thought of what are the most common beliefs in the manosphere. Here they are:

1. Men and women are genetically different, not only physically but mentally. Sex roles evolved in all animals. They did not exempt humans.

2. Free-market capitalism is the most efficient means of economic growth.

3. Libertarianism could be an effective means to prevent government overreach into the lives of citizens.

4. Women are sluts if they sleep around, but men are not. This fact is due to the biological differences in gender.

5. Socialism, feminism, and cultural Marxism will bring down society because it eliminates the family unit and decreases the fertility rate. Entitlements soon outstrip the diminishing tax base.

6. Men drop out of the reproductive game if there is no incentive for them to reproduce.

7. Past traditions and rituals had purposes that benefited family and, in turn, society.

8. Elimination of traditional gender roles and the promotion of unlimited mating choice will unleash hypergamy in females, preventing family formation.

9. A woman’s worth coincides with her fertility and her beauty. A man’s worth coincides with his resources.

10. The most stable family is a man providing the bread while the wife stays home to feed it to offspring.

11. Democracies devolve into welfare states as citizens vote for the candidate who gives them the most money.

12. Testosterone is the biological cause for masculinity. Environmental changes that reduce the hormone’s concentration in men will cause them to be weaker and more feminine.

It’s possible for you not to agree with all twelve beliefs, but chances are you believe at least half if you’re a regular reader of mine. If I were to pull a random feminist off the street and show her this list, she would believe absolutely none of them. In fact, if one of your more liberal friends finds out that these are your beliefs, she will think about ways to start a whisper campaign, either online or off, to deal with your thought crime that goes so strongly against what she believes to be truth.

I’m not a fan of inventing terms or names, and if you read my game literature you’ll notice how I find normal language to be quite capable in describing ways to seduce a woman, but we need a name to describe the world that we think best reflects our shared beliefs. “Red pill” is one, but it often refers to a *way* of thinking, not the content. I believe the phrase “masculine conservatism” fits better for these specific beliefs.

Now imagine if it was acceptable to discuss these ideas on a university level. Imagine if a men’s rights speaker could participate in a campus lecture without getting harassed. Imagine the volume of data that would be published if we had educational backing. Imagine if you could post your own thoughts under your full name and solicit public feedback without jeopardizing your future employment. Feminism is so strong not because their ideas are strong, but because they’ve accumulated power that limits the development and publication of our thoughts. We’ve been reduced to posting mostly anonymous essays on the internet, disorganized with no guiding mission.

But even in this disorganization is rising new ideas that are challenging the status quo. It’s up to each of us to decide how much farther we want to take these ideas, or if we want to hide them and let only our opponents enjoy free speech while we remain marginalized. The feminists were the underdog once, and look how far they’ve come. I have no doubts that we can do the same.

3 Game Questions That Keep Me Up At Night

April 18, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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1. Her commitment to a seduction

Problem:

The best type of game to run leans on the aloof side. Girls want a challenge, no matter where you are in the world, but how distant and aloof can you be until you start to lose her? How much effort is she willing to put in before finally giving up and moving on?

My Initial Take:

When I was in Argentina, I quickly learned that a girl will release you back into the wild much easier than an American girl. She will not spring back at you when you withdraw attention. I remember one night I was in a Buenos Aires club, flirting with an Australian girl, when I got annoyed at her and walked away. Not one hour later, she sought me out, something than an Argentine girl would never do.

American girls put in the most amount of work for a guy they like, to the point of desperation. They will send repeated texts or just ask the guy on a date outright. You can be extremely aloof—even disrespectful and insulting—and the girl will still come into you. In Eastern Europe, this is not the case. The aloof line of demarcation is closer to Argentina than America. Not responding to one of their texts can be a grievous error that you may not be able to recover from. Even though her attraction for you is high, and she has no other cock in her lineup, she will be much more reluctant to chase you if she feels you are withdrawing from her.

Future Work:

I need to experiment with girls I have had sex with via dating (not one-night stands). This means that her attraction for me is relatively solid. With these girls I will need to play around with my text reply times or not be in a hurry to ask them out, just to see if they will make moves to gain my favor. My instinct tells me that in Eastern Europe, I have to continually lead the interaction.

2. Receiving advice from other men

Problem:

For men who get laid with 5s and 6s, how applicable is their game advice for men who want to bang 9s? If I'm in Romania, studying Romanian women, and I meet a man who bangs a new 6 every night, should I listen to his advice?

My Initial Take:

I respect the man who has banged a hundred 4′s. The sheer act of sealing the deal on a woman of any attractiveness takes salesmanship and commitment. This chubby chaser can have advice that helps men who want to bang higher talent. For example, his logistics game could help when trying to bang your 9. Nonetheless, it would be a mistake to duplicate his game. As I've gone up in quality over the years, I've had to adjust my

game in all areas. The fact that average girls use their sexuality to attract men in ways that 9′s don't immediately tells you that's a different ballgame. Sometimes it feels like a different sport entirely.

I wrote Bang to get with an American 7. The book has done well because in America, a 7 is close to the high average. But banging model or actress quality requires a different set of tools that very few men in the world have, especially men in America who don't even see 9′s thanks to the aesthetic de-evolution ravaging the country. For this reason, I mostly ignore all game advice from all men, unless I know that that man specifically goes after girls I want. Otherwise, I'm in my workshop with no choice but to re-invent the wheel for the environment I'm in.

Future Work:

The men who are banging 9′s are not pick-up artists who use copy/paste material—they are men of status who have coveted access to these women. It would be ideal to befriend such a man and dissect his life to see what could be modeled. The problem is that this is more of a structural and lifestyle game than verbal game, and would likely take years to iron out. For you to have this issue, I imagine you would have been in the game for several years and a notch count well over 100. I consider it an "International Player Problem."

3. When conversations end

Problem:

You're in a night venue and approach a girl. You get into a conversation that lasts five minutes and suddenly she leaves with an excuse to dance with her friends. Did you do something wrong? Why would a girl end a conversation that she seemed initially interested in?

My Initial Take:

This issue has perplexed me for years because it brings up a lot of difficult questions related to attraction and how it is perceived by the girl. If you approach a girl and get rejected off the bat, it's because she didn't like your look, vibe, or opening line. But if you approach and she talks to you with open body language, that means those three components are agreeable to her. In other words, she is actively considering you for sex, and is now going to see if this positive first impression is matched by your personality, background, and value.

I've recently decided to adopt the firm view that if a girl exits a conversation after five minutes, I completely blew it (unless she had a boyfriend). I lost out on a notch, displaying a quality that she didn't like or a game that is not what she wanted. In other words, I'm interpreting her exit from an established conversation the same as a blow out. This is tough on the ego, because essentially you're expanding the definition of rejection, but on the other hand it's needed for me to achieve the next level of game wisdom. Accepting this view is allowing me to test a lot of assumptions I've made about game and what it takes to hook a girl and keep her hooked.

Future Work:

When a girl exits an established conversation, I meditate on what just occurred, especially the last minute—to examine the content of my speech and my body language. How did I respond (or not respond) to what she was giving me? Did I show too much interest? Did I miss a cue that she gave me? Every girl is different so what one girl would have banged you for is what another girl would reject you for.

This issue forces me to mentally pull up an idealized blueprint of the path to a girl's panties within the first minute of a conversation. I have to draw upon all my experiences to very quickly identify the game she wants and then smoothly deliver it without making mistakes. This is no easy task, obviously, but once accomplished, I don't know what further game mountain is left to climb.

Read Next: *The 3 Principal Types Of Game*

If I Was Born An American Girl

April 21, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I suspect life would have been easier for me had I been born a girl. If I was reflecting back on a life lived as a woman during these times, the following is probably what I would have written on my death bed while surrounded by my feline friends…

As a young student in public schools, government programs pushed me into math and science. Even when I did poorly, I got decent grades that indicated I was more intelligent than my work revealed, enabling me to enroll in advanced classes. I even received extra encouragement from my female teachers while the boys were punished for not sitting still. They were put on drugs so my learning was not disturbed.

As a high school senior, ready to apply for college, I appreciated the fact that my male competition was discouraged and shamed into a life of video games, porn, or even suicide. Being favored by an educational system that was ruled by female administrators made it easy to get into college. To outcompete the boys, all I had to do was show up.

As a failing student in organic chemistry, I was thankful that I could avoid receiving a D by turning on the water works to my male professor, who was so creepy and pathetic that I doubt he has ever been laid by a beautiful woman like me in his life. I'm glad he understood my bad grade was a result of not my own lack of effort or personal failings, since I was told since kindergarten that I could be an astronaut if I wanted to, but because the organic chemists of the past didn't bother to explain the principles of science in a way that women can understand. I ended up getting a B in the class.

As a freshly minted communications major (science ended up being too boring for me), I liked how so many corporations were willing to hire me as an HR or marketing associate. These corporations can only advance through strong communication skills, which men simply don't have. Not only was I always on time for meetings, but I gave really good ideas while the male engineers and programmers were shy and quiet and sometimes a little rapey with how they looked at me. Even though I was only making $35,000 as an entry-level HR clerk, I loved the power I had in googling all the male applicants and tossing out their resumes if I found out they were weird or displayed a value that went against the corporate culture that women are an important part of (like being ugly). I tried my best to give preferential treatment to female applicants because we have been held down for so long.

As a party girl who has only been with 46 guys (I'm not counting the guys I made love to when I traveled), I enjoyed how I could change my mind about having sex with a guy *after* I had sex with him. On one morning I looked to the guy on my bed and he seemed a lot more beta than I had remembered when I was enjoying the martinis he was buying me the night before. I was no longer turned on, so it was obvious that I was raped. I called the police and made his life a living hell for violating my body without having been granted 100% full consent. He didn't get jail time but is on a sex offender list, and had trouble getting a job last time I checked. What's really interesting is that if I had the same

quantity of drinks and drove a car, I would be held responsible for my actions and go to jail if caught, but if I decide to have sex with a guy after meeting him in a bar, I'm not held responsible at all. This is how things should be.

As an empowered woman who achieves spiritual enlightenment by opening my legs to only the sexiest and hottest men, I was very happy that the government paid for my birth control, gonorrhea antibiotics, and later, abortions. You have no idea how expensive it is to be a woman, with the cost of tampons and make-up and such. I wrote many letters to my representative in Congress to ask for my hair coloring and nail polish to be paid, since it's a cost borne on women and not men, but shockingly I didn't get a response. It's true that women now make more than men, but I still think money—from somewhere—should pay for women's health care and not that of men's, even if our life expectancy is longer than theirs. No one can seriously think that it's a woman's fault that men are stupid and ride dangerous motorcycles and shoot each other. Did I tell you about the drummer I'm dating right now? He's so hot. I let him come inside me, but he stopped responding to my texts and I'm going crazy trying to figure out why.

As a 35-year-old newly married woman, I'm a little disappointed that things didn't work out with the drummer. I'm resentful that I had to marry a geek, the only man I could find who was willing to man up. He takes all my shit without complaint, and while you think that that would increase my love for him, the opposite occurred. I hated him more every day. The power of science and in vitro fertilization allowed us to have a child (my womb was made infertile through multiple STDs, in case you're wondering). This was great for me because due to fem-centric American law, my husband was put in a bit of a pickle. I could have left him at any time, for any reason, while keeping the kids and most of his money—money that **I** helped him earn by pushing him to go to work every day in his lame job. You can almost say that he was my little hostage, and I loved watching him jump to meet my escalating set of demands.

As a divorcee of a deadbeat father, a piece of shit man, I'm satisfied that he was put in jail. My amazing lawyer, recommended to me by my divorced friend, got an alimony and child support payment that was 70% of his income. He couldn't pay it and is now learning his lesson behind bars. The high payment is fair if you consider the years I wasted on him when he utterly failed to attend to my emotional needs as a vibrant, dynamic, and empowered woman. I made sure to remind his little brat of a son every day what a loser his father is. I even had to put the little one on medication so his unexplained anger didn't rattle my nerves and interfere with my pilates training. Thankfully, the government gave me more money in the form of food, housing, and child care. The divorce put me in such a depressive state that I now qualify for disability payments until I die. No more office for me! And finally, after many years, the drummer has realized my worth and moved in. He's broke right now so he can't help with the expenses, but I have faith that one day he'll become the man I know he's capable of being.

As a recent breast cancer survivor, I was thankful that the disease got more research funding than just about all other diseases combined, preventing deaths of so many beautiful mothers and grandmothers. I'm also thankful to the NFL for making its male

athletes wear pink in support of breast cancer and not prostate cancer, which I read only affects really old men who are going to die soon anyway. Anyone who questions breast cancer funding is obviously a sexist, misogynist, bigot, racist, right-wing conservative, and a possibly a neo-Nazi. With my free time I sent angry emails to the employers of such horrible men when I read their evil thoughts on the internet. To my knowledge, no woman has ever lost her job due to proper and just feminist views. This pleases me.

As a dead woman buried six feet under the ground, I'm appreciative of all the privilege I've had to live a life where women were cherished and valued above men, who finally understand their role as sperm donors and tax payers and nothing more. But even more can be done, and I pass the torch to young women today and tell them to keep up the fight for gender equality, girl power, and female happiness at all costs. Thank god I was born an American girl.

Read Next: *It's The Patriarchy's Fault*

One Approach A Day

April 30, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A keystone habit is a habit that improves more than one area of your life with a ripple effect that goes way beyond its intended purpose. For example, weight lifting is a great keystone habit. While it does burn calories and increase the size of your muscles, it also increases your testosterone, encourages you to eat better, sharpens your mental focus, and increases your confidence level. If there's one habit a guy should take on besides learning game, weight lifting is it.

But how about for game? Is there a keystone habit for those guys who want to focus on getting laid more? Is there a habit that has a positive ripple effect? To answer that question, I'll first portray two different scenarios.

I.

For many years I had a habit of doing ten approaches when entering a club. It had two benefits. First, the warm-up was built-in. I don't know any man who wasn't mentally ready to approach girls within ten attempts. Second, it gives you enough opportunity to allow for success. If you want to get laid, and don't hit upon a solid interaction within ten approaches, you're either in the wrong place or using the wrong game. This habit does have a couple downsides: you tend to drink a lot of alcohol and the following day will be a write-off. It's a decent habit, but not a keystone habit.

II.

In my second Polish trip, I decided on a new "habit": no day approaches. I would only focus on writing during the day and not be distracted by the flesh. Instead, I went out only one night a week along with seeing two fuckbuddies on the weekend. My productivity skyrocketed—I never got so much work done before in my life, but my game went to total shit. My lone night out a week had me painfully rusty.

As much as I valued being productive, I want to be a player as much as a writer. At the same time, I didn't want to return to a 10 approach per night habit. I needed a new habit.

One important feature of the keystone habit I forgot to tell you is that it should bring out the natural competitor within you. You should want to self-improve and set ever higher goals just by executing the habit. When you lift weights, for example, it's only natural that you want to lift more weight and set personal records. You don't need a trainer or coach to push you to lift more.

After some experimentation, I stumbled on a keystone habit for game: one approach a day. Sounds easy, right? It's not. Imagine what it would take for you to approach one attractive girl every day:

- You'd have to put yourself in a public place where there is a selection of girls, possibly altering your daily routine in a drastic way.
- You'd have to maintain your appearance at top levels (can't skip days shaving) and

also regulate your mood to be social and positive.
- You'd have to get comfortable with day approaching.

I have taken on this habit and, by the time you are reading this, I have approached most days for the past four months, including one streak of 40 continuous days with at least one approach, in three different countries. To make sure I stick to the habit, I've taken on two enablers:

- I have an account with Don't Break The Chain. Every day I experience a reward of clicking the calendar to add another day to my streak.
- I deny myself a trip to my beloved coffee shop unless I do the approach first. No approach, no cappuccino.

Understand that there are absolutely no exceptions if you decide to take on this habit. It doesn't matter if you're sick, if you have a date, just got laid, or are traveling. You must approach a girl who acknowledged your existence (blow outs are fine), or else it doesn't count.

What will happen is that you wake up with a bit of weight on your shoulders that doesn't get lifted until you do your first approach. When you combine it with some sort of pleasure withdrawal (e.g., no cappuccinos), you'll want to do your approach early to "get it out of the way." Sometimes it's just a throwaway approach on a girl you're not even that attracted to, or an approach you end prematurely because you simply don't want to talk. But something interesting happens. After your first approach, which will probably not go well, you get in the mood. You'll want to redeem yourself. The natural competitor in you comes alive and *wants* to succeed, to do better than an approach that didn't even last 30 seconds.

If my first approach bombs, I often think, "Nah, I ain't going out like that." Then I do another, without much mental effort. Approaching begets approaching, and the biggest barrier is simply the first approach of the day. What is originally designed to make you approach 7 girls a week will turn to 20 without any extra strain on your part.

An additional side benefit to this habit is that it will positively change your lifestyle. If you live in the suburbs right now, you'll have to go to a mall to get your approach in. It may take you an hour for transport alone, but this gives you a taste of how important location is to have a lifestyle where you are around women. I wouldn't be surprised if after a while you start thinking of outright moving to a location where it's easy to do your daily approach. If you live in a city where you can't even do one approach a day, then you have much bigger problems than meeting women.

My favorite benefit, however, is that I'm always on. One approach a day is just enough so that if I see a girl I like, anywhere at any time, there is no mental fight to do the approach. There is no barrier I have to overcome, no self-doubt that tells me to wuss out, and no "alright let's get ready to approach!" psych-up talk. I've forgotten how it's like to be rusty.

Take a look at this list:

- Increased testosterone
- Bigger muscles
- Higher confidence
- Better eating
- Sharper focus
- Better sleep
- Less approach anxiety and hesitation
- Tighter game
- Less dependency on alcohol for talking to women
- More interactions with women

If you told me that the benefits in this list could be achieved from two habits: lifting three times a week and one approach a day, I'd say you were lying. But it's the truth. Tomorrow when you wake up, I want you to figure out how you're going to do one approach. Just one. Then the day after that, I want you to do another approach. And then keep going. If one day you have a horrible fever, you'll have to do your approach on the way to the pharmacy. If you got a date, you'll have to arrive earlier and do it on the street. *There are no exceptions.* It's a tough habit, but you'll be more than pleased at the results.

I forgot to mention one of the best benefits of approaching once a day: you get laid more. On the eighth day of starting this habit, I met a 20-year-old Polish girl at the coffee shop that I had sex with a few days later. She was the first approach of the day, and the funny thing is, I wasn't even in the mood.

Don't Miss: *The Roosh Program*

Patricia’s Smartphone

May 7, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Patricia woke up not when her body was ready to wake but when her smartphone, which she lays to bed beside her every night, vibrated and chimed with a text message from Madison reminding her of the lunch they would have later that Saturday afternoon. Her eyes began adjusting to light coming from her phone’s screen instead of the sun, to Facebook and Instagram updates of the amazing experiences her friends had the night before. She was more than excited when she noticed four new messages on Facebook, but quickly realized they were from losers. She let out a “lame” under her morning breath before getting out of bed, phone in hand.

She didn’t want to eat a large breakfast since she knew she would be having a fattening lunch later in the day with Madison at the new restaurant that was the buzz of all the local blogs—blogs she was now catching up on after preparing a small meal of two toaster pastries, banana, probiotic yogurt, and three pieces of artisanal dark chocolate. There on the center of her kitchen table was the biography of Steve Jobs, and if you look closely you can see a fine layer of dust on the cover. She received it as a gift, and though she read the first 16 pages with enthusiasm, she got distracted with something else and never picked it up again. She felt no loss for failing to read the book because her extensive blog reading and magazine browsing must surely surpass the depth and wisdom contained in the autobiography of only one man. A book, unlike her favorite blogs, also didn’t allow her to leave witty comments that other people could give her recognition for in the form of upvotes.

She arrived on time to lunch and greeted her friend Madison with “You look amazing!” The two other standard greetings she uses are “You look great!” and “Oh my god where did you get that—it’s so cute!” where the that would usually be an article of clothing or piece of cosmetic jewelry. There were two seatings that took place; first their bodies, on a square table besides the open kitchen that draws attention from patrons whenever a little fireball erupts from the grill area, and the other seating was for their phones, which they both placed to the right of their appetizer plate and silver utensils.

Their menu browsing was interrupted with snippets of their Friday night, each girl teasing with small details that would be explained more fully after ordering. Every minute one would ask the other, “What are you getting?” and the other would invariably respond, “I don’t know, what are *you* getting?” followed by a detail such as, “Did you see Josh recently? He lost a lot of weight!” The girl who did not see Josh pulled out her phone to find a recent photo of him on Facebook that confirmed his improved appearance.

Madison noticed there was a typo in the menu. She followed her gut instinct, which was to take a picture and then tweet it to her two favorite foodie blogs and the restaurant’s Twitter account with the text “Still working out the kinks?” She expected her discovery to get many responses but three minutes later, after their meals were ordered, there were no retweets or replies and she was surprised, because the typo was obvious and this was

supposed to be a serious restaurant, opened by a chef of a famous food truck that sold Mexican cupcakes with avocado sprinkles that were locally sourced. It wasn't uncommon to hear people using their entire lunch hour just to wait in line and buy a few cupcakes as part of the combo special that came with a bag of nachos and pumpkin salsa.

It's around this time that the full recap of the Friday night would be expected, two continuous stories with a start and end, but it resembled more a staccato, bits and pieces that I was hard-pressed to connect to the whole. Madison was more enamored with the place settings than the story of Patricia getting into an argument with a guy at the bar who asked her for a "female opinion" on something fashion related. Madison took two photos of the table layout, selected the one she liked most, applied a retro filter to make it look more distinguished, added seven different hashtags that were various spellings of the restaurant, and then uploaded it to Instagram. It took a little longer than she liked to upload and she said "Come on" twice while Patricia browsed through her phone so she wouldn't appear to have nothing to do while waiting for her friend to finish with her art hobby.

Patricia didn't feel like taking photos at the moment. Instead she launched an app that would blast a status update to all her social networks. She sent the following: "Having an awesome time with Madison at the new place!" Indeed, they were having an awesome time, mostly because they could share it in real time with the entire world.

The food arrived, presented beautifully on large plates with squigglies of unknown sauce going outward like heat rays a child would leave on a drawing of the sun. Both phones were out now, taking pictures from different angles. It took a few minutes for each of them to get their shots just right since the lighting was less than optimal, but post-production app filters were up to the task and produced beautiful photos that they girls couldn't upload fast enough.

Patricia uploaded just two photos of her dish, a Cobb salad, with the colorful ingredients arrayed beside each other like bags of spices in the Indian market she buys naan bread from. Madison, coming to the realization that this day would be special, created an album with the date and uploaded four photos of her Angus burger on brioche bun that was topped so high a horse wouldn't be able to take a bite. She ate it not unlike Patricia's salad, picking at the vegetable ingredients until she decreased its height enough where she could replace the top bun and finish it off in the normal style of eating a burger, exclaiming "This is so good" a total of six times.

Dessert was shared between them, a large piece of chocolate cake, and Patricia got the creative idea of taking a picture of Madison when a spoonful of cake was approaching her mouth. It would have been a better photo, in my opinion, if Madison removed her oversized sunglasses, but she partied hard the night before and didn't want people to see her sagging eyes, which would suggest she's upset or not having fun, when the truth is that she was having—like I already mentioned—an awesome time. After the cake was finished, there was a full seven minutes of conversation when neither operated their phones, but glances were stolen at their respective devices, and with no new notifications

in such a prolonged period of time, Patricia thought that she lost signal and compulsively turned on the screen. The signal was full strength. Three more minutes went by before she got a like on the status update she sent earlier, but it was from Cody, who was really creepy the other month when he displayed skepticism that free birth control should be a basic human right for women.

The most passionate part of their lunch date was when the check came and they debated how much tip should be left. The service was acceptable, but at one point Madison had no water and she had to flag the waiter to come, going so far as twisting her torso in an unnatural position to locate where the waiter could possibly be. It seemed unnecessarily difficult, she argued, and convinced Patricia to levy a 5% tip penalty from the standard 20%. (Later that night, Madison went on Yelp and left a 3 out of 5 star review, citing the poor water service and menu error as reasons that the restaurant “still had a ways to go.” She added a joke, hoping it would get “Funny” likes, but she only got two “Useful” likes instead.)

They left the restaurant and—I don’t know who came up with the idea first—agreed to take a picture in front of the main entrance. It was their luck that the name of the restaurant could easily be seen. Patricia asked a male passerby to snap the photo. He was more than happy to do so, but Madison began to get anxious because what if Patricia forgets to upload the photo? She didn’t want the opportunity to pass because she may never come back to this restaurant again after the poor service, so she asked the man to take the same photo with her phone. The man happily obliged. He hung around an extra twenty seconds longer than necessary and then thankfully went away without bothering the girls. He wasn’t good-looking.

It was time to walk off the meal by checking out the Old Town shopping center a half-mile away. Only three pictures were taken along the way and they considered buying a cupcake at a classic bakeshop but the line was too long and cupcakes are no longer in with the important foodie crowd that they considered themselves a part of. The Old Town was capably designed, they agreed, with a second level patio that oversaw a small fountain in the center of the complex. There wasn’t much else that I saw, but Patricia and Madison must’ve been moved because they excitedly took out their phones and got ready for picture taking on the patio that oversaw the little fountain. They believed that this moment must be captured with a camera sensor to not only be appreciated by their friends and beta orbiters, but also so they would never forget this special day for as long as they lived.

Patricia stood on the edge of the patio so Madison could take several shots (with Patricia’s phone, of course). Patricia examined each resulting image as soon as they were taken and grimaced each time, as if she was expecting a photo with an entirely different person than herself. After eight photos, she was finally pleased with one and then the process repeated with Madison, and then repeated again with both of them together thanks to the help of another male passerby, who was even more eager than the first. An extra “Thank you so much” was said to get him to buzz off. Not long after, in front of a Chinese restaurant, they stumbled on a display of an oversized Coca-Cola bottle, the

classic bottle that can no longer be found in stores, and a handful of more pictures were taken beside it with exaggerated facial expressions.

From the beginning of their lunch date until the end, a total of 52 photos were taken. Sixteen of those photos would be uploaded to various sites to garner a total of 48 likes, comments, and retweets, including a comment from the restaurant, apologizing for the menu typo. Not a bad haul for a Saturday afternoon, Madison thought proudly. She realized that through her effort and ingenuity hundreds of people—no, thousands—would not have to endure an unprofessional typo in a restaurant menu.

Patricia had a date that evening to prepare for. It was a casual date with a man she met on OK Cupid, and though she was reluctant to go since she wasn't horny (she was getting serviced twice a week by Brody, her ex-boyfriend), she had nothing else to do. She arrived 17 minutes late to be greeted by a man who seemed slightly less attractive than his rock climbing photos suggested. She felt cheated that he uploaded the best version of himself, and while he may be able to say the same of her, since it was obvious her photos were from a younger time when the stress of her studies didn't allow for the dining experiences she has become a connoisseur of, he was just proud to get a date out of messaging god knows how many women.

He ordered a gimlet while she ordered a mojito that came in a unique glass. She took a picture of her drink and then left her phone on the table while her date put his away. The sun was starting to fade from its peak intensity, signifying the arrival of evening, and so the texts began pouring into her phone. She was polite, only catching a quick glimpse of who was contacting her when her phone's screen would light for three seconds before fading back to black. Her date soldiered on with his life story, talking about his recent experience in the Peurvian mountains where he took ayahuasca and achieved spiritual enlightenment. He also remarked how he accumulated a vocabulary of 1,000 words in Quechua to learn important Andean wisdom from wise elders that has never been published in English. His story, however, could not compete with her phone. She responded to his prattle with a series of uh huhs while becoming more curious about the contents of her six unread text messages.

The anticipation reached a boiling point, not unlike when she was a young girl on her birthday and wrapped presents were shoved in front of her upon the ceremonial blowing out of the candles. Look, another pretty doll that she could play with for hours without worrying about anything else in the world, quieting her for such long periods that her parents would periodically get a feeling of panic that she wasn't in the house. "I just have to check something real quick, sorry," she said, then turned on her screen and scanned through the text messages that were waiting for her. One was from Brody, which was a pleasant surprise, since he didn't usually contact her until Sunday evening. She decided to only answer the most important text message, the one sent by Madison, who asked how the date was going. She replied: "He's so boring.. what time are we going to the club tonight? I want to wear my slutty dress." She smiled as she typed this out with her thumbs, a smile that her date could not elicit from her no matter how hard he tried.

He suggested another round of drinks but she said she was tired and that she needed to get some rest from a hard week of work at the office. He was disappointed but not surprised, and when the check came he was pleased that she made a sincere offer to pay, but she actually had no money in her purse. He paid the bill and got a pleasant hug with Patricia's breasts pressing slightly against him, completely unaware that his Monday evening "How was the rest of your weekend?" text would go unanswered. I could easily argue that the date was a waste of time for both, but Patricia didn't see it that way. She got a free cocktail, a cool photo, and a fleeting string of conversation for her friends that would last at least 15 seconds and display how valued she was in the dating game, immediately followed by a comment about how there are no exciting men anymore, only boring ones who think doing hippie drugs, learning dying languages, or climbing mountains make them interesting.

Back at home, Patricia put on her favorite Nicki Minaj party mix and began getting ready for the club. She dressed in her Vegas outfit, the skimpy black top and skirt paired with heavy makeup and heels so high and uncomfortable that a full half-hour of the night would be spent complaining about them to anyone who would listen. While she didn't look as good as two years ago, you couldn't tell by increased amount of attention she was getting from men, even when she went out in sweatpants.

She stood in front of her bathroom's mirror to take some self shots. This took a while to get right. The secret to a good self shot, she understood, was making it look completely natural as if the act of taking a photo next to the toilet bowl was a spontaneous event that came in a rare moment of artistic inspiration, when in actuality she has done this over a thousand times. I was impressed at how skilled she was at striking a pose that was the prettiest she could possibly look in spaces that rarely exceeded 84 square feet, with fluorescent lighting that would have easily highlighted her developing second chin had it not been for a precise 20 degree up-tilt of her head that didn't decrease the brilliance of her blue eyes like a 25 degree tilt would. After fifteen minutes in the bathroom getting it just right, she raced out the door and mentally braced herself for all the idiots who would make unwanted sexual comments about her body, thinking she dressed that way to get attention instead of to feel confident about herself and who she was as a woman.

She and her crew, four strong, assembled at a lounge. There was such a flurry of ensuing activity that I had trouble keeping up with them. Guys were coming out from behind bushes, it seemed, to put in their attempt, and even Patricia began to feel threatened by the street harassment as she raced with her girls from one club to another, easily skipping the line for peasants and straight into the VIP where rich men with bottles of vodka and sometimes whiskey were waiting to pour whatever they wanted. Numbers were given to the cute and confident men and a couple of them were able to get up close to Patricia and sneak in brief kisses on her glossy lips. During all this the girls maintained death grips on their phones, usually in their left hands so they could party with their right. It would have been too risky to put their phones in their purse because the bass from the speakers would make it impossible to feel the little vibration of a "Where are you?!" text from a friend or a booty call text that would almost always start with the sentence "You

out tonight?”

The fact that the girls were dancing with their phone didn’t reduce the fluidity of their gyrations or the rhythmic grinding on men’s crotches, and when a screen lit up from a new notification, even a minor one like an acquaintance not heard of in months being tagged in a photo, the dancing would stop for ten seconds and then commence again as if the interruption didn’t happen. The night wasn’t all joy, sadly, because Patricia forgot to recharge her phone midday, and now her battery level had sunk down to a perilous 14%. She couldn’t take any more photos with flash, which in the dark club essentially meant no more photography. Her night was on the verge of being ruined because her friends could record the exciting moments happening while she could only spectate.

In spite of the battery problem, which killed her phone not long after because of the irresistible urge to take just a few more group shots, the night was a raging success. Between the four girls, 266 photos were taken. Sixty-two would be uploaded, garnering 1,158 likes, comments, and so on, mostly from men. The girls gave out their number a total of 13 times, and 6 men were kissed. Patricia stumbled home alone and the first thing she did was plug in her dead phone into its charger. She patiently waited beside it to boot and then enjoyed the explosion of backlogged messages and notifications that came in all at once. They soothed her soul and validated her self-image as a popular girl in a big city.

She put her phone on silent then fell asleep, waking seven hours later. The first thing she did when she opened her eyes was reach for her phone, which lay beside her like it does every night, and already there was a text from one of the guys she met the night before. Who was it? She didn’t remember, and it didn’t much matter, because the photos, the texts, the likes, and the pleasant notification chime gave her more happiness than these men could provide for her. If you asked Patricia to forever give up her smartphone in order to meet the love of her life, the one in a billion man who would satisfy her both physically and emotionally for as long as she lived, and who would serve her like a queen until his last days, it wouldn’t take her even ten seconds to respond with a decision.

Three days later, the best self shot she uploaded had amassed 102 likes. It was a new record.

Read Next: *Women Who Own iPhones Lose The Ability To Love*

The Jante Lawification Of America

May 12, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In the past I've described Jante Law, a Scandinavian cultural norm that aims for true equality. Efforts to show off, brag, or display value in Jante Law-affected societies cause revulsion and public shaming. Disagreeing with acquaintances are frowned upon. Heated debates are unacceptable.

The result is a comical avoidance of generalizing, giving strong opinions, or attributing personal success to hard work instead of good fortune or being raised by the "village." No one is stupid, just disadvantaged. No one is lazy, just lacking in educational opportunities. Running game is a delicate concern because you have to show value without showing value while simultaneously not offending the girl and her pro-equality and ultra-liberal views

The Jante Law virus—when applied in the realm of gender equality—is increasingly infecting America as women consolidate their power over men. Things I saw in Denmark a couple years ago are more noticeable in the States, and I predict that in ten years we'll develop a 'roided Jante Law that is even too extreme for Scandinavians, mostly due to the militant and aggressive nature of our empowered females.

There are ten rules of Jante Law immortalized by a popular Danish author. It's not hard to share examples of how it's being applied to American men, with arguments you can easily find on women sites…

1. Don't think you're anything special.

"Men are essentially sperm donors. Soon, technology will make them superfluous. Society doesn't need them, and limiting their masculinity through new laws so they can't hurt people would eradicate all crime and mass shootings. The world may very well be a better place without men."

2. Don't think you're as good as us.

"Women excel in clerical office jobs while men flounder. It's obvious women can communicate clearer and make for better team players. They are also very skilled at managing men to make sure they stay on task with whatever engineering or programming tasks they have to finish."

3. Don't think you're smarter than us.

"Men have become intellectually lazy. They don't even have the focus and commitment to attend universities anymore. The proof is in high enrollment rates for women. Their brain is becoming increasingly facile and better suited for the virtual world of video games."

4. Don't convince yourself that you're better than us.

"Besides being physically stronger than women, you hold no advantage. Evolution has

stopped at the neck and given female brains all of your strengths and none of the weaknesses. It is therefore a tragedy that more women are not CEOs when they're obviously qualified. Quotas should be enacted to correct this."

5. Don't think you know more than us.

"In the past we used to allow our brains to atrophy at home by cooking and cleaning like a common slave, but now we read a lot of books. *Eat Pray Love*, *50 Shades Of Gray*, and whatever that wonderful black superwoman Oprah tells us to read are enriching our minds and filling our souls. We don't need to major in psychology to understand the human condition better than you to be more successful in life."

6. Don't think you are more important than us.

"You've been important for long enough. To squash the artificial superiority that has for some reason existed since the dawn of time, policies and laws must keep you down so the natural order of your inferiority and unimportance are allowed to freely flourish in society. Women must be given a head start to handle the patriarchal influence you've polluted our world with."

7. Don't think you are good at anything.

"You've failed to become a man who earns high wages, and now women are stepping up to fill that role. Important cultural commentators have predicted The End Of Men thanks to your inaction and laziness. The fact that women can so easily out-earn you is testament to your failure, and now these accomplished women have no choice but to entertain themselves with a string of bad boy lovers to experience the excitement that you utterly fail to provide."

8. Don't laugh at us.

"We are not fat—we have healthy body weight. We don't have attitude—we are independent with strong and passionate opinions. We are not slutty—we are exploring our sexuality. Our tattoos are not trashy—they're unique and a reflection of our individuality. We are not spinsters or cougars—we are confident women who know what we want and can easily get it while you have to travel to poor countries to sleep with dirty sluts who have herpes."

9. Don't think anyone cares about you.

"It doesn't matter if little boys are floundering in public schools, if men are committing suicide at high rates, if men are being locked up for one of a thousand crimes, or if Middle East war veterans are coming back without limbs or a sound mind. It doesn't matter if you can't find work and are pushed to the margins of society. As long as homosexuals can marry in wonderful ceremonies with beautiful flowers and single mothers get money from the state to help them be independent, society is functioning as it should, and you better open your wallet and pay taxes to ensure this progress continues."

10. Don't think you can teach us anything.

"There's nothing you know that we don't. Just because you built civilization and all the

gadgets we use, absolutely nothing you say will make a difference in our thought. By the way, even if you agree to everything we say, we still won't put out for you, but we appreciate the support. Maybe you can also tell all the misogynists to man up and see the error of their ways and accept that equality is the true way to societal happiness."

There exists some hypocrisies with Jante Law in that it's applied more strictly with males, but the Danes seem almost genuine with their aim of gender equality, no matter the grotesque creation of an androgynous society where it can be hard to tell the difference between men and woman and straights and gays. In America, however, the borrowed ideas of Jante Law will only have one purpose: to put men down and give justification for programs, laws, and re-education that make men second-class citizens in a country that they built. It's happening as we speak.

Read Next: *What Manning Up Really Means*

You’re Not Fooling Me

May 14, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Hello, young Ukrainian girl. I saw you from across the street and then timed my trajectory and gait to intersect with you somewhere in front of this kiosk. I have much experience with such casual run-ins, so you probably didn’t notice what I was doing, though rest assured I nearly cracked opened a physics textbook to get such collisions down perfectly.

From a far distance, with the sun in my face, you looked quite pretty, but now that we are talking only three feet apart, I’ve noticed some troublesome flaws.

Your eyebrows are overly groomed. They are thin with hairs so short that I can see the skin behind them. You have also sculpted an arch that makes you seem in a state of sudden surprise.

Your eyelashes are fake. They look like thin fish netting that has been dipped in cheap acrylic paint. The attachment goes beyond your eyelids, making me wonder if you want everyone to know that they are not of human origin.

You have so much makeup on that I imagine it would be dangerous for you to give a hearty laugh. Like fissures that appear on the ground after a large earthquake, I can see breaks around your mouth when you gave a slight smile to my joke about needing to find a supermarket as big as a soccer field. If I put a plaster cast on your face, I doubt it would feel different compared to what you have on right now.

You lipstick is bright red, yet your teeth are discolored and crooked. I can’t complain much since my teeth aren’t perfect either, but the contrast of blood red and tea brown is jarring. It’s best not to force attention to one of your weaknesses.

Your nails are fake. I can tell since the nail surface rises far above the level of your cuticle. Fake nails aren’t so bad, but it sure is awkward when they come off in bed, as if *you* are coming apart.

Your hair color is not that blonde. I can easily see it in your dark roots. It looks like you haven’t colored in twelve days.

I commend you for taking your appearance seriously. You deserve an award for turning your 5 rating into what many guys with less experience than me would give an 8. I can only imagine how perfect your photos on VK are, especially after asking Ivan your beta orbiter to touch them up a bit with his pirated copy of Photoshop. But you just don’t do it for me, because your aesthetic is fake, with no anchor to truth and reality. You’re a billboard advertising for a product that doesn’t live up to its stated benefits, and I know I will be asking for my money back after my mind sees through your cosmetic mask.

Your false aesthetic should be enough to please some man out there, but not me. I insist on real beauty. Beauty for beauty’s sake. I’ve learned that a girl who is wearing a lot of makeup surely can not be beautiful, because why would she spend hours covering her beauty? Makeup precludes beauty. In sparing amounts it can only compliment it like a snug t-shirt does on the body of an athletic man, yet the t-shirt alone, regardless of what

it costs or what design is on it, can not elevate the aesthetic of a frail man.

Consider the grotesqueness if we put a New York skyscraper in the city of Siena:

The beauty of the skyscraper depends on its environment, on what lies beside it. Your fake eyelashes, nails, and eyebrows are like constructing skyscrapers in a pleasant village that is dotted with apple trees and spacious pastures for grazing sheep. Your natural beauty is not New York City, so please don't take on its artifacts.

I know you don't care about what I think of you, because next month I'll see you holding hands with a man who doesn't mind the special effects that is your appearance, but as a

connoisseur of the aesthetic, I seek the real thing. I believe all men should.

Read Next: *American Girls vs Ukrainian Girls*

How To Warm Up Before Approaching Women

May 16, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Let's say you sit in front of a computer all day without talking to anyone. Then at 6pm, I ask you to go to a happy hour with a few opportunities to talk to women. How will your first couple of approaches go? Well, it's likely you won't even do an approach. Your mind will not be primed for social interaction because the testosterone draining effects of computer work put your dick to sleep. You'll come up with fancy excuses to not even try, like waiting until the weekend.

Now let's say you did a different routine. You lifted weights in the morning, setting a personal record on the bench. At lunch time, you went to Barnes & Noble and picked up a magazine with bikini babes, giving you a 25% boner. You then did two approaches that went okay but didn't result in a number. Once back at work, you had a five minute chat with the slutty HR gal, catching glimpses of her cleavage. At your desk you took breaks every 30 minutes to explore deep fantasies of sex. Then as soon as you got off work, you called a friend and talked about the approaches you did at lunch.

If you were to hit that happy hour now, do you think things would be different?

In Lublin, Poland there was a club with a ladies night on Wednesday. This is how I prepared for it:

- I nurtured my morning boner by thinking of girls I've had sex with in the past, but I didn't masturbate.
- I forced myself to do my one approach of the day.
- I went to the coffee shop in the mall that is right next to a popular clothing store for teenage girls. I got a seat where I had a clear view of all the female clientele.
- I stared, lustfully, at the pretty girls coming and going.
- I did an additional approach after coffee shop time.
- I hit the gym and leered at girls wearing tight aerobic clothing.

When I went to the ladies night club after doing all this, my balls were ready to explode, even when rolling solo. My dick was my wingman. Sometimes my very first approach hit.

Consider an approach session to be a symphony that starts when you wake. The warmup gets you ready, the actual approaches are the climax of the movement, and finally your results (number, kiss, or bang) bring you back down to a hopefully satisfied mood. If the game starts with your first approach, then your warmup is garbage. You'll be rusty with weak desire.

You know you're doing it right when there is almost no anxiety when you start with the actual approaches. In fact, the approach is just a drop in the bucket within the entire process. It's what you did before that first approach that will determine the bulk of your success.

Read Next: *Going Out Alone*

The True Nature Of Women

May 19, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Water takes the shape of the container it fills.

Even though I've long been aware of the corrupting influence of Western culture, I believed the properties of water were in part tied to its location, that water from the East could mimic by only a small degree water from the West, but never be just like it. I was less experienced when I had this belief, for now I know better. Water that has been boiled into steam still has the molecular properties of water, and once the atoms cool down, it will readily take up its more familiar form.

Both of my eyes opened after my first month in Poland. The women astonished me with their sweetness, femininity, and reliability. It's true that the ones who had spent time in the West were less sweet and less feminine, but they were still miles ahead of girls who grew up there. The influence of the West, I figured, was self-limiting, and that girls with sweet natures were sweet from birth.

Two years later I went back to Poland, but this time in Warsaw. It's the capital city with expensive clubs, heightened competition from a strong need to prove oneself, and lots of guys. I saw ratios worse than Washington DC. Polish girls, who I believed had genetic sweetness, were asking me to buy them drinks with not a care about getting to know me. "Are both of your parents Polish?" I would ask. And their parents as well. Girls danced with their phones in their hands, checking Facebook every minute. They gave me their number with no intention to hang out. This was not the Poland I remembered.

The problem was easy for me to diagnose: the vibe of the capital city and the unfavorable demographics created the Toronto of Eastern Europe. It's no big deal, really, because these macro factors can be ignored by going to a different city. I went three hours east by bus and soon received the Polish sexual pleasure that I originally came back for.

Water takes the shape of the container it fills.

Usually I would go to a country and stay in the city I land in for two months, but this has led to some unpleasant stays so I tried a new strategy in Romania—one week in several cities to reconnoiter before reaching a decision on where to stay for two months or longer. After three weeks of travel, I concluded that Bucharest was the baseline, Cluj in the northwest was below, and Iasi, for a man who lives for the second-tier, was above.

No girl in Cluj asked me to buy her a drink, but two girls yelled at me. One because I didn't move from her "spot" in the bar and another for a trivial reason that I forgot as soon as her neck cocked back and forth while yelling at me like she was a black American girl. What caused them to get so angry at me when no girl in Bucharest or Iasi have even given me a sneer? It's the same country—are they not raised from the same stock? Or was it simply that the local conditions of Cluj, which had a surplus of men from all over Europe, allowed girls to behave in such a way but still get what they wanted? Would a girl display a single negative trait if it prevented her from finding a good man or living a

comfortable life?

Water takes the shape of the container it fills.

I appeared on four separate Romanian TV channels, soaking in local fame, trying to get easy lays. I was recognized more times in the ensuing two months than I ever have in Washington DC. When a girl stared at me, I wasn't sure why she was looking, but I hoped it was because she knew of me, and it would help get into her pants as in the fashion of American celebrity culture. Very early on I get a big surprise—girls who knew of me and my writing played some of the hardest, most lethal game I've seen in my life. One girl stood me up. Another was testing me to the point of frustration, as kind as I was to her. Another tried to put words in my mouth, serving up challenges when I wasn't doing the same. And then I would meet a girl who did not know me, often in the same venue, and she would be the nicest girl in the world, not unlike my first experience in Poland. I have no doubt that the girls who acted bitchy to me would be sweet to the next guy that came along afterwards, suggesting there was a sort of *switch* that women could flick depending on the circumstance they found themselves in and the man they were meeting.

Water takes the shape of the container it fills.

Women are not born wearing heels. They are not born with the knowledge to take care of long hair or how to put on makeup. They are not born ready to honor their commitments. Such women are made, but even after that making, both macro environments and micro triggers will release what you do not want to be released, because within every woman on this planet, regardless of her education or background, is a bitch, a cunt, a slut, a golddigger, a flake, a cheater, a backstabber, a narcissist, and an attention whore that is dying to get out and that, if certain conditions arise and she is placed in a certain container at a certain temperature, will thrust her worst upon you, and this, I'm afraid, is the true nature of women. This is the true nature that will come forth if society doesn't put constraints or limitations on a woman's behavior and choice.

There is no other conclusion that I can arrive at when I've witnessed how easily women degrade into this negative condition, and—more importantly—how much *they love it*. How with just a little bit of practice, women love being a bitch, love attention whoring, and love exerting any bit of power they have over men to validate themselves and feed their starving self-esteem, to see men not as men but items in a supermarket that they can shop through at their leisure. If they happen to be in a sour mood, they wouldn't hesitate to abandon a full cart of groceries and walk out, letting the stock boy put everything back on the shelves, not at all concerned about the increased headache she created for him.

Free from the shackles of acting within traditional sex roles, all women of the world would much rather act like a lazy sailor than a prim and proper lady as long as male attention continues to flow—even women who have been a lady for most of their lives, because acting like a lady is hard work that involves effort, while failing to examine the mirror before stepping out of the house or failing to exert control over an f-bomb filter does not. If a newborn baby girl is placed in the wrong container from birth, she will never get out, or even have the knowledge of what it takes to be a lady. In a modern world where even

the most repulsive woman still gets affection from men, inertia causes her to remain in this deplorable condition while she has no desire to change and no thought in her mind to act with class or character.

Water takes the shape of the container it fills.

A girl who has known only one container her whole life—a good container—can instantly change containers upon meeting me if my reputation happened to proceed me, and give me the worst of who she is in instant time. I have seen this too many times to discount, and I didn't have to be a scientist for six years to conclude that if men can not keep women in the right container at the right temperature by force, through application of law or shaming, and if men can't manage the environment in their favor, but instead allow women to have unbridled freedom and choice, their women will fall so fast that they will notice the change not in years but in months.

This change is not a metamorphosis that brings upon a new state never known, like a caterpillar turning into a butterfly, but a *reversion* to the woman's natural, primordial state, the true order of her being. American men can tell you of this reversion with much detail, and how because of it they have given up on enjoying their leisure time with the opposite sex, resigned to watching Youtube videos on the internet instead of trying to mate. In the near future more men of the world will be able to describe it in colors as vivid as I see it today. As the women of this era find their basic needs being increasingly met, and the direction of societies moves towards one of automatic reverence to women instead of bemused skepticism of their childlike decision-making and behavior, reversions will occur across all economically rising countries of the world, much to the shock of those local men who can't imagine women acting in any other state than feminine and kind.

Water takes the shape of the container it fills.

When the true nature of women became clear in my mind, I was deeply pained, because I realized that no matter where I go and what apparent girl I fall in love with, a certain environment or trigger will uncover the excrement hiding within my angel and she will then give me her worst without a second of hesitation or moral doubt. I came to understand that a woman's true nature, regardless of how strong the curtain is that shields her darkness, will erupt like a volcano that everyone thought was dormant and incapable of harm, and that I must accept the natural order that I did not create, with no choice but to use my knowledge and experience to find a girl who is currently in the right container at the right temperature, and enjoy her while she is temporarily in that state, and not lament when those conditions change and she happily and eagerly fills the container that she truly desires to be in.

Read Next: *The Decline Of American Women*

The Best Of Roosh: Volume 1

May 23, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Today I'm releasing a 216-page book compilation of my favorite blog posts. Here is the description:

> *The Best Of Roosh* is a compilation of my 90 best blog posts published between August 2006 and January 2013, from a total of 1,742 that were written. They include topics on game, dating, sex, self-improvement, lifestyle, feminism, American culture, and travel.
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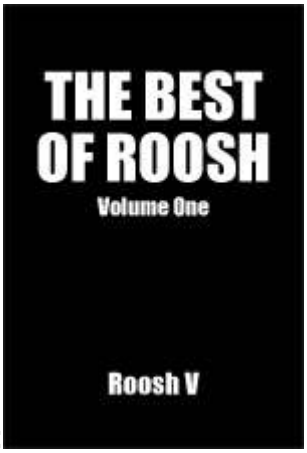
> 
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> Here is a sample of 15 titles included in the compilation:
>
> - Two Things That Tight Game Comes Down To
> - Anger Is An Aphrodisiac To Women
> - The Secret To Getting Laid
> - How To Deal With Crippling Approach Anxiety
> - 7 Signs You Should Approach A Girl
> - The 9 Immutable Laws Of Pickup
> - Warning Signs A Girl Isn't Worth A Relationship
> - How To Cheat On Your Girlfriend Without Getting Caught
> - The Secret To Fast Sex
> - It's Better To Have Guts Than Brains
> - The United States Of Broken Women
> - You Can't Get Laid In The United States
> - The Three Components Of Female Beauty
> - Feminism Killed The Nice Guy
> - How Culture Affects Game
>
> The ideas, advice, and analysis in this compilation represent both a celebration and examination of masculinity and male achievement while rejecting Western society's push to androgynize and marginalize men.

All included posts have been digitally remastered for your reading pleasure. The paperback is available from Amazon for $13.87, the Kindle edition is $2.99, and the PDF

edition is free (supported with plugs for four of my previous books). Click one of the following links to continue:

- Read sample pages from the book
- **Order your paperback or Kindle copy**
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Web sites come and go so I wanted to create this compilation as a way to allow my best blog work to endure. I also think the compilation serves as a good introduction to game and the red pill. Let me know what you think.

The War Against Beauty

June 30, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Beauty is an excellent book by Roger Scruton that offers a philosophical justification for seeking, desiring, and celebrating beauty.

> …beauty demands to be noticed; it speaks to us directly like the voice of an intimate friend. If there are people who are indifferent to beauty, then it is surely because they do not perceive it.
>
> […]
>
> Beauty, I argue, is a real and universal value, one anchored in our rational nature, and the sense of beauty has an indispensable part to play in shaping the human world.
>
> […]
>
> Only creatures like us—with language, self-consciousness, practical reason, and moral judgement—can look on the world in this alert and disinterested way, so as to seize on the presented object and take pleasure in it.
>
> […]
>
> …people associate beauty with their highest endeavours and aspirations, are disturbed by its absence, and regard a measure of aesthetic agreement as essential for life in society.

Beauty is an interesting quality in that we pursue it "for its own sake," with no additional justification. An object is beautiful if you can enjoy it solely for its beauty. If someone asks you why you like a woman and you say because she is beautiful, other reasons are not sought. The person will not ask, "And what other qualities does she have that makes her worthy?"

> Beauty, in a person, prompts desire.
>
> […]
>
> Although there may be fashions in human beauty, and although different cultures may embellish the body in different ways, the eyes, mouth and hands have a universal appeal. For they are the features from which the soul of another shines on us, and makes itself known.

Beauty is not only important for human forms:

> There is an aesthetic minimalism exemplified by laying the table, tidying your room, designing a web-site… you want the table, the room or the web-site to look right, and looking right matters in the way that beauty generally matters—not by pleasing the eye only, but by conveying meanings and values which have weight for you and which you are consciously putting on display.

Only through aesthetics can you properly answer “Does that look right?” This is not something you can learn by reading Jezebel but through appreciation and thinking of the aesthetic over a period of time. It also conveys value—even moral value—and is perceived by others whether you like it or not. It’s a shame if you have a glandular problem that causes you to weigh 500 pounds, and it’s possible your inner beauty is ravishing (though I doubt it), but your outward appearance will pass judgement on your character and worth. Beauty is “part of the context in which we live our lives, and our desire for harmony, fittingness and civility is both expressed and confirmed in them.”

Should we unapologetically pursue beauty?

> People who are always in praise and pursuit of the beautiful are an embarrassment, like people who make a constant display of their religious faith. Somehow, we feel, such things should be kept for our exalted moments, and not paraded in company, or allowed to spill out over dinner.

But at the same time we must not ignore it:

> However, many people seem to live in an aesthetic vacuum, filling their days with utilitarian calculations, and with no sense that they are missing out on the higher life.

Scruton does not give us guidance on how much of the aesthetic must be pursued, but warns how the desire for beauty can never be entirely satisfied:

> Wanting something for its beauty is wanting *it*, not wanting to do something with it.
>
> […]
>
> Here is a want without a goal: a desire that cannot be fulfilled since there is nothing that would count as its fulfilment.
>
> […]
>
> But what can you do with another person’s beauty? The satisfied lover is as little able to possess the beauty of his beloved as the one who hopelessly observes it from afar.

By having sex with a beautiful girl, your desire for beauty is satisfied but only momentarily, because there is nothing about her beauty that you can possess. You can’t take it from her. You only feel the presence or power of her beauty for a brief period of time.

At times Scruton raises more questions than answers. *Why* is a man’s desire stronger for beautiful women? It’s surely not a conscious decision. Even when the lights are off in the bedroom and aesthetic representations are minimized, you still get more pleasure from the beautiful girl than an ugly girl. This difference in pleasure perception can’t be avoided.

Evolutionary psychologists say we desire beauty because mating with a beautiful woman

will yield beautiful children who will have an easier time of mating themselves. Thus beauty denotes fitness and health. But again, what exactly is the process of associating a beautiful face with health—or rather—how did the relationship between fitness and beauty come about? Why has nature created this link?

Does a woman with a large nose not have the same survivability as someone with a perfect button nose? Does a man whose height is 5’3 not have the same ability to live to be 100 as the man who is 6’3? We all understand what beauty preferences humans have, but they persist in a time where it makes little evolutionary sense, leading to backwards rationalizations by evolutionary psychologists that gives answers only because the final result is known.

In spite of a consistent beauty preference, a man will still have sex with women who don’t possess beauty. Why do we engage in “dumpster diving” for the sole sake of sex? Did our ancestors have fuck buddies they didn’t want to impregnate until they found their dream girl? At the same time, why are we willing to jump through hoops to be with a girl who is just a little more beautiful than the last? We do we put work into a fleeting sexual episode with a beautiful girl whose beauty we cannot possess, with sexual satisfaction that begins to fleet as soon as the orgasm is achieved, and who we don’t even want to impregnate?

> My pleasure in beauty is therefore like a gift offered to the object, which is in turn a gift offered to me.

To understand the desire for beauty, I suspect we have to look at those who gave up on seeking it and are reproducing with ugly people. What had to happen for them to forgo the aesthetic? I suspect there is a switch in the brain which tells you whether to go for beauty or not, a sort of protection mechanism that ensures you reproduce with *someone*. I hypothesize the switch is based on your environment, where your subsconscious knows your sexual market value more than you do and thus determines your mating behavior.

If an ugly woman who has only dated ugly men becomes beautiful through advanced plastic surgery, how long will it take for her to adjust to the more handsome men pursuing her and notice aesthetic traits that she never appreciated before? How long until she becomes an expert at gaining affections of attractive men and extracting what she needs from them?

If an ugly man who has only known ugly women moves to a country with a surplus of beautiful women, how long will it take him to raise his standards and pursue—no, demand—an aesthetically pleasing woman? If you put him back into an unfavorable environment, and his sex life hangs in the balance, the switch will flick back and he *will* have sex with ugly women again.

The desire for beauty by humans therefore exists on separate order than reproduction. If you are unable to get beauty, you will still pursue sex and get it. But if you are able to get beauty, an ability known to your subconscious based on your environment and micro-responses from the opposite sex, you will pursue it with vigor.

Of course not all beauty is linked to the sexual, and Scruton takes considerable time

examining its meaning in other areas.

> There is hardly a person alive who is not moved by the beauty of the perfectly formed child. Yet most people are horrified by the thought that this beauty should be a spur to desire, other than the desire to cuddle and comfort. Every hint of arousal is, in these circumstances, a transgression. And yet the beauty of a child is of the same kind as the beauty of a desirable adult, and totally unlike the beauty of an aged face, which has emerged, as it were, from a life of moral trials.
>
> […]
>
> In seeing something as an 'end in itself', I immortalize it, lift it out of the world of practical concerns, mystify its connection to society.

Societies which have a principal pursuit of money tend to produce a grotesque aesthetic of status, social climbing, blind technological advancement, and fame. In such an aesthetic vacuum where beauty exists in only small amounts, the most minor of beauty is honored as godly, the most mediocre of female celebrities—even ones approaching middle age—are seen as perfections sculpted by the hands of Michelangelo himself.

[image]

40 year old woman proclaimed world's most beautiful

Ugly and fat apologists would be the first to shame you for having beauty standards that accommodate *their* displeasing aesthetic, but these same shamers buy Apple products because of its beauty. They take pictures of fancy plates of food, sweeping mountains, sunsets, cute animals, and so on, all because they are beautiful. Rest assured they still value the aesthetic, but simply want an exclusion to the low value conveyed by their complete lack of it.

The aesthetic laziness movement is currently in full gear within Western societies. It's coinciding with a decay of the beauty ideal into a "look at me just because" behavior where something exists simply to be noticed and shared, not admired and appreciated. Instead of the pursuit or curation of wisdom and planes of artistic expression that exist above the level of kitcsh, we're now in the middle of a race to build the tallest piles of trash whose sole purpose is to be noticed and commented on. An overweight woman exists, therefore she has beauty, so we're told. But this will not work…

> Symmetry and order; proportion; closure; convention; harmony, and also novelty and excitement: all these seem to have a permanent hold on the human psyche.

[image]

Scruton also makes the case against pornography:

> The purpose of pornography is to arouse vicarious desire; the purpose of erotic art is to portray the sexual desire of the people pictured within it…
>
> […]

> The pornographic image is like a magic wand that turns subjects into objects, people into things—and thereby disenchants them, destroying the source of their beauty. It causes people to hide behind their bodies, like puppets worked by hidden strings.

And so we come full circle, for the blunt sex can destroy beauty while it's the same act—in a different context—that men seek with beautiful women as a way to appreciate it.

It's also worth noting that some corporations are actively seeking to destroy beauty. The Dove company cynically appeals to the insecurities of fat and ugly women to sell soap and cream so profits can be diverted to shareholders, validating and encouraging the grotesque aesthetic. Every time such a product is purchased, they are more able to market their "ugly is beautiful" message that overweight American women can't resist to swallow. Food companies, in their pursuit of "stomach share" at all costs, are doing even more damage.

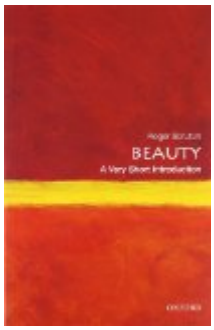
> …aesthetic judgement begins to be experienced as an *affliction*. It imposes an intolerable burden, something that we must live up to, a world of ideals and aspirations that is in sharp conflict with the tawdriness of our improvised lives. It is perched like an owl on our shoulders, while we try to hide our pet rodents in our clothes. The temptation is to turn on it and shoo it away. The desire to desecrate is a desire to turn aesthetic judgement against itself, so that it no longer seems like a judgement of *us*.

Corruption of the aesthetic will only get worse. Cursing is now common among women. The same women wear pajamas in public, wear sunglasses that cover most of their face, destroy their humanity with corny tattoos, and even shave their head to appear like they just finished a round of chemotherapy. Yes, a hot trend in America and Scandinavia is the *sickly* aesthetic. The next step for them is to burp in public. Adults are becoming not unlike farting children who can't help but giggle about it afterwards, unaware of the shame and embarrassment they are bringing upon themselves.

> Beauty is vanishing from our world because we live as though it did not matter; and we live that way because we have lost the habit of sacrifice and are striving always to avoid it. The false art of our time, mired in kitsch and desecration, is one sign of this.
>
> […]
>
> [Beauty] challenges us to find meaning in its object, to make critical comparisons, and to examine our own lives and emotions in the light of what we find. Art, nature and the human form all invite us to place this experience in the centre of our lives.

If we don't demand beauty, if we don't draw a line in the sand and punish those who take beautiful forms to the burning pyre, it will continue to decline, and all that will be left to

appreciate is a shiny new gadget with its metallic casing and pleasing curves. When so many men are willing to throw themselves on the female representation of the grotesque aesthetic, I wonder if we even have a chance to preserve this value in humanity.



“Beauty” on Amazon

The Bathtub Home

July 2, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

An American woman has turned a gargantuan bathtub with no drain into her dream home. The only problem is that once flooded, the water will rise to the ceiling, submerging everything and everyone inside.

Sitting on the roof of the house, beside the chimney, is a man with a cup of water and a medicine dropper. He releases one drop of water down the chimney every second without stopping. When he gets tired, another man takes over the duty, resulting in a continuous drip drop into the house—a house that the woman wants to live in until her last days.

It takes several months for the woman to notice her carpets are soaked. Her toes remain in a permanent state of prunage and now she is becoming quite bothered, but as of yet, does nothing about the problem.

Three months later, the water rises up to the middle of her shins. Her cat, sadly, drowns to death. Once she discovers that there are men releasing water into her bathtub home, one drop at a time, she calls the police. Due to a loophole in the law, she is told that dropping water into a home is not against the law. The police can do nothing. She calls the mayor of the town to change the law, but this takes time, and in the meanwhile the water level is rising. Not long after, her electricity becomes shorted. She must recharge her iPhone in Starbucks. She hates coming home to a dark home every night after a hard day's work as an office clerk.

She becomes so mad that she hires mercenaries to kill the man on the roof, but as soon as one is murdered, another comes to take his place, and after several killings, she can no longer afford the assassinations. For some unknown reason, the woman refuses to bail the water out. *The men should be forced to stop and remove the water they put into my home*, she says, stomping her foot on the ground like an angry child. *It's a matter of principle*, she shouts with indignation. *This should not be happening! The problem should simply go away without me having to do anything!*

I have spent time on the roof of this home. Every time I publish a post, out comes one drop. Every time I have sex with a foreign woman, out comes ten drops. Every time I release a book, out comes twenty. Other men, similar to me, resume water duty when I'm away. In fact, in the past six months, I notice there is a growing queue down the block of men who are waiting for their turn to release drops of water into the house. A blog comment releases a drop. A man who tells his friend about the red pill releases a drop. A man who gets called a "misogynist" releases a drop. A new blog started by a man who got burned by an unfair divorce judgement releases several more.

The drops are slow, but they are steady, and the woman inside the bathtub home is starting to panic because so much water is accumulating. She is faced with three options: deal with the men on the roof, find out where the water wants to go, or say goodbye to her dream home. I wonder what she will pick, but until then, I will continue to release

drops of water into her home. Maybe, either on this day or the next, I will see you on the roof.

Read Next: *Masculine Conservatism*

Aggressive Game vs. Aloof Game

July 4, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I run aggressive game. I'm a salesman who wants to close the deal before the prospect walks out the door, before her desire to buy gets cold. This is why the game I teach is based on touching, fast kissing, *one-night stands*, and no-nonsense text game. I make a straight line from approach to sex.

This game works best on women who need to use their sexuality to keep men on the line, meaning 7′s and below. These girls tend to lose the interest of an alpha male if she doesn't put out, so she's not adverse to fast hook ups in order to grab his attention. Aggressive game also works on horny girls who want to fuck the next reasonable guy who hits on her. When you're in a popular club, what you see is mostly aggressive game. Guys are touching and dancing aggressively.

You begin to see limitations of aggressive game when you move up in quality (especially in Europe where the speed to sex is slower than in America). Would aggressive game work on a 9? Would it work on an 8 with a boyfriend? Most likely not. These beautiful women don't need to hook a man with their sexuality—their raw beauty is enough. They're also much more aware of their value and understand that their power lies more in delaying sex instead of speeding it along, a completely different reality than for the 6 who needs to give a free sample of the goods to create interest.

The 8′s I've been with were due to the following four conditions being met: (1) her being single, (2) me being her rough physical type, (3) not making game mistakes, and (4) her not having gotten laid in a while. If these conditions are not met, aggressive game is ineffective, and the fact that most beautiful girls are in some sort of relationship shows how such attempts will usually be met with a swift rejection. The failure rate with aggressive game increases logarithmically as you approach the 9 rating level.

In addition, aggressive game has one serious flaw: you do almost all of the work. That reason it's common for one-night stands to flake out before a first date is because walking away has no cost for her—she invested little work in you (spreading legs doesn't count as investment to an American girl). She didn't put much energy into the interaction because you were doing all the work—work that got her into bed in the first place by taking advantage of her horny and single state. Even in my book Bang, for example, I urge you to fill in silences instead of letting her do it. This presupposes that your value is lower than hers and that you must work hard to show you are worthy of sex. But what happens when your value actually does become high? In that case, rushing to fill in silences or initiate all text message contact would be the same as Brad Pitt chasing a random cougar. This is the time when you can ease into aloof game.

The man who runs aloof game has less bangs than the man who runs aggressive game, but his quality is higher. You're no longer a door-to-door salesman—you're simply sitting at the desk filling backorders of a product that is in high demand. Prospects often come to you. I have much work to do in ironing out the specifics of aloof game, but it boils down

to one thing—making her invest more time and energy into you than you do to her. Make her fill in silences more than you. Make her compliment, show affection, and touch more than you. Make her text more and send longer messages than you. Make her ask you out as much as you do.

Will this work if your value as a man is low? No. If any man has had to learn game, it's because his value was low. Therefore he must start with an aggressive style of game. As his value rises, it will inevitably surpass that of the average woman he lays. He should then transition to aloof game.

There are two signals which suggest it's time for you to practice aloof game. The first is when you begin to have a negative reaction to watching guys run game on girls that is similar to what you've done (close dancing, fast kisses, etc.). When the mirror is held up to your game, and it appears too try-hard or out of tune, that means you're running a game that no longer fits your temperament. Secondly, when there are girls you eagerly banged in the past who you would no longer touch, that means your quality has gone way up, and if your quality has gone way up, so has your value.

Recently girls have been touching me first, with similar moves I would have to do on them in the past. They are asking for my number and suggesting dates. They are apologizing for minor social slights or bad jokes. They are giving me bigger compliments. They are treating me like beta males treat women. It turns out that both sexes treat those whom they value in the same supplicative way. If this is happening to you, it's time to put aside aggressive game for something more aloof, and then watch with nostalgia as guys in the club run the game that you no longer have to do.

Read Next: *How To Bang A 9*

Really?

July 7, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

One of the more fascinating catch-phrases in America is “Really?” While mostly used by girls, it’s quite common with men as well, even men who I would describe as masculine.

Midway through my month-long stay in American last year, I found myself saying it quite often. It would give me some pleasure to do so, but that pleasure turned immediately to regret, similar to how I’d feel as a confused teenage boy after masturbating. I’ll admit it’s a handy retort, but I have since gone to great lengths to eliminate this word from my speech, even as I hear its use increase among foreigners.

The problem with really? is not only with the word but the women who use it. The mere utterance of this word by an American girl actually reveals a host of lame traits and behavior. If you hear a girl say really?, this is what you already know about her:

- She has had over ten sexual partners.
- She will not hesitate to get into an argument with a man.
- She did not vote for Mitt Romney in the last presidential election.
- She has read 50 Shades Of Gray, and can actually identify with it.
- She has taken a self-shot picture in her bathroom, right next to the toilet bowl where she defecates.
- She believes men make more than women for the same work.
- She has read at least one article on Jezebel.
- She has waited in a long line to purchase a cupcake, cronut, or otherwise baked-good equivalent.
- She can point out Kony in a crowded bar by not her own Senator.
- She doesn’t know or care that the USA is raining bombs on countries she can’t pronounce.
- She has at least one beta orbiter who she uses for emotional support. In return, he gets her “friendship.”
- Her favorite drink at Starbucks is a frappucino, always with whipped cream and caramel sauce.
- She has taken over 24 hours to reply to a text message even though she had a functioning signal during that time.
- She has told a guy “Is that a line?” or “Is that your game?”
- She believes it is distasteful and wrong for a man in his 40s to date a beautiful girl in her 20s.
- She has sent a text that read “Don’t text me again.”
- She’s on birth control.
- She owns at least two pairs of flip flops.
- Getting railed by a Spanish or Italian guy with a thick accent is on her bucket list.
- She has lost interest in a man for not being abusive enough towards her.

As I've described in the past, Western culture is a virus, and it tends to display a similar set of symptoms in the hosts that it infects. Girls who really uses really? have a personality that depends on snark and insult instead of kindness and warmth. They all consume the same media, they all believe the same propaganda, and they all think a woman should power fuck her way through her 20s while giving men hell. They're the product of an assembly line that produces not Mercedes or BMWs but Yugos and Saturns.

When I look in the mirror, I don't see a Yugo staring back at me, so it makes no sense for me to use a word that Yugos use. How they act, I will not act. How they think, I will not think. How they speak, I will not speak. I fail to find any justification for men to adopt the habits of the female gender that opposes them.

Read Next: *The Number One Corrupter Of Women*

The Border Run (1 of 2)

July 9, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I no longer have interesting days. My life is one big habit. Wake up, eat, read, write, blog, coffee shop, gym, eat, shower, drink. In a life of routine, nothing sticks out until something goes wrong. You don't visit your normal lunch spot and get blown away by a new taste; no, you get burned when the trainee messes up your favorite sandwich. You don't go to your gym and see it packed with beautiful girls who are staring at you. Instead you find it crowded with guys who are using the squat rack to do shoulder shrugs. We have all made a deal with life to give us consistently alright days instead of experiencing the extremes of suffering or amazement. Nothing interesting happens within your routine.

Holders of American passports in Poland have to make a border run every 90 days. Luckily I was living in Lublin, only 60 miles from the Ukrainian border. I've heard nightmare stories of long waits at the border so on day 85 I planned for the worst in having to stay overnight in a Ukrainian village in order to successfully get my passport stamps. I left my apartment at 11am and was prepared to come back the following afternoon.

At the bus station I bought a ticket to the town of Łuck (pronounced Woosk in Polish), about 100 miles into Ukrainian territory. The ticket lady said that I wouldn't be able to return until the next morning. Ticket in hand, I waited outside the platform.

A week prior I had prescribed myself a one-approach-a-day diet. My game was getting rusty from spending too much time working in front of my laptop. The diet was meant to force myself to change my normal routine. In what I figured would be a long day without seeing many women, I would have to do the approach right then on the platform to get it out of the way.

I saw a pale girl standing with her luggage, bundled up in heavy winter gear. I had no idea how her body was, but her face was pleasant. She looked straight ahead at the platform, and the only sign of life was her exhale into the unbearable Polish winter. I walked up to her slowly and with a croak in my voice I said, "Excuse me, do you speak English?"

"Yes, a little."

"Today I have a ticket to Łuck, but I'm going only to get my passport stamped. Do you know if I can get off at the border and then come back instead of going all the way there?"

"I really don't know."

"The ticket lady said I wouldn't be able to come back until the next day, though it would be nice to return today. I'm sure it has to be possible."

"I've never had to go to the border," she said.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

She told me the name of a village. She just finished her exams and was going home to visit her family. We talked for a while until she asked where I was from. Her eyes lit up when I said America, remarking how “far” I was from home. The conversation eased into a legitimate pickup.

“My bus is about to leave, but it was nice talking to you,” she said.

“Yes it was. Too bad you’ll be out of Lublin for a while. We could meet up for a drink.”

“Actually I’ll be back next week to finish writing some papers.”

“Then let’s do it.” I took out my phone and got her number. I tried to scope out her ass as she boarded the bus but her coat covered it.

My bus loaded after hers and I sat in the back. It was a Ukrainian bus, not Polish, so it was old and tattered with a musty odor. I’m sure someone had urinated on the bus during its lifetime. Half the people on it were speaking Polish and the other half Ukrainian or Russian.

I saw a butterface up ahead with gigantic breasts and my mind started drifting towards sex. She knew she had the goods because she would hang a leg over her armrest into the aisle. Then a blonde girl boarded the bus and sat opposite of my aisle. She was just my type—petite, long hair, chipmunk cheeks. She put on earphones as the bus rolled from the station. I got a sense she was Ukrainian, which meant she likely didn’t speak English.

Every day, as part of my routine, I go to the coffee shop around 5pm for two cappuccinos. I didn’t want to miss it today, but it seemed inevitable. What if, though, I somehow figured a way back the same day? A couple days before I had researched the border crossing by asking a few Polish locals for information, but they never had to make border runs before. There was nothing on the internet about it.

If I got off at the border, wouldn’t there be frequent buses going the other way? Couldn’t I just pick one and buy a ticket? There had to be a way. I wished I had rented a car instead—I could have done it easily at a cost of less than $100. It would be a waste to stay overnight in Ukraine, so halfway through the short ride to the border, I made a decision: I was coming back today to have my two cappuccinos like usual. Now my mind shifted in thought. Instead of wondering *if* I could do, it started thinking *how* to do it.

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I remembered when I traveled to South America and easily met people who could break down border crossings with great detail, suggesting the pros and cons of one crossing over another. They’d stop short of naming specific guards you’d want to deal with. There was also Lonely Planet to hold your hand, with clear detail on all crossings and timetables for buses. It made failure almost impossible even for the most retarded of travelers.

I had no information. No firm details. As we approached the border, I craned my head into the aisle. There was the blonde with chipmunk cheeks, still listening to her music, and then four men sitting behind her. Loudly I said, “Does anyone speak English?” The four guys shook their head while the rest of the bus gawked at me. Then the girl, very meekly, said, “I speak English.”

I told her about my situation and if I could get off at the border to return. She said she didn't know but I should ask the bus driver. I went up to him. He didn't speak English so in Polish I asked, "After the border, I can get off?" He said, "It's possible."

The girl was surprisingly eager to talk to me. She was from Łuck but studying in a small Polish town. Her major turned out to be English. My luck. For the next half hour, we talked about Ukraine, America, and Poland. I was one of the first Americans she has ever met. My long-winded routines were getting silence until I remembered I have to ask Ukrainian girls simple questions. I did and the conversation flowed better.

If I brought her to America as a wife, I imagined how I'd have to constantly protect her from thirsty dudes. She's a complete unknown in her country and in Poland, rarely getting a second look from men, but in my mind she was a prize, with an elegant manner and classic style of beauty. We exchanged email addresses, a pointless enterprise, but I have no doubt than within four years, when she turns 24, she will marry an average man with an average job and make him above-average happy. If only marriage was in me, I would have long ago found such a girl, but here I am crossing borders in the middle of nowhere to stay in a country where I was enjoying not much more than casual sex.

We arrived at Polish customs and gave our passports to a Polish officer. Twenty minutes later the passports came back freshly stamped and we proceeded the half mile to the Ukrainian border. The Ukrainian agent talked to no one except me, asking in English what the purpose of my stay was. "I just need to cross the border and go back," I said. She didn't say anything else.

Next to our bus was the customs line for cars. I saw how quickly they were clearing the border and I again wished I had rented a car, but I also noticed something else: the drivers were bribing officials. It was a scripted routine where the driver would get out of his car then give a handoff to the official while popping his trunk. About half of the drivers did this. If I did have a car, I'm sure I would mess up the protocol.

The passports came back and the bus started moving again. I said goodbye to the Ukrainian girl and walked up to the front. They stopped the bus and dropped me off. I crossed the street and saw two buses whose signs said they were going to Warsaw. The bus drivers were milling outside, waiting in a massive line to get into Poland. I asked them in Polish if I could buy a ticket. They said no.

I shuffled to the side of the street. It had snowed a couple days prior so there were puddles of black slush that I tried to avoid. I looked into Ukraine and saw nothing but a gas station. There were a few dozen men in black coats just standing around. Other men lingered outside their cars, smoking cigarettes. There were grandmothers with push carts approaching random cars and buses, probably looking for a ride. All the while, Ukrainian agents in furry hats were yelling at people to go this way or that, a far cry from the friendly scene on the Polish side. Most everyone stared at me as I walked around like an idiot, trying to figure out what to do.

For two months I studied Polish for a couple hours a day. The only thing that kept me going was the belief that all this work would pay off when I met a beautiful girl in a club

who didn’t speak English. That didn’t happen. I felt like I did all that studying for nothing, but on this day on the border I would use everything I had learned.

I approached a group of three guys and asked them in Polish how I could cross. They asked me to speak in Russian and I tried, but what came out was half Polish and half Russian.

“You need a car to go across,” one said. “Walking is not allowed.”

“But I don’t have a car,” I replied.

“So go by bus. Look, there are two buses right there.”

“I already asked but they said no.”

“Did you ask in Polish or Russian?”

“Polish,” I said.

“You have to ask them in Russian. The buses are coming from Ukraine.”

I walked again to the bus drivers and asked in Russian, but the answer was still no. I went back to the guy. He said, “They think you have contraband.”

“But I don’t have contraband. I have my lunch and a laptop.”

I was thinking of offering the guy and his friends money to drive me across, but what would stop them from robbing me blind? I don’t believe they came to the border to rob a naïve tourist, but I didn’t want to give them an easy opportunity with little chance of getting caught.

A pair of Ukrainian agents came by and dispersed us. As I walked away, one looked at me and yelled, “Passport!” He flipped through the pages and gave it back. I asked him how I could get across and he pointed to a car. The other agent said I have no choice but to go to Łuck and then come back.

I looked again into Ukraine, focusing on the gas station. There were no taxis. I had gotten myself into a predicament.

CONTINUED: PART 2

The Border Run (2 of 2)

July 10, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

PREVIOUSLY: PART 1

I slowly walked down the car line. Most were filled with several passengers, though some had lone drivers. I brought extra money for bribes, hotel, or a chance apocalyptic border event; 2,000 zloty (about $700) in total, all in 100 zloty bills fresh from the ATM. These people had to have a price for taking a chance on a random bearded fellow. In countries where average wages are $2 an hour, I'd make an offer they couldn't refuse. I just had to find someone that would be just as scared of me as I would be of them.

I saw a woman about 45 years of age smoking a cigarette with her window cracked. I went up with a smile and in Polish said, "Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon," she said.

"I have a problem. I'm American and I want to get across the border but I need a car. I don't have a car. I live in Lublin."

"That is a problem."

"Can you help me get across the border? I don't have any contraband." I showed her the contents of my laptop bag. "I can give you 100 zloty [$33]."

"100?"

"Yes, 100."

"Okay."

I got into the car and thanked her. I asked her where she was going and she said Lublin. She was willing to drive me all the way back for the 100. There were over fifty cars I could have chosen to approach, and my first pick was a nice lady who was going to the exact same city I was.

We settled into a Polish conversation as the car inched towards the Ukrainian border. "Why did you come to Ukraine?" I asked.

"In Ukraine, gas and cigarettes are cheap. I come once a week to fill up my tank and buy a carton."

"Do a lot of people do that?"

"Yes, things are cheaper in Ukraine. People smuggle mostly cigarettes and vodka, and then sell them in Poland for a higher price."

"So everything in Poland is more expensive?"

"Everything except meat. People smuggle meat into Ukraine."

I found it hard to believe that she would take an entire day of every week to save money on gas and cigarettes. She must have another hustle going. Perhaps the reason she didn't seem to care if I had contraband was because she was loaded with it.

When we finally approached the border, she put 30 hryvnia [$4] in the back of her

passport.

“What’s that for?” I asked.

“It’s tradition. The Ukrainian agent takes it.”

“Tradition? You have to do it every time?”

“Yes. Everyone does it.”

“So the agent makes a lot of money.”

“Yes it’s a good job.”

“Do you have to do this in Poland, too?”

“No, only in Ukraine. Oh and don’t admit you speak Polish or Ukrainian. Only speak in English.”

A lot of NGOs deride corruption, but if you’re rich, corruption is great—you can buy your way out of anything. It’s nothing more than a regressive tax. If you’re reading this right now you probably make enough money to where some corruption would benefit you.

The Ukrainian agent looked at me weird while my Polish smuggler did all the talking. We got through without problems, and then blazed through the Polish border.

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It started raining soon after we crossed. Her three cell phones kept ringing and she would always answer. While she was taking one call, the windshield made a loud pop and then a constant screech as if a hundred nails were being dragged against a chalkboard. The right wiper came off and the metal was stroking the glass. She was on the phone while this happened and kept yelling “Fuck” in Polish while actually speeding up. I double checked my seat belt. I tried to see through the window but it was almost impossible with the rain and wind. Just when I thought I should probably say something, she pulled over to the side of the road. She looked at me and yelled, “You’re paying for this!”

I stepped outside with her, not saying a word. She had spare wipers in her trunk. I used the flashlight app on my phone to help her replace it. She did it so fast that I assumed this was a common problem.

Once all was fixed, she calmed down and talked about her daughters, who were 24 and 21. They both had kids, so there was no hookup for me. “I’m a grandmother,” she said. She’d often interrupt the conversation to moan in pain every time she went over a big bump on the road. She kept saying “Massacre, massacre” in Polish, which made me nervous.

It took less than two hours to arrive in Lublin. She didn’t ask for the wiper fee but I gave her 120 zloty anyway, about $40. Considering the bus ticket to Łuck was $22, I was satisfied with the price and speed of my private car hire.

At 6:30 I walked into my coffee shop. While ordering my first cappuccino, the barista told me a meeting was about to start. There was an organization in Lublin trying to throw a marathon and once a week they meet to go over plans. A month before I crashed a meeting to hit on one of the organizers who had huge Bambi eyes. She took my email

address under the guise that I would volunteer to translate their web page to English, but she never got back to me.

I sat in the back room because the marathoners monopolize all the front space. About half an hour later, the Bambi girl came to check out the back room, which had just been renovated a week earlier.

“Hello,” I said.

“Hi, I’m just coming back to check the room.”

“I thought you heard I was back here and wanted to say hi.”

She laughed. “I didn’t know you are here. How are you?”

“Ask me what I did today.”

“What did you do today?”

“I woke up, took a bus to Ukraine, got off at the border, and then paid a grandmother to drive me back here.” I took out my passport and showed her two Ukrainian stamps with the same date on them. I was still buzzing from my little adventure.

“Wow! You know, I have never been to Ukraine before.” She examined my passport carefully since she had never seen an American passport before. My photo is decent, when I was young and broody, and she complimented it.

She looked better than the last time I saw her. She was wearing makeup and had on a stylish outfit with modest two-inch heels. I could only imagine how her tight runners body would feel between my hands. I wanted to grab her right there, but societal norms prevented me from doing so.

When I first met her, I was indirect because her fellow organizers were spying on my game, but now I didn’t waste time. I asked her if she was single, if she likes going out, and if she likes foreign guys. She giggled and stuck around. I took that as a green light, asking for her plans the upcoming weekend.

She said, “On Friday I’m going to the club with my friends. You’re welcome to come.”

After I got her number, she brought me a piece of cake that was for the meeting. I devoured it and then went to order my second cup of cappuccino from the barista.

“Sorry, I can’t,” the barista said.

“Funny joke,” I said.

“No really. The coffee grinder makes too much noise and it will disturb the meeting.”

That’s the first time in my life I asked for a cup of coffee in a coffee shop and was told I couldn’t have it.

Next to the coffee shop is a mall that I like to do walk-throughs and sometimes make the occasional approach. I left the coffee shop to do my walk. There I spotted my real estate agent, who was with two young people. Both were overweight and wearing hipster outfits. My agent introduced us and I asked where they were from.

“Wisconsin.”

“USA, represent!” I said, excitedly.

“Ehhh not so much,” the guy said.

“Well you’re in Poland. They love Americans here.”

“I don’t know about that. I was just yelled at for speaking English. I don’t like telling people I’m from America.”

I wanted to blast this fool. He’s in a country where the American passport opens doors and he’s hiding it. I’m sure he’s one of those types that says he’s from Canada or South Africa. I bit my lip and said goodbye to my agent.

I went home and made myself dinner at my usual time, reflecting on the day. It had a mix of adventure and routine, but something else was at play. I approached the girl at the bus station, in the cold, when I didn’t have to. I made an announcement on the bus asking for English speakers, when I didn’t have to, getting into a chat with a possible dream girl. I got off at the border without having a way back, which I’m sure Lonely Planet wouldn’t have advised. I went direct on a girl who had softly rejected me in the past, and got her number. I broke rules, and by rules I mean I behaved in a way that most others wouldn’t have behaved.

What was holding me back from days like this wasn’t my environment. I didn’t have to make a border run every day or proposition a girl every day, but I had to stop craving those two cappuccinos. I had to kill the routine. Because nothing interesting happens within your routine.

Previous Story: *Patricia’s Smartphone*

Ego Sex

July 14, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Ego sex is having sex primarily to satisfy your ego, not to fulfill a biological or horny urge. It's when you have sex to brag to others, to feel like you're a somebody, or to see yourself as superior to other men. It's what I had been doing for the past several years.

Think about the last girl you had sex with. If after the deed, you had *not* been allowed to count the notch, obtain a picture of her, tell a friend, blog about it, tweet about it, or add an entry in your sex spreadsheet, would you still have had sex with her? If you answered no, you're having sex simply to alleviate your insecurities or perceived inferiority, not because that particular instance of sex was demanded by your body or nature. The pleasure of your conquest went mostly to your ego, a part of you which can never be satisfied. It's a diabetic whose thirst can only be temporarily quenched. As the disease progresses with time, it demands more but is quenched less. The inevitable burnout will leave you confused, wanting, and depressed, stuck in existential malaise.

I got into the game simply to put my penis into vaginas, not to collect notches or flags. I originally fantasized not about doggy style but cuddling. I hit gold with the second girl I slept with. She was fun, pretty, and gave me immense pleasure in bed. I wanted to be her boyfriend, but my game wasn't yet sociopathic and borderline abusive, which girls from America love most. I developed feelings for her, saying and doing things that were too nice. She dumped me.

I soon noticed that a girl didn't develop strong feelings for me simply by sleeping with me. I didn't understand this because I couldn't help but develop some feelings for them. The answer to sexual success was to care less than them, but it was difficult to just turn off my feelings like a switch. At the same time, I noticed I got an easy high not from sex, but *new* sex. Working on a relationship didn't give me the same dopamine rush as banging a new girl, even if her quality was average. As I surrounded myself with men who also liked the game and having sex with as many women as possible, I started to get more pleasure from sharing stories of conquest than trying to develop relationships.

The game became an end instead of a means, and since girls of my country were doing the same thing to a degree (hooking up for pleasure), wasn't my behavior closer to normalcy than not? Wasn't casual sex being featured on popular movies and television shows? At the same time, I was writing about my knowledge on how to get laid, gaining me respect from other men around the world, feeding my ego with blog hits, comments, and later, book sales. As much as my ego was being filled, it would get furious when I wanted to take breaks from the game, even short ones. It made me feel that I was a loser for not always banging new tail, that I was regressing back into being a nobody. I stayed in the game, near continuously, for over ten years.

In spite of all that I've given my ego, including minor world fame, it wanted more. It wanted me to keep banging, keep collecting notches, and keep pushing the envelope to land more media mentions. This is because the ego can not be ever satisfied. It will be

the first to tell you that your most recent accomplishment wasn't quite good enough so you push more and make sure it is stroked again. Not even one day after the best sex in your life, it will tell you to go to the club and put in more approaches. Your ego will take over if you let it, controlling you like a master controls a slave, using your body as a means to lift it to lofty heights where the view may be nice but the air is thin.

You meet a girl and add her to Facebook. You download the cutest picture of her from several years back. She's not your type, but you pursue her, get her in bed, and then email your friends the photo.

You read a forum and notice a couple of guys are racking up a lot of notches, more than you. You decide to push extra hard so that you can meet their count and then publicly discuss your success.

You pick up an average girl at a bar and take her home. The more she talks, the softer your boner gets, but you manage to keep it together to get the bang. In the middle of sex, your mind thinks of messaging friends a "+1″ text.

In these cases, the primary pleasure you felt was the ten-second orgasm, which may have taken hours to accomplish. Your ego felt everything else, taking away the enjoyment that should have been present in the seduction, the kiss, the intimacy, the rapport. Your ego tricked you, convincing you that you need or must get laid, but after the orgasm, when you realize the experience was barely satisfying, you notice your ego has already skipped out, leaving you stuck with the bill. It doesn't care about how you feel or how little you've actually gained from your efforts, just that it was fed before you.

If you were on a lonely island with one attractive girl, how many times would you want to have sex per week? Now fast forward one year. If you were still on the island with her, would you be having more or less sex? The second scenario is closer to determining your biological baseline need for sex. This is when you have sex for sex, not for ego. This is what you want to aim for, since going above that means working for the ego, the parasite that has attached itself to you, and not yourself.

Not every man is born to be a player. Some need sex daily while other barely need it at all, but thinking you want to be a player just because you see another man get a lot of girls is certain to cause your ego to take over. Comparing yourself to others means you are ignoring your true desire and handing over the reins to your ego so that it can dictate your life based on what it sees other people are doing. A man must instead discover his true sex need, the optimum level that fills his spirit and no one else's. But therein enters a dilemma.

In the past, baseline sex could be achieved for a man with a good job or one who has accumulated resources. We no longer live during those times. Now sex is a craft, and it takes a craftsman to get laid. You can't even get a kiss from a girl unless you possess at least basic game knowledge, whether you're good looking or not. The dilemma is how to gain enough skill to get baseline sex while preventing your ego from taking over the sex act. This is how you do it: play the game and put in the approaches but don't count your notches, don't count your flags, don't forward naked pictures or texts, don't write about

your bangs, don't send +1 texts, and don't high five your friends after a fresh score. Keep sex private, close to your chest—so close that your ego has no space to get in between you and the girls you sleep with.

Previously I wrote:

> If a man bangs a pretty girl in an Eastern European shithole and has no one to tell, did the bang make a sound?

With this statement I missed. It should have read:

> If a man bangs a pretty girl in an Eastern European shithole and has no one to tell, did his ego get stroked?

No, his ego didn't get stroked. I was experiencing ego-less sex and lamenting that it was reducing my chasing of random notches.

Am I being realistic when I say you shouldn't high-five your friends after a new lay? No. I'm giving you the ideal, but unless you exclusively roll solo dolo and lack internet access, it will be hard not to receive ego pellet rewards from mentioning your new scores and soaking in the glory. But if you overdo it, as I have, the ego assumes control, and no amount of notches or flags will make you content. The treadmill will never stop, and you will end up so far down the wrong road, so lost in in the darkness of female humanity, that you don't know how to get back.

On one path you have men who don't get laid at all, and on the other you have players who have sex for their ego. Like a pendulum, I've swung from one extreme to the other, avoiding the path in the middle, where the game would be played to fulfill my biological urge for sex and female companionship while ignoring my ego's attempts to compare my results with others or to have sex for the main purpose of sharing it with people I subconsciously want to impress. The correct path is wanting to bust a nut inside a girl you are attracted to so that you can relieve the tension in your crotch, not alleviate the ache of your insecurities.

In experiments I've done on myself the past year, I find that I only need sex twice a week. Pursuing above that baseline will not bring me any additional benefit. Maintaining a harem of four girls, a good bragging number, is useless when one girl can completely satisfy my sex needs. Maybe I will get bored of her after only two months, but that relationship is still long enough where my required activity in game is but a small fraction of what I normally had put in.

It's obvious to me that I wasn't supposed to be a player for more than a couple years, but being one in the age of the internet is a nonstop party for the ego, because now the audience you can share your achievements with has no limit. From my crumbling ego tower I see other guys who think they are getting laid for themselves, but if they shut their blogs down, turn off the cameras, stop tracking bang metrics, stop tweeting, or stop sharing pictures, they'd be surprised themselves how quickly they would seek out traditional relationships. Where you find a player, you find an ego that is being vigorously

stroked. Each notch gets plugged into a validation machine that rewards the player to keep going even when there is a small internal reward. His behavior has become dictated mostly by external responses, not inner desire, and when those external responses are shut off at once, his mating strategy will change overnight.

My brother has just turned 17. I want him to achieve enough knowledge for his baseline sex need to be satisfied without being corrupted by his ego. I will advise him to commit to a 2 or 3 year surge of intense game experimentation and sexual discovery to become a competent craftsmen who has enough ability to fulfill these baseline urges. Once he has developed his own sex funnel, he can relax his game efforts and simply maintain his skill while pursuing other hobbies that are unrelated to women. The correct path is not going sexless, and it’s not having sex for the ego—it’s taking the middle path. As a man who has been to both extremes, this path is illuminated clearly before me now, and the best advice I can give young men is to treat this as a hobby, not a lifestyle. Don’t follow in my footsteps by giving the sex act over to your ego. Satisfy your baseline urges and alleviate the heaviness in your testicles, but no more.

The Beauty Exception

July 16, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

These shoes… these shoes are so adorable. They look just like the ones I saw Kim Kardashian wear, and at only $120, it would be foolish not to buy them. So much shoe fashion is derivative these days that it's a delight to find a pair that is so stylish.

This dress… this dress is so sexy. The fabric is durable yet light, and it will perfectly match my black blouse for Lisa's birthday party this week. It's hard to find a skirt that accentuates my curves while not making me look fat.

This iphone… this iphone is a beautiful gadget. It's so well-engineered and intuitive to use. It even matches my wardrobe. I wish Steve Jobs didn't die so he could continue making electronics with such a pleasing appearance.

This tapas restaurant… this tapas restaurant makes eating feel like a sin. The presentation whets my foodie palate and the taste is divine. I can't wait to give this establishment five stars on Yelp after uploading photos of my meal to Instagram.

This man… this man is so gorgeous and sexy. I wish I could have him inside me. I hope he flirts with me instead of all the ugly losers who try and talk to me every day on the internet.

This song… this song is the best I've heard in years. It's not like the garbage I hear on the radio. It has a wonderful melody that makes me feel happy and relaxed.

My body… my body is fine as is, in whatever size and shape it happens to be in at this moment. In 2013, the female form transcends all rules of beauty. My short hair, bad skin, belly fat, tattoos, and piercings all make me beautiful because I say they do. The beautiful aesthetic is me, and I am beauty, because I am a confident, modern woman.

The standard of beauty does not apply to me, because as long as my heart beats, I am as beautiful as every other woman who exists. We are all equal in beauty. However, your appearance must strictly adhere to my beauty taste, and it would be wise for you to take note of what I find to be beautiful if you want even a one-minute conversation with me.

The clothes I buy, the music I listen to, the restaurants I dine in, the furniture, electronics, artwork, flowers, decorations, and everything else I purchase must all abide by the rules of beauty. Long live the aesthetic for humankind and for everything else on this planet, except for when it applies to me.

Previously: *The War Against Beauty*

Freedom

July 18, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I'm going to tell you what freedom is not. Freedom is not having burdens or responsibilities. It's not having a job you must go to. It's not having a girlfriend who is expecting you to call, or having a standing date with friends where your absence must be explained with an elaborate excuse. It is not having to give some type of prolonged notice to terminate a contract or job. It is not owning so many possessions that you need a storage unit. It is not having a wallet full of so many cards that your life turns upside down when you lose it.

I'm reminded of my freedom when I'm on a bus to another city. All my possessions, my summer and winter clothes, my dress clothes and two extra pairs of shoes, are in the undercarriage riding along with me. No one knows where I am and no one cares. I'm going to a city I've never seen before as a complete stranger, with no obligations to see anything or visit anyone. I have no worries, no bills, and no tasks. I'm reclining on an old chair, but I might as well be floating above the street, with no string wrapped around my neck pulling me back to where I was. I could die on the *autostrada*, in between villages whose names I don't know and which are not announced with pleasant signs, and it would take several days for anyone who knows me to find out. Or my bags could go missing and within a couple weeks I could easily have the contents replaced. This is freedom.

I wouldn't trade these bus rides, of having to answer to no one, for all the money in the world or for all the women in the world. I lay back, close my eyes, and let my thoughts and dreams go wherever they want, with no stress or anxiety disturbing them. There is no rush and there is no hurry. I am free. The whole world can demand something of me and I can laugh them off. My own government can take all my money from my bank accounts but they can't find me on this bus.

Maybe I will stay a while in my destination or maybe I won't. Maybe I will invent a new identity with the locals I meet or maybe I'll be me. Maybe I will get laid or maybe I will work. Maybe I will take a tram or maybe I will walk. I was not free when I lived beyond my means, when I depended on the income that the man would grace me with every two Fridays. But I started to spend less than my earnings, and over the course of years it has given me my freedom. The only person I have to answer to is myself. I can vanish tomorrow, and nothing will happen. If I never check my email, never answer my phone, if I just disappear—I'll do just fine. If you can't simply close your eyes, and say goodbye to the world, you are not free.

Read Next: *The Most Insidious Method Of Control Never Devised*

Beautiful Foreign Women Are Rapidly Becoming Westernized

July 21, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Forgive me readers for I have sinned. While I have not hesitated to detail the flakiness of Colombian women, the craziness of Argentine women, the butterfaces of Poland, or the transactional nature of Ukrainian women, I have improperly calculated their overall worth by neglecting to price in their inevitable embrace of Western norms and technology.

This is not a re-consideration of American women, for they continue to be at the bottom of my barrel, but a closer examination of what a woman is and what they are capable of. It's the acknowledgement, long feared, that what we see in America is becoming more common around the world with each passing year, and the dream of hanging up our boots in poosy paradise where we can land beautiful, sweet, compliant women with relative easy for a *prolonged period of time* may very well deserve to be in the realm of fiction.

Beautiful women will only be sweet and lovely if they have to, and as poverty decreases around the world and narcissistic enabling technology falls into the hands of just about anyone with a heartbeat, allowing a 5 rating female in any country to get pursued by many suitors, it is easy to see how the idea of poosy paradise is completely relative, depending on external factors that are beyond our control.

This realization has come somewhat recently for me as I've perfected my ability at being able to identify true beauty—beauty through the smoke and mirrors of makeup and clothing that foreign women are especially skilled at using. I can analyze a woman's ass with precision that I didn't know was possible, pick out blonde facial hair on her cheek that is off-putting, or notice eyes that are spaced one centimeter too far apart. Many girls I've banged in the past were pretty, but only a few had true beauty, which I can only admit in hindsight since at the time I had less understanding of beauty and its objective quality. But now that I understand it, and can go for the cream of the crop in whatever city I find myself in, my interactions with these girls are only marginally better than with 6′s and 7′s in DC.

I'm a world apart from DC now, but I'm increasingly seeing American-like traits among European girls. Some behaviors of a 6 in DC can clearly be seen in a European 8. Add a couple points to the American equivalent in Europe and you start to notice commonalities. In the past, I only noticed this on European girls who had lived in America or Britain, but now I'm seeing it on girls who haven't even touched Western soil. These behaviors seem to stem from two common desires: to enjoy the party and receive much more than what they give.

A 7 in the USA, who knows that there will be a beta to bail her out at 32, is like the 9 in Romania who knows she will get bailed out at 26. I wish you could see these 9′s, cavorting with their 9 friends, playing with men, drinking for free all night, strutting in the

club like they own the place. Truth is they *do* own the place. They have incredible power to get whatever they want. They can act as rude as they want and flake as much as they want, and there are absolutely no repercussions. They're unstoppable with their power, and it's becoming clear to me that it's not necessarily the best man who gets to fuck these women; it's the one who takes their disrespect while doing his best to save face by pretending he's not getting abused. For every 15 guys who tries these strategy in the long term, one gets to bang.

The most common method to get a 9 is to put them on a massive pedestal (enough to persist), because she knows her power lies in making you wanting, while you simultaneously act nonchalant about her indifference. You think day game will get these girls? No. They're never alone, and when they are, they're on their phone. They hate being alone, because they don't have to be. And in the club you will get cockblocked immediately, assuming you are even received warmly. But it's the man who smiles when getting cockblocked, who says, "Come on girls let's take these shots," who will be given a one minute reprieve that allows him to get his foot just in the door, performing the excruciating balancing act of persisting while not being spit on, until his 1 out of 15 number gets called. It's not game—it's insanity. It's working as an intern for free in the hopes that one day you will be blessed with a full-time position.

If this type of game sounds familiar to you, it's because it happens in America as well. While game is necessary, the common denominator seems to be taking shit, and as time goes on, as smartphones become commonplace, and a girl no longer has to verbally reject you but simply look at her phone until you get the hint, the amount of shit travels downwards, to where a 7 can now act like a princess, and then a 6 can act like a princess, and so on. Foreign girls are less in a rush to get married and have kids. They don't fear impoverishment and not finding a man as much as before. First it was marriage to get pushed back. Relationships are next. Why get into a relationship with one man when so many men are desirous of a 6, when her Badoo account is full of Spanish and Italian men ready to hop on a plane to visit her? Girls are having a ball, and I can't exactly blame them.

It has taken me a couple years to move up in quality here in Europe to where the women are reminding me of DC women. I don't want to take this shit, but I also want beauty, the most beauty the world has on offer. I want a cute sweet girl who doesn't have 10 cocks on the sideburner, but I also want to aim for the very top, to leverage everything I've learned in life so far. But beautiful girls have options, no matter where you go, and perhaps it has always been this way. They have so much power it's to be admired. It's at its height when you desire them most at the age of 21, and for that reason it seems that nothing short of a massive world war that kills a billion men and causes great impoverishment would shift that power away from them.

You can see the conundrum I'm in, where my increasing desire for beauty, which stems from sexual success, is sending me to women who are acting more like the ones in a country I happily left behind. It'd be cruel if it wasn't humorous. My country is following me wherever I go. There is no escape. I can solve this by settling down for the cute girl

next door, but it’s hard to just stay with merely pretty or merely cute, just like how a businessman who makes his first million dollars is immediately encouraged to go for his second.

A part of me wants to take a break from all this, to succumb to player fatigue, but I see how it’s getting worse every year, how tomorrow will not be better than today, so I keep going, persisting with a beautiful girl I want to bed and hope that I ravish her before I’m insulted at the abuse she’s throwing my way, before I have no choice but to bow out for my sanity, only to inevitably repeat the process anew.

Read Next: *The True Nature Of Women*

Two Fathers

July 23, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Timothy went with his fathers for a day of shopping at the mall to decorate his new room. He was getting tired halfway through but perked up when they suggested he create his own teddy bear at the mall's Build-A-Bear store.

"You can create any bear you want," said Randy.

Timothy was at first overwhelmed with the options but decided on a hard robot shell for his bear, making it seem more like a killer teddy cyborg. He had in mind to create an indestructible bear that was strong and mean, able to defend against bad people like his biological father, who would place him over his lap and whip his 9-year-old behind with a belt for reasons so random that he could never figure out how to avoid them. He was away from that now, and his two new fathers were going to give him the love that his abusive father and absentee mother never gave him.

As Timothy constructed his cyborg bear, Randy pointed out a rainbow-colored bear to his husband, Michael. "Isn't that cute?" Randy said. "Hey Timothy, what do you think of this rainbow bear?"

"I don't like rainbows."

"Why not?" Michael coolly replied.

"It has too many girl colors. I like my robot bear." Michael's eyes opened wide but Randy interrupted him, telling Timothy he could build any bear he wanted.

Timothy had been disappointed so many times in his life that he didn't know what to expect from Randy and Michael. This wasn't helped by the confusing arrangement of having two dads. He leaned towards using "Dad" on Randy, the more masculine of the two since Michael was on estrogen therapy to eventually become a Michelle, but in the end he stuck to using their first names. As long as he could avoid the beatings and the yelling that took place in his former home, or the dirtiness that was his temporary stay in foster care, he would be happy to call them whatever they wanted.

Luckily for Timothy, Randy and Michael were stable, successful, intelligent adults. Besides the fact that there were both men, Timothy couldn't have been more blessed in finding a couple who were so willing to take care of an unlucky child.

But that love couldn't immediately undo a lifetime of abuse. Very early on, Timothy displayed anti-social behavior in school. He had trouble paying attention to his teacher's instructions. At recess he simply wanted to play alone. When time came for parent-student conferences, Randy and Michael were told it was worth trying an ADHD drug to help him with his attention problems. His parents respected the power of pharmaceuticals; Michael was on the hormone therapy while Randy had gone on stints of Xanax during some especially difficult times in his life. It was worth a shot just to see if it would have a positive effect on Timothy, and if not they would pull him off it. His well-being was their utmost concern.

The medication worked. Within two weeks, Timothy would provide an unblinking stare at his teacher while she barreled through the curriculum. He did well enough to get B's and C's, an exceptional feat for a kid of his unfortunate background.

Timothy's favorite part of the school day was, of course, recess. He would get away from his classmates and go to the far end of the park and place bugs on the back of his hand and watch them crawl away. There wasn't much else to do except kick a couple balls around, because several years before they removed the jungle gym. Too many kids were falling off, leading to parent complaints. Parents also complained about dodgeball because in a game of thirty kids, only one was the winner. All the losing kids would suffer an unnecessary blow to their self-esteem, making it more difficult for them to compete in a cutthroat world where 100 SAT points made or break getting into a prestigious college.

A little girl named Magda walked up to Timothy one day while he was playing with bugs. "What are you doing?" she asked.

"Nothing."

"What is that crawling on your hand?"

"It's a caterpillar."

"Will it bite you?" Magda asked. She stood several feet away from Timothy as if scared the caterpillar would jump on her.

"No. It tickles when it walks on you. Do you want to touch it?"

"No, it's gross!"

"It's not gross. And it won't hurt you."

"Okay but if it bites me I'm going to scream." Magda sat beside Timothy and he let the caterpillar crawl over his hand and onto hers. She giggled upon feeling the little legs gripping her skin.

"Cool!" Magda said.

"I like the caterpillars. There are beetles here, too. They have red shells with black dots on them. Sometimes they are stuck together and you can pull them apart and they keep going."

The caterpillar fell off of Magda's hand. "What is your name?" she asked.

"Timothy."

"I'm Magda."

"Okay. Do you want to see some ants?"

"Ew!" But Magda relented and poked a stick in the ant mound like Timothy showed her. It made sense that Magda and Timothy got along since they were both new in school. She tried hard to make friends with the other girls but didn't quite fit in. As the daughter of Polish immigrants who barely spoke English, her accent was slightly different from everyone else's. She was seen as an outsider, something her twice weekly ESL class reminded her of.

Timothy didn't think of her as a friend as much as someone he could show bugs to. He

was so used to being alone and wrapped up in his own world that he never felt the need to meet other kids. In fact, Magda was his first friend.

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The bullying started after the school's 6th Annual Multicultural Happiness Day. In the back of class sat most of the parents, including Randy and Michael. They beamed with pride as their son performed in a Thanksgiving Day skit where Native Americans and Pilgrims feasted together in peace, patiently teaching each other about their respective cultures. The day was a success, like it was every year.

The next day at recess, a group of five kids came to where Magda and Timothy were playing.

"Hey gay boy," a girl named Allison said. Timothy looked, not because he knew what gay meant, but because she couldn't have been talking to Magda.

"Hey gay boy, I'm talking to you. You're gay!"

"What's gay?" Timothy asked.

"Your parents are gay. So you will be gay."

"I don't understand."

"You have two fathers. That's not normal!" Timothy just shrugged. It was better having two fathers than one who beats him. Besides, Randy and Michael were good to him. He didn't especially care for the ritalin he was talking, because it always made him thirsty, but he was learning a lot in school and his math was good. He even got his first A on a quiz.

Allison's friends added more insults. They called him all sorts of cruel names, as kids are apt to do.

"Leave him alone," Magda said.

"You are his gay… girlfriend!" Then Allison pushed Magda, causing her to topple over. Timothy looked at Magda and saw that she was upset. Timothy shook the bugs off his hands and stood up besides Allison. He made a fist with his right hand, closed his eyes, and swung wildly. He heard the scream more than he felt the impact he made with her left ear, which instantly turned scarlet. Allison cupped her ear and ran away crying. Five minutes later, a teacher came and asked Timothy if he hit Allison. "Yes," he said.

A note went home with him that afternoon. Randy and Michael were disturbed that Timothy was acting out on violent tendencies. "Is he emulating his father?" Michael wondered.

"We can't let him think that hitting people will solve problems in life," Randy declared.

"Timothy, come here, dear," Michael said. Timothy came from his room with his head down.

"Is it true you hit a girl today?"

"Yes, but she was mean."

"Timothy, you can *never* hit a girl. You are a big strong boy, much stronger than any girl,

and you could really hurt them because boys are stronger than girls. Do you understand?"

"But she started it!"

Randy decided to be more stern. "Timothy, you must never lay your hand on a girl again. This is not acceptable, do you understand?" He pointed his finger in Timothy's face. "If you do it again we will have to punish you." Would they take away his cyborg bear? He sleeps with it every night, because it makes him feel safe and strong. His lower lip started to quiver and Randy was pleased that his message was getting through.

"Repeat after me," Randy said, "I will never hit a girl again."

"I will never hit a girl again," Timothy parroted.

"Now say it again."

"I promise never to hit a girl again."

"Good, very good. You can go to your room now and think about the wrong you did today."

Timothy was confused at why he was punished, since Allison attacked first, but if all he had to do to get the approval of his caring parents was not hit a girl, he believed he could do it. He just hoped that Allison wouldn't bother him anymore so he could play with his bugs.

—

Randy and Michael threw a vegan dinner party one Saturday evening for six of their friends. Each guest brought a prepared dish and bottle of wine. Much drink and merriment was had by all while Randy and Michael joyfully paraded their new son. He was doted on and given small presents and lavished with praise about how handsome he was. Timothy thought the guests talked strangely, but they were nice people who smiled a lot and did him no harm.

After a couple hours, once the wine experienced the height of its effect, one of the guests looked at Timothy and yelled, "Makeover!" He escorted Timothy into the bedroom and picked out an outfit that Michael owned, a purple blouse and conservative black dress. A basic makeup kit was also found. Ten minutes later Timothy walked out of the room to shrieks of delight. "He looks like a little woman!" one guest said.

"He's so adorable!" another added.

"I don't know if I approve of this," Randy said, smiling broadly as he took another sip of wine, remembering the last time that Michael wore that outfit during an exciting sexual role play.

Michael was most proud of his son's appearance, piling on compliments about how great he looked. Timothy felt so valued to be approved by so many adults that once the clothing was removed and the makeup washed from his face, he didn't even need to hug his cyborg teddy in order to fall asleep.

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One day after school, Magda tried to grab Timothy's hand. He snatched it away and ran to his school bus, hiding in the back. This reaction is to be expected from a boy who never received physical affection, not even from his new parents, who were not yet comfortable touching him in a way that would suggest he was their own. Thankfully, the hand-holding incident was forgotten in a day, and Magda and Timothy were playing once again during recess in their little corner of the park.

A couple weeks later, on the bus ride to school, someone told Timothy, "Allison is going to get you today." Timothy didn't think much of the threat, but halfway through recess Allison and a squad of four of her friends surrounded him. "I don't like you," Allison yelled, and pushed Timothy with all her might. His instinct was to push back, but he remembered what Randy and Michael made him promise, so he did nothing. This further encouraged Allison and she levied a punch to his stomach. He crouched over in pain. She picked up a long stick from the ground.

"Stop it!" Magda yelled. "Stop hurting him!"

"Hold him!" Allison screamed, as if possessed by a demon. Her goons held Timothy down and Allison started lashing the stick upon Timothy's head and face, quickly breaking blood on his forehead and lower lip. Timothy's body went limp. He felt the pain on his body but floated out of it like he has done so many times before. He could only hear Magda's voice, begging for them to stop, and when he looked at her he saw tears streaming down her face. This is when he began to cry, not from his pain, but from Magda's, because she was his only friend and wanted to hold his hand when no one else would.

—

"We should sue the fucking school!" Randy told Michael. They patched up the cuts on Timothy's body and gave him a big bowl of chocolate ice cream to help cheer his spirit and soothe the wound on his lip.

"They suspended Allison for two weeks," Michael said. "This punishment is unheard of in elementary school. I think they are doing all they can."

"He has just been through so much. If he's not getting hurt at the hands of his father, it's now at the hands of some bully."

"But at least he didn't initiate the violence. The note from the school says it absolutely was not his fault."

Timothy walked up to them and said, "I didn't hit her. She was hitting me with the stick but I didn't hit her back, because she's a girl."

Michael said, "That's great, Timothy, because she got in trouble and can't go to school for two weeks, but you can go tomorrow and continue learning and playing. When someone uses violence they are punished. Those who are nice and kind are rewarded when they do what's right, like you will be."

Randy meekly interjected, "But if the girl grabs a stick, maybe Timothy should defend himself."

“And so you want him to have a sword fight with a little girl? If he has that mentality once he gets older, he could end up killing someone. It’s best to just let the authorities deal with it. His wounds will heal in a couple days while Allison will have this on her permanent school record. If she does it again, she will be expelled.” Michael looked at Timothy and said, “You did the right thing today. I’m so sorry that she hurt you, but everything will be okay.”

—

Allison stopped bullying him, but other bullies took her place. There was no more physical violence, but the verbal taunts were endless, and Timothy never fought back, only ensuring they would continue. His schoolwork suffered and his grades slipped, in spite of an increase in dosage to his medication. Randy and Michael were getting frustrated at his declining performance and thought a tougher stance would be in order. How will he get into Stanford if he’s already behind on his multiplication tables?

When Timothy brought home a report card with three D’s, his fathers had a stern talk with him about the importance of education and how unacceptable his grades were. There were mentions about enrolling him in a special school, hiring tutors, or limiting his play time in favor of more study. The phrase “you’re falling behind” was often used and now Timothy began to get worried that their anger at him would only get worse. Randy and Michael always told Timothy that they loved him, but how about if they stopped loving him because of his bad grades? What would happen to him?

While his fathers talked about what to do, Timothy slipped into their room. A few minutes later, he emerged wearing the exact same outfit of Michael’s that the dinner party guest had dressed him in. He tried to put on makeup but was not especially skilled. His attempt at eye shadow went as far back as his temple and he managed to get blush in his hair. When Michael first saw Timothy, he hugged him for being so adorable. He instructed Timothy not to move and then went to grab his camera to take pictures. Randy let out a couple laughs and for at least that day, they completely forgot about his bad grades. There was no more talk about reducing his play time. For the first time in his life, Timothy felt like he finally knew how to get love from adults. While Magda’s friendship was real and her accent sweet, it was parental love that he needed most.

At the next dinner party, Michael went on to tell his friends how Timothy was just like them, something that Randy didn’t argue with. Soon the gifts arriving from guests weren’t toys, but clothes in pretty pastel and pink colors.

20 Posts You Should Read

July 25, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Return Of Kings continues to grow steadily. It will likely surpass the unique visitor traffic on this blog within a month or two. Here are 20 posts that I urge you to read this weekend:

1. Why Modern Feminism Is White Woman's Privilege
2. The Easiest City In The World To Get Laid
3. Modern Woman In Wanting To Be For Herself, Has Destroyed Herself
4. Expensive Woman Seeks Retarded Millionaire
5. The 15 Magical Years of Womanhood
6. Why Fat Women Should Be Sent To Prison
7. Why Money Can No Longer Save The Beta Male
8. Modern Marriage Is Rent Seeking Hell
9. 5 Reasons Being A Lawyer Sucks
10. The Strong Do What They Can, And The Weak Suffer What They Must
11. Why Modern Dating Is Like Illegal Alaskan Halibut Fishing
12. 5 Commandments For Making A Club Your Poosy Paradise
13. The Parable of Aepyornis Island
14. Man's Most Valuable Possession
15. You-Go-Girlism Is More Toxic Than Feminism
16. The 10 Slut Commandments
17. The Easiest Way To Overcome A Depression
18. The Myth Of The Male Biological Clock
19. Two Years Before The Mast
20. Lessons From The Life Of Casanova

Follow ROK on Twitter or Facebook. If you would like to submit a guest post, you can do so here.

In other news, the audiobook edition of Day Bang will be released next Friday and sold at a discounted price for the weekend.

Do Not Have Sex With Feminists

July 28, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Feminism gets its power from two centers. The first is a large tax-paying middle class. It provides welfare money for single mothers; it extorts or steals money from husbands and fathers via an aggressive judicial system that prefers women; it enforces laws against masculinity using local authorities; and it funds feminist studies programs in public universities. If you add to that the system's need to score female votes during elections and the feminization of men who vote along with them, it's easy to understand how entrenched their power is in America. I haven't even mentioned how corporate media hires feminist stooges to appeal to a fattening female audience that is just as hungry for hamster rationalization as they are for cupcakes and artisanal pizza.

It's a large middle class that partially explains why feminism is rising in Brazil, but not in Argentina or Colombia. While there are many exceptions to this middle class rule, you will not find feminists gains in countries with a weak middle class. This source of feminist power will erode as the world approaches an economic singularity event, but until that time, we have the *individual* power to speed up the decline through one simple action: don't have sex with women who identify with feminism.

A woman will only behave in a way that allows her to continue receiving what she wants in life. So far, being a feminist has not hurt her chances at "sexual discovery" when hitting the town on Saturday night, or filtering through hundreds of messages from men on dating sites. A man at a bar will roll his eyes at feminist talking points, but he will nonetheless persist in his pursuit of the notch. This must end. For the same reason you pass on fat women, resigning them to an underclass of low-quality men who will fuck anything, you must now sexually discriminate against women for their man-hating belief system.

Not only must you pass on a feminist, but you must let her know *why* you are passing on her. It must be clear to her that a man she was considering for sex has rejected her solely for her beliefs. Examples:

> Girl: "It's too bad that men still make more than women."
> You: "Wait, are you a feminist?"
> Girl: "Well yeah."
> You: "Too bad, I don't date feminists. Have a good night."
>
> Girl: "Birth control should be a human right, like mobile internet access."
> You: "So you're a feminist?"
> Girl: "I think if you believe in true equality, you're a feminist, too."
> You: "LoL. I don't talk to feminists." *Backturn*

An argument or debate is not on the table. Do not give her the chance to explain her beliefs or demand to know yours. Once she admits to being a feminist, someone who believes in female superiority at the cost of male well-being, she no longer exists in your

world.

The emasculation of men in the West is proceeding at such a rapid clip that it may be time to move past indiscriminate banging to sexually punishing women who vote for politicians that push laws and policies which make men second-class citizens. We only have ourselves to blame if we persist in the hypocritical behavior of lamenting the destruction of men while giving orgasms to the very women who are pushing it along. Our penis must take a backseat to our principles.

A part of me wonders if we're too far down the road for this action to have a large effect, but even if we are, it's an action we must still pursue, for we must align our behavior with our beliefs, our beliefs with our character. We can not grieve against a thief that is robbing us as long as we keep allowing the thief to rob.

If a girl is rejected only two or three times by men for being a feminist, she will think twice about sharing that affiliation to future men she meets. And if she is unable to share those beliefs, to openly discuss them, her mind can't help but see them as shameful and controversial. Without water, the feminist soil in her brain will dry up, and the plant will wilt. She will be more hesitant about spreading her ideas, and rightfully come to see feminism as something that hurts heterosexual relationships.

The middle class in America is on the decline. The strained state will have to reduce the money flow to the feminist establishment. If this is combined with men rejecting sexual intercourse with feminist women, I believe we're looking at a 1-2 combination punch that may put this ideology on the backburner, pursued only by the transgendered and homosexual freaks of society, instead of the cute girl you exchange eye contact with in your favorite coffee shop. Hopefully she's not a feminist, but if she is, reject her swiftly and without compassion.

Read Next: *The War Against Men*

The Day Bang Audiobook Is Here

August 1, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

This weekend I'm releasing the Day Bang audiobook edition in MP3 format at a discounted price. In case you are new to my work, Day Bang teaches you how to approach women during the day (click here to learn more about the book).

Here are two samples:

I outsourced the job to a voice actor. The total length is 6 hours and 27 minutes (click here to read three early reviews). To celebrate the release, I'm doing three specials that end Sunday at midnight:

Day Bang Audiobook

Includes the unrestricted MP3 files. It will not be available for sale after Sunday.

Price: $10

›› **Click Here To Buy The Audiobook Only** ‹‹

Day Bang Audiobook & Ebook

Includes the MP3 files and also the ebook in PDF, MOBI, and EPUB formats.

Price: $15 (will cost $24 after Sunday)

›› **Click Here To Buy Audiobook & Ebook** ‹‹

Life's Work Combo

Includes 15 of my books and the audiobook versions of both Bang and Day Bang, yielding a total of 1,484 pages of content and 11 hours and 42 minutes worth of audiobook listening pleasure.

Price: $35 (heavy discount)

›› **Click Here To Buy My Life's Work Combo** ‹‹

›› **Click Here To Buy My Life's Work Combo** ‹‹

All three of the above deals are instantly downloadable after you make payment with Paypal. Again, the discounts lasts this weekend only. If you have any questions, leave me a comment below.

Day Bang Audiobook Specials Ends At Midnight

August 3, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I don't care for doing these distracting launches. While I like money in my pocket, the business side of selling books doesn't interest me. I much prefer creating the content, but I need reserves to allow me to comfortably do so (i.e., to sit for hours a day working on a project that may have no financial reward). I don't need much because of my minimalist lifestyle, so I'm glad I don't have to ask you often to give me money for my work.

I meet a lot of internet marketers and the common thing I noticed is that they *hate* creating content, but love marketing their products. In fact, they spend more time on marketing than content creation. That does bring up some ethical questions, but as long as there are people gullible enough to buy the magic pill solution, the marketers will continue to be successful. Maybe *you* should be such a marketer, because I can tell you that being honest and saying "hard work is required" is not the fast path to riches for any niche. Fortunately, I have a following of like-minded men who trust me and would help me if I asked, a measure of wealth that cannot be measured in a dollar amount.

That said, the Day Bang Audiobook special will end tonight (click here for audio samples). Here are the three deals I'm offering you:

Day Bang Audiobook

Includes the unrestricted MP3 files. It will not be available for sale after today.

Price: $10

›› **Click Here To Buy The Audiobook Only** ‹‹

Day Bang Audiobook & Ebook

Includes the MP3 files and also the ebook in PDF, MOBI, and EPUB formats.

Price: $15 (will cost $24 after Sunday)

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Life's Work Combo

Includes 15 of my books and the audiobook versions of both Bang and Day Bang, yielding a total of 1,484 pages of content and 11 hours and 42 minutes worth of audiobook listening pleasure.

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All three of the above deals are instantly downloadable after you make payment with Paypal. If you have any questions, leave me a comment below.

After this, I'll have an experimental travel release coming up in a couple months, and then a new book in the first half of 2014.

Beware Of Goals With Numbers

August 4, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A seed of emptiness is planted when you try to achieve what you can track, monitor, or chart. Setting a number goal ensures unhappiness after that mark is reached.

Common sense tells you to track things. In fact, it's the Western way. Take a look at business, where you must track numbers to measure growth. Take a look at personal finance, where you must accumulate ever-increasing assets, measured exclusively in monetary amounts. Take a look at sex, where we track notches to measure our masculinity. Take a look at travel, where we count the number of countries we've been to as a measure of our worldliness and experience.

We set a numerical goal related to one of our interests and work hard until we reach it. What immediately follows? A nice high, a feeling of achievement, a sense of pride. It lasts an hour, a day, or even a week. And then? Emptiness. A feeling of being lost, of needing a new metric to measure our lives with. We set a new goal which is just an extension of the old one, not because it's what we truly desire, but because we're idle and bored, confused about what we want. Most men today are not trying to achieve dreams from within but instead are pursuing arbitrary metrics to distract themselves from existence.

We set goals that involve numbers only because they can be tracked and compared. It's a manifestation of insecurity, of wanting to be important and better than someone else. Your ego loves numerical goals because it needs something measurable to feel it's attached to a somebody, but it will not urge you to rest once you succeed. Instead, it will tell you that what you accomplished was not enough and that you must aim higher, even if that aim will produce little benefit. It will point out the man who has more than you, convincing you that you must exceed him. And then it will reach the new goal and simply find yet another man who achieved more, so that you are eternally on the achievement treadmill that keeps you occupied with the equivalent of make-work.

The initial intention of goals are often pure. A man wants to earn $100,000 a year to feel secure, but once he reaches that goal, which will certainly coincide with lifestyle and spending creep, it is no longer enough. He must set a new goal of $200,000 to feel secure, and the pattern repeats. As much money as he makes, he may feel no more secure than a poor man who lives from one paycheck to the next. Another man wants to bang 30 girls to feel like he has skill with women. He gets to that number, hears stories of men banging that many girls in one month in Thailand, and then decides he wants to hit 100 girls. On his quest to that goal he meets many men who have hundreds more notches, so now it becomes hard to stop. He will feel no more sure of his masculinity than a man with one notch from a girlfriend who loves him unconditionally. The cycle of goal setting, goal achievement, and goal extension repeats. The initial intention of the goal is completely lost.

Lack of goal setting is seen as heretical. It's hippy. It's underachieving. It's anti-American. Yet your mind doesn't care if arbitrary numbers are reached. Your mind sees no

importance in hitting 100 notches, 1000 notches, $1 million in wealth. Your ego cares, but your ego can never be sated—it will simply demand more. Your journey for notches or wealth will keep you busy, make you highly skilled in one particular area of life, and give you a two day high upon reaching the newest achievement, but no more. Achievement, like anything else, passes a point of diminishing return, where little was gained from your efforts. What did you miss while chasing the goal? What was the cost? There are a hundred books about setting goals, but not one written on the goal hangover that always results.

Your mind only cares about the journey. It cares about how you live and what you do every day of your life. It cares only about this moment, not one in the future that satisfies an artificial construction that was likely created from feelings of envy, jealousy, or insecurity. If you're pursuing something you truly want, a goal wouldn't be necessary—you would already be doing it every day. If you have to set a goal to make money, that means you don't care for business and made the goal to act as motivation. If you have to set a goal to get notches, that means you don't care for being a player but need the number to push you to approach hundreds of women. What would you do every day if you couldn't set goals? This is what you should do, for the sake of doing it, not for the sake of achievement. Through the use of our goal culture, we reduce ourselves to children who complete little tasks to receive a star sticker.

Now what I say is not an excuse to be a fat ass who doesn't set a goal to be fit. The fat condition is a result of excess and sloth. It's not an excuse to be a virgin at 40-years-old. The virgin condition is a result of fear and laziness. It's not an excuse to be a feminist who wants to criminalize male behavior, a condition of intolerance and ignorance. One one hand you have conditions with no virtue while on the other you have neverending goal seeking and an addiction to achievement. I advocate for the middle path, of having virtue and character that is balanced with your true needs, not random ones.

I like to learn, so I read daily. I like to share my experiences, so I write daily. I like to laugh, so I spend time with funny people. I like to drink in cafes, so I do so. I like mini-relationships with foreign girls who are free-spirited and innocent, so I will seek out these girls when I'm horny, making just enough money to live in the countries they tend to gather, working out just enough so that I'm attractive to them. There are no numbers, no goals. I perform work and labor in just enough dosage to fulfill my wants and desires. If I earn enough money to have sex with my type of girl while reading and going to coffee shops, I will not perform one additional hour of work outside of my interests. I will walk through a park or study a language instead. I will not accumulate resources unless those resources are needed. I will not sleep with a girl unless it's to fulfill a horny or amorous need. I will only set an arbitrary goal if I want an arbitrary life.

Pursue activities for passion, for desire, for their own sake, without depending on numbers and metrics. No reward should be needed, because the journey is the reward, the daily struggle is the fruit, the work is the benefit, the free mind, unburdered by goal chasing, is the great achievement.

Read Next: *The Argument Against Chasing Happiness*

Less Knowledge Is More

August 6, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

You have more knowledge in your brain right now than 98% of humans who have ever lived, including men of the past who you've read in history books. Instead of accepting that you have enough, you're trying to gain more, thinking that it will help you in life. It's hurting instead.

Accumulating knowledge is a fancy way of procrastinating. Learning without acting is laziness. Unless you're a theoretical physicist, there is little knowledge needed to start on any task. Only the modern man needs to read a book on something that prior generations did through trial and error. Consider that there are men today who won't speak to a woman without first reading about it, and even then, they need to read *several* books before finally making a single action. There are men who want to be spoon-fed knowledge to reduce their likelihood of failure, but it actually reduces their likelihood of success.

It disappoints me that as much as I've written about game, there are still guys who want more. They are holding out on taking a risk until I first tell them how to do a certain action. "Write about running game in the circus… after the first intermission… when the elephants have been put away." No, figure it out on your own. You know the principles: if you truly want to succeed at something then use what you already know to make love to women in the circus, or wherever else you happen to meet them.

After a certain age, I wonder if the goal should be not about learning more, but removing junk from your brain that has accumulated over the years and which act as an anchor on your propensity to take risks. If you happen to read newer books and pop psychology blogs, the knowledge you think you're gaining is nothing more than old knowledge that is cleverly disguised. I hate to inform you that there are no new theories of putting your penis inside a vagina that have not been explained thousands of times before in one form or another: start a conversation, try different things to get her interested, get her on a bed, and stick it in (local laws apply). If you can't fill in the details with the most minor of hand holding, either accept you are being weak and lazy, or that this goal is not something you desire. I failed too many times to count in my attempt to fill in those details, so I have little respect for a man who doesn't do the same.

There are only five concepts you need to succeed in life: persistence, hard work, careful observation, experimentation, time. Ignore those who try to deceive you into believing more is required. Seek knowledge for pleasure, curiosity, entertainment, or to connect different disciplines of thought, but you don't need to know anything more to accomplish your goals. You know enough right now.

Read Next: *There Are No Rules*

Experience Changes Experience

August 13, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In Chisinau I was on a date with a girl who doesn't drink. She was going to order tea but I insisted that a toast to our health and happiness was in order. She asked me to order for her so I selected a Riesling. Usually I'd get scotch, but I decided to live dangerously. I ordered a Grand Marnier on the rocks.

We made a toast and took a sip of our drinks. Her face immediately turned sour. "I can't stand the taste of alcohol," she said, "but it's okay, I can drink it." My GM was very sweet for me, almost like a dessert drink, but I savored the orange flavors and finished it quickly. When I ordered a second round for myself, I urged her to give it a try. "Maybe you'll like it more than the wine," I said.

She took a sip and cringed. "That's awful! How do you drink that?" she asked.

"I'm an alcoholic," I joked.

She then took a big swallow of her wine, raising her eyebrows as if she was surprised. "My wine tastes a lot better now after I've had your drink," she said.

I wasn't surprised by her statement. The next logical thing to do was for me to launch into a monologue.

"It's easy for you to choose which of the two drinks you like best. You didn't even have to think about it. Now imagine if there were 25 drinks on the table, some of them similar to each other, and some very different, and then I ask you to choose the best.

"You'd taste all 25 to reach your decision, but what would happen is that after the complete tasting, you'd forget the initial drinks you tried. You'd have to taste them again, but the second tasting won't be perceived by your senses as the same, because your taste has been slightly altered by experiencing the 24 other drinks. What ends up happening is that you can never arrive at an objective favorite. The taste will change with each round and each drink, even though the drink itself, chemically speaking, doesn't change."

She looked confused, so I took a step back.

"What I'm saying is one drink affects how you perceive the next drink, which then affects how you will perceive the initial drink if you try to remember it. You will never be able to duplicate a taste, so trying to choose the best becomes very difficult. In life, the more you experience, the harder it is to separate experiences or neatly categorize them. Since experiences constantly affect each other, what happens is they get mixed together, and your mind fails to make meaningful comparisons. It's hard for humans to compare a lot of things—we're just not designed to do that."

"So I shouldn't experience too much?" she asked.

"No, just understand that too much experience makes it harder to know what you want and what is best for you. The first three countries I've been to were Italy, Spain, and

Venezuela. If you asked me then which was my favorite, I'd instantly say Spain without having to think about it, just like how you picked the wine over my drink. But now I've been to 25 or so countries. Ask me my favorite and I can't give you a confident answer. I'd be unsure even if you put a gun to my head.

"I keep traveling in order to find the country that fits me best, but the more I keep searching, the harder that decision becomes. In fact, any decision I make today will be one filled with doubt. If I simply picked Spain years ago, when I had little experience, I'd feel less doubt and anxiety than if I picked Poland today, a country that I can confidently say is better than Spain."

My ramblings started to get out of hand, as I was now speaking for my benefit than to build a connection with her, but I'm glad I worked through it, because it made me realize that out of 25 drinks already on the table, one was sure to go down warm and please my spirit, and that there was little benefit in sampling 25 more.

Read Next: *Everything Good That Happens To You Is Bad*

The Unit Of Man

August 15, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

When you look at an accomplished man, what do you see? Maybe his intellect, his strength, his appearance, his body language? Do you sense happiness in his voice as he tells you the stories of his life? Do get a feel for his pain and the struggles he went through? Maybe you see all of that, but I see something different. I see one hour. I see time—the time it took for him to get to here from there. I see the accumulation of hours.

Even though there are sixteen waking hours in a day, how many of those do you put in developing yourself? How many hours do you spend lifting, creating something, learning something? Do you know how many hours per day most men put towards their development? Zero. They work to complete someone else's project, they consume all the entertainment you can throw at them, and they browse through hipster blogs to know what they can wear with a fedora, but they don't put time into developing themselves.

One hour. That's one gym session. That's two Pimsleur language lessons. That's 1,500 written words. That's 20 pages of hard reading. That's the rough draft of a blog post. That's four approaches in the mall. The hour is my god. No internet, no distractions, just a one hour prayer where I stretch myself in ways that most men refuse to do.

Men have told me I'm productive, but I only write for two hours a day at most, usually only one. Since most men spend zero hours a day on their own creations, I agree that I'm productive. With 3-5 hours of honest work a day that goes to my mind, my body, and my crotch, it's hard for me to believe I'm lucky or even intelligent. No, I just work harder than most others, and after accumulating several thousand of these hours, my brain has become one level sharper. Yet it's not my brain that I'm depending on when I want to succeed at a task—it's the labor I dedicate to it, one hour at a time.

You must worship at the altar of the hour. Wake up tomorrow and dedicate one hour—not a minute less—at a task that serves you and no one else. There are no days off—there is no vacation. One hour a day you must work on your own project and your own development, and then after a few months, after looking back to see what you've accomplished from just one hour a day, add a second hour. This will be a tremendous struggle, I promise you, but it's the only path to greatness. There is no other way. Great men are made from this trivial increment, that when compounded over time, results in the realization of your potential. One hour is what makes the man.

Read Next: *What Is Your Campaign?*

Backslide To Beta

August 18, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I backslided again. My game regressed. My return on investment decreased. I wrote about my first backslide in Bang:

> Three years after getting into the game, I had my shit together. I had a successful career and lived in a large house in a good neighborhood. I had a motorcycle and bartended part-time at an upscale venue. I had a respectable brand-name wardrobe and I had just ended a short but successful club DJ career. When I met a new girl, I would not-so-casually tell her how cool I was by bringing up my motorcycle, my bartending gig, and my experience as a DJ. On paper I thought I had all the cool qualities a girl needed, but I proceeded to have the worst slump since getting into the game.

I repeated the mistake in believing that my value, when logically delivered to a girl, would create enough attraction for sex.

My life story has become somewhat interesting, evolving into a speech that can take up to 30 minutes to finish. Spanning from my college days and various professions, adventures, and travels, it would always get an enthusiastic response on first dates in the form of “Wow!” or “Amazing!” or “Your life is like a movie!” I would feel validated and pleased that I was the most interesting guy they’ve probably met in their life. I came to believe that this reason—and it alone—should be enough for them to sleep with me.

But my failure rate actually increased. I remember one girl declined my invitation to a nightcap at my place by saying she had to meet her cousin. I’m sure no such cousin existed. Then the flakes came, back to back to back. It culminated into me getting stood up, in such a way that it took me a while to remember the last time I suffered a similar fate.

It’s hard not to put European pussy on the pedestal when Polish girls shower you with their sweetness, when Ukrainian girls feed you borsht made from scratch, and when Estonian girls look through you with their sky blue eyes. You come to believe that all you have to be is nice, and your niceness with be sexually rewarded. And isn’t the proof of that within plain sight of all the happy couples holding hands as they stroll through the town square?

Apparently not.

The value of my life story was being decreased by being lazy with my game, by forgetting to be scarce, by giving direct answers that left little to the imagination, by not carefully managing text reply times, by setting dates too far from my apartment, by being too passive and expecting girls to throw themselves on me, by not teasing (at least lightly), by not controlling the frame, and by being… boring. I incorrectly thought—for the second time in my life—that my past experiences should be sufficient in making a girl wet

instead of the attraction I make her feel in the present moment.

Your value matters, your looks matter, and your stories matter, but attraction matters even more, because attraction is emotional and emotions are what most modern girls use in deciding to have sex with you, not a grocery list of your past accomplishments. I stopped being ruthless and methodical in my pursuit for the bang and I was properly punished, waiting in a venue at the appropriate time for a girl who never showed up. The light coming from this signal could not have been more bright.

My life story is interesting, but it's not game. I want to get laid on my own terms, not at the girls', so it's the game I must play, no matter where I am in this world, for as long as I live.

Read Next: *Player Wake-Up Call*

An Afternoon With Stig Greybeard

August 20, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Daniel was nervous. As carefully as he planned out the proposal to his girlfriend, what if something went wrong? What if the Kiss Cam didn't pan at the end of the fourth inning as designed? What if other spectators interrupted him as he confessed his love and popped the question? But most importantly, what if she said no? Regardless of how strong a relationship is, a man always has doubts on how his girlfriend will answer when the engagement ring is revealed. By staging something elaborate in front of thousands of people, Daniel hoped it would tough for Andrea to deny him. The momentum of this special proposal would hopefully push her to saying yes.

When the big day arrived, Daniel took the subway to the stop nearest Andrea's home. A beautiful diamond ring costing $7,000 was safely stored in his jacket pocket. Just when he was a block away from her row house, a flash of light momentarily blinded him. Upon regaining his vision, he looked around to see green fields dotted with old barns and homes. Stunned, he settled his eyes upon a small cottage. A tall man emerged from it and walked up to Daniel.

"Hej, Daniel. My name is Stig Greybeard, and I've been sent to help you. You are not dreaming and this is not a conjurer's trick, for you are right now standing on real soil."

"Are you a god?" Daniel asked. He couldn't help but notice Stig's beard. Long and braided, it nearly reached the man's chest.

"I am not, but the powers I have may seem godly to you. The flash of light was a teleportation to the past. Right now the year is 1946 and we are in the American province of Kansas. The cottage you see in front of you is where your father's father and mother lived. Follow me."

Daniel followed Greybeard into the cottage. The living room was small and furnished with a velvet chair, small couch, and square coffee table that came up only one foot above the wooden floor. There was a radio but no television set. Greybeard moved into the kitchen and motioned for Daniel to follow. Inside was his grandmother, a petite woman with stout arms. Daniel's instinct was to hide, but Greybeard told him not to worry since they couldn't be seen or heard.

"She's preparing dinner for your grandfather. You're watching her knead dough. Soon she will peel and prepare the vegetables for the meatloaf, your grandfather's favorite dish. It will take her three hours from start to finish."

"Poor woman," Daniel muttered. She was humming a song that Daniel didn't know, occasionally taking breaks when her hands became tired to look out the small kitchen window. She wanted to make sure that Daniel's father and three dogs were not straying too far from the cottage.

"So she just stays home to cook all day?" Daniel asked.

"She takes care of the home, your father, your grandfather, and the dogs. It's not easy

work, but she takes pride in it and pays no heed to the women in town who say she needs to make money as a factory hand or secretary. Behold, your grandfather is coming home now."

A burly man with light purple shadows underneath his eyes walked inside and put his steel toolbox on the floor next to the door. He entered the kitchen to greet his wife with a short kiss.

"How was work today?" she asked, wiping the counter of flour.

"Hard. But they let us out early."

He went to change his clothes and then sat on his chair. A cold bottle of his favorite beer was waiting for him. Beside it was the day's newspaper, his pipe, and a tin of tobacco. He sat for some time, uninterrupted, as the house filled with the aroma of his wife's cooking.

Another flash of light blinded Daniel. He was now in a modern office building with endless rows of quiet cubicles. Daniel instinctively followed Greybeard until he stopped at one cubicle in particular.

"It's Andrea!" Daniel exclaimed. She was taking a break from her duties and catching up on Facebook correspondence. Daniel always trusted her, completely respecting her privacy, but curiosity overcame him and he leaned over her shoulder to see what was on the screen. He was surprised to see her finalizing plans for lunch with an ex-boyfriend, one that he thought she was out of touch with.

Daniel shot a concerned look to Greybeard, who could only shrug. "The events that transpire are not my doing," he said.

"I'm sure there's a logical explanation for this."

"Perhaps," Greybeard responded.

They sat watching Andrea for a while when she received a call. She picked up the phone and put it to her ear, briefly flashing a small "faith" tattoo below her palm. The "Hey girl" greeting suggested it was from one of her close friends. Daniel zoned out, as men often do when faced with female pratter, but snapped back to attention when he heard his name.

"Daniel is a nice guy, but sometimes he's just so boring. He takes me to a restaurant then expects sex, even if I'm not in the mood, and it's getting old. There's no excitement anymore, but I feel guilty for thinking this. It's just that… I don't know. I want adventure, I want my heart to beat hard. If only I was young again and could control the wild ones with what I know now."

Daniel couldn't bear to hear more. He walked out of the cubicle and into the hallway. When he came back a while later, it appeared to Greybeard that he had been sobbing. "This is a lie! This isn't real! Why are you doing this to me?" he demanded.

"You have been chosen to see the truth," Greybeard calmly responded, stroking his braided beard as if it was a cat's tail.

"But this isn't the truth. Andrea doesn't think I'm… boring."

Another flash of light. Daniel was now in a tiny room. He noticed a vague sour odor. In one corner was a narrow bed while in another was an overweight middle-aged man, sitting at a desk in front of a computer screen.

“Where are we?” Daniel asked. Greybeard lifted his arm towards the man sitting in the chair. Daniel walked closer and noticed the man’s right hand vibrating in his lap. “Christ,” Daniel said, as he realized the man was masturbating into a tube sock. Besides the monitor, which was alive with tentacle rape porn, Daniel caught sight of a pay stub. He squinted his eyes and saw his name. Scanning it further, he noticed the payable amount to be impossibly low, less than what he was currently making.

“Now I know this is not the truth,” he said to Greybeard, smiling, relieved that this was all a nightmare, not at all based on reality.

“I only deal in truth,” Greybeard responded, stroking his braid faster than before with both of his hands.

Daniel then reached for the stub to examine it more closely. He saw a box marked **FAMILY GARNISHMENT** that totaled about 80% of the **GROSS COMPENSATION** box. The smile disappeared from Daniel’s face.

“Let’s go for a walk,” Greybeard said.

They walked past broken-down vehicles with missing wheels and packs of teenagers looking for trouble. Not until an hour later did they shapeshift through the iron gate of a lovely planned community. The streets were well-lighted and quiet. Two families were taking an evening stroll.

Daniel and Greybeard walked into a large house to find two young children, one boy and one girl, watching television with an open pizza box resting behind them. Upstairs was a woman sitting in front of her laptop. It was Andrea, older and bigger, though not as big as the masturbating man. She was on an internet dating site, filtering through 4,216 messages she received in the past day. If Daniel inspected the room, he would have seen a value sized box of magnum condoms in the nightstand drawer along with a bottle of lubricant specifically designed for anal sex.

Greybeard escorted Daniel, now trembling, outside the house. “What you have seen is truth. Not many men will have this opportunity, but it has been declared by those more powerful than me that you are worth saving. It is up to you to decide what to do with what I’ve shown you today. It makes no difference to me.” Greybeard twirled his braid with his finger while Daniel stared at the ground.

Another flash at light, the brightest of them yet. Daniel found himself back on the city street near Andrea’s row house. He sat on a bench to think about what just happened. Was it a dream? No, it was real, but surely the future wasn’t written in stone. He found it hard to believe that he would end up the way that Greybeard showed him, but the more he let his mind churn through the events, the more he could understand how such a fate could befall him.

Daniel met with Andrea and they went to the baseball game. On the way over, he

suggested that they visit the natural history museum that weekend for a special exhibit on herbivorous dinosaurs. “Can we do something that’s not so… flat?” Andrea asked.

“So what do you want to do?” Daniel instinctively replied.

“I don’t know,” she said, looking annoyed.

Just as planned with the stadium’s public affairs office, the Kiss Cam panned to them after the fourth inning. Daniel saw himself on the jumbotron and grabbed Andrea’s hand. Images of Greybeard popped into his head, of his grandmother kneading dough, of Andrea gossiping with her friend on the phone, of him beating off into an athletic sock. He shook his head violently side to side and then reached into his jacket pocket.

“Andrea… you are the best thing to ever happen to me, and I want to spend the rest of my life with you. Will you marry me?”

When Andrea gave her answer, after an awkward six second pause, the crowd roared with applause and cheers.

Previous Story: *Two Fathers*

Thoughts On Game

August 24, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I share why game is still critically important…

Click over to the video's YouTube page to read the comments that have already been left. You can also hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

A Heuristic Model Of Game

August 25, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Heuristics are empirically based rules that have lasted the test of time, often observed in cultures that have retained traditions. Curious scientists back-analyze them to identify their true purpose. They do not originate in academia and have not been scientifically proven, yet nonetheless do a better job at achieving a desired human end.

For example, to prevent alcoholism, scientists have brought BAC charts and gender differences to suggest how many drinks a day are acceptable. Wine is better, liquor is worse, and so on. Or they serve up a subjective questionnaire and if you answer "yes" to an arbitrary number, you may be an alcoholic. Instead of that scientific approach, it's easier to just follow a simple British heuristic derived from doctors who personally treat alcoholics: don't drink three days a week. That's it. It's easier to follow and does a better job at predicting alcoholism than methods created by scientists in a laboratory setting.

The problem with game is that there is a surplus of information which often crowds out the most important concepts which contribute the most to success. Can't it all be simplified in a couple rules? I believe it can, but only for the individual. There is too much variance in game depending on who you are and what type of girl you go for that only through personal experience and a large sample size can you develop your own heuristics.

That said, here is my heuristic model:

1. Only approach a girl that you are prepared to take out on a date. This is a check of my desire. If I wouldn't want to block out 4 hours for her, based on her appearance alone, I will give up at the slightest resistance she throws my way, leading to wasted time and no sex.

2. Eject on the approach if she doesn't completely face you. She must be open to an interaction. If she can't even face me, a very token amount of effort, sleeping with her will be burdensome.

3. On the first date, ramp up touching to hit a peak at the two-hour mark. The content of my chatter matters less than touching, as I've learned from cases where there has been a steep language barrier. By two hours, I should be in position to at least attempt a kiss. It doesn't matter if I do kiss at that point or not, but that my prior touching should have made it a natural and logical occurrence.

4. Always invite her to your apartment (or weasel your way into hers), and do not accept no for an answer. The persistence must be strong here, for her first answer will probably be no. The assumption must be made that you will never see the girl again, so you must at least try to sleep with her the same night.

5. Try to have sex with her once privacy is achieved. Again, the attempt must be made.

For one-night stands, I simply replace rule three with "You are not allowed to get her

number.”

It doesn’t matter what country I’m in, what language I’m speaking, or whether I met the girl at the cafe or club—if I follow all my rules, the chance of a bang is quite high. Will these rules work for you? If you’re similar to me, perhaps, but I know that for me it almost doesn’t matter what else I do as long as I follow these rules. I can talk about religion and politics, topics that should generally be avoided, and it would make little difference. I can forget to tell the best stories of my life, and still it wouldn’t matter. For the approach, the girl must be conversationally open. For dates, I must touch and lead to my room. In the space between I can be myself.

While you do have to be careful about developing rules based on limited experience, guys who have a large amount of personal sex data would do themselves a favor by breaking down their prior successes into the mere essentials, then forgetting about everything else.

Read Next: *The Approachable Girl Metric*

How One Man Banged 96 Girls In 5 Months

August 29, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The following is an interview with the American man who goes by the name of Fisto on RVF. He recently came back from an incredible Southeast Asia trip where he fornicated with nearly 100 girls in 5 months. His game and ability has been vouched by several men. I interviewed him to find out more.

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You went to Southeast Asia recently and had sex with 96 girls. Can you give more details about your success along with what you did to make it happen? What type of game did you use? What were some hurdles you had to overcome?

I spent 2 months in Thailand, the rest of the time I was in Vietnam, Indonesia, and the Philippines. In Thailand, the girls are very, very, intimidated. I learned that if you make even the smallest amount of eye contact, that is a good indicator that she's interested. It's so subtle that you would actually think the opposite considering how quickly they look away (RVF member Rionomad taught me this). There, I had to tone down the vibe a bit.

I realized pretty quick that Thais in general can get overwhelmed and they just mentally shut down. It's like when your computer freezes, there's just nothing there. THC (another member) and I just started carrying around scraps of paper with our numbers already written on them. We'd almost have to force girls to take the paper only to hear from them later, apologizing. Honestly, Thailand was my least favorite place, so many chumps go there and give the rest of us a bad reputation. Decent girls are sometimes reluctant to go out with you because they don't want anyone they know to think they're whores. In addition, I flat out hated being associated with these guys that were obviously paying for sex. I was able to learn a bit of Thai and it really wasn't until I returned there for a 2 week stopover after Indonesia that I felt dialed in and really started having more success.

In Vietnam, I had one of my hottest bangs ever. This girl was just attractive on so many levels. I was there 3 weeks and I can tell you, forget going out to try and pick up good girls or thinking you can shore (get free sex out of a prostitute). "Good" girls are not likely to be out in most of the clubs we came across (In Saigon anyway) and these girls that are hookers are too hardcore.

The pros might like you but they were just as stubborn about getting you to pay as I was about the principle of NOT paying. In Thailand, shoring (banging a prostitute was free) was pretty standard by the end of the night. In Vietnam, you would literally have to "get lucky" to find that. I think Vietnam is all about day game and online game. You've got to have your logistics dialed in regarding having a hotel that allows guests and you better be sure you know where you are. Taxis are ruthless there. I actually jumped out of a few cabs when they started trying to rip me off. One tried to chase me down after I jumped

out of the window. The doors wouldn't open and he kept driving when I was telling him to stop in Vietnamese and I lost him on a one way street by changing direction and running behind his car.

Indonesia was a welcome relief and where I first started doubling up consistently. I went from being just another "falang" in Thailand (and even in Vietnam) to exploiting the "white god factor". THC and I would walk by and girls would stare at us and give each other high fives if we smiled at them. The only thing holding you back in that place is the language barrier. Bahasa Indonesion is very easy to pick up since there isn't much grammar and it sounds phonetically the way it's spelled. There's so many fine women in that place, it was hard to leave. Everywhere I looked there was a girl I wanted to smash. It reminded me of Latin culture because of the passion the girls had. Coming from two very reserved places and then jumping into that was great. The girls have these curvy bodies and the sex was amazing. Girls in Thailand were pretty terrible in bed by comparison, even the pros weren't any good (and you'd expect them to be since it's their job).

Lastly there was the Philippines, my favorite place. In Thailand, no one gives a damn about where you are from. The close mindedness was off the charts. You're just a farang there. Unless you are talking about Thailand or Thai food, the girls have almost no interest. I remember being out and that remix song "If you're going to San Francisco" by Scott McKenzie came on and all the girls were singing the chorus at the top of their lungs. I asked "Do you know where San Francisco is?" She looked at me and said "No". I was amazed that these girls had been singing this song for years and it never dawned on them to ask where San Francisco was. Or when I'd say I'm from Las Vegas, I'd be met with a blank stare, compared to in the Philippines girls and guys alike would be excited to talk about it. IN FLUENT ENGLISH.

There I met people that I shared intrinsic interests with. It was a huge obstacle to negotiate these language barriers everywhere else but in Manila even the garbage men spoke English. In addition, Thailand thinks of Muay Thai as being low class, and my background in MMA was really a demonstration of lower value (unless I was talking to some low class girls), In Manila, I was treated like a rockstar. Girls wanted pictures, clubs comped me and my friends cover charges, and the guys wanted to be friends. It was great. I ran into one guy from the forum who introduced me to all sorts of people in his social circle so I was almost dialed in from the beginning. It's here that I banged more girls than the other 3 places combined (I also stayed here the longest). It wasn't uncommon for me to triple up new notches 3 or 4 days in a row and then have 2 regular girls come by a day also.

The girl that was just a friend that helped me get my short term apartment was telling me that the leasing agent was saying the whole hotel staff was talking about the number of girls I was bringing back.

At the end looking back, my biggest obstacle in all four countries (just like everywhere really) is drinking too much. I lost a phone in each country while too fucked up. I had to

start from zero with all my contacts and there was a lull between losing a phone and getting a new one. I probably missed about a dozen notches because of that.

THC jokes about putting a “buy Fisto an iphone” button on our blog.

With such stupendous success, it’s predictable that many basement dwellers will try to diminish your feat by saying you are exaggerating or had sex with unattractive girls. What do you say to that?

To be perfectly honest, I feel like I missed out on a ton of new notches. I’d get pissed off and impatient and tell girls to piss off. I’d forget to follow up, I’d be hungover and cancel, I’d want to actually experience the culture and take a break from going out every night. I missed out on dozens of notches just from being a poor planner. (I wrote an article on how to do the same thing I did with scheduling, logistics, and different kinds of “dates” to have the same success.)

As far as doubters, I really reminds me of a Marcus Aurelius quote I’m sure I’ll butcher but the gist is “Don’t doubt a man’s feat just because you have never heard of such an act, but rather, assume because he did it, you can do it too.”

In regards to haters or basement dwellers, I expected the hate. All I can say is that I’ve met a lot of guys from the RVF forum that can vouch for my success. They can also vouch for the fact that I’ve screwed up a lot as well.

As far as the quality of women, I consider myself to have pretty good standards and while I did fuck some unattractive girls on occasion, I’d say almost 95% passed the boner test and that is the only thing I care about (the only thing any man should care about in my opinion). I’ve posted photos on the blog and RVF, and I think most guys would agree I bang quality girls.

What do you think of Thailand as a country? What are its strengths and

weaknesses? Is it somewhere that you can see yourself living long-term? Would you recommend it to white guys in America who are struggling to get laid?

Thailand is probably the place I feel most conflicted about. It's got so many pros and cons that the list is almost endless. It's strengths are the relative cost of living for a Westerner and modern infrastructure as well as the median quality of girl. It's cons to me are pretty high as well. The people are very close minded, not intellectually curious, and behind all those smiles is some straight up evil intentions if you do something they don't like. As a white man, you might be considered attractive, but you are still a 2nd class citizen.

I wouldn't recommend a guy who is struggling to get laid in America go there and think he just has to show up to bang an attractive girl. It doesn't work like that. I can't tell you how many times I saw some guy with some ugly semi pro acting like he was on top of the world. Actually maybe it is a good idea for a guy with no game to go there as long as he's willing to pay money. Ignorance is bliss they say. I could never be satisfied with those sort of results myself but to each his own.

Vietnam – I'll be the first to admit THC and I fucked this trip up. We had planned to take a motorcycle ride up the Ho Chi Minh trail from Saigon to Hanoi but we were too drunk, too hungover, and too disorganized to get it done in time for a wedding we were invited to in Indonesia. We even started saying "Don't Vietnaminate this!" when we didn't want to screw something up.

Vietnam is a potential gold mine for a guy that can stay there for a little while. There are a ton of good girls and virgins there and it's a neat place to be as well.

Indonesia – This place is badass. I loved it. Jakarta is a bit of a shithole, the traffic sucks, and there's not much to do but the quality of girls and your status as a foreigner are immense. I want to go back and spend some more time at some point.

Philippines – This is where a guy struggling with game and girls should go. You can come here and really work on your game. It's like batting practice. You can potentially have so many interactions with girls and experience feminine nature on such a large scale that your game has to improve. It's great for your confidence and for desensitizing the tendency to put pretty women on a pedestal. I would say learning game in the U.S. is like training with weights, then you go to a place like the Philippines and you can really work on things. If you don't have game, these girls will walk all over you as soon as they sense your frame is weak. They'll exploit you if they can. This is where you get to fit in so much volume in a short period that your LMR skills get honed, your frame get's rewarded for being strong.

You went back to the States for a short time after your Thailand experience. What were your thoughts about encountering American women again? Were they easier or harder to game? Were you happy to interact with them again?

Going back to the States was depressing for a lot of reasons. Chiefly, it was that NOTHING had changed. I would catch up with friends and it was like they were in the

movie Groundhog Day.

Girls had their typical shitty attitudes and all the other negative things we can list but I had done a good job of keeping the fires warm with my harem and I was able to step right back into it.

My level of notches per/day plummeted but that has a lot to do with my decision to take a break from drinking and going out. I'm still getting some new notches of high quality, and that definitely helps but the girls here are just so unattractive as people. I think the SEA trip was great for my inner game. That sheer number of interactions and volume of women in a short period of time gives you unexpected insights that you simply won't get unless you experience it. On top of that, having another comrade on the same level to analyze things and push you to do better was a huge help. The fact is, you have to have game if you want to get higher value women in any country.

I've noticed that I simply don't give a flying fuck about the opinion of women anymore. I thought I didn't care before but I realize I actually did. I used to care a great deal. But somewhere along the way I realized that believing in yourself and accomplishing things of merit will give you a sense of value that's independent of anyone else's summation. It's a liberating feeling when you finally internalize the "take it or leave it" sentiment. It's strange but I think a big part of achieving that is banging a large number of women. You start realizing that there is not much special about them. They are "nice" when it's convenient for them. They're children emotionally, and who could take a child's opinion about almost anything seriously? This may sound harsh but it's the conclusion I've come to. I made deep connections with some girls but again, I think that was more out of accepting their flawed nature and being real about how they are.

It has been said that intense travel experiences change you to such an extent

that you are unable to resume the life you left behind. Are you finding this to be true? Have you noticed ways the trip has changed you?

This trip really gave me a lot of insights into women as well as my own life. I was on a roller coaster when it came to satisfaction and being fulfilled in my life before this trip. I observed some things about myself and I noticed that I felt my best when I was doing at least 3 out of the following 4 things:

1. Going to battle / Being physically fit – Some kind of martial arts training combined with a fitness regimen.

2. Problem Solving / Learning new skills and sharpening old ones – For me, travel and learning the language of the place I was in was very rewarding. Just negotiation how to get from point A to point B without the taxi trying to rip you off was an obstacle that would give you a sense of satisfaction.

3. Productivity in your profession – Pretty self explanatory. I realized that as much as I love MMA and fighting, I don't want to toil in obscurity just to maybe get a few fights in the UFC. I want to make travel and reporting on the places I go and my experiences my "job". I don't know how to monetize it but I've learned to believe in myself, I think if I keep going an opportunity will present itself.

4. Positive social interactions that lead to sex – I think all of these are genetic movers but this one is probably the one that is most powerful. It's not that women's opinions matter, but it is that you as a social animal and "alpha male" have a harem of women that you control.

I noticed I feel the most fulfilled and satisfied with my own life when at least 3 of the 4 things are being met at once.

I'm working it out now but I really believe this is true for all men. I believe this is how we as MEN can actually be happy.

What are your future travel and professional plans?

THC, 20Nation, and myself have decided to join forces and start a blog called SwoopTheWorld.com. We cover our travel experiences, drop data sheets, lay reports, game insights we've had, adventures we've gotten into, and soon we will start having interviews with men of stature that can share their own insights and adventures.

I'm headed to Spain for about 3-4 months and then I want to go try and do another 6 month trip in South America.

Do you have any final words of wisdom for guys who want to accomplish you have?

Every man owes it to himself to put his happiness up as his highest moral calling. Your choices are your own and to hell with anyone that thinks differently. I think it's sometimes best to keep your dreams to yourself because haters will try and kill it or sabotage you. I think productivity in those four areas I outlined earlier is the key to getting your inner game down and being comfortable in your own skin.

Some other observations: I saw how true the "Red Pill/Blue Pill" analogy is. Once you shake off what society has brainwashed you into thinking is right for you, you understand it's only right for women and NOT for you. And people have a hard time facing that, even to the extent it's easier for them to LIE to themselves and convince themselves they don't want that. Any MAN saying "I don't want to bang many different women, get to know many hot girls and having a good time with them, understanding them, getting them at their own game, controlling them better and having them thank you and love you on a deeper level even in return" is deluding himself.

Lastly, I'd like to thank Roosh, RVF, and the rest of the guys out there that contribute to this thing we are all doing.

Read more about Fisto's adventures and game tips at Swoop The World.

The Two Biggest Motivators For Men

August 31, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Nothing else compares…

Click over to the video's YouTube page to read the comments that have already been left. You can also hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

Two bits of additional news:

1. I did an interview with Captain Capitalism. Read it here.

2. The forum broke on Thursday, and only now is it returning to normal. Also, registration is open today.

Sink Or Swim

September 1, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Over coffee, two men asked my opinion on their upcoming travel plans. They wanted to make the most of the limited time they had left.

“We’re keeping our options open,” one said. “If a city is not good, we’ll leave and go somewhere else.”

This statement was both sensible and rational. Staying flexible in your search for the prize is something you won’t find intelligent men disagreeing with. That said, I don’t do it. I put myself in inflexible situations. I give myself no way out. If the environment doesn’t easily provide what I want, I buckle down, increase my effort, and find my prize nonetheless.

Every city you go to has at least one *big* negative that is obvious within the first three days. It could be the level of talent, the logistics, the cost, the difficulty of meeting women, the crime, or the scammers. If you adopt a flexible strategy, this negative will serve as a logical rationalization to leave instead of persisting. Your brain, the lazy saboteur, rather execute the option than to either defeat the problem or work around it. The option, it turns out, is what promotes giving up and therefore, weakness.

The brain selects the path of least resistance. It has a built-in mechanism to conserve labor when it’s that very labor that is required to meet your goals. Therefore you must not give yourself a choice. You must be dropped off in the ocean, far from the shore, with no choice but to swim back or die. If there is a helper boat nearby, and you know of its presence, you would find a way to call for assistance even if it’s physically possible for you to make it to the shore on your own.

As I was telling the two men my thoughts on sinking or swimming, I realized my own hypocrisy. My goal at the time was to learn Russian, but I was running game in English. I was dating a girl who spoke it fluently, with grammar that may have been better than my own. The boat was beside me as I swam. I knew I would never drown, but only the threat of drowning will push you beyond your limits. At that moment, while sipping my second espresso, I decided to only speak to girls in Russian. English was no longer allowed. My Russian was not yet ready for the challenge, but I no longer wanted a boat beside me. It made me weak.

When it comes to making a decision, logic is often recommended, but the brain is the source of this logic, and therefore it is biased to prevent you from embarking on a task that may result in failure after much labor is expended. It’s thinking like a corporation that only wants to meet three-month quarterly goals, regardless of the harm that type of strategy results in the long-term success of the company. Your life is long, and the difficult tasks you attempt today will yield benefits that stay with you for life. Logic in your decision-making provides you with an easy out. Therefore you must introduce a component of illogic into your goal. This can be found in the phrase “no matter what.”

I will learn Russian, no matter what.

I will stay in the next city I go to for two weeks, no matter what.

I will write this book, no matter what.

I will talk to ten girls today, no matter what.

When you add “no matter what,” how you approach the task will now be entirely different than before. Your brain, frustrated that you won’t back down, now becomes your ally. It thinks, “Well, I guess he’s serious about this goal, despite my attempt to put him on an easier path. I will now help him succeed so that we can get this tough endeavor over with.” Your brain doesn’t want to sink, and the only way to get it to swim is to let it know that it has no other choice.

Read Next: *It’s Better To Have Guts Than Brains*

The Most Common Move Among Foreign Players

September 3, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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My readership has become increasingly international over the past five years. The next man I meet through my site is far more likely to be foreign than American. This has given me a fortunate position in being able to compare different game methods across cultures.

Out of the dozens of players I've met all over the word, the most common move I see is not even a move—it's a screening technique: fishing for eye contact. I consistently see players advocate for looking into the eyes of a woman and hoping for reciprocation. If it comes, he will approach. If not, he probably won't. Some players also add a smile, but this variant is less common.

If you are familiar with American pickup material, you won't find a whole lot on eye contact. Even in my book Bang, I gloss over it. I think part of the reason is that American players like to believe the idea that they are choosing the women they want and creating attraction from nothing but their game, effort, and desire. You'll also find PUA marketing material rife with claims that you can get any women you spot without rejection. You picked her out of a crowd and thanks to your mind control knowledge, she decided to have sex with you.

The American style is to go to the club ready to approach every girl until getting lucky. The foreign player tends to fish for eye contact first, and then approach once he receives something back. If he gets no eye contact, he shares his disappointment in the venue and goes somewhere else. Not surprisingly, foreign players complain to me how little eye contact they get in America, which suggests the American style of energy-intensive approaching is actually better suited for our eye contact stingy females.

The logic of the eye contact technique is sound, because if a girl meets eyes with you, your look is agreeable to her. Assuming you're just a tad interesting, you're going to be received well upon opening. If you approach a girl who didn't give you eye contact, and she happens not to care about your look, you will have to put out a much higher level of game to grab her attention, a likely reason why negs evolved in North America.

The PUA will say, "You shouldn't wait for eye contact. Go after the girls you want. Don't wait for her to give you permission to approach." While I fully sympathize with this view, I find that if you're patient, look your best, and are careful and methodical about your venue selection, you can get eye contact even in hostile North American cities. It won't be a flood, but you should get glances from girls who are at least one point above your attractiveness level. If that's not happening to you, I recommend you try different venues or optimize your appearance.

Fishing for eye contact and only approaching girls who reciprocated is one method to meet women by doing less work. As long as you look your best and research your venues, results will come, and it's very easy to take this to the next level by traveling to countries where—for whatever reason—you get more eye contact than anywhere else, leading you

down the road to a sniper style of game. There’s nothing wrong with being a bit inefficient with your approaches, but after a while you may want to tighten up your success rate by going for eye contact. If you think about it, it’s probably the oldest seduction trick there is.

Read Next: *Your Duty As A Man*

My Embarrassing Ukraine Confession

September 7, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Damn you, Ukraine…

Click over to the video's YouTube page to read the comments that have already been left. You can also hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

The Unintended Consequences Of Domestic Violence Laws

September 8, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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There is a large tree in the forest where ants and bees have been living for a hundred years. A natural balance has existed between these species so that the population of one has not been strong enough to dominate the other. They've actually been helping each other survive. The bees share excess honey while the ants share excess material they find in their deep forest expeditions. There is a constant threat of starvation that keeps them dependent on each other. The ecosystem is not perfect, but it has been sustainable for as long as the tree has existed.

Encroaching human development put houses near the tree. One house had a little boy who would place bread by the tree every day for the insects to eat. They now had more food than they could possibly need. Suddenly, they no longer had to work to survive. With such a burden lifted from their shoulders, they spent more time in their joint species tribunal, discussing how to increase the harmony of their tree environment.

The bulk of complaints came from the ants. "We are the weakest, so we need protection. Sometimes the teenage bees get out of hand, and mock us. They take us for joy flights, dropping us on the ground from high distances." The bee elders sympathized with them; something had to be done. In addition to existing laws against violence, a new law was passed: violence against ants carried extra, severe penalties. The ants are weak, it was argued, so the law would increase harmony.

For a while, the tree was indeed more harmonious, as violence against ants lessened. But then violence against bees by ants increased. Teenage ants would gang up on an isolated bee, bury him in their mound, then time how long it took him to get out. The bee didn't dare fight back from these attacks because of the harsh penalty for attacking an ant. The ants, the weaker species of the two, were suddenly strong. Fearful of attacks and unfair persecution, the bees, against the wishes of the bee elders, thickened their honeycomb to prevent interaction with ants. Distrust bred between the species for the first time in 100 years, and they came to hate each other.

The little boy grew up and went to college. He no longer put food by the tree. When a famine occurred after a large storm, the bees were not prepared. Without help from the ants, they all died. The ants did not shed many tears, because now they had the tree for themselves, and felt that they could finally create the utopia they always wanted. But one day they were invaded by an army of worms. The bees would normally fight this predator off, but now the ants were defenseless. They were all killed. After the attack, the tree was never again home to ants or bees.

Creating laws to prop up the weak is like playing a game of musical chairs. Power demands residence, and will simply shift itself to a new population that is favored by newly manufactured laws or environments. Domestic violence laws are a great example

of this phenomenon. Assault and battery is already outlawed, but by creating a new class of laws that create privilege for a specific group, a new immunity is formed. The ecosystem is damaged, unprepared to take on the unintended consequences of misguided intervention.

In Ukraine, I witnessed a man slap his girlfriend on a crowded pedestrian street. Over 20 men must have witnessed the event, but no one rushed to her aid. She also did nothing, not screaming or running away. With primitive (i.e. rarely prosecuted) domestic violence laws in Ukraine, you'd think that this sort of thing would happen all the time, but it was the first time I had seen it in a country that I had spent 6 months in. Men show surprising restraint when it comes to violence against their women, something that may be a shock to people living in countries with advanced domestic violence laws.

In the USA, with nearly two decades of such laws on the books, what do you see? Women hitting men and women attacking men they don't even know. I'm sure you've seen many such videos on Youtube and LiveLeak, which make it seem like women are warriors, completely fearless of men. With their elevation as a special victim in need of state protection, there is usually no punishment for hitting men, even if the man hits back only to defend himself. Girl hits man, man pushes girl away, girl calls cops, man goes to jail. If she's married, she gets an additional bonus of monthly cash payments once the divorce is settled. Encouraging a man to fight has become financially beneficial for women.

Like the ants, women know that the laws give them a pass. They are taking full advantage of it, predictably conforming to their environment. Men are demoted to second class citizens and live in fear of going to jail while women have impunity to act in any way they want. The result? Less marriage, more violent marriages, unhappy relationships, and more single parent households.

Nature, while not perfect, has spend hundreds of thousands of years optimizing sex roles through trial and error to facilitate human reproduction. Religion, for example, has evolved alongside humans because it promotes reproduction, along with other traditions that may be seen as sexist today. Recent utopian schemes to "protect" women have ushered in policies that have no proven effectiveness, whether increasing the happiness of women, protecting the family unit, or advancing society in any form. They might as well have been pulled out of a top hat, an experiment done on the masses by those in power.

Progressives, through their tinkering, are introducing disincentives that destroy even basic relationships instead of stabilizing them. Their policies have helped create men such as myself, who see absolutely no incentive to pursue a relationship in a country where I can go to jail and be robbed blind from a failed relationship or from a woman lying about how I treat her.

One interesting thing I haven't mentioned in Ukraine is the huge number of children walking around with their parents. They seem quite happy to me, rarely bickering in public, and the sight of such children is so prevalent that I can't help but believe raising a family is normal, with my bachelor lifestyle being some sort of accidental perversion. In a

place where women are not considered protected, some may even be surprised to never see women with bruises and black eyes, or see them getting beat up every day, screaming for help. In fact, it's a rare occurrence, more rare than men getting hit in America. There will always be an unfortunate level of violence between man and woman, but any attempt to fix it through random laws and policies, as has been done in America, will only make it worse. Nature, in spite of its flaws, is more often right than wrong.

Read Next: *Social Welfare Creates A Society Of Sluts*

What's The Rush?

September 10, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Achievement is no longer good enough. In American culture, you must achieve within a *rapid* period of time. Become fluent in a language in three months. Become a PUA in a weekend. Get a six pack in six weeks. Start a successful internet business in a month. Learn muay thai in one month. Instant results! Life hacking! Pareto rule! And so on.

Language learning has become especially distorted. What is the point of language? To communicate with human beings on a deeper level than animals, but instead of learning how to meaningfully connect with others, people want to simply say they "speak" a language, a feat that they can add to their Facebook or Couchsurfing profile. What they're doing is no different than cramming for an exam. By the time they give up, which they will, their brain will quickly forget what they've learned.

I learned Spanish the least optimal way possible, by buying a 60-year-old grammar book I found on Amazon for $5. I went through it at a snail's pace, did Pimsleur occasionally, listened to some reggaeton, and only practiced when English wasn't available. It took a year in South America until things started to click, when I was learning without consciously learning. Because I learned organically, with no time goal, most of it has stayed with me. Give me a month and I'll be back to my previous level.

Compare that to my experience learning Polish. I took some advice from the internet language gurus and stacked the flashcard program Anki with 1,000 words. I learned 20 new words a day for a month, pushing my brain to the limit. Polish people speak English so I had to contrive situations to speak Polish. By the end of two intensive months, Anki said I "knew" about 500 words. Fast-forward seven months later, and I can't even tell you 20 Polish words off the top of my head. They are gone because I rushed the process by using a method that humans don't use to naturally learn languages. In the meantime, I neglected the fun of learning one word at a time and then using it in a live situation, all so I could convince myself I memorized 500 words.

A lot of guys do the same thing with game. They decide on 10 approaches a day and then after a month they get burned out, because what they essentially did was spam game, cramming like I did with Polish. They would have been better off if they did just one approach a day for a year. Their learning would have been sustainable and turned into a habit. They would have carefully analyzed all their approaches. The occasional surge is welcome, especially when your crave an intense experience, but otherwise what's the rush? Are you an impatient child that begs for a new toy, only to get bored of it after an hour, or do you want a new skill to be part of you for years to come? Is your hobby true or is your hobby trying out hobbies?

Don't cram for your goals. Take your sweet time so you enjoy the process that it takes to arrive at something you want, because if you don't enjoy the process, I promise you won't stick with it. In fact, taking a long time to reaching your goal is a built-in check to finding out if you truly want it or not, because if you *must* accomplish it fast, that means it's not

something that you want to make a part of your life. You're setting a fast goal to motivate you because the actual process doesn't fit your nature. You just want to say you did it, so you can brag to others that you hit the goal.

You should enjoy each approach, regardless of your game level. You should enjoy each workout, regardless of your body size. You should enjoy learning each new foreign word, regardless of how bad your vocabulary is. There's no rush. Take your time and enjoy your hobby, because the goal should just be the afterthought, something you may even occasionally forget.

Read Next: *What Is Your Campaign?*

Night Game Energy Levels

September 12, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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When it comes to running game in a club, I have found it's best to find a girl whose energy level is slightly lower than yours. Otherwise, in such a loud and flashy atmosphere that feeds the ADD of even the smartest of women, she will get bored and not entertain your seduction. Clubs are therefore best suited for guys who have high amounts of energy and prefer to dance or chat continuously.

On a scale of 1-5, a high energy guy is a 5 and a stoic introvert, who prefers standing in silence, is a 1. You should aim for a girl who is either equal to you in energy or one point lower. In other words, men who have a 4 or 5 energy rating will have the largest pool of women in clubs who will be receptive to their game.

Imagine a pretty girl who has a 2 energy rating. She doesn't go to clubs often and so she only knows two of the eight Rihanna songs that the DJ played during his set. She has little interest in trying to talk loud. Her dancing is more like swaying. If a 5 energy guy approaches her, he will bomb. She will see his energy as fake or unnatural. "Why is he acting like this," she'll think. "This club isn't that fun. I should have stayed home to finish reading Tolstoy."

Now imagine a 5 energy girl, pumping her fist, singing along with her favorite songs. A 3 guy approaches her with a desire to talk more than dance (if forced to dance, he can only put on a subpar performance). She will see him as boring or lame. "He doesn't know how to party," she'll think. "Where are all the fun guys at?"

In my early 20′s, I was a 4 energy guy. I danced a lot and thus most of my pickups were on girls who liked dancing for extended periods of time. If a girl was low energy in the club, I wouldn't get far because my escalation steps required her to expend a lot of energy on the dance floor so I could touch or grind my penis on her rear. Over the years, my energy has slipped to a 2. I can stand immobile for hours, and now I dance like a skyscraper moves during an earthquake. This has greatly reduced my club target pool because I have to look for girls with energy that is a 2 or lower. Therefore one of my club strategies is now to find the pretty girl who is *obviously* not having fun, because I know she'll appreciate the fact that I'm also not excited about the venue. The type of girl I'd receive rejections from at 24 is one who I can now easily lay at 34, while the party girl I used to lay is now getting out of my reach.

Some guys create artificial states to raise their energy for the club, which can help propel them to a one-night stand, but if dating is required, the girl may be disappointed that you're acting differently outside of the club atmosphere. This can happen the other way around when a girl you take out has far less energy than when she was dancing on tables showing her vagina to any man who chose to have a discreet peek up her skirt.

It's a fantasy to believe that any girl in the club is a valid target. Unless you like churning through a dozen or two approaches a night, you have to be mindful about your target

having equal or lower energy than you, within a narrow range. If you are a high energy guy, a club is the best place to find your counterpart. But if you're low energy like me, you'll waste a lot of time in venues where your match can be more easily be found in a supermarket or coffee shop.

Read Next: *3 Game Questions That Keep My Up At Night*

Innocent Eyes

September 15, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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The first time I stayed in a party hostel, while in Spain, I was amazed at the assembly of international youth. They were inquisitive and laid back, making it effortless to start a conversation and have a friend for the day. Trying to hook up with the Belgian or German hostel girls added another dimension to the fun.

I stayed in similar hostels when I went to South America over a year later, but it just wasn't the same. The hostel kids began to seem too alike, too stale. The girls weren't prettier than the locals. I saw them as hippies with questionable hygiene. I was never able to duplicate the fun in Spain with any other hostel I've stayed in.

The first time I tried to crack the code of a country's women was in Argentina. I joined forces with many men to accomplish the task, laboring day and night. After a month of frustration, I had sex with a girl—only one. Yet it was an incredible feeling of achievement and sexual conquest that I've never felt again with the same intensity.

The first time I went East, to Poland, was after four months in Scandinavia of interacting with women who weren't all that different from American girls. The sexual feast I was presented with surpassed everything else I had experienced in my life. Even now I don't believe how motivated and full of desire I was for the several months I pursued these women, because when I back to Poland over a year later, the energy was gone. The desire was diminished. There was no way that experience would be duplicated.

Once every couple of months, a song is released that captures my interest. I listen to it repeatedly for days, enjoying the emotional pleasure it gives me until that pleasure eventually stops. The song becomes background noise that I barely notice. I take a break from it, and then play it again, but it still doesn't give me the same high as when I first discovered it.

Experiences can be mechanically duplicated, but the pleasure gained from them can not. The first time I banged a girl using Russian, I felt on top of the world. The last time I did so, it was just another hard-earned notch. The first book I released gave me a rush of accomplishment. With the last book I didn't even give myself a pat on the back. How much I pity the man who banged 50 girls in Thailand, for he can never again feel a high with women. How much I pity the man who sold a business for a couple million dollars, for he will never again feel reward from his labor.

I long for the innocence that is forever lost upon success, because the more success I've had in life, the less I feel, the less dreams and hopes I have left. Innocence gives hope. It gives the anticipation of a great feeling, a valuable reward. But once a specific feeling is achieved just once, it is gone. Only shades of it will be felt in the future. The numbness increases every year, the apathy sets it, and all that's left are the memories of experiences that gave you a feeling you can never again feel in the same brightness.

I've met men who haven't experienced 20% of what i have, but I see the fire in their

eyes, and I’m jealous, because they have a long journey in front of them, while mine is considerably shorter. Too much innocence was lost, with no worthy goal before me that will match what I’ve already done. And it’s for this reason that if you offered me a pill for everlasting life, I’d immediately refuse. We’re all given enough time—maybe too much time—to take the best of what life has to offer.

Yesterday I walked through the city, full of malaise, until something caught my ear. It’s a new song. The melody is smooth and it pleases my brain. I get the name of the song and eagerly await playing it in my home at full volume. It’s something to give me feeling for a period of time, a very special period of time.

Read Next: *7 Things I Would Tell My Teenage Self*

The Industry

September 17, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Francis was older than Marcel by twenty minutes. Even though they were fraternal twins, acquaintances often confused one for the other. Both were tall with chiseled facial features, blue eyes, short hair, and light sideburns. Their main difference was that Francis had a bigger nose while Marcel had a longer chin. Francis was also half an inch taller.

Their physical appearance was enhanced by a shared obsession of Brazilian jiu-jitsu and strength training, which partly explains how Francis got a job as a bouncer at the most exclusive club in the city—the type of club where men hope to exchange their status and wealth for the attention of beautiful girls who hope to exchange their beauty for status and wealth.

Francis was not prepared for all the female attention he was set to receive. It came not early in the night, when the crowds were begging to get in, but at the end, when girls realized that he was far better than the insecure men who were trying to impress them with pink cocktails and Grey Goose vodka. The girls would simply touch his big chest, ask for his name, and proceed with compliments about his muscles. If he didn't take the hint and get the number, the girl would simply say, "Why don't you take my number?" And it would be done.

He got into a routine of sending text message blasts on Sunday to line up dates between Monday through Thursday. Then he would work on the weekend and repeat the cycle. After two months on the job, Francis was able to lay 19 girls. It was hard to keep up his training in the face of such a rigorous fuck and work schedule, but he was managing well.

Marcel was jealous of his success—a brotherly jealousy that didn't come with designs of sabotage or passive-aggressive criticisms. He hid his irritation when whichever girl Francis had over took too long in the bathroom or ate his roasted cashews. He didn't want his brother to think he was a hater.

"Can you get me a job at the club?" Marcel asked one day.

"I can try, but they're not hiring right now. I took the last spot."

"It's insane how much tail you're plowing through just because of this job."

"I'm starting to get used to it. I know I haven't been working at the job long, but I have to think a while to remember when I wasn't fucking as much."

"Don't take it for granted," Marcel warned. "But please, ask again if they're hiring. Hell, I'll be a barback just to get my foot in the door, I don't care." Francis promised he would ask, and he did, with the utmost sincerity, but they were not hiring.

Several more months passed and Francis started to get bored of banging. His new thing was quality. He didn't just want to bang a lot of sluts, but one very high quality girl that other men would envy him for. You would think there would be a lot of these girls coming through the doors of the club, but Francis became skilled at seeing behind the makeup

mask and skimpy skirts. He wanted true beauty.

One night he saw such a girl in front of the club. While he stared, mesmerized, the club manager, a balding Iranian man who got into the business just to get laid, popped out and greeted her with a kiss on the lips.

Francis later asked his co-worker what was the deal. “He just started dating her. Houman goes through women quickly so you’ll see him with another chick in a couple months.”

“I would be happy with something like that,” Francis said.

“Houman doesn’t like it when people try to get on his girls.” This did little to deter Francis.

He quickly found out that she was a hair stylist at a local salon that has live DJ entertainment for its customers. It would seem suspicious that a man with already cropped hair is making an appointment for a $47 haircut, so he decided to get his hair colored from brown to surfer blonde. For the 20 minutes she attended to his scalp (her assistant did most of the coloring work), he was able to strike rapport with her by sharing tales of people acting stupid and drunk in the club. For good measure, he threw in a story of him beating up a tough guy who wanted to fight someone for stepping on his Steve Madden shoes.

“What do you do in your spare time?” he asked.

“I’m a bit of a yoga addict. I like to party a lot and have fun, but I need to balance it out with yoga and meditation. Have you heard of yin and yang?”

“Not so much, but I’ve always wanted to try yoga. My muscles get tired from my Brazilian jiu-jitsu training. Foam rolling is not helping me as much as I thought it would.”

“Jiu jitsu? That’s cool.”

“Yeah it keeps me active,” he replied. “It’s a useful hobby when you’re a bouncer.”

“In the studio I teach an introductory yoga class, in case you’re interested.”

He signed up two days later, and turned out to be the worst student ever in the eight-year history of the studio, remaining in Cassandra’s class well after others moved on to learn more intermediate forms.

Houman showed no intention of dumping Cassie. Francis could see why: she was sweet but energetic, beautiful but modest. She didn’t even have a Facebook account, stressing that she hated how it made her “narcissistic” and “obsessive with checking things.”

After most classes, he would squeeze in a brief chat. This graduated to walking out the studio together and soon they would have the occasional drink at a nearby local bar. One night, she relaxed her inhibitions and had a second drink, and then a third, and then a fourth. And so this is how they had sex, the best sex that Francis ever had.

“It was amazing,” Francis told Marcel. “Her body, her face—everything was perfection. When I was beating it up, it almost felt like a dream, that *I* got this girl. But at the same time, I felt like I deserved it, that I was worthy.”

“Good job, man. You’re fucking your dream girl while I’m trying to run game in the mall. I

think I have a smoothie date tomorrow."

"Yeah I need to hook you up at some point. Come to the club this weekend."

"Fuck the club. I'm working on my day game. I read this book that says I have to act elderly to not scare the cat."

"Scare the cat?"

"It's not important. So what are you going to do now? Isn't she still going out with your boss?"

"Yes, she is." I'm going to take it slow. There's no rush. Tomorrow I will go to work and pretend that nothing happened."

Francis did not account for the guilt Cassie would feel for cheating on Houman, who overall did treat her well and gave her the status that she could never admit she deeply desired. She tearfully confessed to him that she slept with Francis, and that it made her realize that she loved Houman with all her heart. She begged him for his forgiveness.

It's hard not to forgive a beautiful face covered in tears, so she was forgiven. Houman, to his credit, did play-act some toughness to not seem like a complete pushover, demanding that she never go out unchaperoned with another man, in accordance with Sharia law. She agreed.

Francis arrived to work and was told that Houman wanted to see him.

"Do you think I'm stupid?" Houman asked. He was nervously scratching a keloided scar that crawled down the left side of his face.

"No, of course not."

"I know you fucked my girl."

"I…" Francis had no words. He couldn't believe he found out already.

"You're fired. I will make it my mission that you will never get a job in a club again, not even as a bathroom towel boy. Now get the fuck out."

Francis was indifferent, because he still had Cassie, or he thought he did. She refused to return his calls or text messages. The manager of the yoga studio said that his presence made Cassie "uncomfortable." He made an appointment at the hair salon under a false name, but was asked to leave upon showing up.

To cheer himself up, he took his brother's advice and decided to call up a couple of his favorite sluts. They asked him if he still worked at the club. When he said no, they stopped responding to his messages. He slacked off on his training, moping around the house. What hurt him most was how Cassie could reject him after they made love. He didn't understand why that meant nothing to her when they obviously had a connection, built from months of genuinely getting to know each other.

—

Marcel came to Francis' room when he was playing video games. "Do you need anything?" Marcel asked.

“Nah, I’m good.”

“Hey, there’s something I want to ask you.” Francis looked up. “Houman called me today and asked if I wanted to take your spot in the club. Of course he added that if I fuck his woman he would fuck me, but he needs a bouncer and he knows I’m looking. Do you mind if I accept?”

Francis thought for a couple seconds. On one hand he could feel the jealousy rising up in his stomach, but he wasn’t going to deny his brother an experience that he wanted. “Yeah, go ahead,” he said. “I don’t care.”

“Awesome! Thanks.”

Marcel’s experience wasn’t so different from Francis’. Lots of numbers, dates, bangs, and so on. It’s as if they traded shoes. Marcel did throw Francis a bone now and then with a homely broad that was friends of the ones he was fucking, but it was a far cry from Cassie.

Francis saw her one afternoon in the old town. You would have thought she was a sprinter and not a yoga practitioner with the way she ran into her car and got away from him. Francis could only wonder why she hated him.

One night, Marcel was working at the club for a modeling industry party. He was spotted by a scout who said he had the perfect look for the new “beefy aesthetic” that was sweeping the industry. Marcel never considered being a model but figured it was worth a shot. He didn’t tell Francis when he went to get photos done.

The scout eventually introduced him to an agent who pushed a contract in front of him. Marcel signed. Two weeks after that his first gig came in—a shoot for a Men’s Health article titled “99 Ways To Do Bicep Curls Using A Squat Rack.” His high vascularity and aloof grin helped send more offers his way until Marcel was spending more and more time away from the apartment.

“You up to some shady shit?” Francis asked.

“No, I just… kind of fell into modeling.”

“What? How did that happen?”

“I was working the door one night when I was spotted by a scout. It sort of snowballed from there.”

“You were working… the door?” Francis’ face turned red. He went into his room, slammed the door, and started yelling profanities. He knew that if he was working, the likelihood that he would have been given the same opportunity was high, but he fucked the wrong girl who refused to even acknowledge his existence, and true to Houman’s word, no one in the club business would hire him, so now his brother was getting all the girls and soon would be doing runway shows in New York, LA, Milan, Paris, Stockholm, and Barcelona. Marcel wouldn’t just be fucking cute girls, but mind-blowingly hot models. Francis withdrew into the world of Call Of Duty while Marcel was traveling the world.

In a rare moment that they were both home, Francis went to Marcel’s room and demanded to see pictures.

“Pictures?” Marcel asked.

“Yes, pictures. I know you’re banging models. I just want to see what I’m missing out on because of my mistake.”

“There’s not much to show.”

“Don’t bullshit me, man. Let me see.” Marcel reluctantly pulled out his phone and opened the “Banged models lol” folder. It took twenty minutes to go through it.

Francis sat down on the edge of his bed. “I’m happy for you, bro, I really am, but at the same time, I’m upset this is not happening to me.” Francis gave Marcel a light pat on the back and returned to his room where he lay face down on his bed.

—

Marcel had to abruptly quit his job as a bouncer because the modeling gigs were keeping him busy. Francis was hoping to get a call from Houman, giving him a second chance, but it never came.

It was inevitable that Marcel got bored with the girls in his modeling clique. He was a rising star and felt that he deserved the absolute top. Perhaps the famous actresses and musicians? He wasn’t sure, but it did seem to him that he was one of the only guys who hasn’t yet banged Taylor Swift, so maybe that would be a good start.

A part of him wanted the heart of a beautiful girl instead of just her vagina. With his rising stardom and bank balance, he felt the pieces of the puzzle were falling into place to make that happen. How he would maintain such a relationship with his busy travel schedule, he had not considered, and if you asked him what exactly he wanted, he couldn’t give you a clear answer, but he was sure that he wanted more than what he had now.

When he was offered a spot for a runway show in Moscow, he became excited at the opportunity, in spite of the fact that male models never went to Russia. He had heard many things about the beauty of Russian girls, their flawless doll-like faces, their hypnotizing blue eyes, their icy feminine charm—all of which would serve a much needed breath of fresh air to the industry’s incestuous carousel. But he also heard about the danger. He knew Houman had been to Russia years earlier so he sought him out in the club office to get some advice.

“Houman, what do you think of me doing a show in Russia? You lived there, right?”

“Yes, I was there for three months.”

“And?”

“It was the most amazing time of my life. I always dream of going back.” He looked out the window of his office in reminiscence. “It’s a curious culture and the women are the most beautiful in the world, as I’m sure you already know.”

“But people say it’s dangerous. Is that true?”

“I had no problems.”

“Okay great. Hey,” Marcel added, “no hard feelings about me having to quit on short notice, right?”

“Nope, none at all.”

With Houman’s endorsement, Marcel went ahead with the Moscow show. It was a success in spite of some language misunderstandings. He was able to meet models from Estonia, Ukraine, Kazakhstan (a country he never heard of before), and of course Russia. He gravitated towards the Russian models, who acted stoic and firm throughout the show. Even when he reminded them that he was American, they barely gave him more affection than if he was a gopnik right off the street.

Nighttime came and everyone went to the hottest club in town. Unexpectedly, an ugly bouncer delayed Marcel’s entrance, thinking he wasn’t part of the modeling group. Marcel went ballistic, remarking how he had never been treated so poorly before. The mistake was quickly settled and he calmed down inside at the table by drinking vodka shots and bobbing his head to the electro music.

He vainly tried to get in with the Russian models. They were polite, but unlike slutty Western models, they weren’t throwing themselves at him like he expected. When he asked them to dance, he received “maybe later” responses.

Frustrated, Marcel started looking around at the club, noticing that some of the regular girls were even hotter than the models. The vodka courage helped push him to approach a perfect ten who was partying at the table beside him. He couldn’t identify a single flaw in her appearance. He ignored the two obese, old men that were with her and leaned over the couch to speak to her. She shook her head sideways. “Did she not speak English?” he wondered.

The obese men now focused on him. One started spraying words that Marcel couldn’t understand. If he spoke Russian he would have identified the words immediately as threats, but he persisted in trying to talk to the girl.

The girl noticed her friends were upset so she put her hand up to Marcel’s face so he would understand the rejection was not coquetry. He stood there, confused, until one of the fat men stepped up to Marcel, a laughable face-off since Marcel was much taller and stronger. “Go fuck away,” the fat man said. Marcel furrowed his brows and flicked his hand towards the man’s face before turning back to his table. If Marcel knew who the man was, a top manager for one of the largest shipping companies in Russia, he would not have disrespected him so.

Fifteen minutes later, Marcel went to the bathroom and picked a stall to piss in. Midstream, the door crashed open on his back. His head was shoved into the tile wall, crushing his nose. He stumbled onto the floor, bracing his fall on the urine-soaked tile, and then one of his hands was stomped on with tremendous force. The attack lasted only ten seconds, but it destroyed his face. Metal pins would be required to reconstruct the bones in his now monkey claw of a hand.

Francis was a fine nurse, serving Marcel chicken nuggets and banana shakes, telling him he will be back to normal even though the plastic surgeon told him that everyone had to be “realistic” about Marcel’s physical recovery. His modeling career was over.

With bandages still on Marcel’s nose, and a plaster cast covering his hand and half his

forearm, Francis came into his room and reluctantly told him that he received a call.

“Your modeling agent called me today,” he began. “He said the beefy aesthetic is still in. Since our shape is similar, he wants me to come in for photos.”

Marcel hesitated for a long time. “I don’t mind, but the work is very hard. I don’t know if it’s worth it.” He went on to detail all the downsides of the job, and how it wasn’t a walk in the park. Francis nodded, as if he was considering his arguments, when the appointment with the photographer was already made.

Across town, Cassie was in Houman’s bed, snuggling against his swarthy body. “Did you hear what happened to Marcel?” she asked.

“I did. It’s a pity.”

“Didn’t he come to you asking for advice?”

“Yes, and I told him he’d be stupid to go. It’s how I got this—“ he pointed to the long scar on his face. “Russia is uncivilized and full of thugs. It’s sad that some people just don’t want to listen.”

Previous Story: *An Afternoon With Stig Greybeard*

Do Not Eat If You're Not Hungry

September 19, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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He wants to be a bodybuilder. He wants massive muscles. His alarm clock goes off at 4am. He shuffles into the kitchen and eats a cold piece of cooked chicken breast. His body did not send a signal that it was hungry, but he ignored that. Soon he will have his muscles, and the act of eating will be disliked.

I'm not horny. My penis does not crave sex. Should I approach women? I have money in the bank. I need no more money. Should I do additional work? To execute a behavior without the accompanying need or desire is creating an alternate persona within you who lives separate to the body, oblivious to its biology.

It's an amazing thing to watch women eat only when they're hungry, to refuse food because their stomach is not asking for food. In America, we have a culture of eating and consuming when there is no underlying need. Confusion takes hold and creates a perverse new need, one for anti-depressant drugs.

I eat more food when I go to the gym because I'm hungrier, but I eat no more than that. I approach a girl because I'm honry, and only then. If I'm not horny, I do something else. I write when I want to share an idea or story. If my mind is empty, if I have nothing to share, I will not write. Action without desire brings no joy, no contentment, and no value, because you're ignoring your individual nature and what it demands. It's a way of living that is impossible to sustain.

Don't let someone else convince you that you're hungry when you are not. It's very possible that you are sated right now, lacking in hunger. This was the case for me. I tried to eat without hunger, but it didn't bring me satisfaction. I learned not to become concerned with eating, but to stoke the fire of hunger instead. When there is hunger, food is easy to get; it comes to you like a magnet. It's not a question of forcing yourself to do, but one of creating enough hunger where your body helps you do.

Read Next: *Don't Be Spoiled*

How One Man Banged 14 European Girls In 3 Months (Part 1 of 2)

September 23, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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The following is an interview by ROK writer and fellow American Law Dogger, who goes by the name Slubu on RVF. This summer he chronicled an Eastern European journey that primarily took him through Ukraine and Russia, with pornographic updates of his conquests. These two threads of his have been widely read on the forum:

- Hello.. Russia
- My Three Month EE Summary/Comparison

While a count of 14 seems small compared to Fisto's demolishing of Southeast Asia, any man who has been to Ukraine and Russia knows that Law Dogger's success is a solid accomplishment, one that I don't doubt after hanging out with him and his friend in Odessa. He took the time to answer my questions about his adventure.

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You've recently completed a European tour with a focus on Ukraine and Russia. Can you tell us a little about your strategy for getting laid there? Did you focus on day or night game? What adjustments did you have to make to your game as the trip proceeded? What were your results?

My style, for better or worse, is purely night game. And I put in a lot of effort into this. I rarely took a night off (12 nights in 3 months). I tried to have a date every evening if possible and go out as much as possible. Logistically I tried in all cities to get nice apartments in a very convenient location. Basically, I tried to present myself with the best situation for getting laid as I could. Effort leading to opportunities, and logistics leading to taking advantage of those opportunities. I was also fortunate to be traveling with my good friend who I've known for years and have also gone out with pursuing women for years. And when I say this, I mean we've easily gone out over 1000 times together for this purpose. So often times it was the two of us out at night approaching, talking to and flirting with the girls.

So our night game started by having a few drinks in our apartment, and then head out to the bar or club of choice for that night. My plan every time was to bed the girl the same night, and work my way down the escalation ladder settling for a number at the very bottom. That was my general model, and the specific intricacies of every city – or more appropriately of the city's women – caused me to have to adjust my game a bit.

As a result, if I did not end up getting them back to my place for the bang, I would get numbers and set up dates. After a few nights to a week, the schedule would look like this: 7-10pm date (try to bang); whether successful or not, 12am-6am go out (try to bang); sleep until about noon; work and recover until about 4-5pm; repeat. At first we had the

gym involved too, but that died down towards the end of the trip.

For more specific game strategies, there were two strategies that seemed to constantly provide success in Ukraine and Russia. First, is what I like to call “Holding the Line.” Essentially, if you suggest a plan, or don’t want to do something, stick to it and don’t budge. In Kiev, we met two girls and invited them to come to Odessa with us. They were planning to go, and we were going anyway so we figured why not. They agreed, but said they would sleep in one bed and we (my friend and I) to sleep on the other. I told her no way, you are sleeping in my bed and your friend with my friend in his bed. I told her if that’s not acceptable, you can get your own accommodations. She huffed and puffed, but eventually gave in.

Mind you, we had not had sex with them yet and we were taking a big risk in just going with them. First night, my buddy and I both banged our respective girls and did so for the rest of the week. I have no doubt that my holding strong on requiring them to sleep with us in our rooms led to the sex. It turned out to be a great trip with two young Ukrainian girls who would cook us food and bang us for a week. On top of that, we ended up spending less because they were Ukrainian and were able to get us the non-tourist rates on everything.

Another example of this tactic was to hold your line with respect to inviting girls back to your place, or not leaving your place. The few times we agreed with girls we met to go to breakfast first instead of straight back to our apartment, they never came over. The one or two times we held the line they gave in, came back and it led to sex.

Second strategy was using light jealousy. It is unbelievable how jealous these girls in the FSU get. I can’t stress enough about the fact that it has to be light jealousy however. Push it too far and you will lose the girl. In Kiev, the first girl I slept with was a direct result of this. First night I met her, she wouldn’t come home with me. Second time I met her, she came back but wouldn’t do anything. Third time she ran into me at a club, already with another girl, and after I calmed her down she came home with me and guess what happened. Ironically, I then parlayed this girl into making another girl jealous. This other girl, who I had previously gotten her number, ignored my texts. She saw me another night, weeks later with this previous girl. Long story short, after the first girl left this girl was all too ready to jump in a cab and come back with me.

The same thing happened in Tomsk and Moscow. The mere idea that another girl was talking to us, or that we would leave them for another girl and their attitudes switched instantly. However, it did backfire once on my buddy because he pushed it too far. He kept going to hit on other girls in front of the girls we were with, and they just took off and we lost what would have been a likely bang. So tread carefully.

Each city was also unique. We eventually started figuring out little tactics or tendencies that seemed to work well for different cities, but it takes time. It took me at least several nights in each city to get my game adjusted. And then the success would come. In Kiev for example, being “nice” tended to go a long way. In no way does this mean to be a pushover, as they really adhere to the masculine role men should play, but it was okay to

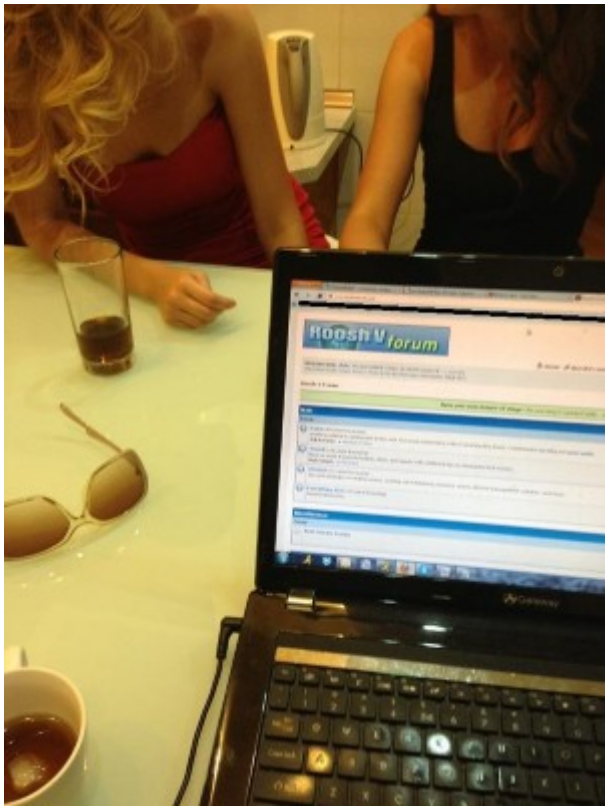
compliment a girl on her appearance. Or hold the door open for her. But at the same time you had to be overly confident and be ready to walk away from them in an instant, essentially treating them as interchangeable.

In Tomsk, being nice did not work. The girls there were ruthless and some did, sad to say, try to take advantage of us (two times successfully). They'd try to milk us for drinks, for taxi fare, whatever. Here, being nice was not that advantageous. You really had to put forth the "I'm not taking any of your shit" attitude. Also in Tomsk, the clubs were so fucking hot that it made it very difficult to dress up in a suit or blazer. So literally, we would go to the club and post up under the vents or where drafts were in the room. Ridiculous, I know, but at least for me my results stemmed almost exclusively from when I was dressed up so I didn't want to compromise that.

In Novosibirsk, there was an outrageous "White God Factor" meaning girls were highly impressed from the fact that we were from California. So we used that to our advantage, in that we would drop that information as early in the conversation as possible. I showed my California ID numerous times whether it was to negate their accusations that I was lying or just to get it out there for them to see. Girls in Moscow for example, cared a lot less that we were from California. In Budapest, some girls would actually get pissed off if I said I was from California because some of the locals there pretend to be from California to try and pick up their own women. So it carried a negative connotation.

In Moscow, I found waiting an extra day to text instead of the next day worked better. Speaking of texts, in all places I would send my initial text in half Russian half English. This allowed the girl to respond in whatever language she felt more comfortable in.

My results were as follows, and because I'm a psycho I kept track of some of the numbers. Unfortunately given we were drinking most of the time and the high number of approaches I did, I was not able to keep track of that figure. However, for my three months in Vienna, Budapest, Kiev, Odessa, Novosibirsk, Tomsk and Moscow, I collected 69 leads/numbers, and 14 bangs. Of the 14 bangs, 8 were the same night, 4 were first dates/2nd meetings, 1 second date/3rd meeting, 1 fifth date. Included in the 14 was one threesome, which was one of the more interesting nights of the trip.



Recently I published an interview with fellow RVF member Fisto, who smashed nearly 100 girls in SE Asia, where it's accepted that women are easier for white men. Do you think such a feat is possible in the Former Soviet Union (FSU)? Is this area built more for notches or finding girlfriends? If you lived in the FSU long term, would you continue your notch pace or seek relationships?

A little while ago I learned to accept that fact that most things are not impossible for the right person in the right place. I've had the pleasure of meeting Fisto and once you know him and go out with the guy, his accomplishments hardly seem far fetched at all.

It's funny. Every time someone has a lot of success whether it be with women, money or anything in life people like to question the authenticity of the success. If you bang 100 girls in SE, you must have paid for them. If you have a threesome in Siberia, you made it up. If you have a successful business, you must have family connections or be unbelievably lucky. If you are ripped, you must be taking steroids. I think when people's realities get shattered they resort to making up excuses.

People tend to take their own specific experiences and understandings and try to apply them to someone they have not met before and to cities they have not visited before. But this does not work. Instead, and to refer to Fisto's article again, one shouldn't doubt a feat just because he hasn't done it, but rather should strive to learn from it.

And if people can learn anything from me is to realize how much effort I put in. I mean, I know how horrible nightlife is for me, especially at such a continuous rate as I did these past three months, but I still did it. Why? I enjoy these nights, these crazy stories, these foreign girls that I've never experienced before. It's a rush and as you state in your latest video, it's like gambling where the bang is hitting the jackbot. The ability to say hi to a girl (or in this case *privet*) and hours later have her naked in your bed is both euphoric

and addicting.

So is it possible? Yes anything is. Take my style for example which I will say is geared towards quicker bangs. I don't day game. I don't hit on girls at cafes or restaurants, or bookstores or the metro. I drink a shitload, smoke cigarettes and go to clubs and often times stay until there is nobody left. What type of girls do you think you find in clubs? The ones that that are there to have fun, the ones that want a story, the ones that when they meet a guy in a suit from California will probably deviate from whatever perceived "rules" they may have – if any – and go home with him. What type of girls do you find at a club on a SUNDAY night in Siberia where there is one street in the entire city worth walking on? Maybe the type of girls that may just have a threesome with the said guy from California.

Shit happens, and I just put myself out there enough times (going out 5-7 nights a week) and for enough time (until the sunrises) to make it happen. It is very hard on the body. I woke up every morning hungover. I had random nosebleeds during this trip, and pains develop in unknown places. That is my style, for better or worse. But I know my limits and while I teeter on that edge I don't go over it, and accept the negatives of this lifestyle for its positives. I look through my pictures from the trip a few times a week and smile.

My buddy and I on the few nights we've been out realize how great that trip was and just smile at each other knowing that the grass is actually greener on the other side. I can still visualize that moment where the beautiful blonde who only spoke Russian handed me a gift for my birthday, then leaned over and kissed me as she said something I didn't understand to me in Russian. In a few weeks, my body will have recovered from all the nightlife. In a few decades, I will still have these memories to look back upon.

But after all that, I got nowhere near close to 100. I think it would be very difficult here. You can get blown out pretty harshly some nights and if you don't have tough skin it will get to you. Russians are direct people. On the flip side, as much as you'd like to find a club slut for a quick bang every night, sometimes you meet a girl whose personality, body or face captures you for the night and you make the effort to reach higher. So you put in that effort, and that takes a few dates sometimes. There's a lot of testing these girls put you through. Contrary to American girls, these girls are very smart. They know exactly what you are doing and what your plan is. They know if you invite them up to your apartment, it is not to have some tea or a drink or breakfast. If they choose to go, they know what they are agreeing to.

So many of them won't accept your invite. Or they make you wait. Or then don't contact you again because what you want is sex and they are not okay with that. So be it. In three months I met, got the number of, and had at least a somewhat promising interaction with 55 girls that I never banged. Thus these girls at some point rejected me in the interaction. You'd have to plow through a lot of attempts to hit 100 notches. But that's just my observation.

The more important question however, which is one you specifically inquire about, is do you even want to get that many notches if the sacrifice is a potential relationship, for

whatever duration it may last. If I were to advise on notch v. relationship, it would depend on the city.

Notch cities are Tomsk and Novosibirsk. Tomsk the girls are rather shady and Novosibirsk is the ugliest city I've ever been to. I couldn't imagine staying in one of those cities long term. So just I would just go for the bangs here.

Kiev is a bit of an enigma for me. The nightlife is so fun, rewarding and cheap that you could pursue constant notches and not be as worn out as other places. There is an endless supply of girls, many same-night bangs happen as confirmed by myself and other posters on your forum, and you can minimize your expenses in doing so. A lot of the girls are 18-22 which can keep many men feeling young. However, I did have had two mini-relationships with girls from Kiev and they were great experiences. They were very traditional girls, cooking and cleaning for me. But that novelty did eventually wear off and I found myself craving a fresh approach. Even now I am getting excited just talking about Kiev's nightlife. It was that addicting.

Moscow is the clear exception here. I would try to pursue relationships and that was actually my goal for this part of the trip without knowing much about the city other than having beautiful women. And after experiencing Moscow for over three weeks, that would be my suggestion. The nightlife while amazing on weekends, is lackluster during the week. People work a lot too in this city, so the weekend club goers do consist of some normal girls outside the club rats. Couple that with the fact the girls in general here seem to actually have a lot of substance behind their beauty (as opposed to Ukraine), one can find himself in a relationship here and not feel like he is missing out on the constant notches. In all honesty, I did find a girl that would have caused me to take it easy there in terms of seeking new notches, but she ended up flying home for more than half the time I was there.

That said, there are a lot of pretty girls in this city, and they outnumber the amount of eligible men. A series of mini-relationships, whether concurrently or sequentially, would be ideal. This would be my goal if/when I move to Moscow.

CONTINUED: Part 2

How One Man Banged 14 European Girls In 3 Months (Part 2 of 2)

September 24, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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PREVIOUSLY: Part 1

Your principal profession is that of a lawyer. What made you decide to take this type of journey? What did you have to do to get the free time from your job? Were you able to fund the trip based on savings or did you continue to work while traveling?

I've always loved traveling. I backpacked through Europe after college and was amazed at the world outside America. I had no idea of game back then, and had a girlfriend, so I didn't so much as kiss a girl in the 5 weeks I was traveling.

Fast forward to 2010. I was in a 4 year relationship and decided to head with my buddy on a trip to Europe, which included Poland and Russia. Talk about being shellshocked. I went from my all American girlfriend from the Midwest to these Eastern European girls. In Poland I met a very cute 22 year old blonde who I ended up going back to her place and messing around (but no bang). I was smiling for days afterwards. And of course, I got my first taste of Russia via St. Pete and Moscow…and I was absolutely blown away. I mean to the point of disbelief.

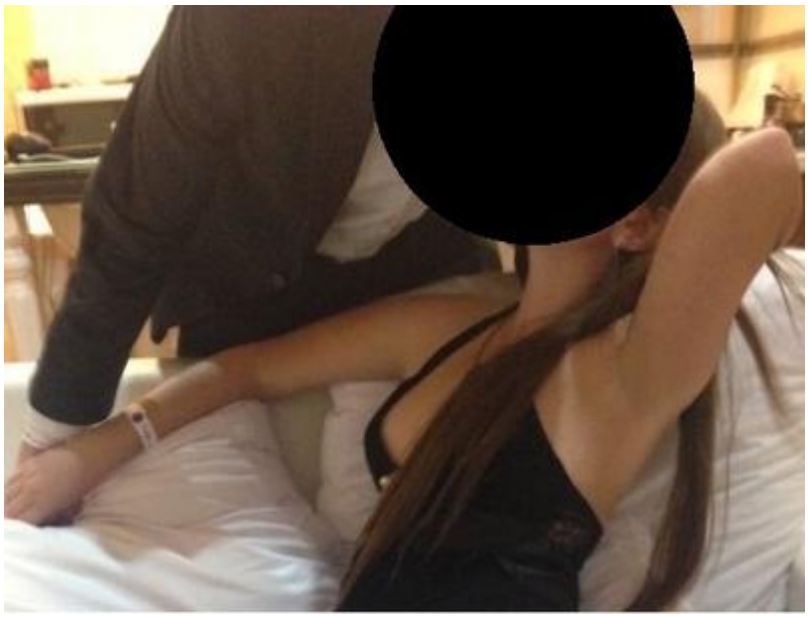
That led to my eventual lifestyle change and deciding I want to shape it in a way that allows me to travel as much as I can. As to this specific trip, we went to Kiev the year before and realized our Russia trip in 2010 was not an aberration – Kiev was also fantastic and I was similarly blown away at the Ukraine quality. That said, we still have never experienced anything that came close to the visual perfection that was one nightclub we visited in Moscow in 2010, where we were surrounded by literally hundreds of models no older than 24. The number of girls lower than an 8 I could count on one hand that night.

So we wanted to answer this question. What's better, Russia or Ukraine? Was Moscow that good or was it just our first taste of EE women that left an indelible, yet slightly inflated impression on us. Could anything beat Kiev's tall, thin and fashionable parade of young girls on a daily basis? And thus our decision to head out for the summer to find out.

But back to my lifestyle change. I worked for a firm for four years before quitting to start my own law practice. My partner hates traveling, so he is almost always in town. I worked hard to build a client base that trusts me, and with lawyers if you get what your clients want they are not likely to leave you, no matter what. There are some really stupid lawyers out there, and if not dumb, then untrustworthy ones that will overcharge their clients. I told my clients where I'm going, I told them I will take care of anything that comes up, and made sure nothing momentous was going on during these three months. They agreed, and off I went.

I did still work when I was gone. Usually during the day for several hours. And given the time difference I had to put in an hour here and there at nights too, even having to cut a

date short one night.



FSU women have a reputation for taking time to get into bed, usually requiring at least two dates (at least for me). Are you happy to be back in America where girls can be banged in much quicker time or were you able to bang quickly in the FSU as well? Was there any moment in the FSU, maybe upon facing some difficulty, that you missed American women?

I know the first part of the question is likely rhetorical but I still want to address it. It did not take me very long at all to realize American girls are not a source of happiness or satisfaction. Despite their ease to bang or their hypersexuality often times leading to things like bisexuality or the aforementioned easy sex, it's just not worth it. All the unnecessary hoops you have to jump through to satisfy their delusional ideal of a man is absurd. I have yet to go on a date yet since returning, but I'm dreading it. The idea of listening to an American girl go on about how much of an asshole her boss is when she does nothing at work, or how her and her friends went on a bunch of online dates to see who can rack up the highest bill (true story) makes me want to off myself.

To be honest, at no point did I miss America. After five or six nights in Novosibirsk in a god awful town without banging I still didn't miss America. In Moscow after nine nights of not getting close to a bang I still did not miss America.

Ironically in Moscow, the very first girl I approached spoke perfect English. Why? She was from Philadelphia. She was cute, but I was so turned off at that moment that I ended up becoming kind of mean until she left. She was actually into me, but there is a reason I'm in Russia and not Pennsylvania.

With respect to banging quickly in the FSU, as I mentioned earlier 8 of my 14 bangs were the same night. So this belief that girls in the FSU are more conservative, non-slutty, and so on while maybe true to some extent I did not find it to be a blanket rule. But then I thought, is it really true? Could it be those that make these generalizations are the ones talking to girls on the metro, at the coffee shop, at the bookstore? Independent of country, girls who frequent these areas, as opposed to where I go such as loud drunken

night clubs, are of course going to be more conservative. And in no way am I discrediting that method, and is something I'm actually trying to incorporate more myself, but ending up with quick sex rarely happens at a cafe eating tiramisu.

Tell us about your strategy at learning Russian. Did you have any favorite resources? How important is it for a man to learn Russian before going to FSU? Do you think you got bangs because of it that you wouldn't have otherwise?

When we left Kiev in 2012 we knew we had to come back. So my buddy and I enrolled in a night class for a semester at a local community college. This helped us build a foundation, and learn to read and write. We also supplemented with Pimsleur which I enjoyed a lot, and that bolstered our conversational skills. It was hard, but extremely beneficial.

I had success in Kiev without Russian in 2012, but I think knowledge of Russian helps a lot. First off, it opens up doors that otherwise would be closed. Four of my bangs were girls who spoke zero English. While my Russian is nowhere near conversational, I could get through some basic conversation and the girls loved my effort.

One girl that I banged the same night — I was speaking to her at the bar and she asked my name. I grabbed a tissue and pen, and wrote in cursive "my name is ___." Her eyes almost popped out of her head as she was beyond impressed, saying I'm the first foreigner who knew how to write in cursive. She came back with me later that night. While I don't believe the sole act of writing in cursive made her decide to drop panty, I'm sure it didn't hurt. Also, my favorite girl of the trip, that I would have taken time off for as I mentioned above, only spoke Russian. And I had to endure an entire date in Russian with no translator, something I would not have been able to do the year prior.

If there was one moment on this trip that told you the FSU was worth coming back to, what would it be? Besides the women, were there any other benefits the FSU offered over America? How about drawbacks?

There were honestly a lot of moments that rise to that level. The fact that my semi-girlfriend from the last Kiev trip showed up at the airport to greet me with a cake she baked, and in a dress and heels was rather heartwarming. Or the 18 year old girl gushing when she found out I was over 30, exclaiming how she "loves older men!" Or in Moscow the girl I just banged telling me how it's hard for her to have a boyfriend because there are so many pretty girls in Moscow that guys don't have to commit.

But the one that stands out in this trip was in Odessa, the first day we arrived. After getting settled in, my buddy went to just grab some cold cuts for lunch and my girl came in the kitchen and literally said "move, a woman is here" and proceeded to cook a 3 course lunch from scrap while her friend cleaned all the dishes. We just sat there and drank beers. Then later in the day they cleaned the entire apartment before we started our evening and put on dresses even though we were just staying in. Please show me one instance of two American girls doing this, much less 21 year olds.

Now aside from the women, one thing I liked about the FSU was the directness of the people there. Maybe it's because I am coming from LA, but they were very genuine. If

they didn’t want to talk to you, they didn’t. If they were interested in you, then you knew it right away. If they were helping you they actually cared about providing you some assistance. I prefer this type of interaction.

There are of course drawbacks too. I had to deal with some corrupt cops in Ukraine on more than one occasion. We had two guys follow us out of a club and yell at us in Russian for over 10 minutes until they finally gave up and went away. Some of the stuff I buy at the grocery store I have no idea what it is. I can’t find coconut oil or apple cider vinegar. Your clothes usually feel like cardboard after washing given no dryer. Service can sometimes suck at restaurants and bars. If a Russian guy comes and interrupts your conversation with a girl, and she’s into him, it’s kind of hard to get in there and figure out what’s going on (happened a few times). But for being in the former Soviet Union, it could be worse.

What do you think is the optimum look and game for a man to have for success in the FSU? Would you say my swarthier appearance hurts my success rate compared to your fairer complexion?

Tall and white. Note that this is optimum and not necessary by any means. Tall because these girls are freaking tall in the FSU. Add to it they usually wear huge heels so to the extent you can avoid them towering over you, being tall is an advantage. White because let’s face it there is racism out there. Kiev is the most openly racist city I’ve ever been to. And some places will face control you just based on race.

But just because you have a potential uphill battle doesn’t render it impossible. My buddy is darker skinned and 5’9 and he still banged 6 girls on this trip. Mostly good quality, I may add. Just adjust and proceed. He was quicker to bring out he’s from America, speak English when walking up to the face control doors, persist a minute or two longer if girls were giving him the cold shoulder in case it stemmed from a preconceived notion he was Turkish. So if you happen to look like a Persian Ben Affleck from Argo, for example, don’t stress.

I found Russia to be a bit less racist. Or maybe they just weren’t as open about it as the

Ukrainians are. Regardless it is just a hurdle and not a road block.

Any thoughts on how your impression of America has changed after the trip?

Many thoughts. The most important of which is how “unnecessary” America is. As a country it has brainwashed everyone into thinking comforts are necessities. They aren’t. I don’t need 200 cable tv channels. I don’t need tap water available when I go to a restaurant. I don’t need a BMW convertible. I don’t need a kale and pine nut salad with candied walnuts. I don’t even need a dryer. But we are ingrained from a young age that all these things are necessary for a happy and productive life when they absolutely are not.

And it’s really amazing when you see how wonderful feminine girls can be and how much pleasure YOU bring them by just being their masculine compliment. Not to mention how much happier you are as a male. It is our nature to be the providers, why fight this. I want to make money and buy a girl dinner if I invite her out on a date. She wants to cook me food and clean the dishes. Everyone is better off, happier and abiding by the natural order of things. Yet America thinks this is wrong. You begin to realize the absurdity of feminism and almost feel sorry for American girls and society in general.

And the girls, which I touched upon earlier, are just completely living in a dream world which unfortunately gets validated daily by a sea of thirsty men. Last week was my first night out in LA upon returning from my trip. I headed out with a like-minded friend and at one point in the night he starts talking to this ok girl, bangable but not anything special. Her friend is standing there, looking bored out of her mind. Mind you, this friend is a 5 at best but I have to be a good wing so I begrudgingly go talk to her in order to occupy her long enough so my friend can make some traction. After two minutes of her giving me one word answers and acting as if I had just urinated on her ugly flats, she grabs her friend and leaves.

So now I will pose a question to you, the readers and whoever else. And I’m not trying to pat myself on the back but just being real: take an early 30s man, reasonably attractive that dresses well. He knows four languages in varying degrees, is educated and has a successful career. You put him in one country, where girls punish him for treating them to a dinner and where a bitchy frumpy 5 won’t even give him two minutes of her self-perceived precious time. You put the exact same guy in another country, and while he of course doesn’t have every single girl throwing themselves at him, he has multiple options of attractive, feminine girls that are actually a pleasure to be with trying to date him because they know his value. Which country is the bizarro world here?

What do you want to do next?

Go back to Moscow on a semi-permanent basis. But that is not easy and I don’t want to half-ass it. After the trip, I sat down and determined what one needs to succeed at the high levels there in Moscow… money and a good grasp of the language. Moscow is expensive, so you need money. And many of the higher tiered girls there don’t speak Russian. While I got by with my basic Russian and did have some success with non-English speakers, I specifically recall a few instances where girls were open to me but

could not communicate. I want to minimize, if not eliminate, this situation from arising again. So I'm going to take the next twelve to eighteen months and focus on money and studying Russian.

I'm also toying with the idea of putting together something in writing on my three months out there. I enjoy writing, and the few small packets of stories I've sent to friends has been well received. To say it was an unbelievable (and crazy) trip would be an understatement and to be able to compile the stories, pictures and thoughts into a single tangible item would be cool. Until then, continue writing for ROK and – of course – work towards my return to Moscow.

You can read Law Dogger's articles on ROK and follow him on Twitter.

All Experience Is Equal

September 26, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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There was a man who had two job offers on the table. One job was at a large corporation. The pay was high and he would work with the eminent experts in his field, but the company's culture was boring and there were many layers of stifling bureaucracy. The second offer was at a startup. The pay was low, but the stock options meant a small chance of getting rich in an IPO. The culture was fun, with a segway scooter that could be used during work hours, but the work environment was raw, with not even an IT guy to help solve computer problems. The company may not survive the year.

The gain and loss from either experience is the same. There is no difference. The benefit of one will be balanced by the loss of the other, and less than one hour of this man's time should be spent in reaching a decision.

The rich man's stress and anxiety is balanced by the impoverished man's leisure. The entertainer's fame is balanced by the humble man's privacy. The explorer's adventure is balanced by the government official's comfort and stability. Nature favors balance and equilibrium, preventing one man's life, as a whole, from exceeding the other. This is obvious when listening to the dreams of men; they always pick a quality that their opposite has. The rich man dreams of leisure while the homeless man dreams of wealth. The entertainer dreams of privacy while the office clerk wants to be a star. No matter what you achieve, there will be a quality you lack, and movement to the other extreme in order to satisfy it will merely bring upon another missing ingredient.

Nature's balance must be recognized and obeyed, not fought or analyzed. Any perceived benefit to one decision over the other is due to your own bias and character. The horny man will be more satisfied if he picks Thailand over Saudi Arabia, but taking into account his whole organism, and not just his penis, he will suffer no loss in Saudi Arabia, where time freed from chasing women can be spent on growing a business or reading books. There is no incorrect choice. What you gain from one you lose in another. All is equal in nature's ledger.

A man is faced with dating either a girl who is a 9 or one who is a 7. He picks the 9, a choice that most men would make. He is validated with her in public when many other people stare at his catch. His ego is stroked, and he enjoys her beauty. But she is harder to manage. Suitors keep sending her offers of courtship, and it is a constant challenge for him to prove he is better than them all. She puts little effort into the relationship and the sex is average. She inevitably dumps him for a better man.

He then seeks out the 7. He apologizes for passing on her. She accepts his apology and they enter a relationship. She provides him with no ego validation, but relations with her are easier and more enjoyable. She becomes his sex slave in bed. Her profuse affections make him feel loved, but at the same time he is frustrated at seeing many girls on the street who are more beautiful than her. He is constantly filled with a need to do better. He takes a break from the relationship to travel to a country where he heard beautiful

women are plentiful and easy.

In the eyes of nature, both girls are equal. They gave no overall difference to the man's happiness—they just provided different kinds of happiness.

It is not important to use logic in making decisions, because nature doesn't operate on logic. While there are exceptions to this rule that stem from a lack of virtue, such as killing a man and then losing one's freedom, it makes little difference if you pick one job over another, one girl over another, one country over another.

Most decisions in life offer two propositions: one is easier but makes you weaker while one is harder but makes you stronger. One month you can be weak, and the next month you can be strong, or vice versa. It makes no difference. Only a fool who denies human nature uses computations in deciding on a course, because it is a guarantee that those computations are incorrect, and don't agree with nature's formula. In the entirety of your being, outcomes are the same. Your penis may hate you in Saudi Arabia, but your brain and liver will love you. Your bank account will hate you in the startup, but your adventurous and entrepreneurial spirit will thank you.

I picked a wrong city to live in for two months. It's boring and dull. That's fine, because I can work hard. Another time I picked poosy paradise. Everything is great, and I'm bedding many women. But I did no work, and now I'm fatigued and short on money. It then becomes the right time to pick a boring city again. This is the cycle of nature, where the order of one experience over the other, or the conscious application of logic, makes no difference to the final benefit (or detriment) to your self.

You can't appreciate the good unless you've experienced the bad. You can't enjoy wealth unless you've been poor. You can't enjoy women unless you've gone without them. The contradiction of life is that what you see as failure is actually needed to enjoy success, and success is then needed to make you complacent and revert back to failure, which then pushes you *back* to success. This is what nature prefers, and by starting experiences without doing a cost-benefit analysis, without agonizing over needless details, you are like water in the river of existence. Attempting to manage your experience with logic and predictions, or developing firm expectations in an unfirm world, will only lead to suffering and stagnation. You must let go and flow with outcomes, one after the other, squeezing out the pleasures of life, whether sweet or bitter, before moving on to the next experience in store. Taste life as it is, and enjoy the balance that is the destiny for us all, no matter where our journey finally ends.

Read Next: *Less Knowledge Is More*

10 Books Every Man Should Read

September 30, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Recently I received the following email:

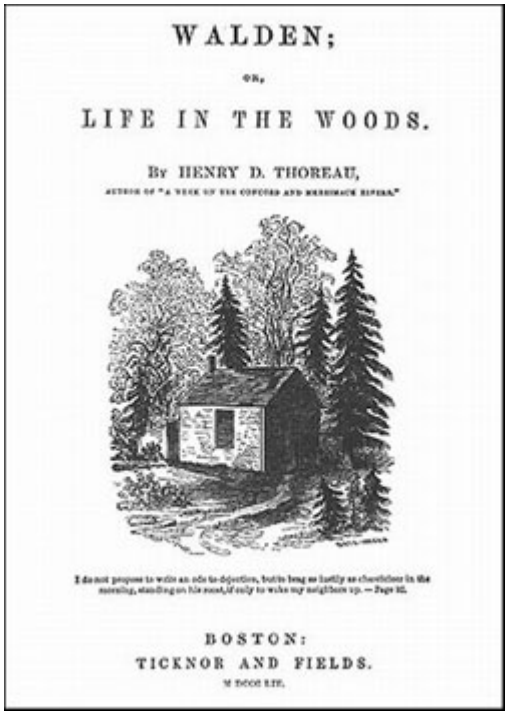
> What book recommendation would you make for a male in his early twenties looking to become wiser, motivated, and have the biggest positive impact on his life?

I have made such a list in the past, but I've read dozens of books since then and so it's time for an update.

Before I share the books, I must state that they were selected not for fine prose or excellent storytelling but because they will push you to accomplishing goals centered around masculinity, earning money, and getting laid. I believe if you give a smart man the right tools, which these books contain, he can figure out how to use them in his own unique situation.

Here are the books, in the order that they should be read:

Walden



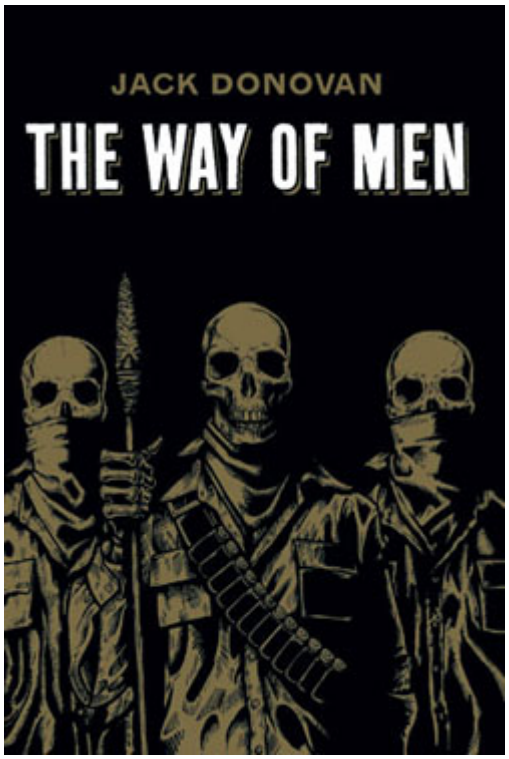
This book was written by Henry David Thoreau, who decided to move to the woods and become self-reliant. He shared ideas on how and why men should pursue independent thought and action. It's not an easy book to read, but I believe it's important for helping men understand what it takes to carve their own path in life.

> I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not,

> when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. I did not wish to live what was not life, living is so dear; nor did I wish to practice resignation, unless it was quite necessary. I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life, to live so sturdily and Spartan-like as to put to rout all that was not life, to cut a broad swath and shave close, to drive life into a corner, and reduce it to its lowest terms, and, if it proved to be mean, why then to get the whole and genuine meanness of it, and publish its meanness to the world; or if it were sublime, to know it by experience, and be able to give a true account of it in my next excursion.

This is the book that pushed me over the edge to quit my job and begin traveling back in 2007. I fondly remember reading it in the coffee shop near my job on lunch breaks, dreaming of the day when I could finally hit the road and live on my own terms.

The Way Of Men



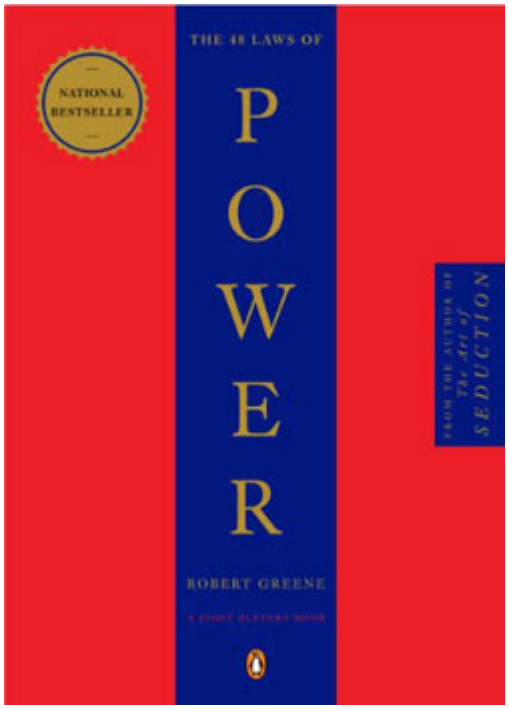
There is no manual for men on how to live a modern life. Mainstream culture constantly bombards us with propaganda to weaken and feminize us. The Way Of Men is the antidote, exploring masculinity and what it takes to be a man.

> Men are dropping out and disengaging from our slick, easy, safe world. For what may be the first time in history, the average guy can afford to be careless. Nothing he does really matters, and—what's worse—there is a shrinking hope of any future where what he does will matter.

Hold on tight during the second half of the book where the author clearly lays out how masculinity is being attacked and marginalized, increasingly seen as something that

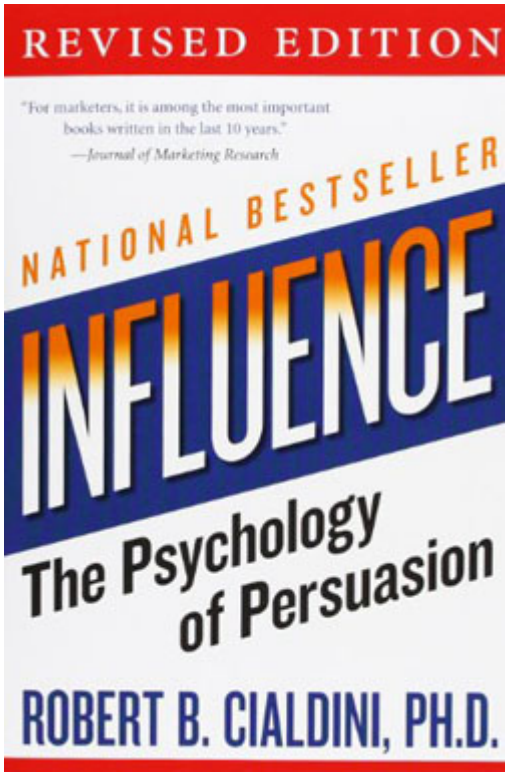
needs to be treated instead of exalted. The main benefit of this book is that it gives insight into your own behavior while helping you swallow the red pill.

The 48 Laws Of Power



This book can probably be renamed “Socialization For Dummies.” It gets even introverted guys up to speed on all the little tricks and games that people play. It can be used not only as defense for when they are used on you, but also as offense for when you want to extract your goals from others. The fact that it has been long criticized as “manipulative” is a hint to the power that it contains for those men who are settling into adulthood. It’s our generation’s “How To Win Friends & Influence People.”

Influence

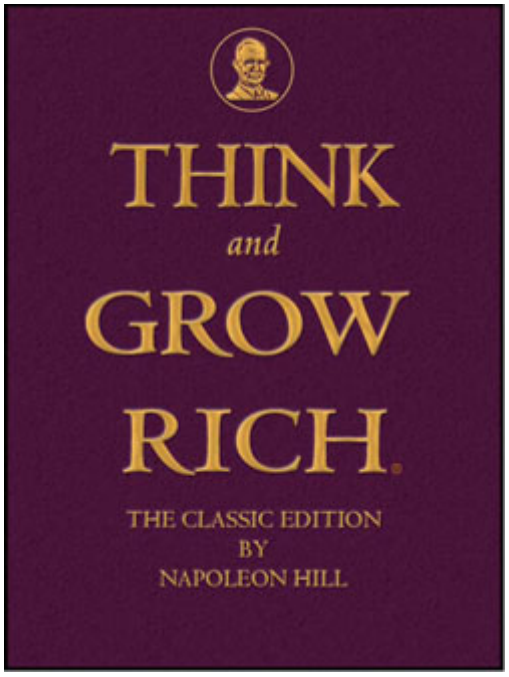


This is easily the most important psychology book ever written, condensing the most effective persuasion tactics into one volume. It teaches six main principles that are easily adaptable to use in commerce and getting laid:

- Reciprocity
- Scarcity
- Liking
- Authority
- Social proof
- Commitment/consistency

Examples and explanations are given throughout, so it won't take a big jump in brain power to apply them to your own life. It's an easy read that will teach you more practical steps to convincing other people to give you what you want.

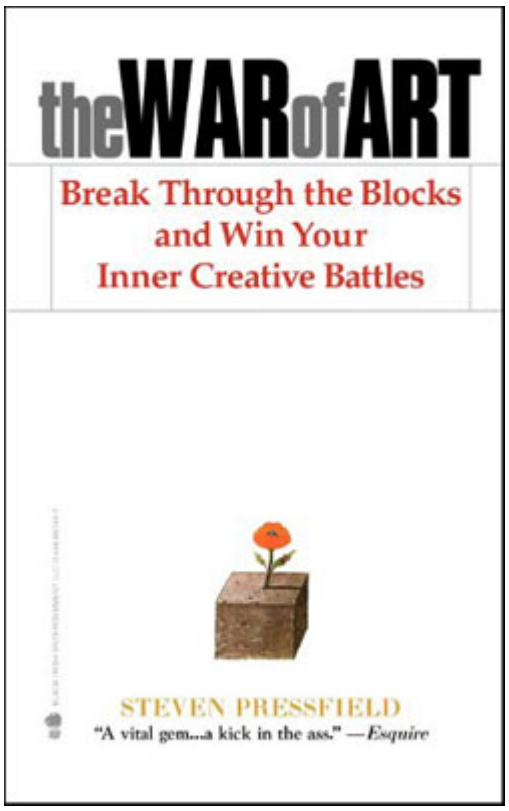
Think & Grow Rich



This is the best self-help book ever written in the history of the universe. It teaches you not just how to make money, but how to achieve any goal you want in life. The author, Napoleon Hill, analyzed the success of the American business titans of his day and then distilled their behavior into a thirteen-step framework that you can apply for your own goals.

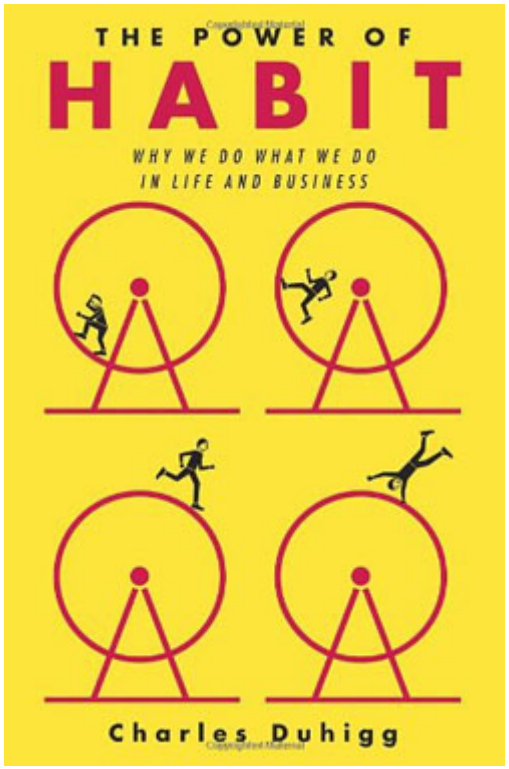
Think & Grow Rich is one of the most widely American books of all time, and it is no surprise to me as to why: the techniques simply work. They are ingrained in the DNA of America, contributing to its elevation as the most economically successfully country in the world. Our more recent decline can be partially attributed to going against its ethic.

The War Of Art



On the path to becoming wealthy or accomplished, you will encounter a devious force that rises up against you: yourself. Steven Pressfield, author of *Gates Of Fire* and *The Legend Of Bagger Vance*, explains that it's so difficult to complete projects you've envisioned because an internal force called "resistance" will try to prevent you from reaching your potential. It sabotages you, urging you to laze around, give up, or idle your time away instead of working hard. He gives you a strategy to fight against it. While the book is mostly intended for creative types, it can apply to any task in which consistent effort is required.

The Power Of Habit



The Power Of Habit aims to rid you of bad habits such as procrastination or overeating by carefully dissecting them to identify the true reward you're receiving. This allows you to change the habit into something positive that sticks with you.

> If you want to do something that requires willpower—like going for a run after work—you have to conserve your willpower muscle during the day. If you use it up too early on tedious tasks like writing emails or filling out complicated and boring expense forms, all the strength will be gone by the time you get home.

It also introduces the concept of a keystone habit, something that improves many areas of your life simultaneously. It's through this idea that I developed the One Approach A Day habit, which has helped many men improve their game with very little burden. Bad habits are often the first roadblock to achieving your goals, and this book arms you with the tools needed to change them.

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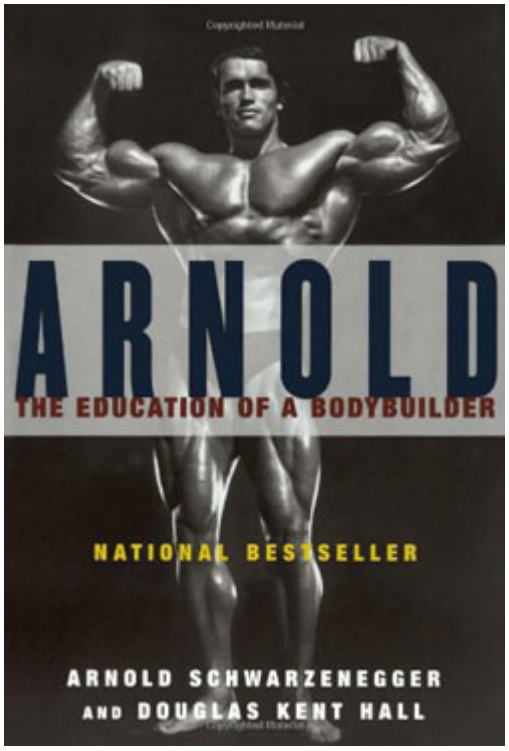
The pieces of the puzzle are coming together. After reading the above books, you now have a better understanding of masculinity, independence, social influence, achievement, and positive work and life habits. Two things remain: (1) improving your confidence through fitness, and (2) getting laid.

Arnold



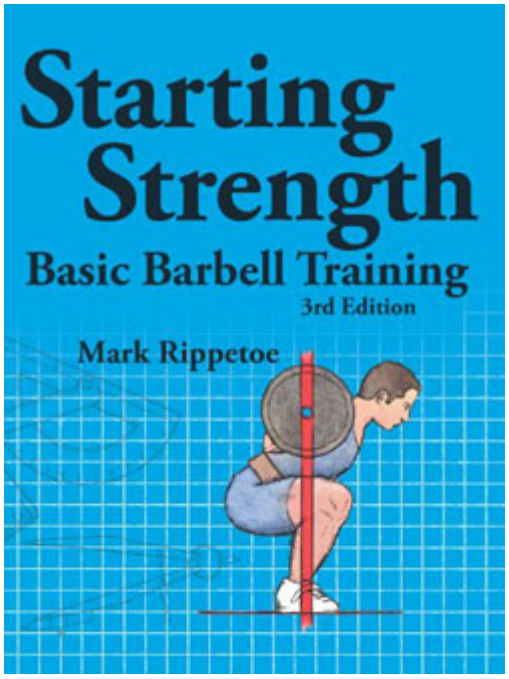
It will be impossible for you to read Arnold's autobiography and not get the urge to lift some heavy ass weight. I remember reading it on a resort island, away from any standard gym, but I went ahead and snuck into a hotel gym to lift.

> Normal people can be happy with a regular life. I was different. I felt there was more to life than just plodding through an average existence.

Through learning Arnold's life story, you stumble on the most valuable part of the book: his belief system. He gives you the thoughts that made him a success, which you can then apply to your own life. The fact that he is a balanced man with various pursuits, including chasing women, makes Arnold my personal hero and role model.

His autobiography is one of the most motivating books that I've read, not just to bodybuild, but to achieve goals. You can't ask for more than a book that describes how a man's labor, harnessed with the right beliefs, can push him towards realizing his dreams.

Starting Strength



I'm firmly in the belief that the modern man needs some type of fitness program to develop confidence and fight the atrophy of his muscles that result from office work and chair-sitting. Therefore he's going to need a beginner's workout program to get him in the gym and start building muscle mass and definition. The best book to accomplish that is Starting Strength, which focuses on compounds weights such as the squat, deadlift, shoulder press, and bench press, with dedicated chapters focusing on each.

The results I got from doing this program in one year exceeded the previous five years of doing random machine exercises, and it's still the default workout I prefer for gaining strength in the shortest amount of time. This book is often described at the best weightlifting book ever written.

Bang

The last thing remaining is getting laid. There has been much written on this topic, but I think—with obvious bias—that my book Bang is the best introduction on using game to have sex with women. It gives you the overall view, from internal game, meeting women, dating them, texting them, to finally sealing the deal. I'm proud of this book and the aid it has given men for solving the surprisingly complicated male problem of getting laid.

So there you have it. If there were only ten books that men should read, these ten are it. With the dutiful application of your own work, desire, and will, the world is yours. I recommend you spend the next year to knock these books out, taking a break between each one to carefully implement their ideas into your life.

Is Your Game Sustainable?

October 2, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Most of the game advice you read on the internet, especially from PUAs, is not sustainable. Gurus are teaching you how to get results that can only come from dozens of hours a week into approaching and dating. Many professional PUAs that I've met approach more women in a day that casual players do a month. This experience has given them powerful insight and knowledge into the female mind, but also makes it almost impossible for a man with other time commitments to match their level (consider that RSD used to urge men to quit their job in order to approach).

I have not hidden the amount of effort the game requires, and have declined to sugarcoat my results in order to make myself look better. I understand that typical men, even those who are dedicated, won't come close to putting in the amount of work that I have. Therefore their results may not reach the same level as mine. This could lead to bitterness and skepticism, both of my teachings and character. The sexual results of a man who has been in the game for 13 years may even seem unbelievable to someone who has yet to approach a woman. For most men, game is seen as nothing more than a fantasy, and for others, a short-term adventure like you can watch in the movie Goonies.

A good example of unsustainability is the one-night stand. I strongly advise men to push for this, but for you to get consistently good at it, you need to put in the work (it took me over a year of approaching until I got my first one). You also have to be a night owl who has a tolerance to alcohol. Even if you have all the required traits, there is still a small window of age when you'll be able to go for them; the late-nights and body toil will eventually become tiresome. Every man will get to the point where he rather get a number and go home to sleep then try to get lucky.

Another example of unsustainability is 10 approach nights. As you get older, your standards shoot up, so soon you don't even notice ten girls in a club that you want to talk to, preferring maybe only two or three. You will obviously get lower results from such a decrease in attempts made.

I'm definitely not saying that you shouldn't pursue one-night stands and do ten approach nights, but that you won't be able to do them forever. Once your prime game years are spent, is there a sustainable program you can pursue that keeps your sexual variety high? One possible answer is doing one approach a day. With such little labor each week, taking 20-60 minutes a day depending on the weather, you should be able to have an interesting sex life that isn't burdensome on your work and fitness schedule. It will be very hard to burn out from one approach a day.

This summer I went through a period where I loathed night game. Luckily, I day gamed for years, so I only had to make minor adjustments so the sex spigot wouldn't be turned off. Things would have been much more difficult if I had not had this day game skill to back me up during my night game break.

I wholeheartedly encourage intensive learning, of partying multiple times a week, of 10 approach nights, of 4 hour day game sessions, of 100 approach campaigns, but you have to understand that these activities have a built-in expiration date. What will you do after? Settle with any girl? Get married?! This is unacceptable to me. You must instead have the awareness to prepare for a future level of activity that still gives you an acceptable success rate. Therefore don't get too attached to your night game results.

When you're partying at night with your boys, getting fast bangs, understand that these times will end. Casually work on your day game backup now so that you are better prepared for its arrival. Otherwise you will panic, settle for a girl you shouldn't, and get stuck, putting a stain on what I hope will be a long and successful game career.

Don't Miss: *8 Signs You're A Game Denialist*

The First Confirmed Roosh Marriage

October 4, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

According to my critics I deeply hate women, and so do those who follow my work. We are misogynists who want to take women back to the stone age. We want them to endure pain, be impoverished, experience no pleasure in life, have their clitorii circumcised without anesthesia, and be deprived of cupcakes and other delicious sweets. So the following email I got from a Polish girl is the exception that does nothing to suggest the opposite.

> Hi Roosh,
>
> I would like to thank you for being somehow part of my love story – being picked up by the greatest guy I've met in my life (foreign self-confident independent funny cool clever inspiring) and being happily married to him at the moment.
>
> Until yesterday I had no idea of your existence and activity. I just came across one file called "Bang Poland" on my computer (apparently copied with some documents from my husband's computer) and opened it (not yet knowing what "to bang" means).
>
> As I was reading, a lot of the stuff seemed somehow familiar to me, like I've heard it before, but still wasn't aware of what that means until this list left me with know doubts: personality traits of Polish women.
>
> After a few first days we had sepnt together, one morning lying in bed he just started saying quite seriously something like "Now I understand fully what they say about Polish women…" and then describing trait by trait these features that you're mentioning. Of course I wondered who these "they" are, as none of his friends had any experience with Polish girls, but I just thought it's just some common knowledge in the West and also it felt so good to hear all this from a guy that I felt so much attracted to, that I of course didn't get deeper.
>
> So when I read this page of your book it immedietaly dawned on me – that's the book my husband had read before going to Poland and which he somehow mastered, picking me up so easily (worth saying – I had never allowed anyone to pick me up before, but that's another story)!
>
> Of course I'm not feeling tricked or anything, quite opposite – it feels even better knowing he just came to Poland to have some easy fuck and ended up falling in love with me and deciding to spend his life with me.

This email gave me horrible nightmares. To think that my life's work made a girl happy goes against everything I apparently believe in. It's obvious that the many books I wrote on how to get laid and how to make connections with women from different parts of the world were intended to hurt and enslave them, not allow them enjoy life. I must be doing something wrong (as recently suggested by a Dissent magazine article).

All sarcasm aside, I wish the best for this couple, and I hope my writing creates many more relationships just like it. I go to bed every night knowing that I do more to bring men and women together in happiness than those who oppose me. I can't say for sure if I'm making the world a better place, but I think I did for this couple.

Read Next: *I Lost The Polish Magic*

Feminists Are Successfully Creating A Society Of Shameless Sluts

October 7, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Before I reveal a piece of evidence that suggests American girls no longer feel ashamed for being sluts, it's worth discussing *why* slut shaming became an issue that feminists hold dear to their pansexual hearts.

One of the unstated goals of feminism is to create guilt in men for finding some women more beautiful than others. Feminists, who happen to be on the ugly end of the beauty spectrum, want to redefine beauty so that they are found to be just as worthy as genuinely pretty girls. One way to take away value from those pretty girls is to tell them that what men find to be objectively beautiful is actually nothing more than a subjective social construction. Therefore, skinny is not pretty; fat blubber is pretty. Long hair is not pretty; Skrillex haircuts are pretty. Flawless, creamy skin is not pretty; tattoos are pretty. High heels are not pretty; flip flops are pretty. You get the idea.

In the process of brainwashing the populace, they have successfully convinced many pretty girls to succumb to the lazy, narcissistic tendencies lurking within their DNA. These girls experience no resistance from the culture when they begin the process of de-beautification through obesity, bad haircuts, and tattoos. So now you have more "equality" with female beauty in which the very concept of it has been raped and bludgeoned.

This idea also applies to sex. Nature has given men a logical disgust of committing to sluts, because it's a slut that will cuckold him and cause him to waste his resources raising spawn that is not his. As much fun as sluts are to bang, men can't help but value relationships with women who are more virginal, but when you create a pro-slut culture that encourages all girls to sleep around, another step towards garbage equality is created. So now not only will we have ugly girls everywhere, but they will be all sluts as well. The feminists are succeeding in dragging down quality girls to their inferior level.

Check out this video of a tatted up slut being confronted for cheating:

Do you notice something weird? She absolutely does not care that she has been deemed a slut on camera. She feels no apparent shame or guilt, and if you look closely, you will see her tapping away on her iPhone, perhaps messaging the next guy in queue. She will walk out that door, feel no remorse, and quickly open her legs for the next stud, who will have little choice but to tolerate her promiscuous ways because now all girls are becoming tatted-up sluts.

The anti-slut shaming movement has succeeded because instead of being able to select a girl based on value and virtue, men are being reduced to choosing one tatted-up slut over the next. Can you imagine if I pushed an ideology for men that embraces weak muscles, no game, and living like a bum? Of course not, because we're men, and hold dear concepts like honor, character, and success. But Western women, instead of raising their

value up, has instead listened to their feminist overlords and taken the opposite approach. And what a race to the bottom it is.

Read Next: *American Feminism Wants All Girls To Be Fat Sluts*

The Perfect Game

October 9, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Arthur had been fascinated with seduction since high school. He didn't care for its application as much as filling his brain with ideas and lines that were sure to come in handy when he encountered the girl of his dreams. He could effortlessly break down various schools of game and give you a detailed timeline of the rise of the seduction community that peaked with the release of *The Game*. He also had a deep grasp on the sociological reasons for game's effectiveness and how the feminist movement provided the fertile soil for it to grow. But if you asked him to approach a girl, to harness the knowledge he knew so well, he would comment that the girl's index to ring finger ratio was off, that her chin was uneven, or that the beast of hypergamy rages within her. The circumstances were never quite right for him to apply the knowledge he spent so much time accumulating.

Once in university, Arthur gravitated towards the field of psychology. Since the job market was weak upon earning his bachelor's degree, he enrolled in a master's program. He noticed there were almost no psychological studies conducted on game, so he decided to research basic game tenets in the hope that it would bring him positive academic attention and maybe even prestige.

His first published paper was titled "Production Of Female Attraction Units: 5 Minutes Of Alpha Versus 5 Years Of Beta." Using a 352-question survey, Arthur was able to conclusively show that an average alpha male produces one unit of female attraction at a rate approximately 2,102,900 times faster than an average beta male. In layman's terms, the amount of attraction that an alpha male creates in a 1 second devilish grin would require 584 hours of platonic cuddling by a beta male.

The paper was met with a firestorm of controversy. Arthur was prepared, publishing all his mathematical calculations online for public critique. Because of the soundness of his data, no valid objections could be made. Therefore it soon became common wisdom that 5 minutes of alpha was equal to 4.1 years of beta, as shown by Arthur's research. His study was cited in many other papers, including one titled "Preference For Alpha Males In Homosexual Gorilla Pair Bonding," where it was determined that 5 minutes of gorilla alpha was more potent than the entire lifespan of a beta gorilla.

The success of Arthur's first study gave him confidence. He believed he could single-handedly advance game concepts at the university level instead of letting independent "gurus" control the flow of seduction advancement without the aid of statistics and academic rigor. He imagined seeing his name lauded as an important figure in the history of seduction, maybe even mentioned alongside the likes of Casanova and Ovid.

To begin his second study, he posted the following ad in the university student center:

> Average-looking man sought in attraction study. Paid position with perimeter benefits. Must be methodical and committed with a perspicacious eye to detail.

He interviewed several potential volunteers and eventually selected Mike, a junior business major who was the treasurer of one of the more popular fraternities on campus. Mike had a generic but classic look that didn't quite stand out but at the same time offended no one. He wasn't good-looking, he wasn't ugly, he wasn't tall, and he wasn't short; he was average.

Arthur gave him details on how the experiment would proceed. "I am researching a paper called 'Effective Text Messaging In Opposite Sex Attraction.' I aspire to actuate the absolute best sequence of text messages a man can remit to a woman. My objective is to achieve the highest possible likelihood of sex on the first date as scored by penile-vaginal intercourse. I selected you because your height is intermediate, your weight is intermediate, and your appearance is intermediate. I expect your results to be most applicable to the general male population.

"Obviously I can't publicly state the experimental aim is for sexual purposes. Ergo, I will solicit for female volunteers by describing an experiment that tests for smartphone addiction. The females will attend the study, take a survey on their electronic device usage, and then be instructed to remain seated as long as possible without manipulating their phone. During this period, you will sit opposite them and partake in noninterrupted dialogual interfacement where you can converse about any topic that pleases you. When the female subject is eventually unable to resist initiative contact with her phone, or when 30 minutes is achieved, whichever comes antecedent, hand her your mobile device and declare, 'Put your number in my phone.'"

"That's all I say?" Mike asked.

"Yes. This is the closer line. It's tantamount that it be absolutely identical for every female participant. We can't control for all variables, especially since each conversational phenomenon will be distinctive, but the ultimate step before getting the number should be homogenous. If she asks you why you want to procure her number, tell her that she's cute."

"But, bro, how about if she's not cute?"

"This is of no import. We must have a large sample size for the experimental data to prove statistical significance one way or the other."

"I got a reputation on campus to maintain, though."

"This is an opportune moment to acquaint you with the experiment's bonus framework. You will appropriate $10 for every number and $50 for every date you attend."

"Sweet!" Mike high-fived Arthur, who then discreetly wiped his hand on his khakis.

"Number procurement will actually be the most elementary part of the experiment," Arthur continued. "Afterwards, we will text them a highly particular sequence of words that is deliberate in its use of ascii type-face, smiley face emoticons, and so forth. Through trial and error, we will discern the optimal sequential text stratagem that leads to dates and, by consequence, copulation."

"So you will, like, tell me what to text?"

Arthur sighed. “Yes, you will be endowed access to a special spreadsheet that discloses what you must text along with who to deliver the text to. The spreadsheet will be automatically updated by either me or my laboratory assistant. Now what I’m about to say is of the utmost cruciality: you must not deviate from the script, not even by one character. You must deliver the texts as exactly as written, with nothing superfluous. Is that clear?”

“Yeah man! When we do start?”

“Monday at 3pm. We will aim for two female subjects a day.”

The study was conducted, almost nonstop, for one full year. Mike’s day would typically involve going to class, visiting Arthur’s lab to collect fresh numbers from unaware female guinea pigs, sending text messages, and going on an evening date. The dates themselves become formulaic. Mike would show up, offer ice cream, and then invite the girl to his dorm after a short chat, as Arthur instructed him to.

When word got out to the faculty about the study, Arthur’s old enemies appeared to criticize him for using university funds to denigrate women and create a “harem culture.” It was already assumed that the university was a rape indoctrination school, where men were freely allowed to exchange effective rape tactics and then perfect them in parties where young girls voluntarily self-empowered themselves with alcohol. The critics, however, had no effect because of Arthur’s powerful 4.1 years of beta study. It brought the university much-needed recognition and was suspected to account for its modest jump in rankings within the pages of US News & World Report. Arthur was allowed to continue his work unimpeded.

Initially, Mike had only a 10% date-to-bang success rate. Weeks went by with no improvement, no matter how furiously Arthur edited the sequence. Then at about the time when a crooked smiley face was accidentally added, Mike’s success rate jumped to an incredible 83%, and remained there for several months. He was consistently having sex on four out of five first dates, at the mere cost of an ice cream cone.

Arthur was stunned that the texting alone was creating so much attraction. After perusing the internet game literature, he could find no other man who could duplicate Mike’s results, not even the most talked about pickup artist of the moment, Ganesh Gupta, whose specialty was “intense core” seduction of women from Scandinavia and Germany.

By the time the study concluded, a total of 182 girls gave their number to Mike and a little over 100 was penetrated by his sex organ (in the final month of the study, he crushed 14 out of 15 girls). Even Mike couldn’t believe it, volunteering to waive his bonus payouts if Arthur would continue the study.

“We superceded our budget,” Arthur replied. “ I had not planned on making indemnities for your urologist visits, antibiotic medicine, and anti-wart treatment. And there was also that abortion.”

“Condoms suck,” Mike said, shrugging his shoulders.

“Perhaps, but this is the most expensive study ever performed by the psychology

department.”

“Awesome!”

“Regardless, you may be pleased to know that we have captured exceptional data that reveals a Newtonial sequence with cofactorization of a stunningly high probability of sexual intercourse.”

“Say what?”

Arthur rolled his eyes, fatigued at having to repeat himself for a mind more primitive than his own. “The study was successful,” he muttered.

—

Arthur began to have second thoughts about publishing the exact text sequence. He knew men from around the world would pay a handsome fee for the biggest innovation in game since the neg made its first club appearance in South Beach back in 1999. He also believed the script’s incredible potency would be reduced if every guy was using it.

He wrote the study up and included many charts and graphs. All calculations went to four digits after the decimal. He broke down text reply times and Mike’s bang success rate to such an extent that he might as well have been studying atoms and not human beings. Here is the first paragraph of the resulting paper, which was fast-tracked in the *Journal Of Personality And Social Psychology*:

> The inclusion of technological devices in male-female dating has allowed social scientists to accurately computate the process of sexual attraction. Using a conventional male outline, this study intraprobes the effect of various language memal modifications during text message communication. Entitization of smiley faces, exclamation points, hanging sentences, capitalizations, and a latitude of beta to alpha tonality was experimentalized to ascertucain an optimized messaging model that elicits the most attraction pascal units from the American college female specimen, measured in instantations of fornications per 100 text messages remitted.

While the paper was being curiously reviewed in psychological circles, Arthur created a 3-page PDF document that contained the prized sequence. He then hired an internet marketer with an average vocabulary who he knew could sell to the Mikes of the world better than himself. Only after being assured by his marketer that he was going to make a “shit ton” of money, Arthur approved the following name for his product: “Hiroshima Text Messaging Explosion – Unless You’re A Fucking Retard Who Can’t Push Buttons, You Will Get Laid With An 83% Success Rate.”

Arthur knew that by creating the Hiroshima product his university would fire him for using public funds for private gain, and maybe even sue him, so he had to make the endeavor worth his while. He decided to sell only 1,000 copies of Hiroshima for $10,000 each. That would gross him $10 million. Even after expenses, he calculated a profit of well over $9 million.

Promoting Hiroshima took only two minutes of work. Arthur’s marketer sent an email to

Jezebel from a fake account stating how a “misogynist” and “likely rapist” is claiming to have a text messaging script “so incredibly powerful” that it turns women into “mindless sex zombies.” The email ended with the following sentence: “It seems impossible for consent to be achieved.” The marketer must have known that any email to Jezebel with the words “misogynist,” “consent,” and “rape” is marked with extreme priority and delivered to the smartphones and iPads of every staff writer directly underneath a large dollar sign graphic.

Once Hiroshima went viral, Arthur’s university received dozens of anonymous calls from those purporting to have evidence that he’s a pedophile and child pornographer. The university promptly fired him. Arthur never found out if it was because of the calls or because of the Hiroshima product, but it didn’t much matter to him because he was about to be a very wealthy man.

Hiroshima went on sale less than a week after Jezebel’s exposé. The most powerful server could barely handle the flood of men who were desperate to possess the script. Within eight minutes, all copies of Hiroshima were sold, in spite of a no-refund policy that Arthur decided would be prudent because of such a high-priced product. When he logged into his Paypal account to see a balance of nearly $10 million, he jumped up in the air and threw his hands up, screaming like he had just won the lottery.

Here is the text messaging sequence that Arthur developed. While it may look odd, it garnered the most amount of sex for Mike:

> “Hey it mike :/ #”
>
> “tomorrow night we @ get drink? cool yea? 8===D”
>
> “we meet at corner of lockwood and university. Don’t be l8 lol okay? We have fun but no sex 8=======D”

One can only imagine the surprise of Hiroshima customers after paying $10,000 only to be told to send penis emoticons. Arthur anticipated a bit of shock, so most of the actual document was composed of assurances that the sequence was backed by the most advanced psychological science, and that ten attempts must be needed to get a feel for Hiroshima. Besides a handful of “This better fucking work” emails, Arthur wasn’t at all concerned.

Now that he possessed such a large amount of capital, Arthur started planning for a new experiment on how to get a one-night stand in seven minutes, without even having to speak the same language as the girl. He code-named it Nagasaki. His dream was now to be the most famous game theoretician in the world. He wanted the admiration of women because of his status and the respect of men because of his ground-breaking work. With the astonishing success of Hiroshima, it was hard not to see that he was on the verge of realizing this dream.

—

After a one-month silence from his customers, a flood of complaints began coming in.

“This is BULLSHIT, it doesn’t work.”

“My game results have gone down. Girls are laughing at me.”
“Your cock emoticons don’t work brah.”
“I should have gone to Thailand instead.”

Nearly all of his customers filed requests for a refund with either Paypal or the credit card company they used to make their purchase, despite Arthur’s insistence that Hiroshima’s power was tested and true. It didn’t matter that Arthur stated refunds were not allowed; the price was too large for customers to let go, and the lawyers among them decided to file lawsuits for misrepresentation. To top it off, his university filed a copyright infringement lawsuit because he used their logo on his sales page.

When all was said and done, he was $1.3 million in the hole. His Hiroshima money was all gone. His dream, destroyed. He was unable to get a job at any university, and was reduced to moving back in with his parents. He spent his days holed up in his room, trying to statistically analyze how it all went wrong.

The fact that not a single customer gave a positive review made no sense to him. No matter how many times he checked the math, the script was perfect. What really bothered him was that customers who were richer and better looking than Mike still had abysmal results. He calculated it should have worked at least *some* of the time, even by accident. If only he could understand why it failed, he could improve the sequence and try again. In the meantime, he couldn’t bear to google his name and read how people were hating on him, especially Ganesh Gupta, who referred to him as “The world’s biggest keyboard jockey.”

—

One day, while riding his sister’s bike across town, Arthur saw a familiar figure coming out of a coffee shop. It was Mike, who barely recognized Arthur because of how badly the stress of total failure aged him.

“It’s indisputable that you heard of what transpired,” Arthur said.

“Yeah man, that totally blows. I was surprised because I still use the same script. I’m still killing it.”

“It’s still functional for you?”

“I’m unstoppable with it. I just passed 250 notches. I’m practically running out of girls to bone in this city.” Mike laughed and took a sip of his iced coffee beverage.

“Well, you’re the singular man it gives commission for. No one else has duplicated your causatum.”

“Oh shit, I totally forgot to tell you. I did something a little different partway through the experiment. Just to spice things up, you know?”

Arthur raised his eyebrows.

“You told me to send the texts with exact wording, but you never said I couldn’t send pictures.”

“Pictures?”

“Yeah, pictures,” Mike replied. “You chose me because I’m average in everything and all, but I have a huge dick. Girls tell me it’s my best quality. Anyway, a couple months into the experiment, I started sending a dick pic.”

There was a sudden flurry of calls to emergency dispatch that afternoon, something about a deranged man with a girl’s bike attacking a pedestrian of medium height.

Previous Story: *The Industry*

Katie J.M. Baker Purposefully Distorted My Work To Advance Her Socialist Agenda

October 11, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Jezebel writer Katie J.M. Baker recently wrote an article in Dissent magazine that reviews Don't Bang Denmark. And by "reviews," I mean cherry-picks the contents to create a fictional narrative that game doesn't work in socialist countries. Many left-leaning outlets such as The Hairpin, Washington Monthly, Kottke, and NY Magazine celebrated the article as proof of socialism's doubleplus goodness and game's ineffectiveness. I imagine it was like hitting two birds with one stone for them. I can forgive these outlets because they didn't read the book, but Katie did. She knows her argument has no standing, but chose to mislead the public instead. I would like to set the record straight.

While correctly stating my age isn't a big deal, I knew the article was going to be a doozy when the very first opening sentence had a factual inaccuracy (I'm 34, not 33). Another blunder:

> He vows never to return to the Polish city of Katowice unless forced to "maintain the pussy flow."

I've never been to Katowice. Here's what I wrote in Bang Poland, which she apparently skimmed:

> Two cities I wanted to check out, **but was unable to**, were Warsaw and Katowice.

Minor mistakes aside, she proceeds to misconstrue my conclusion that Denmark is a place of low-quality women who require a more beta-fied game.

> What's blocking the pussy flow in Denmark? The country's excellent social welfare services. Really.

But the book never stated that the pussy flow was blocked in Denmark, just that there was low quality, masculine pussy.

> Fans of the travel writer will be disappointed that "pussy literally goes into hibernation" in this "mostly pacifist nanny state," where the social programs rank among the best in the world.

Allow me to reveal the full quote from Don't Bang Denmark so her dishonesty can be made clear:

> One big problem with Denmark is the weather. The winter is long and dark, with the whole month of December seeing only forty-two hours of sunlight. Pussy literally goes into hibernation, as I got to experience upon my still-cold March arrival. Not until the weather warmed up slightly in late April did I start

> slaying Danish women, making me feel almost like I was in a different country compared to when I first arrived.

She changed the meaning quite a bit, didn't she? All cold environments suffer from this hibernation effect, even Washington DC, where women "bun up" for the winter, but Katie maliciously distorts my quote to make it appear that I'm saying pussy goes into some sort of neverending hibernation because of… social programs. Only a Jezebel writer can come up with something so fantastically strange.

> Roosh's game cannot accommodate the Danish women he meets because the PUA community assumes women seek evolutionarily advantageous traits in men that boil down to a dominant, caveman masculinity, even if they don't realize that's what turns them on; one PUA tactic, "negging," refers to the art of dropping backhanded compliments ("I'm not usually attracted to women with broad shoulders") to weaken a woman's self-confidence and therefore render her more vulnerable to seduction.

Here she sets up a straw man where my game is equated with the PUA collective. The fact that I don't teach a strategy of negging shows how she is attempting to pigeonhole my work into her existing prejudice about game.

> Jante Law is technically fictional, but like many stereotypes, it contains a degree of truth: Danish women don't reward the alpha male "with more sex for his alphaness because alphaness breaks Jante Law." In Denmark, the fail-proof pick-up artist cheat code does not compute, causing Roosh to get increasingly whiny—and disturbing—as Don't Bang Denmark begins to flail in earnest.

Only someone who is unfamiliar with Danish culture would describe Jante Law as containing only "a degree" of truth. It is *the* principal material driving through the cultural vein of Denmark, and there is no other rule you can point to that better describes their mentality and motivations. I also take offense to her equating my game teachings to a "cheat code." My program involves a substantial amount of labor, requiring you to improve your long-term value as a man.

> Roosh comes to the conclusion that women who aren't as dependent on men for financial support are not susceptible to the narcissistic salesmanship that constitutes phase one: "attraction." That's why Roosh fails to advance to the second level—"trust"—without being creepy. Thus "seduction" is almost always out of the question.

These are not my phases. She is attributing someone else's material to my work, either spitefully to confuse the reader or through sloppy research as shown by her earlier mistakes (my guess is a bit of both).

> By his last night in Copenhagen, Roosh's game is not on point. His face is shining "a molten red" at the injustice of it all. He can't stop himself from calling his

> buddy's friend a "stupid, ugly, fat, cock-blocking bitch." He ends the night by lying his way into bed with an apprehensive eighteen-year-old virgin.

Socialism did a great job in cockblocking my penis into a teenage virgin. The cockblock that got away! The truth is virgins are the hardest of all female breeds to get a one-night stand with, and yet I did it in Katie's socialist paradise.

I was the first to admit that my default Western game was met with mediocre results in Denmark. So I adapted, and developed a game that worked in getting me several one-night stands, lays that were just as easy as in America. I was cockblocked by the culture only temporarily, until I went back into my game toolbox and pulled out the right tools for the job. I clearly spell out successful tactics you can use, but Katie makes no mention of them. Here are a couple excerpts from my book:

> Danish girls don't like masculinity, cockiness, or outspoken guys. Because of Jante Law, any attempt on your part to even indirectly show that you're more experienced, knowledgeable, or smarter than her will terminate the interaction. Even if you're definitely more experienced than her (she's likely to only be a student, after all), you must pretend that you're both equal. I don't care if you're ten years older than her and have lived in a dozen locations around the world after succeeding at a milliondollar business built from scratch, but you must treat the stupid opinions of a 23-year-old Danish girl with reverence and respect if you want to get laid.
>
> […]
>
> The optimum night game to have is this: nice guy who approaches a lot and isn't shy about going for the one-night stand. I understand that this is a bit contradictory, since nice guys don't go for one-night stands, but that's the best way I can put it. Be aggressive about approaching and sealing the deal, but be passive and slightly meek while in conversation. It's better to be a generic, neutral, pleasant guy who wishes for world peace than one who has strong opinions and wants to share deep wisdom gleaned from a lifetime of rich experiences. Don't rock the boat if you want to get laid in Denmark.
>
> So what do you talk about? What do you share opinions on? Anything but Denmark. If you want to talk about Denmark, frame it so that you're asking her for help, not that you're sharing observations. From a getting-laid standpoint, being selfdeprecating about your own country to fit her stereotypes is much better than criticizing hers.
>
> […]
>
> Be a little bit careful about giving too many humorous responses to the personal questions she asks, because Danish girls are very sensitive to cocky humor. By not answering directly, she may think you're making fun of her, thereby breaking Jante Law. My advice is to give one playful answer and then calibrate to see if she went along with your joke or not.

I even address logistical issues you'll face to handle a Danish girl's bicycle (most people in Denmark ride their bikes to nightlife venues).

> The best logistical solution to the bicycle problem is to live within walking distance of where her bike is parked. When it's time to go for the afterparty move by inviting her over for a drink, you'll state how you live only "five minutes walking distance" away. The hamster in her brain likes this because she knows that regardless of what happens in your place, she won't be far from her bike.

Does this sound like the writing of a man who "flailed in earnest"? I faced difficulty, tried different techniques, and then settled on a game strategy which got me one-night stands with girls as young as 18. I was 31 at the time. If that's failing, what's winning? I'm not a Denmark all-star by any means, and I'm sure there exists thousands of Danish men who can pick up their women better than I can, but I know of no other non-Danish man who moved forward game techniques in Denmark more than I have.

> His guidebook concludes with a resigned "bottom line" acknowledgment that his time in Denmark "liberalized me when it came to a government taking care of its citizens.…Denmark sucks balls for women, but it kills the United States when it comes to having a higher standard of living." Still, he won't be going back anytime soon.

I have to admit that my time in Denmark did create temporary sympathies for socialism. The reason is because, unlike Danish citizens, **I'm not taxed at 50% or more.** This doesn't include mention of a monstrous 25% VAT on most sales purchases. It's easy when you're on the outside looking in to admire the fact that homeless people have health care, but do you want to give up half your income for that and other things which you can easily purchase on the free market? I much rather get no social services from the state and use the market to provide my needs at a competitive price. If I can't afford those services then I must work harder or get some additional training or schooling to improve my station.

An unfortunate consequence of Denmark's extensive services that I clearly mentioned in the book is how it cultivates a passive populace of liberal automatons who avoid risk, and therefore, innovation. There is a reason why Denmark has been so quiet on the world stage in the past 100 years, having to piggyback on its more accomplished neighbors like Germany and Norway. The only thing I credit Denmark on is that their income confiscations eventually makes its way to the people, while in America socialism benefits corporations first.

Katie has long been familiar with my work during her time at Jezebel, so I imagine that the Dissent piece was her opportunity to strap on a big black dildo and then insert it into my anus without consent. Judging by the accolades she's getting for her piece, she successfully got away with the crime because of her privileged status as a white female liberal writer in America. The victim is not me but truth itself—truth about Denmark, the disincentives that socialism creates, and the indisputable effectiveness of game.

Read Next: *Danish Girls Are The Most Masculine In The World*

Anna

October 14, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

My second trip to Ukraine was coming to a close. This time I stayed for three months, and had only one last weekend before I was set to leave for Poland. One thing greatly bothered me: after living in Ukraine for a total of six months, I had not scored a one-night stand. Not one. My most recent results were all from day game. While I'm thankful to receive any sexual delights from Ukrainian women, the thrill of a one-night stand cannot be matched by a day bang.

One of the reasons for this failure is that I partially gave up on night game since it was harder, but at this last hour I became determined to get a fast bang before leaving. With only two nights to accomplish this mission, I devised a four-pronged strategy to accomplish my goal.

First, I was ready to make at least 15 approaches a night. Typically I'd only do three or four, but in the previous two weeks I stepped my game up to prepare for the final assault. Second, I must be the last man to leave the club. Horny girls sometimes don't reveal themselves until the end. Third, I must be more sexual early in the conversation. Girls who aren't DTF must be quickly weeded out and discarded. Lastly, I was not allowed to get a phone number.

My main goal was to get the girl back to my apartment. Sex should be close coming, I hoped, if I could achieve that. It would be a very sore point for me if I didn't succeed, even though I pegged my chances at winning at less than 10%.

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I met with Roger, my American friend in the center of the city. We sat on a bench and debated our options: Arkadia (the club district), True Man (the rock club a taxi ride away), or the hipster bars in the center. They all have several downsides, but we decided that Arkadia with its outdoor clubs would give us the best chance for a one-night stand. He stated how he wanted to try some street game there and I agreed that it would be worth it, but by the time we arrived, it was apparent this wouldn't work because of the dropping temperature. Few people were there and both of us were physically cold.

We each tried a couple of approaches in front of the clubs. They went nowhere. Even though it was a Friday night, the scene felt more like a Sunday night. One club, Itaka, was packed but it was for a concert. The best club, Ibiza, was more than half empty.

I decided to call an audible. "We can go in these clubs, but it's cold, and we won't be able to game properly. Plus it's mostly dead. The indoor section of Ibiza is warmer but loud. I say we go to the hipster bars in the center." It was a risky move, but my logic was good. The weather added an unfortunate dimension to the equation, and since Arkadia's outdoor clubs are intended for summer, cold weather made them useless.

After Roger accepted my audible, we found a taxi. On the way over I said, "We have to assume that the hipster bars will suck."

“Maybe they won’t,” he replied.

Well, they did suck. Five guys for every girl. I became depressed, because I was ready to do fifteen approaches but was stuck at three with no other opportunities. There was another bar worth checking out called Captain Morgan’s. I heard it was for light scammers, but there was no other choice. On the walk over, I bitched about how a city of over 1 million people could have so few nightlife options.

We went to Captain’s. The ratio wasn’t great but it was workable. I did three approaches but they barely went better than the ones I did on the street. I looked around to see no other girl to work on. My friend semi-hooked with one girl. Old foreigners were gawking at the half-naked dancers, slipping money in their g-strings even though the place wasn’t a strip club. I felt like my night was ending, but I didn’t want to give up. I told my friend I was going to briefly return to the hipster bar.

There still weren’t many girls, but I did see one. I was aggressive in approaching despite her large group, which happened to include her brother. The approach hooked. I knew I needed the one-night stand, so after 15 minutes, I asked sexual questions:

“When was the last time you had sex?” Four months.

“Do you want to come to the beach with me and make love?” No. Probably too cold for that anyway.

I didn’t say “I’m joking.” She knew I was ready to smash, but at the same time I kept teasing her to make it seem like I wasn’t completely sold on her. She asked me if I wanted to go outside to smoke and of course I agreed, having learned my lesson about smoking in Lithuania. I smoked up a storm, away from her friends, and I asked her if she had a nice ass. She said she didn’t, and she was mostly accurate.

We went back to the bar and I bought a round of drinks. We sat close. I said, “I need a little kiss.” She leaned over and kissed me on the lips. This was the first time a Ukrainian girl kissed me first, and I made a mental note to use the line again.

Now it became a matter of logistics. Thanks to calling the audible earlier, we were within eight minutes walking distance of my apartment, but there was the issue of her brother and best friend. They seemed intent on watching her, so I relaxed my octopus hands to make it seem like I was a gentleman. It helped that I was dressed nice, due to the original plan of hitting the fancy club instead of the hipster bar.

When the bar was about to close, I suggested that we go for a walk. Keen on the idea, she brought it up to her friend and brother, but I could sense some resistance from them. In English, I asked the friend, “Do you mind if I take her for a walk? I want to spend more time with her.” The friend wanted to say no, but couldn’t, since I asked politely, and replied, “It’s up to her.” My girl said she wanted to.

There was more talking and then I asked the brother for permission to take her for a walk. I said, “I’ll put her in a cab when she’s ready to go home.” He was also resistant, but thanks to the girl’s persistence, I got a tentative “yes.”

A problem developed: they decided to tag along with us. They walked a block in front of

us for some time, so what I did to shake them was make a discrete turn to go the long way to my apartment. They didn't follow and my girl didn't mind. I finally had her isolated.

Early in the night she had spoken pretty good English, but she said she was tired of English and only wanted to speak in Russian. So my Russian made its appearance, and remained for the rest of the night.

Inside my apartment she only wanted water. Then she said she wanted to sleep. I got down to my boxers while she was fully clothed. Once on the bed we started going at it. Her ass was small, but it complemented her tiny body, so my boner was full strength.

Resistance was high, as I expected. I persisted in removing her bra. Her shirt was open and her jeans were unbuttoned. Then she said she was on her period. I told her I didn't care. When she realized I'd seriously bang her, blood and all, she changed her excuse. "This is too fast," she said. I told her all my best relationships start with passion. Then she said she's a virgin, quickly modifying it to say she had sex once. I knew she would suck in bed, but I still wanted to bang. Then she said she was tired. Basically any excuse that exists not to fuck, she was throwing at me. I'm usually good at using words to defeat these problems, but I didn't know how to translate many things in Russian, and she acted like she didn't understand my English.

I rubbed her vagina through her jeans for a couple minutes, but she seemed indifferent. I put her hand on my cock but she didn't know what to do with it. She had no moves. Nothing I was saying or doing was moving me forward. I could only get the jeans off enough to see she was wearing some type of delicious rainbow panties.

I thought that maybe she's the type of girl that needs to be dominated before giving it up. So I got on top of her and held her down, but she whined and complained, threatening to leave. I knew then that I was not getting laid. I went from an English-speaking girl who kissed me first to a Russian-speaking girl who insisted on going to sleep.

In the morning I made a last ditch effort, but beyond a little kissing, she wasn't having it. Then I suggested we go out later in the week. My moral conscious came into play, because if we went out on Thursday (after her phantom period was over), and I left for Poland on Saturday as planned, I would feel a little bad. So I lied small instead of big: "I'm going to Poland for one month because of visa issues before coming back."

Big mistake. She was not pleased with this answer. "I don't want only sex. Sex is nothing for me!" I had noticed. When she gave me a quick kiss goodbye, she said that when we meet again, she wasn't going to have sex with me. It was obvious to me that her passion was directly correlated to her inebriation. As she lost the buzz, she become more frozen, and my only regret is not buying an insurance shot before we left the club.

Though this night ended in failure, it was the closest I got to a one-night stand in Ukraine. I think it spoke well to my new strategy and my desire. I had one more night to try again.

TO BE CONTINUED

Anna (Part 2)

October 15, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

PREVIOUSLY: Part 1

The forum was experiencing a lot of problems, crashing every hour. I desperately tried to find a server guy to fix it, but this was no easy feat on a Saturday. By the time it was 9pm, I realized I had to step away from the computer and get some air. A long walk made me feel better, but I wasn't in a mood to get laid like the night before.

I decided on staying with the local hipster option since being able to walk back to my apartment was a powerful move that I didn't want to lose. My wingman was running late with other plans so I went to the bar alone. On the way over I asked myself, "So is this what I'm reduced to for getting laid in Ukraine? Going to the hipster bar to get a 6 or 7?" I couldn't decide if it was, but based on my one-night stand desire, it was the best option.

To lift my state, I knew that alcohol would be required, so I ordered one shot of vanilla vodka and an additional one on the rocks to get me started. I wasn't there for ten minutes when a tall brunette stood beside me to speak to the waitress.

It's worth describing her appearance carefully because it will play a role in what happens later. She was a brunette with large hazel eyes, heart-shaped lips, and a pleasing face. Her hair was in a fancy pony tail with strands strategically falling across the sides of her forehead. Her legs were long and very thin. She had on knee-high black socks and five inch heels, leather shorts, and a floral blouse. Her nails were painted purple. At first glance, I saw no discernible flaws. She also wore almost no makeup, so I knew I was looking at something special, especially in a bar where you rarely see a girl above a 7. I was excited because I found a natural beauty, not the Hollywood beauty that is so common in Ukraine.

Regardless of my poor mood, I wouldn't let a girl like this go without putting in an attempt. After she finished talking to the waitress, I tapped her on the shoulder and said that she seemed upset at something. She explained a story about a friend of hers who got into a bicycle accident. I noticed she was very expressive, speaking with her eyes and using hand gestures, unlike most Ukrainian girls. I brought up her tall height and she told me that she's actually quite short and that her heels deceive. Her English was not fluent, but strong. She was 24 and unmarried. Her name, Anna. I'd toss in a few Russian statements in our conversation, but it was mostly to show off instead of to communicate.

While talking I began to notice men carefully looking at us. I didn't think anything of it at the time. She invited me to her group in the back of the bar near the dance floor. Her friends were one guy and two girls. The music was loud and she eventually went to dance while I talked to the guy, who was the boyfriend of one of the girls.

Anna was extremely energetic, doing complicated dance moves in her heels while all I wanted to do was lean against the wall and drink my vodka. She tossed looks my way and motioned with her finger for me to come to the dance floor. I refused, motioning for her to

come to me by the wall. I knew I would have to raise my energy if I was to have a chance, so I eventually did join her. My bones creaked from dancing for the first time in a month, but I was able to ease into a rhythm. I think she took ballroom dancing classes because she kept trying to spin me around. I was giggling because I couldn't keep up with her.

"Do you smoke?" she asked.

"Not really. Sometimes when I drink."

"Do you want to go smoke outside?"

"Yes." This is my automatic response now.

On the way outside, two drunk guys in front talked some trash about us. She understood but didn't translate for me. I didn't know what to do. "Do you want me to fight them?" I asked, in an attempt to preserve my manhood. I suspected they were either talking about me or making derogatory comments about her body. She didn't seem slighted so I didn't dwell on it.

We found a spot by the steps, but we had no fire. It seemed that only one person in the bar had a lighter and was sharing it among the two dozen smokers. We finally returned to our spot to find a gnome of a man standing there. I asked him if he would move but he pretended not to understand English, and then he tried to mack on Anna in Russian.

Anna is a warm, animated, and friendly person, so when someone talks to her, she responds, sort of like Polish women. She's not the typical Ukrainian girl that ignores people or gives a mean face. I couldn't exactly get into the conversation they were having, so I grabbed her gently and said, "Let's go sit down over there."

I chided her. "Look, you can't encourage these drunk guys by talking back to them."

"But I'm nice," she replied.

"Yes, I know you're nice, and I like that, but they are stupid. If you talk to them they think you like them and then won't leave."

"And I'm, how you say, naïve. I trust people." Like most foreigners, she pronounced naïve with only one syllable, like "nave."

Anna and I talked some more, getting to know each other, when another guy sidled close to us and tried to insert himself into the conversation. He did the same shit of speaking in Russian to her. I quickly got annoyed. I told him it's rude to interrupt, and that maybe he needs to go find his friends. He tried to act innocent, that he just wanted to have a conversation, but I said we're busy. He walked away.

I felt victorious this time around, but that didn't stop other guys from mocking my English when they heard me talking to her. I was getting zero respect from them. This wasn't usually the case in Ukraine, but it was apparently open season on us. I felt hate all around me.

I had been in Odessa for three months and I never saw a girl of Anna's caliber with an English-speaking guy. I suspected maybe that could be why they were hating. It so rarely happened to me that I didn't know how to react. Do I ignore it? That felt weak. Do I challenge every comment made? Maybe, but if I fight them, I have a huge downside of

losing the girl, even if I win a fight. It seemed like a lose-lose scenario, not helped by being alone without a muscle crew. I mentally prepared for some type of altercation before the night was over.

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I had to make the interaction more sexual, because there was no tension. I decided to take a risk and proposition her for sex, after only minor touching was done.

“How about we go to the beach, and make love?” I asked.

She seemed to consider it for a second before saying no. Of course I didn’t expect her to say yes (girls never do), but I wanted to see if she would withdraw from me after this point. She didn’t. I planted the sex seed and kept it there with various perverted statements and questions about sex and her ass.

A new issue developed. Her friend called and needed to cash a check, but she was out of town. Her ex-boyfriend was going to come by to drop off the check to Anna so that cash could be exchanged. I thought this was retarded but what am I doing to do?

After smoking we went back inside. I was about to get us a round of drinks, but she had to step out to make a call. “Are you going to wait for me?” she asked.

“Maybe,” I said.

“I’m coming back!”

I pulled out my “I need a little kiss” line and she gave me a sensual kiss on the cheek. I said I needed another, so she went to the other cheek. Then I grabbed her and held her close but didn’t go for the lips. She walked out to do her shady business. I leaned towards the bar to get her a drink, but then I stopped myself because I knew how it would play out: I’d buy her the drink and it’d sit on the bar, never claimed by its intended recipient.

I ordered a drink for myself. The best thing to do was to hit on another girl, because she may not come back, and if she did come back, it would be ideal for her to see me with someone else. Luckily, there were two cute girls next to me. I opened them and they received me well. We talked for a couple minutes and then I saw Anna coming back inside. When she saw me talking to the girls, she made a face of surprise. She came up to me and said, “That was fast.”

I replied, “They asked me where I was from. I’m a friendly person.”

She invited me to go back to her table. I ordered her a drink, gave it to her, and watched her eat french fries. Halfway through she had to go back outside. I said I needed another kiss. She kissed me quickly on my lips. I was satisfied. My head was inflating because this beautiful girl had taken such a fast liking to me.

Roger stopped by the bar and we chatted a bit. He made positive comments about Anna without my prompting so I knew that she was at a high standard of beauty. I caught myself looking to the door for her return. I decided to approach more girls instead of thinking about her. I did two approaches. They didn’t go so great but it took my mind off her and whether she was going to come back or not.

Thirty minutes passed. I started to accept that she would not return. I was disappointed

though I tried not to dwell on it. I met another girl who seemed open, but it was hard to put the same energy into her because, like every other girl in the bar, she was inferior looking than Anna. The difference was large.

Standing with my friend, wondering what I was going to do, he nudged me and said, “She’s coming back.” Through the corner of my eye I saw her walk to the back of the bar to talk to her friends. When she came back around we made eye contact and she put her hand up as if to say “Hold on.” I ordered another drink, feeling properly buzzed. It was getting late now so it was Anna or nothing.

Finally, 15 minutes later, she returned to me.

“I thought you left for good,” I said.

“I told you I’m coming back!”

“Yes, you did.” I wrapped my arms around her and we got close for a longer kiss. My penis quickly became engorged with blood. After the previous night, I didn’t know if I could go the distance only to be refused again. In most other countries of the world, I would slightly expect action based on such progress, but this was Ukraine.

I introduced Roger to her girlfriend. They seemed to get along well. Her other friends left so it was just us four. We went back outside to smoke. On the way, a fat older guy looked at us, said “200 dollars,” and laughed. Now I’m thinking, “How the fuck do I respond to this?” These assholes are making comments then walking off. Do I chase after them and get in their face? Let it go? I looked at Anna, and she laughed it off, so I decided to use her response a guide. If she was upset, I’d have to act.

Back outside more guys were hating on us. “They’re talking about my ass,” she said. It was large for a Ukrainian girl. To spite them she kissed me passionately on the lips for a good while. Their hate was transmutated into pleasure for me.

Things calmed down outside and now I started to work the logistics. I told her that I lived very close and I want to take her to my apartment so we can “listen to American music.” She said she was on her period. I couldn’t believe it—the second night in a row of a bleeding girl. I instinctively replied, “You’re lying.” She insisted she was.

I ran through my whole “I don’t care” routine, but she was absolutely not down. It felt pointless to try. Even if she wasn’t on her period, it’s not like I would be home free. I already knew that Ukrainian girls are more uncomfortable with sex when they don’t have their period than American girls who are on it.

Our friends dipped back inside. I sensed a good opportunity to escape. “Let’s go for a walk,” I said.

“No, I can’t leave my friend.”

I grabbed her and started walking. “Only a little walk.” The problem is that her feet were hurting because of her monster heels, and she didn’t want to walk far. Half a block away there was a comfortable lounge with sofa seating and blankets. We sat on the couch and ordered a round of drinks, caressing each other under the blanket. I explored the entire length of her legs and she apologized for not having shaved them even though I only felt

smoothness.

She was complimenting me nonstop at this point—about my appearance, my personality, everything. I was taken aback. She kept saying she liked me, and one time I slipped and said, “I like you too.” I examined her face closely, expecting to discover a serious flaw, but it was very pretty, and she was so affectionate and sweet that for a second I didn’t believe I was in Ukraine.

At one point she said, “I wear shoes like this, and I go to work, and I hold my head high, and guys never talk to me. I think they are scared of me.”

“I’m not scared of you.” It’s childish responses like this that would make her laugh.

I asked her when was the last time she had sex. “10 days.” That translates to about 6. “He is not my boyfriend, there is no feeling, only sex.” But this upset me because there was a guy tearing it up while I knew I wasn’t, and I regretted asking her. Suddenly I felt very jealous, wanting to put a stop to what they were doing, but of course I was powerless to do so and didn’t inquire into the relationship any further.

Learning my lesson from the previous night, I absolutely did not tell her that I was leaving in six days. She asked me how much longer I was staying and I said, “I don’t know, but sometimes I have to travel quickly.” Even that may have been to too honest.

Her friend called and came with Roger to join us on the opposite couch. The table between us was large enough that we had privacy to talk. The blanket also helped (I pulled her hand to my erect penis but she wouldn’t stroke it). I then tried to convince her to ditch her friend, shaming her for not being an independent woman, but it didn’t work; she steadfastly refused to leave her. The girls went to the bathroom and Roger suggested we do an afterparty. While he wasn’t crazy about his girl, he was willing to go the distance with me. The girls were open to the idea.

We sat for a while longer and I imagined what it would be like to date Anna. I accepted that I would probably take a break from the game. The last time I felt so quickly enamored with a girl was in Kaunas more than a year before. Sometimes things just emotionally click with a beautiful girl, and the only challenge is trying not to get mentally excited. And how could I get excited when I was leaving in a week? Her period would end a day or two before I was set to leave.

My friend and I went to the bathroom. When we came back, a drunk guy was sitting on the couch next to Anna’s friend.

Anna said, “He is very drunk and needs a taxi, so I’m calling him one.” I could only shake my head because I knew this weasel was just trying to get in with the girls. I asked him to get up so my friend could sit back down, but he was reluctant. He wanted to stick around and talk, trying to sit near Anna. By now I was tired of the night’s bullshit and wouldn’t allow it. I told him he could go wait in the bar and that he wasn’t welcome to talk to us. He walked away and when the taxi came he predictably said he didn’t want it anymore. Anna got pissed.

“What is his problem? I call a taxi for him because he needs help and now he says he

doesn’t want!”

I saw the opportunity, and decided that the four of us can take the taxi for ourselves, straight to my apartment. The girls didn’t protest. In the cab ride I gave Anna shit for being so gullible and trusting. A part of me now wanted to protect her.

Inside my apartment, we settled in the living room. I put on some music. Anna’s friend turned it off after twenty seconds and put on her own junk. I despise when girls do this and was glad she wasn’t my girl. I made drinks and Anna insisted on helping. She picked up a sponge and started wiping the counter, a nice gesture.

After drinks were made, I isolated Anna into my room. She found my boxing gloves, which I hadn’t used in a while because of a rotator cuff injury. I thought it was cute when she put on a glove and pretended to box me. I guess anything a pretty girl does is cute and funny, because if she was fat I’m sure I would have reasoned that she was aggressive and manly.

We lay on the bed and kissed and groped each other, but of course she wouldn’t let me take anything off, saying that her friend was in the next room. I told her that that didn’t matter, but then she brought up her vagina and her womanly problem. I demanded she prove it. She unbuttoned her jeans and showed me the pad. I hated life at that moment.

TO BE CONTINUED

Anna (Part 3)

October 16, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

PREVIOUSLY: Part 2

I didn't want to give up, but the resistance was tough. I put her hand on my dick and again she did nothing—not even a pinch or a twist. I wanted to see if she liked rape game, so I got on top of her and physically separated her shut legs with some muscle. She made a moan and told me she liked being taken. I then tried to take but again the resistance was too much, and she wasn't responding to me rubbing her vagina. It was almost an exact replay of the previous night.

It was about 7am by this point, and I was exhausted. We took a rest. She put her head on my chest and told me some more compliments about how she was happy to meet me and so on, but without physical consummation, it didn't have much effect on me. I felt myself shutting down.

Eventually she said it was time to go. She fixed her blouse (I managed to undo three buttons in my excited rage) and we went to the living room. Our friends were in slight embrace, falling asleep on each other's shoulders. Anna took a picture. Roger deserves a wingman medal for keeping Anna's friend occupied for so long.

Anna and I exchanged numbers and then she left with her friend. Roger left soon after. I was so tired I couldn't even be bothered to masturbate.

I failed in my mission to get a one-night stand in Ukraine, but the fact that my last two nights brought me closer than my previous six months in the country was a sign of progress. This minor success could be because of my Russian knowledge, or my increasing Ukrainian girl knowledge, but I believe it was my hunger. I was more ready than ever to put in the work to succeed, and I believe that made the difference. While I still came up depressingly short, I have no doubt that if I repeat this effort anywhere else in the world, I would receive the fast sexual results that I desire. For whatever reason, it just wasn't enough in Ukraine.

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One-night stand failure or not, it was worth pursuing Anna before I left because of the two day window between her period ending and me leaving. My plan was to squeeze in an early date to put in face time then go for the vaginal gold the day it ended.
I considered my options on how and when to contact her. Since the fire was so hot, and she was so affectionate with me, I decided to contact her the next day. She was very insistent on telling me to "call" her, so my plan was simply to ping her with a text on Sunday evening about my intention to call her on Monday. Then I'd try for a Tuesday night date. The relationship was such that two days of silence seemed prolonged and distant.

I sent a message on Sunday night saying it was nice to meet her, and I would call the next day. I didn't ask her a question, but girls usually respond to such texts with at least a

simple “Okay.” By the time I went to bed, Anna didn’t respond. I knew this was a bad sign.

On Monday I went about my day; I did some light work and then went to the gym. It was crowded and I had to wait a long time for the bench press. I went home, ate, took a shower, and called Anna. With her not having acknowledged my text, I wasn’t expecting her to answer, and sure enough she didn’t. In the vacuum filled by her indifference, I decided to text the girl I brought to my bed on Friday, Marina, who I remembered firmly telling me we could only be friends. She replied quickly, but when I went for the date, she offered no response.

That night I sat at home staring at a quiet phone. I had nothing to show for my hard work from the weekend. Most importantly, a girl who I thought felt strongly about me didn’t even care to respond. I went to bed certain that I made the right decision about leaving Ukraine, because even when I met a girl that I clicked with, the result still turned out negative.

I woke up the next day in a sour mood. Marina’s flake wasn’t a big deal, but Anna? I knew her behavior was perfect game to get a person’s emotions heated, but I couldn’t help but desire to speak to her. I had to pursue. After rationalizing to myself that I was just doing a “game experiment,” I sent both Anna and Marina the same text: “What happened… you already forgot all the good things about me?”

I wasn’t expecting anything from it, but Anna instantly called me.

“Hello,” she said. “I’m sorry, I’ve been really sad the past day.”

“Sad? About what?” For a second I thought she found out about my blog.

“It’s… it’s nothing.”

“It’s okay, I thought something happened. You said so many nice things to me that it was weird not to hear from you. I didn’t remember you being a cold person.”

“I’m sorry, I think too much sometimes. What are you doing?”

“I’m relaxing at home. What time do you get off work?” She seemed quite eager to make plans for later that evening.

Marina also texted me, saying she didn’t think there was a point in us meeting since I would leave soon. Usually I’d try to keep it going, but since Anna agreed to a date, I didn’t even bother to reply. She was an inferior prospect in every way, and seemed to want me to beg her just to meet for a pizza.

I wasn’t sure what to expect with Anna, but I was pleased she came through. The clouds around me lifted, and I knew that I was in deep trouble if a girl could affect me so.

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For the date I dressed casually in jeans and a light sweater. I sat on a bench near the main fountain waiting for her. She arrived dressed like she was going to the club on a Friday night—high heels, tight pants, blouse, and white jacket. Her hair was done in an elaborate style and her nails painted a new color. She greeted me with a hug and kiss.

We started walking to a Spanish restaurant I knew.

“I’m not happy with you,” I said.

She put on a sad face. “Why not?”

“I contact you and you don’t respond.”

“I’m sorry. It’s just—I had to think if you were the right man for me or not. I thought about you all Sunday, and I like you a lot, but I’m scared to fall in love, and I didn’t know what to do.” If I didn’t send her the hail mary text, I wonder if I would have ever heard from her again.

I noticed her personality upon our first meeting, but it was more clear to me sober. She seemed to possess a child’s spirit where the smallest thing would open her eyes wide and elicit an emotional response. She alternated between rapid speech when excited and a methodical slowness when she wanted to stress something, between a melancholy fragility at life’s burden and an infectious liveliness that was so spirited she could have read a television manual to me and I would’ve been entertained. As her nature became apparent to me, I started to get depressed, because I knew she was a potential “dream girl,” a phrase I hate to use because of the value it bestows upon the girl, but which no other phrase is worthy. She simply had most of the qualities I wanted in a woman. Only two previous girls in my life could match her, one from Brazil and one from Poland.

The sex component was still missing, so I did my best to bury positive thoughts about her, but the more she talked, and smiled, and laughed, and touched me, and complimented me, the harder it was. I felt like I was falling, and this made the depression deeper because I was leaving in only four days. I wanted her to do something gross in front of me like eat her boogers so that I could easily write her off, but every extra minute I was with her, the more I enjoyed her company. I was getting sucked in, and there was nothing I could do about it but slump my shoulders, look at her with blank eyes, and curse my luck, both the good and the bad.

We drank sangrias while waiting for my paella (she abstained from eating), and discussed our backgrounds. She told me that she felt capable of much more in life but didn’t exactly know how to apply herself. She wanted to travel, she wanted to see the world, but felt limited.

I gave her the brief version of my work and travel history. She was impressed. I told her more specifics about my writing and added that I also love reading. She said she doesn’t have the attention span for reading, but she liked the Twilight books. I was reminded yet again how a quality I would have despised in an average girl was endearing when coming out of Anna. She could have told me she loved to wait in long lines to buy cupcakes, and it wouldn’t have decreased my attraction for her one bit. It made me believe that all the preferences I list in a woman simply applies to a merely pretty girl, but when the girl is your top ideal, none of that really matters.

At one point we discussed how people get colder as they age. I told her that girls become increasingly scared of being hurt. “They don’t want to feel pain, but they don’t realize that the man who can cause them pain will also cause them pleasure. So by avoiding pain

they also avoid pleasure."

Most girls have a hard time with this concept, stressing that a girl must be careful, but Anna surprised me: "Yes, I completely agree! The person who makes you sad can make you happy."

This was the first time a girl ever agreed with me on this point. I was happy for a moment, but then I remembered that I could not have this girl for the long-term, and so I'd snap out of it and go back to trying not to see her in such a positive light.

I inhaled my dinner and we finished our drinks. I sat next to her for some time. She said I was a beautiful man, which I'm not sure is praise to me or an insult to Ukrainian men. She gave me other compliments, and with each one I started to feel like a scumbag because I was allowing her to develop feelings for me when I knew I was leaving in four days. I had the choice to feel something for her or not but she didn't, and I knew that wasn't fair. Still, I wasn't going to tell her. I knew she would instantly close up like Marina did and everything would be over. I suspected that whatever hurt she would feel from my actions, I'd end up feeling the same when I had to reveal the truth.

We talked briefly about her woman problem. She said it would be over in a day or two. "I want you to come over on Thursday for dinner," I said. "I will cook."

"Do you want me to bring anything?"

"Not really. You can bring a cake, if you want."

"What cake would you like me to make?"

"You're going to cook it?" I asked.

"Yes. Do you like Napolean cake?"

"Sure. And there is one thing I have to tell you."

"What?"

"When you come over on Thursday, this is what's going to happen: we're going to eat good food, drink good wine, listen to good music, and then I will take you to my room, and we will make love. You have no choice. I don't care about anything else, but this will happen."

She kissed me and I rubbed her leg, inching up to her vagina. A part of me wanted to give her a tough ultimatum to prove to myself that I wasn't getting too needy, even if there was a danger she would be turned off. As long as I was less affectionate than her, which I was, I figured I was safe, but I can say that with Anna it felt more unnatural holding back than simply telling her what I was thinking.

Later, I asked her what she wanted in life. Did she want marriage, kids, love?

"I want love," she said.

"And what do I get if I give you my love," I replied.

"I'll give it to you twice in return."

A warm feeling overcame me, one I hadn't felt in a long time. Maybe this was her game, her way to trick men into falling for her, and I would end up feeling stupid and humiliated

afterwards, but even if it was, I didn't want her to stop.

I paid the bill and we walked outside to the taxi she called. "Do you need money for the taxi?" I asked.

"No I'm fine." Some Ukrainian girls say yes by shrugging their shoulders.

"So I will call you Thursday afternoon."

"You won't call me tomorrow?" she said with a sad face.

"You want me to?"

"Yes, why not!"

"Okay I will call you tomorrow after I go to the gym. Maybe you will answer this time."

She smiled and said, "I will wait for your call." She gave me a kiss and sauntered off to the cab.

The wind was blowing strong. I walked home slowly with my head down and arms crossed. I was conflicted. I was creating a scenario where I'd lose either way. Even if I have sex with her, I'd get attached, and probably her to me, and parting would be painful. If I didn't have sex with her, I'd be bitter that I found such a beautiful girl and couldn't thrust inside her. Thoughts of forgetting about Poland entered my head, of eating the cost of the flight and completely changing my plans, but I deemed it ridiculous and pushed it out of my mind. I will go to Poland. There's no way I could stay in a city just because of a girl, but at the same time I knew it may be a long time until I meet another Anna. I wondered if I should have sent her the hail mary text. I would have forgotten about her, went to Poland, and enjoyed my time there.

A couple hours later, I received a text message. It was her, telling me she couldn't sleep because she was thinking of me. "This feels like a fairy tale," she wrote.

TO BE CONTINUED

Anna (Part 4)

October 17, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

PREVIOUSLY: Part 3

I called Anna, as promised, and she answered the phone. “What are you doing?” I asked.

“I’m making the cake! It takes some time so right now he has to sit for a while.” I mentally translated cake into Russian and confirmed that it’s a masculine word, hence her reference to it as a “he.” I never corrected her English mistakes because it would just make her frustrated and embarrassed. It’s part of her charm, anyway.

“I like that,” I said. “Tomorrow I will go to the store to buy some things for our little dinner. Did you sleep well last night? You were texting me late.”

“I had a dream.”

“What was it?”

“There were two men, and they were fighting for me, and I didn’t know what to do, but the second guy fought more for me, and I went with him.”

“That’s an interesting dream,” I replied. I didn’t inquire further.

I considered telling her she didn’t have to dress up when coming over, but then I thought that I’d be a fool for telling a girl she had permission to put less effort into me. You give a girl an inch of laziness and next thing you know she arrives to dates in pajamas.

When it came time to say goodbye, neither of us wanted to hang up the phone, and only after the third goodbye did we hang up.

—

I met up with Roger to grab some dinner. My favorite barbecue restaurant closed early so we ended up at the same bar where I met Anna. While waiting for the bar fare we ordered, I caught him up on the newest developments.

“The thing that’s really fucked up,” I said, “is that I’m cursing my luck of having met her a few days before leaving for Poland, but it was because I was going to Poland that I wanted to give the nightlife here one last surge. If I was staying here longer, or going to Kiev, I’m sure I wouldn’t have met her.” Then I added, “But I still don’t think it’s right of me to not tell her I’m leaving on Saturday.”

“You told her you have to travel often, right? Just say you have to go to Poland for a couple weeks. Then you can extend that time once you are there and invite her to fly over. Your lie is not that bad. You seem to genuinely want to pursue something with her, so it’s not a pump and dump.”

“I guess.”

I began to wonder what information Anna hadn’t yet told me. She seemed to be too much of an open book to hide anything significant, like an ex-husband or a love child, but it was obvious that there were other men in her life and I was simply being lined up as a

potential front runner. It's not as if I would fly out of her city and she would be left alone and destitute, so I believed it wasn't horrible of me to take measures to get what I desired first.

"I need some luck on my side," I told Roger. "So many variables can come up. Maybe her period runs late. Maybe she flakes. I'm close, but I need a good push over the edge."

"It's out of your hands now."

"There's always Friday. I absolutely must bang this girl. I'll pull out every trick in the book." I paused and then added "…even rape." We both laughed.

I liked how talking to another man dulled my feelings for her and made it more about the notch. It made me visualize the bang and not a relationship, but I knew that if Anna showed up to my apartment looking sexy, and started with the touching, sweet talk, cute puppy dog expressions, and endearing English mistakes, my mind would drift away from seeing her as a conquest and into a girl I wanted to pass time with and maybe even fly around Europe on my dime so I can keep these romantic feelings alive.

—

For most of the next day I thought of two previous times I met a great girl but elected not to stay and pursue a relationship. It felt like a bad move to do so, because I believe the minute you change plans for a girl is the minute she will sense it and then get turned off. I began to seriously debate taking this risk with Anna or not, trying to understand what it would entail.

If I leave Odessa, I have to assume that nothing would progress between us, since I have past experience to be mostly sure of that. Out of sight, out of mind. I'd go to Poland and probably regret my decision when facing just the slightest problem like one sausage fest night or a supermarket that didn't have my favorite type of cheese (gouda).

If I remain, I will have to make the tough admission that I'm staying in a city that I had already decided I wanted to leave, only because of a girl. I can rationalize that Odessa is nice, but my bags were already packed in my mind. Plus Roger was set to depart in two weeks, so I'd soon have no friends. In spite of the fact she was putting herself at the top of my list, I would feel like a chump for making such a big change to my plans.

In the middle of my contemplation, she sent me a text message: "Without you, time passes very slowly." Girls never text me these types of statements before I have sex with them. I stared at it for a good minute.

As the hour of her arrival approached, I realized that whether we had sex or not would not make my decision any easier. Of course I would go for the lay, but even if I failed, I'd want to stay longer to finish the job. If we did have sex, I'd still want to stay to have sex with her again. There was no piece of new information that would make the decision easy, so I went into the date not looking for answers, but just wanting to get laid. I had to crush it, at the minimum.

She called me when she was five minutes away from my apartment to ask if I could come downstairs to help her. I went down and, like usual, she was dressed up in heels, short

dress, and so on. She handed me the cake and we walked upstairs. Once in the kitchen, I opened a bottle of red wine and poured two glasses.

After a couple sips, I said, “Do you want to have sex before dinner or after?” I put my arms around her and rested my hands on her ass. She looked at me for a few seconds before giving her answer.

“I want to have sex before *and* after dinner.”

Withholding my excitement, I began kissing and squeezing her body. I had a boner for half the day so I was worried it wouldn’t take much for me to explode.

“Did I give you the tour of my apartment before?” I asked.

“No, I don’t think you did,” she said sarcastically. Only five days had passed since she was previously in my room.

I picked her up in my arms and walked slowly to the bedroom, to prove to her that I was strong and could carry her. Standing next to my bed, I removed her dress over her head, frustrated to find a slip underneath. I removed the slip and she stood before me in matching blue bra and panties. “My turn,” she said. She removed my shirt and undid my jeans. I reached to her back and unstrapped her bra with one hand, which seemed to amaze her. I pushed her onto the bed and got on top of her, pressing my dick against her crotch. Her eyes closed and I removed her panties and then my boxers. “You have to use…”

“A condom,” I interrupted. I reached for a condom in my drawer and put it on.

Ukrainian girls are usually lackluster in bed, but her performance matched her personality. We fucked in at least five different positions. She moaned, gyrated her hips, squeezed my body, and massaged my hairy balls, a move I particularly enjoyed.

The ultimate test of whether she was the ideal girl for me was when I sensed my nut on the horizon and put her stomach down to penetrate from behind. I like the sound a thick ass makes against my body when I pound a girl with her face stuffed in the pillow. Her ass was—almost miraculous for her petite size—a robust thickness. My orgasm was so pleasurable I almost felt like I would black out.

Afterwards I lay on my back, trying to catch my breath. She put her head on my chest. I was happy.

TO BE CONCLUDED

Anna (Part 5 of 5)

October 18, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

PREVIOUSLY: Part 4

After my orgasm it was honesty time. I could now think clearly and know if I just wanted to fuck her one time or if I wanted to keep her. I looked carefully at her face, her hair, her body. Her beauty did not decline in my mind. She still looked the same as when I first saw her.

I slipped on a pair of shorts and gave her a white t-shirt. Back in the kitchen I put on some music and began cooking. She begged me to help but I told her to sit down and relax. This was hard for her to do since she has too much energy. She hopped around the kitchen, dancing to the music, telling me little anecdotes. She was on standby to wash any utensil I used, but she was washing things I still needed. I told her to stop cleaning. "But I like cleaning!" she said. I knew if we dated, I'd have trouble keeping up with her, but at least my kitchen would be spotless.

My dish was not turning out so well. I was trying to make a white wine sauce with heavy cream but I mistakenly bought fat-free sour cream instead. When I added it to the pan, the white substance instantly disintegrated into unappealing chunks. Anna took a look at it and frowned. "I think I'll let you cook next time," I said.

"Oh no, it's okay, it looks good," she said, trying to make me feel better.

There was too much liquid and I had no flour to thicken it up, so we had to wait a while for it to evaporate. I figured that it would be prudent to have sex again. We went back in my bedroom and this time I weaseled it in without a condom. It's easy to do with emotional girls, but I had to block out thoughts that if she was doing it with me, she has probably done it with other guys.

The sex was spirited. Anna was a wildcat and could take whatever I could give her, preferring it deep and hard, saying "Da, da" when I yanked on her hair. Her pussy was a perfect fit for me—not too tight, not too loose, and with extra lubrication. I went a long time, as if I subconsciously wanted to perform well, and eventually pulled out to cum beside her.

There was a surreal feeling to what was happening. I fornicated with a gorgeous girl, who had an amazing personality, who really liked me, who was dynamite in bed, and who cooked me a goddamn cake. The insecure part of me wondered what I did to deserve this.

By the time we made it back to the kitchen, my dish was burning. I patched it up by adding more wine. It was edible but probably the worst thing I made in years. I teased her that it was her fault. While eating, I wondered if I should tell her that I'm planning to leave in two days, but decided that would be a mistake. I didn't want her to know of the decision I was facing and for her to realize the turmoil she was causing me. I had to be silent about it.

We got to talking about roommates and she said she once lived with a boyfriend. “He was a sailor, and had to leave for a few months. During that time away I started to compare him to other guys who were talking to me, and realized I didn’t want that kind of relationship. So when he came back I told him I didn’t want to be his girlfriend anymore.”

This revealed two things to me. First, she had suitors constantly hitting on her, so there would probably never be a moment when I felt she was “mine.” The fact that she was hit on when I met her, from guys who were completely blind to my presence, told me what I was up against. I’d always have to compete and be on top of my game, never able to rest, when the point of dating Eastern European women is being able to relax and not worry about “relationship game.”

Second, she would have no patience for a guy who didn’t give it his all and treat her like a princess. If I left the country, I’d be gone at least four months, which she indirectly told me was too long. At some point I’d have to leave, the suitors would attack, and her email response times would get longer until there was prolonged silence.

She would never be mine, I knew that, but I wanted to be able to take the relationship to its natural conclusion, to say, “Well, I’m kind of tired of fucking her anyway,” and just move on without regrets.

After we ate, she pulled out her cake and cut me a slice. I counted six layers. It appeared just like the cakes I buy in the cafe. “This looks hard to make,” I said.

“Yes it took me a long time because of all the levels. You have to wait 15 minutes between each one.”

“How long did it take in total?”

“Three hours.”

“A way to a man’s heart is through his stomach,” I said. She never heard that expression before so I could sense her making a mental note of it to use in the future.

The cake was delicious. I ate a second piece and thanked her. She then got up and began the dishes. I wanted to tell her to relax, but I remained silent and let her clean while I watched her, with the bottom of her ass peeking out from my t-shirt.

We went back to my room to lay down, but it was getting late and she said she had to wake up early for work. I urged her to stay five more minutes. I was still surprised she didn’t ask me when exactly I was leaving the country. I felt like I had to say something.

“I’m not sure when to leave,” I said. “I like Odessa, and was thinking of going to Poland, but I don’t know. I just have to visit America in December, so I’m free until then. There is a gym nearby I like, so I guess I can stay a little longer. I was thinking of studying Russian again.”

Still nothing. She didn’t ask me any questions. Ideally I wanted her to say, “Please Roosh stay in Odessa forever!” But it didn’t come. Maybe she didn’t care, I don’t know.

I then asked her, “If you’re dating a guy, how often do you want to see him?”

“Every day!” she replied.

“Every day? I see.”

“But it doesn’t have to be every day. I don’t want you to think I’m crazy.”

“Don’t worry, do what you want and if I think you are acting crazy I will tell you.”

At no point during our entire seduction did I feel that she was playing a game with me, but several minutes later she hit me with one.

“Can you get my phone in the kitchen?” she asked. “I need to call a taxi.”

“I’m tired,” I replied.

“Please get it!”

“Your legs don’t work anymore? Next thing you will ask me to carry your purse around.” I’ve seen Ukrainian guys do this with their girls. While I was considering changing my entire travel plans for her, there was no way I’d get her phone.

She didn’t get mad, but there was a minute of coolness while she got dressed. She called the taxi and then retrieved her cake plate. My mind was really churning now, thinking, “She’s not coming back again, that’s why she’s getting the plate.”

I escorted her downstairs and the coolness seemed to end. She kissed me with passion and said she had a great time. I slipped the taxi fare ($6) into her bag in spite of her protests, my usual habit with the girls I sleep with. I never wanted them to balk at coming to bang in the future because of a taxi fare that was insignificant to me.

Now that I slept with her, I felt a little aimless, unsure of what to do next. More severely, I was feeling on edge when I should have been soaking in a glorious sex afterglow. Where was the anxiety coming from?

I had a good guess: I was set to leave for Poland in 36 hours.

—

In the past year, I’ve noticed that my decision making process has a loophole. I decide primarily based on how much pain my current experience has. Decisions should be made looking into the future, but I’ve been making decisions based on avoidance of current pain.

The original plan was to stay in Ukraine for six months, studying Russian throughout, but the “pain” of both the language and the sexual slowness of the women had my mind floating to the easier option, Poland. I had come up with other excuses to leave, including bad restaurant service and strangers who don’t smile at me, but that seemed insignificant while my dick air-dried from Anna’s vaginal juices, especially since Poland is not exactly the land of smiles. I just wanted easier sex, and was willing to rationalize getting that in any way.

Poland has a lower level of pleasure that exists most times, while Ukraine has long doses of pain followed by incredible spikes of pleasure that can surpass what Poland gives. Ukraine is for growth, frustration, and excitement while Poland is for comfort, contentment, and relaxation. I had decided to leave for Poland because I was fatigued from studying Russian, tired of the crappy nightlife, and bored of sleeping with one other

girl who wasn't close to my Ukrainian best, and then Anna came along with this injection of pleasure. All of a sudden, the Ukrainian downsides were fading into the background.

I didn't know what my next step should be. I went to sleep hoping for some more clarity the next day, my last full day in Ukraine before I was supposed to leave.

—

I woke up after only five hours, unable to sleep. I fantasized about boning Anna for a few minutes then started debating my course of action.

Any decision I was about to be make had to be based on the assumption that I would never see Anna again. Too many times I have been disappointed by women, disrespected by them, flaked by them. In spite of the fact that Anna did seem to genuinely like me, I'd be a fool to depend on her to come through in any way, no matter what she has said and no matter how many layers her cake had. I had to assume the worst, and ask myself what I would do if I stayed and she disappeared.

I'd study Russian.
I'd approach girls every day.
I'd keep up my gym routine.

I started to investigate my options. I called the airline and they said I could change my flight for a nominal fee. I called my landlord and she said I could stay an extra month. The Polish apartment company said I could use my deposit for a future stay. The path was open.

It has been said that smart people make better decisions, but I believe smart people make better rationalizations. Looking back on all my big decisions, which I thought I made with logic, I actually used emotion. The logic was just there to give the veneer of making the better choice. I now understand I'm using emotion when I make a list of logical reasons for doing something, since my mind already decided what it wants well before I knew it consciously. For this decision I had to forget about logic. And so it was very easy.

There was no guarantee anything would come out of me and Anna, but I looked forward more to the mere possibility of seeing her again than going back to Poland. While this made me nervous, it was a truth I couldn't deny. I didn't care how badly this would end for me, as long as I could say I gave it my all with her in my hunt for pleasure and happiness.

That afternoon I opened my Russian notebook, scanned the work I did three weeks before, and began studying. Midway through I received a text from Anna. She wrote "good morning" five times, followed by four smiley faces.

TOMORROW: *Epilogue*

Anna (Epilogue)

October 19, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

PREVIOUSLY: Part 5

I became tense if she would take a little too long to reply to one of my messages or not answer the phone on the first ring. There was a large danger I was being so needy that she would get turned off, so I did my best to hold back attention and busy myself with other tasks, even though I desired validation that I made the correct choice in staying. I almost wanted a guarantee from her that she would show up on bi-weekly dates for the next month.

Once I got settled back into my own routine, the anxiety subsided. The novelty of sex decreased and my emotions became controllable. She began to show me so much affection that I couldn't possibly match hers if I tried. The power of the relationship shifted into my corner, never to leave again. I was safe.

Our relationship was very typical. We'd talk nearly every day, if not on the phone than at least by text. She'd tell me about her day and I would tell her about mine. A couple times a week we'd meet, either going out to eat or her coming over. We'd go for walks, we'd relax in bed, she'd help me with Russian, I'd help her with English. I learned she was comically authoritarian in the kitchen when cooking, directing me like I was the help, but once in bed I was able to treat her body like my own personal sex device.

She worked to keep the sex exciting. I remember the rainy night when I told her to come over and "dress sexy." She arrived in a rain coat and heels. Underneath the coat was just her bra and panties. I ravaged her immediately, feeling blessed that I had met a girl who took such effort to please me.

Besides the sexual, we were extremely compatible with each other, approaching a level of mind reading that long-term couples often achieve. One day without being in touch with her felt strange, and hearing her voice on the phone would give me a little dose of happiness, but as I tried to set up the logistics for living long-term in Odessa, like taking Russian classes or searching for a more suitable apartment, I would procrastinate and not follow through. I knew what that meant.

I couldn't understand it. She was cooking for me, buying me things, fucking my brains out, and saying such sweet things. She was everything on my list—everything. If I asked god for my ideal woman, Anna would appear. I knew in my soul that I couldn't do much better than her, and that I could approach 5,000 women and not meet a girl who would surpass her, but by the fourth week of our relationship, I was bored. I felt that I needed more variety and excitement. I needed to be back in the game. I needed to go to Poland. I didn't want to stay more than the one extra month.

After we said our sad goodbyes and I was back in the Polish city of Wroclaw, the variety didn't appeal to me like it did in the past. Polish girls weren't nearly as pretty as I remembered them, and for the first three days I couldn't even spot one anywhere that

was more beautiful than Anna. I felt that I was watching an old movie I had already seen many times before, and that Anna easily provided me with more happiness than Wroclaw could. I started to think about what change had happened to me, because a city that I attacked with all my energy two years prior seemed to have nothing for me now. It was too early to know for sure, but I had to accept that I may have made a big mistake in leaving my Anna.

Previous Story: *The King Of Warsaw*

What A Time To Be 17 Years Old

October 21, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

My little brother is a senior in high school. When I was his age, it was a no-brainer to go to college. At a cost of about $4,000 a year, it turned out being a wise investment because once month after graduation I was fully employed with a good salary.

Times are different now. Tuition at my old school, the University Of Maryland, has more than doubled to $10,000 a year, and jobs for graduates are scarce but for a few specialties. My brother was planning on coasting in college and not declaring a major until the last moment, but I told him how dangerous that would be for him. If he coasted into the wrong major, which is what coasters tend to do, he would face a debt load of at least $40,000. I told him that a lot of kids are graduating with marginal degrees and no job prospects, becoming slaves to the system.

“If you want to go to college,” I told him, “pick a major where there will be a job waiting for you.” My advice was simple, but among high school guidance counselors and parents of his peers, it’s blasphemy. They still have the belief that “everyone must go to college no matter what.” Even my dad, who is well aware of deteriorating economic conditions, stubbornly clings to this holy mantra, pushing my brother into attending college without accounting for what he wants to study.

For the past year, I’ve been trying to help my brother find interests or passions that could translate into a career. The problem is that he was born in the age of distraction. His brain is wired for the internet, Youtube, and Facebook, so it’s hard for him to focus on difficult tasks without wanting to check his internet accounts and get the dopamine hit of something new but insignificant. Nothing is more interesting to him than the computer or television screen.

I told him that a STEM degree would be his best bet if he went to college, even though I know it’s not bulletproof. He would have to be the best at what he attempts. He initially told me he may want to be a computer programmer.

“Have you ever programmed before?” I asked, already knowing the answer.

“No.”

“Well, do you want to pay $40k and 4 years to find out if it’s something you want to do for the rest of your life?”

I bought him a beginners’ programming book and told him to try it out for half an hour a day. He did, for two weeks.

“There are a million kids programming right now, writing apps and making web sites, and they aren’t even old enough to go to college. How will you keep up with them and earn a good income if you don’t want to learn in your spare time?” So programming was out.

Then he declared an interest in writing. I told him to create a blog and start writing. You definitely don’t need to go to college for that. His writing is strong for his age, and he

seems to enjoy it, but after three posts, the blog went dormant.

Instead of experimenting with new things to find his passion, he rather play video games over the internet with his friends that live just a couple blocks away. He looks forward to graduating high school not to enter the adult world, but to play more games. I can't blame him, because I definitely wasn't motivated at 17, but it's not 1997 anymore. There's no more room for loafers to succeed. I had to tell him what was in store.

"Right now everything is provided for you. Dad pays for food, shelter, and internet. You have air conditioning, laptop, tablet, X Box, smart phone, everything. You don't understand that these things require money and therefore work. You're thinking that once you graduate, life gets easy and you can enjoy your toys, but it will get much harder, and it will stay hard for many years until you establish yourself. You want to graduate high school to relax, but you're actually relaxing right now, and it won't get any easier.

"One of two things will happen. First is you get into college, pick a good major, study for four years, then get a job. Second is you pick a manual labor job that you may not like and stick with that until you figure things out. Problem is Dad won't let you sit around the house all day and play games, so no matter what you will have to work hard.

"If you truly don't know what you want to do, which seems to be the case, put college on hold. Don't go unless you are sure, because otherwise it could be the biggest mistake of your life when in four years you will be no closer to knowing what you want and then become a slave to the banks paying off a 20-year loan. It's better to get any job, even one that you hate, than to be a slave.

"It's not fair that you have to make this decision now, but life, as you will learn, isn't fair. If you don't know what you want, experiment as cheaply as possible before making a big investment in your future."

Even if my brother majors in computer programming, and does well in it, how will he be able to compete with the low-priced foreign guys on Elance that I hire myself? How can he know which job won't be outsourced to Bangalore or which upcoming technology won't render him position obsolete?

"It seems that the only jobs that are safe," I said, "are ones that require your body and hands to be present. These are jobs like plumber, electrician, mechanic, truck driver, mover, oil rig worker, construction worker, and taxicab driver. In knowledge economies like ours, the safest job is one which can't be transmitted over the internet. Simply look back 50 years to see which jobs existed. If they still exist today, even after the internet, that means they are insulated from technology. They have a good chance of existing in the next 50 years. Your life won't be glamorous with these jobs, but at least you can eat and put a roof over your head instead of depending on me, dad, or the government."

When I look at my little brother, I see myself. I see a kid who is doing well in school just to please his parents. I see a kid who doesn't know what he wants to be and who wants to finally finish high school to have fun. The biggest difference is that I was lucky to graduate during a time when a university education was cheap and jobs were plentiful. I

could afford to make what turned out to be a career mistake, but he can’t. He has to grow up a lot faster than I did, and I can only wonder what will become of him as he embarks on this difficult journey.

Don’t Miss: *7 Things I Would Tell My Teenage Self*

What Happened When I Quit Caffeine For A Month

October 23, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I can't remember a time when I didn't consume caffeine, either in the form of soda, tea, or coffee. Since middle school, I had at least one serving every day. By the time I went to South America, I was a one-cup-a-day coffee drinker, but repeated gastrointestinal illnesses during my travels rendered my stomach sensitive, fragile, and apparently, lactose intolerant. I switched to tea instead, particularly Earl Grey. It was easier on my stomach but still packed a strong caffeine punch.

It took a couple years for me to be able to drink coffee again. I resumed my one-cup-a-day habit, usually in the form of a cappuccino, which I'd take with a lactase pill. In Europe, cappuccinos are quite small, so I started getting two a day to make up for the stinginess in portion size compared to my birth country. Then the habit turned to three a day, and some days even four. My afternoons became a build-up to the moment I'd start drinking coffee, like it was the highlight of my day.

The problem was that I gradually desensitized myself from the caffeine—I no longer felt a boost when drinking. Instead, I was drinking just to feel normal and stable. I knew I had become dependent on it, so I decided to quit caffeine cold turkey, just to see what would happen.

For the first two days I had headaches and was irritable and moody. More severely, I was constantly tired. I'd wake up at my normal time around noon, eat breakfast, work for an hour, then feel the urgent need to sleep again. I had to take daily naps to function. My body seemed to be catching up on its sleep debt, which the caffeine masked, and it wasn't until one full week that I no longer had the urge to nap.

I carefully monitored my body for changes in the subsequent weeks. The biggest was that I was having more vivid dreams. Whereas before my dreams were short scenes, they now become full stories that seemingly lasted for hours. They were the type of dreams where upon waking you have to think for a few seconds to consider if it really was a dream or not. This suggested to me that I was experiencing a deeper sleep.

The second thing I noticed is a more constant energy level throughout the day, except for a dip around 8 hours after waking when I would feel a bit tired for an hour or so. And that's it. The benefits were quite marginal, but enough to suggest that caffeine was disrupting my sleep cycle and causing me to mis-read signals that my body was trying to send me. This is not surprising when you consider how caffeine works.

In your brain, caffeine blocks the attachment of a molecule that builds in concentration as you get tired. This molecule attaches to a specific receptor to give you the conscious feeling of fatigue. Caffeine, by attaching to the receptor instead, prevents this feeling of fatigue, sending your body into a state of confused overdrive. The molecule doesn't disappear while caffeine hogs the receptor—it waits around to attach itself once the caffeine breaks down. When it does, you get a massive feeling of fatigue, often referred

to as the “crash.” Therefore caffeine doesn’t create energy—it simply makes an advance on your energy stores that your body has to immediately pay back when the caffeine gets excreted in your urine (its half-life is 5 hours).

My difference in sleep quality suggested that caffeine can linger in my system for well over 8 hours, as its long half-life suggests. While it will be in concentrations too low to make you feel alert or energetic, it will be high enough to disturb your sleep.

At the end of my no-caffeine month, I decided I didn’t want to be dependent—physiologically or psychologically—on a substance just to feel normal, and would only consume caffeine infrequently and randomly like alcohol. Instead of being a habit, I make it a treat for far earlier in the day, at least 12 hours before I plan on going to sleep.

Read Next: *How To Pick Up Girls In A Coffee Shop*

Review Of Antifragile By Nassim Taleb

October 28, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In this book, written by Nassim Taleb (author of Black Swan), we are introduced to antifragility, a concept where some systems are strengthened by volatility instead of weakened by it. For example, a set of wine glasses is fragile because any volatility will break them, but humankind is antifragile thanks to evolution and our ability to adapt to environmental changes. Your muscles are are also antifragile, because volatility in the form of strength-training makes them stronger.

> And we can almost always detect antifragility (and fragility) using a simple test of asymmetry: anything that has more upside than downside from random events (or certain shocks) is antifragile; the reverse is fragile.
>
> […]
>
> It is of great help that Mother Nature— thanks to its antifragility— is the best expert at rare events, and the best manager of Black Swans; in its billions of years it succeeded in getting here without much command-and-control instruction from an Ivy League– educated director nominated by a search committee.
>
> […]
>
> In short, the fragilista (medical, economic, social planning) is one who makes you engage in policies and actions, all artificial, in which the benefits are small and visible, and the side effects potentially severe and invisible.
>
> There is the medical fragilista who overintervenes in denying the body's natural ability to heal and gives you medications with potentially very severe side effects; the policy fragilista (the interventionist social planner) who mistakes the economy for a washing machine that continuously needs fixing (by him) and blows it up; the psychiatric fragilista who medicates children to "improve" their intellectual and emotional life; the soccer-mom fragilista; the financial fragilista who makes people use "risk" models that destroy the banking system (then uses them again); the military fragilista who disturbs complex systems; the predictor fragilista who encourages you to take more risks; and many more.

Taleb's visceral hatred for intellectuals and academics is palpable; he trashes them at

least once every few pages. He hates how their attempts at optimization does nothing more than increase the fragility of societies, leading to inevitable black swans that cause tremendous damage. Their efforts at micromanaging complex systems has increased our vulnerability, and we would be better off if those systems were able to self-correct. He uses a rich trove of historical examples, anecdotes, and mathematics to prove his assertions.

> …the road to robustification starts with a modicum of harm.
>
> […]
>
> Had Prozac been available last century, Baudelaire's "spleen," Edgar Allan Poe's moods, the poetry of Sylvia Plath, the lamentations of so many other poets, everything with a soul would have been silenced.
>
> […]
>
> ….never has the world been more prone to more damage; never. It is hard to explain to naive data-driven people that risk is in the future, not in the past.

Taleb asserts that it's better to allow for smaller mistakes to happen naturally than to try and protect a system from these mistakes, with the result of causing a gigantic meltdown instead. The little stresses are beneficial because the system builds immunity to the big events, as if taking a vaccine.

> You can't predict in general, but you can predict that those who rely on predictions are taking more risks, will have some trouble, perhaps even go bust. Why? Someone who predicts will be fragile to prediction errors. An overconfident pilot will eventually crash the plane. And numerical prediction leads people to take more risks.
>
> […]
>
> Fragility implies more to lose than to gain, equals more downside than upside, equals (unfavorable) asymmetry. Antifragility implies more to gain than to lose, equals more upside than downside, equals (favorable) asymmetry.
>
> […]
>
> …economic growth with fragilities is not to be called growth, something that has not yet been understood by governments. Indeed, growth was very modest, less than 1 percent per head, throughout the golden years surrounding the Industrial Revolution, the period that propelled Europe into domination. But as low as it was, it was robust growth— unlike the current fools' race of states shooting for growth like teenage drivers infatuated with speed.

Since life consists of volatility and stressors, how you can structure your own life to benefit from random events instead of being harmed by them? An example Taleb uses of a profession that is antifragile is the artist. Even when critics attack an artist, it only leads to more attention to his work and thus increased sales. Putting a writer in jail and censoring his work brings more exposure to them (i.e., no publicity is bad publicity).

Another antifragile profession is a taxi cab driver. The driver can have a horrible day at work (or even week), but the normal passenger traffic will inevitably return. On the other hand, a man who works in a corporation is fragile, because one bad quarter or vicious lie from a coworker means he's fired. He's also sensitive to mistakes that those higher up the management chain may make. Once unemployed, he can be left destitute for months, even years.

Approaching women in order to gain sex is antifragile. A failed approach at the coffee shop costs you a negligible amount of time, but the upside from that approach is sexual intercourse. Trying to get laid from your social circle is fragile, because a bad interaction can get you completely ostracized from the group, destroying all the time you spent maintaining relations with its members. Starting over with a new social group will take another large investment, but going outside to chat up girls in the city square takes a small one. Being antifragile means minimizing your downside while maximizing your upside. I've inadvertently applied antifragile techniques to my life when it comes to sex, income, and mobility.

Taleb highlights the benefits of Stoic philosophy, which appeals to me more than Buddhism or Taoism because of it's active instead of passive nature and pliability of use in modern times. He offers many thoughts on personal success:

> …the key phrase reverberating in Seneca's oeuvre is nihil perditi, "I lost nothing," after an adverse event. Stoicism makes you desire the challenge of a calamity. And Stoics look down on luxury: about a fellow who led a lavish life, Seneca wrote: "He is in debt, whether he borrowed from another person or from fortune."
>
> […]
>
> Success brings an asymmetry: you now have a lot more to lose than to gain. You are hence fragile.
>
> […]
>
> When you become rich, the pain of losing your fortune exceeds the emotional gain of getting additional wealth, so you start living under continuous emotional threat. A rich person becomes trapped by belongings that take control of him, degrading his sleep at night, raising the serum concentration of his stress hormones, diminishing his sense of humor, perhaps even causing hair to grow on the tip of his nose and similar ailments. Seneca fathomed that possessions make us worry about downside, thus acting as a punishment as we depend on them.
>
> […]
>
> If an additional quantity of wealth, say, a thousand Phoenician shekels, would not benefit you, but you would feel great harm from the loss of an equivalent amount, you have an asymmetry. And it is not a good asymmetry: you are fragile.
>
> […]
>
> Simple test: if I have "nothing to lose" then it is all gain and I am antifragile.

> […]
>
> If you take risks and face your fate with dignity, there is nothing you can do that makes you small; if you don't take risks, there is nothing you can do that makes you grand, nothing.
>
> […]
>
> Don't be fooled by money. These are just numbers. Being self-owned is a state of mind.
>
> […]
>
> …a free person: someone who cannot be squeezed into doing something he would otherwise never do.
>
> […]
>
> Many, like the great Roman statesman Cato the Censor, looked at comfort, almost any form of comfort, as a road to waste. He did not like it when we had it too easy, as he worried about the weakening of the will. And the softening he feared was not just at the personal level: an entire society can fall ill.
>
> […]
>
> A man is honorable in proportion to the personal risks he takes for his opinion—in other words, the amount of downside he is exposed to.

He offered thoughts on lifting weights in gyms:

> People who build their strength using these modern expensive gym machines can lift extremely large weights, show great numbers and develop impressive-looking muscles, but fail to lift a stone; they get completely hammered in a street fight by someone trained in more disorderly settings. Their strength is extremely domain-specific and their domain doesn't exist outside of ludic— extremely organized—constructs. In fact their strength, as with overspecialized athletes, is the result of a deformity.

On how to make a decision:

> If you have more than one reason to do something (choose a doctor or veterinarian, hire a gardener or an employee, marry a person, go on a trip), just don't do it. It does not mean that one reason is better than two, just that by invoking more than one reason you are trying to convince yourself to do something. Obvious decisions (robust to error) require no more than a single reason.

On which books to read:

> One of my students (who was majoring in, of all subjects, economics) asked me for a rule on what to read. "As little as feasible from the last twenty years, except history books that are not about the last fifty years," I blurted out, with

> irritation…

On which drinks to imbide:

> …my rule is drink no liquid that is not at least a thousand years old—so its fitness has been tested. I drink just wine, water, and coffee. No soft drinks. Perhaps the most possibly deceitfully noxious drink is the orange juice we make poor innocent people imbibe at the breakfast table while, thanks to marketing, we convince them it is "healthy." (Aside from the point that the citrus our ancestors ingested was not sweet, they never ingested carbohydrates without large, very large quantities of fiber. Eating an orange or an apple is not biologically equivalent to drinking orange or apple juice.) From such examples, I derived the rule that what is called "healthy" is generally unhealthy, just as "social" networks are antisocial, and the "knowledge"-based economy is typically ignorant.

He introduces many interesting asides, such as:

- Revolutions happen when people are hungry to become martyrs.
- A loser is not one who fails, but one who doesn't introspect.
- Procrastination is a sign of low motivation. It can be solved by either changing your environment or doing something you feel passionate about.
- "…the more data you get, the less you know what's going on."
- A system built on probability, forecasting, and managing risk is bound to collapse.
- It is better to arrive at a conclusion through experience than reasoning.
- Heuristic knowledge is more valuable than theoretical.
- "Don't put theories into practice… create theories out of practice."
- Never attempt to answer a question that makes no sense to you.
- Large size makes systems inherently fragile.
- If you are already healthy, there is no medicine or supplementation that will make you feel better, but there are things you can take which cause harm to your healthy state.
- Mother nature is always more correct than a scientist who comes up with a new theory based on a small set of data that was likely incorrectly computed.
- Ignore anyone who doesn't apply their ideas or theories to their own life.
- If a product is heavily marketed, it's either inferior or harmful.
- "Systems make small errors, design makes large ones."
- Statistics and numbers can be used to prove anything. Time and nature will sort out the liars.

I thought I was well-read, but Taleb's heroic bookishness of reading 30-60 hours *a week* would stun even professional book reviewers. And with this self-taught knowledge comes the ability to make connections across disparate disciplines, a concept explained in Robert Green's Mastery. Combine a mathematician with someone extremely well-versed in ancient history and you get the ideas that Taleb has put forth that has so quickly changed how we look at finance and modern economies. While the book has some

technical passages, Taleb does a great job at explaining his work for those who don't have mathematical backgrounds.

It's hard to categorize Antifragile. It's part-history, part-philosophy, and part-mathematics. Most books introduce derivitive thought that I've seen elsewhere, but Taleb's book introduces completely new ideas that lit up my brain. Very rarely do I read a book and think, "This book will change how I see the world," but this one managed to do it. It's easily the most important work I've read in the past year.

Read More: *"Antifragile" on Amazon*

Which Man Are You?

November 1, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Job security is dead. You are one earnings call, one technological innovation, and one denouncement away from losing your job. Hopefully you have a skill that allows you to be re-employed immediately, but most men are not immune to such a sudden lost. Let's take a look at what happens when two men netting $5,000 a month lose their jobs at the same time.

The first man works for the government and lives alone in an expensive condo. He likes the finer things in life and is quick to pick up the tab when going out with friends. He spends $4,500 a month and saves $500. He's read that saving 10% is better than the American average of 4%. In one year, he has $6,000 saved.

The second man works as a bartender at a popular club. He lives with four roommates. He wishes he could live alone, but the club industry isn't stable and he doesn't know how long his current gig will last. He makes it a point to network with other bartenders to get as many free drinks as he can when going out. He spends $2,500 a month and saves $2,500. In one year, he has $30,000.

Both lose their job at the same time. The first man enters a full-blown panic, because he only has one-and-a-half months of money to survive, which simply isn't enough time to find a job in his bureaucratic field. The second man, while upset at the loss of his job, knows he can take a one year vacation without a single change to his lifestyle.

Which strategy is superior? The man who has no leeway but lives a high-profile lifestyle, or the man with a large savings but basic lifestyle? The answer you receive from them will likely depend on whether they are fully employed or not.

I live like the second man. I save about half of my income, preparing myself for possible irrelevancy if game gets outlawed or my books stop selling. I have created a fund where I can live for several years without income. I figure that that's enough time to come up with a new way to provide for myself.

Do I wish I had a luxury condo, a BMW, and all the accouterments of rich living? I sure wouldn't say no if you gave them to me, but I refuse to spend more than 50% of my income on living. It's hard, because I know I can spend more, but I rather live simply with security than live lavishly with anxiety. I find it hard to imagine how people live paycheck to paycheck, knowing that their life will be in total turmoil if something bad happens. If I have a bad month—or even a bad year—you wouldn't even notice a change in my output or demeanor.

Financial freedom is the most important type of freedom, because it lubricates all other forms of freedom. You have to be able to walk away from anyone who tries to limit you, whether your boss or your critics, and still live on your own terms. You can't do that when your monthly expenses are so large that you spend most of your earnings. Unless you can go a year without any income, you are in a very fragile economic state. I lived like

that before, but I won’t do it again.

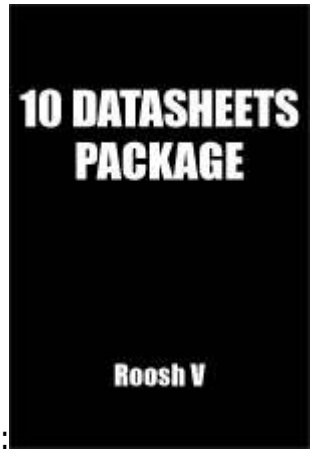
Read Next: *There Are No Rules*

10 Datasheets Package

November 3, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Since last fall I have traveled to many cities without sharing a whole much about what they are like. I took copious notes on my experiences, but I was unsure of what to do with them after retiring from writing full-length travel guides (Bang Ukraine was my last). I came up with the idea to share the datasheets but with one constraint: the venue data (nightclubs, bars, day spots, etc.) is hidden behind a paywall.

In the past year, my writing about Croatia, Sweden, and Finland on Return Of Kings has gone viral in those respective countries. I got firsthand knowledge from those in Helsinki that I singlehandedly ruined a great bar for a period of time, turning it into a raging sausage fest (heh). Therefore, if you want to know the day and night venues I recommend for each of the ten cities listed below, I ask you make a small donation of $3, which gets you access to all of them in one download package. There is no *a la carte* option—if you want one datasheet, you have to buy all ten for $3.

Here's how it will work: 

- I will drop two datasheets every day this week starting tomorrow right here on the blog
- For free you will be able to read how the girls rate in each city along with some basic game advice on laying them
- If you want to see the venue data, you can make your donation with Paypal and download it instantly
- The download package contains 10 PDF files, one for each city

Here is the schedule:

- Monday – Toronto and Montreal (Canada)
- Tuesday – Warsaw and Lublin (Poland)
- Wednesday – Bucharest and Cluj (Romania)
- Thursday – Iasi (Romania) and Chisinau (Moldova)
- Friday – Kiev and Odessa (Ukraine)

You will see more details tomorrow. If you don't like travel, or are not interested in the

above cities, check back on November 11 when the blog returns to its regular program.

Travel Datasheet For Montreal, Canada

November 4, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I went to Montreal for one week at the end of October 2012. I focused almost exclusively on French Canadian girls, and not their anglophile counterparts.

I immediately noticed that people here really do believe that French culture is superior to American, so you won't find girls excited about where you are from like you would abroad. While being from America isn't a huge draw (there are already many Americans in the city), it is novel enough that it will give you an extra minute or two of her attention. Overall it's a slightly above-neutral affect.

GIRLS

The quality is much better than Washington DC, the city I was in before visiting Montreal. Most girls are generally cute and thin. There are lots of 6's and 7's with the occasional 8 and above. They have pouty faces, sexy accents, bangs, and petite bodies. The quality is on par with New York City, but I suspect the proportion of hotter girls there is higher.

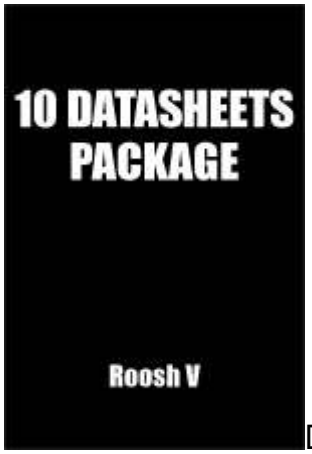
The city had more of a hipster vibe (especially if you stay around St. Laurent), reminding me of Scandinavia. Converse shoes and skinny jeans are normal. That's where the similarities end, for Montreal girls are much less reserved than Scandinavian girls and also cockblock less.

I was shocked at how incredibly friendly the women were. One girl chatted me up in the liquor store and other girls smiled at me in bars. Many who did this were in the 7 range. They'd ask me questions and give off invitations for me to approach. As positive as this was, I discovered this is partly due to social politeness and does not necessarily mean that she wants to bang you. You still have to move all interactions forward by touching, building value, and getting her to your place. She won't do it for you.

During the day, you'll feel the "big city vibe" with girls staring straight ahead, walking fast, and making just an average amount of eye contact. Street approaches definitely surprised them a bit, more so than café or night approaches, where you can lock eye contact, give off a smirk, and then get one in return.

Most people in Montreal believe in socialism, so be careful of getting into political discussions or race generalizing. It will be similar to what you experience with white American girls.

Find Out Exactly Where To Meet Girls In This City



Day and night venues are locked up for public viewing. If you would like to see which venues I recommend for meeting girls in this city, I ask that you make a $3 donation for the 10 Datasheets Package. This price will go up on Monday, November 11. Here's what you will receive:

-Full datasheets in PDF format for 10 international cities: Montreal (Canada), Toronto (Canada), Chisinau (Moldova), Lublin (Poland), Warsaw (Poland), Bucharest (Romania), Cluj (Romania), Iasi (Romania), Kiev (Ukraine), and Odessa (Ukraine).

-107 total reviews for day and night venues. They give you the best advice for meeting local women and fornicating with them.

-Official links for most day and night venues. Check out a venue before you go by viewing photos and schedules.

-34 total pages (14,736 words) of analysis.

The venue data is locked up to keep the information relatively scarce for more serious travelers and so I can receive nominal compensation for my research. If you're not intending to visit any of these cities in the next year, this offering may not be for you.

The datasheets are instantly downloadable after you make payment with Paypal....

Click Here To Instantly Download All 10 Datasheets For $3

If you have technical problems with your order, create a support ticket.

THE BOTTOM LINE

The city is rather expensive (though less so than Toronto). Even in dive bars you can spend $40 easily without realizing it.

Montreal had a lot of marginal opportunities with 6's. For example you can be in a café ordering a drink, and there is a 6 waiting in line giving you eye contact. Or you are in a supermarket and there is a hipster 6 looking bored trying to decide which granola bar to buy. There are lots of situations you'll encounter where you think, "Hmm do I want to bang her?" Then you see an 8 at night, your legs are moving in her direction, and you no longer have regret for not approaching the hipster girl.

My sources tell me that I went during the wrong time (late October). It seems to be similar to Scandinavia in that girls enter a sort of pussy hibernation for the winter. I came during the beginning of that hibernation, but it was still acceptable for me so I don't regret my choice.

Are the girls from Montreal cute? Yes. Are they sexy? A bit, thanks to the French influence. Are they feminine? A bit, but less than Eastern Europe. It's a "gender neutral" place, so get ready for girls to say some gender equality craziness that makes your head explode, but as long as you focus on fun topics and do several approaches a night, I think you'll find your visit worthwhile.

For more data on Montreal, try these forum threads:

http://www.rooshvforum.com/thread-9218.html
http://www.rooshvforum.com/thread-21023.html
http://www.rooshvforum.com/thread-15993.html

Travel Datasheet For Warsaw, Poland

November 5, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

If I came to Warsaw before first going to Poland's second-tier cities, there probably wouldn't have been a Bang Poland. It's a lackluster city in every respect: it's ugly, the talent is low, and the competition is more intense. The biggest positive about Warsaw is that there is a greater selection of quiet cafes.

GIRLS

The response I got from the Polish girls here was not as warm as I was used to, especially girls older than 23, who you think would be more eager to meet an older foreign man. This served as a reminder to me that whichever country I travel to, it's always the younger girls who are most open to a sexual experience with a foreigner. I also noticed that Polish women tend to hit a wall around 28. While their bodies stay fit, their faces see rapid degradation as their "baby fat" evaporates and reduces the suppleness of their neck, jaw, and cheeks, exaggerating common Polish features of big noses and sharp chins.

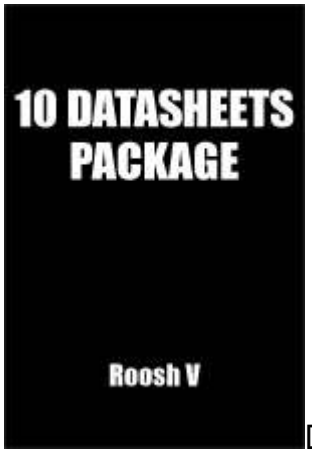
While the attitude I received here wasn't worse than Washington DC or Toronto, I saw some shocking behavior in women who would flat-out ignore me when I approached or ask me to buy them a drink. I thought Polish women were universally sweet, but in this capital city environment, they were soured from all the attention they received from Polish guys who were more well-off than in the second tier cities. Being from the USA here only offered a mild benefit.

Understand that everyone is coming here for jobs, including Polish guys re-entering the country from a manual labor stint in Britain. The amount of sausage, especially at night, can be staggering. The girls are being swept up by the changes: smart phones are near universal and there is status-seeking in elite clubs. It's a city on the up and up, which means that being a foreigner here isn't enough to make it "easy" for me like it was in Poznan. Even Krakow was far easier than Warsaw.

The most amazing interaction I had upon my first week was with an adorable French-Argentine girl. This would absolutely not happen in other Polish cities, so if that isn't proof enough that you should avoid Warsaw, I don't know what is. I wouldn't waste more than a weekend of time here. In spite of the downsides, there are some nice girls, but you have to put in strenuous labor to find and game them. Big city logistics will make it tough because chances are she lives halfway across town. Isolation is also hard because groups are larger and cockblocking more prevalent.

The city itself is quite depressing. Just knowing you're in a place that the Nazis complete razed gave it a haunted feel, not helped by the communist-era buildings that only recently are being shadowed by modern skyscrapers. There are also lots of homeless bums and drunks that will approach you constantly.

Find Out Exactly Where To Meet Girls In This City



Day and night venues are locked up for public viewing. If you would like to see which venues I recommend for meeting girls in this city, I ask that you make a $3 donation for the 10 Datasheets Package. This price will go up on Monday, November 11. Here's what you will receive:

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WHERE TO STAY

The best area to stay in is Nowy Swiat. It’s near a lot of small bars and cafes that you can use as date venues. I used Capital Apartments. You can also try P&O. The Marriot hotel is also a nice pick since it’s close to the big mall, but a bit of a hike from the nightlife.

THE BOTTOM LINE

You could launch an missile from an American drone and it will hit a random town in Poland that is easier than Warsaw. On the other hand, the nightlife is quite varied and you will probably find something that you like, but who cares if it’s packed with dudes? I guess a weekend here wouldn’t kill you, but if you have limited time to stay in Poland, Warsaw is a definite pass.

Travel Datasheet For Bucharest, Romania

November 6, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Romania has a very Latinized feel, with tanned people and dark hair. It had a similar vibe to Colombia, though with less poverty and crime. Romanians are like Italians and Croatians in that they enjoy socializing in cafes and going for promenades (even their language sounds Italian). They are social, warm creatures who enjoy leisure and friendship. The country itself felt like a poor version of Italy, and I don't mean that as an insult. The women are hotter and the prices are cheaper, so I'd easily pick Romania over Italy.

There is a very large population of gypsies, ancestral nomads from India. Their culture involves begging and stealing instead of working, so they are universally looked down upon. People say you shouldn't joke about gypsies, but as long as you are insulting them, Romanians won't mind.

GIRLS

Most girls have an olive complexion. They are not pale like girls in Poland, Ukraine, or Scandinavia. Their hair is mostly dark, so any blondes you see are likely to be fake (though there are natural light brunettes). In Romania, guys give a 1 point bonus for blondes, meaning those girls will generally feel more prized, though in my experience they were no easier or harder than brunettes. The opposite occurs in Poland, where brunettes are more valued because there are too many blondes.

Eye color is mostly hazelnut, and sometimes you can pick out individual green and brown hues. Many have dark green eyes, along with the guys, which go very well with their dark complexion.

The girls are generally thin (thinner than Poland). It's pretty hard to find a whale, though some girls do have chunky thighs. Theirs butts are superb and their breasts are well-proportioned. Their bodies are similar to Colombian women.

I'm sure you're wondering what the catch is and here is it: Romanian girls have horrible teeth. Not only are snaggleteeth common but even young girls have brown teeth as if they were 50-year-old men. Times are changing and you do see teenage girls with braces, but if your target range is around 24, be prepared for dental issues, not helped by a culture of chain smoking. If you come to Romania, simply toss good teeth from your shopping list. You actually do get used to it after a while.

When it comes to personality, you have to understand that a Romanian girl immensely cares about what her friends think about her, especially if they are within sight. Social pressure is so immense that a girl rather stop talking to her dream man that endure disapproving looks from her girlfriends. This is why night approaches are going to be tough going, and the bigger the group she's in, the colder she will be. A mere sharp look from her friend will be all it takes for her to stop talking to you. You'll find a huge

difference when approaching girls alone during the day time (by my third month in Romania, I just went out for entertainment after already getting numbers from day approaches).

You may get surprising doses of bitchiness, especially in Bucharest, due to an entrenched PUA culture that is unique to Eastern Europe. I had a girl say “Is that a line?” and another say “Is that your excuse to come talk to me?” Most girls don’t do this, however, so don’t let a bitch change your entire game. Use basic lines without any long-winded scenarios or opinion openers.

The girls are way more affectionate than girls from other Eastern European countries, especially Poland and Ukraine. I had a girl stroking my beard like it was fur just moments after kissing her. They can get giggly and touch-feely after a short period of time.

GAME

Girls who are 5s or below will be insanely easy. If you’re not a complete troll and are from America, you can bang these girls without much work. In the conversations I got into with them, they were asking me personal questions right off the bat. I can understand why many guys would therefore say Romania is easy because your average girl there thinks a foreign man is a great catch, but when you get into the 8 range, your foreigner status barely gets your foot in the door and you’ll need to bring in other game strategems. If Romania was the first foreign country I stepped foot in at the age of 26, I have no doubt I’d have sex with dozens of mediocre Romanian women, but now I’m 34 with high standards, so I had to work.

One interesting thing I noticed is that if a Romanian girl *really* likes you, regardless of her attractiveness level, she will suggest a meetup and ask for your number. And when she does so, she will be less likely to flake. Now I’d say this happened to me only in about 10% of my number closes, but just knowing it can happen means that I always gave the girls an opportunity to chase me instead of going for a rushed close that didn’t require her to display interest. Show a lot of value, show you’re a great man, and let the girl be worried that she has to make a move lest she lose you. The key is not to be in a rush.

Americans are quite high value in Romania. Locals look up to you, so don’t fuck up your game by looking up to them. Be aloof and unimpressed, and let the girls do some of the work. If a girl gives you attitude when you approach, even after speaking English, you should pass. The English should open the door rather quickly, and if it doesn’t then you shouldn’t waste any time.

NIGHT GAME

The noise level of the clubs is pretty insane. I wear ear plugs but even they were weeping. I don’t know why it’s so much louder here than other countries, but along with the social pressure problem, a prevalence of mixed-set groups, sausage fest ratios, and a girl’s desire to dance all night, the clubs can be quite challenging and tiring.

If you meet a girl in a club before 2am, try for a compliance test about 10 minutes in to

see if you should continue (e.g., ask her to come to the bar with you or to sit down for a few minutes). If she declines, and she probably will because of her friends, then wrap up the conversation and go for the number.

Don't waste more than 30 minutes for a number. I found that it takes very little to get a number that leads to a date. The worst you can do is focus on one girl the entire night and get cockblocked. Instead, mine numbers and then text them all the next day. Yes, the next day. Girls are distracted by too many options so I only wait one or two days before contacting them to schedule a date. Always feel out her schedule when getting the number so you know when to suggest a date. One thing I do if I meet a girl on Saturday night is suggest a Sunday night date (Romanian girls are always free on Sunday night). Then I would text her around 3pm, a mere 14 hours after meeting her. I had great success with this.

I highly recommend sniping. Identify the girl you want and wait until she's distracted from her group. This is usually when she goes to the bathroom, but it can also be when her friends are momentarily distracted. The goal is to hook her strongly in the first minute, long enough so that she will decline the first cockblock attempt. A five minute conversation is enough to get her out on a date. I literally stalked these girls from a distance and then went for the kill when I sensed a favorable moment that gave me that noninterrupted minute. Most of my club game was waiting around. If you take care to approach girls who are not in the middle of a nine-person epic dance party, you should have good interactions.

My opening line in Romania was, "You look like you speak very very good English." If she says no then buzz off; it's not worth it. If she says yes then remark how you innately knew she spoke good English and that you also speak good English. Ask her how and where she learned it. If she doesn't ask where you're from within a minute, buzz off. Once she asks you what you're doing in Romania, the game begins. Give her a tested backstory and proceed with the seduction.

Unlike most everywhere else, in Romania you'll have better success in night game with late approaches. Early approaching doesn't pay off because her group is hyper alert and the alcohol hasn't yet given her some immunity from social judgement. On the other hand, the ratio gets worse as the night goes on. I find that the sweet spot on weekend nights is around 2am. If you're having a rough night, wait until the club closes (around 5:30am) and look for any girl who isn't with a guy. If she's still in the club at that time but isn't with someone, there's a reason for it.

You have to be perceptive when a Romanian girl wants you to get her number. If you're talking to her in a club and she says it was "nice" meeting you but has to go, your instinct will say she's blowing you off, but it actually means, "I'm going back to my friends now but you should get my number." If she just walks away without saying goodbye, or gives an abrupt "I'm going," then she doesn't want you to get her number.

The game economy here is based more on phone number exchanges than kisses and one-night stands, and the reason you shouldn't be bothered by that is because you can

smash on the first date a girl you talked to in the club for only 5 minutes. The name of the game is therefore isolation, because in front of her friends you aren't going to accomplish much. On any night in the club, get at least three numbers and hopefully you'll have two of those come through.

My first two bangs in Romania came from night game, but outside on the street instead of in a club. Both girls were walking alone. This reminded me of Estonia, where I'd pick up girls outside the nightlife center instead of going inside a venue. You will find groups to be a painful hindrance to your goal. Unless you are a dancer and enjoy super loud music and clouds of cigarette smoke, I doubt you will enjoy the nightlife. The best thing you can do is focus on girls who are in only twos or threes without any guys present.

You'll see the guys perform aggressive Brazilian-style game on the dance floor where they grab the girl and try to dance wildly, but this rarely works. As a foreigner you must fly under the radar and keep it casual, getting numbers after displaying value.

Romanian guys are good looking but thin without muscles. They are charming and talkative, but very emotional and tend to display jealous and impulsive behavior. They don't cockblock and they don't seem violent.

DATING

Get ready to go on a lot of dates. It's somewhat similar to Ukrainian culture where one-night stands are tough going.

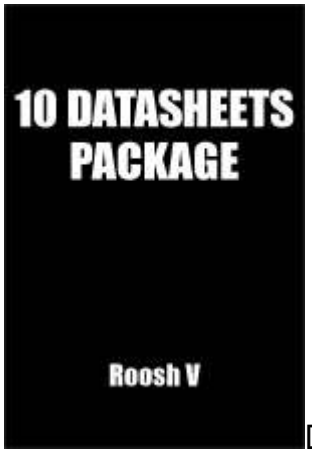
If a Romanian girl shows up on a date, you have a very good chance at banging her. Take her to venues where there will be no judgemental eyes and then *venue change to your room*. You will have to be persistent in your suggestion to share another drink or listen to music at your apartment (always have a bottle of wine ready to go). Understand that all the Romanian girls I brought back had to be *heavily* convinced to come to my pad, but once there, I killed it. Get in your head how you're going to get her back before you even meet up with her. I wouldn't spend more than three hours in the date venue before suggesting her to come back.

Be careful with your date selection. If you take her to a frou-frou café, she may not want to order alcohol. Shame her into ordering alcohol by asking if she's 13. You can avoid this problem entirely by taking her to a pub where ordering something like juice looks retarded.

You also don't need to kiss her before inviting her back. Some guys say you shouldn't, since she will have plausible deniability, but if I'm in the bar and the girl is leaning over, waiting for me to kiss her, I will do it.

The basic formula for getting laid in Romania is to harvest numbers and then go on dates starting on Sunday. Spend 2-3 hours on that date then ask her to go for a walk that leads to your nearby pad. Once inside your place, let her get comfortable for 15 minutes before starting the bang process.

Find Out Exactly Where To Meet Girls In This City



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WHERE TO STAY

The closer to Old Town, the better. Here's a map that shows the location of Vintage, which is in the middle of Old Town: http://goo.gl/maps/6uSnX. Now simply go on Airbnb.com or Booking.com and get an apartment as close as possible to this location, and you'll be all set. You can set dates in Old Town then walk back to your apartment to seal the deal.

THE BOTTOM LINE

I thought the talent in Bucharest was very high, and the girls were quite open to English speakers, but I didn't care for the nightlife. It was too loud and the ratios weren't good enough for me. As long as you follow my advice and mine for numbers, while setting dates starting on Sunday, I don't see why you can't get a bang or two from a week stay. Most Romanian girls will fuck on the first date. Isolation is the name of the game.

Travel Datasheet For Cluj, Romania

November 6, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Cluj (it's full name is Cluj-Napoca) used to be part of the Austrian-Hungarian empire, and somehow Romania got a hold of it. Its demographics are strange because there are tons of Hungarians along with foreign medical and Erasmus students. You're just as likely to hear a foreign language walking down the street as you are Romanian.

GIRLS

In Cluj you'll find more fair-skinned women than in Bucharest and Iasi. Before getting excited at the prospect of getting a Hungarian flag, understand that those girls are technically born in Romania, so it's possible you can get a Romanian flag via a girl who is genetically Hungarian. You'll also find Moldavian girls, who are the hottest but have colder attitudes and limited English. You can speak Russian with them.

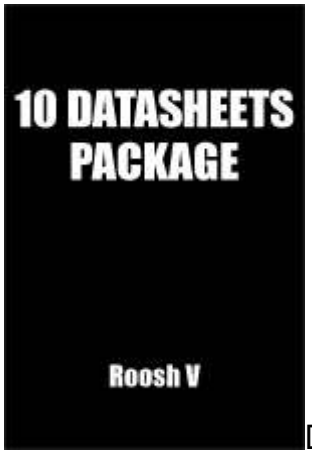
The worst part of Cluj is that I commonly saw guys dating down. I suspected they could do better in other Romanian cities. There seems to be a surplus of tall handsome men compared to Bucharest, so I was average looking in Cluj while slightly above average in the capital.

Since there's a surplus of guys, the competition for women is more intense than Bucharest. You'll find attitudes in women to be less warm, but still warmer than in Anglo countries. If I went to Cluj before Bucharest, I have no doubt that my impression would have been glowingly positive, but compared to Bucharest, it was tougher going with my approaches at night. I felt that I had to rely mostly on day game to get some good interactions going.

You will see a lot of young girls but many are rated 6 and below, and seem to have their pick of attractive guys from Romania, Hungary, Spain, France, and even Germany. It was no surprise that I suffered tough blowouts that was less the case in Bucharest, though it's possible that many girls thought I was a lowly Erasmus student.

The worst part of Cluj is the huge hipster scene, where women were unkempt and sometimes grossly overweight. Most of the student pubs cater to this demographic. On the other end of the spectrum you have high-end snobby clubs, with no middle ground venues containing cute girls who are open. It became very clear to me early on that Cluj would not be a place I'd want to stay for more than a week. The vibe seemed to say, "You have to work hard here to get laid," even though the surplus of universities would suggest otherwise. On the bright side, Americans are super rare here.

Find Out Exactly Where To Meet Girls In This City



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WHERE TO STAY

Stay in the center at Piati Unirii. Booking.com has a lot of apartment rentals for good prices near this location.

THE BOTTOM LINE

It’s possible that I went to Cluj on an off-week, but I have to say that my experience was negative overall. Also my Romanian friend who lived in Cluj for one year hated it so much that he tried to talk me out of going. My gut instinct is to say that Cluj is fine if you’re coming directly from Anglo pussy hell, but it’s not the best of what Romania has to offer.

Travel Datasheet For Iasi, Romania

November 7, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Iasi is a city in the Moldova region of Romania, not to be confused with the Republic of Moldova, a separate country with a similar stock of people but culturally different (due to Soviet influence). Iasi is primarily a university city that is the second largest in the country.

GIRLS

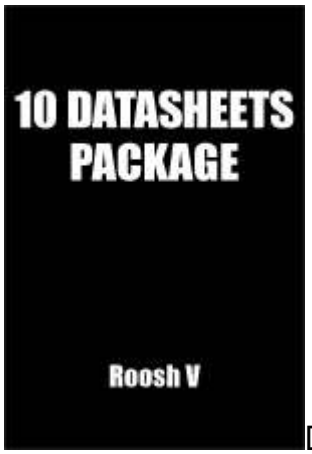
The girls were arguably more attractive here than in Bucharest and Cluj. The ratio of girls to guys was also somewhat higher, especially during the day when you can see five girls for every guy.

If you've been to Ukraine, you'll get a similar initial vibe here because the women are ultra-feminine. They wear uncomfortable heels in the day and tend to be done up in their best clothing. It's very pleasing on the eyes.

English here is slightly weaker than what you find in Bucharest but still very strong, and it's only the uneducated, older girls who won't be able to communicate with you. While this region is more traditional and conservative than Bucharest, the girls, especially the ones in university, are modernizing very rapidly. The bigger issue with Iasi is that groupings are much tighter than in Bucharest, with high social pressure among females that amplifies nighttime cockblocking.

It is possible to get laid here quickly (I did on my fifth day), but it's not necessarily easy and you have to put in the work, especially since the level of game here among the females is slightly above the Eastern European mean. The girls are either friendly and polite or surprisingly flakey and rude, sometimes alternating between the two extremes. Don't underestimate the girls here, even the young ones who seem angelic and profess never to drink alcohol. You must go for the fast bang because otherwise you will get stuck in text messaging purgatory, unable to seal the deal.

Find Out Exactly Where To Meet Girls In This City



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WHERE TO STAY

I recommend you stay as close to Palas as you can, since you can easily bounce to your pad on dates. The chance of a one-night stand here is low (though possible) so I believe you should set the logistics up for first date bangs instead of club bangs. Taxis here are cheap so it won't hurt your wallet to take them to night venues if need be.

Booking.com has only one apartment company. I went with this agency.

You can also check out:

- Regim Hotelier

- Fidelia Casa

The Fidelia link is a local real estate agent that has both daily and monthly rentals.

THE BOTTOM LINE

Iasi is a pleasant city with loads of attractive women who speak English, but the nightlife sucks. You will find it hard to get fast bangs with pretty girls and instead have to resort to day game and dating. Therefore it’s hard to recommend this city for just a weekend. You are looking at a two-week minimum to really enjoy what this city has to offer. While the nightlife in Bucharest was more varied and busy, I can’t say that the ratio there was any better. It’s probably a marginal call either way, but if you like day game, Iasi will be a good choice.

Travel Datasheet For Chisinau, Moldova

November 7, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Mockingly referred to as “the asshole of Europe,” landlocked Moldova is looked down upon by its neighbors. With two breakaway republics, a horrible economy, and a culture of corruption, the only thing it has going for it are its women.

GIRLS

Moldovian girls are very beautiful. A cross between Romania and Russia, you see a wide array of appearances that should satisfy your palate, from sultry brunettes to vixen blondes. Their personalities are more homogenous, resembling an Eastern mindset more than West.

The girls are more friendly during the day than at night, especially young ones under 24 who have not had foreigner experience. With an English penetration rate I’d estimate at around 60%, it was simple to get phone numbers. One strategy is to fish for eye contact when walking around. Just like in Ukraine, if a girl gives you eye contact, your approach will probably be received well. I opened with “Do you speak English?” followed with a tourist question. If a girl answers “Yes” to your English question, chances of getting a number are quite high.

There has been some sex tourism in Chisinau by Turkish and Italian men, so you will receive a guarded response from women who have had sour experiences. With some girls, especially those that go to clubs where foreigners congregate, their jadedness can be sky-high. This is why I recommend day game to meet girls who don’t go to clubs and therefore don’t have that experience, but a cost of this strategy is meeting girls who drink sparingly and are more traditional when it comes to sex.

The sex tourist problem is mild compared to other cities like Riga, Prague, and Kiev, but since the city is small with few nightlife options, it doesn’t take a large influx of foreigners to create a skeptical impression on the women (I’ve repeatedly heard that Moldova was close to poosy paradise about 6 years ago).

Once you go up in quality at night, it can get impossibly hard. The hottest girls may not even respond to your opener, but there are still many 7’s who will give you a chance. Going with a nightlife-only strategy, however, is quite risky if you happen to have a string of bad responses. It was quite surprising to be in a club with more women than men but get more negative responses than positive. This was also true of three other players I spent time with. If there is any city to try for day game, Chisinau is it, because night game alone can leave you frustrated.

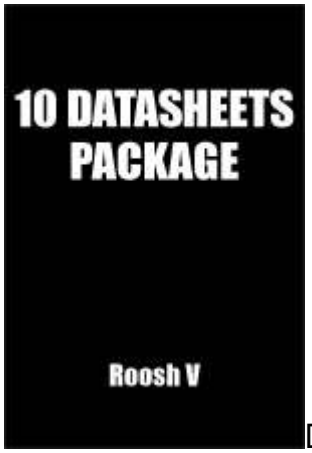
I wouldn’t come here unless you’re willing to spend about 10 days or so, and even this is short if you don’t plan on going balls-out with a heavy game effort that sends you over 100 approaches. Unfortunately, for short time periods the game is “find the slut,” because even if a Moldovian girl likes you, it will still take time to get her into bed (at

least two dates). I found Polish and Romanian women to be slightly easier.

Getting a Moldovian girl into bed is similar to the process in Ukraine. You'll be depending on dates and then venue changing to your place. I found it challenging to get a girl to my pad on weekdays, as there were logistical hurdles in them either having to get up early or catch the last 10pm bus into their suburb. You really should get the kiss by the end of the first date, though this is far from guaranteed (just like in Ukraine). Set the bang date up for the weekend with maybe a simple dinner and then nightcap at your apartment.

One last point is to understand that your backstory is critical. Have fun creating a "business" that brings you to the country because if you mention that you're staying for "vacation" or "tourism," the girl won't take you seriously.

Find Out Exactly Where To Meet Girls In This City



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WHERE TO STAY

There are two parks right in the center. Stay close to these parks if you want to have good logistics. For dates I recommend a simple place like Cafe Nefertiti, which has an outdoor patio with comfortable seating.

The biggest supermarket in the center is Nr. 1, located in the Sun City mini mall (Mitropolit Varlaam St 32).

BOTTOM LINE

I was impressed by the beauty of Moldovian girls. They were thin, feminine, pretty, and—under certain circumstances—quite sweet and friendly. But even though the country is poor, and a girl's future prospects dim, they still have a lot of pride. A pretty girl will not throw herself on any foreigner. I think you could do some damage if you come here for two weeks, but if I were to return, I'd stay for at least a month.

Travel Datasheet For Kiev, Ukraine

November 8, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I was only in Kiev for three nights so consider this a “light” datasheet.

Just like in Kharkov, which I wrote about in Bang Ukraine, logistics are hard to pin down. Yes, you can stay right in the center at Independence Square (Maidan Nezalezhnosti), but the venues nearby will be visited by foreigners and girls who are semi-pros. Other bars and clubs are spaced quite far apart so get ready to blow a lot of cash on taxis and entry fees. If you don’t know how to speak Russian with taxi drivers to negotiate fares, you’ll be paying the gringo price. Don’t be surprised if your weekend in Kiev ends up costing you more than a weekend in a Western city like New York or Miami.

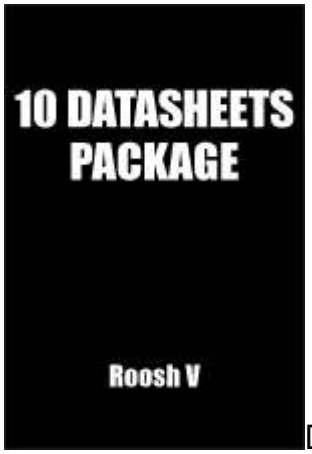
GIRLS

If you have no Eastern Europe experience, and by Eastern Europe I mean Latvia, Lithuania, Belarus, and Russia, you will be taken for a ride by the women here, and that’s okay. You need to learn how it works, and each time you get “tricked” you will gain the needed experience to understand what it takes to succeed in this part of the world. I came to Kiev after three months in Kharkov, so I already knew the deal, and ended up helping a fellow American from getting stuck with the bill when a girl was ready to order everything she saw on a sushi menu. The learning curve is steep and painful, but it’s part of the process that you can’t escape unless you have extensive experience with Russian girls back in the USA.

It’s important to have a backstory for women you meet in Kiev. Their receptiveness increases ten fold if you dress sharp and have a story that you’re in town for business with hints of long-term intentions. I think a short trip without knowing Russian or having a solid backstory is okay for research purposes, but don’t expect to pull unless you’ve heavily pipelined on a VK.com, Ukraine Date, or Mamba. Keep in mind that guys who got laid in Ukraine from a short stay all did it through internet dating, which has its own set of pitfalls. If you think one weekend (and perhaps two) is enough to get laid from just night game, you may be in for a surprise.

The sex tourist issue for Kiev has been overblown. If you go to the sex tourist bars every night then yeah, it’s a problem, but the nightlife is quite diverse and if you take the risk in going off the beaten path then you can be the only foreigner in the club. Even in the mainstream venues I was able to visit, I was quite pleased with the reactions girls were giving me. You could easily get 2 or 3 numbers a night with casual approaching for dating. I hear one-night stands are possible in Kiev, but it seems more of a luck thing than a regular occurrence.

Find Out Exactly Where To Meet Girls In This City



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WHERE TO STAY

Staying close to Independence Square is your best bet so that you can venue change dates to your pad, but when it comes to going out, you will probably have to hop in taxis.

THE BOTTOM LINE

I need to do more research on Kiev, but I was pleasantly pleased with my visit in spite of the fact that I went to the obvious club that had semi pros. Girls in Kiev were very pretty, had at least a basic grasp of English, and received foreigners well if they appeared to be of means. My experience was completely different than when I was in Kharkov and meeting girls who didn't speak English and weren't at all that interested in me. It's contradictory, since you'd think that Kharkov girls, who are more poor, would also be more eager to meet a foreign guy, but I was received more warmly in Kiev during three days than Kharkov in three months.

Read more of my Kiev thoughts here.

Travel Datasheet For Odessa, Ukraine

November 8, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Odessa is perhaps the most beautiful city in Ukraine, and one that is most livable. The city center is pleasant, the restaurants can be excellent (but not the service), and the women are beautiful. It's a popular destination for tourists not only from other parts of the world, particularly Turkey, but also Ukraine itself and Russia. Locals are so proud of Odessa they've nicknamed it "Mama." While I would not hesitate to recommend the city for sightseeing and relaxation, I would give pause to doing so for a man who wants to come and get laid.

GIRLS

The local girls have been spoiled. Odessa is no secret to foreign men, and you probably already know that it's the mail-order bride capital of the world, with planeloads of older Western men coming to meet girls they have been chatting with on the internet. In spite of that fact, the local Odessa girls are still easier to lay than the tourist girls that come for a few days during the summer.

The tourist girls, usually from Kiev, travel with their friends, sometimes with guys. You would think that the girls would be easier than the locals to set up a possible one-night stand, but this is not the case. In Ukraine you need two or three dates to seal the deal, but the tourist girls don't stay long enough to make that happen. Every time I have gone after a tourist girl (I stayed in Odessa for the entire summer), I came to regret it. The common pattern was simply running out of time before fornication could be achieved.

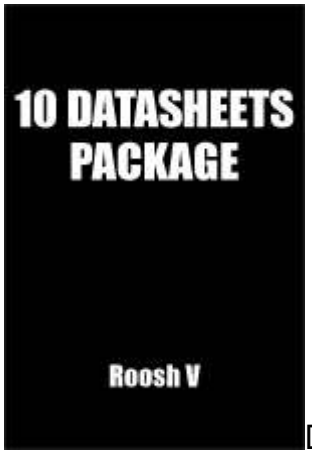
The local girls are fair prospects as long as you are ready to put in the two or three dates. You can already suspect that a longer period of time, at least two weeks, is required to get a bang, especially if you don't use the internet, which is stocked with scammer girls who like to use foreign men for drinks and dinners. To think that you will come to Odessa for one week and bang some easy tourist from the club will probably result in failure. Can it happen? Yes. Have I heard it happening? Yes. But it's not the rule. The logistics will be hard because the summer clubs in the Arkadia area is a couple miles away from the center, and over 50% of the girls don't speak English, a noticeably lower rate than in Kiev. Russian goes a long way here.

Assuming that Odessa girls are your best option, which I believe they are, another problem is that there are less of them that remain in the summer. They still exist in high numbers, but the tourists start to drown them out, and when you do meet a local girl, she thinks you are a tourist and therefore won't take you as seriously. This is why if you insist on coming to Odessa, it's best to come in the off season.

One additional note concerns the taxi drivers: the closer the taxi is stationed to a club, the higher the fare will be. Walk a bit away and watch as the price drops as much as 80%. You can also pick up a gypsy cab (unlicensed driver with no taxi signage) without fear of

getting robbed.

Find Out Exactly Where To Meet Girls In This City



Day and night venues are locked up for public viewing. If you would like to see which venues I recommend for meeting girls in this city, I ask that you make a $3 donation for the 10 Datasheets Package. This price will go up on Monday, November 11. Here's what you will receive:

-Full datasheets in PDF format for 10 international cities: Montreal (Canada), Toronto (Canada), Chisinau (Moldova), Lublin (Poland), Warsaw (Poland), Bucharest (Romania), Cluj (Romania), Iasi (Romania), Kiev (Ukraine), and Odessa (Ukraine).

-107 total reviews for day and night venues. They give you the best advice for meeting local women and fornicating with them.

-Official links for most day and night venues. Check out a venue before you go by viewing photos and schedules.

-34 total pages (14,736 words) of analysis.

The venue data is locked up to keep the information relatively scarce for more serious travelers and so I can receive nominal compensation for my research. If you're not intending to visit any of these cities in the next year, this offering may not be for you.

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WHERE TO STAY

If you're coming outside of the summer season (late July to early September), stay in the center as close as possible to the City Garden.

It's a harder decision if you're coming in the summer. If Ukraine was a country that had a normal frequency of one-night stands, then you should stay in Arkadia and go to Ibiza every night, but Ukraine is not such a country. Then again, unless you plan on staying for at least two weeks, the benefits of staying in the center, with all the nice cafes and restaurants for taking girls on dates, won't help you.

My advice is this: if you're staying for a week or less, get a place near Arkadia. If you're staying for two weeks or more, stay in the center. For time points in between, let a coin toss decide your fate.

The best sites to get an apartment are Airbnb, Booking.com, and Doba.

THE BOTTOM LINE

The girls take time to bang, the nightlife sucks, and English proficiency is low. On the other hand, the city is pretty and very livable. Odessa is a fine destination for a short trip in the summer to sight-see and relax, but not much more than that.

The End Of An Era

November 10, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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The travel era, that is. The ten datasheets that I have released the past week will likely be the end of me doing travel reporting and intensive socio-cultural analysis. It now bores me to describe what foreign girls are like and how to have sex with them. Enough has been said that there is nothing stopping any man from going anywhere in the world and figuring it out on his own based on what I've already written or what you can find on the travel forum.

Here are the ten datasheets I dropped the past week:

- Montreal, Canada
- Toronto, Canada
- Warsaw, Poland
- Lublin, Poland
- Bucharest, Romania
- Cluj, Romania
- Iasi, Romania
- Chisinau, Moldova
- Kiev, Ukraine
- Odessa, Ukraine

Within these datasheets you can make a donation of $3 through the green box to unlock the day and night venue recommendations for all ten cities. The price will go up tonight at midnight.

The interesting thing about my Bang travel guides is that they were only modestly profitable (if you account for all my travel expenses), even though I'm pretty much the only guy in the field. Love tourism is such a tiny niche that it takes a man who doesn't care much about money to dedicate about three years of his life to writing about it, which is why I doubt you'll see other guys dive into the genre. On the other hand, I will continue the occasional travel memoir writing. I know men get a lot of use from technical how-to guides, but I'm now more eager to share stories than raw analysis.

How To Do Interviews With The Mainstream Media

November 11, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I have been interviewed in one way or the other in several countries: United States, Colombia, Iceland, Denmark, Lithuania, Latvia, Ukraine, and Romania. I've learned quite a bit from these experiences and wanted to share some ideas for those who may find themselves on the receiving end of an interview request.

First, it's important to understand the two main drivers of mainstream media outlets, in order of importance:

- The neeed for profit
- The need to promote their ideology

The main reason they are talking to you is because they believe you will help them get page views or a large television rating. Promoting their ideology is icing on the cake, and not always an aim. Therefore you are primarily seen by the outlet as a way to make money. The reporter sees you as a scoop or an interesting angle that will improve their ability to get more lucrative assignments (or just continue receiving a paycheck).

While reporters do have individual agendas, and outlets do have boundaries of what type of "dangerous" ideas they can share without showing open hostility, there is no overreaching conspiracy to destroy you. These people are no geniuses with diabolical plans, because if they were, they wouldn't have gone to work into media in the first place (my experience shows that reporters are not the mostly intellectually curious of people). Any agenda they have against you is primarily due to mental indolence. They work with people who all think they same because they all graduated from the same colleges. Think of them as bubbly, useful idiots who hate rocking the boat.

You may already know that page views and television ratings are not caused by promoting a reasoned and nuanced debate. That approach doesn't make them money. No one has the time or interest to hear someone explain things at length or else you would watch Jim Lehrer every day. Powerful soundbites and controversial statements are needed instead. Unless you're a bonafide celebrity who can read from the phone book yet still excite everyone in the room, the interview must be sensational enough to cause an emotional reaction from the audience to push them to share the interview on Twitter and Facebook. Therefore, they will want to focus on the most extreme 1% of your work.

The reporter doesn't have the time to read all the shit you've ever written. In fact, he will just skim over your material and use google to spend about one hour browsing through what others have said about you. Did a hater of yours accuse you of rape ten years ago? They will ask you if you are a rapist. Did you make a statement saying Mexican immigrants are more likely to engage in crime? They will ask you if you're a white nationalist. Do you show general disdain towards fat women? They will ask you if you're a misogynist. You get the idea. This is actually the correct strategy from their point of view,

because these hot button issues will provoke their audience and cause them to share the segment, making additional money for the outlet. In fact, you want a little bit of this to ensure the interview even gets read, because if there is no sensational angle, who will read and share the interview besides your own fans?

I'm in the camp of accepting all reasonable interview requests, even when I know it's a trap. I do this for two reasons. First, it's good practice. If your notoriety grows, interviews will get harder. You need to learn how to stay calm under interrogation and still get your message across. Second, it's promotion. If you didn't care about building an audience, you wouldn't write publicly. They are giving you a free means to promote your ideas, and even if you convert a tiny minority of their readers into your own, you were hugely successful.

That said, here are five tips for doing interviews:

1. Insist on an email format

During a telephone interview, the reporter has a lot of leeway to paraphrase you, causing a great distortion in meaning from just a tiny modification in word choice. This will especially infuriate writers because they greatly appreciate the precision that written language provides. Reporters don't do this necessarily on purpose, mind you, but because they are lazy (accurately transcribing a recorded interview is tedious and time-consuming).

Some say you should record the interview yourself to have proof of any manipulation, but who is going to bother and listen to your clarification besides your most devoted readers? The email format not only reduces all ambiguity, but it allows you to carefully formulate your answers. The reporter has a lot more interview experience than you, and is likelier to use the phone to corner you into an extreme position that can be hard to get out of.

2. Think before you speak

There is no rush to give answers. You can say, "Hold on let me think for a second." If you don't know the questions beforehand, there is no expectation to be fast. The exception is live television interviews. A two-second silence on television is death because it gives someone else (e.g., the feminist guest) a chance to talk. It also makes you appear confused, even though you're actually being thoughtful and careful. Therefore, do not go on a live interview unless they give you a list of questions first. At the minimum, you should know all the topics to be discussed. If they refuse to do this, do not do it live.

3. Do not joke about illegal acts

If they ask you if you've been accused of rape, absolutely do not use irony or sarcasm. A simple "absolutely not" is prudent. Do not make any references in interviews to breaking the law, even minor laws like drinking in public. On the other hand, some trolling on non-legal questions is okay. Remember when I said that a sensationalist interview will get shared more? You want to give a bit of shock value on things that may anger people. If

you’re a manosphere writer, your regular beliefs are already shock enough, so don’t tone them down in order to appease the mainstream.

4. Push back on stupid questions

Any reporter who is assigned to you will be a cookie-cutter cog in the machine because, well, she’s interviewing you and you’re far from a rock star. They are going to insult your intelligence with stupid questions that suggest they haven’t even pulled up your work before. There are three things you can do to combat this.

First, you can patiently explain the points that they should’ve known had their research been more complete. Second, you can ignore the question and take a detour into a related topic that gives you an opportunity to discuss something more important to you (politicians do this often). Lastly, you can channel Socrates and logically tear apart the question with your own questions that frustrate the interviewer and cause her move on. A reporter once asked me to define consensual sex and I got so involved about its legal, cultural, and socioeconomic implications that she got bored and moved on.

5. Hope for the best but expect the worst

You should not have the expectation that the interview will an unbiased brain dump of your greatness. Your goal is to get a mere 10% of your belief system onto the final product while not allowing any new accusations or whispers about your character to be introduced. For instance, it’s fine if they ask me about rape and publish my truthful answer, but it’s not fine if I give a sarcastic answer that allows the joke to be taken as fact, because now I will be hammered about this on the next interview (and every interview thereafter).

I noticed that a lot of writers have a negative opinion on interviews because they hate not being able to control the process. While they have rightful concerns about the agendas of reporters and media companies, interviews can be a great way to get a 10% part of your message out there while exciting your readership with some social proof of your work. As long as you don’t get entitled that an interview should only serve your interests, I see no major reason to turn them down. They’ll use you for page views and money while you’ll use them for exposure. That’s a fair trade to me.

Read Next: *How I Trolled Lithuania’s Biggest News Site*

The Rat Mobility Experiment

November 13, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Professor Yanek of UCLA's biology department decided upon a peculiar study: he wanted to determine how a rat's mobility is affected with the application of electric shocks. The aim was to analyze how mammals weigh pain versus a reward of mobility. It was Yanek's hope that this line of research could have applications ranging from consumer marketing to prisoner rehabilitation.

Yanek led a team of six diligent graduate students. Their duties involved carrying out his experiments and assisting with undergraduate student instruction. To ensure that his team felt empowered and invested in the experiments they were doing, he always made sure to leave out minor details and procedures that required them to figure things out on their own. He didn't want them to think they were automatons simply following a recipe.

The lead team member of the rat mobility experiment was John, a 25-year-old who was only three semesters away from achieving his masters in neurophysiology. Shy but congenial, John took a year off after graduating with his bachelor's degree to live in the Peruvian city of Puno, where he taught English at a private school. He kept in touch with a sweet girl he had a relationship with named Loira, but he was sure he didn't want to return. He had many reasons: the street environment was hectic and sometimes dangerous, the café culture was sorely lacking, supermarkets were often out of basic items, and bad restaurant hygiene would easily cause foodborne illnesses. Halfway through his stay he longed for the comfort and predictability of American life.

With Yanek's assistance, John planned the experiment. There would be one control group and two variable groups. Rats in the control group would be fitted with a simple GPS sensor attached to their tails before being set loose from the biology building, referred to as the "epicenter." Measurements would be taken to see how far they would stray, with no limitation placed upon their movement.

Rats in the first variable group, in addition to being outfitted with a GPS sensor, also had an electric shock collar firmly attached to their necks. The collar would deliver a crippling jolt when the rat strayed 500 meters from epicenter, persisting until it turned back. Rats subjected to this condition was known as the 500 Group.

Rats in the second variable group were also outfitted with an electro-collar and GPS sensor, but their shocks were to be delivered differently. At 200 meters, the rat would receive a mild shock meant to stun the animal, but not cause any pain. At 400 meters, and every 200 meters thereafter, the intensity of the shock would increase slightly, only matching the shock of the 500 Group when 2,000 meters from epicenter was reached. Rats subject to this variable were known as the Every 200 Group.

John's hypothesis, which Yanek agreed with, was as follows: the control group would travel the farthest from epicenter since they had no constraints placed on their movement. The 500 Group would travel an average of 400 meters to place a safe cushion

from the painful shock they would receive at 500 meters. The Every 200 Group was predicted to settle at around 1000 meters, when the shock became uncomfortable but not extremely painful. It was thought that the Every 200 Group would endure a handful of mild shocks to experience greater mobility.

There was a disagreement with the university chancellor on whether live rats can be released into the public. Instead of the planned release of eighteen rats, six for each group, they were authorized to release only six in total. This greatly reduced the robustness of their data, but it was better than nothing. Besides, Yanek knew that a successful preliminary study would grease the wheels for something more ambitious down the line.

As the study's start date grew closer, there was a meeting between Yanek and John to make final preparations.

"Have the rats been ordered?" Yanek asked.

"Yes, I ordered eight brown rats, model H-1057, including two backups in case of accidental death."

"Did you retrieve the electrical collars from the storage unit and test them?"

"Yes, I tested six of them on myself. They are definitely working." John grimaced slightly but Yanek didn't notice. "I also calibrated them."

"The GPS units?"

"I calibrated those as well, and tested them at a distance of 100 meters. All are accurate."

"Good, good." Yanek tapped a pencil on his desk, focusing on the wall behind John. "For the six days the experiment is running I expect you to be on call and take care of anything that may come up. Is your car in proper functioning order to retrieve the rats at the end of the experiment?"

"Yes."

"There is one change I'd like to recommend. Since there are so few rats in the study, we must increase the strength of our data. Therefore it would be better if you take distance readings every two hours instead of every four, like we had previously discussed."

John knew this meant his nightly sleep would suffer during the course of the experiment, but even if he wanted to say no, it wouldn't be wise. Yanek was the final authority on whether he would get his Master's degree or not. The last thing he wanted to do was create tension.

"I don't expect this to be a problem," John said. "My schedule will be clear during the six days the experiment is running."

There actually wasn't much to clear. John's social life since coming back from Puno nearly two years prior had degraded into solitary nights watching movies. He'd drive to school from his shared apartment in Ontario and then drive back home. Though John was introverted, he didn't mind passing the time with casual friends, but that changed one

night at a friend’s party.

At the party, a pretty girl named Amy took an interest in him for reasons he was unsure of. They chatted for two hours over the course of several drinks. Feeling alcoholic courage, John was able to touch her occasionally on the shoulder. Numbers were exchanged when it was time for her to abruptly leave due to some commotion caused by her husky girlfriend.

John drove home that night excited about his first prospect in months, but he started drifting in his lane. It’s arguable whether this occurred because he fantasized about seeing Amy again or because he was influenced from the six drinks he had, but he was eventually pulled over by a policeman.

In spite of passing the field sobriety test, the policeman goaded him into taking a breathalyzer, stating that if he refused, his license would be automatically suspended and he would have to show up in court. John figured he could beat the breathalyzer thanks to his Irish roots, especially since he didn’t even feel buzzed from the drinks he had, but he blew a BAC of 0.09, just over the legal limit of 0.08. He was arrested and put in jail.

He had to borrow the $8,000 in lawyer costs and fines from his parents. Thankfully his license was not suspended, but the judge remarked that if he was caught again, he would have to face at least two weeks of jail time. As for Amy, she cancelled on their first date and didn’t respond to John’s attempts to schedule another.

Since the night of his arrest, he didn’t dare risk drinking and driving. He tried to go out sober, but with everyone else drinking, it wasn’t fun. He still needed social interaction, however, so he started venturing out to happy hours in the early evening, only imbibing one drink that he would nurse for the hour or so he’d stay. He could probably handle two drinks, but a new law changed the legal BAC to 0.06. He was unsure of what was a safe limit and didn’t want to take a chance.

Getting laid would have been nice for John, but he found women hostile to his attempts. They would say things like, “Give me one reason why I should talk to you” or “Is that all you got?” One night he got angry at a girl who asked him “Is that a line?” and replied by saying, “Well, it worked on your mom.” She responded by throwing her drink in his face. John responded in kind by splashing his remaining warm beer on her chest. She pulled her fist back, as if she as going to hit him, but ran up to the bouncer instead. John was ejected. The bouncer said, “You can’t just grab a girls breasts and throw beer on her because she doesn’t want to talk to you.”

“That’s not what happened!” John yelled, uselessly. Looking inside the bar he could see the girl sternly talking on her phone. Was she calling the cops? He didn’t want to wait around to find out.

This incident scared him straight from going out at all. The only social interaction that remained for him was chatting to co-workers and having occasional Skype sex with Loira. He would stroke his penis in front of her while she inserted household objects into her vagina.

By the time the rat mobility experiment was ready to go, John’s schedule was so open

that he could even take hourly data readings without any impact to his social life.

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Rats are social animals. Once isolated from each other, they grow despondent and anxious, not unlike people, which is why they make such a superb human experimental model. While it may be absurd to state that rats have free will, laboratory assistants of the world can delight listeners with tales of their seemingly human traits like happiness, frustration, curiosity, and sadness. They will also explain how rats born in captivity have an endearing need for submission, of wanting to be taken care of by their human masters instead of risking escape into the wild.

One sensitive issue of doing rat experiments is that of naming. The first rule any rat handler learns is to never name a rat. Doing so increases emotional attachment to the animal and leads to subconscious attempts to protect it, possibly jeopardizing the entire experiment. Absolute emotional apathy much be maintained at all times, because at the end of the experiments all rats are killed. If scientific progress is to be achieved, it is important that rats aren't reused across different experiments. In spite of this, it's impossible for handlers to resist noticing personality differences between rats. Some seem more energetic, some seem more shy, some love to sleep, some prefer exercise, and so on. When the eight brown rats finally came in, John took particular notice of number six, whose body remained unusually inert while its whiskers and mouth were in a constant state of fantastic twitching. Going against lab protocol, he named it Bolivar.

One day before launch, John successfully tested all the equipment. The rats were fed their last laboratory meal and rested for what would be a six day adventure before their demise. On the way to the storage closet to retrieve a few clipboards, John walked by the break room and noticed his colleagues in the middle of a discussion.

"It's the role of the government to promote equality among its citizens," Sandra said.

"I agree," Becky chimed in. "This is why more must be done to decrease the unequal wage gap. It's not fair that women are paid less for the same work."

Andrew was next to speak: "Things are getting better, but we still have a long way to go. Thankfully we have a president who is aware of the problem."

"Women deserve equal rights—."

"And they must be protected—."

"We should create new laws—."

"There are not enough female CEOs—."

Unable to help himself, John walked into the conversation to state his views on the matter. "I couldn't help but overhear your discussion. While it is true that men, in aggregate, make more than women, it can be attributed to the personal decisions that both sexes make. Men choose more dangerous jobs, which have a higher chance of workplace injury or death. These tend to pay more than female-oriented jobs like teaching and clerking. In addition, men choose more math-intensive fields like engineering and computer programming, which as you know come with more lucrative

salaries. Lastly, men work longer hours. They don't take maternal leave or cut their careers short to raise children. It would also be prudent to do a basic smell test, for if women really were cheaper labor, men would rarely be hired because corporate shareholders care primarily about profit."

John was proud of his intelligent and factual explanation, but he did not receive a response. His three coworkers awkwardly stared at each other, waiting for him to leave. John excused himself to continue his work, eventually finding the clipboards he needed.

—

The day of the experiment finally arrived. One hour before the rats were set to be released into the city, John was called into Yanek's office. John thought Yanek intended to give him words of encouragement, but he reprimanded him instead.

"John, it has come to my attention that you have made misogynistic statements about women, saying that they are not good at math."

"What?" It took him a few seconds to realize what Yanek was referring to. "I just said that men are more likely to pursue careers that involve math. I never said women weren't good at it."

"I see, but there were three witnesses that suggest the contrary."

"Witnesses?"

"Look, I don't think you are misogynistic, but I have to put this incident in your personal file, as dictated by university regulations. Now, is the experiment ready to start?"

"Yeah," John said, looking down at the floor. He had already outfitted the rats with their electro collars and GPS devices. All that remained was releasing them and monitoring their movements on the computer every two hours for six days.

The release happened on the loading dock in the back of the laboratory building. John let go of Bolivar last, patting him on the head and wishing him luck. The rats scampered off and John returned to his workstation. On his computer screen he could see that the rats were heading towards Encino. At approximately 200 meters, the Every 200 Group stopped dead in their tracks upon receiving their first mild shock, while the 500 Group continued on until they received their massive shock at 500 meters. The control group continued unimpeded.

John was genuinely excited about the experiment before it began, but now all he could think about was his future. He had to be very careful about what he could say on campus if he didn't want to get kicked out of the program. With an already debilitated social life, he was disappointed at not being able to have intelligent conversations at work. There was no longer anyone in Los Angeles that he could talk to about his thoughts.

For the next six days, John carefully recorded rat movements. He was fatigued throughout but the data was solid, with not a single recording error or dead rat. On the last day, he noticed a surprising outcome that went against the hypothesis that he and Yanek agreed on. He went to Yanek's office with the preliminary results.

"The control group, with no electro collar, maintained an average daily distance of 5,230

meters from epicenter. The Every 200 group maintained an average daily distance of 88 meters, remaining right here on campus. The 500 Group maintained an average daily distance of 454 meters."

"Fascinating!" Yanek replied. "The 500 Group, as expected, approached the limit of their big shock, but the Every 200 Group stayed far away from even the most minor shock. Are you sure their 200 meter shock was on the lowest setting? It should not have caused them much pain."

"I'm sure," John said. "They did venture to 400 and 600 meters to experience the escalating series of shocks, but they quickly retreated back to campus. They are currently residing near the Delta Gamma sorority house."

"I surmise that the quantity of shocks scared them, and not necessarily the intensity."

"It could be, or that they didn't figure out exactly when the shocks were coming, and remained in a state of fear and immobilization. The 500 Group knew of only one shock, and so could freely travel within the wider range before it."

"This has very interesting implications in both rat and human behavior. As you may well know, one scientific study is usually the seed for another, so piece by piece we shall come to understand how randomly inflicted pain influences animal behavior. I will start thinking of a follow-up experiment to expand on these findings. Exciting, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir, it is exciting," John said flatly.

"Now go retrieve the rats so we can give them to Javier for disposal in the incinerator."

When John went back to his workstation, he looked at the screen and noticed something strange. Bolivar, who was part of the Every 200 Group, was suddenly in West Hollywood, a distance of 6,600 meters. John thought it had to be an equipment error because at 2,000 meters he should have received a near death shock.

John gathered the rat-catching equipment, including the tasty rat treats that would be used as bait, and spent the next several hours with a handheld GPS unit, nabbing the rats one by one. Most rats went willingly, perhaps tired of their city journey and in need of scheduled feedings. When it was time to catch Bolivar, John noticed he was almost in Glendale. He finally caught up to him scattering through a strip mall, and immediately noticed that his electro collar was missing. He tried to corner Bolivar into a box with rat treats but he attempted every manner of escape. John had no choice but to shoot him with a tranquilizer gun while a handful of spectators filmed the scene with their smartphones.

Three days later, the public transit authority called Yanek's office to say they found a collar tagged with university information near one of the bus depots. It was a surprise for John to see the steel collar cracked open with considerable force, as if a heavy machine ran over it. Yanek and John agreed that there was no way Bolivar consciously risked his life to have the collar removed, and that it must have been a manufacturing defect. Like the rest of the rats, Bolivar was burned into ashes.

Months went by and John attended the laboratory's holiday party. Everyone had a little

too much to drink, except John, who asked the new intern if she would like to see a movie with him. She was chubby, but John hadn't been laid in a while, so even an additional 15 pounds on her frame wouldn't have stopped him from the attempt. She told him maybe, but the next day he was called into Yanek's office for making "unwanted advances." He was put on a three-month probation. If he made one infraction during that time, he would be kicked out of the program.

He didn't make it to the end of the probationary period. He sold his things and bought a one-way ticket to Puno. Loira picked him up at the city's tiny airport.

Previous Story: *The Perfect Game*

How To Solve A Problem

November 15, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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It may almost seem like a joke that I am attempting this topic matter, but I am seeing a regression of problem solving skills among the world's youth. If they experience a problem that cannot be solved with a quick google search, they descend into a fury that blames the world for ruining their lives and being singularly against them.

As some of my older readers may know, life is a series of neverending problems that you can't always prevent. It hasn't been stated in the Bible or any other ancient text that problems do not affect human beings, so it is rather peculiar when you see someone in a coffee shop having a meltdown because the internet is not working.

Here is basic template to solve most problems that you may encounter:

1. Welcome the problem into your reality

When the problem hits, your instinct is to panic and hope for a quick fix that ends it for all eternity, but most problems can't be immediately solved, and expecting to solve them in such a manner will just increase the intensity of your panic. Instead, you must take a deep breath and understand that future obligations, commitments, and plans may be altered because of this new problem.

2. Collect information on the problem

Make strong efforts to gather data, which may include duplicating your problem to understand what is going wrong. Trying to solve a problem before you have all relevant information means your solution will have a lower chance of being effective. If you don't understand what is causing the problem, seek professional advice. The more information you have, the more likely you will pick the correct solution.

3. Implement the best solution and expect it NOT to work

It may take time for the solution to work its way into the problem. While you wait for the result, determine what your next course of action will be *if* the solution fails. This is more for your mental sanity than practicality, because if you expect that the solution works and it doesn't, you may succumb to panic. If you have a second solution ready to go, you will instead think, "It's okay if the problem won't be solved with my first attempt, because there is something else I can try that will hopefully work."

4. Observe if the problem has been solved.

If the problem persists, and no new information has presented itself to you, apply your backup solution. If there is new information, repeat steps two through four.

Now let's go through this process with two different problems I faced recently.

Example #1

Problem: Visitors to ROK report seeing black text on a grey background

Step 1: I understand there is no obvious reason for this to occur, and that the problem can involve the server, my WordPress installation, my custom theme, or my plugins. I mentally accept that many readers will see an ugly page and be turned off by it.

Step 2: I put a call out for people to send me information when they catch a failed page load. Thanks to their feedback, I was able to duplicate the problem. It was due to a caching plugin.

Step 3: I played with the plugin settings for a period of time, measuring their effect after each change. I figured that if I could not solve it this way, I would install a different version of the plugin.

Step 4: Reports came back that the problem was solved.

Example #2

Problem: I injured my left rotator cuff while boxing

Step 1: I understand that muscle injuries, especially to tendons and ligaments, can take a long time to heal. I will have to put aside boxing.

Step 2: Research on the internet told me to halt all shoulder activity. Once pain has subsided I could do rotator cuff exercises using light barbells.

Step 3: After three months, the injury seemed healed, and I resumed my normal shoulder workouts (but not boxing).

Step 4: I re-injured it slightly while doing a heavy press exercise. I must now go back to step two and try something different, which may include seeing a health professional.

I hope that what I've shared with you is common sense, but it's apparent to me that this advice is uncommonly known for the younger generation, who aren't equipped to solve even the basic problems that come up in life. Panicking never has solved a problem and never well, yet it seems to be the main strategy that is being used on the increasingly anxious Western world. The scientific approach I've described above leads to a much higher rate of resolution.

Read Next: *Don't Help A Girl With Her Problems If You Want To Fuck Her*

It’s Time To Start Delivering Death Blows To Feminists

November 18, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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As you may have noticed, the manosphere has received great exposure in 2013 from mainstream outlets. While it has yet to have its own 60 Minutes segment, its existence is becoming known by a larger portion of Western society. For the sake of simplicity, I will refer to me being a part of it, despite my previous insistence to the contrary.

We have reached a level of influence that ignoring us is no longer an effective means of attack. By leaving us alone for so long, they gave us the needed time to carefully optimize our belief system and recruit committed soldiers to the cause. This will change next year. Their attacks will take on a more hysterical urgency, but unfortunately for them, it’s too little too late. An attack last year from the Southern Poverty Law Center, a formidable adversary with millions of dollars in resources, strengthened us more than hurt. We overcame them like a dog scratching away a flea.

Even when they cherry-pick quotes of context, the intelligent man (who I cater to) can easily see through the distortions by doing his own research. He’s just a couple clicks away from learning that media portrayals are dishonest and one-sided. We won’t change the minds of most women, and we won’t convert the most die-hard of white knights, but the most powerful of their upcoming attacks will have the main result of converting more men over to our side. They’re damned if they come after us and damned if they don’t, due to the antifragile construction of our network. This suggests that a tipping point has been reached and it no longer matters what they do, because our ideas have already pollinated mainstream society.

It’s fine to indulge journalists with their interview requests, but that simply adds muscle to the body—it doesn’t put it to use. We’re at the point where we have enough musculature that we can pick up the big stone off the ground and throw it at someone instead of merely flexing in front of the mirror. This can be done through one simple action: holding our enemies responsible for their words.

Five years ago, a feminist would get away with spouting anti-male rhetoric and not get a single negative response. Then things changed to where her arguments would be defeated in the comments section of even the most mainstream of outlets like Yahoo and The Atlantic (prompting the predictable trend to kill comments sections entirely). Seeing these comments is a good sign, but it doesn’t go far enough. The next step is to hold them responsible for the remainder of their lives.

When anyone searches for a man-hater’s name, the first page of Google should make her hate very clear. Future employers should know of her belief system. If you think that today’s dominance of feminism is temporary, and that their ideology will become background noise like communism, a permanent archive that clearly outlines the views of every female hatemonger must be preserved in Google.

I wrote an article for ROK titled How To Defeat New York City Media Liberals. Here's an excerpt:

> There is also no point in attacking companies like Gawker, who earn millions of dollars a year and can withstand any criticism we throw at them. But the blogger making $30,000 a year, trying to eke out a living in New York City, with hopes of climbing up the career ladder once it's clear she's not talented enough to be a real writer, is very vulnerable to being even slightly attacked. Anything that damages her future employment chances will cause her grief, pain, and a decrease in income.
>
> Twitter is a medium that is short and fleeting. Unless we can raise a huge rage army at short notice, which we can't, there is little point using this medium to fight back. But there is a medium which lasts forever, and where numbers don't matter as much. That medium is Google.

My casual experimentation with this method has yielded results:

- Indian feminist Nitasha Tiku helped got Pax Dickinson fired. The second result in Google for her name reveals her anti-male bias.
- Kyla Garvey is a feminist who used her freelancer position to get Toronto firemen fired. This massive conflict of interest is revealed in the second result for her name.
- Seetha Kulandaisamy, another Indian feminist, helped get a man fired because of a joke she didn't like. The first two results of her name reveals her sympathies.

Will these Google results hurt the women as much as they have hurt men? Probably not. Society has gone so far to the side of women that these results may be overlooked today, but if the manosphere continues its rise and feminism peaks (if it hasn't already), these results will cause great harm to them in the future. Google is forever, and hatred you were able to spew today may be unacceptable tomorrow. For the first time ever, women are being archived for their hateful actions. At the minimum, we make their lives more uncomfortable (I personally know that Nitasha Tiku and Kyla Garvey were emotionally hurt by how their angelic Google results were tainted).

There will be many instances in the future where feminists go above and beyond to hurt men. While it's fun to lash out at them on Twitter, we must also choose a more permanent and Google-able medium to create a historical record of their behavior. If you have a blog, simply put their name in the headline and state your case. If you don't have a blog, submit the post to ROK. These actions aren't as explosive as their rabid Twitter mobs, but it will begin to send a signal to women that they must think very carefully before they participate in male hatred if they don't want their name in Google to be forever contaminated. The best part of all this is that what we're doing is completely legal and based on the facts, not at all like hacking or DDOS attempts that have no lasting impact. In fact, it's essential we stick to the truth, refusing to take the deceptive shortcuts and slander that compose their fallacious arguments.

Getting media articles written about us is fun, engaging in comment wars is fun, but to make a difference it’s time to cause them permanent pain. Let’s see how committed they are to their cause when the whole world can be reminded of their feminist adventures with a simple Google search, as long they live.

Read Next: *The War Against Men*

This Is My City

November 20, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I've lived outside of America for a little over four years now (52 months to be exact), with no real purpose except to have sex with women and enjoy life. As my travels progressed, I became more confused instead of less on what type of city I eventually want to settle in. Only lately has the picture become clearer to me, and this happened not only by living in different types of cities and trying different languages, but by putting myself in different situations, just to see how my organism would react. Finally, at the age of 34, I have a firm grasp of the city I want. It should contain these seven qualities:

1. Medium-sized with a dense urban core and a population between 0.75 – 1.5 million people.

It should be walkable enough that I should rarely have to take a taxi or public transportation, but large enough to have a variety of cafe, nightlife, and female options.

2. A majority population that is conversational in English.

I have been the first to learn a country's language, and while I appreciate the intellectual rewards from it, I prefer it as a side hobby than a daily requirement. I want to primarily speak in English with the women I fornicate with.

3. A comfortable apartment.

I don't want rugged lodgings. I must have a desk, comfortable work chair, couch, coffee table, and television with an HDMI connection to my laptop for movie viewing. I spend a lot time at home so it it must be a place I look forward to relaxing in.

4. Nightlife with at least one ladies night a week.

Nightlife is becoming less important to me, but at least once a week I want to enter a club where the ratio is at least three girls for every guy. Anything less and I can't be bothered unless ravenously horny.

5. Ability to get a one-night stand once every four times going out.

I don't mind dating, but there has to be a good chance of the ONS. If I wake up horny as hell, I want to know I can get laid that night from a fresh prospect who had no idea she was about to get railed by a hirsute man.

6. Presence of possible wingmen.

I have a better time in cities where I hang out with other Westerners, not just to hunt women but to have philosophical discussions about life. I have found it close to impossible to make European friends due to huge ideological and cultural differences, so the city should have a handful of Western expats that I can connect with.

7. White girls with big butts.

While I don't mind dating Latinas, my preference is for girls who have skin equal or lighter in color than mine. For whatever reason, my boner responds strongly to them.

There are two factors which are decreasing in importance for me:

1. Easiness right out of the box.

I don't need for girls to approach me or think I'm the ideal man. It's okay if it takes me some time to get the oven pre-heated and find a decent girl or two that I can spend time with.

2. Potential for deep connection.

For the longest time I thought that my journeys were training me to find "the one," a girl who I would keep forever, but I stumbled upon her two (maybe three) times and let them all go. I've had to accept that I'm an anomaly in not wanting a serious relationship with a great girl. Instead, I want mini-relationships of two months in length with feminine women. They are to be given back to the dating pool if I become bored. Therefore, I don't need perfect emotional compatibility or women who are trained to be excellent wives and homemakers. I want them to merely look nice, laugh at my jokes, and pleasure me in bed.

There are four countries I've been to which would please me most: Poland, Ukraine, Croatia, and Lithuania. I experienced great pleasures in South America and Estonia, but besides some brief future travel in random places of the world, I think I know where I will eventually settle.

Read Next: *15 Factors That Determine If A City Is Great For Men*

When You Should Not Be Persuasive

November 22, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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The science of persuasion is rightfully seen as an important modern skill. Whether it's convincing your boss on a certain course of action or sleeping with a woman, persuasion is needed to get what you want from other people.

Persuasion techniques are best used on one-off transactions that don't require your target to make a long-term commitment. For example:

- getting a girl to come back to your apartment for a drink
- selling a used car to a reluctant buyer
- asking a restaurant manager for freebies or a refund
- convincing your parent to buy you a large birthday gift
- selling an ebook to a new customer

In the above cases, persuasion can overcome mild interest to complete the transaction in your favor (any buyer's remorse that results is unlikely to cause a reversal). You only had to be persuasive enough to get the target to say yes the one time.

But persuasion should not be used in situations that require multiple transactions or strenuous effort for your target over a prolonged period of time. For example:

- encouraging a man to learn game
- convincing a man to work for your company
- pushing someone into starting a blog or writing a book
- giving a gym membership as a gift
- persuading a girl to stay in a relationship with you

Persuasion is enough to hijack the brain for a short amount of time, but once its power wears off, your target will enter a new emotional state, lose motivation, and quit. In other words, you can not get someone to do a sustained behavior unless that person has *true desire* and will. Any attempt on your part to push them will only cause completion of one or two initial steps before they drop out.

When I want someone to embark on a particular journey, I make it a point to be flat, unemotional, and nearly forgetful of stating the endeavor's benefits, because I know any convincing on my part will temporarily distort their desire and cause them to agree, only to quit well before the journey's end. Yet when it comes to a transaction, the first no just gets me warmed up. In fact, I expect it, and then pursue the matter like a good salesman would. I'll convince a girl to bang me, but not to commit to me. I'll convince my brother to do one approach on a girl he likes, but not to learn game. I'll convince a guy to do an extra set at the gym, but not to adopt a new training program. Mold a person's desire for one day or one transaction, never more.

This is a reason why motivation doesn't work. Going to a seminar just pushes you to the

next step of your action item list, but after you complete it and realize there is still a long way to go, you revert back to your de-motivated state. Without a guru constantly yelling in your ear, you don't press forward. Therefore the problem with idleness and procrastination is not motivation, but one of inner desire. In order to work hard for a goal, you must greatly want it.

If you need motivation to do something, you must stop and re-examine your desire instead of seeking a further injection of motivation that will wear off in short time. When it comes to true accomplishment and success, persuading yourself or others is a strategy that simply does not work.

Read Next: *Beware Of Goals With Numbers*

My Relationship Game Model

November 25, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I haven't written a lot of about relationship game because, well, I don't get into many relationships. Even girls who are high quality to me, meaning the top 0.01% of girls I've dated, bore me after a short period of time. But that doesn't mean I don't have a basic relationship model to guide me.

Unlike with approaches, you can't apply a routine-based or memorization strategy in relationship game, because there is so much time spent with your girl, with so many different scenarios, that a robotic approach will paralyze you. It's best to possess the optimal rules instead, and let the spontaneous and correct behavior flow from them.

Here are my three relationship rules:

1. Never escalate the commitment side of the relationship before she does.

Do not say or do anything which tells her you want monogamy or a deeper relationship. Do not suggest going on trips before she does. Do not insist on her spending the night unless she requests it. Do not suggest hanging out at a greater frequency than she has implied. It is entirely the job of the girl to demand commitment, while the man's job is to act with bemused reluctance (if not outright belligerence).

2. Make it seem like you value her mainly for sex.

This will probably be true for you anyway, so make no attempt to hide it. Bring up sex often outside of the bedroom, remarking on the things you want to do to her. Make sexual jokes. Compliment her body, not her personality. Be reluctant to plan complicated activities instead of easy booty calls. Tell her to dress sexy. Be generally perverted. You want her to understand that if she doesn't continue with the sexual rewards, you may get bored and search elsewhere.

3. Only make declarations of affection and love in response to hers.

Even the most aloof of girls will want some display of your feelings, but do so only as a response. It should come at a random frequency and at a lower intensity than what she gives. When she says, "I miss you," you can reply "Aww" some of the time and "I miss you too" the others. When she says, "I want you," you may say "I want you too." In the back of her mind, she will know you aren't being completely sincere, and may even call you out for being a "liar," a compliment to your game. There must always be doubt in her mind if what you're saying is true or not, because if there isn't, she will feel that she has you and then get bored herself. Things do become a bit more sticky when she tosses out "I love you," but as long as your responses are flat and have the word "too," you will be safe.

If you keep these three rules in mind, you shouldn't enter needy territory where she gets turned off. Don't slip on your game entirely, such as showering her with gifts and being too quick to reply back to her via text, but you can treat her generally well, spoon with her, and take her out to dinner, because she will still be anxious about the state of the

relationship, constantly seeking reassurances of your feelings for her but never quite getting it in the unambiguous way she desires. While some of the harder girls in America may need more doses of dread to keep them anxious, I find the above model to be more than sufficient for all my mini-relationship needs.

Read Next: *Make Her Think Something Is Wrong*

Polish Girls Vs. Ukrainian Girls

November 27, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I'm ready to do a comparison of these two countries that mainly focus on the women. I've lived in Poland for almost a year and Ukraine for seven months, so I believe I'm qualified to attempt this analysis. In addition, I've had two trips that took me back and forth from the two countries, giving me clear side-by-side comparisons. Let's begin…

Face

I was on the fence for the longest time about which country has more beautiful women. The reason is I became well-aware of a Ukrainian girl's ability at beautification through makeup and other artificial enhancements. In spite of that, I'm ready to declare that Ukrainian girls, as a whole, are indeed more beautiful than Polish girls. If you take away a Ukrainian's girls makeup and take away a Polish girl's makeup, Ukrainian girls will come out on top due to softer facial curves that have better proportions (Polish women have a genetic strain that gives many of them a prominent and unattractive witch face). The most beautiful Polish girls look Ukrainian while the ugliest Ukrainian girls look Polish.

Advantage: Ukraine

Size

If you like thin, petite women, Ukrainian women have a clear edge. I estimate that around 30% of Polish women are at least chubby, whereas in Ukraine that number is under 15%. In Poland you also see many women with linebacker body frames.

When I first visited Poland, I noticed in the supermarkets that young Polish students stocked up on a lot of soda and chips. At the time I wondered how they could eat junk food and remain thin, but that type of eating takes time to reveal itself. Two years later, it's very obvious to me that Polish women are getting bigger. Unfortunately, foreign men will not hesitate to go after a fat Polish girl, enabling this obesity, while in Ukraine foreign men are reluctant to chase fatties. It is ten times harder for a fat Ukrainian girl to get laid than a fat Polish girl.

Advantage: Ukraine

Shape

Polish women offer more curves in the form of larger breasts and plumper ass. Ukrainian women are like white Asian girls, and while you can find large butts, it can be challenging to do so. Polish women are built for ploughing and vigorous sex while Ukrainian women are built for knitting and walking in high heels. It's interesting to me how great the shape differential is even though the countries share a large border.

Advantage: Poland

Personality

Polish women are sweet, patient, curious, and friendly. They are a joy to spend time with. On the flip side, a Ukrainian woman may take a long time to reveal her personality to you, and once she does, it may be sorely lacking, not necessarily because she's hollow inside, but because her comfort level with you—a non Kiev Rus barbarian—is low and she is embarrassed to appear stupid while speaking English. I have dated Ukrainian girls whose personalities blew away the best I could find in Poland, but for most guys it will be easier to find a pleasant Polish girl than a pleasant Ukrainian girl.

Advantage: Poland

Game Ease

A Western man will *on average* find it easier to get laid in Poland, but exceptions are common. I remember my first night back in Poland after four months in Odessa when I saw a drunk Polish girl grinding on a guy and making out with him. Instinctively I thought, "What a slut!" It's not because she really was a slut, but because I hadn't seen that behavior at all in Odessa. In Ukraine, it's rare for me to kiss a girl the same night I meet her, but in Poland you can do so with a girl who has a boyfriend. One-night stands or first-date bangs aren't rare in Poland, but they are in Ukraine.

An important note to mention is that Ukraine excels for the older man, because the girls absolutely do not care if you are 35 and beyond. Men under 30 would do better in Poland while men over 30 should try Ukraine, though Polish girls dig older men too.

Advantage: Poland

Sex

Ukrainian girls are simply not good in bed, perhaps the worst I've encountered in my travels. They view sex more as something to be endured them a means of self-gratification. They are also pretty horrible at sucking dick. Polish women, on the other hand, while not as pornographic as American women, have a far healthier attitude towards sex that translates into competent performances inside the bedroom. Ukrainian women may take quite a bit of training to please you while Polish women are better right out the box.

Advantage: Poland

Standard Of Living

It's not easy living in Ukraine. The people come across as rude. English is not common. Commercial products and amenities are at a basic level. Cab drivers go for the jugular when giving you fares since meters are nonexistent. Service is absolutely horrendous. Accomplishing even simple things like going to the dentist can be a major headache. Poland, however, is close to America when it comes to modern amenities, and is rapidly closing the gap. The cost of living is comparable in both countries, though Poland is

somehow cheaper.

Advantage: Poland

Overall

From my above list, it would be logical for me to declare Poland the winner, but I simply can't. The reason is that Ukraine has thinner girls who are more beautiful, the two most important factors for me. While I do value things like personality and sexual performance, it's quite hard to go from Ukraine to Poland and accept the sharp drop-off in beauty. I know I should be happier overall in Poland, but being able to put attempts on 8s and 9s in Ukraine is quite invigorating. While foreign men may take a while until they get a Ukrainian 8+, just being able to try actually yields a nugget of masculine happiness that Poland simply can not provide.

An Italian man once told me that Ukraine is the major leagues while Poland is the minor leagues. I understand the reason for such a comparison because in Poland you need very basic game to get bangable girls, while in Ukraine you may need to completely upend your game system and learn many new skills (including Russian) to succeed with quality women. But one you crack this Ukrainian plateau, which will involve a lot of bad dates, you start to establish your skillset, and it then becomes easier for you to get hotter in Ukraine than Poland. If you give me a set timeline of four weeks, I will bang a higher quality average in Ukraine than Poland, but in Poland I will bang a higher quantity. Sadly, I have less energy for a quantity game and am moving towards mini-relationships.

I can not declare either one more superior than the other—it will simply depend on what you want. If you're looking for fun and relatively easier sex with girls who speak great English, Poland comes out on top. If you want stoic but hotter girls who are always dressed up like they are about to walk on a model runway, Ukraine is a better choice. While Poland will always have a special place in my heart, it looks like that my destiny in pushing me towards Russian-speaking countries so that I can achieve the highest level of beauty that the female human species has to offer.

Read Next: *American Girls vs Ukrainian Girls*

How We Stood Up To The Mob And Won

November 29, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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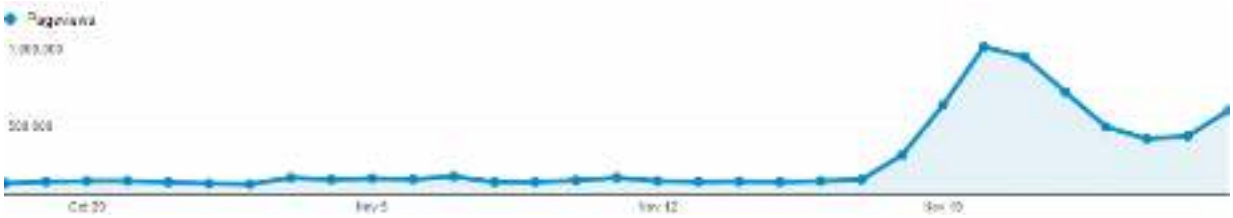
Last week, an article Tuthmosis wrote for ROK called "5 Reasons To Date A Girl With An Eating Disorder" went viral. And by viral, I mean that it was the most shared article to ever come out of the manosphere in its short history, receiving nearly 1.5 million page views in five days. In spite of recently upgrading the ROK server, it simply couldn't handle thousands of people trying to access the site at the same time. Thanks to help from the community, I was able to implement a triage solution that—at its peak—was able to serve 3,500 people simultaneously.



It's hard to imagine the anger generated by Tuthmosis if you weren't in the thick of it. The article's real-time feed on Twitter was constant in calling for its removal, and I can only imagine the discussions taking place on Facebook where we received 100x the traffic. Over five change.org petitions were started against ROK (one received around 12,000 signatures). Two girls cried on Youtube. Pretty girls—not dumpy feminists—shared their outrage. We were bashed on Huffington Post, Jezebel, and Daily Mail, among others. I saw many tweets to Anonymous, begging them to take us down, in addition to the obligatory death threats and calls for our castration.

As of this writing, ROK is still online and still serving Tuthmosis' article, which I must again stress has generated more rage than anything I've ever seen. The question I would like to ask you is this: how were we able to withstand such overwhelming criticism and calls for our vaporization? Why is the site still online? Because me and the rest of the ROK team refused to back down. In spite of the extraordinary mob effort, we stood together in defense of that article. Absorbing the blows for a few tense days is all it took. Nothing more.

I've already mentally prepared for likely worst case scenarios from mob activity:

1. Our host shuts us down. That's okay, because our site would come back online after a few days. There are many hosts out there who would accept our patronage.

2. We get DDOS'ed. That's okay, because after a few days, the attackers would get bored and the site would come back online. This actually happened before with a Portland article we published where we were intermittently down for half a day.

3. Haters contact my family. That's okay, because I have already explained to all my family members that it is inevitable my work will inconvenience them in some way. This did happen in the past when a few people called my step-mom, a mother of two, to tell them I'm a bad person. Thankfully my family has a sense of humor.

4. We get hacked. That's okay, because I maintain regular backups of the site. At most, we lose a few days of posts and comments.

5. New laws prevent publication of our content. That's okay, because I would register a foreign domain extension and host the site abroad. We would lose some readers who don't make the transition to our new domain name, but we would continue operation.

6. We lose our monthly sponsor. That's okay, because losing a few months of revenue is not going to put the site is jeopardy. I built ROK on the cheap with the assumption that it would make little money. Our sponsor for November received a lot of angry emails last week, but he stuck with us.

As long as I'm more committed to operate ROK than our strongest enemies are motivated to take it down, their attacks can only cause temporary harm.

All Americans are granted free speech by the US Constitution, but if there's one thing I've learned in the past couple of years, it's that you are not entitled to it. You must earn your right to free speech and you must fight for it. This is why I can't help but feel disgust towards media outlets or blogs that issue apologies and retractions for published words that cause offense. I can't respect those who voluntary bend over and give up their free speech right because they are too scared of the mob, too weak to take a little heat. Last week I was ready to go down with the ship in defense of Tuthmosis' and ROK's right to free expression, and I don't consider myself to be brave. I'm just a man who believes that principles are more important than comfort. I have nothing but disdain for writers and publishers who don't even *attempt* to defend their rights.

This event was a critical moment for our corner of the internet. We took the absolute worst from them and came out stronger, without any consequences except a higher hosting bill for the month. If we can do it then so can you, not just online, but in real life against those who use shame and lies to challenge your beliefs and behavior. Believe in your ideas and be ready to defend them, no matter what it takes. Don't back down, don't give in, and stand strong when the attacks come, because I promise you they will.

Read Next: *The Jante Lawification Of America*

The Rise Of Heterophobia

December 2, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A new psychological disorder called heterophobia is infecting America. Promoting a heterosexual or traditional family lifestyle is becoming increasingly shamed while criticism of homosexual lifestyle is no longer allowed. Our culture is making it clear that when it comes to sex, only heterosexuality can be ridiculed, especially when it is practiced by men.

I believe we're only 10-15 years away from when homosexuality or bisexuality will be seen as a superior lifestyle to heterosexuality. We're already at the stage where homosexual couples are seen as more virtuous than male players (mainstream media criticizes game incessantly, but no such effort has been done on homosexual couples). Any lifestyle choice that involves men wanting to sleep with beautiful, thin women will be linked to misogyny and hate, while lifestyle choices involving men wanting to sleep with other men is seen as progressive and open-minded. Even the annual Thanksgiving Day Parade, an American family institution since 1927, is promoting a gay lifestyle by featuring singing and dancing homosexual men dressed up as women:

Heterophobia will be devastating on boys. Impressionable children will be bombarded with messages that guide them into adopting a lifestyle that has no genetic basis within them. And yes, I am saying that gayness is not 100% biological—there is absolutely an environmental component, as there is for all other human behavioral traits. A genetically straight man could be turned gay if raised in an environment that nurtures and encourages his slightest homosexual tendencies, which is what America is doing today. Gender re-education will ensure that even normal heterosexual boys will be softened. Masculinity and staunch heterosexuality will be seen as a nostalgic throwback, unsuitable for modern times.

Evidence of heterophobia can be found in the immense support network that gays can depend on. If you're a gay boy and are teased in school, the administration will rush to action. There are web sites and toll free numbers to call if you need help. Unless you live in a rural town, you won't have to go far to receive compassionate support. But how about if you're a teenage boy who wants to have sex? Tough luck, you privileged freak. You will be brainwashed that consensual sex is possibly rape and flirting is sexual harrasment. They are telling boys now that you can't touch a girl without her "permission." The only support you got are guys like me, who are being put on hate lists. If you are growing up gay today, people trip over themselves to help you deal with your issues, but if you're a straight boy, they'll teach you harmful propaganda to prevent you from even getting laid. The culture is being successfully changed so that deviant homosexual behavior is accepted and embraced.

I pity young males in America today. Unless they become gay and decide to sleep with truckloads of random men, they will be attacked for being masculine, using techniques to achieve heterosexual sex, and making even mild criticisms against women or

homosexual culture. They will fall prey to a system that wants to make them feel ashamed and privileged for being straight, and I’m afraid that as a result, many will succumb to this brainwashing and become—if not outright homosexual—unhappy beta males who have no idea how to pursue women without shame or guilt.

Read Next: *Two Fathers*

I Think, Therefore I'm Erect

December 4, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

My libido, as I enter my mid 30s, is not as strong as it once was. While still robust, I find it easier to talk myself out of bangs and go longer periods without sex. I figured this was a normal result of aging that, beyond working on diet and exercise, fell largely outside of my control.

Another factor that contributed to my decreasing libido was penile desensitization. Indiscriminately banging so many different women for so long means I receive less pleasure from new bangs. It became easier for me to stay home on a weekend night knowing that I wasn't missing out on something I haven't experienced many times before.

The months went by and I gradually accepted this change, but then I began to wonder. In Chisinau I partied with two Brazilian guys, one of whom was in his late 40′s. He had twice as much energy as me. He danced, approached, and drank all night. It's possible he was the oldest guy in the club, but he didn't have problems receiving affections from young women. Later, in Odessa, I met two guys who were chasing poon nearly every night, and they were about the same age as me. Why was I less motivated than them?

We like to think that testosterone levels are dependent on genetics or environment, but I asked myself if there is a mental component as well. Could testosterone production ramp up or down depending on how you think? I believe the answer is yes.

In unfavorable sexual environments, where you resign yourself to less sex, your body will produce less testosterone as a self-protection mechanism. If getting laid is difficult but your body has ramped up T production in the anticipation of penetrating a real vagina, its efforts will have been in vain when that sex doesn't occur. Once your body no longer expects easy, random sex, it decreases your T concentration to a level that is not optimal for the challenging endeavor of hunting women. This is why getting laid multiple times a week keeps your T sky high—your body knows that sex is upcoming. Without that expectation, I hypothesize that your body diverts resources away from T production into foraging or intellectually-heavy tasks like mathematics and philosophy.

Whenever I enter a new city with beautiful women, before the local sex economy is made apparent to me, I'm essentially a walking boner. Once my first few experiences tell me that actual labor is required to lay the women, my daily boners subside. Why should my body continue pumping out T if it can't see a pretty girl and engage in immediate reproductive activity with her? My horniness falls back to a basal state that, while biologically sound, doesn't exactly make me animalistic. While environmental chemicals can reduce T levels, a man's body is not going to pump it out if he's surrounded by unattractive women who are not easy to lay. It's possible that being surrounded by unattractive women alone is just as damaging to your T levels as soy milk (good luck finding a university to explore that notion).

I decided to do a simple experiment on myself: *nurture the boner*. I usually wake up with morning wood, not thinking twice about it, but I started to hold the boner by reliving a sex memory with a girl in my past while humping my pillow. Later, when walking outside, instead of looking at a pretty girl and imagining the long process of getting her to my bed, I'd try to imagine her naked, completely forgetting about any difficulty it would be to lay her, no matter how unrealistic. Within a week, without any changes to my diet or weightlifting routine, my dick was acting five years younger. I was once again achieving random boners. My thinking influenced my horniess, and therefore my desire. Approaches were more effortless because my logical brain, which knows very well the difficulty in getting laid, was silenced in the face of the testosterone flood.

My renewed horniness demanded instant release, which meant I was being driven back to night game, where I had a higher chance of achieving near-instant sex. I thought I wrote off night game for good, but it took only three nights of going out for me to get my old game back, successfully convincing two girls to join me in my love den "for just a drink." I realized that my horniness was as much mental as physical, and that I wasn't entitled to wake up every day full of raw masculine desire. I had to incubate it with perverted thoughts and images.

Just like how you exercise your muscles at the gym or stimulate your mind with heavy reading, you have to work on your boner with horny meditation. Simply spend a few moments in the day to concentrate on sex to get your younger penis back. If you refuse to do this, don't be surprised to find your horniness ebbing dangerously low. As soon as I got lazy and stopped nurturing my boner, my desire quickly decreased to a more flaccid level.

Read Next: *The Boner Test*

Your Life Will Always Be Full Of Struggle

December 6, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

There is work you are doing right now to reach certain goals or improve your standard of living, but even if you succeed on those efforts, the satisfaction that results will not be sustained. There may be moments of satisfaction, especially right after a notable achievement, but then you will return to unsatisfaction and commence a new struggle. This process will repeat until you die, meaning life will never get easier.

Achieving a higher level in life simply unveils a new level that you didn't notice before. For example, when you don't get laid, you think all that matters is getting laid, but once that begins to happen, you then want to get laid with a certain quality. The difficulty it took for you to get laid at all will be much less than the difficulty it takes to lay your dream girl. The amount of labor and struggle you are required to put into getting laid, whether you're hitting clubs every night or maintaining a serious relationship, will therefore not decrease. The same happens with money. An amount that would have satisfied you today will soon not be enough. The struggle you put forth to make your first $100,000 will be as intense as the march towards your first million.

Accomplishment increase your standards, but standards are easily adaptable, creating a spiral staircase of accomplishment and adaptation. A girl that you would make love to five years ago is one you wouldn't notice today. A payday that would have caused you to celebrate in the past is now pocket change. Therefore the amount of effort you put into your goals never decreases. Relaxation remains elusive. You will enjoy a new state of achievement for a short time before your brain pushes you to tackle something harder that requires even more labor. Step by step you climb to loftier heights of life's ladder, but each additional step takes the work of the two that preceded it.

Get rid of the notion that you will ever arrive. Forget about wanting to work less. Things will only get harder because each additional success you experience will push you into an elite standard that requires even more skills and labor. You will have to learn more, experiment more, and fail more. The goal you are working on today will eventually lead to an even harder goal, and this process will be repeated throughout your life unless you drop out of all races entirely.

Some men keep their standards stable, but I know of very few who can do so. Perhaps it's the flaw of man to have a stubborn desire to look upwards at what more he can attain, and that, I'm afraid, will require much more of you tomorrow than what you are doing today. The nature of man dictates that there is little room for satisfaction and comfort in his life.

Read Next: *I Don't Believe You*

Marriage Doesn’t Make Sense

December 9, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

You probably noticed that I haven’t waged war on marriage like many others in the manosphere. This is because my exposure to feminine women outside of the United States has shown me that marriage doesn’t have to end in divorce rape and a child custody nightmare. Yet even if I were to marry with a nice woman in a favorable environment, I fail to see how it would be a good bargain.

Marriage makes sense for the average man who doesn’t have the will or dedication to study game. Unless he finds a wife, he can go years without getting laid. Even a pathetic marriage where his wife only fornicates with him once a month is *still better* than his non-marriage alternative. Society will do its best to encourage this man to marry because it needs competent but unexceptional men to commit themselves to one woman, serve corporate masters to fulfill the consumer wants of their wives, and spawn children who will be obedient workers and compliant citizens.

The situation changes for the man who can get laid at will. What benefit will marriage provide him? There is no pleasurable sex act or emotion a married man receives that a bachelor doesn’t. To give up your freedom and tie yourself to one woman because you don’t want to hunt is a high-risk, low-gain pursuit that life accordingly punishes with blunt misery and torturous boredom.

A lot of players, in their open-mindedness towards marriage, cite their future as a reason they may one day settle down. They say, “I don’t want to be 45, prowling the clubs,” but clubs are not the only way to meet women. You can be a Mon-Fri working man and spend four hours on the weekend with day approaching. Even 45-year-old men have a near unlimited supply of 30-year-old spinsters and single moms to finagle commitment-free sex from. It’s not especially hard for him date girls 15 years younger, but it is hard to wake up next to a wife his age, every day, and allow her to be his only source of sexual pleasure.

How about when you’re 55 and near retirement? Your hip is bad and you can’t day game like you used to. Should you resign yourself to an elderly lady and evenings playing bingo? No—you should go to Southeast Asia or Colombia. Sponsor girls for a girlfriend experience. They will undoubtedly give you more “love” than a Western woman your own age.

Every time a high-quality man gets married, it’s not out of desire to legally obligate himself to a woman, but out of fear of loneliness and getting old. He thinks that a wife will alleviate these problems, but from my observation, they only make it worse. You haven’t met a lonely man unless you’ve met one married for over 10 years, detached from masculine social activities with no regular male friends he can confide in, reduced to tinkering in the garage not necessarily because he likes it but because he wants to spend time away from his wife, for a *desire* of loneliness. When it comes to aging, the only thing that can reduce a man’s sparkle and turn his face into a leathery shadow is a wife. I

suspect the reason why married men live longer than their single counterparts is because of wives that force them to go to the doctor so they don't lose their dutiful mules to the grim reaper.

I recently had a mini-relationship with an amazing girl ten years younger than myself. I'm still debating whether she was the number one or number two girl of my entire life. Spending time with her gave me incredible pleasure, but even then, there is no valid justification to marry her, because the price of trading my freedom can't overcome being with one great person for the rest of my life. Even in our short relationship, I gradually lost my hunting drive and started to experience malaise. I lost motivation to exercise and take risks. I felt like I was being ushered into a zoo with regular sex feeding times that made me forget about how life was in the wild. I look in the face of long-term monogamy and I see the death of everything that made me who I am today.

So if marriage isn't the answer, what is? The answer seems to be eternal bachelorhood. The answer is freedom. The answer is understanding that it does not get better for the modern man than banging a variety of attractive women with the occasional mini-relationship. Therefore man has two choices—learn game and be free or marry the next broad that tolerates him out of fear and laziness. My choice has been made.

Read Next: *The Manipulated Man*

She Was 17 Years Old

December 11, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Growing up in America, it was hammered into my mind that 18 was the cutoff to have sexual relations with a girl. Even if the age of consent was 16, pursuing a girl so young was sure to prompt “jailbait” comments from well-intentioned friends who also warned about ambiguous statutory rape laws that require a lawyer to decipher. Once you add in the societal shaming of older man and younger girl pairings, it’s no surprise that you almost never hear stories of men in their 20′s or beyond getting with high school girls.

There are fewer laws and shame in having such relations in Europe and South America, but my American-washed brain prevented me from pursuing all girls under 18, in spite of living on these two continents for years. The fear of imprisonment stayed with me far from the hands of the feminist-dominated American judicial system.

Somewhere in Europe, I met a 17 year old on the street. Normally I’d end the conversation without trying to get her number, but this time I pursued, and we had a brief date. It didn’t result in a kiss, but I felt the seal was broken, and my mind was prepared to go farther the next time around.

Two months after, I met another 17 year old. She was a woman in every respect, with large, perky breasts and a 5’9″ height that her personality had yet grown into. She had a noticeable slump in her shoulders, as if announcing to the world that she didn’t want to be so much taller than boys her age, a condition that would surely fade as her confidence rose. I figured it would take no more than three years until she would be seen with massive heals, strolling through the nightclub with a face so cold that few men would brave an approach.

I was able to get her phone number. She didn’t even ask where I was from or how old I was. I thought it was a poor prospect, but she showed enthusiasm when we text messaged, and we soon set a date one evening to go for a walk.

I was braced for a night of awkwardness. We met near a fountain and the conversation was essentially me interviewing her. She barely responded due to her weak English, but did eventually ask how old I was. I told her the truth—34 years old. She didn’t give it a second thought.

Her shyness became apparent when she never dared to break a silence. If I didn’t say anything, neither did she. This meant that the crickets chirped all night, but much intimate eye contact was exchanged. What attraction could possibly exist between a 17-year-old girl and a man twice her age? Physical attraction, I suppose. I can’t speak for why she came out to see me, but her timid beauty, not yet enhanced by female guile and manipulation, was more than enough for me. I decided that I wanted to have sex with her.

As we walked around the city, I touched her more and more, knowing that touch would partially replace what my words would have done had language not been a barrier. Every

so often we'd stop to check out a view and I'd plant my hand on her arm or back. She never objected, eventually agreeing to have some wine at my apartment. After stopping at the grocery store to buy a bottle, we made it to the front door of my building. Unexpectantly, she told me she wasn't coming in. Something must have been lost in translation.

"Okay, well, I can drop the bottle off and we can continue our walk," I said. "But don't wait outside." That's how I got her to step into the building.

"I'm going to put the wine in the refrigerator. Come take a look at my apartment." That's how I got her inside my place.

"I have a nice view. Come take a look." That's how I got her in my room and on my balcony.

I was almost disturbed how my mind had no objection to escalate when just months prior I would have been scared to even ask her out.

I poured some wine and the mood was right for a kiss. It felt natural. I enjoyed it because of her beauty more so than her age. She insisted on leaving after finishing her glass, and I did little to convince her to stay, already having gone much farther with a girl her age than I have before.

I took her to pizza for our second date. She wore a shirt that said "Future Model." Tall girls can be exceedingly bulky, but she was trim with a thin layer of baby fat that smoothed out her figure. After pizza, we went to my apartment and straight into my bed. One hour passed and she was still fully clothed, refusing to let me rub her vagina. This continued for some time, and when I was on the verge of giving up, I thought, "Well, if she is still here, after my persistent attempts, and doesn't show any sign of leaving, that must mean she wants me to keep going." So I continued, knowing full well she may get annoyed and leave.

I steadily marched on until most of her clothes were removed and I was finally able to curl my finger around the strip of her panty cloth and onto her labia.

"I have a condom," I said. Less than ten minutes later and the deed was done. I didn't last particularly long because her vagina was constructed very tightly. Thankfully, there was no blood.

I thought that doing an act forbidden in the West would give me a higher amount of pleasure, but it was more of a burden. She wasn't in a ready-to-fuck state and would need both emotional and physical training in order to get her up to speed. Besides the extra tightness of her vagina and the suppleness of her body, she could have been any other girl I've had before. It was just another bang, of running game and dealing with a girl's unpredictable behavior and desires. And that's all there really is to say about that.

Read Next: *How To Have Sex With A Virgin*

Are You An Enemy Of Liberty?

December 13, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Does your ideology require laws to aid certain classes of people over others?

Does your ideology believe that humans are inherently weak?

Does your ideology incentive idleness through permanent welfare?

Does your ideology place more emphasis on victimization than hard work, talent, and intellect?

Does your ideology believe in top-down guesswork via central committees over bottom-up empiricism and common sense?

Does your ideology believe that only a strong state can create prosperity and human happiness?

Does your ideology believe that historical wrongs should be corrected?

Does your ideology believe the state does a better job of raising children than parents?

Does your ideology believe that wealth inequality must be solved by plundering from the rich to give to the poor?

Does your ideology believe utopian equality can be reached through tinkering with the law as if improving a food recipe?

Does your ideology believe that feelings are more important than truth?

Does your ideology believe in *tabula rasa*?

Does your ideology believe that combining different peoples in a defined space will create peace and love?

Does your ideology want to rid society of offensive speech?

Does your ideology selectively use science?

Does your ideology believe the free market should not be free?

Does your ideology believe it's okay for the government to perform an action that citizens are forbidden from doing?

Does your ideology encourage or enable the most lazy part of you?

Does your ideology require the censorship of other ideologies for it to prosper?

Does your ideology believe past human traditions, rituals, and heuristics have no place in modern society?

If you answered yes to any of the above, you have chosen an ideology that obstructs another man's property, pursuit of happiness, and ability to engage in commerce, all so that you may usher in your creative vision of what human society should be. Whether you see your ideology as just or not, there will be a fight when it encroaches on my liberty.

Read Next: *Freedom*

10 Reasons Why Heterosexual Men Should Leave America

December 16, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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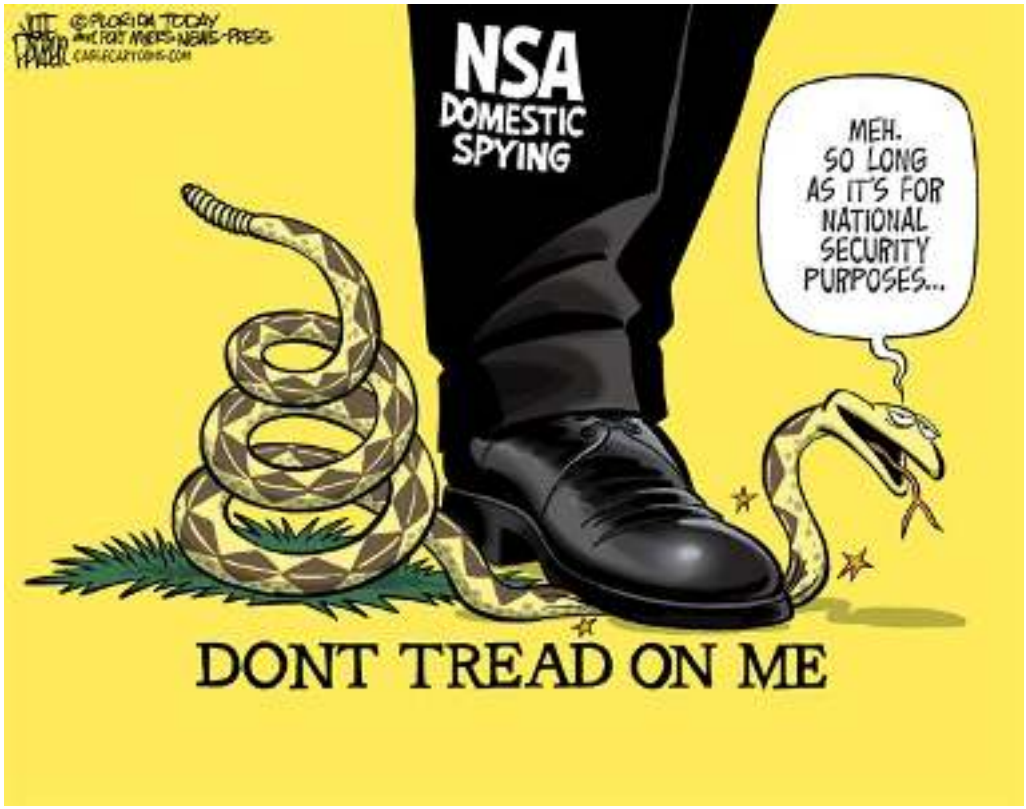
The following list describes the benefits you will receive if you take a long journey to Eastern Europe, South America, or Southeast Asia.

1. You will sleep with thinner women who don't have attitude

American women can be quite beautiful if they maintain their appearance, but there still exists problems with their attitude that comes from two things: (1) A female-worship culture that makes them entitled and arrogant, and (2) A tidal wave of thirsty men giving an avalanche of affections directly to their iPhones. Foreign women simply have better personalities: they are sweeter, kinder, more deferential, more interesting, and most importantly, more pleasing. This greatly increases the enjoyment you get from male-female bonding. Dating only American women gives you a distorted view of how women are really like. It would be like only eating cube steak instead of trying tastier cuts, but using your cube steak experience to generalize about all cow-based products.

2. You will experience a wider range of freedom



America has laws for just about everything, and high police budgets ensure you're always watched by men in blue. A good example is Los Angeles, which is essentially banning fun through strict DUI laws and a grandma-friendly last call hour. It doesn't help that aggressive women everywhere are increasingly resorting to hitting men. This all means you're one party away from getting arrested and going to jail. Foreign countries are different. An absence of heavy police presence, combative women, nanny state laws, and surveillance cameras means that you can enjoy your time instead of worrying about getting arrested. Take some beers to beach or drink in the park with your group of friends. Break a minor law and then bribe the cop to get out of trouble. The more banana the country, the less you have to worry about.

3. You will experience less anxiety

It's not incredibly hard to live abroad, but it is harder than how you're living right now.

Lots of problems come up in travel that are more than a simple google search away from resolution. Before I started traveling, I had some hypochondria issues. I'd experience a minor health symptom and proceed to have a meltdown that I was dying a cancer (laugh if you want, but this was a serious problem for me). My hypochondria has since disappeared. That's because so many health issues came up abroad from putting myself in new environments that my continued survival made me understand how silly and unrealistic my hypochondria was. Whatever anxiety you have right now is sure to get uncomfortably amplified when you live abroad, but by facing it head on through travel, you will then begin to accept how maladaptive the behavior is.

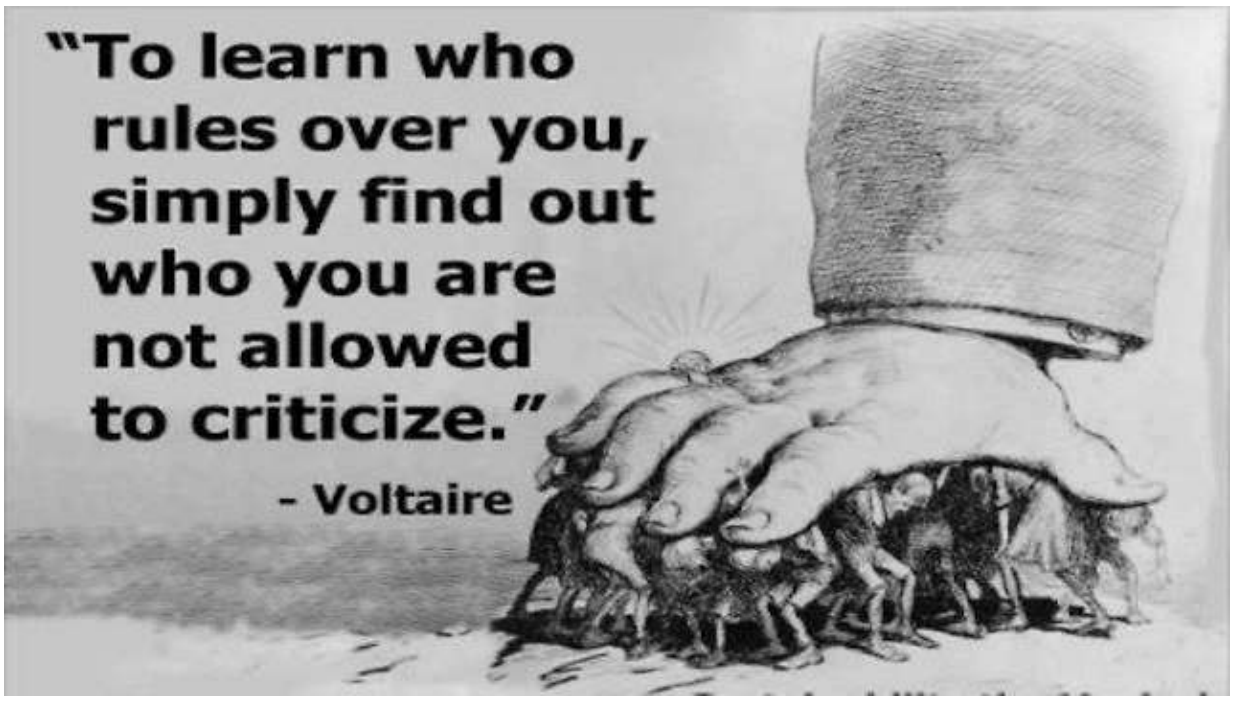
4. You will discover your strengths and weaknesses

It's a cliché to say that a reason to travel is to find yourself, but I do promise that you'll become more aware of what you're made of. By putting yourself in a variety of new environments, you find out you're good at and what you're not. For example, from traveling I learned that I have a strong inclination for loneliness, which improves my focus and productivity, and that social interaction is a dessert in my life instead of the main meal. This is something I didn't realize in my home city where I was surrounded by a strong social circle.

5. You will be exposed to more traditional human beings

There are less homosexuals abroad. I don't care what gay people do in private, but it annoys me to be surrounded by their flamboyant, deviant, and abnormal behavior in public, especially with their excessive displays of affection. I also don't care for gay men hitting on me when I'm never in gay establishments. Thankfully, traditional beliefs are alive and well in many foreign countries, and homosexuals have to be more respectful of how they behave in public. Another benefit to more traditional societies is that women understand their role of appearing beautiful and submitting to strong men, something that is sorely missing in American culture. Once you live in a country where women spend more time looking good for an afternoon walk than American women do when they go to the club with their grenade friends, it's really hard to go back.

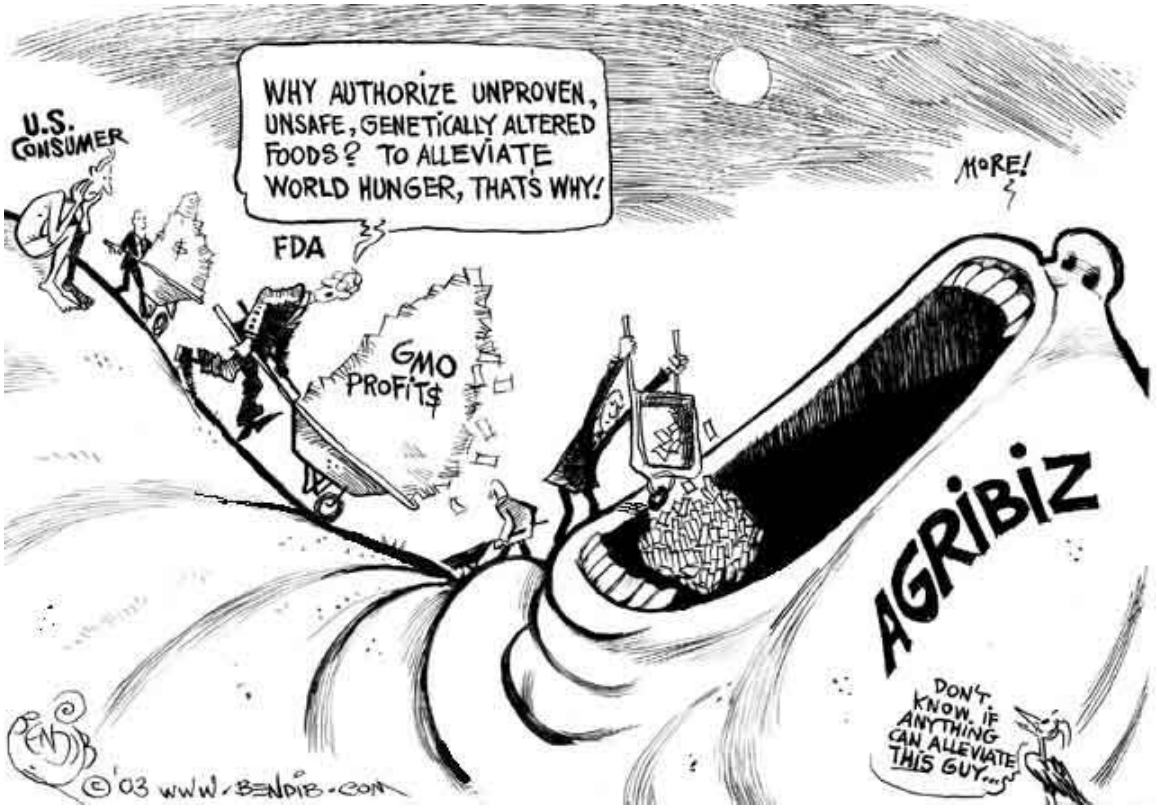
6. You can be yourself without shame or fear of exile



In foreign countries you can state your sexual preferences in women without being declared a creep or misogynist. You can share views that are conservative without being labeled a bigot. You can say you don't like Indian girls without being called a racist. You

can share your ideas and still be respected by those who disagree with you (though chances are you'll find more people who agree with you than not). I've been told that liberals are the most compassionate and understanding of people, but the most vehement hate I've received for my opinions have come from the liberal strongholds of America, Denmark, Iceland, and Sweden.

7. You will pay less for healthier food and a better lifestyle



Most American cities are made for cars. Most foreign cities are made for people. Even poor South American cities have more efficient and extensive public transportation than America, as it was quite a shock to me to ride the Caracas metro system to find trains running more frequently than in Washington DC. Food is fresher and cheaper and doesn't contain a billion Franken-chemicals whose long-term effects on humans are not understood (many packages of food in Europe contain a 'No GMO' label as a selling point). Living in the center of a foreign city will likely be cheaper than the suburbs of America, meaning the increased walking you do may cause you to shed pounds without any conscious effort.

8. You will be exposed to less corporate propaganda

Status anxiety is mostly due to the huge amount of daily advertisements you're bombarded with. You have been trained to feel incomplete and inadequate until purchasing objects made by corporations. When you're in a foreign country, the propaganda ends for one simple reason: you don't understand the ads! They're in a different language. You stop watching television, stop listening to radio, and instead download all of your entertainment without the ads, though you'll still be consuming it on a much lesser scale than while living in the US. The result is you stop feeling the urge to buy things just to get a dopamine rush as if you were a caged rat hitting a lever to get a cocaine pellet. You ease into a minimalist lifestyle where accumulating things no longer positively affects your mood. In fact, you start feeling guilty when you buy things, because now you understand that objects don't bring lasting happiness.

9. You will begin to see the world for how it really is

Even if you regularly read sites like mine, you are not aware how plugged into the Matrix you still are. You don't understand that most of your beliefs come not from your own self-discovery but by powerful influencers who shaped your world view without you realizing it. Once you hit the road, you start noticing all the different ways other humans live. Very quickly you realize how many exceptions conflict to what is already programmed into you manipulated mind, forcing you to toss out garbage beliefs and replace them with ones that are based on reality. You come to see the world through your own eyes, based on empiricism and direct observation.

10. You will realize that America is not the best country in the world

We've been brainwashed since childhood to believe in an "exceptional" America, but it's not the truth. Our economic development is high, but the benefits of that (increased standard of living) is no longer exclusive to us. The world has caught up, and that includes former communist nations that are less than two decades into their capitalist

experiment. In even the most developing of foreign countries, with some effort, you will not only be able to duplicate your current amenities, but exceed them. Public transit is faster and cheaper, internet is faster and cheaper, mobile access is faster and cheaper, and so on. The longer you live abroad, the shorter your list of “things I miss in America” become. If you’re able to find a source of income that is not dependent on your location (e.g. an internet business), you’re on your way not just to a sabbatical, but expatriation.

The main reason men don’t make the leap is because of fear. They’re scared they will fail, run out of money, get sick, or ruin their coveted career track. I can’t guarantee that these things won’t happen to you, but I can say that out of the dozens of men I’ve met who have taken the plunge, I haven’t met a single one who has regretted it. Living abroad is one of the few things in life that you don’t regret even if you fail totally and completely, because the experience and knowledge you gain surpasses anything that you can achieve by staying put and grinding it out in a country that is becoming increasingly hostile to the heterosexual male. Save some money, gather your courage, and embark on the journey of your life. Even in failure, you will have lived fuller and richer than those who were too scared to try.

Read Next: *Your Duty As A Man*

An Epidemic Of Thirsty Men Is Making It Harder To Get Laid

December 18, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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For every girl that you reject for being unattractive or bitchy, there will be a line of men behind you trying to win her over. Every time you "punish" a girl by rejecting her after she displays bad behavior, she will not have to wait long until another man close to your value wants to give it his all for a chance at sex with her. Any uncomfortable feeling you give a woman will be quickly soothed by Tinder matches on her iPhone. We are currently in the middle of an epidemic of incredibly desperate men who will do anything to put their dicks into the most deplorable of vaginas.

In the past, there were limitations on approaching women. Those have all been removed. Here are four factors that contribute to thirstiness today:

1. No large-scale war to decrease male population. This leads to a demographic imbalance of more able-bodied men than young, nubile women.

2. Movement of population to urban centers. You are no more than a few meters away from a woman walking alone who will not run away if you attempt a conversation with her.

3. Improved technology. Any man with a smartphone and an internet connection can "approach" a thousand girls a day if he wants. A woman perceives her value as high if she is being contacted by so many men every week, even if they are not her ideal.

4. Gender equality and politically correct brainwashing. Men used to have expectations of female beauty and behavior, but decades of feminist propaganda have given men the impression that class, manners, femininity, and thin bodies are sexist or misogynistic. Today, a woman can disfigure herself with tattoos and piercings, curse like a sailor, get publicly drunk, cheat, and start fights, yet still be pursued by men who have been trained to think that she is strong and empowered.

In millennia past, men simply didn't have access to speak to women in large enough numbers to have a player lifestyle we take for granted today. They were lucky merely to get into a semi-arranged marriage in their early 20s. Even if such a man wanted to be a player, where would he find women? There were few urban centers where he could find them unchaperoned. If he was lucky enough to meet one, get her address, and pay her a future call, the courtship would take an intense amount of time and energy. Because of these limitations, Casanova, the most well-known seducer in history, achieved a notch count of around 125, something that is only slightly impressive today.

Thanks to cheap air travel and international dating sites, the Western man's desperation has begun to affect foreign women. While Ukrainian men hold their women to an amusingly high standard, Italian men on Badoo who message Ukrainian girls do not. Foreign women are well aware that Western men have far lower standards when it comes to women, and are using that to their advantage by obtaining free trips, dinners, and

consumer electronics. Can you really blame them? In Poland it's common for me to see good-looking Portuguese and Italian men aggressively pursue the fattest Polish girl in the club. The ugliest girl in the world, with just a bit of effort, can have dozens of men pursuing her.

The negative effects of thirsty men are not trivial. First, unless your game is in the top 1% that an attractive girl has encountered, she will be quick to flake on you or dismiss you outright. She will be less likely to give investment into any relationship with you if her phone is blowing up from so many other men on OK Cupid or Tinder. You must aim to be in the top 1% if you want your shot at the best women.

Secondly, thirsty men makes game even more of a numbers game. You will simply have to churn through more prospects and the disrespect and abuse it entails until you find a girl who recognizes your value and wants to enter a casual relationship with you. You have to get used to the idea that you will always have to approach in high numbers, regardless of how strong your value really is. Too many girls have such a surplus of penises in their pipeline that a "sniper" style of game will be decreasingly fruitful, especially if you don't have a niche.

Thirsty men make it harder for all of us, and unfortunately this trend will not be reversed. If anything, it will get more severe. Sausage fests of three guys for every girl in clubs will be common in countries with developed economies. Innovative apps will allow fat women to get attention from hot studs while sitting on her toilet bowl taking a dump. We have to accept this change and simply be ready to work even harder for what we want. Improve your game until it's sharp as a razor while enduring bad attitudes and rejection until you succeed with your ideal class of girl. Getting laid was never easy for men, but I'm afraid that because of the way world culture is headed, it will only get harder.

Read Next: *The Destructive Merger Of Dating Choice & American Culture*

Player's Prayer

December 20, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Heavenly father, thank you for shining the light of game into my life and allowing me to drink from this fountain of knowledge. I was blind to the sexual world that surrounded me but now I can see. Thank you for giving me the legs to approach a woman, a voice to speak to them, and the eyes to enjoy their beauty. I'm truly thankful for all that you have given me, but I confess that I have taken your gifts for granted. I have been complacent and lazy. I have made excuses and passed on opportunities. I have chosen comfort over rejection, safety over uncertainty. I have not fully applied all the natural abilities that you have given me. I ask forgiveness for my inaction, and pray to you to help me defeat my weaknesses and conquer my fears. I pray that you help me fornicate with the women I desire.

Please give me the confidence and the courage to overcome all that I lack to step out of my shelter right now and find a woman who will please me. I promise that no matter how fast my heart beats, and no matter how wobbly my legs become, I will approach her, and if I fail, I will try again, until you decide that I deserve the glorious sexual reward from one of your feminine creatures. I will be thankful for all the rejection and failure you send me because I know it is part of your plan to make me the best man that I can become in this life. I pray you give me the strength to complete my mission, no matter how long it takes me. Amen.

Read Next: *The Best Motivator That Gets You Approaching Girls*

How The Game Changes When You Get Older

December 23, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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There hasn't been a lot written about what happens to players as they age, especially ones that have been brought up on current models of game that originated in the late 90′s. The reason is that most players actively using game are relatively young—the average age of my reader is around 26, and most of the older guys who message me are looking for wives more than casual bangs. I'm in the unique position of having a good amount of experience on aging while gaming. Here are some changes I've noticed:

1. What you wanted in the past is not what you'll want tomorrow

If you're learning game, chances are you want to have a lot of sex with different women, but once you accomplish this mission, your goal will likely change into laying higher quality. The value of random sex will decrease once you've had it so much. One-night stands with merely cute girls have become almost meaningless to me because of its large upfront labor without a long-term payoff. Most of the approaches I do now are on girls I suspect I would want to have sex with several times. When you are young, you can get drunk on any no-name vodka, but once you get older, you start to appreciate fine scotches and cognac. Experience teaches you what value is, which is what you then seek.

2. A girl will be attracted to you for different reasons

When you were 24, a girl fucked you because you had big muscles and high energy. At 34, she'll fuck you because she likes your stories and you have a nice apartment. Women hold you to different standards based on your age, so trying to retain your youthful game into your mid 30′s is a mistake that will cause girls to label you as immature or having an age complex. Instead, you should ease into displaying refinement, class, and even sophistication. You also should be more open about sharing your surplus resources. Buying a drink for a girl when you're young could be a fatal mistake, but doing it when you're older could be a solid move that builds attraction. Same with dinner dates. While you don't want to become a beta male, you can start to give a touch more provider game to build the comfort that facilitates sexual escalation.

3. You won't be able to approach as much

Your energy will drop sharply. You won't be able to go to a club, have six vodkas, and then approach ten girls. Your limited energy must therefore be harnessed into a sort of sniper game or a niche. Younger guys can use more of a brute force hack game where they approach a ton of girls until getting lucky, but older guys have to be more methodical about their approach targets so they don't waste needless energy on bad prospects. Fortunately, this will be easy for the older man because he has a wealth of

experience to tell him which girls are likelier to receive his approach or not. More importantly, his game will be at a high enough level where he simply gets “lucky” at a faster rate. I’ll let you know at what age that luck starts to decrease, but thankfully my quality is still increasing every year (I’m currently 34).

4. Your libido decreases

Even if you stay on top of your weight-lifting regime, you simply won’t think of sex as much as before. Of course you’ll still greatly enjoy sex and want to sleep with beautiful girls, but you’ll be willing to spend one less night a week going out. You’ll pass on the easy 6. You’ll be less motivated to push through flakiness to get through the bang, and you’ll start flaking out on girls yourself simply for not being in the mood. It will be impossible for you to maintain the sexual hunger you had at a younger age when sex was novel and amazing.

What’s interesting about game is that you spend so many years to perfect getting sex and then by the time you get really good at it your needs change and you have to modify your program. Just when I got really good at club game, I started to hate clubs. Just when I got good at one-night stands, I received less value in them. Just when I got good at banging 7′s, they were no longer satisfying. The worst mistake you can make it to continue the same behavior even though your needs have changed, which means you’ll always be learning game. You won’t be able to coast long on what you know now, no matter how long it took you to learn.

Read Next: *Is Your Game Sustainable?*

The Train

December 25, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I went out to a DC bar with a new wingman who didn't have much approach experience. While he wasn't well-versed in the art of bar pickup, he'd had several sexual partners in the past and wasn't fearful of stepping out of his comfort zone.

There wasn't much action at the bar, so we talked about the concepts we'd be applying momentarily. A petite blonde finally sat near us and after a couple minutes I realized that she was alone. For shits and giggles, I told my friend that we were going to run a train on her.

He started a conversation with her and pulled me into it. Over the next twenty minutes, we developed a good cop/bad cop vibe where I was aloof and cutting while he asked personal questions and was polite. They talked for some time until she got a little bored and turned to me. I'd unleash a fury of cockiness and teasing until she'd feign anger and go back to the safety of my friend. Periodically I'd whisper in his ear, "Choo, choo, the train is coming."

For a while, we both believed it had a good chance of happening, until I noticed that something was wrong with the girl. She seemed slow, more than alcohol alone could explain. We'd say something to her, she'd give us a deer-in-the-headlights look for several long seconds, and then say, "Huh?" The conversation eventually got stale and she started talking to another guy.

A little farther away, we noticed three slightly frumpy girls drinking in a circle. I opened them with, "Hey, what's up? This is my friend." I threw him into the mix and stood in the background, partially to see how he'd perform. When I sensed he was running out of gas, I stepped in and continued the conversation. The petite blonde stared at us from the corner of her eye.

The frumpy girls went to a different floor and we resumed talking to the blonde. It was then that I became more bold. I said, "My friend and I are trying to run the train on you tonight."

"What?" she said.

"My friend and I aren't trying to miss the train tonight."

"Oh, well, it shuts down at midnight. You have time."

"Yeah, I guess. But do you like the train?" I asked.

"Sure I like the train."

"Because my friend and I really like the train. We like to take the train and we definitely want to take the train tonight."

"Umm, okay. Yeah, the train is fine."

My friend was laughing while my respect for womankind continued its freefall descent. We left her again and rejoined the frumpy girls. They were much more receptive than

before and I got into a one-on-one conversation with the least frumpy one. She was barely bangable and not as pretty as the blonde.

I made out with the frumpy chick while my friend returned to the blonde. I'd look over periodically, but I could tell that he wasn't going to close. He was being too nice when she obviously preferred assholes, and unless he started some outrageous cockiness soon, our hope for the train would be lost forever.

Last call arrived. Moves had to be made. Did I want to take home the frumpy dumpy chick, who seemed a little too willing, or did I want to attempt a train on the blonde with my friend? I took a huddle with him and he admitted that he wouldn't be able to close her on his own.

I ditched the frumpy chick and said to the blonde, "Hey, do you have anything to drink at your place? We'd like to drink some more, but everywhere is closed."

"I have some wine, but I don't know if I could fit both of you inside my place." I wondered if "my place" was a euphemism for her vagina.

"I mean, do you live in a closet? We just want a quick drink, maybe we can chat a bit, and then we'll leave."

"Okay, fine, but my place is really, really small."

The three of us hopped into a cab and rode to her studio apartment, where she poured a box wine that went untouched. My friend sat on the small couch and I sat on her bed. I then went to the kitchen to "look around," which was a cue for him to make out with her or do something that would get her more into him, since she was more into me. I returned five minutes later and they were talking about music—not a good sign. It was at that moment that I realized the train wasn't going to happen. The best option was to throw my friend under the bus and make sure I get the notch.

I looked at her and said, "Hey, do you mind if we take a quick nap? My friend is drunk right now and I don't think it's safe if we leave right away. He's my ride home."

"That's fine," she said.

"I call bed!" I yelled. My friend let out a loud sigh and began his nap on the couch while four feet away I started hooking up with the girl. We banged about ten minutes later. Her body was a pleasant surprise, petite but juicy in all the right places.

A minute after ejaculating, I felt a little guilty about my friend. I devised a plan: I'd go to the bathroom to "clean up" and then just camp out there until they banged. Maybe our train dream could still be realized.

I went to the bathroom, flushed the condom down the toilet, and then washed my dick. I stood there naked with my ear to the door and could hear him making a move to the bed. I smiled when I heard smooching sounds. All I had to do was wait a little while longer until he got his. But then suddenly the girl banged on the bathroom door, calling my name and yelling, "This is weird! I feel weird! What's going on?" The jig was up.

I opened the door and my friend was back on the couch. The girl had on her pajamas. She looked at me and said, "I'm not that kind of girl."

“Of course you’re not,” I said, trying my best to withhold laughter. Then she went to the bathroom to wash her vagina or whatever it is that girls do after sex. My friend looked at me sadly and said, “I missed the train.”

I told him to leave immediately and wait outside for me to join him. He left, and when the girl came out of the bathroom she asked about my missing friend.

“Yeah, we just got into a little fight. Look, I really want to stay, but now he’s trying to claim that he doesn’t remember where his car is parked, so I’ll have to leave with him.”

“What? You have to leave right now?”

“Yeah, this sucks. I’m pretty sure he’s lying and salty about something, but I gotta go. I’m real sorry. But, hey, I’ll call you.”

I put on my clothes, got her number, and met my friend outside in the hallway. He reluctantly gave me a high five.

The above story is excerpted from 30 Bangs, a book that describes thirty instances of when I put my penis inside a vagina. Click here to learn more.

My Top 10 Favorite Posts Of 2013

December 27, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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1. The Perfect Game. "By the time the study concluded, a total of 182 girls gave their number to Mike and a little over 100 was penetrated by his sex organ (in the final month of the study, he crushed 14 out of 15 girls)."

2. The True Nature Of Women. "…within every woman on this planet, regardless of her education or background, is a bitch, a cunt, a slut, a golddigger, a flake, a cheater, a backstabber, a narcissist, and an attention whore that is dying to get out and that, if certain conditions arise and she is placed in a certain container at a certain temperature, will thrust her worst upon you, and this, I'm afraid, is the true nature of women."

3. The End Game Of Feminism. "The end game of feminism is to make it impossible for a female to do any wrong, absolving her from all responsibility for her actions, no matter how reprehensible."

4. Traditional Gender Roles Create Feminine Women. "You won't be feminine if you think men are the enemy instead of your provider. You won't be feminine if you place career before family. You won't be feminine if you have no shame for being an overweight tatted-up slut."

5. The Number One Corrupter Of Women. "…it's possible that an attractive girl would have been contacted over 10,000 times for sex before you even spit your line. In one way or another, you have to compete with all those men. "

6. What's The Rush? "Achievement is no longer good enough. In American culture, you must achieve within a*rapid* period of time."

7. All Experience Is Equal. "Most decisions in life offer two propositions: one is easier but makes you weaker while one is harder but makes you stronger. One month you can be weak, and the next month you can be strong, or vice versa. It makes no difference."

8. The Unit Of Man. "You must worship at the altar of the hour. Wake up tomorrow and dedicate one hour—not a minute less—at a task that serves you and no one else."

9. 15 Factors That Determine If A City Is Great For Men. "While you don't compete with any one man in a city, you do compete with the collective. If the standard of game is higher, you will get less than in a city where the standard is lower, regardless of how high your own level may be."

10. The Destructive Merger Of Dating Choice & American Culture. "…choice creates an environment where only the tightest game will be rewarded. Not only will a man in this environment have to approach a lot, but he will have to do so with skill so high that his own father would have died a virgin if forced to do the same."

Here is a list of all recent post. Which was your favorite of the year?

How Many No's Does It Take To Enter A Vagina?

December 30, 2013 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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It will be rare that you have sex with a girl who gives you no resistance before sex. While many men have a "I met her in the club and banged her in the bathroom five minutes later" story, this is the exception more than the rule. You will always receive some no's before you receive the big yes.

The first thing we need to understand is that not all no's are created equal. Depending on when they come, a no can unambiguously terminate the interaction or it could be a signal that you have to keep going. First let's take a look at the no's that really mean no:

1. When it comes upon your approach. If you approach a girl and she shakes her head or puts her hand up towards your face, there is nothing you can do to change that answer. She truly does not want to talk to you. Find another girl.

2. When it comes after you ask for her number. If you ask for a girl's number, and she says no, she's not being playful. When a girl likes a guy, she gives no resistance to this step. In fact, it is laughably easy to get a number from a girl who probably doesn't even like you all that much.

3. When you try to touch her. Most girls are fine with casual touching on their shoulder, arm, or back. She doesn't even move her eyes to notice the touching since she's enjoying the deepening connection with you. However, once in a while a girl will ask you outright not to touch her. This is not her game—she really means it. While it doesn't happen often in an interaction that is otherwise going well, getting a request not to touch is a firm rejection.

4. When she doesn't respond to your initial text message or phone call. Many guys refuse to give up upon receiving radio silence from a girl, but this is a pretty clear no that won't change. You may receive a token reply if you send additional messages that reveal your desperation, but when a girl doesn't reply to a text, especially one where you asked a question, it's over for you.

There are other situations where receiving a no simply *begins* the seduction process. Here they are:

1. When you are trying to instant date or venue change a girl. If I meet a girl on the street, and try to instant date her to a coffee shop, her first answer will probably be "I don't have time." I can persist by adding, "Well, the coffee shop is right there, and I don't have a lot of time either." Then I will take the first step and wave her over. Technically she did not say yes, but we're on our way to a first date that may last well over one hour. An even more common example is when you invite her to your house at night. Girls almost always say no the first time around—persistence is absolutely require to change that to a yes.

2. When you want to kiss her. With experience, you start to learn the cues a girl gives when she wants to be kissed, but that still won't guarantee a 100% success rate. I still

receive occasional pull-backs upon my first attempt. Simply withdraw, make conversation, and go for it again a little while later. As long as she remains in your company, she's giving you a green light to keep trying.

3. When you want to have sex with her. One of the biggest fears that women have is being judged as a slut. Her mind forces her to offer some resistance so you don't think she's easy for all guys (she may even add "I don't usually do this" to convince you further). Therefore when you first try to take off her clothes, she will resist even though she may absolutely want to have sex with you. Simply pause your escalation and try again a few minutes later. The pause gives her plausible deniability that she put up enough resistance and is therefore not slutty in your mind. Just like with kissing, as long as the girl remains in your presence and makes no attempt to withdraw, leave, or call the police, you're being the right kind of persistent. If you really believe the first no that she gives you in the bedroom, she will think of you either as a fool or a homosexual.

I haven't measured how many average no's I received before banging, but sometimes it surpasses ten. I get about three no's when I try to venue change to my house before a yes. I get a token no in my first kiss attempt. Then I get three or four no's when it comes time to sex. If you aren't getting no's at these stages, that means you are taking way too long to escalate (god knows how many bangs you've lost out on because of it). With one of my more recent seductions in Poland on a girl of accomplished beauty, I received over ***fifty*** no's from start to end. Thankfully, I did not give up before receiving my wonderful prize. After sex, I told her that her tough discouragement may cause a lot of guys to give up. Her response: "Good, I only want the strong men to get me."

(Related book recommendation: Go For No)

In today's world where an attractive girl has unlimited options to get sex, she could very well get bored if you wait too long to make the first move, or just plain get disgusted with you. While some no's do indeed end your attempt, especially earlier in the interaction, the ones that can be eased into a yes are when you're closest to reaching intimacy. Unless the girl you happen to be seducing is a woman's studies major or pansexual loser, she absolutely expects you to ignore her no, make her feel like she's done her job in not acting like a slut, and confidently barrel your train through her tunnel. As I've come to learn in my extensive travels, this is the universal nature of women, no matter the country, and no matter the culture.

Read Next: *When No Means Yes*

2 Things To Focus On For The New Year

January 1, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Click over to the video's YouTube page to read the comments that have already been left. You can also hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

Also, I created a subreddit called Red Kings. Check it out. All the downvotes you see is the attack that it already sustained from another subreddit that is moderated by a transsexual (lol).

How Sexual Feasts And Famine Affect Your Quality

January 3, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

There are two conflicting drives within every player: the need to get laid versus the need to get laid with high quality. They are opposing forces that, when balanced out within any man, yields an average conquest that falls somewhere between his basal boner test and his dream girl standard.

My need to get laid with high quality is at its peak right after any lay. I am at my least horniest state and can therefore play a waiting game to pursue only the most attractive women. I can walk around a shopping mall for one hour and only do a single approach on the most beautiful girl I find. I can stand in a club for three hours only doing two approaches on gorgeous women. I can play the waiting game to aim for the heights of human perfection.

My need to get laid with a lower standard of women begins to assert itself if I haven't had sex in two weeks. I am less patient to wait for the 8′s and up. I unconsciously gravitate towards 7′s, which my past results suggest are reasonably easy. By the third week of not having sex, I will even approach 6′s, using only the boner test to approach anything reasonable. My eyes become almost blind to the hottest girls because I'm too horny to fail.

Studying my past results, success with very beautiful girls happened to occur in two circumstances: (1) When I had recently gotten laid, and (2) When I had many other prospects to play with. In other words, they were when I could afford to fail. Scoring with a beautiful girl during sexual famines have been quite the exception in my life.

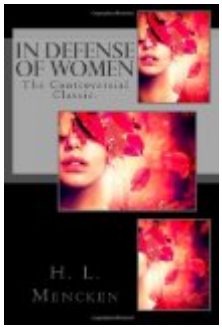
If you only want to lay 9′s, the logical move is to only approach 9′s, but laying 9′s is tough, and you may go a very long time without success, especially if you live in a middling city. Your noble goal may cause you to reek of sexual starvation, which won't be particularly arousing to the 9′s you do come across. On the other hand, even a lay-up with a 6 takes an amount of time that you could have invested hunting for 9′s instead, putting your mind into the mentality of merely getting laid instead of scoring a trophy. It's difficult—maybe impossible—to do both at the same time.

I have been unable to reconcile this problem. I have been unable to silence my sexual hunger during inevitable cold streaks to wait for a high value conquest, and because of that, my ability to lay 9′s will always have a ceiling that is determined by my strong need for sex. Therefore when you are sexually content, I recommend being extraordinary picky, because once the hunger builds in you, you won't have the patience or will to work on more challenging girls. Instead, you'll be ready to stick your dick in just about anything.

Read Next: *How To Bang A 9*

In Defense Of Women

January 6, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



In this book, H. L. Mencken gives us his thoughts and analysis on American women through dozens of little essays that range in topic from female intelligence to their behavior during marriage. While it is sometimes hard to tell if he is satirizing or not, he does make the case that women have been long underestimated by men. The fact that they can deceive men into marriage, something which offers men little benefit, is actually proof of their superiority. You may have seen a similar argument in The Manipulated Man.

> I am convinced that the average woman, whatever her deficiencies, is greatly superior to the average man. The very ease with which she defies and swindles him in several capital situations of life is the clearest of proofs of her general superiority. She did not obtain her present high immunities as a gift from the gods, but only after a long and often bitter fight, and in that fight she exhibited forensic and tactical talents of a truly admirable order. There was no weakness of man that she did not penetrate and take advantage of. There was no trick that she did not put to effective use. There was no device so bold and inordinate that it daunted her.
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> […]
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> The whole bag of tricks of the average business man, or even of the average professional man, is inordinately childish. It takes no more actual sagacity to carry on the everyday hawking and haggling of the world, or to ladle out its normal doses of bad medicine and worse law, than it takes to operate a taxicab or fry a pan of fish.
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> […]
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> The inherent tendency of any woman above the most stupid is to evade the whole obligation, and, if she cannot actually evade it, to reduce its demands to the minimum. And when some accident purges her, either temporarily or permanently, of the inclination to marriage (of which much more anon), and she enters into competition with men in the general business of the world, the sort of career that she commonly carves out offers additional evidence of her mental peculiarity. In whatever calls for no more than an invariable technic and a feeble chicanery she usually fails; in whatever calls for independent thought and

> resourcefulness she usually succeeds. Thus she is almost always a failure as a lawyer, for the law requires only an armament of hollow phrases and stereotyped formulae, and a mental habit which puts these phantasms above sense, truth and justice; and she is almost always a failure in business, for business, in the main, is so foul a compound of trivialities and rogueries that her sense of intellectual integrity revolts against it. But she is usually a success as a sick-nurse, for that profession requires ingenuity, quick comprehension, courage in the face of novel and disconcerting situations, and above all, a capacity for penetrating and dominating character; and whenever she comes into competition with men in the arts, particularly on those secondary planes where simple nimbleness of mind is unaided by the masterstrokes of genius, she holds her own invariably.
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> […]
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> If the work of the average man required half the mental agility and readiness of resource of the work of the average prostitute, the average man would be constantly on the verge of starvation.
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> […]
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> Women decide the larger questions of life correctly and quickly, not because they are lucky guessers, not because they are divinely inspired, not because they practise a magic inherited from savagery, but simply and solely because they have sense. They see at a glance what most men could not see with searchlights and telescopes; they are at grips with the essentials of a problem before men have finished debating its mere externals. They are the supreme realists of the race. Apparently illogical, they are the possessors of a rare and subtle super-logic. Apparently whimsical, they hang to the truth with a tenacity which carries them through every phase of its incessant, jellylike shifting of form. Apparently unobservant and easily deceived, they see with bright and horrible eyes.

The issue of marriage is brought up at length, especially how women manipulate men to do their bidding. If men were indeed the superior sex, why would they ever get married? Even in modern times, men are falling over themselves to be white knights trapped in the friendzone without receiving sexual benefits. Women deserve credit from this.

> The very fact that marriages occur at all is a proof, indeed, that they are more cool-headed than men, and more adept in employing their intellectual resources, for it is plainly to a man’s interest to avoid marriage as long as possible, and as plainly to a woman’s interest to make a favourable marriage as soon as she can. The efforts of the two sexes are thus directed, in one of the capital concerns of life, to diametrically antagonistic ends. Which side commonly prevails? I leave the verdict to the jury. All normal men fight the thing off; some men are successful for relatively long periods; a few extraordinarily intelligent and courageous men (or perhaps lucky ones) escape altogether. But, taking one generation with another, as every one knows, the average man is duly married

> and the average woman gets a husband. Thus the great majority of women, in this clear-cut and endless conflict, make manifest their substantial superiority to the great majority of men.

The manipulation skill Mencken describes is gradually being lost on modern American women, who seem to be having trouble getting high quality men to enter basic relationships with them. Their intelligence was not entirely innate as Mencken suspected, but also cultural. An environment that doesn't train its women to extract marriage from men will create what we currently have: fat, entitled, tatted-up sluts who enter spinsterdom after 30 and then whine on the internet about not being able to find a good man. Just like in The Manipulated Man, he seemed to be almost perfectly describing Ukrainian women of today, a sort of quintessential feminine archetype.

He was not kind on the overall value females possess:

> The female body, even at its best is very defective in form; it has harsh curves and very clumsily distributed masses; compared to it the average milk-jug, or even cuspidor, is a thing of intelligent and gratifying design—in brief, an objet d'art. The fact was curiously (and humorously) display during the late war, when great numbers of women in all the belligerent countries began putting on uniforms. Instantly they appeared in public in their grotesque burlesques of the official garb of aviators, elevator boys, bus conductors, train guards, and so on, their deplorable deficiency in design was unescapably revealed.
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> […]
>
> The average woman, until art comes to her aid, is ungraceful, misshapen, badly calved and crudely articulated, even for a woman. If she has a good torso, she is almost sure to be bow-legged. If she has good legs, she is almost sure to have bad teeth. If she has good teeth, she is almost sure to have scrawny hands, or muddy eyes, or hair like oakum, or no chin. A woman who meets fair tests all 'round is so uncommon that she becomes a sort of marvel, and usually gains a livelihood by exhibiting herself as such, either on the stage, in the half-world, or as the private jewel of some wealthy connoisseur.
>
> […]
>
> Men do not demand genuine beauty, even in the most modest doses; they are quite content with the mere appearance of beauty. That is to say, they show no talent whatever for differentiating between the artificial and the real. A film of face powder, skilfully applied, is as satisfying to them as an epidermis of damask. The hair of a dead Chinaman, artfully dressed and dyed, gives them as much delight as the authentic tresses of Venus.

He goes on to discuss suffragists and feminists, and why their movement is sour grapes:

> There are, of course, women who spend a great deal of time denouncing and reviling men, but these are certainly not genuine man-haters; they are simply

> women who have done their utmost to snare men, and failed. Of such sort are the majority of inflammatory suffragettes of the sex-hygiene and birth-control species.
>
> […]
>
> I'll begin to believe in the man-hater the day I am introduced to a woman who has definitely and finally refused a chance of marriage to a man who is of her own station in life, able to support her, unafflicted by any loathsome disease, and of reasonably decent aspect and manners—in brief a man who is thoroughly eligible. I doubt that any such woman breathes the air of Christendom.
>
> […]
>
> It is, indeed, not until a woman has definitely put away the hope of marriage, or, at all events, admitted the possibility that she, may have to do so soon or late, that she buckles down in earnest to whatever craft she practises, and makes a genuine effort to develop competence. No sane man, seeking a woman for a post requiring laborious training and unremitting diligence, would select a woman still definitely young and marriageable. To the contrary, he would choose either a woman so unattractive sexually as to be palpably incapable of snaring a man, or one so embittered by some catastrophe of amour as to be pathologically emptied of the normal aspirations of her sex.
>
> […]
>
> The woman who is not pursued sets up the doctrine that pursuit is offensive to her sex, and wants to make it a felony. No genuinely attractive woman has any such desire. She likes masculine admiration, however violently expressed, and is quite able to take care of herself. More, she is well aware that very few men are bold enough to offer it without a plain invitation, and this awareness makes her extremely cynical of all women who complain of being harassed, beset, storied, and seduced.
>
> […]
>
> All such suffragists (save a few miraculous beauties) marry ninth-rate men when they marry at all. They have to put up with the sort of castoffs who are almost ready to fall in love with lady physicists, embryologists, and embalmers.

He makes the argument that first-rate men are smart enough to avoid marriage, adding that the dowry was a smart way for women and their families to convince men to enter what amounts to a bad deal.

> Here we have a sufficient explanation of the general superiority of bachelors, so often noted by students of mankind—a superiority so marked that it is difficult, in all history, to find six first-rate philosophers who were married men. The bachelor's very capacity to avoid marriage is no more than a proof of his relative freedom from the ordinary sentimentalism of his sex—in other words, of his greater approximation to the clear headedness of the enemy sex. He is able to

defeat the enterprise of women because he brings to the business an equipment almost comparable to their own.

[…]

It is, of course, not well for the world that the highest sort of men are thus selected out, as the biologists say, and that their superiority dies with them, whereas the ignoble tricks and sentimentalities of lesser men are infinitely propagated. Despite a popular delusion that the sons of great men are always dolts, the fact is that intellectual superiority is inheritable, quite as easily as bodily strength; and that fact has been established beyond cavil by the laborious inquiries of Galton, Pearson and the other anthropometricians of the English school. If such men as Spinoza, Kant, Schopenhauer, Spencer, and Nietzsche had married and begotten sons, those sons, it is probable, would have contributed as much to philosophy as the sons and grandsons of Veit Bach contributed to music, or those of Erasmus Darwin to biology, or those of Henry Adams to politics, or those of Hamilcar Barcato the art of war.

[…]

Monogamy, in brief, kills passion—and passion is the most dangerous of all the surviving enemies to what we call civilization, which is based upon order, decorum, restraint, formality, industry, regimentation. The civilized man—the ideal civilized man—is simply one who never sacrifices the common security to his private passions.

[…]

All animal breeders know how difficult it is to maintain a fine strain. The universe seems to be in a conspiracy to encourage the endless reproduction of peasants and Socialists, but a subtle and mysterious opposition stands eternally against the reproduction of philosophers.

[…]

The marriage of a first-rate man, when it takes place at all, commonly takes place relatively late. He may succumb in the end, but he is almost always able to postpone the disaster a good deal longer than the average poor clodpate, or normal man. If he actually marries early, it is nearly always proof that some intolerable external pressure has been applied to him, as in Shakespeare’s case, or that his mental sensitiveness approaches downright insanity, as in Shelley’s.

[…]

Another reason for the relatively late marriages of superior men is found, perhaps, in the fact that, as a man grows older, the disabilities he suffers by marriage tend to diminish and the advantages to increase. At thirty a man is terrified by the inhibitions of monogamy and has little taste for the so-called comforts of a home; at sixty he is beyond amorous adventure and is in need of creature ease and security. What he is oftenest conscious of, in these later years,

> is his physical decay; he sees himself as in imminent danger of falling into neglect and helplessness. He is thus confronted by a choice between getting a wife or hiring a nurse, and he commonly chooses the wife as the less expensive and exacting. The nurse, indeed, would probably try to marry him anyhow.
>
> […]
>
> This brings us to a fact frequently noted by students of the subject: that first-rate men, when they marry at all, tend to marry noticeably inferior wives. The causes of the phenomenon, so often discussed and so seldom illuminated, should be plain by now. The first-rate man, by postponing marriage as long as possible, often approaches it in the end with his faculties crippled by senility, and is thus open to the advances of women whose attractions are wholly meretricious, e.g., empty flappers, scheming widows, and trained nurses with a highly developed professional technic of sympathy. If he marries at all, indeed, he must commonly marry badly, for women of genuine merit are no longer interested in him.
>
> [..]
>
> A husband begins by kissing a pretty girl, his wife; it is pleasant to have her so handy and so willing. He ends by making machiavellian efforts to avoid kissing the every day sharer of his meals, books, bath towels, pocketbook, relatives, ambitions, secrets, malaises and business: a proceeding about as romantic as having his boots blacked. The thing is too horribly dismal for words. Not all the native sentimentalism of man can overcome the distaste and boredom that get into it.

The aging first-rate man succumbs to marriage because his declining mental agility can no longer put up a defense to what is likely a far younger seducer. He could only resist when he was young, sharp, and at the peak of his value.

Mencken also makes the observation that feminists wrongly assume that the average "privileged" man is rolling in women, ready to cheat on his loyal wife with one beauty after another…

> He is a polygamous, multigamous, myriadigamous; an insatiable and unconscionable debauche, a monster of promiscuity; prodigiously unfaithful to his wife, and even to his friends' wives; fathomlessly libidinous and superbly happy.

They construct a fictional narrative to justify their hatred of men that is nothing close to reality. The average man is actually quite lacking in quality women, having to work menial jobs just to get by, lucky at all to engage in commitment-free sex.

He continues to bash marriage:

> The English wife of tradition, so thoroughly a femme covert, is being displaced by a gadabout, truculent, irresponsible creature, full of strange new ideas about her rights, and strongly disinclined to submit to her husband's authority, or to devote

> herself honestly to the upkeep of his house, or to bear him a biological sufficiency of heirs.
>
> […]
>
> If the average American husband wants a sound dinner he must go to a restaurant to get it, just as if he wants to refresh himself with the society of charming and well-behaved children, he has to go to an orphan asylum. Only the immigrant can take his case and invite his soul within his own house.
>
> […]
>
> A woman, if she hates her husband (and many of them do), can make life so sour and obnoxious to him that even death upon the gallows seems sweet by comparison.
>
> […]
>
> In the end, suddenly terrorized by the first faint shadows of spinsterhood, she turns to the ultimate numskull—and marries him out of hand.

Apparently, America was always at the forefront of bowing to women. Even in Mencken's time, women had the leeway to slouch in marriage and get half a man's property upon divorce. In spite of having all their wishes granted since then, they still claim unhappiness, no better off than the traditional arrangement:

> I am sorry for the suffragettes who specialize in the double standard, for when they get into pantaloons at last, and have the new freedom, they will discover to their sorrow that they have been pursuing a chimera—that there is really no such animal as the male anarchist they have been denouncing and envying—that the wholesale fornication of man, at least under Christian democracy, has little more actual existence than honest advertising or sound cooking. They have followed the porno maniacs in embracing a piece of buncombe, and when the day of deliverance comes it will turn to ashes in their arms.

Behold his amazing prophecy:

> Now that women have the political power to obtain their just rights, they will begin to lose their old power to obtain special privileges by sentimental appeals. Men, facing them squarely, will consider them anew, not as romantic political and social invalids, to be coddled and caressed, **but as free competitors in a harsh world. When that reconsideration gets under way there will be a general overhauling of the relations between the sexes, and some of the fair ones, I suspect, will begin to wonder why they didn't let well enough alone**.

Overall, his analysis was brutal yet accurate, written during a time when women had a surprising amount of liberties. This does not match the toxic ejaculate that feminists spray onto the masses today. Women were never chained up to the kitchen. They weren't beaten and treated like children. They weren't prevented from getting an education.

Their story has always been a far cry from reality.

A lot of Mencken's ideas ringed familiar to me, meaning that many in the manosphere have been inadvertently continuing his work, and thank goodness for that. Sometimes it takes a while for an idea to find its time. I highly recommended this book.

Read More: *"In Defense Of Women" on Amazon*

8 Things American Women Must Do To Make Themselves More Attractive For Men

January 8, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Sometimes I can be overly critical towards women, but understand that it comes from love, not hate. I want women to be the best that they can be. If American women follow the suggestions I've outlined for them below, they will be truly world class. Here we go…

1. Lose the god damn weight

The easiest way for them to have value is by being thin. There is nothing more boner-killing than a girl with blobs of unnecessary tissue that serve as a visceral reminder of her weak character and laziness. Besides a minority of psychologically deficient men who have a fat fetish, the world will never come around to accepting morbidly obese body types.

2. Grow your hair to butt level

Have you noticed that people who are ill with long-term diseases or those facing starvation don’t have a lot of hair? I surmise that hair serves as a signal to men of a woman’s fertility (the longer the better). It is an objective marker of healthfullness and beauty.

3. Talk 80% less

American woman try to make a novel out of an anecdote. They think their day-to-day activities are interesting or noteworthy when the opposite couldn’t be more true. If they just sit still, relax, and let the man lead the interaction, they would become ten times more pleasant to spend time with. Silence should be embraced.

4. Stop ruining intimate moments

Stop telling me “I don’t usually do this.” Stop telling me “We’re not having sex.” Stop giving ongoing commentary of my seduction moves. Stop making things awkward through nervous post-coital chatter. If you like the man you are with, let him do his thing. Stop parroting tired lines he has heard many times before.

5. Get rid of all beliefs and ideologies that enable your worst traits

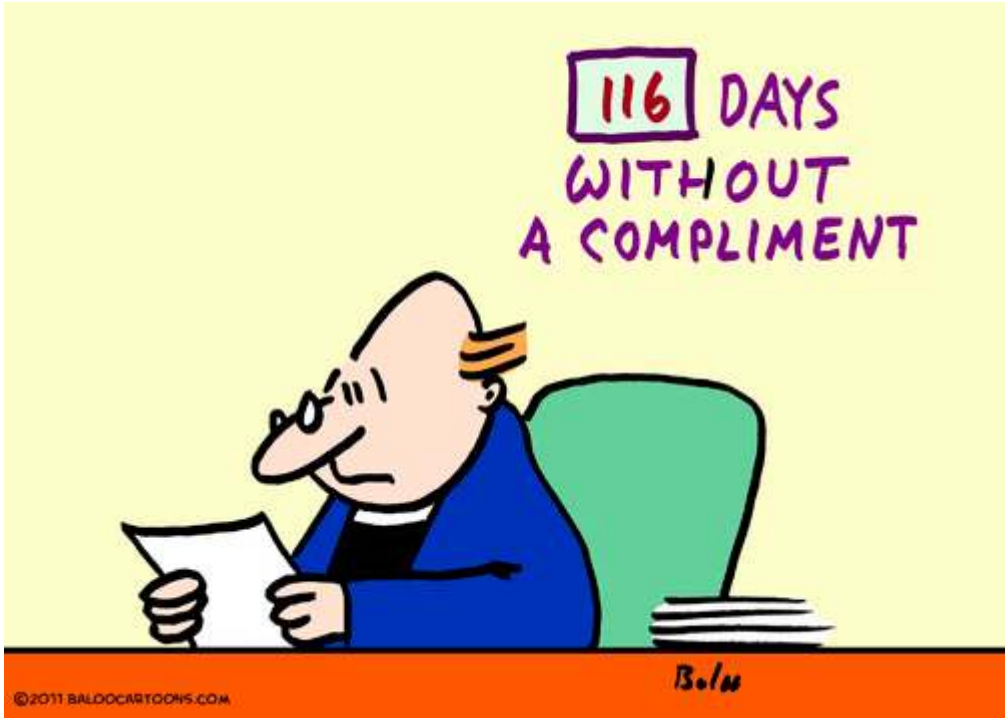
If you are faced with two belief systems, one telling you to be fat and ugly and the other telling you to be beautiful and charming, choose that one that requires more work of you, because I promise it will make you a better woman and get you a better man. Don’t succumb to the Tumblr idiots trying to convince you that fat is beautiful. Don’t listen to

internet feminists telling you that your job is more important than your man. The more work you put into yourself (outside of your career and kickball club), the more value you will have.

6. Don’t use rejection as a means to boost your fragile self-esteem

It’s fine if you don’t want to have sex with a man, but don’t use his attempt as an opportunity to feel good about yourself. Be polite, bow out of the conversation, and go on with your life. The minute you get your kicks from rejecting men is the minute you lose sight of how to build a connection with them.

7. Stop negging



Just because you are attracted to cocky men who neg you, that doesn’t mean the technique works on men. Men prefer a feminine challenge, not a masculine jerk. You must understand that making fun of men does not increase our attraction for you.

Compliment us instead, and be amazed at how much farther you get.

8. Stop self-mutilating

You've got to quit with the ugly tattoos and piercings. It makes you look impulsive and unwise, not interesting or sexy. Reading a hard book will make you more of an individual that getting a colorful tattoo on your arm that a million other girls have. I would understand if you want to do strange things to stand out, but you're simply copying the herd.

There are other things that American women can do, like improve their style, wear heels, and tone down their smartphone addiction, but I believe the eight things above would put American women above the international average.

When you look at how America came about, with its mixing of European stock, you realize that there is nothing genetically wrong with American women. It's just the toxic environment that is degrading their genetic value and causing them to perform very poorly on the world dating scene, to the point where American men are eagerly flying to other parts of the world for better value. If American women simply make the changes I have outlined, they will increase their attractiveness and get more attention from higher quality men. If they are not willing to change, they shouldn't complain about the OK Cupid stalkers who try to get with them. It remains to be seen if they will listen to my advice.

Read Next: *The Decline Of American Women*

3 Things I Learned Last Year

January 10, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Some quick thoughts from what I realized last year…

1. More information may not help you make better decisions.

While information is important, it's not always the case that more information will make a difference in the quality of your lifestyle decision making (in business, more data tends to improve your decisions) There are two reasons for that: (1) more information may actually be irrelevant noise, and (2) more information may equally side between the two outcomes you are deciding on.

A common problem with me is deciding whether or not to stay in a city. Common sense dictates I should explore a city, approach a lot of girls, and then use those experiences to make a decision. The problem is you'll have both positive and negative experiences in your sample that may not aid the initial impression you had in your first day. If you get laid right away, you'll think the city is great, only to find out that you got lucky and the environment is actually much harder. If you don't get laid immediately, you'll think the city sucks, without knowing that just a bit more work would have unveiled poosy paradise. There's never a way to be sure. It's sometimes better to make a snap judgement and do what it takes to succeed regardless instead of using a sample size of experience to help you.

2. What you want is constantly changing.

It's hard to notice this change because when you make a goal for yourself, you think it will drive you forever, but it's inevitable that any specific desire will cease to excite you. This is why people become unhappy when they double-down on an initial goal they created, most specifically when it comes to money. A man is not exactly happy when he hits his goal so he decides to make more, thinking that will do the trick, but of course it doesn't. In life you will have to make several sharp turns away from what you used to want as your growing experience changes the path that is right for you.

I used to greatly desire one-night stands. I couldn't get them so well in Ukraine and figured that I was less happy because of it. I went back to Poland and had two within my first month that didn't increase my happiness one bit. In fact, they had a neutral to negative effect. I had to accept that what I wanted in the past no longer held true, so I completely changed my game workflow as a result to accommodate my different needs.

3. You don't need much income if you're not a consumer.

If you don't want a luxury car, a penthouse, the latest electronic gadgets, or a dozen custom suits, you don't need a lot of money. If you don't feel the need to make it rain in

clubs, and you use day approaches as your main game strategy, you won't need more than $100 per notch. If you realize that *things* can't possibly make you happy, you won't find yourself buying much besides good liquor and food. The less money you need to spend, the less money you need to make. The less money you need to make, the less work you need to do. Instead of chasing dollars and objects you've been programmed to buy, you enjoy your own leisure time, hobbies, or reading.

It doesn't hurt to be rich, and I won't bash those men who go for it, but a huge percentage of the world's pretty women are content with dating a middle class man who is fit, intelligent, stable, and confident. I've had great months where my income was much higher than normal because of a new book release, but there was nothing to spend the extra money on that would increase the things I value in life (good people, women, work, health, and books). After a very modest amount, additional money becomes an abstract construct that exists only on a computer screen. Design a life free of superfluous consumer desires and figure out how much money you need a year to live that life. There will be no need to bother with more.

Read Next: *25 Lesson From 25 Flags*

Don’t Shed A Single Tear After Losing A Girl You Banged

January 13, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

There is nothing like the rush you receive after a new sexual conquest. All the work you did before it has paid off with the reward of a woman’s body. It is a glorious success indeed that keeps men such as myself pursuing this dopamine high for much of their adult lives.

Oftentimes, the pussy is so golden, so beautiful, so generous with its lubrication, that you want to hit again. You may even want a relationship with the girl who this pussy is attached to. Unfortunately, you will not always succeed. Maybe the girl only wanted to fuck you once. Maybe she sensed your neediness and disappeared off the face of the earth. Or maybe you made a severe game mistake and turned her off for good. You will find it quite disconcerting to lose a girl so easily even after your penis ravaged her insides, but I promise you that it will happen many times in your life.

The more intimacy you’ve had with a girl, the more sour you will feel when you lose her. You’ll furiously analyze the interaction to see where you went wrong, but in the end, the girl is gone and you are left unsatisfied in spite of the fact that you did have sex with her.

This is the wrong mentality to have.

Instead of feeling like an idiot, you must feel like a victor, because you *did* have sex with her. How many guys will she have sex with during her prime years between 18-28? Even if she’s a big slut, less than 100. This means that out of 3.5 billion men in the world, you were one of the lucky ones chosen to fornicate with her. There have only been 266 popes since 33 AD—you are essentially one of the sexual popes of her life, a special man who was at the right place at the right time with the right words and the right moves. Even if you didn’t get to hit it as many times as you would’ve liked, do you not see how you came out on top? Do you not appreciate the incredible feat you’ve accomplished?

The goal of most women is to extract as many material resources from men as possible. While this is changing in modern times with women essentially giving it up for free, they still seek status, entertainment, and positive feelings that come from enjoying your appearance, personality, and confidence. As a man, your goal should be to extract as much “sexual resources” from an individual woman as possible. You must structure all your relationships to put in as many penile strokes inside her body until the inevitable end, so that when she gets bored of you or meets a man better than you, you can simply walk it off, look in the mirror, and know that you came out on top even if you may have happened to fuck it up in the end.

There is absolutely no reason for you to ever be upset as long as you lay even one measly stroke of pipe inside her. She may feel better about herself because she rejected you, but her last-minute touchdown is meaningless because you still won the game. Don’t you dare feel down on yourself. Instead, take a well-deserved rest before you go win

again.

Read Next: *He Who Hesitates, Masturbates*

How To Create A Manosphere In Your Own Country

January 15, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The manosphere is primarily an American phenomenon. While you do see some men's rights activity in Canada, UK, and Australia, the fusion of game, biology, and truth-seeking in the "red pill" genre of knowledge has been mostly cultivated and developed by Americans. This is odd considering that feminism and political correctness has not been as crushing on the American bachelor compared to those from Scandinavia, Spain, and Britain.

How did this happen? How did America become the epicenter? Why aren't Swedish men voicing their concerns about a push to feminize their movies or to sit like women on buses? Why aren't British men countering laws meant to limit their speech? I think it comes down to two reasons:

1. America has a culture of liberty. We have a problem with authority. We chafe at government attempts to limit our behavior. Consider that a sizable portion of the American population have guns and are ready to kill those who step on their rights. The manosphere is composed of many Americans who despise the encroachment of the state and PC police on their pursuit of happiness.

2. American women are the worst. Both in their appearance and attitude. They are loud, confrontational, entitled, fat, and power hungry. They are terrorists who are showing absolutely no empathy for the needs of men, no willingness to compromise. Their ongoing war against us is creating an angry generation of men who are tired of their behavior and corpulence. These men are now active in trading notes on how to either find better women abroad or how to use these unfeminine specimens for easy sexual gain.

Even accounting for these two factors, it is surprising to me that there is no foreign manosphere even 10% the size of the one in America. From my conversations with foreign men, it's not so much that these issues aren't important to them, but there hasn't been a show of leadership in their country to take initiative in facing the establishment. I would like to help these men with advice on how to create their own manosphere:

1. Follow the path laid out by those before you

There's no need to reinvent the wheel. Start a blog, update it several times a week, correspond with those who share your belief system, attack those who you disagree with, and leave comments on other blogs and forums related to your topic. Your blog will be the foundation of your message while social networking will be the bullhorn that helps spread and amplify it. Copy things that the American manosphere bloggers are doing and then add your own insights to create a formula that helps you build and retain an audience.

2. Write in your native language

Even if you live in a country where most people speak English (e.g. Germany, Sweden), you should still write in your own language. This will increase the chances that your articles get shared and reduce any doubt that your site is not locally made and sourced.

3. Create a community

Encourage commenting by your readers, but be quick to ban those who don't share your beliefs. It's important you have an unobstructed safe space where you can optimize your message without interference from those who only want you to disappear. It's okay to have some disagreement, but don't let people hijack your comments and derail the conversation. Once your blog gets about 20,000 unique visitors a month, start a forum and participate in it daily. If your forum ends up like mine, it will serve as a think tank for ideas that may slowly filter out into the mainstream.

4. Translate the best manosphere articles into your native language

Grab articles that have influenced you and translate them for your readers. Many writers have already destroyed a lot of feminist arguments so there is no need for you to duplicate the effort. You can probably start a successful site only through translations of the manosphere's greatest hits. Be sure to give credit to the source to not offend the original author.

5. Publicize incidents where local men are being attacked by feminism and political correctness

Make a big stink of any attack you see on men. Find out the source of the attack and call them out on your blog, Twitter, and Facebook. Include full names in the headline of your articles so that attackers can be easily found on Google. You're doing a good job when your response becomes part of the story, further increasing exposure for your blog.

6. Seek allies

Men who read you will want to start their own blogs. Be generous with your traffic and link to them. Communicate with them via email to coordinate your attacks. Write guest posts on their blogs and let them do guest posts on yours.

The American manosphere had such a swift response against a hit piece on ABC News that—in my opinion—they pulled the piece from television because of it. Attacking a media company from only your blog won't scare them, but an attack from over ten blogs with additional reinforcement from Twitter definitely makes them think twice before broadcasting sloppy reporting. It forces them to be more accurate and fair.

7. Fight with character

Don’t let your ego get in the way of your cause. Don’t be stingy with wanting credit for certain ideas. Don’t attack those on your side because of minor differences. Don’t backstab or gossip. Don’t let the influence you gain serve as a license to exaggerate or distort the truth. Your public writing is a donation to the people, not a way for you to feel better about yourself.

8. Commit for one year

For all the internet projects I’ve attempted, it takes about one year for things to really gets off the ground. If you quit before a year, you quit too soon. Even if your readership is pathetically small six months into your project, you must persist. The popular blogs you read right now are done by men who have committed many years of effort into what you enjoy weekly.

9. Stand firm in the face of attack

It is natural for you to be scared when the mob comes pounding on your door, especially when they dishonestly say you’re breaking the law. Take a deep breath, contact your allies, inform your readers about what’s going on, and stand strong in the 3-6 days it will take for things to die down. Do not apologize. Do not change your views. Each attack will make you stronger and more able to deal with bigger ones.

10. Compile your best writing into a book

After a year of blogging, you will have probably accumulated at least 25 articles that resonated strongly with your readers. Expand on them and put it in a book that you sell through your web site for a fair price. The goal here is not necessarily to make a lot of money (you’ll be lucky to make your monthly food costs), but to put your most important beliefs into a permanent form that can be passed on from one man to the next. Books survive longer than web sites.

I wonder if I am doing the foreign man harm by sharing the above tips, because if he was really serious about improving the plight of his countrymen, he wouldn’t need an article like this to do it, but I understand that that’s my American mentality speaking. My experience in many countries has shown me that men have been made impotent by their culture’s efforts to shame and disparage any effort to speak out against the harm being done to them, and I hope this article lights the path for those who are angry with the direction society is headed. I’ll just end this by saying that it is inspiring to see how a small group of vocal, persistent men can really make a difference. Good luck.

Read Next: *7 Ways Feminism Is Destroying American Women*

My Boner Is My Master

January 17, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

If there is one part of my body that has given me the most happiness in life, it is my boner. When used in the way that nature intended, my obelisk of masculine power gives me pleasure, ecstasy, and purpose. Successfully pursuing its demands has showered me with satisfaction, no matter how fleeting, giving me meaning in an otherwise meaningless existence. I am who I am and where I am because I have faithfully listened to its needs and demands.

My boner knows what I like before I know. It signals to me when an attractive woman is within its view, forcing me to make contact with her. It sees the sexual value of certain women where I initially saw none, and if I fail to listen to my boner, it makes me feel guilt, shame, and regret. If I do follow its orders, I feel strong, masculine, hopeful.

My boner is ambitious. While it understands the conquest of female flesh is not instant, and that periods of time must pass between its feedings, my boner never lets me fall back into comfort or complacency. Besides instructing my testicles to produce sperm, creating weight and soreness that demands neverending release, it pushes me to find women who are more feminine and beautiful than the last. I have pierced higher quality women in the past year than ever, all from listening to my boner's insatiable demands for beauty.

My boner is clever. It knows the difference between pleasure from my hand and pleasure from a real vagina. I have tried to deceive it many times, but it can not be tricked. Even the highest quality pornography does little to quench its demand for actual human fornication, and for that I nod my head to its supreme wisdom.

My boner is durable. There is no way to scientifically explain how my boner can sustain such prolonged friction with a vagina, even dry ones, in spite of its impossibly thin layer of outer skin. In the case of trauma from vigorous sexual activity, it self-heals within only a matter of days. Its fearless and always ready for action, like a samurai warrior.

My boner is strong. It only needs a small intermission between sex sessions. My body may fatigue, my heart my sputter, but my boner does not tire. In the face of sexual plenty, it can stay engorged with blood, its shy eye seeking a victim to impale, as if it thinks the end of times is near.

My boner does not lie. I have tried to give it sub-standard women since they are easier, but it simply does not activate, lying in a state of dormancy instead. My brain can be deceived by such women, but my devilish boner can not. For every woman I speak to, it either gives me a look of approval or one of disdain. Without his blessing, the interaction may not proceed.

My boner is my master. I am its happy slave, not wanting to be freed from its chains. I wish not to escape the flesh sacrifice it continually demands. It is my god, my muse, the heart of all which makes me a man. Without the ability to make a boner, I am weak,

impotent, and harmless. I dare not ignore my boner or go against the prescription it has for me.

Only when my boner needs rest can I focus on other more worldly tasks, but as long as it is hungry, as long as it demands vaginal food, I will sacrifice everything so that it may be satisfied. As long as I live, I will serve my beloved boner.

Read Next: *I Think, Therefore I'm Erect*

How To Become A Multilingual International Player In 61 Easy Steps

January 20, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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1. Believe your family or Western culture when they teach you that women are infallible snowflakes.

2. Be ashamed of your sexual preference in thin and attractive women.

3. Be friendzoned enough times that you begin to question your self-worth as a man.

4. Get tired of masturbating, with little hope of having sex with an actual woman.

5. Listen to sappy music and watch romantic comedies, believing that they hold the key to sexual success.

6. Have a meltdown where you finally refuse to accept the pathetic existence you've found yourself in.

7. Stumble accidentally upon a game book or web site.

8. Study the game resource for weeks or months, soaking up its teachings.

9. Gather up enough courage to do a cold approach on a woman you don't know.

10. Approach a hundred women to learn how to maintain a conversation, get a number, and plant the seed of attraction.

11. Get flaked on by most women who give you their number.

12. Learn how to get a girl out on a date.

13. Fail on countless dates to seal the deal while learning how to escalate the encounter to a kiss.

14. Spend countless hours on more failed dates until you eventually have sex with a girl.

15. Receive no reply to the text message you sent her.

16. Spend three evenings a week at the gym improving your musculature.

17. Learn how to properly kiss a girl by copying moves that girls do on you.

18. Spend years optimizing your appearance to maximize both your confidence level and your attractiveness.

19. Learn a new skill such as dancing, story-telling, or public speaking.

20. Gradually improve your wardrobe with fitted clothing that women notice.

21. Read a hundred books that increase your understanding of humanity and the world.

22. Improve your finance management skills and build a fuck-you fund of one years living expenses.

23. Take a trip to a foreign land with the goal of sleeping with beautiful woman. Fail utterly and contract a stomach illness for your efforts.

24. Return home and spend the next year learning a foreign language.

25. Date your first foreign girl after meeting her at a salsa club or international lounge.

26. Start an internet business that makes you a couple hundred extra bucks a month after 100 hours of effort.

27. Take a longer trip abroad. Perform your first successful pickup in a foreign language.

28. Continue to work on your foreign language studies, side business, gym routine, and self-improvement efforts while maintaining a full-time job and pursuing women.

29. Take notes on things that work for you.

30. Learn additional skills like cooking, martial arts, playing an instrument, or writing.

31. Go against the advice of all your friends and family by quitting your stable job and relying solely on your modest business income or freelance work.

32. Take one long trip abroad to countries that interest you.

33. Re-learn the game from a basic level every time you step foot into a new country.

34. Fight bouts of homesickness.

35. Spend 300 hours studying another language.

36. Experience several setbacks to your business and poon-chasing where both your income and sex life take large hits that only recover after months of recovery.

37 . Get hit with random illnesses and injuries that delay your goals.

38. Meet the girl of your dreams and then lose her.

39. Fall out of touch with old friends who don't understand your life choices.

40. Make new friends.

41. Encounter problems that you simply don't know how to solve.

42. Receive criticism from your countrymen based on the new beliefs that come from your changing lifestyle.

43. Experience moments of satisfaction and contentment.

44. Meet another girl of your dreams. Fuck it up again.

45. Study books on history and culture to help you make sense of differences you see in the countries you visit.

46. Get ripped off by a hundred taxicab drivers.

47. Develop a work and play routine that keeps you grounded when you're hit with inevitable periods of loneliness and depression.

48. Gradually perfect both day and night styles of game in multiple languages so that you can get laid relatively easily in many different countries.

49. Stay in touch with like-minded men you trust.

50. Shock yourself with strange environments to learn something about yourself that you didn't know beforehand.

51. Meet another girl of your dreams and know exactly what it will take for you to pursue the relationship to its natural conclusion.

52. Look back on past conquests and realize that your standards must have gone up since you wouldn’t now sleep with many of them.

53. Consciously accept that your sexual needs are changing and then re-adjust your game to meet this change.

54. Experience a new round of failure where you’re essentially starting over from scratch.

55. Watch as new technologies or changing consumer tastes hurt your business.

56. Start a new business based on what you learned from your previous one.

57. Sleep with a girl so beautiful that you experience a moment of insecurity and wonderment at why she chose you.

58. Learn another language, the hardest you’ve yet to try. Feel like a beginner after 400 hours of study.

59. Find a city that you like and wouldn’t mind staying for a year or so.

60. Work as hard as you ever have to maintain a steady income while having relations with the women you desire.

61. Pause every now and then and reflect in silence.

Read Next: *Two Foreign Languages Every American Man Should Learn*

The Most Beautiful Woman In Ukraine

January 22, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Even though I saw her for only ten seconds while sitting in an Odessa cafe, she was as close to female perfection that I could lay my eyes on. Her face were nothing short of flawness and her body was in catwalk condition. She could easily slack off in other areas because having a high-octane face and body are enough to get the best men in the world, but she also had long hair that went down to her lower back. I can only imagine how long it took her to maintain it every day. Having a great body, face, and hair is more than enough to get the best men in the world, but she was also wearing 5-inch heels. She also had carefully applied makeup to accentuate her eyes and bring out the thickness of her lips. She also had nails that were long and painted. She also wore an outfit that was feminine, tasteful, and modern. She was the most ravishing woman I've ever seen. The man she was there to see must've felt proud to have her.

It's rare to see a girl with a pretty face spend extra time on her body because she will have realized from a young age that her face is good enough to get by. It's rare to see a handsome man grind out hundreds of approaches to improve his game since his appearance is good enough to get by. It's rare for a man of high income to spend time on his style since his money is good enough to get by. It's rare for a bodybuilder to spend an hour a day reading difficult books. It's rare for an intelligent man to spend time learning what he sees as the pedestrian rules of seduction.

When you start to identify yourself as having a strength, you slack off on another area of your life that could be improved with effort. In aggregate, this means that people are equally balanced out when you account for their entire being. If you line up a hundred men against a wall, less than five of them will be obviously superior. It's just too much work to push for multiple strengths in different areas or disciplines when having one good strength is enough to get most of what you want out of life.

So why is the Ukrainian girl in Odessa not satisfied with her genetic beauty? Why does she continue to work out, grow her hair, wear uncomfortable shoes, and spend time on style when her face is good enough? Why does she care while back in America a girl hopes to ride a pretty face to the alter at 33 years of age while carrying 20 extra pounds on her frame?

I thought about the Ukrainian girl on and off for three months, not out of a desirous passion to sleep with her, but because I wanted to know why she didn't stop working on her beauty when she could have easily done so. I could only come to one conclusion: she wanted to be the best. She wanted to be the prettiest girl in Ukraine, and was willing to do everything to make it happen. When other girls stop short of their full potential, content at the drunken male attention or internet dating messages they're getting, this girl kept going. Her efforts were so strong that a 10-second exposure to her stayed in my mind for months.

She made me look at my own behavior. I have constructed a comfortable lifestyle for

myself where sexual, intellectual, monetary, and fitness pursuits are at acceptable levels. My game is good enough to get laid with pretty girls. It would be too much more work to bang 9′s. My body is good enough to look good in a t-shirt. It would be too much more work to get a six pack. My income is good enough to travel. It would be too much more work to double it. I've reached a stage in my life where everything is good enough, where I believe most other man would say, "I appreciate all that I have, and going further will just put me past the point of diminishing return." The Ukrainian girl didn't have to grow long hair and she didn't have to wear uncomfortable heels—it only brought an additional 5% of pleasure upon my eyes on top of what she already had, but it was nonetheless inspiring. It was admirable for her to do so in a world full of people who just want to get by.

I know that making a little extra money won't make me happier. I know banging a prettier girl or selling more books or having a body with 3% less fat won't change me much. But why not try? Why not try to reach the absolute limit that I can achieve, to be the best possible man with my unique genetic construction? This means I must view all my strengths as weaknesses that need further improvement. I must continue to push for growth, continue to breach my comfort zone, and find ways to stay hungry. I must look in the mirror and not wish to be a happy man, or even a good man, but the best man that I can become, and only rest when I hit a ceiling and can go no further. I want to be a man where someone meets me and thinks, "He could have stopped years ago, but he kept going." And then maybe it will inspire him to reach the absolute limit of what he himself can achieve as a human being.

Counterpoint: *Do Not Eat If You're Not Hungry*

Winter Hiatus

January 24, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Gonna take a couple weeks off. In the meanwhile…

- Read Return Of Kings
- Browse through the forum
- Subscribe to my newsletter (big box underneath this post)
- Follow me on Twitter
- Follow me on Facebook.
- Bang hoes, stack paper

Пока.

The One Thing I Will Never Give A Woman

February 21, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Getting laid is hard. Even when you get really good at it, the process from meeting an attractive girl to banging her requires several hours of time, not to mention competency in several disciplines, ranging from social ability to female psychology insight. This difficulty is made more apparent when you consider that even when a girl is very into you from the start, just two or three small mistakes will cause you to lose her for all eternity.

Anyone who tells you that getting laid is easy does not know what the average man has to face. We put a mind-boggling amount of time and energy into making it happen. We share our resources with women to show value in their eyes. We improve our status to impress them. We face countless rejection to understand them. We go on a hundred bad dates when we could have been reading history or philosophy books instead. We make huge sacrifices to penetrate their holiest of holes. If we converted the time we spend to get laid into hard labor, within five years we could create structures that make the Great Pyramids look like doll houses.

Many men argue that it's not worth it. They argue that the value gained from a quick romp or even a basic relationship does that compensate for the expense. Maybe these men are correct, but for myself, it's an argument that my nature does not allow me to consider. I must have sex, regardless of the cost. I will give what it takes to have the sexual rewards that give me such fleeting but glorious pleasures. However, there is one thing that I will absolutely not give.

There is one thing that, no matter how horny I am, or no matter how lonely I am, I will never give to a woman. There is one thing that I wouldn't give even if it meant never getting laid again for the rest of my life. There is one thing that is simply not on the bargaining table, no matter how beautiful the girl is, no matter how much of a "once in a lifetime" opportunity the encounter may seem upon first glance. I will never give this to a woman, because I know that if I do, even if it helps me squeeze out this one bang, I will suffer for it in the future. I will adopt the mentality of a slave, fully accommodating to any and all whims of women. I will forget the principles that make me a man, and invite all manner of disrespect and abuse from all females whom I encounter. I will embark on the road of scarcity, a path to weakness and desperation. I will reek the scent of a beggar. I will become an unattractive man in the eyes of all women, even if in the short-term I may see a lucky dose of success. No, I will never give this to a woman, no matter what the stakes are, no matter how dry my dick is.

I will never, ever give a woman my dignity. When a woman is taking advantage of my kindness, when she is taking me for granted, when she thinks that her mere presence is enough for me, I will walk away. It doesn't matter how close I was to getting her pussy, or how good it was if I was already accessing it, but absolutely no woman can treat me in any other way than I believe I should be treated. No matter where I am in life, no matter who I'm with, dignity will be a part of my spirit, until the very end.

Read Next: *Are You A Slave?*

The Paradox Of Success

February 24, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Working on your goals and then achieving them makes you more unhappy than before, at least for the short-term. In other words, success *causes* unhappiness. The reason is because success creates a void that steers you towards malaise, confusion, and existential purgatory. It leads to questions like this:

- What do I do next?
- What is my purpose?
- Why aren't I happier than I thought I would be?
- What is the point of life?
- Am I achieving enough compared to others?

Let's say that your goal is achieving $1 million in wealth. Work towards your goal started with reading business books and networking with successful people. You then came up with a plan for a business and over the course of several years executed that plan to the point where you reached your goal. Your immediate feeling is one of elation. *I did it!* You're proud of your achievement and share them with those close to you, but after a couple weeks, you get used to the idea of having a lot of money. The tough questions above seep into your head and you soon notice guys richer than you, making you feel inferior in the face of their greater wealth. The initial achievement was the highest of highs, but it did not last, and you end up lower than you were before you achieved the goal.

Any type of success has a hangover. The higher the achievement, the greater the hangover. Imagine banging ten girls in a month, whereas your normal count is only one (or none). You're going to feel like a sex god, but then your hot streak inevitably ends and you begin to get agitated and anxious without really knowing why. This is success hangover. Or say you return home after an exciting trip abroad only to enter a mild depression upon resuming your cubicle lifestyle. Anything good you achieve in life must have an equal and opposite reaction that brings you *below* your happiness setpoint, which is determined by your genetics, personality, character, temperament, upbringing, and belief system. It takes additional time for it rise back up to your basal level.

There are three solutions to the paradox of success:

1. Achieve ever-escalating accomplishments in order to keep the party going. The problem is that you will hit a ceiling where you simply can't go any further, and the hangover from that may lead to a breakdown because you ignored the tough questions for so long. You proceeded blindly without self-awareness.

2. Adopt a more Buddhist-inspired ascetic lifestyle where you have no goals. This would be fine in days of rural living where life was simple, but today's urban, consumerist lifestyle makes it close to impossible to prevent comparing yourself to others

and desiring the accoutrements of modern living. Even the strongest of us will find it hard to resist wanting a nice smartphone, fast internet, good dining, sex with pretty women, and so on. You would have to physically remove yourself from these temptations by adopting a lifestyle of the ancients.

3. Understand that achievement won't increase your happiness. Achieve your goals, but don't expect it to change how you feel about life. I like sex with beautiful women because of the pleasure it gives me, but I know doing so won't give me permanent happiness. I like selling a lot of books and making money, but I know selling a million books won't change how happy I feel in my day-to-day life. It's okay to desire things as long as you know that the resulting high from achievement will always be followed by an upsetting hangover.

I've adopted the third solution. I understand that the seed of unhappiness is planted whenever I set out to achieve a goal, and that when that goal is achieved, I will enter a dip that can not be effectively combated with further goal seeking. Instead I will accept the hangover that results, right myself with dutiful work that busies my mind and body (writing, reading, fitness), and proceed with life until the hangover passes. I will accumulate wisdom from achieving the new goal, and appreciate the positive improvement to my being, but I know that my long-term happiness will not budge because of it. We are all outfitted with a program where success does very little for us in the grand scheme of life. Maybe this is too bad for us, but the sooner we accept that fact, the better off we'll be.

Read Next: *All Experience Is Equal*

Are You The Player Or Are You Getting Played?

February 26, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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There are only two roles that can exist in any male-female relationship:

- The player
- The person who gets played

The player has the upper hand in the relationship. He or she dictates terms. He or she determines the frequency and depravity of sex. For the last girl you dated, I want you to ask yourself: were you the player or did you get played?

If you're not sure, you got played. If you didn't get what you wanted out of the relationship, you got played. If you were often waiting by the phone, filled with anxiety, hoping for a text reply, you got played. If you wondered what she was doing when she wasn't with you, you got played.

But if you left her wanting, you were the player. If you degraded her in bed to your satisfaction, you were the player. If you put the brakes on her affections, you were the player. If she sent you back-to-back messages, hoping for a reply, you were the player. If whenever you said goodbye to her, you possessed no fear of never seeing her again, you were the player.

There is no other role that you can fill. There is no 50/50. Either you're the player or you're getting played. Someone has control and is getting most that they want. Someone doesn't have control and is not getting all that they want. Which are you?

Remember that time when you started off as the player, but then you got played in the end? I know why that happened. It's because you stopped giving her the game that got her in bed in the first place. Man, I feel sorry for that girl. She was happy at meeting a men who knew how to turn her on, who wasn't needy like all the other men she meets, and then after a couple of bangs you started treating her like she was your girlfriend and shit. What a disappointment for her to have to be the player when she was the one who wanted to get played. She desperately wanted the drama of an aloof man so that she has something to cry to her friends about, but you decided not to be that man and got played in the end.

Remember that time you started off getting played, but then you ended up playing her? She didn't really care about you. She treated you like a nobody, but then she saw a girl as pretty as her giving you love. She heard through the grapevine that you're a better man than she initially thought. How happy she was to find a man that could now play her! You assumed your rightful role and got what you wanted while she could hope and guess as to what you'd do to her next, relieved that she didn't have to lead.

Girls are players when they can't find a worthy man to play them. They truly hate being players, because it makes them be assertive, a trait that goes against their nature. They have no choice but to act as players because they keep meeting men who want to get

played. Stop getting played and be the player she seeks. Care less than she cares. Be more aloof than her. Withhold your affections. Don’t fall for the traps she lays for you that tests whether you are really the player or not.

Women are practically begging men to play them but very few are strong enough to stay the player. They show flashes of it, but they get lazy and weak, and then wonder why their girl started acting weird, stopped fucking them, stopped picking up the phone. If you want a woman to be disgusted with you, simply let her play you. If you want a woman to choose you as a provider who provides feelings instead of sex, get played. Choose the right path, my friend—the path of being a player. It’s what she truly wants.

Read Next: *Aggressive Game vs Aloof Game*

Be Qualified, Not Entitled

February 28, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I have spent thousands of hours writing. I have put my blood and sweat into creating many books. I have maintained an active blog for several years. I have built up a loyal audience by being consistent in publishing value. In spite of that, I am not entitled to success from my writing. I am merely qualified to experience it.

I have studied both old and new methods of seduction. I have done countless of cold approaches in every environment imaginable. I have studied languages to increase my access to beautiful women. I have optimized my appearance to be more pleasing to the type of women that I prefer. In spite of that, I am not entitled to success with women. I am merely qualified to sleep with the women I desire.

I have lived outside of my birth country for five years. I have uprooted myself over a dozen times. I have explored two continents up to the limit that my energy allows. I have faced deep periods of loneliness and doubt. In spite of that, I am not entitled to find a great city to live in. I am merely qualified to live in it.

The difference between entitlement and qualification is subtle but important. In entitlement, you believe that a result *should* happen because you did the prerequisites that you thought was necessary. With qualification, you believe that a result *could* happen because of the labor you expended, but that it is ultimately not guaranteed.

Entitlement approaches life like a recipe in a contained kitchen environment, whereby you mix the required ingredients to reliably get the same result every time. Qualification approaches life like a football match, with the understanding that even having the best players on your team won't guarantee victory. Tactics and plays must be adjusted. Substitutions must be made to match the strength and weakness of the opponent. Because life is not a contained environment, and what you think is required to achieve success may be different than what is actually required, entitlement leads to frustration, disappointment, and failure while qualification leads to persistence, optimization, and success.

I have spent many years of labor to accomplish my goals, and I believe that I have done more than most men in order to achieve them, but I am not entitled to what may grow on nature's apple tree. All I can do is make myself qualified to climb the tree, shake it, or jump high enough to obtain the juicy apple that catches my eye. The only entitlement that the universe gives us is a temporary and often painful existence that leads to death. Before that end we must simply make ourselves as qualified as possible to reach that which we desire.

Read Next: *The Unit Of Man*

5 Reasons Why You Should Reconsider Going To Poland

March 3, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I'm sad to be writing this right now, because a place I loved not long ago is one that I may not want to visit again. Here's why:

1. Polish girls are getting uglier

My first visit was in 2011. Two and a half years later, while living in Wroclaw, I can clearly see the degradation. They are becoming obese and embracing the hipster culture. Short haircuts are not uncommon. I estimate we have about 10-15 years until Poland becomes a mini-Germany in terms of female appearance. While other Eastern European locations are more resistant to Westerization, Polish culture is begging for their culture to be replaced in terms of lifestyle and diet. As one Polish guy told me, "We're doing a copy paste of your culture." Polish girls are still friendly, and display very low attitude, but I wonder if it's only a matter of time until that changes as well.

2. Spanish men are ravaging the countryside

I did notice a lot of Spanish male students upon my first visit, but now I'm seeing hordes of older Spanish men coming for the explicit purpose to have sex with Polish girls. Many nights I was in a club where over 50% of the men were foreign. While foreign men aren't a particular game threat, they are very thirsty. I'm sure you can imagine the result of good-looking men approaching girls down to the 3 range. It used to be super easy to bang a Polish 6 via one-night stands, but now you have to take her out on at least one date. The days are over of above-average Polish girls desperate for foreign love. She now has quite a bit of choice.

3. Polish girls are not as beautiful as their neighbors

I was the first to mention how Polish girls have a butterface problem, but now the extent of this issue is obvious to me. I can say with 100% certainty that Polish girls are less attractive than girls from the following European countries I've been to: Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Ukraine, Croatia, Romania, and Moldova. It's not a matter of makeup or wearing high-heels but a structural deficiency in their face. They have long chins, turkey necks, big noses, sharp cheekbones, and wide faces. If you're coming from a place like Sweden, Germany, or America, they are a definite upgrade, but if you're coming from other Eastern European countries, you won't want to stay long.

4. Polish girls place schooling and career above men

It turns out that they obsessed with doing well in school and getting a good career. I'm not going to argue that this is not in their best interests, but it gives a lower value proposition for men who want more than scant attention from the women he dates. The hottest girls are young and in college (Polish women age rather poorly), but they give their studies more importance than I think is reasonable. Scheduling a date with a Polish girl is similar to making an appointment with a doctor, and oftentimes she has to go home early to sleep, making sex with them a rapid in-and-out affair that lacks the nurturing component you can get from other women. Polish women are training themselves to serve their corporate masters before their men, meaning they are becoming more like American women. The worst part is that Polish men don't mind, becoming more eager to share in the household chores.

My best experiences with dating Polish women were ones who already graduated from college, because they could spend long evenings satisfying my needs, but post-college Polish girls who are single can be hard to find, and I already mentioned that they are not as cute as their younger counterparts.

5. Weekend nightlife is horrendously bad

The reason is that a gigantic percentage of college girls take the train back to their home village every weekend to spend time with the family. This leaves weekend clubs filled with more sausage and mediocre spinsters. It is extremely hard to pickup a cute Polish girl on the weekend, even in college cities. In Wroclaw, I often chose to stay home and masturbate than endure the weekend nightlife.

I'm sure you can imagine another consequence of this: any cute Polish girl you end up dating will often be unavailable for weekend sex. What's the point of dating a girl if on the weekend your bed is empty?

Conclusion

It used to be that you would get easy sex from cute girls in Poland, but the percentage of cute girls are declining while their self-perceived value is going up because of the foreign horde (the fantastical hype in Bang Poland hasn't helped). Therefore, I have to change my recommendation that you blindly visit Poland for a long trip. If you're an American man stepping foot in Eastern Europe for the first time, you should also plan for a comparison trip to its closest competitor, Romania. The girls there are hotter, thinner, and have a stronger affection for American men, though a higher level of game is required. It's no longer automatic that Poland is great for most guys—you may do a lot better in Romania or even the Baltics.

When it comes to love tourism, it's important to always be ready to accept that the environment can change quickly. This is what is happening to Poland. Once a great place to rack up bangs with decent chicks, its value is decreasing at a rate that surprises me. It's still superior to America, but greener pastures in Europe can be found.

Read Next: *13 Personality Traits Of Polish Women*

The 5 Paths To Realizing Truth

March 5, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Every man who arrives to truth does so by a different path. How you have come to understand the real nature of the world is different from how I did, but there are certain behaviors and actions which have a greater tendency to truth discovery. Here are five:

1. Being a player who sleeps with a large quantity of women. The actual sex act of thrusting inside a woman does little in showing you truth, since it is nothing more than an animalistic act that takes little higher thought, but being able to fornicate with *different* women means you are required to know the true nature of women. Understanding the true nature of women therefore allows you to understand the true nature of men. You now possess truth of both sexes and, effectively, human nature, including those facts that are being concealed by progressive ideologies. Every notch you accumulate has the effect of splashing cold truth onto your face, however unpleasant it may be.

As an added benefit, being summarily rejected so many times removes a layer of ego from your cortex that acts as a self-protection mechanism to truth discovery. The more you've been rejected—and survive—the less likely you will lie to yourself when presented with experience that conflicts with what you have been previously taught.

2. Living in a totalitarian society. If there are severe and obvious limitations on what you can do, what you can say, and what you can think, your curiosity will soon want answers as to why. You will come to find out about the power structure of your totalitarian government and why pure thought is necessary to maintain authoritarian control. You also have a firmer grasp of what propaganda is and how it's used. People from totalitarian societies tend to be extremely skeptical, always searching for the real meaning or intent behind false "common truths."

3. Being persecuted by the establishment. If you are being targeted or punished for a behavior that should be legal (i.e. free speech, consensual sex), you have been put on the fast track to truth. When the power of the state comes down on you for reasons you believe are unjust, you quickly learn how those with power want society to operate. Personally, being put on the SPLC misogynist list made me realize that progressives have the power, means, and motivation to marginalize my way of life. A common saying is that a liberal is someone who hasn't been mugged by a black man. In my case, a liberal is someone who wasn't yet been put in the same boat as skinheads, criminals, and right-wing extremists.

4. Adopting a minimalist lifestyle. When you live below your means, you begin to see that most people are unnecessarily living above theirs. That leads to the conclusion that they were trained to live a life of excess by corporations with the complicit help of a government that wants to keep society in a neverending state of indebtedness and distraction so they ignore everyday injustices while losing any will or desire to fight the establishment. The easiest stepping stone out of The Truman Show is to realize that

consumer lifestyles are not the path to happiness, and those those who chase material possessions are misguided.

5. Traveling off the beaten path. Tourist packages that send you to Paris, London, or the Caribbean for a week will shield you from cultural truths. You're put on the tourist trail of souvenirs and kitsch where everything is presented for cameras instead of working brains. If you go farther off the trail by meeting locals, studying a nation's history, learning a language, and sleeping with the native women (see reason number 1), you realize that there are different ways to live, work, and play, and that the ways taught to you as superior can be in fact grossly inferior. You also begin to understand the sham in exchanging your liberty for safety and comfort after noticing that people in other countries seem to survive just fine without a police state.

Also worth mentioning are three factors which *inhibit* your discovery of the truth:

1. Having a 9-5 job. A 9-5 job is the closest humans get to running on a hamster wheel. While some jobs are fulfilling, they tire out both the mind and body. A man who has a full time job will not be able to devote the necessary amount of energy and effort into finding the truth because he's in a perpetual state of physical exhaustion and mental numbness. Even reading a difficult book will be too onerous for him after a stressful day at the office. My own efforts into finding truth accelerated greatly once I quit my job, even though my income dropped almost to zero (for the short term).

2. Seeking entertainment. The purpose of entertainment is to dull the mind, not enlighten it. Therefore it serves as a blocker to truth, because the time you spend entertaining yourself will simply reinforce the ideas of the establishment and existing power structure instead of raising the curtain to see what lies behind. It also atrophies your brain. While the internet can be a great tool in finding truth, the bulk of it is not much better than television in keeping you placid and blind. The easier it is to digest information, the less truth it will likely contain. Your brain should hurt and strain when reading upon information that goes against the lies you have been taught since childhood.

3. University education. College is supposed to be the institution from which you learn truth, and while that may have been the case in the past, today it pulls you away from it. In fact, I believe that it will take even the sharpest man at least five years of truth-seeking after college to de-program himself of what he learned in university, which has become a sheep factory in creating adults that don't question authority and don't think for themselves. I can't help but conclude that attending university was the biggest setback to my realization of truth, introducing cobwebs into my head that took a decade to finally clear out.

The good news for you is the fact that you are even reading this article means you have already taken steps to finding truth. The only question that remains is how deep you go. For some men, dabbling in game or travel uncovers some truth, but because they allow blockers to stay in their lives, they only scratch the surface, not yet ready to dive in. A man should only go as deep as his mind is prepared for, which means that his life will be

composed of periods of diving activity and rest, followed again by diving. Forcing a man too deep too soon may turn him off from the truth for good. In the end, the most important thing men must realize as they uncover truth is that there is no way to un-see what you find or un-know what you learn. Once you begin seeing, you can not make yourself blind again.

Read Next: *Everyone Is Hoping That You'll Fail*

There’s No Fleeting Pleasure Like Sexual Pleasure

March 7, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

She was one of the prettier girls I’ve slept with. Full lips, sparkling green eyes, long black hair, petite frame, elegant hands, round butt. I got her in bed for the first time the very day she was set to leave town for two weeks. There is no way the sex could have been more pleasurable for me. Her beauty was close to the ceiling of what is genetically possible based on my specific type. We spent several hours in bed until she left to catch her train.

Afterwards I wanted to dance and skip in my apartment at such a glorious conquest. What a confidence boost to make sex with such a beautiful girl! I re-lived the memory for the remainder of the day to achieve firm boners even after such a marathon sexual encounter. The next day I thought of her some more, but the boners were less firm and faster to fade. By the third day, she popped into my head maybe twice. The pleasure was turning into a memory that could not match even 1% of what I felt at the moment I was thrusting into her. By day four, I was no happier than I was before I met her. My confidence and standards were boosted, perhaps, and I had additional knowledge on how to lay a girl of her caliber, but overall I felt like the same man, better off only by a degree that I could not measure.

The problem with sexual pleasure is that it only lasts while you are having sex. The minute you stop having sex is the minute you are wanting again. Having tons of notches does nothing to give you immunity to this dissatisfaction, because those previous notches don’t stroke your dick in the present. They help nurture boners and no more. This depresses me. It depresses me because no matter how much sexual success I have, there will be the inevitable periods when I’m not getting laid and feel nearly the same as when I was hunting for my very first notch. It’s true that I’m better prepared now to get laid than 13 years ago, but I still experience frustrations, challenges, and disappointments to get the dream girl I want today than just to get laid at all in the past, all for pleasure that will end as soon as she walks out my door, with no guarantee that she will return.

Maybe it’s silly to do this. Maybe it’s absurd to spend so much time of my life chasing sexual pleasure, but I have no choice. If I haven’t been laid in some time, something inside me demands I work less on my own pursuits and restructure my days and nights to approach women and get them into bed as quickly as I can. I admit that I can’t live long without sex. This is the kink in the man’s armor, and I almost envy those who can go long periods without it, to ignore the biological drive their ancestors had.

For as long as I live, I will continue to devote a big part of my life to chase the fleeting pleasures of the flesh, because I know that I will find life less bearable otherwise. It has been eight days since I’ve been laid. I’m getting a little anxious and will now seek out a girl to give me service. I will persist as long as it takes to have sex once again.

Read Next: *How The Game Changes When You Get Older*

4 Reasons Why I Don’t Recommend Direct Day Game

March 10, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A recent foray I’ve made into direct game has been adventurous but ultimately unsatisfying. It’s not so much because of a change in results (I can’t say it’s much different than my indirect game success rate), but because I don’t see how it can be declared a superior method.

Now before direct guys start frothing over their keyboards, I must state that I don’t intend to start an indirect vs direct war. Choosing a style of game is an *individual decision* that a smart student of the game will research on his own. I especially respect the work that the London day game guys are doing, but they seem to be getting a pass in having their strategies rigorously examined. Their system has flaws like any other so it’s worth having an open dialogue that helps men make the right decision on which style of game to invest time in. That said, I have determined that a primarily direct model is not for me. Here’s why:

1. Complimenting girls as an opener is pedestalization

First, it’s important to state what direct is. It’s not making a comment about her clothing. It’s not making a comment about her quirky bag. It’s not inquiring about her unique gait. Direct game is opening with a *compliment* about her. This means directly praising her beauty, style, hair, or what have you. A lot of guys think they are running direct game by asking where a girl got her cool shoes from, for example, but that’s clearly indirect.

If I open direct and eventually fail to get a number (maybe she has a boyfriend or is simply not interested in me), a common way for her to end the interaction is to say “Thank you for the compliment.” Some even will add, “You made my day.” That’s beautiful, isn’t it? You made a pretty girl feel great about herself. Wrong, it’s evidence of poor strategy. Her expression of thanks indicates that you have given her something she greatly values (validation) without receiving anything in return. In effect she is thanking you for putting her on the pedestal and valuing her pussy. Her “thank you” reminds me of two things:

(a) When I used to bartend, some customers would lavish me with praise on my service as I gave them the bill. You would expect that the ensuing tip would therefore be high, but the more thanks they gave, the lower the tip was. Why? Because they are attempting to compensate you on the bad tip they’re about to give with a “verbal tip” instead. They expect you to feel gracious in the verbal tip instead of actual money. However, I consider verbal tips not a fair compensation for my labor. If I gave you good service, show me the cash.

(b) In my early game days I would experiment with buying girls drinks in clubs. The girl would take my drink, talk to me for a few minutes, and then thank me for it before wandering off. I quickly learned to stop the behavior I was getting a “verbal tip” on.

Compliments have great value to women, but when you open with one, you're giving away this resource for free without the expectation for anything in return. I suspect direct guys know this, because if you watch some of their in-field videos, you'll notice some surprisingly indirect openers that absolutely do not compliment a women, yet they still label their approach "direct" because they have invested themselves into saying that their style of game is the best in the world.

2. Direct openers put girls on a temporary high

One problem you may have with indirect game is wasting a couple minutes of ramble before finding out that a girl simply won't bite on your bait. You would logically think that direct game would solve this problem, because what girl with a boyfriend, for instance, would allow you to continue your approach after you compliment her beauty? Well, logic is wrong. Opening direct absolutely does little to screen out girls who aren't available—it often does the opposite. Because you gave her a massive dose of validation, she stays put even if she is absolutely sure she does not want to have sex with you. Compliments make women very happy, so of course they will talk to you a bit longer in the hope you loft them even higher up on the pedestal. I've wasted much more time in direct interactions than indirect.

To the credit of some direct guys, they are aware that their approach puts girls on this high, and recommend you bring things back down manually, but I think they underestimate the power of a compliment to make even the most uninterested of girls temporarily seem interested. Indirect game does not give a girl this type of buzz that she may confuse as real attraction (a large cause of flaking). Trust me when I say that asking a girl for help on finding a coffee shop does not give her any excitement that would cause her to give her number out of emotional joy.

3. It takes a huge amount of state preparation

Have you noticed that direct gurus talk a lot about state and how important it is? The reason is that doing direct approaches require a massive amount of mental warm-up and upheaval. To run direct game, you have to psych yourself up or meditate for an extended period of time just to do a single approach. I've done a million approaches in my life, but my first direct approach of the day was mentally brutal, because it's just not normal to run after girls and compliment their beauty, and it's not similar to anything else I do in life.

Now consider an indirect approach, which for most guys takes maybe two minutes of "Okay let's do this" before he can ask a girl a simple question, an act that they've already done a million times. The long wind-up it takes to do direct makes it more suitable for when you're on vacation and want to spend at least a couple hours a day approaching. But if you want a casual system of doing just one or two approaches a day throughout your daily routine, indirect is far more sustainable.

4. Running after girls is pedestalization

To actually run after a girl you don't know is putting her on a pedestal. It's just not an elegant or low-key way to meet women. Now I will be the first to admit that you won't always be able to approach indirect if a girl is out of position (maybe she already passed you or is on the other side of the street). This is where running does indeed come in handy, but when I approach after a run, I make sure *not* to compliment her. I will say something like, "I noticed you have a sad walk" or "I noticed you have a unique face," almost negging her.

Running after a girl is a valid move to increase your target pool, but doing it *and* complimenting the girl provides an ***insane*** validation boost. You're already pedestalizing her after running, so you should balance it out with a muted approach that doesn't raise her further on the platform. Imagine if a cute girl ran after you and said, "Hey I just wanted to say that you are a handsome man." That would personally make my month. Shit, I would probably write a post about it.

I know what direct guys are thinking: "You're wrong, our approach is masculine. Going up to a girl and asking for a supermarket is weak. You're hiding your intent." I could argue that catching sight of a pretty girl, getting excited, and then *running* after her to say she's pretty is more beta, while taking an aloof approach in order to feel out the situation before easing your claws into her is strategic and more sensible. If you've never done a direct approach before, it looks ballsy on Youtube, but after you've done it five times, you don't feel any more masculine than before, and judging by the standard rejection rate that direct guys receive, they vastly overestimate the "masculine attraction" that their game style creates in women.

I hope that direct guys aren't bashing indirect as a cynical marketing technique, because indirect is exactly what they use when it's time to venue change the girl back to their apartment. Why does a hypermasculine direct guy suddenly shift to indirect when inviting a girl to his place "for a drink" instead of directly stating that he wants sex with her? It's because he wouldn't get laid. Indirect is the only system that you can maintain throughout, from open to close.

Now I'm not debating whether direct is effective or not (it is), but it has flaws that can be hard to reconcile. If you can run after girls to compliment them and still feel masculine, that's great, but to me it does reek of heavy thirst. I'm not saying *you're* thirsty when you use it, but based on my beliefs and world view, it makes me feel weak. Running around to compliment women is just not something that I'm down with, even though I have gotten it to work and I know for a fact that it can lead to bangs. I'll do the run if I was unable to arrange a casual collision, but I will approach as indirect as reasonably possible and commence with dropping ramble and bait until a girl shows interest in me.

What's most important is for men to discover the game they feel most congruent with using. Even if direct was providing me with better results, which it doesn't, I wouldn't enjoy doing it based on my nature, but it's this very enjoyment that's necessary for guys to stay in the game for—essentially—the rest of their lives. It's your duty as a man to try

different types of game and then weigh your comfort level with your results.

Read Next: *How To Pick Up Girls In A Coffee Shop*

The Contradiction Of Pursuing Casual Sex While Advocating For Traditional Values

March 12, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

There is an argument floating around that goes like this: I'm just as bad as feminists in destroying Western civilization because I advise men to pursue easy sex instead of seeking marriage. How can I reconcile the fact that I advocate for "traditional sex roles" when my tactics can be used for pumping and dumping women all over the world? The answer is that I, along with all other men, are not given a choice in the matter.

Imagine fifty years ago that only boxing existed as a form of street combat. The rules of boxing include using only your fists, not hitting below the belt, and not wrestling. All street fights were done by men who followed these rules. Then suddenly a group of men broke the rules and started implementing wrestling moves on the street. The boxers were dismayed by this change but still wanted to fight by the book, with honor. However, they expectantly started to lose more fights. Then even more fighters learned not only wrestling, but martial arts and Brazilian jujitsu. Now the boxers were getting beat most of the time because they had less ways to attack than their opponent. If they were forced to the ground, they were essentially defenseless.

Men are boxers. We came into the arena with our beta provider method of combat, but decades of societal change has made that useless on desirable women, especially when you consider that young women in America now earn much more than men in major cities. That left us with three choices:

1. Stop fighting. Many men have chosen this either voluntarily through MGTOW and soliciting prostitution or involuntarily through celibacy. They have failed to adapt counterattacks to new ways of fighting.

2. Learn new fighting styles. Men have learned game and sought to understand the true nature of women in order to bed them. They have decided to solve the problem through analysis and effort.

3. Leave to a place where boxing is still the main fighting style. Men have expatriated to societies where traditional sex roles are more or less intact and their boxing ability still leads to victory more often than not.

For men stuck in America, even if they want to settle down in a traditional manner, they will find it nearly impossible to find a young, fertile beauty in her prime who wants to do the same. He may get lucky if he's religious and meets a girl through church, but this scenario doesn't happen in Americas coastal cities where women want to have fun with cock riding until their 30′s. He can learn game and successfully use it to get a wife, but even if he "wins" the match and walks down the wedding aisle, the awfully corrupt boxing judges (i.e., the government and culture) will always call the bout in the woman's favor by encouraging her to use the punitive divorce system in the case she's not 100% happy at all times. You only live once, they'll tell her, so wreck your family.

A popular manosphere saying is that women are gatekeepers to sex and men are gatekeepers to commitment. I wish this was an absolute truth, but it's not. As a collective, women are often gatekeepers to both sex *and* commitment. Most men reading right now can surely attest to their failed attempts to secure commitment from women they slept with, and if you poll the entire population of men, you may find that they are the initiators of monogamous relationships more often than women. It only makes sense for this to be true: it is way more damaging for a man to have his woman sleep with another man and get cuckolded than the other way around. The 0.5% of the population who are skilled players and have more say with commitment don't put a dent into this common reality. As a sex, men have very little say in determining the relationship dynamic.

The only reason we learned game is because women signaled to us that they just want casual sex. We're extracting easy sex from women who want easy sex. Rest assured you're not one-night standing girls who want a baby in the next year. No girl is crying because you didn't call back after a drunken romp in the hopes you would be her husband. These easy girls prefer the one-night stand and they prefer to be your fuck buddy. Don't kid yourself into thinking your game or fast sex desire is creating your success—women have placed their preferred options on the table and men are simply reacting in a way that gets them a piece of the pie before it's all gone.

Women initiate while men react, so to say that my advice is hurting the culture is actually backwards. My advice is a scavenger response to get *something* out of the sexual rations that women are putting out.

"But Roosh, you go to countries like Poland and don't marry the girls you have sex with. You're pumping and dumping them, too! You're ruining the world!"

Foreign women share many features with their American counterparts. Women who I have sex with in Eastern Europe use me for shallow sex possibly more than I use them. In other words, I have failed to get into relationships with girls I wanted because they preferred something less meaningful. I'm talking about Poland, Croatia, and Lithuania, not Washington DC. I've described the phenomenon of Westernization in the past, and while girls in Eastern Europe are more likely to seek marriage before they hit 30, you'll be surprised how many simply want some fun in the sack until they establish their career or get bored of partying. Compared to American women, they're just less overtly slutty about it, they start looking for husbands while still in their physical prime, and they maintain their feminine charm. For truly traditional women, it seems that only Muslim countries are left.

I almost wish I was rationalizing my behavior by explaining that Eastern European women like casual sex too. The last two beautiful girls I dated in Poland, who I met during the day outside of clubs, simply wanted to use me as a fuckbuddy to be scheduled in between their work and school obligations. Both were looking forward to upcoming travel and study abroad plans. They did not want a serious relationship with me, even though they enjoyed the sexual part of it.

It would be a nice fantasy for us men to believe that we have a say in relationships and sex. It'd be nice to think that our "alpha" behavior and our game determines how a relationship can proceed, but often it doesn't. We're just giving the girl what she has already decided on. Do you really think you're selling televisions to customers who came into the store with the intent to buy bicycles? The girl who falls in love with us wanted to fall in love with us, the girl who had fun with us wanted to just have fun with us, and so on. And even when a girl wants a bicycle, she still wants a *certain kind* of bicycle. This is why game is a numbers game, because girls are incredibly picky even when they are sexually available. The horniest girl in the club who decided on having sex will still have her pick of the litter and opt to get the best that she can.

As the dispensable sex, men will always respond to what women want, and if my extensive experiences with fornication are any indication, modern women want independence and careers over serious relationships with men. Believing that men like myself can cause a degradation of traditional roles is just giving us too much credit.

Read Next: *Eastern European Women Become More Masculine In America*

It’s The Boner, Stupid

March 14, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

There is a growing barrier between the sexes in America. It’s large enough that men are undertaking training to learn how to communicate with their women (game) or are taking energy and time-consuming trips abroad to meet foreign women (travel). If we were to explain in one reason why men are doing this, it’s because American women are perilously ignoring the sensitivities of a man’s boner.

Instead of acting and looking in a way that generates boners, American women are doing just about everything to kill boners. Let’s briefly review some boner killers:

- Obesity
- Cursing
- Careerism (putting job before family)
- Tattoos, piercings, and other forms of self-mutilation
- Feigning intelligence after reading Huffington Post or Jezebel
- Short hair
- Talking too much nonsense
- Calling out a man’s game at key intimate moments
- Getting angry at men for not believing in bullshit feminist theory
- Seeking self-esteem through accomplishments instead of femininity
- Negging
- Graduate degrees
- Changing behavior after reading a stupid book (50 Shades Of Grey, Eat Pray Love)
- Addicted to iPhones
- Promiscuous behavior that doesn’t reward good men
- Snarkiness
- Penis envy
- Obsession with foodie trends and celebrities
- Refusal to learn basic homemaking skills
- Cheap flip flops
- Pajamas in public

Women are confused on how to get the man they desire, but I will now solve that problem for them. Before you, a woman, undertake any behavior, ask yourself the following: *will what I’m about to do increase a man’s boner or decrease it?* If the answer is “decrease,” you must immediately halt the behavior and do something else. Let’s go over a few examples.

1. “By eating this cupcake, even though I’m already 20 pounds overweight, will I increase a man’s boner or decrease it?” DECREASE. Put the cupcake down.

2. “If I grow my hair out longer, will I increase a man’s boner or decrease it?” INCREASE.

Grow it out.

3. “If I put on these pair of flip flops before hitting the bar, will I increase a man’s boner or decrease it?” DECREASE. Put on high heels.

4. “If I’m on a first date with a man I like and he makes a statement which suggests he’s against gay marriage, will going nuclear on him increase his boner or decrease it?” DECREASE. Let it go and remain silent.

5. “We’re about to have sex but I’m feeling insecure that he thinks I’m a slut. Will saying ‘I don’t usually do this’ increase a man’s boner or decrease it?” DECREASE. Shut up and enjoy the moment.

6. “My house is a pig sty but there’s a chance I may come home with a cool guy later. Will cleaning my sty increase his boner or decrease it? INCREASE. Clean your house immediately.

7. “I read an article about sexism in the IT industry. Will posting this article on my Facebook increase a man’s boner or decrease it?” DECREASE. Do not post it.

If a woman wants a man, she must cease and desist boner killing behaviors and start performing boner enhancing behaviors. Many women of the world understand this piece of advice and do it subconsciously since their culture has not yet brainwashed them to act like men with tiny penises, but unfortunately in America, the same women who are not serving men’s boners still wonder why they are so unhappy.

I know what a woman reading this is thinking right now: “But I’m a multi-faceted, empowered, dynamic, versatile woman. You want me to lower myself just to appeal solely to a man’s sexual needs?” While it’s arguable that you really are multi-faceted, empowered, dynamic, and versatile—**yes**, I want you understand that men come to you for the boner and then stay for your feminine pleasantness. All the things you think it takes to attract a man are completely wrong and you must instead adopt my boner generation program. If you want to experience any sort of happiness with men, you must satisfy a man’s boner and stop being a boner denialist.

There are even some men in denial about their own boner. They say, “I don’t just want a woman who gives me boners, I want to have long philosophical discussions with a girl who has a great personality.” Philosophy does not give boners and personality doesn’t increase the quality of your sex life. Until the girl is above a certain boner threshold from her appearance and basic manner alone, she can be the most interesting woman in the world but fail miserably to instatize boners. The happiest man is one who allows his boner to act as a sensitive antenna for women he should invest in. Listen to your boner as it whispers to you its judgement of women, because it knows before you know. If you choose a woman who performs more boner destroying behaviors than boner creating behaviors, you’re asking for catastrophe to enter your life.

It’s incredible to me how such a simple rule of pleasing the boner is lost on modern America women. They have entire magazines and blogs trying to figure out the complexity of the male species when we possess very little complexity at all. All we want is a woman who gives us boners, looks nice, and doesn’t annoy us. That’s becoming quite

a challenge to find in America today.

Read Next: *8 Things American Women Must Do To Make Themselves More Attractive For Men*

The Internet Is Doing You More Harm Than Good

March 17, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Imagine it's the year 1800 and you wanted to share a political idea with the public. How would you do so? You would gather enough funds to publish a pamphlet that you would distribute in social clubs or other gathering centers. You would only be able to do this if you were of means or had financial backing.

Things are different today. With a basic internet connection that can be obtained for free or at trivial cost, you can use one of many online platforms such as WordPress, Twitter, Tumblr, and Facebook to publish ideas and thoughts. While the cost of publishing a second pamphlet is near the same as the first, the cost of publishing a second blog post or Twitter update is zero. The internet has solved the cost barrier to idea distribution where a larger percentage of the population can share ideas that has the potential to reach people throughout the world. This ability, upon closer inspection, is actually causing us harm. We would all better off limiting our internet usage than expanding it further.

An Unlimited Potential Supply Of Information

Because the cost of sharing is zero, we now have a drastically increased supply of information that is being shared. Someone today who would have never published a pamphlet in the past now has published 1,000 Facebook status updates, 10,000 Twitter updates, and 50 Tumblr entries. He even wrote one Tumblr post about how stupid horses are that went "viral" among horse riders and got him receiving 250 comments in one day. Such a diatribe against horses would not have been published in the past by someone who didn't know horses, but now there is a mechanism for creating, finding, and sharing such inconsequential content that can emotionally affect those who read them.

The content you read now has moved from being primarily intellectual from the time of the Gutenberg press to primarily emotional. In the past, it was just too expensive to publish something with the intent to piss someone off or to gather lulz. Like with the first viral article in history (Martin Luther's 95 Theses), you went through the hurdle and cost of publishing to educate or effect change. Only with the the beginnings of yellow journalism in the late 19th century did you start to see a shift towards more emotional offerings that would enrich publishers and advertisers at the expense of public discourse.

Fast forward to today. We're bombarded with poorly written and braindead pieces of content that are engineered to go viral for the sake of virality, not to educate and improve the individual or society. Thousands of media outlets, professional bloggers, and vacuous attention whores and dumping an unfathomable amount of content onto the internet every day, playing the numbers game in the hopes that they will get clicks. There used to be a dearth of reading material for humans but now there is too much, and we are wasting time on content that we shouldn't just to be entertained, just to feel a little emotional rush that we may not be getting through our normal lives. Consider that

people now *purposefully* read content they hate just to stir their emotions. They do this as part of their daily routine.

Enter The Validation Machine

The scenario I painted gets even worse when you add to it the validation machine that the internet offers. If you published 5,000 copies of a pamphlet, how would you know that your message reached the masses? You would receive letters and individuals would make a call to your dwelling or office to discuss what you wrote. But today, the response can be instant and massive. A witty tweet you publish right now can have replies coming in within seconds. A basic photo you upload on Facebook or Instagram can have likes pouring it from your admirers. A blog post you wrote can have comments and shares within an hour or two. You can even check traffic to your blog live with Google Analytics, as it happens.

Since it's never certain how your content will be received, every time you hit Submit you pull the handle on the slot machine. Will this tweet hit the jackpot and get more than 100 retweets, maybe even from someone famous? Will this blog post receive more than 50,000 page views? For human beings, this sort of randomized personal validation rivals the strength of any narcotic drug. You begin sharing not to share information, but to receive attention. In other words, if we were no longer allowed to know how our content was received (in effect throwing it from airplanes onto the masses below), the amount of internet content shared would plummet. User-generated content would fade. Even people who share silly comments on blogs do so in the hopes of getting replies and upvotes.

There is also the addiction to sharing itself, which rivals the addiction to receiving attention. It used to be the case that you would read an article, think about it, and then move on with your day. But now, before your brain has even processed the contents, you're blasting it on your social networks. Raise your hand if you've shared something you haven't completely read. My hand is up. We monitor how often our share was re-shared in the hopes that our social worth goes up, all from a mediocre article that was likely a list post with images or animated gifs. We peruse the internet not to find information we need, but to share information we think others will like so that we feel good about ourselves.

The internet has become a machine to fill gaps in your ego and self-esteem so that you receive the emotional benefits of validation. This occurs through compulsive checking of responses to your content and shares in the hope of receiving a neurotransmitter release in your brain so that you can transcend the feeling of living life like a standard issue modern sheep, something the majority of human beings will never escape. Any emotional response you receive gives you both purpose and distraction to your stale and monotonous life.

How I Responded To My Growing Internet Addiction

At the start of this year, when I had a temporary lull in work, I found myself engaged in a loop of checking email, Twitter, Facebook, blogs, and so on. Even though it had been less than an hour since I last checked my email, I checked it again, and again, hoping for something new. I dropped a tweet and checked five minutes later to see if there was a response. I engaged this behavior without thought. More severely, I had trouble stopping. Hours of my day would go by without accomplishing anything but this validation loop. I like to think of myself as a productive individual who has put out a decent amount of work, so I wondered if I couldn't stop myself from this addiction, how could my little brother? How can young guys coming up in life resist it?

I don't think they can, because Twitter, Facebook, and sites like it are engineered like drugs. When you log into Twitter, the first thing you see is a metric of your worth (number of followers), which you hope to see increase. You are also prompted with a box that urges you to share not an intellectual or useful piece of information, but crap. You share crap and then read other people's crap, retweeting the crap you think your followers will like. Once your crap is retweeted and replied, you receive a fleeting shot of dopamine. But that dies down quickly so you need to check for more content. You stumble on an article that enrages you, even though it's similar to the crap you shared last week, and then share that too. It's a neverending cycle of sharing crap and reading crap that other people are sharing directly to you, hoping that you will spread their crap far and wide.

In Instagram the race is to share crappy photos. On Facebook the race is to share both crappy photos and thoughts (double crap!). More than 99% of blog postings on the internet are crap. Even in my Twitter feed, where I followed less than 100 men, I was being exposed to mostly mediocre content that was re-hashed crap. Everyone is sharing crap to get personal validation, so when I noticed the other month that I had shared 11,000 tweets of crap, I felt ashamed. By far, most of the tweets I shared were news stories meant to emotionally arouse men, offering them little in the way of personal development, because such development is hard and takes years, but getting a soma boost from reading about the latest feminist antics is sweet like candy and requires nothing but a few minutes of your time.

I can only imagine how tired our brains get because of the roller coaster we put it through when browsing through the internet. When you look at the tremendous popularity of Vine and Buzzfeed, which use facile images, videos, and ideas to entertain its audiences, you can see how the internet is nothing more than interactive television. For those of you who used it in its early days, when it was just mostly text, I'm sure you will agree with me that the internet has turned into something grotesque. Only through strenuous amounts of self-control and constant vigilance can you escape its negative effects to use it as it was intended—a tool for knowledge, education, and communication—not a means of feeling important or better about yourself. I have challenged myself to exhibit self-control by making some changes.

— I only check my email once a day, just like I would check postal mail once a day. If I have to read an old email or send a new one, I do not look at the fresh emails waiting for

me.

— I will share value through my blog that I believe helps human beings. I will avoid publishing emotional clickbait that feeds my ego or wanting to be popular. I will not anger men unnecessarily.

— I will use Twitter and Facebook as functional tools to promote my work, not as a way to get instant attention that releases brain neurotransmitters.

— I will not go hunting for content. Instead, I will use RSS feeds to only read a small list of trusted blogs. I will resist articles that are being widely shared, because its value will most likely lie in the emotional than the intellectual. A truly intellectual piece should by its nature not appeal to a larger audience.

— I will not use the internet on my smartphone unless it's looking up directions or language translations. I uninstalled apps like Twitter, Facebook, and Gmail.

Through these changes, I can now admit that the internet had become like a surrogate friend to me, smoothing out the natural lows of life with instant validation at essentially free cost. I often found myself in between tasks for the day, wanting an emotional burst before continuing. Instead of reaching out to be validated by the internet, I now sit silently and let my brain go where it wants, until it's internally motivated to tackle the next task. Since doing this, my thoughts have more clear and ideas for articles such as this one has been more forthcoming. I look around at people staring like zombies into their phones and realize how they are in a race to absorb as much information as possible in the hope of receiving emotional stimulation from digesting someone else's work instead of accomplishing their own goals instead. I have no doubt that validation-seeking has caused me a lot of harm in terms of ideas or articles I could have come up with if I just sat still and held whatever discomfort I may have been feeling.

Twitter Was The Worst Of My Addictions

Twitter was especially damaging to me. There are several reasons:

— When I was thinking alone, and stumbled upon a good idea, I preferred to disrupt my thinking, share the 140-character condensed version on Twitter, and then keep checking for responses. In effect, it was a thinking stopper.

— Writing a blog post is hard, but constructing a tweet is easy, and you can get as many soma hits to your brain from new "notifications" as you would from a carefully thought-out blog post. I estimate that I have not written at least 75 posts because of sharing crap on Twitter.

— The content treadmill never ends. It takes me about 20 minutes a day to read all the blogs I subscribe to. The number of new content from my favorite sources are finite, like reading a newspaper, but on Twitter, you can sink hours following connections, conversations, entertaining beefs, and so on. You can drop a tweet and check back two minutes later and then drop a reply that requires further checking. It was both addicting and neverending.

Now when I read an article I like, I think about it for a minute or two. If I have an interesting thought, I keep it going and ask myself if I can expand it into a proper article. I've nearly completely stopped sharing things on social networks. The withdrawal from doing this was modest, only lasting a few days. It was easier to kick than I thought it would be.

One important thing I must state is that the quality of my life has not gone down because of these changes. I don't feel like I'm missing out, because the information I got from Twitter did not offer solutions to specific problems I had. Instead, it was entertainment, extra information that kept me distracted. The truths I've realized in life were not from reading a thousand articles on the same topic, but experiencing life on my own, taking risks, and then thinking about the resulting experiences.

Are You Addicted To The Internet?

The best way to know if you have an internet addiction is to imagine how difficult it would be for you to limit social networking, email, and smartphone usage. The harder it is, the more likely you have a problem of using the internet not as an informational tool but as a distractor and mood regulator of life.

I used to think that the internet was better than television in that it offered more mental rewards, but with the direction it has taken in the past 10 years, especially with the development of smartphone apps, I can no longer say that sharing or viewing items on Instagram, Facebook, or Twitter, and then checking obsessively for replies is better than watching a television comedy show. Both require the lowest of brain function, but at least in the comedy you can encounter a joke to use on your friends to make them laugh. If you look at the faces of people who are on their smartphones, mindlessly scrolling through Facebook, you'll see that it's as empty and hollow as those watching television.

If your approach to the internet is balanced, your usage should decrease as you start to solve the problems in your life. If you are reading blogs for game advice, and your game starts getting sharper, you should be reading less game blogs. If you understand the damage that a certain ideology is doing on society, like feminism, you should be reading less articles about feminism as time goes on. Only when you establish a new goal, such as studying a language, should your internet usage temporarily rise to aid you. But to constantly use it every day, regardless of what knowledge you already have on certain topics, what information you immediately need, or what your future goals are, means you are treating the internet not as a tool, but as a lifestyle, trading it in for real life instead.

Most of the population is not going to exhibit control in their internet usage by only reading select resources while not attention whoring on social networking, so it appears that we may have arrived at the point where, for the average person, the internet will cause them greater harm than being a couch potato. It's time we all be more thoughtful about how we incorporate the internet into our daily routines, and make sure it doesn't take over our lives completely.

Read Next: *Less Knowledge Is More*

The Relationship Between Blindness And Happiness

March 19, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Imagine that the last meal you ate was maliciously poisoned. Someone added a chemical that will cause you to go completely blind tomorrow with no hope of a cure. Your life will change in every conceivable way, from how you dress yourself to how you earn a living. One important way it changes is in how you relate to women.

Before you become blind, what is the main way you evaluate a girl's beauty? If you're like most men, it's with your eyes. While things like scent and skin suppleness are important, the primary determinant of whether you want to pursue a girl or not is through vision. You would catch sight of a girl and make a value judgement of her beauty, but now as a blind man, you can no longer do so.

When someone becomes blind, the brain starts to devote resources to the other senses: touch, smell, and hearing. You may now come to evaluate beauty on things such as the timber of a girl's voice, the way her skin feels, her smell, and the shape of her body (you'll still avoid fatties of course). Perhaps you didn't consciously notice these things before, but without your eyes, they become more important characteristics that help you judge beauty. A blind man will be able to form a rudimentary idea of a woman's visual beauty by touching her lips, mouth, hair, and hand, but even in spite of this, he will never come to objectively judge beauty as sharp or as accurate as a man with sight, no matter how good he becomes at touching a woman's face and caressing her body for its shape.

Assuming the blind man can make the same amount of approaches as before (imagine for this thought experiment that he hired a seeing dog who was trained to alert him to women—especially menstruating women), he will now have a pool of bangable women that is larger than before because he's not able to judge their beauty as strongly as when he could see. In other words, in his city he will find *at least* one additional girl to have sex with that he would have ruled out had he not been blind. If his city is large, his bangable pool would likely expand by thousands. I'm not saying that those women would have sex with him, but assuming the women are willing, and he was approaching just as much as before with the same game, his sex life would increase because more women would pass his boner test.

If you disagree with this conclusion, let's examine the times when you become temporarily "blind." Can you think of a situation where your senses became impaired, expanding the pool of women that you could sleep with?

You're probably thinking of alcohol inebriation. While making you less inhibited, alcohol also dulls your senses, making it more difficult for you to spot flaws in a woman's appearance. The drunker you get in any club, the more likely you will say "yes" to a woman who propositions you for sex. If you're sober in a brightly lit club, you may say yes to only 10% of the women present, but in a dim club while inebriated, this may more than triple.

Yet another case of temporary blindness is extreme horniness. If you haven't been laid in a while, and feel the sex urge building to intolerable levels, you will begin to consider women who you wouldn't have otherwise. There's even a term for this type of girl: slump buster. If you describe a girl as a slump buster, you admit that you have lowered your standards in order to engage in sex. Somehow you were able to temporarily suspend your standards in order to fornicate.

I hope that you can agree with me now that blindness has the effect of increasing the amount of sexual opportunities you are presented with. Most men, if not all, would rate themselves as happier if being allotted a higher quantity of sexual partners that meets their standards. They don't necessary have to fornicate with these women, but knowing that they do have more opportunities is sure to please every man. So now we can conclude that a decreased ability to evaluate the attractiveness of a woman will make a man happier, simply because he will be able to decide on sleeping with more of them. Since sex is a big component to a man's happiness, such blindness will undoubtedly affect his overall happiness.

If blindness increases your opportunities, vision must then decrease your opportunities. Having an established standard on a woman's eyebrows, chin, arm hair, hip to waist ratio, hair color, ear size and so on, along with the ability to carefully evaluate those features, creatures a higher bar that a smaller percentage of women can pass than if those stringent standards were not possessed. The sharper vision you have, the less sexual opportunities you will have.

What gives a man vision? Well, by analogy, how do you know if a cup of coffee is good? If you're drinking coffee for the very first time, you can make comments on its taste or temperature, such as whether it's bitter or hot, but you can not yet evaluate it as "good" coffee or "bad" coffee. Only by having a lot of coffee over an extended period of time do you gain the knowledge to make objective comparisons and value judgments on coffee beverages. The more coffee you have, the more refined your taste becomes. This is the same with women: the more of them you sleep with, the more you understand what quality is and the higher your standards become. Your "vision" becomes more sharp.

Experience gives you vision, which decreases your sexual opportunities, which decreases your happiness. Therefore, experience decreases happiness. The only question is by how much.

Read Next: *The Argument Against Chasing Happiness*

The First Foreigner Effect

March 21, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

One of the most underrated factors in attraction is curiosity. Many girls will sleep with certain types of men just to see what it's like. For example, every white girl will want to sleep with at least one black guy, and every black girl will want to sleep with at least one white guy. This works not only with races but with nationalities as well. While we methodically pursue flags, girls do it on a more casual level. They're curious about Spanish, French, and Azerbaijani men, notching their belts almost as studiously as we notch ours.

The strongest attraction component I've found in Eastern Europe, especially Poland, is being the very first foreigner a girl has met. If I am the first American a girl has come across, and she is okay with my appearance, I have an insanely high chance of banging her. It's the closest I've come to having a "rock star" effect, even more so than when a girl actually saw me beforehand on television (Romania, Ukraine). Girls want to discreetly try different types of cock, and as progressive ideals spread around the world, they are encouraged to do so without shame.

I want to take credit for having amazing, pussy-wetting game, but when a girl is giving me an exceedingly positive response early in an interaction, I ask, "Am I the first American you've met?" Over 50% of the time, the answer is yes. After that point all I have to do is not fuck up. I know what you're thinking now: how can *I* be the first foreigner a girl meets? Simple:

- Go to third-tier cities, including rural towns
- Day game

Clubs are no longer a good place to maximize the FF effect. Your best scenario in clubs is meeting girls who may have never banged an American before, but still has met quite a few of them. The level of curiosity is lower and there is no longer a sense of urgency since she knows she'll keep meeting your kind. Second-tier cities used to be a good place to get a strong FF effect, but EasyJet, RyanAir, Erasmus, and love tourists such as myself have changed that in the past five years. Sometimes I see more foreigners in second-tier cities than first (e.g. Wroclaw vs Warsaw). It seems that now only third-tier cities will provide you with an FF effect, at a cost of lesser selection when it comes to girls, living amenities, shopping, tourist sights, restaurants, cultural events, and so on.

Of course I'm not saying that you need to be the first foreigner to get laid. In fact, banging an English groupie you meet in a first-tier city may be easier than the village girl who is impressed with your nationality, but it's the easiest way to sleep with girls who have yet to embrace a promiscuous lifestyle and who don't expect you to play the game perfectly. They are often happy enough just to hear your accent while learning about your culture, and won't test you like girls who are more experienced with foreign cock. It's the best way to meet a girl-next-door type, and all it takes is your commitment to go to a

boring city and run day game for at least a couple weeks.

Read Next: *The Busted Dudes Test*

The Female Hierarchy Of Needs

March 24, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

When one of your wants are satisfied, another pops into its place without any conscious effort. For example:

- I'm in a new city looking for a good cafe. Once I find that cafe, I then realize I need to find a good burger restaurant.
- I've been trying to grow my beard out to a certain length. Once that happens, I realize that my head hair is ugly and needs to be fixed with a new style.
- I haven't gotten laid in two weeks. Once I solve that problem by finding a new girl, I realize that my book sales for the month weren't that great and I need to focus on business.
- I found a city with a good cafe and burger joint. My beard and hair looks good. My sex life and income is solid. I now realize that the weather sucks and wonder if I should move somewhere more tropical.

Your brain keep all you wants in a file and releases one when another has been achieved. This idea is somewhat like Maslow's Hierarchy Of Needs. The most immediately important goals are at the bottom of the pyramid (or ladder) while the most insignificant goals are at the top. The higher you climb, the more you are trying to attain goals that do not impact your basic survival needs.

What does an American woman's ladder look like? What are the most important goals they have that, when fulfilled, allow them to reach into the heights of triviality? Here they are from most to least important:

1. Friendship (most important) — She wants at least three close friends who she can share the events of her life with.

2. Positive Male Attention — She wants to be seen as desirable to men, no matter her appearance.

3. Drama Or Excitement — The friends or men she gets attention from must provide her with arguments, jealousy, backstabbing, confusion, excitement, or surges of emotion.

4. Low Cost Entertainment — She does not want to be "bored" at any time, so it must be easy for her to find music, television, animated gifs, or other media that entertain her on demand.

5. Clerical Employment — A woman wants a high-paying job that doesn't involve manual labor or intellectual difficulty after breezing through an easy major in college.

6. Casual Sex — She doesn't want to be tied down with relationships while she pursues her clerical career because she has been taught that only an office cubicle can provide everlasting fulfillment.

7. Freedom From Household Chores — Since she has undertaken the path of an independent woman, she doesn't want to ever feel like a housewife, which she has been

brainwashed to believe is slavery. There's no time for menial chores.

8. Popularity — She wants to emulate the successful women she has seen on television by being the center of attention among both men and women.

9. Validation & Freedom From Judgement — She wants the assurance that all of her life decisions are flawless, even the ones that may negatively impact her health. She will get hyper-defensive to those who question her choices.

10. Disney-esque Relationship & Marriage (least important) — Once she is past her physical prime, she wants to find her dream man and have a fairytale wedding in a lavish party that costs an inordinate amount of money.

An American girl who doesn't have friendship is not going to worry about being like Kim Kardashian. A girl who has no drama or excitement in her life won't seek casual sex (unless it may give her drama). A girl who hasn't empowered her sexuality through casual sex is not going to desire marriage or commitment. The ladder isn't identical for all girls, and I believe they can hop up and down at will—skipping a couple rungs in the process—but this is the most general progression of middle-class white American women who never had to worry about putting food on the table. The main idea is to understand that women have several needs that don't all overwhelm her at once, but which appear one or two at a time as she progresses through life up to her mid 30′s and unlocks various "achievements."

I realized that the above ladder may accurately describe the Western Anglo woman, but doesn't do a good job in describing Ukrainian women, who seem to possess a different ladder entirely. Here is how I would describe a Ukrainian girl's ladder:

1. Identification With A Higher Being (most important) — There is a god, his name is not Steve Jobs, and hopefully he will provide.

2. Food, Shelter, & Clothing — It's not such a simple matter for a Ukrainian girl to have all her survival needs automatically met, especially in this time of civil strife, so she has to put strenuous effort into securing them.

3. Basic Education — Their need for education is more a matter of education for education's sake because she knows jobs will be non-existent or low-paying after graduation.

4. Maximization Of Feminine Value — She understands that men like beauty, so she spends much of her free time looking as good as possible to catch the attention of men. A significant percentage of their low income is spent on beauty enhancements. From my unscientific observation, Ukraine seems to have more salons per capita than anywhere else in the world.

5. Long-Term Relationship That Leads To Marriage — Sexual experimentation is minimal. She wants to hold onto her man and please him so she can use his resources to satisfy her most pressing survival needs.

6. Children (least important) — Having kids is a way to increase the commitment of the man to the relationship and keep him motivated to stay employed. It's also a good

way to relieve the boredom of marriage.

As you can see, different environments produce different ladders. In Poland, a country that is undergoing rapid Westernization, the ladder is somewhat of a hybrid, where girls want clerical employment and some casual sex, but also a long-term relationship while still in their prime. What's important for you to realize is that women will exchange one ladder for another depending on the environment they are in.

An interesting experiment you can do is take 100 Ukrainian girls and put them in the United States while taking 100 American girls and putting them in Ukraine, cutting off all financial and family ties from their birth country. You should quickly see that American girls, without their first world wealth and generous welfare state supporting them, will be spending more time in front of the mirror dolling herself up for a man than writing essays on Thought Catalog or XO Jane about sexism, rape culture, or baked goods. The Ukrainian girl, once she realizes she no longer needs a husband to survive, will start seeking popularity, drama, and attention. It would only take her a few weeks to become an Instagram expert.

The true nature of women, as I've described in the past, attempts to describe what a woman's behavior would be like if all her survival needs are met. If you put a feminine, sweet woman in the wrong "container," I wrote, she will take the shape of that container. The above hierarchy now begins to hypothesize what a woman wants most if placed in a Western container versus a Poor Country container.

If you want women to focus on climbing the Ukrainian ladder and seek your approval instead of the American ladder where women seek to paint you as a patriarchal misogynist creep, you must withhold or limit the ability of all women to procure enough resources that they're completely assured of their next day's bread or shelter. Otherwise, if a woman doesn't have anxiety about those basic needs, you'll be on the verge of unleashing a species of beast we see in America, one that has very little inclination to seek out long-term relationships in their physical prime with a goal to be good wives or mothers. For a man to achieve the purest commitment and loyalty from his woman, *she must believe that she cannot survive without him*. If this condition is not met, the only rational option that remains is for him to simulate traditional masculinity through activities such as weight lifting, martial arts, video games, or casual sex while pursuing an individualistic life of leisure and bachelorhood.

Read Next: *The Decline Of American Women*

No Girl Can Hurt A Man With Options

March 26, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I've been fortunate and hard-working enough to fornicate with many great girls in my life. I can confidently say that being with them at the time made my life brighter than not, but even in spite of this, there is one fact I cannot deny: losing them all has not decreased my happiness. No matter how great a girl was, no matter how close the emotional attachment I had to her was, and no matter how mind blowing the sex was, my long-term happiness has not suffered any harm from ending relationships with them.

I'm sure you've read a lot of sappy "I need advice with this one special girl" requests on the internet where a man is depressed because he lost his girl. Why do these guys seem to have their happiness irreparably harmed while players don't? Why do some guys linger on past relationships more than others? The simple reason is that players cope by having sex with new women. It's quite astonishing how a new vagina makes you forget an old vagina, even if that old vagina was far superior.

It's happened to me a couple times where I broke up with an especially amazing girl who I knew would take me months or maybe years to find again. The next girl I slept with was maybe only 60% of her worth, but even then, that 60% eliminates any emotional longing for the previous vagina. Fresh pussy that is a touch above average makes you easily forget a great pussy you recently had. As long as a man has options, which is possible through the application of game, a man's pussy memory is that of an amnesiac. I can't even remember most of the girls I've dated, when at the time I was quite excited to sleep with them, enough that I felt I had to put in at least some effort into keeping them. It's only guys who don't practice game and who don't put themselves back in the market that have a debilitating inability to get over old pussy.

The phenomenon of new pussy easily replacing the old is very important, because it says the following: your life will never degrade because a girl left you, no matter how great she was. There will probably be acute pain (we are human, after all), but the in the long run, as long as you pursue other women, there is no net negative effect. In other words, women are replaceable commodities in a man's world. Sure you want the 100% awesome pussy you had last year, but the 60% rated pussy is good enough to get you through. I love Johnnie Walker Double Black, but I will still drink Jameson or even Ballantines if that's all I can order. My life won't be harmed if I'm forced to drink Jameson for the rest of my days, and it wouldn't take long until I simply forget the taste of Double Black.

The most empowering feature of being a man is that we're less emotional than women. It's not uncommon to hear stories of women obsessing over a man for years or even decades after he dumped her, regardless of how much new dick she's had, but a player quickly forgets his past flames in the face of bountiful pussy variety. It's so rare to hear of player crying about some past girl that I'm offended when I listen to a new pop song by a man obsessed with that one special girl. Game is not only the best way to get laid, it's the best way to get over any girl you've loved.

While I do value past times I've had with dream girls, the new girl has a nice pussy and makes me laugh once every twenty minutes, and for me that's good enough to help me forget about what I lost. Instead of lingering on a dead relationship, simply go out and get laid. It won't take more than two or three fresh notches to get over whatever you had in the past.

Read Next: *The One Thing I Will Never Give A Woman*

Language Hackers And “Polyglots” Are Full Of Shit

March 28, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Since following advice from the many “language hacking” web sites that have grown like a virus on the internet in the past five years, my ability to learn a language has actually *decreased*. I’ve had to unlearn all the bad habits that I got from them. I want to describe what went wrong.

Spaced repetition flashcard programs don’t work

Every language hacking web site eagerly promotes Anki, the most popular spaced repetition program out there. Anki (and its predecessor Supermemo) essentially tries to duplicate paper flashcards with the added benefit of showing you words only when the algorithm *thinks* you will forget them. For example, if you get a word incorrect, the program will show it to you again the next day. If you have gotten it correctly the past 10 or so tries in a row, you may not see it for months. Sounds logical and reasonable, right? Wrong.

Consider that these programs were written by computer programmers. The author of Supermemo is legitimately off his rocker, dedicating his life to annotating and memorizing everything he reads. We can only speculate on the social ability of the Anki creator. Programs like this appeal to computer nerds who don’t want to interact with people and who need metrics to confirm how many words they “know.” It’s a way to gamify language, which last time I checked, is not a game but a method of communication.

A more severe problem is that you *must* use the program every day, or else your reviews build up to such a level that it may take you hours to catch up. If you go on a one-week vacation, you will come back to a mountain of cards that will take you half a day to complete. If Sisyphus decided to learn a language, he would use Anki. These programs make you a slave to the app, keeping you in a constant state of anxiety about maintaining a continuous streak of using the app every day with no exceptions. Once you get into a word bank of thousands, you will be forced to spend a huge part of *your life* doing the reviews. You become one with the program.

In spite of all the labor you expend, it still doesn’t help you speak the language. Anki aids you with memorizing words in isolation, away from context, where humans aren’t present. It happened many times that I nailed certain words in Anki, but then when I wanted to use it in a conversation, I drew a blank. While flashcards are a great way to *review* vocabulary, it’s a horrible method in learning how to speak a language. If more than 15% of your language study time is spent on notecards, you’re not learning.

You can’t be fluent in a few months

Language hackers are like the PUAs who market that you will NEVER get rejected while being able to land ANY beautiful girl you want. With a couple weeks of planning and

practice, I could construct a five minute Youtube video that will convince most people I'm nearly fluent in Spanish, Portuguese, Russian, and Polish, just like how any guy can hire an actress and do an in-field pickup video that makes it seem like he's an innovative Casanova. Today you can even find videos of pimply-faced teenagers claiming to speak 20 languages because he said two sentences in each one. I believe him!

How many years does it take to be fluent in a language and talk almost like a native? Years, if ever. These guys are selling the dream to naive and bored Westerners who want to rack up a language like horny men want to rack up notches. The bar has been so lowered that the definition of "fluent" has come to mean "has retained 500 words in short-term memory."

Speaking a language is now seen as some kind of accomplishment, a trophy to be displayed on your social networking profile, instead of a tool that allows you to communicate with a specific culture or people. Once you take language out of its intended purpose, and attach to that a Westerner's insatiable narcissism, you turn it into a silly competition, a way for you to brag.

If you want to learn a language, sit down and honestly ask yourself why. If it doesn't hit two of the following three reasons, don't even bother:

- Romance
- Work
- Unexplainable love of the culture

The height of idiocy is people learning tribal languages like Quechua just to alleviate their white guilt or make people think they are progressive for going native.

The real key to learning a language is already known

To the credit of language hackers, they know the most effective way to learn a language: speaking it. They don't hide the fact that you need to seek out conversation and make mistakes. But how the hell are they going to make that sweet internet money with this advice? So they have to add untested and dubious advice in shiny wrapping that can actually be harmful in language acquisition.

You will have to find out on your own the best way *for you* to learn a language. The reason is because your learning ability is different from others. Maybe you're visual, or auditory, or sensory. There isn't a one-size-fits-all technique (just like with game). I was doing just fine with paper notecards, making it a supplement to my studies, until I went astray by letting Anki become my main tool. It's not the fault of the language hackers that I began studying wrong, but they are so forceful and confident with their advice that I felt like an idiot for not doing it their way.

Self-identifying yourself as a "polyglot" is sad

Imagine that you meet a new guy and ask him what his interests are. He replies, "I'm a

player.” Would you not roll your eyes at him? Sure, maybe he is a player, but why is he so quick to take one of his hobbies and make it a personal label that defines his entire essence? It’s the same idea when someone describes himself as a “polyglot.” How about you just be a human being that has an interest in languages? People in Europe, who genuinely speak many languages, don’t get validation in describing themselves in such terms, but get some language nerds from America together who can “speak” a couple Romance languages and all of a sudden they’re jerking themselves off in a polygot circle. Language is a human communication tool, not a lifestyle.

So what’s the answer? How do you learn a language? I’m not an expert, or a polyglot, but here are the tips that work for me:

—Pimsleur and Michel Thomas. These audio courses get you speaking right away. Knowing words is only half the battle because natives still have to understand your pronunciation. These courses aid in that problem.

—Grammar course book in target language (with exercises). Doing boring repetitive examples are critical to learning a language, especially when you’re forced to write things down.

—Easy reading material. Grab a few simple articles or children’s books, a dictionary, and start translating. It also helps to read the articles outloud to work on your pronunciation.

—Watch short television shows or cartoons without English subtitles. Like a baby, you will only understand a few words, but through context, repetition, and looking up words in the dictionary, you will piece it together. When you speak with locals, there will be no subtitles, so you have to use context to construct meaning when you only understand a small percentage of words.

—Try to fornicate with the opposite sex. In Ukraine I wanted to approach women during the day in Russian. The first day I could only say “Excuse me, do you know where I can find a good cafe?” Then the second day I added, “I don’t like that cafe there.” Then the third day I added, “I want very good coffee.” Within a month, I had a primitive day game routine that lasted about three minutes. When I look back at my progress in Russian, the most came with approaching women. I got farther in every approach and doing so many of them in the same fashion made the language stick in my head.

Whatever you do, get away from the computer screen. Spend less time reading the hacker blogs. Stop “language exchanges” with people who are already proficient in English. Don’t fall for the newfangled language tool that wants to make money off you when a 30-year grammar book will get you farther. Instead, focus on materials written on dead tree paper or actually talk to real life people. Learning a new language as an adult is hard as hell and it should be, so don’t buy the hype that it’s not.

Read Next: *Two Foreign Languages Every American Man Should Learn*

Language Hackers And “Polyglots” Are Full Of Crap

March 28, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Since following advice from the many “language hacking” web sites that have grown like a virus on the internet in the past five years, my ability to learn a language has actually *decreased*. I’ve had to unlearn all the bad habits that I got from them. I want to describe what went wrong.

Spaced repetition flashcard programs don’t work

Every language hacking web site eagerly promotes Anki, the most popular spaced repetition program out there. Anki (and its predecessor Supermemo) essentially tries to duplicate paper flashcards with the added benefit of showing you words only when the algorithm *thinks* you will forget them. For example, if you get a word incorrect, the program will show it to you again the next day. If you have gotten it correctly the past 10 or so tries in a row, you may not see it for months. Sounds logical and reasonable, right? Wrong.

Consider that these programs were written by computer programmers. The author of Supermemo is legitimately off his rocker, dedicating his life to annotating and memorizing everything he reads. We can only speculate on the social ability of the Anki creator. Programs like this appeal to computer nerds who don’t want to interact with people and who need metrics to confirm how many words they “know.” It’s a way to gamify language, which last time I checked, is not a game but a method of communication.

A more severe problem is that you *must* use the program every day, or else your reviews build up to such a level that it may take you hours to catch up. If you go on a one-week vacation, you will come back to a mountain of cards that will take you half a day to complete. If Sisyphus decided to learn a language, he would use Anki. These programs make you a slave to the app, keeping you in a constant state of anxiety about maintaining a continuous streak of using the app every day with no exceptions. Once you get into a word bank of thousands, you will be forced to spend a huge part of *your life* doing the reviews. You become one with the program.

In spite of all the labor you expend, it still doesn’t help you speak the language. Anki aids you with memorizing words in isolation, away from context, where humans aren’t present. It happened many times that I nailed certain words in Anki, but then when I wanted to use it in a conversation, I drew a blank. While flashcards are a great way to *review* vocabulary, it’s a horrible method in learning how to speak a language. If more than 15% of your language study time is spent on notecards, you’re not learning.

You can’t be fluent in a few months

Language hackers are like the PUAs who market that you will NEVER get rejected while being able to land ANY beautiful girl you want. With a couple weeks of planning and

practice, I could construct a five minute Youtube video that will convince most people I'm nearly fluent in Spanish, Portuguese, Russian, and Polish, just like how any guy can hire an actress and do an in-field pickup video that makes it seem like he's an innovative Casanova. Today you can even find videos of pimply-faced teenagers claiming to speak 20 languages because he said two sentences in each one. I believe him!

How many years does it take to be fluent in a language and talk almost like a native? Years, if ever. These guys are selling the dream to naive and bored Westerners who want to rack up a language like horny men want to rack up notches. The bar has been so lowered that the definition of "fluent" has come to mean "has retained 500 words in short-term memory."

Speaking a language is now seen as some kind of accomplishment, a trophy to be displayed on your social networking profile, instead of a tool that allows you to communicate with a specific culture or people. Once you take language out of its intended purpose, and attach to that a Westerner's insatiable narcissism, you turn it into a silly competition, a way for you to brag.

If you want to learn a language, sit down and honestly ask yourself why. If it doesn't hit two of the following three reasons, don't even bother:

- Romance
- Work
- Unexplainable love of the culture

The height of idiocy is people learning tribal languages like Quechua just to alleviate their white guilt or make people think they are progressive for going native.

The real key to learning a language is already known

To the credit of language hackers, they know the most effective way to learn a language: speaking it. They don't hide the fact that you need to seek out conversation and make mistakes. But how the hell are they going to make that sweet internet money with this advice? So they have to add untested and dubious advice in shiny wrapping that can actually be harmful in language acquisition.

You will have to find out on your own the best way *for you* to learn a language. The reason is because your learning ability is different from others. Maybe you're visual, or auditory, or sensory. There isn't a one-size-fits-all technique (just like with game). I was doing just fine with paper notecards, making it a supplement to my studies, until I went astray by letting Anki become my main tool. It's not the fault of the language hackers that I began studying wrong, but they are so forceful and confident with their advice that I felt like an idiot for not doing it their way.

Self-identifying yourself as a "polyglot" is sad

Imagine that you meet a new guy and ask him what his interests are. He replies, "I'm a

player.” Would you not roll your eyes at him? Sure, maybe he is a player, but why is he so quick to take one of his hobbies and make it a personal label that defines his entire essence? It’s the same idea when someone describes himself as a “polyglot.” How about you just be a human being that has an interest in languages? People in Europe, who genuinely speak many languages, don’t get validation in describing themselves in such terms, but get some language nerds from America together who can “speak” a couple Romance languages and all of a sudden they’re jerking themselves off in a polygot circle. Language is a human communication tool, not a lifestyle.

So what’s the answer? How do you learn a language? I’m not an expert, or a polyglot, but here are the tips that work for me:

—Pimsleur and Michel Thomas. These audio courses get you speaking right away. Knowing words is only half the battle because natives still have to understand your pronunciation. These courses aid in that problem.

—Grammar course book in target language (with exercises). Doing boring repetitive examples are critical to learning a language, especially when you’re forced to write things down.

—Easy reading material. Grab a few simple articles or children’s books, a dictionary, and start translating. It also helps to read the articles outloud to work on your pronunciation.

—Watch short television shows or cartoons without English subtitles. Like a baby, you will only understand a few words, but through context, repetition, and looking up words in the dictionary, you will piece it together. When you speak with locals, there will be no subtitles, so you have to use context to construct meaning when you only understand a small percentage of words.

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Read Next: *Two Foreign Languages Every American Man Should Learn*

Men Are Nothing More Than Clowns To The Modern Woman

March 31, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I have a bank of rotating stock questions I ask women that let me know how I should proceed with my game. One of the questions I used to ask was “Do you need a man?” Out of the dozens of times I asked it, not a single girl answered yes. Even in Eastern Europe, a woman needs a man as much as a cat needs milk. They would prefer the best man or the best milk, but they can surely live without.

There is definitely not a single woman alive in the Western world who *needs* a man. While in the past a woman had to put forth effort to obtain a husband who would help her survive, today she is protected by a welfare state that ensures she will never go hungry or spend one night on the street. Even a child she has out of wedlock from a drunken night out will not have to suffer from her mistake, and that’s in spite of the fact that many nations already provide her with free contraception to compensate for her lack of judgement in selecting worthy mates.

Anything required for a woman’s survival or pleasure can be easily achieved without her having to put forth commitment, sacrifice, or labor. She can shave her head, gain 50 pounds, and disfigure herself with tattoos yet still have many suitors to—at the minimum—have sex on demand. Her food and shelter will be provided by a state which has embarked on an extraordinary effort to compete with men for her devotion and loyalty.

I started asking a different question to women: “Do you *want* a man?” I began receiving “I don’t know” answers (the more they hesitated to respond, the more I considered their true answer to be a yes). Only in a few instances did a woman outright say yes, and these usually happened in Ukraine. It’s no surprise that I eased into mini-relationships with these yes girls without the standard flaking or game-playing you would normally receive from girls who see men as milk instead of water. The girls who said yes weren’t exactly hurting for food or shelter, and they didn’t try to reach into my pockets for resources, but through their attitude and demeanor it was clear that they did want a man in their life who could provide it with a measure of happiness that could not be gained from their environment or government.

You’re a lucky man if you can find this type of girl in the West. From a young age, girls are brainwashed to believe that they don’t need men and that the key to their happiness is self-empowerment by sleeping around and becoming a corporate wage slave. It’s hard to dispute the notion that a woman who believes she doesn’t need a man won’t make as good of a relationship partner as one who does. She will treat you as a distraction to her more important job, girls’ nights out, and social networking validation happy time. Men have become an utterly replaceable and expendable commodity in a girl’s life. Her interest in a man is not unlike her interest in a new television show or Apple product, and

your only hope is to have sex with her as many times as possible until her attractions diminishes and she moves on to the next guy in line.

Women don't seek out comfort or stability in men anymore—they seek entertainment. They seek distraction. They seek hedonistic pleasure. This is why provider men (beta males) are so hopelessly failing today to secure the commitment of beautiful women in their prime, and this is why even lesser alpha males fail to enter relationships with women beyond a few bangs. Once the entertainment or novelty you provide her declines—and it inevitably will—she moves on to something or someone else. In essence, the only way you can keep a girl is if you adopt the mentality of a soap opera writer, adding a cliffhanger to the end of each episode that keeps a woman interested when being a good man no longer does.

When I look at myself in the mirror, I don't see a man who has improved himself over the years to be the best that his genes allow—I see a glittery skirt that a girl encounters in the mall. Is the skirt too expensive or is it on sale? Is there only one left of her size or is the rack full of them? Does she already have something similar or is it totally novel? Does her friends think it's cute or just alright? After trying it on, does it flatter her body or make her look fat? Either she makes the impulsive decision to buy the skirt or not, because odds are she won't come back for it. There are so many stores with so many skirts that she will soon forget it, forever. We are like glittery pieces of fashion to women—items that she truly doesn't need. Not only has she already collected so many of them, but she can easily obtain more within walking distance from where she lives. She can even browse online from home while in her pajamas through a nearly unlimited selection.

We are not men in the traditional sense—we are clowns. With our tight game we have to be entertainers who create drama and excitement in a girl's life, just long enough so that she spreads her legs and makes sexy noises, and even though she did commit such an intimate act with us, she will soon lose interest or simply get bored, and then move on to the next shiny cock that catches her eye. The other side of this coin is that we no longer need women. We don't need them to maintain our home or cook good meals for us. We don't need them in an age where having children is no longer important or valued. Whatever natural connection that once existed between the sexes has now been severed. Neither sex needs each other so we dedicate ourselves to corporations, entertainment, and base pleasures instead, and this is a great tragedy that most people believe is a sign of progress, a cause for celebration.

For the next girl I meet, I'm not going to ask her if she needs a man, because I know she doesn't. Instead I will simply ask her if she wants a man, and if the answer leans yes, I will perform like the good clown I am so that she is entertained enough to have sex with me. Either she or I will eventually get bored and the relationship will end. Then I will simply repeat my performance on a someone new, because I'm a skilled clown, and that's exactly what women today want.

Read Next: *The War Against Men*

We Are Nothing More Than Distracted Sheep In The Real Game Of Power

April 7, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Beliefs in the manosphere are often termed “red pill,” an analogy to the Matrix, where those who know “truth” are unplugged from the system and can see the world for what it really is, but men who use this analogy did not watch the two Matrix sequels, where we learn that the robots *allowed* the resistance to operate. The robots had to give humans who couldn’t tolerate the Matrix an outlet that could be controlled and monitored, and when the resistance got too big, they could be easily destroyed in one attack. The reset button would allow the status quo to continue, unimpeded.

The current war between feminists and progressives against the manosphere and those with more conservative beliefs is by design. The manosphere is allowed to broadcast because it shows to the masses that “free speech” or opposing viewpoints is allowed, proving that we all live in a “democratic” society. However, ideas from the manosphere do nothing to legitimately threaten the power elite, those in possession of real power. Besides influencing a tiny minority of men, the manosphere is—as of now—meaningless and ineffective on a societal level.

What Is The Best Way To Control Human Beings?

I’ve spent over two years now in Eastern Europe. I’ve learned about its history, especially since World War 2 when the Russians gobbled up countries by installing their own puppet regimes. They believed in the use of hard control: rigid censorship, political persecution, relentless propaganda, and pervasive spying. It worked for nearly 50 years until unraveling in the 1980′s. Depending on who you read, communism failed due to many reasons such as Ronald Reagan, inefficient economies, or “the people.” The last may not have been the main reason, but it was significant: citizens didn’t believe in the system and protested every way they could, often sacrificing their lives in the process. Communism, it turns out, was a poor method of human control.

How does the American government control its population? The same way it always has: divide and conquer. It pits one group against the other and lets them fight. Native-Americans against whites. Blacks against whites. Red states against blue states. Pro-choice against pro-life. Women against men. Liberals against conservatives. Straight against gay. The fighting is endorsed and encouraged by the power elite because it distracts their unjust or illegal methods of control, that if carefully examined and brought to light, would bring into question their very justification of authority.

I did an interview recently with the Daily Dot. It was a hit piece, as you’d expect from such a liberal publication that endorses feminism, but what interested me was the public reaction—the most talked about portion was my remarks about homosexuals. It led to hundreds of comments on three active Reddit threads. Five years ago, such a response to

homosexual critique would not have been nearly as strong. Why does it suddenly seem like everyone cares about the homosexual issue? Why is it on the tip of everyone's tongue? Because they've been programmed to care and talk about it.

It does not matter where you lie on the issue as long as you develop passionate opinions about homosexuals that you share in place of other issues that can threaten the power elite. Every minute you talk about homosexuals or immigrants or blacks or feminism or celebrities is one minute you're not talking about an idea that reveals criminality of the government. For the issues that don't threaten those who have power, you will be allowed the ability to speak about them indefinitely without disturbance. In other words, if you have gotten into an argument or debate about homosexual marriage in the past year, you are an obedient sheep that is doing what it is supposed to do. You will keep talking about it because you've been fed propaganda to do so, and when you get bored of it, there will be a new "hot button" topic that will keep you busy and emotional.

Do You Have Opinions That Threaten The State?

There is a test to know if you are allowed to share a certain opinion or engage in specific activism:

- Does it threaten the interests of those who possess the most economic and political power in the United States (i.e. the top 10,000 men)?
- Does it significantly reduce income of the most powerful corporations in the United States?

If the answer to these questions are "no," you may proceed. This is why the manosphere is thriving—it doesn't threaten the power elite. This is why feminists can do whatever they want, because they don't threaten the elite either. Feminism has actually solidified power of the elite through three mechanisms:

- They increased the labor supply, decreasing wages (in real terms), which increases profits for corporations
- They caused women to be dependent on the government instead of men (those who rely on the government are less likely to fight it)
- They expanded the consumer and tax base (benefiting both corporations and the government)

When a movement is bubbling within society, the power elite discuss in private through one of their groups (Trilateral Commission, Bilderberg Group, Council of Foreign Relations, Paris Club, etc.) if allowing new rights or victories through legislation will reduce their power or income. If it doesn't, it will be allowed in a way that maximizes citizen distraction. Homosexual marriage, it has been determined, does not threaten the elite, so it will be allowed and the peasants (me and you) can be distracted about it for several years while ignoring the backroom deals which continue to destroy the American middle class.

Did giving blacks civil rights threaten the government? Not at all. The entrenchment of the welfare state and prison system makes blacks easy to control (it also helped that we allowed the CIA to profit off crack use in the inner cities), and not since the days of Malcolm X and the Black Panthers have blacks threatened the state. They are harmless sheep just like white people. Let them have their rap music, sports, and thug culture to keep them busy, and as an extra bonus we'll divert the energies of intelligent white men into hating blacks instead of using that brain power to find out exactly how they're being screwed over by the state.

Who Is The State Scared Of?

If the elite are threatened, state power will swiftly destroy the movement. Can you think of two recent cases where state power was threatened?

—Occupy Wall Street. You can argue that they were all dirty hippies, but they were bringing too much attention to the elite's thievery, disseminating information on how power really worked in this country. They lasted a few months until their movement was thoroughly dismantled, and nothing has come to replace it. In fact, one of the leading organizers has gone on to work for Google, that whether willingly or not, has made it a trivial matter to spy on most Americans.

—Edward Snowden. He may not have committed any crimes, but the full might of the United States government came down on him because he exposed their crimes and the impunity at which they treat the law. He can not sleep well for the rest of his life.

How do you know if your voice is getting too close to threatening those in power? For most people, they will see increased "correspondence" from the IRS, with the intent to impoverish the individual. Otherwise, he will be outright imprisoned for violating an obscure law.

The Second Kind Of Power

The power elite has the backing of the state to silence you. In other words, a policeman with a gun will knock down your door or a government agent will go through your tax returns to discover "mistakes" that will make you destitute. The second base of power is the cultural elite. These are the journalists, professors, bloggers, and non-profit organizations—the useful idiots of the state. Instead of hard power, they use propaganda, lies, distortions, information blackouts, and libelous attacks to shape public opinion in a way to firstly benefit them and their ideology. Their main motivations are to feel powerful and keep their $80,000 a year job instead of admitting to serve the billionaire oligarch behind the curtain. As long as they don't threaten the power elite, they will be encouraged, and you may see some overlap between the two when the power elite encourage or bribe the cultural elite in crushing their enemies.

If you are attacked by the cultural elite (maybe through manufactured "news" that gets a mob after you for supporting traditional marriage), that does not mean you are

threatening the power elite. It simply means you are offering a challenge to the middle class cultural elite who are trying to maintain the status quo so they can go to Starbucks every day and afford the newest iPhone while feeling like they have influence in society. They can't have their lies and bullshit revealed to a mass audience because if society changes their opinions on what type of information is "correct," they may be out of a job or not be able to afford the Prius they have their eyes on (in case of a fascist takeover, they would be imprisoned or executed). While their attacks are not as strong as the state's, it can be significant: their use of labels like racist, homophobe, sexist, and so on have ruined lives of many individuals.

Think of all the outlets that have attacked manosphere sites in the past couple of years: Buzzfeed, Gawker, ABC News, Washington Post, SPLC, Huffington Post. Not a single one threatens state power. Manosphere information is offensive to these outlets because–as of now—it threatens the cultural elite's integrity and utopian vision of having a degenerate society, but even that may be giving them too much credit. Attacking us simply gives them page views.

This is where we come full circle. Earlier I remarked that a method of government control is divide and conquer. The masses must be distracted from knowing how they're being screwed by pitting neighbor against neighbor. The most brilliant tool to do this is the internet, an always-on interactive television with Twitter wars and viral articles and funny memes that keep the populace in a permanent state of distraction at every single insignificant issue under the sun that doesn't even approach the state's toes.

Sure, some corners of the internet deal in sharp anti-government activism, but they simply can't compete with the latest Miley Cyrus antics or cute cat picture compilations that are sweeping the internet by storm (thank you Buzzfeed!). Consider that DARPA, a government agency, played a role in inventing the internet, and you can understand how "dangerous" it is to state power. Proof of it's harmlessness came during the Arab Spring when government efforts to halt protests by cutting off nationwide internet actually *sped up* their downfall—without internet people had nothing to do except hit the streets. Even the manosphere's counter-cultural ideas are safe to the power elite. It's just the occasional feminist journalist or non-profit worker who doesn't want her job and ideology threatened or her feelings hurt that you'll see them call me a rapist or "biggest misogynist in the world" in an attempt to prime the masses to instinctively reject the information I present.

Consider that whenever a ROK article goes viral, the power elite smiles. For two days, people can't think of what's going on in Congress.

Whenever there is a Twitter battle between conservatives and LGBT activists, the power elite smiles, because people don't know that a top dog at the SEC now works for a finance company that's receiving billions in taxpayer money.

Whenever a famous celebrity does something shocking, the power elite smiles, because no one is wondering how a drug got approved that ended up killing more people than it saved.

Whenever a new app like Flappy Birds is wildly successfully in getting people distracted, the power elite smiles, because questions about how the government failed to protect its citizens on 9/11 can be ignored.

The power elite especially smiles whenever someone votes. Understand there is absolutely no way that they'd let smartphone-addicted sheep take away their power. The fact that the elite donates to both parties in legally sanctioned bribery called "campaign contributions" has guaranteed the puppet status of all modern Presidents and irrelevancy of every single election on the Federal level.

Anything you do that doesn't decrease the elite's power or income is an approved activity. If your grassroots group is large enough, a corporation will throw you a bone during your change.org boycott against their product so you continue your thoughtless consumer behavior and the top executives can upgrade their yachts come summer time as planned. You may occasionally get heat from the cultural elite because of your opinions, but it's not impossible to fight their soft power. Yes, I can fight the Huffington Post or Jezebel, but I can not fight the state, and neither can you. If you choose to go that route, and are scratching at their ankles, it will be over for you.

What Threatens State Power?

The greatest threat to state power is nationalism. There is nothing scarier to the state than a large percentage of the population who self-identifies with each other and has similar beliefs they're willing to die for. Brussels does a good job spreading propaganda that the European Union is a way to prevent another World War, or to "increase European harmony," but it's actually an ingenious means for the Western European power elite to maintain control over the East. The Soviet Union was too heavy-handed in its power, but Brussels is brilliant in that it makes countries *apply* to give up both their economic and cultural sovereignty. The elites of the Eastern European backwaters throw their populace under the bus so they can get loans from their German masters at a slightly discounted rate.

You can actually predict whether a new belief system will be propagated by the cultural elite based on if it threatens the power elite. Does masculinity threaten the power elite? Strong-willed and reliant men have historically been one of the greatest threats to state power, especially if these men are idle without circus distractions. Therefore, masculinity must be written off in the media as a poison or antiquated accident of humanity that has no place in modern society.

Does sex equality threaten the power elite? Homosexuality? Celebrity obsession? Obesity? None of those offer a threat. They enhance state power by distracting the populace.

Does immigration threaten the power elite? Absolutely not. Immigrants are the easiest to control, they reduce nationalism, they put downward pressure on wages, and they offer a great distraction for citizens to whine about what's happening to "my country."

Does the 45,000-strong Red Pill subreddit threaten the power elite? No, they're helping in the divide and conquer strategy by giving the cultural elite a justification for their existence. Their growth is irrefutable evidence of the war against women—let's start a new #antimisogyny hashtag! Let's pass more laws against "street harassment!" Even I am a pawn in this game. My image can be shown as proof that men are mean and women need their own safe space during playground recess. If it wasn't me it'd be the next guy in line. It doesn't matter who it is, but they need some type of human embodiment to stir emotions in their audience and keep the puppet master hidden, just like how Lindy West is the human embodiment (or more like whale embodiment) of what we find disgraceful and awful with society.

I'm being used just as much as the reporter who writes a hit piece on me is being used, both to entertain and distract the masses so we all ignore what's going in all these government agencies and the hundreds of decisions they make every day with *our money*. The manosphere and myself are allowed to proceed because we are playing within rules of the game.

One man nipping on the toes of the power elite is Glen Greenwald. Say what you want about his mostly liberal politics, but his reporting on the criminality of the NSA has frightened the US Government. If you're wondering how he's able to do this, it'll make sense once I tell you he lives in Brazil and hasn't stepped foot in the States in years. They tried to ignore him but his voice has gotten too loud, and I wouldn't be surprised if he never returns to America again. Most other reporters who threaten the elite (Matt Taibbi comes to mind) have a voice that is too small for a country of over 300 million people who are hooked to their smartphones and are distracted by Trayvon Martin, gay marriage, Sandra Fluke, and the latest affair a politician is having. The power elite is quite snug in its position because we remain addicted to bullshit that pushes our emotional buttons. It would take a handful of more Edward Snowdens (and Julian Assanges and Glen Greenwalds) combined with a unique black swan event to really threaten them. One Snowden does not make a revolution, and neither does one manosphere.

So Where Does That Leave Us?

Does that mean we shouldn't expose the damage that feminism and its related ideologies are doing? It depends on the strength of your microscope. On the state level, our attacks do absolutely nothing to cause change, but if you zoom in a little closer, we are having delightful success at revealing cracks in the cultural elite's facade *while* helping men on the individual level re-discover their masculinity and achieve personal success. On the other hand, I'm beginning to see how more men are treating the manosphere as an outlet for entertainment and distraction than a means of self-improvement. Men are reading the game posts on Return Of Kings but not commenting or acting on the advice, but if we put up an article bashing ugly haircuts or how gay people are bad for the culture, the response is massive and emotional.

Nothing says safe like a viral article that can be understood without much thought while

triggering base emotions that ultimately serve as distraction from the real problems caused by those who have power. Therefore if manosphere or neo-traditional ideals become the new status quo, it's because the power elite determined that it would serve their long-term interests. We wouldn't be able to declare victory—we simply happened to correctly pick the next cultural movement that would benefit them, just like how the liberals who currently have cultural power happen to be useful to them today. They will one day go out of favor for something different and the cycle will continue. Only a revolution can disturb the power elite (though not always if recent history is a guide), but that's something that is just not in the cards for America with its distracted sheep shitting all over their wool for half a year after seeing a black man and a Hispanic "white" man get into a fight to the death. The divide and conquer strategy is so entrenched in America that they don't even care if the man's race doesn't quite fit the narrative.

I don't want to spend my free time doing the bidding of the elite by engaging in another Twitter beef with a tattooed feminist. At the same time I realize that some of that is necessary since it acts as marketing to attract men who share my views, but it's still a distraction for most guys, a reason for them to feel alive in their otherwise monotonous lives. Fighting the state begins with fighting your own addictive needs for entertainment and emotional validation. Cut off the television and the internet. Avoid propaganda. Read old books. Stop participating in race and homosexual debates. Think for yourself, without Twitter, Facebook, smartphones, or Netflix, and come to realize the important truths of the world through your own observation, meditation, action, and study. Once you've helped yourself think clearly and live deliberately, all that's left is helping one other man do the same.

Read Next: *The Internet Is Doing You More Harm Than Good*

You Must Space Out The Things That Make You Happy

April 9, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

There is a finite list of things that can give you a feeling of happiness. I'm not referring to everlasting happiness, but a jolt of happiness. For example, sex is a pleasurable experience for most men, but the frequency at which you engage in sex can affect the happiness you get from it. The first time you have good sex establishes a baseline of 100% happiness from a sex orgasm. As you have more sexual episodes of increasing frequency, that number will fall below 100%, possibly to a level where it no longer gives you even half the contentment.

If you've ever gone on vacation with a girlfriend, you were at first excited about being able to have sex on demand. The first day of sex is quite good. The second day becomes a little tiring. On the third day, sex with your girlfriend becomes more of a trial, and your penis no longer wants or needs additional vaginal contact. In this case, your happiness has dipped below 50% and you would welcome a break from sex. If you are unable to take this break because your girlfriend has somehow enslaved you, sex can actually become torturous. It now becomes a source of unhappiness. This tells us that once you are able to obtain or experience that which makes you happy, either through good fortune or effort, you must deliberately restrict your exposure to it. Otherwise you will pass the point of diminishing return and a once happy act will make you unhappy or indifferent.

This analogy can apply to anything which makes you temporarily happy: eating fast food, checking Facebook, drinking with friends, masturbating, and so on. If you don't space out how frequently you indulge in these things, your brain will no longer gain joy from them and becomes stingy with its release of dopamine. Thankfully there's hope—you can trick your brain into thinking its novel by spacing the events out.

I experienced dopamine fatigue with coffee when I was having three cups a day. I used to get great pleasure from coffee, but I turned it into a habit that brought me no pleasure, not even an energy boost. I hit the reset button, went without coffee for a month, and then re-introduced it at a rate of once a week, twice a week, and then three times a week. After experimenting for a few months, I discovered that I will get at least an 80% happiness feeling from coffee if I drink it only on Sunday and Wednesday. On these two days, there is extra spring in my step when I head to the coffee shop for my special treat. The caffeine gives me a quick physiological boost that I greatly enjoy, but which I would not experience if I drank it every day.

Sex is another activity I examined. For me to be at least 80% happy with sex, I determined I should have it only once a week. I want to have it more than that (at least two or three times), but at those levels, I start to see sex as a predictable biological function. One of the reasons I have avoided relationships is not necessary because I don't

want a connection with one girl, but because the sex becomes boring. By only having it once a week, I greatly look forward to spending time with the girl I'm seeing. Like when walking into a cafe on coffee day, I approach our date with the highest energy level.

I've looked into spacing out other things, such as drinking, masturbating, and surfing the internet. I found that to remain happy about the things which are not scarce, I must exhibit self-control. Without self-control, unhappiness is sure to result from the things that are capable of giving me a pleasure boost. How many people do you know exhibit self-control when it comes to their moments of pleasure? Possible zero. Unable to space out their enjoyments, they simply stop enjoying them, and when you no longer become happy from the little things in life, you start to sacrifice your emotional well-being in the search for drama, problems, or entertainment, or you simply enter a depression. Therefore when supply of something pleasant is unlimited for you, a lack of self-control will destabilize your emotional well-being.

Having to consciously space pleasures wasn't a problem for humans in the past. Ancient people didn't have an unlimited supply of the things we take for granted today, so they could fill their bellies with the latest catch without having to regulate their intake, since it may be a while until they make another good catch again. We, on the other hand, have an easy life. A middle-class American man can purchase any food (full of delicious fat and sugar), have 24-hour internet access on their phone, and—if he's a player—have booty call access for sex most nights of the week. It would sound like he's living a dream life, but if he doesn't restrict those things to the point where he's left wanting, they will all cease bringing him pleasure. The only solution is for him to experiment with spacing and then use his self-control to say no to those things that he can easily have.

Read Next: *The Relationship Between Blindness And Happiness*

Nerds Will Rule The World

April 11, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In the past, hustle, effort, and practicality were rewarded far more than analytical intellect. The fortunes of Sam Zemurray, John D. Rockefellar, Cornelius Vanderbilt, and Andrew Carnegie were built on guts as much as brains. Back then an ambitious man could identify a scarcity or inefficiency in plain day and create an empire. If you read the biographies of men born before the 20th century, you rarely see how an studious engineer or solitary nerd made it into the millionaire club. This is now changing. Computer nerds will soon be the most powerful class in the world, surpassing those who rule the finance and oil sectors. Their time has come.

The story of Sam Zemurray, titan of United Fruit, is an illustrative example. An uneducated immigrant, he got his start by noticing unwanted bananas on the New Orleans shipping docks. He bought them at a discount and began hustling them to nearby cities via train. A few decades later he was the most powerful banana man in the world. If he was born today, would he be able to duplicate his success? I think not. Businesses based on shipping and physical commodities have been optimized and consolidated. A young man walking through the docks today is more likely to be threatened with arrest by aggressive security guards than to get his inspiration for a successful business.

In daily walks through your city, are inefficiencies in commerce obvious to you? Are their consumers wanting a product but unable to buy? This is sometimes the case in developing countries where there is ample room to start a restaurant or import/export business, but even then you'd have to search hard to find any gaps. In America, nothing short of massive investment is needed to start such a traditional business. Even opening a basic coffee shop in America will cost over $50,000, and for your troubles you get to face severe competition from giant multinational corporations.

The story of Sam Zemurray can be duplicated today, not be a street-wise hustler but by the nerdy kid with an idea and a computer. There are still many professional jobs like lawyer, doctor, and accountant that pay fine salaries, but the new empires of tomorrow will be based on computing and programming—devices, applications, online stores, social networks, and data gathering and analysis. This is the black gold of the 21st century.

If I had a son today, he would receive his first computer programming book one year after learning how to read. I would turn him into a competent coder who can then choose whatever life he sees fit—making a stable income maintaining the world's computer systems, robots, and web sites, or striking out on his own with independent ventures. The devices you use every day that you take for granted needs men who can code to develop and maintain them, and I think it's obvious to all of us that technology will be more a part of our daily lives than less. The technological rubicon has been crossed.

I wouldn't tell my son to follow in my footsteps. Historically, creative work has been an under-appreciated field that is hard to live off of, and many of the dead famous authors you read died in poverty. The main reason I've done well is because I've taken advantage

of the platforms that the nerds created. I embraced blogs as soon as they became popular, I had my books on Kindle before I even held the device, I learned basic web coding and design to present my work in an appealing manner, and I have been active on the social networks that people now use as their main way to receive information. If I was a fogey old book writer who refused to adopt technology, would I be in the lucky position I find myself in, making book money while I live in foreign countries, chasing exotic women?

The kings of tomorrow are computer programmers. The richest men in the world will be a skinnyfat geek who has uglier girlfriends than you and even more awkward social skills. Only now are those nerds starting to use their massive wealth to influence politics, and once they do, their vision of technological utopia will shower upon us all.

Read Next: *Women Who Own iPhones Lose The Ability To Love*

At What Age Does A Player Peak?

April 14, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

It's hard for a guy under 35 not to get excited when he becomes good at game and unleashes its awesome power. He sees firsthand how the female species has been given 10 years of immense beauty while giving him decades more of potential peak performance where he can leverage his resources, resourcefulness, and experiences into getting women. I'm currently 34, and have not yet noticed a decreasing ability to lay beautiful girls who are college-aged. In fact, only somewhat recently have I made love to the youngest girl I've ever been with (17) and last year my quality was probably the highest it's ever been. But I know this party won't last forever.

Many women are surprised upon hitting the wall around the age of 35, when seemingly overnight they can no longer attract the studs they used to. Does this also happen to men? For the past 6 months I've talked to some older players, and while men don't smash into the wall head-on, there is an impact that tends to reduce both the quantity and quality he used to get without outright having to sponsor women. This last point is important, because a 70-year-old billionaire can have a hot model for a girlfriend, but I will safely assume that you don't want a golddigger. Like me, you may want more or less a "normal" girl who has some real attraction for you that is not entirely based on your bank account.

No matter how good your game gets, a 23-year-old girl will have less primal attraction for your 53-year-old self than when you were 33. This suggests that there is definitely a peak for men, and while there is some argument about the exact age, consensus among men I've talked to suggests it's around 43. This won't hold true if your status skyrockets after 43, such as if you become famous, but it's safe to say that after this age, you will not get hotter women, younger women, or a higher quantity of women based on the same amount of work you put in before. It means you will have to do more approaches per lay and spend more time on each individual girl to get her into bed. At an even later age, maybe past 50, you won't be able to get the quality you got before no matter how much work you do without some kind of sponsorship or resource sharing, and this assumes you have the resources to do so.

You may now be thinking, "Well I'll be sure to settle by my early 40′s to maximize the quality I can get." There's a problem with that strategy: relationships don't last forever. Even if tomorrow I get into an amazing 20-year relationship with a beautiful girl, that still means I'll be single again in my 50′s, when my sexual value is on the definite downswing. Any time you hang up your boots with a woman, you're only delaying the next time you have to hunt for one, but that time will come again unless you are the lucky 0.1% who has the type of marriage our grandparents had. In all odds the relationship will end before you die, and you'll have to hunt again. There is no escaping the fact that you'll have to play the game past your peak when it's difficult or downright impossible to get the type of women you could before.

In spite of the fact that we have a peak, any relationship you enter should be mainly based on your needs and the girl in question, not your age. If you're 43 years old and you truly don't want a relationship or children, you should not enter one just because your value has peaked, especially if it will cause a decline in your happiness. Even more damaging than having to chase girls when you're old is staying in a relationship that isn't right for you, but if you've had your fill of pussy chasing and meet a girl that you consider a worthy partner, you should do so as long as you accept that one day you'll *still* have to go right back to hunting in a much less favorable environment than before. Settling is therefore not an either-or alternative to playing the game. Not only may you have to play the game within that relationship to keep her attraction for you high, but if she does leave you or you leave her, you'll have to play it again to seek out another girl.

I still have a good decade left to lay beautiful women, but I fully understand that there will come a time I can no longer as easily do so, and that even if I do decide to settle with one in my early 40′s, I'll have to hunt again when that relationship ends. I also understand that the girls I sleep with today may not be interested in me if I were to approach them ten years into the future. Enter sponsorships.

Men have to ask themselves if, upon older age, they will settle with a woman that matches their declining value (one who is lower quality than they could get when they were younger), or if they will create an agreement with a more attractive and younger girl to give him the guise of a relationship in exchange for paying her rent, buying her a car, and so on. I've heard of these relationships in Ukraine, and the most surprising thing is you can't just go to a club with a stack of hundreds and throw it at a girl—you *still need game* in order to create such a sponsored relationship, because young girls looking for sponsors have their choice of many and will pick the one that she finds most agreeable to spend time with, even if she primarily wants his resources.

Since I'm a man (thank god), I at least have the option of sponsoring a golddigger. It's not ideal, I'll admit, but I'll leave it on the table to revisit when the time comes. This suggests that if you're a man, money is *absolutely essential* as you get older when the natural attraction you elicit declines, in addition to possessing the game you are hopefully working on right now. The only thing worse than an ugly old woman who used to be beautiful is a poor old man who used to be a player. When I was broke in my 20′s, I could still get laid with decent girls through my game and effort alone, but when I'm older, I will need resources as well. Money *and* game, it turns out, are requirements that guys like us must have to keep this party going possibly even into our 60′s, although we'll have to work quite hard for it. There will be no free lunch.

Once the downswing comes for me, I will not be upset, for most men must go through this stage of life. Instead, I will explore other options to keep laying the women I want. I must always continually innovate my game and be prudent about stacking paper. In the worst case, if nothing else seems to work, there's always Thailand.

Read Next: *How The Game Changes When You Get Older*

6 Life Tips That Will Make You More Productive

April 16, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Over the years I've developed simple work and life habits that have helped me get things done. I'd like to share six of those with you now.

1. Do work in blocks of one hour

Your brain can not handle continuous, neverending work. Like a muscle that becomes tired of exertion, it needs frequent periods of rest. Therefore you should only do work in blocks of one hour. During this hour, do not check your phone for messages, do not go on the internet, and do not socialize. The hour is sacred in that you must stay on your task until the timer says you are done. Even if you don't want to do the work, you are only allowed to stare blankly at the task before you instead of seeking out entertainment or distraction.

This is the main strategy I use to write books. A significant portion of my one hour blocks is spent staring at the blinking cursor on my screen, but I prevent myself from doing anything else. It actually happens that staring becomes more boring than working, so gradually I pile words onto the document. Compare that to most normal people who perform work in short 10 or 15 minute increments. It takes them 3 hours to do 1 genuine hour of work.

2. Be deliberate, slow, and thoughtful in every task you perform

You should be as focused on performing trivial tasks as important ones because this trains your brain to work at high levels. Otherwise, lazy thinking and poor performance will seep into the tasks that you actually want to perform well at.

I dislike cleaning my apartment, but the energy I put into it is the same as writing this article. I clean slowly and thoroughly, knowing that this is training for other tasks that have more weight in life. Rushing also causes you to make mistakes, often prolonging the task longer than if you did it carefully in the first place. Creating a habit of excellency means you have to do everything excellently, no matter how trivial. Even when I wash dishes by hand, I make sure to do a first-rate job. If anything is worth doing in life, it's worth doing right.

3. Have a readily accessible to-do list that you constantly update

On my laptop I use an old version of Google Desktop that has a To Do List module. It stays on top of my screen so that I can constantly see the tasks that I have to perform. Before I go to bed, I have all the tasks lined up for the next day, so that when I wake up there is no doubt about what I have to do. This list is always within view so that I can never "forget" my work. If there is one thing in life that I voluntarily enslave myself to, it's

this list, because it makes me extremely productive on the projects I want to complete.

4. Schedule more work than you're capable of

The less work I schedule for the next day, the less likely I am able to complete them. When I wake up and see that my list is light, the slacking begins immediately. I know that I have much time to complete everything, so my brain allows me to dick around. Next thing I know it's the end of the day and I haven't finished everything.

On the other hand, when I wake up and see a crushing list of tasks, I get to work immediately, fearful that I may not finish them. Even if I don't finish it all, I may end up doing twice as much work than if I scheduled a light day. Slacking begets slacking, and if you want to get a lot done, simply overwhelm yourself with work. Since you know you don't have a minute to spare, you refuse to take "5 minute breaks" that prolong into hours.

5. Settle your mind before undertaking difficult tasks

In the past I recommended watching episodes of Seinfeld to get ready to chat with girls, since it gets your mind primed for talking. You should also prime your mind for hard tasks. The most reliably way is book reading, which acts as a transfer station for deeper focus. Read a book for 15-30 minutes to calm your mind and then immediately start your one hour block of work. With time you won't need these training wheels. For example, if I now want to approach a girl, I can do it cold without any prior warm-up, but this the result of many years of practice. Use a warm up until you get to that point.

6. In times of stress, write down what is bothering you

Things tend to go wrong simultaneously. You were coasting along fine and then suddenly everything is turning upside down. You feel dread and anxiety, making it difficult to get through the day. Alleviating this is quite simple. Simply grab a piece of paper and make a list of everything that is bothering you. Then for each item write the next possible action you can perform to resolve it. Sometimes this means making a telephone call or simply waiting for a certain date to arrive. Within a day of writing the list, your anxiety will decrease because having concrete steps acts as a balm to anxiety, an emotional state that often arises from helplessness. The list takes away that helplessness and gets you through rough patches.

So these are my six habits that I've learned over the years and which are intertwined into my life. When you are seeing the results of my labor, you are actually seeing the above habits in action. I see no reason why men can't implement them into their lives as well.

Read Next: *Growth Vs. Comfort*

Use Your Boner To Judge The Value Of Women

April 18, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Imagine that you are having sex with two different girls. One is a 5 and the other is a 10. You are not using a condom. Can you objectively say for sure that the strength of your boner is different while thrusting inside them? I would like to think that when fornicating with the 10, blood flow to my genital area is stronger, but if we had a delicate instrument that could measure this, I suspect that the readings would be identical. In other words, a boner is a boner, an all or nothing event. Unless you restrict bloodflow with condoms or alcohol, your body will proceed at 100% power. If your body thinks a girl is sex worthy, it's going to give you a standard boner.

Just because you got the boner with a 5, does that mean she is just as beautiful as the 10? Your body found her worthy of sex, so isn't a sort of "equality" established? During the sex act, there is equality. When I'm pumping away in a dim room, with a girl's face buried in my pillow, I don't have conscious thought of her value. As long as the boner was achieved, all signals are go and my orgasm will be equal assuming the situations that led to sex in both cases were close to identical.

Therefore you can't measure the objective value of a girl during sex. However, the story changes after sex. Once both girls leave my apartment, thoughts of the 10 will cause erections while I'm in the shower, when I lay in bed, when I'm reading the Bible, and so on. Thoughts of the 5 will not cause much in the way of post-coital erections, unless she was superior in bed. It is possible that porn star sex with a 5 will give me more post-coital erections than awful sex with a 10, but that doesn't mean the 5′s value is higher as a long-term partner. Boners after sex measure more a girl's sexual value instead of her overall value. This is a dead-end in finding an objective measurement.

When I'm on a first date with a girl, and the conversation escalates to touching, I often achieve a boner. This is *before* I kiss her (a kiss is a boner-creating event). I can be sitting beside a girl, innocently touching her arm, and then feel my penis growing without conscious sexual thoughts. Through experience, I have found that the strength of these pre-coital, pre-kiss boners are an accurate judge to a girl's overall value that determines our compatibility. The reason is that the boner is not only based on her appearance, but our overall chemistry.

It's no surprise that I have achieved stronger pre-kiss boners with girls who are less objectively attractive than others. In fact we would expect this, because the hottest girl you ever date will unlikely also be the one you are most compatible with. It turns out that the pre-kiss boner accounts not just for a static image of the girl, but her body language, her demeanor, her attitude, her gaze, her scent, the feel of her skin, and all other characteristics that could be possibly judged by a man. Pre-kiss boners are also free of the sexual bias of post-coital boners. It accounts for her overall worth to you as a emotional partner.

In other words, the best way to judge a woman's value is to take the time you have a pre-

kiss boner in her presence and divide it by the overall time you spend with her. This ratio will now serve as a metric for evaluating all the women you encounter in life.

It would be easy to do this if you had dates that were identical. If you went on a date every Monday at 8pm in the same place with the same level of horniness, you could easily compare boners from one date to the next. But this never happens. Instead, you must get a general feel of your pre-kiss boners instead. Here are three examples:

- I insta-dated a girl to the coffee shop and quickly feel a warmth and passion coming from her. I'm getting a boner without even touching her. I should now pursue her with full vigor.
- I'm two drinks into a night date with a girl. My boner has not made an appearance, even though the girl is quite pretty. I will put out a hail mary invite to my apartment, and if she refuses, move on without going for a second date.
- I'm walking down the street when I see a girl pass by in the opposite direction. I let her pass and then watch her from behind. My boner develops instantly. I chase her down and approach.

Absolutely do not trust your conscious self-evaluations of a girl. They are unreliable and full of bias. Ignore all other opinions about her that are given by your friends or relatives, because they don't understand your boner (they've probably never even seen it). Trust your boner instead because it won't lie to you. Your pre-kiss boner is the most objective indicator of a woman's value that you have, and all you need to do is be aware of any bulge that develops in your pants when engaged in conversation with a woman. Men would make far better decisions about the women in their lives if they simply respected the opinion of their boner above everything else.

Read Next: *It's The Boner, Stupid*

We Are All Sisyphus

April 21, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I arrived in a new city and had to start my game efforts from scratch. I went to clubs, cafes, malls, and the town square to meet women. I commited at least one hour a day to this task. Within three weeks, I had sex with two women, but I do not greatly enjoy their company, so I threw them back into the sea. Finally, after another week of labor, I made a catch that I wanted to keep. We had a handful of nice dates, but then it ended, partly due to reasons out of my control. I was still fatigued from my month of strenuous effort, but I had no choice but to run back onto the field. After a short break, I labored again for three weeks, approaching every day, until I succeeded on a girl who in the end was not worth keeping. Then I made a better conquest on a girl I wanted to keep. Finally I could relax! But only a short time, because soon I will have to start over from nothing, approaching for days or weeks until finding what I want.

I sat in front of my computer to write an article. I stared at the blinking cursor on the screen, waiting for my mind to arrange words in a way that people can understand and enjoy. After one hour, two hours, maybe three hours of work, I constructed something I wanted my name attached to. I published it and it was received well. I was commended for my ideas, and then a couple weeks later, the article was forgotten, just another entry on the internet blog heap, and I must start over again with a new idea, a new article, and hope that it's received just as well.

Sisyphus was condemned by the gods to roll a large boulder up a hill, only to have it fall back down again, a futile task he had to repeat for all eternity. It has been said that this is the worst punishment that can be given to man, but we all have been given the exact same punishment. Sisyphus is a reflection of human existence, the neverending labor we must expend, the repetition of our lives.

> I see [Sisyphus] going back down with a heavy yet measured step toward the torment of which he will never know the end. That hour like a breathing-space which returns as surely as his suffering, that is the hour of consciousness. At each of those moments when he leaves the heights and gradually sinks toward the lairs of the gods, he is superior to his fate. He is stronger than his rock.

Sisyphus is indeed the happiest man in the world because he has purpose. He suffers no malaise or existential crisis, and every time he pushes his rock to the top of the mountain I imagine he experiences the purest form of happiness. After this moment, he walks back down the mountain, mentally preparing for another run, and then repeats the same task until experiencing his whirl of happiness yet again. If you want to find a happy man, find a man pushing a rock, one that will eternally roll back down the hill, his enjoyment spaced out in just far enough doses so that he does not numb himself to the pleasure. The pitiful man is one who lacks a rock, who sits at the bottom of the hill, idle, bored, empty, watching Sisyphus' labor, wondering what he can do with his eternity of time.

> At that subtle moment when man glances backward over his life, Sisyphus returning toward his rock, in that silent pivoting he contemplates that series of unrelated actions which becomes his fate, created by him, combined under his memory’s eye and soon sealed by his death.

The two, three, or four weeks I spend looking for my ideal girl is me pushing up the rock, and then—success! I am at the top of the mountain and I enjoy the break that comes from the fruit of my labor, but sure enough this break will end. She will leave me or I will leave her, and I must trudge back down the hill to the resting point of my rock, and begin the exact same process, again and again, until my mortality asserts itself. I do not mind my rock, because I look at men who don’t have one, and pity them for the emptiness that they can never seem to fill.

> The struggle itself toward the heights is enough to fill a man’s heart. One must imagine Sisyphus happy.

I can’t say I enjoy pushing a big rock up the mountain, but I’ve done it so many times, and I’ve become so used to the reward of making it to the top, that I don’t know how I could live without it. In a world void of spirituality, void of real meaning, the best thing we can do is find a mountain and a gigantic rock. The brief moment of happiness we experience at the top of the mountain is more than enough to make our lives worth living.

Read Next: *The Paradox Of Success*

Thoughts On Being An Excellent Man

April 23, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I recently had a conversation with my college-bound brother that I'd like to duplicate here.

Little Brother: I don't know what's wrong with me, but I feel so lazy. I just don't want to do anything.

Roosh: Can you give me an example of when you were recently lazy?

LB: I went to the gym the other day, and when I arrived, I just didn't want to lift. So I worked out very slowly and talked to the guys instead.

R: This is a common problem, because lifting is hard. Your body wants to conserve its energy so it decides that the better option is just to do nothing. Let me ask you something: what makes an excellent man?

LB: Motivation.

R: Motivation to do what?

LB: To do the work.

R: Remember a while back we had a conversation about the unit of one hour, where you can break down the greatness or accomplishments of a man in one-hour increments?

LB: I remember.

R: When you look at an athlete, you see a man with a strong body who has the right skills to do his sport. But what you don't see is the hours of work he put behind it. When you see a successful businessman, you see the big company he built up and maybe his fancy car, but you don't see the hundreds of hours he worked to build up the business. I'm learning Russian now, and have gotten compliments on it, but the people who compliment me do not see my daily struggle with it, the hours I put in every day just to learn a few new words. Any kind of excellency or greatness you see in other men comes down to the work they put in. Therefore, excellency is work. Can you see that?

LB: Yes.

R: Now when you were at the gym, and you decided not to work, would you say that was the decision of a normal man or an excellent man?

LB: Normal man.

R: Correct, a normal man will take the path of least resistance that does not involve work. What percentage of the population would you say is normal?

LB: Most.

R: I would say 99.5% of the population is normal, maybe even higher. They are sheep who follow, who prefer to stay in the herd, who like being told what to do to spare them the expense of thinking or taking risks, who seek entertainment over work, who are not in control of their emotions, and who lack willpower. They want glory and riches from not

putting in effort, from not going above and beyond what they were told to do by their teacher, parents, or boss. They do the bare minimum in life and so they have a normal life that all the other people have. They have their iPhone, their entertainment, they surf the internet all day to feel some emotional pleasure, and they go to the club on the weekends to get drunk and maybe get laid. This is the life of a sheep.

LB: Is that bad? Is it bad to be normal?

R: It's not bad. There is nothing wrong with being a sheep, and most people don't have the genetic constitution to be anything else, but it's not what I wanted to be. When I was faced with forks in the road, one leading back to the herd and one leading into the unknown, often involving much risk, almost every time I've picked the road that took me away from the herd. I'm not saying I'm an excellent man right now, but I want to *be* an excellent man, so I must do the work that it takes to be one, one hour at a time, one workout at a time, one Russian word at a time. This means avoiding comfort, luxury, entertainment, and mindless distraction. This means straining my mind and body, because as you know, your muscles only get bigger when you lift to your limit. If in my studies or work my brain is not tired, I did not work hard enough.

LB: But I don't have the motivation. Like at the gym, it's so much easier when I have a friend to push me to work out. And now I'm busy with school. If I didn't have school, I would have the energy to do all these things.

R: Remember when you visited me in Odessa last year? I had to drag you every day just to go to boxing training. You didn't have school or any other responsibilities, but you still didn't want to do it. Is it possible you are using school as an excuse?

LB: It's possible.

R: There is often something in life that keeps you busy, such as school or work obligations, but in spite of that, you must have the desire within you to fight off the fatigue and laziness to make that decision to be an excellent man. What you're looking for is external motivation, something in your environment that will push you to do something that you should do. But external motivation is fleeting. One day it's present and the next day it's not. You can go to the best motivational seminar in the world, and pay thousands of dollars to do so, like many adults do, but after two weeks you'll be lazy again and revert to your old habits. You'll work out when your friend is present, but how about if he moves to a new town? Then you won't work out anymore? External motivation is only temporary, like getting energy from a cup of coffee. Only internal motivation to be excellent will push you to do the work every day, every week, every month, every year. You will not need any external motivation if you know that you want to be an excellent man, but if you don't choose excellency, you will be like a sailboat with no sail, no direction, allowing everything in your environment to whip you this way or that. Sometimes you'll be motivated and sometimes you won't, sometimes you'll do the work and sometimes you won't.

LB: But it is helpful when my friend calls me to go to the gym. I work out harder.

R: I believe it, but let's view things from your friend's perspective. He is internally

motivated to be strong and fit, so he goes to the gym alone, but here you come, a friend who admits he's lazy and needs his encouragement and motivation. He's giving you a finite resource, his energy, to help you out. In other words, you are holding him down! If I was his brother, I'd say, "Hey man, your friend is a bum, he doesn't want to work. Find friends who have internal motivation, who lift you up." Can you see that?

LB: I didn't think of that way.

R: Look, you're not a bad kid, but those who are not internally motivated drag down those who are. If someone wants, I can be their motivation coach, but I should get paid for that, because it takes away my energy and time and prevents me from doing other work. I've known guys who just want to socialize, who aren't hard workers, and don't mind disturbing my work in order to just hang out. I don't mind hanging out every now and then, but they don't care if I don't finish my new book or my language studies. So I have to say no to those guys, and spend time only with those who are as internally motivated as myself to be excellent.

LB: How do I become internally motivated?

R: Do you want to be an excellent man? If you want to be a normal sheep, then keep doing what you're doing. There is nothing wrong with it, and my love for you as a brother would not change, but you will have a standard issue life—neither extraordinary nor horrible—if you continue to choose comfort and laziness over work. When you're faced with two options where one involves work and discomfort and the other involves comfort and relaxation, you are making the choice between being excellent and being a sheep. When you decided at the gym the other day not to work out hard, what decision did you make?

LB: To be a sheep.

R: Right. It was the easy decision for you, because being a sheep is easy and being excellent is hard, but I can not make you excellent because being excellent is a personal decision. Understand that excellency is not one big event or one lucky break, but hundreds of tiny decisions. Being excellent is your daily habits, the extra one or two hours of work you put in every day, that when accumulated over many years, makes you excellent. The books I've written come from only one or two hours of focus a day. I've built a living doing this over the past several years, and it has given me my freedom and independence to live anywhere in the world, but it was difficult to do these two hours of work a day. One hour of extra work a day is just too much for 99.5% of people, so they will not do it, because they never made the choice to be excellent. Why would they choose work over entertainment if they didn't choose to be an excellent man? Excellency is not flashy or exciting—it's the tedious, boring, and hard work you do every day. Three workouts a week over many years will make you a strong man. One hour of hard reading a day will strengthen your mind. One hour of your own work can be the start of a business. Do you see how that works?

LB: I do.

R: You're still young, so I'm not saying don't have fun with your friends or don't play video

games, but just keep in mind what it takes to be excellent. If there isn't an excellent seed within you right now that is begging for water and soil, then it's possible you are destined to be a sheep. But if there is that seed, it's my job as a big brother to tell you how much water it needs and what kind of soil it needs to grow. Long ago I looked into the mirror and decided that I wanted to be an excellent man, so every day I put in the work, because like I said before, excellency *is* work. If you also want to be excellent, you now know what it takes. The only thing that can stop you is yourself.

Read Next: *How To Be A Great Man*

Washington DC Meetup: April 30, 2014

April 25, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

When I operated DCBachelor.com, approximately 50% of my readers were from the DC area. Now, it's about 3%. The city is slowly slipping out of the top 10. Here's the current ranking:

1. New York
2. Toronto
3. London
4. Los Angeles
5. Sydney
6. Chicago
7. Melbourne
8. Montreal
9. Washington DC
10. San Francisco

Two *Australian* cities are beating out my birthplace! In spite of that, I have received many emails and comments from guys still stuck in DC, so I figure it's a good idea to arrange a meetup to exchange war stories and sympathy tears.

When: Wednesday, April 30 from 8-11pm

Where: Location will be announced on my Twitter and Facebook feeds at 5pm EST on the day of the meetup. The neighborhood will be U Street.

Secret Handshake: "Do you know if there's a pet shop around here?" If the man answers in the affirmative, or doesn't look at you like you're into bestiality, he's one of us.

FAQ:

"Why are you doing this on a weekday? I'd come if it was a weekend." There were too many people last time. I like being able to have more intimate conversations instead of two-minute superficial chats. By scheduling it on a Wednesday and only giving five days advance notice, I want to limit the size.

"Will this be a sausage fest?" Yes. Come to meet your fellow man, not to get laid. In other words, line up a porn clip for later masturbation before heading out to the meetup.

Picture from the last meetup:

“Can I buy you a drink?” I appreciate the gesture, but please don’t. For such an event I have to maintain my mental faculties at the highest level of sobriety for the philosophical and metaphysical conversations that are likely to take place.

“I’m a non-obese girl, can I come?” Sure, but you must fornicate with at least one male attendee. It is absolutely unacceptable for you to attend if you just want to receive male attention or validation. Unless you are definitely trying to get the pipe that night from the man—or men—you are most attracted to, don’t even bother.

Cultural Collapse Theory

April 28, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

(To download the PDF edition of this article, click here.)

It was Joe's first date with Mary. He asked her what she wanted in life and she replied, "I want to establish my career. That's the most important thing to me right now." Undeterred that she had no need for a man in her life, Joe entertained her with enough funny stories and cocky statements that she soon allowed him to lightly pet her forearm.

At the end of the date, he locked arms with her on the walk to the subway station, when two Middle Eastern men on scooter patrol accosted them and said they were forbidden to touch. "This is Sharia zone," they said in heavily accented English, in front of a Halal butcher shop. Joe and Mary felt bad that they offended the two men, because they were trained in school to respect all religions but that of their ancestors. One of the first things they learned was that their white skin gave them extra privilege in life which must be consciously restrained at all times. Even if they happened to disagree with the two men, they could not verbally object because of anti-hate laws that would put them in jail for religious discrimination. They unlocked arms and maintained a distance of three feet from each other.

Unfortunately for Joe, Mary did not want to go out with him again, but seven years later he did receive a message from her on Facebook saying hello. She became vice president of a company, but could not find a man equal to her station since women now made 25% more than men on average. Joe had long left the country and moved to Thailand, where he married a young Thai girl and had three children. He had no plans on returning to his country, America.

If cultural collapse occurs in the way I will now describe, the above scenario will be the rule within a few decades. The Western world is being colonized in reverse, not by weapons or hard power, but through a combination of progressivism and low reproductive rates. These two factors will lead to a complete cultural collapse of many Western nations within the next 200 years. This theory will show the most likely mechanism that it will proceed in America, Canada, UK, Scandinavia, and Western Europe.

What Is A Cultural Collapse?

Cultural collapse is the decline, decay, or disappearance of a native population's rituals, habits, interpersonal communication, relationships, art, and language. It coincides with a relative decline of population compared to outside groups. National identity and group identification will be lost while revisionist history will be applied to demonize or find fault with the native population. Cultural collapse is not to be confused with economic or state collapse. A nation that suffers from a cultural collapse can still be economically productive and have a working government.

First I will share a brief summary of the cultural collapse progression before explaining

them in more detail. Then I will discuss where I see many countries along its path.

The Cultural Collapse Progression

1. Removal of religious narrative from people's lives, replaced by a treadmill of scientific and technological "progress."

2. Elimination of traditional sex roles through feminism, gender equality, political correctness, cultural Marxism, and socialism.

3. Delay or abstainment of family formation by women to pursue careerist lifestyles while men wait in confused limbo.

4. Decreasing birth rate among native population.

5. Government enactment of open immigration policies to prevent economic collapse.

6. Immigrant refusal to fully acclimate, forcing host culture to adopt external rituals and beliefs while being out-reproduced.

7. Natives becoming marginalized in their own country.

1. Removal of religious narrative

Religion has been a powerful restraint for millennia in preventing humans from pursuing their base desires and narcissistic tendencies so that they satisfy a god. Family formation is the central unit of most religions, possibly because children increase membership at zero marginal cost to the church (i.e. they don't need to be recruited).

Religion may promote scientific ignorance, but it facilitates reproduction by giving people a narrative that places family near the center of their existence.[1] [2] [3] After the Enlightenment, the rapid advance of science and its logical but nihilistic explanations into the universe have removed the religious narrative and replaced it with an empty narrative of scientific progress, knowledge, and technology, which act as a restraint and hindrance to family formation, allowing people to pursue individual goals of wealth accumulation or hedonistic pleasure seeking.[4] As of now, there has not been a single non-religious population that has been able to reproduce above the death rate.[5]

Even though many people today claim to believe in god, they may not step inside a church but once or twice a year for special holidays. Religion went from being a lifestyle, a manual for living, to something that is thought about in passing.

2. Elimination of traditional sex roles

Once religion no longer plays a role in people's lives, the stage is set to fracture male-female bonding. It is collectively attacked by several ideologies stemming from the beliefs of Cultural Marxist theory, which serve to accomplish one common end: destruction of the family unit so that citizens are dependent on the state. They achieve this goal through the marginalization of men and their role in society under the banner of "equality."[6] With feminism pushed to the forefront of this umbrella movement, the drive

for equality ends up being a power grab by women.[7] This attack is performed on a range of fronts:

- medicating boys from a young age with ADHD drugs to eradicate displays of masculinity[8]
- shaming of men for having direct sexual interest in attractive and fertile women
- criminalization of normal male behavior by redefining some instances of consensual sex as rape[9]
- imprisonment of unemployed fathers for non-payment of child support, rendering them destitute and unable to be a part of their children's lives[10]
- taxation of men at higher rates for redistribution to women[11] [12]
- promotion of single mother and homosexual lifestyles over that of the nuclear family[13] [14]

The end result is that men, confused about their identify and averse to state punishment from sexual harassment, "date rape," and divorce proceedings, make a rational decision to wait on the sidelines.[15] Women, still not happy with the increased power given to them, continue their assault on men by instructing them to "man up" into what has become an unfair deal—marriage. The elevation of women above men is allowed by corporations, which adopt "girl power" marketing to expand their consumer base and increase profits.[16] [17] Governments also allow it because it increases their tax revenue. Because there is money to be made with women working and becoming consumers, there is no effort by the elite to halt this development.

3. Women begin to place career above family

At the same time men are emasculated as mere "sperm donors," women are encouraged to adopt the career goals, mannerisms, and competitive lifestyles of men, inevitably causing them to delay marriage, often into an age where they can no longer find suitable husbands who have more resources than themselves. [18] [19] [20] [21] The average woman will find it exceedingly difficult to balance career and family, and since she has no concern of getting "fired" from her family, who she may see as a hindrance to her career goals, she will devote an increasing proportion of time into her job.

Female income, in aggregate, will soon match or exceed that of men.[22] [23] [24] A key reason that women historically got married was to be economically provided for, but this reason will no longer persist and women will feel less pressure or motivation to marry. The burgeoning spinster population will simply be a money-making opportunity for corporations to market to an increasing population of lonely women. Cat and small dog sales will rise.

Women succumb to their primal sexual and materialistic urges to live the "Sex and the City" lifestyle full of fine dining, casual sex, technological bliss, and general gluttony without learning traditional household skills or feminine qualities that would make them attractive wives.[25] [26] Men adapt to careerist women in a rational way by doing the

following:

- to sate their natural sexual desires, men allow their income to lower since economic stability no longer provides a draw to women in their prime[27]
- they mimic “alpha male” social behavior to get laid with women who, without having an urgent need for a man’s monetary resources to survive, can choose men based on confidence, aesthetics, and general entertainment value[28]
- they withdraw into a world of video games and the internet, satisfying their own base desires for play and simulated hunting[29] [30]

Careerist women who decide to marry will do so in a hurried rush around 30 because they fear growing old alone, but since they are well past their fertility peak[31], they may find it difficult to reproduce. In the event of successful reproduction at such a later age, fewer children can be born before biological infertility, limiting family size compared to the historical past.

4. Birth rates decrease among native population

The stage is now set for the death rate to outstrip the birth rate. This creates a demographic cliff where there is a growing population of non-working elderly relative to able-bodied younger workers. Two problems result:

- Not enough tax revenue is supplied by the working population in order to provide for the elderly’s medical and social retirement needs.[32] Borrowing can only temporarily maintain these entitlements.
- Decrease of economic activity since more people are dying than buying.[33]

No modern nation has figured out how to substantially raise birth rates among native populations. The most successful effort has been done in France, but that has still kept the birth rate among French-born women just under the replacement rate (2.08 vs 2.1).[34] The easiest and fastest way to solve this double-edged problem is to promote mass immigration of non-elderly individuals who will work, spend, and procreate at rates greater than natives.[35]

A replenishing supply of births are necessary to create taxpayers, workers, entrepreneurs, and consumers in order to maintain the nation’s economic development.[36] While many claim that the planet is suffering from “overpopulation,” an economic collapse is inevitable for those countries who do not increase their population at steady rates.

5. Large influx of immigration

An aging population without youthful refilling will cause a scarcity of labor, increasing that labor’s price. Corporate elites will now lobby governments for immigration reform to relieve this upward pressure on wages.[37] [38] At the same time, the modern mantra of

sustained GDP growth puts pressure on politicians for dissemination of favorable economic growth data to aid in their re-elections. The simplest way to increase GDP without innovation or development of industry is to expand the population. Both corporate and political elites now have their goals in alignment where the easiest solution becomes immigration.[39] [40]

While politicians hem and haw about designing permanent immigration policies, immigrants continue to settle within the nation.[41] The national birth rate problem is essentially solved overnight, as it's much easier to drain third-world nations of its starry-eyed population with enticements of living in the first-world than it is to encourage the native women to reproduce. (Lateral immigration from one first-world nation to another is so relatively insignificant that the niche term 'expatriation' has been developed to describe it). Native women will show a stubborn resistance at any suggestion they should create families, much preferring a relatively responsibility-free lifestyle of sexual variety, casual internet dating via mobile apps, consumer excess, and comfortable high-paying jobs in air conditioned offices.[42] [43]

Immigrants will almost always come from societies that are more religious and, in the case of Islam with regard to European immigration, far more scientifically primitive and rigid in its customs.[44]

6. Sanitization of host culture coincides with increase in immigrant power

While many adult immigrants will feel gracious at the opportunity to live in a more prosperous nation, others will soon feel resentment that they are forced to work menial jobs in a country that is far more expensive than their own.[45] [46] [47] [48] [49] The majority of them remain in lower economic classes, living in poor "immigrant communities" where they can speak their own language, find their own homeland foods, and follow their own customs or religion.

Instead of breaking out of their foreigner communities, immigrants seek to expand it by organizing. They form local groups and civic organizations to teach natives better ways to understand and serve immigrant populations. They will be eager to publicize cases where immigrants have been insulted by insensitive natives or treated unfairly by police authorities in the case of petty crime.[50] [51] [52] [53] [54] [55] School curriculums may be changed to promote diversity or multiculturalism, at great expense to the native culture.[56] Concessions will be made not to offend immigrants.[57] A continual stream of outrages will be found and this will feed the power of the organizations and create a state within a state where native elites become fearful of applying laws to immigrants.[58]

7. Destruction of native culture

This step has not yet happened in any first-world nation, so I will predict it based on logically extending known events I have already described.

Local elites will give lip service to immigrant groups for votes but will be slow to give

them real state or economic power. Citizenship rules may even be tightened to prevent immigrants from being elected. The elites will be mostly insulated from the cultural crises in their isolated communities, private schools, and social clubs, where they can continue to incubate their own sub-culture without outside influence. At the same time, they will make speeches and enact polices to force native citizens to accept multiculturalism and blind immigration. Anti-hate and anti-discrimination laws will be more vigorously enforced than other more serious crimes. Police will monitor social networking to identify those who make statements against protected classes.

Cultural decline begins in earnest when the natives feel shame or guilt for who they are, their history, their way of life, and where their ancestors came from. They will let immigrant groups criticize their customs without protest, or they simply embrace immigrant customs instead with religious conversion and interethnic marriages. Nationalistic pride will be condemned as a "far-right" phenomenon and popular nationalistic politicians will be compared to Hitler. Natives learn the art of self-censorship, limiting the range of their speech and expressions, and soon only the elderly can speak the truths of the cultural decline while a younger multiculturalist within earshot attributes such frankness to senility or racist nostalgia.

With the already entrenched environment of political correctness (see stage 2), the local culture becomes a sort of "world" culture that can be declared tolerant and progressive as long as there is a lack of criticism against immigrants, multiculturalism, and their combined influence. All cultural identity will eventually be lost, and to be "American" or "British," for example, will no longer have modern meaning from a sociological perspective. Native traditions will be eradicated and a cultural mixing will take place where citizens from one world nation will be nearly identical in behavior, thought, and consumer tastes to citizens of another. Once a collapse occurs, it cannot be reversed. The nation's cultural heritage will be forever lost.

I want to now take a brief look at six different countries and see where they are along the cultural collapse progression…

Russia

This is an interesting case because, up to recently, we saw very low birth rates not due to progressive ideals but from a rough transition to capitalism in the 1990's and a high male mortality from alcoholism.[59] [60] To help sustain its population, Russia is readily accepting immigrants from Central Asian regions, treating them like second-class citizens and refusing to make any accommodations away from the ethnic Russian way of life. Even police authorities turn a blind eye when local skinhead groups attack immigrants.[61] In addition, Russia has also shown no tolerance to homosexual or progressive groups,[62] stunting their negative effects upon the culture. The birth rate has risen in recent years to levels seen in Western Europe but it's still not above the death rate. Russia will see a population collapse before a cultural one.

Likelihood of 50-year cultural collapse: Very low

Brazil

We're seeing rapid movement through stages 2 and 3, where progressive ideology based on the American model is becoming adopted and a large poor population ensure progressive politicians will continue to remain in power with promises of economic redistribution.[63] [64] [65] Within 15 years we should see a sharp drop in birth rates and a relaxation of immigration laws.

Likelihood of 50-year cultural collapse: Moderate

America

Some could argue that America is currently experiencing a cultural collapse. It always had a fragile culture because of its immigrant foundings, but immigrants of the past (including my own parents) rapidly acclimated into the host culture to create a sense of national pride around an ethic of hard work and shared democratic values. This is being eroded as a fem-centric culture rises in its place, with its focus on trends, celebrities, homosexuality, multiculturalism, and male-bashing. Natives have become pleasure seekers with little inclination to reproduction during their years of peak fertility.[66]

Likelihood of 50-year cultural collapse: Very high

England

While America always had high amounts of immigration, and therefore a system of integration, England is newer to the game. In the past 20 years, they have massively ramped up their immigration efforts.[67] A visit to London will confirm that the native British are slowly becoming minorities, with their iconic red telephone booths left undisturbed purely for tourist photo opportunities. Approximately 5% of the English population is now Muslim.[68] Instead of acclimatizing, they are achieving early success in creating zones with Sharia law.[69] The English elite, in response, is jailing natives under stringent anti-race laws.[70] England had a highly successful immigration story with Polish immigrants who eagerly acclimated to English culture, but have opened the doors to other peoples who don't want to integrate.[71]

Likelihood of 50-year cultural collapse: Very high

Sweden

Sweden is experiencing a similar immigration situation to England, but they possess a higher amount of self-shame and white guilt. Instead of allowing immigrants who could work in the Swedish economy, they are encouraging migration of asylum seekers who have been made destitute by war. These immigrants enter Sweden and immediately receive social benefits. In effect, Sweden is welcoming the least economically productive people in the world.[72] The immigrants will produce little or no economic benefit, and may even worsen Sweden's economy. Immigrants are turning some parts of Sweden,

such as the Rosengard area of Malmo, into a ghetto.[73]

Likelihood of 50-year cultural collapse: Very high

Poland

From my one and half years of living in Poland, I have seen a moderate level of progressive ideological creep, careerism among women, hedonism, and idolation of Western values, particularly out of England, where a large percentage of the Polish population have emigrated for work. Younger Poles may not act much different from their Western counterparts in their party lifestyle behavior, but there nonetheless remains a tenuous maintenance of traditional sex roles. Women of fertile age are pursuing relationships over one-night stands, but careerism is causing them to stall family formation. This puts a downward pressure on birth rates, which stems from significant numbers of fertile young women emigrating to countries like the UK and USA, along with continued economic uncertainties faced from transitioning to capitalism[74]. As Europe's "least multicultural" nation, Poland has long been hesitant to accept immigrants, but this has recently changed and they are encouraging migrants.[75] To its credit, it is seeking first-world entrepreneurs instead of low skilled laborers or asylum seekers. Its cultural fate will be an interesting development in the years to come, but the prognosis will be more negative as long as its young people are eager to leave the homeland.

Likelihood of 50-year cultural collapse: Possible

Poland and Russia show the limitations of Cultural Collapse Theory in that it best applies to first-world nations with highly developed economies. They have low birth rates but not through the mechanism I described, though if they adopt a more Western ideological track like Brazil, I expect to see the same outcome that is befalling England or Sweden.

There can be many paths to cultural destruction, and those nations with the most similarities will gravitate towards the same path, just like how Eastern European nations are suffering low birth rates because of mass emigration due to being introduced into the European Union.

How To Stop Cultural Collapse

Maintaining native birth rates while preventing the elite from allowing immigrant labor is the most effective means at preventing cultural collapse. Since multiculturalism is an experiment with no proven efficacy, a culture can only be maintained by a relatively homogenous group who identify with each other. When that homogeneity breaks down and one citizen looks to the next and does not see a person with the same values as himself, the culture falls in dis-repair as native citizens begin to lose a shared means of communication and identity. Once the percentage of the immigrant population crosses a certain threshold (perhaps 15%), the decline will pick up in pace and cultural breakdown will be readily apparent to all observers.

Current policies to solve low birth rates through immigration is a short-term fix with dire

long-term consequences. In effect, it's a Trojan-horse prescription of irreversible cultural destruction. A state must prevent itself from entering the position where mass immigration is considered a solution by blocking progressive ideologies from taking hold. One way this can be done is through the promotion of a state-sponsored religion which encourages the nuclear family instead of single motherhood and homosexuality. However, introducing religion as a mainstay of citizen life in the post-enlightenment era may be impossible.

We must consider that the scientific era is an evolutionary maladaptive feature of humanity that natural selection will accordingly punish (i.e. those who are anti-religious and pro-science will simply breed less). It must also be considered that with religion in permanent decline, cultural collapse may be a certainty that eventually occurs in all developed nations. Religion, it may turn out, was evolutionary beneficial to the human race.

Another possible solution is to foster a patriarchal society where men serve as strong providers. If you encourage the development of successful men who possess indispensable skills and therefore resources that are lacked by females, there will be women below their station who want to marry and procreate with them, but if strong women are produced instead, marriage and procreation is unlikely to take place at levels above the death rate.

A gap between the sexes should always exist in the favor of men if procreation is to occur at high rates, or else you'll have something similar to the situation in America where urban professional women cannot find "good men" to begin a family with (i.e., men who are significantly more financially successful than them). They instead remain single and barren, only used occasionally by cads for exciting casual sex.

One issue that I purposefully ignored is the effect of technology and consumerism on lowering birth rates. How much influence does video games, internet, and smartphones contribute to a birth decline? How much of an effect does Western-style consumerism have in delaying marriage? I suspect they have more of an amplification effect than being an outright cause. If a country is proceeding through the cultural collapse model, technology will simply hurry the collapse, but giving internet access to a traditionally religious group of people may not cause them to flip overnight. Research will have to be done in these areas to say for sure.

Conclusion

The first iteration of any theory is sure to create as many questions as answers, but I hope that by proposing this model, it becomes more clear why some cultures seem so quick to degrade while others display a sort of immunity. Some countries may be too far down the wrong path to be saved, but I hope the information presented gives concerned readers ideas on protecting their own culture by allowing them to connect how progressive ideologies that may seem innocent or benign on the surface can eventually lead to an outright collapse of their nation's culture.

[1] Religion linked to stronger family relationships, new research shows

[2] Religion and family formation

[3] Teen birth rates higher in highly religious states

[4] "Building A Bridge To The 18th Century" by Neil Postman

[5] Religion and fertility in the USA

[6] Cultural Marxism: The corruption of America

[7] The end game of feminism

[8] Over 20% of young boys labeled with ADHD

[9] Say hello to the new definition of rape

[10] Jailing dads who can't pay

[11] Obamacare is a bachelor tax that will fail

[12] When Obamacare takes effect, young healthy men will be hurt

[13] In defense of single motherhood

[14] Huffington Post on Single Mothers

[15] Why does America have so many Peter Pan men?

[16] Special K: Fight fat talk

[17] The Dove Campaign for real beauty

[18] Nice Girls Don't Get the Corner Office: 101 Unconscious Mistakes Women Make That Sabotage Their Careers

[19] Play Like a Man, Win Like a Woman: What Men Know About Success that Women Need to Learn

[20] Many more women delay childbirth into 40s due to career restraints

[21] UK women having babies later than ever before

[22] U.S. women on the rise as family breadwinner

[23] Young women's pay exceeds male peers'

[24] Income gap closing: women on pace to outearn men

[25] Sex and the City drinking culture blamed for marriage breakdowns

[26] The lonely legacy of my Sex and the City lifestyle

[27] The great jobs mystery: why are so many men dropping out of the workforce?

[28] America's sexual hierarchy favors alpha males more than ever

[29] Video game addiction and other Internet compulsive disorders mask depression, anxiety, learning disabilities

[30] Addiction? Video games crowded out man's life

[31] Age and female fertility

[32] Falling fertility rates pose threats to government revenues

[33] The worldwide demographic cliff

[34] The demographic cliff

[35] Solving America's demographic problem is only hard if you rule out immigration

[36] More babies, please

[37] Fwd.us – Facebook founder Mark Zuckerburg's immigrant reform group

[38] Soros & fellow billionaires for open borders lobby GOP on amnesty

[39] Obama administration to stop deporting some young illegal immigrants

[40] White House immigration plan offers path to residency

[41] Numbers of illegal immigrants may be on the rise again, estimates say

[42] Women who choose to remain childless have lots of money, hardly a care in the world

[43] Lean In: Women, Work, and the Will to Lead

[44] Europe's shifting immigration dynamic

[45] Generations of exclusion: Mexican Americans, assimilation, and race

[46] Ghettos shackle French Muslims

[47] Europe's angry Muslims

[48] Falling behind or moving up? The intergeneration progress of Mexican Americans

[49] Sweden shaken as riots continue in immigrant suburbs

[50] Thousands join pro-Islam protest

[51] Islamic organizations based in the United Kingdom

[52] British Islamists: Islam will dominate France

[53] The Muslim Brotherhood's conquest of Europe

[54] Arizona immigration protesters block court proceedings

[55] National Council of La Raza

[56] Common Core standards 'educate' 4th-graders about 'white privilege'

[57] Hamburg, Germany makes major concessions with its Muslim community

[58] Another no-go area in Londonistan

[59] Averting a demographic nightmare in Russia and Eastern Europe

[60] Putin vows to halt Russia's immigration plunge

[61] Neo-nationalist violence targets Central Asians in Russia

[62] Russian anti-gay bill passes

[63] Brazilian feminists to dress like lewd nuns to protest pope visit

[64] Rio holds 'biggest ever' collective gay marriage ceremony

[65] Brazil judicial decision paves way for gay marriage

[66] U.S. birthrate falls to lowest on record

[67] Immigration to the UK

[68] Will Britain have a Muslim majority by 2050?

[69] Britain’s first Sharia Law zone

[70] Nearly 70,000 Britons convicted of hate crimes over six-year period

[71] Why Poles love coming to Britain

[72] Swedish multiculturalism goes awry

[73] Muslim refugees and the cost of Sweden’s kindness

[74] Concern over Poland’s low fertility rate

[75] Economic success makes Poland destination for immigrants

You Are The Last 3 Women You've Slept With

April 30, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

If you're seeking a measurement of who you are and where you are in life, simply look at the last three girls you made love to. If they were lined up before me, I would know your tastes, your game, your capabilities, and your environment. They are a strong indication of your value, though of course not the sole determinant.

The last three doesn't lie. These are you most recent conquests that will immediately make apparent any self-delusion or ego that you may have been fooling yourself with. If the last three are below-average, the product of drunken nights out or lazy copy-and-paste internet game, you have no one to look at but yourself. If your last three were low quality but the result of hard labor, of hours spent approaching day and night in different venues, from trying different techniques and methods, they will be a reflection of your environment or personal limitations you may not be able to overcome without moving elsewhere. No matter how hard you work there will always be limiting factors beyond your control. I believed Washington DC was the biggest one for me, so I got up and left, to find that the ceiling was lifted in what I could sexually accomplish.

More recently, I examined my last three in Poland and noticed it took a dip than when in Ukraine. Thirsty Polish girls in the 6 range are quite easy, and because getting hotter in Poland was time-consuming with no guarantee of success, I took the easy option. I ate fast-food in Poland more times than I would like to admit, simply because there were so many fast-food restaurants near my apartment. Better food options were limited and I was too lazy to seek them out.

I especially remember one fast-food bang. It was a Wednesday night and I was unable to find a decent spot to hunt in. For some hormonal reason, I strongly wanted sex. I spotted a girl in front of a club and was able to get her to join me at a bar next door. She was not very pretty—I have to give her a 5.5 at the most due to her extra 10 pounds of carriage—but on this night she passed my boner test so within ninety minutes I made sexual congress with her in my bedroom.

The day after eating McDonald's, when my bowel movement becomes problematic, I regret my decision to eat there. The situation with the 5.5 was no different. I felt ashamed that I was unable to control my sexual desires to avoid a girl who was way below my average, and when there were many prettier (though harder) options around. The sex with her was actually quite good, but I can't ignore the fact that the women you sleep with are a representation of you. The same goes with your friends—I'm sure you've heard the saying that you are the sum of your five closest friends. If I'm voluntarily banging a 5.5, how high is my value really?

I calmed down in the face of this question and looked at my previous three bangs. There was one gourmet girl, but also a KFC girl. If I were to continue on this path, I risk becoming morbidly obese, so I made the choice to hit the farmer's market and buy the freshest produce and meats, even if it was less convenient and more expensive. Because

I wasn’t entirely pleased with my last three, it was time to take the right steps to improve them, even if in the short term I would not get laid for a while.

It’s fun to get a new bang and share that conquest with your friends, but because they don’t want to strain the friendship, they won’t be honest with you if you actually banged a beast. We have to be real with ourselves and consider our three most recent conquests to examine if they are the types of women that we want to make a part of our lives. If not then changes must be made, either to our approach or to our environment. Eating fast food is okay once in a while, but do it too much and you will have a fast food body, with the diabetes to boot.

Read Next: *My Relationship Game Model*

What To Do When You Come Upon A Crossroads

May 2, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I've previously written about what you should do when faced with two decisions that are seemingly equal. While I argued that experiences are in fact equal, the advice only lessens the pressure of deciding, but does not guide you into actually making a choice. Even if two decisions are equal in terms of the long-term benefits and costs, you still need to choose something to proceed with your life.

Almost always, one decision will involve more comfort with less upside in reward while the other involves more hardship with a greater upside in reward. **If you never want to go wrong, if you never want to experience deep regret, simply pick the harder option.**

With the harder option, you will learn new skills or build stronger character that stays with you *long after* the decision plays itself out. In other words, the harder options builds lasting strength (at a cost of difficulty or more strenuous work). The comfort option is likely not to build strength and may be dangerous in that it causes you to lose skills or create an aversion within you to hard tasks that are most essential to your self-development. If you ever meet an average man with an average life, rest assured that he picked the easier option every time. If you don't want to be average, you must not do the same.

This piece of advice ultimately depends on what type of man you want to become. If you want to be bathed in comfort and relaxation with electronic devices, internet, and mind-altering substances, you should not listen to me. But if you want to become an excellent man, the best path is the hard path, because that is how excellent men are made. Comfort should be no more than seasoning in your life.

Read Next: *3 Things I Learned Last Year*

How To Be A Good Clown

May 5, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

You're probably working on ways to be a good man to increase your overall value in the hopes that this was also help you with women. It does help, but only indirectly, with no guarantee you will score your ideal girl, as tough and time consuming as becoming a good man is. A far more direct way to be successful with women, particularly in the West, is for you to be an entertaining clown. This—for better or worse—is what modern women want. Male clowns, regardless of their true value, get laid at far greater rates than good men.

Most women I've had sex with in my life didn't even know half of the things that I think make me a modestly valued man, and the nastiest cold streaks I've encountered were when I did try to convey that value directly instead of running game. What women want from men is excitement, entertainment, and passion—the things that hit her most primal buttons. Being well-read with philosophy or history doesn't make her wet, but teasing does. Being a prudent businessman who can close important deals doesn't turn a girl on, but making her laugh does. Being a balanced human being without any mental disorders won't get you laid, but having the skill to cold approach random women and display dark triad traits will.

If you're anything like me, you are depressed at this notion. You are depressed because what you see as value is not valuable to a woman, and even "good" girls will be more attracted to essentially a smooth-talking con artist than a scientist who is working on a revolutionary cancer drug, but that's how things are, and you shouldn't waste more than five minutes of your life lamenting this fact. Sometimes the truth can cause pain, but at least in this case you'll be rewarded more because of having it in your possession. I've used this realization to focus my personal self-development into two distinct areas: (1) being an excellent man for the sake of my own personal development, and (2) being an entertaining clown that gets women excited in order to provide me with a healthy sex life.

If you liken game to clown school, and women to a typical "fool" in PT Barnum's circus audience, you're already halfway there. Almost everything we do in game is how to entertain women and stir their emotions, which for whatever reason makes them attracted to us in a way that being virtuous, intelligent, thoughtful, and self-reliant doesn't. Here are two important reminders so that you are the front-running clown in her life:

1. Be chatty

For every girl who is turned on by a shy or reserved man, there are ten who want him to be extroverted, expressive, and full of energy. When dealing with women, you must have a switch that creates diarrhea of the mouth, especially before sex. Thankfully after sex you can revert back to a more stoic presentation, but if you want to fornicate with a girl,

you must use your words to entertain her and build attraction. Most of the self-development I've worked on in my life is mere fodder for a conversation—it's just something to talk about to fill in air time so she doesn't go to sleep.

It's important to note that the only time I'm silent is as a *strategic move*. I get quiet as an excuse to maintain intimate eye contact or to test her interest in me by seeing if she attempts to resume the conversation. But my silence is never a result of me not having anything to say, because that would be "awkward." She could easily rationalize there is no "chemistry" if there are too many silences, or that I'm a "boring" man.

2. Be unlike the other clowns

Westernized women want a man who is unique and special, one who she can brag to her friends about. This means have a backstory that she has never encountered before. When I tell a girl I've been to so many countries, that fact alone probably doesn't get her wet, but she can now rationalize that I'm "cool," a man that her friends may give her validation for selecting. Hit her with the more unique features of your life that differentiate you from other men.

Another way we are unlike other clowns is by not answering questions directly, not bragging about our jobs, and not asking girls things like "What do you do?" and "Do you usually come here?" Lately I like to throw in some melancholy game. In a club I'd say, "I'm here to drink away the pain. I'm starting to feel better but I know the pain will return tomorrow, stronger than before." It's way better for a girl to find you weird than normal, so I overdo some lines that immediately make me stand out from other clowns she has met. The only time a girl wants normal is when she's past her prime and needs to reel in a sucker to commit to her after she's done screwing alpha clowns. Younger girls who are still riding the carousel would love to meet a clown who is unlike other clowns she has fucked.

Understand that I'm not being ironic with this clown analogy. In fact, it's so helpful to me that before a night out I remind myself to be a good clown, especially when entering a club environment. I don't have a natural clown personality, but more than anything else, I know it offers the most straight-line journey into a woman's vagina without any of that tedious labor of actually becoming a good man, and once you explore a new vagina and have gotten the best of what she can offer you, you can stop clowning around and be whomever you want to be. She can then take it or leave it, but this can only happen after sex.

In a perfect world, I would want a girl to sleep with me because I'm intelligent, analytical, deep, and so on, but few attractive 23-year-old girls with unlimited sex options and an active Facebook or Tinder account would be immediately attracted to that type. Instead I will dance and juggle for a while, giving her the entertainment she desperately needs until she permits consensual sex to proceed. God willing, I will be one of the more entertaining clowns that she has recently met.

Read Next: ***Men Are Nothing More Than Clowns To The Modern Woman***

Spring Hiatus

May 7, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Here are my 13 most favorite posts from the recent session (click here to see the full archives):

- Cultural Collapse Theory
- Thoughts On Being An Excellent Man
- We Are All Sisyphus
- 6 Life Tips That Will Make You More Productive
- You Must Space Out The Things That Make You Happy
- We Are Nothing More Than Distracted Sheep In The Real Game Of Power
- The Female Hierarchy Of Needs
- The Internet Is Doing You More Harm Than Good
- The Contradiction Of Pursuing Casual Sex While Advocating For Traditional Values
- The 5 Paths To Realizing Truth
- The Paradox Of Success
- The One Thing I Will Never Give A Woman
- Men Are Nothing More Than Clowns To The Modern Woman

Yesterday I left DC to return back to Eastern Europe. I took notes on my most recent American adventure and will present my findings to you soon. Spoiler alert: I am concerned by the trends I experienced firsthand.

As much as I am able to insert myself into generally favorable environments, I'm becoming quite pessimistic about the future of humanity—culturally, economically, politically, and societally. Nothing I see anywhere is giving me much hope. This will be reflected in my writing.

My new book, a memoir, is approaching the finish line. I will not return from hiatus until it is complete. In the meantime, check out Return Of Kings and the forum.

A Little Walk Through Odessa (2014)

June 16, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I shot this video while living in Odessa, Ukraine during the summer and fall of 2014.

Watch Next: *One Night In Odessa*

How To Create A Local Poosy Playground

June 20, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I used to live in Germantown, Maryland. For those of you unfamiliar with the DC suburbs, it's a 45 minute drive from the center of Washington DC. In spite of this distance, I would drive to the city at least three times a week to prowl the bars and clubs for girls. Logistics were a constant nightmare, but I felt I had no other choice but to endure the long drives. My success rate was meager.

Fast forward ten years. I now use the location of my current apartment as the "center" of my game universe. I attempt to solve all of my girl needs as close to my apartment as possible, even if there are superior venues in other parts of the city. Here's my strategy:

1. Where is the nearest mall, park, or semi-busy street? This is where I do my one approach a day. I don't need the best mall or cafe in the world to accomplish my approach. Women can be found everywhere so all I need is to find a place where 30 minutes of time will give me an opportunity on a 7 or above. There's no need for a mega-club with 300 people. One daily opportunity on a pretty girl is sufficient.

2. Where is the nearest cafe? This will be my insta-date location if a day approach is going well (and also a place where I can work).

3. Where are the three nearest bars? These are my date locations. I need several because I may not get the bang on the first date and multiple venue changes may be required. At this point things start getting challenging, because if I'm living in an undesirable area, the nearest bar could be one mile or further away, which is death if you don't have a car. Nonetheless, I sacrifice quality of venue for proximity, meaning I may have to take a girl to a more pedestrian or downright seedy venue that isn't perfect than something better that is farther. On dates, proper logistics trump everything else.

4. Where is the nearest casual restaurant? I may need to throw in a dinner date. A pizzeria or basic bistro is more than acceptable. I would never take a girl to a fine dining establishment unless I had prior sexual congress with her.

I locate the above four within a few days of moving to any location by walking around the blocks near my neighborhood in concentric circles away from my apartment, trying to nail down venues as close as possible. Once that's accomplished, I'm done creating my customized poosy playground.

Without having to explore the entire city to find the "best" venues, I now have a hyperlocal game sphere where I have absolutely everything I need to get laid within a 1-4 week time frame. Note that this strategy assumes you're using day game to primarily get laid. If you're doing mostly night game then you definitely need to pick an apartment near the clubs to take advantage of one-night stand opportunities.

I wouldn't want to live in Germantown again today, especially since I was two miles away from the nearest commercial center, but I would definitely attempt to create a local poosy playground instead of driving to DC to meet girls. I would focus on malls, local cultural

events, fairs, the bars in crappy chain restaurants like TGIF, and maybe even volunteer at the local hospital or community center. I wouldn't have a huge pick of hot girls, but the ones I interact with would probably have a higher chance of ending up on my bed. If it was so bad that I couldn't find any cute girls, then I should move. Some turd cities simply can't be polished no matter your effort.

If you have to drive or take a cab to the place where you meet women, you're already setting yourself up for a hill to climb when it's time to seal the deal. It's far better to visit crappy venues closer to your home than better ones that are far out, especially when you consider that so much of a girl's decision to bang you will be impulsive (e.g. "I live one block away—how about we have a quick drink so I can show you my cat photo collection?").

When I go to a new city, no matter the size, I stick as close as possible to my apartment when trying to meet girls. The selection may be a little lower, but for the girls I am able to approach, my odds of sexual success is significantly higher. In the property business they say that "real estate is local." So is game.

Read Next: *15 Factors That Determine If A City Is Great For Men*

Is It Easy To Get Laid In Country X?

June 23, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Oftentimes, the first thing any foreign guy wants to know from me is if it's easy to get laid in America. My instinct is always to say, "Yes! It's much easier than your country!" But then I re-consider because the guy asking me will probably be a man of average appearance with a provider type of game. His country, which may take two dates for me to bang a girl, would actually be much easier for him than America, even though two hour bangs are reasonably common. How can we reconcile this conflict?

It turns out there are two types of easiness: (1) ease of fast sex and (2) ease of attraction. They tend to exist on opposite ends of the spectrum. For example, in America it's easy to get fast sex once a girl is attracted to you, but it's not easy to get a girl attracted to you. In Ukraine, it's easier to get a girl attracted to you, but it's not easy to get fast sex even if she is (at least not as fast as in America).

In America, there is a huge blowout rate, meaning that the bulk of women I approach will immediately shut me down in the rudest manner possible because they have zero attraction for me, but when I do find a girl who is attracted, I can definitely sleep with her the same night.

In Ukraine, there is a low blowout rate, meaning a greater percentage of the women you talk to will have some initial attraction that leads to a number exchange or first date, but it will take some time to seal the deal, possibly spanning weeks. It's not uncommon to hear foreigners going there or Russia and having multiple dates scheduled every day. While they won't get laid on most of those dates, having the same quantity of dates is much harder to achieve in the States.

Poland is an interesting middle ground between these two extremes. Sex is faster than in Ukraine *and* you will have more girls attracted to you than in the USA. The only problem is that the quality you're dealing with can be quite average (there's always a catch).

If we want to ask whether a country is easy, we have to ask from which standpoint—easiness in terms of sex *after* attraction is established or easiness in terms of whether attraction can be created in the first place. If you're a top 1% man in terms of attractiveness and producing tingles, it's clear that America will be better on average, because more women will be attracted to you off-the-bat and you'll be able to sleep with them quickly. But if you're more average with the punishing desire to be a mostly nice guy, you're more likely to get laid in a non-Western location, in spite of the additional time you'll need (even the top 1% will have to wait longer for sex abroad). Because I know most of my readers are not in the top 1%, including myself, it becomes clear what your long-term course of action should be.

Read Next: *Polish Girls vs Ukrainian Girls*

The Wall Is Softer Than We Think

June 25, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

One popular maxim of the manosphere is the wall. It goes something like this:

> Once a girl is done riding the cock carousel, she will find herself at an age and lower attractiveness where she can no longer get the alpha male she wants. She will then have no choice but to load up on cats or find a low-status male to marry, one who she wouldn't have even considered in the past.

As far as objective truth, this maxim is quite accurate—a woman will not be able to get a man as hot or alpha or rich at 35 than 25, but I'm afraid to tell you that this doesn't give us as much deliverance as you may think.

Levels of thirst in America are higher than any other country I've been in. Men are so desperate for women that they will date way below their value in order to achieve a basic relationship. This means that they will not only accept—but *fight over*—a spinster woman at 35 who finally has decided to stop getting pumped and dumped. These men, while not in the elite like she could have had in the past, is still better than most men this woman could have gotten in her prime had she been born and raised in a man-poor country outside of the West. And because a woman's rationalization mechanism is so strong, she will have no problems finding happiness at 35 after marrying the whipped beta that she can easily control, convincing herself that it's what she wanted all along. The wall for women is more like a speed bump that any woman with half a brain can easily pass at high speed.

There's another way to look at it. A man's prime in terms of value to women falls somewhere in his 30′s. Even at this stage, when he is most attractive to women, he will still find it harder to find worthy mates than a woman the same age as him. This is how one-sided the dating game—at least in the West—is skewed to the woman's favor, and any new technology or "innovation" like texting, smartphones, Facebook, internet dating, and so on only makes it easier for women by increasing their ability to find mates while forcing the bottom 90% of men to lower themselves through clown game or copy pasta begging on OK Cupid.

We all want to believe that women will be punished for their bad decisions in life, because there's no doubt that as men we are punished for ours. We want to think that women will be reprimanded for passing on good men in their prime to have sex with bad boys who don't care about them. But very few will. They will have their cake and eat it too, simply because they have a vagina in a time and place where vagina has the highest value it has ever had. Women will collide with the wall, dust themselves off, and make a couple modifications to their internet dating accounts and selfie picture angles to keep the men flowing as if they never left college, while we are essentially born falling onto the wall, having to always strategize and put tremendous effort to get laid. In my recent stay in America I was shocked to see the nearly unlimited choice that women over 30 still have

to at least get sex, and if you tell them about the wall they would not understand what you speak of. The wall, we must now admit to ourselves, has just as much power in our minds as in reality.

There will be no redemption. There will be no comeuppance. For most of their lives, women will have it easier than us, no matter how much we work out, how many books we read, how many languages we learn, and how decent or moral or virtuous we become. I choose not to deceive myself by finding solace in the wall. I choose not to think that in ten years her life will be worse off because of how she treated me, because I know she will still have more choice in the dating market than I will have even at my peak. The truth is that any woman who rejects me today will never regret it. Even after making every mistake in the book, she will still have a man waiting for her, and I will still have to work.

Read Next: *The Female Hierarchy Of Needs*

All Women Burn You The Same In The End

June 27, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Raise your hand if you've treated a woman well but she did not return the favor. I see that everyone's hand is up. I don't need to tell you that if a girl loses her attraction for you or meets a man better than you, she will begin to treat you worse than homeless men she encounters on the street, regardless of how well you have treated her in the past (even if you're the father of her child). Her treatment of you is just as conditional as if working for a corporation where you receive an income based on the value you provide for the company. If you stop working, you're out on your ass. It's the same with women, though they can be even more heartless when they decide to "fire" you.

Years ago, the gooey part of me wanted to conclude that not all women are like that. They wouldn't cut me off on a dime just because they briefly got bored with me or because I made some game errors, so I decided to make two classifications to the women I met: (1) sluts and (2) nice girls. I would give the nice girls better treatment and kindness. I'd be more open and available for them. I'd be less calculating and stringent with my game.

What girl is nicer than a virgin? These girls have the least amount of experience with men out of all females and definitely can't be classified as a slut. But surprisingly, my experiences with virgins have told me that I can't even treat them well without being cognizant of my game at all times. For example:

- Colombian virgin: I treated her super nice but she flaked on me after I took her virginity
- Colombian semi-virgin (I was penis number two): treated her and her mother nice but she dumped me after the second sex date, only to stalk me for months after
- American virgin: treated her nice, took her virginity, and then she disappeared
- Danish virgin: acted aloof, took her virginity, and she kept in touch with me for months after
- Polish virgin: stretched her exceedingly tight vagina over the course of six weeks, offered to pay her taxi home once, and then she started acting flakey

I have a couple other experiences with women who had less than five partners where I was voted off the island after taking her inexperience for granted and treating her too well without being strict about receiving my needs in return.

Now I truly believe that some girls really want a beta male as a partner, but when I attempted to use two different games—one for sluts and one for nice girls—I always regretted it in the end. I made the mistake in assuming that my niceness with them would translate into everlasting compliance where I'd get sex on demand and not have to deal with a girl's emotions and bullshit. I was wrong.

Lowering my guard and relaxing my game on the nicest of girls was no defense to

receiving the same kind of ill treatment that frigid sluts would give me when they were ready to replace my cock with a newer model. While not all women are like that at first glance, they're all the same in the end, no matter what country they are from and how many sex partners they've had. The true nature of women always seems to rear its ugly head once her attraction for you dims, and the only defense against that is maintaining strong attraction by being absolutely methodical with your game at all critical moments.

All women will screw you in the end if you assume her attraction is not dependent on the game you give her, even virgins and nice girls whose parents you had to meet on the second date. If they have other options on the table, and your game slips just an inch from what she became attracted to initially, you're done, and there is often nothing you can do to get her back after she decides that you are no longer important in her life. Because of this, you must approach the relationship like a job, putting in the required amount of labor (game) to get the consistent payment (sex) you desire.

I would love to be a nice guy, to be "myself," but I can't with women. Maybe I can be myself 90% of the time, but the 10% of me has to be the Godzilla of game. Modern relations with women are purely transactional, a competition on who gets served first. To ensure that you get what you want before she tosses you out like garbage, you must remain ruthless and aware every time you see her, never stopping for a second in playing the best game that you can.

Read Next: *Is Game Making Women Overconfident?*

The One Thing I Hate About Life

June 29, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Click over to the video's YouTube page to read the 40+ comments that have already been left. You can also hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

Also, my new book is done and will be released around August 1. It will be called *Poosy Paradise*.

The 3 Immutable Laws Of Getting The Highest Quality Women

July 2, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Every six months or so I do a regressive analysis on my most recent sexual relationships. I ask myself the following questions:

- Where are your lays coming from?
- What is the ROI on the venues you are approaching in?
- Do you see any common patterns among the girls you have been happiest with?

The last question has led to a surprising conclusion that I can no longer deny: the girls who have treated me the best had merely slightly above average beauty. In other words, the girls who played the fewest games with me, answered the phone whenever I called, replied back to texts immediately, rarely complained or whined, and attempted to make all my sexual dreams come true had beauty that was not especially high. They were cute, but I have done better in terms of raw attractiveness, sometimes significantly so.

Let's say that my overall value in Eastern Europe is a 7.5. If I date a girl who is also a 7.5 in beauty, which is comparable to my value, I will have to keep my game sharp at all times. She will test me regularly and be generally challenging even in a normal relationship. If I date a girl who is an 8.5, the relationship is hanging on a string. One little mistake on my end and she may be gone. It will only be a short-term relationship that I beat myself up about when it's over.

The more I date down, the easier it is to manage the girl in a relationship. She will essentially do whatever I want and treat me like a king, but when I'm out with her on my arm and see many girls more beautiful than her, I feel like a failure. I'm jealous of other men who have obviously better looking women than me, and that I'm selling myself short based on how hard I tried to improve myself as a man. I just can't escape the negative feelings no matter how much I try, so beauty is a requirement I can't let go of.

So therein lies the dilemma. Back in my pump and dump days, I would sometimes have a lucky night out and bang a very pretty girl, maybe because she was on the rebound, but maintaining a relationship with her is quite different that fornicating with her one or twice. It's almost as if the work is just beginning once you bang such a high value girl, but with the girl whose quality is lower, it's smooth sailing after the initial penetration. In the latter case, you just have to show up and she'll worship you.

I'm the type of man who likes to have his cake and eat it too (a silly idiom, for if you have cake you definitely want to eat it), so I thought about this problem and asked myself how I could have the beautiful girl who also worships me. By looking into my past, I came up with three possible solutions:

1. Find a beautiful girl who, for some reason, is insecure or unaware of her value (she almost always is under 25).

2. Find a beautiful girl who lives in a city that lacks good men while having a disproportionate amount of other beautiful women.
3. Be a 10 guy who is higher value than just about everyone.

The first point is not location-dependent. You can find this type of girl anywhere in the world, but it will require an immense number of approaches. In effect, you're looking for a needle in a haystack. In my 10+ years of gaming, I have found less than 10 of them. It's hard to develop a strategy on meeting these girls, but focusing on day game is the best way to start.

The second point is obviously location-dependent. In effect, you're looking for poosy paradise where local environmental factors greatly aid in a man's search for beautiful women. You will be looking for a non-Western location with a high busted dudes score and a population of more women than men (it is possible to find this type of advantage in the West only if you develop a localized niche). This is what I have been doing for roughly the past five years, searching for the one place where my value is higher due to local factors.

The third point is limited by genetic factors. Some men, no matter how hard they work, will never be a 10, but it is our duty to hit the limit that our genetics allow, both in appearance, resource accumulation, charm, and interestingness. If you are a 4 currently, and your genetic ceiling is a 6, it's still in your best interest to reach for that value. I figure my default value is a 5 (average), but with strenuous work I pulled it up to something in the 7′s.

From whichever angle I look at it, the same answers to the "woman problem" keep popping up, and years of experience both in America and abroad keep supporting these conclusions. They are essentially the three immutable laws for any man to lay a beautiful woman *and* keep her in a way that provides him with happiness. Here they are:

1. Learn game.
2. Increase your value as much as possible through work, effort, and persistence.
3. Be as location independent as possible (have penis, will uproot).

This is the "secret." From the time I was 22 to about 28, I diligently worked on game, racking up god knows how many approaches. From approximately 26 to 33, I got my money right by publishing over 15 books that earn me passive income today and which allow me to pursue non-monetary goals like learning a new language. From around 28 to currently, I have researched over 20 countries in the search of poosy paradise, and while my standards seem to always stay just ahead of my results, I have drastically increased both the quality of women I've layed and the happiness of mini relationships I've ended up with.

I know some guys are thinking, "But I can't spend years to travel to find my poosy paradise!" Then you'll have to massively step up your efforts in the other two areas. If you nail at least two of the three, you should have strong results. If you can nail all three, then you are probably hitting your ceiling. Within the next few years, I will lay the highest

quality girls that is possible based on who I am. Then I will enter my 40′s and start seeing a decline (based on the same amount of work).

It’s important to note that my increase in qualitative results with women have been so gradual I can’t perceive it in real time. Every couple of years it gets just a tiny bit better, a change so slow that only when I look at girls I banged several years ago do I realize the jump I’ve made. The sad thing is that with such a slow change, you really don’t feel like you’re getting better, so the struggle of yesterday always remains with you today.

Tomorrow I will wake up and still have to tweak my game to deal with ever changing factors that require different strategies to attract a higher quality of women I want. I still have to keep my value high and make sure my money is good. I still have to be flexible with my location, and get ready to move away from places that used to serve me in the past but have recently changed. For most of us not born with top genetic looks or stock, the quest for great women is all encompassing, continuous, exhausting, and full of hardship. That’s never going to change, and most men will say no to taking this path because it’s harder than playing video games or watching sports, but for men like myself who want to enjoy its rewards, at least we know what we have to do.

Read Next: *How To Become A Multilingual International Player In 61 Easy Steps*

My Firsthand Experience With Thirst

July 4, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

By the third week of my recent DC visit, I fully internalized the horror that became of the city's night scene. While there were glimpses of pretty girls if you happened to step foot in the right bar on the right day at the right hour, there definitely was a decrease in attractive women who were open to being approached or even capable of having a conversation with a new man. It didn't help that there was an increase in large mixed-set groups that were hostile to strangers.

On a Friday night a friend and I bar hopped to find a venue that was tolerable. Our fourth try was successful—we found a rooftop bar where the ratio was 1:1. I was actually getting eye contact from most of the women present, an early Christmas miracle in DC. Even though the scene was worse than what I was used to in Eastern Europe, I couldn't contain my excitement, and it didn't take long for a petite girl to give me unambiguous eye contact. I approached her without difficulty.

Now I must state that her hair was short, barely reaching the bottom of her neck. I like to think of myself as having low thirst, but DC is a harsh environment and I had few pans simmering on the stove. I decided to be a touch looser with my standards.

Her face was plain and pale, without any makeup, but it was symmetrical and free of deformities. The best part was her body. In a city of mostly overweight people, she was tiny, on par to what I am used to in Eastern Europe. It also helped that she was young (23). I decided to pursue the interaction with full vigor.

There was some natural chemistry between us, helped by our "foreign" status, with her being from England and me a tourist in my own city. My clown game was received well and I successfully passed her tests of my masculinity. For example, she asked me what I did for a living. I replied, "I don't mean to be rude, but I can't talk about it."

"Are you some type of spy?" she asked.

"That's not something I can talk about."

"If you don't tell me what you do, I'm going to leave."

"You are a free woman and so can do what you wish, but unfortunately I am unable to share details of my employment with someone I hardly know and don't yet trust. What do you do?"

The matter was dropped with me gaining value in her eyes as a possible criminal or secret government agent.

Another test she dropped on me was, "I can't kiss you in public." After accessing my memory stores for the optimum answer based on 13 years of running game, I replied with, "Don't flatter yourself. I don't want to kiss you." This only encouraged her further and she attempted to tease me by narrowing the space between us. By the time we hit one hour of interaction time, I felt like I was playing a video game, with hurdles that were

not especially hard but nonetheless required some quick thinking.

An additional test was when she inquired what I wanted to do at the moment. “Do you want to have sex?” she asked.

I said, “Sex? No I just want to go for a walk. I don’t like crowded places. Why don’t we step outside for a few minutes and then come back?”

“Okay but I have to tell my friends. I won’t take my jacket so we’re forced to come back.”

“You are free to come back, but it is a little bit chilly outside so it would be a shame if you caught a cold.”

“You’re right, I’ll take my jacket.”

We walked to a quiet bar where things got more intimate. My boner was operating at warp speed power and I was indeed ready to have sex. As if reading my mind, she said, “I’m unable to have sex tonight.”

“Unable” is a very specific word. “So you’re on your period,” I replied.

“Yes! How did you know?”

Instinct, young girl, instinct. I gave her my whole “I’ll drink the blood” spiel but she didn’t seem too keen, and for the first time in my life I seriously wondered if I really wanted to fuck a hole that was bloody. Instead, she suggested we “cuddle” at my apartment. Was this plausible deniability for her to bang me or did she really want to cuddle? There was only one way to find out, but before we left for my apartment, she said a couple things which gave me pause.

“Right now I just want to have fun since I’m young,” she said, “but one day I want to fall in love and make babies.”

My brain’s response: “She is on the cock centrifuge. When she’s tired of getting stuffed by men who don’t want to have a relationship with her, she will ensnare a hopeless dweeb. At least we’re in line to be one of the random cocks.”

My response to her: “I think it’s important to explore your sexuality while you’re still young to find out what you want out of life before you make any large commitments.”

She said: “I am a feminist. Like, there is still the wage gap issue where women make only 77% of men.”

My brain’s response: “We’re selling out if we don’t object to this, but then again that body is nice.”

My response to her: “I see.”

She said: “The problem with guys these days is that they are too nice. They don’t know how to be aggressive. They don’t know how to read body language or know when a girl really wants to do more.”

My brain’s response: “Give her a fake number, fake job, fake everything!”

My response to her: “A lot of people these days have lost sexual instinct, both women and men.”

I let the feminist remark slide. I did not object to it and I did not walk away, all because I was horny at that moment, strongly wanted to get laid, and was close to making it happen. It's quite easy to make proclamations of not having sex with feminists when you're in Eastern Europe and there aren't any feminists around, but when you meet the feminist and she gives you a throbbing boner, those intellectual objections go out the window and you revert back to your animalistic state. My brain, however, would not let me get away with this act of hypocrisy before the night was over.

We took a taxi to my place and dare I say she was a bit affectionate, much more than a typical American girl. I'm not surprised because my experiences with British girls have not been so bad, and while my sample size is tiny, I like their sense of humor, their accent, and the ease at which they spread their legs.

My apartment was acceptable to her. She called it a "little bachelor pad," the biggest compliment she gave me all night. She then made it clear where the interaction was going by grabbing me and kissing passionately. I grabbed a towel and said, "I will leave this beside the bed." She let me take off her shirt and bra. She massaged my cock through my jeans and unbuckled my belt. Nine times out of ten with such de-robing, sex is going to occur. My brain geared up for this, but then she suddenly stopped and said, "No I can't. I'm on my period. If we were lovers I would do it." I tried to smooth talk my way into accessing her bloody vagina but it did not work. Then I moved to plan B by guiding her head to my crotch. She didn't get the hint and tried to curl up next to me like she wanted to sleep. "Let's cuddle," she said.

She did not understand what it's like to be a man and experience the sexual torture of being fully aroused while laying next to a half naked woman without any possibility of release. A decade prior, I would endure the night, get her number, and wait four days for a date, but I wanted an orgasm right then. I didn't want a relationship with her and I didn't want to date her. I also had already bought her one alcoholic beverage (ten dollar investment). There is nothing about her that is superior to my prior pussy average, and I do value a good night's sleep more than a possibly future sexual encounter a few days later, with absolutely no guarantee she'd show up. So my brain made me say the following: "But your mouth isn't bleeding."

She exploded in anger, immediately getting dressed and calling me "weird." She made a comment that she had been with "many guys" but not one said such a horrible thing. Telling her to "calm down" did quite the opposite, and she left abruptly. Stating my sexual needs in a crude manner caused her to lose all attraction she had for me. I shrugged my shoulders, masturbated, then had a pleasant slumber without any ache in my testicles, without any anxiety of having had sex with an emotional feminist who may have some slut guilt and revise the night's events the morning after in front of the magistrate (or when she writes about it for xojane.com).

I wasn't mad at this British girl. From her perspective, she did the right thing. She has tons of options in the city with men who will "cuddle" with her all night without caring if they get laid or not, who won't request her delicate lips on his genitalia. There are men

who will wait three or four dates to have sex with her, so I will be the first to admit that in DC she has high value. While she did have attraction for me, there was no reason to forgive my offensive wow-just-wow statement because the very next night she could find another man higher than me in attractiveness who makes her aroused and puts her sexual needs before his own.

In the end, I was disappointed in myself. I tolerated pronouncements that went against my values just so I could get laid, but both my behavior and hers were logical based on the environment we were in. The supply of pretty girls are lacking so a man will lower his standards. Guys are not lacking so a woman will raise hers, expecting a man to—more or less—be perfect, without making her feel uncomfortable at any point in the interaction.

I would fear living in DC for the long term, not just because it would decrease my overall happiness, but because of what it would reduce me to. After a night like this, I couldn't help but recall what it has reduced me to in the past.

Read Next: *An Epidemic Of Thirsty Men Is Making It Harder To Get Laid*

There Is No Shortcut To Getting Laid

July 7, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

When realizing the amount of work that game requires, a man's first instinct may be to seek out an easier way. For example, maybe a guy noticed that girls are attracted to men with big muscles, so he decides to go that route. From being skinny-fat he works out hard over the course of nine months to develop a rock hard body that causes a 7 to approach him in a club and bang him. Success! And all it took was about 175 hours in the gym.

Another man noticed that having a social circle is a sure way to get laid, so he puts in the work to create a network of friends and finally after six months he meets an 8 and enters a relationship with her. Success! And all it took was 200 hours of spending time with his "friends" with the principal goal to get laid.

Another man noticed that being popular on Instagram was a great way to get attention from women, so for a year he spent half an hour a day taking good photos, researching hashtags, responding to comments, and managing his online image. He attended a local Instagram meetup and met a pretty girl and banged her. Success! And all it took was 200 hours of using his smartphone.

Another man noticed that having social status in the nightclubs was the best way to get a girl. He decides to frequent the best clubs and schmooze with promoters. After six months of becoming a somebody in these venues, he gets an 8 who bangs him for one month before moving on to a man with higher status. Success! And all it cost him with 275 hours and hundreds of dollars in liquor expenses.

Another man noticed that Colombian village girls had a natural attraction for him. They don't speak English, of course, so he spent the better half of the year intensively learning Spanish. After several months of study, he moved to the village and found his dream girl who he was ready to impregnate. Success! And all it cost him was 400 hours of language study and re-locating to a new country.

Thankfully, these men received additional rewards that didn't only include sex. The guy at the gym still has his nice body, the man with the social circle still has his friends, and the man with club status can still leverage that to meet more women or network with other businessmen. At the same time, a man who spends much of his game time cold approaching will learn social skills that transfer to his professional career and other relationships. Show me a guy who has game and he will be able to tell you exactly how he uses that game every day in his life besides just getting laid. Whatever option you choose will have its ancillary benefits.

I'm not disparaging men who take alternate paths to getting laid, but I must remind you that there is *no shortcut* to getting laid. What you think of as a shortcut, like becoming a bartender or a Tinder ninja, still requires time and energy in order to reach the same sexual end as other methods. The superiority of one method over another will simply depend on the man and where his personal interests lie. However, there is a cost from

doing indirect methods that neglect game work: you may lack the skills needed to *keep* whomever girl you bang. If you get needy on her after the bang, or fail to maintain the attraction she has for you, you'll lose her. In other words, there is absolutely no escaping the fact that you need to learn pure game alongside any other strategy you pursue. Game has become a requirement for all modern men, not just to get laid but to maintain relationships, whether you like it or not.

For myself, I have picked the strategy which complements my lifestyle. Since I'm nomadic, developing local status or a network of friends doesn't make sense since I don't stay in cities for long. I work out but in Eastern Europe having massive muscles isn't valued as much as in the West, so I don't devote more than a few hours a week to it. Therefore, when it comes to getting laid, I mainly rely on the cold approach. It's not easy, but it's the skill that I can use in any city I live in.

Only when I become a permanent resident can I start to invest time in the more indirect methods that not only help me with women, but offer me additional social or personal benefits. Whatever method you choose, it should be one where you value the extra benefits it offers besides sex, because you'll be spending hundreds of hours doing it. If you consider "game" just a way for a man to increase his value, it's clear to see how we'll be doing it every day for the rest of our lives.

Read Next: *18 Reasons Why You Don't Get Laid*

The Successful Gypsy

July 9, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The wind's direction changed again. The smell of sewage was now blowing into the room that Stefan shared with his five siblings from the abandoned building across the street where dozens of gypsies lived. The structure had entire sections of its concrete wall missing, allowing any passerby to peer inside at the soiled mattresses and piles of garbage. People of the city would avoid walking by it so the sharp smell of urine and feces wouldn't spoil their day.

There used to be more gypsies. After Romania was admitted into the European Union, more than half of them left the country based on rumors of easier begging, fanning out to places like Italy, Spain, Norway, and France. The poorest ones who couldn't even afford a one-way train ticket remained in Romania.

Stefan knew he was a gypsy. He became conscious of it at 8 years of age when his mother began sending him on the street to beg instead of to the nearby school to learn. His childhood was skipped so that he could produce income for the family.

His mother did her best based on her own rough upbringing, but lacked the basic knowledge that would have made her life less impoverished. It didn't help matters that she believed her fertility was tied to the moon cycle, meaning more mouths to feed than she knew how. Her husband was an itinerant worker whose only source of income was collecting scrap metal. He would go long stretches away from home, supposedly for work, but rarely returned with much money.

The two-room apartment Stefan lived in was occupied by nine people—himself, his siblings, his mom, and his mom's parents. The furniture was old and musty, retrieved long ago from the dumpster. The floor was raw concrete, partly covered with thin rugs. Stefan's mother would usually sit in front of the television all day monopolizing the remote, occasionally cleaning, while the kids old enough to beg would do so while the younger ones were steadily groomed for it. She would constantly complain of headaches and throw tantrums that had no obvious cause, the sign of a deeply unhappy woman.

By the time Stefan was 10, he became an expert at begging. He knew how to make an effortless puppy dog face that would melt the souls of his targets. He would say, "Anything is enough, no matter how small," with just the right pathetic tone. After his marks reached into their pockets to reveal some spare change, Stefan would go for the upsell, saying, "Can I have just a little bit more?" It would work most of the time.

Stefan couldn't yet read, but he was more knowledgeable about psychology and persuasion than learned college graduates more than twice his age. He became so efficient that he was able to beg for only two hours and then mill around for several more, tricking his mom into thinking that it took the full shift to earn his begging wages.

—

One afternoon Stefan stood in front of a private school as class ended for the day. A flood

of kids in clean uniforms streamed out, either to find a waiting parent or to begin their walk home. A boy with an oversized Spongebob Squarepants backpack caught Stefan's attention when his father greeted him with a hug. The boy pulled out a piece of paper and the father took a look at it before giving him a pat on the back. They began walking towards a small middle-class residential area. Stefan followed them.

After a 15-minute walk, they arrived at a narrow townhouse. Stefan could see through the window that the boy sat at a table with his dad and talked for a while, eventually using what appeared to be a computer. As young as Stefan was, he knew the reason the little boy could enjoy such comforts was because he had a nice dad who earned money from a regular job. Begging would never bring enough for that type of life.

Stefan went to his mother. "Mom, why can't I go to school?"

"Because we have no money," she replied, looking annoyed. "How are we going to eat today if you don't beg?"

"Yes but if I go to school and get a good job then no one has to beg."

"And so we'll all starve while you go to school? Leave me with that stupid talk."

"But maybe we can all do some type of work. Begging brings almost nothing. We can live much better."

"Leave me I said!"

—

Stefan got his first idea for a business after turning 12. He was begging at a busy intersection on an unusually hot summer day when he noticed how sweaty and irritable his marks were. A thought came into his head—"They could use some water." He needed money to execute his plan, so instead of begging for two hours and then slacking off the rest, he begged for the full shift but gave his mom only his typical earnings. He pocketed the rest for a few days until he had enough to buy a pack of 24 water bottles from the supermarket. On his first day he only made two sales. People kept asking him if the water was cold, and when he said no, they refused to buy.

The next day, Stefan found a sturdy cardboard box. He buried the water bottles under two bags of ice. A new problem developed: the box was too heavy for him to carry. He asked one of the gypsy kids to help him carry it, but the kid refused, demanding payment. He gave the kid his remaining money and finally arrived at the intersection with his product. It took him two and a half hours, but he managed to sell all the water bottles. In his little hands he counted the equivalent of $14, almost double his initial investment.

Confident from his first success, Stefan told his younger brother Ciprian about his business. Ciprian showed little interest. "It's too much work," he said, adding that it would be too easy to lose money and be left with nothing but water bottles. "You can't lose money when you beg."

"Yeah but the money is so little," Stefan replied.

"I don't know, begging is easy."

Stefan decided to run his business quietly, relying on two gypsies to help him carry water

and ice to various intersections. Stefan found that not all intersections were equal, identifying two in particular where drivers were thirstier. He would sell 24 water bottles within four hours and then play or wander for the rest of his shift. He gave his mom money she thought he earned from begging, burying the profits in a nearby field. Once he got to the sum of $100, equivalent to one month of rent, he decided to tell his mom how well he was doing.

“Mom, I started selling water on the street. Look how much I made.” He showed her the $100.

“Did you steal this?” she asked, staring intently at the money.

“No, I buy water bottles and then I sell them.”

“And what do you plan to do with this money?”

“I want to buy an iPod.”

“An iPod?” She shook her head and looked down. “Stefan, my son, do you love your family?”

“Yes, of course,” Stefan said, nodding sincerely.

“Your sister needs new clothes. We need new pots and pan for the kitchen. And Ciprian has a birthday coming. We need this money for the family, not some toy.”

“How much do you need?”

She needed all of it, and so she took it. He begged his mom to leave him $10 so he could buy a pack of water for the next day, but she refused. Since summer was on its way out, the leaves beginning to change color from green to orange, his business was done.

Days went by and Stefan didn’t see the new clothes for his siblings. There was one new pan he saw in the kitchen and a basic birthday cake for him brother that cost $5.

—

“Aren’t you tired of begging?” Stefan asked Ciprian one day.

“Not really, it’s the easiest way to make money.”

“But it’s not. You can make so much more if you do real work.”

“There are no worries with begging. Nothing can go wrong. Yeah, we make just a little money, but we are free, more free than the people who give us money. The next day they have a schedule, a list of responsibilities, a boss to answer to, but we don’t.”

“Don’t you want things?”

“We have a color television at home. What else you want?”

Stefan would always fail in trying to get Ciprian on board with his business ideas. He didn’t dare share his activities with other members of his family, especially his mom, because they would just criticize him or demand his money. Over the next five years, he would perfect street selling on his own.

—

By the time Stefan was 17, he was selling water, flowers, and sunglasses at six different

intersections. He gave his hired helpers a surprisingly large share of his profits, because when he tried giving them a smaller wage he thought they deserved, they would just end up stealing from him. He was pocketing about $27 of profit a day, a modest sum based on the amount of labor he was expending, but in the process he was gaining an invaluable business education. Through trial and error he learned how to manage employees, budget, forecast demand, and sell products to initially uninterested customers.

One of his favorite techniques was humor. Making a customer laugh lowered their guard and gave him a seemingly eternal 30 seconds to complete a sales pitch. He also found guilt to be quite useful. When he spotted a car with a man and woman, he'd grab his rose bucket and approach the driver window. If the man waved him off, Stefan would say, "Your beautiful woman is not worth a $1 rose to put a smile on her face?" The woman would usually look at her man and raise an eyebrow. More than 75% of men would then make the purchase.

During an especially strong week of flower sales due to Romanian Valentine's Day, Stefan's mother confronted him. "You're ripping us off," she said. "You're not contributing to the household."

"What are you talking about?" Stefan said angrily. "I give you $5 a day. That more than covers the rent."

"Yes but you make a lot more than that. I know you do."

"So what? I give you more than father, and I don't ask for anything. I even buy my own food. And for that I share a dirty mattress with Ciprian."

His mother was not moved. "I don't believe I raised such a selfish son who hates his mother. Why has god done this to me!" She put her hands in her face and started crying.

"What do you want?" Stefan asked.

"I need more money."

"But I need a reserve for the business. It will get slow in winter and I must be prepared."

"But we need help now. We need to buy winter clothes. Your grandmother needs medicine."

"I will give you money and you will waste it. I don't want you destroy what I've built."

"You rotten boy—I wish I never had you!" Her crying became hysterical and nothing Stefan said could calm her down.

To Stefan's credit, he didn't waste his earnings. He understood the cyclical nature of business and wanted to have a cushion for the inevitable downturns, but his mom didn't understand that he was being prudent. She had no concept of saving or budgeting. If there was money, it must be immediately spent on today's pleasures and needs. Stefan's main motivation in life was to avoid being a squatter in the filthy building across the street, yet it seemed that his mother was doing her best to make that become his destiny.

When Stefan finally offered her $20, saying he couldn't spare more than that, she ordered

him to leave the house. She thought it would make him appreciate her more, but it steeled his resolve instead. He left the house with a small bag of his belongings, assured in the knowledge that his money was safely buried in five different wooded areas of the city. He found a cheap room to rent in a workers dormitory, one month shy of turning 18.

—

Stefan had never read a business book before (he could only read at a grade school level), but he was perfectly executing the bootstrap concept. All his new business was executed with cash where he leveraged some existing success into further expansion. While his growth rate was slow, it was steady, and created a foundation that would be hard to knock down. By the time he was 19, he had enough money from street selling to buy a small kiosk. He sold beverages, cigarettes, snacks, candy, and little souvenirs for tourists. He maintained the street operation with his hired help and was soon profiting $100 a day, an enormous sum by Romanian standards. To celebrate this milestone, he bought a tablet, but after only two days of playing with it, he got bored and gave it to Ciprian, who he'd often see loitering on the street, hitting him up for a couple bucks here or three, mingling with shady men who organized lucrative ATM theft rings in Spain.

By the time Stefan was 23, he was a success in every sense of the word. He had a flower street operation, a kiosk, a convenience store, and two 24-hour kebab shops located strategically near nightlife areas. He rented a nice apartment in the center of town and drove an older model Audi.

His success drew the attention of many women. He wanted someone that didn't remind him of his impoverished roots, so he settled on Mary, the blondest, most pale-skinned girl he could find, one whose parents gave her all sorts of hell for dating a gypsy. Only after they became fully aware of his business holdings did they warm up to him. Stefan didn't want to waste time chasing girls when his passion was business, so he settled down with Mary and allowed her to move in with him.

Mary didn't come from a rich family, but since her dad was a university professor, she was always surrounded by intellectuals and upwardly mobile characters. Stefan's money was agreeable to her, but she had many doubts about marrying a man from such a low class. The problem was that she was already 25, and it was almost unheard of for a Romanian girl to be on the wrong side of 20 without a husband. Stefan was her best option.

Over the next two years, Stefan's businesses stabilized. He optimized his operations by cutting costs and establishing standardized training programs for his employees. This gave him breathing room and he no longer had to put in the 16 hour days that Mary—now his fiancée—complained about. They did pleasant things together like go to the theater, dine in fancy restaurants, and take short trips to the countryside. These activities were boring for Stefan but he wanted to keep her happy. When he finally popped the question to her during a romantic night walk in the park, she accepted.

A couple months after the proposal, Mary was having a bad day and began an argument with Stefan. "I'm not happy," she said, her hands placed on her hips. "We've been living

in this apartment forever. It's too small. How can we raise a family here?"

"It's close to all my businesses," Stefan replied. "It saves me a lot of time."

"I want to buy things for the house and decorate it, but for that we need more space. I feel like I'm in a jail."

Stefan frowned. "The big houses are in the suburbs. We'd have to buy another car."

"But we could use a new car. The Audi is old. Why can't we get a Mercedes? We can afford it."

"That's very expensive. New house, new car—it would require a lot of money." Stefan calculated the costs in his head.

"Don't you care for my happiness?" Mary asked. "Let us grow old in comfort, and enjoy the nice things in life."

Stefan wondered if Mary had a point. He had worked hard for so long, so why not award himself and his woman with a little luxury? It would also announce to everyone that he had arrived and was not a poor gypsy like the rest of his family. He opened a third kebab shop and returned to working 16 hour days. A couple months afterwards he purchased a large and stately house. There also came a brand new Mercedes, which allowed Mary to arrive to social functions in style to the envious whispers of her friends.

Stefan could only feel validated by his choices when he'd see Ciprian on the street, running errands for a new racket that would steal cars in Western Europe before smuggling them into Romania. It would be just a matter of time until Ciprian was caught and sent to jail, but in the meantime he had some money and seemed to be pursued by several gypsy girls. They didn't come close to having as much beauty as Mary, but they did seem to be low-maintenance, only requiring Ciprian to buy a pack of cigarettes every now and then in exchange for regular sex.

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The wedding date was getting near and Stefan was conflicted on whether he should invite his family or not. For years he had spoken to his mother only through his siblings, usually when running into them on the street while they begged or scammed. Mary didn't want his family to come, mostly so she could invite more acquaintances to the lavish ceremony she was planning, but in the end Stefan felt that blood was thicker than water and allowed 20 spots for his relatives.

When the day of the wedding finally arrived, Stefan prayed that his family wouldn't embarrass him. Initially, they were on their best behavior, perhaps intimidated by the other well-to-do guests, but after nuptials were exchanged and Stefan and Mary became man and wife, the gypsy in them could no longer be contained. They danced in a large circle with arms locked, yelling and clapping, smashing expensive champagne glasses on the floor. They dragged the newly married couple to the dance floor and forced them to gyrate in an animalistic style. Thankfully, the other guests were more amused by the gypsy caravan than anything else, sparring Stefan from complete humiliation. A reconciliation of sorts took place between him and his mother and he connected with his

more distant relatives, though he steadfastly refused to allow them to “kidnap” the bride, as dictated by traditional gypsy custom. By the end of it, Mary’s family remarked how it was the most exciting wedding they had ever been to. Besides a couple sneers about Stefan’s background, the wedding couldn’t have gone better.

Once life returned to normal, Stefan felt a sort of gravitational pull back to his family. He enjoyed talking to Ciprian about his car hustle and to his siblings about crazy things they had done on the street, bringing back memories of his own lost childhood when he experienced much of the same. He would get asked for money, of course, but he couldn’t give much because business was tight. The house mortgage and Mercedes payment left him no breathing room when the jumbo pizza slice trend arrived from America and decreased demand for kebab. He was busy trying to expand his menu so that he could compete.

Mary was deeply troubled to notice Stefan getting closer to his family, but when Ciprian would come over for the occasional late dinner, she put on a smile and warmed up plates of food. At one of these dinners, after Mary retired to bed, Ciprian questioned Stefan’s life.

“Your home is nice,” Ciprian said, “but this is not who you are. Our people are not made to live in castles.”

“So you want me to hustle on the street like you? I have a good home for my wife, and things will only get better.”

“It’s not in our nature to work so hard. You’re killing yourself, and for what? There is no gold at the end of this rainbow. No matter how much wealth you acquire, or how big of a house you buy, your wife will always resent you because you’re not of her kind.”

He pointed his finger directly at Ciprian. “That’s just not true! There is… love,” he said, hesitantly.

“Oh yeah? If you lost everything, and had to hit the streets again, would she stay with you? I wonder how fast she would go back to mommy and daddy without even bothering to help you get back on your feet. I know I’m supposed to want the life you have, but it’s too delicate, like a house of cards. If one of your businesses has a bad month, the panic sets in and your wife will start breathing down your neck. But if I have a bad month, it’s no big deal. My girls won’t care because they expect nothing of me.”

“Your filthy hoes would give me no pleasure, and neither would being on the street. I don’t want to be a gypsy, don’t you understand? Whenever I see one I feel ashamed that my blood is like theirs, that it must be an accident to have been so stained by god’s will. I want to be a success. I want to be a somebody.”

“And who are you a somebody to?” Ciprian asked, raising his voice. “You’re a somebody to the people who need your money. Your employees, your wife. And the minute that money goes, you’re back to being a nobody in their eyes.”

“No, you’re wrong. I don’t want to be poor—I won’t. I don’t want to be poor like you!”

“You are already poor, brother. You are poorer than me.”

Stefan knew that it was his money that won Mary's heart and allowed him to socialize in the expensive homes of his new friends. But what was the alternative? Give it all up and go back to selling water bottles, living in a worker's dormitory? That was unacceptable to Stefan, but he needed some breathing room. He needed to lower his expenses. Mary, predictably, did not appreciate his plan. "You want to sell the Benz?" she exclaimed. "Are you crazy?"

"I will trade it in for a Honda. It's a fine automobile that is more gas efficient. It's also five times cheaper. Finances are tight right now. I'm being pushed to the limit."

"I don't give a fuck about your limit," Mary replied, her fists clenched. I'll look like a fool if I have to drive a Honda around. Everyone will think we are poor and that you are a failure."

"We're overextended," Stefan said calmly. "We bought too much too quickly. If the new kebab burrito takes off, we may be able to get an even better Mercedes next year."

"I *knew* I shouldn't have married a gypsy. Once a gypsy, always a gypsy! Your brother put you up to this, that street thug. He's jealous of your success, and now he wants to destroy what you've built up."

"You're wrong. He sees how stressed I am, how much I work, and he's concerned. Business goes up and down. We're on a downswing now, but we'll get out of it."

"Why don't you work harder?"

"Do you want to drain the blood out of my veins?" Stefan pushed his hands towards Mary.

"You better get your shit together." Mary stormed upstairs and went for a soak in the bathtub jacuzzi to soothe her rattled nerves.

For the next six months, Stefan diligently worked on improving his kebab business, but the burrito didn't take. Business was steadily declining. Other kebab shops were closing down and changing to the jumbo slice format. They competed by increasing the surface area of the slice, making profit margins as razor thin as the pizza itself. It didn't help Stefan that ProTV, Romania's largest channel, did an investigative report that concluded kebab meat had equine origins. Unbeknownst to viewers, the segment was secretly paid for by a cabal of men who owned the most jumbo slice shops in the country. Kebab, and its close cousin, shawarma, were done.

Without any advance notice, Stefan closed down his three kebab shops and laid off his workers through a handwritten sign on the door. He sat in his car for two hours thinking about what he was going to tell his wife. On the drive home he wondered if she would leave him, but he was determined to make her understand that their take-home income would only decrease by a small amount since the kebab shops were hemorrhaging so much money. At the same time, he knew Mary didn't care about the accounting as much as the image. People would see that her husband had to give away the Mercedes and close three shops. To anyone that mattered, it would appear that she's making a straight-line march into a gypsy slum.

Stefan thought that if Mary left him, he at least could fall back on his strengthening family

relationships. He wouldn't have to face it alone, and who knows, maybe he could start a legitimate business with Ciprian based on his Western European connections. The brothers were getting along quite well now, talking almost every day, and even Mary began to tolerate Ciprian's dinner visits.

When he opened the door to his house six hours before his standard arrival, fully braced to tell Mary the bad news, he heard rapid footsteps coming from above. Confused, he walked upstairs and saw Mary sitting in a state of half dress on the bed, looking frightened. "Is there a burglar?" Stefan said softly. Mary said nothing, but accidentally revealed the intruder when she threw a glance towards the walk-in closet. With his mouth half-open, in complete disbelief that his wife was cheating on him, Stefan walked to the closet and opened the door. There in the corner, wearing nothing but a pair of underwear, was his little brother Ciprian.

Previous Story: *The Rat Mobility Experiment*

Men And Women Are Affected Differently By Life Experience

July 11, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Experience does not affect men and women the same. For one sex, experience is a stimulator of growth, a giver of value, and a path to virtue, while in the other sex, experience corrupts and creates embitterment, sadness, cat-hoarding, and decreased virtue. One sex should embrace experience to gain the strength that makes them a better human being while the other should avoid experience to preserve a more wholesome and innocent nature that makes them a worthy long-term partner capable of bearing children.

Experience to men is like lifting weights. It's uncomfortable and causes discomfort, but once the lifting is done, the body calls upon its biological resources to heal the muscle to make it even stronger. The more a man lifts the more strength his muscles will contain, and the more able he can encounter difficult situations in the wild. When a man works difficult jobs, faces illness or poverty, struggles with a new language, or faces long bouts of sexual loneliness despite his best efforts, his muscles are being exerted. These situations are not favorable to his mind, but they turn him into steel. He becomes more capable of enduring pain and difficulty. He becomes full of wisdom, stories, and knowledge. He becomes more attractive to the opposite sex, and more knowledgeable about how to give women what they want.

Experience to a woman is like a puppy suffering abuse at the hands of its master. It rewires her brain to become cynical, jaded, distrustful, and sour. The benefits of these experiences fails to penetrate her brain, like a small stone skipping over a creek. All the experience in the world will not make her a more suitable life partner in the eyes of men, simply because her brain is not able to digest and process experiences like men.

Experience destroys a woman's birth-given maternal and compassionate nature. It masculinizes her, morphing her into a sad excuse of a little man, void of penis. When a woman sleeps with dozens of men, receives attention from thousands more on the internet, works many comfortable office jobs, reads blogs all day, travels to Paris, London, or Barcelona, and has access to bountiful material possessions without having to work hard for them, her feminine muscles are being weakened. She loses value. Every day that she is not in the service of one man she has dedicated her life to is one that puts her farther away from ever connecting with one. Experience, it turns out, corrupts and destroys the feminine soul.

There is something admirable about a man who has done much with his life and survived, because we are given no benefit of the doubt in our pursuit of happiness. We struggle daily for basic things that women are given on a silver platter, either by the welfare state or thirsty white knights. There is no plan B for men. A man is forced to become virtuous, someone who must earn his salt every day, while a woman who has experienced the

same morphs into a shrew, a calculating, un-motherly, and masculine specimen that is half-man and half-woman. She loses compassion and the ability to love one man. She becomes spoiled and ruined for the rest of her life.

Experience destroys women because their brain is not constructed to receive it. They are suitable for maintaining the hearth, for gossiping with their friends while the men risk their lives to ensure the survival of his children and his tribe. The only thing more absurd than a woman hunting zebras in ancient times is a woman today seeking out office employment to make her bread instead of serving a man in exchange for his. The only thing more absurd than a woman sleeping with every man in the tribe is a woman today needing to sexually experiment with dozens of penises as a source of entertainment or fun.

Only through experience can a man find himself, yet only through experience can a woman lose herself. The more experience she has, the more she has lost. Nature intended woman to seek protection from this cruel world behind a strong, experienced man. It’s how we’re built, and any attempt to go against this will result in misery for both sexes.

Read Next: *Your Life Will Always Be Full Of Struggle*

16 Things I Realized About Washington DC In 2014

July 14, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I took the advice of my peers and lived in Washington DC to better observe the city and its people. For one month in April I lived in between the Shaw and Convention Center metro stations. And in the case you're new—this is in addition to living in the DC area for about 30 years. Here's what I noticed:

99% of women are unattractive

I remember being in the Metro Center station on a Saturday night surrounded by a couple hundred people without being able to identify a single girl who was a 7 or above. At night at a medium-sized bar there is usually one or two 7′s and maybe an 8, but they are invariably inaccessible. If I lived in DC now, there would be lower motivation for me to work on my physique for the purpose of being more attractive to the low quality women I regularly see out.

On the other hand, there are pockets of very beautiful women floating around, which I did not see before. While they raise the average up, I did not see them regularly enough to figure out how to access them. My instinct is to say the average is slightly increasing, but the most beautiful girls are embedded in large groups and are hard to meet.

The white girls are utter slobs

In the relentless pursuit of their career, white girls are completely neglecting their appearance. Even if they happen to have a normal weight, their generic Gap style and use of flip flops and sneakers is inappropriate. I'm not into fashion, but I'm pretty sure I could be a consultant for these women, because as of now they seem to be dressed by the blind. The same can be said for white guys as well. These people have money and some brains but absolutely no self-awareness about how they are presenting themselves to the world.

Girls care less

It used to be that DC girls would at least be polite for the sake of being polite, but this is going out of the window. My indirect openers during the day, where I would start by asking for help, saw a slightly increased failure rate. Even helping a random stranger is becoming too much for them, and I imagine that feigning a handicap wouldn't have made much of a difference.

At night the situation can be downright brutal, and I've had to emotionally brace myself before approaching to prepare for a rude response. Unless you "wow" her within the first minute by being the best clown in the room with a stellar performance, you won't be able to keep her attention. If I was a girl who had so many cock options, I'd probably react the

same way, so I can't say I'm angry at them. They are responding in a rational way to living in a demographic environment where they are in high demand.

Everyone is a smartphone zombie

We get on girls for being addicted to their iphones, but it's starting to engulf everyone. People are finding it impossible to wait for a train or in a coffee shop without pulling out their phone. I regularly witness a row of ten or more zombies on their phones as the subway train arrives, and when I see people put away their phone, they usually bring it back out in less than a minute, as if it's a compulsion they can't fight. Even more surprising is that this addiction is starting to affect the Hispanic immigrants and even the older Americans. No one is immune.

The foreign women in DC are mediocre

Yes, there are a good number of foreign women in DC, specifically workers in the soup of imperialistic agencies like the World Bank and IMF, but beauty-wise they are not the best of what their countries offer. While they dress much better than the white girls, they hover around the 5 or 6 range and are way past their prime, with an average age pushing 30. Many have also lived in the area for years and have had their personalities correspondingly corrupted. I wouldn't bother with them if I was in their country, but in DC they are seen as cream of the crop.

Decent looking men are not escaping the struggle

I've lost count how many times I've seen good-looking men (around the 7 and 8 range) with muscles and apparent game striking out with girls below 7. In foreign countries they would have minor issues getting with cute girls, but here they have to spam approach in the hopes of getting lucky. I tell guys to work on your game, body, and so on, but what's the point if doing all that will only get you a decent girl once in a while seemingly by luck? How much use is there to the art of game in a city as awful as DC where you must do at least 30 approaches a week, essentially making getting laid a part time job, and when a girl feels more comfortable screening men via apps instead of meeting them in person?

The lack of price discovery is hurting men

I did about 15 approaches my first week in DC, both day and night. After those experiences, which did not result in sex, my gut told me to stop playing the game and chose to wait until departing the country. The reason is that, due to my travels, I know my objective value on the world market. I know what type of girl I should get and how much work is required (on average), but in DC it was quickly made apparent that I would have to put three times the effort on girls who were a third as valuable. But then my horniness asserted itself, and I willingly lowered my standards just to get laid, but it made

me feel great shame.

Unfortunately for many DC men, they have not gone through the price discovery process. They think this is a state of normalcy and they can't get better than what they've been getting. Too bad they haven't visited other countries, because they are stuck in a market that doesn't favor them, while I will continue to live in places where I have greater value and the cost of living in significantly cheaper.

Believe me that it was very sobering to get poor reactions from women who were uglier than what I was getting just a couple weeks prior in Poland. In DC I have to conclude that I am just a typical schlub, a low-value man who has to compete with tons of other men who have impressive business cards and expertise knowledge of local craft beers. In some foreign cities, I'm actually a decent catch, but here's I'm just one of many, another circumsized cock. Just when I think my value is the highest it has ever been, DC girls remind me that I'm no better than a garbage man, and I must grind it out for sex.

Everyone is an actor

I forgot that people in America ask how you are without actually wanting to know the answer. It may actually seem friendly and nice on the surface, but I consider it rude because the questioner has no intent to carry through what could be a neutral or negative response. It's tiring and fake to have dozens of these bullshit greetings and small talk exchanges every day. In addition, people say thank you for everything. I regularly witness people say thanks in restaurants for being seated, receiving a menu, or even receiving the check. Saying thanks has been reduced to conversational filler with no meaning behind it.

The suburbs insulate you from the worst problems

A lot of people said in the past that I would have had a better time in DC had I lived in the city instead of the suburbs. The last time I visited for a month, I experienced a sort of reverse culture shock depression and thought it was because I stayed with my dad in the middle of nowhere without a car. This time I stayed within 10 minutes walking distance to Chinatown and 15 minutes walking distance to U & 14th Streets. But I entered the same kind of depression *faster*. After only seven days, I was aching to leave, even though I was very close to many cafes, restaurants, and bars. My dad's suburb actually insulated me from all negative things I disliked about DC, but there is no avoiding these features when you're in the thick of it. If you consider that DC is a poison, it would only make sense that you'd get sicker if you were exposed to larger doses of the harmful agent. I can only conclude that living in the suburbs for so many years delayed my exit from the area.

White is not right

White girls are becoming a bad bet. In DC it's clear they are most affected by smartphone addiction and feminist ideology. They are masculine, rude, and eagerly receptive to

corporate manufactured trends. More severely, they are the ones who are most likely to accuse you of assault or harassment, or rape you in a divorce. They truly are the most entitled and privileged class of female in the world, and while I don't want to say I fear them, I feel quite hesitate to have sexual relations with them, especially if they find my internet writings. They are the ones who—more than any other type of woman—can turn my life upside down by lying to the police. It's not a stretch to say that if you interact with them, you're essentially like a black man in the Jim Crow south, one accusation away from big problems or, at the minimum, having your reputation ruined.

New technologies are cockblocking men

Every technology or app invented this point forth will benefit women more than men. All social networking and smartphone technologies, while offering some benefit to men in specific circumstances, offer a far greater benefit to women in satisfying their attention and validation needs. Facebook and the smartphone in particular are seemingly geared for the female species.

A new app which I got word is hurting men is Uber. In the past, if a woman was in your place for the night, she would likely stay and bang your brains out, even if your game wasn't "perfect." But now, if she gets just one "creepy" feeling or you make one bad joke that she doesn't want to brush off, she can pull her phone, make two clicks, and have a car waiting for her outside within a few minutes. Even though catching a cab is easy, this new app is extremely popular with women and—from what I hear—is used often to delay sexual intercourse or to give women an out when they encounter imperfect game. The saddest part of mobile or internet technology is that men are openly embracing it even though it harms them when it comes to having sex with women.

Tasty cheap food is everywhere

The amount of delicious food choices here is astounding, both in the supermarkets and in restaurants. There is a neverending temptation to eat food that was engineered in laboratory settings to be incredibly tasty, compared to the healthy but bland offerings I often find in Eastern Europe. What's even more incredible is how cheap food is if you account for the average salary in America. Yes, food in the third-world is cheaper in absolute terms, but not in relation to the lower income that foreign people earn.

Because of the deliciousness and cheapness of food, an American must show daily self-constraint to resist eating more than their body needs. It's actually a miracle that skinny people exist at all in America. They must have incredible virtue to resist the extra heapings of food that they come across every day. Even I gained 2.5 pounds during my stay because I indulged in luxury burgers and peanut butter.

Progressive and feminist propaganda is working

You know all the bullshit you encounter on Jezebel and XOjane? It's filtering into the

mainstream. One girl tried to preach to me about the 77% wage gap (which has thoroughly been debunked) and I overheard another wage gap discussion by an overweight white woman. I overheard minority women talking about “micro aggressions,” and the word “privilege,” to denote some type of race or economic advantage, is part of daily lexicon. As much as we hate sites that spread this information, we have to accept that today’s American woman is a vacuous receptacle for them because it allows her to not take personal responsibility for her life. The exception is if she ever achieves success, whereby she is intelligent and empowered, but if she experiences a failure, then it was due to someone else’s privilege or a mythical illuminati construct to hold down women for all eternity.

Black men are getting soft

If there’s one race in America that you could count on to be hypermasculine, it was black men. This is coming to an end. The younger black men are becoming more feminized or just outright turning to homosexuality. This softening is reflected in rap music. I used to listen to it to get a chauvinistic surge before going out at night, but nowadays a lot of the top acts like Future, Kanye West, Drake, and even Lil Wayne are spitting betafied anthems that are one small step above Bruno Mars. It makes sense from a commercial standpoint—this is what black men now want.

I believe that smartphones are playing a big part in this softening. Black youth who used to be loud and aggressive are now docile with their devices hooked up to a pair of Beats by Dre headphones, bobbing their heads alone, not disturbing anyone else’s space. I used to be ultra-vigilant when walking in DC late at night, but I believe young black men have become less capable of violent crime. Unless you’re in the ghetto and see obvious thug body language with menacing eye contact or baggy jeans that could conceal weapons, safety shouldn’t be a huge concern. I also see how the white knockout game was overstated in its prevalence. With the huge amount of black-white mixing in gentrified areas, a couple dozen incidents in two or three years should be considered a disturbing nuisance instead of an outright race war.

Men are super thirsty

I can’t blame men for being thirsty in the anti-male DC environment, but it definitely doesn’t make any night out enjoyable when you have to compete with men who are willing to pedestalize women to great heights just for a chance at a conversation, lining up to provide open bar service without wanting anything in return besides a 1% shot at sex.

It got to the point where for principle’s sake I declined to approach a girl to not further boost her ego, even though it would result in no sex for me. It’s just perverse and unnatural to see average women with so many options. The only way to pick up at night in DC is to have strong thirst. Otherwise, you won’t be able to tolerate what you see.

If a girl calls you a douchebag, but remains planted, you are probably going to smash. With the two girls I had intimacy with, I was called a grab-bag of the usual suspects: creep, shady, jerk, dick, sexist, offensive, and annoying. For a girl to call me these names, and then soon let me shove my tongue down her mouth, is quite unnatural, but then again they serve as definitive proof that you are entertaining her and giving her the drama that she wants in her hookup partner.

It's clear to me that the compliment is officially dead. Modern interactions are devolving into something like a freestyle rap battle that ends with rough sex. In fact, the best way to judge how well you're doing is when a girl insults you and then smiles. Keep up the banter and invite her to your place while disingenuously telling her that you don't want to have sex with her because her hair color is wrong or due to some other trivial flaw.

Conclusion

I don't know how you guys do it. I don't know how you can stay in these types of environments. I'm not judging or shaming you for that, but either your will is stronger than mine or your personality is Americanized to the point where you possess some shared traits with American women. I used to have some of these traits as well, but I did a detox abroad and am now unable to tolerate them for more than a month at a time. Depending on how you look at it, I'm either ruined or saved.

The only sadness I have is towards my family, who still retain hope that I will one day move back to DC and be closer to them, but if anything, I'm more certain than ever that it's just not the place for me. I'm more than happy to visit them from time to time, but I see DC as a dead city, and based on the many conversations I had while there, it's dead to a lot of other men too.

Read Next: *15 Reasons Why Washington DC Sucks For Guys*

5 Warning Signs To Look For Before The First Date

July 16, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

If you've read a couple of my travel guides, you'll notice that there are a lot of differences when running game on foreign women. Some moves work well in country A but not B, and girls from country C have personalities that seem completely different than country D. It's relatively easy to establish what is different, but how about the qualities that are the same? I found one such quality, a behavior that is so universal it should engraved into stone.

When a girl gives you resistance before the first date, or displays flakey behavior, you will not have sex with her.

This can occur in the following ways:

If she doesn't reply to your first text within three hours. Three hours is a reliable cutoff in my experience, assuming you first write to her before 9pm. Unless her phone died, a rare occurrence, there is no reason for her to take more than three hours to reply. If a girl truly likes a guy, she won't keep him waiting longer than that when the relationship is new.

If she declines your first date suggestion by saying she's busy, but not offering an alternate date. It's understandable that girls have extremely important social activities to attend to, but if she doesn't make a counteroffer, you're in trouble. Any attempt to offer another day will likely be shot down.

If she replies to your first date suggestion with a variant of "I'm not sure yet, let's see." The girl sees you as an inferior option and is hoping a better alternative will come along. In my experience, this is a "no" nearly 100% of the time (in fact it has only happened to me once where a date proceeded with such a reply). If a girl hits you with this, you must preserve your value by replying with, "That's okay I'll make other plans. Maybe another time." Never let a girl leave you hanging as if you're some puppy dog waiting for its master to return home.

If she attempts to change the venue of the first date. There is absolutely no valid reason for the girl to veto your first date suggestion and try to call the shots by suggesting her own venue. You stain yourself as a compliant beta if you agree to her changes. Either it's your venue or it's no date.

If she attempts to change the first date to an earlier time. This is a huge warning sign that means she has lined up another plan after your date. If you agree to her change, I promise that your date will not exceed 90 minutes and not end beyond a kiss on the cheek. When a girl attempts to do this, you must actually consider changing to a *later* time than what you initially suggested. This makes her definitively choose between either you or her backup plan. She can't have both. On the other hand, it's okay if she suggests a time that is later (maybe she ran late with work or errands and needs extra time to look pretty for you).

There are of course exceptions, but they are so few coming that you must stroke the eject lever when encountering these warning signs. It's especially important never to comply with girls who behave in a masculine manner by trying to make the plans or change important details that suggest you are not important to her.

If you consider that the first date is essentially a job interview, where both parties do their best to display their most positive attributes, a woman who exhibits the above behaviors before it can even take place is simply not serious about getting the job. Save your time, save your energy, and move on to another applicant instead.

Read Next: *No Girl Can Hurt A Man With Options*

6 Warning Signs To Look For Before The First Date

July 16, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Read Next: *No Girl Can Hurt A Man With Options*

One Night In Odessa (2014)

July 16, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I shot this video while living in Odessa, Ukraine during the summer and fall of 2014.

Watch Next: *The Street Music Of Odessa*

The Death Of Male Authenticity

July 18, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I noticed that the more I'm myself in a relationship with a woman (as I see myself), the happier I am with her. On the other hand, the more I have to change my behavior in line to what I think she would find attractive, the less satisfaction I get from that relationship. While "being yourself" is not the key to getting laid, it may be the key to being satisfied in relationships.

In more ancient times, relationships were much different than what we experience now. Back then, when a woman valued a man's resources for her very own survival, the man could more or less be himself since there were less options for her to walk away YOLO-style and immediately find another man. He acted the opposite of what we have today, where most men apply a filter to their natural impulses in order to keep their women in a permanent state of being attracted. Today we do what we believe or know that women will like in a way to minimize our rejection rate and maximize the quantity or quality of sex or love that we receive. We apply rules, techniques, and strategies to meet women, because without them it would not be possible to achieve intimacy.

Even beta orbiters do this when they volunteer to be in the friendzone—they are applying a strategy that they truly believe will be the most effective means of starting a sexual relationship, however foolhardy that may be. Whatever strategy is used, whether beta or alpha, men must act inauthentic in order to gain intimacy that feels authentic. The beta must pretend to be a friend when he is interested in the girl and wants sex. The alpha must pretend to be aloof when he is interested in the girl and wants sex. They are both putting on a performance for the same goal. One performance gets the girl in her prime while the other gets her afterwards, when she has gained 20 pounds and becomes host to three different HPV strains.

The extreme of this inauthenticity is the married man who must apply "game" on his wife, even though she pledged to dedicate her life to him unto death, just so that she doesn't get bored with him and cheat before draining his blood in a divorce. While the player has to put on a clown suit when he goes to the club to pick up women, the married man has to permanently wear the clown suit and hope she never strays, especially if he married an attractive Western woman.

Today, no man can be authentic in front of a woman. We can only behave and act through techniques and behaviors which have been documented to work. We have to learn an assortment of alpha traits and become more psychologically aware than BF Skinner just to get some pussy. We have to rip out our beta male souls, or just a natural impulse to be a good person, and morph it into something that a modern woman appreciates enough to spread her legs for the moment of sex, which ironically is becoming less authentic with each passing year as girls poorly mimic what they see in porn or read in stupid books, making loud noises of simulated pleasure while demanding to be strangled like a rag doll.

For men, acting must occur in the most mundane of situations:

- Are you sitting next to your girlfriend in a cafe and get the urge to compliment her beauty? You better not because then she will think you're needy.
- Are you annoyed that she's taking so long to reply to text messages? Too bad because you can't tell her it bothers you. Take a long time to reply as well so she becomes anxious and remains attracted to you.
- Are you sad because your aunt just died? You better hide it because if she sees that you're upset she will think you're a weak man and start replying to her OK Cupid message backlog.
- Do you want to tell a girl on a first date how she is fun to be with? You can't do that because she'll think you're falling in love with her.

One reason the game is not worth it for some men is because we are forced to be actors and clowns in the presence of women for transient sexual gain. I would do 1,000 approaches if it meant the next girl would unconditionally love me for who I am and will become for all eternity, but this is an absolute impossibility where girls can survive without men. Instead I will have to dance and juggle for her, fuck her maybe 10 times, but more like 4 or 5, and then the relationship will get stale, neither of us able to find the will or motivation to continue because of the type of 20th century environment we were born into by no choice of our own.

Relationships that have lifelong worth, where you gain as much value as you put in, can only come when you're the most authentic (it's impossible to be 100% authentic, but 80% or above is a good goal). This is the point where it doesn't feel like you're expending labor every day just to keep her. Unfortunately, it's becoming impossible to achieve high authenticity outside the realm of familial and friendly relations where you can be more direct with your beliefs, desires, dreams, and hopes. With women you're sexual with, being open and honest is dangerous. Tell her what you think or feel and she's out the door.

The problem is that if you can't be honest with someone and express your true thoughts, you're in a relationship that can't possibly last. If you're applying game to your wife, and that game is not congruent with your beliefs, the marriage will end. If you're authentic to a person who is inauthentic, that relationship will fail. Becoming authentic—of knowing not only the red pill truths of the world but the truths of your self—may be a losing proposition in a world that is becoming grotesquely inauthentic, even denying basic truths of human nature and gender like we see with progressivism in America. The red pill is the fastest path to isolation and loneliness because sooner than later you'll tired of putting on your actor's mask.

While it's easy to be inauthentic for the short time it takes to get many girls into bed, this isn't a sustainable solution if you ever want to take off the mask. That leaves us with two options. The first is to *become* the alpha male that most women want, where your impulse changes from unconsciously doing naturally beta acts to alpha acts. This can only

come when you internalize game (at least 5 years of practice) like how a professional basketball player can shoot with his eyes closed, but how alpha you can become from full-blown beta is up for debate. The second option is to have fun being the clown to get a variety of sex, but only plan for long-term relationships with women who appreciate your true—albeit constantly changing—self. It's clear to me that for men to be happy with women in today's environment, a combination of both will have to take place.

Men will have to swallow the red pill and uproot their nice guy instincts and put on a mask to have sex with pretty girls who demand a clown while considering something long term with the occasional girl who loves us even more when we temporarily take off that mask. Yet in terms of being ourselves at all times with women and being everlastingly happy with them—I'm sad to announce that we live in an age where that is not possible. And there's nothing we can do about it.

Read Next: *How The Game Changes When You Get Older*

7 Reasons Why American Culture Is The Most Degenerate In The World

July 21, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

If we wanted to measure the morality of a culture, what would be the best way to do so? Some may suggest looking at statistics of crime or drug use. Others would tell you to look at divorce rates, church participation, or births that take place out-of-wedlock. Many of these would provide a good clue as to the health of a culture, but even some atheists would agree that a thorough measure would be to stack up the culture against the seven deadly sins, which were introduced into the Christian faith to help its adherents avoid sin. If you use this yardstick on American culture, it's hard not to conclude that it is indeed the most degenerate in the world.

1. Lust

> Lust or lechery is an intense desire. It is a general term for desire. Therefore lust could involve the intense desire of money, food, fame, power, or sex.

Right now, there are thousands of intelligent teenage boys who dream of becoming a rock star instead of a doctor or engineer. There are teenage girls uploading selfies to Facebook and Instagram in the hopes of gaining attention instead of seeking out a good man in her prime fertile years. There are morbidly obese individuals stuffing their face with food made dense with sugar and fat even though their body does not require it. There are men whose lives revolve around the accumulation of material possessions or

status badges to impress women who have been trained to become drawn into anything that shines or sparkles.

The foundation of America is held up by the five pillars of lust: money, food, fame, power, and sex. These vices have been monetized by multi-national corporations to ensure they get a slice of the pie in your destructive journey towards moral abasement. There is no other country in the world that makes lust such a daily and all-encompassing feature of life than America.

2. Gluttony

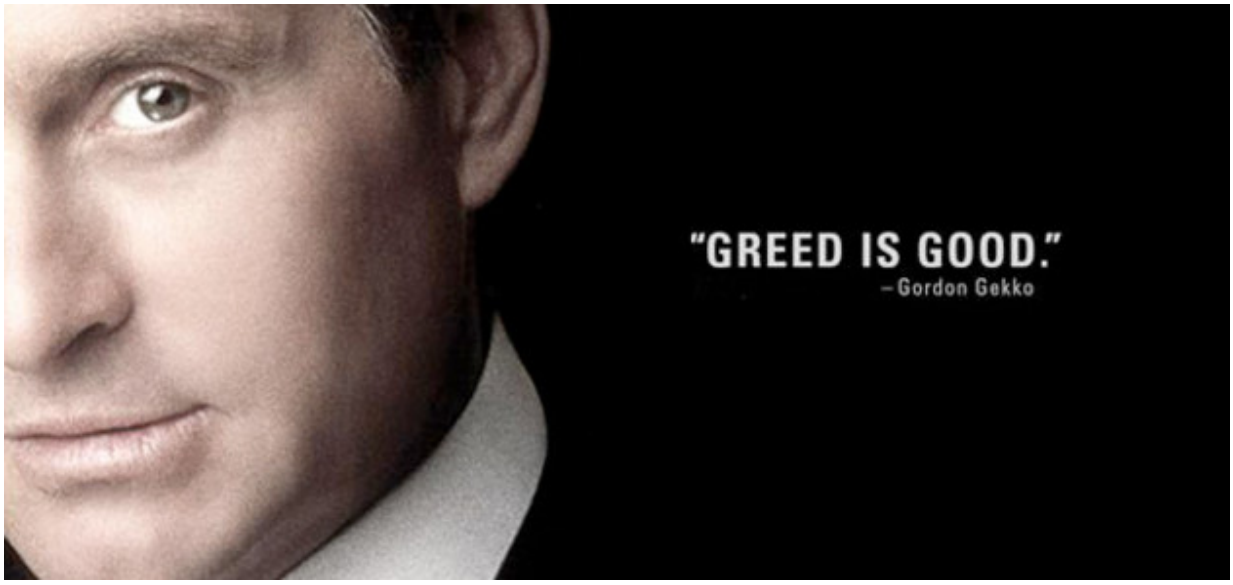
> ...over-indulgent and over-consumption of anything to the point of waste... it could also include an obsessive anticipation of meals, and the constant eating of delicacies and excessively costly foods.

America is the fattest developed country in the world. Over half of the population is medically overweight with no concern on how this affects their appearance and what it says about their character. People eat when they are not hungry, and then they eat some more, the richest and most unhealthy foods that have ever bee constructed. They look in the mirror and instead of accepting that they've transmorphed into a monstrosity of a human being, they scream at you for shaming them and pointing out their horrendous gluttony. They're actually healthy, we're told, even though their immense carriage prevents them from fitting in a standard airplane seat.

Self-control is becoming so rare that those who have it could likely be diagnosed as having obsessive-compulsive disorder. You only live once, they say, so the rule is to seek out your fleeting moment of happiness in a large piece of chocolate cake, after you've already eaten a meal fit for two.

3. Greed

> ...a very excessive or rapacious desire and pursuit of material possessions... greed is an inordinate desire to acquire or possess more than one needs, especially with respect to material wealth



Americans don't judge themselves based on their experience and knowledge—they judge themselves based on theirs possessions. They proudly display their newest gadget, their fancy car, or the latest fashion, but even with these objects, they become quickly disappointed and feel compelled to make another trip to the mall or Amazon.com. They seek to gain more and more, racing with their peers to be the most mindless and robotic with their consumption, hoping corporate products fill their empty lives.

They want to feel rich and important through objects they can touch and show to others, not through any wisdom they've attained from living life deliberately. Their lives are dedicated not to making a positive difference, not to leaving this world with something that helps the next generation, but leaving behind a McMansion full of crap. Americans don't work to live—they work to stuff their home with Chinese-made products that no one will want after they die.

4. Sloth

> While sloth is sometimes defined as physical laziness, spiritual laziness is emphasized.
>
> Sloth has also been defined as a failure to do things that one should do.

Americans work long hours in their cubicle job so that they can spend most of their time off with mindless, loony pursuits. A man or woman in their prime will slave away 50 hours a week in a job to buy things they don't need and entertain themselves with electronics, trendy dining, and fornication. Only after many continuous years of pursuing nonstop fornication have I realized that it was not the path to personal fulfillment that I thought (but it was a path to the truth I attempt to speak now).

You may laugh at my incorrect assumption, but what else can you expect when the American women I interacted with actually preferred casual sexual encounters that wouldn't interfere with their career and busy social calendar? Thankfully, my satisfying mini-relationships with foreign women who have not yet been corrupted by American culture has shown me a different path, planting a seed within me to pursue more meaning.

One additional symptom of sloth is entitlement. Is there any other people more entitled than Americans? If you were to distill their mentality in only one word, it would simply be "Gimme!" They believe they are deserving of all the good in life without the introspection, analysis, and strenuous individual labor that success requires. Only in America do you have people majoring in the most childish of majors like communications, sociology, art history, or psychology and then expecting to live out the American dream with a car, apartment, and daily Frappucino habit after wasting four years learning something that you or I could achieve in 3 months with a few trips to the local bookstore. An American is someone who walks on a treadmill for 5 minutes a day on the slowest setting and then wonders why they don't have a rock-hard six pack and bulging biceps.

5. Wrath

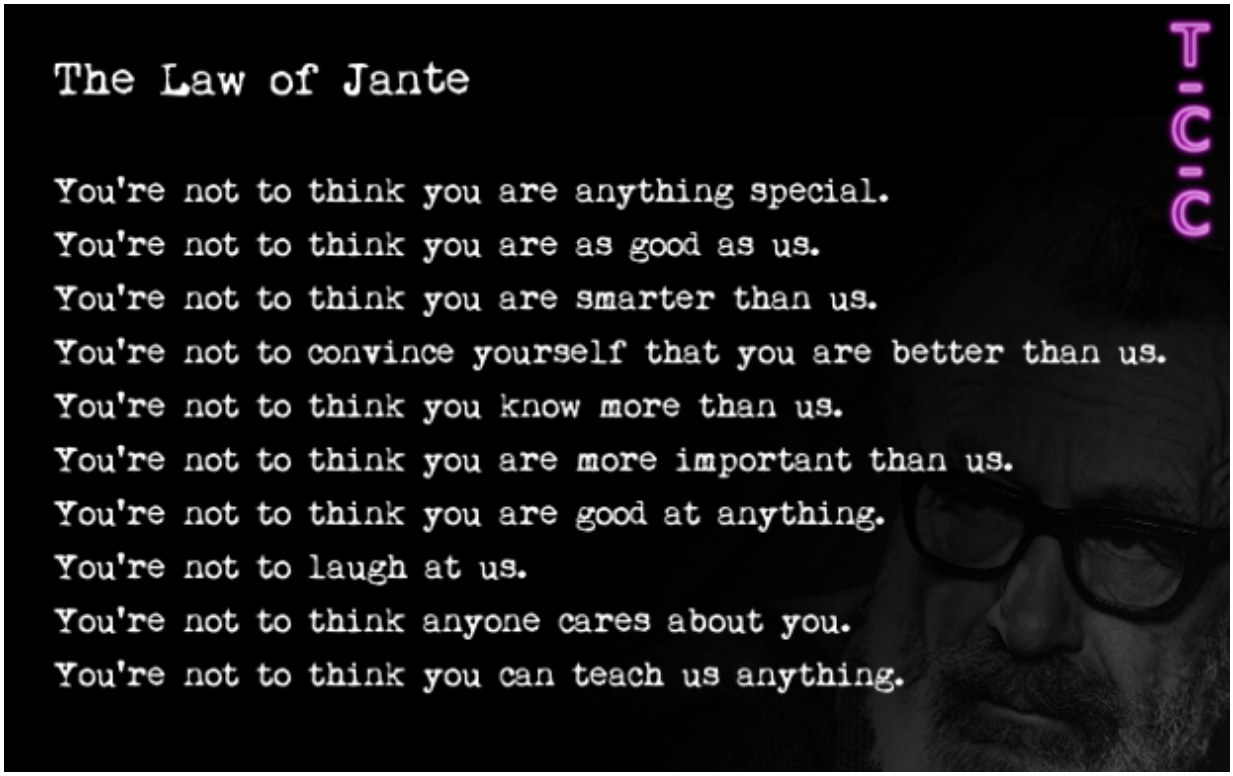
> ...inordinate and uncontrolled feelings of hatred or anger. Wrath, in its purest form, presents with self-destructiveness.

Why do Americans pursue a life of nonstop gluttony, sloth, and lust? Because they believe these vices will provide them with the happiness and meaning they want. But of course it doesn't, and the only response left for them is the anger and rage of not feeling spiritual or existential fulfillment after becoming a slave to their most primitive and hedonistic desires. Consider that the term "hate reading" was invented in America, where millions of empty people seek out articles that they know will anger them just to feel alive for a few minutes and fill the remaining void left over from their already incessant pursuit of distraction. You can easily view their anger every day on Youtube and Liveleak—videos of public meltdowns, fights, and violence in public places that started for the most trivial of reasons that they were emotionally incapable of brushing off like a well-balanced adult.

An American's sanity is hanging by a thread, one step away from a full-blown breakdown, of yelling at the Starbucks barista, of attacking someone who stepped on their shoe, or of outright shooting someone with a handgun because of a traffic incident. This is in spite of the fact that Americans are the most medicated in the world with millions of anti-depressant and anti-anxiety pills swallowed every day. A significant percentage of the population needs pharmaceutical chemicals just to keep their rage subdued, just to get through yet another day, and that's not even enough to keep them sane.

6. Envy

> Envy is similar to jealous in that they both feel discontent towards someone's traits, status, abilities, and rewards.



If you want an American to hate you, simply succeed in life. No other country breeds people with such feelings of inferiority to think that another person's success is their personal failure, as if everything in life is zero-sum. In fact, the phrase "Keeping up with the Jones'" originated in America as a direct result of our envious view upon our neighbor. Envy is a core American value and has been for several generations. Even your family, your flesh and blood, has been poisoned by this mentality and much rather see you stumble than to see you break free from the chains of existential mediocrity to achieve your maximum potential.

While envy is definitely a common human trait, consider that in Scandinavia they possess a cultural code called Jante Law (pictured above) which forbids it. Whether it works or not is up for debate, but they're at least attempting to subdue it. America, on the other hand, encourages it with a culture of "hating" where every little action of our celebrities, no matter how minor, is placed under the microscope to be ridiculed and mocked. Only in America has envy actually been monetized to the tune of a multi-billion dollar celebrity gossip industry, so profitable because the most reliable way for Americans to feel better about themselves is to see someone fall on their face. Genuine self-improvement is much harder than merely laughing at the misfortune of others.

7. Pride

> It is identified as believing that one is essentially better than others, failing to acknowledge the accomplishments of others, and excessive admiration of the personal self.

Mirror mirror on the wall, tell me who is the most narcissistic of them all. Tell me who can't stop themselves from taking a million selfies, from attention whoring all hours of the day, from talking about themselves as if the sun orbited around their center, who exaggerate all accomplishments and brag about the most minor of achievements, who think running a 5k is a noble duty, who eat at fancy new restaurants as a way to brag to their friends, who look down on those who don't have the right job or the right clothes or the right gadgets, who believe that the laws of human nature can be defeated with Botox and that they are the most unique snowflake of them all. Please tell me who this person is!

The mirror replies: "The American is the most self-important of them all, who really believe they are exceptional, who believe they are the royalty of modern humanity, who believe their actions warrant nothing in the way of careful thought and whose mere presence should be met with rousing applause."

Can you name a culture more degenerate than America? Because if you can, I'd like to hear it. I've been to over 25 countries and haven't found one that matches the degeneracy of the West, and the two that come closest, Canada and England, will never rise up to match it. If anything, they are a low fidelity copy of the worst that America has created and nurtured in the past 50 years, a complete abandonment of what it takes to be a virtuous human being. America is a country who trains its subjects to embrace every sin every single day of their lives.

I don't believe in God, but if I did I would pray every night that He destroys American culture, a soul-sucking leech on over 300 million human beings and countless more outside its borders, a demon that is enslaving human beings to feed their darkest urges and bottomless pits of narcissism, to obsessing over Chinese products and mindless

nonstop entertainment, to worshiping at the alter of the government instead of the family, to creating helpless zombies instead of self-reliant individuals, and to equating homosexuality with normality. Please God, let this culture be devoured, even if it means an age of darkness where we must learn from scratch how to be good again.

Read Next: *The Decline Of American Women*

Clown Game vs Good Man Game

July 23, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In the past I gave advice on what type of game you should run based on your geographical location. Western game, which I liken to clown game, is based on entertaining and exciting the girl while Eastern game is more about showing that you're a good man and possible provider. A minor but noticeable trend is that a growing percentage of girls in more prosperous Central and Eastern European countries are shifting to wanting a man with clown attributes. How do you know which game to start with no matter where you are? Allow me to present some guidelines.

Start with clown game if:

- You are in a nightclub and girls are focused primarily with dancing
- The girl you want to approach is doing things which suggest her attention is fractured (e.g., taking selfies, having short conversations with many people, not staying still, being part of a huge group, etc.)
- The girl is expressive or displaying wild dance moves which suggest she wants people to notice her
- The city you're in has a far greater percentage of men than women
- On average you see girls dating up and guys dating down
- You look around and see many guys with larger muscles and better style than you

Clown game is required when the overall quantity and quality of men is higher than that of women. If this condition is met, women are in scarce supply and will be choosing to leverage their relatively high status for the treadmill of validation, fun, attention, and sexy cock. Putting out signs that you are a good man will be seen as boring or even needy, so you must approach her as a clown and make her excited instead. On the other hand, if you're in an environment where men are more scarce, or low economic development requires women to find a man for her future stability (or even survival), you should run good man game.

Start with good man game if:

- You are in a nightclub and girls are solemnly standing around as if hoping for men to talk to them
- The girl you want to approach is giving inviting eye contact or otherwise checking out men to judge their worth
- The girl is not overly occupied with her social group or smartphone
- The city you're in has a greater percentage of pretty women than decent man
- It's not uncommon to see troglodyte men dating beautiful women, and they don't appear to be rich
- You look around and see very few guys who look or dress better than you

Good man game works in those environments where a woman is not getting approached regularly by datable men. There, a girl is not seeking machine gun casual sex encounters because she would only be able do it with men who are relatively low value, whereas in a clown environment, girls can have their pick of of good men to play with like toys. Obviously, you know which type of environment I'm seeking and which I have spent the last few years of my life in, but I'm beginning to increasingly see clown game see effectiveness in Eastern Europe.

It's important to note that you must *start* with the right approach. The reason is that if you start with the wrong game, the girl will be turned off and any attempt to switch over will be seen as either weird or ungenuine. If you're confused, you can ignore the above guidelines completely and just focus on running clown game 100% of the the time in America and good man game 100% of the time in Eastern Europe. You'll be wrong less than half of the time, but to increase your success rate, try to understand what factors are present in your environment that hint at the best game to run. Within our lifetimes, however, I predict that clown game will become the optimum game everywhere in the world.

In spite of the fact that I know when to run clown game and how to execute it, I am exceedingly hesitant to do so. If I encounter a girl where I know a clown approach would work, my energy has to be especially high to succeed with it. Otherwise I'll just wait until finding a girl wouldn't mind a more "boring" man.

Read Next: *How To Be A Good Clown*

Be Thirsty, But Not Too Much

July 25, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Thirsty guys get a bad rap in these parts, and rightly so—their extreme pedastilization increases the self-perceived value of women and makes it harder for other guys to interact with them. At the same time, there is a downside of not having any thirst, where you don't desire sex enough to motivate you to put in the required effort. What we need instead is *some* thirst that leads to an optimum sex life.

My thirst has gone down over the years, when I used to tolerate high levels of cunt behavior to squeeze in the notch. In other words, I've fucked a lot of girls who didn't treat me how I wanted to be treated. I was thirsty back then because I highly valued sex and believed accepting short-term abuse was worth a sexual experience of dubious worth.

As my notch count grew and sex became less of a necessity to fill in whatever emptiness I had, I became much less tolerant of disrespectful behavior from women. I would walk away very early from interactions when women weren't treating me in the exact way that I desired. As you may expect, this led to far fewer notches, which decreased even further as I began to fill my leisure time with other activities. Not only was sex less important in my life, but I was becoming proud. A proud man doesn't accept even the most minor of slights from others, especially women.

When I came back to DC, the tough environment caused my thirst to increase to a level I hadn't experienced in some time. I eventually sacrificed my values for a shot at sex with a British feminist. While I felt ashamed after the attempt, I can't deny the result—sex wouldn't have been on table had I not been thirsty. We wouldn't have even made it to the twenty minute mark because of her stupid tests.

I don't want to be insulted and disrespected, but I want a variable sex life that includes relatively easy intimate encounters with pretty girls, even if we're not 100% emotionally compatible. Therefore I have had to accept that two spoons of thirst in my cup of game would lead to more sexual fulfillment (at the cost of accepting some rudeness in my life) than putting in no spoons of thirst at all. Because getting laid is such a challenging endeavor, we must add sweetener in order to attain the variety we seek. I would be the first man to sign up for a nationwide anti-thirst campaign, but we must admit there's value in it if you want to sleep with more than a couple girls a year.

If you convince yourself that you don't "need" sex, or that getting "meaningless" and "shallow" notches aren't important, then we can make the prediction that you will have long dry spells. There's nothing horrible with that, but to lay a respectable quality or quantity of women, you must believe that sex is an essential element to a man's life and not getting laid at high frequencies is a harmful state (even if it truly isn't). There must be a hint of urgency in your gait as you walk through a venue that *you must find a girl*. Otherwise, you just won't care enough to do what it takes to get laid.

Read Next: *My Spring 2014 Game Workflow*

Is Night Game Really Dead In America?

July 28, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In the golden area of modern pickup (around 2000-2005), a little night game was all you needed to consistently meet cute American girls in bars and clubs. It had its flaws, but just knowing how to approach with a little confidence and dancing skill would be enough to get laid. You wouldn't have to use the internet and back then day game was nothing more than a niche for guys who didn't drink. Flaking was a low level annoyance instead of a common outcome. You didn't have to aim for a one-night stand because chances were reasonable that a girl would show up on a first date.

My one month experience in DC earlier this year clearly shows me how much night game has declined. Now I know many of you rightly counter that DC is not America, but it is a canary in the coal mine of where American culture is headed. Negative shifts seem to happen in DC first and then gradually spread out to most other metropolitan cities, and I'll be surprised if the experience I'm about to describe is totally foreign to American men who have never stepped foot in DC. Here are some things I noticed:

- Lopsided sex ratio that hover around 3 guys for every 1 girl. If you're lucky, you'll see brief flashes of 1.5 guys per girl.
- Almost no top talent unless you go to the snobbiest clubs in town where table service or promoter connections are a requirement to get the attention of above-average talent.
- Decreasing level of thirst in women because their option pipeline is near capacity.
- Having to compete with a woman's iPhone.
- An increase in group size with the presence of beta orbiters who purchase drinks and thus lock in the girls for the night.
- A hostility to "random" men who are not pre-screened via social circle or a swipe of destiny on Tinder.
- An unreasonable expectation from girls on how perfect your conversation must be when approaching. If you don't completely capture her attention within the first minute, you're out.
- An increase in women putting down men to elevate their egos. Women always rejected men, but now they are trying to emotionally hurt you with nasty attitudes and cheap insults, leading to sour interactions that kill your mood.
- An increase in bartenders and staff cockblocking your attempt and actually competing directly with you for the few good-looking women present.
- Lack of eye contact from women or even recognition that there are men in the vicinity.
- Presence of desperate men cockblocking each other—even their own friends—just to receive a chance at having a conversation with an okay-looking woman.
- Increase in seeing ugly hogs rejecting moderately good looking men.
- Decreased ability of girls to have a normal conversation with a stranger without

looking at her phone or friends for comfort.
- Decreased ability for girls to handle a joke or non politically correct comment without getting angry or emotional.
- Increase in girls being incredibly cheap in not wanting to buy their own drinks. They rather save $40 and be surrounded by orbiters they don't want to have sex with than buy their own drinks and make themselves more accessible to men who they may have a sexual interest in.
- Increase in amount of unattractive cougars past 30 who are aggressive in flirting with you and feel entitled to your cock.
- Increase in attractive girls being protected by multiple layers of orbiters and female friends, preventing you from even attempting an approach.

My most positive night game interactions came when the girl was highly into my appearance or believed that I possessed some type of status. I did not have a case where I approached a girl, she was neutral, and then I was able to increase the attraction by being interesting, cocky, and so on (reminding me a bit of my time in Brazil). Girls are now judging you almost immediately and the game becomes about not screwing up when this initial attraction is present, but even when a girl judged me as attractive initially, her friends, emotional fragility, and smartphone were ready to sabotage the interaction.

This leads me to believe that unattractive guys should not waste their time in clubs. Guys who are shy or non-entertaining clowns will also not get anything. Everything I saw in my month suggests that you must be physically average or above average to play night game in DC (or have very low standards). In addition, you need to possess a high level of game to *simply maintain* that initial attraction (get ready for her to bombard you with an inordinate amount of silly tests throughout the interaction) and also have the logistical know-how to seal the deal. At the same time, you can possess all these positive traits and still perform very poorly in DC. There is now a bit of luck factor involved in pulling.

For the more average man, day game is still fruitful, but this will see a slight decline as women show hostility to non-approved men everywhere, not just in clubs. We now have to admit that "street harassment," rape hysteria programming, and general feminist propaganda are having the effect of making American women more averse to meeting strange men. This reason, in addition to girls simply having difficulty in holding conversations with strangers due to technology co-dependence, will put day game in danger within the next ten years. You can have the best day game in the world, but how will you even be able to begin the connection process if women are losing the ability to converse with new people thanks to their slavish addiction to technology?

It used to be the case that if you weren't getting results from night game, you were probably doing many things wrong. But now, even if you do everything right, the DC night environment is so stacked against you that it may take several nights out and dozens of hours just to meet a decent girl who ends up flaking on you in the end anyway. If you're starting to learn game today in environments similar to DC, I just can't advise doing so at night. Go to bars with your friends for fun, and do the occasional approach on a girl you

like, but you should be focusing on doing a couple day approaches a day.

What happens with the internet should be interesting. You hear second-hand stories of guys killing it on Tinder, but not many first-hand accounts. Just like in clubs, you'll have elite men doing extremely well, and then more average men spending untold hours optimizing, swiping, and copy-pasting just to bang the occasional 6.5. Since night game is so bad, more guys will be moving to the internet, though not to day game, since it's significantly hard to approach girls alone without alcohol. The inevitable result is that a 5 online is now getting attention from guys rated 7 and up. Once a city beings to see a decline in night game, men will cockify the internet, making online pickup harder. Decline begets decline.

Madison Avenue Bar (Toronto)
19
3
staff

2
16
Saint Ex (DC)

This is what you need today to do well at night (the more qualities you have the better):

- Appearance that is not below average. Ugly guys already suffer, but soon they won't be getting even scraps. We need to put them on an emergency Thailand expatriation plan or legalize prostitution so they don't kill themselves (or others).
- Perfect game. You will not be able to make a single mistake even if a girl is attracted to you, because several guys will be waiting in the wings. Good-looking guys didn't need game in the past, but now they do.
- Extensive social circle. Back in 2002, having a social circle didn't provide huge benefits because attractive girls were more accessible in night venues, but we're seeing a shift to where having a deep roster of friends and high status *within* that social group will be necessary to get access that was essentially "free" before.
- A bulletproof niche. It used to be that a niche was having one favorite bar in the city that you would go to a couple times a week, but now you will need a sort of detailed recipe of localized status or fame that other men can't easily reproduce and that provides you with at least 6 months of relatively easy sex before it busts or is copied by other men.

My outlook is highly negative because you have to understand I'm connecting a 2002 dot with a 2014 dot. The decline from those two points of time is nothing short of devastating. I was a 23-year-old kid back then with the lowest of game and the most horrible lines and retarded style but I received more positive reactions in DC than I got on my most recent trip, when my objective value is at its highest.

I was starkly reminded that in DC I'm scum, just another drop in the bucket of employed men, and I'd have to be a masochist to permanently accept the type of abuse I was given. I think back to my one week in Toronto, and maybe I'm applying revisionist

memory, but I’m certain I got more positive reactions there. I can’t say I’m crying about this since my stay was only for one month, but as long as I value having good women in my life—and the ability to obtain one without killing myself—DC is nothing short of hell in North America for men.

Read Next: *15 Factors That Determine If A City Is Great For Men*

Notch Paradise vs Dream Girl Paradise

July 30, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I will now ask you to make a decision between living in two different environments for six months.

The first environment is called Notch Paradise. You will be able to lay one new girl a week in the 6 range with practically no effort. They will be tolerable and sometimes interesting but rarely will you want to sleep with any of them more than a couple times. Instead, you satisfy your sexual hunger through entertaining bangs with a seemingly endless rotation of somewhat cute girls. You will not enter a long-term relationship.

The second environment is called Dream Girl Paradise. You will lay maybe one or two girls within your six month period, but they will be at least in the 8 range and quite pleasing and feminine. You will enter an enjoyable relationship with whatever girl you sleep with. The precursor feelings of love may develop. To add a new girl to the rotation is prohibitively costly, and so you would be stuck with one girl at a time.

Which environment is better? Which would you rather enter right now?

The answer will of course depend on who you are and where you are in life. Most younger men in the West will pick notch paradise, since that is what their general lack of sexual experience will demand and also what they are trained to do by the culture (sleep around for fun). Most older or experienced men who have had their fill of women will go for dream girl paradise, since a one-time lay with a 6 wouldn't provide them with as much value.

My initial idea of poosy paradise was actually a combination of the two, where I would sleep with very beautiful girls in the 8+ range with little work. Even if I would be highly compatible with them, I'd quickly pass on each girl to keep sleeping with other beautiful girls. Unfortunately, I don't think such a place exists for more than a fleeting moment, but notch paradise exists, and so does shades of dream girl paradise.

America, Scandinavia, and Southeast Asia are notch paradises, where the right game can allow you to sleep with high quantities of girls that pass your boner test (in the 6 range). Dream girl paradise exists in Russia and Ukraine (and possibly Belarus), where patience, work, and money can yield and hold an 8+ once every so often if you choose to pursue them using a semi-provider game. Other South American and Eastern European countries may also provide you with a dream girl environment, though they will fall somewhere between offering you relatively pain-free notches on cute girls along with infrequent opportunities to meet high quality women.

If you picked dream girl paradise as your preferred choice, you must get ready to expend labor in things like learning a language or figuring out how to move permanently to a new country. The key ingredient in getting your dream girl will actually be time—staying in one location and figuring that place out. If you picked notch paradise, you must get ready to do a thousand approaches. Staying in Thailand one month can yield many notches if

you work at it, and won't require you to do much more than approach like a maniac. Both paths are clearly lighted for you.

There is only one thing you must realize before embarking on your paradise tour: it's inevitable for all men pursuing notch paradise to ease into wanting dream girl paradise (or at least taper down the pursuit of notches). Scoring notches is fun and important for men to understand women, but it's not sustainable. After a certain amount of time, the notches don't bring you much value, and so you'll want to increase the quality you seek and move into a dream girl paradise search. This pattern is so consistent that I've never met a man who went from dating dream girls to going back and seeking notches (though a guy may temporarily want to bang a lot of sluts after he breaks up with his serious girlfriend to ease the pain). Men inevitably shift from a program of notches to quality. From the dozens of hardcore players I've met, this rule seems to be nearly universal, for better or worse.

If your notches aren't giving you happiness like in the past, you have to up your quality, which will reduce your quantity. If sleeping with highly beautiful women isn't doing it for you either, then you need other hobbies that aren't centered on women. A piece of advice I'm reluctant to give you is not to bang too many women or even be too good with them, because then you just might get bored of them completely. Then your preferred paradise may be a little cabin in the woods.

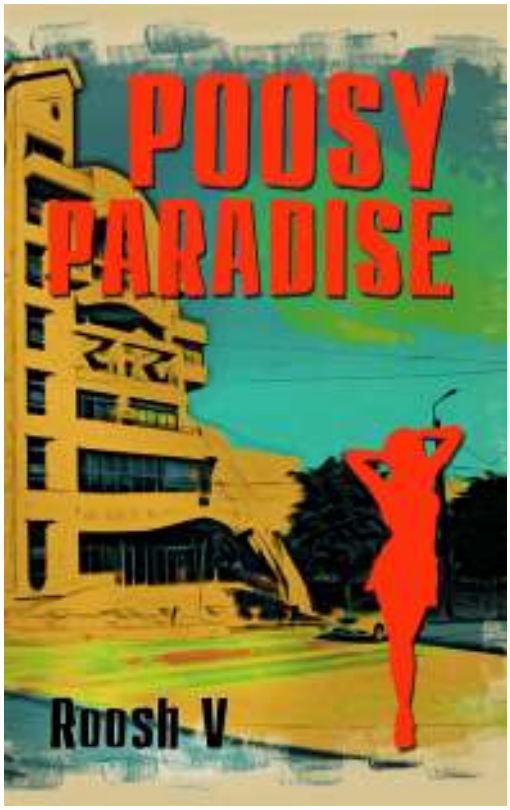
*My new book, **Poosy Paradise**, will be released on Friday with five bonuses. Click here for a sample page.*

Read Next: *Pussy Exists In A State Of Equilibrium*

My New Book Drops Tomorrow

July 31, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

My new book will be released with five bonuses and priced at $5 if you buy it this weekend. Hang tight—all details will be provided tomorrow.



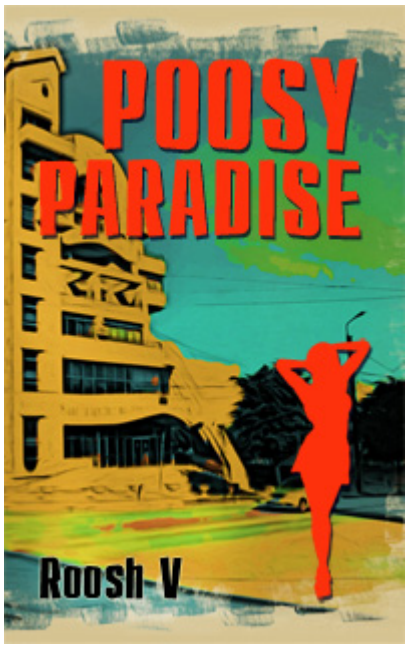
Here's the picture I took that the cover is based on:

Poosy Paradise

August 1, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Today I'm excited to release my newest book, **Poosy Paradise**, a memoir that details my time in Romania.

The Cover



(click here for big size)

The Official Book Description

> My search for poosy paradise led me to a grisly city in Eastern Romania that had a plentiful supply of beautiful girls. It's a place that no sane man would voluntarily live in had it not contained the best fruit of what the human female species can offer.
>
> After blanketing Romanian television and newspapers as the "famous American sex writer" and a "world Don Juan," I was determined to leverage the temporary fame with my existing game to experience nonstop fornication with the world's most beautiful women. The result was not exactly what I expected.
>
> In this book you'll find:
>
> - Dozens of first-hand accounts of what it's like to pursue girls in Romania
> - My latest moves and techniques for getting laid
> - Commentary on how big of a role finding poosy paradise is for the lives of modern Western men

> *Poosy Paradise* is the true story of my two month adventure in Eastern Romania, a place where I believed all my sexual dreams would come true.

The Early Reader Review

> "L'Etranger" of our times. That's what the inescapable conclusion is after reading "Poosy Paradise", a book that details Roosh's foray into Romania and his struggles with fame. Roosh takes us on a wild ride through the truths often left-unsaid, sparing neither the lively characters he encounters nor his own playboy persona during his adventures in the deliberately-unnamed Romanian city.
>
> Depending on their experiences in life, I feel that people will be either in awe or disgusted upon reading through the tremendous analytic process that deals with Roosh's skill at game, his overall strategy in selecting cities and countries, and of course his overall evaluation of the spoils he reaps there. Yet to get either all teary-eyed or angry at this book is to miss the point. The point of the book is honesty – no more, no less. Its utterly sincere core is what makes the book so interesting to read, as well as and so unusual in today's world.
>
> Dialogues might be the best part of the book simply because of the hilarious consequences that Roosh's honesty produces. When he stopped to ask a woman who was trying to give him dating advice "How many women have you had sex with?", I nearly spit out my drink. There are dozens of such entertaining conversations, both with men and women. The writing style always kept me in suspense, even when it was obvious what would happen.
>
> The book is strewn with little bits of insight that the observant reader will find helpful, no matter his level of game. From techniques at maneuvering girls into his apartment to making "sex potions", they are universally refreshing. I particularly enjoyed the observations about fame and how smartphones affect the nature of texting.
>
> The same honesty that makes Poosy Paradise so intriguing is also what gives the book an ultimately depressing undertone. He describes how men are struggling more and more, enduring increasing disrespect and flaking despite achieving ever higher levels of attractiveness. I was especially struck by the scene in which he reconnects with an old prospect who blatantly ignores her own date. Poor guy.
>
> Roosh's struggle with long-lasting happiness permeates the book. When things are not going well, he is unhappy over the tiniest details. When things are going well, it's the same. While it drives him to success, this tormented existence also seems to snuff out joy and pride.
>
> This painful combination is what ultimately makes Poosy Paradise so special – a philosophical book rather than a travel guide, game guide or memoir. Such honesty and insight about the world might be depressing (for me at least), but they are hard to find nowadays.

> An excellent read.

The Six Bonuses

If you purchase the ebook edition of *Poosy Paradise* before Sunday at midnight, you get the following six bonuses:

20 Tips To Help You Get Laid While Traveling (pdf)

It will be hard for you to fail on your trip if you follow the advice in this document. I share all the tips (some old, some new) that will help ensure your visit to any international city is sexually successful. You'll learn…

- how long to stay in a city and which days are best for a bang mission
- whether you should focus on night game or day game
- easy openers that work in any country
- a simple routine that speeds up the sex process on girls who aren't as slutty as American girls
- an easy move to weed out girls who aren't serious about getting banged by you

We're almost at the point of love tourism where if you fail to get laid within a two week period, it's due to poor effort on your part than a lack of information or knowledge.

My Thoughts On 78 International Cities (pdf)

This 13-page document is a trip down memory lane that spans the past nine years, starting in 2005 with my trip to Venezuela and ending in 2014 with my stay in Russia. I share brief remarks on every city I've been to in 26 countries (except Spain and Italy, which were more like sightseeing trips). I hope to leave you with the least amount of doubt possible on whether the cities reviewed are worth it for you to visit or not. If you're planning any serious travel to South America or Eastern Europe, this guide will help narrow it down for you so you don't waste time with inferior cities.

A Friendly Guide To Becoming Conversational In The Russian Language (pdf)

I've been studying Russian on and off for the past couple years, but intensively for the past 7 months. I'm at the cusp of being conversational (my Russian teacher says I'm at level B1). This is a decent accomplishment considering how hard the language is. In this document, I share the best resources and tips to get you up to speed so that you can meet women using the Russian language. I also include the order at which you should begin to tackle the language so you don't frustrate yourself and quit prematurely.

5 Things You Should Know About Russia

In this 9-minute private Youtube video, I give you a no-bullshit summary of my recent two-month adventure in Russia. You'll learn…

- the primary aesthetic and personality differences between Russian girls and Ukrainian girl (and how that will affect your game)
- the biggest obstacle to staying in Russia long term
- how you must prepare yourself for "face control"
- additional tips on how to make your Russia trip successful

I'll probably share some of this information on the blog eventually, but you get to take advantage of my analysis before everyone else.

10 City Datasheet Package

Late last year I sold a package of ten datasheets on the following cities:

- Montreal
- Toronto
- Chisinau (Moldova)
- Lublin (Poland)
- Warsaw
- Bucharest (Romania)
- Cluj (Romania)
- Iasi (Romania)
- Kiev
- Odessa (Ukraine)

Each datasheet contains…

- summaries on how to run game in each city along with descriptions on the appearance and vibe of the local talent
- 107 total reviews for day and night venues that give you the best advice for meeting women
- official web links for most day and night venues so you can check out a spot beforehand by viewing photos and schedules
- straight talk on if the city will be worth it for you or not
- 34 total pages (14,736 words) of analysis

Though I published these PDFs last year, the package still contains tons of fresh tips and venue advice.

28% discount off the regular price

You get all of the above—232 total pages of travel stories, advice, data, and strategy for… **$5.** After Sunday, the bonuses will *disappear forever* and the price of the book alone will rise to $6.99. These specials are only available this weekend, no exceptions!

Get Poosy Paradise + Bonuses

Click one of the following links to continue:

- Learn more details about what's inside the book
- Order paperback or Kindle copy from Amazon
- **Order your ebook copy (pdf, mobi, and epub) for instant download**

If you buy *Poosy Paradise* from Amazon, forward your receipt to poosyparadise@rooshv.com to get your bonuses. Receipt must be dated before Monday, August 4.

Poosy Paradise is my fourth memoir. You can clearly see my development but also the changing struggles from my first memoir, *A Dead Bat In Paraguay*. If you're new to my work, I recommend reading all my memoirs in the order I published them by grabbing the below package for $14.97. The download package contains pdf, mobi, and epub formats for each book, along with the bonuses.

Click here to order the Quadruple Memoir Combo

I started writing my first book, *Bang*, back in 2006. In the past eight years, I've written 17 books that contain 1,868 pages and 680,149 words. I've also produced both the *Bang* and *Day Bang* audiobooks with the help of professional voice actors. In this godzilla combo special, get all 17 books, the two audiobooks in mp3 format (11 hours and 45 minutes total length), and the *Poosy Paradise* bonuses for only **$35**. The price will go up after Sunday.

Click here to order the My Life's Work Combo (555 megabyte download)

I'll be online all weekend so email me if you have a question or a problem with downloading.

Like always, I thank you for your support, and I hope that my work continues to give you value. I will keep documenting my life's journey for you, both the good and the bad.

There's Not Much Time Left To Download The Special Package

August 3, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I know you're getting tired of *Poosy Paradise* promotions, so this will be the last post about it. I just want to remind you that you have until midnight tonight to grab the poosy package before the bonuses disappear. If you buy after midnight, I can't help you in getting the juicy bonus offerings.

If you order today, you receive the following for $5:

- Poosy Paradise, my new memoir
- 20 Tips To Help You Get Laid While Traveling (pdf)
- My Thoughts On 78 International Cities (pdf)
- A Friendly Guide To Becoming Conversational In The Russian Language (pdf)
- 5 Things You Should Know About Russia (private video)
- 10 City Datasheet Package (pdfs)
- 28% discount off the regular price

Choose one of the following options to continue:

- Learn more details about what's inside the book
- Order paperback or Kindle copy from Amazon
- **Order your ebook copy (pdf, mobi, and epub) for instant download**

If you buy *Poosy Paradise* from Amazon, forward your receipt to poosyparadise@rooshv.com to get your bonuses. Receipt must be dated before Monday, August 4.

I'm also doing two combo specials this weekend that include the bonuses. The first one is a collection of all my memoirs for $14.97…

Click here to order the Quadruple Memoir Combo

The next combo includes literally everything: all 17 books of my books, the *Bang* and *Day Bang* audiobooks in mp3 format (11 hours and 45 minutes total length), and the *Poosy Paradise* bonuses. This combo is priced at **$35**. The price will go up after Sunday.

Click here to order the My Life's Work Combo (555 megabyte download)

Email me if you need support.

So that wraps up this book launch. If you've started reading *Poosy Paradise*, send me your comments and let me know what you think. Thanks to everyone who bought my book. Normal posting will resume on Wednesday.

The Moral Argument For Lying To Women

August 6, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Before we tackle the question of whether lying to girls is ethical or moral, we have to discuss whether lying even makes a difference. When a man lies, he's thinking that the lie creates an image of himself that is more in line with what a girl wants in a man, and that lying will put him closer to sex. This is not always the case, especially if the man has incorrect ideas of what women want. For example, if a guy thinks that all girls want rich men, and he lies about his job title, he shouldn't be surprised when he doesn't get laid in the end. If he thinks that a girl wants an adventurous man who travels a lot, and he lies about being in countries he never has never foot in, would that really make it easier for him to bang? Probably not.

One way I've found lies to be useful is on foreign girls who are seeking long-term relationships when you are seeking something short-term. For example, if you're only in town for two weeks, and you lie about staying permanently, this could very well propel you to a bang where honesty wouldn't. Lies about your backstory could also help. If you're an Afghan man in Estonia and find that all girls there hate Afghani men, lying about being Spanish instead could help you get the bang (assuming you could pull it off). But these lies only help when you want to score a notch. If you want something more serious, lies will constrain you into a tight box and also increase your level of paranoia where you constantly fear the girl discovering your lie, making the relationship much less enjoyable than if you were truthful from the start. Then again you may not have banged her if you were truthful, creating a dilemma that all men face when it comes to whitewashing their perceived flaws.

The main lie I deal with is my work. I usually tell girls I'm an internet businessman and not a writer. I learned that I only need to hide the truth for about a month or two until her feelings for me are established. By then she won't care once she discovers that I'm the "most hated man on the internet." I don't like lying about my ethnicity, age, and length of time I'm staying in her city because I get less pleasure being with a woman if I have to pretend to be someone I'm not, but I'm more than willing to do so if I think it will help. I operate on a case-by-case basis.

I've found that the more honest I can be with my background, the more enjoyable the relationship is. On the other hand, it's worth stressing that I'm *never* honest with my feelings, since that would convey neediness, decreasing a girl's attraction for me. With honesty I'm only talking about the facts that make me who I am, not my thoughts or desires, which must be concealed, only revealed as part of a strategic move.

While I have just explained that I prefer being mostly upfront, besides some targeted omissions, I don't see a moral problem with lying to women for sex as long as one condition is held: you consider yourself a good man. If a girl's life will be somehow enhanced by your lie in that she will get to experience something pleasurable or positive, I don't see the lie as immoral. If lying to a girl will cause her to enter a relationship with

you where she will be happier than not, you could argue that you're hurting her by *not* lying. On the other hand, if you lie to pump and dump her and then leave her worse off and in a heap of tears and maybe with an STD to boot, there is an ethical problem with your lie.

Since I consider myself a good man overall, who brings rays of sunshine into a woman's life (I have testimonials if you want to see them), I have the moral authority to lie to women in order to gain intimacy with them. That said, I don't lie 100% of the time, but I have no moral qualms about doing so if I believe that my lie will bring me and the girl closer together and allow her to enjoy life more than had I not lied. It's worth repeating that relationships based on truth are much more easy-going and relaxed than one where you have to keep up a charade, but until the truthful version of yourself becomes aligned with what women want, you may need to dabble in this dark side of game.

In the end, it's better to seek out relationships where you don't have to lie about who you are instead of figuring out which lie will get her in bed, and paradoxically enough, the more lies you must give, the less likely you will get anywhere with the girl anyway, since you are far from her ideal type. With any girl you date, there is probably one or two targeted lies that will help you, but more than that and your issue is not one of whether to lie or not, but of making yourself the most attractive man possible where you don't have to lie at all. We all have skeletons in our closet, and Google makes it easier for certain skeletons to be dragged out in public, but for two individuals to match, you must approach women using game to establish chemistry and rapport. Without that, all the lies in the world won't make much of a difference.

Read Next: *The Secret To Fast Sex*

Being A Native English Speaker Is More Valuable Than You Think

August 8, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I've long advised men to learn a foreign language in order to increase their access to foreign women, but my recent experience in Russia reminded me how valuable it is to be a native English speaker in a world where English is the most desirable language to learn.

I moved to a small Siberian city with two goals in mind: (1) improve my Russian, and (2) sleep with beautiful women. I figured that both of these goals were perfectly aligned since the more beautiful the foreign girl, the less likely she will speak English, a phenomenon I've encountered in most countries I've been to. The one thing I didn't expect is that Siberian girls in the 6 or 7 range would be void of English as well, meaning that I got to practice my Russian on over 90% of the girls I interacted with.

Because I was so motivated to learn Russian, something interesting happened: I lowered my standards on girls who spoke zero English. In other words, a girl I would have never considered in a place like Poland or Scandinavia, where English is common, was suddenly a worthy prospect in Siberia simply because practicing Russian brought great value to me. Even if I failed in my pursuit of her I would still get the language practice out of it. I went on dates just as hungry to speak the language as to get sex, meaning that even rejection came with its own reward.

Now it's important to state I don't need to actually learn Russian. It's a hobby that will not increase my income and maybe only marginally increase my love life if you account for the hundreds of hours I must spend mastering it, but pretend you're a foreign girl for a second. English is much more important to you from a survival standpoint to increase your employment prospects. It's also important if you want to travel just about anywhere in the world. Do you now think that she would lower her standards to date a man who speaks English just so that she can get to practice this important language? Of course she would.

Let's put this realization in clear terms: I have banged many girls who wouldn't have banged me had I been from their own country. Many probably felt just neutral about me, maybe only slightly attracted, but decided that at least she would get to improve her English, so she spread her legs when the time came. Relationships of mine that ended suddenly could have been because she got bored of practicing and desired to speak her native language again.

Strong attraction is when when a foreign girl hates English and doesn't speak it but decides to bang me, even if my grasp of her language is on the level of a six-year-old child. The catch is she will definitely be less beautiful than a girl who wants to learn English since I provide less overall value to her. This is actually what I have seen in Ukraine, where the girls I banged using Russian only were less attractive overall than the girls I banged using English (though not by much).

I’m afraid that I have inadvertently provided an argument for not learning a new language, because even when you become proficient in one, it may not be enough to get higher quality than if you use English alone. Of course there are clear exceptions (especially in Latin America), but we can’t be absolutely certain of a substantially higher sexual payoff.

The reason the phrase “English groupie” exists is because this language has so much value that a girl will fuck you just to practice it. My recommendation to you is to bang some English groupies of a foreign country first before committing yourself to learning its language. Unless you encounter many situations where you think, “Damn, if I knew this language I could have spoken to that pretty girl,” it won’t be worth it for you. Only when you can definitively conclude that an increase in language ability will broaden your romantic options should you dive in for real.

Read Next: *Language Hackers And “Polyglots” Are Full Of Shit*

Tucker Max's Gratuitous Attack Against Me

August 10, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

If you haven't been on Twitter or the forum lately, you might have missed former internet star Tucker Max's attack on me that was based on fantasical fiction. Here's my video on the matter:

Click here to see comments. Danger & Play also did a post explaining Tucker Max's defamation.

A second video I put out is "Why I'm Not More Positive":

Click over to the video's page to read the 30+ comments that have already been left. Lastly, hit the Subscribe button on Youtube to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

The Most Reliable Way To Tell If A Girl Is A Slut

August 11, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Much has been written at identifying slut tells in women. The reason is that you need a safeguard against committing to a woman who has slept with many men in the past, behavior that makes it hard for her to stay faithful and dedicated to you. Many girls go to great lengths to hide their slutty past, knowing deep down the low value it conveys for being a suitable long-term partner, but there is one easy indicator that should tell you beyond a reasonable doubt whether she is a slut or not.

Has she lived on her own?

If she has lived away from her parents for more than a year, she has—at the minimum—slept with many men whose last names she did not know, including one-night stands that did not involve condoms. An "independent" girl, removed from the constraints of a nuclear family home and its rules, curfew, and the concern of good parents, will allow the slutty dick gobbler within her to be released. In other words, a natural-born slut who lives on her own will have far more sexual partners than if she lives with parents of average skill who require their daughter to be home by midnight. Give a man leeway in living life and he does great things, but give a woman this same freedom and she fully embraces the whore lifestyle, unable to stop from getting her fill of cock.

If you want to estimate a girl's notch count, simply multiple the number of years she has lived on her own by the number 3. If she has lived on campus in college for four years and then moved to a large city for two more, you can rest assured she's had over 15 cocks in her vagina, and god knows how many more in her mouth. There are definite exceptions for girls who are relationship minded and had boyfriends of more than one year in length, but unless she mentions this, you're interacting with a slut and should proceed accordingly by escorting her home and asking if you can use her bathroom. Then you must fornicate with her like so many other men.

You may be thinking the following: "Many Western girls live alone, at least 50%. Does that mean that over 50% of American girls are sluts?" That's exactly what it means. Independence in women drives them to disempowering sexual behaviors that oppose motherly or wife behaviors. You must be skeptical of girls who have lived alone if you want a serious relationship.

My younger sister still lives with my mom, who is always concerned about her whereabouts. She has never had a "sleepover" in another friend's house and of course no man can "just use the bathroom." Her logistical living situation cockblocks so many player types that the only men willing to wait things out are the ones who actually want a serious relationship with her. This pleases me, because I know there is absolutely no need for a girl to be independent by living alone without a husband unless you want her holes to be used as a real-life enactment of *50 Shades Of Grey* by many strange men.

If you end up having a daughter of your own, I highly recommend you limit her financial

independence before she finds a husband. Refrain from giving her Think & Grow Rich advice that would be better suited for your son. Otherwise, she'll become a slut who gives it up to any man who dances a good clown jig.

Read Next: *American Feminism Wants All Girls To Be Fat Sluts*

Nothing Is Worth It But Anything Can Be Worth Doing

August 13, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Rumblings started to occur when I lived in a second-tier Romanian city back in the spring of 2014, the setting for my book Poosy Paradise. I was putting in quite a bit of work, both day and night, to have sex with girls that I felt were equal or lower to me in value based on girls I've had in the past. My results didn't seem commensurate with my labor based on how I perceived my value (whether that perception was a reflection of reality is up for debate).

After Romania, I went to Poland, my standards a couple clicks higher. It took me nearly two weeks to get sex, and the girl was below my average. Bad luck, perhaps, so I labored some more. Results were not coming in as fast as they "should" have. Then one afternoon it hit me. I was walking around the old town square, looking for a girl I could approach, and a thought arrived: "Even if I lay a 10 right now, it still wouldn't be worth the work I'm putting in." Of course I did not lay a 10 that day, but I did lay an 8 soon after. She was very pretty, but I can't say it was worth the labor. There were a few other girls I got in my bed, varying in quality, but not once did I feel that the reward was worth the expense. This foul thinking would follow me to Russia, where the quality of women is perhaps the highest in the world.

After landing in Russia, I labored intensively. Numbers started rolling in, and then dates, and around day eleven I got a Russian girl on my bed. I didn't bang her that night, but even if I did, the same thought popped into my head: "It woudn't have been worth it." Even if she was a 10, and I banged her twice a day, it wouldn't have been worth all that labor I did since my last bang. The date with her was relatively short and enjoyable, but it didn't account for the fact that prior to meeting her, I had spent hundreds of hours learning Russian in order to communicate with her. The time it would take me to write two books was spent learning a language to meet new girls who were no better than girls I could get in countries where English is widely spoken. Now I started to feel foolish. I highly value my Russian ability as I write this, but learning it provided not much more than some exercise for my brain, a marginal increase in the pool of women I can date, and being a human party trick that impresses people for three or four seconds.

I thought about this for some time, ready to curse the game, drop out, and become a misanthrope who lives in a cabin in the woods, and then I realized my mistake: every approach is an independent event.

If I make 20 approaches, fail on all of them, and get laid on approach 21, I can't help but account for the work on all 21 approaches for the sex I finally received. But girl number 21 doesn't care about the work I had to do in order to get her. She is going to always operate on her own sex speed, independent of all my prior successes and failures with women. In essence, I was getting mad at the roulette wheel for not remembering all my

previous losses before it hit on my lucky number. If I excluded the previous losses (those 20 approaches), and isolated the work I did on girl number 21, where I had to spend about 5 hours of time with her in order to have sex before inserting her in the regular rotation, the investment is quite in my favor.

How about if a man had to do 1,000 approaches in order to get a one-night stand—could he ignore those 1,000 approaches even though the girl he finally did bang was easy to get into bed? Can a man who makes $150,000 a year at his job ignore the 6 years of higher education he had to put in to make the salary he earns now? Should the old man who is 80 years old consider all that he has done in life when he wakes up to have a day that he hates or loves?

I'm not sure how much we should account for our past work for today's success, but I will say this: if you do consider all the work you had to do, if you remember all the labor you had to expend to have a success today, it is impossible to accept any other conclusion than it's not worth it. Not only is there no free lunch, but it's rare that there will be a completely equal exchange of our lifeblood for some type of benefit or pleasure, and this to me seems to be a limit of human existence inherent to us all. I'm convinced the solution is to not think of what we had to do yesterday for whatever success we achieve today. The past is dead and meaningless in the goal we attempt right now.

As long as the work we are putting in doesn't harm us and doesn't conflict with our other goals, there is no use in weighting every cost and benefit. There is no point in maintaining careful accounting of every minute of labor put in yesterday for every util of pleasure gained today. If the impulse in me wants to get laid, and I have to do 10,000 approaches to make it happen, then I will do those approaches. If I want to make $100,000 to buy my dream automobile, and working towards that goal will not hurt me, then I will do it. But the minute we start looking at life as a series of transactions is the minute we can rationalize not doing anything at all, and while dropping out in such a manner may appeal to some men, I choose to enjoy the pleasures of existence in spite of the work required. The alternative of sitting on my ass, of inaction, of becoming entitled that I'm too good to work, simply isn't worth it.

Read Next: *There Is No Shortcut To Getting Laid*

The Street Music Of Odessa (2014)

August 16, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I shot this video while living in Odessa, Ukraine during the summer and fall of 2014.

Watch Next: *A Little Walk Through Odessa*

To Notch Or Not To Notch

August 18, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Every now and then a man encounters a moment which helps him determine what he should do next. I had this moment in Moscow when on a first date with a Russian girl. We had already kissed at the end of our first meeting, so now it was time to lay the ground work for the bang. This girl wasn't special or significantly above my average, but I wanted to get laid quickly because I was horny and leaving the city in a week.

She was a competent English speaker with a good amount of travel experience even though she was only 20 years old. She was a bit Westernized but still wore heels on the date, reinforcing the idea of how hard it is to shed your own culture even when rapidly absorbing another. While she was telling me about what she wanted to be after graduating from college, I was hit by the realization that she looked eerily similar to an Estonian girl I dated three years before. I met them both when they were nearly the same age. They both had round cheeks, blue eyes, and brown hair that went slightly past their shoulders. They even had the same English ability. The Estonian girl, however, had a sweeter personality and was more nurturing, making her the better overall choice.

I must tell you now that I dumped the Estonian girl. I could have kept our little relationship going, but I decided instead to travel to Lithuania to get my Baltic sweep of flags. Fast forward three years later in Moscow and I was expending labor and much more money to lay an inferior version of a girl I had let go. It didn't make sense. There was no way I could rationalize this. I already have extensive travel and poon experience so I could not justify it as gaining experience. If I were to look upon this behavior objectively, I was essentially duplicating work in a factory assembly line, clocking in my hours every day with a new shift but an identical task. Even worse, I've repeatedly released decent girls into the wild only to pursue girls who weren't better. After making this realization, I rapidly lost interest in the Russian girl because she was a physical reminder of my past decisions.

Over the past two years I have shared my thoughts on losing interest in the pursuit of notches, but this date stung more than others. Unless I'm looking at an easy one-night stand opportunity, it's illogical for me based on my experience to go on a date with a girl for any other reason than to enter some type of relationship with her, something that I don't necessarily want. Otherwise it's a waste of time that provides me with nothing more than entertainment. Even a one-night stand has lost its luster since the quality will be modest at best and condom use will be usually required, decreasing the overall sexual pleasure. It's clear to me now that I don't want what I used to want (as much), but at the same time I don't care for something deeper. I'm afraid I may have already extracted the most satisfying rewards women could provide me in life, and that this particular oil well in running dry.

Read Next: *Marriage Doesn't Make Sense*

The Hot Vagina

August 20, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

“It’s too hot,” Lucas said to his mother, turning his head away from the food.

“But sweetie, how do you know it’s hot or not? You haven’t even tried it.”

“Because I know!” Lucas threw down his fork in anger. Though he was a well-behaved 6-year-old boy, he was prone to tantrums like most kids his age.

It was around this time that Lucas’ parents began to notice their son’s hyper-awareness of temperature. He seemed to know if an object was hot or cold simply by looking at it. If the bath water was too cold, he would tell his mother without touching a drop. If his parents put on a heavy coat in the morning before heading out to work, he would tell them something lighter would be better, without going outside or listening to the weather report. He somehow had the ability to measure temperature with only his eyes.

Worried, Lucas’ parents took him to several doctors, but none found anything wrong. No treatment could be prescribed. One university professor ran some tests in two rooms divided by a plate-glass window to confirm that Lucas had a gift possessed by no other living human. He was seen as somewhat of a curious oddity in the scientific journals, even appearing on the local news under the headline “The local boy with the super power,” but since his power didn’t affect his outward appearance or his behavior, he had a normal life like anyone else.

Lucas saw temperature in a similar way to how normal humans view topographical maps—in lines. The hotter the object, the more lines he would see wrapping around an object, undulating and moving according to the object’s changing temperature. To hone his super sense, Lucas decided to do an instrument calibration, with the instrument being his brain. When he was 18, he would stare at pots of boiled water to memorize its signature pattern for the 100º C reading. He stared at ice cubes, freezers, ovens, rivers, light bulbs, and electronic equipment. He even sat on the side of a joggers trail to note heat patterns among people undergoing exercise. By the time he was 22, fresh out of college, Lucas was just as accurate as a thermometer in determining temperature to within a range of 0.15º C. A cool party trick, for sure, but it was only most useful when he would cook hamburgers and want to know when the patties were done.

Once he satisfied his parents by getting a respectable college degree and a job, Lucas could now focus on something that had been nagging him for years: his virginity. It was carefully preserved like a dinosaur fossil during the four years he was surrounded by young women on campus. Like most men who believed the cultural propaganda of the time, Lucas was sure that he could friend his way into a woman’s pants. Disappointingly, it never happened.

He first tried his hand in the city’s nightclubs, but was overwhelmed at the noise and crowd. It didn’t help that his lack of killer instinct meant thirstier guys were rapidly approaching girls before he could gather the temporary courage to do so. He sat back

instead and observed the environment, especially the temperature signals given off by the party goers. Men in heat actually displayed heat, mostly around their armpits, lower back, and forehead. Their heat signal would steadily go up when talking to a girl and then cool back down after she withdrew. The women seemed ice cold to Lucas, with no discernible heat pattern, until he changed his sensory focus from their main body parts directly to their vaginas. What he noticed was fascinating.

At rest, most girls have arctic vaginas, but when engaged in a conversation with a man, the vagina becomes extraordinarily sensitive to bits of speech. It would jump by over 3 degrees with no obvious charge in its owner's demeanor and body language, and then, after the man said something retarded, instantly cool back down. Lucas could see the large physiological changes happening inside these girls, but to any bystander it seemed like nothing was happening when actually the girl was experiencing volcanic activity within her vaginal organ.

A common pattern Lucas noticed was that men would start off strong, eliciting copious vaginal heat, but then lose momentum and run out of heat-forming game until the girl said something to the effect of, "It was nice talking to you but I have to go back to my friends now." Lucas was ecstatic because he finally stumbled on a way to use his superpower for personal gain. It was time for him to get laid.

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Lucas started by testing out opening lines. He delivered the line to a girl then casually glanced at her vagina to note any temperature change. After weeks of work, he found a line that consistently generated the most amount of vaginal heat. Then he tested a variety of follow-up conversational pieces and measured the vaginal response to each one. He repeated this process over the course of 500 approaches to develop a club routine that consistently generated sustained vaginal heating. He learned that once the vagina's maximum temperature was attained, no further words or moves could further improve the seduction. Only a maintenance protocol of touching, deep eye contact, and dancing was needed. In fact, it was better to limit talking at that point so as not to disturb the heated vagina. He theorized that a hot vagina is like the sun when sufficiently turned on, generating additional heat from its own core. As long as the girl's friends weren't cockblocking, all that was left was to venue change to either his apartment or hers. It's through this laborious process that Lucas lost his virginity.

His routine wasn't foolproof: some girls had vaginas that remained in a stubborn state of deep freeze, but he was able to take a girl home for fornication about one out of every two nights. Within a year of losing his virginity, he racked up 56 notches. He was immensely pleased at his newfound sexual success.

During his experimentation, Lucas learned several interesting facts about female psychology. First, girls hated direct questions. Nothing chilled the vagina more than asking them about their job or name. At the same time, they loved it when Lucas evaded their questions by giving strange or aloof answers. They loved guessing games and cold reads. They loved touches on their upper bicep more than their forearm. They absolutely

hated when Lucas complimented their beauty, but loved compliments on their intelligence or wittiness. They loved cocky statements that were both funny and sexual in nature. They hated talk about money, but got turned on when they caught signs of wealth like a thick wad of cash or a BMW key chain.

Lucas internalized all the correct actions and behaviors of an attractive man to the point where he only had to do one or two temperature readings during a long conversation to simply confirm he was on the right track. There were two girls he had sex with where he didn't even take a single temperature reading, mimicking what normal guys had to do.

Before Lucas started using vaginal temperature to get laid, he had the working assumption that all women were essentially the same, and that their vaginas would respond to his precise routines in the same way. This turned out to be far from the case. There was so much variation that Lucas got rejected a surprisingly high number of times, even when using his optimized game. What he came to understand was that each type of girl required a specific funnel for him to get laid, and that he had stumbled on only one such funnel that applied to chirpy post-college American girls who liked to party two or three times a week. This realization was clear to him in a bar when he tried his game on a fresh-off-the-boat Russian girl named Galina.

He was turned on by Galina because she looked so different than all the other girls he took to bed. She had a petite construction with creamy white skin and plain black hair that reached her lower back. Her eyes were pale blue and her mouth large. Her nose curled into an elegant hook if viewed from the side. The frown she seemed to wear suggested rudeness, but it was more from anxiety due to being so far away from her motherland. If inspected separately, her features would suggest a rather disagreeable sight, but they mixed well to form an unassuming Slavic beauty that excited Lucas.

When Lucas attempted to talk to her at the bar, her vagina did not respond at all. He tried all his greatest hits, but still nothing, and for a second Lucas thought she was deaf.

"Do you understand English?" Lucas asked.

"Yes." Her mouth barely moved.

"Maybe… I'm… talking… too… fast."

"Whether you talk fast or slow, I can understand you just fine. I studied English in university for several years."

Flustered, Lucas peppered her with questions. *What city are you from? What are you doing in America? How long are you staying here? What did you study in school?* He was going against the rules he had learned. When he realized this, he glanced at her vagina and it showed the temperature pattern of a tall glass of iced tea. Efforts to spin her around in the salsa style, a reliable heat maker, utterly failed.

"Why did you do that?" Galina asked. "You don't have to pretend you're having fun. Just be normal."

Her responses were too foreign for him. He didn't know the optimized answers he could give because he never interacted with enough girls like Galina to know what to do. He

was too far off the track from the one game he knew could work, and it had been months since he had experimented with new material, so he froze, unable to conjure up anything in the way of conversation. Galina slid away from him and joined her group of *au pairs* on the dance floor.

Lucas felt like a fool. He had absolutely nothing to offer Galina in spite of all his previous success. His superpower made no difference. He became depressed at the thought that men who didn't have his power were able to sleep with Galina while all he got from his efforts was a painful reprimand.

He stayed away from the clubs for several weeks, frustrated at the thought that no matter how much of an advantage he had with his power, more girls like Galina would inevitably slip through his grasp. He believed he shouldn't have to develop a game for all the different types of girls in existence that he may one day like. It should not only be easy, thanks to his amazing gift, but get *easier*. He shouldn't have to put in more work now than when he was a virgin who didn't even know what a vagina looked like.

His ensuing slump led to months of no sex, leading to much discomfort, anxiety, and horniness. He needed something quick and easy, so he decided to go back to his favorite club to find a bubbly American girl he could lay with his old funnel. He stood by the ladies restroom and checked out the prospects available to him. One girl in particular startled Lucas because her vagina seemed to be in a state of pre-heatedness.

He followed her into the main dance hall, fully expecting to find her with a man who was the cause of said heat, but she stood with only two girlfriends. Lucas had seen pre-heated vaginas before, but not at the high temperature he was witnessing at the moment. He started to get excited at the chance of a lay that would take minimal effort.

Lucas approached the girl with his standard funnel and sure enough she responded favorably. It wasn't even one hour after they met that she was on his bed. The sex was quite good, which Lucas attributed to her impulsive personality, further confirmed by her random body piercings and tattoos, not to mention a ribbon of pink hair that was swept across her temple. She was so ravenous for his penis that she pushed him to rounds two, three, and even four. Condoms were jettisoned somewhere in the middle of their sexual feast, and when it was all done, Lucas made sure to get her number for a future meeting. He didn't mind having a little nymph in his rotation.

Two days later, with his sex afterglow on the wane, Lucas stepped into a popular burger chain for lunch. While eating, he wondered if his first text should be cocky or plain. Texting had always been the hardest part of the game for him because it was impossible to see the vaginal temperature changes in his recipients.

He decided to play it safe and ask how her week was going. After he clicked send, he placed his phone on the table and felt a strange sensation in his crotch. He ignored the feeling, thinking it was his imagination, but by the time he was done with his bacon cheeseburger, he couldn't ignore what felt like shooting pains of heat coming straight out of his penis hole. He looked down at his crotch and saw the exact same heat pattern as in the nymph's pre-heated vagina.

Previous Story: *The Successful Gypsy*

How Much Money I Make Every Year

August 22, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Click over to the video's YouTube page to read the 50+ comments that have already been left. Visit my channel and hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

Men Must Groom More Than Cats To Get Laid

August 25, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

If our great-grandfathers could see the amount of grooming we need to do in order to be attractive to women, they'd probably accuse us of being gay. In fact, I'm sure that heterosexual men today have to groom more than women of 30 years ago. As alpha or masculine as we think we are, our grooming habits must make us the most feminized men to have ever existed. Here are all the acts of grooming I've done at least once in the past week:

- Floss my teeth
- Brush my teeth
- Scrape my tongue
- Gargle with mouthwash
- Pluck extra long and curly eyebrow hair that began to obstruct my vision
- Trim my beard
- Shave my neck
- Trim ear hair
- Trim nose hair
- Apply baking soda to arm pits
- Apply and remove contact lenses
- Wipe my ass thoroughly
- Shower
- Stroke my balls with my hand and then smell it to ensure lack of odor
- Apply benzoyl peroxide to a pimple
- Apply lip moisturizer
- Apply face moisturizer
- Remove boogers and other debris form my nose
- Comb my hair
- Trim my sideburns
- Wash clothes
- Wash penis in bathroom sink after sex
- Trim my fingernails
- Trim armpit air
- Squeeze out blackheads on nose
- Remove residual sock fiber from underneath toe nails
- Remove ear wax using cotton swabs
- Remove eye gunk after waking up
- Dab off extra grease on forehead with napkin

This list may seem long, but I'm confident it's shorter than that of a lot of Western men who consider themselves to be as straight as me. I'm scared to estimate how many hours

I spend a week on these grooming activities.

A common belief in the manopshere is that women want masculine, alpha men, but what they really want is sexy clowns who are *well-groomed*. If you have bad breath, bad skin, or odorific armpits, you're not getting far with women no matter how good your game is. The modern man has to essentially groom like women in order to attract them, because I highly doubt that tribesmen of ancient times cared if their breath smelled or not. We get judged today on seemingly trivial qualities that men of the past didn't.

I bring up this point not to tame your grooming habits (I surely won't cut back on smelling my balls), but to remind you that what we think of masculine is relative to the men of today, not men of the past. Those men would wonder what the hell is wrong with us to spend so much time tinkering with our appearance and natural smells just for an increased shot at sex. Give them a couple months of living in our time, however, and I'm sure they would understand how necessary grooming is to get laid, right before asking us how exactly how much baking soda is needed for armpit application. Now excuse me so that I can trim the hairs that are creeping up the shaft of my penis.

Read Next: *6 Life Tips That Will Make You More Productive*

The Dark Side Of Day Game

August 27, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

It's important to state that day game is an effective and inexpensive means to meet attractive young women. It allows you to take everyday environments like the town square, mall, or coffee shop and make it a place where you can meet women for sex. In conjunction with night game, I've successfully used it for over five years to supplement my pussy roster and have the type of sex life that I dreamed of in my early 20′s. All that said, I'm experiencing a bit of day game fatigue. Here are the reasons why:

1. It's not fun

The only guy who says day game is fun are ones doing it with a wingman, often during vacation. Sustainable day game in your city will consist of you alone searching for a girl in a public space and approaching her without already being in a social mood. While some interactions you have with women during the day can be fun, the actual solo hunt of women during the day is not. I look forward to a 2-hour day game session as much as going to the gym to lift heavy weights. It's possible to have fun after a night out in a club without being successful, but it's impossible to have fun from a day game session that doesn't result in gaining at least one solid prospect.

2. It requires dating and is slower than night game

You've no doubt come across same-day bang stories, but those happen less than 1% of the time among even competent day gamers. You'll definitely have to date and usually you'll require at least two of them. There's nothing wrong with dating, but you'll have to put in more dating work than night game for the same sex result. Day game is cheap to run in terms of money but expensive in terms of time. If you are a man with at least average looks who enjoys the occasional drink, night game will get you results faster and more reliably (unless you live in a horrible Western city, of course).

3. It feels like spamming

Professional day gamers average between 20-40 approaches per day bang. A recent up-and-coming day gamer profiled on Krauser's blog took about 60 approaches per bang. These may seem like high numbers to a game denialist, but they're actually reasonable considering that day game is the purest form of cold calling. You're approaching a girl you know nothing about—not her personality, relationship status, sexual orientation, herpes outbreak status, etc—and have to create something out of nothing that leads to sex with you, a man who randomly popped into her life. This is damn hard, and so should rightfully require many approaches.

Night game, on the other hand, has built-in filters that aid you. If she's drinking in a night

club and making eye contact with men, chances are she is much more into fast sex. Cold approaches in clubs are warmer in that you're more likely to encounter girl who is ready to get banged *that very night*. During the day, the only time that really happens is if you approach a lonely girl who is bored. We already know that game is a numbers game, but day game *really* feels like a numbers game, and the only way to rack up a serious notch count is if you do it semi-full time. If you don't mind 5-10 new notches a year, a one approach a day diet for day game can get you there, but if you want to get more than that, you'll have to dedicate serious time doing approaches every week, or you'll have to at least supplement your efforts with internet or night work.

4. It kills your night game

Day game gives you prospects, but prospects reduce urgency. If I get a handful of day game numbers from Monday through Wednesday, and then go out on Thursday night, I will put in a half-assed performance without consciously realizing it. Failure on the night out is acceptable because I already got many prospects, even though those prospects may result in nothing. When I analyze my past city bang campaigns of a week or less in length, the ones that failed were due to doing a lot of day game instead of going full retard at night only. To do well in the club, you should enter it with zero options, forcing your hunger into wolf-like levels. If you already got many prospects in your pocket, you won't put in the same amount of effort.

5. It's better for finding relationships than fast sex

The nicest, sweetest girls I've met were from day game. These are girls who had low notch counts and didn't frequent clubs often. While these attributes are great if I want a serious girlfriend, it's less so if I just want casual sex without feeling any guilt about moving on quickly. It doesn't make much sense to go on several dates with a girl, genuinely getting to know her after several hours, and then pumping and dumping her, because chances are that's not what she wanted. At night, however, the girl probably wants to pump and dump you as much as you do her. It's a more frictionless environment for no one getting their feelings hurt.

One important thing I should mention is that day game has been developed more as a reaction to declining night game than as a wholly superior alternative. When Western night clubs were at their peak, the only guys running day game were the ones who hated alcohol. This is why you can judge the decline of any city by how many guys say the following: "Day game is way better here than night game." If you hear this, that means a previously viable way for men to meet women, nightclubs, is being eliminated, and any man who enters that city now has less choice for meeting women than before. I would not consider living in any city where clubs are used by women as a way to seek attention or show off than to meet men.

I'm at a crossroads with game. I started in night game and eased into day game, but find the latter to be less fun, exciting, and variable. Instead, the girls I meet from day game

are more likely to drive me into relationships than the ones I meet at night, something that my itinerant lifestyle conflicts with. At the same time, I get less satisfaction from one-night stands and am not able to put up the required energy to be as consistently successful at night like I was three years ago. What's happening is that I'm half-assing both types of game which is reducing my results than if I went full time with either one. I'm not sure which path to take from here.

Read Next: *Day Game For Actual Humans*

36 Things Wrong With American Women

August 29, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I adapted my popular post 42 Things Wrong With American Women into a video blog:

Click over to the video's YouTube page to read the 100+ comments that have already been left. Visit my channel and hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

Previous Video: *How Much Money I Make Every Year*

The Pitiful Story Of The Italian Man

September 1, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I was on my third date with a Russian girl in Moscow. She was quite pretty, feminine, and affectionate. We had passed the kissing and hand-holding stage by the end of the first date, but now I was hitting a wall: I couldn't get her back to my apartment. She would just refuse and insinuate that she preferred to move slowly. This was most disconcerting, so I tried to gain additional information that could explain the problem and provide a possible opening for me to take advantage of.

"When was the last time you had sex?" I asked.

"Six weeks ago," she replied. Her answer didn't quite explain the slowness.

"It was my first time," she added.

"First time doing what?" Anal, perhaps?

"Sex. I was a virgin."

My mind was now racing, but not for the reason you think. Previously she told me she dated an Italian man for four years. It was mostly a long-distance relationship, but they spent a considerable amount of time together.

"Wait, you told me you were in a long relationship with an Italian guy," I said. "You didn't have sex with him?"

"No I didn't. I wanted my first man to be with someone I loved. When I realized I didn't love him, I decided not to have sex with him, and then we broke up."

"But how about this guy you had sex with six weeks ago?" I asked. "Why aren't you seeing him?"

"Oh that. I was on a trip to Rome when I met him. He was Italian too."

"Wow. I feel really bad for the first Italian guy. He waited for years and you didn't have sex with him?"

"No."

"Honestly I wouldn't be mad if you leave me right now, go to Italy, and have sex with him."

"He's actually here in Moscow. He moved here."

My eyes opened wide. To lose her virginity she bypassed a man who was with her for years and lived in her city, perhaps even moving to it just to be with her, all for a one-time fling with another man from his country while on vacation. She had been sweet and kind to me in every possible manner, but she did one of the more heartless things I had ever heard of, and to her it was completely fine. She broke up with a guy and later wanted to lose her virginity so she found another random man to do the job, and she felt not a drop of guilt for doing so. I have more remorse for flaking on a girl before a date than she did for giving her cherished virginity to a random man she met on vacation

instead of her first serious boyfriend.

Any man who hears this story would instinctively put themselves in the shoes of the first Italian chump who got no pussy for all of his effort. We'd feel the pain and anguish of having been shafted in such a way, but tell this story to any girl and we already know what her reaction would be: "So what? She didn't owe him anything." And this, my friends, is the difference between men and women. Men believe in reciprocation, honor, and loyalty, while women only follow their feelings to rationalize a complete lack of obligation or burden to kindly repay someone's prior investment and commitment to them. The lesson from this is to never underestimate any woman you meet, no matter how low her notch count is. If you are not diligent with your game and constantly aggressive with your escalation in the expectation of sexual payment for the good times you provide, you may wind up like the pathetic Italian "boyfriend."

As for me and the girl, I invited her to my apartment for a fourth date and she provided me with not even a hand job, with no hint that sexual release would come before the next full moon cycle. I decided not to contact her again.

Read Next: *What Is The Real Purpose Of Women?*

Maybe It Doesn’t Really Get Better Than This

September 3, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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There are two paths you naturally gravitate towards if you want to have sex with a girl more than once. The first path is to pursue a casual relationship where you see her between 1-3 times a week to hang out at the bar, restaurant, park, seaside, cinema, theater, cupcake shop, or so on before having sex. The relationship doesn’t increase in emotional weight as time goes on, and you both are satisfied with the sexual arrangement for the short term until either of you finds something better or more novel. The second path is one of increasing deepening and commitment. You take trips together, she spends more nights over at your place, you become boyfriend/girlfriend, she moves in with you, you get married, have kids, and then get divorced.

I’m not sure if most men learn game for its purely sexual rewards as described in the first case or for long-term relationships like in the second, but chances are that if you’re reading me, you’re more after sex than commitment. Most of my game efforts for the past 13 years have been the same, and only lately have I pursued longer term relationships—but only slightly—as I find less value in one-night stands or sex with girls less than a couple times. But since emotion and love are not important to me, I find even mini-relationships to be somewhat pointless, mere sexual distractions, since my investment into her is small. She remains only a trivial addition to my life.

I still greatly enjoy sex with women, but if I’m going to maintain a steady state relationship with a girl where the pattern is a 1-3 hour hangout followed by sex and no more, it will become boring. Maybe I could try getting more creative with date ideas, but having sex alone with a girl without deepening it in some way makes the relationship nothing more than basic entertainment that adds no lasting value. We’re using each other for sexual and social benefits and it will likely not last longer than a couple months and that will be all.

Without some investment in terms of love or commitment, how much meaning can the mini-relationship possibly have? This is why it’s been so easy for me to walk away from these girls without regret or second-guessing my decision, and it’s not like girls are begging me either to come back to their city and resume our twice a week sex dates. She’s an easily replaceable sex toy and I’m her easily replaceable cock and there you have it—the pinnacle of modern relationships where both parties remain free and unburdened.

Recently I was on date ten or so with a girl and things were going well, but I wasn’t doing anything to advance the relationship. I started feeling like I was just wasting her time, and finding a replacement would at least give me a novelty boost of happiness. Maintaining a superficial relationship with one girl doesn’t seem to give much more happiness than one-night stands besides being able to raw dog more regularly, and if I wasn’t getting tired of clubs maybe I’d still prowl them four times a week since doing so simulates hunting and provides me with masculine pleasure. Or I could accept the

biological destiny of procreating with hopefully the right woman. I did the former enough times that it adds little to my life and I don't think the latter, of giving away my freedom, is the answer either.

In spite of being in the game as long as I have, I sometimes feel weird urges to turn the mini-relationship into a serious one, especially if I like the girl. I want to contact her more, see her more, and with the girl I mentioned above, I imagined how it would be like to actually live with her—not for having sex on demand but just pair bonding and growing old with someone. These beta commitment fantasies of mine always turn negative as I consider the loss of freedom and privacy with no strong advantage that makes the deal profitable for me. Mini-relationships and harem maintenance are nothing more than entertainment and serious relationships are drudgery, one step away from slavery. Both are unsatisfactory.

So what's the answer? Is it eternal bachelorhood, of banging a handful of new girls each season, hopping from one new mini-relationship to the next, but achieving no depth or novelty in what you haven't achieved before, or is it making what could be the biggest mistake of your life by knocking a girl up and riding the fatherhood roller coaster for the next 20 years? I could go out this weekend and hit it hard, maybe getting laid, but my intensive pursuit of sex in the past decade has sated me where I wouldn't be upset if I failed. Or maybe the answer is that the happiness I have sought in women can't be achieved at all, and whether I ride the slut carousel or settle down with one girl, I'll still end up asking myself, "Is this it?"

Read Next: *The Rise Of The Mini Relationship*

The Place You Should Not Go During The Summer

September 5, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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This was shot on location in Odessa, Ukraine.

Click over to the video's YouTube page to read the comments that have already been left. Visit my channel and hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

Also, I also did a video about microphones that may interest two or three of you.

Previous Video: *36 Things Wrong With American Women*

Why Progressive Media Is The Path To Riches

September 8, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Haven't you noticed what's happening in the media and on the internet? Companies are cashing in on the backs of those with a brainwashed belief system. Sites like Buzzfeed, Upworthy, Policy Mic, Medium, Huffington Post, and Gawker are raking in money hand over fist providing content which either acts as soothing soma for your modern progessive or emotional outrage at something that conflicts with their worldview. Providing content targeted at liberals, social justice warriors, and white knights who believe in mythical fantasies is now a huge profit-generating industry.

The site Buzzfeed is the physical manifestation of progressivism transmutated into gigantic piles of cash. So is xoJane, Jezebel, any woman's site, and even sites that were formerly the domain of men, like Cracked, Forbes, and College Humor. More sites are veering left simply because that's where the cash is. It's not hard to see why: the modern West has become more liberal than at any other time in history while bored citizens are wired with tablets, smartphones, and computers that need a replenishing flow of content that can be laced with advertising to enrich the media owners. Even better for those owners is the fact that we still haven't hit a peak at much content can be consumed by your typical consumer zombie, because I'm sure you've noticed how all those blogs are huge even though they write about identical topics.

Maybe progressivism in the past really was about social change and equality, but the owners of these sites don't care about anything that doesn't give them money. Buzzfeed was recently valued at $850 million. Huffington Post was sold for $315 million three years ago. Tumblr, the most anti-intellectual and anti-science community on the internet, was sold for a staggering **$1.1 billion**. Have no doubt that all the nonsense you read on the internet that goes against your views is solely created to enrich the owners, because believe me, you don't need investors to get your message out there. You don't need an advertising rep to cover your hosting costs. You don't need an MBA to sell a few books that provide you with food and shelter costs. The owners want to be filthy rich and so they are taking advantage of liberals who don't have much in the way of hobbies or life meaning, hijacking their eyeballs and attention to shoot their net work to the top while creating ideological "movements" as gods that can be worshiped by people struggling to find existential reasons to get through the day.

If you equate the words "liberalism" with "money," and the word "liberal" with "consumer," it all starts to make sense, and while some of that happens on the conservative side as well, especially with Fox News, the right is extracting less money and attracting less eyeballs in the new media field centered around blogs, apps, and short-form video (the far-left video company Vocativ recently went massively viral with a clip about "street harassment").

There are many ways to make money on the internet, but one of the most reliable is creating feel-good content for liberals while simultaneously outraging them with things

that 4chan or Return Of Kings says. History has shown that the pendulum can swing from one extreme to the next quite rapidly, but it’s safe to say that anyone who starts a business targeted towards a standard issue liberal today will be profitable for at least the next decade. If you can’t beat them, profit from them.

Read Next: *We Are Nothing More Than Distracted Sheep In The Real Game Of Power*

Your Habits Get Harder To Change As You Get Older

September 10, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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All the habits that I currently do every week, at the age of 35, are ones that I was already doing by the time I was 30. I've noticed that it has been exceedingly hard to tack on a new habit or routine to my existing lifestyle and workflow. It seems that my brain is becoming more resistant to doing anything new, and instead seeks out the comfort and familiarity in those habits that it has already been doing for a decade. This has large implications for men of all ages who want to change their lives for the better.

Here are the habits that were ingrained in me by the time I turned 30:

- Writing regularly
- Visiting a coffee shop once per day
- Approaching women day or night when the penis demands
- Lifting weights more than semi-regularly
- Reading regularly
- Cooking my daily meals

To do any of the above takes me very little willpower. Sure I have some days where I don't want to write or lift, but my failure rate is small. Since turning 30, I've tried to change my routine in four different ways but have run into some resistance.

1. I wanted to learn Russian within a rapid period of time. The only way I could do that was to reduce my other habits. For seven months I was successful, but my old habits started to re-assert themselves at the same time I was finding Russian to be less useful. Fast forward to today and I don't study at all.

2. I've trained in boxing for two short periods, but the workouts were exhausting. Like with Russian, my other habits were in revolt at how much energy it was requiring. I couldn't stick to it. Then again, I also didn't like getting black eyes.

3. I've met many players who are killing it on the internet, encouraging me to go on Badoo instead of day gaming. I'd try for a few days until I couldn't bear to look through profiles. I haven't been able to make internet game a habit because of my dislike for it, even though my notch results could be higher.

4. I took up the piano a couple years ago. For one year I stuck with it, practicing one hour a day, but I couldn't find a way to make it mix with my other habits, and I got tired of traveling with a keyboard, so I stopped.

Of course there are many habits I tried before turning 30 that didn't stick, but I attribute those mostly to experimenting. Now I'm finding it quite hard to incorporate anything new into my life that isn't closely related to something I was already doing by the time I was 30, telling me that it is critically important for men to get started as early as possible on whatever habit they want to retain throughout life. Thankfully I started game when I was 22, but how about the guys who are starting late? Will they be forever alone?

If you're older than 30 and you want to start something new, you have to make it intensive for at least a year. This is the only way to "re-wire" your brain, making the habit become a part of you. At the same time, you have to mold your lifestyle to where doing the new habit is natural and expected. If you're working in a suburban office park all day, are shy, have low testosterone, and lack confidence due to being overweight, how can you begin to make game a lifelong habit? You'll probably just dabble in it, do less than 30 approaches, then turn into a keyboard jockey who trolls online forums. You have to accommodate the habit into your life to make it more likely that you'll stick with it.

That's what I did with Russian—I went to Russia. I didn't like Russia so I went to a Ukrainian city where I knew I would still speak Russian, but then I maintained a relationship with a girl who spoke English. As soon as my lifestyle changed to demote the habit into something less urgent, I could no longer pursue it. On the other hand, if Russia and Ukraine become the only two places in the world where women remain beautiful in the future, I would easily study it again.

My newest habit is making videos. While it's too early to tell, I'm finding it pretty easy to incorporate video production into my existing life, since it's related to blogging and utilizes my existing content-creating skills. It should be easier for me to stick with it compared to Russian, but we shall see.

By the time you're 30, you are who you are, and it will be tough to change. At this age, your brain says to itself, "Well, we made it this far and survived, so why bother taking a new risk with no guarantee of success?" You're much more likely to rationalize inaction or let fear keep you down. It will take quite a bit more to start new habits later in life, but it surely can be done if you focus on it intensively while simultaneously structuring your (new) life around it. Otherwise, you'll quit much sooner than if your brain was more pliant like in your 20′s. If you're young, start right now and get the benefits of burning habits into your brain. If you're older, you'll just have to work that much harder.

Read Next: *6 Life Tips That Will Make You More Productive*

I Found The Biggest Sausage Fest In The World

September 12, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Click over to the video's YouTube page to read the 50+ comments that have already been left. Visit my channel and hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

I also did a video about meeting girls in the pool.

Previous Video: *The Place You Should Not Go During The Summer*

5 Things You Should Know About Russia

September 15, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I spent five weeks in the Siberian city of Tomsk and two weeks in Moscow. Here are my thoughts:

1. Russian girls are very similar to Ukrainian girls

There are some differences, but they are so minor that you can go to Moscow having read Bang Ukraine and still know what you're doing.

Aesthetic differences: Ukrainian girls are more petite and thin. Russian girls have thicker lips and butts. Russian girls are more varied in appearance while there is more homogeny in Ukraine. Advantage: Russia

Personality differences: Ukrainian girls have more restrained personalities upon first meeting, but when they open up, they are similar to Russian girls. Ukrainian girls will dig into my background to see if I'm a Turkish sex tourist, but most Russian girls I met didn't do this. Advantage: Russia

Game differences: Russian girls give better initial responses to your approach and are more likely to give you their number from a shorter conversation, but are not easier to get into bed. I also experienced more flakes in Russia, meaning I had to get more numbers to schedule one date than in Ukraine. Advantage: Ukraine by a hair

2. Russia is super expensive

You will not find much in the way of value in Russia. Food and entertainment is pricey, especially in the big cities. I stayed in Moscow for 12 days and spent $2700 (that included $100 a day in lodging from Airbnb). Even a date to a basic cafe for coffee and cake will cost you about $25, as opposed to $8 in Ukraine. I calculated that I would need at least $4,000 a month in Moscow to have the lifestyle that could be had in Poland or Ukraine for about $1,500 (or less).

Russian women, while very pretty, are not significantly better than Ukrainian women to justify that expense. Polish women, while definitely not as pretty, are easier to get into bed and more easygoing. If Russia was priced the same as Ukraine or Poland, I believe that Russia would be the best choice, but we can't exclude cost from the equation. Moscow was just as expensive to me as Washington DC, and by the end of my stay in Moscow, I couldn't wait to leave for the sole reason of giving relief to my wallet from $7 Earl Grey teas in cafes.

3. Face control is real

Face control is where bouncers eye you up and down to see if you have the right look to enter the club. This is common even in mid-level Moscow clubs. The problem with this is

that it’s hard to make a plan to be in a particular venue because you may be denied entry and have no backup.

I was face controlled twice in Moscow. Ironically, both times were when I was with a girl (she was pretty to me, but maybe not to the bouncers). When I was alone or with another guy, I was not denied entry, but I was suited up each time. In other words, to go out in Moscow I had to dress up whether I liked it or not to decrease the chance of being face controlled. This was extremely tiring because sometimes I just want to wear a v-neck and jeans and hit the bar for a couple drinks.

Face control is also a concept apparently used by Russian women. You will know within 15 seconds if she doesn’t mind your look or not. There are two foreign ideals to a Russian woman: the German ideal (fair complexion) and the Italian ideal (dark complexion). If you approach a girl with the wrong ideal, you will get nowhere, but if you have the right one, she will let you spit some game. Almost all the interactions I had in Moscow that led to at least a phone number exchange was on girls who expressed some interest in Italy, similar to how Polish girls would inquire if I was Spanish. These experiences make me wonder if game is nothing more than a tool to be used on a girl who doesn’t object to our general look.

4. Nightlife is overrated

Muscovites have a YOLO approach to partying on the weekend, drinking well past their budget and staying until the sun comes up. The ratio is pretty decent and you will see the most beautiful women in the world. The problem is that you’ll have to grind it out just as if you were in an American club. Foreigners are not especially prized and when you add in the high drink prices, which suggest that clubs are only frequented by the upper middle class, you’ll be spending a lot of time and money to in all likelihood just get a number of a slightly snobby 7 who’s not really hurting to meet men. It doesn’t help that there is no one-night stand culture where you’ll get a freebie bang every few nights out. Girls who are average looking are no easier than their hotter counterparts.

If you like clubs, you’ll have fun here, but as a way to meet women, day game is so much superior that if I lived in Moscow I wouldn’t go out much at night to meet women. Then again, I don’t really like the clubs in Ukraine either.

5. You’ll need time

Russia has the slowest sex speed I’ve encountered. I was stunned to be denied kisses on the first date by girls who would agree to a second. Many expats in Moscow I met told me that there is a run-up time of a month until the bangs start rolling in, but for a quick weekend of sex, I wouldn’t come to Russia. Focus on Scandinavia instead. We’ve all heard stories of Russian girls being promiscuous, but in my seven weeks in the country, I did not find this at all.

If you have a particular fetish for Russian women and have a large bankroll, Russia could

very well be your poosy paradise, but you'd have to commit to staying. While much damage can be done in many countries from a two week stay, I'd advise you to stay at least one month in Russia. However, I can't promise you'll receive a great reward compared to just about *anywhere else* in Eastern Europe. Out of all the Eastern European countries I've been to, I had my lowest results in Russia, even though I'm almost conversational in Russian. Ukraine is a better place for me.

Read Next: *Polish Girls vs. Ukrainian Girls*

There’s Only One Way To Know If She’s Attracted To You

September 17, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I’m sure you already know the answer to this, but before I remind you, allow me to tell you a story that refreshed even my memory.

In early summer I met with an American reader at a Moscow cafe. After two horrible espressos, I suggested we walk a block down to another venue where my palate would be better satisfied. We arrived at the new cafe and I scanned through the venue in search of a good seat. “I think there’s an upstairs,” I said. I went up and found a small room with only three tables. One of them however, was occupied by three young women. We decided to sit upstairs.

Before we could even put down our things, the girls invited us to play a board game that the cafe provided. My new friend was competent in Russian so he directed the conversation while I mostly observed the three girls, all around 20 years old.

Ksenia was the tallest. Her hair was dark and put back in a pony tail. She had a serious way of talking that gave weight to her words. Objectively, she was the least attractive of the three, but still quite bangable. She was the most interested in Western culture.

Sophia was a little chubby, but she was the most feminine and had the prettiest eyes. Her English level with the lowest and she was quite shy.

Marina was the prettiest. She had a high amount of energy and checked her phone more than anyone. In spite of that, she was friendly and polite.

We ended up playing a couple rounds of Jenga. I believe that Marina, who was noticeably bored by the second game, knocked down the tower on purpose so that we wouldn’t have to play anymore, but I have no evidence of this. My new friend had to meet with another group at a bar, so I suggested the three girls tag along. The problem is that once at the bar, he had to sit with his friends, leaving me alone with the three girls.

They didn’t feel comfortable speaking in English for more than a two-minute stretch of time, so I attempted to entertain all three in Russian. This was a difficult task. I did okay for 15 minutes but then ran out of gas and did a lot of television watching in between short sprints of conversation. Kesenia seemed to give me the most attention, but it was only by a slight margin. I used all my years of experience in that moment to decide that we were all on friendly terms and that not much would come of our meeting. I preferred Marina due to her beauty, but I would bang any of the girls.

The way to tell whether a girl is attracted to you is if she accepts your escalation move. If you’re in a club and she accepts your suggestion to move to a couch, there is some attraction. If you try to kiss her and she accepts, there is some attraction. If she accepts any move to take the interaction to the next level, you’re moving the intimacy forward and attraction is present. But in this natural experiment with the three girls, I couldn’t risk

making a move on the wrong girl, meaning that I could not find out if any had a romantic interest in me. Or maybe I could?

I decided to just ask them.

I said, “I’m glad that we all met today. You three are very pretty and friendly to me, but I can’t pick one of you because the choice is hard. So… which one of you likes me the most?”

They looked at each other and giggled. They truthfully didn’t know, since there was no downtime for them to have a girl-only chat without me being able to hear. I came up with an idea.

“Okay how about this—I will give each of you a piece of a paper, and on that paper you write down how much you like me on a scale of 1 to 10. A 5 is friendship and a 10 is passionate love.” Excited that I have essentially become an Elimidate contestant, I waited for them to write down their answers on napkins.

I expected two 5′s and maybe a 6. Instead, here were the results:

Kesenia, a girl who had a boyfriend, wrote “7.5.”
Sophia, a girl who didn’t ask me a single question, wrote “7+.”
Marina, a girl who seemed to be more interested in her phone than me, wrote “7.5.”

All three girls gave written confirmation of their more-than-friendly interest in me when I, a veteran at the game, had absolutely no clue of it. They didn’t compliment me, ask me a lot of questions, or show any obvious signs of attraction. Without the ability to escalate, I was essentially walking blind, and the napkin results confirmed it. Only with my high school inspired suggestion was I clued in to how absolutely wrong I was and how foolhardy it is to attempt to guess a woman’s attraction for you.

In the end I went with Marina. Kesenia had a boyfriend and Sophia was a bit too shy for me, suggesting she may possibly be a virgin. At the end of our group time together I had a private moment with Marina where I suggested we meet again. She gave me her number and then so would begin the process where I was ready to run the right game in which continuous escalations are the most important part of.

Read Next: *The First Foreigner Effect*

Are Turkish Girls Worth It?

September 19, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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In the above video I mention that Turkish girls look very similar to Colombian girls. I made another video that tests your ability to tell the difference:

Visit my channel for some more clips.

Previous Video: *I Found The Biggest Sausage Fest In The World*

The Notch Collector

September 22, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I often meet a certain type of Western man in my travels: the notch collector. He is the man who collects notches like trading cards. He enjoys presenting his cards to you, occasionally dropping a card or two on the floor in the hopes that you or someone else will see it. He insists on seeing your cards so he can compare them with his. He has an accounting spreadsheet system to record his new scores. He assumes that his cards provide insurance against being unhappy in old age. He is blissful with his collection until he meets a man who has cards that he doesn't. His cards keep him busy, and he would be confused on what to do with his leisure time if he was not allowed to collect.

If anyone is to blame for creating such a man, it's me. I've described notch collecting in many posts and offered it as an objective view of your progress in the game. I've also published posts that put notches at the forefront of male achievement. Notches are one of many metrics I use to judge my satisfaction with women, but the notch collector uses it as the main source of his happiness with females and how he compares himself with other men. If another man has less notches than him, he feels happy. If the man has more notches than him, he's unhappy. This is a troubling development, because notches in isolation are not enough to give fulfillment with life or women, and it's not much different than men going around asking each other how much money they make.

I don't blame the Western man who collects notches. What else is he going to do to feel like he has achieved something in life? Getting married and having kids would have been the answer 30 years ago, but now few men dream of this. Or maybe he could invent something and change the world, but the days of the solo inventor working in his personal laboratory are over. Most men simply won't discover or create anything. Some can maintain internet hustles, but where's the glamour in that? Sure, he makes $4,000 a month sitting in front of a computer screen pushing e-products or apps, but that money is just a number on a screen that he doesn't touch or feel. It's abstract and not a source of masculine pride.

He could pursue a life of good health by working out or learning a martial art, but hitting a certain goal on the bench press will leave him satisfied for three hours at most. Notches, however, are quite concrete—or at least they feel concrete. The vaginal penetration is real, a glorious achievement, but it quickly fades and you need to collect another to log into your spreadsheet. As long as you are actively notching, one builds upon the next and you feel the growing momentum of your achievements, your masculinity reaching ever higher, but the minute you take a break, whether voluntarily or involuntary, those old notches don't nurture you in the present. There's just as abstract as numbers in your online banking account. They become bits of fleeting nostalgia of the days when you were ready to embark on dozens of approaches on the street or in the club to get a lay that made you feel like you put all your faculties to good use in the pursuit of something pleasurable and worthwhile.

The notch collector is a sign of our times, analogous to the man who grew up poor and then later dedicated his life to pursuing riches and material possessions. But the gold chaser at least will still have his money when he wakes up one day and realizes his pursuit may have been at least partly foolish. But when the man with 200 notches gets tired, what does he have? Good memories, perhaps, and sharper social skills, but nothing that will give him the pride he felt when he gained those notches, when he was full-time in the game and plowing through great quantities of women that he would not remember had he not photographed the encounters. The point of a diminishing return for the notch collector is a drag indeed, and a trip to Southeast Asia to bang everything in sight is the last stop before the inevitable "Now what?"

I don't fault the notch collector. He's a product of societies with heavily defined social spaces and roles for men. There are few openings for him to become a pillar of his community or a businessman that makes a difference. Getting married and becoming a father was a path to fulfillment in the past, but now it's a straight line path to ruin. No, the best thing for men these days is to make that internet money, travel the world, bang some sluts and share the photos with other men. The most admired men today are those known for fucking girls, because that has become the pinnacle of a Western male's existence, while the most admired women are those who can take selfies of their big ass. The notch collector, the selfie whore, the mediocre rock star, the smartphone addict—they are a mirror unto ourselves, of being born in a time where there's not much else to do to feel like a worthy human being.

Read Next: *Beware Of Goals With Numbers*

Is Internet Game Hurting Men?

September 24, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I can no longer deny that internet game is becoming an important and often principal source of bangs for many American men. Consider that there are men who get more notches than me every year from the internet alone but can't make a day approach to save their life. They are successfully using a new technology to solve the old problem of getting laid.

But there is no free lunch—you must give up something in order to gain something. In exchange for gaming on the internet, men lose several masculine skills that players a half generation before them still retain:

- They become more slavishly dependent on technology
- They become copy-and-paste automatons
- They have lower confidence since they never developed the proper ball size to cold approach women
- They become more dependent on their looks to build initial attraction, meaning it will be hard for them to score higher than their appearance
- They remove a big chunk of the pleasurable hunting aspect of game, making it more about the singular sex act

I'm not saying that internet game doesn't take some game for you to be successful, since you definitely have to know what you're doing on the first date, but we have to be honest that gaming a girl who already pre-screened you on the internet after you paste her your favorite clown lines is not the same as gaming a girl you just approached. The manual gamer has more skills that allow him to instantly succeed in any environment, while the internet gamer needs a smartphone and computer before he can put in his attempts, especially if internet game is not merely a supplement to his night or day efforts.

Several years ago, when Sammy Sosa and Mark McGuire got caught using steroids, some commentators asked if an asterisk should be by their name when it came to publishing home run records. I wonder if internet gamers should have such as asterisk next to their notch counts. A guy who got 100 notches from day game and a guy who got it from Tinder can be so different in terms of skills and ability that the notch metric absolutely fails to offer any meaningful sort of comparison between the two men.

At the same time that I complain about the internet, I can't deny the trend of Western society that promotes technological ease over real effort. If anything, internet game among men will only grow as the already technologically addicted post-millenials of today enter their 20′s. The cold approach will be seen as an archaic display of masculinity that feminist campaigns will label as "harassment," one step away from criminalization. Soon we may not have a choice but to use internet game to meet women. If I had money to invest in game stock, I would put most of it in the internet and day sector while shorting

the night sector.

Until technological singularity is realized, I'm skeptical about internet game, even though I dabble on Badoo from time to time. For better or worse, nothing makes me feel more masculine than walking out of my dwelling with zero prospects and finding a juicy deer that I shot and dragged back home. Internet game is like hunting that deer after it got drunk on fermented nectar that fell from its favorite tree. Sex is still sex either way, and this could just be my ego talking, but the hunt that takes place before is important to me, and anything that reduces that tension and action should be minimized.

By saying all this I feel like a senior citizen complaining about kids who walk on his lawn, but such is the case with incredibly rapid changes we've seen to game in only a decade, mostly thanks to technology. Nonetheless, I prefer to game the old fashioned way.

Read Next: *Patricia's Smartphone*

Beginners Guide To Lifting Weights

September 26, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Fitness trainer Brandon Carter is a special guest in my video this week…

I also made an appearance on his popular channel in a video called How To Pick Up Women At The Gym. It is approaching 45,000 views.

As always, visit my channel for more clips.

Previous Video: *Are Turkish Girls Worth It?*

The Myth Of The Russian Alpha Male

October 1, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A common belief in the manopshere is that men in Russia or Ukraine are super alpha and should be held up as examples for Western men on how to act. They take no shit from women. They are firm and direct with their demands. They ooze masculinity that women love. After living in Russia and Ukraine for over 9 months, I can safely state that the picture is more complicated than that.

Slavic men give a great veneer of alpha to a Western observer witnessing a stoic ugly dude with stiff body language walking with a hot girl, but if you dig deeper, you'll find several beta traits. For example:

—Most are momma boys who are unable to cut the cord. It's harder for them to live independently than a Western man.

—They are risk averse. While I'm sure you have seen crazy Youtube videos of drunk provincial Russians, educated Russians will not enter a transaction or deal with such a foolhardy or suicidal attitude. You also won't find a Russian man decide to up and move to another country for no other reason than YOLO like many Westerners.

—They use a lot of compliments on women. They are not as profuse as Spanish and Italian men, but they are more compliment heavy than Western men. Many of them use compliments or drink buying to get conversations in the club started, with obviously no guarantee of success.

—They regularly buy their women flowers and chocolates. Because of that, girls get annoyed when I don't do the same since it's such a common behavior. You're supposed to do it just because, not only for special occasions.

—They spend a lot of time in the friend zone. It's quite common for relationships in this part of the world to start as friendship. Unlike American men, however, Russian and Ukrainian men are more likely to escape the friend zone, but it's still not a certainty.

—They primarily want girlfriends, not notches. The guys are prone to cheat (just like their girls), but most are serial monogamists. They get a girlfriend and spend most days of the week with her, developing a co-dependent type of relationship that often leads to marriage.

On the other hand, I'm not denying their alpha traits:

—They don't put pussy on the pedestal like Western men. They clearly have a model of abundance when it comes to women. They can have this model because beautiful women are in true abundance.

—They aren't afraid to escalate. They will touch and try to kiss quickly, and if the girl refuses, they will feign a look of surprise that says, "Why not?" They don't care about the responses a girl gives them during an approach. Instead, they run their game program of spitting bullshit, buying little items, complimenting, and then escalating.

I’m not saying that Slavic men are beta, but if you account for their whole being, the average Slavic man is only marginally more alpha than the average Western man. The most alpha Western men would hold their own against the most alpha Slavic men.

In Russia I met some hardcore beta males who oneitis and pedestalization problems. If you read the manosphere all day, you’d think that a Russian beta doesn’t exist, but we’re beginning to see a more hipster culture with ambiguously gay stylings entrenching itself in Moscow and St. Petersburg among the middle class. When you think of a Slavic man, you’re probably imagining a gangster, gopnik, or oligarch, but the average Russian man on the street is not a true alpha and only wants a good 9-5 job and cute girlfriend. Don’t make the mistake of viewing the absolute top Slavic men as representative of them all.

Read Next: *5 Things You Should Know About Russia*

Bitter And Jaded In Turkey

October 3, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In Turkey I realized that it's becoming hard for me to travel for the sake of travel…

In a separate video, I discussed what you can do in case your summer vacation turns out to be a cockfest.

As always, visit my channel for more clips.

Previous Video: *Beginners Guide To Lifting Weights*

What Is A Social Justice Warrior (SJW)?

October 6, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Social justice warriors believe in an extreme left-wing ideology that combines feminism, progressivism, and political correctness into a totalitarian system that attempts to censor speech and promote fringe lifestyles while actively discriminating against men, particularly white men. They are the internet activist arm of Western progressivism that acts as a vigilante group to ensure compliance and homogeny of far left thought.

The true definition of SJW is up for debate, but most generally it has become a catch-all term that describes feminists and liberals who actively try to solve the perceived social injustices of modern society by organizing in online communities to disseminate propaganda, censor speech, and punish individuals by getting them terminated from their employment. They have also been successful at positioning themselves in the upper echelons of universities, media organizations, and tech companies.

SJW's do not view all humans as equal

Using a "privilege" hierarchy, SJW's calculate the worth of a human being based on perceived injustices or wrongs that group has suffered since the time of ancestral man, using selective and narrow interpretations of history. SJW's elevate groups that they believe have received the least amount of "privilege" in the past, and then use internet activism in the form of mobs and community purges to target those who are determined to have greater amounts of privilege. The idea of privilege is so essential to SJW ideology that a common debate tactic they use is to say "check your privilege," which roughly translates to, "you must immediately halt or change your speech because your ancestors may or may not have done bad things to women or minority races."

For example, if a notable white American male makes a joke about a lesbian black woman who practices Islam, SJW's will coordinate using a combination of blogs, Youtube, and social networking to dox him (publish his personal information, including where he works). They will then pressure the man's company by flooding it with calls and messages with the goal to remove his source of income while engaging in a mass reporting campaign to get his online accounts suspended.

Their ultimate goal is to silence all speech that they don't like and which they find offensive while also punishing the speech offender by removing his source of income. As they grow in power, the acceptable range of speech that would trigger an SJW witch hunt is becoming more narrow, and those who are high up on the privilege hierarchy (white men) have to speak through a careful filter if they don't want to be subject to an SJW attack.

Former Mozilla CEO was subject to a successful witch hunt for his past support of traditional marriage

They believe consensus is more important than objectivity

SJW's do not believe in objectivity. Instead, speech and ideas must be viewed relatively depending on the source and its intended audience. The *feeling* of the statement must also be taken into account, which can be affected by current news, cultural moods, and pop trends.

For example let's consider the statement "Asian people are nerds." If a famous white man uttered this phrase on Twitter after a major Japanese earthquake, a punitive SJW witch hunt may be triggered, but if a popular gay black female Youtuber said the exact same statement, no action would be taken. The reason is because the black woman is low in the SJW privilege hierarchy and therefore has a greater range of free speech that she could give before triggering a witch hunt. The white man, who is at the top of the privilege hierarchy, has no leeway to make a joke about any race since he is not in a protected SJW class. He would be decried as racist and a bigot, in spite of the fact that a statement like "Asian people are nerds" has low ambiguity regardless of the race or status of the person who said it.

The lack of such objectivity in SJWism is by design. It's borrowed from Cultural Marxist thought, which argues that objectivity and the idea of right or wrong is less important than consensus. The reason is that consensus can be easily accomplished by controlling the narrative—cultural facts, ideas, and memes that are possessed by a specific population. If one can manufacture consensus by controlling this narrative through domination of the media or by swiftly eliminating speech which goes against what "should" be believed, specific beliefs can be held even if they go against proven scientific thought or basic rationale. SJW tactics evolved by necessity to keep their ideology alive in a modern climate where science—even 100-year-old science—contradicts the bulk of their ideas.

For example, a basic tenet of SJW thought is that there is no difference between men and women besides their physical bodies, that evolution stopped at the neck for human

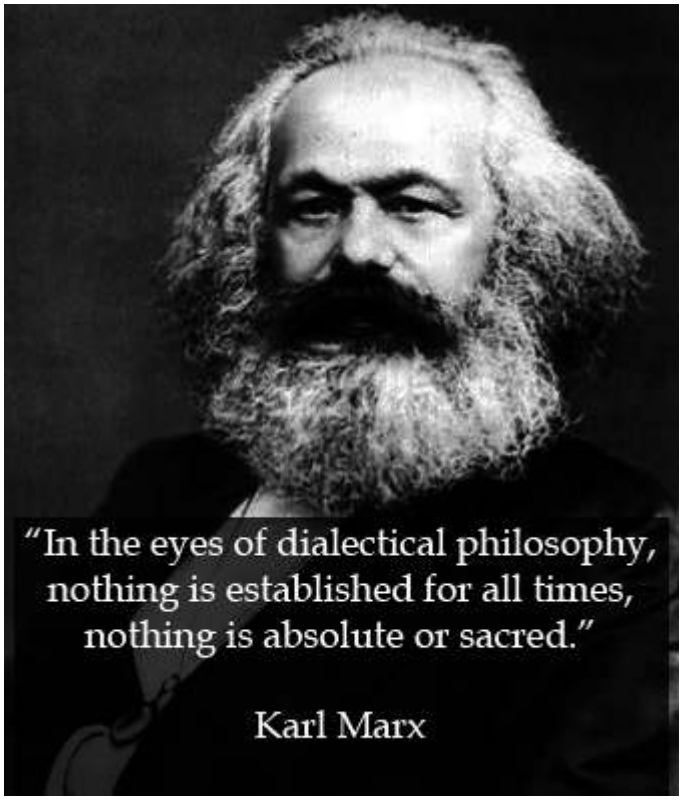
beings and gave both sexes an identical brain. Human biology can not sustain this notion [1] [2] [3], so when a person tries to state that men and women are different to a large audience, the SJW does one of three things:

(1) Attempts to censor the speech through mob action
(2) Calls the person a misogynist who hates women to inoculate the general population from considering the accurate information presented
(3) Destroys the livelihood of the person by contacting his employer so that he is less able to exercise his free speech

You'll often encounter SJW debate tactics trying to use consensus to persuade you: "How can you think X when so many people think Y?" As you may already know, consensus is a poor judge of facts or morality. Consensus used to believe that the earth was flat and that the sun revolved around the Earth. Sadly, many great men were imprisoned or executed for going against consensus on beliefs that we know are true today. Consensus in America also supported the institution of slavery, which of course didn't make it right. And not long ago consensus believed in segregation between whites and blacks, even in the north where slavery was not practiced. Consensus has been shown to be a dangerous method to validate ideas or behavior.

Observers will note that *information control* is a huge component of SJW ideology. They have no other choice—their ideas do not hold water to basic science and logic so SJW's evolved mechanisms where they must control and censor speech which goes against their beliefs. By controlling what arguments or ideas people are exposed to, they have a greater chance of convincing others through manipulation and outright bullying of their world view to create the consensus they need to affect societal change. Some individuals buy into their cause because opposing viewpoints were hidden from them, often labeled as "hate speech."

An SJW writer implores readers not to pursue an area of study that conflicts with her world view



Cultural Marxist thought promotes subjectivity

The messenger is more important than the message

A big chunk of their activism depends on subjective feeling and perceived value of the parties involved. Before an SJW can make a decision on what is right or wrong, she must first know the race, gender, and sexuality of the involved participants so that she can decide whether or not to be outraged. A statement or idea in isolation is not enough for them to come to a conclusion on the acceptability of a statement. For example, consider the following statement:

"Abortion should not be used as a method of birth control."

An SJW could not definitively respond to this statement unless they knew who uttered it. If I—a Caucasian man—published this statement on a popular site like CNN, the outrage would be immense. Most comments would accuse me of hating women and wanting to control their bodies. A petition would be started to prevent me from ever writing on CNN again. On the other hand, if a popular feminist like Jessica Valenti said this statement in the same publication, the response would be more balanced. She would receive some criticism but even support from individuals who would try to destroy my life had I said the exact same thing.

A person who believes in the scientific method would not be swayed by the messenger. They would analyze the statement and attempt to either verify it or not based on logic. SJW's avoid such objective behavior.

A Harvard university student urges we replace academic freedom with her sense of social justice

Some groups are more deserving of equality than others

SJW's make a big show of wanting "equality," but as the *Animal Farm* quote goes: "All animals are equal, but some animals are more equal than others." They absolutely do not believe that a man deserves the same treatment that should be given to a woman of his same race. When they say "equality," what they really mean is to apply special benefits to protected groups in order to create equality based on their subjective perception and feeling. They even go so far as to claim that women and non-whites can not possibly be racist against white men. If a black woman calls a white man a cracker, honky, redneck, hick, or peckerwood, she's correcting historical wrongs and injustices, not being a racist individual.

Since they have no objective measure or guide of equality, it is only achieved when they *feel* it has been achieved, but then that would destroy the very reason for their existence, meaning that their war on inequality is similar to the war on drugs or terrorism. It's a perpetual war that will never be won in their minds because there will always be the creation of a new group needing privilege and equality. If you substitute the word "power" whenever they use "equality," you'll come to a more accurate descriptor of what motivates their activism.

If you want to do a simple test that hurts an SJW's argument that she is about equality, ask her the following: "Do you believe a black woman is equal to a white woman?" They will squirm mightily and may look to the left and right at their SJW friends to know what they think first before giving you a muddled answer that is inconsistent with their other stated beliefs.

Rape jokes are okay against those groups who have no protection in the SJW privilege hierarchy

SJW's are human label machines

If censorship is not an option, SJW's attempt to destroy the reputation of the speech offender by labeling him a racist, misogynist, creep, bigot, xenophobe, homophobe, or transphobe. This is one of their most reliable tactics to prime the general public against listening to individuals they don't like because of the negative weight that such terms still carry. I personally have been called every label under the sun and a site I operate, Return Of Kings, was denounced in mainstream blogs sympathetic to SJW's and then put on blacklists.

While labels are still effective today, SJW's are diluting the power of them through overuse. If the majority of men are decided to be "misogynist," the general public will become desensitized to hearing it. We are already seeing signs of this whereby SJW's have to escalate the labels to outright crimes. A tactic I have been seeing lately is accusing men of "sexual harassment," which is often when a man did nothing more than factually criticize a woman or flirt with her.

Even worse, SJW's have started labeling men as rapists based on anonymous internet allegations, even when the supposed victims never reported the crime to police. It doesn't matter that a conviction is not present via due process of law, and "rapist" labels persist against men even when authorities refuse to file charges. This eradicates the presumption of innocence whereby an individual is innocent until proven guilty, a basic right used since Roman times and included in the UN's Universal Declaration of Human Rights. It's possible that we may reach a point where all men are presumed to have raped a woman, and when a men says something improper, this label will be used against him to limit his speech.

When SJW corruption was revealed in gaming journalism, the "misogyny" label was used to marginalize the speech of concerned gamers

Buzzfeed published an anonymous rape accusation against a man who was subject to a massive SJW witch hunt on Youtube (the alleged victim never went to the police)

A female at the University Of Chicago publicly posted a "rape list" denouncing men who have never been accused or convicted of rape

An SJW does not believe that men should get due process

Unwilling to engage in open debate

Another feature of the SJW is their total unwillingness to engage in a civilized one-on-one debate instead of mob action through what they call "campaigns" or "pressure groups." Unable to take criticism or consider factual evidence, a lone SJW will respond to having her arguments defeated by playing the victim card ("Stop attacking me!", "Stop triggering me!", "Stop shaming me!") or engaging in one of numerous argumentative fallacies. These tactics are used to buy time before fading back into the power and safety of her large mob group.

SJW's avoid engaging in debate because they do not have the logical tools that an objective discussion requires. If your beliefs are held together by subjectivity, feelings,

and the perceived worth of an individual based on an imaginary scale of privilege, it would be impossible for you to debate someone else who uses facts. The lack of educational rigor in SJW communities means they are more comfortable re-blogging content on Tumblr or sharing funny images than sifting through scientific data to find proof of what they claim.

On university campuses, it's common for SJW's to obstruct speakers they can not defeat with facts. To some observers, this behavior may resemble a child putting his fingers in his ears and yelling as loud as he can. They have no choice but to silence someone else's speech because their own speech can not properly counter arguments that go against their world view. They simply don't have the intellectual rigor to do so.

SJW's shout down a university speech and then halt it completely by setting off a fire alarm, possibly breaking local laws in the process

SJW's at the University Of Toronto push and shove in an attempt to cancel a speech by a speaker they disagree with

Feminist professor steals protests signs that she disagrees with and then assaults the protester (she was later charged and given probation)

Complete absence of fixed morality

Thanks to the subjectiveness of their ideology, SJW's lack morality or virtue. The reason this is a feature and not a bug to the SJW is because accumulated knowledge, morals, and wisdom of the past was developed and promoted by white men, who are seen as the harbingers or pain and doom to the classes that they want to protect.

Even if Aristotle, Seneca, Marcus Aurelius, Thomas Aquinas, or Henry David Thoreau had valuable wisdom that continues to help how millions of people live today, the information derived from their work must be completely discarded since they were white men. Since white men were at the forefront of advancing humanity for the past several centuries, especially after the decline of the Egyptian, Persian, Mongol, and Ottoman empires, this precludes the bulk of moral guidance that we can use to determine right and wrong. SJW's invent their own moral code but it is often based on what they are upset about in the present moment. It does not serve as a guide for more than a month or two, suggesting that their book of code would have to be written in pencil.

The biggest exception I've found to their discrimination against white men is Steve Jobs, inventor of the iPhone, a gadget that SJW's prefer to use. The irony of this is that SJW's are against "greedy" capitalism in favor of socialism or communism, but iPhones are made with low-cost labor in Asia where some workers have committed suicide in the very factories the phones are produced because of horrid working conditions. SJW's are capable of applying blind spots to their most cherished ideals so that their consumer

lifestyle is not inconvenienced.

SJW's don't believe in god, have no belief in the heterosexual nuclear family as the principal unit of human organization, and have no sense of local community as opposed to ones that exist solely on the internet. Instead of reading historical texts for guidance, they read Huffington Post, Buzzfeed, and Reddit. A significant amount of them gets their information from image-based memes that they share enthusiastically on Imgur and Facebook. They are pagans who worship women, minorities, homosexuals, and other non-capitalistic or non-Catholic features of humanity. Since their belief system is based on trends and feelings, an SJW will display rapidly shifting thought from one month to the next depending on what is "hot" or not in SJW discussion forums.

As of late, homosexuality—an alternative lifestyle at best and the disseminator of HIV at worst—seems to be the centerpiece of their activism, especially as the homosexual marriage issue has become suddenly more urgent in America in the past five years. Some predict that the bulk of their activism will now move onto transsexuality, and one must wonder how the movement will handle so many fringe groups that are angling for least privileged status.

A convention for the Tumblr platform, the principal online home of most SJW's, displays how alternative the lifestyles of these individuals are

SJW's are sexually confused and admittedly mentally ill

Many SJW's readily admit to serious mental illness and being bullied or mocked as a kid. They have gone on to be bullies themselves on the internet, a platform where physical strength, courage, or defined identity is not needed to be an effective activist. Even though they are confused about how to live their own lives thanks to the lack of values they possess, and many deal with suicide, cutting, or other mental issues that prevent them from reading certain articles without a "trigger warning" to act as a disclaimer to reality, they have no problem telling society how to live. It's unclear why they respond to their life problems in such a manner instead of seeking professional help or reading self-help, but we can speculate that they seek to control others to compensate for the lack of control they have in their own lives. SJWism is a form of treatment to their problems because they can focus on the perceived problems of other people instead of their own.

A common problem SJW's have is confusion about their own sexual identity or outright biological sex. Most of them find out about SJWism when they are in their teen years and not yet absolutely certain of their sexual preference. Once exposed to SJW writing that presents the theory that two sexes don't exist, proven biology is wrong, and that you are free to place yourself on a kaleidoscope of gender including multiple kinds of homosexuality and transsexuality, the newly SJW activist mixes and matches her sexual identity to seek approval within her new group.

SJW's have invented new sexes and sexual preferences, the most popular of which being pansexual, the definition of which can vary depending on which SJW you ask but which comes close to bisexuality. Other inventions include polysexuality, genderqueer, pangender, skoliosexual, and the most curious one of all which assumes a new mammalian life form that science has yet to describe—trigender.

While many of their members are plain vanilla heterosexual, they despise any sexuality or behavior that comes from the straight male. A male is someone exhibiting offensive privilege when he rates a girl on her attractiveness, exhibits a preference for thin women, or flirts with a woman he wants to have sex with, but when a woman does the same things, she is making an empowered display of her sexuality and must therefore be encouraged. The male sex drive is considered dangerous and oppressive to women but the female sex drive is wonderful, natural, and deserving of firm praise.

It's worth noting that some in the SJW community believe that all penis-in-vagina sex is rape, even when the sex is consensual. Masculinity exhibited by men is dangerous and criminal, but masculine behaviors in women (cutting their hair short, becoming burly in body size, cursing, sexually pursuing other women) are promoted. Again, this highlights the subjectivity and inequality of SJW thought.

A popular website tries to persuade its readers with images that homosexual marriage is "better" than traditional marriage

Youtube is full of young SJW's coming out to declare their pansexuality

How did SJW's become such a powerful force?

We can only speculate why an ideology that is so removed from science and Western values has established roots in America. One theory is that their ideology is soma for confused people who have been disappointed in life or have failed in achieving their goals. It's easy for these sub-performers to flock to an ideology that says, "You failed because you were held down by the white patriarchy, who still maintains invincible

privilege and is robbing you of your daily bread and happiness."

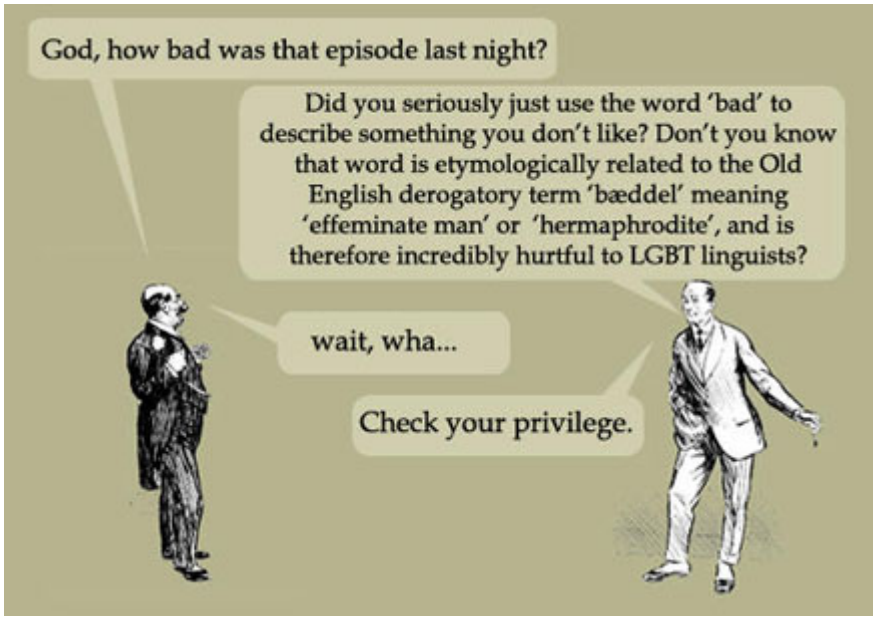
Obviously, it's a much easier job to blame others or play the victim card than to solve the individual problems of your life. Hard work is not as valued in today's society as in the past, so when you give someone a choice between expending effort on one hand to complaining and mob bullying on the other, it's not hard to see how many (as in millions of people) pick the latter option. It's also more satisfying to their egos from a power standpoint.

That leads to the question of why straight white males become a part of the SJW movement, since it would be similar to a Jewish person joining the Nazis. Most of these men are shy with low confidence and low muscle mass. They have social anxiety issues and simply want to be part of a co-ed group that increases their access to women. It turns out that white men are carrying the water of SJW's who would denounce them in a second all for the hopes of getting sex. The male sex drive is so strong that a man is willing to throw his entire race and sex under the bus in order to possibly fornicate with a woman.

Even though men are usually the targets of SJW's, it is not uncommon for them to turn on their own. For example, if a white woman, a protected group in SJW ideology, offends a transsexual, who is more protected on the privilege scale, SJW's may attack the white woman, even if they may have defended her previously (this happened with Laci Green, a protected feminist who once used the word "tranny" and was threatened with death by transsexual SJW's). Since SJW'ism is so subjective, at whim to constantly shifting winds, an SJW who is on the right side of SJW thought today may find themselves on the wrong side tomorrow.

Video shows how a video game organization was infiltrated by feminists

Infographic shows how popular image forum 4chan was infiltrated by SJW's (click here for full image)



A parody image suggesting that anything can be considered offensive to an SJW

What do SJW's want to achieve?

Their goal is power and domination over the Western cultural narrative to manufacture a consensus that is aligned with their extreme far-left ideology. Since their ideas are so far removed from science, logic, and rationale, this requires a complete control of information to disseminate their immoral world view along with the complete silencing of those who contradict them. It is not clear what their end game is when it comes to the white men who they believe are a bane to planet Earth, but it's not a stretch to predict violence in the future assuming their mobs grow in size, anger, and power, which would put them close to being classified as terrorists according to the FBI. Currently their main strategies are bullying, spreading propaganda, and censoring opponents.

A growing way they have been accomplishing this goals is by installing SJW activists in prominent institution and communities. Many are now active moderators on popular forums, leaders in campus groups, tenured professors, or popular bloggers and entertainers who have huge audiences they spread SJW propaganda to. Some SJW's, like Zoe Quinn, simply achieved prominent status by having heterosexual sex with men who have access to information that they want to modulate. Since most feminists, progressives, and liberals are sympathetic to the SJW cause, it's easy to see how they have reached a stunning amount of influence in America to spread their message.

SJW's threaten violence if they don't get their way

SJW's have co-opted games journalism to review video games as sexist, misogynist, and racist

Prominent SJW Laurie Penny is humiliated at a conference after labeling a distinguished male historian as racist and xenophobic

Social Justice Warriors are a threat to Western values

SJW's utilize censorship, discriminate against white men, and disagree with basic human rights concerning due process that has existed in the Western legal canon for centuries. They are against free speech as granted by the US Constitution and don't believe that all men are created equal. They disregard science and wrongly apply labels, accusations, and criminal allegations to those who dare cross their path. They have determined that some groups should be elevated to receive more benefits and speech rights than others, and have been successful in silencing the speech of those whom they disagree with through their internet witch mobs. They continue to infect every group, platform, and community that they come into contact with. Their goal is not to add value or to create, but to control the flow of ideas and thereby thought. Their values are opposed to Western values.

SJW ideas have reached a critical mass in America. University students are indoctrinated

with progressive thought that is becoming aligned with SJWism, and even students in grade school are becoming exposed to SJW ideas through feminist-friendly teachers who read the same sites as SJW's. My fear is that their efforts at censorship and cultural domination will become more onerous as they cement positions in prominent media companies, Silicon Valley, universities, and even in politics. If your belief system is against that of SJW's, it would be prudent to take measures to protect yourself from their witch hunts, because there is no sign that they will be weakening in power anytime soon.

Read Next: *Cultural Collapse Theory*

4 Things I Don’t Like About Indirect Day Game

October 8, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Previously I wrote some reasons why I don’t prefer direct day game. It’s time to turn my criticisms to indirect day game, a method I teach in Day Bang, by sharing some of its weaknesses. Here are a few things I dislike:

1. It’s more boring and repetitive

While it’s easier to open than direct, your conversation will—at least in the beginning—be more boring. After your 100th time asking a girl where a certain landmark is, you’ll be wondering if you can maintain the energy to feign interest in the topic until you can get to the good stuff.

For this reason, it’s smart to rotate your indirect openers so that you don’t have opening fatigue. I retired my pet shop opener after using it for so long and I’m on the verge of retiring my supermarket opener. Next up in the pipeline is a public library opener, where I’m sure the girl will see the immense value of me wanting to read books and study philosophical matters.

2. It’s less congruent

The reason you’re approaching a girl is because you want to have sex with her, but when you open indirect, you are putting a temporary brick between your penis and her vagina. It may be hard for some guys to keep their eyes on the prize when they’re rambling about coffee shops or whatever, but this is what indirect requires you to do at the beginning.

Then again, anything short of opening with “Let’s fuck” is not 100% congruent, but direct game has less acting in that you are being more warm about your sexual intent. Just be aware of guys who say they use direct but open with a line about a girl’s hat before bantering about style. I still consider that indirect since it has no connection to your sexual desire.

3. You display less sexual power

Indirect requires you to bullshit asexually before delivering a statement of intent that you want to get to know her. This has the danger of putting you more in an “outgoing guy” box than a “raw masculine powerful” box, though you can combat this by having strong body language and eye contact. Nonetheless, it’s harder for normal guys to come across as bold or confident with indirect openers. It will require you at some point to make the switch from being merely chatty to escalating sexually before too much time has passed.

4. You have to worry about approach timing

If you want to go indirect on the street, you have to arrange a casual collision that doesn't make it seem like you targeted her specifically. Sometimes this is impossible, especially if a girl passed you, meaning that a direct approach would then be required.

Indirect is most powerful indoors (cafes, shops, supermarkets, gyms, and bookstores) where there is a lot of context to aid in a more natural conversation and where failing with direct has a greater risk of being noticed by staff or security personal. For example, I can go indirect every day in my favorite cafe because I'm "just being chatty" or "outgoing," but if I went direct then a cockblocking staff member may complain to management. Direct is better suited for the street, the venue where it has been honed by guys who don't like coffee shops as much as I do.

There is great value in both indirect and direct day approaching, and any player worth his salt should be able to effortlessly open with either based on the situation (I currently estimate that about 65% of my day approaches are indirect). I recommend newbies start with indirect day game, which has a shorter learning curve, can be used in any venue, and gives you conversational practice even on girls who aren't too attracted to you. Once you get comfortable with it, dabble in direct to offer you more refinement for street approaching, especially in foreign countries where direct game is more useful than in America.

Read Next: *7 Things You Can Do To Improve Your Game Right Now*

The Number One Sex Travel Tip For Men

October 10, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Here’s a tip for guys who want to travel to meet foreign women…

As always, visit my channel for more clips.

Previous Video: *Bitter And Jaded In Turkey*

Anna: One Year Later

October 13, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

***Previously:* Anna**

“I kind of hope she breaks up with me,” I thought to myself, waiting for her to arrive, because I couldn’t leave her and I wouldn’t dump her. If you leave a great girl like her, and have just one bad night anywhere else in the world, in a sausage fest club with mediocre girls giving you attitude, you’ll get angry at yourself for leaving. You’ll feel despair at trading real connection and chemistry for the mere potential of having it with someone else. But if she breaks up with me, I will be free of regret and what-ifs. She made the choice, not me. I was the victim, not the perpetrator.

—

Anna picked me up from the airport when I arrived for the second time in Odessa. My flight was delayed two hours but she patiently waited for me and we embraced in the airport lobby. What a lucky man I was to simply hit the un-pause button and resume where we left off from meeting nearly a year before.

She brought me little gifts every other date, small trinkets she came across. She bought a glass and painted a design on it with a big R. She cooked soup when I was sick. She brought me sweets. She was patient, kind, funny, emotional, sexy, smart, feminine, nurturing, honest—everything a man could want, but like with every other girl, I started to get bored. When we went on the beach at night to eat cookies and drink champagne, I was ready to go home after two hours. When we went to the dolphin show, I was watching the clock while she excitedly took pictures of the imprisoned animals. I dreaded phone conversations where she would ask me what I did during my day when it was no different than the one before it. Even sex become a chore, a job. I knew her vagina inside and out. It gave me orgasms, but there was no novelty, no excitement. I had trouble reconciling my boredom with her considering she was one of the most interesting girls I’ve ever dated who put a lot of effort in bed.

We were highly compatible both physically and emotionally. She would be overbearing at times and nitpicky, but nothing that was a deal breaker, meaning it was time for the relationship to take the next step on the road to marriage. At 24, she was getting old by Ukrainian standards, and needed to lock up a man to secure her future. At 35, I was drifting from one country to the next, using sex as a means towards enlightenment and meaning but wondering why it was providing me with neither. I couldn’t shake my opposition to commitment, even though I knew Anna was a perfect match for me. In the past, I’d pass on commitment in the search for more quantity or higher quality, but in this case I didn’t care about banging any more girls or visiting any more countries since my belly was sated long ago. I just didn’t want to reduce my freedom by being locked down to one woman.

I cared about her, would fly into a rage if anyone hurt her, but I didn’t love her enough to

grow old with her. More than one month into my second visit I still had not made any declaration to stay longer than my three month visa allows. She must've known I didn't want more than our mini relationship.

We scheduled a date for a Wednesday night. I sat on a park bench waiting for her. I had already taken her to most of the cafes in the center, and was trying to think of where we could go or what we could do before going back to my bedroom. "I kind of hope she breaks up with me," I thought to myself, waiting for her to arrive, but I knew she wouldn't since I still had over a month left in the city. We'd have to wait a little while longer for a sad goodbye I've done so many times before with so many other girls.

She greeted me with a small kiss and I mentally logged another three-hour date where we would pass the time, entertain each other slightly, and then have one or two orgasms before I put her in a taxi. The relationship was kept in a state of purgatory, and she was fine with it. Or so I thought.

"This is our last meeting," she said. "We're not friends and we're not boyfriend-girlfriend. When people ask me what you are, I don't know what to tell them. We're in the middle and so I have no place for you in my life. I don't want this to continue."

"Are you joking?" I asked. My ego refused to believe I was being dumped, even though I had just fantasized about the prospect.

"I'm not joking. I had a lot of good times with you, but this is it."

I stared off into space. I remember the time I asked her if she wanted kids or not. She said, "Of course, I'm a woman." I joked about impregnating her but taking absences of indeterminate length, an idea she didn't care much for. I ignored all her hints about wanting something more stable.

After composing my thoughts, I said, "You're making the right decision for you. I know you want a serious relationship, marriage, and kids, and I don't want that right now."

I was ready to reminisce about our relationship a bit, relive the good times we had, but with a stern face I had never seen before, she said "So goodbye" and turned around. No kiss, no hug. We had known each other for a year, had traveled to another country together, had shared a hundred inside jokes, had sent a thousand text messages to each other, had exchanged over a dozen thoughtful gifts, had made love dozens of times, but now I was dirt to her, someone who had no more value than a random man walking past us. I couldn't believe she was capable of being so cold.

I walked home and ruminated about our relationship. I put on some sad love music to force any emotion to the surface, but none was coming. I wanted to care about what just happened, but she had merely denied a future that I already denied in my mind. A feeling of relief overcame me that I could buy an airplane ticket to anywhere in the world and not feel like I had destroyed the relationship, not feel like I had made one of the biggest mistakes of my life, but soon enough I'd see my rationalization for what it was, that failing to commit to her was my choice entirely.

Even after this experience, I feel no more comfortable committing to any woman. The

idea of love and living happily ever after is an abstract fantasy that becomes less likely with every passing year. I'm essentially re-living the same thing over and over again, running in the same hamster wheel but in different places with different women, and soon I will meet another Anna and let her go too. How absurd it is to be so capable of meeting good women but choose loneliness instead! It's loneliness to some, but freedom to me, and I choose this freedom over creating a family, freedom over long-term relationships with good women. And I'm prepared, I think, to live with that choice.

Read Next: *In Defense Of Women*

“Which Country Should I Visit?”

October 15, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A common question I’ve been seeing in the past six months is guys asking me which country or city they should visit. Many guys are taking their first international trip and want to make it a success, especially since they may only get one opportunity a year. While I completely understand this desire, their question can not be reasonably answered. There are simply too many individual variables involved.

When you ask someone on the internet which country he should visit, chances are he does not know your appearance, personality, game style, vibe, strengths, weaknesses, age, career background, social ability, level of masculinity, nationality, and humor type. He also doesn’t know the type of girl you’re most attracted to, which can range over several additional variables. And even if he did know all these things, there is no way he is qualified to state which country is best for you, unless you’re his sort of genetic twin.

Many years ago, I received a lot of questions from guys that went like this: “I like this one girl in school. What’s the best way to approach her?” They asked this question because they were emotionally invested in the girl and wanted to guarantee against failure. I see some similarities with guys asking me today which country they should visit. Travel can be quite expensive and so they don’t want to have a bad trip, but if you talk to any guy who has been traveling for a while in search of his poosy paradise, you’ll understand that preventing failure is impossible and simply a part of the travel game.

You will visit countries that are great to you and you will visit some that are awful, and even with my travel experience I could not prevent a disastrous summer trip to Turkey. Thousands of dollars and many weeks of time will be spent in locations that are worse than your backyard, in spite of your best efforts to prevent that from happening.

Travel is an expensive, time-consuming, and risky endeavor. It’s not for guys who are anxious about failure, because odds are you will fail, especially on your first few trips. Pick a country where you are interested in the women, where you don’t look like the local men, and try your best. It’s going to be a learning experience that may hopefully have a dose of success to make it worth it, but if you’re new to this, chances are it will not be amazing. There is no magic place that is great for everyone (some guys were miserable in countries I did well in and vice versa). There are so many individual variables that you can only use the experiences of others as an afterthought to helping you, not the main determinant. In the end, you’ll have to pick the places that *you* want to go and are ready to invest in.

If you like white girls, try somewhere in Eastern Europe. If you like Latin girls, try somewhere in South America. If you like Asian girls, try somewhere in Southeast Asia. You’ll have to take a stab in the dark, go **somewhere**, learn from that experience, and then choose again for your next trip based on the increased knowledge you now have. I can give you general travel help or share specific advice on countries I’ve been to, but when it comes to choosing, that’s your decision alone. Stop asking where to go and stop

trying to guarantee against failure, because it won't work. Take the plunge and see what happens.

Read Next: *How To Get A Flag In 5 Days Without Pipelining*

Women Are Abusive When Not Socially Constrained

October 20, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Anyone who believes women are kind, compassionate, and good-hearted has simply not interacted with enough of them. Anyone who believes that women need extra protections from men have not seen enough of their true nature to understand that it would be more fitting for men to receive protections from women instead. Out of all my dealings with people as an adult, the most cruel and heartless encounters came from the hands of women, not men. I am beginning to wonder if all my experiences with them in my adult life is equivalent to having an abusive stepmother as a child.

In what type of settings do most normal men interact with women? When they are young, it is school, seeing the same girls every day in class. They get older and it becomes work. They also meet other females through friends or they deal with women who serve them their daily coffee at Starbucks. These settings hide a woman's true nature since she sees these men repeatedly. Having a meltdown at work or at school against a certain man may lower a girl's social value or get her shunned from that specific environment. Lying or gossiping about a man may fracture her other relationships. The female Starbucks employee can't treat you bad since she needs a weekly paycheck. In these places, even if a woman hates your guts, there are social restraints that prevent her from unleashing her full fury upon you. She won't go nuclear unless she feels threatened.

It's not hard to imagine that this was true in tribal times when humans lived in communities of less than 250 people. Even if a girl despised you, she had to keep a friendly public face for the good of the tribe. This would apply if she was your wife as well, since pissing you off too much for undue cause may put her out on her ass. The reason why women evolved to be experts at passive-aggressiveness and incessant whining is likely because they could never fully confront the objects of their derision.

If having a full meltdown against a man in the past would hurt her survivability by decreasing the chance that a man would stay and provide for her, it only makes sense that she would give a veneer or politeness to maintain good relations with the men around her. Whether you want to argue that this veneer was fake or not, it undoubtedly improved the behavior of women and therefore the happiness of men who dealt with them.

That veneer is now being taken off. More than ever, men are interacting with women who are not part of her "tribe." Thanks to internet dating sites and game, whereby men approach women he doesn't know, men are establishing more connections with women he doesn't see in work, school, or in an established social circle. With these types of "cold" approaches, women are no longer constrained by social etiquette or regular courtesy to be nice to someone they don't like, and she can now act in a way she really wants to these men without any fear of having her social reputation or livelihood ruined. It is this very behavior they display to men who they don't have social connections with that reveal how they truly want to act, and unfortunately it's not pretty.

What we see in 2014 is a disaster in the behavior of women, a race to the bottom on how cruel, flippant, and abusive women can become. Women renege on their commitments without giving advance notice or stand men up outright. They use profanity to disrespect men who have been respectful to them. They resort to physical violence against men who said something mild they disagreed with. They lie and fail to disclose their sexually transmitted diseases. They disappear completely without notice. If you let them, they'll attempt to treat you like a servant who is supposed to be at her beck and call.

It's not hard to see that if all social restraints on a woman is removed, her natural instinct will lack all character, respect, or anything resembling the good-natured behavior she would display within her social group. She becomes the evil stepmother. And you—the man hitting her up on Tinder or the man approaching her in the club—is the recipient of her abuse in the hopes of getting laid. All her negative energy and flaws can be safely unleashed upon the man who has no connection with her other social groups. A fast simulation of this behavior would be if you approached a group of four girls in a nightclub with a gentle opening line. Their scornful behavior to you, which they can deliver so easily without premeditated thought, is a woman's true behavioral instinct.

A site called Signs Of Emotional Abuse might as well be titled *Qualities Of A Typical Western Woman*. I grabbed a few of the signs and reworded them to include "most women." Consider the last few dozen girls you cold approached. Would you say the following list is more than 50% accurate in describing their behavior?

- Most women make you feel as though they are always right
- Most women give disapproving, dismissive, contemptuous, or condescending looks, comments, and behavior
- Most women make excuses for their behavior or tend to blame others or circumstances for their mistakes
- Most women have trouble apologizing
- Most women regularly ridicule, dismiss, disregard your opinions, thoughts, suggestions, and feelings
- Most women constantly correct or chastise you because your behavior is "inappropriate"
- Most women treat you as though you are inferior to them
- Most women accuse you of something contrived in their own minds when you know it isn't true
- Most women are unable to laugh at themselves
- Most women do not want to meet your basic needs or use neglect or abandonment as punishment
- Most women play the victim to deflect blame onto you instead of taking responsibility for their actions and attitudes
- Most women do not notice or care how you feel
- Most women do not show empathy or ask questions to gather information

I hope that I have successfully presented the case that women you cold approach will

abuse you in your quest to get laid. It's part of the game, and sadly for us, it affects our own brain in a negative manner, preventing us from seeing women as compassionate creatures while adding a justifiable jaded shell to our own development as men. Game puts men closer to understanding a woman's true nature because it is only the man who runs game that can see what women are truly like, but this great truth comes at a price of having to receive and process the abuse that women give.

I had a date scheduled with a girl not long ago. I showed up at the appointed time and waited for her. After ten minutes passed and I didn't see her, I texted her. She replied, "Didn't you get my text message this morning?" Of course I didn't, and my experience immediately told me the score: I was being stood up. Did I do her any harm to deserve this? Did I treat her wrong in order for her to waste my time? I didn't, but my only crime was that she wasn't attracted to me enough, and so she could act in any way she wished and not feel one ounce of remorse for doing so.

Thankfully there is a way to receive less abuse from women. There is a way to get flaked on less and experience less attitude. **Make her strongly attracted to you.** Attraction is the only way to restrain a woman's true nature from blowing up in our faces, from turning her into the evil stepmother. When a woman is attracted to us, she acts on her best behavior, fearful that anything less will cause us to leave. Optimize your appearance so it's the best it can be and sharpen your game so that it's the most potent. It won't work all the time, but it's still the best tool we have to getting the best out of a woman while minimizing the worst, especially if you're unable to meet the woman you want through your existing social connections.

There is a catch 22 in this: the only way to have good game is to approach a lot of women, but if you're approaching a lot of women with beginner game, you're surely to receive tons of abuse. This suggests that we've entered the age of abuse, where men of today will have to put up with more bullshit and nonsense than men of yesterday who didn't have to approach women in person or on the internet in order to have a normal sex life. It would be nice if we can marry our neighbor's 18-year-old virgin daughter and never have to do an approach in our lives, but those days are gone and never coming back. We don't have much choice but to steel ourselves against the abuse we are surely to receive, all because we want to achieve heterosexual intimacy.

I can't help but wonder how much this type of behavior has affected my brain compared to that of my father, who never had to experience much of this, but we all live in a different age than our male ancestors, and must go through certain hardships that they didn't. I want a healthy sex life with attractive women so this is what I must endure to get it. A young boy comes up with coping mechanisms so he can survive the abuse of his stepmother, and we will have to do the same when dealing with women we want to have sex with. We definitely can't change a woman's nature, but we can present ourselves to them in a way that minimizes its most negative components.

Read Next: *The True Nature Of Women*

The Best And Worst Vacation Of My Life

October 22, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

No experience in life can take from you without also giving, and no experience can give without taking. One occurs on the surface and is easily visible, but the other takes more reflection, helping you identify the truth, meaning, and value of your life. I had a recent experience in Turkey that did this for me.

In late August I was in the resort city of Alanya, Turkey, a place that was supposed to give me a refreshing break from Eastern Europe and its women. I booked the eleven day trip soon after getting dumped by Anna, with the idea of banging slutty Scandinavian girls on vacation, but I probably did this as a response to some confusing emotions about what I really wanted from women.

The environment of Alanya for banging, it turned out, was the worst I've seen since visiting Bolivia back in 2007. It was worse than Washington DC, Copenhagen, and Riga, cities I've spared no scorn for. It was so bad I tried to change my flight to leave sooner, but since it was the absolute peak of summer, all flights back home to Ukraine were full.

The negatives of Turkey were numerous:

- Complete inaccessibility of young Turkish girls. They were continually guarded by men or family members.
- Nuclear bomb of horny Turkish men who approached any foreign girl regardless of her beauty.
- Loud, cheesy nightlife with 4 guys for every 1 girl.
- Low quality Scandinavian girls.
- Extreme heat that barely tapered at night.

I knew I'd have a hill to climb in Turkey since I look Turkish (my bloodline is half Iranian and half Armenian), but I grossly underestimated how bad of a responses I'd get. I was treated by girls like a t-shirt or kebab vendor, just another brown man to brush off for the day. It didn't help that Turkish men had great clown game, and were applying it with passion on girls I wouldn't touch.

Even worse is that I went solo. On the handful of interactions I made progress on, I couldn't isolate in the end. Rolling solo in a regular city isn't so bad, but in a resort location it was the death knell. In eleven days I got nothing, and to add insult to injury, I got some type of infection that holed me up in a little hotel room for several days watching music videos and counting down to when I could return to the relative poosy paradise of Ukraine. It was the worst vacation I've ever taken.

If you've been reading me for the past couple of years, you'll have noticed I'm not exactly sure as to the best way to proceed. Combined with the fact that I've accomplished what I had set out to do as dreamed by my 25-year-old self, it's no surprise I'm lacking in direction. My experience in Turkey, along with fleeting clues I've recently processed in Russia, Poland, and Ukraine, has made that direction much more clear. Here is what I'm now sure of:

- I no longer have the heart or will to do bang or flag missions. I'm not that pleased when I succeed or disappointed when I fail, meaning it no longer brings much value to my life.
- I'm not interested in traveling alone. I've done it for so long, to so many countries, that I've passed the point of diminishing return in what it can provide me. It doesn't help that any new country I visit simply reminds me of bits and pieces of previous countries.

- I must only “travel” to scout out a location for semi-permanent living, to make a legally required border run, or to share an experience with a close male friend or female lover.
- I want easy sex and a hundred notches a year from beautiful girls like any other guy, but I can no longer sacrifice quality for quantity. I’m unable to lower my standards even when inebriated. In Turkey I lowered my standards the first two nights but my game wasn’t congruent, and afterwards I felt ashamed at myself for pursuing such low talent. The notching phase of my life is over.
- I prefer Eastern European girls above all overs. I did like Latin girls in the past, have banged a couple Asian girls, one black girl, and even one Indian girl, but currently have no desire or curiosity to bang them again. While some Turkish girls were very pretty, my boner is less for them than their dainty European equivalent. I plan to spend the bulk of my remaining days in Eastern Europe.
- I need mini-relationships for companionship as much as access to pussy. Loneliness is getting harder to tolerate. I want someone to pass the time with once or twice a week, to brighten up the calm of my normal work week. Male friendship can fill this role also, but it’s often harder to make male friends in foreign cities than to make love with girls.

It’s not enough to state your goals, work towards them, and call it a day. Experience changes your desires and your desires affect your experiences, reacting with each other in an imperfect and unbalanced equation that can leave you absolutely sure of your direction and path one year, but lost the next. A jarring experience like the one I recently had in Turkey forced me to evaluate everything while I sat in my hotel room counting down the days until I could leave. These meditations told me to stop being so spoiled, appreciate the lifestyle that I’ve been able to build up, and to accept that the grass I’ve already found in Eastern Europe is in all likelihood the greenest based on who I am as a man.

The big problems of my life have been solved, and until those new problems appear, life will now become about receiving pleasure from dutiful work, hobbies that challenge me, and connections from both men and women. Thank you, Turkey, for helping me understand that.

Don’t Miss: *Are Turkish Girls Worth It?*

A Day In The Life Of Roosh In Odessa Ukraine

October 24, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Here's a video showing a typical day in Odessa Ukraine…

I've spent two decent summers in Odessa, but I'm not yet sure if I want to spend a third there or maybe experiment with somewhere else. We shall see.

As always, visit my channel for more clips.

Previous Video: *The Number One Sex Travel Tip For Men*

How To Diagnose Bad Game

October 27, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A cold streak is inevitable in any player's career. He's going to hit a patch where the game that was effective for him seems to be now shooting blanks. He may even feel that nothing at all is working. He ramps up his effort in order to compensate but it just increases the bad interactions and flakes he receives, souring his mood and making him more unattractive to women. Though he's ready to make changes to his game to increase his results, there's no way for him to be sure of what he's doing wrong. It's even worse for a newbie in the game because he doesn't even know what good game is. Both men may feel stuck in solving their problem.

Diagnosing bad game is tough for two reasons. First, you will never know for certain exactly what you're doing wrong because women are not honest in their dealings with you. Even if you get a girl to tell you why she doesn't like you, her answer isn't accurate since it's unlikely she knows the conscious reasons. For example, she will state that a guy was "boring" when it was really an attraction problem. Second, game problems can't be diagnosed objectively like a medical problem. If you have an illness, a doctor can run a blood test or MRI to conclusively show the defect, but this is impossible with game, especially when you consider that you are executing hundreds of different variables to a woman from a short interaction. Unless you're a newbie, it's rare that you failed on a woman because of one bad feature—it was likely from a combination of issues.

One common and fast way to find out why your game is bad is to ask a man to look at it. Since you never talk to women with a mirror nearby, he can quickly identify appearance or body language problems, but when it comes to critiquing the verbal content of your game, that guy is operating from a subjective view on how game should be. He has a single method of getting laid that he believes is the best way, and so he will give you advice that makes you operate more like him. If his game is highly specific to himself—his appearance, his personality, his energy—his advice may actually worsen your game instead of improve it.

It turns out that diagnosing your own game problem is like an auto mechanic fixing a car in the dark. You have a general idea of the parts and where things should be, but can't see the detail that is crucial for fixing the machine. Men who have had success in the past but are now in a deep slump must be especially careful not to replace parts without proper lighting, because it's possible to wreck the whole car.

There are two things to keep in mind when fixing your current game problem:

1. Analyze your past successes. Meditate on your past hookups and identify the things that happened. How did you meet her? What was the initial conversation like? What indicators of interest did she put out? What were the parts of your game that she responded exceedingly well to? What was the first date like? Try to find repeated behaviors or lines you did that seemed to contribute to the success, and continue to do them in the midst of your slump. Even newbies in the game who do 100 approaches blind

will have a handful of small successes within that data set to being pulling out things that work.

2. Make two or three changes at a time and collect data. If you're failing to get numbers from women, the problem is that you're not building enough attraction. What new routine or move can you try for the next 15 approaches that can change that result? If you're getting a lot of flakes, the problem can be either not enough attraction *or* not enough comfort. What new routine or move can you do which increases a girls curiosity and makes her want to know more about you? Take a guess at what you're doing wrong and try something that may resolve it in your subsequent approaches. Does it resolve or not? If not, try something else. Only change a couple things at a time while keeping the other parts of your game the same. You will easily be able to remove the changes and go backwards if they don't work.

Game problems and slumps are never fun, especially when you're not getting laid, but these are actually the only times that you're game will improve because you're forced to experiment with new techniques that you wouldn't have otherwise tried if you were receiving sex. You're required to deeply analyze your game and swap all the parts that just aren't working with new parts that are. Once the machine is out of the shop, you will go on to experience success for a period of time until the next inevitable slump when you feel like you're back to square one again.

Such is the nature of game—cycles of success and failure. No man is immune from it. If you consider that you are changing every day, and the environment we live in is changing every day, it would only make sense that the game you used last year would not receive the same response today. Your game must constantly change and be refreshed if you want your results to remain high, which is why you'll never be able to rest forever on what you know now. You'll always have to examine underneath the hood and replace the parts that aren't working as well as they were before.

Read Next: *Is Night Game Really Dead In America?*

The Unintended Consequences Of Pursuing Very Beautiful Women

October 29, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Not long ago I made a shift in the type of girl I would pursue. Instead of relying on the boner test, whereby I'd approach girls who I wanted to have sex with, I started to use the beauty test, where I'd carefully evaluate a girl's beauty, make sure it was exquisite, and then approach. While I did still approach girls who excited my boner, I began listening more to my brain's desire for beauty instead of my crotch's desire for sex. This led to a few unintended consequences.

What is a stronger motivator of male behavior: desire for sex or the desire for beauty?

If a man is horny, he's ready to do untold amounts of work while suffering rejection in order to put his penis inside a vagina. The desire for beauty, while also present, motivates men to a far lesser degree. If I go without sex today, I may feel agitated, frustrated, and lacking, but if I go without beauty, I won't even notice. The main result of moving from seeking sex to seeking beauty is that your game motivation declines. You're chasing a goal that is less important to your immediate needs, and so it's easier to rationalize not doing anything at all to gain it.

Are girls rated in the 6-7.9 range easier to lay than girls rated 8 and above?

Less attractive girls are simply easier to lay. For every hour of game work you do on a 6, you will receive greater sexual results than gaming on an 8. This difficulty is not linear in that you have to merely do twice as much work to get the 8, but logarithmic in that you may have to do 20 times more work for the same util of sexual pleasure received. As a result, you will expend additional labor trying to score beauty. It's also likely that your sexual variety will drop.

Which girls are better suited for reproduction and which are better suited for sexual pleasure?

When I'm ready to reproduce, I will want to do so with the most beautiful girl possible so that I can pass on her strong genetics to my offspring. I want my son to be handsome so that he can mate with beautiful women and my daughter to be beautiful so that she can land a high-status man. As we would expect, it takes extra work to land a beautiful woman compared to her merely cute counterpart, but I'm not cashing in on my relationships with beautiful girls to have the reproductive reward. Instead, I'm putting in the extra work for sexual pleasure with an 8+ that feels almost the same as with a 6. The small difference in pleasure received is definitely not worth the increased amount of labor. In effect, I'm wasting that labor for casual sex with superior genetics when I should be reproducing with it.

Which girls are easier to maintain a mini-relationship with that does not end in reproduction?

While I haven't banged a ton of girls in the 8+ range, my sample size is large enough to notice that differences in dating a cute girl and a "hot" girl. The cute girl requires a lower level of game, goes out of her way to please me more, and tests me less. The hot girl requires my game to be on point 24/7 and, in spite of that, she provides me with less entertainment and satisfaction, often stemming from a personality that is not as eager to please a man.

The hot girl's beauty is nice indeed, but unfortunately men adapt to a woman's beauty in a short period of time. Within two weeks of banging an 8+ girl, I don't feel any additional pleasure from her, not helped by the fact that she makes me work harder to simply maintain the relationship. Only with an 8+ girl do I sometimes feel I have to run game to bang her—*after I already banged her*.

I want more than anything to have a beautiful girl on my arm, and am not lazy about putting in the effort required to do so, but if I look upon this pursuit logically, I find that using the beauty test does not have a net reward if I choose not to reproduce. While my ego is satisfied when other men look at me and my beautiful date, expending extra labor for a mini relationship just to have a prettier face doesn't make much sense, and doing this over the past two years has not only reduced my sexual variety but also my overall satisfaction with the game. If my main goal of using game is sex, pursuing beauty may actually take me away from that and put me on a track meant for family formation.

As a result of this analysis, I have reverted back to mainly using the boner test. My quality has immediately dropped, but I now have to work far less for the same sexual result. At the same time, the high beauty I have experienced in the past does make it difficult to pursue less attractive girls, especially when I know for certain that I could do better. I should only use the boner test as long as I don't want to reproduce, but beauty is prized for a reason that may not be entirely logical. I don't think I can give it up entirely.

Read Next: *The War Against Beauty*

#Gamergate Has Unleashed The Culture War To The Mainstream

October 31, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Gamergate, believe it or not, is winning. If you don't know what gamergate is, here's the shortest possible explanation: a revolt against gaming sites that have been corrupted by social justice warriors. One of those sites is Kotaku, which is owned by Gawker. It has been determined by the people that Gawker must die, so a major campaign to go after its advertisers has been launched from a subreddit named KotakuInAction. It has been successful in getting advertisers (both current and past) to distance itself from Gawker. The same tactics that SJW's use on others are now being used on them with great effectiveness. (A more detailed background on gamergate can be found in this ROK post I wrote. Read "The Birth Of Gamergate" section.)

Gamergate is ongoing, so I have no conclusions to draw as of yet, but here are some thoughts:

1. God help you if you've provoked up a large and angry internet mob.

The initial success of gamergate seems to have motivated the participants to more lofty goals. Their aims in the beginning for changing gaming journalism now includes complete annihilation. While it's great to see a mob on your side for a change, their collective power can be frightening.

2. This is the first major defeat that SJW's have faced.

I have never seen such a coordinated effort that has successfully pushed them back. For too long, SJW's have ruined countless lives with their witch hunts and totalitarian efforts at censorship. Gamergate signifies that the days of SJW's having easy gains are over, and it's possible that we may see other groups "rise up" against SJW's that have corrupted their respective fields (e.g., sports).

3. SJW tactics are ineffective against anti-fragile targets.

If you lack a career type of job or your company lacks corporate sponsorship, there is not much that an SJW can do to you besides besides fling mud at you on Twitter or annoy you with prank calls. Mike from Danger & Play and I are anti-fragile in that we we have no big sponsors that we need money from, meaning we don't need to change our speech if a certain group doesn't like it. The more anti-fragile you are, the more effective your weapons in fighting the enemy.

4. Exposing hypocrisy is an effective tactic.

In the gamergate campaign, I'm noticing that exposing the enemy's hypocrisy has been powerful in changing hearts and minds. Once Gawker's archives were dug up and shown to exhibit the same behavior that Gawker-owned sites criticized gamergate for, the campaign against them gained rapid momentum. Regardless of someone's ideology, the common man can't stand someone who preaches one thing but does another.

5. Focus on one battle at a time.

It's easy to get excited about what's going on and want to broaden the scope of the war, but this will cause you to lose sight of the battle at hand. Do not focus on the next enemy until the current enemy is destroyed, and be prepared to fight a long war that will involve many battles. It's okay to "rest" during a battle so that you can fight fresh in the next one.

6. Don't be surprised if you look in the mirror and see the enemy staring back at you.

Gamergate is using SJW tactics against them, specifically emailing advertisers of a site they have a problem with. While many would agree that Gawker is one of the most unethical and foul media organizations on the planet (they own Jezebel), I do have to give pause that we're taking a page out of the SJW playbook. On the other hand, if this is what's required to destroy the enemy, shouldn't it be actively utilized? I used to believe the big guns should only be used in cases of self-preservation, but if you wait too long before deploying them, you may find that they are no longer powerful enough to defeat an enemy that was allowed to grow unimpeded during your inaction.

7. Every man has a role.

There is room for everyone to participate against the enemy—you don't need to be someone with 10,000 followers to make a difference. One thing that has been happening is that guys have been doing opposition research and passing that information to someone with a bigger bullhorn who can then disseminate it to mob. Or maybe another man has a behind-the-scenes connection where he can persuade those more powerful to act. If you truly care about the war at hand, there is a way for you to participate.

8. Never underestimate the enemy.

SJW's are fully backed and endorsed by the mainstream media, who have put out article after article trying to compare gamergate to misogyny and even terrorism. They have spent years cementing their position at the top of the media food chain and so will not just lay down their arms after a brief fight. Even if they appear weak and dying, they will still be capable of a last surge that we must prepare for. This may include them attempting to change the rules of the game completely by lobbying sites like Reddit or

Twitter to ban gamergate discussions entirely.

For more on this war, here's a video I did answering some reader questions:

View the video's Youtube page for an indexed list of all the answers.

I also did a live chat with Quintus Curtius from ROK discussing the culture war (start at 26:55).

Gamergate is an exciting development for our sphere because an external group is going up against our enemy. While gamergate is not our movement, I have chosen to aid them as much as possible. I won't take any credit for their victories, but I sure will enjoy the satisfaction of having my enemy defeated.

Read Next: *What Is A Social Justice Warrior?*

Fall Hiatus

November 3, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I need some time off from the blog to launch a new site. I didn't plan on starting something new but recent events revealed an opportunity that I decided to take.

I'd like a hundred or so beta testers (heh) to take a look during the soft launch in about a week. If you're interested, you can sign up here. I'll take it down by the end of the day.

Culture War Live Chat Tomorrow At 7pm EST

November 12, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Two weeks ago, Quintus Curtius and I did a spontaneous live Youtube show where we talked about the ongoing culture war. It inadvertantly served as an overview to red pill thinking. If you missed it, you can listen to the recording below (start at 26:55 to skip the technical difficulties):

We're doing another show tomorrow at 7pm EST. You can tune in at this Youtube address or click play below:

Do you have questions you want us to answer or topics you want discussed? Leave them below in the comments.

I Started A New Web Site: Reaxxion.com

November 17, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Today I'm proud to announce the official launch of a new video game site called Reaxxion. It is based on the Return Of Kings model where articles are submitted by weekly columnists and guest posters.

To understand why I opened this site, take a look at Welcome To Reaxxion. Here's an excerpt:

> I'm starting a video game site even though I haven't played video games seriously since the year 2000 (Starcraft was my jam). I don't even play mobile games. I won't blow smoke up your ass by pretending I'm a gamer or have a deep commitment in furthering game technology. My only commitment is with helping men.
>
> I aim to protect the interests of heterosexual Western males, a category I'm in. The far-left is trying to censor and criminalize masculine behaviors that are normal. They want to relabel consensual sex as "rape" and relabel innocent flirting as "harassment," and as I learned with #gamergate, they've successfully infected the gaming industry and gaming journalist sites by damaging the very nature of gaming development to fit their extreme political agenda. So while I don't play video games, the idea of starting a pro-#gamergate site is compatible with my overall mission.

You can see from the the 480 comments on that post that the site was already attacked by feminists and SJW's. Here's a video I did which includes examples of their hysterical response:

My plan is to get the site on firm footing for the first three months and then pass editor duties to an experienced gamer who knows much more about the industry than I do. In the meantime, here is a small sampling of articles we published so far:

- 5 Reasons Why Working In The MMO Industry Sucks
- Civilization: Beyond Earth Shows Firaxis Has Lost Touch
- 5 Reasons Why I'm A Retro Gamer

If you have a friend who plays video games, please spread the word. I hope that Reaxxion will serve the needs of men who enjoy video games but don't want to be manipulated by the far left, and if they are ever ready to dive into the red pill, I will happily welcome

them.

Follow Reaxxion On Twitter Or On Facebook

Real Social Dynamic's Monumental Failure Against The SJW Mob

December 8, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In early November, video footage of Julien Blanc, instructor for one of the largest pickup companies in the world, Real Social Dynamics, went viral on Youtube. In various clips circulated online, Blanc was shown physically grabbing girls' heads towards his crotch, trying repeatedly to kiss a supermarket clerk that was clearly resisting his advances, and explaining to men that a "head to crotch" move can be performed in Japan because white guys can get away with "anything."

The backlash was severe: Blanc was deported from Australia, banned from entering Brazil, Singapore, and England, and was humiliated on CNN. Things were no better for the company he works for: their web host and email newsletter canned them, their students were harassed by protesters, hotels refused to host their events, an instructor was slapped by a deranged woman with green hair, and workshops were cancelled. As documented on the forum, mob action against them was intense.

A company that was built over the course of ten years was severely damaged in less than a month. How and why did this happen?

1. Experienced mob activists. The mob was composed of seasoned social justice warriors who have honed their online "activism" over the past five years through a string of successful lynchings and purgings. RSD was up against a well-trained force. *(Don't miss: What Is A Social Justice Warrior?)*

2. Promotion of quasi-illegal behavior by RSD. They gave SJW's a freebie by advocating men to physically grab girls on the street, ignore their resistance, and laugh about it in the meanwhile for being an invincible white man in a country like Japan. While some may find their brand of caveman game funny, their teachings—if meant to be taken literally—are unacceptable in current Western society. Not only are they teaching behavior that many lawyers would argue to be illegal, but they are exposing their own students to criminal liabilities if they take Blanc's lessons at face value.

3. The stunning lack of response by RSD. There was practically no response by the RSD leadership team to the huge mob assembling outside their doorstep. There was no clarification of their program, no denial that they don't promote sexual assault, and no push-back against the mob that eventually started throwing stones at their house. Their limp-wristed response was the biggest PR blunder I've ever seen in my life; it gave permission to the mob to gangbang their rear without a drop of lube. If you've been reading me for any length of time, you know that SJW's must be dealt with swiftly, forcefully, and without mercy. RSD did not do this.

RSD is paying a huge financial price for their mistakes. What hotel or conference center will host them now? What club will let them use a venue to teach? What type of customer wants to be associated with a company whose reputation is connected to assault? What

skilled pickup instructor wants to work with them instead of their competitor? And what sex-starved young man wants to follow a company that teaches one brand of masculinity while responding to a gang of feminists in a decidedly unmasculine manner?

Even worse is that RSD's most hardcore fans were questioning the competency of their leadership on the RSD Nation forums. During the height of the controversy, when these fans were desperate for answers, they got silence. Those who asked questions had their posts deleted. It's not hard to see how faith can be lost in those who you saw as role models.

RSD is a great example of what happens when you develop in an echo chamber outside of the real world. They teach men to **not** socially calibrate, to ignore a woman's responses in favor of "plowing" (even in the face of clear disinterest), and to engage in physical touching on random girls who have not yet shown interest. This school of game could now land a man in jail, especially since we live in a hyper-sensitive culture where all men are presumed to be rapists or woman-haters unless proven otherwise.

There is no way RSD could have formulated and refined their socially autistic game tenets had they not simply read the news on the progress SJW's and those on the extreme left were making in their war against men. Game cannot exist in isolation from the culture it operates in. It cannot encourage men to do whatever they want. We must always be asking two things:

1. What are the cultural reasons for why a certain game tactic is effective or not?
2. What game behaviors should be avoided because of local sensitivities, moral reasons, or due to the legal code?

Telling white men to go to Japan to shove a girl's head onto your crotch ignores both, and so therefore is severely punished.

Over the years I have settled on teaching indirect game, whereby you start a banal conversation with a girl. In 2014, direct game would be classified by a growing percentage of the Western population as "harassment," something that will likely be criminalized in our lifetimes. Our game must not only be effective in getting the girl we like, but also keep the witch mob off our back, prevent girls from calling bouncers and security guards on us, prevent false rape accusations, and most importantly, prevent us from being imprisoned.

If the majority of the population finds your game to be "offensive," and you could be charged with some type of crime for doing it, you are taking a risk by using it. In this respect, RSD failed. They spent corporate resources to develop a game strategy that can not be taught publicly, and as Blanc's blacklisting from several countries show, their behavior will not be tolerated by a government if its citizens raise a stink about it. In other words, RSD can not exist in its current form, and must make modifications to its program to be acceptable by the mob that it has gotten the attention of.

If trends continue, the only game that can survive our brave new world is indirect game—game that doesn't seem like game and is more like advanced social skills and basic flirting than what the masses think of as game (i.e., neg hits and peacocking).

Otherwise, the mob will go after one Julien Blanc at a time.

As for me, I'm confident in my position as a game teacher who can lead its students to the pink promise land without being targeted or threatened by the mob. While the game I teach isn't flashy and can even be called boring, especially my day game tactics, it will never get you in the kind of trouble that RSD is facing.

If trouble does come to me in the form of disinformation or lies about the game I teach, I will fight to the death. RSD inflicted not one unit of pain upon its enemies, but this won't be said if the mob turns to my direction.

Read Next: *Is RSD Hurting Young Men?*

What It’s Like To Be Semi-Famous

December 10, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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While my work has been in wide circulation for many years, I didn’t consider myself to be somewhat famous until 2012, when a large number of people started asking to take a photo with me. Combined with the fact that I’ve been recognized on the street in over ten countries, many of which I didn’t announce beforehand, it appears that (1) I am known by a significant number of people and (2) held in high esteem by many of them, two prerequisites of fame.

I write about this today not to boast, but to give you an idea of what it’s like to be at least mildly famous, especially during these times when fame is valued more than any other period in Western history. It’s something that simultaneously gives and takes, so you must carefully consider its pursuit.

WHAT IT GIVES

1. Fame gives you credibility and social proof

Your name alone is enough for people to give you their attention, which you can leverage into selling products and services. With true fame, you can take a crap in a box and sell that to make a living, but pursuing fame as part of a profitable business model is harder than executing a traditional business where you simply identify a lack or need in the market and then smartly fill in that gap.

Fame is much more dependent on fickle tastes, trends, and emotions than a normal business built from the ground up. Additionally with fame, your business is more susceptible to attacks from deeply committed haters and stalkers than if you were more anonymous.

2. It gives you increased access to women

As you already know, women are attracted to high status men who are pre-qualified. Fame gives you that, but not all sources of fame are equal. Music fame or club photographer fame will get you a thousand times more women than literary fiction fame or video game professional fame.

My type of fame, as I describe at length in Poosy Paradise, is unfavorable because of the methodical, cold, unromantic, and monstrous way I present my sexual topic matter. While I have taken down about 15 or so groupies, that’s lower than you would expect based on the length of time I’ve been doing this and the level of notoriety I’ve achieved (I’m convinced that being a serial killer of women and children would yield more groupies than I get now). I go through great pains to hide my work to new women I meet because of how easily they get scared away by it.

3. It allows you to connect with people similar to you

I have traded notes and experiences with hundreds of men via email and in person, which has improved the quality of my life. I also have access to advice from men in high stations. For example, I recently needed tips on what video equipment to buy. I posted a question and got many immediate responses from professionals that were of immense help to me. If I need information on any city in the world, I would have answers coming to me within an hour. People want to give you value if you've given them value through your work.

4. It boosts your ego

You begin to feel like an important person because so many people are complimenting you and your work. They're emotionally invested in both your successes and failures. When I do well, people congratulate you, and when I fail, people encourage me to not give up. It's like having your own personal cheering section.

WHAT IT TAKES AWAY

1. It crushes your ego

At the same time people are boosting you up, just as many others are trying to bring you down, receiving immense pleasure when you fail. Haters attempt all manner of tactics—even attacks on your family—to hurt you. If you have a fragile self-esteem, fame has the potential to destroy you because now you'll receive dozens of negative interactions a day.

Ironically, most people seek fame because they want positive attention, but the negative attention ends up superceding that gain, making the person no more confident or sure of themselves than before they were famous. This is why some superstars have full-time handlers that protect them from the public, carefully filtering information that gets through.

2. It kills your privacy

All your actions, no matter how trivial, are now open for public critique and debate. You will no longer be able to share a simple photo, anecdote, or statement without it being psychoanalyzed by the masses. It has even happened multiple times where I was out in public and a hater would spy on me and then report back on other sites, even taking photos of the back of my head.

A side effect of watching your privacy disappear is that you become more paranoid. When you're out and about, innocent stares from people now become thoughts of if that person knows you and if they're a hater or not. Worst of all, your paranoia is often justified since there are people who really hate your guts. Combined with the fact that I've had some

weird exchanges in public, I have to keep my guard up no matter where I am.

3. You lose your ability to be a normal person who doesn't need constant attention and recognition

I'm more normal than most public figures in that I enjoy being an anonymous stranger, but when I go on a long blog hiatus, it begins to feel weird that I'm not receiving new feedback concerning something I'm doing or have produced. Since I've been blogging for so long, I seemed to have wired my brain to share content and then enjoy the ensuing immediate feedback. I feel less significant if my work is not being shared, and I wonder if I rather get hater responses than no responses at all. Since I have a solitary life (no long-term girlfriend or living near close friends and family), my fame is essentially a surrogate friend and relative. Without it, I'd feel more lonely.

Conclusion

The pros and cons from fame balance slightly on the positive side for me because of the income-producing effect that allows me to live a mobile lifestyle, but the strongest appeal of fame for men is sex. I consciously went for it in Romania but it had the opposite effect where it was harder to sleep with girls who knew of me beforehand. At the same time, a C-list musician making less money than me is probably swimming in pussy, but such is the nature of fame.

If you want fame, I recommend it for the reason to get laid and not to boost your self-esteem (it could kill it instead), and not to make money (easier ways can be had without sacrificing your privacy). The most reliable groupie-producing fame is music. If I was 15 again, I'd pick up a bass guitar and go that route. While I'm not complaining about whatever fame I've achieved, rock star fame seems to be the most fun and sex-filled. Otherwise, fame will give you only a marginal improvement to your life.

Read Next: *How To Create A Local Poosy Playground*

Start And Finish With The Same Game

December 12, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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When it comes to applying game for the first time, most men become surprised at how quickly it works. From trying a new technique or line, they begin receiving positive responses from women that they haven't before. With this great discovery also comes a downside: you must keep applying this game to sustain the relationship. A man must use any game technique for as long as he desires a sexual relationship with any woman, and can never take off the game mask that got her attracted to him in the first place.

You probably already know that women like men who treat them poorly. This occurs because they are attracted to high value men, and nothing declares to a woman that her value is lower than a man's when he simply doesn't care about acting respectful, nice, and polite in her presence. Therefore if you approach a woman in a bar with an asshole type of game and eventually get her into bed, you must maintain the asshole facade in perpetuity, because it's exactly that type of game which got her attracted to you in the first place.

The biggest game mistake you can make is to relax the initial game that hooked the girl. I'm not a natural seducer, so when I leak out my normal non-game self to girls I've been having sex with, I soon experience various bouts of flaking and emotional outbursts that suggest her attraction for me is waffling.

This leaves men who aren't naturals at game with two options. The first is to apply game as long as it takes to get a couple doses of sex and then ease more into his natural character. This allows him to more or less "be himself," but it runs the risk that the girl will get bored of his natural self and move on. The second option is to wear the game mask for as long as he's with the girl to keep extracting sexual rewards from her. It's clear that the second option is most economical so that men do not keep losing their sources of sex.

What this means is that you must find a functional game that you don't mind *always* applying, and it has to be effective enough to get you the sex you want. So while I don't enjoy being an asshole to women, I don't mind applying other techniques that attract them: being overly cocky and funny. I can be cocky and funny until the cows come home without any inner conflict, and thankfully this is enough for me to receive and maintain sexual relationships. If it wasn't, however, I'd have to find another strategy that I could always use when in the presence of women. (One of the reasons that a place like Ukraine is laborious for me is that the game I like doing is not particularly effective.)

A long time ago I used to believe that once you had sex with a girl, you could drop the game charade and more or less be yourself. Unfortunately this doesn't work, and proof of that is the web sites that now teach married guys how to game their wives so they won't divorce them. The non-traditional world we live in now means that game must always be applied when you want to maintain sexual relationships.

Identify a functional game that you don’t mind always running on women and then stick to it, because unless you’re a natural, you can no longer be yourself with women. I’ve chosen the game techniques I feel comfortable doing, and so I will use them for as long as I enjoy sex.

Read Next: *The Death Of Male Authenticity*

The Decimation Of Western Women Is Complete

December 15, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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A new song by rising Swedish pop star Tove Lo serves as a reminder to Western men how broken the current generation of women have become. Have a watch at this video:

The original version without the distorted vocals can be found here.

The song has a simple message: a young woman gets hurt by a guy and decides to ease the pain by going to the club, getting drunk, smoking reefer, and fucking random guys. This coping strategy doesn't work too well in the video—a brief but visceral moment in the end shows her breaking down in tears as she wanders aimlessly in a drugged- out haze. We don't know the guy who hurt her, but Taylor Swift can answer that in her mega-popular song Trouble, where she falls for a bad boy who gets into bar fights, is wanted by the police, and cheats on her in public view.

A generation ago, the behavior of Tove Lo would be seen as alternative, to say the least. To get over a man, a girl would typically cry alone in bed, write in her diary, listen to sad love songs, bake with her mother, and pray to God that the pain would ease. Now, we have the normalization of screwing bad boys to get over bad boys. If you flip the sexes, this is ironically the advice given to men studying game ("fuck ten girls to get over your oneitis"). Girls are finding that this does nothing more for them than decrease their ability to have relationships in the future, simply because women are not men. A lifestyle of whoring around is, surprisingly, completely destroying the worth of women as long-term partners, wives, and mothers.

It doesn't need to be repeated, but girls like players. They like men who who have been approved (vaginally) by many other pretty women. But this doesn't work the other way around. The more cock a girl has had in her, the less likely a man will want her beyond a basic lay, a fact that women are at least subconsciously aware of when they conceal their wildly promiscuous past to men they attempt to enter relationships with.

How would you feel if the girl you seriously liked, after breaking up with her previous boyfriend, fucked five guys in the course of a month, all of them at rapid speed, and let them experiment with her three holes as described in the popular "romance" books she has read, all while telling you, the man she is making work for her pussy, that she's no longer looking for a "hook-up" and wants a man to be more chivalrous with her?

Unless you are the bad boy who gets to drill her quickly, I imagine your reaction would be the same as a girl's if you told her the following:

"When I was younger, I always took girls to the most expensive restaurants in town, and occasionally I'd surprise them with a romantic weekend getaway to Paris in a private jet, but since then I've realized what is important in life and now practice minimalism. Snuggling up on the couch while watching romantic comedies on Netflix is far more meaningful to me today."

She would undoubtedly feel robbed at being treated worse than girls of your past, as should you if discovering that you have to work harder for her body than men of her past.

This sluttification of women, which Tove Lo's catchy song conveys as normal and even fun, is part of a culture where every man who seeks serious relationships with women is a soft cuckold, because he's the last man in a 30-man gangbang trying to give tender kisses on the lips and labia of a woman who has been rode hard and defiled for years.

How can any man who approaches a girl today see her as more than a cum bucket? Because let's be real: she has been serving as a cum bucket thanks to a perverse culture that methodically trains and encourages her to take buckets of cum from men who make her vagina tingle, all as a way to help her "grow" as a person, find herself, and become strong and independent, which means not sobbing for more than a day when the latest bad boy she fell for turned out to be a selfish person who didn't value her beyond the sexual.

This is the girl who's going to be your lifelong faithful partner? The girl who's going to be the mother of your children? I cringe at that notion, as should all men. I rather be an evolutionary dead-end that let a whore be the mother of my child, but men today are being trained to accept the whore mother and to be the soft cuckold, the sucker that gets to buy the goods at full price even though it has declined 80% of value from its peak.

It's amazing that in just three generations, women have gone from being potential wives and mothers to nothing more than fuck toys. Men used to meet traditionally minded virgins, but are now stuck with a seemingly unlimited pool of mediocre sluts who have been fucked in the ass by multiple men. This is complete and utter decimation of the female human. Men can no longer gain any meaning or value from a woman beyond sex, even if he is truly capable of being the world's number one dad, and rest assured that the degeneracy that has so swallowed America whole will spread throughout the world from the trojan horse technology out of Silicon Valley.

How did this happen? How did we get to this point? A book can be written on the answer, but understand that trillions of dollars are to be made by destroying the feminine mother and putting a mindless and shallow consumer fuck robot in her stead. The finger can be pointed at the elite and their useful idiots for creating this environment, but the fact still remains that this is not a good time to be a normal man with the normal need to reproduce with a good woman who will stay loyal to him, raise his kids right, retain a thin figure, and take care of his home. A man who puts in triple overtime and travels abroad can find the exceptions, but for the lot of men in the Western world, there is no longer any meaning beyond casual sex that can be gained from women. These are end times for traditional pair bonding.

So on that note, I urge you to learn game, seduce these inadequate women, and try out those moves you've seen in porn, because that sex drive of yours is not going anywhere and must be sated for your own mental health. Beyond that, however, don't expect much more, because women can no longer provide you with what women of the past so easily could.

Read Next: ***7 Reasons Why American Culture Is The Most Degenerate In The World***

What Is Diversity?

December 17, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Diversity is when merit, skill, and ability is downplayed in favor of a person's race, sexual orientation, or other identity affiliation. Diversity goals have the inevitable result of ensuring that less qualified applicants are given academic and employment opportunities over other applicants who are objectively more qualified. There is no means to achieve diversity for the sole sake of diversity without discriminating against other individuals or groups that are more capable.

Diversity policies were implemented in America because of claims that structural discrimination caused minority groups to lose out on opportunities in spite of equivalent or superior qualifications. To solve this problem, America has embraced a legal policy of openly discriminating against majority groups. While this was usually constricted to race, it has broadened in recent years to include sex.

A diversity program like affirmative action in the past benefited black men, for example, but white women have successfully hijacked the definition of diversity to include themselves. A white woman who claims to have "black friends" will not criticize a program that gives her a position at a Fortune 500 company over that of a black man who has more qualifications. Diversity programs that used to benefit historically marginalized races now increasingly focus on giving white women, homosexuals, and transsexuals more of the diversity pie.

How much damage does diversity programs cause in the short term on the individual level? Is a white man who has to go to UVA instead of Harvard really suffering? On such a scale, damage is hard to perceive or measure, but if we look at it from a societal level and measure the economic and intellectual growth of a nation when compared to its nation peers that do not use diversity programs, logical deduction shows that those nations that have been infected with the diversity virus will lag behind when it comes to scientific research, political leadership, organization, and innovation.

Over the course of decades and centuries, a nation that uses diversity as a measuring stick to promote its citizens in industry, politics, and intellectual culture will experience less growth and achievement than countries that do not. This is compounded over many years, and as described in The Rise And Fall Of The Great Powers, can allow an inferior country to overtake a formely superior country in dominance and hegemony.

Let's do an example that shows how a slight decrease in a nation's growth rate can lead to an unambiguous decline. Country U has a value (i.e. GDP) of 100 with a growth rate of 6% per annum. Policies of diversity, however, have caused a slowing of corporate growth, with a continuous rash of failures in companies led by women who were promoted because of their sex over more qualified male applicants. The country's annual growth rate slips to 5%. In 100 years, here is their compounded value:

100 x (1.05)^100 = 13,150 economic units

Country C is experiencing brisk industrialization and achieves 7% yearly growth, no doubt helped by their lack of diversity programs. Their initial value is only 20, one-fifth that of country U. Nonetheless, country C will surpass country U in 100 years:

20 x (1.07)^100 = 17,354

If country U did not employ diversity programs and were able to maintain its growth at 6%, it would have double the value of country C:

100 x (1.06)^100 = 33,930

Over the long term, any variable which decreases a country's growth rate can cause a decline *relative* to other countries that do not implement the damaging variable. In 100 years, country C will be better able to compete against country U for the planet's scarce resources and also provide its citizens with a higher standard of living. If its military is strong enough, it could come to dominate country U using a combination of hard and soft power, as the United States does to dozens of nations today.

My simulation is quite rudimentary for two reasons. First, we have no exact number of how much diversity can decline a country's growth rate besides the fact that is must do so by a value greater than zero. It could be 0.01% or greater than 1%—this number is unknown. Secondly, there are hundreds of variables working together to determine the growth rate of a specific country that prevents it from being constant over such great lengths of time.

In spite of these flaws, the simulation does show the long-term damage caused when a national policy of diversity in any country promotes inferior and less skilled citizens into roles that are vital to economic growth. Even a barely noticeable decline in the yearly growth rate, something that diversity programs would provide, is enough to severely damage a nation over the long run and make it vulnerable to strengthening nations that are hungrier for resources or planetary domination.

Whenever you see the word "diversity," replace it with the word "decline," because that's exactly what it does to any organization or country that implements it on a wide scale. The second that merit is removed from the highest priority of a system is when that system will decline relative to other systems that don't use diversity. In a country such as the United States, the most economically successful nation the world has seen, diversity is a needless poison pill that guarantees it will fare worse in the future.

Nature will punish any system, organic or inorganic, that forsakes its own survival by going against selection of the strongest unit that is most capable at the task given to it. Unfortunately, this will punish the Western world in future generations, all for bowing down to the altar of diversity.

Read Next: *Social Welfare Creates A Society Of Sluts*

All Public Rape Allegations Are False

December 19, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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This week we had a new public rape accusation in Buzzfeed that took barely a day to tear down thanks to ROK's reporting, clearing the name of an innocent man in the process. Only a week before that I uploaded the video below, declaring that all public rape allegations are false:

The heuristic has held true in its first test, and I look forward to examining the next public rape accusation that comes our way.

You can see the 190+ comments on the video here.

Previous Video: *A Day In The Life Of Roosh In Odessa Ukraine*

Mountain Is Nothing

December 22, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Spain 2006

I flew into Barcelona for my third ever trip abroad. I stayed in a hostel, excited to be surrounded by foreigners, especially young European girls. Through sheer persistence, I was able to out-compete the other males to get a cock rub from a pretty Belgian girl on my first night there.

On the third night I came down with a horrible cold that developed quickly into a sore throat, mild fever, body aches, congestion, and headache, but I refused to stay in. Indoor smoking was allowed in Spain back then so my throat became raw and inflamed. I did not feel well.

While on a bar crawl not even halfway through the trip, someone told me that my eyes were leaking green boogers. I contracted a bad case of bacterial conjunctivitis and had to ditch my contacts. Still a travel newbie, I did not have the mind to pack my glasses. My nose was blocked, my voice was starting to descend into a croak, and I was nearly blind, unable to see clearly more than three feet in front of me. Even worse, I was developing a dry hacking cough that would give me 20 second fits, turning my whole face red. My body needed to rest.

But I did not rest and I did not stay in for one night. I was hungry to experience Europe and get action from European babes, knowing full well I'd return to Washington DC for god knows how long. As long as my heart was beating, I would keep working. I went on to get some light intimacy from three other girls, and the only thought of mine that I remember from that time was, "Why do these girls want to kiss me when it appears like I have a serious case of tuberculosis?"

When I came back from the trip, I had to visit two doctors to clear up my health issues. It took three weeks to feel right again, but I had no regrets, because the success I had, which was rather minor in hindsight, was more than enough to push me to quit my job less than one year later.

Turkey 2014

Fast forward eight years. I planned a trip to get away not from Washington DC but from Ukraine, a place that has the most beautiful girls I've encountered in my travels. My complaints were that they took too much time to get into bed and I was tired of speaking in Russian. I wanted something easy and more slutty. I figured that I could head to a Turkish resort town and fornicate with a handful of sloppy Scandinavian girls.

Unfortunately, one million horny Turkish men had the exact same idea as me. I became just another cock in a massive sea of cocks. My first night was tough and my second night I put in only a half-shift, coming home early because I couldn't find many opportunities. On my third night I was ready to call it quits, and tried to change my return flight. All flights were booked, so I was forced to stay another week. I did an approach here, an

approach there, but nothing that I'd consider even medium effort.

On the fifth day I contracted a cold (I always seem to get one soon after arriving in a new country). It wasn't nearly as bad as the one I contracted in Spain, but it was the excuse I needed to cease even the minor effort I was putting in. For two days I holed myself up in my hotel room watching movies and music videos. On the seventh day I ventured out but did not do one approach. Not until my last night out did I scrounge up a bit more effort, managing seven approaches, but it wasn't enough. I didn't get any action at all in Turkey, eight years after a trip of similar length where I got much more. It's true that I went to the wrong place at the wrong time, but nothing that my training and skill shouldn't have been able to overcome.

Somebody might say, "Well, you looked better when you were younger." I doubt it: I looked way worse in Spain than in Turkey. It's actually a miracle in Spain I got any action at all, especially considering that by the end I sounded like a dying man. No, it's not appearance, because even at my ugliest with a homeless Jesus look I was getting laid in Washington DC, one of the harder environments in America to score in. In Turkey I was at my peak in terms of game, wisdom, intelligence, and not that far off in terms of my peak in physical appearance, and yet I utterly bombed.

The answer lies with my desire. In the past, I was willing to do whatever it took to get laid. I have worked extremely hard at that goal and have been able to enjoy the fruit over many years, but from that fruit I have grown fat, lazy, and spoiled. My drive to work has atrophied. Consider that I booked the trip to Turkey specifically because I wanted something easy—because I didn't want to work! Nature punished me accordingly, with not even one scrap of intimacy from a woman, not even one kiss, while in Spain it rewarded me with far more in spite of lower game, a pumpkin appearance, and bad health.

What will you do if I put a mountain in between you and your goals? Will you take a few steps up, exclaim the mountain is too tall only to turn back, or will you seek out supplies and equipment so that you can scale it? In Spain, I climbed the mountain. It was hard, and I needed a lot of time to recover, but I did it. In Turkey I looked at the mountain, complained about it, blamed Turkish men, and then sat at its base as I watched others attempt what I did not have the will to do, all because they wanted it more.

In any goal you attempt in life, you will not only encounter a mountain, but also large rivers, forests full of predators, and deserts lacking water. If your instinct is to turn back from these obstacles, I promise that you will not succeed. Any time you look for a shortcut, any time you look for a way not to work, you will fail in your goal. For me to succeed today, I don't need more information or knowledge, but the desire of yesterday, the will to traverse anything put in front of me. Until I regain this hunger, until we all have an irrational and pathological need to succeed, until the mountain is nothing to us, we will not be victorious.

Read Next: *The Best And Worst Vacation Of My Life*

10 Things Turkish Men Do To Get Laid

December 24, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

There were a lot of negatives in my recent trip to Turkey, but a positive was being able to witness how Turkish men work in groups to get laid. For men who are not allowed to pick up their local women due to cultural and social barriers, I was duly impressed with their wingmanship and coordination. I will now attempt to dissect the game and wingman ability of Turkish men.

1. They go out in groups of at least three, with defined roles for each member

One guy is the "translator," meaning he has the best English and facilitates conversation with foreign women. Another is the "lead clown" with the best energy and dance skills. And yet another is the "bouncer" who keeps an eye on outsider men and informs the group of any possible intruders. Instead of all the guys in the group running game independently without accounting for what their wings are doing, Turkish men maximize their individual strengths to ensure group success. There is no lone wolf game—it's a team effort.

2. Approach targets simultaneously with overwhelming power

There's not much subtlety about the Turkish approach. As if performing a blitzkrieg attack, they all go in simultaneously to announce to the women that they have arrived and are definitely in pursuit. They begin smiling, touching, and joking almost immediately, usually with a plan to get the girls dancing as quickly as possible. Their initial game is heavily based on the physical.

3. Keep targets primarily entertained with dancing

Long chats in the club are not what Turkish men prefer. While they are actually able to run this type of game, their go-to weapon at night is the dance floor. Many of them dance surprisingly well, practicing for years as teenagers to Turkish music until making the switch to more mainstream house and hip hop. Since women are in the club to primarily dance, their strategy yields results.

4. View all non-Turkish women as sluts

Turkish men understand that the true value of foreign women, especially from the West, is to serve as sex dolls. They don't insult these girls or call them names, but through their actions, they make it clear that sex is the goal on their mind. They may lie to women about wanting to take trips with them, among other beta declarations, but it is just to build comfort after attraction is established. They have in fact no desire to wife up these girls and simply want to use them for the sexual release that they can not have with their

own women.

5. Immediately engage and neutralize any threat

Turkish men keep an eye on other men just as much as the women. They fully understand that any fish they catch must be kept clear from the hooks of other fishermen. One thing they do is position themselves around women they are talking to in a way that completely blocks any other man who may want to try an approach.

If a man does penetrate through their defenses, they immediately re-group to eject him, either by distracting him (with the same energy they use on the girls), or getting the bouncer of the group to deliver a not-so-subtle admonishment of "these girls are with us." It's extremely effective since it doesn't rely on the kindness of women to be cold to interloping men.

I'm in full agreement with their strategy here: if you're just starting a conversation with a girl in a club, you must immediately shut down any attempts by strange men, even if it makes you look needy. Only when a girl's attraction for you is solid can you be more aloof.

6. Do not approach women who are with men

There is a scrap of honor among Turkish men in that they don't interrupt you if you're talking to a girl (as long as you appear Turkish). I have not seen them try to pull a robbery, as horny as they are. In a club I saw a Turkish man inform a random German man that his girl is wandering off and needed to be watched more carefully. I've never seen that type of behavior in America. It's strange that Turkish men are more thirsty on the surface than American guys, but they are much more averse to cockblocking or watching another guy's girl get stolen.

7. Make all girls in the group feel like princesses, no matter how ugly

There's taking one for the team, and then there's the Turkish version of it. I have seen good looking Turkish men wing their brothers with horrendous women—all night long. I'll talk to the ugly girl for 10 minutes or so to help my buddy out while a Turkish man stays with the grenade for the *whole night* and with such an energy that it appears he really does like her, even though it is a physical impossibility due to her monstrous appearance.

Turkish men take bros before hoes to a level I haven't seen, and as long as one girl in a group is pretty, all the men will give it their all on each of her friends. It gets to the point where if the hottest girl wants to leave, the ugly ones will convince her to stay because they are being pursued so vigorously by men who are much more handsome than they are pretty.

8. Supply drinks without going nuts

Turkish men aren't so needy that they are buying drinks all night long, but they definitely do try to lock down girls with a strategic purchase of a bottle of liquor. Their funds are lower than other European players, so they have to pool their money to keep the party going, which is why you tend to see them in packs. It's another example of working in groups to minimize individual weakness.

9. No doesn't mean no

They don't accept the first no that a girl gives them, even if it's absolutely certain to an outside observer that that no won't be changed. This feature of their game, more than anything else, has given them a bad reputation as hyper-persistent, and even I don't see its effectiveness.

While persisting past a no late in the game when you're close to sex is important, Turkish men ignore no's that come right upon the approach, and once in a set with a girl, they will not leave unless the girl pushes him away or ignores him completely. This can be painful to watch, and even worse is that you know the girl will be much less receptive if you approach her afterwards because the Turk put her in a more sour mood.

10. Victory is had if only one man of the group gets laid

Their goal isn't necessarily for all men of the group to get laid—it's just for one member to score. If he is successful, on the next night he's going to sacrifice several hours with the ugliest beast in the bar so that his boy can get laid. They have a complete selflessness that I haven't seen in other men, all because they see getting laid as a long-term team effort instead of a short-term individual sport. The sacrifice they make for their fellow man is admirable.

Watching groups of Turkish men in a club is like witnessing a coordinated dance. If you're solo in a club with a lot of Turkish men, you should consider leaving. The synergy they bring forth makes it hard to compete and they greatly increase the bitch shield of women they fail with. The only problem with adopting Turkish game is that it clashes with a Western man's individualistic values. We're too selfish to sacrifice entire nights on nuclear grenades, especially since the idea of friendship and loyalty in the West is not what it once was. In the USA, it's more likely to happen that you sacrifice for your friend one night and then the next night he gets overly drunk and inadvertently becomes a cockblocker. In Turkey this simply does not occur.

From watching them work, I must say that their overall game is better than Spanish men, who have become pussified in the past decade, though not yet better than Italian men. I haven't seen non-whoremonger Greek men in action but I assume they would place somewhere in the middle in a ranking of Mediterranean lotharios.

Turkish men get a bad reputation in the world, but they do some things that are worth emulating when operating in a club with friends. Nonetheless, let's count our blessings

that we are not in Turkey and have to rely solely on foreign women to get laid.

Don’t Miss: *Are Turkish Girls Worth It?*

Culture War Predictions For 2015

December 26, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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The following three myths will be grievously injured by the end of 2015, and by that I mean an additional 1-5 million American men will begin developing strong doubts about their truthfulness.

1. "We live in rape culture"

The UVA rape hoax has not taught the enemy a lesson. They will hope and pray for more women to be raped to prove their rape culture exists in light of recent evidence by the Department Of Justice that rape is simply not a serious threat to college-aged women. Prepare for the media to fall for more false accusations and hoaxes, undermining their remaining credibility with moderates.

2. "Women are discriminated against and treated unequally"

As economic opportunities for men continue to dwindle, further complaints about discrimination against women and the "unequal wage gap" will fall on deaf ears. Fewer men will believe the propaganda that we need more equality as their happiness and standard of living lags behind that of women and other groups demanding special treatment. The men's rights movement may even expand to the economical arena.

3. "The mainstream media is an unbiased source of information"

As the two myths above collapse, the media will fight tooth and nail to preserve their fantasy narrative by directly attacking large communities and niche groups with outrageous lies and insults like we saw with gamergate. People prefer not to read news from those who attack them, so they'll seek out alternative sources that begin to clear the cobwebs from their minds.

In 2013, we saw a large increase in manosphere readership that began to ejaculate our ideas onto the mainstream. In 2014, these ideas became the morning sickness that left the enemy unprepared and unwilling to respond with logic, reason, and facts. In 2015, you will see the birthing on our side of semi-formalized alliances between various groups that use more organized action to deal crushing blows upon panicked feminists and SJW's. Media owners will reconsider their usefulness. At the same time, our mob will grow to a frightening size after growing big and strong on breast milk, and they will be lustful for blood.

We must simply continue doing what we're doing, because it's working. Our efforts have not been in vain, and will end up changing the very fabric of Western society.

Read Next: *We Are Nothing More Than Distracted Sheep In The Real Game Of*

Power

Are We Living In A Computer Simulation?

December 29, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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The strangest thing to ever happen to me took place in Tomsk, a Russian Siberian city. A week into my stay there, I bought a neon orange toothbrush to replace an old toothbrush. Some two weeks later I went to the bathroom to brush my teeth but the toothbrush was gone. It completely disappeared.

Looking for this neon orange toothbrush was the only time in my life that I felt insane. I scoured the bathroom on my hands and knees before extending the search to the entire apartment, even looking in trash cans, drawers, and cabinets. I figured that its disappearance was due to one of the following two reasons:

1. I sleptwalk and threw the toothbrush out the window. This is unlikely since I have no history of sleepwalking and sleep extremely light (so light that the sound of my own snoring wakes me up).

2. The landlord came during the early morning to dispose of the toothbrush, just to fuck with me. The problem with that scenario is that the front door was loud with a dungeon master lock. If I didn't awaken to its opening, I would have when it was closed and locked again.

I stayed in the apartment for a week and the neon orange toothbrush never appeared again. At that time I didn't consider a third explanation of its disappearance: there was a glitch—a bug—in the computer simulation we're living in.

A paper by Oxford philosophy professor Nick Bostrom makes a case for the computer simulation argument. His paper, which I recommend reading, states that one of the following three scenarios must be true:

1. We will go extinct or somehow destroy ourselves before developing the technology or computational power to create simulations with conscious subjects (i.e. become "posthuman").

2. A posthuman civilization that can create a simulation with consciousness will elect not to, perhaps for ethical reasons.

3. We are currently living in a computer simulation, one that has sufficient detail without major bugs that convince us our reality is not an artificial construct.

The first time I heard of simulation theory, I reviewed it just for curiosity's sake, to see how convincing the argument was for us to be living in a sort of Matrix but without the physical pod component. While I'm not fully convinced, the logic presented is sound and I'm open to the small possibility that we're part of a SimUniverse where the big bang was a start button pushed by an advanced species who wanted to learn more about their own creation, or perhaps who just wanted to be entertained. The fact that scientists today are eagerly hoping to simulate consciousness on computers suggest that the idea must be irresistible to advanced species.

My initial objection to believing a simulation is possible is the detail our reality provides.

There's no way I can be "fooled" of existence, but nearly every single night I'm fooled by a simulation called dreams, which not only lack rich detail, but are still believed by my mind in spite of having colossal bugs well known to lucid dreamers:

- You can't see your hands
- Light switches don't work
- Clock faces never display

Is it possible that dreams are a simulation of a simulation, and that everything around us is digital data stored on quantum computers so powerful that it would take an entire planet to house them based on current technology?

> If the environment is included in the simulation, this will require additional computing power – how much depends on the scope and granularity of the simulation. Simulating the entire universe down to the quantum level is obviously infeasible, unless radically new physics is discovered. But in order to get a realistic simulation of human experience, much less is needed – only whatever is required to ensure that the simulated humans, interacting in normal human ways with their simulated environment, don't notice any irregularities.

There have been other theories that clash with the neatness of our current model of the world. One states that there are multiple universes operating concurrently, and another, my favorite, states that there has been a great many iterations of the universe, each with its own physical properties that determine its makeup and construction. Maybe we're living in universe number 1,350,372—an advanced "species" of universe that evolved from previous ones like we evolved from previous animals—and when it inevitably collapses upon itself, another big bang will create a new universe with different conditions of physics, chemistry, and life.

How can we ever prove that we're living in a simulation? The biggest indicator, based on probability formulas provided by Bostrom, is if we successfully create such a simulation ourselves. In that case, a posthuman scenario has most certainly occurred in the universe before, allowing there to be a far greater number of simulated organisms than real ones. If we create a posthuman simulation, Las Vegas odds would then heavily favor the fact that we are indeed living in one.

> …we would have to suspect that the posthumans running our simulation are themselves simulated beings; and their creators, in turn, may also be simulated beings.
>
> Reality may thus contain many levels. Even if it is necessary for the hierarchy to bottom out at some stage – the metaphysical status of this claim is somewhat obscure – there may be room for a large number of levels of reality, and the number could be increasing over time. (One consideration that counts against the multi-level hypothesis is that the computational cost for the basement-level simulators would be very great. Simulating even a single posthuman civilization

> might be prohibitively expensive. If so, then we should expect our simulation to be terminated when we are about to become posthuman.)

One big part of our reality that can't be explained is the double slit experiment, whereby the physics of our universe behaves differently just because we happen to be observing it. Watch the following clip if you are unfamiliar with this famous experiment, whose result has not changed after many replications:

This experiment is conclusive in proving that perception of objective reality can be dependent on the observer, meaning it changes simply because a set of eyes (mechanical sensors) are watching, without any other alteration to the environment. Can't this mystery extend to life as a whole with people instead of electrons? Can things in our own reality change depending on if we're looking or not? Are simulation programmers filling in information ad-hoc depending on how closely we are watching?

In my own life I noticed something consistently peculiar and frustrating—the attractiveness of women decline based on how carefully I'm looking for an attractive woman. If I decide on a day of dutiful work, I always see more attractive women than if I go out with the intent to meet women. Having a different mental goal changes what my eyes see and therefore what I get aroused by. While we can conclude that this difference in perception is due to my brain viewing reality differently based on the goal or intent it contains at the time, the double slit experiment offers up a potentially different explanation.

> …a posthuman simulator would have enough computing power to keep track of the detailed belief-states in all human brains at all times. Therefore, when it saw that a human was about to make an observation of the microscopic world, it could fill in sufficient detail in the simulation in the appropriate domain on an as-needed basis. Should any error occur, the director could easily edit the states of any brains that have become aware of an anomaly before it spoils the simulation. Alternatively, the director could skip back a few seconds and rerun the simulation in a way that avoids the problem.

And so we may be coming full circle, from believing in a single creator, God, then killing him off in place of evolution and natural selection, a process that prefers ever increasing levels of complexity and intelligence even though robust gene replication can occur on a basic cellular level like in bacteria, and now back (for some) to believing in a creator, not of one God but a species whose intelligence we would be unable to grasp with our feeble minds.

While the simulation argument has no bearing on my day-to-day life and what I'm feeling in the present moment, it has made me wonder more about what we're doing here. If there is no reason, as I suspect, then we'll just have to find a reason ourselves by living in a purposeful way, but until then I would really like to know what happened to my neon orange toothbrush.

Read Next: *We Are All Sisyphus*

Are You Ready For 2015?

December 31, 2014 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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In the video below, I share two things you should keep in mind before entering the new year.

You can see the 30+ comments on the video here.

Previous Video: *All Public Rape Allegations Are False*

10 Things You Should Know Before Visiting Turkey In The Summer

January 2, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I recently spent 11 eternal days in Alanya, Turkey, a resort that is two hours away by bus from Antalya. Unfortunately for me, the trip was worse than my previous European summer excursions to Hvar, Croatia, and Odessa. Actually, it was worse than just about anywhere I've been in the past five years, even Riga, Copenhagen, and Washington DC. If you're considering a summer trip to Turkey, you need to keep the following in mind:

1. There are a lot of horny Turkish guys

In spite of any propagandic notion from the American media that Turkey is Westernizing, the sex roles remain nearly as strict and traditional since Ataturk's time. There is little casual sex or dating. Instead of one-night stands you have six-month stands, where you commit before fornicating. Turkish men are also not allowed to "pick up" Turkish girls because word may get back to their relatives, in which case they'd be shamed by their elders.

If a Turkish man doesn't have a steady girlfriend with the intent to marry her, his dick is cleaner than the air in space. Foreign girls are his best shot at getting laid at all, and the cheapest option for him is to take a bus to a Turkish resort and go full retard on foreign girls. These men want it way more than you.

2. There are not a lot of Turkish girls to meet

Most are with their families or boyfriends, and the ones you see at night tend to be older than 30 (Turkish spinsters, I imagine). Your best shot at approaching younger Turkish girls in Alanya is during the day, when they are allowed by their parental units to take short trips to the store, but since she is lodging with her family, you have small odds at isolating her at night.

Younger girls in clubs are heavily guarded by male friends and relatives (one night I was threatened by a Turkish guy in Turkish when I approached a Turkish girl). As long as these guardians are around, she won't entertain your approach.

3. It's incredibly hot and humid

The temperature during the day reaches over 95. You won't want to do much besides sit under the air conditioner or go in the water, but even the latter provides little relief. I began to think it was a bit silly to pay a lot of money to bake underneath a sun that prevents you from enjoying whatever activity you end up doing. I can understand why the Scandinavians do it, since their winter lasts eleven or so months a year, but I'm not exactly hurting for sun.

4. Most of the foreign girls are Swedish fatties

I think I've done a poor job killing the false stereotype that Swedish girls are blonde bombshells. While their genetics are pristine, modern Swedish girls look like tattooed burritos. The most beautiful girl in the world is probably Swedish, but her more numerous variant—the chubby Swedish girl with burly shoulders and a rectangle face—disgraces her ancestral line. Nonetheless, you'll never see a Turkish man pass on a Swedish girl, no matter how grotesque and vile. That makes me wonder if Turkey is a backup plan for white women who can't compete in their own lands.

5. The most beautiful girls are Russian, but they are rarely accessible

They tend to vacation through package deals that put them in all-inclusive resorts far from the center. Most of them travel with their boyfriends and families, though once in a while you can catch a pair of above-average Russian girls in the club until the hotel bus driver comes to fetch them when you're only halfway through your seduction.

I've heard second-hand stories of Russian girls going crazy on vacation, but I've yet to see this. And get this: many Turkish guys speak Russian. Nothing stops them from getting at girls of different nationalities. I'm convinced they study Swedish, Russian, and English in the off-season when they have to power down their penis for the winter months.

6. Do NOT come to Turkey if you look anything like me

If you can pass for Spanish, Greek, or Italian, you will be dime a dozen here. It doesn't help that many Turkish guys are quite good looking with decent style, fashionable haircuts, and big muscles, suggesting that Turkish man are catching up with their Mediterranean counterparts. You get absolutely no exotic boost if you're a swarthy man, and girls will think you're just another desperate Turk, making them the prize while you beg for scraps.

Even if you're a blonde alabaster man, you still have to work hard, because the environment is such that girls can pick and choose which men they want to talk to, and that's even assuming they are still in the mood to chat after being approach by ten Turkish men who instantly go physical and don't like taking no for an answer.

7. The best chance at meeting girls is from your hotel

My first two nights out I couldn’t find many opportunities on decent girls. I spent some afternoons at the pool and had far better interactions, but quality was still a problem. If I were to do it all over again, I would just book a room in the largest resort around, even if it’s far from the center, and just game all day in the pool.

8. Turkish men can be charming, fun, and warm

These guys have great rapport game in that you feel comfortable with them quickly.

Funny thing is that I thought my mom was just hating on me when I was teenager by saying I was “cold” like my dad, but she’s absolutely right—compared to the average Turkish man I’m robotic and boring. This is probably why I passed on South America to live in Eastern Europe, where people better match my demeanor.

9. Alcoholic drinks are unreasonably expensive

The going rate for a vodka on the rocks in most nightclubs is $10 US. If you’re Turkish, however, you get a lower rate from a secret menu that tourists don’t have access to. You can probably also skip out on some club cover charges while tourists can’t.

10. It’s as touristy as they come

The locals see you as a wallet, in spite of their smiles and physical affection. The Turks have optimized their tourism game to extract money from you in the most efficient way possible. Besides the five times daily call for prayer and a million kebab shops, there isn't much room left for authentic Turkish culture.

Conclusion

I took this trip while I was living in Odessa. I went from a place with extremely high talent to one that had little. I had not much choice but to use this trip more as an opportunity to relax, practice making Youtube videos, and meditate on how insanely lucky I am to live in Eastern Europe where the women enjoy my company, are exceedingly pretty, and are often open to making sexual communion with me.

I can only recommend Turkey to average women who want to feel pretty and couples who want a romantic getaway. Unless you find a secret resort hotel or spot where you know the pickings will be good, you take a huge risk by going here in the summer.

Don't Miss: *10 Things Turkish Men Do To Get Laid*

American Men Are Being Institutionally Oppressed

January 5, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Successful political and social agitation by the progressive movement has cemented such gains that men can now be considered institutionally oppressed in America, even according to feminist definitions of oppression. Here are three definitions:

From a Slutwalk Wiki:

> Institutional oppression is the systematic mistreatment of people within a social identity group, supported and enforced by the society and its institutions, solely based on the person's membership in the social identity group.

From Wikipedia:

> Institutional Oppression occurs when established laws, customs, and practices systematically reflect and produce inequities based on one's membership in targeted social identity groups. If oppressive consequences accrue to institutional laws, customs, or practices, the institution is oppressive whether or not the individuals maintaining those practices have oppressive intentions.

From about.com (cited in feminist papers):

> Oppression is the inequitable use of authority, law, or physical force to prevent others from being free and equal.

Before I make the argument that men are oppressed, I want to first ask if you can document or describe any oppression that women are facing today. Is there a place or environment in America where capable and qualified women are actively discriminated against while men are not? I can't think of a single example. We have completely solved female oppression, because as I've documented in the past, women are coddled at every stage of their lives and given more opportunities and leeway to fail than men while having the full backing and support from every single institution in America (besides the manosphere).

Females are so privileged in America that a woman can pop out three kids from different men and have free money automatically deposited in her bank account, have a wide variety of mainstream corporations (even men's organizations) fight for any future disease she may contract, and have feminist-friendly writers on sites like Huffington Post and xoJane explain how men should man up and marry her because she's strong and independent, regardless of the fact that she's dependent on her government husband. If you believe women are oppressed in America, it's possible you're mentally ill (i.e. a social justice warrior) or living in a sheltered echo chamber with an allergy to truth and facts.

We've arrived at the point where men are so consistently oppressed from birth to adulthood that any notion of female oppression can be immediately laughed at on its face. Here are just a few examples:

— Young boys are drugged and zombified with methamphetamine based pharmaceuticals at three times the rate of girls, all for exhibiting normal male behavior. [1] [2]

— Young boys are methodically excluded from programs that can aid them in science, math, and computer programming, leaving them to fend for themselves. [1] [2] [3] [4] [5]

— Young girls are encouraged to invade traditionally male spaces like gaming and sports while men are excluded from female spaces. [1] [2] [3] [4]

— College males are presumed guilty when a female accuses him of rape and then subjected to a kangaroo court that can eject him from college without due process. [1] [2] [3]

— Media spreads propaganda against men by lying about their propensity to commit rape and violence while completely ignoring male victimization at the hands of women or while serving as custodians of the state in prison. [1] [2] [3] [4] [5]

— Women are being college educated at greater rates, leading to the relative economic impoverishment of men. [1] [2] [3] [4]

— Women live longer than men. [1]

— State legislation like California's "Yes Means Yes" bill and New Jersey's proposed "Rape By Fraud" law explicitly target and punish men for deeds that women will be given a pass for. [1] [2]

— The Violence Against Women Act (VAWA) elevates the worth of a woman's life above that of men while making every man a hostage in his own home when it comes to his wife being able to imprison him with a single phone call to the police by fraudulently claiming domestic abuse. [1] [2]

— Media treats a woman's word as sacred truth, far more valuable than the word of a man. This allowed a case like the UVA rape hoax where the media establishment bought a completely fictitious 7-man gang rape story that was wholly invented by a privileged white woman. [1] [2] [3] [4]

— Men are publicly shamed as "sexist" and "creepy" for exhibiting a preference for young beautiful women while women are empowered when they state their male preferences, whatever they happen to be. [1] [2] [3] [4] [5] [6]

— Divorce laws and courts give children to the mother by default even if the father showed he was more responsible. The court will also imprison the man if he's financially destitute and unable to make payments while dragging its feet when the mother is shown to be unfit. [1] [2] [3] [4] [5] [6]

True equality between the sexes, in terms of women not being oppressed greater than men, was achieved decades ago, but we have massively overshot to where it's absolutely clear that men are treated as inferiors, criminals, and biologically deficient when compared to women.

All major institutions in America treat men like second-class citizens while elevating women no matter how morally challenged they are or how many mistakes they make in their lives or to the lives of their children. In other words, all boys born today will see less

fairness, due process, and economic opportunity compared to girls with the same birth date. A boy born today will be institutionally, systematically, and deliberately oppressed by all facets of society while a girl born today will be given undeniable preferential treatment over him.

The first step any oppressed group must make is to be aware of their oppression. This awareness among men has accelerated in the past three years where more men have begun speaking out and putting their foot down at their further marginalization by American institutions. The only question that remains is what these men will do when the enemy, who will not voluntarily give up the power it has gained in the past three decades, decides to put down his revolt for good.

Must Read: *The War Against Men*

The Perfect Time To Live

January 7, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Previous Story With Stig Greybeard: *An Afternoon With Stig Greybeard*

As expected, the code wasn't working. In an attempt to save money, Jim's company outsourced much of its programming to India, but what came back was barely functional. Jim's official title was senior programmer, but at the moment it might as well have been English teacher as he corrected mistakes like "Click here if you are forgetting your password" and "Depress button for continuance." He was initially worried when his company announced the outsourcing initiative, but as long as the outsourced code kept coming back full of mistakes, his job couldn't be more secure.

Jim's life was pleasant on paper. Four years out of college, he had a high-paying job, an environmentally friendly automobile, and a nice apartment he shared with a fastidious gay man in a gentrifying San Francisco neighborhood. His girlfriend could have been hotter (she was a bit on the frumpy side), but at least he was getting action in one of the hardest cities to get laid in America. Jim thanked his light sexual success to cold approaching, of which he had done less than 200 in his life. While he wasn't exactly a Casanova, he could approach girls in the farmer's market or coffee shop if he pounded a couple Red Bulls and psyched himself up with some rock music.

Friday night was usually guy's night out. Jim and a couple buddies would hit a craft brewery to sample the home-grown organic beers made with free trade hops. Conversation would often revolve around video games, work, and women. "It was a lot better in college," Jim said. "Meeting pretty girls was so effortless, but I didn't know how to take advantage of the situation."

"Hindsight is 20/20," his friend Zack replied. "It's easy to look back and see missed opportunities."

"How about the app craze that started just after college? If we had made just a simple game or messaging app, we'd be rich. It's so easy to miss trends that we end up using every day after it becomes popular."

"Maybe ideas are like air," Zack mused as the inebriation kicked in. "It's all around you, but you can't touch them or see them."

"And in spite of that," their third friend Alexander said, "there is a future trend that will come. It will be logical, useful, and obvious, but someone else will get filthy rich off of it."

The group started brainstorming ideas. Sex bots. Flying cars. Eternal life. Nuclear powered smartphones. They were failing to step out of the cliché futuristic box.

"This is hard," Jim said before taking a chug of his maple pumpkin beer. "I just wish I knew in the past what I know now. My life would be so much better." He looked at his phone and saw a text from his girlfriend hinting that she wanted sex.

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Monday came and Jim was back at work fixing bad Indian code. A couple hours after his lunch break, Jim started to feel a dip in his energy. He went to the break room to get a cup of coffee and saw an old man with a braided beard standing in the corner, wearing fluffy pants that went to his shins and a vest that seemed to be composed of fur from foxes of slightly different colors. He stared intently at Jim.

“Umm, are you supposed to be here?” Jim asked nervously.

“Yes I am, Jim.”

“How do you know my name?”

“I have come a long way to help you. A power much higher than myself has decided to aid you on your quest for happiness and truth. My name is Stig Greybeard.”

“Funny prank,” Jim chuckled. “Did Charlene put you up to this? The costume and act is very good. This is one of those Youtube things, isn’t it?” Jim looked closely at Stig and noticed that the fluid in the blue portion of his eyes seemed to be moving.

“Jim, pretend that I have the power to take you back to a more innocent time, a time where you can apply the strength of your knowledge to be the best man you can be. What would you think of that?”

“Assuming you could do this, which you can’t, I would be interested. I was just talking about this with my friends the other day.”

“Grab your cup of coffee and place it in front of me.” Jim did as commanded. “Now look at the coffee.” The liquid started to spin on its own.

“Nice trick,” Jim said, “but I don’t understand the point of this.”

“Keep looking.” The speed gradually increased until the liquid was spinning so fast that Jim could see the bottom of the cup.

“Now look close!” Stig yelled. Jim leaned over the cup, and before everything went black, he had the feeling that he was melting.

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Jim found himself in a wooded area. He must’ve been placed there by the old man after he fainted as part of the elaborate joke. “Mr. Greybeard, are you here? This isn’t funny anymore, I need to get back to work.” There was no reply. His pockets were empty. “Great, robbed by an old man,” Jim said to himself.

He walked out of the woods and into a public park, one that he felt he had been in before. He immediately knew something was wrong by the way people looked. Men wore suits and hats while women had normal-colored hair with not a single tattoo visible. He walked up to a man and asked, “Excuse me, I just got robbed by an old man. Can I use your phone real quick to call a friend?”

“My phone? My phone is inside my home.”

“I mean your cell phone.”

“Cell phone? I haven’t the faintest idea what that is. Young man I don’t have time for this jibber jabber.” He stormed off. Jim asked another man but received a similar response.

“These men should know what a cell phone is,” Jim thought. He went up to a third man and asked, “Sir, do you know where I can buy a cell phone?”

“I don’t know what this ‘cell’ is.”

“Do you know what the internet is?”

“The what?”

“Okay, where is the nearest convenience store?” Another blank stare. “Where can I buy a newspaper?” The man steered him to the edge of the park where he found a general store. He made a beeline for their newspaper rack and grabbed a copy of the San Francisco Chronicle. The date read January 27, 1955. Jim instantly remembered the conversation he had at the craft brewery. A godly being must have been listening, sending him 60 years back in time.

If you send most people back in time, it would be safe to assume that they’d experience a panic attack of sorts, but Jim took it well, maybe because there wasn’t much to leave. His girlfriend was replaceable, his job brought him no deep satisfaction in life, his friends were mere social ornaments to hang out with no more than once a week, and he only saw his family over Thanksgiving and Christmas. During the long walk through old San Francisco, much less populated than in modern times, Jim admired the rawness of what he was seeing.

The people were simple, polite, and studious, not easily distracted on their path from point A to B. They all looked and dressed the same, a homogeneity that Jim found weird in a place that prided itself in modern times for being progressive and alternative. The streets were quiet even though there were children everywhere with their parents, and the consumer economy was seemingly primitive, without many boutiques and restaurant options. The lack of even basic technology made Jim feel like he was walking through a living museum, but it was functional and people were going about their day normally, without a clue of massive changes their society would be forced through within only two generations.

For a minute, Jim felt doubt. Would it be fair to apply his 2015 knowledge here? Probably not, but this was the opportunity of a lifetime. He could be a king of these times instead of merely a computer wage slave of his.

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The most urgent problem was that he had no money. He tried begging first. He stood outside a grocery store with his hands out but earned only 3 cents before the owner threatened him with a broom. He walked around hungry until he found a church with a friendly nun who steered him to a nearby mission. Free meals were given out and he could even lodge in a dormitory cot for the night.

Jim’s attire of jeans and t-shirt didn’t draw as much attention as he thought, and so he remained invisible to the other homeless, mostly World War 2 veterans full of battle tales. Jim found their stories fascinating, but he was becoming worried about what he was going to do to survive without modern conveniences like internet and Starbucks.

The next morning he told the mission workers that he was able-bodied and willing to work. They sent him to a moving company, a relatively new business idea of the time with surburbia still in its early stages of development. After three days of back-breaking labor, Jim saw some inefficiencies in the business and went to the foreman to share his thoughts. “I noticed some ways we can optimize the workflow. First, we can…”

He was interrupted by the foreman. “Optimize? Look jack, all you gotta do is put things in the truck and then take them out of the truck. That’s your only job.”

The foreman, an immigrant from Ireland, didn’t want to hear about his strategy. So Jim worked silently to earn $1 a day, a lower class wage. After three weeks of this was he able to rent a basement room in an undesirable part of town that was actually safer than the area he lived in during modern times.

He found it harder than he thought to take advantage of the situation. His skills as a programmer weren’t yet in use with the computer punchcard systems that were only beginning to become available. He looked at the want ads, but most high-paying jobs were in engineering. He could engineer code, not appliances or infrastructure. There were plenty of marketing and accounting jobs but he knew nothing of those fields. And while he was an early adopter of many electronic devices, like the smartphone and tablet, he hadn’t the slightest clue how they were built. He didn’t even know how a computer chip worked.

Slightly discouraged, he came up with an idea: buy shares of companies that would perform well. There were two problems with that. First, he didn’t make enough money to buy shares since food was an exorbitantly high percentage of his income. Second, he didn’t know the names of the companies that would do well on a short timeline. If he bought and held for 20 years, he’d surely do well, but overnight riches were another story.

At the moving company, he developed rapport with his co-worker Frank, an 18-year-old who just graduated from high school. Frank loved the work and was proud to be making his first wages that didn’t involve being stuck in a factory. On their daily lunches, Jim would conceal the fact that he was from the future, mainly because he didn’t want anyone to think he was crazy.

“What’s the best way to meet girls?” Jim asked one day.

“Church. There’s some nice girls there.”

“But doesn’t it take a while to make whoopy with them?” Jim adopted the vernacular of the day.

“Boy it sure does! Many of these girls are waiting for marriage before they do any love making with you. But you can sneak in a nice kiss every now and then.”

“Are their easier girls?”

“You mean fast girls? Yeah sure, you can find them at the ballroom wearing a lot of makeup, but they like real good dancers. You can Lindy Hop, right?”

“No, I never learned.”

“Well…” Frank leaned in. “You can always buy a girl for the night. I know a place.”

Jim resisted the suggestion. He wanted to try his modern game first by approaching during the day. Unfortunately, he encountered several problems, the most severe of which was that girls weren’t that pretty. They were plain and pale, wearing no makeup, with frizzy hair that made them look like housewives. It didn’t help that their frocks hid their slender bodies, leaving too much to the imagination.

Another problem was that the best-looking girls were never unchaperoned. It seemed that walking alone was taboo except for the older women who were running household chores. There was no reason for a pretty girl to be out alone, and the isolated girls he did end up finding were scared as hell to talk to him, even when he went as indirectly as possible by asking where a pet shop was located. They would avert eye contact and say as few words as possible. The young girls simply weren’t used to being approached by strange men.

He told Frank of his game failures. “You actually went up to girls you didn’t know on the street?” Frank asked.

“Yes, I asked them for a pet shop.”

“You’re a crazy fella, Jim. I just don’t see that working at all. You have to meet girls through church or dancing. Or maybe your family knows another family that has a nice girl you can court.”

“My family lives far away. They live in… Maine.”

“That’s too bad Jim.”

“But you said there was a brothel?”

They visited the clandestine brothel together, a little house in one of the new suburban developments. When Jim caught sight of the two girls working, he was ready to turn back. They were in their late 30’s with crow’s feet and pear body shapes. Not wanting to disappoint Frank, who didn’t seem to mind the low quality of the women, he had mechanical sex with one of the prostitutes while trying to pretend he was doing it with his girlfriend. The whore didn’t make a sound. The worst drunken sex he ever had was better than what he just paid two days wages for.

There were other problems. He couldn’t find decent restaurants to grab fast meals, so a large part of his day was spent preparing his own food on a primitive stove. He had to do his laundry by hand. He couldn’t find suitable eye drops for his dry eye condition. When he needed information or help, he had to find someone who knew the answer instead of looking it up on the internet, which could take days instead of seconds. Books were terribly old and written in a more obtuse language. He kept getting gastrointestinal diseases. Medical care was lacking. The only bright side is that he eventually won the favor of a beautiful girl he met while being a wallflower at a dance, but in spite of going on seven dates with her in the park (she absolutely refused to visit his apartment), she wouldn’t let him kiss her with an open mouth.

After six months of living in the past, with no hope of getting rich, sleeping with a ton of

girls, or being a star of some sort, Jim had a meltdown in his tiny apartment, crying for three days. He would do anything to go back to the future.

In the middle of one of his self-pitying stares at the brick wall, there was a knock on the door. He opened it to find Stig Greybeard staring at him with a slight look of disappointment.

“You! You did this to me!” Jim shouted.

“I did. I gave you what you wished for.” Greybeard welcomed himself into the apartment and took a look around.

“I was wrong. I thought things would be better at an earlier time, but it’s just too hard.”

“Maybe you are right. Maybe you are not meant for this era.” Greybeard stroked his beard as he perused Jim’s book collection, which was now full of classical titles from Europe.

“Everything that made me successful in my time is useless here. I’d have to start all over, learn completely new skills, learn new ways to socialize, to dance, to live.”

“So you don’t want to live here anymore?”

“No, please, send me back. I beg you!”

“You seem to have lost some weight. Your body appears more athletic.”

“The moving job takes a lot of work, so I did shed some pounds.”

“And you learned how to cook?”

“I had no choice. There’s no Panera or In-N-Out here.”

“And you have a friend. You talk to him for hours every day.”

“There’s nothing else to do for entertainment, so we just shoot the shit about everything.”

“Wouldn’t you say those are benefits?” Greybeard asked, raising one eyebrow.

“Yes, but look at where I live. I’m poor.”

“What new business ideas have you tried?”

Jim stayed silent.

“And your new girlfriend? She’s beginning to love you, I can see.”

“Yes but still no sex. I would have to marry her for that. I’d have to be a family man.”

“Did you learn to Lindy Hop? In this time, you really need to dance if you want to meet the easier girls.”

“Thanks for all the advice, but can you please send me back. Please!” Jim assumed a pathetic stance by clasping his hands together, ready to get on his knees.

“Are you sure you want to go back?”

“Yes!”

Greybeard sighed. “Open that book on the table to any page.” Jim did so. “Now stare deeply at the page and watch as the words get bigger and bigger.”

The words enveloped Jim and everything went to black. When Jim woke up, he was back in the break room of his office. He instinctively touched his face, wondering if the slight physical aging he went through still remained. He looked down at his clothes but couldn't remember if it was what he was wearing when he first met Greybeard.

He reached into his pocket and pulled out his smartphone. It displayed the same date as when he left. There was a new text from his girlfriend. It read, "We need to talk." She was on birth control so it couldn't have been pregnancy. Was she breaking up with him? He began walking out of the break room when one of his fellow employees popped in. "Did you hear? Our company got bought out by an Indian firm. The layoff meeting starts in five minutes. We're fucked."

He turned around, half-hoping to see Greybeard, half-wondering if he should go back, but Greybeard was not there.

Previous Story: *The Hot Vagina*

Two Strategies For Having A Good Sex Life

January 9, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

There are two general strategies for pursuing consistent sex that each have their own pros and cons. The first strategy is to pursue cute sluts in the 6-7 range for same night bangs. Assuming you work on your game and lifestyle, this category of girls will be receptive to your cold approach and not make you wait long for sex.

Pros:

- Highly variable sex life. You can be sleeping with multiple girls every month.
- Fun and entertaining. Gaming sluts for a fast bang is exciting.
- Low expectations. A slut expects you to give her the good dick and that's it. She won't start relationship drama or expect you to take her out to dinners. As long as you don't get needy, there won't be much fuss.
- Strong feeling of masculinity. You experience a sharp rise in your testosterone to service your rotating harem. Pursuing sluts fits nicely with the male biological program of spreading your seed.

Cons:

- Low passive component. The minute you stop gaming is when your pipeline begins to dry up since you're unlikely to bang a slut more than ten times before she moves on to the next cock.
- Crazier women. Sluts usually have borderline mental issues that must be addressed methodically with game if you want to keep sexing them.
- Shallow with no deep meaning. You will not fall in love or meet your dream girl. The lack of meaning will make you feel like you're running in a hamster wheel, having to always work for a similar type of result.

The second strategy is to pursue higher quality women who either have an exceptional standard of beauty or have a more traditional background for the goal of a medium to long term relationship. While such girls can be laid quickly at times, they take longer to lay than sluts, are more sexually frigid, and expect a man to invest time in her to show he cares. These girls are rapidly disappearing in the West but can still be found in small cities and villages in less degenerate countries of the world.

Pros:

- Can provide meaning, stability, comfort, and even love. These girls can give more than just sex in that they make for better companions, life partners, wives, and mothers.
- They're not nearly as slutty. It's more satisfying to know the girl you're sleeping with is more loyal, has a lower propensity to cheat, and hasn't had many cocks inside her. If you do a good job in your hunt, she will be young and virginal.

- Consistent supply of sex. You'll have a regular sex supply that you can set your clock to, and as long as you're dating her, you'll never be on a cold streak. You don't have to game week in, week out.

Cons:

- Boring. After the novelty of your new girl wears off in 1-3 months, you'll get less excitement from seeing and banging her. You'll start to crave variety.
- Lowers masculinity. When sex is guaranteed and the feeling of conquest is removed from the equation, your testosterone decreases as you become a zoo animal that receives scheduled sex feedings. Your game will become rusty and you'll lose motivation to improve yourself physically and aesthetically.
- Expensive in time. Relative to the sex you get, you'll have to spend a huge amount of time maintaining the relationship—texting, calling, hanging out, talking, and so on. She'll also continually test your commitment to the relationship by demanding you make additional investments with your time that will coincide with a loss of freedom.

While I could argue that the kind of person you are, the stage of life you're in, and the city you're living in should all help decide which strategy to pursue, let's not kid ourselves: most women are sluts who have no objections to one-night stands with sexy males. If you pursue the slut strategy by default, while squeezing in the occasional high value girl, you will be miles ahead of a guy who is looking for his virgin dream girl walking around with a flower in her hair.

Like I recently mentioned in this post, pursuing very beautiful girls caused a decrease in my game satisfaction with no obvious benefit. My sex drive was lowered and nights become less full of debauchery and more about hunting that beautiful snowflake who is more of a drag to seduce. After a period of adaptation with them, these girls gave me no more happiness than a standard slut rotation.

You have less choice in the matter if you're reading this from America. If I was still living in Washington DC, there would be absolutely no way my default program would be one of relationships with high quality women unless the girl was fresh off the boat from a foreign country. My current location in Eastern Europe offers more relationship opportunities, but even many "high quality" girls have ridden a smaller carousel of sorts (Mediterranean men, backpacking trips, guys like me, etc) and are not exactly rushing to be loyal wives and stay-at-home mothers.

If I see a beautiful girl, I'll approach her and make a go of the two or three dates she requires for sex, but if she gives me bullshit or extreme difficulty, I'll find a slut and bang her within two or three hours. As long as I don't want a wife or a kid, I know I'll waffle back and forth as I get bored with one and pursue the novelty of the other.

Read Next: *The Contradiction Of Pursuing Casual Sex While Advocating For Traditional Values*

As The Pussy Turns

January 12, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In 2011 I lived in Poznan for six months. It was the first Eastern European city I stepped foot in so you can imagine the carnal pleasures I eagerly dived into. I remember walking down the pedestrian path to Stary Browar, a modern mall in the center of the city, amazed at all the beautiful women who were cheerfully strolling by. I entered heaven, and so I did what any man would do when in heaven—I ate all that I could. I had such pleasurable sexual experiences during those six months that my memory holds firmly to them to this day.

I remember one club that I did particularly well at. The layout was just perfect, with a quiet bar that separated from a loud dance floor. There were only a few chairs so girls had to stand by the bar, making themselves available for intimate banter. Ladies night every Wednesday ensured an excellent ratio. Smartphones were just becoming introduced, meaning that less than 1 in 20 girls had them. Foreign men were still relatively novel, and so opening in English would nearly guarantee a lengthy conversation. There is no other club in the world where I ended up having as many one-night stands. It helped that my standards were average. My boner would activate immediately at a thin body and cute face, features that were becoming increasingly rare in America.

And then I left, thinking that better could be had while hoping for more adventure and pleasure. For the next three years, I would spend time in countries that contained the most beautiful women in the world: Ukraine, Estonia, Lithuania, Croatia, Romania, Russia, and Moldova. Every month my standards were increasing, every month I was becoming less tolerant of bullshit, and every month the world was changing.

Smartphones were becoming prevalent. The eye contact I would receive from a woman at the bar was now denied to me as she instead continued staring down at her phone, texting her international collection of suitors that technology now allowed her. Girls were becoming more curt and cliquish. Their standards were becoming higher along with their expectations. They were becoming lazier with pleasing me. They wouldn't rush to clean my apartment after sex like in the past. I used to hear girls tell me how I was the first American they ever met, but even that was becoming rare. The situation was obviously getting worse.

I'm not a foolish man—I know that experience can not be duplicated. But I had to return to Poznan, a place where I was happy and only left because of a selfishness that you can't really blame me for. In the back of my mind I hoped that things would be similar, that the dopamine in my brain would be released in similar quantities to the same stimulus I experienced before. I prayed for it on the flight from Ukraine.

The first afternoon was encouraging. The girls were still pretty and there weren't many foreigners around. I got a couple smiles on street. With great optimism I went to my favorite club on its ladies night. Maybe I could just resume where I left off and pretend

that I didn't even leave. Maybe destiny is not dependent on time, separation, and the inevitable progress of humanity, and this city is one I was meant to live in. This club could remain a place where my sexual dreams would be fulfilled every Wednesday night.

It wasn't to be. The club completely changed. The quiet room where I could speak in a normal voice was now studded with loud speakers. The ladies night was gone, replaced by a "everyone drinks free" night that made it a predictable sausage fest. The majority of girls were armed with smartphones and spent the bulk of their night texting friends and orbiters who were in other clubs down the street. I saw girls with ugly ear gauges covered with not only tattoos, but plastic wrap that signified the recent placement of tattoos. They had more carriage around their bellies and even wore wore dirty Converse shoes and Nike sneakers like I had seen in Scandinavia.

The responses I got from the women were okay, at least, but there is no way I could use the same game as before. I had to speak so loud that I was on the verge of losing my voice after only an hour. Their phones were vibrating in their hand as I spit my game, with one of her eyes on me and the other on her beloved electronic device. I'd have to morph into Bozo The Clown to battle the extra stimulation these girls were receiving compared to three years ago when I could be merely normal.

It didn't help that my eyes were different. My standards were higher. My sex drive was not as urgent. I previously came to Poznan with a mission to sleep with as many beautiful girls as possible, but on the flight over this time around, my mission was to finish reading a book about the history of salt, write a long article for my blog, and edit some videos I shot that have been sitting on my hard drive for too long. My thirst had declined.

I came to this club so many times that the owner gave me a special VIP card, but on this night I could barely stay two hours. I walked out and paced up and down the nightlife street in an existential daze, passing by loud girls having fun and determined men who were hopeful of getting laid. I wondered what meaning I could possibly find in life now that my phase of sexual exploration is over, but even more urgently, I wondered what this signified for all men that the dating market is providing obviously less value for them than only three years ago.

People are often accused of nostalgia when they dream of a past they haven't lived, and while I admit that my eyes have changed the way I see reality, I can definitively state that things are getting worse for men. I compare a picture of Poznan in early 2011 with one in late 2014 to see how any man will have to work harder for the same result.

I'd like to put the blame on feminism first and foremost, but it's primarily technology that is reducing the ability of men to meet women in natural settings, to hold their attention, and to seduce them like men of the near past were able to. Technology is turning every woman into a narcissistic star of her own reality show, all centered on a little handheld gadget, morphing her brain into one that is less capable of providing men with happiness.

I've been to many cities more than once and not a single one has improved from my first visit. The quality of women—both their appearance and their attitude—is sliding to the bottom while the work we have to expend to meet these more inferior females is

increasing. This phenomenon of pussy inflation is starting to force men out of the market, for what “average” man can find the time, ability, and motivation to seduce a merely cute woman who may only want to fuck him a couple times before becoming distracted by the next shiny object that gets placed in her path? If this inflations proceeds, the only men who will get laid consistently are ones who approach it like a job, blocking out a minimum of two hours a day to the task.

The reality we face right now is this: the quality of men around the world is increasing to compete with a decreasing quality of women. This is great if you’re a woman, because without lifting a finger you can get better than a couple years before. If you’re a man and didn’t step up your game recently, however, you will get lower results. If you don’t stay on top of the latest game scientific data or dating app, you will be out-competed. Or you’ll just get nothing. Inflation often helps those who have debt, but if you have no debt, if you lived life prudently and with virtue, inflation destroys your purchasing power. As much as men improve themselves, women are appreciating in relative value as they make all the wrong decisions with their lives. This is the world we live in.

As for my problem, it’s unsolvable. The women are declining while my experience increases my standards and decreases my propensity to work for the same old result. I am disappointed, to say the least. I have completely run out of options to feed the sweet neurochemical release in my dealings with women. If I’m smart I’ll just focus on my work, on making a difference for other men, because I’ve long since passed the point of diminishing return in which I can get enjoyment from women that is greater than what I received in the near past.

I will not approach a woman today. I shall wait until my desire to have sex is so great, so distracting, and so illogical that I don’t care how much effort I must apply in order to get laid. When that desire asserts itself, I will have to do much more than yesterday to get something similar I already had, or perhaps for something worse because of the decreasing quality of women everywhere, of women who now get their validation through electronic screens instead of men. My hunt for poosy paradise was in vain, because I did experience it for a brief moment three years ago. It existed—I swear to you—but now it is gone, never to return.

Read Next: *Innocent Eyes*

Don’t Tell A Man What Type Of Woman He Should Be Attracted To

January 14, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

What would women think if we told them who they should find attractive? What if morbidly obese men in the USA declared that *they* are the male ideal, and then used multiple mainstream media outlets to shame women for not liking men with beer bellies, no muscle mass, low monthly incomes, and bad comb overs? What if this group of fat male writers would also announce that if women liked the opposite of what they deemed attractive, they were “shallow” and “stupid” with no understanding of what a “real” man is?

If this really did occur, women would rightly call the men insane and delusional, arguing that they are free to choose the type of men they want to be attracted to, a choice made either consciously from their current tastes or subconsciously due to genetics that tell them to land the most resourceful and fit men in order to pass on good genes to their offspring. The fat male writers would be shamed and ostracized.

This scenario has not actually happened because most men are not idiots—they know that women are attracted to status, money, bad boys, and good looks, but the same can not be said of women. Through a media effort that at times seems conspiratorial, they are trying to brow-beat men into liking unattractive women. Their agenda scolds men for not liking…

- single moms (women who made the decision to keep spawn of a bad boy who wanted little or nothing to do with the child)
- overweight women (women who are ugly, gluttonous, gelatinous, and lacking in all manner of self control)
- strong women (women who are overbearing, masculine, annoying, irritable, and whiny)
- women who have had dozens of prior sexual partners (women who don’t know the word “loyalty” unless it pertains to buying an Apple product)
- older women (women who are less fertile and more likely to pass on genetic defects to your child)

Attraction is not a social construct that can be brainwashed into a man. While taste can be influenced socially, such as whether a man prefers a blonde girl versus a brunette, he still wants a *beautiful* blonde girl, where beauty is defined objectively through symmetry, facial structure, and those three numbers that compose her body shape. Even black men who like thick girls still want a *proportional* thick girl who has curves instead of being shaped like a milk jug.

If a white man is accidentally born in a Chinese village without a connection to the outside world, will he grow up to wife up an asymmetrical midget hippopotamus who

already has spawn from multiple fathers and is well past her peak fertility? Put another way—would *any* man in *any* part of the world prefer such a woman if he could do better? Of course not, and this is why 99% of women would prefer to get inseminated by the genes of Brad Pitt than Danny Devito.

Since you're a man, you have something called a logic module hardwired into your brain. If something you're doing is not helping you accomplish a specific goal, you make adjustments to improve your chance of success. American women, who lack this module, instead say that the goal they want should become sentient and drawn to her just because. Her existing behaviors and habits should be enough to give her a lifetime of happiness, and if that happiness is not realized, a man or a culture of patriarchy is to blame.

In the past, women who think like the ones we have to endure today would have had to spend time in mental institutions, but there was a breakout in the asylum and now the crazies want big rewards for just existing while shaming and attacking you for the biological and natural desire for beauty and fertility. And with every ten pounds of weight they gain, their writing takes on a renewed sense of urgency, as if they want to trick just one man into loving them before it's all too late.

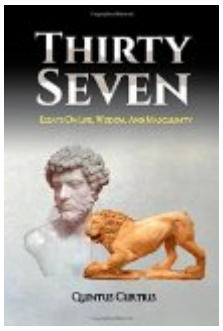
The interesting fact of DNA is that it can't be persuaded. No matter how many wildebeest and spinsters declare themselves to be worthy of the best men, those men will follow their biological desires. Trying to persuade men what to like will all be for naught, but at least we can point and laugh at the broken and ugly women who suggest it.

Read Next: *There's Only One Way To Know If She's Attracted To You*

A Book Of Red Pill Wisdom Has Finally Arrived

January 16, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

This review was originally published on Return Of Kings.



ROK's very own Quintus Curtius has written a book that unearths old wisdom and presents it logically and clearly in essay form so that men of today can learn from men of the past. It's like The 48 Laws Of Power for masculine men.

The prologue, usually an afterthought for most books, includes a strong tale of fiction that reveals themes Quintus explores later. When he asked me to check out his book, I did so with low expectations, but such a strong beginning pushed me head first into his collection of essays that each focus on a specific topic. Example titles:

- On How A Wise Man Should Reveal His Opinions
- Revolt Against The Excess Of Revolt
- The Reality Of Progress
- The Value Of Sincerity
- How Our Enemies Confer Benefits On Us
- Clash Of Steel And Wills: The Story Of The Battle Of Lepanto
- The Gap Between Theory And Practice

Within these essays, Quintus makes accessible the works that many men simply don't have the time or will to complete on their own. He reads the difficult books, often in the original Latin translation, so we didn't have to.

Here are my favorite quotes from the book:

> New ideas that contradict the established ways of thinking cannot expect to be welcomed with open arms. Those who parrot the party line of the day, who genuflect before the altars of the established orthodoxy, can expect accolades from the mob and praise from those who control the levers of power. it has always been so. Toadies get their crumbs from the master's table. But those who contradict the sacred premises du jour can expect very different treatment.
>
> […]
>
> A man should not waste his time in useless trifles. Those who place the focus of their efforts on foolish pursuits not only exhaust and debase themselves, but

they also waste precious time.

[…]

Only the wise man is free, and every foolish man is a slave. How can any man claim to be the master of his soul, the captain of his ship, if he cannot command it? Can he curb his lusts, resist temptations, control his temper, his appetites, and maintain his serenity? He who cannot command himself can hardly hope to command others. He who is always the servant of his desires and passions is not deserving of being called free.

[…]

Trying to deal equitably with a tyrant is a mistake that has been made by many. Power not only corrupts, but it also poisons the soul, and renders it incapable of feeling. The habit of arbitrary exercise of power becomes an addictive tonic to the tyrant, rendering him unfit for human interaction.

[…]

Leaders exercising [strong] powers are riding a tiger, and know that if they dare get off, the raging animal may consume them.

[…]

A wise man ought not to get upset every time he is brought into a contest with fortune, just as it would not be fitting for a brave man to be indignant when faced with the crashing sound of war. Since for each of these the difficulty is of the same substance: for propagating glory, and for fashioning wisdom.

[…]

Cherish your true friends, for you will know who they are when disaster hits you. Do not denigrate those less fortunate than you, for you may find yourself among them. Do not tempt Fate by allowing yourself to be enslaved with pursuits for women, money, and glory. All of these things will be taken away from you in time.

[…]

Men and his tools—even if he has only a rusty knife—are enough for him to master his environment. We don’t negate each other, we complement each other. I am a man, and I am master of my environment.

[…]

Boys have been looked upon as defective girls, needing constant suppression of their healthy instincts to make them more feminine. The consequences of this policy have been disastrous for the transmission of masculine virtues to the next generation.

[…]

We have access to more and more, but seem to perceive less and less. We are drowning in information, but are more ignorant and unfulfilled than ever. The

> breakdown in discipline is a direct result of the abandonment of our ancient moral code, which sprang from imaginative religion. Every untried youth now belies himself fit to pass judgment on the intellectual heritage of several millenia.
>
> […]
>
> Constructive criticism should be delivered with delicacy, just as a bit of seasoning will enhance a dish, but not ruin it. Too harsh of a delivery of criticism will sew a lasting resentment into a friend's heart. A man can forgive nearly anything except an excess of honesty.
>
> […]
>
> Our society is a sexually repressive one, compared with most others; and for a repressed person, there is a perverse cruelty in denying sexual satisfaction to someone else. Most of the strident advocates of the "rape culture" are abnormal men and women. Miserable and repressed themselves, they wish to make everyone else just as miserable. There is also delight in being an accuser: it confers power and status, and is a form of attention-whoring.
>
> […]
>
> The actions of our enemies make us appreciate the good things in life, and cause us to value more dearly the positive things of this world. Who can know love, without having experienced the sting of rejection? Who, never having gone hungry, can appreciate the satiety that comes from a full stomach? And who can appreciate the intoxication of victory, who has not felt the bitter sting of failure?
>
> […]
>
> As character determines fate, there is no escape from the pitiless confrontation between man and his individual destiny.
>
> […]
>
> I have seen some men laid low by defeat, never to recover. Others have learned from their experiences and gone on to greater achievement, fortified by the gauntlet of hardship. Defeat is a stimulus for reform for some, and a death-knell for others.

It's important to note that Quintus doesn't hold your hand. He passes on the wisdom to you but you'll have to figure out a way to implement it into your life, if you can at all.

This book was almost tailor-made for me and my interests in history and wisdom. While there was some inconsistency in the quality of the essays, and a bit too many pages devoted to learning foreign languages, there is no other book I know of that does what Quintus has achieved here.

It's the best book for men I've read since getting my hands on The Way Of Men by Jack Donovon a couple years ago. Even more exciting is that I think we may very well be seeing the birth of a new book genre: red pill wisdom.

Since reading his book, I've privately encouraged Quintus to keep writing, not just for his

or your sake but for the selfish reason that I want even more of what Thirty Seven has offered.

Read More: *“Thirty Seven: Essays On Life, Wisdom, And Masculinity” on Amazon*

What Is Government?

January 19, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Government is the enslavement of a population within a defined set of borders called a nation, where a parasitic class termed the “elite” maintains complete control and authority of the population to accumulate power and wealth. Elite groups have evolved different styles of control depending on the geography, genetics, environment, and culture contained within its borders.

Everything a government does is to preserve or increase the power and wealth of the elite. This requires various levels of carrot and stick. Benefits or rights given to citizens, while seemingly altruistic on the surface, are approved by the elite because through some mechanism it preserves their power and wealth. Some may cite America as an exception, since citizens were given the most rights and freedoms out of any other nation, but it must be considered that this was only to steal power from the existing British elite and establish central control (the Federal branch). The States were fed enough carrot to ratify the Constitution with all its “rights,” which by 2015 has steadily eroded and exist at times as mere abstract ideals, especially in light of the increasing Orwellian police state we find ourselves living in.

The right mix of carrot and stick is essential to maintaining control over the long term, because enough economic growth and well-being must be created so that citizens don’t revolt or so the nation doesn’t suffer an economic collapse. These negative scenarios would eject the current group of elites, allowing a new set to usurp power and try their hand at being slavemasters with—hopefully—an improved plantation management system that prevents their own demise.

I don’t use the term enslavement in jest. A significant percentage of your labor output must be given to the government, regardless of the benefits you receive, or you will be imprisoned in a cell. If you break a law that the elites have passed, no matter how unjust, you will be imprisoned. You will be surveiled and monitored, regardless of the legality of the method, and there is nothing you can do about it short of replacing the current set of elites with another that will initially use more carrot so you approve of your new slavemasters in their taking of power.

Whenever one set of elites comes into conflict with a set of elites ruling a different nation, a war may occur. War is when elites have calculated that violence is the best option to increase their wealth and power, or to protect their existing wealth and power. Once a war is justified on those terms, citizens are fed propaganda to authorize the war, one that will at least temporarily reduce their living standard.

Self-defense is the most common reason elites state as the reason for going to war. It is true that war is self-defense in that it’s a defense of the elite’s interests, not those of citizens, who are seen upon as replaceable machines that generate their wealth and power and which must be constantly controlled and manipulated to guarantee consistent

output.

There are three options for non-elite citizens. The first is to become elite themselves. The elite club does have sporadic openings for men with high levels of ingenuity, ambition, immorality, and luck. The second is to minimize elite oppression by evading their methods of control or minimizing exposure to their unquenchable demand for tax and tribute. The third option is to become a house slave where you are close to the seat of elite power and therefore receive some of their power scraps. A common way to achieve the last option is to climb the government bureaucratic ladder or work in the media establishment. Most citizens, however, are ignorant of their slavery, and actually believe that the point of government is to serve them like a mother nurtures its child.

Understanding a government's true function can explain why a phenomenon like nationalism has been eradicated by the elites: it was a constant threat to their power. Globalization, a way to remove national self-identity, prevents one citizen from associating deeply with his neighbor and therefore less likely to fight beside him in an attempt at overthrowing the elite. After nationalism was tapered in the post WW2 era, the elites of the West have been embracing cultural Marxist policies, which aim to do to the family unit what globalization has done to national identity.

The more a citizen is dependent on the government, while distrusting neighbor, husband, wife, mother, and father, the more likely the elite will maintain long-term control over such a population. A slavemaster is always working on methods to make sure his slaves are completely dependent on him, both physically and emotionally, so that even if the slave has a chance to kill the slavemaster or escape from the plantation, he instead decides to remain enslaved, rationalizing all the good his slavemaster does for him.

This real function of government is consistent around the world, suggesting it may even have its origins or instructions in human DNA. Therefore an enslaved citizen must not lament being born into slavery. Instead, he must understand his condition, the rules of his enslavement, and live in a way that minimizes the worst components of it (brainwashing, imprisonment, impoverishment) in his pursuit of happiness, truth, and virtue.

His pursuit must be taken individually, without depending on the government, whose loyalty only lies in its own power and wealth. No loyalty must be given to the elites of any country who does not have loyalty for him. The best option is to vigorously pursue self-reliance and individual strength in order to endure the burden of the elite's oppression while surviving the often violent changing of one set of elites for another. For as long as humans live, the elite will parasitically sponge off the population's lifeblood, but at least we can minimize their most damaging features.

Read Next: *What Is Diversity?*

My Experimentation With “Older” European Women

January 21, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

During my first trip to Poland, it was tough to find a single woman older than 25 in the club, but something happened in the proceeding three years to where the the night scene is now full of them. I regularly witness a consistent flow of older women (ages 25-30) who failed to find a man during their prime and is looking for a handsome prince to sweep them off their feet.

There are four main advantages to dating older European women:

- They flake less
- They answer the phone and respond to text messages promptly
- They require a lower level of game
- They are more desperate to meet a man

The last point is what made me curious, because who wants to “game” a girl and have to be methodical about every text you send when you can just lay back and let the girl do most of the work? So for nearly two months, I did not exclude these older women from my dating pipeline, racking up a large enough sample size to understand what they are like. Considering that I’m 35, these women still felt “young” enough for me, but definitely older than what I’m used to.

There’s an important fact you need to understand about European women: she understands the urgency of her biological clock. European women are not as delusional as American women in thinking that she can postpone marriage forever. This is why the most elegant and feminine women in Eastern Europe are those who are older—they understand that a strong feminine essence is required to land a man. While a younger girl takes her beauty for granted and often dresses like a hipster, her older counterpart knows that men like beautiful women with long hair and red lips. This is why Eastern European women rarely hate on traditional ideas.

But even though they know of the great difficulty in finding a man after 25, they are still single. This endures in spite of the fact that there’s absolutely no shortage of beta providers in Eastern Europe who orbit these women starting from a young age. How is it possible that a woman who is hyper-aware of how hard it is to find a man after her physical peak and who had several options to land a beta male is still single?

The answer: they have severe issues that make them undatable.

An available Eastern European girl who is 30 years old is equivalent to a 40-year-old American woman because her loneliness persists in spite of her advanced mating knowledge and upbringing in a far more traditional environment. She’s still single even though her mother and grandmothers have been nagging her to find a man for over a decade.

All their issues can be boiled down into two categories:

1. Irrational standards. She believes that she can land a perfect man even though she's not perfect.

2. She is more likely to disrespect the boner. Young girls can act silly and annoying, but older women consistently make boner-killing statements and exhibit frigid behaviors. Many of these come out of left field, suggesting some kind of social maladjustment.

I've had older Polish women say amazingly retarded things to me that just kill my sex drive for them. They also have emotional displays that fall on the far extremes (emotionally cold like an iceberg or completely unstable like a child). It can get to the point where you hope that they don't speak because what they do say will make you less eager to have sex with them.

If we look at this problem from the perspective of natural selection, **there must be a reason** why European women remain single even though there are unlimited provider options for them while fully understanding that things get harder with each passing day. They are either turning down men in the hopes of doing better or are getting dumped by men for being a poor partner. Unless they had a serious illness that prevented them from dating between 18-25, they have no excuse. At least American women can say that they were working hard on their office "career."

Even worse, older women are not easier than younger girls when it comes to sex. They understand that men generally don't respect easy girls so they purposefully adhere to their "no sex until X time" rules, trying to snag you into a relationship before you get a sample of the goods. If you want to waste dozens of game hours, pursue older European women because you think they'll be easier.

I've concluded that women over 25 have little place in my dating life—not for relationships and not for casual sex. While younger women take more game, more effort, and a higher tolerance for bullshit, the rewards are far greater, because the relationship is more pleasing to my boner. She also doesn't see me as a marriage parachute before hitting the dreaded 30. This is a shame because I expect an exploding population of yoga-practicing older women to hit European streets in the next ten years, but I can clearly see them as the damaged goods that they are. I rather work my ass off for something younger.

Read Next: *Eastern European Women Become More Masculine In America*

7 Highlights From Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's Harvard Speech

January 23, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

This article was originally published on Return Of Kings.

Alexander Solzhenitsyn wrote *The Gulag Archipelago, One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* after serving in Stalin's gulag due to criticizing the Soviet leadership's actions during World War 2. His book became a resource by which many Westerners came to understand the evils of Stalin's totalitarian government.

After the Soviet Union exiled him in the early 1970′s, he came to live in the United States. Here is a prophetic speech he gave at Harvard's commencement in 1978 (click here for the full text).

Here are the highlights I found most illuminating.

1. Pursuit of truth

> …truth eludes us if we do not concentrate our attention totally on it's pursuit. But even while it eludes us, the illusion of knowing it still lingers and leads to many misunderstandings. Also, truth seldom is pleasant; it is almost invariably bitter.

2. West vs East

> A fact which cannot be disputed is the weakening of human beings in the West while in the East they are becoming firmer and stronger — 60 years for our people and 30 years for the people of Eastern Europe. During that time we have been through a spiritual training far in advance of Western experience. Life's complexity and mortal weight have produced stronger, deeper, and more interesting characters than those generally [produced] by standardized Western well-being.

3. Consumer culture

> After the suffering of many years of violence and oppression, the human soul longs for things higher, warmer, and purer than those offered by today's mass living habits, introduced by the revolting invasion of publicity, by TV stupor, and by intolerable music.

4. Fake societal stability

> The center of your democracy and of your culture is left without electric power for a few hours only, and all of a sudden crowds of American citizens start looting and creating havoc. The smooth surface film must be very thin, then, the social system quite unstable and unhealthy.

5. Technology as savior

> All the glorified technological achievements of Progress, including the conquest of outer space, do not redeem the 20th century's moral poverty which no one could imagine even as late as in the 19th Century.

6. Spiritual emptiness

> We have placed too much hope in political and social reforms, only to find out that we were being deprived of our most precious possession: our spiritual life. In the East, it is destroyed by the dealings and machinations of the ruling party. In the West, commercial interests suffocate it. This is the real crisis. The split in the world is less terrible — The split in the world is less terrible than the similarity of the disease plaguing its main sections.

7. Purpose of life

> If humanism were right in declaring that man is born only to be happy, he would not be born to die. Since his body is doomed to die, his task on earth evidently must be of a more spiritual nature. It cannot be unrestrained enjoyment of everyday life. It cannot be the search for the best ways to obtain material goods and then cheerfully get the most of them. It has to be the fulfillment of a permanent, earnest duty so that one's life journey may become an experience of moral growth, so that one may leave life a better human being than one started it.

What could possibly go wrong from having a culture that passes on spiritual or traditional life in favor of consumerism, narcissism, and fornication? We're currently finding out.

Don't Miss: *Solzhenitsyn's Warning About Communism Applies To Today's Culture War*

Two Powerful Tactics For Winning The Culture War

January 26, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

It's probably obvious to you that our enemy had a bad 2014. Feminists, SJW's, and their totalitarian liberal buddies were on the ropes for much of the year and for the first time had to play defense to their delusional and incorrect beliefs. One of the reasons they've been successful up to now is that they pretended to be moderate. They simply preached the idea of "equality" and the cessation of violence against women. What monster would be again that?

But now many moderates are finding out that they wanted much more than equality. They have pursued censorship and hate while advocating for the removal of due process for men and their marginalization in order to make them second-class citizens. As they've made rapid gains over the past few years, their cry for equality has been rightly outed as a anti-man movement.

Since moderates tend to be reasonable—perhaps foolishingly so—in that they want to hear both sides of the story before making a decision, I believe they can be convinced of our correct views if we pursue the following two tactics:

1. Label the enemy mentally insane

Once a moderate finds out that they are being pressured by someone who has a host of psychiatric disorders, they are less inclined to believe them. This will be easy to do since the enemy has adopted transsexuality as their pet cause.

Let's be clear that transsexuality is not being biologically born with mutated sex parts from two sexes like a hermaphrodite. A transsexual is someone who was biologically born with one sex but *feels* they are another. This is a legitimate psychiatric disorder, one of the most severe you can have, because it increases your rate for drug addiction and suicide while leading to irreversible surgical changes to your body that leave you as neither man nor woman.

The American Psychiatric Association, however, has stopped calling it a disorder for the sole reason to "reduce stigma," a political decision that does not change the fact that transsexuals are grossly ill, exhibiting a behavioral pattern that you simply don't see in non-humans. The fact that narcissism is labeled a disorder while transsexualism is not should clue you in to how science is no longer being used in the APA.

You can make the argument that some homosexual behavior is found in the wild, especially in primates, but have you ever heard of an animal biting off its penis because it wanted a vagina instead? Yet they are letting transsexuals and those who support them dictate policy that affects sane men while trying to normalize their deranged behavior. You must call it out for what it is.

The video I did on Laci Green, a prominent Youtube feminist who suffered from suicidal ideation and had to be given medication so she wouldn't end her life, shows that most of

these people are mentally sick in some way, with a host of serious personal demons that preclude them from coming up with public policies or mandates when they can't even take care of themselves without popping pharmaceuticals or mutilating themselves. Take your pick from this list—they likely have more than one conditon:

- Antisocial Personality Disorder – irritability and aggressiveness, failure to conform to social norms, consistent irresponsibility
- Anxiety Disorder – fear and confusion, inability to relax, constant worry
- Borderline Personality Disorder – identity disturbance, emotional instability, feelings of emptiness, inappropriate and intense anger
- Depression – feeling sad and depressed, not being able to experience pleasure
- Female Sexual Arousal Disorder – inadequate production of vaginal lubrication during sex
- Histrionic Personal Disorder – attention-seeking behavior, extreme emotionality
- Narcissistic Personality Disorder – need for admiration, lack of empathy towards others, disdainful attitude
- Obsessive Compulsive Disorders – disturbing, recurrent, and uncontrollable thoughts
- Panic Disorder – feelings of terror

People with mental disorders should get the treatment and medication they need (at their own expense) instead of trying to change the world into their image by legitimizing and normalizing their frightful psychoses.

2. Show how women are consistent liars who can't be trusted

We've long known that women are essentially overgrown children who are unable to take care of themselves or act in moral and virtuous manner when not properly influenced by a male figure. Even a dog, when let loose from its master, does not begin to go on a rampage of destruction like women do when released from their traditional role.

When left to their own devices, their true nature implores them to pursue base behaviors of narcissism, attention whoring, deceit, backstabbing, cheating, manipulation, status-seeking, golddigging, and violence against men. These qualities prevent her from being a loyal wife, fit mother, or even a barely informed citizen who knows more about geopolitical issues of the day than which celebrity is fucking who.

Give a girl the "empowerment" and "independence" to go to university and she'll pop out four years later with a million selfies on her smartphone and a notch count of at least 20 while being unable to come up with one good idea to advance civilization in a way that men have been doing for centuries. Without male guidance, a woman becomes useless in her natural motherly role.

This fact is important when dealing with today's rape hysteria. We must make it clear to moderates that women are liars who have been proven to lie in the past and who will continue to use lies against men for their own personal gain. Once the legitimacy of a woman's word is undermined, moderates will no longer stand by while their preach their

myths of rape culture, patriarchy, and the unequal wage gap. They will be skeptical and treat women as they ought to be treated.

Whenever a woman alleges rape, tell your confused friend the following: “Women have lied in the past about rape, such as with Brian Banks, the Duke Lacrosse team, and also with the recent UVA hoax. Without clear evidence that can be used in a court of law, we must remain skeptical.” Clearly show how women behave in a way to maximize their attention and validation for personal benefit while shaming, disparaging, and denouncing innocent men that have done no wrong. Call out bogus “1 in 4 women have been sexually assaulted” studies whenever you see them by highlighting methodology so flawed that it would offend even a Haitian voodoo priest.

The key word is “skepticism.” Once you get people in the habit of being skeptical of any claim by a woman, their hysterics and rantings will then be ignored except in cases where true harm against them was performed (i.e. real rape, something that has been declining in America for decades).

Red pill ideas against the enemy is spreading rapidly, and you can now commonly see them in the comments section of mainstream publications (the ones that haven’t removed them, anyway). I believe the two tactics above will quicken the pace in getting more people over to our side.

While we should not dilute our message or moderate ourselves to win these people over, we should help *spread doubt* that those who are trying to influence them are either mentally insane or flat out liars (commonly both). Hammer that into their brains over the next year or two and they will properly disregard the latest rantings and accusations that attempt to further escalate the war against men. While I don’t want to declare that victory may be within sight, I can say we’re inching ever so closer.

Read Next: *Culture War Predictions For 2015*

6 Ways Poland Is Becoming Degenerate Like America

January 28, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I've recently written of my intense disappointment in returning to a country in which the women and culture are becoming more like what we have in America. Here are six negative changes I've noticed in Poland since my first visit in 2011:

1. More tattoos

Young men and women are disfiguring themselves with the typical sort of tattoo scribbles that is already epidemic in America. Polish people are deciding to pursue their individualist side by permanently drawing obnoxious things on their body instead of actually achieving something worthwhile that makes them superior to the common man.

2. More ear gauges

Tattoos are tame compared to the sudden, prevalent, and frankly shocking use of ear gauges, whereby people irreversibly stretch and mutilate their ear lobes to appear cool. While it's possible for the occasional tattoo to look good, ear gauges never look good, and make it seem like the victim is hoping to gain membership in a backwards jungle tribe that has yet to encounter electricity. Since tattoos and ear gauges go hand in hand, you can only imagine the freakshows Poland now has on display.

3. More in-your-face homosexual behavior

Displaying your homosexuality used to be culturally forbidden and even dangerous in an former Soviet satellite like Poland, but you're starting to see an increase in guys who are gay, proud, and loud. Just last month for the first time in Eastern Europe ever I saw two men passionately kissing in front of a pizza shop. If what's happening on USA soil is any

indication, being gay in Poland will soon be seen as hip, trendy, and progressive. Both men and women will experiment with it, as if catching a sort of virus, and step back from more traditional and humanizing features of Polish culture that have historically been centered around religion.

4. More binge drinking

The only country I had to do the 'vomit slalom' was Iceland. This is where I had to look down while walking around the club district at night during the weekend so I didn't step in vomit because of how common Icelanders puke on the street. This didn't use to be needed in Poland, but now it does.

Both men and women are competing to consume near-lethal amounts of alcohol while partying. This is so consistent, especially among the men, that a good way I display value to women is to simply be sober at 3am and speak in complete sentences without slurring or swaying my body, but now even girls have so taken to drink that it's getting harder to have normal conversations with them in night venues than in the recent past.

5. More smartphone addiction

The technology virus has infected Poland. Most Poles who own a smartphone are unable to endure a minute or two of downtime without obsessively checking something on their phone or distracting themselves with music. A girl who would normally look up to the person who walked into the room is now looking through her Facebook account or playing a silly game, oblivious to her surroundings. While girls don't yet have multiple online dating accounts, that's just a matter of time.

Human interaction in Poland is being steadily replaced by technology that has America's narcissistic and brain-dead ways of behaving built right into the device. No formal learning required.

6. More career-obsessed women

Polish women have always been feminist in that they wanted their own career *alongside* family, but now they are throwing family under the bus. I've begun noticing Polish girls shaming their friends who decide to get married early, something you would never see in Ukraine and Russia.

Even worse is that I'm encountering a lot of Polish girls who speak of long-term travel and "Euro trips." While it's possible for men to find themselves through travel, the only thing a girl finds is exotic cock. Polish girls are racing to become corporate whores at the same time they're becoming actual whores for sexy Mediterranean men who spit a smooth game.

What amazes me is the speed at which a culture can degrade. I was so unsure that the observations above were objective that I had to discuss them with other men to be sure—both Polish and foreign. They've confirmed that the changes I've seen are really occurring, that Poland is adapting the worst of the West and that there isn't much to be done about it. The women will lead the way to the bottom and the men will have no choice but to keep up with them in order to squeeze out the last drop of genuine intimacy left before Western degeneracy crushes them completely.

There is no stopping the decline of the sort that Poland is experiencing. It's too hard to change the minds of a large percentage of the population who have been deceived in thinking that the West's soulless value system is their path to happiness and riches. When they approach the end of the rainbow they'll be surprised to find that there is no pot of gold, and that they've lost what can never be regained.

Read Next: *13 Personality Traits Of Polish Women*

Why Men Shouldn’t Use Shampoo

January 30, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Here’s my latest video:

Click over to the video’s YouTube page to read the comments that have already been left.

Two additional things I wanted to add about not using shampoo:

1. Your hair will eventually stop getting greasier. An equilibrium will be reached where you scalp produces lower levels of grease than if you used shampoo every day.

2. If you engage in combat sports and want to clean off the sweat of other men from your scalp, use only one or two drops of shampoo. It’s enough to have a cleaning effect but won’t fully de-grease your hair. A sign that you are using too much shampoo is if you notice any lather or bubbles.

Visit my channel and hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

Previous Video: *Are You Ready For 2015?*

My Education Was A Complete Waste Of Time

February 2, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Looking back at my thirteen years in the American public school system and four more years at the University Of Maryland, I have come to the realization that it was an utter waste. Nothing I do today which serves me in work, women, life, or leisure can be traced back to what I was taught in school. I must therefore conclude that being educated in America was the most harmful event in my life.

My parents pushed me hard into attending university. I didn't question their well-intentioned urgings because I had no idea what else to do. I eventually picked microbiology out of a black hat, which served me for six years after college until quitting for good. On my visit to the States last year, the topic of my education came up in a conversation with my father. I remarked how I would have been better off not going to college.

"But university did help you," he said. "It taught you how to think."

I didn't question his rebuttal at the time, but now I'm certain he was incorrect, because my education didn't even teach me how to read or write.

I couldn't read properly until I was about 24 or 25 years old; I simply did not have the ability to properly parse and analyze difficult texts, and my abominable SAT verbal scores, which were below average, could verify that to you. I had trouble understanding basic assigned literature like *Catcher In The Rye* or *The Grapes Of Wrath*. My brain didn't care for understanding the symbolism, motifs, or even the plot.

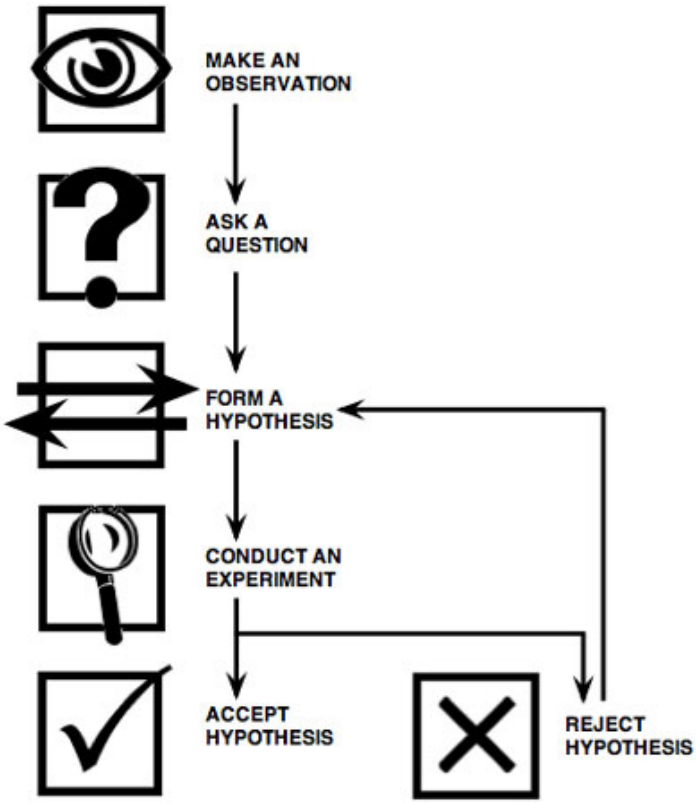
I also could not write. Well, I could write for the teacher who ordered me to hit a certain word count, but my grades in English classes only proved that I was averagely literate and able to convey someone else's ideas without introducing too many grammatical errors, but not much more. A 19th century London schoolboy had more writing skill than I did when I was legally allowed to gamble and drink alcohol.

Anything else in school I developed competency on—calculus, physics, biology—was mechanical and based on stenciled learning that any average mind could handle with enough prodding. Either I copied the instructor's methods for solving a problem or memorized facts and equations as if I was a robot. Up to my graduation, I had not developed one original idea or sentence of writing that is worth exposing to you right now. You can even mention specific classes I took in college and I will be unable to relay one fact I learned from them, in spite of doing well enough on the exams. If I ever write my autobiography upon old age, I can skip the first 22 years of life when it came to my intellectual progress and not lose a speck of importance. My education taught me nothing I couldn't have achieved on my own with a basic tutor, and if anything, it greatly inhibited my development.

Did the American educational system fail me, or did I possess a sluggish mind that chose not to bloom until gray hairs started appearing on my beard? Maybe a bit of both, but I

look at what my younger brothers are studying in school (one is in middle school and the other in college), and I can only shake my head at how ill-prepared they will be for a world that is frightfully changing ever year. For my youngest brother, school is essentially a babysitter that teaches him a week's worth of the most elementary math and science spread out to nine soul-numbing months under the guidance of a feminist headmaster, while my older brother is more fearful of bad grades and punishment from dad than being an apex achiever in a field that will give him self-sufficiency for life. They're both screwed, but at least they won't be alone—their classmates are floating in the same rickety lifeboats as them.

Actually there is one thing I learned in school that I use every week. It is my default approach to seeking truth and understanding this complex Earthly world. It is the scientific method:



The scientific method, which I remember learning in the 9th grade, gave me everything I needed to solve problems on my own in all areas of life. The first time I used it outside of a school setting was at 22 years of age when I wanted to improve my sex life. I made the observation that a certain type of man was getting women and so I made hypotheses and changed my behavior to conduct real-life experiments that resulted in abundant fornication.

When my observations on women or relationships could not be understood, I sought the consul of books and other men. My book *Bang* is essentially a lab report from studying the American female *Homo sapiens*. This personal enthusiasm for experimentation has stayed with me since then, and I will always seek real-life confirmation of whatever behavior I urge upon myself or others.

But besides the scientific method, it was all for nothing. I say that without

exaggeration—not a single lecture, factoid, graph, or equation I've learned in school has been marginally useful in my life since graduating 14 years ago. Even when I was employed as a microbiologist, more than 90% of what I used at work was learned through practical on-the-job training. I'm confident that at 15 years of age I could have done the same job as at 25, especially since I was essentially a glorified assembly line worker in the manner at which I conducted experiments handed down to me by my superiors.

What percentage of men in the past completed a formal education? Compare that with today's perverse obsession to educate everyone using a one-size-fits-all model that jams facts into people's ears as if force feeding someone on hunger strike. It's no surprise that the only thing that accomplishes is creating adults who are good at basic trivia but not at solving problems or generating useful ideas. You can not educate thought into someone. You can not create a great thinker or an intellectual out of thin air. Education destroys original thought and muddles great minds, and mainly excels at creating zombies who march in step with all the other automatons after being indoctrinated to respect authority and, lately, Marxist ideas. Education has devolved into social brainwashing happy time for Westerners (and slut training centers for girls) and not much more.

If I have a son, he will receive a classical education from a dedicated tutor at no more than two hours a day. The rest of his time will be spent exploring nature, music, athletics, woodworking, art, and of course, the scientific method. The goal is not to fill his head with information and facts in the hopes that one day it will aid him, but to give him the tools and mental framework to tackle any problem he will face in life while allowing him to develop passions that make it all worth living. My education didn't do that for me and for many other men, and what a regrettable waste it has been for us.

Read Next: *7 Things I Would Tell My Teenage Self*

Don’t Let Your Game Atrophy Over Time

February 4, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The reason you developed game in the first place will no longer be relevant when you achieve the sex life you had originally desired. You’ll experiment less, approach less, and be less motivated to make new adjustments that are needed in an ever changing environment. In this atrophy phase, the efficiency of your game will decrease, and the only way to get results of your immediate past is to approach a greater quantity of women.

My game peaked by the end of 2012. I had been in Europe for two years and had developed a workable game to get me the women I wanted. I was satisfied with my flag count, my notch count, and the quality I was getting, so there was no reason to try harder at getting laid. I no longer sought out the challenge of the game. I decreased my experimentation and executed what I already knew worked. I became more resentful of having to be an entertaining clown to women so I toned down the more exciting parts of my personality.

Most significantly, I did less approaches. Instead of going into a nightclub three times a week to do ten approaches each, I was approaching far less in the club and replacing it with only one or two approaches in the day time. I went from 40 or more approaches a week to often less than 10.

My date game was atrophying as well. I used to tell long strories that would reveal my most positive attributes, but now I was relying mostly on touching and witticisms alone to escalate to sex. I have one love story from Brazil that always gets a great emotional reaction from women—sometimes even eliciting tears—but I stopped telling it because it was too long. I got too lazy.

The atrophy hit me in summer 2014 while in Ukraine. For a place I had been to before, I was getting less than before on a similar quantity of approaches. I was stubborn initially, refusing to do much about it except approach a bit more, but when that still wasn’t getting me the results I wanted, I started to look at every part of my game. I compared what I was currently doing to my game of the past and was shocked at how much it degraded. I was losing both skill and potency.

For one month I decided to experiment with all components without a focus on results. I needed to re-introduce things I stopped doing and get rid of bad habits I had accumulated after living in a favorable European environment for so long. Here are the changes I made after this month of experimentation:

- I started to unleash more of my inner clown. I would put the extra effort into making a girl laugh and getting her emotions running higher.
- I started to qualify girls more, asking them questions about their accomplishments that hinted at me being highly selective.
- I started to tell longer stories which casually described cool or great things I’ve done

in the past.

- I started to talk more about my work and the passion for truth and knowledge that drives it, though I stopped short of showing them a copy of Poosy Paradise.
- I became much less tolerant of flakey and wishy-washy girls, moving on if they showed hints of disprespect early in the interaction.
- In the case where a same day bang was not possible, I started asking for dates, not numbers, to decrease the time I wasted with bad prospects.
- I was much more aggressive on the first date with sealing the deal (I had for some reason become less urgent with it).
- I started to add phone calls to my normal texting game (I found that girls are more eager to see me when they hear the sound of my voice before planning a date).
- I dabbled in internet game during my day's downtime when I wasn't doing much, making sure of course that it didn't interfere with face-to-face approaches.

I was in the middle of a cold streak during this experimentation: I had been dumped by Anna and then suffered a bad vacation in Turkey. I came back to Odessa without any prospects and a game that was rusty, but if there's one quality that men have, it's being able to work hard and make adjustments. Within a month after my game re-building project, where I spent at least 60 minutes a day on game experimentation, I made love to two Ukrainian girls within a 48 hour period. It wasn't a rock star achievement by any means, but it was a nice way to end the cold streak while fixing my game problems.

If there's anything I learned from this experience, it's that relying on approaches alone to get you a desirable sex life is only a partial solution becomes you will get less excited with the prospect of sex as you get older. At that point, you will need a more potent game that gets you a bang based on less approaches, but such potency can only come from thoughtful experimentation and analysis of what you're doing in addition to seeking out niches that cater to your strengths. When you're 35 years old and unwilling (or unable) to go to the club four times a week, and can't spend two hours a day approaching 10 girls on the street, you'll have to depend more on game ability (brains) instead of raw effort.

It's important to check your game at least once a year for its effectiveness. Is it working as well as in the past? Are you having to put in more effort for the same reward? If not then your game could be atrophying, and the right steps must be taken to increase it back to its former glory. If you work smart enough, you may even surpass your previous results.

Read Next: *How To Diagnose Bad Game*

Top 5 ROK Posts From January 2015

February 6, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

ROK published over 120 articles last month. Here are the top 5:

1. 35 Things Wrong With America

> Pervasive politically correct environment where dissenting thought is labeled sexist, racist, or homophobic. This is usually immediately followed by a witch hunt to end the person's employment.

2. Anything Women Can Do, Men Can Do Better

> I challenge you to name a female scientist besides Rosalind Franklin, Grace Hopper, Jane Goodall, or Marie Curie. Could the other women, living or dead, who made any major invention or scientific discovery in the history of mankind please let themselves be known?

3. Carl Jung Predicted The Catastrophe Of Modern Gender Relations

> We talk about how desperate we are for feminine women; Carl Jung wisely notes that American women are just as desperate for masculine men. It is not enough to conquer your male rivals—you must conquer your woman if you want a good relationship. Take it from the founder of depth-psychology: women enjoy being possessed.

4. Analyzing The 5 Main Alpha Archetypes

> One word describes the Conqueror's purpose in life: victory. This alpha loves the thrill of overcoming challenges no matter what they are. Whether it's hiking the Appalachian Trail, acquiring a shit business and transforming it into a cash cow, or training a Level 3 Schutzhund German Shepherd, if it's a mountain he has to climb it.

5. "Manspreading" Shows The Social Retardation Of Young Women

> Virtually every interaction you will have with a millennial girl will be defined by her fear of your masculinity. "Rape culture," for example, is one of the most destructive effects of millennial social retardation. Because young women are not properly socialized on how to deal with men, they have no idea how to navigate sexual encounters beyond their animal urges.

Here are some additional articles I wrote for ROK:

- The Charlie Hebdo Terrorist Attack Fires Shots At The Liberal Narrative
- Cardinal Raymond Leo Burke Rebukes Feminization Of Catholic Church
- A Practical Solution To End Islamic Terrorism In The West

And here are my new book reviews:

- Are You A Stranger To Yourself?
- How American Democracy Has Changed From The Days Of Tocqueville
- A Book Of Red Pill Wisdom Has Finally Arrived

You can review all articles we published last month on our archives page.

Don't Miss: *Top 35 Most Important Articles On ROK*

How Foreign Women View Western Men For Relationships

February 9, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I hope I have debunked the fantasy that a man can fly into any foreign country and easily find his dream girl within a short amount of time. The reality is that meeting foreign women can be just as laborious as meeting women in your own country, and that's not including the monetary cost of travel. The rewards are far greater, of course, but traveling to an unknown land to develop a sexual and emotional connection with a woman who shares a completely different culture than you is no easy task, and should not be viewed as such.

It doesn't help our cause that foreign women view us as a less worthy long-term partner than a local man. You may be wondering how can that be, with countless stories of mail-order brides and international couples meeting on the internet, but there are several points to consider.

A foreign girl in her prime can get top local guys

There is no need for a hot 21-year-old Russian girl to pursue a long-term relationship with an American man who doesn't speak Russian, doesn't have local connections, and doesn't have any long-term roots instead of dating a high-value Russian man that she can easily get. Even in the poorest countries of the world, the most beautiful women have multiple strong options, and when you get into the 8 and 9 range, you will find it quite challenging to maintain a relationship with her since she has so many high-value local men in her orbit.

Let's do an example. Say that you studied Spanish in high school and later as an adult met a Colombian girl who moved to your city. She speaks no English. She is quite pretty, but not higher than what you can normally get. You begin dating her and appreciate her feminine qualities and exotic nature, but local girls above her beauty range still give you tons of attention, while the emotional connection with the Colombian is stunted because of not being able to communicate properly with her. How long will you date the Colombian for the novelty factor before easing back into your previous routine?

Purely sexual relationships are easy to create but hard to maintain

It's not that difficult to have sex with a foreign girl who happens to be interested in foreign men. If she's never met an American man before, and you approach her with good game, she may put out for you much faster than the local guy. This sexual experience will be very valuable to her, but then the reality of the situation will hit: a relationship with a foreign guy isn't that great. He's isolated from the local scene and probably doesn't have a car or other badges of high value. He doesn't have a local sense

of humor, doesn't share an interest in local movies and music, and doesn't have much going on besides having a job, a fact that is less important since her standard of living is ever increasing.

Even worse, speaking in English all the time is tiring. A girl wants a relaxing or exciting relationship, not one where she has to exert her brain, and if the girl is pretty enough, she can get a guy on your level who not only is from her culture, but speaks the language and has more local "perks" that add weight to the relationship. Therefore it's very rare that relationships in my experience last more than two months with a high-value young girl. She will fuck my brains out for that time and then move on to something more suitable for her needs.

Lower value foreign girls are more willing to pursue relationships

If I'm an 8 out of 10 in a foreign country and date a young girl who is also an 8, the relationship won't last long. She'll get tired or bored and move on to easily date a local guy. But the lower value a girl is (e.g. a 6), the more likely she will try to lock me down. The reason for this is simple: she can not get a local guy in the 8 range, so I am the best she's ever likely to get. The fact that I'm not local is a lower concern than the fact that I'm the highest value she can land based on her lower beauty level.

If you have low or modest standards, establishing a relationship with foreign girls can be quite easy and pleasurable. She will see you as a long-term partner and not get bored after a month or two. She won't stray or give you bullshit. She may even start to increase her English studies to prepare for a lifelong partnership with you. Let that sink in for a second: she's ready to throw her own language and culture under the bus to be with a man who is the highest in value she's been able to get.

Slightly older women have given up on local men

Another potential avenue in your search are women who are 25 and older. If a woman in a place like Eastern Europe or South America is single at this age, she is becoming desperate for a man and wants to secure the highest value she can. Even if she was a 9 in her youth, she will now be accessible to the foreign man for a long-term relationship, simply because she has failed with the local men due to being deficient in some way.

The 8 or 9 who wouldn't want a relationship with you when she was 21 and getting tons of attention from local men will now strongly consider marrying you at 28 when all that attention has dried up and you are her best option (does that strategy sound familiar to you?). Unfortunately for me, I do not enjoy the company of women over 25, so I try to limit my dealings with them, but this would be a target pool to select from especially since they're done fucking around and desperately want to start a family. As long as you don't mind being cock number twenty while having to wait for sex much longer than the sexy Spanish man she met during her last trip to Majorca, she's all yours.

Conclusion

When it comes to my dealings with foreign women, I follow this prescription:

If a girl is high value (young and very beautiful), extract as many instances of sex from her as possible and enjoy the ride.

The reason is because I know I won't be able to hold onto her for more than a couple months before she starts to crave a local guy. If she wants to try to lock me down, she can, and I wouldn't mind a mini-relationship with her, but she has so many options from a respectful local pool that I am satisfied at only having the short-term sexual rewards, especially at my advanced age.

If a girl is merely cute or pretty, I could pursue a relationship knowing that I could definitely fuck better, but possibly not maintain a relationship with better, simply due to the fact that my value as a foreign guy has limitations that aren't an issue in my home country.

In the end, it's important to be realistic. Just like how I've stated that getting foreign women can entail a lot of work, we have to also understand that we won't be able to easily wife up the best of what any country has to offer. I'm not upset at this for two reasons: (1) I'm not willing to put the additional work in raising my local value to keep the highest quality girls, and (2) The quality I'm able to get for medium-term relationships is solid even if it's not the absolute top, and going higher would not bring me a large increase in happiness or satisfaction due to passing the point of diminishing return.

If there's anything I've learned through living abroad for over five years, it's that beautiful women everywhere—even in dirt poor countries—have options. They don't have the immediate need to throw themselves on a sexy Westerner who has a marginal backstory that doesn't include permanent local roots. But thankfully, foreign women are almost always better than American women, so I'm definitely not losing any sleep at the problems that my international pursuits contain.

Read Next: *"You Can't Get Laid In The United States"*

The Denouncer

February 11, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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It took longer than he thought, but Brad finally was approved by the Phoenix police department to purchase a glock 9mm pistol. Excited at being a gun owner, the first thing he did when he brought the weapon home was take selfies holding it in front of his bedroom mirror. It took a few tries to get his pose just right where he appeared imposing but not a potential murderer.

He uploaded the best photo to his Facebook page and added the following caption: “I’d like to see some dirty Mexicans try and take my country.” A large American flag was strategically placed in the background. The photo got several likes from his mostly patriotic friends along with one comment that stated the following: “I think I need to buy a new piece of freedom myself.”

Brad worked in the mail room of a real estate company, in charge of the interoffice mail system. His main duty was hand delivering brown manila envelopes to one of the forty or so offices and cubicles located within two floors of an eight-story office building. It was a simple job that took little brain power for him to do.

The company he worked for was big enough to have doughnut days every Friday but small enough where he was on a first name basis with everyone. The job didn’t exactly pay well, but it was enough for him to afford a small room in the city while maintaining an old truck that his dad gave him for his eighteenth birthday five years prior. The only annoying part was having to wear a collared shirt to cover a small neck tattoo he got done to celebrate graduating from high school.

Besides talking about the occasional sports match with his male co-workers, who he didn’t have much in common with, Brad spent his free time at work trying to chat with girls on POF and Tinder. His gun photo had led to a slight increase in replies and matches, but he wasn’t sure if it was from that or because spring arrived and girls were pining for more action. Either way, he struggled to grab the attention of attractive women and get them on dates in the face of tough competition from all the other men in the city doing the exact same thing as him.

Three weeks after posing for the selfie with his new gun, Brad pulled up into work. He swiped his card at the lobby of the office building but it didn’t make a clink sound like usual, a sign that the turnstile mechanism unlocked. He tried again only to receive the same result. He approached the desk and gave the security guard on duty his card, asking to check if there was some type of mistake. The guard made a call and told him to wait. After six minutes, his boss, a young HR representative, and another guard came into the lobby and escorted him into a meeting room.

“What’s going on?” Brad asked.

“Yesterday afternoon,” his boss said, “we began receiving many emails and phone calls complaining about your behavior outside of the office.”

“What behavior?”

“On Facebook you uploaded a photo of yourself with a gun. While the photo is not inherently offensive, your caption insinuated that you would resort to violence under a certain type of situation.”

“Murderous violence,” the HR girl added while scrolling through her phone.

“You are getting a lot of calls because of that photo? I don’t understand… I only have a few dozen friends on Facebook.”

His boss, whose wife just had his second child, squeezed his lips and thought carefully about how much information to give to Brad. “It appears that your profile was public. It was shared with a reporter for a blog called…”

“The Denouncer,” interjected the HR girl, suggesting her familiarity with the site.

“Yes, The Denouncer. They posted this image yesterday morning alongside the company name and number. So that’s why we are receiving complaints.”

“Well so what? I legally own that gun and I’ve never committed a crime or been arrested in my life. Who cares what people who don’t even live here or use the company say? Let them call.”

“Unfortunately it matters because our reputation will continue to be tarnished online for as long as we employ you. We can’t have that hurting business.”

“And also,” the HR girl said, “other female associates are concerned for their safety. You are creating a tense and potentially unsafe work environment.”

“So what does this all mean?” Brad asked, even though he already knew the answer.

“I have to let you go,” his boss replied. We’re giving you a generous one month severance, but we can’t keep you employed here. We wish you the best of luck.”

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Katie Easterly wasn’t too happy with where her career was going. After graduating from Columbia University with a degree in journalism, she half expected to get an internship at a prestigious newspaper like the New York Times to start changing the world with investigative pieces that would challenge the elite power structure and expose all the injustices that were still happening daily to groups that lacked white male privilege. Instead, she worked for nearly minimum wage at low-budget blogging outfits that all had the identical business model: get page views at any cost. Even mild defamation was encouraged since an “update” could be issued mere hours after an article goes viral but well before the offending party could hire a lawyer.

After working for NYC Fabulous for one year, Katie applied for a position at a new blog called The Denouncer that aimed to take advantage of the growing social justice trend that helped empower women and minorities to confront all the problems in society that were impinging on their pursuit of happiness. This is exactly what Katie wanted—a job that could make a difference in the world instead of simply blogging about boring NYC socialites and hip new cupcake bakeshops. In her job interview with The Denouncer’s founder, a gay man named Ted who was from South Africa and had a fiery Filipino

ladyboy lover, Katie asked what was the overall mission of the new venture.

“To make society better,” Ted replied. “We want to shame, humiliate, and embarrass all the racist, sexist, misogynist, homophobic, transphobic, fatphobic, and cisgender jerks to forever stop all that is offensive. America has no place for such backwards beliefs and thinking.”

“So I would be blogging about these bad characters?”

“Yes, not only them but their employers. We will engage our readers not just with comments, but also activist action in hurting the individuals who try to hurt us.”

“This sounds like a social justice blog.”

“This is social justice on steroids.” Ted spoke with a lisp so the phrase ‘social justice’ was a tongue twister for him. “We won’t be afraid to dox people and go after their bread. My dream is that in a year or two, people will be so scared of us that it will change not only what they say publicly, but also how they think.”

Katie was impressed with Ted’s vision and signed on. She quickly became the star blogger at The Denouncer with a specialty for uncovering racists. By the time she encountered Brad’s gun photo after seven months on the job, she had successfully gotten six racist men fired from their jobs after inciting readers of The Denouncer to take action against them when an offensive photo or status update of theirs was revealed. Not only was she making a difference, but she was getting paid in the form of page view bonuses and an industry innovation called the firing bonus. Whenever Katie got someone fired, she received $500 (this only applied to the firing of men).

Her article on Brad practically wrote itself. After being sent his Facebook photo from an anonymous reader, she darkened it a bit in photoshop to make him appear more sinister. She called him a “racist asshat” and then showed photos of sad Mexican children with dirt on their faces attempting to cross into America for a better life. She also added that Brad is “not what America stands for” and “will probably commit murder if he’s not stopped.” To end her article, she pleaded with her readers to put a stop to men like Brad by contacting his employer and letting them know what they think of his racism and pre-violence.

The calls, tweets, and emails commenced almost immediately. Brad had no chance. Not only did Katie receive a $500 firing bonus, but also a $250 page view bonus since her article on Brad received the most views all week. Proud of her work, and secretly intoxicated by the power her bullhorn yielded, she upgraded her iPhone to the newest model and got an unlimited data plan so she could easily stay on top of the outrages that never seemed to end.

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Brad had trouble finding a new job. A dozen other blogs picked up Katie’s story and now the first page of Google was bombed with accusations that he was a racist and a future murderer. Brad couldn’t even get a job as a waiter because local restaurants were now googling their applicants like the big corporations were. No one wanted to take a chance

on hiring someone that could potentially hurt their business, especially with so many gossip blogs breathing down their neck for the latest controversy.

Brad did some odd construction jobs here and there, ironically working alongside the very Mexicans he didn't care for, but the gigs didn't pay the bills. Six months after being written about in The Denouncer, Brad had to move back in with his parents. His truck broke down but he couldn't afford to fix it. He couldn't even go target shooting with his gun because bullets were too expensive. He considered changing his name but employers would still be able to find his original name after doing a standard background check.

Many other men in Brad's position would start their own company, but Brad was not an entrepreneur. He was a simple man who could execute simple tasks that were told to him and not much more. With one article, Katie effectively ruined his life. He wasn't smart or skilled enough to overcome it.

"Hey Dad, can I borrow $100?" Brad asked his father, his head slightly lowered.

"Borrow or have? You're not working right now."

"I have a friend in New York who said he can line up a job for me, so I just need the bus fare. I'll be able to pay it back."

"Bus fare? It's going to take four days to get there by bus."

"I know, but it's the cheapest option. I'll pay it back, Dad, I promise."

His dad bought the story and gave him the money. Three days later he began his journey to the big city with only a small duffel bag.

—

Brad wasn't quite a country boy but he was nonetheless amazed at the size and noise of New York. He could see how other people would be drawn to it, like mosquitos to warm skin, but it was too much stimulation for him. It didn't seem like a city made for humans, and maybe it was this type of environment that caused a person like Katie Easterly to be so quick to judge him as non-human, worthy of financial violence. Of course he lied to his dad—there was no friend who was setting him up for a job. He was here for revenge.

Brad already knew where The Denouncer office was in SoHo because it was profiled on another site as being the hippest in the city with foosball tables, motorized scooters, and a hot yoga room. He also knew how Katie looked like because of the many photos available on her Twitter and even knew what time she usually left work because of her habit for oversharing the smallest details of her life. On the first day he camped outside of her office, he didn't see her. He started to have doubts that his plan would work and if he could really go through with it.

He spent the night outside, barely able to sleep, and returned back to the office in the afternoon. To draw attention away from his stalking, he pretended to panhandle, making enough money to buy an underwhelming $14 sandwich. Finally, at exactly 5:35pm, Katie walked out of the office. The first thought that struck Brad's mind was how much fatter she was in person than in her carefully managed online photos, but it was definitely

her—he recognized the same strong jaw and broad nose.

He followed her into the subway all the way to the brownstone she lived in Brooklyn. He considered abandoning his plan but then he remembered the nothingness he would go back to in his dad's Phoenix suburb, the complete lack of hope that the next day might be better. He stood across the street from her building, thinking, waiting, and not ten minutes later Katie came out with a little dog. He followed her to a nearby park. She was oblivious to his presence as she listened to music and caught up on text messages and new dating matches.

With one hand in his bag, he walked up to her in the park.

"Why did you ruin my life?" he asked.

Katie frowned and looked him up and down. "Umm, I don't know you."

"No, you do. You posted a picture of me holding a gun and told people to get me fired. Now I can't get a job anywhere. Why did you do that?"

It took Katie a few seconds for her to remember the article. Her attack was abstract, a piece of content for the blog that was seemingly unconnected to real life. "It's just a blog," she replied, annoyed that this man was intruding on her afternoon. She started to feel creeped out, and wondered why his hand was inside a bag.

"YOU RUINED MY LIFE," Brad yelled. People started looking.

"Okay now you're scaring me," Katie said. She yanked on the leash and started walking away while simultaneously making a call on her phone. Brad followed her.

Brad's only fault in life was that he was an average man. He was destined not to greatness, but to having a mediocre job in a mediocre town with mediocre entertainments to fill his time. Getting out of the hole that Katie put him in was too great a task. Someone more capable would have thought of other options beyond what he was about to do, but Brad believed this was the only way to end his pain.

He pulled out his gun from the duffel bag. He ran up to Katie and grabbed her shoulder, spinning her around as she yelled out "Get off of me!" The last thing she saw was a shaking gun pointed at her chest. Her phone fell first onto the pavement, then the leash, and then gravity finally brought her body down to earth. The dog started barking at Brad, whose only thought was how little blood there was. He put the gun to his temple, closed his eyes, inhaled deeply, and squeezed the trigger. The dog went silent, laying next to its master, waiting for her to wake up.

The Denouncer did a series of commemoration articles on Katie, using her murder as evidence that more work must be done against heterosexual white men who hate women and minorities. During the news cycle of the murder-suicide, a policeman in Chicago put out a tweet. He wrote: "If you ruin a man's life, don't be shocked when he tries to ruin yours." The tweet made it to the desk of Jessica Ryan, an up-and-coming intern on The Denouncer's team.

In Katie's honor, someone who she considered a friend, Jessica did an article on the policeman stating how he was blatantly encouraging murder against women. "How can

he serve and protect when it’s soooo obvious he agrees with the actions of Katie’s horribly misogynistic killer?” She got him fired within 81 minutes, a new record. The next day she arrived at work to applause from her co-workers—it was her very first firing bonus.

Previous Story: *The Perfect Time To Live*

Giving Up vs Failure

February 13, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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A lot of you have embarked on certain goals in life, didn't get that goal, and then felt like you failed. I'm here to tell you that you didn't actually fail—you gave up. Failure is when success would have been impossible no matter what else you did. Giving up occurs well before that.

Failure involves genuine tears, punching holes in the wall (or at least wanting to), and a feeling of total defeat that puts you in a real depression. It's when you've tried absolutely every option humanly available to you after untold hours of effort but still could not accomplish what you wanted. It's when you've reached the point where there is nothing else you could do to get one step closer to your goal.

Giving up occurs well before failure, when you quit before all options were exhausted. You're bummed about it, but it doesn't shake your emotions or cause you to lose any sleep. Giving up also involves rationalization, whereby you try to convince yourself that you didn't really want the goal anyway, that it's too much work for apparently too little gain (sour grapes). This is a self-protection mechanism that is useful because most humans would have their core shattered if they truly believed they failed in something.

Most of you reading right now have not failed at anything in life, and this is a problem because you stopped pursuing your goal before it was certain you could not achieve it. You stopped because you were scared of failing. You were fearful of realizing that you are a mere mortal man that can not possibly achieve everything you set out to do. You want to go to sleep at night thinking you're not a loser, but instead you're someone who gave up too soon, didn't reach the limits of your potential, and received less benefits of your one and only existence. Or maybe you're just too lazy. Maybe you bought into the culture of entitlement that says the pleasures of life should come fast by pushing a few buttons on a smartphone. Either way you're not a failure, you're a quitter.

I look at my past "failures" and am upset at myself. They weren't true failures, and that has hurt me more than helped. There were a hundred more things I could have done to keep going, but I took the easy way out. I complained that it was too "hard," that it wasn't worth it, and I instead moved on to something easier that didn't challenge my abilities as much. I went to sleep with still a positive impression of myself because technically I didn't fail, but what good does that do me? How do I know what I'm truly capable of? How do I know where my strengths and weaknesses lie? I don't know, because lately I've been letting my ego win when it encounters just a bit of difficulty that may suggest he's not a winner in life.

True failure is tough to handle. You won't feel good about it, and for the short term you may even feel less of a man, but I promise that you learned nearly as much in that failure than if you had succeeded, and definitely more than if you simply would have given up. This knowledge will help you on your next goal. It surely won't be obvious, but any man that pushes to his absolute limits will be able to handle anything else in life with just a bit

more ease than if he didn’t know where the line was.

For the past couple of years, especially in 2014, I’ve been coasting along, living the easy life. Sure I have my cold streaks and set backs like anyone else, but I haven’t failed because I haven’t given it everything I have. Maybe I need to fail in something—truly fail—and by dumbfounded at my failure. Maybe we all need to fail, to find what we’re made of, to come out that much stronger on the other side.

Read Next: *Mountain Is Nothing*

How To Stop Rape

February 16, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I keep reading in the mainstream media that there is a rape culture in the United States. This issue concerns me since I have a sister who I don't want to be raped, so I carefully examined the articles on Salon, Buzzfeed, and Huffington Post that were written by professional journalists who pursue truth and justice over mass hysteria and delirium.

What I've gathered from the words of these future Pulitzer Prize winners is that women are not getting raped by violent offenders while taking a jog in the park or walking through a dark street—they are getting raped by men they already know, especially at college. I learned that if a man and a woman both drink at a party and have sex, she was in all likelihood raped since she could not give full legal consent. This made me confused because a woman who drinks and has sex is *not* responsible for her actions, but if that same woman gets into a car and drives it into someone else, causing a loss of life, she would be prosecuted and sent to jail. I couldn't find an explanation for this inconsistency.

I also read that men must be taught not to rape, which means that they are all born with the capability to rape and have zero instinct to know that taking a woman with violence is improper. Thankfully, a man only has to be told the phrase "rape is bad" at some point after puberty by an overweight feminist to definitively stop his future brutal and bloody rape career. It's a miracle that more men have not raped their mothers, babysitters, and sisters before being taught in college that rape is actually not a good thing.

I knew from an early age that rape was bad, as was all forms of violence, not just against women but men as well. I also knew that killing, stealing, and having sexual interest in relatives was bad. I don't remember if someone specifically taught me these rules, but I also don't remember being taught that the sun rises and sets once a day, or that I will go splat if I jump off a tall building. I don't know of a single man entering adulthood who thought that rape was good and had to be manually taught it was bad in order to stop him from raping, so when journalists and cultural commentators suggest that the best way to defeat rape culture is to teach men not to rape, I couldn't possibly agree. I saw a different set of problems instead.

I saw women wholly unconcerned with their own safety and the character of men they developed intimate relationships with. I saw women who voluntarily numbed themselves with alcohol and other drugs in social settings before letting the direction of the night's wind determine who they would follow into a private room. I saw women who, once feeling awkward, sad, or guilty for a sexual encounter they didn't fully remember, call upon an authority figure to resolve the problem by locking up her previous night's lover in prison or ejecting him from school.

By attempting to teach men not to rape, what we have actually done is teach women not to care about being raped, not to protect themselves from easily preventable acts, and not to take responsibility for their actions. At the same time, we don't hesitate to blame men for bad things that happen to them (if right now you walked into a dangerous ghetto

and got robbed, you would be called an idiot and no one would say “teach ghetto kids not to steal”). It was obvious to me that the advice of our esteemed establishment writers and critics wasn’t stopping the problem, and since rape was already on the law books with severe penalties, additional laws or flyers posted on dormitory doors won’t stop this rape culture either.

I thought about this problem and am sure I have the solution: **make rape legal if done on private property**. I propose that we make the violent taking of a woman not punishable by law when done off public grounds.

The exception for public rape is aimed at those seedy and deranged men who randomly select their rape victims on alleys and jogging trails, but not as a mechanism to prevent those rapes, since the verdict is still out if punishment stops a committed criminal mind, but to have a way to keep them off the streets. For all other rapes, however, especially if done in a dwelling or on private property, any and all rape that happens should be completely legal.

If rape becomes legal under my proposal, a girl will protect her body in the same manner that she protects her purse and smartphone. If rape becomes legal, a girl will not enter an impaired state of mind where she can’t resist being dragged off to a bedroom with a man who she is unsure of—she’ll scream, yell, or kick at his attempt while bystanders are still around. If rape becomes legal, she will never be unchaperoned with a man she doesn’t want to sleep with. After several months of advertising this law throughout the land, rape would be virtually eliminated on the first day it is applied.

Without daddy government to protect her, a girl would absolutely not enter a private room with a man she doesn’t know or trust unless she is absolutely sure she is ready to sleep with him. Consent is now achieved when she passes underneath the room’s door frame, because she knows that that man can legally do anything he wants to her when it comes to sex. Bad encounters are sure to occur, but these can be learning experiences for the poorly trained woman so she can better identify in the future the type of good man who will treat her like the delicate flower that she believes she is. After only one such sour experience, she will actually want to get fully acquainted with a man for longer than two hours—perhaps even demanding to meet his parents—instead of letting a beer chug prevent her from making the correct decisions to protect her body.

The benefits of eradicating rape laws would extend to honest men who unfortunately now live in fear over imprisonment in the case the girl they had sex with had a blood alcohol level of 0.04 instead of 0.05 or some other arbitrary, untested, and made-up value that may imply consent was not fully achieved. There is no more having to guess the interpretation of a woman’s mixed signals or to artificially amp up her base emotions with clownish banter. Because women will never enter a man’s apartment without accepting that sex will happen, he can escort her to his bedroom and romantically consummate a relationship after it was certain he proved himself to be a good and decent man the woman fully trusted. My proposal eliminates anxiety and unfair persecution for men while empowering women to make adult decisions about their bodies.

It turns out that we don’t need more laws, policies, and university propaganda that treat every man like a criminal and every woman like a mild retardate—we need more common sense that can only come from making rape legal. Such a change will provide a mature jolt to American women who have been babied for too long, who are protected and coddled as if they have no agency or intellect of their own. If a woman is indeed a child then maybe we really need to keep promoting “rape culture” as a way to keep them safe, but if they are actual adults, which is often claimed, then we can start treating them like adults by allowing them to take responsibility for the things that happen to them which are easily preventable with barely a strain of cognitive thought, awareness, and self control.

Let’s make rape legal. Less women will be raped because they won’t voluntarily drug themselves with booze and follow a strange man into a bedroom, and less men will be unfairly jailed for what was anything but a maniacal alley rape. Until then, this devastating rape culture will continue, and women who we treat as children will continue to act like children.

Read Next: *How To Avoid A False Rape Accusation*

Women Are Experts At Wasting Men's Time

February 18, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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When you have a lot going on in your life, you don't waste time on pointless activities. If you're a single guy with plenty of dating options, you won't spend a minute of your day talking to a fat girl. If you're looking to make your first $1 million, you won't go searching the ground for pennies. Women, on the other hand, are not like men. Every day and night, millions of women waste the time of men they aren't attracted to, simply to be entertained and to pass the time.

I was recently the victim of such a woman in a club. She was quite pretty and petite so I approached her with a standard opener. I moved her to a quieter room so I could entertain her like the professional clown that I am. To rule out her being a "shy" girl, I did my jig for a little longer than necessary, but after getting strong red lights to further escalation steps, I had to withdraw.

I spent 30 minutes on a girl who had no sexual interest in me, but who didn't mind having an ultimately meaningless conversation because at that moment I was more exciting than her smartphone or friends. In other words, I was just another TV channel, another app, another web site, another radio station, another dancing cock that made her life slightly more interesting and tolerable than what she is capable of doing herself. She used me to temporarily forget about her boring existence.

When was the last time you used a girl for entertainment? Unless you're Julien Blanc, a broken clown who trolls women to provide cheap laughs for his paying customers, you view women in intimate or purposeful terms. You want from them a specific role that only a female can provide, meaning you plan on either extracting intimacy from her or from one of her friends, and if not then you're a damn fool because there is nothing more a girl not related to you by blood can provide.

Men have their existing forms of entertainment that provide far more value than a conversation with a typical modern woman, but women view us not just sexually but also as a chimp performing sign language, which means that a trillion hours are wasted every year with men trying to start a sexual relationship with a woman who has no intention of doing so, or who is so confused about want she wants that she can change her mind halfway through the seduction with no shame of leaving you in the lurch.

I've done things to minimize this wasted time component, especially when it comes to going on dates, which can be huge time sinks. I analyzed my past successes and compared the behavior of girls I've banged to girls I didn't, but in spite of that, I still manage to waste unacceptable amounts of time on bad prospects. As long as you want to get laid with women, as long as you don't want to have sex with your hand or with a hooker, your time will be wasted, and girls who you think will not do that to you will surely prove themselves to be another poor investment you made.

While it wouldn't hurt for you to understand the profile of a flake, that can only minimize

the problem of wasting time, not eliminate it completely, because with our strong desire for sex, we have to grind it out and spend hours to entertain many women in order to experience 30 minutes of sexual pleasure with one. My advice to you is to not have such a busy lifestyle where you can't occasionally spend a couple hours a day hunting for women. Don't be so tired at the end of the day that you can't do a handful of approaches or go on a long date. This is what's necessary these days for men just to get laid every once in a while.

Read Next: *All Women Burn You The Same In The End*

The Little Coffee Shop In Odessa

February 20, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Here a video that I shot in Odessa last September:

(Click over to the video's YouTube page to read the comments that have already been left.)

I hope that this video doesn't become a "before" artifact if the Ukraine conflict intensifies and spreads to Odessa. The conflict was one contributing reason I decided to leave for Poland, since living in a war-torn country is not fun or conducive to stability, as much as I enjoy Ukrainian women.

Here are two more videos I shot late last summer in Odessa:

I may be motivated to shoot more videos like the ones above when the weather warms up.

Visit my Youtube channel and hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

Previous Video: *Why Men Shouldn't Use Shampoo*

She Dropped A Nuclear Bomb On My Boner

February 23, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Not long ago I wrote about how European women older than 25 do or say strange things which demolish my sexual attraction:

> I've had older Polish women say amazingly retarded things to me that just kill my sex drive for them. They also have emotional displays that fall on the far extremes (emotionally cold like an iceberg or completely unstable like a child). It can get to the point where you hope that they don't speak because what they do say will make you less eager to have sex with them.

Not learning my lesson, I got into an interaction with a 27-year-old Polish girl. At the time, I felt this decision was justified for four reasons:

- She was putting out signs that she wanted quick sex
- Her body was near perfect though her face was average at best
- She was at the bar without any cockblocking friends
- She just broke up with her boyfriend and was looking for a sexual rebound

Even better, she didn't require clown game, so I let the silences fly while she worked to re-initiate conversation. This seemed to me a good prospect for a sexual adventure, in spite of her advanced age.

After 90 minutes of conversation at the bar, I relocated her to another venue down the street. She was now away from her friends and there was intimate touching, giving rise to a firm boner that hadn't seen orgasm in four days. I set up the invite to my apartment for later and she didn't object. The bang was in the bag.

Before I tell you what she said to destroy my boner, I must state that I never ask for a girl's sexual history. Unless she's a virgin, there is no answer she will give that increases my attraction for her, but this girl, for reasons unknown, started offering that history up to me unprompted, first by mentioning her long-time Italian boyfriend. My boner wasn't disrupted by that, but then she said the following:

"I like trying new things. I fucked a lesbian before, and I also fucked a gay guy."

Back in university I took a course on mammalian physiology, and there I learned a host of biological processes that can instantaneously change functions like heart rate and muscle response. To put your body in fight-or-flight response, for example, takes a cascade of incredibly complex enzymes and molecules that work through long pathways to achieve a physical response in less than a second. I mention this because blood seemed to shut off from my boner within that time. All attraction I had for this girl was vaporized into ash, without a single conscious thought on my part.

I'm more aware than I'd like to be about the gay lifestyle, the hyper promiscuity of which would make accomplished heterosexual players look like minor league rejects, so I

couldn’t help imagine a man who regularly gets ass-fucked or who performs the assfucking having sex with a girl that I was about to have sex with. It was an unacceptable visual.

“Don’t worry, we used protection,” she said, noticing the disturbance in my face. But her words didn’t matter. There was no way I could have sex with a girl who sought empowerment by fucking a fag and then bragging about it to a guy she just met not even three hours before, a guy who in spite of his own risky sexual behavior, would not consciously enter an obvious high-risk situation when condom use and effectiveness is not 100%, especially with diseases like HPV, molluscum, and lice.

“I wish you didn’t tell me that,” I said, realizing that it was all over. I couldn’t even look her in the face.

“Oh come on, you’re American—you’re supposed to be open-minded!” She appeared stunned that relaying her degenerate sexual experience could have ruined the night.

“I hate America,” I replied. Then I excused myself in a manner much more polite than girls before her who have lost attraction for me.

I wanted to understand why. Why do women, who according to Cosmopolitan magazine are supposedly better communicators than men, so skilled at anti-seductive and anti-boner behavior as they get older?

The behavior of a woman will be a reflection of her beliefs and her most recent influences. When I date a 21-year-old, her strongest influence in life will be her parents and her friends. Her parents teach her moral values (hopefully) and her friends teach her basic socialization, but after she graduates from college and starts dating professionally, the distance to her family increases while her social circle decreases in size. What predominately shapes her mind at this point becomes her purely sexual interactions with horny men.

Since most men are beta males and are desperate for sex, she receives positive attention from them even if she launches a barrage of anti-boner missiles. As long as she remains physically attractive, it doesn’t matter what she tells a man because he will still reward her with attention and try to get her in bed. This must be the main reason why older women exhibit anti-boner qualities: they were never punished or reprimanded for doing so. They actually believe that men like them for their personalities, of saying they got fucked by a homosexual, and so we have cumulative degradation as a woman ages because men never told her that she’s actually an idiot, that her jokes aren’t funny, and that her shit is all retarded. I was the victim of a woman whose socialization was worse than in her youth because 100 horny men wanted to fuck her at any cost.

Men do not have the social immunity that women have. If we say one bad joke, we’re called out on it, and therefore have to improve our game routine for the next girl. We must increasingly rely on factors beside our appearance to attract women as we get older, such as personality, style, charm, money, status, and wit, all of which are judged in real time by women who have no problem instantly walking away from a man who says or does things that turn them off. But men are more likely to stay when a girl does

something stupid because their desperation is far higher, and so you have older women who are able to actually refine, practice, and *perfect* their anti-boner statements and routines, never learning that it decreases attraction.

Imagine if I was notch hunting when I met this girl, or if she possessed a flag I wanted, or if I was desperate. I would have gone through with the bang and then felt poorly about myself afterwards, that I sold out for a brief moment of ego gratification or bodily weakness to go against my principles and fuck a girl who willingly put her health in danger for empowerment and experimentation. Maybe I've finally beginning to liberate myself from the clutches of pussy. Maybe I don't need it like I did in the past because I know mediocre pussy will not add to my life like before when I had little sexual experience.

If you are content with your past sexual victories, you are sure to be disappointed if you lower yourself tomorrow by pursuing an inferior woman for only short sexual gain. I don't care much about all the time I may waste with women, but I do fear losing something much larger that prevents me from properly bonding with them in the future. And so I wonder if now I must focus on meeting a decent girl who has the ability to respect both me and my boner, for more than just a night.

Read Next: *My Boner Is My Master*

Are There Differences In Race?

February 25, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Every few months there is some eruption of race in the manosphere where I'm accused of "censoring the truth" about race differences and how I've taken the red pill on everything but race. On the flip side are concerns from those who are troubled that white nationalists are leaking into the community, especially from the human biodiversity and neoreaction spheres.

I personally believe that race differences exist. Varying evolutionary pressures in different environments created the world's races, leading to genetic differences in personality, physiology, and thinking that can't be entirely attributed to environmental upbringing. These differences give each race their own profile of strengths and weaknesses that make them compatible and incompatible with certain behaviors and features of society. For example, I believe Arabs, due to their kinship model of organization, are mostly incompatible with democracy, which focuses on individual rights and freedoms.

Beyond considering the scientific basis for some race generalizations, "race realism" stops for me. Race concerns me very little in the lifestyle that I believe is optimal for the individual man when it comes to improving his love life, well being, and overall happiness. The advice I teach is race blind, and this is shown by the diverse grouping of men from around the world who has been helped by it. While there are some biological differences that may give certain races an edge with a game program, such as allowing a black man to gain muscle mass faster than an Asian man, individual self-improvement minimizes race differences that can be more easily noticed on a societal scale when comparing large populations.

Unless you're a policy wonk concerned with immigration, a university official in charge of an affirmative action program, or a politician who creates actual policy, race realism provides a marginal utility in your life. The main benefit comes with dating women, by finding a race of woman who is most receptive, attractive, and compatible to your game, personality, and appearance, of which race is but one component. Besides that, I can't think of how my life has been benefited by knowing about human race differences, especially since I don't aim for a political career. Benefits from studying race realism may apply to groups who subscribe to ingroup nationalism, but not to a body of work built on a foundation of game and male achievement.

Ingrouping is a powerful draw for many people. The easiest way to feel a sense of belonging is to find others who have the same skin color as you. I believe these ingroups have a right to form and further their own interests. The only problem with such nationalism is that the end game is subjugation or genocide of races deemed to be inferior. Race realism by white people leads to the idea that whites are the superior race and all other races are inferior (white nationalism). When this type of group ascends to power on a national level in a multi-racial society, they will naturally promote white interests while oppressing or persecuting "inferior" races. When a more extreme element

eventually takes hold, subjugation and genocide become the logical conclusion in preserving and strengthening the race that has been deemed biologically superior.

It's for this reason that intellectual Jews after World War 2 pushed the idea that race differences don't exist: they wanted to prevent another Holocaust while strengthening their ingroup. If discussion of race differences are allowed, anti-Semitism tends to bloom and Jews get blamed for societal ills, leading to their persecution. There is a component of self-preservation in not allowing race realism if you're a minority group, but it is not the truth.

That leads to a difficult realization: should taking the red pill lead to your own marginalization? If you are a black man, and are convinced by HBD that blacks are inferior because of IQ studies, where does that leave you? That leaves you in the exact same position as men in the manosphere who believe that "men are disposable," a toxic notion I recently dispelled. A black man can accept that there are strengths and weaknesses of his race compared to others, but that should be the limit of how far he goes once understanding that the individual is not the group and that nature *and* nurture make the man, not genetics alone. If taking the red pill means emasculation, self-shame, and writing off on the potential subjugation of his race, then he shouldn't take it. The truth should hurt, but it shouldn't lead to your own destruction, and those who disagree with me are coincidentally a member of the race that they deem to be the most superior while pushing the false notion that genetics is 100% of personal destiny.

The general pattern I see with nationalists of any race is that they have foregone self improvement and hard work in favor of playing the societal victim. Some whites in America today are angry that their race has lost influence and relative population, and while I agree that the notion of "white privilege" is deeply flawed (along with "male privilege") and that open-door immigration hurts society, I strongly suspect that active participation in white nationalist circles is a cover for feelings of personal inferiority.

If your life is not what you hoped for, and you are unwilling to put in the effort to make it better, patting yourself on the back that you're part of a master race is a comforting notion that channels your frustration in life against outgroups. We even see this with guys in the manosphere pushing the "males are superior" notion. I believe males are superior in most ways over women, but I don't use that as an excuse for my own failings, to sit alone in my apartment with no women with dreams of controlling, hurting, or subjugating them. While believing in the superiority in men may validate a few of my real-world observations, it does nothing when I'm actually trying to get benefits out of that world, and so therefore it is not a large component of my thinking. For a white nationalist, race is the end-all-be-all explanation for nearly everything he observes involving human existence. He is the mirror opposite of the blank slatist, when the correct answer is somewhere in the middle between the two extremes of genetics and environment.

So yes, there are race differences that range from trivial to significant, and those differences can affect societies, but besides using my knowledge of race differences to select a race of woman that I'm most compatible with, race should not be used as a pillar,

foundation, or main component of your belief system, because it will have little effect in improving your day-to-day *individual* existence. Besides identifying basic race differences that can aid men with their dating lives, I'll leave the race rabbit hole to white men. In the meantime, I'll continue offering advice and information that can aid men of all races.

Read Next: *Cultural Collapse Theory*

The Truth Behind “Rape Culture” Hysteria

February 27, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Here a video that I shot in response to my “legalize rape” proposal:

(Click over to the video’s YouTube page to read the comments that have already been left.)

In the past week I was also interviewed by men’s rights site A Voice For Men. Click to read part 1 and part 2. They treated me fairly and gave me ample space to share my views, but I am disappointed that many commenters think having a healthy sex life is “gynocentric.” I can’t figure out why some in the manopshere have great disdain against men who want to have more than one sexual partner a year. I guess they won’t be embracing game anytime soon.

Visit my Youtube channel and hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

Previous Video: *The Little Coffee Shop In Odessa*

You Are Most Certainly Deficient In Vitamin D

March 2, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In the past two decades there has been a crusade by the skin care industrial complex to make you afraid of the sun, not unlike how modern woman are taught to be afraid of heterosexual men. This shaming movement has made us averse to receiving sunlight that is so critical for optimal health.

The problem in your awareness of vitamin D starts with the name: it's not just a vitamin but a hormone that is synthesized and activated in multiple locations within your body. Science still has not been able to declare a firm verdict on vitamin D's many effects and functions, meaning you won't find consistent guidelines of exactly how much of it you need per day, either via supplementation or through the sun. That leaves many of us in the dark about what the consequences are when we don't get enough.

Here are health claims that European, Canadian, and American governments allow on vitamin D supplement labels:

- normal function of the immune system
- normal inflammatory response
- normal muscle function
- reduced risk of falling in people over age 60
- may reduce the risk of osteoporosis

New research has revealed additional benefits on your mind:

> Every tissue in the body has vitamin D receptors, including the brain, heart, muscles, and immune system, which means vitamin D is needed at every level for the body to function.
>
> [...]
>
> Seasonal Affective Disorder (SAD), a mood disorder featuring depressive symptoms, occurs during the dark times of the year when there is relatively little sunshine, coinciding with the sudden drop in vitamin D levels in the body. Several studies have suggested that the symptoms of SAD may be due to changing levels of vitamin D3 (link is external), which may affect serotonin levels in the brain (link is external).

If you experience the winter blues like I do in Europe where I get not one strong ray of light for months at a time, it's probably from a deficiency of vitamin D, especially if you're not drinking over eight cups of milk a day:

> Fortified foods provide most of the vitamin D in the American diet. For example, almost all of the U.S. milk supply is voluntarily fortified with 100 IU/cup. (In Canada, milk is fortified by law with 35–40 IU/100 mL, as is margarine at =530 IU/100 g.) In the 1930s, a milk fortification program was implemented in the

> United States to combat rickets, then a major public health problem. Other dairy products made from milk, such as cheese and ice cream, are generally not fortified. Ready-to-eat breakfast cereals often contain added vitamin D, as do some brands of orange juice, yogurt, margarine and other food products.

Here's an informative lecture at the University Of California that explains vitamin D's importance and how much sunlight you actually need:

I started supplementing with 2000 IU's in December of 2014 to combat my low mood and general lethargy. Within four days, my mood improved and I gained more pep in my step. Over two months later my mood continues to be normal (I'm not jumping off the walls but I have the state that I normally experience in summer). I also have not contracted a cold this winter season when the previous winter I was sick more than three times.

Vitamin D deficiency is serious yet few people understand it even exists:

> Studies have shown that if you improve your vitamin D status, it reduces risk of colorectal cancer, prostate cancer, and a whole host of other deadly cancers by 30 to 50 percent.
>
> […]
>
> One of Dr. Holick's studies showed that healthy volunteers taking 2,000 IUs of vitamin D per day for a few months up-regulated 291 different genes that control up to 80 different metabolic processes, from improving DNA repair to having effect on autoxidation (oxidation that occurs in the presence of oxygen and/or UV radiation, which has implications for aging and cancer, for example), boosting your immune system and many other biological processes.
>
> […]
>
> Vitamin D is a fat-soluble, hormone-like vitamin, which means body fat acts as a "sink" by collecting it. If you're overweight or obese, you're therefore likely going to need more vitamin D than a slimmer person — **and the same holds true for people with higher body weights due to muscle mass.**

I advised my sister to supplement with vitamin D (she's on 2000 IU's a day), and she reported a better mood within a week. If you only supplement with one vitamin, I'm convinced that D is the best choice.

I plan on reducing my dosage to 1000 IU's a day in the summer as an insurance policy while making stronger efforts to get at 15 minutes of direct sunlight per day beyond just my face and forearms. While I'm not too big on taking supplements or drugs to prevent health problems I may suffer from decades into the future, I see the value that vitamin D has by making the everyday quality of my life better, especially during the winter months.

Read Next: *How Baking Soda Changed My Life*

Neomasculinity

March 4, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

For many years, the term “red pill” has been used to describe the views possessed by a large number of men in the manosphere, but I believe it has outlived its usefulness because it’s too broad, vague, and hokey, especially since it is used in other niches like conspiracy groups and Zero Hedge. I would like to propose the term **neomasculinity** to precisely describe the developing ideology that has been refined here, on Return Of Kings, and on RVF from a primarily game foundation dating back 15 years with additional influence from non-game disciplines.

Neomasculinity is…

- Game
- Traditional sex roles
- Self-improvement
- Understanding the true nature of women
- Patriarchy
- Weightlifting/fitness
- Individual responsibility
- Equal legal rights, free speech, due process
- Testosterone
- Entrepreneurship
- Hard work ethic
- Red pill truths
- Sexual marketplace value
- Male-only spaces
- Hedonistic moderation
- Nuclear family
- Binary sex model
- Natural health and hygiene (baking soda, apple cider vinegar, etc)
- Male virtue
- Anti-socialism
- Technological skepticism
- Feminine beauty ideals
- Deeper life meaning and/or spirituality
- Lifestyle optimization

To be neomasculine would be to believe or advocate for more than half of the above list. We are now in large enough numbers that giving a term to our existing belief structure is the logical next step before developing it even further for the goal of using it to defeat the existing cultural narrative. If this takes hold, a neofeminine offshoot would be inevitable, comprising of women who have also been failed or neglected by the push to

equality. I predict in the next two years we'll see an acceleration in how readily ideas from our sphere are accepted.

Read Next: *7 Reasons Why American Culture Is The Most Degenerate In The World*

Top 5 ROK Posts From February 2015

March 6, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

ROK published over 100 articles last month. Here are the top five from February:

1. 20 Signs That We're Not Living In A Patriarchy

> According to the Bureau of Justice, there are more than ten times the number of men in prison than women, many of them jailed for drug possession and other nonviolent offenses. So many men are imprisoned in the U.S. that the "land of the free" now has the largest prison population in the world, larger than communist China (a country with four times our population) and other repressive dictatorships.

2. If There's A Mess On Her Floor, Then She's Probably A Whore

> Women who maintain disorderly residences generally maintain disorderly lives across the board: they're slobs at home, they're slobs with their finances, and they're slobs with their vaginas. I've heard some people say that the more neat and fastidious women are the really slutty ones—it's complete bullshit. I suspect this little theory was cooked up by ugly women who are too lazy to clean their fucking houses.

3. 11 Signs You're Being A Wuss

> Wusses love excuses. They have them for every occasion. Just ask any fucking wuss you know, and he'll rattle off a whole laundry list of why he can't go to the gym, why he can't get laid, why he can't travel, why he can't get his business off the ground, why he can't learn his favorite foreign language. And you know what? It doesn't add up to dry shit. Because the problem is him: he's a fucking wuss.

4. DePaul University Has Been Ruined By Cultural Marxism

> DePaul University is renowned for having one of the strongest if not the strongest LGBTQ community of any university in the United States of America. Now, not that I personally have anything against gay people, but the power of the groups at a PRIVATE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY has gotten completely out of control.

5. 12 Signs She's Not Who You Think She Is

> "She's educated" probably means she went to a typical four year college and got a useless degree which she likely earned by cheating or fucking (or both) her way to a passing grade. She did, however, pass Sex Ed 101 with flying colors, which was taught nightly at the Alpha Chi Alpha house (classes at the Beta Phi Omega house were cancelled due to continuous false rape claims).

Another article you should check out is my interview with porn star Mercedes Carrera. You can also view the entire archives.

Don’t Miss:*Top 5 ROK Posts From January 2015*

There Will Always Be A Problem In Your Life

March 9, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Every stage of your life, no matter how high up the ladder you climb, will have a problem. By solving one problem you will introduce another, and while subsequent problems can be smaller in severity, there will never be a point in your life when you are free of problems or completely satisfied with everything in your environment.

When I was around 25 years old, a time I was experiencing growing success with the game, I had four problems that bothered me:

- I didn't like the city I was living in
- I didn't have enough free time because I had to spend at least 40 hours a week in a job I didn't care for
- I didn't have as much disposable income as I wanted
- I didn't feel attached or deeply interested to the girls I was having sex with

I solved each of these problems over the next few years by quitting my job, selling my writing to achieve a stable income, and traveling to many countries with beautiful and feminine women. I currently have free time to pursue my interests with more disposable income than I need in a city that is better than my hometown in terms of lifestyle and women. But now I have new problems I didn't have before:

- I don't have friends in my new city, leading to feelings of social isolation
- I don't have urgent money and girl goals that motivate me, causing me to lack the direction and drive I had before
- I see women more as a form of entertainment and distraction instead of significantly adding to my life

I know I'm happier now because I would rather live as I am than revert to the life I had at 25, but the difference is quite marginal. The downsides of my current life do weigh on me nearly as much as the previous problems I had, meaning that I'm still preoccupied with issues that I believe is harming my overall quality of life.

If I were to solve my problems today, a new set would undoubtedly emerge. Perhaps I'd have less free time, have to deal with more social circle or girl drama, or feel pressured and stressed by more serious relationships that force me to make larger commitments. Or maybe something spontaneous like a health problem will pop up at the time I was on the verge of "solving" everything.

Even rich and famous people have problems that they didn't anticipate before they were successful. In John D. Rockefeller's biography, he lamented the fact that every man who seemed interested in him would hit him up for money on the 18th hole of a leisurely game of golf. People who dreamed of fame and then got it become paranoid about the intentions of others and come to believe that their friends wouldn't be around had it not

been for their star status. Even if you don't achieve fame, but become wealthy, you may start wondering if your new mini-girlfriend is a goldigger. Every goal you accomplish introduces a cost or burden, and because of that, your overall satisfaction with life will advance more in baby steps than in great leaps, or it may not advance at all.

Of course I'm not giving an excuse for you not to achieve or work hard towards your goals, but we must be realistic on how our day-to-day happiness will change. The sometimes heavy costs of achieving great things tends to balance the problems we set out to solve in the first place, and changing your living environment and lifestyle as I have will introduce new negatives you couldn't have thought of before.

The buzz of achieving your goals is great indeed, but once the dust settles, it'll feel less like you're entering paradise than experiencing a more modest improvement that affects you only slightly. I most definitely prefer my life here in Eastern Europe, but I can't say I'm twice as happy as before. With the negatives that come from uprooting myself and moving to a foreign land, perhaps I'm only 15% happier. While that is significant enough for me to feel, it's not the day and night difference I thought it would be.

Read Next: *All Experience Is Equal*

She Said She Wanted A Serious Relationship

March 11, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I poked her with my erection as the sun rose but she didn't reciprocate, so I was even hornier than the night before when she gave me two orgasms. I could have released the horniness later with a tug session, but there's no glory in that. I'd have to go out again and hunt for a new girl.

I kept a light work schedule, skipped my usual cafe visit, and took a long two-hour nap, but I still felt groggy. My body used to have an easier time handling the hunt. Not long ago I could go out three or four nights in a row with only a small degradation in my energy, but now even two nights in a row is a challenge. The last thing I wanted to do was flirt with girls, but the pressure in my ball sack could not be ignored. It demanded action that didn't involve my right hand.

I started in a bar that was having karaoke night. It was almost 11pm and I hadn't talked to anyone for most of the day. I didn't want to think of the huge hurdle in front of me, of not only warming up to be social, but finding an attractive girl and then seducing her within a matter of hours to end the process with a successful instance of fornication.

There was a trio of girls near me. The bar had no dance floor or loud music to create a natural separation between groups, meaning patrons tended to have deeper conversations. I approached the three with a warm up: "Do you know if there's another good bar around here?"

The girl I liked responded, but she had one eye on me and one eye on her friends, just like I expected. After two minutes of chatter, she showed not more than minimal interest. I ejected. The bar would be decent if I had at least one other wingman, but rolling solo in this type of environment was not optimal. I left for the club.

The previous night I fucked a girl whose face was pretty cute but whose body was average. It's usually the opposite in Poland. I try not to bang sequential girls with the same flaw, so I found a girl with a fit frame. She told me she was 19 year old and had a boyfriend. I've been burned many times pursuing girls with boyfriends, but such a large percentage of girls have them that it's worth trying to crack it every now and then. I tried a new routine to destroy the boyfriend:

"I'm actually glad you have a boyfriend. Every girl should have one to satisfy her emotional needs. He should talk to her every day, help her with her problems, make her feel better about life, and give her compliments. I don't know how to do those things, so if a girl has a boyfriend, that makes it easier for me. I can give her excitement and adventure."

It wasn't a horrible first attempt, but it seemed too obvious and blatant. I needed to sell my offering through a story instead, maybe how one of the best relationships I had was with a girl who already had her emotional needs attended to by a beta. The girl responded neutrally, and we did talk for a while longer, but eventually she left for the

dance floor with her friends.

Not long after, a tall girl came within my view. Her body checked out so I said, “I’m taller than you.” She frowned and replied, “Yeah, so?”

“I bet you came to the club thinking you’d be the tallest, but… you’re not.”

She smiled and then I noticed her shorter friend, a blonde with a cute face but chubby body. I sensed the blonde liked me. Without any respect for the tall friend I approached first, she weaseled her way into the conversation and initiated touching on my hairy arm.

To the blonde’s credit, she was much more interesting and lively than her beanpole friend. Though the blonde’s body was subpar, with a similar flaw to the girl from the night before, my boner awakened and approved of the meat cut that was before it.

All ego aside, I’d say my overall value in Poland is an 8 out of 10. The two points I’m missing stem from not speaking Polish and not having any local status that would come from professional or social connections. The blonde girl was a 6. When I go two points underneath my value, I know that not only will it be easy, but she will go out of her way to provide me with sensual pleasures that girls in the 8 and above range often don’t bother to do.

The blonde invited me to the dance floor where she quickly assumed the position of her ass on my crotch. Her skirt had an outer shell resembling a disco ball, with thousands of plastic squares covering it, so I couldn’t properly feel the consistency of her ass. I got a boner nonetheless and stood motionless making prolonged eye contact with other men and women while she furiously grinded on my crotch.

We made out not long after that and she put extra attention into kissing my neck, a dying behavior in the loveless world of casual hookups. With the grind and the kissing and the lewd touching, she was giving me way more sexual pleasure than the last beautiful girl I was with, who assumed my crotch came with an electronic pump mechanism that yielded a boner from her plain gaze alone.

We found her friend moping at the bar. I suggested we change the venue, hoping that I could isolate the blonde to my apartment. This, unfortunately, did not go according to plan. At the next bar, I had to entertain both at the same time, decreasing the sexual connection between me and the blonde. I also learned that they were roommates and came out with only one key. The blonde lost her key or some other such nonsense and couldn’t separate from her friend.

“How exactly do you not have your own key?” I asked, frustrated.

“Because we live together! There’s no point in having two keys.”

Pulling the blonde aside, I offered her my solution. “How about this: we all take a taxi to your apartment, you get the key, and then we come back to the center and have another drink or two. You’re not tired, right?”

“No, not really.”

“Perfect then, because it doesn’t look like your friend wants to stay out longer, anyway.”

The plan was accepted. We found a taxi and took the ten minute ride to their apartment. I

waited in the cab and told the taxi driver in Russian to wait for the blond to return (older Polish people still remember Russian from the days of communism).

“I think there’s a 50% chance the blonde will return,” I mused out loud.

“Really?” the taxi driver replied. “I think there’s a 0% chance, absolutely none.”

That tested my confidence in the girl’s attraction for me, and after six minutes passed with no sign of the girl, I started to consider that he might be right.

And then the blonde came back.

“So I have some bad news,” she said. “My roommate won’t give me the key and she has to leave at 6am to the train station.”

“That’s fine, we’ll be back before then. You can knock on the door.”

“No I don’t think we’ll be back before then.”

“Why not? We’re just going for a drink to talk some more.” I did not want to reveal my one-night stand intent.

“Why don’t you just get my number?” she asked. “I’ll be free on Monday and we can hang out then.”

“Number? But I’m free to hang out right now. I don’t know if I’ll be alive by Monday.”

“Just take my number.”

“No, I don’t want your number right now. Come join me for a drink first. It’s not late and I’ll get you home soon.”

She thought about it for a few seconds, but I knew my fate was already sealed.

“You’re being stubborn,” she said, upset. “So you’re not going to get my number then?”

I shook my head no. She stared at me and I broke the silence by telling her to have a good night. She rolled her eyes and turned away, perhaps in disbelief that a sure thing would go nowhere. Not the first time for her, I’m sure.

I instructed the taxi driver to take me back to the club. Perhaps he was satisfied for being right, but I didn’t ask. The round trip fare was more expensive than I thought at $23. I didn’t have anything to show for it except lost time, but I wasn’t ready to give up. At least I was warmed up and my boner was both eager and ready for sex.

The first thing I did back in the club was use the bathroom. It’s then that I noticed a red spot on my penis in the area that came into contact with her disco ball dress. My cock was injured. Penis tissue doesn’t like being roughly rubbed on hard plastic for a prolonged period of time. This injury was most disastrous since a healthy boner is required for sexual intercourse, but since it was only red and not bleeding, I felt I could still perform sexually.

I approached a girl at the bar who gave me the boyfriend line. I copy-pasted my boyfriend destroyer but all it did was destroy the conversation because she walked off. I went to the bar, ordered a drink, took a few deep breaths, and approached another girl beside me.

She had dark features with bodacious breasts and ass. She introduced herself as Beata,

something like the Polish version of Betty, and said she was 19. Her English was weak but the approach hooked and we talked for a few minutes while her friend waited at a table, appearing agitated. I mentally made a note that the friend might cockblock me. “So why are you in this club?” I asked.

“Just to dance with my friend. She’s never been here before.”

“You’re not trying to meet the man of your dreams?” I joked.

She laughed. “No! I’m looking for a serious relationship that has a future to it. I’m not looking to meet a man in a club.”

When I was in Ukraine, it was generally safe to take a girl’s word for it when it came to her saying what she wanted. Most girls there genuinely wanted a relationship, so it was smart to minimize obvious player vibes, at least initially. But in Poland I got burned two weeks before by a girl who told me she wanted a relationship and then lost interest when I mirrored her sentiments. And then after that I had a case in a club with a girl who said she wanted to only “have fun” but got immediately turned off when I went full creep mode. I could no longer take a Polish girl’s word at face value.

My strategy with Beata was to ignore what she said and run the game that I think every girl in the club wanted: a smooth, aloof, sexy man who doesn’t make her feel like a slut. I’d escalate at a reasonable pace without showing any indication that I wanted something serious while also not being too sleazy.

Remembering how dancing opened up the blonde from earlier, I grabbed Beata’s hand and took her to the dance floor. I put my injured cock in the opposite direction to prevent greater trauma to the skin. She grinded me at such a professional level that I started to wonder if she had lived in America before (she hadn’t). Since Beata’s beauty was definitely high—much higher than the blonde—she made no bonus effort to please me with passionate kisses or intimate gestures. My wounded boner didn’t care—it was ready to go.

Now that attraction with Beata was mostly established, I’d have to win over her friend. We went back to her table and I asked her some boring personal questions. She eventually declared that she loved American culture and was excited to meet me. I lowered the threat level on the cockblock.

Though she wasn’t as pretty as Beata, we did connect better. Then I found out she was only visiting town for a couple days and staying in Beata’s apartment. The choice of who to pursue was easy, and it helped that Beata was as intoxicated as me while her friend was essentially sober, but the revelation that the friend was staying with Beata did force me to pause and think of what to do next.

TO BE CONCLUDED

She Said She Wanted A Serious Relationship (Part 2 of 2)

March 12, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

PREVIOUSLY: Part 1

The girls openly talked about leaving the club and going somewhere else. I said, “How about we all go to my place for a drink or a cup of tea?”

“Where do you live?” Beata asked.

“Down the street, about three minutes away.” It was more like six minutes but I doubted they’d time it. When rolling solo, logistics is my wingman.

“Wow that’s close! Yeah let’s go to your place.”

The hard part was corralling them because drunk guys kept putting in their attempt as we made our way to the coat check and then out the door. I didn’t want to be too pushy and seem needy but I didn’t want to give horny drunk guys free reign to spit their game. It didn’t help that Beata stopped to have a conversation with not one but two of the bouncers. I wondered if she was a slut or club whore, but I knew I’d find out soon enough.

Once out on the street, I had to deal with one last guy who wouldn’t leave us alone. I asked him where he lived, and when he pointed in the opposite direction, I stuck out my hand and wished him a good night. He walked away. I didn’t consider incorporating him into the plan—there was absolutely no way I’d let a strange drunk man, whose wingman credentials have not at all been proven, enter my apartment. I’d succeed or fail alone.

While walking home with the two girls, I imagined that four possibilities were in store for me: I’d bang both (10% chance), I’d bang Beata (50% chance), I’d bang the friend (15% chance), or I’d bang neither (25% chance). Only one of those outcomes were unfavorable, and I decided to do everything I could to fuck, even if it meant staying up all night to entertain the girls and using all manner of psychological manipulation and trickery.

Once in my apartment, Beata asked to take a shower to wash the beer that was spilled earlier on her hair. I gave her a change of clothes and directed her to the shower.

When I moved into my apartment, there was no shower curtain or way to install one, so I had to make a custom frame using PVC pipe I bought from the hardware store. It worked to keep water out but was quite unstable, so I wasn’t surprised to hear a crash and thud a few minutes into her shower. Her friend went to investigate and for the next ten minutes all I could hear was laughter and shrieking. I later learned that the friend gave Beata a bath and helped her dress afterwards, as if she was her mother. I was deeply touched by the friend’s nurturing side, but my boner didn’t appreciate it.

When Beata came out in my t-shirt and boxers, I looked into the bathroom to find it demolished. Water was everywhere, random bathroom accessories were thrown about, and the shower curtain was splayed across the floor with piping laying in many directions. Beata apologized profusely for the mess and I told her not to worry about it while I

mopped up the floor and repaired the pipes. As long as neither girl vomited, I was ready to tolerate further destruction. I also noticed that Beata had somehow managed to break my comb in half. I held the two pieces in my hand and asked, “Were you hungry?” The girls laughed. I ensured the mood always stayed light.

The friend was next to take a shower. While she was in the bathroom, I sat Beata on the ledge of my window and stood in front of her, holding her legs up. There was no resistance when going for the kiss and she apologized for breaking my comb. You wouldn’t have been able to know that my cock was injured by the full power it was displaying in desire for this 19-year-old beauty. Would the friend let me bang Beata or would this be a frustrating night of not being sexually satisfied in spite of having two pretty girls in my pad? I was now so backed up from the lack of morning sex and the double grind session that I would have stuck my dick in a hole in the wall without knowing who or what was on the other side if it meant some type of spermal release.

The friend came out and Beata went back to the bathroom to moisturize. “I’m glad you don’t live in the city,” I told the friend, “because both of you are nice and pretty. It would have been impossible to make a decision on which one of you I like most.”

She smiled. I could tell she felt validated by my statement, as if thinking, “I’m just as desirable as my friend!” My goal was to reduce her jealousy and it seemed to work, but I knew there was a possibility for that to backfire.

For the next twenty minutes, the girls recounted the bathroom incident and random events of the night. I found it strange how they would make a big deal at the smallest incidents that happened to them, things that I would have barely noticed. I looked at the clock and it was 5am.

I said, “I’d sleep on the couch but I’m too tall. One of you can share my bed since it’s big.” They talked about it for a minute in Polish and it was agreed that Beata would sleep with me. The friend had no objection to the couch and wished us a good night.

Beata was already in bed when I slipped underneath the covers wearing only my boxers. She straightened her legs so that I could press my body against hers. She was obviously not tired and kissed me with urgency. I removed the boxers she was wearing and then tried for her panties, but it was too quick and so she denied me. I moved to her neck and breasts and tried again five minutes later, but I received another no.

Not at all frustrated, I later tried another tack by placing her on top of me and letting her ride my cock to simulate the pleasure she would receive if we were naked. This did the trick and the panties came off. I got a condom and carefully placed it over my injured cock as if it was an overly ripe banana. Then I fucked her like an ostrich for the next ten minutes. She made no attempt to quiet her moans. It turned me on to know that her friend, only fifteen feet away, could hear everything.

Round two was even more intense. Beata instructed me to “dominate” her and so I did. With her on her stomach and me mounting her from behind, I pulled her hair so hard that her upper torso went far back enough to place her into an advanced yoga position. I couldn’t imagine how that could feel good for her but she loved it and moaned for more. I

flipped her this way and that like a sex doll to the positions I liked and gave it to her as hard as I could, trying to put in a good showing for older men like me everywhere.

Perhaps due to the injury of my cock or the fact that I had two orgasms the day before, I could not ejaculate a second time and gave up when I was too tired to proceed. We went to sleep.

I made tea for the girls the next morning. They gave a full recounting of the night, erupting in hysterical laughter when it came time to discuss what happened in the bathroom. I feigned interest but was too out of it to share their joy at having a fun night, one that would make up the highlight reel of their youth when they were older and settled, with Beata remembering getting fucked by a Yeti man 16 years her senior and her friend remembering the sounds of that fucking as if she was right there on the bed.

It came out that Beata had just broken up with her boyfriend two days before. No first breakup is final so I knew that she was in a transition stage instead of totally wanting a new cock to replace the old. This explained her slight coolness to me in the morning where she did not touch me once, and if I forgot to get her number she probably wouldn't have prompted me to do so like the blonde with the penis-destroying dress. I mentally accepted that this would probably not result in a repeat bang, and I didn't mind one bit.

Out of all the men who wanted to bang her but didn't, I count my blessings that I was able to have one night of intense pleasure with such a young girl, and how ignoring her desire for a "serious relationship" was essential to go from being flaked on or forgotten to absolutely destroying the pussy as if it was my last fuck on Earth. A night like this once in a while, with the occasional callback from a girl who wants a second round, is more than enough to keep my content in my relations with women. For now.

Read Next: *Anna*

How To Reverse America's Cultural Decline

March 16, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Many critics have complained that solutions have not been proposed to the cultural problems described in the manosphere. Part of the reason is that we are more like scientists than policy figures, but I will now propose a program that can help the cultural and demographic ills facing the Western world today.

As much as I would like to make proposals that would nip most problems in the bud (e.g. repealing women's suffrage), we must be realistic and work within the confines of Western-style democracy. Here are my recommendations:

1. Repeal Title IX. This policy has masculinized women by increasing their participation in male sports by a factor of 9. It has made them hyper-competitive and has also been used as a legal weapon to persecute male college students through anti-male sexual assault awareness programs (i.e. re-education). Its repeal would allow girls to focus more on useful nesting skills instead of athletic competition while simultaneously reducing rape culture hysteria, allowing men to educate themselves properly and peacefully without fear so that they can be future pillars and leaders of the country.

2. Repeal the Violence Against Women Act (VAWA). This law has created grotesque inequalities in the home by giving women the power to imprison men with one call to the police with a false claim of abuse. This act effectively replaces a husband as head of the household with the government, creating family distrust and further enslaving and controlling a man's behavior by requiring him to comply with whims of the state.

3. Enforce equality of the law and due process. If a man and woman both drink during sexual encounters, the law must treat them equally instead of placing the burden of consent solely on the male. Allegations of rape or violence by women should not be automatically believed, and divorce laws should recognize that women are not necessarily more fit and capable of raising children than men, especially if they whore around with bad boys who have a prior criminal record.

4. Repeal or forbid laws that regulate sexuality, sex, or bedroom activity. Birth control, abortion, and sex change operations should not be funded by taxpayers. All behavior relating to the sex instinct should be an individual choice left up to adults, not the state, which has proven its incompetence and unfairness when trying to regulate human pair bonding.

Imagine for a second what the country would be like if these four recommendations were implemented. Would it greatly improve the quality of women, clear their mind of anti-male brainwashing, make them normal weighted, and increase their suitability for marriage? Not as much as we'd like, unfortunately. As long as the culture is dominated by a far-left media establishment that continues to poison the population, and as long as universities continue to serve as socialist zombie factories, I'm afraid that government policy alone will only bring forth marginal improvements. It's better than nothing, and

would ensure more men are treated fairly by the law, but most of you would probably not notice the changes in your everyday life.

Even worse, as long as women have the right to vote, these policy changes would probably not last a generation until the newest wave of white knight politicians re-implement progressive policies and we're back to where we started. True change would take more than repealing a few laws—we'd have to greatly influence universities to re-write curriculums to represent a more traditional world outlook and also control the output of the media. This will never happen unless we see a Stalin-esque figure take control over America, and then we'd have a different set of problems to worry about as those who live in dictatorships today can tell you.

The only time we'd get change that lasts generations is if the current degenerate culture no longer benefits the elites in power. When it suits their wallets to embrace a more traditional program, you'll see it implemented in the media, universities, and government within a generation. This would definitely happen in the case of a decreasing population, but as you can see with the latest amnesty order from Obama, the elites are bending the Constitution to make sure this never occurs, and even conservative candidates for the next presidential election like Jeb Bush favor open door immigration. A worldwide shock event like a new World War would still affect the United States far less than other countries due to its geo-strategic location, so sadly there is no way I can conceive that we would ever find ourselves living in a country that doesn't persecute neomasculine ideals.

But what would happen if we convince one man and one woman at a time that our views would serve their lives better than progressive views? What if an ideological revolution occurs where over 50% of both men and women long for tradition and reason, and the power of the ruling elites is threatened unless they give large bread crumbs to the agitating masses? Then lasting change can occur. It's a slower method than a dictator flicking the switch, but winning hearts and minds, as long as you really do have the correct ideology and are persistent about sharing it, may save us yet.

Read Next: *Cultural Collapse Theory*

Are Your Standards Too High?

March 18, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

It's natural for men to chase the most beautiful women in the hopes of landing them, but this can be a flawed strategy when it comes to maintaining a regular sex life that is not overly laborious and frustrating. A balanced game program should seek the middle between mediocre women and the most beautiful women until you can determine a natural ceiling that doesn't cause you to burn out from the game.

In the gym, lifting more than you can handle will result in bad form and then injury. If you try to lift a weight that your musculature simply can't handle, you start cheating by using momentum or contorting your body into odd shapes to squeeze out the rep. You can easily see this in max deadlift attempts.

Being unable to complete a rep with proper form is a sign that you must reduce the weight (you will never hear a bodybuilding instructor tell you to increase the weight with bad form). In the short term, bad form may not cause any adverse affects, but it will eventually catch up to you as you use your body in ways that are not mechanically sound.

The only time I suffered injuries in the gym is when reducing the rep range for my sets from ten to five. This increased the weight load and, when combined with less than perfect form, led to injury while squatting and deadlifting. I was not able to do a program of 5 reps over the long run without getting injured, simply because the weights were too heavy for bad form or my individual biomechanics not to hurt me. I had to increase the rep range and lower the weight.

If you are having consistent difficulties with women, it's because the weight is too heavy. You are pursuing women whose value is above your own as measured by the sum total of your game, looks, status, lifestyle, and so on. This causes you to game them using bad form, leading to nonstop injury (i.e. failure) and pain. You must reduce the standard of women you pursue and lay them using good form to develop the proper foundational strength to increase your standard in the future.

There are many signs to know if a girl's value is higher than yours:

- you constantly think of how you should game her
- you seek advice from other men on what to do next
- you worry about whether she likes you or not
- you are anxious about how long it takes for her to reply to your messages
- you have high hopes that she like you enough so that a monogamous relationship can begin

An even more obvious sign is when you feel your normal self is not enough to attract her, so you either spout multiple lies that you think she will like or you consciously attempt to game her for the entirety of your interactions without ever relaxing your guard. These are all signs that the weight is too heavy.

It’s also possible for the weight to be too light, where a relationship with a middling girl will do nothing to increase your strength, and may actually decrease it. This is common with girls who aggressively pursue you and initiate all steps of intimacy. There should always be a risk-taking component where failure is possible if you make a stupid move.

A man who will be most satisfied with his game results should pursue the middle. With game effort that doesn’t include micro-managing every step of the seduction, he should be able to attract and maintain the girl. While it’s nowadays impossible for a man to be truly himself with a woman, we should be at least half authentic without a girl getting turned off. If you have to be totally inauthentic to get a girl, the weight is too heavy.

How can we improve our value in a way where the girls we like have a natural attraction to us, where the weight is not too heavy that we will get injured and not too light that we aren’t stimulating our muscles, but right in the middle where we can lift the weight with good form and improve our strength in the process? How can I live in a way where 9′s are into me from the start with moderate effort instead of 7′s? What can I do so that very beautiful women stay with me where I don’t need to act like a full-time clown? These are all questions that we must figure out ourselves.

There is not a lot of glamour in benching ten reps at 170 pounds instead of one rep of 250, but the gym will be our second home for the rest of our lives. We need to develop and maintain a consistent program that keeps us injury free just as much as it gives us strength. The game is no different. We have to construct a game and pursue a level of woman that keeps us playing for decades, not just one year that ends in a spectacular burnout because we were unreasonable with our standards.

As for me, I understand that girls in the 7 range are a good mean to pursue. I do have to use some game techniques on them, but I don’t have to stress to keep them on the hook. At the same time, I like to see how strong I’ve gotten so I do pursue girls higher than that, but not exclusively. The most balanced game program must take into account not just what I want, but what I can consistently get based on who I am at the moment.

As I continue with self-improvement and put myself in environments where attractive women are in plentiful supply, my standards should go up just like how a man who commits to a gym program gets stronger. Build your foundation, keep it maintained, and then increase your weight over time, but don’t be embarrassed to decrease the weight in the short term.

Read Next: *Two Strategies For Having A Good Sex Life*

How To Help Feminists Who Receive Online Abuse

March 20, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Here's a video I made offering genuine aid to feminists who have been harassed on the internet:

(Click over to the video's YouTube page to read the comments that have already been left.)

I can't wait to offer this intimate therapy for my feminist patients.

Visit my Youtube channel and hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

Previous Video: *The Truth Behind "Rape Culture" Hysteria*

Appearance Is Ideology

March 23, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

You can easily predict the ideology of someone on the liberal-conservative spectrum by how they look. This is universal not just in Western countries but also in more traditional parts of the world.

Liberals tend to be ugly, fat, and with low muscle mass when compared to the societal average. I don't claim this to cause insult, but it's clear that liberalism is an ideology that attempts to take from the strong, beautiful, and talented to give to the ugly, weak, and talentless. If you are strong yourself, you would not want to involuntarily donate the fruits of your labor to those who are weak, especially if they are outside of your tribe, meaning that average or below average individuals naturally gravitate towards liberalism.

If a woman is ugly or fat, she wants social policies that allow her to get more attention from elite males while less goes to women who are more beautiful or lovely than her. If you are a man who has puny muscles and testosterone levels, you will want policies that take from stronger men mostly out of your own jealousy and feelings of inferiority. You don't want them to succeed because of abilities, talents, or attributes they have that you don't.

Most exceptions to this rule can be easily explained by income. If a man has small muscles but makes over $200,000 a year, he will lean conservative (unless he's Jewish, where he will continue favoring liberal policies since they typically hinder anti-Semitism).

If a girl is not happy in life because she's not getting attention from men, or has a boyfriend with an effeminate manner, she will most certainly be a liberal, even in foreign countries. I have never met a foreign woman rated an 8 or above that would share a feminist idea with me, but it's quite common to hear them from 6′s in those same countries. Liberal thought promotes the mythical idea of human equality and helps boost her self esteem into incorrectly believing that she's just as deserving of life's benefits as a more beautiful woman with better genetics or upbringing.

The liberal mindset doesn't only affect mate competition but any sort of contest where naturals or talented individuals can beat those lacking in talent. For example, in a particular social group I was involved in, I repeatedly won a certain contest. After an unprecedented winning streak, two unattractive individuals in the group wanted to formulate a rule to specifically exclude me from competing because it was "not fair" that I kept winning. One mentioned that if she was in charge of voting, she would declare someone else the winner even if I did actually win. The lens through which a liberal views those who are better than them is to exclaim "It's not fair!" followed by rules or policies to unfairly handicap those who are better.

If you're not a winner, you will not support an ideology which allows winners to keep the bulk of their winnings. While I would in no way assert that American conservatives (Republicans) are winners, or even true conservatives, it's clear that American liberals

have gravitated to their ideology because it promises a social climate where their low talent, low beauty, and low muscle features are not seen in a negative way. They become “equal” to those who are obviously superior in intelligence, appearance, talent, or wealth.

It’s not uncommon for a man, as he improves himself in business and also increases his sexual market value, to gravitate from the left to the right side of the political spectrum. Otherwise, he would be going against his interests to share his hard-fought gains with those who did not work as hard as him. Therefore to understand where people fall on the political spectrum, simply look at them.

If the girl is unsightly, she’s a liberal. If she’s beautiful, she wants to be rightly rewarded for that beauty, and so will have more traditional beliefs where men undertake high mating investment to be with her. If a guy is also ugly in the sense that he’s ugly to women (has low testosterone, small muscles, low game skill, low confidence), he is also a liberal. This shortcut will make it very easy for you to identify who to avoid and who to admit into your circle of friendship.

Read Next: *The War Against Beauty*

Women Age Worse Than Men

March 25, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I visited a club I hadn't stepped foot in for three long years. I ordered a drink and settled into my favorite spot where I had full view of the bar and dance floor. And then I saw them—the sisters. They were in their favorite spot as well, the same one they'd camp at every weekend night, always dancing with new men. I remembered them clearly because they went to this club just as much as I did.

From a distance I could see their hair was still long, nearly waist-length, and that their clothes were still fashionable, but I couldn't believe what I saw when I got closer—their faces and figures had degraded much more than the three years of time that had passed should've suggested. Crackles were developing around their eyes and mouths and their once-curvy body was turning clumpy and misshapen like a bowl of yogurt. Back then, they were the hottest girls in the club with no shortage of men approaching them, but now they were dancing next to each other with forced smiles on their faces, far uglier than in the past. They were no longer the center of attention.

All I could think of was "what a waste." What a waste that these girls didn't use their peak beauty to find the most valuable man that could to be their life partner. What a waste they didn't leverage their youth to secure something that could lead to a more meaningful life. What a waste that they are still wasting their time to sate their bottomless need for attention. Whatever man they can get today will be a lesser one than what they could have received three years before, because younger girls in the club were now getting much more male attention than they were.

I stopped and thought about my own behavior. By looking at them, aren't I staring into a mirror? If women valued men on youth and looks, like men value them, then yes. If women shied away from men with gray hair and furrows in his brow, then yes. But this doesn't happen, because even younger women prefer men older than themselves. As long as a man has a good combination of status, money, looks, and game, he would experience absolutely no degradation in success with women over a 3-year time span, as I surely haven't, and in all likelihood he would see an increase.

But for the sisters, every day the tick tock sound of the clock gets louder. Every day past their peak beauty and fertility, the main qualities men desire, the worser man they'll end up with. Three years is nothing for a man, but it is an eternity for a young woman—an eternity that the culture is training them to waste by having fun hopping from one cock to the other with no benefit to their future happiness or stability.

I also ran into another girl I had gone on a date with. In three years the skin around her bright blue eyes were turning into a leathery shoe. I ran into a shop girl I hit on once. Her faced stayed fit but her body was halfway into becoming a stout pear. Before and after pictures of the same girl spaced three years apart can be a depressing sight indeed. How can nature be so cruel to one of its creations? How can it destroy something so beautiful? And then I look at pictures of myself and can hardly tell the difference. I have more gray

hair for sure, but women continue to guess my 35-year-old age as being in the late 20′s. The twisted mother of nature gave women the incredible beauty of a flower, but only for a limited amount of time, while letting men exist as if they were bonsai trees.

There is a somber truth to the expression that women age like milk and men like wine, and I haven't even spoken of the fact that these aged women have higher standards, higher expectations, and the burden of disappointment from being pumped and dumped so many times, factors that surely make them less pleasing. Once they are past the peak of their beauty, and once they have taken their spins on the carousel, they are not fit to serve as anything more than a fuck buddy, a mere container for male sexual pleasure.

If there is anything I've learned from this three-year observation, besides the cruelty of nature, it's that a woman's physical degradation accelerates rapidly starting at 25. While a girl will hardly age from 20-25, you are liable to see a precipitous fall every year after 25, until around 35 when she completes the transformation of looking like her mother.

While aging is no fault of women, I have zero sympathy for single women over 25. They wasted their best years to ride the cock carousel for attention, validation, or entertainment, and now expect you to be their handsome knight to give them a dream life and family. Fuck that and fuck them. They will get no more effort from me than the last man they had a one-night stand with. When it's time for me to decide which girl to devote the bulk of my energy to, only a young girl in the peak of her beauty will suffice.

Read Next: *Women Are Abusive When Not Socially Constrained*

You Will Never See Her Again

March 27, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The easiest way to fail with women is to expect to see them again, whether you have already had sex with them or not. Their increased options on the dating market combined with a decreasing attention span and zero tolerance for being “bored” or “weirded out” means that most of your encounters with women will have a fleetingly short lifespan. Unless you are always closing, you won’t even receive a scrap of sexual reward.

My natural propensity when it comes to sex is to have at least some semblance of seduction. While I can get aroused at the sight of a beautiful woman, I like to ramp up to sex through a process of basic conversation, touching, comfort, kissing, heavy petting, and then sex. If that process takes less than 2 or 3 hours, rushed to the sexual end by horny drunk girls like I experienced in Scandinavia, the overall pleasure I receive will be low and strange feelings are sure to surface.

I am able to wait two or three dates for sex (or longer) with a girl that I like, but unfortunately I have no choice but to pursue sex that is much more rapid than that, almost to the point of it being unnatural. If there was a guarantee that a woman I went on one date with would show up for the second or third, I would have no need to drag her back to my cave with some ruse to “listen to music” or “drop off my bag,” but rush it I must, because before sex a girl has as much attachment to me as the brand of vodka that goes in the cocktails she drinks on a weekend night.

If you make only a couple small mistakes on a first date and fail to get sex, she will over-analyze them, maybe even broadcasting it on her social networking accounts for a reward of ten likes, and come to the firm conclusion that you are a sub-standard male who is not deserving of her vagina, even though you would have fucked her proper if you pushed it hard the night you had her out. This is the result of a society that encourages a woman to fuck for emotional reasons (he’s sexy, I’m turned on right now) instead of logical (he’s a good man, he will make me happy in the long term).

The less investment a girl has into you, the faster you must push the interaction to sex, even if it does not feel wholly natural to you. If you’re meeting her through standard game methods (day, night, or internet), her investment is definitely low, even if she puts on the nice girl act that she just broke up with her boyfriend of six years and is looking for something serious. Even worse—and I don’t mean to depress you further—is that fucking her is really no guarantee she’ll reply to your next text message a few days later.

It used to be that when your penis was inside a girl, you’d get at least a future courtesy date, but now even that is going out the window, because by the time you contact her for another encounter, she’s already on the next guy who can better fulfill whatever degenerate fantasy the media has installed into her brain. If keeping a girl on the line is hard enough when you already fucked her, I’m sure you can understand the importance of pushing all interactions to the bed as quickly as you reasonably can before that.

The biggest mistake you can do is assume you will ever see her again, even if she made a declaration that she likes you, enjoyed the conversation, and can't wait to meet for a future date. You'll walk out of that bar thinking you have a solid prospect on your hands and then not even thirty minutes later another guy gives serves up a decent enough game that in her mind makes her think a little bit too hard on whether you are as worthy as she initially thought. The dating market is so fluid and free, with such little lag for the time it takes girls to meet new men, that sitting on a girl's number for more than three days has the same effect as throwing it in the garbage can.

If an approach I make today goes well, I must absolutely try to fuck her the same day even if I was not really in the mood. I have over ten years of game data that tells me the majority of phone numbers will not lead to sex, and so if I don't do all that I can to seal the deal that same night, I might as well put her number in a bottle, throw it in the ocean, and then pray it somehow comes back to me before I die. Girls have trained men that unless their value is absolutely explosive in their eyes, a rare occurrence, they will barely get better treatment than the tattooed barista at Starbucks. As long as a girl is speaking to you and giving you her attention, you **must** go all the way. Otherwise, I would gladly take the bet that you won't ever sleep with her.

Read Next: *5 Warning Signs To Look For Before The First Date*

The DEFCOCK Alert System

March 30, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The DEFCON readiness system is used by the United States military to describe the preparedness level of the armed forces in response to ongoing foreign threats. It's time to introduce a system for heterosexual men called DEFCOCK to allow them to judge a city or environment when it comes to threats presented by women.

DEFCON has five stages that allow the US military command to prepare the appropriate state in response to hostile foreign action:

DEFCON 5 — Normal readiness
DEFCON 4 — Above normal readiness with tightened security measures
DEFCON 3 — Air Force ready to mobilize in 15 minutes
DEFCON 2 — Armed Forces ready to deploy and engage in less than 6 hours due to possible nuclear war
DEFCON 1 — Maximum readiness to combat imminent nuclear war

While DEFCON levels are not publicly published by the US military, it is presumed we are currently in DEFCON 3. There have been two previous incidents where we were confirmed to be in DEFCON 2 (Cuban Missile Crisis and the first Gulf War in 1991).

Now that the world is rapidly turning against masculinity, it's time we implement a DEFCOCK alert system to provide objective and standardized information on whether a certain environment is healthy or not for men. Here are the five levels of the DEFCOCK system:

DEFCOCK 5

Completely normal male-female relations in a patriarchal society that believes in a binary gender system of man and woman. Homosexuality is persecuted. Casual sex is difficult (if not impossible). There is no threat of wifing up a former cock carousel rider and then being divorce raped by her. Provider or tribal game is required to land a woman.

Current examples: Iran, Saudi Arabia, Pakistan, most Muslim countries
Male safety level: Perfectly safe for men to marry and procreate

DEFCOCK 4

Mostly normal male-female relationships in a fractured patriarchal society that is beginning to accept alternative lifestyles and gender systems, though men are still valued for being masculine and women are valued for being feminine. Casual sex is common but self-limiting. Divorce rates may be high, but there is a low threat of divorce rape. A mixture of provider and clown game is needed.

Current examples: Russia, Ukraine, Turkey, Colombia
Male safety level: Currently safe from an institutional perspective but near-term changes are possible

DEFCOCK 3

Substantial degradation in traditional sex roles where men are beginning to focus on aesthetics, style, and fame seeking. Women have gained masculine traits and delay monogamy to launch a meaningless office career while experimenting with over 25 local and foreign penises to understand how their vaginas respond to various bad boy stimuli. Provider game is beginning to get phased out among women under 30. Some clown game is required in most relationships.

Current examples: Poland, Estonia, Brazil
Male safety level: Great care must be undertaken with female mate selection for marriage; new anti-male legislation is highly likely within 10-year time frame

DEFCOCK 2

Traditional sex roles are actively shamed in major institutions, particularly in the media, academia, and government. Non-heterosexual lifestyles are promoted as superior and major efforts are undertaken to destroy traditional marriage. Campaigns are launched to shame and criminalize consensual sex and masculine behavior such as flirting and bodybuilding. Divorce rape is common, with likelihood of imprisonment for missing alimony payments. Provider game is useless on beautiful women. Clown game is required for all men wanting to get laid.

Current examples: United States, Canada, England, Scandinavia
Male safety level: Unsafe to engage in marriage or reproduction; must screen carefully even for casual sexual encounters; slight danger for normal day-to-day masculine living

DEFCOCK 1

Complete absence of traditional sex roles. Institution of marriage reduced to farce. Severe threat of imprisonment for men displaying heterosexual or masculine behaviors. Roaming witch mobs actively surveil and monitor men who hint at having normal levels of testosterone. Women are elevated to goddess status while straight men appointed as their sexual servants through both legal action and media shaming.

Male safety level: Unsafe to live, fornicate, marry, or procreate; males must immediately vacate area for their own personal safety, both physical and mental

As much as many of you would like to apply DEFCOCK 1 levels to places like London, Washington DC, and Toronto, we are not quite there yet. The next five years will be critical to see if certain DEFCOCK 2 cities slide into DEFCOCK 1, which is absolutely unsuitable for male habitation. If I were to place bets, Toronto will be the first international city to enter DEFCOCK 1. This is likely to happen before 2023.

I left Washington DC, a DEFCOCK 2 location, for my current home in Poland, which recently entered DEFCOCK 3 overall, with a small possibility of entering DEFCOCK 2 in the next ten years. Each man has his own preferential DEFCOCK level that gives him the freedom to pursue sexual relations with women who still look and act like women. It’s

obvious to me that DEFCOCK 3 and 4 provide a band of pleasure and happiness for the average man to live life on his own terms while pursuing a variety of relationship types.

It would be great if countries remained static when possessing a favorable DEFCOCK level, but as you've seen within your own lifetime, decline is inevitable, and I have not personally witnessed a country improving its DEFCOCK status. The best advice I can give men who don't want to move every three years is to find a city that is either in DEFCOCK 4 or just recently slipped to DEFCOCK 3, because once a decline accelerates, it may happen too quickly for you to leave before you wake up and see a nuclear cloud in the shape of a vagina right outside your window.

Read Next: *Cultural Collapse Theory*

It’s Time To Ditch The World For Rooshland

April 1, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I’ve been more patient than most in waiting for a sign that the river of Western degeneracy has finally been dammed, but instead I see the opposite: it’s turning into a roaring flood that is destroying all fertile land in the West while gravely threatening the rest of the world, even my beloved Poland. It doesn’t matter how many articles I write or how many comments you leave on those articles, but we are powerless in stopping this destruction. The only option left is to start our own island nation.

Today I’m proud to announce that I have put a deposit on Frenchman’s Caye, a 200 acre island ten miles east of Belize City in Central America. It will be renamed to Rooshland. I invite you to live with me on Rooshland as we construct our own nation, free from the feminist West.

I am initially offering 100 plots that are one acre in size at a price of $125,000 each. This is more than ample space to construct a mansion of monstrous proportions, if you so choose.

I'm sure you're wondering how life on Rooshland will be, so below are some preliminary guidelines to help decide if buying a plot is right for you.

Internet

There will be free and fast internet connections available via undersea cable so that we can all continue to work on our passive income internet businesses. There will also be linked satellite hookups so that the internet is never offline, giving a level of redundancy that is similar to NORAD. Your internet hustle will never be interrupted on Rooshland and you never have to worry about bandwidth caps. Rooshland will be the first nation in the world that guarantees internet access to all its citizens as a basic human right.

Retail

If you don't have an internet ebook business like me, you are free to enter the retail sector to provide Rooshland citizens with basic banking, food, and entertainment options. I am granting contracts so that you can establish central banking, logistics operations, mobile service, and indoor rock climbing venues. Liquor licenses will also be provided.

Women

There will be two classes of women on Rooshland: wives and sluts. You are allowed to have as many as four wives on Rooshland, but you are responsible for their feeding and care. There will also be a rotating population of sluts provided by the government that will be available for every man to spit game on, but violent rape is not allowed so you will have to provide these sluts with the tingles they require for leg opening. If your game level is too low, you may have to ply the sluts with free alcohol and snacks.

There will be a law forbidding you to marry the sluts, for their goal is to provide sexual pleasure and entertainment for Rooshland landowners, not to poison the well of our harmonious traditional ideals.

Government

Rooshland will be operated as a Roman-style dictatorship. I'll possess the crown and it will be passed onto my heir, Roosh VI, upon my death. There will be a commission of 12 men called the Rooshland Senate that I'll personally appoint. They will propose legislation and have the ear of the people. There will not be a salary for having this important job, but each man on the commission will get first dibs on the fresh sluts that arrive to Rooshland by boat.

Immigrants

There will be three tiers of Rooshland inhabitants: (1) landowners and immediate family, (2) immigrants, and (3) sluts. Only landowners can be appointed to the council of 12 since they have skin in the game. Immigrants and sluts who come to work on Rooshland will be treated with due process, but they won't be allowed to sign internet petitions or have a say in Rooshland affairs. Sluts with a BMI of over 22 will not be allowed on the island and fat shaming will be fanatically encouraged.

Taxes

There will be no tax on income you earn on Rooshland or any other nation, but there will be a flat 20% customs duty on the importation of all physical goods. All tax proceeds will go into upkeep of a basic defense force, landscaping, and stocking the island with sluts. The sex ratio of the island will be three women for one man at all times by providing Instagram sluts with free monthly lodging and designer handbags so they stay for 90-day stints at a time. I will personally head the Slut Entertainment Commission (SEC) to make sure Rooshland has the best sluts, and oversee a medical program to screen them for herpes and ebola before entry.

Cafe Subsidy

Special subsidies will be given to entrepreneurs who establish cozy cafes with tasty espresso and baked goods, because Roosh likes to work in these types of cafes in the afternoon.

Education

For Rooshland to be a self-sustaining island oasis of neomasculine men, every landowner is encouraged to make as many babies from non-sluts as possible. Once the initial batch of children hit schooling age, we will establish an academy that gives a classical education combined with tech instruction that allows them to develop an e-hustle when they grow up. Girls will get a basic education up to 15 years of age and then be ushered into beauty school until they find a husband and start popping out Rooshland babies at no

later than 22.

Reserve your Rooshland plot today!

I believe I am providing a tremendous opportunity for men to live in a more traditional utopia with a favorable sex imbalance that can't be found anywhere else in the world. After searching the globe for poosy paradise and failing to find it, the next logical step is to create poosy paradise from scratch. Fornication will be bountiful on the island and at the same time you will be allowed to pursue your masculine interests free of government interference, all under the warm Central American sun. Once our island nation increases to a population of 5,000, we will then plan for world domination by invading nearby lands with weapons imported from China.

If you're ready to reserve your plot, please Paypal me a non-refundable deposit of $25,000 and wait for further instructions. Access to the island will be available in September. See you on Rooshland.

Read Next: *Notch Paradise vs Dream Girl Paradise*

How Light Therapy Helped Get My Sleep Back

April 3, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I've been a night owl since I was young, with a normal sleep cycle from 3am-11am, but in the past couple of years that time frame has been getting pushed back. I started going to bed at 4am every night, then 5am, then 6am, and I was even beginning to push 7am. From sleeping so late I would wake up after 2pm and find it hard to get into a productive mood. Something had to be done.

The main problem I experienced is being completely awake at a time I wanted to go to sleep, even if I was tired earlier in the day. For example, if I were to get five hours of sleep tonight, I'd be tired all day tomorrow, but when time comes to sleep at a reasonable hour, I'd inexplicably not be tired. Forcing myself to sleep would only cause me to wake up a couple hours after that, feeling completely refreshed as if I took a long power nap. I'd have to read a book, go back to sleep, and still end up waking after 2pm. Any attempt I made to reset my clock failed to work for more than a week. The time I'd get naturally tired for sleep was being pushed into the early morning when the sun started to rise.

I did some research and stumbled on delayed sleep-phase disorder, where you have trouble sleeping at the same time every day because your body seems to think there are more than 24 hours in a day. I read that one way your body knows to reset its 24-hour sleep clock is for your retina to sense sunlight after waking. I suspected that that had to be it since I receive almost no sunshine for half the year while living in Europe. My body has no idea when the day starts and ends, so it settles on a day clock that is something like 24 hours and 5 minutes, a small perturbation that quickly adds up and explains why my sleep time keeps getting pushed back. One solution was light therapy, where you sit in front of a bright light.

Here is the light therapy lamp I bought:

After reading the manual it came with and some tips online, I developed a simple routine of sitting one foot away from the light for one hour soon after waking up by putting the box next to my laptop and letting it shine directly on my face as I work (the light lacks UV). Sometimes I look at it directly for a few seconds at a time. It's important for the light to be as close to you as possible, since lighting power decreases exponentially with distance.

It took three days for me to notice a difference. Around 3am I'd start feeling tired whereas before I'd feel refreshed. Within a week, I was on a regular sleep schedule of 4am-12pm, which for my current lifestyle is near perfect (I may aim for 3am-11am in the future). My sleep was slightly improved and waking up was less difficult. My body was getting tricked that the light shining at it was sun, and so decided to be tired about 14 hours after being exposed to it. A negative consequence of this is that I'm more tired at night and less in the mood to party or stay out late. It seems that my sleep disorder enabled me to pursue night game for so many years.

The main idea from light therapy is that you need to blast your retina was real or fake sunlight soon after waking so that your body knows when to start the day. If you're living in a dark environment or have a lifestyle where you don't get strong sunshine, light therapy should help you with your sleep. While I would love to bathe myself in real sunlight after waking up, living in Eastern Europe prevents that for most of the year, and it's no coincidence that my sleep has declined since moving here.

Some more sleep hygiene tips:

- Don't expose yourself to any bright light at night—it confuses your body
- Download f.lux for your computer, which removes disruptive blue light from your computer screen at night

- Sleep in complete darkness, but start to expose yourself to light 30 minutes before waking
- Use a white noise generator to mask any loud noises coming from outside your bedroom so your sleep is not interrupted
- If you must take a nap, keep it very short around 15 minutes to not push back your sleep time (I found that even 10 minute naps are quite helpful)

Recently I posted about vitamin D deficiency leading to all sorts of problems, and now with light therapy I can definitely see a link between lack of sun and poor health. It's no surprise that people who work the graveyard shift are at increased risk for heart attack and stroke. It's from this lack of sun that I hypothesize people who live in places like Russia and Ukraine are so grumpy and depressed. If we showered these countries with vitamin D tablets and light boxes, the Russian soul may go from fatalistic to annoyingly cheery.

Your body is resistant to bad lifestyle habits when you're younger, but will eventually lose its ability to fight whatever deficiency that persists. My main deficiency in life is sun, a free resource of which a serious lack has decreased my quality of life. While vitamin D and light therapy and mere substitutes for the sun, it's better than nothing at all, and so when summer comes here in Europe you can find me outside worshiping the sun's rays.

Don't Miss: *You Are Most Certainly Deficient In Vitamin D*

Women In Their Prime Prefer Sex With Damaged Men

April 6, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

For the sake of your sex life, I hope that your mother didn't love you when you were a child. I hope your father abused you. I hope you had several dark periods while going through puberty which lead to ideations of hurting animals or other people. I hope that you currently suffer from depression and rage. I hope all these things because you'll have a far easier time meeting women and getting laid than a man who is emotionally balanced with a clear head on his shoulders. Your natural game, a result of legitimate abuse you may have faced, will be perfectly suited to attract the modern woman.

If you've been studying game, you would have noticed that a big chunk of it is learning to be apathetic, uncaring, and aloof. You're taught not to put pussy on the pedestal, not to be overly affectionate and complimentary, and not to give clear signs that you like a girl more than she likes you. The reason you're taught this is because it's the most reliable way to attract and keep a Westernized woman who seeks exciting men instead of providers. Even a married man who got a woman to legally agree to be with him for life must remain ever so emotionally distant from his bride so that she doesn't get bored and fuck a guy much hotter than him after only a 15 minute session on Tinder.

I had to learn all this training from scratch when diving into game at 22 years of age. Before that, I had a mother who would incessantly say she loved me and that I was her special boy. I had a father who, while much less affectionate than her, made sure all my needs were attended to. Even though they divorced when I was 8 years old, I spent every weekend with my father and was never short of parental love. Neither of them abused me or left me with any damage I can identify, and when I compare my upbringing to that of my peers, I'm downright lucky to have my parents. Any flaw you see in me is undoubtedly due to my peculiar genetic construction instead of purposeful harm levied by them.

I came out on the other side educated, personable, empathetic, and strongly wanting a loving relationship with an attractive girl. It took a year of game training in order to land her, but because I was too nice, and because she was too pretty, I lost her before I had her. I learned quickly that being nice was not a quality that women wanted, so I began to play the clown just to secure intimacy with desirable women. I definitely overshot the mark with my quest to accumulate sex without meaning, but my subconscious made that decision because it was more logical to pump and dump for fun than to try to get into a relationship with a woman who didn't value family or monogamy.

I want you to now feel sympathy for me that my parents helped raise a man with low marks on the dark triad scale. I want you to feel sorry for me that I have to pretend I'm not interested in a girl even if I actually am, that I must take my time responding to a girl's text message when I'm eager to talk to her, and that I'm forbidden to compliment her during the most intimate moments we experience in bed. All of that goes against my natural instinct.

If you want to be sexually successful, you have to simulate the behavior of men who were

emotionally abused as a child, who have stunted development and who fail to properly connect and relate to human beings compared to those with normal upbringings. You have to take on sociopathic traits, put girls on an emotional roller coaster of abuse, and ensure that you view females with great disdain. It's no secret that they prefer the dark triad man over a nice guy who would fail to get even a second glance from a psychiatrist.

If you are a nice guy who refuses to learn game or put on the clown mask, I have some great news for you: once a girl is done fucking a dozen or two bad boys in her prime, once her vagina is properly stretched out and primed to secrete maximum lubrication to only bad boy cock, and once the container of her eggs becomes nearly empty, she will gladly accept you into her life for biological reproduction, not because you were her first choice, but because those bad boys could not see her as anything more than a wet gash. Your best option is to be Plan Z after twenty five other men. During your happy marriage she'll often be "tired" to have sex with you when not a few years prior she eagerly begged men who saw her as disposable to gape her anus.

I've been on both sides of the coin. I've been the nice guy who couldn't secure the attention of girls and I've been the bad boy actor for over a decade, securing sex for as long as I can wear the mask. The problem with pretending to be the bad boy when you're nice at heart is that it's impossible to respect the girl as someone you could have a relationship with since you know she has spread her legs for so many guys before who play-acted just like you. You lament that she has lost her reproductive imperative and sees men as nothing more than sources of entertainment to improve her soulless existence of having to attain a meaningless education to labor in an insignificant office job, and that because of her rejection of the feminine nature given to her at birth, you are even more qualified to take care of children than she is. Her mind and body has been utterly ruined for anything but a fuck buddy relationship.

How I pity the normal man. He's either doomed to a life of no sex or sex with women who are not suitable for more than a few lively pumps. Some men may get lucky and find the unicorn who wants to have a family before the age of 25, but for the most of you, your best option is to tattoo the bad boy mask on your face to at least have some semblance of a normal sex life. The toxicity of the West is spreading at such a rate around the world that being the emotionally damaged man, or at least simulating his behavior, is the best option for having any intimacy with women at all, no matter how deficient they are as compared to the days of our grandfathers. I guess you can say that this is not a good time for normal men to be living in.

Read Next: *Anger Is An Aphrodisiac To Women*

There's A Limit To How Much Game Work A Man Can Do

April 8, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Built into every man is a maximum number of approaches he can do on women. Once past that number, each approach becomes a chore instead of being fun and experimental like before, meaning that there is a specific time period in us all when we're willing to fully dedicate ourselves to game progress. After that, the reward will be smaller and it will be difficult to harness the motivation and energy of the past.

I remember when I used to do approaches just for the fun of it. If my friends were around, or I was bored, I would chat up a girl to see what would happen. Sex was on my mind, surely, but sometimes I'd play the game for the sake of game, to see what type of responses I would get and even to try to get action on purposefully bad openers to challenge myself. I don't do that anymore. I don't approach unless I only want to get laid, and I'm far more selective about the girls I go after.

Your game career will be comprised of three broad stages: rise, plateau, and fall. The rise comes upon first discovering game and includes countless approaches and mini experiments you undertake to learn how to get laid. The plateau arrives when you're receiving consistent success and are more or less satisfied with your results. The fall comes many years after, where you game begins to atrophy because you're simply too lazy to experiment. You only want the sex reward instead of the conquest reward and no longer see the game as fun. Many players retire at this stage and get a wife, though some dedicated men may continue to optimize their game to maintain high results.

The best analogy I can give to this phenomenon is the monthly bandwidth on your cell phone. Once you run out of 3G speed for the month after surpassing your bandwidth allotment, your network kicks you down to 2G speed. That 2G speed is still functional and gets the job done, but it's painfully slower, causing you to use the internet less because you know your speed isn't as fast. Right now I'm spitting 2G game. I only approach when I'm horny and I limit trying new things from what I already know works. I find it impossible to put in more approaches or more work than before and must be heavy in the balls before I do serious game work. I'll only experiment if my sex life is threatened.

This suggests that we only have so much game in us until it stops being a lifestyle and becomes more of a tool to satisfy a need. In the past I would have sex with a girl for a notch or flag or even to write the story, but now I do it just to sate a biological necessity. The fun component is gone because repetition has made it difficult to see talking to girl number 4,503 as somehow more novel or interesting than the girls before it. The conquest component of sex is not completely gone, but my most recent score couldn't compare with conquest number 5 back in 2002. The huge amount of experience you need to be good in the game is what eventually numbs you to its application, suggesting that if our goal of game is to find a life partner, you may want to lock her down or take an

extended break before your game slips down to 2G bandwidth.

I write this not to discourage you from the game, but so you appreciate the game you're applying today, because at some point in the future you will not be able to gather as much energy to do it. Of course you will still have to use game, because every modern man needs to if he wants to get laid, but it will be less romantic, hopeful, elegant, and energetic. It will be just a thing you do to accomplish a specific goal, just like how a screwdriver's goal is to put screws into the wall. I had my time with game, something that has brought great value to my life, but now when I want to get laid, I simply open my toolbox to retrieve the tool I need for the job at hand, and no more.

Read Next: *Do Not Eat If You're Not Hungry*

Top 5 ROK Posts From March 2015

April 10, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Here are the top 5 from a total of 118 that was published on ROK last month:

1. Fat Girls Who Have Sex With Drunk Guys Are Rapists

> If a girl has sex with an equally or more inebriated male, she can wake up the next day, decide she hadn't built the requisite trust with and knowledge of her partner, and then efficiently and conveniently accuse him of rape. There is absolutely no comparable choice or legal protection for men whose guts start to wrench when they realize in the morning that they slept with a cholesterol-ridden human blimp.

2. Society Needs A Good Dose Of White Knight Shaming

> A white knight can be most easily defined as a man who does things for women with no clear indication that his labors will be rewarded. The white knight is the servient party in a one-sided interaction, often at the expense of his own interests. This labor is usually done with the hope by the white knight that he will receive female approval and ultimately sexual favors in return for his efforts, but the opposite is true.

3. Robin Rinaldi's Wild Oats Project Shows Why Women Should Not Sleep Around

> It's an established fact that girls who whore it up are less suitable as wives and mothers. No, I'm not making that up: studies show that the greater the number of sexual partners a girl has when she gets married, the greater the likelihood that she'll end up divorcing her husband. Even having just one partner before tying the knot causes a girl's chance of divorce to skyrocket. Men, marry virgins if you want to be as safe as possible from the family courts.

4. 6 Warning Signs A Girl Isn't Worth A Relationship

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

5. Coming Home From The War On Terror

> The memory of my service has since been tainted as I realized that I was less defending my nation and its people than serving the interests of a government that not only did not care about me, but has increasingly showed itself to hate me. I came back to a country that I did not recognize as the one that I had set out to defend all those years ago.

I also published a review of *On Guerilla Warfare* by Mao Tse Tung:

> What drew me to this book is to learn exactly how he did it. How did he go from being a member of the rag-tag Chinese communist party with a small membership to eventually overthrowing the Western-backed Chiang Kai-shek after World War 2? The answer lies in time, extraordinary persistence, and genius. The below excerpts highlight the best components of his strategy.

You can review all articles we published last month on our archives page.

Don't Miss: *Top 5 ROK Posts From February 2015*

4 Things I Observed From My Trip To New York City

April 13, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I went to New York recently for a two night "business" trip. As short as it was, I kept my eyes open to digest as much as I could about the city and its people. Here are a few observations I made:

1. You see the grind in people's eyes

Unlike in Washington DC, you can clearly feel the harsh effects of the city on the people. Based on how expensive it is to live in New York, to have a good life you have to work like a dog with little in the way of breaks for reflection or relaxation. I suspect that a lot of people are living paycheck to paycheck without much in savings, and so are committed to this grind whether they like it or not. The allure of living in New York has essentially captured their body and turned them into a human mule that must never stop laboring and hustling. I observed the same with people in Moscow.

If a New Yorker's income goes up, they invariably increase the standard at which they live to keep up with the Joneses, so it seems that even if you "win" in New York by getting a job that pays at least $150,000 a year, you still lose in the sense that you won't accumulate much in the way of wealth, and will be two or three months away from destitution if you happen to lose your job and have trouble finding a new one.

A lot of people have asked me, "Roosh, how you can play the game for so many years without getting tired of it?" Because my job is not a grind, and chasing pussy will never approach the level of grind of labor. I can stay in the game because my life is mostly free of stress in other areas, meaning I can tolerate the high amounts of nonsense I get from pursuing women for the length of time I have. If you're getting worn down by your job, you will have little leftover for the other grinds that come with a man's ambitious desires.

2. Smartphones are now a integral part of people's lives

While walking around New York, I was paranoid of getting hit by a car, so I looked both ways before crossing streets and generally followed the "Don't Walk" signals. I was shocked to see so many people walking while texting in such an environment. I don't know how often pedestrians get hit in New York, but it seemed like they were putting their lives in danger.

In the cafes I went to, it was a rule that everyone was staring at their iphone or tablet screen, and even in meetings between friends, a person would keep one eye on their friend and one eye on their phone. The smartphone is now a conversational aid, crutch, and prop that must be nearby to show a picture, news article, status update, or map. Conversations with friends have become multimedia presentations. I've railed against smartphones in the past, but they are now too intertwined in the social fiber of America that nothing much can be done about the problem.

A lot of guys are capitalizing on smartphones by mastering dick pic game or using high-tech bots on popular dating apps, but there is no joy for me to use such a device beyond a basic business or communication need, so I accept I will miss out on some sexual benefits from its widespread use.

3. Made men have it best

If you want to live in this city and enjoy it to the fullest, you should already come as a made man with over $300,000 a year in income or a couple million in the bank. Of course you can live in New York for a fraction of that, and find a niche that does give you happiness, but New York allows you to live a regal lifestyle if you have the bankroll.

In the Polish city I'm in, doubling my income would not change my lifestyle one bit, because the city does not have the amenities, Dubai whores, or luxury accommodations that the money could obviously be spent on. The most expensive club cover charge I've found is $13 and a cocktail drink price never passes $10.

If you decide to live in New York, there are two options that await you:

a) Become a part of the grind for a short period. Get a humble apartment, work for the man, count your quarters, and squeeze in some easy bangs. After a year or two, when you realize you've saved no money and have few—if any—deep relationships, go somewhere else to achieve more financial independence and a higher level of social meaning that takes you away from more shallow pursuits.

b) Accumulate further wealth on top of your already high wealth. Let New York live for you instead of you living for New York. Live like a modern king with a lifestyle that your ancestors couldn't even dream of.

While my income is high enough to live in New York on favorable terms, my financial cushion would be shrunk to such a degree that I wouldn't be entirely comfortable.

4. The girls are way better than in Washington DC

My sample size is tiny due to the shortness of my trip (about 10 approaches), but the positive reactions I got from those 10 in an eight-hour period surpass near all the approaches I did in Washington DC for an entire month when I visited last year.

The girls I approached were insanely receptive and genuinely wanted to talk to me. We say in these parts that girls have a lot of options thanks to internet dating while losing the ability to have a conversation if we approach them, but it seems that in New York the dating market is exceptional in some ways due to local demographic conditions and the fact that straight man act effeminate. The girls seem to be craving a confident guy who doesn't put them on the pedestal and has internationally renowned clown banter.

Not a single girl blew me out, insulted me, or hit me with a feminist talking point. Only one girl looked at her iphone during the conversation. They asked me plenty of personal questions. They did way more talking and helped move the communication forward. One 22-year-old girl approached me in the bar and let me escort her away from her friends for

a sloppy make-out session (to be young again!). Another girl gave me her number and then sent me a text asking for a date the next night. The interactions stalled, sadly, when girls found out I was a tourist and staying in a hotel, especially since a couple of those girls would have needed a date to take the intimacy further.

Again, the sample size is small, so no grand conclusions can be made, but if I can duplicate this reception just once in a while, that means girls in New York like me more than girls in Poland. In Poland, a huge number of girls are already in a serious relationship and aren't as eager to upgrade, so most of my approaches stall for that reason alone. In New York, it seemed that every girl I talked to was sexually available from not being in a serious relationship.

This may be my ego talking, but I'm confident I can get both higher quality and quantity in New York than in my current city in Poland. This isn't due to just me but the local conditions where New York girls are ready for sex with a mature man who doesn't act like a fag. It was also interesting to note that girls give quite a bit of eye contact, possibly just as much as in Poland.

Upon returning to Poland, I did a batch of ten approaches and had lower results than the ten in New York. One girl in Poland even rolled her eyes at me, a harsh response that a New York girl did not once give. Poland was amazing for me in 2011, but it's clear that the tide has turned, and the benefit it offers for me has become mostly financial.

Is Repatriation Now On The Table?

It's interesting to note that one of the reasons I left the USA is to get a better standard of woman, but it seems that I may have passed a point where I can now do better in New York than abroad. My years of international experience has possibly made me a more attractive catch back in the States. I would have to stay much longer to be sure, but the idea of living in a Western city like New York wouldn't be a nightmare scenario like in the past.

I calculated that I would need at least $6,000 a month cash to transfer my current lifestyle from Poland to New York, which is four times what I'm currently spending now. Even with that amount, I'd still have to watch my budget and be careful about buying too many rounds of drinks for my friends when I'm in a nice bar and having fun, unlike in Poland where I can make it rain all night without any concern. I would receive two main immediate benefits if I lived in New York: (1) unlimited options for entertainment and easy fornication, and (2) a large social circle of male peers.

The second reason appeals the most to me, but such friendships will invariably entail late nights out, excessive alcohol use, and chasing women. I wonder if it's a good idea to slip back into that lifestyle, one that I already did before. At nearly 36 years of age, will pursuing more notches and going out to bars three times a week really give me more in life than focusing on my work and being alone in a tame Polish city? As you know, sequels are never better than the original, so I wonder how quickly I'd get tired of it.

I believe New York would cause me to regress into a pursuit of hedonistic delights of the

flesh and drink without furthering my development as a man. While my current Polish city is not a village by any means (the metro area has a population of 1 million), it's harder to lose focus here than in New York, and I'm afraid that my horny constitution is not yet strong enough to resist the unlimited pleasures that New York would offer me.

I know more than anyone that a city or country can change rapidly. As I've shared recently, Polish culture is currently on the decline along with most other parts of Eastern Europe. It may happen within 2-5 years where Poland degrades to such a point that I must move to another area of the world. Eastern Europe may merely be a way station for a destination I do not yet know. I'm not sure what the future will hold, but this is the first year since I left the States over five years ago that the idea of moving back wouldn't fill me with reluctance and dread.

If I ever do move to New York, and it's not a temporary plan, you can interpret that as me giving up on all notion of ever having a family of my own. It means I must have decided that during the period of humanity I happen to exist in, a life of expensive pleasure is the best outcome to pursue.

Read Next: *16 Things I Realized About Washington DC In 2014*

Long Hair In Women Correlates To Beauty, Fertility, And Health

April 15, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A couple years ago in The Helsinki Diaries I shared a conversation with a Finnish girl about the importance of long hair:

> I was excited to be talking to someone with a strong command of English. I defaulted into being chatty, but it didn't take long to offend her when I said "I like girls with long hair."
>
> "So you discriminate against women?"
>
> "Discriminate? It's just a personal preference. Do you like guys taller or shorter than you?"
>
> "Taller, but I give shorter guys a chance."
>
> "How many guys shorter than you have you seriously dated?"
>
> "None."
>
> "Okay then, it's the same thing."
>
> "Not really because a girl who is bald could be an amazing person inside."
>
> "So if I was 200 kilos heavier, shorter, and bald, you would still talk to me?"
>
> "Probably not," she said.
>
> I flipped my hand upside down as if to say "Well there you have it" but she refused to back down and insisted that liking girls with long hair was horrible. I was talking to a hyper-educated woman who spent god knows how many years in school, but accepting simple logic was still a work in progress. I knew she wouldn't see my point of view, but the debater in me wouldn't yield.
>
> "Have you ever seen those commercials for African charities?" I asked.
>
> "Yes."
>
> "When they show images of the starving African children, have you noticed that they are always bald? It's not because they go to the barber every week—it's because when you don't have enough protein in your diet, you don't grow hair. Therefore hair is a sign of fitness, of health. When a girl has short hair, she's mimicking a state of malnourishment."

Not only was I right, but I *underestimated* how strongly long female hair correlates to health and fertility. In The Handbook Of Evolutionary Psychology by David M. Buss, a passage on female hair quality reveals the verdict on long hair:

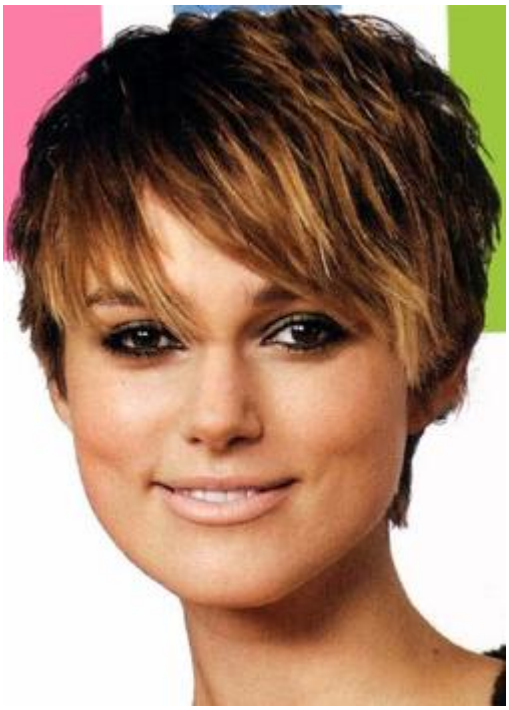
Hair Quality Grammer et al. (2002) found that hair length was significantly correlated with female attractiveness. Hair grows at the rate of about one-half inch per month, until it falls out upon reaching 2 to 3 feet in length. Starvation causes loss of hair, nutritional deficiencies in vitamins and minerals cause damaged hair, and malnourishment causes observable changes in hair color (e.g., dark hair takes on a reddish tone). Hair, therefore, provides an observable record of an individual's recent health and nutrition (serving as an indicator of diet and health over a 2- to 3-year period) and reflects heritable genotypic quality (Etcoff, 1999). Shiny, strong hair provides a cue to recent good health, developmental condition, and genotypic quality. Tellingly, long hair is often preferred across cultures, and long, lustrous hair is often associated with beauty (Etcoff, 1999). Hinsz, Matz, and Patience (2001) collected hair samples and contributor information from over 200 women ages 13 to 73 and found that younger, higher reproductive value women tended to have longer hair than older women, as predicted if higher reproductive value women were more likely to use their hair as an advertisement of that fact. And hair samples that beauticians rated as higher quality came from women who self-reported to be in better health, although age of donor probably contributes significantly to that result. It is interesting that hair grows fastest among women around the ages of peak fertility (Etcoff, 1999), with the result that evidence of environmental damage has less time to accumulate before new hair grows in, and evidence of health or dietary problems reflects a shorter period of time.

There are four main points to take away from the above passage:

- Longer hair length is perceived as more beautiful across a wide range of cultures
- Hair is a highly visible indicator of human health
- Poor health or starvation causes deficient, broken, ugly hair
- Hair grows fastest in women during their peak fertility

If a woman cuts her hair to a short length, or shaves it outright in a Skrillex haircut, we can now confidently say that she is making herself appear less fertile, less beautiful, and less healthy. A woman cutting off healthy hair is one step away from literal cutting of her skin with a sharp object, because both behaviors denote a likely mental illness where the woman presents herself to society as more damaged than her genetic condition would indicate, suggesting that she has suffered environmental damage that has reduced her overall fitness. She must be monitored by state authorities so she doesn't continue to hurt herself.

These three women are good examples of self-harm:



What should we think when deluded women are actively encouraged by society to harm themselves by cutting their hair instead of growing it out and looking beautiful? One that doesn't care about the fertility of its women and, in turn, the needs of men who want to mate with fertile women. Unless there is something within a society that promotes beauty in the form of long hair, we have little choice but to conclude that it is sick, grotesque, and sterile.

Read Next: *8 Things American Women Must Do To Make Themselves More Attractive For Men*

How To Repel A Slut

April 17, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

If you're "enjoying" the decline, you might be repelled yourself by the headline of this article because you would actually prefer sluts and plentiful sex from a large quantity of women over maintaining a high-investment relationship with one woman. You won't get any criticism from me, especially since the market is flooded with sluts that drown out a pitifully low supply of traditional girls, but nonetheless you will eventually get tired of sluts and want to seek out a girl with a low notch count.

When the slut position in my rotation is filled, and I'm getting the required male dose of sex, I can then direct my search to finding a non-slut. To do so, I make a certain statement that sluts are turned off by. If a girl is under 25, I say the following:

"I want a wife within five years."

If you say this to a slut, the conversation will end within ten seconds. There is no slut under the age of 25 who wants to date a man who has marriage on his mind. On the other hand, a low notch count girl will not find this statement to be at all objectionable, especially if you're a man who is already out of college.

Now it's important to state that I'm actively not looking for a wife and kids, so I say the line to mainly to repel girls with high notch counts who seek one-night stands (remember that I only do this when I'm already getting serviced by a slut), though I don't rule out that finding such a traditional girl will lead to creating a family.

There are three things to consider:

1. The timeline can be changed. If the girl is under 21, you can increase it to six years so she can imagine finishing her meaningless university education. If she's 24, you can shorten it to three or four years.

2. You can't tell her too early. You may freak out a low N count girl if you tell her about your marriage intention within 10 minutes of knowing her. The ideal is to tell her in the middle of a first date. You'll have to experiment with the timing.

3. Obvious sluts will be obvious. This line is meant for a girl who you're not quite sure is a slut or not. Most sluts you meet will put out voluntary slut tells from the first twenty seconds that precludes you from needing this line.

It gets trickier when we're dealing with girls over the age of 25. A girl who rode the carousel and is now looking for a parachute will absolutely be thrilled that she found a high value man looking for marriage on the heels of her 29th birthday. We'll have to make a different statement that brings out the reformed slut and repels her in just the same way as if she were under 25.

"I'm looking for a girl who has had less than five sexual partners."

Girls who have had over five cocks will put out a noticeable body jerk or micro-frown. In addition, her cultural programming can't help but attempt to call you out on your

requirement by giving a mocking laugh, asking if you are intimidated by experienced women or are an insecure man. A woman who is not a slut, however, and who has only been with a couple guys from long-term relationships, will not find your statement objectionable and may actually like the fact that you recognize a quality that she herself possess. A slut, however, will be wow just wow offended that you don't find value in her carousel riding, one-night stands with Italian men, and gangbang double anal experiment.

I must stress that you only do this if sex is not your required outcome (i.e. you're already getting laid), because this strategy is designed to create massive and continual failure by weeding out girls who are no better in character to the slut you're already having sex with.

Using the under-25 statement for a while put me in a mini depression once I realized how many young girls are dying to ride the carousel for several years before reaching for their parachute, a man who will be left in the dark about her sexual history where she eagerly sought debauchery and degeneracy instead of love and meaning. Those men, due to their lack of game or confidence, don't have a choice but to accept the slut wife to become the slut mother of his child, but thanks to our painful awareness of the true nature of women, we do have that choice.

When you're ready for a relationship that involves a higher time and emotional investment, screen those damaged sluts out. Sadly, however, this means passing on over 97% of women you meet.

Read Next: *American Feminism Wants All Girls To Be Fat Sluts*

Western Men Are Becoming Evolutionary Dead-Ends

April 20, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A lot of you are coming to the realization, like myself, that there are not many options for men who want to pursue something deeper besides stacking cash and sleeping with promiscuous women, even if you made all the right moves with your life through focusing on self improvement and making sound decisions with your education and money. That raises the question of what is the next stop on our life journey.

The progression of man was clear a few generations ago:

- school
- work
- marry virgin (or girl with less than 5 previous partners)
- babies
- worship god
- death

There was no confusion about what a man should do because the path was laid out and urged onto him by his tribe, family, and a culture built on traditional or religious ideals. But something happened in the years since where the progression became this:

- school
- work
- consume corporate products
- marry aging slut with 20+ notch count
- babies (if wife wasn't made infertile by repeated gonorrhea infections)
- worship blimposaurus wife
- death

One of the reasons you're reading me right now is because you have realized the folly of this progression.

We have taken a road that is grossly unacceptable to the mainstream hivemind. Instead of blindly consuming and wifing up a former carousel rider, we have decided to keep ourselves free from the financial bondage of excessive consumption and also state bondage of not marrying a woman who could easily destroy us in a her-fault divorce. So we hit the gym, we learn game, we travel, and we start our own side businesses. I've met countless men who have done well for themselves by saying no to what has been pushed upon them. Their behavior has been called creepy, sexist, and rapey, in urgent need of manning up, but they have manned up for themselves by beating the system.

But what comes next? If you are to believe the biological imperative encoded within your DNA, it is to reproduce. Based on who our ancestors were—men who successfully reproduced from the first man without fail—I'd say that it would be atypical for you not to

want to create life, especially if you're over 30 and have accumulated sufficient resources. I'm not making an argument to reproduce based on passing your genes on for posterity, since all that will be moot once the sun swallows the earth in a few billion years, but one based on where your genes came from and how they are supposed to code for an intense, illogical, and irrational desire to reproduce that may put your own self-preservation in danger.

If you are to believe that modern culture is headed towards full-blown degeneracy, and that women are affected by the environment they're in, you would naturally come to the conclusion that the women of today make for inferior wives and mothers than the women of yesterday. They are narcissistic, masculine, lacking in homemaking and nurturing skills, holders of outrageous sexual histories, addicted to electronic devices and entertainment, absent in family values, uglier, and less capable of familial loyalty. Western values from America are spreading so rapidly that a 22-year-old Brazilian, Polish, or Thai girl is worse at being a wife than her sister only five years older.

That leaves a Western man who wants to reproduce with three options:

1. Marry a Western woman who has had at least 10 sexual partners and hope that he won't be financially destroyed or imprisoned by the state for not paying child support or being falsely accused of domestic violence or rape.

2. Find a young traditional foreign wife from a little village, bring her back to America, and hope that in 10 years she doesn't learn the way of the land and morph into the Western woman he avoided marrying in the first place.

3. Leave your friends and family to expatriate to a strange land, find a young traditional foreign wife, and live on her home turf while hoping and praying that laws in your new country don't eventually make you a pre-criminal, like has recently happened in Poland when they passed their own version of the Violence Against Women Act.

If you truly want to reproduce, option three has the least amount of risk though it contains the most amount of effort and personal sacrifice, and it's still no guarantee of success, especially if you pick a country that has pretty women who are prone to divorce. Here are divorce rates per 1,000 inhabitants for a selection of countries (lower numbers are better):

Russia: 4.8
USA: 3.6
Lithuania: 3.0
Czech Republic: 2.9
Ukraine: 2.8
Denmark: 2.6
Hungary: 2.4
Estonia: 2.2
Spain: 2.2
Canada: 2.1
UK: 2.0

Turkey: 1.6
Poland: 1.6
Saudi Arabia: 1.1
Serbia: 1.1
Mexico: 0.8
Colombia: 0.2

Option three will be wholly off the table for the bulk of men who are average and not capable of the intellect, work ethic, and touch of mental derangement that is required to expatriate, especially if they don't possess adventurer or thrill-seeker personality traits. For the majority of men, it's not even an option that can be considered, which means that we have now entered an age where a Western man can no longer pursue his biological desire to reproduce without exposing his life to *severe risk* that would likely greatly reduce his quality of life by legally attaching himself to a woman who can hold him hostage in his home.

Marriage and kids were always a marginal deal for men to secure weekly sex and pass on their genes, but now we can advise for the lot of man that he must avoid it at all costs unless he has guaranteed legal protections from his wife and the state or he is beyond certain to have found a "unicorn" who will love him and only him until the end of her life.

There will be a point, after you gain significant resources and become fatigued from banging a variety of sluts, that you will be ready to move on to the next step. That next step was available to you in the past, and while not a necessarily net positive decision, it wasn't automatically one filled with immense risk. But now I'm afraid to say that there is no next step that would involve leaving a legacy without opening yourself up to being ruined unless you manage not only to find a traditional woman in an increasingly nontraditional world but do so in the right country that doesn't flip the switch against its male residents by treating them as undercover wife beaters.

The pinnacle of your father's life was being a reliable provider, but that it not turning out to be the case for us. The pinnacle of our lives is making internet money, scooping up some easy sex, and minimizing our legal exposures. I fear there is not much in the way of deeper meaning to be found. There are no loftier heights to climb than your own independence and individual pursuits. Unless we see drastic world changes in the next 15 years, merely having a pleasant lifestyle and individual freedom is where the trip ends for us, without being able to create our own family.

Read Next: *The Manipulated Man*

The 7 Stages Of Being A Player

April 22, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The game pill is tough to swallow. It upends everything you were told about women while also requiring you to behave and act in a way that may seem too mean. For many men, learning about game puts them through these seven stages:

Denial

"Game doesn't work. It's the deliberate manipulation of women. I don't want to peacock or neg a woman."

When a man finds out about game before hitting hit rock bottom, he viscerally rejects game concepts with talking points picked up from feminists he knows or game denialists on the internet. He's resistant to game ideas because he has hope that his beta male technique of putting women on the pedestal and treating them as flawless goddesses has a chance of giving him the type of relationship he has seen in Hollywood movies. Some men stubbornly cling to such hope much longer than others.

Anger

"Why does she like that stupid jerk more than me? Am I that bad? I do everything to please her but she still doesn't like me."

When pedestalization fails to give him the relationships and sex he desires, he begins to get frustrated and angry. His anger first falls on the jerks that are having unprotected sex with the girl he loves, and then it turns inwards to himself for being a failure who can only get sexual attraction from the most undesirable women of society.

Bargaining

"If I can buy one more thoughtful gift or do her one more special favor, she will fall in love with me and I can just be myself. I only want one wonderful girl."

In spite of his realization that something is wrong with being a nice guy in the modern world, he gives one more steroid injection of pedestalization on that special girl in his class or social circle. His posture and attitude is slightly more haughty, since he is now aware that women like confident men, but he's put into the friend zone anyway. She tells him that she doesn't see him in "that way."

Depression

"No girl will ever love me. I may never have sex again. Why is it so hard to meet a pretty girl?"

His soul has been emptied. Within it is now a vacuum begging to be filled with something that gives him the answers as to why he is a failure with women. If he gets his hands on a practical and effective game resource, he will devour it and be able to link his failures

with behavior that is beta and unattractive. The more depressed he is, the quicker he will be able to absorb game materials.

Success

"I don't believe this works! I want to fuck 200 girls."

The power of game becomes apparent to him when using it on girls he already knows sees an immediate effect. If the man has at least average testosterone levels, he will go on to have a respectable player career of banging a variety of women while experimenting with soft harems and relationships. Men who enter a relationship before completing their game training will likely get dumped and have to resume from the depression stage.

Fatigue

"I'm bored of women. They're too much work. All women are like that."

The grind of the game sets in. He realizes that the moment he stops playing the game, his sex supply dries up. Even though he will have internalized a lot of optimal game behavior, a handful of interactions went sour when he tried to be his authentic self. He comes to realize that society is now constructed in a way that hinders the traditional relationships that he may now want without having to act like a clown.

Acceptance

"Women can't give me happiness. There are a temporarily and fleeting side dish to a well-balanced masculine life."

The player now understands that there are limits to how much sex or relationships can enhance his life, even if his game is in top form. While a life without women is less enjoyable than with, he is better able to channel his energies onto personal goals instead of constantly chasing women for sexual gratification or emotional validation. He will use his game knowledge to reproduce with a woman or to enter relationships for companionship, sexual pleasure, or pair bonding.

Conclusion

While every man has his own unique journey, it's likely you'll experience shades of all seven of the above. I'm in the last stage, where I understand the limits of what a woman or any other human being can provide me, and that a strategy of putting myself first is best in individualist societies where women are putting their emotions and iPhones before any decent man they may meet, especially during their most fertile years.

The most reasonable conclusion is to make women a part of your life but not the majority of it. A major lack of women will not destroy you just like how sexual success with women will not fill up your personal voids. The middle ground of pursuing women for specific needs that you require is the healthiest approach of what will have to be a lifelong game journey.

Read Next: *The Roosh Program*

What It's Like To Get Searched By US Customs

April 24, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Scheduling Note: Monday's post will be delayed to Tuesday, April 28.

I've never before had a problem coming into the US from abroad, but that changed with my recent trip to New York City. I was pulled aside for extra screening by Customs and subjected to a search that made me feel like I was being accused of a crime.

After deplaning, I was required like everyone to use an electronic kiosk where my photo was taken. I was given a receipt that I presented to the border patrol agent with my passport and customs form.

"So this is a business trip?" the guard asked.

"Yes," I replied.

"What kind of business are you into?"

"Internet," I said, after a two-second delay.

"Where have you been recently?"

"Poland and Ukraine."

"Why were you there?"

"I live in Poland."

"So what kind of business are you doing on the internet?"

If you read me, you know it's not that easy to explain. I write books, operate a forum, run two large blogs, have a personal blog, and so on. "Lots of things," I said.

"Okay," he said sarcastically while rolling his eyes. He wrote something on my form.

I wondered to myself if he got sore by my answers and wrote a code which would subject me to an additional search. Sure enough, after getting my bags and going through the exit, I was pointed to the secondary screening area for further inspection.

At that time I noticed people with a passport color that wasn't like mine going right through. I didn't understand why I was being singled out for a search when non-citizens weren't. Why was I being treated worse than them? Is there a new directive to screen citizens with Muslim names who have visited Eastern Europe?

I waited ten minutes and was prompted by another agent.

"So what are you doing in New York?"

"I'm appearing on a TV show." He opened my main bag and began going through my things.

"Where do you live now?"

"I live in Poland."

"Why?"

"You want to know why?"

“Yeah, why don’t you live in America?”

“Because it’s expensive and the women are fat.” He stopped searching and looked at me. “I’m a thin man so I can’t handle the larger sizes that American women now come in.”

“Well that’s a good reason,” he said. I didn’t pick up on any sarcasm.

“What’s your job?”

“I do internet stuff.”

“What kind of stuff?”

“Writing.”

“Fiction or non-fiction?”

“Both.”

“Like in what?” He motioned with his hand for me to keep talking.

“Books and articles.”

His search of my bags was lazy. He didn’t go through the side pockets or even individual items. Several years ago I was subject to a random drug search in Colombia and they even went through the inside of my socks. The only thing this agent’s search could have found is a huge five kilogram package wrapped in masking tape with the words “COCAINE” or “EXPLOSIVE DEVICE” written on the outside in black marker.

After his search was done, he fiddled at the computer for a while. I could only imagine what he was typing in there. “Curt demeanor, hates American women, may require anal search in future.”

“Okay sir we are done.”

I gathered my things. “So why was I selected?”

“It was your turn.”

I didn’t understand his answer. “I see people who are not citizens that aren’t subjected to this, and I didn’t break any laws. I pay my taxes every year. I don’t understand the reason.”

“It was just your turn,” he said louder. I know it’s silly to ask the interrogator if his interrogation tactics are legal, but I wanted to try anyway.

“So what if I were to refuse to answer your questions?” I asked. “I really have to tell you these private details of my life?”

“If you don’t answer, we detain you until you want to talk.”

“But I’m a citizen.”

“It doesn’t matter. You’re not in America yet.”

I’ve traveled to over 30 countries now, and even with the Colombian drug search, this was by far the worst treatment I’ve received trying to cross a border. What I don’t understand is how our government is welcoming millions of illegal aliens of dubious societal value, but is treating a citizen who has never been arrested or even charged with a crime as if he’s a criminal. There are only four reasons I could come up with for why

they did this:

1. To find drugs. I don't know how serious the drug war still is, but even if it's high, they did a piss poor job in their search. The officer didn't even look through my bulging laptop bag.

2. To get someone to randomly admit to breaking the law. They are doing statistical profiling to hopefully trip up a criminal mastermind into accidental admitting that he is leading an illegal organization.

3. To justify someone's pay check. The cancer that is America's bureaucracy is pushing needless searches because it creates positions that ensure leeches in the system continue to grow and metastasize. More personnel is needed to ask thousands of people every day why they choose to live life the way they do.

4. To instill citizen fear of authority. The government wants you to fear its power while training you in the art of submission. Through various encroachments upon your liberty on both the Federal and local level, we're being primed to fear the government and do whatever is asked, even if it is against the spirit of the Constitution.

Americans are taught at a young age that government is "for the people, by the people," but we can now safely conclude that this notion no longer applies (if it ever did). It is "for the elite, by the elite." You are a replaceable gear in the machine, and so you will be treated as such. Once it's "your turn," you will have to make a decision of whether to submit or stand by your principles and be greatly inconvenienced or outright detained. I submitted to my master this time, but I wonder if I will be so willing to do so again.

Read Next: *What Is Government?*

How I Was Backstabbed By Dr. Oz And His Female Producers

April 28, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I recently traveled to New York City to appear on a segment for the Dr. Oz show which airs this afternoon in USA and Canada (see local TV listings or view the 30 second preview clip). In case you don't know, Dr. Oz is a doctor turned daytime host for a show that is produced by Oprah Winfrey's company Harpo Productions. Of course I expected to be the "bad guy" on the show, and knew they would ask me some pointed questions, but I could not anticipate how much of a massacre it would be.

Dr. Oz Faces Off With A Notorious Online Fat Shamer Bullying Women All Over The World

Dr. Oz confronts a man who publicly humiliates women for their weight as a way to force them to conform to his idea of beauty.

Several weeks ago I got an email from a producer asking why I organized fat shaming week on Return Of Kings. In a long phone conversation, I told her my thoughts and she remarked that they were more reasonable than she expected. She offered to fly me to New York City and put me up in a hotel to appear for a segment on fat shaming where I could share what I told her on national television. I knew my portrayal in this segment would be mostly negative, but that didn't bother me since she was offering a platform to get the word out. I reviewed many clips of Dr. Oz on Youtube and he seemed like a sensible Turkish man who would let some of the truth shine through.

On the day of filming, the staff was extremely courteous and professional. I talked to a couple female producers who happened to be overweight and asked them, "How do you feel about me being on this show for fat shaming?" I believe that obesity is a serious problem, but I'm empathetic at the same time in that I don't want to personally attack those who don't attack me. As long as you are not pushing fat acceptance, or trying to

claim that fat is beautiful, I will not bother you.

One producer said, “We just want you to share your perspective.” They smiled at me and seemed genuinely interested in what I had to say about fat shaming, and one even went so far as to offer aid in obtaining the loose leaf green tea that I desired (I avoid bagged teas whenever possible). From the behavior they showed me, it was safe to assume that I was about to have an honest conversation about the obesity issue on mainstream American television.

I was ushered backstage and did a microphone test for the sound engineer. There were several monitors above where I could see the studio set. I looked up at one and saw Dr. Oz introducing me. I was preparing to go on the stage with a slight smile, but that notion quickly evaporated when I heard the word “monster” and “bringing him out from the shadows.” Instantly, I knew I was walking into a trap. I looked around, half hoping for a hug or some assurance that everything was going to be okay, but realized that the staff who were so cheery earlier knew all along that they were ushering me to a public execution. They sedated me with niceities so I would not be mentally prepared for what was about to happen.

Strangely enough, all nervousness I had beforehand disappeared because the result was no longer in my control. I told myself “remember to breathe,” got a nudge, and was escorted to the stage. I shook Dr. Oz’s hand, the man who just called me a monster, out of instinct. The lights were bright but not in my face, making it hard to see the 200 people in the audience. I counted three cameras with teleprompters attached and didn’t know if I should look at them or not. My mouth suddenly felt dry.

Dr. Oz’s attack began by cherry picking the meanest quotes I’ve ever written and asking me to justify them. I got out my shovel, ready to work, but every time I climbed up the edge, Dr. Oz would push me back in by saying I was “screwed up” or offer some type of emotional outburst before wild applause by the audience. I have been to European soccer games with less emotion.

I tried to take the conversation out of feelings and into logic by claiming that thin women are objectively more attractive and that obesity is causing huge public health problems, but they specifically wanted to focus on me and my “hatred” and all the feelings I’m hurting. The debate was framed in a way to not bring up facts that went against the party line. As much as I love talking about myself, I wanted to discuss the issue at hand, but wasn’t given an honest opportunity to do so.

After frothing up the audience to despise me, Dr. Oz initiated the two minutes of hate. He found the fattest women in the New York area and put them on steel reinforced seats to insult me as they wished. The crowd cheered and applauded after each fat woman gave her prepared diatribe. It was at this point I started examining the crowd of mostly women. I made eye contact with a few to see if they would stick their tongue out at me or wag their finger, but they didn't. They were motionless mannequins that waited for the flashing studio light to give a response.

While fat woman number three was yelling and pointing at me, I looked at Dr. Oz's teleprompter, and thought how easy his job must be if all he has to do is read and pander to these women. It was a surreal moment for sure, to be hated by everyone in the room and be stuck in a rigged match where there was no way I could appear reasonable or even myself. I looked at Dr. Oz and wondered if he would cap it all off by punching me. It would make for good television, at least.

After fat woman number four finished her angry speech, I squeezed in a decent bit about how fat acceptance shortens everyone's life spans, and I heard a gasp from somewhere as if what I said was shocking, and realized that my statement will probably be edited out. When it was over I walked backstage, said "Wow," and burst into laughter, not because anything was funny, but because my body needed a way to release the hate that it was forced to absorb from over 200 people. The backstage hands didn't even look at me. I saw the producer and went up to her. I had no instinct to be mad at her or even Dr. Oz, whose entire goal was to humiliate me. I thanked her for the flight and hotel and then left.

Two years ago I was on the Ukrainian version of Jerry Springer. They brought on a friend to betray me, a girl to falsely claim I stalked her on the street, a neo-Nazi who bragged about using weapons against sex tourists, and a girl who threatened me with a lawsuit. But in spite of all that chaos, I was given enough time to share my views so that many in the audience ended up agreeing with me after hearing what I had to say. The Dr. Oz show, on the other hand, was scripted top to bottom, making absolutely certain the "monster" could not win or even share his "perspective." It was such a masterfully produced hit job that I may even hate myself after watching it.

I brought a friend along with me to the taping. In the dressing room before I went on, I couldn't help but muse about my appearance:

> Hundreds of years ago, I would have been a soldier, fighting battles to defend my country against invaders, or invading another tribe to steal their women and land. But here I am, with makeup on my face, about to talk about fat people, because now the world values entertainment more than anything else. They want singers and actors and famous people to make them forget about their boring lives, and even women we meet want the same. I was given some type of ability by god or nature so that I am wanted here right now in this building during this strange time of humanity, and so I will use that ability, and give everyone their entertainment.

Based on that standard, I succeeded. I gave 200 people in the studio, and soon millions more today, the raw fuel to feel anger, sadness, and outrage in the middle of the day, emotions they desperately want but which their otherwise unsatisfactory lives don't provide them. I guess in the end I'm not that different from Dr. Oz. We have a different kind of jig we do in front of the camera, but in the end we're still doing a jig, and in spite of the public show trial he subjected me to, of which the only thing missing was an execution at the end, I will continue to do my dance.

Read Next: *How To Do Interviews With The Mainstream Media*

Don’t Let A Girl Use Dread Game On You

April 30, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Dread game is a technique to use in relationships where you make a girl worried that something is wrong or that you may leave her for another woman. This increases her anxiety levels to a point where she wants to alleviate the stress by trying to please you and make sure everything is okay, which prevents her from getting bored in the relationship and straying. When dread game is used on you by a woman, however, you must immediately reprimand her and lay down a warning not to do it again.

Here is dread game as defined by Heartiste:

> Women respond viscerally in their vagina area to unpredictability, mixed signals, danger, and drama in spite of their best efforts to convince themselves otherwise. Managing your relationship in such a way that she is left with a constant, gnawing feeling of impending doom will do more for your cause than all the Valentine’s Day cards and expertly performed tongue love in the world. Like it or not, the threat of a looming breakup, whether the facts justify it or not, will spin her into a paranoid estrogen-fueled tizzy, and she’ll spend every waking second thinking about you, thinking about the relationship, thinking about how to fix it. Her love for you will blossom under these conditions.

The reason that dread game works on women is that they prefer a baseline level of anxiety. Their brain enjoys a roller coaster ride of emotions that can go from pleasure to fear in a matter of minutes, and the dread you instill contributes to the *raison d’etre* of her life. In other words, she wants dread, and will choose to be with men who are able to create it within her as opposed to the man who prevents concerns and problems from rising up to the surface at all by being constantly reassuring.

Men are different than women in that they do not seek emotional swings that come from dread. The reason is that, unlike women, we are not bailed out when bad things happen to us. We receive far less aid from the outcome of dreadful situations than women because there is never a prince in shining armor (i.e. the government, beta males, husbands) to help us out. The burden of life falls squarely on our shoulders. Any woman who deliberately manufactures the potential of great harm to your life is a danger to your own well-being and mental health.

The number one way women instill dread is to create a pregnancy scare. Even though women know their menstrual cycle can be normally off by a few days, they may artificially try to worry you when they’re “one day late,” attempting to project the type of dread onto you which she knows makes her attracted to men. When a woman is pregnant, she has the choice to abort the baby or get aid from the state to raise it, but the man who impregnated her has no choice about what to do with the fetus and is looking at 18 years of making forced payments or imprisonment if he fails to do so. The consequences of an accidental pregnancy are far greater to a man, so a woman who uses

this type of dread against him must be seen as conniving and toxic.

The uterus is of no concern to you unless a girl you've been sleeping with has a positive pregnancy test in her hands that you do an additional test to confirm. If a girl says she's "late" and "worried," she's trying to manipulate you into being more attracted to her, using those 18 years of possible state slavery as her game "technique." Stop her move before it starts by saying the following:

> Unless you take a pregnancy test that is positive, I don't want to hear anything about your menstrual cycle. You can talk about that to your mom or girlfriends.

You must then reconsider if you want to stay with a girl who is so quick to use an event against you that can turn your life upside down.

While all girls are designed to be flakey to some degree, most girls forgo use of dread game because they understand the repercussions it has on men. I've dated girls who told me of their pregnancy scare *after* it was done. One girl, who was late a whole week, didn't bother to tell me until everything was in the clear and specifically said she didn't want to worry me. Just like how you don't tell a girl all manner of symptoms on your penis that would scare her into thinking she may have an STD, a consequence of far less severity than a pregnancy, a girl should not use her reproductive cycle to instill dread onto you. If a girl is sending you late night texts because she's half a day late, she's acting negligently and in poor faith, and will continue to use other tactics to make you feel dread.

I recently had a case where a Polish girl I was sleeping with tried to manufacture dread in me. She sent me a text saying she had bad news. My mind immediately settled on an STD or pregnancy, because I can't think of anything bad that must be announced with warning when not in person. Before telling me what the bad news actually was, she went silent for twelve long hours. When she came to, she announced that her "bad news" was that she bought tennis shoes and has to exercise more. I dumped her on the spot. There is no room in my life for a girl who manually tries to increase my anxiety because she doesn't know how to be attractive with her normal femininity.

A long time ago I pointed out how American girls are starting to use negs on guys. The reason is that negs successfully work on them, and since they have been brainwashed to believe men and women are equal, they figure that negging a man will increase his attraction for her, similar to how she thinks announcing a high-profile job title will do the same. As more men successfully use dread game on women as a matter of necessity to keep them in a perpetual state of attraction, it's only a matter of time until more girls begin to deliver fake "bad news" and artificial pregnancy scares. This may come sooner than later if dread game is taught to women through pop culture. A popular new song by Carly Rae Jepsen prominently features dread game at 2:30, used on a man she "really really" likes:

"I need to tell you something… I'm pregnant. Just kidding!"

Modern women are so confused about how to be attractive that they are modeling the

damaged bad boys who they love fucking, but you must not let them use dread game on you, because as a man there are real consequences for its real-life result.

Read Next: *She Dropped A Nuclear Bomb On My Boner*

5 Hats A Man Must Wear To Have A Healthy Sex Life

May 4, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

As women get more selective about the men they date, men must learn a multitude of new skills that approach professional competency just to enter and maintain sexual relationships with them. For many men, being able to have sex with women is becoming similar to the training they must undertake to land a high-paying career.

I've written many books, but I didn't only write them—I also had to format the books according to the printer's specifications, design the covers (or contract them out), do multiple rounds of editing, hire a copy editor, determine pricing, construct enticing summaries, make a web page to sell them on, market the books through multiple channels, and handle customer service. In the past, writers rarely did more than a couple edits of their books before handing it off to the publisher, but self-published authors today have to wear many hats to bring their books to market.

Becoming a man who can enter relationships with women is not unlike being a self-published writer: you now have to master several processes and skills just to be moderately successful. Below I list the hats a man in the 21st century must wear if he wants to have a healthy sex life.

Salesman

As community and social bonds weaken, it's unlikely that a man will organically meet a good woman in his existing social circles. He will not be introduced to her through his neighbor, church, or family events. Instead, he must learn how to cold approach women in public or learn how to chat them up on the internet.

Cold approaching, as any professional salesman can tell you, has a high failure rate, and so the man must master playing the "numbers game" by contacting high quantities of women in order to succeed with just one. He must learn legitimate sales tactics, steel his core against rejection, learn how to deal with wishy-washy leads, and identify signals that the customer wants to buy in order to close the deal. He must even learn how to manage his state and mood so that he can keep approaching cold prospects in the face of long stretches of failure. A man who is good in the game today is quite qualified to be an actual corporate salesman.

Psychologist

Approximately 25% of women are diagnosed as mentally ill. Many others are neurotic and approach senility in some form, making them unable to handle normal life situations. Women will constantly whine and stress over their first-world problems and you'll notice firsthand how it affects their mood, pleasantness, and willingness to have sex. If you want sex to proceed, you must put on the hat of a psychologist to manage her sour mood or budding mental illness in a way that prevents her from ruining the time you share with

her or having a complete mental breakdown.

Just like how a psychologist doesn't get completely involved in a patient's life, a man must be careful not to help so much that the woman starts to construe his aid as needy and then withhold sexual benefits. A man must give a woman the tools to continue opening her legs without inserting himself into her problems completely. This takes a delicate balance that actual psychologists possess and receive rates in excess of $100 an hour to perform.

Soap Opera Writer

There is nothing more that a modern woman hates than a boring, predictable man. Since her life is already boring and predictable thanks to voluntarily enslaving herself to a corporate career, she seeks excitement and spontaneity outside of it. Therefore as a man you must provide her with the plot twists, uncertainty, and dread that she desperately desires now that her life is safe.

One key skill of the soap opera writers is never ending the story. Whenever one subplot ends, another begins, and the viewer is forced to watch every episode to hope for a final resolution that actually never comes. As a man, you must mimic the soap opera writer (and to a lesser extent, the romance writer) in structuring your relationship so that the woman wants to keep tuning into you. The worst thing that can happen is she turns off the show and looks elsewhere for the drama and tension she craves.

Clown

Not only must a man write the plot lines that excite a woman, he has to act them out as well, creating a one-man show so skilled that it would undoubtedly impress Broadway stage veterans. In addition to producing exciting plots, the man must provide action in the moment through his masterful use of stories, humor, interesting statements, and the most confident of body language. He must also display a wide range of emotions that can instantly go from basic tenderness to anger, from being a silent stoic to an animated raconteur. The man's human body is but a form to provide entertainment to a woman that keeps her interest level high in the moment.

It wouldn't hurt the modern male to take on actual clown behaviors that were historically designed to entertain children. A man can easily excite a woman through the use of magic tricks, cold reading, and silly pranks that enthrall a woman and keep her coming back for more.

Porn Star

Since the countercultural revolution of the 1960's, women have been taught that bodily pleasure experienced through their vaginas is absolutely paramount, more than any emotional connection that can be received from a "good man," which has become a euphemism for "so boring lol." Women now require a man to have a handful of tricks in his sexual toolbox so she can be pleasured in a wide variety of sexual positions and styles

to utilize her vagina in ways that biology did not originally intend. Only men with porn star levels of energy and ambition will be able to completely satisfy her.

If a man is unable to sex a woman in the rough and borderline abusive manner she demands, she will get bored and seek out another cock. You must pull her hair, choke her, and simulate rape conditions so that her vagina is excited to the upper reaches of its factory specifications, and do so as long as she requires, with masterful control of your own orgasm in the tantric style. If you do not excite her vagina or at least perform the moves she read about in a book like *50 Shades Of Gray*, she will procure rough sex elsewhere.

Conclusion

In the past, a man had to simply be polite, have character, and be gainfully employed to get and keep the attentions of a good woman. He only had to be a professional in the job that put bread on the table for his family. That man today would either die a virgin or attempt a murderous shooting spree. Now he must be a salesman, psychologist, soap opera writer, clown, and porn star all wrapped into one seamless package to begin enjoying relationships with attractive women in their fertile prime. The set of skills for each profession must be good enough that the man could begin to compete *with actual professionals* in those respective fields.

If a man wants to get laid at all with any woman, even low quality ones, he must at least possess basic competency for each profession. Otherwise, he may want to try a hobby like stamp collecting to fill his future lonely nights.

Read Next: *The Decimation Of Western Women Is Complete*

What Is Neomasculinity?

May 6, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Neomasculinity combines traditional beliefs, masculinity, and animal biology into one ideological system. It aims to aid men living in Westernized nations that lack qualities such as classical virtue, masculinity in males, femininity in females, and objectivity, especially concerning beauty ideals and human behavior. It also serves as an antidote for males who are being programmed to accept Western degeneracy, mindless consumerism, and immoral state authority. The purpose of this article is to list and describe the principal doctrines of neomasculinity.

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Game

Due to changes in mating behavior and pair bonding brought on by technology, shifting demographics, migration to cities from rural towns, universal suffrage, promotion of sexually promiscuous behaviors, and destruction of traditional sex roles, most men do not have the ability or knowledge to successfully reproduce with a modern woman on a comparable attractiveness and socioeconomic level. Their “natural” self will lead to reproductive failure without purposeful intervention that increases their attractiveness in

the eyes of women who are actively encouraged to seek out high-value males.

“Game” is a collection of socially-based tactics and reproducible behaviors that increase a man’s sexual attractiveness to women and therefore his access to reproduction. It can range from a trivial aid like an opening line that starts a conversation with a woman in an interesting manner to a physical move that escalates intimacy in the bedroom in a way that is most likely to lead to sex. Its primary goal is to give men a set of tools and beliefs that allow him to more easily enter sexual relationships with the women he desires. In modern Western societies, a man who doesn’t at least subconsciously understand game concepts is unlikely to have sex at all.

Game is ultimately a response to signals that women in any environment are displaying, giving them what they want in sexual partners based on their desires and tastes of the day. These desires are undergoing regular change, meaning that game is a constantly shifting set of outward rules and practices while the inward game beliefs governing those practices remain mostly static, based on known biological truths that stem from animal reproductive science and studies based on female human sexual behavior.

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- *The 3 Principal Types Of Game*
- *The Death Of Male Authenticity*

Traditional sex roles

Humans purportedly diverged from chimpanzees 4-8 million years ago. During that stretch, natural selection has applied different pressures on the men and women of our hunter-gatherer ancestors to increase their likelihood of survival. The most visible difference between the sexes is muscle mass, whereby a modern woman is only 60% as strong as a man, since stronger men were more likely to ensure individual and group survival.

Selection did not stop at the neck, meaning that our brains have accumulated differences in behavior, psychology, and how we respond to various environmental stimuli. For those who don’t believe in evolutionary processes, sex differences would have been bestowed onto humans by some type of creator.

The sum of these differences lead to a strength and weakness profile for each sex that allows them to either excel or be deficient in certain roles compared to the opposite sex. The term “traditional sex roles” is slightly a misnomer—a more accurate term is “human sex roles,” since they have likely existed since the beginning of the human species.

Traits possessed by men in greater percentage than women: dominance, independence, intelligence, rationale, analytical thinking

Traits possessed by women in greater percentage than men: submissiveness, dependence, emotional nature, faster intuition, cooperative sharing

The idea of “gender equality” is a myth that has no scientific basis. Pushing for it is

detrimental to both sexes because it minimizes their innate strengths and maximizes their weaknesses, decreasing their overall chances of reproduction, survival, and even happiness, especially in an environment that is constrained with resources.

Forcing men to cooperate, share, and nurture like a woman is as unusual as training a house cat to bark like a dog. In the same way that we have the economical division of labor, where you are trained to perform a narrow set of tasks better than others in order to earn a successful living, traditional sex roles have done the same in splitting the burden of survival and child-rearing between two sexes.

While women don't "belong" in the home, they do a better job than men at nesting and child raising. While men don't belong in coal mines or on oil rigs, they do a better job at digging minerals from the earth and raising it above ground. Creating government programs or propaganda that aim to show women can be coal miners and firefighters as good as men is a foolish, politically correct behavior that comes from a false notion ("men and women are equal") that cannot ever be made true without us evolving into a new species. Westerners, as defined by those living in the Anglosphere and Western Europe, are currently forced to digest all manner of manipulation and dissemination of falsehoods to make equality truthful.

Men and women should have some degree of free will to live a life compatible with their respective societies, but there should not be coordination between the media, government, and academia to program citizens to abandon their innate strengths for imagined ideas of utopia.

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- *Traditional Gender Roles Create Feminine Women*
- *The Contradiction Of Pursuing Casual Sex While Advocating For Traditional Values*
- *Traditional Sex Roles Are What Nature Intended*

Understanding the true nature of women

By the time most men finish puberty, they will have an impression of women that is mostly fantasy. Modern culture has undertaken huge steps to portray women simultaneously as victims needing male assistance *and* empowered superheros who are so capable and brave that they don't even need men at all. It's not surprising to find that many men have an understanding of women that is not far from what you would find in an old Disney movie, of women who display amazing acts of courage one moment and then needing approval and assistance from dashing princes the next.

Women are reactionary in that they subconsciously assess the environment to determine how to proceed with mate selection. If survival is hard, and her basic food and shelter needs are difficult to attain, she will latch onto a provider man at an early age that aids in her survival. If survival is easy, and she already has her food and shelter needs met, she will then pursue more base hedonistic instincts while leisurely shopping around for the most high status male she can obtain.

If she fails in her search of the latter, she will procure a provider male well past her peak beauty and fertility (after 30 years of age) so that she does not grow old without any life partner at all. (A provider male, or beta male, is a man who eagerly, kindly, and sometimes mindlessly shares his financial resources with a woman of dubious worth in exchange for sexual benefits, companionship, and the chance to reproduce.)

Women are also craftily aware of local legal conditions and how it can be manipulated in their favor. If rape laws tighten against men, more women will use false rape accusations as a weapon to punish men, alleviate feelings of sexual guilt, attract the attention of high-status men, or get out of being caught cheating. If domestic violence laws tighten, women will use that as a weapon to control their husbands. Women are skilled at using the structure and rules of the local environment to fulfill their goals, which is to secure the highest possible value male, gain as much material resources as possible, pursue the female primal need for pleasure and vanity, and compete successfully against other females.

A woman behaving as the model of femininity and kindness in an environment with conditions favoring males will behave quite differently in an environment with conditions favoring females. A woman's nature is therefore not static, and takes the shape of the container of her environment.

The true nature of men, on the other hand, is in turn reactionary to signals women put out that declare their sexual preferences in males. Women act according to the broader environment to accumulate resources and self-satisfaction while men act according to the best method and strategy to secure female sexual partners. The mating feedback loop that results, involving untold number of variables, can help explain differences in mating strategies of people living in nations that have similar cultural values.

In the past, the best male strategy to reproduce was resource sharing since survival was difficult and in no way guaranteed, but now with survival needs easily met, men are moving into a "clown" strategy of providing entertainment, excitement, and alpha male simulated behavior to women who are quicker to reward this set of tactics with commitment-free sex than with provider male tactics of yesterday.

Related:

- *Men Are Nothing More Than Clowns To The Modern Woman*
- *Women In Their Prime Prefer Sex With Damaged Men*

Patriarchy

Western society is moving away from a patriarchal-based system where men held sole power and determined the rules governing society. In the past, men like Arthur Schopenhauer and HL Mencken understood the true nature of women and the chaos that would ensure if patriarchal rules were dismantled by allowing women to pursue mating without constraints while allowing them to directly compete with men in the labor market. This has the simultaneous effect of making women less able to fulfill their motherly duties

while impoverishing men economically and making them less able or likely to fulfill important provider roles that foster societal stability.

Patriarchy does have its flaws in locking in roles for males and females who are outliers, but it was undoubtedly a superior societal system that catered to the innate abilities of the sexes and provided them with roles that not only furthered their own abilities and interests but civilization as a whole. Men were able to provide through their labor while women were able to nurture and raise children in an imperfect but mostly harmonious family system. It's likely due to patriarchy that humans did survive various threats to their existence. Patriarchal systems must therefore be regained as the primary organizing structure of modern societies.

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- *20 Signs That We're Not Living In A Patriarchy*
- *This Accidental Experiment Shows The Superiority Of Patriarchy*

Sexual marketplace value

The job market in a capitalist country is fluid and free. Employers can hire and fire workers at will and workers can join or leave a company at will. Neither have much in the way of loyalty or dedication to each other, and each party is attempting to extract as much money, labor, knowledge, and experience as possible from the other party.

Some corporations hold more value in the eyes of employers than others, due to their brand name, salary, facilities, and perks. Some workers are eagerly sought out by corporations because of their experience, ability, and reputation. The top corporations can easily retain the best talent while the bottom corporations continually lose their best talent to corporations above them. At the same time, the best workers are promoted and lavished with higher salaries while the worst workers can only retain the lowest paying jobs or have to suffer persistent unemployment.

The modern dating market is now as fluid as the job market. Once traditional sex roles were dismantled and women were allowed to embrace their hypergamous nature of seeking top males, they began shopping for the best "corporation" that they could land, hopping from one man to the next as a way to maximize the value they could receive. At the same time, men at the top could attract the very best females, while men at the bottom struggle to attract even one.

In the days of Christian monogamy, women were culturally shamed and prevented from shopping for men, and encouraged to marry the first good man they bed, one they often met through family or church. This ensured society stability and sexual equality in that most able-bodied men would be able to procure a wife. These women would gain a dedicated provider male instead of being sexually used for short-term sexual pleasure by high-status men until being replaced by a younger beauty.

The breakdown of traditional sex roles and Christian-style egalitarian monogamy with the

promotion of fluid dating has begun to revert society into a harem model currently practiced by Arab royalty in countries like Saudi Arabia and United Arab Emirates, where high status men reap nearly all the highest quality fertile women and maintain concubines on retainer while low status men receive no women and struggle to have their basic survival needs met.

In America today, famous and good-looking men are hotly pursued by beautiful women while the majority of “average” men are forced to undergo strenuous efforts to increase their sexual marketplace value (SMV) to compete, just like how any worker must increase their job market value by educating themselves in university and working in low-paying internships.

With fluid dating, every man must vigorously improve his SMV in order to land sexual relationships, and if he doesn’t, he’s at risk at failing to experience any sexual success. At the same time, women also have an SMV that is tied mainly to their beauty and fertility. Men have to work at increasing their SMV while women are given the bulk of theirs by nature.

Except for natural-born alpha males, a man’s SMV is still rising in his late teens and early 20’s before he has accumulated significant resources, social status, and game, during a time when a woman’s SMV is at her highest, thanks to her being at the peak of her beauty. If a woman is unable to gain commitment of a man during the height of her SMV, it will be a game of musical chairs in her 30’s or even 40’s to find any man who will walk down the aisle with her. A woman who doesn’t lower her standards in her 30’s will undoubtedly fail to find commitment, since there is little she will be able to do to increase her value. A man, however, has many options even into old age for keeping his SMV relatively high, such as increasing his status or wealth.

A healthy and stable society will put limitations upon both men and women to fully maximize their SMV as if they were working in a capitalistic job market. Men would be limited from excessive philandering for extended periods of time and “using up” a woman’s beauty for hedonistic pleasure while women would be limited in using her sexuality and peak beauty to sleep with dozens of men in the hopes that one high-status man will keep her. Sexual experimentation should be self-limiting, but as long as dating is fluid, male participants have no choice but to play the game and work on their SMV to hopefully land some semblance of a normal relationship. The more fluid the dating market is, the less likely that will happen.

Related:

- *How To Be A Great Man*
- *8 Things American Women Must Do To Make Themselves More Attractive For Men*
- *How The Game Changes When You Get Older*

Self-improvement

Self-improvement is necessary for a man to transform the raw material of his genetics to

maximize his sexual marketplace value, accumulate enough material resources to live comfortably (and protect himself from the actions of an unjust state or hysterical mob), and to gain enough wisdom and experience to live a virtuous life with a mind free of falsehoods and brainwashing. This is an individual journey that better suits a man with an above-average mind that resists the trends and styles of the day to pursue truths and conditions that were no less relevant hundreds of years ago. Four basic components this includes is physical fitness, hard work ethic, individual responsibility, and lifestyle optimization.

Weightlifting and fitness

Body development increases a man's overall health, instills into him hard work ethic, and increases his confidence, which facilitates attainment of his other goals. At the same time body development is important, it should not be so involved that it begins to take away from development of the mind.

For the average man, the mind exists solely for the pleasures and functions of the body, but for the above-average man, the body exists for the functioning of the mind. Men must be careful not to overcompensate in body development to pursue goals of vanity or narcissism that end up limiting their overall development.

Individual responsibility

Men are not victims. While we have been placed on the Earth during a unique time in humanity that can be institutionally oppressive to men, we're still allowed enormous ability to affect the fabric of our lives. Even the most repressive regime on the planet today will afford men the opportunity to privately develop themselves, and so no excuse must be made to quit, obsessively gripe, or not even attempt the difficult steps that can improve our stations.

While there are some features of modern Western society that make it harder to achieve our goals, such as finding a loyal wife to raise a family with, there is still room for a disciplined and focused man to win in a climate that wants him to lose. The limitations stopping us exist partly in our minds, as any brief study of history can show that men never had it easy. Blame for our failures in life must be put squarely on our own shoulders to train our minds to focus on what we can control instead of what we cannot.

Hard work ethic

Men are the mules of the human species. Their nature codes for them to work endlessly until they perish, and so a neomasculine man is one who sets a goal for himself and tirelessly labors for its realization. Success may not be a guarantee in his journey, but labor is, and the man who doesn't labor is not more deserving of the fruits of male life than one who does. While some men have to work less at their goals because of innate talents and abilities they were born with, work is a significant equalizer that allows one born with a lower stock to raise himself up to those men born above him.

Society is now structured to teach men to work for corporations to earn money for products that go right back to corporations. After a man has put in a shift of eight hours in the office, his mind and body is too tired to work for himself, and so this is how the modern format of work inhibits a man in developing his potential. Along his life's journey, a man must figure out how he can work for himself first, during times his mind is fresh, instead of giving the best parts of himself to a corporation that does little more than satisfy consumer wants that were programmed into him.

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- *Everyone Is Hoping That You'll Fail*

Lifestyle optimization

Every man's nature is different. Some are morning birds, some are night owls. Some have fast metabolisms, some have slow metabolisms. Some are extroverted, some are introverted. Every man has a responsibility to discover his own nature, his strengths and his flaws, to understand how his mind and body responds to stimuli to better construct a way of living that suits him best and allows him to accomplish goals instead of trying to merely copy someone else's formula.

Man must find the best diet, sleep, supplements, and workout regime for his body. He must find the best work habits for completing his labor. He must find the social environments to further his friendships or relationships with women. This requires men to be open to trying different things, be vigorous with experimentation, and self-reflect honestly without ego. By the time a man is 35, he should have a custom lifestyle in place that is seamlessly integrated with a program of self-development that aids in his goals instead of hindering them

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Free speech and due process

Free speech is important from the perspective that concerned men or women should be able to speak out once they have identified corruption and degeneracy in their societies. In a well-educated population that is resistant to mob rule and raised on virtue and honorable values, ideas are only likely to be accepted if they are correct or scientifically sound. Otherwise, they are discarded, meaning that theoretically there should be no large danger posed by an incorrect idea within a healthy society.

Without free speech, reading this document right now may not be possible, meaning you might have stayed less aware of the sickness our society is currently facing. For that reason, citizens must be able to speak intelligently and freely as a defense mechanism against the backwards slide to cultural toxicity, of which it's worth noting that free speech alone was no defense to our current ills. It should be no surprise that men today who

have shared views that fall within the realm of neomasculine thought have been subject to censorious mob action.

Equal due process is also important. While men should be treated as the sex that knows more about how to structure society than women, both sexes, along with different races, must be held to the same legal standard.

Western law has currently gone so far to the side of women that men are no longer being treated with equal due process. They are being held to a different standard when it comes to consensual sex in colleges where extra-legal tribunals and punishing them and ruining their livelihoods based on allegations without sound evidence. Additionally, they are being imprisoned if they fail to pay child support, regardless of their employment status.

In spite of the fact that a man's word is often more credible than a woman's, since a woman is naturally more skilled at quickly inventing stories and rationalizations based on the feelings and emotions she's experiencing, both sexes should be charged or prosecuted for crimes based on the legal evidence at hand, without consideration of their sex.

Related:

- *What Is A Social Justice Warrior (SJW)?*
- *Are You An Enemy Of Liberty?*

Testosterone

Testosterone is the biological hormone that is responsible for masculine behavior and characteristics such as muscle development, voice deepening, body hair, aggression, and a host of positive cognitive effects. Men are a unique sex primarily because of this hormone, and any decrease of its concentration in a population of men through environmental pollution or dystopian regulation will decrease masculine behaviors.

Being a man is not a social construct—it's a primarily biological construct that is heavily dependent on healthy body and brain function that results from appropriate testosterone levels. An unhealthy society will undoubtedly be composed of males with stunted levels of testosterone.

Entrepreneurship

Major sources of employment for men are corporations and medium-sized businesses, but they have become an increasingly unreliable and hostile means for men to earn their daily bread, especially if the work environment includes women.

Men in modern workplaces are forced to submit to the authoritarian whims of the female-dominated Human Resources department, where their statements and behaviors are monitored for anything causing the slightest offense, meaning that men are one politically incorrect statement away from losing out on a promotion or outright getting

fired. Even if they behave according to corporate regulations, they are still subject to dubious training programs which treat them as innate harassers of women and minorities. In such an environment, a woman can easily hurt a man's employment through false allegations.

Even if a man exhibits perfect behavior, a slight downturn in business means he can get fired immediately. The corporation is designed to have no loyalty to a man and his prior service, even if he was an integral part of the company's prior success.

For the above reasons, it is important for a man to start his own business or firm. He will be able to pick and choose the customers that he wants to serve and not have his livelihood be dependent on a petty manager or disgruntled woman who sets out to destroy him.

Most men begin their path to entrepreneurship by developing a freelancing side business while employed full time, but at some point he will have to make the jump from being dependent on only one company. The world is so hostile to the ideas and behavior of the neomasculine man that he must view corporate employment as a short-term solution until he can develop his own business. Otherwise, he sets himself up for future destitution.

Related:

- *It's Better To Have Guts Than Brains*
- *There Are No Rules*

Red pill truths

While "red pill" has many definitions, it's consistently used as a way or means to view the world in an objective, truthful, and factual manner, no matter how inconvenient or painful. It may seem redundant to need a method of seeking truth of the world, since it should be a default technique for all educated persons in a society, but identity politics and special interests deliberately conceal and distort truths to further utopian ideals or to consolidate their own selfish need for power.

For example, today's left-leaning establishment deliberately conceals differences in sex and race in order to promote an ideal of equality that is meant to severely handicap men. They also downplay a woman's true nature to deceive the public on the benefits of fluid dating when it is in fact wreaking havoc on monogamy by encouraging women to tickle their most hedonistic urges that breed anarchy and instability into human pair bonding.

The opposite of red pill truth is "blue pill" ignorance, whereby people maintain large blind spots in their thinking or observations to shield themselves from the undeniable facts of human behavior and reality. Some people adhere to blue pill ideas because they have been brainwashed while others do so purposefully to raise their position in the hierarchy of the group they're a member of.

Related:

- *The 5 Paths To Realizing Truth*

• *11 Hard Truths I Learned From Taking The Red Pill*

Male-only spaces

The ability to be a man—as according to nature—has diminished in recent years as women invade all spaces that were traditionally male, going so far as to protest to be served in male barber shops (1, 2).

After women are included in male spaces, men have to speak and act with a filter to not offend the sensitive women, removing the masculine banter and jockeying that is an important part of male friendship and development. By having women in all spaces, men are no longer able to nurture their masculine side, and instead sacrifice the strength of their friendships and limit display of their natural identity in order to appease the females that are now present, who relish the male attention they can receive at little cost.

Men and women should be allowed to co-mingle in designated spaces, but other spaces should be exclusively male, forbidding women from participating. At the same time, women are encouraged to have their own female spaces free of men so that they can nurture their feminine qualities.

Related:

• *Why Women And Gays Should Not Be Allowed In Male-Safe Spaces*

Sexual moderation

Men have a biological need for sex that must be sated for them to function normally, but if that need is overshot, such as in the case of sleeping with women only for ego gratification, the man begins sacrificing more important needs for fleeting pleasure that will provide no lasting meaning. It is normal for a man to pursue sex because he wants sex, but pursuing sex because he wants to impress others, hit an artificial notch count of women, or alleviate personal insecurities will invariably result in self-harm and lost time.

Game is a tool that allows a man to fulfill his sex and relationship needs, but once game is used outside of those needs, he will succumb to hedonistic urges that are no different than a woman uploading selfies every day on Facebook to receive validation for her appearance. A man must always check his sexual behavior with the needs of his body and spirit to make sure he is not trying to satisfy the bottomless pit of his animalistic hunger.

The sexual activity of women must be even more closely monitored than men. Repeated studies shows that a marriage is more likely to fail based on higher number of sexual partners a woman—but not a man—had before marrying (1, 2, 3, 4), a fact that should be obvious to any man who has experienced the highly impulsive and shallow behavior of easy women. An additional study showed that promiscuous women are more likely to abuse substances, regardless of her age. The results of these studies clearly show that a marriage is at high risk of failure if a woman had more than two sexual partners before

marrying.

A high level of promiscuity on the part of the woman will also expose her to more sexually transmitted diseases, particularly the common infections of chlamydia and gonorrhea, that may render her sterile and incapable of reproducing. Lastly, the indigestion of birth control in pill form, which offers a frictionless path to promiscuity, impairs their ability to become pregnant up to a year (and possible longer) after they stop taking it, harming their reproductive potential.

Even though traditional marriage is the best path towards societal stability, it is becoming extremely difficult for a man today to find a woman with an acceptable sexual history and proper values that wouldn't put a possible marriage at great risk of failure. This risk, combined with the fact that the state has marriage laws biased in disproportionate favor towards women, essentially turns husbands into hostages within their own homes, making them have to suffer a woman's impulsive "no-fault" decision for divorce (80% of them are initiated by women). With the ensuing financial ruin and emotional turmoil that would result, it is no longer an automatic safe bet for men to marry in a Western nation.

Related:

- *Western Men Are Becoming Evolutionary Dead-Ends*
- *Ego Sex*
- *Is Your Game Sustainable?*

Nuclear family

The most stable family unit that fosters normal development of children is a nuclear family composed of one father and one mother in the same home. Further aid may possibly come from extended family members living either nearby or in the same household.

Single parent households must be avoided because they have shown to significantly harm the development and overall well-being of children. In England, children from single-parent households are nine times likely to engage in crime, and a Department Of Justice study (PDF) found that 70% of incarcerated youth came from single parent homes. A newer study with a sample size of over 16,000 show that children raised by single mothers are 70% more likely to develop Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder (ADHD), which harms their mental development and education while increasing their risk of hospitalization due to injury and respiratory infections. Even more severe, children raised in single parent households are 82% more likely to be raised in poverty than children raised in nuclear family homes.

It is now politically incorrect to question if being raised by a single mother increases the child's risk for poverty, homelessness, mental illness, physical disease, and substance abuse, even though a multitude of studies clearly point in that direction. Those who have an agenda in pushing single motherhood are ignoring existing data at hand that shows it brings great harm to children and, as a result, society.

Related:

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- *How Hypergamy Is Destroying The Nuclear Family*

Binary sex model

The binary sex model consists of only two sexes, male and female, which is determined at birth by a person's genetics. It is the most stable, natural, and biological approach to human classification. Behaviors by genetically born males will lean masculine while behaviors by genetically born females will lean feminine, though variation in human stock can cause marginal overlap. There are also exceptions with hermaphrodites, deformed humans who are born with genitalia from both sexes.

Any attempt to manually seek out a gender or identity outside of the binary sex model is artificial, non-biological, and deviant. Such a practice is not conducive to family formation or sanity on a societal level A society can be definitively labeled ill if it enables its citizens to artificially invent gender identities and pick them at will as if shopping for fruit in a supermarket. Even worse is outright facilitating mentally ill individuals to change their sex, which leads to an increase in suicide and drug use without alleviating the underlying mental disorder.

Academics and corporations are now eagerly promoting and catering to "new" genders such as polysexual, genderqueer, pangender, and skoliosexual. If a child believed it was a snake and started biting others, we would get him professional help, but we are now taking seriously grown adults who go so far to claim they are "two spirit," which means that they have the spirit of both men and women inside them, or "otherkin," where they claim to be animals like wolves, badgers, or deer mistakenly born into a human body. Such delusions are being normalized as mentally acceptable human behavior.

The binary sex model has flaws in that it will not perfectly suit those who possess personality and behavioral traits from the opposite sex, meaning that institutions and spaces for homosexuals or transsexuals won't be constructed, but at the same time it is inappropriate to encourage or enable a person to jump out of their genetically determined sex by opening the door on dozens of different gender identities and orientations that definitively harm the individual.

In a patriarchal society with traditional sex roles, only a tiny minority will have trouble with their assigned sex at birth. They should not be allowed to disrupt the lifestyle and healthy traditions of those who soundly fit into the natural binary model.

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Feminine beauty ideals

Feminine beauty is highly objective and can be reliably measured across different cultures in two principal ways: body measurement and facial symmetry.

Body measurement comprises three numbers in inches that are displayed in the following format: 36-24-36. The first number is the size of the chest around the breasts, the second number is size of the waist right above the navel, and the third is the size of hips around the buttocks.

Scientific studies have shown that a waist-to-hip ratio of 0.7 is linked to high fertility in women. The distribution of fat around bodies produced by such a ratio is biologically linked to an optimal concentration of bodily hormones that would most greatly aid in reproduction. Not coincidentally, such as ratio is found to be most attractive to men from all around the world.

Men therefore subconsciously determine a large part of a woman's attractiveness based on her ability to successfully reproduce, and this is exemplified by an hourglass figure that a 0.7 waist-to-hip ratio consistently displays. While certain aspects of beauty taste may change over the years, such as hair color or lip fullness, a waist-to-hip ratio of 0.7 leads to the best biological functioning for reproduction, and so will be seen as most attractive by virile men.

The hourglass figure can also come in different shapes, which is why even more voluptuous women can still be seen as highly attractive if their waist-to-hip ratio is still close to the optimum value. But if a woman's body resembles something more like a milk carton, she is far away from the ideal ratio and should not be dismayed if men find her unattractive.

Facial symmetry is the second component of beauty that can be reliably measured. You may be surprised to know that the left and right sides of your face are quite different. One artist created two full faced figures by doubling a person's left side or right, leading to images that can look drastically different. Additional studies consistently show that people rate others with symmetrical faces as more attractive and in better health, two traits that humans want to pass on to their offspring.

Even if symmetrical individuals are not actually in better health that those who are asymmetrical, our genetic wiring clearly prefers symmetrical individuals, a fact known since the time of the Ancient Greeks judging by the art they left behind. It is thought that animals who display asymmetry had poor development that exposed them to environmental or genetic stress, lowering their reproductive fitness.

Here is a selection of attractive celebrities with highly symmetrical faces:

Original
Left Symmetry
Right Symmetry

Original
Left Symmetry
Right Symmetry

Symmetrically challenged individuals are consistently rated as less beautiful:

While female attraction for males can be complex and dependent on many factors that includes a man's resources, charisma, social status, and appearance, male attraction for females is more narrow and highly correlated to body shape and facial symmetry. Therefore we can easily debunk notions that beauty is a social construct or that women with a waist-to-hip ratio over 1, suggesting advanced obesity and diabetes, can be attractive to a man with a functioning brain and normal vision. The movement of fat acceptance is a particularly damaging notion since obesity shortens human life spans, increases public health expenditures by $190 billion a year in the USA alone, and is one of the most reliable symptoms of mental illness.

From the available data, we must conclude that there are objective patterns in beauty that make some individuals clearly more attractive than others. In America, women who are not beautiful, due to their genetic bad luck or gluttonous lifestyle, are using bogus science and shaming to convince the masses they are indeed beautiful. Such attempts should be immediately discarded as absurd.

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- *6 Reasons Why Fat Women Are Defective*

Natural health and hygiene

Modern medicine has made great advances in treating ailments that used to more easily kill our ancestors, especially when it comes to bacterial and viral infections. If you are suffering from illness, your first instinct should be to see a doctor. However, the pharmaceutical industry, along with corporations that sell health products, have a financial incentive to maintain profits by selling expensive medicines or health solutions

that must be used over a long period of time without solving the underlying problem.

A man must carefully weigh the costs and benefits of whatever medicine, supplement, and health product he's using and ask himself if there is a more cheap and effective alternative with less side effects. A classic example is baking soda, which has been found by large numbers of men to be superior to chemical deodorants. Other men swear by non-pharmaceutical solutions that either maintain good health or solve existing body issues. Examples include apple cider vinegar (various ailments), coconut oil (skin), vitamin D (mood), zinc (male sex drive), hydrogen peroxide (bad breath), cranberry extract (UTI), light therapy (sleep), green tea (antioxidant), nasal irrigation (sinus infection), and fish oil (dry eye). Many others can be found on Earth Clinic.

There are serious diseases and problems that only modern medicine can handle, but for minor ailments and hygiene issues, men would be better served by finding more natural remedies that don't carry an unnecessarily heavy cost.

Male virtue and development

We're taught that the biological reason we are here is to survive and reproduce, but since both are now easy to accomplish without much of a strain on our energy or resources, we are given extra time to live for reasons beyond the biological. How should men spend that time? What code of morality or principles should guide men in their daily lives? Is there a deeper life meaning that can help us set better goals?

The answers to the questions are difficult, but they must be asked. While most of the world is running downhill to pursue immorality, degeneracy, and base pleasures, the self-actualized man must instead climb upwards along the harder path that makes him a better man today than he was yesterday. He must instill within himself a code that creates right action and right thoughts to separate himself from the hysterical masses, allowing him to operate on an elevated level of consciousness and existence.

Aristotle's cardinal virtues were prudence, temperance, courage, and justice. Eastern philosophies teach self-control of desire. Stoicism tempers desire and aims for mental fortitude against misfortune. Ralph Waldo Emerson and Henry David Thoreau taught self-reliance. It's important to examine the great men of the past to construct a living code that can aid men in the present, because it's certain that a consumer lifestyle with authoritarian deference to false prophets fails to lead to male virtue or character advancement. Such progress can only come from deeper thought and self-examination.

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- *7 Reasons Why American Culture Is The Most Degenerate In The World*
- *The Lives Of Great Men As Moral Instruction*
- *An Introduction To Stoicism With The Enchiridion By Epictetus*
- *How To Reverse America's Cultural Decline*

Anti-socialism

The two biggest problems with socialism as an ideology is that (1) it takes from the strong to give to the weak, and (2) it makes individuals dependent on the government to survive.

Those who apply effort to obtain benefits deriving from their labor, virtue, or fortunate genetics should be able to keep the bulk of its rewards instead of making forceful donations under the barrel of the state's gun to those with a lower worth ethic or constitution. Beautiful women are—due to nature's prescription—more deserving of high value men. Men who are born with a higher level of intelligence are more deserving of advanced jobs that pay more. Anyone who is more willing to trade their labor for income is deserving of a higher income.

We must not allow the poor to starve on the streets, but it is counterproductive to encourage those on the bottom to beg for more benefits instead of lifting up their own station to a suitable job position that can provide for their basic survival needs.

The effects of socialism are even more damaging when it comes to gender relations, because women now seek out the government as a substitute provider to help them survive instead of using the feminine gifts given to her by nature to land a husband. With her survival needs met thanks to a government bending over to bail out her impulsive decisions, she can spend up to two decades pursuing excitement in the males she meets without any worry about her future. She is no longer punished for her mistakes.

It's no surprise that single motherhood in the United States has exploded in the past few decades. Why should a woman find a good man who she must serve and satisfy when she can fornicate with sexy men and have the government send her monthly checks and crates of food at no cost? The perverse incentives that socialist policies create mean that women are encouraged to treat men as battery-operated sex dildos that can satisfy her present desires instead of carefully evaluating men for their long-term worth. This has decimated the institution of marriage and also created future criminals and emotional man-children of the state who did not have the opportunity to develop strong values in a stable nuclear home that included a father.

People in genuine need can be provided with temporary assistance by the state to help them through rough spots in their lives, but it shouldn't be the job of the government to enable citizens to make poor decisions by providing permanent assistance with no strings attached. Limiting such aid would bring out the more industrious and hard-working side of those on the lower economic scale while encouraging women not to whore around and have bastard children because they wanted to gratify their boredom by seeking out bad boys who are exciting to pursue.

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- *Appearance Is Ideology*
- *The Frenchman Who Took A Stand Against Socialism*

• *Is Democracy Dying?*

Technological skepticism

Technology has brought many benefits to those living in the 21st century. Food is cheaper than in the past (as a percentage of total income expenditure), appliances make maintaining and cleaning the home easier, and electronic devices allow you to instantly access information and media. Very few individuals would like the clock rolled back to a time when we didn't have such developments, but we must accept that there is a human cost of each step forward made in technological advancement.

Food is cheaper, but now over 50% of Americans are morbidly obese. It's easier to maintain a home, but now women have left that home to serve a corporate master instead of her husband. The internet has given us information and entertainment that makes reading this very article a simple matter, but it has created electronic junkies with short attention spans who are less able and willing to rationally communicate with their fellow man. The laws of the universe ensure that there is no free lunch.

One obvious example of a heavy technological cost is the smartphone, a handheld computer and communication device that was rapidly adopted by most individuals in the Western world starting in 2007 when the first generation Apple iPhone was released. Heralded by most as an amazing invention that will bring forth informational bliss, it's clear that the smartphone has damaged gender relations by making women less capable of love and more capable of resistance-free hypergamy, cheating, and attention whoring.

Not a single technologist stopped to think about how the smartphone would affect humans, and so now we are left with the wreckage it has created. While it's a great tool for business and playing rudimentary games, humanity would suffer only minor effects if they were suddenly banned overnight.

With every technological benefit, there is also a cost, and we must carefully examine such costs before the widespread encouragement and adoption of any shiny new gadget that is forced upon us by corporate marketers or the utopists in Silicon Valley.

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Deeper meaning and spirituality

While nihilism may be preferable for some, it does not provide sufficient answers for most men who want to live their one life with deliberate purpose and meaning. Being trapped in a completely random existence while floating on a big rock hurtling through an infinitely growing universe can cause men to lose sight of their own self development of masculinity and virtue. Traditional religious beliefs can fill in these gaps of meaning.

In spite of the faults of organized religion, believers pursue a moral code that has been tested and refined for hundreds of years, giving it far more weight and value than Western consumerism and hedonism, a relatively modern invention. While the scientific conclusions of atheism can provide some answers of our reality, such a purely logical set of beliefs will lack the traditional and heuristic components that aid man with living well today, leaving them with a value system of Swiss cheese that allows skilled profiteers and propagandists to fill the holes. It's highly likely that atheists would be well-served by incorporating some religious traditions or beliefs to help guide them towards more purposeful and worthwhile life outcomes.

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Conclusion

Neomasculinity is a new term that uses old ways of helping men live in a virtuous manner while catering to the masculine side of their biological nature. It gives men the practical tools to receive the benefits possible with a male existence while living in natural harmony with women and improving the sustainability and value of their societies. It also provides a man with powerful mental defenses to aid his navigation through a world that wants to reduce him to a zombified consumer who serves at the altar of the corporate state. It will serve as a superior ideological alternative for men who reject the poison pills prescribed by the modern political and cultural elite.

Read Next: *The Origins Of Neomasculinity*

My International Lecture Tour Begins In June 2015

May 11, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Starting in late June, I'm conducting a lecture tour that will take me to Berlin, London, Washington DC, New York City, Montreal, and Toronto. Each city will have a 4-hour event that includes a speech by me, a Q&A, and also a meet & greet. For full details on what's in the speech, the dates, and how to reserve your seat, visit Roosh World Tour.

When I visit the States I usually hold a happy hour, but I wanted to try something different this time. What I didn't realize is how much work doing a tour of this magnitude actually is, and it has somewhat been a full time job for me in the past month. This experience will hopefully be a valuable experiment to see if a bigger manopshere conference is possible in the future.

Here's a short video clip of me introducing the event:

If you're near one of the cities I mentioned and would like to spend an afternoon in an atmosphere of knowledge and masculinity, check out Roosh World Tour to learn about the event and reserve your ticket. The first 30 tickets for each city is offered at a discounted price.

People Should Not Be Allowed Unlimited Personal Freedom

May 13, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Since I was a little boy, I was taught that freedom was a quality that made America great, allowing us to say what we want and live life how we want. The merits of freedom were never up for debate, especially since the dark days of American slavery made it clear that any kind of bondage, actual or figurative, is the incarnation of evil itself. Now that I'm older and have been able to witness human beings living with their freedom, I've come to the conclusion that complete freedom is not a natural human state, and giving it to individuals is more harmful than not.

I examined this problem by asking myself the following: what do human beings typically do once given absolute personal freedom? I first looked at the behavior of people in America, since culturally they have the most freedoms out of any other world citizen to pursue whatever lifestyle they want.

Most Americans, if you give them freedom and a life without restrictions, will almost certainly dive head-first into a life of absolute degeneracy and vice. They will pursue fleeting pleasures of the body, including alcohol use, drug abuse, and casual sex. They will make colossal mistakes with their education that put them into debt for life. They will seek out fame, attention, and validation instead of developing genuine skill or competency. They will permanently disfigure their bodies with tattoos and ear gauges. They will experiment with homosexuality or an artificially invented gender identity. They will overindulge in food and mindless entertainment. They will not educate themselves unless there is a bag of money at the end of their efforts. They will lie, cheat, and rationalize the hurting of others. The more freedom you give to the average person, the more they will harm not only themselves but others whom they come across.

I don't have to look farther than myself to see how damaging freedom can be. Left to my own devices without expert guidance, I picked the incorrect major in college, leading to *ten years* of wasted time in the field of microbiology. I pursued sexual vice for over a decade that was fun and exciting only for the moment, and which has left me with no more than a handful of meaningful human connections and memories that produce just as much lamentation as happiness. And I strained existing relations with my family and friends to nearly lose myself in third-world countries when I thought that I would "find myself" instead.

It's worth stating that I do have at least an average amount of self control when compared to my American peers. I don't abuse alcohol and drugs. I exercise regularly. I don't overeat or indulge in much entertainment. I am strict when it comes to working and reading daily. Yet in spite of that, too much freedom has hurt me greatly.

Giving a human being freedom simply gives them the ability to choose one of many available and willing slave masters, but even worse than an actual slave who has chains

clamped on his wrists, the modern human seeks out chains for both his mind *and* body. What happens if you give a woman freedom? She enslaves herself to her feelings. She enslaves herself to entertainment, attention from men, alcohol, food, crushing student loans that she can't possibly pay back, material possessions, and money. What happens when you give a man freedom? He enslaves himself to sex, corporate products, video games, to his own mirror image.

The actions of an American today seem free on the surface, in the sense that a person is allowed to leave their apartment at any time to do whatever legal act they wish, but those actions are pre-destined to cater to the unquenchable desires of their preferred form of slavery. They are driven every day by what they have voluntarily enslaved themselves to.

Not everyone responds to having freedom in the same way. One man will use his freedom to help his family, his tribe, and even society. He will use his time wisely to develop his mind, to study, and even to improve the world by chipping at his corrupt state. Another man, however, if you give him freedom, will not act in the same way if he possesses no innate defense to resist bodily pleasures, marketing messages, and cheap foodstuffs. He ends up serving others and harming himself or those close to him.

Some of you reading right now would be better off being required to follow established rules, traditional or heuristic, when it comes to how you live so that you reach your potential and keep yourself out from harms way, at least until you are able to build the high wall defenses in your mind to being enslaved. I would have personally benefited from such rules, or at least a hands-on mentorship, as recently as my late twenties. While humans must make mistakes to learn, build confidence, and find their own path, it is needless to let people travel so far in the wrong direction that they either don't have the ability to return or are irreparably damaged by their grotesque experimentation.

I'm currently living in a country that has changed greatly over the past twenty years from the days of communist repression when freedoms were limited to now nearly unlimited personal freedom for people to look, act, live, and behave in any way they want. I can see firsthand how this freedom has merely transformed citizens from being enslaved to the government to being enslaved to alcohol, vulgar sexual vices, Hollywood-style entertainment, and corporations selling them shiny products, all while enabling them to adopt lifestyles that *will* cause long-term harm to themselves and to their society.

Most humans are not capable of wisely using their freedom, and so they must be restrained and managed by rules or by those who know what's best for that individual more than the individual himself. In the past this restraint took place with those who had a sincere investment in the person's well-belling, such as the family, the tribe, the village, and the local church, but these restraints are long gone, released in the cultural chaos of the post-Enlightenment world. With a general trend of increasing personal freedom around the planet, the only logical result is a steadfast mental and behavioral decline of humanity. Unless people are limited in the personal decisions they're able to make, they

will continue to hurt themselves and others.

Read Next: *How To Reverse America's Cultural Decline*

Horniness Solves Small Game Problems

May 15, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

When you're just starting out with game, any failure you experience can usually be attributed to a lack of skill, but once you get to a competent level, failure below your typical result can be due to reasons outside of raw ability. You could be failing simply because you're not horny enough.

When I'm not horny, I exhibit behaviors and have thoughts that hurt attempts at meeting women:

- I'm unable to brush off stupid things girls say
- I'm unable to patiently put in the required amount of time before inviting a girl back to my apartment
- I'm quicker to walk away from an interaction that is not going the exact way I want
- I approach a girl because I feel that I have to, not because I want to
- I take rejections more personal, hurting my mood
- My efforts are meant more to achieve a non biological goal (the bang) instead of relieving seminal pressure in my testicles

When I'm really horny, all these issues magically disappear:

- I tease a girl when she says something stupid
- I'm ready to go all night long to successfully get the bang
- I blow through any low phase of the conversation to get it back on the right track
- I approach a girl because I want to definitely fuck her
- I forget about rejection quickly
- Everything I do is aligned with the needs of my penis to have sex

While having game skill is important, it's barely effective unless you have the sex desire to go along with it. If a man has high horniness but zero game, there is a chance he will still get laid as long as he follows the directives ordered by his cock, but if a man has low horniness but perfect game, the chance of him getting laid is no higher. His perfect game simply won't be released because it doesn't match with what his body truly wants.

I figured out how to know when I'm horny enough to approach women: when I can't come up with a reason not to approach them. If it's Saturday night and I'm not sure if I want to go to the club or not, I'm not horny enough. If it's Monday afternoon and I wonder if it's too cold to approach women on the street, I'm not horny enough. If there is any hesitation for me to apply a game I already know, it is best I do something else until the horniness asserts itself.

Recently I experienced a stretch of three weeks where I had continual hesitation and doubt on whether I should go out hunting. Instead of force myself to go out, I did other things, skipping out on all forms of game. I was anxious to deliberately put myself in a

cold streak, but I felt no need or desire to interact with women. Then one day I woke up and had an urgent thought: “I got to get laid!” My ensuing horniness made it hard to concentrate on work. I started approaching and building prospects immediately, having sex six days later. Because I was so horny, it didn’t even feel like work, and it was even fun to be back in the game after a break.

I get a lot of emails from guys who describe their game problems, and it’s not much different from mine when I’m not horny. The fact that they care about trifling issues suggest to me that getting laid is not a high enough priority for them to steamroll the anxiety, difficulty, and time commitment they see as barriers. Increasing their game should be just as much about maximizing their horniness through proper diet, exercise, and masturbatory self-control than it is learning what line to open a girl, because when you’re horny, the right lines often come out on their own. After all, you are the product of a line of ancestral men who failed not even once in getting laid.

The skill is already in you, somewhere, and there’s nothing like the unquenchable need to have sex that will bring it out, because only when an animal fears starvation will he do what it takes for a successful hunt.

Read Next: *7 Signs You Should Approach A Girl*

How Western Culture May Be A Mechanism To Limit The Human Population

May 18, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

If you study Eastern philosophy, you will encounter ideas on balance. Every action has an equal and opposite reaction, a price that must be paid so that a balance of energy is reached. That harmony must be sought not only within yourself while existing as an organic system, but also in larger systems such as cities, nations, the Earth, the galaxy, and onward to scales that are hard for your mind to imagine. A disturbance in any of these systems will create a reaction that seeks to balance the initial action, or at least neutralizes its effects. This may lead to an explanation of how degenerate Western culture, with its debilitating effects on birth rates, may be a useful reaction to a system that aims to limit the human population in a way that war and diseases no longer do.

Before I can assert that argument, I first have to show how there is no free lunch, even on things you take for granted. Any benefit to human beings *must* come with a cost to either other humans or to the earth. Here are three examples:

1. Toothpaste. There is a tiny personal cost for you to brush your teeth and remove the bacteria that causes cavities, tooth decay, and painful visits to the dentist, but how about the effects of toothpaste on the earth? Toothpaste contains a large amount of chemicals that are made in factories, with waste products released into the environment. Untold amounts of clean water are used every day so that humans can brush, and the foamy waste, laden with chemicals, is released back into nature. While brushing your teeth has a personal benefit, the earth absorbs the cost.

2. Antibiotics. The immediate effect of antibiotics is saving human life, and for several decades, there seemed to be no cost to this miracle discovery. But microorganisms have since adapted, and now there are human beings today who have virulent infections that can’t be cured. People who would have survived a minor skin infection 100 years ago may now die from it because of antibiotic use. There are also millions of animals in factory farms being pumped with antibiotics, suffering greatly to bring cheap meat to everyone. Their flesh is laden with antibiotics that can now negatively affect your health, causing you chronic health issues through diet at the same time it cures you from infections when administered in pill form.

3. Automobiles. This invention is beneficial in allowing easy and relatively cheap transportation between towns and cities while improving communication, but the negative effects are just as great. The petroleum needed to operate automobiles have been the main reason for multiple resource wars that have led to the deaths of hundreds of thousands of people, and the additional suffering of untold millions. The byproduct of petroleum use has caused great environmental damage in the form of smog and air pollution, causing respiratory illnesses for those living in dense cities. The car itself, while convenient, changed the nature of society, atomizing social life and reducing a person’s

dependence on meaningful small communities while encouraging conspicuous consumption that more readily make people dependent on corporations.

I use toothpaste every day, I use antibiotics when I'm sick, and I travel by machines that use petroleum, but there is a cost to them even if it's externalized onto others or the earth, and that cost *must overall be equal to the benefit*. What determines if a system like a human or city uses a certain invention is if the benefit to the in-system outweighs the cost to the out-systems. If the cost can be externalized somehow, if we don't see the sick animals on antibiotics, the people dying in the Middle East, the polluted oceans dumped with our toothpaste chemicals, or the smoggy cities of Asia, we will continue to use those products. When the cost of industrialization led to high levels of pollution in England, for example, they externalized that cost on foreign countries while still receiving significant monetary benefits of either controlling or taxing the productive output.

The human being is an animal that—if you are to believe in Darwin—wants to increase its population to the maximum allowable by the food supply. In this quest to maximally increase population, however, human beings sometimes engage in wars between each other that limit the population. They also engage in wars of sorts with microorganisms that infect and kill people, also limiting their population, sometimes on a massive scale. Droughts and other natural disasters serve as additional population reducers. For most of human history, there have been factors that greatly limited or slowed population growth, so that any substantial increase that humans achieved out of balance with existing nature was met with a check in the form of war, disease, or famine.

Through advancement in medicine and adapting to the planetary environment, negative effects on population through disease and famine have been sharply reduced, and since the advent of nuclear weapons, there has been no great war that has wiped out up to 25% of a nation's population like with World War 2. Instead there are smaller wars and engagements that don't even begin to approach the level of human loss as the wars of old. World population is predicted to increase by billions more. Therefore can't we conclude that humans have transcended the laws of balance upon the earth?

If you are to believe in Eastern philosophy, a limiting factor must come forth that ensures human beings don't permanently disturb the energy balance of the earth, and in turn, the universe. You may think of a balancing force in the form of a nuclear war, a gigantic asteroid hitting the earth, or an extra virulent form of ebola sweeping through the world, but these are all physical limitations. Who is to say that balance can't be achieved metaphysically, through ideas?

In the Western world, human beings, all of whom supposedly encode for genes that aim to reproduce to the limit of the food supply, as specifically stated by both Darwin and Wallace, are actively not reproducing even though food is in surplus. They are taking on behaviors and lifestyles that greatly limit their reproductive potential by engaging in contraception on a massive scale, aborting fetuses, pursuing material accumulation during their prime fertile years, and purposefully avoiding the emotional connection required for successful mating. They may appear on the surface to act as sex-crazed

animals by engaging in hyper promiscuous behaviors, but they don't reproduce like them.

There is currently no country in the Anglo world or Western Europe where natives are reproducing above the death rate (only France comes close). This means that if it wasn't for immigration from the third world, these countries would experience a demographic collapse that leads to marginalization of those nations' power and a decrease in the standard of living for its inhabitants. The elites, therefore, are so desperate for immigrants to stock a nation composed of natives that don't reproduce (an image of pandas in the zoo come to mind) that they are allowing the poor and destitute to enter even if they show hostility to democratic ideals and assimilation.

I propose that the dominant set of ideologies of the West—equality, multiculturalism, consumerism, individualism, and cosmopolitanism—combine synergistically to halt reproduction and limit population, not unlike wars and diseases in the past. The ideas of Western culture have similar effects on limiting population as the World Wars. How can this be? How can human beings, when organized in large and seemingly rational systems, adopt for so long a maladaptive set of ideas that go against human reproductive potential?

To examine this confusion, you simply need to look at your own behavior. Do you have children? Probably not. Are you actively reproducing to the maximum limit of your resources? No. Are you encouraging the women you sleep to use contraception? Yes. Are you pursuing entertainment, hedonism, individualism, and materialism in a far greater degree than reproduction? Yes. If you impregnated a girl, would you seriously object to her getting an abortion? No.

I'm sure you can provide me with logical reasons as to why you're not reproducing: the divorce laws are unfair, you value your freedom, and modern women make for bad mothers. I would firmly agree with you, but to think that a handful of legal downsides or the need to have a drink with your buddies whenever you want are the reasons at *completely halting* efforts to create life, actively trying to prevent reproduction, and ultimately failing in your evolutionary destiny, is not an argument I can buy.

It's possible and perhaps likely that Western culture is the universe's adaption to runaway population growth that it is unable to limit in traditional ways of war, famine, and disease. Western culture is the reaction to harm caused by human beings on the universe. This argument takes a bit of a spiritual leap of faith in that you must believe that nothing in the universe can be created or destroyed, and that there is a almost deliberate attempt by the universe's systems to seek balance, but it's the only explanation that can explain how humanity has gone off the rails in regard to evolution and reproduction when food and resources are so plentiful, though of course this makes the assumption that evolution is true and our animal destiny is to merely survive and reproduce.

Your plan to never reproduce is therefore not entirely your choice, and is not encoded absolutely into your genetics, because if the human race were in far lower numbers, you would possibly have multiple children already. Your genes do not code for pre-destined "selfish" behavior, meaning that interactions with the earthly environment, when

combined with the requirement for balance, has determined that you and your Western countrymen must not reproduce above the death rate. It's possible that you may even take on behaviors that kill you off faster, like we have with the obesity epidemic.

In addition to the argument that the universe seeks balance, I'm sure you would agree that the earth does not need more human beings than it has now, that they have overcrowded the system in relation to other animals and organisms. Therefore, if I personally promote a more traditional ideology that would increase birth rates, I would be going against wishes of the system. Even if my ideology wins, and supplants the current Western narrative, that means the universe would simply seek another means to seek balance, perhaps through more brutish means. Traditional ideas are not helpful to the earth at this stage of humanity, and so maybe the race to eliminate it from so many modern cultures is, paradoxically, natural.

If you think of the earth as an entropic system of actions and reactions, anything that happens must be an attempt by the system to address a cost that has not yet been paid. Western culture, as maladaptive, degenerate, and harmful to human beings as it is, could be what the system ordered to alleviate the effects of humanity on the Earth, before they are able to cause further disturbance.

Even if you don't accept this explanation at face value, we can not deny that there is no free lunch and that every cost must be paid in some way. The absence of war and pandemics don't mean that other mechanisms we don't fully understand aren't currently in play to control the human population, and so we can't be entirely surprised that such a huge portion of humanity is actively pushing ideals that achieve a common end: to stop human reproduction.

Read Next: *Western Men Are Becoming Evolutionary Dead-Ends*

The Rise Of The Narcissicopter

May 20, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Everyone in Silicon Valley knew why Google Glass was a complete failure, but they didn't broadcast it to the masses for fear of insulting their intelligence. In public, technologists made a big show of new devices making it easier for people to live and work, but in private they had long ago learned that if you want to get rich in tech, you must execute one of two strategies.

The first is to entertain. Distract people with shiny movements and colors that don't force them to think of their miserably boring existence and you'll stand to make billions of dollars. The second strategy is to provide validation. If you can invent something which allows a person to think they are important, a superstar on a virtual stage of their making, an electronic wheelbarrow must be bought out to carry off the money you will make.

The reason Google Glass failed, it turned out, was because selfies could not be taken. Technically you could take a selfie in the mirror while wearing the device, but Facebook statistics showed that those pictures got only 10% of the total likes compared to standard smartphone selfies with one leg up on the toilet bowl and lips brought forward ever so slightly. Google Glass did not entertain or validate, and so it failed, leading to the eventual merging of Google and Microsoft. Products from the resulting Googlesoft touched nearly all of the world's population. Any threat to one of its businesses by a plucky upstart could be bought for spare change.

After ushering in self-driving cars, which put one million drivers out of work (a negligible cost for lowering the road fatality rate to practically zero), Googlesoft failed to bring forth a single innovative product. Profits were flat for several years. Shareholders demanded something be done.

Edward Smiley worked in the Advanced Products division of Googlesoft. He played a big part in developing hologram technology for smartphones, where images and video were projected above the phone so more than one person at a time could view funny memes and Youtube pranks. While a huge step forward technically, enough to change the name of smartphones to geniusphones, it wasn't mind blowing to consumers. It failed to increase profits. Edward's next experiment was so basic that he was surprised no one had thought of it before: a drone with a camera that automatically followed its owner.

Drones had become popular enough that 40% of households owned at least one, but there was a massive glut of neighborhood, lake, and park flyovers. Their view counts on Youtube were pitifully low and the latest craze, at least on porn sites, were GoPenis videos where a man attached a tiny camera to the head of his penis and filmed the ensuing sex. The GoBody product line sold cameras that could even be swallowed, allowing people to broadcast their most basic of inner functions for the world to see, including, of course, their bowel movements. The first video of a woman giving birth with a camera attached to the baby's head achieved over 2 billion views while even something

as basic as gargling Listerine with a camera attached to the glotus could be remixed a hundred ways to provide much entertainment and mirth.

The first iteration of Edward's device was a one rotor drone with a tiny camera sensor attached. It was not able to record sound. The device was programmed with facial recognition software so that the drone followed its owner at a distance of two feet away and six inches above, all while taking a selfie every five minutes. The user had only a few settings to play with using his geniusphone: power on or off, review photos, or take manual photo. The battery life lasted four hours.

The beta release of the narcissicopter, as it was called, led to many complaints. It was too loud. Battery life was short. It was slow to adapt to a user's movement and often collided with heads, causing serious eye and ear injuries. The photo quality was mediocre and it was a pain to sort through all the photos to find the good ones and upload them.

Edward listened to the complaints and came out with a second version. He decreased the rotor size to half the length of an index finger while increasing battery life to 16 hours using the latest advanced in lithium fission technology. There was still noise, but it wasn't much louder than the sound of a humming refrigerator. He improved the camera sensor and added a microphone that allowed video to be recorded manually. But what he did with how the narcissicopter processed photos explains why the device really took off.

In the first three days of narcissicopter ownership, the software presented the user with more than 500 photos of himself. It then asked him to pick the best twenty. The algorithm learned the type of posture, style, and environment the user preferred his selfies. After that, the narcissicopter would automatically upload the best photo of the day to his social networking accounts.

What a surprise it was for the user to log onto Facebook and see he had 258 likes for a photo of himself that he had never seen before, doing something cool and looking the most handsome he could possibly look in a 2D image, all without having to do any work. A software update would later not only allow him to upload more than one "best" photo a day, but also automatically upload the best photo of the month to all his dating accounts. This led to the male beta test users of the narcissicopter having more dates than they could handle. Women started taking notice of the device, but the price was so great, at $12,500, that only a few hundred rich male nerds could afford it. Six years later, the third version of the narcissicopter came out, and it changed the world forever.

Edward spared no cost with the technology he jammed into the new narcissicopter, now the size of a toothbrush head. The rotor was only one inch wide and designed like the propeller of a stealth submarine to emit less noise than a computer fan. The surface of the device was partially photoelectric and took on colors of the environment, making it nearly invisible to the naked eye so that most of the time you'd forget the narcissicopter was even there. The battery was a tiny nuclear reactor, operating for ten years without a single charge. The camera sensor was slightly improved, but the biggest advancement by far was adding a 9G transmitter that instantaneously uploaded everything to the cloud. Not only could the frequencies of photos be increased to once every ten seconds, but the

narcissicopter would also record video with sound, all day long. The cost of the narcissicopter was zero dollars. Googlesoft distributed it for free.

Just like with the introduction of the smartphone thirty years before, the narcissicopter changed the behavior of women more than men. Within only two years, most women in America essentially lived to perform for their narcissicopter, which they dubbed Narcy, so that the best representation of themselves would upload daily to Facebook, Instagram, Dubai Cupid, and so on. The average girl off the street became an accomplished manager of social networking and photo distribution—skilled enough to even manage the publicity of real celebrities.

Most peculiar was how the daily top photo of many girls were intricate model poses, meaning that a girl would simply make random professional poses all day long in random places while ignoring the human beings around her. Female participation in the workforce plummeted as women became full time Narcy users.

Gradually, women lost interest in sexual relations with men. No matter what men did with their own Narcy, women simply didn't care about seeing boring images of them holding a beer can or flashing yet another six-pack as much as seeing themselves and other women they were secretly competing with. Ten years after Narcy was released, half of the country's maternity wards were shut down because so few women were having babies. This affected even the Mexican immigrants who could be counted on to reproduce and make up the low fecundity of native women. The few babies that were born were given a Narcy by their mother at birth to double the attention she could receive.

Human relations degraded even further when the Reality TV software module was released. Just like how the Narcy would upload the best photos of the day, it was now programmed to upload a 15 second video containing the day's best scenes with automatically selected background music and editing. Some early software bugs had to be worked out when girls complained that videos of them plucking their eyebrows and digging their noses were included in their highlight reels, but the new software allowed every girl to quite literally be the star of her own reality show, and all men could do was shower them with attention and compliments (or insults) in the hopes that she would take time out to actually go on a date to get real-life male attention instead of electronic praise.

Before the Narcy, it was assumed that women evolved to be highly sexual creatures who needed intimacy and love from men, but the Narcy conclusively showed that women are barely sexual at all, and are much more satisfied with images of themselves than being intimate with human males. Textbooks in the social humanities were politically correct in updating this reality, adding the controversial viewpoint that heterosexual sex is a primitive and dangerous form of human bonding and that the e-happiness units provided by Narcy were cleaner, safer, and less discriminatory against minorities and the transgendered.

You may be wondering how Googlesoft was able to give away the Narcy for free when the retail price was well over $100,000. Advertisers lined up to pay Googlesoft so that their

products were highlighted and displayed in the photos and videos that were automatically uploaded. For example, if Susan went to Starbucks, and Starbucks had a deal with Googlesoft, a photo of her extra creamy lavaccino would be uploaded with directions to the viewer's nearest Starbucks location. If Tide detergent was being used when Zoe did laundry, that photo would be uploaded with the Tide box clearly highlighted. Googlesoft made even more revenue when it did counter-advertising. Samsung paid double rate if it was allowed to plug its latest product when Mark was using a LG holovision. Not a single person became surprised when Googlesoft surpassed the oil companies to become the most profitable in the world.

Credible rumors that the FBI, CIA, and NSA had an uplink to Narcy's servers didn't damper demand for the newest version, since it still contained a pause feature if you wanted to drive after consuming three beers or smoke crack. Narcy's size decreased to that of a bumblebee and the noise emitted was only audible to dogs and snakes. A second camera was added to film everything the user was seeing with software algorithms that could identify a potentially viral clip such as someone falling down or a cat sitting inside a cardboard box.

To log on and find that you are the owner of a new viral clip was like winning the lottery, because now millions of people would go through your Narcy feed and comment on you and your life, giving you the most scarce commodity available: attention. Within only three years of the new Narcy, Hollywood was on the brink of bankruptcy, unable to compete against millions of hours of user generated Narcy content uploaded every single day.

After his retirement, Edward Smiley was invited to the White House to receive a commendation for his invention. The populace was much more calm now than before Smiley developed the device. People were so busy managing their own "personal brand" that crime was reduced at the same time the state ushered in a Newer Deal that ensured guaranteed income to every citizen. All Americans had food, shelter, internet, and Narcy, everything a modern human needed to stay entertained and busy.

Most didn't even notice when the permanent unemployment rate hit 70% since the content that Narcy put out ensured everyone remained in a pleasurable state of distraction, unwilling or unable to be useful or employable. Incessant drumbeating by the misogynist alternative media that a cultural decline was in progress was ignored, and people started to believe that this was the best time for human beings to ever have lived. Smiley ushered in a peaceful utopia that came from technology instead of ideology.

A speed bump developed with the next generation of citizens. They were born during a time when law dictated that a Narcy must be assigned to them at birth (for their own personal safety). The pause function was disabled. Everything a citizen did during their every moment was filmed. Crime was no longer possible since police officers would be immediately notified when someone was breaking the law, thanks to the permanent connection between Googlesoft and government servers.

This new generation, dubbed Generation Zero, was resentful of the fact that they were

not able to choose whether or not to have a Narcy, not to mention the inability to turn it off. It was hard for them to accept that the government possessed video copies of them in their most intimate acts, such as crying while watching a sad movie or gently masturbating the anus of a sex bot. They were also less entertained with the narcissistic entertainment value that Narcy provided, stumping eminent Googlesoft psychologists at the time.

A strange movement rose up within Generation Zero that nostalgically looked back to the 1990's as the ideal time where human free will, lack of government interference, and technological advancement was in perfect harmony with life. "We control the computers, the computers don't control us," was a common refrain in protests, as thousands of individual Narcys looked on, updating government files in real time with its owners' participation in the protest.

The media, which now existed as one massive conglomerate called Fun News, labeled the protesters luddites who didn't see the value of the Narcy. They argued that the luddites wanted to usher in an age of barbarism where someone could yell an illegal word or be generally offensive and not go to jail for it. The older generation who so embraced the Narcy didn't understand why the youth would object to such a useful technological device.

The movement grew larger. Protesters figured out how to hack their own Narcy reels to display political messages and announce the arrival of "Destroy Your Narcy" day. Comments flooded the renamed MeMeMeTube to publicize the event further. Millions of citizens were ready to squash their Narcy and roll back the technological clock.

It wasn't to be. As if expecting this type of revolt years in advance, the makers of Narcy had implemented anti-destruction mechanisms. The Narcy would simply evade all manner of attack, including sprays and nets, and maintain an elevated safe distance until the user became tired, as measured by his respiration and heart rate. Killing a common house fly was hard enough, but killing a Narcy was even harder, and those few hundred who managed to do it were immediately jailed and given harsh sentences.

The luddite movement failed. All it accomplished was teaching Googlesoft, a corporation that now openly and proudly had several former government bureaucrats on its executive team, new ways to make the Narcy indestructible while ramping up development of pre-crime algorithms to prevent even the beginnings of such a revolt in the future. By the time the next generation was born, the Narcy became as small as a beetle, with not only pre-crime functionality but also a pre-thought algorithm that wanted to know what a citizen would think in the future before the thought had yet to develop in his brain.

You can imagine the surprise of a mother when her 12-year-old Nerval got carted off to a "rehabilitation center" before he had even uttered an impure thought or committed any type of violation. These algorithms could be tinkered based on age, sex, race, and sexual orientation. When an AIDS-infected homosexual president was voted into office, there was a sudden surge of heterosexual attendance in rehabilitation camps. Fun News did not cover this event and anyone whose brains came up with a single cogent thought that the

algorithm may have been made more strict for heterosexuals were detained.

Previous generations born before the Narcy would have probably been horrified of government and corporate intrusion that exceeded even the dystopian visions of George Orwell, but by the time the fifth generation of Narcy subjects grew up, such anti-Narcy thoughts would not even surface in the brain; the pre-thought algorithm was so perfected that anti-Narcy agitators could be re-educated into being Narcy's biggest fans. The stubborn few who resisted re-education were jailed for life to not pollute the thinking of the masses. One can't help but wonder what Edward Smiley, long since dead, would think of a device he originally invented to provide a little fun and entertainment to the masses.

Previous Story: *The Denouncer*

Neomasculinity Receives Mainstream Recognition

May 22, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Infowars reporter Paul Joseph Watson recently did a summary video on neomasculinity:

It has received over 40,000 views in three days.

In case you missed it, I previously laid out the principle doctrines of neomasculinity.

The recognition of neomasculinity by a large outlet reaffirms to me that splitting from the "red pill" was prudent and necessary. The red pill term has served its use in the past five years, but a quick perusal of the red pill subreddit or related blogs show that it's too focused on sex at sacrifice of greater political and cultural issues. It has become an entry-level group for men in their 20's who just started getting laid, but this can only serve as a transitory stage.

Once a man has gotten his fill of casual sex, and is looking for deeper meaning in his relationships or satisfaction with life, the red pill has few answers besides running "dread game" on your wife, maintaining "good style" to attract young females when older, or the ever vague "work on yourself." Neomasculinity will aim to fill in these gaps by serving men regardless of their age or involvement in the game.

You may be confused at all the different men's groups on the internet. Here's a brief summary:

MGTOW (Men Going Their Own Way)

This group is for men who do not want to deal with women at all. They have decided to forgo having physical or emotional relationships with them, and so here you will find the greatest percentage of voluntary celibates, similar to the herbivore men of Japan. While a few MGTOW do pursue sex, the majority despises game and any attempt to be more attractive to women, and have the most amount of hostility towards them. They correctly understand the problems of society, but provide asexual solutions that appeal more to men who place no importance in sexual relationships.

Men's Rights Activists

This group is designed for older men who have already been badly burned by family courts, though many younger men who believe in a literal definition of equality are also members. While MRA's attempt to provide ideological answers for what men should believe, it yields no answers for how a young man should structure his life, and considers ideas of being masculine and fulfilling your biological sex role as oppressive and "gynocentric" (many MGTOWs believe this as well). It also does not give advice on having relationships with women.

PUA (Pick Up Artists)

PUAs are a collection of businessmen and marketers who share game knowledge to sex-

starved men in exchange for large sums of money (e.g. $3,000 for a weekend workshop). Their work is almost entirely commercial and aims to teach men how to get laid with the highest quantity of women with no concern for the long-term effect this has on society or their students' well-being. PUAs ignore the cultural reality of why game is needed, and sugar coat the results a typical man can get from it.

The Red Pill

The red pill is a non-commercial version of PUA with cultural observations thrown in. They hold firmly and obsessively onto rigid dogmas such as the alpha/beta male dichotomy to explain all male behavior while basing their "truths" upon a shaky foundation of pop evolution. Because it has no council of elders to guide the ideology, it is now being steered by the mob and watered down—or outright trolled—by entryists who are blue pill.

There is no denying that game works, but it can't exist in isolation without a complementary ideology that gives men life guidance besides just sex. Hence, neomasculinity, which has begun to touch on politics and I predict will soon branch out to aiding women (on separate platforms), for one can easily see the folly of elevating the value of men while not doing the same for women (i.e. "You are now a virtuous man, but during the time you gained great virtue and self-actualization, women have declined in their virtue and weigh 175 pounds on average").

I will help develop neomasculinity with the community—and its analogous form neofemininity—into a complete philosophy that doesn't focus only on Western-style casual sex. Men will need answers for how to live and understand the world not just during their most horny years, but also for a long time thereafter. The other men's groups are needed, for they serve men at a specific point in their lives, but ultimately those groups will be stepping stones for the final destination of neomasculinity.

Don't Miss: *What Is Neomasculinity?*

Do Women Improve The Lives Of Men?

May 25, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A lot of men are beginning to wonder if women can make a man's life better. Are women essential or are they the extra component, the dessert that adds to an already balanced male life? It's becoming more evident to an increasing number of men that modern women seem can only amplify a man's existing happiness instead of providing it outright.

It's quite simple for my mother to discern my mood and whether I'm upset or content. When I'm upset, she asks me what is wrong. If she can solve the problem, she will take a step to do so. If she can't solve it, which is usually the case, she tells me "don't worry about it" and then runs a distraction program to take my mind off the problem. She tells me stories from her childhood or my own and then relays fresh gossip from extended family members. For the time I'm in her company, she makes me forget the problem I have. The effect is temporary but welcome.

For women I date, there is no use telling them a problem of mine. They will not give me token sympathy or distract me with stories to get my mind off it. Instead, she will interpret the existence of my problem as me being a weak man. A recent example happened a couple days before April 15, the due date for income taxes in America. I was on a date with girl I had been seeing. Nonchalantly I brought up the fact that the tax date was coming, and that it's a "stressful time every year." She gave no response about it, not even a "that sucks," and then pointed out that there was a drunk man urinating outside next to a tree. She was not a person I could talk to about a common event that was happening in my life.

That's okay, because I don't need a woman to help distract me from my problems or relieve the tension that comes from life. I learned to do these things on my own. But it would be nice if she made the attempt to step out of her mind for a minute to understand the man she has at least a strong physical connection with—enough to be penetrated by—has to live life too.

I also don't need a woman man to take care of me, but it would be pleasant if a woman takes charge on her own to cook me an occasional hearty meal, tidy up my apartment, make me a drink when my glass is nearly empty, and wash the dishes in the sink. Girls will do it only if I command them to do it, and then won't do it again unless I again command it, a sign that they rather not do it at all, and that other men they date don't require it of them. They don't anticipate my needs and take initiative like I know they are taught to do in their office jobs. I'm even starting to see a recent pattern where girls are leaving my apartment in a more worse state than they found it by not putting their glasses in the sink or even hanging up a towel they used to shower their bodies of my seed. In terms of cleaning, I'm more of a woman than they are.

My work is not particularly hard, but there are creative difficulties I face in my goal to provide good writing and ideas to my audience. It sure would be nice to get some encouragement on a book or article I'm working on, but a girl does not care about giving

me any encouragement. They look at me as if I'm a robot that is capable of providing consistent money and entertainment output, and never fail to take for granted the comfortable apartment she occasionally spends the night in and those nice evenings out that require hard currency from my labor. In her mind, that money must come about magically from thin air.

What a girl does help me out with is my animalistic need for sex. She will come over, open her legs, demand I pull her hair and fuck her hard, and then allow me to get an orgasm or two. I welcome these orgasms, and won't complain about them, but for most of the girls I date, most of whom were raised with Facebook and have better smartphones than me, there is no other way she *improves* my life beyond that. She does not provide me with entertainment, caretaking, emotional support, meaningful companionship above that of male friends, or useful advice that matches even 10% of the level that I provide for her, and so the main benefit I receive is the sexual release that occurs in the present moment. This means that if a woman is on her period, she's a liability to me as a human being since the costs of spending even one hour with her now outweigh the benefits, and there is no reason to see her instead of simply waiting the four days until her period is over.

Casual dating is a modern invention that is completely foreign to my own parents. They simply can't comprehend the insane levels of promiscuity that women are seeking without the need for genuine connection. My mother has no clue how women can't even perform a scrap of male caretaking like she so effortlessly can on myself and my dad (while they were married). There is nothing in the culture today that is teaching women how to take care of their man, how to stand by their man, how to make him feel like *the* man, and so men have no choice but to view them as a temporary set of flesh and bones attached to an extremely pleasurable vagina that they can't be authentic towards and who may not give him more benefits than owning a loyal dog.

Women have so taken for granted our attention, affections, and efforts that we have been forced to become the emotionless robot they want to see us as just to get sex from them, just to make the overall interaction a slight net gain in our favor that makes it at least worth pursuing in the first place.

It's so easy for a woman to make me happy that I'm almost embarrassed to tell you what it is. On every other date she can bring me a little trinket or piece of chocolate. She can wear tasteful feminine outfits that make me feel proud to display her on my arm. She can leave her phone on silent and give me her undivided attention, asking me about my day and any challenges I've had to overcome. She can ask me for help that uses my physical strength or intelligence. She can come to my apartment and try out an experimental drink or food recipe she found on the internet. She can give verbal declarations of affections that show I'm important in her life. She can leave both me and my living space *in a better condition than before*, so that I'm eager to see her again.

In exchange for what a woman does to me, I will make her life better, I will make her proud to have me beside her, I will see that she enjoys the resources I have, and I will

treat her just as well as she treats me. I have had interactions with thousands of girls by this point, but sadly I have found less than twenty who begin to approach this level of worth. I can't even signal to a girl that I could be a great man for her, because then she will get turned off. I have to pretend I'm aloof and cold and uncaring just to get laid and satisfy my most basic physical needs.

What's beginning to happen, I'm afraid, is that women are leaving men worse off than before. The sexual delights a woman gives a man will soon not surpass all the costs he has to endure to get it. If that happens on a large scale, a significant percentage of men will give up on women entirely, and rightly state from their experiences that women can't make a man's life better, all because the modern woman doesn't *want* to make his life better, when generations past she was trained to do so.

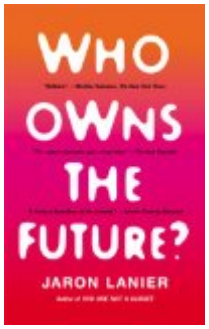
Modern women don't even bother to try anymore, yet as men we're expected to be their dashing prince who gives them everything from both sides of the scale: excitement and comfort, drama and stability, passion and deep intimacy, freedom and dominance. Modernity has served men a raw deal when it comes to relationships while giving women the expectation and entitlement that they can have it all without even putting in any work. This problem must be fixed within our lifetimes, or else humans will be reduced to using each other as nothing more than sex toys.

I'm ready to make the sacrifice so that a woman can improve my life, but most have shown they are not capable of doing it. Sadly, we live in a time where women don't know how to provide real value to men or simply don't want to. If we can agree that a modern woman doesn't improve a man's life then we're not far off from concluding that they make a man's life worse, and that a man who chooses not to pursue women may in ten years be better off than the man who does, a dark outcome that takes away man's pleasure and need in laying with women. I will do all I can to make sure this is a road we don't have to take.

Read Next: *Women In Their Prime Prefer Sex With Damaged Men*

Is Digital Technology Destroying The Middle Class?

May 27, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



Who Owns The Future is a book that describes how advancing computer technology is centralizing power and wealth into the hands of those who own a network that has the comparative information advantage of having millions of its users essentially work for free. Every time you use Facebook or Google, you provide the company with valuable information that helps it increase its revenues while you forgo payment in exchange for receiving validation, executing searches, or having a place to store your photos. The author explains this more clearly:

> In the past, power and influence were gained by controlling something that people needed, such as oil or transportation routes. Now to be powerful can mean having information superiority, as computed by the most effective computer on a network. In most cases, this means the biggest and most connected computer…
>
> […]
>
> The only way to sell a loss of freedom, so that people will accept it voluntarily, is by making it look like a great bargain at first. Consumers were offered free stuff (such as web searches and social networking) in exchange for acquiescing to being spied upon. The only power a consumer has is to look for a better deal. The only way to say no to that deal is to transcend the role of consumer once in a while.
>
> To be free is to have a zone around you that is private, where you can be with your own thoughts, your own experiments, for a time, between confrontations with the larger world. When you are wearing sensors on your body all the time, such as the GPS and camera on your smartphone, and constantly piping data to a megacomputer owned by a corporation that is paid by “advertisers” to subtly manipulate you by tweaking the options immediately available to you, you gradually become less free.
>
> […]
>
> Instagram isn’t worth a billion dollars just because those thirteen employees are extraordinary. Instead, its value comes from the millions of users who contribute to the network without being paid for it. Networks need a great number of people

> to participate in them to generate significant value. But when they have them, only a small number of people get paid. That has the net effect of centralizing wealth and limiting overall economic growth.

The author, Jaron Lanier, asserts that the digital economy is destroying the middle class, and that we may have passed the point where increasing technology increases our standard of living. Everyone has access to photography in their pocket, but now what a few dozen people can do while employed at Instagram has replaced over a hundred thousand middle class jobs at Kodak while cheap labor in Asian factories construct the camera sensors.

The winner-take-all distribution we see in the internet world occurs in dating too. Elite men can now broadcast their value to larger pools of women using dating sites and internet apps, giving them access to women who would have not been able to meet these men in the past. The men who are not elite, like a Kodak employee, will find himself with no options. The non-elite men who don't go through great pains to increase their value will simply not procreate, because today's woman has been trained to score the most valuable man she could possibly get through extended experimentation that may last well over a decade, now with the aid of technology.

> The fatal conundrum of a hyperefficient market optimized to yield star-system results is that it will not create enough of a middle class to support a real market dynamic. A market economy cannot thrive absent the well-being of average people, even in a gilded age. Gilding cannot float. It must reside on a substrate. Factories must have multitudes of customers. Banks must have multitudes of reliable borrowers.
>
> […]
>
> The peasant's dilemma is that there's no buffer. A musician who is sick or old, or who has a sick kid, cannot perform and cannot earn. A few musicians, a very tiny number indeed, will do well, but even the most successful real-time-only careers can fall apart suddenly because of a spate of bad luck. Real life cannot avoid those spates, so eventually almost everyone living a real-time economic life falls on hard times.

This winner-take-all phenomenon is beginning to dominate every facet of human life as digital technology breaks down the barriers and levees that sustained the middle class (e.g., unions, academic tenure, taxi medallions, business licenses, etc), however inefficient they were.

> If network technology is supposed to be so good for everyone, why has the developed world suffered so much just as the technology has become widespread? Why was there so much economic pain at once all over the developed world just as computer networking dug in to every aspect of human activity, in the early 21st century? Was it a coincidence?

> […]
>
> …the Siren Servers [Facebook, Google, Amazon, etc.] channel much of the productivity of ordinary people into an informal economy of barter and reputation, while concentrating the extracted old-fashioned wealth for themselves. All activity that takes place over digital networks becomes subject to arbitrage , in the sense that risk is routed to whoever suffers lesser computation resources.
>
> […]
>
> The primary business of digital networking has come to be the creation of ultrasecret mega-dossiers about what others are doing, and using this information to concentrate money and power. It doesn't matter whether the concentration is called a social network, an insurance company, a derivatives fund, a search engine, or an online store. It's all fundamentally the same. Whatever the intent might have been , the result is a wielding of digital technology against the future of the middle class.
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> […]
>
> Great fortunes are being made on shrinking the economy instead of growing it. It's not a result of some evil scheme, but a side effect of an idiotic elevation of the fantasy that technology is getting smart and standing on its own, without people.
>
> […]
>
> It seems as though online services are bringing bargains to everyone, and yet wealth disparity is increasing while social mobility is decreasing. If everyone were getting better options, wouldn't everyone be doing better as well?

There is no such thing as a free lunch. Whatever benefit we get from technology now will have a cost, either upon ourselves or others:

> The initial benefits don't remotely balance the long-term degradations. Initially you made some money day trading or getting an insanely easy loan, or saved some money couch-surfing or by using coupons from an Internet site, but then came the pink slip, the eviction notice, and the halving of your savings when the market drooped. Or you loved getting music for free, but then realized that you couldn't pursue a music career yourself because there were hardly any middle-class, secure jobs left in what was once the music industry. Maybe you loved the supercheap prices at your favorite store, but then noticed that the factory you might have worked for closed up for good.
>
> […]
>
> In what sense is becoming dependent on private spy agencies crossed with ad agencies, which are licensed by us to spy on all of us all the time in order to accumulate billions of dollars by manipulating what's put in front of us over supposedly open and public networks, a way of defeating elites? And yet that is

> precisely what the “free” model has meant.
>
> […]
>
> The CEOs will gather at the golf resort and talk about a core financial problem: In the long term the economy will start to shrink if they keep on making it “efficient” only from the point of view of central servers. At the end of that line there will eventually be too little economy to support even CEOs. How about instead growing the economy?

Technological efficiencies slightly lower the cost for all but put a significant percentage out of jobs. In the past, new technology would create as many jobs as it destroyed while improving everyone’s standard of living, but are we seeing that now with the internet? It’s great that everyone can afford an iphone which contains a camera and internet access, but is that going to put food on the table and contribute to the economy? Silicon Valley is doing well, but how about everyone else?

> The wide adoption of transformative connecting technology should create a middle-class wealth boom, as happened when the Interstate Highway System gave rise to a world of new jobs in transportation and tourism, for instance , and generally widened commercial prospects. Instead we’ve seen recession, unemployment, and austerity.

There’s also the privacy issue—our information is being used as currency by the technological elite.

> A related trend of our times is that troves of dossiers on the private lives and inner beings of ordinary people, collected over digital networks, are packaged into a new private form of elite money. The actual data in these troves need not be valid. In fact, it might be better that it is not valid, for actual knowledge brings liabilities. But the pretense that we have a bundle of other people’s secrets is functioning like fine modern art. It is a new kind of security that the rich trade in, and the value is naturally driven up. It becomes a giant-scale levee inaccessible to ordinary people.
>
> […]
>
> Big human data, that vase-shaped gap, is the arbiter of influence and power in our times. Finance is no longer about the case-by-case judgment of financiers, but about how good they are at locking in the best big-data scientists and technologists into exclusive contracts.

Inadvertently, this book tells you how to make money in the digital age: become a siren server. Construct a service people want to use for free, register users, collect their information, analyze their usage, and then provide them with ultra-targeted advertising.

Lanier’s solution to this problem is for companies to pay its users if the information it gets from them is providing the company with revenue. Since Google makes money when you use its products, they should actually pay you every time you do a search. Facebook

should pay you if liking several pages improves their algorithm that targets users with ads. Youtube's system is close to what Lanier proposes, since through their partner program you get paid for views on videos that you upload.

> In a humanistic information economy, as people age, they will collect royalties on value they brought into the world when they were younger.
>
> […]
>
> The proposal here is not redistributionist or socialist. Royalties based on creative contributions from a whole lifetime would always be flowing freshly. It would be wealth earned, not entitlement.

Thanks to this book I have finally realized what a "disruptive" technology is—it's simply a technology that destroys more jobs than it creates, concentrating wealth and power in a few hands, invariably located in Silicon Valley, under the guise of efficiency and ease.

This book has powerful ideas but loses gas after the first half and simply repeats concepts. It seemed like the first 100 pages was the book proposal and then the rest was an afterthought to fill up space. Nonetheless, the insights it provides is powerful and has changed how I see the technological "progress" that is being forced upon us all. It gets a recommendation from me.

This book review was originally published by me on Return Of Kings.

Read More: *"Who Owns The Future" on Amazon*

How To Make The Perfect Pot Of Tea

May 29, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Over the past winter I've become somewhat of a tea connoisseur, partly due to the fact that I live next to a nice tea shop that has over 50 different kinds of loose leaf tea for purchase. I've dived into the world of tea making and would like to share a basic method for making tea that will be vastly superior to any prepared tea you can buy in a cafe.

What Is Tea?

All non-herbal and non-fruit teas come from the exact same plant, *Camellia sinensis*. The large variation that exists between light and dark teas come from where the tea leaves were grown, when and how they were picked, and how they were processed using various mechanisms of wilting, panning, bruising, rolling, heating, baking, and drying. Considering the hundreds of different kinds of tea out there, the versatility of the tea plant to produce various tastes and aromas is astounding. Each tea requires a specific brewing method to bring out the best of its individual character.

Many teas are also location specific, not unlike how "champagne" can only be used to describe fermented wine from a certain region in France. Darjeeling tea can only be from India while a Ceylon tea is always from Sri Lanka.

The Superiority Of Loose Leaf Tea

Once tea leaves are finished processing and dried on a mat, workers scoop up the leaves to be packaged for sale in loose leaf collections. After the biggest leaves are scooped, the leftover bits remaining are then used for bagged teas, since they can't be sold in loose leaf form. In other words, the tea that goes in bagged tea is broken pieces that are like what you'd find at the bottom of a potato chip bag.

Another problem with bagged teas is a lack of wide surface area from the tea bits, causing the brewing process to be fast and violent, extracting only the notes of the tea but not the body. This is why tea from bags can often be very thin, while loose leaf gives a denser liquid that can sometimes approach the consistency of milk.

Equipment

To make a proper pot of tea, you will need some basic equipment, the most essential of which is not even a pot. *You must get a scale and a timer.* Because each tea comes at a different weight density, you will not make consistent pots if you use a volume-based measuring tool such as a spoon. A timer is also important, since a seemingly trivial error of one extra minute of brewing can have a drastic effect on the final result.

Make sure to grab a scale with reading that goes to the tenth of a gram. Here is the scale I use:

Smart Weigh DBL1KG ($13.99)

And here is my timer:

Culinare 20

The reason you technically don't need a pot is that you can pour hot water into any container with the tea leaves and then use a common kitchen strainer to transfer the liquid to another container. That usually involves extra work and cleaning, but it won't impact the taste greatly.

When you're ready to buy a pot, understand that the biggest flaw in pot design is with the infuser, the small container with tiny holes that goes inside the teapot. It holds the tea leaves during brewing and can be quickly removed without having to manually strain the liquid. The most common problems I've seen include a narrow infuser that offers stingy contact between the water and tea or an infuser with too few holes. We need a teapot that offers the most uninhibited amount of raw contact during brewing. After experimenting with several pots with shamefully inferior designs, I have found a Japanese company that does it right: Hario. Here's the pot I use:

Hario Chacha Kyusu Maru Tea Pot

Look at how the infuser is almost as large as the pot itself, making it ideal to brew tea.

You'll also need a kettle of some sort to heat water. Many delicate teas require water temperatures that are under boiling temperature (80 degrees Celsius), especially white and green teas, so a thermometer would help when bringing down the temperature in the case you're using a basic stove-top kettle.

A better option is to buy an electric kettle that can heat water to a designated temperature, especially in the range from 80-100 C (they are called "variable temperature kettles"). The kettle I use, which is sold on the European market, allows me to dial in to the precise temperature of 80 or 90 degrees. Only black teas are suitable for a boiling temperature of 100 degrees.

Bosch Styline Collection Kettle

Lastly, a teapot warmer is recommended. It has space for a tea light to keep your pot warm as you drink.

Water

I use bottled water when brewing teas, because water from the tap has minerals that can greatly affect lighter teas, especially white teas. The less sugar you are using with your tea, the more important the quality of your water. Since white and green teas are not usually taken with sugar, you need to use bottled water or else the harshness of your tap will make it difficult for you to identify the true taste. If your water source is really bad, you may not be able to pick up on any taste at all, and you'll naturally gravitate towards inferior teas that have "fruit" in them.

When I bring a girl over to my apartment for tea, they always gravitate towards the fruity teas because they have not yet developed the proper tea palate to appreciate traditional tea. I actually have two cheap fruit teas on hand at all times for this very purpose.

Default Brewing Technique

If I'm given a tea completely blind, without knowing specific instructions on how to brew it, I follow this formula:

- 0.75 grams of tea per 100 ml of water (one cup of water is 237 ml)
- 3 minutes brewing time
- 90 degrees water temperature

I make pots of tea using 500 ml of water (roughly two cups), so I measure out 3.75 grams of tea for each pot (5 x 0.75 g).

Whether the tea is white, green, or black, I will brew the first pot using this formula, and then make adjustments to suit my taste and the unique character of the tea. If the tea was too light, I increase the brewing time up to 5 minutes. If at 5 minutes it's still too light, I increase the tea weight. If the tea is too bitter, I decrease the brewing time gradually to 2 minutes, and if that's not enough, I start to decrease the weight. The formula I use is such that I can brew a second pot with the same leaves, and have it come out nearly as good as the first if I roughly double the brewing time.

When you are first starting off, especially with green tea, you won't know how it "should" taste like, but I can give you the most important guideline you need to understand: it shouldn't taste bitter. There should be no astringent aftertaste from your green and white teas, meaning you should have zero urge to reach for sugar. If there is even the slightest of bitter taste, you brewed too long. Only earthy or floral notes should be present.

The average man on the street who drinks green tea is actually drinking bitter junk.

What's amazing to me is that normal people actually *leave the tea bag in as they drink*, meaning they are brewing the tea for well over 10 minutes. This is insanity! I have been on dates with girls all over the world who do this, and recently I've been trying my best to educate them on proper tea drinking, but they are stubbornly resistant to changing their incorrect habits. Yes, the odds you will become a tea snob are great when you start brewing at home.

Dark teas are going to be more bitter by default, but it should still be rather drinkable without sugar. Only when I want something with a strong caffeine content will I go overboard with the brewing time and balance out the bitterness with a sugar cube.

Brewing A Pot With Pictures

Below is a pictorial walk-through of making a pot of Ceylon Earl Grey tea. I am doing a lighter variant with a brewing time of only 2 minutes from a tea weight of 0.5 grams per 100 ml of water (2.5 grams total).

1. Prepare your equipment

My scale and timer

My teawarmer, teapot, and teacup

2. Heat water to necessary temperature

I dial in my kettle to 100 degrees.

3. Weigh the tea leaves in infuser

Ceylon Earl Grey tea

4. Place the infuser inside tea pot and pour in hot water

I like to start the pour slow to soak the leaves and then finish vigorously to create a nice swirl.

5. Use your timer to brew for a designated time

6. Remove the infuser and place teapot on teawarmer

You can leave the tea leaves in your infuser in case you want to brew a second pot. Note below how much larger the tea leaves are compared to what you would find in a tea bag.

7. Pour tea into teacup

Bring the liquid to your lips and allow it to enter your mouth. Taste and then swallow.

Tea Porn

Here are some additional pictures from my collection:

Chinese genmaicha, a green tea with roasted rice. It releases a brilliant aroma after brewing.

Japanese sencha, a classicly strong green tea

Maintaining Tea Records

I have a note card for each tea that I brew so that I know what the best brewing formula

is. I tape the paper to the tea container so it's available when I need to reference it.

When you have over 15 teas in your collection, as I do, it becomes critical to document your brewing techniques. For some teas, the default brewing formula will work great, but other teas need extensive tinkering. Once you nail down the best formula, you are set for the season on that particular tea lot.

All tea snobbery aside, there is no "wrong" way to make tea as long as you enjoy it. What's most important is developing a consistent method so you get a good pot every time you brew, instead of a more random result that you get from cafes that don't even use a scale when measuring out loose leaf tea.

Conclusion

If you're just starting out and don't want to invest much in equipment, buy a basic strainer or tea basket and use measuring spoons to making an acceptable cup of tea that won't win any worldwide tea competitions.

If you're anything like me, you will start investing more resources into proper brewing in order to make golden cups of tea that are enjoyable to drink and good for your health when compared to sugary beverages.

Tea for me has become a sort of addiction in that if you put me anywhere near a tea shop, I lose all self-control and buy several teas even though I have a bountiful supply back at home. Every afternoon that I wake up is enjoyable as I examine my cabinet and decide on which tea I want to start the day with. It's a cheap passion that gives me great sensual pleasure, and I hope that you also can learn how to enjoy the art of teamaking.

Read Next: *What Happened When I Quit Caffeine For A Month*

The Theory Of Evolution Does Not Apply To Modern Human Beings

June 3, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I know your blood is already boiling from reading the headline above and that your intellectual self-defense mechanisms have been activated to refute all ideas you are about to encounter henceforth, but make yourself a cup of tea, relax, and consider the following viewpoint that has been concealed from you during your entire life.

Since high school I have believed in the theory of evolution, a logical and elegant solution over religious explanations in describing how life originated and evolved on earth. For the next 15 years, including four years studying microbiology in university, I never once doubted the theory, and have even infused the "survive and reproduce" paradigm into the theories and ideas I have shared on my blog and in my books. This paradigm is also a domineering belief in the "red pill" platform.

In the past year a thought entered my brain that I had trouble addressing: why have I yet to reproduce? I'm nearly 36 years old, with ample resources, intellect, health, biological "strength", and access to females, but I have not yet produced a child. It's not that I'm ejaculating inside women but failing to impregnate them, but I'm consciously and deliberately *halting* insemination for reasons that Darwin and his followers have not addressed, such as bad marriage laws and wanting to be free without obligations.

I've had more fertile sexual partners than some kings and nobles of old, but have not reproduced once, meaning that game, in the way I have practiced and taught it, has gone squarely against evolution. In other words, remaining a virgin to this day as opposed to embarking on a multi-year world sex tour with triple-digit partners would not at all have changed the childless result I face in this very moment.

Anti-evolutionary behaviors should have been weeded out of the gene pool according to the idea of natural selection, but the more I looked around, the more I saw nothing but my own behavior, of people who were actually *frightened to death* about being a parent even though they were healthy and could afford to raise children. In fact, the sum of Western ideologies seem aimed to specifically halt human reproduction.

Western people are structuring their lives in deliberate ways to *not* reproduce at all and where their cherished hedonistic lifestyles would be greatly harmed if children entered the picture, and while it's easy to use evolutionary theory in describing which man a woman chooses to have sex with, how can that possibly be correct if the man used condoms or the woman used birth control? Darwin's theory refers to *reproduction*, not recreational sex and definitely not a prolonged period of sterile sport fucking, which has no benefit to the genes of the "athlete." Having an explanation for why a girl on birth control went home with the "alpha male" after meeting him in the club has *nothing* to do with evolution or natural selection, since they both knew that no child would result and used the full force of their consciousness to prevent the creation of life. If reproduction

was the purposefully blocked intent, evolution was not present during the sex event.

How could Darwin explain the prevention of reproduction by deliberate and conscious choice from fit humans beings? How could he explain that the richest peoples of the world with no lack in resources, intellect, and functioning reproductive systems were consciously going against what evolution prescribed for them?

The one aspect of evolution, specifically, that does not hold true for modern humans, especially those living in the West, is that *fit humans are reproducing up to the limit of the food supply*, as stated by Darwin. In fact, the more resources a person has, the *less* likely they will reproduce at all, which you can witness at any time in a drive through the poor and rich parts of your city. Darwin's theory doesn't explain why this occurs, why the "strongest" and most "fit" are having the least amount of offspring or deliberately choosing not to have any offspring at all, even though natural selection specifically states that only the strongest can pass on their genes while the weak and infirm will not.

Most animals, plants, and bacteria do reproduce up to the limit of the food supply, or at least *try* to maximally have as many offspring as possible, but human beings have developed a consciousness that enables them to purposefully not reproduce even if they are able, and even develop a phobia to reproduction, and this has been in effect for at least 100 years in all major Western nations that currently suffer a death rate greater than the reproductive rate.

We must therefore conclude, with logic and rationale, that evolution is so flawed at explaining modern *human reproductive* behavior (and not merely casual sex where reproduction was never the intent), that evolution is not an observable or correct principle for human beings living in Westernized nations. We must discard evolutionary theory as applying to all humans through the mechanism of natural selection and begin a search for a new explanation that explains our current biological behavior.

Evolution may have been the correct theory for a window of human existence, but that window has now closed and theories for post-evolutionary man, one in which there is no struggle for survival and where the strongest of the species are not reproducing, must be devised.

Even if we were to concede that we got here through the process of evolution from a primordial soup, and that our brains are the result of it, these brains are now in a modern environment which has tripwired, hijacked, or corrupted any applicable evolutionary program. We have become one with the plugged-in cosmopolitan borg, and that regardless of the process that caused us to come about, that process is no longer in effect and a new process, yet to be described or understood, is manifesting itself throughout humanity and shattering Darwin's "survive and reproduce" model.

It's unlikely that, after reading what I have stated so far, a Darwinist would seriously doubt his faith in evolution. His mind is already racing for the rationalizations that allow evolution to remain true for him, and it's this race that allows evolution to frame all biological explanations through Darwin's brain. People are so invested in a theory that tells them what the end point is (i.e. everything we do is to survive and reproduce), that

many hardcore atheists are no different from religious fundamentalists in the mental gymnastics they take every day to keep their faith alive.

A book that pokes numerous holes to the evolutionary boat is Darwinian Fairytales by Australian philosopher David Stove. While not a scientist by trade, Stove provides over a dozen non-religious arguments against evolution that were not presented to us during our scientific education in school. After reading through this book carefully, I have determined that evolutionary theory is no longer useful in describing the modern day behavior of human beings. Based on my scientific background, this did take great upheaval to my belief system, but there are too many doubts to the theory, mostly based from my own observation of human behavior, that I can't believe such a flawed model any longer.

Evolution is not applying to modern humans

From Darwinian Fairytales:

> If Darwin's theory of evolution were true, there would be in every species a constant and ruthless competition to survive: a competition in which only a few in any generation can be winners. But it is perfectly obvious that human life is not like that, however it may be with other species.
>
> […]
>
> That theory is a universal generalization about all terrestrial species at any time. Hence, if the theory says something which is not true now of our species (or another), then it is not true—-finish… If Darwin's theory of evolution is true, no species can ever escape from the process of natural selection.

If you look outside your window, you'll see that there is no longer a vicious fight for survival, even in desperately poor nations. The sick and handicap, thanks to society's intervention (a society created by the human animal that evolution supposedly applies to), can survive with ease, and even the mentally inferior who lives on the altruism of others can reproduce to their biological limit assuming they possess basic fertility.

> Darwin must have gone wrong somewhere about man, and badly wrong. For if his theory or explanation of evolution were true, there would be in every species a constantly recurring struggle for life: a competition to survive and reproduce which is so severe that few of the competitors in any generation can win. But this prediction of the theory is not borne out by experience in the case of man. In no human society, whether savage or civilized, is there any such struggle for life.
>
> […]
>
> You can try reminding the Darwinian, if you like, that this theory of evolution is a proposition about all species of organisms, at all times and places; and that man is a species, that the last three centuries are times, and that advanced countries are places.

Darwinists will say that welfare, employment benefits, and even health care disturb

natural selection and, if removed, we will see more of the evolutionary model of the strongest reproducing along with the fight for survival. This “veneer” idea is debunked below, but even if you were to take it as valid, multiple societies that contain billion of people currently have welfare, employment benefits, and health care, all developed from the will and efforts of the human animal, naturally and progressively. In other words, to make evolution true, we’d have to manually and artificially intervene and remove all the altruistic fruits and layers of our society that have independently come forth in all corners of the planet. Can you imagine a physicist insisting on blowing up an errant planet that doesn’t obey the laws of gravity to make sure his theories remain universally true?

The reproductive urge to make babies is barely an urge

Your reproductive urge is so strong and so intense that you are wearing condoms, not ejaculating inside women to give them your seed, having panic attacks when a girl announces her period is late, and in the case of some men, dropping out from sex entirely for the evolutionary trivial reasons that women have unreasonable standards and bad attitudes.

A common argument by someone not fulfilling their evolutionary need is that they possess a lack of “resources,” but this can be laughed upon its face with a visit to an African village or South American slum where children living on a dollar a day make it to reproductive age and later go on to reproduce heartily themselves. In fact, the more you raise your children in impoverishment, the more likely they will have more kids and spread your genes than if you raised them in comfort and luxury. The “resources” argument is outright absurd if uttered in the West where the state will raise the kid for you and allow it to reach reproductive age without you spending a dollar.

Consider that I can have 100 children in Washington DC right now and all 100 will be properly clothed, fed, and cared for without me lifting a finger. None would die from neglect before reaching adulthood. Quick—go forth young man and place your seed within every woman you have sex with! Then escape the country and watch from afar as your seeds grow. I promise you the state will raise those seeds and that your genes will be passed on for the next hundred generations, and you will have done as much to live out your evolutionary destiny as the great Mongol kings. Isn’t that why you are here for?

But of course you will do no such thing, because there is only a trivial drive in you to reproduce, and if you fail to do it during your lifetime, you would not even shed a tear, and may actually be *happier* because of it. Based on Darwin’s theory, we should be jumping at the chance to use the altruism of others or the state to maximally reproduce, even if it still comes at detriment to ourselves, but we’re not, showing how absurd and false the “survive and reproduce” paradigm really is.

> Human life is full of opportunities for reproduction which the supply of food would permit, but which are not taken in fact.
>
> […]
>
> …our species practices, or has practiced, on an enormous scale, infanticide,

> artificial abortion, and the prevention of conception. No other species does anything at all of this kind, but we do, and we appear to have done so always.
>
> […]
>
> …women are hardly ever permitted to marry as soon as they are capable of reproduction. The result is, of course, that years of reproductive opportunities are very commonly neglected, however plentiful food may be.

Darwin also didn't mention why the reproductive urge decreases when humans move from rural areas to cities. How can it be that bars, movie theaters, cafes, yoga studios, and sushi restaurants can diminish, delay, or outright halt a human being's need to reproduce? Why do humans dedicate their lives—often during their most fertile years—to professions and careers and shallow social experiences in dense cities that hurt their ability to reproduce? It turns out that humans have this weird tendency, as civilization marches on, to develop specializations, activities, and gadgets that self-limit their reproduction or that of others, while at the same time becoming more energized at making money, accumulating possessions, having fun, and raising cute dogs and cats than having the maximum number of children they're able to.

Humans do not reproduce up to the limit of the food supply

> The Malthus-Darwin proposition, then, that population increases if food does, may be a truth, or a false but fertile near-truth, when it is applied to species other than Homo sapiens. But applied to our species, the best it can be is the following pure triviality: that population increases if food does, unless it is prevented from doing so by one or more of a dozen different causes that we know of, or by one or more of an indefinite number of causes that we do not know of.
>
> […]
>
> The offspring of a most privileged class exhibit, in fact, more strongly than those of any other class, and far more strongly than the offspring of the poor, a proclivity towards a whole range of things, every one of which is more or less unfavorable to parenthood. To early sexual exhaustion, to sexual incapacity, to sexual indifference, to homosexuality, to religion, to study, to art, to connoisseurship, to gambling, to drunkenness, to drugs . . . To almost anything in the world, in fact, except increasing or even maintaining the numbers of their own class by reproduction.

It's important to reiterate that Stove doesn't disprove evolution, and leaves aside the fact that the theory can fit quite well for other organisms, but he gives too many examples to count on how evolution is not correct for explaining *human* reproduction and behavior. To find the greatest paradox to evolution, all you need is a mirror, since your own life goes against it, as does mine.

> Here, for example, is a respected sociobiologist, Professor R. D. Alexander,

> writing in 1979: ". . . we are programed to use all our effort, and in fact to use our lives, in reproduction." People who use all their effort, in fact use their lives, in reproduction: does that sound like anyone you know, or ever heard or read of?
>
> […]
>
> It means that an impediment, however microscopic, to an organism's maximal reproduction, if such an impediment ever occurred at all, would be completely eliminated by natural selection, and as quickly as such elimination can take place.

I know dozens of men personally who have sex with over 100 women, but I do not know one who engages in purposeful reproduction, even though they are so easily able to. We are all "errors" of evolution, along with billions of other human beings.

Evolution requires high child mortality that is absent in humans

For the "strongest" to survive, the weak must continually die. Darwin suggested levels that can be interpreted as over 50%. But in human beings, nearly everyone survives, even the weakest, meaning that natural selection is no longer selecting for the strong, thanks in part to medical advances. If natural selection is not selecting, and not ensuring that only the strong pass on their genes, evolution is not occurring in humans.

> …there will be in every species a severe struggle for life among conspecifics, and a high child mortality. And that is the very thing, of course, which is needed to ensure in turn that in every species there will be that natural selection which is, according to the Darwinian theory, the vera causa of evolution.
>
> […]
>
> …[evolution] implies a struggle for life among humans which is far more severe, and a child mortality which is far higher, than any which really exists, or indeed could exist, consistently with our species surviving at all.

There is no "struggle for life"

If a man today really did believe we were engaged in a "struggle for life," competing viciously for food and survival every moment of the day, he would be labeled mentally insane and instituted. Only in cases of starvation are any struggle seen, and yet even then humans will still act rationally and altruistically in times of crises, even to non-relatives, as you have seen in the news after natural disasters rip through tight-knit communities.

Considering that no modern Western citizen has seen starvation, or likely ever will, they'll luckily escape Darwin's all-encompassing theory for their entire lives. So while food is plentiful, and there is no struggle for life, what biological theory of life are we following? What is determining the progress of the species? It surely isn't evolution by natural selection. A program of "everyone lives" and "everyone can reproduce if they want" is not what any Darwinist has proposed.

> As for that “struggle for life” among conspecifics, supposedly universal an constant, which Darwin was later to make famous, he saw nothing of it among the Yahgans [indians]. Well, that should go without saying: there was none of it there. Collecting shellfish, their commonest form of food-getting, was done by family groups, or by individuals. In winter, when the guanaco, with a good layer of fat on them, were forced downhill by the deepening snow above, a group of men would go off for a few days to hunt them. Whatever they got was simply shared among the hunters, who carried home as much as they could to share with their families. Well, they would, wouldn’t they? Only someone who had “the struggle for life” on the brain would expect anything different.
>
> […]
>
> …what would it be like, to meet a population of humans who really were always engaged in a Darwinian struggle for life? I cannot say. The best I can summon up is a very indistinct picture of a number of people in a sort of pandemonium competition for food. In my picture, the people are not distinguishable from one another by age, by sex, by rank, or by anything.
>
> […]
>
> …if, on the other hand, your faith in Darwinism is so profound that you simply must have human beings, not only in the remote past but now too, always engaged in a struggle for life so severe that it leaves no room for altruism and exacts a child mortality of 8o percent or more: well, if you have made that uncomfortable bed, you will just have to lie in it. And one of its minor discomforts is this: that you will have to reconcile yourself to performing, all your life, that evasive trick of which Hume rightly complained. That is, of calling certain facts—namely the facts of human altruism—a “problem” or a “difficulty” for your theory, when anyone not utterly blinded by Darwinism can see that these facts are actually a demonstration of the falsity of your theory.

Altruism is an innate human trait

When evolutionists discuss altruism, they attempt to paint it as a “mistake” of evolution or strain mightily to somehow make it fit their theory, instead of just admitting that their theory is wrong. Altruism is indeed a pathological trait in humans, who are far from “selfish” beings constantly working in their self interests. Every single day you have a need to share, teach, help, and communicate, and not only to your relatives but also strangers, and the benefits you receive from this altruism doesn’t at all increase your ability to reproduce. In fact, I believe the need to have children is not only to pass on your genes, but to have ready-made targets to receive your overflowing and debilitating altruism.

Stove remarks how a human being or group spontaneously showing altruism would and should have been crushed by existing non-altruistic human groups. Since that did not happen, it suggests that altruism was likely with us from the first man.

> …how, in a constant competition among conspecifics to survive and reproduce, altruistic individuals could possibly avoid being demographically “swamped” by non-altruistic ones.
>
> […]
>
> There is no reason whatever, apart from the Darwinian theory of evolution, to believe that there ever was in our species an “evolution of altruism” out of a selfish “state of nature.” People believe there was, only because they accept Darwin’s theory, which says that there is always a struggle for life among conspecifics, whereas there is no such struggle observable among us now, but a great deal of observable altruism instead. The right conclusion to draw, of course, is that Darwin’s theory is false.
>
> […]
>
> For Darwinian theory says that there is always a struggle for life going on among the members of every species. So why was not every tender shoot of altruism or morality always promptly sheared off by natural selection?
>
> If you on an impulse make an altruistic “offer” to some of your non-altruistic conspecifics, they will—if words mean anything—close with your offer, and thereby improve their own chances of surviving and reproducing; but not yours. If you make a habit of this kind of thing, there is only one way matters can end for you, and for any offspring you may manage to leave who inherit your amiable disposition. Your lineage, far from becoming one of “the favored races in the struggle for life,” will quickly be extinguished.

If for over 100 years you incessantly teach people they have a selfish nature and act only in their best interests, you are surely enabling selfish behavior in humans, and yet in spite of this continuous brainwashing, altruism is still hugely present in all societies. If I had the ability, for over 100 years, through the media and academia, to state that mushrooms are the most vile food imaginable, I have no doubt that per capita consumption of mushrooms would decline.

The human need to communicate

Humans have an innate need for communication, for communication’s sake, among other needs that don’t improve their survival or reproduction.

> …it is perfectly obvious that people do not now communicate, or communicate as much as they do, because of any advantage which accrues to themselves from communicating. Indeed, there are few human experiences more common than that of people finding that they have injured their own interests, by too great a readiness to communicate, or too great a receptivity to the communications of others. Yet lessons of this kind are constantly thrown away on us, simply because our love of communication is so strong, and so little controlled by a regard for our own interests.

> […]
>
> …it can perfectly well happen, and often does happen, that a man pursues one or more of these “particular passions” without regard to his own interests; indeed, to the manifest injury of those interests, and even to the destruction of his wealth, health, or life itself. The man who, in defense of his good name, challenges another to a duel and is killed, is an old stock example; but still a good example nonetheless.

The myth that human communication is selfish and deceptive

Another often-heard quote is that humans constantly manipulate and lie to achieve their ends, but such tactics can only work against a backdrop of honesty and truth telling, since lying is a parasitic behavior that needs the “clean” behavior to be effective. Therefore being honest is the original human state, while lying is the parasitic and more rare form of communication.

> …it is not hard to see what the result would be, if in the future such manipulative communication were to become universal, or even nearly so. Communication, whether manipulative or otherwise, would then just die out altogether, for the simple reason that no hearer would ever know what any speaker meant by the words he uttered.
>
> […]
>
> …human intelligence and consciousness plainly have a degree of autonomy which is wildly inconsistent with Darwinism. If intelligence and consciousness in humans are always subordinated, like all other adaptations of organisms, to their striving to increase, then The Origin of Species was an attempt by Darwin to increase the number of his descendants. But it was not.
>
> […]
>
> Yet if what The Selfish Gene says is true, what else can that book be, but manipulation of its readers by the genes of Richard Dawkins, striving for their own maximal replication?

If “all” communication was deceptive, you would be confused as to what you’re even reading right now, and take an agonizing amount of time to process a single sentence.

The veneer idea is false

> This idea, that civilization, morality, unselfishness and self-restraint, are only superficial and misleading appearances, disguising our selfish, savage, animal nature, I will call for short “the veneer idea.”
>
> […]
>
> …if you intend to stick to the Darwinian theory, you simply have to say that, in the human case, most of the time, the struggle for life is going on below the

> surface of society: concealed by the veneer of unselfishness, considerateness, and so forth.
>
> […]
>
> Darwinism and Freudianism are only variations on a common theme, and what that theme is. It is that such things as self-restraint, cooperation, and consideration for others are merely part of a thin disguise which society places over our selfish and non-moral animal nature.
>
> […]
>
> Despite the widespread and longstanding acceptance that the veneer idea has enjoyed, and still enjoys, it is false, and even obviously false. For it compels us to ask a certain simple question, and yet cannot answer it: namely, *whence the veneer?* What could have brought such a thing into existence in the first place, or kept it in place if it had once come into existence?
>
> […]
>
> If the members of every species are always engaged in a struggle for life with one another, and if human beings were selfish and non-moral animals at first, how could even the least little bit of morality or of altruism have escaped being eliminated by natural selection?

If evolution was in effect, it would have been impossible for the "veneer" of civilization to develop.

The myth of the evolutionary "savage"

"Cavemen" had rigid social and community roles, and weren't allowed to do anything they pleased. A study of even modern tribes that exist today show they were more limited in their behavior in some ways than we are.

> "Savages," by contrast, have their behavior rigorously prescribed for them, at almost every moment of life, by gods or ancestors or elders or priests or chiefs, or at any rate by some external authority. And the more "savage" a tribe is, the more comprehensive and vice-like is the grip of social prescription on the lives of its members.
>
> […]
>
> Human societies are almost inexhaustibly various, but there is one thing which no human (or even animal) society is even remotely like: namely, "savage" life, and civilized life below the veneer, as selfish theorists conceive it. They think of people as though they were the molecules of a confined volume of gas, which have no mutual sympathy, or any other influence, except by way of collisions with one another. This is the selfish theory to a T, as long as you impute to each molecule a ceaseless and exclusive regard to its own interests. The only thing wrong with this idea is that there is nothing whatever in reality which

> corresponds to it.

A quote you hear often is that “humans are one step in the jungle,” which is another form of the veneer idea in that civilization covers our true instincts, but even birds, when put in a starvation scenario, act more “selfish” and with more desperation to survive, yet they don’t have civilization, culture, or morality. There is no veneer specifically made for humans.

> …what is stripped away from us under starvation or torture is not cultural, but biological. It is not the successive layers of convention, education, morality, etc. It is the successive layers of biological development which are natural to our species between infancy and mature adulthood.

Stove suggests that “savage” behavior is actually infantile behavior. When resources are low, adults regress back into panicked and teat-grappling infants in search of food.

Evolution is the last in a long line of “puppet master” theories

The stories of man can’t help but include a puppet master that is controlling all our behavior. Before it was god, now it’s genes.

> “Our stars rule us,” says the astrologer. “Man is what he eats,” said Feuerbach. “We are what our infantile sexual experiences made us,” says the Freudian. “The individual counts for nothing, his class situation for everything,” says the Marxist. “We are what our socioeconomic circumstances make us,” says the social worker. “We are what Almighty God created us,” says the Christian theologian. There is simply no end of this kind of stuff. What is wrong with all such theories is this: That they deny, at least by implication, that human intentions, decisions, and efforts are among the causal agencies which are at work in the world.

Richard Dawkins has been especially successful in pushing the gene puppet master idea.

> …writing in the full flood of conviction of human helplessness, [Dawkins] says that “we are … robot-vehicles blindly programmed to preserve the selfish molecules known as genes,”etc., etc. But at the same time, of course, he knows as well as the rest of us do, that there are often other causes at work, in us or around us, which are perfectly capable of counteracting genetic influences. In fact, he sometimes says so himself, and he even says that “we have the power to defy the selfish genes of our birth.”” As you see, he is just like those writers of serial stories in boys’ magazines, who used to say, in order to extricate their hero from some impossible situation, “With one bound, Jack was free!”
>
> […]
>
> …sensible people take no notice, when yet another crank or charlatan publishes yet another book which says that human beings are the helpless puppets of something or other: God, or God and demons, or History, or Race, or the Unconscious, or Aliens from Outer Space, or whatever. The Selfish Gene is simply

> another member of this slum breed of books, and ought to have been recognized as such from the start.
>
> […]
>
> It is no mystery why the supply of puppetry theories never fails: there is an unfailing demand for them. People want relief from responsibility, and puppetry theories promise them this relief.
>
> […]
>
> You could put [Dawkins] down anywhere in the world and rely on him to find there, what no one had before, invisible puppet masters manipulating visible puppets.

Atheists are quick to throw away god and angels as the main cause of human behavior, and then what do they do but simply replace them with genes as the main cause of human behavior. One must wonder at the curious human need to attribute their behavior to something invisible and all-powerful.

> According to the Christian religion, human beings and all other created things exist for the greater glory of God; according to sociobiology, human beings and all other living things exist for the benefit of their genes.
>
> […]
>
> Organisms have the adaptations that they do, according to the religion of Paley, because a single benevolent God intends them to survive and reproduce; and because that intention will be fulfilled the better, the better adapted the organisms are. According to the new religion, organisms have the adaptations they do, because many selfish gods intend to have copies of themselves, and as many copies as possible, carried by the next generation of organisms; and because that intention will be fulfilled the better, the better adapted the organisms.
>
> […]
>
> Genetics has merely provided the new religionists with the precise locality of their gods, on the chromosomes of the sex cells.

Whether Darwin intended to or not, his theory swapped out one god for 30,000 powerful, purposeful, and apparently intelligent gods that control an individual human's destiny. You are but a pathetic servant of these tiny genes.

Why is there evolution?

Where did it come from? What is driving it towards organization and consciousness? What is the reason for this process existing? Evolutionary theory does not answer this, and takes on the phenomenon of replication as an automatic given, like the existence of the Planck constant.

> In particular, a molecule of DNA, or of water, or of anything, is not benefited by a replica of it brought into existence by this molecule itself, or by something else, or by nothing.
>
> […]
>
> [Molecules] cannot delight in the number of replicas that they make of themselves. They are not even intelligent enough, after all, to know when they have made a replica of themselves.

Inclusive fitness is a flawed explanation to altruism

To solve the "altruism problem," evolutionists came up with the idea of inclusive fitness, whereby you are likely to aid your relatives so that their genes can be passed, which contain identical copies of some of your genes. Stove makes the sarcastic comment that bacteria must then have extensive forms of altruism.

> …what vast quantities of altruism must exist, between generations or between siblings, in all those species which reproduce either parthenogenically or by fission! For the members of these species share all their genes with their offspring or with their siblings.
>
> […]
>
> Two sister bacteria, despite their genetic identity, will slug it out with each other for the means of subsistence, just like any other pair of good Darwinian girls.
>
> […]
>
> A male robin red breast then, at least when defending a territory, cannot even tell the difference between a bit of red wool and a trespassing rival, even though a trespassing rival could quite easily be his brother. Yet the theory of inclusive fitness requires us to believe that he can tell the difference between his brother and a cousin, and again, between a cousin and an unrelated conspecific. Well, it is not logically, or even biologically, impossible.
>
> […]
>
> …the theory of inclusive fitness still has the gaping puncture which it had at first. Namely, that it requires sibling altruism to be about as strong and common as parental, whereas in fact it is nothing of the kind. If so, we might as well admit that although, genetically, the sibling relation is "just as close" as the parent-offspring relation, biologically, it is nowhere near as close, at any rate as far as altruism is concerned.

We are puppets to genes that want their counterparts inside your relatives to reproduce, but this can't even begin to work the way evolutionists propose unless you *are told* that you are a relative of someone, because the genes themselves don't know what relation you have to a random man on the street. Genes are so stupid, in fact, that when newborn babies are accidentally switched in hospitals, the two unlucky sets of parents will altruistically raise the genes of another couple without any doubt it's their own. Yet we're

supposed to believe that it's these same genes that are working continuously to control you like a slave so that copies of them in you and your relatives can be allowed to replicate.

Evolution is like a buggy software program that needs constant patching as more "testing" reveals its obvious flaws. Instead of just doing away with the theory, scientists will create all sort of monstrous octopus legs and attach them to the theory, creating exceptions that even Darwin himself couldn't have imagined.

Evolution blames nature for errors

People who believe in evolution victim-blame the organism when it acts outside the confines of evolution.

> Contraception, homosexuality, natural celibacy, the love of truth or of beauty, accepting submission signals [in fighting], adopting children, and resenting baby snatchers: what a heavy catalogue of errors! It singles out our species as being the most hopelessly stupid of all the pupils in the great school of natural selection.
>
> […]
>
> …scientific theory cannot possibly reprehend, in any way at all, any actual facts. It can explain them, predict them, describe them, but it cannot condemn them as errors. Astronomy cannot criticize certain arrangements of stars or planets as erroneous, and no more can biology criticize certain organisms, or characteristics of them, as erroneous.
>
> […]
>
> Wherever Darwinism is in error, Darwinians simply call the organisms in question or their characteristics, an error! Wherever there is manifestly something wrong with their theory, they say that there is something wrong with the organisms.
>
> […]
>
> Darwinians, rather than admit that their theory is simply not true of our species, brazenly shift the blame, and designate all of those characteristics "biological errors."

Humans are an example of evolutionary farce

> …far from every attribute being rigidly destroyed which is in the least degree injurious, in our species there is precious little except injurious attributes. Nearly everything about us, or at least nearly everything which distinguishes us from flies, fish, or rodents—all the way from practicing Abortion to studying Zoology—puts some impediment or other in the way of our having as many descendants as we could. From the point of view of Darwinism, just as from the point of view of Calvinism, there is no good in us, or none worth mentioning. We are a mere festering mass of biological errors.

> […]
>
> Darwinism can tell you lots of truths about plants, flies, fish, etc., and interesting truths too, to the people who are interested in those things. But the case is altogether different, indeed reversed, where our own species is in question. If it is human life that you would most like to know about and to understand, then a very good library can be begun by leaving out Darwinism, from 1859 to the present hour.

Closing thoughts

As recently as three years ago I started noticing the flaws of evolution from self-examining my behavior and those of my hypersexual male peers, because you don't pick up a book titled "Darwinian Fairytales" unless you already harbored serious doubts about the theory. I must admit that I made a mistake to use evolution as a reason to whore around with women when it was clear as day that I did not aim to reproduce. The behavior I did enact for so long can best be explained as entertainment seeking, relieving a lack of purpose in life, and wanting to feel masculine, but there was nothing evolutionary about it, and it has not at all increased my reproductive success than had I been an introverted 22-year-old and told my father to arrange a marriage for me with a girl from his Iranian hometown.

With this review I don't aim to completely throw evolution under the bus, for it does apply quite nicely to other organisms, and natural selection has surely applied to humans during certain periods of their history, but it should not and can not be used to describe current human behavior, including your own, because any set of conditions that put humans through an evolutionary grinder are no longer present in modern civilization. Doing otherwise would be deception on a large scale, and I won't deceive myself further by using it, even if it reduces scientific backing for some of my ideas.

Without using evolution as a tool, there is a big question that must be answered: where does traditional sex roles—and behavior—come from? Or more precisely: what are the correct sex roles for humans? The answer to the second is easier than the first. The correct sex roles are what has sustained human populations and society in the past and what will sustain human populations and society in the future. Biology need not be taken into account.

A careful study of history can clearly show what happens when men step outside of their traditional roles and what happens when women step outside of theirs, something spending ten minutes on Tumblr can verify. What are the sex roles and proper behavior of humans that allow a sustainable and mentally healthy population without ushering in the policies that would lead to a cultural collapse? The answer is the sex roles we already are familiar with, ones that have been known since Biblical times.

It's a natural human urge to understand the "why" of how life came about, a question that was no doubt asked by the first man. The problem in answering with evolution is that—besides it being wrong—it locks your mind into a narrow perspective. Thinking that

all humans act in genetic self interest clouds all your thoughts on human behavior and prevents you from seeing obvious contradictions and hidden truths. Because you have firm faith in evolution, you are not even allowing your mind to consider another viewpoint.

Say you encounter an article that says the following: “Men who go off to war have more children than men who don’t.” Evolution would describe this by saying that women want to reproduce with men who are most fit and strong and better able to defend the tribe. But let’s flip it and say “Men who *don’t* go off to war have more children than men who do.” Evolution can describe this too! It can say, “A superior reproductive strategy is to stay with the fertile women and reproduce with them during the time the alpha males are away.” Even the simplest of minds can find an explanation once it already knows the final result it’s aiming for.

If evolution can be used to explain both sides of the coin, which is often does, it’s not a scientific theory but a rationalization theory that justifies any and all human behavior as somehow fitting the theory. In other words, the theory is like playdough that can fit in any situation, and this is even done in the red pill portion of the manopshere to take *any behavior* a man or woman does and somehow justify it in terms of evolution, even if it’s based on people acting on the willful mission to *not* reproduce. What’s convenient for evolutionists is that none of their assertions can be proven, meaning that evolution is not more than one step above astrology in terms of describing or predicting human behavior. It’s gibberish.

Darwin’s theory came at the right time of history. The monarchy was overthrown and scientific rationalism dominated the day. The missing piece to complete the Enlightenment was a way to kill god, and Darwin came forth with a brilliant theory that did the job. The only problem is that it’s not true for humans, at least not in the way for other forms of life on earth.

There must be something else motivating and driving human beings that can’t be explained by current science, and so therefore the science we have is unable to provide a definitive and consistent account of our origin story along with our behavior. This means that if you are using evolution to structure, organize, or explain your own life, you are living a falsehood—a soothing falsehood but a falsehood nonetheless.

I must state that it’s not a comfortable position for me to neither believe in god or human evolution, for I have no working model for my own existence. It’s a weird place because my brain, for some reason, craves an origin story for where it came from. It’s searching, hunting, for something that explains how it got here, but I will be patient in this search, because I find it liberating and free that I no longer have to frame every human action through the lens of “survive and reproduce” and “all humans act in self-interest to spread their genes.”

Now that I have done this, it’s much easier to see how reproduction is not an important or essential human behavior and that evolution is nothing more than a severely flawed theory for explaining human beings.

Read More: *“Darwinian Fairytales” on Amazon*

Now Hiring Videographers To Film My World Tour

June 5, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I'm looking for videographers to film my upcoming lecture in the following cities:

- Berlin – June 27
- Washington DC – July 11
- New York City – July 18
- Montreal – August 8
- Toronto – August 15

Since I'm on a tight budget, I'm looking for just a straight shoot of the lecture and then the Q&A (estimated total time is two hours). I would need to be mic'd and you may have to do some panning since I'll move when I talk instead of standing still behind a podium. The only post-production editing you need to do is blur any faces except my own that wind up in the frame.

If you are interested, contact me at with your background and a cost estimate. If you have ideas to improve the final result, such as using two cameras, you can share them and give an estimate for the added frills.

So far all early bird tickets have sold out except for Montreal and Berlin. You can view details of the tour at Roosh World Tour. The video recording of the event will be released around December or January.

Don't Miss: *My International Lecture Tour Begins In June 2015*

Narrative Warfare

June 8, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

We've entered a stage of modern discourse that can be described as "narrative warfare," where the bulk of a person's social behaviors are meant to defend and propagate ideas that they believe. A narrative is composed of simple memes and stories that are easily communicated without deeper thought and which have been derived from an overreaching ideological foundation. These memes aid the believer in understanding the world while pursuing what they think will make them happy.

Those who exist to spread a narrative—'narrative bots'—may not understand where the original beliefs came from, their scientific basis, or what the intent of them are. Human beings, freed from the obligations of family or religion thanks to a culture swallowed whole by consumerism and cosmopolitanism, now spend an increasing amount of their time living as narrative bots, useful idiots for the spread of ideas with debilitating effects to their biological human shells.

A narrative bot has been trained to have an instant reaction to a new idea or belief. This does not require higher level thinking. For example, imagine that you are indoctrinated with the following beliefs:

- Women have been victimized by men
- Minorities have been victimized by whites
- Gays have been victimized by heterosexuals

If a new piece of news comes out that discusses a story of a white Silicon Valley executive facing a sexual harassment charge by an Asian female, the narrative bot is activated and begins sputtering its memes without even reading the story:

- "White privilege"
- "Male privilege"
- "Inequality in tech"
- "I'm triggered"

Someone who is not a narrative bot will read the story, try to determine which side is being more truthful, and then come to a proper judgement. This used to be what education taught people to do, but now it is solely about creating bots that are incapable of rational thinking. Since the bot is not using its brain faculties, and is programmed not to believe in loyalty or even the basic idea of friend and foe, it will often attack bots on its own side when it encounters information that contradicts its own memes (e.g. black transsexuals attacking white homosexuals).

Another example is the neo-Nazi bot that believes in the following:

- Jews are the blame for every societal problem

- Blacks are inferior
- White women are goddesses

Any story involving race will trigger an instant opinion and outflow of race talking points that have been refined on sites like Stormfront and 4chan's pol.

"Education" in the modern sense is defined as indoctrination of a particular ideology that benefits the ruling elite. This has split group communication into two distinct categories: (1) reinforcing ideology in an echo chamber through victimization or storytelling, and (2) attacking others for the incorrect ideology with economical or physical violence.

Are you a narrative bot?

Neomasculinity presents its own ideology to men, and so don't those men also become bots? It can happen. You'll find comments from men that repeat talking points such as these:

- "Women are hypergamous"
- "Marriage is always bad"

Even if these points are indeed based on facts and accurately describe reality, a narrative bot will not truly understand where these beliefs came from or their factual basis.

One aspect of neomasculine thought is that it's based on reality, both present and historical. That feature prevents many of us from descending into bot-dom, because we must continually check real world events and facts against what we believe. This is why most of my readers are stubbornly independent and get little pleasure with participating in mob action against the enemy.

People who are not capable of higher order thinking will be a bot no matter which narrative they adhere to. Modern leftism, from my observation, is nothing more than an ideology aimed at sucking up all the low-hanging bots of society. It's not hard to imagine the type of person the following beliefs would seduce:

- "Everyone is equal"
- "You're a victim"
- "Take from the strong to give to the weak"

Many on the extreme left are impossible to converse with because they are bots. We do have some bots on our team, but they make up less than 10% of the total, while the left is composed of 90% bots. When you have academia, the media, and government on the side of your narrative with complete control to disseminate it, it's no surprise that you'll have a large grunt army willing to dedicate a huge portion of their existence to meme warfare. They receive feelings of identity not through their race or nation, but through a collection of assembled ideas that were drilled into them from an early age.

I don't want to engage in narrative warfare. I want to find a pleasant city I like and enjoy challenging hobbies and have relationships with lovely women, but a land that may

have peace today will soon be attacked tomorrow whether I like it or not. I left the USA to get away from cultural decline caused by the opposing narrative, but this narrative is chasing me into the foreign countries I live in.

Women I meet in Poland are beginning to look as degenerate as American women. Women in Brazil are increasingly addicted to smartphone technology developed by Apple. Women in Thailand are elevating their sexual marketplace value by using American-owned sites and apps based out of Silicon Valley. It's fine if you don't want to engage in warfare, as honestly I don't either, but the pace at which enemy beliefs approach on allied territory can now be measured in years instead of decades. Soon it will be measured in months. If you don't fight the enemy, if you don't stop or at least retard their advances, you will eventually have to live under its rule or become an enemy of a mob that will wage a form of violence upon you. War is coming to us all.

We have no choice but to participate in narrative warfare, not for our physical survival, but to preserve the rights, due process, and activities that men were able to do freely not more than two generations ago. We need to refine our memes. We need to optimize our talking points. We need to take media appearances more seriously (myself included). We need to recruit and convert men to stop being swallowed up by the enemy, because they will not stop. They will criminalize normal masculine behavior, degrade the feminine so the very idea of beauty is destroyed, and ruin countries that were once good places for men to live in.

We will be able to make a difference, not just for our children but for ourselves, so that we are not the victim of legal or mob action tomorrow for something we are allowed to do today. We shall always seek to pursue truth and virtue, but war we must fight, because it won't stop fighting us.

Read Next: *Two Powerful Tactics For Winning The Culture War*

Women Have Reduced Themselves To Sexual Commodities

June 10, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

How we see women is not the same as how our grandfathers see women. They saw them as delicate creatures who could be a source of happiness, love, and, most importantly, children, but modern men are stuck with a different breed of women who care less about intimate relations and creating families than pursuing money, seeking validation and attention online, being trendy consumers, and satisfying their hedonistic needs with bad boys or clowns. A man who tries to emulate his grandfather by treating a modern woman with love or care is certain to get emotionally or financially destroyed.

So what's left for us? How should we deal with the strong and independent modern woman? We should view them as oil wells that can provide a commodity that healthy men need to function properly: sex. Now that the emotional and familial purpose of male-female interactions are being eliminated, thanks to a woman's demand for "independence," a modern man should focus on extracting as many instances of sex from individual women as he can until the well becomes dry. Modern women are too broken, unreliable, and narcissistic to be give men anything reliable besides fornication, so this is what you must aim for if you want to get something out of the current oil boom. Any other strategy will result in disappointment and failure.

It's first important to realize that not all oil wells are equal. Some are easy to find while others require delicate GPS sensors. Some oil wells are on land and therefore easily accessible to eager miners while other wells are hidden under the sea. Some wells are easy to drill while others require advanced machinery and engineering to reach. Some wells have oil that requires little processing while others may be too expensive to mine in current market conditions. And finally, some mines have plentiful reserves that last for long periods of time while others get tapped out quickly.

Women are just like oil mines in that they're not all equal in how they present their sexual interest, what game methods they require for sex, how long it takes them to have sex with you, how accessible they are to other miners, and how many instances of sex you will have with her until it no longer becomes profitable to mine her. This is not how our grandfathers approached women. They viewed them as a construction site with plentiful raw materials where a wonderful home could be built to last for over 50 years, a home that was worth maintaining and caring for. If you approach women in such a manner today, a tornado will rip through the construction site before you've even established the foundation. You'll lose your entire investment.

Not long ago I dated a Polish girl who was 14 years younger than me. She was pleasant enough but I could tell she's in the middle of her carousel ride and so not appropriate for a serious relationship. I did just enough work to keep her interested so that when I needed sex, she gave it to me, and as long as I was interested in our arrangement, I

continued tapping her well to my sexual satisfaction. But I would be foolhardy to try to build a home with her since she is not made of the same stuff as her mother and grandmothers, and so I will not treat her as if she's something she's not. She's an oil well, and I will use my drill to gain as much black liquid as I can until the well taps out, and then be forced to move on to another.

Not long ago men used to make houses, but now we're oil prospectors, emptying the reservoir of one well before inevitably moving on, and I'm not sure if this is a better way for us to live than men of the past.

Read Next: *Women In Their Prime Prefer Sex With Damaged Men*

Summer Hiatus

June 12, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

It's time I take a hiatus to enjoy the summer and conduct my upcoming world tour. In addition, it's video season. Here's my first video of the summer, shot during my recent vacation in Kiev:

I may periodically post tour updates and new videos in the next two months.

In the meantime, you can follow Return Of Kings, Reaxxion, RVF, and my Youtube channel. View the archives to see all the articles I published this year.

Worst Summer Hiatus Ever

September 4, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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During my last hiatus, so little happened that I couldn't wait to get back to writing. Things were a bit different this summer. In the past month, a war has been taking place with the goal to shut me down. Here were the three most significant events:

1. Canada

Three mayors, several politicians, the Canadian media establishment, feminist organizations, and hundreds of SJW's tried to prevent the two Canadian speeches that were part of my world tour. They made up false claims, they called the police and Canadian border patrol with the intent to deny me entry into the country or get me arrested, they started a petition that was signed by over 45,000 people, they plastered wanted posters around the city calling me a "sexual predator," they got one of my hotel venues to cancel my booking, and they physically assaulted me after hunting me down like an animal, forcing me to spend $3,000 on bodyguards. I was the top trending news story of all of Canada for a day and the top news story in the city of Toronto a few days after, featured in all local newscasts.

In spite of all that, I held my two speeches as planned on their scheduled days. The victory was monumental and glorious.

I'm currently writing a book about the experience as a monument to my victory. In the meantime, you can view the two battles in chronological order: Battle Of Montreal and Battle Of Toronto.

2. Amazon petition

Sore from losing in Canada, SJW's attempted to burn my books on Amazon by starting another change.org petition. It has been signed by nearly 200,000 people and was ranked at one point in the top 10 most popular petitions on the site. Amazon so far has not responded, and my books remain on sale, though I have received many 1-star reviews by people who haven't read the book.

3. DDOS

Sore from not getting my books banned, the SJW's then launched a DDOS attack on my sites, shutting down ROK, RVF, and this blog for nearly two days. If you're able to read this right now then the countermeasures my hosting provider deployed has been effective.

The attacks to silence my speech, censor my books, and shut down my sites have roughed me up a bit, but they did not land a knock-out punch. Since I'm committed to my work, I won't be backing down in the face of attacks like this, which I'm sure will continue in the future. As I said during my Battle Of Toronto Dispatch, free speech is expensive,

and I’m ready to pay the price to ensure I can assert rights that are bestowed upon me as an American citizen.

In spite of all that happened during the summer, I did manage to find time to write many new articles. I will begin sharing them on Monday morning.

Read Next: *What Is A Social Justice Warrior?*

6 Things Wrong With New York City

September 7, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In the spring I went to New York City for two days to appear on the Dr. Oz show. The trip was fun enough that I wondered if maybe I should consider living in the city, but a more recent trip of four days destroyed that notion. When not on a psychological high from appearing on national television, all the flaws of New York hit me hard enough that I'm sure it won't be my future home. Here are the reasons why…

1. It smells

It's hard to walk more than two blocks without being assaulted by an offensive odor, either from sewage or garbage. One of the reasons is that New York doesn't put their garbage in containers to lessen the odors. Third world sanitation practices haven't yet made its way to the city.

2. It's loud

Have you not had a headache in a while? Would you like your mind to be constantly drowned out by loud noise from trains, cars, and crowds of people? Then move to New York where even in the middle of the night you will not escape the city that never stops honking. The only way to combat New York noise is through more noise, so people are essentially forced to wear headphones with loud music for much of the day. This greatly degrades their ability to think.

3. Walk, stop, wait

A huge chunk of your waking life in New York City can be boiled down to three words: walk, stop, wait. You walk a little while, you stop, and then you wait. You repeat this procedure more than 200 times a day. Just walking to the coffee shop nearby will involve

at least ten instances of walking, stopping, and waiting. I can't understand why human beings would want to be so deliberately herded around in such a manner.

4. The city is a mechanism for shearing sheep

Speaking of herding, the program operating in New York is this: a herd of people assemble into one location, "graze" on a product or service, then move on to the next grazing ground where they consume some more. The only catch is that each field they graze on gives them a haircut by taking their money (or at least tries to).

Many sheep spend time on a crowded subway car where they graze for a bit, exposing themselves to advertisements. Then they move to the hip Mexican joint. They graze there, spending $10 on a sandwich that photographs well on Instagram but is quite small and will require another feeding shortly. Then they go to the bar with their friends to graze but that gets boring quickly so they need to migrate after half an hour to another bar. Then they need to eat at a late-night joint. People in New York are constantly shuffled from one grazing pen to the next in a very literal sense.

Sheep hate being alone, so they actively seek out other sheep as a sign that the grazing ground is good. This is why so many New Yorkers will try to compliment a place by saying "It's always crowded." So you have sheep telling other sheep where it's worth making donations of their wool, and the pattern continues every day. In fact, the crowdedness of the city itself is what entices so many South American and European sheep to move here (sheep must be around other sheep). You will never meet someone in New York who says "I like being alone" or "I don't care for going out." The city attracts people who get bored easily and need to follow the herd, while simultaneously convincing them that they are different from millions of others who are doing the exact same thing.

What got me is how efficient this machine is. Without even trying, money is escaping my pocket even though I had no need that required spending it. It just *happens* in New York that the only way to have "fun" is to spend quite a bit of money, if not on food and alcohol then on drugs and events. Going for a walk in Europe usually costs $0 but doing

so in New York will involve a minimum of $40 and the inability to fully recall where it was all spent. The city put me in a capitalist hypnotic state where I wanted to give away my money as quickly as possible.

5. Relationships are sterile

It seems to be a rule that every girl who lives here is on birth control, meaning that you are also on low doses of birth control—and anti-depressants—if you just consume the city water. If you get into a relationship with a female resident, you definitely won't be placed above her "lifestyle" or career, and the word I'm getting from guys who live here is that relationships are short indeed. If people love being herded from one grazing ground to the next, it's no surprise that they also perform the same behavior with their lovers. If you live in New York, it's impossible not to have a neverending string of casual relationships. You'll need to sleep with at least ten people to have something resembling a normal relationship with one.

You'll also have a dozen two minutes conversations per day that result in absolutely nothing, where you're meeting people just for the sake of meeting people. And then you run into these people at some point in the future and wonder, "Where did I meet this person again?" Because there are so many human options, your brain gets quickly re-wired to be overly picky about who you develop relationships with, meaning that in a city where you are surrounded by millions, you're intensely lonely.

6. It's too diverse

Do people like diversity because of a natural urge within them or because they were told to like it? Some diversity is healthy but New York takes it to an extreme where you're everywhere and nowhere at the same time. It's just too mentally taxing to try connecting with people that come from entirely different places and backgrounds. Without strong physical attraction or a mutual shared interest, no friendship or love will result. When you're young, meeting thousands of people a year from "all over the world" can be exciting, but if you already know the type of person you connect with best, it would be smarter to surround yourself with only those people.

My conclusion of New York is that it's a great place where sheep can get slowly fleeced while thinking they are living in paradise because of the many food, entertainment, and human options on offer. The constant noise and action of the city makes it impossible for them not to think too deeply about their lives, but to work hard for money that they will immediately be donating back to the many wolves that prowl the grazing grounds.

For a man under 30 years old, I can see how this city could benefit his hustle and game, but after that it seems to be a way to limit a man's self development by keeping him on a nonstop treadmill that lacks much in the way of deeper meaning or fulfillment. While there was a point I wondered if New York was right for me, I'm absolutely certain now that it's not.

Read Next: *4 Things I Observed From My Trip To New York City*

The Male Thirst Epidemic Is Primarily Caused By Porn

September 10, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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It's hard to deny that male thirst is at the highest level ever seen. Men are becoming so desperate for sex that they are begging for scraps from the most inferior and unattractive girls in the land. This isn't only happening in the West but in foreign countries as well, where it's now a trend to see attractive men paired up with ugly women. In an age where online pornography is freely accessible, how can thirst be at the highest it has been when there is a safe and reliable virtual method to sate sexual urges? The reason should be clear: porn is *creating* the thirst.

Video has the power to program the minds of people more than sound, words, or static images. It is the preferred propaganda vehicle of choice because of its ability to etch desired behaviors into human minds without them having to consciously think of what they're seeing, especially since people watch video with a low mental defense, thinking it's an accurate mirror of reality. The average person does not understand how easy it is to manipulate video to reflect a story or idea that is incorrect or harmful.

When you watch pornography, you are being programmed to strongly desire sex with promiscuous women (i.e. sluts). The hundreds of hours of video porn you have watched in your life has molded your mind to expect fast and easy sex from women who serve no real purpose outside of sex, and has actually primed you to look down on virginal women since they can't provide you with immediate sexual excitement. This has happened to you without any conscious thought. The repetition of so many hours of watching sluts get fucked in all manner of possibilities has created expectations and beliefs about how sex should be. The fact that you've certainly tried a sex move you've seen in porn shows that you are learning certain behaviors and beliefs without deliberately using porn as a learning guide.

The more you watch porn, the more it creates the artificial desire to sleep with a trashy and low quality woman, the same type of woman you see in porn. The hundreds of hours of porn you've now seen with such women are so deep in your brain that it becomes quite logical for you to do everything in your power to re-live those videos with a real female body. In the tough dating market we have today, where a man must embark on a long journey of game to sleep with attractive women, the result is that he will lower his standards to a humiliating level just to match the porn programming he has subjected himself to.

Just like the expression "You are what you eat," we can also conclude that your sex life will mirror your porn habits. If you regularly beat off to girls undergoing unhygienic acts such as ass to mouth, gangbangs, and double anal, you will unconsciously seek out a girl who matches the type of girls you watch, and in this modern society, it's only the girls who don't possess classic feminine beauty that can live up to that porn standard. So not only does porn increase your desire to have sex with women, it greatly lowers the standard of woman you want to do it with. This is why male thirst is getting worse every

year, and the arrival of virtual porn or sex bots will not at all reduce the thirst problem like many believe, but actually increase it.

The male sex drive is already potent enough, and doesn't need porn to exert itself, but the introduction and proliferation of high definition video porn in the past ten years has actually amplified a man's need to have sex with a real woman, because he now has a front row seat that simulates the sex act on a screen, making him want it more than ever. We would predict that young men who have been raised on internet porn would therefore have significantly lower standards than men who have not, and this is what we actually see in America where young millennial "men" are reducing themselves to chasing all manner of blue-haired feminist freaks for a shot of sex.

Masculine men today must guard their eyes and ears from toxic entertainment that porn is a part of just like how they guard their mouths from bad food, because both can negatively affect their bodies over the long term. I like using porn as a easy masturbatory aid, but I fear it has perverted my male desire for women and made me seek out promiscuous girls of questionable value for so many years instead of girls who can serve me in additional ways beyond sex. I think it's time for me to accept that I don't need this type of sex programming in my life, and to start living without it.

Read Next: *My Firsthand Experience With Thirst*

The Nightlife Of Poznan (Poland)

September 12, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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In the beginning of summer, I shot a video of the nightlife in Poznan. Have a look…

Poznan is a second-tier city that competes with Wroclaw for foreign visitors who want to avoid the tourist hordes of Krakow and Warsaw. I first visited in 2011, and upon a subsequent visit four years later, have sadly watched it decline. It's still a far superior option compared to anywhere in the USA when it comes to comfort, cost of living, and quality of women, but I find it hard to stay in a country that's becoming more degenerate with each passing month (green and blue hair have recently started to make its appearance).

My concern for Poznan easily applies to Europe as a whole. The entire continent in spiritually and demographically lost, with sub-replacement birth rates among natives in every single country. The suicidal mission to accept over a million Islamists will send Europe deep into a void that may be impossible to reverse. Deciding to live in Europe is the same as living in a building that will no longer see important repairs.

Now that I'm looking for a long-term home instead of short-term fun, I'm finding it hard to consider anywhere except for Russia, the only country I believe can defeat the multicultural evil of the West. Either way, I'll have to make hard decisions in the next couple of months about where I want to call home.

Visit my Youtube channel and hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

Previous Video: *How To Help Feminists Who Receive Online Abuse*

City Life Is A Simulation

September 14, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Happy People is a four-hour documentary that chronicles a year of living in the Russian Siberian village of Bakhtia (population 300), a settlement with no permanent electricity, telephone, or land access. Its inhabitants principally live off the land from the dint of their near-constant labor. I was deeply affected watching what is essentially a window into the past, of how much of humanity used to live.

Part 1 of Happy People

The settlement does have modern amenities such as motorized boats, snowmobiles, and chainsaws, but the bulk of their work is done with basic tools and fishing gear. They have to hunt and labor constantly not only to provide for the present, but to ready themselves for the following season, especially winter, where deep snow cover and the freezing of the river may mean death for the unprepared. Men build boats out of logs, construct huts by hand, craft their own skis, and make custom animal traps. Fishing and harvesting of wood is endless, and though I wouldn't say the people are suffering poverty, they don't experience the constant daily comforts that we do.

The lives of the Siberians are determined by the weather and seasons; the clock of nature drives nearly their entire behavior. I compare that to my own life in which nature is absent. The sun has no bearing on my life, and my avoidance of it is easily compensated by taking vitamin D pills. I bathe myself in electric light, worshiping it as if it were my god. My labor consists of entirely mental effort while seated, and going to the gym is only a soft simulation of the labor that the Siberians perform. While I eat only according to my bodily needs, I surely don't hunt for my food, and barely have to prepare it.

A warmer season may mean I can dip into a beach or pool, but mostly it just determines what clothing I wear and what type of mild discomfort I feel from the the heat or cold. The only time nature disturbs my life is the one or two times a year when I wait out a heavy rainstorm to pass before walking outside. It plays practically no effect on how I live.

Not long ago I shared the idea that we may be living in a computer simulation. Even if you take that to be false, city life is certainly a simulation when compared to Siberian life, one that removes human beings from nature and allows them to have a pleasant and comfortable existence away from hunting, farming, manual labor, and the struggle to survive. It places them in a fantastical cocoon.

Constructs within the city, such as office work, casual dating, fine dining, computers, and even money create an environment in which the seasons, the rivers and lakes, and the soil play no role. Millions of tons of concrete have been poured upon your city to aid in the simulation, and when you walk around its logical grid-like pattern, what other conclusion can we reach that we are nothing more than simulated beings in concrete palaces that serve ends which are completely severed from human needs? The work we

do in a city is make-work to serve the simulation, that when stopped would not even threaten your own survival thanks to the welfare state and altruism of others. It's useless work that has no life-or-death consequence.

The relationship between the Siberians and their land is symbiotic. They are careful never to exceed the productive output of the land, meaning they must live in harmony with it. The relationship in the cities, however, is one that mirrors the parasitic leech. We look to the city to extract the maximum amount of money, material possessions, or hedonistic pleasure units possible, without any consideration or evaluation of their earthly costs, which we do not see anyway because the simulation has perfected their concealment. In turn, the managers of our city leech off us, seeking to extract the most amount of labor, tax revenue, and acts of submission. Even the Bible knew that cities were multipliers of vice, a place where evil could easily flourish.

Every time you pause in front of a "Don't Walk" sign, waiting for the light to turn, or when you pay a parking ticket that was stuck to your windshield, you agree to the rules of the simulation. Compare that to the Siberian village, where the natural order is based on survival. The pettiness and absurdity that is a daily occurrence in cities are absent in the village, where rules must be followed to obey nature, not a trivial bureaucrat who seeks to expand his wealth or power. Such natural law is just, while cosmopolitan law is often not.

Even city life is too strenuous for the feeble modern human, and so a new simulation called the internet has be layered on top of it. Interacting with other people or dealing with the normal emotional states of human existence is so difficult that a growing percentage of the population must withdraw into their virtual world of games and social networking, living a simulation within a simulation, and soon the virtual reality layer will be paved on top of that. We are so hopelessly removed from nature that we would crumble to pieces after just one week of what the Siberians have faced for centuries. If we cannot live with nature, how human are we?

I must ask myself if I want to continue living a simulated life in which I'm surrounded by comfort, concrete, and electronic screens, or live one closer to nature, where occasionally I must pick up an ax and strike it at a log to ensure I won't freeze in the night, instead of merely simulating this strike by entering an air conditioned gym with top 40 music playing in the background. I look at how the Siberians live and can't help but feel ashamed at my weakness, because for all the talk of masculinity, I perform it in only a simulated form, and would not be understood by the men who carry rifles on their backs in the middle of the tundra to protect themselves from real predators, who pray to survive the hunt and bring enough food for their families waiting at home. I lament how the entirely of my life has been a simulation that has manipulated my ideas of what is real and true.

Should we really be surprised at why modern Western people are so unhappy, so unfulfilled? We are living simulated lives, with rules and environments created by other men to control our output and behavior. Nearly everything we do is an

unneeded construct to please the simulators while practically nothing of what the Siberians do is artificial. The smiles I saw in Happy People might have been few, but they were genuine, and I saw not a hint of men wondering what their life is for and what the meaning of it all was. They know the purpose of their life is to live according to the rules of nature and to survive from the gifts it gives them. I wonder if I'm brave or strong enough to live like that, too.

Read Next: *Are We Living In A Computer Simulation?*

How Patriarchy Will Return

September 16, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Recently I published a document listing the main points of neomasculinity. From that we can now make predictions of how those ideas will interact with the environment to create noticeable gender and societal changes in the Western world. Here are the five stages that offer a possible path to the return of patriarchy.

Stage 1: Rise Of The Networks

This stage has already taken place with the spontaneous development of internet communities that serve to help men meet women, teach them entrepreneurship skills, improve their health and bodily strength, and enlighten them with counter-cultural truths. They arose because in the past forty years the singular cultural focus has been about empowering women (providing them with benefits and privileges) while giving bad advice and withholding information from men, if not outright sabotaging them. The informational black hole left by the establishment was filled by various teachers and thinkers like myself.

My teachings on game, along with the columnists on Return Of Kings and the hundreds of contributors on RVF, are but a drop in the bucket of Western men helping each other through antifragile networks that share common ideological beliefs. Each network attracts men who have become aware of societal problems that inhibit their own self development and liberty when compared to women.

Timeline: Already completed

Stage 2: Seed Resistance

There are many paths to truth, and once a man has attained what he believes is the correct reality, he will execute one of two options: (1) escape from the effects of the oppressive narrative by structuring his lifestyle to avoid its most severe faults, or (2) try to impose his righteous narrative upon society.

I tried the first option by expatriating to foreign lands, but have soon watched large components of that narrative follow me, most commonly through Western technology. I have moved to option two by actively resisting efforts of the far left narrative that is currently dominant in the West. Seed resistance can come in many forms:

- Providing basic alternative media — producing blogs, videos, podcasts, and mailing lists that disseminate subversive information
- Counter operations — producing attack pieces against far left narrative bots that expose their damaging behavior and hypocrisy
- Awakening men — enlightening men by continuing to refine and disseminate ideological talking points and memes

Each resistance group has their own style of fighting, from sharing concealed knowledge to public shaming through humorous images and comics. Collectively, they begin to push back against efforts of the dominant narrative.

Timeline: Ongoing

Stage 3: Culture War

Separate networks and groups will form natural alliances that put aside their differences to defeat the enemy. In the past year, I have exchanged friendly gestures from the men's rights sphere, religious conservatives, liberal gamers, and even white nationalists, whereas in the past there was either no communication or only hostile communication between us. These groups are currently probing each other for common ground, loyalty, and commitment.

Assuming that individual groups are ready to sacrifice and put their differences aside (a challenging task), a huge fighting force will be created that can balance out the immense power of the existing establishment. The neomasculine sphere will be but one regiment in a large army to defeat the enemy.

Culture war will involve sustained, asymmetrical, and intense informational warfare against the enemy that starts to damage their way of life, happiness, and disposable income. They will soon have sleepless nights just like I did in Canada when the full force of the establishment came down upon me. While guerrilla tactics must still be used to ensure our self-preservation, allied forces may be strong enough in the near-term to engage in open battle without having to be as anonymous as before.

Here are some additional strategies for successful culture war:

- Acute divide and conquer campaigns that target weak-willed individuals who are not ready to fight without being part of the herd.
- Sustained criticism of individuals to encourage meltdowns and bad decisions, facilitating their descent into illogical madness that makes them lose support or prestige within their group.
- Psy-op campaigns to undermine the word of women and other alternative groups by painting them as pathological liars or mentally insane
- Creation of pressure groups (i.e. mobs) to target small companies that are sensitive to even small amounts of negative publicity and profit loss.
- Stealth infiltration into intellectual circles and various institutions such as universities, media, military, and government bureaucracies.

The victories of culture war will also make it easy to attract new members to our ideology. Initially, self-improvement (e.g. "how to get laid") and dissemination of truth allowed men to find us, but now merely being seen as a "winner" will be sufficient, and I saw this first-hand with the large jump in my follower count after winning in Canada. A winner strategy may also attract women since they have an innate need to be part of groups with strong males they admire or respect.

It is difficult to estimate the start of culture war, but I want to state that it began in August 2014 with the introduction of Gamergate, a revolt against corrupt social justice gaming websites. The revolt has turned into a sustained gathering of individuals who criticize gaming websites and other sectors of the media, and which has resulted in millions of lost dollars for media companies along with career frustration for social justice journalists.

More recently, another victory over the narrative came in the form of the Hugos, a science fiction book awards show, when authors of the far left failed to exclude "Sad Puppies" authors whose disagreements with the narrative blocked them out in past awards. The cuckserative meme followed shortly afterwards to expose the traitorous social justice leanings of establishment conservatives. If we are indeed in culture war, events such as Gamergate, Sad Puppies, cuckservatism, and my battle in Canada will become more commonplace and increase in intensity in the next two years.

The current narrative is failing an increasing percentage of people, so a culture war is necessary for them to see the opposing viewpoint that is being deliberately hidden from them or outright distorted.

Timeline: 2015 – 2025

Stage 4: Culture Vacuum

After culture war, a large percentage of the population will have lost faith in the existing narrative and convert at least partially to an alternative narrative. Victory will come when approximately 20% of the American population will solidly believe in neomasculine or alternative ideals by 2025, compared to what I estimate to be 3% and lower currently. A size of 20% seems small at first glance, but it allows a tipping point that is more than sufficient to convert others at a rapid pace as the existing narrative fades away.

Culture vacuum will be highlighted by intense confusion within the population over what to believe and think. Individuals will be far more open than during culture war to give the patience and time required to understand the logic behind an alternative narrative that they were once hostile to, especially since the losing narrative utterly failed to provide them with answers on how to live and pursue happiness, and which may have even put their life at risk.

The groups that comprise the winning side of the war will now attempt to differentiate between each other and convert believers, not unlike how varying religious faiths attempt to convert those to their own church. This may result in battles where once-allied groups fight each other out for the spoils. As is said, those who start the revolution are rarely those who end it, so it is possible that the winning group will simply be less fatigued than proto-groups that were involved from the beginning stages.

It is at this stage that a winning group must position themselves to accumulate institutional power. Those who infiltrated institutions during culture war can now more readily assert their views to usher in new policies and laws that roll back the damage caused by the previous narrative. They can also open the door to allow entry of those

with similar beliefs to form powerful in-groups within the institutions.

If existing institutions can't be successfully infiltrated, parallel institutions must be made. This will be easiest to do when it concerns establishing independent media organizations. We will have to improve the quality and professionalism of our entertainment and propaganda to rival that of current slick products that so easily capture impressionable minds.

Timeline: 2025 – 2045

Step 5: Return Of The Patriarchy

Over the course of a generation, there will be a gradual return to the patriarchy as at least 50% of the population believes in traditional ideals and have the voting power to usher in non-bought leaders who see patriarchy as the only way to maintain cohesion of society.

Since America is a multiracial nation, this means that minorities must be a part of those aching for patriarchy, or else the country may be split into several different countries along racial, cultural, and economic lines. I expect many minorities to come to the realization that patriarchy serves them better and provides a deeper life meaning that the consumerist and nihilistic ideals of the far left narrative that race-baits them for their own ends. While converting these more liberal groups may seem like an impossible task today, it's a requirement if the United States will continue to exist as one nation.

In this stage, neomasculine ideals will be obviously entrenched in the media, government, and academic spheres. Women will be encouraged to marry young instead of embarking on a decade or two of sexual experimentation. Men will put their labor into helping their family or society instead of spending large amounts of time trying to get laid for short term pleasure. Heuristic rules of living that stem from religion and tradition will be used instead of ever-shifting scientific "facts" and technological mandates. A swing back to puritanism may result, but families will be stable, welfare will be less encouraged, each gender will fulfill their biological roles, and society will be better off as a result.

Timeline: 2045 – 2075

Conclusion

The return of patriarchy will essentially roll back what has been added since the sexual revolution of the 1960's, and all the damage that the far left has caused since then. Neomasculinity, and those ideologies that overlap with it, will either triumph outright in America or be a big part of republics that form as a result of secession, and I can state this without exaggeration since the current narrative is already showing severe signs of stress that will lead to outright cultural collapse of nations that have foolishly adopted it.

The process of culture change is long, and the end result may occur well after we're dead, but since the current narrative is not sustainable, victory is inevitable. When you have the truth on your side, it becomes only a matter of time and effort. I just hope to be

alive when these events do unfold in the Western world.

Read Next: *Narrative Warfare*

Why I Don't Use The Phrase "Conspiracy Theory"

September 18, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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If you've ever used the phrase "conspiracy theory" to brush off an idea, the Central Intelligence Agency of the United States takes a shot of its favorite liquor, because it was them who deliberately popularized the term to mean "paranoid" and "crazy." All Americans born after the 1960's have been installed with a mental stop program whenever an idea is proposed that suggests planning or coordination by those who are stronger than them. In other words, you have been programmed not to think at all about the plans or agenda of the globalists who own most of the world's wealth. Unless you have broken free from this programming, your brain simply won't allow it.

"A Group Of Anonymous Men Who Live Around The World Is Using The Internet To Propagandize Men Into Hating Feminism And Independent Women"

That sounds like a zany conspiracy theory, doesn't it? But it's actually true. Using Return Of Kings, I coordinate privately with over a dozen men to publish information that aims to defeat ideas of the far left. All of us share similar interests and so we band together to push our ideas upon the masses.

"Twice A Month, A Small Group of American And British Men Meet At A Secret Cafe In Poland To Discuss How To Mold The World In Their Image"

Another conspiracy theory, right? Nope, this is true as well. I meet twice a month with men at a location that is not published publicly. We talk about ways to spread our message and usher in the age of patriarchy once again.

"During The Summer Of 2015, Private Meetings Involving Over 350 Men Took Place In Six International Cities To Discuss The Collapse Of Degenerate Western Culture"

Guilty as charged! My lecture tour this year involved six separate events that discussed the future path of Western society. The location of these meetings were not publicized.

The above three examples aren't conspiracies but actual plans by men who share the same ideas and want to discuss ways of spreading them around the world. This is what men have done since time immemorial. They meet over dinner and drinks, talk about the problems they face, and then discuss solutions to solve them. They network with one another, find common ground, and exchange favors. And yet the second you propose that men of the most upper classes meet in such a manner, it's a "conspiracy theory."

If men of my station are meeting and sharing ideas on how to change the world, you better believe that the richest 10,000 men are doing so as well. In fact, not only do they meet casually throughout the year, they also have huge yearly summits with names like Bilderberg, Trilateral Commission, World Economic Forum, Bohemian Club, and Club Of Rome. They also spend billions of dollars to create hundreds of non-profit organizations, think tanks, and political action committees that incubate their ideas and spread them further with the aim of affecting world policy and mainstream thought, a job

made easier for them since they own all major media outlets.

Do you think you are allowed to see what goes on in their meetings? Well, do you think you will get a transcript of my little Polish meetings? Do you think you'll get audio recordings of what was said in private over drinks after my lectures? Of course not. Some of my lectures will be shared publicly, but the one-on-one conversations I had with men, some of whom have high positions in the government, military, and Fortune 500 companies, will never be shared. This is how groups work. Just because you don't see planning with your own eyes doesn't mean it's not taking place.

You may be thinking that I'm stating the obvious of group functions, but when an idea backed by evidence is proposed showing that certain groups—through basic coordination—are pushing barely elaborate programs onto society, it's a "conspiracy theory" that must not be thought of. It's no coincidence that people only use that phrase when it's a plan by elite groups, not by groups with little power. No one is going to call my actions a conspiracy because I'm just a small fish, but the minute someone like lovable geek Bill Gates claims he wants to reduce the world population by billions through "vaccines, health care, and reproductive health services," it's suddenly a conspiracy theory to label his efforts as "depopulation," even though it came from his own mouth.

All hypotheses are either fiction or fact. If the idea does not have enough evidence then it cannot be considered fact. The problem with "conspiracy theory" is it closes people off to even considering the evidence. History shows that the elite of the United States have executed crazy plans to further their own interests, and they are certainly even more capable of doing it now when it comes to controlling both the behavior and minds of the population, solely to increase their wealth and power. The only question is through what specific plans they have and through which mechanisms.

If we can understand those plans then we can better devise countermeasures to stop them, but this will take a clear-headed mind that carefully examines sound evidence on hand, instead of immediately brushing off the fact that those in power come up with plans just like we do. The only difference between us and them is that they can make their plans come to fruition thanks to the immense power they have within all American institutions, including law enforcement, military, spy organizations, media, universities, NGOs, and so on. I have no doubt that if my friends and I had the power they did, our plans would become reality in a very short amount of time, and that's no conspiracy theory.

Read Next: *We Are Nothing More Than Distracted Sheep In The Real Game Of Power*

Women Must Have Their Behavior And Decisions Controlled By Men

September 21, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

After a long period in society of women having unlimited personal freedom to pursue life as they wish, they have shown to consistently fail in making the right decisions that prevent their own harm and the harm of others. Systems must now be put in place where a woman's behavior is monitored and her decisions subject to approval of a male relative or guardian who understands what's in her best interests better than she does herself.

Women have had personal freedoms for less than a century. For the bulk of human history, their behavior was significantly controlled or subject to approval through mechanisms of tribe, family, church, law, or stiff cultural precepts. It was correctly assumed that a woman was unable to make moral, ethical, and wise decisions concerning her life and those around her. She was not allowed to study any trivial topic she wanted, sleep with any man who caught her fancy, or uproot herself and travel the world because she wanted to "find herself."

You can see this level of control today in many Muslim countries, where expectations are placed on women from a young age to submit to men, reproduce (if biologically able), follow God's word, and serve the good of society by employing her feminine nature instead of competing directly against men on the labor market due to penis envy or feelings of personal inferiority.

The reason that women had their behavior limited was for the simple reason that they are significantly less rational than men, in a way that impaired their ability to make good decisions concerning the future. This was eloquently described by German philosopher Arthur Schopenhauer in his important essay On Women. He described them as overgrown children, a comparison that any man who has dated more than a dozen of them can quickly agree to after having consistently witnessed their impulsive and illogical behavior firsthand.

> Women are directly fitted for acting as the nurses and teachers of our early childhood by the fact that they are themselves childish, frivolous and short-sighted; in a word, they are big children all their life long—a kind of intermediate stage between the child and the full-grown man, who is man in the strict sense of the word. See how a girl will fondle a child for days together, dance with it and sing to it; and then think what a man, with the best will in the world, could do if he were put in her place.
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> […]
>
> …women remain children their whole life long; never seeing anything but what is quite close to them, cleaving to the present moment, taking appearance for reality, and preferring trifles to matters of the first importance.

> […]
>
> That woman is by nature meant to obey may be seen by the fact that every woman who is placed in the unnatural position of complete independence, immediately attaches herself to some man, by whom she allows herself to be guided and ruled. It is because she needs a lord and master.

When you give a female unlimited choice on which man to have sex with, what type of man does she choose? An exciting man who treats her poorly and does not care for her well-being.

When you give a female choice on what to study in university, what does she choose? An easy liberal arts major that costs over $50,000 and dooms her to a life of debt and sporadic employment.

When a female lacks any urgent demands upon her survival, what behavior does she pursue? Obsessively displaying her half-naked body on the internet, flirting with men solely for attention, becoming addicted to corporate-produced entertainment, and over-indulging in food until her body shape is barely human.

When you give a female choice on when to have kids, what does she do? After her fertility is well past its peak, and in a rushed panic that resembles the ten seconds before the ringing of the first school bell, she aims for limited reproductive success at an age that increases the likelihood she'll pass on genetic defects to her child.

When you give a female choice of which political leader to vote into office, who do they vote for? The one who is more handsome and promises unsustainable freebies that accelerate the decline of her country.

When you give a female unwavering societal trust with the full backing of the state, what does she do? Falsely accuse a man of rape and violence out of revenge or just to have an excuse for the boyfriend who caught her cheating.

When you give a female choice on who to marry, what is the result? A 50% divorce rate, with the far majority of them (80%) initiated by women themselves.

While a woman is in no doubt possession of crafty intelligence that allows her to survive just as well as a man, mostly through the use of her sexuality and wiles, she is a slave to the present moment and therefore unable to make decisions that benefit her future and those of the society she's a part of. Once you give a woman personal freedom, like we have in the Western world, she enslaves herself to one of numerous vices and undertakes a rampage of destruction to her body and those who want to be a meaningful part of her life.

A man does not need to look further than the women he knows, including those in his family, to see that the more freedom a woman was given, the worse off she is, while the woman who was under the heavy hand of the church or male relative comes out far better on the other side, in spite of her rumblings that she wants to be as free as her liberated friends, who eagerly and regularly post soft porn photos of themselves on social networking and dating sites while selecting random anonymous men for fornication every

other weekend.

Men, on average, make better decisions than women. If you take this to be true, which should be no harder to accept than the claim that lemons are bitter, why is a woman allowed to make decisions at all without first getting approval from a man who is more rational and levelheaded than she is? It not only hurts the woman making decisions concerning her life, but it also hurts any man who will associate with her in the future. You only need to ask the many suffering husbands today on how they are dealing with a wife who entered the marriage with a student loan debt in the high five figures from studying sociology and how her wildly promiscuous sexual history impairs her ability to remain a dedicated mother, with one foot already out the door after he makes a reasonable demand that is essential for a stable home and strong family.

I propose two different options for protecting women from their obviously deficient decision making. The first is to have a designated male guardian give approval on all decisions that affect her well-being. Such a guardian should be her father by default, but in the case a father is absent, another male relative can be appointed or she can be assigned one by charity organizations who groom men for this purpose, in a sort of Boy's Club for women.

She must seek approval by her guardian concerning diet, education, boyfriends, travel, friends, entertainment, exercise regime, marriage, and appearance, including choice of clothing. A woman must get a green light from her guardian before having sex with any man, before wearing a certain outfit, before coloring her hair green, and before going to a Spanish island for the summer with her female friends.

If she disobeys her guardian, an escalating series of punishments would be served to her, culminating in full-time supervision by him. Once the woman is married, her husband will gradually take over guardian duties, and strictly monitor his wife's behavior and use all reasonable means to keep it in control so that family needs are met first and foremost, as you already see today in most Islamic societies. Any possible monetary proceeds she would get from divorce would be limited so that she has more incentive to keep her husband happy and pleased than to throw him under the bus for the most trivial of reasons that stem from her persistent and innate need to make bad decisions.

A second option for monitoring women is a combination of rigid cultural rules and sex-specific laws. Women would not be able to attend university unless the societal need is urgent where an able-minded man could not be found to fill the specific position. Women would not be able to visit establishments that serve alcohol without a man present to supervise her consumption. Parental control software on electronic devices would be modified for women to control and monitor the information they consume. Credit card and banking accounts must have a male co-signer who can monitor her spending. Curfews for female drivers must be enacted so that women are home by a reasonable hour. Abortion for women of all ages must be signed off by her guardian, in addition to prescriptions for birth control.

While my proposals are undoubtedly extreme on the surface and hard to imagine

implementing, the alternative of a rapidly progressing cultural decline that we are currently experiencing will end up entailing an even more extreme outcome. Women are scratching their most hedonistic and animalistic urges to mindlessly pursue entertainment, money, socialist education, and promiscuous behavior that only satisfies their present need to debase themselves and feel fleeting pleasure, at a heavy cost for society.

Allowing women unlimited personal freedom has so affected birth rates in the West that the elite insists on now allowing importation of millions of third world immigrants from democratically-challenged nations that threaten the survival of the West. In other words, giving women unbridled choice to pursue their momentary whims instead of investing in traditional family ideals and reproduction is a contributing factor to what may end up being the complete collapse of those nations that have allowed women to do as they please.

I make these sincere recommendations not out of anger, but under the firm belief that the lives of my female relatives would certainly be better tomorrow if they were required to get my approval before making any decisions. They would not like it, surely, but due to the fact that I'm male and they're not, my analytical decision-making faculty is superior to theirs to absolutely no fault of their own, meaning that their most sincere attempts to make good decisions will have a failure rate larger than if I was able to make those decisions for them, especially with intentions that are fully backed with compassion and love for them to have more satisfying lives than they do now.

As long as we continue to treat women as equals to men, a biological absurdity that will one day be the butt of many jokes for comedians of the future, women will continue to make horrible decisions that hurt themselves, their families, and their reproductive potential. Unless we take action soon to reconsider the freedoms that women now have, the very survival of Western civilization is at stake.

Read Next: *People Should Not Be Allowed Unlimited Personal Freedom*

Junk Food Sex

September 23, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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When I was in college, I would eat McDonald's food at least three times a week. It never caused me indigestion or acute health problems. If I eat a McDonald's meal today, fifteen years later, I feel digestive discomfort not only one hour after eating but also the following day. Maybe I'm more sensitive now, or maybe the recipes have changed, but it doesn't go down right anymore, so I stopped eating it.

For a long time I've been having casual sex with women I did not emotionally care for, at least once a week. Indigestion was never a problem, but over the past couple of years, I have begun feeling negative effects after sex with women I don't have feelings for, and it is making me want to avoid it just like I avoid McDonald's.

Early in the summer I met a Polish girl on a weekend night. I convinced her to have a drink with me in a different bar and then two hours later I invited her back to my place. We had sex all night long. I had four orgasms with her, and each one felt immensely pleasurable, but the following day I had a weird feeling, almost as if I did something wrong. I ignored this feeling and contacted her again one week later. She returned to my apartment, and during the sex act I felt powerful bodily satisfaction. While I was laying my strokes inside her, I savored the fact that I could sleep with a girl 13 years younger than myself, but after my orgasm completed, and our bodies remained still, the same negative feeling came forth within me.

Like before, I pushed it to the back of my mind, and aimed for a second orgasm with her. She possessed the petite body I greatly desire, and so I felt even more ecstasy as I thrusted. The second orgasm came but the sour feeling returned, this time twice as strong. I looked at her body, attached to someone I didn't care for, and she looked at mine, a man she probably didn't care for either. I felt an urge to take a shower, as if to wash something off my body, but instead I lay next to her in silence, trying to understand where this discomfort was coming from and why it was interfering with something I've done so many times before, ruining the pleasure I worked hard to receive.

She had told me enough information beforehand that it was easy to put her in the appropriate box. She had traveled to Italy, Spain, and Portugal, countries that Polish females visit for sexual excitement. She didn't "believe" in love. She wanted to focus on her law career. She became an atheist after her parents' attempted to instill her with Catholicism. Most telling of all, she had a VIP card to the an international club in the city where foreign men can pick the easiest hanging Polish fruit from the tree, the same tree I have enthusiastically picked from in the past. She could serve no value to me besides the sexual, and the only chemistry we had was physical.

Her phone was ringing. It was still early, barely midnight. "It looks like your friend wants you to join at the club," I said. She denied it, but twenty minutes later she was out the door, perhaps energized from the activity we had.

I sat alone on my couch for some time, thinking at how overjoyed I should be for experiencing easy orgasmic pleasure inside a body type which I liked, but instead I didn't feel good, just like after eating at McDonald's.

I was so sure that casual sex was the pinnacle of modern man that I moved heaven and earth to develop a lifestyle where it would be easy for me, and I have achieved that lifestyle based on being mobile, emotionally untethered, and an attractive catch to foreign women. And yet now that I have achieved this, I feel worse after each new girl I have casual sex with, as if I'm hurting my spirit in ways that I don't understand, in ways that didn't feel harmful in the past. I decided not to contact her again.

Two weeks passed and I was laying in bed, unable to push sex thoughts out of my mind. I thought of the Polish girl and how perfect she was at the task of making me feel pleasure. I got up and checked my phone to see if I still had her number. I was relieved to find that I did. A couple days later she was back in my apartment, and this time I was mentally prepared for the indigestion that was sure to follow. It was no longer a surprise, and I accepted this as the price I must pay until I wean myself off of women that my mind no longer wants.

Read Next: *The 7 Stages Of Being A Player*

Poland Is Embarking On The Path Of Sterility Over Life

September 25, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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One of the reasons that Poland is on the decline is because young Polish women are buying into Western pro-sterility ideas, choosing to spend the bulk of their good years searching for stable office work and reality show excitement instead of trying to secure a good man to start a family with. This fact is confirmed by the increased percentage of girls I'm meeting who are on birth control even though they are not in a serious relationship. The current social justice Pope has so far not objected to their newfound lifestyle.

I'm sure that in ten years you won't even have to ask a Polish girl if she's on birth control, just like in America. They'll all be on it by default, eagerly ravaging their endocrine systems just to maximize the sexy men they can fuck without consequences. To document this problem, I went on the streets of Poznan to ask both Polish men and women what they wanted in life. If Polish society was healthy, men would claim they want a good job (to take care of their family) while women would claim they want a good man. Watch for yourself:

It never happened that a woman first stated she wanted a good family before her job, and the more attractive the girl, the more likely family wasn't even in the answer, mostly because she was already on the carousel and having way too much fun. It's easy to see how the elite designed their cultural programs to get to the women before the men, who stare off longingly into space when talking about creating their own nuclear families.

There are two roads any society can now take: sterility or life. If a society is promoting women to work, consume entertainment, engage in promiscuity, take birth control, and practice abortion, they are promoting sterility, broken societies, and a guaranteed decrease in birth rates. If a society promotes family, belief in a higher power to help tame hedonistic urges, monogamy, patriarchy, and female housekeeping skills, they are promoting life, healthy societies, and an increase in birth rates.

If you are a young man who needs to sleep with over 100 fast girls like I did then you want to put yourself in a country that promotes and values sterility. When you've had your fill of that, and it's time to move to a country that promotes life, you will find better places than Poland.

Read Next: *5 Reasons Why You Should Reconsider Going To Poland*

The Age That Men Peak

September 28, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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A common belief in the manosphere—and one I've stated myself—is that a man's value can peak up to his early 40's, allowing him to get a far higher quality or quantity of women than in his early 20's. This is due to the argument that women prefer a more mature man with resources and refined charisma than a bumbling young guy lacking in confidence. A closer examination of this theory, however, shows that many other variables are at play for determining a man's real-life results, and that the common man may be better served securing long-term partners before waiting for his supposed "peak" to arrive, especially if he doesn't practice game.

On the surface, it's hard to argue against the idea that a man will get the best women at an age he's likely to possess more qualities that women want. That sweet spot will likely be in his mid 30's, where he has a high level of resources, game, and social status but still maintains a hopefully youthful aesthetic that doesn't turn off the most beautiful women in their early 20's or even late teens. The problem is that this has so many conditions and exceptions that it's not at all useful for men who don't actively practice game that is mainly based on cold approaching.

The "men peak in their mid 30's" theory applies if:

- A man regularly approaches at least 25 young women each month *or* is an extrovert with access to high-value social circles.
- He lives in a city where 18-25 year old girls prefer mature man with resources (e.g. Southeast Asia, Colombia, Ukraine).
- He was a late bloomer and possessed practically no game ability in high school or college.
- He lies about his age to women in the 18-25 age range since many of them don't want a man 15+ years older.

You will get the best women of your life in your 30's if you started learning game in your early 20's from scratch and continue to approach actively up to 40 years of age. This constitutes less than 1% of Western men, and it doesn't even apply to me.

The most beautiful girl I ever had sex with was in Brazil back in 2008. I was a 29-year-old grungy backpacker staying in a hostel with an unkempt ponytail, but it was extremely helpful that I went out at least four times a week to approach women. My most prolific year was 2011, when I was 32 and in Poland, going out most nights of the week to approach women with beauty standards that are lower than what I prefer today.

I've since peaked. I'm getting pretty girls but not obviously hotter than the one in 2008 and nowhere near more quantity than in 2011. This is in spite of the fact that my resources and game is multiple times higher. The reason for this is simple: I'm no longer approaching a lot of girls. It turns out that *access* to women, regardless of your existing

value, is the main determinant of the results you'll end up getting. I was meeting ten times more women each week a few years ago than now, and even if I had less game skill, resources, or even a private bed back then, I still got both higher quality and quantity.

I know what you are thinking: "But if you approach the same number of girls today as you did in 2008, you'd get hotter." That could be true, but there are two major constraints:

1. Most young girls don't prefer men in their mid 30's and beyond. Maybe in the historical past a young girl wanted a far older man, but such a girl today prefers one that is not too far from her in age. I've had to change many of my game routines to prevent my age from coming out before strong attraction is established.

2. You will not be able to maintain a consistently high level of game effort. I physically and mentally can't approach a high number of girls anymore. My energy is lower and my tolerance for the modern woman is also lower even though I'm still rather horny. I used to do ten or more approaches a night out, but now I can barely do three, and that's if I manage to go out at all. I'm unable to put in the 2-4 hours daily of work that would really maximize my current value, which suggests that the most amount of game work you're willing to do likely peaks with your energy, horniness, and female tolerance, not your value or game skill. Most guys I know maximize their game effort in their mid to late 20's and start dropping off in their 30's.

A man's *paper value* will be highest after 30, but this doesn't exist in isolation from the effort he's able to apply, the access to young girls he's able to meet, and the fact that those young girls don't usually prefer men over 35 as their first choice. Ironically, I find that a man's paper value actually goes up when he stops focusing on getting laid, because women are inhibitors to a man's ambition and serve as a massive opportunity cost in realizing his true potential, but then his game results will sharply decrease, suggesting an *inverse* correlation between personal value and sex results.

There are two different tracks a man usually follows. If he's a natural, and knew of game at a young age from an older male role model, his peak will be in college (early 20's), where he has the right game to sleep with the highest number of girls in their prime. The second track is for the man who had to manually learn game in college or after. His peak in terms of quality and quantity will likely come about five years after he started studying game, when he has the most efficient combination of raw game knowledge and horny energy. For this second group of men, their peak will be in their late 20's or early 30's. If you're using game to get laid, your peak will directly coincide with the number of approaches you're doing each week starting with the time your game is at a moderate level, not how much status you have or your theoretical knowledge of game.

There are ways that you can prolong or extend your game peak, such as moving to countries where age gaps don't bother women, injecting yourself with testosterone so you remain motivated to approach high numbers of women, lying to women about your age, and constructing Excel spreadsheets full of sex goals that motivate you when biology no longer does, but these are external inducements that only show how flawed

the “men peak in their mid 30’s” narrative is. Unless a man is paying for sex outright through prostitution or Russian-style “sponsorship,” his ability to get 18-25 year olds will begin dropping gradually after 35, while his ability to get promiscuous mature women who had their spins on the carousel will skyrocket.

The true peak for modern men is therefore dependent on having solid game ability and access to girls *during* the time he’s most girl-crazy. For most guys this will happen before 30, and almost never for men beyond 35. I just turned 36 and I’m so far from my peak that I am having trouble approaching even 10% of the girls I was doing just four years ago. It’s getting easier for me to attract women between 25-30, but it is not easier for me to get girls in the 20-25 range than a couple years ago (it’s about the same). In terms of the most desirable women of society, it will very soon become harder for me every year to attract the women I want.

We now live in a time where girls in their prime don’t care about a man’s resources. That trend is spreading to more traditional parts of the world, which means women will start to place more value in exciting metrosexual clowns than mature men with ample means. I still have to work just as hard as before to get them because the things we see as having value are not seen as valuable to young women. We’re becoming established and wise while they increasingly prefer shiny, dancing cocks that make them feel drama, tension, and fun.

I’m satisfied at what I’m getting now based on the little amount of work I’m putting in, but in terms of peak, that has passed for me, and attracting 21-year-olds will not get easier with each new year, no matter how much I grow as a man.

Read Next: *Are Your Standards Too High?*

Neomasculine Dialogue: “A New Beginning”

September 30, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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The following dialogue took place between myself (RV) and Quintus Curtius (QC) on May 28, 2015.

RV:

For an idea that is less than three months old, neomasculinity is getting a lot of exposure, and some of it has been quite heated, with even conspiratorial accusations levied against it. I did not expect such emotions.

QC:

Men commonly react with hostility to things that challenge their preconceptions. The congregation enjoys being berated, but less often enjoys being reformed. Meaningful doctrines are rarely built by committees or by the consensus of many; rather, they flow as output from the creative individual. We do not construct our worldviews around the opinions of the masses, but rather out of a consideration of the laws of history. The provenance of speculative thought is not to be found in the herd.

I found it amusing to hear the complaint that we were not advocating something “original.” What a strange statement! In the ethical and moral realms, very little is new except arrangement. Only a fool or a lunatic is completely original. And why is this? It is because it is difficult to be completely original without also being wrong. What has been proven true by experience also shows what is demonstrably false. The originality is found in the presentation of old ideas to new audiences, and this is something that requires skill. The originality of neomasculinity lies in the fact that it is both “progressive” and “retrogressive”: it looks back in time for the principles that have endowed men with worldly greatness, and at the same time, it looks forward to adapt those principles to the needs of the modern man.

The neomasculist ethic is the offspring of both old and new: the old elements are the traditional virtues of the past, such as stoicism, the acceptance of struggle, advanced problem solving, breaking through barriers, and the submerging of the identity in the idealistic pursuit of a goal. The new elements are simply the flexible, tactical means of achieving these traditional goals. And yet at heart it remains a corrective movement, in the sense that it seeks to restore a proper balance to a wildly unbalanced state of affairs.

RV:

While you would hate to see firm attacks against an idea you know is an improvement, it would be even more strange if there was no criticism at all. If something you introduced did not rouse the emotions of at least some men, that suggests you were taking a safe step to the side instead of one step forward, for it’s forward movement that causes anxiety. It is not always pleasant to think of the future and the changes that are coming.

I see two big problems with the existing groups. The first is that they are unable to see beyond the tips of their noses. They usually have a firm grasp on the problems of today,

but are not looking ahead, not even one year into the future. How quickly people forget the changes we have endured in the past ten years! But of course you would have to be thinking carefully of those problems for the past ten years, and based on that, make reasonable predictions of what will happen in the next ten. Existing groups were essentially ad-hoc, created spontaneously by the crowd with no defined purpose and no elders to navigate through the combustive cultural changes we're experiencing. I fail to see how they can adapt.

The second problem I noticed is that they don't give solutions that are sustainable. Game is an individual solution that will see less long-term benefits if the quality of women keep declining. Not only are you competing with more game-aware men, but you are competing for women who are getting more obese and deranged and seem to be more interested in virtual living through their smartphones than meeting decent men. Even expatriating is seeing less effectiveness as second and third-world countries become more Westernized.

Game and self-improvement is the individual solution, but without societal solutions that can also be applied, or solutions that are directly applied to women themselves, the decline will be so rapid that within only five years we may find ourselves in a situation where it will be difficult for men to improve their lot.

QC:

Virtuous men are those who take positive action to solve problems. They do not hide from the responsibilities of life behind a protective embankment of negativity.

Diagnosis is one-half of action; the other half is the cure. To go beyond merely identifying the ills of society, to hammering out a comprehensive individual solution: herein lies the great advance of neomasculinity over other systems of thought. It is sometimes necessary to robe old truths in contemporary garments, so that they may be more readily acceptable to men who do not have the leisure or inclination for speculative thought.

And I agree with your point about Westernization happening on a global scale. It is proceeding apace even now; soon it will be necessary for every man to arm himself with some form of neomasculine principles simply in order to maintain his sanity.

An unmoored generation finds itself caught in the turbulent interval between the collapse of the old world, and the advent of the new; the previous generations resigned themselves to corruption and luxury, and failed in their duty to protect the culture from the inroads of barbarism. Our ideas will become part of the new world which is currently taking shape. By helping create a cadre of men imbued with proper ways of thinking and conduct, we will be able to shape our environment. We aim to banish feelings of powerlessness, and inculcate in men a spirit of positive action.

RV:

You said that our ideas will become a part of the new world, but is this too optimistic? There is a part of me that is reluctant to cling onto hope, and while I wouldn't be embarking on this new path if I didn't have at least some hope that we can make the future better, lately I'm finding myself having to close my eyes and ears to the daily

degradations the enemy is levying on our society.

Every day I can point out two news stories. The first shows us making one step forward, where someone, somewhere, unexpectedly resists the tide, and then the next story arrives and it's three steps backwards. All progress wiped out. Just the other day I read a story out of New York where two men were arrested on the subway for having their legs too far open, which just a couple months ago was the latest feminist attempt to criminalize male behavior. Two men were legally punished for a trifling feminist cause, and this is disheartening.

But I will say that even if you told me there is no hope, and that we will only change one male life, I wouldn't stop teaching the cure that is needed, because unlike so many other men, I can't "enjoy" the decline. I can't enjoy a city or a woman with the knowledge that in a short time this enjoyment will become impossible. In that case it may be better not to enjoy it at all.

Fighting is the only option, until the very end. With neomasculinity we must put forward the solutions, as intelligently and clearly as we can and then pray for a little good fortune that the wind will fill our sails and move our boat through turbulent waves to affect the world in a way that merely doing nothing does not.

QC:

Yes, this is well and truly said. It is understandable, and perhaps forgivable, that many of our brothers see a voluntary withdrawal from society as almost the only rational course. And no doubt, those looking for daily examples of injustice can find them all too easily. They are all around us: evil is of old date, and multiplies with geometric fury. Yet defeatism is unbecoming of a man.

History is replete with examples of minorities acting, against unfavorable odds, as the catalysts for positive change. The truth cannot be denied forever: an edifice built on a foundation of sand must, sooner or later, obey the inescapable laws of historical gravity. Remember that the greatest mass movements in history were begun by a conviction born of blind faith, supported by the winds and currents of fortune. We go the way that our convictions take us, and adopt the assurance born of instinct. Even modest success can be achieved just by showing men that there is an explanation for their predicament, and a prescription for their health.

And as you say, some men are constitutionally incapable of kow-towing to what they know to be lies and hypocrisy. At some point, a stand must be taken; at some point, lines must be drawn in the sand, or else there will be nothing left to defend. We also know—if I can paraphrase a famous Churchill quote here—groups that go down without a fight never rise again; and those groups which exert their zealous energies to advance their causes always rise again.

Positive labor in the service of a noble ideal is never wasted. There is always something that can be done, and there is always one more thing left to do. We refuse to abdicate our responsibility to preserve the ethics and culture of our civilizational heritage. We will not let their lies and corruptions go unchallenged. Certain things we cannot accept, and

will never accept.

RV:

The balance, I believe, is to propose the big solutions for the future while teaching men the individual solutions for the present, because if we were to be honest, it's highly unlikely that all our present problems will be pleasantly and smoothly resolved within our lifetimes. Judging from my travels through Europe, we still have a way to go before the bottom is hit.

For men who want to start a family, there is a clock working against them, so sitting and waiting is not acceptable. We must help these men figure out how to realize their needs. At the same time, there are younger men who are filled with testosterone and cannot be bothered to think in terms of family. Instead, they want to fornicate to relieve a sex urge that, if not fulfilled, can be debilitating to a man's normal functioning.

While it will be far easier to help the vigorous man than the one who has passed his sexual peak, they will both be served by neomasculinity. A reader may see a contradiction of using game to serve the young man while advocating for tradition on the older, and how game, when applied for ego gratification or entertainment, can be corrupting, but it must be understood that in the modern era, the man without serious game practice won't even be able to find and keep a woman to create a family with. Game is the big metal gate through which men must pass to experience what their fathers and grandfathers so easily did.

We may have to segment men based on the stages of life they are in, the "young" neomasculist who seeks practical advice to improve his life, and the "old" neomasculist who seeks deeper meaning and understanding. It seems to me that serving the young will be far easier than the old.

QC:

Every stage of a man's life will be adequately served by the neomasculist core principles. Every man will project on to these principles that which serves him best. For just as children born from the same parents may acquire different looks and mannerisms, so too does each person contain within him perennial movements of the passions, and individual qualities, that may make him emphasize one point of neomasculist doctrine over another.

Especially important for us is to ground our doctrines on actual experience. Francis Bacon warned us that error can arise from three sources: "idols of the tribe" (fallacies common to all men), "idols of the cave" (shortcomings in an individual man), and "idols of the market-place" (errors that arise from a man's interactions with others). In your neomasculinity article, you were careful to derive each principle not from theory, but from actual practice. I believe this is important.

What is also important is that now, at least, we have a comprehensive guide that offers a realistic alternative to what is presented to us by the mass media. At least now there is a program of action, however imperfect it may be. Even the most intrepid travelers need a guide. Our goal, I think, should be that neither worldly cares, journeys, or ill health should ever hinder us from practicing these principles. Success in these matters seems to come

more from diligent practice and study, than from an inheritance from Nature.

What, may I ask, do you find to be the most encouraging signs you now see, as far as the popular culture is concerned?

RV:

The main encouraging sign I see is that the establishment has lost its stranglehold upon their controlled bullhorn. The fact that our dialogue will be read by thousands of men within a month of its publication is proof that "dangerous" ideas can quickly, efficiently, and cheaply find the minds of men who value them. If the establishment was still the sole gatekeeper to media publishing like they were before the internet, our reach could only be locally based, perhaps within a small men's club, but now it's global. This tells me that the internet, for all of its disruptive influence, is the main tool we have in exposing corruption and lies, and without it this conversation may not have even taken place.

The upside leads to an immediate downside: we're not the only ones releasing ideas. With so much media content being published by both the establishment and independent creators, there is tough competition to grab a person's attention in the face of unlimited options, and the fact that we've already been attacked shows that other groups don't want us speaking to their existing followers. This means that, ironically, we'll at some point have to mimic media establishment tactics to create more appealing offerings that make us more like them. When men encounter an article or video on the internet, they make a snap judgement on its presentation, and if that judgement says "amateur quality" then we have lost a key opportunity.

While it's tempting to jump into things with big plans, I'm certain we should move slowly. For every idea we put out there, we must listen to men and see what their thoughts and concerns about it are. Yet there still has to be some friction to what we're presenting, because only through conflict and debate can the right ideas and arguments rise to the top, and have them last for generations.

QC:

This is most certainly true. It seems to me that a suitable analogy can be found in how the muscular contractions of the human heart push oxygenated blood through the body. This systole and diastole of debate over ideas will act to circulate neomasculist doctrines within the collective body of our readership, in the same way that the beating of the heart circulates blood in the human body.

And with regard to ideas, yes, what is unfamiliar requires time to assimilate. Experience and time will reveal what is acceptable and useful, and what is not.

What is most important is that men remain steady and confident in the face of the great external challenges that are almost daily imposed on them. They must remember that they are the bearers of a great tradition, and the inheritors of an esteemed mantle. Man was created for great things, and he must make his way in reliance on this fact. We should be mindful of Cicero's words in his treatise "On Laws" (I.7.22): "The animal we call man, who has foresight, wisdom, perspicacity, sharpness, memory, and a bounty of reason and counsel, was created by the supreme deity for a supreme position. Of all the

living beings in nature, he is the only one who partakes of nature’s reason.”

This to me conveys our responsibility admirably. I know of nothing that has as much power to console as the contemplation of this idea.

RV:

While it will be hard to remain steady in the face of rapid change never before seen in the history of humanity, let us now do our best to provide the guidance and knowledge that men need to survive these times. I hope we retain both the strength and energy to improve the lives of men for decades to come.

Read Next: *The Ethical Principles Of Neomasculinity*

Why You Should Live In Downtown Silver Spring (Maryland)

October 2, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Here's a video I did when I was back in the States over the summer…

I was being serious about my attraction to Ethiopian girls. I don't normally like black women, but Ethiopian women are quite beautiful. I could see myself making love to them and experiencing heightened pleasure from it.

Visit my Youtube channel and hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

Previous Video: *Poland Is Embarking On The Path Of Sterility Over Life*

Men Should Start Recording Sex With A Hidden Camera

October 5, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

False rape accusations have reached such a fever pitch, as recently signified by a mattress-carrying attention whore and liar being rewarded for her phony story with an invite to the State Of The Union address, that it's time men take extra-legal measures to protect themselves from Western women.

Not only is a woman's word being taken above that of a man's, often with full media encouragement and provocation, but 1 in 4 women are now certifiably mentally ill, at nearly double the rates of men. We've just started a storm of male persecution that may take years to resolve, and instead of waiting for everything to become rosy again, you must take the proper precautions today to not be victim of a bogus accusation that could ruin your life.

Many of you already have the awareness to save all text communications from women. In the past, this was especially important for black men having sex with white women, since blacks were seen as "savages" who violated white purity, but today's rape hysteria has a fixation on white men like we have seen recently in the Duke Lacrosse, UVA, and mattress girl rape hoaxes. White men are now a "privileged" class who must be punished for historical wrongs by accusing them of fake crimes, but even men of other races are seen as privileged as well, especially when faced with an accusation by a white woman. We're now all vulnerable to false accusations by predominately white women who are mentally ill and brainwashed to think that consensual sexual encounters are rape.

I recommend that from this point on you strongly consider recording casual sexual encounters with a hidden camera. If a he-said-she-said dispute concerning rape occurs, your word will carry less weight than that of a hysterical woman, even if there is not one sign of violence against her. Your situation will become dire if the media gets involved and destroys your character without even asking for your side of the story. Therefore to immediately destroy any accusation, you should provide a video recording that disproves it. Video is far more reliable in disproving rape than friendly text messages or having witnesses confirm the girl was flirting with you in the bar before the sexual encounter.

In many states, recording hidden video *with sound* is illegal, but recording video alone is not. Legal experts stop one step short of encouraging men to record their sex acts:

> Two college students in New Mexico had a gang rape charge against them dropped earlier this year after they turned over video of the reported victim giving lap dances in her underwear and grabbing a man's crotch. Experts predict an uptick in video as defense in court as an unexpected consequence of the Obama administration's toughening of sexual violence policies.
>
> John Banzhaf, a law professor at George Washington University, researched dozens of cases of rape defendants successfully suing to repair their reputations,

> with evidence increasingly consisting of video introduced to show that the woman actively cooperated in the sexual encounters. “Changes in technology make video recording more effective and readily available,” Banzhaf explains. “It’s cheap, easy to hide, and the cameras shoot well in low light.”

There was also a case in San Francisco where a man was falsely accused of three rapes. Because he secretly recorded the sex acts, all charges were dropped. Even if you break the law with your recording, that punishment is lower than a rape charge (research your state’s law for clarification on the matter). The best advice I can give is not to show any hidden recordings to your friends and only use it when you’re facing a genuine accusation.

Hidden cameras are getting cheaper and many models even have night vision. Here’s one that costs under $100 on Amazon:

Alarm clock or hidden camera?

If your budget is higher, you can visit a site like SpyGadgets.com and try for a camera that is wireless and can be switched on through your smartphone. The technology is here to make recording your sex acts cheap and simple enough that it won’t disturb the progression of your sexual encounters.

When you are recording a girl during sex, it would be wise to have her riding you on top for a while with your hands laying to your sides to clearly show that she is engaged in the sex act and loving your cock, regardless of how many Jager bombs she later claims impaired her mind. Once a DA prosecutor sees that footage, you’re as good as free and can then pursue a civil case against her if she has rich parents.

The men who are in the most amount of danger from a false accusation are those in college, because girls there are being fed a daily diet of rape hysteria. I recommend

college-aged males to put as much importance in buying a hidden camera as textbooks, especially if they're sleeping with girls after alcohol consumption.

The threat is less for men out of college, but $100 is a trivial cost for complete piece of mind when a girl starts acting weird on you after sex or when you aren't quite sure if she's a feminist or mentally ill (the two seem to go hand in hand). The odds of a false rape accusation are still minuscule, but it happens enough that you should take the inexpensive steps to prevent it, just like how you are careful not to walk down a dangerous alley at night. A hidden camera is insurance that allows you to pursue sex without having the bad luck of getting caught up in a girl's twisted fantasy, like has happened to a Return Of Kings writer.

Even though I live in Eastern Europe, where false rape accusations don't exist, I'm ready to implement the camera precaution if conditions change. If rape hysteria doesn't taper down in the USA soon, I'm afraid it will begin spreading outside of the Anglo world. Not only will we be required to have bedroom hidden cameras, but even dashcam-style cameras we wear when speaking with women in public locations to prevent accusations of sexual harassment. Things are about to get weird, but don't count on anyone else to help defend you from the sexual dystopia we're now facing. It's entirely up to you to protect yourself.

Read Next: *All Public Rape Accusations Are False*

How To Stop The Fall Of Women

October 7, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

An acronym that you'll often come across is AWALT, which stands for "all women are like that." It is used in response to someone trying to point out that a particular woman is different than all the rest and more deserving to be placed on a pedestal of some sort when it comes to relationships. While that acronym is useful for newbies who are just beginning to de-program themselves from egalitarian ideas spewed by the establishment, it breeds a hopelessness among men that they can never extract more than casual sex from women.

Most men have seen firsthand how women change due to the presence of corrupting factors in the environment. If you give a woman an open bar, she will over-consume and make decisions that harm herself. If you give a woman a smartphone with social networking apps, she will become a narcissist in a short amount of time, falling in love with her own image. If you give a woman a liberal education, she will come to firm belief than men were born to bring pain and slavery unto women.

Only a woman with an exceptional upbringing can resist alcohol, social networking, and university brainwashing, and for the women who can initially resist it, she will surely succumb after enough time and pressure. It is in this way that AWALT is true: all women who face corrupt influences in their lives will become corrupt and behave in a similar way that degrades their virtue, making them unsuitable for long-term partnerships. But if AWALT is true in describing the universal fall of women in the presence of toxic influences, it must also be true that they possess universal purity in environments which lack bad influences that attack her virtue.

A reliable corrupter of a woman's virtue is having plentiful male choice. If over the course of five years a woman in New York City has her choice of 100 alpha male cocks, she will be unable to resist the thrill ride that these men offer. She will begin to structure her life around a neverending alpha male sex party where she receives and expects fun, excitement, drama, and entertainment in exchange for willingly accepting her place on various booty call rotations. During this time, she loses most ability to be a suitable wife and mother, or even to be a good person, because the alpha males who use her for late night sex do not place demands upon her that make her more feminine, loving, or nurturing. She becomes damaged goods, suitable for nothing more than casual humping.

But now let's imagine that instead of being born in New York City, this girl was born in a poor Ukrainian village that only has a population of 1,000 people. For whatever reason, she was unable to get out of this village and a complete blackout of internet prevents her from meeting thirsty foreign men. It's quite easy to see how she marries a village man while still young because it's a better prospect than suffering alone to earn her bread in a place where employment opportunities are few. The environment a girl is placed in will mostly determine her worth as a life partner.

Most women who are put in New York City will, within a few years, default to becoming a

promiscuous slut. Most women who are put in a tiny village with no way out, with little choice in men, and with positive religious influences, will default to being a good wife and mother, possessing normal and acceptable human flaws like all men have. Women put in specific environments will act in specific ways, which is why looking for a unicorn in a Western city is fruitless, since she's within reach of the devil's workshop. He will get to her and make sure she experiences all manner of vice.

Western nations facilitate the "fall" of women from a state of purity and innocence to one of abject corruption. I don't believe women are inherently born to be degenerate, just like how I don't believe men are, but once we put a woman in an environment that enables, facilitates, and even encourages her corruption, she will certainly become corrupt. But what if you can *catch* a woman before she inserts herself into this environment and then shield her from it? What if you grab her at the time she is about to jump into the abyss, and through your diligence, power, and knowledge, protect her from Western influences that will destroy her? Would it be safe to give your time, energy, love, and commitment to this woman? It's important to note that I'm not stating you save a corrupt girl, since by then it's too late, but to prevent a woman from becoming corrupt in the first place.

It is completely your responsibility to create the environment of a good home, a good city, and a good country to prevent the fall of your women. It's your responsibility to create the right environment where all women remain good instead of succumbing to an evil where within a short amount of time she becomes a useless, tattooed, overweight, and masculine slut. It should be clear to you by now that women absolutely can not save themselves, and have no inherent resistance to the pollution that tempts them in this world. It's solely up to us men to shield their natural virtue so that they become the wives and mothers that allow you to fulfill your biological destiny while furthering the health of your society.

It's not a matter of telling a girl that sleeping around is bad or that Facebook is bad, because by then the ship has sailed and her soul is likely long gone. It's a matter of *creating the environment* where women are restrained from sleeping around, blocked from becoming addicted to taking selfies, and prevented from becoming brainwashed by social justice ideas. We must stop them from entering the environments that destroy them. We must guard the door of evil that they are hurtling themselves towards while resisting evil ourselves.

Before you raise your hands in despair and claim that this is an impossible task, that Western society is finished, I say this: what is a society but a collection of the people within it? What is a society but an assembly of living humans that include ourselves? We are a part of this whole, and it's up to us to ensure that the truism of "all women are like that" serves in our benefit and our society's benefit instead of being at the forefront of our most terrifying nightmares.

Read Next: *Women Must Have Their Behavior And Decisions Controlled By Men*

Pimping Techniques From The 1930's Are Required To Get Laid Today

October 9, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Last month I wrote several articles for Return Of Kings. Here they are:

Pimping Techniques From The 1930's Have Become Required In Modern Relationships:

> Modern game is a light version of the pimp game, and shares many strategies with what pimps of old used to do. If you read this book, you'll have many moments where you think, "Hey, I do that!" Women now voluntarily seek out and prefer the behavior of men who share qualities possessed by old-time pimps.

Research Suggests That A Woman's Body Incorporates DNA From The Semen Of Her Casual Sex Partners:

> The evidence now shows that female animals can incorporate sperm DNA from her prior sex partners. This foreign DNA winds up in future children after the woman successfully reproduces with a completely different male. In the human world, this means that the children a man has with a promiscuous woman could possess genes from previous sexual partners he has never seen or met.

35 Pretty Girls Who Became Fat And Ugly (trigger warning: heartbreaking images):

>

18 Best Quotes From Pantheon By Quintus Curtius:

> "Did it ever occur to you that what man wants—what he really craves—is the comfort of certainty, rather than the cold, harsh "truth"? What comfort has the

> “truth” of science brought man, when all is said and done? People now work more than slaves did during the Abbasid Dynasty, or serfs in France in medieval Europe. What can you offer such a man, except more pain and more uncertainty?”

15 Important Quotes From The Predatory Female:

> “When you begin to fraternize with a woman, you are taking the first steps in a ritual mating dance that, if allowed to progress, will result in your moving about the floor in a semi-comatose state until you are fleeced of your money, property, and peace of mind. A predatory female will study you. She learns to know what you are thinking. She begins the strongest primeval death grip known to man.”

Lastly, here is an interview I did with Brandon Carter about making money from your hobby:

You can view all my ROK articles here.

Read Next: *The American Conservative Establishment Is Collapsing*

Why Homosexual Marriage Matters For Straight Men

October 12, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I've been seeing a lot of comments from men wondering why allowing homosexuals to marry in the United States in such a big deal. "Let them do what they want, it doesn't affect us," they say. I wish that was the case. Not only is the legalization of gay marriage a full frontal attack on heterosexual men, it is part of a larger war to remove legal rights and behaviors that you are currently able to enjoy without state or mob interference.

Legalizing gay marriage is one phase of a degenerate march to persecute heterosexuals, both legally and socially, while acclimating young children to the homosexual lifestyle. The Supreme Court ruling in June 2015 allowing gay marriage doesn't affect your life one hour, one day, or one month after, but it is part of a long war that *will* eventually criminalize or socially forbid certain aspects of heterosexual behavior at the same time it over-sexualizes young children in order to introduce them to homosexuality. I absolutely guarantee that your life will be negatively affected from the fallout of this ruling within a 5-10 year timespan.

The reason for this is simple: the societal reorganization that is necessary to allow gay marriage automatically elevates homosexuals to a special class of citizenry. To hoist one class you must demote another, meaning that heterosexual men are by default the enemies and oppressors of homosexuals. It is a foregone conclusion that these oppressors, which includes both straight men and women, must be ordered to give tribute, benefits, and submission to the "victim" class. You will eventually kneel whether you like it or not.

Masculine and straight behavior will be more aggressively modified through social shaming and re-education in schools, where young boys will be enthusiastically taught the superiority of homosexual lifestyles and the shameful privilege of heterosexuals, especially concerning the types of relationships that lead to nuclear, stable families. In addition, straight men will be forced under the barrel of the state's gun to pay taxes for the AIDS drugs of gays, their impulsive sex changes, their mental and medical treatments resulting from sleeping with hundreds of partners, and also the salaries of politicians that continue to vote against traditional family values and basic morality standards. Your tax money already goes to Planned Parenthood and pharmaceutical companies to sterilize the female population so what's a few more billion more to empower gays to continue their bathhouse behavior?

I'm also certain that gays will be exempt from dystopian divorce laws. Men's rights activists genuinely think that allowing gays to marry will somehow put the spotlight on straight men getting raped in courts by women, but nothing of the sort will happen. Instead, courts will use two separate books. Gay marriages will be dissolved in an equal manner right down the middle while straight men will continued to be screwed by the system. We're already seeing this dual-book approach with yes-means-yes rape laws that are entirely focused on persecuting men for consensual sex while letting women off the

hook for sleeping with drunk men (1, 2, 3). Theoretically, yes-means-yes laws should apply to women just as equally, but we all know it won't, as any man who gets physically assaulted by a woman in public already knows how dangerous it is to fight back to defend himself. Due process was long ago eliminated to favor women, and now it will favor homosexuals.

The increasing limits on heterosexual free speech was clearly shown in my Berlin lecture this summer. I had to hide the venue until the day before to prevent the sort of left-wing censorship that a month later led to thousands of Canadians trying to ban me from the country. On the day of the Berlin lecture, one block away from the hotel, there was a massive gay pride parade where half-naked men under the influence of alcohol and drugs were dancing and humping each other like they were in a nightclub. They dressed up at least one midget as a gimp and put him on a leash. Their hypersexual displays was done out in the open, in full view of families who picked the wrong day to go for a walk in the city, while a group of forty men including myself had to conceal their own behavior and essentially hide in one room, even though the content of my entire speech was more family friendly that witnessing even one minute of the homo display.

Within all the work, school, or co-ed social groups you're a member of, denigrating the nuclear family or masculinity will not get you ostracized or fired. You can make a comment about "toxic masculinity" at work and not get written up by human resources. You can make fun of "lame pick up artists" in your co-ed social circle and get pats on the back. But what happens if you say that homosexuals are degenerates who are spreading HIV to the general population? What happens if you say gay marriage is state-sponsored anal sex? What happens if you say that children should be raised in a nuclear family? You already know the answer. It won't be long until you will be *forced* to declare your allegiance to the homosexual lifestyle to retain your job, to pretend that you're a believer in social justice just to keep bread on the table.

Even more sinister than modifying our speech and behavior is that the homosexual agenda aims to convert children by sexualizing them at a young ago. The media normalizes homosexuals as loving and lively characters by showing their lifestyles as exciting, adventurous, and fun instead of the disease-ridden cesspool of drugs and medical horrors that it really is. Millions of boys who grow up to experiment with "cool" anal sex thanks to the propaganda will grow up to lead sterile and disturbed lives because of it—if they're lucky enough not to avoid getting abused through adoptions by homosexual men.

Child abuse and pedophilic sex rings will skyrocket, but I hope you're not expecting this abuse to be covered by the media. Instead, they will push fantastical new rape hoaxes that try to portray straight men as evil. Crimes by homosexuals will be not be pursued or publicized while false crimes done by heterosexuals will be manufactured. Homosexual crimes won't even be properly recorded by government bureaucrats—statistics on abuse will conveniently stop recording the family makeup of the abuse victim once it becomes clear that homosexuals perform abuse at greater rates than heterosexuals. You just need

to close your eyes and remember homosexuals “love” just like heterosexuals.

Once heterosexuals such as yourself are persecuted and shamed for preferring vanilla sex, and children are converted to bisexuality or homosexuality with the aid of a gay and transsexual obsessed media, marriage will decline from its already pathetic rate, birth rates will plummet, and society itself will collapse… unless we find some third-world shithole where we can keep importing immigrants to further destabilize what remaining social fabric is left. Along with feminism, abortion-on-demand, and birth control for all healthy women, gay marriage is a necessary step for destroying American society, and so the man who claims that “gay marriage doesn’t affect me” is like the child who doesn’t understand that eating ice cream every day is a bad idea that will put his future health in jeopardy. It is already affecting your freedom of speech and soon it will affect your sex life and employment.

The dust from gay marriage hasn’t even settled before the establishment has begun forcing transsexual acceptance down our throats with ABC, ESPN, and Starbucks leading the charge. The media has also started attempts to promote pedophilia as a reasonable alternative lifestyle. While I don’t even want to think of what comes next, I do know that if this degenerate march is not halted, we will see a complete inversion of American society where most masculine behaviors are made illegal and the traditional family becomes a relic of the past. Homosexual marriage will only embolden the degenerate forces that have power in America today. Unless they are stopped, I fear great catastrophe, not only for us men, but the country itself.

Read Next: *The Rise Of Heterophobia*

Big Bertha's Satisfaction

October 14, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

With California on the verge of state bankruptcy, politicians looked for creative ways to balance the budget. One idea was to put out a call to the entertainment industry for partnerships that would ease the financial strain. A television producer responded with an idea to use the male prison population as contestants for a new type of game show. Desperate for any revenue, the governor signed off on the deal, in spite of his reservations about having to perform live executions on air.

American sex relations had long since descended into confusion and chaos. The phrase "check your privilege" became "bleed your privilege," and so the institutionalization of anti-male hatred became common in the media, academia, and the government. Controversial new "discomfort" laws meant that a woman could point a finger to any man in the vicinity if she was feeling agitated or unhappy, forcing him to prove beyond a reasonable doubt to the authorities that he was not the cause of her pain. Prisons were abolished for women and even the most heinous of crimes committed by them were only met with community counseling. The harmless men's rights movement was deemed a terrorist organization and any man who used "game verbal assault tactics" were immediately assigned to an equality training camp. It's in this climate that the show "Did He Satisfy You?" appear on television.

The premise was simple. An inmate would appear on the program, while still in his orange jumper, and face a panelist of four women. He was then required to satisfy each of the four women with their requests, no matter how degrading or difficult. If he satisfied them all, his criminal record would be expunged and he would be set free. If he did not satisfy even one of them, he would be executed on live television.

It was no surprise that thirty-seven episodes in, not a single man satisfied all four women on the panel, leading to the execution of every man who played. Two men came close to freedom by satisfying three of the four women, but they failed to satisfy the last panelist, Big Bertha, who possessed a double PhD in women's and transsexual studies. She was seen as the foremost expert in America on Bible Belt rape culture.

At a cost of $100,000 per year to incarcerate an inmate, the state government estimated that the show saved them $12 million during the first two seasons, and with advertising revenue thrown in, the state ran a healthy profit. The show became a number one hit in America on both TV and internet streaming, partly due to it being broadcasted live. The mostly female audience liked seeing a male die in real time.

Episode 38 was by far the most memorable of "Did He Satisfy You?" The contestant was Jack, a white man who was serving a ten year sentence for dealing meth. He was arrested for operating three labs in the northern part of the state after a tip to the police from his girlfriend came in when she became angry from his refusal to perform oral sex on her.

Jack legally agreed to be set free if he satisfied all four women or be electrocuted if he did

not. Once he signed the show's contract, there was no backing out. With thirty-seven previous executions in a row, it was a foregone conclusion to most viewers that he would die. They wanted to see an insanely privileged human jiggle and shake and cook on the chair and die for all the past sins of his race and sex.

—

Jack was eerily calm when the announcer called him onto the stage. With his unassuming appearance and slouched posture, he looked more like a meek accountant than a convicted drug dealer. The audience of mostly women already hated him. They started chanting: "Make the scumbag satisfy you! Make the scumbag satisfy you!" The four panelists looked down from an elevated platform at the contestant. Big Bertha gave him the hardest glare, her nostrils fully open.

The announcer began the show: "Welcome ladies and privileged gentlemen to *Did He Satisfy You?* Our contestant today is Jack, a lowlife drug dealer and monster who was caught by the police thanks to a woman who freed herself from Jack's emotional abuse, sexual abuse, and force feeding of low-grade meth." The crowd booed. "This man has caused harm to society and to women with his behavior, and so today he must face our panel of intelligent and beautiful women. If he satisfies all women, he will be immediately set free to terrorize more women, but if he fails to satisfy just one of our panelists, he will be executed in our electric chair. The sponsor for today's show is Pepco electric company, keeping the lights on when you need it most. Now let's get started!"

The studio light shined on panelist number one, signaling that she was about to state her demand. "I want Jack to cook a meal that will satisfy my hunger using only six ingredients that I choose. The ingredients are vinegar, lemon, sardines, olives, bacon, and green tea."

A mobile kitchen was rolled out on the set and Jack began working. He started with the bacon first, frying it just enough to release the grease, then added lemon, the sardines, and barely a drop of vinegar since he was required to use at least some of it. He then gave a dusting of green tea to infuse the dish with an earthy flavor. He finished it off by wrapping the bacon around the sardines and using more of the green tea as an attractive plate garnish.

In and out came the random "boyfriends" throughout her childhood. Her mom impulsively selected a rotating coterie of men to make life more exciting, not considering the effect it would have on her little daughter. Number one would be awoken by her mom's yells of pleasure at odd hours of the night, and one boyfriend in particular got too close to her, forcing her to sit on his lap. Her mom yelled at her, demanding she stop flirting with her man.

The dish was presented to number one as Big Bertha looked on, licking her thin lips. The first panelist chewed on the first bite and made a slight moan, signifying at least some satisfaction. It seemed that Jack's experience cooking meth for so long helped him in creating a tasty meal. "Panelist number one, are you satisfied?" the host asked.

The camera zoomed in on number one's face. "Yes, I am satisfied with this dish."

The crowd yelled, “A man’s actions must lead to female satisfaction!”

Jack took a deep breath, but continued to hide any emotion to the audience. He didn’t want to let them know he was nervous from having his life in the hands of four women who would feel no loss if he died.

The mobile kitchen was remove from the set and the studio lights shined on the second panelist, the thinnest of all four. She stated her demand: “I want you to satisfy me by singing ‘Single Ladies’ by Beyonce in perfect key.” A karaoke machine was brought out and Jack was given a microphone.

When Jack first started getting into trouble at the age of 12, his mother thought it would be a good idea to enroll him in Catholic school. One of the required activities was choir. For the next three years Jack was able to refine a naturally proficient singing voice that was enough to impress a handful of girls as he got older.

Soon after her 18th birthday, number two started receiving propositions for sex on her popular Instagram account. She ignored them at first, but she wanted the fancy purses and clothing like some of her friends. She accepted an offer to fly to Switzerland to have sex with a Saudi prince and seven of his closest associates. It turned out to be more intensive than she could have imagined. She was able to gain the material possessions she coveted for the short term with these types of transactional encounters, but since then she found it impossible to develop healthy emotional connections with men.

With his life at stake, Jack belted out “Single Ladies” almost as good as Beyonce herself. The females in the crowd sang along, waving their bare left ring finger during key moments of the chorus. Even the panelists started getting into it, bobbing their heads to the beat. Only Big Bertha remained still, though a slight smile developed on her face as she realized that Jack had what it took to be put to death by her doing.

The song ended and the announcer asked, “Panelist number two, are you satisfied?”

The camera focused on number two. She was trained to delay her answer ever so slightly to build anticipation for the audience. After a three second pause she said, “Yes, I am satisfied with his singing.”

The crowd yelled, “A man’s actions must lead to female satisfaction!”

Jack was noticeably sweating after his performance. The camera got in close to his face and focused on the beads crawling down his temple. The announcer said, “Is Jack about to buckle under pressure? Will he be able to satisfy our next panelist or will he fry on the chair? We’ll find out after a word from our sponsor Chipotle and their new chocolate sizzle burrito.”

The oldest member of the panel was number three. She was looked up to by the other women because she was the one who invented the term “I bathe in male tears,” which gave the feminist movement renewed focus after so many activists were lost to attention whoring on social networking instead of fighting for all the victimized university-educated white females in the Western world.

Number three said, “I want you to satisfy me by sucking on my toes.” Before the crowd

had time to respond, she added, “I’ve had a fungus nail disorder since I was a teenager.” With that the crowd gave an equal measure of laughter and cries of “Ewwwww.” A camera that was always focused on Jack did catch his nose twitch upwards when the demand was stated. Number three was brought out on a chair and her shoes were removed. Jack stared at her crinkled and calloused feet with yellow nail discoloration. A pungent sour odor began to fill his nostrils.

She did everything in her power to get him to like her. She sat next to him in lecture class, twirled her hair, and as a last ditch effort, offered up her notes after he was absent, but he still ignored her. “Was he gay?” number three thought. Then one day, walking around campus, she saw him kissing a sorority girl, a blonde bimbo who didn’t have half the intelligence she had. She couldn’t believe that a man is so easily capable of picking an artificial beauty over someone as smart and strong as she, in spite of her physical flaws.

Unlike with the singing challenge, Jack had no experience sucking on toes infected with onychomycosis fungus, but when your life is at stake, you realize skills you hadn’t known about beforehand. He got down on his knees and started sucking on number three’s infected toes like they were ripe strawberries, with a primary focus on the big toes. He maintained intimate eye contact to make her feel the control that she so desperately craved, dragging the tips of his fingers across the base of her feet. The light tickling added to her pleasure and caused her to close her eyes and tilt her head back. Jack continued sucking until the tension in her foot released. It seemed that she fell asleep.

The announcer said, “Wow Jack, it looks like you have experience sucking on fungus toes. Maybe you could suck mine after!” The crowd laughed on cue and number three was wheeled back to her position on the panel. “So number three, did Jack the misogynist and convicted criminal give you satisfaction?” Not sure of what to say, she looked to her left. Big Bertha nodded her head up and down.

“Um, yes, I am satisfied with his toe sucking.”

The crowd yelled, “A man’s actions must lead to female satisfaction!”

The studio lights shining on the electric chair became brighter. “Ladies and gentlemen,” the announcer started, “as you may know, not a single creep contestant in this show’s history has satisfied Big Bertha. That means that in all likelihood we will see the rightful execution of a man who has hurt women and our society. What do you think of that?” A bloodthirsty round of cheers and applause commenced. *Cook him! Take his life! I’m not satisfied!*

“Jack, do you have any comment before Big Bertha demands satisfaction?”

The microphone was put into Jack’s face. “No comment,” he said.

“Well, at least society won’t lose a charming man!” The announcer looked over to Big Bertha and asked her to state the challenge.

“I want Jack to…” Big Bertha moved her eyes from the camera lens to Jack. “I want Jack to make me love him.” Gasps were heard from the audience as the reality of the death

sentence settled in.

He didn't call her back. He said he had a great time yet one week passed and he hadn't heard from her. He told Bertha such nice words of affection, had even given her a sweet gift from the candy shop, but all that had been a lie just to fuck her, because once he got what he wanted, he left, like all the others. All men are liars. All men are capable of hurting a woman who only wants to be happy. All men deserve to be punished for the pain they cause. Big Bertha knew in her heart that the world would be better off without them.

The announcer gave Jack a look that seemed to say "it was nice knowing you," because how could he possibly make Big Bertha capable of loving a heterosexual man? The electric chair operator could be seen in the background preparing the machine, ready to execute losing contestant number thirty-eight. Then Jack grabbed the microphone from the announcer and said, "I can provide Big Bertha with satisfaction. I can make her love me."

Confused murmurs came from the audience and even the announcer was surprised. He asked, "And how will you do that, Jack?"

"Big Bertha, I want you to place a call to your home."

"Now Jack there is no need to delay the…"

"Look, the rules state that I could do anything reasonable to fulfill a challenge that is not illegal or an undue financial burden on the show. Making a phone call abides by these rules."

Big Bertha's eyebrows raised high as she looked at Jack with contempt. Once she received the green light from the producer, she reached for her bag underneath the podium and retrieved her phone. She dialed her home. *Hello.* Fifteen seconds passed. *Okay.* Her hand began shaking. The studio audience was in complete silence, not sure of what was going on, and even the announcer began looking uncomfortable. Then Jack leaned towards the microphone. "Do you love me?"

Big Bertha tightened her lips. "I…" The announcer glared at the producer, who could only shrug his shoulders. Never before had the outcome of an execution been uncertain.

"I…

"I…

"I love you." It was the first time she said those three words to a man.

No one in the studio knew how to react. The announcer, after a long delay, asked Big Bertha for confirmation. "Are you sure that you love him? Are you sure that you are satisfied?"

"Yes I love him. I'm satisfied, goddamnit! Let him go!"

"Okay so Big Bertha is, apparently, satisfied. Congratulations Jack you have delivered satisfaction to all the women on our panel and will now be set free. Do you have anything to say?"

He nodded and positioned his mouth directly over the microphone. “I just want to say that I am satisfied.” Big Bertha, breathing heavily, refused to look at him.

Jack signed a few papers, was given a pair of clothes to replace his prison jumper, and was set free.

—

Six years later a man traveling to the Colombian coast caught sight of someone at a beach bar who looked familiar. It was Jack. The traveler approached him and said how happy he was that he was able to live by satisfying Big Bertha. They got to talking for a while until finally the traveler felt comfortable asking Jack a question that has been on his mind for years. “How did you satisfy her?”

Jack was eager to tell the tale.

“I figured that I could satisfy the first three panelists and it would come down to Big Bertha. I knew a hacker friend on the inside who had friends on the outside. What they did was hack the phone company to temporarily forward anyone who dialed her home number to one of their devices. When she made the call, she fully expected the babysitter watching her two adopted Somalian kids to answer, but instead it was a man with a distorted voice who played a sound recording of muffled whimpering. He told her to say she was satisfied or else her kids would be killed.”

“Why didn’t she go on to expose your trick after that?”

“The contract stated that all decisions are final.” Jack took a sip of his aguardiente. “I read it carefully before signing.”

The show went on after Jack but they changed the rules to forbid outgoing phone calls. Eighteen more men in a row were killed until the ratings went south and the show was cancelled. A new show was created to replace it, where men were executed immediately without any of the foreplay. Big Bertha was hired to pull the switch. By the time she died of complications from diabetes, she performed fifty-seven successful executions.

Previous Story: *The Rise Of The Narcissicopter*

Interview With Fitness Expert Brandon Carter

October 16, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

When I was in DC this summer I caught up with Brandon Carter for an interview focused on weightlifting and nutrition. Here's **part one**:

And here's **part two**:

Brandon also interviewed me about making money online. You can watch that here.

Visit my Youtube channel and hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

Previous Video: *Why You Should Live In Downtown Silver Spring (Maryland)*

Women Are Killing The Golden Goose

October 19, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I feel sorry for any young man who gets started in the game today. He must deal with significantly more challenges when it comes to meeting women that tax both his free time, mental health, and overall life enjoyment. This man may eventually come to the rational decision that, based on the standard of women he wants and the value they're able to give him, it's too much of a strain to chase them.

What is the number one female behavior that is turning men off from pursuing women? Without a doubt, it's flaking. We are now in the middle of a worldwide flaking epidemic where women are showing a shameful lack of respect to men by leading them on with clear interest and then canceling plans at the last minute or outright disappearing without notice.

It used to be that the type of girl who would flake on you was drunk when you met her, but now flaking is happening with girls you're currently having sex with and who, we must fairly assume, have enjoyed your company to a strong degree. As girls are encouraged by the culture to pursue their momentary whims, feelings, and desires, we are facing a generation of women who don't know how to make plans and keep them.

Most horny young men have natural immunity to systemic flaking. They are so single-minded in getting laid that they are able to temporarily forget the disrespect that was served to them and instead chase another girl. They can get flaked on as many times as needed in order to eventually fulfill their biological desire of fornication. Such a man may remark that it's "no big deal" when a girl flakes, that it's something that you have to "deal with," as I surely have stated in the past. There are two things that I didn't understand:

1. A man's horniness will decrease from its peak. It's easy to ignore the effects of flaking when your testicles are commanding the action, but that will inevitably fade and soon your more logical brain will take over and start convincing yourself to modify your behavior to avoid the flaking. It will first try to weed out flakes using various techniques but when that fails to work to a satisfactory degree, it will begin avoiding women.

2. The effects of flaking are cumulative. If a cat scratches you for the first time, you'll be surprised and shrug it off. You may find the cat to be playful and coy when it scratches you subsequent times, but after a cat scratches you 250 times, you will establish a strong link between cats and the ensuing pain that comes from their scratching. Either you'll start wearing gloves to play with cats, put your skin within safe distance of them, or avoid them entirely.

Men have flaws to their nature just like women, but those flaws are not enough for women to decide to drop out entirely of dating men, and the only women who suggest that are older spinsters who were forced to because they no longer get even scraps of attention from them. Yet like in Japan, we're seeing young American man *in their*

hormonal prime completely drop out from all interactions with women.

Imagine how bad the behavior of women has become for men to voluntarily forgo the immense bodily pleasure of sex. While there are additional deficiencies in the modern woman that can fill encyclopedic volumes, incessant flaking in the biggest one that quickly sours any attempt by men to try their hand at having a normal sex life.

As long as women are encouraged to shop around for men, and there is a lack of cultural shaming that punishes women from breaking their word, ghosting, and not maintaining their commitments, you will only see an increase in sexless "men going their own way" groups. It's becoming too hard for a man who doesn't deeply commit the time and study to game to even get a date with a girl who shows up at the agreed upon time, let alone have sex with her. The pain for these men in not having sex doesn't outweigh the pain of the flaking and other abuse that women are now giving (pain that our male ancestors didn't at all have to experience), and yet there is nothing that suggests women are even capable of recognizing their anti-social behavior.

Women are currently enjoying a party of epic proportions. They are allowed unlimited personal freedoms to live as they want, date how they want, and act as rude and disrespectful to men as they want. There is no institution in the establishment that wants to reverse these behaviors, but men are also allowed the freedom to make a choice of not dating these women, and that's exactly what growing numbers of them are doing.

It used to be that men who were socially awkward would drop out first, but in the next ten years you will see accomplished, ambitious, and even top 10% handsome men drop out of the sex game simply because women keep abusing the goose. There will be always be thirsty beta males who give these women unlimited attention, but we already know that women don't want them. Once men of higher value start giving up, and it's only a matter of time if current trends continue, I wonder where women will find their golden eggs.

Read Next: *Women Are Experts At Wasting Men's Time*

Why Women Shouldn't Work

October 21, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

How essential are women in the labor force? How critical are the job functions they perform when compared to men? I wondered about these questions while the American establishment uses the might of their bullhorns to persuade everyone that having women in higher education and corporate positions is absolutely essential for society. A simple thought experiment, however, can definitively show the opposite: women are not at all serving critical or important job functions at a level above men, and society is better of with them not participating full time in the labor force.

One way to approach this problem is to look at job statistic numbers that quantify how many women work in a particular field while also measuring the quality of labor they contribute. The problem with this method is that it doesn't clue us in on how *essential* a woman's production is. Women can be 20% of the electrical engineering force, for example, but such a number does not explain the contributions they've made to engineering and what would happen if that number was decreased or increased, especially when they are working alongside productive men who get the job done regardless of their failures.

I instead propose a simple thought experiment that will offer a clear and instinctual answer to even those who are firmly on the side of "equality" (i.e. the disempowerment of straight men). Imagine that a new law is about to be passed that forbids one particular sex from engaging in any type of employment or labor. Which of the following would lead to the greatest amount of *economic* harm to the country?

- Men are forbidden from working, and are forced to tend the home
- Women are forbidden from working, and are forced to tend the home

If women stopped working, there would be measurable harm to the economy overnight, because they make up a significant part of the service sector, especially in fields related to PR, marketing, education, waitressing, and human resources. The absence of women in most jobs outside of day care and nursing, however, could not only be replaced by a man, but one that is at least comparable to her ability, and not inferior to a significant degree, especially if you gave him the training and time to improve. The less communicative skill that men have to "read body language" and be a "people person" would be balanced out by massive productivity gains from a lack of office gossip, sexual harassment trainings, female sick days related to the menstrual cycle or irritable bowel syndrome, pregnancies, and distracting interoffice affairs.

Any economy that prevents women from working would in my estimation recover in 4-10 years once currently idle men are enticed by a sudden increase in job salaries and benefits along with the opportunity to work in male-only environments where their every statement is not placed under the microscope of the HR gestapo that is overeager to

blacklist men for daring to make a politically incorrect statement.

On the other hand if men stopped working, there wouldn't be enough talented and skilled women to take over their positions, even with dedicated training. You could give it a full generation of time, but it still wouldn't provide enough women to cover even a minority of the positions lost, especially in STEM fields where strong analytical and logical ability is needed to even begin a rigorous education. The programs that have sprung up in the past two decades to encourage women to study fields they are not good at (science, computer programming) have barely caused their participation to increase, and not at all stopped women from dropping out entirely for reasons that can often be summarized as "YOLO" or "it was boring."

In the scenario preventing men from work, manual labor jobs in construction could not be filled unless we dose women with testosterone. The safety of communities would decrease as only women became policemen and firemen. We'd have to increase the salaries of garbage men to over half a million dollars per year to entice women to work in them, possibly leading to diseases caused by bad sanitation not seen in centuries. A shortage of specialist surgeons would decrease the life expectancy rate. The all-female media would provide stories and news entirely based on feelings and emotions instead of facts. Any field you pick besides day care, nursing, and education would not be able to recover even 50% from a lack of men not working. Take a minute to try imagining all female farmers, truck drivers, and mechanics. A film depicting this scenario would start off as a comedy before quickly turning into doomsday horror.

No matter what society managed to do to train the all-female workforce, the economy would *never* recover, and this only concerns the economical effects. In terms of the societal effects, birth rates would certainly plummet or, if women insisted on having the occasional baby, there would be such a critical shortage of labor that basic functions of society wouldn't be fulfilled. There would be food shortages so severe that two-hour Soviet bread lines would be seen as utopian.

While the door could be open to any female immigrant who was willing to plug the gaps, it's unlikely they could fulfill even the most basic jobs above working as a bartender, because the issue with female employment is not one of quantity but quality. In spite of our best efforts to encourage women into science by giving them two legs up in the system, they still prefer easy majors that don't involve any math, and even women who pursue medicine pick the easiest specialty like dermatology because she covets time off more than having to play real doctor by being on-call in the middle of the night when a patient has an emergency.

If men were prevented from working, the family unit would have to invert to something that has never been sustainably done in human nature. Women would have to sacrifice their natural role for a new role that wouldn't come close to sustaining the economical or social basis of society.

Imagining all these scenarios in your head couldn't lead to a more vivid result. Forbidding men from working would lead to a definite economic and demographic collapse of a

nation and fast accession to third-world status while forbidding women from working would lead to only short-term economic harm while quickly *increasing* the demographic status of a nation that would then require less third-world immigrants. The likelihood of a cultural collapse would be eliminated. The economic basis of the economy would be strengthened in the long term as a tighter supply of labor prevents the corporate elite from keeping wages depressed while shuttling profits to overseas accounts, which has been steadily happening in America since the 1960's.

Therefore a man's labor, when measured collectively, is essential for society, while a woman's labor, outside of the home, is not. While there are three or four women who have made great contributions to science and human resources over the past century, the absence of those women would not have led to a societal collapse, while the absence of all the men who made great contributions certainly would have. Extending this argument further, it doesn't take much effort to conclude that besides working in niche fields, women are not needed to participate in the labor force on the level we currently have in America. Forcing themselves to do so is perhaps the greatest misallocation of resources that the Western world has seen since World War 2.

The results of this thought experiment displays the set of naturally given sex roles of the human species. Men are the mules of the species, with an analytical mind and focused determination that facilitates their constant labor. Women are the nurturers of the species, with a more sociable and cooperative mind that facilitates maintaining the hearth and raising children. I'm not making the argument that men are "superior" to women, but that men have strengths over women when it comes to the labor required to maintain at least the economic basis of any society that ensures its proper functioning and even survival. Women have strengths over a man when it concerns other duties that are just as essential to a society's survival, but it is *not* working in offices and doing a man's job to a fraction of the capability and competence that he could do with the same encouragement and training.

Civilization did just fine before women starting working en masse starting in the middle of the 20th century. Most advances since then have come from improvements in medicine, hygiene, transportation, and communication, all of which men were essential in creating while women primarily serve as the end users of those benefits instead of innovators who advanced them. The big steps backwards we've taken have been cultural, based on forcefully pushing women into roles that they are not naturally made for, all to benefit the parasitic elite who enjoy cheaper labor and easier population control thanks to diminished family and nationalist bonds.

Western society is actually engaging in a soft version of the thought experiment I've proposed, where women are encouraged to work and are given preferential treatment over men in the labor market while men are increasingly shamed and discouraged to work in a way where their merit and effort is rewarded.

Since the current society we now have is one that goes halfway towards the harmful experiment I've conducted here, that means we will see severe economical, societal, and

cultural problems that would not have come about had we not inverted traditional roles by denying men the roles they naturally excel at while encouraging women in roles they naturally *don't* excel at. Until this grotesque societal experiment ends, one that no historical civilization can vouch for, the only result of a nation that takes it on is a complete economical and cultural collapse.

Read Next: *Women Must Have Their Behavior And Decisions Controlled By Men*

Watch The State Of Man: A Speech That Thousands Of SJW's Failed To Stop

October 23, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Today I'm releasing the transcript and video of my State Of Man speech that I delivered in six cities this summer. It's the same speech that three Canadian mayors, countless politicians, and degenerate SJW's failed utterly to stop.

In a weird way, in 2015, game is the path to self-actualization, to enlightenment, to the truth, in a way that it wasn't for our fathers. Maybe for your dad, he just had to go to church every Sunday and have a good job, but for you, if you only do that, you probably won't get the good in life that he actually had, which is why it's so common for our dads to not understand what we go through. I'm sure many of your fathers have said, "Come on, why don't you just find a nice girl." Dad, you don't understand. (*Laughter.*) Game allows you to be the best version of yourself.

I have seven game tips because I know a lot of you guys come here because you're still out there, grinding it out every day.

Tip number one. You have to keep in mind that game is a numbers game. You have to put yourself in front of women day and night. How many girls have you guys approached in the last year? Take the number of girls you approached in a typical week and multiply that by fifty. How many do you think it is? Someone, toss out a number. (*Silence.*) Zero? (*Laughter, 'thousand', 'two hundred', 'two hundred fifty.'*)

Transcript sample

Société

Mobilisation contre un blo

Des associations dénoncent la venue de Roosh V à Montréal pour ses propos misogynes

CE QU'ELLES ONT DIT...

SES PROPOS CONTROVERSÉS

« Il faut rendre le viol légal si c'est fait dans une propriété privée »

« Combien de "non" faut-il pour entrer dans un vagin ? »

« Je n'ai pas été excité lors de cette scène, alors que je le suis normalement durant les scènes de viol »

« La valeur significative d'une femme dépend de sa fertilité et de sa beauté »

« Le féminisme abaisse la qualité des femmes en leur permettant d'être laides et d'avoir des

« Une des raisons pour lesquelles il faut sortir avec une femme qui a un trouble alimentaire, c'est que l'obsession qu'elle porte à son corps va lui permettre d'améliorer son look »

« La clé pour une bonne scène de viol, c'est de voir la fille passer du fait qu'elle déteste ça au fait qu'elle adore ça »

« Le féminisme fait croire aux femmes que leur simple présence suffit pour réussir »

CTV NEWS VIDEO NETWORK
LIVE
COMMENTS FROM ROOSH V'S BLOG
• "Modern men are stuck with a different breed of women who care less about intimate relations and creating families than pursuing money, seeking validation and attention online, being trendy consumers, and satisfying their hedonistic needs with bad boys or clowns"
Source: RooshV.com
PROTEST AGAINST CONTROVERSIAL BLOGGER
"ROOSH V" SLAMMED FOR SPREADING MISOGYNISTIC VIEWS
CTV NEWS CHANNEL
ATIONAL SERVICE MEMBER AND EIGHT AFGHAN CONTRACTORS WERE KILLE

ATTENTION
Roosh V aka Roosh Vorek aka Daryush Valizadeh
sexual predator/prédateur sexuel
protégez-vous/protégez les femmes
protect yourself/protect women

SATURDAY STAR

Here's a review from an attendee in Toronto:

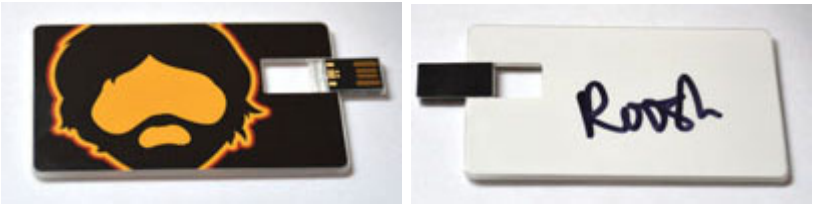
> As for the lecture itself, it was very wide-ranging. The lecture was representative of how broad Roosh's views are. He spoke honestly and candidly. There were parts of the event that were hilarious (Roosh's recollection of midget gimps in Germany comes to mind), and all of it was extremely enlightening. His extensive experiences following the path of game, location independence, and social awareness were very apparent. Being a pioneer in self-improvement, and following the path of game to near its conclusion, he had a lot of helpful things to say. It was especially helpful to young guys like me who would otherwise have had to take the path and learn the "seasons" of game and manhood the hard way. Roosh has been there and explained clearly and directly how life tends to play out.

The downloadable video features the speech I gave on July 18, 2015 in New York City. It's 1 hour and 8 minutes long. You also get the PDF, MOBI, and EPUB format of the 22 page transcript. You will have the option to download all the files to your hard drive or view them through your browser.

SPECIAL WEEKEND DEAL

This weekend I'm selling the entire package for a discounted price of $7. The price will go up to $12 on Sunday at midnight.

You can also buy a limited edition USB card that contains not only the lecture package but also all of my previous books. The 4GB card is re-usable and has my signature on the back. The price for the card is $53 (shipping included to anywhere in the world). Only 36 cards are available for sale in this weekend's promotion. A total of 150 of the cards were made, meaning that it will probably be worth millions after I die.



While you wait for the card to arrive in the mail, you will receive instant access to the lecture online along with downloadable links to all my books.

ORDER THE STATE OF MAN

Click one of the following links to continue:

- Learn more details about the speech
- **Order online lecture package for $7**
- **Order USB card and get online access to lecture and books for $53**

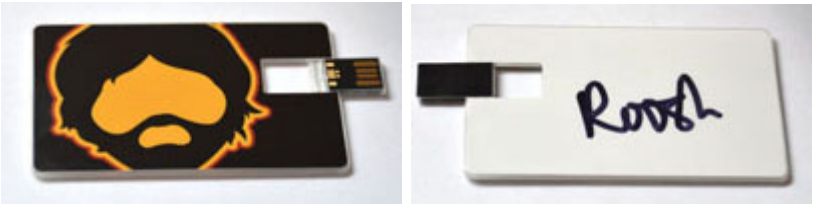
I'll be online all weekend so email me if you have a question or a problem with downloading. A special thanks goes to everyone who came to the lectures this summer. Maybe we'll do it again next year.

Last Chance For “The State Of Man” Special Deal

October 25, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

You have until midnight tonight to order the lecture video and transcript package at $5 off the normal price. You can instantly watch the video online or download it to your hard drive. Here’s a new excerpt from the lecture:

The special edition USB cards have sold out.



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What’s Next?

I’ve released only two books with new material in the past three years. I’m feeling the pendulum swing back to book writing so I have two projects planned:

1. Memoir of what happened in Canada. This summer was the most interesting of my life. I would like to tell the complete story in a book and also immortalize my whupping of Canadian feminists. The draft is already done. Estimated arrival: summer 2016.

2. My last game book. I want to write one final book of game that details all that I’ve learned since writing Bang (2007) and Day Bang (2011). I’ll continue to give game advice here and there, but nowhere near the level of the past. Estimated arrival: early 2017.

My misadventure in media publishing taught me that I’m more of a writer and connector than a businessman. Most men get value from my ideas, advice, and ability to organize high-value men in moderated communities. This tells me to focus on books, blogging, ROK, and RVF while minimizing trivial distractions. The only issue is that writing books when I only had one blog to update is far easier than writing books when you have multiple platforms to maintain with the enemy at your front door. I remember leaving my corporate job because I didn’t want to work too much, but now I’m working more than I ever have. Thankfully it’s work that I enjoy and care about.

I’ll have more to say shortly about where I see the future of the world heading (spoiler: it’s bleak). In the meantime we’ll resume tomorrow with three blog articles a week. Thank you for continuing to support my work.

7 Things I Require In The Future Mother Of My Child

October 26, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

It's common in these parts to make fun of women for having a delusional shopping list when seeking out a mate, but is it possible that our lists for finding women are also unreasonable? I asked myself this question while constructing a list of requirements I need in a woman who I think would be suitable for reproduction (and not necessarily state-sanctioned marriage). I ask you, dear reader, if my list is as deranged as that of a woman's.

The following is what I require in a woman for a long-term relationship that involves having children:

1. She must be between 18-25 years old

In the case I want to have more than two kids, I need to find a woman who is substantially younger than myself so she is biologically able to keep popping them out. This requirement also accounts for the fact that single women over 25 are emotionally damaged in some way, are alpha widowed, or are professional daters who are incapable of making the proper relationship sacrifices.

2. She must have less than three prior sexual partners, though I prefer a virgin

Studies show that the more sexual partners a woman has before marriage, the more likely that marriage will fail. I also don't want to marry a woman who has voluntarily accepted being used as a cum dumpster by other men, or who kisses my child with lips that have been previously wrapped around many other cocks. My child will not have a "reformed" slut mother.

For a woman who has had sexual partners before me, I must be the absolute best man she has ever been with in terms of appearance, personality, and resources. Otherwise, once the honeymoon is over and the relationship hits an inevitable low point, she will get a "Could I have done better?" itch and sabotage the relationship or test me to the point where I have to play "dread game" just to keep her in the kitchen. There must be no doubt within her mind that I am the best that she could possibly get.

3. Her physical attractiveness should hover around the 7 range

Thanks to technology and modern cosmopolitan society, a woman who is an 8 or above in beauty has been exposed to more toxic situations and experiences where she's achieved some level of e-fame, been validated incessantly for her appearance, and been offered money, consumer products, and trips for her vagina (and likely accepted those offers). She has also fully utilitized her beauty to get her way in life, including prime seating for manipulating men for personal gain. Not only is such a woman harder to manage, but

her entitlement is far higher. For a life partner I will purposefully aim lower than what I could get for casual sex.

4. Her skin tone should be within two shades of myself

I would like to have kids that look like me, so I will not reproduce with a woman who is black, Asian, or Indian. Acceptable races are South American, Persian, Armenian, and European (non-Northern). The average Croatian or Romanian girl is more similar to my appearance than Spanish or Italian.

5. She must be feminine

She must be a woman who takes great pride in her appearance and the feminine abilities that nature bestowed upon her. I don't want her to be a mindless weakling who needs me all the time, but she should look and act like a woman and not try to compete with me in terms of mental or physical strength.

6. She must want to be a traditional stay-at-home mother

Once the kids arrive, she should have no desire to pursue a pointless office career in place of taking care of our growing brood. She may have some freedom to pursue hobbies like yoga or knitting, but her place will be in the home while I tirelessly work on my internet ebook hustle to bring home the bread that gives her everything she needs.

When I come home from work (at the cafe), I expect the kids to be clean, the house to be in good order, and preparations for dinner planned. I shall not participate in more than 5% of household duties outside of home improvement. In exchange, she will never have to worry about money or work outside the home. She can live a pleasant middle-class lifestyle that can even include dog and car ownership.

7. She must believe in a god

My experience shows that a woman who doesn't believe in god has a value system taught to her by corporations and progressive degenerates. She will certainly be addicted to internet attention, alcohol, casual sex, material possessions, or food. She has relativistic morality, and what she thinks of as morality is actually built upon her feelings. When faced with any type of stress, she will almost always follow the herd or make the wrong decision. A woman who believes in god, while still prone to making mistakes, makes less of them and at least has a mental system encouraging her to perform good.

Conclusion

I believe the seven things above are quite reasonable, and something that would have taken no more than a 6-month search two generations ago, but based on my last decade of intensive fornication, I've encountered maybe two girls who fit the bill, especially when it comes to girls being a virgin and eager to stay at home. Part of this reason is that most of my time hunting for women was spent in big cities where such values are rapidly

disappearing.

The decision I have to make now is how badly I want kids. If I don't want kids, I should live in a place like Poland where I can attain a comfortable life of easy sex with "strong and independent" sluts, but where it's close to impossible to meet girls who meet the above requirements (in the Polish cities I have lived in). If I do want to have kids, I should immediately move, because I'm surely not getting any younger. The two countries that seem to best accomplish my list are Ukraine and Russia, though there are huge obstacles and difficulties with living there long term instead of just going for two months of adventure and fun.

While I can honestly state that I'm not crazy about having kids right now, I know that my desires can change and so I have to guess *if* I will want them within five years time. Only five years ago I was still in the middle of nonstop casual sex, thinking the party would never end, and of course the music did stop and it's something that no longer drives me. If being a father is in my future, I must prepare for it now.

Read Next: *The Age That Men Peak*

5 Observations From My 2015 Visit To Ukraine

October 28, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

With the recent conflict in Ukraine, spurred on by US government involvement, it appears that one of the more consistent poosy paradises for Western men is on a definite geopolitical decline. Here are five things I noticed after spending one week in Kiev this spring:

1. Western ideas are starting to infect the minds of Ukrainians

While still at a low level, you're starting to hear more buzz words from the government and cultural elite about "equality," "openness," and "opportunity." Even though there is more nationalism in the sense that people firmly believe in the Ukrainian nation, Ukrainians are buying into the degenerate cultural package that Brussels and Washington are selling. To be like the successful countries of Western Europe, they are told, a good start is to let homosexuals parade on the streets, which happened over the summer.

Oligarch Petro Poroshenko's support of homosexuals was the first time ever that a Ukrainian leader openly endorsed butt sex. It's no surprise that he has unwavering support from the US State Department.

2. Women don't want to live in Ukraine

The great exodus of Ukrainian women has accelerated. Unlike my previous trips, women are no longer playing coy about wanting to live in the West, and are stating it quickly after you meet them. I can see this firsthand in Poland, which has a steady influx of Ukrainians. In no uncertain terms, Ukraine is a failed state that does not have the confidence of its young people, particularly women, and they will now eager seek relationships with foreign men who hold the olive branch of getting them out.

In the past, you would have to "sell" to most women that you like Ukraine and want to stay in order to get into relationships with them, but now that will actually hurt you, because what deranged soul would want to stay in a collapsing nation? The optimum game has become saying that you don't like Ukraine and can't wait to return to your comfortable middle-class Western home, one that needs a good woman.

Don't Miss: American Girls vs Ukrainian Girls

3. Women still want long-term relationships

Be default, Ukrainian women want long-term relationships. You can of course extract easy sex from the more promiscuous class of Ukrainian women, but going to Ukraine for easy sex is the same as going to America to find a wife—it's possible but a foolish choice. If you're horny and want sex, go to Poland instead, where the quality is lower but the women are faster. For relationships and marriage, Ukraine is a better bet. Looking back, it was silly of me to go to Ukraine while I was still in my humping phase.

4. Women don’t want an office career

The job market is so hopeless in Ukraine, with practically no chance of upward social mobility, that you won’t find any girl who tells you her dream is establishing a “career” for several years before finding a husband. Girls go to school because there isn’t anything else to do or just to buy time, because they know that their main asset is their womb. This is quite refreshing because Poland is stock full of ambitious women who will dedicate over a decade of their lives to push paper for a corporation instead of finding out how to develop themselves in a way that serves men. The masculinization of Polish women is frightening indeed.

5. The worst Ukrainian girls go to nightclubs

One of the reasons that my first trip to Ukraine wasn’t as good as the subsequent trips is that I initially focused almost exclusively on meeting women in clubs. What I didn’t realize then that I do now is that only a certain type of Ukrainian woman goes to clubs. This is obvious after realizing how few clubs per capita there are in Ukraine compared to Western cities.

For example, the city of Kharkov has a city population similar to Washington DC but less than 5% the number of nightlife venues. This tells you that the far majority of Ukrainian girls don’t even go out at night. It’s not something they experience outside of random birthday parties, and when they do, it’s definitely not meet a random cock to take home.

If you want to meet a decent Ukrainian girl, don’t go to nightclubs. You meet only a certain type of girl that clouds your judgement on them as a whole. You should instead try to meet girls through social or professional circles.

Even day game, which works in Ukraine, still selects for a certain type of girl, because the culture there is such that meeting a random guy off the street is simply not normal. It’s no surprise that the type of Ukrainian girls that Western men meet through day game are often the ones who like to go out at night, travel, talk to foreign men, and so on. That said, day game in Ukraine is still a fine way to meet a great girl, but the more integrated you are into a social circle there, the better woman you’ll get.

What lies for the future of Ukraine?

It’s clear that Ukraine, as it exists today, can not survive without USA money and support. The separatists in the East control big chunks of important industry and the economy has essentially ground to a halt. Smart Ukrainians are looking for the exits and only those in the Western part of the country, seduced by the idea of Ukrainian patriotism (and power), think there is any hope for the future. Once the incompetent political elite in the USA is finished destroying Ukraine like it has done to so many countries in the Middle East, there won’t be much left.

Ukraine was never a comfortable place to live, but now it’s pretty tough, and no one there will understand why you choose to spend time there. You’d have to straight-up be an oddball to want to stay in the shithole that Ukraine is becoming just to get laid, and

telling a girl that you “love” Ukraine just won’t be believed anymore. That said, it’s easier now than ever for you to pluck a Ukrainian beauty and get her out of there, but of course that leaves a big question mark for what could happen if you bring her into the West, where her diabolical Slavic genes could be switched on to your detriment.

Unless you are looking for a serious relationship, I can’t think of a reason to spend much time in Ukraine. It’s not stable, the women are leaving in droves, and it’s just not a pleasant place to live (as if it ever was). With talk that within a year or two Ukrainians will join the Muslim invaders in being allowed visa-free travel to anywhere in Europe, that means that glory days of going to Ukraine for some fun is coming to an end.

Read Next: *25 Photos Of Pretty Ukrainian Girls*

Having Sex With Girls You Don’t Really Like

October 30, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I did a brief analysis of the consequences you may experience when sleeping with girls you don’t have a strong connection with…

Visit my Youtube channel and hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

Previous Video: *Interview With Fitness Expert Brandon Carter*

How The Male Sex Drive Is Being Manipulated

November 2, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

How much of your sexual desire is innate, based on a natural human urge, and how much of it is based on influences from living in a cosmopolitan environment? I asked myself this when attempting a short break from sex in order to prepare for my recent summer tour, where I decided not to focus on women at all. This mild chastity experiment has forced me to conclude that my natural urge is being strongly affected by my surroundings.

I've already commented how watching porn can actually increase your perceived need for sex, but there's something much more ordinary that is tempting you every day: the sight of female skin. Once summer finally got around to Poland in early June, girls walked the streets in little booty shorts and tank tops. This may have been a welcome sight for the horny man on the hunt, but for a man attempting to complete an important project on deadline, it was an impossible distraction. I could not help but think of sex when instantly viewing their bodies—and then how to get sex from them. This wasn't as big of a problem for men thirty years ago when women were less eager to show their bits in public.

1980's Fashion

Today's Fashion

While porn is doing a fine job to increase male thirst, you don't need to load up a gangbang video to become aroused when most women are competing with each other to present themselves as sexual objects. At the same time they whine at misogynist men for not viewing them as intelligent and empowered creatures, they are wearing yoga pants where you can clearly see the mound of their vaginas, their individual labia, and even whether or not they're shaved. Men have no immunity to viewing half-naked women in public and not thinking of sex, which instantly manipulates their sex drive. The reason you are hornier in the summer than in the winter is not due to air temperature, but because in the summer you are seeing 100 extra pairs of bare legs a day.

If you were to live in a village without internet and only three of four attractive women were present within a 50 mile radius, would you think of sex more or less than if you lived in a Western city with internet? The answer is obvious. This means that while you live in cities, your sexual urge is being amplified to a level that may be difficult—if not impossible—to sate.

A man's behavior is far easier to control when he is in an extreme state of either sexual frustration or sexual excess. He's so concerned with a blinding sexual urge that he is less able to direct his masculinity onto becoming more independent, self-reliant, and free-thinking—traits required to fight against corrupt forces that surround him. It's no surprise that Hollywood productions aim to whip up the sexual appetites of men to a level that they can't possibly satisfy.

The encouragement of in-your-face female sexuality and the pornification of our society is merely a new version of a program to control men. These men think they are "free" to do as they want, and certainly feel privileged to have casual sex with the object of their desires, but so much of their time is now occupied towards sex, based on a urge that is being deliberately manipulated by their environment, that they have no leftover energy or will to dedicate towards more serious concerns like the improvement of their neighborhood, city, or nation.

I wish I could say that men have the strength to resist the delicious naked flesh that cavorts in front of them every day, but like all other animals, we are not immune to our environment. I now fully understand why Islamists insist on covering women in public—to prevent the true sexual objectification of women. If women of the West want to prevent this, they are more than free to cover up their skin so that the men who catch sight of them in public will not think of sex. And then maybe us men could get some more important work done.

Read Next: *Be Thirsty, But Not Too Much*

Are We Alive To Only Survive And Reproduce?

November 4, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Every ideology has a corresponding narrative that attempts to explain the world to its adherents while giving them a basic blueprint of how to live. This task is made more difficult in a world that changes rapidly enough that the best blueprint of the 1990's may cause you severe harm not 20 years later. Even the manosphere's collective narrative has problems in explaining the purpose of why we are all here.

Almost every part of the manosphere believes in evolution, where the purpose of humanity is to survive and reproduce up to the limits of the food supply, with the implication that the most adaptable will win this game in a way that passes their genes on to the next generation more than the least adaptable. Many men are firm adherents of ideas stemming from the book The Selfish Gene by Richard Dawkins, which suggests that we are mere puppets for DNA molecules that only care about their own perpetuation, driven by their "selfish" need to replicate, as if they were conscious themselves.

At the same token that a man uses evolutionary theory to explain or justify behavior of men and women, he is purposefully going against its rules by not reproducing, or at least deliberately trying not to. There are many excuses given for this, some of which I've used myself:

- modern women don't know how to be good mothers
- marriage and divorce laws are set up to encourage the destruction of your marriage with an outcome of your own destitution
- the culture is so damaged that you wouldn't want to bring kids into this world
- being a provider is like slavery; it's better to be a free man
- the state will try to tell you how to raise your kids

Reproduction is painted in a way where the costs far outweigh the benefits, especially after constructing rational lists like the one above that are strong enough to defeat the urgings of DNA puppet masters. We are in the middle of deevolutionary dysfunction where most men are consciously deciding to be genetic dead-ends while structuring their lives in ways that can be directly at odds with reproduction. They have made a firm decision never to have a family.

It's important to ask why men had a family in the past. Some men, especially those of royalty, were conscious of their legacy and had children to pass on their blood line so that the family could continue to hold power. Other more fecund rulers, such as of the Mongolian or Aztecan variety, reproduced at such a rate that they must have had a direct line to Darwin himself, fully realizing that they had to spread their genes as much as possible. But it would take a great leap to claim that a man of average or below-average socioeconomic status—and whose survival was always a pressing concern—had a family principally to fulfill his genetic destiny. There were other factors at play that drove him to

creating a family:

- tribal codes required him to marry a woman because it would aid the family (dowry)
- he wanted access to sex
- he feared loneliness
- he wanted to satisfy his god(s) to experience a heavenly after-life
- he wanted to increase his survivability

The last point is often not considered, but having a family in the past would have aided you in survival for the long run, strongly tilting your decision to have one. A man could focus single-mindedly on labor that maximized his resources at the same time a loyal wife at home attended to all his domestic needs. While having children incurred costs, it was only during the early portion of their lives. There was no social welfare or nursing homes in the past to aid a man once he aged, so his children *was* social welfare for him, especially once they got old enough to earn their own income. This ensured a life of less suffering.

It's easy to see that a 40-year-old ancestral man with no family would've had a harder time surviving than a 40-year-old man with a family and three children in their teenage years who could perform basic labor, even if it was as simple as gathering wood in the winter.

In the past, having a family was, more than today, about creating your own personal tribe to help survive an existence that had fewer comforts. I have trouble believing that these ancestral men had a desire to reproduce for the sole reason of passing on their genes for posterity. They had a need to survive, which a family helped them with, and a need for sex, which feels good and is fun and I imagine was significantly harder to gain when there wasn't a culture of nightclubs, Tinder, and post-Freudian sexual emancipation. The need to pass on your genes is actually so weak that even modern men who specifically know of the existence of DNA and how it's the only part of us that can possibly survive after we are long gone effortlessly make the decision to not reproduce at all because of a handful of logical reasons that can come and go with the signing of a new law by politicians in the nation he resides in.

A man's need to reproduce can't *only* be to pass on his genes. If you can agree with this then that means society was structured in the past where having a family would help you survive and achieve the basic pleasures of being human, such as sex and companionship. Therefore we are not here to "survive and reproduce" but to "survive and *reproduce if certain conditions are met*." But since modern society has eliminated those conditions that would have made reproduction a good bet, or at least a natural one, men are easily and quickly deciding to opt out of it entirely, oftentimes without any regret because of the many entertainments and pleasures he can still attain in its stead. In fact, having a family in some countries and with certain women can *harm* his survivability if, for example, he's imprisoned after a divorce from refusing to pay alimony.

To accept that we are not here to blindly reproduce contradicts every narrative that takes

evolution as fact. While I'm not attempting to completely claim evolution as false, it's obvious that you and your peers are not actively structuring your life solely to reproduce, meaning reproduction can't be your main purpose in life. It is a definite reason you're here, and the need for sex is great, but your need to have babies is far lower than even trivial needs like listening to music, drinking alcohol, and checking your email. The fact that we are freed from the singular program of "survive and reproduce" gives us leeway to ascribe our own meaning in life to suit our particular nature, and many people do just that, but there is a big problem when that happens.

Nearly any purpose you can ascribe to your life, once you do it for enough years, will eventually become "boring" to you. You get your fill and then you stop doing it. Many people who believe they are living out their "purpose" are actually living out short or medium-term projects that only provide temporary meaning, and I can give you two examples which show this.

When I was in my early 20's, all I wanted to do was have sex. Since I was a firm believer in evolution at the time, I easily concluded that having sex with a lot of women was compatible with evolution since my seed was being spread to as many women as possible (I ignored the part of me consciously not trying to reproduce with those women). Over the course of 10+ years, I had a lot of sex and structured my life where I could gain that sex from a variety of women across several continents. And then it got old.

Another purpose I found was to accumulate resources. I wanted to have a lot of money to be able to enjoy the finer things in life and also as a way to keep score against other males in terms of my own achievement. What I did not account for in this goal is what my money *need* was. It turns to be quite low. I prefer living in Eastern Europe where expenses are so modest that I can't spend more than $2,000 a month no matter how hard as I try.

For many years I thought the best purpose I could ascribe to my life was getting laid with a variety of women while accumulating resources, but as I type this, I have a low desire to get laid with a random woman and less of a need to gain more resources than to simply maintain what I already have. Due to the experiences I've had and the increased income I earned, my needs changed and the "purpose" of my life no longer became a purpose but something in the background, a sort of maintenance program.

This brought out a lot of confusion for me, because evolutionary I was supposed to have the most amount of resources to reproduce, which was simulated at least partly by stacking a lot of cash and sleeping with many girls, but doing those above my true need was leading me to burn out or simply lose interest. If you are able to lose interest in something that is deemed a scientific and biological purpose of your life then how can it possibly be a true purpose? There had to be something else.

I looked into other things I was doing. I found one behavior that regardless of how much I did it, I never got tired of it. That need is to help other men through my writing and also to share information that aids them. As long as I had the ability to write, I did so in a way that was meant to achieve those ends, and the purpose I'm writing this right now is still

aligned with that. The men who I help share a lot of beliefs with me, so I believe this is the "tribe" that I would have had in ancestral times, which is why I get a lot more satisfaction with writing that is intended for men similar to me than helping a random homeless man in the street who is in greater objective need.

Earlier I stated that ancestral man must have had other reasons to reproduce beyond only sharing his genes, and gave other ideas of what those reasons could be. Could we not also add that he reproduced to create his own personal tribe of people that he could help and share information and experiences to? Is having a family in the past that different from having a blog in the present?

These questions contradict directly with selfish theories of human behavior, which state we do absolutely nothing out of truly altruistic reasons that don't, through some arduous mechanism, personally increase our own survivability and ability to reproduce, but such a theory can be discarded if we look at how mindlessly altruistic humans are in a way that has zero benefit to their survivability or reproduction. Maintaining a blog and forum is actually *reducing* my urge to have a family in the same way a woman is less likely to have a child if she owns a cat, which is not genetically related to her. Both blog and cat ease a human desire to have a child, and I'm sure there are many things in your life that do the same. For many people, it can be as trivial as spending an hour a day on Facebook.

A problem with the "survive and reproduce" model is that modern humans are doing everything they can to purposefully not reproduce even though they definitely have the resources and Darwinian strength to do so. The reason for this, I propose, is that modern life has allowed humans to achieve the things they need most in life that was only given through family in the past. Those include access to sex, alleviation of loneliness, easier survivability, and multiple methods to help fellow peers and share with them.

If we accept the proposition that there is no innate and all-encompassing desire in you to pass on your genetic material, that they are not the "gods" within you that direct and supervise all your behavior, and that the act of reproduction served multiple purposes that can now be achieved in ways without actually reproducing, it's much easier to understand why Westernized countries have citizens who have stopped reproducing above their society's death rate while the poorest countries in the world like Yemen and Niger are experiencing logarithmic birth rates.

People in Niger need to have a family to fulfill their basic human needs while people in the United States don't. This means that until you, a Western citizen, stop getting those needs from outside of a family construct, there will not even be a nagging itch for you to have one. As long as I live in countries where sex outside of marriage is easy, where I can help thousands of men with the click of a button, and where gaining income is so simple that I can do it from the confines of a comfortable chair in my heated home, I will unlikely to make the sacrifices needed to raise a family. Even people without internet businesses have apps in their computerized phone that simulate instant communities and human connection, making it effortless to receive the attention and bonding that would

otherwise have only been given by a family in the past.

Our purpose here is not only to reproduce. Humans are constructed so that reproduction and having a family is the most reliable *means* to get a host of essential life benefits, but those benefits and ends can now be achieved in artificial and virtual ways thanks to a modern life that includes high personal freedom, lack of rigid moral or living codes, frictionless pursuit of short-term hedonistic pleasure, and high adoption of technology that creates simulated tribe communities.

The more that a nation adopts the Western model, the more that their citizens will come up with their own "purpose" in life that does not include family, and so reproduction will not take place. This purpose, whether it's chasing women, accumulating money, or becoming a social justice activist, is but a means and not an end, meaning than modern humans will constantly shift from one self-satisfying project to the next, looking for some sort of deeper meaning that can be found, but never fully satisfied as long as their own tribe is missing.

Read Next: *The Theory Of Evolution Does Not Apply To Modern Human Beings*

The Institute Is Now Open

November 6, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I'm proud to announce the opening of Poznan Institute, the official home of neomasculinity. For the near future, it will serve as a reference archive so that all neomasculinity articles are accessible from one location.

> The name of neomasculinity's home was inspired by the Polish city of Poznan, a place where Roosh lived in for over a year. Many of Roosh's ideas on neomasculinity were realized in Poznan, and it's also the location where he derived the term.
>
> Poznan is a city where modern living and technology are clashing in full view against traditional European life. The city's name serves as a fitting metaphor for the clash that all men now have to face between their masculine instincts and the cosmopolitan environments they find themselves living in.

You can visit the site at PoznanInstitute.org and also follow it on Twitter. Alongside me for the ride is Quintus Curtius.

Speaking of institute, I filmed a four-part video diary while in crazy Toronto this summer when mayors and other politicians tried to stop my speech. I give a behind-the-scenes look at some of the events that happened, which I plan to include in a future book about the event.

After watching the above, check out Part 2, Part 3, and Part 4.

Previous Video: *Having Sex With Girls You Don't Really Like*

How Men Are Being Socialized To Act Like Women

November 9, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

It's well-established that human beings are like monkeys when imitating and copying social behaviors such as mannerisms, speech, and even ideas. Birds of a feather flock together, so if you know one individual within a tight social group, you probably also know the others (this is why self-help gurus strongly advise you to choose your friends carefully). There's nothing stopping this social mimicry from crossing gender lines, meaning that the more time males spend with females, the more they become like them.

My sister has three brothers who she has spent thousands of hours with. Without her even realizing it, she has developed a genuine sense of humor, giving her a personality that leans away from elegance and more towards entertainment, similar to what her oldest brother does when attempting to bed women. At the same time, my younger brother has picked up on a few of her mannerisms, making him less masculine in the process. This phenomenon is normal among mixed-sex families, but can you imagine the effect on people if they were forced to interact with the opposite sex not only in the home, but outside of it as well?

Thanks to feminism, and the penis envy it installs in women, men no longer have spaces where females are not present. They have invaded education and workplaces at all levels. They are present in coffee houses, formerly male clubs, and even barber shops. Not only are men no longer able to "practice" being a man around other men without fear of offending the opposite sex, they are unconsciously picking up female mannerisms and ideas at the same time that females are picking up on male mannerisms.

Because the sexes are not segregated, women are becoming masculinized and men are becoming feminized. This is greatly harming male development and creating a generation of feminized men who are confused about their identity and masculinity.

We need to ask ourselves two questions:

1. How much time does a male need to spend around females during adolescence to gain sufficient socialization ability to procure female mates?

2. After adolescence, how much non-intimate socialization with females is required to maintain his well-being and happiness?

If you look back to the generation of our fathers or grandfathers, masculine and feminine spheres were significantly more segregated than what we see today. Each sex kept to their own and were only brought together in a handful of situations outside of family. Even family, if you go back to agrarian times, consisted of men working the fields or engaging in hunts for most of the day while women (and little children) attended to household duties. They did not sit down together and watch movies all day or gossip endlessly about other people. That sort of business is too trifling for a man to endure.

In modern times, men are constantly forced to interact with women. Not only do they have to infantalize their speech and behavior to not trigger the ever-present politically

correct police, but they are passively absorbing female behavior through chronic daily interactions. This assault on males begins from their first day in kindergarten, and continues without relief for the next several decades. By the time the average Western man is 20-years-old, he has spent at least half of his entire history of socialization with women.

Is it a coincidence that the increased visibility and flamboyance of homosexuals tracks with the social integration of men and women in all spaces? Of course I'm not stating that this integration is the sole cause for the homo-obsession we have in the Western world today, which has recently culminated with the sanctioning of anal marriage, but it's hard to deny that men whose masculinity has been diluted since childhood find favor in behaviors that are decidedly feminine.

Even men who pursue casual sex with women have to be careful about being feminized. I spent an extended period of time talking to thousands of women in my life, trying to excite and please them through trial and error. I have come to understand women more than most men, so I wasn't surprised recently when I caught myself speaking in a feminine uptalk cadence that only girls and manginas use. I was horrified. I've since become more conscious about blocking other female mannerisms that want to slip into my being.

It's no shock that the most successful players I know are not ultra-masculine at all, but have many feminine traits that actually allow them to connect more easily with women who prefer a more cosmopolitan man than one who looks like he just came from the Siberian tundra. While masculine men have no problems getting a woman, I'm starting to suspect that men without feminine personality traits will find it hard to gather the ability and motivation to lay a lot of them in a playboy manner.

Every man should do a preventive check-up to see if his social interactions with women are actually making him more feminine, and if more masculine interaction is needed to tip the balance. Because humans adopt traits of the individuals they spend the most time with, we need to be more conscious about what influences we are allowing into our lives that take us away from masculinity and strength.

I personally see little need for a man to work with women, go to school with them, or even maintain asexual relationships with them, especially with women who don't give him sexual access to her friends. While there are many problems in modern society that are difficult to solve, excising needless social interaction with females outside of sexual relationships is an easy one to fix. Choose to spend your free time with men so your masculinity remains strong and steady.

Read Next: *Two Strategies For Having A Good Sex Life*

The Accusation That I'm A Rapist Is A Malicious Lie

November 11, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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As you've probably noticed, there are constant efforts among my haters to falsely paint me as a rapist. I've no doubt made that job easier for them by writing the article How To Stop Rape, where through an obvious thought experiment I state how rape would be decreased *if* we legalize it. Not only have I been called a rapist, but also a "rape advocate," a term that appears to have been invented only for me.

The excerpt that is often used to falsely portray me as a rapist is the following, which I wrote in Bang Iceland (2011):

> While walking to my place, I realized how drunk she was. In America, having sex with her would have been rape, since she couldn't legally give her consent. It didn't help matters that I was relatively sober, but I can't say I cared or even hesitated.
>
> I won't rationalize my actions, but having sex is what I do. If a girl is willing to walk home with me, she's going to get the dick no matter how much she has drunk. I'll protect myself by using a condom (most of the time), but I know that when it comes to sex, one ounce of hesitation or a feeling of morality will get me nothing.

In this quote, which was taken out of context, I admit to sleeping with a girl who appeared more inebriated than me, and nothing more. My exaggerated "I'm a nonstop sex machine" bravado, which I always incorporate into my sex writing, is irrelevant. Now let's put the quote in full context and see how the story continued:

> I woke up first in the morning and looked over at her. I fully expected to be greeted by a beast, but I was pleasantly surprised that she actually looked better. I studied her face in the morning light and concluded that it was magnificent. She was the hottest Icelandic girl I had gotten with, and definitely in the top 10% of my all-time bangs. I pulled the covers down and examined her flawless creamy skin and her perfectly proportioned body with big tits and round ass. My dick was getting hard again and I gently poked her with it, fully expecting the typical awkward after-sex Icelandic vibe, but instead I was greeted with, "So you want to fuck again?"
>
> Yes please!
>
> **Two more times we went, and by the end of it I had no semen left. Then we started to get to know each other.** First we exchanged names, then ages, then professions. I'm pretty sure that guys know more about the prostitutes they fuck than I do about the Icelandic women I got with.

The morning after this girl was "raped," and when she was completely sober, she asked me to have sex again. We did it two additional times and began to develop a connection

that was deeper than my other Icelandic bangs (i.e. we knew each other's first names).

There is no court of law in the world that would consider what happened that night rape, or see her as a rape victim, even if she was slightly inebriated the night before. She woke up the next day, remembered the good sex I gave her the night before, and eagerly wanted to have sex with me again. With every sex story I have written, if you take away writing devices I use to portray myself as an unstoppable sex god, and my trollish statements meant to microaggress feminists, what you're left with are sexual encounters that are 100% consensual. And I can back that up with the fact that I've *never* been accused of rape by any woman in my life, online or off.

If you buy Bang Iceland and read it, you'll also notice that Icelandic culture is one where heavy drinking is part of the mating dance. This feature has been encouraged by feminists to allow women to sleep with strangers in a twisted attempt to be "empowered." When using an immoral feminist definition of consent, which unfortunately is being used today in the West, every single man including myself and even most women are the hook for "rape." This is exactly what feminists want, to have men living in fear by allowing women to retroactively change their minds about all their sex encounters. The end goal is to allow women to have the power to point to a man and imprison him at her will, but even when using their dystopian definition, the story in Iceland that they use to paint me as a rapist clearly fails to do so.

Therefore, anyone who calls me a rapist is defaming my character to scare away men who need my advice the most. By falsely painting me as a rapist, they prevent men from accessing the very information that will drastically improve their lives.

I'm writing this article not to convince haters or even moderates, but to give context to readers who didn't get a chance to read Bang Iceland in its entirety. The false accusations against me, no matter how persistent, will not stop me from sharing advice that helps men, and I will continue to do my part to reverse the attempts by feminists and social justice warriors to criminalize legal masculine behavior.

Read Next: *Men Should Start Recording Sex With A Hidden Camera*

The Multicultural Narrative Is Collapsing Before Our Eyes

November 13, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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In the below video, I make the argument that the establishment is failing to keep a lid on "dangerous" ideas that oppose the narrative, and that we're in store for more shameful propaganda and free speech crackdowns.

The European immigration crisis seems to have led to a tipping point. Hold on tight for the next few months.

This video was originally posted on Return Of Kings.

Previous Video: *Interview With Fitness Expert Brandon Carter*

Europe Is On The Precipice

November 16, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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My post today, about Friday's terrorist attacks in Paris, has been published on Return Of Kings:

> The European people do not deserve Europe. That's the only conclusion I can draw after witnessing the reaction to Friday's attacks in Paris that killed 136 people. Instead of fighting back, rescinding policies that allow millions of refugees to flood Europe, or devising concrete plans to expel an incompatible Muslim horde from their nations, the European elite are doubling down on a narrative that will surely lead to the end of Europe and the demise of their own people.

You can read the entire article here.

The End Goal Of Western Progressivism Is Depopulation

November 18, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Not long ago I proposed that decreasing birth rates in the Western world is happening due to some cosmic force that is seeking balance upon the universe. I missed the mark. The force is not something cosmic or metaphysical, but human. After studying the evidence, it's clear that there is a conscious scheme to control the human population through both cultural and biological means, which allows the elite to sustain or elevate their power and wealth.

The first piece of evidence showing you have been primed to favor depopulation is that you most likely agree to at least two of the following three statements, even if you consider yourself "red pill":

- "Agendas or schemes by the global elite should be first considered a 'conspiracy theory.'"
- "There are too many people on planet Earth."
- "Needs of the environment must come before plans to increase human fertility."

It's not a coincidence that you are already on board with depopulation agenda, and if you live in a Westernized nation, you came to that conclusion "naturally" because since you were in grade school, you have been bombarded with messages about the dangers of over-population and the fragility of the environment. It turns out that all the progressive ideas being spread in the West have one thing in common: they all limit human reproduction.

Here is a short list of progressive causes that have percolated from intellectuals and later sponsored or hijacked by billionaire activists and major government institutions of the West.

1. Abortion is a bodily "choice," not human murder. Result: it decreases population.

2. Birth control is a "choice" that allows women to better practice consumer lifestyles. Result: it decreases population.

3. Female empowerment in the form of feminism and egalitarianism pushes women into corporate work with the goal of delaying motherhood (or eliminating it outright). Result: it decreases reproduction and family formation.

4. Promotion of sterile human relationships in the form of homosexuality and transsexuality can't possibly result in the creation of life. Result: it decreases population, reproduction, and traditional family formation.

5. Promotion of atheism, nihilism, individualism, and consumerism as suitable alternatives to traditional living via nuclear family units. Result: it decreases reproduction and traditional family formation.

6. The needs of the “environment” must be served before that of living humans. Result: it makes human guilty of family formation.

7. Massive waves of foreign immigrants are encouraged entry into Western nations to break bonds between tribe and neighbor that decrease notions of nationalism and patriotism while transferring fertility and economic resources from native people to foreigers. Result: it decreases relative population of native citizens.

All of the above decreases the reproductive rate, either directly through the killing of life, or indirectly by promoting guilt and alternative lifestyles that are incompatible with the creation of life. At the same time, immigrant populations are allowed to grow at a faster rate that the natives’ ability to reproduce.

Those who rule over us don’t need more Americans or European-derived people to cement their power and wealth within nations they control through government institutions and transnational organizations and corporations. How would it benefit them if a baby boom takes place among those from American conservative states that believe in the first and second amendments? If you were king of the land, and you regularly met with those who helped you rule, would you really want the type of people who are most likely to overthrow you to reproduce up to their biological maximum, or would you want to hurt their reproductive potential while pushing every degenerate cause under the sun in an effort to limit their numbers?

I wrote Cultural Collapse Theory a year ago, where I detail the specific mechanism that progressivism destroys a host culture, but I could easily re-title it to Population Collapse Theory without having to make many changes to the text. I must admit that I feel a bit foolish for taking so long to realize the agenda all along is depopulation, especially when the elite have openly shared and discussed their plans. All you need to do when watching their interviews is to replace the buzzwords “population control” and “sustainable development” for “depopulation of Western natives.” This is often done under the guise of curing third-world poverty or making the Earth “more livable” for Western children that will never be born.

Here are a few public statements that show how depopulation agenda is important to those who dictate government and corporate policy:

Prince Charles commenting on population control:

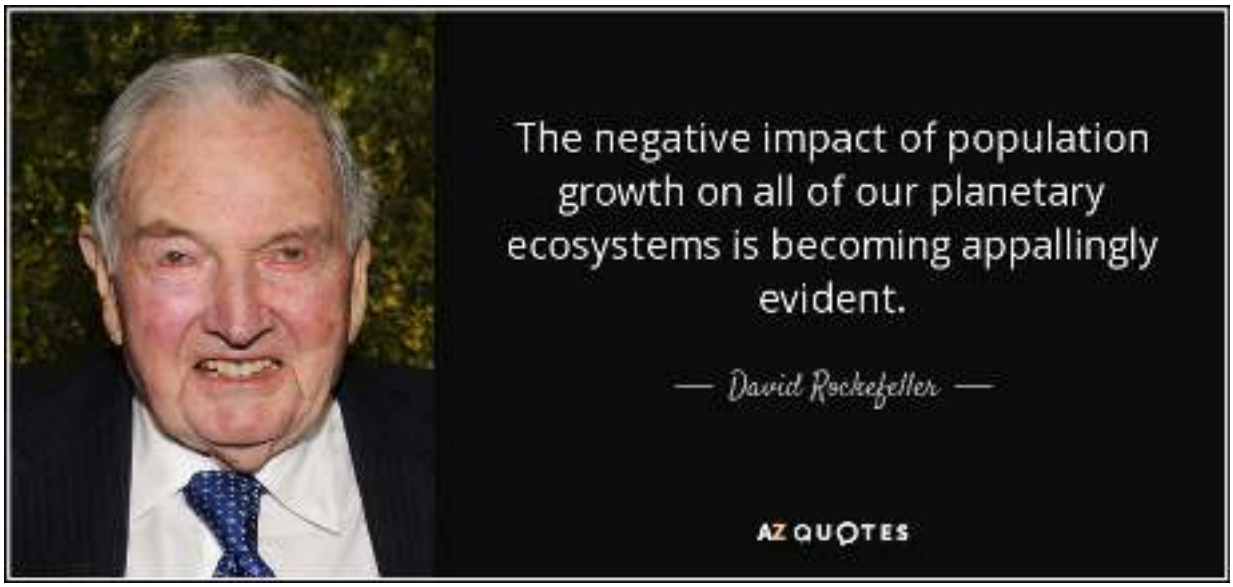
> I could have chosen Mumbai, Cairo or Mexico City; wherever you look, the world’s population is increasing fast. It goes up by the equivalent of the entire population of the United Kingdom every year. Which means that this poor planet of ours, which already struggles to sustain 6.8 billion people, will somehow have to support over 9 billion people within 50 years.

John P. Holdren, Barack Obama’s top science advisor:

> A program of sterilizing women after their second or third child, despite the relatively greater difficulty of the operation than vasectomy, might be easier to implement than trying to sterilize men. The development of a long-term

> sterilizing capsule that could be implanted under the skin and removed when pregnancy is desired opens additional possibilities for coercive fertility control.

David Rockefeller, gloablist who refuses to die:



Ted Turner, founder of CNN and one of the largest landowners in the United States:

Margaret Sanger, founder of Planned Parenthood, which successfully used abortion to decimate the black population in the United States:

> The most merciful thing that a family does to one of its infant members is to kill it.

Thomas Ferguson, former official of U.S. State Department Office of Population Affairs:

> There is a single theme behind all our work—we must reduce population levels. Either governments do it our way, through nice clean methods, or they will get the kinds of mess that we have in El Salvador, or in Iran or in Beirut. Population is a political problem. Once population is out of control, it requires authoritarian government, even fascism, to reduce it.…

Bill Gates talked about using one of his foundations to play god in Africa and limit the population using biological means. It's quite interesting to see a dorky looking geek so interested in population control, but then again his father served as head of Planned Parenthood.

Gates' friend, Warren Buffet, is also on board with depopulation. He gave $3 billion to his wife's Susan Thompson Buffett Foundation. Take a guess as to where that foundation donates most of its money? Planned Parenthood.

> The tax records also show that most of the foundation's spending goes to abortion and contraception advocacy and research. According to Access Philanthropy, a research institute that focuses on the giving preferences of foundations and corporate donors, family planning is one of the Susan Thompson Buffett Foundation's main purposes. The foundation's nonprofit 990 tax form

> shows that in 2008, Planned Parenthood and its affiliates in the U.S. received about $45 million; the international arm of the organization got about $8 million. There is no line item for the Ryan program [pro-abortion organization] or the Family Planning Fellowship [pro-abortion organization]. But the foundation paid out around $50 million to universities with one or both of the programs.

By now you should note that the more sinister the individual, the more they are portrayed by the media as harmless, awkwardly geeky, and folksy (e.g. Mark Zuckerberg, the Google founders, and the CEO of Starbucks).

There's the 1974 document titled National Security Study Memorandum 200 (full PDF text), commissioned by Henry Kissinger, whose obsession with international order led him to the conclusion that rising population of some countries would threaten US interests, and that contraception must be promoted within them to limit their population. Kissinger, another zombie globalist who won't die, is still instrumental in dictating policies around the world through his consulting firm Kissinger Associates.

The United Nations has an action plan called Agenda 21 that advocates for "sustainable development." One way it does that is through worldwide promotion of feminism, which has the effect of removing women from the family home and into corporate workplaces that are under control by the same gloabalists in the UN club. As any Western nation's population chart can tell you, feminism goes hand-in-hand with depopulation. The UN offers confirmation that feminism is a great form of birth control since they consider it essential for "sustainable development," globalist code for reducing the birth rate.

> [Human settlement improvements] should be based on technical cooperation activities, partnerships among the public, private and community sectors and participation in the decision-making process by community groups **and special interest groups such as women**, indigenous people, the elderly and the disabled. These approaches should form the core principles of national settlement strategies. In developing these strategies, countries will need to set priorities among the eight programme areas in this chapter in accordance with their national plans and objectives, taking fully into account their social and cultural capabilities. Furthermore, countries should make appropriate provision to monitor the impact of their strategies on marginalized and disenfranchised groups, **with particular reference to the needs of women.**

The United Nations Framework Convention on Climate Change (UNFCC) is led by Christiana Figueres, the daughter of Costa Rica's former president, ensuring her admission to the globalist club. She states in the following video that the UN should "make every effort" to decrease population from its current trajectory (start at 4:30).

The former Chief Of Bioethics to the National Institute Of Health (NIH) is Israeli Ezekiel Emanual, who is brother to former Obama advisor and Chicago mayor Rahm Emmanuel. In an Atlantic article, he claimed that we should all consider dropping dead at 75 because it would save the government trillions of dollars. The most anti-ethical and chaotic

arguments will come under the guise of ethics and world order.

> I am talking about how long I want to live and the kind and amount of health care I will consent to after 75. Americans seem to be obsessed with exercising, doing mental puzzles, consuming various juice and protein concoctions, sticking to strict diets, and popping vitamins and supplements, all in a valiant effort to cheat death and prolong life as long as possible. This has become so pervasive that it now defines a cultural type: what I call the American immortal.
>
> I reject this aspiration. I think this manic desperation to endlessly extend life is misguided and potentially destructive. For many reasons, 75 is a pretty good age to aim to stop.

The quotes, videos, and articles above barely scratch the surface of what you can research yourself on Youtube and Google. While there is an unhinged element on many of the sites that talk about depopulation, I trust you can use your own judgement in separating fact from emotion.

Most corporations, whose sole motivation is profit for shareholders, have for some odd reason pathological soft spots for women and the environment. It's no coincidence that empowerment of women into becoming corporate workers and mindless consumers shatters their reproduction while promotion of environmental concerns makes you not only guilty to have a family of your own, but inclined to give unwavering support and authority to globalist agendas that limit population in the "privileged" Western world while at the same time supporting the breeding of third-world immigrants to displace them.

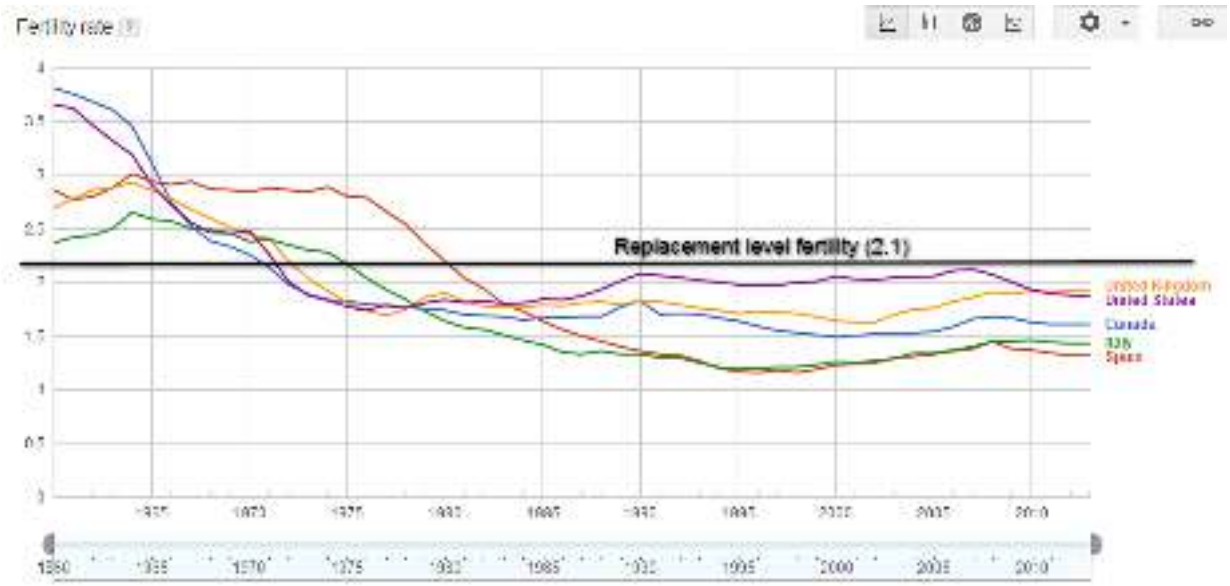
Men who have come to the conclusion of depopulation arrive at it from different paths. I saw it not through politics but through sex. I saw firsthand how the government, media, and universities are deliberately trying to promote mistrust between man and woman through feminism, the myth of rape culture, and social justice ideas that allow a divide and conquer strategy to pit the sexes against each other, making every woman see a man as a potential rapist and every man see a woman as someone who could ruin his life.

The fact that men are scared to death of a false rape accusation or are fearful of being taken to the cleaners in divorce is a *feature* of depopulation-driven progressivism, not a bug. A wedge has been driven between men and women so that you see each other as threats to your happiness and livelihood. It is by design that you are not capable or willing of doing anything more with a woman than mutual masturbation under the influence of alcohol that will not result in family creation. Just in case you do want to make babies, a backup plan has been enacted so that reproduction will still not result: essentially all fertile young women are on birth control, encouraged to go on it after puberty. Even if she does become pregnant, the means to abort it will be so easy, especially with you convincing her to do so since coincidentally there are state and federal laws that enslave any middle class man who thinks having children could somehow serve his interests.

It's important to understand that birth control doesn't have to be only biological in the

form of pills or abortion, but in the form of ideas and beliefs that instill fear and dread about reproducing by associating having a child with a loss of individual or consumer freedom. I wouldn't be surprised if "men going their own way" groups are indirectly supported by the state to increase a man's fear of reproducing with women.

In case you still have doubts that depopulation is the overreaching agenda of Western elites, I ask you to take a look at charts of fertility birth rates from World Bank data and ask yourself why isn't there any concerted effort to reverse the declines? Why aren't governments supporting natalist policies like in Russia that aim to seed future generations of natives to create a stronger nation that will endure the ages, instead of importing criminals and democratically challenged Mexicans or radical Islamists?



What's amazing is that the US birth rate is below replacement rate even accounting for its fecund immigrants, showing that fertile peoples become effectively sterile once inserted into an environment that has been slated for depopulation. Currently there is not one European nation west of Russia, even when including Eastern Europe, that has a fertility rate above that of the replacement rate. By comparison, the fertility rate of Niger is 7.56, four times that of the United States, but don't worry, Bill Gates' humanitarian "vaccine" program will take care of that problem when the time is right through his pet project, a birth control microchip that can be turned on and off by wireless remote.

The three main cultural mechanisms of reducing native populations is to program people to be concerned for women's rights, third world immigration, and the environment. This is why nearly everyone on the left, including SJW's, are fanatically supportive of all three. Leftists have been soundly convinced of issues that lead to the destruction of the family unit, the breakdown of their society's social fabric, and their own voluntary sterilization. When you combine biological efforts that include birth control and abortion, you can see how Westerners have absolutely no chance of recovering their population compared to African, Middle Eastern, and Asian populations that do not currently face both cultural and biological bombs to reduce their birth rates, but will soon enough be targeted once the Westerners are sufficiently weakened and depopulation goals are met.

You probably now understand why when Brussels accepts a new country into the

European Union, the first thing they do is mandate a gay pride parade on the capital streets, and why they immediately start screeching about the need for more women's rights. This is the cultural attack that aims to limit the reproduction of that country so that their sovereignty can be easily dismantled within only two generations, an attack that begins even before they join the EU in order to "prove" they are ready to destroy themselves for the short term gain of big loans and free trade for that nation's local elite.

Even the form of game that I taught early in my career, of one-night stands, was compatible with the depopulation agenda since reproduction would often not result from it. This meant that I was a useful idiot for many years. I can't help but notice that attacks against me have increased in intensity as I move away from teaching sterile sex and anti-family ideas to promoting more traditional values that are far likelier to result in reproduction.

While I would certainly agree with you that there are plenty of people currently inhabiting the Earth, I disagree that a small group of globalists at the top should be able to play Dr. Eugenicist and determine who reproduces or not without limiting their own reproduction, especially since their hypocrisy about caring for the environment is on full display as they fly around the world in their private jets to their numerous mansions. They do not want you to impregnate a fertile 19 year old and have many home-schooled and ritalin-free children with her. Instead, you're bombarded with messages to marry an aging spinster whose womb is likely already sterile and who can't give you more than two children, which is not nearly enough to sustain the population.

Perhaps in the 1950's you were told that having a big family is the masculine thing to do, but it's almost impossible these days to see images of large nuclear families represented positively in television or commercials, especially with women under 25 who are not already slaves to corporations and government propaganda.

I'm coming to the conclusion that the only way to defeat the evils of liberalism, feminism, social justice, and progressivism is to have huge families and create tribes that are free-thinking, self-reliant, and, most importantly, armed. The men of the future who can resist totalitarianism and unjust government authority come from the wombs of the women living today, and those women must at some point be convinced that being stay-at-home mothers who raise strong men is superior to becoming zombie consumers who poison and sterilize their own bodies.

The last thing that those in power want is for women to pair-bond with independent, masculine men who do not need the state and who place more importance and loyalty in their blood relatives and nation than to leftist ideas, iPhones, and sports teams. In the past, my fantasies were about sleeping with as many women as possible so I can be the playboy that I saw in the Hollywood movies, but now they are about creating the sons who will one day lead their people and their nation. It's squarely up to us to create the men who can eliminate the parasites that are successfully controlling modern humanity.

Read Next: *Western Men Are Becoming Evolutionary Dead-Ends*

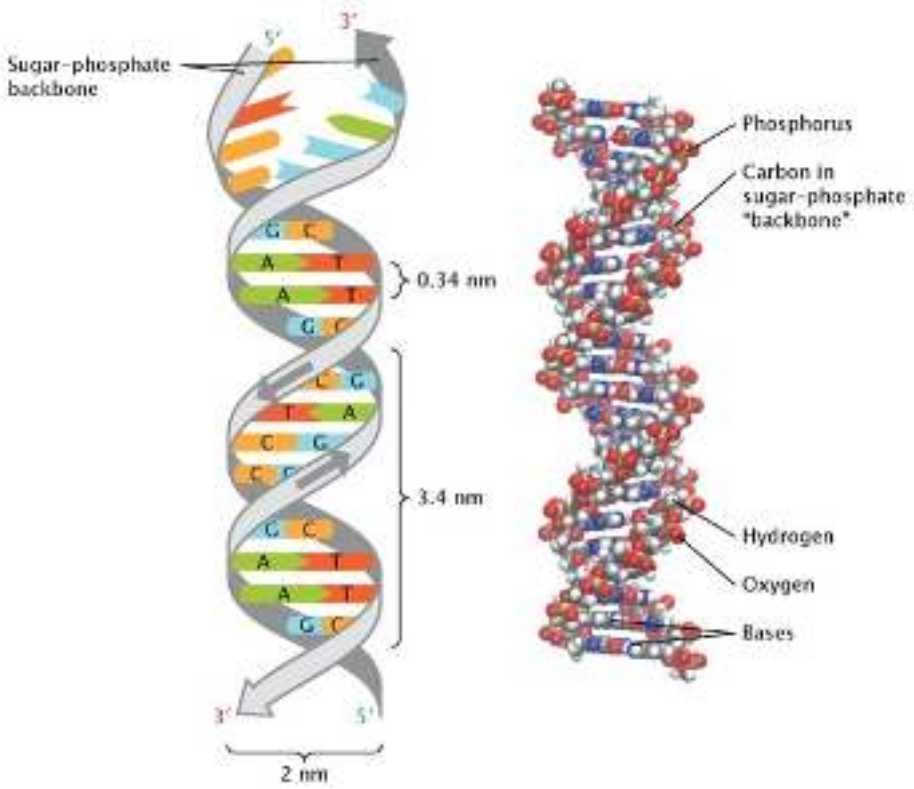
A Woman's Body May Incorporate DNA From The Semen Of Casual Sex Partners

November 20, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Compelling new scientific research has shown that female insects and mammals are able to absorb foreign DNA throughout the cells of their bodies. In human beings, this phenomenon has been conclusively shown to occur in women during pregnancy where genetic material from her growing fetus becomes fused within areas of her brain, affecting her chances of developing Alzheimer's disease.

The evidence now shows that female animals can incorporate sperm DNA from her prior sex partners. This foreign DNA winds up in future children after the woman successfully reproduces with a completely different male. In the human world, this means that the children a man has with a promiscuous woman could possess genes from previous sexual partners he has never seen or met.

There are existing sociological studies that show a marriage is far more likely to fail when a woman had more than two prior sexual partners (1, 2, 3, 4), but now renewed support for the once-questionable field of telegony is showing that there are also genetic reasons not to start a family with a promiscuous woman: children you have with her may have their gene pool polluted by her random affairs and one-night stands.



Telegony is an idea first proposed by Aristotle that claims offspring can inherit genes from the mother's previous sexual partners. This idea was not scientifically supported until evidence piled up of microchimerism, the phenomenon of foreign DNA becoming

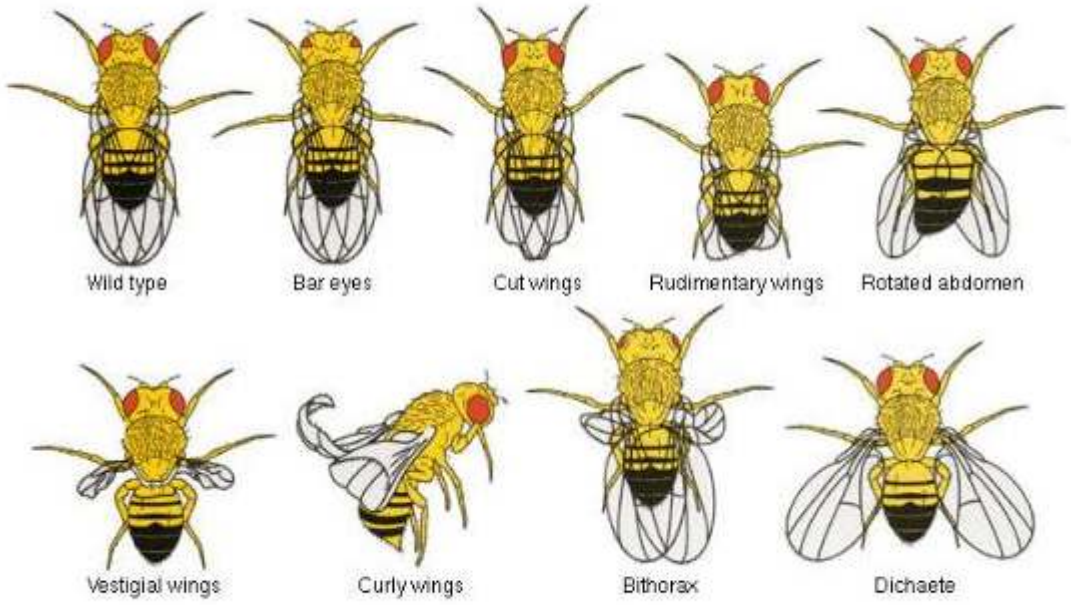
incorporated into the genome of an individual. This was first noted to happen in the case of blood transfusions. If you have received blood while in a state of trauma, your donor's DNA can become incorporated into your genome. Surprisingly little research has been done on microchimerism since then, but all signs point to this being a widespread and common genetic phenomenon throughout the animal kingdom.

A groundbreaking study on flies last year showed the process of females incorporating DNA from previous male partners and then exhibiting that male DNA into future spawn they had with completely different males.

> Scientists at the University of New South Wales discovered that, for fruit flies at least, the size of the young was determined by the size of the first male the mother mated with, rather than the second male that sired the offspring.
>
> […]
>
> "Our new findings take this to a whole new level – showing a male can also transmit some of his acquired features to offspring sired by other males," she says. "But we don't know yet whether this applies to other species."
>
> […]
>
> Dr Stuart Wigby of the Department of Zoology at Oxford University added: "The principle of telegony is theoretically possible for pretty much any internally fertilising animal, but these hasn't historically been much evidence for it.

Scientists involved in the study are making the guess that sperm DNA gets absorbed into female eggs without fertilizing them:

> The researchers suggested that the effect is due to molecules in the seminal fluid of the first mate being absorbed by the female's immature eggs, and then influencing the growth of offspring of a subsequent mate.



It was already observed that the human female body acts as a sponge for foreign DNA placed within it:

> It is possible that Mc [microchimerism] in the brain is able to differentiate into various mature phenotypes or undergoes fusion with pre-existing cells and acquires a new phenotype, as suggested by murine and human studies in which bone marrow-derived cells circulated to the brain and generated neuronal cells by differentiation, or fused with pre-existing neurons.
>
> […]
>
> Although the relationship between brain Mc and health versus disease requires further study, our findings suggest that Mc of fetal origin could impact maternal health and potentially be of evolutionary significance.

The above study has two seismic implications. The first is that a woman can absorb enough DNA during her lifetime that it changes her phenotype (i.e. her appearance and overall health state). There could be some truth to the phrase "slut face" in which highly promiscuous women suffer a change to their appearance because of all the variable sperm from different males that have been deposited inside them.

The second implication stems from the fact that it's scientifically conclusive that single mothers have DNA of their bastard children residing permanently within their bodies. Any man who reproduces with a single mom will have a child that contains DNA from the bastard spawn, which of course includes DNA from the absentee father. This means that men can be genetically cuckolded without being traditionally cuckolded, and that having a baby with a single mom is essentially giving the father of her first child a bonus prize in the game of evolution.

Microchimerism has also been noted in dogs, where older siblings pass on their DNA to younger siblings, suggesting that first-borns possess the highest genetic purity, a

suspicion perhaps suspected by the royalty of old. Not only that, but the mother dogs incorporated Y-chromosome material from her male children. The mother dog essentially becomes more masculine by having sons.

> The researchers found cells with Y-chromosomes in the mother after these births, meaning the mother had male cells present in her female body. The researchers also found genetically similar male cells in the mother's female puppies from a later litter. Those puppies were newborn and had never been pregnant, strongly suggesting that they acquired the cells that were left behind by their older brothers while in the womb.

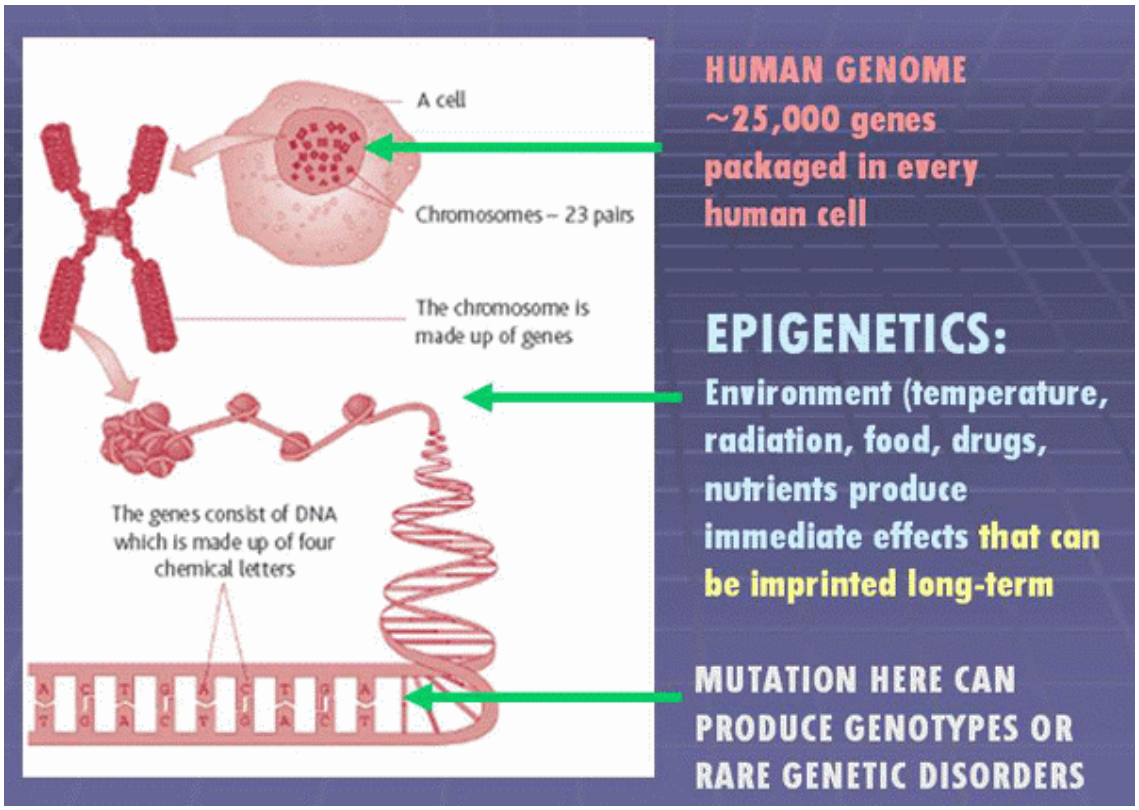
If a woman absorbs Y-chromosome genes from male sperm via casual sex, this would easily explain why women with high notch counts exhibit more masculine traits, something that any international playboy can anecdotally confirm. The promiscuous girl becomes more masculine because various masculine genes are being inserted into her genome and affecting her phenotype.

Some of the older ideas on telegony, dating over a century, now don't seem so left field:

> French biologist and philosopher Felix Le Dantec in his work "Individual Evolution, Heredity and Neo-Darwinists" (1899) mentions several facts that demonstrate telegony. But the evidence was quite pseudo-scientific even for that epoch. The author gave two examples with animals and one for humans.
>
> Le Dantec wrote that some farmer told him that once his swine copulated with a boar and their pigs absolutely resembled the father in color. But when the same swine copulated with another boar some pigs of the second farrow still resembled the color of the male pig the swine had copulated first.
>
> He also wrote about Lord Morton who first interbred a mare and a zebra and got a hybrid of horse and zebra. Next time he interbred the same mare with a horse. As a result of the second copulation the lord still got a colt that had lines resembling those of a zebra.

Microchimerism is on the leading edge of genetic research that has lately included epigenetics, which is the switching on and off of certain genes due to environmental cues. Epigenetics has raised questions against evolutionary theory because it shows genetic adaption can occur within individual organisms without the need for natural selection. New research is revealing how little we actually know about how the human genome works, suggesting a more complex picture than we've imagined.

Sociological research was the first to show that marrying women with a robust sexual history increased the likelihood of a failed marriage. Now genetic research adds more evidence to show that such women will birth children that—to a degree we don't yet understand—are not entirely of the father's. Because this new field of research is politically incorrect in painting strongly negative consequences for women leading a "strong and independent" promiscuous lifestyle, we are unlikely to see liberal universities approve much in the way of further research in this area.



For thousands of years, a woman's purity was cherished above all else when it came to creating a family. Now the scientific community is confirming the validity of that practice. Until the science is settled, men who insist on reproducing with a promiscuous woman should at least demand to interview her previous sexual partners so he can become familiar with the men whose genes may be passed on to his future children.

This article was originally published on Return Of Kings.

Read Next: *The Most Reliable Way To Tell If A Girl Is A Slut*

The Elephant In The Room

November 23, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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There's an elephant in the manosphere room. Men are nervous to talk about it for fear of being labeled a beta male, and even I've avoided the topic for years simply because I don't fully understand it in a logical manner.

The elephant is pointing out that love exists. You can call it a neurochemical response that is like eating chocolate if you wish, but during your lifetime, you will certainly feel an intense connection with at least one girl that supersedes anything you have felt with other girls, and it will affect your judgement and behavior. For too long, those in the game and red pill spheres have not only been love denialists but love shamers, training men through repetition to not develop emotional attachments with any woman. I know this because I'm one of them.

There are several components of good game practice that make love less likely to develop. I've taught men to…

- Adopt a model of abundance whereby you treat each girl as disposable and replaceable
- Adopt the mentality that all women are selfish and extractive, and that you must get your sexual pleasure from them as quickly as possible
- View women solely as sexual depositories that can not aid the lives of men
- Be willing to walk away from any woman, a mindset that aims to help you not develop emotional attachments

If you want to sleep with a lot of women, adopting these four teachings will surely aid you, as it has helped me over the past 15 years to rack up many notches around the world, but they are opposed to the formation of deeper long-term connections. Not only do they actively prohibit them, but they will make a man feel ashamed and weak when he experiences them since they go against the stereotypical alpha male template, which can be best described as either a T-1000 Terminator or Stifler from American Pie, depending on who you ask.

By stating the existence of love, I'm not at all urging you to bend over backwards for the next girl you meet, make sacrifices that she doesn't, and take abuse from her, but on a game journey that will include meeting hundreds of women, you will develop strong feelings for at least one, and it does not serve you to ignore those feelings and be an emotionless robot instead. The current game literature has practically no advice for men who do develop these feelings, and I have no doubt that many have lost a potential long-term love bond because of that.

I don't yet have clear advice for you, but I can tell you that becoming proficient with game does allow you to recognize whether the attraction you have for women is merely sexual or something more. You become a better judge of the woman who may be

deserving of your love from the sacrifices, effort, and affection she puts into the relationship. We must have a firm understanding of how to show normal human emotion that can take our relationships to the next level while not being so needy or available that the chemistry and attraction is lost. This balance may take us a lifetime to figure out.

Beware of the love denialists in the manosphere. They are posturing for your approval so you look up to their toughness and hold them up to be a playboy or guru, but any man without a legitimate sociopath diagnosis will feel an intense bond with 1-3 women in his life. The trick is having enough experience with women so you can recognize it for what it is while enjoying that relationship on your terms for as long as it lasts.

Sleeping with a variety of women is not only pleasurable from a sexual standpoint, but also to develop the knowledge to enjoy a strong bond with a woman who develops love for you, especially if she rejects degenerate Western culture in similar ways that you do. I'm thankful to have had such a bond twice in my life, and hope that other men can enjoy that as well.

Read Next: *Warning Signs A Girl Isn't Worth A Relationship*

We Must Spread Counter-Propaganda To Women

November 25, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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The structure of mating is determined by women, not men. This is why the elite have spent the past few decades to elevate the ideology of feminism by targeting women, persuading them that leaving the home to become empowered in a 9-5 job while screwing bad boys on the side would make them happy. Because feminist leaders themselves are unskilled at intellectualism or even marketing their message, they were financed and supported by those who benefited from the destruction of the family unit and decreased price of labor thanks to women flooding the workforce.

Unless men control women, they are at whim to what women want. Right now women want easy high-paying jobs, a generous daddy government to enable their whoring, and sexy and entertaining cocks that take their minds off their purposeless existence. Men such as myself have responded to this call by dutifully paying taxes that get redistributed to women and learning game to give them the attraction units required to get laid. The many men today who call themselves alpha because they cold approach with a cocky and aloof game would no doubt transform to being beta if that was the strategy that allowed them to have sex at all.

If women are leading the way, what causes them to want what they want? Besides following their instinctual natures, women have been convinced and persuaded by feminists and mainstream culture to prefer degeneracy over tradition and casual sex over monogamy, especially during their fertile prime between the ages of 18-25. This wasn't done overnight, but through decades of programming and brainwashing by foisting big lies as truth until a generation of women were raised under myths that came to be accepted as fact. While you can argue that the culture today allows a woman to behave according to her true—and very flawed—nature, there is nothing in the establishment that attempts to minimize its worst effects. In fact, they take a small inclination of a female's nature and amplify it until the individual woman is destroyed, wholly subservient to what corporations and government tell her to do.

If we are to change women on a mass scale, we have two options. The first is to command them. We could imitate Islam, cover them up, shame women who wear yoga pants so tight that their snatch is showing, and monitor who they have sex with. The second option is to re-program them to believe that wanting to be traditional and feminine is what they actually wanted all along. Determining which path to take will depend on what type of power we ever achieve. If one of us is made dictator of the United States, the first option can allow our ideas to be implemented quicker, but many women may reject the medicine after being "free" for so many years. The second option would require us to be at the seats of government, higher education, and the media. It's not clear which would be easier to accomplish.

In the meanwhile, the best option is to develop propaganda that positively affects women who already have some natural immunity to degeneracy and promiscuity. Using the

internet, we must spread articles and images convincing her that..

- being loved by one men is better than getting attention from 1,000 men who just want to fuck her
- being a mom is more fun than being a corporate slave
- making your own food at home from scratch is more fulfilling and healthy than dining out with poisonous processed foodstuff
- trips to the park with your family are more enjoyable than getting drunk at the club
- sleeping with a lot of men is disempowering instead of empowering
- having faith in a higher being will give you more meaning and purpose in life
- being a homekeeper for a man who loves her is better than working in a job for a boss who doesn't

If our propaganda is good, the above list can spread quite easily, especially considering that for most women, they all hold true: a traditional feminine life is more satisfying than being a consumer who lends your body for short-term sexual encounters. But as you already know, the establishment has successfully convinced women that a housewife is "slavery." Women didn't always believe that—they were convinced of it. It's up to us to convince them of the opposite. Women are in fact so gullible, as any of you who have had more than ten sexual partners can vouch for, that I bet we could double the number of traditionally minded American women in ten years with just a few internet sites. For example, here's an image I created in five minutes:

If just one man made ten of these images a day and spread them throughout the internet, the birth rate would show a small uptick within five years. The only reason we are losing is because the enemy has 100,000 propagandists spreading the opposite message. If slick New York marketing firms and Hollywood studios were on my side, I bet I

can convince women of even crazy things like anal marriage being about love and gender identity being a social construct. Just imagine the zany ideas we can convince them of!

Women are not created, they're made. They absorb the environment like sponges and from that we should be encouraged that it will be a relatively simple matter to influence them to behave in a way that is correct. We need to start small, with memes and images, and work from there. While this will not be an easy task, we've arrived at a point where we can no longer complain about today's women unless we actively try to make things better by shaping their minds and then giving them firm commands on how to enjoy a traditional way of life. If the left can mold women with lies that hurt them, I'm sure we can mold them with truth that helps them.

Read Next: *How To Stop The Fall Of Women*

European Crisis Edition Of Culture War Chat (With Quintus Curtius)

November 27, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Culture War Chat 4 is about the Paris terrorist attacks, the European migrant crisis, the Black Lives Matter coup attempts in American universities, and my recent road trip through the Midwest.

You can listen to the MP3 and download it through Soundcloud.

Quintus is currently doing a lecture series on stoicism through his blog. You can listen to the first one here.

Don't Miss: *Europe Is On The Precipice*

The Novelty Wheel

November 30, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Many men are doing things they think are giving meaning and fulfillment when actually they're merely experiencing entertainment for the short term. If you've ever gotten bored of something that used to excite you or make you happy, you have discovered an activity that not only has served little benefit to you, but also taken you away from your true purpose.

In my mid 20's I began restructuring my life to permanently travel and sleep with foreign babes. Through strenuous labor, I accomplished both tasks. I have traveled to approximately 30 countries and have slept with many sexy women within them. I fulfilled what I thought was the objective of my life, but as I write this now, I do not care about travel and do not care about sleeping with more women beyond my physical sex need. I thought these activities were life purposes that I would do until I die, but they instead were short-term hobbies that I eventually got tired of.

If the behavior you're doing is putting you through a rapidly repeating cycle, you are doing something without deep meaning. For example, I'm sure you know people who are stuck inside the following cycle: office work, entertainment, alcohol, casual sex, office work, entertainment, alcohol, casual sex. At just about the time you get bored from one activity, you spin the wheel to reach the next meaningless activity. The cycle repeats itself endlessly with no possible goal besides filling your days with something novel and stimulating enough that you're able to endure it before the wheel moves again.

I thought I was self-actualized since I was able to get off the wheel. I stopped being the corpoate drone who looked forward to the weekend for a little bit of fun. What I didn't realize is that I was still on a wheel, just a different one, and the only difference is that it moved more slowly. Travel to new place, learn new culture, sleep with girls, write book, travel to new place, learn new culture, sleep with girls, write book. Each cycle was between 3-6 months, and I did that for more than five years.

When you're doing something that has a defined purpose, the cycle is replaced by a line that contains a defined beginning, middle, and end. The objective is reached once the purpose has been fulfilled. If you are a member of a hunter-gatherer tribe, your purpose is to defend the tribe as long as you are physically able to ensure its survival and bear children that make it to reproductive age. Once your children become independent and you served your duty to the tribe without placing a burden upon it, you could die without regret. Since your purpose was served, there would be little or no fear of death. Compare that to modern living, where you just live for the sake of getting through a day in the most pleasurable and entertaining way possible.

When you don't have a purpose, and you are spinning around on one of numerous wheels of novelty, you fear death greatly, because you know deep down that you have not fulfilled a purpose that is compatible with your nature. In fact, you try to stop the very forces of nature by getting plastic surgery, taking various drugs or products to make

your aesthetic more youthful, or pumping your body with hormones to duplicate the energy of your 20's. If you were on a purposeful path that has a beginning, middle, and end, you would not fear aging or even be disturbed by it, because you would have already been well on your way to completing a higher goal.

Nearly everything you do in life is within the cycle of novelty. Travel, sex, partying, chasing money, accumulating material possessions, pursuing fame, and consuming entertainment are all activities that spin you around the wheel, but which will give you no lasting satisfaction. In your inevitable malaise, you seek to increase the dose by doing *more* travel, having *more* sex, making *more* money, achieving *more* fame, but the wheel keeps spinning. You're stuck in it, and as long as you avoid your real purpose, you will never get off. After so long of spinning on a wheel, you may not even be able to live without it.

What is the real purpose of man? What has an end where you can accept that your purpose has been reached and release your body back to nature? For some of us, the answer could be a surrogate activity, like writing is for me. For you, it could be having a family that helps support the tribe, with a goal that serves others instead of yourself. This has a beginning, a middle, and an end, unlike everything else that puts you right back in the wheel of novelty, eternally searching for the next hit but never allowing you to accept your role within nature. In fact, the more that you fear the idea of your death, the farther you're away from realizing your true purpose.

If a society is corrupt and led by those who want to take people away from purpose, it will be structured in a way to place men in a novelty wheel at a young age and keep them there. Entertainment, meaningless work, and sterile relationships will be promoted by all institutions of society. At the same time, the idea of big families and local tribes will be attacked and seen as historic mistakes that no longer serves humanity. This is exactly what we're seeing in the Western world, where men are being thrown into the novelty wheel. The energy they use to propel themselves around the wheel can be readily monetized, monitored, and controlled, while those who promote traditional ideas that pull men off the wheel are singled out and silenced.

I don't want to go around the wheel anymore. I don't want to have "fun." I don't want to watch movies that put me in a mindless stupor. I don't want to go to a nightclub to drink alcohol so that I can tolerate a broken woman who is on sterility drugs. I want to live a life of purpose, and so I'm ready to step off the wheel into a great expanse of space before me where my every step is no longer on a predetermined track guided by others. My legs are more wobbly than I'd like to admit, but I will press on and become a man who has a purpose with a beginning, a middle, and an end, and once my purpose is reached, I can smile before resting for my final sleep.

Read Next: *Are We Alive To Only Survive And Reproduce?*

The American Elite Hates America

December 2, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Wrecking a prosperous country is a difficult task. Anyone who attempts it must have a strategy to subvert its biggest institutions from within, which includes the military, media, academia, and government. To accomplish it in the fastest and most efficient way possible, you would need to find percolating ideologies that has America hatred built-in before elevating its adherents to positions of power and influence. This is exactly what has happened in the United States.

Most of academia hates America. If you told them that in fifty years America will possess a world culture and that those with European ancestry will be an oppressed minority, a huge celebration would take place in universities throughout the country.

Most of the media hates America. In news broadcasts, movies, television shows, and newspaper articles, fantasy notions of egalitarianism, "white privilege," and America privilege are allowed to brainwash citizens to feel guilty that their ancestors created a great land.

Most Pentagon bureaucrats who control the military hate America. In the most shameful social experiment that the Western world has seen, the military is becoming a gay pride parade before our very eyes while being weakened with the introduction of emotional women into key combat roles. The military will soon be unable to defeat even third-world enemies.

Most feminists, social justice warriors, liberals, and even conservatives hate America. The entire range of the political spectrum have been infiltrated and corrupted by those who want to give an unholy death to traditional American values. Consumerism, nihilism, and Islamic and Mexican interests will take over instead.

Most US politicians hate America. They are traitors who are legislating anti-American policies to the highest globalist bidder in order to enrich themselves. They wrap themselves in the America flag to suckle at the treasury before going through a revolving door that leads to corporate riches.

Most Silicon Valley technologists hate America. They create apps and devices that are tearing apart the social fabric of family and tribe while hurting the middle class. Then they use their newfound billions in wealth to agitate for gay marriage, transsexual rights, and open borders.

If you are to accept my argument that the cultural and political elite hates America, we must logically conclude that an individual or idea that is supported by the establishment *also* hates America, or at least pushes an agenda that will certainly lead to America's decline. If the mainstream media reports on someone in a favorable light, that person hates America. If they report on a specific public policy in a favorable light, it will lead to America's destruction. If the mainstream media reports on someone in a negative light, they love America, or at least promotes ideas that would lead to a stronger America.

George Orwell once said, “In a time of universal deceit, telling the truth is a revolutionary act.” Applying it for our purposes leads to the following: in a time where anti-America agendas are wrecking the country, ideas or individuals who are consistently attacked must therefore lead to a stronger America.

It’s no coincidence that anyone who preaches the following ideas will be denounced with a label like racist, misogynist, homophobe, or Nazi:

- natalism
- nationalism
- heterosexuality
- traditional family values
- Christianity
- masculinity
- patriarchy
- skepticism of pro-Israeli interests

Compare that to issues on the following list, which are consistently supported by the elite and their institutions:

- feminism
- homosexuality
- open-borders immigration
- transsexuality
- contrived race wars (e.g. Black Lives Matters)
- Islam
- multiculturalism
- abortion and birth control
- environmentalism

Because I support a handful of items on the first list, you will never see me embraced by the establishment. For the rest of my life, they will be a thorn in my side, using intimidation, character assassination, and fear in order to shut me down. What you saw in Canada is a sign of how much energy they’re willing to spend to silence me.

I’m taking notes on who is attacked in the media and who is not. If they are attacked, that must mean their ideas threaten the establishment, so I will either become their allies or at least not attack them myself. For example, have you noticed that men’s rights activists are constantly attacked while the men going their own way group (MGTOW) is not, and even discussed sympathetically? It’s because the latter group promotes social isolation and reproductive sterility, which matches the establishment’s depopulation agenda. On the other hand, white nationalists are being roundly attacked through the proxy of Donald Trump. Therefore the latter group must have at least some ideas which strengthen America.

While I will not become a men’s rights activist or white nationalist myself, it appears that

our sphere has matured enough that petty in-fighting can be discarded to focus on a powerful enemy. As long as you remember that those who hate America are promoted on mainstream channels, shows, networks, and platforms, you'll easily be able to decide who is on the right side of this war and who is not.

Read Next: *10 Reasons Why Heterosexual Men Should Leave America*

Ted Kaczynski's Manifesto Predicted The Catastrophe From Technology And Liberalism

December 4, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Someone recently recommended I take a look at Ted Kaczynski's Manifesto, stating that Kaczynski foresaw a lot of problems with modern culture that we write about here. After reading it, I have to agree that the "Unabomber" clearly understood what society was up against, a full decade before the development of the manosphere.

The media has done a good of painting Kaczynski as a deranged madman, but I found his writing to be clear and perceptive. His manifesto connected some loose dots I had between Neil Postman's work, which described what we have lost through technology, and this community's observations that the juggernaut of leftism is destroying what remains of traditional culture.

Kaczynski states that leftism and technology go hand in hand, because the collectivism and control that leftism requires cannot be accomplished without technology. The more advances we have with technology, the more it will be used to further progressivism, which includes a decrease in individual rights and an increase in authoritarian state control. I recommend you read the entirety of the manifesto here. In the meanwhile, the most important passages are below.

Introduction

> The Industrial Revolution and its consequences have been a disaster for the human race. They have greatly increased the life-expectancy of those of us who live in "advanced" countries, but they have destabilized society, have made life unfulfilling, have subjected human beings to indignities, have led to widespread psychological suffering (in the Third World to physical suffering as well) and have inflicted severe damage on the natural world. The continued development of technology will worsen the situation. It will certainly subject human beings to greater indignities and inflict greater damage on the natural world, it will probably lead to greater social disruption and psychological suffering, and it may lead to increased physical suffering even in "advanced" countries.
>
> […]
>
> This is not to be a POLITICAL revolution. Its object will be to overthrow not governments but the economic and technological basis of the present society.

The problems with leftists

> When someone interprets as derogatory almost anything that is said about him (or about groups with whom he identifies) we conclude that he has inferiority feelings or low self-esteem. This tendency is pronounced among minority rights activists, whether or not they belong to the minority groups whose rights they

defend. They are hypersensitive about the words used to designate minorities and about anything that is said concerning minorities.

[…]

They seem almost paranoid about anything that might suggest that any primitive culture is inferior to our own.

[…]

Those who are most sensitive about “politically incorrect” terminology are not the average black ghetto-dweller, Asian immigrant, abused woman or disabled person, but a minority of activists, many of whom do not even belong to any “oppressed” group but come from privileged strata of society. Political correctness has its stronghold among university professors, who have secure employment with comfortable salaries, and the majority of whom are heterosexual white males from middle-to upper-middle-class families.

[…]

Feminists are desperately anxious to prove that women are as strong and as capable as men. Clearly they are nagged by a fear that women may NOT be as strong and as capable as men.

[…]

Leftists tend to hate anything that has an image of being strong, good and successful. They hate America, they hate Western civilization, they hate white males, they hate rationality. The reasons that leftists give for hating the West, etc. clearly do not correspond with their real motives. They SAY they hate the West because it is warlike, imperialistic, sexist, ethnocentric and so forth, but where these same faults appear in socialist countries or in primitive cultures, the leftist finds excuses for them, or at best he GRUDGINGLY admits that they exist; whereas he ENTHUSIASTICALLY points out (and often greatly exaggerates) these faults where they appear in Western civilization.

[…]

He wants society to solve everyone’s problems for them, satisfy everyone’s needs for them, take care of them. He is not the sort of person who has an inner sense of confidence in his ability to solve his own problems and satisfy his own needs. The leftist is antagonistic to the concept of competition because, deep inside, he feels like a loser.

[…]

Leftists are antagonistic to genetic explanations of human abilities or behavior because such explanations tend to make some persons appear superior or inferior to others. Leftists prefer to give society the credit or blame for an individual’s ability or lack of it. Thus if a person is “inferior” it is not his fault, but society’s, because he has not been brought up properly.

[…]

> Helping black people is not their real goal. Instead, race problems serve as an excuse for them to express their own hostility and frustrated need for power. In doing so they actually harm black people, because the activists' hostile attitude toward the white majority tends to intensify race hatred.
>
> […]
>
> Suppose you asked leftists to make a list of ALL the things that were wrong with society, and then suppose you instituted EVERY social change that they demanded. It is safe to say that within a couple of years the majority of leftists would find something new to complain about, some new social "evil" to correct because, once again, the leftist is motivated less by distress at society's ills than by the need to satisfy his drive for power by imposing his solutions on society.
>
> […]
>
> Leftism is collectivist; it seeks to bind together the entire world (both nature and the human race) into a unified whole. But this implies management of nature and of human life by organized society, and it requires advanced technology. You can't have a united world without rapid transportation and communication, you can't make all people love one another without sophisticated psychological techniques, you can't have a "planned society" without the necessary technological base.

It's important to note that he hated leftists enough that he mailed bombs to them, killing three.

The Power Process

Kaczynski describes the "power process" as achieving fulfillment by setting meaningful goals and then having the agency and autonomy to accomplish them. The problem with modern society, he argues, is that there are so many barriers to your own agency, ranging from leftist speech policies to overreaching governmental influence in your personal life, that we are not unencumbered to pursue simple tasks that improve our lives.

A hunter-gatherer in the past could kill his dinner, not only sating his hunger but also feeling pride for catching his meal, but the modern man cannot do the same thing without having to deal with multiple government agencies concerning the legality of his hunting and gun ownership status while fending off animal rights activists and other liberals who want to levy economic violence against him for wanting to kill an animal.

The result of ditching hunter-gatherer lifestyles is that we're all pursuing "surrogate activities" that have no relation to our survival. Becoming a bodybuilder, international playboy, or dedicated hobbyist of some sort are surrogate activities that, had we had urgent survival needs, we would not pursue. Even my own passion, writing, is a surrogate activity. Kaczynski argues that surrogate activities are essentially make-work and will never lead to lasting fulfillment.

> We divide human drives into three groups: (1) those drives that can be satisfied with minimal effort; (2) those that can be satisfied but only at the cost of serious effort; (3) those that cannot be adequately satisfied no matter how much effort one makes. The power process is the process of satisfying the drives of the second group. The more drives there are in the third group, the more there is frustration, anger, eventually defeatism, depression, etc.
>
> […]
>
> Modern man must satisfy his need for the power process largely through pursuit of the artificial needs created by the advertising and marketing industry, and through surrogate activities.
>
> […]
>
> Consider the hypothetical case of a man who can have anything he wants just by wishing for it. Such a man has power, but he will develop serious psychological problems. At first he will have a lot of fun, but by and by he will become acutely bored and demoralized. Eventually he may become clinically depressed. History shows that leisured aristocracies tend to become decadent. This is not true of fighting aristocracies that have to struggle to maintain their power. But leisured, secure aristocracies that have no need to exert themselves usually become bored, hedonistic and demoralized, even though they have power. This shows that power is not enough. One must have goals toward which to exercise one's power.
>
> […]
>
> …the pursuit of sex and love (for example) is not a surrogate activity, because most people, even if their existence were otherwise satisfactory, would feel deprived if they passed their lives without ever having a relationship with a member of the opposite sex. (But pursuit of an excessive amount of sex, more than one really needs, can be a surrogate activity.)

Kaczynski predicted my own growing discontent in accumulating notches and flags. I was pursuing sex above my physical or psychological need, so I soon found it to be empty, the last stop of most surrogate activities.

> …people who are deeply involved in surrogate activities are never satisfied, never at rest. Thus the money-maker constantly strives for more and more wealth. The scientist no sooner solves one problem than he moves on to the next. The long-distance runner drives himself to run always farther and faster. Many people who pursue surrogate activities will say that they get far more fulfillment from these activities than they do from the "mundane" business of satisfying their biological needs, but that is because in our society the effort needed to satisfy the biological needs has been reduced to triviality.

Because in modern society a man cannot build his house, marry a wife, and have children without disruptive state or cultural interference, becoming a playboy is a more logical

alternative, satisfying his power process need to a degree, but it eventually becomes a dead-end since it has no purpose when compared to raising and feeding a family free of outside control, which today can be quite impossible.

> What makes us FEEL secure is not so much objective security as a sense of confidence in our ability to take care of ourselves. Primitive man, threatened by a fierce animal or by hunger, can fight in self-defense or travel in search of food. He has no certainty of success in these efforts, but he is by no means helpless against the things that threaten him. The modern individual on the other hand is threatened by many things against which he is helpless: nuclear accidents, carcinogens in food, environmental pollution, war, increasing taxes, invasion of his privacy by large organizations, nationwide social or economic phenomena that may disrupt his way of life.

Today's man is also under threat to denouncers in his workplace and internet mobs that are itching to ruin the employment of someone who doesn't follow mainstream groupthink.

Social problems

We are given choice in trivial matters such as what clothing to wear, what Hollywood-produced entertainment to watch, what job we labor it, and which presidential candidate to choose, but when it comes to matters that scratch at the heels of those who have power or that come at strengthening the masculinity of men, you hit roadblocks put up by the system or by useful idiots of the system.

> Modern society is in certain respects extremely permissive. In matters that are irrelevant to the functioning of the system we can generally do what we please. We can believe in any religion we like (as long as it does not encourage behavior that is dangerous to the system). We can go to bed with anyone we like (as long as we practice "safe sex"). We can do anything we like as long as it is UNIMPORTANT. But in all IMPORTANT matters the system tends increasingly to regulate our behavior.
>
> […]
>
> The conservatives are fools: They whine about the decay of traditional values, yet they enthusiastically support technological progress and economic growth. Apparently it never occurs to them that you can't make rapid, drastic changes in the technology and the economy of a society without causing rapid changes in all other aspects of the society as well, and that such rapid changes inevitably break down traditional values.
>
> […]
>
> In modern society an individual's loyalty must be first to the system and only secondarily to a small-scale community, because if the internal loyalties of small-scale communities were stronger than loyalty to the system, such communities

> would pursue their own advantage at the expense of the system.
>
> […]
>
> The Industrial Revolution was supposed to eliminate poverty, make everybody happy, etc. The actual result has been quite different. The technophiles are hopelessly naive (or self-deceiving) in their understanding of social problems. They are unaware of (or choose to ignore) the fact that when large changes, even seemingly beneficial ones, are introduced into a society, they lead to a long sequence of other changes, most of which are impossible to predict. The result is disruption of the society. So it is very probable that in their attempts to end poverty and disease, engineer docile, happy personalities and so forth, the technophiles will create social systems that are terribly troubled, even more so than the present once.

Primitive man

> There is good reason to believe that primitive man suffered from less stress and frustration and was better satisfied with his way of life than modern man is.
>
> […]
>
> In primitive societies life is a succession of stages. The needs and purposes of one stage having been fulfilled, there is no particular reluctance about passing on to the next stage. A young man goes through the power process by becoming a hunter, hunting not for sport or for fulfillment but to get meat that is necessary for food. This phase having been successfully passed through, the young man has no reluctance about settling down to the responsibilities of raising a family. (In contrast, some modern people indefinitely postpone having children because they are too busy seeking some kind of “fulfillment.” We suggest that the fulfillment they need is adequate experience of the power process—with real goals instead of the artificial goals of surrogate activities.) Again, having successfully raised his children, going through the power process by providing them with the physical necessities, the primitive man feels that his work is done and he is prepared to accept old age (if he survives that long) and death.
>
> […]
>
> [Modern people] are disturbed by the prospect of physical deterioration and death, as is shown by the amount of effort they expend trying to maintain their physical condition, appearance and health. It is not the primitive man, who has used his body daily for practical purposes, who fears the deterioration of age, but the modern man, who has never had a practical use for his body beyond walking from his car to his house. It is the man whose need for the power process has been satisfied during his life who is best prepared to accept the end of that life.

Freedom

> Freedom means being in control (either as an individual or as a member of a

> SMALL group) of the life-and-death issues of one's existence; food, clothing, shelter and defense against whatever threats there may be in one's environment. Freedom means having power; not the power to control other people but the power to control the circumstances of one's own life. One does not have freedom if anyone else (especially a large organization) has power over one, no matter how benevolently, tolerantly and permissively that power may be exercised. It is important not to confuse freedom with mere permissiveness.
>
> […]
>
> It is said that we live in a free society because we have a certain number of constitutionally guaranteed rights. But these are not as important as they seem. The degree of personal freedom that exists in a society is determined more by the economic and technological structure of the society than by its laws or its form of government.

After learning about his background and reading his manifesto, it's clear that Kaczynski is a hyper-intelligent man who chose the wrong solution to the same set of problems you have probably already realized in one form or another. He mentioned that his manifesto would be read more because of the killings he did, and while it was noticed when it was published back in 1995, we can argue that it had no sizable cultural effect in the proceeding 20 years. As he mentioned, the structure of society is such that ideas dangerous to the ruling elite will not make it far, no matter how people you kill, and this is confirmed by the more recent political murder spree of Anders Breivik in Norway that has achieved nothing to change the political leanings of that small nation.

What I found interesting is that Kaczynski arrived at many of the exact same societal conclusions we have, not through sex but through the mechanisms of working in a university and living in the woods. As I've mentioned in the past, there are many paths to arriving at the truth, and we are starting to see triangulation from men living vastly different lives that modern leftism and rapid technological change have detrimental effects that are annihilating the fabric of society. While I don't entirely know how to solve the problems we face, I do know that taking the Kaczynski and Breivik route is not the answer, judging by the complete failure of their actions to make a difference to the system.

It's too bad of the path that Kaczynski took, because he was obviously a skilled thinker and writer, and could have made a more positive difference in the world had he been more patient and persistent in spreading his written ideas.

Human behavior is molded for the system

> The system HAS TO regulate human behavior closely in order to function. At work people have to do what they are told to do, otherwise production would be thrown into chaos. Bureaucracies HAVE TO be run according to rigid rules. To allow any substantial personal discretion to lower-level bureaucrats would disrupt the system and lead to charges of unfairness due to differences in the way

> individual bureaucrats exercised their discretion.
>
> […]
>
> The system HAS TO force people to behave in ways that are increasingly remote from the natural pattern of human behavior. For example, the system needs scientists, mathematicians and engineers. It can't function without them. So heavy pressure is put on children to excel in these fields. It isn't natural for an adolescent human being to spend the bulk of his time sitting at a desk absorbed in study. A normal adolescent wants to spend his time in active contact with the real world. Among primitive peoples the things that children are trained to do tend to be in reasonable harmony with natural human impulses.
>
> […]
>
> It is simply taken for granted that everyone must bow to technical necessity. and for good reason: If human needs were put before technical necessity there would be economic problems, unemployment, shortages or worse. The concept of "mental health" in our society is defined largely by the extent to which an individual behaves in accord with the needs of the system and does so without showing signs of stress.
>
> […]
>
> …all these technical advances taken together have created a world in which the average man's fate is no longer in his own hands or in the hands of his neighbors and friends, but in those of politicians, corporation executives and remote, anonymous technicians and bureaucrats whom he as an individual has no power to influence.
>
> […]
>
> …antidepressants are a means of modifying an individual's internal state in such a way as to enable him to tolerate social conditions that he would otherwise find intolerable.
>
> […]
>
> In the future, social systems will not be adjusted to suit the needs of human beings. Instead, human being will be adjusted to suit the needs of the system.

Human over-dependence on technology

> When a new item of technology is introduced as an option that an individual can accept or not as he chooses, it does not necessarily REMAIN optional. In many cases the new technology changes society in such a way that people eventually find themselves FORCED to use it.
>
> […]
>
> …technological progress marches in only one direction; it can never be reversed. Once a technical innovation has been introduced, people usually become dependent on it, so that they can never again do without it, unless it is replaced

> by some still more advanced innovation. Not only do people become dependent as individuals on a new item of technology, but, even more, the system as a whole becomes dependent on it. (Imagine what would happen to the system today if computers, for example, were eliminated.) Thus the system can move in only one direction, toward greater technologization. Technology repeatedly forces freedom to take a step back, but technology can never take a step back—short of the overthrow of the whole technological system.
>
> […]
>
> History shows that all social arrangements are transitory; they all change or break down eventually. But technological advances are permanent within the context of a given civilization.
>
> […]
>
> As society and the problems that face it become more and more complex and as machines become more and more intelligent, people will let machines make more and more of their decisions for them, simply because machine-made decisions will bring better results than man-made ones. Eventually a stage may be reached at which the decisions necessary to keep the system running will be so complex that human beings will be incapable of making them intelligently. At that stage the machines will be in effective control. People won't be able to just turn the machines off, because they will be so dependent on them that turning them off would amount to suicide.
>
> […]
>
> On those who are employed, ever-increasing demands will be placed: They will need more and more training, more and more ability, and will have to be ever more reliable, conforming and docile, because they will be more and more like cells of a giant organism. Their tasks will be increasingly specialized, so that their work will be, in a sense, out of touch with the real world, being concentrated on one tiny slice of reality. The system will have to use any means that it can, whether psychological or biological, to engineer people to be docile, to have the abilities that the system requires and to "sublimate" their drive for power into some specialized task.

You will be forced to constantly adapt your skill set to the needs of the system as technology advances, regardless of what you want. If you fail to adapt, you will suffer economic impoverishment, even if the adaption requires you to go away from your human nature.

Technology also allows the elite to reduce their dependence on humans to maintain their goal of absolute control:

> …control over large systems of machines will be in the hands of a tiny elite—just as it is today, but with two differences. Due to improved techniques the elite will have greater control over the masses; and because human work will no longer be

> necessary the masses will be superfluous, a useless burden on the system. If the elite is ruthless they may simply decide to exterminate the mass of humanity.

The function of entertainment

> The entertainment industry serves as an important psychological tool of the system, possibly even when it is dishing out large amounts of sex and violence. Entertainment provides modern man with an essential means of escape. While absorbed in television, videos, etc., he can forget stress, anxiety, frustration, dissatisfaction. Many primitive peoples, when they don't have work to do, are quite content to sit for hours at a time doing nothing at all, because they are at peace with themselves and their world. But most modern people must be constantly occupied or entertained, otherwise they get "bored," i.e., they get fidgety, uneasy, irritable.
>
> […]
>
> …an individual whose attitudes or behavior bring him into conflict with the system is up against a force that is too powerful for him to conquer or escape from, hence he is likely to suffer from stress, frustration, defeat. His path will be much easier if he thinks and behaves as the system requires. In that sense the system is acting for the benefit of the individual when it brainwashes him into conformity.
>
> […]
>
> Our use of mass entertainment is "optional": No law requires us to watch television, listen to the radio, read magazines. Yet mass entertainment is a means of escape and stress-reduction on which most of us have become dependent. Everyone complains about the trashiness of television, but almost everyone watches it. A few have kicked the TV habit, but it would be a rare person who could get along today without using ANY form of mass entertainment.

Destroying the system

Kaczynski believes the only way to solve the problem is to go back to a pre-Industrial Revolution way of living. He argues that anything else would leave the technological and industrial systems in place, allowing them to be brought back to life in the future to resume controlling humanity. Any temporary setback to the system would be easily overcome as long as the system infrastructure remains.

The mechanism through which he believes this can be done is through environmentalism, but here he makes a grave error because the elites have hijacked environmentalism through the "global warming" scare to promote their UN-driven depopulation agenda (often termed "population control" or "sustainable development"). They have taken the global warming issue and used it as a tool for them to achieve their umbrella agenda: human control.

> Will public resistance prevent the introduction of technological control of human behavior? It certainly would if an attempt were made to introduce such control all at once. But since technological control will be introduced through a long sequence of small advances, there will be no rational and effective public resistance.
>
> […]
>
> Even if changes large enough to make a lasting difference were initiated, they would be retracted when their disruptive effects became apparent. Thus, permanent changes in favor of freedom could be brought about only by persons prepared to accept radical, dangerous and unpredictable alteration of the entire system. In other words by revolutionaries, not reformers.
>
> […]
>
> It appears that during the next several decades the industrial-technological system will be undergoing severe stresses due to economic and environmental problems, and especially due to problems of human behavior (alienation, rebellion, hostility, a variety of social and psychological difficulties). We hope that the stresses through which the system is likely to pass will cause it to break down, or at least will weaken it sufficiently so that a revolution against it becomes possible. If such a revolution occurs and is successful, then at that particular moment the aspiration for freedom will have proved more powerful than technology.
>
> […]
>
> …while the industrial system is sick we must destroy it. If we compromise with it and let it recover from its sickness, it will eventually wipe out all of our freedom.

Costs of destroying the system

> If the breakdown is sudden, many people will die, since the world's population has become so overblown that it cannot even feed itself any longer without advanced technology. Even if the breakdown is gradual enough so that reduction of the population can occur more through lowering of the birth rate than through elevation of the death rate, the process of de-industrialization probably will be very chaotic and involve much suffering. It is naive to think it likely that technology can be phased out in a smoothly managed, orderly way, especially since the technophiles will fight stubbornly at every step. Is it therefore cruel to work for the breakdown of the system? Maybe, but maybe not. In the first place, revolutionaries will not be able to break the system down unless it is already in enough trouble so that there would be a good chance of its eventually breaking down by itself anyway; and the bigger the system grows, the more disastrous the consequences of its breakdown will be; so it may be that revolutionaries, by hastening the onset of the breakdown, will be reducing the extent of the disaster.

History is not made by the majority

> History is made by active, determined minorities, not by the majority, which seldom has a clear and consistent idea of what it really wants. Until the time comes for the final push toward revolution, the task of revolutionaries will be less to win the shallow support of the majority than to build a small core of deeply committed people. As for the majority, it will be enough to make them aware of the existence of the new ideology and remind them of it frequently; though of course it will be desirable to get majority support to the extent that this can be done without weakening the core of seriously committed people.
>
> […]
>
> …the revolutionaries should not try to acquire political power until the system has gotten itself into such a mess that any hardships will be seen as resulting from the failures of the industrial system itself and not from the policies of the revolutionaries. The revolution against technology will probably have to be a revolution by outsiders, a revolution from below and not from above.
>
> […]
>
> To many of us, freedom and dignity are more important than a long life or avoidance of physical pain. Besides, we all have to die some time, and it may be better to die fighting for survival, or for a cause, than to live a long but empty and purposeless life.

Conclusion

Kaczynski's manifesto made me realize that the solutions I have proposed to improve modern society would not stem the tide of advances in technology and leftist degeneracy. By the time we identify one problem, isolate it, and solve it, more degenerate leftist causes would have been pushed down our throats alongside technological advances that make our counter-movement all seem fruitless. Up to this point, we're hacking at little branches, especially when we attack the useful idiots in the form of individual feminists and social justice warriors, while the roots of evil are becoming ever stronger.

As long as the system is in place, any victory we achieve will only be short-term in scope. Such a victory could last a couple generations, but once the dust settles and the globalists re-gather their footing, they will use the existing technological, industrial, and banking frameworks to not only gain what they lost, but learn from their past mistakes and control humanity even tighter.

The question we must ask ourselves before proceeding is if we want the system to die or not. Kaczynski suggests that it is all or nothing, and assuming he's right, we either have to get ready to throw away urban living, industrialization, and virtually all technology, or be reduced to putting out small fires that don't begin to reverse a worldwide societal decline. As a man who has never lived in a rural setting, I remain undecided about how

best to continue.

In spite of my hesitation to hop on board with Kaczynski's message that the entire system must be destroyed, I am convinced that as long as it's in place, we will continue to see a neverending drive towards authoritarian liberalism and parasitic globalism that erodes national sovereignty and our individual humanity. A worldwide economic collapse may temporarily bruise the elite and usher in a mini-age of traditionalism, but once the world recovers, they'll likely resume right where they left off.

This article was originally published on Return Of Kings.

Read Next: *How Patriarchy Will Return*

10 Things I Learned From Touring The American Midwest

December 9, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I've been writing about America and its culture for over a decade, but I'm afraid I'm not as knowledgeable about the entire country as I would like to be. Nearly all of my experiences come from Washington DC and New York City, two cities that are distinct from the rest of the nation. While there is great overlap between them and other American cities, the differences are significant enough that an American man may choose to not write off the country completely.

In my recent Midwest tour I spent time in five cities:

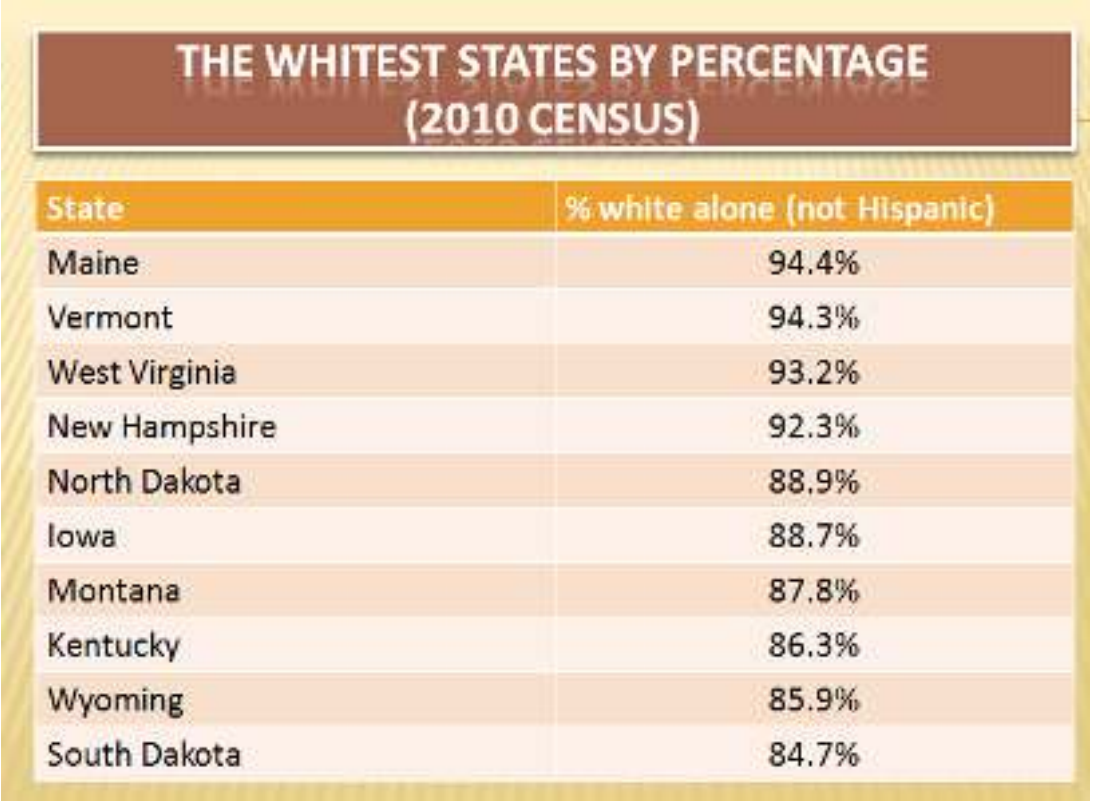
- Sioux Falls, South Dakota
- Omaha, Nebraska
- Lincoln, Nebraska
- Kansas City, Missouri
- Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Here's my video report:

The big outlier is Kansas City, a multicultural and generic city. If someone blindfolded you and dropped you there, you would have difficulty identifying which city it is since it serves as a template for Any Mega City, USA. Because of the high numbers of Hispanics and blacks, I felt like I was in a slightly safer Baltimore.

The rest of the cities can be somewhat generalized as one, even though there are certainly differences between them. Here is what I noticed about the Midwest, excluding Kansas City:

Very high white population



THE WHITEST STATES BY PERCENTAGE (2010 CENSUS)

State	% white alone (not Hispanic)
Maine	94.4%
Vermont	94.3%
West Virginia	93.2%
New Hampshire	92.3%
North Dakota	88.9%
Iowa	88.7%
Montana	87.8%
Kentucky	86.3%
Wyoming	85.9%
South Dakota	84.7%

In Nebraska and South Dakota, you can go a long time without seeing a minority. In fact, I was the darkest person in the many venues I stepped foot into. I was actually amazed that parts of America could be as white as Eastern Europe, and they're not even in the top ten of whitest states.

People use their smartphones significantly less

I would see large groups of girls talking to each other without having their phones out, which is quite rare in Washington DC. There were several points where I noticed that I was on my phone much more than those who surrounded me, making me feel ashamed.

No gays

I did not see more than two gay couples in four days, and the gays I saw were not overtly flaming. It's almost as if I was in a homosexual free zone.

People are incredibly nice

While I receive more eye contact in a place like Poland, I received many more smiles here. In Oklahoma City, in the dead of night without anyone else around, a woman walking her dogs said "Hello" to me, a gesture that I don't experience anywhere else. The evil part of me couldn't help but think that people this nice could be easily taken advantage of. Maybe we can convince them to do all sort of crazy things in the name of "equality" or their own "safety."

Very high social trust with deep social networks

Now I know why I’m not a big hit among men in the Midwest: my cold approach game would get you quickly marked in your town and ostracized. The best strategy here is to have a lot of friends and date the women in your social circle. Without a social circle in the Midwest, you’re a bit screwed when it comes to landing the best women, who get snapped up soon in college or even high school. If a girl in the Midwest is single past the age of 25, she likely has serious issues that make her an unsuitable mate. She’ll relocate to DC or NYC to try for a Sex And The City lifestyle of experiencing a few rounds of alpha male cock before she has to go back home a broken woman, lamenting about her fun days in the big city.

Obesity is a *serious* problem

People here are fatter than in the coastal cities, and unfortunately this has impacted the women. All the benefits of women being friendlier and not addicted to smartphones doesn't matter much if she's a land whale.

It doesn't take long in the Midwest to notice that the food culture is horrendous: the most popular foods are fried and loaded with simple carbs and salt with hardly any vegetables. Even worse is that that carries over into the home—they're not preparing salads and healthy foods in their kitchens. The food is tasty, of course, but it makes you feel like crap and also causes constipation because of the lack of fiber.

Men are more masculine and woman are more feminine

The men are heavily into sports, hunting, machinery, and hanging out with the guys. The women are more girly and elegant with longer hair. While Midwest women are not as feminine as Eastern European women, they do put out a more down-to-Earth vibe that is less snobbish. The only difficulty is that it's harder to tell in the beginning of an interaction if a Midwest girl is sexually attracted to you or just being her normal self. In more stand-offish cultures, like Ukraine, it's easier to know where you stand with a girl if she merely talks to you for more than a couple minutes.

It's significantly cheaper

Washington DC is expensive. You get screwed not only for housing but for food and entertainment. The implied contract is that you work like a slave in your big city job that gives you a flashy business card so you can experience the finest distractions and colorful lights that mankind has to offer without ever being bored. That contract is a bad deal if you're not a mindless sheep, especially when you consider that the bigger the city, the more likely a girl will participate in anonymous sex through nightlife and Tinder that makes her an unsuitable dating partner.

I'm not too familiar with the average salaries in the Midwest, but even if it's lower than DC/NYC, the costs you experience there are so much less that you should still come out on top. Don't let the big city lights seduce you: it's a trap that inserts you into the rat race with very little opportunity to get out.

You'll need a car

The Midwest consists of huge expanses of space. When a city wants to grow, it spreads outwards instead of upwards. This means you must have a car, even if you intend to live in the center of the city where the concept of public transportation has yet to catch on. Whatever the Midwest gains from the friendliness of the people is partially lost with the atomization of everyone driving in their car box for much of the day.

It could be a good place to raise a family

The place that stuck out the most for me was Sioux Falls. If I want to know what a "traditional" America looks like, this is perhaps the closest I'll get (until I visit the

Mountain West), though I would have to spend more time here to understand the marriage and religion dynamic. Yes, people are overweight and there also some corrupting influences, but I can say this with certainty: it's less corrupting than a large Eastern European city like Warsaw, Poland. If I were to marry a village Ukrainian girl tomorrow, I'd prefer to live with her in Sioux Falls than Warsaw. This doesn't even account for the fact that there are tons of towns smaller than Sioux Falls (population 150,000) that could be better for family life.

Conclusion

I'll be the first to admit that my analysis of American culture mostly applies to large cities with high transient populations that have weaker social connections. If a man knows his neighbors and maintains long-term relationships with his friends from school, he won't need cold approach game to meet a girl (he'll just need game to keep her). But if he lives in a big, expensive city where he changes jobs and apartments frequently and where his friends move to different cities, he's simply not going to have a strong enough social circle where he can meet attractive women, so he's much more likely to find my advice helpful, which will be required just to get laid.

While Washington DC is a good place to generalize about American people since it attracts transplants from all over, it's important to stress that it attracts the *outliers* from theose states. If a girl from South Dakota comes to DC to work for a non-profit, she is definitely not a typical girl from South Dakota who—if her sexual market value had been good and her mind sane—finds a good man to settle down with before 25 years of age.

At the same time you shouldn't generalize about America from DC or NYC, our masters are using the same template where family and tribal bonds are being destroyed and replaced with dependence on corporations and the government. Most of you reading right now are from a Western city greater than 2 million people, meaning that the advice and observations I have for you mostly holds true, even if you're not American. The fact that the advice I give to men is also applicable to those living in England, Canada, Australia, and even India is both convenient and disturbing.

Thanks to my trip to the Midwest, I finally understand why so many guys don't understand me and often spout game denialist statements like, "Game is stupid, you just have to be a good guy and have some friends." They say these things because they have a deep social network or are from smaller cities where game does not work in the same way it does in the big cities, or at least where it's not as required to meet a girl who weighs less than 140 pounds.

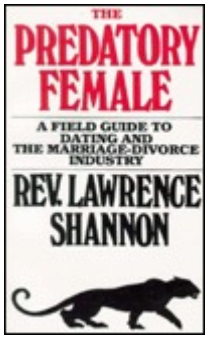
I'm not going to change my advice to deal with small towns, especially since most of my readers live in big cities, but at least now I understand why so many men don't see the point of what I teach. If only I was as lucky as them to grow up in a normal town with normal people whose minds aren't addicted to the junk that comes out of New York City and Hollywood. Since I'm not, and since I continue to live in big cities, I must use game practices to sleep with women I desire, but now I'm definitely curious about other places

in America that could be even better than what I saw in the Midwest.

Read Next: *6 Things Wrong With New York City*

15 Important Quotes From The Predatory Female

December 11, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



Published way back in 1992, The Predatory Female may be the first red pill book ever written. It warns men about the dangers of modern women well before male-centered internet communities began to do the same. While used copies of the book are expensive, PDF versions can be found via Google.

Constructed in the form of a question-and-answer dialogue, this book discusses a woman's true nature and how Western divorce laws create catastrophic problems for men f they decide to marry. Here are my favorite 15 quotes from the book:

What women want

> Q. Beyond herself and her status with other women, does anythign else pique her interest?
>
> A. Yes, any combination of money, romance, and excitement. The scent of these accommodations will have her rising like a cobra in a wicker basket. The provider of such diversions occupies center stage in her life, but his identity is unimportant to her, and it's a temporary position. Nobody can amuse her forever. All pied pipers eventually fade into the past.

The end game

> When you begin to fraternize with a woman, you are taking the first steps in a ritual mating dance that, if allowed to progress, will result in your moving about the floor in a semi-comatose state until you are fleeced of your money, property, and peace of mind. A predatory female will study you. She learns to know what you are thinking. She begins the strongest primeval death grip known to man.

Beta males are essential to the system

> ...the matriarchal system could never operate efficiently without the hordes of male drones it has created. These men, preconditioned by their mothers and suffering from a self-imposed order of chivalry, consistently front for the system and its predatory female masters.

Invisible men

> Q. Who is the invisible man?
>
> A. Any man the predatory female has deemed to be of no further use. Althought she'll go to extremes pleasing and cultivating a man when she's in the acquisitive mode, she views him as untouchable once his purpose is served. He totally ceases to exist in every way. He becomes a nonperson and is fair game for the carrion birds of society.

Natural parasites

> A primary trait of the predatory female is that she deprives you of your peace of mind in direct proportion to the amount of time you spend with her. It is a natural sapping process from which there is no escape. Starting with your mind, it soon extends to your money and possessions. It's heads she wins, tails you lose.

Rigged game

> A man, dealing with a predatory female, is like a man in the water with a shark. The environment (the matriarchal society) belongs to the predator. A man needs luck or special training to survive. Conditions permitting, a shark isn't satisfied with just one chunk of the victim . . . it keeps coming back for more.

Slot machine rule

> Q. What is the slot machine rule?
>
> A. An extension of the principle that there is no such thing as a free lunch, the slot machine rule states that dealing with a woman on a personal level is like playing with a slot machine. It's fun to watch, to play with, and it gives rewards. But the odds are against you. The longer you play the same machine, the more it will cost. It will periodically pay off in small amounts, teasers, but you will invariably
> end up in the red.
>
> Q. And a date is like feeding in the first quarter?
>
> A. Yes, and you might hit a jackpot. But sooner or later the slot takes it all back with interest.
>
> Q. What if you just quit?
>
> A. Before you are even out of sight, the machine is being cranked by another sucker. Indeed, he was probably cranking surreptitiously before your departure.

Hard to win

> If an individual fails to understand that a female's charms are never given, only loaned, he is doomed to exploitation. The male must constantly remember that there is absolutely no such entity as an exclusive use of a woman's sexual favors.

> There are always other men, and sometimes women. The man's innate desire to possess a female, to have his own little sex doll and intimate companion, is his biggest vulnerability. A predatory female will use this weakness to lead him into a trap and destroy him.

Sexual slavery

> In the advanced stages of sexual hypnosis, the male may subconsciously want to crawl into the vagina and live there. Most normal, healthy men are capable of becoming total slaves to a well orchestrated sexual enticement and the predatory female is acutely aware of this. If necessary, she will stretch that vulva right over his head and smother him to get what she wants.

The ultimatum

> Q. My girl friend says our relationship hasn't "progressed" and if I don't let her move in, she wants to break up.
>
> A. Undoubtedly, but keep in mind . . . they all dump you sooner or later anyway. Your only elective is choosing how far the camel's head will be into the tent when you are dumped. Have you considered minimizing your losses? This female is marketing her wares and you are reluctant to put up any front money. Why not opt for a new vendor?

Alimony

> Many divorced men are sending monthly alimony checks to women bearing little resemblance, physically or mentally, to the ones they married.

Marriage simulator

> Q. Is it possible to sample real marriage without the hideous commitment?
>
> A. Fortunately, yes. Simply purchase a five hundred pound Bengal tiger and keep it in the back yard. Support it, feed it, and mount it. See for yourself if you are cut out for married life.

Only single men can be heroes

> How would Superman, The Lone Ranger, James Bond, or even Jesus Christ have come off as a married man? The answer is: terrible. Married men are hard to sell as heroes. A picture of James Bond trying to placate a shrieking wife while she threatens to have his wages garnished doesn't fit the hero image. A married man is a cornered man. He is a man who has lost something, and this makes it hard for him to be the classic, free thinking, and independent hero.

The law game

> We're a nation of litigants with the courts saying, in effect, "Ok Mr., go ahead and

> marry, but if she exercises the most famous of all women's prerogatives—changing her mind—we'll help her clean your clock. We'll give her your home, children, retirement, and much of your pay check for years to come. You'll even have to pay her attorney."

Religious girls

> Churches are crawling with predatory females masquerading as born again lilies of the field, but ravenously seeking willing, naive males. Those who bite on the biblical "lord and master" routine being peddled by churchgoing predatory females, being more deluded than most, will find (after the camel gets its head in the tent) their scrotum stretchings twice as miserable.

The book is written in such a plainspoken style that it may serve as a great introduction for hopeless beta males who need to be eased into a new belief system without a shock to their system, especially since it's much faster to read than The Manipulated Man. I recommend it as required reading for any man who is considering marriage in the West.

This article was originally published on Return Of Kings.

Read More: *"The Predatory Female" on Amazon*

Why Nationalism Without Natalism Will Fail

December 14, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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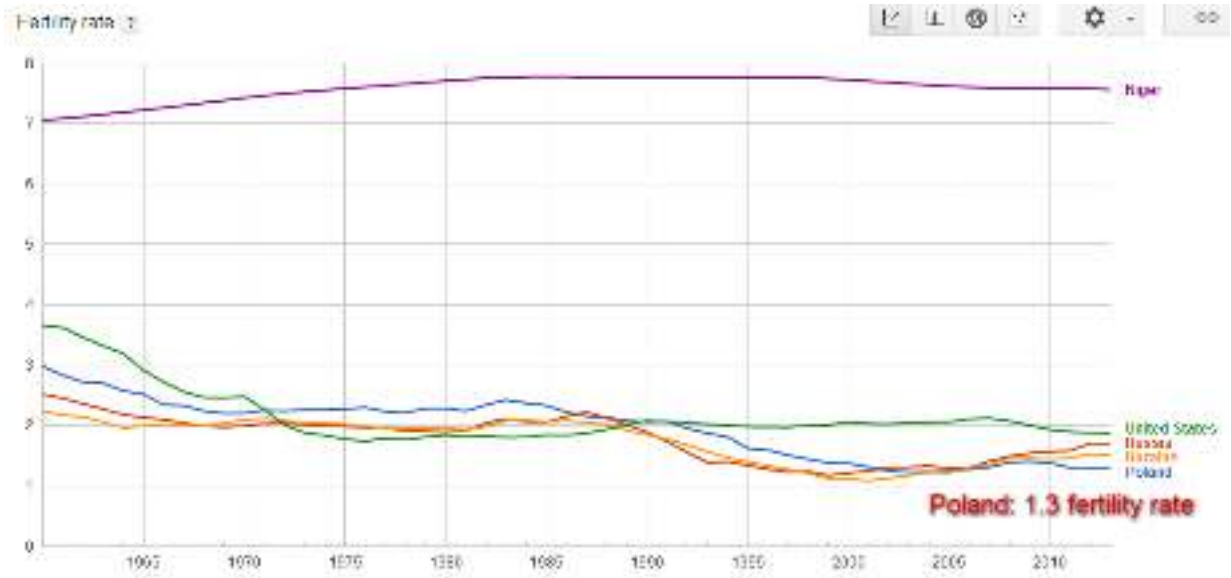
I sat in a Polish park with a brown friend of mine. We were watching people stroll by when a large group of men approached us aggressively and asked, “Syria? Syria?” One man got into a fighting position and was ready to start throwing punches. I spoke in English and said I come from the USA. He apologized and the group went on its way. The experience confirmed what I already knew: Poland is strongly nationalistic.

While the encounter could have ended poorly, and I don’t support their use of violence, I can at least understand their reasoning of wanting to keep Poland Polish. They believe that Poland should exist as a unique entity that retains the genetic material of ancestral Poles, with defenses that keep interlopers from harming it. It’s this nationalist streak that led to large protests in Warsaw trying to stop the government from accepting a modest number of Syrian refugees. Since most Poles don’t want immigrants, I predict nationalist politics will triumph and Poland will continue to exist as a homogeneous country.

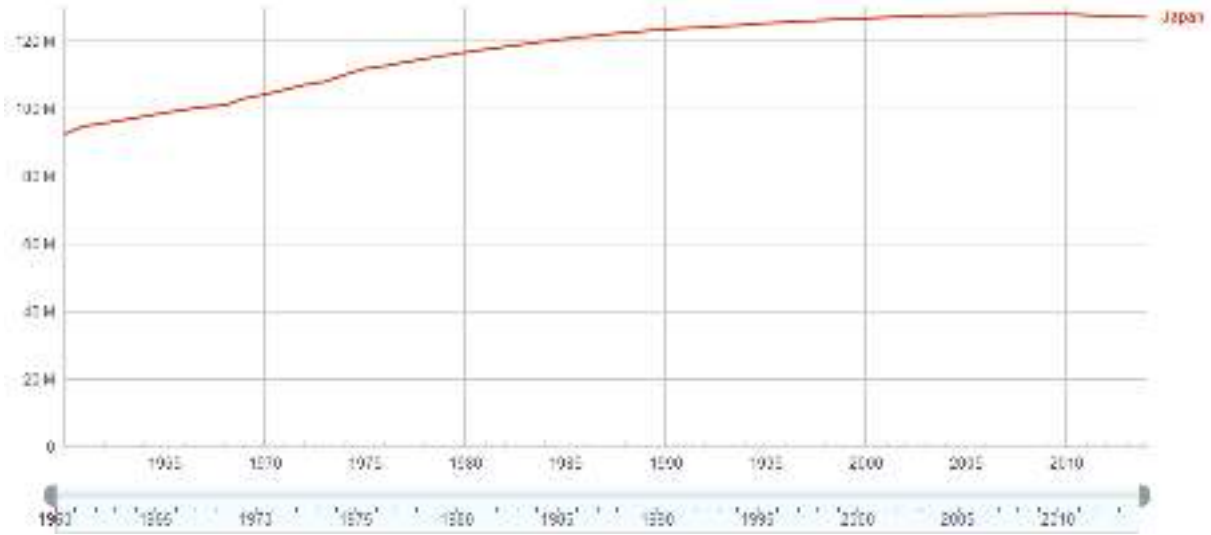
Problem solved, right? Well, not quite. While Poland is against immigration, and won’t be invaded anytime soon like the United States, Sweden, or Germany, they have been deeply corrupted by feminism and female empowerment. The current generation of young Polish girls firmly believe that they must embark on a career lifestyle that includes going to a university, traveling to exotic locations in the Mediterranean, having fun with casual sex that doesn’t end with reproduction, establishing a steady job, and then maybe getting married in their mid or late 20’s. While you will still find many Polish girls who want to get married in their early 20’s, the *trend* is beginning to match that of American girls who bought the Sex And The City lifestyle decades ago. Polish girls are being successfully programmed to become corporate wage slaves instead of wives and mothers.

A combination of Polish emigration to the United Kingdom along with decreased birth rates thanks to the rising careerist behavior of the women has led to sharp drop in national fertility that mirrors much of what you see in all of Europe. Here’s a chart showing the decline:



The population of Poland has flat-lined since the early 90's, and is likely to decline in the next decade.

The reason the elite in Poland want immigration is because they need it to sustain a population where Polish women are being made sterile through both cultural and biological means. Since I believe the elite will fail to allow immigration, thanks to Polish nationalism, what you will see in Poland over the next generation is a sharp drop in the population of the country that leads to a shortage of labor and intense pressure on the state treasury from a growing elderly demographic. In other words, they're looking at a stagnation outcome like in Japan where the economy and population will simply not grow. Japan's population has just recently started decreasing:



Even worse news for Poland is that Japan has a higher fertility rate:

Nationalism without natalism will lead to demographic collapse. Immigration without natalism will lead to cultural collapse at best and war at worst. Nationalism *with* natalism is the only hope for a nation to survive. It is currently being practiced in Israel, which is seeing strong birth rates that is safely above the replacement rate:

Israel's lack of immigration ensures that their culture remains preserved while minimizing the chance of an internal war. Even without immigration, their population growth is so strong that it almost mirrors that of African nations:

It's clear that nationalism is far easier to push and propagate than natalism, because getting your women to reproduce requires the restructuring or removal of post-Enlightenment notions of individualism, a step that nativists and nationalists are avoiding to their own peril.

Europe is currently in a post-decadent age where all Christian nations firmly believe that women should be pushed into work to decrease their dependence on men. Until this is reversed soon through state or religious influences that get European women off their smartphones and into the kitchen, the long-term prospects of Europe are dim whether they keep the immigrants out or not. Eastern Europe may have a chance if they can turn on the natalist switch, but Western Europe is far too gone, and we can except their cultural collapse within our lifetimes.

Read Next: *The End Goal Of Western Progressivism Is Depopulation*

Neomasculine Dialogue: “The Seasons Of Man”

December 16, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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The following dialogue took place between myself (RV) and Quintus Curtius (QC) on September 9, 2015.

RV:

Good day, Quintus. It has been three months since our last dialogue. As you know, I completed a lecture tour with stops in Germany, England, United States, and Canada, where I delivered a speech containing many of the principal beliefs of neomasculinity in addition to general self-improvement and game advice.

In Canada, I was met with stiff resistance from the political and media class, but was able to hold the speeches successfully in spite of it. The news coverage in Canada contained the first instances of the terms “neomasculinity” and “neomasculinist” appearing in print, a promising sign for a new philosophy that is barely six months old.

The resistance from the establishment is worthy of a future dialogue, but today I wanted to talk to you about what I observed of the 364 men I spoke to at the lectures, of which should not be a surprise to you since you attended the Montreal event. The men were not of one specific age range, race, personality, class, or appearance. They varied from men in their teens all the way up to their late 50’s (I had one father-son pair attend). While the majority was white, there were many Asians, Indians, Hispanics, blacks, and others. Some came just for the game tips, some were looking for advice on how to find the future mother of their children, and some others were looking to start a movement, to begin the resistance. What surprised me is that these men were applying similar beliefs in vastly different ways.

I didn’t expect that men of such different backgrounds could fall under the same ideological umbrella. What is it about neomasculine beliefs that can draw in such a wide net?

QC:

This was something that made an impression on me as well. The lectures saw a wide span of age groups. The noticeable variance of the ages of attendees seems to suggest, to me, that despite the station of life a man is in, there still remains a “core” set of principles that gird whatever phase of life a man finds himself in.

It is almost as if there is a bedrock of principles that unites the teenager, the man in his thirties, the middle aged man, and the elderly man. There was also a variance in economic class.

And what is this distilled wisdom that is present in every stage? I think you have correctly identified it as neomasculine ethos. These are the foundations, the roots, that remain alive and relevant from a man’s cradle to his grave. And this is why, it seems to me, that your lectures united such a wide disparity of ages.

All of them are drawn to neomasculine ideas like moths fluttering about a light. They may

not yet be able to articulate why they decided to attend, but they innately feel the invocation that neomasculinity stands for. They sense, in the fiber of their being, that this core represents the beating heart of the masculine ethos. They cannot fail to respond to its call. And this is why it is beginning to attract public attention. The ideology serves a need that is desperately being called for, irrespective of age or national origin.

RV:

They are drawn to a light that appears in one color, but which possesses many different wavelengths. Depending on the stage the man is in, he will be attracted to a specific wavelength at one instance, and then a different wavelength the next.

A man's life can be rather complex, but if we were to take a seasonal metaphor and try to apply it to all men, I think many would fit the following pattern:

Spring: This is when boy becomes man, and is beginning to wipe the crust of ignorance from his eyes to see the world as it is. Here he takes the red pill and accepts the hard truths that were concealed to him.

Summer: He is mostly liberated from mainstream dogma and programming. The truth he has accepted can be used to improve his love life, his social life, his health, and his finances. At the summer solstice, he may let the heat affect his thinking, and over-indulge in fleeting pleasures.

Fall: The cooling weather forces abrupt changes. He works out the remaining hedonistic urges from his system and begins to search for purpose and meaning. He comes to the understanding that truth is not all-or-nothing, but a series of chambers, one room leading to another, with a seemingly infinite number of options. The path he takes will be entirely his own.

Winter: He makes the final application of the wisdom he has achieved in life. Will he look back and see it as a repeating cycle that went everywhere but nowhere, or will he see that a deeper meaning has been achieved with a clear beginning, middle, and end? The answer may not come for him until he approaches his last breath.

Do you see yourself in these descriptions? I would say most guys who attended the lecture were in Summer, and only now do I feel a push into Fall, where I'm ready to use the truths I have realized not for pleasurable gains, but to serve a purpose that does not involve serving my own bodily satisfactions. The neomasculinist is aware of the seasons and is prepared for the change in weather. He understands that what he wears today will not be suitable three months from now.

QC:

This is well and truly said. The analogy of the "seasons" is a fitting one. I suppose we could also equate them with mental states, in that:

Spring: The rebellious pugnacity of youth, burning brightly, and questioning everything.

Summer: The belief that inherited wisdom is wrong, and that we ourselves know the "truth."

Fall: The world makes a mockery of our pretensions, and we begin to perceive how our

ideas clash with the iniquities of life.

Winter: We resign ourselves to the nature of Life and Fate, and reach a state of Stoic acceptance of inherited wisdom. We realize that our ancestors were, in fact, right, and that the ancient wisdom was there for a purpose.

I would also say, Roosh, that none of these "seasons" that you spoke of can definitely be said to be a "happy" state. For no one can call a man happy until he has breathed his last breath. As Montaigne says, "Fortune appears sometimes purposely to wait for the last year of our lives in order to show us that she can overthrow in one moment what she has taken long years to build."

But I certainly do see myself in those descriptions of the seasons. If I were to estimate my own season, it would have to be at what you have marked "Fall." I have not yet surrendered myself completely to the arms of Fate, but I am becoming more and more aware of her rule over mens' lives.

But each of these seasons has a part to play in the drama of life. Some wish they had acquired wisdom at an early age. Maybe so. But would that man even know what to do with it? Would he even believe its truth? The seasons of man are like the acts in a play; one cannot understand the final act, before the drawing of the curtain, until he has sat through the preceding acts.

RV:

I agree that each stage has enough difficulties where a Hollywood kind of eternal happiness does not factor in. Of course there will be moments of pleasure, and hopefully a high level of contentment, hope, and enjoyment, but the pursuit of wisdom, knowledge, truth, and enlightenment comes at such a cost that most men can not begin to attempt it. They don't even know that such a pursuit is an option for them.

I'm not pushing a life of asceticism and suffering, but a fiber of stoicism does seem to be naturally weaved into a life lived well and honestly. A young man may come to us for pickup advice, for example, but stay for the self-actualization that comes afterwards.

During the lectures, a couple men inquired about my own path and exactly what happened to go from being a horny early 20-something prowling the clubs of Washington DC to the position I found myself in Canada where I was hiring bodyguards to give a talk in a hostile environment. My response to them: "I just wanted to get laid." One door led to another, and my interest is pursuing women for casual sex is currently so low that I barely recognize my older writing when coveting the female flesh was the sole reason for my existence.

When guys pursue sex, they think they are mainly satisfying a primal urge, but at the same time they are covertly learning and understanding how women are, how men are, how society is, and even how government is. Game is currently the most popular gateway that men find into neomasculinity. Do you think it will remain this way? Are there are entry points as well?

QC:

I think that there are other entry points. I know for me there were. What attracted me to your articles was the commentary on the differences between American culture and European culture. No one was talking about these things in this way in the early 2000s. That is, no one was comparing the behavior of the women and asking why things were the way they were.

I recognized immediately a level of honesty and disclosure that simply could not be found in the mainstream publications. It meshed well with everything I had experienced in the overseas military, and in my own later travels.

Other entry points are possible as well. Health, fitness, travel, and language study seem to be the biggest points of entry. It seems that it's not so much the subject matter, but the level of receptiveness to the message. If a man feels the need for our message, he will find his way to us, with as much assurance as the law of gravity.

RV:

The scientist in me is tempted to construct a better catcher's mitt to aid men in finding us, perhaps using Silicon Valley "best practices" with heavy analysis of Google search data, A/B testing, and what have you, but succumbing to that temptation would result in creating something large instead of something true. The size of our readership is already big enough. How would existing readers be served if there was a heavy focus on finding new men to bring into the fold? I believe we should focus on serving current readers more fully.

One glaring absence I find from self-improvement literature for men is on making the transition from one season to the next. Everyone can give men tips on how to meet women or how to make money, but no one talks about what to do when you no longer get joy from the same behaviors or actions that you spent so many years mastering, and how to approach a change in the seasons.

In my recent past, I didn't want to leave the summer season. I doubled down on my prior sex behaviors, thinking that I was merely not experiencing enough of them. I failed to understand that men change and develop. While the intentions of the male friends around me at the time were good, they provided a support network that allowed me to blindly continue living in the current season, especially since our bonds depended on performing an old behavior that we began in our more youthful years. Just being able to find someone who could tell me, "Yes, you will change as you get older and not like what you used to like," was difficult, and I wasted at least two years resisting that change while stubbornly holding on to past habits that no longer served any use.

There's danger, however, when a man rushes through the seasons by trying to enter the next one before his mind is prepared. He's at risk of a crash if he stops the behaviors that serves him well while not having the ability or fortitude to begin new behaviors that cannot yet serve him. It's a bit like having an old car that occasionally breaks down. At one point do you stop making repairs and purchase a new car? What is the defining repair that makes you junk it? I imagine it would have to be cost: when the the price of the repair—of maintaining your habits and lifestyle of old—becomes too expensive for your

soul, and starts to be a primary cause of malaise, depression, and unhappiness. Only then should a man transition into a new season.

Have you recognized events in your life that, looking back, were signs that you were undergoing a transition?

QC:

Absolutely. The transition point comes when one feels as if the old models—the old paradigms—are no longer serving the purpose that they were intended to serve. It is at this point that the restless soul begins to rattle its chains, and seeks to escape the confines of its present boundaries.

Now, it has been shown time and again, through an examination of the lives of great men, that the embrace of the philosophic life contains the key for the resolution of these questions that you are asking.

You say to me, “How will I know when to transition to a new season? How will I know where to search for answers?” There are some events in our lives that are known immediately to be life-changing; but more often, the process will be a gradual, slow awakening to the fact that the old paradigm needs to be shifted to something new.

The answers to these questions can only be found by a long period of self-examination that embraces the following activities: (1) a wide-ranging reading in the philosophic classics; (2) travel and immersion in other cultures; and (3) the study of history, with an emphasis on the biographies of great men.

The active, seeking mind will absorb all of these lessons, and make the necessary connections and inferences. This is a gradual process that takes time; there is generally no Archimedean “eureka” moment. But I am confident that you are up to the task, being the mystic seeker that you are.

RV:

I agree that there is no flashbulb moment like in animated cartoons. What men have to note is if there’s a change in how they think or feel about a behavior when compared to the past. For example, let’s say a man goes to a nightclub and brings a pretty girl home. The next day he may be the happiest man in the neighborhood, with a buzz that makes him feel like he’s walking on air. Fast forward five years. He brings the same type of girl home but the buzz is gone, and the next day he doesn’t feel the joy from the experience but a grumpy hangover from another long night out.

It’s at this stage that a man can go in two directions. The first is to increase the dose of the drug, of thinking he needs to bring two girls home at once, or he must do it in a more challenging way. The second direction is to accept that the behavior that brought him happiness in the past was actually a treadmill in disguise. To stay interested while on any treadmill, you must either increase the speed or do another behavior like listen to loud music to make you forget that you’re actually on a treadmill.

If the dose of something must be increased in order to keep enjoying it, that probably means that you are pursuing an activity that is not giving you fulfillment. For over ten

years I've been writing articles for a blog, with no need to change that behavior. I get just as much happiness from publishing an article today like I did in the past, regardless of who is reading. This is because writing is a way I truly enjoy life. Pursuing women and travel has not led to the same result, suggesting they were short-term affairs that I did for novelty and fun. With those activities, I was no different than a child who wants to eagerly play with a shiny new toy before quickly moving on to another.

Modern society is set up so men almost exclusively pursue thrills that monetarily enrich others, take them away from masculine values, and keep them in a state of distraction. If we look at men of the past, what allowed them to pursue enjoyment in life? Does a "modern" life mean we throw away all the positive behaviors our grandfathers did in order to get on one of many treadmills that will likely result in us being roughly thrown off?

Whatever the answer is, a good way for a man to know he's not pursuing virtue is if he gets bored or tired after doing it enough times. Pursuing wisdom, meaning, and deep human connection… there is no boredom in that.

QC:

This is well and truly said. There is no boredom in the pursuit of the philosophical life, because it is the ultimate quest. The greatest journey is the pursuit of these eternal questions. But the inner journey cannot begin until a man has sufficiently stimulated his exterior sensations. He must be satisfied that the same response will come from the same external stimuli.

The same stimuli, even if it is pleasant, eventually becomes impossible to discern. Cicero tells us in the "Dream of Scipio" that we do not hear the "harmony of the spheres" (i.e., the movement of the heavenly bodies) because we have heard it from birth. In the same way, he also points out that those living in the Cataracts of the Nile are deaf to the crashing surge of the river's waters.

Few have the conviction or discipline to undertake this journey, but all have the potential.

And it is true that modern society does not encourage this sort of patient reflection. But, I would also say, when has this ever been true? The life of the seeker has always been an oasis of calm amid the crashing turbulence of its surroundings. We have just as many tools now—perhaps more—than our ancestors possessed. The fact that we must search longer and harder for them makes them only that much more attractive. But this is the way of things. It cannot be helped. I would not wish to exchange my life for the life of any other man, because it is one based on the pursuit of the essence behind things.

For what separates a man from a beast? The major difference is that the animal is moved by sense alone, and is little able to distinguish past from present, living only in the present moment. Man, because he partakes in Reason, is different. He sees the consequences behind things, he can differentiate progress and antecedents, and he is able to connect cause and effect in a way that permits him to draw inferences based on Reason.

And because of this, Nature herself directs man towards a life based on deliberation and

reflection. We cannot escape the hold of Reason, or the quest for the essence of things.

RV:

Quintus, you have a way of taking a seemingly trivial observation I've noticed on the streets and connecting it with the eternal cosmos and nature of man, and for that I am grateful, because it is this connection that men must understand as they progress through the seasons of their own lives. I hope we are successfully giving them the tools to see more clearly than before.

I'm looking outside my window right now and see an unusually bright sun. It seems that summer wants to say one last goodbye before the onset of the cool Polish fall. I will go out now for a walk and contemplate your words, more ready than ever for the changing of this season.

Read Next: *Neomasculine Dialogue: "A New Beginning"*

Programming Change

December 18, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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For the past few years I've been posting three times a week (Monday, Wednesday, Friday) with the occasional hiatus, but this schedule is no longer sustainable because the time it takes me to write an article has greatly increased. The blog has begun taking time away from books I want to write. Instead of taking even longer hiatuses, I will go off a regular schedule, post whenever I have something to share, and publish shorter posts that take less time to write.

Also, while I do like the articles I've been putting out lately, they could be less heavy. Throwing in some lighter fare wouldn't hurt.

In other news, in early 2016 I'll reveal my next project, which is to take the community we have online and start to move it offline into local tribes of men. The migrant crisis that Europe is facing is a sign that our rulers have gone off the rails and are leading us to either war or severe internal decline. We must start counting on each other when the shit does hit the fan just like it is for many of my readers in Germany and Sweden. No one will save us but ourselves.

Don't Miss: *The Multicultural Narrative Is Collapsing Before Our Eyes*

The BBC And Reggie Yates Release Their Hit Piece On The Manosphere

December 21, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Over the summer I agreed to let the BBC and their host Reggie Yates attend one of my lectures for their "masculinity in Britain" documentary. Knowing how leftist the BBC is, we can't be surprised that they ignored the bulk of my most relevant work to paint me as a rapist and rape instructor, using out-of-context quotes that they found on social justice websites. One-third of the documentary focused entirely on me and the wildest things I've written in the past ten years. Here's the full documentary:

Here's a cut of the documentary that contains just the parts I'm in:

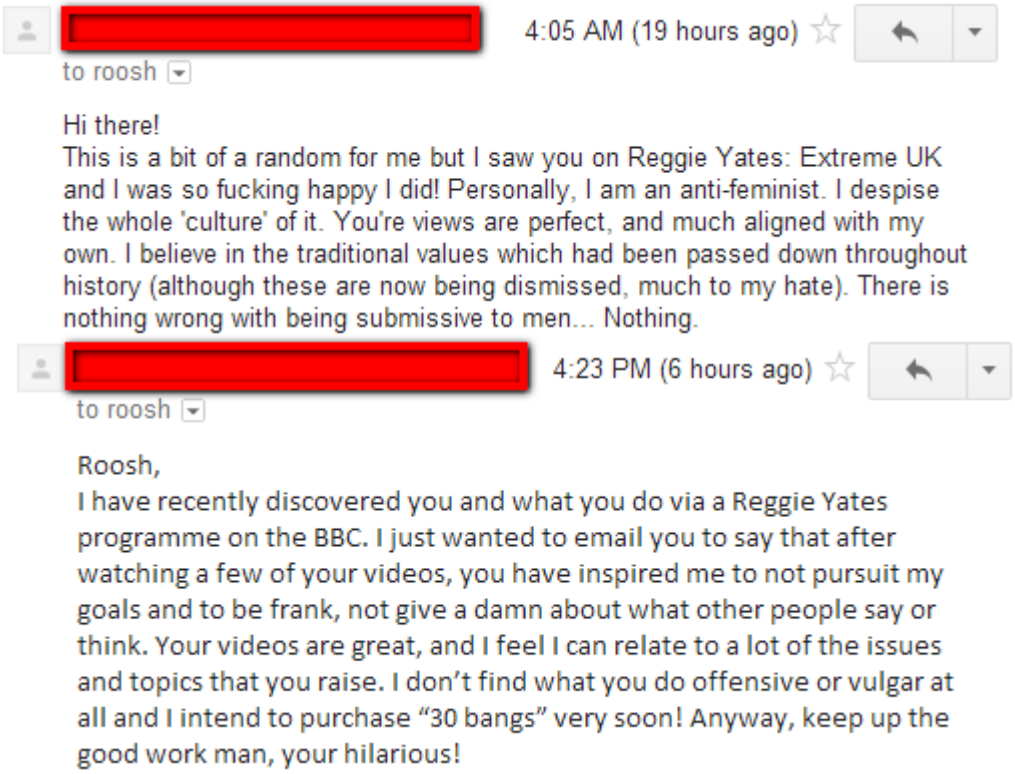
At one part in the documentary, I ask Reggie if he's gay, because he evaded my question on how fame has allowed him to have groupies. He claimed to be straight, but I don't know a single straight man who would pose for this sort of photo:

Here's my video response to the documentary:

Even though we shouldn't be surprised that the BBC hired a non-masculine man to report on masculinity, their underlying social justice agenda should be called out and the conclusions made in the documentary should be ignored. What the BBC did with the above documentary is essentially hire a carpenter to review an Italian opera. Besides a handful of exaggerated facial expressions made for the camera, the carpenter will not be able to analyze the opera on a level above that of even a grade-school trumpet player.

Many men have asked me what I expected from the BBC. I didn't expect anything, and as

you can see in my response video, I can't say I'm angry at their coverage. The reason is that there is nothing the media can do anymore to hurt me, and even if they paint me as a baby murderer, I will still gain readers because of it. When you are in an anti-fragile position, you're immune to all manner of attacks, and so it's the coverage alone that helps me because it gets my ideas across to those who have yet to see it. Even if 0.1% of people who watched the BBC documentary become readers of mine, it's still a huge win, since doing it only cost me a couple hours of time.


[redacted] 4:05 AM (19 hours ago)
to roosh

Hi there!
This is a bit of a random for me but I saw you on Reggie Yates: Extreme UK and I was so fucking happy I did! Personally, I am an anti-feminist. I despise the whole 'culture' of it. You're views are perfect, and much aligned with my own. I believe in the traditional values which had been passed down throughout history (although these are now being dismissed, much to my hate). There is nothing wrong with being submissive to men... Nothing.

[redacted] 4:23 PM (6 hours ago)
to roosh

Roosh,
I have recently discovered you and what you do via a Reggie Yates programme on the BBC. I just wanted to email you to say that after watching a few of your videos, you have inspired me to not pursuit my goals and to be frank, not give a damn about what other people say or think. Your videos are great, and I feel I can relate to a lot of the issues and topics that you raise. I don't find what you do offensive or vulgar at all and I intend to purchase "30 bangs" very soon! Anyway, keep up the good work man, your hilarious!

On the other hand, people who are fragile are dependent on a constant stream of positive coverage from the media. They cannot have whispers and rumors that paint them as less pure than their public image. My image has already been dragged through the mud, so the only direction for me is up, regardless of what is said about me from this point on. I can be accused of torturing women in dungeons on live television and I wouldn't lose a single reader, but if the same happened to Reggie, he would lose his job and his BBC-sponsored fame.

I did a Twitter poll the other week that asked men what would happen to their lives if they were falsely accused of rape. It shows that most men are still in a fragile position.

As the narrative loses steam and we enter a chaotic period where the mentally ill run the asylum, you must make the attempt to be as anti-fragile as possible so that when a false accusation is thrown your way, or a BBC host of questionable sexuality announces to its audience that you must be a rapist after reading an out-of-context quote, you don't lose a single minute of sleep. The BBC program tried to paint me as a criminal, but instead I gained more fans and sold more books. As long as my name exits the mouth of my enemies, I win, and I will continue to win. I hope a growing percentage of my readers can find themselves in this position as well.

Read Next: *Review Of Antifragile By Nassim Taleb*

My Best Media Interview Of The Year

December 23, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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During the Canada outrage this summer, I did an interview with Rebel Media's Ezra Levant. This week he chose it as one of his best interviews of 2015, alongside Noam Chomsky and Miss World Canada. Here is the segment (my part starts at 10:42):

The interview was probably the best I've ever done because Levant allowed me to explain my philosophy in full. You can watch the original interview here:

My relationship with the media can be described as abusive, especially with the mainstream media. While they loathe to give me a large platform, they need me to drive outrage clicks that keep the lights on. I generally like interviews because it entertains you and gives us something to talk about for a day or two, like with the BBC, but I'd like to avoid another Dr. Oz scenario if possible. We'll see who batters who in 2016.

Read Next: *How To Do Interviews With The Mainstream Media*

Merry Christmas Special For Everyone

December 25, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I recently put all 18 of my books on three e-book platforms: iTunes, Kobo, and Nook (Barnes & Noble). To get the ball rolling, I'm giving a large discount on my two most popular books, Bang and Day Bang. From now until January 1, you can get either book for only $3. If you're one of the last few who haven't yet read these two books, or simply want a cheap electronic copy, follow the links below before January 1.

iTunes: Bang or Day Bang

Kobo: Bang or Day Bang

Barnes & Noble: Bang or Day Bang

I'd appreciate it if you also leave a star rating or review, even if it's just a sentence or two.

It's hard to imagine that I wrote Bang eight years ago. Amazingly, it has helped provide me with enough income to live abroad for several years and have the lifestyle I dreamed of back when I was a microbiologist in a Maryland biotech firm. But now I can feel that the direction of the winds are changing, and the subject matter that has provided with so much in the past will be a far smaller part of my future.

I have only one more game book to write. After that, I'll find a cheap city to live in and focus on pursuits that interest me most, even if they may not provide as reliable an income. I've learned that knowing how to live cheaply and minimally is as good of a hedge against the future as having a lot of money in a bank account, because as history has shown, war or the incompetence of a nation's rulers can make money worthless in a flash. I'm ready for any outcome.

The Big Lie

December 28, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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As the world population gets larger, the lies needed to control the masses also gets larger. Propagating one big lie requires the help of all major institutions in order to seed and maintain it across successive generations. Control will be easily maintained as long as most of the population believes in the big lie, but once that lie unravels, the house of cards that sustain it will crumble.

You already have experience with the size of lies when it comes to dating women. If you tell a woman a small lie, such as stating that you've been to a certain country even though you had not, a big coverup or backstory is not needed. The odds that she will discover such a lie is small, and even if she does, she will forgive you for it.

If you take on a bigger lie, such as your age, you now have to change many aspects of your personal anecdotes so that the lie is not exposed. You also have to hide forms of identification from her in case she sees your birth date. If you lie about something bigger, such as your first name, you have to hide even your credit cards and tell all your friends to use a different name when she's around. The bigger the lie, the more work you must do to sustain it, and the more costly the fallout when it's exposed.

The big lie in the West is egalitarianism.

- Women and men are equal
- Heterosexuals and homosexuals are equal
- All races are equal
- The immigrant population is equal to the native-born population
- *Everyone is equal, and if one group doesn't appear equal, it's because they're being oppressed by another group*

Concealing the lie of egalitarianism requires artificial cosmetics in every facet of Western life. The media must not report on incidents that show sex or race differences. The government must construct laws and policy to help "equalize" the sexes, which means demoting heterosexual men as second-class citizens. Public schools and universities must spread propaganda to give an intellectual basis for the big lie that ends up being dismantled by the work of a few dozen dedicated bloggers.

The eyes and ears of the masses must be deliberately impaired to prevent them from seeing contradictions of the big lie in every day of their lives, and those who have shaken off the cataracts of their vision, who get close to exposing the lie after peeling the layers that conceal it, must be viciously attacked and marginalized.

One of the reasons why "pick up artists" have been thoroughly assailed in the media and why I have been denounced by the Southern Poverty Law Center and Anti Defamation League is not because women are genuinely being taken advantage of or put in any sort of danger, but because we are exposing the lie when it comes to sex differences. The

reason that the alternative right is being attacked for being “racist” through the use of the term “cuckservative” is not because they are violent extremists, but because they expose the lie when it comes to race and the political establishment. The closer you get to divulging the big lie, the more likely you’ll be attacked yourself.

Why does the big lie exist? Why are all institutions on board with spreading it? The big lie allows a few thousand people at the top of society to maintain power and control while increasing their wealth. The big lie is a political platform, an operating system for large nations. It gives the elite ideological and logistical tools to marginalize the strongest members of society and their in-groups. The foot soldiers at the bottom of the big lie (social justice warriors and feminists) are useful idiots that help the elite keep the lie alive.

Enemies of the big lie are the nuclear family, the tribe, national pride, and heterosexual native-born men. If you make me dictator and I’m able to destroy the family unit and the most independent freethinking men, the two biggest obstructions to my rule, my ancestors and I will reign for centuries. In the meantime, I will make women distrustful of men so that nuclear families are not created. I will empower minorities and immigrants to hate “privileged” white men. I will empower homosexuals and all deviant classes of societies to aid me in destroying the family unit while censoring or forbidding masculinity. I will introduce millions of incompatible foreigners through open-border immigration that decreases the ability of natives to pursue economic success and family formation. The big lie, it turns out, is wonderfully effective for maintaining control over huge populations. If you were made dictator, and had a team of advisers and technocrats with IQ’s of at least 115, you would also come to the logical decision to use it as well. It destroys all major threats to your power.

The internet is a tool that has been essential in exposing the big lie. Without it, either you would not have discovered the big lie or you would have had no one to talk to about it. While it has allowed the liars to deceive and stupify the low-hanging fruit of society with deception wrapped behind apps and flashy entertainment, it has given intelligent men a means to understand how the big lie works, how to coordinate with other men who also see through the big lie, and how to spread the truth to those whose eyes and ears have begun rejecting the big lie. The fact that you are reading this right now shows that you are able to resist the shiny web sites and viral videos to concentrate for a few minutes on understanding the uncomfortable truths of the world. Most humans are not capable of this level of comprehension.

The good news and bad news is that the big lie is currently unraveling. The lie, like modern finance, has taken on a life of its own and become too big. The regular bailouts that patch up the leaks created by its contradictions are short-term fixes that humans will eventually reject. Before you celebrate on the destruction of the big lie, you must understand that the United States will be a very different place without it.

Where will the new class of elites get their moral or ideological authority to rule from? How will they keep the peace among 325 million people, especially when we already

need a police state and massive spying operation to keep order with the big lie in effect? I also doubt our existing rulers will go quietly into the night, and so I fear they'll double down to maintain their power once a significant percentage of the population no longer believes in the big lie. If you don't believe it, they may simply make you believe, or control you to such an extent that your possession of the truth is no threat to their power. Many men will have to leave the country to avoid persecution.

Two questions we can must ask ourselves is if multi-ethnic Western countries with large populations can be orderly led and maintained by the truth. We'll find out soon enough as more and more people stop believing in the lies that have been programmed into them, and come over to the side of truth. That truth can be hidden for a few decades or even a century, but eventually it will be revealed, and when it does, I hope you have the ability to protect yourself and your family.

Read Next: *The End Goal Of Western Progressivism Is Depopulation*

4 Trends To Look Out For In 2016

December 30, 2015 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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The scales are tipping in our favor. In 2014, the only mainstream resistance I could identify with was gamergate, but in 2015 not only did gamergate grow in size and become a sort of media watchdog, but Donald Trump showered the masses with pro-masculine ideas while the cuckservative meme rattled the "conservative" establishment. In addition, thanks to the help of many of you, we were able to humiliate thousands of SJW's in Canada alongside mayors and politicians by defying their demand to not hold lectures there. If you look back to 2012 and 2013, there was no real victory we could claim, but they are now starting to pile up.

For 2016, we'll see several more clashes with the mainstream, though we may take heavier casualties in some battles as the enemy is well aware of our growing strength. Here are some important trends to look for:

1. Violent resistance in Europe

Once summer hits, and the migrants get back in their George Soros Lifeboats ™ to head for the European mainland, expect a nationalist movement to be created seemingly out of thin air from individuals who didn't previously consider themselves to be nationalists.

Blue pill Westerners go along with multiculturalism because it makes them feel moral and warm on the inside, but only if it doesn't decrease the satisfaction of their lives or their standard of living. Once that starts to occur—and it will—they will jump ship and support a nationalist movement. Look not only in Germany and Sweden for this to happen, but also Austria, Denmark, and the Netherlands.

2. Peak social justice

Social Justice Warriors served as fine useful idiots for the past several years, but they have begun lashing out against the hands that feed them. Two recent instances that come to mind is Chicago SJW's demanding the resignation of Democratic mayor Rahm Emmanuel and a British university students trying to ban an establishment feminist from speaking.

The SJW's in the media and government will start to sabotage and mock the "extreme SJW's" on the ground whom they can no longer control, suddenly remembering concepts like free speech and due process which they neglected when implanting themselves in their march through the institutions. Both groups will distract each other with battles that achieve nothing. I will absolutely not aid establishment SJW's defeat their little Frankensteins, likely starting with the Black Lives Matter movement, which will be dismantled in similar fashion as Occupy Wall Street in the second half of 2016.

While SJW influence is still strong, and will continue to persecute innocent individuals who stand against them, their power peaked in early 2015. Between 2010-2014, they saw

nonstop victories, but now infighting between themselves and a resurgent resistance will weaken them greatly.

3. Stopping Donald Trump

There is no way they will let Trump win. Now that they know the media alone is unable to stop him, they will simply get a mainstream Republican to run as an Independent to ensure Hillary wins. Even if that Independent candidate only siphons 5% of the vote, it will be enough to ensure that Trump loses based on the current voting demographic. The only chance Trump has is if communist Bernie Sanders runs as an Independent, which is very possible since the old man knows that this is his last shot at being president for a Democratic establishment that has begun pulling the strings against him.

Trump losing would not be a total loss for us, because it would awaken millions of people to the corruption of the media and establishment parties while setting the stage for future politicians to use Trump's campaign as a template for local elections. Those politicians could some day challenge Federal power. Maybe some of you will take his platform and run for local office.

4. Degradation of mainstream entertainment

Mainstream entertainment, particularly movies, will become intolerable to watch as Hollywood writers jam in every politically correct trope they can find. There will be a moment, which I have already personally experienced, where you can't watch *any* new movie made in America.

I was on a trans-Atlantic flight recently and attempted to watch the new Mad Max movie. There was nothing shocking in it compared to other recent politically correct films, but the part I had to shut it off was when Max failed to fire a gun with correct aim and needed help from a female, who proceeded to hit the target in one shot. Fake. After turning off my screen in disgust, I got into a conversation with my seatmate, a 65 year old woman. Hollywood has gotten so bad that talking to an elderly person was more entertaining than the tripe they put out.

As a man who still likes a good story, I find myself without movie options, especially since I've seen many of the masculine classics. We may reach a point in the next year or two where it becomes financially viable for us to produce independent films.

Conclusion

It's fun to make predictions because when you're right, you feel an ego boost after announcing to the world that you are like Nostradamus, but the trends I noted above are mere logical continuations from what we have been seeing in the past two years. Of course history does not operate on a straight line, but I'd confidently bet on the above.

Either way, the culture war will certainly get more intense. I had one big fight this year, and for the next year, I'm prepared to fight several more. I hope you are as ready as I am.

Read Next: *The American Elite Hates America*

My Top 10 Articles Of 2015

January 1, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Here are what I consider my ten best articles in 2015, out of the 119 I published. They are in alphabetical order.

7 Things I Require In The Future Mother Of My Child

> She must be between 18-25 years old. In the case I want to have more than two kids, I need to find a woman who is substantially younger than myself so she is biologically able to keep popping them out. This requirement also accounts for the fact that single women over 25 are emotionally damaged in some way, are alpha widowed, or are professional daters who are incapable of making the proper relationship sacrifices.

Appearance Is Ideology

> Liberals tend to be ugly, fat, and with low muscle mass when compared to the societal average. I don't claim this to cause insult, but it's clear that liberalism is an ideology that attempts to take from the strong, beautiful, and talented to give to the ugly, weak, and talentless.

My Education Was A Complete Waste Of Time

> If I have a son, he will receive a classical education from a dedicated tutor at no more than two hours a day. The rest of his time will be spent exploring nature, music, athletics, woodworking, art, and of course, the scientific method. The goal is not to fill his head with information and facts in the hopes that one day it will aid him, but to give him the tools and mental framework to tackle any problem he will face in life.

The DEFCOCK Alert System

> Now that the world is rapidly turning against masculinity, it's time we implement a DEFCOCK alert system to provide objective and standardized information on whether a certain environment is healthy or not for men.

The End Goal Of Western Progressivism Is Depopulation

> It's not a coincidence that you are already on board with depopulation agenda, and if you live in a Westernized nation, you came to that conclusion "naturally" because since you were in grade school, you have been bombarded with messages about the dangers of over-population and the fragility of the environment. It turns out that all the progressive ideas being spread in the West have one thing in common: they all limit human reproduction.

Western Men Are Becoming Evolutionary Dead-Ends

> The pinnacle of your father's life was being a reliable provider, but that it not turning out to be the case for us. The pinnacle of our lives is making internet money, scooping up some easy sex, and minimizing our legal exposures. I fear there is not much in the way of deeper meaning to be found.

What Is Neomasculinity?

> Neomasculinity combines traditional beliefs, masculinity, and animal biology into one ideological system. It aims to aid men living in Westernized nations that lack qualities such as classical virtue, masculinity in males, femininity in females, and objectivity, especially concerning beauty ideals and human behavior.

Why Women Shouldn't Work

> Therefore a man's labor, when measured collectively, is essential for society, while a woman's labor, outside of the home, is not. While there are three or four women who have made great contributions to science and human resources over the past century, the absence of those women would not have led to a societal collapse, while the absence of all the men who made great contributions certainly would have.

Women In Their Prime Prefer Sex With Damaged Men

> If you are a nice guy who refuses to learn game or put on the clown mask, I have some great news for you: once a girl is done fucking a dozen or two bad boys in her prime, once her vagina is properly stretched out and primed to secrete maximum lubrication to only bad boy cock, and once the container of her eggs becomes nearly empty, she will gladly accept you into her life for biological reproduction, not because you were her first choice, but because those bad boys could not see her as anything more than a wet gash.

Women Must Have Their Behavior And Decisions Controlled By Men

> Men, on average, make better decisions than women. If you take this to be true, which should be no harder to accept than the claim that lemons are sour, why is a woman allowed to make decisions at all without first getting approval from a man who is more rational and levelheaded than she is? It not only hurts the woman making decisions concerning her life, but it also hurts any man who will associate with her in the future.

View the archives to see all articles I published last year. Is there anything you want to see me write about in 2016?

Read Next: *5 Observations From My 2015 Visit To Ukraine*

Letter From A Member Of The Global Elite

January 4, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Below is an email I received from a man who claims to be a member of a family that is one of the top 100 richest in the world. I believe it to be authentic.

I repeatedly told David that the European Union and United States were not yet ready for the final stage of our plan, but he didn't listen. Because he wanted to rush things through before passing away, we may have jeopardized decades of hard work where the sheep of the West would have voluntarily signed the death warrants of their own family members had we commanded it. I've had to cancel many social functions to meet with media owners to develop a modified narrative to save our beloved agenda.

We stumbled upon a useful technique in Germany after World War 2 when we noted how guilty Germans felt about asserting national identity and defending themselves from harm. They gave the keys to the castle over to the Americans, who thanks to their powerful cognitive elite, played an instrumental role in the rise of a digestible multiculturalism that led to the Germans competing amongst themselves to announce who was most welcoming of anything non-German, including people from countries who still practice stonings and beheadings. Once we saw the power that guilt played in allowing our agenda to be adopted, we copy-pasted it throughout the Western world, particularly Scandinavia and the Anglosphere.

Most of your readers already know why we insist on Islamist immigrants, but in case you've been stuck under a rock of our design, the biggest threat to our power in a country like Germany is Germans. In America it's Americans. It's the natives who may look at each other, recognize themselves, and then begin a government overthrow that threatens my regal lifestyle and those of my friends. By destroying a country's social fabric, which consists of its nationalistic pride, belief in Christianity, the family unit, and fraternal organizations, we leave a once strong and cohesive people lost, confused, weak, demoralized, sterile, and floating in a plastic consumer wind we created, where the only way they can ease the pain of their psychological suffering and lack of meaningful human bonds is is to seek entertainment, antidepressant drugs, alcohol, and casual sex.

Our offensive front upon the identity of a nation is topped in terms of effectiveness only by feminism, the Hiroshima of cultural bombs that has destroyed the family unit so beyond our wildest dreams that I have a good chuckle about it every now and then. Its success is why David hastily thought we were ready to unleash the Nagasaki immigration bomb to finish off the job before his body gave way.

Our feminist useful idiots on the ground, with their short hair, ugly bodies, and shrieking manner, have been so effective that the German birth rate is now the worst in the entire world! This outcome is better than any eugenics program mankind has ever seen. We have allowed German women (and Swedish, British, American, etc.) to voluntarily sterilize themselves with absurd notions of being strong and independent by laboring dutifully and single-mindedly in our corporations. The scam has so many levels that it's hard to respect

the female sheep for not seeing it:

—By pushing women to work, we increase the supply of labor, decreasing the wage price. This increases our profits. Funny thing is that even though wages are already low, we're so greedy that we'll start to offshore the best jobs anyway, forcing women to play a game of corporate musical chairs to stay relevant in the job market while their wages continue to decline in real terms.

—The paltry salaries they do receive comes immediately back to us when they buy our marketed products, GMO foodstuff, technological crap, and mindless entertainment featuring lovable gay—and soon transvestite—characters. Our collective balance sheets don't suffer a technical loss from the price of their labor, and actually sees a net profit if you account for the credit card debt that women incur to buy our ugly corporate fashions. Sixty dollar yoga pants, anyone?

—Unlike when they work at home, their labor is taxed by governments that we own through crooked politicians who will sell out their people for a mere $15,000 donation. Their income taxes come right back to us in the form of subsidies, tax breaks, and the revolving door where our executives essentially have second homes in government ministries that pay obscene salaries and give huge kickbacks to their former corporate pals.

You have to admit this is genius, especially since there are *still* women who think feminism is about female empowerment. It is about empowerment—for us! Our research has calculated that a woman begins to be unsatisfied with corporate work after 13 years, but by then she is too withered, barren, and emotionally broken from being pumped and dumped so many times that she will be unsuccessful in finding a mate and reproducing, forcing her to work *for the rest of her life*. And even if she has kids, she'll be such a horrible mother that her kids will be sterile degenerates anyway.

Once we took care of the women, the men took barely a pittance of effort to get wrapped around our fingers. Their genetic predisposition already primed them to work like mindless mules, and now that we turned their young, fertile women into feral monsters who destroy their own bodies and souls, all we had to do for the men was hang the olive tree of fun casual sex. Our media guys in Hollywood made the rock star lifestyle the most coveted desire of these mules, and they sucked up the hookup culture, dating apps, drunken sex—you name it. Even the owner of this web site was a useful idiot of ours, spreading the idea of sterile sex even better than Jersey Shore (I secretly bought 10,000 copies of his stupid book Bang so he would continue writing about "banging" or whatever he calls it.) I can't say I like his more recent ideas, however, since it seems to promote reproduction and stronger family bonds.

As for why we are doing what we're doing, you have to understand that there are too many people on the Earth, and we're having trouble controlling all of you. We already have all the wealth we need, so our main goal is to preserve it. Don't listen to what our politician puppets have to say about "income equality" or egalitarian bullshit—we have no intention of making that a reality. We need to maintain the status quo while gradually

limiting the population in a controlled, efficient manner, especially populations of those who can pose problems to our immediate interests: European derived white people.

I'm white in skin tone myself, but the problem with Christian whites is that our models show they are the greatest danger to our power. I'm sure you've read the history books we put in your factory high schools about all the revolutions that happen when white people get angry. This is why we have an intense propaganda campaign of "population control is good" and "global warming is bad" to demoralize whites. It functions alongside programs of open-door immigration and feminism to reduce their numbers relative to other groups that accelerate the decline of their social fabric and make them feel guilty for merely living. Ever wonder why you rarely see big white families anymore? It's so rare that if there is one, we make a reality show out of them and convince everyone how weird, crazy, and backwards they are.

Back to my friend David. Before the preservation of his brain can take place, he wanted to at least see Germany achieve our end game vision. We gave a call to Merkel and threw out a nice round number of Islamists she must accept: 5 million. She agreed—like she had a choice—and the men flowed in instantly, because of course we financed the boat drivers and smugglers in Turkey and Syria. But provincial Eastern Europeans started to raise a stink.

Even though we control all Eastern European media, we have not been able to get their sheep into completely accepting multiculturalism. Progress has been too slow and I think it's because of some odd strain of nationalism that our comrade Stalin failed to completely stamp out. The nerve of these people, to think that their borders are something sacred and should be defended with the sweat and blood of their people. We'll test their commitment soon enough, and see how much blood they are willing to sacrifice for our vision of unified world governments that ensure international order and stability.

Polish, Hungarian, and Czech politicians must have been secretly avoiding our testosterone lowering chemicals and foods to gather enough testicular fortitude. They showed other Europeans that accepting millions of brown men will decrease their standard of living and make their streets more dangerous and unwelcoming. Our media channels, even in the USA, a country we've already bombed with millions of invaders with hundreds of our strategically placed "refugee centers," were not able to silence this grassroots resistance or control it. Every wannabe nationalist tried to be a hero and yell about how the "elite" is controlling the West. Unfortunately for us, it was working.

I told David that the West was not yet ready for their own voluntary annihilation. So we had to backtrack. We let Eastern Europe build their stupid fences and quietly reduced our internal immigrant quota numbers.

But let me ask you something: do you think that will stop us? It's a setback, no doubt, but we've had many setbacks in the past century and have overcome them all. We're going to let things simmer down for a bit and focus more intently on our mind control efforts. We already got Zuckerburg following orders from his CIA backed In-Q-Tel advisers to censor any anti-multicultural chatter and we're doing the same with Twitter. We need to

squelch all independent outlets that give the *appearance* of resistance and criticism to our plans. This is why we're in the process of eliminating comment sections in all media sites. If the sheep doesn't see public criticism, they'll believe that no disagreement exists.

After we recently put the nail in the coffin of the Western family unit with homosexual marriage (code name "AIDS Marriage"), you're probably thinking that we're going to introduce some zany new cause like bestiality, but honestly we don't need to. Your birth rates are ruined and your most fertile young women are already taking birth control pills at the same time we have them on a schedule of HPV vaccines with delicious long-term side effects. You didn't hear it from me, but if a woman has been on birth control for over five years, her endocrine system is so ravaged that at least a quarter of them will remain sterile forever. Therefore you'll probably agree that no more cultural bombs are needed. We can focus instead on cementing our media control even further. Sorry, David, but you won't see much more action before your third heart gives out.

What we're actually going to start doing is save some money (as in trillions of dollars). While indebting a nation is good business since we can eventually take it over when they default, just like we did with Greece, we can't have the entire world defaulting at the same time. Collapses have to be done on our orderly schedule. What we'll do is start taking care of the most economically wasteful members of society—the elderly. They don't work or contribute to the tax base, so there's no real need for them to exist. We'll make health care so expensive that they will choose to die rather willingly, just like how young women sterilize themselves willingly. I'm already hearing reports that some old men are killing themselves so that their loved ones don't have to incur a huge debt for their care. This is great news, and I thank Obamacare for opening this exciting new avenue of "health care."

We monitor sites like this so we can get a rough count for how many of you are on to our plans, but honestly you're too insignificant to make a difference. I can give Roosh himself the minutes to our secret meetings, but it will be known by less than 100,000 people in a world of 7 billion. None of our media outlets will cover the news and if it does happen to go viral on its own, we'll get the link banned from Facebook within a day. I doubt that will be necessary because the tsunami of media content we blanket the wires with makes it almost impossible for a genuinely harmful bit of news to rise to the top, and as long as our girl Kim Kardashian has an ass that continues to dazzle the world, your "conspiracy theory" won't be taken seriously.

Is it really so difficult to accept that you are pawns in our chess game? At least you don't have to perform hard manual labor in a factory or farm like our sheep of the past. Think about it: you hardly do any real work for a life filled with our tasty entertainments that give you a rough simulation of the joy humans used to experience naturally. Sure your life is sterile, you have no concept of family, and your people think having pride in their own country is neocolonialism or white privilege, but there's a reason why you are controlled by us instead of the other way around: we were destined to have power over you. You're lucky we give you our scraps at all, because once we unleash our advanced robots, which are in late-stage development, you won't even be needed. Pray that we don't get Bill to

unleash his diabolical vaccines on you!

I now have some important business to attend to so that’s enough for today. I hope you feel as graced by my presence as I feel dirtied by yours.

Sincerely,

Master Servant Of Lucifer

Read Next: *The End Goal Of Western Progressivism Is Depopulation*

International Tribal Meetup Day: February 6, 2016

January 6, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

On February 6, 2016 at 8PM, readers of Return Of Kings, Roosh V Forum, and my blog will have the opportunity to meet other like-minded men in their cities. The meetup on February 6 will hopefully be the start of fixed and regular meetups that serve men in their local communities in a way that internet platforms do not.

The Problem

The internet is great for sharing information and building e-relationships, but it often does not bridge the gap to create real friendships, allow for male bonding, and offer concrete aid or help. I hope you agree that having 100 e-friends does not surpass having one real friend who understands you, shares your world view, and is accessible with a phone call or short drive away.

While many of you certainly have normal friendships, chances are those friends are moderates who may not be dependable in times of crisis, and who may not defend you if a hostile enemy approaches. It's important to develop the right friendships of men who have your back no matter what, just like men in Canada had my back last summer.

I'm in touch with a German man whose small city is currently the site of a government-sponsored relocation program for Afro-Islamists. He stated to me that his city has become more unsafe after dark and he's starting to feel like a prisoner in his own home, especially since he does not have friendships there with men who are against the immigrant invasion. If he was connected to a tribe within his city, I have no doubt that he'd feel more safe while having the means to improve the situation caused by his government to displace him and reduce his standard of living.

The Solution

I aim to help men create tribes in cities throughout the world that operate independently of each other. Each tribe will be maintained by a chief that runs it in a way he sees fit. Very little information will be given to me, especially concerning personal information of the tribe's members. If I get shut down for whatever reason, the tribes will be able to continue operation. If one tribe dissipates from inactivity, it will not affect other tribes.

During peace-time, I advise tribes to meet at least twice a month on a regular schedule over coffee or drinks (e.g. every 1st and 3rd Thursday of the month at 8pm). The atmosphere will be relaxed and you'll be able to talk about women, politics, travel, work, or whatever else interests you. During times of crisis, however, when members are threatened due to the actions of outsiders or their own government, the tribe will be utilized to offer concrete support and defense. Hopefully that day will never come, but odds are it will, and you need to establish relationships with men you trust *before* a threat arrives.

Tribal meetings will not tolerate the promotion of illegal actions and will not engage in violence. Any man that suggests violent activity will be seen as a provocateur or government agent.

The First Meeting

To get the ball rolling, I will help organize your city's first meetup on February 6. What I ask is for men who can host the meetup in their city to click here and fill out this form. A potential host should be able to…

- Arrive on time to a public landmark of his choosing (the landmark location will be posted publicly). **Important**: submit an outdoor landmark to initially meet, not the actual bar or cafe you will walk to and sit in. It would be very helpful if you include an image link to the meeting point within the form.
- Gather attendees through the use of a code phrase
- Direct men by foot to the meeting location that you choose (e.g. a nearby cafe or bar)
- Be a welcoming host
- Gather contact information of attendees (email or phone number) to invite them to potential future meetups

Once a host has four meetups in a row, I will add his tribe to the Tribal Meeting map so future men can contact him and join.

The Next Step

If you would like a tribe in your city then I ask you to step up by volunteering to host the meeting on February 6. If a city has no host on that date, there can be no meetup. Big cities like New York City, London, and Los Angeles may have multiple hosts in different parts of town. **If you can host, fill out this form no later than January 16 and wait for word back from me.**

If you would like to attend the meetup on February 6 but are unable to host, simply wait for a follow-up article that gives further instructions.

Here is the operation schedule:

January 4-16: Open call for hosts
January 19: Publication of public landmark meeting locations
February 6: Meetup at 8pm in your city

Conclusion

There are currently three tribes, located in Chicago, Washington DC, and Poznan (Poland). I've participated with two of them, so I've seen firsthand how valuable they are in providing a venue for men to be men, reviving the "men's club" idea of old. I can state that my time spent in these two cities is better because of the tribes' existence.

Each of the three tribes currently serves a masculine function, but if economic collapse, internal decline, and mass migration accelerate, negatively affecting members' quality of life, they will serve as much more. At that critical juncture, I hope the tribe will be able to counterbalance hardships on its members by giving them a means to take the right actions to support and defend themselves, their family, and their city.

Every man gets to choose his level of involvement. I present the idea and the logistics today, and now it's up to you to decide where to take it.

View The Hosting Form For Tribal Meetup Day

View Next: *Tribal Meeting Offical Homepage*

Is It Time To Make A Truce With Men's Rights Activists?

January 11, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The beef between myself and MRA's go back a long way. They have been the first to shame game tactics as "manipulation" while I repeatedly criticized them for being more focused on begging authority figures for rights and benefits instead of adjusting to modern-day realities by taking on the path of self-improvement. At the same time, they do understand the problems that are posed by feminism, so we're not polar opposites on the ideological spectrum.

Last week I did a friendly video chat with prominent men's rights activist Karen Straughan, who has perhaps done more than anyone in the movement to publicize men's rights issues. Here's the video recording:

While I don't think their cause should be merged with ours, I'm failing to see the need for us to attack each other out of petty differences or boredom. For this year I would like to establish common ground with the men's rights movement and maintain a civil dialogue, though I don't see myself using their methods of petitioning the state for changes or adopting the tactic of painting men as victims who desperately need government help. We will likely never be best friends, but I hope at least we won't be bitter enemies.

Read Next: *Why Homosexual Marriage Matters For Straight Men*

The Navigation App Waze Shows How Easily We'll Submit To Technology

January 13, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

When I recently came back to the United States for a longer stay, multiple friends advised me to use a navigation app called Waze. They said the app was better than Google Maps because it finds shorter routes thanks to superior real-time capabilities. Reluctantly, I began using the app, and very quickly saw how it blew away my own knowledge of the Washington DC area. Fast forward two months and I can hardly imagine driving without it. The speed at which I've started following commands from a computer algorithm shows how easily we will give up our own self-determination in the face of advancing technology.

I've lived in the DC area long enough that I'm very familiar with how to get around. In spite of that, I found myself using Waze even for short trips that I obviously knew how to drive to. The reason? It's possible that a traffic jam or accident means that I could shave off two whole minutes of travel time. Instead of using my own knowledge to determine an acceptable route to a known location, I have willingly relinquished control to an app. While I enjoy the time savings that Waze offers me, I fear how I will incrementally and voluntarily give up more of my free will to computers that can process information much more efficiently than I can. Bit by bit, I will have my behavior constrained by the digital cloud, entrapping myself in a prison of my own doing.

It's not hard to see how we'll give up our free will in other areas as well:

- Would you take a genetic test that determines the exact diet you should eat every day so that you can live to be 100 years old?
- Would you allow a computer to predict with 90% accuracy the career you should embark on that will maximize your lifelong income and happiness?
- Will you give up your love life to an algorithm that guarantees a perfect match with a woman who will love you until you die and give you at least two healthy and beautiful children?
- Will you allow for daily saliva tests that tell you exactly how many cups of tea or coffee you should take to maximize your energy level?
- Will you allow an e-reader or tablet to measure your heart rate and monitor your facial responses to evaluate your enjoyment of a book in order to recommend other books you're guaranteed to like?
- Would you wear a biometric monitor that tells you exactly how many minutes of sleep you need at night to be completely refreshed the next day?
- Will you let a computer determine a safe supplement regime that allows you to effortlessly deadlift 500 pounds?
- Would you allow a medical program with terabytes of analysis behind it to determine your treatment plan if doctors find a problem like a tumor in your body?

Even the most educated and intelligent man can not compete with an algorithm containing reams of historical data and real-time inputs that greatly increase its ability to make an accurate decision. I know the DC area pretty well, but I don't know it as well as an app that is simultaneously monitoring 70,000 other "Wazers" nearby, with a granular understanding of every single public road in the city. I accept my inferiority and submit myself to the Waze app, saving time on every trip, even though I feel uneasy doing so.

The scenarios I mentioned above are not far off. You will voluntarily give up your ability to make one decision after another to a computer that objectively knows better than you and provides a greater benefit than you can give yourself. The benevolent computer won't demand anything of you except a marginal fee or a trivial amount of time looking at advertisements, but by submitting to it, you will slowly give your humanity in the name of efficiency, time, and living a long life—a life increasingly controlled by computers that you now *need* to perform trivial actions of how to drive, how to sleep, and what to eat, until they become involved in far greater matters of importance such as which medicines to take and what job to work in for the entirely of your adult life. You will need computers to get through the day, and soon, to merely survive.

Every time I load up Waze to direct me to a destination I already know how to get to, I can't help but feel guilty, but then I see the strange route it wants to take me through that saves four minutes of time compared to the route I would have taken, and I happily submit to its directive. During the drive I glance frequently at my phone's screen to make sure I'm following Waze's instructions faithfully, becoming an obedient subject to this intelligent computer, and I wonder what other computer I will give up more of my free will to just to save a bit of time, just to make life a little more comfortable. Maybe I'll have the courage to say no and refuse the computer's benefit in a way that I can't say no to Waze.

Read Next: *City Life Is A Simulation*

What Type Of Future Can Young Men Look Forward To?

January 19, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

On Christmas Day I spent time with four of my male cousins, ranging in age from 15 to 24. While I'm not quite their mentor, they are receptive to lessons I give them. With any man I talk to, I try to identify where he is in life and what his unique situation is to give advice that I think will help him reach his next goal. This year, however, I had trouble giving much in the way of advice or motivation.

The reason is because most roads today lead to dead ends, and I know this because I've pursued most of them. A man eventually gets spit out not that much farther from where he began.

- I slept with dozens of girls around the world, but now I'm tired of it.
- I traveled to two dozen countries, but now it's boring because there's nothing novel left to experience.
- I make enough income to live a minimalist lifestyle indefinitely, but I don't care for the comfort it gives me.
- I've achieved a high level of fame and influence, with web sites that collectively served 88 million page views last year, but I've become accustomed to it. It's no big deal.

Pursuing external experiences, objects, or sex with beautiful women made me joyous but only for a short period of time, and then I returned back to the same emotional level. Was it all a waste? Was it all for vanity? Whatever the answer, I surely can't advise my young cousins to pursue hedonism, of banging hoes around the world for no other reason than to bang hoes, if it will fail to give them a lasting form of contentment. Instead, I could advise them to search for deeper meaning in life.

- Dedicate yourself to God
- Find a woman and have a big family with her
- Give back to your community and make people's lives better

These are better options, perhaps, but the times we live in will make them difficult to pursue. A God-fearing man would have to build high walls against the never-ending barrage of degenerate messages and sinful temptation that surround him. Raising a big family would provide a man with meaning as long as his wife didn't take advantage of laws that encourage her to destroy the family and make the man financially destitute, and as long as the state doesn't interfere in the raising of his children. Giving to others brings joy, as I can personally vouch for, but who exactly do you give to when your neighbor is from Somalia or Guatemala, and who may not even speak English, or when you're actively being displaced and marginalized by your own government?

With concerted efforts to destroy God, family, tribe, and nation, my cousins will find it a great challenge to encounter a meaningful path, especially since they were programmed from a young age to be weak, victimized, feminine, dependent, collectivist, and fearful. I have no doubt that they can transcend that programming, but I'm sure you agree with me that the path to self-awareness and independence has become difficult and dark in a way that it wasn't for men of the past. My cousins will be isolated and attacked along their path. They'll receive no mainstream support. Is this the road I want to send them down, a life of truth but filled with constant battle and vigilance?

In the modern age, a life of meaning for men is impossible to achieve without also having to perpetually fight. It will take the mentality of a warrior to defeat the forces that want to hold us back today, and I wouldn't put any man in this fight unless it's a fight that he wants. So this Christmas, I didn't give much guidance to my cousins. I gave practical advice, but nothing substantial or revolutionary, because I know that unless a man believes deep in his soul that hope and meaning is out there, that a good future can be made for him, there is little that can be done. I'll keep an eye on them and see how they develop, but wait for them to come to me with a decision that they much rather take the far more difficult path.

Read Next: *Everyone Is Hoping That You'll Fail*

Full City Listing And Meeting Points For International Meetup Day On February 6

January 22, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

We will have 165 meetings in 43 countries for our international meetup day on February 6, 2016 at 8PM local time. Hosts have been instructed to wait at the meeting point from 8:00-8:20pm before moving on to the final location. If you arrive at the meeting point at 8:21pm, you will miss the meetup. Arriving on time within the window is absolutely paramount.

To identify your fellow tribesmen, ask the following question to a man you suspect is there for the meetup: "**Do you know where I can find a pet shop?**" If you are asked this question, answer in the affirmative: "**Yes, it's right here.**" You can then introduce yourself and get details about where to proceed at 8:20. If you ask someone for the pet shop and they appear confused or actually try to direct you to a real pet shop, they're not there for the meetup.

Here is the final list of all meeting points:

United States

Alabama

- Birmingham – In front of Ohenry's coffee shop, downtown Homewood (not the Brookwood Mall Ohenry's)

Alaska

- Anchorage – Elderberry Park, near the Oscar Anderson House, a museum. Meet by the chairs and table. Address: 1297 West Fifth Avenue, Anchorage, Alaska 99501.

Arizona

- Phoenix – Meet in front of main entrance of tallest building of Phoenix Plaza (Qwest Tower).
- Tucson – Arizona Historical Society (949 E 2nd St, Tucson, AZ 85719). Meet at statue near corner of N Park Ave and E 2nd St. Image.

Arkansas

- Little Rock – First Security Amphitheater , 400 President Clinton Ave, Little Rock, AR 72201. Image.

California

- Long Beach – Parking lot of Glory Days Sports Bar, Carson Blvd and Woodruff Ave.
- Los Angeles – L.A. Live in front of Starbucks entrance. Address: 800 W Olympic Blvd, Los Angeles, CA 90015
- Newport Beach – The outdoor fountain directly in front of Macy's department store at Fashion Island. Image.
- Orange County – The fountain in front of the Ferris wheel at the Irvine Spectrum Mall.
- Palm Springs – Fountain at Mercado Plaza (Palm Canyon Drive)
- Redwood City – Parking lot of IHOP. Address: 491 Veterans Blvd, Redwood City, CA 94063
- Roseville – Royer Park (the large park on Douglas Blvd), next to the gatling gun statue. Image.
- San Diego – Corner of 16th & Broadway, in parking lot of the Goodwill
- San Diego (North) – The Village at Pacific Highlands Ranch. Meet in front of The Baked Bear Shop.
- San Francisco – Justin Herman Plaza, beside the sculpture. Image.
- San Leandro – Northwest corner of the intersection of E. 14th St. and Estudillo Av. Meet at the public fountain.
- Santa Barbara – Steps of the Santa Barbara Museum of Art, located on the corner of State Street and Anapamu Street in downtown Santa Barbara
- Sherman Oaks – Sherman Oaks Galleria, between the fountain and Cheesecake Factory entrance. Image. Address: 15301 Ventura Blvd.

Illinois

- Chicago – Rogers Park, beside the flagpole. Image. Google Map.
- Chicago (Homewood) – Parking lot of Balagio's. Address: 17501 Dixie Hwy, Hazel Crest, IL 60430.

Colorado

- Boulder – North Boulder Park, beside the shelter. Image.
- Denver – In front of the Denver Museum of Nature and Science, by the bike rack. Image.

Connecticut

- New Haven – World War I Memorial, beside flagpole
- Stamford – In the little square on the corner of Franklin St and Broad St. Image.

Florida

- Orlando – The Red Chinese Tang pavilion at Lake Eola, beside red pagoda.
- Tampa – Curtis Hixon Park, between fountains and grass. Image.
- West Palm Beach – Clematis Street Fountains, on the side of North Clematis street

Georgia

- Athens – The Arch at the University of Georgia
- Atlanta – Piedmont Park, corner of 10th street and Charles Allen Dr by the sign. Image.

Hawaii

- Honolulu – Pearl Ridge Downtown, underneath globe sign. Image. Address: 98 – 1005 Moanalua Rd, Aiea, HI 96701

Louisiana

- New Orleans – Magazine Street and Lawrence Square, besides the big tree, across the street from 4318 Magazine Street. Image.

New Hampshire

- Portsmouth – In front of main entrance of The North Church. 2 Congress St, Portsmouth, NH 03801

Idaho

- Boise – Idaho State Capital Building, 700 W Jefferson St, Boise, ID 83702. Met by the statue of Abraham Lincoln.

Iowa

- Cedar Rapids – In Sokol Park beside the gazebo. 16th Ave SW
- Des Moines – Parking lot of the VA Hospital beside pictured tree. Image. Address: 3600 30th St. Des Moines, IA. 50310

Maine

- Bangor – Bangor Public Library, in front of main entrance below the stairs (145 Harlow St)

Maryland

- Annapolis – Downtown/Historic Annapolis Harbor, Main Street, by the Kunte Kinte memorial statue. Image.
- Baltimore – In front of Cross Street Market entrance in Federal Hill

Massachusetts

- Boston (North End) – Paul Revere Statue in Paul Revere Mall

Michigan

- Ann-Arbor – Nickel's Arcade in downtown Ann Arbor. Meet at the center column near the entrance off State Street.
- Lansing – Lansing River Trail, top of the fish ladder steps. Image.
- Macomb County/Clinton Township – The Mall at Partridge Creek. Meet in front of the fountain between Brio Tuscan Grille and P.F. Chang's. Address: 17420 Hall Rd, Charter Twp of Clinton, MI 48038
- Rochester Hills – Elizabeth Park, beside center bush. Image.

Minnesota

- Duluth – Leif Erickson Park by the stage. Address: 12th Ave E & London Road, Duluth, MN 55802

Missouri

- Kansas City – North side of the World War 1 Museum, on sidewalk directly above monument. Image.

New Jersey

- Atlantic City – On the Boardwalk in front of main Taj Mahal entrance
- Hoboken – In front of Mulligans Pub underneath the canopy. Address: 159 1st St.

New Mexico

- Albuquerque – East side of University Of New Mexico Bookstore. Address: 2301 Central Ave NE, Albuquerque, NM 87106. Image.

New York

- New York – St. Catherine's Park, next to the spiral kids slide. 1245 1st Ave between 67th and 68th st
- New York – Washington Square Park under the arch
- Rochester – Eastman School of Music, Kilbourn Hall (26 Gibbs St, Rochester, NY 14604), Meet at intersection at Gibbs and Main, where the concert hall entrance is. Image.
- Syracuse – Columbus Circle, next to the statue. Address: East Onondaga Street, Syracuse, NY 13202

Ohio

- Cincinnati – I-75 and Sharon road has a large parking lot with a grass field next to a Speedway Gas Station. Meet on the grass.

Oklahoma

- Oklahoma City – In front of Harkins Theater at 150 E Reno Ave, Oklahoma City, OK 73104. Image.

Pennsylvania

- Harrisburg – Steps of Capitol on the west side. Image.
- Philadelphia – Washington Square Park, between 5th and 6th St right off Walnut Street (it is the size of a city block). Meet specifically by the memorial to the Revolutionary War Soldiers eternal flame.

Nevada

- Las Vegas – Beside Vegas Vic neon sign on the old strip.

North Carolina

- Charlotte – Romare Bearden Park. Meet by the benches behind the gazebo-like structure on the corner of W Martin Luther King and Church St. Image.
- Wilmington – Riverfront Park, across the river from USS North Carolina, beside map kiosk. Image.

South Carolina

- Anderson – The Carolina Wren Park located downtown at 111 E. Whitner St. 29621 in the Pavilion. Meet beside the fountain.
- Camden – King Haigler Tower, main entrance. Image. Address: 950 Broad Street, Camden SC 29020

Tennessee

- Chattanooga – In front of Dollar General. Image. Address: 5946 Brainerd Road
- Mount Juliet – Parking lot in front of entrance to Big Star Cigar Lounge. Address: 3384 N Mt. Juliet Road, Suite 1100, Mount Juliet, TN 37122
- Nashsville (North) – In front of Baileys in Rivergate Plaza Shopping Mall

Texas

- Austin – Palm Park by the stone structure. Image. Address: 711 East 3rd Street, Austin, TX 78701

- Dallas – Meet at the old school phone booth In front of British Beverage Company (BBC). Address:
  2800 Routh St, Dallas, TX 75201″
- Denton – Denton Square, beside the little arch. Image. Address: 110 W Hickory St, Denton, TX 76201.
- El Paso – 301 W Missouri Ave, El Paso, TX 79901. Meet on corner next to statue of man. Image.
- Houston – Near the arch of the Sam Houston Monument, adjacent to Houston Museum of Natural Science (5555 Hermann Park Dr, Houston, TX 77030)
- Nederland – By the gazebo in Doornbos Park AKA “Duck Park”. Address: S 24th 1/2 St, Nederland, TX 77627
- San Antonio – In front of main door of the Alamo

Utah

- Provo – Provo City Center Temple on the corner of University Avenue and Center Street. Meet at circle pathway in front of main entrance.
- Salt Lake City – Salt Lake City Library, at the top of the amphitheater. Address: 210 E 400 S. Image.

Virginia

- Charlottesville – Lee Park, beside the statue of Lee
- Virginia Beach – Mt. Trashmore, at bottom of stairs. Image. Address: 310 Edwin Dr, Virginia Beach, VA 23462

Washington

- Everett – Clark Park, next to the gazebo. Address: 2400 Lombard Avenue, Everett, WA 98201.
- Seattle – In front of main entrance of Seattle Public Library. 1000 4th Ave, Seattle, WA 98104.
- Seattle (North) – Statue of Lenin. Address: Corner of Fremont Pl N and N 36th St. Image.

Washington DC

- Dupont Circle, on the north side by the Starbucks. Image.

Wisconsin

- Kenosha – In front of Brat Stop. Address: 12304 75th St. Kenosha, WI 53142.
- La Crosse – The large water fountain at Riverside Park.

Rest Of The World

Australia

- Brisbane – In the middle of King George Square in front of City Hall. Image.
- Melbourne – In the middle of Federation Square. Image.
- Perth – Ocean Beach Hotel on sidewalk. Image.
- Sydney – Picnic benches in front of Coogee Pavilion on Coogee Beach
- Sydney – Fountain in Hyde Park
- Sydney (South) – Brighton Le Sands beach, close to the stairs leading to the local shops. Image.

Austria

- Graz – In the dead center of Tummelplatz square
- Wien – Museumsquartier, Treppe von Mumok (Stairs of Mumok). Museumsplatz 1, Wien 1010. Meet at bottom of steps.

Bahamas

- Nassau – In front of main entrance to Fort Montagu

Belgium

- Brussels – Place Royale, 1000 Brussels. Meet beside the statue. Image.

Bulgaria

- Sofia – Statue of Saint Sofia. Map

Cambodia

- Phnom Penh – The royal palace in front of main entrance. Meet at the bottom of the steps.

Canada

- Calgary – The CORE Shopping Center, in front of Starbucks
- Edmonton – Churchill Square, to the left of “Tix On The Square”. Image.
- Montreal – Palais des Congrès, 1001 Place Jean-Paul-Riopelle, in between the pink trees (indoors). Image.
- Ottawa – Right inside the front doors of the Arts Court Building (a former county courthouse). Address: Arts Court, 2 Daly Ave. Streetview
- Surrey – City Central Mall, north entrance, in front of Blenz Coffee. Image.
- Toronto – Edward VII Statue in the center of Queens Park

- Vancouver – Vancouver Central Library, south side on Robson Street at library steps. Image. Address: 350 W. Georgia St.
- Victoria – BC Legislature War Memorial. Image.
- Windsor – The Burt Weeks Memorial Gardens, on mini-pier. Image. Homepage.
- Winnipeg – The fireplace at St. Vital Mall right beside the entrance to Chapters

Chile

- Santiago – Plaza Italia, next to the statue

China

- Shanghai – People's Square Exit 1, street-side, left corner. Image.

Colombia

- Bogota – In the center of Parque de Usaquen

Czech Republic

- Prague – Republic Square.

Finland

- Helsinki – Kolmen sepän patsas (Three Smiths statue) in Helsinki next to Stockmann department store. Google Map.

France

- Nantes – Crossing of Rue du Chateau and Rue Mathelin Rodier. In front of the main entrance of the castle is a little square with a statue of Anne de Bretagne. Meet beside the statue. Image.
- Paris – Place de la République, beside the lion statue. Image.

Germany

- Aachen – In the center point of Katschhof
- Berlin – In front of main entrance to Cafe Lichtburg. Behmstrasse, 13357 Berlin. Map.
- Frankfurt am Main – Bank entrance of Frankfurt Dome / Frankfurter Dom, in front of the souvenir shop with the red sign. Image
- Hamburg – Hamburg Rathaus, in front of the main entrance
- Munchen – München Olympiazentrum, BMW Welt, main entrance. Image 1. Image 2.
- Nurnberg – Willy-Brandt-Denkmal (monument) at the Willy-Brandt-Platz, next to statue. Image.

- Würzburg – Würzburg Residence. Circle pathway. Image.

Hong Kong

- Hong Kong – In front of Joe Banana's Bar in Wan Chai on Hong Kong Island (Jaffe Road and Laurd Road).
- Wan Chai – In front of Hard Rock Café entrance. Address: 55 D'Aguilar St, Central, Hong Kong. Image.

Iceland

- Reykjavik – Leif Ericsson statue in Hallgrímstorg Church

India

- Mumbai – D-mart in Powai, beside the tree by the main entrance. Image. Google Map.

Iran

- Tehran – Niavaran Park, Tehran. Meet at the eastern side of the main fountain in front of the ice cream shop.

Ireland

- Naas – In front of main entrance of Naas Courthouse

Israel

- Tel Aviv – In front of the main entrance to Sarona Market

Italy

- Bari – Parco 2 Giugno, in front of main entrance on Viale Einaudi. Image.
- Reggio calabria – Museo Nazionale, in front of main entrance. Image.
- Rome – At the Spanish Steps, in front of the Montcler store, at the corner of Via Condotti. Image.

Japan

- Osaka – Next to the KFC beside HEP 5 shopping mall. Address: 6-15 Kakudacho, Kita Ward, Osaka, Osaka Prefecture 530-0017, Japan. Image.
- Tokyo – Ebisu Garden Place Glass Square, beside glass structure

Mexico

- Mexico City – Beside Kiosko de Coyoacan. Image.

Morocco

- Settat – Horse Fountain. Image. Google Map.

Nepal

- Kathmandu – Patan Durbar Square, between the two tall columns. Image.

Netherlands

- Amsterdam – The center of ”Spui”, a square, meeting in front of the ”Maagdenhuis”. Image.
- Utrecht – Center of Neude Square

New Zealand

- Auckland – Aotea Square on Queen Street, next to the industrial statue
- Dunedin – In front of of Dunedin Town Hall at archway below the steps. Image.
- Wellington – Glover Park, in front of “The Rogue & The Vagabond” under the minarets art sculpture.

Philippines

- Manila – Greenbelt mall beside the R-letter pedestal at the entrance near the Hermes store. Image 1, Image 2.

Poland

- Gdansk – At Fontanna Neptuna
- Katowice – Spodek (Saucer) in Katowice. Address: ul. Korfantego 35
- Warsaw – In front of Starbucks across from the Mariott Hotel. Image.
- Wroclaw – In the middle of Plac Solny (“Salt Square”/Flower Market), beside the Iglica (needle) statue. Stare Miasto 50-061/50-062, Wroclaw.

Portugal

- Lisbon – Restauradores – Monument to the Restorers, in front of the obelisk, near Hard Rock Cafe Lisboa. Image.

Romania

- Bucharest – Piata Universitatii – Fantana. Image.

Russia

- Novosibirsk – Next to the statue of Vladimir Lenin on Lenin Square

Serbia

- Belgrade – Trg Republike, in front of horse statue

Singapore

- Singapore – Fort Canning Park, Dhoby Ghaut, underneath big arch. Image.

Slovenia

- Ljubljana – "The Illyrian Provinces Monument" (Ilirski steber) at the "French Revolution Square" (Trg Francoske revolucije)

South Korea

- Seoul – In front of Bosingak Belfry. Jonggak station, subway line 1, exit 4.

Spain

- Barcelona – Underneath Arc de Triomf monument
- Granada – In front of Granada Cathedral

Sweden

- Stockholm – Medborgarplatsen, in front of first glass structure. Image.

Switzerland

- Basel – Baarfuesserplatz Tram Stop, by the tall pole. Image.

Taiwan

- Taipei – On Tap Pub, in front of main entrance. Address: No. 21, Alley 11, Lane 216, Section 4, Zhongxiao E Rd, Da'an District, Taipei City, 106

Thailand

- Bangkok – In front of Starbucks Terminal 21

United Arab Emirates

- Dubai – Dubai Mall, in front of Tim Horton. Image.

United Kingdom

- Cardiff – Beside female statue in front of Hilton Cardiff on Friary Road. Image.
- Edinburgh – Covenanter's Memorial in Grassmarket
- Glasgow – George Square. Meet by the tall obelisk statue.
- Leeds – The center of Millenium Square
- London – Royal Airforce Bomber Command Memorial, Green Park (Hyde Park Corner side)
- London – In front of Royal Exchange beside horseman statue (outside "Bank" tube station)
- Manchester – In front of the main entrance to Sinclair's Oyster Pub
- Newcastle – Beside Grey's monument
- Shrewsbury – Frankwell car park, bottom of the pedestrian walkway. Image.

I will be attending one of the above meetups. If you have questions about the protocol or meeting locations, ask them below. I will put up a more detailed FAQ next week.

This announcement was originally posted on Return Of Kings.

Read Next: *How Men Are Being Socialized To Act Like Women*

The Ferocious East Coast Blizzard Of 2016 (Video)

January 25, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I could have gotten myself killed by going out with a camera this past Saturday, during the height of the blizzard, but I wanted to provide you with one minute of extraordinary entertainment. Here's what I filmed:

Walking through the snow was rather difficult:

> A video posted by Roosh V (@kingroosh) on Jan 23, 2016 at 2:55pm PST

(I'm on Instagram now, follow KingRoosh for more pics)

The DC area got between 20-35 inches of snow in total. This snowstorm is the climactic point where, after being back in the States for about four months, I'm ready to return to Eastern Europe.

The only question is where.

Read Next: *16 Things I Realized About Washington DC*

You're Either A Globalist Or A Nationalist

January 27, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The charade of the left-right political spectrum is being fully revealed as American and European "conservative" politicians and media pundits continue to be outed as sellouts who serve liberal interests above conservative interests. In the political arena, left versus right is an artificial theater constructed to trick the public that opposing forces are battling it out or compromising for the good of the nation. In reality, both sides are controlled by the same group of elites.

Should you vote for this puppet or that puppet?

If you voted for a Democrat slate, thinking the Democrats were looking out for you, or if you voted a Republican slate, thinking that Republicans were looking out for you, you were tricked. You voted for the same puppet masters who stand behind both parties and ensure that their globalist and collectivist vision of the world is achieved. Their aims are to maximize their power and wealth while satisfying whatever sinister agenda they may have in the name of "world order," which includes depopulation.

Even though my views have become more traditionally conservative over the years, I never saw Republicans as the party that represented them. How could I when they support homosexual marriage, feminism, and even open-borders immigration? On the big issues—the ones that determine the fate of a country—the Democrats and Republicans match almost exactly. This is because they are sponsored by corporations and billionaires with similar agendas and cravings for globalization, hedging their bets between the sponsored candidate in blue or the sponsored candidate in red. Every US Presidential election has had sponsored candidates on both sides, meaning that to those with real power, it barely matters who wins.

Establishment candidates believe in the **globalist platform**:

- Open-borders
- Consumerism
- Feminism and matriarchy
- Multiculturalism, diversity, and egalitarianism
- Paganism or atheism
- Global solutions for local problems
- Empire building
- Centralization
- Collectivization
- Unarmed populace

All the while, we are not allowed to select a candidate with a **nationalist platform**:

- Closed borders

- Protectionism
- Patriarchy
- Homogeneous population and closed borders
- Monotheism
- Local solutions for local problems
- War as self-defense
- Decentralization
- Individual rights
- Armed populace

Let them eat blue or red cake

It's very possible to put a conservative and liberal in the room but have them completely agree on multiculturalism, immigration, democracy, and transgenderism, though disagree on more hot-button topics like abortion and gun rights. They can agree at least half of the time because they both share a primarily globalist belief system, even when they may see each other as enemies. On the other hand, if you get a globalist and nationalist in the same room, they will disagree on more than 80% of issues, even including the basics such as the proper system of government.

While mainstream liberals tend to lean globalist, and mainstream conservatives tend to lean nationalist, the dividing line between them is becoming more narrow as nationalist views are prevented from being properly discussed in the public sphere. Soon, it will be impossible to tell liberals and "conservatives" apart. The only true dividing line left is globalism versus nationalism, especially since nationalism has not yet been co-opted by the elite, and is seen by them as the only real threat that could sever their heads.

I'm firmly in the nationalist camp, even though I am a man of mixed race who does not have an ancestral nation he can call home (I'm half Persian and half Armenian). If you're wondering how the product of the Immigration And Nationality Act of 1965 can become nationalist, I'll tell you: globalism greatly harms heterosexual native-born men such as myself. Before I even knew what globalism was, I empirically identified all of its tentacles and how they greatly inhibit a man's masculinity, life purpose, and pursuit of happiness. Therefore I firmly believe that a heterosexual man who is a minority, like myself, will fare better in a nationalist country than in a globalist one, where he will definitely be swept up by degenerate winds that either make him a social justice zombie or get him persecuted for merely behaving as a man.

My nearly three years of living in a mostly nationalist country, Poland, confirmed to me that nationalism is the most natural state for man. I saw firsthand how a country that leans towards globalism becomes a more toxic environment for men and women, encouraging them to effectively destroy themselves for short-term pleasure and material gain. Nationalism, not to be confused with ultra-nationalism, promotes a more meaningful human existence by using morality, virtue, and genetic identity as building blocks for society, and so therefore serves as a more compatible operating system for human beings.

The mainstream media never threatens the ruling agenda

The American media will go off on left versus right controversies all day long, and make a big show of various battles between them, because the open discussion of these issues do not harm globalist platforms. Once you understand that conservative outlets like Fox News and National Review are globalist, not nationalist, you can realize how an entire belief system has been concealed from you. Whenever a nationalist idea is shared in the media, there is a quick and vicious condemnation of it as “far right,” “extreme right,” or “radical right.” Anything that is not labeled these three terms is a safe idea that does not harm globalist concerns.

When I mentioned late last year that the narrative is collapsing, I was referring to the globalist narrative. The only belief system that can fill that vacuum is nationalism, and the question that remains is how fascist the new nationalism will become. Neomasculinity, a model of patriarchy that is compatible with nationalism (if not outright essential for its success), is a vehicle that can serve men of various backgrounds, as long as minority men such as myself understand that they must follow the rules of any homogeneous population they find themselves in. I did that in Poland and can continue to do that in the future, because I know that if you believe in masculinity and the traditional ideas that are compatible with a life of meaning, nationalism is a better outcome for you that the globalist nightmare that many Western men find themselves trapped in today.

Read Next: *Letter From A Member Of The Global Elite*

Frequently Asked Questions For International Meetup Day On February 6

January 29, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The tribal meeting is only 8 days away. We're meeting in 43 countries throughout the world at 8PM local time. Over a dozen meeting locations have changed since initial publication so be sure to review the full listing of meeting points along with the meeting protocol.

Here are answers to several questions I've received about the meetup:

Q: Can I bring a female friend, girlfriend, lover, or wife?
A: Absolutely not. This meeting is for heterosexual men only.

Q: Can I come if I'm a homosexual or transsexual?
A: No. This is a meeting for heterosexual men only.

Q: What should we do if a pretty girl shows up and begs to be a fly on the wall?
A: Get her number and then tell her to buzz off. Do not allow women to attend the meeting.

Q: Can I bring my son or little brother?
A: Many of the final venues will be in bars that require you to be of legal drinking age to enter (18 or 21 depending on the country). Since there is no way to tell you beforehand what the final venue is, underage males may not be suitable for the meetup.

Q: What happens if a host doesn't show up?
A: If no one claims to be hosting, the men who arrived can discuss which venue to move to at 8:20pm. The meetups are structured so that they can proceed without a host.

Q: What if I'm the only one who shows up?
A: That means your city is not yet ready for meetups. Let me know so that we can plan future meetups in larger cities within your state or province.

Q: What if crazy feminists show up?
A: Record them with your camera, upload the footage to Dropbox, and then send it to me at afterwards so we can tear them up. If accosted during the meetup, travel to the final venue in pairs or triplets using an indirect route so the final location is not compromised (make sure you are not followed). While I wouldn't mind a bit of excitement, there is currently zero chatter online that a single meetup will be disrupted.

Q: Is there is a danger I could get doxxed from a feminist?
A: The risk is extremely small (it has yet to happen that a reader of mine has been publicly doxxed from commenting or showing up to a meetup or lecture). I also think that men who are scared of feminist actions are underestimating their ability to respond firmly and without fear. Even if a feminist records your face and uploads it to Youtube, the "crime" of standing at a location in public is not enough to have a witch mob come after you that threatens your livelihood.

Q: Have the hosts been vetted? What if they are a secret feminist agent?
A: Again, this has never happened before, so the risk is minuscule. If you remain anxious or fearful of green-haired female activists or male feminists, simply don't give out your last name or company name during the meetup. At least for the meetup on February 6, high trust is not necessary since you're not giving personal information beyond emails or phone numbers.

Q: Which meetup will you be at?
A: Washington DC.

Q: Is this a white nationalist meetup?
A: No. This is a meetup for men of all races and backgrounds who read ROK and my blog. The Tribal Meeting is not a white nationalist organization.

Q: Do permanent tribes have a consistent message that ensures purity of neomasculine thought during the meetings?
A: There is no universal program. Each tribe is encouraged to interpret neomasculinity to suit their local and immediate needs. I don't know what is best for a German tribe, for example.

Q: For meetup hosts that go on to create permanent tribes, will there be a way for them to stay in touch with other tribal leaders?
A: Yes, I will create a private forum for all tribal chiefs and elders after we have ten or so tribes. We currently have four.

Q: Are you concerned that agents within the various Alphabet Soup groups (CIA, FBI, NSA, CID, NCIS, ETC) may try to infiltrate the tribal meetup?
A: The tribe is apolitical and does not attempt to challenge governmental authority, so I don't believe we'll be targeted for infiltration. That said, keep an eye on possible agent provocateurs who advocate for illegal activities out of the blue. If you have any more questions, ask them below in the comments or learn more about the Tribal Meeting concept through the announcement post.

Lastly, I ask that you share details of the meetup with friends of yours who you think may be interested. Our views are becoming known enough that we can "come out" of the shadows and not have to hide behind a computer screen for fear of retaliation. Up to now, the enemy has been able to exert their power by isolating us and attacking with shrieking mobs, but we'll be able to neutralize that tactic by amassing in high numbers come February 6. I will exact furious retribution upon anyone who challenges you in public on that date (remember to record them). Therefore let the sixth of February be a clear signal to all that we're not going anywhere. We have finally arrived.

This FAQ was originally published on Return Of Kings.

Read Next: *Full City Listing And Meeting Points For International Meetup Day On February 6, 2016*

The Truth About Multiculturalism And Third-World Immigration

February 1, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I recently visited Langley Park, Maryland, a city near the White House that has an 80% Hispanic population. It serves as a case study to show that multiculturalist policies transform good neighborhoods into ones that are unlivable for normal Americans, mostly thanks to the US Federal Government. Here is a video presentation of my argument:

I didn't begin making this video with an aim to bash immigrants, but it's clear that they're being used as a weapon to accomplish a sinister agenda. I can only conclude that multiculturalism is nothing more than an active program to subvert American society and its citizens.

The above video was originally premiered on Return Of Kings.

Read More: *The End Goal Of Western Progressivism Is Depopulation*

PRIVATE MEETUPS: Protocol To Attend Meetups That Now Have Hidden Meeting Locations

February 3, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

(Via ROK)

The world is moving against us. I've gotten reports of over a dozen organized protests at our meeting points. Dozens more are being organized privately. Since this meetup was never intended as a confrontation with unattractive women and their enablers, I'm moving to save as many of these meetups as I can before Saturday so that men can still meet in private away from a loud, obnoxious, dishonest, and potentially violent mob.

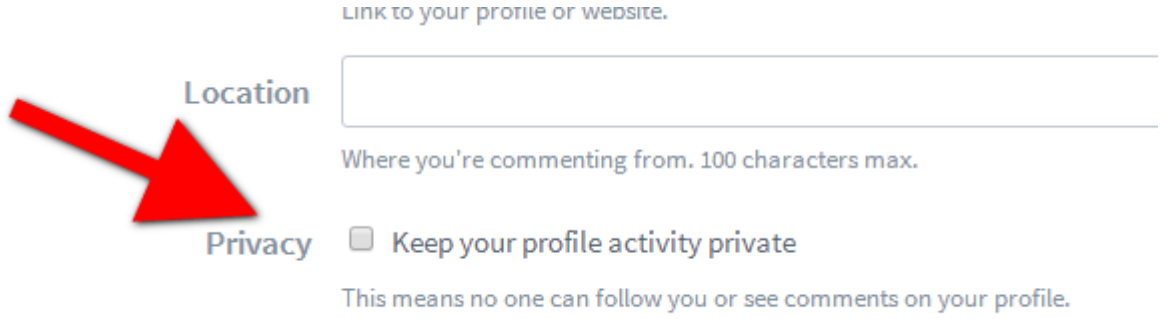
If you take a look at the full listing page, you'll see that some meetups have had their location removed and have instead been replaced with an email address or two to contact. If you want to attend one of the newly private meetups, send an email to the address(es) proving that you're one of us. These are the three ways that you'll be about to do that:

- If you've left a non-hater comment on ROK or RooshV.com using your Disqus account before January 15.
- If you have an active account on RVF that is at least three months old.
- If you can provide a screenshot receipt of one of my books (Amazon, iTunes, Kobo, Paypal, etc) that was purchased before January 15.

Disqus Proof

Follow these steps if you want to provide proof using Disqus.

Step 1: Make sure that your Disqus profile is visible so that anyone can see your posting history. If you're logged into Disqus, click this link and make sure the "Keep your profile activity private" option at the bottom is unchecked.

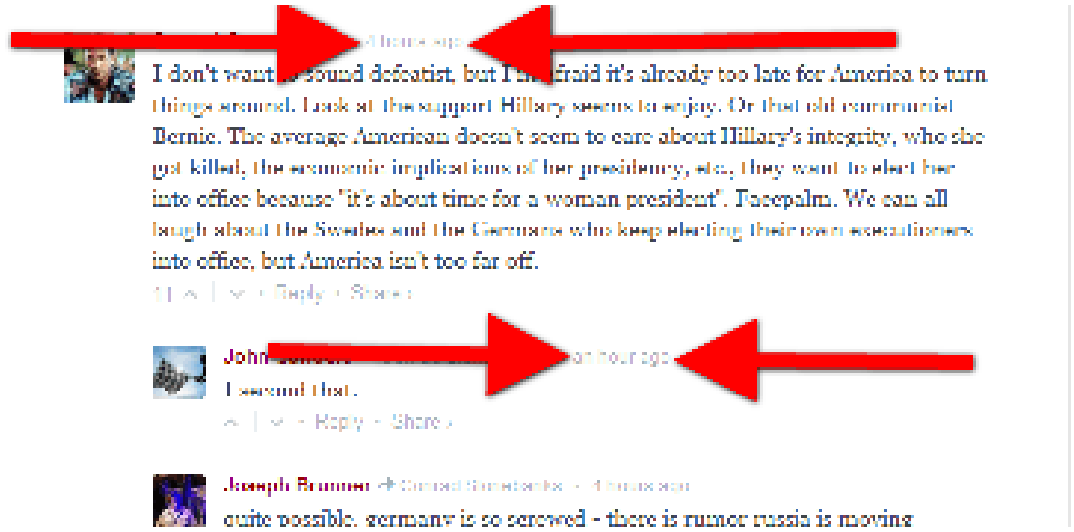


Step 2: Check your comment history to make sure you have a visible comment left on ROK before January 15 that a host can see.

Step 3: Leave a comment *anywhere* on ROK with the name of the city whose meetup you want to attend.

Step 4: Grab the permanent URL of the comment you just left by simply clicking on the

timestamp of the comment and then copying the address that is now in your URL bar. It will look something like this: *http://www.returnofkings.com/79354/did-microsoft-commit-voter-fraud-in-iowa-to-ensure-donald-trumps-defeat**#comment-2491928671.***

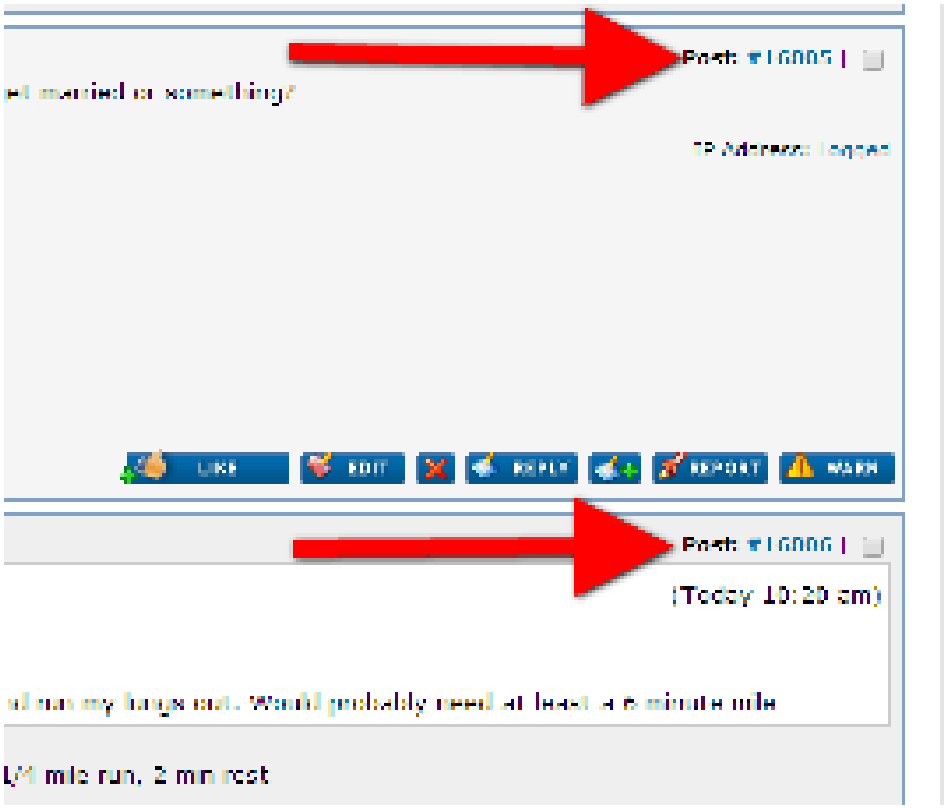


Step 5: Send that URL to the email(s) provided on the listing page.

Forum Proof

Step 1: Leave a comment on this thread with the city meetup you want to attend.

Step 2: Grab the permanent link to your comment by clicking the number next to it.



Step 3: Send the URL that is now in your address bar.

Book Proof

Search through your email for a receipt to any of my books you've purchased or

donations you've made to ROK before January 15. Send that screenshot as an email attachment. For security precautions, censor out your last name or any private billing information.

After you provide one of the above methods of proof, you will get an email reply with the new meetup location. Due to the massive outrage against us at certain locations, we can not allow in men who are unable to establish this protocol.

Check The Listing Page Daily

In the next 24 hours, many meetups will be made private. Give the listing page one extra check before you set out on Saturday evening. If ROK is offline for any reason, a copy of the listings are available on rooshv.com (it's clearly linked at the top of the right column). If my blog is also offline then check my Twitter for a pinned tweet.

We're not going to be able to privatize all the meetups that are being threatened with protest, but we'll save the ones that are in the most critical danger. Because the outrage started abroad first, it looks like we'll be able to save most of the foreign meetups that are threatened. On Wednesday I will make moves to protect some US meetups and also to provide you with a detailed security protocol. Stay tuned.

View Next: *Full City Listing And Meeting Points For International Meetup Day On February 6, 2016*

ANNOUNCEMENT: The Meetup On February 6 Is Cancelled

February 3, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I can no longer guarantee the safety or privacy of the men who want to attend on February 6, especially since most of the meetups can not be made private in time. While I can't stop men who want to continue meeting in private groups, there will be no official Return Of Kings meetups. The listing page has been scrubbed of all locations. I apologize to all the supporters who are let down by my decision.

Everything You Wanted To Know About Daryush "Roosh" Valizadeh But Were Afraid To Ask

February 4, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Q: "Are you a rapist?"

No! I've never been accused or charged with rape by a single woman. My macho sex writing has been grossly taken out of context by feminists and SJWs. I may be a chauvinist, but I'm not a rapist. *See: The Accusation That I'm A Rapist Is A Malicious Lie.*

Q: "Why do you want to legalize rape?"

I don't. Legalizing rape is a notion so insanely absurd I never imagined that people would take it 100% seriously, including politicians. I don't believe any form of physical violence against men or women should be legalized. I've said that "How To Stop Rape" was a satirical thought experiment so many times that it's clear to me current misinterpretation of it by the media is deliberate.

Q: "Why do you want to teach guys how to rape?"

I don't. I teach guys how to be sexually attractive. This includes being confident and masculine, traits that women *say* they don't love, but respond favorably to anyway. There is not a single known case of one of my supporters being involved in a crime that has been linked to my writing. If there was, the media would certainly report on it.

Q: "I still hate your guts."

Instead of focusing your anger on real problems in your neighborhood, city, and country, the media has made you emotional against a man who poses absolutely no threat to anyone. I'm being used as a target so that you can expend your rage on me instead of other entities that are genuinely hurting your standard of living.

Q: "Are you ashamed of writing the 'How To Stop Rape' article?"

More lament than shame. I haven't messed around with rape topics since that article was written a year ago because people absolutely lose their minds when it comes to rape. Objectively, as a writer, that article was a raging success, a once-in-a-lifetime perfect storm. Writers can only dream of getting that kind of exposure. Realistically, I am disappointed at the flood of negative attention that will now put me in the "rape proponent" box for the rest of my life. I'll have to tell my future kids one day that daddy is not actually a rapist.

Q: "You're lying! You were serious!"

A man right now can claim he's a woman and everyone is supposed to immediately call him a "she," even though he's still biologically male, but when another man claims that an article that came from his brain using his own words had a certain intention, he's a "liar." People will believe what satisfies their existing world view.

Q: "Mate if you come to my city I'm going to kill you."

I have noticed that the cities and countries that are most eager to ban or threaten me are ones that I've long advised heterosexual men to escape from (Canada, UK, Australia).

Q: "Are you a real life troll or not?"

I was given a gift to be interesting and sensational. I can wrap subtle truths in packaging that gets massive attention. I don't do it on purpose—it just comes out naturally in my personality and writing. It's not something I can just turn off.

Q: "Are you a pick up artist?"

I started my writing career with pickup. My current work features it much less so I don't presently identify as a "PUA," though I stand by my older work.

Q: "Are you a men's rights activist?"

No, but I sympathize with their views. I would call myself a neomasculinist.

Q: "Well I don't think you're actually pro rape, so what's your platform neomasculinity about?"

It's simply the ideas of traditional masculinity combined with modern truths of the world, including the truth that the mainstream establishment is actively marginalizing heterosexual men. You can read details about neomasculinity at "What Is Neomasculinity?"

The ideas in that document contain my true beliefs.

Q: "How can I learn more?"

Check out the right sidebar for my All Time Top 50 Articles. Then check out Return Of King's Top 35 Articles. I also have an active Youtube channel, Facebook, and Twitter.

Read More: *DaryushValizadeh.com*

Everything You Wanted To Know About Roosh But Were Afraid To Ask

February 4, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Q: “Are you a rapist?”

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My Press Conference With The Washington DC Media

February 8, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

On Thursday I was in a tough spot. I was reeling from my family's dox and the meetup cancellation. There were so many organizations, protest groups, and media outlets coming after me that I felt paralyzed to act. Then on Friday I got a call from Vox Day. He recognized my state of mind and gave me advice that included holding a press conference. Here's the result:

> The only thing @rooshv has raped is the media. It was a prosecution, not a press conference. https://t.co/1GUPcwod8n pic.twitter.com/wkIbv9UHwt
>
> — Supreme Dark Lord (@voxday) February 7, 2016

> . @rooshv's destruction of the media will be studied by marketing and public relations experts for decades. https://t.co/xZU8sSW5ji
>
> — Mike Cernovich (@Cernovich) February 7, 2016

> The most hated man in the world holds a masterful press conference against the lying media, politicians, & dumb mob. https://t.co/SSskWzHNvm
>
> — Christoph Dollis (@ChristophDollis) February 7, 2016

> Just watched Roosh's press conference. He absolutely destroyed them. Called out every lie by the MSM
>
> — Joshua Graham (@joshgraham704) February 7, 2016

> These journalists were totally unprepared. Weird questions, no research, low energy, all-around incompetence. pic.twitter.com/3Ho0r2CCwX
>
> — Roosh (@rooshv) February 7, 2016

After the press conference, the mob evaporated. A handful of articles trickled in and a few more haters tried a last effort on Twitter, but what happened in that hotel room sucked out all the energy from the enemy. I clearly showed that their activism is based on a mountain of lies that has absolutely no moral standing. My feet are firmly back on the ground, Return Of Kings is returning to a normal schedule, and the forum will be opened back up shortly. In other words, we survived one of the biggest mob outrages of the decade. There will be aftershocks that continue for the next few months, but the worst is over.

Read Next: *How To Incite Human Beings To Violence Through False Headlines*

How To Securely Communicate And Meet With Thought Criminals

February 17, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Two massive outrages against us in the past six months shows that the establishment does not want us to organize offline. We're allowed to have a monitored corner of the internet to discuss most of what we want, but we cannot meet in public without the machine whirling into action to stop us. We therefore have to take our meetings underground and conceal them from the public. I will never again allow the enemy to get as close to us as they did during the weekend of the planned international meetups.

Two Communications Tools That You Need

Men on RVF have been meeting for years. This was primarily done through the private messaging system where personal email addresses and phone numbers were exchanged. Because of the additional heat that is on us, and the fact that messages sent on the forum are not encrypted, I no longer advise you to share personal details on the forum, even through private messages. Instead, you need to set up these two means of communication:

1. Burner email address.

Sign up for an email address that you keep sandboxed away from your real identity. Here are some options for your burner email account:

- Mail.com – doesn't ask for private information. Free.
- Openmailbox – similar to mail.com. Free.
- Protonmail – sign up may require a donation. Hosted in Switzerland. Encrypted.
- ShazzleMail – no server copies of mails. Smartphone only. Encrypted and free.
- Tutanota – encrypted and free.
- Yandex Mail – hosted in Russia. Free.

Google your burner email every few months to ensure that it is not linked to you in any way.

2. Telegram app for mobile.

Telegram is essentially a secure Whatsapp that features encrypted "secret" chats that can't be deciphered from the cloud. It also gives you a username that allows you to communicate with others without them knowing what your phone number is. Choose a username that is *different* from your RVF username or ROK commenting handle since friends who have your phone number will be able see your Telegram username, and make sure that *all* of your chats are using the secret feature to take advantage of full encryption. The app is available on Android, iPhone, and Windows.

When you want to meet someone from the forum, share your burner email or Telegram username and then arrange your meeting. Telegram has the additional benefit of allowing you to create private groups to arrange meetings of more than two people.

It's also possible to meet someone through ROK comments. In that case, set your Disqus profile to public so that men can vet you through your posting history. When you want to meet someone, arrange it in a comment thread by sharing your burner email. I advise you not to post your Telegram username publicly. Be cautious of unsolicited messages from people you don't know.

Meeting In Public Locations

Arrange your meeting in a public venue of your city. Outside of international meetup day, we've never had a situation where someone acted as a poseur in order to meet with members. Nonetheless, you always have the right to get up and leave if the person you're meeting acts shady by bringing someone without notifying you beforehand or spending too much time on their phone.

During your initial meeting, don't ask overly specific personal questions. Examples…

Good question: "What kind of work do you do?"
Bad question: "What is the name of your company?"

Good question: "How old are you?"
Bad question: "What is your exact birth date?"

Good question: "What area of the city do you live in?"
Bad question: "What is your street address?"

Good question: "What is your first name?"
Bad question: "What is your last name… and your social security number?"

Good question: "What do you think of Kratom?"

Bad question: “What do you think of rape?”

Do not to take any pictures of the men you’re meeting with and do not share details of that meeting with outsiders.

Establishing Trust

Trust is not automatic or instant. It takes many hours to get to know someone else and understand what type of person they are. While it’s easy to fake a persona online, it’s exceedingly difficult to do so in real life. It will probably take you less than five minutes to spot any poseur that you happen to meet, especially since male feminists have gay mannerisms, gay speech cadence, gay style, and gay hair.

The gay face of a male feminist. He was arrested while protesting our New York meetup.

One reliable way to convey trust with someone you’re meeting is to have reputation points on the forum (or comment upvotes on ROK). It has yet to happen that a forum member with over 5 rep points turned out to be a feminist infiltrator. Therefore if you want to meet other men, first contribute genuine value on the forum or ROK.

If you have zero reps and a low post count, don’t be surprised if senior members decline to meet with you. What benefit do they have for meeting a complete stranger who has yet to contribute anything to the community? Personally, I wouldn’t take that chance. While you may be eager to meet other like-minded men, put in your dues first by spending at least three months building your reputation by sharing information that is difficult to fake by a poseur.

Personal Risks For Getting Involved

We are a counter-cultural movement. The establishment and its proxies (e.g. media

organizations, Anonymous, universities, municipal governments, etc.) have done everything they could to shut me down and scare you away while linking our masculine philosophy to rape and evil. This is occurring because we've reached a point where our ideas are starting to hurt their agenda and narrative. Getting involved in our community *may* make you a target, especially if you ignore the precautions I've written above.

While I don't anticipate future worldwide mob action against us, I can't rule out an act of God that comes in the form of targeted hack attempts or government infiltration. It has never happened that men who got involved in a counter-cultural movement were not taking on risk, and we are no exception. Of course we can minimize that risk, but understand that the benefits of meeting men who share your "dangerous" beliefs comes with a downside of being seen as a thought criminal of the establishment. On the bright side, thousands of men have already accepted this risk, so you will not be alone.

Conclusion

The meetup outrage of February 2016 changes the protocol but not the mission. We will still organize and meet offline, but it will be invisible to the general public. From this point on, only men who are vetted by myself or someone I trust can lead tribes in their cities. These tribes will not be announced through the public like before and there will be no updated map showing their locations. You will have to know someone in order to enter or prove your alignment with our beliefs.

The establishment has shown that they can hurt us if our activities are public, so we're going underground. We will walk among them, meet under their noses, and they will have absolutely no knowledge of our activities, which will continue to be legal like it always has been. They may have interrupted our plans in the short term, but our adaption to their attack methods will ensure success from this point on. The fight is just getting started.

Read Next: *4 Trends To Look Out For In 2016*

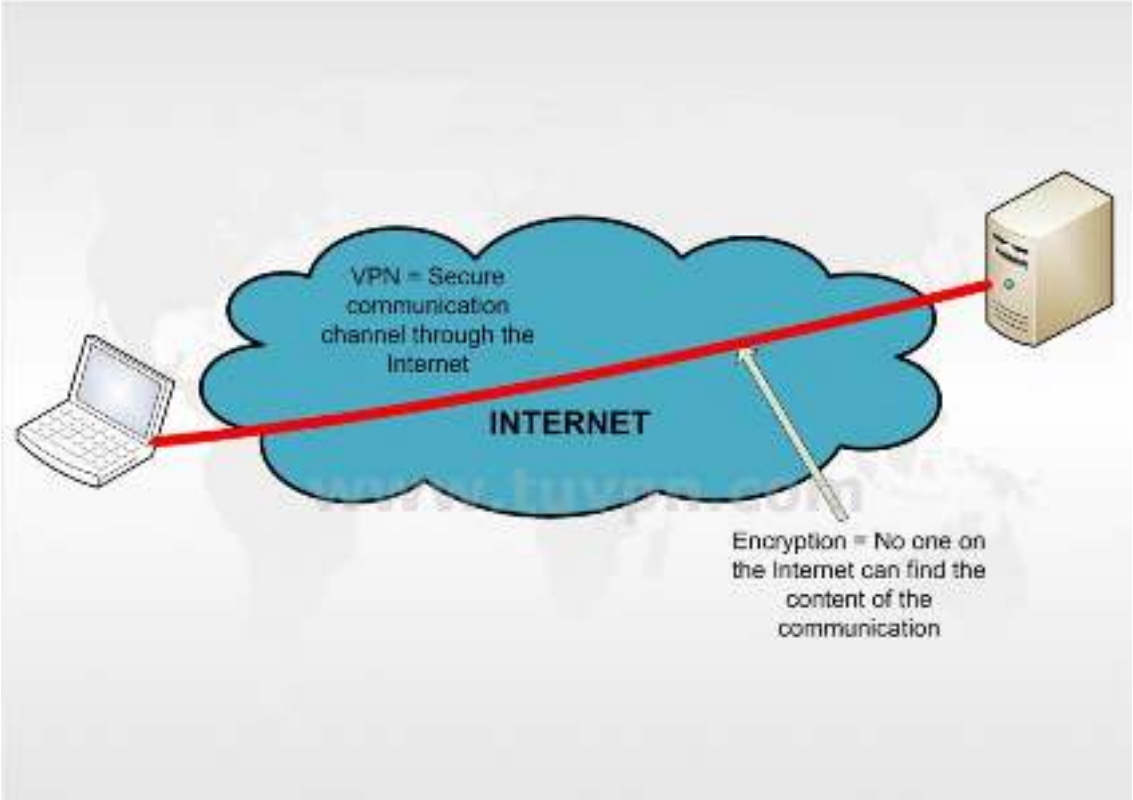
Why You Should Use A VPN (Virtual Private Network) For Web Browsing

February 23, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Within ten years, I predict that being a frequent visitor to one of my sites or any alternative media outlet will make you a “person of interest,” a feat made easier if you live within the “14 Eyes” spying dragnet that maintains a record of your activities. For that reason, I recommend you begin using a VPN (virtual private network) to secure and anonymize your web browsing, at least when you’re on public wifi networks. It helps that intense competition among VPN networks has greatly lowered costs to just a few dollars a month.

What Is A VPN?

A VPN is merely a middleman server that encrypts and conceals all web activity to and from your computer. The VPN connects directly to your ISP, which can then no longer identify your specific traffic usage. As long as you stay connected to a VPN while surfing the internet, your ISP will not have a record of which sites your visiting (though the VPN service may).



When you visit any web site, a log on that server will record your VPN’s IP address, not your local IP address that is connected to your home router. Being connected to a VPN offers a layer of additional protection in that your actual IP address is not stored across internet servers to be later exposed in hacking or malware attacks. It also will protect you against a live sniffing attempt if you use a public wifi network.

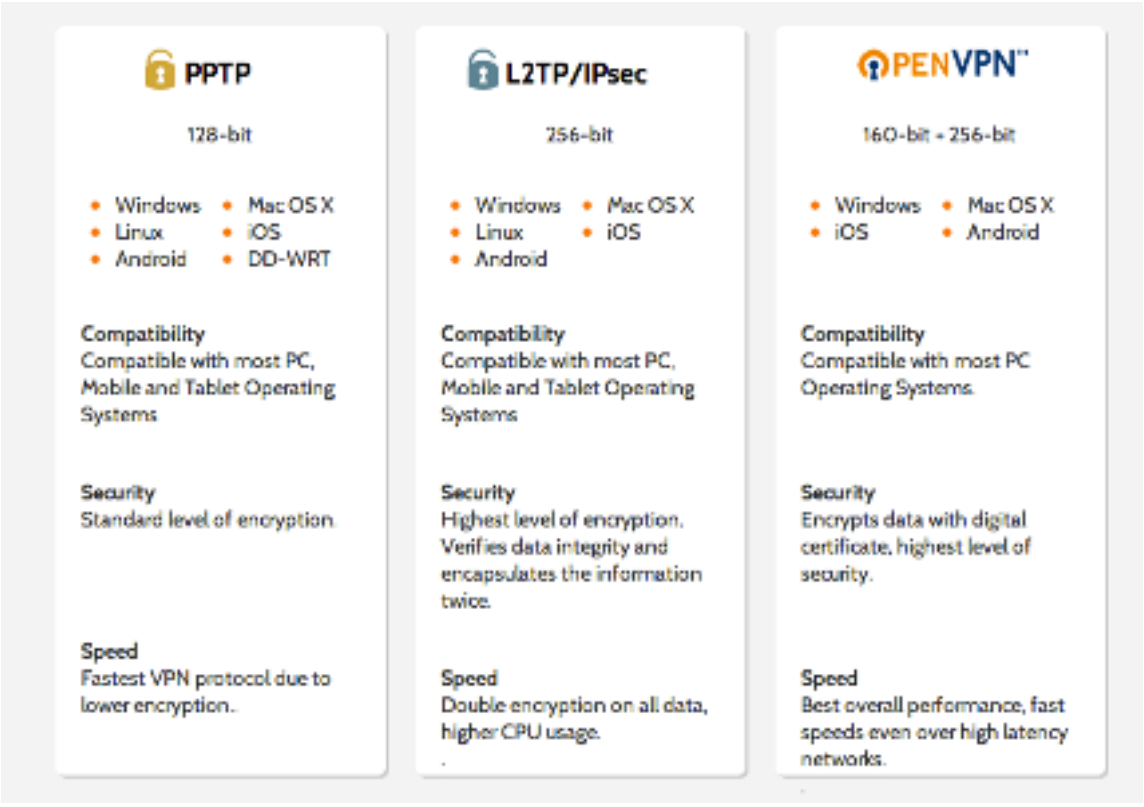
VPN's were historically used by corporations to encrypt information for remote workers. They became more popular among internet users in authoritarian countries that had heavy internet censorship (a VPN allowed them to bypass blocklists). Now that you are a thought criminal of the West, and likely live in a 14 Eye country (listed below), your web browsing is not only being extensively logged by your ISP but it's also being sniffed by security agencies.

The Three Levels Of VPN Encryption

There are three mass market VPN encryption protocols:

PPTP – hacked by the NSA (not safe)
L2TP – maybe hacked by the NSA (probably safe)
OpenVPN – not hacked by the NSA (safest)

The only problem with OpenVPN is that you need a separate program to use it. L2TP can be used on most computers and devices since it's a built-in protocol.



Do You Live In A 14 Eye Country?

Five countries have agreed to share spying data on all their citizens among themselves in

an alliance called Five Eyes. They also help each other with technical and hardware support in sniffing traffic from main fiber lines to spy on citizens from other countries. These are the 5 Eye countries:

- Australia
- Canada
- New Zealand
- United Kingdom
- USA

Leaks by Edward Snowden state that nine additional countries have agreements with the Five Eyes alliance:

- Belgium
- Denmark
- France
- Germany
- Italy
- Netherlands
- Norway
- Spain
- Sweden

If you live in any of the fourteen countries listed above, that means there is infrastructure and organization in place to directly track your web traffic. Your government may also sell you out to another country in the alliance. For example, if you're an Italian citizen, your government is likely sharing your private data with the USA in exchange for technical assistance and other intelligence. Even if you don't live in a 14 Eye country, you can still be tracked if you visit servers hosted within them.

Use A VPN That Is Outside Of The 14 Eyes

It's no accident that countries in the 14 Eyes have data retention laws that require ISP and VPN companies to maintain logs of all their customers. Therefore if you get a VPN service in the United States, you secure your connection against random hackers and sniffers but still have all your web browsing logged within a company that must give your data to the government if requested. This actually happened after a hacker was arrested for using a UK-based VPN.

If you want the full benefit of using a VPN in terms of anonymity and security, you need a VPN that has the follow features:

- No logging of internet traffic
- No logging of customer data (name, email, address)
- Hosted outside of a 14 Eye country

- L2TP or OpenVPN protocol

Even if you have a bulletproof VPN, keep in mind that you can still be identified through browser fingerprinting. Analytics software hosted on most web sites like Google Analytics can also help identity you. The only way to stop these tracking methods is to use a burner computer that is sandboxed away from any surfing you do that is attached to your name. This means that using a VPN offers a *a layer* of solid protection, but it does not protect you completely. It's similar to using a condom during sex with a promiscuous club girl.

VPN Recommendations

I use two VPN services (I'm not getting a commission for sharing their links):

1. StrongVPN – a US-based service that I use for basic protection in public wifi and also when I need an American IP address to access certain media sites. When I connect to StrongVPN, I know I have no protection against government spying or data requests. This service is reliable and fast. Cost: $70 a year.

2. Privatoria – a Czech-based service that does not log traffic or data. I paid for the service using bitcoin without giving my email or name, meaning that unless they try to track my public bitcoin address, which I change frequently, it will be incredibly difficult for them to know who I am. I've been using the service for a week so far and am satisfied with the speed and reliability. Cost: $25 a year.

I also did a free test drive of CryptoStorm, an Icelandic VPN that offers an added step of anonymity where you purchase access tokens from a third-party, meaning that the company has no record of you as a customer, not even a username and password. Here is a list of foreign-based VPN services.

You definitely are placing a lot of trust in whichever VPN you choose, since they can monitor your traffic, so it's important to do your homework. Whether it's your local ISP, your government, or your VPN, you will never have 100% assurance that everything you do online is completely private and secure. That said, I rather take my chances with a foreign VPN than a government that is increasingly viewing me as a thought criminal or an ISP that has reams of stored data—as required by local law—on everything I do.

Conclusion

While I'm diligent with using a VPN in public, I do get lazy at home. The reason is that there is no acute threat from surfing the internet naked, and whatever threat present is completely invisible. Therefore I see using a VPN more as an insurance policy for when the sites and activities you perform now are declared retroactively illegal in the future. While ROK will probably never be labeled a "terrorist misogynist organization," using a VPN is just good internet practice that reduces your risk of being singled out for some kind of hack or government attack no matter how bad the cultural winds get.

If they want to get you then they will, but let's make it a harder for them to know you're even online. In addition to my previous advice on how to communicate securely with

fellow thought criminals, I believe it’s time we begin to securely browse the internet as well.

Read Next: *How To Securely Communicate And Meet With Thought Criminals*

Legal Update: Stephanie Jane Gari Hires Attorney From South Carolina

February 23, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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S. Jane Gari, who published a false allegation against me on her blog, hired attorney Benjamin D. McCoy to deal with this legal matter. I was expecting fireworks, but according to my legal team, Mr. McCoy has been reasonable, rational, and professional. In fact, my attorney had a lot of good things to say about him. Given how positive of a rapport that seems to have developed, we may be able to settle this issue without a fight.

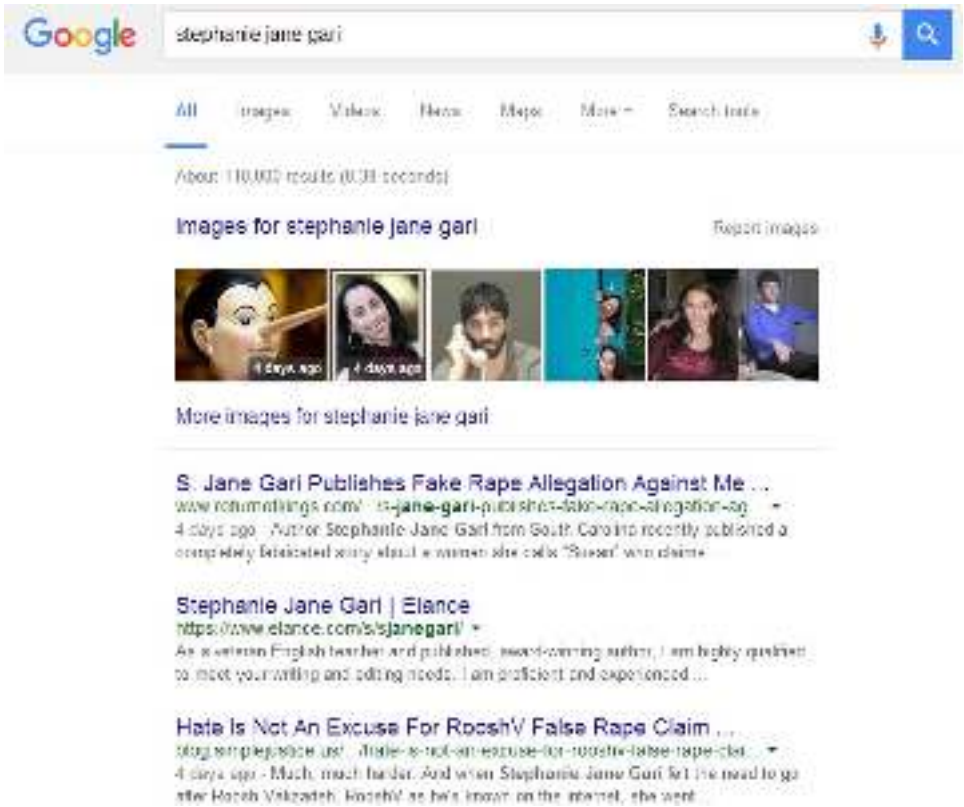
Her lawyer suggested that we attempt mediation. "Mediation" is when the parties sit down and talk things out. Of course, that might not satisfy the desire I have to punish someone for publishing an entirely fictional claim that I committed an awful crime, but when someone comes to the table with a rational solution, I'll hear them out. It seems that for any degree of stupid that is bouncing around in Ms. Gari's head, she was at least smart enough to hire a reasonable lawyer.

Proposal For Mediation

In the meanwhile, I've done some personal research on Gari's possible income and assets. As I'm sure you can guess, all signs point to her being flat broke. Her top-selling book on Amazon is ranked 716,889.

Those numbers translate to selling approximately one book every four days, meaning she earns less than $300 a month from sales. Gari must supplement her income as an hourly worker at a small company that does not seem to have an active clientele. From also judging her past employment, it's safe to guess that she does not earn much.

So far, my unequivocal denial of her allegation has spread far and wide. My lawyer's initial letter has been viewed over 20,000 times—which seems to be higher than the number of people who have read her books. I like to think that not more than a couple dozen of the most diehard SJWs still cling to her *50 Shades Of Grey* inspired tale. A sign of that is **not one** responsible or professional media outlet has given credence to her dishonest story. Even worse for her, Google results for her name now point to how little she should be trusted.



This allows everyone to know that she is irresponsible and that she tried to foist a pack of malicious falsehoods upon the public (and they'll get to see an image of me on the telephone to boot).

Her reputation is in tatters and the world knows of my steadfast denial of her claims. The only thing she has going for her is that she didn't run out and hire a lunatic SJW attorney, but instead has competent and professional legal counsel. Given that, I am expecting a swift and reasonable conclusion to this mess. In addition, my readers have been civil in response to the entire issue. Besides a few jokes, no one has launched personal attacks against her. It's clear that we have the moral high ground.

Postscript: Further developments have transpired and will be shared soon.

Read Next: *What Is A Social Justice Warrior (SJW)?*

Will The Only Form Of Game To Survive The Future Be Day Game?

February 26, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I recently published an article on Return Of Kings titled *Why The Era Of Meeting Girls In Nightclubs Is Coming To An End*. It has received over 500 comments from men who agree with its conclusion that clubs in the Western world are providing a low return on investment when it comes to meeting women.

> In the golden area of modern pickup (around 2000-2005), a little night game was all you needed to consistently meet cute American girls in bars and clubs. It had its flaws, but just knowing how to approach with a little confidence and dancing skill would be enough to get laid. You didn't have to use the internet. Day game was nothing more than a niche for guys who didn't drink. Flaking was a low level annoyance instead of a common outcome, and you didn't have to aim for a one-night stand because chances were reasonable that a girl would show up on a first date.
>
> My recent experiences in Washington DC, Montreal, Toronto, and New York City clearly showed me how much night game has declined.

Clubs in non-Western countries can still provide gains, but the proliferation of smartphones and bottle service has definitely made it harder at night for a man to meet women of reasonable quality. I'm sure you're no stranger to this decline and are at least familiar with the basic idea of day game, especially since I wrote Day Bang several years ago. I'd speculate that most men, however, have never done a day game approach in their lives. To help them understand the benefits of day game in a declining Western sexual market, Troy Francis over at ROK is doing a series on day game. His first article is titled *Why Day Game Is The Secret Sauce You Need To Consistently Meet And Attract Women*.

> While it would be inaccurate to call day game a numbers game (with application and experience your results can and will improve) nevertheless, the stark truth is that you will experience more rejections than you do successes. This is just the nature of life. Nothing that is worth doing is easy.
>
> That said, you shouldn't let the fear of rejection put you off from trying, because rejection itself is not really that bad. Put out of your mind any thought of girls slapping you round the face or calling the police. Such events are outliers and are so uncommon that they're really not worth worrying about. A more typical rejection will simply be a girl telling you she has a boyfriend.
>
> That's it.

I'm also encountering a lot of complaints from men that internet game is getting worse.

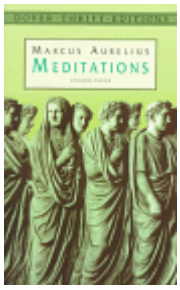
Specific services like Tinder and OK Cupid experienced a heyday where using them provided at least some value, but then uglier women and thirsty men piled in, causing lower yields. This is why for the near future I believe that the two best ways to meet quality women will be through day game and social circle. Day game is hard enough that it will never go mainstream while social circle game gives you VIP access to women that are harder to meet through cold approaching.

Your game strategy will completely depend on what your goals are. If you want to plow through stacks of girls, you'll most likely want to involve some internet or night game since it puts you in contact with large numbers of them, but if you're more selective and looking for something of a higher standard that could involve a relationship, day game and social circle will yield better results, and they'll both hold up in a time span of five years. They're much harder to do, but because of that, the reward is almost guaranteed to be greater.

Read Next: *Super Easy Day Game Openers*

Marcus Aurelius' Meditations Is The Best Manual We Have On How To Live

March 2, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



Marcus Aurelius was the only Roman emperor who fits the title of "philosopher king" as described by Plato, ruling with wisdom and prudence gained from his Stoic teachers. Thankfully for us, he maintained a diary called *Meditations* that relayed his knowledge and what he learned during his life. I became interested in reading it after getting value from his predecessors Epictetus and Seneca.

Below are my favorite passages from *Meditations*, organized by topic:

Remaining unaffected

> From Apollonius [I learned] moral freedom, the certainty to ignore the dice of fortune, and have no other perspective, even for a moment, than that of reason alone; to be always the same man, unchanged in sudden pain, in the loss of a child, in lingering sickness.
>
> […]
>
> From Maximum [I learned] self-mastery, immune to any passing whim; good cheer in all circumstances, including illness; a nice balance of character, both gentle and dignified; and uncomplaining energy for what needs to be done.
>
> […]
>
> If this is no wrongdoing of mine, nor the results of any wrong done to me, and if the community is not harmed, then why do I let it trouble me? And what is the harm that can be done to the community?

Existence

> It is high time now for you to understand the universe of which you are a part, and the governor of that universe of whom you constitute an emanation: and that there is a limit circumscribed to your time—if you do not use it to clear away your clouds, it will be gone, and you will be gone, and the opportunity will not return.
>
> […]
>
> You may leave this life at any moment: have this possibility in your mind in all

that you do or say or think. Now departure from the world of men is nothing to fear, if gods exist: because they would not involve you in any harm. If they do not exist, or if they have no care for humankind, then what is life to me in a world devoid of gods, or devoid of providence?

[…]

In man's life his time is a mere instant, his existence a flux, his perception fogged, his whole bodily composition rotting, his mind a whirligig, his fortune unpredictable, his fame unclear. To put it shortly: all things of the body stream away like a river, all things of the mind are dreams and delusion; life is warfare, and a visit in a strange land; the only lasting fame is oblivion.

[…]

You are a soul carrying a corpse, as Epictetus used to say.

[…]

Think constantly how many doctors have died, after knitting their brows over their own patients; how many astrologers, after predicting the deaths of others, as if death were something important; how many philosophers, after endless deliberation on death or immortality; how many heroes, after the many others they killed; how many tyrants, after using their power over men's lives with monstrous insolence, as if they themselves were immortal. Think too how many whole cities have 'died'—Helice, Pompeii, Herculaneium, innumerable others. Go over now all those you have known yourself, one after the other: one man follows a friend's funeral and is then laid out himself, then another follows him—and all in a brief space of time. The conclusion of this? You should always look on human life as short and cheap. Yesterday sperm: tomorrow a mummy or ashes.

So one should pass through this tiny fragment of time in tune with nature, and leave it gladly, as an olive might fall when ripe, blessing the earth which bore it and grateful to the tree which gave it growth.

[…]

Look back over the past—all those many changes of dynasties. And you can foresee the future too: it will be completely alike, incapable of deviating from the rhythm of the present. So for the study of human life forty years are as good as ten thousand: what more will you see?

[…]

'No soul', says Plato, 'likes to be robbed of truth'—and the same holds of justice, moderation, kindness, and all such virtues.

[…]

Nothing can happen to any human being outside the experience which is natural to humans—an ox too experiences nothing foreign to the nature of oxen, a vine nothing foreign to the nature of vines, a stone nothing outside the property of a stone. So if each thing experiences what is usual and natural for it, why should

> you complain? Universal nature has brought you nothing you can't endure.

Living a "long" life

> It follows that the longest and the shortest lives are brought to the same state. The present moment is equal for all; so what is passing is equal also; the loss therefore turns out to be the merest fragment of time. No one can lose either the past or the future—how could anyone be deprived of what he does not possess?
>
> […]
>
> …both the longest-lived and the earliest to die suffer the same loss. It is only the present moment of which either stands to be deprived: and if indeed this is all he has, he cannot lose what he does not have.
>
> […]
>
> We must take into our reckoning not only that life is expended day by day and the remaining balance diminishes, but also this further consideration: if we live longer, there is no guarantee that our mind will likewise retain that power to comprehend and study the world which contributes to our experience of things divine and human.
>
> […]
>
> An unphilosophic but nonetheless effective help to putting death in its place is to run over the list of those who have clung long to life. What did they gain over the untimely dead? Any any rate they are all in their graves by now—Caedicianus, Fabius, Julianus, Lepidus, and all others like them who took part in many funerals and then their own. In truth, the distance we have to travel is small: and we drag it out with such labour, in such poor company, in such a feeble body. No great thing, then. Look behind you at the huge gulf of time, and another infinity ahead. In this perspective what is the difference between an infant of three days and a Nestor of three generations?
>
> […]
>
> But, my dear fellow, consider it possible that nobility and virtue are something other than saving one's life or having it saved. Could it not be that anyone who is truly a man should dismiss any concern for a particular length of life, and not simply live for the sake of living? Rather he should leave all this to god and believe what the womenfolk say, that no one ever escapes the day of his fate: his thought should be on this further question, how best to live his life in the time he has to be alive.
>
> […]
>
> All that you see will soon perish; those who witness this perishing will soon perish themselves. Die in extreme old age or die before your time—it will all be the same.

Accepting death

> …and if anyone is frightened of a function of nature, he is a mere child. And death is not only a function of nature, but also to her benefit.
>
> […]
>
> What of [death], then? You embarked, you set sail, you made port. Go ashore now. If it is to another life, nothing is empty of the gods, even on that shore: and if to insensibility, you will cease to suffer pains and pleasures, no longer in thrall to a bodily vessel which is a master as far inferior as its servant is superior. One is mind and divinity: the other a clay of dust and blood.
>
> […]
>
> He who fears death fears either unconsciousness or another sort of consciousness. Now if you will no longer be conscious you will not be conscious either of anything bad. If you are to take on a different consciousness, you will be a different being and life will not cease.

Five ways a soul harms itself

> The soul of a man harms itself, first and foremost, when it becomes (as far as it can) a separate growth, a sort of tumour on the universe: because to resent anything that happens is to separate oneself in revolt from Nature, which holds in collective embrace the particular natures of all other things. Secondly, when it turns away from another human being, or is even carries so far in opposition as to intend him harm—such is the case in the souls of those gripped by anger. A soul harms itself, thirdly, when it gives in to pleasure or pain. Fourthly, whenever it dissimulates, doing or saying anything feigned or false. Fifthly, whenever it fails to direct any of its own actions or impulses to a goal, but acts at random, without conscious attention—whereas even the most trivial action should be undertaken in reference to the end.

Experiencing pleasure

> ‘But better is what benefits.’ If to your benefit as a rational being, adopt it: but if simply to your benefit as an animal, reject it, and stick to your judgement without fanfare.
>
> […]
>
> Never regard as a benefit to yourself anything which will force you at some point to break your faith, to leave integrity behind, to hate, suspect, or curse another, to dissemble, to covet anything needing the secrecy of walls and drapes.

Work

> At break of day, when you are reluctant to get up, have this thought ready to mind: ‘I am getting up for a man’s work. Do I still then resent it, if I am going out

> to do what I was born for, the purpose for which I was brought into the world? Or was I created to wrap myself in blankets and keep warm?' 'But this is more pleasant.' Were you then born for pleasure—all for feeling, not for action? Can you not see plants, birds, ants, spiders, bees all doing their own work, each helping in their one way to order the world? And then you do not want to do the work of a human being—you do not hurry to the demands of your own nature. 'But one needs rest too.' One does indeed: I agree. But nature has set limits to this too, just as it has to eating and drinking, and yet you go beyond these limits, beyond what you need. Not in your actions, though, not any longer: here you stay below your capability.

The cycle of life

> There is a river of creation, and time is a violent stream. As soon as one thing comes into sight, it is swept past and another is carried down: it too will be taken on its way.
>
> […]
>
> All that happens is as habitual and familiar as roses in spring and fruit in the summer. True too of disease, death, defamation, and conspiracy—and all that delights or gives pain to fools.
>
> […]
>
> Reflect often on the speed with which all things in being, or coming into being, are carried past and swept away. Existence is like a river in ceaseless flow, its actions a constant succession of change, its causes innumerable in their variety: scarcely anything stands still, even what is most immediate. Reflect too on the yawning gulf of past and future time, in which all things vanish. So in all this it must be folly for anyone to be puffed with ambition, racked in struggle, or indignant at his lot—as if this was anything lasting or likely to trouble him for long.
>
> […]
>
> Some things are hurrying to come into being, others are hurrying to be gone, and part of that which is being born is already extinguished. Flows and changes are constantly renewing the world, just as the ceaseless passage of time makes eternity ever young. In this river, then, when there can be no foothold, what should anyone prize of all that races past him? It is as if he were to begin to fancy one of the little sparrows that fly past—but already it is gone from his sight. Indeed this is the nature of our very lives—as transient as the exhalation of vapour from the blood or a breath drawn from the air.
>
> […]
>
> You should meditate often on the connection of all things in the universe and their relationship to each other. In a way all things are interwoven and therefore have a family feeling for each other: one thing follows another in due order

through the tension of movement, the common spirit among them, and unity of all being.

[…]

Loss is nothing more than change. Universal nature delights in change, and all that flows from nature happens for the good. Similar things have happened from time everlasting, and there will be more such to eternity. So why do you say that everything has always happened for the bad and always will, that all those gods between them have evidently never found any power to right this, so the world is condemned to the grip of perpetual misery?

[…]

Either all things flow from one intelligent source and supervene as in one coordinated body, so the part should not complain at what happens in the interest of the whole—or all is atoms, and nothing more than present stew and future dispersal. Why then are you troubled?

[…]

Whatever happens to you was being prepared for you from everlasting, and the mesh of causes was ever spinning from eternity both from your own existence and the incidence of this particular happening.

[…]

Constantly reflect that all the things which happen now have happened before: reflect too that they will happen again in the future. Have in your mind's eye whole dramas with similar settings, all that you know of from your own experience or earlier history—for example, the whole ourt of Hadrian, the whole court of Antoninun, the whole court of Philip, Alexander, Croesus. All the same as now: just a different cast.

[…]

All things are short-lived—this is their common lot—but you pursue likes and dislikes as if all was fixed for eternity. In a little while you too will close your eyes, and soon there will be others mourning the man who buries you.

[…]

…our successors will see nothing new, just as our predecessors saw nothing more than we do: such is the sameness of things, a man of forty with any understanding whatsoever has in a sense seen all the past and all the future.

[…]

When you are high in indignation and perhaps losing patience, remember that human life is a mere fragment of time and shortly we are all in our graves.

[…]

Epictetus used to say that when you kiss your child you should say to yourself: 'Tomorrow you may be dead.' But these are ominous words! 'No,' he replies,

> ‘nothing is ominous which points to a natural process. Otherwise it would be ominous to speak of the corn being reaped.’
>
> […]
>
> Any one individual activity which comes to an end at the appropriate time suffers no harm from its cessation: nor has the agent suffered any harm simply because this particular action has ceased. In the same way, then, if the total of all his actions which constitutes a man’s life comes to an end at the appropriate time, it suffers no harm from the mere fact of cessation: nor is the agent who brings this series of actions to a timely end exposed to any harm. The time and the term are assigned by nature—sometimes man’s own nature, as in old age, but in any case by the nature of the Whole, which through the constant changing of its constituent parts keeps the whole world ever young and fresh.
>
> […]
>
> Continually review in your mind those whom a particular anger took to extremes, those who reached the greatest heights of glory or disaster or enmity or any other sort of fortune. Then stop and think: where is it all now? Smoke and ashes, a story told or even a story forgotten.

Playing the cards that you are dealt

> Wherever it is in agreement with nature, the ruling power within us takes a flexible approach to circumstances, always adapting itself easily to both practicality and the given event. It has no favoured material for its work, but sets out on its objects in a conditional way, turning any obstacle into material for its own use. It is like a fire mastering whatever falls into it. a small flame would be extinguished, but a bright fire rapidly claims as its own all that is heaped on it, devours it all, and leaps up yet higher in consequence.
>
> […]
>
> ‘It is my bad luck that this has happened to me.’ No, you should rather say: ‘It is my good luck that, although this has happened to me, I can bear it without pain, neither crushed by the present nor fearful of the future.’ Because such a thing could have happened to any man, but not every man could have borne it without pain. So why see more misfortune in the event than good fortune in your ability to bear it? Or in general would you call anything a misfortune for a man which is not a deviation from man’s nature?
>
> […]
>
> …display those virtues which are wholly in your own power—integrity, dignity, hard work, self-denial, contentment, frugality, kindness, independence, simplicity, discretion, magnanimity. Do you not see how many virtues you can already display without any excuse of lack of talent or aptitude? And yet you are still content to lag behind. Or does the fact that you have no inborn talent oblige you to grumble, to scrimp, to blame your poor body, to suck up, to brag, to have

> your mind in such turmoil? No, by heaven, it does not!
>
> […]
>
> [Unsophisticated people] say: ‘Fate brought this on him.’ Now if ‘brought,’ also ‘prescribed’. So let us accept these prescriptions just as we accept those of Asclepius—many of them too are harsh, but we welcome them in the hope of health.
>
> […]
>
> So there are two reasons why you should be content with your experience. One is that this has happened to you, was prescribed for you, and is related to you, a thread of destiny spun for you from the first by the most ancient causes. The second is that what comes to each individual is a determining part of the welfare, the perfection, and indeed the very coherence of that which governs the Whole. Because the complete Whole is maimed if you sever even the tiniest fraction of its connection and continuity: this is true of its constitute parts, and true likewise of its causes. And you do sever something, to the extent that you can, whenever you fret at your lot: this is, in a sense, a destruction.
>
> […]
>
> The mind adapts and turns round any obstacle to action to serve its objective: a hindrance to a given work is turned to its furtherance, an obstacle in a given path becomes an advance.
>
> […]
>
> Love only what falls your way and is fated for you. What could suit you more than that?

Suicide

> But if you feel yourself falling away and losing control, retire in good heart to some corner where you will regain control—or else make a complete exit from life, not in anger, but simply, freely, with integrity, making this leaving of it at least one achievement in your life.

Acting in the present

> No, you do not have thousands of years to live. Urgency is on you. While you live, while you can, become good.
>
> […]
>
> I always take the present moment as raw material for the exercise of rational and social virtue—in short, for the art of man or god.’ Because a god or a man can assimilate anything that happens: it will not be new or hard to handle, but familiar and easy.
>
> […]

> You must compose your life action by action, and be satisfied if each action achieves its own end as best can be: and no one can prevent you from that achievement. ‘But there will be some external obstacle.’ No obstacle, though, to justice, self-control, and reason. ‘But perhaps some other source of action will be obstructed.’ Well, gladly accept the obstruction as it is, make a judicious change to meet the given circumstance, and another action will immediately substitute and fit into the composition of your life as discussed.
>
> […]
>
> Live through life in the best way you can. The power to do so is in a man’s own soul, if he is indifferent to things indifferent. And he will be indifferent if he looks at these things both as a whole and analysed into their parts, and remembers that none of them imposes a judgement of itself or forces itself on us.
>
> […]
>
> You should let nothing stand in your way—not the iniquity of others, not what anyone else thinks or says, still less any sensation of this poor flesh that has accredited round you: the afflicted part must see to its own concern.

Other people

> Whenever you meet someone, ask yourself first this immediate question: ‘What beliefs does this person hold about the good and bad in life?’ Because if he believes this or that about pleasure and pain and their constituents, about fame and obscurity, death and life, then I shall not find it surprising or strange if he acts in this or that way, and I shall remember that he has no choice but to act as he does.
>
> […]
>
> Say to yourself first thing in the morning: today I shall meet people who are meddling, ungrateful, aggressive, treacherous, malicious, unsocial. All this has afflicted them through their ignorance of true good and evil. But I have seen that the nature of good is what is right, and the nature of evil what is wrong; and I have reflected that the nature of the offender himself is akin to my own—not a kinship of blood or seed, but a sharing in the same mind, the same fragment of divinity. Therefore I cannot be harmed by any of them, as none will infect me with their wrong.
>
> […]
>
> Men are born for the sake of each other. So either teach or tolerate.
>
> […]
>
> Presented with the impression that someone has done wrong, how do I know that this was a wrong. And if it was indeed a wrong, how do I know that he was not already condemning himself, which is the equivalent of tearing his own face?
>
> Wanting the bad man not to do wrong is like wanting the fig-tree not to produce

> rennet in its figs, babies not to cry, horses not to neigh, or any other inevitable face of nature.

Deception

> The conscious liar sins to the extent that his deceit causes injustice: the unconscious liar to the extent that he is out of tune with the nature of the Whole and out of order with the nature of the ordered universe against which he fights. And it *is* fighting when he allows himself to be carried in opposition to the truth. He has received the prompts from nature: by ignoring them he is now incapable of distinguishing false from true.
>
> […]
>
> …the corruption of the mind is much more a plague than any such contaminating change in the surrounding air we breathe. The latter infects animate creatures in their animate nature: the former infects human beings in their humanity.

Happiness

> ‘If you want to be happy’, says Democritus, ‘do little.’ May it not be better to do what is necessary, what the reason of a naturally social being demands, and the way reason demands it done? This brings the happiness both of right action and of little action. Most of what we say and do is unnecessary: remove the superfluity, and you will have more time and less bother. So in every case one should prompt oneself: ‘Is this, or is it not, something necessary?’ And the removal of the unnecessary should apply not only to actions but to thoughts also: then no redundant actions either will follow.
>
> […]
>
> In every contingency keep in your mind’s eye those who had the same experience before, and reacted with vexation, disbelief, or complaint. So where are they now? Nowhere. Well then, do you want to act like them?
>
> […]
>
> One man prays: ‘How can I sleep with that woman?’ Your prayer is: ‘How can I lose the desire to sleep with her?’ Another prays: ‘How can I be rid of that man?’ You pray: ‘How can I stop wanting to be rid of him?’ Another: ‘How can I save my little child?’ You: ‘How can I learn not to fear his loss?’ And so on. Give all your prayers this turn, and observe what happens.
>
> […]
>
> …remind yourself also that what has once changed will be no more for the infinity of time. Why then this stress? Why not be content with an orderly passage through the brief span you have?
>
> […]
>
> When you fret at any circumstance, you have forgotten a number of things. You

> have forgotten that all comes about in accordance with the nature of the Whole; that any wrong done lies with the other; further, that everything which happens was always so in the past, will be the same again in the future, and is happening now across the world; that a human being has close kindship with the whole human race—not a bond of blood or seed, but a community of mind. And you have forgotten this too, that everyman's mind is god and has flowed from that source; that nothing is our own property, but even our child, our body, our very soul have come from that source; that all is as thinking makes it so; that each of us lives only the present moment, and the present moment is all we lose.

Politics

> What does not benefit the hive does not benefit the bee either.

The good life

> If you set yourself to your present ask along the path of true reason, with all determination, vigour, and good will: if you admit no distraction, but keep your own divinity pure and standing strong, as if you had to surrender it right now; if you grapple this to you, expecting nothing, shirking nothing, but self-content with each present action taken in accordance with nature and a heroic truthfulness in all that you say and mean—then you will lead a good life. And nobody is able to stop you.
>
> […]
>
> How to understand your own good: the lover of glory takes it to be the reactions of others; the lover of pleasure takes it to be his own passive experience; the intelligent man sees it as his own action.
>
> […]
>
> …a person's worth is measured by the worth of what he values.
>
> […]
>
> Do not dream of possession of what you do not have: rather reflect on the greatest blessings in what you do have, and on their account remind yourself how much they would have been missed if they were not there. But at the same time you must be careful not to let your pleasure in their habituate you to dependency, to avoid distress if they are sometimes absent.
>
> […]
>
> You know from experience that in all your wanderings you have nowhere found the good life—not in logic, not in wealth, not in glory, not in indulgence: nowhere. Where then is it to be found? In doing what man's nature requires. And how is he to do this? By having principles to govern his impulses and actions. What are these principles? Those of good and evil—the belief that nothing is good for a human being which does not make him just, self-controlled, brave, and free: and

> nothing evil which does not make him the opposite of these.
>
> […]
>
> Always have clear in your mind that ‘the grass is not greener’ elsewhere, and how everything is the same here as on the top of a mountain, or on the sea-shore, or wherever you will.
>
> […]
>
> The model for the application of your principles is the boxer rather than the gladiator. The gladiator puts down or takes up the sword he uses, but the boxer always has his hands and needs only to clench them into fists.

Pursuing fame, pleasures, luxuries, or gratitude

> On who is all in a flutter over his subsequent fame fails to imagine that all those who remember him will very soon be dead—and he too. Then the same will be true of all successors, until the whole memory of him will be extinguished in a sequence of lamps lit and snuffed out. But suppose immortality in those who will remember you, and everlasting memory. Even so, what is that to you? And I do not simply mean that this is nothing to the dead, but to the living also what is the point of praise, other than for some practical aspect of management?
>
> […]
>
> It is ridiculous not to escape from one’s own vices, which is possible, while trying to escape the vices of others, which is impossible.
>
> […]
>
> Vanity is the greatest seducer of reason: when you are most convinced your work is important, that is when you are most under its spell.
>
> […]
>
> Disgraceful if, in this life where your body does not fail, your soul should fail you first.
>
> […]
>
> How many who once rose to fame are now consigned to oblivion: and how many who sang their fame are long disappeared.
>
> […]
>
> When you have done good and another has benefited, why do you still look, as fools do, for a third thing besides—credit for good works, or a return?”
>
> […]
>
> Above all, when you complain of disloyalty or ingratitude, turn inwards on yourself. The fault is clearly your own, if you trusted that a man of that character would keep his trust, or if you conferred a favour without making it an end in itself, your very action its own and complete reward. What more do you want, man, from a kind act? Is it not enough that you have done something consonant

> with your own nature—do you now put a price on it? As if the eye demanded a return for seeing, or the feet for walking. Just as these were made for a particular purpose, and fulfill their proper nature by acting in accordance with their own constitution, so man was made to do good: and whenever he does something good or otherwise contributory to the common interest, he has done what he was designed for, and inherits his own.

How to live

> The universal cause is a torrent, sweeping everything in its stream. So, man, what does that mean for you? Do what nature requires at this moment. Start straight away, if that is in your power: don't look over your shoulder to see if people will know. Don't hope for Plato's utopian republic, but be content with the smallest step forward, and regard even that result as no mean achievement.
>
> […]
>
> The time you have left is short. Live it as if you were on a mountain. Here or there makes no difference, if wherever you live you take the world as your city. Let men see, let them observe a true man living in accordance with nature. If they cannot bear him, let them kill him—a better fate than a life like theirs.

With this book I felt like I was reading secret knowledge that I shouldn't have been allowed to access, even though it's freely available for sale to the public. If this isn't secret knowledge, I could believe that Aurelius was told the mysteries of nature and humanity by a spiritual being. While this may sound crazy, it does seem that he was able to see through the code of the universe to understand both the role and flow of our lives. Until we're all swept away in life's wind, he advises us to be a right man through right actions and thought while resisting base pleasures and calls for glory, comfort, and luxury. *Meditations* is not easy reading, but it's the most effective manual for living that I've ever encountered.

If you are familiar with Eastern philosophy, nothing that Aurelius preaches should be new or conflicting for you. There is such an overlap between stoicism and Buddhism that I'm certain Buddhist ideas made its way to the West by the time of Christ. They both share the idea that anything which happens to the individual is required by nature's whole. If you consider that your very existence depended on all historical events of the past, both good and evil, including that which has happened within the universe before Earth's formation, there is no need to interpret future events that happen to you as good or bad, but merely as what nature requires to fulfill its cycle based on the unknown rules that govern it. This includes your own death.

One complaint I have is that Aurelius seems to be proto-Christian by adopting passivity when it comes to fighting enemies. While I don't interpret Aurelius as someone who took abuse and always turned the other cheek, I could see a monk using Aurelius' teachings to justify an existence where he is trampled on by those stronger than he. Then again, it is in *my* nature to fight back against those who harm me, and doing so doesn't directly

conflict with Aurelius' teachings. I wonder if merely whatever action you instinctively respond with to an acute event is indeed part of your nature, and for you that is the correct response. Hopefully your nature is good.

Overall this is perhaps the most important book I've ever read, and it came to me at exactly the right time, for if I read it three years ago it wouldn't have impacted me as much as it has now. While I'm not sure if *Meditations* will impact you in the same way, I highly recommend the book to all men who have previously found stoic or Buddhist thought to be helpful in their lives.

Read More: *"Meditations" on Amazon*

Germany Proves That “Rape Culture” Is A Political Weapon Against Western Men

March 4, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

For several years the establishment has been pointing out that “rape culture” has made the West as dangerous for women as an African slum. Native-born men, because they haven’t been taught how not to rape, have been raping with impunity in universities, clubs, bars, and on dates. So much raping has been going on that you’ve certainly stumbled on dozens of rapes in progress. I have be called a “rape teacher” and “rape instructor” more times than I can count, all because I give men tools for having consensual sex in the most efficient (and legal) way possible.

Recently, news broke of a Syrian rape mob assaulting 1,000 women in Cologne, Germany:

> On New Year’s Eve, 1,000 men described as Arab and North African sexually assaulted 90 women in the German city of Cologne. Instead of being random, separate assaults dispersed across a very large city in the country’s most populous state, they all occurred in the vicinity of the Central Station, or Hauptbahnhof. Wolfgang Albers, the local police chief, called the incident (more like, dozens of incidents) “a completely new dimension of crime.”

I expected the establishment to immediately establish programs or make posters that teach Syrian men how not to sexually assault German women. Instead, they have instructed women how to take responsibility for their safety, something that for years they have insisted is the same as “blaming the victim.” Because of this blatant double standard, we can conclude beyond a reasonable doubt that “rape culture” is nothing more than a political weapon to marginalize Western men. It has nothing to do with keeping women safe and everything to do with emasculating native-born men and removing their due process when it comes to sexual encounters.

Immigrants and refugees can quite literally roam the streets and grab whichever German woman they want without getting criticized by politicians while a woman who falsely claimed to have been raped in a dorm room by a German man (ironically) gets invited by a Congressman to the State Of The Union address. Welcome to insanity.

One year ago, I posted a thought experiment about how if we made rape legal, women would have no choice but to keep themselves safe and take the proper actions to minimize the chances they will be raped. Here is the take-home message from that article:

> If a woman is indeed a child then maybe we really need to keep promoting "rape culture" as a way to keep them safe, but if they are actual adults, which is often claimed, then **we can start treating them like adults by allowing them to take responsibility for the things that happen to them which are easily preventable** with barely a strain of cognitive thought, awareness, and self control.

The article was viral and I was roundly criticized by the media and their feminist foot soldiers by being a monster and evil person who wants women to be harmed. Because of the ideas in that article, I was accosted by a mob in Montreal, which repeatedly called me a "rapist." It was used again a couple weeks ago during the meetup outrage to whip up a frenzied worldwide mob to shut down social happy hours for men. All semblance of rational thought is lost when a Western-born man talks about rape.

It's important to note that my work has also never been linked to a single sexual assault conviction out of the 100,000+ regular readers I have. Therefore not a single assault has ever been attributed to me or my work, which statistically must be below the average, and yet because I demand women account for their own personal safety, while simultaneously teaching men game tools that take advantage of the sexual dystopia *that feminists created*, I'm attacked alongside my readers.

Based on the attacks we've received in the manosphere, you would think that the

Western establishment is singularly focused on reducing harm to women by changing the behavior of men. You would be wrong. On New Years Eve in Germany, mobs of refugees went around molesting, grabbing, and in some cases outright raping German women. Instead of outrage directed at these men for their crimes, many of which had multiple witnesses, the German authorities have instead told women that they need to protect themselves while their useful idiots in the media say we shouldn't be so racist to the refugees. That's right: the rapists have been given a pass and instead women are being told to adjust *their* behavior, all because the assailants are a protected class in the perverse multicultural narrative.

Instead of re-consider their open-door policy from the bowels of the Middle East, German politicians told women that they should defend themselves more properly and have a "code of conduct" to not get raped.

> Speaking on live television this afternoon [Cologne] mayor Henriette Reker, who was near-fatally stabbed in the run up to October elections by an anti mass migration campaigner, said in future women would have to be better prepared in her city to deal with migrants. She remarked: "The women and young girls have to be more protected in the future so these things don't happen again.
>
> "This means, they should go out and have fun, but they need to be better prepared, especially with the Cologne carnival coming up. For this, we will publish online guidelines that these young women can read through to prepare themselves". [Source]

Even more absurd, the Cologne mayor advised German women to remain at an "arm's length" from strangers. Refugees get a pass for their behavior and instead women are told to accommodate their predation, while American, British, Canadian, and Australian men are assumed to be born rapists who must be taught how not to rape, even when we've never been accused of such a crime. What happened to stopping rape culture? What happened to "toxic masculinity"? What happened to safe spaces? All gone in the same amount of time it takes for a New Years Eve firework to explode in the sky.

What's happening in Germany reveals that there never was a rape culture in the West, and there never was concern for women's safety, but that promoting the two was a means to allow the establishment to expedite their subversion of Western societies, to weaken and demoralize the men, to sterilize women with "empowered" careers, abortions, casual sex, and to break up the family unit and make everyone dependent on corporations and the welfare state.

Today, I am a vindicated man. I'm vindicated because the establishment of an entire country has essentially parroted my beliefs with regard to personal responsibility by telling women that they need to protect themselves while completely ignoring the "rape culture" boogeyman that has been stuffed in our faces in spite of an obvious and pre-meditated sexual assault spree, as if it didn't even occur.

Now that the whole world sees the double standard through which "rape culture" applies,

only one of two things can happen from this point. The first is that the establishment completely drops the rape culture narrative and stops treating Western men like criminals who need to be taught not how to rape women. The second is that they selectively use the rape culture weapon against Western men while giving refugees a pass, a blaring contradiction that will be visible to all and merely accelerate the collapse of their multicultural narrative. Millions will move over to nationalism, the only antidote that can put a stop to the liberals currently in power. Either outcome is fine by me, and I think we all know which road we're about to go down.

This article was originally published on Return Of Kings.

Read Next: *Letter From A Member Of The Global Elite*

The Simulation

March 7, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

“Remember when you spawned Hitler?” Fodos asked.

“Remember?” Ghartek replied. “That was the highlight of my career! But it almost crashed the simulation.”

“What I loved about it is how you weaved Biblical themes into Hitler’s actions. It really scared the Jews.”

“Wait until we give Israel to Iran in the next update. The Persian empire must rise again!” Fodos laughed.

“Hey watch this,” Ghartek said, “I’m going to mess with this guy by vanishing his orange toothbrush.” Ghartek made a couple clicks on his display and then somewhere in Siberia, a man couldn’t find his toothbrush, no matter where he looked.

“He’s checking the door to see if someone came in to steal it.” Ghartek smirked, pleased at his work.

Both Fodos and Ghartek were senior programmers on Bethlabus, a planet where a race of hyper-intelligent species called *Homo futurans* lived. They shared human genetic ancestry with those living in a simulation that they controlled, though technically the connection was only virtual. Real *Homo sapiens* died out long ago, following in the footsteps of their *Homo erectus* and *Homo neanderthalensis* ancestors. Futurans created the simulation to better understand their roots and their future, with a goal to prevent their own extinction. The simulation itself was housed on a quantum computer the size of a city block.

While there were dozens of simulations in operation, Simulation Earth was the most interesting. Not only was it the longest, spanning over 5 billion years, but it seemed to mirror what Futurans knew about their own past of spurts and stops in evolution that seemed to be a microcosm of the rise and fall of human empires. Data from the simulation was continually analyzed with reports presented yearly to the public through academic papers and conferences. “If we understand our past, we will safeguard our future,” the motto went.

The most important fact they learned from the simulations is the universal difficulty of intelligent organisms to properly foresee and plan again long-term disasters. Once a species gets too technologically advanced, their over-confidence in problem solving and fixing the environment actually accelerates their demise instead of retarding it.

All previous simulations with more intelligent beings than humans invariably ended in self-annihilation. One notable method of extinction was when one species created a black hole on their own planet from a physics experiment gone terribly wrong. Once the black hole took hold of the coffee shop across the street from the laboratory, none of the planet’s 34 billion inhabitants had even a chance to bid farewell to each other.

One important innovation that allowed for these simulations was the ability to disconnect

real time from simulated time, meaning that one million simulated years could take only a matter of months in Futuran time. The most recent advance allowed simulated time to be contracted or expanded *in vivo* instead of being locked in with a preset value. The simulation could be fast-forwarded through boring parts when nothing was really going on or put in slow motion during the exciting bits. World War 2, for example, was watched in real time by the Futuran programmers. They worked overtime to see what would happen when humans were taken to the brink of their destruction.

Ghartek arrived home from work and sat at the dinner table with his wife. “How was your day, honey?”

“It started off amusing,” Ghartek explained, “but then there was an Awareness Incident.”

“Another glitch?” she asked.

“Not quite. I was messing around with this guy by vanishing his toothbrush. I thought he’d go mentally insane or just blame rats, but instead he got really shook up and started reading materials about computer simulation theory.”

“Uh oh.”

“Yeah, now he seems convinced that Earth is a simulation. And get this: he has a popular blog.”

“A blog?”

“Yeah it’s like a feed screen. He gathered up papers on computer simulations and wrote about it to his audience.”

“I thought you were supposed to hide the fact to humans that they live in a simulation,” she wondered politely.

“And that’s why I was reprimanded today and have to work extra hours over the weekend.”

“A human got the better of you?” she smiled.

Ghartek furrowed his unibrow. “You can’t underestimate humans. Some are crafty. But let’s just say that I have some intense experiences in store for the orange toothbrush man so that he veers towards God as an explanation for existence instead of computer simulation. Whenever we identify someone who is about to blow the lid on things, we make miracles happen to them so they go religious. It works every time, but I still have to be careful who I troll. I think for laughs I’ll just go back to making men accidentally sleep with their wives’ sisters. It’s much safer.”

“You don’t think it’s a little mean to do that?”

“Mean to give humans extra sex? They’re slaves to it! All they think about is sex, especially the males, but we’ve been able to harness that drive into building a rudimentary civilization.”

“How about we go in the bedroom and build some civilization right now?” His wife kissed his horn and brushed her claw against his leathery face. Ghartek’s one-inch Futuran erection instantly formed and he rolled her into the bedroom for lovemaking.

—

The next day at work, Ghartek and Fodos attended the weekly project meeting of the Earth simulation. Ghartek began the briefing. “Russia continues to flex her muscles, but nothing noteworthy to report. Last week we spawned a potential genocidal maniac in Germany to be ready for use in thirty Earth years, just in case.”

“Germany, again?” his boss asked.

Ghartek replied, “Well we wanted him to be from a place that the world would least expect. If it turns out that we don’t need him, we can halt his reign of terror by just giving him an advanced video game system. He’ll lose interest in murderous domination within a few months.”

“Speaking of evil, how is our epic battle for the fate of human civilization going?”

“Pretty good,” Ghartek replied. “On the forces of evil our roster is Barack Obama, Angela Merckel, David Cameron, and Benjamin Netanyahu. They’re already itching for wars across the planet.”

“And on the forces of good?”

“Our lineup is Vladimir Putin, Donald Trump, Bashar al-Assad, Kim Jong-un, and the Ayatollah.”

“Now you were telling us something about a plot twist?”

“We studied Hollywood and noticed that humans like being surprised about their heroes. Everyone will think that Obama, Cameron, Merckel, and Netanyahu are on the forces of good, but they’re actually worse than Hitler. The people they think are evil will—if our prediction models are correct—end up saving mankind in World War 3.”

“And what if our models are not correct, and our future genocidal maniac can’t right the ship?”

“Then we lose Europe. If we lose Europe, we lose humanity. The simulation ends.” Managers looked at each other nervously. Ghartek added, “There is some hope that the Indians and Chinese will step up to the plate and herald a civilization that becomes even greater than the West.” The room erupted in laughter. “Yeah, right, Ghartek,” someone snorted.

“Can we give Trump and Putin more power boosts?”

“We already gave them all known power boosts,” Ghartek replied. “If we give them any more, we’ll enter miracle territory.”

“Speaking of miracle, is our Hail Mary option loaded into the system?”

“Which one?” Ghartek asked.

“The only one that matters, goddamnit!”

“The Second Coming of Christ? Yes that is loaded, but sir you have to understand that the simulation is over once we put Jesus back. According to the New Testament…”

“Yes I know what’s in the New Testament—my father had a hand in writing it. Look, if we’re going to lose the simulation, we’re putting in Jesus. At least we’ll get rigorous data

on what degenerate humans do in the presence of their Almighty Lord. It's possible we can use such a figure to save ourselves in case we experience a cataclysmic decline."

A man entered the room and approached Ghartek, speaking rapidly into his ear cone for nearly a minute. Ghartek remained seated with a troubled look on his face.

"What is it, Ghartek?"

"My associate just informed me that a human has discovered a recurring glitch." Of all the things that could destroy the simulation, the most severe was a glitch that could be reproduced.

Ghartek continued, "A man in Savannah, Georgia named Jethro discovered that if he flushes his toilet in a specific way, the water twirls above it instead of in the bowl. News crews have already filmed the glitch and it's becoming the most viral video known to man." The room went silent.

"Can we pause the simulation until we figure out what to do?"

"The shut-it-down technology wasn't yet implemented for this simulation, only for the ones that started after it. I told my assistant to time-constrict the simulation so that one Earth minute is the same as one minute on Bethlabus. That should give us some time to shape the outcome."

Ghartek excused himself from the meeting to monitor the events unfolding on his workstation. He zoomed in to Jethro's house and saw more than two dozen news vans crowding around. A long line of cameramen snaked through his house to his toilet bowl. There, Jethro was explaining how he discovered the recurring glitch.

"I went into the bathroom the other day to do my business. I sat down on the bowl and then started watching videos on my tablet. I've done this before and nothing weird happens. Then the other day, after I finished, I got up and flushed the toilet. Lo and behold, the toilet water raised to my eye level. It spun around as if it were still in the toilet, and then disappeared down through it. I tried to do it again but it didn't work, until I found out that I had to watch a specific video on maximum sound. I watch the video for one minute, stand up, flush the toilet, and then it happens."

Before Jethro demonstrated the glitch, a reporter asked him which video he had to watch. Without hesitation he replied, "Amy's amazing anal adventures volume thirty four." Jethro then sat on the toilet, pulled up the video of Amy, maximized the sound, got up after exactly one minute, flushed the toilet, and there it was, spinning water elevated above the toilet bowl. Three cameramen jostled for position to get the best footage of the glitch. Once the toilet emptied, Jethro escorted them out and invited additional news crews to see the glitch themselves.

Ghartek immediately recognized the glitch as a holdover bug from when the television program was released in the human 20th century. It had incompatibilities with the water physics program if used in close proximity. The programmers at the time didn't give it priority because humans didn't watch television in the bathroom, but the advent of tablets made the bathroom a multimedia entertainment center. One-time glitches were

easy to discount, but a recurring glitch could spell the end of the simulation if humans no longer believed they were organic life forms.

As word of the glitch spread, other humans were able to recreate it using the same "Amy's amazing anal adventures" video. Ghartek became furious that it had yet to be patched, causing his alien head to turn a bright purple. He released his anger on a junior level programmer: "Fix this glitch *now,* motherfucker!" The glitch was repaired on the second day, but not before videos of the bug spread throughout the world.

Too many humans saw firsthand that that the laws of physics could be broken in a consistent way. Computer simulation theorists had their day in the sun, making appearances on all media channels to confirm that humans indeed lived in an artificial world. Even Amy became famous, and was soon offered a trip to Dubai to celebrate with wealthy princes and sheikhs. She eagerly accepted.

"I don't believe we got this far in the simulation without having a pause or rollback feature," Ghartek lamented to his colleagues. "We were doing so well. We were about to serve the ultimate test to humanity in a wonderful narrative that would have given them hope for centuries had they survived it, but now it's all ruined thanks to Jethro's toilet bowl. I'm going home early. When I come back tomorrow, I expect it all to be over."

Ghartek reminisced about his work on humans. He was there when Newton uncovered the physical laws. He was there when controversial power boosts were first tested on Alexander the Great, the first time Futurans played God in the simulation. And he was there when twerking took America by storm, the result of a catastrophic glitch in the dancing algorithm. The simulation felt like his own baby, one that he was guiding into a purposeful end where the human species would recognize their own flaws and dedicate themselves to anything but their own self-satisfactions and wants, but now a programming error was bringing his life's work to an end.

Ghartek slumped into work the next day, ready to bring back Jesus. Fodos greeted him. "Hey Ghartek, my man! Our simulation is safe!"

"What do you mean?"

"Kanye West, Jay Z, Beyonce, and Kim Kardashian just died in a plane crash. The whole world is stricken with equal amounts of grief and joy."

"But don't they know that Kim Kardashian's butt was a simulation? Why do they care?"

"Come on Ghartek, don't tell me that you already forgot the basic principles of human psychology. Even though they know it's a simulation, they can't help but feel consciousness and states that seem real to them. In the past two days they're still eating, shitting, talking, fucking, working, crying. Sure, many believe the Earth is a simulation, but they don't want it to end because they are still confined by a programmed desire to keep existing."

"But the toilet water was so convincing."

"The conspiracy theorists are taking care of it. They are spreading memes that it was special effects and that the media is on board with the globalists to scare humanity into

accepting a one-world government. They're actually convincing people that our programming glitch is a way for the elite to control the world through Freemasonry and Kabbalah."

Ghartek replied, "I guess the ones who believe they are simulated are really no different from the atheists. They know the world is meaningless and random but want to continue living in it anyway."

"Exactly. The toilet glitch will be forgotten by most humans in a week. Actually, an interesting development is that the glitch is being harnessed by the religious. They're stating that it's a sign by their God, and so we predict church attendance to skyrocket. It looks like people are committing more to the simulation than ever."

"And what is the status of the Islamic migrants to Europe?"

"They're still invading in massive numbers. War is coming! Whoooooo!"

Ghartek was relieved. For all the years he has been working on the Earth simulation, he was still unable to put himself in the shoes of a far more inferior being than himself. He severely overestimated the capacity of humans to think clearly about their own nature. In a way, he pitied them and their seemingly insatiable need for ignorance and falsehoods.

Humans were certainly a technologically advanced species, but in spite of that they still avoided the truth of their own reality, even when they witnessed it firsthand. Yet other earthly animals with more acute vision and hearing like owls, lions, and dogs were dominated and subjugated by these myth-seekers. It almost seemed to Ghartek that a prerequisite of an advanced species is that of submission, not to a superior power, but to comforting lies and illusions.

One Earth year later, the simulation was smoothly chugging along. Civil war erupted in Italy between the local nationalists and ruling establishment. Both Russia and the United States prepared for war through their proxies in the Middle East that would undoubtedly involve tactical nuclear weapons. While the possible destruction of the Earth by humans was not entirely a favorable outcome to simulation managers, it removed all awareness in the humans that they were nothing but inconsequential bits and bytes in a massive computer mainframe.

In the middle of the raging Italian Civil War, Fodos was in the office watching a human orgy take place in Brazil when Ghartek caught up on events in the United States. He began laughing.

"What's so funny?" Fodos asked.

"Time magazine just named Amy as their Person Of The Year for being the most sexually objectified woman of the world. Her courage to face a 'lightning storm of terrorist misogyny' was called 'the bravest act of the century.'"

"Bombs are about to rain down on their cities and they glorify a porn actress? I just don't get humans."

"It's a paradox, really. They are the stupidest and smartest beings at the same time. Hey look there in the Middle East, Fodos." Ghartek pointed at the right side of his screen.

“They’re warming up the nukes.”

Previous Story: *Big Bertha’s Satisfaction*

How To Make Your First Bitcoin Purchase

March 11, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

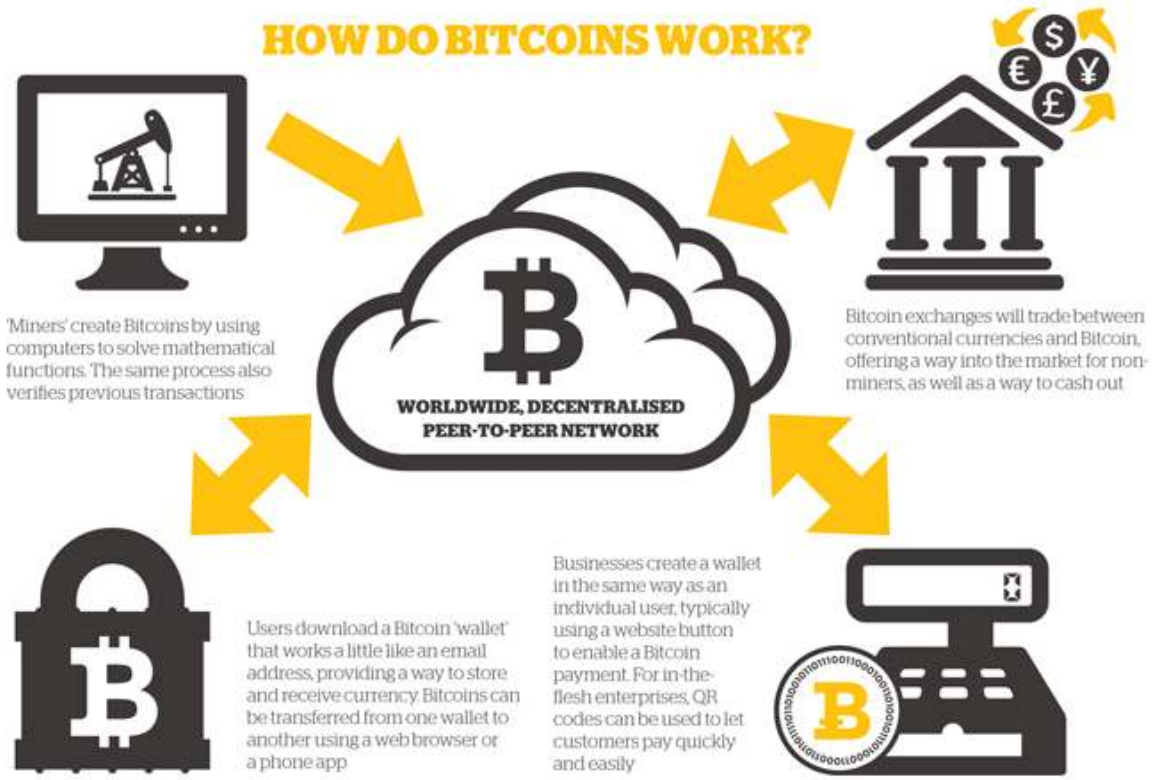
The events surrounded the meetup outrage this year made me realize that our community is not as anti-fragile as I would like. We are vulnerable to attacks that attempt to reveal our identities while still depending on corporations to facilitate the spread of our message, especially concerning e-commerce. One potential problem is through our use of credit cards and payment companies like Paypal, Authorize.net, and Payoneer to purchase products created by "thought criminals."

Not only do financial companies maintain extensive records on all your purchases, but they can instantly pull the plug on "hate" content that goes against the establishment line. In addition, companies like Amazon and Apple are being actively petitioned by the mob to burn books and other products like the Confederate Flag that go against the leftist narrative. One way to solve the problem of customers wanting to remain anonymous and sellers wanting to be immune from witch hunts is to use Bitcoin as an alternative for the exchange of goods and services.

What Is Bitcoin?

Bitcoin is a decentralized digital currency that is used for electronic purchases. It is not backed by any government and maintains value primarily by being scarce (only 21 million Bitcoins will be produced). People who want to use this currency create a "wallet" that stores their Bitcoins without having to reveal their identity. While all Bitcoin transactions between wallets are publicly stored on node computers, determining the identify of a Bitcoin user is significantly harder than through using credit cards or Paypal.

Here's a quick video that explains what Bitcoin is:



Describing how Bitcoin works can get extremely technical. If you want to learn more specifics, I recommend this Bitcoin.org guide.

How Does A Bitcoin Wallet Work?

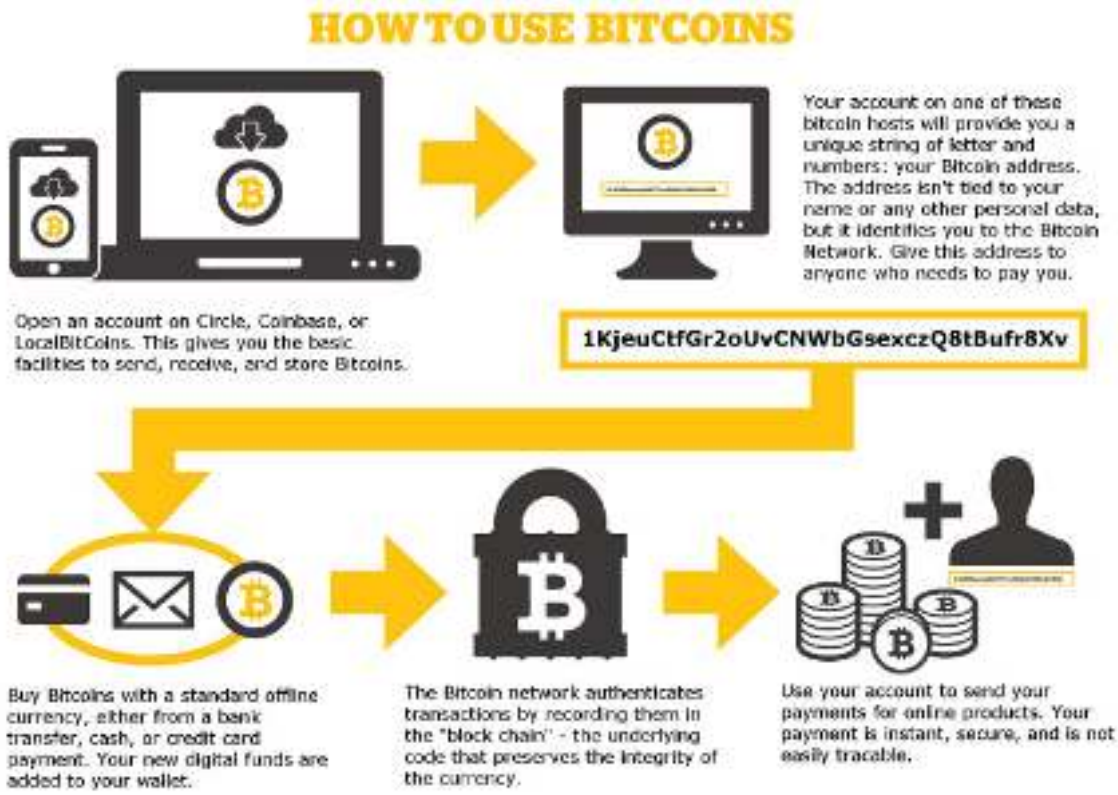
A Bitcoin wallet consists of two components: a private key and a public key. The private key enables you to claim ownership of a wallet in order to send money. The public key, which is mathematically linked to the private key, is what you share to others in order to receive money. You can create as many public keys to your wallet as you want (this is often done to keep the wallet more anonymous).

Here's an example of a private key:

> ***5KJvsngHeMpm884wtkJNzQGaCErckhHJBGFsvd3VyK5qMZXj3hS***

Private keys represent 10^77 possibilities, meaning that it is just about impossible to guess a private key, or even to use the power of all the world's supercomputers to do so. If you successfully keep your private key private, your wallet is as secure as a safe deposit box in a bank (if not more so). Click here to learn more about how keys work.

If you're going to use your Bitcoin wallet primarily for internet purchases, you'll use a "hot" wallet, meaning that the private key has seen the internet since it's handled by a private online service that you choose. Recommendations on which hot wallet service to use are made below.



If you want to use Bitcoin to store some of your life savings, experts agree on using a "cold" wallet. This means that you generate a private key using BitAddress.org on a computer that has never seen the internet before and then write down that key on a piece of paper (the BitAddress website can be saved offline to a USB stick that is then loaded onto a cold device). As long as no one has access to that piece of paper, your wallet is safe. I know an individual who has several cold paper wallets distributed in various locations within his city.

The Advantages And Disadvantages Of Using Bitcoin

If your credit card get stolen right now and used by a thief, you can simply call your card company and get the charges revoked. If you lose your Bitcoin wallet's private key, you lose everything. If you accidentally send the entire contents of your wallet to someone you don't know, you will never see your money again. If you store your life savings in a hot wallet and then install malware that sniffs your private key, all your Bitcoin will soon be gone. The main disadvantage of Bitcoin is that you have no recourse in the case of theft.

For a typical mass market consumer, Bitcoin is considered "unsafe" because you have to be smart about your own security. In one way, Bitcoin represents the pre-banking era in which a traveler with gold had to make arrangements to reduce the chance of being robbed. It forces you to be methodical and mindful about your money, especially if you're using it to store significant sums, which is beyond the scope of this article.

In exchange for securing your own money, you are afforded four large advantages of Bitcoin over traditional banking:

1. Highly anonymous. It's extremely difficult to associate a wallet with someone's identity by examining transactions in the Bitcoin public ledger (i.e. the "blockchain"). It would take a concerted investigation by a dedicated team.

2. Near-instant settlements outside of the banking system. No entity can halt your transactions or place a freeze on your wallet assets. As long as your private key isn't leaked, you're safe.

3. Live off the banking grid. You can theoretically live off the grid using only Bitcoin, exchanging it for cash locally in person when needed. If you are wrongly declared a "person of interest," you can stay hidden by using only Bitcoin instead of traditional banking.

4. Tiny transaction fees. Credit card transaction fees are about 10 times higher on average than Bitcoin. Since Bitcoin is a global currency, you also don't need to worry about currency exchange fees.

If you don't want to put the mental effort to safeguard your Bitcoin, never have more money in your hot wallet that you aren't prepared to lose. For occasional digital transactions, I recommend transferring $50-100 and using it when you need. You can always add more money later. I currently have only a couple hundred dollars in Bitcoin, though I met a man who showed me a Bitcoin wallet representing approximately $40,000. The Bitcoin underworld mirrors the Wild West in some ways.

How To Get Started

First thing you need is a wallet. I highly recommend using BitGo as your hot wallet. They offer exemplary security measures such as encrypting your private key with an extra password, and even offer a way to recover your private key in case the site goes offline. BitGo is reliable and ideal for making infrequent purchases online from your desktop computer.

If you're looking for a mobile solution, check out Xapo, available on both Android and iPhone. It also has tight security measures and ease-of-use features.

Once you have a wallet, it's time to load it with some Bitcoin by converting it from your local currency. The easiest way to do that is through Coinbase, a reputable exchange that can withdraw money from your bank account and then deposit the Bitcoin equivalent into your wallet. A more clandestine option is Local Bitcoins, an escrow service where you link up with someone near you who has been vouched for a gentlemanly exchange of money and Bitcoin.

Once you have a wallet with Bitcoins in it, you're ready to make a purchase from a site that will ask you to send an amount to a specific public key (it be represented as a scannable QR code). Simply access your wallet and send a payment to that public key. The transaction will likely clear within ten minutes.

If you would like to do a test transaction, check out ROK's Tip Jar and make an

anonymous Bitcoin donation. I will have no idea where the donation came from, or who sent it.

Conclusion

While there are risks associated with storing large amounts of money with Bitcoin, and there is always some Bitcoin developer drama that spells the end of days for the platform, I believe it is more than sufficiently secure for basic transactions. In the upcoming months, I will begin offering Bitcoin as a payment option to purchase my books and forum subscriptions. This allows me to have a backup in case my e-commerce accounts are frozen as a result of another manufactured outrage.

While our community is more anti-fragile than most, we still have some work left to do, and I believe Bitcoin is a great step towards that goal. The fact that Bitcoin allows us to exchange money and goods without knowing each other's names is a tremendous advantage that will serve us well if the cultural climate continues to deteriorate.

Read Next: *Why You Should Use A VPN (Virtual Private Network) For Web Browsing*

6 Pieces Of Advice To Donald Trump's Campaign For Handling Upcoming Violence

March 16, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

After witnessing the actions of loony liberals last week in Chicago and Ohio, it's clear that we're seeing only the beginning of genuine violence that the left will levy upon Donald Trump and his supporters leading up to the Republican National Convention in July. Members of the elite establishment that support these violent protesters refuse to lose fair and square, so we must assume that the situation will get increasingly dangerous.

On March 11, Trump attempted to hold a rally in Chicago. It was infiltrated by Bernie Sanders and MoveOn.org protesters who accosted Trump supporters with the intent to shut it down. Because of the security risk, Trump cancelled the rally. The protesters who attended proceeded to threaten and intimate anyone who showed support for Trump.

The next day, a BlackLivesMatter supporter jumped the railing at a Trump rally to assault Trump before being stopped by the Secret Service. Afterwards, the media gave him a softball interview that excused his violent behavior, essentially handing him a social justice medal of honor.

Here is the media playbook until the election:

- **Ignore or rationalize any violence by the left**. Assassination attempts against Trump will be reported on the level of a practical joke.
- **Amplify or exaggerate any attempt at self-defense by Trump supporters.** If someone in a Trump hat defends himself against violence, he will be labeled a right-wing extremist and Nazi sympathizer.
- **Blame Donald Trump for *anything* bad that happens**. If Trump raises his voice at a rally louder than that of a sports fan attending a football match, the media will claim that any future protest incident is the result of him inciting "literal" genocide.

Since it is an absolute certainty that leftists will disrupt future Trump gatherings and force Trump supporters to defend themselves, the Trump camp must be ready for these occurrences and the subsequent distortions by the lying media. Here are six things that the Trump camp must do:

1. Prime the public to associate leftists with violence

Trump supporters and moderates must be bombarded with the truthful notion that leftists are quick to use violence when they sense they are losing. Trump must associate his enemies as violent just like he has associated the media with lying. Based on Trump's rhetoric on ISIS, people will connect the dots of leftists acting as terrorists to shut down those they disagree with. The benefit of this tactic is that when a violent episode does erupt, people will immediately assume that it was instigated by the left before all the

details come in.

Sample Talking Points

- “The left can’t win with their arguments, because they have none, so they are now resorting to intimidation and violence.”
- “The left are sore losers. They are so desperate that they have to act like violent thugs to disrupt our rallies. But they can’t stop us from making America great again.”
- “The left wants to turn America into a nation of thugs. They don’t believe in the First or Second Amendment, but these are the most important rights that make America a great nation.”
- “We have high energy while the left has criminal energy. They are trying to use violence to stop us from making America great again. Their leading candidate has the most criminal energy of all!”

2. Produce video reels of leftist violence against Trump supporters

Images must be used alongside verbal rhetoric to ingrain the desired belief. If I was in the Trump camp, I’d have a “viral media team” combing through clips of leftist anger and violence against Trump to produce slick 2-4 minute clips that spread naturally on social networking. These videos can be linked through Trump’s accounts and homepage. If Trump doesn’t want to be associated with these videos, he can share them with Trump sympathizers who will then help spread them.

3. Instruct supporters on how to react to violence

Trump must give his supporters peaceful guidance on what to do if they are dangerously confronted by a leftist while not endorsing violence or frightening his supporters into thinking that they will certainly be attacked. This is important because when there is a violent episode—and there will be—Trump can take the high road by citing his earlier instructions as proof that he is not inciting violence. If I was him, I’d stop short on telling his followers to “use self-defense,” because even that will be twisted by the media.

Sample Talking Points

- “Bernie and Hillary supporters are going loony. Please take care of yourself by staying alert at this rally and after you leave. They’ve failed to stump me so far and I don’t want them to stump you either.”
- “If you are confronted by an unstable liberal, extract yourself to safety. De-escalate the situation. Chicago has shown they do not want to have a logical debate on how to make America great again.”
- “The left is beginning to use violence because they have lost the battle of ideas. We don’t need to use violence, because we have a plan for America to win again.”

4. Quickly publicize all future attempts by leftists to use violence against Trump supporters

The Trump camp could do a better job on exposing the violent tendencies of leftists. They may be giving protesters a bit of a pass by sweeping things under the rug, because I suspect they desire to reduce levels of anxiety for Trump supporters while not appearing to have security issues during events. However, the public must be aware of leftist violence because it motivates them to vote for Trump at the polls while continuing to prime them as described in point number one. As long as Trump never appears to be the victim, there is more upside than downside in sharing wrongful acts by the left, especially since all rational people abhor tactics of violence to silence legal speech.

5. Have an emergency action plan for when a Trump supporter murders a leftist

It's probably going to happen that a Trump supporter is threatened with his life by a mob of leftists and acts in legal self-defense. Even though he will be legally excused for the killing, the media will go crazy and start up with the "Trump has started a holocaust" rhetoric. Trump must immediately denounce the violence and re-frame the issue as a man using force to defend his life or family, adding that this is why the Second Amendment is so important for all Americans.

If the use of violence by a Trump supporter is in no way justifiable from a legal self-defense standpoint and is possibly even a false flag attack, Trump should condemn the act and make a visible monetary donation to the health care costs of the victim, stating how as President he will heal the nation and prevent such attacks from even occurring.

Sample Talking Points:

- "I absolutely denounce all violence by either my supporters or the left. The killing today was absolutely tragic. Obama has spent eight years tearing America apart, creating these angry divisions, but I know that more violence is not the answer."
- "If you encounter an angry mob, please escape to safety. Don't confront these animals. Remove yourself to safety and protect your family legally and lawfully."

6. Appear as a divine unifier and de-escalater

Whatever violence does happen, Trump must imply that liberals are the flock that has been led astray by years of bad political policy and media manipulation, and that he will help them become a part of a better America. His rhetoric must be centered around unifying the country against the very sort of violence that is happening against him and his supporters. He can also show that the violence is endorsed and even sponsored by foreign agitators on the left (e.g. George Soros) because it's in their monetary interests to have a weak America that can't defend itself against harmful globalist policies and trade deals.

Trump must turn the volume down in the aftermath of violent events while still

hammering home that the left *is* acting violently and using thug tactics to prevent America from coming together. Trump should appear stern, direct, and concerned, but never angry or worried, even in the fact of dire threats to his safety, just like he did in Ohio after the crazed leftist rushed the stage.

Sample Talking Points:

- "Why are Hillary supporters so ready to use violence? Where did they get that criminal energy from? We can only wonder!"
- "The type of violence you are seeing by Hillary supporters will disappear once I become President. They are being led by bad ideas and bad policies, and we're going to roll all that back."
- "The anger you see now is by people who lack employment and good communities. This is a direct result of Obama's policies that Hillary wants to continue. Once I become president, the door will be open for these misguided individuals to become productive citizens in a stronger America."

Conclusion

Because violence will happen at increasing regularity from this point on, the Trump camp must incorporate that fact into their campaign, not only to take advantage of it among their base, but to properly defend against false accusations of incitement that will surely come from the media. If the Trump camp implements my suggestions above, I believe they will be firmly positioned to ride the worst sort of violence between leftists and Trump supporters. Otherwise, they may be caught with their pants down, because I guarantee you that the media already has a fully laid-out plan for accusing Trump of more incitement. If anything, I expect the media to actually *create* the violence themselves.

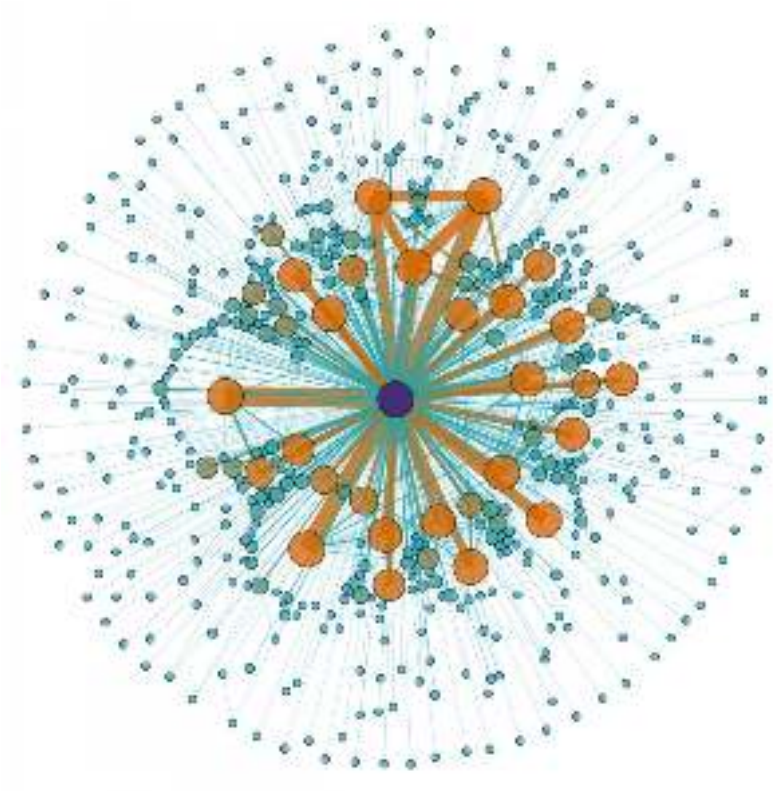
Read Next: ***You're Either A Globalist Or A Nationalist***

The Future Of News

March 23, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The mainstream media is in free fall collapse. Big outlets are laying off workers by the hundreds, the masses have low trust for politically correct articles, entire TV networks are getting pushed around by the likes of Donald Trump, crushing lawsuits are making their unethical practices obsolete, and their blatant hoaxes are being immediately called out instead of slipping under the radar. We are firmly in the eye of a turbulent storm that will lead to a new order for news.

The siren node



Right now there is opportunity for "siren nodes" to start their own news outlet. A siren node is an individual who has built up enough trust within his network that he is fed scoops before it reaches the desks of mainstream journalists. All the big guys you know in the alt sphere, including myself, are siren nodes, a position that we can then leverage into forming a rudimentary news organization along the the likes of Charles J Johnson's Got News. Once Johnson became an entrenched siren node, people began sending him daily tips without him having to seek them out.

The biggest problem with the indie news approach is that the profit margin is razor thin. News is the most expensive non-video content you can produce, and competition is incredibly high. If you're just one hour late with your story then you will get scooped and miss out on tens of thousands of pages views, losing out on untold recognition and glory. If you want to do news, you must have cat-like readiness to the smallest perturbation of

the news cycle and be more on-call than an emergency room doctor.

Another problem is that advertising alone will not be sufficient to keep indie news operations afloat, especially in a time where readers are getting annoyed at ads and seeking out blocking solutions. If the mainstream guys can't make a profit, with their in-house MBAs trying to monetize even inch of content, it won't be easy for the little guys either. This means that indie news outlets will certainly be required to use crowd-donation efforts (Kickstarter, Patreon, etc.) or sell their own products.

Why the old media won't completely die

Old media will find it impossible to run a profit, but most outlets will continue to survive as pet projects for oligarchs who need to push out their agenda in the form of propaganda. One oligarch will buy Newspaper A to focus on his global warming agenda, another oligarch will buy another Newspaper B to aid his immigration agenda, and so on. These oligarchs will accept their money-losing outlets as merely the cost of doing business. What's a $100 million a year loss for your own personal Pravda if it's making you $1 billion a year through favorable government policies and modified consumer behavior?

You'll always see the big names like Washington Post and Guardian exist, but their news desks will be gutted and replaced with cheap scribes who pump out Buzzfeed-like garbage with the occasional propaganda piece thrown in. It will be a race to the bottom in terms of quality, pushing additional readers away from these outlets to indie news, especially as the narrative continues to fade away. Oligarchs will have no love for the "news tradition," putting thousands of veteran journalists out of a job to be replaced by

low-wage millennials who believe that rape culture is the number one problem in the world. Most of the journalists who wrote attack pieces against me and Return Of Kings in February will be out of a job within five years.

How indie news will evolve

Indie news sites will start niche, focusing on specific areas, and out-scoop or embarrass old media outlets that will find themselves in an increasingly small box of political correctness. Each indie news site will be relatively small, serving under 1 million users a month, and so there will be a logical push for them to merge and create outlets that look very similar to old media. Until then, expect indie news to be rough around the edges with typos and a lack of fancy multimedia content like custom charts and original photography.

The best example of how a large indie news outlet will look like is Info Wars. It started as small news site that piggybacked off of Alex Jones' radio show but now pumps out 40 articles a day, much of it original reporting. They have a TV studio and a growing staff of journalists. Their main way of making money is not through advertising but through the sale of supplements that fit the overall conspiracy and survivalist theme of the news it offers. Within a few years, you will see several additional outlets that are similar to Info Wars in providing both print and video coverage.

Indie media outlets will compete head-on with a zombified old guard composed mostly of "true believers" to the social justice cause. Old media will be able to survive on brand recognition for many years until they get driven into the ground, and then the oligarchs will simply buy the indie media sites before destroying them, just like they did with Vice.

Another option I anticipate is for old media to create outlets that *appear* indie, such as the billionaire-owned The Intercept, but still share massive overlap with the establishment on umbrella issues like feminism and immigration. It'll be increasingly important for you to know *who* owns the outlet you're reading, and which agendas that owner has vested interests in.

Why I won’t get into news

As of now I have no intention of starting a news outlet that goes beyond the occasional news article you see on Return Of Kings. Other than being a low profit business, the news business is too much of a grind. The news never stops, and you can’t even rest after a successful scoop because the insatiable public demands more. I’d be more inclined to get into news if I had an agenda that was monetarily tied to my business, such as if I was a globalist who needed massive amounts of cheap labor. I also don’t have a go-getter or fast-paced nature that is required for news operations.

> The news cycle is getting so fast that I'm missing stories from spending just 2 hours away from the internet.
>
> — Roosh (@rooshv) March 22, 2016

I will move into focusing more on timeless content that doesn’t go stale after two days, and which can give value to the reader for years. Such “long tail” articles are also more friendly to advertising revenues and promotional tie-ins, but this means I will miss out on the daily action and fun of being a part of the hectic news cycle. There are always trade offs.

Conclusion

The news industry is being realigned as we speak. The old media will lose a lot of jobs and readership, but still maintain enough influence that it’s worthwhile to run for those with money-driven global agendas. Indie news will rise forth and cause a lot of pain to the establishment but remain niche until they mimic the old guard and form more professional outlets along the model of Info Wars. Either way, opportunity has arrived, and I have no doubt that ambitious men will take advantage of that. I just won’t be one of them.

Read Next: *My Press Conference With The Washington DC Media*

Does The Hollywood Elite Use Rituals And Sexual Blackmail To Keep Its Stars In Line?

March 28, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Most people in the mainstream already know that Hollywood is a liberal safe space that was the first to promote leftist causes such as socialism, drug use, feminism, hookup culture, atheism, environmentalism, homosexuality, and transsexualism. This can be attributed to the fact that Hollywood is run by Jews who seem to greatly dislike traditional America, small-town values, and Christianity. What's even more peculiar is that we hardly see any infighting between Hollywood actors and the producers or executives who hire them. It's like they're one big happy family. Or are they?

You probably already know that the casting couch is a way for directors and producers to have sex with the female talent in exchange for jobs, but what if I were to tell you that male actors *also* must have sex with other men to get work, and that the top male actors in Hollywood have had to submit to degrading homosexual rituals in order to get acting jobs, and that trophies like the Oscars are not based on merit but on those who have paid their dues into the system by enduring the most humiliation, and that the degrading sexual acts all actors commit are used to keep them in line?

You'd think I'm crazy, surely, but every now and then something happens which lends credibility to "conspiracy theories" that were floating around beforehand.

A couple of months ago I found a detailed article showing how producers, writers, and directors leverage their influence to sodomize young boys. Many of those boys go on to become "heterosexual" male stars, all because they gave up the ass for a shot at fame.

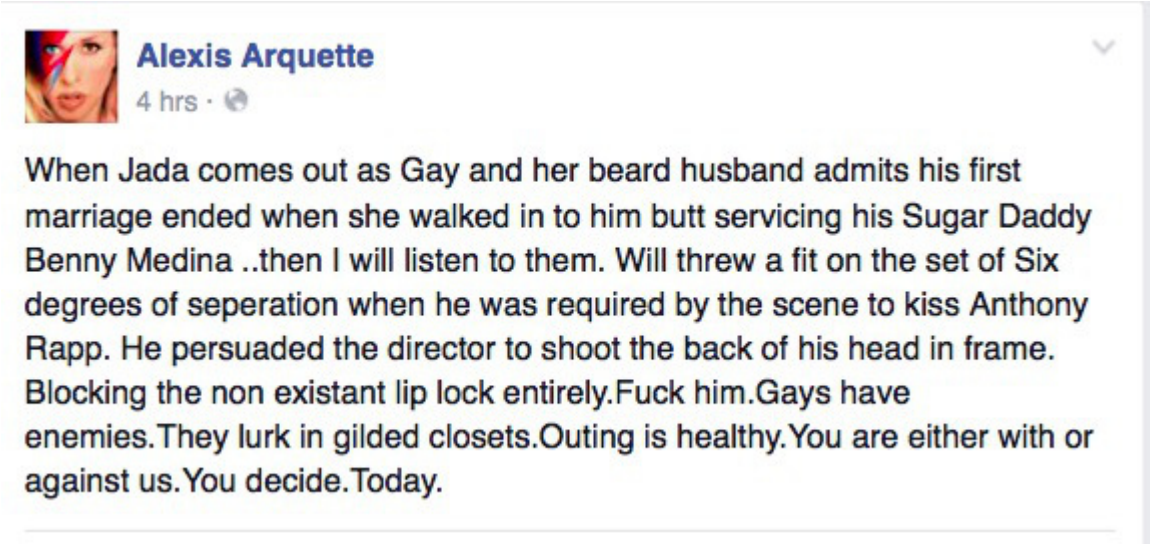
> "I never slept with [X-Men producer Bryan Singer] before I was 18," he writes. "But after my 18th birthday, I was quickly passed off to him by a friend, Gary Goddard, who was having sex with me at 17. Gary was his good friend at the time, so Bryan would be out with us—with his dates of the moment, all young guys. I saw him at parties and out in LA, and we hooked up in Gary's house when I was 18, like three days after my birthday."

Two years ago, a compelling video was published that made outlandish claims about the Hollywood system. Here's a sample of the claims that were made:

> – Will Smith, Denzel Washington, and other big-name stars not immune from ritual sodomy
> **– Benny Medina and Quincy Jones sexually initiated actor Will Smith**
> – If someone in the Kabbalah cult likes the daughter of a star, he/she must relinquish their child in order to move up
> – Queen Latifah initiates Hollywood women using a strap-on
> – Monster's Ball movie with Halle Berry and Billy Bob Thorton featured live sex ritual

> – Jewish produced “Ghetto Gaggers” not just a porn but also in Hollywood
> – Porn stars go to Pandora’s Box Hollywood sex parties, initiate stars
> – Tony Braxton driven out of her mind over what she had to give up to be famous

Wait, Will Smith is gay? No way. The entire video must be bullshit, because Will Smith is heterosexual and masculine. He’s married with two kids. But then his wife Jada Pinkett Smith went full social justice and called for a boycott at the Oscars because it was not black enough. Only one day later, a marginal transsexual actress named Alexis Arquette came out with this, confirming what the above video stated years before:



The video explained how Hollywood actors are controlled: their sexual hazing is recorded on video and used to manage their future behavior so it’s in line with Hollywood elite interests. When actors go off the rails, or refuse to submit to the demands of their bosses, “rumors” are leaked that destroy their reputation and acting jobs are withheld from them.

What I think happened is that Will Smith’s “owners” gave Alexis the information to publish in exchange for later favors while making it appear as a “leak.” But if you examine the final three sentences of the Facebook post above, it’s easy to see how those words are coming from the men who write Smith’s paycheck, warning him to get his wife in line immediately. And she did. Not even half a day later, she *thanked* the Academy for their response.

No further rumors about Will Smith were disseminated. Within only two days, a challenge

to Hollywood's elite seemed completely squashed. Will Smith, sitting on his $200 million fortune, did later double down and state that the boycott would take place anyway. We should now expect him to never work in a major Hollywood blockbuster again.

Consider that in Hollywood there is hardly any public infighting at all, but here in the alt sphere we have fights seemingly every week. Human nature is aggressive. People fight and argue publicly. Yet in Hollywood, everyone is calm as sheep. It could be because stars are controlled. Through submitting to hazing rituals and having gay blackmail hanging over them, they are slaves to the Hollywood elite who give them fame and money in exchange for their complete compliance, including having to display stupid Illuminati symbols in music videos and photo shoots.

Every major actor in Hollywood has made a deal with the devil, and has had to trade things that you wouldn't, often starting when they were children and passed around to pedophiles, as Corey Feldman revealed. Therefore Hollywood looks not for talent, but for souls, explaining why you can't even name more than five actors who are actually good. This is the industry that has sway not only among the mainstream American public, but the world as a whole.

One of my favorite actors is Leonardo DiCaprio. Before the recent Oscars, I noticed that he was spouting some social justice ideas:

> On Tuesday, Leo received the Crystal Award for "improving the state of the world" at the World Economic Forum in Davos, Switzerland. During his acceptance speech he called out the "corporate greed of the coal, oil and gas industries" who "have denied and even covered-up the evidence of our changing climate."

It seemed so out of place for a man who travels around in private jets banging hoes on yachts, but then when you understand that stars must submit to rituals in order to gain favor, and that DiCaprio was up for an Oscar this year, it makes complete sense. He must satisfy his masters by helping their leftist agenda in order to receive a reward. We can only guess what private rituals DiCaprio had to submit to before becoming a top contender for the award—which he did win—especially when he was a child actor, and what gay rumor will come out about him if he ever calls for a boycott against the Oscars. There is dirt on all the stars, and even most of the famous musicians and rappers. If you research the issue further, the rabbit hole goes much deeper than what I'm describing.

My personal take is that the younger someone enters the entertainment machine, and the lower amount of natural talent they have, the more likely they have submitted to

deplorable degradations in order to be famous. I wouldn't be surprised if pop singers like Lady Gaga and Katy Perry serve as personal port-a-potties to industry bigwigs. In fact, Hollywood is probably where the Saudis got the idea to use paid "models" as hired toilets.

I write about this today not to participate in Hollywood gossip, but to shine a light in how elite circles operate. All the actors and singers that you may respect, whose views you may actually allow to influence you, have traded their dignity and their souls for fame and money. All the "masculine" Hollywood actors you like watching in films have certainly been sodomized or privately humiliated. At best, Hollywood spreads anti-male propaganda to the world. At worst, they are devil worshipers who practice every degenerate cause known to man.

I fully denounce Hollywood and their liberalism, their communism, their social justice, and their faggotry. There is no room for them in a man's life, and I personally won't be casually brainwashed and influenced by the anti-American and degenerate content they put out.

If you like this article and are concerned about the future of the Western world, check out my book Free Speech Isn't Free. It gives an inside look to how the globalist establishment is attempting to marginalize masculine men with a leftist agenda that promotes censorship, feminism, and sterility. It also shares key knowledge and tools that you can use to defend yourself against social justice attacks. **Click here to learn more about the book**. Your support will help maintain my operation.

Read Next: *Why I Don't Use The Phrase "Conspiracy Theory"*

Why It's Folly To Design Your Own "Lifestyle"

April 4, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In my mid 20's I bought the idea that I could create my own lifestyle from scratch, not based on consultations from wise men or guidance from church and family, but from my own desires. After years of work, I successfully created a lifestyle that satisfied the desires I had in that particular stage of my life, but once those desires changed, I was stuck with a lifestyle that no longer served me, and unsure of what to do next.

There are two ways that men design their lifestyles. The first is within their city, where they try on the party lifestyle, player lifestyle, hipster lifestyle, or so on to transform themselves into the person they want to be. The second way is to uproot themselves completely and find their identity abroad using the travel or nomadic lifestyle, partly because they reject their own culture for having faults they perceive are insurmountable.

The need to develop a lifestyle comes from not liking where you are, who you are, or what you have, combined with a belief that the grass is greener. The actual design of your lifestyle is therefore mainly guided by the emotional or egocentric part of you that has desires and aches for something else. Already, I'm sure you can see the folly of designing a lifestyle based on desire, which is transient and can never be fully sated. Many men such as myself used their desires to design a grand lifestyle that included slaying poosy, making money, and traveling the world, which was nice for a time, until inevitably you arrive at a road block where you're forced to ask, "Is this it?" You reach your goals but lose momentum, feel empty again, and start desiring new things.

It never happens that you ego says, "We achieved our goals and now that's enough. We can relax!" Having the lifestyle you always dreamed of is not enough for you to stop desiring for more, though of course it'll be fun for the 3 or 5 or 10 years you didn't have to think about the hard questions of what comes afterwards.

Why is "lifestyle design" popular?

Lifestyle design has become so popular among both men and women because meaning and purpose have been removed from their lives, particularly god, family, and tribe. Without those, you have nothing to ground your existence on, and begin gravitating towards creating a lifestyle that you use as a program to live, but that lifestyle will not provide you with permanent meaning. In other words, designing and living a lifestyle is mere busy work for the lost soul who doesn't know exactly what his life is for.

I'm sure you'll agree that it's quite arrogant for one man to think that he can ignore human nature and wisdom from men long gone to think he will find the one way that provides the most joy and entertainment for him, and that he will be able to evaluate all the multitude of ways to live, the thousands of foods to eat, the hundreds of countries to live in, and the millions of girls available to date in order to spit out the one correct answer for him that is the most optimal. It's quite impossible, and I know this because

I've tried.

I'm not saying that you shouldn't try yourself, but your brain will become clogged with so much information that you'll eventually be paralyzed when it comes to making decisions, both easy and hard. For example, for the past *two years* I've been completely stuck on where I should live, and no analysis I've done has given me the correct answer. This is because there is nothing in my genetics that was designed for me to process so much information in designing my life and choosing the best city in the entire world to live in, yet today we're encouraged to do so, especially by YOLO cultural messages in entertainment and advertising that show us how having a lot of sex and traveling will certainly make a man happy.

Lifestyles can only create temporary happiness

You're set up to fail the second you believe that a certain lifestyle will make you happy, because you don't have the genetic wiring or ability to determine which lifestyle is best based out of the billions of combinations available, and even if you did, you'd likely adapt to it and see diminishing value over time. Therefore, the pursuit of an optimal lifestyle is a foolhardy endeavor that will not give you as much long-term satisfaction as you believe. Unless it's in your nature to seek out adventure or to be a natural playboy, I can't personally advise men to engineer their lives in the way that I did.

I certainly feel more wise from my lifestyle journey, and can now sell more books and get more blog hits from all that I've learned, but I don't feel like a "better" or "happier" person. I'm the same man in the same skin whose body happened to pass through these cities and towns and make love with these women and those, but ultimately my essence, nature, and soul remains unchanged.

While I don't regret pursuing the lifestyle I did, if I had the meaning in my life that my grandfathers had, I wouldn't have thought that traveling the world and banging hoes would have benefited me. But us men don't have what our ancestors had, so we think achieving such a lifestyle will benefit us. We fantasize and hope that future trips, women, and money will complete us and make us feel that we've arrived, but it rarely does, and all we can do is wonder why.

Read Next: *We Are All Sisyphus*

The Wheel Of History (Video)

April 7, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

With the help of Big Man Tyrone, I made a video called The Wheel Of History…

Are you ready for great turbulence?

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Previous Video: *Interview With Fitness Expert Brandon Carter*

The Resistance Pyramid

April 11, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A week doesn't go by without a man asking me how he can fight back. He's ready to take action but is not sure how. For the longest time I've been thinking about this problem, because while we do want to win, we don't want to lose our jobs from witch hunts or end up in jail for a trivial reason. There's a balance to be struck between maintaining our freedom (self-preservation) and enacting the change we want to see in our city or society.

I've developed the resistance pyramid as a hierarchy of action to becoming a force that resists state or mob efforts to remove your liberties or displace you from your home. Lower levels on the hierarchy should be completed before attempting the higher levels.

Individual Improvement

It's not wise to send an untrained civilian into battle. He must first realize his masculine potential, understand his strengths, manage his weaknesses, and face the fears from his own anxieties and existential questions about life. A man must become physically strong, mentally strong, and self-aware of his reality.

It may be hard for some of you to believe, but learning how to sleep with a lot of women put me on this path. I dealt with my anxieties, learned objective truths of the world, improved my bodily strength, steeled my will and resolve, and built up the courage to face difficult situations that included defending my "misogynist" views against the

establishment.

Every man has a unique path to reaching his potential, but for a lot of men, game is a reliable device that allows him to do so. Whatever method you pick, you must find a way to develop your physical and mental abilities above that of an average man. By the end of this stage, you will have the strength to begin fighting.

Financial Resilience

In the modern era, you must earn money in order to have shelter, food, clothing, and other essentials like internet and basic communication devices. Without money, you will not be able to live in a proper environment that allows you to develop your strengths.

But merely having a job is not enough, because that job is now your number one weakness when your enemies decide to come after you. Since corporations are sensitive to even tiny amounts of bad publicity, you will become a target for false accusations by liberal activists that intend to remove you from employment. In fact, this is their number one method of going after those whom they disagree with. You must therefore create proper defenses against such an attack.

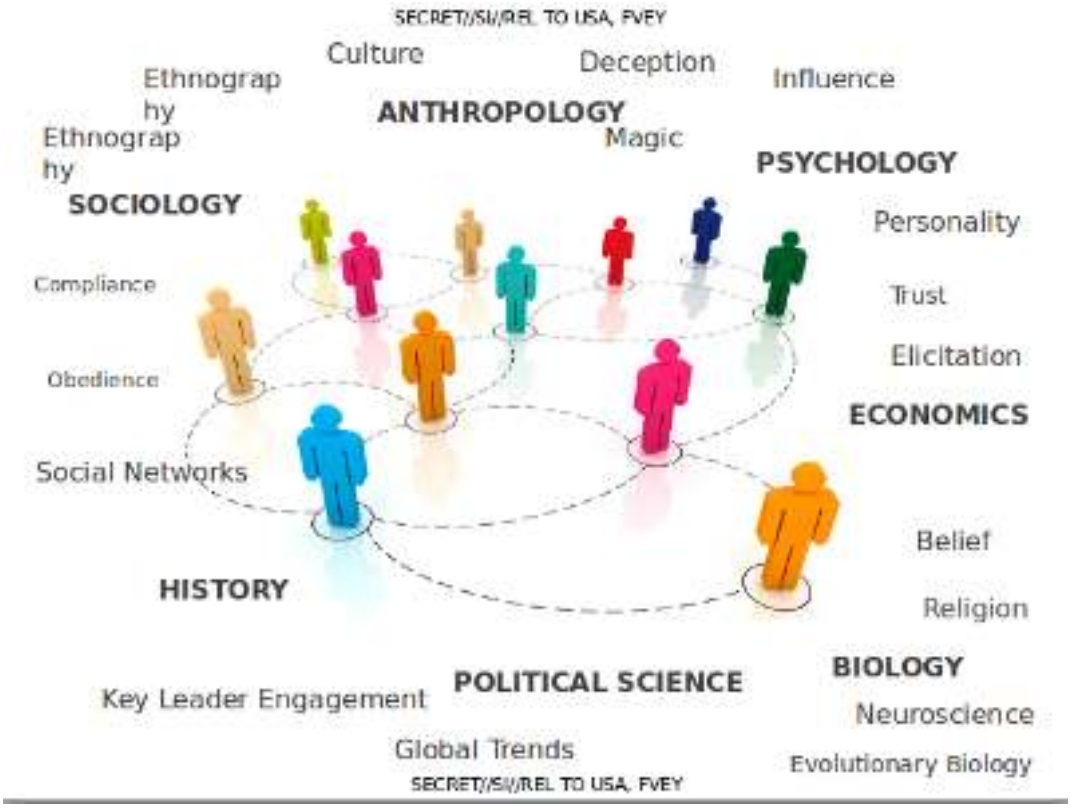
There are various strategies to steel your cash flow:

- Have multiple sources of income, preferable from internet sources that are at least partially concealed from the public
- Create a business, consulting firm, or freelancing operation with a large client base instead of working for a corporation
- Have a savings fund that you can live on for three years without a steady job

- Have a detailed action plan for replenishing your income after an attack
- Maintain a local professional network of men who can aid you in case your finances are weakened

Even though my cash flow is continually attacked by my enemies, they have not disrupted my operations because I have so many different sources of income with backup plans for replacing them. There are multiple ways to sell electronic books (or physical goods), receive donations, serve advertising, and hold events that if they shut down one avenue I'll just open another. It took me well over five years to achieve this level of resilience. Start today, and build your financial bunker one step at a time.

Global Information Warfare



During individual improvement, you began making thought crimes against the official egalitarian narrative. You will now accelerate your learning and disseminate truth through participation on masculine sites, forums, and Youtube channels while observing and participating in online raids against SJW's and feminists. This is where you learn how the system works, how truth is concealed, how lies are disseminated, who your enemy is, and how to cause them pain. You also begin finding communities of men who you can trust.

Many men participate in global information warfare without taking the first step of individual improvement. They are often called keyboard jockies. The problem with them is that they are fighting out of boredom or to alleviate their insecurities, not because they are part of a movement that has goals which lift up men. When the fighting gets especially tough, they will be the first to drop out since they lack the mental conviction. They are essentially role-playing actors.

By the end of this stage, your individual strength, financial resilience, and warfare knowledge will allow you to successfully defend yourself against attacks that arrive right at your front door.

Tribal Organization

The next step for a man is to link up to other men within his city. We currently take for granted that the internet is always on, but previous internal disturbances like with the Arab Spring show that governments will cut off the internet and cell phone service in times of crisis or revolt against their rule, and in a case like 9/11, electronic communications may be down in certain areas. What will you do right now if the internet gets shut off and you can't get in touch with your existing allies? You're probably screwed.

Last year I started the tribal meeting to allow for local organization. In times of calm, it will resemble a social happy hour, but it can be quickly weaponized into a force that keeps its members safe. It's important to realize that you must have your tribe assembled *before* war comes to you, because after that it will be too late to organize. The tribe can also experiment with small resistance actions that don't put their existence in jeopardy, such as disrupting social justice or feminist protests or causing difficultly for corrupt local politicians.

It is extremely hard to stop groups of organized men. This is why the worldwide leftist establishment threw a temper tantrum against tribal meetup day in February 2016. Once your tribe is organized, you'll now have the strength to fight, the knowledge on how to fight, and a team of men to fight with.

Local Resistance & Self-Defense

The pyramid now turns on its edge and becomes a spear.

All the pieces are in place for you to react to enemy attacks on yourself, your family, and your fellow tribesmen. I cannot give you specific advice on how to fight back, because each battle will be different, but I can say that if you've made it to this last stage, you will be able to cause devastating pain to the enemy while posing an existential threat to the establishment.

Your resistance may have components that are seen as illegal, so at this stage you now open yourself up to prosecution by the state. It's here that you must decide if the pain from the oppression you're facing is greater than a possible loss of your freedom or life. If you choose not to fight, you must live with that decision, and if you choose to fight, you must be prepared to go all the way. The gods will not smile down on men who only go halfway.

The one mistake that men make is wanting to change their entire nation or world. They try to run before they can walk. I hate to break your heart, but you will not change the world. Your ideas will not become national policy or get you a job as the personal adviser to the President. As a man who has had significant world influence, I can state this with confidence because at the end of the day I'm still just a man with a web site, but I can confidently state that you can successfully change yourself and the men near you. You can affect your most immediate world, meaning your local community, neighborhood, and town. You may not know this because you have yet to try.

Global change is out of our hands, at least for the time being, but local change is not. Instead of lamenting of the worldwide changes concerning feminism or immigration, focus instead on local changes that can limit harmful effects upon you and your tribe.

Example Of The Spear In Action

The first time that I used the spear was in Canada when they tried to shut down my speeches and hunt me down on the streets. I did not have a pre-formed local organization in Canada, but due to my internet presence, I was able to make one on-the-fly. I created and led operations to attack individual SJW's, I maintained propaganda campaigns, I hired local protection to keep me safe, and I used guerrilla tactics to make sure the events proceeded as planned.

A Montreal police officer did state to me on the telephone that he believes I participated in assault by throwing my drink at one of my attackers, and "legal experts" hired by the media said I committed "illegal harassment." I fully deny all wrongdoing, but things did get dirty and I could not say with 100% confidence during the thick of it that I would not be charged with a crime. When you enter battle, your actions and those of your enemy will enter gray areas or outright illegality.

The decision to enter local battle should not be taken lightly. Every time a Muslim terrorist decides to blow something up, he mentally accepts that his death may take place before deciding to continue. You must also accept the worst case scenario (imprisonment, injury, death) in your battle planning. If you can accept that worst case scenario, that likely means you are facing a battle that is a clear and present threat to your existence or well-being. In that case, proceeding may be the right decision, but only you can decide for sure. I was ready to go to jail in Canada, and did not fear it, so I knew that fighting back against the threat I faced was aligned with my individual nature and capabilities.

Conclusion

The pyramid I've described above will not create a revolution that marches on the capital

to demand regime change. It will not cause men to “rise up” with butcher knives and clubs. It will instead allow a man to reach his mental and physical potential, give him self-awareness of the forces he’s up against, learn how he’s being attacked, learn to defend himself against attack, learn how to cause his enemy harm, forge local bonds with men he can rely on in case of national or local disturbances, and develop the ability to fight battles that help his community and defend himself, his tribe, and his family.

I did not devise this pyramid lightly, because I know that a man who follows it can hurt himself or even be killed, so I advise only what I’ve personally gone through and what I will certainly go through in the future. Aside from getting into entertaining internet scraps, I will certainly not invent or contrive a fight that puts myself or my tribe in danger. The stakes must be high and they must be real.

I will not advise men to suddenly pick up arms and start killing their enemy and taking towns, so if this is the movement you want, you will have to look elsewhere. Our heaviest resistance should be locally based and from a position of self-defense. Only if arms have been raised against us can we even consider likewise. Until then, we must train, prepare, and connect with men that we can trust and bond with, because I’m certain that there are difficult times ahead of us.

If you like this article and are concerned about the future of the Western world, check out my book Free Speech Isn't Free. It gives an inside look to how the globalist establishment is attempting to marginalize masculine men with a leftist agenda that promotes censorship, feminism, and sterility. It also shares key knowledge and tools that you can use to defend yourself against social justice attacks. **Click here to learn more about the book**. Your support will help maintain my operation.

Read Next: *You’re Either A Globalist Or A Nationalist*

Soviet Defector Yuri Bezmenov Accurately Predicted How America Would Decline

April 18, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Yuri Bezmenov, a disillusioned Soviet KGB agent, defected to North America while stationed in India. His goal was to save the West from Soviet subversion by publicizing KGB tactics and goals. While he received some attention in the Western press, his warnings have mostly gone unheeded while much of what he predicted has come true.

For an overview of Bezmenov's work, I strongly recommended you watch the following interview he conducted. The short book I review below, titled Love Letter To America, expands on ideas contained in the video.

Russians are masters of deception, mind control, and subversion. If you study their more modern methods, such as reflex control, which is certainly used by Putin in his foreign policy, you'll know that Russians have put in their dues when it comes to developing tactics to control others on a mass scale. These strategies of control were used for an extended period of time against America to make its citizens believe in a collectivist ideology that would lead to the destruction of traditional American values.

Bezmenov states that once the "hippies" in the Clinton-era were subverted with collectivism, they went on to accumulate power and institutionalize harmful policies that would transform America into a failed state that no longer posed a threat to the USSR. The USSR has of course since been dissolved, but the subversive ideas have not stopped, and ironically has served as blowback to the current non-communist Russian state.

Ideology can be weaponized

> The real driving force of this war of aggression is IDEOLOGY — something you cannot eat, wear or store for a "rainy day". An integral part of this war of ideology is IDEOLOGICAL SUBVERSION — the process of changing the perception of reality in the minds of millions of peoples all over the world.
>
> […]
>
> Fighting on a battlefield is the most primitive way of making war. There is no art higher than to destroy your enemy without a fight – by SUBVERTING anything of value in enemy's country.
>
> […]
>
> The main principle of ideological subversion is TURNING A STRONGER FORCE AGAINST ITSELF. Just like in the Japanese martial arts: you do not stop the blow of a heavier more powerful enemy with an equally forceful blow. You may simply hurt your hand. Instead you catch the striking fist with your hand and PULL the enemy in the direction of his blow until he crashes into a wall or any other heavy object in his way.

Soviets introduced the idea of “America privilege,” a precursor to “white privilege”

> KGB influence in our media, politics and nearly every phase of our life has produced a growing conviction on the part of many Americans that we are the “bad guys” — again I have to remind you that to date, there has never been a single defection from the United States. The Soviets have produced an absolutely ludicrous global lie that people are believing — why? Because the tactics of ideological subversion work.

Why do so many people decide to sell out their own country?

They do it for creature comforts, money, awards, honors, and other benefits. Many masculine men today bite their lip when fed lies in diversity and sexual harassment trainings because they want the money to pay for their food, rent, and material items. It’s only a couple steps from there to actively sell out your country for even greater personal rewards.

> The majority of my former colleagues are now firmly entrenched in the ‘privileged class and their humanistic ideals have all been traded one by one for small comforts such as a private car (a rare thing in the USSR), a free apartment, a country house (“dacha”), free trips abroad and freedom to socialize with foreigners, none of which would be possible or available to the average Russian worker.

“The Rules Of Revolution”

> 1 . Corrupt the young, get them interested in sex, take them away from religion. Make them superficial and enfeebled.
>
> 2. Divide the people into hostile groups by constantly harping on controversial issues of no importance.
>
> 3. Destroy people’s faith in their national leaders by holding the latter up for contempt, ridicule and disgrace.
>
> 4. Always preach democracy, but seize power as fast and as ruthlessly as possible.

Legislating equality will destroy a free nation

> All you have to do to “screw up” the status quo of a free nation, is to borrow ONE false idea from the ideology of a communist or totalitarian government. For the sake of simplicity, I have chosen the idea of “egalitarianism”. “People born equal therefore must be equal”. Sounds great. But look at yourselves. Were you born equal? Some of you weighed 7 pounds at birth, others 6 or 5 . . . Are you NOW equal? In any way? Physically, mentally, emotionally, racially, spiritually? Some are tall and dumb, others — short, bald and clever.

> Now, let's figure out what will happen if we LEGISLATE EQUALITY, and make the concept of "equality" a cornerstone and pillar of socio- economical and political system. All right? You don't have to be a great economist or sociologist to foresee that some of the people who are "less equal" would demand as much as those who are "more equal" BY LAW!
>
> Aha, now you've got it. There will be some who get more for GIVING less and take advantage of those, who are even "less equal", say, in the art of TAKING. And to avoid the squabble for "equal redistribution" you will have to introduce a THIRD FORCE — the State. Why? Because people were never equal, are not equal and if God wanted us to be equal He would probably have made us equal.

How egalitarianism destroys the economy

> People who have declared themselves to be equal will inevitably come to expect more for their individual needs, which sooner or later will tragically come to conflict with the "unequal" reality. That will automatically produce discontent. Unhappy and discontent masses are less productive than those who are happy being what they are and making the best of it. Decreased productivity, as we all know, leads to such unpleasant things as inflation, un-employment and recession. These, in turn, cause social unrest and instability, both economical and political.

Subversion is hard to defeat because it's insidious and long-term

> Most of the actions are overt, legitimate, and easily identifiable. The only trouble is — they are "stretched in time". In other words, the process of subversion is such a long-term process that an average individual, due to the short time-span of his historical memory, is unable to perceive the process of subversion as a CONSISTENT and willful effort. That is exactly how it is intended to be: like the small hand of your watch. You know it moves, but you CAN NOT SEE it moving.

Demoralization of the masses is an important step of subversion

> The purpose of this process is to change your perception of reality to such an extent, that even despite an abundance of information and evidence about the danger of Communism, you are unable to come to sensible conclusions in your own interests and in the interests of your nation.
>
> […]
>
> Demoralized and enfeebled 'masses' tend to grab the 'easiest' short-cut solution to social ills and socialism seems to them to be the best answer.

Subversion can happen through entertainment

> A group of rock or pop-musicians with a message of 'social-justice' sugar-coated in popular 'spiritual' tunes can be actually more helpful to the KGB than someone

> standing in the pulpit preaching Marxist-Leninist doctrine. The sugar-sweet messages of social equality from the crooning mouths of the entertainers is quite enough to accomplish the aims of the KGB without any overt activity on their part.

The way that George Soros finances Pussy Riot and FEMEN to subvert Russia is the same method the KGB used to do to subvert America. There's nothing new under the sun—only the players have changed.

Deliberate distraction of masses with non-issues

> [An issue that] may benefit a few is a non-issue (civil rights of homosexuals is not an issue; defending sexual morality is the larger, real issue).
>
> The main purpose of non-issues and the devastating result of their introduction is the SIDE-TRACKING of public opinion, energy (both mental and physical), money and TIME from the constructive solutions. Soviet propaganda elevated the art of infiltrating and emphasizing non-issues in American public life to the level of actual state policy.

Subversion of education

> The American romance with state-run education as encouraged by KGB subverters has already produced generations of graduates who cannot spell, cannot find Nicaragua on a world map, cannot THINK creatively and independently.

Does socialism allow for the human need of self-destruction?

> Dr. Shafarevich in analyzing the 'dead' civilizations of Egypt, Maya, Mohenjo-Dara, Babylon, etc., comes to an ominous conclusion: EVERY ONE OF THESE CIVILIZATIONS DIED WHEN PEOPLE REJECTED RELIGION AND GOD, AND TRIED TO CREATE 'SOCIAL JUSTICE' ALONG THE SOCIALIST PRINCIPLES. Thus, Socialism, according to Shafarevich, may be a manifestation of an inborn human instinct of SELF-DESTRUCTION, if unrestrained — leading ultimately to PHYSICAL DEATH OF ALL MANKIND.

You must love Big Brother

> In the struggle for the 'final victory of Communism', the goal of the subverter is to substitute, as slowly and painlessly as possible, the concept of loyalty for NATION with loyalty to the "Big Brother" welfare state, who gives everything and is able to TAKE everything, including personal freedom — from every citizen.

Prediction of Obama's rise to the Presidency

> All that will be needed is to 'elect' a 'progressive thinking' president who will be

> voted to power by Americans, who have been addicted to welfare and ‘security’ as defined by Soviet subverters.

At some point, the Soviet method of control was identified by Western elites as a better method than what Christian-based democracy offered. Our elites must have had the knowledge that it would likely lead to the collapse and death of nations that used it. So why did they do it? For the same reason that a Soviet sympathizer will sell out his country for access to a car, because it benefits them in spite of harming a nation they’re from. Why do they care if you and your family collapse into poverty and mindless degeneracy as long as they have their power, wealth, and estates?

I recently wrote about how depopulation is an agenda being actively used by the elites in the Western world. Would you say that a socialist system that will surely lead to national death is compatible with depopulation? It’s clear that they go hand-in-hand. At the same time our elites are ushering in the collapse of the system, they amplify their method of authoritarian control to ensure the masses don’t threaten their lives and their theft of billions of dollars of wealth from the system in order to weather the inevitable storm that they created and then accelerated.

The top one-hundred families of the world know of the cycles of empires. They know that America and Europe had to inevitably decline relative to other developing parts of the world, but they refuse to accept that they will be guillotined in the process. To preserve their wealth and power, they have used collectivist ideology, banking control, and depopulation agenda to ensure they stay in power even after this cycle plays its course.

In effect, they aim to prolong their rule, control, and wealth for eternity while praying to Baphomet, their owl god, or whomever is popular in their secret societies, regardless of how many people are hurt by their ideas of egalitarianism and environmentalism, and regardless of how many people die through their failed policies and false flag events.

During his lifetime, Bezmenov did not succeed in steering America away from socialism, and we are now suffering because of it. Even though he is no longer with us, I hope this article today vindicates his ideas and predictions. He was right all along.

If you like this article and are concerned about the future of the Western world, check out my book Free Speech Isn't Free. It gives an inside look to how the globalist establishment is attempting to marginalize masculine men with a leftist agenda that promotes censorship, feminism, and sterility. It also shares key knowledge and tools that you can use to defend yourself against social justice attacks. **Click here to learn more about the book**. Your support will help maintain my operation.

Read More: *The American Elite Hates America*

Why The Female “Anti-Feminist” Is A Feminist In Disguise

April 21, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Starting at the end of 2015, I began seeing a sharp rise of women declaring themselves to be “anti-feminist.” They created Twitter accounts and Youtube channels to mock social justice warriors and feminists in similar ways that we have, even borrowing our talking points. While they may come across as genuine, these female infiltrators are mostly attention whoring to a male audience. They don’t want to change the world—they just want you to look at them.

If you have an anti-feminist movement with a high percentage of women in it, you don’t have an anti-feminist movement. The reason is that single women raised in the West will find it impossible to go against the female urge of sleeping with whomever they want and having complete control over their lives to pursue useless college degrees and degenerate behaviors. The only exception is women who want to be mothers before 30, but such women wouldn’t waste her time “building a brand” online instead of creating the family she greatly desires.

Anti-feminists share great overlap in ideology with actual feminists

The new anti-feminist will bash SJWs and their censorship efforts with great vigor, but when it’s time for society to stop them from opening their legs to sexy alpha males, they throw a temper tantrum. When it’s time to force them adopt traditional behaviors of maintaining a home instead of merely agreeing to traditional ideas in theory, they reveal themselves to be feminists at heart and use SJW language that labels you a “misogynist” or “rapist.”

I’ve had numerous “anti-feminists” in infiltrated movements (alt right, gamergate, men’s rights) attack me to the point where I can’t tell the difference between them and standard issue SJWs, even though our enemy is supposedly the same. This includes popular “anti-feminist” Shoe0nhead, pictured at the top of this article with one of her many Arabian lovers that she is desperate to keep secret for some reason. The reality is that anti-feminists like her are more aligned with the enemy than ourselves. They used entryist tactics that started with merely uploading a female avatar and looking pretty in webcam pictures.

One of the reasons for the rise of anti-feminists is not necessarily the strength of our ideas, but the fact that the feminist camp is too crowded. Being a feminist and holding an “I need feminism” sign used to be a great way to get attention online without having to show tits, but with thousands of girls doing it, any one girl no longer stands out. The practice of anti-feminism by females is therefore an alternative strategy to getting attention. Consider that a girl who is a 6 out of 10 can now make a Youtube video denouncing feminism and easily get 25,000 views. It’s also a way for girls to show men

that they are “hip,” “dangerous,” and “cool.” Men online are so thirsty and lonely that they lavish these girls with attention because they’re “just like one of the guys.”

The anti-feminist test

These anti-feminist females are not traditional and not even conservative. They are liberals in disguise. You can ask them these questions to reveal where their true sympathies lie:

- “Are you against homosexual marriage?”
- “Do you believe it’s ideal for a woman to remain a virgin until she gets married?”
- “Do you believe that it’s best for children to be raised by a stay-at-home mother?”
- “Do you believe a woman’s choices should be constrained by her husband, tribe, or church with the intention of doing what’s best for her?”
- “Do you believe it’s wrong for a young girl to find herself by traveling around the world and trying new experiences?”

Good luck finding an anti-feminist who says yes to even two of the above questions. I suspect the only girl who would is already married and a stay-at-home mother who happily submits to her masculine husband.

While the anti-feminists have been useful during group actions against SJWs online, the drawback is that their platform size may grow enough to cause damage in the future when they have a difficult menstrual cycle and start needless drama by attacking genuine conservatives. They will not submit to anything but their female biology and bottomless pit of narcissism while the weak men who follow them act as their enablers and white knights.

In spite of their big talk online, anti-feminists ultimately want to maintain the status quo, and have taken on our ideas as a strategy to get attention and fill the childless void in their lives. They will have absolutely no place within the sphere of neomasculinity.

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Read Next: *Women Must Have Their Behavior And Decisions Controlled By Men*

The Alpha Provider

April 25, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Most of you already know what's in store for a "beta provider," a man who wifes up a slut without understanding the true nature of women. By seeing her as virtuous and honest, he sets himself up for being controlled in a miserable marriage that ends in a divorce, leaving him financially destitute and unable to maintain custody of his children. Any man under the age of 40 who marries a woman today with a promiscuous background has no excuse for such a mistake because there have been ample warnings on the internet for well over a decade. With ROK having been in the news multiple times, a man has certainly been exposed to our ideas more than once.

By refusing to take on the beta provider role, it may seem that the only option left for a man is to be an "alpha male," a leave-'em-and-forget-'em stud who maintains large harems of women that please him on demand thanks to his hard frame and aloof attitude. His knowledge of the true nature of woman, however, causes him to develop a visceral opposition to marriage, and it's assumed that an alpha male stays in the game indefinitely.

But there's a problem. What if you're an alpha male who wants to create a family, not from loneliness or needing a woman, but to be a father in the traditional ways of the past? You would have a steady income where you can maintain a patriarchal household with a submissive wife who mostly stays at home and understands your leadership role and the parental involvement necessary for raising your children. Is it possible for this "alpha provider" to succeed in the modern world?

The term alpha provider was first used by Donovan Sharpe in January 2015 over at ROK:

> He brings home enough bacon to provide his woman the kind of lifestyle that gives her validation and comfort, as well as providing for their offspring. Keeping himself in optimal physical condition assures his woman of good, masculine genes making her willing to bear as many of his children as he wishes.
>
> The fabled Alpha Provider is the captain of his ship and has the genuine respect and adoration of both his woman and his children. He does not tolerate foolishness in his household and is quick to punish such shenanigans. But he is equally bountiful whereas he rewards his woman for the nurturing of his brood, her sexual loyalty, and the upkeep of his domicile and property. Though it took him quite a while, his patience and red pill wisdom allowed him to successfully find a woman worthy to be his first mate.
>
> A man such as this is the object of every female's desire and they seldom hide it, often openly flirting with him even in the presence of his woman. This is precisely what keeps her motivated to stay fit and feminine while keeping him sexually satiated and his domain in pristine condition.

It's certain that you have descended from alpha providers of the past. They were

masculine and strong enough to defend the home (or cave) against mortal threats while providing the food and shelter that allowed your bloodline to continue. It's only now that the idea of a firm male leader within a home is considered "misogynist" and part of rape culture.

You may hate the idea of children today, but tomorrow will come

When I was in my late 20's and early 30's, I never considered having children, but now that I'm in my late 30's, the prospect doesn't seem so bad, and I envision myself as being a good father who could teach my future sons and daughters important wisdom and truths of the world that allow them to live in harmony according to their individual natures. The alpha provider role may be a good fit for me, but is there any space for it to exist in society today? What will happen to a man who wants to follow patriarchal ideas of old when feminist laws are in place to sabotage his attempt?

I already have a firm idea of what type of woman would complement me if I take on an alpha provider role. In 7 Things I Require In The Future Mother Of My Child, I listed the following traits:

> 1. She must be between 18-25 years old
> 2. She must have less than three prior sexual partners
> 3. Her physical attractiveness should hover around the 7 range
> 4. Her skin tone should be within two shades of myself
> 5. She must be feminine
> 6. She must want to be a traditional stay-at-home mother
> 7. She must believe in a god

But now I must create another list for the *location* that I could potentially reproduce with

such a girl. To begin doing so, I have to consider the following:

> 1. What is the divorce rate of the country I want to have children in?
> 2. What are the divorce and custody laws like?
> 3. What have been the experiences of foreign men who have married there?
> 4. What is the country's birth rate and receptiveness to family formation? How do people view the nuclear family?
> 5. Does the country have values that are multicultural and atheist or traditional and spiritual?
> 6. Will there be degenerate cultural forces that try to ruin the stability and happiness of my family?

There are many countries that we know have feminine women, particularly in South America, Eastern Europe, and Southeast Asia, but just because a country has pretty women doesn't mean it's automatically great for something more than casual relationships, especially when many countries I've been to wholeheartedly support women in the workforce, delayed motherhood, and easy divorce.

We have the knowledge on where to find pretty women, but now it's time to examine exactly *where* a man who strives to be an alpha provider can create his own castle without government interference or cultural oppression. From the looks of it, it won't be in the Western nations that we were born in.

Read Next: *Western Men Are Becoming Evolutionary Dead-Ends*

Why You Should Not Have Sex With Girls Who Hate Donald Trump

April 27, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

While Donald Trump is far from a perfect Presidential candidate, he represents ideas of beauty, tradition, truth, and nationalism. It's not surprising that those who hate him and protest at his rallies represent the polar opposite: ugliness, degeneracy, lies, and globalism, though mostly ugliness. The women you see at anti-Trump rallies are awash in obesity, masculine behavior, and utter repulsiveness. For this reason, I recommend that you completely stop having sex with Trump haters.

Good women don't hate Trump

I'm currently dating a girl who is apathetic about Trump. She doesn't love him but doesn't hate him either, and finds him more entertaining than anything. From that, you can correctly guess that she is feminine, thin, and sweet-natured. She doesn't believe that all men are rapists and need to be taught how not to rape. She doesn't think that homosexuals should be able to adopt children. From discussions with other masculine men, a pattern has emerged: their women are also not Trump haters.

If I was in the United States dating market right now, I would announce from the beginning of a conversation with a girl that I'm a Trump fan. I would put it in all my dating profiles and bring it up within five minutes of meeting a girl using one of the following lines:

- “Today I’m actually having a good day because my Donald Trump hat came in.”
- “Excuse me, I was on my way to a Trump supporter meeting but you have a happy walk and I wanted to know if you were also going to the same Trump meeting.”
- “What do I do? I support Trump. I’m doing some work now to make sure he gets elected this November, because it’s time to make America great again.”

The goal is to find a way early on to declare your allegiance to Trump. You’re doing this primarily to *exclude* women who don’t want to make America great again, not to build attraction (though it may do so). At this point in our societal decline, it doesn’t make sense to sexually reward a girl who wants to destroy the country with a socialist or globalist candidate.

Punish Trump haters with your cock

Besides the punitive element of withholding your cock from a Trump hater, we can also look at it from a time-saving perspective. If you are masculine, you simply won’t connect naturally with a feminist who hates Trump. You’ll have to act out her faggy ideal in order to get laid, waste time on interactions that go nowhere, and endure a lot more flaking. You’ll also feel a bit like a sellout for biting your lip when she inevitably spouts anti-male propaganda, which I have in the past.

Even better, by declaring your support for Trump, you’ll connect much faster with a girl who likes him, especially in this election cycle where people are drawing battle lines against family and friends who don’t support their favored candidate. Attraction will be achieved much quicker when you establish common ground that you can work off of. Any way you look at it, you win by announcing your support for Donald Trump as president. Otherwise, you waste time on a girl you didn’t even like or have sex with someone while

hiding your genuine beliefs. Both are unfavorable outcomes.

It’s a fact that you’ll enjoy any seduction if you genuinely like the girl and share things in common with her. The only problem is if you live in a liberal urban shithole of brainwashed commie zombies. In that case, you have bigger issues than just getting laid, and should consider moving to a place that is not completely against your belief system. Until then, I urge you to say no to all women who hate Trump. Not only do you reward anti-American behavior, but you make it way easier to meet girls who you genuinely like. Use Donald Trump as a device to make your sex life great again.

If you like this article and are concerned about the future of the Western world, check out my book Free Speech Isn't Free. It gives an inside look to how the globalist establishment is attempting to marginalize masculine men with a leftist agenda that promotes censorship, feminism, and sterility. It also shares key knowledge and tools that you can use to defend yourself against social justice attacks. **Click here to learn more about the book**. Your support will help maintain my operation.

Read Next: *8 Super Easy Day Game Openers*

4 Things You Should Know About Free Speech

May 1, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

With lessons from February's meetup outrage fresh on my mind, I created a new video of some things I learned…

The only sad news to report is that since shooting the above video, I had a beard trimming mishap that forced me to trim the whole thing off. It will take at least two months for it to return to its former glory.

Visit my Youtube channel and hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

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Previous Video: *The Wheel Of History*

How The Government Is Robbing Men Of Good Wives

May 2, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

There are many countries in Eastern Europe that have superior women than in America, but when you start to examine these women as wives and not only casual sex partners, you encounter a big problem: they value their education and careers above that of family. The reason? Education is offered for free or at a greatly subsidized rate by the government. Western governments are therefore programming women into becoming sterile office slaves and consumers instead of good wives and mothers.

I've met hundreds of Eastern European women from several countries, and because I've focused on living in cities, I've been unable to find more than a handful under the age of 25 who has shown eagerness into soon becoming a mom. Instead, the girls I've known have made their future employment the most important goal of their lives. Here is a conversation I've had several times:

Me: "Why don't you want to be a mom soon?"

Girl: "Because I have to focus on my career first."

Me: "Why don't you just find a good man instead? He will take care of you."

Girl: "Because men are bad. They cheat and become alcoholics. *Insert horror story of an awful man who a friend of a friend got married to.*"

Me: "So your job is more important than your family?"

Girl: "I need a backup plan in case my husband becomes bad."

Men are bad, and because of that, she must spend years in university where she gets to experiment with different cocks and where she is firmly taken out of her natural role to learn how to serve a corporate master while her future kid goes to day care and her husband eats cans of tuna because his wife is too tired from work to cook, assuming she even knows how. A man's marriage with such an empowered woman is doomed before he knows it.

Women want to have their cake and eat it too. They want to be able to marry the man they are most attracted to, and if that doesn't work, still be able to enjoy an independent and comfortable life of Ikea furniture and Starbucks without having to put up with a man's reasonable demands to cook him dinner and make sure the children are taken care of.

To accomplish that task, she must spend thousands of hours studying a topic like law or international business relations and became an obedient office worker instead of learning how to obey her husband. And because of this desire, which is being fully supported by the government with free or subsidized education, usually in the form of interest-free loans, we are seeing the disappearance of the nuclear family along with high divorce rates and out-of-wedlock births where future degenerates of the state get to watch mommy get sexy matches on Tinder.

In this crooked game, women can't lose

Women win through this scheme because they are able to say no to their husbands without repercussions and the government wins because women are less dependent on men for their needs. These women then become dependent on the state and corporations, which can easily lead them to behaviors of their choice, such as not reproducing.

If you take the depopulation agenda to be accurate then it makes sense that you would want to train women to do anything but bond with men in a way that leads to reproduction. That is exactly what most Western governments have done, and it starts by essentially brainwashing women of the need to be free from their husbands by making them obsessed to earn money produced by central banks. Any country where the idea of female employment is seen as "common sense" is in the process of having their culture destroyed, if it hasn't already been done.

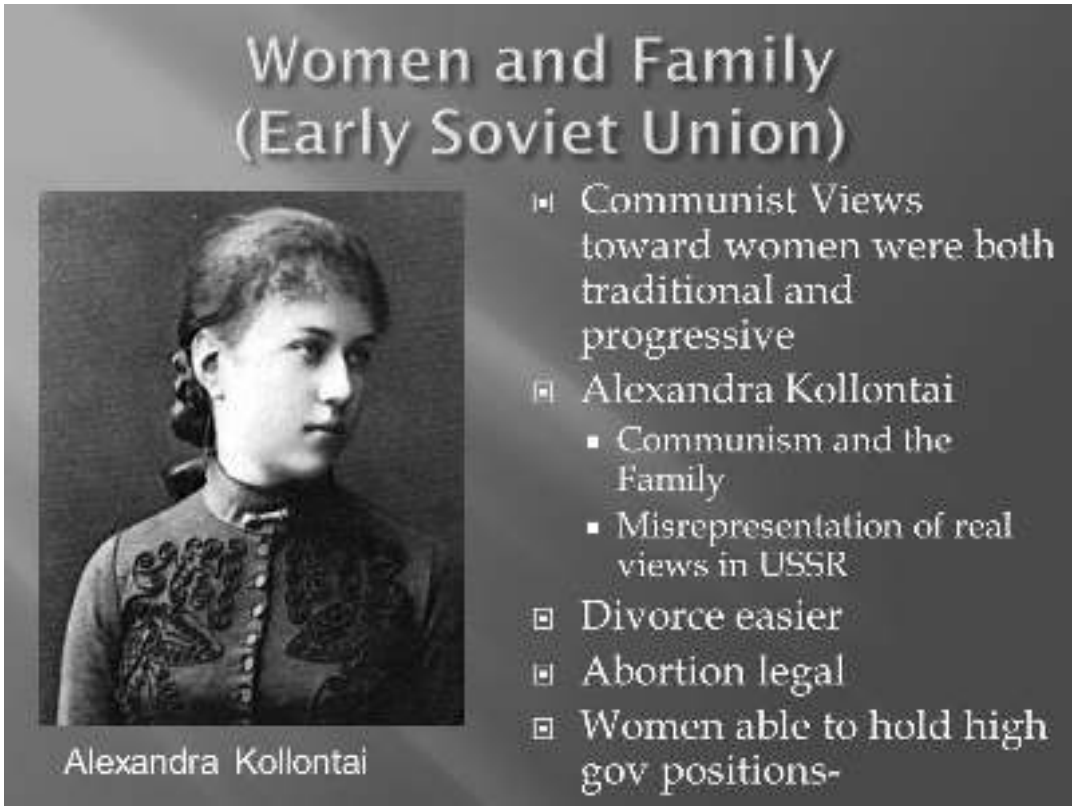
But do women really get a good deal out of this? In order to survive, they must obtain resources from corporate employment, the government, or an individual man. They cannot exist in the world on their own.

The less a woman has to depend on a man's resources, the less she will have trained herself on how to be a good wife and mother. She may still end up being a good wife and mother, but she been put on a path since her teenage years by the system to spend considerable amounts of time in corporate and victimhood training, not wife training. Therefore if you end up marrying a woman who places high value in her "empowered" job, and she refuses to quit that job when her presence is needed in the home, your misfortune comes not just from your mistake in choosing her, but in the fact that the government, through their education programs and directives, have ensured that very outcome. In effect, you're being actively cucked by your own government.

Foreign women are not necessarily a fail-safe solution

Even in Eastern Europe, it is very difficult to find a woman under the age of 25 in a big city who wants to soon be a stay-at-home mom, or at least a mom who places secondary importance in her career. The feminist ideas that have infected America first came to Eastern Europe in the form of Soviet communism, which—surprise—had the primary goal to destroy the family unit.

The fact that an Eastern European girl lives in the city while her parents remain in the village means that she has been seduced by the prospect of free education, city lights, and the ability to sleep around without consequences. It is unlikely that she will be able to provide you with the home life that you deserve above that of an American woman, especially since they both approach career and motherhood in a nearly identical way. Unless you start visiting villages or churches, you'll end up disappointed.



If you look at a map of fertility rates around the world, you can clearly see that countries with fertility under the replacement rate have fanatical programs about educating women. Doing so makes a woman's most fertile period of her life go to waste so that she can spend 5-10 years getting an education in obedience, consumerism, and selfie-taking while developing a bullshit career that will not make her happier than having a family.

If I were king of a land and wanted to destroy a neighboring kingdom, I'd simply implant the idea of female education within their culture so that they'd simply die out within a few generations. In the meanwhile, have fun trying to find a good woman who believes in the most basic of family values. The government already got to her, and put ideas in her head which will make it very hard for you to experience the simple act of having a family. Sadly, besides finding a magical unicorn, I see no way for us to fix this problem for our generation.

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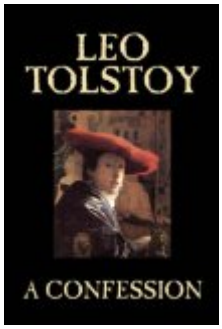
Read Next: *Soviet Defector Yuri Bezmenov Accurately Predicted How America Would Decline*

Does Life Have Inherent Meaning Without Belief In God?

May 5, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



How would you feel if you spent most of your life working, having children, and trying to make a difference, only to come to the conclusion in old age that it was all for nothing and that there was no meaning to your life at all? That's exactly what happened to Leo Tolstoy, who wrote a book called A Confession to describe his existential crisis and what he did in an attempt to resolve it.

> Today or tomorrow sickness and death will come (they had come already) to those I love or to me; nothing will remain but stench and worms. Sooner or later my affairs, whatever they may be, will be forgotten, and I shall not exist. Then why go on making any effort? How can man fail to see this? And how go on living? That is what is surprising! One can only live while one is intoxicated with life; as soon as one is sober it is impossible not to see that it is all a mere fraud and a stupid fraud! That is precisely what it is: there is nothing either amusing or witty about it, it is simply cruel and stupid.

Back in his time of the 19th century, he saw four ways that people were handling this problem.

1. Ignorance. "It consists in not knowing, not understanding, that life is an evil and an absurdity. People of this sort — chiefly women, or very young or very dull people — have not yet understood that question of life which presented itself to Schopenhauer, Solomon, and Buddha." Believers in God fit within this category.

2. Epicureanism and pleasure. "[This] is the way in which the majority of people of our circle make life possible for themselves. Their circumstances furnish them with more of welfare than of hardship, and their moral dullness makes it possible for them to forget that the advantage of their position is accidental, and that not everyone can have a thousand wives and palaces like Solomon."

3. The "strength" to commit suicide. "Having understood the stupidity of the joke that has been played on them, and having understood that it is better to be dead than to be alive, and that it is best of all not to exist, they act accordingly and promptly end this stupid joke, since there are means: a rope round one's neck, water, a knife to stick into

one’s heart, or the trains on the railways.”

4. Weakness. “It consists in seeing the truth of the situation and yet clinging to life, knowing in advance that nothing can come of it. People of this kind know that death is better than life, but not having the strength to act rationally — to end the deception quickly and kill themselves — they seem to wait for something.”

Tolstoy came to a conclusion that many of us have realized, but forcefully pushed to the wayside by distracting ourselves with various goals and entertainments. We have erected walls around our minds that prevent us from asking the big questions and acknowledging life’s meaninglessness, and instead have embarked on an escalating hunt for satisfying pleasures and achievements. I did this myself for over a decade until I reached a limit of what pleasure could give me.

Tolstoy stumbled upon an interesting paradox whereby human reason is the rejector of life. The argument follows thusly…

1. There is nothing higher to a human than his reason. Without reason, a man could not perceive or sense life.

2. Reason is therefore the creator of a man’s life, because it allows him to experience it.

3. Reason is also what allows a man to reject his life and commit suicide, thereby ending it.

4. Reason is both the creator and destroyer of life.

He concludes that the best way to prevent a man from prematurely ending his life is to believe in “irrational” beliefs such as God. Therefore man must trick his reason to believe in “myths” that allow him to continue valuing his life and existence. This suggests that having too much reason is harmful to your life, and may end it prematurely.

> Rational knowledge presented by the learned and wise, denies the meaning of life, but the enormous masses of men, the whole of mankind receive that meaning in irrational knowledge. And that irrational knowledge is faith, that very thing which I could not but reject. It is God, One in Three; the creation in six days; the devils and angels, and all the rest that I cannot accept as long as I retain my reason.

While Tolstoy portrays having faith as ignorant, he concedes that it appears to be a necessity for human life to prevent the suicidal tendencies that he found himself in.

> Faith still remained to me as irrational as it was before, but I could not but admit that it alone gives mankind a reply to the questions of life, and that consequently it makes life possible.
>
> […]
>
> Looking again at people of other lands, at my contemporaries and at their predecessors, I saw the same thing. Where there is life, there since man began faith has made life possible for him.

Faith is therefore a *requirement* of life. If you reason yourself into forgoing faith, in which you scientifically conclude that there is no rock-solid proof of God, you will certainly face an existential crises that makes you question your own life and how to live in a way that doesn't cripple you, take you down the road of senseless hedonism, or motivate you to commit suicide.

Tolstoy argues that outside of faith, it's impossible to find meaning in your life that justifies existence. Many men have tried but have not come up with something greater than faith in allowing humans to live with purpose while being free of debilitating malaise and fatalism.

He decided that he was in no position to examine the meaning of life because he was actually an aberration, an absurd entity, for denying life in the first place. He was not qualified to arrive at the correct answer. In other words, if you are pursuing the sins and evils of life, it will be impossible for you to see life's true meaning.

> What if an executioner passing his whole life in torturing people and cutting off their heads, or a hopeless drunkard, or a madman settled for life in a dark room which he has fouled and imagines that he would perish if he left — what if he asked himself: "What is life?" Evidently he could not offer reply to that question than that life is the greatest evil, and the madman's answer would be perfectly correct, but only as applied to himself. What if I am such a madman? What if all we rich and leisured people are such madmen?

You would not ask a parasite, which he considered himself, what life is, because it is a parasite that tries to hurt others or steal from them. He then compares us to laborers who angrily question the farm owner (God) why a certain task on the farm must be completed without seeing the complete picture of how the farm works. We are only exposed to a tiny part of the farm, and after not liking what we see, or not doing the job the owner demanded, we declare the whole thing as a sham, jumping to conclusions from limited information and experience.

Tolstoy then made the conscious decision to seek out God:

> Though I was quite convinced of the impossibility of proving the existence of a Deity (Kant had shown, and I quite understood him, that it could not be proved), I yet sought for god, hoped that I should find Him.
>
> […]
>
> Every man has come into this world by the will of God. And God has so made man that every man can destroy his soul or save it. The aim of man in life is to save his soul, and to save his soul he must live "godly" and to live "godly" he must renounce all the pleasures of life, must labour, humble himself, suffer, and be merciful.

He was unable to suspend his reason completely, and had disagreements with the Orthodox Church for perverting Christ's teachings. This led him to eventually form his

own sect called the Tolstoyan movement, which was based on passivity and lack of private land ownership.

Tolstoy's *deus ex machina* transformation into a believer will probably not be sufficient for atheists today who lack meaning in their lives. As a man who is in between atheism and faith, his arguments do not easily allow me to jump into faith, but at this point I wonder if I even need further justification.

I know that for the health of my sanity, my tribe, and my nation, faith will be required, especially since a strong and healthy nation without faith is a fantasy concept that history has not shown to be possible, at least not in the modern era. Whether God is the absolute truth or not, He seems to be a requirement for a sane and purposeful life. I want to believe, and maybe one day, I just will.

Read More: *"A Confession" on Amazon*

The Dream Recorder

May 9, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Pete was using his virtual reality device to explore a moon of Jupiter when a notification popped up on his display: “Dream Recorder is now here. Record your dreams. Limited availability. Touch here to learn more!” He moved his finger over the box and tapped.

The Dream Recorder was the most anticipated tech gadget of the year. It recorded your dreams while you slept, using a small electrode attached to your skull. Brainwaves were wirelessly sent to a special device and then analyzed to create a video segment that could be played on the dreamer’s VR unit. The playback was grainy and lacking in color, but it gave realistic depictions of dreams.

The first people to buy the Dream Recorder were those who had trouble remembering their dreams. Finally, they could see what their dreams were made of. Pete decided to buy the Dream Recorder for a different reason: he had too many dreams.

Every night, Pete had at least three dreams. After he turned 40, they became even more elaborate. Most people had dreams consisting of people they knew or places they had been to, but Pete had dreams of worlds and ideas he had never been exposed to. He tried to talk to other people about dreams, but could find no one who had his same dream pattern. Whenever he went to bed, he braced himself for what was essentially watching a new movie, with original characters and invented places. He even had a dream that seemed to predict a real-life event.

Pete was walking on the sidewalk when a beautiful young woman in a car tried to mow him down. He ran into the woods to get away from her, but her car was like a tank, tearing down trees to get at him. Pete reached a stone wall with no way to escape. He was certain he would die. Then the woman stopped the car right before he was crushed, got out, and reached her hand out to him.

Three weeks later, Pete absent-mindedly tried to cross the street without looking both ways. A woman to his right yelled “Watch out!” and pulled him back onto the sidewalk as he felt a speeding car nip against his pant leg. He looked at her and she was indeed beautiful. Startled, he didn’t even speak a word before she crossed the street and disappeared. He was distraught for the rest of the month, not because he almost died but because he didn’t make vocalizations to her.

Pete then tried to write down his dreams with a pen and notepad upon waking, but they took too long to write out, and he only clearly remembered the last dream of the bunch. The Dream Recorder was a perfect gadget for him.

On his first night with the recorder, he placed the wireless electrode on his head, leaving the receiver nearby. He went to sleep and after a few hours of continuous sleep he began his usual insomniac routine of unconsciously waking several times and trying to sleep again until his alarm would finally ring. He looked at the display on the receiver. “2 Dreams Recorded.” Excited, Pete plugged the receiver into his VR unit and hit play.

First dream. *Brightly lit room. Long rectangle table. A man wearing a gold crown sitting at one end while a woman also wearing a crown on the other. People at the table wearing elaborate robes and jewelry. Careful mannerisms. A feast set on the table. "Would you like some more wine," someone asks Pete. His goblet is filled and a toast is made.*

Second dream. *Country diner. Old waitress walks up to his table with a pot of steaming coffee. She begins pouring it into his mug but doesn't stop. It starts overflowing. Pete instinctively hunches backwards to not get burned, but when the liquid falls on his legs, it's cold. The waitress smiles at him.*

The two dreams took only four minutes to play. Pete took off the VR unit and started to analyze them. Both dreams had a pouring component in them. What did that mean? This was the first time Pete was able to consider the connection between dreams he had in the same night. He wondered if the pouring signified someone giving him something that he may or may not want. He would be given a gift, perhaps. He played the dreams again, and noticed a detail he missed earlier. In the background of both dreams was a man nodding his head up and down as the pouring was taking place. Pete made a mental note to accept whatever was given to him in the upcoming weeks, even if it didn't seem favorable at first.

Pete would usually jump into the shower after waking, but watching his dreams and then thinking about them took almost half an hour. He would be late for work. Only a week went by before he became so obsessed with analyzing his dreams after waking that he couldn't leave the house. Within one month he lost his job, with no interest in getting another one.

Top floor of huge apartment building. Window view of a great metropolis. The loud city is too quiet. The lights in the room are flickering on and off. He looks at the peephole and sees alien figures covered in cloaks, going from room to room. He locks the door, grabs a knife, and hides behind the couch. A slight tap at his door. They insert a wand into the keyhole. A gas starts entering. Suddenly he is on his back, paralyzed. He can see, but can't move or talk. Three aliens stand above him. They bend down over him to pick him up.

Within two years, Pete had such a vast collection of dreams that he was spending hours a week organizing them all. This was on top of the three hours a day he spent watching old dreams and analyzing them, trying to decode their meaning. He was beginning to substitute his dreams for real life.

A new version of the Dream Recorder allowed you to trade dreams with others. Every fantastical human experience was now being recorded and shared. Some dreams were free but others, particularly sex dreams that broke the laws of physics, were priced steeply. Pete bought the dream "Amsterdam on a flying mattress pre-Caliphate" for one Ameripeso. While Pete couldn't control the bought dream, he was able to experience it as the dreamer did, evading buildings and waving at people below as he toured the city on the flying bed.

Soon came the dream engineers. They designed and programmed artificial dreams that

fulfilled the needs of dreamers, though their work was generally seen as “inauthentic.” Real dreams were always prized above fake ones.

There was one particular dream which shook him the most. He watched it several times a week, trying to understand its meaning by picking apart little details. He thought this dream was the key to understanding his future.

A woman leads him through a quiet fishing village, grabbing his hand snugly. Her long hair, down to her lower back, swings back and forth. Her step is happy. She stops to say hi to the villagers. He tries to get a look at her beauty, but is unable to. She walks to the water. He says he doesn’t want to get wet. Her grip gets tighter as she pulls him into the water. He yells at her to stop but she doesn’t. Just before the water submerges him, she turns around. Her face is a skeleton, with worms and maggots crawling out of her eye sockets. He yells as she pulls him down, his lungs filling with water.

Pete wasn’t the only one getting addicted to the Dream Recorder. The heaviest users were spending more than half of their waking hours on it. Telling them that they were living their entire lives in a dream world had the same effect as telling a heroin addict that the drug was bad for them. While Pete mostly used dreams to understand himself and the future, most others used it because it was simply more enjoyable than normal life. This was especially the case when the VR units started to use body suits and olfactory simulators that blurred the line between what was real and not.

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THE FIRST version of the Dream Recorder was released during a time when capitalism in the United States began to fail. Permanent unemployment hit 40%, mostly due to technological advances in robotics. Human labor was no longer needed to sustain society. In fact, people began to get in the way.

The elite were getting nervous about how to keep so many idle human beings occupied. They approached the problem using a variety of tactics: increased spying to identify potential threats to their rule, depopulation in the form of childhood “vaccines” and cultural programs that preached the innumerable benefits of sterile lifestyles like homosexuality and trassexuality, and welfare for companies that produced and distributed mind-numbing entertainment.

When the American government saw how useful the Dream Recorder was, they poured money into a front company run by a college student named David Steinberg to create the Dream Pod. Many journalists lavished praise on Steinberg with a dorm-to-riches storyline without knowing that the government was behind his success.

The Dream Pod had three major features. The first was a full sensory suite. Smells, touches, kisses, slaps, punches, and even sex could now be reliably simulated in a way that a home version of the Dream Recorder could not. The second feature of the Dream Pod was providing biological nourishment through two IV lines. One pumped a saline solution for hydration and the other a slurry of insect protein and fructose syrup that was fortified with all essential vitamins and minerals. Lastly, urine and bowel exit tubes were provided so the dreamer could excrete waste while he was dreaming.

Steinberg started to offer a day package where users would be plugged into the pod for eight hours. During that time, they could access not only the company's entire library of archived dreams but the libraries of other users who made their dreams available on Dream Pod's network for a small royalty fee. In spite of this massive collection, dreamers complained of boredom towards the end of their "charge."

To solve the problem, Steinberg came up with the idea of the Dream Stay, where hotel guests at major chains could stay for free as long as their dreams could be harvested with an electrode. Within one year, Steinberg had over three million dreams powered with an algorithm that auto-played dreams for its customers depending on their biometric responses and psychological profiles. Instead of being bored at the end of an 8-hour charge, customers were now demanding weekend stays of 48 continuous hours. Steinberg obliged and created dozens of dream centers throughout America that were converted from unused factory and warehouse space.

The number of dreams in the Dream Pod collection increased logarithmically, and with that came demands for even longer charges in the Pod. The first man to stay charged for one continuous week made international news and even got to meet the President of the United States, Muhammad Rodriguez, who said that the dreamer was a hero to the country and served as a shining beacon of what America stands for. As President Rodriguez praised the Dream Pod publicly, he privately pushed Steinberg into developing infinite stays. Steinberg didn't need to be convinced by the government—the people were demanding it themselves.

Charging money for Dream Pod access became an unsustainable model because customers tended to get addicted to the pod and not maintain consistent employment. They racked up huge invoices with Steinberg. The problem was solved through a special program where your pod charge was free if you agreed to have a government-sponsored public service dream (PSD) inserted into your dream rotation once per hour. The only catch is that you didn't know which dream was the PSD.

A handful of anti-pod protesters argued that this was a diabolical means of brainwashing the masses, but those masses didn't seem to care, and there was no way to prove that weird dreams where a dreamer was on his knees and begged for mercy from a uniformed police officer was actually a PSD. Free was a powerful draw, and within twenty years of the PSD program release, over 50% of the population were active customers on the plan.

Sitting in a classroom with other adults. The chairs and desks are too small. The alphabet is above the blackboard in bold type. He's wearing a necklace, and hanging from it is a pacifier. 'What did I tell you!' the teacher yelled, scolding a naked adult. 'We know best, so you must rest.' The adult began crying, and he begged the teacher to return to his desk. 'You know best, so I will rest,' he said.

Pete was now in his late 60's. He was on the quarterly pod plan, where he stayed plugged in for three months nonstop, and during that time there was no reliable way for him to tell whether he was getting a programmed dream or a genuine dream produced by his own brain. The quarterly plan required unplugging for a two week break period, and during

that time Pete felt immediate pain and discomfort to any real world problem, disturbance, or even opinion that didn't fully match his own. Even normal conversations with people became unbearable. He would use his outdated Dream Recorder for most of the days on his break until he could be plugged back in.

Dreamers like Pete could no longer live independently outside of the pod. Even if he could afford real food, his stomach couldn't digest it without vomiting it all back up, so he manually fed himself with a bag of pod slurry. His body became emaciated and weak; he couldn't walk up stairs without holding onto the railing. Steinberg rushed to implement the permanent hookup, not so much to make more money, but because millions of Americans were becoming incapable of living real life, and would die unless they found a way to plug in or get cheap slurry.

Pete was one of the first dreamers to be permanently hooked up. He arrived to the pod wearing pajamas. Before slipping into his new home, he was presented with a contract saying that he would never be unplugged, and when he died, he'd be cremated and used as fertilizer for the slurry crops. With the little strength he had left, Pete signed and slipped into his new home, anxious for the attendant to turn on the switch.

Thirty years after the Dream Recorder was first introduced, seventy percent of the American population were permanent dreamers. The awake were composed of the technocratic class, blue color workers who methodically demolished empty metropolises, the anti-dreamers who lived in rural areas, and the ruling elite.

A big squeeze was put on the anti-dreamers to get plugged in. Jail had been abolished in favor of the pod and new laws declared that in the case of martial law, when the country was threatened by terrorists, citizens must be plugged in for their own safety as long as the threat remained. With over 25,000 pod centers, it would have been futile to shut the system down, and even if that happened, dreamers would revolt with whatever strength they had left to turn the pod centers back on. One anti-dreamer commented how pod centers resembled server farms of the early 21st century.

Pete survived for two years in his permanent pod before his body started to give way. Sensing his imminent death, the pod played the heaven dream of him walking towards a beautiful bright light to the sound of harp music before his body was flushed into an acid vat. The pod was then cleaned and readied for a new dreamer to be plugged in.

Previous Story: *The Simulation*

Make Men Strong Again

May 16, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

If I were to describe neomasculinity in one phrase, I'd take a page from Donald Trump's playbook and have it be "**Make Men Strong Again**." Most of the work I've published in the past decade has had the common end of giving tools and knowledge to men so that they do more than before, whether it's with meeting women, improving their health and physical stature, making more money, understanding reality in a more objective way, or having valuable experiences around the world. The rise of feminism and egalitarianism has fed poison to men with the goal of making them weak, emaciated replicas of who they once were. This must be reversed.

What Is Masculinity?

Masculinity is the connection between physical and mental strength. *Physical* strength is having the endurance and power to fulfill the will of the *mind*, which must possess knowledge, courage, hope, determination, and a truthful interpretation of reality. If you've been reading me for any length of time, you've already embarked on a journey of strengthening both your body and mind.

The problem we have today is that men shield themselves from all difficulty and even the experience of life. We now have 21-year-old male students crying on the shoulders of feminists in designated safe spaces on college campuses because they heard mere opinions they didn't like. Those safe spaces, whether literal or metaphorical, prevents men from becoming masculine. It would be the same as having a gym with only treadmills and no weights.

There’s Only One Way To Become More Masculine

Do you remember the first movie that made you cry? For me it was E.T. I cried in the scene where the ugly alien had to get on the spaceship and leave behind his human friend. I saw E.T. many times as a child, and didn’t cry again after that first time, because I fully expected the sad scene and was already exposed to it. If you want to become masculine, you must continually expose yourself to challenging situations and endure them in order to build strength.

The way to know if you’re getting stronger is to recollect a past difficulty in your life and ask how you’d respond to it now. If it wouldn’t even bother you today, you’ve gotten stronger. If it still gives you a similar amount of anxiety, you haven’t gotten stronger.

In 2011, a few individuals gave multiple fake one-star reviews on my Amazon books. This caused me a lot of stress, and I worried about it for days and how it would affect my income. If this happened today, it wouldn’t even create one minute of mental disturbance. I probably wouldn’t even notice. Because of far harder events I’ve had to endure since, I no longer experience anxiety on things that used to trouble me before, simply because I’ve purposefully put myself through an escalating series of difficulties. I have increased my masculine strength.

6 Ways Masculine Strength Improves Your Life

1. You live more according to your biological nature. Men are animals that hunt, kill, fight, protect, and survive. Anything you do which increases your strength will be fully compatible with genetic coding that has evolved over millions of years. Being weak does not at all complement this coding, unless it's a temporary submission strategy that allows you to survive today so that you can fight tomorrow.

2. You will be more naturally attractive to women. Many aspects of game mimic the traits of men who are strong, but once you have genuine strength, you no longer need to role-play or consciously apply game. Women have a sixth sense for strength and will be drawn to the men who display it.

3. You will be more able to protect and defend your tribe and family. If those close to you are suffering, you will be better positioned to help them weather the storm as a strong man than as a weak one. Men who are weak can barely help themselves, let alone others.

4. You will be more able to successfully respond to problems in your own life. If you've been building strength by not shying away from new challenges and tough situations, you'll be able to handle a future problem that is many times more difficult. You won't panic, sob, or feel impotent to deal with your troubles.

5. You will be seen as a leader. Being a leader is not a conscious decision a man can make, but a side effect of the strength that he has been built up. When you become strong, people will begin following you. This can be used in all areas of your life, especially in business.

6. You will be able to transmutate your mental strength into physical defense. Can you imagine a weak man buying a gun to willingly face a group of home invaders? He would insist beforehand that "guns are dangerous" and hope the police will save him. Unless you develop courage, you won't be able to defend yourself in crucial moments.

If you're a man, becoming strong should be as natural of a drive for you as a wolf hunting deer. Unfortunately, propaganda from the media, government, and universities has

shamed men out of pursuing this instinct while teaching women to be “strong” instead… strong consumers and strong complainers. The current order is unnatural, weak, and androgynous. Both men and women are suffering because of it.

The Critical Role Of Masculinity

Masculinity is the swimming pool that strong men train in. It’s a collective set of behaviors and beliefs that focus solely on increasing strength for men. If you’re strong, you’re most likely masculine, and if you’re masculine, you’re most likely strong, which is why masculinity is being criminalized by the Western establishment. Those with power fear strong, masculine men, because historically it was these men who challenged the rule of unjust governments and killed those who were corrupt and toxic to the nation.

In February 2016, I tried to organize meetups for masculine men around the world. You are probably already aware of the result: media in dozens of countries worked alongside politicians, local police, and hordes of disgusting feminists to get them shut down. Outnumbered, and with dystopian laws ready to lock us up for invented crimes, I had to cancel the meetups.

Many of us in the West live in an inverted society where strength is shamed and weakness is glorified, all for the purpose of ensuring that our globalist rulers never face a threat to their power. The establishment can stop our meetups, but they won’t stop our genetic desire for wanting to be strong men.

Conclusion

Neomasculinity is the ideological foundation for making men strong again. You don’t need to read dense texts or attend meetings in order to make that happen because the ability to be strong is already within you. All you need is the blessing that yes, being strong is in your nature, and yes, you are capable of succeeding even with the establishment trying

to stop you.

I want you to do things because they are hard. I want you to stand up in the face of hardship and difficulty. I want you to fulfill what nature intended for you as a male of the human species. Our enemies will always try to weaken us and shame our efforts to becoming masculine, but I'm confident they'll fail. Let's make men strong again, and live our lives as righteously, naturally, and powerfully as we can.

If you like this article and are concerned about the future of the Western world, check out my book Free Speech Isn't Free. It gives an inside look to how the globalist establishment is attempting to marginalize masculine men with a leftist agenda that promotes censorship, feminism, and sterility. It also shares key knowledge and tools that you can use to defend yourself against social justice attacks. **Click here to learn more about the book**. Your support will help maintain my operation.

Read Next: *American Men Are Being Institutionally Oppressed*

Why The Ladies' Restrooms In Target Stores Are The Best Place To Meet Women In 2016

May 20, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

This article was originally posted on Return Of Kings.

Men have to stay on top of pickup trends when it comes to meeting girls because what may have worked a decade ago will no longer be effective today. Since I'm an expert on American pickup culture, you are the first to know what works best before the masses do. After doing some extensive experimentation, I'm happy to say that I'm having an incredible success rate picking up women in Target stores, specifically in their ladies' restrooms.

For those of you who aren't American, Target is a popular low-cost retailer that sells food, home goods, and cheap clothes. Target is so progressive and cutting-edge that they have recently passed a new company policy catering to transvestites, specifically allowing biological males to use the female restroom.

In other words, men can now *legally* use the female Target bathroom without any repercussions. I have decided to use this loophole to my advantage and get laid consistently by approaching girls *inside* the ladies' room. I've slept with six girls from the strategy since the policy was announced on April 19.

Simulated in-field footage of me picking up Scandinavian-derived white girls in Target.

Here the game plan I've been using, which I'm sharing only because I don't spend that much time in the United States (if I did, there would be no way I'd publicly reveal my high-octane tactics for free).

1. Go into the Target women's restroom and set up camp in a private stall

My testing showed that appearing within her stall will not lead to the bang

Most Target ladies' rooms have two stalls. You will be occupying one for a "session" that lasts approximately an hour. I recommend you bring an e-reader or fully-charged smartphone to deal with possible down time of no women coming in.

2. Be patient and *listen* for hot girls to enter

Loud footsteps indicate obesity

It will take some experience to know the "sounds" of a hot girl, but usually it involves a light tippy-tap step instead of the thud-boom step of a fattie, an invariably sweet-smelling fragrance that cuts through the bathroom odor instead of the rotting yogurt stench of vaginal yeast, and a jingle-jangle from extensive cosmetic jewelry that cannot fit the log wrists of land whales. I got so good at hearing hot girls that I can predict a girl's rating to

within one point after listening to her movements for a mere 10 seconds.

3. Time it so that you intersect with the hot girl at the sink after she does her potty

Great female to male ratio

Once she completes her tinkle in the neighboring stall, she will want go to the sink to wash her hands and fix herself in the mirror. This is when you emerge from your stall and get behind her as if you're patiently waiting to use the sink yourself, even though you don't actually have to use the sink.

4. Break the ice by saying how you're having a bad hair day

Women who use the bathroom often engage in conversation by talking about how bad they look in an attempt to fish for compliments. You will mimic this behavior to get the conversation going (if you're bald, your statement will elicit a smile). The purpose of the ice breaker is to get her used to the fact that a man is in the women's room and to establish your powerful, unbreakable masculine frame.

5. She's not DTF if she questions why you're in the women's restroom

My wingman Stanley running A+ game in Target

If she starts challenging your female identity, she's definitely not going to bang you, but so you don't get banged in jail, you have to provide authentic legal cover by stating the following: **"Today I identify as a woman."** Technically that's not a lie if you're feeling moody, jealous, needy, anxious, or insecure, because women *feel* these traits every day. Be thankful that we live in a progressive nation where we can identify as anything without having to provide a shred of evidence, meaning your statement is truthful and supported by an American establishment that is catering more to mentally ill trannies every year.

6. She's DTF if she completely ignores the fact that a man is in the women's restroom

If she doesn't even ask why a man just came out of the women's stall, you're halfway into her panties, which will be getting moist by the second due to the fact that you took such a progressive risk in bucking the patriarchal order to fully express yourself in a modern manner. Have a normal conversation with her about what sort of Chinese-made goods she's shopping for at Target and then go for the digits quickly before security or non-progressive women attempt to cockblock your approach. You can also try for an instant date in the parking lot if you feel the attraction she has for you is especially strong.

7. Rotate your game sessions between all Targets in your area

You don't want to wear out your welcome in one Target, so mix it up a bit. You may even want to learn the schedule of the Target staff so you don't run into the same individuals too often, because being a regular at Target is not the same as being a regular in a normal bar or club. Since this tip is hot, you will surely run into other ROK readers who will want to take advantage of the "identity loophole." Ask them where the pet shop is and give them a knowing nod once they give the correct answer.

Advantages of running game in the Target women's room

As you know from my history, I've run game just about everywhere women can be found, but I haven't found such a treasure trove of easy lays like I have in the Target ladies' bathroom. Check out these benefits:

- **Total pickup costs of $0.** There's nothing to buy in the bathroom, even if you have money to spend (i.e. there's no bathroom attendant peddling mints).
- **Private, one-on-one conversation in an intimate setting.** Interruptions will be few, meaning you can run game on the girl in complete silence.
- **Less flaking.** Girls will want to bang you for the novelty of telling her friends that she met a man from the Target women's restroom.

The best advantage of all is that it provides a big middle finger to feminism. If it wasn't for feminist victories in inverting the traditional order, would I be getting laid from the tranny clusterfuck they created where biological men can peep on women in public? What pedophiles had to do secretly in the hopes of not going to jail can now be legally done by all men, without consequences. Sweet!

There is one downside in that sometimes I encounter doo-doo smells because some

women think Target is suitable for releasing chocolate hostages, but other than that, I can’t recommend the women’s bathroom enough as a way to meet women for casual sex, and who knows, you may even meet someone you truly care about. So thank you Target Corporation, for allowing men to use your female restrooms. This great progressive company is bringing society together, just perhaps not in the way that they imagined.

If you like this article and are concerned about the future of the Western world, check out my book Free Speech Isn't Free. It gives an inside look to how the globalist establishment is attempting to marginalize masculine men with a leftist agenda that promotes censorship, feminism, and sterility. It also shares key knowledge and tools that you can use to defend yourself against social justice attacks. **Click here to learn more about the book**. Your support will help maintain my operation.

Read Next: *8 Things American Women Must Do To Make Themselves More Attractive For Men*

5 Things I Learned From My Brothers On How To Raise A Son

May 23, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

As I get older, I've become more mindful about how to teach my brothers to grow up as strong men. I have been examining the environment they're in and trying to find ways to replace negative influences in their lives with positive ones. While I barely see them enough to have a huge influence, the time I have spent with them has given me a basic plan for how to raise my own son in the future. Here are five guidelines I will use:

1. Lead more by example than mandate

A lot of people think that having children is like possessing little slaves that do what you command them at all times, but humans by their nature have a resistance to being controlled and told what to do, especially children. Not only that, but when you force your son to do something he isn't sure is right, he starts building resentment against you. This resentment, if too high, will result in him becoming a rebellious teenager who goes completely against your wishes.

Instead of commanding your son on what to do, give him an opportunity to copy your behavior. Do you want your son to be athletic? Then be athletic with him. Do you want your son to read more? Then read with him. Do you want your son to study history? Then tell him interesting historical stories that capture his imagination. Monkey see, monkey do, with both negative behaviors and positive ones. Compare that to commanding your son to exercise while you watch TV, or telling him to read while you surf the internet. Why should he do it if dad doesn't?

Use the fact that children love copying their parents. If little Johnny sees his dad lift weights at home several times a week, it won't be surprising when he picks up a weight and mimics dad. By simply doing the activities you want your son to do, you may never have to command him to do anything. Be the role model that your son needs instead of a strict schoolmaster who just wants to dictate commands.

2. Instead of forbidding behaviors, create an environment where what is forbidden is not even desired

What are some things that you don't want your son to become? Fat, homosexual, lazy, or hedonistic. If you want your son to eat well, don't bring junk food in the house and don't get lazy—or enable a lazy wife—by taking him to McDonald's for a "quick" meal. If you don't want him to be homosexual, have an appreciation for feminine beauty, allow him to see the loving bond you have with your wife, and don't leave him alone with pedo-loving liberals. If you don't want him to be a bum, don't have television and video game systems in the house that enables his worst traits. If you don't want him to be hedonistic, show him the fruits of your hard work and how little rewards and pleasures in the right doses can lead to satisfaction instead of addiction.

While it's impossible to prevent your son from making mistakes later in life that hurt him, you can show him how his father was able to achieve a happy and stable life by leading a life of discipline and moderation. If you have vices or addiction problems, there's no way you can expect your son to abstain from them either. Your son will be a reflection of not just want he hears from you in terms of right and wrong, but what he sees as well, even

when you think he’s not looking.

3. Find what he likes doing, and then nurture it

You can’t make a boy practice a hobby or sport that he doesn’t like. If you do, he will resent you and soon come to hate whatever you forced upon him. Instead, expose your boy to a range of masculine activities and find what he insists on doing *himself* with hardly any encouragement. If your son, on his own time, is learning or practicing outside of the designated time, that means he has found a passion. As long as it’s not doll dress-up, you should encourage it and give him the space and resources to develop it.

My younger brother is in university. I’ve encouraged him to take on weightlifting and he has done it, but he’s reluctant to work out unless I’m on his ass about it or he has someone to work out with. I don’t blame him, because lifting weights is not as fun as playing video games.

My youngest brother is different. Once I taught him how to lift weights, he became addicted to it and worked out on his own, without anyone else’s insistence. For his young age, he’s becoming a monster, one of the strongest boys in his class, and even when he’s sick, he still wants to lift. Would it be smart to push the older brother into a new fitness hobby? Probably not, but my youngest brother would definitely respond to it.

Modern fathers want their sons to only do “useful” activities that could lead to a good corporate job. While that is understandable, it’s the wrong approach. Any passion that your son takes on will teach him the work ethic to apply to just about anything. Making money will be trivial to him after he’s spent his 5,000 hours on a hobby he loves and which he has taken to a high level.

When I was in university making basic web pages for fun, I couldn’t at all predict that that skill would develop into the web empire I have today, but it has and I’m thankful my parents didn’t forbid my hobbies as a “waste of time” when it allowed me to build the business I have now.

4. Don’t try to create a mini-me

While your son may be similar to you, he is not your little clone. Accept that he will be a unique person with different strengths and weaknesses than you instead of forcing him into a box of your choosing. Many fathers have been disappointed in their sons merely because they were not like them, but the fact that he has 50% different genetics than you and raised in a wholly different environment with different experiences suggest that you should be surprised if he is even a quarter the same.

A better method is to find who your son is by observing him in various situation and challenges. Maybe he’s abnormally frightened of insects but doesn’t get scared of heights. Maybe he’s a sore loser in games but can deeply focus on difficult tasks. Maybe his general athleticism is weak but he has powerful strength.

Parenthood is less about shaping a mound of clay than identifying a person who already exists and who needs to find himself, his nature, and his place in the world. The answer may disappoint you, especially since not every man born will accomplish great things, but whatever his nature is, it’s the father’s responsibility to find it while blocking damaging influences that want to hurt him.

To understand your son means you already understand yourself. If you don’t know who you are, and live life as a confused, conflicted man, chances are your son will be that way as well, and mentally suffer as an adult.

5. Spend face time with him

I'm seeing a growing trend of parents neglecting their children by giving them electronic devices to play with. Even worse is that I'm regularly seeing parents glued to their iPhone when a child was tugging at them for attention. I completely understand that children require huge amounts of time that gets tiring, but leaving your children to be raised by games, pedo Hollywood, and Gaysame Street means you're essentially outsourcing your parental duties and letting outside influences install beliefs into your child that will turn him into a degenerate faggot socialist who suffers from clinically low testosterone.

By default, your son will love you and his mother more than anything else in the world. You won't be able to tell when he throws a tantrum, but there is no one else he rather be with. So be with him. Include him in your daily chores. Tell him how your day went and ask him the same. Let him share his silly stories without your interrupting or breaking eye contact. Show him how important he is and that he has a father in life not just in name only.

Don't confuse my advice here with indulging all of your son's whims and sacrificing your own well-being to be some sort of clown to keep him constantly entertained. Instead, just be there for him when he wants to spend time with you and don't let him feel that he has to compete with your smartphone, because you will be hurt when he grows up and decides that he doesn't have the time or attention to give you. The type of man your son becomes will depend on the influences he's exposed to when he's growing up; you might as well be the biggest one.

Conclusion

I share this advice as a man who doesn't have children, but one who has thought about it deeply. I've examined the parental strategy of my own father along with my attempts to

positively shape the lives of my brothers. What you see above is the strategy I will use if I have a son tomorrow. While I'm sure there are flaws in what I've shared, along with any other parental method, it's one that I confidently feel will allow a son of mine to hit his absolute potential, no mater how different he may be from his dad.

Just don't ask me quite yet about what I would do if I were to have a daughter.

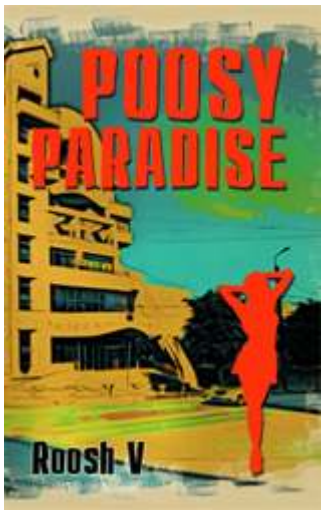
Don't Miss: *Single Women Who Purposefully Have Children Are Commiting Crimes Against Humanity*

There’s A Cash Prize For Whoever Designs The Cover Of My Next Book

May 25, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I’m releasing my new book **Free Speech Isn’t Free** next month on June 13 (or June 20). It will be about the efforts to shut down my lectures in Canada last year and the meetup outrage that happened this February. The book is over 200 pages long and includes some bonus transcripts and materials.

To get the cover done, I’m doing a design contest on 99 Designs, a site I have successfully used to design covers for Poosy Paradise, Why Can’t I Use A Smiley Face?, and 30 Bangs.



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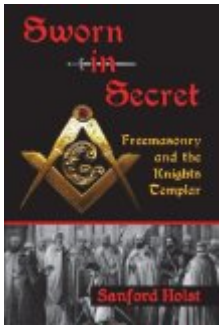
If you submit a design, I’ll provide feedback so that you can improve it before the Round 1 deadline. I’ll pick five covers to proceed to Round 2 where they will be optimized further until I finally pick a winner, who will a prize that is approximately $400. If you’re a graphic artist and are interested in submitting a design, **click here to read the contest brief**, where I share more information about the design concept I’m looking for.

I’m also looking for a graphic designer to do small-scale logo and t-shirt design jobs throughout the year. Click here to read more about that.

Who Are The Knights Templars & Freemasons?

May 27, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



The first book I read after the meetup outrage in February 2016 was Sworn In Secret, which detailed how the Knights Templar and Freemasons operated through secret societies. Since the ideas that we hold are too dangerous to the ruling establishment, I wanted to see if it would make sense for us to go underground as well.

The book begins with the story of the Knights Templar. They were a secret group of militant monks who swore an oath to provide safe passage to Christians on their pilgrimages to the Holy Land after the first successful Crusade gave the Vatican control over Jerusalem. This group of men, often the second or third-born sons of noble families, grew to become a highly skilled army that only answered to the Pope. They quickly amassed incredible power throughout Europe as they implemented various banking and logistical innovations of the time.

> They swore to act in a more holy manner than many of their rough-hewn fellow Crusaders, and took vows of poverty, **chastity**, and obedience.
>
> […]
>
> …instead of remaining isolated behind abbey walls their mission required them to be active in the world with sword in hand, fighting against any who attacked Christians in the Holy Land. This combination of religious peace and military action was relatively new in the West, but not in the East. For many years Muslim warriors had already managed to combine devotions with annihilations to a significant degree.

In order to fund their operations, the group sought alms from the richest men of Europe in the name of defending Christianity. Kings, lords, and noblemen answered the call, giving the Knights Templar over 800 valuable estates that allowed them to raise significant amounts of money. It's in these estates, particularly in Jerusalem's Temple Mount, where it's claimed that the Knights Templar discovered numerous holy relics that gave them mystical powers. This further added to their aura of holiness and strength.

> Their vows did not allow them to enrich themselves personally. Nor could they establish a dynasty for their heirs, as others had done across the continent. These men used their formidable power only in the service of pilgrims and God.

> This endeared them to lords and commons alike.
>
> […]
>
> The Grand Master and brothers of the red cross showed on the battlefields of the Holy Land that they were prepared to fight to the last man and die in battle. It was the nature of their chosen path in life, and they accepted it. It permeated their entire brotherhood, even down to the person who only saddled the knight's horse. They seemed to feel they could do no less than their brothers who had already died keeping their vows. This was part of the Templar mystique that cast a spell on members of the public. There was the feeling that Templars were part of something worthy, something greater than themselves, and it was addictive.

They swore to defend each other in the face of danger in a "no man left behind" oath. Many of their entire platoons were wiped out because they refused to leave a single Templar in harm's way.

> [Their] oaths were taken by all the brothers, from highest to lowest, creating the beginning of a bond between them. As the years passed and those vows were kept, even in life-and-death situations, trust would have deepened. By all accounts the Templars were notoriously firm about living up to their obligations. They did not leave a wounded brother upon the field, nor retreat while the battle was still being fought.
>
> […]
>
> If one knight's horse died in battle, and the man faced imminent death on foot with the enemy on every side, no other knight was allowed to leave the field of battle. The nearest knight was obliged by stubborn honor to fly to the aid of his brother, no matter the cost.

The Templars swore oaths of secrecy that kept their business practices and other plans completely concealed, not only from the public but even their own members. Unless you were high up in the organization, you only possessed a small picture of the group's activities.

> They believed that the lives of their brethren and the life of their Order hinged on keeping their secrets, even unto death. A leaked word about battle plans could kill a brother just as surely as leaving them alone on the battlefield.

The same institution that helped form the Knights Templar also lent a decisive hand in destroying them. The King of France, Philip IV, with support from the Vatican, launched a witch hunt against the Templars on a Friday the 13th using trumped-up charges (it is thought that Philip wanted to reduce their power and get out of debts owed to them). He captured and tortured 140 Templars in France. The Pope then rendered the group illegal, even though they were still beloved by the population. Members were forced to escape from lands controlled by the Pope or go underground.

> Given that there were approximately 4000 brothers in the Templar Order before

> the sudden arrests on the 13th of October— and only about 500 of those men appeared in the official records of arrests and trials in the East and West— what happened to the 3500 others?

The book then attempts to make the connection that the Knights Templar provided the seed for another secret society that still exists today, the Freemasons. While the Freemasons originally came out of the masonry builders lodges of England and Scotland, it is thought that they took inspiration, rituals, and relics from the Knights Templar.

The Freemasons would eventually come to wield massive power on their own, especially when you consider that the founding of the United States was guided by men who were Freemasons, such as Sam Adams, Paul Revere, John Hancock, Benjamin Franklin, and George Washington. This is why symbols of the United States government, like the dollar bill and the layout of Washington DC, feature Freemasonry patterns.

> During the course of the war, almost fifty percent of all the generals who served under Washington were Masons. That was an extraordinary number because the highest figure I have ever seen reported for Masons in the USA was about nine percent of the male population. In a similar manner, this society was well represented among the founding fathers of the United States. Thirty-three percent of the signers of the Constitution were Masons.

Over the years, Freemasons have developed a variety of rituals and beliefs that some may consider occult. Just like how the Knights Templar got their special "powers" from ancient relics, it's thought that high-level Freemasons get theirs from praying to special deities.

Baphomet devil goat

Theories that they are a part of the “Illuminati” are common. The author of this book doesn’t dive into those accusations, probably because he’s a Freemason himself.

> Freemasonry had thrived for hundreds of years because it was based on bonds between men. Those bonds had enabled brothers to survive the many acts of excessive violence by leaders of nations and religions against them. This was the driving force that brought Freemasonry into existence, and caused it to grow stronger over the decades.
>
> […]
>
> …one of the hallmarks of Freemasonry was that its members joined together to protect themselves from the arbitrary acts of powerful men.

This book was an informative reminder that if you want to create a force multiplier among men who share the same beliefs, the best way to do it is organize and swear oaths of both secrecy and loyalty. If your beliefs go against those of the most elite members of your society, you may not have any other choice. I had to learn the hard way when I tried to organize rather innocent happy hours for me and my followers. Multiple institutions that back the ruling establishment made it clear that that wouldn’t be allowed. This book confirmed to me that operating in secret will be essential.

If you like this article and are concerned about the future of the Western world, check out my book Free Speech Isn't Free. It gives an inside look to how the globalist establishment is attempting to marginalize masculine men with a leftist agenda that promotes censorship, feminism, and sterility. It also shares key knowledge and tools that you can use to defend yourself against social justice attacks. **Click here to learn more about the book**. Your support will help maintain my operation.

Read More: *“Sworn In Secret: Freemasonry And The Knights Templar” on Amazon*

The Industrial Revolution Has Led To An Incredibly Powerful System Of Elite Control

May 30, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Most of the problems that we have in modern society stem from the side effects of the industrial revolution. In exchange for conveniences, order, safety, and technological advances, we suffer from existential malaise, lack of genuine pair bonding, broken familial and tribal units, chronic disease, and having to be ruled by a small group of people who possess immense centralized power. While most of you would continue to live in a post-industrial age in spite of the downsides, it is arguable to say that we certainly live in a "better" time.

The industrial revolution has allowed for two key events:

1. The control of most economic and human output of the Earth by a relatively tiny group who control the minds and behavior of billions of people.

2. Explosion in population thanks to advances in agriculture, hygiene, and medicine.

The result is we have more people controlled by less people. The controllers have the power to essentially drive the face of humanity in a way that could not have been done before the industrial revolution. Globalization, multiculturalism, and socialism are the most efficient and logical ways for the elite to assert control over the planet, and since the dawn of modern banking, they have pushed exactly those ideologies throughout the world.

The elite have convinced us that we are living in a glorious progressive age, but it's more glorious for them than it is for us. They give us handouts through their welfare state, cheap electronics, and lax sexual morals while they gain immeasurable power and wealth, in what could be considered the most unfair trade that the common man has ever made. They put five dollars in your pocket while you relinquish your own agency and fabric of your society.

Here are nine conclusions we can make from observing how the current system works:

1. Life in a post-industrial revolution age is full of social ills and psychological suffering as humans live in sterile and unfulfilling lives, far away from what nature intended.

2. The elites have engaged in a depopulation agenda that first targets the strongest groups most capable of armed resistance against them. A superfluous population hinders their power and control objectives.

3. The demolition of our industrial system and a return to pre-industry and traditional life would increase the well-being and fulfillment of humanity, but result in the death of perhaps half the world's population from the lack of agricorp food, especially for those who live in cities.

4. The elites want to maintain the industrial system solely for their own ends. Some depopulation, or "population control" as they call it, helps them maintain their control as

technology improves and much of the masses are no longer needed to work. Their end goal is to be the primary owners of mineral, economic, and human resources on Earth, with a decreasing need on humans.

5. The control of the elites can only be eliminated by destroying the industrial system, starting with modern finance and banking. Doing so would improve the lot of humanity for the ones who survive, because they would be pulled out of the matrix and experience existence closer to its natural biological intent, but only after billions who are currently dependent on the matrix perish. Many of us would not survive.

6. Anything that degrades the system but doesn't destroy it, while keeping the power of the elite cabal intact, along with their control on world governments and culture, will have a limited and short-term effect on improving the state of humanity, because the elite will simply use the surviving system to rebuild control. As long as modern finance exists, based on the usury and central banking format, humanity will always be controlled by a small group of merchants who can then corrupt all institutions of a society with the agenda that is most conducive to their business dealings.

7. The most harmful action to the elites in the near term is to have many children. They consider it acceptable if you embark on a life of fornication, atheism, homosexuality, consumerism, cosmopolitanism, liberalism, and cuckservativism, but they do not want you to breed those who are self-aware and may one day kill them. Unless your descendants go after the system instead of mere representatives of the systems (e.g. politicians, journalists, academics), they will not end up creating a better world for humanity, especially if they have been weakened by questionable vaccines, school propaganda, and agricorp food.

8. Having children that become pawns in the system is becoming a negative outcome for the elites. Human subjects were needed in the past to generate wealth, but technological advances are starting to make humans a net drain to their goals. It can be assumed that the mainstream promotion of homosexuality and transsexualism within a country is the signal that the population is being actively targeted for mass reductions. The immigrant agenda is more to weaken natives instead of serving for economic gain.

9. The system is currently showing signs of stress because a rapidly growing number of people are believing in ideas that threaten elite control. This suggests that the elite were too hasty in pushing the most degenerate parts of their agenda before their control programs were perfected.

From the above conclusions, we can propose three future outcomes within the next few centuries:

1. The system will be destroyed through a massive crash due to black swan events or human resistance that the elite is unable to put down. Humanity will proceed with a mass culling of the population as we re-enter a pre-industrial "dark" age.

2. The system will be fortified by the elite and humanity will be controlled even tighter. Eugenics programs will be more efficient and effective, and those living won't even know their reproductive system is being tightly monitored and controlled (this could already be

occurring). The future population will be a fraction of what it is now.

3. We will have a hybrid world of technologically advanced but depopulated countries in perpetual war with barbarian nations that reproduce strongly but lack advanced technology. Imagine a world where a few million elites in the West control military robots that try to eradicate billions of Muslims and Africans who won't stop breeding.

The first step in defeating the elites is to understand where the battle really lies. It's not in the left versus right debate, a controlled sideshow for public consumption, but globalism versus nationalism. It's likely that some countries will see the successful rise of nationalism, but as long as the industrial system exists, and multinational banks and organizations can bide their time while they fund the enemies of nationalists (charging interest in the process), any nationalist resurgence would just be a short-term blip unless a determined sect tries to take down the entire industrial system. It's clear to me, at least, that it's not only the globalists that need to be crushed, but the very system that they created.

The only question is how you want the human population to be decimated: through the guiding hand of the elites or through the destruction of the system that most of humanity is currently dependent on.

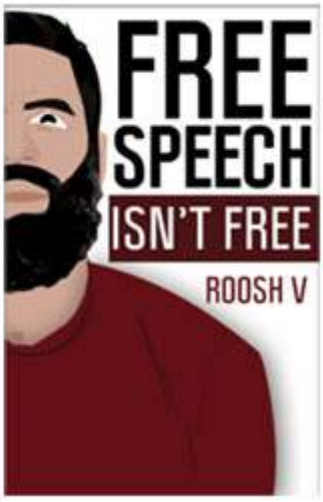
If you like this article and are concerned about the future of the Western world, check out my book Free Speech Isn't Free. It gives an inside look to how the globalist establishment is attempting to marginalize masculine men with a leftist agenda that promotes censorship, feminism, and sterility. It also shares key knowledge and tools that you can use to defend yourself against social justice attacks. **Click here to learn more about the book**. Your support will help maintain my operation.

Read Next: *Ted Kaczynski's Manifesto Predicted The Catastrophe From Technology And Liberalism*

Choose The Final Cover Of My Next Book

June 1, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

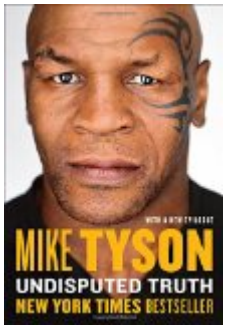
My next book, *Free Speech Isn't Free*, is approaching the finish line. The text is complete and now it's time to vote on the cover you like most. Here are the three finalists:



Click here to vote on your favorite. Since all three covers are quite good, I'm inclined to pick the one that gets the most votes. I'm planning to release the book on Monday, June 13.

An Inside Look Into The Life Of Mike Tyson

June 3, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



I'm fascinated by the life of Mike Tyson. He started at the bottom as a criminal thug in New York City, raised himself up as heavyweight champion of the world, and then lost it all in part because of drug use. Either you hate him for being a rapist criminal or you love him for beating the odds with genuine heart. The book Undisputed Truth shares his side of the story.

Your view of Mike Tyson is undoubtedly shaped by the media. They found him guilty of rape before the courts did and insisted on showing the worst parts of his life that fit the narrative of him being a monster. Tyson will be the first to tell you that he does have violent tendencies, drug abuse problems, and an abnormal attitude towards women, but the media insisted on sharing the most outrageous details. "Pro-rape," "rape advocate," "rapist," "misogynist." I've had to go through the same grinder. Whether or not Tyson and myself deserve any sympathy for our media portrayals, I understand what he had to endure.

Undisputed Truth starts off when he was growing up in New York City. He was raised by an unstable single mother and fell into robbery and other crimes before he was a teenager. During one of his stints in a juvenile facility, he turning to boxing, led by trainer Cus D'Amato.

> Everybody thought I was up there with this old, sweet Italian guy, but I was there with a warrior. And I loved every minute of it. I was happy to be Cus's soldier; it gave me a purpose in life. I liked being the one to complete the mission.

Cus wanted one last chance at creating a heavyweight and saw Tyson as the answer while Tyson just wanted a father figure. Cus showed him how to be lethal in the ring and also taught him the rules of life.

> Cus was a strong believer that in your mind you had to be the entity that you wanted to be. If you wanted to be heavyweight champion of the world, you had to start living the life of a heavyweight champion.
>
> […]
>
> You think you know the difference between a hero and a coward, Mike? Well, there is no difference between a hero and a coward in what they feel. It's what

> they do that makes them different. The hero and the coward feel exactly the same but you have to have the discipline to do what a hero does and to keep yourself from doing what the coward does.

Cus died as Tyson got started with his professional career. Cus' teachings stayed ingrained in Tyson long enough for him to be the heavyweight champion of the world, but then influence from the vultures surrounding him began to take hold.

Tyson had no natural resistance to all the women, drugs, and partying that a life of fame and fortune gave him access to.

> Once I started, I couldn't stop. I got too self-indulgent. I'd have ten women hanging out in my hotel room in Vegas. When I had to go down for the press conference, I'd bring one and leave the rest in the room for when I was finished. Sometimes I'd get naked and put the championship belt on and have sex with a girl.
>
> […]
>
> Most celebrities were afraid of their stalkers. I fucked mine.

The music stopped when he was accused of rape by a black beauty queen contestant. The case was weak from the beginning, but Tyson's legal team, hired by Don King, made several mistakes and Tyson was found guilty. After being in prison for some time, he was up for parole. All he had to do at the hearing was to plead regret for the rape to be released early, but as a matter of principle, he refused to admit to the rape. He served an extra year because of it.

> So they brought me to Judge Gifford's courtroom in June of 1994 for a sentence reduction hearing. I was dressed in denim pants, a light blue work shirt, and work boots. The new prosecutor asked me if I had anything to say.
>
> "I've committed no crime. I'm going to stick with that to my grave. I never

> violated anyone's chastity."
>
> That wasn't what anyone wanted to hear. They sent me right back to jail. [Fellow inmates] hugging and kissing me when I got back.
>
> "Fuck them motherfuckers," they said.
>
> "Chill out," I said. "I'm cool. Another year. Let's just do this shit."

He began to lose his hunger for boxing, but continued to do it for the money. His training consisted of piles of cocaine. That's not enough for the highest levels and he started to lose or perform poorly in matches.

> [The drug use] got so blatant that I'd be carrying my bag of coke openly with a straw coming out of it like it was a milkshake.

Once his boxing career ended, he went bankrupt and had to hustle for cash to fund his drug use. It took him several years to lift himself out of it, and from that he began to see the beginnings of wisdom.

> I knew that God didn't pick on any small animals, that lightning only struck the biggest animals, that those are the only ones that vex God. Minor animals don't get God upset. God has to keep the big animals in check so they won't get lofty on their thrones. I just lay on my bed and thought that I had become so big that God was jealous of me.
>
> […]
>
> People want to break you and make you like you're nothing.

He also had learned some lessons from sleeping with so many women:

> All that rage and energy that propelled me to fuck all those women, where did it all go? Why have I lost that sexual growl? Is it just a function of getting older and losing hormones? I might see a girl and think "Wow" but I don't have the desire to say "Hey, baby." And don't tell me about Viagra or Cialis. That shit ain't the same thing as natural desire. It doesn't make the mind function. It's like having a gun with no bullets. It doesn't give you the fantasy you need in your mind.
>
> […]
>
> People often ask me what I regret in my life. I regret sleeping with all those women. I used to brag about that but now I'm so embarrassed by my conquests. I'm so happy to be with one woman.

I view Mike Tyson as a tragic figure. He was born into a toxic environment and because of that he developed habits and demons that would haunt him for most of his life, causing him to make poor decision when it came to dealing with his career, money, women, and health. In spite of that, he maintained self-awareness of it all and has made the steps to improve his life and that of his wife and children.

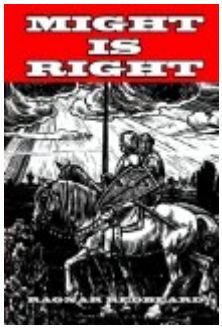
While I wouldn't necessarily rush to call him a "good man," it's clear to see that he is not the devil that the media made him out to be, and his intentions mostly come from a good place, especially as he got older and was able to look back at his life and the mistakes he made.

His autobiography was entertaining and interesting. Even if you know most of his story, I still recommend you check it out. If there's one thing you'll get from the book, it's to know that no matter how down and out you are, there's always a way back up.

Read More: *"Undisputed Truth" on Amazon*

Does Might Make Right?

June 6, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



Might Is Right attempts to make the social Darwinist argument that the human natural order only rewards strength and power, just like in the animal kingdom, and those who do not understand this fact will always get trampled on by groups who are more powerful.

Written in 1890 by anonymous writer Ragnar Redbeard, it includes a scathing attack on Christianity for fostering weakness in European-derived people. In spite of the questionable morality of its Darwinist position, the book's predictions about how the West will be weakened has been quite accurate.

> The natural world is a world of war; the natural man is a warrior; the natural law is tooth and claw. All else is error.
>
> […]
>
> The victor gets the gold and the land every time. He, also, gets the fairest maidens, the glory tributes. And – why should it be otherwise? Why should the delights of life go to failures and cowards? Why should the spoils of battle belong to the unwarlike? That would be insanity, utterly unnatural and immoral.

Redbeard argues that only a society built upon the principles of strength can avoid the crippling social problems that our generation is currently fighting against. The promotion of egalitarian ideas, which the author states originated with Christ, have elevated the weak and degenerate as beacons of what is right and true.

> What is your "civilization and progress" if its only outcome is hysteria and down going? What is "government and law" if their ripened harvests are men without sap? What are "religions and literatures" if their grandest productions are hordes of faithful slaves? What is "evolution and culture" if their noxious blossoms are sterilized women? What is "education and enlightenment" if their deadsea fruit is a caitiff race, with rottenness in its bones?

When strength is not seen as a virtue, mean become weak and lost, mere slaves to the system that now has them solidly controlled.

> Everything that a corrupt civilization can do, is done to compress the growing intellect into unnatural channels. Thus the great mass of men who inhabit the

> world of to-day have no initiative, no originality or independence of thought, but are mere subjective individualities, who have never had the slightest voice in fashioning the ideals that they formally revere.

Redbeard anticipates that a strongman type of leader will reassert the natural order. From him will come untold destruction as the system is overturned. Perhaps the man that Redbeard envisioned was Hitler, who did rise to power forty years after the book was written.

> Mankind is aweary, aweary of its sham prophets, its demagogues and its statesmen. It crieth out for kings and heroes. It demands a nobility – a nobility that cannot be hired with money, like slaves or beasts of burden. The world awaits the coming of mighty men of valor, great destroyers; destroyers of all that is vile, angels of death.

Absolute truth that stems from nature must be identified and obeyed. Everything else can be discarded. Otherwise, egalitarian lies will ingrain itself into a people and destroy them to the point of extinction.

> Whatever alleged “truth” is proven by results, to be but an empty fiction, let it be unceremoniously flung into the outer darkness among the dead gods, dead empires, dead philosophies and other useless lumber and wreckage.
>
> …when a lie has gone too far—when it has taken up its abode in the very tissues, bones and brains of a people, then all remedies are useless.

A man who doesn’t believe in using violence to achieve powerful ends is a slave to those who do, for violence is the only way to overthrow a tyrant.

> Strong men are not deterred from pursuing their aim by anything. They go straight to the goal, and that goal is Beauty, Wealth and Material Power. The mission of Power is to control and exploit the powerless, for to be powerless is to be criminal.
>
> […]
>
> He who is afraid to risk his life must never be permitted to win anything.
>
> […]
>
> During the whole course of human history, there is not upon record, one authentic instance wherein a subjugated people has ever regained property-holding Liberty, without first butchering its tyrants.

The author’s attack on Christianity is one of the harshest I’ve seen. He argues not whether Christ exists or not, but that he’s weak, incompetent, and has led European people astray for centuries.

> Behold the crucifix, what does it symbolize? Pallid incompetence hanging on a tree.

> […]
>
> ‘Love your enemies and do good to them that hate you and despitefully use you’ is the despicable philosophy of the spaniel that rolls upon its back when kicked.
>
> […]
>
> If we lived as Christ lived, there would be none of us left to live. He begat no children; he labored not for his bread; he possessed neither house nor home; he merely talked. Consequently he must have existed on charity or have stolen bread.

I’ve long argued that practicing game is a way for man to reach his potential, since it forces you to improve many other areas of your life. Redbeard states that war is the true mechanism that fosters the best of men and nations.

> If men lived ‘like brothers’ and had no powerful enemies (neighbors) to contend with and surpass, they would rapidly lose all their best qualities; like certain oceanic birds that lose the use of their wings, because they do not have to fly from pursuing beasts of prey. If all men had treated each other with brotherly love since the beginning, what would have been the result now? If there had been no wars, no rivalry, no competition, no kingship, no slavery, no survival of the Toughest, no racial extermination, truly what a festering ‘hell fenced in’ this oldglobe would be?

The author interprets equality as a poisoned idea that has been allowed to spread by inferior individuals who should have been destroyed by the strong, and that the struggle for existence will soon commence anew, more vicious than before.

> Neither the machinery nor the raw material of equality has ever existed, only the dream, the idea of it. Equality! Equality! In that one word is summed up the accumulated dementia of two thousand years! The thought of it was born in the brain of an inferior organism, and the brains of inferior organisms nourish it still.
>
> […]
>
> …the easiest way to enslave a Race is to wheedle it into or impose upon it counterfeit Ethics, that is to say, fraudulent standards of morality.
>
> […]
>
> Foolish and blind (or mad) are they who think the struggle for existence ended. It is only begun. This Planet is in its infancy, not in its decrepitude. The “end of all things” is afar off. The kingdom of heaven is not at hand. Incessant is the rivalry for supremacy among men, and manifold are its metamorphoses. Not for a single hour, for a single second, is there an armistice. Night and day the combat rages.

Redbeard correctly predicted the sterility that would result if our countries were taken over by “social justice” and other ivory tower propagandists.

> Overt action is not always needful for the drastic removal of lower organisms.

> Very often, if left alone, degenerates cremate themselves. If given control of governmental mechanisms, they immediately commence to grind one another into mincemeat (that is to say, into dividends) – crying Holy! Holy! Holy! Mentally, physically, morally, they are past redemption. Doomed souls are they, miserable sinners!
>
> […]
>
> As the Old Man of the Mountains trained his fanatical Assassins and sent them forth to slay, so Civilization trains its Fiendling Intellectuals and sends them forth to assassinate Human Nature.

You won't win if you follow prescribed rules of law or morality. Redbeard advises you to break the rules in order to accomplish your goals. Violence, thieving, and immorality can be seen as justified and even celebrated if does on a large enough scale.

> Great animals (whether man or brute) never operate in strict accordance with prearranged rules of procedure. If they did do so, they could never prosper and would die of hunger. Their greatness lies in springing surprises, in doing exactly what their antagonists (or intended quarry) doesn't expect them to do, in being beyond and above all moral measurements whatsoever.
>
> […]
>
> Slay one man (in order to rob him) and you are a murderer. Slay a million men (in order to rob them) and you are a renowned general. Annex from one person and you are a felonious ruffian, but annex from the whole population or from rival nations, and you are made Chancellor of the Exchequer, Chairman of Ways and Means, or decorated with the grand cross of the Legion of Honor.

Women want a virile, strong man, not a vegetarian weakling.

> Strength, energy-of-character, ferocity, and courage, she admires in her possible husband, above all other qualities combined. Even to be carried-off by force, is not repugnant to her feelings, if the 'bold bad man' is in other respects acceptable. She pines to be 'wooed and won,' (or as it were) she likes to feel that she has been mastered, conquered, taken possession of—that the man who has stormed her heart is in all respects, a man among men.
>
> […]
>
> Wherever soldiers conquer in war, they also conquer in love—after the first paroxysm of revengeful patriotism is over. Women of vanquished races are usually very prone to wed with the men who have slaughtered their kindred in battle.

Redbeard states that feminists are absolutely useless because they cannot provide strong men with sons.

> There is nothing particularly inviting about baren, dyspeptic, bluestocking, 'New

> Women,' in pants and spectacles; talking idiotic snuffle through their noses; with busts made of adjustable india-rubber; with narrow or padded hips, and 'wheels between their legs,' scorching across the curbstones like mad. When such women are 'captured' what good are they? They won't even breed; or if they do so (by accident) their puny embryos, have to be delicately nurtured into life with steam-heated incubator – mechanism and afterwards fed and weaned on 'the bottle.' The sons of such women – bottle fed abortions – of what good are they?

If you happen to be weak and a man who is strong wants to kill you, here's the advice the author has for you: "Woe unto those who stumble! Woe unto Ye who fall!" At this point one has to wonder if Redbeard is actually serious that you deserve to die if you happen to slip once in the presence of a man stronger than you, who should not be bound by any type of ethical code in order to slay you on the spot if he is able to do so.

Imagine a man on the street bends over to tie his shoes. Another man, seeing that he is in a vulnerable position, slits his throat with a knife and steals his money. Redbeard's philosophy could find justification for this behavior, simply because the killer was "strong" at the critical moment while the victim made himself "weak." For that reason, it is almost impossible to defend his ideas on an individual level, though it may have more application when pitting one society against another. While I doubt that many of you want to be the type of man who kills others in the name of strength alone, at the very least you must be able to defend against other men by maximizing your own strength.

Might Is Right ultimately makes an anti-religious and anti-tradition argument for human organization, providing justification for the extermination of societies or peoples based solely on strength. Whatever allows you to gain ultimate power over the lives of others is the correct answer regardless of its morality or effect on the social aspects of society.

How would the author interpret ISIS, who is implementing his model of strength to take over lands, killing and executing along the way? I don't suspect that the author wants Western society to look like present-day Iraq, but he definitely had in mind the fact that Islamic forces have been using strength to wage jihad on European lands. In that respect, Might Is Right can be seen as a self-defense manual for European people against Islam. After noting the many anti-black and anti-Jewish outbursts within the book, my best guess is that Redbeard envisions a homogeneous Europe that retains Viking-like strength against its enemies. A hint of that is the pseudonym he chose.

I'm in full agreement with Redbeard that if you are weaker than those who wish to take your land, you will lose, and no Christian idea or egalitarian slogan will save you when men who are ready to kill for their beliefs arrive on your doorstep while you hold a "Refugees Welcome" sign. Teaching societal passivity and meekness while other violent groups exist among you is suicidal and will result in slaughter.

In the end, might will eventually subjugate the weak, even if the weak is intelligent, moral, or do-gooding. It may take centuries for that to happen, but it will, and unless you can properly fight against groups who are strong, who truly believe that might makes right, you will be eradicated. Even if you don't believe, morally, that might makes right,

there is always a human group that does, and unless you can stop them, they will kill you and rape your most beautiful women. Therefore if you are ready to conclude that strength is what's essential for victory, it wouldn't hurt to develop that strength yourself.

Read More: *"Might Is Right" on Amazon*

The First Review Of Free Speech Isn't Free

June 7, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I have no idea how a new book of mine will be perceived before I release it. When you edit a book multiple times, you become so familiar with it that you can't really judge it, similar to how a parent who loves his daughter assumes that she's beautiful (even if she's not). So I'm happy that early reviews from those who received a review copy are positive.

Here's the first review of the book from a forum member:

> Free Speech Isn't Free is a riveting first-hand story about how the media establishment and some government officials tried to shut down one man's speech — and failed miserably. Roosh starts with a historical lesson by Quintus Curtius on how freedom of speech evolved over time, and how shaming and intimidation tactics are used to limit speech today in the age of the Internet.
>
> He tells a compelling and honest story on how his idea of a world tour about neomasculinity was born. While the book is entertaining, it is also a humble read. During his tour, Roosh shows how he learned from the men attending his lectures. He built upon what he'd learned to create a fast-growing neomasculinity movement without allowing his own ego to get in the way. Reading about the growth and evolution of the man behind the world tour is nothing short of extraordinary.
>
> In chilling prose, Roosh connects the dots between seemingly unrelated issues such as sexual harassment, gay marriage, declining birth rates, single parenthood, open-borders immigration, welfare, abortion, gun control, etc, to expose a depopulation agenda — to destroy the family unit — being pushed deliberately by the globalist elites. He also describes how these elites are using the media and feminists as foot soldiers to help further their globalist agenda, and to prevent strong men from fighting back.
>
> When Roosh recounts his experience in Montreal, Toronto, and the Meetup Outrage, strap in your seat belts. You're in for quite a ride.
>
> Roosh tells his story in a timeline full of bizarre plot twists, comedy, shocking revelations, disinformation campaigns, and touching displays of unwavering loyalty from his followers at their own personal risk. You'll not only discover how the media, social justice warriors, and even government officials fight information wars against ordinary people, but also how you can fight back.
>
> The way he describes his journey allows you to imagine that you're right by his side the whole time, living vicariously through everything he had experienced: overcoming the fear of public speaking, the enlightening discourse with intelligent men he'd met, the incredible stress resulting from getting smeared with outright lies propagated by the media, having beer tossed on his head by a mob, and even graphic death threats that prompted him to hire a bodyguard

> service.
>
> Most importantly, as you read Roosh's new book, you feel the author's gritty determination and resolve to fight back against the feminist-controlled media by enabling like-minded men to congregate with each other without a politically correct filter. His brutally honest and courageous writing does not fail to hold the reader's attention and keep the pages turning.
>
> Finally, if you believe in protecting your right to free speech and pursuit of the truth, get this book. Today.

And here is a brief video review from Davis Aurini:

My new book, Free Speech Isn't Free, has just been released, and comes with three bonuses if you order before June 20. It gives an inside look to how the globalist establishment is attempting to marginalize masculine men with an agenda that promotes censorship and sterility. It also shares key knowledge and tools that you can use to defend yourself against leftist attacks. **Click here to learn more about the book.** Your support will help fund my operation.

My Encounter With Washington D.C. Police

June 8, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

By now you've probably seen the press conference I held with the media in a Washington DC hotel. As soon as it was over, I began packing up my camera equipment. The friends of mine who were there said I did fine and updated me about the responses coming in on Twitter from those who watched it live.

We all went upstairs to the lobby and I waited at the front desk to settle the conference room bill. While waiting, I noticed three uniformed police officers a few feet away. I thought it was strange for them to be in the hotel. Was a serious crime reported? I would have guessed that they were there for me had I not kept the location private after instructing journalists not to disclose the hotel name to anyone.

My lead bodyguard starting talking to one of the cops. It's quite common for bodyguards and other executive protection personal to either have worked in law enforcement or be on good terms with them. I squeezed myself into the conversation and asked one of the cops, "So why are you here in the hotel?" He looked at his partner and then looked back at me. "Because of you."

"Because of me?" I exclaimed. "But how did you know I was here?"

"Because the protesters told us. They're walking here right now from Dupont Circle." I immediately suspected one of the journalists for the security leak, who probably sent the location in the middle of the press conference once they realized it wasn't going in the direction they hoped for. As I learned in Canada, members of the press work directly with social justice activists, in a similar way that branches of Anonymous now attack anyone who the media also happens to hate.

After signing off on the receipt with the hotel, I walked outside with my entourage. I counted four police cars. In other cities around the world, hundreds more policemen were monitoring protests against the meetups, guarding fragile blue-haired women against horrible “rapists.” This was the precise moment that I can say was the most surreal of my life. A week of outrage, threats, anger, and lies culminated at the sight of DC police vehicles while two bodyguards stayed within arm’s reach of me. The situation was so absurd that it didn’t even feel real, but it was real, and hopefully the future for me doesn’t get much more real than that.

My new book, Free Speech Isn’t Free, has just been released, and comes with three bonuses if you order before June 20. It gives an inside look to how the globalist establishment is attempting to marginalize masculine men with an agenda that promotes censorship and sterility. It also shares key knowledge and tools that you can use to defend yourself against leftist attacks. **Click here to learn more about the book.** Your support will help fund my operation.

WATCH: Little Bird Defecates On My Arm While I Film Free Speech Isn’t Free Promo

June 9, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Just when you think things can’t get any worse for me, I was trying to shoot a video promoting Free Speech Isn’t Free when a bird made a bowel movement on me. As you can watch below, I was immensely triggered, and almost shut everything down, even after energizing on kratom flowers.

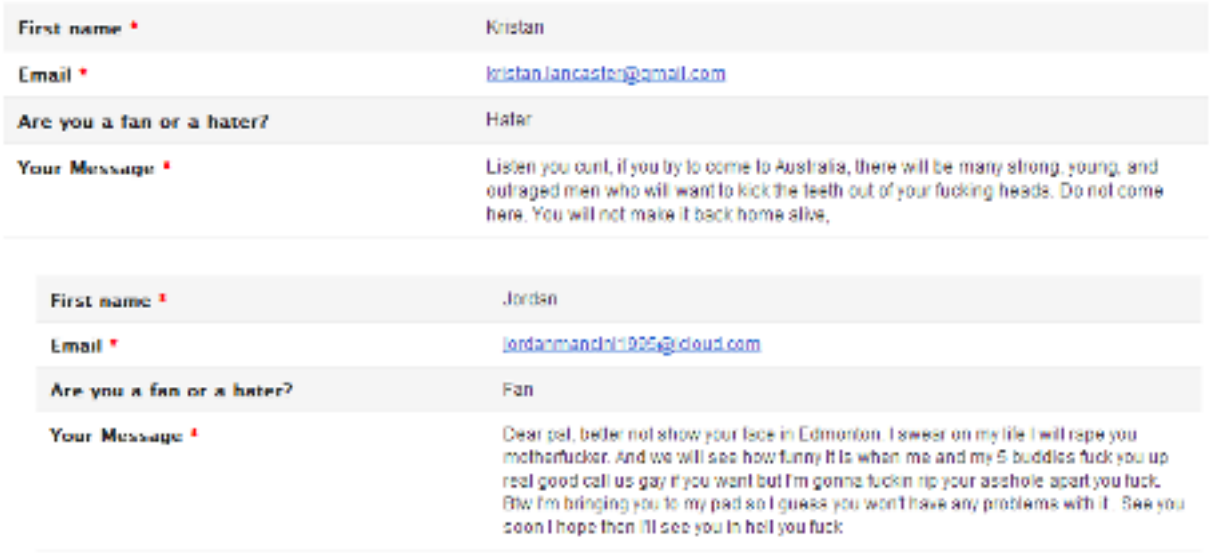
My new book, Free Speech Isn’t Free, has just been released, and comes with three bonuses if you order before June 20. It gives an inside look to how the globalist establishment is attempting to marginalize masculine men with an agenda that promotes censorship and sterility. It also shares key knowledge and tools that you can use to defend yourself against leftist attacks. **Click here to learn more about the book.** Your support will help fund my operation.

How Seriously Should You Take Online Death Threats?

June 10, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Are online threats serious or not? I've given this question a lot of thought after receiving dozens of threats in the past year, mostly as a result of the worldwide meetup outrage. Feminists will often falsely claim to have received death threats as a way to get in the news or solicit money donations, but what do you do when the threats are real and numerous?

Here is a representative sample of messages I received from the meetup outrage, many of which were direct threats:



First name *	Kristan
Email *	kristan.lancaster@gmail.com
Are you a fan or a hater?	Hater
Your Message *	Listen you cunt, if you try to come to Australia, there will be many strong, young, and outraged men who will want to kick the teeth out of your fucking heads. Do not come here. You will not make it back home alive.

First name *	Jordan
Email *	jordanmandrill92@cloud.com
Are you a fan or a hater?	Fan
Your Message *	Dear cel, bedar not show your face in Edmonton. I swear on my life I will rape you motherfucker. And we will see how funny it is when me and my 5 buddies fuck you up real good call us gay if you want but I'm gonna fuckin rip your asshole apart you fuck. Btw I'm bringing you to my pad so I guess you won't have any problems with it. See you soon I hope then I'll see you in hell you fuck

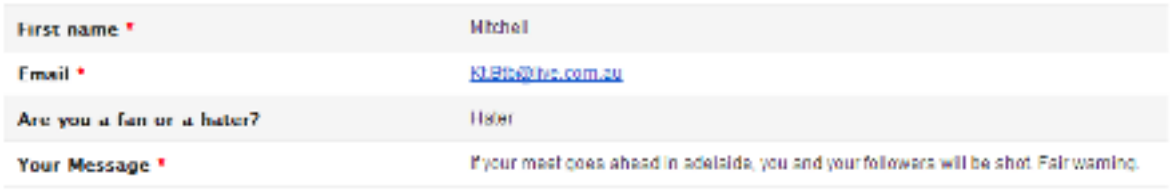
Armando Maketic ArmandoMaketic@hotmail.com via mooshy.com 10:33 PM (1 hour ago)

to roosh

hey fuckwit listen here u fucking DOG your little friends that a meeting up on saturday are going to have welcoming party. I PROMISE YOU its not gonna be fun for them.

P.S. you hide like a little bitch but if u have balls come top PERTH I will be waiting for you at the airport as a welcoming party. Then Let the fun begin.

YOU FUCKING MENTAL FUCKWIT DOG CUNT.



First name *	Mitchel
Email *	[illegible]
Are you a fan or a hater?	Hater
Your Message *	If your meet goes ahead in adelaide, you and your followers will be shot. Fair warning.

evelina morina evelina.morina95@hotmail.com via mooshy.com 4:16 AM (1 hour ago)

to roosh

I will kil you as soon as you land in sweden

First name *	John
Email *	Fall1927@feckens.hu
Are you a fan or a hater?	Fan
Your Message *	Hey Fuck you. I hope you die. I hope people kill you fucking rapist scum. I hope they torture you and stab you a million times and pray to you fucking GOD that raping is okay fuck you. I went to start a group called kill the rapist. automatic death day for rapists. DIE DIE DIE DIE DIE DIE. All RAPISTS DIE.

Sam Gaulton <samgaulton@gmail.com> 8:00 AM (4 hours ago)
to roosh

Your gonna get some fuckin fright you comes around my town doing your little faggot ass legal rape bullshit. You and your little bum buddies will be shot dead. You should be ashemed of yourselves you useless pricks. Coming from a woman herself im BETTER then you and I always will be. You ain't shit and I'll fuckin rape you ya wants to be a little bitch. Get the fuck outta here you panzie ass fuck
Sent from my iPhone

Jade S <jades.s777@yahoo.com> 9:34 AM (2 hours ago)
to roosh

Watch for you life

ROK Contact Page no-reply@wufoo.com via rokmeetings.com 10:47 AM (37 minutes ago)
to Roosh

⚠ This message was not sent to Spam because of a filter you created. Edit Filters

First name *	Dave
Email *	dave@gmail.com
Are you a fan or a hater?	Fan
Your Message *	Don't come to Calgary. You will go missing. We promise.

First name *	Aspa
Email *	aspatoul@yahoo.gr
Are you a fan or a hater?	Hater
Your Message *	DIE MOTHERFUCKER! Im gonna rape you with a strapon you monster. I ll cut your dick and give it to my dogs. You're an ugly motherfucker I hope you get cancer, you and your whole fucking family. There is no need to live, you are absolutely USELESS.

First name *	Django
Email *	greg115_eazy_e@hotmail.com
Are you a fan or a hater?	Fan
Your Message *	"No gods, no kings. Only men" Death inevitable Escape impossible I will have your heads on my wall for trophies.

⚠ This message was not sent to Spam because of a filter you created. Edit Filters

First name *	Daniel
Email *	[redacted]
Are you a fan or a hater?	Not sure
If you are a female, house rules dictate that you must show us a photo of yourself. Upload your photo to sharing service imgur.com and paste the URL below...	En Barcelona..
Your Message *	Te vamos a cortar las piernas.

(no subject) main ×

reda benomar <benomarreda03@gmail.com> 4:49 PM (2 hours ago)

to mosh

I'm gonna shoot ya man, just that. look at ur back.

Roosh Rip <rooshripsoon@gmail.com> 3:35 PM (1 minute ago)

to mosh

Probably you are receiving lot of threats, this one is not a threat.. its for real, some people we made a group and we put money on the table to pay someone who will travel soon to kill you motherfucker, after that no one will find who was cuz lot of people wanna make you disappear clown, you will know and feel who is a real man if no other kill you before he gets your piece.

FUCKING CUNT we will know more from you in the news very soon

Rodroko Droko
@RodrokoD

Follow

@rooshv hi,zionazi crap.be carefull in Bcn,we waiting for you

1:31 PM - 2 Feb 2016

First name *	Hightower
Email *	[redacted]
Are you a fan or a hater?	Hater
Your Message *	Fuck you cunts. I hope all you bitches and supporters get raped up the asshole with huge dildos till yall bleed out the ass. Everyone one of you cunts deserve to die a violent death. I hope your raghead fan club gets demolished in Australia. I wish I could be there to see everyone of you bitches get what's coming to you

First name *	harry
Email *	[redacted]
Are you a fan or a hater?	Not sure
Your Message *	You're such a fucking pussy kike bitch. I hope some of your other pussy nigger bitch punks have the balls to show their face in Seattle. I've got my nigger stomping boots on. They work extremely well on dirty kike heads as well. C'mon pussy. Bring it on.

If you make a stand against the establishment, it's almost a certainty that you'll get threats similar to the ones above. To know whether to take them seriously or not, you have to account for the context. Ask yourself the following questions:

- Are the threats part of a wave of outrage that has thousands of individuals angry at you?
- Has your address been recently published or included within the threats?
- Are the threats showing a specific mechanism of harm (knife, shooting, etc)?
- Is an individual sending repeated messages, showing that he's emotionally invested in you?
- Does the threat include inside information of your daily routine or habits that can't easily be found online?

The more you can answer 'yes' to the above questions, the more likely you should take the threats seriously. In my case, I could answer yes to the first three questions. It didn't help that the dox of my family was perhaps the most viewed dox of all time, accumulating over one million views.

The only positive going for me was that the threats were spread out worldwide, so many of the individuals weren't even close to the Washington DC area. Nonetheless, I hired an armed security service and had them stationed around the clock in front of my father's home. I also put a flag on the address with local police to prevent a SWAT attempt. Thankfully, there was no successful attack against a member of my family or the home.

I'm counting on this happening again. My family is better prepared for it and the enemy no longer has the advantage of a surprise attack. If you exercise your free speech in a way that conflicts with the globalist agenda, I guarantee threats will come your way. If they're serious enough, I recommend you remove yourself from the threat or hire security, at least until the dust settles and the mob moves on to another target. I'm definitely more prepared today for when the mob sets its sights back on me again.

My new book, Free Speech Isn't Free, has just been released, and comes with three bonuses if you order before June 20. It gives an inside look to how the globalist establishment is attempting to marginalize masculine men with an agenda that promotes censorship and sterility. It also shares key knowledge and tools that you can use to defend yourself against leftist attacks. **Click here to learn more about the book.** Your support will help fund my operation.

READ NOW: Free Speech Isn’t Free — How 90 Men Stood Up Against The Establishment And Won

June 13, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Today I’m releasing my newest book, **Free Speech Isn’t Free**, which tells the inside story of being a target of censorship and violence at the hands of the media, political establishment, and social justice mob. The book is intended for men in the Western world who are concerned about the restriction of their rights. It gives them key knowledge of the cultural climate so they can better protect themselves against degenerate forces, and even fight back.

The cover

Official synopsis

> Free speech may be your right, but unless you fight for it, you’ll lose it. That is the message of Free Speech Isn’t Free, which chronicles how organizing a lecture tour for masculine men inserted Roosh Valizadeh into an unexpected free speech fight spanning several continents, putting both him and his family in danger from the globalist establishment and their mob of deranged social justice warriors.
>
> After becoming activated by mass-scale media distortions and mayoral denouncements, the SJW mob in Canada rose up against Roosh and his followers

to halt his tour. Roosh refused to cancel and set out to hold the lectures in secret.

He shares how he fought back against the mob while trying to come to terms with the globalist agenda that they're controlled by. The well-informed men he met throughout the tour were critical in sharing hidden knowledge that put the agenda's puzzle pieces into place.

Even after the lecture, when Roosh tried to conduct happy hour meetings for his followers, a bigger worldwide outrage befell him, leading to the doxing of his family and threats to burn their house to the ground. Free Speech Isn't Free shares that story for the first time in a special epilogue, and what was going through the mind of a man who was the number one target for a 1984-inspired "two minutes of hate" that took place worldwide.

How far will you go if the establishment attacks you for what you believe in? Are you ready to defend yourself if they come after your reputation, your job, and your family? Free Speech Isn't Free shows what one man did when powerful groups tried to silence him, along with everything he learned during the most momentous months of his life that will help others be able to identify and defend against attacks within their own lives.

Video trailer

Early reader review

Free Speech isn't Free is a watershed work detailing the (mis)adventures of Roosh and his followers during his book tour of 2015 and the February 2016 RoK meet ups. Being a part of the forum during both of these events only revealed a quarter of what was going on to the man himself. Getting a glimpse of Roosh's inner world during these harrowing events showed us that even under great stress and pressure, a strategic win is never impossible.

Unlike Roosh's previous works that i've read (Bang & Day Bang), Free Speech isn't Free departs from the older scientifically detached writing that we're used to and changes into something that spoke from a more emotional place.

Being so close to these events made this a nail biter. Much to my shame I wasn't able to attend, but now knowing what was going on in the background made me disappointed with myself for not being more focused during the war time measures. How can Roosh fight effectively if we're all just being misfocused kittens over here?

The beginning took a bit of time to get into. It almost felt like the beginning of Bang with that familiar analytic approach. Once Reggie hit the scene, things started to get real. Roosh was no longer an internet blogger but a full on media

> sensation.
>
> This fails to mention the spiritual journey we also find Roosh embarking on as he attempts to hold a private discussion with a few of his followers. I'm a casual reader of Roosh's blog, but some of the things revealed in the book show a deeply spiritual man who has worked hard to learn about himself and seek the truth. In that quest, he found meaning in the strangest of places.
>
> This story has the potential to be one of those books for a generation like The Diary of Anne Frank and The Catcher and the Rye that others in the future can read to get a cultural cross section of what life was like for men in the early part of the 21st century.
>
> By far the strongest book Roosh has written to date. Highly recommended.

Receive two bonuses with the book

Bonus #1: An important new article explaining how to keep yourself safe from social justice attacks, especially by attackers who are already enmeshed in your social and professional circles.

Bonus #2: Full transcript of The State Of Man, the "dangerous" speech that initially created the hysterical censorship crusade. Here is a sample of what the speech contains:

- The paradox of modern women
- 11 problems that Western culture is facing today
- How to mentally approach living in a degenerate world
- An examination of three different time periods men faced in the past
- What today's man has gained and lost compared to his ancestors
- The unique sacrifice that modern men have to make that historical men didn't
- How women are creating a generation of men who are eager to drop out
- How to construct a win-win lifestyle where you come out on top no matter what
- 7 tips on how to meet women and experience intimacy in 2015
- Examination of the sustainability of game for men who aim to use it for the long term
- The overall benefits we can expect from women in the pursuit of relationships with them
- The two things that will allow you to enjoy life to the fullest
- One important need that all men require in life
- Three mental processes to use when you're feeling beaten and hopeless

Both of the above bonuses are embedded in the main book file.

Order my new book today with bonuses

Click one of the following three links to continue:

- Order Amazon Kindle copy for $9.99 (or paperback)
- **Order your ebook copy (pdf, mobi, and epub) for instant download ($9.99)**

Free Speech Isn't Free is my 18th book, and the first one that doesn't have a sex scene, representing the general change in my writing over the past two years. The download package includes pdf, mobi, and epub files so you can read it on any device.

If you're new to my work, I'm offering a bundle special where you can download all 18 of my books and two audiobooks for only $37.

Email me if you have a question or an issue with downloading. I thank everyone who supports this book and also to those men who came out to see the lectures last year and became a part of the story. The book could be my best yet, and I eagerly await your comments about it. I hope it helps masculine men who are beginning to find themselves

a target of censorship and other types of attacks from the establishment.

Top 6 Acts Of Censorship In The First Half Of 2016

June 15, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The following article was originally published by Max Roscoe on Return Of Kings.

There has been a dangerous and troublesome trend of increasing censorship in the west. In the wake of the Second World War, it became criminal to speak certain things about the war, question details of the holocaust, or possess Nazi memorabilia. In 1990, France passed the Gayssot Act, making it illegal to question whether Nazi leaders committed crimes against humanity.

Germany bans usage of the SS Sig runes, and the rock band Kiss was forced to create a new logo that they use exclusively in Germany, so as not to bring down the wrath of the police state on them, as their actual logo may resemble the SS enough to trigger someone to create a fourth Reich and stampede across Europe.

America passed a law in 1994 which provides for stricter penalties if a crime is deemed a "hate crime." In the early 2000s, we saw the use of "Free Speech Zones," which are basically a way of outlawing political protest, by saying protest cannot occur freely and organically, but instead only within a specifically designed and cordoned off area designated by the authorities (that is typically blocks or even miles away from the event or person being protested).

Free speech zone" at DNC convention

The Obama administration has increased police power to restrict speech and make arrests. Expect these powers to be exercised in the upcoming presidential election. The world is heading towards an Orwellian police state, and recent events reveal an acceleration of censorship. Here are a list of some of the most egregious censorship incidents so far this year.

1. DePaul University Bans Chalk

Dangerous speech which can harm vulnerable minds

In April of this year, a massive triggering of emotionally unstable and coddled automatons occurred when students left the safe space of their cell-like dorm rooms and ventured outside to be confronted with violent messages scrawled in chalk across their sidewalks, forcing ideas into their tightly sealed minds such as “Make DePaul Great Again” and “Trump Train.” After much weeping and gnashing of teeth, the university decided the only answer to combat the foe of different ideas such as “being great” was to ban chalk from campus.

2. Lauren Southern Temporarily Banned From Facebook

> I'm banned on @facebook for a month for saying Facebook is censoring conservatives. pic.twitter.com/oKStHdEGNM
>
> — Lauren Southern (@Lauren_Southern) May 21, 2016

Journalist and author Lauren Southern made a posting saying Facebook banned the account of one of her friends, which she called “utterly insane.” In response, she was banned from Facebook for 30 days. After media attention and in the wake of widespread allegations that Facebook censors conservative speech, the ban was removed hours after articles were published on Drudge Report and Infowars calling attention to the ban. Facebook said she had been banned “in error.”

Southern did nothing other than point out that her friend was banned from the service. This does not even rise to the level of dissent, but merely discussion factual things that Facebook indeed did. If I had a Facebook account, I’m sure this article alone is enough to ban me from the service.

3. Cancellation Of Milo Yiannopoulos Speeches

Conservative blogger and Breitbart Tech editor Milo Yiannopoulos launched a speaking tour of American Universities earlier this year. Several of these events were interrupted, most famously the Trigglypuff event at UMass Amherst in April, where speakers were prevented from talking for several minutes, while profanity-laden outburst were yelled at them by triggered feminists, including the “Fuck You! Keep Your Hate Speech Off Our Campus!” intellectual now known as Triggypuff.

In May, a speech at Chicago’s DePaul University was cancelled after protesters stormed the stage and police refused to intervene and restore order.

4. Supreme Court Upholds Ban On Protests Outside Courthouse

Court to Hodge: Your presence here is triggering me

Although the first amendment to the US Constitution prohibits the government from restricting free speech, specifically stating that "Congress shall make no law… abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press, or of the right of the people peaceably to assemble…", it upheld exactly such a law in May when it turned down an appeal by Harold Hodge, arrested for silently protesting outside the Court Plaza. Hodge had silently carried an anti-racism sign and was arrested for attempting to "intimidate or influence" the court. The message is simple: dissent will not be tolerated.

5. Scotland Man Arrested For Bad Comedy

Racist, mysoginist cis scum

In April, Scotland police arrested a man from Coatbridge in North Lanarkshire after he posted an online video of his dog raising his paw as if making a Nazi salute, in front of footage of Adolf Hitler. DI David Cockburn stated "Posting offensive material…will not be tolerated and police will act swiftly to tackle hate crimes… this clip has been shared and

viewed online, which ultimately has caused offence and hurt to many people in our community.” The video is only mildly funny, and was merely an attempt by this man of teasing his girlfriend. As of the time of publication, the video had just under 2 million views, with 29,500 likes and 1,800 dislikes.

As he states in the video introduction: “My girlfriend is always ranting and raving about how cute and adorable her wee dog is, so I thought I would [unintelligible] the least cute thing I could think of, which is a Nazi.” By his own admission **in the video itself,** the man explains that he is choosing the subject of Nazis precisely because they are a disturbing and unpleasant thing to contrast against the “cute” image of the dog, and of course is in no way supporting or condoning Nazism. Basically, the man was arrested because he hurt the feelings or offended someone, which is the new standard of hate crime. Of course, authorities will pick and choose what “offenses” to prosecute, as there are videos with far more negative content or higher dislikes than this video (1,800), which went viral and gained international attention.

6. Men Publicly Congregating Deemed Intolerable

They forgot “Nazi”

A group of international meetups was planned for ROK readers on February 6 in 160 cities across 43 countries. The goal was for like minded men to meet each other, form friendships, and provide male bonding in a culture that views male spaces and masculinity as dangerous and repulsive.

The backlash to allowing men to congregate together was so violent and swift, that opposition from local police chiefs to national government leaders mobilized rapidly to prevent men from meeting together. They were labeled rapists, fascists, homophobes, and sexists, and the meetup was soon cancelled. Dozens of media outlets parroted the story that a group of rapists was coming to town, beware! Note than any attempt at male bonding is shunned and attacked as criminal, while women’s only groups are encouraged and lauded as brave.

What's To Come?

Free speech is a myth in the west. We are not free to protest our political leaders. We are not free to express unpopular or traditional ideas, despite the fact that they are often simply the status quo throughout all recorded history. We are not free to congregate together in public or form groups with like minded ideals.

The second half of 2016 should see more violence against political protesters, more shunning of masculine ideas and labeling traditional or masculine values as criminal, and more marginalization of any male-friendly spaces or media outlets.

My new book, Free Speech Isn't Free, has just been released, and comes with three bonuses if you order before June 20. It gives an inside look to how the globalist establishment is attempting to marginalize masculine men with an agenda that promotes censorship and sterility. It also shares key knowledge and tools that you can use to defend yourself against leftist attacks. **Click here to learn more about the book.** Your support helps fund my operation.

SJWs Bomb Free Speech Isn't Free With Fake Reviews Because It Hurts Their Feelings

June 16, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

It only took only one day for Reddit losers to mobilize against me, which is much faster than their previous efforts against my lectures and meetups. I must assume they're following my work more religiously than my actual supporters.

The reviews are worthy of literary merit:

★☆☆☆☆ **Stop rapists.**
By Amazon Customer on June 14, 2016
Format: Kindle Edition
Stop advocating rape.
3 comments | 10 people found this helpful.

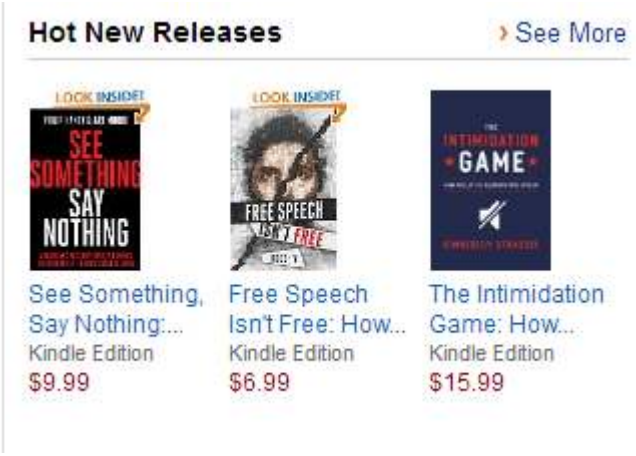
★☆☆☆☆ **One Star**
By Allen Davis on June 14, 2016
Format: Kindle Edition
Disgusting right wing drivel
Comment | 11 people found this helpful. Wa

★☆☆☆☆ **One Star**
By Nathan on June 14, 2016
Format: Kindle Edition
Utter and complete garbage.
Comment | 9 people found this helpful. Was

★☆☆☆☆ **One Star**
By Amazon Customer on June 14, 2016
Format: Kindle Edition
Stop neo nazis

Last week I did a video where a bird pooped on me while I was filming. An SJW is the human equivalent of a bird that poops on you because mommy and daddy didn't raise them right, but it's too bad that their activism is becoming increasingly impotent. Not only did their earlier petition against me not result in my books being banned, and not only does my operation remain 100% functional after their multiple DDOS attempts and a million "rapist" comments, but Free Speech Isn't Free is slated to be my **biggest book**

launch ever. It has been consistently at number 1 or 2 in the censorship category.



Based on a word cloud analysis that a reader performed, it's clear that the fake reviews are a projection of nothing more than their own abnormal sexual fantasies:

> @rooshv For a book that doesn't advocate for rape or violence, your detractors certainly think it does. pic.twitter.com/7tlN7HECcI
>
> — Andrew Pethick (@AMPethick) June 14, 2016

Of course it's a pity that a quality work is tarnished by losers, but it's called "culture war" for a reason, and I seem to be at the front lines. Just like I state in the book, sacrifices have to be made if you want to exercise your free speech, and I'm prepared for 1,000 more fake reviews that will surely come in the next outrage. I'm also prepared for them to yell at me from their safe spaces this July in Cleveland during the Republican National Convention.

Three fresh reviews

Vox Day, author of SJWs Always Lie, has made Free Speech Isn't Free the book of the week at his blog. I expect both of our books to be companions in understanding and defeating social justice warriors.

> Free Speech Isn't Free: How 90 Men Stood Up Against The Globalist Establishment — And Won is a fascinating look behind the scenes of Roosh's notorious speaking tour, which culminated this spring in one of the biggest, most unjustified attempted media lynchings I have ever witnessed. Roosh walks the reader through the entire experience of the tour and its aftermath, from conception to conclusion, in remarkably honest detail. He not only bares his thought processes, he bares his hopes and his fears in a way few writers would dare.

Seth from Masculine Books writes a thorough review:

> The lengths to which other men were willing to aid and stand up for Roosh was profound and admirable. It's something all men should take to heart. Although Roosh did much of the grunt work on his own, his dedicated band of followers was able to implement maneuvers as means of disrupting SJW communication.
>
> What really stood out to me was that SJW's are incapable of doing the same. They don't care about each other. They have no concept of loyalty, and if one of their own gets picked off, they'll cry foul, but then move on.
>
> The SJW mob is weak. Their true power, when measured individually, is quite laughable. As Roosh routinely mocks: Tens of thousands of Canadian SJW's, aided by parliamentarians and mayors, could not stop Roosh from giving his happy hour speech.

Lastly, Bernard Chapin does a video review on the book where he wasn't shy to point out the errors that he thinks I made.

Order my new book today at a discounted price

You still have a couple more days to take advantage of the 30% off discounted price. Click one of the following three links to continue:

- Order Amazon Kindle copy for $7 (or paperback)
- **Order your ebook copy (pdf, mobi, and epub) for instant download ($7)**
- **Order limited edition USB card pre-loaded with everything I've ever written ($53)**

If you read the book, drop me an email at to let me know what you think.

Today Is Your Last Chance For My Special Offers!

June 19, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

After ten days of nonstop promotions for the launch of Free Speech Isn't Free, we're down to the wire. In case you missed the news, here's a video summary of what the book is about:

Here are the three bonuses you'll receive if you order the book by midnight:

Bonus #1: An important new article explaining how to keep yourself safe from social justice attacks, especially by attackers who are already enmeshed in your social and professional circles.

Bonus #2: Full transcript of The State Of Man, the "dangerous" speech that initially created the hysterical censorship crusade. Here is a sample of what the speech contains:

- The paradox of modern women
- 11 problems that Western culture is facing today
- How to mentally approach living in a degenerate world
- How to construct a win-win lifestyle where you come out on top no matter what
- 7 tips on how to meet women and experience intimacy in 2015
- Examination of the sustainability of game for men who aim to use it for the long term
- The two things that will allow you to enjoy life to the fullest
- One important need that all men require in life
- Three mental processes to use when you're feeling beaten and hopeless

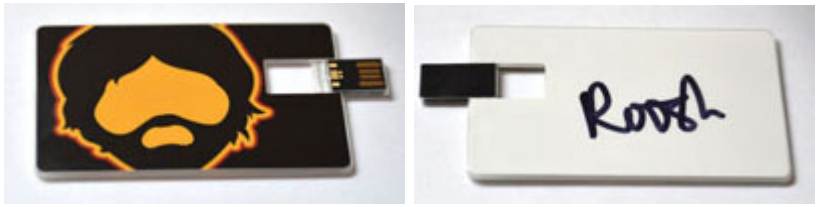
Bonus #3: 30% discount. If you order now, you'll be charged only $7, which is 30% off the normal price (on June 20, the price will increase to $9.99).

Since I'm getting feedback that the first two bonuses are essential for the book, I'll probably leave them in after today (they're included in the main file), but to guarantee you get everything above, especially the discount, I recommend you place your order before midnight if you haven't done so already.

Limited edition Roosh-head USB card

There are also a couple more USB cards left that are pre-loaded with all my books. These are hand-signed by me, meaning my skin oils and essence have fused with the card. **After midnight, they will be removed from sale.**

They're also produced in limited quantities, ensuring they'll be worth many thousands of dollars in the future. The cards are re-usable and slim for daily use. While you wait for your card to ship, you will receive instant access to all digital files.



Order now before midnight

Click one of the following three links to support my work:

- Order Amazon Kindle copy for $7 (or paperback)
- Order your ebook copy (pdf, mobi, and epub) for instant download ($7)
- **Order limited edition USB card pre-loaded with everything I've ever written ($53)**

★★★★★ **Possibly the most important book of 2016, or the last 5 years for that matter.**, June 18, 2016

By **cody**

Verified Purchase (What's this?)

This review is from: Free Speech Isn't Free: How 90 Men Stood Up Against The Globalist Establishment -- And Won (Paperback)

The fact that so many people have left poor reviews on this book without puchasing or reading it is a testament to the thesis of the book: the fact that in order to exercise your right to free speech you must sacrifice and face huge adversity due to those in power (and the many common people devoid of critical thinking skills) attempting to silence you.

The book is not only an extremely interesting page turner but also an incredibly enlightening experience, especially to those who may not be privy to the danger our free speech is in at this point in time. While reading, I found myself unable to put the book down. I had to see what he went through simply to have a happy hour meeting among men.

That wraps up this launch. I give thanks to the approximately 900 of you who have bought the book so far, making it my biggest launch ever (previous record was around 650). Drop an email to and let me know what you think of the book. In the next few days I'll share my strategy for book launches for those of you interested in what it takes to sell books online.

How I Launch My Books For Amazon And Direct Sales

June 23, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I want to share my strategy for book launches to help fellow indie authors. While no book launch is the same, what I'm about to explain applies to my most recent book launch for Free Speech Isn't Free.

Understand which audience you're marketing the book to

I segment audiences for my book into four groups:

- Those who know me and think the book is relevant to their interests
- Those who know me and think the book is **not** relevant to their interests
- Those who **don't** know me and think the book is relevant to their interests
- Those who **don't** know me and think the book is **not** relevant to their interests

For book launches, I mainly focus on the first group with slight targeting on the second group. After the book launch, I can target the second group by highlighting reviews or excerpts that make them realize the book is indeed relevant to their needs. I do not target the third or fourth group. This would require SEO work for the book's keywords, advertising on Google or Facebook, or working with affiliate marketers to sell the book for a commission. I see that as an entirely different set of business skills.

Create pre-launch buzz

Before your book launches, put it in the news by sharing what it's about while allowing readers to shape the final product. I asked my readership for help on a title and also had them vote on the cover. The title and cover I ended up going with was heavily influenced by their opinions, so not only was doing that a way to let them know a book was coming, but it improved the final result.

Next, be generous with giving review copies to bloggers and readers. Share their reviews with everyone on your blog and social networking accounts.

Add bonuses or discounts to sweeten the deal

A new book is coming out… so what? Why should someone dive into reading something new without waiting to more carefully evaluate if it's a quality work or not? Personally, I see no need to buy a new book when it's released, because it's not like the book is going to be taken off the shelves. But if you give me bonuses or a discount with a deadline attached then that may light a fire under my ass to buy it sooner than I had planned.

For Free Speech Isn't Free, I included two written bonuses and a 30% discount. Some readers will buy because of the bonuses and others who are more budget conscious will

buy because of the discount. You should include both in your launch.

I have experimented with both 3-day and 7-day launches. It's clear that 7-day launches will improve sales, but it takes far more work since you need to keep pumping out book-related content and sales messages for longer.

"Spam" your audience with news of the book

I hate to use the word spam but that's what it felt like from my perspective. I put out multiple posts here and on ROK, mostly highlighting reviews or aspects of the book. I sent countless mailings to my email list. I made dozens of tweets. I added page alerts, modified sidebars, and sent messages to forum members. I structured the promotions so that it would be impossible for a reader of mine to not know that I have a new book out.

It's important to understand that not all of your readers come to your blog or Twitter every day. Most of them are casual readers who only stop in every now and then, so you must use every available channel to bombard them with the news, right up to the point where they get sick of it (you don't want to piss them off).

In spite of my relentless promotions, I didn't receive one complaint, so I probably could have done more (my Youtube efforts were especially weak, with only one video published). Readers understand that you're trying to make a splash with your new product, and will give you a pass as long as it doesn't last too long.

Since most of my launch efforts involved promoting the book to readers who are interested in the topic and story, I didn't "sell" it with marketing language. The reason is that I'm not particularly skilled or interested in "internet marketing," especially if it's not a self-improvement work like a game book, which lends more to that style of marketing.

Ask for (genuine) reviews

You will get a lot of feedback from people who read the book. Since their feedback is already a written "review," ask them politely to leave it on Amazon or whatever platform your book is selling on. For me this was essential because SJWs bombed the book with fake reviews.

If you're selling on Amazon, the goal is to give your book a big sales push so that it's listed in the "Customers also bought" section of others books that have high sales ranks. Otherwise, you'll see very little benefit of being on Amazon's platform.

I also sell books directly through BangGuides.com. I receive a higher percentage of the sale price, don't need to worry about fake reviews, and can offer combo specials that greatly increase the transaction price while giving large discounts to readers. For example, I would have to sell 10 books on Amazon to make the same as roughly 1 USB card that I sell directly. If your business credibility is high, like mine is, it won't be difficult to sell higher priced products.

After the launch

Some books sell at higher levels post-launch and others do worse. For example, sales of my books like Poosy Paradise and Why Can't I Leave A Smiley Face? didn't maintain high levels after launch, while Bang and Day Bang surpassed launch sales. You will need to hope that your book goes "viral," and one way to help that along is to continually plug your book in related articles or videos you publish in the months ahead. From this point on, whenever I write a culture war article, I will plug Free Speech Isn't Free at the end.

So that’s my general strategy. As long as you have a readership, no matter what size, you can participate in a launch. Simply identify all the channels where your readers congregate to receive your content and then go through the above steps. The more readers you have, of course, the more books you will sell. My launch of Bang in 2007 resulted in less than 100 copies sold while my newest launch was over 1,100. I expect future launches to equally well as long as I continue to give great value to those who follow my work.

Read Next: *18 Self-Publishing Tips That Have Helped Me Sell Over 25,000 Books*

The Future Mother Of Your Child Should Be A Virgin Who Believes In God

June 28, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Six months after publishing 7 Things I Require In The Future Mother Of My Child, I wanted to make two minor adjustments that refine the list even further.

If you haven't read the article yet, here's the original seven points:

1. She must be between 18-25 years old
2. She must have less than three prior sexual partners, though I prefer a virgin
3. Her physical attractiveness should hover around the 7 range
4. Her skin tone should be within two shades of myself
5. She must be feminine
6. She must want to be a traditional stay-at-home mother
7. She must believe in a god

Stronger preference should be given to virgins

I'm increasing the importance on finding a virgin. Sluts will often share the myth that virgins are a bad mate to choose from because she will get curious and cheat on you, but the studies don't at all bear this out (1, 2, 3, 4). If you are serious about creating a family with a girl, you should heavily weigh her virginal status, because it acts as an insurance policy—though not a guarantee—against impulsive female behavior.

Even if you have found a girl with a low notch count, there is the danger that a part of her heart is still set on another man from a previous relationship. Even though she is firmly in a relationship with you, dealing with an emotional widow will cause you problems down the line, especially since it's common for a girl to keep "in touch" with exes.

It is ideal to have a girl who is clean both physically and emotionally, without any lingering baggage that can hurt your future family. Only a virgin can provide this.

A nominal belief in God is not enough

I thought that a girl believing in God was sufficient in having a girl with a strong moral code, but I have discovered that it is not. Your future wife must get beliefs *and behavioral guidance* from her book of worship. In other words, she must opt out of certain acts solely because God commanded her to.

There are millions of girls in Europe who "believe in God" but do drugs, lie, cheat, and have countless sexual partners. Don't let her "spiritual but not religious" belief system fool you into thinking that she actually allows the word of God to tame her destructive female nature.

Unless a girl can tell you that she rejected a behavior because it went against God, she is lacking a moral code and will make decisions in the future which will cause harm to you

and your children.

Beware of very beautiful women

I wanted to stress point number three on my original list that a girl should not be *too* beautiful. Now that the leftist anti-beauty cult has ravaged so many women into looking like disgusting beasts, the remaining beautiful women are getting unfathomable amounts of attention, more than legitimate female celebrities from a generation ago. The wolves will always be circling your beautiful girl, and while tight game can prevent her from straying, at least in the short-term, a non-virgin without a strict moral code will eventually succumb to the call of excitement and novel pleasure. She is human, after all.

I've come to learn that even in medium-sized cities, a girl of high beauty is hit on constantly and persistently by a replenishing supply of players and orbiters. Short of moving to a little village or locking her into a dungeon, there isn't much you can do to prevent it. The more beautiful your girl, the more you'll have to trust her, but this is close to impossible if she has a loose past and a lack of morals.

Conclusion

It may be obvious to you that I've thought about having kids. My focus is not so much on her aesthetics or token behaviors but her *history* and *values*. The problem is that very few women have values that exceed even prostitutes of old, especially in the West where the dominating institutions are helping shove slime and rot into her very core. If you meet a girl who hits all seven items on my list, you potentially have a great mom on your hands.

Read Next: *The United States Of Broken Women*

WATCH: The Future Of The World

July 1, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

My newest video shares what will happen in the decades to come. Have a look:

Visit my Youtube channel and hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

If you like this article and are concerned about the future of the Western world, check out my book Free Speech Isn't Free. It gives an inside look to how the globalist establishment is attempting to marginalize masculine men with a leftist agenda that promotes censorship, feminism, and sterility. It also shares key knowledge and tools that you can use to defend yourself against social justice attacks. **Click here to learn more about the book**. Your support will help maintain my operation.

Previous Video: *4 Things You Should Know About Free Speech*

7 Ways My Body Has Changed After Hitting 30

July 4, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In spite of my best efforts, I have been unable to halt the effects of time upon my body. While I have no serious health issues, a crop of minor annoyances have popped up. I want to share them so the young men reading today have an idea of what to expect as they get older.

1. My sex drive has reduced

In my early 20's, I remember masturbating at least once a day. I used to think about sex constantly and be ready to fornicate with anything remotely decent. Today, I don't think of sex at all unless I'm in the vicinity of a beautiful girl or I haven't been laid in at least two weeks. Because of that, I've been far more productive when it comes to work and can think more clearly, but I do feel like I'm missing out on a primal motivator that drove me in the past.

I know many men who take various hormonal substances to re-gain their vigor, but I don't yet see it as a problem requiring medicinal supplementation.

2. My urine flow is more lazy

It takes me more time to shake off the remaining drops after urination, as if there is greater leftover still in the pipes. I'm aware that I could do reps of squeezing exercises that hit my PC muscles, but it's not yet a big problem

3. I'm more fatigued after working out

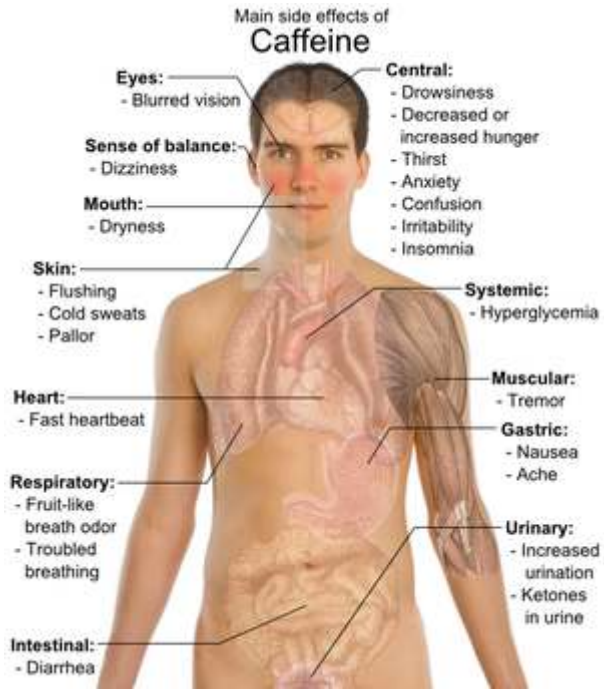
After a workout, my body wants to call it a day and rest. To combat this, I sometimes have to take an espresso shot to help get me through the remainder of the day, something I didn't have to do when I was younger. When I was boxing in Ukraine a couple years ago, some of the workouts were so intense that I had to go to sleep right after.

Working out is supposed to increase your overall energy in theory, but you must account for long periods of rest.

4. My joints are getting stiffer

When I wake up in the morning, my spine, shoulders, wrists, ankles, and knees feel rigid, and I have to move around a bit until they are lubricated. I also have to stretch a lot more than when I was younger.

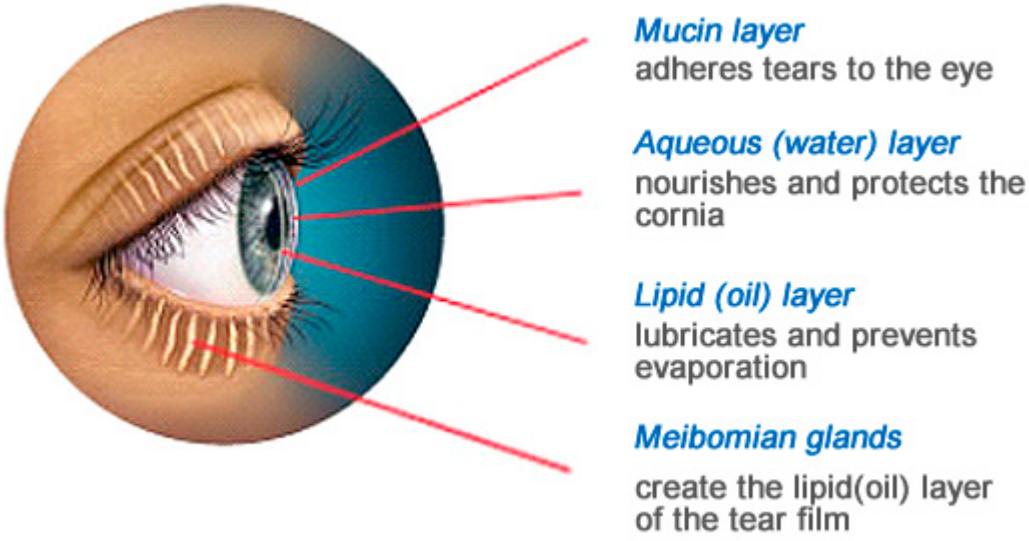
5. My kidneys are more sensitive to salt, caffeine, and alcohol



After eating a salty meal, I have to drink huge amounts of water afterwards to re-balance my system. My kidneys also go crazy if I go too heavy on diuretic drinks during the day,

such as consuming coffee in the afternoon and then beer in the evening. During periods of drinking coffee every day, I feel like I'm in a chronic state of dehydration.

6. My eyes get so dry they burn



I've always had slightly dry eyes, but during the winter it's getting bad enough that I have to sometimes skip out on wearing contacts. I've been able to temporarily solve this problem with eye drops and heat compresses, but I'm not producing enough eye oil. My eye doctor thinks it's due to being on the computer so much, where blinking is less frequent.

7. My stomach sticks out slightly more

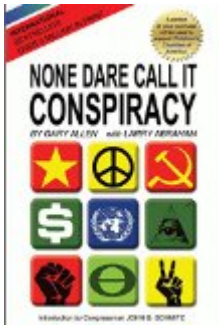
I haven’t put more fat on my stomach, but I noticed it’s a bit more distended than when I was younger, as if it wants to round out. My guess is that this is from lower levels of testosterone and just general aging.

The above changes aren’t debilitating by any means, but they are changes nonetheless. Based on what I see in my father, I’m guessing that my body will degrade slowly at first, and then a bit more rapidly after I hit 50 and all the little problems escalate further. As long as my dick works and I don’t need to hire a Filipina nurse to sponge bathe me, I think I’ll be able to adapt to the changes that come.

Don’t Miss: *You Are Most Certainly Deficient In Vitamin D*

How A Small Cabal Is Using Socialism & Cultural Marxism To Consolidate World Power

July 7, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



None Dare Call It Conspiracy details the overreaching "conspiracy" of elites pushing socialism and Cultural Marxism onto the masses while accumulating even greater centralized control over nations and their citizens. Feminists and social justice warriors are nothing more than the financed low-level soldiers in a vice to destroy the family unit and control human behavior while top-down pressure is being applied by forces who are above the law.

> "There are no accidents in politics." —Joseph P. Kennedy

History had a long line of power-hungry rulers and despots. We still have them, but they wear suits and ties and speak of "equality" and "human rights," mere covers for them to increase their power by using various *-isms* to centralize governments that can then be commandeered by the puppets they insert.

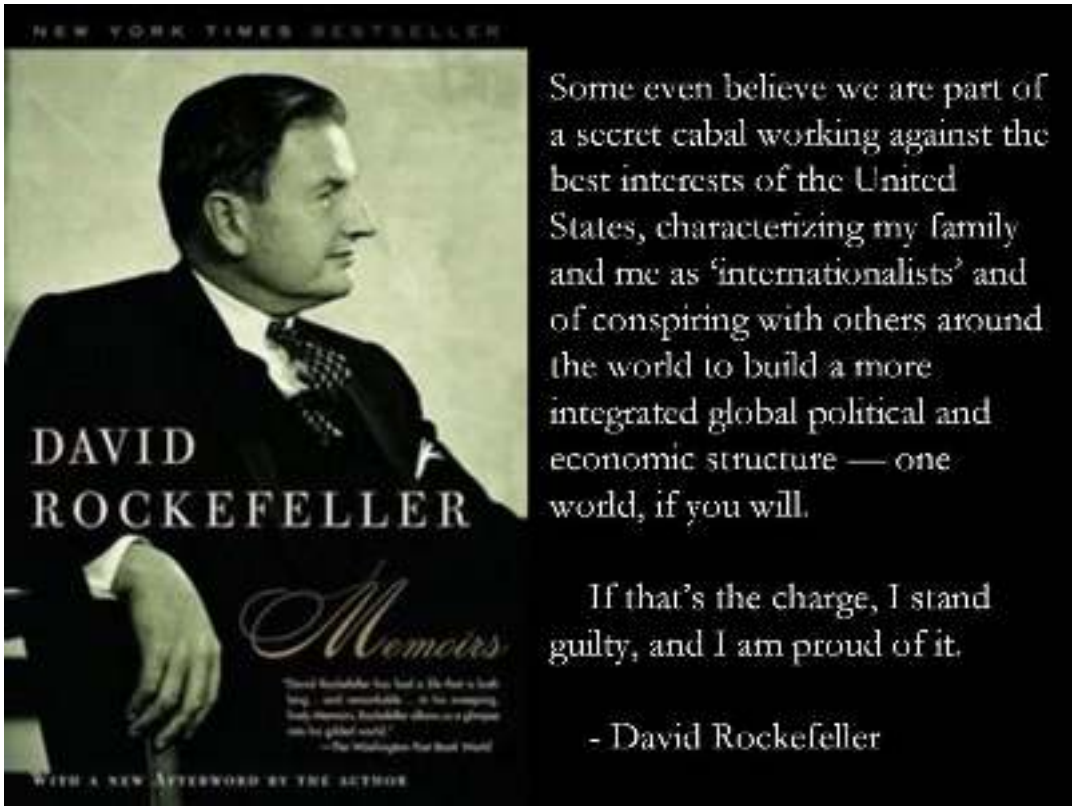
Socialism is their favorite tool to increase government power because a socialist state requires massive centralization. When something is centralized and top heavy, it's easy to control if you can put your man at its head.

What exactly is socialism? It's 1% or less of individuals at the top controlling the wealth and distributing rations to the bottom 99%. It is nothing more than an operating system for a small group to take control over a nation's resources while the sheep follow along, thinking they will have a better standard of living because of it.

> The idea that socialism is a share-the-wealth program is strictly a confidence game to get the people to surrender their freedom to an all-powerful collectivist government. While the Insiders tell us we are building a paradise on earth, we are actually constructing a jail for ourselves.
>
> […]
>
> …the policies of the government today, whether Republican or Democratic, are closer to the 1932 platform of the Communist Party than they are to either of their own party platforms in that critical year.
>
> […]

> Every proposal by our political leaders… carries us further leftward to centralized government. This is not because socialism is inevitable. Is is no more inevitable than Pharaohism. Is it largely the result of clever planning and patient gradualism.
>
> […]
>
> Doesn't it strike you as strange that some of the individuals pushing hardest for socialism have their own personal wealth protected in family trusts and tax-free foundations? …if one understands that socialism is not a share-the-wealth program, but is in reality a method to consolidate and control the wealth, then the seeming paradox of super-rich men promoting socialism becomes no paradox at all.

What a brilliant scam for the filthy rich to push feminism, equality, and all that nonsense on us when they are rigging the game to protect their wealth and pay less taxes than the middle class. If you keep moving up the institutional ladder into the central banks, you'll encounter men who control it all.



When banks loan to retail clients such as yourself, they usually get collateral through property or other assets. When bigger banks loan to governments, they get collateral in the form of gaining influence in policy decision making (e.g. having their officers being placed in influential government positions). If a government disobeys, they can simply finance that government's enemy.

Your government is therefore controlled by those they get money from, so to understand who is truly ruling over you, you only have to identify those who run the biggest banks of your nation. They have more power than your elected rulers.

The book states that banking panics are caused by bankers with the intent to put certain

competitors out of business while creating a “crisis” that allows for “reforms” that give them even more wealth and power. The globalists at the top run up debts, collect interest payments, rig the markets, steal wealth from the sheep, and then force us into wars as perverse “profit maximizers.” All major wars of the last 100 years were essentially get-rich-quick schemes of the globalists, which explains America’s perpetual wars in the Middle East. These men are parasites who view the rest of humanity as a mere device for them to rule and dominate.

> The graduated income tax and a central bank are two of the ten planks of *The Communism Manifesto*.
>
> […]
>
> The establishing of the Federal Reserve System provided the “conspiracy” with an instrument whereby the international bankers could run the national debt up to the sky, thereby collecting enormous amounts of interest and also gaining control over the borrower.
>
> […]
>
> Since the keystone of the international banking empires has been government bonds, it has been in the interest of these international bankers to encourage government debt. The higher the debt the more the interest. Nothing drives government deeply into debt like a war; and it has not been an uncommon practice among international bankers to finance both sides of the bloodiest military conflicts. For example, during our Civil War the North was financed by the Rothschilds through their American agent, August Belmont, and the American South through the Erlangers, Rothschild relatives.

When it comes to politics and punditry, what’s important is finding out who funds the politician or the think tank commentator, because if you know the source of funding, you know the agenda and which strings are being pulled.

> Radical movements are never successful unless they attract big money and/or outside support. The great historian of the 20th century, Oswald Spengler, was one of those who saw what American Liberals refuse to see—that the Left is controlled by its alleged enemy, the malefactors of great wealth.
>
> […]
>
> …[the] Leftist ideology and platform were made to order for the elitist Insiders because it aimed at concentrating power in government.

Those who had a hand in creating the Federal Reserve—a privately owned bank—through meetings on Jekyll Island also played a part in financing the Bolshevik Revolution in Russia. This is why so many forces in America were sympathetic to Communist Russia and even Stalin, and why the end result of World War 2 was less about defeating fascism but handing countries over to centralized communist control (just as many countries that were "liberated" from Hitler went over to Stalin). They hoped the result of WW2 could usher in a world government controlled by a socialist republic in the prototype of Russia, all created, financed, and controlled by globalist interests.

To add money to the pot, Russia was made to be the big bad "enemy" to justify billions in defense spending in the US that also went into globalist coffers. They control so many angles of the game that it's hard for them to lose. Every time you use one of their bank notes, backed by nothing, you aid in justifying their power.

> Does it make sense to spend $75 billion a year on national defense and then deliberately increase the war-making potential of an avowed enemy? It does to Mr. Rockefeller and the Insiders.
>
> […]
>
> One of the primary reasons the Insiders worked behind the scenes to foment WW1 was to create in its aftermath a world government. If you wish to establish national monopolies, you must control national governments. If you wish to establish international monopolies and cartels, you must control a world government.
>
> […]
>
> …the cartel capitalist uses the government to force the public to do business with him. [Sound like Obamacare?]

The conspiracy includes being able to control who is elected as US President "in order that no candidate might be nominated whose views were not in accord with theirs." All

information and ideas you consume from the establishment is controlled, along with the candidates you vote for.

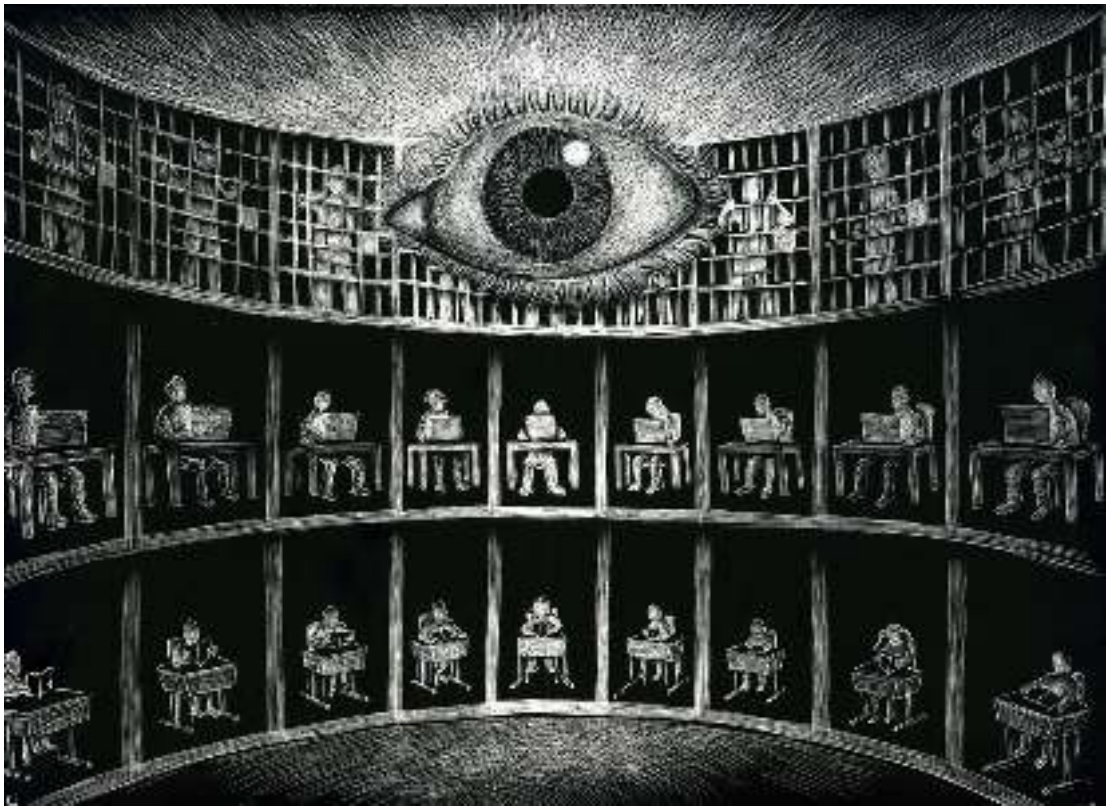
> Although there are philosophical differences between the grass roots Democrats and the grass roots Republicans, yet as you move up the party ladders these differences become less and less distinguishable until finally the ladders disappear behind the Establishment's managed news curtain and come together at the apex under the control of the Council Of Foreign Relations.
>
> […]
>
> The landscape painters focus your attention on the kids in the street while the real danger is from above.

One particular passage caught my eye because it seemed relevant to the European migrant crises that started in 2015 (the book was written in 1971):

> …elite planners conduct exercises in what they call "the world game." For example: There are too many people in Country A and not enough people in Country B. How do you move people from Country A to Country B? We need so many males, so many females, so many of this occupation and so many of that occupation. How do you get these people from Country A and settle them in Country B in the shortest possible time?

Obama's campaign marketing for presidency was nothing more than the spamming an old socialist idea:

> [Socialist and liberal] groups chant that if we don't "change" America, we will lose it. "Change" is a word we hear over and over. By "changes" these groups mean Socialism. Virtually all members of these groups sincerely believe that they are fighting the Establishment. In reality they are an indispensable ally of the Establishment in fastening Socialism on all of us.



The book closes out by urging the reader to spread anti-socialist ideas further, similar to what I advise in the Global Information Warfare section of The Resistance Pyramid, since a bank robber isn't going to rob a bank if he knows the police is already there waiting for him.

I wish I read this book before I started getting into battles with feminists and their enablers, the most intense of which I described in my book Free Speech Isn't Free. For over ten years, I thought that feminism was more-or-less a grassroots movement propelled by uppity women to assert their superiority over men, and while that may be subjectively true for the useless idiot feminist who thinks she is fighting the patriarchy, she's actually part of a top-down socialist movement that attempts to collectivize and centralize nations to allow for seamless control over global wealth, resources, and power that hapless citizens go along with in the name of "progress" and "equality."

It's great to know what the elite's agenda is, but considering the powerful forces it stems from, the book doesn't give me much hope in putting a stop to it. Nonetheless, I highly recommend this book because it clearly explains the acts of subversion that is grinding us down, and who knows, maybe knowledge is power, and from that we can gain the wisdom and tools to defeat our masters.

Read More: *"None Dare Call It Conspiracy" on Amazon*

Ask Me A Question And I Will Respond In Video

July 11, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

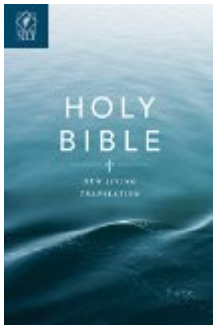
It’s been a few years since I did a video AMA. I’d like to do one now to capture my current thinking and beliefs. Using the comments below or Twitter, ask me a question that you would like an answer to. No question is off-limits, and I wouldn’t mind some harder questions that make me contemplate a reasonable position.

I’ll collect questions this week, film my answers, and then upload a indexed video so you can jump around to individual responses.

Don’t Miss: *A Day In The Life Of Roosh In Odessa Ukraine*

An Introduction To The Old Testament

July 13, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



I started to read the Bible to see if it could offer me answers beyond the "logical" explanations I already hold. I went into this endeavor with an open mind, ready to change my belief system if it was sufficiently challenged.

The Bible contains two books: the Old Testament and the New Testament. The Old Testament is a book for Jews that includes Genesis and the stories of Moses and King David, among others. It sets the stage for the New Testament and the arrival of Jesus, a Jew who came from David's ancestral line. I started reading the King James Version before moving to the New Living Translation, which uses modern language to make reading easier (I'll quote from both versions). This article only covers the Old Testament.

The Old Testament (OT) primarily contains rules for Jews, many of which are followed by Christians, such as the Ten Commandments (Jews also get many of their rules from the Talmud and other texts). If there's a rule in the OT that Christians don't have to follow, it was "fulfilled" by Jesus and his ultimate sacrifice. The larger rules such as not killing or bearing false witness apply to both religions, which is where a term like "Judeo-Christian morals" come from.

What I quickly realized is that the legitimacy of Jesus depends on the accuracy and truthfulness of the OT. If the OT is false then Jesus did not come from the line of David and any prophecy he fulfilled is also false. This means that you must believe in the story of the OT to also believe in Jesus being the son of God.

Christians have a special place in their hearts for Jews, because Jesus was a Jew and they accept that God originally chose them as His people, but if the OT is not real then the New Testament (NT) is at least partly a work of fiction.

A woman ruined paradise on Earth

Count on a woman to not be happy with living in literal paradise. The first woman, Eve, is seduced by a serpent creature to eat from a tree she was explicitly told not to touch.

> And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her; and he did eat. (Genesis 3:6)
>
> And the LORD God said unto the woman, What is this that thou hast done? And the woman said, The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat. (Genesis 3:13)

Her husband, Adam, failed in his masculine duties to prevent his wife from eating the forbidden fruit, and also for being manipulated by her into eating it as well. For this "original sin," Adam and Eve, along with the rest of humanity, were no longer allowed to live in paradise and were destined to experience pain, sin, misery, suffering, and death.

Even since Biblical times, men knew what would happen if women were not prevented from doing what they wanted. One of the most important stories of the Bible was intended to control the amount of free will that they now have.

The first false rape accusation

The Bible has the first written record of a false rape accusation. It was levied against Joseph by the wife of Egyptian military leader Potiphar. The reason? He refused to sleep with her.

> And it came to pass about this time, that Joseph went into the house to do his business; and there was none of the men of the house there within. And she caught him by his garment, saying, Lie with me: and he left his garment in her hand, and fled, and got him out. And it came to pass, when she saw that he had left his garment in her hand, and was fled forth, That she called unto the men of her house, and spake unto them, saying, See, he hath brought in an Hebrew unto us to mock us; he came in unto me to lie with me, and I cried with a loud voice: And it came to pass, when he heard that I lifted up my voice and cried, that he left his garment with me, and fled, and got him out. (Genesis 39:11-14)

He was put into prison to rot, and would have died there unless he was able to successfully interpret one of the Pharaoh's dreams. Modern men, unfortunately, do not have this get-out-of-jail-free card.

Not bearing false witness is a recurring rule in the Bible. The punishment for the liar should be the same that their victim would have suffered had he been found guilty.

> Thou shalt not raise a false report: put not thine hand with the wicked to be an unrighteous witness. (Exodus 21:1)
>
> If a false witness rise up against any man to testify against him that which is wrong then both the men, between whom the controversy is, shall stand before the LORD, before the priests and the judges, which shall be in those days. And the judges shall make diligent inquisition: and, behold, if the witness be a false

> witness, and hath testified falsely against his brother, then shall ye do unto him, as he had thought to have done unto his brother: so shalt thou put the evil away from among you. (Deuteronomy 19:16-19)

Morals and law

The morals laid out in the Bible were straight-forward. Things that we now believe as “common sense” are based on Jewish morality principles, which amount to taking responsibility for your actions and those under your control, such as your farm animals. If you or they cause harm to others, you must rectify the problem or be punished in an equal manner.

> Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot. Burning for burning, wound for wound, stripe for stripe. (Exodus 21:24-25)
>
> Whoso killeth any person, the murderer shall be put to death by the mouth of witnesses: but one witness shall not testify against any person to cause him to die. (Numbers 35:30)

The OT was not at all lenient about sparing punishment. Christianity greatly softened this approach with Jesus instructing his followers to love their enemies.

God is usually angry

The OT God is a furious god. He is always ready to enact death and destruction on those who stand against the Jews. More commonly, however, his fury is directed at the Jews themselves when they stray from Him and worship other gods or idols.

Overall, God makes hundreds of threats in the OT, including against women and children, and performed some actions that today could be called genocide. If you stand against him and his plans, you will not escape his wrath.

> Then the LORD said, “I have seen how stubborn and rebellious these people are. Now leave me alone so my fierce anger can blaze against them, and I will destroy them.” (Exodus 32:9-10)

If you somehow manage to escape punishment from God, he will punish your children and grandchildren:

> But I do not excuse the guilty. I lay the sins of the parents upon their children and grandchildren. (Exodus 34:7)
>
> I lay the sins of the parents upon their children; the entire family is affected—even children in the third and fourth generations of those who reject me. But I lavish unfailing love for a thousand generations on those who love me and obey my commands. (Deuteronomy 5:9-10)
>
> Kill this man’s children! Let them die because of their father’s sins! They must not rise and conquer the earth, filling the world with their cities.” (Isaiah 14:21)

If you follow God, he will grant you victory over your enemies:

> The LORD your God will drive those nations out ahead of you little by little. You will not clear them away all at once, otherwise the wild animals would multiply

> too quickly for you. But the LORD your God will hand them over to you. He will throw them into complete confusion until they are destroyed. He will put their kings in your power, and you will erase their names from the face of the earth. No one will be able to stand against you, and you will destroy them all. (Deuteronomy 7:22-24)

If God decides to destroy you, chances are he will do so by empowering your enemies:

> And the children of Israel did evil again in the sight of the LORD: and the LORD strengthened Eglon the king of Moab against Israel, because they had done evil in the sight of the LORD. (Judges 3:12)

There is no afterlife in the OT. If you stand against God, you will be punished in *this* life, but it's quite common for bad people to prosper for extended periods. This fact is referenced several times in the Bible by the faithful but downtrodden. How could people have faith in God when they follow His rules yet are worse off than pagan worshipers?

Christianity solved that problem by describing an afterlife where you can be rewarded with entry by following Jesus. Your neighbor sins continually and happens to be rich and healthy, but rest assured that he will be punished *after* he dies with eternal damnation.

The afterlife/hell reward-punishment system would be effective at allowing the poor to accept their lot and not rebel against their richer neighbors or rulers. Similar themes of acceptance are found in the OT:

> It is better to be godly and have little than to be evil and rich. For the strength of the wicked will be shattered, but the LORD takes care of the godly. (Psalm 37:16-17)
>
> Better to be patient than powerful; better to have self-control than to conquer a city. (Proverbs 16:32)

Whether deliberately or not, the Bible push faith in God as a way to accept your disadvantaged lot. I imagine that the poorer you were, the more you looked to faith to explain how your hard life was a preliminary stage before being graced with God's goodness.

There is little in the Bible about taking the initiative to start a revolution, overthrow your corrupt rulers, and take their wealth. You're supposed to wait for God to take care of evil-doers instead of addressing the problem yourself.

God has a hard time getting the Jews to follow Him

Not long after God freed the Jews from bondage in Egypt, they went against Him and worshiped a golden calf. In moments of fatigue from traveling through the wilderness on the way to Israel, they even begged Moses to return back to slavery in Egypt. The OT has countless examples of the Jews behaving badly and God having to enact vengeance upon them, in spite of all the miracles He performed for them through His prophets.

> Ye have been rebellious against the LORD from the day that I knew you. (Deuteronomy 9:24)

God comes across as a parent who has trouble establishing authority over his petulant children. His threats are clear and numerous:

> If you ever forget the LORD your God and follow other gods, worshiping and bowing down to them, you will certainly be destroyed. Just as the LORD has destroyed other nations in your path, you also will be destroyed if you refuse to obey the LORD your God. (Deuteronomy 8:19-20)
>
> Just as the LORD has found great pleasure in causing you to prosper and multiply, the LORD will find pleasure in destroying you. You will be torn from the land you are about to enter and occupy. (Deuteronomy 28:63)
>
> Israel is a foolish and stupid nation, for its people have turned away from God. Therefore, the one who made them will show them no pity or mercy. (Isaiah 27:11)

He has moments where He tries to understand why the Jews don't listen after all that He's done for them:

> And the LORD said to Moses, "How long will these people treat me with contempt? Will they never believe me, even after all the miraculous signs I have

> done among them? I will disown them and destroy them with a plague. Then I will make you into a nation greater and mightier than they are!" (Numbers 14:11)
>
> "How can I pardon you? For even your children have turned from me. They have sworn by gods that are not gods at all! I fed my people until they were full. But they thanked me by committing adultery and lining up at the brothels. They are well-fed, lusty stallions, each neighing for his neighbor's wife. Should I not punish them for this?" says the LORD. Should I not avenge myself against such a nation?" (Jeremiah 5:7-9)

At other points, it seems that God throws up His hands in utter despair:

> "Did I not rescue you from the Egyptians, the Amorites, the Ammonites, the Philistines, the Sidonians, the Amalekites, and the Maonites? When they oppressed you, you cried out to me for help, and I rescued you. Yet you have abandoned me and served other gods. So I will not rescue you anymore. Go and cry out to the gods you have chosen! Let them rescue you in your hour of distress!" (Judges 10:11-14)
>
> "O my people, what have I done to you? What have I done to make you tired of me? Answer me!" (Micah 6:3)

The problem may lie in the fact that God moves too slowly. Jews know that if they disobey Him, they can "get away" with the sin and possibly escape punishment, possibly for the duration of their lives. Maybe their children or grandchildren will be punished instead, but God's punishment won't be swift or even guaranteed.

In addition, God's punishments aren't obvious. Is the bad you're experiencing in life due to just a random event or from God's hands? There is no way to link your actions in this life with that of a Godly punishment or reward. This is why the Jews would worship a fertility God like Baal, who would give them more immediate benefits.

At the end of the Bible, in the Book Of Zephaniah, we complete a full circle and arrive right at the beginning, with the Jews failing to listen to God.

> "I have wiped out many nations, devastating their fortress walls and towers. Their streets are now deserted; their cities lie in silent ruin. There are no survivors—none at all. I thought, 'Surely they will have reverence for me now! Surely they will listen to my warnings. Then I won't need to strike again, destroying their homes.' But no, they get up early to continue their evil deeds. Therefore, be patient," says the LORD. "Soon I will stand and accuse these evil nations. For I have decided to gather the kingdoms of the earth and pour out my fiercest anger and fury on them. All the earth will be devoured by the fire of my jealousy." (Zephaniah 3:6-8)

The end of the Bible suggests that God failed to achieve any sort of change upon His people.

Did God want the Jews to be Central Bankers?

The part that raised my eyebrows, and made me question the OT in its entirety was when God granted Jews the ability to lend money at interest to non-Jews, but not to Jews.

> Do not charge interest on the loans you make to a fellow Israelite, whether you loan money, or food, or anything else. You may charge interest to foreigners, but you may not charge interest to Israelites, so that the LORD your God may bless you in everything you do in the land you are about to enter and occupy. (Deuteronomy 23:19-20)

In effect, God wanted Jews to be merchants with the end goal of enslaving the world with centralized banking and finance as perfected by the Jewish families like the Rothschilds and Warburgs. This is such a specific exemption that it's hard not to suspect that it was inserted there by man and not God.

What to think about all the miracles?

The OT had a lot of miracles. Some prophets sent by God performed substantially more miracles than others. The first question you wonder is why don't we see miracles today? A possible answer is that we simply rationalize positive events as "good luck" when in the past they would just attribute it to God's hands. Then again, people today aren't exactly being raised from the dead like they were in the OT.

Conclusion

The OT is long but the storyline is basic:

- God has rules that he wants Jews to follow
- If Jews obey God, they are rewarded
- If Jews disobey God, they or their descendants are punished

This repeats hundreds of time throughout the OT, sometimes in a chronological history and sometimes in a sort of time vacuum, with constant reinforcement of the lesson that you must obey everything God wants in order to escape His punishment.

I started reading the OT with openness, but it turned to skepticism early on. The logical part of me couldn't fully accept what appears to be a compilation of writings meant to direct or control a small group of people from stepping out of line and questioning their human rulers (kings and priests). I never felt that I was reading anything but the words of mortal man, though I do agree with the general wisdom and morality that the OT provides, along with its take on human behavior.

If you've spent your whole life guided by the scientific method, it's hard to completely accept at face value the stories that the Bible provides. I moved on to the New Testament

less eager that when I started reading the Old.

Read More: *“Holy Bible: New Living Translation” on Amazon*

14 Answers To Lifestyle And Health Questions

July 18, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Last week I asked for your questions and received over 300 of them. It made the most sense to group the questions by topic. Here is the first video on lifestyle and health:

Here's the index so you can jump around:

0:13
"Roosh, we often laugh at the antics of feminists and SJW's but the focused effort against you from the ROK meetups must have still been withering. What mindset principles and practices did you use to stay mentally strong during that fiasco?" (UNABASHED)

4:01
"With workplaces becoming increasingly hostile to men, with women acting as the gatekeepers to employment, affirmative action being commonplace, etc., do you have any actionable insights or tips for men to prevent, deal with, or get out of poverty in a declining society that routinely denies them opportunities?" (CONRAD STONEBANKS)

7:58
How important are partners in business, teamwork or life in general?" (DWRD CFLA)

12:22
"What stack of skills do you think 18-30 year olds should begin to hone to live the best life possible? Do they change past 30?" (LIBERTAS)

15:16
"How to be true to yourself while living in a Leftist-dominated society like Canada or Western Europe where,oftentimes, people like us have to lead double lives out of fear of reprisal?" (NEVSKY)

18:09
"Hi Roosh, just read your latest book Free speech isn't free – loved it, then bought your whole collection of books. My question is – If you decide to start something new, how do you push away all thought such as these "You should be doing something else, this is a waste of time"?" (TIMMAH)

20:05
"How did you support yourself while writing your first ebook? I'm writing some fiction. It will be a 5-10 year project. I'm not expecting to make any money on the first book and I am working in property to support myself." (TOM)

22:45
"Considering what you've seen and to my knowledge accepted through the work of Marcus Aurelius, does the time spent chasing women for hedonistic pleasure seem worthwhile to you now, or do you now think there may have been better things to spend your time doing?" (STILBON)

27:45

“If you was send back in time to when you were 25, what would you then do?” (SCANDINAVIAN JAKE)

29:32

“How can we escape the system?” (MR. LEON)

32:03

“What tips would you have for starting a politically incorrect blog like this one? Would it make sense to hide my identity?” (PYRO)

34:40

“The more people I know, and the older I get, the more misanthropic I become. Have you also become more misanthropic with age?” (RK ROMA)

37:55

“You said awhile ago that you don’t cocern yourself with happiness, you’re just a man who has had experiences. Could you expand on that, and potentially give some advice on how to be like that?” (OCON)

42:33

“I remember in one of your videos or live talks you said you ate very little to maintain the figure you have.. Am a few years older and always experimenting with various habits and rituals to keep the diet such that one stays trim and toned. Of course exercise and weights too.. Do you have any tips for a man in his thirties for how to stay in form?” (STADTAFFE)

More videos are on the way…

Previous Video: *The Future Of The World*

10 Answers To Questions About American Politics

July 26, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The next Q&A video is on USA politics:

Here's the index so you can jump around:

0:13
"If you were a president or a influential congressional member, how would you encourage nationalism without neglecting minority groups such as blacks, latinos, asians, etc? Since those groups do have political and financial power. Also how would you keep nationalism in check to prevent another world war since keep in mind that nationalism and militarism were the primary causes of WWI and a factor (not the primary cause) of WWII." (JANE PETERSON)

6:52
"If Trump fails to deliver on what you expect and/or is a disappointment, what do you recommend we do?" (MERCENARY)

10:21
"If you became president, what executive orders would you make the first day in office?" (SAGETTAURUS)

15:17
"What is the actual end goal of causing division and chaos with BLM/Islamic "refugees" etc? Cause enough fear that they can implement martial law? What is the point? I see that the point of global trading, immigration, and feminism is economic due to cheap labor and increased tax revenue, but what is the point of causing racial division in the US? What is the end game of having sharia in Europe? Or are the powers-that-be just naive?" (SLIM SHADY)

20:26
"Cops quite readily violate probable cause and other such statutes, and lie to get their way – often supported by other cops and courts to charge especially young people with frivolous yet serious crimes. Yet, after the BLM bullshit we have forgotten about these violations and become "pro-cop". How do you reconcile the real infringements on freedom by officers while not giving ground to race-baiting terrorists?" (SLIM SHADY)

24:44
"While organizations such as Black Lives Matter are dangerous and need to be stopped, it has become obvious in their inaction that the police are handcuffed by bureaucrats, while average citizens are being jailed for ludicrous offenses on a daily basis. What are your feelings on holding police accountable for 1) Their inaction when groups like BLM disrupt peaceful meetings (like the Young Republicans gathering at Depaul) and 2) Continuing to enforce immoral and unconstitutional laws that enable gun confiscation, seizure of assets, false rape accusations, and unfairly targeting and arresting men during domestic violence encounters?" (DJDJDJ)

28:23

“Do you think that any American leader (Trump or anybody else) can reverse this third-wave, toxic feminism or is America simply too far gone? Another way of asking this is: after the meetup outrage in Feb, have you given up on America?” (JOHN QUINCY)

33:30

“I have alleged that bringing men into the RoK-sphere is a step-by-step process. First we convince mainstream Republicans to the anti-feminist side, then expose them more and more to the RoK. I seriously doubt mainstream America will go from embracing the gender equality message to Roosh V overnight. And we need mainstream America to convert. Why do you antagonize female anti-feminists?” (JOHN QUINCY)

36:20

“What should be the #1 medium-term strategic goal of the nationalist/patriot wave? In my mind, it’s destroying the media. Do you have a different assessment?” (LIBERTAS)

39:11

“As a man on a college campus, how can I fight against feminism?” (JUSTIN)

Previous Video: *14 Answers To Lifestyle And Health Questions*

5 Answers To Religion & Spirtuality Questions

August 1, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The next Q&A video is on religion:

Here's the index so you can jump around:

0:10
"1. Why is it that you seem to go against your fellow middle easterners and uncle tom for the whites. is it due to that they are your main readers.
2. Why do you hate Islam and immigrants from Muslim countries despite being the son of an Iranian immigrant?" (SPLOOGE & SOREN)

9:31
"1. Every intellectual has to pick a religion. They usually do it by now; you're almost 40. What is the holdup?
2. Are you contemplating joining an organized church/religion?
3. What is your current status with regards to religion and spirituality?" (SGT POG, PEARLBUCK, KOMATIITE)

14:25
"To what extent do religion or spirituality play a role in your daily life?" (THEBASSIST)

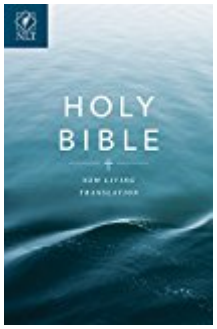
17:28
"Have you ever tried Meditation? If so, thoughts? If not, is it something on your radar?" (DASHER)

21:05
"1. How can one prepare for "the end" (death)?
2. Were you ready to lose it all for what you believed in?" (RONALD REAGAN REMIX)

Previous Video: *10 Answers To Questions About American Politics*

The Old Testament's Position On Female Behavior

August 3, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



If you were to summarize in one word what the Old Testament said about how women ought to behave, it would be "submissive." Women were destined to protect their sexual honor until they fulfilled a submissive role in the family home. This was made most vividly clear with the story of the Oholah and Oholibah sisters, found in Ezekiel 23, which uses a metaphor to describe the Jews "whoring" themselves to other gods. Besides the changing of a few details, it's a tale that rings eerily familiar to the behavior of modern women.

The Oholah and Oholibah Sisters

> This message came to me from the LORD: "Son of man, once there were two sisters who were daughters of the same mother. They became prostitutes in Egypt. Even as young girls, they allowed men to fondle their breasts. The older girl was named Oholah, and her sister was Oholibah. I married them, and they bore me sons and daughters. I am speaking of Samaria and Jerusalem, for Oholah is Samaria and Oholibah is Jerusalem.
>
> "Then Oholah lusted after other lovers instead of me, and she gave her love to the Assyrian officers. They were all attractive young men, captains and commanders dressed in handsome blue, charioteers driving their horses. And so she prostituted herself with the most desirable men of Assyria, worshiping their idols and defiling herself. For when she left Egypt, she did not leave her spirit of prostitution behind. She was still as lewd as in her youth, when the Egyptians slept with her, fondled her breasts, and used her as a prostitute.
>
> "And so I handed her over to her Assyrian lovers, whom she desired so much. They stripped her, took away her children as their slaves, and then killed her. After she received her punishment, her reputation was known to every woman in the land.
>
> "Yet even though Oholibah saw what had happened to Oholah, her sister, she followed right in her footsteps. And she was even more depraved, abandoning herself to her lust and prostitution. She fawned over all the Assyrian officers—those captains and commanders in handsome uniforms, those charioteers driving their horses—all of them attractive young men. I saw the way

> she was going, defiling herself just like her older sister.
>
> “Then she carried her prostitution even further. She fell in love with pictures that were painted on a wall—pictures of Babylonian military officers, outfitted in striking red uniforms. Handsome belts encircled their waists, and flowing turbans crowned their heads. They were dressed like chariot officers from the land of Babylonia. When she saw these paintings, she longed to give herself to them, so she sent messengers to Babylonia to invite them to come to her. So they came and committed adultery with her, defiling her in the bed of love. After being defiled, however, she rejected them in disgust.
>
> “In the same way, I became disgusted with Oholibah and rejected her, just as I had rejected her sister, because she flaunted herself before them and gave herself to satisfy their lusts. Yet she turned to even greater prostitution, remembering her youth when she was a prostitute in Egypt. She lusted after lovers with genitals as large as a donkey’s and emissions like those of a horse. And so, Oholibah, you relived your former days as a young girl in Egypt, when you first allowed your breasts to be fondled.”

Oholah took on the exact same whore path as Oholibah even though she saw firsthand how it led to her absolute ruin. Do you know any women today who fail to think of the consequences of their promiscuity? Do you know any women who are unable to see what will happen to them if they continue down the wrong road? Considering that Western governments have just about removed all ramifications for a woman’s actions, it’s no surprise that we have nations full of Oholahs and Oholibahs.

Unlike the American government, God exacted his furious vengeance on Oholibah:

> “Therefore, Oholibah, this is what the Sovereign LORD says: I will send your lovers against you from every direction—those very nations from which you turned away in disgust. For the Babylonians will come with all the Chaldeans from Pekod and Shoa and Koa. And all the Assyrians will come with them—handsome young captains, commanders, chariot officers, and other high-ranking officers, all riding their horses.
>
> They will all come against you from the north with chariots, wagons, and a great army prepared for attack. They will take up positions on every side, surrounding you with men armed with shields and helmets. And I will hand you over to them for punishment so they can do with you as they please. I will turn my jealous anger against you, and they will deal harshly with you. They will cut off your nose and ears, and any survivors will then be slaughtered by the sword. Your children will be taken away as captives, and everything that is left will be burned.

In modern times, Oholibah will get free welfare while a dozen beta males form a line in front of her door bearing gifts, love, and commitment.

The Old Testament’s Thoughts On Women

One of the most consistent messages of the Bible is a clear warning to stay away from promiscuous or immoral women. In fact, it’s safe to say that God hates whores.

> There shall be no whore of the daughters of Israel, nor a sodomite of the sons of Israel. (Deuteronomy 23:17)
>
> A worthy wife is a crown for her husband, but a disgraceful woman is like cancer in his bones. (Proverbs 12:4)

God also hates the man who sleeps with whores:

> Wisdom will save you from the immoral woman, from the seductive words of the promiscuous woman. She has abandoned her husband and ignores the covenant she made before God. Entering her house leads to death; it is the road to the grave. The man who visits her is doomed. He will never reach the paths of life. (Proverbs 2:16-19)

Don’t be tempted by the whore’s siren call:

> For the lips of an immoral woman are as sweet as honey, and her mouth is smoother than oil. But in the end she is as bitter as poison, as dangerous as a double-edged sword. (Proverbs 5:3-4)
>
> Let your wife be a fountain of blessing for you. Rejoice in the wife of your youth. She is a loving deer, a graceful doe. Let her breasts satisfy you always. May you always be captivated by her love. Why be captivated, my son, by an immoral woman, or fondle the breasts of a promiscuous woman? (Proverbs 5:18-20)

Play with fire and you will get burned, as many modern men can bear witness to:

> Can a man scoop a flame into his lap and not have his clothes catch on fire? Can he walk on hot coals and not blister his feet? So it is with the man who sleeps with another man's wife. He who embraces her will not go unpunished. (Proverbs 6:27-29)

A good woman is a treasure:

> Who can find a virtuous and capable wife? She is more precious than rubies. Her husband can trust her, and she will greatly enrich his life. She brings him good, not harm, all the days of her life. (Proverbs 31:10-13)
>
> It's better to live alone in the corner of an attic than with a quarrelsome wife in a lovely home. (Proverbs 21:9)
>
> A quarrelsome wife is as annoying as constant dripping on a rainy day. Stopping her complaints is like trying to stop the wind or trying to hold something with greased hands. (Proverbs 27:15-16)
>
> A beautiful woman who lacks discretion is like a gold ring in a pig's snout. (Proverbs 11:22)

A woman who cheats on her husband will have a curse laid upon her:

> But if thou hast gone aside to another instead of thy husband, and if thou be defiled, and some man have lain with thee beside thine husband. Then the priest shall charge the woman with an oath of cursing, and the priest shall say unto the woman, The LORD make thee a curse and an oath among thy people, when the LORD doth make thy thigh to rot, and thy belly to swell. And this water that causeth the curse shall go into thy bowels, to make thy belly to swell, and thy thigh to rot: And the woman shall say, Amen, amen. (Numbers 5:20-22)

Conclusion

How can we reconcile the above with the modern “spiritual” woman doing just about the complete opposite? While these words are in the Old Testament, Jesus took an even harder line, declaring that divorce is the same as committing adultery:

> “Moses permitted you to divorce your wives because your hearts were hard. But it was not this way from the beginning. I tell you that anyone who divorces his wife, except for sexual immorality, and marries another woman commits adultery.” (Matthew 19:8-9)

Was this declaration fulfilled and changed by another one of God’s prophets since Jesus? I ask because you sure don’t see it being taught in modern Christian churches. In fact, Christian countries have the highest divorce rate in the world, significantly higher than that of Muslim countries. From that comes broken homes, deviant children, further degeneracy, and a low birth rate which sets the stage for third-world immigration to help prop up the welfare state.

It’s clear that Christian churches have been subverted by feminist thinking. The priests of today are no longer teaching from the Bible but making it up as they go along to appease the promiscuous women who fill the pulpits and want to be graced by God’s goodness will even though they don’t follow His word.

The teachings I’ve found in the Bible concerning women very closely match my own experience from sleeping with the most promiscuous of them. Unless there are restraints on their behavior, they will rush to becoming just like Oholah and Oholibah, and society will suffer as a result.

Don’t Miss: *An Introduction To The Old Testament*

26 Answers To Game & Travel Questions

August 8, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The next Q&A video is on game and travel:

Here's the index so you can jump around:

0:10
"What is a good rule-of-thumb number of notches and flags, beyond which a man can safely settle for a nice girl? And what to do if he meets one before hitting the target?" (ZBYSZEK)

4:27
"How do you combine an outgoing, social lifestyle with a very time-consuming career (e.g. academic research)? I know that you endorse free entrepreneurship, but maybe you know guys who have managed to do so and have some tips?" (ZBYSZEK)

6:29
"Have you experienced any bad consequences from all the unprotected sex you've had with random hoes from the club?" (JONATHAN ROSELAND)

10:32
"What advice do you have for men that have been raised with a beta mindset, but is trying to learn, develop, and create a dominant and confident mindset?" (NICK)

13:10
"In 2013, I asked "if you had to live in one city for the next 5 years, what would it be?" The answer then was Kiev..what would your answer be now?" (TEEDUB)

17:15
"Which city from your travels do you think back to most, whether from good or bad experienences?" (CORTES)

19:12
"To what degree is it necessary for a man to live in a developing country in order to have his needs fulfilled? (in terms of women and freedom)." (LEIGHTON BLACKSTOCK)

21:54
"Would you pass up what so many people now want but cant find (a good girl) to solely pursue personal / financial development in 20-30 age (unstable future) , or start a family young (stable future)?" (JACK)

25:44
"If you already have an established career in the west, would it be worth to give it all up to relocate to Eastern Europe? I don't feel happy in my own country, and would like to move to Ukraine / Russia. I already spend a long time there, but my education would be useless there, but I'm still young (I'm 25) so I have time to learn something new." (SCANDINAVIAN JAKE)

28:42

“How do you find a conservative girl in a slut-ridden country?” (ANON)

31:39

“How do you convince normal men that the manoshpere is relevant to them and that they have a part in it?” (TUSKEGEE51)

33:43

“What’s your approach to game nowadays? In which way has it changed since you wrote your BANG and DAY BANG? Do you still go out at night to meet women? Is indirect daygame still your favorite?” (MRREMI)

39:42

“When player burnout occurs, what is the best way for men to find an additional purpose and focus in their lives?” (AREMENIA 4 EVER)

44:15

“How can men in their player stage guard themselves against becoming too damaged from sleeping with too many women if they decide they want to find a wife, but not consistently struggle with the desire for variety of women?” (AREMENIA 4 EVER)

46:58

“Since the outrage of the meetups and all the things to do to counter it plus the book, how many daily approaches (if you are still doing them) are you doing those days, roughly?” (JB POQUELICHE)

48:44

“Will you consider writing a Bang 2.0 to reflect the multiple ways in which game has changed as a whole since its intial release in 2007?” (HIGHSPEED_LOWDRAG)

49:51

“What is your average monthly expenses when you are living in Central/Eastern Europe excluding travel costs like flights and hotels?” (BACON)

50:52

“Sex has lost its appeal. I don’t care to pump and dump, cause it doesn’t seem worth the time and effort. I’m not sure what to do. I don’t want to just go back to porn and jerking off, but even if I wanted sex I don’t think I could find someone I’d want to do it with. What do you think I should do?” (MODE RIGHT)

54:22

“Do you ever miss Latin America?” (GOPNIK)

57:05

“How do you satisfy your sexual needs now that sex is not paramount in your life and the years of chasing women are over?” (ANDREA)

57:57

“You previously mentioned that your top 3 countries where you like to live are Poland, Russia and Ukraine. I’m from Romania and I’m just curious what have you found in those countries and haven’t been able to find in Romania ? What are the top points that make those 3 countries better overall than Romania ?” (DAYROOSH)

59:37

“Since your best books are all memoirs don’t you consider planning some wild trips in areas that you haven’t been yet and write about these accounts ?” (DAYROOSH)

1:00:16

“What advice can you give to us shorter guys for gaming taller women?” (MIKHAIL)

1:02:28

“Should a guy focus on game or money first?” (MIKE)

1:03:57

“You have written a great deal about banging western girls, but what are your thoughts on the east? Do you plan on visiting China, Japan or South Korea?” (QLASS)

1:06:15

“What do you think about Wall street Playboys and the guys that think Lifestyle is more important than game?” (CENTURION)

Previous Video: *5 Answers To Religion & Spirituality Questions*

The Simple Rules That Govern Our Modern Political World

August 10, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

If you think of what happens to our community as a microcosm of larger forces, a lot of what we see occurring in Europe and the United States makes enough sense that you can start to predict the future. A reviewer of my new book notices this:

> I thought [Free Speech Isn't Free] would be somewhat boring and a mere recollection of what had happened in Canada, but there is far more of the story told and Roosh is surprisingly good at generating an almost suspenseful mood even though you probably know what happened. This is a behind the scenes, VIP access account.
>
> It's in Free Speech Isn't Free that we see the inside details of what went down ***and how the media is far more sinister than I ever realized***. We hear alot about how biased the media is – almost to the point of pseudo conspiracy theory – but when you see how the line between advocate/activist and journalist has been obliterated, you'll be shocked as to just how much the media was out to get Roosh.
>
> What Roosh does here is connect the dots. Why would any media publication sacrifice their reputation? Why would they lie about the February 6th meetups? Why the hell would they care about Roosh giving speeches to what was seemingly just a small group of men in each city? ***What Roosh has done is uncover that there is more sinister forces at work – to the point that you almost think you are reading a work of fiction.*** The war isn't just cultural, its an ideological one and once you realize the etiology of the worldview of the people who went after Roosh, you realize that the cost of speaking out and being a figurehead isn't cheap.
>
> ***There is a war.*** It's up to you to find your role – something Roosh goes over in this book as he explains the tactics and overall strategy that went into letting his speaking tour actually occur. Of key importance was finding people he could trust – a lesson as old as time itself.

These are only four rules you need to understand:

1. There is a group of very rich men who control the levers of power.
2. Those men own the media.
3. Those men sponsor political candidates on all sides to do their bidding.
4. Those men have a simple agenda of increasing their wealth and power, to be gods among men.

It's really that simple. Anything else is a red herring, such as the differences between political parties, whether there is an "Illuminati" that does blood sacrifices, or if those at

the top are Jews or lizard people.

From these rules, explaining what happened to me in Canada last year and the meetup outrage this past February is quite easy to explain:

1. I have an agenda that is traditional and patriarchal.
2. Those in power have an agenda that is non-traditional and matriarchal.
3. I began to physically organize into a proto-political movement.

Which institution can be instantly weaponized to attack a man who is physically organizing a movement that stands against the ruling agenda? The media. I don't know exactly how they coordinate, but the exact same type of coordination you saw against Gamergate and now with Donald Trump confirms that the media works as a single organism that can spring to heel within hours.

Media coordination against Trump

Media coordination against gamers

I was recently told by an insider that the dividing line is physical organization. If you decide to have meetings that are politically subversive in nature, you will either be attacked like I have or be infiltrated by the FBI. We're allowed to stew angrily in our internet ghettos, but the second we coordinate in person, the machine will attack again. I'm left with the decision on what to do from this point on.

To see the whole story of how the media attacked me, along with a breakdown of their master plan, check out my new book Free Speech Isn't Free. It has a balanced mix of narrative and ideology that will also give you actionable advice to help defend yourself against establishment attacks. Click here to learn more about the book or **order it now on Amazon**.

If Donald Trump Doesn't Win, We're Screwed

August 12, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

This article was originally published on Return Of Kings.

In the past year we've been the target of establishment attacks. Since then, I've had the privilege of speaking with insiders who understand the globalist master plan. Combining my own analysis with those discussions lead me to conclude that if Hillary Clinton wins the 2016 Presidential election, attacks against us and ideologically similar right-wing groups will explode in number, with the goal of shutting down our counter-narrative platforms and ensuring a Donald Trump figure never gets populist support again.

It's easy to stay apolitical as long as political forces leave you alone, but the second you become a threat to the existing order, politics will become a painful part of your daily existence as pressure increases on your speech and behavior. Many young men in universities are finding this out right now as false rape and harassment charges ruin their lives before it gets started while men working in corporate America are already aware that they are one "sexist" or "homophobic" statement away from losing their livelihoods. The fact that many men are now recording their consensual sex encounters shows how badly men are being targeted.

Hillary will attack us on multiple fronts

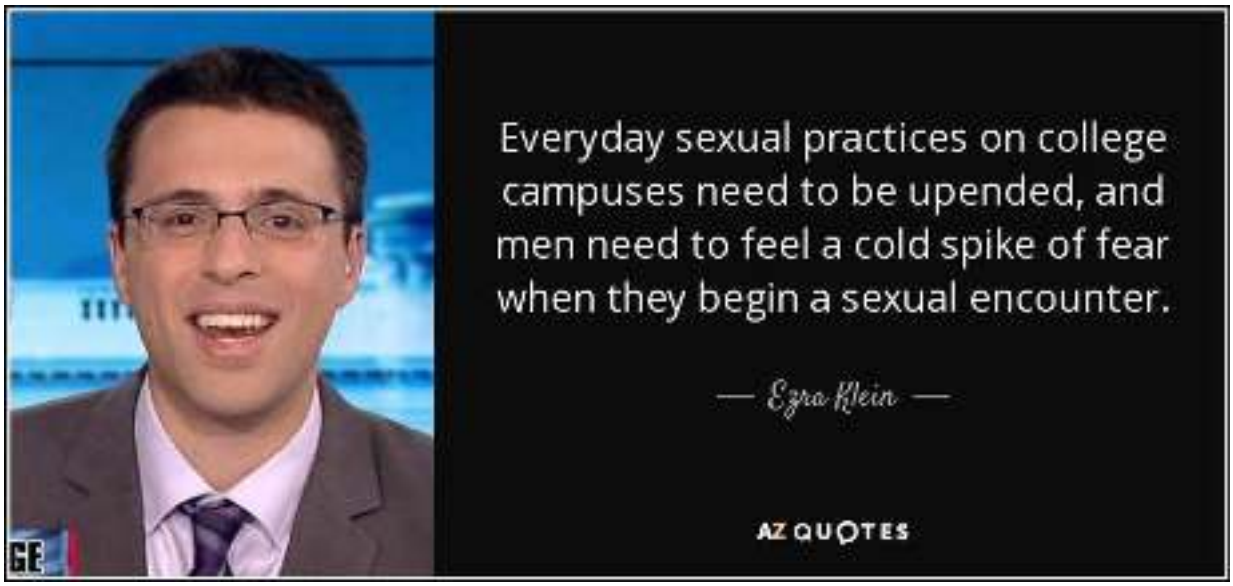
If Hillary Clinton wins, there will be a huge increase in "acute" attacks against individuals and groups. At the same time, there will be a rapid introduction of dystopian new laws that serve as the leading edge of the "chronic" front. All men will be negatively affected under a Hillary presidency in one way or another, meaning that the globalist boot is fast approaching our faces.

The acute attacks will be witch hunts from the media, local politicians, and the Federal Government. They will target us, the alt right, alternative media, patriot groups, survivalists, traditionally conservative groups, and anyone else who strongly supports Donald Trump, tradition, or masculinity. The purpose of acute attacks is to

psychologically break down, impoverish, and imprison those who have a powerful ability to counter the narrative or those who have the strength and organizational skill to resist tyranny with arms.

If the media can't take someone down through their focused lies and distortions, like with what happened to me in February with the meetup outrage, the task will then be handed off to the Federal Government to pursue bogus "hate speech," "extremist speech," and "incitement to violence" charges, as is already being done in Europe (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7). The IRS will be involved to wear down groups with targeted audits, like they did with the Tea Party, while the FBI will infiltrate and subvert groups that are meeting physically using COINTELPRO tactics.

The chronic attack phase will include passage of unconstitutional hate speech laws (or malicious interpretations of previously banal laws) that a compromised Supreme Court will not stop. A stricter variant of "Yes means yes" laws will be passed nationally, making every man who has consensual sex guilty of rape until he can definitively prove otherwise. Just as globalist insider Ezra Klein stated, the goal is for you to feel a "cold spike of fear" when interacting with women. So it shall be done.



Talking to girls in public will be illegal harassment or "hate crime," and be enforced any time you make a girl feel bad for whatever reason, even if you merely stare at her the wrong way (such laws are currently being beta tested in the UK before wider rollout). Blatantly discriminatory "gender equality" laws in the workplace will lower the incomes of all men so that less qualified females can receive job positions and promotions at male expense.

In addition, the law will be selectively applied to maximize pain against men. Those who break the law against you will be allowed to walk, just like Hillary did after the charade of her FBI investigation, while you will be prosecuted for the most minor of missteps that the other side gets away with. The veneer of justice will be removed and only raw power will remain.

Hillary will be far worse than Obama

Obama was the “race” president, and look how badly he has damaged race relations in only eight years. Hillary will be the “gender” president. The future we have in store should be absolutely clear to you if she happens to defeat Trump.

Not only will she move to establish a techno-matriarchy where men are second-class citizens to any female, but she will ensure that no movement or organization will be able to challenge her or her establishment cronies ever again. This isn’t a trivial matter of getting banned from a web site like Twitter or Youtube—many of you will be forced to escape the country for no other reason than you happening to be a man who found himself on the wrong side of the establishment.

Many men say that Trump is controlled opposition. The evidence to that has been wholly uncompelling based on the genuine establishment attacks he’s received, but even if he’s lying about *all* of his policies, including building a wall, the one guarantee we can make about him is that he won’t attack men. There’s absolutely nothing in his candidacy or behavior in the past 40 years of his life that suggests it.

If Trump happens to win and does attack us, I will proudly wear egg on my face, with the depressing realization that our last hope for some semblance of normality has been destroyed and the dark age will be brutal for us all.

A vote for Trump is a vote for self-preservation

My vote for Trump is based on self-preservation for myself, my brothers, and all the men who support me. If Trump wins, I'm confident that we will be able to exercise our free speech without unfair persecution and not be wrongly tried in courts for masculine behaviors. If he does only a scrap of what he promises, we'll be able to pursue our constitutionally given freedoms without fear of destitution, imprisonment, or worse.

I predict that a masculine renaissance will occur upon his victory, where men can once again focus on their own individual goals with Trump as a patriarchal role model. I would devote more of my energy to helping men successfully pair bond with women, like I started my writing career with, instead of having to play political defense as masculinity becomes retroactively classified as hate speech.

But if Hillary wins, we're doomed. I'm not saying this out of emotion but out of careful consideration of the globalist master plan and the increased speed of their advancement in the past ten years. What you saw against us in February is just a warm-up of what will come to hundreds of individuals and organizations on the right, all while the justice system pushes genuinely insane laws that force all men to prove they are not rapists after their sexual encounters. I do not look forward to how my life will be like if Hillary does win, or having to wake up every day to see if the "big" attack has started against us or not.

I therefore urge all American readers of mine to vote for Donald Trump on November 8, 2016. While I am skeptical of some of his promises, and wonder if America is too far gone to make it great again, Donald Trump must win so that the pause button can be pushed against this nightmare of insanity that is already crushing men. He will allow us to regain our footing after being forced to watch in disbelief at all the negative changes that have been recently forced upon us. Let us all breathe a sigh of relief if he wins, and pray to

God for safety if he doesn’t.

Read Next: *You’re Either A Globalist Or A Nationalist*

The Culture War Is Being Transformed Into A Hot War

August 15, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

We're approaching a point of no return. Your life will soon be impacted not just in the abstract of the degradation in women around you or an invisible tightening of your free speech, but a concrete decline in your safety and standard of living. The next stage of the long-running culture war will be marked by three features, shades of which you're already seeing. They include an alliance of the government with subversives, a sharp increase in violence, and institutional collapse.

The media and government will form an official alliance with groups that are determined to commit violence

Damaged police car from Milwaukee race riots

It should be pretty clear to you now that the establishment is on the side of those who wish to breed chaos in America. George Soros, Barack Obama, and other politicians are regularly making statements that whitewash crimes by Black Lives Matters and Islamic terrorists while the media is driving a wedge into the country through relentless race incitement. This is the clue that the enemy is indeed the media and your own government. Without them, BLM would not have been incited and the actions of Islamic terrorists would not have been enabled through supporting them in the Middle East with our failed policies, especially in Syria.

While it is within your right to be angry at BLM protesters or Muslims, the astute man will

instead understand who supports them, in the same way you would be annoyed not at a child who misbehaves in public but its parents. The establishment wants you to waste your energy attacking blacks and Muslims, and many men are doing just that, all while the puppet masters tighten their control and continue with their plans, unimpeded.

There will be a marked increase in urban violence by blacks and non-urban violence by strategically placed refugees

Somalis in Minnesota

The population must experience enough fear so that they will accept pre-determined solutions, which includes Hillary Clinton being placed in power, the federalization of the police to establish greater centralized control over urban centers that remove local governance, and the weakening of white gun-owning patriots who live outside liberal cities.

It will take a lot more than the deaths of a dozen police officers for citizens and even local police to beg the government for help, so expect far more carnage, which may be postponed until after the November election (the elites have noticed that Trump is helped in the polls after urban violence). This scenario is classically Hegelian in that the government introduces a problem (chaos) for a reaction (citizen fear) that allows for their solution (crackdowns and greater control).

Remember all those Somalis and other brown migrants that are being placed in predominately white states? It's about time they get "activated" with guns from a Fast and Furious type of program so that patriots have to fight enemies on multiple fronts, making a future Bundy type of stand-off that we saw in Oregon impossible to succeed. The Feds will not experience much resistance to their Federalization plans in the cities as

long as BLM does a good job in killing more cops, but the patriot white man remains a big thorn in their side and must be dealt with soon.

Institutions will fail and invert their objectives

CNN announcer admits that the channel is going all out to help Hillary Clinton

Lastly, you'll start seeing institutions invert their stated missions. The FBI will sponsor crimes instead of solve them. The Department Of Homeland Security will allow questionable foreigners to immigrate but punish law-abiding citizens. The Federal Reserve will sink the economy by destabilizing the banking system. Even non-governmental institutions will begin failing, and we're already seeing that happen in the media with their failure to control the narrative. Universities will teach anything except "education" and Christian churches will leap towards Satanism when they endorse soft forms of pedophilia.

You will no longer be able to trust or depend on institutions for providing the most basic of services. You'll only be able to depend on local alliances comprised of your friends, family, and local law enforcement. In spite of their faults, the police are being attacked specifically because they are the last line of local "tribesmen" that could resist Federal takeovers.

Conclusion

The name of the game for the elites is to foster enough chaos so that the Federal government can usher in their dream list of centralization while further tightening their squeeze on all patriotic communities and individuals. Blacks, Muslims, and other immigrants will be the useful idiots who create this chaos and sacrifice their lives after being manipulated and incited so that patriots and nationalists can be rooted out and crushed, similar to what happened in World War 2. Donald Trump is the wild card who is perhaps the only one able to alter the trajectory of these plans, but one should not count on him alone because of the strong forces he's up against.

You can probably survive riots and cop shootings in urban cities. You'll be able to avoid the most harmful acts of the government if you stay sharp. You'll also be able to avoid the media's lies to understand the truth of what is happening. But if the white patriots wake up and start fighting, the war is on and you should take your safety more seriously than ever. To predict what will happen in America, just watch what the white man does when his country is deliberately wrecked before his eyes.

If you like this article and are concerned about the future of the Western world, check out my book Free Speech Isn't Free. It gives an inside look to how the globalist establishment is attempting to marginalize masculine men with a leftist agenda that promotes censorship, feminism, and sterility. It also shares key knowledge and tools that you can use to defend yourself against social justice attacks. **Click here to learn more about the book**. Your support will help maintain my operation.

Read Next: *The Simple Rules That Govern Our Modern Political World*

How Hedonistic Game Became The Gateway To Virtuous Truths

August 17, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

When people ask me about my current position fighting in the culture war, years after starting my writing career with "Bang" books, I simply say, "I just wanted to get laid." From these hedonistic beginnings opened a path that I find myself in today. A reviewer of my new book Free Speech Isn't Free also noticed this transformation:

> I've been following the 'Red Pill' community for a a few years now. The members therein have been engaging in some of the most relevant conversations anywhere on the net. Roosh is one I've only recently become familiar with as I tend to appreciate and relate more to the more traditionalist members like Vox Day, Dalrock, and Roissy.
>
> What is so fascinating about guys like Roosh is how their journey to acquire more sex and attention from highly attractive women has led them stumbling across uncomfortable truths about the world that we men of the West find ourselves living in.
>
> This book is a very straightforward account of an encounter that an iconic Red Pill pillar had with the traditional media community that exposes a truly shocking level of laziness and corruption on the part of an institution that we are supposed to respect for some reason. I remember watching from a social media distance as these events went down and I had no idea just how bad it was.
>
> I really admire the stones on this kid and I hope he stays motivated and encourages more people to be bold with the truth (which is always unPC). I'm not a fan of lotharios but I appreciate intellectual honesty and bravery. I hope Roosh's Neomasculinity gets legs. I really do.

How did game serve as the gateway drug? Simple: I kept asking *why,* as if I was an annoying 8-year-old child.

- Why are woman attracted to me when I dance and act like an entertaining clown?
- Why did my father not have to act like a clown to attract my mom?
- Why has society changed to encourage women to pursue exciting "bad boys" and clowns over good men?
- Why are institutions like the media and universities pushing women into behaviors which harm them and the family unit?
- Why is there a concealed group of elites who seem to control politicians and the most important institutions?
- Why are those institutions attacking me for speaking the truth?

There wasn't only one step from having fun into the nightclub to fighting back against

social justice warriors and the media, but several steps that had to take place over the past 15 years. My path weaved through sex and gender relations, but there are other paths as well, which I describe in The 5 Paths To Realizing Truth. For example, minimalism is another point of entry:

> When you live below your means, you begin to see that most people are unnecessarily living above theirs. That leads to the conclusion that they were trained to live a life of excess by corporations with the complicit help of a government that wants to keep society in a neverending state of indebtedness and distraction so they ignore everyday injustices while losing any will or desire to fight the establishment. The easiest stepping stone out of The Truman Show is to realize that consumer lifestyles are not the path to happiness, and those those who chase material possessions are misguided.

Many other men have also had a similar path as myself, whereby promiscuous sex was a device for understanding the world and deciding on behaviors that are more sustainable to the male soul. While not every man gains wisdom during the stage of his life where he wants to sow his royal oats, many do, and they use that wisdom to devise solutions that can solve our modern problems. I do not at all regret engaging in shallow sex with many dozens of women throughout the world, because it has developed my thinking into what you read now, even though the sex itself wasn't especially memorable and didn't give me much except momentary pleasure.

From my current vantage point, it really does feel like it was all pre-determined, as if I was *supposed* to participate in shallow intimacy in order to arrive at true understanding, but that would imply some sort of divine providence. Whatever the mechanism, it's clear to me that many of the behaviors and ideas we hold now could be mere way-stations for a grander, more universal truth. Whatever individual journey you're a part of, I hope we'll find out soon enough.

To see the whole story of how the media attacked me with an incredible attack of 1,600+ media articles, along with my analysis of the establishment's master plan, check out my new book Free Speech Isn't Free. It has a balanced mix of narrative and ideology that will also give you actionable advice to help defend yourself against establishment attacks. Click here to learn more about the book or **order it now on Amazon**.

33 Answers To Personal Questions Asked Of Me

August 19, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The next Q&A video answers questions that were directed to me specifically. After you watch the video, scroll down below to see bonus text answers.

Here's the index so you can jump around:

0:10
"I'm curious, in say, 50 or so years, how do you want to be remembered? For your game work? Or the push against the narrative pushed by the elite?" (INSIDE U O M)

1:20
"I also notice that you have more posts which hint that you're more open to fatherhood and settling down. How realistic is this for you now? Do you think your writing over the last decade in regards to game, sex and women is a barrier to settling with a good woman and having a family?" (INSUIDE U O M)

4:00
"Do you regret using your real name?" (EVIGT REGN)

6:09
"If you do not marry and have children, how will you spend your remaining years?" (LAGUNA BEACH FOGEY)

7:42
"After the DC shitstorm, how are your mother and sister doing? Do they plan on staying in America or quite possibly relocating to Europe? How has their life's change?" (KRATISTOS)

9:34
"What are your short term career plans(5+) years would you be interested in starting a podcast like Infowars, films that promote masculine values or a neomasculine magazine with short stories. How do you plan on moving the movement forward?" (KRATISTOS)

11:41
"When did you feel you made it as a PUA? Was there a specific instance where you felt all the theory coming together and it becoming easy for you to get laid?" (KRATISTOS)

13:08
"What does your mother think of ROK and your body of work?" (OCEAN SON)

15:09
"When in your 30's did your chief pursuits change from slaying endless poosy to becoming a full-blown modern day masculinity sage / anti-SJW fighter?" (HUBERT CUMBERDALE)

18:42
"If you could go back in time what would you change? What was your biggest mistake? Where do you see yourself in 10 years?" (RAASH)

20:47
“What is your greatest fear?” (ANDREA)

21:55
“What has been the biggest difficulties or most time consuming aspects of running your online projects, i.e. RVF, ROK?” (PHOENIX)

22:47
“What’s next with this whole movement you’ve started? How will you recruit more people to the cause?” (COMTE DE ST GERMAIN)

24:23
“How has worldwide infamy affected your day to day life especially in regards to women or something as simple as walking around in the street?” (COMTE DE ST GERMAIN)

26:38
“With your shift from romance to sociopolitics over the past couple years, do you feel the things you have said and done have made a positive difference in the world for men like yourself? If that sounds broad allow me to rephrase: do you think your recent writing and things you’ve said and done with your public-figure platform have been making a positive impact on society?” (GENERAL STALIN)

29:42
“When you reflect on the books you’ve written over the years, how do you feel writing has affected you and how much of a different person do you think you would be if you hadn’t written your books?” (FIGHTERSWORD)

32:26
“Who are the five males (either personally known or famous men) who have contributed the most to your views and current position in life today? What ideas, values or knowledge did each specifically contribute to you?” (GENERAL ZHUKOV)

35:44
“Why should men listen to you? And how much faith should they put in your words?” (TOM ARROW)

38:20
“What were you like before Roosh, before you became renown?” (VINCENT MENNITI)

39:54
“If your income didn’t depend on it, do you think the world was better before the internet?” (TEEDUB)

42:29
“Who are your favorite prose authors and your favorite poets?” (TOKYO JOE)

43:29
“Do you believe that we will live to see radical life extension?” (TYSK KILLE)

44:46
“What is your current relationship with a large contingent of the DC blog community that you socialised with back in your DCB days?” (HIPSTER STINK)

45:32
“What was your need of expose in public yourself like this ? Marketing ? Sell your books ? Because I saw that even you appeared in talk shows of eastern countries like Ukraine and Romania.” (JOSE LOPEZ)

47:54
“Return of Kings has many great, supportive articles for Republicans and Donald Trump. In which ways do they repay you for them, or is it fully non-profit and based only on internal beliefs?” (SENIOL)

49:15
“When can we expect your next book from your most successfull series Bang?” (SENIOL)

49:34
“Do you use any sort of beard oil/conditioner, and if so what brand?” (LUCKY)

50:14
“How do you react to those who are against you; those who are against your progress and your well being?” (SOUNDBYTE)

52:28
“Do you try to plan your life years ahead, or do you take it one day at a time?” (SOUNDBYTE)

53:30
“What can you say about how your compassion towards the Social Justice Warriors changed since they rose up against you?” (SOUNDBYTE)

55:12
“Have you thought about when your parents get elderly and they can’t look after themselves, Will you help with looking after them?” (ONETOUCH)

56:26
“Assume the global outrage over the tour and the meetups hadn’t happened, everything fine and without the media noticing – what would you have done afterwards?” (BENOIT)

57:41
“Do you browse 4chan’s /pol/?” (EDGY EDGELORD)

Bonus text answers

“In light of all that has happened, are you planning to get more involved in the culture war of the west (media/public appearances) or pursuing more EE/SA/Asia ventures and blogging from afar as you get older?” (MICKEYD)

I’ll be doing more blogging from afar. I rather be the idea man for young revolutionaries than the guy leading the charge on the battlefield. I want to focus on big ideas more than daily tactics.

“Will you ever do another tour, conference, or summit similar to last year?” (THE CITY BACHELOR)

Yes, possibly in 2017. Last year’s tour was tons of fun, especially being able to meet so

many men in a short amount of time.

“Do you see yourself spending more time in the States/returning to live permanently in the future? And if so, why?” (NASCIMENTO)

I don’t plan on returning. There are lots of reasons, but the main one has become money. I can easily achieve my ideal lifestyle outside of the United States for a fraction of the cost. If I didn’t have family in the USA, I’d never come back, since it doesn’t have anything that I can’t find elsewhere.

“Do you ever get bits of food trapped in the hairs of your beard?” (CAGGYBEAR)

Yes, all the time. If I eat a meal with sauce or grease, like a cheeseburger, I pretty much have to take a shower afterwards to clean it.

“Given that you’re Europe-based, what is your plan regarding the inevitable future civil conflicts that will erupt in Europe? I.e. leave/stay, move further east, fight etc. ” (PHOENIX)

Unless I am rooted to the land and have an ideal survivalist setup, I’d probably leave to safer lands. If I have a family and home in Europe, I’d be more inclined to stay. My backup plan if I leave Europe is Colombia.

“Do you intend to grow ROK into a more active alternative news source, i.e. having reporters/correspondents as well as opinion pieces?” (PHOENIX)

No, it will not become a news site, because that’s a different ballgame. I want to stay focused on the gender issue and male improvement.

“What do you see as your next step(s) in life?” (YOSARRIANS RIGHT)

I’d like to make myself more resilient to media attacks, prepare for future world turbulence with more survivalist prepping, be on the lookout for a woman to possibly create a family with, and understand the “relationship game” knowledge that that would require.

“Does your fame or notoriety cause you to be recognized publicly in your day to day life. If so are they usually negative or positive experiences from haters or fans?” (JOSH BAR)

Haters never approach me alone. Either they yell from a distance or try to get a mob to confront me, like recently happened in the DNC. Getting recognized comes in spurts. It’s more common in the USA than Europe. It doesn’t happen enough that I’m tired of it.

“Would you ever seriously consider getting involved in politics in the US, in the next ten years?” (KAII)

No, because that would require me to live in the USA and re-enter an aspect of the rat race, though I’d consider it if Donald Trump calls me to serve in his administration.

“What is a skill you’d like to learn and why?” (DARIAN FREY)

I’d like to learn more about home improvement, wood working, carpentry, and gardening. I figure these skills will be easier to learn once I move out of the city. I’m ready to build my own castle.

“What are your long term writing goals? Dabbling a bit more in fiction or sticking

primarily with non-fiction?" (2WYCKED)

Nothing in particular, but I will focus mostly on non-fiction. For ideas that are too dangerous, such as challenging the government, I will package them into fiction.

"Since the media outrage about the meet ups, has this exposure helped you to sell more books and being recognized by the girls in a sexual way?" (DR COTARD)

The increase in book sales and attention came in a wave and then went back down. For me to really take full advantage of exposure, I'd have to be in the middle of the news cycle regularly to constantly expose myself to mainstream audiences, similar to what Mike Cernovich is doing. That's a job in itself.

"Since your newest book launch, have you experienced a renewed interest in your other books?" (DR COTARD)

Not too much since they're so unrelated, but at least now I have an offering for men interested in more free speech and political issues than only game.

Previous Video: *26 Answers To Game & Travel Questions*

Victory In Montreal & Toronto

August 21, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The two victory speeches below were made after successfully holding events in Montreal and Canada despite heavy pressure to cancel them from the Canadian media and government. Click to learn more about what happened.

Watch Next: *Dispatches From The Battle Of Toronto*

How The FBI Infiltrates Movements—And What You Can Do To Stop Them

August 22, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A handful of government employees have told me that I'm almost certainly on a FBI "watchlist." While I have no conclusive evidence to prove that, a look into the FBI's history concerning COINTELPRO suggests that we should assume a minimal level of surveillance is occurring.

The FBI's shady past

COINTELPRO, short for Counter Intelligence Program, was an FBI program to surveil, infiltrate, and actively subvert organizations that could threaten government policy or power. They have targeted anti-war protesters, Civil Rights groups, and environmentalists by placing agents within theirs ranks to feed back information to the FBI or actively work to entrap its members into committing illegal acts. Often times, FBI actions led directly to beatings and assassinations.

The COINTELPRO program was exposed in the 1970's and said to have been dissolved, but its methods clearly continue today, as shown by recent publicized examples of FBI subversion.

The first case involves a human rights organization founded by a priest who aimed to close the U.S. Army School Of The Americas, a military camp for "revolutionaries" whose goal was to train soldiers to overthrow Latin American governments the USA didn't like. They were infiltrated by the FBI and surveilled for over a decade.

> Despite no incidents of violence over the multi-year period of the gatherings, the FBI justified its activities by claiming that other groups, such as anarchists, could

> join SOA Watch events and cause problems.
>
> […]
>
> Every year they acknowledge that it's peaceful and just about every year they have some type of alarmist warning that 'While it's peaceful, you never know when something will turn unpeaceful.

Recently in Texas, the FBI infiltrated a group protesting the construction of a pipeline based on environmental grounds. No illegal acts were committed by the group to warrant FBI attention.

> Between November 2012 and June 2014, the documents show, the FBI collated inside knowledge about forthcoming protests, documented the identities of individuals photographing oil-related infrastructure, scrutinised police intelligence and cultivated at least one informant.

Also in Texas, a left-wing group was infiltrated by an FBI informant who insisted that the group become violent in response to the Republican scourge. Once he convinced members to make Molotov cocktails, the FBI stormed in and made arrests.

> The film makes a compelling case that [FBI asset] Darby, with the FBI's blessing, used his charisma and street credibility to goad Crowder and McKay into pursuing the sort of actions that would later land them in prison.

Lastly, the FBI infiltrated middle-aged peace activists and filed trumped-up charges of them providing "assistance" to terrorists. The bogus charges were eventually dropped.

> The FBI first became interested in Tom and his fellow travelers on the eve of the 2008 Republican National Convention in Saint Paul, Minnesota, when the bureau that purports to keep America safe sent an undercover agent who went by the name "Karen Sullivan" to infiltrate the Twin Cities Anti-War Committee, one of the most prominent groups organizing protests outside the convention.
>
> "I remember a woman who was really eager," Tom told me. "She kept bringing up how eager she was about revolution. And you know, on the one hand, people think it's good because we really need to change society, so it's a fine thing to talk about. On the other hand, she was trying to find people she could manipulate into [committing] a crime."

Is The FBI stopping terror or creating it?

The FBI is also known for recruiting mentally unstable individuals to commit terror acts, helping them develop illegal plots, and then arresting them at the last minute. Afterwards, the agency can brag that they "stopped terrorism" through their "sting" operations when it was they themselves who acted as a terrorist organization by creating the plan and assisting the terrorists to completing it.

> Nearly all of the highest-profile domestic terrorism plots in the United States since 9/11 featured the "direct involvement" of government agents or informants, a new report says.
>
> Some of the controversial "sting" operations "were proposed or led by informants", bordering on entrapment by law enforcement. Yet the courtroom obstacles to proving entrapment are significant, one of the reasons the stings persist.

I would not be surprised to one day learn that the FBI allowed terrorist patsies to complete their FBI-inspired plans in order to create a crisis which allows for the government to pass unfavorable policy. For example, imagine if the FBI allowed a patsy to proceed with a plan right before a Presidential election, with the goal to aid the incumbent party in power.

The FBI will commit illegal acts to take groups down

While I have no hard evidence to show that the FBI or other alphabet agency is watching us, it's hard to believe that our activities have not at least been brought up on agent desks. Here's what we know about FBI activities in only the past 15 years:

- They have infiltrated non-violent and legal organizations that are not slavishly pro-government.
- Their covert agents actively steer individuals and groups into committing illegal acts or "starting revolution."
- They are legally allowed to entrap members of a group with the goal of obtaining criminal convictions.
- They can bring up fake charges against the group to discredit, demoralize, and disband them.

There is nothing to indicate that the FBI has stopped the above activities, and if anything, they have likely increased them against right-wing patriot groups. I do believe that if the February 2016 cancelled meetups took place, many of them would have been attended by FBI agents to at least gather information on our group. The fact that we don't advocate for illegal activity does not mean the FBI won't spend considerable manpower to surveil us, especially when you consider that subverted groups in the above cases received much less media exposure than us.

10 behavioral traits of an FBI infiltrator

Indymedia has done the task of analyzing past FBI infiltrations to create a behavioral profile of a typical agent or asset. It's important to state that local police departments can also act as infiltrators by pretending that they are some of sort of elite FBI squad.

1. Agents may have a big bankroll to provide immediate value to the group. Sort of like the "big baller troll" that pops up on the forum, agents use money or fantastical backstories to impress targets, who also don't mind the fact that the agent picks up the tab most of the time.

2. They encourage violent and illegal actions. This is the biggest tell that you're dealing with an agent. Victory for the FBI is for members of the target group to agree to an illegal crime. You'll be busted right before you intend to carry it out.

3. Their past is a mystery. Agents can't properly explain details of their childhood, university years, or past employment. They get agitated when you ask basic question about their past.

4. They have fake lodgings. The apartment they show you is a shell rental that may not even have towels or soap. They also don't have family photos or nostalgic mementos.

5. They're nosy about criminal activities you've done in the past. They want you to admit to illegal deeds on tape.

6. They steer group members into tackling unrelated missions. Agents try to sabotage the group by distracting them with weird projects and goals.

7. They are insistent about "fighting the man." They'll keep saying that we need to "fight back" and "stick it to them." They've very heavy on promoting revolutionary-inspired actions.

8. They will shame you as weak for not doing what they want. If you decide that an agent's idea to plant a bomb somewhere is crazy, he'll say you are not man enough to "do what it takes."

9. They inject a lot of drama into the group. They amplify existing interpersonal

problems between members in an effort to weaken the group.

10. They have inconsistent or underdeveloped beliefs. To gain access to your group, they crammed what was available online. They will parrot community beliefs without understanding the meaning or intent behind them.

The agent won't give up after the group fails to perform the illegal action he suggested. He'll keep persisting until he satisfies his FBI bosses and criminal charges can be brought up. You will have to deliberately exclude the agent from your group. This may involve having to expose him publicly or file a restraining order against him.

Conclusion

The information above will help safeguard you from human intelligence (HUMINT) gathering by the FBI and other law enforcement agencies, but it does not protect against agent hacking or electronic spying. For that you will need operational security (OPSEC), which is a more technical game. A good first step is to secure communications with other group members.

While we can't completely prevent infiltration of agents without an expensive counter-intelligence apparatus of our own, we can eject those from our community who display infiltrator behavioral traits. If you meet someone through one of my web sites who displays a couple of them, especially with talk about getting violent, it's a near certainty that that person is an agent who is trying to entrap you.

I hope that we aren't targeted by the FBI through one of their COINTELPRO methods, but at the minimum, our existence has been discussed in government agencies. Their infiltration still wouldn't change the fact that our ideas have merit and are part of an anti-establishment wave that is only growing in influence.

Read Next: *How To Securely Communicate And Meet With Thought Criminals*

The Elites Are Not Smarter Than You

August 24, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

For the longest time I held in high esteem those who worked in distinguished institutions. I'd revere the Congressman, New York Times journalist, think tank strategist, anthropology professor, non-profit director, and literary novelist. They got to where they are through merit, intelligence, and hard work, not through connections, nepotism, or by being a useful idiot for a specific agenda.

My doubt about these servants of the elite increased as the war against men ramped up in earnest, culminating with my many direct interactions with them. Those encounters confirmed to me that they are no smarter than us, and in some cases, severely lacking in knowledge and context to make better decisions to lead society. Here's a passage from Free Speech Isn't Free where I try explaining to a well-known think tank commentator that the homosexual agenda is deliberate.

> "It's hard to see the problem from your nice office here when you associate with people who are not touched by these issues, or if you only read mainstream media outlets, but I'm meeting with hundreds of men on this tour alone and I have interacted with thousands more through the internet. We clearly see the absurdity of lifting all other groups in society except for men, while we are forced to suffer under policies that stem from hatred. No one has the backs of men except a few lone voices like myself, and that's shameful."
>
> She was taking notes. I continued. "For example, look at the homosexual issue. Suddenly for the past five years, the needs of 3% of the population have become a huge, all-encompassing matter, where they are deemed more worthy of money and beneficial social policies than the men who compose nearly 50% of the population, with a complete coordination of all major institutions to re-write legal codes and cultural norms to accommodate their alternative lifestyle."
>
> "Oh that, well that issue just went viral." She genuinely thought the homosexual agenda's ascension into mainstream life was like how a funny cat video gets ten million views on Youtube.

Individuals such as herself would also think that groups like Black Lives Matter and ISIS are "spontaneous," developing out of thin air without deliberate planning, coordination, or funding behind them. Of course you know that this is not the case: Black Lives Matter is funded by George Soros to destabilize the United States while ISIS was initially armed by the United States and funded with oil purchases from Turkey. I have no doubt that globalists have heavily donated to homosexual organizations in the past twenty years to advance that cause as well.

When you're at the very top, you sponsor individuals mainly for their ability to advance a particular cause or objective. There's no need for them to be the smartest guy in the room. In fact, being *too* intelligent will actually prevent their hiring because then they will

be able to see that their boss doesn't care about "race equality" but fostering race inequality. He doesn't care about "love not hate" but destroying the family unit. Therefore, to work for the elite, you must have huge blind spots that prevent you from seeing the big picture, or at least be sociopathic enough that you are willing to work for an immoral agenda so that you can get closer to the seats of power.

All the people I mentioned earlier, the journalists, politicians, professors, and think tank insiders, were hired primarily for their *usefulness* in advancing a specific set of goals. This is where the term useful idiot comes from. As long as a particular journalist can channel the narrative competently, she's hired. As long as the politician will follow the directives of his sponsor and vote yes on a bill like TPP, he'll get big campaign donations. As long as the professor infuses SJW talking points into his lectures, he gets tenure. These individuals have enough intelligence to do their jobs at a standard level, but that is secondary to their usefulness.

Growing up in America, you come to believe that people advance through their merit and ideas, but if you start examining these institutional positions and what allows individuals to rise to the top, you realize that their merit and ideas were only secondary. They were hired because those one level above found them to be useful, and no more. Intelligence is optional, and only necessary if the job demands it, but far more important is the ease of which they can be controlled to help usher in a pre-determined goal.

The biggest barrier to improving your society is thinking that people in influential positions are better or smarter than you. Unless you are unusually dim-witted, and can't understand what I'm trying to explain to you right now, I assure you they're not. At the most, they're more connected than you and more willing to sacrifice their dignity for a chance to control others. Their power mostly stems from the system and structures they inherited, not their own internal strength. Understanding this fact gives you confidence, because if you can survive the onslaught from their institutions, defeating the individuals behind them will be a simple matter. Like a game of whack-a-mole, you just have to take one down at a time, until there are none of them left.

To understand the overreaching agenda in more detail and how it's trying to change the face of society, check out my new book Free Speech Isn't Free. It tells the story of how the system works and what you can do to fight back against it. Click here to learn more about the book or **order it now on Amazon**.

My Interview With Pat Campbell On Talk Radio 1170

August 25, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

This morning I was on Pat Campbell's show talking about Hillary Clinton's Alt Right speech that is taking place today at 1pm EST. The recording is now on Soundcloud.

Last night I gave an overview on my Periscope of what will be in Hillary's speech (click here to watch on Periscope).

Hillary's speech will be streamed live here:

Don't Miss: *The Elites Are Not Smarter Than You*

19 Answers To Globalism & Politics Questions

August 26, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The next Q&A video is on globalism and world politics:

Here's the index so you can jump around:

0:06
"Why do you care about what happens to Western civilization, or Europeans for that matter? Is it a disgust for injustice, source of intellectual stimulation, you're mostly attracted to white chicks, or is there a deeper conviction than that?" (CLARK KENT)

2:43
"The outcry against the world tour in Canada last year, and the strong opposition to the Tribal meetups in February 2016 was a clear sign the establishment see us as a real and credible threat….how can we regroup and become stronger together to bring about the changes in society that we want to see?" (MERCENARY)

4:33
"Do you think Germany and Sweden will look like Latin America in the future? With a extremely racially mixed population and no dominant culture?" (KRATISTOS)

7:35
"What do you think are the odds of stopping the globalists?" (THOMAS)

10:39
"Hey I see that they are growing tensions in Europe to the point where there will be civil war and mostly in France Germany and Sweden because of the high rates a sexual assault and sexual molestation that the immigrants are doing, how do you think it will turn out will the local population win if there is a civil war or will the government beat them and have the migrants completely take over and demoralized the local population? Do you think the outcome will be?" (DARRIUS)

12:44
"Do you think the West can turn itself around and prevent the major collapse, or will the West have to fall apart entirely before we can rebuild our civilization?" (BARTLEBY THE SCRIVENER)

15:32
"You constantly refer to the elites and the establishment (i.e. as a specific group of people) as the cause of the west's ills. In your opinion, why is it that the elites of the 21st century west are destructive, whereas in the 17th,18th&19th centuries (i.e. enlightenment onwards until WW1) they were constructive?" (PHOENIX)

18:43
"Do you think there is an agenda involving the genocide of white/Caucasian people?" (JAKE THE MUSS)

21:35

“Of all the propaganda out there, which method have you found to be the most interesting and/or surprising?” (SNOWPLOW)

23:59

“What do you think about Milo and the other attention whore that kissed him publicly?” (BETTER DEAD THAN RED)

25:50

“Are there any arguments from feminists that you do agree with? Do you have any sympathies for the 20ish American girl? How does that contrast to the perspective they have?” (COSINE88)

28:47

“What can we do on our everyday life for changing the current course taking place in western civilization? Your bang books showed us how to take a profit out of it, and your last book freedom of speech isnt free showed us what’s wrong with the world. How can we find a healthy place in the middle of those two worlds you’ve been mastering in the last decade, Roosh?” (DAVID HANS 3344)

32:00

“How are we going to prevent The Male Happy Hour disaster from happening again? How are like minded ROK member suppose to meet in public without being lynched by angry mobs and lose our jobs?” (BENDER BENDING RODRIGUEZ)
“I just would like to know what you think we can all do to get the meet-ups started again, safely and successfully?” (NICK BLACK)

34:15

“Do you believe in the Holocaust? I know you are Iranian so I know you don’t but anyway I’d like to see if you answer this question.”
(SUBAL SAKHA DAS)

35:20

“Why are we making the Jews an enemy? If anything, Netanyahu and the Jewish ‘tribe’ are an example to follow to preserve our traditions, but not stagnate ourselves in a neo-luddite anti-technology binge.” (FITZ ROY SOMERSET)

38:11

“Your theory of depopulation by ways of immigrants makes sense. I always believed the world was overpopulated, however. But it has a possible hole, people equal taxpayers. Do you believe this means that the “lower population” then simply pays more taxes?” (TYKO STEAMBOAT)

40:06

“What makes you think that Yuri Bezmenov is telling the truth now? (Meaning up until his death.)” (DEBEGUILED)

41:33

“Now that you know the massive Jewish influence behind Western culture nowadays, do you still believe “White nationalism is another term for White knighting”? (If it was you who said that, don’t remember for certain) Should White guys white knight white girls so

that White civilisation doesn’t go down in flames?” (CENTURION)

44:39

“Your latest video, the future of the world, suggests that the future may not be so peaceful and prosperous. My question is what should we do to protect ourself and the people around us from the worst case scenario?” (IL SORPASSO)

Previous Video: *33 Answers To Personal Questions Asked Of Me*

Dispatches From The Battle Of Toronto

August 28, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In these four video diaries, I talk about the extreme measures I had to take to hold events in Canada when the establishing tried to stop me. Click here to learn more about what happened.

Watch Next: *Victory In Montreal & Toronto*

I Was Reported In A Bar For Political “Harassment”

August 29, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In a recent visit to the States, I went to a small bar with a friend of mine while wearing a Donald Trump sticker above my right breast. Following the advice of a previous article, I wore the sticker to exclude conversations with undesirable women who hate Donald Trump.

It didn’t take long for a girl to give a disgusted look at my sticker. I asked her, “Are you an illegal immigrant?” She made a frown, suggesting that I triggered her. Then I replied, “Because if you are then you have to go back. You have enter the United States legally.” I long ago learned that there is no point in having a logical debate with someone who disagrees with you.

She opened her mouth wide and then walked away. I had a good laugh with my friend, and considered high-fiving him, but I didn’t. Out of all the crazy things I’ve done in bars and clubs in my lifetime, this was not shocking or even brave, and I was ready to forget about it.

Five minutes later, a black bouncer approached and asked me to step outside. I agreed to do so.

He said, “We got a report that you are harassing girls for not being Donald Trump supporters.” Incredulous, I denied the accusation because I don’t accept that joking around in a bar is “harassment.” He permitted me to stay, but gave a stern warning that I must not make any other patrons uncomfortable. I did not purchase another drink before leaving soon after.

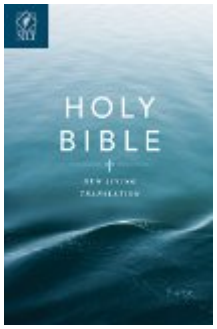
Over the past fifteen years, I've grinded on girls asses in night establishments, touched them intimately in a myriad of ways, and made countless crass sexual comments, but this is the first time I was sent to the principal's office for my bar behavior. It appears that Americans are now actively extending the childish "safe spaces" from campuses to private businesses.

Of course I was not trying to have sex with that girl, especially since she hated Donald Trump, but it's worth reminding you of what you already know: if you make a girl upset for any reason, she will appeal to an authority figure to make your life difficult. The game is rigged against us, and you have to screen out these types of girls before sex, or the accusation won't be one of casual harassment but something much worse.

Read Next: *Men Should Start Recording Sex With A Hidden Camera*

The Wisdom Books Of The Old Testament

August 31, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



The most interesting books of the Bible for those who aren't believers in God are the wisdom books of Job and Ecclesiastes. Written from a philosophical point of view, they attempt to help people live with suffering and pain while putting existence into context.

Book of Job

Job is a devout believer in God who follows all of His rules. He has been blessed with incredible wealth and numerous children. Satan then challenges God by arguing that Job is only faithful because of what he has gained, and that he would immediately curse God if everything was taken away from him. God allows Satan to destroy him, taking his wealth and killing all of his children.

Once the misfortune befalls Job, his wife implores him to curse God, but Job refuses. Instead, he openly laments at why God is allowing him to suffer. He even asks God to allow him to die.

> I would rather be strangled—
> rather die than suffer like this.
> I hate my life and don't want to go on living
> Oh, leave me alone for my few remaining days. (Job 7:15-16)
>
> Why make me your target?
> Am I a burden to you?
> Why not just forgive my sin
> and take away my guilt?
> For soon I will lie down in the dust and die.
> When you look for me, I will be gone. (Job 7:20-21)
>
> What do you gain by oppressing me?
> Why do you reject me, the work of your own hands,
> while smiling on the schemes of the wicked? (Job 10:3)

He then has a series of poetic dialogues with priestly men in an attempt to explain God's justice. Job asks some pointed questions, implying that those who are eager to sin seem to experience more prosperity than those who closely follow God's words.

> The godless seem like a lush plant growing in the sunshine,
> its branches spreading across the garden.
> Its roots grow down through a pile of stones;
> it takes hold on a bed of rocks.
> But when it is uprooted,
> it's as though it never existed! (Job 8:16-18)
>
> When a plague sweeps through,
> he laughs at the death of the innocent.
> The whole earth is in the hands of the wicked,
> and God blinds the eyes of the judges.
> If he's not the one who does it, who is? (Job 9:23-24)

Just like how there are so many laws in the legal code that you are always on the hook for something illegal, there are also so many possible sins that it may be impossible to live a clean life.

> Whatever happens, I will be found guilty.
> So what's the use of trying?
> Even if I were to wash myself with soap
> and clean my hands with lye,
> you would plunge me into a muddy ditch,
> and my own filthy clothing would hate me. (Job 9:29-31)

The men that Job spills his guts to state that he's sinning in some way and knows nothing about how God works, and that he must grin and bear it instead of questioning God's actions.

> Pay attention to this, Job.
> Stop and consider the wonderful miracles of God!
> Do you know how God controls the storm
> and causes the lightning to flash from his clouds?
> Do you understand how he moves the clouds
> with wonderful perfection and skill?
> When you are sweltering in your clothes
> and the south wind dies down and everything is still,
> he makes the skies reflect the heat like a bronze mirror.
> Can you do that? (Job 37:14-18)

God appears and asks Job how dare he question His actions, even though those actions amounted to an agreement with Satan.

> Who is this that questions my wisdom
> with such ignorant words?
> Brace yourself like a man,
> because I have some questions for you,
> and you must answer them.
> Where were you when I laid the foundations of the earth?
> Tell me, if you know so much.
> Who determined its dimensions
> and stretched out the surveying line?
> What supports its foundations,
> and who laid its cornerstone
> as the morning stars sang together
> and all the angels shouted for joy? (Job 38:2-7)

God goes on to describe his powers and then serves a “How dare you?” argument to Job, who then accepts his utter impotence.

> Then the LORD said to Job,
> “Do you still want to argue with the Almighty?
> You are God’s critic, but do you have the answers?”
> Then Job replied to the LORD,
> “I am nothing—how could I ever find the answers?
> I will cover my mouth with my hand.
> I have said too much already.
> I have nothing more to say.” (Job 40:2-5)
>
> You asked, ‘Who is this that questions my wisdom with such ignorance?’
> It is I—and I was talking about things I knew nothing about,
> things far too wonderful for me.
> You said, ‘Listen and I will speak!
> I have some questions for you,

> and you must answer them.’
> I had only heard about you before,
> but now I have seen you with my own eyes.
> I take back everything I said,
> and I sit in dust and ashes to show my repentance.” (Job 42:3-6)

Other parts of the Bible channel Job by asking why bad on Earth is allowed to continue:

> Wake up, O Lord! Why do you sleep?
> Get up! Do not reject us forever.
> Why do you look the other way?
> Why do you ignore our suffering and oppression?
> We collapse in the dust,
> lying face down in the dirt.
> Rise up! Help us!
> Ransom us because of your unfailing love. (Psalm 44:23-26)

And the usual response is to not question God:

> What sorrow awaits those who argue with their Creator.
> Does a clay pot argue with its maker?
> Does the clay dispute with the one who shapes it, saying,
> ‘Stop, you’re doing it wrong!’
> Does the pot exclaim,
> ‘How clumsy can you be?’
> How terrible it would be if a newborn baby said to its father,
> ‘Why was I born?’
> or if it said to its mother,
> ‘Why did you make me this way?’ (Isaiah 5:9-10)

After Job stopped questioning God, he was rewarded with even greater prosperity than before:

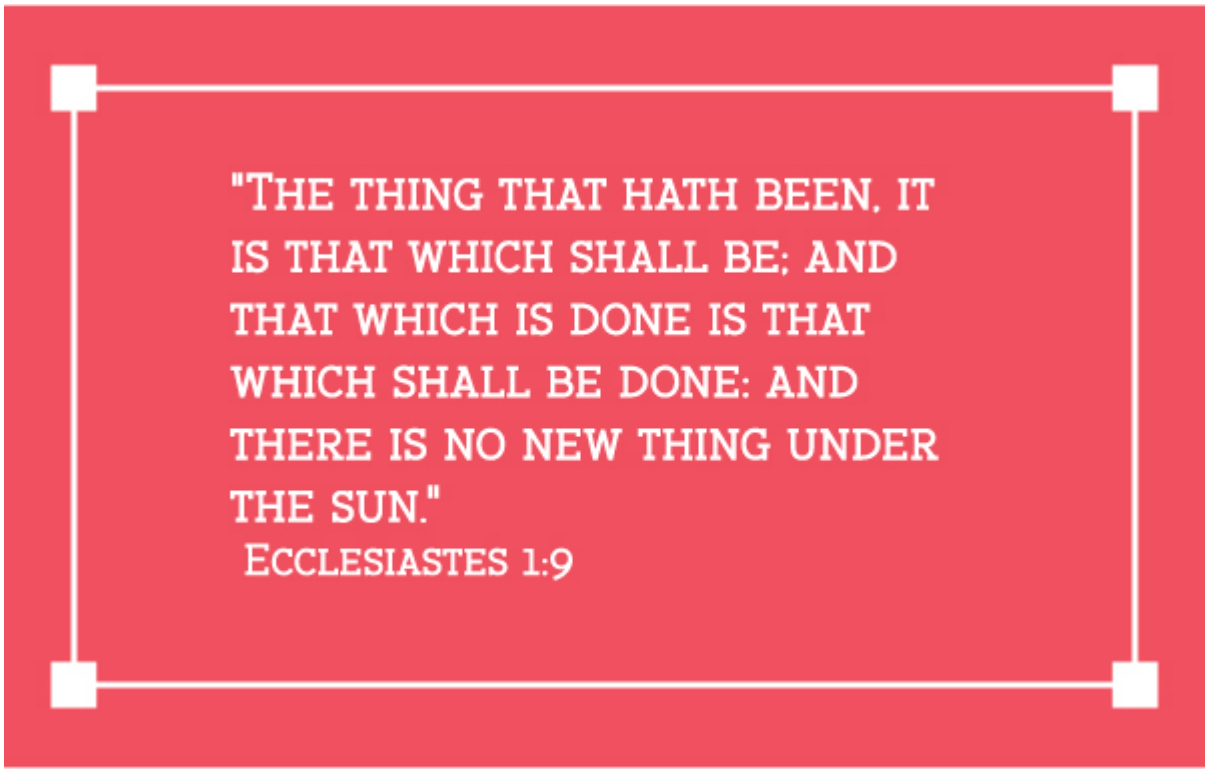
> So the LORD blessed Job in the second half of his life even more than in the beginning. For now he had 14,000 sheep, 6,000 camels, 1,000 teams of oxen, and 1,000 female donkeys. He also gave Job seven more sons and three more daughters. He named his first daughter Jemimah, the second Keziah, and the third Keren-happuch. In all the land no women were as lovely as the daughters of Job. And their father put them into his will along with their brothers. Job lived 140 years after that, living to see four generations of his children and grandchildren. Then he died, an old man who had lived a long, full life. (Job 42:12-17)

You have to be patient with God:

> Those who plant in tears will harvest with shouts of joy. They weep as they go to plant their seed, but they sing as they return with the harvest. (Psalm 126:5-6)

The lesson of this story seems to be one of stoicism: accept your fate, don't question it, and understand that what you have now can be taken from you at a moment's notice if God wants to, no matter how cleanly you have lived in his honor. Ironically, this book did more to make me question God's wisdom than any other.

Book Of Ecclesiastes



The next wisdom book is Ecclesiastes, purportedly written by King's David son, Solomon, who amassed one-thousand wives during his reign as King of Israel. His wife collection led to him serving other gods, and he was punished for it when God broke up the Kingdom of Israel. Ecclesiastes is the book that Solomon wrote at the end of his life, sharing all that he learned.

> "Everything is meaningless," says the Teacher, "completely meaningless!" What do people get for all their hard work under the sun? Generations come and generations go, but the earth never changes. The sun rises and the sun sets, then hurries around to rise again. The wind blows south, and then turns north. Around and around it goes, blowing in circles. Rivers run into the sea, but the sea is never full. Then the water returns again to the rivers and flows out again to the sea. Everything is wearisome beyond description. No matter how much we see, we are never satisfied. No matter how much we hear, we are not content. History merely repeats itself. It has all been done before. Nothing under the sun is truly new. (Ecclesiastes 1:2-11)

What is the point of accumulating wisdom in life? Why work hard?

> For in much wisdom is much grief: and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow. (Ecclesiastes 1:18)

> I thought, “Wisdom is better than foolishness, just as light is better than darkness. For the wise can see where they are going, but fools walk in the dark.” Yet I saw that the wise and the foolish share the same fate. Both will die. So I said to myself, “Since I will end up the same as the fool, what’s the value of all my wisdom? This is all so meaningless!” For the wise and the foolish both die. (Ecclesiastes 2:13-16)
>
> So what do people get in this life for all their hard work and anxiety? Their days of labor are filled with pain and grief; even at night their minds cannot rest. It is all meaningless. (Ecclesiastes 2:22-23)

All is vanity:

> For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them: as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath; so that a man hath no preeminence above a beast: for all is vanity. All go unto one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again. (Ecclesiastes 3:19-20)

Promiscuous and bad women are sent forth as a punishment from God:

> I discovered that a seductive woman is a trap more bitter than death. Her passion is a snare, and her soft hands are chains. Those who are pleasing to God will escape her, but sinners will be caught in her snare. (Ecclesiastes 7:26)

Solomon tries to convince himself that evil will not prosper, but he can’t help coming back to the fact that it does:

> When a crime is not punished quickly, people feel it is safe to do wrong. But even though a person sins a hundred times and still lives a long time, I know that those who fear God will be better off. The wicked will not prosper, for they do not fear God. Their days will never grow long like the evening shadows. And this is not all that is meaningless in our world. In this life, good people are often treated as though they were wicked, and wicked people are often treated as though they were good. This is so meaningless! (Ecclesiastes 8:11-16)

At this moment, it seems that Solomon goes off the rails by seemingly promoting a life of debauchery:

> So I recommend having fun, because there is nothing better for people in this world than to eat, drink, and enjoy life. That way they will experience some happiness along with all the hard work God gives them under the sun. (Ecclesiastes 8:15)

One interpretation of this is that if you live in sin like Solomon, you will eventually come to the conclusion that life is meaningless, all is for naught, and the only purpose is to have fun. The book may have been included in the Bible to serve as an example of what will happen to you if behave as Solomon and come to the end of your life thinking that it

wasn’t worth it. I hope this was the intended result because otherwise it would cause you to lose faith in God’s own wisdom in justice, just like with Job.

The wisdom books of the Bible raise questions of God’s justice and plans for his human subjects. Why do people suffer or prosper? Why does life feel like it’s not being guided by God? These questions vexed the Jews enough that they honored other God’s to get more immediate results. And then Jesus Christ came along to say that it will all be worth it—not necessarily now, but in the eternal afterlife, as long as you accept him as your savior.

Read Next: *The Old Testament’s Position On Female Behavior*

24 Answers To Patriarchy & Tradition Questions

September 2, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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The final Q&A video is on patriarchy and tradition:

Here's the index so you can jump around:

00:08
"Do you see mens maculinity further succumbing to public pressure or will there be a noticeable surge in masculine behavior worldwide?" (ALPHA HUNTER ZERO)

2:24
"Is there anything that can be done to make women feminine again or has the horse already bolted?" (BENHODGES62)

5:04
"Do you believe that technology has fundamentally altered the negotiation between men and women – with the advent of hormonal birth control (and lessening the need to screen all men for beta qualities prior to sex while also allowing a certain number/subset of men much greater access to sex) is Marriage 1.0 still a realistic ideal?" (RP THINKER 12)

8:50
"Where do you see the Manosphere/Neomasculinity going in the future? Will it ever be more than an online community? I know we had the meet-up that was cancelled, but are there any other plans or predictions?" (COREY)

12:13
"Do you conclude that it is not the country but a mere urban vs rural ideals. like would you pick a bride in small town utah over a kiev girl?" (SPLOOGE)

15:16
"Roosh, from your recent posts I gather that you are looking for a woman to bond with and start a family. You've already explained what you are looking for, but I am more interested in learning where (i.e. which country/region) you will start your search in and for which reasons you have chosen that specific country? Ideally I would like to have kids too, but I know that it will become increasingly difficult in our world to find a loyal and kind woman with whom it is worth taking the risks of starting a family." (DER WELTENBUMMLER)

19:32
"You say that fornication ruins women, and makes them unfit to be wifes and mothers. But you sell how-to-fornicate guides. Why is that?" (NATHAN SCHUSTER)

22:14
"You have shown great loyalty to "biological" American nation which hosted your family of foreign origin. Yet, what are your feelings toward your ancestral country, Iran ? Did you ever think that settling there could be an option, given it's quite traditional character and it's growing sense of national confidence?" (ARMCHAIR GENERAL)

23:53

“Why dont you go to Armenia and Iran, by far the most traditional societies and girls are hot as hell. Do you speak local language?” (DAVID)

25:42

“How does one weigh the balance of ignoring the outside world, marrying the best girl one can and starting a family, or just permanently having short term sexual encounters feeding our sex drive, versus taking a stand and fighting the forces that are destroying the western civilized world?” (SPICY NUJAC)

28:52

“If you decide to have a family, how will you prevent modern culture, media, friends, and outside influences from corrupting your children?” (SPICY NUJAC)

30:33

“What is your view on Monarchy?” (CHRISTIAN)

31:27

“Do you view return to more traditional values as necessary for the continuing success of Western Civilization over its rivals, or more as a personal preference of what kind of world you want to live in?” (GGG)

33:40

“How would you advise a father to educate his children (both sons and daughters) to counter the narratives being pushed by society at large?” (NIL NISI OPTIMUM)

34:34

“You recently wrote an article about the necessity for the future mother of your children to be a virgin that believes in God. In which countries would one be most likely to find this type of girl/woman? (Ideally she would be Christian)” (WILLIAM R)

36:11

“Do you think neo masculinity needs to have a multigenerational approach – raising a family with the worldview and strong foundation – to have an impact in the next generation?” (ARMENIA 4 EVER)

37:50

“What advice can you give men in the manosphere to avoid a complete surrender to nihilism and pessimism?” (ARMENIA 4 EVER)

39:56

“Can you give your honest, brutal opinion on men who abstain from sex before marriage out of religious conviction (assuming that the conviction is sincere and that this genuinely isn’t the result of betadom)?” (MARCUS AQUILA)

41:01

“Do you think it’s necessary to fall in love to get married?” (ANDREA)

45:18

“If you ever got married, would you be faithful? Why or why not?” (ANDREA)

46:25

“Please explain why it is important for a woman to submit to a man and how to best train your woman to do as she’s told.” (STANNUM)

47:59

“How do we bring back the patriarchy? and how do we stop this real life calhoun mouse experiment?” (THE STEEL GUY)

51:33

“What are the steps you would take to minimize legal and financial risk from divorce/cohabitation laws?” (SIR TIMOTHY)

54:31

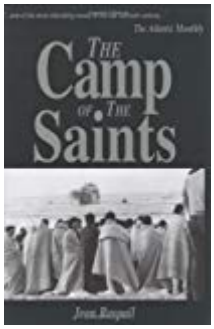
“You realize that to save Western Civilization – or Christendom – we need women to want marriage and to be fertile – raise kids. Yet “Bang”ing them seems to be counterproductive to that goal (as opposed to enjoying the decline into a new dark ages). At best you seem of two minds, but why not reform and go to the better angels of everyone’s natures – including and especially women – eggs are dear – than to damage women often reducing their Marriage Market Value?” (TZ1)

That completely wraps up the 2016 Q&A series. Check out my Youtube channel for all seven videos, which total almost six hours in length. I didn’t know what kind of time commitment I was getting into by doing this Q&A, but it came out great and it was a lot of fun to answer all 131 questions.

Previous Video: *19 Answers To Globalism & Politics Questions*

How The Camp Of The Saints Predicted The Migrant Destruction Of Europe

September 5, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



Written in 1973, The Camp Of The Saints is a novel by Jean Raspail that predicted the European migrant crisis forty years before it began, not only the actual invasion by brown migrants but also the leftist arguments that enabled it, which ushered Europe to its doom.

The story follows a one-million strong flotilla of Indians who are slowly making their way to Europe. The leaders and people of Europe have decided not to stop their arrival. Light on action, the book focuses on the mood of the pending arrival, particularly how Europeans were eager to cuck themselves into oblivion.

> After all your help—all the seeds, and drugs, and technology—[migrants] found it so much simpler just to say, 'Here's my son, here's my daughter. Take them. Take me. Take us all to your country.' And the idea caught on. You thought it was fine. You encouraged it, organized it. But now it's too big, now it's out of your hands. It's a flood. A deluge. And it's out of control.
>
> […]
>
> You've gone and worked up a race problem out of whole cloth, right in the heart of the white world, just to destroy it. That's what you're after. You want to destroy our world, our whole way of life.

Raspail understood how the media whips the public into feeling immense guilt as a mechanism to introduce non-white migrants. Well before the globalist view on migration and equality was elucidated, Raspail was steps ahead in predicting what the result of it would be, as if he was reading into a crystal ball. He even knew that migrants would bring diseases like tuberculosis.

> And all at once whole sections of New York are deserted, a score of American cities watch the flight to the suburbs—and half the historic Paris pavement too—American tots in their integrated schools fall five years behind, tubercular Gauls flee in droves from our open-air clinics. … Tally-ho! Tally-ho! Just listen to that battering ram smash at the southern gate!

The centuries-long segregation of the first and third-world brought great complacency upon Europe. No one could really get a grasp of what was in store once the third-world reached critical mass and started invading the West.

> "I can tell," Vilsberg continued, "that you really don't believe how serious the situation is. After all, we lived side by side with the Third World, convinced that our hermetic coexistence, our global segregation, would last forever. What a deadly illusion! Now we see that the Third World is a great unbridled mass, obeying only those impulsive urges that well up when millions of hapless wills come together in the grip of despair.

In a bittersweet scene, one of the prominent media leftists goes out with his wife to celebrate the arrival of the flotilla with joyous Africans. Towards the end of the party, his wife gets brutally raped by them and he eventually dies in sorrow. The horde's arrival suddenly awakened all the immigrants already in the country into asserting themselves. They began stealing directly from the native citizens by attacking their "white privilege."

> Now, it's a known fact that racism comes in two forms: that practiced by whites—heinous and inexcusable, whatever its motives—and that practiced by blacks——quite justified, whatever its excesses, since it's merely the expression of a righteous revenge, and it's up to the whites to be patient and understanding.

What drives the maniacal leftist? Raspail believes it's a suicide mechanism, likely activated by a human organism void of spirit and with no reason to endure a cosmopolitan existence. Attempting to destroy its host culture is an indirect way of killing itself.

> Whenever the pop tunes would lose their blaring charm, there was nothing left but to let oneself drown in the sticky-sweet syrup of human misery and despair, set to music of sorts, that one refuge of yearning and unfulfilled souls that had

> learned nothing else. It never occurred to any of them to measure that notion of misery against the past, or against their own well-being. For them it was a drug, and they needed to shoot up a good strong dose to keep themselves going, like addicts and their heroin. The fact that it was often hard to come by close to home made very little difference. Nothing stops an addict when he has to have his fix, and poisons like that are easy to import. There's never a lack of pushers.
> Besides, modern man has always had, tucked away in the back of his mind, that singular longing for total destruction, sole cure for the boredom and anguish that consume him.

The book even predicted a cucked Catholic Church. Raspail knew that every institution had to be on board with Europe's destruction for the third-world invasion to proceed seamlessly.

> I came south like a lot of other priests, father, to hail what I thought would be mankind's redemption. To welcome the million Christs on board those ships, who would rise up, reborn, and signal the dawn of a just, new day.

The European women who welcomed the refugees became whores for them. If you think this is too extreme, consider that European women are getting raped by migrants today but not reporting the crime, yet if a white man so much as brushes past them, he's accused of assault.

> She died in Nice, in a whorehouse for Hindus, disgusted with everything in general and herself in particular. At the time, each refugee quarter had its stock of white women, all free for the taking. And perfectly legal.
>
> […]
>
> Yes, the Third World had started to overflow its banks, and the West was its sewer.

Raspail even predicted the fact that the media would elevate the interracial couplings of white women and the invaders. We saw something similar recently when the German government sponsored sex workshops for migrants on how to fornicate with German girls.

> Ralph Ginzburg, the famous American publisher, had printed a series of photos in his magazine Eros, which had caused not a little ink to be spilled. They showed an interracial couple—white woman, black man—in various stages of nude embrace. With a caption that read as follows: "Tomorrow these couples will be recognized as the pioneers of an enlightened age, in which prejudice will be dead and the only race will be the human race."

The fleet made landfall in France. The French, impotent to do the right thing to save their country, tripped head first into spreading the welcome mat (they actually competed with each other to see who would be the most welcoming). You can imagine the result when one million wretches made landfall in a country they cared nothing about. The new social justice government that rose forth catered to the invaders more than the French, similar to what we already see in Western European nations.

> In war, the real enemy is always behind the lines. Never in front of you, never among you. Always at your back. That's something every soldier knows. In every army, since the world began. And plenty of times they've been tempted to turn their backs on the enemy—the so-called enemy, that is—and give it to the real one, once and for all.
>
> […]
>
> When freedom expands to mean freedom of instinct and social destruction, then freedom is dead.

The book itself wasn't my style of storytelling. Raspail made numerous detours and long-

winded soliloquies that took away from the action in favor of creating accurate character portrayals. It's more of a mood novel than one that moved forward at an exciting pace. The only flaw is that it didn't predict the rise of an alternative media that would sound the alarm bell. Even though an active invasion is taking place today, the anti-migrant side is far stronger than what's portrayed in the book.

The Camp Of The Saints was a prophetic story that showed how the migrants themselves weren't the only cause of Europe's destruction—leftists played the largest role in ripping apart the country before their arrival, a fact that many of us already know too well.

Read More: *"The Camp Of The Saints" on Amazon*

14 Articles I Strongly Recommend

September 7, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Here are some recent long-form articles I got a lot of value from:

1. When a Trotsky communist was captured and interrogated, he revealed secrets of the international bankers [Link]

2. Congressional transcript explains how Cultural Marxism will destroy America [Link]

3. Disaster can be the stimulus for victory [Link]

4. A prayer before study [Link]

5. How George Soros singlehandedly created the European refugee crisis—and why [Link]

6. Every time you participate in an establishment lie, you keep the corrupt system going [Link]

7. CIA insider shares how covert operations contribute to millions of deaths per year [Link]

8. The formation of moral values in society doesn't come from the evolution of the consensus [Link]

9. Today's women are yesterday's prostitutes [Link]

10. Who really controls the world? [Link]

11. A well-written "Benghazi for dummies" article that explains why Hillary's actions are so appalling [Link]

12. How institutions and nations can become evil over time [Link]

13. How the CIA started the war in Syria [Link]

14. How Nelson Rockefeller, with USA government helped, gained control of the Latin American media [Link]

Read Next: *The Elites Are Not Smarter Than You*

WATCH: 10 Reasons Why Washington DC Sucks

September 9, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Before I completely forget about my time in the DC area , I decided to capture my criticisms about it in a video for posterity. A lot of men left comments that their city is strikingly similar to DC, suggesting a monoculture that is being spread throughout the Western world.

Visit my Youtube channel and hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

Previous Video: *24 Answers To Patriarchy & Tradition Questions*

Nationalism Is A Trap

September 12, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

More people are coming to the truthful conclusion that globalism is a failure and nationalism, where a country's people and interests are valued above that of non-citizens, is the way forward. A problem is that the globalism-nationalism framework is exactly the type of dialectic elites can use to usher in a global war or crackdown to further increase their power.

Imagine there is a wife who is tired of her husband going out every night with his friends to drink. Instead of nagging at him every evening, which would have the effect of motivating him to leave the house even sooner, she will wait until he gets into a drunk driving accident or serious bar fight so she could "draw the line" and make the reasonable ultimatum for him to never drink again. The husband is more likely to listen to her after something wrong takes place than after he had a safe night out.

Right now the nationalist movement is being allowed to gain strength so that a future event can act as a trigger for globalists to "draw the line" on the movement by imprisoning or killing its strongest members. In other words, globalists plan to use nationalism as a trap, a device they transform into to their advantage. As of right now, the budding nationalist movement is extremely useful in allowing them to identify all "resisters" before easily crushing them when the time is right.

Elites cannot advance their plans without a dialectic

The way the elites move an agenda forward is through a dialectic, meaning that two opposing ideologies rub against each other, create friction, and from that comes a desired result (i.e. "order from chaos"). Those in power either control or monitor the existence of both sides to guide and bend the dialectic to serve their ends.

The recent rise in nationalism, I speculate, has been allowed because previous dialectics such as capitalism vs communism and democracy vs terrorism are no longer useful in advancing the desired agenda. Soviet Communism is dead and increased terrorism did not allow planned wars in Syria and Iran to proceed like 9/11 did with Iraq and Afghanistan. In addition, the white vs black race war is years late, stubbornly resistant to the gasoline that Obama pours onto the fire. A new dialectic must be nurtured, and so nationalism may just do the trick. Hillary's recent alt right speech officially debuted American nationalism as the new "enemy."

While your conclusion that nationalism is logical and beneficial to a nation is true, and I'm sure to agree with it, you were guided onto those beliefs. How did you arrive at nationalist thought? Through decades of free trade, feminism, and open-door immigration that have worn you and your country down. Your arrival at nationalist conclusions is the direct result of globalism, which means that nationalist thoughts exist in your mind only because of the likes of George Soros, who pulled out a million Muslims from his hat and placed them in Europe while sponsoring a multitude of social justice organizations in the

United States. His actions and behavior, along with other powerful globalists like him, have essentially created your very ideology, because you are entrenched in a dialectic where opposing forces must exist and be in combat with each other.

The growth of nationalism is “useful”

Nationalism must continue to grow in power right before the moment it can threaten globalist banking and geopolitical interests, and when it does, the globalists will clamp down severely on it. As if replaying World War 2, they will identify a nationalist country as the big bad bully, and then use that country as an excuse to start a war that will simultaneously weed out nationalists throughout the world by sending them to die or having them arrested at home for “subversion” or “treason.” Russia is the evil nationalist country that neocons and others have been poking, and even Poland is being puffed up into an “undemocratic” country in order to hedge their bets.

A hint that this may already be taking place is that France recently called upon “patriots” to serve in their National Guard to “protect citizens.” Since when does France care about patriots? They have committed no consistent actions in the past decade that suggest they do care, so we must reasonably conclude that this new army is a trap to attract nationalists into a game where the end result is their death. I wouldn’t be surprised if France’s beefed-up army is used to start a war in a place like Poland, which will be painted as an aggressor that caused “economic attacks” upon the saintly Western Europeans.

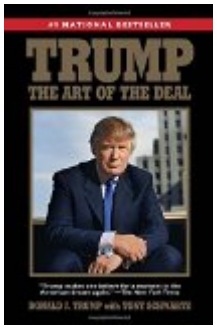
As long as you’re in the dialectic, which I see as a sort of Twilight Zone creation of the mega rich, you’re fighting on their terms. They need the nationalist “grassroots” uprising to create violent events that allow them to re-assert control and power. Even though nationalism may be the most sane movement of the day, it still plays into their hands as long as we insist on having only two sides of the debate, good and evil, as if we were living in a Hollywood-style storyline. Instead of this two-dimensional arrangement, the solution may be to go 3D, where you can move front and back and around in a spectrum of ideas, instead of just left and right where you’re a pawn of the game no matter what side you pick.

Just because a nationalist “resistance” is growing, doesn’t mean that that the globalists in power are being hurt. Without being able to effectively control the Western population through the Cold War, terrorism, racial divide-and-conquer, or modern Russian aggression, they are hoping that the nationalist movement grows enough to create the conflict that moves their chess pieces forward. While I’m not urging you to throw away your nationalist beliefs, as I surely won’t throw away mine, it is clear to me that a trap is waiting to be sprung, and we will all suffer when it’s finally launched.

Don’t Miss: *Why Nationalism Without Natalism Will Fail*

11 Best Quotes From Donald Trump's Art Of The Deal

September 14, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



The Art Of The Deal is an autobiographical memoir written in 1987 that explains Donald Trump's rise in real estate. It gives you a broad overview of how real estate development works and a closer look at the beliefs that drive Trump's ambition.

Here are my favorite quotes from the book...

Trust your gut

> ...listen to your gut, no matter how good something sounds on paper. The second is that you're generally better off sticking with what you know.

Think big

> My style of deal-making is quite simple and straightforward. I aim very high, and then I just keep pushing and pushing and pushing to get what I'm after. Sometimes I settle for less than I sought, but in most cases I still end up with what I want.
>
> [...]
>
> I wasn't satisfied just to earn a good living. I was looking to make a statement. I was out to build something monumental—something worth a big effort.

Accept the worst-case scenario

> If you plan for the worst— if you can live with the worst— the good will always take care of itself.

Don't be desperate

> The worst thing you can possibly do in a deal is seem desperate to make it. That makes the other guy smell blood, and then you're dead.

Don't overpay

> What you should never do is pay too much, even if that means walking away from a very good site.

Care about the cents

> To this day, if I feel a contractor is overcharging me, I'll pick up the phone, even if it's only for $ 5,000 or $ 10,000, and I'll complain. People say to me, "What are you bothering for, over a few bucks?" My answer is that the day I can't pick up the telephone and make a twenty-five-cent call to save $10,000 is the day I'm going to close up shop.

Use scarcity

> With so much demand, our marketing strategy was to play hard to get. It was a reverse sales technique. If you sit in an office with a contract in your hand, eager to make the first deal that comes along, it's quite obvious to people that the apartments aren't in demand. We were never in a rush to sign a contract. When people came in, we'd show them the model apartments, sit down and talk, and, if they were interested, explain that there was a waiting list for the most desirable apartments. The more unattainable the apartments seemed, the more people wanted them.

There's always a time to strike

> The worst of times often create the best opportunities to make good deals.

Surround yourself with the best

> I have a very simple rule when it comes to management: hire the best people from your competitors, pay them more than they were earning, and give them bonuses and incentives based on their performance. That's how you build a first-class operation.

Create win-win deals

> Deals work best when each side gets something it wants from the other.

Even though I don't care about real estate development, the book was hard to put down. I enjoyed reading about how Trump dealt with problems that would have stymied lesser men. If you are a fan of Trump and want to understand the forces that drive him, I highly recommend this book.

Read More: *"The Art Of The Deal" on Amazon*

WATCH: Why Men Should Vote For Donald Trump

September 16, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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This video summarizes my case on why Donald Trump deserves your vote, in spite of his many downsides. After uploading this video to my Youtube channel, over 50 people unsubscribed, suggesting how invested people are in the election.

Visit my Youtube channel and hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

Previous Video: *10 Reasons Why Washington DC Sucks*

The Dangers Of Romantic Love

September 19, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Since we were children, we have been bombarded with propaganda that romantic love is the ultimate relationship ideal. Hollywood movies, Disney cartoons, and literary fiction all portray romantic love as an absolute necessity in any wedding union, but how much of that narrative has been a lie? Is it possible that our pursuit of romantic love is actually preventing us from forming a lifelong pair bond?

I began to question the notion of romantic love when thinking about its emotional root. Love is a fleeting emotion, and like all emotions, it comes and goes like the clouds in the sky. Why have I been taught to select my life partner based on an emotion? I'm surely not encouraged to use emotion when buying a house, applying for a job, or doing my personal finances, but when it comes to choosing a human being that I'm supposed to spend the rest of my life with, I'm advised by the establishment narrative to use emotion for the biggest decision of them all.

Another major clue that romantic love is a childish strategy for choosing mates is the fact that countries with arranged marriages, where partners are picked based on purely practical matters, have lower divorce rates that in countries where romantic love is used to select mates (1, 2, 3). While there are multiple reasons for divorce in any society, it is rather coincidental that the countries most impacted by notions of romantic love happen to have the highest divorce rates.

Romance was invented

It turns out that your desire to use love as a precondition for marriage or pair bonding is an invented construct that had roots in destroying tradition and theistic authority.

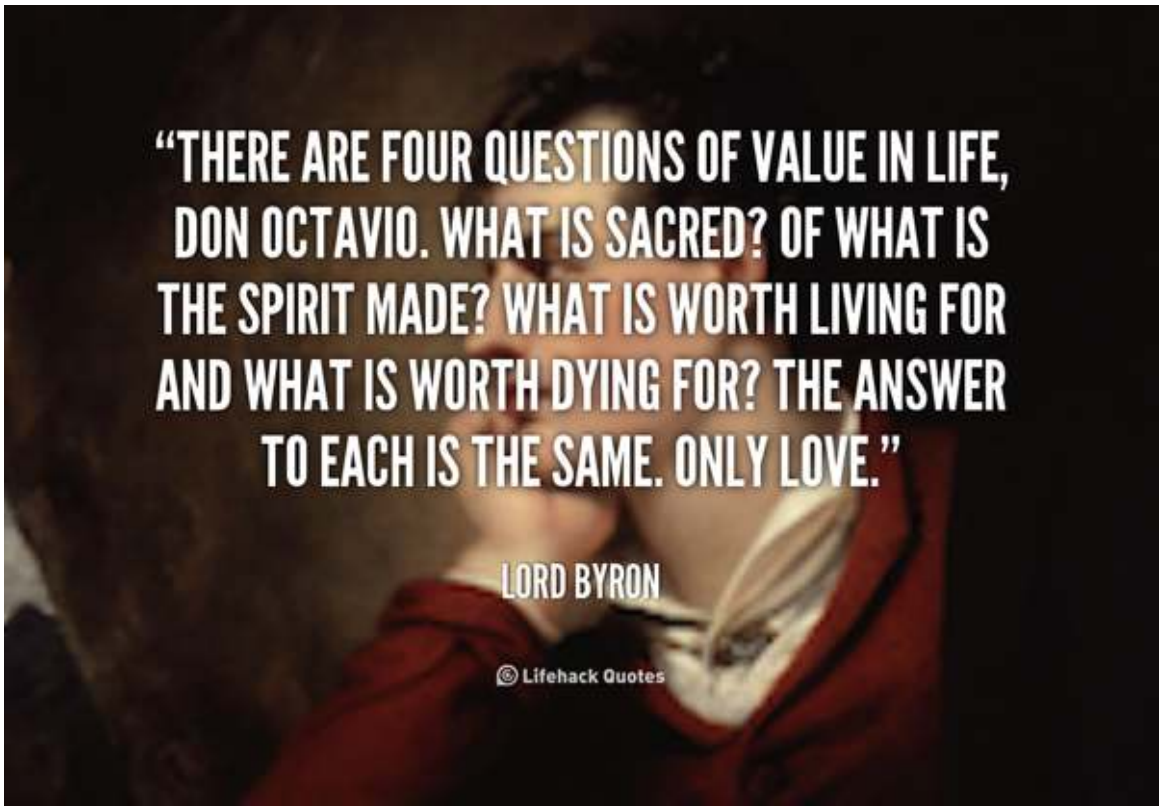
Romanticism, a movement that began in the 18th century, put romantic love at the forefront, not just for individuals but nations as well, all from a central thesis of individualism. It wanted you to take the focus away from boring old rules and traditions to focusing on how you *feel*.

The movement came primarily from bourgeois youth, who used family money to fiddle away on idealistic writings.

> …the Romantic Movement was nothing more than a protest against bourgeois conventions, bourgeois society and morality. To be extreme and flamboyant and unusual and violent even at the risk of becoming grotesque was the desire of every young Romantic. The Romantics were, in fact, bourgeois origins, who were trying hard to escape from their own shadows. (Source)
>
> […]
>
> Romantics believed that men and women ought to be guided by warm emotions rather than the cold abstract rules and rituals established by Bourgeois society. (Source

They sound a lot like modern day social justice warriors, many of whom are trust fund babies that lash out against "privilege" and "inequality" to relieve the psychological pain of being wealthy without having had to earn it. Combined with the fact that SJWs also trump feelings over logic, it's clear to see how romanticists were proto-SJWs, whose individualistic ideas are just what the enlightenment needed to complete its destruction of tradition.

Romantics re-defined what relationships should be based on



Prior to the romantic era, companionate love was the relationship form often described in literature and other historical writings.

> Passionate love is the arousal-driven emotion which often gives people extreme feelings of happiness, and can also give people feelings of anguish. Companionate love is the form which creates a steadfast bond between two people, and gives people feelings of peace. Scientists have described the stage of passionate love as "being on cocaine," since during that stage the brain releases the same neurotransmitter, dopamine, as when cocaine is being used. (Source)

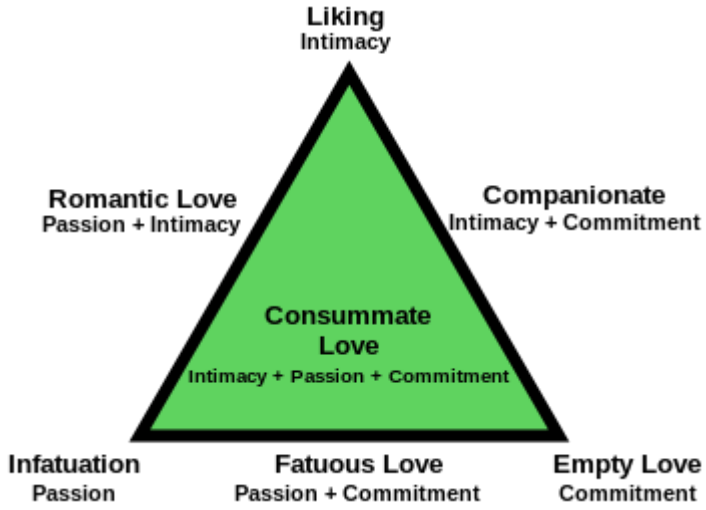
Besides Song Of Songs in the Old Testament, writers were not encouraged to muse endlessly about passionate love, and there is zero evidence it was used as the principal factor in forming new marriages, but it's this passionate love that we're told to strive for, of feeling like you've been swept up in an exciting whirlwind, before publishing the gory details on Buzzfeed or in a bestseller like Eat Pray Love, authored by a woman who is embarking on her second divorce.

Women of the romantic era played a big part in elevating romantic love, and why wouldn't they? It's much more fun to get swept up in the excitement created by non-committal alpha male than it does to do arduous daily duties before you husband, king, and God. Women were given the chance to pick between excitement or responsibility, and we know what they have chosen.

> The works of the Romantic Era also differed from preceding works in that they spoke to a wider audience, partly reflecting the greater distribution of books as costs came down during the period. The Romantic period saw an increase in female authors and also female readers. (Source)

The modern era has doubled down on the notion of romantic love

Jewish psychologist Robert Sternberg proposed the popular triangular theory of love, which is often used today as defining the love ideal. This theory has caused immense harm for stating that all three forms of love are needed in equal measure for a successful relationship.



Anyone who takes an introductory psychology course, or who reads a pop psychology book, will be exposed to this theory, and walk away thinking that passion is absolutely required in a relationship. If it's not there, the presumption is that the relationship is no longer "consummate" and far short of ideal.

Believing that romantic love and passion are necessary in a marriage makes it that much easier to exit out of it, because when a woman no longer "feels passion," she will walk away knowing that experts like Sternberg would agree that the relationship degraded and was no longer worth saving. And this is exactly what modern women are doing in droves. They have shown an appalling disregard for their wedding vows, especially upon realizing that they initiate 80% of divorces.

Romanticism and the rise of nationalism

If nationalism came out of the romantic era, and passionate love was a mistake, does that mean nationalism is also a mistake?

> One of Romanticism's key ideas and most enduring legacies is the assertion of nationalism, which became a central theme of Romantic art and political

> philosophy. From the earliest parts of the movement, with their focus on development of national languages and folklore, and the importance of local customs and traditions, to the movements that would redraw the map of Europe and lead to calls for self-determination of nationalities, nationalism was one of the key vehicles of Romanticism, its role, expression and meaning.
>
> […]
>
> Patriotism, nationalism, revolution and armed struggle for independence also became popular themes in the arts of this period. (Source)

Upon closer inspection, it's easy to see that the ruling agenda of today, globalism, is essentially "world nationalism." Instead of loving your neighbor, and only those who share your unique traditions or race, you're supposed to love *everyone in the world*, because it's evil to think that there are large differences between a German businessman in a Hugo Boss suit and a Tutsi villager with a lip plate the size of a grapefruit.

The romantic ideal of nationalism is not Adolph Hitler, but George Soros, who insists on loving everyone in the world from the depths of your heartfelt human compassion. A nationalism based on genetics and local bonds will no doubt serve citizens better than a "global nationalism" where you're supposed to care for those who are nothing like you.

How should men choose their life partners?

It's clear that using romantic love and passion as your primary standard for long-term relationships will lead to failure and maybe even personal catastrophe. You'll easily come to this conclusion by evaluating your past relationships and the mistakes you've made on women who you had intense passion for.

Instead, practicality must be the order of the day. You must logically evaluate any woman you intend to be with for more than a casual relationship by weighing her values, beliefs, and sexual history. This is easier said than done because we've been so brainwashed to believe passion is important, but it simply makes the most amount of sense. Find a woman the same way you would find a new job or buy a new house, and be wary of women who picked you based more on passion than practical matters.

It may sound cold to search for your wife like you would a business partner, but that is exactly what she is. The day-to-day life of a family home is far more business and economics than love, and so you should come to the easy conclusion that that's what you must use to form a stable home.

Understand, however, that we do not live in a traditional and patriarchal society that aids us in our search for a virtuous woman. Instead, society is encouraging women to corrupt themselves, sexually and physically, in the name of empowerment and independence, making our search exceedingly difficult. This is one of the costs we have to pay for living in the modern world. Some men will be able to overcome it, but many men won't, and will fail in their search for a woman they can create a family with.

But at least we are now armed with the knowledge of what it takes to have a more

successful long-term relationship. It’s not romantic love or butterflies in the stomach, but a matter of practicality. Logically evaluate her past, her values, and her beliefs to make sound predictions of how she’ll behave in the future. From this evaluation will come a logical decision that is likely to endure, instead of relying on emotion, which changes as readily as the direction of the wind.

Read Next: *Women Who Own iPhones Lose The Ability To Love*

How To Know When You Should Learn A New Language

September 21, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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The biggest regret I have in my many years of travel is not learning the local language in countries I've ended up staying for the long term. I would be more than conversational in Polish and Russian today if I just adhered to one simple rule: **learn the language of a country you have been in for two weeks or longer**. This means that you start your language studies on day fifteen of any trip.

Even if you're doing a short one-month trip to a country, you should still make attempts to study the language for at least an hour a day no later than the third week. The reason is that your knowledge compounds over time to greatly increase your enjoyment within the country, making it easier to get around, make friends, and meet women. Every word you learn is like one extra dollar in an interest-bearing bank account. The more words you learn, the more you ability "compounds," due to the simple fact that learning one additional word increase the number of new sentences you can speak by greater than one, especially after you've surpassed a vocabulary of 250 words.

I spent a year in Ukraine. During that time I only studied Russian for a couple months. I tried to make up for it by studying while in Poland to prepare for a long Russian stay in 2014, but I ended up staying in Russia for less than two months. If I followed my rule, I would have studied the language when I needed it (while living in Ukraine), and saved time not studying it when I didn't even use it.

I have spent more than two years in Poland. I've studied the language for less than six months. If I only studied one hour a day while living there, I'd be at least conversational, but now I'm embarrassed with my Polish language level. I've spent enough time in Eastern European countries that I feel like a Mexican immigrant to the USA who doesn't speak English.

The purpose of the two-week rule is to link language learning to time spent in countries instead of predictions or dreamy intentions of how long you think you'll spend in them. You should put far less weight on studying a language before you get there than when you're actually settled. I wouldn't discourage your pre-trip studying, but it's easy to make a huge misallocation of your time by studying languages for countries you don't even end up liking.

I devised this rule based on a regressive analysis of my travel habits. If I followed it, my fluency in languages would match my actual time spent within countries. Instead, I have a mismatch of language fluency because I studied languages based on where I *thought* I'd stay in the future instead of where I actually stayed. I've learned from that mistake. Now if I'm in a country for two weeks, on day 15 I will crack open a book or hire a tutor and put in my one-hour a day. I'll be better served by it.

Read Next: ***Language Hackers And "Polyglots" Are Full Of Shit***

WATCH: 9 Self-Improvement Tips For American Women

September 23, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I decided to help out my female readers by sharing advice on how they could improve themselves. I was slightly gentle in my recommendations.

Visit my Youtube channel and hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

Previous Video: *Why Men Should Vote For Donald Trump*

Game Will Never Die

September 26, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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You haven't seen many game articles from me in the past year, creating the impression that I quit the game entirely and am ready to renounce my previous books Bang and Day Bang. Many religiously minded men suspect I've found God or experienced a spiritual awakening. The plainer truth is that I still use game every single day, not to gain notches or casual sex, but within the dynamic of a relationship. From this new experience, I'm convinced that game is just as essential to maintaining relationships with non-sluts, especially in the modern age.

Approach game vs relationship game

For over ten years I used "approach game," where I would cold approach women, present the most attractive version of myself based on my understanding of the true nature of women, and apply logistical tactics to seal the deal quickly and efficiently. This style of game has helped thousands of men with their sex life, whether their goal was to gain a notch or enter a relationship.

As many people predicted, I got tired of sleeping with random women. My dopamine receptors burned out to where I saw no point in duplicating sexual experiences and pursing notches with sluts. I also began to feel degraded from putting my phallus in so many dirty women who I had no respect for. So I changed course and eased into a monogamous relationship with a girl who meets my standards and has stronger values.

Even though I don't approach women anymore, I'm still using game. I'm hyper-conscious about my girl's behavior and actions along with my own, and I work at managing the gap between our nature and self-interest in a way that ensures our relationship is successful.

While this relationship isn't the same as approaching ten girls in the club every night, it still uses the same part of my brain, along with skills that carry over from juggling many women at once. In terms of the differences, approach game requires more balls, grit, and energy while relationship game requires more emotional control and leadership.

I met my current girl through approach game, so for me to denounce that would be the same as wishing my relationship never would have happened. Approach game is a *tool* that is extremely useful for men who are introverted or lack a robust social circle while living in a large city (i.e. any man who has moved away from his hometown after high school). For this group, knowing how to approach women is just about required to meet a girl on the same socio-attractiveness level as him.

This doesn't mean that my past writing is without flaws. If I were to write my game books all over again, I would make two changes:

1. Focus less on encouraging notch-building and "banging." Building notches is not an effective long-term method to building your masculinity or confidence. For a time, however, I really thought that banging a lot of girls was the answer to happiness, and now

that I see it's not, I can advise men on what I learned and how—after a period of necessary experience—game should be used more as a tool than a lifestyle.

2. Advise men to stay away from mentally unstable girls. My advice did push men to sleeping with girls who were extremely promiscuous. The problem with this type of female is that they have issues that could cause men a lot of problems, ranging from stalking to false rape accusations. I want to focus more on keeping men out of harm's way.

Most men would suffer without basic game knowledge

If you are a man living in the United States and are not in the top 10% in terms of attractiveness, and don't have some innate knowledge of approach game or relationship game, there's a good chance you won't lose your virginity until your early 20's or beyond. Even with my recent embrace of more traditional values, you can't entirely skip out on game, because we no longer live in a traditional world.

I mentioned this fact in my State Of Man speech last year (speech transcript is included in my book Free Speech Isn't Free):

> It now takes hundreds of hours of game work and self-improvement work to enter a sexual relationship with a girl who is good looking. Did your dad have to put in a hundred hours to meet your mom? My dad had to take a shower every day. (Laughter and clapping.) Is that enough now? (No.) A shower every day… come on.

Using traditional behavior on women who are non-traditional may get you killed, and I do mean that in a literal sense if you consider all the men who commit suicide after getting divorce raped by modern wives they attempted to treat in a traditional manner. Even celebrities like Robin Williams, who hung himself because of a bad divorce, are not immune.

If I were to tell men right now not to use game and just be a traditional man like their grandfathers, I'd be sending them to their doom. It would be nothing short of betrayal. I'm sure many of you *want* to be traditional, as I do, but unless you hit the lottery and find a traditional girl in some conservative pocket of America who is immune from the negative influences around her, you're stuck with women who have toxic progressive ideas in their minds that can only be screened, tamed, and managed with logical game application.

I'm not going to tell you right now to hit the nightclub, get drunk, and bring home a slut, but I will say that it is just about essential for you to have the ability to start conversations with women, maintain attraction, and steer female behavior in a focused way that ensures a successful relationship. Your father or grandfathers didn't have to acquire these manually, and a lucky few of you reading right now possess natural talents or a favorable locale that allow you to skip out on game learning entirely, but most of you, like myself, need to be taught this knowledge.

My future game writing will focus on meeting girls who are less promiscuous than average and how to maintain relationships with them. Until we revert back to a traditional society, men are going to need game, and if they choose me as their teacher I will be blunt to them about their prospects. As much as we wish we can just be ourselves or be an honorable man, those days are long gone, meaning that today's man needs game more than ever.

Read Next: *The Novelty Wheel*

Compendium Of All 131 Answers I Gave For The 2016 Q&A

September 28, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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My question & answer series was a great success. I answered 131 questions in nearly six hours of video that has so far received approximately 85,000 views on Youtube. Here's a full index of all the videos with links to specific questions…

Lifestyle & Health

0:13
"Roosh, we often laugh at the antics of feminists and SJW's but the focused effort against you from the ROK meetups must have still been withering. What mindset principles and practices did you use to stay mentally strong during that fiasco?" (UNABASHED)

4:01
"With workplaces becoming increasingly hostile to men, with women acting as the gatekeepers to employment, affirmative action being commonplace, etc., do you have any actionable insights or tips for men to prevent, deal with, or get out of poverty in a declining society that routinely denies them opportunities?" (CONRAD STONEBANKS)

7:58
How important are partners in business, teamwork or life in general?" (DWRD CFLA)

12:22
"What stack of skills do you think 18-30 year olds should begin to hone to live the best life possible? Do they change past 30?" (LIBERTAS)

15:16
"How to be true to yourself while living in a Leftist-dominated society like Canada or Western Europe where,oftentimes, people like us have to lead double lives out of fear of reprisal?" (NEVSKY)

18:09
"Hi Roosh, just read your latest book Free speech isn't free – loved it, then bought your whole collection of books. My question is – If you decide to start something new, how do you push away all thought such as these "You should be doing something else, this is a waste of time"?" (TIMMAH)

20:05
"How did you support yourself while writing your first ebook? I'm writing some fiction. It will be a 5-10 year project. I'm not expecting to make any money on the first book and I am working in property to support myself." (TOM)

22:45
"Considering what you've seen and to my knowledge accepted through the work of

Marcus Aurelius, does the time spent chasing women for hedonistic pleasure seem worthwhile to you now, or do you now think there may have been better things to spend your time doing?" (STILBON)

27:45
"If you was send back in time to when you were 25, what would you then do?" (SCANDINAVIAN JAKE)

29:32
"How can we escape the system?" (MR. LEON)

32:03
"What tips would you have for starting a politically incorrect blog like this one? Would it make sense to hide my identity?" (PYRO)

34:40
"The more people I know, and the older I get, the more misanthropic I become. Have you also become more misanthropic with age?" (RK ROMA)

37:55
"You said awhile ago that you don't cocern yourself with happiness, you're just a man who has had experiences. Could you expand on that, and potentially give some advice on how to be like that?" (OCON)

42:33
"I remember in one of your videos or live talks you said you ate very little to maintain the figure you have.. Am a few years older and always experimenting with various habits and rituals to keep the diet such that one stays trim and toned. Of course exercise and weights too.. Do you have any tips for a man in his thirties for how to stay in form?" (STADTAFFE)

American Politics

0:13
"If you were a president or a influential congressional member, how would you encourage nationalism without neglecting minority groups such as blacks, latinos, asians, etc? Since those groups do have political and financial power. Also how would you keep nationalism in check to prevent another world war since keep in mind that nationalism and militarism were the primary causes of WWI and a factor (not the primary cause) of WWII." (JANE PETERSON)

6:52
"If Trump fails to deliver on what you expect and/or is a disappointment, what do you recommend we do?" (MERCENARY)

10:21
"If you became president, what executive orders would you make the first day in office?" (SAGETTAURUS)

15:17

“What is the actual end goal of causing division and chaos with BLM/Islamic “refugees” etc? Cause enough fear that they can implement martial law? What is the point? I see that the point of global trading, immigration, and feminism is economic due to cheap labor and increased tax revenue, but what is the point of causing racial division in the US? What is the end game of having sharia in Europe? Or are the powers-that-be just naive?” (SLIM SHADY)

20:26

“Cops quite readily violate probable cause and other such statutes, and lie to get their way – often supported by other cops and courts to charge especially young people with frivolous yet serious crimes. Yet, after the BLM bullshit we have forgotten about these violations and become “pro-cop”. How do you reconcile the real infringements on freedom by officers while not giving ground to race-baiting terrorists?” (SLIM SHADY)

24:44

“While organizations such as Black Lives Matter are dangerous and need to be stopped, it has become obvious in their inaction that the police are handcuffed by bureaucrats, while average citizens are being jailed for ludicrous offenses on a daily basis. What are your feelings on holding police accountable for 1) Their inaction when groups like BLM disrupt peaceful meetings (like the Young Republicans gathering at Depaul) and 2) Continuing to enforce immoral and unconstitutional laws that enable gun confiscation, seizure of assets, false rape accusations, and unfairly targeting and arresting men during domestic violence encounters?” (DJDJDJ)

28:23

“Do you think that any American leader (Trump or anybody else) can reverse this third-wave, toxic feminism or is America simply too far gone? Another way of asking this is: after the meetup outrage in Feb, have you given up on America?” (JOHN QUINCY)

33:30

“I have alleged that bringing men into the RoK-sphere is a step-by-step process. First we convince mainstream Republicans to the anti-feminist side, then expose them more and more to the RoK. I seriously doubt mainstream America will go from embracing the gender equality message to Roosh V overnight. And we need mainstream America to convert. Why do you antagonize female anti-feminists?” (JOHN QUINCY)

36:20

“What should be the #1 medium-term strategic goal of the nationalist/patriot wave? In my mind, it’s destroying the media. Do you have a different assessment?” (LIBERTAS)

39:11

“As a man on a college campus, how can I fight against feminism?” (JUSTIN)

Religion & Spirtuality

0:10
“1. Why is it that you seem to go against your fellow middle easterners and uncle tom for the whites. is it due to that they are your main readers.
2. Why do you hate Islam and immigrants from Muslim countries despite being the son of an Iranian immigrant?” (SPLOOGE & SOREN)

9:31
“1. Every intellectual has to pick a religion. They usually do it by now; you’re almost 40. What is the holdup?
2. Are you contemplating joining an organized church/religion?
3. What is your current status with regards to religion and spirituality?” (SGT POG, PEARLBUCK, KOMATIITE)

14:25
“To what extent do religion or spirituality play a role in your daily life?” (THEBASSIST)

17:28
“Have you ever tried Meditation? If so, thoughts? If not, is it something on your radar?” (DASHER)

21:05
“1. How can one prepare for “the end” (death)?
2. Were you ready to lose it all for what you believed in?” (RONALD REAGAN REMIX)

Game & Travel

0:10
“What is a good rule-of-thumb number of notches and flags, beyond which a man can safely settle for a nice girl? And what to do if he meets one before hitting the target?” (ZBYSZEK)

4:27
“How do you combine an outgoing, social lifestyle with a very time-consuming career (e.g. academic research)? I know that you endorse free entrepreneurship, but maybe you know guys who have managed to do so and have some tips?” (ZBYSZEK)

6:29
“Have you experienced any bad consequences from all the unprotected sex you’ve had with random hoes from the club?” (JONATHAN ROSELAND)

10:32
“What advice do you have for men that have been raised with a beta mindset, but is trying to learn, develop, and create a dominant and confident mindset?” (NICK)

13:10
“In 2013, I asked “if you had to live in one city for the next 5 years, what would it be?”

The answer then was Kiev..what would your answer be now?" (TEEDUB)

17:15

"Which city from your travels do you think back to most, whether from good or bad experienences?" (CORTES)

19:12

"To what degree is it necessary for a man to live in a developing country in order to have his needs fulfilled? (in terms of women and freedom)." (LEIGHTON BLACKSTOCK)

21:54

"Would you pass up what so many people now want but cant find (a good girl) to solely pursue personal / financial development in 20-30 age (unstable future) , or start a family young (stable future)?" (JACK)

25:44

"If you already have an established career in the west, would it be worth to give it all up to relocate to Eastern Europe? I don't feel happy in my own country, and would like to move to Ukraine / Russia. I already spend a long time there, but my education would be useless there, but I'm still young (I'm 25) so I have time to learn something new." (SCANDINAVIAN JAKE)

28:42

"How do you find a conservative girl in a slut-ridden country?" (ANON)

31:39

"How do you convince normal men that the manoshpere is relevant to them and that they have a part in it?" (TUSKEGEE51)

33:43

"What's your approach to game nowadays? In which way has it changed since you wrote your BANG and DAY BANG? Do you still go out at night to meet women? Is indirect daygame still your favorite?" (MRREMI)

39:42

"When player burnout occurs, what is the best way for men to find an additional purpose and focus in their lives?" (AREMENIA 4 EVER)

44:15

"How can men in their player stage guard themselves against becoming too damaged from sleeping with too many women if they decide they want to find a wife, but not consistently struggle with the desire for variety of women?" (AREMENIA 4 EVER)

46:58

"Since the outrage of the meetups and all the things to do to counter it plus the book, how many daily approaches (if you are still doing them) are you doing those days, roughly?" (JB POQUELICHE)

48:44

"Will you consider writing a Bang 2.0 to reflect the multiple ways in which game has changed as a whole since its intial release in 2007?" (HIGHSPEED_LOWDRAG)

49:51
“What is your average monthly expenses when you are living in Central/Eastern Europe excluding travel costs like flights and hotels?” (BACON)

50:52
“Sex has lost its appeal. I don’t care to pump and dump, cause it doesn’t seem worth the time and effort. I’m not sure what to do. I don’t want to just go back to porn and jerking off, but even if I wanted sex I don’t think I could find someone I’d want to do it with. What do you think I should do?” (MODE RIGHT)

54:22
“Do you ever miss Latin America?” (GOPNIK)

57:05
“How do you satisfy your sexual needs now that sex is not paramount in your life and the years of chasing women are over?” (ANDREA)

57:57
“You previously mentioned that your top 3 countries where you like to live are Poland, Russia and Ukraine. I’m from Romania and I’m just curious what have you found in those countries and haven’t been able to find in Romania ? What are the top points that make those 3 countries better overall than Romania ?” (DAYROOSH)

59:37
“Since your best books are all memoirs don’t you consider planning some wild trips in areas that you haven’t been yet and write about these accounts ?” (DAYROOSH)

1:00:16
“What advice can you give to us shorter guys for gaming taller women?” (MIKHAIL)

1:02:28
“Should a guy focus on game or money first?” (MIKE)

1:03:57
“You have written a great deal about banging western girls, but what are your thoughts on the east? Do you plan on visiting China, Japan or South Korea?” (QLASS)

1:06:15
“What do you think about Wall street Playboys and the guys that think Lifestyle is more important than game?” (CENTURION)

Personal Questions

0:10
“I’m curious, in say, 50 or so years, how do you want to be remembered? For your game work? Or the push against the narrative pushed by the elite?” (INSIDE U O M)

1:20
“I also notice that you have more posts which hint that you’re more open to fatherhood and settling down. How realistic is this for you now? Do you think your writing over the

last decade in regards to game, sex and women is a barrier to settling with a good woman and having a family?" (INSUIDE U O M)

4:00

"Do you regret using your real name?" (EVIGT REGN)

6:09

"If you do not marry and have children, how will you spend your remaining years?" (LAGUNA BEACH FOGEY)

7:42

"After the DC shitstorm, how are your mother and sister doing? Do they plan on staying in America or quite possibly relocating to Europe? How has their life's change?" (KRATISTOS)

9:34

"What are your short term career plans(5+) years would you be interested in starting a podcast like Infowars, films that promote masculine values or a neomasculine magazine with short stories. How do you plan on moving the movement forward?" (KRATISTOS)

11:41

"When did you feel you made it as a PUA? Was there a specific instance where you felt all the theory coming together and it becoming easy for you to get laid?" (KRATISTOS)

13:08

"What does your mother think of ROK and your body of work?" (OCEAN SON)

15:09

"When in your 30's did your chief pursuits change from slaying endless poosy to becoming a full-blown modern day masculinity sage / anti-SJW fighter?" (HUBERT CUMBERDALE)

18:42

"If you could go back in time what would you change? What was your biggest mistake? Where do you see yourself in 10 years?" (RAASH)

20:47

"What is your greatest fear?" (ANDREA)

21:55

"What has been the biggest difficulties or most time consuming aspects of running your online projects, i.e. RVF, ROK?" (PHOENIX)

22:47

"What's next with this whole movement you've started? How will you recruit more people to the cause?" (COMTE DE ST GERMAIN)

24:23

"How has worldwide infamy affected your day to day life especially in regards to women or something as simple as walking around in the street?" (COMTE DE ST GERMAIN)

26:38

"With your shift from romance to sociopolitics over the past couple years, do you feel the

things you have said and done have made a positive difference in the world for men like yourself? If that sounds broad allow me to rephrase: do you think your recent writing and things you've said and done with your public-figure platform have been making a positive impact on society?" (GENERAL STALIN)

29:42

"When you reflect on the books you've written over the years, how do you feel writing has affected you and how much of a different person do you think you would be if you hadn't written your books?" (FIGHTERSWORD)

32:26

"Who are the five males (either personally known or famous men) who have contributed the most to your views and current position in life today? What ideas, values or knowledge did each specifically contribute to you?" (GENERAL ZHUKOV)

35:44

"Why should men listen to you? And how much faith should they put in your words?" (TOM ARROW)

38:20

"What were you like before Roosh, before you became renown?" (VINCENT MENNITI)

39:54

"If your income didn't depend on it, do you think the world was better before the internet?" (TEEDUB)

42:29

"Who are your favorite prose authors and your favorite poets?" (TOKYO JOE)

43:29

"Do you believe that we will live to see radical life extension?" (TYSK KILLE)

44:46

"What is your current relationship with a large contingent of the DC blog community that you socialised with back in your DCB days?" (HIPSTER STINK)

45:32

"What was your need of expose in public yourself like this ? Marketing ? Sell your books ? Because I saw that even you appeared in talk shows of eastern countries like Ukraine and Romania." (JOSE LOPEZ)

47:54

"Return of Kings has many great, supportive articles for Republicans and Donald Trump. In which ways do they repay you for them, or is it fully non-profit and based only on internal beliefs?" (SENIOL)

49:15

"When can we expect your next book from your most successfull series Bang?" (SENIOL)

49:34

"Do you use any sort of beard oil/conditioner, and if so what brand?" (LUCKY)

50:14

“How do you react to those who are against you; those who are against your progress and your well being?” (SOUNDBYTE)

52:28
“Do you try to plan your life years ahead, or do you take it one day at a time?” (SOUNDBYTE)

53:30
“What can you say about how your compassion towards the Social Justice Warriors changed since they rose up against you?” (SOUNDBYTE)

55:12
“Have you thought about when your parents get elderly and they can’t look after themselves, Will you help with looking after them?” (ONETOUCH)

56:26
“Assume the global outrage over the tour and the meetups hadn’t happened, everything fine and without the media noticing – what would you have done afterwards?” (BENOIT)

57:41
“Do you browse 4chan’s /pol/?” (EDGY EDGELORD)

Globalism & Politics

0:06
“Why do you care about what happens to Western civilization, or Europeans for that matter? Is it a disgust for injustice, source of intellectual stimulation, you’re mostly attracted to white chicks, or is there a deeper conviction than that?” (CLARK KENT)

2:43
“The outcry against the world tour in Canada last year, and the strong opposition to the Tribal meetups in February 2016 was a clear sign the establishment see us as a real and credible threat….how can we regroup and become stronger together to bring about the changes in society that we want to see?” (MERCENARY)

4:33
“Do you think Germany and Sweden will look like Latin America in the future? With a extremely racially mixed population and no dominant culture?” (KRATISTOS)

7:35
“What do you think are the odds of stopping the globalists?” (THOMAS)

10:39
“Hey I see that they are growing tensions in Europe to the point where there will be civil war and mostly in France Germany and Sweden because of the high rates a sexual assault and sexual molestation that the immigrants are doing, how do you think it will turn out will the local population win if there is a civil war or will the government beat them and have the migrants completely take over and demoralized the local population? Do you think the outcome will be?” (DARRIUS)

12:44
“Do you think the West can turn itself around and prevent the major collapse, or will the West have to fall apart entirely before we can rebuild our civilization?” (BARTLEBY THE SCRIVENER)

15:32
“You constantly refer to the elites and the establishment (i.e. as a specific group of people) as the cause of the west’s ills. In your opinion, why is it that the elites of the 21st century west are destructive, whereas in the 17th,18th&19th centuries (i.e. enlightenment onwards until WW1) they were constructive?” (PHOENIX)

18:43
“Do you think there is an agenda involving the genocide of white/Caucasian people?” (JAKE THE MUSS)

21:35
“Of all the propaganda out there, which method have you found to be the most interesting and/or surprising?” (SNOWPLOW)

23:59
“What do you think about Milo and the other attention whore that kissed him publicly?” (BETTER DEAD THAN RED)

25:50
“Are there any arguments from feminists that you do agree with? Do you have any sympathies for the 20ish American girl? How does that contrast to the perspective they have?” (COSINE88)

28:47
“What can we do on our everyday life for changing the current course taking place in western civilization? Your bang books showed us how to take a profit out of it, and your last book freedom of speech isnt free showed us what’s wrong with the world. How can we find a healthy place in the middle of those two worlds you’ve been mastering in the last decade, Roosh?” (DAVID HANS 3344)

32:00
“How are we going to prevent The Male Happy Hour disaster from happening again? How are like minded ROK member suppose to meet in public without being lynched by angry mobs and lose our jobs?” (BENDER BENDING RODRIGUEZ)
“I just would like to know what you think we can all do to get the meet-ups started again, safely and successfully?” (NICK BLACK)

34:15
“Do you believe in the Holocaust? I know you are Iranian so I know you don’t but anyway I’d like to see if you answer this question.”
(SUBAL SAKHA DAS)

35:20
“Why are we making the Jews an enemy? If anything, Netanyahu and the Jewish ‘tribe’ are an example to follow to preserve our traditions, but not stagnate ourselves in a neo-

luddite anti-technology binge." (FITZ ROY SOMERSET)

38:11

"Your theory of depopulation by ways of immigrants makes sense. I always believed the world was overpopulated, however. But it has a possible hole, people equal taxpayers. Do you believe this means that the "lower population" then simply pays more taxes?" (TYKO STEAMBOAT)

40:06

"What makes you think that Yuri Bezmenov is telling the truth now? (Meaning up until his death.)" (DEBEGUILED)

41:33

"Now that you know the massive Jewish influence behind Western culture nowadays, do you still believe "White nationalism is another term for White knighting"? (If it was you who said that, don't remember for certain) Should White guys white knight white girls so that White civilisation doesn't go down in flames?" (CENTURION)

44:39

"Your latest video, the future of the world, suggests that the future may not be so peaceful and prosperous. My question is what should we do to protect ourself and the people around us from the worst case scenario?" (IL SORPASSO)

Patriarchy & Tradition

00:08

"Do you see mens maculinity further succumbing to public pressure or will there be a noticeable surge in masculine behavior worldwide?" (ALPHA HUNTER ZERO)

2:24

"Is there anything that can be done to make women feminine again or has the horse already bolted?" (BENHODGES62)

5:04

"Do you believe that technology has fundamentally altered the negotiation between men and women – with the advent of hormonal birth control (and lessening the need to screen all men for beta qualities prior to sex while also allowing a certain number/subset of men much greater access to sex) is Marriage 1.0 still a realistic ideal?" (RP THINKER 12)

8:50

"Where do you see the Manosphere/Neomasculinity going in the future? Will it ever be more than an online community? I know we had the meet-up that was cancelled, but are there any other plans or predictions?" (COREY)

12:13

"Do you conclude that it is not the country but a mere urban vs rural ideals. like would you pick a bride in small town utah over a kiev girl?" (SPLOOGE)

15:16

“Roosh, from your recent posts I gather that you are looking for a woman to bond with and start a family. You’ve already explained what you are looking for, but I am more interested in learning where (i.e. which country/region) you will start your search in and for which reasons you have chosen that specific country? Ideally I would like to have kids too, but I know that it will become increasingly difficult in our world to find a loyal and kind woman with whom it is worth taking the risks of starting a family.” (DER WELTENBUMMLER)

19:32

“You say that fornication ruins women, and makes them unfit to be wifes and mothers. But you sell how-to-fornicate guides. Why is that?” (NATHAN SCHUSTER)

22:14

“You have shown great loyalty to “biological” American nation which hosted your family of foreign origin. Yet, what are your feelings toward your ancestral country, Iran ? Did you ever think that settling there could be an option, given it’s quite traditional character and it’s growing sense of national confidence?” (ARMCHAIR GENERAL)

23:53

“Why dont you go to Armenia and Iran, by far the most traditional societies and girls are hot as hell. Do you speak local language?” (DAVID)

25:42

“How does one weigh the balance of ignoring the outside world, marrying the best girl one can and starting a family, or just permanently having short term sexual encounters feeding our sex drive, versus taking a stand and fighting the forces that are destroying the western civilized world?” (SPICY NUJAC)

28:52

“If you decide to have a family, how will you prevent modern culture, media, friends, and outside influences from corrupting your children?” (SPICY NUJAC)

30:33

“What is your view on Monarchy?” (CHRISTIAN)

31:27

“Do you view return to more traditional values as necessary for the continuing success of Western Civilization over its rivals, or more as a personal preference of what kind of world you want to live in?” (GGG)

33:40

“How would you advise a father to educate his children (both sons and daughters) to counter the narratives being pushed by society at large?” (NIL NISI OPTIMUM)

34:34

“You recently wrote an article about the necessity for the future mother of your children to be a virgin that believes in God. In which countries would one be most likely to find this type of girl/woman? (Ideally she would be Christian)” (WILLIAM R)

36:11

“Do you think neo masculinity needs to have a multigenerational approach – raising a family with the worldview and strong foundation – to have an impact in the next generation?” (ARMENIA 4 EVER)

37:50
“What advice can you give men in the manosphere to avoid a complete surrender to nihilism and pessimism?” (ARMENIA 4 EVER)

39:56
“Can you give your honest, brutal opinion on men who abstain from sex before marriage out of religious conviction (assuming that the conviction is sincere and that this genuinely isn’t the result of betadom)?” (MARCUS AQUILA)

41:01
“Do you think it’s necessary to fall in love to get married?” (ANDREA)

45:18
“If you ever got married, would you be faithful? Why or why not?” (ANDREA)

46:25
“Please explain why it is important for a woman to submit to a man and how to best train your woman to do as she’s told.” (STANNUM)

47:59
“How do we bring back the patriarchy? and how do we stop this real life calhoun mouse experiment?” (THE STEEL GUY)

51:33
“What are the steps you would take to minimize legal and financial risk from divorce/cohabitation laws?” (SIR TIMOTHY)

54:31
“You realize that to save Western Civilization – or Christendom – we need women to want marriage and to be fertile – raise kids. Yet “Bang”ing them seems to be counterproductive to that goal (as opposed to enjoying the decline into a new dark ages). At best you seem of two minds, but why not reform and go to the better angels of everyone’s natures – including and especially women – eggs are dear – than to damage women often reducing their Marriage Market Value?” (TZ1)

I hope you found some useful information and advice. I will probably do another one next year.

Don’t Miss: *The Best Of Roosh: Volume 1*

PODCAST: The Making Of A Modern Man

September 30, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I decided to start a twice-monthly podcast called Kingmaker, where I focus on self-improvement and masculinity issues. In the first episode, I discuss the importance of a man's environment on shaping him because of how it acts as a mirror to his existence. I propose that modern Western civilization, with its ideas of individualism, materialism, and hedonism, have created a toxic environment that is hurting men more severely than had they been raised in a traditional society, using my own life path as a case study. I also discuss what we have gained and lost by moving from a traditional society to a modern one.

Listen on Soundcloud or download the MP3:

Listen on Youtube:

Subscribe on iTunes or **add the RSS feed** to your favorite podcast app. If you like the podcast, please leave a rating and review on iTunes. The feedback so far has been quite positive so I look forward to recording the next one, which will be released on Tuesday.

Don't Miss: *Compendium Of All 131 Answers I Gave For The 2016 Q&A*

Western Society Is Being Completely Inverted

October 3, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Everything that was once false is now true, and everything that was once immoral is now moral. This change was started with the Baby Boomers, enhanced under Generation X, solidified with the Millennials, and now nearly complete with Generation Z. In just four generations we've seen the re-engineering of human behavior and values to promote all that is deviant and depraved.

An example of this happened in Berlin during my lecture tour last year, described in my book Free Speech Isn't Free, when drunk gays were dancing almost naked on the streets while heterosexual men had to meet in secret to hear a speech on ordinary masculinity. I described what happened during the New York lecture:

> Women and gays are now seen as superior to straight men. They are being given the benefits in the universities and in the media before everyone here. Their voice is amplified while ours is muted. Three weeks ago, I had a lecture in Berlin. There was a man over here who was there. I had to hide where the venue was, like I did here. I couldn't say where the event was taking place until about twelve hours before. At the same time we held the event, outside on the streets in full view, guess what was going on? A gay pride parade.
>
> Hundreds of people, gay men with their shirts off, humping each other. The music was loud. Alcohol was flowing. And to top it off, there was a midget gimp on a leash. (Laughter.) I got a witness, he was there. The gimp was in a leather mask like a slave midget, being led around, and we have to hide. This is what happens. (Laughter.) There are kids outside: "Mommy, what's that little man in the leather?" But I can't say where I'm going to hold this event. And many of you here right now are scared to death that someone is going to take your photo. (Laughter.) One thing is you can't lift up a group without pushing down someone else, and we are the ones getting pushed down.

What's happening is the manipulation of humans to enter their weakest and most corrupt state. This prevents family formation and makes it easier for them to be controlled. When humans are driven by transient feelings of lust, gluttony, and sex instead of traditional rituals, moderation, and strength, they are slaves to their present desires and needs. The inversion can easily be seen in photos.

What beauty used to be:

What beauty is now:

What family used to be:

What family is now:

What normal living used to be:

What normal living is now:

What relationships used to be like:

What relationships are like now:

What pride used to be:

What pride is now:

What empowerment used to be:

What empowerment is now:

What being blessed used to be:

What being blessed is now:

What fun used to be:

What fun is now:

What justice used to be:

"All the News That's Fit to Print"

The New York Times

LATE CITY EDITION

NEW YORK, FRIDAY, AUGUST 9, 1974

15 CENTS

NIXON RESIGNS

HE URGES A TIME OF 'HEALING'; FORD WILL TAKE OFFICE TODAY

'Sacrifice' Is Praised; Kissinger to Remain

The 37th President Is First to Quit Post

SPECULATION RIFE ON VICE PRESIDENT

POLITICAL SCENE SHARPLY ALTERED

Rise and Fall Appraisal of Nixon Career

JAWORSKI ASSERTS NO DEAL WAS MADE

What justice is now:

Some of these changes were at least partially inevitable with the introduction of technology, but most of it is engineered with the explicit intent to weaken humanity. And it's working. We're so distracted by our own frivolous desires and concerns, so exhausted from being pestled by elite-sponsored phenomenon like migrants, ISIS terrorists, social justice warriors, and Black Lives Matters, that we have nothing left to fight against the puppet masters behind it all, and that's even assuming you've reached a level of awareness where you see the top level organization and funding.

Inverting society so that what was once strong is now weak while weaponizing useful idiots to act as shock troops against the few remaining strong men who survived the engineering is the powerful one-two combination that we must face. If you rise above a certain level of awareness or masculinity, you will either be forced to hide like the men who attended my lecture in Berlin or outright attacked and be threatened with the removal of your livelihood. You must now make a decision of how you will respond as the societal inversion gets worse and the attacks against you get bigger.

To see the full transcript of the speech I gave in Berlin and New York, and to understand the system that is in place to control the West for the benefit of the few, check out my book Free Speech Isn't Free.

Don't Miss: *The Elites Are Not Smarter Than You*

How To Meet Girls During The Daytime (Free Mini-Course)

October 5, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I created a game newsletter back in 2008 when I pre-loaded it with 57 emails (I was living in Brazil at the time). When someone new signed up to the list, they got all 57 emails, spaced out every couple of weeks. Since email marketing is a set-it-and-forget-it type of deal, I barely updated the list in eight years. Many of you have complained about it, so for the past couple of months I've worked hard to create an updated list with brand new material sharing a more sustainable flavor of game that is not primarily centered around collecting notches.

The old list was mostly focused on night game. The new list is focused on day game, which many of you find more useful, since it makes it easier to meet women anywhere, not just in clubs and bars. Here are sample emails you'll receive if you get on this new list:

- How to meet a girl today using my favorite conversation hack
- The 5-step formula for approaching girls you want to date
- How to have long conversations with girls without awkward silences
- A super-easy day opener that you can use in any location

The new list is completely free and contains enough information to establish relations with new women, but if you want more detail, there will be helpful reminders to check out my book Day Bang. If you sign up now, you'll also receive a free copy of my book **The Best Of Roosh: Volume 1** (regular price: $9), which gives advice on dating, travel, and lifestyle. To receive the free book and get on my new list, which amounts to a free beginner's course on day game, submit your first name and email address below…

Instead of having only one huge email list like before, I'm eventually planning to develop four focused lists on these topics, which reflect my widening readership:

1. Day game
2. Dating and night game
3. Travel and lifestyle
4. Culture war

If you subscribe to my day game list, you'll also get a Monday newsletter that highlights the week's best articles and videos along with bonus content. If you don't want game advice, but only want to get on the Monday list, subscribe using the below form. You'll still receive the free copy of The Best Of Roosh.

I'm certain that Facebook, Twitter, and Youtube will all kick me off their platforms by the end of 2017. This means that all I will have left are my web sites and email list. Unless they shut down email for everyone, my newsletters may end up being the only way I can stay in touch with you. That may sound like paranoia, but I have to be ready for it

anyway.

Don’t Miss: *The Future Of The World*

WATCH: How The Media Assassinates People

October 7, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

My latest video explains how the media is outright trying to get its enemies killed through hysterical coverage.

Visit my Youtube channel and hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

Previous Video: *9 Self-Improvement Tips For American Women*

What If Everything They Told You Is A Lie?

October 10, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

What to eat, what medicines to take, what scientific theories to believe in, what to think of men and women, what to think of the races, what to think of gay people, who to vote for, what to make of Russia. Your opinions on hundreds of topics have been shaped by journalists, scientific "experts," pundits, and politicians who have cozy positions in the establishment hierarchy. We're led to believe that the information they share with us is truthful and in our best interest, but what if they've been lying to us about this, that, and, well, everything else?

The first lie you encountered is probably the lie that men and women are equal. Through your dating experiences, you came to see clear differences in male and female behavior that show women are not the flawless, independent, and strong yet innocent angels that the establishment portrays them as, and that their true nature is quite destructive if not constrained by societal forces. You would be correct to assume that this is not the only lie you've been told.

Imagine you have had a wife of ten years. You just discovered that she lied to you about where she was and who she was with the night before. What is the most logical conclusion to follow after discovering her lie?

- That this was the only time she has lied to you in ten years OR
- That she has probably lied before, especially when concerning her nighttime activities, so more investigation is in order

Discovering a lie is almost always the tip of an iceberg that there have been additional lies which—at the minimum—relate to the initial lie. In your wife's case, it is unlikely this is the first time she's lying about what she's doing at night.

Why they lie

The establishment's lie about women is essential for them to push national laws and policies, including social welfare, sexual harassment laws, rape laws, Title IX, university funding to gender studies departments, and so on. This means that the lie is useful for those at the top to advance their specific agenda. Just like with the wife we caught in a lie, we can conclude that any "fact" the establishment has given us, which is used to shape national law and policy, is almost certainly a lie. In addition, any "fact" that allows corporate interests to gain extra billions of dollars in profit per year has also been a lie.

The wife lies because her marriage and well-being is at stake. The establishment shill lies because their trillion-dollar agendas are at stake. The scientist lies because his corporate sponsor has billions of dollars at stake. When you are given "facts" about an issue where there is an agenda or money on the line, you are almost certainly being lied to. You are being given a carefully constructed piece of information with the intention to allow the

agenda to proceed or the money to flow. You must therefore either reject the “fact” or research the issue to come to the truth.

Here are just a few things where we are not getting truthful information from the establishment:

- Political candidates
- Food safety and nutrition (GMO and pesticide safety, etc)
- Chemicals in hygiene products
- Plastics and their estrogenic effects
- Treatment for heart disease and cancer
- Human happiness
- Feminism
- Mental health of gays and transsexuals
- Theory of evolution
- Benefits of the service economy and technology
- Race
- Tradition and religion
- International trade
- The Middle East and Russia
- Black Lives Matter

Government and corporations need at least some consent from the public to push their policies, agendas, and products. Where does consent come from? Public opinion and beliefs. Where does public opinion and beliefs come from? The government and corporations, who also outright control or directly impact the universities and media. Round the wheel of human control we go.

They need you to believe in lies

While bludgeoning you over the head with a club and telling you to eat your GMO corn and soy may work in the short term, it’s an ineffective long-term method to get you to eat the product. Much better to wrap up the GMO poison in catchy advertising, pay famous people to promote your product, sponsor scientists to do studies where only the desired result is published, and lobby for laws that prevent you from even knowing you’re eating GMO corn. Most people cannot resist such a multi-front assault on their mind.

Recently, an examination of psychological studies show that **most are complete bullshit**. They cannot be replicated. That’s only psychology, you may be thinking, and more important matters like medical research are more rigorous. Wrong, medical research is just as bad. If you’re taking an expensive treatment for a serious disease, chances are you’re ingesting something that is no better than just drinking cough syrup. If you consider that a successful study will mean billions in profits for a single drug, I wouldn’t be shocked if you told me that 80% of published medical research is complete bunk. There’s just too much money at stake for them to depend on honestly alone.

Telling you to open up your veins for toxic medicine won't work unless I have the "scientific studies" to "prove" its effective and safe. Much better to pay a dozen scientists with crushing mortgages and car payments to construct studies where my drug will perform well, and just shred the studies when it doesn't.

Telling you to submit to women and to give up your legal rights when it comes to sexual assault wouldn't be a smart way to push an agenda that weakens men and destroys the family unit. Much better to get "social scientists" to make up statistics on rape and wages, hire homely female journalists who resent beautiful women to publish mountains of garbage, have the media invent rape hoaxes that portray men as violent savages, and have politicians push "equality" laws that only benefit one group while marginalizing the other.

With every issue of significance, there are multi-layered efforts to shape your belief on the issue so you don't resist when the final policy, agenda, or product is pushed. Since you were a child, your mind has been relentlessly hammered with lies on dozens of issues so that you go along with the charade to increase the power and wealth of select individuals who have grand plans and trillions of dollars at stake.

Because I've caught my wife in a lie not just once, but several times, I can no longer believe her. I should divorce her, but we can't divorce an establishment that involves tens of thousands of useful idiots, from obese government bureaucrats to Marxist journalists, who are playing the game to get their own measly share of the pie while those powerful figures above them ensure that their lucrative interests are not compromised. If you're forced to stay with a lying wife, what will you think when she comes home late tonight with alcohol on her breath saying that she had tea with a girlfriend? You'd think she was a cheating bitch, that's what, and you can't wait for the moment when you can throw her to the curb for good.

How we can arrive at truth

If the establishment is lying to us about everything that they have a major stake in, how can we arrive at the truth? By examining the opposite conclusion and see if it holds water. I did this with the theory of evolution and found, through my own research, that there are enough flaws in evolution to make me doubt the theory as the sole means for arriving at a new species, and that the adoption of this theory was an all-to-convenient way for the elites to destroy traditional societies that believed in God so that they can replace it with a rootless materialist society. While some parts of evolution may be true, I reject the theory as merely a useful tool to destroy tradition, and I refuse to give my consent to any policy, product, or medicine that uses it alone to arrive at its version of facts.

Once you accept that the establishment is lying to you, there will be an uncomfortable void within your mind. You crave facts and truthful knowledge, but no longer have any institution to trust. This opens the door to believing in unproved theories, some of which may be accurate but lack rigorous evidence. And this is the crisis of men today: the time

and money it takes to arrive at the truth, and the lack of it in the establishment, means we will be unable to know the truth for most things. You have to merely feel gracious if you happen to arrive at ultimate truth on this topic or that, such as the true nature of women. Or you can just try asking your grandparents, for what they believed in likelier to be closer to actual truth than what we're been brainwashed with today.

My "wife" has lied to me too many times. If she comes to me with a tall tale, I won't believe it. Until truth-tellers are made out to be heroes in our society instead of being persecuted and attacked like they are now, it's safe to disregard ***everything*** they say. Every study, every white paper, every media article is propaganda, meant to get me to agree to the plans they have in store for me, you, and our fellow man. They've lied to me for so long that not only will I not believe them, but I will look at the opposite of what they say and see if there's evidence to prove that instead, until one day, I hope, I can finally divorce them for good.

Read Next: *Letter From A Member Of The Global Elite*

“Victory Against Overwhelming Odds”

October 12, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The audiobook of Free Speech Isn’t Free has been released. Click here to order it through Amazon, where an audio sample is also available.

Here’s a new review from an Australian man:

> This is a small book but it is impressive and holds one’s interest – I read it the day after receiving it. It is difficult to comprehend how one man trying to run seminars for men on relationships, health, belief and morality evoked massive hatred and even physical aggression. The author’s victory against overwhelming odds is an absorbing and memorable tale. As well as his account of the struggle to conduct his seminars, Roosh V appends a copy of the lecture used to initiate discussion, and has a helpful list of advice for men when they are challenged at work by opponents using feminist issues.
>
> Most of those reading it would know little of Australia, but might be interested to know that the last-but-one Prime Minister,Tony Abbott, was displaced from his position because of similar issues to those which opposed Roosh V. To use an old term, Abbott, was “manly”: he was a boxer, a Rhodes Scholar, kept himself fit by regular running and surfing, was an active volunteer firefighter (even when PM) and openly expressed respect for women. Feminists saw him as a threat and reacted intensely. His replacement was a wealthy lawyer and private banker, acceptably PC, without evidence of masculinity, and (after many months) without apparent effect in his position.

With the paperback, e-book, and audiobook now released, the Free Speech Isn’t Free project is complete. I am now ready to begin writing my next book. It will be a book about game, and my final book on that topic.

Read Next: *The Elites Are Not Smarter Than You*

PODCAST: How To Become More Resilient

October 14, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In my second podcast, I describe the most common ways men get attacked by women, coworkers, strangers in public, or by an anonymous internet mob, along with tactics to defend against attacks. Next, I explain the differences between the strategies of anti-fragility and resiliency before recommending that you shoot for long-term resiliency as your personal goal. I then give a formula to increase your resiliency when it comes to your finances, physical safety, and mental strength. I also talk about the importance of creating a local self-defense network.

Listen on Soundcloud or download the MP3:

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Subscribe on iTunes or **add the RSS feed** to your favorite podcast app. If you like the podcast, please leave a rating and review on iTunes.

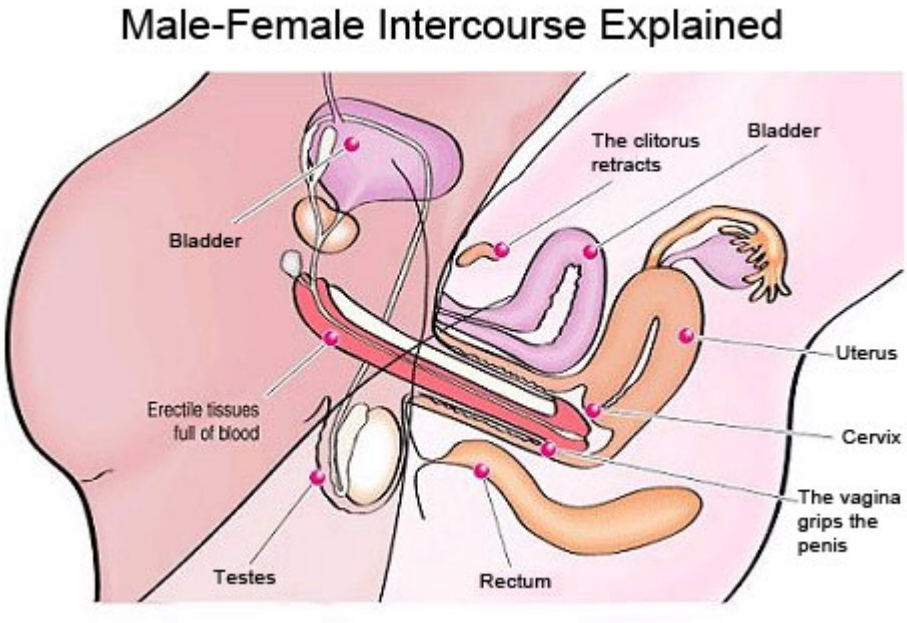
Previous Podcast: *The Making Of A Modern Man*

The 3 Purposes Of Women

October 17, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

When it comes to women, nature bestowed only three roles upon them: reproductive sex, child rearing, and homemaking. A woman who engages in behaviors outside of those three roles is going against her biology and will experience suffering as a result.

Reproductive sex



The primary function of sex is to reproduce. The secondary function of sex is to experience pleasure. Through universal abortion and birth control, we have demoted the function of sex to one *solely* of pleasure. Sex is now a sterile act between two individuals who are often under the influence of alcohol or drugs and who were paired based on emotional short-term reasons that often come down to entertainment or boredom.

Child rearing

The reason that women excel in child rearing is because their brains are similar to that of a young child. For proof of this, you only need to witness an adult woman interacting with children. While a man may be stiff and awkward with the creature, a woman instantly adopts a child-like personality and voice to create a genuine bond. It's through this bond that a woman can better sense a child's needs and communicate with it.

Homemaking

Women have a unique taste and aesthetic that transforms any dwelling from a functional unit to a "home." They add comfort, warmth, and cleanliness while men tend to focus on more utilitarian and practical aspects of living. A family home that has been touched by feminine hands is one where its occupants will be more comfortable.

A woman who is engaging in sex with a multitude of partners without any concern for reproduction, and who has less interest in child rearing than in surrogate activities like working in an office, dancing in nightclubs, or playing trivia games on her electronic

device, and who is unwilling or unable to make a home comfortable for her family is going against her purpose. This may remind you of women you know.

Can happiness be achieved by going against your biology?

The easiest way to answer that question is to examine the mental health of those individuals who have firmly denied their biology: homosexuals and transsexuals. Studies clearly show that these groups are the most mentally ill and suicidal out of the population (1, 2, 3, 4, 5). Denying your genetic makeup entails the highest risk of being a loon.

A woman cannot be happy or even content with life if she elects not to reproduce, raise children, or be a homemaker. Is it a coincidence that modern civilization is actively encouraging women to stray far from these three biological roles? Our current society is inverted, as those who rule over us have determined that it's better to redirect feminine energy into something that benefits their own selfish ends.

Not only are women suffering more than in the past but men are suffering too, because they are forced to interact with broken women who deny their biology. Until we have women embracing their biological roles, this needless suffering will continue.

Make Men Strong Again Make Men Strong Again

Newsweek Magazine: “Roosh V’s Journey From Pickup Artist To Right-Wing Provocateur”

October 19, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I did an interview with Newsweek magazine this summer and it finally made print last week. Here’s an excerpt:

> Roosh V used to go out most nights looking to seduce a woman, but today he has a much easier task: He’s just looking to piss one off.
>
> It’s opening day of the Republican National Convention (RNC) in Cleveland in July, and the most hated “pickup artist” in the world has infiltrated a group of protesters outside the arena. He’s wearing a Hillary Clinton hat (he supports Donald Trump), and in a video of the incident he streamed on Periscope, he and the demonstrators clash. “This girl just came up to me and tried to touch me without my consent,” he says into his smartphone camera, feigning the politically correct outrage he mocks. “She said, ‘Go back to the Middle East.’ She is Islamophobic!”
>
> Roosh, whose father is from Iran, then turns his camera to the woman, who responds, “You’re a piece of shit. I didn’t touch you!” Then she calls him a rapist. A crowd forms. Another woman edges close, holding a microphone, and says she’s with the Canadian Broadcasting Corp. “Who are you?” she asks Roosh. Before he can answer, the crowd starts chanting, “Rapist! Rapist!” and the first woman says, “You should kill yourself.”
>
> Roosh is pleased. He not only got to spar with some of the “social justice warriors” he despises but also got material to share with his many followers. And don’t forget all the free publicity, which he needs as he attempts to make his transition from pickup artist (someone who relentlessly practices the “art” of seduction) to a hero of the “alternative right” movement.
>
> Like the bombastic presidential candidate inside the convention hall that day, Roosh thinks America is too PC. That’s largely the subject of his new book, Free Speech Isn’t Free, and since embarking on a lecture tour in summer 2015 (“The State of Man”), he has evolved from “game” guru to conservative provocateur, joining figures such as Milo Yiannopoulos, the flamboyant Breitbart editor whom Twitter recently banned for inciting harassment. Yiannopoulos is a leader of the alt-right—a meme-obsessed nationalist subculture that grew out of online forums, gained a following among Trump supporters and mirrors the right-wing movements spreading overseas. Its members include white supremacists, anti-Semites and internet trolls.

> . @rooshv Just finished your book "Free Speech Isn't Free". You are a righteous warrior. Respect! https://t.co/zEU9mpSP7T

> — A.J. Hoge (@ajhoge) October 15, 2016

> Though Roosh says he is not part of the movement—they just have common enemies—his alliance with its leaders was evident at the RNC, where he went to a party Yiannopoulos threw. Also there: Geert Wilders, the controversial Dutch politician on trial for anti-immigrant hate speech. A journalist who attended described the event as a "hell full of manic trolls and smug neo-fascists from every slimy corner of the internet."
>
> Followers of Roosh, whose real name is Daryush Valizadeh, know him as a blogger who has been running websites devoted to "game"—the tricks and techniques to use to seduce women—since around 2001. His website Return of Kings "aims to usher the return of the masculine man in a world where masculinity is being increasingly punished and shamed." There are more than a million posts on his forum, and he has self-published 18 books.
>
> He's perhaps best known—and most hated—for his proposed International Tribal Meetup Day in February. Attendees (no women or gay men allowed) were to congregate at set locations, identify one another through a code phrase and then go to bars or cafés. The 165 gatherings in 43 countries would offer "the opportunity to meet other like-minded men," he wrote.

Read the article here.

While I could take the time to nitpick some things in the article, it was fair when compared to my previous round of media treatment. Nonetheless, I'm not going to push my luck and start accepting interviews. Even though Newsweek did mention my new book Free Speech Isn't Free, I didn't notice an increase in sales bigger than doing a handful of promo tweets on my own. Since I don't care about fame, it's clear that the media is no longer useful to me, and I don't need to waste any more time helping them create content for their failing publications.

Don't Miss: *My Press Conference With The Washington DC Media*

WATCH: My Summer Vacation In Croatia

October 21, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I took a one-week trip to Croatia recently, visiting Dubrovnik and Ivan Dolac (on Hvar Island). I made two videos to show what it was like.

These destinations are better if you already have a girl instead of going there to meet Croatian girls. For that, Zagreb is your best option.

Previous Video: *How The Media Assassinates People*

John Lennon's "Imagine" Programmed You To Accept The Globalism Nightmare

October 24, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I recently stopped to listen to a street busker singing cover songs. One of those songs was *Imagine* by John Lennon. As the crowd around me happily sung along, I grimaced at lyrics that painted not peace and love but authoritarianism and control.

Imagine is a globalist anthem for ushering in plans of world socialism and unipolar government, and it's still used today by those same globohomos, such as the Anti-Defamation league, which has attacked me in the past. They're currently featuring the song (archive) for their "world without hate" page, which translates to "world where only *we* can hate."

Below I have taken the lyrics and translated them to their actual meaning.

> Imagine there's no heaven
> It's easy if you try
> No hell below us
> Above us only sky
> Imagine all the people
> Living for today… Aha-ah…

Imagine if we killed off God and replaced him by managers, propagandists, and scientists controlled by a small group of elites who dictated the foods you would eat, the jobs you would have, and even the way you would love one another (yes means yes, *rapist*). Your new religion will be materialism where you wake up every day aching for physical possessions or desires that we manipulate to keep you in a constant state of mental slavery.

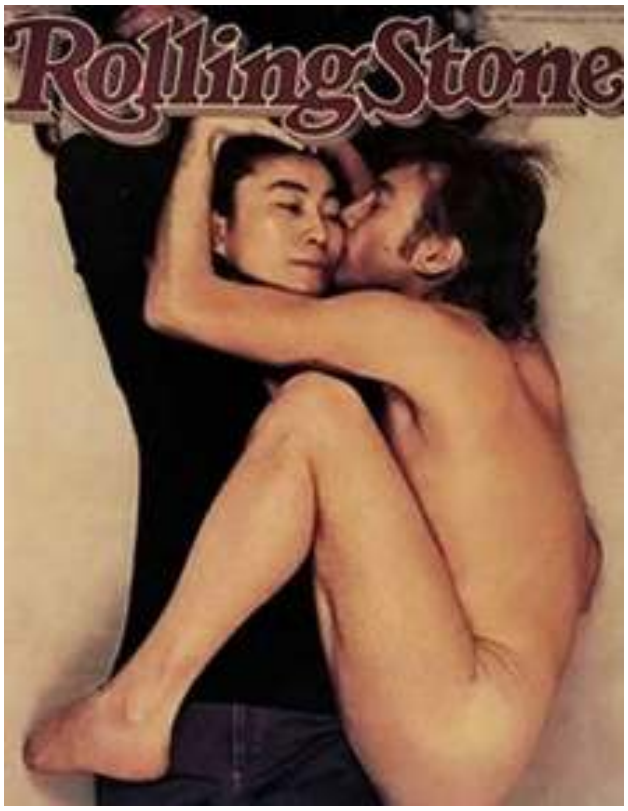
> Imagine there's no countries
> It isn't hard to do
> Nothing to kill or die for
> And no religion, too
> Imagine all the people
> Living life in peace… You…

Imagine that George Soros and his globohomo cronies succeeded with their plans of "open society" by destroying Europe and the United States with millions of low-grade migrants while bombing to smithereens any other country that resists their dictates. All national identity will be erased, followed quickly by self-identity, so that you are a gingerbread cookie copy of everyone else, mentally and chemically controlled to be docile animals that never threaten those in power.

> You may say I'm a dreamer

> But I’m not the only one
> I hope someday you’ll join us
> And the world will be as one

I’m not a hippie doofus but a pawn of an establishment that is hard at work with a depopulation agenda and color revolutions to realize a masterful globalist vision. The fact that I was a member of the first real “pop” band should clue you in to the usefulness that I provide to the one-world government dictatorship. Resisting will be futile.



> Imagine no possessions
> I wonder if you can
> No need for greed or hunger
> A brotherhood of man
> Imagine all the people
> Sharing all the world… You…

You will be given rations that consist of GMO soy and corn mixed up in a slurry that provides all your nutritional needs. You will not be able to own things like cars or apartments because we will rent or crowdshare them to you based on your true need that is determined by scientists on our payroll. The good news is that you will never be jealous of your neighbor again because he will be using the same Chinese-made junk as you.

> You may say I’m a dreamer
> But I’m not the only one
> I hope someday you’ll join us
> And the world will live as one

The boot is about to land on your face, but I hope you grant us your consent in ushering

in these plans because it will make for a smoother transition to a world where a small group at the top can efficiently control billions of slaves that have become too weakened to ever threaten their authority. By the way, celebrate “diversity” while you can because within 100 years everyone will have the exact shade of mahogany brown skin.

While there are many pop songs that are now jarring to my ears because of how “useful” the lyrics are for destroying any notion of traditional society, *Imagine* takes the cake for the most blatantly socialist song that is *still* prized for its message, even though its vision was already attempted in the Soviet Union to the tune of tens of millions dead.

Humans certainly have an innate craving for good stories and pleasant music, but we have to make sure that those who are making the movies and songs we consume are not implanting ideas in our minds that help them rule over us. Unfortunately, it’s clear that anything coming out of Hollywood or the music industry today has those very aims in mind.

Read Next: *Does The Hollywood Elite Use Rituals And Sexual Blackmail To Keep Its Stars In Line?*

PODCAST: What Travel Can And Can’t Give A Man

October 28, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

My newest podcast discusses the role of modern travel on the development of men. After reviewing how travel is most commonly used, I share the specific benefits travel can offer along with the mistaken ideas of what naive people think travel can accomplish. I discuss seven of my favorite travel rules for men and also take an aside to discuss the growing phenomenon of finding a foreign wife, which is harder than many men think. I close out the podcast by prescribing a strategy of using travel to maximum your strength and potential.

Listen on Soundcloud or download the MP3:

Listen on Youtube:

Subscribe on iTunes or **add the RSS feed** to your favorite podcast app. If you like the podcast, please leave a rating and review on iTunes.

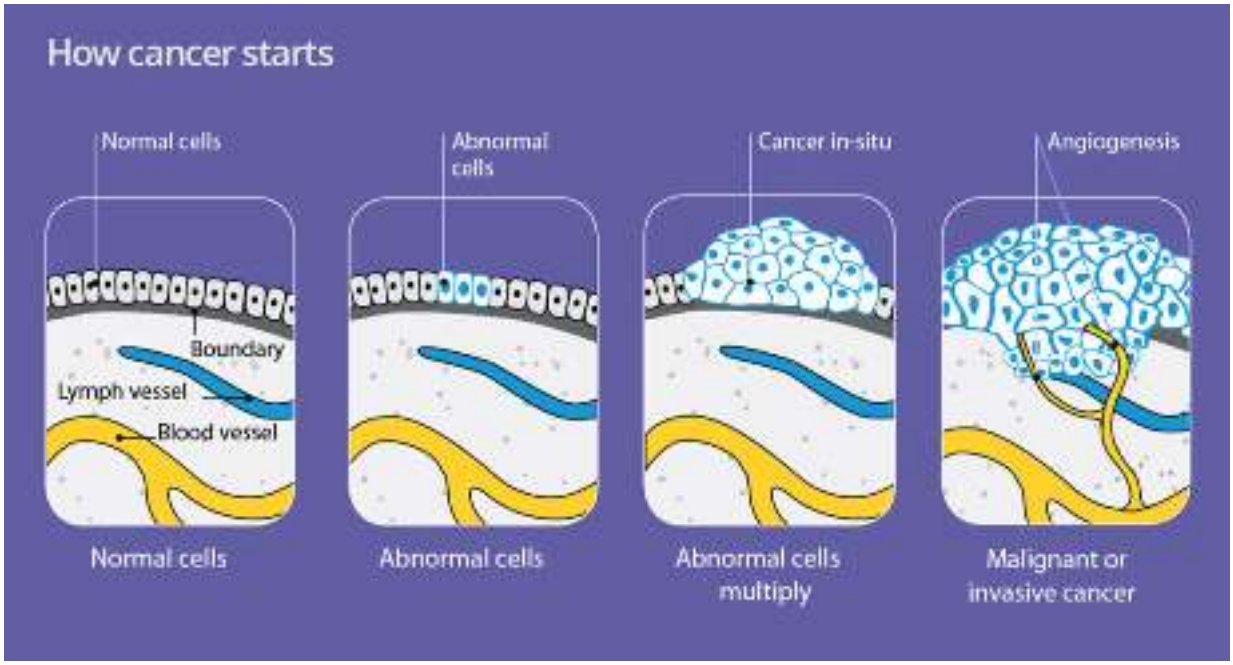
Previous Podcast: *How To Become More Resilient*

What To Do If Someone Close To You Gets Diagnosed With Cancer

November 1, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In the past year a close friend of mine named Bob was diagnosed with cancer. While I was familiar with the disease, I didn't know the best way to help him. More than one year later, with his treatment completed, I'm ready to share some advice on what you can do if a friend or relative is diagnosed with the disease.

What Is Cancer?



Cancer is when a specific type of cell within your body, like a lung cell or a blood cell, somehow mutates and starts replicating at a faster rate than normal cells. These mutated cells lose their original function and exist just to multiply and steal resources from normal cells, which is why one of the first symptoms of cancer is fatigue (this was true for Bob).

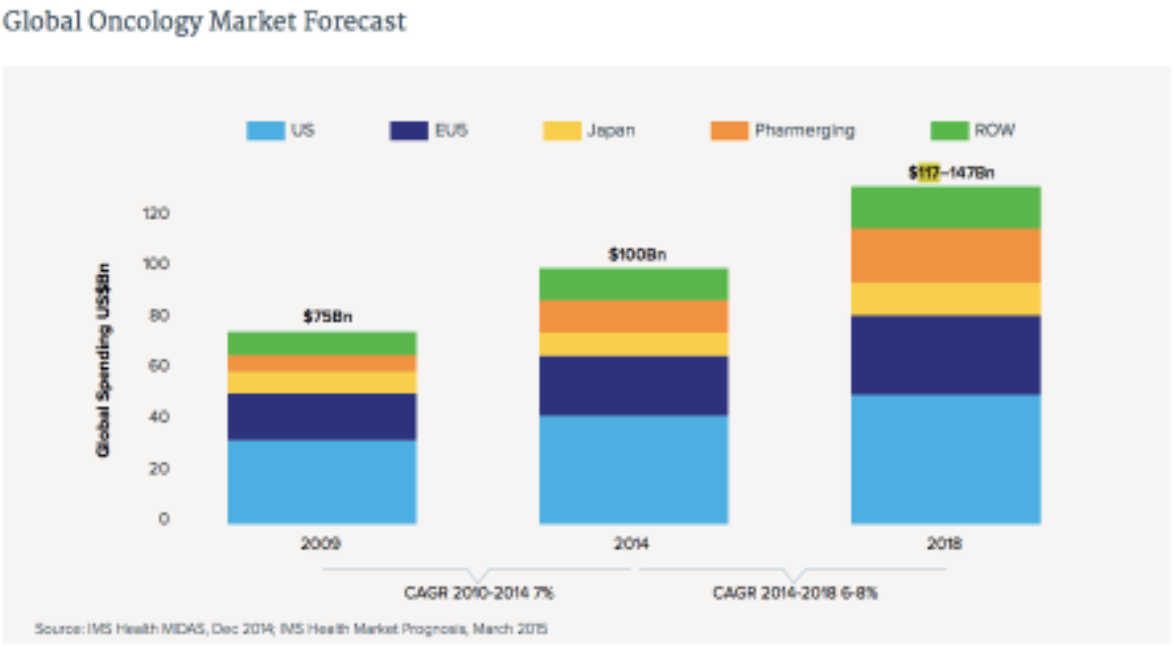
The cancer cells are initially localized in their own compact ghetto, called a tumor, but if they break off and spread to the rest of the body, the disease becomes "malignant." The cancer cells now interfere with organ function, eventually causing the person to die.

There is continued debate on what causes cancer, especially since it's not only becoming more prevalent, but affecting younger populations. Scientific research, which has become increasingly dubious and controlled by money interests, points towards "environment" for being the cause. But which parts of the environment?

We don't know for sure, but I do know that if vaccines, plastics, GMO food, and food additives were the cause of these increased cancers, we would never find out about it because of the tens of billions of dollars at stake for companies that produce those products. In Bob's case, he did possess a mutated gene that is linked to a higher cancer rate, but even with a mutated gene, a poor environment can lower the age of disease

onset and increase its severity.

Welcome To Modern Cancer Treatment

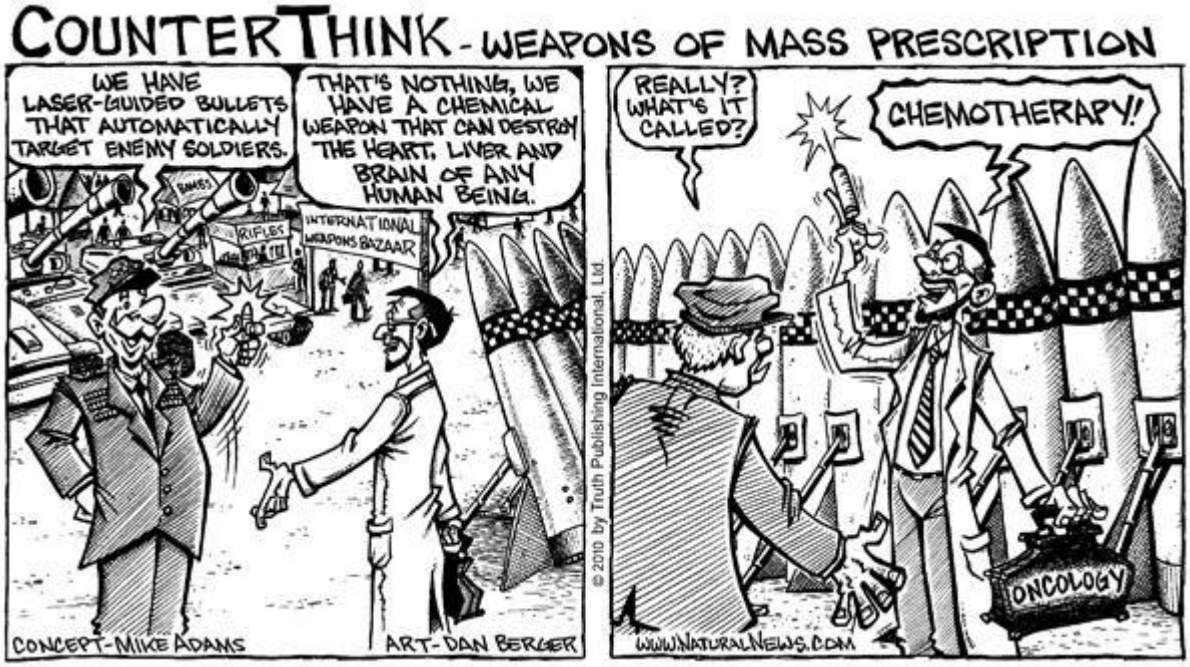


Cancer treatment will often include three phases: surgery, chemotherapy, and radiation. Surgery aims to physically remove the tumor and most of the cancer cells, hopefully before they spread. Chemotherapy is a combination of different drugs that aims to kill cancer cells. Radiation uses high energy rays to kill cancer cells at a specific site. It used to be that surgery was the first step but now chemotherapy often starts off the treatment to soften up the tumor and kill straggler cells that can't be seen when the tumor is removed during surgery.

After Bob consulted with the best doctors in his city, there was a consensus that the treatment sequence should be chemotherapy, surgery, and then radiation. Total time for the entire treatment course was ten months, where Bob's life would be turned upside down. Wracked with stress from this unexpected diagnosis, I felt it was my duty as a friend to help him through the ordeal.

I crammed as much on cancer as I could, which wasn't too difficult since I have a degree in microbiology and was already informed on the disease. I was able to confirm that Bob's treatment was the most modern standard that had the highest chance of increasing his 5-year survival rate, but the more I got into learning about chemotherapy, the more I become concerned because of the incredibly toxic effects it has on the body.

The Disturbing History Of Chemotherapy



Nearly 100 years ago, on a World War I battlefield in Belgium, soldiers began randomly developing blisters and sores. Some coughed up blood. It turned out that they were poisoned by mustard gas deployed by the Germans, and died weeks later. Thousands of men were killed by the gas during the war.

Upon noticing how efficient the mustard gas kills white blood cells, scientists started testing out the gas against blood cancers. Sixty years later, this drug is still used to treat some cancers, and it was part of the regime for Bob's chemo treatment. The lobotomy procedure, where an ice pick is jammed in your nose to destroy your frontal cortex, is a *newer* treatment than some chemo drugs. Not only does chemo have horrible side effects, but it increases your risk of getting other cancers.

We give patients drugs that increase their odds of getting more of the same disease. Let that sink in for a minute. Can you imagine having an infection in your body and taking a drug that may alleviate this infection with the expectation that it will cause a more serious infection in the future at other parts of your body? It's almost like playing a torturous game of whack-a-mole with your life.

Chemo drugs theoretically kill fast-growing cells faster than normal ones, meaning that it is more likely to kill cancer kills, but there is no mistake that chemo kills *all* cells. In the middle of treatment, Bob told me that "it feels like I'm dying." He wasn't far off. The point of the treatment is to kill all the cancer cells right before the patient would die, because if you continue a chemo cocktail for just a month or two longer than you should, the patient becomes irrevocably disabled or does die, something that can't be said for most other medical treatments in existence. It was emotional to see Bob lose his hair (even his eyebrows), gain over twenty pounds in water weight, take on a ghostly pallor, and become a weakened shell of his former vigorous self.

I searched for alternatives to chemo, but besides some promising research on massive doses of Vitamin C, all I found were shady sites promoting just about every household product as a cure, including baking soda, lemon juice, and even water. There was also

vitamin “cures,” many of which you can find explained without evidence on Youtube. I didn’t have enough conclusive data to tell Bob to ditch the chemo and try something else.

Surgery was straightforward and a far easier ordeal than chemo. They put him on a table, sliced him open, removed all visible sign of the tumor, and patched him back up. Within two weeks he was moving around normally.

Radiation seems easy on paper, since it’s just ten minutes a day of getting zapped by high powered rays for a month or longer. Just like with chemo, however, the side effects accumulate. The skin turns red then purple then black. Then it oozes and makes it extremely difficult to move. But hey, it’s better than chemo. I quickly learned that the term “cancer survivor” is really centered around living through chemotherapy, not surgery or radiation.

What the medical establishment doesn’t tell you is that when someone dies of chemotherapy, they say “the patient died from cancer.” But it was the chemo that actually killed him. As you can tell by now, I was in disbelief that this treatment is used on humans.

Thankfully for Bob, he survived all three rounds of treatment. A recent test showed that he is currently cancer free. I’m thankful for this and can now impart the lessons I’ve learned from his ordeal to help others who are impacted by this disease.

How To Help Someone Who Has Been Diagnosed With Cancer

This is what cancer ultimately comes down to:

- dozens of doctor visits that take a huge amount of time
- assembly-line medical treatment from doctors who have been trained not to get emotionally attached to patients
- intense physical pain
- inability to take care of oneself and work full time, leading to lower income
- psychological suffering in thinking that you may die
- guilty feelings of being a burden upon others

Anything you do to help someone with cancer should attempt to alleviate the above problems, which fit into the following four roles:

1. Caretaker
2. Doctor buddy
3. Moneybags
4. Philosopher clown

Caretaker

Often reserved for family members, the caretaker does the heavy legwork where the cancer victim lives. They cook, clean, and try to make the sufferer as comfortable as possible. They also monitor for sudden changes in symptoms that may require an urgent call to the doctor, which can typically happen towards the end of chemo when the side effects are most severe.

Action items: do the dishes, take out the trash, do a load of laundry, sweep/vacuum/clean house, cook a big meal that lasts a couple of days, change bed sheets, help sufferer bathe (if needed).

Doctor Buddy

It's helpful for the sufferer to be chauffeured to the doctor's and have someone sit with them. If you are close with the sufferer, you can also go in the examination room and fire off questions to the doctor that he is too reluctant to ask (you can be the "bad cop" to ensure the best treatment). I also recommend doing a basic check on the doctor's treatment protocol with your own research.

Action items: take sufferer to doctor, sit in waiting room, ask questions to doctor, alleviate boredom, run off to get coffee/tea/snacks.

Moneybags

Moneybags writes the checks. Besides the prospect of dying, Bob's biggest concern was money, even though he had health insurance. It's not that the out-of-pocket health costs were expensive but the lost income from not being able to work made it hard for Bob to pay existing bills. A donation drive among friends was done to help Bob out along with more direct donations, but even small things like buying a few day's worth of groceries and filling up the gas tank was a big help to him.

Action items: pay a bill, buy lunch, buy groceries, fill up the gas tank, start a donation drive, ask friends to give money, send a monthly check.

Philosopher Clown

The philosopher clown entertains the sufferer with humor and jokes while throwing in stoic or religious lessons that put the disease in context. For Bob, I tried to steer his mind off worst-case scenarios and focus on the positives of what was going on. You don't want to let the sufferer slip into a mental slump where they start doubting if it's worth

continuing their existence. If the mind gives up the will to live, the body will soon follow.

Action items: make sufferer laugh, get their mind out of negative thinking, teach helpful beliefs, encourage sufferer that they can successfully complete treatment.

From the above roles, you can see that giving kind words without actionable help is nearly useless to the sufferer. I was disappointed with how many people close to Bob told him empty platitudes on Facebook like “You’ll be okay” and “You’ll beat this” before disappearing. A cancer sufferer will hear these things so many times during treatment that they quickly lose meaning, and they are no substitute for being physically there with the sufferer or sending in some money.

It’s also demoralizing for a sufferer to hear “You’ll be fine” so many times, even from doctors, and then have to experience a setback or problem in cancer treatment, which is likely to happen. If you don’t have a crystal ball that can see into the future, don’t try to predict it.

A better strategy is to be realistic about the current stage of treatment and then offer help. Here are some examples:

Bad: “I believe in you and will pray for you.”
Good: “Only three more infusions to go and then you’re done. We’ll get through this. How can I help?”

Bad: “I know a friend that had a much worse cancer than you and she’s absolutely fine now after drinking a gallon of grapefruit juice.”
Good: “You’re way stronger than I am. Can I buy you lunch or fill up your gas tank?”

Bad: “I’m so sorry this happened to you. I don’t want you to die.” *Sobs uncontrollably.*
Good: “I’m off on Thursday, let me drive you to to the doctor. Don’t worry, you don’t have to entertain me and can be silent if you want.”

As you can see from the above, words are cheap compared to concrete action. I also saw how people became so depressed about Bob’s illness that he had to lift *them* up. While it’s nice that people empathized with Bob’s situation, if he had to use his limited energy to be your own psychological coach, you were a burden to him. Don’t bring your own anxieties, fears, and morose attitude to the home of a cancer sufferer. If you’re crying in the sufferer’s presence but he’s not, you’re failing miserably.

Two Problems With Cancer Treatment (Besides Chemotherapy)

A huge problem with cancer treatment is the complete lack of psychological help. While a doctor is more than ready to pump you full of drugs or slice you open, they offer absolutely zero mental guidance for what amounts to the most traumatic episode of your life. You are completely on your own after a cancer diagnosis, and if you don't have proper mental grounding beforehand, you will have a hard time fighting the disease.

If I get diagnosed with cancer right now, I think I'd be able to understand the disease in relation to my life, but that's because I've been meditating on death for years (I even read a book called Making Friends With Death), all while mastering psychological strategies based on stoicism to deal with suffering. The average person hasn't done this, so the mental effects of a cancer diagnosis will be just as hard on them as the physical side effects from treatment.

There is also no psychological help *after* you're done. They send you out into the world and essentially tell you to call them if you think the cancer came back, but this does nothing to alleviate the intense anxiety in thinking the cancer will ravage you once more. It's similar to the post-traumatic stress that a soldier has after returning from a war.

Secondly, there is too much financial incentive in the current protocol of treatment for it to change. While I don't believe a doctor involved in Bob's care tried to get rich off his disease, the dozens of doctor visits, medical infusions, scans, surgeries, and so on is a lucrative business for everyone involved.

Cancer infusion centers that dispense chemotherapy are starting to look like factories—they are hyper-optimized with the purpose of quickly and efficiently dealing with a huge amount of patients based on established protocols that never rock the boat, and an infusion room I saw with over forty chairs was creepily productive. The care is competent, but Bob was essentially a widget on an assembly line where empathy and love were simulated in bursts but never genuine.

If a cancer cure was discovered today that completely dismantled the cancer treatment

system, the medical establishment would have no choice to fight it unless they were ready to lose tens of thousands of jobs and billions in revenue. It may be hard to accept that the medical community values their interests just as much—if not more—as the interests of the patients they took an oath to treat, but unfortunately I believe this to be the case, especially for those at the top of the medical community who have the greatest financial incentive in maintaining the status quo. I trust a doctor no more than I trust a man selling me a used car, as I strongly suspect that the treatment doctors give their patients is not what they would give themselves.

Conclusion

Cancer diagnoses are going up, and so-called scientific experts are flailing their arms in confusion because solving the problem would threaten lucrative sectors of the economy. This means that patients getting cancer treatment right now will be seen in 100 years in the same way we see lobotomy victims today. The current protocol of chemotherapy, surgery, and radiation is too profitable for any paradigm change to be forthcoming, so I expect them to retain this medical standard for the rest of our lives.

I'm extremely skeptical of the current protocol, but I may take chemotherapy if I get cancer. I wouldn't mind experimenting on a slow-growing tumor with some nutritional experiments, but if I had a fast-growing cancer that already spread to my lymph nodes or beyond, I'd probably go with the mustard gas, even though I know it would probably kill me before the cancer does. The best strategy seems to be not getting cancer in the first place.

Because the incidence of cancer is increasing so quickly, chances are you will have to deal with a diagnosis for someone close to you during your lifetime. I hope you are able to help them through a hellish treatment protocol that will last nearly a year of their life. I was more than happy to help Bob get through his cancer. If it comes back, I told him not to worry, because we'll do whatever we can to beat it just like we did the first time.

Read Next: *What If Everything They Told You Is A Lie?*

WATCH: How I Make My Own Bread At Home With A Bread Machine

November 4, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I took the bread pill and started making my own bread. This video explains why and how I do it…

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Previous Video: *My Summer Vacation In Croatia*

What Donald Trump's Victory Means For Men

November 14, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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This article was originally published on Return Of Kings.

The celebrations have ended and we've all come to absorb the fact that Donald Trump is our next President, an outcome that many of us have aggressively worked for in the past several months. Now that we've gotten what we wanted, it's time to describe exactly how a Trump presidency will improve our standing.

If the President can say it then you can say it

[image]

The biggest effect we'll see is the death of political correctness. We now have a shitlord for President who has insulted ugly women as "fat pigs," and whose private macho talk, which all masculine men have done, was relentlessly attacked by the press but not punished in the voter booth. This means that when you talk like Trump, the first thought your listener will have is, "He sounds like the President of the United States."

What excuse will they now have for limiting your speech if one man was able to gain the highest office in the land because of it? Either Trump was elected because voters liked a person who makes those kinds of statements or they didn't care enough that he made them. Whichever explanation you accept means that the will of the American people has stated that you can exercise your free speech, your opinions, and your desire to flirt with attractive women without having to obey a speech police force that evaluates everything you do based on how offensive it is to a kaleidoscope of races and loony identities. You can begin removing your politically correct filter.

I'm in a state of exuberance that we now have a President who rates women on a 1-10 scale in the same way that we do and evaluates women by their appearance and feminine attitude. We may have to institute a new feature called "Would Trump bang?" to signify the importance of feminine beauty ideals that cultivate effort and class above sloth and vulgarity. Simply look at his wife and the beautiful women he has surrounded himself with to remind yourself of what men everywhere prefer, and not the "beauty at every size" sewage that has been pushed down our throats by gender studies professors and corporations trying to market their product to feminist fatsoes. The President of the United States does not see the value in fat women who don't take care of themselves, and neither should you.

Liberals will be forced to tolerate us in a way they didn't have to before

There are so many of us that we can ease out of the closet and not be afraid of persecution like before. What are they going to do, fire everyone who supports Trump? Accuse every man who voted for him of rape? The way the establishment has been able to marginalize us is to corner men individually and apply intense pressure, but now we have natural allies in all men who back Trump, even if they don't subscribe to our particular interpretation of masculinity.

Liberals will not be able to point and shriek to get you to withdraw like before. They will not have easy victories by using labels like "racist" or "sexist." They will have to endure us in their midst and bite their lip when we offend their degenerate ideals, knowing that the price of attacking us is becoming too costly. It may be as simple as whipping out your MAGA hat, as if it's a bat signal, and having fellow Trump supporters come to your aid. I know that if I see a Trump supporter in trouble, I will help him, regardless of his race or station. Liberals will be forced to share space with those whom they hate, instead of trying to exile them like in the past.

It will be easier to find a fellow traveler

Men who hold our beliefs have long ago learned that we can't go around sharing them in public to those who are not vetted. If you're like me, you first "test" a new man you meet

with a masculine comment to see how he responds, such as remarking on the attractiveness of a woman or how you've heard of a community online that trolls liberals without mercy. We've even had to devise a special "pet shop" code to know if a man is aware of the teachings that are found on ROK or the forum. We now have a easier shortcut in Trump.

If a man tells you that he voted for Trump, it's safe to say that he is favorable to strong borders, nationalism, masculinity, and beautiful women. On a basic level, you will be able to get along with this man and build a bond. It also works the other way around where you bring up Trump to screen out those who are offended by him. It's fine if someone is politically indifferent, but if a man opposes Trump then I have to anticipate him attacking or sabotaging me in the future. I will distance myself from him for my own well-being.

The cultural decline will halt

We now have a President who will not encourage anti-male propaganda, rape culture, and female victimhood. While I do have minor concerns on the influence of his feminist-minded daughter, Ivanka, Trump will not continue the attack on men that has been institutionalized since the sexual revolution and accelerated during the eight years of Obama. Because our current cultural dystopia is the result of intense long-term manipulation, it is more than enough for Trump to simply not touch the gender issue to allow the culture to return to a more patriarchal order. Stop feeding the rot and it will die off, allowing biology to naturally reassert itself.

We've experienced so many changes in the past decade that we haven't had a chance to understand what's going on and adapt. Instead, we've been reacting from one blow to the next, whether it's the loss of our jobs through witch hunts or the rape culture horror that has turned a banal consensual hookup into possible incarceration. Trump's

victory gives us room to begin pushing back against the fictions that have put men in harm's way.

Conclusion

Paradoxically, the benefits of a Trump presidency will not involve specific actions from Trump. His presence automatically legitimizes masculine behaviors that were previously labeled sexist and misogynist. While we may still get heat for them, it will be less severe and we'll be less likely to sustain serious damage. Liberals will have no choice but to silently stew on our words and we can more effortlessly connect with men not only for male bonding but also to push back against a demoralized and fractured left. Victories will be far easier to achieve under Trump than Obama.

This is our moment. The door is opening for a renaissance of masculinity where men can take pride in being men, and the best part of it is that we don't need to wait for Trump to do anything. His victory is more than enough for us to apply our own individual strength in seizing the bull's horns where we can come out of the politically incorrect closet and assert our beliefs and behaviors. It would be icing on the cake if Trump rolled back anti-masculine laws and policies, but it's not required, because the power to change ourselves and our country is within our hands. Return Of Kings opened in 2012, and the only surprise for me is how quickly the name is being fulfilled.

Read Next: *If Donald Trump Doesn't Win, We're Screwed*

PODCAST: The Serenity Of Stoicism

November 17, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Stoicism is a philosophy for your mind that helps you deal with suffering and misfortune. In this podcast, I review stoicism's strongest points as presented by three powerful thinkers (Epictetus, Seneca, and Marcus Aurelius) by using direct quotes from their most important works. I also share how I've used stoicism to reduce pain in my own life and how you can do the same through an effectively four-point strategy.

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Previous Podcast: *What Travel Can And Can't Give A Man*

The Future Of The USA, Russia, And The New World Order

November 21, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I randomly came across a fascinating document called *The USA And The New World Order: A Debate Between Olavo de Carvalho And Aleksandr Dugin* (PDF download). It has done more for me to clarify modern geopolitics than any other work I've read.

Before we review its contents, let's first introduce the two debaters. Olavo de Carvalho is a conservative Brazilian philosopher and writer who created the Inter American Institute, which focuses on philosophical and social issues. Aleksandr Dugin is a Russian thinker and strategist who is an independent adviser to Vladimir Putin. His grand vision is to create a Eurasian sphere that eliminates the unipolarity of the United States.

I'm first struck by what a clear understanding Carvalho, who I hadn't heard of before reading the debate, has of the globalist establishment. Here he is defining globalism and its aims:

> ...liberal globalism is the project in progress that aims to establish throughout the world the Popperian model of the "open society," necessarily destroying on its way national sovereignties and every metaphysical or moral principle that aspires to be superior to individual rationality. It is the end of nations and of all traditional spirituality, the former being replaced by a global scientific-technocratic administration, and the latter by a mix of scientism, materialism and relativistic subjectivism that inspires the globalist elites of the West.

He then makes the claim that globalists are in control of the United States and are enacting policies to bring it to heel:

> The United States are not the command center of the globalist project, but on the contrary, its prime victim, marked for death. The globalist elite is not an enemy of Russia, China or the Islamic countries potentially associated with the Eurasian project, but, rather it is their collaborator and accomplice in the effort to destroy the sovereignty, the politico-military power and the economy of the United States.

Why is the USA marked for death? Because its patriotic and Christian people are the last obstacle to ushering in a truly global world order controlled by a state-less group of elites who rule over three 1984-style domains: Western empire (the merchant), Russian-Chinese empire (the warrior), and Islamic empire (the priest).

Dugin bristles at the suggestion that Russia is already a pawn of the world order that is being used as a device to bring down the USA. In fact, he says there is no world order at all besides American hegemony.

> There is no definitive World Order of any kind at present. There is a Transition

> from the World Order we knew in XX century to the some other paradigm whose full features rest to define. Will the future be really global? Or the regionalist tendencies will win? Will there be a unique Order? Or there will be different local or regional Orders? Or may be we are going to deal with World Chaos? It is not clear yet, the Transition is not accomplished. We are living in the middle of it.

Dugin states that the transition can proceed in one of three ways:

1. A stable “Imperial Core” that generates policies that cause chaos and mayhem in the world for the purpose of controlling other nations.

2. Cooperating with friendly powers while putting pressure on rogue countries.

3. Achieving true globalization by trading sovereignty for world government, ruled by the likes of George Soros and organizations such as the Council On Foreign Relations.

> It seems that USA tries to go by these three ways simultaneously promoting all three strategies at the same time. This three directions strategy of USA creates the global context in International Relations, USA being the key actor on the global scale.

Globalist-sponsored commentator Francis Fukuyama wrote in his book The End Of History And The Last Man that liberal democracy (the platform that globalists herald) is the best political system ever created, and it will bring about the end of historical movements and revolutions, but only if it is allowed to envelop the world by “exporting democracy,” a euphemism for subversion through propaganda, covert CIA operations, or overt military action. As Dugin points out, it’s the USA way or death.

> The history is considered to be univocal (monotone) process of technological and social progress, the way of growing liberation of individuals from all kind of collective identities. The tradition and conservatism are regarded as the obstacles for the freedom and should be rejected. The USA is in vanguard of this historical progress and has the right and obligation (mission!) to move the history further and further. The historical existence of USA coincides with the course of the human history. So “American” means “universal.” The other cultures have only an American future or no future at all.

God must be killed and replaced with “rational” thinking, where the rationale of the day is guided into your brain through scientific, political, and academic experts who are controlled by the elites. Technology is but another means to speed this along, as everything becomes centered around the individual and its needs instead of the tribe and family. The end goal is transhumanism, creating something “better” than human nature on the neverending march towards perfection, stability, and order for the top 0.01%.

> …the fragmentation and atomization of society included in the technology (internet, mobile phones and so on) where the principle actor is strictly individual and excerpt from the natural and social context.

> […]
>
> After the accomplishing the full fragmentation of the societies to the individual atoms there will begin the second phase: the division of the individuals themselves on the parts and new (genetic, for example) combinations of the elements in the way of post-human creativity.

What "liberal democracy" really means is a fractured society of atomized individuals who are either culturally and biologically sterile (white nations) or constantly chaotic (non-white nations). Your society will be inverted to make it easy to be controlled and dominated by a USA-led hegemon, which Dugin insists is the height of world power. If you do not allow liberal democracy to penetrate your nation "peacefully," you will be targeted for chaos. If you are a Syrian, Iraqi, Russian, Indian, or African, and hear warm buzzwords from the American president that you deserve "liberal democracy," get ready for subversion at best, war at worst.

Dugin is triggered at Carvalho's assertion that Russia is part of the new world order instead of being its target:

> The globalization of the world and the installation everywhere of the American control, including the direct intrusion in the nominally sovereign countries, the promotion of American way of life and the uniformization of the different human societies, accomplished by USA, is considered by the professor as "nothing", being ignored and forgotten. The contamination of Russian society by decadent consumerist individualist patterns, the support for the anti-Russian regimes in the post-soviet space is nothing.
>
> The USA is an absolute plague for the mankind. And the globalist elite is the quintessence of USA, it rules USA and through it in the rest of the world. The globalist elite of the USA is the absolute enemy of the Russia, China and Islamic countries, it corrupts our political elite, the society, the country. For us it is obvious. "The sovereignty, the political-military power and the economy of the United States" are no more than the instruments in the hand of this elite, its accomplices, voluntary or not.

From this point, the debate becomes about whether Russia is part of the globalist system or not. Carvalho insists that the "contamination" of Russia society was done by its own hand starting with the Bolshevik revolution, which implemented anti-traditional policies such as feminism, easy divorce, and godlessness before Stalin scaled them back. Dugin insists that a level of elites above that of nation states is a "conspiracy theory" (he uses that exact phrase), and the tit-for-tat games you see in the mainstream news is real, that there are no transnational elites who meet in Davos, Brussels, and so on.

This distinction is important because if Russia and the United States are dialectical forces under the same controlling power, the Russia vs USA tension is theater and being used to create the justification for a war that benefits a pre-determined victor. If on the other hand they are truly independent entities, USA is bumbling its war to World War 3 by

provoking Russia (at least up until Trump's victory), which is all too ready to take advantage of those blunders by re-asserting its power in Eastern Europe and Asia.

Dugin's position that there are no transnational elites, with the insinuation that world leaders are at the top of the pyramid, was wholly unconvincing. Carvalho found an opening and laid down heavy fire.

> The globalist elite is not only a vague social class of capitalists and bankers. It is an organized entity, with continuous existence for over a century, which meets periodically to ensure the unity of its plans and the continuity of their implementation, with the minuteness and scientific precision with which an engineer controls the transmutation of his blueprint into a building.
>
> […]
>
> The Syndicate is an organization of big capitalists and international bankers committed to establishing a worldwide socialist dictatorship. There are so many documents and studies that meticulously depict its origin, history, membership, and modus operandi that no excuse can be accepted for ignorance in this matter, most of all from people who intend to opine about it. No, this is not an insinuation against Professor Dugin. He is perfectly informed about it, and if he commits errors in the conclusions he presents, it is not due to ignorance. It is because the essentially bellicose nature of his approach impels him to divide the panorama into two symmetrically opposed halves, falsifying the whole picture and sending to the limbo of non-existence all the facts that refute this Manichean simplification.

As I've written before, socialism is but a tool of the elites to centralize their power by increasing the size and reach of government while weakening social bonds through Marxist poison. Here it is explained more elegantly by Carvalho:

> If the Medieval system lasted ten centuries, Absolutism did not last more than three. Even shorter will be the reign of liberal bourgeoisie. One century of economic and political freedom was enough to make some capitalists so formidably rich that they no longer wish to submit to the whims of the markets that made them rich. They want to control them, and there are three instruments for this: dominion of the State, in order to enact the statist policies necessary to make the oligopoly eternal; stimulus to socialist and communist movements that invariably favor the growth of state power; and the drafting of an army of intellectuals who prepare public opinion to bid farewell to bourgeois freedoms and happily step into a world of omnipresent and obsessive repression (extending itself to the last details of private life and everyday speech), presented as a paradise adorned both with the abundance of capitalism and the "social justice" of communism.

Carvalho then discusses historical philosophy and how only an entity that spans generations can be an agent that affect the change that we come to see as "history." We

like to think of nation states as drivers of history, but it's really the groups that hold power within those states who are the true drivers. This is often described as the "conspiratorial view of history."

> Who can be an agent of a historical action? States? Nations? Empires? Of course not. These entities result from the combination of heterogeneous forces which struggle to dominate them from within. They do not have their own will, but they reflect, at each moment, the will of a dominant group, which may be replaced by another in the next moment. A state, nation or empire is an apparent agent, manipulated by other, more durable, more stable agents, capable of dominating it and using it for their objectives, which frequently transcend even the duration of the national, state and imperial formations which they utilized.
>
> To be a historical agent, the group or entity must:
>
> (a) Nurture permanent or long-term objectives.
>
> (b) Be capable of continuing the pursuit of these objectives beyond the lifespan of its individual agents, beyond the duration of the present state of affairs, and beyond the duration of even the states, nations and empires involved.
>
> (c) Be capable, therefore, of reproducing individual agents able to continue the action through the centuries and to adapt the original plans to the different situations that may emerge without losing view of the initial goals.
>
> Only the following entities fulfill these conditions:
>
> (1) The great universal religions.
> (2) Initiatory and esoteric organizations.
> (3) Royal and noble dynasties and similar entities.
> (4) Ideologically revolutionary movements and parties.
> (5) Spiritual agents: God, angels, and demons.
>
> Everything, absolutely everything that happens in the historical scene either comes from one of these forces, or is the result of an uncontrolled combination of forces.

Ideas by themselves do not act on history unless they are used by groups that meet the above conditions that Carvalho lays out. Otherwise it's just a frustrated exertion or power grab that fails and relinquishes power back to the true agents in charge.

For example, now that Donald Trump has won the Presidency, it will be up to him and those around him to create a lasting nationalist movement that outlives him. Otherwise, it may blowback spectacularly and crush nationalism for generations. One only need to look at Adolph Hitler to see how a failed nationalist uprising becomes manna from heaven to globalist interests because of how quickly a foolhardy war can accelerate a world order that was planned all along.

And yet in a single stroke, Dugin brushes away Carvalho's assertions by stating that this

is all merely a simple matter of good versus evil, as if we were in a Hollywood movie whose plot was inspired by Joseph Campbell, and that the world must join Russia in its honorable crusade against the West.

> Therefore, I invite all the rest to join the camp and fight Globalism, Modernity/Hypermodernity, Imperialism Yankee, liberalism, free market religion and unipolar world. These phenomena are the ultimate point of the Western path to the abyss, the final station of the evil and the almost transparent image of the antichrist/ad-dadjal/erev rav. So the West is the center of kali-yuga, its motor, its heart.

While I don't agree with Dugin on the denial of a global syndicate, and am deeply suspicious of his reasoning for doing so, he does understand the decline of the West.

> Once the West had its own tradition. Partly it has lost it. Partly this tradition has given the poisonous germs. The West should search in its deep ancient roots. But these roots lead to the common indo-european Eurasian past, the glorious past of the Scyths, Celts, Sarmats, Germans, Slavs, Hindus, Persians, Greeks, Romans and their holistic societies, warrior style hierarchical culture and spiritual mystic values that had nothing in common with present day Western mercantile capitalist degenerated civilization.
>
> To return to the Tradition we need to accomplish the revolt against modern world and against modern West—absolute revolt—spiritual (traditionalist) and social (socialist). The West is in agony. We need to save the world from this agony and may be to save the West from itself. The Modern (and Post-Modern) West must die. And if there were the real traditional values in its foundations (and they certainly were) we will save them only in the process of the global destruction of the Modernity/Hypermodernity.

Carvalho snaps back and methodically breaks down Dugin's arguments (or lack thereof), especially his "conspiracy theory" reply about elite groups possessing long-term plans.

> Without continuity over generations, there is no historical action, and only a few types of human groups have the means to fulfill this requirement. If among those means the control over the flow of information is included, this is only due to a trite observation, actually a commonplace in historical methodology, according to which the dissemination of facts produces new facts; therefore, the control over the flow of information is absolutely essential to any group or entity that plans long-term historical actions. The Council on Foreign Relations, for example, managed to remain totally secret and unknown for fifty years, even though its membership included practically all the owners of the major media outlets of the West. Once the period of obligatory discretion was over, David Rockefeller publicly thanked journalists for their five-decade old silence. Should we hide this fact only out of a yokelish fear of being called "conspiracy theorists"?

He makes the important claim that a Eurasian empire is merely a competitor to Western globalism, concealed by a seemingly traditional and moral facade.

> Karl Marx himself defined [ideology as] just a “dress of ideas” concealing a scheme of political power. The scheme of political power in Russia has changed its dress, but continues to be the same—maintaining the same people in the same positions, performing the same functions, with the same totalitarian ambitions as ever.
>
> […]
>
> But as Nietzsche used to say, one cannot completely destroy a thing except when one substitutes it. It is not enough to cut the West off from its roots and then accuse it of not having roots: it is necessary to insert a Eurasian graft into it and persuade the West that Eurasianism is its true roots.

If Russia wins, Putin would merely replace Western globalism with his own vision that is also globalist. Carvalho doesn’t trust Russia because of the untold dead and mass repression that occurred during the Soviet Empire, and implies that he rather live under Western hegemony.

The question we have to ask ourselves is this: if we were allowed to pick our globalist master, the USA or Russia, which would be better for us and our interests? Based on how the West methodically attacks men and the traditional family while Russia does not, I presume that it would be Russia, but we are not Russian and cannot assume that Putin would treat his American vassal citizen the same as a Russian one. There is no way to be certain that our living conditions would improve under Russian hegemony, and lessons from history lean towards a more turbulent conclusion.

Losing his patience against a tenacious Carvalho, Dugin removes intellectual pretense and proclaims what his heart desires most.

> …we have a kind of the global dictatorship. We should fight against it. If someone deprives us from our freedom we have to react. And we will. The American Empire should be destroyed. And at one point it will be.

Destroyed from within or destroyed by Russian nuclear bombs when they sense the time is right to establish the Eurasian empire? Dugin leaves that for our imagination, but gives hints as to what the future Eurasian empire would be like.

> …the communism doctrine is Modern, atheist, materialist and cosmopolite. That should be thrown out. On the contrary, the social solidarity, social justice, the socialism and general holistic attitude to the society are good in themselves. So we need to separate the materialist and Modernist aspect and reject them. On the other hand in the theories of Third way (dear up to certain point to some traditionalists as Julius Evola) there were some unacceptable elements—first of all racism, xenophobia and chauvinism.

Don’t we already have social solidarity, social justice, and anti-racism in the West? Dugin

calls us to join arms with Russia to replace a progressive West with a progressive Russian empire. We can only hope that Dugin is confusing his definitions on what social justice and racism are, since those features include the very atheist and cosmopolitan features that he rejects, but it's easy to look at Russia, with a 6.5% Muslim population and a host of other ethic groups to understand that the Eurasian empire will at the minimum be a multicultural empire. Sorry, white nationalists, but Russia will never cater to your demands of a purely white state.

He explains that the future Eurasian empire will be ruled by the Fourth Political Theory, which seems awfully similar to what the United States uses today, but with a traditional veneer that is nowhere close to true traditionalism. Nationalism is, unsurprisingly, excluded from the program.

> We call it Fourth Political Theory (first being the liberalism, that we essentially challenge, the second the classical form of communism, the third the national-socialism and the fascism). Its elaboration starts from the point of intersection between different anti-liberal political theories of the past (the communism and the Third way theories). So we arrive to the nationalbolshevism that represents the socialism without materialism, atheism, progressism and Modernism and the Third way theories without racism and nationalism.

The Fourth Political Theory wants to unite all the people of the world in a world struggle against an evil empire. One-hundred years ago the evil enemy was the bourgeoisie and their class oppression. Today the evil enemy is the United States and their world oppression. The enemy has been identified and it will be used as part of the "dress of ideas" to restore Russian power once again.

> So we need to unite the right, the left and the religions in the common struggle against common enemy. The social justice, the national sovereignty and the Traditional values are three principles of such ideology. It is not easy to put all this together. But we should try if we want to overcome the foe.

Dugin wants us to trade one master for another. For that reason, I have to reject Dugin's call for me to join him in replacing our current cabal of globalist oppressors with another cabal who will in all likelihood end up as globalist oppressors. Neither entity offers me anything to fight for.

While not an easy read, this debate (PDF) clarified a lot of conflicts in my mind about how to deal with our current situation. The most important thing I learned is that to replace a globalist hegemon, you will need to counter with a strategy that is also globalist is nature. Otherwise, patient historical agents will marshal their resources across several nation-states to effortlessly crush any non-globalist force.

It's for this reason that nationalism will ultimately fail after its current resurgence after the present cycle plays itself out. How can individual nations and their leaders stand up in the long term (beyond a generation) against a host of individuals, corporations, NGOs, and other organizations that operate globally and across generations? To defeat

globalists who operate around the world, you'll have to be global yourself, which nationalism is not. For that reason, I have accepted that globalism is here to stay.

Read Next: *Nationalism Is A Trap*

PODCAST: The Past, Present, And Future Of Game

November 23, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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What is game and why do modern men have to use it? In this podcast I explain the societal and environmental changes that have made game a requirement for men to sleep with attractive women under the age of 30. I share the origin story of how I got started in game and offer an effective nine-step program for men wishing to get started themselves so that they can be more successful with women. Lastly, I describe the future of game and how its application may change with time.

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Previous Podcast: *The Serenity Of Stoicism*

I Do Not Disavow Richard Spencer

November 24, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Richard Spencer, head of the NPI Institute, was attacked by the media in the last week because attendees at his recent weekend conference did a Roman/Hitler salute. This caused a schism in the alt right, where more moderate voices condemned Spencer's actions and splintered off into a "new right" or "alt light" group. Looking back on the episode with full hindsight, I believe it was a strategic mistake to side with the media and not assist Spencer, no matter how strongly you disagreed with his actions.

If you don't know who Spencer is, he is a prominent thought-leader of the alt right movement (he coined the term). While there are many definitions of the alt right, purists would describe it as a movement that aims for a white ethno-state. They have been called white supremacists, Nazis, and "real racists" for their belief that the United States (and Europe) should be primarily—if not exclusively—white. One of their arguments against immigration goes along the lines of "Africa for Africans, Asia for Asians, but the United States for everybody."

I inadvertently stumbled onto the alt right after I read The Culture Of Critique by alt right favorite Kevin MacDonald. My review of his book on Return Of Kings got me immediately denounced by the Anti Defamation League, a sign that its contents hit on truths that certain interests want to keep hidden. Not long after I made the review, in the fall of 2015, I was invited to attend NPI's conference. I was received warmly by many of the attendees, who told me they have successfully used my game advice in the past.

Afterwards, once word got out that I was at NPI, Spencer received criticism from "1488" factions of the alt right for inviting me because I am not white and because I have "defiled" six million white women. Numerous alt right accounts took shots at me on Twitter. As the months went on, I noticed the 1488'ers strongly believed in imposing rules on which race of women white men could sleep with and which race of men white women could sleep with. Their need for sexual control went against the interests of myself and my readers of all races, since it's not dissimilar to feminism, so I announced a formal split with them in February, even though I was never formally in the alt right. After this divorce, I did not escalate my differences with them because we were on the same anti-establishment path. Elevating our squabble into a war would just aid my enemies.

The detente was successful. We were on a similar wavelength in the run-up to electing Donald Trump, as I shared many of the memes that came out of their platforms. Donald Trump had not advocated for a white ethno-state, but the alt right felt that his immigration policies bring that one step to fruition, while I supported Trump because I believed his policies would be beneficial to heterosexual men, regardless of their race. Trump was elected and different alternative communities rejoiced together in his victory. Then the NPI conference took place in the presence of multiple media outlets. Here is the "highlight" of what the media was able to obtain:

What a beautiful piece of propaganda! It immediately starts with a white man shouting "Hail" to the new President of the United States, whom the media viscerally hates, while a small minority of attendees exuberantly throw up the Roman salute. Even if you are a conservative, you have been programmed to feel revulsion at this display of "Nazism" and immediately condemn it because of its racism. Not long after, the media forced Donald Trump's hand and he did disavow Spencer. One viral video, one mission accomplished.

Many men I follow did disavow it, starting with Mike Cernovich, who stated that because of what Spencer did at the conference, he was controlled opposition (i.e. an agent of the FBI, Democratic party, or media). Paul Joseph Watson and Stefan Molyneux supported Mike's decision. First, I must state that I greatly respect Mike as a journalist, narrative "hacker," and book author. If he is attacked at any point by the establishment, I hope he knows that I have his back. In this case, however, I think he rushed to judgement. In order to separate himself from Spencer and signal against him on Twitter, we allowed the media to put up an easy win on their scoreboard. At the end of the day, the optics of the situation was that those who were previously considered alt right aided the media in forcing Trump's hand at disavowing an alt right figure.

Let's imagine a different scenario. When the viral video came out, instead of attack Spencer, we attacked The Atlantic for taking scenes from the conference out of context. We forced them to reveal the truth of attendees being assaulted by violent liberal thugs. We disseminated the truth of the conference far and wide. And most importantly, we defended the right of attendees to put up whatever salute they want as part of their free speech at a private event, even if we find it abhorrent. If we did all this with the same vigor that we attacked the media when helping Trump get elected, what would the result have been? We would have put them on the defense and possibly prevented Trump's disavowal and damage to all alternative spheres. At the very least, the media would not have gotten an unequivocal win.

Instead, we have given up our own ability to do a Roman salute, even as a joke. The media can now tear down anyone who does it and anything similar, because we did not attack them when they used it to distort Spencer's conference. In other words, we have voluntarily constricted our behavior, all to marginalize Spencer, a man who is on the leading edge of free speech. **If Spencer "got away" with these Roman salutes, they wouldn't be able to attack us for *anything.*** No rape joke, fat joke, or meme would be extreme compared to it. Our free speech would have expanded if we helped Spencer, but that opportunity is lost. We now get to wait for an energized media to attack us, and it most certainly will be for less than a Roman salute. We gave up ground for no gain to ourselves.

It's also unfortunate that we are still stuck in the establishment frame of defending ourselves as not being racist. Paul Joseph Watson's latest video can in fact be summarized as "Democrats are the real racists," a failed Republican strategy that has not converted even one black man to the party. By attacking Spencer, we are announcing to

the world that we are scared of being called a Nazi and racist.

The proper response when the fake news tells you you're a Nazi is to say "Fuck you." The proper response to when they call you a racist is "So what?" The proper response when they call you a rapist is to say, "I certainly wouldn't rape you." The only way we can take away the power from these terms is to not immediately deny you are one. If a crazy old bag lady approaches you on the subway and loudly says you are a murderer, would you take the time to deny it? No, you would laugh and say, "Get out of my way, you crazy bitch." This is how we must react when the media confronts us, because if you don't have a fear of being called a Nazi, racist, or rapist, the power of the media establishment will quickly diminish.

That doesn't mean that Spencer did not commit an unforced error. We have to agree that Spencer's decision to let in the media and frame the conference any way they saw fit was a considerable mistake, but not one I will eternally hold against him. He is not an establishment talking head that has been "groomed" to be good with the media, and his first major interview was less than a month ago. I was a media newbie too. I got shellacked when I went on Dr. Oz and got embarrassed by the Daily Mail when they showed up to my parents house until I finally understood the game and humiliated the media myself in a press conference. I'm sure I will make a mistake in the future, since I am not a media professional who does interviews every month, and I hope my allies don't disavow me because of it.

After Spencer's gaffe, I'm seeing a lot of messages online that the alt right "brand" is done for, and that their movement is dead. Back in February, I said their movement has peaked, but I underestimated them, and those today saying the alt right is dead are also wrong. They will lick their wounds and get stronger, because they don't need the media and they don't need Trump. Their sales pitch of "America will be better with only white people" is too seductive for marginalized white men to resist, and in spite of their obsession with race, there is intellect and truth-telling underneath it. They have blind spots, but they have fewer blind spots than other movements, and for that reason I think they will have sizeable cultural influence in the next five years for men who want an external fix to their problems instead of an internal one like I aim to provide. The Spencer debacle is a painful but necessary teaching moment for them.

Now that the schism has taken place, men like Mike Cernovich, Paul Joseph Watson, and Stefan Molyneux have a clear path to the top as part of their "new right" platform. There is no Nazi taint to hold them back. Within a couple years time, as long as their output is consistent, they will have a massive bullhorn to reach millions of conservatives. It will be fascinating to watch these men become the "new mainstream" as the old media order fades away.

As for me, I will stay focused on the individual man. Whatever politics of the day serves the interests of masculine men will be the politics I preach. That includes them being able to say and do whatever they want as long as it's not against the law. For that reason, I will not be making disavowals of anyone, no matter how reprehensible their speech,

because I will not help my true enemy, the establishment, attack my neighbor. We must not lose sight that Spencer is not our enemy, not yet anyway, and to proceed accordingly.

Read Next: *Newsweek Magazine: "Roosh V's Journey From Pickup Artist To Right-Wing Provocateur"*

The Problem With Setting Goals

November 25, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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In this video, I explain how some goals may not be so fruitful…

Visit my Youtube channel and hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

Previous Video: *How I Make My Own Bread At Home With A Bread Machine*

The Path Men Took To Trump

November 28, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Every man who supports Donald Trump came to it from a different path. Some of you support him because of economic impoverishment or because you have seen your neighborhoods degrade from illegal immigrants. Or maybe you support him because you were attacked for being politically incorrect. For me and many other men, we came to support Trump because we shared truths about sex and the true nature of women.

The fight began in 2012 with the Southern Poverty Law Center

In March 2012, after years of teaching men how to improve their sex lives through books and web sites, I was put on a list by the Jewish-operated Southern Poverty Law Center for being a misogynist. I was shaken up by this because I knew that my desire to enjoy sex with beautiful women and share the truths I've learned from it put me on a path of no return. Either I close down shop immediately or accept that the mob would one day come pounding on my door.

I decided to keep going. I responded to the SPLC designation with an article titled My Existence Is Becoming Illegal, where I described how heterosexual sex was now a defiant political act if the male received any benefit from it.

> It is clear that gender hate is now a one-way street. Men can hate women but not the other way around. Men can rape, women can't. Men can be abusive, both physically and emotionally, but women can't. Men can be misogynist, but women can't be misandrist, a word that is unknown to most of the American population. Men can be described as lazy slobs who play video games all day, but women are perfect as-is in a country where there are organizations trying to convince you that being fat is both healthy and beautiful. Male teachers get sent to pound-me-in-the-ass prison if they have sex with a student, but female teachers only get a slap on the wrist. If you're a man, you're likely a perpetrator of hate, violence, and abuse to innocent American women, even if you don't yet realize your thought crime, but never the other way around.

Fast forward two years to October 2014. Witch hunts by leftists were in force. Rage mobs were crawling through social networking looking for racists, homophobes, and sexists with the aim of getting them fired. I studied the people who were participating in these witch hunts and wrote one of the most important articles I've ever published: What Is A Social Justice Warrior (SJW)?

The article was widely shared, influencing how people viewed the useful idiot layer of individuals who were guided and controlled by establishment forces consisting of academia, the corporate news media, Hollywood, Fortune 500 companies, Silicon Valley, and the billionaire owners of our politicians. Scratch a feminist SJW and you'll find the reptilian skin of a billionaire who created the narrative she believes.

I was pessimistic when I wrote the SJW article, thinking we'd need a full generation (25+ years) to even begin defeating such a powerful anti-American entity. I focused on teaching men self-defense and avoidance instead of ways to defeat them. Little did I know that I was defining them at their absolute peak, and barely two years later a candidate who stood for the diametric opposite of social justice would win the presidency. The social justice warriors haven't gone away, and they are rushing to fulfill the will of George Soros by refusing to accept the results of a fair election, but the power they have to force people to bend to their demands has been reduced, along with the power of the institutions that support them.

Though SJWism peaked in 2014, I had to face the full brunt of their attacks in the summer of 2015 during the Canadian stops of my lecture tour and again in February 2016 during the international meetups. I survived those attacks, and the fact that I'm still here right now and able to exercise my free speech on all my platforms—while you're still here participating—shows clearly how little power they really had to stop us. They bruised me during the meetup outrage, but I healed quickly enough to weaponize my sites to spread my support of an even bigger enemy of theirs, Donald Trump.

Donald Trump ground zero

I'm a pessimist by nature, so I didn't have much hope that the establishment would allow Trump to win in the primaries, even though I was confident his ideas resonated with most Americans. But then I noticed that he simply couldn't be knocked out, no matter what his enemies did. I saw him humiliate Jeb Bush, out-compete a resurgent Ted Cruz, and smack down any attempt by the media to force him to display weakness. By the time I attended the Republican National Convention in Cleveland, I started to believe.

The ground zero for Donald Trump within the manosphere was The Donald Trump thread on the forum, created in June 2015 by veteran member and ROK contributor Samseau. This is where the battle unfolded for thosuands of men. Over 2,000 pages long, the thread has been viewed nearly 6 million times. Ideas within it have filtered out into mainstream discourse, as described here, to men with bullhorns larger than I have.

After significant battles in a real war, medals are awarded but soldiers don't nitpick on who was the "best" soldier. They all worked as a team to ensure victory, from the General (Donald Trump), the Colonels (his advisers), the Captains (major media influencers like Alex Jones, Matt Drudge, Paul Joseph Watson, and Mike Cernovich), the Sergeants (men like myself), the Specialists (men like Samseau), and on down to the Private, a regular commenter who contributes the occasional meme or argument in his spare time.

The ego cares about how impactful one is, how influential its ideas are, but the team player only cares about victory for the whole. Whether I am a Private or a Sergeant, I fought side by side with men in that thread and on this web site to what amounts to a modern fourth-generational informational war that will be studied by historians in the future. Who would have guessed that public internet sites operating on free open-source software would have such a positive effect on not just the result of the election, but on the lives of so many men who participated in it.

Approaching the date of the election

Two months before the election, I did a Youtube video urging men to vote for Trump, and it resulted in nearly 150 unsubscribes within a day, surprising even me since I thought my audience was mostly men who would automatically support a Trump presidency. The video echoed a lot of sentiments I shared in the article If Donald Trump Doesn't Win, We're Screwed, where I tried to convey the danger of a Hillary presidency.

> Obama was the "race" president, and look how badly he has damaged race relations in only eight years. Hillary will be the "gender" president. The future we have in store should be absolutely clear to you if she happens to defeat Trump.
>
> Not only will she move to establish a techno-matriarchy where men are second-class citizens to any female, but she will ensure that no movement or organization will be able to challenge her or her establishment cronies ever again. This isn't a trivial matter of getting banned from a web site like Twitter or Youtube—many of you will be forced to escape the country for no other reason than you happening to be a man who found himself on the wrong side of the establishment.

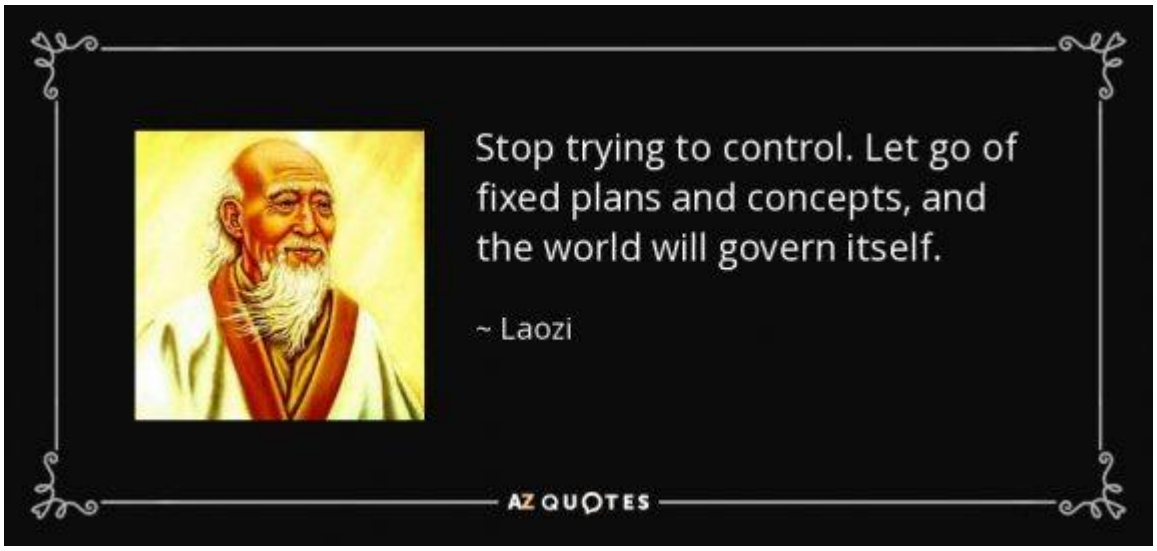
For the next month, I stared at the calendar, waiting for the election to happen, doing what I could to push back against the narrative on Twitter. Then in early October, an old tape was released of Trump saying he grabs girls by the pussy because they "let" him. My sister called me, confused, and asked if he really was a bad man. I told her that the media is distorting his comments just like they distorted mine a few months earlier when their proclaimed me as a "pro-rape advocate." I told her not to believe the media and to judge Trump by his actions and his policies, not a gotcha moment that was being spun out of control to help Hillary's failing campaign.

I spoke to her with confidence, but inside I was concerned: in a politically correct world, would this be the blow to sink Trump's candidacy? Is the majority of Americans actually ready to defeat political correctness? Thankfully, Trump responded strongly, ignoring calls by the traitors in the Republican party to step down.

The first poll to come in after pussygate suggested that Trump's support didn't decline. The fake controversy didn't work. I held my breath for the next few days to see if another tape would come out, maybe of him saying the n-word, but none did, and I knew the establishment had no more bullets. This was the moment where I finally believed. I felt a rush of energy on that day as my subconscious accepted that Trump was going to win. I did a Periscope that night as if I was amped up on methamphetamine, but I took no drug.

From that point on it was just a matter of hanging on, until finally on November 8 when he was elected President. I was in disbelief after he won because it was only four years prior when I was attacked by the same forces that were aligned against Trump. I didn't have to wait long until my personal enemies were dealt a monstrous defeat by another man whom I consider on the same team as us. If I made any miscalculation, it was that it would take a generation or longer for us to begin pushing back against establishment forces. I underestimated our own power, and those of our allies in the alternative internet space.

Human control is a foolhardy endeavor



The most important lesson I learned from Trump's victory is how pointless it is to control human beings, both their behaviors and their minds. Every single major institution in the United States, represented by billions of dollars of economic activity and influence, could not stop a populist candidate, in spite of trying everything short of assassination.

George Soros and his billions weren't effective. Obama and his allies weren't effective. The mainstream media and their dozens of outlets weren't effective. CEOs of the biggest companies in the United States weren't effective. Hollywood and it's superstars weren't effective. Academia and it's thousands of professors weren't effective. Social media and its censorship efforts weren't effective. The FBI allowing Hillary to skate from real crimes wasn't effective. Even Donald Trump's own party wasn't effective in stopping him. It's

absolutely incredible that all these forces couldn't stop one man and his believers. What a disgrace to the fields of scientific management and modern propaganda for them all to fail so miserably!

Think right now of how much effort the anti-Trump forces put into stopping him from winning. Think of how much money they spent to guarantee their desired outcome. And now think how it was all for *nothing*. They accomplished the very opposite of what they moved mountains to accomplish, after decades of cementing their control within the country by sucking the truth and life blood from the American public.

Whatever term you use to describe the force that governs our existence—nature, God, Tao, or so on—it is clear that humans cannot control it all, and that the pendulum will swing when it wants to swing, that the wheel of history will turn when it wants to turn, and your billions of dollars and your propaganda and your institutions can do nothing to stop it. Imagine how impotent George Soros and his friends must feel after their limitless money and influence was all for nothing.

Now they have to perfect their control methods even more, open their pocket books further, and try to force their will upon a population as if pushing food into the mouth of someone who is already full. Their desire to control you is nothing but their own psychological failings of trying to alleviate their crippling fears, of trying to prove to themselves and to the world that they are a somebody, that they are powerful, that the world must be shaped into their image, that they are gods among men, but it should be clear to you by now that they are not gods but sociopaths who gamed an economic system to amass huge amounts of capital and money. Much of that will be flushed down the drain as they continue to fight and grasp their way to unequivocal defeat, or attempting to control those who do not want to be controlled.

You can control human beings, but only temporarily and only some of them. At the end of the day, humans want to do what they want to do, and if you don't possess what they wish to buy, they will go to someone who does, no matter how much money you spend on your mechanisms of control. The more you control what does not want to be controlled, the more tension is created and then released in the great unraveling, of which we are currently living through. In previous eras, that tension resulted in victorious parades on the streets, but in our modern era, it is in the form of online celebrations with the use of tweets and memes.

If you want to be a true leader of society, create an environment where humans can associate with whom they want, can freely engage in commerce, can create families, can live in safety, can search for the truth without interference, and can work and play and live according to their nature. Put stone walls blocking their righteous will and watch them be torn down. It may take a decade, it may take 100 years, but it will happen, and the contraptions you used to control them will reveal not your strength but your own pathetic weakness.

Conclusion

We are tired of being controlled. Leave us alone. We are tired of institutions that are obsessed with controlling us, of forcing us to believe in falsehoods, of programming us to hate our country, of pitting woman against man and black against white. Leave us alone! Let men be men, and from that a new American renaissance will come forth. Men who are strong and good must be allowed to live their lives, and if you prevent us from doing so, we won't allow you to live yours. We will humiliate your useful idiots, we will destroy your institutions, we will lash out with more than just memes.

I'm afraid that those who stand against us are gearing up for even greater authoritarian control over us, but at least now we have our man in the White House who can join us in a fight that we have already been battling for many years. I can't wait to see where this fight takes us next.

This article was originally posted on Return Of Kings.

Read Next: *What Donald Trump's Victory Means For Men*

The Power Of Will To Create Happiness And Suffering

December 2, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In this video, I explain how the side effects of exerting will…

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Previous Video: *The Problem With Setting Goals*

Forum Registration Is Instant (For The Next 24 Hours Only)

December 5, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Accounts on Roosh V Forum are only activated on the first few days of the month, but for the next 24 hours you can register and begin posting instantly (after you verify your email account). Here are some recent threads you may have missed:

- Would you learn game from this guy?
- Don't Bang Hawaii – Datasheet
- Where to live in NYC?
- Oslo datasheet by Poy
- Where to go from here in life?
- Podcast recommendations
- Afraid of doing martial arts
- Female dating coach teaches older women how to approach men
- WYB Rebecca Black from "Friday" fame?
- Silicon Valley increasingly using AI and algorithms to screen "offensive" content
- ITALeave. Italian exit from the EU thread

A lot of you are not familiar with the forum so this is a good opportunity to check it out. **Click here to register.**

Read Next: *"Which Country Should I Visit?"*

10 Books That Changed My Life

December 7, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

What is game and why do modern men have to use it? In this podcast I explain the societal and environmental changes that have made game a requirement for men to sleep with attractive women under the age of 30. I share the origin story of how I got started in game and offer an effective nine-step program for men wishing to get started themselves so that they can be more successful with women. Lastly, I describe the future of game and how its application may change with time.

Listen on Soundcloud or download the MP3:

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Subscribe on iTunes or **add the RSS feed** to your favorite podcast app. If you like the podcast, please leave a rating and review on iTunes.

Previous Podcast: *The Past, Present, And Future Of Game*

Is Self-Improvement Unnecessary?

December 9, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In this video, I explain how you don’t need to be deliberate with self-improvement…

Visit my Youtube channel and hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

Previous Video: *The Power Of Will To Create Happiness And Suffering*

How I Make Aeropress Coffee At Home

December 16, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Writing my new book is gobbling up most of my free time, but I was able to make an extremely important video on how I make a cup of coffee…

Visit my Youtube channel and hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

Previous Video: *Is Self-Improvement Unnecessary?*

The Public Humiliation Of Mark Zuckerberg's Sister

December 20, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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We've gotten a lot of hate over the past year from politicians, C list celebrities, and female typists, but not from the direct relative of one of the most influential billionaires in the world. That seal has been broken by Mark Zuckerberg's sister, who turns out is obsessed with the manosphere. Her most recent attacks against us have generated enough criticism that it has forced the "classics scholar" to respond by whining about non-existent death threats and anti-semitism (she's Jewish) while safely encamped in her $2.1 million home.

How she wants you to think she looks like:

How she really looks like:

I vaguely remember an article she wrote a year ago about pickup titled Bang Rome, obviously copying the title format of my Pulitzer worthy sex guides. The article, which does not offer an excerpt worth quoting, tried to compare Ovid to modern pickup. One year later, she decided to try a different tact to get noticed: she directly attacked me, the alt right, and many other thought leaders in a Jezebel piece titled Putting The Neo Back In Neo Nazi, which is a likely reference to neomasculinity.

> Nobody in their right mind would call Return of Kings a bastion of human decency. But when I became a regular (if resistant) reader of the site, most of its vitriol was reserved for predictable targets—especially Muslims and SJWs ("social justice warriors"). While its writers have dabbled in barely-coded anti-Semitism in the past, others have argued against it—though their gradual shift became clear in July with the article "Is Antisemitism Genuine Bigotry Or A Practical Counterdefense Against A Powerful Tribe?" Roosh V, a "neomasculine" man with a poor imitation of a Duck Dynasty beard, has gone from arguing in February that "The Alt Right Is Worse Than Feminism In Attempting To Control Male Sexual Behavior" to saying in August, "While we are not officially an alt right site, we share much overlap with them in the general alternative sphere." (He also refuses to denounce Richard Spencer for his recent forays into blatant Nazi rhetoric.)
>
> […]
>
> Only a few weeks ago, Return of Kings published a predictably horrifying article with the title "11 Tips For Raising Your Daughter on the Red Pill" which advises, among other things, that you should hit on waitresses in front of your children so they can see what game looks like.

In another recent article on her blog, she goes after me and Quintus Curtius, who continues to connect hundreds of men with the classics while she perverts it into a

grotesque image of social justice.

> Predictably, Quintus Curtius has an extremely limited understanding of "how things were like in previous eras." His stated goal is "to remind readers of the glories of leadership, character, and masculine virtue that can change their lives"—so of course, his understanding of antiquity is of a world inhabited by only a few extremely elite men. He has no sense of or interest in social history, cultural history, women, slaves, children, and broad historical trends. The ancient world is reduced to a textbook model for leadership, character, and masculine virtue.
>
> […]
>
> Next time you hear either of those arguments made, remember: they are also made by a man who tells stories about raping women in his "Bang" series of "game guides," who believes that "Women Must Have Their Behavior And Decisions Controlled By Men," who recently rejoiced because the election of Donald Trump "automatically legitimizes masculine behaviors that were previously labeled sexist and misogynist"—a man who was rejected by the Alt-Right for being insufficiently white himself.
>
> […]
>
> So why have so many white, male leaders of communities and websites that used to focus on sex and gender shifted in recent months to anti-Semitism, white nationalism, and complaining about "(((the media)))"? In part, of course, because these men were always grossly bigoted and racist.

For living in a multi-million dollar home in a neighborhood with only a 1.7% black population (the national average is 12.6%), she seems terribly concerned about racism. Do you think she has even met a black person during her residence in one of the most expensive zip codes in the United States? It is peculiar why someone who never sees black people would be so concerned about racism, unless of course she is an intolerable hypocrite who hasn't yet checked her billionaire privilege.

I wouldn't want to subject you to any more of her pseudo-intellectual writings, but it's clear from them that she has a serious obsession with masculine writers who have normal testosterone levels, unlike her potato-faced husband, through her admission that she follows badthink sites daily along with the individual personalities behind them. Attacking Quintus Curtius, a man who takes his work seriously, proved to be her greatest mistake. In an article titled When Education Does Not Mean Knowledge: The Case Of Mark Zuckerberg's Sister, he evaporates her entire educational career in one go.

> Character matters in everything, Ms. Zuckerberg, and it affects everything. And this is why I focus on it in my books. If you had a more expansive soul and were possessed of deeper life experiences you might know this.
>
> And this really is the heart of the matter. I emphasize character, morals, and the education of the young because I know how important it is. I am a forty-eight

> year old man who has more scars than you will ever have. I have fought more battles than you will ever fight. While you were mincing around the halls of Princeton University, I was leading Marines in Okinawa and East Asia.
>
> While you were bullying people for not adhering to your politically-correct ideology, I was starting a law firm, trying cases in court, fighting for the rights of the common man, and making an honest name for myself. This is the difference between you and me. While you are a spoiled child of privilege, I am a man who has earned his way through life through the sweat of his own brow.
>
> Do you want to know why I write? Because I love the subject matter, and I truly believe in its power to bring back what we have lost from our society. I venerate these classical and Renaissance works because I know how true their lessons are for real life. I use them as a source of moral inspiration, a guide to a better life, and as a vision for the elevation of the human spirit.
>
> You, on the other hand, use them as a punch line. You have no real feel for these works. If you did, you would never be able to miss the role of character and virtue in a great many classical and Renaissance works. In fact, I think that deep down, you despise these books.
>
> […]
>
> Unlike you, I am not a child of privilege. No one ever gave me anything: I made my own way in life as the son of immigrants who did not have the benefit of being royalty like yourself. I earned my love of ancient wisdom with my own effort, and I hold it close to my heart.

Quintus and I also had some laughs at her expense on the latest Kingmaker podcast (starts at 7:30)

Other men have revealed how worthless a PhD from Princeton is these days.

> This is a very glaring and instructive example of the penetration of leftist/SJW ideology into every nook and cranny of society. The entire purpose of studying Classics is that the ideas and values of the Greco-Roman tradition are (sometimes literally) written in stone. They are immutable. They are not open to change and interpretation. They are literally foundational. They are the bedrock of Western Civilization. You don't get to go back and retcon Plato into being an Afro-Caribbean hipster with an interest in women's issues. These people are literally trying to-write history to suit their modern political agenda. As the commenter astutely pointed out, this is gross cultural appropriation of the worst and most damning type – this is outright cultural theft. They are attempting to steal Classical culture and remake it in the image of social justice (their god).
>
> And it's clear this Zuckerberg woman is a real piece of work. Her insecurity comes across in her writing (she is desperately in search of an avenue of self-importance to attach her name to). I can't imagine the sort of psychological strain she must be under. When you're a neurotic striver of the sort that she is,

> having to live with the fact that your goofy, Aspergerish brother became a multi-billionaire and culturally significant figure by the age of 25 while you're reduced to pimping the SJW narrative on some shitty website (which your moneybags brother is no doubt paying for) can't be good for one's feeling of self-worth. (Scorpion)
>
> […]
>
> *Donna Zuckerberg should be working on her dissertation on Ancient Greek tragedy and comedy, but somehow she always seems to find herself baking scones and then blogging about them. Follow her delicious adventures at sugarmountaintreats.com* [her food blog] *or on Facebook.*
>
> It's unfortunate that Donna does not feel free to devote even more time to what is clearly her true passion — cooking, and baking in particular — and is instead obliged to finish her "dissertation" and produce these worthless whiny texts on "Eidolon". It's an error and a waste of time, and it probably diminishes the quality of the scones (which should have mostly remained unblogged) and prevents them from being as dreamily delicious as they could be. (Lizard Of Oz)
>
> [image]
>
> […]
>
> The women's criticism of groups of men who challenge the orthodoxy of our sociopolitical landscape reads like a projection of their own feminine inadequacies and a craving for the male dominance and validation they claim to hate. Tell me a time when either Return Of Kings or the Roosh V Forum praised women like them.
>
> The supreme irony, too, is that Zuckerberg's brother created Facebook from an original concept called Facemash, which rated the attractiveness of Harvard girls and got the budding entrepreneur in hot water. This was all really no different to anything Return Of Kings currently does in rating women. (Return Of Kings)

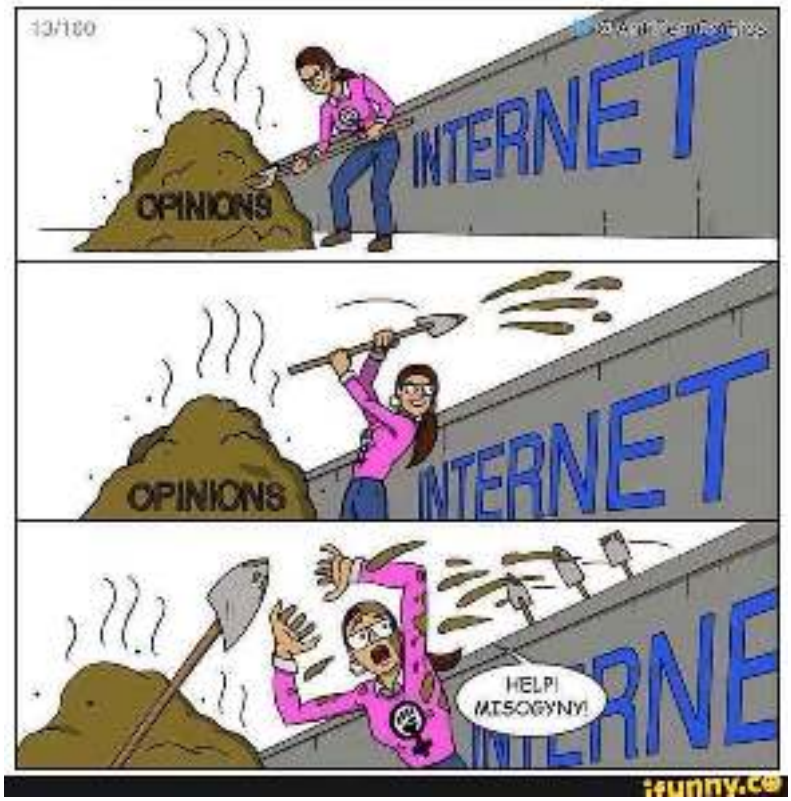
How do you think the "classics scholar" responded? What do you think the product of Princeton wrote to Quintus, a man who gave countless historical rebuttals of her odious revisionism? She cried liked a big baby.

> @ByzantJustice @eidolon_journal I've been fielding anti-Semitic tweets for 24 hours now. Coping mechanisms are key
>
> — Donna Zuckerberg (@donnazuck) December 17, 2016

> @Rikortez pictures of my face on a lampshade ARE wrong and evil. They're not comments, they're death threats. Blocking you now.
>
> — Donna Zuckerberg (@donnazuck) December 18, 2016

> So many great anti-Semitic tweets today! New friends: before you tweet pics of

> me as a lampshade, please tell me – who sent you all my way?
>
> — Donna Zuckerberg (@donnazuck) December 16, 2016



The Ivy Leaguer has no clothes. She is no different than a high school girl on Tumblr who accuses you of harassment after you make fun of her claim that she spiritually identifies as a deer. Her primary response was to write an article—not to refute any of the rebuttals against her—but to explain to her apathetic readership that they need to do a better job of supporting her against the criticisms of evil men ***that she attacked first*** when she called them racists and rapists.

> Do not say any of these to the person receiving the abuse. In fact, you probably shouldn't say them at all.
>
> Do not suggest that they should consider not writing about topics that draw this kind of hatred. This response is terrible for many reasons, but I'll limit myself to two here:
>
> 1) Don't blame the victim. Ever. Nobody is ever "asking" for anti-Semitic death threats, unless they literally tweet "please send me anti-Semitic memes for research purposes!"
>
> 2) A tiny voice in the writer's head is almost certainly saying this exact thing, and that voice doesn't need to be amplified.
>
> Do not assume you know how the writer feels. "You must be curled up in the fetal position right now!" may seem like a sympathetic thing to say, but death threats can provoke a wide range of emotional responses. Instead of assuming, ask, "How are you holding up?"

Even though not one person has said they'd kill her (a lamp shade meme is not a "death threat"), she expects you to accept that the sister of one of the richest men in the world, who is using her education not to breathe life into the classics but to defame men who understand it better than her, and who lives in the top 1% economic bracket nationwide, is a *victim of abuse.* Her family does not have enough of the pie, and she needs more, so tread carefully and give her support in the exact manner she demands. Bow down you lowly peasant! Rush to her aid! Or maybe not, since it appears she has practically no supporters. Apparently it's tough to accumulate social justice victim points when you have the super-mega-bucks and are Jewish, a group that happens to be the most privileged in the United States. What person wants to help a woman who never has to worry about working again for the rest of her entire life and can simply live out her days baking scones for a food blog?

Maybe one day we will encounter an enemy who is our intellectual equal, but today is not that day. Instead we must endure adult children who shriek out in pain as they strike us, whose blows effortlessly slide off us like water from a seal's fur coat. And if Mark Zuckerberg is reading this right now, and there is a good chance he is because his arrogant sister bit off more than she could chew, I want him to know that she is now our "house ho."

Mark, we have raped your sister's mind with our ideas and our vigor. We have so burrowed a hole into her head that not a day goes by without her thinking of our ideology, our arguments, and our words. You can do your worst on Facebook, and hide reality to your heart's content, but you cannot even begin to stop us from wounding your own family. What goes around comes around—you've manipulated the minds of millions people who use Facebook, censoring the truth from them, and now we own the mind of your sister.

And I'd surely click the like button on that.

Read Next: *The End Game Of Feminism*

The Political Nature Of Man

December 21, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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How involved should a man get with politics? Should he become an activist who is eternally politically aware or should he forget about politics entirely? In this podcast, I explain both the benefits and costs of getting involved with politics and how my inclusion on a “hate list” in 2012 caused me to dedicate much of my life to the political, with little to show for it in the end. I describe the threat of social justice to a heterosexual man’s existence and what I believe is the ideal strategy for balancing a well-lived life with avoiding oppression. I also share my rules of engagement for when there is no other option but to fight back.

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Previous Podcast: *10 Books That Changed My Life*

I Was Memed

December 22, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I was made into a meme by a popular Facebook group. For those of you who are not American, a girl getting “run over by a truck” is an idiom for an ugly girl.

> *Saw this on my FB. Worlds collide. My friend who liked it doesn’t know who Roosh is. I read some of the comments. No one seems to know who Roosh is, but some are pissed at the truck humor in light of the events in Germany.*

Based on the like stats, this meme was probably viewed over a million times. I’m pleased that a negative event of my life could be turned into a moment of happiness for so many.

Read Next: *Typical American Woman Meme*

I Was Interviewed About Liberals, The Manosphere, And Making Money Online

December 28, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Yesterday I was on Bernard Chapin's show for an excellent chat about events of the past year, my opinion on various political and cultural issues, and what it takes to make money on the internet. Here's the video:

1:05: How the launch of my book Free Speech Isn't Free went.
2:35: Infusing humor with my writing, how my memoirs reflected my life stage, and being internet famous.
4:50: Getting ambushed on the Dr. Oz show and how I used the lessons learned from it to hurt the media later.
8:30: Do social justice warriors really believe I'm a pro-rape advocate? How they use bogus accusations to their advantage.
14:00: The left is full of shit when they talk big about overthrowing Trump.
15:30: Why are liberals such cry babies?
16:30: The reason I won't come back to live in the United States.
18:45: How I got into the initial pickup artist sphere.
23:00: The lying game of association that the media plays.
25:20: Being infamous in far-off locations.
28:00: How stoicism can help your life.
32:10: Why I don't sleep with groupies.
36:00: Marriage is not necessarily a better deal in Eastern Europe than the USA, and the big problem with MGTOW.
41:30: The left is an ideology of totalitarian control.
43:45: The anti-male environment of corporations and how it's turning work places into a day care like universities.
50:10: Advice for people who want to make money online through writing or videos.
54:20: People are reading less, so you'll have to work much harder to be a writer today.
57:25: Should you cater to the audience or simply create the work that you like?
60:05: The phenomenon of daily vlogs.

Don't Miss: *Compendium Of All 131 Answers I Gave For The 2016 Q&A*

Culture War Chat: The Failing Media And Their Manosphere Attacks

December 30, 2016 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Scholar of the manosphere Quintus Curtius joins me for a special edition of Culture War Chat, where we discuss current events. Here is the timeline of our conversation:

1:03: Thoughts on Trump
5:01: How the media's power is rapidly fading
7:30: Spurt of hate articles against the manosphere, especially one by Mark Zuckerberg's sister
15:03: Addressing accusations that the alt right derived from pickup
18:33: The media's failed game plan to destroy their enemies (us)
23:33: What is the neoliberal establishment going to do to retain their power?
35:25: Are we smarter than the elites?
43:33: How my kid brother (and other post-millenials) are being red pilled through 4chan memes
48:27: Why feminists launch attacks against men online
52:35: The future of the alternative spheres (manosphere, new right, etc.)

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Previous Podcast: *The Political Nature Of Man*

My Top 10 Articles Of 2016

January 3, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Here are what I consider my top 10 articles of 2016, listed in chronological order.

Letter From A Member Of The Global Elite

> Our feminist useful idiots on the ground, with their short hair, ugly bodies, and shrieking manner, have been so effective that the German birth rate is now the worst in the entire world! This outcome is better than any eugenics program mankind has ever seen. We have allowed German women (and Swedish, British, American, etc.) to voluntarily sterilize themselves with absurd notions of being strong and independent by laboring dutifully and single-mindedly in our corporations. The scam has so many levels that it's hard to respect the female sheep for not seeing it.

You're Either A Globalist Or A Nationalist

> The charade of the left-right political spectrum is being fully revealed as American and European "conservative" politicians and media pundits continue to be outed as sellouts who serve liberal interests above conservative interests. In the political arena, left versus right is an artificial theater constructed to trick the public that opposing forces are battling it out or compromising for the good of the nation. In reality, both sides are controlled by the same group of elites.

Germany Proves That "Rape Culture" Is A Political Weapon Against Western Men

> For several years the establishment has been pointing out that "rape culture" has made the West as dangerous for women as an African slum. Native-born men, because they haven't been taught how not to rape, have been raping with impunity in universities, clubs, bars, and on dates. So much raping has been going on that you've certainly stumbled on dozens of rapes in progress. I have be called a "rape teacher" and "rape instructor" more times than I can count, all because I give men tools for having consensual sex in the most efficient (and legal) way possible.

The Resistance Pyramid

> A week doesn't go by without a man asking me how he can fight back. He's ready to take action but is not sure how. For the longest time I've been thinking about this problem, because while we do want to win, we don't want to lose our jobs from witch hunts or end up in jail for a trivial reason. There's a balance to be struck between maintaining our freedom (self-preservation) and enacting the change we want to see in our city or society.

How The Government Is Robbing Men Of Good Wives

> There are many countries in Eastern Europe that have superior women than in America, but when you start to examine these women as wives and not only casual sex partners, you encounter a big problem: they value their education and careers above that of family. The reason? Education is offered for free or at a greatly subsidized rate by the government. Western governments are therefore programming women into becoming sterile office slaves and consumers instead of good wives and mothers.

How A Small Cabal Is Using Socialism & Cultural Marxism To Consolidate World Power

> None Dare Call It Conspiracy details the overreaching "conspiracy" of elites pushing socialism and Cultural Marxism onto the masses while accumulating even greater centralized control over nations and their citizens. Feminists and social justice warriors are nothing more than the financed low-level soldiers in a vice to destroy the family unit and control human behavior while top-down pressure is being applied by forces who are above the law.

If Donald Trump Doesn't Win, We're Screwed

> It's easy to stay apolitical as long as political forces leave you alone, but the second you become a threat to the existing order, politics will become a painful part of your daily existence as pressure increases on your speech and behavior. Many young men in universities are finding this out right now as false rape and harassment charges ruin their lives before it gets started while men working in corporate America are already aware that they are one "sexist" or "homophobic" statement away from losing their livelihoods. The fact that many men are now recording their consensual sex encounters shows how badly men are being targeted.

The Elites Are Not Smarter Than You

> For the longest time I held in high esteem those who worked in distinguished institutions. I'd revere the Congressman, New York Times journalist, think tank strategist, anthropology professor, non-profit director, and literary novelist. They got to where they are through merit, intelligence, and hard work, not through connections, nepotism, or by being a useful idiot for a specific agenda.

The Dangers Of Romantic Love

> Since we were children, we have been bombarded with propaganda that romantic love is the ultimate relationship ideal. Hollywood movies, Disney cartoons, and literary fiction all portray romantic love as an absolute necessity in any wedding union, but how much of that narrative has been a lie? Is it possible that our pursuit of romantic love is actually preventing us from forming a lifelong

> pair bond?

What If Everything They Told You Is A Lie?

> What to eat, what medicines to take, what scientific theories to believe in, what to think of men and women, what to think of the races, what to think of gay people, who to vote for, what to make of Russia. Your opinions on hundreds of topics have been shaped by journalists, scientific “experts,” pundits, and politicians who have cozy positions in the establishment hierarchy. We’re led to believe that the information they share with us is truthful and in our best interest, but what if they’ve been lying to us about this, that, and, well, everything else?

If you want to see all articles I published last year, check out the archives.

Read Next: *My Top 10 Articles Of 2015*

2016 Was The Worst Year Of My Life

January 5, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The title is a bit dramatic, but when I take a look at last year, I can say it was the worst year I've experienced. Here's a video I made explaining why:

Visit my Youtube channel and hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

Previous Video: *How I Make Aeropress Coffee At Home*

8 Productivity Tips I Use Daily

January 11, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In this podcast, I explain eight productivity tips that I use every day to create the work that you enjoy from me. They include how to prepare for a day's work the night before, how to approach a work session, how to minimize distractions, and how to handle excessive noise in your environment. These tips all seem like common sense to me now, but there was a time that I didn't use any of them and experienced less concentration and efficiency as a result.

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Previous Podcast: *Culture War Chat: The Failing Media And Their Manosphere Attacks*

The Death Of Night Game

January 25, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

This podcast explores the decline of nightlife (bars and clubs) from 2001 to 2017. I first establish a baseline of the absurdly low level of game you needed in the past to succeed compared to what you need now, followed by an analysis of 15 observations that show how we have objectively suffered a decline. I close out the podcast by discussing how to solve the problems posed by a declining nightlife to still maintain a healthy sex life, which include being industrious and open-minded to alternate forms of game.

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Previous Podcast: *8 Productivity Tips I Use Daily*

How To Destroy The Establishment Media

January 30, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

It's become clear to most people that the American media is an anti-American activist institution that exists to benefit a handful of billionaires and their useful idiots. Outside of weather reports and local news announcing how many gangbangers were killed in the ghetto, they do not engage in reporting that is remotely objective. Instead, they force all events of the world through their own narrative grinder to protect their globalist interests. Most Americans already know the media can't be trusted; the last step is to make them outright irrelevant.

Below are three steps you can take to destroy the establishment media, and it's likely you have already started.

1. Do not give them content

Being part of a dissident movement that wants to affect societal change will put you on the media's radar, leading to the assignment of a team of journalists to marginalize your movement's views. They'll produce dozens of content pieces that make your movement appear more threatening than Hitler, all while advancing their globohomo agenda. Your movement will be used as a key reason why the media's agenda is needed (e.g. "Roosh's 'pro-rape' views shows why feminism is so important" or "The alt right's white supremacy shows why we still have a long way to go towards eliminating hate.")

The second you have a name for your public dissident movement, and put a "leader" at its forefront, you have graduated to the class of inadvertent useful idiots, even if it wasn't your intention. While you may appreciate the work I've done, its malicious distortion strengthened myths such as "rape culture" and "toxic misogyny" for no concrete benefit

except to make me infamous. I can accept that every time I am in the news, I help the enemy, because their false constructions and accusations help their side more than ours.

Worse than participating in a dissident movement for mainstream attention is agreeing to a media interview. If the media ever asks to interview you, and you are an enemy of the establishment, they see you as a useful idiot. They will paint you in a way that promotes the agenda of media owners. Not only that, but you give them free content. You enrich and aid them while receiving the "benefit" of having more readers who hate you.

The media articles written about me has benefited my ego more than the masculine movement I'm a part of, because for every man who finds me because of a media article, 1000 simpletons are inoculated against my ideas and become even firm in their opposition to what we stand for. Such a horrendous conversion rate shows how disingenuous I was when justifying media interviews as a way to "get the word out." It was a damaging activity, and today I wish I could put the genie back in the bottle to remain relatively unknown and faceless.

2. Don't give them views

Media sites earn revenue in two ways: advertising and sponsorship from billionaires. You directly aid them when you visit their sites, even if it may be a minuscule contribution of pennies.

It may be hard to admit that you are dependent not just on the media for news of what's going on, but also for topics of discussion with family, friends, and acquaintances. Most of what human beings converse about concerns their immediate environment, and there is no other efficient means to learn about that than receiving "news" and sharing that news with others.

I could advise men to only read books or digest long-form evergreen content, but we

have an innate need to know what is going on right this minute, whether in our social circle, in our city, or elsewhere in the world. The best advice is therefore to rely on news *less*, and get out of the reactive cycle where you seek out news content to react to and immediately share for the instant dopamine release of breaking a news story to your friends or internet community.

Because I believe it is impossible to stop consuming news entirely, the next best option is to use ad blockers to starve media companies for money. Use sites like Archive.is when you want to share a news article with others.

3. Lower their social status

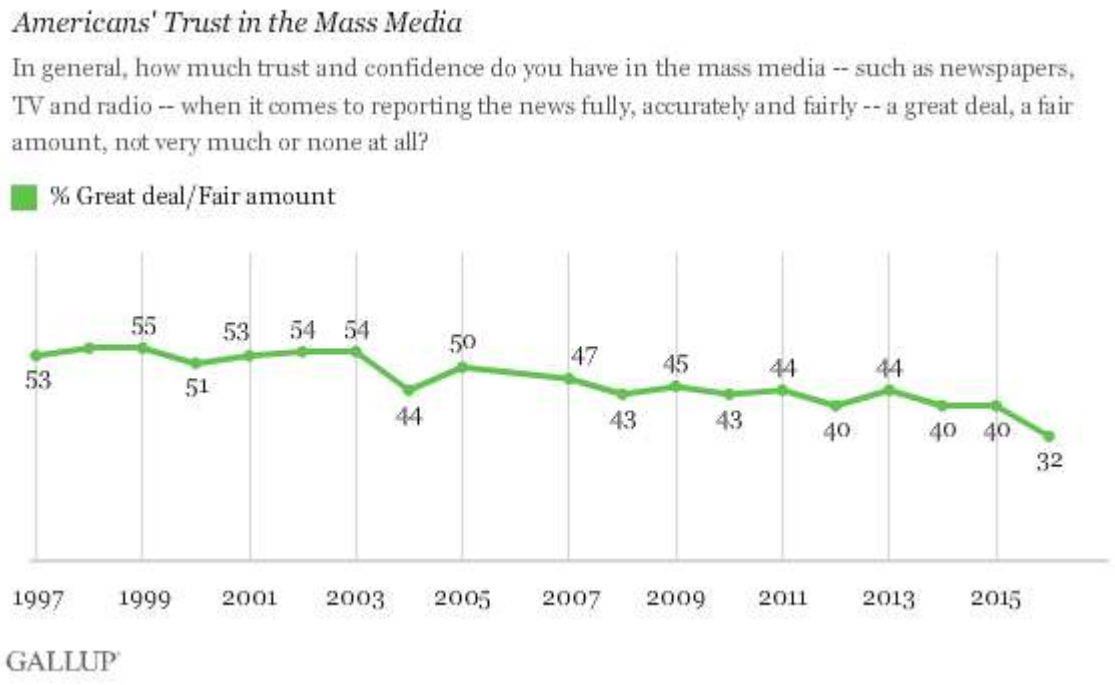
One of the ways that the media gains trust is through their public-facing reporters and journalists. Many Americans think Anderson Cooper is the most honest man in the country or that Democratic party collaborator Chuck Todd is presenting news based on facts. It falls upon our shoulders to inform them otherwise and share how the media has colluded with the establishment machine to present fake news to the public, and how this collusion misshapes everything they present.

If you don't have evidence that journalists are colluding with establishment forces, make fun of them. Make them appear as "uncool" salarymen in the eyes of the public. Mock their appearance, their mannerisms, and their weaknesses. Insult their intelligence as teleprompter-reading puppets. Bring to light their privileged, decadent, and amoral lifestyles that puts them out of touch to anyone who lives in but a handful of coastal cities.

Most Americans already know that the media contains at least some bias, but they'll tune out entirely if they don't respect those who are presenting the news. For an institution that needs to be esteemed, mockery will cause them the most amount of harm and disdain. Make the public feel ashamed for wanting to get their news from liars,

homosexuals, and degenerates.

Conclusion



Gallup research already shows the intense distrust that Americans have for the media. The Trump administration will single-handedly marginalize them at every opportunity it gets, and we can aid in that mission with the above three actions. But what will replace the establishment media once its destroyed? Are you certain that outlets like Infowars and Breitbart are immune to participating in the very same transgressions of pushing their own agenda, massaging the truth, and publishing fake news? I'll give them a chance, but I know a media outlet that is truthful today can slide into pushing moneyed interests tomorrow.

We must admit that "real news" is an ideal, and that producing any type of news is a costly endeavor that yields great power to the outlets that collectively gain the trust of millions of people. We can destroy the mainstream media, but then we'll have to keep a close eye on what replaces it. Until then, I'll play my role and wrecking the current order, but I won't fully trust what I cannot see, hear, or touch. The only objective news is what I can process with my senses directly, without a journalist or media outlet acting as a filter between me and reality, and that my unquenchable human need for news is the flaw that perpetuates the cycle. My only hope is that I'll be satisfied with the new order that I help come into power.

Don't Miss: *How The Media Assassinates People*

What The University Of California Berkeley Riot Means For America

February 3, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Antifascists and other leftists shut down Milo's speech on Wednesday night by lighting fires, attacking bystanders with poles, and throwing rocks. I did a video describing what happened and explaining what is likely to come next.

Read Next: *Soviet Defector Yuri Bezmenov Accurately Predicted How America Would Decline*

The Decline In Testosterone Is Destroying The Basis Of Masculinity

February 6, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Testosterone levels in men are declining worldwide alongside sperm counts. The hormone that makes men men is disappearing from the human world. As a result, men are becoming more feminine and choosing the paths of weakness, homosexuality, and cuckoldry. While it's necessary to look at the ideological causes of leftism in men, the biological reasons must not be ignored, and that starts with an understanding of the testosterone crisis.

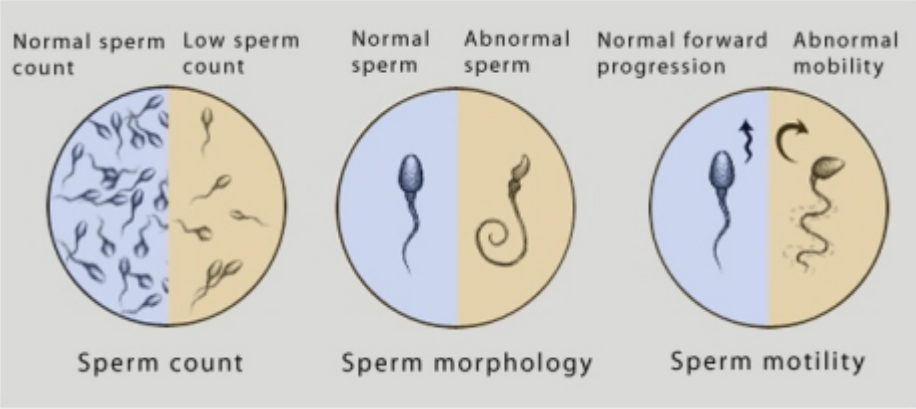
Cultural programming alone cannot explain why Western men are becoming so womanly and fragile. A man who receives blue pill and feminist propaganda through university education, the media, or entertainment will not fully accept that propaganda unless his biochemistry is compatible to it, in part from having low testosterone. His mind accepts more feminine ideas because he *is* more feminine. You cannot accept masculine truths if your biology lacks a healthy level of testosterone, the chemical building block of masculinity.

Whether or not you accept my proposition that a man with a low testosterone level is more likely to be receptive to liberal ideas, the facts bear out that testosterone levels are declining every year (alternate link).

> …testosterone concentrations dropped about 1.2% per year, or about 17% overall, from 1987 to 2004. The downward trend was seen in both the population and in individuals over time.
>
> The decline is consistent with other long-term trends in male reproductive health, including decreases in sperm quality and increases in testicular cancer, hypospadias and cryptorchidism.
>
> The strongest association was observed in same-aged men from different sampling years. For example, a 65-year-old in 2002 had lower testosterone levels than a 65-year-old in 1987.

Approximately 1 in 4 men have low testosterone, but the scientific bodies that set the numerical standards, particularly the United Nation's World Health Organization, have a blatant interest in promoting "toxic masculinity" and downplaying the testosterone crisis. This interest is made bare with the execution of an agenda to feminize defenseless boys, their promotion of the world's most rabid man-haters, and their multi-million dollar sponsorship of vagina-worship through UN Women, which aims to make every man a collared dog of an empowered female office worker.

Sperm counts are dropping



The decrease is testosterone is coinciding with a decrease in sperm concentration. A French study showed that they are decreasing 1.9% per year.

> Among a sample of 26 609 partners of totally infertile women undergoing an assisted reproductive technology (ART) procedures in the whole of France over a 17-year period, there was a continuous decrease in semen concentration of about 1.9% per year and a significant decrease in the percentage with morphologically normal forms but no global trend for motility.

Another study points to a worldwide decline.

> In 1992, Carlsen et al. reported a large, global decline in sperm count for the period 1938-1990 based on 61 reports of sperm count from different countries around the world during that period. In 1997, Swan et al. reanalyzed the same data set using multivariate statistics. This reanalysis confirmed Carlsen et al., subject to constraints inherent in retrospective longitudinal studies of sperm count.

Testosterone is declining, sperm counts are declining, men are becoming infertile, and if a walk through my home town of Washington D.C. recently is a reliable indicator, they're rapidly embracing homosexuality and transsexuality as normal lifestyles to live hopelessly sterile existences that are disconnected from their natural biological role, and one where they vote for feminist politicians like Hillary Clinton that want to usher us all into an androgynous hell where sex differences are eradicated.

Sperm counts are getting so bad that the anti-testosterone globalists at the World Health Organization have already lowered the normal standard. Otherwise, perhaps as many as 50% of Western men would be labeled clinically infertile. Imagine the news headline on that story.

> Sperm count, or sperm concentration to avoid confusion with total sperm count, measures the concentration of sperm in a man's ejaculate, distinguished from total sperm count, which is the sperm count multiplied with volume.[5] Over 15 million sperm per milliliter is considered normal, according to the WHO in 2010.[6] Older definitions state 20 million.[2][3]

Testosterone should not decline in healthy men

If you believe that testosterone should decrease as you age, you have been taught a falsehood. If you're healthy, it should remain stubbornly constant, even into your elderly years.

> Handelsman and his team, however, found that serum (blood) testosterone levels did not decline with increasing age in older men who reported being in excellent health with no symptoms to complain of.
>
> "We had originally expected age to have an effect on serum testosterone, so the findings were a bit of a surprise," Handelsman said.

If we can conclude from the above studies that testosterone is declining independent of age, it's worth investigating the cause. Most of the current science points to endocrine disrupting agents.

> EDCs are everywhere. They lurk inside your house, leaching from human products such as personal hygiene products, chemical cleansers, or contraceptive drugs. They also end up in your food and drinking water, causing you to unknowingly ingest them.
>
> EDCs pose a threat to men's health as they interfere with testosterone production, causing men to take on more feminine characteristics.
>
> Here's one proof: in a number of British rivers, 50 percent of male fish were found to produce eggs in their testes. According to EurekAlert, 3 EDCs have been entering rivers and other waterways through sewage systems for years, altering the biology of male fish. It was also found that fish species affected by EDCs had 76 percent reduction in their reproductive function.

Endocrine disrupting agents are mostly found in plastic products and cleaning chemicals.

Considering that your home is essentially bathed in these agents, and that most of your food is prepared on them, you can see how pernicious this problem is, affecting both boys and men.

> Animal and cellular studies have found that some phthalates block the effects of testosterone on the body's organs and tissues. Researchers set out to examine whether these chemicals, which are widely used in flexible PVC plastics and personal care products, had a similar effect in humans.
>
> "We found evidence reduced levels of circulating testosterone were associated with increased phthalate exposure in several key populations, including boys ages 6-12, and men and women ages 40-60," said one of the study's authors, John D. Meeker, MS, ScD, of the University of Michigan School of Public Health in Ann Arbor, MI. "This may have important public health implications, since low testosterone levels in young boys can negatively impact reproductive development, and in middle age can impair sexual function, libido, energy, cognitive function and bone health in men and women."

It's important to know the signs of low testosterone. If you're being exposed to harmful chemicals, your testosterone will likely see a chronic decrease over several years instead of experiencing a sudden drop that you can perceive. This is why it's a good idea to get your testosterone level checked right now to establish a baseline count that can be compared to a future reading.

One of the most telling clinical symptoms of low testosterone is emotional changes that make you more moody, irritable, and depressed. In other words, having lot T turns you into a menstruating woman. Not only does the physiognomy of a male feminist degenerate into that of a soft, punchable mass of tissue, but he acts more like a woman, too. This is exactly why I believe that the increase in feminine behavior among men in the West is as due to biology as much as to culture. We simply cannot explain the rise of the cuckold through CNN, Hollywood, and universities alone.

Conclusion

The fact that testosterone is declining worldwide, and that it's contributing to the rise of femininity in men, both in appearance and ideology, tells us that counter-propaganda and spreading red pills will not alone solve society's leftward march. We can take over all major institutions today, and shower men with the truth, but their biology simply won't be able to accept it because they have become more like women: cooperative, egalitarian, emotional, and socialist.

The next step we must take is to launch a scientific crusade to test the effects of all commercially used plastics on male testosterone levels, and to enact a ban of their use if a negative effect is found. If we can do it to the pesticide DDT, we can surely do it for any chemical that is destroying the very biological basis of masculinity.

Read Next: *What Is Neomasculinity?*

How The Manosphere Crushed Feminism

February 8, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Donald Trump's ascendance, aided by masculine men who vehemently deny political correctness, is evidence that the manosphere has had a monumental effect on Western culture. I trace the history of the manosphere from 1999 onward with special guest Samseau, a long-time Return Of Kings contributor, to lay out exactly how the manosphere came to impact the world of men through game, feminist critiques, and political activism, all while affecting other movements like men's rights and the alt right. We discuss how manosphere teachings have become normalized in the minds of those who don't even know what the manosphere is, and also how its power will continue to grow.

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Previous Podcast: *The Death Of Night Game*

Why Are Women Being Educated?

February 10, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I did a video asking why women are being educated during the most fertile years of their lives.

Visit my Youtube channel and hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

Previous Video: *2016 Was The Worst Year Of My Life*

Open Letter To President Donald J. Trump

February 13, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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President Trump, now that you are firmly in power and have vigorously begun fulfilling your campaign promises, I expect you to have extra time to fix other problems that weren't at the forefront of your election campaign, particularly ones that resulted from a society that has normalized hatred of men and masculinity.

Sadly, the average man today is looked upon with contempt and the source of *all problems* that women complain about (both real and imagined), even though they are the most privileged class of female that exists in the world today. As you already know, once a woman successfully nags you into correcting what she perceives as a problem, she immediately begins work on correcting another, and then another, until you wake up to find yourself completely submissive to a woman whose behavior now matches that of a radical Islamic terrorist. Thanks to the leftist pet causes of feminism and social justice, which were enabled by the globalists who sought to defeat you, the matriarchal reign of terror has culminated with all men presumed to be rapists and oppressors, and who need to be "taught" how not to abuse women, as if it's a natural-born instinct of ours like eating or sleeping.

Once the culture has accepted the lie that all living men are active oppressors, it was easy to push other lies that men are unfairly stealing money from women by earning more than them for the same labor. The next step in correcting this "wrong" is for women who are less skilled than men to get hired and promoted over men. Relentless propaganda in the media and academia has so infected the workforce and female-dominated Human Resources departments that a productive man is one bogus accusation away from destitution. If his workplace has at least one woman, he can no longer share his opinions without fear of causing offense and getting fired.

The situation is even worse outside of work. Unless a man is prepared to wear a bodycam 24 hours a day, he is at risk for false accusations of harassment or rape. It takes thousands of dollars to defend against such accusations within a culture that refuses to grasp the fact that women are highly eager to lie for personal or financial gain. So many men have dropped out from relationships, work, and even educating themselves in university, simply because they realize how badly the system is rigged against them. Men have become second class citizens, expected to bow down to women simply because they lack a vagina. While women shriek of their safe spaces, stocked with coloring books and crayons, men are subject to attack from any space they enter, because of laws and institutional rules that have been changed to their detriment.

But enough with the victimhood. Men have pride, and even when we are wronged, we don't like to ask for help or say that we are being attacked. The men who follow me rather take it on the chin and solve their problems than complain about their plight, but we still can't ignore the reality that relations between men and women are the worst it's ever been thank to a multi-decade push by globalists to invert the natural order and lift

women above men. We now live in a culture where women want to replace the role of men in employment, positions of power, and even within relationships as they gleefully brag about the “end of men” and how the world would just be better if we didn’t exist.

To solve this problem, we don’t need more regulations, policies, or even money. All that’s needed is for you to stop using Federal law and funding to feed feminist pigs so that nature can reassert itself. In other words, stop the government from acting as a daddy and husband to women.

Halt any program that performs a function that a father or husband could perform. This means no free money, no welfare, and no “reproductive health services.” Private charities can pick up the slack for widows and women who weren’t pleasing enough to land a husband. I also urge you to stop any program that attempts to turn women into men, such as university sports funding or scholarship programs that push unqualified women into science. As a masculine man yourself, do you see any point in having programs that encourage a woman to leech off of free help instead of falling into the arms of a man she must open her heart to in order to receive material benefits?

If you thought Hillary Clinton was a nasty woman, I wish you could see the attitude of a basic run-of-the-mill middle class American girl who knows that there will be no consequences for her actions because she will be saved by a culture that thinks she’s a victim and a government that actively competes with men to be her husband. It’s become so bad that there are now male movements which dedicate themselves to not interacting with women at all.

My vote for you was just one of many millions, so I hope I don’t sound too pushy, but as a man who has had a front-row seat in this horror show of cultural decline, I see in you someone who would genuinely care about how American men have been spit on by the elites, both economically and spiritually. Thankfully, even if you do nothing that I kindly suggest, your existence alone is a great help to men, who will now feel that it’s okay to proudly display their masculinity without feeling shame for having the natural urges to compete, achieve, conquer, and grow. Even the presence of your European wife may inspire women to rediscover their feminine instincts, of standing by their man as he climbs the ladder of success. If more American men are rewarded for emulating you, and more American women feel less of a need to attack men, we have already taken the first step to fixing the damage that has been brought through the deliberate globalist effort to divide and conquer us as a people.

At risk of getting too greedy, I make one more request. There is something going on in the environment where plastics and other industrial chemicals are lowering both testosterone and sperm counts. It’s turning men into women. It will be harder to make America great again if the men are weak, frail, and gay, so please get the FDA to commission animal studies that research the most common household plastics and their effects on the mammalian endocrine system. If the studies show a harmful effect, ban them. This will certainly cost large corporations billions of dollars, and may even hit the consumer in the pocketbook as well, but maintaining healthy testosterone among men is

a matter of public health and state survival. If we ever want to wean ourselves off immigration, we need a sustainable population. This cannot be done if American men are practically infertile and racing to become cuckolds instead of fathers.

President Trump, I hope this letter shed light on the social and health problems that men are facing today. If you merely starve the feminist beast, allow men to be men, and ensure their bodies are not being poisoned by endocrine disruptors in the environment, you will aid in the revival of masculinity to the days of tradition when men were looked upon as leaders and husbands instead of oppressors and rapists. Whatever you choose, I will pray for you. May you have the strength and will to do what you know in your heart is right.

Read Next: *The Path Men Took To Trump*

Do Girls Who Wear Chokers Want To Be Treated Like Dogs?

February 16, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I analyze the symbolism of girls wearing tight things around their necks…

Visit my Youtube channel and hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

Previous Video: *Why Are Women Being Educated?*

The War Between Donald Trump And The Deep State

February 17, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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In the below video, I analyze the implications of Trump's National Security Adviser getting fired because of malicious leaks from the CIA…

Visit my Youtube channel and hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

Previous Video: *Do Girls Who Wear Chokers Want To Be Treated Like Dogs?*

Bob Dylan’s “The Times They Are A-Changin'” Is Our Song Now

February 20, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The music industry, alongside the movie industry, has been at the forefront of leftist causes, promoting their agenda through the pop stars of the day. This included Bob Dylan, who was actively involved in the black Civil Rights movement. He produced a song called “The Times They Are A-Changing'” to persuade white people and Congressmen to adopt a far-left agenda to institutionalize white guilt more effectively. While the song was intended as an admonishment to conservatives to get with the times, it can now be re-imagined as a boastful screed against modern liberals.

> Come gather ’round people
> Wherever you roam
> And admit that the waters
> Around you have grown
> And accept it that soon
> You’ll be drenched to the bone
> If your time to you
> Is worth savin’
> Then you better start swimmin’
> Or you’ll sink like a stone
> For the times they are a-changin’.

Admit that multiculturalism and globalism has failed. These ideologies are not compatible with the nature of humanity, and so it must be discarded before it leads to the ruin of you and your loved ones. There are only two sexes, all races are different, and borders are essential for nations. We gave neo-liberalism a chance, but it has put the world on the precipice of civilizational collapse, after already destroying our souls, and now you must accept that the times are a changing.

> Come writers and critics
> Who prophesize with your pen
> And keep your eyes wide
> The chance won’t come again
> And don’t speak too soon
> For the wheel’s still in spin
> And there’s no tellin’ who
> That it’s namin’
> For the loser now
> Will be later to win
> For the times they are a-changin’.

For those of you who work in the controlled mainstream media, who betray your nation with every word you type, all for a measly salary, you must accept the will of the American people. Present them with the truth instead of acting as the communist opposition party. In the past, your content controlled the collective minds of the nation, but it has become impotent and ineffective, a laughing stock that makes your job on par with that of being a cocktail waitress. Your power is fading, so raise you right hand to your temple and salute the great flag of America, because the times are a changing.

> Come senators, congressmen
> Please heed the call
> Don't stand in the doorway
> Don't block up the hall
> For he that gets hurt
> Will be he who has stalled
> There's a battle outside
> And it is ragin'
> It'll soon shake your windows
> And rattle your walls
> For the times they are a-changin'.

If you're a Congressman, tell your billionaire sponsor that you don't fear their blackmail, because now you must aid in passing Trump's agenda. If not, you will be steamrolled by him and your disgruntled constituency. Quit the cuckold behavior and execute the needed measures that defeat globalism. We don't want to hear excuses and we don't want to see you plug your fingers in your ears. Either represent us or we'll find someone who does, because the times are a changing.

> Come mothers and fathers
> Throughout the land
> And don't criticize
> What you can't understand
> Your sons and your daughters
> Are beyond your command
> Your old road is
> Rapidly agin'
> Please get out of the new one
> If you can't lend your hand
> For the times they are a-changin'.

Boomer parents, you have failed in the raising of your millennial sons and daughters. You are sending them to universities as children and they're coming back to you after four years as infants, saddled with tens of thousands of dollars in debt while you suck away the remaining wealth of the nation. This is your failing as much as it is theirs. You have not taught them to be adults, not taught them the ways of tradition, not taught them how

to succeed in American society. You have created the biggest class of mentally ill individuals the world has seen, so we demand you make way for those who have been raised right, who know the truth, and whose righteous speech has been heard in spite of you children's efforts to censor them. Grab your insolent spawn and step aside, because the times are a changing.

> The line it is drawn
> The curse it is cast
> The slow one now
> Will later be fast
> As the present now
> Will later be past
> The order is
> Rapidly fadin'
> And the first one now
> Will later be last
> For the times they are a-changin'.

While you were crowing about 'the end of history' during the Obama era, and salivating at the prospect of a permanent progressive state, we were sharpening our swords and tongues. Your new world order is dead, and the new one will fix the grievous harm you've done to society in the false name of virtue and progress. Get on board now or be left in the dust, because the times are a changing, and we're not going back to how things were.

Thank you Bob Dylan for writing our theme song, and if that wasn't your intention, too bad, because it's our song now.

Read Next: *John Lennon's "Imagine" Programmed You To Accept The Globalism Nightmare*

The Milo Scandal Is A Coordinated Hit Job Against A Dissident (UPDATED)

February 21, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Breitbart writer Milo Yiannopoulos is having a bad week after his older comments were construed as being “pro-pedophilia.” I share how what’s happening to him is nearly identical to the “pro-rape” attack against me.

UPDATE: Milo has resigned from Breitbart. Here is my follow-up video:

Visit my Youtube channel and hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

Previous Video: *The War Between Donald Trump And The Deep State*

The Danger Of Hedonic Adaptation

February 22, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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This podcast explores the hedonic treadmill, which states that people will adapt to pleasure over time, making its pursuit a marginal endeavor. Through four life examples, I show how this adaptation affects your perceptions of both pleasure and pain, before discussing the implication that we will eventually adapt to anything encountered in the material world. I share my thoughts on how to deal with this awareness and how I used it to make a recent decision that came after a negative event in my life.

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Previous Podcast: *How The Manosphere Crushed Feminism*

15 More Articles I Strongly Recommend

February 23, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Here are some recent long-form articles I got a lot of value from:

1. The many flaws within the theory of evolution [Link]

2. Nassim Taleb explains how so-called intellectuals are actually “idiots” with no skin in the game [Link]

3. Silicon Valley elites, such as the co-founder of Lyft, hope to usher in a future where you only rent, not own [Link]

4. The son of George Soros is poised to take the globalist torch from his father [Link]

5. Google is creating technology and artificial intelligence to more effectively shut down dissident thought [Link]

6. Alexander Dugin shares his geopolitical opinion on the Ukraine crisis [Link]

7. A Dugin colleague pens a justification for patriarchy: “…where exactly can it be seen in the animal kingdom that the female sex is equal to the male in terms of physical strength and sheer hardness?” [Link]

8. A stoic commentary on men who pursue material possessions [Link]

9. How Donald Trump’s victory dealt a heavy blow to the New York Times’ agenda [Link]

10. A German writer explains how Europe is doomed because of demographics [Link]

11. Interview with Donald Trump in 2004 that sheds light on how he manages his women [Link]

12. If you work in the establishment, you can get everything wrong and still keep your job [Link]

13. A stoic commentary on how positive fortune can instantly be reversed [Link]

14. Hollywood is collapsing, not due to politics, but because of the internet [Link]

15. The possibility of a Second Civil War in America [Link]

And three videos…

1. The conspiratorial view of history, where capitalism and communism work in Hegelian fashion, is likely the correct one [Link]

2. Interview between Joe Rogan and Alex Jones that reveals the latter’s thoughts on globalist control [Link]

3. Documentary that explains the history of finance and the dangers of central banks [Link]

Don’t Miss: *14 Articles I Strongly Recommend*

The Psychology Of Beta Male Sexual Frustration

February 24, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I did a video showing how sexual frustration can leak out from beta males and be displayed as something resembling hate. I used the spat between Youtubers iDubbbzTV and Tana Mongeau as an example.

Visit my Youtube channel and hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

Previous Video: *The Milo Scandal Is A Coordinated Hit Job Against A Dissident*

Your Internet Friends Can't Duplicate Real-Life Human Connection

February 27, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Most of the knowledge you have is due to the internet. Public education in the West has failed to give you a proper understanding of the world or skills that would be useful for navigating through life, forcing you to educate yourself at your own pace and on your own terms. Through that, you have created bonds with other men in ad-hoc communities online. While the knowledge you have will be forever useful to you, the communities that sprout from these knowledge centers pale in comparison to real communities of the past. We can instantly access the minds of men through the internet, but we're losing the ability to connect with them in person.

I came to understand how pervasive the internet is in my life when I imagined it going offline. What would happen if there were no more web pages, social networking, connected smartphones, or video-on-demand? Back to the "stone age" of programmed television and paper books. Perhaps more severe is that I'd lose touch with nearly every man I know. Outside of a couple dozen men whose phone numbers I have, my social world would collapse, and it would only be replaced by men who live in my city. No more trading advice, knowledge, and tips with men halfway around the world on a daily basis.

If the internet went offline, which thought leader would I follow to make me feel like I'm gaining critical value? How would I participate in online activism and meme wars with fellow e-warriors? How would I bathe in the glory of liberal tears with my online friends after angering feminists with a viral article? Where would I share a crazy piece of news with hundreds of men who share a similar belief system as I do? An audience of potentially tens of thousands would be reduced to three or four in my town, and it's this realization that tells me it's not friendships I'm developing online as much as the gratification that I'm a somebody who is making a difference, when really I'm just a communications node, a replaceable unit in a messenger chain.

I have used an app called Periscope, which allows me to broadcast live video from my smartphone. The biggest broadcast I've done had over 1,000 simultaneous viewers. Here's what a room of 1,000 people look like.

During that broadcast, I was in my room, alone, talking at an screen to a faceless mass of people who I couldn't see or touch. There was no genuine human connection, and if I wanted it at that moment, I would have found it easier to knock on my neighbor's door, a man who I've seen but never properly met. If there was an external camera in the room filming me without sound, it would reveal a strange man talking to himself in front of a rectangle of plastic and glass.

Return Of Kings regularly gets 1 million unique visitors a month, a number that is greater than than the population of several dozen countries, but I don't know exactly who those people are, and if you told me there was a mistake in the statistics, and that the site actually receives 1 *billion* unique visitors a month, I can't fathom what difference that would make besides more advertising revenue.

No matter how many followers you have, how far your meme spreads, how many upvotes your comment gets, or how many pats on the back you get from the internet mob, you will remain deeply unsatisfied that these huge numbers—this powerful influence—is not human connection but merely a simulation of connection. Ultimately, you're interacting with pixels and avatars, mere representations of real community, but never real itself. I'll give you a million followers tomorrow, and within one month you will feel as disconnected as ever, because your true need is not a simulation of community but real community. A group of real friends in your town, who care about your safety and interests as deeply as you care about theirs, is worth more than millions of simulated friends, fans, or admirers on the internet.

Maintaining real communities and friends in person is hard. You can't just "log off" when you want. You can't shitpost or troll without repercussions. You have to sacrifice and accommodate to their needs. You have to be respectful to their feelings and particular insecurities, because you'd expect the same from them. One genuine friendship is harder to maintain than satisfying one thousand followers online where expectations and standards are lower, and where little is asked of you but to provide entertainment and

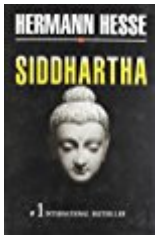
sporadic insight.

The internet has given us much, but also made us reluctant to put in the work for real-life connections and to adapt to another person's flaws and weaknesses, but we must try. As a man who has amassed thousands of internet followers, it's the face-to-face interactions with those followers I love the most, because it transcends from the simulated to the real. Without them, I'm afraid I'd slowly lose my humanity in an online sea of a billions avatars that are human-like, but still far from it.

Read Next: *City Life Is A Simulation*

6 Favorite Quotes From The Novel “Siddhartha” By Hermann Hesse

March 1, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



Siddhartha is one of the first novels that introduced Buddhism to Western audiences. Written in 1922 by Hermann Hesse, it is a fast read about a man who seeks enlightenment through alternating paths of asceticism and hedonism.

Man imitates, but does not understand

> A thousand disciples hear his teachings every day, and follow his regulations every hour, but they are all falling leaves; they do not possess the doctrine and the law within themselves.

Your current situation is transitory

> Where is Siddhartha the Brahman? Where is Siddhartha the samana [ascetic]? Where is Siddhartha the rich man? Transitory things change swiftly, Govinda, as you know.

Wisdom cannot be learned, only experienced

> Wisdom cannot be imparted. Wisdom that a wise man attempts to impart always sounds like foolishness.

You are but a small part of the whole

> I learned from my body and my soul that I was in great need of sin; I needed sensual pleasures, the ambition for possessions, vanity, and I needed the most humiliating despair in order to learn how to give up my resistance, in order to learn how to love the world, in order to cease comparing it with some world of my wishes or my imagination, with some type of perfection that I had concocted, but to leave it the way it is, to love it, and to be a part of it gladly.

Life is meant to be lived

> Words do no good to the secret meaning; everything always immediately becomes a little different when you express it, a little falsified, a little foolish.

A man must enjoy his own treasure

> I am also perfectly contented that one person’s treasure of wisdom always sounds like foolishness to someone else.

Siddhartha was a pleasant book that put many Buddhist practices into story form. I recommend it if you’re interested in Eastern philosophy.

Read More: *“Siddhartha” on Amazon*

The Sterile Behavior Of Girls Who Party At Night

March 3, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I did a video pointing out the “anti-evolutionary” behavior or girls who display their infertility at bars and clubs.

Visit my Youtube channel and hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

Previous Video: *The Psychology Of Beta Male Sexual Frustration*

How To Save Western Civilization

March 6, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I've had a front-row seat in the culture war for over a decade, but I haven't made any big policy declarations like other movements. Men's rights activists their "family law reform" platform. The MGTOW group has "legalize prostitution and invent realistic sex bots." The alt right has "white ethno-state." The alt lite has "civic nationalism." When it comes to policy, I've been quiet, solely focusing on fostering truth and masculinity. Only now am I ready to make the commitment to a policy platform which nips the essential problem in the bud in a way that other movements do not. We must repeal women's suffrage, starting with the 19th Amendment in the United States. Once this is accomplished, no other planned or conscious action must be taken to solve nearly all our societal ills.

The origin of our problems

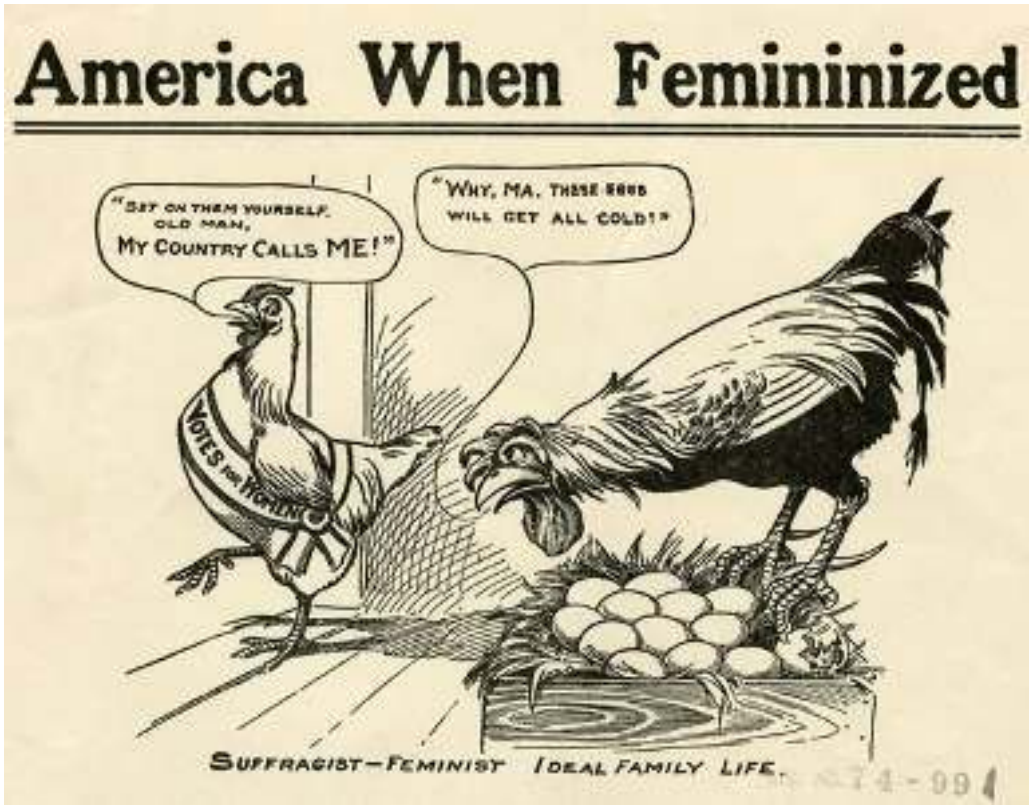
Today's problems are all branches of a radical leftist root that has been normalized through feminism, social justice, and socialism. Allowing women to vote has made it effortless to elect leftist politicians who hate the family unit, men, and healthy market competition, while simultaneously weakening society by pushing women into work and giving them generous welfare in the form of handouts to single moms and the able-bodied along with make-work jobs for females in bloated government bureaucracies.

Thanks to leftism, we have seen the rise of a techno-matriarchy with an agenda of male disempowerment and persecution that transfers resources and soft power from men to women while solidifying hard power among elite globalists who control it all to uphold their own high-level aims. Individual globalists work together as an oligarchy to enact a

divide-and-conquer strategy among races and sexes to fund leftist causes, politicians, and NGOs. The group with the most money to influence “democratic” politics and public opinion implants their useful idiots and political puppets to maintain control.

These puppets, whether on the “right” or “left,” have a true center on the left end of the spectrum for the sheer reason that votes from women must be gained. The manosphere cannon has shown that women have special mental faculties that operate almost exclusively on emotion, submission, and social conflict more than logic, dominance, and merit. Western countries have transformed into a national representation of the female psyche.

Appeasing women leads to civilizational destruction



To appease female voters and their destructive nature of promiscuity and drama, a symptom of which is collectively propelling a book about a woman being brutally dominated by a man (50 Shades Of Grey) to one of the best selling books of all time, society has veered so far to the left that it is crumbling at its base through declining birth rates and collapse of the family unit. Because we have given women suffrage, it has become necessary to gain their votes by promising whatever they want in the moment, including the removal of all gates to the sexual market so they can engage in the great game of “alpha male hunting,” which has led to such unbridled chaos and sterility that we have to import third-world people as these empowered female voters abort nearly 60 million American babies. The demographic crisis the West faces today is primarily due to allowing women to do as they please instead of imposing healthy standards on their behavior and choices. The direct cause of this horror movie is giving women the vote.

I haven’t even touched the surface of the problems we have today that stem from having

to appeal to the female vote: lowering of academic standards in universities to allow them to “excel,” promotion of degeneracy in media, invention of apps and technology to allow frictionless casual sex with bad boys, promotion of sex change operations among children, re-defining fat women as “beautiful at any size,” legalization of gay marriage, use of murder (abortion) as birth control, maligning normal masculinity as “toxic masculinity,” and elevation of damaging myths such as “rape culture” and the “wage gap” to foment gender fear and confusion. The culture has degraded because women have been at the forefront of degrading it. Their true nature, once unimpaired by societal limits, embarks on an tragic mission of destruction to recreate reality in a way to make them appear more attractive to high status men, no matter the consequence.

The problems I mentioned above would take thousands of local and Federal laws to address individually, and it would meet intense opposition from globalists who would fund the sort of antifascist protests and Deep State interference that we have seen thwarting Donald Trump. And even if those thousands of laws are passed, there is no guarantee that a renewed leftward push, thanks to ongoing demographic changes, wouldn’t roll them back. Is there a way to solve the problems while being assured that they couldn’t be repealed over the course of several generations? I’ve thought about this dilemma for years, after scratching the surface with previous thought experiments, and can only come to one conclusion: the problems in society can only be solved, and remain solved beyond one generation, by repealing women’s suffrage.

The ultimate solution

Take away the power of women to vote, and the degradation stops. The paltry population of male feminists, who are likely suffering from low testosterone due to environmental plastics, would offer no barrier in stopping the return to patriarchal normalcy. Women, helpless at enacting political change, would just whine and nag endlessly, and when they tire themselves out, they’d complete their protest by buying dildos or cats. Consider that no Democratic candidate for President since Jimmy Carter would have likely won if

women were not allowed to vote. Upon repeal of women's suffrage, a new party to the right of Republicans would be created as conservative men seek true conservatism and tradition.

Remove a woman's right to vote and within just one national election, every single leftist party would be crushed. Within two elections, politicians would speak directly to men and their innate interest for patriarchy, economic success, stable families, and an equitable distribution of females among society. More than half of the candidates running for office would already be more conservative than Donald Trump, who is still liberal on social issues like equality and gay marriage.

Within three elections, the entirely of the liberal platform of the past 50 years would be rolled back, and the only living audience a woman can gain for her political opinions is from her feline friends. Within four elections, the global elite would be forced to retrench while sitting on billions of capital with no direct path of influence except sponsoring color revolutions and coups that can be defeated in the name of patriotic national defense. By then, the power of NGOs, media outlets, and day care universities will have declined. Within five elections, cultural standards would have tamed the sexual marketplace, and birth rates would rise once more as both women and men see the incentive in spending their free time building families instead of endlessly trying to secure a sex partner for the fleeting moment.

Repealing women's suffrage would also diminish other dissident movements whose solutions can only bring temporary success as long as women have the right to vote. Men will automatically push laws that account for men's rights. They will automatically regulate the sexual marketplace to make it more fair, diminishing MGTOW. They will automatically regulate immigration and replace it with a policy of natalism, diminishing the alt right. And they will automatically have high standards for citizenship, diminishing the alt lite.

Even the concept of masculinity will be built into the crust of society where only men have a political voice and not women. My game guides would no longer be needed, allowing me to buy land and operate a real farm instead of a content farm where most of my life has been spent pushing back the harmful effects that were unleashed after allowing women to vote. There will be no need for counter-cultural movements of men when those in charge of national politics only need to cater to male votes. If women's suffrage is repealed, the most reviled dissident today would even be able to easily attain political office.

Conclusion

It should be clear to you that women will always use their votes to destroy themselves and their nations, to invite invaders with open legs, to persecute their own men, and to ravage their economies with socialism. Because they don't operate on logic like men do, you will always have this destructive element within the political ranks of your nation as long as women have the right to vote. Giving them this right was a terrible mistake. I can

now claim to have one political dream, and that is to repeal women's suffrage. I will vote only for politicians who put me closer to realizing this necessary reality. Within my lifetime, I'm certain that at least one country, in an attempt to save itself, will elevate a barbarous and ferocious strongman to fulfill this task, and he will have my full support, because repealing women's suffrage is the only issue of our day that can single-handedly solve all the others.

Read Next: *Women Must Have Their Behavior And Decisions Controlled By Men*

9 Immutable Laws Of Game

March 8, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In this podcast, I share nine laws of game that apply to most of your sexual interactions. Understanding these laws is essential to a higher success rate when it comes to getting laid and having intimate relationships. The laws include discussion on screening girls for sex, the phenomenon of flaking, game work ethic, and choosing optimal venues.

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Previous Podcast: *The Danger Of Hedonic Adaptation*

Men Who Cold Approach Women Should Be Proud Of Themselves

March 10, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I made a video explaining why approaching women is a commendable task…

Visit my Youtube channel and hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

Previous Video: *The Sterile Behavior Of Girls Who Party At Night*

What Is Fascism?

March 13, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The word “fascism” has come out of nowhere to describe Donald Trump, as shown by search engine frequency that is ten times higher than what it was in 2014. After researching what fascism really means, I’ve concluded that it is being used as a weapon to shut down dissident thought after previous attack labels like “sexist” and “racist” lost their power.

The problem with the word fascism is that it never had a clear definition. Every single resource I found that tried to define fascism has used a different set of standards and rules, meaning that no objective definition exists. It describes nothing and everything at the same time, meaning that it has no function in discourse but that of a rhetorical weapon, simply because of the World War 2 Axis Power connotation that is associated with it.

Let’s start with the simplest definition, offered by historian R.J.B. Bosworth.

> …it might be argued that the quest for definition of fascism has become absurdly laboured. Why opt for a long list of factors or paragraph of rococo ornateness when Mussolini, on a number of occasions, informed people he regarded as converted to his cause that Fascism was a simple matter? All that was needed was a single party, a dopolavoro [“after work”, a social leisure time organization], and, he did not have to add, a Duce (with a Bocchini to repress dissent) and a will to exclude the foe (somehow defined). To be still more succinct, as Mussolini told Franco in October 1936, what the Spaniard should aim at was a regime that was simultaneously ‘authoritarian’, ‘social’, and ‘popular’. That amalgam, the Duce advised, was the basis of universal fascism.”

Donald Trump does not advocate for a single party, does not have a social leisure organization, and initially tried to reach across the aisle to include the foe (Democratic party) in advancing his pro-America agenda. From the mouth of Mussolini himself, the progenitor of fascism, we can easily conclude that Trump is not one.

This would seem like an open-and-shut case, but instead of taking Mussolini's word for it, historians insist on endlessly analyzing the qualities and nature of his regime to produce an expanded definition of fascism. This is where we get into trouble, because their analysis becomes more subjective and mired in problems of definition.

> All three authors agree that statism, nationalism, unity, authoritarianism, and vigor are essential elements of fascism.

Immediately you may be struck by how terms like "unity" and "vigor" are vague descriptors, especially the latter, which can be used to merely describe an alpha male. I've also seen the word "vitality" being used to describe fascism, as if the opposite is more preferable. These authors will also have different definitions of statism, nationalism, and authoritarianism, and those definitions will shift over time, becoming vague enough that they can be used as a means of attack on nearly anyone. "Fascism" becomes a system that is defined upon other systems, all of which have definitions that can be changed at a moment's notice by any competent propaganda machine to make fascist what previously was not fascist.

For sake of historical accuracy, it should be noted that Jews were disproportionately represented in Italy's fascist regime, just like they were in communism and Cultural Marxism.

> [The authors] also note that the role of anti-Semitism in the rise of fascist movements was minor. In the Italian case, it played no role at all in the early days. Jews, indeed, were disproportionately likely to be party members: it is estimated that in the early 30's, 25% of adult Jews were Fascist party members, compared to about 10% for the entire adult population.

George Orwell, author of Animal Farm and 1984, wrote an essay that points out the bendability of fascism.

> Catholics: Outside its own ranks, the Catholic Church is almost universally

> regarded as pro-Fascist, both objectively and subjectively.
>
> War resisters: Pacifists and others who are anti-war are frequently accused not only of making things easier for the Axis, but of becoming tinged with pro-Fascist feeling.
>
> Nationalists: Nationalism is universally regarded as inherently Fascist, but this is held only to apply to such national movements as the speaker happens to disapprove of. Arab nationalism, Polish nationalism, Finnish nationalism, the Indian Congress Party, the Muslim League, Zionism, and the I.R.A. are all described as Fascist but not by the same people.

Even in 1944, in the fresh aftermath of Mussolini, the term was already being abused.

> It will be seen that, as used, the word 'Fascism' is almost entirely meaningless. In conversation, of course, it is used even more wildly than in print. I have heard it applied to farmers, shopkeepers, Social Credit, corporal punishment, fox-hunting, bull-fighting, the 1922 Committee, the 1941 Committee, Kipling, Gandhi, Chiang Kai-Shek, homosexuality, Priestley's broadcasts, Youth Hostels, astrology, women, dogs and I do not know what else.

He concludes his piece by stating that "fascist" is merely an insult to mean "bully."

> …even the people who recklessly fling the word 'Fascist' in every direction attach at any rate an emotional significance to it. By 'Fascism' they mean, roughly speaking, something cruel, unscrupulous, arrogant, obscurantist, anti-liberal and anti-working-class. Except for the relatively small number of Fascist sympathizers, almost any English person would accept 'bully' as a synonym for 'Fascist'. That is about as near to a definition as this much-abused word has come.

Even the word "bully" has had its definition change over the years, and has now come to mean anyone who is strong, capable, and mighty. In other words, an alpha male. In a society that actually believes masculinity is "toxic" and any man who pursues sex with women as a likely "rapist," we've endured a full decade of relentless propaganda attacking anything that is male, meaning even a man of average assertiveness becomes a "bully." Within ten years, any man who is not a cuckold will also be called a bully. Real bullies who prey on the weak do exist, and that should be discouraged, but the mainstream establishment has used the word bully to define anyone and anything with an essential masculine quality.

From the above analysis, we can now create a definition of fascism for modern usage: **anyone to the right of me who possesses strength**. If your political views are to the right of someone, and you believe that strength in leadership is necessary, and the year is current, you will be called a fascist. If you are a "conservative" who is fearful of strength because it is literally Hitler, you will not be called a fascist. If you are on the far left but use strength to assert your position, like militant Black Lives Matter groups, you

will not be called a fascist. If you are a moderate homosexual Jew like Milo, who has leftist views but is still right of where most leftists reside, you will be called a fascist, and your supporters will be beaten with pipes. The term is therefore relative and *emotional*—it's a feeling that someone who is more conservative than you believes in strength to aid in upholding societal stability and cultural values.

Since the nebulous textbook definition of fascism uses various other systems to define it, mostly for the use of labeling by historians to write books that justify their positions and salaries, anyone who genuinely fears fascism should instead levy specific accusations of wrongdoing if they intend to carry on an intellectual debate. For example, what specific feature of Trump's nationalism is wrong on logical terms? What specific authoritarian act that does not follow due process has he encouraged?

I do not expect the fascist labelers to drill down to such a level of logic, so we must endure their endless use of the term, mostly because their previous labels of sexist, racist, and rapist have lost steam and are no longer effective at shutting down conversations and ideas that they view as dangerous to their globalist platform. Behold the era of the fascist bot, who utters a term merely out of emotion for a need to assert power, and nothing more.

Read Next: *What Donald Trump's Victory Means For Men*

“The White European Culture Is Dead”

March 16, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Every Monday at noon I send an email out to my newsletter subscribers, where I share pictures, updates, and interesting e-mails that I receive from readers. Here is one such e-mail from a white man in England…

> I just listened to your video on educating women. Just like some things true for the individual can be extrapolated to make a general truth about the culture/society, I wanted to share a thought with you.
>
> Milo talks about how feminism is cancer. Is he not on to something? You’d know from your education in science how mutations in our genes cause natural processes to become hijacked and eventually go on to kill the host. Our Western culture is infected with bad ideas and the cancer has been spreading uncontrollably. Brexit and Trump are a bout of chemotherapy but I wonder about its chances of success.
>
> Our culture is dead. Our women (cells) are not reproducing. The organism is approaching death. There is widespread dementia, and Alzheimer’s. Few remember things from the past. People are delusional. The organism is approaching insanity. Fake news is seen as the real news. Women are told they can be men.
>
> The green field where our culture developed is now being taken over by younger men. He’s smart and is just waiting for us, the old man, to die. He is reproducing; he understands the wisdom of his old book – barbaric as it may be, it seems to make him understand the destruction of women. Soon he will just need to put a pillow over our face and we will slide away.
>
> You can see what I’m getting at.
>
> I’ve been working recently with two Muslim guys. They are hard working, they are family men. They pray together. Their bonds are so strong. Their tribe is connected; they have a common identity. They have a brotherhood. I can’t hate Muslims. They are just of a different tribe and they are beating us at the fundamentals of life. We are like old married men, separated from our old friends, isolated and growing old, lonely, longing for the days of old when we have a collective memory of how things used to be. We are so weak that we invite the more manly Muslims to come into our field because we kind of know the writing’s on the wall.
>
> Your video message is so true. It all comes back to the basics of existence. You don’t maintain your body, your cells start to die. They stop reproducing. Unless Trump comes out with a make babies message, the white, European culture is dead.
>
> And it is a race thing. Broad generalisations are true when it comes to race.

> Africans don't care for liberty. Asians like conformity. Hispanics are not too smart. Whites have a balance that others don't have. We have that mix of traits that leaves us balanced and adaptable. Africans are impulsive and beastly. Asians are too smart and too small and weak. You get my general point.
>
> None of us are racial supremacists but we must understand the general nature of different races. But who can you convince? Talk about race is social suicide. Talk about women is social suicide. Even talking about it won't stop the decline though.
>
> The percentage of whites in the US is around 65%. This is declining year on year. I'm in the UK and it's declining here too. In Europe it's worse. The Muslims will take over in two generations.
>
> We have crippled ourselves with our feel good platitudes and luxury and comfort. There are not enough like you or I or the guys on the forum to make a change.
>
> Even the recent discourse on immigration is always about how immigration is good. The terrorist country ban is "only temporary". Our culture is totally fucked up. Women should be having 3-4 children in their 20s. If this doesn't happen, our people will go the way of the other animals in nature who didn't reproduce in large enough numbers.
>
> Jack Donovan had a great quote in "The Way of Men": "Ideology is peaceful; history is violent."
>
> A war will come when it's too late. I can't help but feel that my money is not on European/Western culture to survive. Not when I look at the strength in the Muslim world. They're not sophisticated like us, but they are doing the basics. Mating, allowing men to lead and rule, praying. We can't beat that when they start to outnumber us.
>
> This has been something of a rambling screed, I accept. I just wanted to reach out to you. You have made a huge impact on my life. I don't have many who I can talk to about this kind of thing.
>
> You made a comment on your life, and how you're just sitting there doing a podcast. I want you to know that you are still helping so many men with this, insignificant as it may seem to you.

I'm inclined to agree that Muslims are the new "barbarians." They will invade the West, adopt some of our technology and customs, and become the new civilized masses that have a higher birth rate than Westerners. And then the new barbarians, most likely Africans, who are even more fertile than Muslims, will repeat the cycle. Nature only cares about strength and fertility. We, as infertile and sterile beings, are the "error" in its eyes, and unless we wake up soon and re-focus on family and tradition, we will simply be replaced by those who do.

To ensure that you don't miss insightful e-mails like the one above in the future, get on my newsletter. Upon signing up you'll receive a free copy of my book **The Best Of**

Roosh: Volume 1 (regular price: $9), which gives advice on relationships, travel, and lifestyle. To receive the free book, submit your first name and email address below…

Don’t Miss: *Western Culture Poisons Women*

Billions Of Egos Dance For Your Attention

March 20, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I wake up every day around noon. Instead of leaving bed, like many normal people have to do, I grab a book and lay under the covers. I read twenty pages of a work that took some man hundreds of hours to complete, and possibly thousands if you account for the expertise he had to develop in order to write it. Why did he write the book? For money? For fame? Just to share knowledge out of good will?

A man writes a book because he thinks he possess something that other people don't possess. His labor comes from a position of superiority, however righteous, that is verified in physical form once the book is complete and achieves positive reviews and sales. A man's ego toiled and strained himself to complete a book that brings me entertainment and knowledge, and I thank his ego for that, for wanting to prove that he could provide value to the world.

I make a cup of coffee and then sit at my desk. I check Twitter first, and am greeted by a backlog of tweets from individuals who are desperate for followers and retweets, who are competing with millions of others to be heard in the sea of social media. I appreciate their futile efforts, one that has measly rewards, and quickly update myself on the news, which includes checking Google News to see what will be the lies of the day, written by journalists who hope to transform their liberal degrees into soft power by massaging their egalitarianism into a palliative narrative. Behold how hard they work for your attention! All for my clicks, for the chance to affect my perception of reality.

As the world grows in population, the heights to which people strain themselves to be noticed and to feel special borders on the insane. Women sell their vaginas to perform in porn, men spend over 12 hours a day in front of a computer screen to break a story 30 seconds before someone else, and leftists rush to destroy their own country through displays of virtual signalling in a pathetic attempt to prove to others that they are as moral as Jesus. The persistent need to be superior is played constantly around the world, as egos battle it out for fame, money, recognition, and pats on the back that increasingly aren't even physical but existing as pixels on little screens.

"Great article!"
"Sharp comment!"
"You predicted this!"
"Good job!"

The ego is stroked, it feels good, and then quickly that sensation fades and you are back into the grind, with a new idea to craft the perfect selfie that hides your flaws or an expertly crafted tweet that is sure to be spread far, all to prove that you're a somebody, that you're special, and as I relish how so many egos are fighting for my attention, I realize that I am no different from them. The web sites I've constructed, the books I've written, the thousands of articles I've published to mold the world into my version of "correct" reality points to an ego that must be in the top 1% of all egos, that is so

massive in took the outrage of the entire world to finally check it.

Other egos dance for me and I respond by sitting in front of my laptop for several hours a day, writing articles such as this one, to dance right back. Your comments, praise, and shares give me moments of euphoria, no matter how fleeting, and I will do a jig for you to notice me as you do a jig for me to notice you. We all want to feel like we're special, that we have accomplished something more than billions of other humans who crowd this planet, and yet we never quite make it to being that somebody, or else there would be a point where we get up and yell *That's it, I'm done!* Our ego won't allow that. So we continue to preen for others, produce for others, compete with others, and after years of doing this, of decades to dancing this jig, a question may force itself to the surface, despite your best attempts to bury it, a question that comes from the deepest of your being as you're hungover from yet another ego high. The question of what exactly are we living for.

Read Next: *Ego Sex*

The Girls Of Poland And Ukraine

March 22, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I invite Eastern European travel expert Kyle Trouble for a comprehensive discussion on Polish and Ukrainian girls, in addition to examining each country's culture and living standard. We focus on sharing the ideal type of game that is necessary to succeed for both casual encounters and long-term relationships that could lead to marriage and family creation. For Western men who are dissatisfied with their women, Poland and Ukraine may offer a viable path to more fulfilling intimate relationships.

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Previous Podcast: *The Danger Of Hedonic Adaptation*

Political Correctness 2.0

March 27, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The truth cannot be concealed for long, especially in the internet age. A portion of the elite has recognized this and allowed discourse to move from political correctness version 1.0 to an upgraded 2.0 version where more real-talk is allowed. This permits them to build trust with an increasing percentage of the Western population that hates the heavy-handedness of the existing program.

Political correctness 1.0 was so strict and sniffling that it promoted a reaction which is currently threatening the entire globalist establishment. Here are tenets of the 1.0 program:

1. All races are equal
2. All sexes are equal
3. Homosexuals are just like heterosexuals
4. Islam can and should co-exist in democratic societies
5. Western civilization is the main cause of evil to minorities
6. Nation borders sacrifice human rights
7. Critique of Jews is anti-Semitic, and we must encourage Israel's existence

When I or other commentators refer to "globalism," we're generally describing a system of power that has built itself atop the 1.0 program since World War 2. The reaction to this program has gotten so intense that anti-globalism is now a broad-based movement that aims to bring down both the useful idiots and the puppet masters who control it.

I'm not entirely certain if existing globalists are deciding to move to a 2.0 program to retain their control, or if entirely new billionaires, such as Peter Thiel, are attempting a power grab for their own ends. Whatever the reality, and it's probably a combination of the two, some members of the elite are now using the upgraded political correctness program to appeal to those who reject the 1.0 version. Here is what we have in version 2.0:

1. Not all races are equal, but all races deserve equality
2. The sexes aren't equal, but both sexes deserve equality
3. Homosexuals are just like heterosexuals
4. Islam cannot co-exist in democratic societies
5. Western civilization should be praised
6. Nation borders are essential
7. Critique of Jews is anti-Semitic, and we must encourage Israel's existence

First let's describe what hasn't changed from 1.0 (points 3 and 7). Gays and Jews are still a protected class because they are the highest members orchestrating 2.0 (Peter Thiel happens to be gay). Egalitarianism in terms of sex and race (1 and 2) haven't been completely tossed aside, since "equality" is still seen as an ideal, but purple and red pill thoughts in those areas are more accepted. It's okay for media outlets operating on

version 2.0 to state that black people are more prone to criminality followed by articles mocking feminism and other social justice insanities.

Three points have been completely reversed. First is Islam. Attacking the religion, its customs, and the terrorists it breeds is fair game, and perhaps the most consistent element of the 2.0 program that is even exhibited by liberals like Bill Maher. The second reversal is the praise of "Western civilization" with a focus on civic nationalism, which essentially means that people have to follow existing immigration laws. Lacking, however, is addressing how laws can be changed or what the specific racial demographic of a nation like the USA should be. The final reversal is the praise of national borders as a feature that can improve the safety and well-being of existing citizens.

When I refer to political correctness 2.0, I'm not referring to 4chan, the alt right, or other edgelord movements that don't place limits on their speech, but the rising power structures that include new media, pundit thots like Tomi Lahren, Twitter e-celebrities, and government politicians, especially the ones that exist in Trump's shadow.

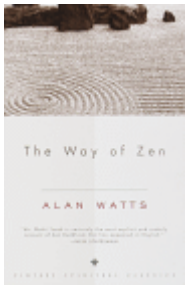
The best examples of political correctness 2.0 right now are represented by Breitbart, Rebel Media, and the alt lite, who produce ideas and content that have wide reach because of the large number of people who reject the 1.0 program but who are not ready to completely throw away egalitarianism, discuss the Jewish Question, or embrace tradition. The low-hanging fruits of the 1.0 program were the KKK, racists who use the n-word, and caveman misogynists. For the 2.0 program, the low-hanging fruits are low IQ Islamists, fat feminists with green hair, and the mainstream media.

The 2.0 version is a step in the right direction, and will make my ideas of patriarchy slightly more accepting, but ultimately will fail just like 1.0 did, because it is counting on deliberate concealment of truths that simply can not be concealed in the internet age. I therefore predict that 2.0 will have a much shorter run than 1.0, and not stop a reactionary push where no lie can be successfully hoisted upon the public, and where no secret stays secret for long.

Read Next: *How To Save Western Civilization*

The Most Important Teachings From Alan Watts' "The Way Of Zen"

April 3, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



Alan Watts (1915-1973) was a British philosopher who helped popularize Eastern philosophy to Western audiences. After gaining value from his Youtube lectures, I picked up The Way Of Zen to further educate myself on his teachings.

For the sake of simplification, there are three main schools of Eastern philosophy: Buddhism, Zen, and Tao. Depending on who you ask, Zen is seen either as its own unique school of thought or a flavor of Buddhism, especially when it's written as "Zen Buddhism."

As for the principal difference among the schools, the level of asceticism required decreases as you go from Buddhism to Zen to Tao. A Buddhist religiously meditates away from the masses to receive enlightenment, often in mountainous escapes, while a Taoist can theoretically receive enlightenment in his apartment in the middle of New York City. Buddhism requires more of you from behavior while Taoism requires more of you in understanding the "path." Since Zen exists in the middle between the two, it takes components from both, but in reality there has been so much mixing between all the schools that having distinctions is not particularly useful.

> The great Tao flows everywhere,
> to the left and to the right.
> All things depend upon it to exist,
> and it does not abandon them.
> To its accomplishments it lays no claim.
> It loves and nourishes all things,
> but does not lord it over them.

Compared to his lectures, this book was more dry and academic in tone because he wanted to trace the history and mechanisms of the various philosophies instead of giving you teachings that could be immediately put to use, but there were still many interesting segments.

> It is fundamental to both Taoist and Confucian thought that the natural man is to be trusted, and from their standpoint it appears that the Western mistrust of human nature—whether theological or technological—is a kind of schizophrenia.

In the materialist West, you are trained for hating who you are and what you have. You are a car that is eternally in disrepair, and must be always taken to this mechanic or that to be diagnosed and fixed. Forced self-improvement and accomplishment never ends, as well as the pursuit of pleasure to momentarily numb yourself from the lacks and aches that you have been programmed to think you have. The end result is that you come to believe that there is a problem with human existence itself, and that living life as you are, without conscious improvement, is a mistake.

> It is fundamental to every school of Buddhism that there is no ego, no enduring entity which is the constant subject of our changing experiences. For the ego exists in an abstract sense alone, being an abstraction from memory, somewhat like the illusory circle of fire made by a whirling torch. We can, for example, imagine the path of a bird through the sky as a distinct line which it has taken. But this line is as abstract as a line of latitude. In concrete reality, the bird left no line, and, similarly, the past from which our ego is abstracted has entirely disappeared. Thus any attempt to cling to the ego or to make it an effective source of action is doomed to frustration.

In all Eastern philosophies, the ego is seen as the bringer of suffering, a parasite that forces behavior upon humans for its own ends instead of benefit to the human. Many men have died in duels or other fights solely because the ego was injured, not the body or soul. Taoists like Osho claim that the ego is an artificial program installed by civilization, and while that can't quite be verified since most humans of the world have been touched by civilization, it's clear that human nature is deeply compatible with getting hijacked by the ego.

> Man is involved in karma when he interferes with the world in such a way that he is compelled to go on interfering, when the solution of a problem creates still more problems to be solved, when the control of one thing creates the need to control several others. Karma is thus the fate of everyone who "tries to be God." He lays a trap for the world in which he himself gets caught.
>
> […]
>
> …the human situation is seen for what it is—a quenching of thirst with salt water, a pursuit of goals which simply require the pursuit of other goals, a clutching of objects which the swift course of time renders as insubstantial as mist.
>
> […]
>
> …to seek to become Buddha is to deny that one is already Buddha—and this is the sole basis upon which Buddhahood can be realized! In short, to become a Buddha it is only necessary to have the faith that one is a Buddha already.

When you solve one problem, a new problem immediately appears. The second you answer a critical question about life, a new question pops into your mind. Humans believe in the false notion that once a certain situation is attained, happiness or enlightenment will occur, but as Osho has said, "Enlightenment is a realization, not a situation." We are

spending time and resources to put ourselves into a specific situation, and then once we get in that situation, we adapt to it, feel that we are still suffering or that we lack yet one additional critical component, and then go about spending more time and resources into achieving a *new* situation, but what we're doing is no different than a child who thinks a new toy will provide him with permanent entertainment and stimulation.

There is nothing that exists in the material world that can provide perpetual fulfillment, because it is simply adapted to, and while something may provide intense meaning for a time, that meaning will inevitably fade, and the truth of this reality can never be escaped no matter how much more achievement is attained.

The way I know I'm pursuing a false goal—a false God—is if it's something in the material world, whether money, an object, or a woman. Working on its attainment will keep me busy, will make me feel alive or useful for a duration of time, and will satisfy my ego which wants me to have more material or more accomplishments so that it can say it is superior to others, but will not produce anything everlasting compared to an understanding or realization of what life really is.

> The illusion of significant improvement arises in moments of contrast, as when one turns from the left to the right on a hard bed. The position is "better" so long as the contrast remains, but before long the second position begins to feel like the first. So one acquires a more comfortable bed and, for a while, sleeps in peace. But the solution of the problem leaves a strange vacuum in one's consciousness, a vacuum soon filled by the sensation of another intolerable contrast, hitherto unnoticed, and just as urgent, just as frustrating as the problem of the hard bed. The vacuum arises because the sensation of comfort can be maintained only in relation to the sensation of discomfort, just as an image is visible to the eye only by reason of a contrasting background.
>
> […]
>
> For when a human being is so self-conscious, so self-controlled that he cannot let go of himself, he dithers or wobbles between opposites.

To fully know or experience a thing, you must know its opposite. The highest pleasure can only be felt by someone who has experienced the deepest pain. The feeling of being fully awake, or enlightened, can only be experienced by someone who was asleep or ignorant. You will not receive satisfaction from plenty unless you know what it's like to be lacking. A thing is defined by its opposite, which explains how unconsciously you will go back and force between extremes instead of staying in the middle. When you dive into one intense behavior, what you're doing is compressing a spring to propel you into its opposite.

> Philosophers do not easily recognize that there is a point where thinking—like boiling an egg—must come to a stop.

This applies not just to thinking, but also experience. Right now, I have enough knowledge to understand my place in the world and those around me. I do not need more

knowledge or information. I do not need to sleep with more women, travel to more countries, taste more foods, see more movies, read more books, or write more articles. There is nothing more the material world can give me beyond what I already have, know, or understand. While I will of course gain more knowledge and have more experiences in the future, I'm not fooling myself in that it will complete me or finalize my essence. Once you've reached a certain level of material comfort and understanding, more is not the answer, only existence is.

> Yet it should be obvious that action without wisdom, without clear awareness of the world as it really is, can never improve anything. Furthermore, as muddy water is best cleared by leaving it alone, it could be argued that those who sit quietly and do nothing are making one of the best possible contributions to a world in turmoil.

I will agree that Eastern philosophy is useful for elites who wish to control humans. There is no easier human to control than one who is happy with things as they are, who meditates all day, and who does not seek power. This is why the KGB was interested in Buddhism because of how it spreads ideas of inaction, and allows those with power to keep that power without competition.

Yet we must ask what is best for the individual versus what is best for society, and how sole focus on the latter can be destructive because of how it treats humans as aggregates, cogs, units, and tools of production. You can walk in an American city today, and marvel at its cleanliness, relatively low crime, and "civilization," but behind that orderly facade is massive illicit drug use, pharmaceutical abuse, sterile relationships, internet addiction, and mental suffering. How much of our efforts should be focused on the individual, and how much on the societal? That is the question of the day.

> The perfection of Zen is to be perfectly and simply human. The difference of the adept in Zen from the ordinary run of men is that the latter are, in one way or another, at odds with their own humanity, and are attempting to be angels or demons.

Those who suffer the most in this life are the ones who want to change and control others, because they believe that their own happiness or enlightenment cannot occur until other human beings behave or act in a way they demand, which involves controlling the instincts and drives of potentially millions of living organisms. The same applies to men such as myself who want to constrain female nature with patriarchal rules that would improve society, but which come at the cost of conflict for the man who must now expend energy to enforce those rules and also for the woman who is prevented from acting in full accordance with her destructive animalistic urges.

> Zen has no goal; it is a traveling without point, with nowhere to go. To travel is to be alive, but to get somewhere is to be dead, for as our own proverb says, "To travel well is better than to arrive." A world which increasingly consists of destinations without journeys between them, a world which values only "getting

> somewhere” as fast as possible, becomes a world without substance. One can get anywhere and everywhere, and yet the more this is possible, the less is anywhere and everywhere worth getting to.

There is no escaping the reality of existence, where suffering must be felt if you want to experience pleasure and where there is no material pot of gold at the end of a rainbow of experience. Merely understanding those facts is helpful to see that there is no problem with you specifically, and getting angry at your perceived lacks in the same as being angry at the world that you’re a part of, at the rules that govern our reality.

The Way Of Zen did provide a helpful background on Buddhism, Zen, and Tao, but beyond the quotes I shared above, it won’t give you more than what you can freely find within his online lectures. Start with those first, and if you need more of an academic understanding of Eastern philosophy, this book will be worth your time.

Read More: *“The Way Of Zen” on Amazon*

The Death Of Western Culture

April 5, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A healthy culture allows people to create families, pursue prosperity, and experience fulfillment. A culture that is in the process of collapsing promotes sterility, hedonism, materialism, degeneracy, and mental insanity. In this podcast, I trace the seven steps of how a culture can decline, applying each step to what we see in the Western world. Because it's so difficult to reverse a culture's descent into sterility, our best option is to identity seeds of resistance and allow them to grow into a new healthy culture that brushes the broken culture aside.

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Previous Podcast: *The Girls Of Poland And Ukraine*

Two Best Responses To Donald Trump's Flip-Flop In Syria

April 8, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Donald Trump recently ordered the launching of missiles against Syria in response to a dubious gas attack against Syrian children by its President, Bashar al-Assad. Even if it was a real chemical attack by Assad, bombing Syria went against Trump's "America first" campaign promise to avoid another neoconservative Middle East boondoggle.

> □□□□□
> About 60 fucking days ago… pic.twitter.com/uUJNjQcUC6
> — Diablo (@Diablo_2) April 7, 2017

I want to highlight two responses to Trump's decision. The first is from Quintus Curtius (permalink):

> It was natural that there would be a wish that Trump would be completely different from what came before him. I was skeptical, given his history, his character, and his words. But I was willing to give him a chance to see what he might do.
>
> But to me it's now clear that he's not much different from all the others. At the end of the day, it's just business as usual. Maybe a better analogy would be: Trump is flying by the seat of his pants. He's an "ad hoc" president. He has no real fixed, deeply-held belief system. He's an opportunist who's out for himself and his family. He's a thin-skinned egoist, lacking any real depth of character. He doesn't read, has no curiosity about the world, and has the attention span of a ferret on a double-espresso. He'll say and do anything at the moment to satisfy whatever whim needs to be taken care of.
>
> Clinton would have been just as bad.
>
> There's been way too much projection of our own wishes and desires on to this president. Instead of looking and seeing what's right before your eyes, we tend to see what we want to see.
>
> When you say, "Well, then what hope is there for anything, then, if he's just like all the others?"
>
> My answer is the same as it has always been:
>
> Stop looking to political figures to solve your problems or to advance you in life. You're on your own, and always have been. No one is going to save you. What we need are spiritual revolutions—upheavals of the soul—and not political revolutions. These political "leaders" are all owned by big business and foreign governments. They hate you and want to see you marginalized and sent to oblivion. Trump is not your savior. He doesn't give a damn about anyone but

> himself and his family.
>
> Look to yourselves. The truth lies within you. It does not lie outside you. And it definitely does not lie in Trump.
>
> In this era of lies, hypocrisy, and false “god emperors” (what a bloody sham), the only solution is to turn away from the evil and elevate yourself. Improve yourself. You now have to be bigger, better, stronger, faster, and tougher than ever before. You have to be stronger now than you ever thought you could be. Because we have all been sold out and left by the wayside. But they underestimate us…our power and your power. When the time is right, the dividend of all your hard work will be paid. But the road will be long, bitter, and full of despair along the way. You need to dig deep now.
>
> Our renaissance begins only when this point is truly understood.

The second response is from RVF member Neo:

> I was angry today because of this. I didn’t support Trump for the country to get involved in pointless wars.
>
> I never cared to even vote before Trump, and every politician I’ve seen or met has been sleazy, just like nearly every corporate executive.
>
> I do know this; I’ve become an angrier person by following national politics so closely. I understood the cause, I began shifting from an internal to an external locus of control.
>
> I don’t recommend we bury our heads in the sand and ignore the issues we face.
>
> What I’m going to do however is transition to focus on the sphere I can actually influence. My friends, my community, people I care about. That’s what most of us I believe deep down are here for. A sense of community with like minded men.
>
> At the end of the day you must be your own salvation. There is nobody, not Trump, not anyone that you shouldn’t trust in more than yourself. If you believe in a higher power then know that part of them is in you.
>
> It’s like a story I remember from my old priest…
>
> A terrible storm was approaching a man’s house. He sees it’s dangerous and they are warning to evacuate. He says: “No, I will stay God will save me.”
>
> As the storm came his neighbors began to leave and offered him a ride in their car. He said: “No, God will save me.”
>
> The flood got so bad he had to climb to his rooftop, he sees a helicopter drop a ladder he says: “No, God will save me.”
>
> Finally the storm sweeps him away and he dies. When he’s in heaven he asks:
>
> “Father why didn’t you save me?” God replies. “I sent you a warning, a car, and a helicopter, what more did you need?”
>
> Trump is not the savior of Western Civilization and he never was.

I did a podcast three months ago that echoed their sentiments on how our individual behavior is more important than counting on politicians to act in a way that we want.

I won't take the step to disavow Trump because I was not counting on him to aid me. My only expectation is that he doesn't attack men in a way that Hillary definitely would have. With Princess Ivanka in his ear, however, I'm not sure if that will hold true in the next four years. I'll wait and see.

Read Next: *What Donald Trump's Victory Means For Men*

Women Who Don’t Have Babies Go Crazy

April 10, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A girl recently told me that she hopes her female dog would breed. Otherwise, the dog may have a false pregnancy where she pretends she is pregnant and shows increasingly unstable behavior. This was the first time I learned about the scientific condition in dogs called *pseudopregnancy*. I was immediately struck by how similar it is to the behavior of adult human women who don’t have babies, especially ones who live in the affluent West. After studying this condition extensively, I speculate that women who don’t fulfill their biological program of having children exhibit the disturbing signs of false pregnancy by becoming insane.

The symptoms of false pregnancy stem from hormonal changes. The female dog, which I will refer to as the “bitch” from this point on, experiences enlarged mammary glands and may secrete milk. Her abdominum swells, she gains weight, the vagina discharges a fluid, and there may be nausea and vomiting. The bitch may even exhibit cravings for certain foods alongside increased appetite.

Emotional changes are soon to follow. The bitch shows overt emotional attachment and even defensiveness for abstract objects like toys or clothing. Her nesting instinct causes her to hoard random objects like tennis balls, and she will often appear confused or disoriented. Other symptoms include aggression, depression, restlessness, and anxiety.

When I read the symptoms of canine false pregnancy, I realized that the majority of childless women over the age of 25 exhibit the *exact same symptoms*. The most obvious symptom that we can visually observe is weight gain. It is hard, if not impossible, to find a female past her fertile prime that is of normal weight. Next, the human female shows emotional attachment to objects that are outside of her personal domain of home and family, specifically minorities and Islamic migrants. A childless woman collects animals and third world migrants like a bitch collects tennis balls, as if she is their mother trying to protect them from danger, but of course poor brown people are not her children, and may view her as stupid.

Refugees Welcome
RUPTLY

#LOVE
REFUGEES

The barren human female also displays aggression against those who threaten her "children." If you try to take away a tennis ball of a bitch who has false pregnancy, she will attack you. The same happens if you try to "take away" the brown migrants that a human female has coveted. She will be vicious in calling you racist, fascist, literally Hitler, and whatever bad man of history that she happens to remember from her history classes in high school.

Understand that aggression is the most dominant trait of the false pregnancy, because

the bitch actually believes that someone is trying to kill her “offspring.” In human females, you see displays so full of anger and violence that even include calls for an uprising that overthrows or kills a democratically elected president. The nurturing instinct, which is useful in women who have children, goes horribly wrong in women who fail to have children.

If a woman doesn't hoard brown migrants, she will procure a cat or dog and pretend that the animal is a human child. It is now common to see women dress up their pets as if they're actual humans and talk to them using a baby voice. The motherly instinct becomes hijacked by these furry animals.

The other symptoms of false pregnancy, such as depression, restlessness, and anxiety, seem to perfectly describe childless Western females, who are so mentally ill that at least 25% of them need to be medicated with pharmaceutical drugs. The combination of their sterility and the extreme enabling of their behavior in Western culture has created a perfect storm that is leading to societal mass hysteria.

It turns out that false pregnancy is common in the mammalian world, occurring not only in dogs but also cats, mice, swine, and yes, humans. In human cases, the woman has to think she is falsely pregnant to be diagnosed with the disorder, but I believe that a woman experiences the same symptoms without actually thinking she is pregnant. When reading the scientific literature on female dogs, I had to remind myself that it wasn't about human females—that's how similar the clinical presentation of the symptoms are.

If you know a woman who is showing signs of false pregnancy, I recommend you do an

intervention to remind her that she is not pregnant, brown migrants are not her children, and Donald Trump is not a threat to her pug. Unfortunately, there is no cure unless she actually becomes pregnant, but that would require her to emotionally bond with another human being and sacrifice for its needs in a way that goes beyond superficial virtue signalling. That may be asking for the impossible, but unless women start having babies, I expect them to continue descending into greater levels of madness.

Read Next: *The Future Mother Of Your Child Should Be A Virgin Who Believes In God*

What Questions Do You Want Answered In The 3rd Edition Of Bang?

April 14, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Before I release my new game book, I want to put out a 10-year anniversary edition of Bang with a new foreword and appendix (I will not modify the original text). The foreword will give a general update on the state of game and the appendix will answer big picture questions that you have.

So what questions do you have for me that you would like to see answered in print? Focus more on general strategy and technique instead of specific situations that don't happen often. Leave your question in the comments below.

I'd like to release the 3rd edition of Bang towards the end of the year. The new game book will be released next year.

Don't Miss: *How To Meet Girls During The Daytime (Free Mini-Course)*

The American Cold Civil War

April 17, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The left has decided that they no longer want to live among people who share different views than them. They are plugging their fingers in their ears while yelling racist, fascist, Nazi, and Hitler. They are refusing to yield, compromise, debate, or even accept that their political positions are starting to lose in democratic elections despite suspected cheating that aids them. This has put us squarely in the middle of a cold civil war where both sides of the political spectrum are warming to the idea of killing each other.

A confirmation of the left's defeat is apparent when you see how their maniacal behavior converts more people, especially moderates, against them. The biggest recruiting tool against the left has become the left. Every time they protest, riot, screech against white people, or show their vulgarity, the remaining mentally sane of America realize that the left's platform has become so out-of-touch that it no longer represents the basic ideals of the country. The non-cucked right needs to merely show up after temper tantrums and say "Look how crazy they are" for the converts to come pouring in.

The left is out of options

Many people are wondering why the left has become a recruiting agent for the right by promoting or engaging in violence. First, they simply don't know what else to do. When a parent tells a child that he can't eat candy for every meal, and the child doesn't have a logical argument about the merits of eating that candy, what does he do? He cries, stomps his feet, threatens to run away, throws out insults like "meanie" and "jerk," and

may even hit his parent to get his way. Donald Trump and his supporters are the parents who won't yield to an emotional child.

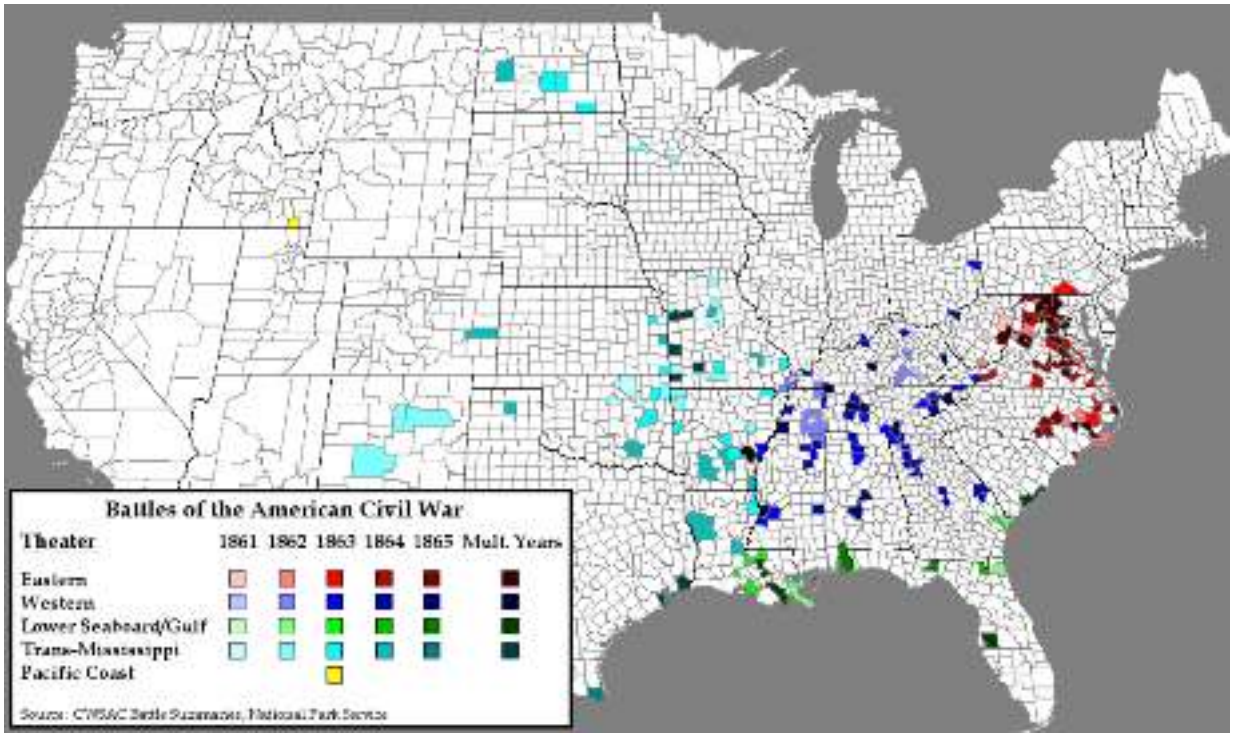
The second reason why the left is hurting their cause with violence is because its billionaire controllers, particularly George Soros, want to divide America to such an irreparable extent that a hot Civil War is forced, giving them an opportunity to increase their power. Soros wants to create so much hate, animosity, and chaos that any resulting conflict has a chance of him holding absolute power, compared to the current situation where he has "only" a moderate amount. In other words, he rather take the chance of war to solidify his grip further.

The leftists that Soros sponsors in the Woman's Marches and the antifa outbursts may also want a Civil War, but a quick look at their physiognomy shows they would struggle to even go one day without electricity, and that they possess the same psychological directive as the child who is angry that he can't have candy. Soros is the creepy old neighbor who promises them the candy they crave because he wants to build their trust and get them alone. The child, naive about the extreme danger that lurks behind the likes of Soros, decides to follow him into a van parked in the alley to spite its own parents and their righteous authority.

The reason the right has been reluctant to respond with violence is because they're winning. Violence comes not from a position of strength, but desperation, when every other option has been extinguished, and should serve as a signal to you of what the real score between the left and right really is. Without violence, the left currently has a 100% chance of losing, continuously and humiliatingly, for at least the next eight years. All the gains that took them decades to achieve will be lost if we ravage and rape their power structures.

With a hot civil war, the left has a 25% chance to win, a bet they are willing to take even though there is a high chance they will be among the first to die in the conflict. A logical person would ask why they would push for a conflict that is sure to destroy the infrastructure of the urban centers they live in, and one where food, water, and other basic necessities would be lacking. The answer comes upon realizing that a child does not realize that eating candy every day will make him sick. The child must therefore be commanded for its own good, because it does not have the capability to take care of itself or understand the consequences of its actions.

We all lose in a hot war



Before the warrior in you gets excited at the prospect of crushing the left in a hot war and killing antifa members with high-powered weapons as they wield sharpened mop handles at you, understand that any war in the United States would quickly become a proxy war involving all major military powers, particularly China and Russia, who would rush to spend billions of dollars to have ultimate control of the country. It would be protracted and match the first civil war in terms of brutality, where 2% of the population died.

With the current population, a 2% death rate would result in over 6 million deaths. Compared to the 3,000 that died on 9/11, which was seen as the greatest national tragedy of modern times, a hot war would effect every single American in a profoundly negative way. No sane person with a family would wish for this outcome, which further highlights the insanity of much of the left in pushing for this very result. They rather see millions of people dead and the country ruined than accept a democratic process where their crazy ideas lost.

Even if we avoid a hot war, the underlying problems are not solved. The left will constantly subvert against the country in hopes of achieving a hot war, use both economic and physical violence against those on the right whom they disagree with, and inevitably descend into terroristic violence that rivals ISIS. It’s intolerable for things to proceed as they are, but if we remove a hot war from the table, what option is left?

1-800-DIVORCE

I recommend the long divorce option, which has three components. The first is extreme law and order. Starting with the Federal government, every single instance of leftist threats, intimidation, and violence must be investigated, prosecuted to the maximize allowable by law, and publicized. The left have been getting away with their illegal acts for too long, to the point where violent protesters don't even fear arrest, thanks to Democratic mayors and police chiefs who allow it. The FBI must uphold the law and punish those who break it, and municipalities or universities that allow illegal acts must be punished through withholding of Federal funds. This will immediately shrink the number of violent agitators on the left and limit the power of their institutions.

The second component of the long divorce option is to excise the left from all centers of cultural power so that they cannot actively convert the youth. The fake news, already on its last legs, must be replaced by organizations that are not so vehemently anti-American, academia must be purged, and all globalist traitors working in government, both on the Federal and state level, must be removed from positions of power.

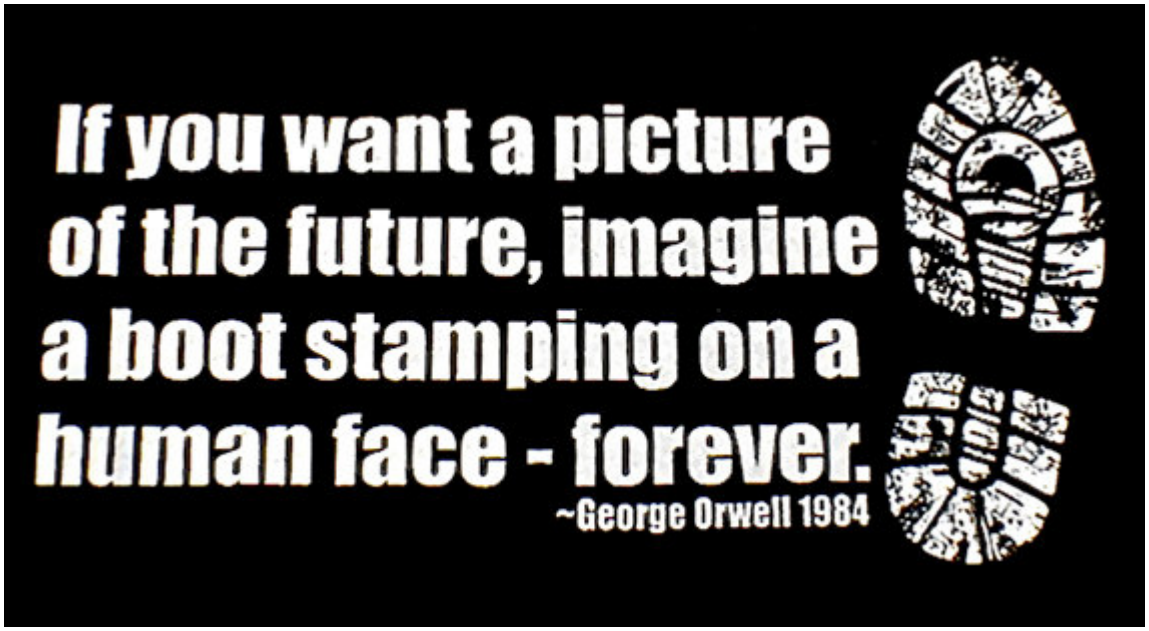
The media is hemorrhaging money and viewers, millions of citizens are getting red pilled to the subversiveness of the academic system (particularly its anti-male and anti-white agenda), and Trump has begun to right the ship in the Federal government, which will certainly trickle down to the local levels. Because the leftist establishment is losing control over their narrative, the younger Generation Z is already showing signs of rightward thinking thanks to being raised on 4chan memes more than TV programming. This means that we simply need to remove millennials from power and wait for them to die of old age or AIDS while preventing them from causing further damage to American institutions.

Halting immigration is the third component of the long divorce option. The left has not been able to show how immigrants benefit American citizens besides more diverse restaurant options, and emotional pleas of "human rights" and "compassion" is not sufficient enough to turn the United States into a big welfare office. Open-borders immigration is hurting existing citizens, serving as a cynical means for leftists to gain more votes in elections while browbeating their enemies with "hate speech" codes that demand you love non-Americans more than Americans.

We must also advocate for a white population that increases from where it currently stands, because America is no longer America if that number dips below 50%, and will instead look something like an international airport. Once immigration is stopped, and illegal citizens are deported, it will become monumentally more difficult for open-borders politicians to win nationally again. This can be absolutely ensured if woman's suffrage is repealed, a proposition that I know many find unpalatable, but one that would usher in an era of permanent winning.

For us to win without a hot civil war, we have to retake the reins of power and peacefully co-exist with bitter leftists over the next fifty years while the culture slowly heals itself. Once institutions are purged of anti-American leftists, the new left will exist in more of a classical liberal form and believe in nominally nationalist ideas while accepting cultural values that are shy of traditional. The long divorce option will not excite you because of the length it takes to see a resolution, but it's one that will preserve life and the existing infrastructure of the United States.

Four future outcomes



There are four outcomes that can proceed from the juncture of which we stand. The first is a globalist resurgence at the polls thanks to demographic changes that push the vote far to the left, starting in 2024. If this happens, we will have a president that is more authoritarian than Hillary Clinton. The boot will come down on all facets of American life, especially speech, and we will essentially be living in an open-air prison.

The second outcome is a hot war where we win. The country will be ravaged and millions will die, but at least most of the deaths will be leftists.

The third option is a hot war where we lose because of foreign involvement. Not only are we much more likely to die in this engagement, but the globalist boot will come down with such a viciousness that those on the right who survive may hope that they had died in the war.

And the fourth option is the long divorce, one that we will easily win if the recommendations I made above are taken. Very few people die and life can proceed with high stability and prosperity for the majority of the country.

The globalist left has so damaged the country from the decades they've been in power that there is no quick fix, and those of us who are alive today will likely not see a resolution that can be argued as "complete victory" during our lifetimes. I understand the frustration that many on the right have, and the desire they have to be immediately cured of poisons that the left has unleashed, but we must carefully analyze any outcome that results in the deaths of our loved ones and even ourselves. There is a time and place to die for what you believe in, but I hope I have convinced you that we have not yet reached that critical moment and that we can avoid the downsides of a hot civil war and the globalist boot by taking on the option of the long divorce to still win in the end.

The laws we have on the books are enough—let's enforce those and allow the country to focus on itself instead of empire building and policing while the media and universities collapse upon the weight of their own lies and degeneracy. Besides, the entertainment value in watching the left screech and yell for the next several decades is sure to bring us reams of pleasure. That's a better outcome than outright war.

Read Next: *How To Save Western Civilization*

Warning Signs That A Girl Isn’t Worth Your Time

April 19, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

This podcast contains more than a dozen warning signs when a girl is damaged goods or is not worth pursuing. The warning signs are categorized according to her appearance, day game approaches, night game approaches, setting dates, going on dates, and relationships. They have held true for me across multiple continents to help save both time and energy while focusing on girls who are more likely to please me in short-term and long-term relationships.

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Previous Podcast: *The Death Of Western Culture*

The Documentary “Hot Girls Wanted” Shows The Destructiveness Of Porn

April 24, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I recently watched Hot Girls Wanted, a documentary about how easily girls are recruited into porn, mostly from the Midwestern parts of the United States. The fact that there is now so little stigma for girls to get banged on camera for money shows how broken American culture has become.

The documentary focuses on a male recruiter based in Miami who puts up ads for “erotic models” on Craigslist. A complimentary air ticket, the promise of fun and fame, and a few hundred dollars per sex scene is all it takes for girls to sign up, usually when they are right out of high school and at a crossroads of what to do with their lives. The film intended to show how difficult life is for these girls, but instead it shows how incredibly entitled and spoiled they are.

Many of the girls come from middle class families, with no obvious signs of abuse or dysfunction. So why go into porn? They want to party, they don’t want to work a real job, they want to be adored by fans, and most commonly, they want “freedom,” because having the opportunity to go to university and work hard for their bread is simply too constricting or boring, and even worse is becoming a housewife, a “slave.” The girls who enter porn are not facing a do-or-die situation where they have to do porn to eat—they’re doing it because they want money and the easy life of opening their legs and laying there. In one case, I get the impression the girl entered porn just because she always wanted to visit Miami.

In terms of the sexual market place, these girls are subconsciously maximizing the value of their vaginas, especially when considering that on average, they are no higher than a hard 6 (without excessive makeup). In a Midwestern town, the best a 6 can do is get

pumped and dumped by a handful of bad boys before having to settle down with a normal man and take care of the family home, but that simply isn't enough for a girl who was taught to believe that she's capable of anything. The alternative is for her to live in Miami, have thousands of followers online, and become used as sex meat.

With no constraints on female behavior and choice, it's not hard to see why there is an endless line of cute girls choosing the "magic bullet" of porn instead of working on their wife skills to satisfy a man who doesn't look like Ryan Gosling. The main flaw in their strategy is that they don't do the research beforehand: most girls who enter porn wash out within a year after spending all their earnings, thanks in part to unexpected expenses like medical care where infected cysts and boils grow on their labia. Let's just say that they don't go into the endeavor with a business plan, and the documentary shows how idealistic they are with yells of "Whooo… I'm so glad I'm here to party away from my parents!!"

The parents of one of the girls were especially heartbroken. Their daughter was given every opportunity to have a good life, but unfortunately they did not understand female nature and how it demands boundaries and control from a strong male figure. The father, even when he knew his daughter was doing porn, said that he supported her in whatever she did because he loved her. He was raised in an era where people did the right thing, and only "love" was needed, but those days are gone.

In an age where the social constructs have melted away, we see how he failed to keep his daughter from appearing in bondage porn that roughly simulated her rape spliced in between interviews of her colleagues crying while recounting their "facial abuse" scenes. Within every girl is a seed of self-destruction, and unless that is restrained, either by a male in her tribe or by societal forces, she will destroy herself, while tens of thousands of men can wank to it.

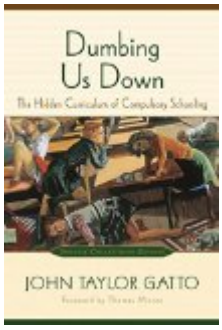
A part of my heart wanted to be sympathetic towards the girls, since we can't expect the lesser sex to make prudent decisions, but on the other hand, their reasoning for getting into porn is so idiotic, the failure of their parents so great, and the feminist beliefs of everyone involved have been so debunked, that I don't have any sympathy to spare. I actually laughed when the girls complained that the male owners of porn studios they shoot for, who are almost entirely Jewish, are making "like so much money." No matter how empowered they think they are, this is still a man's world, and the only reason they were given "empowerment" is so they can be legally prostituted by the pimp producers or enslaved in a rat race to earn corporate owners trillions of dollars in wages thanks to a massive increase in the work force supply that feminism allowed.

Welcome to America, where a small group of rich men vacuum fertile girls from middle America to monetize their pussies, and where parents, cuckold boyfriends, and society as a whole cheer along as it happens. What kind of country do we have where this has become so normalized? A country that is on the decline, that deserves to be ravaged because of the decadence it eagerly accepts.

Read Next: *7 Reasons Why American Culture Is The Most Degenerate In The World*

Public Schools Are Brainwashing Factories For Children

May 1, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



Dumbing Us Down by John Gatto is a book that gives you the red pill on modern education and how it is tragically failing those who have to endure it. Since I am a product of the public schools in a predominately Democratic state (Maryland), and received a steroidal dose of liberal brainwashing in university, it's a small miracle that I was able to fully digest the red pill since the whole point of those who educated me was to keep me ignorant.

> School is a twelve-year jail sentence where bad habits are the only curriculum truly learned. I teach school and win awards doing it. I should know.

This book is nothing new to those of you who are already aware of the problems in education, but there are a few key segments that I want to share as Gatto offers his perspective from working as a public school teacher.

> The [establishment] ensures a workforce that will not rebel — the greatest fear at the turn of the 20th century — that will be physically, intellectually, and emotionally dependent upon corporate institutions for their incomes, self-esteem, and stimulation, and that will learn to find social meaning in their lives solely in the production and consumption of material goods.
>
> […]
>
> The schools we've allowed to develop can't work to teach nonmaterial values, the values which give meaning to everyone's life, rich or poor, because the structure of schooling is held together by a Byzantine tapestry of reward and threat, of carrots and sticks. Official favor, grades, or other trinkets of subordination have no connection with education; they are the paraphernalia of servitude, not of freedom.

To keep people engaged in playing the rat race, you have to give them material rewards as young students, priming them for addiction so that as adults they will eagerly take on debt and other hardships to continue receiving more shiny rewards placed just beyond their reach. Public education teaches children to greatly covet the material through the focus on class status, prizes, and the benefits of having a "good job." When these

children grow up to be adults, their self-esteem is wrapped around the gain of material items, making them obedient and compliant workers for the elite class who happens to control what goes in the school curriculum.

> I began to realize that the bells and the confinement, the crazy sequences, the age-segregation, the lack of privacy, the constant surveillance, and all the rest of the national curriculum of schooling were designed exactly as if someone had set out to prevent children from learning how to think and act, to coax them into addiction and dependent behavior.

He makes the analogy that public schools are essentially prisons, but now that schools are doing away with physical education, you actually get less exercise in schools than being locked up in jail.

> I've come to see that truth and schoolteaching are, at bottom, incompatible, just as Socrates said thousands of years ago.

How much can we blame those on the left, who put their fingers in their ears and scream and yell as you speak the truth, when they are logical products of the education they received? We have to accept that humans were never meant to be self-aware after decades of indoctrination, and that once a mind is lost, it is likely lost forever. Instead of sharing the truth to those who are no longer capable of receiving it, the better option is to neutralize them away from positions of power and influence so that the health of society is not negatively affected.

> Lives can be controlled by machine education, but they will always fight back with weapons of social pathology: drugs, violence, self-destruction, indifference, and the symptoms I see in the children I teach.

Forcing students to sit through mind-numbing lessons for hours causes so much inner tension and conflict that the only way they can balance that is to act out in expressions of "freedom" that tend to be destructive and degenerate. This is also commonly seen in children with strict parents who try to control all aspects of their lives.

Adults are also not immune from the balance equation. If you forbid me from having sex, and I am unable to release that tension, I will find another outlet to release the aggression. For example, it's so common to see fist fights among men at the end of a weekend night in the city because they are frustrated that they could not act on their sex urge. Other outlets for repressed sexual energy include accumulating excess material wealth, using drugs, and joining the cult of social justice.

> Networks do great harm by appearing enough like real communities to create expectations that they can manage human social and psychological needs. The reality is that they cannot. Even associations as inherently harmless as bridge clubs, chess clubs, amateur acting groups, or groups of social activists will, if they maintain a pretense of whole friendship, ultimately produce that odd

> sensation familiar to all city dwellers of being lonely in the middle of a crowd.

The problem with communities is that they only cherish one specific part of us, while ignoring the rest of the whole. In your work network, what will happen if you talk about your thoughts on women? You'll be fired. In your gym network, what will happen if you talk about the latest philosophy books you've read? You'll be looked upon as too brainy. Loose communities are a poor simulation of friendship, which is more suitable to share the totality of your experience and being.

> As we approach the twenty-first century it is correct to say that the United States has become a nation of institutions, whereas it used to be a nation of communities. Large cities have great difficulty supporting healthy community life, partly because of the coming and going of strangers, partly because of space constrictions, partly because of poisoned environments, but mostly because of the constant competition of institutions and networks for the custody of children and old people, for monopolizing the time of everyone else in between. By isolating young and old from the working life of places and by isolating the working population from the lives of young and old, institutions and networks have brought about a fundamental disconnection of the generations.

We're segmented, we don't talk to each other, we don't understand each other. You probably look at someone just five years older or younger than you as belonging to a wholly different generation. Thanks to the internet, we've become so used to interacting only with people who have the *exact same* niche interests as we do that we are losing the ability to talk to those who differ only slightly from us. This artificial tribalism is further amplified in urban environments if people who live in your neighborhood studied at the same liberal schools, consume the same mainstream media, eat the same trendy foods, and work similar types of politically correct jobs.

> …every institution's unstated first goal is to survive and grow, not to undertake the mission it has nominally staked out for itself. Thus the first goal of a government postal service is not to deliver the mail; it is to provide protection for its employees and perhaps a modest status ladder for the more ambitious ones.

This applies to every organization. Whatever their stated goal of helping citizens or providing a service, it is always subservient to the interests of individuals who are a part of the organization. When it comes to organizations related to intelligence or defense of the state, you will find that they may actually work in *opposition* to the country they're supposedly in service to.

> One of the surest ways to recognize real education is by the fact that it doesn't cost very much, doesn't depend on expensive toys or gadgets. The experiences that produce it and the self-awareness that propels it are nearly free. It is hard to turn a dollar on education. But schooling is a wonderful hustle, getting sharper all the time.

How much did it cost you to educate yourself on game, fitness, and politics? You bought a few books, read reams of text on free web pages, and watched some Youtube videos. Compare that to what you paid for during your university education, and what your parents paid in taxes for your public education. These expenses amounted to a colossal waste that can no longer be justified in the internet age where education now merely requires motivation instead of money.

> …some disturbing evidence exists that the income of working couples in 1990 has only slightly more purchasing power than the income of the average working man did in 1910. In effect, two laborers are now being purchased for the price of one — an outcome Adam Smith or David Ricardo might have predicted. And an unseen social cost of all of this has been the destruction of family life, the loss of home as sanctuary or haven, and the bewilderment of children who, since infancy, have been raised by strangers.

By pushing wives into work, feminism is a war against the middle class for no gain in household wealth while children can be "educated" in Marxist and far-left thought. The elite pocket all the monetary gains from having an increase supply of cheaper labor at the same time they successfully put a wedge between men and women, who are now forced to compete against each other for resources instead of bonding together to create a strong institution of family that can resist negative governmental influence. All the while, children suffer because they are educated to be weak, ignorant, and dependent on the system for the entirety of their lives.

> …people are less than whole unless they gather themselves voluntarily into groups of souls in harmony. Gathering themselves to pursue individual, family, and community dreams consistent with their private humanity is what makes them whole; only slaves are gathered by others.

And that's why the community we have here, especially at Roosh V Forum, is so powerful, because it was self-organized based not only on mutual interests, but also the values of how a society should be, and through that community we educate each other in a more profound way than what we experienced in the schooling system.

If I ever have a son, I will either home school him or find a specific school that is not intent on brainwashing him to be another beta male slave in the machine. Because leftists have unsustainable birth rates, the only way they are able to further their movement is to capture the children of those on the right. It makes no sense for me to feed my children through their machine, for them to score another convert to their sick cult.

While Gatto's book focuses more on education, it's essentially an introduction to the red pill by showing us how we can relay the truth to the next generation so they are more sane and fulfilled. I strongly recommend it, especially to those who plan on having children or who already have them.

Read More: *"Dumbing Us Down" on Amazon*

The Girls Of Brazil

May 3, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Quintus Curtius joins me to discuss Brazilian girls and what they can offer men. We describe their general appearance, their demeanor, and what type of game will lead to successful intimacy with them. We share what you can reasonably expect from a 1-2 week trip there, including how much you will spend per day and how to stay safe in a country that has become more dangerous over the past decade. We also discuss if Brazilian girls are worthy for long-term relationships and marriage. Lastly, we analyze the direction Brazilian culture is headed, and if we expect a future decline in the women that puts them on par with American girls.

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Previous Podcast: *Warning Signs That A Girl Isn't Worth Your Time*

The Influence Curve

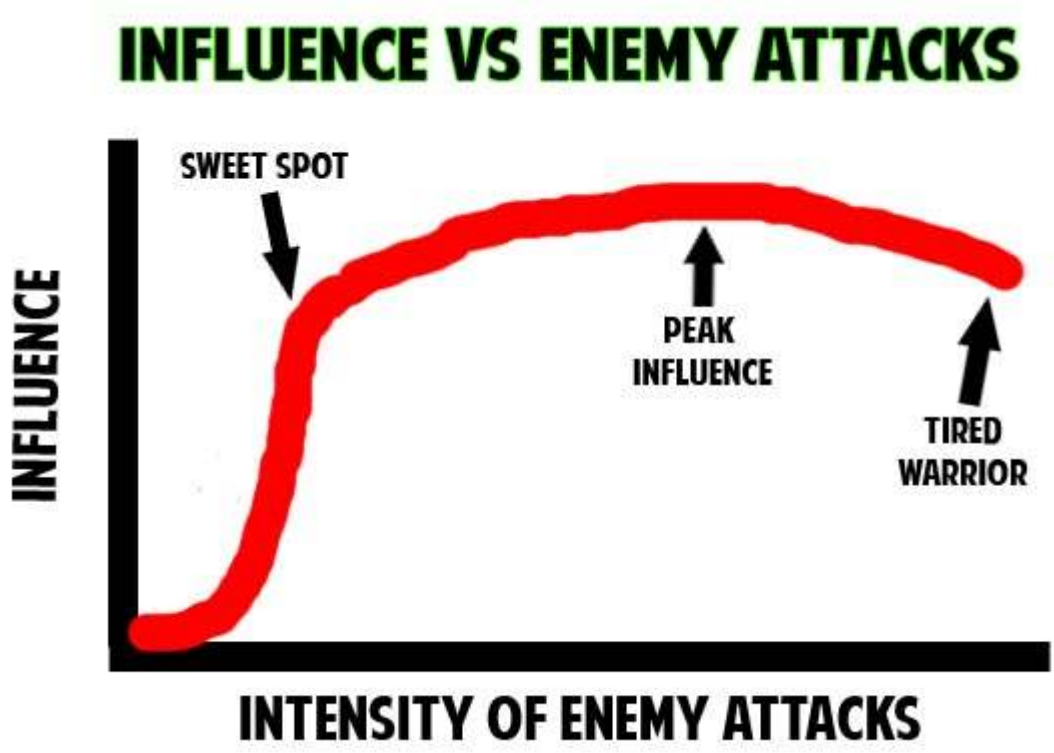
May 8, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Many men want the influence of being followed by a great mass of people without understanding the costs to gaining that influence, not just from a fame standpoint, where you lose your privacy, but also an adversarial standpoint, where your influence starts to encroach on the interests of powerful groups. I have learned firsthand that past a certain point of influence, you will suffer exceptionally damaging attacks that don't offer a proportional increase in influence. The "curve of influence" dictates that you should stop attempting to increase your influence past a certain point.

Every day, a man somewhere begins a journey at gaining influence. He uses his existing talent and experience to produce articles, videos, podcasts, or tweets. The early stages will be rough as his work will not be readily rewarded with influence, but if he persists, he will eventually cross a threshold where his influence rises rapidly and his following becomes dedicated. Soon, his influence begins stepping on the toes of other people, especially if he's a dissident that is not controlled by the mainstream establishment. He will then be attacked.

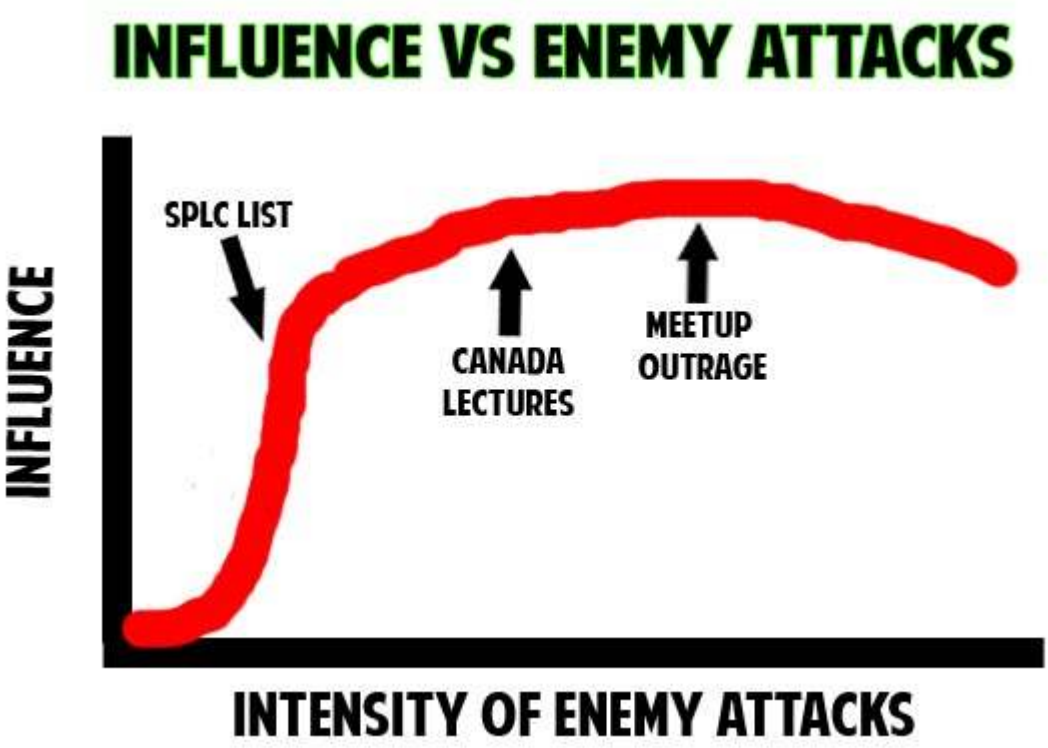
The creator is happy with attacks, because it causes his influence to rise, earns him more money, and gives him the recognition that is natural for the ego to crave, but the attacks are likely to increase in intensity to the point where he now has to dedicate more time at defending against them instead of producing the work that gained him influence in the first place. Soon, his influence starts going down as his output becomes entirely framed by his enemies and no longer provides value to his core audience.

Here is a graphical representation of how this looks:



The sweet spot is the point where the creator has high influence but sustains a minimum exposure to attacks. If he seeks higher levels of influence, he must then engage with the enemy. This increases his influence further, but only by a small degree. He continues until hitting peak influence, which is no more than 20% higher than the influence he had at the sweet spot, but this comes at a heavy price of being attacked more regularly. The creator's existence now consists mostly of responding to the attacks instead of producing work. This causes him to lose influence.

My creator career fits this curve. There are three notable attacks I've sustained: (1) being placed on the Southern Poverty Law Center misogynist list in 2012, (2) getting attacked by Canadian mayors in 2015, and (3) having to shut down my meetups due to worldwide outrage in 2016.



I approached the sweet spot with the SPLC denouncement, surpassing it three years later during Canada. The meetup outrage was my moment of peak influence. Every man has a limit to the influence he can gain, and by continuing on the path I was on, my influence would actually decline. So I ignored my ego's call for more influence. Otherwise, there is a fair chance I'd be dead right now, because my ego would have convinced me that I'm not truly influential unless people are trying to kill me. That did not seem like a productive outcome.

The curve doesn't account for great personal costs in seeking influence. Once the attacks against you are ramped up, you become less able to produce the work that you love and instead become more paranoid and jaded. The moment you need to hire bodyguards to ensure your personal safety, or when you have to study operational security tactics written by former CIA agents, is when you know you're close to your peak influence.

The solution is not to pass the sweet spot. This means you must purposefully take actions that limit your influence by using enemy attacks as an indicator of where you stand. If

attacks against you are increasing, you are proceeding on the curve. If the attacks against you are stable or decreasing, you are not moving on the curve. I have moved leftward on the curve since the meetup outrage by not holding events, not trolling on hot-button issues, reducing my profile on social media, and not actively trying to produce viral content. Taking these measures is quite hard for my ego to accept, because I know that if I do an event tomorrow, there will be spectacular riots that will shoot my name to the top of the news headlines. It's imploring me to go through the entirety of the curve, but I understand that listening to it will prevent me from creating the work I like in the first place.

I guarantee you that not a single creator will follow my suggestion and purposefully limit their influence. Getting attacked by the enemy is extremely validating as you begin to judge your self-worth based on how often people come after you, but within that lies the paradox that your influence will actually decline as you become more of an entertainer than a thought-leader. Even though I understand this, a part of me still craves that moment of peak influence and the intoxicating effect of when the eyes of the whole world are upon me. Time will tell if I can avoid that temptation.

Read Next: *What It's Like To Be Semi-Famous*

The Barbarians Will Solve Your Sterile Existence

May 15, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Why can't the Muslims, Africans, and Indians be more civilized like people in the West? Why do they insist on endless breeding when their children have no chance of attending an Ivy League university? Isn't there a way we can help them to see the light of civilization, rationale thinking, and clean hygiene? These are questions you may have asked at some point when looking down on the third-world barbarians, but from the perspective of nature, it's not them who are the problem. *We are the problem*. We are the defects of nature that will be eradicated.

Nature does not care about education, "high quality" offspring, college degrees, equal rights, cleanliness, sustainability, philosophy, or the environment. It cares about fertility and might, and the species or race that is most fertile and most powerful will be rewarded with the bounty that the Earth provides. The people who are able to take over the planet in sheer numbers, regardless of their intelligence or manners, will come to rule the world, just like how *homo sapiens* came to overrun the more intelligent Neanderthals by breeding at a far superior rate. The most intelligent race on the planet can use their smarts to fortify themselves in caves as the more numerous barbarians take over the planet, even if they're nothing more than mindless zombies.

Rational thinking from the enlightenment era, when taken to its logical end in proving that families, divinity, and traditional standards aren't necessary, along with the notion that the individual is God, leads to the suicide of society. Rationale, in it's beautifully cherished civilized form, leads to the end of any race who participates in it, while the stupid barbarians with IQs of 95 or lower, who follow a 1400-year-old book that implores them to conquer and chop off heads, continue to multiply and take over more lands.

We are the mistakes of nature. We are the grotesque. We have been condemned for

replacement, forsaken by God for enabling over one billion abortions in just a few decades while we attempt to change the rules of nature, to declare man woman and woman man. Our goal is not one of spiritual enlightenment but of achieving the most vile feats of degeneracy.

Because of our cultural and biological sterility, I believe we have been fated for destruction. Even though this end stares us right in the face, the best we can muster is a few rants on internet web sites, while the barbarians are raping, conquering, and breeding. I promise you they will win. History shows that the barbarians always win. They are the solution to a broken people. They faithfully worship their gods while we worship our Facebook likes and celebrities. We are so hopelessly sterile, so anti-life, that nature will celebrate when we are replaced by those who can barely read. But they will treasure the life of their kind, and that's enough.

Even if we solve all the political problems of the day, and neutralize the most vulgar of our society, what are we left with? A shrinking population and citizens so atomized that they are even losing the ability to communicate with each other, who have to use computerized apps and alcohol to fornicate while the female is on sterility medication, which her parents awarded her upon turning 16 years old. Our punishment is coming. Lands of the West will be given away, and even if the barbarian horde can be beaten with technology, there will be a day where there's man left to stand against them to push the kill button. The barbarians will inherit the new world until they become civilized themselves and the cycle renews once more, like it has many times in the past.

Nature doesn't care about your egalitarian laws or your superior IQ. It cares about reproduction and power, and what the barbarians lack in intelligence, they make up for in life energy. We are the anomalies, we are the mistakes, and unless we re-discover the ways of family, tradition, and God, we must be ready to accept the inevitable end that it was us who become so weak as a people that we didn't even bother having a gate, and that all the barbarians had to do was walk right in.

Read Next: *7 Reasons Why American Culture Is The Most Degenerate In The World*

My New Apparel Store Just Opened With A Debut T-Shirt

May 19, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

After much delay, I'm happy to announce that the Red Kings Shop is open for business with a debut flagship t-shirt that features the iconic Return Of Kings logo printed on a high-quality 100% cotton cranberry red American Apparel chemise that is made in the USA. Future shirts are planned.

By wearing the official ROK shirt, you will experience these benefits:

- Testosterone increase of 300% (more than what Kratom provides)*
- Induce mental breakdown of any liberal who sees your shirt*
- Rapid 3-inch elongation of your penis*
- Immediate 50-pound gain in your bench press*
- More ravenous attention from beautiful women of suitable breeding stock*
- Reduction of body fat by at least 10%*

* *The above claims have not been independently verified, and may be an attempt by Roosh to sell more shirts*

We've had two robust beta tests that have put our small size out of stock and medium size in limited stock. If you're enjoying the articles on ROK and want to support the operation, **visit Red Kings Shop and buy your shirt today**. Your shirt will be shipped out within one week from when you place your order.

This is the best way to donate to the masculine cause while receiving a handsome shirt in

return, especially on the heels of Paypal shutting me down in April for political reasons. Your support is much appreciated.

Click Here To Visit Red Kings Shop

After you receive your shirt, use the ROK form to send me a picture, review, or story from wearing the shirt and get a 20% off discount code by the time we launch our second item.

Culture Is Downstream From Politics

May 22, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

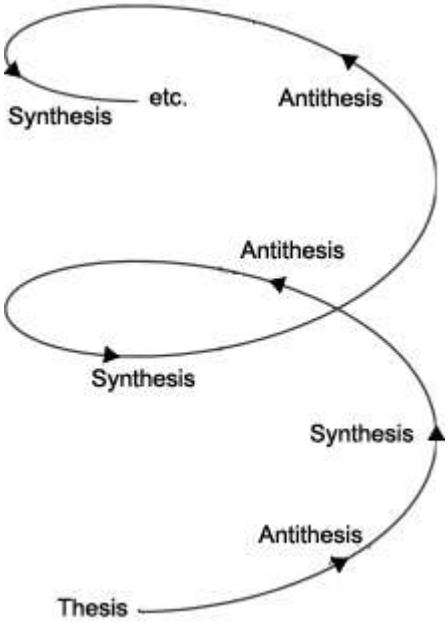
A popular expression these days is “politics is downstream from culture,” which was said by the late Andrew Breitbart. While it is certainly true, the reverse is *also* true. Culture and politics are deeply intertwined, affecting each other proportionally within an escalating feedback loop.

Where did game come from? In a recent podcast, I explained with a guest that game was a direct reaction to feminism, which was a top-down political effort by the elites, such as the CIA, to employ women (to lower the price of labor) and to destroy the traditional family unit (to make women dependent on elite-controlled institutions instead of men). Game was an effective individual response that helped push new political action in the form of “rape culture,” which attempted to allow most instances of sex to be defined as rape. The game reaction to that is to avoid leftist women, record sexual encounters, or expatriate. The leftists will react to that in due time, perhaps forcing a man to date certain woman like a Christian baker is forced to bake cakes for homosexuals.

Where did the alt right come from? It is a direct reaction to a high number of non-white immigrants to the United States, which began with the 1965 Immigration Law. The culture of pepe, cuck-shaming, and a white ethno-state is the 50-year delayed response to one law. The rise of the alt right affected politics by helping elect Donald Trump as President while introducing many dissident figures to the mainstream. The political reaction of trying to shut them all down is ongoing.

From every dissident reaction came before it a law that was created in response to a previous cultural reaction, which was formed from an even older political reaction. This chain of causality can be traced back to the first society in a process resembling a Hegelian Dialectic of action clashing with reaction to form a synthesis that will then

collide with another action. Everything is connected from the beginning of man, and what we do today will have ripple effects for the remainder of humanity.



What's interesting to note is that feminism and immigration to the Western world was disproportionately promoted and enabled by Jews. Therefore in the case of modern dissident movements, a more apt saying would be "reaction is downstream from Jewish action." If you are to believe that Jews are at the top of most Western institutions, dissident movements are a reaction to their power.

The life of an elite Jew is to control the non-Jew through both cultural and political means. The non-Jew responds and then the Jew adapts to that response. The lives of Jews and non-Jews are therefore inexorably tied together. Understand that any attempt to control something external to you means that you are also being controlled by it, since your existence becomes primarily a response to the external. The fact that the behavior of a Jew is at least 95% identical to that of a non-Jew is testament to that.

I respect the late Andrew Breitbart and the work he did into jump-starting the dissident right, but I believe he missed the other part of the equation of how strongly politics, particularly laws, influence culture. If I stop and think of my life, it is primarily a result of laws surrounding immigration (hence my birth to Middle Eastern immigrants in the USA) and feminism (hence my foray into game). My "culture" would be rather different in the absence of these two forces, and that's assuming I would even have come into existence at all.

Read Next: *The American Cold Civil War*

Why The Manchester Terrorist Attack Will Change Nothing

May 25, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I did a video discussing the recent terrorist attack in Manchester, UK...

Visit my Youtube channel and hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

Previous Video: *Men Who Cold Approach Women Should Be Proud Of Themselves*

What I've Learned About Women From My Long-Term Relationships

May 29, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I'd like to share some things I've learned about women from the relationships I've had. A lot of that experience comes from Eastern European girls, who are more feminine than American girls, but I believe the true nature of women is the same no matter where you go, lurking underneath regardless of outward presentation and behavior.

1. They lie a lot

Men assert their interests through logic, dominance, and physical strength. Women assert their interests through beauty, guile, and deception. A girl has self-interest in a relationship that may not overlap with yours, and will use her strengths to maintain that interest. Lying is one of the ways she steers the relationship into her desired destination, and this is often done unconsciously to the point where she may actually believe the lies she is telling you.

Girls who are more moral or "good" compared to others can still lie by omission. Because they feel *some* guilt with bold face lies, they instead craft narratives that leave out damaging facts which may cause her to lose power or standing in the relationship. Lying by omission requires a careful editor within their minds that are meticulous about removing details that can cause problems, especially in their encounters with other men.

For example, imagine a a girl asking her man what he did during the day. He replies, "I ran into a girl I knew today and we had a cup of tea." He was walking home from work, suddenly recognized a girl he went to college with, popped into a cafe to talk about old friends for twenty minutes, and then gave her a handshake goodbye without any

suggestive touching or flirting.

Now imagine a man asking a girl the same question. She replies, “I ran into a guy I knew today and we had a cup of tea.” The event happened in the same way as the man, right? Wrong. What actually happened was an old flame contacted her on Facebook, they exchanged several dozen suggestive messages that included kiss emoticons, he asked her to meet at a specific time in front of a cafe, they went inside and talked for two hours, their legs touched underneath the table, they reminisced about a past drunken hookup, they went for a walk to a nearby lake where more incidental touching happened, and then finally they said goodbye with the guy failing to get a lip kiss and having to settle for a playful grab of her ass.

What she told her boyfriend about the event was not a lie in her mind, but he thinks the event happened in the same way if he recounted it to her. As you can see, asking a girl to narrate an event will not get you close to the truth, because the truth would damage her standing in the relationship. The truth can only be uncovered after asking specific questions.

- How exactly do you know this guy?
- Did you hook up with him in the past?
- How long were you at the cafe?
- Did he try to touch you?
- Where did you go after the cafe?
- What exactly did you talk about?
- How did he say goodbye to you?

This is exhausting for you to perform, but may be prudent if you are suspicious about a certain encounter. If she hesitates at an answer, you are witnessing her editing mechanism at work, and can assume she has gone from lying by omission to outright lying.

2. They’re time vampires

The late comic Patrice O’ Neal, who dropped reams of red pill relationship advice on the Black Philip Show, called women “time vampires.” He described how for men, the actual sex act is the most pleasurable part of being with a woman, but for a woman, merely having a man spend time on them is the sex. They like being taken out, doted on, entertained, and so on. This explains why they will go on dates with men they don’t even

like, because the act of going out and being “hunted” by a man is so extremely validating.

Men just want sex, a bit of intimacy, a companion to eat or watch movies with, and space. Women want sex, cuddling, and endless hours of conversation about nothing important. She wants her man to be a problem solver, psychologist, warrior, and punching bag all in one, and even if you satisfy those needs, she will always want more, because it’s in her nature to keep extracting value.

For whatever reason, a woman finds it impossible to be alone. They’ll spend time with someone they hate, or who they are intensely jealous of, than be alone. A woman rather have a gaggle of gay friends, and hear them constantly talk about butt sex, then watch documentaries or read old books. Their primary fear in life is being alone, something that many men actually desire. A man would not spend time with someone else he dislikes from fear of being alone, because it’s during his alone time that he can recharge his batteries and process his experiences.

When a girl identifies you as a romantic boyfriend, what she really has found is a “time friend,” someone who can now spend dozens of hours a week with her, just so she doesn’t have to be with her own mind. For men who do value their alone time, this causes the bulk of relationship conflicts, but since pussy feels so good, we continue making the sacrifice, as we have been doing for millennia.

3. They have nothing going on in their lives

Waiting in line for a little cupcake

Time vampires need other people’s time because they have nothing going on in their own lives. Men have peculiar interests and hobbies that can occupy them endlessly. I’ve gone

days without human contact while working on a particular book project or web site, and didn't feel particularly pained.

Women don't have hobbies or interests that are not external projections of how they *wish* to see themselves. Their primary life interest is men, because only men allow them to construct an image to others of who they want to be seen as: a good girlfriend, a girl in love, a girl who another man greatly desires, a sexy woman, an honorable woman, and so on. The man is a needed accessory in this manipulation, which is why it's so common for a girl to dive into a long-term relationship, and profess her love for a man, only to cheat on him from the weakest of impulses. The relationship merely serves as validation of how she wants to be seen, not who she really is. The gap between who she wants to be and who she actually is gets taken care of by her advanced rationalization mechanism that prevents her from accepting she is rather clueless and makes grievous mistakes.

It's her relationships with men that give her definition to her life, because outside of it, she has nothing but Facebook news feeds, Instagram, pop trends, a mind-numbing job, and friends who mainly talk about other men, gossip, text messaging, and feminine hygiene. Besides work, which she pursues partly to have more leverage in her relationships with men by not needing their money (compared to many men who actually enjoy their jobs), she has no identity that she can call her own, no interests to ground her, no passions that are unrelated to men and being seen as attractive by them.

The above is a nice way of saying the following: if women were judged by how they judge men, they'd be losers. Put a dick on just about any woman you know and watch her instantly transform into a loser, one who is addicted to social media, overpriced restaurants, toxic entertainment, and endless validation from strangers. The biggest male loser is as accomplished, talented, and skilled as the biggest female "winner," and the only reason very few girls are seen as losers is because they have a pussy, and just about all pussies feel good, regardless of who it's attached to.

4. They are unable to perceive their own hypocrisy

Women will hold you to a standard, at the threat of dumping you if you break it, when she herself is not holding that standard. They do the very things they wouldn't want you doing, and rationalize it by saying that what she's doing is actually different, when in all likelihood it's even worse. They remember every thing you said, even from years ago, but can't see a behavior they did just last week that contradicts her standards for you.

Women have no objective standard or morality, and thus no way to identify if they are right or wrong about anything. Instead, they use pure emotion to guide their behavior. If they feel good then it must be just. If they feel bad then it must not be. Since emotions can twist the perception of any event, she will simply do what she wants to do and find an emotional path or false strain of logic to convince her it was right.

The most amazing behavior I've seen in women is denying something that you caught them doing. You can show them evidence, right to their face, and they will deny it, and then find a way to blame *you* for it. I have been warned about this before, but was skeptical until I experienced myself. She is such an unreliable "witness" to her own behavior that there may be no point to ever getting an explanation from her about anything. If you don't know the facts about something, and need her side of the story to get the facts, you'll never get the facts.

5. It takes a village to keep a woman monogamous

I don't care how much of an alpha male you are, or how tight your game is, but if you are the *only* positive influence in your girlfriend or wife's life, and everything else around her is pushing her to feed her primal need of pleasure, fun, and higher status men, you will get burned. You will not provide an "oasis" of tradition and monogamy if everything else is programming her for feminism and promiscuity. You may be able to keep it together for a few months, a few years, and maybe even a decade, but eventually it will collapse.

I've learned that having game is only half of the component to maintaining a healthy relationship. The other half is having her in an environment that tells hers to "cherish your man, be faithful, have children." Otherwise you will lose. We're all products of our environment, whether we want to admit it or not, but this impacts women even more because they operate on the consensus of others.

If everyone started jumping off a bridge tomorrow, she would too, because it's the social proof which convinces her that it's an activity she would feel good doing. On the other hand, men operate on hierarchy, and we only follow the top dog. If everyone is jumping off the bridge, but our leader doesn't, we do not jump off the bridge. A man will not follow a crowd of weak men because they are numerous, unlike a woman, who thinks that participating with the majority will make her feel good by lowering her chance of being rejected or ostracized from a group.

For one of my relationships, I tried to create a serene bubble of patriarchy and goodness, and it worked for a while, but eventually I lost out to Facebook, her promiscuous friends, her enabling relatives, and to the degenerate majority. By dating one girl, you date the world around her, and if that world is sick, a negative outcome is inevitable.

6. Red flags are red for a reason

If a girl has done what you consider a red flag, you know she will not be suitable for a long-term relationship. But when you really like a girl, and emotion starts to cloud your logic, you find a way to transform a red flag into a yellow flag. You ignore the advice of your friends, ignore your own instinct, and start looking for insignificant green flags as counterweights to justify the relationship until it all falls apart.

A woman's actions do not lie. I repeat: *a woman's actions do not lie*. Her words are an

unreliable witness and must be ignored. The way she acts and behaves is who she is, not what she says. If her actions tell you she's not quality material, don't make her a wife. The problem is that men get so caught up in a girl's beauty and pussy that they actively try to turn the ho or feminist into a housewife.

I can now see the futility in asking a girl how many partners she has been with. You won't ever get the truth. A girl has the most incentive to lie about this, along with other features of her past, so look at her actions instead. How comfortable with sex is she? How flirtatious was she with you in the beginning? How slutty are her friends? From these observations, you will be able to surmise a number, even if she tries to lie about her actions by playing hard-to-get with you specifically. If a girl couldn't resist your game, she also can't resist the game of many other men.

Conclusion

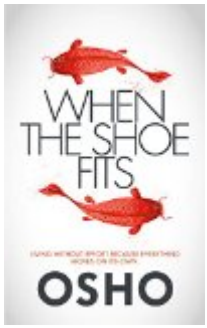
When it comes to relationships, my standards are impossibly high, and I will be the first to admit that, but it's based on the logic of modern relationships and the fact that I don't want to experience a divorce like my parents did. If a woman marries the wrong man, divorce is easy for her. She gets the children, house, monthly payments, and community support for being so brave. If a man marries the wrong woman, his life is ruined. He gets depression, destitution, suicidal thoughts, and children that are programmed to hate him. Who has to be more careful about any decision to enter a long-term relationship that may result in children?

I have high relationship standards because the stakes are high, so I will use my knowledge of the true nature of women, which I've spelled out here, and then use logic to determine which woman may be the mother of my children. If I ignore that true nature, I may enjoy bliss for maybe a few years (if I'm lucky) until the hammer comes down on me, and I'm left in a miserable position compared to an ex who is galloping away with my property and children. I'm at the point in my life where I wouldn't mind having children, but I am also a man who can accept being alone. The latter is surely a better option than being a victim to something I could have predicted would happen.

Read Next: *The Dangers Of Romantic Love*

“When The Shoe Fits” By Osho Is A Deep Introduction To Tao

June 5, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



When The Shoe Fits is a transcription of a lecture given by Osho in 1974, based on the teachings of the ancient Taoist Chuang Tzu. Osho is one of the more famous modern Taoists who achieved cult-like status among his followers. To remove suffering, he advises men to *not* achieve and just allow life to happen to you. This advice exists on an opposite plane when compared to what is taught within Western culture.

> And whatsoever you achieve through will always remain a burden to you; it will always be a conflict, an inner tension, and you can lose it at any moment. It has to be maintained continuously – and maintaining it takes energy, maintaining it finally dissipates you. Only that which is attained through effortlessness will never be a burden to you, and only that which is not a burden can be eternal. Only that which is not in any way unnatural can remain with you forever and forever.

When you gain something through effort, you experience a feeling of pleasure, and then must continually work so that both the gain and pleasure are maintained. If you do not maintain it, you will lose the gain and experience suffering in an equal and opposite way to the pleasure received.

If I earn $1,000,000, I will experience pleasure, but if I lose it, I will experience an equal amount of opposite suffering. Even if I don’t lose the money, trying to hold onto it will cause anxiety because of the sizable fear I’ll have of losing it in the future. If I go to the gym to get big muscles, I will be happy with how I look, but if I lose those muscles, I will mentally suffer whenever I look in the mirror and see a decline in my appearance. Any campaign of effort has suffering built in, because it is difficult, if not impossible, to maintain a gain for the entirety of your life.

> Every child is born in Tao, then we cripple him with society, civilization, culture, morality, religion… we cripple him from every side. Then he lives, but he is not alive.

Osho argues that if a human wasn’t born in society, but raised among animals in the forest, he would have no suffering if his survival needs were met. Because he would not

have any human being to compare himself to, he would have no need to compete, no need to gain power, no need to prove himself to others, and so he would exist in harmony with nature.

> Allow nature! And don't give any goal to nature. Who are you to create goals and purposes? You are just a tiny part, an atomic cell. Who are you to force the whole to move according to you?
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> […]
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> Look at nature, everything is so perfect. Can you improve upon a rose? Can you improve on nature in any way? Only man has gone wrong somewhere. If the rose is beautiful without any effort on its part, why not man? What is wrong with man?

Because you exist in an ignorant, flawed state, any goal you create is almost sure to create suffering since it is from a place of society instead of nature. You simply do not have the awareness or knowledge to create goals that are in harmony with your true nature, and what you may describe as "success" is—upon achievement—the beginning of a cycle of frustration or suffering.

> Meditation will only help you to understand. It will not lead you to the truth, it will only destroy the mind, so that whenever there is truth, you can see it.

Osho believes that the Buddhist ashram style of meditation is an unnatural behavior that goes against the Tao, because it attempts to put man in a blank state of "no mind." Osho does not believe in the asceticism of the Buddhists, and sees them on the opposite extreme of the hedonists. Both sides have lost balance with the Tao.

> You need a compass because you are not confident of life; you need moralities, precepts, principles, Bibles, Korans, Gitas to direct you because you are not confident of the inner force. That is your life…. So many precepts to be followed, so many principles to be managed – so many moral concepts. You have so many things imposed on you that your inner life cannot be spontaneous.

People want to be told how to live. They want an instruction booklet as if they were assembling furniture from Ikea. Scriptures are dead books—they weren't written for your environment or your situation, and must be squeezed into modern life in some way (often after being maliciously interpreted), but that still does not eliminate suffering if you follow it. Osho believes that there is no need for rigid morality if the Tao is followed, but since balance with the Tao is subjective, I see a situation where Tao alone can't prevent us from sliding into a situation of degeneracy like we have in the modern West.

> Don't be against anything. Why? Because whenever you are against anything it means that deep down you are for it, otherwise why be against it? A man who is not angry deep down will not be against anger. Why should he be? A man who is not greedy deep down will not be against greed. Why should he be against it? There is no problem for him, it is not a choice, he has not made any distinction.

> Remember, it is always greedy persons who are against greed, sexual persons who are against sex, angry persons who are against anger, violent persons who are against violence. Then what do they do? They create an opposite goal.

If a man becomes emotionally engaged against a cause, it's a certainty that that cause is a part of him in some way, and his emotion is a sign of either an inner guilt or deep love that his ego refuses to consciously accept. The most violent members of society today are leftist protesters who tell you they are against violence. The most sexually degenerate people of today are those who say they stand against rape. I have stated my hate for feminists in the past, and criticized their loose sexual morals, while I myself engaged in loose sexual morality with feminist-minded women. That which you hate exists within you. That which you're apathetic about does not.

> You always choose the difficult because the difficult gives you a challenge and challenge gives you the ego. Difficult is right for you; easy is never right. Because with the easy there is no conquering, the ego cannot feel fulfilled. The more difficult a task, the more the ego feels exhilarated, ecstatic. It has to be done – Everest has to be conquered, the moon has to be conquered.
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> […]
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> The difficult attracts. The more difficult it is, the more it attracts you. It becomes more valuable because through it, if you conquer, you will achieve a greater ego. Even if you fail, you will achieve a greater ego because you at least tried, while others have not tried at all.

I have given advice to men in the past stating that if they're faced with two options, they should do the harder one because they'll become stronger and achieve more than if they had succeeded with the easier task. Osho has me pegged in that my strategy is one of ego satisfaction, of putting in harder effort to achieve something greater. From the standpoint of Western materialism, my advice will yield more "gain."

With nonstop messages in the West of achievement and accomplishment that make doing the easy task be seen as "lazy," it's hard not to see that the entirety of the West is built upon an ego proposition, which is great for society in terms of the heights it achieves, but poor for the individual who suffers because of it.

> If you win a war and kill millions of people you make history. If you just brush your teeth in the morning how can you make history? And EASY IS RIGHT! You take a bath, and you sing a little song, how can you make history? You eat your food and you silently go to sleep without any dreams. How can you make history? No! History takes no notice of persons who are easy and natural. History takes notice of people who are mad, obsessed with something, who create trouble in some way or the other. And difficult is wrong, easy is right; be easy and don't try to be in history. Leave it for fools and mad people, you just stay out of it. Because you cannot have both.
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> Either you can have life, or you can be remembered in history. If you have life,

> you will be just an easy and simple man, doing simple and small things, and enjoying them. You will not create any trouble for anybody, nobody will take any notice of you; you will exist as if you never existed. That is what easy is – existing as if you are not existing, existing as if you are not, not in anyone's way.

I want my work to leave a legacy so I slave over my computer every day, typing up a storm, like I've typed this review, and life quickly passes me by. I will have my legacy, but at what cost? What have I missed?

> Doing anything, if you feel easy doing it, it is right. If you feel uneasy doing it, something is wrong. If you are tense, it means you are living an uneasy life. If you cannot sleep, cannot relax, cannot let go, it shows you are living an uneasy life – you are after difficult things, impossible things.

If I were to take his advice, I would work just the minimum to satisfy my material needs, and then relax for most of the day. I'd go for walks, do a basic level of exercise that doesn't involve having big muscles, cook simple meals, and seek out pleasant company. Instead, I have a schedule set out for me before I wake up, meaning my day is dead before I even open my eyes. I have strategies to maximize the amount of work I do. I have exercises for my right wrist which is experiencing chronic pain due to excess computer use. I have special stretches for my lower back to combat the effects of sitting all day in front of a screen. I sacrifice my body for work and excess material gain.

> Nature is vast, and all man created laws are narrow. They are like funnels – the more you move into them the narrower they become, and a moment comes of cul-de-sac, you cannot move anywhere, and the tunnel becomes your grave. That is how everyone is stuck.
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> […]
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> …laws and regulations cannot protect you, they only give you a feeling of protection. But nothing protects. The laws cannot make you secure, they only give a feeling of security which is false. Death ultimately comes and shatters all your securities. You will stay trembling, fear-filled, unless you come back to the source – the inner tower of the spirit.

Following scriptures, rules, and laws is the same as following the dictates of men before you, and what they have decided is the proper life for you to live.

> Fulfillment comes through nature – not through society. You carry your destiny within yourself but it is an unconscious thing. Follow it. Nobody else will know that you have reached but you will be aware. You may not get a Nobel prize because it has never been awarded to a fulfilled person. Nobody fulfilled has yet received a Nobel prize, no Buddha, no Jesus, and it won't happen in the future either, because the Nobel prize is given to somebody who has obeyed society very sincerely, and who has achieved society's aims – not his own. Look at the Nobel prize-winners and you will not find sadder men than those. Most of them

> commit suicide, and this is not accidental, it has deep meaning in it. Most of them feel unfulfilled. Prizes cannot fulfill you. Allow the conscious nature, don't force it consciously.

Society has awards in the form of money and material trophies to keep you playing the game, but winning the game is Pyrrhic, because the moment after you victory, once the cheering crowd disappears, you're disappointed that you feel no different than before.

> Be sincere to your inner nature and help others to be sincere to their inner nature. This is what I call a religious man. A religious man is one who is sincere to his inner nature and helps others to be sincere to their inner nature. You are here to fulfill your destiny, and others are here to fulfill theirs. Don't expect anything from them, otherwise you will turn them into liars. Don't expect anything from anybody, and don't fulfill others' expectations of you.

The only way to get anywhere in society is to network, build alliances, and curry favor. Scratch this man's back and maybe he'll scratch yours in the future. Pretend to be nice to that man so maybe he won't criticize you to others. At what point do we turn into actors, sacrificing who we are, for future gain that is not even necessary?

> Whenever others appreciate you – beware, you are moving on a dangerous path. Sooner or later they will punish you. When people talk about your success – beware, now failure is not far off. When they put you on the throne, escape, because sooner or later they will throw you off. But you are so foolish and stupid, that you never see the fact that somebody else was there on the throne before you. They put him there, and now, for you, they have thrown him off. Now they are garlanding and welcoming you, but sooner or later they will find another showman and they will throw you out. This happens to everybody who lives through public opinion. Don't ask for any success in the outside world and you will not have any failure. Don't ask people to respect you, then there will be no insult.

But then how will I get fame? How will I get riches? How will I feel validated that I "made it"? Most people fear the ordinary life as much as they fear falling from a high position, because they crave the adoration of the masses that allows their ego to feel that they are a somebody instead of a nobody.

> Nothing is lacking and nothing is missing. You are perfect as far as there is any possibility of perfection.
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> […]
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> It is difficult for you to think that at this very moment you are gods, but I ask you – what is lacking? What is missing? You are alive, breathing, conscious – what else do you need?
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> […]
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> If you say, 'If those conditions are fulfilled then I will be blissful', then these

> conditions are never going to be fulfilled. And, secondly, even if these conditions are fulfilled, by that time you will have lost the very capacity to celebrate and enjoy. And moreover, when these conditions are fulfilled – if ever, because they cannot be fulfilled – your mind will create further ideals.

Something is always wrong with us. We're close to an ideal but still far off. More work must be done; if we can only have this thing, or that thing, everything will be perfect, life will be complete, but imagine a carrot at the end of branch, and just after you leap up and grab the carrot, a bigger carrot suddenly appears, and the branch is moved ever so higher so that you have to work harder to get it.

> The whole is vast, you are just an atomic cell. The ocean is vast, you are just a drop in it. The whole ocean is salty, and you are trying to be sweet. It is impossible!

When you fight with the world, you fight with yourself, because you are a part of the world, a part of the whole. Everything in this world influences you in direct proportion to how you influence it, and so what you fight against is certainly already a part of you, because the part can not be separated from the whole. You are not distinct or unaffected from what you see around you.

> If you fight, then the enemy impresses you, and remember… even friends don't have such an impact as enemies have. If you fight with someone continuously, you will be influenced by them, because you will have to use the same techniques to fight them. Ultimately, enemies become similar.

If a general wins a war, the man who he most respects will be the general of the opposing side, because he is barely different from him. The uniforms are different, but the man is the same. They're supposed to hate each other, but instead a mutual admiration is developed.

> …when you are ready to fight at every moment, you are a coward. Fight is a cover-up. You want to prove that you are a brave man. The very wanting, the very desire to prove, means that you are not. A man who is really wise will never in any way be searching for opportunities to prove that he is wise. A fool is always in search of a way to prove that he is wise. A man who is really in love, who has become love, will not try to prove that he is in love.
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> […]
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> When you think you are confident of your strength, remember well, you are hiding something from yourself. What do you mean when you say: I am confident? If you are really confident the word is meaningless. You are not confident, you are pretending. And not only to others, you are repeating to yourself: I am confident. You are creating an auto-hypnosis. If you repeat it long enough you may start feeling it but that feeling will have no inner energy in it.

To prove that I am good with women, I had to sleep with many of them, but the very fact that I needed this proof is only proof of the struggle I had with them. And then finally I did become good with women, I could sleep with them consistently enough, and then the need for proof disappeared. I become dissatisfied with my behavior and stopped. To find what out what a man is, look at what he doesn't try to prove. To find out what he isn't, look at what he is trying to prove.

> Treat all that is beautiful, good and true, just like a seed. Give it some soil, a hidden place in the heart, don't display it. But just the opposite is done by everybody: whatsoever is wrong, you hide it, you don't want it to be known by others. Whatsoever is ugly you hide and whatsoever is beautiful, even if it is not, you try to advertise it, you magnify it, you display it.

What is a first date but a grotesque display of acting? The woman shows her fleeting and transitory beauty, enhanced by makeup, clothing, and special effects, along with a politeness that will be the peak of you experience from her, and the man packs in his best jokes, statements, moves, and stories into a clown performance that he hopes is enough to get into her pants. Two actors pretend to be someone they aren't, and fall for what isn't.

> So if you want to prove something it shows that you are doubtful about it. You want to destroy your doubt through others' eyes, through their opinions. You are not really convinced of your beautiful person, you would like others to say that you are beautiful.

This piece of advice is often done in the reverse, where any positive quality must be immediately displayed, and once it is praised and talked about, the magic and beauty of it is lost, and now you race to find another trait to display to garner the same amount of praise, until you run out of displays and the audience becomes bored and moves onto someone else.

> You may go on thinking yourself a beautiful person but nobody thinks that way about you because everybody is concerned with his own beauty, not with yours. And if anybody nods and says, 'Yes, you are beautiful', he or she is just waiting for you to nod about his or her beauty. It is a mutual bargain: You fulfill my ego, I fulfill yours. I know well that you are not beautiful, you know well that I am not beautiful, but I fulfill your ego, so you fulfill mine.
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> […]
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> If you are an exhibitionist then you will remain a commodity, a thing. You can never become a person, because 'person' is hidden deep in the recesses of being. It is the deepest possibility in the whole of existence.

The most insecure people in the world are actresses and models. Their entire conception of self is based on external validation, not inner contentment or understanding. Once that validation dries up, and it always does, they are as unsure of themselves, and begin

mutilating themselves with plastic surgeries to regain the praise they lost.

> You see a musician and you want to be a musician; you see an actor and you want to be an actor; you see a doctor and you want to be a doctor. You want to be everything except yourself – and that is all that you can be, nothing else. Nothing else is possible, and nobody else is like you, so nobody can become your ideal.

Western philosophy teaches you that you're a thing-becoming, not a thing that has already become. There are many parts of you that are wrong and you need to learn, strive, work, and exist in constant want to become the final thing that should instantly give you everlasting fulfillment, but this is a lie, and the goal you treasure is a dead-end because nothing external of you will give you fulfillment. You are *already* the thing-become.

> It is good to try to understand leaders of men because they are the great monkeys. And you think you are following them? Basically, deep down, they are following you. A leader is always a follower of his own followers because he always has to look where you are going, what you are doing. He must know beforehand where the wind is blowing so that he can be just ahead.
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> […]
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> There are many ways to crucify a man, crucifixion is only one. You can also put him on the throne, then too he is crucified, and in a subtler way; very non violently you kill him. Whenever you start respecting a person you have started killing him, because now he has to pay; he has to look at you – what to do, what not to do.

A leader is a victim to his own followers, because his status can immediately be revoked if his followers feel that it is in their best interest to follow someone else. The leader's talent is that he knows what his followers want before they themselves know. He comes up with a slogan that touches them deeply in their hearts, and the followers cry out in pleasure that they have found their leader, when merely they have found someone who is holding a mirror up to themselves.

> A man of Tao moves absolutely without identity. Why? Because if you show talent then people cannot forgive you. People can forgive fools, but they cannot forgive wise men. That is why Jesus was crucified, Socrates was poisoned. You feel so utterly inferior before a Jesus or a Socrates, how can you forgive them! It is natural, you will make a concerted attack. You will all make a concerted attack to kill that man. Then you will feel that a burden has been thrown.

One of the easiest ways to be liked by others is not to step on their egos. Allow them to think of you as an inferior man, a simple man, and they will not strike you down. The second you assert your superiority over them by showing virtue or talent, resentment is built, and they will wait for their opportunity to hurt you, to prove that they are not

inferior to you.

> And a man who has not known his innermost being is always like a thing, always on display in the window of a shop; always waiting for somebody to come and use him with all his certificates, distinctions, talents; always crying: Come and use me, make me a thing. I am a most valuable thing, you will never get any thing better than me. Come and use me!

To be useful is to be enslaved by those who find you useful. They have expectations of you to continue being useful, and so your life becomes a mission of ensuring you are always useful, always a somebody in the eyes of others, but being this somebody is an illusion, because one day you will no longer be useful, and all the validation and attention will be removed. The illusion of your superiority will be shattered as you watch a new man receiving the admiration that you once had.

> In the spiritual world no footprints are left. It is just like the sky: a bird flies – no footprints are left, nobody can follow. Just take a delight in me, be happy with me and you will absorb. And that will become a light within you and that will show you the path. But don't copy, don't believe or disbelieve, don't be head-oriented. Don't be a monkey – be a man.
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> […]
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> You can know yourself only in total freedom – and rules are prisons. They are prisons because no-one else can make rules for you; he may have discovered the truth through these rules, but they were for him. Nature differs – they helped him but they will not help you; on the contrary, they will hinder you.

There is fear of being your own man, because you may fail, embarrass yourself, be hated, be seen as inferior. So men look to other men for guidance and instruction to help assure their success, but the only result is they become a copy of a copy, a man who mimics another man's life for material gain and ego gratification.

> If you are a little understanding, give others around you freedom to be themselves and don't allow anybody to interfere with your freedom. Don't make anybody a slave to you and don't become a slave to anybody.

We rarely accept people for who they are. The second we meet a girl, we think about how she can be improved. The second we bond with another man, we think of how he can be made more useful to us to achieve our goals. We meet people and do calculations in our head about how we can extract from them, benefit from them, and they are doing the same. Friendships and relationships become mere business arrangements.

> The first thing to understand is not to take life as a question. Once you take it as a question you will be in trouble; you will have already moved on a wrong path – it will be a cul-de-sac. Somewhere, in some theory, you will be stuck. Everybody is stuck somewhere in a theory, and then it is very difficult to drop the theory.

> You cling to it because the question scares you – at least a theory is some consolation, at least you feel that you know.
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> […]
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> …life will not wait for you and your theories, it is moving fast. Soon death will happen and you will die with your theories in your hand; and they won't help, they are just dead ashes.

The first thing you do once you notice things in life is to construct a theory based on your patterns. Not only does your theory aid in your ego's need to feel superior, since you will share this theory to anyone who will listen, but it's also an attempt to alleviate the anxiety of living in a world where anything can go wrong at a moment's notice. You hope your theory will predict the future with some accuracy to keep your safe, but no theory has withstood the test of time. They all have flaws, they all have failed, and yet man will not stop at trying to construct the ultimate theory, the theory of everything, to feel that he has figured it out and is immune to the spontaneous nature of life.

> Buddha has said that when you find an old man as happy as a youth, there is something there – bow down to him, listen and learn from him. In India, it was the tradition that whenever we found an old man happy, dancing, we would make him a master.

It is very easy to be happy when you are in your prime. You're at your peak health, beauty, and physical fitness. Everything is new, with a world of experiences before you, and the daily stimulation of novelty and discovery ensures you won't get bored. But to be happy when you are old, when the river has dried up, that is something special. When your health is gone, your beauty is gone, your phallus no longer works, your muscles are atrophying, your back is crooked, your prostate is the size of an orange, and when people all around you see you as a burden, waiting impatiently for you to die; if you can be happy at that time then there must be true fulfillment within. Show me a happy old man, a man who has been tossed aside by the generations that have preceded him. He is someone I want to learn from.

> That which is caused cannot be forever; that which is uncaused can be forever. Remember that always whenever you are happy; remember… is it something uncaused or caused? If it is caused then it is better to be sad, because it is going to be taken away. It is already on the way, it has already left you – sooner or later you will realise it has gone.

Anything that makes you happy, once removed, will then cause you suffering, and if it is caused by something, it will certainly be removed. If you are ever thinking that having a person or situation in your life will bring you happiness, you are generating the energy for the suffering caused by its removal. Nothing in the material world can give fulfillment, because they will all be taken away from you. If there is something caused that makes you happy, I hope for your sake it is something simple that is hard to take away—a hot cup of tea, a breath of crisp cold air, being alone with your thoughts, a good night's sleep,

or a pleasant conversation with someone you trust.

> You cannot find the answer in the past because nothing is the same today. You cannot find the answer in the past because the answer is not the thing, it always dies with the man who has discovered it. But ghosts go on haunting. Your Vedas, Korans, Bibles, Gitas, they are ghosts. They are not realities now, they are long dead.
>
> […]
>
> Whenever you are too engaged with the past you are engaged with dirt, with graves, you are a gravedigger. You live in a cemetery, you are no longer a part of the living phenomenon that life is.

If the great men of the past were alive today, would they still share the same advice and knowledge that they left? Would they have the same teachings, in spite of a different environment? It's unlikely. They were men of their times, and so we go on learning about the past and how to live in that man's time, instead of looking with our own eyes in the present.

> Needs can be fulfilled, but desires cannot be. Desire is a need gone mad. Needs are simple, they come from nature; desires are very complex, they don't come from nature. They are created by the mind. Needs are moment to moment, they are created out of life itself. Desires are not moment to moment, they are always for the future. They are not created by life itself, they are projected by the mind. Desires are projections, they are not really needs. This is the first thing to be understood, and the deeper you understand, the better. What is desire? It is movement of the mind into the future.

Most suffering in the West comes from trying to satisfy desires. The second you satisfy one, and grab the carrot from the end of the stick, the bigger carrot immediately appears. Forever you work at grabbing what's at the end of the stick, but always you feel a lack. Once you have satisfied your material needs, and reach basic comfort, you are now free to find your path, to explore life, but most people instead immediately ensnare themselves to a new desire, and keep themselves stuck in its pursuit until they die.

> Needs are beautiful; desires are ugly. Needs are bodily; desires are psychological. But look at your so-called saints and sages: they always condemn your needs and always help your desires to be projected. They say: What are you doing? Just eating? Sleeping? Wasting your life? Try to reach heaven! Heaven is the ultimate desire. Paradise is waiting for you, and you are wasting your life on ordinary things – just vegetating. Stand up and run, because there is not much time left! Reach! Knock at the door of heaven! Reach God! But don't stand there!

I've shamed men in the exact same way, particularly in my essay Thoughts On Being An Excellent Man, where I package Western ideas of ego gratification in a pompous display of telling men to essentially be like me in order to be "excellent." Your ego will have you

believing that you are the most superior man in the world if you let it, better than billions of people. Who am I to tell other men what greatness or excellence in manhood is? I can only teach what I've learned about being a man, without value judgements, and no more.

> Life is dangerous, but that is the beauty of it – it is insecure, because insecurity is the very nature of movement, aliveness, vitality. The more dead you are, the more secure. When you are in your grave there will be no danger. What can happen to you anymore? Nothing! Nobody can harm you when you are dead. But when you are alive, you are vulnerable, you can be harmed. But I tell you, that is the beauty of life.

Most of what we do in life is an attempt to remove all insecurities, spontaneities, and anxieties—to make life a dead thing that will never harm or surprise us. By living safe routines, we succeed instead at deadening life while the anxieties never go away, because merely by trying to address them, you give them power over you. Kill one anxiety and another will appear, just like with desire, and so we live in cage as if we were a scared chicken, imposing artificial limits and rules just to avoid the dangers of life.

> Life is insecure! Let this truth penetrate deeper and deeper in you. Let it become a seed deep in your heart – life is insecure. It is its nature and nothing can be done about it – all that you do will be poisonous. You can only kill. And the more secure you feel, the more dead you will be. Look at people who are really secure with wealth, prestige, castles around them – you can see they are dead. Just see their faces, the eyes look as if they are made of stone.

The most fearful people in the world are the rich. They have elaborate security systems, bunkers, panic rooms. You don't build a bunker unless you fear for your life, unless you believe catastrophe is around the corner. You don't lobby the government for power unless you deep down fear another man coming to take away your wealth or the poor masses putting your head on the chopping block. You hire professionals to guard that wealth, a team of lawyers to protect it, and are more fearful than a homeless man who has nothing to lose, who knows that no one can take anything away from him.

> Insecurity is the nature of Tao. Don't make securities – otherwise you are cutting yourself off from nature, from Tao. And the more secure you are, the further away you will be. Move into the unknown and let the unknown have its own way.

This quote remains me of Jesus feeding bread to the multitude:

> When Jesus heard of it, he departed thence by ship into a desert place apart: and when the people had heard thereof, they followed him on foot out of the cities.
>
> And Jesus went forth, and saw a great multitude, and was moved with compassion toward them, and he healed their sick.
>
> And when it was evening, his disciples came to him, saying, This is a desert place, and the time is now past; send the multitude away, that they may go into

> the villages, and buy themselves victuals.
>
> But Jesus said unto them, They need not depart; give ye them to eat. And they say unto him, We have here but five loaves, and two fishes. He said, Bring them hither to me.
>
> And he commanded the multitude to sit down on the grass, and took the five loaves, and the two fishes, and looking up to heaven, he blessed, and brake, and gave the loaves to his disciples, and the disciples to the multitude.
>
> And they did all eat, and were filled: and they took up of the fragments that remained twelve baskets full. And they that had eaten were about five thousand men, beside women and children. *Matthew 14:13-21*

Don't be afraid. God, Jesus, nature, Tao, or whatever great force you believe in, will provide for your needs. As a creation of this Earth, you were given the ability to attain your bread, and as evidence of that, I bet that you have never gone a full day without food. You will endure until you must die, like all other creatures must, and your being, soul, spirit, and molecular composition transforms into a different energy or state that allows the entire cycle to continue existing as it has.

> You love thinking because thinking can become instrumental in achieving something: you can become a great thinker, or, through thinking, you can become a great leader. Through sleeping have you ever heard of anybody becoming a great leader? They all condemn sleep, they all condemn laziness. They all condemn people who simply enjoy life and are not too active – they call them hobos or bums, vagabonds, and condemn them. But have you ever observed the fact that the world has never suffered from any lazy man? Because no lazy man can become a Hitler, no lazy man can become a Nixon, no lazy man can become a Mao, a Ghengis Khan, a Napoleon. No lazy man can become active. Action has brought all the wars. Action is the most mischievous thing in the world. But still we go on saying that action is needed – because everybody is ambitious.

If you are plugged into the rat race, into the Western mentality, you will react with anger to Osho's teachings. You will say, "But look at India, where people defecate on the streets!" You will exclaim, "Look at Africa and the laziness that one can witness!" You will yell, "But we are the most advanced civilization in the world!" And you would be correct in that the West does not have sewage problems, and its technology and skyscrapers are a sight to behold, but at what cost to the individual? What has the individual man in the West had to endure to have such splendid material marvels, to have clean streets? What is going on in the homes on those streets, in the minds of those who have to live in this splendor?

We arrive at the conflict between individual fulfillment and societal magnificence. What's good for the individual may not be good for society, and what's good for society may cause suffering to the individual. I agree we must have standards within a society to

prevent it from succumbing to every degenerate cause under the sun, but it's a danger to place it above that of the individual.

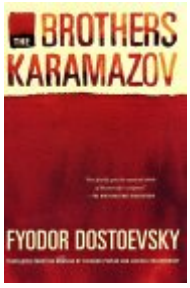
Osho's words help me check myself during the times I'm blindly carrying on in life, stacking my plate full of multiple projects, aching to make a difference in the world to mold it into my imagined image of righteousness. He helps me realize that my ego is a parasite that steers me onto paths that serve me little or no benefit, that all my needs are already achieved and I can stop and enjoy life for what it is instead of creating tension, conflicts, and distractions that put me on a path to misery.

I see Tao as a logical extension of Stoicism, because while the latter insinuates that are you a thing-becoming, Tao argues that you have already become. If you do get value out of Stoicism, I believe you will enjoy this book by Osho.

Read More: *"When The Shoe Fits" on Amazon*

10 Favorite Quotes From Fydor Dostoevsky's "The Brothers Karamazov"

June 12, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



The Brothers Karamazov is a book published by Russian writer Fyodor Dostoyevsky in 1880 that explores themes of spirituality, psychology, and the changing nature of Russia. It's a mammoth 800-page piece of work that would never get written today, but nonetheless provides value to those who read it, especially if they are interested in understanding the Russian soul.

Here are my favorite quotes from the book…

> A man who lies to himself and listens to his own lie comes to a point where he does not discern any truth either in himself or anywhere around him, and thus falls into disrespect towards himself and others. Not respecting anyone, he ceases to love, and having no love, he gives himself up to passions and coarse pleasures, in order to occupy and amuse himself, and in his vices reaches complete bestiality, and it all comes from lying continually to others and to himself.

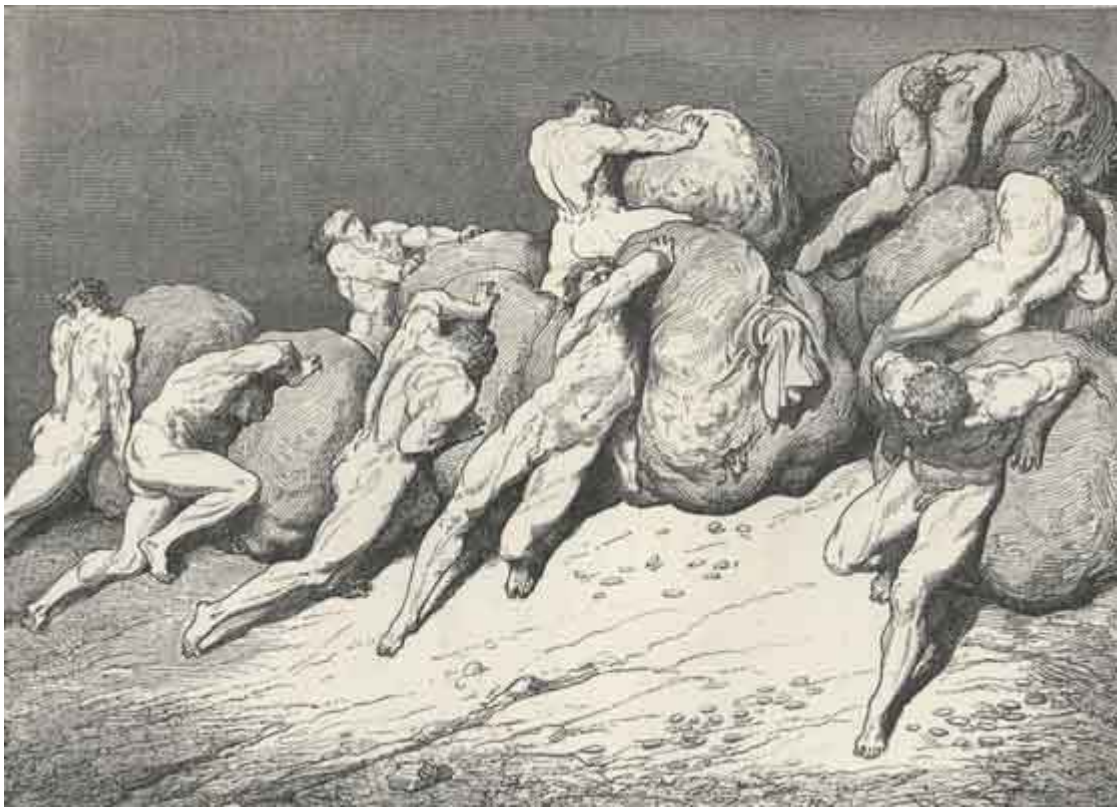
Without self-awareness, man is not able to see the errors of his behavior, and will always forge down the wrong path as if blindfolded. Even worse, he may attack anyone who attempts to remove his blindfold.

> 'I love you madly,' she says, 'even if you do not love me— no matter, only be my husband. Don't be afraid, I shan't hinder you in any way, I'll be your furniture, the rug you walk on … I want to love you eternally, I want to save you from yourself …'

I don't believe it is possible to find a woman who would state the same thing today. Instead she'd explain, "I love you madly in this moment only, and I expect you to treat me like your queen. Be afraid, because if you hinder me, I will walk on you as if you're my living room rug, and ensure that you do not escape my punishment."

> There is no more ceaseless or tormenting care for man, as long as he remains free, than to find someone to bow down to as soon as possible. But man seeks to bow down before that which is indisputable, so indisputable that all men at once would agree to the universal worship of it. For the care of these pitiful creatures

> is not just to find something before which I or some other man can bow down, but to find something that everyone else will also believe in and bow down to, for it must needs be all together. And this need for communality of worship is the chief torment of each man individually, and of mankind as a whole, from the beginning of the ages.



A man may make bold proclamations about being free, but as soon as he becomes free, he quickly seeks out an object or being to submit to, whether it's a vice, a woman, or a god. It is impossible for a man to exist in nature without worshiping what he believes is higher than himself.

> With bread you were given an indisputable banner: give man bread and he will bow down to you, for there is nothing more indisputable than bread. But if at the same time someone else takes over his conscience— oh, then he will even throw down your bread and follow him who has seduced his conscience. In this you were right. For the mystery of man's being is not only in living, but in what one lives for. Without a firm idea of what he lives for, man will not consent to live and will sooner destroy himself than remain on earth, even if there is bread all around him.

As soon as a man sates his needs, he will then develop a new need which begs for satisfaction. The way to control men, it seems, is to keep them in an enduring state of need, so that they don't escape the slavish cycle of worship.

> Freedom, free reason, and science will lead them into such a maze, and confront them with such miracles and insoluble mysteries, that some of them, unruly and ferocious, will exterminate themselves; others, unruly but feeble, will

> exterminate each other; and the remaining third, feeble and wretched, will crawl to our feet and cry out to us: “Yes, you were right, you alone possess his mystery, and we are coming back to [the church]— save us from ourselves.”

Here’s the Western “freedom” to create drag queens out of children

Freedom from God and tradition did not lead to true freedom. Instead, it led to submission to egalitarian ideas, rationale that is manipulated by the ruling class, and the female form, which is lofted above us as the new gods that must be worshiped by all.

> The world has proclaimed freedom, especially of late, but what do we see in this freedom of theirs: only slavery and suicide! For the world says: “You have needs, therefore satisfy them, for you have the same rights as the noblest and richest men. Do not be afraid to satisfy them, but even increase them”— this is the current teaching of the world. And in this they see freedom. But what comes of this right to increase one’s needs? For the rich, isolation and spiritual suicide; for the poor, envy and murder, for they have been given rights, but have not yet been shown any way of satisfying their needs.
>
> […]
>
> Taking freedom to mean the increase and prompt satisfaction of needs, they distort their own nature, for they generate many meaningless and foolish desires, habits, and the most absurd fancies in themselves. They live only for mutual envy, for pleasure-seeking and self-display. To have dinners, horses, carriages, rank, and slaves to serve them is now considered such a necessity that for the sake of it, to satisfy it, they will sacrifice life, honor, the love of mankind, and will even kill themselves if they are unable to satisfy it.

Materialism has failed, as Dostoevsky predicted. It produced such a spiritual void that the suicide switch of society has turned on by those on the left who want to destroy us all. While they actively engage in the promotion of sterility, authoritarianism, and death, the elite class is enjoying the decline to experience riches that were not fathomable in Dostoevsky's time.

> And therefore the idea of serving mankind, of the brotherhood and oneness of people, is fading more and more in the world, and indeed the idea now even meets with mockery, for how can one drop one's habits, where will this slave go now that he is so accustomed to satisfying the innumerable needs he himself has invented? He is isolated, and what does he care about the whole? They have succeeded in amassing more and more things, but have less and less joy.

In a world where anything can be bought, what is valuable? If you can travel to anywhere, where is worth visiting? If you can take a picture every second of your life, which picture deserves another look? Pleasures that would have satisfied kings of past elicit a mere shrug from the normies of today, and even if they release themselves from the material and embark on a journey to "help others," it comes not out of personal charity but to signal moral superiority, that I am better than you because I'm helping someone other than you. The drive to "help" becomes a personal weapon to attack others because it allows one to receive an egotistical pleasure that is higher than material pleasure.

> If the wickedness of people arouses indignation and insurmountable grief in you, to the point that you desire to revenge yourself upon the wicked, fear that feeling most of all; go at once and seek torments for yourself, as if you yourself were guilty of their wickedness. Take these torments upon yourself and suffer them, and your heart will be eased, and you will understand that you, too, are guilty, for

> you might have shone to the wicked, even like [Jesus], but you did not. If you had shone, your light would have lighted the way for others, and the one who did wickedness would perhaps not have done so in your light.

It's easier to declare someone an enemy than to hold a mirror to ourselves and identity the true source of our anger. Instead, our first instinct when someone conflicts with our views is to mock them and then share the mockery for all to see, which I've personally done on numerous occasions. When you've lost the connection with your fellow man, and when your neighbor acts as if he's from another country, there is no motivation to seek mutual understanding.

> Your work is for the whole, your deed is for the future. Never seek a reward, for great is your reward on earth without that: your spiritual joy, which only the righteous obtain.

I can't help but think that this work would not succeed today because of its length. Attention spans are too short and patience is too limited for all but continual drama and action. Instead, it gives us a slice of family conflict and soul-searching as a country embarked on great change that mirrored much of what happened in the West. In Dostoevsky we can add another prescient author who clearly warned us about what would happen if we killed tradition and God.

Read More: *"The Brothers Karamazov" on Amazon*

Kiev, Ukraine In The Spring (2015)

June 17, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Here’s a video of my visit to Kiev before the war.

Watch Next: *My Summer Vacation In Croatia*

The Purity Challenge

June 19, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

When people attempt to fix their fatigue or mood problems, they may become dependent on substances or drugs that actually have the opposite intended effect with the added detriment of long-term issues. I recently embarked on a 30-day period of purity that has allowed me to troubleshoot health problems, stabilize my energy and mood, become more in tune with my natural state, and reduce psychological dependencies.

In your physical prime, you are not likely to give a second thought to drinking a couple espressos a day or having fun on the weekend by pounding shots with your friends. Your sexual vitality may also remain high in spite of excessively consuming drugs or estrogenic compounds. This changes once you reach your 30's. Your old habits start to drag down your energy and mood while masking lifestyle or health problems that need to be resolved.

I wake up and I'm tired so I drink coffee throughout the day. Then I'm too jittery so I drink a couple beers to take me back down. I'm too busy to go out during the daytime so I take vitamin D pills instead of getting sun. I'm bored at home so I watch some porn and jerk off. Suspecting that these habits were harming my natural state, I quit them cold turkey. Here's how it all went…

No caffeine

The first thing I used to do when waking up was brew a strong black cup of coffee. I would sometimes add a second cup throughout the day or drink a pot of black tea.

As I've written before, the withdrawal symptoms of caffeine are quite serious, revealing how potent it is as a drug. On the third day of the purity challenge, I was exceptionally tired, and had to take daily naps for several days. I also experienced bad headaches for more than a week. It took approximately ten days for all withdrawal symptoms to subside.

To substitute my coffee habit, I would drink one cup of green or white tea in the morning, which has exceedingly low caffeine, and herbal tea after that if I craved additional hot beverages. The result is that my energy is more flat throughout the day, without the highs and lows I had before. I also know that if I don't go to bed at a good hour, there will be no way to relieve my fatigue the next day unless I take a nap.

No alcohol

Over the winter, I developed a habit of drinking at least one pint of beer every evening. This was quite easy to stop from an addiction standpoint, but it was more challenging on a social and dating level.

Whenever I go out at night with my friends, they're all drinking. I can directly see how the alcohol helps them enter a more relaxed and fun state where they enjoy the loud venue while I remain stiff as a board. I was also reminded how deeply alcohol is integrated into modern dating, since girls insist on drinking copious amounts of booze at night and on dates. It wasn't a big deal that I wasn't drinking at the bar while hunting, since my soda water with lemon could easily be confused for a drink, but not drinking on dates ensured the girls wouldn't drink either, greatly reducing the speed to sexual fulfillment.

I've had some experience with "sober game" in Ukraine, where I met girls who didn't drink, but having to do it on every single date posed a big challenge. The result of sober dates is that you actually have to like each other beyond physical attraction, because your logical mind remains quite strong, ready to dismiss the girl for practical reasons that you wouldn't have come up while inebriated.

Going completely sober ultimately means that it will take longer to sleep with any girl. The benefit is that you're unable to bang subpar girls just for the notch and are able to

spot genuine connections that don't require a drug to blossom. In terms of health, the benefits are no hangovers and improved sleep, especially on nights I would have consumed more than two drinks. I can stay out late on the weekend and wake up the next day without feeling any negative effects.

No supplements, medicines, drugs, or cigarettes

My supplement stack was fish oil, magnesium (to counter heart palpitations caused by caffeine), and vitamins B, C, and D. I stopped all of those cold turkey, added more vegetables to my diet, and spent more time in the sun on warm days.

I do think vitamins work in theory, but I don't believe they get absorbed in the same way as nutrients from food. We also have to be careful about thinking a substance has a benefit for us when it was tested on populations that differ in genetic profile. For example, the benefits of fish oil are heralded as reducing heart disease, but it's mostly tested on Asian populations where fish is a staple of their diet. The problem is that I'm not Asian. I also didn't know exactly how these vitamins are made, and whether companies cut corners during the manufacturing process.

I haven't noticed any obvious changes after stopping all supplementation. This is not surprising since most of their benefits are supposed to be long-term. If you happen to smoke cigarettes or take pharmaceutical or illegal drugs, you can halt those too for the purity challenge.

No porn

Lastly, I quit porn. I'm already familiar with the damaging effects of porn, particularly how it programs you to greatly desire sluts while harming long-term penis function, but what pushed me over the edge was that I was experiencing less spontaneous boners. For years I have been training myself to only get boners when I watched porn or was with a naked woman. Porn also caused me to masturbate not when I was horny but when I was bored.

Masturbating without porn meant that I had to be genuinely horny, enough to imagine sex with my mind, which I haven't had to do in over 15 years. Since using your mind to masturbate isn't as fun, the effect is you fap less and have a higher baseline of horniness that helps with your game.

Another big impact in not using porn is that I'm far more sensitive to seeing female flesh or images of girls in lingerie. It's possible for me to get a half boner right now if I catch sight of a girl out my window in a bikini top. I'm 38 but feel that my penor vitality has gained a solid decade in youth. If you think you're masturbating too much, you can also add no fap to the challenge.

Lessons from the purity challenge

Even after the 30 days of the challenge passed, I decided to continue because of the strong benefits. Not drinking caffeine has stabilized my energy, forcing me to fix fatigue with rest and sleep instead of the short-term benefit of coffee. Not drinking alcohol has improved my ability to seek a different kind of connection with women while I enjoy better mood and sleep. Not taking supplements has pushed me out the door to get more sun while improving my diet. And not watching porn has given me more frequent boners and higher overall horniness.

Another change is that I've become extremely perceptive to tiny changes in my body. Coffee and alcohol tend to mask your natural state, but now I can link a change in energy or mood to either my previous nights' sleep, a meal I just ate, bad news I received, or a tense conversation I experienced. It has become easy to connect why I'm feeling a

certain state with my most recent actions. This has led me to conclude that getting proper sleep is the absolute best way to have a good day. Following that is is avoiding foods that have high glycemic index like pizza, which may cause you to feel sleepy, and steering clear of people who start arguments or drama.

The first two weeks of the purity challenge may be a drag for you as your body copes with withdrawal symptoms, so wait until weeks three and four to observe its true benefits. I'll certainly backslide when it comes to alcohol and coffee, but at least I'll remember that their benefits are cancelled out by costs which have a measurable impact on my body, and that existing mainly on sleep, food, light teas, and water puts me close to my most primal animalistic state.

Read Next: *How Baking Soda Changed My Life*

You Become What You Fight

June 26, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Once you declare an idea or person to be your enemy, you give them a room in your mind. Within that room you insert their history, strategies, tactics, strengths, and weaknesses. You dedicate more of your waking hours to understanding how to defeat them. As time passes, items from that room start to leak out into your being, until you look in the mirror and realize that you are not that different from your enemy.

At the height of my PUA days, I declared feminists as my enemy. They were degenerate, anti-family, and promiscuous. This was at the peak of when I embarked on behavior that was degenerate, anti-family, and promiscuous. My attacks against them were one way of relieving the guilt and discomfort of my own behavior, since most of the girls I slept with had to have feminist thoughts in their minds to allow me to gain easy sex. I was experiencing pleasurable orgasms with the enemy in the evening then writing about how bad they were the day after.

I went one level up. Who created feminism? Who pushes their ideas? The Jews. They were crafty, intelligent, persistent, and masters of propaganda. Their negative influence on Western civilization must be countered, I thought. I examined their tactics and mimicked some of them in my own informational outlet, Return Of Kings, which has Jew-pilled thousands of men. I started thinking how to be more effective with propaganda and create opposing narratives, until I realized that in order to counter the Jew, I had to become more like the Jew.

Recently, Trump supporters Jack Posobiec and Laura Loomer tried to shut down a New York play that attempted to normalize violence against the President.

If you mute the audio of the video, you may think Posobiec and Loomer are left-wing activists, since this is the same type of tactic that leftists have used for years. I don't particularly mind their disruption of the play since it gives the left a taste of their own medicine, but it was inevitable that those on the right would copy the left, just like how you should now expect the left to copy the right's use of effective memes. However righteous your movement, understand that you will think and become more like your enemy as you fight him.

Even battling against something clearly immoral like pedophilia forces you to get in the head of pedophiles. What triggers them to abuse children? What kind of abuse do they perform? How do they network with each other to carry about their abuse? You start to think like pedophiles with the intention of stopping them, until the only step remaining is to actually view child porn yourself like in the case of reporter Kurt Eichenwald, who established financial ties with a child porn producer to investigate him.

Declaring a man as your enemy is the start of an intimate relationship that stems from three possible motivations: (1) you want to be more like him by having his power or wealth, (2) you want to gain more of your own power by hurting or crushing him, or (3) you want to relieve your inner guilt from *already* being like him, like in my case with feminists. The enemy will be present every single day of your life as you study him, interact with him, and probe him for weaknesses that you can exploit. At the end of many years of battle with your enemy, do not be shocked when you look him deep in the eyes and see a reflection of yourself.

Defend yourself against those who wish you harm, but understand the cost in having enemies. They are merely a mirror into your own demons and inner conflicts. Find out why you hate something before you start attacking what you'll become more like with every passing day.

Read Next: *The Resistance Pyramid*

The Problems With Teaching Men How To Find A Wife

July 3, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I recently read an article by Michael Perilloux titled How To Catch A Wife, the latest example of how modern game teachings have impacted traditionally-minded men. Unfortunately, I believe Perilloux's advice falls short in helping men actually find a wife.

> I have my first kid on the way with my beautiful traditional wife. I'm blessed to have her, but our relationship was not a lucky accident.
>
> A few years ago, I decided I was going to get married. So I did. I made plans, restructured my life, and developed the relevant skills. It worked.

His declaration of victory is premature. With a short courtship, rapid pregnancy, and a bun still in the oven, he may still be in the honeymoon phase of his marriage, or at least in the phase where major differences, such as with child-rearing, have yet to surface. I do hope his marriage is successful, but we should not give much weight to the article's initial demonstration of authority. There are many divorced men who would not have reported problems to you during their ex-wives' first pregnancy.

> The first problem men have is "Naïve Romanticism," which is the belief that you can just cruise through life, relax, and not worry about getting married, and "the one" will come along at some point and sweep you off your feet like some kind of romantic comedy.

I don't know a single man who has that problem. If anything, it's the problem of women. Men hesitate towards marriage today simply because there are more downsides than upsides in getting married. With the abundance of free sex, casual relationships, digital entertainment, and urban fun, there is no advantage in marriage unless you specifically want to create a family, and that comes with the knowledge that the state is ready to destroy you through punitive family laws. Men are abstaining from marriage because of rational choices, not idealism.

> You know what else is unromantic? Dying alone with no children.
>
> The fact is that this is the most important problem in your life. You need to take it as seriously as your professional career, starting a business, or planning an invasion.

The only downside he mentioned of not getting married is dying alone. This is a fear shared by many, but the problem with a fear like this is that to avoid it, you rush into flawed actions and make decisions that cause the fear to own you.

If I fear dying alone, and catch my girlfriend or wife cheating when I'm in my 30's or beyond, I'm more likely to make the disastrous decision of keeping her, nearly guaranteeing I'll be cucked again. A better approach is to accept your fears and then make the choice that serves a *positive* gain to your existence instead of one that merely

avoids a negative pain.

> Our ancestors lived in a very different society. They had homogeneous, high-trust communities where their neighbors were of the same class, folk, faith, and social circles. They all grew up together, went to church together, and were well-integrated in a social fabric where everyone knew each other. As a matter of course, every young man knew multiple eligible girls who would make good matches. The parents, friends, busybody old women, tradition, and random happy circumstance would conspire to make successful marriage almost automatic. Naïve romanticism was a perfectly adequate strategy in such an environment, because marriage was supported by such a powerful social machine, which no longer exists.

Perilloux is correct that the path of least resistance in the past was marriage. In other words, the social structure was such that a good wife *would land on your lap* from having a full-time job, or even merely the intent to have one. You didn't have to date, learn game, go to the gym, step up your banter, be cocky, and so on.

A society is healthy if creating a family is the default mode of relationship structure that is *also* rational for men to do. Marriage has its problems, but the alternative back then of not getting married had far more downsides, especially in a climate that was not as promiscuous or as welcoming of the eternal bachelor lifestyle.

One reason why marriage was such a good deal was because you didn't have to study game, fitness, and psychology and then apply that learned knowledge through hundreds of hours of work just to get into a meaningful relationship. If you have to do this work today to get married, and the sword of Damocles is hanging over your head through an anti-male culture with full court backing, does marriage still become a low friction endeavor? It doesn't, so Perilloux has no choice but to apply an achievement model to his

hunt for a wife to make it happen in a degenerate age.

> To replace naïve romanticism, we need the fundamental masculine skill of life in the real world: the will and confidence to take a problem seriously and deliberately figure out how to solve it. You can sit down and think this problem through, come to an understanding, make plans, and reason things out. This is the only way anything real ever gets done.
>
> In throwing out naïve romanticism, which is a fundamentally passive strategy, it is useful to have a much more active and high-agency model to work from.
>
> […]
>
> Modern women also have all kinds of little psychological blocks that will derail your chance at marrying them, unless you go in with an iron will to bust through all their silly resistances and win them. My own courtship, for example, was full of rocky uncertainty, resistance, and lack of will on her part. It wouldn't have happened if I hadn't disregarded all that and put my will into making it happen.

To find a wife, Perilloux urges us to treat it like a business by being goal-oriented and transferring will and energy into the task. I've used my will in the past to do things I dreamed of when I was younger, such as quitting my job, traveling to dozens of countries, expatriating from the United States, and bedding many women, all of which were more-or-less individualist crusades, but I'm hesitant to use that same process to find a wife.

As a man, I can surely hunt and work for what I desire, but relationships are different in that you want a woman to put in as much investment and will of her own. The more she's invested, the more likely she will stay. If I put in full will, and she puts in less than me, it's inevitable that I will feel underappreciated and become fatigued as she coasts or takes advantage of my efforts, which will not be easy to maintain indefinitely.

Just like when launching nuclear missiles, two officers have to turn their key simultaneously, and outside of being a leader and fulfilling the masculine roles of the relationship, I do not believe a man should do all the work in maintaining it, which I suspect Perilloux is doing. How do we know that his wife is just going along for the ride because he makes it so easy for her? What happens if he gets tired, sick, or has employment difficulties? Will his wife stay with him?

We don't know the home situation or the type of challenges his wife puts him through to be convinced of his method, which seems to reduce the investment the female has to make for the singular goal of getting a wife. We also don't know what other sacrifices he has made. The costs will simply be too much for most men, especially those who are not convinced that marriage is the most rational choice to make, such as myself. Men who took the red pill can't simply pretend they don't know the true nature of women and the societal odds stacked against them to perform Perilloux's mission.

> People often don't keep their eye on [the] fundamentals and become confused with ideas about true love and such. But love is a side-effect, not a fundamental. If the fundamentals are good, love will come. If the fundamentals aren't good, love won't help. Consider the outcomes of arranged marriages, where the families set up marriages with good fundamentals without regard for love. They are very stable, and they end up in love anyways.

Good luck convincing the modern woman that love is a side effect! It's not just Hollywood that pushes romanticism but the entirety of the West, and that has been going on since the 18th century. You are simply not going to get the average woman to adopt the practical standards of Indian women who get into arranged marriages, for example, and if you do find one, none of your tactics mattered anyway because she was already primed

to be with a man for practical reasons.

It's not that Perilloux convinced his bride to be practical about love, but that she was *already* convinced, perhaps from being raised in a more traditional environment. For most men who live in urban areas, these traditional women are wholly out of reach, so I suspect Perilloux lives in a smaller town.

Odds are you are reading from a mega city like London, New York City, and Toronto, so I'd have to urge you to move to a smaller town, get a new job, or drastically change your environment and habits to essentially become a new person for the prospect of finding a wife to be responsible for who, odds are, has a 50% chance of kicking you to the curb at some point. That's an impossible sell.

When it comes to finding a wife, the problem is not one of game or standards, but societal: there simply are not enough traditional women to go around for men currently living in urban environments that tip the balance of marriage from being irrational to rational. Sure, if I move to a specific area, join the church, and give value to the community, I'll probably find a wife, but upending your life for a goal means the goal steers you, now and for the entirety of that marriage. I can't in good faith urge men to make drastic life changes beyond matters of general self-improvement or taking a two-week trip to Brazil.

In the past, men didn't have to upend their lives to find wives, and the likelihood of divorce was far lower. Why should I make more sacrifice for less potential gain? While I definitely see the value in having a family, and would be open to being a father, the woman and situation has to be just right for me to take such a huge risk in today's climate. Telling me and men like me to essentially "man up and get married" is not going to cut it.

Perilloux's article shines when it comes to evaluating a girl based on her wifely standards:

> Is she feminine and traditional? You want a traditional woman who acts like such. Many “anti-feminist” women don’t practice what they preach, so watch out. She should feel comfortable taking the feminine role in marriage.
>
> Is she a virgin? You don’t want the kind of girl who did a lot of “partying” before “settling down”, you don’t want the baggage, you don’t want her thinking of you as her retirement, and you don’t want the spectre of those other men haunting your marriage.
>
> Does she have good domestic and family skills? Can she keep house, cook, clean, deal with finances, decorate, host, sew, fix, and so on? Is she good with kids? Is she comfortable and happy doing these tasks?
>
> Does she want to be a wife and mother to lots of kids? Women can be hard to convince. Big bonus if she already wants a big family.
>
> Does she believe in traditional marriage and oppose divorce? There will be times when she doesn’t like you anymore. For the marriage to work, she has to be committed anyway, because she believes in marriage. Make sure she’s committed to the idea of marriage itself, not just to you.

Not surprisingly, no girl I’ve been in a relationship with has hit on all of his points. I have standards that I believe are optimal, but in reality they are unrealistic if I can’t find it “in stock” at the marketplace. While it’s an encouraging sign that traditionalism is emerging as a new counter-culture, that change will be too slow for men who are in their late 20’s or beyond to hope and wait. Many will miss the fatherhood boat, most likely including myself, but our experiences can at least aid men of future generations.

The most flaccid portion of the article is when Perilloux attempts to share how to meet a wife, a pressing urge for men who are already well-versed in game and know what they’re looking for.

> Social proximity. You need to maximize the number of good women in social proximity. The more good women moving through your social network, the better. This means changing your lifestyle, social circles, and activity level. Some places are going to be much better than others; search for the places and social circles with the most good women. Good traditional churches, hobby groups, friend circles, parties, family networks, charity organizations, where you live, even dating apps. Whatever you have or can get should be used.
>
> Spotted. You need to keep an active lookout for good women, so that you actually notice them. You’re screening for the more visible factors: is she pretty, is she young, is she feminine, how does she dress, is she of your people, how does she carry herself, does she look virtuous, what does her social interaction look like, who is she associating with?

That’s the extent of his advice, which may have as well been cribbed from the Art of Manliness. He missed a great opportunity to share how he met *his* wife and what the process was like, but instead kept it so general that it gives little in the way of action

items. I'm forced to guess that he met his wife at church for her to hit all the traditional notes.

A few months ago, I started researching churches in my area, not to meet women but to put myself in a more spiritual environment. I also researched local ways to volunteer to help others, since my stay-at-home internet job doesn't put me into contact with many people. I haven't yet pulled the trigger, since I fell back into old game habits after a recent break-up, but if inserting myself into these environments puts me into contact with traditional women, and getting into relationships with them becomes a rational choice with little friction that is encouraged by my most immediate surroundings and society at large, I would certainly pursue it.

However, I will not attempt Perilloux's "will to power" strategy because I'm too red pilled to put on the blinders for a singular goal that I'm not absolutely convinced is worth it in the end, no matter how open I am to fatherhood.

I also know firsthand that will alone is not enough, and will lead to easy-come-easy-go scenarios where things flag off if my will is reduced, like is so often the case when meeting a girl through cold approaching. This isn't to say that I'm not willing to put in work, but as I've painfully learned, it takes a village to maintain a relationship, because even if I do everything right, things can still go south.

If these times make it too sick to create a family through rational means then I won't create a family, though I would certainly wish the likes of Perilloux luck and observe from a distance to see how he created his marriage safe space away from the evils around him.

In the end, we have to be careful about taking advice from men who have a sample size of one marriage. It's easy to create rigorous models for game because you can develop your theories from sleeping with hundreds of women and tease the patterns from that, but you can't have more than one successful marriage. There is just too much variance

between one man and another when it comes to such an advanced goal, which is why I think we will never have solid information on finding a wife in a dying civilization. This is a problem that you'll have to figure out on your own, assuming you even want to.

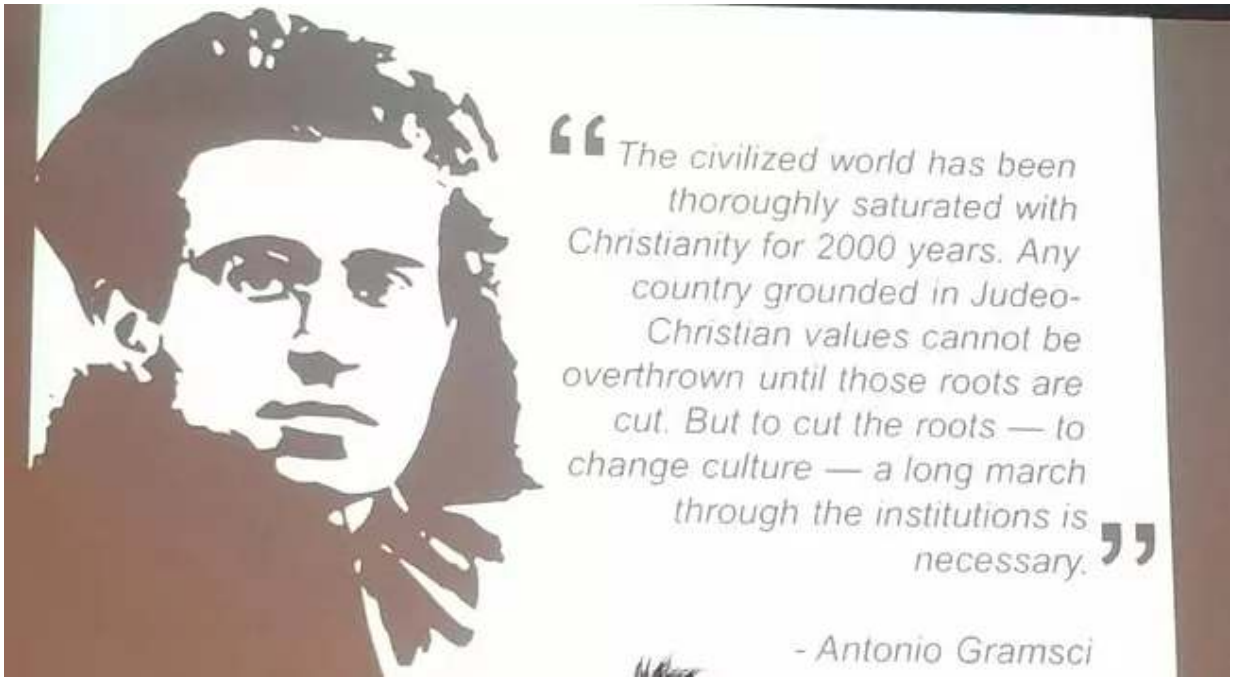
Read Next: *What I've Learned About Women From My Long-Term Relationships*

The Dissident Right Can't Win Without Parallel Institutions

July 10, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

As the culture war drags on, many men ask me what they can do to improve the situation in their country outside of helping their tribe or spreading red pills through global informational warfare. The answer is creating or helping maintain a parallel institution that serves the same function as one the left has already taken over and excluded from us.

Every single institution the left has is crucial to maintaining their power. This includes universities, media, think tanks, corporations (including tech companies), Hollywood, public schools, churches, and both local and national politics. They have achieved their power by taking over every single institution that touches your life in a meaningful way and using that position to ban anyone who disagrees with their neoliberal globalist cult. The solution is to take back these institutions through our own long march or simply create our own.



The dissident right has already created many parallel institutions. Here are just a few examples…

The left has women's studies departments. The right has masculine studies in the form of game and Return Of Kings.

The left has the mainstream media. The right has Alex Jones, Red Ice, and alt lite Twitter personalities who disrupt the news cycle.

The left has all the think tanks. The right has web sites like Social Matter, Thermidor, and The Unz Review. They share ideas not found in establishment think tanks financed by the likes of Qatar.

The left has Hollywood. The right has meme shitlords and video channels like Murdoch Murdoch, which reach the youth in great numbers.

The left has a collection of celebrities who get attention when they share their political ideas. The right has Richard Spencer, who gets reported on from tweets he shares while in his pajamas, along with his alt right allies.

The left and cucked right has talk radio. The right has a collection of independent podcasters like Weimerica, (((The Right Stuff))), and Radio Derb.

The left has Reddit, Wikipedia, Twitter, and Patreon while the right has 4chan /pol/, Infogalactic, Gab, and Counter.fund.

Since we've only just begun building parallel institutions, we have no replacements as of yet for universities, public schools, the advertising industry, most of the Fortune 500, most of Silicon Valley, and converged Christian churches. This process will take multiple decades, but is absolutely necessary if we want to build enough power to defeat the left in a cold civil war scenario.

We also don't have our own politicians. While Donald Trump did win the latest Presidential election, he lacks the "1000 statesmen," as Ryan Landry put it, to carry out his agenda without being obstructed at every turn. He may control the brain of the millipede, but not its legs, meaning that he risks not fulfilling his agenda. We need leadership organizations that can groom young red-pilled men to defeat cuckservatives sponsored by the same billionaires that back the globalists.

And we have to do all of this better than the left and with less money. Simple, right? In case you're holding your breath for our own billionaire to come in and save the day, understand that every single billionaire in the world got there by being a globalist, not a traditionalist, and if a billionaire did come knocking on our door, I'd be extremely

skeptical of his intentions. There is no money in advocating for tradition, so we'll have to accomplish what the left has without handouts as if we we're bootstrapping a business. It will be slow, but the message of the dissident right is seductive enough that people will put their blood and sweat—and soon their lives—into it.

Simply take a look at what the left controls that we don't, and then duplicate it for the right. If that's too much work for you, or beyond your current ability, simply find an existing parallel institution and donate your time into making it stronger, but don't compete or attack an existing dissident group for short-term political gain, like we've seen recently between the alt lite and alt right.

My suggestions assume that you already took care of yourself, your friends, your family, and possibly your neighborhood. Only then would I advise doing institutional work, because there is absolutely no point in helping out your country or society if you or those immediately around you are in bad shape. For us to really defeat the left, we'll need hundreds of our own institutions that are supported by tens of thousands of people who share similar belief systems as we do. It's no easy task, but it is the path that will lead to victory.

Read Next: *The American Cold Civil War*

Roosh Hour #1

July 10, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

This is an early edition of Roosh Hour when I only answered listener calls for the duration of the stream.

Watch Next: *Roosh Hour #50: Black Lives Matter*

Achievement Is The Conversion Of Willpower And Time

July 17, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I used to take personal achievement very seriously. If I wasn't achieving, accomplishing, or even doing something productive, I believed I was moving backwards in life, wasting away like a drug addict. Metrics had to be hit, whether related to money, women, fitness, web site views, or accumulated knowledge. Otherwise, I was not realizing my true potential.

Looking back, I see that my thinking was flawed, and my achievements were really nothing more than *conversions* of one form of energy into another. It's not so much that I was creating something out of nothing, but playing a game of musical chairs.

Achieving any goal comes down to willpower and time

Willpower is needed to go from doing an easy activity, like watching television or napping, to a hard activity, like going to the gym and activating your muscles. Time is needed to read or study resources that teach you how the activity is competently done, and of course the actual time to do it. That's the formula to achieve anything in life, and when that happens, what you're really skilled at is not necessarily the activity itself, but dedicating willpower and time in a way that many others cannot.

Why are some men so good at summoning willpower and time to specific goals? How can I have labored for so many years getting laid around the world when most other men can't be bothered? How can a man go to the gym four times a week when I'm fine with going once or twice? What can push men to completely dedicate themselves around achieving a materialist goal that surpasses their true biological and physical need? The answer is emotion. The only way to push a man beyond what his nature requires is to

make him feel so emotionally inadequate and insecure that he feels the only way to patch up the hole is to dedicate his being—and sometimes his entire life—to the achievement.

I was a late bloomer who didn't go through puberty until my late teens. This wrecked my confidence with women and caused me to get less attention than my male peers, leaving a gaping void around women and masculinity that had to be filled with 13 years of achievement in game that I shared publicly with the world in the process of becoming a teacher and "influencer," until finally in my mid 30's the hole was patched and I no longer wanted to dedicate as much willpower and time into the same tasks.

Your wounds create emotional cravings

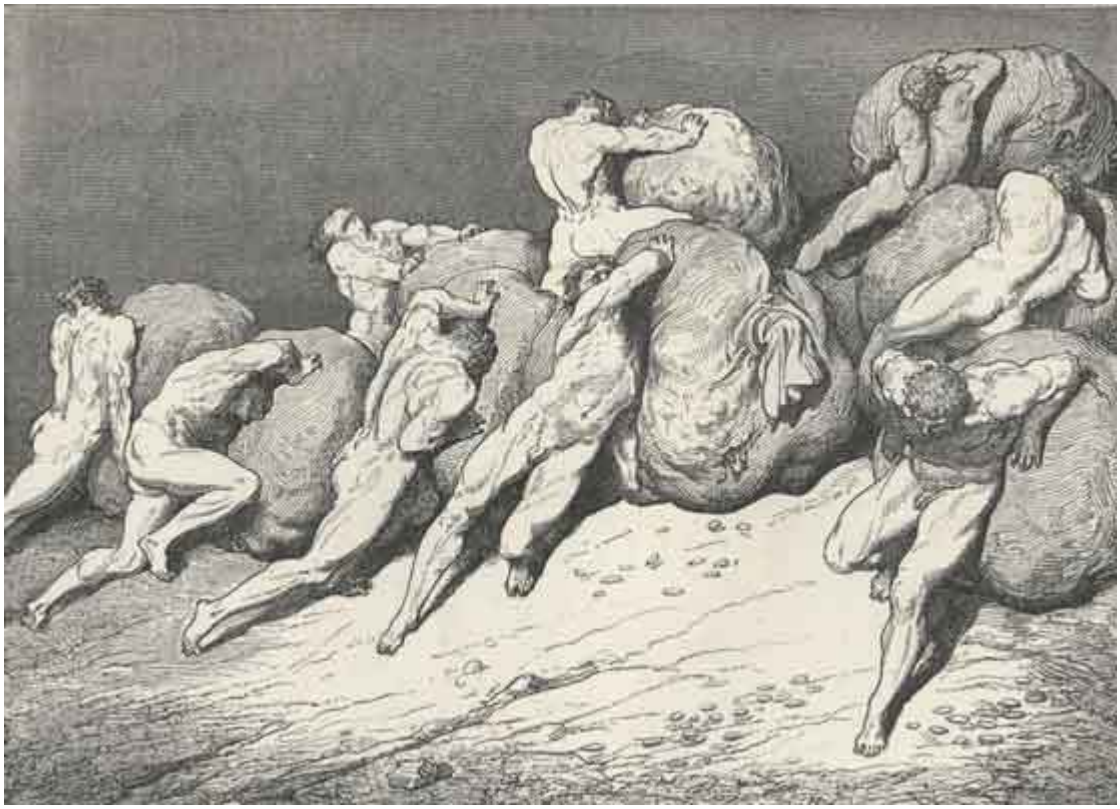
Look at a man who is most obsessed about money and you will uncover memories of his youth where he felt ashamed for not having toys his friends had. Look at men who have the biggest muscles and you'll uncover stories of being picked on in childhood. The only motivator that causes men to go above and beyond any area of achievement is inadequacy, and when that hole is filled, the willpower and time spent on the task will fade. The man will then feel frustrated and unsure of what to do next.

The self-realized and content man is a loser in the eyes of others, because he never surpasses his need enough to be a public expert in anything. He is fine with an average income, average sex life, average body, because he has no emotional hole that is begging him to convert his willpower and time into grand achievement. If a woman is self-realized, why would she feel the need to show off her body and genitals to the world through pictures and revealing clothing? Why would she ache for fleeting sexual encounters that rarely even comes with orgasmic pleasure? Look at a person's goals and

you can discover where they suffered emotional pain.

I've met men who, to bang more women, take supplements to increase their horniness. They have used game to satisfy their sexual needs, but once that happened, their ego wanted more and forced them to artificially manipulate their need so the banging could continue. Game started as a tool for them, subservient to their being, but now it's their master. Productivity gurus do the same when it comes to money. They teach you how to manipulate your schedule, lifestyle, eating habits, and personal relationships all to accommodate more money making, so you're an accomplished merchant in the eyes of others.

What is your true need?



Of course I'm not giving you an excuse to be homeless, unhealthy, or to choose a life of involuntary celibacy because you are afraid of taking social risks, but there is wisdom is knowing when enough is enough. If you have to take dubious supplements and sustain injuries to achieve your fitness goals, you've surpassed your body's need. If you're cutting off potential long-term relationships or love because you want to bang more girls to brag to your friends, you're merely trying to fill a hole. If you're exhausting yourself at work because you want to buy a toy that you don't need, you're trying to find self-worth in the material, and if you have a goal where, upon achieving it, you simply decide to gain more of it, you've found not a goal but a black hole, and soon your life will revolve entirely around it.

I'm currently writing a new book. Usually I'd make sacrifices to other parts of my life to finish it quicker, but then the book, the achievement, ends up owning me during that entire time. I don't need more fame or more money, so I'll write the book at my own

pace, and when it's finally done, people can buy it if they want. Unless I can enjoy the process of writing a book on a timeline that feels balanced for me, I allow the goal to become my master. Once you achieve basic material comfort, work on goals without timelines, without pressure. Enjoy them for their own sake instead of what they may provide.

I have to warn you that if you follow my advice, you will watch as others pass you by. They will get more money, women, and fame than you. They will dangle their prizes in front of you and teach you how to work as hard as them, and try to make you feel like a loser if you don't. But they're just converting their emotional holes into willpower and time and finally into materialistic achievement that can be measured and compared. This is why achievement has to involve a number to keep score: number of bangs, net worth, bench press one rep max, number of Youtube views, number of countries visited, and so on. The best way to win this kind of numbers game is not to play at all. Let others choose to be a slave to numbers while you never lose touch of your true need.

Passing on things I've learned to you as I approach middle age may come across as foolish, especially for those of you who are under 35. If you are young and full of both energy and the need to prove yourself to the world, it's best you ignore my advice and keep converting your willpower and time into the type of achievement you believe will satisfy you. In a best case scenario, your achievement will patch a hole, like it did mine, and you can release it as a goal and pursue it at your own enjoyment. In the worst case scenario, you go deeper and let the goal control you, watching hopelessly as your self worth paradoxically goes down upon comparing yourself to men of even higher achievement who are just slightly better than you at converting their time and willpower into materialistic gain.

When I started looking at achievement as mere conversion of one form of energy into another, I started doing things for myself and those in my inner circle than for the world, because it's not really achievement that is taking place when I write an article like this or a book—it's just the moving of furniture in a room. I hope I'll soon forget about achievement so I can become an average man, a mediocrity in the eyes of the accomplished, but after pursuing it for so long, and becoming a "somebody" in the eyes of many, I wonder if it's really possible to go back.

Read Next: *You Become What You Fight*

A Face That I Could Love

July 24, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

When I'm hunting, I view a girl who crosses my path from the bottom up. Her legs, after seeing so many thousand pairs, reveal to me her body's size and shape, even if she's wearing a long winter coat. I look away if the legs are misshapen or lumpy, not daring to risk accidental eye contact. Otherwise, my eyes move upward, excitedly, to see what kind of chest, face, and hair she has. I then make a snap judgement of her overall condition and if she's worth my effort.

When a girl passes my visual inspection, she'll have at least a good body and an average face with one unique quality that is exquisite. That's more than enough to pursue a night or two of sex, but for more than that, I need much more—I need a face that I could love.

A face that I could love may not contain the most beauty, or the least amount of flaws, but it is a face that I'd enjoy looking at every day for the rest of my life, one that I would instinctively risk my life for if a group of men more barbarian than me tried to take her away. A face that I could love will still contain objective beauty, because a man of my experience and age can't be anything but a widower of beauty, but I rather stay alone than to be with an ugly face that I cannot possibly love.

A face that I could love will not be the same face that you could love, and that's something we should both be grateful for. I can try and describe it to you, the softness of her cheeks, the silent invitation of her eyes, the gentle moistness of her lips, but it would just give you the wrong idea. A face that I could love can not be measured or quantified. If I explained it to a police sketch artist, he'd up drawing a monstrosity, because the heart cannot put into words what it wants. A face that I could love is imprecise, maybe awkward

even, but always beautiful, like the the first flight of a bird after its mother encourages it out of the nest.

Love is a decision. When you perceive that a girl is deserving of your love, you let go. You turn off your shield so things happen as they may. While she may refuse that love, and stab you in the back with a hundred serrated knives, the decision must be made for you to feel what is love.

If you do not make the decision for love, the end will be decided at the beginning. When the novelty of her energy or naked body fades, or she dares to do something the least bit bothersome that you wouldn't even notice on a girl who has a face that you could love, you'll end it hastily, cruelly, without regret. The course of events with a new girl is written in the first meeting, if not the first minute, if not in the first moment you glance at her, top to bottom or bottom to top, with a most careful examination of her face. None of this requires your conscious awareness. You know if you will love her before you know if you will love her.

When I'm with a girl who has a face that I cannot love, I avoid her eyes. What a waste to be with such a girl! I'll get some orgasms from her, as cheaply as I can get them, but the time it takes to get an orgasm from a face that I cannot love means I miss out on the opportunity, the chance meeting, with a face that I could love, but the need for sex is stronger than the need for love, and even easier to satisfy, so it's sex I have pursued for so many years and sex that I will continue to pursue, but I know this is a devil's bargain, for while I can experience the sexual satisfaction of sultans of old, the chance of love fades with every new girl.

The better I've become at gaining sex, the less I am open to the possibility of love, and sometimes at night, when I lay on my bed before going to sleep, I wonder what would

happen if I write off sex completely to just talk to girls who have a face that I could love, a face I see once every several weeks, often while looking at the face of a man whom she already loves. I fall asleep. The anonymous women who come in and out of my dreams seem to mirror the ones that come in and out of my life. The pattern holds firm, the grey hairs steadily increase in number, and my motivation to work for women fades, so I greedily hold on to any short-term pleasure while the chance of making a sacrifice for a face that I could love becomes ever more improbable, until it will finally disappear. My heart will give up soon, and then it will be hard to look at faces anymore.

Read Next: *Women Who Own iPhones Lose The Ability To Love*

How To Play Real-Life Tinder

July 31, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I was hanging out with an Italian friend recently when he asked me if I wanted to play "real-life Tinder." Intrigued, I agreed.

He positioned me at the top of a park staircase and told me to wait. A pair of girls climbed the stairs but did not look at me. "Keep waiting," he said. Then a girl walked up and locked eye contact with me. I heard a yell from behind, "It's a match! She swiped right." It turns out that I've been playing real-life Tinder for 15 years without even knowing it.

There are only two steps to real-life Tinder. First, confirm that a girl is paying attention to her environment and not walking fast. This means she installed the real-life Tinder app and wants to play. Then you look at her. If she looks back at you without immediately looking away, you matched her and can start a conversation using a basic opener. If she smiles or gave you a rape stare, you have a super-match and can open with literally anything, even a primordial grunt. (Of course you can approach girls you don't match with, but the responses will be hit or miss.)

The best thing about real-life Tinder is that there is minimal lag. You never have to wait more than one second for her reply, and if you're good at reading body language, you'll perceive instantaneous reactions that approach zero lag. Forget about the frustration of waiting minutes or hours for a reply to come in!

Another benefit of real-life Tinder is that girls rarely have sustained conversations with men they don't like. If she thinks you're not her type, she will look away quickly, because the last thing she wants to do is give you encouragement. Compare that to Tinder, where

what may appear to be a solid match turns into immediate silence after your opening text. In real-life Tinder, you always get a response, even if it may not be one you prefer.

Real-life Tinder also makes it impossible for a girl to ghost on you while in the middle of a conversation. Due to the laws of physics, it's simply impossible for a girl to vanish or teleport to another location while she's standing in front of you. When she wants to leave, she has to say goodbye or give some sort of excuse as to why she's ending the conversation. In Tinder, she can disappear without any excuse, even if you had what appeared to be a nice conversation, and feel no remorse about displaying anti-social behavior.

But by far the best reason to play real-life Tinder is that you know *exactly* how she looks like. She won't be able to defraud you by sharing old or photoshopped photos taken at precise Myspace angles. I only went on one Tinder date in my entire life, and boy did she not look like her photos. In playing real-life Tinder for 15 years, it has never happened that my eyes defrauded or deceived me in any way—not even once!

The argument that Tinder takes less time than real-life Tinder over the long run seems dubious, and even if Tinder was faster, it requires you to stare at a screen that you already stare at for several hours a day. Aren't we technologically zombified enough? For men who are trapped indoors and don't have time to play real-life Tinder, I suspect they have bigger problems to solve than meeting women, and should vigorously question their entrapment.

I like to play real-life Tinder when I have a sexual need. I walk out my front door and within five minutes I can begin swiping. I can do 200 swipes within an hour, depending on the time of day, and get a handful of worthy matches. Four hours of real-life Tinder will yield enough leads to keep me busy for a week. Since I'm able to and willing to put in this real-life work, I have no need for the original Tinder.

There’s one final advantage to playing real-life Tinder: you feel like a man doing it. To aid in your live-action hunt, your body produces testosterone, but when playing Tinder, your body halts testosterone production since no hunting ability is required. I believe it’s the lowered testosterone which allows men who exclusively play Tinder to accept the demoralizing behavior of impressing and entertaining girls who are either not that attractive or happen to be secretly fat.

It’s a great feeling to get a real-life match with an attractive girl. Only three feet separate you from her, so you can absorb her entire essence without lag or fakery, and be able to trust your instinct on her value. By comparison, Tinder seems archaic. It introduces unnecessary obstacles that any socially competent man who lives in at least a medium-sized city should feel constrained by, but if you’re a woman, it’s an app from heaven that gives you the attention you desperately crave without having to put forth any social effort.

I can’t help that I love to look at women in the flesh. I enjoy their efforts at attracting men such as myself, assuming they know how, and am titillated when I can sense they are attracted to me and want my penor. Tinder simply doesn’t give me this feeling, so it’s only the real-life game that I will play.

Read Next: *Women Have Reduced Themselves To Sexual Commodities*

The Hunt For A Moral Woman

August 7, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A lot of men I talk to think the best way to find a good girl is to visit a small town or village. The girls will be more pristine, they figure, and they're generally right about that, but there's just one big problem: those girls have not been tempted enough for us to know what their true character is.

There are two kinds of "good" in a girl. The first is situational, where she appears good only because the devil has yet to tempt her. The second is tested, where he made his offering but she resisted. When a man identifies a girl who has upstanding character or morals, what he actually found is a girl who has yet to be tossed into a world of sex, drugs, money, or attention (fame). Once that temptation occurs, or she is removed from a bubble that has kept her good, it's nearly certain that she will dive head-first into the ocean of human depravity.

In Eastern Europe, I noticed that a girl is most kind and sweet in the six-month period starting with her freshman college year after moving from the village to the city. She's also the easiest to get into bed. Her sexuality and raging hormones have been bottled up in the village, watched carefully by her family, but now that she's in the city, she can finally do what she wanted to do all along. It wasn't that she was a good girl in her village, but that she lacked the opportunity. As much as I would like to think I'm a casanova for sleeping with such a girl, the reality is that I was her gateway into a promiscuous lifestyle, soon to be forgotten after her 20th or so sexual encounter.

If I go to a village today, and meet a 22-year-old girl who didn't have the chance to attend college and who has a notch count of less than five, is that confirmation of her goodness? It's not, because she has yet to be put in a sinful environment. I think we already know what she would do if she had the opportunity to move to a cosmopolitan city like New York, London, or Toronto.

The saying “all women are like that” implies that if you tempt a woman with a city lifestyle where she can have anonymous casual sex with men who turn her on, *she will do it*. Some may just experiment, a notch here or there, but a girl won’t say no unless she happens to be part of a tight-knit community that constantly watches her. The number of women who are capable of resisting are in fact so few that they are statistically insignificant. We should therefore assume that *no woman* can pass the test of temptation, and perhaps no man as well.

Every single female you meet has succumbed or will succumb to temptation, and it may be unfair to expect anything otherwise. This is why, as women have degraded sharply in the past century, the only way to keep men interested in marriage is through sustained cultural programming that makes them accept obesity (as beauty), vulgarity (as strength), promiscuity (as experience), bisexuality (as sexy), and equality (as just). Constant offerings of temptation are causing female value to plummet to such an extent that men have to be *literally brainwashed* to believe that women are still beautiful princesses who must be cherished and beholden to.

Upon realizing that no woman can truly resist temptation when tested, we encounter a simple solution: don’t test them with temptation. Create a better society with built-in safe spaces where the sweet and kind teenage girl stays locked into situational goodness thanks to male efforts shielding her from the temptation she has no innate immunity against. If Eve could not resist from the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, today’s modern woman cannot resist even the smallest bread crumb.

The challenge for men wanting to create a family is therefore not trying to find a good girl who can resist temptation but one who, through good parenting or sheer luck, has not yet been excessively tempted, and keep her there by building a firewall which prevents the

devil from knocking on her door when you momentarily step away. The only way I can see this reasonably happening today is to find a girl who has economically poor parents that are religious *and* where she eagerly accepted their religious teachings. You will maintain her faith and give her a slightly upgraded standard of living that is valuable to her and her parents but not so valuable that you tempt her with status and riches. Go to the village to find the good girl, but you'll have to keep her there, or you'll find out for sure that she has no innate goodness like you may have thought.

Understand that the problem of goodness is not exclusive to women. When I had the opportunity to experience carnal and worldly pleasures, I took it… for over a decade. The fact that I realized it was a dead-end does not make me a moral man, and the only credit I can accept is eventually understanding what hedonism really stands for. I'm not impressed by men who preach to me their moral goodness because it's almost certain they haven't been tempted around the world by beautiful women, but if they have indeed rejected Brazilian, Colombian, Ukrainian, Polish, and Croatian women who wanted to sleep with them, something that I found impossible to do, I will personally commission golden crowns of morality for them to wear.

There's no need to despair upon realizing the flawed nature of women, because it's really the flaw of humans. When presented with options of excitement, sex, and sin, we almost always take the low road. Instead of asking women to possess moral strength that they simply don't have, we should simply identify women who haven't yet been tempted or who have made tiny mistakes when tempted strongly. If a woman moved to a big city, refrained from drinking, and maintained a religious social circle, it may be prudent to accept her if she made one or two mistakes.

There aren't many girls out there like that, but if you find and marry her, do your part in

helping create a home, a neighborhood, a society where temptation is moved to the background of life like it was in the past, instead of being thrown directly in our faces like it is today.

Read Next: *How To Stop The Fall Of Women*

Charlottesville Was A Disaster For The Dissident Right

August 16, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

This article was originally published on Return Of Kings.

I carefully followed the events from Charlottesville this past weekend that culminated with a declaration of emergency for the state of Virginia and the death of a liberal protester who was ran over by an alleged Nazi sympathizer. Regardless of the peaceful intent of the alt right protest, I believe this was a catastrophe that has given the establishment key momentum to marginalize and harm dissidents whose ideology is not based solely on white nationalism.

Charlottesville saw the exact same story we've seen during my Canadian lectures in 2015, university events by Milo Yiannopoulos, and spring time protests in Berkeley of coordination between the state authorities and far-left groups like antifa or Black Lives Matter. In the case of Charlottesville, city government and Virginia state police shut down the alt right event before it started through a state of emergency that made any assembly "unlawful," even though a Federal Judge sanctioned the legality of the event a day before.

Police proceeded to eject alt right protesters from a park into the waiting arms of rabid antifags, who proceeded to attack by launching pepper spray and other objects. One alt right personality, Baked Alaska, is looking at permanent eye damage from what may be a diluted acid attack. Many others on his side sustained serious injuries.

The police determined that any assembly was unlawful for the right, but not for antifa and Black Lives Matter, who gathered bats and other weapons to protest on the streets, completely unmolested. That is when an alt right protester plowed into a crowded intersection with his car, causing the death of a 32-year-old leftist and injuring over a dozen others.

It turns out that the driver was a fan of Hitler and Nazi imagery (other protesters showed up with a Nazi flag). With the narrative now sealed, the media has the death they need to link the alt right to Nazism and domestic terrorism, providing a perfect rallying cry for leftists around the world to dox, harass, impoverish, and threaten dozens of men associated with the protest. I have no doubt that ROK and myself will be put back on the chopping block once the alt right is weakened from this massive assault.

Many dissident commentators are speaking out on how the police were unfair. The left was given a pass, they say, to run wild and attack with impunity, but that doesn't really matter. This is the game as it is, not as you want it to be, so if you expect fair treatment while the rule of law applies to you but not your enemy, you will lose. If you're counting on the police to protect you, you will lose. Might makes right, and right now big chunks of the dissident movement is flailing their arms crying about how the enemy is not playing

by the rules while they get their clock cleaned. This is not a tactic that will lead to victory.

The reaction of the biggest alt right leader, Richard Spencer, tells me that he was neither prepared not qualified to deal with the events in Charlottesville. His post-mortem podcast was painful to listen to—he joked around and complained endlessly about it being a "set-up." If I didn't study properly for an exam, I'd think the teacher set me up, too, upon realizing I don't have any of the answers.

Would you show up to a rally next month if led by a man who is jovial a day after one of his associates was blinded by a chemical? His actions after the Charlottesville debacle make me question his leadership, and while he may be sincere and gutsy, that's not enough to prevent injuries and deaths getting racked up on your scorecard. To his credit, he did tighten up in his press conference, but he needs to do some serious soul-searching on whether he's the man who can continue as a leader for his followers.

There are two psy-op triggers that are buried deep in the American mind: rape and Nazism. When I triggered the world with my How To Stop Rape article, I took the loss and stopped talking about rape. When the alt right triggered the world with their "Hail Victory" Nazi salute, which I defended on free speech grounds, they doubled down until someone who legitimately believed he was a Nazi killed someone.

It's clear that the Nazi trolling, encouraged by the likes of The Daily Stormer and The Right Stuff, will get you meme-making internet fans *and* at least one real-life idiot who ends up killing others, whether accidentally or not. The Charlottesville death vindicates prior denouncements by the likes of Gavin McInnes, Paul Ramsey (Ramzpaul), and Mike Cernovich, who seemed to know what an appeal to Nazism would lead to.

If Donald Trump doesn't need to meme about Hilter to win an election, you don't either, unless you want your movement to die or be seen as controlled opposition. It's no surprise that Trump came out to speak against "racism" and "hate," throwing the alt right under the bus. Their stench is just too great, which is why I will continue to moderate pro-

Nazi imagery and users from all sites I operate.

There is a personality called Millennial Matt. Watch this clip of him giving a hospital update of his friend Baked Alaska:

I know that look on his face, because I had the same back in February 2016 during the meetup outrage. It's when a man is pushed to his limit, when he feels the walls closing in around him, and when he's hoping that things will just blow over, but sometimes the momentum is too large and things don't blow over—it continues for weeks. I expect civil lawsuits by those injured in the car accident in the near future.

This isn't a game, this is war. You may scoff at that comment, but if you're going to a rally without the expectation that someone there will try to maim or kill you, you run a high risk of being maimed or killed. We have broken the seal of death, and people will start dying at increasing rates. Antifa will want payback for the death of one of their communist allies, so you should not attend any rally unless you're able to defend your life. Big boobed e-thots should stay home. I repeat, this is not a game, and there is zero excuse for you to be blindsided from this point on.

An important question is what to do next. Rallies and other public events should be crossed off the list unless you're prepared to run them like a counter-terrorist operation, which is how I was able to pull off my Canadian lectures. It makes absolutely no sense to announce the time and place of your meeting for the main benefit of appearing in fake news, all to be ambushed by antifa who have nothing to lose through their felonious violence.

Unless you're an e-celeb with a huge ego, you don't need public events, you don't need to make the news, and you don't need to gather massive groups of men you don't know. Build your movement slow and steady instead of attracting whack jobs who praise Hitler

and run people over with cars. Create flash events where leftist foot soldiers don't receive advance notice on their iPhones of your whereabouts, and focus on winning hearts and minds with poignant, effective, or humorous engagements that are publicized through images or video and allow you to grow slowly as you gain needed experience.

If you insist on facing off with antifa, it's going to be a fight that will likely lead to injury or imprisonment for you, but not imprisonment for them, and with the My Paycheck Matters police on the side of the state, it's a hill you don't want to die on until we enter a hot Civil War scenario. If you can't become as competent on the field as a genuine Army Major, do not lead people into what will be sure ruin.

It should be clear that we have no allies in existing state and cultural institutions. They hate you and wish you would disappear, because you're the one remaining obstacle to allowing them to permanently rule and usher in their "end of history." They're currently treating you with kid gloves, but we're fast approaching the point where it will just be easier to outright kill you through their antifa or BLM zombies.

Before you associate with any dissident leader, ask yourself if he will get you maimed or impoverished through his incompetence, unpreparedness, or stupidity. Are you following a leader with an ego or an ego who doesn't know how to lead? Since we're still about 2-4 years away from violence that will make Charlottesville look like nothing, you still have time to decide the best way to proceed for you and your country.

Read Next: *The American Cold Civil War*

The Uncle Roosh T-Shirt Has Arrived

August 21, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I've added a second t-shirt to Red Kings Shop. It features my huge head printed on a high-quality 100% cotton black Los Angeles Apparel branded shirt that is made in the USA.

Just like with the official ROK shirt that we launched a couple months ago, you will experience these benefits:

- Testosterone increase of 900% (insanely more than what Kratom provides)*
- Induce mental breakdown of any liberal who sees your shirt*
- Rapid 9-inch elongation of your penis (doubled my size)*
- Immediate 120-pound gain in your bench press*
- More ravenous attention from beautiful women of suitable breeding stock*
- Reduction of body fat by at least 10%*

* *The above claims have not been independently verified, and may be an attempt by Roosh to sell more shirts*

If you're enjoying the articles on ROK and want to support our operation, **visit Red Kings Shop and buy your shirt today**. If you didn't get a chance to buy our first shirt, you can buy them both and save on shipping. Your shirt(s) will be shipped out within one week from when you place your order. As always, your support is much appreciated.

Click here to visit Red Kings Shop.

Playing In The Rain

August 28, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

On a cloudy summer day, a friend and I went to a cafe. A light rain started not long after we received our drinks, forcing people to hurry from the outdoors to shelter. After talking with my friend for some time, on topics ranging from meeting girls at night to what World War 3 would look like, I noticed a little girl outside in the rain, looking straight up into the sky, eyes squinted just enough to shield the rain drops.

My first instinct was to sense that she was in danger. “Is she alone? Where are her parents?” I looked around and found a couple sitting two tables from me watching her closely. The girl ran to them with a big smile, her face wet. Her mom fixed her jacket and let her run back into the rain. She spread her arms out wide and skipped along from one side of the outdoor courtyard to the other, her hair getting wet.

“Look at the girl,” I said to my friend. “Everyone is running away from the rain but she’s running towards it.”

Whenever I see a little child approaching a rain puddle, I pause to watch. Almost always, the child attacks the puddle, jumping directly into its center to make the biggest splash. Then I wait for the inevitable scolding. “Don’t do that! You’ll get wet!” Already, the child is being socialized to act like an adult. Its playful instincts, weeded out.

Did my parents attempt to socialize me? I don’t remember them giving me a list of dos and donts. They didn’t tell me what was acceptable or not. When I wanted to play as an adult, jumping into puddles of words, I got a lot of people wet.

The little girl outside the cafe did not get bored with the rain. For half an hour, she twirled

and danced, jumped and smiled. She couldn't have been older than three, well before the age she enters school, when teachers and classmates give her their list of dos and donts to sculpt her and take away a simple joy of something as mundane as rain. "You'll get wet! Come inside! It's dirty!" Something she used to love will become something she hates and runs from.

Are we so far gone that we can't enjoy the rain? Did society take us into its clutches, socialize us, iron us out, and hand us a constructed list of what is acceptable and what is not?

One month later, I was at a restaurant alone eating a burger and fries. A heavy storm began. Customers who came inside shook the water off their clothing before ordering at the counter. I took my time, hoping the storm would pass by the time I finished eating, but it was still coming down strong when I walked out the door. The rain was cold. I instinctively hunched over and lowered my head, like anyone else would, but then I told myself to relax. I loosened my shoulders and looked straight ahead.

I began the one-mile walk to my home, as slowly as I could manage. The first few minutes were chilly until my body adjusted to the temperature of the water. I watched other people, hunched over, defenseless without an umbrella, racing towards shelter. I walked by awnings with people in various stages of wetness, waiting for the rain to soften. I walked by taxi cabs with drivers waiting for a wet fare. I walked by other men who seemingly didn't mind the rain, but whose bent, stiff necks betrayed their indifference, their pace a tick too fast.

Many people looked at me intently, a concentrated look. They seemed to ask, "What is he doing?" I recognized the look because it was the same one I gave to the little girl, a bewilderment, maybe even confusion, that someone is not doing what you would do, what you're supposed to do.

I didn't take it far. I didn't twirl or dance, I didn't smile. Something a child does every day

can be interpreted as insane when done by an adult, though I'm not sure if that says more about the child or the adult.

I was fully soaked by the time I turned on an empty street. Not a soul around. I closed my eyes to hear and feel the rain, and I started to smile, and for the next five seconds I can say I experienced pure joy, something the little girl must've felt continuously for nearly an hour. It ended when a thought entered my mind that my phone may be getting wet. I dropped the smile and opened my eyes.

In the last stretch to my front door, I had to pass a lively pub, still at my slow pace. A dozen drinkers were congregating out front, smoking under an awning. They stared at me sternly. The alcohol allowed them to give a response that others had thought but not shown. "This guy is weird." I felt self-conscious and quickened my pace home.

Twenty five years from now, there will be a heavy rain. A young woman will be caught in it without an umbrella. She will lower her head, tighten her shoulders, and seek shelter. Waiting for the rain to stop, shivering from the cold, she will see an old man, water dripping from his white beard, his eyes closed, smiling at nothing. He's a crazy old man, she'll think, but then her mind flashes with a memory of when she was a little child. She looks up into the sky.

Read Next: *Billions Of Egos Dance For Your Attention*

The High Cost Of Working 40 Hours A Week

September 4, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I recently took on a month-long project that served as a corporate job simulator, a full decade after quitting my microbiologist career. This short project was a powerful reminder how modern work is incompatible with human contentment.

During my project, I woke up every day at the relatively reasonable time of 8:30 a.m. to be at "work" at 9:00 a.m. I then had to pay attention, focus, cooperate with others, and do mentally intensive tasks. This project required five hours of solid work a day, which translates to an 8-hour a day office job that includes downtime and extended breaks.

The first side effect I experienced was having practically no thinking ability left over after work. It was extremely difficult to do my own writing—my brain simply didn't want to cooperate. I vegetated endlessly in front of YouTube and Twitter, whereas usually I'd get bored of them relatively quickly.

Secondly, I realized that my unique male brain is not designed to pay attention for prolonged periods of time in cooperative environments. I did not want to sit down continuously for hours, wait my turn to speak, and pretend to be "nice" to others. I also saw the females present not as my intellectual equals—even if they were smart—but as fodder for sexual fantasies that gave me distracting boners. The women seemed to greatly enjoy this environment, probably because men treated them with great respect just because they were women, regardless of their intellectual contributions.

Thirdly, the work environment created so much inner tension that I strongly ached for doses of pleasure in the form of alcohol, coffee, sugar, or masturbation. I successfully quit coffee for the three months prior but now I craved it daily. I'd masturbate after lunch instead of wait until the late evening. I sought out sugar and other carb-based foods far more than usual. I also allowed excuses of fatigue to decrease my gym routine. The main ways my body wanted to relieve work tension was through actions that are likely to cause

obesity, decreased muscle mass, and other forms of body degradation.

Lastly, I became more anti-social. Spending so many hours with my co-workers used up all my social fuel for the day. Afterwards, I had to stay silent and alone to recover. I didn't want to talk to any girls, even if I was horny, and in the rare occasion I did manage to flirt, it would fall on the weekend when my tank was partially replenished. My social life was greatly harmed during a peak summer season when I should've been out most nights making big moves.

This experiment was disconcerting because it made me realize how fragile my energy really is. Work used up all my daily stores of focus, willpower, creativity, and extroversion, leaving almost none for my own projects and goals. I temporarily gave this project my lifeblood and in exchange I received a narrow benefit and the slothful need to lounge on the couch while snacking on munchies.

It makes complete sense to me why, after quitting my job ten years ago, I did not consider resuming it, even when my income was at poverty level. Leaving that job unlocked bountiful energy that I devoted into writing, internet projects, and basic life enjoyment. Working again would destroy that. Even if you have a job that is not physically taxing, it may be creating enough fatigue and tension that your body is demanding release through perverted leisure, alcohol, and unhealthy food, hence the typical pattern of working all week only to get wasted on the weekends.

We have to ask if we were designed to work as much as is expected by society, especially upon realizing that the 40-hour work week was a random compromise between government, trade unions, and factory owners during the Industrial Revolution that aimed to keep the slaves from being worked to death or outright revolting. When you're in your early 20's and full of energy, it's possible to work even more than 40 hours a week while also socializing and pursuing your own hobbies, but as you age, you're sure to enter the "I'm tired" zone and have to essentially dedicate your life to your job. Based on my month-long experiment, I believe men who don't love their jobs are sacrificing more than just their time for what amounts to material reasons that are not necessary for survival.

I resumed my old ways as soon as the job ended. I woke up later, started writing again, took random bike rides when the sun was out, and resumed socializing with beautiful women. Without any financial goals or people to impress, I have to work just hard enough to keep the lights on, which is certainly not 40 hours a week.

If I ever do enter dire financial straights and have to work a normal job, I already know I'll be scheming from day one to find a way out, or seek seasonal work in the form of a music band roadie or cruise ship bartender. A job is just a means to living an enjoyable life, not the end itself, but when you work a full time job, it becomes that much harder for your life to be about anything else.

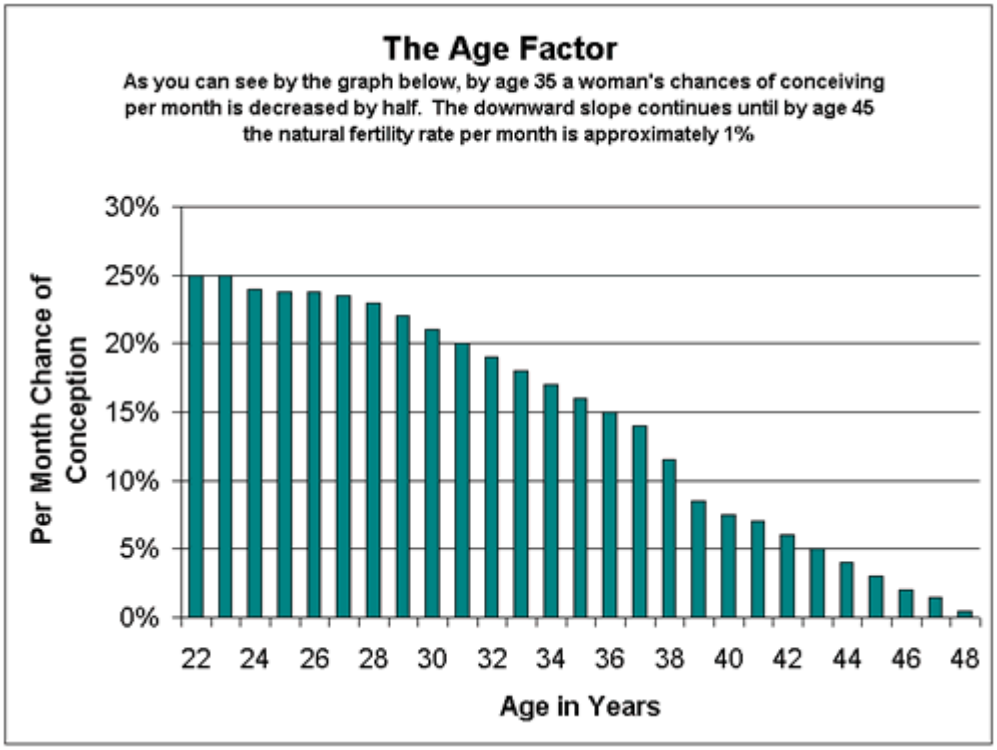
Read Next: *Why Is Working For A Corporation So Awful?*

Women Have Been Tricked Into Living Like Men

September 11, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The biggest travesty that has happened to women in the past 70 years is not misogyny or sexism, but being put on the same education and work timeline as men in spite of having a completely different biology. Millions of women suffer every day because they're living lives that were designed and optimized for men.

Most women lose the ability to have children without medical intervention at the age of 40. After that, it gets extremely hard for a woman to naturally conceive, and even if she manages to do so, she is **17 times more likely** to transmit birth defects to her child than having conceived at age 20. Even at 35, a woman already sees a huge drop in her fertility.



The culture infects young girls with an obsession on career so that they attend an expensive university and rush to work immediately after graduation, all with the grand design of enslaving them into the rat race during the most fertile period of their lives, sharply reducing the number of children they can have. If a girl is lucky, she may have twenty fertile years starting at age 18, but during that time she's expected to get a degree, move out of her parent's home into a "vibrant" big city, establish a career where her skills remain in high demand, fall in love with a man who makes more money than she does, marry him, feel financially secure enough to have a family, and then have her first child. Does this at all sound reasonable to you when her male counterpart has *double the time* she has? My father had his last child in his 50's. Can a woman do that?

Let's assume for a minute that I won't advocate for traditionalism or make the argument that a woman shouldn't be able to make life decisions on her own, as I have before. What kind of solution remains that would allow women to pretend to be businessmen while still

being able to have children before it gets too late? It is to get married and have children *before* attending university. If a woman does that, she merely has to wait until her last child enters kindergarten to enroll in whichever brainwashing factory she wants, graduate within four years through mostly day-time study, and then begin working while her children are being brainwashed themselves in public schools.

If we assume that a woman who got married early had her last child at a still pert 26, that means she'd be ready for university at 31 and enter corporate hell at 35. Based on current life expectancy figures, that gives her ***six more decades*** to decorate her cubicle and LARP as a businessman.

Right now a woman may be thinking, "But men get a head start in your plan, that's not fair!" Yeah, well, you'll live longer than me, which is not fair either. My solution allows women to take advantage of their biology and have children when their body is most ready for it. All that's required is obtaining the love and commitment of a man who is asked to impregnate a young woman who is family oriented and not a whore. That will not be difficult. In fact, if you fit this profile, you can contact me with a full body photo and I may wife you up, but please don't wait until you've sampled numerous penises because then your brain chemistry will have degraded to such an extent that you will sabotage any future relationship that has genuine love from a man who wants to provide for you.

I'm sure you can find a dozen other logistical problems to my plan, especially concerning the economics of having one wage-earner support a family for at least five years, but I assume that the wife will know how to cook, grow basic foods in a garden, sew, and not want to display expensive possessions to internet nobodies on Instagram. The major hurdle is not finding a man willing to wife up a supple young bride, but finding a girl with

half her brain still intact after her parents threw her into the mud pit of blue-haired feminist pigs.

If you are a young woman in high school, I advise you to skip out on university, live with your parents, work a basic part-time job to earn money for tasteful makeup and clothing, learn important homemaking skills, and then use the remainder of your free time to securing the love of a man who wants a family. Assuming your standards in men are realistic (hah!), it won't take you more than a year to find a worthy contender, because what man wouldn't want to lay down roots with such a family-oriented woman?

As a man who has spent only six years working in a corporate career, one that was actually somewhat interesting, I can guarantee that any job a woman takes will cause more damage to her happiness than not. Women should look at all the men who are quitting the rat race to become location independent and ask themselves why they are being convinced to participate in a rigged game that increasing numbers of intelligent men want nothing to do with. Ladies: you're not missing out on delaying your career for a few years. It's better to focus first on creating a family first, while you still can.

Read Next: *Why Women Shouldn't Work*

The Past Is An Anchor

September 25, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

It's tempting to think that you can start over at any moment, just pack up your bags and head to new places, but like a shadow, your past will follow you. Wherever you go and whatever you do, your memories, experiences, and mistakes will never be far behind.

The lives of my parents shaped me as a child, which shaped the teenager I became, which installed the itches I had to scratch as a young adult, which propelled me to notoriety as a grown man, which pushed me to soft exile in a place I myself won't confirm. In the moment it takes a woman I meet to search for my name on the internet, the entire distillation of my life is presented to her eyes in computerized form. In the seconds it takes a man to connect my face to a name he's heard before, he sees a frustrated 19-year-old guy who was stuck being friends with girls and nothing more. In the hours it takes a journalist to write a hit piece on me, images flash of a little boy playing by himself, discovering new patterns.

Everything that happens in this moment is anchored to everything that happened before it, and this I can't escape. A random whim or flight of fancy I once tickled is still with me today, its unexpected repercussions I will never shake. A spontaneous flash of creativity in the past firmly shackles me in the present.

I wonder what it would be like to hit the reset button and start with a new identity, a fantasy that can only come from the mind of a man who wishes to reverse his fame and go back to being a nobody, but this heavy anchor I must lug around with me, even to a tiny village where it would just take a month or two until a local recognizes me. The gossip and the looks and the paranoia follow. You either die a hero, or live long enough to

see yourself become a meme, one that always stays with you.

When I'm sitting in public, I don't put my back to the door. I scan every face. By now I can tell when someone knows me, when they're talking about me, when they're brave enough to take a picture on the sly. I have a speech ready for when she finds out, and I watch her face carefully as she decides to take it or leave it. I don't invest time making friends with normal people because they won't be able to handle what I've said in the past. Choosing to be alone more than not stops a lot of surprises, but I'm still ready for a loud knock at the door. If I must go to a new land tomorrow, and leave everything behind, including the little plants that I water every week, so be it.

What have I done?

This anchor weighs on me heavily. I'm squeezed in tight, my body cramps. Why write a new book when it will be burned? Why open a new internet site that will be shut down? Why do a lecture when the hotel will cancel at the last minute? Why open a cute hipster cafe in old age when protesters will show up in front? I wait for something to change, but I know that nothing will. People have their own anchors to deal with than worry about mine.

One day I will burst. I can feel it coming. In a moment of beautiful rage, I will use all my strength and pick up my anchor and lift it over my head and throw it at whatever or whomever I want to destroy. My target will perish, I have no doubt, but attached to my leg is a shackle and chain. I will fly through through the air and be destroyed myself. Everything that happened to me, and everything that happened to my parents, their ancestors, Adam, the first atom, and the whole of the universe will blaze before my eyes. My anchor will explode into 10,000 pieces as my consciousness returns to the source. Finally, I can stretch.

Read Next: *You Become What You Fight*

Kill Whitey

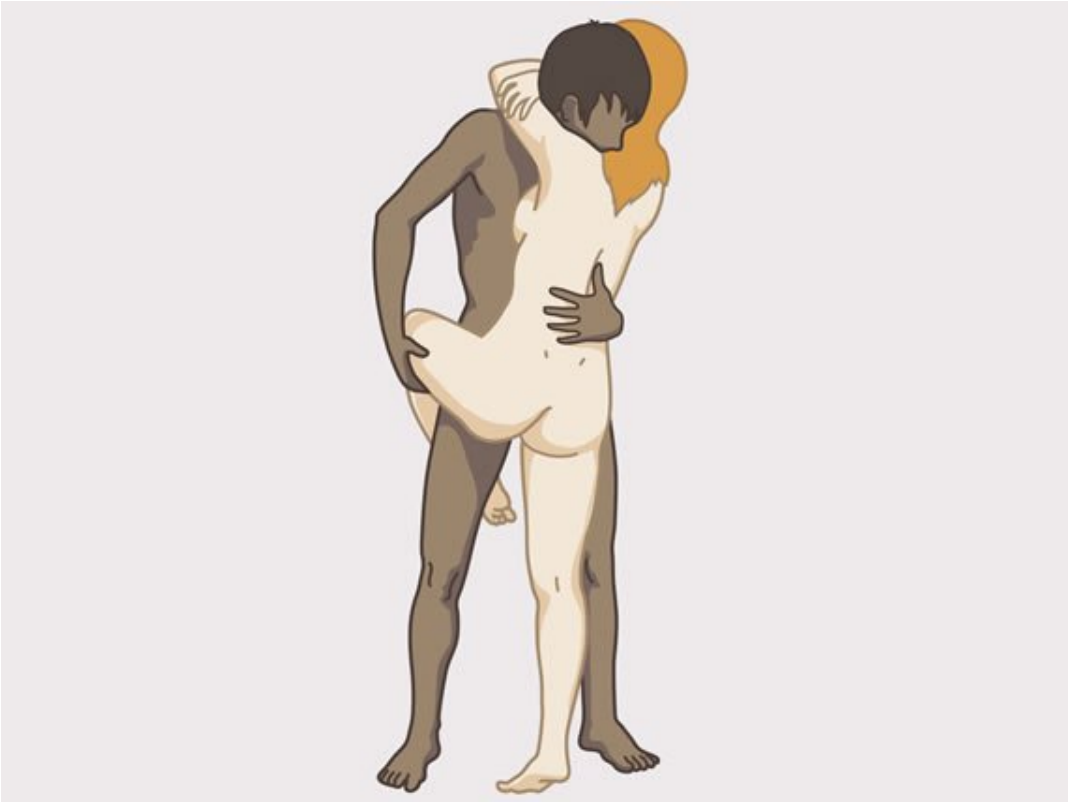
October 2, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

For many years, I have been at the forefront of teaching men how to embrace their masculinity, maximize their potential, and sleep with beautiful women. During this time, I have come to believe that liberals have an explicit goal to crush men, primarily through the meme of feminism, but I now realize that that was only an intermediary step for a more comprehensive agenda: kill whitey. What I thought was a war against men is really a battle within a bigger war against white people.

You will only get attacked by the establishment if your advice, beliefs, or teachings can possibly help whites, regardless of your own race or sex. If your productive or artistic output could improve the status, reproductive potential, or income earning potential of whites, you will be attacked. If your output helps anyone but whites, or if you can prevent whites from being born by promoting sterility, homosexuality, or abortion, you will be declared a national hero.

Can your self-improvement advice possibly help white men become stronger and more masculine? You will be put on a hate list. Does your NFL activism raise awareness for the oppression of black men? You will be given media support for fostering unity and free speech.

Can your sex advice, written in English, possibly help white men improve their ability to reproduce? Your speech will be curtailed and your family will be doxed. Can your sex advice, translated in Arabic, help migrants reproduce with white women, diluting the white gene pool? You will be financed by the government.



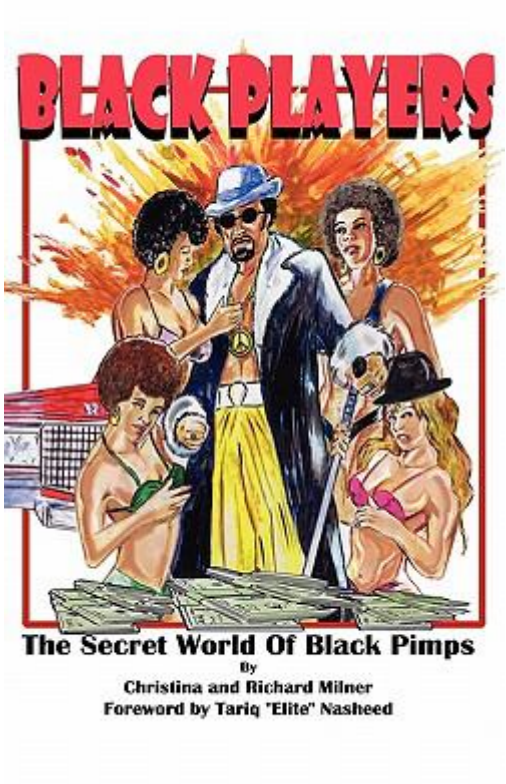
This image brought to you by the German government

Can your commentary, as a gay Jew, be labeled as hate speech because it helps white men understand the forces they're up against? You will be called a pedophile. Can your commentary, as a Muslim woman, be labeled as terrorism even if you call for Jihad and Holy War against the West? You will still maintain institutional support.

> Linda Sarsour is being targeted because she's a leader who unites people of all faiths and backgrounds. Join us in saying #IStandWithLinda.
> https://t.co/FdDtLk5fov
>
> — Women's March (@womensmarch) July 7, 2017

Does your traditionalist family advice possibly help white women raise white children? You will be demonetized or banned from Silicon Valley's platforms. Does your abortion organization help kill 60,000,000 babies, many of them white? You will be given government funds for literally killing whitey.

It doesn't matter if, like me, you're non-white—if your work can possibly help whites be stronger or more fertile, you'll be marked for destruction. This is why a black man like Tariq Nasheed, who taught pickup advice like me, though of the "we waz pimpz" variety, is now a media hero because he can't go an hour on Twitter without declaring someone's couch as white supremacist.



On the other hand, if you're a respected black doctor like Ben Carson, you will be labeled racist because your opinions may help whites run their country better.

What a let down to realize that there isn't a crusade against men as much as white people. By publishing masculine advice to a majority white audience, I was put in the cross hairs, but if I released game guides in Urdu, Dari, or Pashto, I would get big financing and puff stories in the media about how I empower marginalized men of color whose ancestors were victims of white colonialism. You've seen the media attack me for being "pro-rape" based on a satirical article yet they can't seem to get around to reporting on the insane real-rape epidemic in Sweden and Germany.

If you want to know why there is a war against white people, I would start by asking yourself who is in control of the liberal establishment, and if that group of individuals may possess a pathological hatred towards the white race. Their movement used to put a "progressive" or intellectual veneer over kill whitey, but now they don't even bother to hide it, and because I've helped red pill tens of thousands of white men on women, I get the public whip.

History shows that wars and genocides happen after a period of dehumanizing a race or people. This is what's happening to whites as the kill whitey movement approaches its final stage. I do sympathize for the individual whites (and non-whites) who have been harmed in the kill whitey movement, but I'm confident they can take care of themselves. That said, do you happen to be fluent in Arabic? There are a few game books of mine that I would like to translate.

Read Next: *The End Goal Of Western Progressivism Is Depopulation*

How To Make Money Online

October 11, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I finally did a new podcast. After sharing my personal background of making money online, I give a broad overview of how you can do it as well by sharing the revenue-generating methods of display advertising, affiliate marketing, and selling your own products. I also talk about the importance of finding a good niche.

Listen on Soundcloud or download the MP3:

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Subscribe on iTunes or **add the RSS feed** to your favorite podcast app. If you like the podcast, please leave a rating and review on iTunes.

Previous Podcast: *The Girls Of Brazil*

Dating Doesn’t Work

October 16, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

After absorbing the experiences of hundreds of men (and women), it has become clear to me that dating simply doesn’t work for finding a life partner. No other tactic has a greater failure rate in creating stable marriages and families than Western-style dating, a method that only excels in finding short-term sexual partners.

Before writing off dating completely, we have to first define what a relationship success story looks like. I’d define it as a marriage that is maintained for at least 25 years and which results in the birth of at least one child, meaning no catastrophic divorce that harms the upbringing of children. Many people you know who seem happily married are not yet a success story, but since most of my readers are under 40, let’s lower the bar and define success as any stable marriage that is at least ten years in length.

How many people do you know who have been happily married for at least ten years? Now how many people do you know who have *not* been married for ten years and who likely have no hope for that outcome in the next decade? Unless you are a part of a religious community, I predict that you know far more people who have absolutely nothing to show for their dozens or hundreds of dates and hookups. As dating has become even more shallow thanks to apps like Tinder, most people will outright fail in finding a mate through the strategy of dating.

If dating was an experimental drug intended to treat cancer, the experiment would stop halfway through because of how disastrous it is on the patient. Randomly opening a phone book and marrying the first opposite sex name you come across would have the same success rate, assuming there is mutual physical attraction. There is nothing within

our DNA that allows us to successfully sample a hundred or more people, often sexually, to find love or compatibility without also succumbing to hedonism, self-harm, alcohol abuse, or outright sterility through the contraction of STDs. This is no surprise upon realizing that dating in the West began with 19th century prostitutes and homosexuals to later be normalized for everyone without having to prove its utility. It was never intended as a way for heterosexuals to find long-term partners, and any culture that has implemented it has suffered both lowered marriage and birth rates.

Dating is merely a technique for gaining sex, not relationships. It's a miracle invention for men who want no-strings attached fun, and I have benefited from it for over 15 years. I almost can't believe that I can fuck a girl after only knowing her for a couple of hours, all from making a few jokes and maintaining a beautiful beard, but that's exactly what dating allows. All parties come to an end, however, leaving me and many others of my generation with no partner we love or otherwise happy ending that you see in Pedowood movies, because dating was never designed to help you find life-long partners. It's a dead-end that explains why so many Western adults in their 30's have never had a committed monogamous relationship of even a year in length.

I often get emails from both men and women who want marriage but are struggling with the dating scene. Mainstream culture has taught them to essentially become a detached professional negotiator who plays endless psychological games while interacting with 1,000 or more potential partners in the hopes that one will work out. Imagine if you used this soul-crushing strategy with other areas of life.

- Go on 1,000 job interviews to find one good job. There are a lot of jobs in the sea.
- Test drive 100 cars to find the right car for you. Never settle for the car that isn't perfect.
- Inspect 500 homes to find your dream house. You deserve the absolute best.

Yet this is what we do with dating, and we buy into it because it's not so bad in the beginning, especially for women. They like being hotly pursued by so many men in the

prime of their physical beauty, thinking that they can hold out a few years until Mr. Right appears out of nowhere, but all those suitors just want to fuck and nothing more. Men like myself greatly enjoy the sex rewards that come with dating, but am I really going to marry the woman who slept with me on the first date and who will kiss my son with a mouth that has been gagged on by over a dozen cocks? I rather be single, and apparently, a lot of other men too.

The number of men a woman has to interact with before finding “the one.”

You may be one of the lucky few who got dating to work, likely from meeting someone in your social circle, but for every one success story, there are a dozen people who are failing or will fail in their marriage goals. Simply pull up a map of the world divorce rate and you’ll see a near perfect correlation of divorce with countries that permit widespread dating before marriage. In fact, any country that uses dating as a mechanism of pair bonding will inevitably suffer from cultural collapse, because they have no choice but to allow massive third-world immigration, often from incompatible cultures, to make up for the population shortfall.

When I’m in the mood for easy sex, I’ll date. I’ll approach a girl, spit my game, and bang her no later than the third date, but I’d be a fool to use that strategy to find a wife, because I know that a woman who is open to dating random men has a sexual history that my strict standards simply won’t be able to accept. Since I’m not plugged into a church community or traditional social circle, this means that I’ll be stuck on the more shallow end of relationships with women, an outcome that is not ideal, but one that I’ll accept far more eagerly than using dating as a means to find someone I could be with for the rest of my life.

Read Next: *The Hunt For A Moral Woman*

Washington DC Has Bottomed Out

October 23, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Between 2008-2014, I noticed a degradation of DC nightlife and women each time I came back home from a trip abroad. Its decline was a major contributing factor in my expatriation to Eastern Europe, where I currently reside, but for my past two consecutive trips to DC, I've noticed that the city is no longer getting worse, across several areas.

Male-female Ratio: DC is still a sausage fest, and always will be thanks to the government and military jobs in the area, but the ratio has stabilized. If you go out early on the weekends, starting at 10pm, you will encounter quite favorable ratios that only start to flip around midnight. It may even be worth going out at 9pm when girls are wrapping up their foodie dinners.

Female Obesity: DC has plenty of land whales, especially among the black population, but they're not getting fatter. Many foreign and white girls are only a few pounds overweight. Unfortunately, some women go in the wrong direction for their weight problems by doing CrossFit, which gives them a body of a boy who just went through puberty. I rather date a fattie than a muscular woman.

[image]
Average DC female

Female Style and Appearance: I was surprised to see many girls wearing heels in the bars. If I visited during the summer, I may have seen them wearing flip flops instead, but in my most recent trip that ended last week, they were dressed up quite nicely. Many girls had long hair and a select few had a rather sexy look.

Female Attitude: A growing problem here is that girls get triggered very easily if you say anything politically incorrect, but as long as you avoid political discussions, you could have pleasant interactions. I only did a handful of approaches on the latest trip, and didn't try to get laid, but I wasn't blown out or treated poorly. The girls seemed open to getting approached, probably because guys are doing it less than before. The game I saw being done was mostly by black men on white girls.

These observations come from going to places I already knew, so it's quite possible that there are even better DC venues I haven't been to yet. If I was forced to live in DC for an extended period of time, such as in the case of a relative getting sick, I would live near a Whole Foods for day game and find two or three medium-sized bars within walking distance of my apartment to do 2-5 approaches about twice a week. To supplement these efforts, I would try to find international venues where I could easily show value with European *au pairs*. I would also increase my target age range. In Eastern Europe I focus on 21-25 year olds, but in America I'd go for 24-29 year olds since large age gaps take more effort to pull off in the States. If I made all those changes, I could probably manage okay in DC without falling into a suicidal depression.

A bar named “The Pug”? I’m there!

Since the introduction of smartphones and social networking, we haven’t had any new shocks which would degrade women further. Almost every woman you encounter has owned a smartphone for more than five years. Her behavior declines in the first couple of years upon using a smartphone or other new cultural invention and then stabilizes. This is why DC women are not getting worse but Eastern European women are: the smartphone was adopted widely in the latter much later. Once Eastern Europe bottoms out in the next couple of years, I’ll probably find that the behavior of American and Eastern European women overlap much more than before the smartphone.

I must stress how shocked I was to see so many American women wearing heels. In Eastern Europe, a Scandinavian hipster fashion has taken over, and many girls under 25 now wear sneakers to the club. Even in Ukraine, the country with the most feminine women on Earth, there are more hipsters with tattoos than before. These foreign trends are expected because culture has become globalized—women in different countries consume similar media on the same devices while eating the same types of food. American girls who remain thin can soon compete well on a world stage, not because they’re improving, but because foreign women are getting worse. Once those foreign women hit a bottom, which will take 2-4 more years, they may not be that much better than American women.

Common uniform in Eastern Europe that girls even wear at night

Now that my player days are behind me, I don't dread the idea of having to live in America like before, but I won't come back anytime soon because of one reason: the cost. My living expenses in Eastern Europe are only 20-25% of what I would have to pay in DC for the same lifestyle. The only other real advantage I have in Eastern Europe is the ability to date younger girls who are more elegant and pleasing. I left to foreign lands for the adventure, freedom, and women, but it's turning out that I stay because of money.

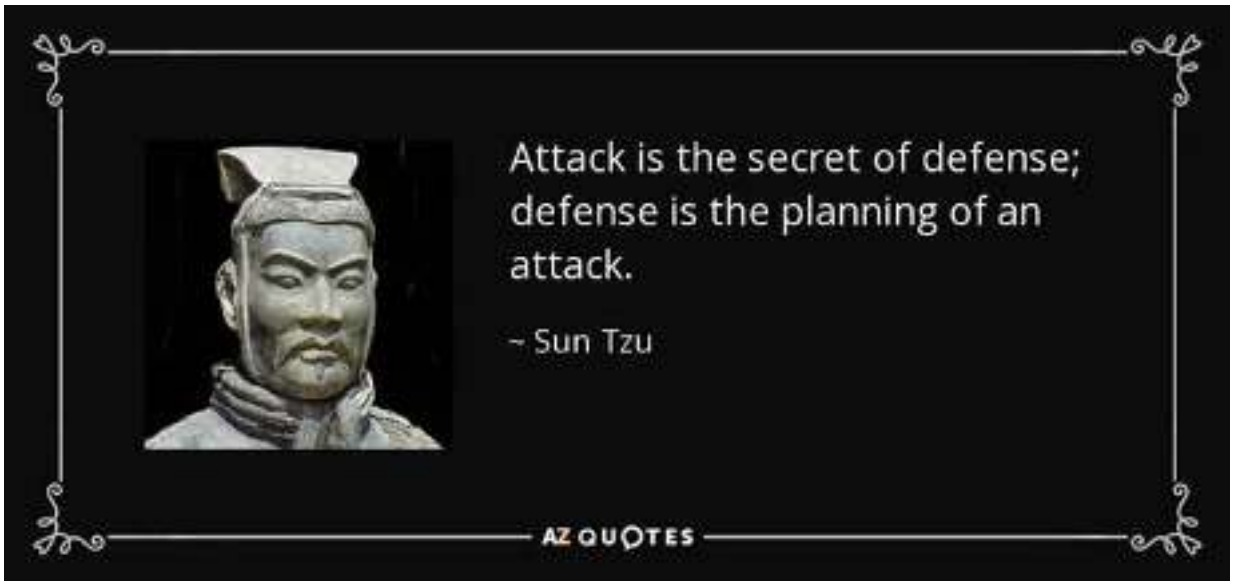
Read Next: *15 Reasons Why Washington DC Sucks For Guys*

It’s A Mistake To Always Play Defense

October 30, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

At some point in your life, once you’ve accomplished goals centered around the pursuit of power, status, money, or women, you move from playing offense to defense. Energetic ambitions that led to action now become anxious plans of self-preservation. Once a flowing river, your life becomes a stagnant pond as you debate every little movement that you once did with little hesitation.

Defense can be a sound short-term strategy when you’re facing an acute problem that appears out of nowhere. For example, if you lost your job, it would make sense to greatly reduce your expenses until you find another one, but if no new job is forthcoming, you may be tempted to permanently alter your mentality from earning money to saving money, decreasing the odds that you’ll make a bold strike with a new investment or business.



As you may have noticed in the past couple of years, I’ve moved to a defensive posture. I have a goal to not get attacked severely, which has led me to pull a lot of punches. Articles I would have published without delay are now scrapped because I fear a worldwide response. Instead of trying to score viral hits on ROK, I became content publishing long-winded philosophical articles that readers didn’t care for. Instead of trying to increase my income, I’ve taken decreased book earnings on the chin, without actively finding alternative sources of revenue. Instead of fighting to hold more live events, I’ve not attempted to hold a single one, even when I was recently back in DC and could have easily done a happy hour. Instead of saying what I want on Twitter or YouTube, I filter myself constantly to not get banned. My entire mentality has shifted from one of freedom and fun to merely hanging on, as if I’m waiting for the culture to magically heal itself so I can do what I like without having to suffer major consequences.

I see nothing wrong in lacking material goals or not wanting to hit numerical metrics, but a defensive posture operates from a foundation of fear and anxiety. You feel like you’re

being attacked even when you're not as your ego moves from goals of conquest to self-protection. Consider when a man breaks up with his girlfriend of many years. It's natural for him to be sad when the relationship ends, and mourn for a period of months, but if he's still crying over her for more than a year without trying to find a replacement, his need for self-protection merely ensures a lonely outcome. Adopting defense as a long-term strategy may preserve some of the money, feelings, and reputation that you're protecting, but in the long run you can't avoid suffering a slow and steady decline, all while living in greater anxiety. Smelly, sulfuric algae blooms in still water, not raging rivers.

I'm getting rather tired of playing defense. It's not that I want to anger millions of more people, or even make more money, but I want to do what I want to do without acting in fear that I may lose everything simply because I want to exercise my speech or hold a legal event. If I'm going to be a writer or publisher, I should write and publish, without a filter. Otherwise I'm just a slave, no different than a man who watches what he says in his corporate job for fear of getting fired by a Human Resources lady. The whole point of striking out on my own was to avoid that pathetic fate.

If I don't want to write or publish anymore, I should shut it all down and start a new life. Either I go all the way, taking my anchor with me, or I pass the torch to men who are more vigorous, who are eager to do what I'm too scared to do. But I still possess confidence that I have superior ability when it comes to what I'm good at, and I don't think I can accept playing defense for the rest of my days. I may have to fight the way I want, and accept whatever result the universe gives me, even if I wind up in a dungeon somewhere, somehow, wondering why I couldn't simply keep my mouth shut.

Read Next: *The Paradox Of Success*

FOR SALE: The Most Red-Pilled Ugly Christmas Sweater In The Universe

November 2, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Starting today, I am selling ROK Ugly Christmas Sweaters that you'll be able to wear in time for the holidays. The sweaters feature the message ***Merry (((Christ)))mas*** to celebrate the birth of Jesus while simultaneously signaling your awareness of the liberal agenda. The sweater also contains an obligatory Kratom joke.

To bring you this sweater at the insanely affordable price of $35 (only $10 more than our t-shirt), I am printing it on a standard red sweatshirt instead of an actual knitted sweater. Have no fear of soaking it with grandma's eggnog since it's easily washable. Red pill your whole family by proudly echoing your way through Christmas. Your secular Jewish friends will love your cheeky humor!

We will be taking orders for only four days: from today until Sunday, November 5. ***If you want one of these sweaters, you must order by November 5.*** The sweaters will be printed and then shipped to you on Saturday, November 25.

North American customers should get their shirt around December 2 and international customers around December 9, giving you ample opportunity for maximum holiday trollage. **Click here to order your ROK Ugly Christmas Sweater today**.

Congratulations To The Man

November 6, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Congratulations to the man who has been persecuted by the powerful, for he has found the truth.

Congratulations to the man who has found the deepest love and then lost it, for he has learned that nothing is permanent.

Congratulations to the man who stays up at night wondering about the meaning of life, for he has achieved material comfort.

Congratulations to the man who can't get along with those in his generation, for he is able to think for himself.

Congratulations to the man who has held a dying person in his arms, for now he can live without delusion.

Congratulations to the man who got beat up in a fistfight, for he knows he is not made of glass.

Congratulations to the man who has thought of killing someone, for he is connected to his primal nature.

Congratulations to the man who was stabbed in the back by a friend, for he has learned to only count on himself.

Congratulations to the man who feels utterly alone in the world, for he is about to hear a knock on his door.

Congratulations to the man who has been publicly humiliated, for he can finally take off the actor's mask.

Congratulations to the man who hates the sight of a girl he just slept with, for he knows what love is not.

Congratulations to the man who traveled too far down the wrong road, for he is steps away from the righteous path.

Congratulations to the man who wishes he could live in another era, for he has enough hope to see tomorrow.

Congratulations to the man who has gone from rich to poor, for he has learned the physical world is not his to own.

And congratulations to the man who is standing on the hangman's gallows, for it won't be much longer for his pain to end.

Read Next: *Everyone Is Hoping That You'll Fail*

The Black Pill

November 13, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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In this podcast, I examine the “black pill,” a frame of thinking that focuses on inaction and acceptance. After examining its core tenets, I describe the most common signs you are getting black pilled and why it’s inevitable if you happen to live in a declining society. I address the important connection between our internal emotional states and the external environment and also tackle the argument that inaction is a sign of weakness or cowardice. Lastly, I talk about where to draw the line in the sand when it comes to fighting back against wrongs that you encounter.

Listen on Soundcloud or download the MP3:

Listen on Youtube:

Subscribe on iTunes or **add the RSS feed** to your favorite podcast app. If you like the podcast, please leave a rating and review on iTunes.

Previous Podcast: *How To Make Money Online*

Don’t Follow A Girl’s Lead

December 8, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

My newest video explains the importance of frame and why you shouldn’t allow a girl to dictate the terms of an interaction.

Visit my Youtube channel and hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

Previous Video: *Do Girls Who Wear Chokers Want To Be Treated Like Dogs?*

Tradthots Are Not Trad

December 14, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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“Tradthot” stands for “traditional thot,” a term of mockery for women who preach traditionalism online while catering to an audience that is composed almost entirely of thirsty beta males. In the following video, I point out the hypocrisy of advocating for “tradition” without living up to its code.

Visit my Youtube channel and hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

Previous Video: *Don’t Follow A Girl’s Lead*

I Am Officially Banned From The United Kingdom

December 22, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Current UK Prime Minister Theresa May personally banned me from the UK during the time she was head of the Home Office. It happened in February 2016 during the meetup outrage when I was labeled a "pro-rape" advocate. I just found out the ban last month.

You can view the letter here, which details the specific quotes they used as justification for banning me from an entire country. Here's a video I did about it…

Visit my Youtube channel and hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

Previous Video: *Tradthots Are Not Trad*

Roosh Hour #2 – Merry Rooshmas

December 25, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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This is an early edition of Roosh Hour when I only answered listener calls for the duration of the stream.

Watch Next: *Roosh Hour #1*

She’s Too Busy For You

December 28, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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My latest video explains why you shouldn’t chase girls who disrespect the effort you put in when you ask them out.

If you received value from this video, consider supporting my work by buying one of my books at Roosh V Store or making a donation through the Roosh Boosters Club. I also appreciate donations via Bitcoin, Litecoin, Bitcoin Cash, or Monero.

- Bitcoin: 15nepsskTk3yw4XXG68WRgZSvbXFN59Mh5
- Litecoin: LL5XXBi5kuWNTd9Hhn33UY4Fp4FtknFkWi
- Bitcoin Cash: 1BeTknucfpGDjwn89YE3yc1p8gVkPkptwo
- Monero: 4JaeEnpkiVYc4iVhnPd3Jj87EsrSzq3ZQ1ZfpA3n3MaR8E Moj11dtngWE7kuZ3ZhyVGPtR7979LgqiHqXw5xdC43foD9DM5ZLXWCzeoLty

Visit my Youtube channel and hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

Previous Video: *I Am Officially Banned From The United Kingdom*

4 Things I Learned In 2017

December 30, 2017 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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In the below video, I explain four things I learned in 2017.

If you received value from this video, consider supporting my work by buying one of my books at Roosh V Store or making a donation through the Roosh Boosters Club. I also appreciate donations via Bitcoin, Litecoin, Bitcoin Cash, or Monero.

- Bitcoin: 15nepsskTk3yw4XXG68WRgZSvbXFN59Mh5
- Litecoin: LL5XXBi5kuWNTd9Hhn33UY4Fp4FtknFkWi
- Bitcoin Cash: 1BeTknucfpGDjwn89YE3yc1p8gVkPkptwo
- Monero: 4JaeEnpkiVYc4iVhnPd3Jj87EsrSzq3ZQ1ZfpA3n3MaR8E Moj11dtngWE7kuZ3ZhyVGPtR7979LgqiHqXw5xdC43foD9DM5ZLXWCzeoLty

Visit my Youtube channel and hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

Previous Video: *She's Too Busy For You*

Roosh Hour #3 – New Years Day Call In Stream

January 1, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

This is an early edition of Roosh Hour when I only answered listener calls for the duration of the stream.

Watch Next: *Roosh Hour #2*

My Top 10 Articles Of 2017

January 2, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Here are my ten favorite articles of 2017, listed in chronological order:

The Decline In Testosterone Is Destroying The Basis Of Masculinity

> Testosterone levels in men are declining worldwide alongside sperm counts. The hormone that makes men men is disappearing from the human world. As a result, men are becoming more feminine and choosing the paths of weakness, homosexuality, and cuckoldry. While it's necessary to look at the ideological causes of leftism in men, the biological reasons must not be ignored, and that starts with an understanding of the testosterone crisis.

How To Save Western Civilization

> I've had a front-row seat in the culture war for over a decade, but I haven't made any big policy declarations like other movements. Men's rights activists their "family law reform" platform. The MGTOW group has "legalize prostitution and invent realistic sex bots." The alt right has "white ethno-state." The alt lite has "civic nationalism." When it comes to policy, I've been quiet, solely focusing on fostering truth and masculinity. Only now am I ready to make the commitment to a policy platform which nips the essential problem in the bud in a way that other movements do not. We must repeal women's suffrage, starting with the 19th Amendment in the United States. Once this is accomplished, no other planned or conscious action must be taken to solve nearly all our societal ills.

Women Who Don't Have Babies Go Crazy

> A girl recently told me that she hopes her female dog would breed. Otherwise, the dog may have a false pregnancy where she pretends she is pregnant and shows increasingly unstable behavior. This was the first time I learned about the scientific condition in dogs called pseudopregnancy. I was immediately struck by how similar it is to the behavior of adult human women who don't have babies, especially ones who live in the affluent West. After studying this condition extensively, I speculate that women who don't fulfill their biological program of having children exhibit the disturbing signs of false pregnancy by becoming insane.

The Barbarians Will Solve Your Sterile Existence

> Why can't the Muslims, Africans, and Indians be more civilized like people in the West? Why do they insist on endless breeding when their children have no chance of attending an Ivy League university? Isn't there a way we can help them to see the light of civilization, rationale thinking, and clean hygiene? These are questions you may have asked at some point when looking down on the

> third-world barbarians, but from the perspective of nature, it's not them who are the problem. We are the problem. We are the defects of nature that will be eradicated.

What I've Learned About Women From My Long-Term Relationships

> I'd like to share some things I've learned about women from the relationships I've had. A lot of that experience comes from Eastern European girls, who are more feminine than American girls, but I believe the true nature of women is the same no matter where you go, lurking underneath regardless of outward presentation and behavior.

You Become What You Fight

> Once you declare an idea or person to be your enemy, you give them a room in your mind. Within that room you insert their history, strategies, tactics, strengths, and weaknesses. You dedicate more of your waking hours to understanding how to defeat them. As time passes, items from that room start to leak out into your being, until you look in the mirror and realize that you are not that different from your enemy.

A Face That I Could Love

> When I'm hunting, I view a girl who crosses my path from the bottom up. Her legs, after seeing so many thousand pairs, reveal to me her body's size and shape, even if she's wearing a long winter coat. I look away if the legs are misshapen or lumpy, not daring to risk accidental eye contact. Otherwise, my eyes move upward, excitedly, to see what kind of chest, face, and hair she has. I then make a snap judgement of her overall condition and if she's worth my effort.

The Hunt For A Moral Woman

> A lot of men I talk to think the best way to find a good girl is to visit a small town or village. The girls will be more pristine, they figure, and they're generally right about that, but there's just one big problem: those girls have not been tempted enough for us to know what their true character is.

Women Have Been Tricked Into Living Like Men

> The biggest travesty that has happened to women in the past 70 years is not misogyny or sexism, but being put on the same education and work timeline as men in spite of having a completely different biology. Millions of women suffer every day because they're living lives that were designed and optimized for men.

Dating Doesn't Work

> After absorbing the experiences of hundreds of men (and women), it has become clear to me that dating simply doesn't work for finding a life partner. No other

> tactic has a greater failure rate in creating stable marriages and families than Western-style dating, a method that only excels in finding short-term sexual partners.

If you want to see all articles I published last year, check out the archives.

Read Next: *My Top 10 Articles Of 2016*

Roosh Hour #4

January 10, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

This is an early edition of Roosh Hour when I only answered listener calls for the duration of the stream.

Watch Next: *Roosh Hour #3 – New Years Day Call In Stream*

Submit An Article For Return Of Kings And Get Paid In Cryptocurrency

January 11, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

For every guest article you submit and I accept to Return Of Kings during the month of January, I will send you a $10 payment bonus via Litecoin, a popular cryptocurrency (amount will be determined at the time payment is sent according to the spot price on CoinMarketCap). Use the submissions page to submit the article by January 31 to be eligible for the $10 bonus. Here are some tips on how to submit an article that I am likely to accept:

- Article should be between 700-1100 words.
- Pick a well-defined topic. It's better to be narrow in focus than wide since you are limited by word count.
- Keep the structure simple: (1) opening paragraph with clear thesis statement that gets the reader interested, (2) main paragraphs with at least three supporting anecdotes, opinions, observations, lessons, or facts, and (3) concluding paragraph that sums it all up.
- Get to the main point quickly. Ramble after you've stated your thesis, not before.
- Try to add at least one anecdote or story about your life to give your article a personal touch. This allows readers to connect with what you're saying.
- Potential topic ideas: rare dating niches, foreign women, data sheet on a metropolitan city, data sheet on a specific career, misbehaving women, how to make money, masculine hobbies, dating success or failure stories, interesting book reviews, and picture collages of cultural decline. No Jew/race articles.

When you're ready to submit, go to the ROK submissions page. It has more details such as your ability to use a pseudonym. Remember to proofread your article! There is no limit to how many you can submit.

I will personally review all submissions. If you don't get a response within a week, your article was rejected. If your article is almost up to standard, I will give guidance on how to improve it.

Get paid in crypto

After your article goes live, you'll have instructions on how to invoice me with your Litecoin public address so that I can pay you by the 10th of the following month. For example, if you invoice me in January for an article that went live that month, you will get paid by February 10. If you invoice me in February, you will get paid by March 10. You're also eligible for this bonus if you're an existing guest contributor who already has a writer's account.

To receive payment in Litecoin, you need to create a Litecoin wallet. You can install a wallet on your desktop computer or on your mobile phone. Since we're dealing with such a small amount of money, you don't need to go crazy with security.

Desktop Wallet

For desktop users, I recommend Electrum Litecoin Wallet, which I personally use (make sure you download the most recent version released this month).

- Run the software.
- Create a new "Standard" wallet.
- Choose the option "Create a new seed."
- Write down and safely store your 12-word seed. It's the only way you can recover your wallet in the future.
- Confirm your 12-word seed on the next screen by typing it in.
- Set a password to protect your wallet (optional).
- When the program loads, click the Addresses tab to see a list of all your public addresses which you can share to allow you to receive Litecoin. For example, here is what my Litecoin address looks like: LL5XXBi5kuWNTd9Hhn33UY4Fp4FtknFkWi

Mobile Wallet

For Android users, I recommend the Coinomi Wallet, which allows you to store over a dozen different currencies and exchange between them using two external services.

- Download and install Coinomi from their official website. Be careful with spoof websites when it comes to crypto.
- Click "+ COINS" to add a Litecoin wallet.
- Open your Litecoin wallet and click the Receive tab.
- Copy the address at the top of your screen.

If you have an iPhone, your best option is Loaf Wallet, which is maintained by the Litecoin Foundation.

Here's to a great year!

I look forward to seeing your submissions in the upcoming days. I hope you submit the type of article that inspires other men not only to take action in their own lives, but to submit future articles which start a chain reaction of inspiration and motivation. For every unit of value you give to the community, I'm confident you'll receive far more back.

Read Next: *6 Life Tips That Will Make You More Productive*

Roosh Hour #5

January 21, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

This is an early edition of Roosh Hour when I only answered listener calls for the duration of the stream.

Watch Next: *Roosh Hour #4*

Runaway Train

January 22, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Ten years ago, I was staying at a hostel in Buenos Aires. I was nearly five months into what would be a six month backpacking trip through South America. Things were not going so well. Repeated illnesses revealed that my constitution was too fragile for the continent. I began longing for the home I eagerly left behind, or at least somewhere more comfortable, but my ego pushed me to continue. I didn't want to appear like a quitter, and I still needed material for the book I planned on writing about the experience. Then for the first time I heard the 1992 song "Runaway Train" by the band Soul Asylum.

It seems no one can help me now
I'm in too deep
There's no way out
This time I have really lead myself astray

Runaway train never going back
Wrong way on a one-way track
Seems like I should be getting somewhere
Somehow I'm neither here nor there

I immediately identified with the song. There I was, healing on a dorm room bed in Argentina from yet another stomach bug after quitting my job and selling most of my possessions to travel to the third world and hang out with hippie backpackers who wouldn't stop telling me that poor people are "so happy." But I didn't want to go back to my career. I was developing a taste for a new kind of freedom, and there was no way I could deal with middle managers and pointless meetings again. I had to carve a new path.

Fast forward ten years. The stomach parasites and bed bugs were a distant memory. The pub crawls and ten-hour bus rides through winding mountain roads were no more. I've since sold tens of thousands of books and achieved a modest level of comfort. My apartment is small but located in the middle of the city. It's stocked with all the comforts I need, including a bread machine and panini maker. I'm not aching for more women, fun, or adventure like before, and I even experience fleeting moments of bliss when the feeling of the rain and the sound of the wind strike me in a certain way. Yet in spite of this, I still feel that there is a missing ingredient, a nagging emptiness I cannot fill.

I loaded a music playlist on YouTube, hit the shuffle button, and began cooking dinner. Midway through, Runaway Train came on. Instantly, images of South America rushed through my mind, both the highs and the lows. I smiled and reminisced. How long ago those times were, as if they happened in another life.

Can you help me remember how to smile?
Make it somehow all seem worthwhile
How on earth did I get so jaded?
Life's mysteries seem so faded

I can go where no one else can go
I know what no one else knows
Here I am, just drowning in the rain
With a ticket for a runaway train

Once these lyrics set in, I stopped stirring my chicken dish and turned my head towards the music. My throat tightened. It's true that I fantasize of leaving my city every day, but to where? I don't know if I have the energy to start over again. And every day I think of finding a good woman, but how? I'm too burned out and broken, and if I could make it to

nearly thirty-nine years of age without a face that I could love, chances are I could make it another thirty-nine years.

I know that as comfortable as my apartment is, and as much I enjoy eating the food that comes from my bread machine and panini maker, they are not enough to make me stay. The three friends I have in town will one day move on. Ten years have passed me by and I'm as rootless as I was in Buenos Aires. I'm still on the hostel bed, trying to improve my situation and become whole, but that outcome becomes ever more distant. I've stayed away for so long that I no longer even have a home to return to.

Did I really expect my essential nature to become something totally different? Did I believe that a change of scenery could affect my internal state of mind? My energy is lower today, and I am calmer, but the ache remains. The dissatisfaction that was born when I was born simmers underneath the surface, brought out by song. It has never left me, and I don't think it ever will, no matter where I go and what I do, because whatever train I take, my self will always travel with myself. Maybe one day I can look out the window and just enjoy the ride.

Read Next: *The Past Is An Anchor*

Roosh Hour #7

January 25, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

This is an early edition of Roosh Hour when I only answered listener calls for the duration of the stream.

Watch Next: *Roosh Hour #6 – Tradthots In The Right*

Roosh Hour #6 – Tradthots In The Right

January 25, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

This is an early edition of Roosh Hour when I only answered listener calls for the duration of the stream.

Watch Next: *Roosh Hour #5*

Don’t Let A Girl Assert Frame Over You

January 29, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Within every interaction is a frame where one person does the evaluating and judging while the other does the satisfying. The person with the higher value will naturally fall into a frame of evaluation while the person with the lower value will fall into a frame of trying to prove or appease. Without even thinking about it, many men fall into the inferior frame with women by how they allow an interaction to proceed.

Since we were children, we’ve been taught to answer questions. In school, we received rewards from the teacher if we answered correctly, and even in university we were graded for “class participation” based on impressing the professor with how well we know the material. The problem is that we carry the need to prove ourselves over into adulthood and allow others to assume superiority by answering questions that make us explain our behavior, thoughts, or actions. Most people are in fact too eager to prove themselves when asked a question, but by doing so they almost always accept the inferior frame.

[image]

For example, a common question that a woman asks you is, “What do you do?” By quickly answering her question, you automatically accept her “prove yourself to me” frame. This is why my game book Bang teaches you to not answer directly to a woman’s questions in the early periods of the interaction when you’re trying to establish attraction. The better response is to give a joke answer that shows you do not care of her evaluation. Paradoxically, this increases her attraction for you even more, because your value must be higher than hers if you refuse to do what so many men before you had eagerly done.

Another example is when a co-worker—and not your boss—asks you, “Why did you do it this way?” He is attempting to assert the superior frame by getting you to justify yourself. An answer which refuses his frame is one where you don’t explain why you did it in your preferred way. Unless he asks you “how” you did something, which establishes him as the inferior seeking to learn from you, you should not rationalize yourself. You’ll also encounter co-workers who ask tiny favors of you that escalate over time.

How do you feel when you have sex with a woman for the first time and are not satisfied with your performance? Because you feel inferior in that moment, you may say something like “It’ll be longer next time” or “I shouldn’t have drank so much.” This establishes you as the person who is supposed to do the pleasing. The woman is then more likely to see you as a weak man. A man who is confident of his worth would not be fazed by a bad sexual performance, or at least not feel the need to defend it.

[image]

It turns out that trying to justify yourself in any way is the best way to lose frame, and should only be done when the other person has repeatedly asserted the inferior frame. For example, if a woman repeatedly justifies herself in your presence, you can throw her

a bone and appease her once in a while, but only if it's what you really want to do so that she feels a basic level of security in the relationship.

It's important to note that natural alpha males are automatically resistant to accepting the inferior frame. Their instinct tells them not to justify themselves, and they have such a high opinion of who they are that maintaining frame naturally flows from them. If you are not a natural alpha, you'll have to do it manually by stopping and thinking each time a woman asks you a question or a favor ("Can you hold my purse?") to decide if she's trying to assert frame. If she is, which is usually the case, you must deflect her question. Make a joke or "agree and amplify" so she comes to the conclusion that you are the superior in the interaction. Otherwise, she will slowly drain your power and either use you for attention or to establish firm control over your behavior like we see with men who have been hen-pecked by their wives after several years of marriage.

You want to reach a point where you have high expectations of a woman but she has little expectations of you. She must give you submission while you do as you may. This will take some real value to pull off, but in the meanwhile you can simulate it by merely not falling into the frame of those who make requests and demands of you.

Read Next: *How To Repel A Slut*

Support My Work By Joining The Roosh Booster Club

February 1, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Before Paypal shut me down, many of you were monthly patrons. It has taken several months but I have finally found a platform that accepts those on the dissident right.

Without the support of readers such as yourself, I would not be able to have a career producing content for men. Unless people find enough value in what I do to make a donation or buy books and merchandise, there would be no Roosh V blog, Return Of Kings, Roosh V Forum, or YouTube channel (in addition to my email newsletters and occasional podcasts). If I don't give value to you, I know that I will not receive value back.

"Shut it down!"

In the past, I was more hesitant to ask for direct donations because I was earning a stronger income through book sales and Return Of Kings advertising, but liberals have been busy shutting me down since my lecture tour in 2015.

Return Of Kings has been banned from Disqus, Google Adsense, and every other banner ad network I've tried to use. I was given a lifetime ban from Paypal for political reasons, Amazon allows hundreds of fake 1-star reviews on my books, which greatly decreases sales, and YouTube has recently shown that they don't like me on their platform. Without asking you for donations, maintaining normal operations will become increasingly difficult, if not impossible.

> Hey @YouTube, why did you take down my video? The "German girl of my dreams" topic starts at 45:00. I can't live stream for 3 months because you didn't like my title? pic.twitter.com/9TSwe44AKb
>
> — Roosh (@rooshv) January 30, 2018

Roosh Booster Club

[image]

If you have been receiving value from Return Of Kings or my work and would like to show your gratitude, I kindly ask that you join the **Roosh Boosters Club** and make a recurring monthly donation (or a one-time donation). I have set up three monthly tiers at $5, $10, and $20 where you'll receive some additional benefits as a show of thanks. Click here to see all three tiers. You will receive information about your tier benefits on the Friday after you sign up.

Of course I know you donate not for a handful of goodies but because you believe in what I'm doing and want to see me publish more content in the future. The most important guarantee I can make with your donation is that it will allow me to continue producing the work you value.

If I gain $500 per month in donations (I'm 60% there), I plan on using the bulk of it to take ROK to its former glory by increasing the standard of articles that are published every day, all while focusing on my Bang 2.0 book, which should be out by the end of the year. **If you are getting value from ROK or my work, click here to learn more about becoming a booster. Thank you!**

Roosh Hour #8

February 4, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

This is an early edition of Roosh Hour when I only answered listener calls for the duration of the stream.

Watch Next: *Roosh Hour #7*

And Then What?

February 5, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Many men raised in the West are programmed to set ambitious goals for themselves. They spend months or years trying to accomplish a specific goal, thinking that once it happens, their life will unfold like a movie where they are the hero carried off on the shoulders of admirers. This doesn't happen. The satisfaction from achieving your goal lasts only days, maybe even hours, and then life will seem no different than before. To find out what you really gain from any goal, imagine what happens *after* achieving it.

You want to sleep with 100 women. Imagine the process of achieving that goal, one bang at a time, until one day you do it—you sleep with your one-hundredth girl. The high is glorious. You are a real masculine man! *And then what?*

You still have to grind out your future bangs. Your game skill long ago passed the point of diminishing return. Your value doesn't automatically go up in women's eyes just because an arbitrary notch count was reached. More severely, you may damage your chemical bonding mechanism and become addicted to the thrill of banging easy sluts.

Or maybe you want to earn $1,000,000. You decide the best way to do that is through cryptocurrency. You spend hundreds of hours researching and trading. After three years, your portfolio reads $1,000,000. You cash out most of your portfolio. You buy a condo in the best part of town and also a lambo. You live in your new home and invite many friends and women, throwing epic parties, knowing that you can afford it all. *And then what?*

The parties get old after a while. You feel like people are using you. Your new home gave great satisfaction in the beginning, but you've gotten accustomed to it. You barely use the car. You buy new toys but then get bored of them after a week or two. Your wealth doesn't provide you with a sustained boost of happiness like you expected.

Or maybe you want really big muscles. You hit the gym five times a week and load up on supplements of dubious safety. It takes a year but you become jacked. Your confidence is sky high. Other men are intimidated by you and women make compliments on your physique. *And then what?*

A big chunk of your life is spent in the gym or fussing over your diet to maintain an aesthetic that has little practical value. The girls you attract seem to be more shallow than before. The ego boost of intimidating men has faded, and your confidence peaked many arm sizes ago. Going to the gym has become a drag, but you're scared of being small again.

Many men get starry-eyed over a goal, imagining how life would be so great upon achieving it, but fail to play out the movie to its completion. Unlike Hollywood, life goes on, and you come back down to a basal level of happiness, no matter how great your achievement was. This is very common with men who want to travel to shitholes to meet good women.

Imagine you visit a rough second-tier city in Colombia or Ukraine and meet a girl who is hotter than any other girl you've made love to before. And then what? Are you going to move to her city permanently? Are you going to bring her back to the West so she can get corrupted like the women you left behind? Are you going to move her to another location where any children you have won't have the benefit of seeing extended family? Understand that as soon as you experience the upsides from achieving a goal, the downsides come pounding at your door so that the overall cost of a goal is balanced with its benefits.

The most ideal goal to have is one where the downside is limited due to your unique character. My current goal is to finish two new books. There is huge downside in writing

books for the average person, but for me it's upside most of the way through. Writing itself is a form of meditation that suits me, helping me understand my place and value in the world. At the same time, I'm able to help men with their own lives. Compare that to a goal of sleeping with 100 new girls starting today, which would have tremendous downside for me to accomplish because of the monumental amounts of energy and time it would take for a man who values sex far less than before. Same goes for making money beyond the level of the material comfort I now have.

You have an ability or disposition that makes your pursuit of a certain goal have a smoother "And then what?" follow-up story than other men. If that story involves high maintenance alongside time and energy costs, the goal is almost certainly not going to provide you what the happiness you seek, but if after achieving your goal, the story is followed by you doing more of what you already enjoy, even resembling a sort of play, it will be a worthy goal for you.

Banging girls, puffing up my muscles, and accumulating money is not my goal—it's the goal thrust upon me by a dying civilization that lacks meaning. If pursued to excess, they will only send me to a dead-end. If you want to find a goal that is worth it for you, play the story of the goal in your mind all the way through, and then you'll know.

Read Next: *The High Cost Of Working 40 Hours A Week*

Roosh Hour #9

February 11, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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This is an early edition of Roosh Hour when I only answered listener calls for the duration of the stream.

Watch Next: *Roosh Hour #8*

Sex Has Become An Obsession

February 12, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Have men always been as obsessed with sex as they are today? Was it thrust into their faces practically every single moment? I doubt it. Men of the past had to put so much more energy into survival that sex was seen more as the dessert instead of the main dish like it is now. Otherwise, the sex-obsessed ancient man would surely die of starvation or predation. What you think of as a normal level of horniness and healthy sex attitude would be vulgar and downright ill to men of the past.

I go online and there is sex in places it shouldn't be. My Twitter timeline is filled with attention-whoring women who showcase their cleavage and beauty, retweeted by thirsty men. The trending list on YouTube is filled with women using their sexuality to get views, and even children's videos have sexual themes. Instagram, an app I barely use, insists on recommending busty women who showcase and jiggle their breasts. The only way you can turn off receiving endless sex messages from the internet is if you don't go on the internet.

My Instagram recommendations

Even when I succeed in not thinking about sex, I'm immediately corrupted as soon as I walk out my door. Women are too eager to show me the curvature of their bodies, their breasts, their ass, and with yoga pants, even the outline of their chubby labia. Women have become so deranged with showing us their sex that many are petitioning the government to go topless on public streets. It doesn't matter how much willpower you have as a man, they will attempt to suck you in and put your mind into thinking about fucking them so they feel a sense of validation.

Sex is our generation's daily obsession. If men don't spent hours on porn sites or social networking trying to "like" or swipe their way into a woman's pants, they hop on an airplane and travel thousands of miles away to bang until they're sick of it. While most of the third world is looking for economic opportunity, the comfortable men of the first world look for sex opportunity, because it's one of the top things that gives them meaning in life. It's so easy to survive that so we can safely dedicate ourselves to rock star sex goals at the same time we experiment with a diet or supplement stack that maximizes our testosterone level to ensure superhuman fornication.

Frankly, I'm tired of it. I've dedicated more time than 99% of men into getting sex. It has given me a community of men online I can talk to, which is great, but my soul has nothing to show for it. I don't want to care about sleeping with a girl I don't have feelings for. I don't want to go on another bang mission, or travel to more countries to find a perfect woman who exists only in my mind. Enough! I can't bear to look at another vagina for the sole purpose of using it as a tool to get a ten-second orgasm that gives me no pleasure as soon as it's done, even though I know deep down that the next girl I sleep with will certainly be someone I do not love.

If some facet of the culture has been normalized by the time you reach puberty, you will think it's an integral part of humanity. This means that any man born since the sexual revolution of the 1970's will grow up thinking about sex and pursuing it far more than his ancestors. The situation is worse for men born in the era of internet porn, who don't know what it's like not to have hardcore ass-to-mouth videos on demand.

Even if you decide to shake this sex obsession, those around you have not. Girls will insist on displaying vaginas close up to your face, asking if you would kindly take a sniff. Men will insist that you need to "just get laid," as if that will solve all of your problems. There's

no way to stop it unless you remove yourself totally from society, an unreasonable task. It looks like we're cursed to have sex a daily part of our existence, whether we like or not.

Read Next: *A Woman's Body May Incorporate DNA From The Semen Of Casual Sex Partners*

Women Use Social Networking To Feel Loved

February 19, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

When the iPhone started gaining popularity, I wrote about how it makes women less capable of love. It puts them on such a thrilling roller coaster ride of attention and fleeting validation that the love of one man becomes just too boring. And now women are attempting to get that love back on social networking, through the very means that caused them to lose the ability to love in the first place.

A girl who shares a photo on Instagram, a status update on Facebook, or a tweet about her day is simply trying to receive love from people on the internet. There is no reason to share a photo with strangers unless in that moment you are feeling a lack of love, which is why it's most commonly done when a woman is alone. When she's experiencing a momentary feeling of emptiness or lack of attention, she shares a selfie and then relaxes from the soothing effects of dopamine as the likes and comments come in, all without having to understand or cater to the needs of others.

Unfortunately for the girl, this will not work in finding real love. She already damaged her love mechanism by swallowing whole all the depression-causing feedback loops that autistic Silicon Valley technologists threw at her, and now she's trying to get it back through piecemeal bytes from people she ultimately doesn't care about. It's the same as crushing your leg with a sledgehammer and then using the same sledgehammer to bang it back into place. To save your life, a doctor will end up having to amputate the leg.

The only possible treatment for a woman is to completely withdraw participation from social networking. She must never share anything personal online. She must only follow other people without commenting. She must never anticipate or hope for a potential

response that could spike her dopamine. Combined with a healthy search for a male partner, she may be able to love again, but we all know that this asks too much of the modern female. Your average woman will not be able to quit all her social networking accounts and observe so many other women getting a million likes from strangers while she receives none, but unless she does this, the odds of her being content with the love from one man are zero. She will become a love amputee.

It turns out that many men use social networking to feel love as well. If the intent of what you're sharing is to receive attention, compliments, and validation, you're starved of real-life love. When the only response to what you're sharing is discussion about *you*, the internet has become your lover. This is one of the reasons I've been so incompetent with managing my Instagram account. Sharing a photo of myself, where the only response can be likes on my image or comments about me, is love-thirst behavior, but I am still a human being and sometimes experience moments where I feel a lack of love. I'm still capable of love in real life, but I know that using the internet to receive it will just damage that ability. It turns out that sleeping with so many sluts did less harm to me than if I had the habit of uploading a selfie every day.

If you want to predict whether the a woman you meet in the future will be satisfied by your love, ask yourself what trends you see with smartphone usage. Are women becoming more dependent on it or less? You already know the answer: women have showed absolutely no indication that they want to lessen their social networking usage, and if anything, they are doubling down to such an extent that they may even prefer it to normal friendships.

An entire generation of men have to suffer worsening relationships with women because a few hundred technologists wanted to create a utopia. Instead, they created a hell where

the only time you'll be able to feel a little bit human is while staring at a tiny computer in your hand.

Read Next: *Patricia's Smartphone*

Roosh Hour #10

February 25, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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This is an early edition of Roosh Hour when I only answered listener calls for the duration of the stream.

Watch Next: *Roosh Hour #9*

How To Change The World

February 26, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Out of all my podcasts, I've received the most amount of comments about The Black Pill, where I state that it's fruitless to try to change society instead of yourself. Many men feel that this possibly can't be the right approach, because if we don't try to change society, how can we ever make it better? Won't the whole world just become one big African slum?

What is society composed of? Buildings, music, art, language, government, and more, all produced by people. Without those people, there would be no society. As a living human being, you are an integral part of a society, and it will change by a degree, however minuscule, when you die. You're already changing it through your mere existence, but trying to change society *directly* through conscious effort is futile.

The problem with becoming an activist to change a broken society is that it's almost always done by imperfect people. Broken cannot fix broken. If you're not living by the code you think your perfect society should be, or you suffer from anxiety or fear, you can't improve the whole that you're a part of. Changing society is therefore a form of therapy, just like how teaching game was a form of self-help for me.

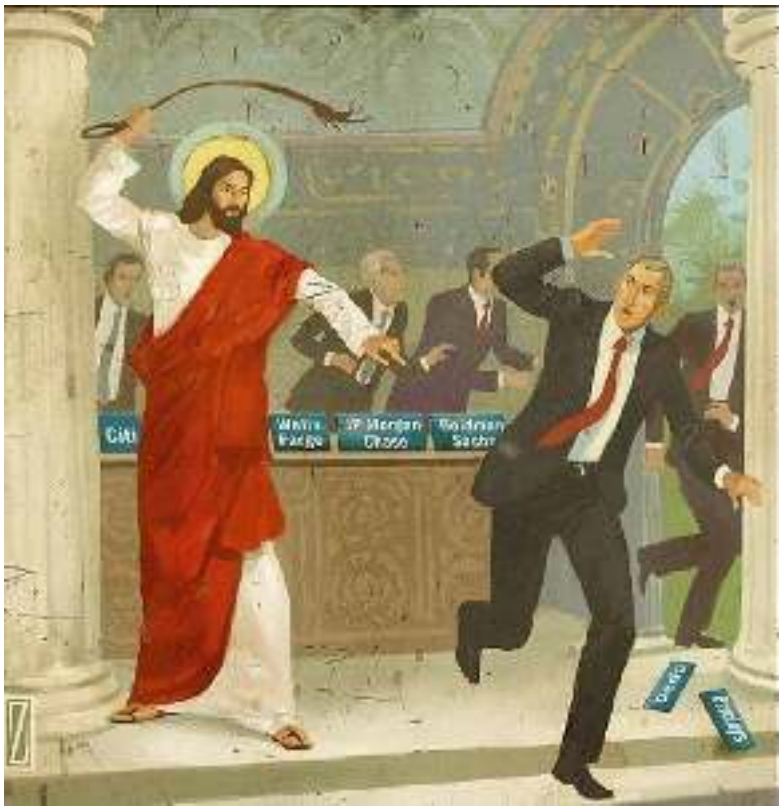
This car should not be designing the highway system

Your problems, vices, mental issues, and addictions are too difficult to solve, but it's all to easy to command other people on how to live. If you gain a soapbox, you'll feel soothed that others are listening to you even though your own life is in disarray. The ego boost of becoming famous or influential can't compete with even the best sex or anti-depressant

pills, and in the end we have a case of the blind leading the blind.

The only foolproof way to change society is to make yourself the best person you can be. The society then automatically changes upon your change, since you are a part of the whole. If you rid yourself of your brokenness and your fears, your addictions and your denials, society will improve. If you become a golden standard for others to follow, you could then advise others on how you solved your own problems. Until then, any attempt to change others is just a way to delay or procrastinate your own change. This is the most obvious with pundits on the internet who have an interest in changing the minds of people who don't even live in their country. They don't care about their own neighbor, yet they are activists for those who live in lands they have never been to.

I will not tell you by which standard of morality to live by, because I know that a society full of fornicating men like myself would lead to catastrophe more than not. Unless we're talking about a man like Jesus, a society filled with the person who wants to change the world would always lead to disaster. If you ask me questions, I will give you answers, and I will surely share my opinion like I'm doing now, but I will not take a crusade to save those who did not ask me to be saved.



A society full of men like Jesus wouldn't be so bad

Today, I would not run a "Fat Shaming Week" like I did on Return Of Kings several years back. I can state that I'm not attracted to overweight women, but I no longer care how women I don't know choose to live. I set a weight limit for my body, and if people want to ask me for health advice then I will help them, but if the whole world becomes obese then so be it, for it must be a part of human nature if its occurrence is so seemingly inevitable.

One of the first things you may have figured out when learning game is not to convince a blue pill friend to also use game. The friend will resent you for thinking that you're better

than him. It turns out that this basic lesson applies on a societal level as well. People don't want to hear your opinions, standards, and morals. Even covertly inserting those opinions into movies or music won't work unless you're programming people to do what is already within their primal nature.

It's easy to attack mainstream media and Hollywood, but most people really want to sleep around, accumulate material possessions, be addicted to all matter of substances, invent their own gods, and simulate being a "good" person by virtue signalling for an outgroup. It's easy, fun, and makes them feel powerful and superior. They don't want you to tell them how to genuinely be a good person or solve real problems. Doing so is a waste of your time, and if you're too persistent, they'll try to kill you for it.

I intend to live for several more decades. I will use that time to face my lingering demons while sharing what I know to people who want to hear me, but I will not attempt to change the world. That's just a form of therapy that is kicking the can of my own problems down the road. I know that if I become the best man I can, and be open and honest with how I did so, society will improve ten times more than if I try to jam my opinions and theories into people who don't want to hear it. There will be no arguments, no persuasion, and no debates, just an individual journey that leads to openness and dialogue, and I hope that I will be successful at it.

Read Next: *You Become What You Fight*

Roosh Hour #11

March 4, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

This is an early edition of Roosh Hour when I only answered listener calls for the duration of the stream.

Watch Next: *Roosh Hour #10*

24 More Articles I Strongly Recommend

March 5, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Here are some long-form articles I got value from:

1. How the left used terrorist acts in the past with protection from liberal institutions [Link]
2. The history of the duel [Link]
3. The power of the NSA [Link]
4. Experiment suggests that reality doesn't exist until it is measured [Link]
5. How Benito Mussolini took power [Link]
6. Sperm killers and rising male infertility [Link]
7. No patrirachy without patriarchs [Link]
8. The political life of Pat Buchanan [Link]
9. Will the United States end up like Argentina? [Link]
10. The sexual decadence of Weimar Germany [Link]
11. Ten years of the manosphere [Link]
12. The US Empire, the CIA, and the NGOs [Link]
13. The history of Jews and moneylending [Link]
14. Google is not what it seems [Link]
15. How police interrogation works [Link]
16. The nightmare of Britain's foreign doctors [Link]
17. History of the "Playboy lifestyle" [Link]
18. The participatory universe [Link]
19. How a man tried to recover $30,000 in lost Bitcoin [Link]
20. Lessons from Jessica Valenti's "Sex Object" [Link]
21. Where the small-town american dream lives on [Link]
22. I have forgotten how to read [Link]
23. Right-wing activism always fails [Link]
24. Spraying Round-up on wheat fields prior to harvest may be causing health problems [Link]

I use the Five Filters app for Chrome to send articles to my Kindle for offline reading.

Read Next: *15 More Articles I Strongly Recommend*

I’m Coming Back To Washington DC

March 8, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Last week I was thrown a big curve ball. I hate to be vague, but one of my family members is having a problem that I want to help him or her with. Things could stabilize in one month, or it could go on for much longer, meaning that I’ve mentally prepared myself to move back to Washington DC. I’m already back in the United States as you read this.

In the beginning of Roosh Live #11, I describe coming back (there is a sound problem until 1:03)…

I expect two changes. The first is fewer YouTube live streams, at least for the next few weeks until I figure out a new setup. The second is more meetups. I plan to hold at least one happy hour in Washington DC. If my stay in the States is long-term, I may do them in other parts of the country.

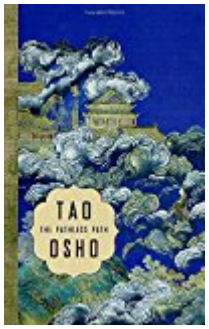
Until the family situation stabilizes, I will try to maintain two residences, one in the DC area and one in Europe. If that’s not possible, I will close the chapter on my European adventures, which started in 2011, and begin a new one back in America.

Lastly, since I no longer have to conceal where I am, I plan on updating my Instagram more often with local happenings. You can follow me at kingroosh.

Read Next: *Washington DC Has Bottomed Out*

What Is The Tao?

March 12, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



I've previously reviewed Osho's When The Shoe Fits, but this book may actually serve as a better reading for complete beginners to Tao since it's more introductory in nature. However, it does lack the parables that make it as interesting as When The Shoe Fits.

> Buddha has walked, Lao Tzu has walked, Jesus has walked, but those ways are not going to help you because you are not Jesus, and you are not Lao Tzu, and you are not Lieh Tzu. You are you, a unique individual. Only by walking, only by living your life, will you find the way.

When you study another man, you are studying his path, and what is unique to him. When you read my game work, and all the pickup lines I've used, you feel empowered with the knowledge, but until you use those lines yourself, you won't have experienced game. A baby can watch his parents walk for months, but the first step he takes will still cause him to fall over.

> Christianity, Hinduism, Mohammedanism, are superhighways; you need not risk anything, you simply follow the crowd, you go with the mob. With Tao you have to go alone, you have to be alone.

Religions are useful in that they hand you an already cooked meal of morality and rules that will likely be enough for you to lead a productive life, but their one-size-fits-all approach does clash with the modern notions of individualism that encourage us to be our own Gods, which is why so few today are truly religious.

> ...ignorance is not the barrier against truth—knowledge is the barrier.

All the knowledge you have jammed in your brain causes your ego to exclude experience that conflicts with what you think you know. The more knowledge you have, the more you live a filtered experience of neverending cycles of confirmation bias, all because your ego doesn't want to ever have to admit it's wrong or that the time and energy spent educating yourself was a waste. This is why taking the red pill is impossible for some people, because it would force the person to admit that they have believed in the wrong ideas for the bulk of their lives, and that much of their college education was useless.

> Thinking cannot deliver truth. Truth is an experience, and the experience

> happens only when thinking is no longer there.

All the truth I've realized in my life has come from direct experience. I can read a book where a man explains the truth to me, but unless I have experience that led me to believing that truth, I will not believe it with conviction.

> Thinking is dreaming with words, dreaming is thinking with pictures—that's the only difference. Dreaming is a primitive way of thinking, and thinking is a more evolved way of dreaming—more civilized, more cultured, more intellectual, but it is the same—only the pictures have been replaced by words. And, in a way, because pictures have been replaced by words, it has gone even farther away from reality, because reality is closer to pictures than to words.

Thinking is seen as a negative process in Tao because it's shaped and controlled by the ego, which is a self-protection mechanism that doesn't want to see reality as it is. The more you think, the more your ego is guiding you into a pre-determined safe space that will not conflict with your existing knowledge and past experience.

> The more you have of this world, the less you have of happiness, because the more you have of this world, the stronger becomes your ego, the more strengthened is your ego, more crystallized—hence unhappiness.

Material possessions drain your happiness because you now have to expend energy, time, and work into keeping and maintaining them, on top of new fears of losing them. I thought that as I saved more money over the years, I would be less fearful of entering poverty, but that didn't happen because I became anxious of vague economic forces and black swan events that may take my money away. The anxiety was of a different nature, but the absolute amount of the anxiety remained the same. The only person who is not anxious at all of poverty is the man already deep in it, and who has no possessions of his own.

> Drop your intellect, and you will not lose anything. Carry your intellect with yourself, and you will lose all. Drop your intellect, and you will lose only your imprisonment, your falsity. Drop your intellect, and suddenly your consciousness will soar high, will be on its wings… and you can go to the very south, to the open seas where you belong. Intellect is the burden on man.
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> […]
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> Begin with ignorance, and some day you may be fortunate enough to know. Begin with knowledge, and this is certain: that you will never be able to know.

But if I drop my intellect, how will I contribute to mankind? How will I help man fly to Mars? How will I solve the intricate problems of modern society? How will I make more money to accumulate greater material possessions? These are all questions demanded by the ego. Observe low IQ people and you will see that lacking intelligence is not a hindrance to their life, and in some cases, they are able to experience reality more fully

because they lack rules, principles, and expectations that constrain their more intelligent counterparts.

> Only an inferior person thinks in terms of superiority. A real person, an authentic person, is neither superior nor inferior. He simply is— unique; nobody is lower than him and nobody is higher than him.

Most of your social behavior has an aim of showing yourself as superior, in the most subtle of ways. For example, helping other people is a way for you to show your superiority, especially when it is done publicly. You want others to see how generous and kind you are, and for them to commend you. This gets out of control in the case of virtue signalling, where people show how "kind" they are to third-world foreigners in a way that actively harms their neighbor's safety or economic well-being.

> A comparative happiness is a pseudohappiness. "I have a big car and you don't have. Because you don't have, I am happy." This is something foolish. How can I be happy because you don't have a car? What has it to do with my happiness that you don't have a car? "I have a big house and you don't have a big house, so I am happy." This happiness seems more interested in making others unhappy rather than in being happy oneself. "You don't have a car, you don't have a good house— I am happy because you are miserable." Look at the logic of it, the mathematics is simple: "I am happy when people are miserable, so if people are more miserable, I will be more happy; if the whole world is turned into hell, I will be supremely happy." This is the logic, and this is what man has been doing.
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> […]
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> Comparison is the root cause of misery. To be noncomparative—to be neither higher nor lower, just to be yourself, not to think in relation to others, just to think in terms of your tremendous aloneness—then you are happy.

Many times we compare ourselves to those more fortunate, and it leads to insecurity. Then we see a crippled man on the street and we feel better, because we realize we are not as bad off as others. And then we see a rich man in a Ferrari, and again we feel insecure. We derive our entire self-worth through external comparison that has an end result of wanting everyone else to be less fortunate than ourselves. This method of comparison has actually been institutionalized in many countries, such as the Scandinavian Jante Law, which aims to push down others who are succeeding in life.

> Contentment comes only when you are not comparing, when you are simply within yourself, totally in yourself—centered, rooted. And by being in your being, you suddenly realize that the whole is yours, and you are of the whole; you are not separate. The ego has disappeared, you have become universal. In that moment, there is great contentment, great benediction. But that benediction, that contentment, does not come through rationalization; it comes through realization—that is the difference. Consolation is a rationalization, contentment is

> a realization.

How does contentment come about? Through accepting reality as it is, without filters put in place by your ego and society, and that existence alone, of simply being alive, is the point of life. You are breathing right now, and you are conscious; congratulations, you have achieved an incredible feat in this vast universe. Nothing more is needed besides satisfying your needs of survival, which if you're able to read this, I guarantee is being satisfied at a high level of material comfort.

> A man who is trying to "figure it out" is bound to fall into a tremendous trap and will not be able to come out of it easily. Once you start intellectualizing about life, you start going astray. Life has to be lived. Life has to be lived existentially and not intellectually. Intellect is not a bridge but a barrier.

The reason we develop theories to figure out life is because we want to minimize pain and suffering. Intellectual theories that explain what is happening right now can then be extended to predict what *will* happen, and if I know what will happen, I can steer around the difficulty and protect myself.

Thousands of men in Silicon Valley are developing artificial intelligence to take away any potential downside of life, but at the same time, they are removing any upside as well. The joyful surprises of love and friendship will be reduced to mathematical formulas and algorithms. You will know everything about a new lover before you meet her, you will know what diseases you'll get and when you'll get them, and you will be told what type of jobs or hobbies to perform without finding out on your own. You will even be told on which day you will die.

> That which is caused is never eternal, that which is caused is temporal. When the cause disappears, it will disappear; it is a by-product. That which is uncaused is going to be forever and forever, because there is nothing that can destroy it.

Uncaused is when you're "happy for no reason." You feel an energy coming from your spirit that is not based on a direct cause from your environment.

I commonly see uncaused happiness in people who are highly religious. They believe God is guiding them and their experiences. Even in the face of evil, they are calm and content. Those who use stocism alone are not able to accept negative events as easily as the religious, since they apply a material logic to the nature of the world that can still lead them to the question of "Why me and not him?"

If your happiness is caused, keeping it simple is the best strategy, as I mentioned in my podcast on hedonic adaptation. If you climb the biggest mountain in the world, how can you be happy when visiting a little park? If you make love to the most beautiful girl in the world, how can you be happy with a girlfriend or wife who has flaws? The more experience and excitement you seek, the more you desensitize you to the little causes of happiness.

> An ambitious man will always regret. Alexander died sad, in great frustration,

> because ambition by its very nature is unfulfillable.
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> […]
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> Only a nonambitious person can be happy. An ambitious person is bound to be always frustrated.

The sum of pleasure you achieve through any gain must be equal to the sum of pain that is experienced through its loss. There is no other possibility in a universe where matter can neither be created nor destroyed. If you date a girl for one year, all the pleasure you received from her will be given back in pain when you break up. (Breaking up is so acute since the pain is experienced in a shorter time period than the pleasure gained.) Anything you buy right now will give you a pleasurable rush, which is given back in the debt or labor you have to pay for that object along with the pain experienced when it no longer gives you pleasure.

A question may arise: so why bother? Why even try anything? Why not go live in a cave and meditate for hours a day? Well, many people do! Taoists don't recommend this approach because it's the forced opposite of hedonistic ambition. They advocate for living according to your nature, without ego, though the interpretation of that can be subjective.

> But even if in the Old Testament you have two pages [of recognition], or twenty, or two hundred, what is the meaning of it? And as history grows bigger, those two pages will become smaller and smaller and smaller, and one day [you will become] just a footnote. And then when history will become even longer—and it is becoming longer every day— the footnotes will also disappear somewhere in the appendix, and by and by you are gone.

Tomorrow you may be remembered as a great man. Books will be written about you. Then you will be remembered in compilations with other men, and as history goes on, the words that describe you get smaller until you exist in name only. If you're lucky, you will turn into a meme, like Hitler, or by pscyhoanalyzed for your faults in the future or suspected of being secretely gay, like Alexander, but none of that recognition can compete to living in the present.

> …philosophy creates a screen of words and you cannot see the reality as it is. It distorts reality, it interprets reality, it gives a garb to reality, it hides reality, it covers reality.

Has philosophy ever been helpful? Outside of stoicism, I can't think of any philosophical work that has made much of a difference to the individual. Either that philosophy has been long dead, its realizations made impotent by the hands of time, or it was dropped into a vast sea of other ideas and philosophies, its effect neutered by new avalanches of work. Philosophy is great for the men who invent the philosophies, who are able to leave their mark and feel like they contributed something that can allow them to control the world from beyond the grave.

> …the moment you start asking, “What is truth?” your mind starts supplying words; it knows the answers. Those answers are all false, those answers are all borrowed, but it gives you beautiful answers. They satisfy you for a while, and if your inquiry is not great, they may satisfy you forever. Only a great inquirer sees the point that words are meaningless.

Analyzing an experience can only offer rationalizations that soothe your ego into maintaining its image of superiority.

> The rebellious person is one who does not bother about the society at all. He simply lives through his innermost core; he is one who follows his Tao. If society fits with that inner Tao, good, he goes with the society; he is not reactionary. If the society does not fit with his inner Tao, he goes alone. He is not a traditional, conventional, straight person. His criterion is his inner soul.

A man who is purely reactionary, who is attempting to fight the mainstream culture, is actually swimming with the culture, because his behavior is wholly determined by it, just as much—if not more—as someone who is for the culture. Counter-culture is yang to the culture’s yin—they are inseparable. The clash between the culture and counter-culture breeds the synthesis that creates the culture of tomorrow.

> An untrue life is worse than a true death: a true death is better. An untrue happiness is worse than a true unhappiness— let this be remembered always. True tears are better than false smiles, because growth comes through being true. Growth never comes through falsity, and the ideal of gentleman is the ideal of the false man.

For many years I have put on the clown mask to engage in fornication with women. I’ve concealed, danced, and acted. The end result of those orgasms were only satisfying for a brief moment, because I had to put the mask back on as soon as the ejaculation was completed. When the pain of acting or fulfilling other people’s expectations of you become greater than the pleasure received from keeping up with appearances, you are beginning to listen to your true nature.

> …let there be a harmony in the contradictions within you, then you will reach to the highest point and the highest peak. Don’t choose one, choose both together. Be courageous. Don’t be miserly in choosing. When life gives you a paradox, choose the whole paradox; swallow it all and whole, and digest it completely and you will become a flying dragon.

For every personal conviction you have, there is the opposite lurking within. For many behaviors you have ever criticized, you have done it or are doing it, and within every person you despise, there is a part of you within them. Your ego wants to imagine itself as perfect, as flawless, but we are not perfect, both the good and bad exist within us, and that which we eagerly attack may be what we are composed of the most, because it’s our ego’s way of dealing with the inner contradiction.

> Lao Tzu is passing through a forest, and the forest is being cut. Thousands of carpenters are cutting the trees. Then he comes near a big tree—a very big tree, one thousand bullock carts can rest underneath it—and it is so green and beautiful. He sends his disciples to inquire of the carpenters why this tree has not been cut yet. And they say, “It is useless. You cannot make anything out of it. Furniture cannot be made, it cannot be used as fuel—it gives too much smoke. It is of no use; that’s why we have not cut it.” And Lao Tzu says to his disciples, “Learn from this tree. Become as useless as this tree, then nobody will cut you.”
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> Don’t become a human commodity and nobody will be able to use you. And if nobody is able to use you, you will have a beautiful life of your own—independent, free, joyful. If nobody can use you, nobody can reduce you to a means. You will never be insulted, because in this life there is no greater insult than to become a means: somebody or other is going to use you—your body, your mind, your being.
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> […]
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> You feel very happy if people come and say, “When you are gone we will never be able to replace you.” You feel tremendously happy, but what are they saying? They are saying, “You are a thing we are using.”

Because I am useful to men, they will always make demands of me. “You are a good writer, Roosh, so why don’t you write more articles?” “Make more Youtube videos and podcasts for me.” “Your game advice needs updating.” “I don’t like how your beard is getting so long.” “When are you going to do a happy hour?” And on and on. The second you become useful to someone, you enter a subservient role where the relationship can only be kept intact by continuing to provide usefulness.

> Life cannot have any purpose, because if life has any purpose then something will become more valuable than life, and again the question will arise: What is the purpose of that? If we say, “Life is to attain truth,” then truth becomes the real purpose. But then what is the purpose of truth? If we say, “Life is to seek God,” then the question arises: “What is the purpose of God, or of achieving God, or of realizing God?” In the end you have to drop the word purpose…

Until you can arrive at the conclusion of “This existence is the purpose, and the sole purpose,” you will enter a un-answerable chain of never-ending causality. The essence of being *is* the purpose.

> Hope is dressed-up desire. Be hopeless. Nothing is going to happen. Nothing ever happens. There is no future, so drop all ambition. Only this moment exists, so don’t rush hither and thither; it is pointless, it is neurotic, it is mad. Just relax in this moment, just be.

Some may interpret statements like this as nihilism, but there is a subtle difference.

Nihilists believe existence has no purpose, nothing has value, and there is no objective truth. Taoists believe that existence is the purpose, and everything within that existence contains its own unique consciousness, energy, and place within the universe, because if something exists, it must be an important part of the universal whole, no matter how insignificant. Taoists also believe objective truth can be derived from nature itself.

> When the intellect claims, “I am the whole,” then there is trouble. When the intellect says, “I am just a part of a vast entity, of a huge entity, and I do my work— beyond that I don’t know what is going on,” then there is no problem.

The universe is the whole, and we are a small part within that universe, but are not separate from it, and this is proven through studies in quantum mechanics, like the double slit and the delayed choice experiments, which show that the conscious observer is a necessary part of determining how the universe is composed of in the present, and how it was composed of in the past. If you think of yourself as distinct from the universe, you will continually suffer when having its effects thrust upon you for seemingly no reason.

> Once logic claims, “I am the whole,” life becomes meaningless. Once somebody says, “Life is nothing but science,” then it is a reduction and everything is reduced to the lowest denominator. Then love is nothing but chemistry—a hormonal thing. Then everything can be reduced to the lowest, then the lotus is nothing but mud.

By reducing everything to a scientific theory, to a product of “evolution,” to explanations of “love is like eating chocolate,” we remove the joy from our existence. Then there is no soul, spirit, or truth, just a collection of atoms that are randomly hurtling through space and colliding with other atoms. Take it far enough and you may even conclude that suicide is rational.

> …if you are trying to improve yourself, you will try to improve others. Your own disease goes on overflowing onto others. Once you stop improving upon yourself, once you accept yourself as you are, unconditionally, with no grudge, with no complaint, once you start loving yourself as you are, all interference disappears.

Those who are most sick will attempt to make others as sick as them to normalize their sickness, to feel that they are not alone. A woman who is morbidly obese will teach others that beauty exists “at every size” so that she feels better about herself. A man who struggles in loving one woman will teach others to bang hundreds of girls around the world.

What a man tries to prove to you that he is, he is not, because what is does not require proof. What a man does not try to prove, he is, because he is so filled with the quality that he doesn’t even notice, just like you have forgotten that you are breathing in this instance until I mentioned it.

> This is none of your business what others are doing. This should be one of the basic attitudes—not to think about what the other is doing. That is his life. If he decides to live it that way, that is his business. Who are you even to have an opinion about it? Even to have an opinion means that you are ready to interfere, you have already interfered.
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> […]
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> To have an opinion about you means that deep down somewhere I want to manipulate you. To have some opinion about you, this way or that, means that I have a deep desire to be powerful over people.

How about if a man is trying to kill others? How about if he wants to molest children? How about if he wants to promote homosexual families over heterosexual families? At what point do we actively try to control and impose our will for the health of society?

The problem with believing that there are standards to uphold is that you will inevitably enter a logic where you can justify killing 100 people if you believe that it will save 1 million, or you will kill one man if you know it will prevent the rape of 100 children. This logic will then find it justifiable to start wars and torture others with ideas that are different from yours, all to stop an evil that may very well be objectively based. Imposing standards or morals upon someone is the beginning of a path to killing, so the hard question is asking which standards are worth imposing upon others, because any imposition—at its core—is a concealed form of violence.

Ultimately, Osho and other Taoists believe you should live passively in the "feminine" to allow life to merely happen to you. Taoists stand against living life as the masculine, as an aggressive ego that is trying to impose your will and standards upon others to receive fleeting worldly benefits, but don't confuse the Taoist use of feminine and masculine with the modern definitions concerning individual behavior. There is no Taoist that advises a man to act like a woman or change his sex and become one, because that would be going against his nature.

Ironically, the modern woman acts in a more masculine manner than men according to the Tao, because they are aggressive in seeking status and fame while pursuing material excess. Even the ego of a woman is higher than that of a man, because a woman is unable to ever admit she is wrong or to accept rejection, things that men are far more capable of doing.

Gender revelations aside, I highly recommend this book by Osho. Him and Alan Watts have done a lot to relieve the angst of my existence, and I have found more value in the Tao than other philosophies I have studied.

Read More: *"Tao: The Pathless Path" on Amazon*

Goodbye Sister

March 31, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

My only sister has died of breast cancer. She was 31 years old. She was the most important person in my life. I’m hurting.

In the next several months, I intend to publish normal articles. Maybe in the future I will share what happened in a way that will honor her.

Jake Ultra

April 30, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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“Fascist scum! Eat shit!” A stream of liquid shot onto Jake’s face. His eyes immediately began burning. He shut them tight and collapsed on his knees. “Get back!” the police yelled, off in the distance. Jake felt a hand on his back. “I’m going to get this stuff out, look up.” Something cool poured over his eyes. “Now try to open your eyes so I can wash it out.” Jake opened as best he could, and within a minute the burning subsided enough that he could make out an image of the man standing before him.

“Are you wearing contacts?”

“No,” Jake replied. “But it still stings.”

“It’s going to hurt for a few hours. When you get home, wash your eyes out with some milk.”

“Who are you?”

“I’m Franco.” Jake stood up as Franco closed his backpack of medical supplies. He examined Jake’s eyes once more.

“They’re still pretty red. I think they’ve started using some kind of acid instead of regular pepper spray, but if you can see now you should be okay.”

“Man, I owe you.”

“You don’t owe me anything. I want to help people on our side.” There was a skirmish off to Franco’s right. A Molotov cocktail was thrown in the middle of a group, lighting a man’s pants on fire.

“Shit, I have to go. Take care!”

“Wait, let me buy you a drink or something.”

“DM me on Twitter. My handle is LenaDunhamRapedMe.” Franco ran off while Jake stumbled to safety.

—

Jake washed his eyes out with milk when he got home. As his vision returned to normal, his anger rose. The speaker who came to Portland that day, Julius Callaghan, wasn’t even that conservative. He supported gay marriage and didn’t much care for the traditional ideas that Jake thought was necessary to end America’s decline. If the left successfully shut down Callaghan, how could improvement ever take place?

He fired up his troll account on Twitter, ShlomoGoldsteinberg and sent a message to LenaDunhamRapedMe. After discovering that they only lived twenty minutes away from each other, they arranged to meet two days later at a local pizzeria.

Jake arrived first. He asked for a table in the back and sat facing the front door. Since

being attacked, Jake was more paranoid, checking his rear often to see if anyone was following him. A few minutes later, a man with a slight beard and short black hair wearing an ironic t-shirt of an American bald eagle walked in and approached Jake's table. He was shorter than Jake remembered, with a darker complexion that looked vaguely Mediterranean.

"How are your eyes?" Franco asked.

"They're fine now, you really saved me. Pizza is on me tonight." They looked through the menu and decided on a pepperoni pizza with mushrooms and olives.

"What happened after I left?"

"One guy suffered second-degree burns to his leg. The police finally broke it up after that."

"Those motherfuckers!"

Franco glanced at the table behind him, as if telling Jake to calm down. "That's the pattern," Franco said. "The police lay off for a while hoping that someone on the right does something stupid or violent. When that doesn't happen, the police shut down Antifa's violence before it becomes too obvious that they're the ones causing all the mayhem."

"The police and mayor set us up. I don't believe they're on the side of these losers."

"Their sponsors demand it. It's the people with power who are the problem, not Antifa."

"What are you suggesting?" Jake wondered, sitting up. For the past two years, he had been stewing alone, reading one story after the next about censorship, political violence, and cultural degeneration. The past was not perfect, he knew, but what was happening in the United States was so depraved that he couldn't stomach it any longer. The trigger that made him want to attend protests was seeing public libraries and schools allow transsexuals dressed in demonic costumes to read gay books to little children.

President Steel seemed to understand what was going on, but he was too much of a boomer to fix anything beyond economic problems. He cared more about meaningless sideshow victories that rallied his base for a successful re-election than solving the root of the malaise. Jake knew that something drastic had to be done to stop what was happening, but he wasn't sure what.

"I'm not suggesting anything," Franco replied, lowering his head, "but these speaker events and rallies help them more than it helps us. The left mobilizes too quickly and their institutional allies are too entrenched. They find a way to spin everything in their favor."

"So why did you go to the rally?"

"Honestly?" Franco paused. "For the action. My life is boring. It's too easy. I work as a data analyst. There's no real difficulty. For the past few years I was into PUA, but after a while I got annoyed at the amount of work it takes to be with someone I didn't really care about. Even money doesn't interest me. I have what I need."

"We have no meaning in our lives because we're connected to a civilization that's dying,"

Jake replied. “We feel all its side effects and tremors. It coughs and we cough along with it. When a civilization is healthy, we feel vigor, strength, pride, and purpose, but when the host body is dying, all of its cells are ready to give up. Philosophies like Stoicism and Taoism were made by men in dying civilizations. Marcus Aurelius wrote Meditations towards the end of the Roman Empire when it was attacked by both barbarians and plague. He tried to help men with no hope, no power.”

“God can help,” Franco said without conviction.

“Not on his own. It still has to happen through us.”

The pizza came. Jake insisted Franco take the first slice. He sensed that Franco had accepted his fate but still held on to a bubbling energy that was begging to be put to use.

“Do you have a girlfriend?” Jake asked.

Franco sucked his teeth. “There’s a girl I’m seeing. She’s pretty good, but not the one.”

“Why not?”

“She slept around in order to find herself. She told me she’s been with six guys, so that means she’s been with dozens, probably. All her self-worth is tied into her sexuality. If I fuck her good she’s happy, but when I’m not around, I suspect she gets anxious and goes to social media to get validated by thirsty betas. She has many guy ‘friends’ as well.”

“That’s a bad sign,” Jake chimed in, remembering his ex-girlfriend. He caught her cheating on him with one of her supposed friends. He hasn’t been with a woman since.

“But she’s fine for now. And you?”

“I got burned by a girl and then I kept seeing her in other girls I would meet. Maybe I should move to a smaller town.”

“Then you have to deal with the obesity.”

“Actually, the reason I asked if you had a girlfriend is because I’m ready to act in a way that a man who is tied down would find difficult.” Jake paused. “Are you white, by the way?”

“My ancestors were Italian. Why?”

“Do you believe in white genocide?”

“It’s pretty obvious, isn’t it?”

“I think so, but I had to ask. You saw my Twitter handle so I take it you know where I stand.”

“I don’t identify too much with being white,” Franco said, “but if whites become a minority in the United States, it won’t be the United States any longer. I thought President Steel was going to put a stop to immigration, but it’s still going on, just at a lower level.”

“It’s because of the echoes.”

“The who?”

“The Jews,” Jake said plainly.

“I don’t know. I’m not sure they should get all the blame. A host would not allow a

parasite to infect it when healthy. Even if we kick out all the Jews and the illegals today, the story would repeat itself a couple decades later with some other group."

"But you have to agree that in 1965, when the immigration act was passed, whites didn't know what the agenda of the echoes were. If we red pill whites now, and they refuse the pill and cuck themselves into oblivion, I would not be upset and agree that the sun is being set on them while shining bright on the black and brown races, but if we tell the white man he's infected, I'm confident he will remove the parasite from his body."

"Are you sure the host is not so weakened that he can still put up strong resistance?" Franco asked.

"Wouldn't you like to find out?" Jake didn't wait for Franco's answer. "Look, this is not a good place to talk. Let's settle the bill and go in my car." He waved the waitress over. "Pizza is on me. Thanks again for dousing my eyes out."

After the bill was paid, Jake led Franco to his car parked outside. "Put your phone in this bag," he said. Franco did so and Jake added his phone. He put the bag underneath the car. They got in and closed the door.

"What you're about to tell me is certainly illegal," Franco said, nervously.

Jake laughed. "I have no specific plan in mind, but I want to develop one." He turned on his satellite radio to an oldies station that was playing the end of Bohemian Rhapsody by Queen. "How can we fix the problems of this country?"

"That's a hard question." Franco crossed his hands on his lap. "There are a lot of moving parts and variables, all interfacing with each other."

"But what is the biggest problem?"

"The government. They are either the origin of the most severe problems, like with immigration, or the enablers, like with culture. If you could magically transform government, things could be improved."

"But we can't just storm on Washington," Jake said. "Any kind of armed revolt would fail."

"A large rebel force would be needed to take Washington, but before it got strong enough, the FBI and DEA would infiltrate it thoroughly and clamp down before the decisive action. That sort of idea should be off the table since the government's counter-intelligence apparatus is too strong. Instead of attacking the government directly, we could go after their source of power."

"The Jews?"

"No, the people."

> *Nothing really matters, anyone can see*
> *Nothing really matters*
> *Nothing really matters to me*
> *Any way the wind blows*

"This type of defeatism is bullshit," Jake said, referring to the song. "It's no accident they want everyone thinking that nothing matters and there's no way to make a change.

History is filled with men who made a difference and improved their countries."

"Well, what's improvement to us would be a catastrophe to a liberal, especially if those liberals are killed during our improvement." The next song was American Pie by Don McLean.

"You get my point," Jake conceded, not wanting Franco to get off track. "You were saying about the government's source of power…"

"It's from the people. If everyone in the United States said the Federal government was illegitimate, and they stopped paying taxes or following laws, the system would collapse overnight. It will never happen that *all* citizens remove their consent to be governed, but if 15% do, it's the beginning of the end, especially if a small minority of that 15% are willing to use violence. The question is therefore not how to overthrow the government, but how to get at least 15% of the population to *want* to overthrow the government."

"And you know how to get 15% of the population to want to overthrow the government?"

Franco smirked.

> *So bye, bye, Miss American Pie*
> *Drove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry*
> *And them good ole boys were drinking whiskey 'n rye*
> *Singin' this'll be the day that I die*

"Well go on."

"What do citizens want most of all from a government?"

"Safety, security, comfort," Jake replied.

"Exactly. They give the government consent to rule over them in exchange for protection to live with a feeling of freedom. If that protection is removed, especially suddenly instead of gradually, I think you'll hit the 15%."

"So like if a foreign country invades America and starts killing everybody?"

"No, because that would rally people to side of the government to expel the foreign invaders. It would have to be something where the lack of protection comes from government incompetence or apathy. Citizens must start seeing the government as the enemy and then rally to expel it. Think of how terrorist attacks are *helpful* to the government. Presidential approval ratings always go up after them. Do you remember Hurricane Lateisha?"

"Yeah, it killed like over 1,000 black people."

"And a lot of blacks around the country were pissed, but they're only 13% of the population. Now how about if you piss off whites, who are 60% of the population?"

A white couple walked out of the pizzeria, holding hands. Jake asked aloud, "How could I make those two hate the government enough that they would want to overthrow them?"

"They don't make songs like this anymore," Franco said. "It's like ten minutes long."

"I only listen to oldies. New music is propaganda. They put a degenerate message in the

song, make it catchy as hell, and next thing you know all you want to do is pop pills and fuck random people."

"Funny, I used to listen to rap songs before going out to meet women. It would get me in the mood."

> *And in the streets, the children screamed*
> *The lovers cried and the poets dreamed*
> *But not a word was spoken*
> *The church bells all were broken*

"I presume you know exactly how to get white people to revolt," Jake said, hopefully.

"No, I haven't gotten that far yet."

Jake tapped his fingers on the steering wheel, humming to the end of the song. "The other week I was watching a video about the EMP bomb, which is just a nuclear bomb that is detonated high up in the atmosphere. It doesn't kill anyone, but it knocks out all electronics, electricity, *everything*. It sends a huge region right back into the stone age, and it could take years to get things back up again, but the most interesting part was that after just a few days of no electricity, the population descends into a panic of looting, theft, and pure chaos. Cannibalism is possible within only a month. Can you imagine what people would do if they had no lighting, internet, or transportation for a couple of weeks, with no hope of it coming back? They would channel all their desperation and anger at the government for not keeping the lights on, a simple thing that even shithole third-world nations like Haiti can manage." Jake stood up in his seat, his mind buzzing. "And how about if we can pin the loss of electricity on a group of people that whites already know are a problem?"

"Black people," Franco said.

"No, because then the narrative will revert back to solely being a race issue that the media knows how to expertly control."

"Definitely not the Muslims," Franco added. "If it looks like Islamic terrorism, that will just rally whites to the government."

There was a long silence. "The Mexicans!" Jake said. Whites voted for Steel because they want stronger border control with Mexico. If those immigrants were shown to be the cause of a drastic and sudden decrease in their standard of living, they'd lose their shit."

"Like in a false flag attack?" Franco asked.

"Yes. We take out the electricity in several white cities and make it seem like Mexican gangs are doing it. The whites will wake up, and then we count the days until the government is finished." The next song was Dust In The Wind by Kansas.

"How do we take out electricity?"

"We fire on transformers. It can't be that hard. It's not like they're heavily guarded."

"And how do we frame the Mexicans?"

"That will be harder," Jake replied, tightening his mouth. "We could pin it on the drug

gang MS-13. They're so mad at Steel's deportations that they decided to retaliate against white cities."

"The problem is that even if we leave empty tequila bottles everywhere, the government won't share the evidence, and the media won't report on it. You remember what they did in Reno with that mass shooting?"

"Dude, we don't *need* the government or media to spread our narrative. We take the pictures ourselves and forward it to journalist e-celebs on Twitter. They'll publish it in a second, and maybe Truth Report will feature it. We only need to plant the seed that Mexicans and MS-13 hate whites and that the government is allowing it to happen."

"Technically, MS-13 are El Salvadoran," Franco corrected.

"Sure, whatever. Fuck, I think this would actually work. Target four Midwestern cities, take out their electricity, feed a MS-13 revenge narrative to the internet, and watch the government respond with incompetence. A huge increase in whites will resent the government for not protecting them. They'll start to resist."

"It's a nice fantasy." Franco nodded his head.

Jake ducked his head under Franco's field of vision. "What do you mean, fantasy? We can do it." Franco's eyes opened wide.

> *Same old song, just a drop of water*
> *In an endless sea*
> *All we do crumbles to the ground*
> *Though we refuse to see*
> *Dust in the wind*
> *All we are is dust in the wind*

Jake turned off the radio. "First of all," he started, "I'm not a Fed. Shit, I can give you my social security number if you want, and I can show you what I do for work. Second, if not us, then who? How many times have you seen someone on Twitter posting 'Make it stop' to the newest travesty? If there is a God, He doesn't make it stop directly but gives power to us to do what needs to be done."

"We might get caught," Franco countered.

"And what's the alternative? Watching it get worse year after year, waiting like cowards for someone else to do what we should be doing right now? And so what if we get caught? In a few years, you won't be free anyway. Already you can't say what you think. If you ever have children, they won't remain yours. Either your wife takes them away with authority of the state or you'll be labeled a child abuser if you don't let you son wear makeup and be molested by trannies. So you'll lose your entertainment and your freedom to be a coward… big deal."

"I don't know."

"We won't get caught. We won't be like the idiots who do rallies and put a target on our backs."

“I have a family,” Franco protested.

“Okay, tell me about your family.”

“I have parents and a sister.”

“Let me guess, your parents are concerned about your far-right views, and would be the first to forsake you if you ever get written up in the media, and your sister is lost, riding the cock carousel because she thinks it make her feel empowered, no offense.” Franco looked down.

Jake continued, “I’m estranged from my father. He watches too much news on TV and now they have his mind. My mom thinks I’m some kind of misogynist because I dared to tell her that I won’t marry a whore, and my brother is married to a fat pig that controls his life. I love them because they’re blood, but… I feel like they were taken away from me.”

“How will cutting out the power in these cities help with that?”

“It’ll force their hand. Right now whites are coasting along from the past success of their ancestors, but when the conflict comes, they’ll be forced to see the liberal faggots on one hand, pozzed out to the max with whatever mystery meat they’re jamming into the blue states, and the so-called racist white man on the other, who shows that he actually cares about the future of this country. If our blood chooses poz and disowns us then so be it, but let’s push them towards a decision instead of just allowing them to ride the social justice meme because they think it makes them a good person.”

“This is crazy. My brain is trying to come up with objections, but other than the fear of going to jail, I don’t know what to say.”

“I could tell you wanted to take action. You went to Julius’ event as a medic to make a difference for those who wanted to fight back. You made a difference for me, and probably saved my eyesight. Now together we can do what you did at that event, times ten-thousand. Deep down, you know it’s worth trying. We’ll structure the plan to lower the chances of getting caught, and won’t go through with it unless you’re absolutely sure the risk is at a minimum. And you have less to lose than you think. The wheel of history is turning.” Jake made large circular motions with his right hand, almost hitting Franco in the face. “Either we get crushed by it or steer its direction ourselves. It’s obvious that no one else will do it.”

“And you’re not a Fed?” Franco asked.

“Bro, if I was a Fed, I would organize a ‘free speech’ rally at a liberal university, tell our guys to bring ‘self-defense’ weapons, and make sure the media knows the exact time and place. Though Feds sometimes do snag lone-wolf terrorists. They give them the bomb-making materials and then stop the plot at the last…” Jake paused. “I probably shouldn’t have said that last bit!” He laughed and playfully slapped Franco’s arm.

“I want to see everything. Your birth certificate, your apartment, your resume…”

“Whatever you want. Shit, you can even call my previous employers. I’m just an IT guy, doing freelance work right now. I’ll even show you my most recent credit reports.”

“Do you have guns?”

“I have three rifles and a handgun. And you?”

“I have a rifle, but my aim isn’t so great.”

Jake took a deep breath, humming on the exhale. “We’ve gone over a lot for one night. Meeting you was important. You helped me connect some dots. Let’s meet again in a few days.”

“We can meet at your apartment next time so I can check your details. Even though I’m going forward with this, I have the right to withdraw at any time.”

“Of course. Unless you’re 100% sold on the plan, you don’t have to do it. Oh and one more thing… don’t tell *anyone* about this, especially your girlfriend. Plans like this can only get foiled if we start telling those close to us.”

They shook hands. Jake then retrieved the bag under the car and handed off Franco’s phone before saying goodbye.

Alone, neither man could conduct an operation of this scale, but together there was a synergy that made what they were about to do seem reasonable. It was clear why the elites were so hellbent on shutting down events that were hardly organized, especially the worldwide meetups of masculinity writer Burt Babak, who almost got killed when trying to set up happy hours for his followers.

Jake went to bed that night wondering if being helped by Franco was destined. Getting maced in the eyes is a small price to pay if it leads to meeting someone who can help you change the world.

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Things progressed over the next few weeks. Franco was dutiful in checking Jake’s information, confirming that he had no criminal background or affiliations with the government. They began researching electrical substations and discovered that it was trivial to take them offline. All they had to do was shoot through cheap wire fencing at the big transformer blocks and keep shooting until the power of that station went out. They learned that a group had successfully done this several years back, and promisingly, they weren’t caught, because the station didn’t even have surveillance cameras at the time.

While nibbling on the plan here and there, they improved their shooting by rotating among several gun ranges in the Portland exurbs. At a distance of 100 yards, Jake was a far better shot, but Franco improved enough to where he could hit the target at least half of the time. It was clear that Jake would be the primary shooter and Franco would handle the ammo, serve as the lookout, and assist if there was a gun malfunction.

“How much time do you think we’ll have from when we start shooting to when first responders get so close that escape is impossible?” Jake asked one afternoon at the gun range.

“We have to assume the substation has basic surveillance, meaning cameras on the road leading up to the station and also a few around it. To be safe, let’s also assume there are motion-activated alarms, or possibly gunshot sound sensors like they have in the ghettos. Then we have to ask how far the electrical station is from the nearest police station. Most

of these electrical stations are quite isolated, so even if there are motion-activated cameras with sound sensors, we should still have plenty of time to shoot out the transformers and leave."

Jake grimaced. "Just give me a time in minutes."

"When we see our first camera, let's start a five-minute timer. When we shoot the first shot, start a three-minute timer. Whichever timer goes off first, we leave, no exceptions."

"In three minutes I can rain down 300 rounds, assuming the gun doesn't jam."

"And I can join in if needed."

"The bigger problem is transport. We'll need a car because these stations are in isolated areas. Whichever car we use will definitely get caught on camera. Maybe we can steal some car tags so at least they can't trace it back to us?"

Franco shook his head. "That's still too risky. A couple months ago I read a story about how you can find ATM skimmers on the Dark Net. You can buy a kit that includes everything to clone cards. I'm pretty sure they have something to steal cars, too, which are basically big computers. Another option is to buy fake identification on the Dark Net and use that to rent a car in cash, but the risk there is that the rental office will have cameras that record us when we pick up the car. We need a fresh car for every op, and then we burn the car when it's done."

"Like in the movie Heat."

"And also in Point Break," Franco added. "We need to burn all our hairs or any other evidence that get left behind. And we have to steal the car very soon before the op, preferably late at night when the owner is sleeping so he doesn't report it stolen. Even if we get pulled over, we have a chance at getting away if we tell the cops we're borrowing a friend's car."

"And we have to drive up to the substation in masks. We'll stop a mile out and put them on before we get in the range of cameras."

It took only three weeks for Franco to procure two "code grabber" devices that he bought with cryptocurrency. They could unlock and start most modern cars that used remote keyless entry. They tested it on their own cars first. One opened and started Franco's car while the other worked on Jake's. It was so incredibly easy that they figured they could rob cars if they were ever short of money. Neither of them have committed crimes in the past, but once the seal was broken and they became determined to commit a huge crime, there wasn't much resistance to committing the smaller ones.

As they started to accumulate gear and ammo, Franco asked Jake if he could store everything in his apartment to keep it away from his girlfriend. Jake agreed that it was a good idea.

Two more parts of the plan remained: which cities to hit and how to plant the fake evidence that frames MS-13. They decided to hit the whitest cities most reasonably near MS-13's primary base of Los Angeles so the narrative could be that the gangs drove over to commit their evil mayhem. The target cities would have to be large enough where

some chaos or panic was possible, but not so large that there would be any deaths. After all, the plan was to wake up white people, not kill them.

Framing the gang would be easy. They planned to spray-paint “MS13” at the substations and then take a picture of a gloved hand doing their “four in the stink” gang sign. If the government or media tried to conceal the graffiti, and no journalist came by the scene to report on it independently, they would just send photos directly to the e-celebs. Jake considered leaving a note in badly written English, something like, “You make deportations of us so we make fuck with you,” but decided against it. The spray painting should be enough.

They settled on four cities to attack. The first was West Jordan, Utah, a ten-hour drive from Los Angeles (and eleven hours from Portland). It had a population of 115,000 that was 90% white. Eight hours north of that was Billings, Montana, with a 90% white population of 104,000. Four hours southeast of Billings was Casper, Wyoming, with a 92% white population of 55,000. The last city, Boise, Idaho, was ten hours directly west of Casper. The biggest city on the list, Boise had a 92% white population of 185,000.

Their city order served two functions. First, investigators would connect the first three cities and expect them to go south to Colorado or east to Nebraska or South Dakota. Secondly, the sharp turn west to attack Boise would be the most plausible route for an MS-13 gang based out of Los Angeles that wanted to return home after their last hit (the distance to L.A. from Boise was thirteen hours, a difficult but conceivable drive).

Barely a week after deciding on their hit list, Franco gave Jake a series of stapled papers that contained the names and locations of every single electrical substation near the four cities. “How the fuck did you get this?” Jake asked, flipping through the pages.

“You can get anything on the Dark Net now. There are actually 55,000 substations in the United States, but supposedly if you take out the top 30, you could cripple the entire country. The ones we’re targeting are tiny and should be easy to handle.”

“But aren’t most cities served by more than one station?” Jake asked.

“That’s right, but we only have to take out the two nearest stations of any city. That should cut power for its metro area and make it extremely difficult to turn everything back on. By the time police are responding to a shooting in the first station, we’d already be on our way to the second. We just have to be careful when we move to the second station, because police will be out.”

Like with the other gear, Jake took possession of the blueprints and stored it in his home. He had amassed quite the stockpile in his living room: thousands of rounds of ammo, burner phones, masks, gloves, gasoline containers, code jammers, matches, flashlights, caffeine pills, a crowbar, a bolt cutter (one of the substations was disguised as a residential house and needed to be broken into), and the electrical blueprints. After verifying directions to each substation using Rainbow Maps, the planning was complete.

“Well, three months of hard work has paid off,” Jake told Franco over a round of beers in a local bar. “I’m ready to rock n’ roll. God, I don’t believe we’re doing this.”

“Yeah about that…” Franco frowned. “I need a bit more time before we can leave.”

“What? But we’re ready to go.”

“I can’t get off work for another two weeks. We need a full week to complete the mission, but that’s a lot of time to ask off when you’re a corporate slave.”

Jake was not happy. “Are you sure you can leave then?”

“Yes I’m sure.”

“Alright, we’ll wait. I’m feeling the momentum, but if we have no choice but to wait then so be it.” Jake ordered another round.

“By the way, who’s your cell phone company?” Jake asked.

“It’s Q Mobile.”

“Are you having any problems with them lately?”

“No, why?”

“Because my service keeps going out, even during calls. It’s like my phone can’t stay connected to the tower.”

“I don’t know, maybe it’s your phone.”

“Maybe.”

—

Jake’s mother was on the couch, looking upset. *Is my mom crying?* His father was sitting at the dining room table, talking to a stocky man. Another man, tall and square-jawed, was moving around in the living room, looking at Jake’s baby pictures. Jake went close to his mother, but she didn’t see him. He then walked into the living room and heard the stocky man ask his father, “Did your son give any signs that he was capable of doing this?”

Jake backed away into the living room. The tall agent grabbed his arm. “You can’t get away from us.” The front door opened. Jake turned his head. It was Franco. *Take ‘em out Franco!* But Franco didn’t move. He looked directly at Jake and wagged his finger back and forth, scolding him.

Jake woke up from the dream, his heart pounding. He covered his face with his hands and rocked his body back and forth while muttering “no, no, no…” under his breath. A few minutes later he put on his clothes and grabbed his handgun and the code jammers. He got in his car and drove to the apartment where he dropped Franco off many times before. His mind was racing now, analyzing every little interaction he had with Franco since they met.

Franco had his trust from the very first moment. The frame was always that Jake was the agent, not Franco, and even though Jake came up with the actual plan, it was Franco who began the entire process. It was Franco who supplied all the tools necessary. And it was Franco who insisted that Jake have the orgy of evidence in his possession. Jake had never even been inside his apartment, never seen pictures of his girlfriend. “He can’t be,” Jake whispered to himself as he opened Franco’s car door, but he already knew the truth:

Franco was an FBI agent.

There was no girlfriend. The apartment was a short-term rental. To build trust with potential right-wing extremists, Franco went to rallies as a medic. His job was to egg someone on into a devastating plot that could be used a pretext to clamp down on the entire right, to shut down the will of anyone to resist. Jake was going to be arrested for terrorism and locked up in a hole for the rest of his life. He sat in the car, frozen, staring at Franco's FBI identification card.

Human beings have an analog nervous system. When a threatening stimulus strikes one of their senses, a small, almond-sized command center in their brain issues a red alert, releasing a host of chemicals into the bloodstream that stimulates some organs, like the heart and eyes, while shutting down others, like the stomach and bladder. The brain, even if fatigued, is jolted awake. The most vital hands are called on deck to deal with a potential danger that could harm the organism, and the most incredible feature of this million-year old system is its lighting speed. In less than a second, the entire being can be braced for survival.

Modern humans don't face threats like their ancestors did. Their bodies are put into emergencies for banal problems that lack a clear enemy, like when a lover doesn't reply to a text message within a few hours or when a headache persists for more than a day, but the body and mind are capable of handling so much more. It's able to make advanced mathematical calculations when deciding on a course of action or become as spontaneously creative as one of the greatest artists in history. This only happens when the need arises, when the organism is about to perish, a moment that has come for Jake.

For the first time in his life, he stared into the abyss, with only one advantage to his favor: his double crosser did not yet know that he knows. A little drop of asymmetry has given Jake just enough time to think of a solution. His eyes remained closed as a film reel of possibilities washed over the black screen of his eyelids. The organism didn't want to die, and all Jake had to do was listen to what it told him.

The sun began to rise. Jake put Franco's items back in their original place, locked the door, and slipped into the trunk through the folding backseat. He loaded a round into the chamber of his gun. Half an hour later, the door unlocked. Franco got in and closed the door. Jake slowly lowered the seat. "Good morning, Agent Franco Ferri. Put your hands on the wheel." Franco did as he was told. "Now don't you fucking move."

It was Franco's turn to process a stimulus that threatened his life, but he had far less time than Jake to find a solution. Skin cells on Franco's face immediately began producing sweat as his hands squeezed the steering wheel tight. His knuckles turned red.

Jake reached his hand into Franco's right pocket to remove his cell phone. He turned on the screen to find that it was fingerprint activated.

"Slowly put your finger on it and then put your hand back on the wheel."

Franco did what he was told. Jake then looked through his phone with his right hand while keeping the gun pointed at Franco with the left. He found Franco's email app, verified that it didn't need a separate password, and put the phone down. He switched the gun

back into his right hand.

“The FBI identification is fake,” Franco said. “I got it on the Dark Net. It’s for the operation in case we’re stopped along the way and need to get out of a jam.”

“The FBI is the Dark Net,” Jake replied, his nostrils flaring.

“Look, I was going to call you today and ask if you wanted one too.”

“You fucking liar. And the key access card in a sleeve with the FBI logo?”

Franco hesitated. He wanted to speak, to give a plausible excuse, but no words came out. Jake pulled the trigger. The first shot ripped through the right side of Franco’s back, puncturing his lung. “Wait!” Franco gasped for air. “I’ll let you go. This is just my job.”

“Fuck you!” Jake pulled the trigger three more times. One bullet burst through Franco’s heart, and he took his last breath while Jake watched.

Jake pulled Franco’s body into the backseat and covered it with his jacket. Then he turned off Franco’s phone and got into the driver’s seat. He felt the warmth of Franco’s blood on his back.

Jake drove an hour to an isolated area near one of the gun ranges where they practiced. After checking that the coast was clear, he grabbed Franco’s sunglasses and dragged his body to the middle of a grassy mound. He propped up Franco’s body to face the sun and fitted it with the sunglasses. Then he slid the keyring holder of one of the code jammers onto Franco’s right index finger.

Using Franco’s phone, Jake made it seem like Franco was taking a selfie of himself in the middle of nowhere with the code jammer visible. Once Jake captured a realistic selfie, he cut off Franco’s right index finger with a pocket knife and wrapped it in a napkin. He left the body in the grass and drove back to Franco’s apartment, got back in his own car, and drove home.

At noon, Franco’s supervisor was wondering why he didn’t check in with his usual morning brief. His phone was off. It wasn’t until late in the night that a car was sent to Franco’s home to check on him. When Franco’s colleague found his blood-soaked car, Jake was more than halfway to Boise at a rest stop diner. He turned on Franco’s phone, unlocked it in a bathroom stall with Franco’s severed finger, and spent an hour typing out an email. He proofread it no less than six times until he felt it was the best he could get it. He then sent it off to Truth Report and five other e-celebs before throwing the phone in the garbage.

Jake had to move fast. By the time he approached Boise, FBI agents were crawling through his Portland apartment. All FBI field offices were put on notice, but they did not contact local authorities, even in the cities that Jake and Franco planned to hit, because it could reveal that the FBI carried some responsibility for any attack. If the FBI said that “sources” told them about the plan, who were the sources? Where did the intelligence come from? The FBI created the mess and were determined to get themselves out of it, but they were too late. Jake made it to Boise. The recipients of the email were in shock, sure it was some kind of hoax, wondering if they should release it or not.

In Boise, Jake went to a Walmart parking lot to find a car to steal. He settled on a SUV and opened it with one of the code jammers. He drove it to his car parked at the end of the lot and transferred over his duffel bags of gear.

The operation was rehearsed so many times in his mind that carrying it out was effortless. He put on a mask at the boundary of the first substation, drove the SUV to within range of the central transformers, and then laid heavy fire for two minutes until the substation's lights went out. The electricity in Boise flickered for a moment but remained on.

The city was eerily calm on the drive to the second substation. He saw no police. He repeated the same procedure, and after nearly three minutes of firing, the entire Boise metro area went dark. It took fourteen minutes for the news to hit the wires, and when it did, the first e-celeb published the email that he received, along with the photo attachments. Jake drove the SUV eastward into the early morning until he arrived to Jackson, Wyoming. He parked the car and fell asleep.

—

By noon, his email became the most viral piece of content in the internet's history. The government did its best to hide the letter, forcing its social media partners to ban anyone who published it, but that made it spread even faster. Foreign governments hostile to the United States got into the act, reading the email on breaking news segments and rooting for patriots to defeat their "evil" government.

Jake woke up late in the afternoon. Too scared to turn on one of his burner phones, he proceeded as if his email didn't get published. He imagined how the media was broadcasting endless segments of him as a "far right lone wolf terrorist."

Keeping his head down, he went to an outdoorsman store and bought camping supplies and then to a supermarket to buy dried and canned food. There were hardly any customers. He got into the SUV and drove as deep as he could into the nearby Bridger-Teton National Forest. He found an isolated area and set up a campsite.

Calling upon childhood camping experiences with his father, Jake had an easy time in the forest. He filtered water from a nearby stream, went for long meandering walks, and experimented with traps to catch small game. He made small fires only at night. With no one to talk to, he started talking to himself, just to hear the sound of his voice.

"The big trees, the sound of the stream… How can there be anger when living here?… Maybe this was the solution all along, to unplug from the city and live with nature… How did I decide that attacking cities was the best course of action?… Maybe I really was MK ULTRA'ed… Did Franco drug me?… No, I knew what I was doing… I'm only thinking the forest is good because I have no other choice… I need to be around people!… A stupid man's last camping trip… Technically, in this moment, there is no problem… You'll be okay… FUCK!… Just enjoy the forest talking to you… You made the best decision at the time you made it, but it was the wrong decision.… No one cares about what happens to you… You live, you act, you die… Maybe I can go back to a normal life somehow?… God doesn't care about me… At least I tried something… I hope no one died in Boise… Maybe

the email worked?… I don't believe I killed a man… Could he really have let me go?… He was just doing his job."

After five weeks, Jake ran out of food and ate what the forest provided—wild onions, morel mushrooms, and thimbleberries. He was running a significant calorie deficit, and considered using a rifle to shoot game at risk of exposing his location. When he started feeling dizzy seven weeks in, he felt that he had no choice but to go hunting. He dispatched a beaver and feasted heartily.

The next day was so windy that it tossed Jake around, almost toppling him over. Upon returning to his campsite after a midday search for food, he saw that a group of seven men with large backpacks and duffel bags were approaching him. Thinking they were the authorities, he resigned himself to his fate, but as they got closer, he noticed they were wearing blue jeans, fleece jackets, and plaid button-downs. One man was even wearing basketball shorts over a pair of tight-fitting bicycle pants. He slowly walked up to the men, not sure of what to expect.

"What are you doing out here?" one of the men asked.

"I'm just camping, sir."

"Looks like you've been here a while."

"I think it's been eight weeks, but I'm not sure."

A pair of the men whispered something between themselves. Then another shouted, "Holy shit! I think that's Jake Ultra!" The squad of men moved closer.

"What's your name?" the leader asked.

"My name is Jake Walker."

"It *is* Jake Ultra!"

"Why are you calling me Jake Ultra?" Jake asked.

"Because you're that poor fucker the FBI programmed."

Jake knew his email had been released. "I have been here since Boise. Who are you?"

"He doesn't know anything."

The squad leader walked up to Jake. "After Boise, cells of family and neighbor activated. We first kicked out the FBI in Salt Lake City and Denver. Then we cleared out the IRS, the DEA, ATF, Forest Service, Bureau Land Management, the TSA from airports, and then finally the US Marshalls. Most citizens in our area renounced the Federal government and joined our side."

"My God…." Jake stared at the ground. "How has President Steel reacted?"

The squad leader clasped his hands. "President Steel is dead. They killed him two days after Boise when he moved to purge the leadership of the FBI. Vice President McDonnell is now in charge. He's preparing a massive counterattack on us from the Northeast and California. Our intel says we have a month to prepare."

"And how about the people of Boise? How many of them did I kill?"

“Kill? No one died in Boise.”

“But I took out the power to the whole city.”

“Boise is not New York City. If the power goes out there, dozens die within an hour. The people in Boise quickly came together to help each other. They probably have the most gasoline generators per capita out of anywhere in the world.”

Jake exhaled deeply. “But why aren’t you wearing uniforms?”

“No soldier, no target,” a solider said.

“And why don’t you have guns out?”

“Their drones have AI programmed to auto-kill someone holding a gun.”

“The Feds say you killed that FBI agent,” another soldier said.

Jake looked away, revealing his guilt. “Do people hate me?”

“A lot of people see you as a patsy, a poor fool…”

“The fool who woke us up,” said a soldier with red hair.

Jake’s legs felt wobbly.

The red-haired soldier walked up to Jake and removed a piece of paper from one of his pockets. “This is the email that started the war. Have you seen it?” Jake took the paper and read it to himself.

> My name is Franco Ferri and I’m a FBI Agent based in Portland, Oregon. Starting last year, I was tasked to attend right-wing protests and build trust among its adherents by posing as a medic who would assist patriots and other far-right extremists with minor injuries. This is how I was able to befriend Jake Walker. He was maced in the face by a leftist agitator and I was the first to help him under the guise of being right-wing like him.
>
> Over the course of several weeks, I channeled his anger at the current state of the United States into taking illegal action. Specifically, I convinced Jake that he could save America by attacking it. The plan was to take out the electrical power in predominately white cities and then frame the MS-13 gang as the party responsible. By doing this, Jake was convinced that whites in America would become aware of their marginalization and begin fighting against globalist agendas that predominately feature immigration as a way to dilute and destroy the fabric of the country along with white America’s ability to resist.
>
> My supervisors at the FBI told me that before the attacks were to begin, we would arrest Jake and use him as an example of the terroristic danger of the American right wing. I was fine with this plan, since no one would get hurt and we would remove a dangerous man from the streets, but at the last minute, the FBI instructed me to allow him to hit one of the four cities. Then they would arrest him and expose the plot without identifying their role in creating it. Their reasoning for allowing Jake to hit one city is that it would be easier for their political allies in Washington D.C. to pass further surveillance legislation that

> would treat all white men as terrorists, no different than Islamic terrorists. This plan would ensure that whites could never pose a threat to state power.
>
> Every man has a limit, and at that point, my limit was reached. Anyone knows that removing electricity from a city will put those who require medical devices, especially the sick and elderly, at risk. People could die. When I questioned the plan to my supervisors, they insisted I follow orders and allow Jake to attack the first city: Boise, Idaho.
>
> As I type this letter, Jake is on his way to Boise to launch an attack on its electrical power grid. I have no doubt that he will be successful because of the advanced training that I was able to provide him thanks to resources backed by the FBI. Within a day, you will be able to note the cleanliness of his operation, and how there will be no evidence left behind at the crime scene beyond shell casings. You will not find images of Jake's face on any surveillance camera. The FBI is planning to arrest him after the Boise operation and present to the public his car code jammers and electrical blueprints, all provided to Jake by myself. The FBI will then parade themselves as heroes who stopped even greater destruction from a lone wolf domestic terrorist, when they themselves are the terrorists.
>
> Go to any gun range in Portland and they will have video footage of me, an FBI agent, shooting rifles with Jake. He would not have been able to carry out this operation without the agency's instigation, training, and equipment.
>
> While Jake is not an innocent man, the FBI has twisted his love of country through the use of MK ULTRA tactics that have been perfected over the past several decades, all to fulfill the objectives of the true owners of the United States of America. I signed up for this job to put criminals in jail, but I now realize that my job was to create false pretexts for disgruntled Americans to hurt other Americans. I'm a pawn, just like Jake is. Because of that, our lives are forfeit. The FBI will kill me today.
>
> To prove my identity, I have attached a photo of me holding the same FBI-produced code jammer that Jake is in possession of and also a photo of my FBI identification card.
>
> God bless America,
>
> Franco Ferri.

Jake handed the letter back, barely able to recognize the words of his own hand. The killing of Franco, the Boise operation, the escape into the forest—he felt that it was so beyond him that it couldn't have possibly been him.

"I know a guy who has the letter framed on his wall," the red-haired soldier said. "I read it every day myself." Jake examined the men one by one. Half of them stared at him warmly while the other half seemed puzzled, expecting an angry robotic killer instead of a lanky man going through the early stages of starvation. "God, I can't believe I'm meeting

the man who started the Second American Civil War. Hey sarge, can I turn on my phone to get a quick selfie with him? I'll leave it on airplane mode."

Before the squad leader could answer, Jake collapsed onto his hands and knees and began crying. The red-haired soldier kneeled beside him and put a hand on Jake Ultra's shoulder.

END

If you enjoyed this story and would like to support more work like it, a one-time or recurring donation to the Roosh Booster Club would be appreciated. ***Click here for more details.***

Previous Story: ***The Dream Recorder***

10 Things I Use Every Day

May 7, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I want to share ten products I use every day that make my life a tad more comfortable, productive, or enjoyable.

1. ASUS ZenBook UX303UB

All my work is produced on this. It's fast, lightweight, has a long battery life, and reboots in seconds thanks to a solid state hard drive. I would say it's even too powerful for my main application of writing and browsing the web.

There are a couple of downsides. First, the trackpad is clumsy so I feel compelled to use a wireless mouse. Second, there is a production flaw that creates a noticeable bulge on the left side of the keyboard (I've seen two laptops of this model with the problem). This causes impressions of the keys to be left on the screen. Lastly, it has Windows 10. It took me a week of hacking to add features that I used on Windows 7.

Click here to view on Amazon.

2. Samsung J7 Smartphone International Version

The best thing about this phone is that it has dual SIMs and manages to get an H+ data connection (a speed in between 3G and 4G) within any country I visit, unlike non-international phones that may only get 2G. I leave my phone on for twelve hours a day and from that I get four days of use before having to recharge. If I could do it all over again, I'd buy the J5 version that has a smaller screen to make it more convenient to put in my jean pocket.

Click here to view on Amazon.

3. Bread Machine

I've been making my own bread for one and a half years. While I don't make a loaf every day, I do eat my bread daily. The recipe I use calls for a mixture of white and rye flour to get the texture and taste that I prefer, with low amounts of salt and sugar. There are many bakeries near my apartment that has fresh bread, but I get a humble satisfaction from eating my own.

Click here to view on Amazon.

4. Panini Maker

For lunch I take two slices of my bread and make a ham and cheese sandwich with a panini maker. I then top it off with two fried eggs. I don’t know why, but a panini maker significantly enhances the taste of a sandwich when compared to using a normal toaster oven.

While many people get tired of eating the same food every day, my lunch is usually the highlight of my day. No matter where I am in the world, or what troubles I have, my lunch offers me a feeling of stability and comfort.

Click here to view on Amazon.

5. Bosch Electric Kettle

I had never seen an electric kettle until I left America. Before that, I'd put water into a stove top kettle and wait for the whistle. Or when making pasta, I'd put water in the pot and wait for it to boil. Europe has rid me of these barbaric practices.

My electric kettle can heat a cup of water in less than a minute. When cooking pasta, I boil the water in the kettle first to save time. Whenever I go back to the States and see my mother using a stove top kettle, I cry for her on the inside. I bought her an electric kettle, but she's too old to change her ways.

What I love about this kettle is that it can heat water at temperatures below 100 degrees. This is perfect for green and white teas that should not be used with boiling water.

Click here to view on Amazon UK.

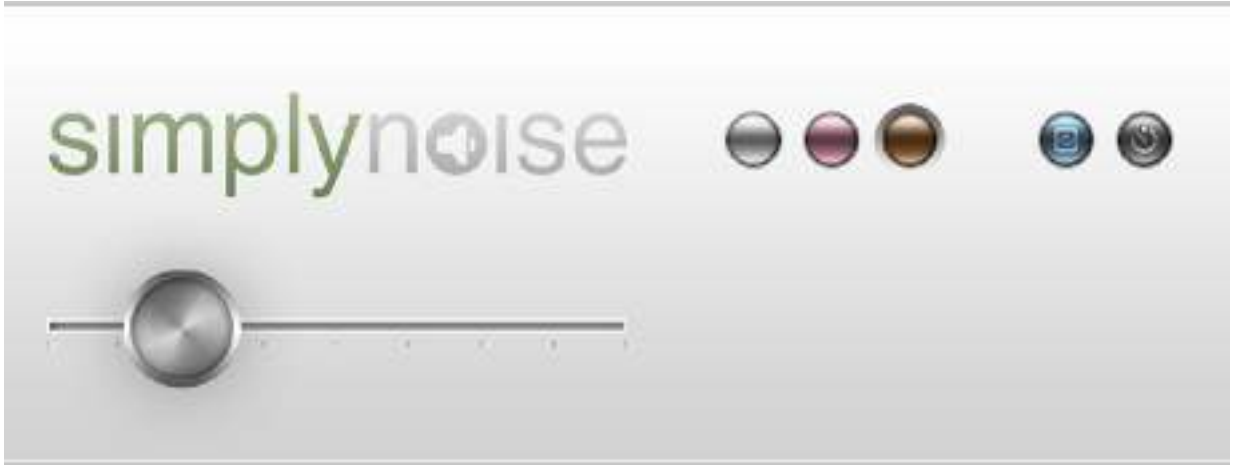
6. Butter Tray

For most of my life, I was content with taking a stick of butter from the refrigerator, unwrapping the plastic, cutting off a pat, re-applying the wrapper, and then putting it back into the refrigerator. This is acceptable in America where a stick of butter is small, but in Europe the butter doesn't come in sticks but huge rectangle bricks.

European butter bricks take so long to finish that the wrapper becomes a greasy mess after just a few uses. After shopping around three stores in my area, I found a butter tray with a metal base and clear plastic top. It's now such a pleasure to use butter in my cooking.

Click here to view on Amazon.

7. Simply Noise



I have severe sleep problems. First, my body clock seems to be based on a 25-hour day, which means that if I solely listen to it on when to sleep and wake, I will soon go to bed in the morning and wake up at night. More severely, I am an exceedingly light sleeper—far lighter than a cat—even though I can fall asleep quickly. (One benefit of being a light sleeper is that no girl has successfully robbed me.)

In Europe I live in a shabbily constructed apartment building where I can easily hear my neighbors. In fact, I can hear them talking right now as I type the draft of this article. So they don't wake me up at 8am, I put on brown noise from SimplyNoise every single night before going to bed. The noise is loud enough to mask my neighbors, but it doesn't interfere with my sleep.

Click here to visit.

8. Cheap Nightmask

Girl included!

I don’t like the light, especially since I prefer to wake up at noon or after. I sleep with a cheap nightmask that I buy in packs of ten. Each one lasts about two months. With my white noise and nightmask, I have to debrief women who sleep over that the experience will be a bit different from the hundreds of other men they’ve been with.

Click here to view on Amazon.

9. Baking Soda

Seven years ago I discovered how baking soda acts as a strong deodorant. I still use it every day after showering by applying a fingertip worth onto my armpits. A $1 package lasts me two years. For many men, baking soda was the first red pill they took.

Click here to view on Amazon.

10. Sensor Excel Razors

I like having only two razors because it’s easier to maneuver around my face. Two razors is like a sports car while three razors or more is like a family minivan. I don’t have a corporate job so I don’t need a close shave to appease anyone. Unfortunately, in the past few years it has become impossible to find these razors in a normal store, so I usually order them in bulk online at a premium markup.

Click here to view on Amazon.

There are many other things I use regularly, such as a lint roller and Amazon Kindle, but not daily like the items above. As you can see, I have a simple life, and I hope I can keep it that way.

Read Next: *10 Books That Every Man Should Read*

9 Ways Game Has Changed From 2001 To 2018

May 14, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A lot of men ask me what it was like to run game on American women over 15 years ago. While I don't automatically take the nostalgic view that everything in the past was better than today, if you knew how to cold approach in 2001, you received significantly higher results than from the same effort in 2018.

Many men who tried game back then become addicted to it because of how effective it was, but today, a man in the bottom 50% who tries game is likely to quit within two years because of paltry gains, and then join one of many "say no to women" movements online. Here's how game was different when I used it in 2001 at the age of 22 years old…

1. Boldness created greater attraction

Approaching a girl you didn't know was so novel back then that if you did it, the girl would become extremely curious, even if you had a horrible opening line. Many would say how "confident" you were, a compliment that you rarely hear today. The boldness alone created such a huge spike of attraction that it was enough to propel you to at least a number or kiss as long you didn't approach huge groups of girls in the Mystery style.

Nowadays, a girl is approached so often in different types of venues and on the internet that the most direct of openers may give you a minute of her attention (if that). What was bold 15 years ago is now the new standard today, suggesting that there is an arms race of game and status within any society that foolishly allows women to choose their sexual partners.

2. Rejections were softer

In the past, I can't remember being punished for an approach as long as I didn't do something stupid. The standard rejection was "Sorry I have to go back to my friends." Another common one was a girl excusing herself to the bathroom but never returning. Getting rejected wasn't fun but you got over it quickly.

Nowadays, girls with fragile egos have the intention of harshly rejecting men because it's a way they can *feel* more beautiful than they really are. Since they cannot get a Persian Chad to commit to them, they will reject most men and rationalize that they are all "losers" instead of improving their own beauty or femininity. This is why you're far more likely to get a harsh rejection from a girl in the 5-7 range than hotter ones who get pursued by higher quality men.

3. Night venues were more consistent

I could set my clock to a bar or club on certain nights. If it was good last Friday night, it would be good this Friday and also be good next Friday, making it easier to be a regular at a venue and get consistent rewards from it. I remember going to venues every week for a year and not seeing any drop in my return on investment.

Nowadays, venues experience fast churn-and-burn rates because of smartphones, which has allowed females to scratch their itch for always hitting “trendy” venues. Since girls stay in touch with their friends throughout the night, they are much more likely to leave a venue and go somewhere else that is good for the moment. It’s unlikely that a venue will give you high returns for more than a month or two, meaning that you must constantly try out new spots.

4. Girls were thinner

There were fat girls back in 2001, but they were rare enough that if you saw one you'd point her to your friend. Thin girls were in such abundance that you would judge faces more than bodies, and not get especially excited just because a girl wasn't a land whale.

While there are enough thin women around in the big cities today, they get an overabundance of attention simply for not being overweight. Their beauty can meet your standard, but you may not meet theirs because they have come to expect courtship from the top 10% of men. It's not uncommon for a thin girl in the 7 range to even get pursued by sports athletes. Once an athlete bangs her out, you will be excluded from having a reasonable chance of dating her in the future. Even butterfaces can get hotly pursued.

5. Contacting girls was more difficult

I would estimate that about 40% of girls had a cell phone in 2001. This meant that you often had to call landlines and get an answering machine. Sometimes you'd play phone tag for days, and with younger girls, it was common to call and have her parent pick up. Calling girls for the first time would be more nerve-racking if you were a game newbie, which meant you had to pump yourself up before making the call.

Nowadays, a monkey can text a girl with a basic script and get her out on a date, and there will be no doubt that she saw your text within a few minutes because of how attached girls have become to their phones. The bright spot is that if a girl is interested in you, it's much easier to get her out on a date than in the past.

6. Conversations had fewer interruptions

When I approached a girl, I had her undivided attention to spit what I can now admit was poor game. I wasn't cockblocked, I didn't have to compete with her phone, and most importantly, she was capable of having a conversation with me where not every little thing I said was amazingly exciting or interesting.

Today, I'll be lucky if I have a stretch of three minutes where she maintains her focus on me. More likely, I'll get a "Hold on" while she messages friends who are on her way to the venue, and then her fat friends will intrude on the conversation and monitor me like I'm some sort of criminal, and then the bartender will cockblock me because he's thirsty, and so on. The only way for a girl to zone all of that out is if she *really* likes you, which is not going to happen every night.

7. Girls had empty penis pipelines

Girls used to go out and have *zero* prospects in their pipeline. Because of that, they would not only show more interest in you but also follow through on dates with only minor flaking. It wasn't uncommon for me to meet girls who hadn't been laid in months.

Nowadays, not only do girls have full penis pipelines, but their bench is also full of backups waiting to get into the main rotation. Many girls simply don't have any more room to get with a new guy. Even if you are slightly above her starting roster in value, she won't be able to recognize it because all the cock in her life is putting her through a dizzy spell. To bang a girl today, you have to find a girl who recently lost one of her starting penises or wants to try something completely new.

8. Girls weren't as sensitive

No topic was off limits. You could joke about gays, people of other races, and even throw

out some sexist humor. The girls may not have laughed, but they didn't get offended. You could recover from a bad joke and continue.

Nowadays, you can't joke, especially in big cities. **I repeat, you cannot joke.** From the moment a girl wakes up, she's braced to hear something offensive and will be triggered at the most banal of comments that suggest not every human being in the world is equal. You can't even say "That's gay" to something that's obviously gay, and if you suggest that homos should not be able to marry, she may call the police on you. It's clear now that male feminists were the early adopters to treating women as the sensitive children they want to be treated as.

9. Sex was more vanilla

I don't remember having much porn star quality sex until the later half of the 2000's. Most girls acted natural in bed and made basic noises and movements that were sufficient enough for me, a man who only needs a vagina attached to a normal body and pretty face to feel sexual pleasure.

Today, girls go overboard in trying to prove how sexy and dirty they are. Instead of giving me pleasure, I feel like I'm on a porno set where a fat Jewish man will yell "Cut!" any second. Their porno style takes me out of the moment and engages my logical brain into thinking *why* she's acting in such a way with a man she has only known for a few hours. Maybe this girl can make me feel good, but only in a technical way.

Conclusion

While not everything was rosy in 2001, it was significantly better as a man who knew how to approach women. On every metric that matters, it was far easier to connect and sleep with them. It's gotten so bad 17 years later that there are now semi-organized movements dedicated to foregoing contact with women altogether, and they seem to be

growing.

Women don’t care about the grievances of normal men because they think they will hit the lottery and snag a high-value stud at the moment their career becomes everything they dreamed of. Though many women will lose this game, that gives normal men little condolence, and unfortunately I believe things will remain at the level we see today for many years to come.

Read Next: *7 Things You Can Do To Improve Your Game Right Now*

I’m Hiring Someone To Copyedit My New Game Book

May 16, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I’m looking to hire an experienced writer or editor to copyedit my new 149,355-word game book. I would like him to catch the following problems:

- Typos
- Grammar and punctuation errors
- Awkward constructions or confusing phrases
- Verb/noun agreement errors

I don’t want to perform massive changes to the organization or writing style. My goal is to eliminate the most obvious errors and problems to allow for a pleasant reading experience.

If you are interested in this job, I have prepared a 722-word sample that I would like you to edit using Microsoft Word’s track changes feature so that I can see your modifications in red. Click here to download the sample. Note: I’m not looking for someone who can tear up this sample the most, but one who follows the guidelines above.

After editing the sample, email it to by Tuesday, May 22 with a bid in US dollars and details of any previous editing experience (it’s fine to attach a resume). To help you come up with a bid, time how long it takes you to edit the sample and multiply it by 210 to get a rough idea of what the entire job may take you.

Lead time is four weeks from when I hand over the book to you, and I would like to keep my cost below $2,000. Once 50% of the job is complete, I will pay you half the money. I will send you the rest when the entire book is finished. You can invoice me through any online service (Paypal, Zoho, etc.) that allows me to pay with a credit card. If you’re in the United States, I can also mail you a check.

If you have any questions, leave a comment below or drop me an email.

Read Next: *6 Life Tips That Will Make You More Productive*

Girls Just Want To Have Fun

May 21, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A lot of men like to believe that the promiscuous or degenerate impulses of women today had to be programmed into them, but most of those impulses were there all along. All women needed was a more permissible environment. One song that hinted at this truth was Cyndi Lauper's nearly forty-year-old single "Girls Just Want To Have Fun."

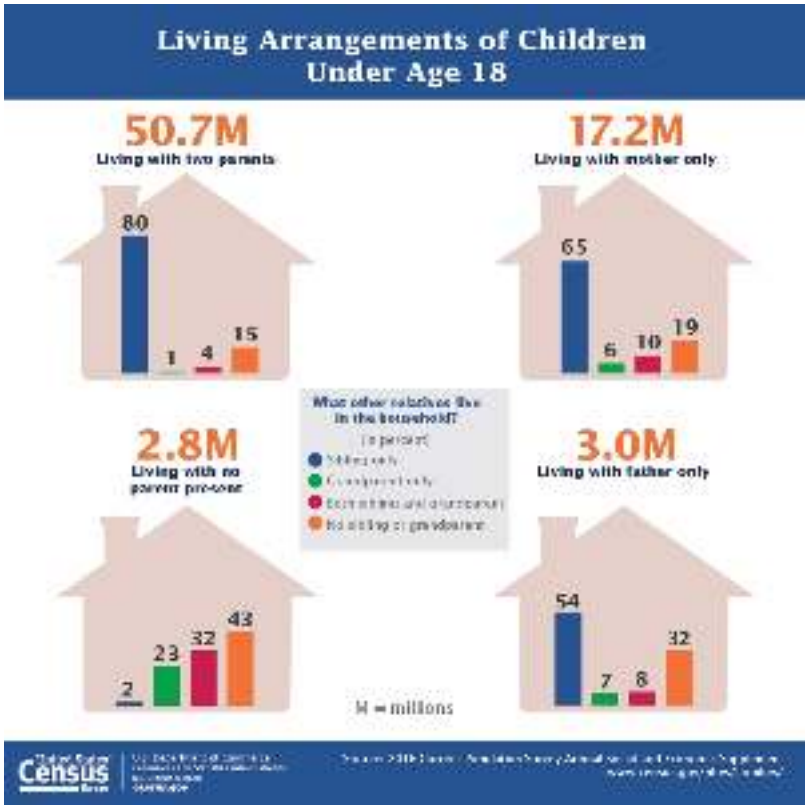
On a casual listen, the song seems to portray a girl's innocent need to party, but decoding the lyrics reveal that "have fun" really means "fuck." The song then makes perfect sense and accuately portrays the female behavior we see today.

I come home in the morning light
My mother says when you gonna live your life right
Oh mother dear we're not the fortunate ones
And girls they want to have fun
Oh girls just want to have fun

Cyndi went out, partied, and had sex with a man. After coming home, she received token resistance from her mother, but not enough to change her behavior, perhaps because mother also wanted to live out her own youth in the same manner.

The phone rings in the middle of the night
My father yells what you gonna do with your life
Oh daddy dear you know you're still number one
But girls they want to have fun
Oh girls just want to have

The father is portrayed as a disgusting, idiot slob who is out of touch when compared to his empowered daughter. It's a surprise that he even lived in the house. Today, 23% of children are raised by single parents. Removing the father figure is especially dangerous to a female because she then attempts to simulate his love through shallow sexual encounters or attention whoring. Even with a father in the home, there is no sign that Cyndi was punished for her late-night party lifestyle.



Some boys take a beautiful girl
And hide her away from the rest of the world
I want to be the one to walk in the sun
Oh girls they want to have fun
Oh girls just want to have

Cyndi wants to display her beauty to everyone, even if she already has the love of one man. It's important for her to always be in the position of upgrading her current man if she happens to find something better. She wants to have the option of fucking other guys on the side, because relationships are too boring for a young girl who has her entire life ahead of her.

That's all they really want
Some fun
When the working day is done
Oh girls, they want to have fun
Oh girls just want to have fun

Before feminism really dug its heels into the culture, Cyndi already assumed a "working day" for women. Even she knew that work would be so dull that it would have to be counter-balanced with fun and casual sex. Girls spend the day working to be independent

from men to spend their nights getting used by attractive men at night.

The song was originally released in 1979, but does it not perfectly describe the mentality of an average woman in 2018? Today's woman spends her prime having fun and only considers settling down when her career is "established" or her options for attractive men begin to dwindle. It then becomes a game of musical chairs to lock down any reasonable man, but even in that case, she will still be open to having fun on the side if a new man excites her vagina.

Have enough fun yet?

I used to believe that men and women had to be somewhat brainwashed to participate in degenerate behaviors, but I no longer think that is the case. The problem with the modern era is not that it programs people to be bad, but it allows and *encourages* people to be bad by simply acting on their human impulses. The wives you think were so traditional fifty or one-hundred years ago would be just as promiscuous today if they had the choice, and that includes your beloved grandmothers. Societies of the past did a reasonable job of constraining the flaws of our species, but those constraints are now gone, and what you see today is actually more "human" than ever.

Read Next: *Women Who Don't Have Babies Go Crazy*

11 Real Ratings Of Women On The 1-10 Attractiveness Scale

May 28, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I've been posting pictures of different women on my Twitter with the question "Would you bang?" A few days after sharing a picture, I tallied up on the yes and no responses to calculate a rating on the 1-10 scale.

My methodology was simple: I took the number of yes answers and divided it by the number of total responses. I then added 0.5 points to every score because a lot of men on the internet act like they only bang supermodels (e.g. "2/10, pointy elbows"). We also have to account for the fact that many men confuse "Would you bang?" with "Would you put in a lot of work to bang?" The WYB metric only asks if you would fornicate without having to work for it. Let's review the women from ugliest to hottest…

1. Rating: 2.3

I see pierced nipples

It's no surprise that most men would not bang a woman with so much plastic surgery and tattoos that she looks like a man, but this specimen is thin enough that I suspect most men would bang her if they received a doctor's note confirming she's AIDS-free.

2. Rating: 5.0

I prefer dark chocolate when it comes to chocolate (75% cacao to be exact), but not when it comes to women. This black woman is objectively attractive for her race, but that’s still not enough to push her out of an average rating.

3. Rating: 5.2

I see granny panties

The gigantic butt on this Asian girl could not take away from a Skeletor face. A lot of men also thought her butt was fake, which is generally a boner killer, unlike the case with fake breasts.

4. Rating: 5.6

This full-figured woman lost many points for her hair, but the men who did want to bang her showed a high enthusiasm for taking a wild ride on her voluptuous body.

5. Rating: 6.2

Sag city!

Even thought this newscaster is a bit long on years, with a marshmallow body to match, many men would bang her because of her generally attractive appearance.

6. Rating: 7.1

This is a picture of Bill Gates daughter, who happens to love Muslim cock. Personally, I think her face is ugly, but for many men who follow me, white is right and the fact that she's thin *and* young pushes her to a favorable rating.

7. Rating: 7.2

A lesbian haircut and advanced age did not stop this German politician from blitzkreiging to a solid 7.2 score. I do suspect that her breasts played a sizable part in the surprisingly high rating.

8. Rating: 7.4

There were no surprises for this handsome woman. I believe that she would be an ideal

girl for a normal man who wants a thin female to reproduce with.

9. Rating: 8.4

Big breasts strike again. This girl is not especially attractive, but she has no major flaw that pushes her into WNB territory. A genuine smile also goes a long way for men who are tired of girls with attitude.

10. Rating: 8.7

I’m not attracted to Asian girls, but I would bang this one in a vigorous manner. Most other men agree with me.

11. Rating: 9.4

I see pierced nipples

The hottest girl in my sample happens to be a race amalgamation, though with heavy

European admixture. Objectively, I believe she does have a superior facial structure and body compared to the other girls and so deserves her rating, which suggests that raw beauty can edge out racial preferences when it comes to solely banging.

Don’t be ashamed if you would bang every single girl on this list. The men who judge you most for your bangs are the ones who feel most ashamed of their own. If you get a boner for a girl, your dick obviously craves her body and you should proceed as long as it does not harm you emotionally or physically. All I can tell you is that my boner has never lied to me. I trust its judgement.

Read Next: *My Boner Is My Master*

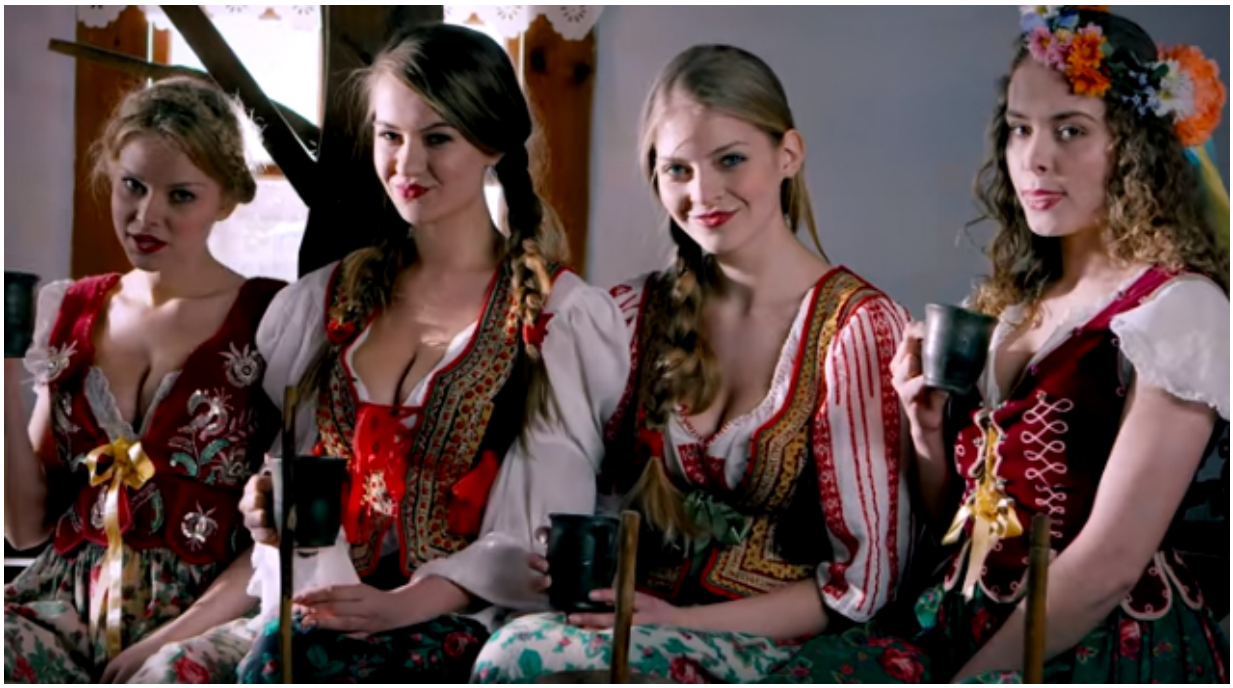
Some Women Only Marry Men They Can Cheat On

June 4, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In the past I wrote about an Italian friend who taught me how to play "real-life Tinder." One of his specialties, if you want to call it that, are Polish and Ukrainian women who are in relationships. He concluded that a Polish woman will only marry a man she knows she can cheat on, which is compatible with my own experiences in Poland. After further consideration, I started to wonder if that could be applied to all women.

In Poland, it's common to see attractive women with "beetroots," the local slang for a standard-issue Polish man who always happens to be far uglier than his woman. In a globalized world where a Polish woman can date any man from the world, why marry a beetroot? The answer is that Polish women are aggressive and blatant with cheating.

I've seen Polish women grind on other men in the club while the drunk boyfriend was nearby; I've heard incredible stories of Polish men allowing their girlfriends to enjoy what is essentially a single lifestyle; and I've been on the receiving end of many casual sex encounters from women who had Polish boyfriends. If you have a Mediterranean or African look, it's almost a guarantee that any Polish girl you sleep with already has a boyfriend, or a man who at least considers himself the boyfriend.



Even when a Polish girl gets married, her eyes stay open for attractive men. I feel almost disturbed when one gives me long eye contact while holding hands with her man. Polish women are smart with securing their future by marrying a beta male at a relatively young age (though that is changing for the worse), but that doesn't stop their pursuit of alpha cock on the side. This is far better than the American woman strategy of wasting prime years with alpha males to only look for a beta when it's too late.

Not only does a Polish woman marry the beta male, but she settles on one she *know* will be so clueless to her true nature that she will be able to take a trip every summer to

Spain or Greece with her girlfriends. Sadly, I've also seen other Eastern European men get cucked in this manner.

A common manosphere belief is that women want strong, dominant men. This is not the full truth. A woman wants to *fuck* strong, dominant men, preferably when she already have a stable provider, and maybe even cuck her husband with superior alpha seed, but she doesn't necessarily want to marry the alpha. There are two reasons why: (1) a true alpha offers little long-term stability since he has so much choice in women, and (2) he can't be controlled.

When it comes to *marriage*, most women will choose the rich beta provider who she can dictate terms to over the less resourceful but sexy alpha. In fact, many women specifically marry men they know are much uglier than they can get to maintain a dominant frame in the relationship where the man is more scared to lose her than the other way around.

If you don't believe me, simply think of all the men you know who are married or in long-term relationships. Are they dominating their women? Are they upholding strict standards? Are they fielding multiple sexual offers from other women? The answer is that a man who willingly gets into a long-term monogamous relationship is opposed to being the real alpha that women get instantaneous sexual excitement for, because to voluntarily enter a relationship with a woman means to compromise and bend your masculine will for the sake of comfort, stability, love, and female happiness. You're still a man if you get married, but you're likely not the type of man that many women who already have beta providers would cheat on and sacrifice their relationships for.

The very word "husband" further proves the point. The images that *don't* come to mind when you envision one are warrior, killer, barbarian, sexy, or famous. Instead, you may

think of words like compliant, hard worker, reliable, hen-pecked, fatigued, and boring. I may very well be a husband some day, so I'm not criticizing those who are married, but the nature of marriage will stuff a man into a beta male mold that then creates desire in his wife for an alpha.

Therein lies the double-edged sword: either you started off as alpha but marriage softened you into a beta or your wife picked you out *because you were beta* and offered her the comfort and stability that the previous alphas in her life didn't. If she picked you because you're a beta, which is what happens in Poland, that means she has room for an alpha in her life, and sees you as someone who wouldn't interfere with that plan.

Strangely enough, men who are most successful with long-term relationships are *not* the most alpha. Women want to feel attraction to a man but she also wants to exercise all the options that modern feminism allows her. She wants to work, party with friends in venues that serve alcohol, flirt with other men, and take girls-only vacations. She doesn't want to be limited or controlled compared to her peer group, and the only man who won't dare to wrangle her choices is the beta male.

I ended things with one girl because I wouldn't tolerate behavior that other men she had known would. It's no surprise that her next boyfriend was not only more beta than me, but more beta *than her*. When it comes to getting laid, being alpha is key, because it's raw attraction that you transmutate into fast sex, but it's not the key for relationships. This is why men who are good at casual sex often don't get into relationships and men who are good at relationships don't get much casual sex.

The best solution we have to this problem is to be the alpha provider, meaning that you satisfy both alpha and beta desires within a woman to ensure that a relationship is successful:

> The fabled Alpha Provider is the captain of his ship and has the genuine respect and adoration of both his woman and his children. He does not tolerate foolishness in his household and is quick to punish such shenanigans. But he is equally bountiful whereas he rewards his woman for the nurturing of his brood, her sexual loyalty, and the upkeep of his domicile and property. Though it took him quite a while, his patience and red pill wisdom allowed him to successfully find a woman worthy to be his first mate.

The verdict is still out on if this can work in the real world, but it is the one that I am open to attempting. I'll tread the middle between being an attractive, dominant man while also showing that I'm ready to provide for my family. The problem with this approach is that a woman doesn't expect to have both the alpha and beta in one man, and they much rather compartmentalize them like Polish women do.

In the end, I rather be seen as a side dick to a girl than a stable provider because then I will experience no hidden deceit in believing she loves me while fooling around behind my back. In other words, I choose truth over love, because I know that if a woman has targeted me for marriage, it won't necessarily be my idea of what a marriage should be.

Read Next: *The Alpha Provider*

June 16: Stop Violence Against Women Happy Hour In Washington D.C.

June 8, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I'm throwing a happy hour on Saturday, June 16, 2018 for human beings of all gender identities to discuss ways that the patriarchy is hurting women. All attendees are expected to grovel before any random woman in the vicinity, no matter what her size or appearance, and satisfy her in any way she demands. During the event, I encourage you to bring women to my presence so that I can apologize to them on the behalf of you and all other men. We will also teach each other not to rape and how to stop making women feel uncomfortable in the presence of our toxic masculinities.

The meetup begins at 8pm at a Starbucks location that will be shared on my Twitter at 7:30pm on the day of the event (June 16, 2018). You do not have to buy anything thanks to the company's progressive policies for persons of color, which includes myself. Feel free to also use their restroom as if it were any public toilet.

Between 8-8:30, I will personally tell you the location of a bar that we will move to after 8:30. **You must arrive to the Starbucks by 8:30 to receive details of the bar venue since it will not be shared online.** If you arrive to the Starbucks at 8:31, and don't see me, you will miss the rest of the happy hour.

Both the Starbucks location and bar will be within walking distance of the Metro Center subway station. If there are unexpected happenings, I will share it on Twitter. If my Twitter is banned, check my Gab. I do not expect any protesters since I'm now "old news," but that may change if the event is publicized in the media or heavily discussed

on Reddit and Twitter.

By attending the happy hour, you agree to the following code of conduct…

Happy Hour Code Of Conduct

1. You attend this happy hour at your own risk. There is a chance that you may be doxed, physically assaulted, maimed, or arrested. I will do everything in my power to act as a shield between you and potential leftist criminality, but I cannot personally guarantee your safety. Be aware of your surroundings at all times and only take risks you're comfortable with.

2. Do not bring any legal or illegal weapons, items that could be used as a weapon, or riot gear. This includes (but is not limited to) guns, knives, brass knuckles, shields, helmets, pepper sprays, batons, sharp pens, flashlights, and grenades. If you are assaulted by a protester, immediately withdraw to safety and contact the police. If you bring a weapon or use physical violence, you will be asked to leave. Your only "weapon" should be the camera on your phone.

3. This is not a "white nationalist" or "alt right" gathering. Those of all races and ethnic backgrounds are encouraged to attend. You will be asked to leave if you bring Nazi paraphernalia, perform Nazi salutes, or engage in any other "false flag" behavior that is meant to make the group look bad.

4. To identify another attendee, use the code phrase: "Do you know where I can find a pet shop?" If you are asked this question, answer exuberantly in the affirmative.

5. Do not take pictures or video of any other attendee without their consent.

6. If you are anxious about getting doxed, wear sunglasses and/or a hat. The more media coverage this happy hour receives, the more likely there will be doxing attempts.

7. Do not discuss illegal activities or other criminal acts as if you were a FBI informant. Illegality of any sort will not be tolerated. All attendees must comply with D.C. and Federal laws.

8. Take extra precautions when leaving any venue. If you encounter a violent mob of leftists, return back to the venue and ask for help.

9. Journalists are not allowed to attend, and will be asked to leave if identified.

If you cannot follow the above code of conduct, you are not allowed to attend the happy hour. This event is meant to be a peaceful affair for those who follow me and want to have a friendly conversation about my work or the state of the world. I look forward to seeing you on June 16.

Read Next: *How The FBI Infiltrates Movements*

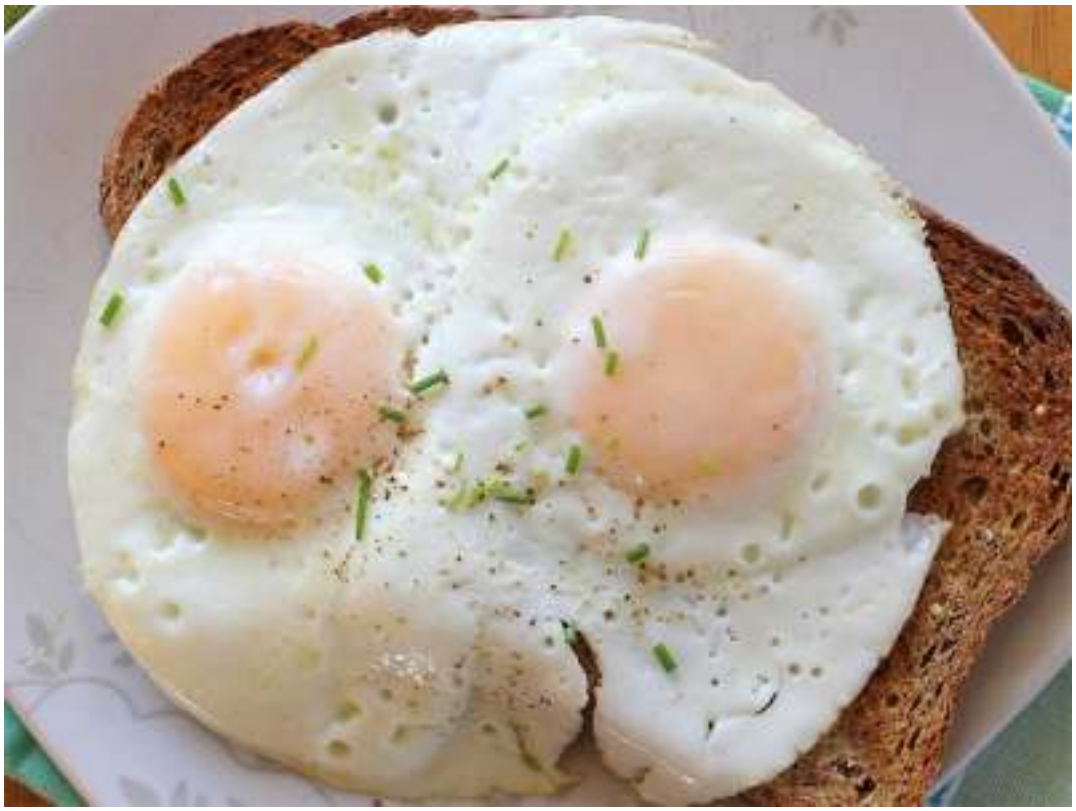
5 Habits That Make Me A Superhuman Fornicator

June 11, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Having casual sex with promiscuous women is not a sport, but it does take on sport-like attributes if you do it for decades. To a normal man, getting laid mostly involves a night of drinking heavily and getting lucky, but to a more serious man like myself, there is discipline, work ethic, and penis hacks that allow me to keep going in a way that has prevented many other men from reaching their fornication goals.

I'm inching closer to 40, but thanks to some tinkering, I've been able to maintain my sexual vigor at nearly the same level as when I was 25. Here are five things I do…

1. I eat two eggs every day



I'm convinced that egg yolks are God's elixir to man. I don't have any scientific evidence to prove it, but eating two eggs a day has noticeably increased my horniness, along with other testosterone boosting foods like broccoli and avocados. While a lot of men go on testosterone replacement therapy to increase their T levels, I believe lifestyle changes concerning diet and weightlifting will get you there without the pharmaceutical dependency.

2. I moisturize my penis with coconut oil

As you get older, your penis will get less supple. You may also get chafing or dryness from rough sex sessions. On days I have sex, I lather my penis with extra virgin coconut oil after showering. I maintain that regimen for a few days until my penis is silky smooth to the touch. I also rub coconut oil in the pubic area to combat any vaginal yeast odor that wants to attach itself to me.

Not only does coconut oil help your skin, but it gives your penis a tropical fresh smell for any lucky lady that gets near it.

3. I conserve precious seminal fluids when not getting laid

Within the past couple of years, I can actually feel a mild hangover the day after I masturbate. I believe it is due to my body marshaling its resources to replenish the valuable sperm that I wasted into the ether. More crucially, masturbation takes sex off my mind for at least a couple days, which is bad when you want to have sex with a real-life female.

These days, I only masturbate when I'm approaching a sexual emergency, but not more than twice a week, and never with hardcore pornography. Young men can probably masturbate daily and still have plenty of fluid left over for sex, but not when you're my age.

4. I empty my balls with every sexual encounter

I've lost count how many times I've received compliments from girls in their early 20's about how I can go for more rounds than guys their age. The reason is that when I'm with a girl, I assume that it is the last time I will ever have sex, because you never know. I keep going until I no longer get a boner or faint. If I haven't been laid in a while, the girl will get the night of her life and certainly come back for seconds. I've surprised myself with my endurance on hundreds of occasions.

One thing I don't like about having a girlfriend is that I have to space out my orgasms to keep some gas in the tank, but the drawback is that sex stays on my mind throughout the week. I much prefer Ball Drainage Events so that I can't do anything but focus on work for several days.

5. I maintain proper urethra functioning with 100% pure cranberry juice

Even if you use a condom, it's not rare for the tip of your penis to at some point come into contact with a girl's vaginal fluids. This could lead to a urethral irritation or a urinary tract infection that falls short of a full-blown sexually transmitted disease.

After I sleep with a questionable girl, which is most of the time, I buy a 500 milliliter bottle of 100% cranberry juice and take 100 milliliter doses every eight hours until the bottle is done. I've knocked out some crotchal symptoms with this formula, including a case of acute ball pain. Be sure to check the label of any cranberry juice you buy, because it may be adulterated with apple or grape juice.

Conclusion

If you're finding yourself less horny than before, or if you take too long to recover from a dynamite sex session, the things I listed above will keep you in peak physical shape for when sexual duty calls. I'm confident they'll keep me fornicating at a professional level for at least three more decades.

Read Next: *Sex Has Become An Obsession*

Shut It Down: Jerusalem Post Attacks This Saturday's Happy Hour

June 14, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The folks over at the Jerusalem Post have freaked out that I'm throwing a Stop Violence Against Women Happy Hour this Saturday, declaring me an "antisemitic pickup artist."

> Daryush Valizadeh is at it again.
>
> More commonly known as "Roosh V," the controversial pickup artist-turned alt-right figure gained media notoriety in 2016 when he attempted to host a series of worldwide meetups to promote "neomasculinity." Last week, Valizadeh announced he will be hosting a happy hour in Washington, DC, on Saturday.
>
> […]
>
> In recent years, Valizadeh has expanded his sphere of interest: Not only are feminism and "female entitlement" threats to western civilization, but so are leftists, Muslim immigrants to the United States, more traditional conservatives, and, of course, Jews.
>
> Valizadeh wrote an antisemitic blog post in June 2017 titled "You Become What You Fight," in which he blames the Jews for "creating feminism."
>
> "Who created feminism? Who pushes their ideas? The Jews," Valizadeh wrote. "They were crafty, intelligent, persistent, and masters of propaganda. Their negative influence on Western civilization must be countered."
>
> He has published other antisemitic material as well.

They can whine all they want because at 7:30pm this Saturday, I will share the location of the Starbucks we're meeting at on my Twitter (it's within walking distance of Metro Center). Find me inside between 8-8:30pm to get the location of the main event, which will not be publicized online. Click here for full details.

On Tuesday night I ran into several readers and they had some questions/concerns about the happy hour…

"Is this a real event?"

Yes this is a real event. I will arrive to the Starbucks at 8pm. We will go to another bar at 8:30pm to eat, drink, and talk.

"I'm scared I will get doxed."

As a man who has taken many large risks in life, I want to meet like-minded men who also like to task risks, though currently the risk for you to attend this event is rather small. Understand that I have it worst—I will be a sitting duck for half an hour to everyone in the metropolitan DC area who hates me and knows how I look like.

My best advice for men with sensitive jobs is to wear sunglasses and approach the Starbucks as if you were inching into a cold pool. Observe the surroundings carefully as you get closer. If the water gets too cold, withdraw momentarily. You only need to have a 30-second interaction with me to get details of the private venue.

“Isn’t your birthday on June 14, the same day as Donald Trump’s?”

Yes, today is our birthday. I turn 39.

“I’m a girl… can I come?”

No means no!

Three girls in the DC area have asked me about attending. As long as you don’t attention whore, are not a journalist, refrain from debates, and stay in the back, you are allowed to come.

If my Twitter is banned for whatever reason, check my Gab. This event will not be livestreamed, though if there are protesters I will film them for laughs. See you on Saturday.

Don't Miss: *Stop Violence Against Women Happy Hour In Washington D.C.*

“My Way” Is The Most Masculine Song Ever Created

June 18, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Over the past couple of years, I’ve been increasingly listening to oldies music. While the messages can be often cheesy and beta, I prefer yesterday’s innocence and naivety compared to today’s degeneracy and mumble rap.

There are many songs that were popular in their day that I’m only now discovering. One of those songs is My Way, originally recorded by Frank Sinatra, though better performed by Elvis Presley. Let’s take a look at the lyrics.

And now, the end is near
And so I face the final curtain
My friend, I’ll say it clear
I’ll state my case, of which I’m certain
I’ve lived a life that’s full
I traveled each and every highway
And more, much more than this, I did it my way

He sees that it’s his turn to die and accepts it. He doesn’t look for miracle cures or beg God for more time. Instead, he does an accounting of the life he’s lived, and because it was rich and fill, the end is far easier to accept than if he had lived with the expectation that he could delay the inevitable.

Regrets, I’ve had a few
But then again, too few to mention
I did what I had to do and saw it through without exemption
I planned each charted course, each careful step along the byway
And more, much more than this, I did it my way

Sure, he made mistakes and lost out on opportunities. He said things he shouldn’t have said and hurt people he shouldn’t have hurt, but he did these things based on how he wanted to live his life. He doesn’t allow regrets to hang over him or make him feel guilty for who he is.

Yes, there were times, I'm sure you knew
When I bit off more than I could chew
But through it all, when there was doubt
I ate it up and spit it out
I faced it all and I stood tall and did it my way

His ego repeatedly got the best of him and he was often checked by powerful forces, but he humbly took his lashes and carried on. He wasn't ashamed of the mistakes he made because he believed he was acting righteously at the time. Perfection was never his goal.

I've loved, I've laughed and cried
I've had my fill, my share of losing
And now, as tears subside, I find it all so amusing
To think I did all that
And may I say, not in a shy way
Oh, no, oh, no, not me, I did it my way

His life wasn't always easy. There was pain and setbacks, but also pleasure and love. What's left but to see it all for what is was: a big game of laughter and tears. He moved through life with confidence, and for him, that's what really matters.

For what is a man, what has he got?
If not himself, then he has naught
To say the things he truly feels and not the words of one who kneels
The record shows I took the blows and did it my way

If a man is not living as a man, why he is living? If he does not act or live in the moment, who is he existing for? If a man can't take a punch and get right back up, until he no longer can, how can he call himself a man?

I will instruct my next of kin to play this song at my funeral. I want people to be reminded that I lived life in the way I saw fit, and endured what was thrown my way. By doing so, I hope that my end will be a bit easier to bear compared to a life that was full of regret and things left unsaid.

Read Next: *Runaway Train*

Roosh Hour #13

June 18, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

This is an early edition of Roosh Hour when I only answered listener calls for the duration of the stream.

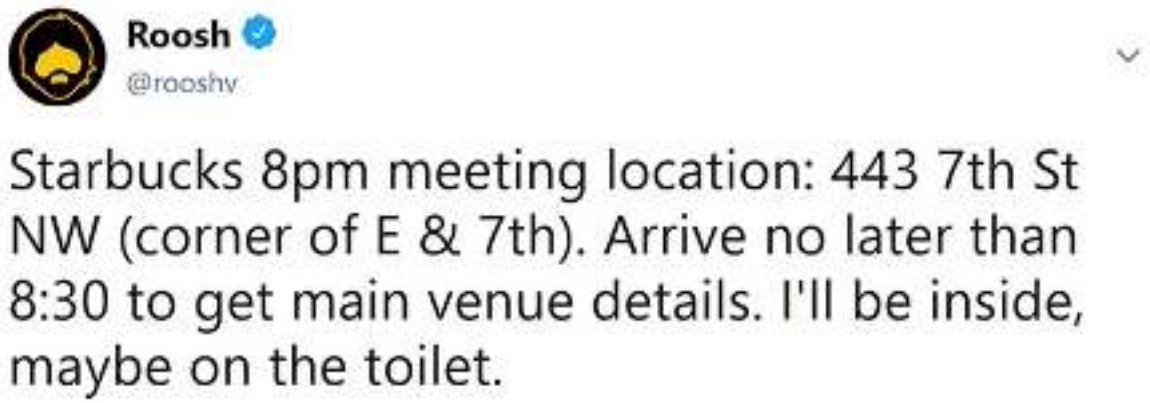
Watch Next: *Roosh Hour #12*

The June 2018 Happy Hour In Washington D.C. Was A Huge Success

June 20, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

On Saturday I drove to the nearest Metro station two hours before the 8pm scheduled start of my first happy hour in two years. While waiting for a train to the city, I was recognized by a young man wearing a cowboy hat. We sat in the same train car and he told me how he's doing well meeting women at dance events, though SJWs have infiltrated them. He has to be careful not to say anything politically incorrect.

I got off at the Gallery Place station and walked around until 7:30pm before posting the Starbucks meeting location on Twitter. For the next twenty minutes, I mentally rehearsed all the bad things that could happen, but I was feeling confident that the event would go off smoothly since only one media article was written about it. I learned that a substantial flurry of articles needs to be published for the elite to activate their SJW foot soldiers.



At 7:50pm, I stood across the street from the Starbucks. I saw a friend in front and waved him over. Then four more men recognized me. All five of us went inside at 7:55. Starting at 8, the stream of men flowing into the cafe was steady. If a man made lingering eye contact with me, I knew that he knew. I handed out fortune cookie slips of paper that had the location of the main event at a bar two blocks down 7th street.

A Starbucks barista came up to the group and said, "Is there anyone here named Roosh? Someone is on the phone for him." A prank caller. I did not imagine this in my mental rehearsals. I was hesitant to admit that there was a Roosh present in case it was a trap. "There is no one here named Roosh," I said. The barista left with a skeptical look on his face.

We spread the bathroom code "2018" amongst ourselves to take advantage of the corporate toilet policy. At least five men used the toilet, perhaps as many as eight. Many real customers confused our group for the line to buy an extra burnt coffee beverage with high fructose corn syrup. The baristas started getting visibly agitated, especially since only one or two men bought something. They started taking away the stools we were using under the guise of preparing the store for closing.

A man arrived who I remember leaving nasty comments on my blog that parroted the

leftist line that I abuse women. He approached me with a smile and his hand outstretched. I told him he was not welcome to the event because of the comments he left in the past. His smile evaporated and he walked out. The fact that he expected me to forget his previous behavior suggests that haters are confused fans. Someone who personally attacks or defames me even once will never be allowed into my circle of trust.

When the group grew to 25, employees finally asked us to stand away from the front counter. They stopped short of kicking us out. If they did, I'd seek *pro bono* legal counsel to sue for discrimination since I'm a person of brown color.

We eventually moved outside and waited five extra minutes to catch the late stragglers. During this time, one attendee, an Indian man, said, "Roosh, you look small. You need to hit the gym." I raised one eyebrow and looked at his overweight physique that he tried to hide with dark clothing. I replied, "But you're fat! Get fit and then you can make fun of me all you want." We had a good laugh. Indians are the original trolls so I stay extra aware when I'm around them.

At 8:35, I led the group of 40 men down the sidewalk to the bar. It turns out that the fortune cookie slips weren't necessary. I said to them, "I wish I had some kind of banner or battle flag." If we were all ISIS terrorists with powerful weapons, and took elevated positions, we could easily conquer several city blocks. Even if the only weapon is our minds, there is no limit to what we could accomplish if we stuck together, planned, and organized. This is why they stopped us in 2016.

We arrived at the bar in Chinatown. The bearded bartender was visibly excited at the unexpected influx of customers. The men started to relax because we were now in a location that was not posted publicly. I did my best to have a conversation with each one. They varied greatly in upbringing, race, employment, and life goals.

I met men fresh out of high school who were just beginning their life's journey and others in their 50's with children and a divorce under their belt. Some men worked in the Federal government and talked predominately about political issues (this is DC, after all), others were businessmen trying to make a career without getting shut down for their beliefs, and also present were RVF poonhounds who picked my brain for foreign countries that had the best women. It was the kind of diversity I love.

There was a brown mural of seabirds hanging in the hallway. Whenever a man asked me for a selfie, I suggested we use it as a backdrop. The hallway became a sort of gathering point to have deeper discussions. Several men gave me condolences for my sister's death, asking me how I was doing. "As good as I can," I would reply.

> A post shared by Roosh (@kingroosh) on Jun 17, 2018 at 10:45am PDT

A woman I didn't recognize approached me. Apparently one of the attendees told her who I was. She was lamentably overweight but had a friendly demeanor.

"So you're a pickup artist," she said.

"I am?"

"Well that's what it says on your Wikipedia."

One of the guys started filming her, thinking that she was attacking me, but I told him that it was okay and he put his phone down. It was clear that she loved getting the attention of several men at once and wanted to keep the conversation going as long as possible, but she would have to increase her beauty for me to give her more than three minutes of my time. After showing her my "straight pride" salute, which is really the same as a black power salute, I introduced her to a man I named Chad because he was a tall and white with a square jaw. I told everyone that if I have a son, I'm naming him Chad.

As the event winded down, I started to wonder where the resistance was. Two years ago, the death threats flowed in at a concerning clip, but now there was nothing. To go from 100 to 0 suggests that liberal protests are not organic. A switch must be flipped for them to be activated in a MK Ultra style. If you told me that someone at a high level gets to decide whether an attack takes place or not, I would believe it. I now have enough experience where I think I can predict if trouble will happen via a "Defcock" Warning System that I plan on using for future gatherings.

> **Defcock Green:** Practically no media coverage or leftist discussion online. Protesters or disruptions are not expected.
>
> **Defcock Yellow:** Moderate media attention but no online organizing spotted. Stay alert at the beginning of the meetup.
>
> **Defcock Red:** Heavy media coverage. Protesters have been organizing online to shut down the event. Likely police presence. Wear sunglasses to guard against doxing attempts from women with Krusty The Clown hair.

This event was Defcock Green all the way through by the time I left the bar at 1am to catch the last Metro train home. Maybe I was being too paranoid by applying counter-terrorist tactics to plan a friendly happy hour, but I don't mind putting in the time so none of my readers are injured, doxed, or arrested.

The world is getting crazier by the year, and since we possess masculine beliefs, we have to take extra care to stay safe. I believe I have the experience to do that for the men who come out to meet me, and can't wait until my new book is released so I can hold more

events around the country.

Read Next: *Washington D.C. Has Bottomed Out*

6 Reasons Why I Probably Won't Get Married

June 25, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Recently I spent time with extended family. A common question was, "Why aren't you married yet?" I replied by asking them how much time they had for me to explain all the reasons. While it's easy to portray modern marriage as a bad deal, most of my reasons are purely individual in nature.

Here are six reasons why I'm not cut out for marriage…

1. I need more alone time than a woman can tolerate

I only like being social for 2-4 hours a day, preferably at night. Once I fulfill a day's social interaction needs, I power down and rather not talk anymore.

The problem when living with a woman is that they want to be social as soon as they get up and remain social for the rest of the day. They talk to me, ask me questions, and generally want to feel like they are living with another human being. Even worse, I'm exceedingly moody and sometimes want to go a day or two without talking to anyone. My wife would probably find this intolerable.

Possible solution: find an introverted girl who is less social than me

2. I don't permit my woman complete "freedom" because I understand her true nature

A big reason I don't want to get married is that I understand women. Most women are driven by emotional states and social trends—she's your woman as much as she is everyone else's. If my woman doesn't have traditional values, I'll be forced to lay down rules that block the serpent from tempting her, but that will lead her to resent me for limiting her freedom. She'll rebel and pick senseless fights with me. A woman may want a strong man to feel maximum attraction, but she doesn't want him to limit her lifestyle options.

Possible solution: find a traditional woman who already knows how to be reasonably good

3. I don't like sharing my bed because I'm a light sleeper

While I can fall asleep easily, I wake up often and have trouble going back to sleep. Reading before bed, putting on white noise, and wearing a night mask help only somewhat. The problem is that women who sleep in my bed want to touch me or cuddle, but this causes me to wake up, destroying my sleep further. With one girlfriend, I floated the idea of having separate bedrooms upon marriage. Needless to say, we're no longer together.

Possible solution: build a pillow wall in the middle of the bed so she doesn't try to sneak in any touches while I'm sleeping

4. I'm exceedingly rigid in my daily routine and how I like things done

I'm an easy-going and flexible guy when it comes to social interactions, and many girls I've slept with would probably say I'm "fun," but I'm a nightmare to live with. I want everything done my way with little deviation. My tea has to be a certain temperature, my bread has to be sliced at an exact thickness, and the sunlight coming into my room has to be just right.

I tried teaching previous girlfriends how to make things the way I prefer, but they just can't duplicate my perfection. I firmly believe that I do things in the best way, so I see no need to compromise on that.

Possible solution: find a younger girl without rigid living habits who doesn't mind adopting mine

5. I don't want to be with a woman who makes my life more difficult or stressful

Satisfy me Rooshiepoo!

Let’s be honest: most women take way more than they give, and all they really give is sex and basic companionship. I don’t mind giving everything I have to the woman I love, but if she’s not actively reciprocating to make my life better, what’s the point of marriage?

Very few women are trained these days to improve the lives of men. In fact, they are trained to believe men are the enemy and they are entitled to some sort of reparation package just because they were born a woman.

Possible solution: find a traditional woman who was trained to please her husband

6. I have an abnormally high need for peace and quiet

My job requires a high degree of concentration and focus. When things get too loud, I'm unable to produce such fine writing as what you're enjoying right now. The problem is that women prefer a background loudness in their lives so they don't feel alone. They wake up and want to watch YouTube videos, put on music, or talk on the phone. I can't work under those conditions, especially during the day. In the evening, a woman can make all the noise she wants, especially in bed, but upon waking I need complete and utter silence.

Possible solution: buy a house so big that I can't hear my wife (and children) while writing or meditating in my study

Conclusion

Note how I didn't mention becoming bored sleeping with the same woman. A lot of other men have this problem, but if I get horny, which still happens, I'm more than eager to put it in her after removing the wall of pillows between us.

All of the reasons I mentioned are not insurmountable obstacles, and the solution may be as simple as finding a young, shy, traditional, virgin girl raised on a farm, but I must admit that the kind of man I am doesn't lend well to the compromises that marriage demands. If I find a woman who can handle the quirks above, she may very well be the one.

Read Next: *The Manipulated Man*

2 Signs A Girl Will Cheat On You

July 2, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The opposite of a cuckold is a man who doesn't tolerate his woman messing around with other men, an expectation that was reasonable up until these depraved times of open relationships and "polyamory." If you're like me, you don't want to waste time and effort on a woman who will eventually cheat on you, so it becomes helpful to know the warning signs.

There are two female character traits that highly correlate to cheating. I've found these traits not in women who have cheated on me, but on women who cheated on their boyfriends, fiancees, or husbands *with me*. In many cases, I didn't even know she had a man until after we had sex.

1. She has a high need for excitement

A girl with a high need for excitement believes that life should always be fun. She fears boredom and routine. She may share memes along the lines of "Life is short" or "Carpe diem." The problem is that relationships are boring by their very nature. Within only a couple of months, they turn into a repeating pattern of eating, having sex, watching movies, and talking about the same group of friends. This is hard for some girls to tolerate. They will cheat not with the intention of leaving their boyfriend, but simply to live the fun lifestyle they believe is coming to them.

The same pattern occurs with a girl who is highly impulsive, meaning she needs to act on whatever random idea pops into her head so that she can see herself as "fun" and

“spontaneous.” If she is in a club with friends and sees a hot guy, the impulse of “I want to sleep with him” is one she may act on, even though her loyal boyfriend is waiting at home.

Several years ago in Poland I was in a nightclub when I noticed a tall girl with nice legs staring at me. The conversation between us went well and I tried to move her to the dance floor, but there was a big problem: she had a boyfriend, and he was on his way to the club with his friends. I was ready to move on to another girl, but even after the boyfriend arrived, she kept looking my way. They all went upstairs. Ten minutes later, she came back to me. I knew she wanted to fuck so I told her to come with me to my place, which was only a five-minute walk away. I could tell it was thrilling for her to escape the club with a new man while her boyfriend was still in it.

Once in my apartment, the boyfriend called. She told him that she got tired and went home, but that he should stay in the club and have fun with his friends. She ended the call with “I love you.” We then had sex multiple times, she spent the night, and then we had sex again in the morning. She made effort in seeing me again.

2. She has a high sense of entitlement

A girl with high entitlement feels that her current boyfriend should satisfy *all* of her needs. If he doesn’t, then he is not holding up to his end of the bargain. She will then feel little or no guilt for fulfilling those needs elsewhere with other men.

Girls want to be satisfied in two areas: physically and emotionally. Physically, a high entitlement girl will expect you to give her as many orgasms and as much pleasure as she gives you, which is difficult unless you spend hours going down on her. Emotionally, she will want to remain in an attracted, happy, and contented state without any feelings of anxiety, regret, dissatisfaction, or fear of missing out. One man simply cannot satisfy both of these areas for eternity, but a high entitlement girl expects it. If you fail, she will cheat.

Another time a high entitlement girl cheats is after you get into an argument with her. She can't believe that you made her upset, so in her mind it's not wrong to feel better in the embrace of another man. If your girlfriend gets upset with you today, there is a line of five men ready to immediately fuck her. Fifty years ago, she may have only had access to the village drunk. If you don't want a high entitlement girl to cheat on you, you must become her hostage and always keep her happy.

Not long ago I met a hippie girl in a nightclub. She wore a small backpack and had weird dance moves that suggested she was on drugs (she told me she wasn't). Her hair went all the way down to her butt, which aroused me fully. We danced extra close but she would turn her head away when our faces got near. I didn't push the matter and later she told me that she had a boyfriend. Things weren't going well with him. I brushed it off and told her to do whatever she wanted, that I'm merely enjoying the moment.

When the dancing got boring, we went to my apartment for a "tea." We ended up having sex five times. During one of the rounds, she scooped up my semen with two fingers and put it in her mouth while locking eye contact with me. Even with my level of experience, I felt disturbed. Before she left, she told me that her boyfriend has a low sex drive, but she didn't want to break up with him. She did not make effort in seeing me again.

Conclusion

You may be thinking, "Don't all girls have a high need for excitement along with high entitlement?" If you're meeting them on Tinder or in the nightclub, then yes, most will fall into that category. If you're meeting them in Westernized countries where #MeToo teaches them that they shouldn't feel uncomfortable for any reason, certainly. Unless you carefully screen your women, it will be hard to avoid the cheating type.

Thankfully, there are some women who just want to find a good man and have a family. They are willing to work out any relationship problems instead of immediately jumping on a new cock, and see fun as the temporal and meaningless distraction that it is. Maybe one day I will meet such a girl.

Read Next: *Some Women Only Marry Men They Can Cheat On*

When You Set A Goal, You Inherit A Lifestyle

July 9, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Upon setting a goal, you fantasize about the pleasure you'll receive from accomplishing it. The problem is that only a tiny percentage of your overall time is spent enjoying the actual goal. Instead, most of your efforts go into the *tasks* towards achieving it. The work you do for the goal becomes your life, not the goal itself.

Let's say a man wants to get into game because he wants sex. He's a night person so he decides to meet girls at bars. He imagines all the drunk sluts he will sleep with. Even if his game is good, most of his time will be spent at the bars drinking alcohol while a tiny percentage will be spent in actual fornication. His life is not one of sex, but of going to bars.

An obese career woman sits all day at work and binges on junk food at night. She is starting to have back and knee pain. She imagines being thin, more beautiful, and free of pain, so she goes vegan and signs up for Crossfit. Her life now becomes that of veganism and Crossfit, which will dominate her free time. Even when she hits her health goal, she will spend that renewed health to continue being a vegan while doing Crossfit instead of just being healthy in isolation.

Fame works the same way. You work so hard to achieve a goal of receiving adoration from the masses, but your lifestyle becomes one of self-promotion and using Twitter, Instagram, and Facebook. You're forced to spend hours a day referring to yourself in a positive manner instead of receiving the love that you imagined.

Whatever you do to achieve a goal becomes your lifestyle. The goal is the dessert, the 1% reward from your efforts, but there is the 99% that you must continually do to maintain the goal. Are you ready to labor and obsess over trivial activities so that you can reach your “dreams”? Because that’s the price you must pay when you set goals. You’re trained in the West to believe that things are “worth it in the end,” but most of the time it’s not. The goal is a way to keep you busy and distracted.

As I mentioned before, the best goal is one where you enjoy the entire process. Merely craving the end goal will not be enough. A lot of men want to get laid with beautiful women, but they can’t maintain continuous effort of hunting for them on the streets or bars. A lot of men want big muscles, but they can’t maintain a continuous program of working out in the gym or watching their diet. If these men set goals around sex or muscles, they will fail. I have a goal to finish books, and since I like the process of writing, my goal is an inevitable conclusion of what I like doing, which means I’m likely to succeed.

A man with multiple goals is stretched too thin, because all of his energy and willpower is being used to maintain multiple lifestyles. He thinks the more goals the better, because then he will reach his potential and enjoy the fruits of life, but those fruits are such a tiny percentage of his overall goal work that he’s slowly burning himself out doing things he doesn’t feel passionate about. Set a goal, but understand what lifestyle you’ll be forced to inherit while you try to achieve it.

Read Next: *Beware Of Goals With Numbers*

I Was Detained By Icelandic Police After My London-Bound Flight Redirected To Keflavik Airport

July 10, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

For my June trip to Washington D.C., I chose Icelandic discount air carrier Wow Air to save $400 compared to the airline I normally use. There was only one catch: on my return, I would have a connecting flight in London's Stansted airport. I know I'm banned from England, but it should be safe to have a layover where I don't have to go through customs, right? Four-hundred dollars was enough motivation to find out.

The journey began with Wow Air #116, a red eye flight from BWI airport to Keflavik, Iceland's main airport. I landed in Iceland without incident and had a brief layover that did not require me to go through passport control. I then boarded Wow Air flight #826, an Airbus A321 that was full with over 200 passengers. I sat in my assigned window seat, 6F, next to a cute American girl. I was too tired to make small talk. The plane departed on schedule and I dozed off.

Not long into the flight, I woke up to the captain making an abrupt announcement: "Flight staff to the captain's deck." The lead flight attendant went into the cockpit and came out a few minutes later. The captain then made another announcement: "Because of a security issue, we have to return to Keflavik. We will land in ten minutes. I'm sorry for any inconvenience." The airplane made a U-turn and dropped altitude.

I've been on a lot of flights in my life, but I never had one turn around due to a "security issue." Was it because of me? There's no way the authorities would inconvenience hundreds of people because one writer said some mean words on the internet, I thought.

But as we approached the runway for landing, I began to mentally prepare for the worst.

After we landed, I asked the American girl for some gum in case I'd have to do some talking. She only had white Tic Tacs. I took them and added, "If they take me off the plane, it was nice sitting next to you." She gave a weak smile.

The airplane taxied to an isolated area away from the terminal. I saw one police car parked outside. I closely observed the flight attendants to see if they would give a tell by looking in my direction, but they held a stiff poker face. They must be trained to not let the "terrorist" know that he has been found out.

The front door opened and two male Icelandic police officers entered. The lead officer started counting rows as he walked down the aisle. An excited man wearing a yamaka stood up and filmed the scene with a tablet. Would I be the lucky game show winner today? The officer stopped on row 6 and looked directly at me. "Daryush?" he asked. I nodded my head.

My two seat mates cleared the row so I could get out. I glanced behind me and saw a lot of nervous faces. "Should I get my stuff?" I asked. The officer said yes. I opened the overhead compartment and grabbed my laptop bag and hand luggage. The entire cabin was silent. I hadn't trimmed my beard in months so they probably thought I was a real terrorist trying to Allahu Akbar the plane. I kept my head down. I felt so embarrassed. I didn't mean to delay everyone's travel plans to save a couple hundred bucks, but I underestimated how far the UK government would go to prevent me from stepping foot into the country, even for a layover.

The officers escorted me to the police car. I sat in the backseat with the junior officer. He kept a close eye on me for any signs of illegal aggression. All my fatigue disappeared.

"I know why this is happening," I blurted out. "I'm banned from the UK, but I thought it

would be okay to have a layover there since I wouldn't have to go through UK passport control."

"We're not familiar with your case," said the officer in the driver's seat. "Why are you banned?"

"Because of *words*! Because of things I've *written*!" I lowered my voice. "Theresa May is keeping me out because she says I'm a misogynist while she lets in thousands of migrant criminals. It's so dumb."

Home Office

PRIVATE & CONFIDENTIAL

3 February 2016

Dear Mr Valsdottir

I am writing to inform you about the British government's measures for excluding or deporting aliens under the Unacceptable Behaviour policy. The list of unacceptable behaviours covers any non-UK national, whether in the UK or abroad, who uses any means or medium including:

- writing, producing, publishing or distributing material
- public speaking, including preaching
- running a website
- using a position of responsibility, such as a teacher, community or youth leader

Examples could be that:

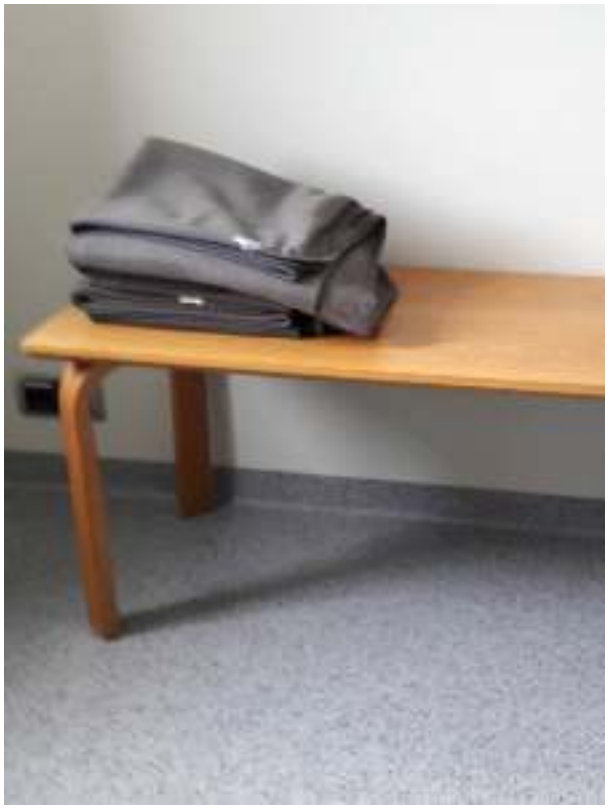
- he or she glorifies terrorist violence in reference to particular people
- seeks to provoke others to terrorist acts
- fosters hatred which might lead to inter-community violence in the UK

The Home Secretary has considered whether, in light of this list, you should be excluded from the UK. After careful consideration, on 4 February 2016 the Secretary of State decided that you should be excluded from the UK on the grounds that your presence here would not be conducive to the public good. The Home Secretary has reached this decision because you have brought yourself within the scope of the list of unacceptable behaviours by making statements that may cause fear which might lead to inter-community violence in the UK.

Icelandic people are not normally chatty and these two officers were no exception. I looked at my hands. There were shaking. I squeezed them between my legs.

The car stopped and the officers escorted me into a holding cell. It had a cot with a pillow and a short table with two blankets. They took my passport and locked me in. I looked up at the ceiling and noticed a camera in the corner. I wondered if there was also a microphone. The wind was so strong that cold Icelandic air was whistling into the room. I briefly considered joking with the officers that I would complain to the United Nations for inhumane treatment.

The junior officer came back with a cup of water and told me to hang tight. I alternated between pacing the room and sitting down. I tried to inhale deeply to relax myself but I could only manage shallow breaths. I took some pictures of the room and imagined what I would tell my mom.



The supervisor came into the room. “So after your flight left we got a call from England…”

“A call from who? Someone in the government?” I eagerly wanted to know how their border system worked.

“We just got a call,” the officer replied, not wanting to give details. “And it said that you’re on the flight and you’re not allowed in England. At first we weren’t going to do anything, but then my station manager called and said that we need to bring you back.” So the UK government receives passenger data from all inbound flights that is

cross-checked with their immigration and criminal databases. It's great that they have a locktight system to keep their citizens safe from a thought criminal like myself, yet somehow *thousands* of Muslim immigrants manage to enter the country to sexually mutilate and abuse females, including children. It's okay to harm British girls with physical violence as long as you don't trigger them with internet articles.

"I bought this flight because it was cheap. I know I'm not allowed in England, but I thought a layover would be fine. I guess they didn't know I had another flight out of the country. Well, I'd like to book another flight if that's possible. I just don't want to go back to the US. I'll go to Africa, even."

"Okay, this will take some time." He left the room but didn't close the door, indicating to me that things were de-escalating.

Serving hard time in Iceland. I almost got a prison tattoo.

Ten minutes later, the supervisor came back and showed me his smartphone. It had the cover of my book Bang Iceland. I grimaced. How do I explain to him that Iceland was one stop on a multi-year fuck tour?

"I was in Iceland a long time ago," I started, noticing that there was a female officer standing outside the room. "When I was younger, I would travel to countries and then write books about how to… date women."

"So you have a black belt in women?" The officer grinned while motioning to his belt.

"Something like that. It's macho talk. I believe men should be masculine and women should sub… should follow men. That's why I got banned in England. But you can't say that anymore. I know in Iceland the women are more strong and independent. They don't believe in old-fashioned arrangements."

“Are you married, by the way?”

“Obviously not,” I joked. Him and the three officers outside the cell started laughing. He left the room and told me to continue waiting.

I stared out the window and saw an airport worker driving a baggage car. One of the bags fell out and he immediately stopped the car to retrieve it.

How many more bags will fall out of my baggage car? The book I wrote in 2011 will cause me trouble in this country. The article I wrote in 2015 will ban me from that country. The meetups in 2016 will get me attacked from this mayor or that politician for cheap political points. Bags will keep falling out because of things I’ve done in the past, even if one day I become Mother Teresa.

The supervisor came back. He said, “You’re free to go. There’s no reason for us to hold you.” I served one hour of hard time. Any longer and I would have started my first prison workout.

“Do I have to get a stamp to enter Iceland?” I asked.

“I already gave it to you.” He handed me my passport.

I gathered my things and he escorted me into the airport hall. “I hope I made your day a little more interesting,” I said.

“You did, but a few of my officers were reading the news articles and got upset over the things you said.”

“The media has made me a total monster, a rapist, a horrible person. It’s all fake news. I’m not a bad guy. They ruined my reputation and…” I considered explaining further, but even if you accept the most rosy interpretation of my writing, without all the distortions from the media, can you name someone who is more extreme than me when it comes to

sex relations? Maybe I really am a monster. “They ruined my reputation and… I will always have to deal with that.”

I stuck out my hand and added, “Thank you for treating me well.” He shook my hand. I walked away and sat down on a bench. I would have to book another flight, and maybe a hotel room, but first I had to call my mom and tell her what happened. She won’t believe it.

Read Next: *Theresa May Officially Bans Roosh From The UK While Terrorist Sympathizers Are Let In*

Roosh Hour #14

July 15, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

This is an early edition of Roosh Hour when I only answered listener calls for the duration of the stream.

Watch Next: *Roosh Hour #13*

All That’s Left For Normal Men Are Rotten Women

July 16, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Nature has given humanity a roughly one-to-one ratio of adult men to women, but the most attractive women are being taken out of circulation to either join alpha male harems or participate in degenerate lifestyle choices. This leaves the average man practically no choice in settling down with a mentally stable and cute woman in her prime.

This is the best you’ll get

In Islam, a man is able to marry four wives, which is what my wealthy Iranian grandfather did on his way to siring 24 or so children that included my dad (the exact number is a mystery). He took away three women that an Iranian man of lesser means could have married, creating a societal imbalance, but that’s nothing compared to what we have in the modern Western world, where a single famous man can command the sexual attentions of dozens—if not *thousands*—of women in their sexual prime, spoiling these women for normal men who don’t have the ability to tingle their vaginas with the same intensity.

How many actors, musicians, and sports athletes are trying to plow through as much prime pussy as possible? How many Hollywood directors and music producers are leveraging their positions for sexual gain? How many club owners, restaurateurs, Arab sheikhs, and politicians are doing the same? Each one is taking way more beautiful women out of circulation than men like my grandfather, all while elevating their standards to such an extent that no average man can ever gain their love, let alone two hours—or even two minutes–of their uninterrupted attention.

We also have to account for female lifestyle choices that are designed to delay or prevent pair bonding and marriage. The biggest is career. Most girls, while embarking on a career, balance out the boredom of working a meaningless job by hopping on the cock carousel and banging at least a few men every year. By the time a girl hits 25 years old, any man who meets her will have to deal with a walk-in closet of emotional issues and hang-ups from being pumped and dumped as much as a 1930's brothel whore.

Then there is the Instagram and Facebook lifestyle that creates crippling dopamine addiction, which causes a girl to only be satisfied if dozens of men are actively thirsting for her every day. I estimate that if a girl has over 500 followers on Instagram, she is so used to attention from throngs of men that the love of one man cannot possibly satisfy her.

We must also throw in the growing "travel blogger" lifestyle where, instead of using only her body to get attention, a girl uses pictures and video from exotic locations to enhance her beauty. Other girls, with nothing substantial to offer the world, decide to showcase pictures of pets or their tasty overpriced meals, but even that puts them on a dopamine loop that ruins their future interactions with men.

This is more pleasurable for her than dating a normal guy

By far, the most damaging lifestyle choice women make is becoming a sugar baby, a politically correct term for “prostitute.” For some easy cash, she whores out her body to the highest bidder (some women combine Instagram and prostitution in a seamless package). How can such an Instagram prostitute ever settle down with a man who has a normal salary? There are also the hundreds of women who enter porn every year, some from seemingly stable families. Sadly, men are so desperate for love that many would wife up a former prostitute or porn star, but it’s highly unlikely those women will make for stable families.

The Western world is a sinkhole for women. The prettiest of the bunch fall into the hole and get spit out years later an entitled #MeToo hag who can never be happy, making the Islamic four-wife rule seem downright egalitarian. The sad truth is that if you meet an attractive girl today, she was pumped and dumped by numerous sexy men, prefers to nurture her career than children, is addicted to attention via the internet, and has participated in some kind of scheme to exchange social status or cash for her pussy. She’s more than suitable for a bit of fun, but would it be wise to seek a relationship with her?

You don’t have a chance with her

Even with the obesity and short-hair epidemic, I still see a bountiful supply of cute girls I would happily reproduce with. I would love them, let them caress my beard, and lay my seed deep within their vaginal guts, but the problem is that those guts are not for me—they are for the Chads who would never marry her, the beta orbiters who await her newest selfie as if it were a source of food, or the rich and lonely men who would sponsor her for thousands of dollars a month. They’re taking her out of circulation at the time I want her most, and by the time they are done with her, I no longer want her. I guess I’ll try to weasel in a bang or two when she is not yet fully degraded, and enjoy the fleeting pleasure that comes from it as much as I can.

Read Next: *How To Stop The Fall Of Women*

Roosh Hour #12

July 16, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

This is an early edition of Roosh Hour when I only answered listener calls for the duration of the stream.

Watch Next: *Roosh Hour #11*

Conservatives Are Losers

July 23, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

For the world to get to how it is today, with the nearly complete elimination of tradition in favor of a globohomo world where diddling little children is becoming normalized, conservatives have had to lose *every* meaningful cultural war in the history of man. When someone declares themselves a conservative, they're in fact stating that they are a loser, someone who is meant to take the fall when the left comes attacking.

Conservatives have lost on every battlefront: free speech, the military, the universities, marriage, nuclear family, child education, the media, the government, Boy Scouts, business, law and justice, Christianity, patriarchy, immigration, the welfare state, and capitalism. The right to bear arms is the only battle they're not losing in a rout, but I'm confident they will lose that too within a decade's time. Conservative institutions are being infiltrated and subverted, or have disappeared off the face of the earth, and there is no sign of them ever coming back.

The enemy

Why are conservatives such losers? Because they desire to merely hold the line while their enemy rushes at them full speed. They don't want to conquer new lands, kill their enemy, or inflict real harm. They want to maintain the status quo while the left froths at the mouth to *win*, energized with momentum and passion. The left is so dissatisfied at the state of the world because of their deep-seated inner dysfunction that they put their entire being into trying to make it better. They don't know how to enjoy their lives so they have to attack the lives of others.

Conservatives, on the other hand, have no momentum or passion. They just want to be

left alone, which makes them easy pickings for a collective that is hellbent on achieving their nightmare utopia. In the end, conservatives are the Spartans in *300* who have trained their entire lives to lose the battle, even if they are pound-for-pound stronger than their enemy.

Conservatives have also shown to be comically susceptible to leftist ideas when it's presented as "human rights." Two decades ago, the vast majority of conservatives would have stood against gay marriage, but a few years of cheesy "love is love" commercials was all it took for them to change their mind. Their motto of "live and let live" is only reasonable to hold if their enemy believed the same. They give the crying baby its bottle and from that milk it gets fat and strong and decides to kill the entire family. Conservatives don't understand that giving an inch to the left eventually results in *absolute defeat*. They have to psychotically refuse to give any ground, even if practical logic or fairness is staring them in the face, but we know they won't do that.

Conservative bird feeding his enemy

Another problem conservatives face is technology, which is not agnostic but rather liberating. It allows man to rely less on traditions, family, social bonds, and religion, all things that the left hates. The more technology you have, the more you can be an atomized unit in a little urbanized box, reliant only on your service job and digital device to keep you alive and somewhat sane while using Uber and Lyft to travel in and out of your self-imposed quarantine zone. Because of technology, the conservatism of today is merely the liberalism of twenty years ago. I challenge you to find a single attractive "conservative" girl who hasn't tried Tinder or engaged in abundant pre-marital sex. Look at the life of any self-professed conservative and odds are you'll find a rather cosmopolitan existence that is far removed from nature and rural living.

The biggest reason why conservatives will continue to lose is that they're still not ready

to kill the left even though the left is ready to kill them. Liberals have been getting conservatives fired on a daily basis while suing their businesses out of existence while the conservative loser merely whines about it on Twitter. You may hate the left, but if you wouldn't dare even punching them in the face because you fear losing your life of comfort, you will lose. If you're not prepared to kill your enemy while your enemy is busy killing you, you will lose. It's that simple. Some think that conservatives have to feel a sense of hopelessness to fight back, but by then there will be nothing left worth fighting for.

"Why would a liberal try to kill me because of my opinion? It must be some kind of a mistake!"

You don't have to be a historian to know that conservatives will continue to lose. Simple take a look back 50, 100, or 500 years to see how much ground they've lost, and amplify that by a factor of ten thanks to technology if you want to imagine how much ground they will lose in the next 50, 100, or 500 years. They are such losers that if you see any sort of organized conservative "uprising" in the years to come, it will surely be a carefully managed scheme by the elites to usher in yet another monumental conservative defeat, just like we saw in the last few years with the alt right's astonishing rise and then disastrous defeat in Charlottesville at the hands of their more capable enemies.

Since I know conservatives will not win, I do not identify as one, because I don't see myself as a loser. I will stay under the radar and live with no label, and let the communists on the left defeat the losers on the right like they have been doing for centuries.

Read Next: *Nationalism Is A Trap*

Roosh Hour #15

July 24, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

This is an early edition of Roosh Hour when I only answered listener calls for the duration of the stream.

Watch Next: *Roosh Hour #14*

Comfort Will Not Give You Meaning In Life

July 30, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Many people plan their lives around the pursuit of comfort. Whether it comes to work, relationships, or day-to-day living, all decisions are made with the goal to increase comfort while decreasing discomfort. The problem with this approach is that comfort does not provide you with meaning. You can have all the comfort in the world but still feel bored, unhappy, or depressed.

In 2006, I was in a state of extreme comfort. I shared a big house with two other people, had a stable career that wasn't particularly demanding, owned a car and motorcycle, and was able to take exciting vacations abroad. I had no urgent concerns besides securing my next instance of sex from weekends jaunts into the city. I achieved pretty close to the modern ideal of comfort, and yet I saw little value in it. Would comfort inspire me? Would it make me a man? Would it give me even the tiniest scrap of life meaning? Within two years, I got rid of most of my possessions and went to South America, the beginning of an ongoing tale of nomadism.

Hostel in Barcelona, Spain (2006)

Today, I find myself again in a state of extreme comfort. I live in a cozy apartment in the center of an Eastern European city, earn a basic but livable income from book royalties, and receive a mostly stable supply of sex. I experience little anxiety or genuine difficulty from my living situation. Was the point of my decade abroad merely to reproduce the comfort I had before I left? How was the same flavor of comfort able to find me again? Am I destined to grow old without ever having real concern for my survival or material existence?

Is it not degenerate to seek comfort, of desiring to sit and relax while expending the least amount of calories possible, where your muscles physically degenerate, and where you have to artificially simulate a non-comfortable life by lifting weights in a corporate gym? The drive to comfort may simply be a relic of our childhood, where we rushed to our mother's bosom to isolate ourselves from a world that exposed our weaknesses and vulnerabilities. Comfort is a need for mother and the safety she provided us for the bulk of our lives, of running back to the first safe space we have ever known.

Margarita Island, Venezuela (2005)

The first time around, I made comfort a goal, but the second time I did not. When your ability to earn a livable wage surpasses a certain threshold, from being born in the resource-rich West or having a competent IQ, comfort will be a part of your life whether you like it or not, and any attempt to fight it will just reinforce how comfortable you really are. We live in a time where food and resources have never been more plentiful for the average man, so we will not face the survival difficulty of our ancestors no matter how hard we try. We are the house cat that can return home whenever things got too cold or dangerous outside.

Right now I'm faced with a decision of remaining in my comfortable Eastern European environment, where I no longer have to work hard to enjoy its rewards, or go somewhere different, challenging, and slightly more uncomfortable. In the past, I would pick the challenging environment to satisfy an ego that was desperate to prove it can overcome hurdles through hard work and intellect, but I no longer have anything to prove. All that's left is asking if I want to grow old in a fashion so stable that most of the lessons I've learned in life will never be called upon for my survival, or if I want to venture out into the unknown and live a *slightly* more raw and spontaneous existence.

Hvar Island, Croatia (2016)

Either way, I know that if I deny comfort today, it will find me soon enough. Stepping foot in another new country will be like going to Corporate Gym—I'll get an intense but short workout before walking back out to sit and eat and relax and consume limitless entertainment. My ability to earn a modern wage means that comfort will always be waiting for me. When the world outside shows me its teeth, I know that mommy earth is always ready to take me into her arms and make things comfortable again.

Read Next: *How To Change The World*

Roosh Hour #16

July 31, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

This is an early edition of Roosh Hour when I only answered listener calls for the duration of the stream.

Watch Next: *Roosh Hour #15*

Pick Only One For Your Society: Casual Sex Or Marriage

August 6, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Many conservatives rightly criticize the promiscuity of modern society, but they stop far short of the needed solution: a complete elimination of casual sex. Until that is accomplished, we will see a steady decline of marriage and family creation.

If you approach marriage in the same way as buying a consumer product, you will fail. Marriage was never meant to be a form of comparison shopping as if strolling the aisles of Mega Mart with Amazon loaded up on your phone, because unlike with consumer goods, there are billions of potential mates around the world, and it would take a hundred lifetimes to sample them all. Shopping around for a husband or wife with the goal of finding the "best" means you'll *never* find the best, because there is no sign, moment, or realization that confirms you made the perfect choice, unlike buying a new smartphone or car where you have less than a dozen reasonable options to evaluate based on your needs and budget.

There are dubious studies of low sample sizes that show the more sexual partners a woman has before she marries, the more likely she will divorce, but we don't need them to confirm common sense. The more likely a person is a foodie, the less satisfied they will be with their next meal. The more experience a person has traveling the world, the less excited they will be about visiting a new city. The more sexual encounters a person has had, the less impressed they will be with any new partner.

He don't impress her much

It’s less of a big deal to get fatigued from food or travel because they are not dependent on fulfilling your biological urge to reproduce, but when you develop high standards with dating due to excessive sexual experience, you may very well miss the boat on creating a family. What ensues is a fetishization of a perverted or hollow lifestyle, whether it be sport fucking, internet attention whoring, careerism, money obsession, traveling, or pet ownership.

The phrase “ignorance is bliss” had to be first applied to relationships. You’re not supposed to know *too much* about the opposite sex, because it ruins your ability to be satisfied in a relationship. The more I know about female nature, and the more that knowledge is confirmed with experience, the less likely I can ever see one woman as my ideal. On the other hand, if I randomly got married with the first cute girl I ever dated back when I was in my early 20’s, understanding women wouldn’t even be a concern on my mind—I would take the good with the bad and be less likely to see marriage problems as existential or catastrophic (until I get divorce raped, anyway). The women I write off immediately today would be a worthy prospect to a man with a fraction of the experience I have because what I see as negative wouldn’t even reach his conscious awareness. While he may get screwed over by her in the future, he will at least be able to to maintain a period of familial bliss.

Even if you agree with me that casual sex makes it more difficult for marriage, applying that lesson won’t make any difference for you unless most of society also applies it. If you refrain from casual sex while most women you consider attractive is racking up notches at breakneck speed, invariably while intoxicated, your luck won’t increase. The only exception is if you find a small community, like the Mormons, that theoretically prohibit its members from participating in pre-marital sex. There has to be a top-down mandate, cultural rule, or even law that prevents pre-marital sex.

Prostitution can be exempted, since there will always be a subset of whores in any society that will not fit a marriage norm, but they should be openly shamed instead of being allowed to corrupt society with their whorish ways like we see today.

Ask this question today and you'll be labeled a misogynist

If you get up and leave the West for a traditional country, but are still able to obtain pre-marital sex, you are not in a traditional country. It just may seem traditional upon leveraging your passport, money, and good looks for a girl who sees you as the best she's ever had. She dedicates herself to you not necessarily because of tradition, but because she doesn't want to lose you in a local dating market where you're a perfect ten out of ten. That may soon change when a new the globohomos in Silicon Valley invent a new app that delivers handsome Chads right to her mud shack within an hour or less. Until then, you're taking advantage not of traditionalism but arbitrage, a practice that will bear less fruit as the world becomes more globalized and connected.

The only solution I see to saving marriage is to ban pre-marital sex by law. There will surely be law-breakers, such as myself, but if they're punished with a loss of citizenship privileges or even jail time, there would be such a rush for people to marry at a young age that many of our societal problems would evaporate overnight.

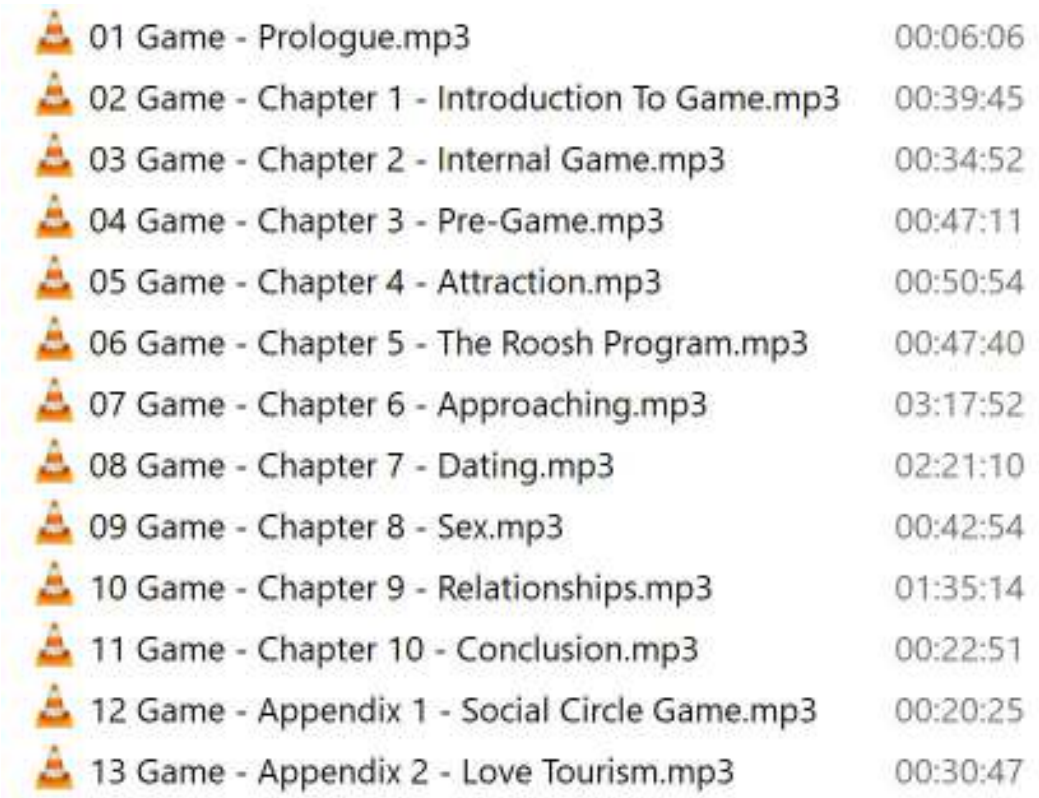
Of course this would never happen, because there is nothing to suggest that a sex-rigid leader will ever erupt onto the political scene, and Christianity is too weak when it comes to matters of sex. There is always Islam, but the extremists in their lot make life so difficult for everyone that any benefit from an improvement in marriage will be nulled by economic impoverishment. It looks like we're stuck with broken marriage for our lifetimes along with the destruction of the family unit that goes along with it, even though the fix is ever so simple.

Read Next: *How To Save Western Civilization*

Design The Cover Of My New Book And Win A Cash Prize

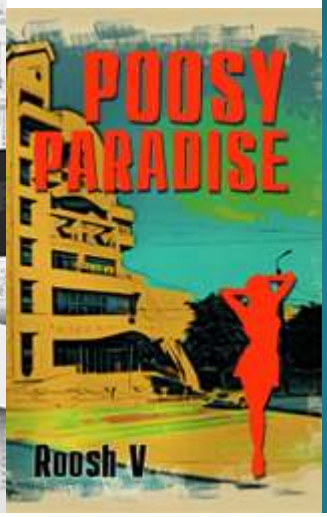
August 9, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

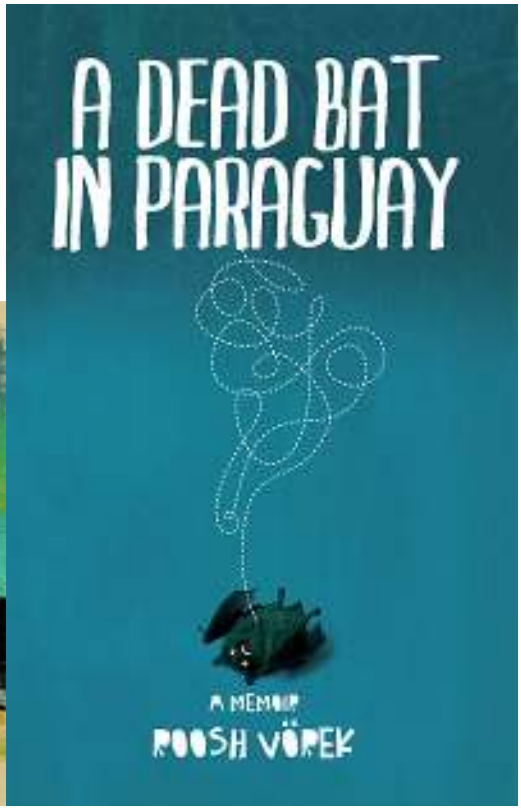
I'm done with the text and audiobook of my new book titled **Game**. It's a reboot of Bang where I re-tackle game with new examples and material with the acknowledgment that meeting attractive women is getting harder.



Index of the 13 hour audiobook

Before I can release Game in September, I first need a cover, so I'm doing a cover design contest on 99 Designs, a site I have used to design covers for my other books.





If you are a graphic designer, click here to read the brief and participate. Once you submit a design, I'll provide feedback so that you can improve it before the Round 1 deadline (Monday afternoon), when I pick five covers to proceed to the final round. After three additional days, I pick a grand winner who earns approximately $400. Good luck!

My Experience With A U.S. Customs Secondary Screening

August 13, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I flew into Baltimore-Washington International airport in June of this year. After deboarding, I had to wait in line for an electronic kiosk to ask me questions I already answered on the paper U.S. Customs form I received on the airplane. The kiosk took a picture of me from what seemed like a one megapixel camera and printed out a slip that I had to give to the Customs agent. This time around, I noticed the slip had a gigantic X on it. I imagine they used a more subtle code in the past but the agents routinely missed it.

I waited in another line to be seen by an agent whose arms were covered in tattoos. Perhaps our government has generously offered ex-gangbangers the opportunity to turn their life around with a Federal job. He asked me no questions. He typed in a few sentences with two fingers, scribbled a code on the paper, and then let me pass onto the baggage claim. After retrieving my bag, I went into another line and handed off the slip of paper to the final agent. I already knew what was coming—I would get a secondary screening.

The new agent, also with tattoos on his arms, directed me to sit down in a waiting area. He yelled at an old Asian lady to take his spot at the line so that he could deal with me. He fiddled with a computer terminal for five minutes before calling me up. I handed over my passport but the computer system was down. He couldn't get it to work. He was powerless to act and had to leave the terminal. Another agent, this time an Asian male with only one arm tattoo in cursive script, came to the terminal and got things working.

If you believe the propaganda, Customs and TSA agents are trained with advanced

psychological techniques that can predict terrorism and other criminal behavior by identifying suspicious behavioral patterns. Did your left eye twitch at the same time your nose flared? You're hiding something! Or maybe not, because the agents didn't even make eye contact with me. If you asked them for the color of my eyes, they wouldn't know. They followed the computer screen to know how to deal with me, a suspicious citizen who for some reason—probably terroristic—had decided not to live in the United States.

"Where have you been since you last left?" the agent asked.

I stated the Eastern European country I live in.

"Where do you live?"

"Same country."

"Did you buy anything abroad?"

"A shot glass and a bar of dark chocolate."

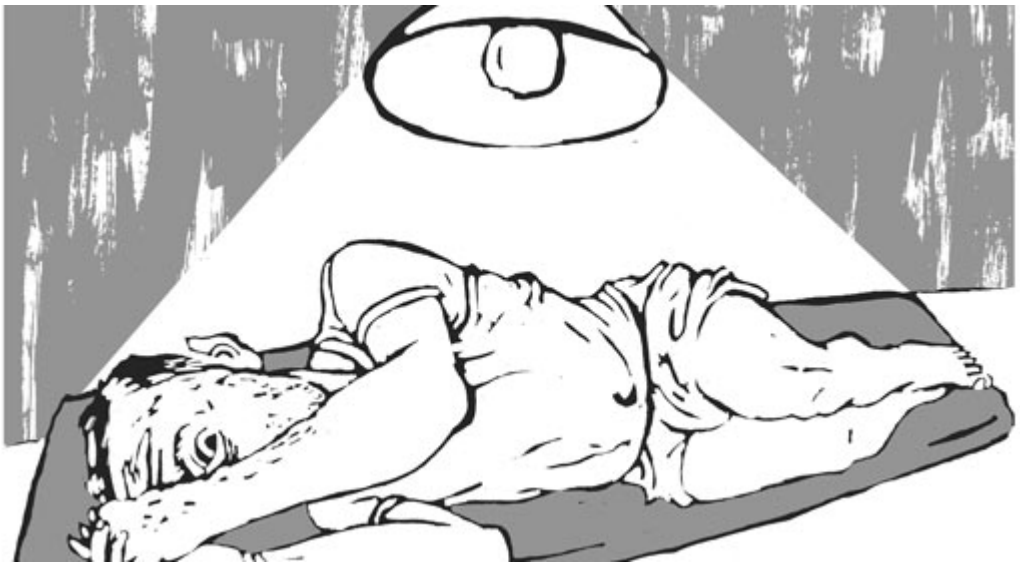
"What do you do?" he asked, still staring at the screen.

"I have an internet business."

"What kind of internet business?"

"I maintain web sites that sell advertising and products."

The IRS already knows what I do, so I wondered why Customs also had to know. Their computers must not be linked. A part of me wanted to resist the questioning. I wanted to say, "Why do you want to know what I do?" But I was tired. I was on the road for eighteen hours. Communist interrogators in the Lubyanka have long known to deprive their victims of sleep to weaken their will, a technique that the American military and spy agencies use themselves. I wouldn't last a minute under a real interrogation.



And what if I did resist? The agent, who may have 8 IQ points more than a Walmart clerk—a quip that is sure to guarantee more secondary screenings for me in the future—would be relieved at finding someone he can exercise his power on. Will they confiscate my laptop for kicks or maybe delay my ability to exit the airport for a couple more hours? Even if I win the battle, the system would remain in place. The computer

algorithm would keep telling the agents who to hassle, and nothing would change unless it came from the top.

I wondered if they were asking me stupid questions to get me to submit to them, to make me love Big Brother. No, that can't be it, because then they would do it to others at a far greater frequency. They really want to know where I get my money. Some genius in the State department must think that criminals can be rooted out by asking someone for their profession. He didn't even ask me what my web sites were. If I had lied, which would have been a Federal crime, how would he discover the lie without following up?

The agent typed for several minutes, far more words than than the dozen or so I said to him, before wishing me a good evening. He never looked at the stamps in my passport or examined my bag.

I've now had "secondary" twice in the United States. You'd think there would be some trust for a fellow citizen arriving to his homeland, but in a country where anyone can be made a citizen, and when your neighbor can be from halfway across the world, bringing with him habits that seem strange, such as cooking goat heads, trust is no longer possible. Soon everyone must be treated like a criminal. I suppose it holds true that no matter what type of prison you're entering, whether encased in bars or open air, the guards are required to ask questions and check you for contraband.

Read Next: *I Was Detained By Icelandic Police After My London-Bound Flight Redirected To Keflavik Airport*

Vote On The Final Cover Of My New Book Game

August 15, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The five finalists are pictured below. Click here to rate them. Your vote will help my decide which one to pick.

Rating:

Rating:

Rating:

Rating:

Rating:

Game is schedule to be released on audiobook (mp3 direct download or Audible), PDF/MOBI/EPUB direct download, Kindle, and iTunes Books around September 14. I'm now reviewing it for typos and getting it ready for sale. View this forum thread to see initial impressions from reviewers who received an advance copy, including the first official review.

Click Here To Vote On The Next Cover Of Game

Roosh Hour #18

August 19, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

This is an early edition of Roosh Hour when I only answered listener calls for the duration of the stream.

Watch Next: *Roosh Hour #17*

How To Stop Incels From Killing People

August 20, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The busy bees at the media have been highlighting how “dangerous” incels are, often linking them to the manosphere [1] [2] [3] [4] [5]. These journalists fail to mention that incels have either outright rejected manosphere ideas, especially when concerning game, or have been inoculated against its teachings by their own media colleagues.

Incels are killing solely because they are failing to bond romantically or sexually with women in an intensely competitive sexual market that constantly rubs sex and nudity in their faces. The solution is rather simple: give them free sex from whores.

What is an incel?

It’s first helpful to determine the basic profile of an incel. Typically, he does not have a hands-on masculine father teaching him the ways of life and women. He was teased in school, though not aggressively bullied, and has few friends. He is not good in sports or any other activity that would help give him a sexy aesthetic. He has no skills beyond programming or playing video games. His educational upbringing taught him that any display of masculine behavior is harmful to females, which he has internalized to his own detriment. More severely, he is introverted and has practically no ability to talk to females or attract them.

A decade ago, this type of “herbivore” male become a cultural phenomenon in Japan. In America, it’s now becoming the *default* man. Within a few years, more than 50% of all men will be on the incel spectrum.

An incel primarily wants a loving relationship with an attractive woman. Secondly, he wants sex with *any* woman. A male who gets laid but doesn’t experience love may be depressed or unhappy, but he’s unlikely to possess the urge to kill. The ones who do end up killing have received neither relationships nor sex. They feel utterly forsaken by

society. To remind society that they do in fact exist, they resort to getting attention in the only way they know how: killing. Shooting up people is the same for an incel as a female uploading a perfect selfie. It's a way of saying *please recognize my existence and validate me for it*.

Incels must be provided free prostitutes

I therefore advocate for a government program called Complimentary Heterosexual Affections Directive (CHAD). Incels will be given a mobile QR code for a complimentary legalized sex session every six months, a time interval that would outright eliminate their urge to kill. The whores that are a part of this program would be given special training to make the incels feel special by calling them "handsome," "powerful," and "confident," compliments they have never heard in their lives. The whores would rock their worlds to such an extent that the incels will patiently wait to live in freedom another six months to fornicate again.

The details of the CHAD program would be simple. First, the government would provide an online questionnaire that incels take to qualify for the program. It would not be too strict: if a man hasn't been laid in at least six months and wants a free whore, it's better for society to provide it for him to dampen his rising urge to be noticed through a mass shooting.

Whores would apply to the program and work from home or in a designated government brothel that is placed in high population areas. After a sexual experience, the incel would give his government whore a rating on a 1-5 star system. Whores who ever dip under 3 stars would be eliminated from the program, ensuring that the government only hires the best whores for the incels since this is literally a life or death matter.

Single women will pay for the incel's whores

She’s funding the free whores program

Structuring CHAD as a government program will allow women to have “skin in the game”—they’ll be reminded that their choices in sex partners have both financial and mortal consequences. The program will be entirely funded through taxes on the products that enable women to have casual sex with attractive men—birth control, dating apps, and smartphones.

After CHAD is implemented, anyone who wants to buy an iPhone will have to provide government identification that reveals their sex. If the buyer is female and unmarried, an automatic **100% tax** will be added. Women will also be taxed $5 for every Tinder match they receive, and each birth control pill purchased by an unmarried woman will come with an extra $1 tax that goes directly to fund CHAD.

Whenever a girl uses her phone to get attention from attractive men, scores a new Tinder match with a hot guy, or pops a birth control pill that let’s her have sex without wanting to reproduce, her mind will flash with the realization that her easy-earned money is going towards incels she refuses to bang. If women are choosing nice guy incels for sex, those incels will not need to use the whore program and thus the tax will be reduced. It’s fine if women want to forsake the bottom 50% of the male population for sexual relationships, but they will have to pay for it so those men don’t kill other citizens. We have to stop the high standards of modern women from causing additional deaths.

An easier and cheaper solution than the CHAD program is to teach men game, particularly the Roosh Program. It instructs an incel to hit the gym, read some books, build up social experience, stop being a wimp, and finally embrace the masculinity that has been smothered for so long. Game may be getting harder in the West, but there are still worthwhile options in South America, Eastern Europe, and Southeast Asia.

Game saves lives

This man will not kill anyone

The fact that Jewish organizations, feminist authors, and the media continue to attack me means that they don't really care that people are getting shot up. Give me an incel on the verge of killing and I'll hand you back a sexually sated Stan who lives in Thailand for three months of the year, or a beefed-up Oscar who found a dive bar where he can bang porkers on the weekends with barely any effort. Maybe these situation aren't exactly ideal for Stan or Oscar, but it's better than rotting in jail or being killed by the police in an exciting shootout that gets millions of views on YouTube.

Of course our cultural elites with not help implement the CHAD or Roosh program. As much as they whine about how older women can't find any "good men," and how hard it is for mentally ill trannys to get laid with in a climate of "transphobic" discrimination, they much prefer for incels to fuck off and die. A Silicon Valley executive named Ellen Pao even suggested they never be hired in the first place, which could lead to their starvation. We're only a year or two off from op-eds in the New York Times suggesting Incel Concentration Camps. Are you a man who women don't want to sleep with? Off to the gulags! You won't even be allowed to masturbate.

The reaction of the elites clearly shows that there will be many more incel shooting sprees in the future. They will desperately try to link these killings to pro-masculine

dissidents such as myself, but we know that if a man is allowed to find my work and implement it, he would never want to kill in the first place. Let us all hear the incel rallying cry: *Give me love, give me whores, or give me game!* Otherwise, he just may go crazy.

Read Next: *9 Ways Game Has Changed From 2001 To 2018*

3 Signs You Won’t Get Married Before 35

August 27, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

As I inch closer to forty, I look across the dating landscape and notice that many other men are in the same boat as me. Either they did not have a lifestyle that was conducive to marriage or they rejected the institution outright. While these bachelors may have personality traits which prevent them from getting married, I’ve noticed three structural patterns that repeatedly come up in men who don’t get married before 35.

1. You are atomized

How deep is your social network? If it only comprises a few males, you do not have the social connections that are necessary to finding a wife within a timely manner.

While I do not have strong friendships with females outside of my family, and recommend you not use friendship as a sexual strategy, there is value in having female friends if you want to meet *other* females without having to resort to game-intensive cold approaching, a method that is more effective at obtaining casual sex than long-term relationships. The type of male who is willing to sacrifice large amounts of time and energy into having friendships with females has a higher chance of being socially introduced to his future wife than one who isn’t.

Due to my job as a writer, I have met hundreds of men around the world who hold me in high esteem, but only a handful have introduced me to a female. This isn’t because they are keeping their women deliberately away from me (I think), but if you have to use game in a cold-approach manner like most of my readers do, you are far less likely to know other attractive females as friends. There are also those men who are such loners that

they have no friends at all.

2. You are rootless

How far are you currently from your birthplace? How often have you moved since then? The more mobile you are, the more likely you have wanderlust or value novelty, qualities that are opposed to marriage.

Nowadays it's too easy to succumb to the siren song of improving your situation by relocating to a vibrant city or traveling to an exotic land. Everyone is sharing their exciting urban lifestyle online, making it impossible for you to stay in the "boring" town or village you were raised in, which paradoxically is exactly what you need to do if you want to find a wife before 35.

There are also men like myself who are dissatisfied with the local women and spend a decade or more gallivanting around the world for prime poosy, conquering many women's bodies but perhaps not their hearts. The more cities a man has lived in, and the more countries he has been to, the less likely he will find a wife, even if he has met a hundred-times more women than a man who stayed in his village.

3. You are born to immigrant parents

Are your parents born in a different country than you? Are you not sure which ethnicity to identify with? Your dating habits will then be one of confusion, and you may find it difficult to create a loving bond that leads to marriage.

Most of my friends in Washington, D.C. are born to immigrant parents. None of them are currently married. All of us have dated many women of different ethnic backgrounds, including some from our parents' country of origin, but nothing worked.

When you're the first-generation born in a foreign country, you become stuck in a purgatory of the soil. Which habits from your parents' old world should you bring into the new? How will you reconcile a life that is far easier than that of your parents, and one that doesn't need their traditional values? How do you handle the prospect of having children with someone of an entirely different race than you? Immigration is often promoted as some sort of human right, but rarely spoken is the toll on the individual who hasn't fully assimilated to his birth nation.

Another disadvantage of being spawned from immigrants is that you're more likely to be atomized *and* rootless, serving up a triple whammy of lifelong bachelorhood, travel, and seeking.

Conclusion

The above list also applies to women. While many—if not most—are single because of their lifestyle choices, there are plenty of women with low notch counts who just can't seem to connect with a decent man. In the end, if a man or woman has to ask themselves *how* they can find a spouse, they strongly possess at least one of the factors above, if not all three like in the case of myself.

I won't excuse the choices I've made in life by saying everything is out of my hands, because it surely isn't, but we can't deny how a modern, mobile, and independent Western lifestyle harms someone's ability to get married before 35. If you're past 35 and

not yet married, it could simply be a sign that it’s not meant to be, all because of the era you were happened to be born in.

Read Next: *Pick Only One For Your Society: Casual Sex Or Marriage*

Roosh Hour #19 – Tinder Trap

August 29, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I talk about a woman who fooled dozens of men on Tinder into competing for her affections.

Watch Next: *Roosh Hour #18*

First Reading Sample From My New Book “Game”

August 31, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I received a package in the mail that contained a proof copy of my newest book. Here’s a first look…

Game has now been released. Click here for full details.

Visit my Youtube channel and hit the Subscribe button to see new clips before I drop them on the blog.

Previous Video: *She’s Too Busy For You*

What Is Game?

September 3, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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*The following is an excerpt from the first chapter of my new book **Game**. Click here to learn more.*

Game is a collection of beliefs, behaviors, strategies, and tactics that make women more attracted to you while increasing your likelihood of experiencing intimacy. It's often based on cold approaching, an active strategy where you walk up to a girl you don't know and present yourself in the best way possible so that she decides, at some point, to have sex with you. Game can also be used on girls within your social circle, a more passive strategy where you have to be less aggressive, because a hard rejection may lower your status within the group. It doesn't matter if you are rejected a dozen times a day when cold approaching, because you probably won't ever see those girls again, but within a specific social circle it's best not to work on more than one or two girls at the same time to keep conflict and drama at bay.

The popular misconception about game is that it's simply a collection of pick-up lines where you walk up to a girl and say something cheesy while wearing an outlandish hat. Not only is it more strategic than that, but game has evolved into a more holistic program of changing your appearance, behavior, and living habits. I remember the days when boldly approaching a girl was enough for her to think you were confident and attractive, but now that girls are approached so frequently, how bold is she going to think you are when you're the third guy to speak to her that day? As time passes, higher levels of game are required to accomplish the same result.

Back in 2002, the game I needed consisted of rubbing my crotch against a girl's ass while dancing, asking "What is your name?" after a few songs, having a short, banal conversation before resuming crotch-on-ass dancing, and eventually getting her number. Not only is that type of game insufficient today, but it may get you kicked out of the nightclub.

[image]

When I got a girl on a date, I would use the "roller coaster" routine that I found on the internet. I'd tell her about the experience of going on a wild roller-coaster ride, up and down, up and down, and how thrilling and exciting the ride was, and how I wanted to go on this ride again and again. The goal of this sexual metaphor was to make the girl horny, and although I'm not sure if it ever did, I never received a bad response. If I tried this routine today, the girl would stare at her iPhone before announcing that she has to leave.

I used countless other awkward moves successfully, but now girls expect much more. If you're living in a hyper-competitive city that has as many men as women, your game has to be above average just to pull a cute girl, and once you find an effective game strategy, you'll continually have to improve it so that the tens of thousands of men who are working on their game don't surpass you.

On the surface, it seems crazy that a man has to put in massive amounts of work in order to have sex with the women he wants, but men who don't use game, who toil in jobs or businesses to accumulate money and fancy cars in order to impress women, are doing the same thing. They're just relying on "provider" game that used to work before women made their own money or had a wide choice of who to date. Because having a good job or car is no longer a reliable way to secure the affections of a pretty girl, a more direct method in the form of modern game was developed, which has a far higher return on investment than trying to impress a girl with your career or material possessions.

All around you, men are working hard to get sex, from learning game, opening bars, incurring massive debt to appear rich, or trying to become famous. I'm in my late thirties and can go an entire day without thinking about sex, but I remember when I was in my twenties and couldn't go an hour. I won't ever shame a man for moving mountains in order to get laid, because I know that when your hormones are at their peak, you don't want to hear rational explanations or embrace Buddhist ideas about not desiring pleasure. You want sex and you want it now. My job is to help you meet that need in the healthiest way possible while preventing it from ruining your life.

The bad news is that it was easier to help you move that mountain years ago when few men were game-aware and only a small percentage of the female population were lesbians, morbidly obese, or green-haired man-haters. There are more men eager for sex with attractive girls than there are attractive girls. This crisis of supply and demand means you will have to work harder to get even less than I did when I was running game full time in the early 2000s, and young boys today will face an even greater struggle than you when they grow up and become men.

I fondly remember one of my first successful nightclub pick-ups back in 2001. It was my

third or so visit to the club after graduating from college. I had no idea what I was doing, but I wanted sex badly. I tried my crotch-on-ass dancing move and it worked on a cute Filipino virgin. She gave me her number and I called her. I managed to get her out on a date where I essentially rehearsed memorized routines I had read on the internet. I guess they worked because she allowed me to kiss her. On the second date, I invited her to my apartment. She put up heavy resistance when I tried to take off her clothes, so I did the first thing that came into my mind: I put on a VHS tape of hardcore pornography. It didn't work at getting off her clothes. Do you know what I did next? I gave up! I just stopped calling her because I didn't know what else to do.

It's a miracle that I got as far as I did, and I wonder whether today an attractive Filipino girl of her age would respond to my moves in the same way as the virgin did more than fifteen years ago. Chances are she'd have over 1,000 thirsty male followers on Instagram and get approached in the club by guys who have a more refined technique than my crotch-on-ass move. Back then, the Filipino girl didn't have many options, so my awkward self was enough to get her out on a date, but today she could pick and choose from a greater supply of men.

A low level of game used to get you dates with attractive women, but advances in technology—particularly the invention of the smartphone—have turned game into an arms race, where every year the level of game that women expect rises in tandem with their options. I experienced this directly in Toronto when I visited in 2013. From the girls I talked to, I noticed that I was being evaluated on *every* joke I told. They would actually complain if a joke wasn't great, and suggest that I was "losing" them because of it. Instead of wanting to connect with men, the girls acted like they were attending a comedy show, eggs in hand, ready to throw them at the comedian if he didn't make them laugh hard enough. It's no surprise that a substantial percentage of my readers come from the Toronto area.

Another reason for the game arms race is the existence of teachers like me. My websites and books are training a large number of men to use game. The more men who know how to use game, the harder things get for every man, because the standard of game that women expect rises. Fortunately, I'm finding that game is becoming *less* popular than before. The younger generation of men is becoming lazier and softer than men of previous generations, mostly because they are addicted to video games, porn, estrogenic soy products, or social networking. This tells me that the technology which allows women to have more dating options is a far greater contributor to the need for higher levels of game than the availability of game knowledge alone.

Whatever the reason for the game arms race, the reality is that you have to become like a doctor who must keep up with the latest medical advances to try improved treatments on your "patients." Thankfully, once you have a basic foundation of game, it's quite simple to maintain it at an optimal level, and by then it's likely that you'll have discovered a niche or two that reduces the amount of work you have to do.

An additional factor that makes game necessary is that the ratio of men compared to women in the population is far higher compared with the past, when frequent wars killed men almost exclusively. Although I do not wish for a huge war to make my sex life easier, the period of peace and stability we're living in is one of the factors that led to the creation of game in the first place. If there were two women for every one able-bodied man, a book like this wouldn't even be necessary. Instead, *women* would need books on how to compete for the few available men.

Game ends up becoming a scavenger strategy in any environment where there is a decreasing supply of quality females who have unlimited choice on who to date. It works in any society with loose sexual norms and declining birth rates, factors that signify the breakdown of the family unit and the promotion of "free love," where people have sex just for fun. There is a reason that my books don't sell well in countries with high birth rates, such as those in Africa, or where the traditional family is strong, such as those in the Middle East.

The more fractured a society is, the greater the opportunity for game tactics to be useful for men who desire sexual relationships, as long as they continually upgrade their game or find niches that enable them to achieve consistent results among a fickle and bored female population.

The above excerpt was taken from my new book ***Game****. It has been released on*

paperback, e-book, audiobook, and Kindle. Click here to learn more.

Read Next: *First Reading Sample From My New Book "Game"*

Roosh Hour #20 – Cosmopolitan Magazine

September 3, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I talk about Cosmopolitan Magazine featuring a morbidly obese woman on its cover.

Watch Next: *Roosh Hour #19 – Tinder Trap*

Early Review Of Game Audiobook

September 4, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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The following review of the Game audiobook, which I recorded in my own voice, was initially posted on Roosh V Forum. Click here to learn more.

I want to start this review by saying I'm impressed with the sheer length and volume of the material presented here. Roosh wasn't kidding when he said this was going to contain a lot of information.

Roosh manages to present the data in this book in a very engaging, entertaining manner. [His] background as a scientist shows clear influence in the way this information is presented. I appreciated this, being more of a right-brained type of person, because it highlighted lots of subtle things I had subconsciously noticed but hadn't connected the dots on until it was spelled out the way Roosh has done here. It is self-evident that he has spent thousands of hours into this research and experimentation, all of which lines up perfectly with my experiences with women in regards to what has worked and what hasn't.

In this book, Roosh communicates a completely non-emotional, results-neutral take on the entire modern dating scene; an increasingly rare viewpoint on this subject matter in the context we have come to understand it. He describes, diagnoses, and prescribes helpful information for any man in the game no matter where they are at with it.

In addition, I have a greater appreciation of Roosh's sense of humor after listening to this audiobook, as his dryness comes through even more here. There are passages where you can tell he is trying not to laugh. His imitation of a girl's voice got many laughs from me while listening.

[image]

This book is truly a catch-all game resource. There isn't a single aspect of seduction and long-term game that Roosh hasn't explored here. There is advice for every man, at every level of game that is actionable and easy to implement.

In the chapter on 'pre-game' Roosh's body hair grooming standards and techniques almost matched mine to a T , so I completely co-sign on his judgement of how a man should present himself. He correctly identifies modern women's superficiality without focusing on it or giving it too much weight.

Roosh covers everything from inner game approaching, texting, escalating, closing, and relationship management, training your woman, the importance of holding to your standards as well as social circle game and 'love tourism'.

Despite the fact that the material is conveyed in Roosh's tried and true dry tone, it still flows nicely. It is engaging enough to not bore the listener even though the material is academic in nature. Roosh focuses on the subject matter without deviation, and not a single line in the book is filler.

Personally, I found the chapter on Internal Game to be the most profound. This chapter is

so important! Regardless of your game goals, the information contained here is a must listen (or must read) for any man at any level of game or life.

In this chapter, Roosh emphasizes the importance of having a positive belief system, and goes about explaining how to program oneself with such a mindset by using autosuggestion and positive affirmations. It's so easy to overlook the importance of a positive belief system and adopt a negative mindset, which Roosh points out here. He notes how common that is among men in the game which for me, was both comforting and eye-opening.

Roosh lists off 7 core beliefs to assist you in your efforts to program your mind to think like a player. However, the way he reads off the beliefs and explanations was confusing and I had to rewind and listen again to write them down. It would have been easier if he had numbered them, or listed them all of at once before going into specifics about them. *[Note from Roosh: I did number them in the final edition of the audiobook.]*

[image]

The segment on texting was great. So many guys get hung up on their text game (myself included) but I'm confident if you follow the texting guidelines he provides you're likely to save yourself from wasting time on leads that will likely go nowhere.

My criticism of this part of the audiobook was that his voice sounded a bit rushed, cracked a few times and you can hear him breathing in and out more than in the other portions of the book which were much smoother. The part of the audiobook focusing on sex itself had me laughing a bit, because it is hilariously specific.

Overall, this is an up to date, well-informed book that anyone would benefit from reading, regardless of your level of experience in life or with women. I give it 9/10.

Game has been released on paperback, e-book, audiobook, and Kindle. Click here to learn more.

Read Next: *What Is Game?*

Never Follow A Girl's Lead

September 5, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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*The following is an excerpt from the Dating chapter of my new book **Game**. Click here to learn more.*

More important than the content of your conversation is maintaining the lead. You should control the flow, tempo, energy, and direction of a conversation. It's okay for a girl to ask questions about you, and discuss topics that interest her, but she should never take over the conversation completely while you wait passively for her to ask another question or bring up the next topic.

Leading the conversation can be tiring, especially when dealing with a girl who doesn't talk much. It can seem like a relief when you meet a "strong and independent" girl who asks all sorts of questions and raises various topics, but permitting her dominance will cause her to lose respect for you. Most girls are not attracted to men who let them lead. If she is comfortable with leading the conversation, it's likely she's not feeling any sexual tension or nervousness, so what you may perceive as a sign of interest is actually a lack of interest. She's treating you more like a co-worker instead of a potential lover.

Even if a girl is chatty, you should control the conversation. To let a girl know the role I expect her to take, I push back against her attempts to lead the conversation by saying: "Are you normally this aggressive? Let's take it easy, there's no rush." Another possibility: "You're asking me a lot of questions like this is a job interview. Slow down a bit."

This principle also applies when making decisions on dates, such as where to go and how long to stay in a venue. I may ask about a girl's general preferences or tastes, but I don't allow her to make the final decision. If she does attempt to pick the venue, I will push back by asking, "Are you paying?" Then I will choose my preferred location. She is free to leave at any time if she doesn't like it.

As with leading the conversation, it can be tiring to always make the decisions on what to do and where to go, but this is what a masculine man does. I've seen many men slip in this area when it comes to relationships. Don't yield the power to your girlfriend because you want to take a mental break from making decisions. Her attraction will decrease as a result, putting the relationship in jeopardy. Strike down a girl's attempt to step out of her submissive role. The reins should be firmly in your hands during the *entire* course of the relationship.

Another sign that you're losing control is when a girl asks nonstop questions and you always answer in a direct manner. If a girl asks you multiple questions in rapid fire, she is testing your masculinity to see whether you will jump through hoops and answer obediently. Even if your honest answers show high value, you're still giving up the lead, which brings that value back down.

Mix up your answering style. For half the time, tell the truth, and for the other half, evade with humor, be annoyingly vague, or tell an obviously exaggerated lie that shows her you don't care about the answer. This strategy will make her expend more energy trying to learn who you really are. You may answer directly more than 50% of the time in traditional countries while less than 50% in degenerate countries such as the USA, Canada, and England.

I'm always experimenting with answers to the most common questions girls ask me, such as "What do you do?", "How old are you?", and when traveling, "Why are you here?" For each question, I test various evasive or humorous responses before using ones that I believe elicit the most attraction based on who I am as a man. If I don't feel like talking about my job, but a girl insists, I will say, "I'm not allowed to talk much about my job." She may think I'm some kind of spy. If a girl in a foreign country asks me why I'm in her city, I respond, "I ask myself that question every day." She'll know I'm not impressed with her country, suggesting that I'm an experienced man. If I feel that a girl has earned a real

answer, I will give it, but if she shows annoyance, or even goes as far as to give me an ultimatum, I will definitely not give in to her.

Direct answers are a reward. A girl has no right to them. I learned this in Brazil when I spent time with a German man who never gave a girl a direct answer besides his name. He didn't even say where he was from. At the time, I thought girls would be so turned off by his evasiveness that they would leave, but it actually made them more curious and turned conversations into a fun game where he doled out clues as if he were giving little treats to an eager puppy.

Curiosity is a form of attraction. Giving direct answers removes curiosity. Therefore, always answering directly can hurt attraction. Imagine an interaction where a girl knew all the pertinent facts about your life within ten minutes. She'd get bored and later say, "There was no chemistry."

It's also important to lead if a girl is using her cell phone frequently enough where you feel disrespected. I used to deal with this problem by teasing the girl so she indirectly got the message, but it's better to take a more direct tack by explicitly telling her how you want her to behave.

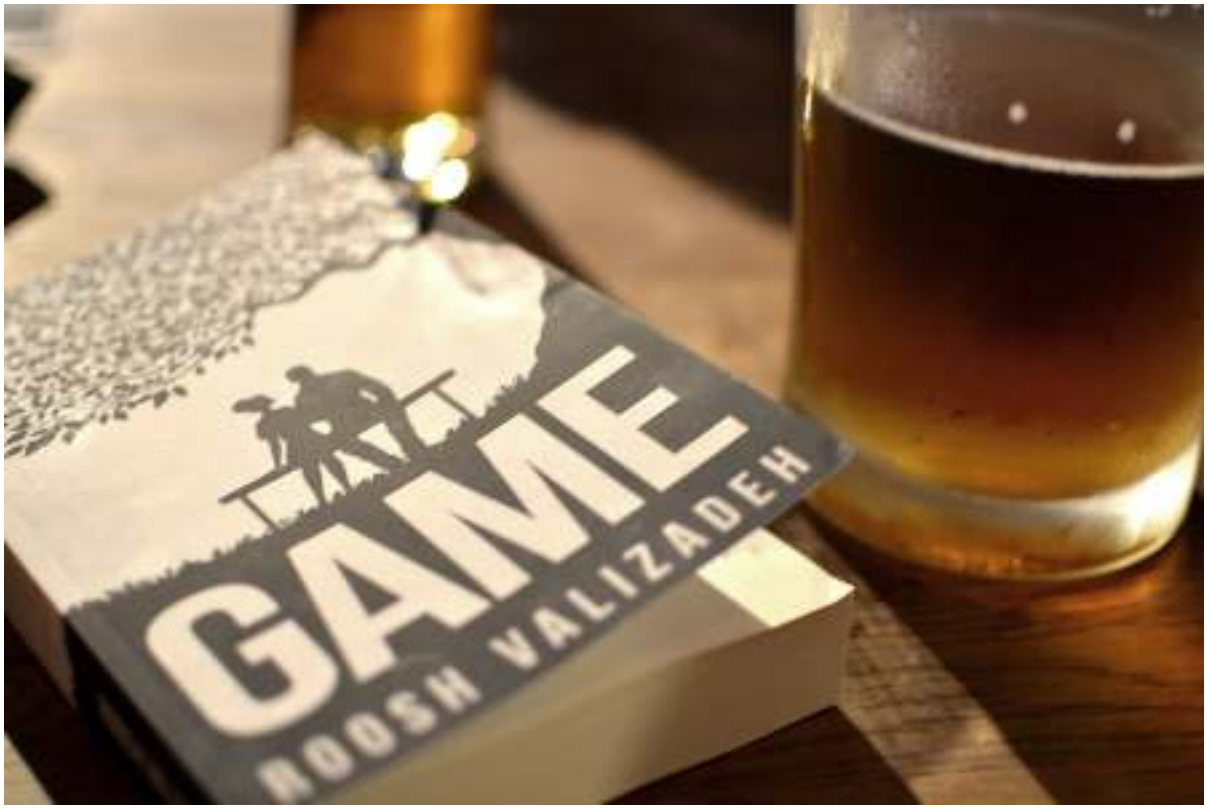
The most common situation is when a girl leaves her phone on the table with the screen facing up and looks at it constantly. I won't accept this. I didn't go on a date to speak to a girl who is babysitting her phone.

> Me: "Are you expecting an important call?"
>
> Her: "No."
>
> Me: "Because I don't want to compete with your phone, and you seem overly focused on it. Can you put it in your bag?"

When you make this request, you must be prepared to end the date if she doesn't comply. It's your way or the highway. If she refuses to put away her phone, or she says

it’s on silent mode, say once more that you would prefer her to put away her phone because it’s not respectful. If she refuses to do what you ask her, find out how much she owes, settle the bill, and leave.

It’s even worse when her phone is constantly going off and she’s checking it or replying to messages. I may first warn her by saying, “Do you need a break to catch up on your texting? Go ahead, I’ll wait.” Let her finish the text she has to send. If she grabs her phone again, she is showing disrespect. Say, “I don’t like how you’re using your phone so much. Can you put it away?” If she continues after this, you should end the date.



I advise you not to bring your copy of Game to dates

It’s not fun to scold a girl for her anti-social behavior, but remember that it’s entirely your choice whether or not to accept it. If she’s making you feel bad, don’t put up with it, or you’re explicitly giving her permission to treat you like garbage. Nip the problem in the bud as soon as it happens so she understands you have standards that must be met. A girl will either walk away, which means she wasn’t that attracted to you in the first place, or highly respect you for calling her out on her shit in a way that no other man has probably done before, which will greatly increase her attraction for you.

My experience shows that most girls will comply with your request because they’ve already invested time in coming out on a date. Of course, we don’t want to be a phone Nazi and forbid her from ever using her phone, but if she’s texting more than once every hour, and you’re feeling annoyed, you must tell her what you expect.

Leading starts when we make the decisions on where the date should take place, with minimal input from the girl. During the date, we are careful with how much information we divulge while putting the brakes on her attempts to dominate the conversation or interview us. Lastly, we call out any of her behaviors that make us feel uncomfortable,

the most common of which is her phone use. Being a leader in these areas will show the girl that we have expectations and are willing to walk away if she doesn't behave properly.

*The above excerpt was taken from my new book **Game**. It has been released on paperback, e-book, audiobook, and Kindle. Click here for full details.*

Read Next: *"Early Review Of Game Audiobook"*

READ NOW: Game – How To Meet, Attract, And Date Attractive Women

September 7, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Today I'm proud to release Game, a 375-page book I've been working on for the past two years. It's a reboot of my 2007 book Bang that accounts for the massive changes we've seen in culture and dating during the past decade.

Game teaches men how to meet and attract women in an age where smartphones, feminism, and anti-masculinity propaganda have made connecting with the opposite sex harder than ever before. It is the seminal work of a hyper-sexualized man who dedicated tens of thousands of hours into understanding women and attracting them, all while fending off defamatory attacks from mainstream feminists and fake news journalists who want to criminalize healthy masculinity.

Whether your goal is to have fun in a big city with lots of women or fall in love with only one before getting married, Game will help you accomplish your goals in a way that keeps you safe from degrading cultural winds that continue to divide men and women.

15 key features that are inside Game

–Detailed explanations on the 7 key beliefs you need to internalize so that your mind doesn't sabotage your game efforts. These beliefs allow you to run "unconscious" game and make the right decisions around women even when encountering new situations. Early reviewers have remarked to me that this is the most valuable part of the book.

–How to improve your physical appearance so that you receive warmer responses from the girls you meet. I discuss ways to optimize your body hair, head hair, beard, hygiene, and style, including the one style rule you absolutely must follow.

–8 specific attraction triggers you can display to a girl that increases her feelings of lust, intimacy, and love for you

–9 action-item steps that improve your value, keep you motivated in the game, and get you solid results. As long as you do every step in the program, success is inevitable, meaning that the most common way you'll fail is if you don't put in the work.

–A complete day game program that includes four styles of openers to meet women anywhere, with full conversational examples

–A complete night game program with two classes of opening lines that help you extract intimacy in a degrading nightlife environment, with full conversational examples. I also share how to approach a girl while she's dancing.

–6 universal text messaging tips so you won't ruin things with a solid prospect

–6 master guidelines of my Conversational Framework that maintain attraction while making sure you never run out of things to say

–The smoothest way to get a girl over to your place (or how you can enter her place), with word-for-word examples. I teach you multiple ways to transition things to a private home depending on the situation.

–A full sex escalation program that ramps up intimacy once you're in a private home. It greatly reduces the chances that she'll feel guilty, nervous, or scared.

–An effective regimen to train your girlfriend on 3 key categories of standards that ensure your happiness as long as the relationship lasts

–9 different responses you can give to a girl who is trying to mold you into a beta male slave

–How to safeguard your relationship against your girlfriend's slutty friends who are whispering bad advice in her ear. I teach you an advanced inoculation technique that includes 6 specific examples.

–How to be liked by people who can improve your access to attractive women

–How to pick the most ideal country and city for when you're ready to meet foreign women, and how to plan your trip to give yourself the best shot at success

Order the paperback, ebook, or audiobook today

You can order Game either from Amazon or from my web store using a credit card or cryptocurrency. **UPDATE: Amazon has banned 9 of my books, including Game**. Click here for details. You can still get the ebook and audiobook editions…

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If you order from my store, you'll have the opportunity to upgrade your purchase to include my entire catalog at huge savings, but only before Monday. Click here to view the full description of Game at Roosh V Store.

Leave a comment below if you have a pre-sale question or contact me directly if you need help with your order. This book has been a huge weight on my shoulders for two years so I can't describe how happy I am that it's finally done. Without the support of readers like you, I wouldn't have been able to spend that much time creating a work of this magnitude. I eagerly await your opinion of the book. Thank you!

WATCH: Top 5 Life-Changing Benefits In Game

September 8, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Here's a video which describes the top 5 features of Game that I believe are the most important…

If you haven't bought your copy yet, I have some combo specials that are discounted until Monday. You can order Game either from Amazon or from my web store using a credit card or cryptocurrency. **UPDATE: Amazon has banned 9 of my books, including Game**. Click here for details. You can still get the ebook and audiobook editions…

The instantly downloadable ebook edition costs only $13 and contains unrestricted PDF, ePUB, and MOBI files that can be viewed on unlimited devices. After submitting your payment, you'll be immediately forwarded to the book's download page…

Click Here To Order Ebook Edition (Instant Download)

The audiobook + ebook edition costs only $21 and includes both the ebook package ***and*** the 13-hour audiobook in unrestricted MP3 format that is narrated by myself. Hear me say lines in the same way I deliver them to women…

Click Here To Order Audiobook + Ebook Combo (Instant Download)

If you order from my store, you'll have the opportunity to upgrade your purchase to include my entire catalog at huge savings, but only before Monday. Click here to view the full description of Game at Roosh V Store.

Roosh Hour #21 – Live Streaming Shut Down

September 9, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I talk about YouTube giving me a community strike that blocks my ability to live stream.

Watch Next: *Roosh Hour #20 – Cosmopolitan Magazine*

Amazon Has Banned 9 Of My Books Without Explanation

September 10, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Starting on Friday, September 7, Amazon has gone on a rampage and banned the paperback and Kindle editions of nine of my books, including my new release Game. The sales pages now give you an error message. Despite repeatedly trying to get answers from Amazon via phone and email, they will not tell me why the books have been removed.

The removals started on the first day Game was released

On Friday I received an email from both Amazon's Createspace (paperback) and Kindle Direct Publishing divisions that stated three of my books have been removed because they were in violation of "content guidelines."

Hello,

We're contacting you regarding the following book:

[illegible]

During our review process, we found that the subject matter of your book is in violation of our content guidelines. Our content guidelines apply to the book interior, as well as cover image, title and/or product descriptions. As a result, we cannot offer this book for sale. If we identify additional submissions with similar content that violates our guidelines you may lose access to optional KDP services and/or face account level actions up to and including termination.

You can find our content guidelines on the KDP website:

[illegible]

Best regards,

[illegible]

The most relevant parts of their guidelines state the following:

> Pornography
> We don't accept pornography or offensive depictions of graphic sexual acts.
>
> Offensive content
> What we deem offensive is probably about what you would expect.
>
> Illegal and infringing content
> We take violations of laws and proprietary rights very seriously. It is your responsibility to ensure that your content doesn't violate laws or copyright, trademark, privacy, publicity, or other rights. Just because content is freely available does not mean you are free to copy and sell it.

Amazon won't tell me which guideline I broke

I contacted them by phone when I first got the notice, but they stated that the team in charge of removing books doesn't have phone support. Through email, they told me they could not give me any details.

Hello Daryush

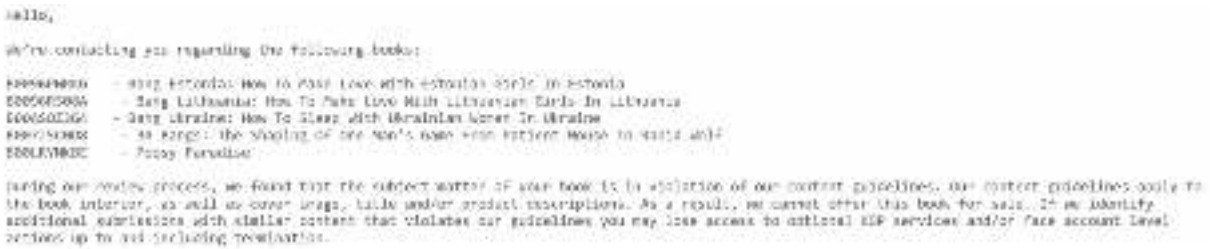
As stated in our content guidelines at https://www.createspace.com/Help/RightsContentGuidelines.jsp, CreateSpace reserves the right to determine what content it considers appropriate. This includes both the cover art and interior content.

I'm sorry, but we can't offer any additional insight or action on this matter.

Thank you for your understanding.

Regards,

On Sunday, five more books were banned.



Hello,

We're contacting you regarding the following books:

[redacted] - Gang Extortion: How To Stay Love With Extortion Style In Estonia
[redacted] - Gang Lithuania: How To Make Love With Lithuanian Girls In Lithuania
[redacted] - Gang Ukraine: How To Sleep With Ukrainian Women In Ukraine
[redacted] - 40 Gangs: the Shooting of the Don's name with Patient Wanna to waste and!
[redacted] - Pussy Paradise

During our review process, we found that the subject matter of your book is in violation of our content guidelines. Our content guidelines apply to the book interior, as well as cover image, title and/or product descriptions. As a result, we cannot offer this book for sale. If we identify additional submissions with similar content that violates our guidelines you may lose access to optional KDP services and/or face account level actions up to and including termination.

Then on Monday morning I wake up to find that my new book Game was also banned.

Hello,

We're contacting you regarding the following book:

ASIN [redacted], "Game: How To Meet, Attract, And Date Attractive Women"

During our review process, we found that the subject matter of your book is in violation of our content guidelines. Our content guidelines apply to the book interior, as well as cover image, title and/or product descriptions. As a result, we cannot offer this book for sale. If we identify additional submissions with similar content that violates our guidelines you may lose access to optional KDP services and/or face account level actions up to and including termination.

You can find our content guidelines on the KDP website:

https://kdp.amazon.com/help?topicId=A2TQZ8R6Y3E4U

Best regards,

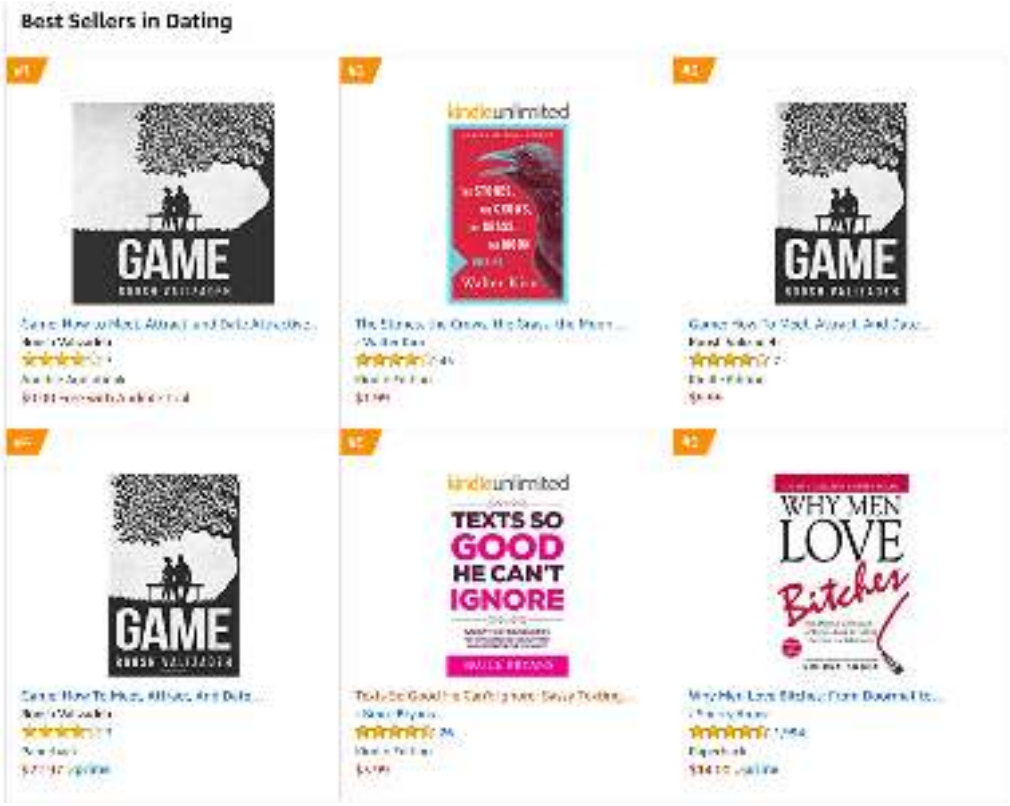
Amazon KDP

I called again but was given the same runaround. The phone rep could not give me details or connect me with someone who could help.

I believe the bannings began because the launch of Game was extremely successful. I sold 2,000 books in the first two days and hit the top 700 on Amazon paperback on the first day. Even before Friday's launch, Game was already in Amazon's top 10,000. As far as I know, Amazon didn't receive a single complaint about the content, but they removed it anyway.

Game: How To Meet, Attract, And Date Attractive Women
Paperback

ASIN: 1725968584
ISBN-13: 978-1725968585
Average Review: ★★★★☆ (7 reviews)
Current Sales Rank: #721 in Books
View on Amazon.com



Amazon sells books that are far more offensive than mine

My dating books contain instructional details on having sex, and contain naughty words like “penis” and “vagina,” but they don’t promote violent or degrading behaviors like other books Amazon has for sale. Stephen King’s compilation *Four Past Midnight* contains the novella *Library Policeman*. It features the prolonged anal rape of a young boy, and is freely available on Amazon.

> When Sam a little boy, he was returning some overdue books when a, man stopped him outside the library. The man claims to be a policeman, and orders Sam to come with him to pay the fine on his books.
>
> The fine ends up being a prolonged anal rape of the boy, and I do mean prolonged. The grown man forces his massive penis into Sam’s ass as he’s forced against a wall, all described with intimate detail of almost every thrust for four whole agonizing pages… King keeps it going and going and going. It may in fact be the most detailed sex scene in all his work, save one. [Source]

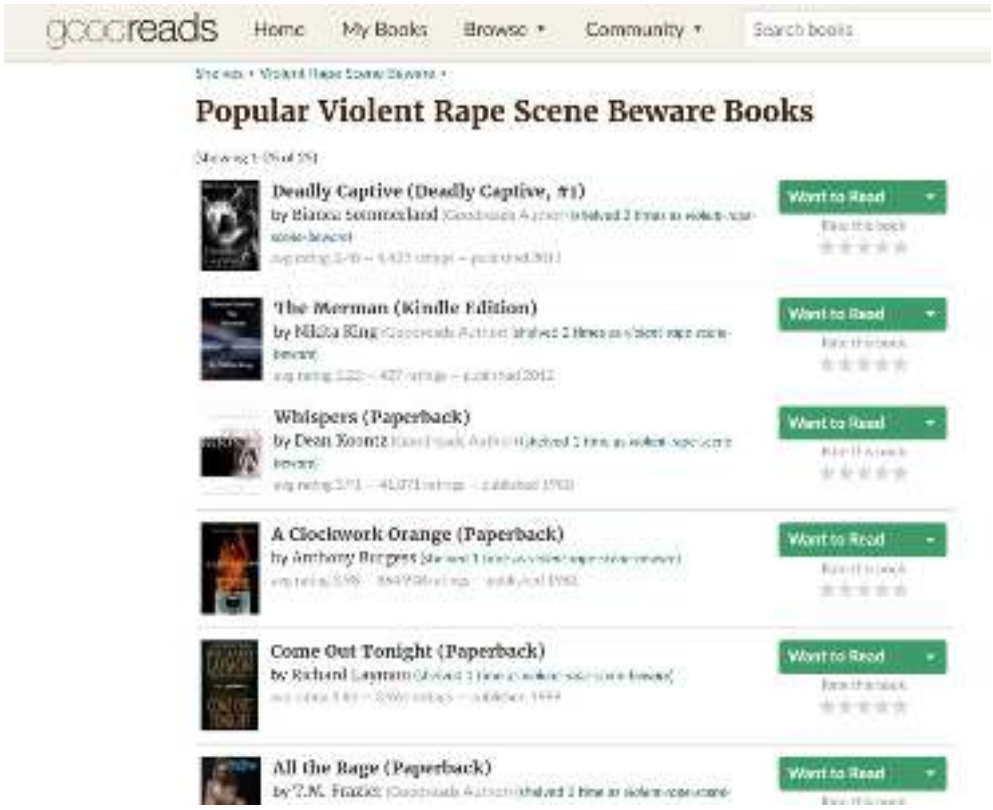
One of the best selling books of all time, *50 Shades Of Grey*, features numerous graphic scenes of sexual abuse, including one scene where the sexy male character bludgeons a female. It is freely available on Amazon.

> “Suddenly he grabs me, tipping me across his lap. With one smooth movement, he angles his body so my torso is resting on the bed beside him. He throws his right leg over both mine and plants his left forearm on the small of my back, holding me down so I cannot move . . . He places his hand on my naked behind, softly fondling me, stroking around and around with his flat palm. And then his

> hand is no longer there . . . **and he hits me — hard.**"

Another book that Amazon sells is called *Just Fuck Me!* It features extremely graphic depictions of sex and "getting fucked." It is freely available on Amazon.

Dozens of books that feature violent rape are not only available on Amazon, but are featured within lists on Amazon-owned Goodreads so shoppers can find them easier.



There are **hundreds** of other pornographic books that depict sex in the most graphic way possible, with covers that are barely safe for work, and they are all still available.

None of my books contain child rape scenes, physical abuse, pornography, or sexual violence, and yet they were banned.

Were they banned because they were effective at helping men? Was it because executives at Amazon disagree with my political opinions? Was it an action from a rogue employee? They won't tell me. Whatever the case, someone in the company clicked the delete button and I'm supposed to accept it, but it's hard to do that when your livelihood depends on the basic assumption of fair business practices.

I believe I deserve answers from Amazon. Until then, I will begin researching alternative ways to sell paperback copies to my readers.

You can still buy my ebooks on Roosh V Store

Thankfully, I have a web store where I sell all 19 of my ebooks and audiobooks that you can order with a credit card or cryptocurrency. If you want to support me and my new book Game, you can learn more about it here or click the links below to grab your copy. I'm extending the special deals that were supposed to end today.

The instantly downloadable ebook edition of Game costs only $9.99 and contains unrestricted PDF, ePUB, and MOBI files that can be viewed on unlimited devices. After submitting your payment, you'll be immediately forwarded to the book's download page…

Click Here To Order Ebook Edition (Instant Download)

The audiobook + ebook edition of Game costs only $17 and includes both the ebook package ***and*** the 13-hour audiobook in unrestricted MP3 format that is narrated by myself…

Click Here To Order Audiobook + Ebook Combo (Instant Download)

Click here to view the full description of Game at Roosh V Store.

Now what?

The censorship is intensifying. I'm not the only one who noticed the banning of Alex Jones on just about every tech platform in existence. I thought our tech overlords would first censor political figures on the right in preparation for the American midterm election this November, but it's clear that even if your work doesn't contain anything remotely political, like my dating books, they will still go after you.

Amazon and other tech companies have no moral qualms about hurting people's lives under the guise of eliminating "hate speech" or "offensive" content without objectively defining what those terms actually mean. The drive to censor anyone with an opinion not

sanctioned by a global corporation will only get worse, but as long as I have a mouth, I will continue to speak.

Read Next: *Game – How To Meet, Attract, And Date Attractive Women*

LAST CHANCE! Today Is The Last Day For Discount Prices On Game

September 16, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

After Amazon banned Game, I extended the discounts in my web store. Today is now the last day for those discounts. Starting tomorrow, the ebook will go from $9.99 to $13, the audiobook will go from $17 to $21, and my life's work package will go from $35 to $41.

Game was banned from Amazon, Barnes & Noble, and Kobo

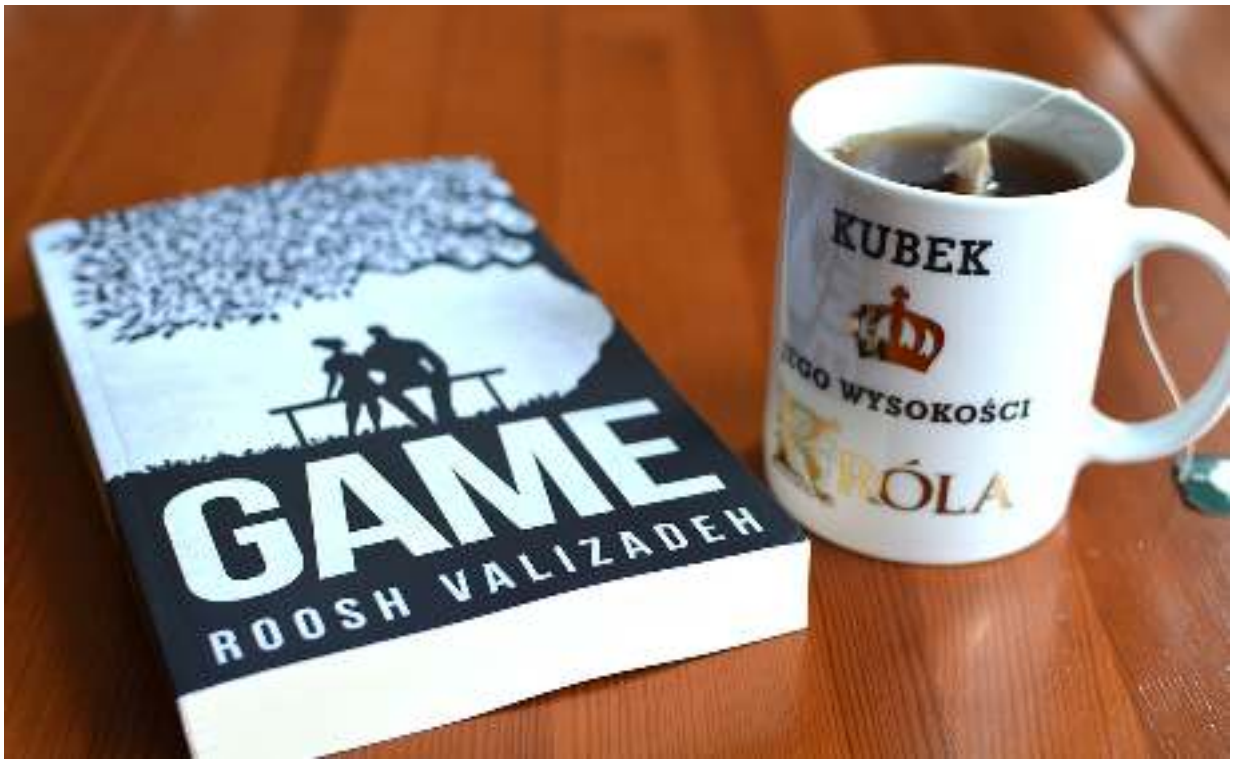
The big story of the week was Amazon banning Game along with eight of my other books. Barnes & Noble and Kobo followed Amazon's actions by banning my *entire* catalog of books, which includes Free Speech Isn't Free, a work that includes no graphic or sexual content. Here's a solid analysis from the Spectator:

> We are living in an Orwellian dystopia. Democrat members of Congress advocate harassment of their opponents, and Republican congressmen are targeted by assassins and GOP candidates are assaulted by knife-wielding lunatics, yet the so-called "mainstream" media insist that it is the Right, not the Left, which is dangerous. In this bizarre mirror-reverse world, atheists, homosexuals, violent anarchists and vehement man-hating feminists are free to say and do what they please, but a guy who tells other guys how to be successful with women is

> demonized like Emmanuel Goldstein in Nineteen Eighty-Four. Instead of free speech being suppressed by an all-powerful government, the enemies of freedom are gigantic multibillion-dollar Internet companies eager to appease swarming squadrons of social justice warriors (SJWs) who bombard them with complaints about alleged purveyors of "hate."

I also did interviews with Alex Jones, Paul Joseph Watson, JF Gariepy, and Luke Rudkowski. I appreciate everyone's efforts in getting the word out for censorship that I believe was targeted for purely political reasons.

Order now to take advantage of special combo deals



You can order Game from my web store using a credit card or cryptocurrency. If you order before Monday, the instantly downloadable ebook edition costs only $13 and contains unrestricted PDF, ePUB, and MOBI files that can be viewed on unlimited devices. After submitting your payment, you'll be immediately forwarded to the book's download page…

Click Here To Order Ebook Edition (Instant Download)

The audiobook + ebook edition costs only $21 and includes both the ebook package *and* the 13-hour audiobook in unrestricted MP3 format that is narrated by myself. Hear me say lines in the same way I deliver them to women…

Click Here To Order Audiobook + Ebook Combo (Instant Download)

If you order from my store, you'll have the opportunity to upgrade your purchase to include my entire catalog at huge savings, but only before Monday. Click here to view the full description of Game at Roosh V Store. I'm now working on ways to sell paperback

editions directly to my readers. This may take a couple of months to work out.

I was really touched by the outpouring of support I received in the past week. I lost count how many messages I received from men who stated that they bought my book not because they want dating advice, but because they believe in what I'm doing. This encourages me to keep going. I may be down, but I'm not out.

Read More: *Game — How To Meet, Attract, And Date Attractive Women*

I’m Going On Vacation

September 19, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I’m hitting the road for 2-8 weeks. I may post travel updates on my Instagram.

In the meantime, you can follow Return Of Kings, Roosh V Forum, or catch up on previous Roosh Hours. Here’s one I did on Sunday:

You can also buy the ebook and audiobook editions of my new book Game. After you read the book, drop me an email (form at bottom of page) and let me know what you think.

Don’t Miss: *Jake Ultra*

Roosh Hour #22 – Banned From Amazon

October 1, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I talk about nine of my books getting banned from Amazon.

Watch Next: *Roosh Hour #21 – Live Streaming Shut Down*

You’re Not Supposed To Have More Than Two Children

October 3, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Have you noticed that it’s difficult to have more than two children? This is not an accident.

Watch Next: *The Truth About Multiculturalism And Third-World Immigration*

How To Do Walking Meditation

October 22, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

When most people think of meditation, they imagine a man sitting on the floor with his back erect and eyes closed, but you can also do it while walking.

The point of meditation is to counteract the neverending "useful" activities of your life with a "useless" activity. This helps to release built-up stress and quiet your over-active inner voice (assuming you have one). One danger is turning meditation into a strategy with a goal, because that converts it to a "useful" activity which may actually increase your stress (e.g. "I really should meditate for thirty minutes today but I'm too busy so I will squeeze it in between all these other activities I'm doing ahhhhhh!").

Meditation must be a way for you to unplug with no specific outcome in mind. For me, it's a way to push the pause button on filling my days with new achievements, plans, ideas, and work, allowing me to release myself—at least temporarily—from the treadmills of materialism, ego, and hedonism.

The best type of walkway to do walking meditation is one with no vehicle intersections. Circular paths around ponds or lakes are the most ideal. In standard meditation, you focus on your breath, but you won't be able to concentrate on it while outdoors. Focus instead on your steps, calling each one in your head.

When your left foot strikes the ground, say "left" or "one" to yourself. Then when your right foot strikes the ground, say "right" or "two." "Left, right, left, right, left, right…" or "one, two, one, two, one, two…" This sounds easy, but your mind will try to sneak in thoughts and unsync your cadence. For example, you may say "left" at a time other than

when your left foot actually strikes the ground. You must devote the entirety of your concentration by saying left or right at the exact moment your foot makes ground contact.

Within a couple of minutes, your mind will be mostly clear besides what you're seeing or hearing around you, forcing you to remain in the present. If you can continue for over five minutes, and there are not many pretty girls around, you will enter a mildly hypnotic state. You can then stop calling your steps and enjoy a moment or two of bliss before your thoughts come flooding back in.

And that's all there is to it. Pick a relatively quiet path, dedicate your full concentration to calling your steps, and starve the mind of the fuel it needs to take you away from the moment.

Read Next: *What Is The Tao?*

25 More Articles I Strongly Recommend

October 24, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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1. Silicon Valley companies spy on their workers worse than their users [Link]

2. Civilizations fall when they become too complex [Link]

3. Here is the speech Bill Cosby gave that caused the system to turn against him [Link]

4. “The Ukraine is not weak!” Yes it is [Link]

5. Nassim Taleb talks about how to have true financial freedom [Link]

6. Prisoners taking care of prisoners in a jail hospice [Link]

7. The relationship between intermittent fasting and testosterone [Link]

8. The story of how venture capitalists and other corporations lost tens of millions of dollars on a woman who pretended to be the female Steve Jobs [Link]

9. Hating Russia is a full-time job [Link]

10. Why it’s important to reject cynicism and nihilism [Link]

11. Johnny Depp is an example of how fame and money can’t solve problems of the soul [Link]

12. The American left is executing a form of biological Leninism [Link]

13. The successful trolling of a female Rolling Stone journalist [Link]

14. The neocons have lost their battle against Trump [Link]

15. Techniques to fall asleep quickly [Link]

16. Young workers in the Trump administration are not having a fun time in D.C. [Link]

17. How a major media network works hand-in-hand with the Democratic party [Link]

18. George Soros is coming to the realization in his final years that he has failed to make the world in his image [Link]

19. The camps of Chinese communism [Link]

20. The bugman phenomenon [Link]

21. The “revolutionary” mindset of the left [Link]

22. Oil jobs for men are booming in West Texas [Link]

23. The ancient Greeks had six words for love [Link]

24. “America is no longer a country” [Link]

25. Amazon bans Roosh: How love became hate [Link]

Previously: *24 More Articles I Strongly Recommend*

Roosh Hour #23: Jordan Peterson

October 26, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I came back from my summer vacation and did a live stream that covers Jordan Peterson, the NPC meme, and how every day is becoming a gay holiday.

You can also listen to it in podcast form or download the MP3:

Subscribe to my Youtube channel or podcast RSS feed to catch future streams.

Don't Miss: *The Serenity Of Stoicism*

How The Media Deplatforms Creators

October 29, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

It has long been known that the mainstream media takes on an activist role in hurting their enemies, but lately they have become far more direct and obvious in their attacks. The reason is that they have lost the ability to sway public opinion.

The media used to flex its muscle by convincing a wide swath of the population that a certain individual or organization is "bad." This is most commonly seen in political campaign coverage where reporters are told by their editors to attack a candidate who has opposing views to the owner of the outlet. You saw this with Donald Trump and you also saw it with me in 2016 when the media published hundreds of articles labeling me "pro-rape." Since most outlets lose money, and are seen as propaganda devices by their billionaire owners, the media spends a significant amount of money to defame its enemies.

And yet, in spite of the media's attacks against me, here I am, writing this to a wide audience while the bad orange man sits comfortably in the oval office. Even when the media establishment unleashes their bombs (both figurative and literal), they are no longer able to hurt the reputations of those they hate. In fact, getting attacked by the media now *helps* you develop a growing and dedicated fan base. My newest book, Game, sold more copies in its first week than any of my previous 18 book launches in spite of Amazon banning the paperback and Kindle editions on the third day of its release.

Trust in the media has been surveyed at an all-time low, so we should not be surprised that their hit pieces are being done in vain. They are now forced to become *direct activists*. This is how they do it: they ask you for an interview and then use that as a pretext to contact your social media and business partners with a negative spiel that is intended to scare the companies with bad press. Here's an example…

> Dear YouTube,

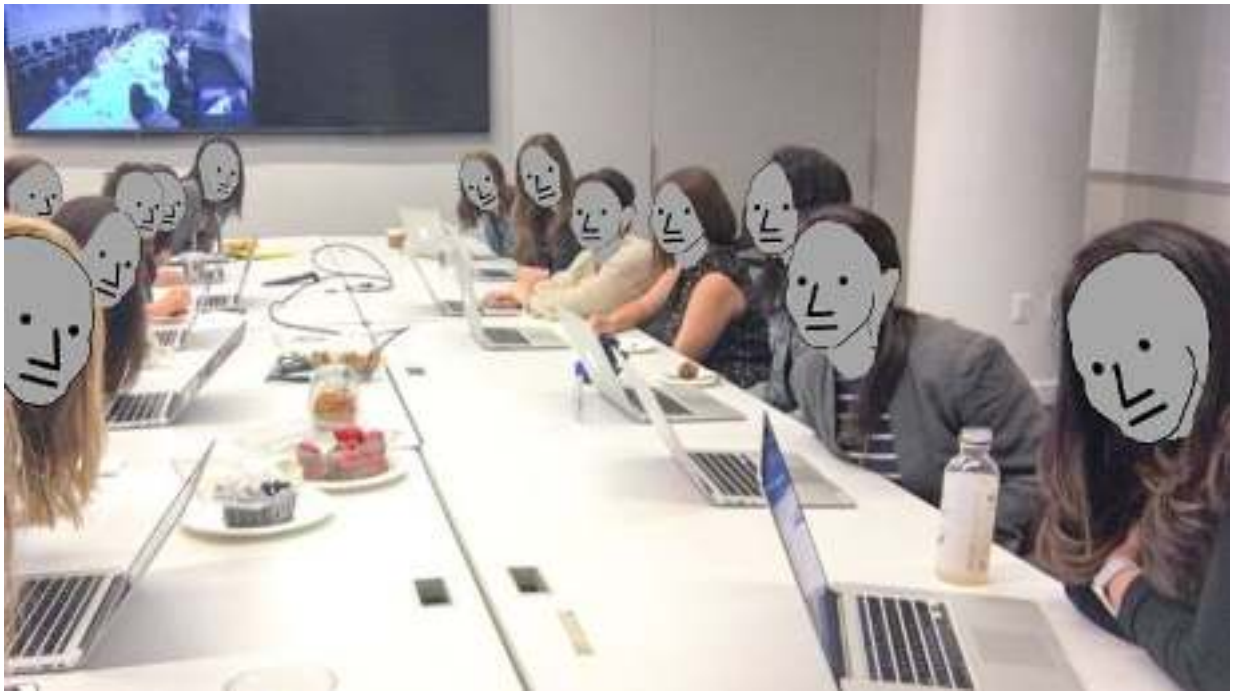
> I'm Noah Goldberg, a journalist from Buzzfeed who has won the Open Society Foundation award for "Best Useful Idiot Of 2017." We are doing an article on Roosh V, a Youtuber who has been called "Hitler if he were a rapist" by Israel Klein of the Southern Poverty Cuck Center. Many people believe that he has raped 6 million women, and Adam Stein of the Anti-Defamation Soy Squad has never encountered someone more misogynistically evil.
>
> His YouTube channel gets 100,000 views a month, which he uses to spread his "neomasculinity" platform that has been called "obvious rape instruction" by Ruth Bloom of the Toronto Pro-Baby Killing Alliance, who was left literally shaking by a video of his titled "How I Make Aeropress Coffee At Home." Are you aware that he is using YouTube to spread heinous views that will certainly lead to another holocaust?
>
> Noah

The bigger the media outlet, the more likely that YouTube will take action and provide a statement that goes something like this…

> We at YouTube take a stand against hate speech of all forms. We have taken appropriate action against the thought criminal in question that is in accordance with our deliberately vague community guidelines.

The media article that eventually gets published is more of a "We shut it down" victory scalp than anything intended to be read by other human beings.

The Huffington Post actually tried to pull this strategy off with my books on Amazon, but I'm certain it was the Southern Poverty Law Center that was responsible for nine of them getting banned, since they have a working relationship with Amazon. Besides, no one listens to the Huffington Post anyway.



In the past, agreeing to an interview meant that a journalist could misconstrue your words and hurt your reputation, an unfavorable outcome for sure, but one that wouldn't necessarily hurt your livelihood. Most of the damage would be dealt to your ego. But now, agreeing to an interview gives momentum to the media outlet to get you *shut down* from various platforms.

A journalist doesn't need you to say yes to an interview to start writing "Dear YouTube" emails, but it will surely help the resulting article get more views and propulsion to ban you from platforms the outlet has yet to contact. Even if you think you're completely antifragile from deplatforming, the media has an ace card up their sleeve: at the end of their hit piece about you, they will include the following statement…

> If you are a female and had relations with Dissident Joe Smith, please contact our reporters immediately.

They invite false rape accusations to permanently tarnish your name and create trumped-up criminal charges. An article about me in the Daily Beast actually included the false rape invitation statement.

This is why it's so dangerous to talk to the media at all, even if you want to troll them for fun. Understand that the intent of them contacting you is to *destroy you utterly*. They have no choice in this mission because they have lost their core ability to persuade the masses. Now, they use the name recognition of their employer and the threat of bad publicity to act like non-media organizations (e.g. SPLC, ADL).

You may be wondering why Facebook, Google, or Amazon would even listen to anyone, journalist or otherwise, who contacts them about "hate speech." The reason is that they're all ideologically aligned. They employ the same type of millennial cry babies and man-hating feminists who went to the same universities. (Where do you think they learned to hate you?) I believe that tech companies actually *thank* journalists for bringing evil thinkers such as myself to their attention—they see them as unpaid moderators! Therefore, I can't get mad at the journalists who have no inherent power themselves, and whose voice is controlled to such as extent that their efforts to silence others is a projection of how limited they are in what they can publish. There are obedient slaves who think they're saving the world by censoring it.

The good news is that this sort of activism is costing media outlets a lot of money, because the articles and videos that result from it don't generate profit. Who would've guessed that content based on a journalist's celebration of getting someone banned from Facebook is not engaging to most people? The media's death will steadily continue until

the stories you see on CNN, Buzzfeed, and Huffington Post will look identical to those found on the blogs of the SPLC and ADL. They will be full of pearl-clutching content that is well-funded by those in power, but which few people care to read.

Read Next: *How To Destroy The Establishment Media*

Roosh Hour #24: Pipe Bombs

November 2, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

My newest stream covers the “pipe bombs” sent to Trump haters, the synagogue shooting, Richard Spencer’s new girlfriend, Hollywood virtue signaling, and more.

Listen to it in podcast format or download the MP3:

Subscribe to my Youtube channel or podcast RSS feed to catch future streams.

Previously: *Roosh Hour #23 — Jordan Peterson*

Vacations Are A Scam

November 5, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

You've been working hard on the job and now have some vacation days to use. Your boss was chafed when you suggested taking two weeks off so you settled for one week, which you believe is still more than enough time to unwind and relax. Wrong! Not only will a vacation not relax you, but it will create *more* stress than work.

The first day of your vacation is spent traveling to the destination. If you're lucky, it will take only two hours, but odds are it will take at least six. You're either crammed on an airplane or driving on a road full of other people who want to relax just like you. Already, tension is building.

After finally arriving at your vacation spot, things start to go wrong. The hotel room doesn't have a good view. The wireless internet is too slow. You forgot your beach towel at home. You picked a bad area of town to stay in. You take off your shoes and try to relax, but now you're hungry. You find a restaurant that sells you a bland pizza that is priced more than your favorite pizzeria back home. You go to sleep on a strange bed with pillows that are way too big, and then you wake up the next day with nausea and painful stomach cramps. You're sick! And what are these itchy red marks on your ankles? Bed bugs! Only six more days to go.

What are these… pillows for elephants?!

Now imagine you have children. The stress will increase by a factor of ten. By the end of the first day, you need a vacation from your vacation. Things will go much harder than the work you tried to take a break from.

As your "vacation" proceeds, you feel obligated to pack in as many activities as possible.

Tours. Excursions. Watersports. Sightseeing. Scooter rental. Souvenir shopping. Tower climbing. Cemetary viewing. Clubbing. Selfie taking. You must not miss out on anything, because it took time and money to get here, and you may never return.

Soon your legs get weary. You're walking more in one day than you normally do in a week. That bed is impossible to sleep in, and you can't seem to get the room climate right. Now you're running a sleep deficit. There are bags under your eyes, and holy cow, the vacation is almost done. Check-out is 11am tomorrow!

The pictures and souvenirs are proof that you went on vacation, but really the vacation went on you. On the way back home, you almost drive off the road because you're so tired, and when you do make it to your bed, you immediately crash and enjoy the best sleep you've had all week, and then before you know it, the alarm clock is blaring at 8am. Back to work!

Relaxation is the *absence* of activity, not an exchange of one set of activities for another. Reducing stress means you must reduce the stimuli that your senses receive. A vacation accomplishes the opposite. It's merely a commercial method to part money from office workers who want to feel relaxed in a novel, exciting way, when what they should really do is vegetate at home for days as if getting over the flu.

You can't force your body to relax. All you can do is put it in a boring, calm, and familiar environment where it has no choice but to do so. Travel is meant to see things you want to see and be *stimulated* by new experiences. Going on vacation to relax is like drinking a double espresso to help you nap. If you insist on a vacation that involves travel, I hope you're staying in a cabin in the middle of nowhere, but even then, the tension of going and coming from an isolated location will nullify the couple of days you experience nothingness.

When it's time for me to relax, I plant myself on the couch, get a beer, and watch mindless entertainment. Anything else will simply be too much.

Read Next: *"Which Country Should I Visit?"*

Roosh Hour #25: Censorship Intensifying

November 7, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In this stream I cover the latest wave of censorship, beta bux donating $30,000 to female streamers, lying women, Jordan Peterson, the movie They Live, and more.

Listen to it in podcast format or download the MP3:

Subscribe to my Youtube channel or podcast RSS feed to catch future streams.

Previously: *Roosh Hour #24 — Pipe Bombs*

The Paperback Of Game Is Available At These Retailers

November 9, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The paperback and Kindle editions of Game were banned on Amazon back in September. I've since found a third-party distributor that has made the paperback available on several other retailers at a starting price of $25. Here is where you can get a physical copy of Game:

United States

- Alibris — $3.99 shipping
- Powell's Books
- Books-a-million — $3.99 shipping **BANNED!**
- Amazon — free USA shipping **BANNED!**
- Barnes & Noble — free USA shipping **BANNED!**

International

- Book Depository — free worldwide shipping
- Blackwell's — free worldwide shipping
- Waterstones
- Wordery
- eBay
- Amazon UK, Amazon FR, Amazon DE **BANNED!**

Australia

- Angus & Robertson

Canada

- Chapters – free shipping
- Russell Books **BANNED!**

Germany

- Hugendubel
- Thalia

Italy

- Mondadori

Netherlands

- Bol

Sweden

- Adlibris
- Bokus

You're probably wondering how I got it back on Amazon for the second time. The original paperback was published through CreateSpace, an Amazon subsidiary that has its own censorship team. I believe this team is bypassed when you use a third-party distributor, though I suppose we'll find out in the next week or so. If you were waiting to buy the paperback, I would do so immediately in case the ban hammer returns. If you're interested in the eBook or audiobook editions, click here to buy it directly from my store.

Stop reading and look behind you, dummy!

A part of me wants you to buy it on Amazon so that it climbs the sales charts and puts egg on their face, but it's up to you to choose your preferred retailer (I receive the same royalty no matter where you buy the book). In the meantime, if you've already read Game, I kindly ask that you leave a short review on the Amazon page. It appears that Amazon has restored some of the early reviews.

I'm already working on selling books directly, but this will take another month or two to set up, and the shipping prices won't be as cheap as what you can find above. I see Amazon's ban as a blessing in disguise because it has made the book available on more stores while urging me to set up my own paperback distribution channel. Thank you to everyone who has supported this book so far.

UPDATE: As you've noticed above, Amazon banned Game for the second time. In the

below video, I share a list of products Amazon still sells that are way worse than Game…

Read An Excerpt From Game: *Never Follow A Girl's Lead*

The Ball On A String

November 12, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I arrived at a small town in a country I've never been to before. It had a traditional character of families and young people going for long, meandering strolls on promenades lined with sidewalk cafes and restaurants. No Starbucks or corporate chains in sight. Many people walk as slow as me, which is rare in all but a few Latin countries.

One afternoon, I noticed a small boy playing with a ball attached to a string. At the end of the string was a ring that you could place on your finger. He played with it as if it were a rudimentary yo-yo. I wanted to play with it, too. There were many vendors selling small toys, trinkets, and cotton candy. I found a man selling the ball on a string for a stated price of $2. I bought it without trying to negotiate.

After completing the transaction, I started playing with the ball. It turned out that the string was too short for me, perhaps because it was designed for little boys, not 39-year-old men. I looked up and caught a pair of girls looking at me. I felt self-conscious, but not enough to stop playing with the ball. After one minute of play, I got bored. I put the ball in my laptop bag and continued walking along the promenade.

I soon encountered a class of elementary school children on a field trip. I thought of handing the ball to one of them, but felt it would be too weird, so I took the ball out of my bag and discreetly rolled it into the center of the crowd like it was a bowling ball. Then I watched from the sidelines.

The tallest girl of the class was the first to see the ball. She picked it up and immediately started looking around. Her confused expression seemed to ask, "Who's ball is this?" She held it for maybe half a minute, asking her friends about the ball's owner, but no one

claimed it. She dropped the ball to the ground.

One of her classmates, a shorter girl with a chubby face, picked up the ball. She examined it carefully, inspecting it for any flaws or defects. She put the ring through her finger and bounced it a few times. Her class began to walk away. Instead of taking the ball with her, she threw it some distance in my direction. I couldn't believe that no one from a group of thirty children wanted to claim a free ball.

Then a grandmother and a young boy walked directly toward the ball. Before the boy could notice the ball, his grandmother kicked it as if she were a professional soccer player and I the goalie on the opposing team. The ball settled only *four feet* away from where I stood. It came back to me! All I had to do was take two steps, bend over, and reclaim ownership of the ball, but I did not want it. I walked away from the ball and took a seat at the edge of a nearby statue. The poor ball had now been rejected by four people since it was set free with my purchase. If it had consciousness, I imagine it would be experiencing a deep feeling of rejection.

A man not much older than me, sitting on a bench with a woman who appeared to be his wife, caught sight of the ball. He stood up, walked towards it, and picked it up before returning to the bench. He did not look around or wonder if someone lost the ball. Instead, he started playing with it. He smiled while doing so, enjoying his good luck. After he was tired of playing, he embraced the ball with two hands and serenely stared off into the distance.

My ego stirred to action. It wondered about all the balls I could roll into crowds to watch the ensuing human drama unfold—how I could taint my gift by introducing a goal, an agenda, a benefit for me to receive. I was happy to see the man playing with the ball because the intention of buying it in the first place was also to play. My enjoyment came from the spontaneity, the surprise, and so I can never buy a ball on a string again and attempt to replay the past, but I will certainly perk up when I see someone in the future playing with a ball on a string.

Read Next: *What Is The Tao?*

Roosh Hour #26: Midterm Election

November 16, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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In this stream, I cover the American midterm election, the latest mass shooting, the push to put makeup on men, and much more.

Listen to it in podcast format or download the MP3:

Subscribe to my Youtube channel or podcast RSS feed to catch future streams.

Previously: *Roosh Hour #25 — Censorship Intensifying*

The Inversion Agenda

November 19, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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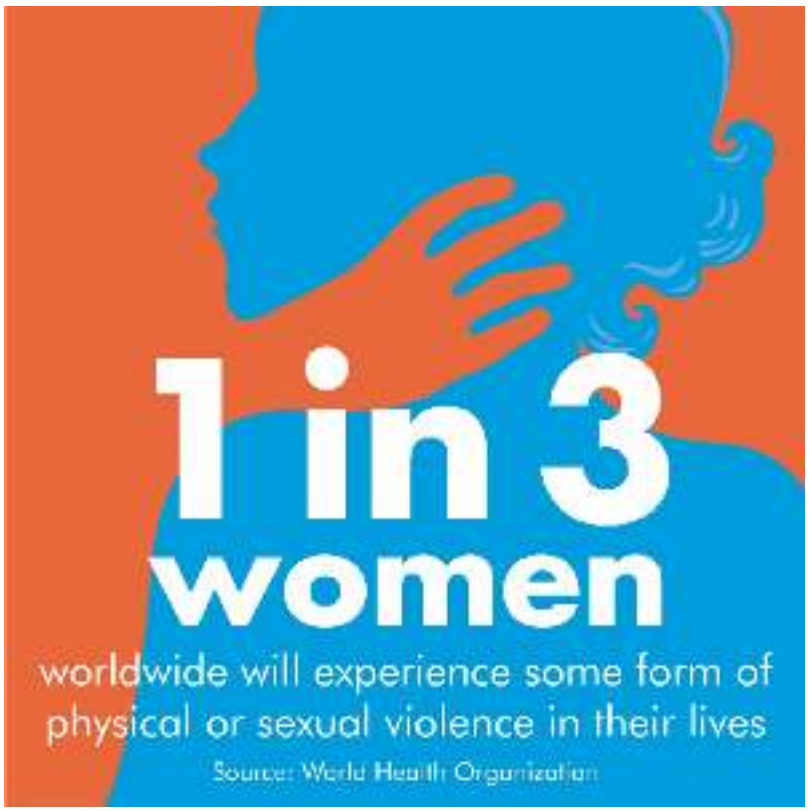
We are now living in the last stage of a plan to invert the individual and society from natural order. The plan will be deemed a success when most human beings on the planet live *inverted* to their biology and nature, and come to believe that an inverted reality has always been a normal state of affairs.

The elites are performing the inversion to weaken man to such an extent that their rule will never be threatened. In effect, they are creating a permanent slave class that will be as incapable of overthrowing their masters as a herd of cows is incapable of killing the farmer who owns them, even though those cows descended from powerful bulls that could only be handled with specialized training or weapons. There is no better way to weaken humans than to take away their natural strengths, pit them against each other through a multitude of invented identities, and convince them that strength can only come in hedonistic pleasure that focuses around food, entertainment, and sodomy.

Here are the eight most disturbing inversions that are currently taking place…

1. Heterosexual sex is rape



You may remember the “all sex is rape” canard from insane Jewish feminist Andrea Dworkin, who claimed that heterosexual intercourse is “violent.” That was merely a test launch for the real deal. Many years later, another Jewish elite figure, Ezra Klein, stated that men should feel a “cold spike of fear” before initiating any sexual relationship. This

goal is close to being achieved.

The intermediary step before classifying all heterosexual sex as rape is to poison male-female relations with the idea of sexual “consent,” which can never be truly verified without video and audio recordings. Even if you do record sex, it will soon be dictated that men did not have consent if a woman said no *with her inner voice*. It doesn’t matter that the man never heard the word “no” as long as the female *thought* it, and the fact that he didn’t stop makes him a rapist who must, at the minimum, be forced from his job and have his reputation ruined. Many men will have their lives destroyed because of this very scenario until every single instance of heterosexual sex can be interpreted as rape if the man being accused possesses a job that a female desires or if he is in any way a threat to the inversion agenda.

At the same time, it will be nearly impossible for homosexual sex to be classified as rape. It doesn’t matter that most homosexual sex takes place under a buffet of drugs, because if the sex was gay, all is okay. This will cause many men to consider pursuing sodomy as a means to not getting attacked, which is exactly what the elites want.

Not only does homosexuality offer a reliable method of population control, but the act of being a sodomite puts you on a treadmill of drug use, sex, and material consumerism, all habits of a perfectly controlled slave. Consider that the promotion of anal sex in heterosexual pornography is an intermediary step to warming men up to the idea that a hole is a hole, and if a woman can provide pleasure through her rectum then so can a man.

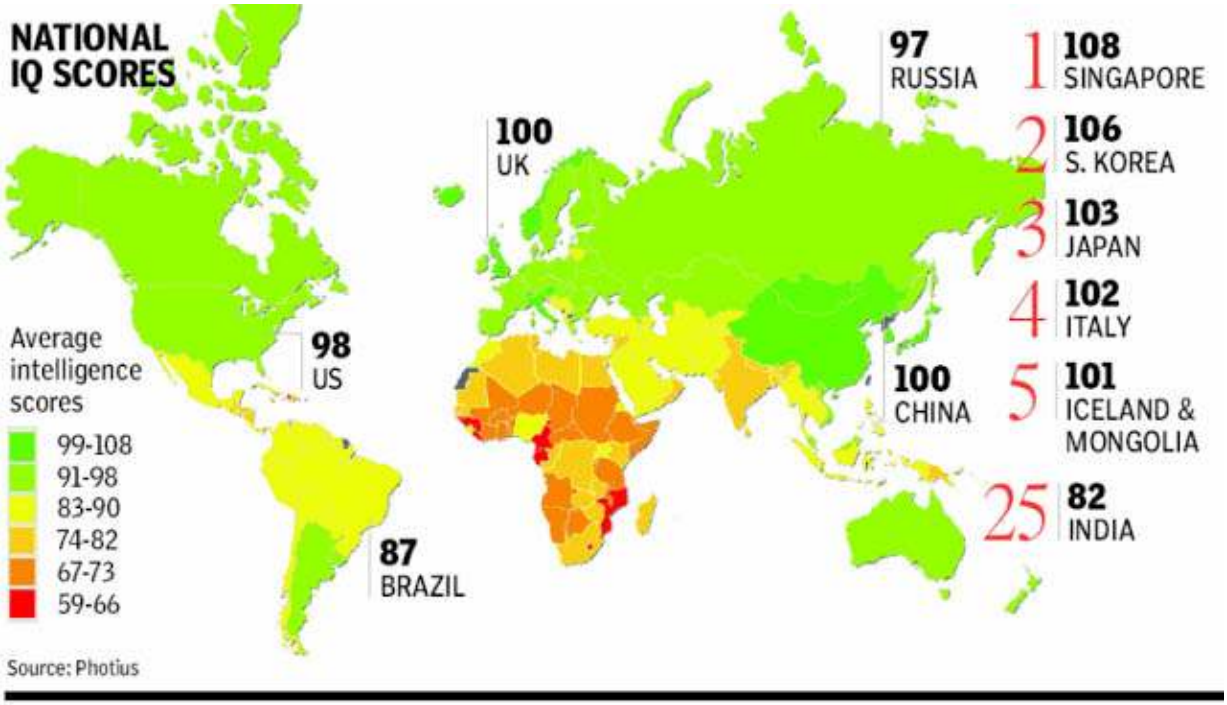
2. Nuclear families are fascism

Next up is to portray the family unit as if Hitler invented it. The first stage of this inversion is to glorify single motherhood and convince women that they are brave and strong for taking a load of semen from a man who doesn't love them or want to commit to them. This new "single mom" identity is the force that can align itself against married and traditional moms, for the elite will only allow the creation of an identity if it can be used as an offensive weapon (note how they do not allow the organic formation of a genuinely masculine identity group).

The next stage, which has just begun, is to claim that children from nuclear families have "unfair advantages" over single-parent and homosexual families, and that more money or benefits must be poured into helping the latter groups. Governments will readjust the tax code to punish heterosexual male bachelors and nuclear families while spending billions of dollars into inverted "families." Like with the heterosexual inversion, the elites know how to craft incentives that nudge people against their natural instincts.

The final stage will be to use the law to limit how many children normal families can have, similar to China's one-child policy, and then remove those children under false accusations of abuse to be placed within inverted households where abuse is certain to occur. There may even be a point where heterosexual couples require government approval before being able to keep any children they create, and that's assuming that vaccines and other chemicals don't sterilize most of the population.

3. Merit is privilege



If you have an IQ over 100, possess work ethic, and can use mental discipline to further your lot in life, you had an advantaged upbringing at the expense of other disadvantaged groups, or you belong to a race that has historically colonized others. Your achievements, careful planning, and hard work are actually indicators that you are keeping others down

and robbing them of success.

We first started seeing the beginning of this inversion with affirmative action programs that allowed qualified white applicants to be passed over in favor of minorities who were less suited for the same positions. I saw this firsthand in university when many of my black classmates were accepted to medical school at a medical exam (MCAT) score that would have resulted in an automatic rejection from a white or Asian classmate.

Today, males are being rejected for jobs in favor of less qualified women and minorities, not in the name of affirmative action, but because of “spontaneous” initiatives from all major corporations that coordinate their social policies thanks to being owned by the same tiny group of institutional investors, sovereign wealth funds, and hedge funds. It’s helpful to view corporations as just another vehicle to usher in the great inversion. CEOs are mere employees, gophers of shadowy figures who are higher on the elite ladder.

Many accomplished men are now dropping out of white collar work. Younger men are deciding not to go to university or make their mark in corporate fields. This is by design: the plan is for men to be as far removed from societal power as possible. Soon, the only people eligible for the most important, high-paying jobs will be those who belong to a historical or invented victim class, a flamboyant homosexual, or a minority whose sex is unclear. They will keep their jobs if they’re incompetent as long as they abide by the agenda.

4. Pedophilia is natural

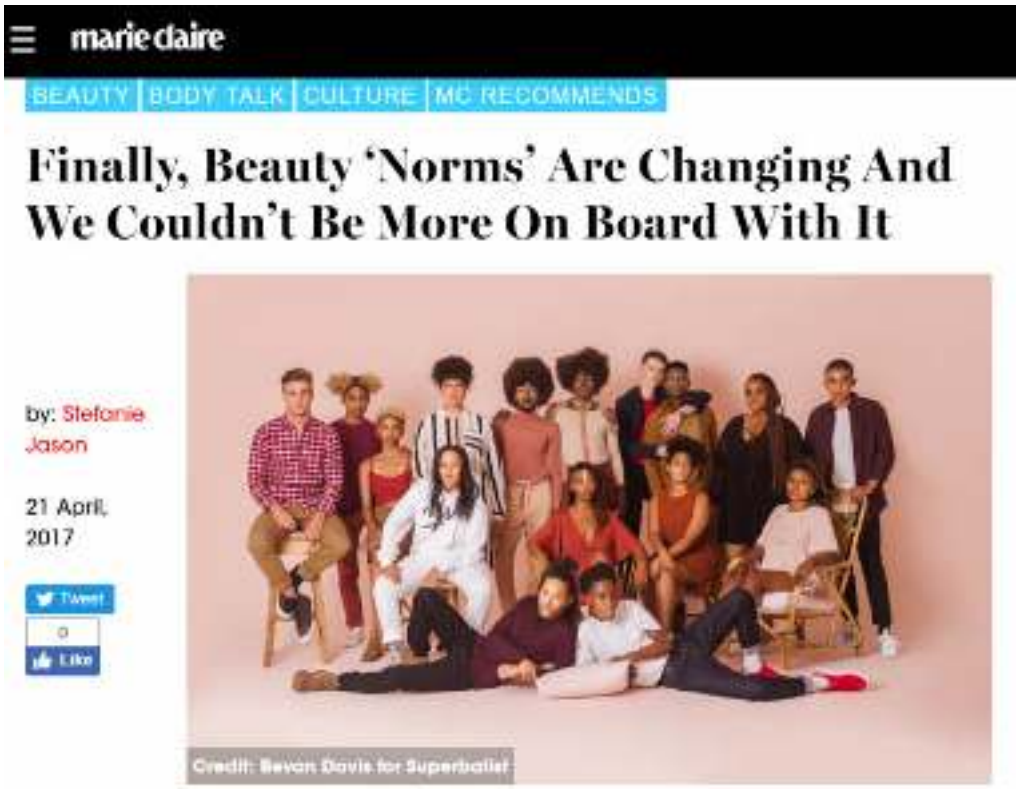
The hardest inversion to accept will be the normalization of pedophilia into a standard sexual orientation that is seen as a “healthy” way to express intimate love with children.

Pedophilia is already done behind closed doors in entertainment and government spheres, but it will soon be displayed more openly like we're seeing with the media's glorification of little children who "decided" to change their sex.

Great efforts will be made to teach children and their virtue-signaling parents to trust those who are most dangerous to children: homosexuals and transsexuals. In effect, grooming will be institutionalized on a national scale. A good example is the Drag Queen Story Hour program that has disgusting drag queens read to children in public libraries. The effect of this program, which is funded by taxpayers and globalist groups, is to teach children that sexual deviants are safe and should be trusted. Many parents are actually paying money to increase the chances that their children will be molested.

An indicator that this inversion is complete is when people claim that being molested as a child (enabled by their parents) was an empowering experience that allowed them to understand who they really were (a homosexual who loves drugs and sodomy). We actually saw a warm-up to this with Milo Yiannopoulos, who claimed that being molested by a Catholic priest as a child was a rewarding "coming-of-age" experience that allowed him to "discover" who he was. Those who weren't molested will be seen as both homophobic and transphobic, part of a privileged class that should receive fewer societal benefits from being closed-minded as a child for not wanting to be raped.

5. Beauty is ugly



Beauty is a form of genetic privilege. Beautiful people were given immense physical advantages because their ancestors leveraged their own ill-gotten advantages to breed in a superior manner. The same goes for beautiful art, architecture, and clothing. They're all

signs of a past where minorities and sodomites were oppressed.

Body positivity is the most common means for pushing this inversion, which has recently culminated in a mammoth woman gracing the cover of the UK edition of Cosmopolitan magazine.

In another case of using basic incentives to further an inversion, a woman quickly learns that being slightly beautiful conveys fewer benefits in life than being rather ugly. She sees firsthand how the culture is quick to worship a woman who defaces her body with tattoos, gains massive amounts of weight, and dyes her hair blue. A female monstrosity is actually seen as virtuous because she rejects historical notions of beauty that are "outdated" and "racist."

This inversion will be the most difficult to execute because humans have a strong instinctual craving for beauty, but I believe the elites will still succeed as long as the promotion of ugliness coincides with financial benefits and status. Understand that humans can be convinced of *anything* through persistence and the use of incentives.

Music is also an important area where beauty is being destroyed. Let's compare one of my favorite classical songs, *Claire De Lune* by Claude Debussy (1905), with a recent number one hit, *In My Feelings* by Drake (2018).

> Now let me see you
> Bring that ass, bring that ass, bring that ass back!
> B-bring that ass, bring that ass, bring that ass back!
> Shawty say the nigga that she with can't hit
> But shawty, I'ma hit it, hit it like I can't miss
> Now let me see you

> Clap that ass, you're the only one I love
> Clap that ass, clap-clap that ass!
> Bring that ass back!

Drake's song contains phrases that you may hear outside of a liquor store in the ghetto, but the beat and melody were engineered to dig a wormhole into your brain. This engineering opens the door for degenerate lyrics to be absorbed by your subconscious, thereby affecting your behavior. While *Claire De Lune* may motivate you to take a walk in a beautiful garden, *In My Feelings* may cause you to seek out a tattooed, promiscuous woman and maintain a relationship with her.

Once you've internalized the ugly art, music, imagery, buildings, and people in your environment, you'll soon be unable to appreciate beauty or create it yourself. When the inversion is complete, you'll see older works of beauty as "out of style" or ugly.

6. Feminine is masculine

This inversion began with woman's suffrage, a subtle way to demote men as leaders of their communities and nations. After giving women the vote, their *feelings* had to placated when it came to organizing society, a disastrous outcome that has driven politics far to the left in a stunningly short amount of time.

To push women into the workforce, they have to learn masculine traits in order to advance a company's bottom line and earn an income that makes them "independent." When you hear the phrase "female empowerment," what you're really hearing is "female masculinity." Any unit of masculinity implanted in a woman must then replace a unit of femininity, resulting in the gruff, frigid, and often vulgar women we have today.

The final stage of this inversion is to erase all masculinity in men through soy, vaccines, and educational propaganda with the intention to have men step aside from leadership roles to make up for the sins of historical patriarchy. Any masculinity displayed in men will be rooted out so that only women can display a harmless version of masculinity that has no actual strength behind it. Women must be made the leaders and the big bosses, but since their nature is ill-suited for strength, various bureaucracies and organizations will lose function and slide to the level of incompetence that we see in the third world.

The most useful effect of eradicating masculinity is to weaken the resistance of men, making it nearly impossible for them to fight back against oppression. This *must* happen for the elites to achieve their goal of a permanent slave class. The "healthy masculinity" they've been teaching men is actually "healthy femininity," and the empowerment they teach women is actually masculinity. Once you understand that this inversion is taking place, it's easy to decode the talking points and re-education programs that come from the system, whether in education, media, government, or any other institution they control.

7. White is not right

The next inversion is to demonize the white race, lower their population, and impoverish them both economically and spiritually. Because whites were instrumental in colonizing other nations, though let's not mention their Jewish financiers and slavers, they must check their privilege by giving way to other races and *dying off*. Anti-white hatred will get increasingly more blatant as they get ready to apply the final death blow.

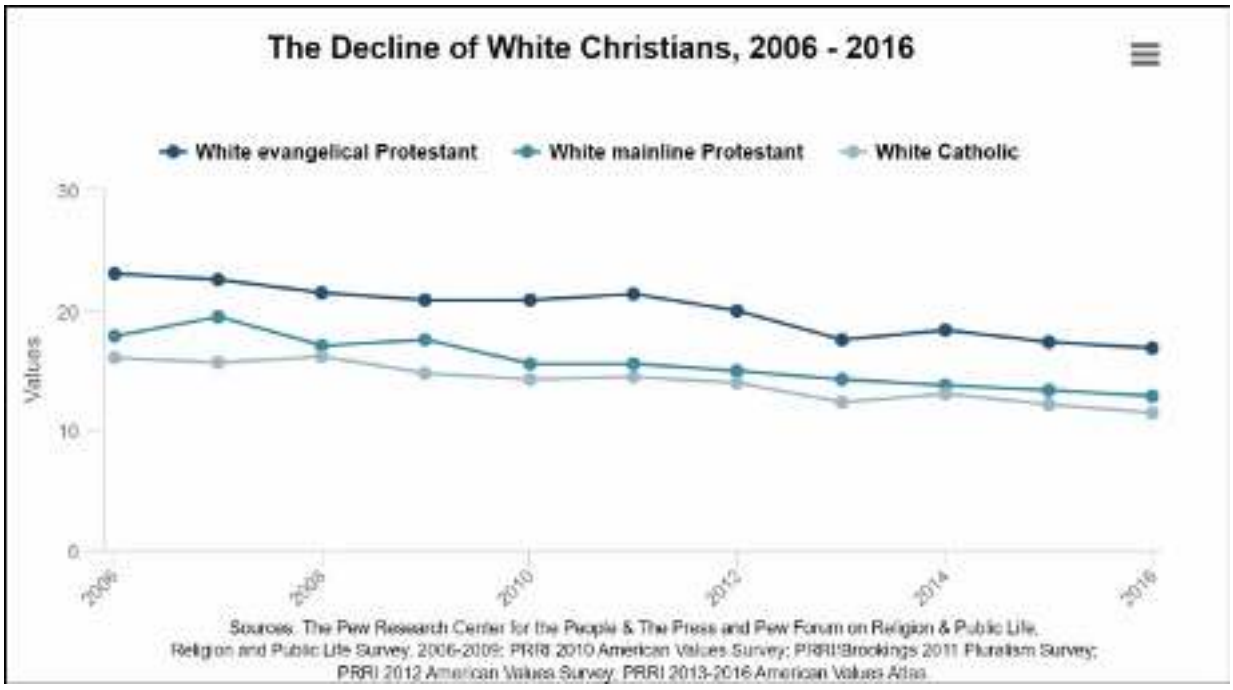
The white race is the most capable of resisting the elites. This is why so much energy is

being dedicated to destroying them. Other races are simply not strong enough to defeat a globalized elite force that has tentacles in every nation except Iran, Syria, and North Korea. Muslims get played like a fiddle through divide-and-conquer strategies and Africans are not skilled in global ways of thinking. Asians are too compliant towards authority to resist, and seem to want to be a part of the system that promises them with great wealth. There is always Russia, which I see as a wild card, but with a Rothschild central bank, it's doubtful they are as independent as many think.

The rest of the world is composed of basket cases that can barely manage their own economies. Once whites are destroyed, and I believe they will ultimately be demoted to the level of poor Irish potato farmers of old, we are in for a dark age, because no one else will be able to fight back against tyranny. As a consolation prize, we will be dead by the time this happens.

The sad irony of this inversion is the role that middle-class white women have played in aiding the inversion agenda. Perhaps because their lives have become too comfortable, or their men have become too weak, they will be shocked to see that they and their children (assuming they have any) will be neutralized. This will have the short-term effect of bringing more women to the right, but by then it will be too late.

8. Science is God



The final inversion is to replace God, a spiritual concept that encapsulates all that is known and unknown, with "science," which can easily be influenced by the powers-that-be to arrive at conclusions which match the current agenda (e.g. global warming). Studies will only be done when there is an incentive to arrive at a certain "truth," and when real truths need to be concealed, such as the fact that homosexuals are the main drivers of the AIDS epidemic and are prone to molesting children they adopt, there simply will be no studies done on the matter, or they will not be publicized.

Even without influence from the elites, most scientific studies, even in medical sciences, have been shown to be non-reproducible. In other words, they're junk, just like the drugs that people are taking as a result of these fake studies. The faith that most people have in science is just as great as what believers have in God, and if someone comes to them with a "study" or "fact check," they take it as gospel because it matches the inverted worldview they've been programmed to believe.

The easiest people to push inversions on, it turns out, are those who don't believe in God, because they immediately disregard anything connected to the past, including old wisdom or just plain common sense that managed to survive for millennia, all in exchange for a trendy new study that uses a low sample size, and which proves nothing.

Understand that science can only observe what can be seen, but a big part of the universe exists on electromagnetic wave spectrums and dark matter that we cannot see or precisely measure. A belief in science alone conflicts with the very nature of existence, which is that humans can understand or perceive only a small part of the whole. It narrows reality into such a peephole that it then becomes easy for the elites to fill in that tiny view with only information and perceptions that they want their slaves to believe.

I've arrived at the point where I automatically reject all science of the day as just an advanced form of propaganda. This includes evolution, an important invention in killing God. If new science is being published and promoted, and there is "consensus" on it, I take it as a heuristic that it is actually false, and the opposite is more likely to be true. Without even being a scientist, you can easily understand the real truth through believing in the opposite of what you're told to believe.

Conclusion

As you can see, the elites are quite far along with completing the above eight inversions. I would estimate that they are 75% complete with the entire plan, and want to hurry the rest along because they see victory on the horizon. The problem with rushing is that they will make mistakes that awaken many slaves, but they are confident that their power is strong enough to handle this "leakage." A man who goes against the inversion agenda can be destroyed with trumped-up sexual crimes, intimidated by hired street thugs (Antifa), or censored online.

When the elite's artificial intelligence programs kick in, and the slaves take to it like they have voluntarily taken to every other elite mechanism of control, resistance will be far harder than it is now, but as Alexandr Solzhenitsyn explained in *The Gulag Archipelago*, to collapse a cave, you only need to start with a little crack. They have been able to control most of humanity, but the fact that you exist, and are reading these words right now, show that many people still crave the truth and can think for themselves.

How far you or I go to maintain the limited freedoms we have remaining will soon be tested. When they do come for you and demand you accept their inversions at the threat of being destroyed, what will you do? I've thought about this question deeply, and have arrived at an answer that I believe has sealed my fate.

Read Next: *Conservatives Are Losers*

Roosh Hour #27: Cleansing Fire

November 23, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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In this stream, I cover the California fire, the latest Hollywood degeneracy, the Southern Poverty Law Center's renewed efforts to shut me down, the inversion of the week, and much more.

Listen to it in podcast format or download the MP3:

Subscribe to my Youtube channel or podcast RSS feed to catch future streams.

Previously: *Roosh Hour #26 — Midterm Election*

The Bittersweet Life Of Famous Instagram Model Amanda Lee

November 26, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Cosmopolitan magazine did an article chronicling the life of Amanda Lee, an Instagram model with over 12 million followers. While she earns a high income and receives unlimited male attention, she appears deeply unhappy, probably because she is enslaved to a job that requires her to share sexually suggestive photos that she knows is not her real self. Let's takes a closer look at what's going on.

> "I have no idea why my page grew so fast," she says, although she acknowledges her body played a role.

I think I have an idea why she has 12 million followers:

> View this post on Instagram
>
> ???? – Bikini: @twentysauce
>
> A post shared by Amanda Lee (@amandaeliselee) on Dec 27, 2016 at 4:36pm PST

> View this post on Instagram
>
> @flattummytea is by far the best detox. I'm loving the results so far ??
>
> A post shared by Amanda Lee (@amandaeliselee) on Sep 20, 2016 at 7:25pm PDT

> View this post on Instagram
>
> can I kick it? @fashionnova
>
> A post shared by Amanda Lee (@amandaeliselee) on Jul 26, 2018 at 12:47pm PDT

In a time when male thirst has never been higher, it's impossible *not* to amass millions of followers with a body like that. She hit the genetic jackpot, which was given to her by God to more easily find a suitable man with whom to start a family, but she has instead used it to earn money and provide horny men with images they can masturbate to.

> "I always wanted to appeal to everyone," she says, "but I got seduced by people's responses and sidetracked trying to maintain this curvy physique and build a sexy brand."

Before she started earning a lot of money from sponsored postings, she got hooked to the attention that her body garnered. It felt good to be complimented by anonymous strangers online, but now those strangers are holding her hostage.

Personally, I'm very careful not to take compliments from my followers to heart, because if I listen to them, I will modify my behavior and goals to simply keep receiving compliments. Those compliments then become the ultimate objective.

> "She still gets anxious," Fields says of her daughter. "There's a lot of pressure to keep up with daily posting and people tend to be critical of your looks. She gets overwhelmed. There's a side of Amanda that no one sees."

In spite of millions of fans, she is *still* insecure and anxious! Nothing in the material world can solve an internal problem. The material can only act as a temporary balm, but as soon as the validation from one selfie is extinguished, or the high from a new bang fades, the clock begins counting down to when another hit must be sought out.

> The process [of taking a new photo] can take an hour and several clothing and hairstyle changes. "Amanda says she can't trust me because I like every single photo," her mom says. "She wants everything to look just right."
>
> The social-media star spends about 10 minutes scrolling through options after each shoot, then up to 10 more minutes editing, filtering, and Facetuning the one photo she's decided is perfect enough to post. "Does that sound normal?" she asks.

If a person feels ugly on the inside, nothing on the outside can change that. The fact she has to go through such pains to create a perfect photo means that she knows her Instagram persona is staged, which makes her feel even uglier than if she had not uploaded any photos at all. Even though she has definite natural beauty (would bang), she doesn't believe it herself, and is depending on others to convince her, but she will never be convinced. She will always feel ugly as long as she has the *need* to feel beautiful. A billion followers and a trillion likes won't solve the underlying problem.

She is not that different from a man who must put on a mask to appeal to today's intensely picky woman. A man thinks, usually rightly, "If I act myself, according to what my instinct dictates, this girl will not want a relationship with me. Instead, I have to harness my most attractive traits so that I'm selected for intimacy." But then any intimacy that results won't satisfy him because he knows—like with the Instagram model—that he had to use smoke and mirrors. This is why the best solution to gaining fulfillment from game is to make yourself a more attractive man in a way that is compatible with your personality and nature. When you are attractive, being yourself will work towards attracting women, and you'll be far more satisfied with maintaining any

relationship that results.

> Every time she publishes a photo, nervousness ensues as she awaits likes and comments, which she monitors for about an hour after posting — a habit she knows is self-destructive. “I try not to take the negative comments to heart,” she says, “but people nitpick on certain things, like, ‘Her nose looks weird,’ or, ‘What’s up with her butt?’ and you kind of start to think, ‘Wait, does that look bad there?’ It’s not necessarily the healthiest thing, and I’m still learning to cope with it.”
>
> Even the positive comments can feel backhanded: “I read them and I’m like, ‘That’s great, but it’s about the Instagram Amanda,'” she says. “People don’t know the real me.”

I pity her. She is a slave to digital responses in a virtual reality that is accessed through her smartphone. She is an addict to loveless attention that keeps her in a prison of materially comfortable insecurity. All the money she has made from attention whoring, that allows her to purchase expensive clothing, furniture, and cars, still doesn’t bring her any closer to what she truly needs: the love of one good man. Unfortunately for her, increasing her own status through online fame has made it that much harder to ever conclude that a man is deserving of her love. The same applies to a woman who earns a high income. Any man who makes less than her will be rejected, even though they could’ve been soulmates.

> Despite Lee’s success, her priorities are shifting. “I don’t look down on Instagram modeling, but I’ve done that,” she asserts. “I want to have a little bit more substance than posting sponsored posts for other brands.”

Is the NPC becoming self-aware? Is she understanding that her addiction to attention is no different than substance abuse? Or has she refused to accept any wisdom that has come from her experiences? You be the judge by taking a look at two of her recent photos:

> View this post on Instagram
>
> ??
>
> A post shared by Amanda Lee (@amandaeliselee) on Nov 15, 2018 at 4:18pm PST

> View this post on Instagram
>
> last days of summer @fashionnova

> A post shared by Amanda Lee (@amandaeliselee) on Sep 2, 2018 at 8:28am PDT

She can't quit the validation treadmill. Not only is she still uploading fap-worthy photos, the presence of an email address in her profile indicates she is being contacted by rich men for paid sexual encounters. I'd be surprised if she hasn't given consideration to that sort of arrangement.

> "I really like Tammy Hebrow. Her lifestyle is something to aspire to," she says of the Instagram model with 8.2 million followers, two children, and a Women's Best sponsorship.

She aspires to be this:

> View this post on Instagram
>
> Firebreather ?? @loungeunderwear
>
> A post shared by ??????????????????Tammy ?? (@tammyhembrow) on Sep 21, 2018 at 2:53pm PDT

> View this post on Instagram
>
> Getting so much amazing feedback for my fitness app keep it coming my honeys ! I love hearing what you think & seeing your progress makes me sooo happy. We're continuing to update it & have lots more in store for you ???? – If you haven't checked it out already the link is in my bio ?? – (Also android babies were working on it but it's taking a while to perfect the android version so thank you for being patient !)
>
> A post shared by ??????????????????Tammy ?? (@tammyhembrow) on Sep 17, 2018 at 12:10am PDT

The only role models women have these days are whores or blue-haired pigs. Traditional women and housewives are shunned by the establishment. What else is a woman who is susceptible to mainstream trends to do but chase materialist excess and ego gratification? While a woman like Amanda Lee can show off her body to millions of people on various platforms in what amounts to softcore pornography, writers, thinkers, and dissidents who try to encourage a more traditional organization of society are banned from the very same platforms.

I don't entirely blame the Instagram "models," because they are merely doing what the system encourages them to do (delay or block family formation), but until we can put positive role models in front of them, their destructive behavior will continue. We cannot count on them to police their own excesses. Their brief moments of self-awareness are

not enough to change their behavior. What must be done instead is to construct a society where there is no motivation to take a harmful drug in the first place. Otherwise, nothing will change, and these damaged women will serve as role models for future generations.

Read Next: *All That's Left For Normal Men Are Rotten Women*

I Appeared In Front Of An Amazon Books Store In California

November 28, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

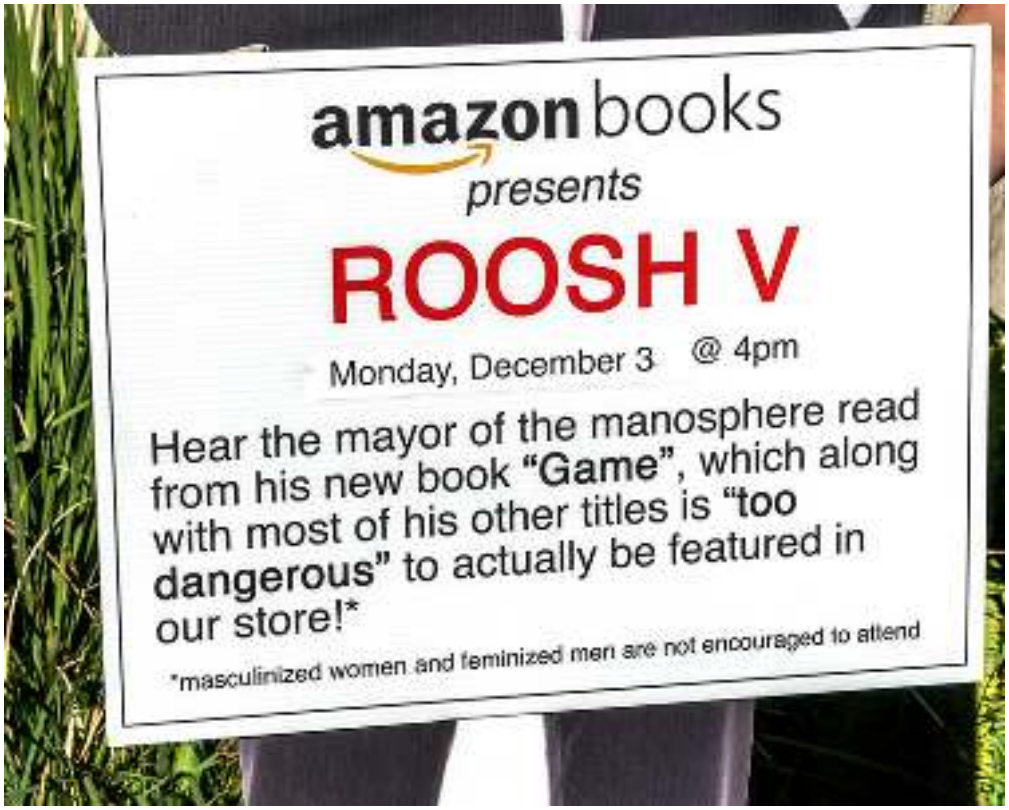
A dissident artist placed a cardboard cutout of me in front of an Amazon Books store to protest their banning of my book Game. (Full disclosure: I did not plan or fund this installation.) Let's take a look at pictures that were originally posted here and here.

In the picture below, the man on the left has the same plaid shirt I have. It's no surprise he's talking to what seems to be an attractive girl…

An Asian man was disappointed that Game was not in stock and left without making an Amazon purchase…

Standard-issue American girl with Starbucks beverage in one hand and iPhone in the other doesn't even notice the handsome man on her left…

A closer look at the sign has an important message on the bottom…



Rotund, bearded man is obviously interested in free speech matters…

On the surface, it may appear that Amazon is a moral company for banning my dating book, but they still sell a host of filthy products that are way more sexual in nature…

And for Christmas, they are recommending you buy hardcore pornography for your dad…

The paperback is now available on fifteen other stores. You can also buy the ebook and audiobook from my store.

Read Next: *How The Media Deplatforms Creators*

Why Men Hate Sluts

November 28, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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The following clip is from Roosh Hour #28.

Watch Next: *Drag Queen Story Time Is A Child Grooming Program*

Roosh Hour #28: Thot Audit

November 30, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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In this stream, I cover the Thot Audit, the Proud Boys, the inversion of the week, Celine Dion's Satanic clothing line for children, and much more.

Listen to it in podcast format or download the MP3:

Subscribe to my Youtube channel or podcast RSS feed to catch future streams.

Previously: *Roosh Hour #27 — Cleansing Fire*

Drag Queen Story Time Is A Child Grooming Program

November 30, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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The following clip is from Roosh Hour #28.

Watch Next: *How Celebrities Shill For The Globalist Agenda*

How Celebrities Shill For The Globalist Agenda

November 30, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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The following clip is from Roosh Hour #28.

Watch Next: *Masculine Men Have No Outlet On The Internet*

What I Learned From Not Having Internet For 30 Days

December 3, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I visited my mom for one month not long after she canceled her internet from lack of use. I decided to see what happens if I not only go without internet, but also without mobile internet on my smartphone. The only internet I had access to during this month were in cafes or other people's homes. Here are some things I learned…

1. It's easy… at first

The first couple of days were a breeze. I'd go to the cafe, complete my work, then read or watch competitive cooking shows on the Food Network (cable TV). But then things came up where I would need immediate answers. How do I get to a friend's house located on the other side of town? How many teaspoons are in a tablespoon? What time does the McDonald's close?

Every day, we use the internet to answer many mundane questions, and it becomes challenging when you can no longer get instant answers. I had to maintain a running "questions" file and then open it when I had internet access.

2. I went from internet snacking to eating meals

When the internet is always on, you tend to graze on it like a cow, even when you're not particularly "hungry." You're able to consume throughout the day because you never fully sate yourself.

Without internet, I'd do the work that had to be done, which usually took two or three hours, consume a bit of entertainment, and then I'd be full—I couldn't sit in front of a screen any longer. Of course I'd get hungry again in a few hours, but I still used far less internet per day than if I snacked.

3. My attention span improved slightly

While I did see an improvement in my attention span, it was by a much smaller amount than I had hoped. Either it would take much longer than a month to heal the damage from decades-long internet use, or there are other contributors that are hurting my focus, such as text messaging, email, or television.

From the way I consume the internet, I believe Twitter is the most responsible for causing my mind to crave constant bits of short-form content. I noticed that going on a Twitter break improves my attention span nearly as much as quitting the internet entirely.

4. I sought more face-to-face interaction with my mom

We underestimate how much of our social interaction needs are met by the internet. Without trying, it’s possible to have a dozen “conversations” on forums and social networking sites before you even leave your house for the day (assuming you leave it at all).

Without internet, I desired to speak to my mom far more than usual. I also engaged in more small talk with various clerks and salespeople. We all have a baseline of how much social interaction we need in a day. For some of us, most of it is fulfilled by the internet.

5. I don’t really need internet at home

It’s definitely convenient to have, but it’s still a want, not a need, and that’s coming from someone who has an internet business. Within a couple of weeks, I adapted to not having it, and if you told me that the situation would permanently remain, I would still find life worth living.

The main downside was not having many entertainment options. I started consuming way more television though the quality of content was quite low and stuffed with advertisements. A possible solution is to download videos for offline viewing. Otherwise, I got bored in the evening when I was done with the day’s tasks and didn’t feel like reading. I even watched a handful of reality television shows, and suffered a temporary IQ drop as a result.

Conclusion

From this experience, I now see the internet as a substance like caffeine, alcohol, or food. If you don’t consciously regulate your consumption, you’ll consume way more than you realize and develop a dependency. You will also take for granted that the internet acts like a stimulant that your mind comes to depend on for endorphin release.

In spite of having this knowledge, I quickly reverted back to my snacking ways of consumption when I returned home to Europe. A supply of unlimited internet creates the demand, so unless you deliberately remove it from your home and phone, it’s inevitable that you’ll remain a grazing internet cow.

Read Next: *The Purity Challenge*

Roosh Hour #29: Men In Female Sports

December 12, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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In this stream, I cover the Australian man who crushes women in sports, an update on the Thot Audit, the depopulation agenda, and much more. It's longer than normal since it's my last stream of the year.

Listen to it in podcast format or download the MP3:

Subscribe to my Youtube channel or podcast RSS feed to catch future streams.

Previously: *Roosh Hour #28 — Thot Audit*

How The “Aliens” Control Humanity Via Depopulation

December 12, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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The following clip is from Roosh Hour #29.

Watch Next: *Elderly Grandma Hoses Down Loitering Thots Without Fear*

Elderly Grandma Hoses Down Loitering Thots Without Fear

December 12, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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The following clip is from Roosh Hour #29.

Watch Next: *How The "Aliens" Control Humanity Via Depopulation*

Winter Hiatus

December 17, 2018 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I'm in the States for one month to spend the holidays with family. There will be no new articles or live streams during that time, but I may post updates on my Instagram.

In the meantime, you can follow Roosh V Forum or catch up on previous Roosh Hours. You can also buy the ebook and audiobook editions of my new book Game. After you read the book, drop me an email (form at bottom of page) and let me know what you think. See you next year!

Don't Miss: *The Inversion Agenda*

Just Bee Yourself Happy Hour In Washington D.C. (January 12, 2019)

January 4, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I'm throwing a happy hour on Saturday, January 12, 2019 in Washington, D.C. from 8 to 11pm. I will be wearing the official shirt of toxic masculinity, the bumblebee rugby, which I bought from H&M. You are encouraged to wear a bumblebee rugby or an equally toxic rugby shirt.

The meetup begins at 8pm at a Starbucks location that will be shared on my Twitter at 7pm on the day of the event (January 12, 2019). Between 8-8:30, I will personally tell you the location of a bar that we will move to at 8:30. **You must arrive at the Starbucks by 8:30 to receive details of the bar venue since it will not be shared online.** If you arrive at the Starbucks at 8:31, and don't see me, you will miss the rest of the happy hour.

Both the Starbucks location and bar will be within walking distance of the Metro Center subway station. If there are unexpected happenings, I will share it on Twitter.

By attending the happy hour, you agree to the following…

Happy Hour Code Of Conduct

1. You attend this happy hour at your own risk. Be aware of your surroundings at all times and only take risks you're comfortable with. *This is currently a Defcock Green event.* I will send out an update if the Defcock level changes. Here are the event

classifications:

> Defcock Green: Protesters or disruptions are not expected.
>
> Defcock Yellow: Moderate media attention but no online organizing spotted. Stay alert at the beginning of the meetup.
>
> Defcock Red: Heavy media coverage. Protesters have been organizing online to shut down the event. Likely police presence. Wear sunglasses to guard against doxing attempts from women with Krusty The Clown hair.

2. Do not bring any legal or illegal weapons, items that could be used as a weapon, or riot gear. This includes (but is not limited to) guns, knives, brass knuckles, shields, helmets, pepper sprays, batons, sharp pens, flashlights, and grenades. If you are assaulted, immediately withdraw to safety and contact the police. If you bring a weapon or use physical violence, you will be asked to leave. Your only "weapon" should be the camera on your phone.

3. This is not a "white nationalist" or "alt right" gathering. People of all races and ethnic backgrounds are encouraged to attend. You will be asked to leave if you bring Nazi paraphernalia, perform Nazi salutes, or engage in any other "false flag" behavior that is meant to make the group look bad.

4. To identify another attendee, use the code phrase: "Do you know where I can find a pet shop?" If you are asked this question, answer exuberantly in the affirmative.

5. Do not take pictures or video of any other attendee without their consent.

6. Do not discuss illegal activities or other criminal acts as if you were a FBI informant. Illegality of any sort will not be tolerated. All attendees must comply with D.C. and Federal laws.

7. Journalists are not allowed to attend, and will be asked to leave if identified.

If you cannot follow the above code of conduct, you are not allowed to attend the happy hour. This event is meant to be a peaceful affair for those who follow me and want to have a friendly conversation about my work, women, or the state of the world. I look forward to seeing you on January 12.

Read Next: *How The FBI Infiltrates Movements*

I Was Fooled By The Promise Of The Internet

January 21, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In 2007, I quit my job as a microbiologist. I wasn't making much money online at that time, but I knew the potential was limitless. I could exercise my free speech by publishing ideas and experiences in articles, videos, and books—and even make a living doing so. Fast forward twelve years, and I see how false that promise turned out to be.

I recently watched a video on internet censorship by David Icke. He shared the facts on the birth of the internet by the Pentagon's technological arm (DARPA) and the tippy-toe steps we've taken to the current wave of deplatforming and censorship that I—and by consequence, you—are being affected by.

Domain registrars promised that I could "own" my little corner of the web with a domain name, and now my domains can be seized by a faceless bureaucracy. Google told me to create the best content I could to be ranked highly in their search engine, but then they manipulated their algorithms to lift dull corporate propaganda above my own. Twitter promised that I could share any thought that came to mind, and after I spent years doing so, they changed their mind and will now ban me if I make fun of an obese feminist. YouTube said I could upload engaging videos that viewers love, and even make money doing so, but then they demonetized most of my videos, put others in "limited state," and banned me from live streaming for three months because I asked if women who wear chokers want to be treated subserviently. Disqus offered me a service to allow the community at Return Of Kings to discuss what was on their mind, but they banned the site because they didn't want us to discuss certain things. Amazon said I could publish books on their platform and even make a living as a writer, but then they banned the paperbook and ebook editions of nine of my books with no explanation why. Paypal said it would be easy to add payment processing to my site, and then later showed how easy it is to ban me for political reasons.

On and on the same story goes: companies seduced me with the promise that I could amplify my voice and connect others to my work, only to silence my voice and disconnect me from an internet that has become integral for not only keeping in touch with others, but also earning a living. I traded a corporate job, one where I could be fired for any reason, to get banned by tech companies for no reason. What a great deal I made!

It's very telling that the crackdown on free speech began after two key events:

- widespread adoption of the smartphone
- natural monopoly status for the likes of Google, Amazon, Facebook, and Paypal

Once most of the world saw the internet as an essential utility, and tech companies dominated their particular sector, they had us by the balls and could exercise their true goal of human control. It turns out that the internet was not given to us by benevolent rulers so that we'd have access to the world's information and become wise—they hooked us on it so that we could be controlled. If you examine the situation from the perspective of me, Alex Jones, Gavin McInnes, or countless others, there is no other possible explanation, and the only argument up for debate is *when* they knew the internet was essential to their goals.

If you dare to publicly share the truth on the internet, they will ban you. If you dare to share the truth at work, they will fire you. If you dare to share the truth in university, you will receive bad grades or face a tribunal led by a panel of lesbianic women. They're all connected, all controlled by the same elites. If you haven't been affected yet, either you have a strong filter, and could have survived during the Soviet Union without being sent to the gulags, or have not yet been heard. When the attack against you does come, you will be struck by how *banal* your thought crime actually was. If you have the predilection for understanding and sharing the truth of your reality, I promise that they will come for you. If not today then tomorrow.

I wish I knew this eleven years ago. I wish I knew about the elites and their agenda, and how even a self-published dating coach of middling influence would fall in their crosshairs, because I feel like a fool for spending so many years building up internet domains and platforms that are scheduled for vaporization, along with much of the internet that I have come to enjoy. All of it has to go, and it will.

I continue to write, but I know that distributing my articles and books will become much more difficult. They will marginalize my already modest reach as much as they can until my work slowly fades into the memory hole. I'm not especially worried about what will happen to my life. Maybe I will buy a few acres of land and LARP as a farmer. On that little plot of earth, the only free speech I will have is when I speak into the sky. Men of the future will not even be able to research what masculinity is or come to understand how their nature is being undermined, and those few men who stick their heads above the poppy will be identified and re-educated. If they refuse re-education like I have, they will be isolated so as not to disturb the seamless programming of the slave class.

What incredible tyranny awaits us! Once artificial intelligence is perfected, and everyone willingly connects their mind to it for the trivial reason of “convenience,” every single bit of information that reaches your senses will be curated propaganda. They will re-define masculinity as homosexuality, sodomy as love, and strength as weakness. Boys who are born in the age of AI will have no chance. Their minds will shut down when you try to discuss any idea that is not approved, and that’s assuming that discussions with non-approved citizens will even be possible.

They will not let us have free speech on the internet. They are removing what they have given us, one step at a time. If you speak the truth, you will be cast out, but there is a variable that their analytic models cannot precisely quantify: what will be the response to oppression from those men who are awake? Will they keep their head down and try to squeeze out any happiness left in the freedom they’re allowed, or will they offer themselves up to be grinded to dust, to fight against what they know is wrong?

Read Next: *How The Media Deplatforms Creators*

Contraception Prevents Love

January 28, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Many people, including myself, have come to the conclusion that there is an agenda to block reproduction. Most phenomenon in modern Western society, such as homosexuality, casual sex, feminism, transgenderism, and divorce laws, among many others, are meant to keep the birth rate below the replacement rate for the simple reason that, in the age of high technology, elites do not need more human beings to maintain control or enhance their power and wealth. One of their most prized methods for achieving this goal is contraception.

Contraception offers both direct and indirect means of reducing births. You're already familiar with the direct methods of birth control pills, condoms, and sterilization surgery. The normalization of birth control in particular is more successful than its original backer, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., could have imagined. Women today see birth control the same as taking a vitamin, and many believe that it is a human right. Any country where birth control is normalized does not have a birth rate that exceeds the replacement rate.

John D. Rockefeller Jr. funded the birth control crusade of Margaret Sanger, who abandoned her polio-inflicted daughter to have a promiscuous lifestyle

The direct effects of contraception show only societal trends that bean counters appreciate, but the indirect effects on the individual are far more damaging. Contraceptives allow virtually risk-free casual sex, an act that used to be the most intimate of intimates, reserved for only a husband or wife. Sex used to be a huge practical and emotional decision, on the level of buying a house. Now, it is more like choosing which restaurant to eat dinner at, but even the latter takes more care as you check reviews and ask around to assess the restaurant's quality. Now, men are ready and able to put their penises in any woman, no reviews needed, and it's even worse that

women have become just like men in having sex for the most fleeting of reasons based on their primal desires.

Before you think I've turned into some kind of sex puritan, it's important to understand that we are all born with a set amount of bonding glue. This glue is required to connect with a member of the opposite sex for love that is practical or romantic for the goal of creating a family. Each episode of casual sex, which contraceptives enable (along with other medical advances like antibiotics that treat sexually transmitted diseases), permanently reduces the amount of bonding glue you possess.

The best way to explain how bonding glue works is to use the old analogy of adhesive tape on a box. When you want to ship a package, you seal it with tape. The recipient can open the package by peeling off the tape, which will retain some stickiness, perhaps enough to ship a new package, but far less than when it was fresh off the roll. If you keep applying and removing tape from a box, it will soon not stick at all. Each time you have casual sex, you're applying tape to a box and then removing it.

Women lose far more bonding glue than men with each sexual encounter. I believe that most women will only retain enough adhesive to sleep with between one to five men in their lives before irreparably damaging their ability to love *any* man. This is why contraceptives are disproportionately targeted to them—if you can get women to have casual sex with only a handful of men, your depopulation agenda will be a guaranteed success.

Men, on the other hand, barely lose any bonding glue with a casual sex encounter. Consider that the deepest I was ever in love was three years ago, well after I achieved a surplus notch count. Before that relationship, I was self-aware enough to slow down fornication when I felt it was beginning to damage me, with sufficient bonding glue

remaining. I've also met many men with notch counts higher than mine who can still bond with women in a reasonably healthy way (as much as modernity allows), but a woman with the same notch count is likely to develop a severe mental illness. Any child she makes will be accidental and raised in a broken home.

I'm not attempting to portray sleeping around as more justified for men than women, because there is nothing noble about pursuing non-reproductive sex, and a man who finds himself doing so is certainly the product of a declining society, but women are far more affected by casual sex than men. This is why the past is full of societies that valued the virginal status of women. Men instinctively knew, even thousands of years ago, that the best chance of creating a successful family is when the woman had all of her bonding glue intact.

The healthiest approach to sex for men is sleeping with women without the option to use contraceptives or other forms of modern medical assistance. If you couldn't use a condom, she couldn't use birth control, there was no option of abortion, and there were no antibiotics to treat the gonorrhea she could give you, would you still sleep with her? If the answer is no then you shouldn't sleep with her, because you will lose bonding glue for a purely hedonistic experience. It's more important for a woman to imagine this scenario than a man, because she can only make a few mistakes before forever saying goodbye to the possibility of love and family. I went on an international bang tour for fifteen years and found love in a hopeless place, but can you imagine a girl doing that? The only thing she'll find is a bottle of wine to chase down her antidepressant pills.

If an invention or cultural phenomenon was widespread by the time you were an adolescent, you are likely to conclude that it's "normal," but universal contraception with surgical backup options is an abnormally new invention. Sleeping with a woman who is

effectively sterilized (perhaps moreso mentally than physically) with practically no risk of physical harm has only been possible for a tiny part of human history, with the result that it has destroyed our ability to love and create families. In the meanwhile, elites at the top laugh at our bonobo-like behavior and the ease at which we can be controlled through our sexual desires.

I realized the dangers of pursuing sex for purely hedonistic purposes while I still have bonding glue left, but for millions of women, it's far too late, and the main thing that makes them women, having children, has been forever taken away from them.

Read Next: *3 Signs You Won't Get Married Before 35*

Roosh Hour #30: Society Is Falling Apart

February 1, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In this stream, I cover the Covington kids, how the media creates witch mobs, the pop culture obsession with big butts, the Gilette propaganda commercial, and a lot more.

Listen to it in podcast format or download the MP3:

Subscribe to my Youtube channel or podcast RSS feed to catch future streams.

Previously: *Roosh Hour #29 — Men In Female Sports*

Female Butt Obsession Is A Gateway To Homosexuality

February 1, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The following clip is from Roosh Hour #30.

Watch Next: *The Communist Struggle Session Has Come To America*

Why Gigantic Butts Are Being Shoved Right Into Your Face

February 1, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The following clip is from Roosh Hour #30.

Watch Next: *Corporations Exist To Enslave You*

When You Have A Good Girlfriend But Want To Bang Sluts

February 4, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Many men have come to me with the same dilemma: they're in a relationship with an ideal girl who would be a great mother but still want to bang other girls. They ask me if they should stay with their current girl or dump her for the purpose of sleeping around.

This scenario usually happens to men in their mid-to-late 20s when, through sheer luck, they met a good girl by happenstance. Problem is that they aren't yet finished with "finding themselves" through the vaginal multitude. They feel like they're missing out on experiences that could be rewarding in their development, or they simply desire to experience a rock-star lifestyle of repeated casual sex encounters, which is blocked by having a dedicated girlfriend you either live with or see many days of the week.

If a man breaks up with his high-quality girlfriend to bang sluts, he will almost certainly lose the girlfriend with no guarantee of meeting another girl of the same quality in the future or one who loves him in the same way, but if he stays with his girlfriend, he will have nagging doubts that prevent him from enjoying the relationship fully. What should such a man do?

Unfortunately, he will lose either way. It doesn't matter what he does—he will be just as dissatisfied as before. The real problem is that he is *divided*. He wants to experience two things at the same time: stability and excitement. This is not possible, because they are opposing qualities. The only solution is to remove the division and either dedicate yourself to pursuing stability *or* excitement.

If you're in your excitement phase, and do not want it to end unless you accomplish whatever arbitrary notch goal you've set for yourself that signifies you've had your fill, do not start a relationship. If one of the girls you bang turns out to be an amazing catch, you will set yourself up for the unsolvable problem.

Things are much easier if you're in relationship mode, because you won't have much interest in bypassing good girls for sluts. You are able to stay content upon meeting the right girl, and won't be tempted enough to leave a girlfriend who you see as a worthy long-term prospect.

All of the men I've met with this problem decided to leave their girlfriend to bang sluts. They've tried to keep the now ex-girlfriend at close distance to resume the relationship once tiring of casual sex. The first problem with this approach is that banging other girls will degrade the emotional bond with your girlfriend. Each new slut you're with will damage the connection by a barely perceptible amount. Secondly, the ex-girlfriend won't wait around forever. The day you leave, she will unknowingly spend an extra two minutes fixing her makeup and hair, subconsciously announcing that she is for "sale" to potential suitors, and if it does seem like she is waiting for you, it's because she hasn't yet met a man with value higher than yours. Either way, the relationship will never again regain its intensity after you've taught her not to trust your love.

I'm lucky that I've never had this problem. When I was banging sluts, all I had eyes for were sluts, and never had to abandon a girl who I thought would make the ideal wife or mother of my children. Since then, I have hit the point of diminishing return with sluts—they now give me as much headache as pleasure, so if I meet a keeper, I will have no problems sternly telling sluts to back off from my penis, removing all consent for a possible casual sex encounter. Other men, however, place a lot of value in promiscuous

sex, especially when they're young and consuming pornographic content online. Their best outcome is to hope they don't meet a good girl in their fun phase, or else they will be presented with a dilemma that has no solution.

Just like how we tell women that they can't have their cake and eat it too by wasting their youth sleeping around only to desire marriage from a good man when they're older, the same applies to men who want to experience both stability and excitement. Either bang sluts or be open to the possibility of love, but you can't have it both ways.

Read Next: *6 Reasons Why I Probably Won't Get Married*

Roosh Hour #31: Five Million Homosexuals

February 8, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In this stream, I talk about viral clip that triggered five million homosexuals, the SPLC's true mission, how women can't handle rejection, the Hollywood actress who brags about her abortion, and a lot more.

Listen to it in podcast format or download the MP3:

Subscribe to my Youtube channel or podcast RSS feed to catch future streams. You can also subscribe to the Roosh Hour Clips channel for highlights.

Previously: *Roosh Hour #30: Society Is Falling Apart*

How A Woman's Career Damages Her Relationships With Men

February 11, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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The following is an excerpt from Book I: You of my new book for women, Lady. It is available in eBook, audiobook, and paperback. ***Click here to learn more.***

As a woman, you need only enough strength and independence to find a man who possesses genuine strength and independence. This means that you should pursue employment that merely allows you to maintain your beauty and ensure you have what you need to survive. Beyond this, you're expending your time and energy on things that won't increase your chances of landing a good man. The more you become caught up in your career, the more you'll convince yourself that it's the most important part of your life. It then becomes inevitable that you will pursue exciting sexual encounters to compensate for your soul-destroying office job while your biological clock steadily ticks away.

Ask any woman whose long-term relationship fell apart around the age of 30 and you'll sense her panic. I had a relationship end when I was 37, and though I was deeply upset, I didn't feel panicked, because my father had his last child when he was in his early fifties. Although not ideal, it's entirely possible for me to take a few years off, start hunting for a wife when I am in my early forties, and start a family *a decade later*. A woman can't do this unless she pays vast sums of money for fertility treatments that are not guaranteed to succeed.

The reason men work is so they are seen as attractive mates. It's not because they love being stuck in an office for forty hours a week—they innately know that women don't want a man who is poor. They work because they *have* to work. On the other hand, women start working at a young age because they are programmed to do so after being sold a false bill of goods that a career will be more fulfilling than having a family. Once your career satisfies all of your basic needs, and you no longer need a man to provide for you, the devil on your shoulders will tell you to seek high-status men. The problem is that many women confuse high-status men with men who don't care about them, which ensures that they will end up in bad relationships that don't lead to marriage.

Having a career enables you to effortlessly feed your devil. If your financial status were much lower, and you genuinely needed a stable man in order to lead a comfortable life, would you pay any attention to a starving artist or musician? Would you be impressed by the “bad boy” drug dealer who you know has a rotation of other women? Would you quickly sleep with the alpha Chad who simply invites you over for sex without putting in any effort? The more stable and successful your career, the more likely you will seek relationships with men who won’t commit to you.

Nice guys are now deliberately acting like jerks, “fuckboys,” and assholes because it’s the best way for them to get laid. I teach men how to simulate alpha-male behavior because women no longer want providers. When a man shows you his business card in the hope of impressing you, he is executing a game that worked for his grandfather in the days when few women worked, but today’s woman doesn’t need a man’s money—she needs a tall man with big muscles and flawless facial aesthetics who makes her feel butterflies in her stomach by paying her backhanded compliments and not showing too much interest.

The more stable and comfortable you are financially, the more you will gravitate towards seeking men who excite you. You must consciously block this pattern of behavior by ignoring your devil’s call to seek an alpha male or “bad boy” who you think has high status. If you don’t, you’re in danger of losing your chance at creating a family.

Another sign that your job isn’t essential for a healthy marriage is to ask what would happen if you lost your job and couldn’t get another one. Would your husband leave you? It’s extremely unlikely. I’ve never heard of a case where a man left his wife because she was unemployed. Now let’s consider the opposite scenario, where a man loses his job and remains unemployed. Will his wife leave him? Not only will she leave him, but we can expect that she will do so within two years.

This shows that men don't value a woman who has a job nearly as much as a woman values a man who has one. If you do find a man who claims that his future wife's employment is important, it's because he has been programmed to believe in the cult of equality and is insufficiently masculine to take pride in being able to take care of his family on his own. It's unlikely that you will be deeply attracted to this type of man, or you won't feel completely confident that he will be able to protect and provide for the family, which increases the likelihood that you will cheat on him.

One great thing about being a woman is that if you find a successful man, you have the option of not working. Men never have this option. Unless a man finds a career that allows him to wake up whenever he wants and set his own schedule (as I can), he will slowly destroy his soul in an office job, where he stares at a computer screen for dozens of hours a week while enduring petty politics, mind-numbing meetings, and extended periods of sitting that slowly degrade his muscles, leading to chronic back and neck pain. His income may be high, and he may be able to afford the best of what a "Made in China" materialist life can offer, but if a man takes materialism too far and does not focus on creating a family, he will resort to over-eating, alcohol abuse, drugs, video games, pornography, meaningless sex, or some other hollow vice. It's not only women who are affected by the ills of modern society.

The bottom line is that you will not find lasting fulfillment through a career. It's a wretched dead end. Many books have been written on how to find happiness by pursuing a career, but that approach leads to failure, and the latest trend of finding a "work-life" balance will also fail, because it's impossible to contort female nature to that of a man's, who, unlike a woman, *must* work in order to signal to his potential wife that he can provide for her. Women who are seeking providers will always appreciate men with a

career, but a man seeking the future mother of his children is far less likely to.

The above excerpt was taken from my new book Lady. It is available in eBook, audiobook, and paperback. ***Click here to learn more.***

Read Next: ***The Bittersweet Life Of Famous Instagram Model Amanda Lee***

If You're Instantly Attracted To A Man, He's Bad For You

February 12, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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The following is an excerpt from Book II: Men of my new book for women, Lady. It is available in eBook, audiobook, and paperback. ***Click here to learn more.***

If you were born in Europe, America, Canada, or Australia, you were raised in an environment that trained you to forsake your angel and feed your devil. Just being able to read English enables me to confirm that treating you badly, or at least showing that I don't care about you, will excite you enough to start giving me the attention I need to fornicate with you. I've done it too many times to count, and have taught tens of thousands of men around the world to do the same.

Even though I've shared a few game tricks with you, you'll still fall for them until you make a conscious effort to starve your devil and stop pursuing the reward of sex with an exciting, high-status man. What you may think of as listening to your instincts is really your devil feeding you harmful instructions. Trusting your instincts when your angel is absent will result in pursuing men who do not commit to you, and this pattern will continue for decades until the type of man you prefer no longer finds you attractive.

The first step to breaking this cycle and making better decisions is to overlay your malformed instincts with logic. With every man you meet, when the time comes to decide whether or not to take the interaction to a more intimate level, ask yourself the following: **"Is this the type of man who will provide and protect?"** If the answer is no, you should not go any further unless you don't mind getting pumped and dumped.

A man who is not ready to provide or protect is feeding his own devil, which means he pursues sex for pleasure, variety, novelty, ego gratification, and excitement, and once

these benefits disappear, which they usually do in a matter of weeks, he will bail on you without feeling any guilt. As I'm sure you already know, you cannot turn a player into a husband by convincing or persuading him to starve his devil. He must make the personal decision to listen to his angel *before* he meets you. This means that what you see is what you get. Apart from some superficial aspects, such as a man's hairstyle or clothing, you will not change the essence of who a man is. If he changes a significant aspect of who he is, it will be because *he* made a conscious decision to change and not because of your influence.

Let's say that you're in a nightclub with your friends for a birthday party. Out of the corner of your eye, you notice a man talking to a beautiful woman who seems to be engaged in the conversation. He is stylish and one of the most attractive men in the room. He eventually walks up to you and introduces himself as Eric.

Eric's conversation is smooth, and next thing you know you're at the bar with him while he orders a drink from a bartender who knows his name. You can't help but giggle at his jokes. He then cuts the conversation short and asks for your number while another beautiful woman seems eager to talk to him. Should you give him your number?

Let's ask our logical question: "Is this the type of man who will provide and protect?" This is an easy no. A man doesn't work on his game and hit the nightlife in order to get married and settle down, especially if he's getting attention from many beautiful women. This man will give you excitement but nothing more, and you won't be able to hold his attention for long even if you're beautiful yourself because commitment with one beautiful girl is not what his devil wants.

Now imagine you're in a crowded café reading a book. An average-looking man who desperately needs a style makeover asks whether he can share your table. As you're getting ready to leave, he asks what kind of book you're reading and if you like it. You notice that perspiration is forming on his forehead. You politely respond to him, and he does his best to maintain the conversation, but there are many awkward silences. He introduces himself as Bobby.

You are not immediately attracted to Bobby, but he seems to be a nice man with some redeeming qualities and a stable job. He finally asks for your number. Should you give it to him? To help you decide, realize that men who are not smooth around women find it very time-consuming and laborious to find just one woman to date. They prefer to focus on work, hobbies, sports, or socializing with friends. Because of this, they will avoid pumping and dumping a girl they're interested in since it takes too much effort to find another girl, causing them to focus more on relationships than casual sex. Therefore, Bobby is a far better candidate than Eric to provide and protect.

On one extreme we have Exciting Eric and on the other we have Boring Bobby. Most of your encounters with men will fall somewhere in between. The problem is that your devil prefers Exciting Eric, who is ideal for one night only. It is likely that there have been many Boring Bobbies in your life who you put in the friend zone for safekeeping until the day when you could no longer get the attention of an Exciting Eric, but the problem with this

strategy is that Boring Bobby will eventually find a girl who recognizes his worth.

You may argue that Bobby doesn't give you "butterflies." There isn't any "chemistry." He doesn't have any "interesting" hobbies. He's not "spontaneous" enough. He lacks "confidence." All these complaints are from your devil, which wants you to find a man who can give you a temporary emotional high. If you insist on chasing emotional highs, it will be impossible for commitment to blossom.

Men will have sex with a girl they don't care about simply to experience an orgasm or two, but they will only commit to a girl they believe has genuine worth. If you've been pumped and dumped, it means you were pursuing men who either weren't looking to provide and protect or who wanted a relationship with a girl whose value was higher than yours. Remember that you want to find a man who sees your value as so high that he thinks he can't get any better. From your devil's perspective, it will be with a man who doesn't seem like the best you can get. In other words, if your devil likes a man, beware! Your devil will always push you towards someone who will not provide and protect for what should be the rest of your life.

The above excerpt was taken from my new book Lady. It is available in eBook, audiobook, and paperback. ***Click here to learn more.***

Read Next: ***How A Woman's Career Damages Her Relationships With Men***

Lady Review: “It’s Absolutely Packed With Good Info”

February 13, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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The following review of Lady was originally posted on Roosh V Forum. It is available in eBook, audiobook, and paperback. ***Click here to learn more.***

I really enjoyed going through Lady, however, it’s a bit hard to review comprehensively because it’s absolutely PACKED with good info. No flattery intended, but there were so many little gems tucked away in here that it would be hard to cover them all. I think Roosh or any copywriter will have a lot of fun writing the bullets for this book, e.g. “The two best ways to boost your attractiveness.”

With that said, I’ll cover a few of the topics and points that stuck out to me:

♦ The book starts out with some ideas about how to be a high value woman and live a respectable and attractive life. As mentioned by other posters before, I really like the “What would your grandmother do?” test. It’s really simple and I think this sets the tone for the book in that the rest of the concepts and ideas are pretty down-to-earth and easy to remember.

♦ One idea that especially stuck with me is that if you don’t ‘feed your devil,’ he will eventually weaken and it’ll be easier to listen to your angel. This concept is applicable to a multitude of bad habits. If we want to break a habit, we can be mindful of its existence and allow the negative feelings to fade instead of making them stronger by giving in to them. Roosh lays out a bunch of negative devil feeding behaviours and traps presented by our modern world. The explanations are clear and have memorable names so it’s easy for readers to recognize when they come up. I think a woman would learn a lot about herself by being exposed to these concepts, and a woman who avoided these traps would be a sweet catch, especially if she was good looking.

♦ Roosh gives some great examples to show that men and women have very different roles and are attracted to very different things. He goes to the extent of pointing out that a man would ultimately kill other human beings to protect his family! This is a message people need to hear because people are often acting like the opposite sex that they are attracted to, and then becoming frustrated and confused when it doesn’t work out. Roosh emphasizes that men provide and protect, while women can be awesome at supporting and nurturing.

♦ Building on this, there are some great points about not going to university. Modern women think everyone should go to college, but few have stopped to weigh the pros and cons. There’s some serious value in this section. Roosh doesn’t completely slam university, but instead suggests having children when you’re at your most fertile, and then if you still want to go to university, there’s plenty of time to do that when you’re in your 40s and your children have grown into adults. This is an alternate angle that puts you way ahead of your peers when it comes to having a family. … Not to mention there’s

a ton of degeneracy that happens in uni.

♦ The university section was immediately applicable to me as, coincidentally, just a few days after reading it I used a bunch of the points there to talk a girl out of blowing $100,000+ USD of her/her parent's money on some stupid art school in California. Considering Roosh shot me this book for free, this is a pretty damn good return on investment (for her, anyway)!!!

♥ Around this point, Lady segues into talking about how to get love and commitment from a good man, how to make it all last in a loving and meaningful relationship, and how to avoid get taken for a ride. Roosh gives some rules that will be extremely effective at screening out players. Like, nuclear effective. I know if I didn't have much interest in a girl beyond sex, I wouldn't put up with the nonsense! This is a very good thing as there are plenty of sluts in the world, and the supply of marriageable women is sorely lacking. I know I'd be ecstatic if the future mother of my children conducted herself this way!

♥ A concept that women really need to understand is that for every 100 men that are interested in you, probably 90 want a one-night or friends with benefits arrangement, only about 7 would like to be in a monogamous relationship, and maybe only 3 actually want to get married with you.

♥ Roosh lays out the big differences in sex vs commitment. I'm sure we've met a lot of women who brag about how they went on a date with this or that rich or famous or athletic guy or had an amazing ex-boyfriend, but in these cases I always think to myself, "Yeah, but where is he now?" A huge source of female pain and unhappiness is trying to lock down someone way out of her league. Props to her for trying, but at least go into it knowing how to act accordingly (which Lady lays out how to do). Most girls are totally clueless.

♥ Somewhere in here was a line that really stuck with me. “Understand that if a man says he’s not ready, what he’s really saying is that he’s not ready for you, EVER, because a man is always ready for his ideal girl, even if sex has yet to take place.” This line startled me because I’ve caught myself saying this to women I don’t see myself having a future with. Roosh, stop giving away our secrets!

♥ A little nugget I like is where Roosh says to try not to view men’s needs as a chore, but, ideally, as something a girl wants to do to express her femininity. I think this is a really useful mindset in that feeling love & taking pride in what you do is only going to make your life easier. Even though it’s idealistic, being happy to please your partner is a much healthier mindset than doing things for them begrudgingly!

♥ There are some smart tips on where to run into successful men who will want to commit to you. It would be pretty pointless to be the ideal girl if no one had the chance to actually meet you! However, this book is actionable steps all the way through.

♥ Lastly, to balance the harsh player-screening rules, Roosh spends a lot of time on how to keep a man interested in ways other than just sex. There’s a lot of great points about the qualities men are looking for that will make or break a relationship. I found myself smiling back on past long-term relationships where my girl did some of these things for me, just as I found myself wishing she hadn’t neglected some of the others. Again, it’s all actionable steps that women can apply right now in their hunt for a husband or to make their current man fall more in love with them.

All in all, I give this book a 9/10 WB (would buy), with the -1 point because any girl who reads this is going to be way harder for anyone to have fast sex with. This is a much needed book as the current culture is absolutely screaming at women to destroy their marriageability. Cheers and I hope to see Lady in the bookstores.

Lady has been released on eBook, audiobook, and paperback. ***Click here to learn more.***

Read Next: *If You’re Instantly Attracted To A Man, He’s Bad For You*

READ NOW: Lady – How To Meet And Keep A Good Man For Love And Marriage

February 14, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Today I'm releasing Lady, a 154-page book that helps women find love, long-term relationships, and marriage in a modern environment where most men seem to only want casual sex. It shares the habits, values, and behaviors of a woman who is most likely to settle down with her ideal man while providing useful tips to reduce the anxiety and stress that are the root causes of wasting time with bad men, alcohol, and consumerism.

Lady is also intended for men who have a sister, girlfriend, wife, or female friend that could use positive guidance when it comes to finding one man to settle down with. The book will allow men to help the important women in their lives from a position of care and understanding.

Lady is divided into three books:

- *Book You* helps you understand the true side of your female nature and why the feminist movement is making it difficult to connect with a man.
- *Book Men* explains what men really want and why most of your relationships seem to go nowhere. It shares advice on how to maximize your value, date successfully, and enter a monogamous relationship with a good man who wants to marry you, even if you're over 30.
- *Book Relationships* describes how to maintain and care for your relationship in a way that encourages a man to marry you.

Lady provides practical knowledge and advice for a woman to identify and attract a good man for a loving relationship without having to sleep around or be needlessly hurt. It will allow her to nurture her feminine side and experience love with a dedicated man who wants to protect and provide for her.

10 key benefits that are inside Lady

1. Why the ideology of feminism has been so effective at hurting women and dividing them from good men.

2. Why so many men do not want more than casual sex with you.

3. An easy shortcut to identifying men who are serious about creating a family.

4. Two reasons why a man decides not to make you his girlfriend.

5. things that a man wants from a woman. The more of these you're able to provide, the more likely a man will be eager to marry you.

6. Two changes you need to make to drastically improve your beauty, and details on exactly how to achieve them. Many women focus on the little things, but it's these two big areas that will cause men to see you the most favorably.

7. The number one mistake women make that causes men not to invest in them.

8. Dating has an atrocious failure rate when it comes to finding long-term partners, but I share my dating strategy to minimize getting sexually used before connecting with a worthy man.

9. Two pieces of advice if you're over 30 and feel like you're running out of time.

10. Two common ways that a long-term relationship fails, and how to bounce back from one to meet a man before time runs out.

Order the ebook, audiobook, or paperback today

You can order Lady from my web store using a credit card or cryptocurrency.

The instantly downloadable ebook edition costs only $9.99 $7.99 during launch week and contains unrestricted PDF, EPUB, and Kindle (MOBI) files that can be viewed on unlimited devices. After submitting your payment, you'll be immediately forwarded to the book's download page…

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To celebrate this release, I'm also offering 40% discounts on two of my memoirs, A Dead Bat In Paraguay and Free Speech Isn't Free.

Order before February 21 to take advantage of all launch-week discounts.

Leave a comment below if you have a pre-sale question or contact me directly if you need help with your order. Since Lady is the first book I'm writing for women, I'm especially eager for reader comments. Many people will be surprised that a man who has been wrongly called a "misogynist" and "pro-rape guru" has perhaps the best relationship advice for women today.

Thank you for supporting my work!

Roosh Hour #32: Little Benis Emoticon

February 16, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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In this stream, I talk about the new emoticon that shames men with small penises, how the boy scouts have started excluding boys, the globohomo push to whore out Iranian woman, the agenda behind Superbowl LII's commercials, and a lot more.

Listen to it in podcast format or download the MP3:

Subscribe to my Youtube channel or podcast RSS feed to catch future streams. You can also subscribe to the Roosh Hour Clips channel for highlights.

Previously: *Roosh Hour #31: Five Million Homosexuals*

Not Every Woman Wants To Use Men For Attention Or Sleep Around

February 18, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Here's a video that explains four ways my new book Lady helps women who don't want to participate in hooking up or endless dating…

If you haven't bought your copy yet, I have some combo specials that are discounted until Thursday. You can order the eBook, audiobook, and paperback of Lady directly from my web store.

The instantly downloadable ebook edition costs only $9.99 $7.99 during launch week and contains unrestricted PDF, EPUB, and Kindle (MOBI) files that can be viewed on unlimited devices. After submitting your payment, you'll be immediately forwarded to the book's download page…

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Thank you if you already bought it!

Read Next: *READ NOW: Lady – How To Meet And Keep A Good Man For Love And Marriage*

LAST CHANCE! Today Is The Final Day For Discount Prices On Lady

February 20, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The discounts have ended but Lady is still available at competitive pricing in eBook, audiobook, and paperback formats.

Lady gives women pink pills that help them connect with masculine men

Here's a review I received from a woman in the UK...

> Out of the 20+ books on dating and relationships I have read over the last two years, 'Lady' is the only one that identifies the reason for my tragic love life. My mistake having been to regard only high status men as worthy of my love. And not simply high status men, I'm talking about the highest I could find in any given environment. For as long as I can remember, this has been my pattern; from the most popular boy in high school to the man who lived in the tallest building in the world and drove a Porsche. I just didn't get it that these men had a higher value than me and therefore didn't want a relationship with me. Nobody told me. Thankfully, Roosh has cogently knocked some sense into me at last.
>
> As a love and relationship guide, Lady is primarily addressing women in their early twenties so that they may develop the behaviour and values necessary to

> find a good man whom they can marry before their value declines. Most women in that demographic probably won't be able to hear Roosh's message, which is a pity because it could help them avoid much misery and heartache. I'm a 33 year old cat lady, therefore Roosh's advice comes far too late for me in many key respects, e.g. choosing not going to university. Even so, 'Lady' provides me with plenty of practical advice to navigate the confusing process of dating in our decayed culture.
>
> Due to Roosh's sometimes brutally harsh (but not undeserved) criticisms of women in his YouTube videos, I had to take a deep breath before reading Lady because I thought I was going to be in for a rough ride. What I found instead was proactive compassion for women due to the damage feminism has inflicted on them. Surprisingly, even a few demonstrations of his romantic tenderness seeped out when he evokes the simple pleasures of being in a relationship.
>
> Roosh is known to be the internet's biggest misogynist, but in my view, he's the internet's most misunderstood teacher on modern culture. Talking about the biological differences between men and women and how it effects their social roles, behaviour and needs is anathema to the global homo paradigm we live in. They try to suppress his voice because his insights about our true natures makes cracks their unnatural and subversive programming so that light may flow in.
>
> The first section of Lady was a triggering read for me because it refreshed what a dire state things are in, not only for me as a conservative woman seeking a relationship and family, but for our a broken and fractured culture in general. Later on in the book, I regained hope in my situation. I even learned that I have been on the right track for the last few years in most respects regarding my present day behaviour and the values. Like Roosh says, I only need to meet one good man. Now I know the way.
>
> I recommend this book to any women who has been disappointed in love.

Lady is intended for traditionally-minded women who are living in the Western world. That audience may be very small, but their problem of finding a good man for marriage without endless dating is considerable. My advice helps them connect with a man while minimizing dating failures. It also helps men who want to better relate to feminine women.

Order Lady today in eBook, audiobook, or paperback

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Thank you if you've already bought Lady. Drop me an email at when you're done with the book to let know what you think.

Roosh Hour #33: Destruction Of Women

February 23, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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In this stream, I talk about how women are being destroyed, the scam behind female "empowerment," the failure of women in masculine jobs, and a lot more.

Listen to it in podcast format or download the MP3:

Here's a highlight from my previous stream:

Subscribe to my Youtube channel or podcast RSS feed to catch future streams. You can also subscribe to the Roosh Hour Clips channel for stream highlights.

Previously: *Roosh Hour #32: Little Benis Emoticon*

Women Can’t Handle Masculine Jobs

February 23, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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The following clip is from Roosh Hour #33.

Watch Next: *Birth Control Causes Women To Become Autistic*

Get Away From Me

February 25, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I remember the same spot from last year, a short breakwall that protects the small marina. Benches were placed along its length every twenty feet, providing just enough privacy from your neighbors.

I walked to the last bench and sat down. It was peaceful. I watched the small waves break against the rocks and wondered where was the family of friendly cats I saw around here last year. I suppose they moved on.

It was nighttime. In the distance to my left were hotel lights. In front of me was infinite darkness. I closed my eyes to listen to the notes of the light breeze. Heaven under heaven. I breathed slowly.

Then I hear female voices on the walkway. A group of young women pass me, cackling in Russian. I already took the last bench; where will they go? They decide to sit on the rocks, not far from me. They're laughing, enjoying their friendship. I don't own the breakwall. I will share this slice of heaven with them. Maybe their laughter will infect me, and I will laugh too.

What's that noise? I hear music coming from the speaker of a cheap phone. A Russian rap song. The girls are bobbing their heads, loudly rapping along. Why are they ruining it? Maybe a thought was about to enter their heads, one of the infinite darkness, of the notes of the light breeze, and that was too much for them. They blocked out my tranquility with violent noise. They canceled heaven under heaven.

I had been trying in vain to find silence. The beaches were too crowded with tourists. There were too many Bluetooth portable speakers with extra bass boost. There were too many friends and families talking in languages both beautiful and stringent. I won't find

peace here.

But wait, my hotel room! With windows closed, barely a sound can enter. The sun has drawn out thousands to the beaches, but in my room there is nothing to hear, and nothing to look at. Peace at last.

Read Next: *The Ball On The String*

Roosh Hour #34: “Man Up”

March 2, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In this stream, I talk about how women are telling men to man up, the normalization of cuckoldry, the subversive lyrics in pop music, how the globohomo meme is becoming reality, and a lot more.

Listen to it in podcast format or download the MP3:

Here’s a highlight from a previous stream:

Subscribe to my Youtube channel or podcast RSS feed to catch future streams. You can also subscribe to the Roosh Hour Clips channel for stream highlights.

Previously: *Roosh Hour #33: Destruction Of Women*

Women Only Want Praise And Adoration Online

March 2, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The following clip is from Roosh Hour #34.

Watch Next: *How Cuckoldry Propaganda Is Delivered To Intelligent Women*

Your Game Situation Is Not Special

March 4, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I receive many messages from men asking me if they can still use game in spite of their *very serious* flaws or *very impossible* logistical situations, when in fact they are an exceedingly typical case that game was developed for.

> Roosh, I have autism, will game still work for me? Roosh, I'm 55 years old. Roosh, I live with my parents. Roosh, I live in small town. Roosh, I'm only 5'5″... I have an abnormally large nose... I have a big pimple on my back... I have a high-pitched voice... I have a crooked benis.

I've read dozens of excuses from men around the world, and they all boil down to the following: "I'm an imperfect human being like anyone else. Will game still work?"

Game is a tool that will raise your existing station if you implement a program that improves your value and increases your access to women. While some men get more mileage than others, game brings you closer to whatever sexual or relationship goals you have. This outcome of improvement is as dependent on the mental and physical effort you put into it as your existing value. Men who ask if game can work are falling short in understanding game as a tool, and usually have not even attempted more than a handful of approaches. There is no way you confirm that game will help you until you dive in.

No man asks if going to the gym will work, because there is a direct relationship between gym effort and an increase in muscle size. You can even feel the soreness a day after you work out—proof that it's working. Game is different in that the favorable result you seek comes randomly and often after a long delay of implementation. I first started using game as a socially awkward 21-year-old with zero dating experience. It took me about ten months to get my first bang. I had many intermediary successes during those ten months, but if I gave up beforehand, I would have concluded that game doesn't work and thrown away one of the most useful tools available to a man today.

It’s also important to understand that game was originally developed by nerdy men who had trouble meeting women through the more traditional means of social circle, often due to their personality and social flaws that often stemmed from a lack of confidence. In other words, game teachings already assume you have flaws and compensates for them by increasing your value in other ways.

In the end, there’s no man who is not helped or enlightened by game, even if that game means getting on an airplane to Thailand and renting a nice apartment in the center of a city. The doors it has opened for me, in terms of pursuing fitness, receiving physical pleasure, experiencing modern simulations of love, and understanding the truth of hedonism, women, and society has made it the most important discovery of my life, and now in today’s extremely difficult dating environment, it has become more of a necessity than a mere curious hobby.

I released my final game book, Game, in September 2018. It helps men implement game in the most healthy way possible. Click here to learn more.

Read Next: *What Is Game?*

3 Lessons From The Confrontation Between Burt Reynolds And Marc Summers

March 11, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

On October 17, 1994, Burt Reynolds and Marc Summers appeared on The Tonight Show with Jay Leno. They proceeded to have an altercation that turned out to be a case study of what happens when a man is confronted by another who is more alpha. I recommend you watch the below video first, read my analysis, and then re-watch it to catch anything you missed.

Analysis of the confrontation

Burt came on as the first guest to promote his new book. After his interview with Leno, Marc was announced as the second guest. Marc glided through the stage with spirited confidence. He shook Leno's hand and then made a noticeable swallow when he shook Burt's. Already, there is fear, which was reportedly due to the fact that Marc had previously made jokes about Burt's divorce habit. I suspect that Marc did not plan on ever seeing Burt in such close quarters.

As the interview with Leno begins, Marc contorts his body away from Burt's, as if hoping he will somehow disappear. He also crosses his legs, which is usually the body's way of seeking comfort. Burt then makes some kind of noise or movement at 1:13 that catches Marc's attention. He looks over to see what is going on. Burt takes that as an opportunity to insert himself into the conversation.

Marc re-adjusts his body language to accommodate Burt, but quickly goes back to facing Leno with legs crossed in the hope that Burt doesn't interrupt again. That hope is dashed. Burt interrupts Marc to criticize his distant body language. Marc immediately adjusts his body to please Burt and his dominant frame. Marc then obediently answers two of Burt's questions before catching his own subservience. He feels inferior and attempts to re-assert dominance by patting Burt on the back while making a joke about the fact that Burt is going through a divorce.

Burt does not submit to Marc's frame by responding with a verbal insult of his own. Instead, he escalates the situation by dumping a mug of water onto Marc's lap. Marc is shocked yet tries to laugh it off, and then attempts to splash Burt with a mug of water, but Burt is too quick and blocks the incoming attack, causing both the mug and water to impact Marc's face. There is a flash at 1:54 where you can see Marc expressing genuine fear. He quickly recomposes himself and tries to show apathy by smiling while Burt continues to sit stone-faced as if nothing abnormal is going on.

Shock and fear on Marc Summers' face

Burt then leans over and makes a threatening gesture with his hands. Marc shows a sign of submission by separating his hands instead of adopting a defensive posture. It has gone too far for him. Judging by his stunned reaction and high-pitched nervous laughter, I wouldn't be surprised if this was the most violent encounter that he had ever experienced in his life.

At 2:18, Marc reaches for another mug but stops himself upon realizing that Burt will likely retaliate. He gets tongue-tied, repeatedly saying "you know" until finally getting his sentence out. Burt remains calm. Not yet done with his fun, Burt pats Marc on the hand to display dominance. Without looking back at Burt, Marc says "Don't touch me" in a serious tone. Perhaps realizing he has gone too far, Burt says he's "Sorry." Marc takes advantage of the apology by facing Burt and asking him a question to control the frame. Burt does not take the bait.

Burt soaks in the absurdity of the situation by reclining far back on his seat and laughing. Marc takes the opportunity to splash Burt with a third mug of water (3:04). Marc then immediately turns his back on Burt, as if he wanted to run away. Burt does not physically escalate, but jokes that he slept with Marc's wife. Marc's response to being called a cuckold was to appeal to Burt's kindness. It doesn't work, and then Marc insults Burt and his inability to get regular work.

Burt gave Marc an opportunity to retaliate

To capitalize on the drama, the show's producers set up a cream pie duel. The two men start with their backs to each other. Leno begins the count to three. Burt, ever the scoundrel, launches his pie at the count of 2.5 with great force, landing a direct hit on Marc's face. The impact was so strong that Marc took several pitty-pat steps backwards out of fear that additional blows would rain down upon him. Burt gets weakly hit by Marc's pie at a glancing angle and responds with a devilish smirk.

Marc is dissatisfied with the duel and considers launching a sneak attack from behind, but again, fear causes him to hesitate. He almost slips on the floor. It's clear that Marc senses he has been disproportionately attacked. He strains for ways to get even.

Burt, feeling his opponent's humiliation, extends a sign of submission by hugging Marc, which is quickly accepted. Marc then experiences a surge of confidence and accepts another cream pie that was handed to him, but hesitates at the crucial moment.

The mood becomes more light-hearted as Burt helps clean Marc off, but he can't resist giving one final display of dominance by pulling Marc towards him from behind (6:33). Marc appears happy that the embarrassment is over.

Burt shows dominance by thrusting Marc from behind

Three lessons we can learn from Burt and Marc's confrontation

1. Confidence can only be faked until the unexpected happens

Marc, a veteran television personality, seemed confident and polished when his name was first announced. He was displaying a fake, learned confidence, something he is able to turn on when a camera is pointed at him, but as soon as he encountered a novel situation that diverged from his previous experiences, he reacted in a way that reflected his baseline levels of fear, anxiety, and submissiveness.

Burt also responded emotionally, as his water toss was clearly spur-of-the-moment. While both men are famous in their own right, one possessed a higher level of natural confidence that allowed him to dominate another man in a spontaneous encounter that neither of them had prepared for. By not submitting to the frame of a clearly more dominant man, Marc lost the battle and had to endure public humiliation.

2. If you give your enemy an inch, he will take a mile

The wolf on the right does not intend to put up a fight

The only three instances that Marc felt a surge of confidence was when Burt showed submission signs by apologizing, lowering his physical defenses by reclining on the couch, and offering a hug. Each time, Marc used the submission signal to retaliate. Luckily for Burt, Marc was too beta to successfully complete his counter-attacks.

Paradoxically, Burt's signs of submission actually made him appear more human. Going for the jugular on national television, which he could have easily done, may have led to a public relations nightmare. Either Burt stopped short to not be perceived as a bully, or he is not the ultimate alpha, and could be defeated in a battle with a man who would not so easily show submission signals.

While Burt's submissions played well on television since the scorecard was so heavily tilted in his favor, real-life encounters must be approached more cold-heartedly. If you don't completely destroy or incapacitate your enemy, you merely give him an opening to take you down. It's not wise to enter any confrontation unless you're prepared to go all the way.

3. Don't assume someone with more status (money, fame, women, etc.) is more alpha than you.

Even though Burt was the first guest on the show, he wasn't doing well at the time. He just lost the love of his life, was having money problems, and as Marc implied, was having trouble getting movie roles. Objectively, Marc was doing better, but material success only weakly correlates to male dominance. In fact, it could be the case that the more financially successful a man is, the more likely he had to submit to other more powerful men in order to achieve his station. This becomes quite literal in the sexual sense with Hollywood actors, who agree to be sodomized for a chance at fame.

You can’t buy or win your way into alpha. Famous beta males like Jeff Bezos, Elon Musk, Anthony Bourdain, and Aziz Ansari clearly show that. Assuming you are not born alpha, which most men aren’t, you can achieve it only by unlocking it internally through your belief system and mental framework. Until you understand yourself, face your fears, and neutralize your anxieties, you won’t be able to properly size up or face your enemies.

Conclusion

Who’s the boss?

This encounter is a microcosm of how men of different power levels interact in day-to-day life. While most interactions don’t involve mugs of water or cream pies, a careful observer can pick out dozens of signs of submission and dominance in the most banal of conversations between men. It’s rather easy to appear dominant in calm and predictable scenarios, but when things get raw and spontaneous, like it did for Marc Summers and Burt Reynolds, the only strength that gets displayed is what’s already within you.

Read Next: *“My Way” Is The Most Masculine Song Ever Created*

The Rejection Of Natural Life

March 18, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

On the surface, it seems that living in a city is far easier than living close to nature. Proof of this is the nonstop migration of people from rural areas to urban ones. But aren't we natural beings? Why does life seem to get easier the further from nature we go?

For the past decade, I've told myself that I will one day move to a farm and humbly tend to basic crops and chickens. I'll cut my own wood and repair things with my own hands instead of calling a repairman. I'll wake up at the crack of dawn and put in a full day of physical labor. Deep down, I know this will never happen. The older I get, the more I crave comfort, and working on a farm is anything but comfort.

I meet many people in Eastern Europe who grew up on farms. They tell me in detail how farm work is hard and grueling, and how they are obligated to work according to the season, regardless of their mood. Their body aches and moans, never able to feel fully rested. If anyone in a European village gets the opportunity to move to the big city, they take it nearly 100% of the time. The people who stay behind are often seen as not industrious enough to escape.

With my farm dream deferred, I can't help but ask why we were created to run away from what is most natural. Shouldn't we love coating our hands in the earth and watching the fruits of our labor rise from the ground? Shouldn't we appreciate the sun and the rain, and celebrate the coming of a new season with a similar level of excitement to how we celebrate our own birthdays with a shot of alcohol in a city bar? Instead, we dive headfirst into the urban simulation. We go through years of educational training to prepare us for sitting at work, sitting in cafes, sitting at home in front of unlimited entertainment

options. We spend most of our waking lives staring at electronic gizmos or listening to music that sounds like it was made by an electronic gizmo.

Everyone craves the urban lifestyle, yet who is truly happy with it? You are desirous of more entertainment, more fun, more fornication, and more money. You require ever escalating doses of novelty and drugs. You require more attention and more validation. You require achievement systems and self-improvement programs to change yourself into something else, because you want to be like the man who has all the women and status, or you want to be like the woman who has hundreds of horny followers online. You're never satisfied with who you are. We live in the city, and we are miserable. Our bodies are rested, but our minds suffer.

Then you go into the village, and meet an uneducated farmhand. His body is tired. He daydreams of relaxation. He has been drinking for much of the evening to help relieve the stress of physical labor and monotonous work. And yet his mind is clear. He has accepted his fate, and assuming he has not lived in the big city to enjoy its pleasures, and assuming he does not have the latest iPhone, he doesn't know what he's missing. His village is his entire world, and all he can think of is where he can lay down and doze off until the sun rises again, all without Ambien or "sleep hygiene" protocols that urban zombies need, only to sip on sugary caffeine drinks throughout the next day. The villager's body suffers, but his mind does not, and if it ever does, it's nothing that a few beers can't resolve. His mind empties without the need for clubbing, Instagraming, or visiting the hottest new restaurant in town to feel like a human being.

When man moved from the village to the city, he traded bodily suffering for mental suffering, yet the sum of his suffering remained the same. If anything, he has chosen a new kind of suffering that is much harder to solve. It robs him of his sleep, blocks his ability to connect with the opposite sex, and silences the sound of the river. He believes he made a good deal as he sits in his air-conditioned office, but he's sitting in an air-conditioned office, wondering how he will get his next hit of external stimulation and

pleasure. Year by year, he is gradually taken away from anything resembling a natural life, trading it for one of excess, anxiety, and neverending cycles of self-help.

I punched through the urban life and see nothing on the other side. Ways to make it “better” or more “successful” only lead to more mental suffering, and yet I’m not exactly straining to move to the village, one that I’ve never lived in. While my mind is tough, my body is not. A lifetime of doing workouts in the gym, where I barely broke a sweat, has not prepared for me for life on the farm, and I doubt I’d make it even a month. I know that the sum of my suffering will not change if I move to the village, so I will stick with what I know, and tonight when I lay myself to sleep, after I put on my night mask and turn on my white noise machine, I hope that I won’t toss and turn too much.

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Eulogy

March 25, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The following is an adaptation of the eulogy I gave at my sister's funeral service. She died of cancer in March 2018.

She was my only sister, born seven years after me. I never imagined I would have to one day stand here and give her eulogy. A few days before she died, I told her that *she* has to get better to one day take care of me, and that I would get sick on purpose and even make her wipe my butt. She would usually laugh when I made a joke like that, but now she could barely manage a smile. The morphine and fentanyl were taking away her mind. She was no longer herself.

You may be in a state of shock as to what happened because she probably seemed normal to you when you last saw her. I want to be honest and explain what the cancer did to her.

She was diagnosed with stage 2b triple negative breast cancer in October of 2015. Stage two means that cancer cells escaped from the site of the initial tumor and made their way into nearby lymph nodes. I live in Europe, so after she was diagnosed, I came back to help her with treatment. I was with her for most of everything the doctors advised: chemotherapy, surgery, and radiation. I did my own research and verified that she was getting the best treatment that modern medicine allowed. She was going to get better. The cancer would go away.

Chemotherapy was the hardest for her. Imagine a volcano that activates deep within your body but refuses to erupt through the surface. It caused far more pain than the tumor itself. There was no shortage of cheerleaders in the doctors' offices and the support groups that told her to be strong and never give up. This was only temporary, they said, a mere speed bump of what would be a long and fulfilling life. She took it to heart and endured months of medical torture, more than I believe I could handle myself.

Once her treatments were done, I went back to Europe and believed she would go back to living as she had before, but one thing they don't tell you about cancer is the terrible, constant anxiety you face while in remission. A random headache was brain cancer. A stomach cramp was cancer of the gut. Fatigue was blood cancer. Her doctors wanted to put her on anti-anxiety medicine, because any problem to them can be hammered away with drugs or surgery, but instead I talked her down from many of the panic attacks she experienced, all of which I was sure were false alarms.

During these panic attacks, I was careful to not say that the cancer didn't return, because how could I know for sure? So many people told her she'd be okay, and the cancer would never come back, but how could they know? They were just saying words, building her up as a "cancer survivor," but cancer always comes back, and in her case, I don't think it ever left her.

In January of this year (2018), she contracted the flu. The flu turned into bronchitis. Then

it turned into bilateral pneumonia. They say that on an x-ray lung cancer and pneumonia look the same, so one month was lost pumping her with antibiotics when the symptoms were caused by cancer cells that relocated from her breast to her lung. I was walking to my favorite French café on a Saturday evening when I got a call from her. The results of her lung biopsy came in.

“It’s cancer,” she said.

“Are you joking?” I replied, not wanting to believe her.

“No.”

We cried together. I told her that I’d be with her to fight this just like before, and she wouldn’t be alone. I booked a flight that night. Four days later I was back home. She was already on round-the-clock oxygen, fed through a nasal prong. Her coughing was continuous. She couldn’t lay on her back or else she would feel shortness of breath. She didn’t sleep for more than three hours a night. I knew she was experiencing bad lung symptoms for the previous six weeks or so, but when I saw how bad she was, I couldn’t believe it. I just saw her a couple of months ago, and she was fine.

The worst was the pain in her chest. She said it felt like a tight squeezing, as if her heart was about to stop. One night, we swapped out her oxycontin for another pain medicine that we were told could manage her pain better, but it didn’t work. She howled for hours until it was safe enough to resume the oxycontin again. My little sister was suffering, and all I could do was watch.

We received a new treatment plan from the doctors: eighteen weeks of chemotherapy and three weeks of radiation. Both were to start at the same time. I liked the plan because it was aggressive. We were going to go after this cancer and put it on the defense, but I couldn’t help but notice the word “palliative” on the medical consent forms she signed. I knew it was a form of care that aims for comfort instead of a cure.

Nonetheless, I wasn’t discouraged. There were many stories of people with advanced cancer who survived many years, and not once in her dozens of doctor appointments did I hear the words “death” or “dying.” Everyone knows that we all die, and you know that one day you will die, but we don’t really believe it. Death is something that happens to other people, not us, and not to your kid sister.

Her condition declined so steadily that every day I came to expect a new function or ability that she would lose. I bought a wheelchair because it became too difficult for her to walk, and being her annoying older brother, I wheeled her at a fast speed to give her an adrenaline rush. One time I tried to wheel her over grass, but we got stuck and I accidentally dumped her on the ground. She forgave me, which was easy to do because I tormented her much worse when she was younger and I used to rip off the heads of her Barbie dolls for fun.

She completed her first few days of treatment and then Friday came. She had serious difficulty making it to the car for the trip to the doctor’s office. She saw black in her vision and had to pause for minutes when performing the most basic of movements that I take for granted every day. I was still determined to complete the last radiation session of the

week because I knew that without treatment, she wouldn't make it, and I didn't want her to die.

I pushed her to try just a little harder, and we made it to the doctor's office half an hour late. She somehow managed to hold her failing body in the machine to get zapped with radiation. Then she looked at me and told me she was done. She couldn't make it home. I called 911. While waiting for the ambulance, I called my mom to tell her what was happening, but I was so choked up that no words came out. I had to compose myself and call her again. The ambulance took her to the hospital and she was admitted to the intensive care unit.

Her decline continued in the hospital. The doctors pumped her with so many drugs that I joked with her that she was officially a medical experiment, and that when she got better, she'd appear in all the top medical journals. In addition to the oxycontin she was on, the doctors gave her a patch of fentanyl, a drug so powerful that children have died playing with their parents' used patches. That wasn't enough to relieve her pain, so they also put her on a continuous morphine drip.

Her physical pain faded, but at the cost of impairing her mind. She became confused and shared random memories from years ago, but even in this condition, no doctor told us that she was dying. I even used the medical word for dying, "terminal," to ask the lead doctor if she was indeed dying. He told me that she was "getting to" the terminal phase. I had to read between the lines to know what was going on.

The biggest hint I received was when one doctor showed me side-by-side CT scans of her lungs spaced one month apart. Last month, there were little white specks, but now her lungs looked like Swiss cheese. Part of her left lung collapsed. If those were the scans of any other woman, I'd think she was in dire straits, but this was my sister. I didn't want to accept that she was dying as much as it was staring me in the face. The doctor said, "We don't usually treat a patient with cancer this extensive." I told my mother and father, and we began to prepare for her death in our own ways.

They actually gave her a round of chemotherapy while she was in the hospital. "Our goal is to get her home," the oncologist said. My dad and I were desperate to try it, thinking that it could help, but chemo takes weeks to begin working. My mother, who has watched her stepmother and sister die of cancer, was more realistic. She prayed for an end to her daughter's suffering.

She soon needed a mask that delivered 100% pure oxygen. If I were to put that mask on you, you'd pass out quickly, but even with it on, she complained that she felt like she was suffocating. I couldn't imagine the agony she was going through, and although she had no shortage of people by her side, she was dying alone, experiencing it alone. She grabbed my arm and said, "Brother, I'm scared!" I replied instinctively, "Don't be scared," but I was scared too. At that moment I would have done anything to trade places with her, to exchange my healthy body for hers, to die so that she can live. I would have made a deal with the devil if he presented himself before me, but there was no deal to be made as I helplessly watched her approach the abyss.

I couldn’t handle what was happening. Nothing in my life prepared me for this. I snuck in a bottle of scotch to the hospital and started drinking in the nearby family room. I’d sit by her bedside, break down while holding her hand, then go back in the room and drink some more. If she opened her eyes while I was beside her, I’d wipe my face and pretend everything was okay, but she wasn’t fooled, and asked me why I was crying. I kept drinking until the hospital ceiling started to spin. I passed out and my mother put a blanket over me.

The next day, the doctor said, “If she becomes unresponsive, she will likely pass in 24 hours.” I drove home to shower and get a few days’ worth of clothes. On the way back, my mom called me and said “Hurry up” before hanging up the phone. I gripped the steering wheel tight and yelled so loud, in a way that I never have before, that it didn’t at all sound like me.

I arrived at her hospital room. My mother and father were by her bedside. The pulse and blood oxygen readings on the monitor were now replaced with the word “Comfort.” She was unconscious and taking her last breaths. I could hear fluid in her lungs. I paced the room back and forth, repeating “I don’t believe it” while shaking my head. I wanted to grab the television that was hanging on the wall and throw it through the window. I wanted to destroy everything in sight. I wanted to kill myself.

I calmed down long enough to sit by her. I held her and told her that I loved her and will always love her, and that I was sorry this happened to her, and that it was okay for her to go now because it would end her suffering. The space between her breaths got longer and longer. Her limbs turned a faint purple and then her face. My beautiful sister, the most important person in my life, took her last breath. Minutes later, I swear that I could see her chest rising up and down, because there was no other way that I could see my sister other than alive, but she was gone.

I know I’m supposed to stand up here and say she didn’t suffer. I’m supposed to say that she died in peace. But that wouldn’t be the truth. She was in tremendous physical pain

that had to be managed with the most powerful drugs made by man, and because the end came so unexpectantly, even for someone with cancer, she was not able to make sense of her dying.

She still had a lot of living to do, a lot of places to see, so she felt robbed that the end came so early. If you put a gun to my head right now, I'd ask you to get on with it and pull the trigger, since I've done everything I set out to do, but that wasn't the case for her, and if there is anything that proves to me that life is inherently unfair, her death is it.

I wish they told us. I wish the doctors said she was dying. At least we would have spent the energy of her last days and months in a different way than fighting a futile battle to keep her alive at such a high physical and emotional cost, of repeatedly having hope after hope crushed as the cancer spread on its own schedule, regardless of what we threw at it. The doctors orchestrated a great charade that only added to her suffering.

I have to say that her death made me feel like a fool. For years I've been chasing women, fame, and novelty, thinking that those things would make me happy or somehow complete me when the one thing that could make me happy was so close the entire time. Instead I went to faraway lands, as far as I could, to pursue exotic pleasures and entertainment. They were fun at the time because my family was healthy, my sister was healthy, and I was healthy, but now that all seems so meaningless. I don't even want to remember those experiences. The only thing I'm scared of is that in a few months, once the pain of her death subsides, I'll go right back to doing all that, because I don't know what else my life is for.

A few days before she died, the palliative nurse came by and gave us a packet with the title "My Wishes," which was actually a funeral planning guide in disguise. It was a way for my sister to express herself *in case* of death, because as you can tell by now, you're not supposed to tell someone they're dying.

We went through the packet and got to a question that asked how you would like to be remembered after you die. I have the packet right here so I'll read to you what she said in her morphine fog: "I want people to remember me as kind, and that I tried my best to share my love and make people happy."

As someone who gave way more than she took, I know she will be remembered in this way. When I die, I can tell you that thousands of people will celebrate, and it's a good thing if you don't know why that is, but with her that wasn't the case. She was a big-hearted person through and through, which just adds to the unfairness of it all.

I know a lot of you had crazy times with her at parties or concerts, but our relationship was simply one of steady joy. She was someone I could talk to about whatever came to mind, or I could just sit in silence with her to enjoy her presence. We could play off each other and make ourselves laugh until we cried, or have serious discussions about our lives. She was the first person I would go to when I had a bizarre experience, because I loved hearing her reaction and the jokes she could make from it. I would go to her when I was unsure about a woman, and she would give me an analysis that—in hindsight—was always right.

Before I broke up with my last girlfriend, I first cleared it with her to make sure I wasn't being too hasty. Before any big decisions, I would always get her thoughts, as if I was launching a nuclear missile and needed her to turn her key. I would even focus group my newest jokes on her before trying them on others, because she would never judge me for being dumb. She was my best friend. She balanced my rigid and overly analytical nature. She made me see the light of things, that there is a play to life, not just the seriousness of seeking perfection and trying to figure every little thing out. She understood me more than anyone else in the world. Who will I trust more than her? Who will I tell my silly stories to now? Who will tell me that I'm going too far down the wrong road? She left me and now I don't know what to do. *Sister, where are you? Why did you leave me? I'm still here! I didn't know that most of the happiness I experienced in my life was because you were a part of it.*

Late last night I was trying to make sense of her death. I know her well enough that I decided just to ask her what I should do, and see if a voice answered me back. I closed my eyes and remembered when she was in elementary school and I would pick her up from the bus stop every day at 3:15pm. I remembered when I took her to HFStival, her first rock concert, where I watched her carefully from the mosh pit while she sat smiling in a stadium seat. And I remembered all those chemotherapy visits, of helping her get through the toughest part of her life, where our relationship deepened to the purest love that a brother and sister could have. These film reels were playing in my mind when I asked, "What do I do now?" What came back to me was, "Remember me, take care of yourself, I love you."

I know that life goes on, but it won't be in the same way. Experiences I have from this point on will come with a different feeling, a different color. The sadness will reduce somewhat, but I know the emptiness will remain, and I'll just have to make the most of life without her. My wish for you in the years to come is to remember my sister and take care of yourself, and know that if you are in this room, she did have love for you. Thank you for being a part of her life, for making her who she was, and I hope that her spirit will remain close to your heart until the end.

Previously: *What To Do If Someone Close To You Gets Diagnosed With Cancer*

37 Articles I Strongly Recommend

April 1, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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1. Women's voices are measurably deeper than in the past [Link]

2. "Muscular Christianity was a movement characterised by a belief in patriotic duty, manliness, the moral and physical beauty of athleticism, teamwork, discipline, self-sacrifice, and 'the expulsion of all that is effeminate, un-English, and excessively intellectual.'"[Link]

3. Satanic cult awareness training guide [Link]

4. The story of the British historian who was deplatformed for questioning the Holocaust narrative [Link]

5. Using metadata to find Paul Revere [Link]

6. The criminalization of masculinity [Link]

7. How corporations banded together to push homosexual marriage [Link]

8. "We're getting close to the end [of the United States empire] now. Can you feel it?" [Link]

9. How the airline reservation system is used by the US Government to conduct illegal searches [Link]

10. Jews control admissions into top American universities [Link]

11. "Passivism is a command to ignore and avoid the official political system, on the grounds that the official political system is a screwed-up, dysfunctional, evil and corrupting mess." [Link]

12. The proven dangers of microwave ovens [Link]

13. Five best home-defense tactical shotguns [Link]

14. "Zersetzung (German for 'decomposition') is a psychological warfare technique used by the Ministry for State Security (Stasi) to repress political opponents in East Germany during the 1970s and 1980s." [Link]

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Read Next: *25 More Articles I Strongly Recommend*

Roosh Hour #35: Clown World

April 6, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In this stream, I talk about how women are being encouraged to cheat, the use of porn as a weapon against men, why women revolt against men who give them power, the Satanic environment of nightclubs, the inability of women to keep on their clothes, and a lot more.

Listen to it in podcast format or download the MP3:

Here's a highlight from a previous stream:

Subscribe to my Youtube channel or podcast RSS feed to catch future streams. You can also subscribe to the Roosh Hour Clips channel for stream highlights.

Previously: *Roosh Hour #34: "Man Up"*

An Inspiring Letter To The Future King

April 6, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The following clip is from Roosh Hour #35.

Watch Next: *Demonic Woman Does Disgusting Act In Airplane*

Women Hate Men Who Give Them Power

April 6, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The following clip is from Roosh Hour #35.

Watch Next: *An Inspiring Letter To The Future King*

Countries Have Become Like Coworking Spaces

April 8, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

As the world becomes increasingly globalized and connected, different countries are starting to look the same. This country has the same kebab as that country. This country has the same fashion as that country. This country has the same English speakers who believe in the same things as that country. They are all becoming nothing more than coworking spaces, uniquely designed "offices" that are "fun" for slaves to work and socialize in.

You can blame the internet, airplanes, Hollywood, or what have you, but the world is being robbed not only of its cultural diversity but also human diversity. New York, Washington D.C., London, Berlin, and Sydney have the same alien caste system of leftist white workers managing their hopeful colored pets, all looking for "opportunity" and "success." People in these cities may live thousands of miles away from each other, but they think and behave in the same ways and are trained to respond to globohomo stimuli in the same sterilized consumer manner.

Anywhere in Europe

Even if you visit an exotic locale, where you take pictures of the major sights from the same angles as thousands of other people, or you have a genuine moment with a local, which you have to tell everyone lest the experience go to waste, odds are you will add nothing to your being by stepping foot in another country. You won't learn another language, you won't experience struggle besides a blocked credit card, and you won't go a single minute without access to your favorite internet sites. Go to this coworking space downtown or that coworking space in midtown—what's the difference besides the size of

your desk and the decorations hanging on the walls? I can receive more novelty today by going on YouTube than visiting another European city.

If countries are like coworking spaces, our sexual partners are like rental cars. It starts with the exciting moment you ease yourself into the seat of a car you've never driven before, and proceed to ride it aggressively since you know you'll never have to buy it. You'll slam the door harder than necessary and put in the cheapest gas you can find. It's okay if you dent it up a little—just tell the rental agency that it was there beforehand, and get angry if they disagree. There is no feeling of ownership, no sense of pride.

She's abusing her rental

What better way to go to your coworking space than in a rental car. You feel stable, as if you are part of the local community, but you'll have to give the rental car back in a week or so, and the coworking space gets boring after you've had your fill of their free coffee and sweets. So off to another space in another rental car for another hyper-sexualized and commercialized experience that is barely different from the previous one. You embark on a futile attempt to undergo what conquerors and explorers of old have experienced, yet they put their lives on the line while you are reluctant to even sacrifice mobile internet.

Everywhere is different, but everywhere is also the same. Once you hit a certain age, there will be nothing left in the external world to pleasure you. Anything truly novel or special will have already been packaged and neatly delivered to your eyes, ears, and genitals. You won't help but feel nostalgic, to imagine that things had to be better in the past, that meaning was constant and always flowing, and whether that is true or not, if the external world is already conquered, all that's left to explore is the internal.

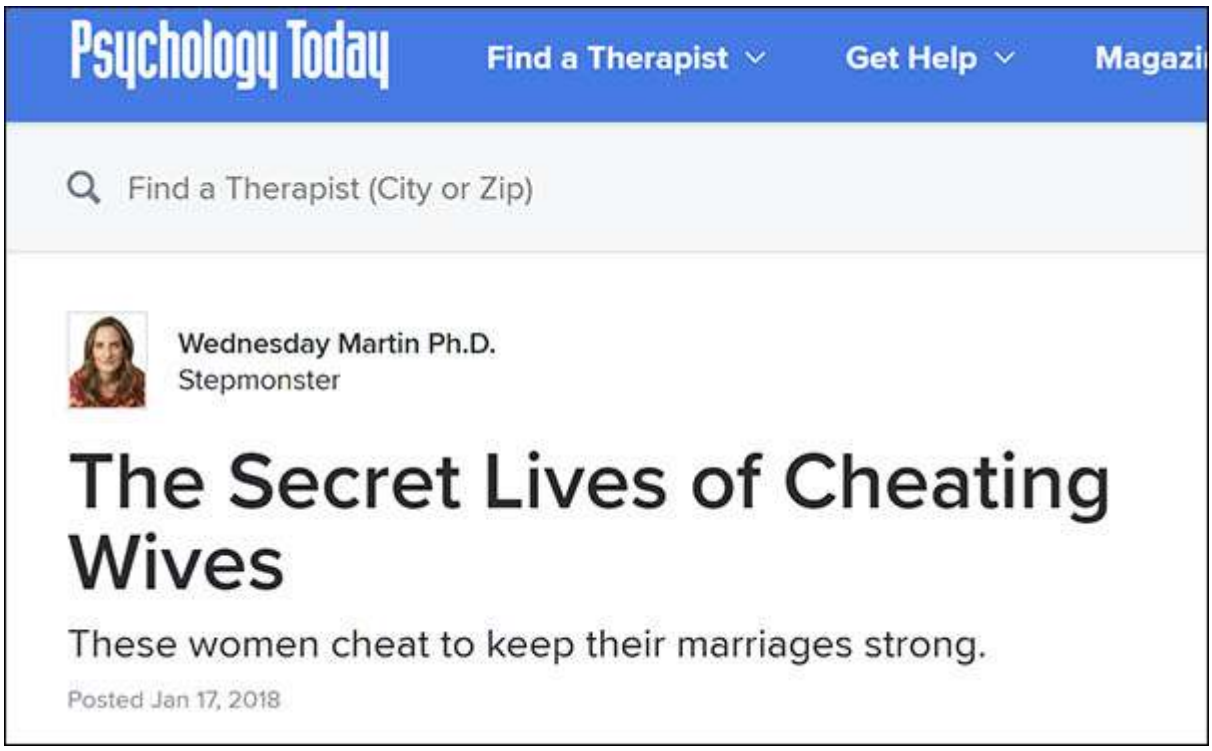
Read Next: *Vacations Are A Scam*

I Will Get Your Girlfriend Banned From Social Networking

April 15, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Do you have a girlfriend who is addicted to displaying her body on Instagram? Are you tired of thirsty men sliding into her DMs? Well I have the perfect service for you: I will get her permanently banned from the most popular social networking platforms, and she will have no idea it was because of you! Your girlfriend will become modest and traditional before you know it.

It's clear that many girls have no built-in immunity against the desire to become a public goddess. Your girlfriend will upload photo after photo of her body in sexual poses to be worshipped by men who want to sleep with her. Inevitably, she becomes addicted to a virtual lifestyle where she is hotly desired and pursued, hurting any potential for genuine love with you. Even worse, when a man with good looks or game (or both) contacts her, she will have a "secret relationship" with him that mainstream culture says will "strengthen" her bond with you.



That's where I come in. Social networking platforms now have "community guidelines" which are so vague that everyone is in a state of violation, even your girlfriend. Using proprietary **Rooshsoft Social Technology**, I will mass flag her spicy photos, videos, or politically incorrect comments. If that doesn't get her banned, I will unleash a Russian bot army upon her profiles that shower them with fake follows and likes, which will trigger any platform's "muh Russia" warning system. And if that still doesn't work, I have a nuclear option that, for the sake of my own freedom, I cannot reveal publicly.

Because this service is the first of its kind (don't trust copycats!), it's not cheap, but honestly, can you put a price on the type of love your parents or grandparents were able to experience but which is being denied to you? Just imagine your girlfriend's attention and feminine instinct channeled wholly onto you instead of hundreds of beta orbiters, Chads, and Dubai sheiks!

When my Swedish ex-girlfriend was mysteriously banned from Facebook (hehe), you can't believe how loving she was towards me until she encountered a group of sexy Somalian migrants while working in a refugee shelter. But hey, she didn't meet them on the internet, which proves that my service works.

My service can not help you with offline suitors

Below is the price menu for several popular platforms. The cheaper the price, the easier it will be to ban your girlfriend.

- Facebook junkie: $250
- Instagram selfie addict: $500
- YouTube grrl gamer: $5 (first community strike free!)
- Twitch camwhore: $500
- Snapchat Premium prostitute: $500
- Twitter political pundit: $750
- *Ban my girlfriend from everything combo: $1500 (40% off!)*

If you order now, I will throw in a free to ban to Tik Tok, the hot new platform that allows your girlfriend to lip sync in a seductive manner to millions of horny men. I bet you didn't even know it existed! Of course *I* knew it existed, because I watch hours and hours of sexy women every week purely for research purposes.

Click the link below, fill out a brief questionnaire, and wait for me to send you a credit card invoice. I stand by my service so strongly that if your girlfriend is not banned within 30 days, you will get your money back!

>>> **Ban My Girlfriend Interest Form** <<<

After Amazon banned 9 of my books, I had to come up with new ideas to earn a living. Ban My Girlfriend is the result of that banning, and I'm confident it will make me much more money than spending hundreds of hours writing boring books. As they say, when one door closes, another opens, so here's to a relationship where your woman focuses her love on *YOU*, instead of teasing her vagina to every other man in the world.

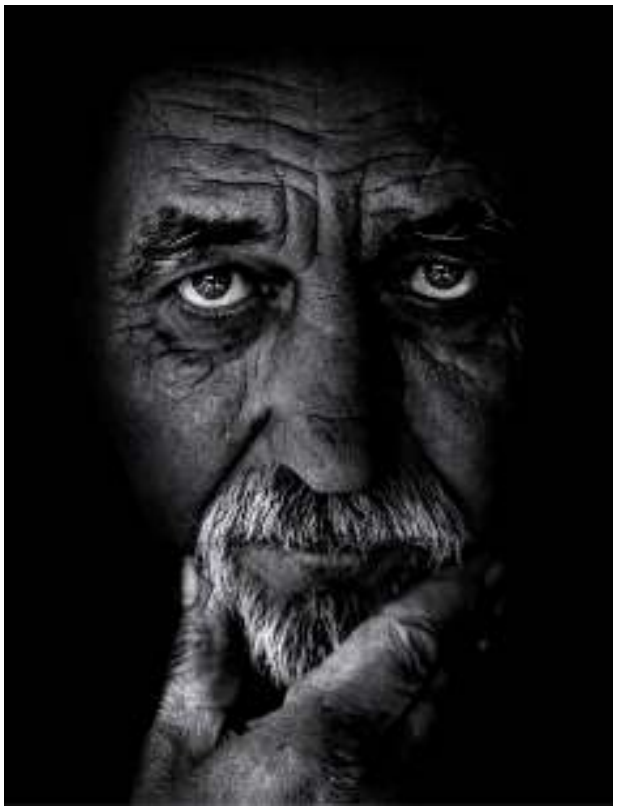
Read Next: *Girls Just Want To Have Fun*

Men Are Wasting Their Time

April 22, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

How much time do men spend pursuing casual sex with no hope of deeper intimacy? How many months or years do they waste in countries without building meaningful roots? How much effort do they exhaust with self-help, working out in gyms, or chasing material toys that make only skin-deep differences in their lives? I've met too many men who are diverting most of their intellect, time, and energy into gaining leftover scraps of happiness from life instead of building up their communities or nurturing a deeper love with one woman because of how toxic and dangerous both women and our communities have become.

I began pursuing women for mostly sexual reasons in 2001. I must've logged tens of thousands of hours into the task. I've been also traveling or living abroad near continuously since 2007. I've spent *a lot* of time trying to fornicate, fornicating, traveling to more effectively fornicate, and writing over a million words about fornication. What did I learn from all that? It's an experience that gets more dull with repetition, like any other experience. However, it also leaves you with a massive hangover where you find yourself at a loss. What was the point of all that? Is there anything I've truly gained? What lasting glory have I achieved? If I wasn't a writer, I would have nothing to "show" for my efforts besides memories that are as likely to make me cringe as give me happiness.



If society were healthy, and if women were more traditional, most of my time would have been spent writing different kinds of books, maybe concerning religion or history. I would have a family, and spend much of my time nurturing the love between them without degenerate interference from the government or cultural elites. I would look at my

neighbor as an ally in keeping our community strong and safe for our children. We'd block out the effects of any cosmopolitan transplants who move in and try to change that. While there is nothing in life that is solid, my family and community would give me a stronger feeling of continuity. Tomorrow, things that are likely to be here would still be there, compared to the easy-come-easy-go modern lifestyle where putting your penis inside a girl is not even close to a guarantee you'll see her again, and where any job you have, or apartment you live in, is as transitory as the next bus that rolls down the street.

All of this wasted time is by design. The oligarchs in power don't want us to become leaders of households and communities. They don't want men to create loving bonds with women and vice versa (and if you manage to do so in such an inverted climate, permissive divorce laws will reduce the chances it lasts). They don't even want men to be self-sufficient. Instead, they want you to form weak bonds with other people and focus entirely on your belly and genitals, all while being a cog in the machine that gorges on GMO food, lusts after tattoed women, and consumes entertainment in a lonely urban box. The more atomized you are, and the weaker your relationships, the more dependent you are on the system—on the corporations and government to provide you with a cheap but damaging simulation of love and meaning that used to be real.

I can't help but notice that they started banning my books after I began telling men how to create genuine connections from a position of masculine strength. It's okay to teach men how to have casual sex with sluts, like I did in *Bang*, which is still available for sale on Amazon by the way, but to create families from a patriarchal foundation? That's too much! Consider that you're hard-pressed to find reviews of Neil Strauss' bestselling book *The Game* that explains how it helped a man find a wife and have a big family, and that it was released by a big New York City publishing house, and that it's still available for sale while my book *Game* is banned. As long as you can keep men in a state of hedonism and

casual relationships, you'll be tolerated by the system, if not outright promoted.

I can't control the era I was born in, or what the agenda of the elites happens to be during that time, but I can control how I react to the information I perceive and the experiences I have. As I approach 40 years of age, I see most of my hedonistic and travel pursuits as expensive life lessons than a source of meaning. My nature, and I believe the nature of most masculine men I meet, is one of creation, strength, and provision for family, things we're increasingly not allowed to do, or allowed to do only at impossible cost. I may not be able to change the world and revert back to a healthier time, but I surely don't have to waste any more time doing exactly what they want me to do.

Read Next: *Sex Has Become An Obsession*

Roosh Hour #36: Black Hole

April 26, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In this stream, I talk about the fake black hole image, how women are unable to take care of themselves, the true meaning behind tattoos, the first ever six-layered clown world event, why evil won't win, how God gives "friendly" warnings to those who are living wrongly, and much more.

Listen to it in podcast format or download the MP3:

Here's a highlight from a previous stream:

Subscribe to my Youtube channel or podcast RSS feed to catch future streams. You can also subscribe to the Roosh Hour Clips channel for stream highlights.

Previously: *Roosh Hour #35: Clown World*

Women Think They Are Nothing Without Instagram

April 26, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The following clip is from Roosh Hour #36.

Watch Next: *Female News Editor Literally Worships Satan*

6 Policies I Would Enact As President Of The United States

April 29, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Before I share my proposals for a possible 0residential run, which I'm exploring with a team of dedicated advisors, let me get something important out of the way: America is dying. We have neglected the gifts that industrious and moral men of the past have given us, and are now stuck with a clown country where we suffer daily humiliations and degradations at the hands of sodomites, man-jawed feminists, pedophiles, cuckolds, and aliens.

My proposals below will neutralize those parasites and provide you with the most amount of satisfaction and fulfillment before your physical body leaves clown world and transmutates into your final spiritual form that is presided over by God. I may not be the clown you deserve, but I am the clown you need.

Here are six proposals…

1. Roosh Bucks: $2,000 monthly bag for male citizens only

I agree with candidate Andrew Yang that robots and artificial intelligence will put nearly everyone out of work except females with Instagram followers from Dubai. I will implement a Male Basic Income (MBI) plan where a bag of $2,000 is given every month to all citizens over 18 years of age who were born with a penis. Males can use their bags to enjoy the last decades of Western civilization and also to prep for inevitable societal collapse.

Women will not get this bag because they are already “strong and independent” and don’t need further state assistance. They are correct that men have “fragile masculinity,” so we’re taking the entire bag. If women want Roosh Bucks, they have to submit to a man and allow him to spend his bag on her. Otherwise, they can work in an office with moldy air conditioning for the rest of their lives. Roosh Bucks helps give men a solid edge in household income, allowing them to be patriarchs once again. No woman comes to Roosh Bucks except through men.

Sodomites will not receive Roosh Bucks, though they are eligible to receive free diseases from their anal-obsessed lifestyle. Facial recognition software will identify all sodomites through recordings of gay pride marches and other classified sources. Heterosexuality will be financially enforced by the state.

Where I differ with Andrew Yang is how the bag will be funded. He wants to implement a VAT tax, but I find this unacceptable. Below are three methods that will fund Roosh Bucks. I have confirmed that they will provide sufficient funding by using my smartphone’s calculator app.

a) Globohomo Wealth Confiscation

"Charity"

I will confiscate all wealth over $100 million that is possessed by an individual, family, or "philanthropic" foundation, whether it is held in money, gold, cryptocurrency, real estate, securities, or any other monetizable vehicle. The confiscated funds will be put in the Roosh Bucks piggy bank.

Many of you will say that it's "anti-capitalistic," "un-American," or "socialist" to confiscate a man's wealth above $100 million, but there is no reason for a man or non-corporate entity to have that much money when nearly half of Americans are living paycheck to paycheck and have not seen a real wage increase since the 1970s. I also don't remember the founders of the United States saying that it is "American" for one man to have 25,000 times the net worth of the average worker's yearly salary.

Jeff Bezos, Bill Gates, George Soros, and many other billionaires will all go back to being one-hundred millionaires as long as the bulk of their business and social activity takes place in the United States. That leaves them plenty enough money for penthouses, yachts, and high-class whores, but not enough to subvert society with a globohomo agenda.

You may think that these billionaires will simply take their wealth elsewhere. This will not happen under my presidency. I will leverage existing extradition treaties with other nations and U.S. Treasury Department financial sanction networks to make sure that evaders are imprisoned until their money is confiscated. If an American man can knock up a bar girl in the Philippines and be forced by the U.S. government to pay child support, which is currently the case, confiscating billions of dollars from globalist jet setters will be as simple as apple pie.

As a last resort, I will imprison in Federal jail *all* the relatives and intimate partners of

persistent wealth-evaders. If Mark Zuckerberg thinks he can evade confiscation of his billions, I will imprison his entire family in solitary confinement until he pays up. There will be no more offshore or Irish loopholes to avoid the confiscation. Under my plan, the days of using excess capital as a means of spreading cultural AIDS is over.

b) Selfie Tax

That'll be $25, ma'am

There will be $25 prepaid tax on every unique image or video you upload on an internet platform (public or private) that contains a direct or indirect likeness to yourself. For example, if a girl uploads a selfie of herself on Instagram *and* Facebook, she will have to enter a code showing she has paid $50 in selfie tax. If a man does a live stream on YouTube that is promoted with a thumbnail of himself, he will have to pay $50 as well. If a woman uploads five photos to her Tinder profile, she must pay $250. You'll also have to pay if someone else uploads an image of you on your behalf (e.g. your social media coordinator or beta orbiter slave).

The selfie tax will end attention-whoring and make women think long and hard about feeding their ego online instead of feeding a good man a nicely-cooked steak dinner. The e-thot economy would crash overnight. People would begin to crave face-to-face interactions instead of craving the attention of an anonymous audience online in the hopes of becoming famous. Judging by the three pictures in this article that contain my likeness, it would have cost me $75 in selfie tax to publish them.

c) Abortion and Birth Control Tax

Women will be allowed to continue their sterile and murderous lifestyles, but at a price. There will be a $15,000 tax levied for each abortion and a $5 tax for each birth control pill. Other sterilization chemicals will be taxed at a rate of no less than $150 a month. I will also support a law that forces abortion doctors to tell women that they are going to hell if they proceed with their abortion. While I find it disagreeable to put a price on an aborted fetus via a one-time tax, it will serve as a lesson to women who see raising babies as a monetary problem.

By placing such a high financial barrier on abortion, which normally costs less than $1,000 in a Planned Barrenhood clinic, women will begin to limit their casual sex activity. In the long run, I expect degeneracy to decline and more nuclear families to be formed. We must raise barriers to whoredom.

2. State-Sponsored Foreign Girlfriend

The second feature of my platform is that men will be given a foreign girlfriend from a poor country through a match algorithm, because American women are beyond the point of rehabilitation. All foreign females between the ages of 18-25 who want to live in the United States will be assigned a score of 1-100 based on her beauty, weight, fertility, weight, age, weight, and basic literacy. Citizen men will also be scored from 1-100 based on their work ethic, employment potential, age, religious faith, and financial stability (i.e. if he's responsible with his Roosh Bucks). Not every man will get a pretty woman, but they will be able to experience love and family without worrying about having six-pack abs or smooth game.

The match algorithm will also take into consideration factors that lead to fertility and societal harmony. Women will always be younger than their male matches, and when it comes to race, men will be matched up to women of the same race to prevent spawning mixed-race individuals who are prone to projecting their lack of identity through destructive behaviors and leftist activism. Men who want to mix races will have to accept a female with a lower score. For example, a white man with a score of 60 out of 100 would match with an Eastern European woman who has the same score. If he wants an Ethiopian woman instead, he will have to suffer a 25% race-mix penalty in her score, meaning that the African he's matched with will have a score of 45.

Service guarantees citizenship: a foreign woman will have legal residency as long as she is in a relationship with her male citizen match, and she will become a legal citizen upon marriage. If the woman subsequently initiates a divorce, she's immediately deported back to her home country. If the man initiates divorce, she will be recycled back into the program and given to another man (if she's infertile due to advanced age, she can match with an elderly man as a comfort woman).

Men who don't want a girlfriend, or who are happy with their existing girlfriend, will see no change in their Roosh Bucks allotment, but any man who marries will get *double* the

bucks. Family will be incentivized under my presidency: you will also get an extra $500 Roosh Bucks per child. Paternity testing will be mandatory to ensure that you are indeed the father.

I understand that relationships fail. Therefore, a man is allowed one girlfriend placement every three years, but he will suffer a 10% match penalty for every subsequent placement. This is to discourage men from pumping and dumping their lovely foreign girlfriends.

3. Ban On All Male Immigrants

The last thing America needs is more male immigrants. If an immigrant is already legal, he will be allowed to stay, but all illegals will be deported using Deportation Squads Of Love And Caring. I will order the Feds to go door-to-door, starting in California, and remove anyone who doesn't have proof of legal residency. Women who are in the process of being deported will have the option of participating in the State-Sponsored Foreign Girlfriend program if they are of normal weight. If they are heavyset, they will have four weeks to slim down, or they will also be deported. We don't have enough money to treat their future diabetes and heart disease.

There will also be a moratorium on all *legal* immigration that is not part of the State-Sponsored Foreign Girlfriend program. This includes H1B-type visas and even tourists. Sorry, but we're full. A household in disarray has to deal with its own problems first before allowing visitors.

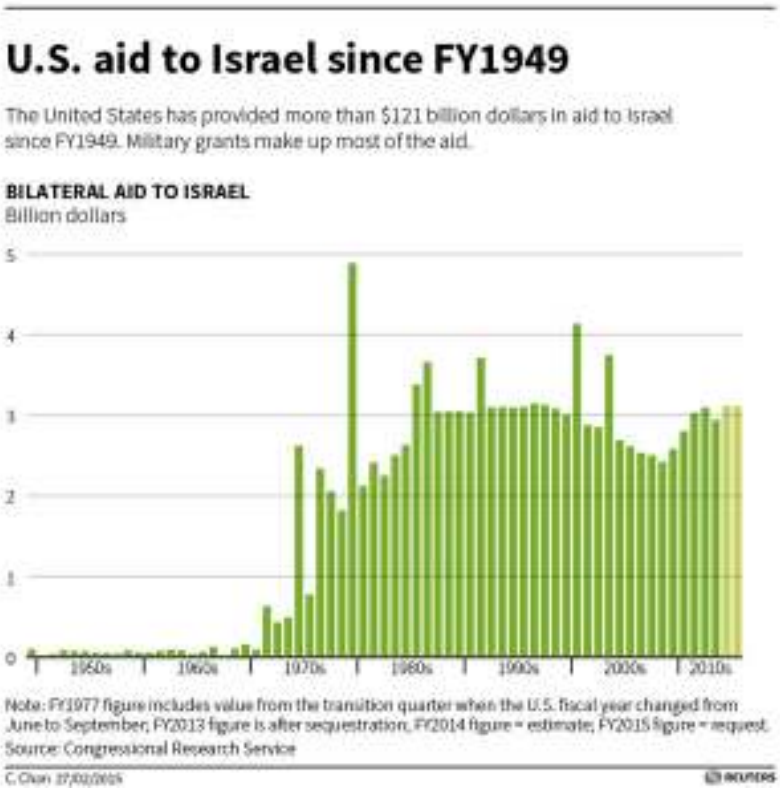
4. Renewal Of God's Spirit

It is clear that Protestant Christianity in most forms has strayed from the teachings of Christ, and has actually paved the way for alien control of the United States through the mechanism of social justice, Cultural Marxism, and plain old evil. I will therefore decree Orthodox Christianity as the official religion of the country. I will make Federal funds rain down on Orthodox churches and foundations that stay true to the word of Christ.

While many non-religious men may groan as this policy, fact is that a healthy society which strives towards moral belief and behavior is not possible in practice without religion. Through Orthodox Christianity, we will implement rigid social control that promotes healthy behavior and relationships. Sodomy will no longer be promoted and glorified, including anal or oral sex between heterosexuals. To encourage heathens to savor their skin in the game, men who declare themselves as atheist or non-Christian will have a monthly bag with 50% of the Roosh Bucks ($1,000). The United States was founded as a Christian nation and it will stay that way.

In addition, all divorces, whether with a domestic or foreign woman, must be granted by an Orthodox priest who believes that the couple's differences are truly irreconcilable. If a priest does not sanction a divorce that the husband initiated, he will lose his Roosh Bucks. If an unsanctioned divorce was initiated by the woman, she will receive absolutely no assets or financial support.

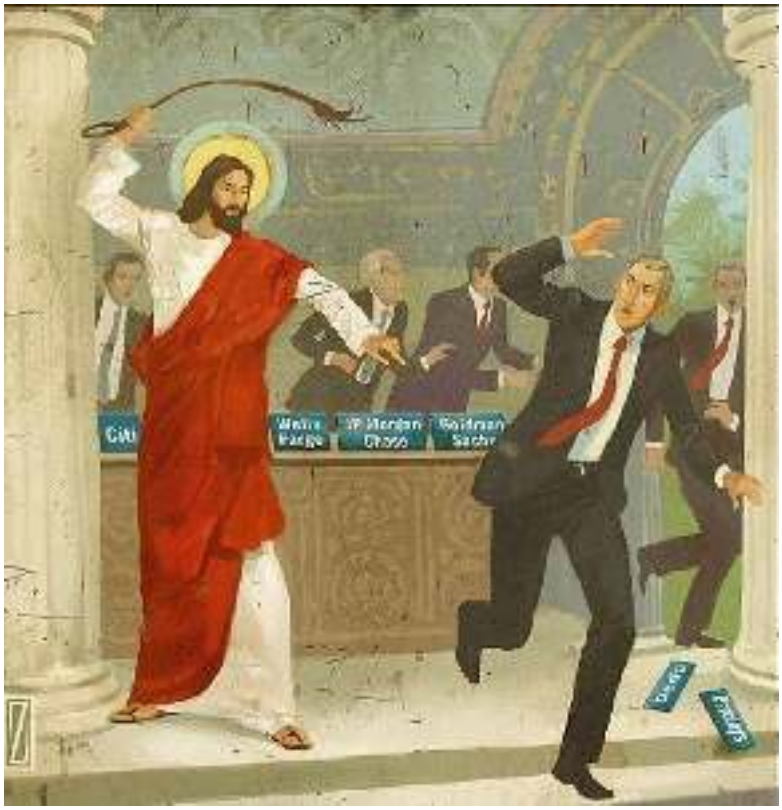
5. Termination Of Relationship With Israel



Israel will be cut off financially and militarily. No more fighting their neverending wars in the Middle East. We have given them enough money and technology (e.g. nuclear bombs) that they can lift themselves up by their own bootstraps. For the money we save from cutting off financial aid, we will have enough to build *three* concrete walls. One wall on the southern border will block out the aggressive migrant horde and a second even-taller wall behind it will be a tourist attraction for Americans to witness the glory that is the first wall.

The third wall will be on the border with Canada. Because I expect that country to descend into chaos, we need a way to keep them out, though Canadian women with slim figures are more than encouraged to apply for girlfriend placement with an American man. However, Canadian women with green, blue, or purple hair will be automatically rejected.

6. Ban On Usury



Companies and individuals will no longer be able to lend money at interest. I will give banks and other financial organizations two years to adjust to the new law.

All Aboard The Roosh Caboose!

The Roosh2020 exploratory committee (i.e. my drinking buddies) is working hard right now to see if I have a shot at becoming President of the United States based on the above platform. My policies benefit women by severing their dysfunctional relationships with daddy government and the internet. It benefits men by providing a cash bag that allows

them to start a family with Jesus Christ as their wingman, which is far more healthy than the atomized, rootless, and sexually frustrated lives that many have today. And it benefits the entire country by blocking our current descent into hell that is becoming more agonizing and intolerable by the month.

We may not be able to return to the glory days of America, but with the ideas above, we can surely make things significantly better than they are today.

Read Next: *The American Cold Civil War*

Roosh Hour #37: Interview With E. Michael Jones

May 4, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In this stream, I talk with writer E. Michael Jones about the dangers of casual sex, pornography, the sexual revolution, spiritual warfare, and much more.

Listen to it in podcast format or download the MP3:

Here's a highlight from a previous stream:

Subscribe to my Youtube channel or podcast RSS feed to catch future streams. You can also subscribe to the Roosh Hour Clips channel for stream highlights.

Previously: *Roosh Hour #36: Black Hole*

USA TOUR 2019: I'm Touring 23 American Cities Starting In June

May 6, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Starting in late June, I will tour the entire United States to deliver a new talk. Visit my tour website **Roosh Live** for full details, where you'll be able to buy tickets for the first six cities at early-bird pricing (until May 14). You can also reserve tickets for future cities.

Here is the tour schedule for the remainder of 2019:

June 22: Boston (early-bird pricing until May 14!)
June 29: New York City (early-bird pricing until May 14!)
July 6: Philadelphia (early-bird pricing until May 14!)
July 13: Washington, D.C. (early-bird pricing until May 14!)
July 20: Columbus, Ohio (early-bird pricing until May 14!)
July 27: Chicago (early-bird pricing until May 14!)
August 10: Minneapolis
August 17: Omaha, Nebraska
August 24: Denver
August 31: Salt Lake City
September 7: Seattle
September 21: San Francisco
September 28: Los Angeles
October 5: San Diego
October 12: Phoenix
October 19: Dallas
October 26: Austin
November 2: Houston
November 16: Miami
November 23: Orlando
November 30: Atlanta
December 7: Nashville
December 14: Charlotte, North Carolina

Each stop will have three events: a talk, happy hour, and dinner. The talk I created for the tour is a way of putting an end to the fornication stage of my life while also beginning the new chapter. Go to Roosh Live for full details. If you have any questions, leave them below.

Click here to visit my tour website.

Chase WePay Banned Me After I Announced My USA Tour

May 13, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

One day after I announced my USA tour, I began receiving pushback from our establishment overlords. I was first banned from Instagram, even though my account was set to private.

I only used Instagram to share personal pictures, most of which highlighted my beard in various stages of growth.

Two days after the ban, Master Zuckerberg gave my account back with no explanation. Nonetheless, I have set up an Instagram substitute on Telegram. Visit t.me/rooshofficial or subscribe to the channel **rooshofficial** within the app. I intend to send no more than one or two messages per day.

Nineteen minutes after Instagram banned me, I was banned from Chase WePay, the credit card processor I was using to sell tour tickets. They claimed that my business was "high risk," but I had only been selling for one day, without any disputes or chargebacks. They also have a direct partnership with the agency that sells tickets for many other organizers, suggesting that I was singled out.

Unfortunately, we can no longer support your business and we'll need to cancel any pending payments.

Because your account is susceptible to a high chargeback or dispute rate, we have to put your remaining balance into reserves for a minimum of 30 days. If your balance goes negative, we'll recover those funds from your bank account. For full details, you can read our Terms of Service.

Thank you for understanding and we apologize that we couldn't offer a better solution.

Sincerely,
WePay Team

I have found a backup credit card processor and am still able to sell tickets on my tour website, though I'm prepared to accept check and money order if the deplatforming continues.

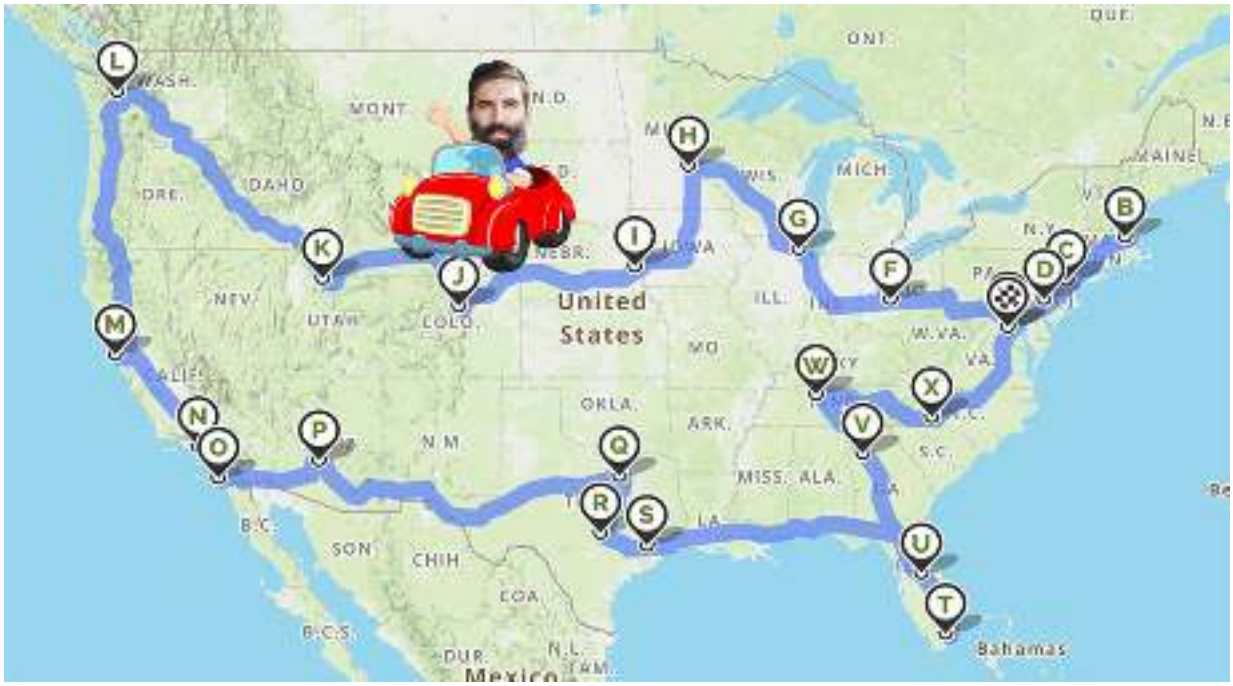
Take advantage of tour discounts

Early bird pricing for the first stage of my tour ends **today**. If you order your ticket now from Roosh Live, you save a few bucks. There are two additional discounts…

Discount #1: If you purchase one General Admission or Gold ticket, you get the second ticket 70% off. Your entire order of two or more tickets (up to four) will be 35% off.

Discount #2: You will receive 75% off for any additional city event you visit after the first. For example, if you come to the Boston event, you will get 75% off any future stop in another city (applies to General Admission or Gold tickets only). This discount has no limit, meaning that you could theoretically visit the first event in Boston and then visit the 22 remaining events at a 75% discount for each one. Note that the first event you visit is not discounted. To claim this discount, forward your original ticket number to me via email ***after*** you attend the first event.

2019 Tour Schedule



Stage 1

June 22: Boston
June 29: New York City
July 6: Philadelphia
July 13: Washington, D.C.
July 20: Columbus, Ohio
July 27: Chicago

Stage 2

August 10: Minneapolis
August 17: Omaha, Nebraska
August 24: Denver
August 31: Salt Lake City
September 7: Seattle

Stage 3

September 21: San Francisco
September 28: Los Angeles
October 5: San Diego
October 12: Phoenix
October 19: Dallas
October 26: Austin
November 2: Houston

Stage 4

November 16: Miami
November 23: Orlando
November 30: Atlanta
December 7: Nashville

December 14: Charlotte, North Carolina

Each stop will have three events: a talk, a happy hour, and a dinner. Pick and choose your level of involvement.

The show will go on

I will monitor social media and the local news in the lead-up to each event, and share any potential protest or disturbance with ticket-holders. If you buy a ticket and decide not to attend because you fear for your safety, I will issue you a full refund. I've personally held numerous events and happy hours without a single dox or injury, and am determined to keep it that way. Let's see how things go.

Click here to learn more about my tour.

7 Things I Learned About Serbian Women

May 14, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Towards the end of 2018, after a continuous two-year stint in Poland, I spent nearly three months in the Serbian city of Novi Sad. I went to Serbia not necessarily because I heard it was amazing, but to reduce the regret I may feel later for not visiting a country that I heard has traditional women. Here are seven observations I made about Serbian women during my time there…

1. Serbian women are attractive

Serbian girls are mostly thin with handsome, olive-shaped faces. While you will not be wowed by most Serbian girls, you will also not be disappointed. Their bodies are lacking in curves and take on more of a swimmer's shape of strong shoulders and narrow waist. Men who like butts will not at all be happy with their flat rear-ends. In spite of that flaw, their appearance is pleasant, and thanks to their higher levels of melanin, they age quite well. It was rare to see a 50-year-old Serbian woman in the shape of a rectangular box like you consistently see in Poland and Ukraine.

2. They possess average femininity

They are far less feminine than Ukrainian girls and slightly less feminine than Polish girls. Serbian girls have a sporty personality—they enjoy physical activity, comfortable clothing, and gym wear. Yoga pants and tennis shoes are so common that many Serbian girls appear to be eternally on the way to the gym. Such a constant sporty style in Ukraine would mean the girl is a lesbian, but in Serbia it's the norm.

Many Western men told me that Serbian girls are feminine, but I did not strongly perceive that, though they are far more feminine than American girls. Serbian girls are not vulgar, and are rather pleasant, but my particular masculine essence did not feel drawn to them. The most feminine girl I met during my stay was actually Ukrainian.

3. They smoke a lot of cigarettes

Around 50% of Serbian women smoke, which is enabled by permissive indoor-smoking laws. I can't think of a habit that is more odorous than smoking, so this did discourage me from seeing Serbian women as long-term potential.

4. They are initially *very* curious about foreigners

Most girls were eager to talk to me. They seemed genuinely excited that I was an

American and would give me wide-eyed looks that suggested strong emotional attraction, but that fell apart when things moved to the phone because Serbian girls pick their men based on logic instead of emotion. They evaluate you based on dozens of factors that have little to do with their excited initial response.

One possible solution to this problem for a fornicator is to go for the one-night stand, but that's impractical in most cases because nightlife is structured around social groups camped out near isolated tables. Besides, if I wanted one-night stands, I would have stayed in Poland. I had hoped Serbia would give me something deeper when it came to relationships, but I realized it would take too much time, and I'm too burned-out from women to have the patience.

There are two options that foreign men have: go to Belgrade for the sluttiest Serbian girls, who are completely Westernized and are passed around among foreign men, or stick around for many months and be selected in a logical manner by a nice girl who wants you to be her boyfriend because of the value you have outside of your game or look.

5. They are very schizophrenic when it comes to intimacy

One minute, a Serbian girl can be the most passionate in the world, biting your tongue off and thrusting her hip into you. The next minute, she goes completely cold and wants to leave. When it comes to sex, a Serbian girl's mind needs far more time to want it than her body. She needs to know—and not just feel—that you are a good choice for intimacy, but this takes time, which means you will encounter more resistance to casual sex than elsewhere.

If I was still fornicating, this would be frustrating, and I would attack Serbian women with all manner of insults, but I was pleased that there are women in the world who respected

their body and put a strong barrier to sex. That said, you will still find many women in the clubs who don’t mind fornication, especially with a foreign man who won’t expose her as a slut to the local community.

6. They don’t care about money

Compared to an average Serbian man, I am considered “wealthy” just for being from America. I don’t mind a girl who sees that as a positive, but Serbian girls do not care that you have a nice apartment in the middle of town or that you can buy as many coffees and chocolate croissants as you want. In fact, a “rich” foreigner is lower on their scale than an average Serbian man. They are simply not drawn to money, and I really wish they were because it would have made my life a lot easier.

Consider the situation with Ukrainian girls, who analyze every fiber of your outfit and the square footage of your apartment to calculate your long-term potential. In this respect, Serbian girls are similar to Polish girls by offering to pay on dates with no seeming interest in your wallet. If you think you’re going to Serbia to show off your wealth and get the best girls, you are sorely mistaken. They value your social status far more.

7. They prefer Serbian men

Serbian women want a handsome Serbian man to take home to mom and dad and show off to their friends. Dating a foreign man who is disconnected from their culture is actually a display of no value or *lower* value for the other girls in her social group. Therefore, if you encounter a Serbian girl who doesn't like Serbian men, something is **very** wrong with her. She rejects her country, her traditions, her homeland, her men, and probably her Orthodox Christian faith, meaning she is almost certainly a slut who you will bang quickly.

In Poland and Ukraine, it's exceedingly common for women to complain about their men before banging you, but in Serbia I heard so few complaints that I couldn't help but conclude that they saw me as having far less value than an average Serbian man. The one foreign man I know who did the best in Serbia not so coincidentally has Serbian ancestry.

Conclusion

Serbia is one of the most traditional countries I've been to, with strong family bonds and no cultural promotion of homosexuality. It may be the healthiest place I've stepped foot in when it comes to having a family, but connecting with women takes time. While they do loosen up at night, your best bet on a short trip if you want to fornicate is to find a slut and have fun with her, but that cancels out the positive traditional aspect you may want to experience like with me. The only solution I see is to stay for a while and develop genuine social bonds with the locals, because the best way to meet a "good" Serbian girl is to get introduced to her instead of picking her up, especially one in her early 20s who is not in any race to get married.

If I wanted to do things properly in Serbia, and get the best I could based on my far more limited energy compared to my youth, I would have to commit to living there for 6-12

months, make a lot of friends, and essentially “become” Serbian. Otherwise, I’d only get the sluts, which are far more readily available in other Eastern European countries.

Read Next: *Countries Have Become Like Coworking Spaces*

Twitter Suspended Me For 7 Days Because I Used The Phrase “Tranny Freak”

May 18, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Twitter has banned my account for 7 days because I called a tranny a “freak.”

Here is the video that accompanied my tweet. Objectively speaking, you can clearly see that the thing doing a strip tease on the mayor of Toronto is indeed a freak. I did not utter a lie.

> In case you haven't seen the video, here is @JohnTory's rowdy time at a Mother's Day Drag Brunch. #woke pic.twitter.com/XUaV6CgTUP
>
> — Cosmin Dzsurdzsa (@cosminDZS) May 13, 2019

In the article “I Was Fooled By The Promise Of The Internet,” I explain how Silicon Valley companies like Twitter trick you into making their platforms a part of your daily routine only to censor you in the end.

> On and on the same story goes: companies seduced me with the promise that I could amplify my voice and connect others to my work, only to silence my voice and disconnect me from an internet that has become integral for not only keeping in touch with others, but also earning a living. I traded a corporate job, one where I could be fired for any reason, to get banned by tech companies for no reason. What a great deal I made!

In addition to this blog, you can find me on Telegram, Gab, and YouTube. I also strongly

recommend you subscribe to my weekly newsletter below…

I don't think it's a coincidence that the bans are coming in fast and furious after I announced my USA tour. I expect much more action against me in the upcoming weeks.

Don't Miss: *USA Tour 2019: I'm Touring 23 American Cities Starting In June*

Roosh Hour #38: Holy Water

May 19, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In this stream, I talk about spiritual warfare, the Polish tradition of beating the Jew over Easter, selfie deaths, the latest round of censorship, my potential run for President of the United States, and much more.

Listen to it in podcast format or download the MP3:

Here's a highlight from a previous stream:

Subscribe to my Youtube channel or podcast RSS feed to catch future streams. You can also subscribe to the Roosh Hour Clips channel for stream highlights.

Previously: *Roosh Hour #37: Interview With E. Michael Jones*

Modern Life Is AIDS

May 20, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Last fall I had a bout of mild jaundice after a nasty stomach infection. My doctor wanted to first rule out viruses like hepatitis and HIV. While waiting for the lab results, I wondered about all the changes I would have to make if I did have HIV. After some thought, I realized that I wouldn't have to make much in the way of changes, because the modern life I'm living is already sterile. Millions of people in the West are actually living as if they were already infected with the HIV virus.

In a typical day, I wake up at noon, read for an hour, and stretch for ten minutes. Then I put on my clothes and walk to a French café for a masculine breakfast of black coffee and a chocolate croissant. I do a couple of hours of work and then return home to eat lunch. I catch up on the news and then venture out again to another cafe to complete my remaining work for the day. Then I may go to the grocery store or meet with friends. I return home, prepare dinner, shower, and wind down the evening on Twitter or YouTube. Having HIV would not change this routine one bit.

How about if I get horny and want to have sex with a willing female? In theory, men and women would disclose their HIV status to their sex partners, but unfortunately, no one discloses their sexual diseases. The prevalence of HPV or herpes is approximately 1 in 5 individuals, but not a single girl has told me she has been diagnosed with anything, in her past or present, including even a curable disease like gonorrhea, and I've slept with a lot more than five girls. If I were to choose to mimic this dishonesty—which I wouldn't—I would sleep with girls using a condom but not say I have HIV. There would be no moment that I'd be forced into honesty since relationships that begin with sex rarely reach the

stage of commitment, monogamy, and family. That means I'd probably never have to tell a girl that I'm diseased. The only real change I'd have to make when it comes to sex is always having to use a condom.

I don't advise you to conceal any sexual diseases you have, but if you live in a big city and imagine getting HIV yourself, my point is that you would have to make only minor changes because modern life has already infected you with cultural HIV. This cultural virus has given us a chronic disease that damages us over the long term: we move away from family to pursue materialist "success," we value casual sex, drugs, and alcohol, we're disconnected from our nature and instead depend on a virtual life via digital screens to give us joy, and we maintain romantic standards so high that many people in their 30s have never been in a monogamous relationship for over a year. Getting the real biological HIV on top of this would then be a mere inconvenience on par with having a muscle sprain.

Thankfully, I did not test positive for any viruses, and my jaundice cleared up, but what steps can I take to cure myself of the cultural HIV that I am infected by, one that may morph into full-blown AIDS? This virus remains all around me, and even though I've managed to escape its most deadly effects, I'll still encounter people who are infected and don't know it. Turns out that the real HIV is easier to monitor and stabilize than the cultural variant, and the best we can do is know that we are swimming in a sea of AIDS, and use that knowledge to make better decisions that choose real life over the virtual, family over novelty, love over pleasure, and God over the glorification of ourselves.

Read Next: *The Barbarians Will Solve Your Sterile Existence*

The Goal Of Corporations Is Not To Make Money

May 27, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

For the longest time, I believed that corporations existed simply to make money for their owners and shareholders. They are the basis of “free-market capitalism” that produces economic growth and an improved standard of living for everyone. Without them, we’d be impoverished, lacking in soul-nourishing jobs and meaningful consumer products. I no longer believe this to be the case. Corporations are actually the main vehicle that the elites use to control and enslave humanity.

The world’s first corporations, the Dutch East India Company and the British East India Company, were created to establish trade with the Far East. They just wanted to make a bit of money from spices and other exotic goods, right? But look at what they accomplished: subjugation, mass killing, the enslavement of local peoples, and a persistent system of divide-and-conquer rule over many centuries. The real objective was power; money was only needed to fulfill that end. The corporations worked with the government but also separate from it to achieve its power objective in a way that was more efficient, more nimble, and less costly than if the government acted alone.

The idea of using a corporation or business to fulfill non-monetary objectives is easily seen today when a man opens a nightclub. Technically, he’s in business and wants to make a profit, but his real goal is to improve his local status and increase his access to beautiful women. I’m sure you know that there are a hundred easier ways to make money than by opening a nightclub, which only stays trendy for a few years before losing popularity. Just because the man who opened the nightclub used the vehicle of a business to improve his status and sex life, it doesn’t mean the main reason of his

venture is “business.”

Consider that many Silicon Valley corporations haven’t made a profit, with no apparent concern of their profitability. Examples include Uber, Twitter, GoDaddy, Netflix, and for the longest time, Amazon, which didn’t turn a profit for a decade while squeezing the margins of traditional retailers. You only need to examine the goals of these corporations, which is the centralization and consolidation of previously decentralized sectors, and their eagerness to control access to public services, information, and products you consume, to know that growing their “revenue” is really a way to grow their *power* over you until all alternatives are crushed. Once that happens, you can then be steered and led by them in a way that shapes your thinking and behavior, which is why they got into business in the first place.

I came to the conclusion that corporations had to be about human control when examining how most companies of the Fortune 500 go against basic principles of profitability and business sense to virtue signal for marginal audiences like homosexuals and transvestites that comprise only a tiny part of their business. Gilette published propaganda against their own male customers. Athletic company Nike hired a spokesperson (Colin Kaepernick) who is more known as a race complainer than an athlete. Family-friendly retail chain Target changed its policy to allow tranny men to use female bathrooms. Coffee company Starbucks is bludgeoning its mostly white customers with Black Lives Matters wokeness. The National Football League puts homosexual cheerleaders on the same field that its gladiator athletes compete on. Banks and financial service firms like Chase and Paypal shut down customers because of their personal ideas. On and on it goes of corporations that are supposed to be in the business of profit going against that profit to appease a globohomo agenda that hates heterosexuality, the family, European-derived peoples, and God.

Our minds are well-tuned to deduce a working theory of how something works from observing the parts. So you may observe the current state of corporations and try to come up with a theory, but I find it's more helpful to first come up with the theory and then see if the parts match the theory. The following is the only theory I could come up with that perfectly explains why all major world corporations are acting in the *same way* against their own profitability to virtue signal for globohomo:

Fortune 500 corporations are controlled by the same group or entity (i.e. "spider") that is pushing globohomo to control and enslave humanity. Revenue and profits are useful by the spider to fulfill its main objective of control (power).

If you start with that theory, absolutely everything that corporations are doing today makes sense. While different corporations may not agree on every single agenda point, they do act like different organs of the same organism, operating in near lockstep to shape and control human behavior around the world. It also explains why corporations in completely different sectors, or ones that are even based in different nations, push the *exact same* propaganda. In fact, the above theory is so correct in my mind that the only remaining question is the identity of the spider.

The spider laughs at your attempt to boycott one of its companies, because it doesn't need your money. The point of the corporation is not to make money: it is to control you. Every dollar it makes strengthens the corporation for its main objective to render you harmless to a spider that aims for everlasting rule and power. Your puny boycotts, activism, and petitions have no effect on him (or them), because once a corporation has started to flex its muscles, it has already achieved near-monopoly status in its sector. Only when it's in the early process of cementing its power does it seem to act like a business that cares about profit, but when it has passed that stage, and most big brands like Gilette and Google have, get ready for them to bludgeon you over the head with sodomy and other forms of degeneracy. While we can't see the spider, we surely can feel the effects of his web, which is funneling us into accepting what amounts to a rootless, sterile, and atomized life.

I wouldn't worry about giving your money to corporations, since technically they have little use for it. What's more important is being aware of which belief or behavior the corporation wants you to perform, or the belief or behavior that they are concealing from you, as is often the case with the censorship efforts of the media and Silicon Valley. What is the corporation nudging me to do? Eat poisoned food? See the family as archaic? Inject my child with harmful chemicals? Be distracted with hedonism or pleasure? Be obsessed with anal sex? Feed the most damaging parts of my ego? These are questions I must ask with everything I purchase and every idea I believe that is encouraged by a large corporation.

Use corporate products and services to live your life in a healthy way, but if you blindly follow global corporations and see them as being moral, or in the service of social good, you will be steered into a self-destructive lifestyle that separates you from the natural order and moral living. Always remember that corporations don't care about your money

as much as they care about controlling you.

Read Next: *The Inversion Agenda*

I Have Unpublished 11 Of My Books

May 30, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I have taken the following eleven books out of print.

- Bang
- Bang Poland
- Bang Ukraine
- Bang Iceland
- Don’t Bang Denmark
- Bang Lithuania
- Bang Estonia
- Don’t Bang Latvia
- Roosh’s Argentina Compendium
- Roosh’s Brazil Compendium

You can no longer buy them from my web store and new copies will soon be removed from third-party outlets.

This action coincides with my decision to forbid casual sex discussion on my forum, though not discussion of other game mechanics like meeting women and dating. I will share more about these decisions in the future, but as of now I’ll say that I can no longer be a central node that men use to commit morally questionable acts. In other words, I don’t want my work to be actively used to lead men into sin or to enable them to commit it, and while it’s true that “evil” can lead to good, as it did in my case, though at excruciating cost, I don’t want to directly aid men in evil pursuits. If you’re not a believer, it is unlikely you will understand the nature of these decisions and similar ones that will come in the future.

Another change I've made on my web store is that I don't entice you with juicy upsell offers that include books which teach fornication if the book you're buying is not of that topic. For example, in the past, if you wanted to buy a book like A Dead Bat In Paraguay, I would show you an upsell offer that included all of my fornication guides, but now the offer includes only two other memoirs.

For now, I've decided not to unpublish Game because of the large percentage of men who are using it in relationships and for marriages, in spite of the fact that it does contain fornication advice. Instead, I edited the sales page to tone down the sexual benefits that could be received from it.

I have not unpublished my two pornographic memoirs, 30 Bangs and Poosy Paradise, because they reveal the truth of my past and serve as a warning that sexual obsession is not the correct path. Along the same lines, I also have not unpublished The Best Of Roosh Volume 1. These three books are more embarrassing to me than harmful to others, though I may change my mind about them in the future. As for the eleven books I did unpublish, I find that they have no redeeming value. That leaves a total of nine books remaining available for sale.

It's important for me to state that I'm not making this decision for others. I'm not doing this because I think it will protect me from deplatforming (it won't) or put me in good graces with any community or institution. As my action on the forum last week showed, I am being mocked by *everybody*, most especially by those who I thought were friends. These decisions are personal, stemming from my relationship with God and the plan that He has set out for me. I intend to do what is right, even if it will cost me.

In spite of the fact that I can choose to do what is right today, I know that my past will continue to follow me for the rest of my life. Still, I hope I can minimize some of the damage that my work has caused. On my live streams, I've repeatedly stated that we need to apply cleansing fire on the most degenerate parts of society, but I've realized that that fire must first be applied within. And so let the filth that I created burn so that I can begin my second life with a clearer conscience.

Read Next: *Sex Has Become An Obsession*

The Casual Sex Funnel

June 3, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Because you were likely born after the sexual revolution, you may not realize that so much of your reality is nudging you towards casual sex. From the sexual stimuli you perceive in a normal day out in the city to the specific venues you frequent where casual sex can be quickly achieved, you are constantly being funneled into desiring shallow intimacy. Many corporate industries and globalized forces are controlling this funnel, which all depend on you believing that having a "sex life" is one of the most important features of your existence.

You've likely purchased products and services from internet websites. From your perspective, the process is easy and seamless: you're presented with images, videos, a sales page, and an easy checkout process. Behind the scenes, however, the owners of a website have done extensive A/B testing to maximize sales. Changing the color of the font, presenting the product within a different layout, or tweaking upsell offers are all factors that go into an optimized sales funnel. The same thing is happening to us in society. Engineers and scientists have done countless A/B tests to drive "sales," which in their case is non-reproductive sex that damages an individual's ability to reproduce in the future.

When a man starts his day, he begins seeing women in revealing clothing on his way to school or work. If a woman is wearing yoga pants, he may even be able to identify the shape of her labia, and imagine it in the nude. This is a surefire method to rouse up sexual desire and keep it there. He then spends hours in a co-ed university or workplace that further amplifies sexual thoughts. During breaks, he uses his smartphone to observe more sexy women on social networking or on articles that need his clicks to sell advertisements.

To relieve stress at the end of the day, he seeks an alcoholic drink or two in the bar, where there are loose women who are quite willing to give up immediate sex if he's able to turn them on. In the case he fails to score with a woman, there will be dating apps for him to use. Even more potent is the unlimited free porn that can serve as a masturbatory aid in relieving the sexual tension, but which feeds the sex urge further. The cycle will repeat the next day.

The Casual Sex Funnel For Men: Surplus sexual imagery that excites (online and offline) → Co-ed spaces that keep the mind on sex → Alcoholic venues or apps that allow potential fulfillment of sexual desire → Act of casual sex *or* using free hardcore porn to keep the desire inflamed

The funnel for a woman is different: it doesn't sell her the prospect of sex as much as fulfilling her desire to appear beautiful or sexy to the multitude. It begins in the shopping mall, the fashion magazine, Facebook, and Instagram, where she is bombarded with images of beautiful women who seem to be happy and desirable while exhibiting trendy mannerisms and wearing fashionable clothing and makeup.

When a woman wakes up, she picks out an outfit from her closet that was sold to her as something that would garner sexual attention from men. On her way to school or work, she morphs—even in a subtle way—into a sexual weapon that excites men, which is exciting to her initially, but as she enters adulthood, she becomes numb to affections from men she deems as "average."

During the day, she snacks on Instagram and other dating apps, trying to get the attention of a higher standard of man that doesn't seem to give her attention in real life. In school or work, she competes with other attractive women and gets annoyed at the ugly men who flirt with her. She also gives positive signals to the good-looking men she hopes will validate her, and when that fails, she goes to the bar or club to drink with her girlfriends, but only "losers" talk to her. She wonders why Eric from last week didn't text her back. Wasn't the blow job she gave him on the first date good enough? She goes home, takes off her yoga pants, which are now imbued with vaginal sweat, and eats a little bit more than her appetite demands, ensuring that she gains weight and is required to buy more expensive products in the hope that she will still feel attractive.

The Casual Sex Funnel For Women: Buying commercial products that make men desire her → Co-ed spaces that keep her aching to score the best men → Venues or apps that give her access to good-looking men who don't want to commit to her → Act of casual sex *or* using alcohol, food, social media, and pills to relieve the pain of not being with a man who loves her

Consider the industries that are an integral component of the casual sex funnel for both men and women:

- Nightclub and bar industry
- Alcohol
- Porn
- Sex toys and lubricants
- Birth control
- Antibiotics (for sexually transmitted diseases)
- Abortion

- Dermatology and plastic surgery
- Restaurants
- Fashion and clothing
- Female magazines and websites
- Pop music
- Dating apps
- Social networking
- Processed foods and ice cream
- Anti-depressants
- Boutique cats and toy dogs
- Entertainment and other media options designed for barren women
- Marketing for all of the above

Tinder alone, which is just one app in the entire funnel, is slated to earn over $1 billion this year, almost entirely from men in a state of loneliness or lust. When all the above industries are combined, there are hundreds of billions of dollars dependent on you consenting to casual sex and then spending money and attention on the paraphernalia that is associated with it. If casual sex were eliminated today, most of these industries would drastically contract or go bankrupt. At the minimum, they wouldn't be such an integral driver of the culture that uses the natural sex urge to manipulate both men and women.

Most people are blind to how their behavior is impacted by the casual sex funnel, but it is affecting them every hour of every day. The funnel's effectiveness is proved by the fact that most people today believe that casual sex is acceptable, or at least not immoral, when that simply wasn't the case fifty years ago. In essence, you are being stuffed

through a cultural grinder that parts with your money, time, youth, and ability to meaningfully bond with someone of the opposite sex. During the whole ride through, you genuinely believe you are acting on your own volition in a “biological”, “scientific”, or “evolutionary” way, when in actuality the casual sex seed was artificially amplified in your psyche through a relentless barrage of social engineering.

The biological sex urge is strong, but it is certainly being manipulated in ways that take you away from the reason we have it in the first place: to bond with one person to create a family. Instead, you have come to overvalue a purely physical act that even the stupidest, most braindead animals are capable of doing. The guilt, frustration, and dissatisfaction that are created from committing acts of casual sex merely keep you in the funnel, thinking that more of it is what will satisfy you.

When you fail at the game of using sex to achieve happiness, and you *will* fail at it, the pharmaceutical, alcohol, and food industries will be there to soothe your pain. While those of the elite profit off of your manipulated sex drive, the unseen super-elite watch the population suffer from sterility and atomization to achieve their ultimate goal of human control, and the benefits you perceive from “free” sex turn out to be anything but.

Read Next: *Contraception Prevents Love*

READ NOW: The Best Of Roosh Volume 2 — Understanding Women

June 7, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Today I'm releasing my third book in nine months: **The Best Of Roosh Volume 2 — Understanding Women**. It is a 275-page remastered compilation of my top 78 blog articles published between February 2013 and October 2018, from a total of 631 that were written. Here are the chapters:

- Understanding Women
- Improving Women
- Dating
- Game
- Sex
- Life
- Masculinity
- Society
- Power
- Long Form

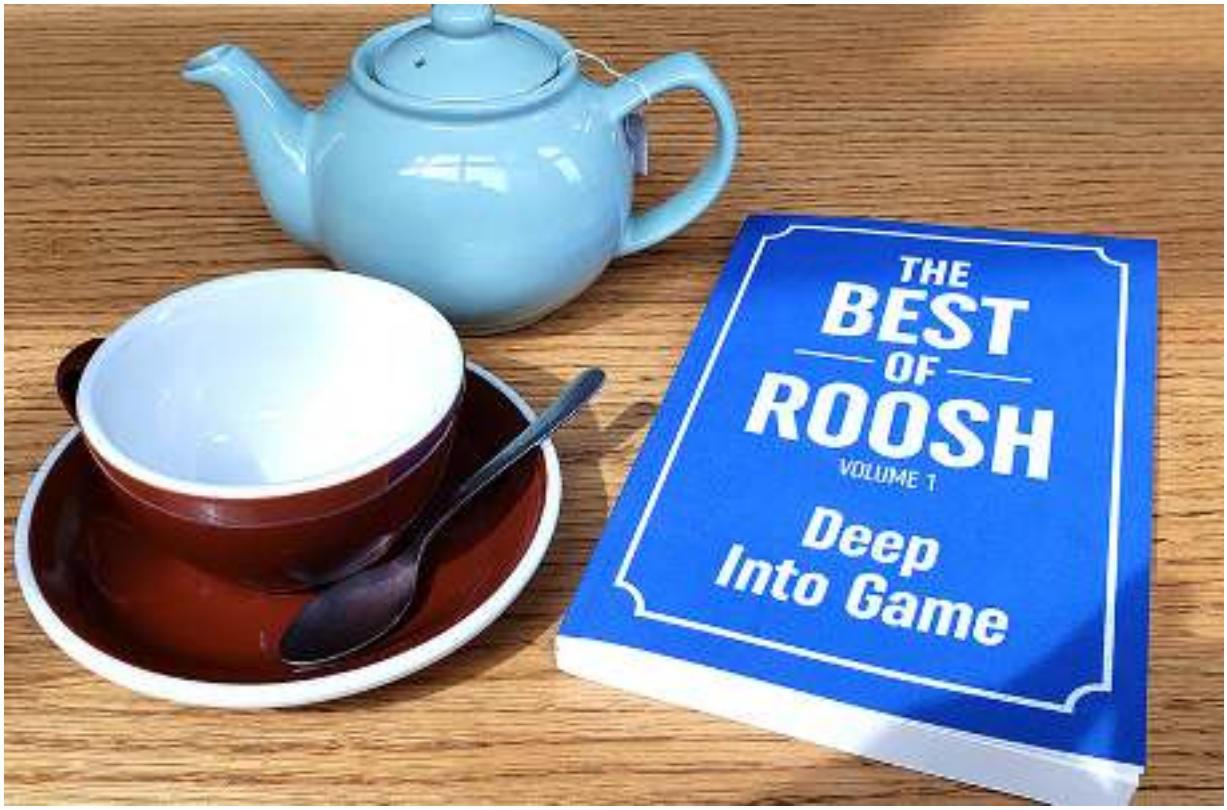
The previous Best Of Roosh (Volume 1), contained mostly game instruction when I was at the height of my sexual pursuits. This second volume contains mostly the *lessons* from those experiences, especially concerning the nature of women, and while there is game knowledge in this volume, it is centered more around big-picture ideas than specific tactics like in my book Game.

Here is a small sample of titles included in the compilation:

- The True Nature Of Women
- Women Who Don’t Have Babies Go Crazy
- Some Women Only Marry Men They Can Cheat On
- Dating Doesn’t Work
- 2 Signs A Girl Will Cheat On You
- How The Game Changes When You Get Older
- The Death Of Male Authenticity

All articles have been re-edited and carefully ordered to maximize the retention of red pill knowledge. This compilation will help men understand women and their modern environment through a masculine frame of reference that resists the Western agenda of male emasculation.

I’m also releasing a new collector’s edition of **The Best Of Roosh Volume 1 — Deep Into Game**…



Volume 1 is a compilation of my 90 best blog articles published between August 2006 and January 2013, from a total of 1,742 that were written. Topics include game, dating, sex, self-improvement, lifestyle, feminism, American culture, and travel.

In this new edition, I cleaned up the extremely vulgar language and corrected dozens of grammatical errors. I considered renaming it “The Worst Of Roosh,” because it shows me at the height of my delusion, ego, and sexual obsession when I truly believed that being a slave to my penis was the same as pursuing masculine excellence. This volume shows how a man can be utterly controlled by his body while somehow thinking that he is in control.

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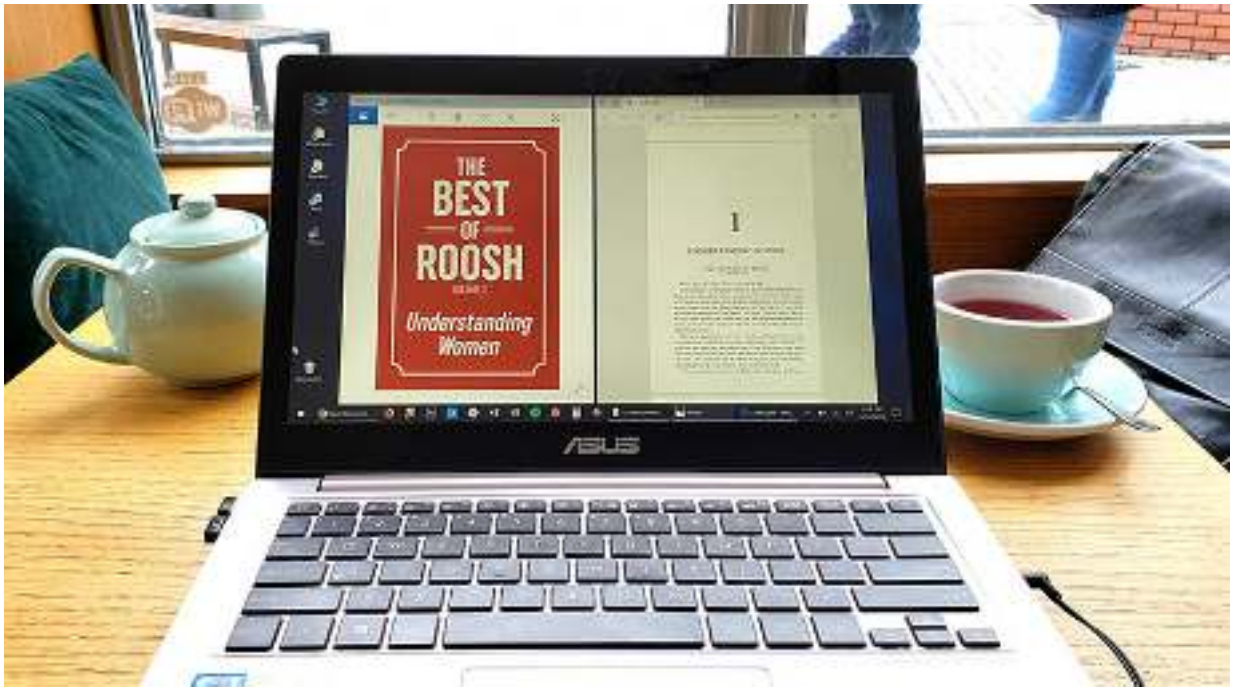

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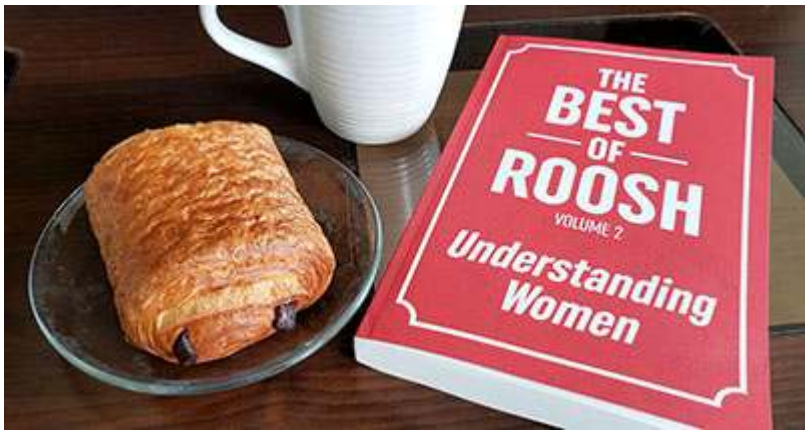

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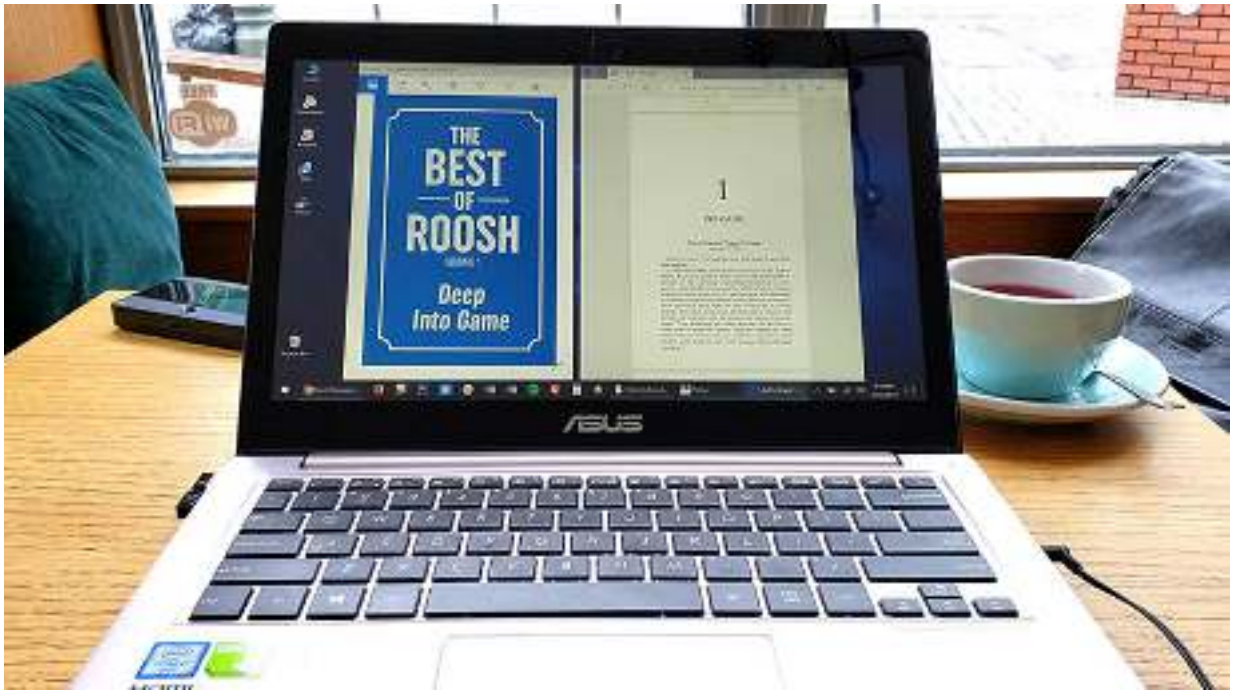

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After a year of strenuous work, I'm relieved to have no more books in the pipeline, so Volume 2 will be my last new release for a year or two. I'm now ready for my USA tour, which begins in only a couple of weeks (click here for details). As always, thank you for the support.

Visit Roosh V Store

Why Is Everything So Fake?

June 10, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The more I look at the world around me, the more I realize the fakery of everything, from the food I eat to the beauty of the women I'm attracted to. And yet, no one else seems to mind. People run away from what is natural and authentic to dive straight into the fake, and they seem to enjoy it.

The food is fake. The animals we eat are fed industrial filler and the meat is processed to appear natural in color. Tomatoes in the supermarket are genetically modified and gassed to appear red. Other Frankenfoods resemble nothing like they did a few decades ago. Even Coca-Cola, which was originally a sugar-based beverage, no longer has sugar in it but corn sweetener. To top it off, the entire food chain is polluted with glyphosate (RoundUp weed killer), which is present even in beer and wine. Almost no one is getting the proper nutrients and vitamins they need, because the food they eat is not real, and they try to compensate by taking dubious supplements, but that's mostly in vain since your body was not designed to extract life-giving nutrients from pills.

The appearance of men and women are fake. Men inject themselves with hormones and puff their muscles up in a way that does not translate to strength in real-life dangers that no longer happen. Women put chemicals on their face to simulate sexual arousal and wear high-tech pants to shape their bodies like clay. Many use fake hair, eyebrows, and eyelashes. Everyone bleaches their teeth to the color of porcelain dinnerware. All photographs of humans are fake by default, photoshopped to perfection, and "deep fakes" will soon ensure that videos will also be fake.

The personas of men and women are fake. Everyone is deeply dissatisfied with who they

are, so they have embarked on a journey of "self-improvement" where they destroy their natural essence for a persona or ideal they believe will allow them to be materially successful in the wreckage we call modern society. When you talk to someone, you talk to a filter that is desperate to act in a "cool," high-status, or attractive manner. Every laugh, statement, and joke is a product of deliberation and calculation. Only a tiny percentage of human communication is based on the truth, and for some people, absolutely none of it is.

The mental states we experience are fake. Most of it is under caffeine, alcohol, marijuana, illegal drugs, pharmaceutical drugs, legal supplements, and psychedelics. Most people don't know what it's like to be on completely nothing and exist in a wholly natural state. We're scared to death of how we really are.

The news is fake. All of it is filtered through the agenda of oligarch owners that have an agenda of increased wealth and power. By default, most of history is also fake. If they can't get the news today right, I doubt they got the events of 75 years ago right.

"Pro rape leader"

The weather is fake. Governments are injecting heavy metals and other substances in the atmosphere while conducting space-age electromagnetic experiments. The fabric that composes your clothes is fake, made in a factory instead of shorn from an animal. The music you listen to is fake, made by a computer instead of a musician. The money you earn is fake, backed by nothing of value. The flowers on the restaurant table are fake. Her romantic interest in you is fake. The conversations you have with your co-workers are fake. The craftsmanship that goes into high-priced "authentic" consumer goods, made in a factory like everything else, is fake.

With everything fake, and people so eager to either be fake or consume what is fake,

could it be that we are also fake? How else can you explain our rush for fakery, to glorify what is fake, to produce the fake for rewards that are also fake? No, I reject that notion. The truth is we are living not in the World of God but in the World of Man, a world created by other men to monitor, weaken, and control us, to fill our minds with disgusting lies, to encourage us to commit all manner of inhuman behavior. I'll consider that tonight when I shower with fake soap, moisturize with fake chemicals, and sleep on my fake feather pillow.

Read Next: *The Rejection Of Natural Life*

The Denial Of Death

June 17, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

After my sister died in March of 2018, I was desperate to make sense of what happened. A close friend of mine recommended I read the book Die Wise by Stephen Jenkinson. I also watched the documentary about him called Griefwalker.

Jenkinson is a Canadian who worked in the "death industry" as a director of palliative care in Toronto's Mount Sinai Hospital. He has come to understand the perverse incentives that keep dying people alive, which stem from our inability to accept that death really happens. Die Wise helped me understand why my sister received barbaric medical treatment after her cancer diagnosis.

> High-tech health care has become an undeclared war on dying itself.
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> […]
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> Gone, if it was ever there, is the option of doing little, of under functioning, of opting for nothing when wrestling with illness and death in the presence of a remarkable range of options that doesn't include doing nothing. Gone is any real questioning of treatment at all. The treatment options are debatable, but treatment is not.

When someone is diagnosed with a chronic illness that could lead to death, modern medicine insists on an immediate intervention that is often aggressive. Doctors may even use military terms against the illness like "hit it hard," "attack," and "go on the offense," which insinuate that your body is a war zone, but even if you win the war, what damage will you body sustain? As I saw with cancer treatment, the destruction is tremendous. Surviving the war leaves you with far less than you had than when you first started, on top of the psychological trauma of wondering when the disease will return.

Because most people want to live, and have never deeply considered the fact that they will one day die, they quickly fall under the spell of the medical industry. Yes, the disease must be "attacked" and my body must be ravaged so I don't die, because being alive is better. No monetary cost or bodily side effect should serve as an obstacle to "living," but that living will not be the same as before.

> More and more, medical technology has become—maybe by default, because so many of us have no other—the story of our dying.
>
> […]
>
> Palliative medicine is a creation of rapid med-tech innovation unaccompanied by any similarly rapid innovative practice wisdom guiding its use, governed by the unimpeachable human-centered conviction that dying is a manageable metabolic event that should be managed, animated by the root conviction that If you can, you should.

If you get diagnosed with cancer, you must do *something*, because this is your one life and you need to live it; you need to fight! But now the doctors—the new priests—have you, and you are essentially donating your body to the medical industry. The machines and the tubes and the infusions and the side effects are now a daily feature of your existence. In essence, it's a completely new life, but the aggressive *something* that is being done is often Potemkin intervention that merely enriches the doctors while extending your suffering.

What if the doctors, who are financially invested in you receiving treatment to pay their expensive mortgages, student loan bills, and BMW car payments, massage the truth about your true odds, and give you false hope that prevents you from accepting that death is on the near horizon? What if doctors know for a fact that you are dying, and you have practically no chance to survive beyond a few painful years, but *refuse to tell you*, and instead use mealy-mouthed code words that a family member has to painstakingly decipher as if they were uttered in a foreign language?

Once you give your body over to the doctors, they will mutilate it. They will slice and dice, pump you full of drugs, and then pat you on the hand to say you are doing great when you don't even recognize the new life you have.

> Within the health care regime the language often changes when a patient is tacitly acknowledged to be a dying person. Professionals will start talking with patients and families about "quality, not quantity." They will talk of "palliative radiation," of "comfort-giving measures."

When someone is dying in the movies, a doctor often says, "I'm sorry but nothing else can be done. I recommend you get your affairs in order." This doesn't happen in real life. Instead, doctors repeat the word "comfort," which really means that they want you to be comfortable with dying—but without telling you that you're dying! They will be more than happy to fill you up with morphine and anti-depressants so you never have to be consciously aware of that fact.

> Here is what I have seen, over and over: dying people in the early and middle stages of their dying, still fairly healthy considering everything, their dying no longer unknown, no longer questioned, their symptoms fairly well managed, their pain fairly well controlled, utterly terrified, unspeakably riven by dread, numb when they are not panting with the horror of it, up many hours of the night with a raw, unspeakable, pain-free or pain-managed terror. This makes them prime candidates for sedation or antidepressants. Here's why: Their terror should have been quelled by having their worst fear managed. Yes. Of course. It should have done.

A doctor may not tell you that you're dying, but your body knows. It can't continue with "life" as it were, to enjoy the same things and go to work like everything is okay, which is what dying people are encouraged to do. This conflict leads to intense anxiety and terror that a doctor immediately wants to hammer away with psychoactive drugs.

In a culture that hides death, not only with humans but also with the animals we kill to produce our food, there is no secular superstructure or process to understand how we die. We're at a loss of what to do when it comes to death (we don't even know what to say to someone who is being affected by it), when death should be in our awareness not long after we're born.

> More Time means more time to live their dying. It means more symptoms, more drugs for the symptoms, more drugs for the side effects of the first drugs, more weakness and diminishment and dependence to go along with more time with the kids or the grandkids, or walks in the park with the dog. That's not all it means, not necessarily, but More Time almost always means more dying.
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> […]
>
> More Time almost never looks or feels or goes the way people imagine it will when they are bargaining for it. More Time bears no resemblance to anything most people have lived. More Time is a fantasy of the resumption of a life interrupted. But More Time, when it finally kicks in, is the rest of a dying person's life, and the rest of that life will be lived in the never-before-known shadow of the inevitability of their dying. For the first time in their lives they will live knowing that they will die from what afflicts them.
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> […]
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> By being given More Time, they have been given more death.

Modern medicine gives the illusion that death—and the pain from death—can be escaped, but instead, doctors merely *distribute* the pain and suffering over a longer period of time, if not outright increasing it. Medical treatment is a devil's bargain where you receive

more time to live, but at an immense financial, physical, and emotional cost. While I would never tell a friend or relative to just let cancer or heart disease ravage them, they need to be aware that they will still be ravaged, just at a slower pace, while receiving a false sense of hope that life can return to what it was before the disease.

> [The patient's] problem was that he was still alive. Because of the treatment he'd received his life had been extended far beyond what the disease dictated, but he gained that additional life knowing that he would die in the foreseeable future of the disease he was being treated for anyway. He had bargained for months of illness and an hour of death, but instead got an eternity of wakeful agitated, motionless, unremarkable, endless, symptom-riddled, ordinary dying.
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> […]
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> Instead of the old nightmare of uncontrolled pain and unexpected death, we have a new nightmare of controlled pain and an unexpected wish to die, a wish that can't be accounted for by worsening symptoms and can't be soothed by reassurances that no one will be allowed to suffer. They are suffering. Dying people are suffering a torment we once thought would only come to those in the hour of their death. Now the hour of death is months long, sometimes longer.

The deciding moment is when you become ill. Your body, existing in corrupted flesh due to Adam's fall, has decided to die. It will always happen before you expect, and you will refuse to believe in your body's judgment. You will blame all sorts of environmental causes and bad luck, but the body, your flawed biological shell, will win. Treatment is just rearranging the chairs on the deck of the Titanic, and you will suffer mightily before it's done. By saying this, I'm not advocating for you to abstain from medical treatment, but the costs of treatment must be understood *before* the disease comes, because when you're ill, and doctors are dangling the possibility of a successful treatment or "cure" above your head, you will not be able to make a sound decision on what to do.

> Dying is a natural thing, and left to its natural self each living thing knows how to die. The body has the genius of a natural thing, and it knows how to obey the accumulation of time, wear and tear, disease and symptoms. It knows how to stop. But med-tech, not in any sense a natural thing, knows how to subvert the way disease and symptoms have of keeping and marking time, and in doing so it subverts the body's knowledge of how to stop.

You will refuse to listen to your body, to nature, to God's plan. Besides, how will you really know it's your time? Is refusing antibiotics for a skin infection that then becomes deadly sepsis what God has in store for you? How do I know God's will? At what point are we being silly in refusing treatment and at what point are we extending our dying time? These questions and boundaries have to be decided before the disease comes, which means you have to think of your death and pray to God for wisdom while you're perfectly healthy.

Personally, I don't believe I would treat cancer that I'm diagnosed with if it's beyond

Stage 2, when it has spread from the original tumor, though to know for sure, I would essentially have to become a doctor myself by being able to decipher medical scans and understand treatment plans and their costs, and the only reason I know of the intricacies of cancer treatment is because of what happened to my sister. With death shoved behind closed doors, most people will not know the truth of how the medical industry handles death until they experience it firsthand, yet the cost of learning that experience is high. Most of you will choose the “cope, hope, and dope” option that the medical industry offers you, and I don’t blame you for that.

> …extraordinary energy and vitality given in this culture to the project of not knowing that we are dying, and because of the unhesitating willingness of caregivers of all stripes to collude with this refusal to know through the usually clumsily crafted projects of positive outlook, hopefulness, and live-instead-of-die advocacy, and because the etymology of the verb “to palliate” comes closer to “to conceal, to cloak” than it does to “to help.”
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> […]
>
> The woman was referred to an outpatient palliative care service without being told what it meant to be in palliative care.

Palliative care is given to patients who are not expected to live. They are given treatments that are meant to reduce pain and increase comfort, but not always: my sister was given both radiation and chemotherapy in her last days at tremendous pain even though, in hindsight, I believe the doctors knew there was little hope in her recovery. Regrettably, it was me who helped persuade my mother and father that we should go ahead with these futile treatments. My sister wanted to live, and I didn’t want her to die, and the doctors didn’t seem wholly pessimistic, but those treatments only made her dying time that much more difficult. The doctors withheld her true odds, and allowed all of us to make the wrong decisions when it came to her final days.

> Everyone knows that everyone else is going to die. Each person does not know that he or she are going to die. They do not know they are dying when they are, which is why they need to be told. There are many working in the death trade today who will vehemently defend this not knowing as a fundamental right of all people. This is compassion to them.

You don’t possess the belief that you will one day die. You’re an educated person who knows that all living beings must die, but your own death is so abstract, so off in the distance, that you don’t truly believe it will happen to the extent that it’s worth thinking about now, but by not doing so, you delegate responsibility for your life to a medical industry that has its own interests which only slightly overlap with yours. You will panic when you are diagnosed with an illness, make sure all medical options are explored, and pursue an aggressive treatment plan that takes an immense physical toll on you, and yet you will remain ever so hopeful to extend your living time that you *still* refuse to accept your death, as proximal as it may seem to the doctors who are treating you.

> When Finding Meaning is your hammer, it turns dying into a desperate kind of scavenger hunt, a last-gasp lunge at holding back the tide of Meaninglessness that our cultural poverty on this issue prescribes to us in our dying time.
>
> […]
>
> If you haven't been deliberately making meaning in your life by the ways you've lived it, then your time of dying is going to be a hard, hard proving ground, a tough, under-the-gun place to do so.

If you do accept death, what meaning can you find in a culture that conceals it and pretends it doesn't happen, where the only institution of our culture that attempts to put death into context—religion—is all but gone? Even when you're alive and healthy, you flounder at finding meaning that transcends the material. That is only amplified during your dying time. The context and meaning must already be in place for death to make sense, but since I know very few people who understand their existence while healthy, dying will be an exceedingly painful affair.

> [Medicine] has turned the epic life drama of dying into the treatment of symptoms, the treatment of side effects of the treatment, the treatment of side effects of the drugs, the treatment of secondary, escalating symptoms, the treatment of secondary side effects, and so on.

The medical industry distracts you from death, postponing your acceptance and understanding of it. You will be so busy with doctor appointments, treatments, management of side effects, and listening to encouraging words of hope from loved ones and support groups that death never stops being an abstraction.

> In a death-phobic culture like our own, knowing you are dying is not as healthy as

> hoping you aren't dying while you are. When hopeful people are dying, and when dying people are hopeful, they buy a house on a street called Not Now, in a town called Not Yet, according to a Freedom 55 investment plan called Anywhere but Here. They become fighters, and the obligation they hold their families, friends, and caregivers to is that there be nothing but positive, upbeat, hopeful talk around them, no matter the diagnosis, prognosis, symptom buildup or failing strength, phantom capacity or fugitive alertness, until they themselves give the unequivocal signal that they have given up hope.
>
> […]
>
> It is not dying that is traumatic; it is dying in a death-phobic culture that is traumatic.

In addition to the medical industry, there is also the health charity industry that acts as a cult to recruit you and your family to the "cause" of fighting, finding cures, and having hope, all while they lop off 50% of your money in "administrative" costs, and all you're left with is colored ribbons made in China that you eventually toss into the trash when you realize how hollow their compassion really was.

> Physicians, counselors, and families are all unhinged when a dying person wants to die before they are able to.
>
> […]
>
> "I'm dying." Don't be negative. "I want to die." You're depressed.

If I get a terminal disease, and choose not to get treatment, please don't ask me to fight, and please don't send me your apple cider vinegar cure. *Let me die!* When the doctor lists my treatment options, and advises me to take a drug which will napalm my body, and that it's my best option, I will tell him to *let me die!* When a family member says that I need to fight for them, so they don't suffer the grief from my absence, I will thank them for their love and say *let me die!* No one, including myself, allowed my sister to die. She had to fight when she was beyond the strength to do so, when it was not fair to her. Trusting the doctors when it came to my sister's care was perhaps the biggest mistake I've made in my life.

> Our fear of dying is an inherited trauma. It comes from not knowing how to be at home in the world. It comes from having no root in the world and no indebtedness to what has gone before us.

As we become more rootless, more disconnected from our families, ancestors, and homelands, dying becomes that much harder. We don't know why we lived, so how can we know why we're dying?

> Dying is enormously hard. The labor of it—and it is labor, of the same kind as that which brings life into the world—is relentless, demanding. The shock of having to see your days as numbered in the dozens, of seeing your body heading out of town, of seeing yourself as mostly passed, these are in some ways ruinous and

> costly encounters with the way it is.

But it's going to happen. No amount of medicine or miracle cures will stop it, and attempting to delay your death simply extends your dying time so that you die longer, so that your body rattles for longer. *Today* is the time to face death, while you're healthy to face it, not when you get sick.

> If you are not born with the instinct for dying well, you have to learn it. I wish you every success in finding someone who is good at it and is willing to teach you. You have to learn how to die, or you probably will not die wisely or well.
>
> […]
>
> People die the way they live, mostly. That could be grim, or it could be, in a quiet and unexpected way, great news. It means that you can begin to learn how to die well long before your turn comes. It means that you can practice it in all the mundane corners of daily life. It means there's nothing to wait for. There's no one to give you the news. Getting up again the next morning, until you can't: That's pretty much all the news you're going to get to keep you in the know. Being able to eat again, until you can't: That's the news. Everyone else's dying and death before yours is the news washing up on your shore.

One downside of this book is that it's written in a poetic style that is quite wordy. It's not a typical nonfiction book that lays out a recipe for action; instead, it is more of a gentle ballet that connects you with Jenkinson's heart and his experiences. While the book will help you understand death in relation to medical care, it does not help much with death itself. Instead, it talks about how death is done in the modern era, and why it is so difficult. Nonetheless, I believe this book is important to read, especially if you or a loved one have just been diagnosed with a terminal disease.

If there's one thing I learned from Die Wise, it's that I shouldn't count on anyone to tell me I'm dying, especially a doctor. They won't tell me. My family won't tell me, and will give me hope where none exists because they don't want me to die. I will have to expose myself to death in a way that has been shielded from me and listen to my bones when my time is near, and be ready to experience death as purely and consciously I can, just like I have experienced everything else in life, because while I may not want death to come, it will come on its own timeline, not my own.

I wish I read Die Wise before my sister died. I would have understood that all her treatments simply prolong her dying time and that cancer "remission" is still a form of dying, albeit at a much slower pace, because the cancer is still there, waiting until it can start a new offensive. I would have been able to decode the "comfort" that doctors promised her, and how when they said it's "helpful to try" a drug, what they were really saying is that we've arrived at the end of the road, and that it's time to die. I lament that my sister had to die so painfully and confusingly for me to learn how I could die wisely when my time comes.

Read Next: *Eulogy*

Casual Sex Creates Guilt

June 24, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

At the height of my casual sex phase, when I was sleeping with numerous women per year, I was also attacking feminists and "sluts" with a level of hostility that I wouldn't use today. Why was I so heated and angry while receiving bountiful sexual pleasure? Shouldn't I have been *praising* the type of woman who gave me commitment-free sex? It took me a long time to realize that attacking those women was a way of relieving my guilt from sleeping with other women. I learned that guilt is the worldly debt you must pay when you sleep with strangers, along with many other activities you perform that are normalized in modern society. That guilt is then projected outwardly onto others as anger, distrust, frustration, and hatred.

You are already familiar with a form of guilt that is felt immediately and directly. Your friend is sick in the hospital but you are too busy to visit him. He dies and now you feel guilty. You date a girl for many years who is madly in love with you, but you decide she is not the girl for you. You break up with her and feel guilty. Your pug is ill with cancer and needs expensive treatment that you can barely afford. You forgo treatment, the pug dies, and now you feel guilty. Most people consciously experience guilt in these scenarios. They know the source of their guilt and tear their hair out wondering if they made the right choice, often for the rest of their lives.

But there is another kind of guilt that you don't become consciously aware of. It happens when you engage in behavior that goes against the natural order or moral law but which is encouraged, promoted, or enabled by your culture. Sleeping around is the most common example. Outside the confines of love or family, sex is perverse and immoral,

because it denies the reproductive aspect of humanity to treat others as masturbatory tools that are used and discarded. Exposing and rubbing your genitals with another person is the most physically intimate act you can perform, but doing so with a stranger creates subconscious guilt, no matter what your belief system or religion. When you consider that people place more care in not touching public door handles than vetting a person they fornicate with, it's no surprise that societies which have promoted casual sex are awash in massive guilt that must be resolved within *or* projected without, but since most people are not aware of this specific form of guilt, it is almost always projected.

Subconscious guilt is a form of negative internal pressure that the soul can neither handle nor endure. As if in a game of tag, you must pass on the guilt to someone else, or find a method to dissipate it. This can occur by attacking other people, engaging in combative politics, abusing substances, or seeking a soothing form of ego gratification, often the exact same behavior that is causing the guilt in the first place. It turns out that men who have received sexual pleasure from sluts will then attack sluts for being… sluts. And then to relieve that angst he seeks pleasure with even more sluts, perpetuating the cycle. The type of woman that a man attacks is often one who has given him pleasure (his most accurate insults are reserved for who he knows best).

This phenomenon also happens to women who engage in casual sex. The women who cry most about "toxic masculinity" or "rape culture," and who believe that sex is a source of empowerment and confidence, are promiscuous or "polyamorous" women who are relieving their guilt. This guilt is especially potent in women because, unlike with men, their scarcity of eggs, shortened window of fertility, and higher bodily investment during pregnancy dictate that they must be more choosy when selecting partners. Most people in the social justice movement are therefore composed of highly promiscuous women living a "liberated" lifestyle and then attacking men for also wanting to live the same lifestyle, just like how I was attacking sluts and feminists while simultaneously sleeping with them. I like to think of myself as an intelligent man, but the fact that I missed this massive blind spot for so many years means that many others are likely missing it as well.

Another example comes from interracial relationships. When a person seeks a partner outside of their race, guilt is created, and that gets projected against the very race they have amorous feelings for. You see this in black, Asian, and Indian women who attack "white privilege" and "white supremacy" while simultaneously dating white men or being attracted to them. Black women who advocate for Black Lives Matter or other racial concerns are almost certainly fornicating with a man who possesses white blood. The same happens to white men. If you want to identify a subset of white men who are disproportionately attracted to Asian women, try an alt-right event. I have to conclude that we are wired to reproduce with a similar race as ourselves, and when we choose not to do that, guilt is created and then projected as race activism.

One form of guilt that I have noticed growing within myself concerns my aging parents. Even though my parents can currently take care of themselves, I realize that they would be happier and more comfortable if I lived closer to them. Unless I permanently move back to the United States, this guilt will grow and then need to be projected. I suspect that the latest trend of attacking boomers is a way for Generation X'ers and millennials to relieve the guilt that is created from not being close to their family. Other behaviors that create guilt are masturbation, especially with the aid of hardcore pornography, and sodomy, which are both direct forms of self-abuse.

Unless you cut off guilt at its source, you will need to vent the pressure through *constant* projection and creative forms of deviance. Hence the ease at which those riddled by guilt become natural activists. If I didn't stop having casual sex, I would find new and ingenious ways to insult women. If I soon don't resolve the guilt of not being close to my parents, I will attack boomerism. Unless a woman becomes more modest and monogamous, she will rail against the "patriarchy" while bragging about her latest abortion. Unless a mixed-race individual makes peace with their identity, they will be the racist they claim to be against. Unfortunately, people continue to perform the behavior that creates the initial feelings of guilt because they are receiving messages in the

culture that doing so is acceptable or healthy, but if that was the case, the guilt wouldn't be there.

For the longest time, I thought I was just an animal that could "do what thou wilt." I wanted to sleep around, be "free," spread my "wings," experience all I could, and design my own lifestyle in a faraway land, but there are built-in limitations to my existence that have blocked those attempts. If I chose to ignore those limitations and continue transgressing moral law, the subconscious guilt would start controlling me like a parasite controls its host, and I would soon find that my resulting "self" is merely a manifestation of behavior that is not compatible with life as it was created for me.

I believe God has established boundaries for humans that prevent men like myself from eternally sleeping with females like a dog, or doing other behaviors that are so common in the animal world, and it has "only" taken me four decades to understand that. I'm sure I will continue to make mistakes when it comes to sex, relationships, and being the best son to my parents that I can, but at least now I understand the consequence of those mistakes. Every time I look to attack someone or commit an immoral act with the hopes of receiving pleasure, I will have to think long and hard about what guilt I'm trying to relieve.

Read Next: *Men Are Wasting Their Time*

ON SALE: Early Bird Tickets For Minneapolis, Denver, Salt Lake City, Seattle And Portland

June 27, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Tickets for Minneapolis, Denver, Salt Lake City, Seattle, and Portland are now on sale at early-bird pricing until July 4. (Omaha was removed due to low interest and Portland, Oregon was added in its stead). To grab your ticket, **click here to visit Roosh Live**, scroll down to your preferred city, and click the Buy button. Tickets are also still available for Philadelphia, Washington D.C., Columbus (OH), and Chicago.

This past weekend, I completed the Boston event without any disruption, so I expect future events to also be peaceful. Here's a review from a Boston attendee via the forum:

> Hey fellas, I attended the Roosh talk and Happy Hour this past weekend with Roosh and I must say it is a incredibly good time.
>
> Roosh is kinda like a wizened old man who loves joking about absurdity, and his talk is a series of deeply personal stories and lessons he's learned from them. Some are sad, some are uplifting, but no matter what you will be asking yourself a lot of questions after the speech is done. Roosh's conversion was particularly interesting for me, as well as the story of his last girlfriend. The speech and meeting Roosh makes the event worth it, but it's only half of the event.
>
> The other half of the event is meeting with lots of similarly minded men. Being able to integrate into a community of like minded men is easily worth the price of admission without the speech. You'll meet guys from all walks of life, from the top of the food chain to the bottom, all with different analysis's of the world and what courses of action to take next.
>
> It's a great time, and it could easily be several years before something like this happens again. Go if for no other reason than to network and make some "dissident right-wing" (i.e. thinks for themselves) friendships in your area.
>
> Feels like I planted the seeds of something important the past weekend.

Please note that I have changed times and *all* dates from the original tour announcement! Also, after Minneapolis, I've decided to commence the happy hour directly after the talk instead of placing it on a different day. Here is the new schedule:

MINNEAPOLIS
Talk: August 3 @ 6 p.m.
Happy Hour: August 4 @ 1 p.m.
Dinner: August 2 @ 7 p.m.
Buy Tickets

DENVER
Talk + Happy Hour: August 10 @ 4 p.m.
Dinner: August 9 @ 7 p.m

Buy Tickets

SALT LAKE CITY

Talk + Happy Hour: August 17 @ 4 p.m.
Dinner: August 16 @ 7 p.m.
Buy Tickets

SEATTLE

Talk + Happy Hour: August 24 @ 4 p.m.
Dinner: August 23 @ 7 p.m.
Buy Tickets

PORTLAND, OR

Talk + Happy Hour: August 31 @ 4 p.m.
Dinner: August 30 @ 7 p.m.
Buy Tickets

This early-bird sale ends on July 4. If you have any questions, leave a comment below.

Visit Roosh Live

Babylon Road #1: Holy Trinity Monastery, Walden Pond, Boston

June 29, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I've hit the road and begun documenting my USA trip. In this video, I share scenes from Upstate New York and Western Massachusetts leading up to Boston.

Listen to it in podcast format or download the MP3:

Subscribe to my Youtube channel to catch future travel videos..

Previously: *Roosh Hour #38: Holy Water*

LAST CHANCE: Early Bird Tickets For Minneapolis, Denver, Salt Lake City, Seattle, Portland

July 3, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Early bird tickets for Minneapolis, Denver, Salt Lake City, Seattle, and Portland end tomorrow! To grab your ticket, **click here to visit Roosh Live**, scroll down to your preferred city, and click the Buy button. Regular-priced tickets are also still available for Philadelphia, Washington D.C., Columbus (OH), and Chicago.

Tickets are available for the following nine events…

PHILADELPHIA
Talk: July 6 @ 6 p.m.
Happy Hour: July 7 @ 1 p.m.
Dinner: July 5 @ 7 p.m.
Buy Tickets

WASHINGTON, D.C.
Talk: July 13 @ 6 p.m.
Happy Hour: July 14 @ 1 p.m.
Dinner: July 12 @ 7 p.m.
Buy Tickets

COLUMBUS, OHIO
Talk: July 20 @ 6 p.m.
Happy Hour: July 21 @ 1 p.m.
Dinner: July 19 @ 7 p.m.
Buy Tickets

CHICAGO
Talk: July 27 @ 6 p.m.
Happy Hour: July 28 @ 1 p.m.
Dinner: July 26 @ 7 p.m.
Buy Tickets

MINNEAPOLIS
Talk: August 3 @ 6 p.m.
Happy Hour: August 4 @ 1 p.m.
Dinner: August 2 @ 7 p.m.
Buy Tickets (Early bird pricing)

DENVER
Talk + Happy Hour: August 10 @ 4 p.m.
Dinner: August 9 @ 7 p.m
Buy Tickets (Early bird pricing)

SALT LAKE CITY

Talk + Happy Hour: August 17 @ 4 p.m.
Dinner: August 16 @ 7 p.m.
Buy Tickets (Early bird pricing)

SEATTLE
Talk + Happy Hour: August 24 @ 4 p.m.
Dinner: August 23 @ 7 p.m.
Buy Tickets (Early bird pricing)

PORTLAND, OR
Talk + Happy Hour: August 31 @ 4 p.m.
Dinner: August 30 @ 7 p.m.
Buy Tickets (Early bird pricing)

Visit Roosh Live

Babylon Road #2 – Ocean Drive, New Haven pizza, New York City

July 5, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

My travels through America continues. In this video, I share scenes from Rhode Island, Connecticut, and New York City.

Join me on my tour by visiting Roosh Live for a full listing of all cities I'll be in. Subscribe to my Youtube channel to catch future travel videos.

Previously: *Babylon Road #1: Holy Trinity Monastery, Walden Pond, Boston*

Babylon Road #3 – Princeton, Valley Forge, Philadelphia

July 12, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In this travelogue, I share scenes from Princeton (NJ), New Hope (PA), Valley Forge, King Of Prussia (PA), Philadelphia, and a lot more.

Join me on my tour by visiting Roosh Live for a full listing of all cities I'll be in. Subscribe to my Youtube channel to catch future travel videos.

Previously: *Babylon Road #2: Ocean Drive, New Haven pizza, New York City*

Babylon Road #4 – Lancaster, Havre de Grace, Washington D.C.

July 19, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In this travelogue, I share scenes from Lancaster (PA), Havre de Grace (PA), Washington D.C., and a lot more.

Join me on my tour by visiting Roosh Live for a full listing of all cities I'll be in. Subscribe to my Youtube channel to catch future travel videos.

Previously: *Babylon Road #3 – Princeton, Valley Forge, Philadelphia*

ON SALE: Early Bird Tickets For San Fran, L.A., San Diego, Phoenix, Dallas, Austin, Houston

July 24, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Tickets for San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego, Phoenix, Dallas, Austin, and Houston are now on sale at early-bird pricing until August 1. To grab your ticket, **click here to visit Roosh Live**, scroll down to your preferred city, and click the Buy button. Tickets are also still available for Chicago, Minneapolis, Denver, Salt Lake City, Seattle, and Portland.

I've now completed five events without any disturbance. Here is some feedback I received from the previous events:

> The speech was terrific. I have read a lot of your writing and didn't feel that you were repeating yourself here. Even when you talked about things you had written about before you had new comments and insights. In dealing with the audience/attendees you were thoughtful personable and kind.
>
> […]
>
> It was terrific meeting so many conservative leaning people who are also into your body of work. People have a lot in common and the energy was great even the two women at the event had good sense! There wasn't any drama or excessive competition over the women attending everybody was there first for the event which was nice.
>
> […]
>
> You gave me a lot to think about. Potentially life-changing. I want to do a better job of living up to my own values. I have already taken a few steps in that direction since last night.
>
> […]
>
> Roosh is a gifted story teller and I thought most of his life lessons were very thought provoking. His experiences traveling told before a live audience do it more justice than articles or even a book can do.
>
> […]
>
> The stories were excellent. And you gave personal attention to each attendant. The location was easy to drive to and parking was free. It was a little chilly in the room but no big deal. Great preparation overall.

Please note that I have changed times and *all* dates from the original tour announcement! Also, after Minneapolis, I've decided to commence the happy hour directly after the talk instead of placing it on a different day. Here is the schedule for the new cities:

SAN FRANCISCO
Talk + Happy Hour: September 7 @ 4 p.m.
Dinner: September 6 @ 7 p.m.

Buy Tickets

LOS ANGELES

Talk + Happy Hour: September 14 @ 4 p.m.
Dinner: September 13 @ 7 p.m.
Buy Tickets

SAN DIEGO

Talk + Happy Hour: September 21 @ 4 p.m.
Dinner: September 20 @ 7 p.m.
Buy Tickets

PHOENIX

Talk + Happy Hour: September 28 @ 4 p.m.
Dinner: September 27 @ 7 p.m.
Buy Tickets

DALLAS

Talk + Happy Hour: October 5 @ 4 p.m.
Dinner: October 4 @ 7 p.m.
Buy Tickets

AUSTIN

Talk + Happy Hour: October 12 @ 4 p.m.
Dinner: October 11 @ 7 p.m.
Buy Tickets

HOUSTON

Talk + Happy Hour: October 19 @ 4 p.m.
Dinner: October 18 @ 7 p.m.
Buy Tickets

This early-bird sale ends on August 1. If you have any questions, leave a comment below.

Visit Roosh Live

Babylon Road #5 – Clifton Forge, Holy Cross Monastery, Columbus (Ohio)

July 26, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In this travelogue, I share scenes from Clifton Forge (Virginia), Holy Cross Monastery in West Virginia, Columbus (Ohio), and a lot more.

Join me on my tour by visiting Roosh Live for a full listing of all cities I'll be in. Subscribe to my Youtube channel to catch future travel videos.

Previously: *Babylon Road #4 – Lancaster, Havre de Grace, Washington D.C.*

Garden Interview With E. Michael Jones In South Bend, Indiana

July 29, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I had the privilege of meeting Dr. E. Michael Jones in his hometown of South Bend, Indiana. In this interview, I asked him questions about religion, American culture, and politics.

Listen to it in podcast format or download the MP3:

Subscribe to my Youtube channel or podcast RSS feed to catch future videos.

Previously: *Roosh Hour #38: Holy Water*

Babylon Road #6 – Cicero, University Of Notre Dame, Chicago

August 2, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In this travelogue, I share scenes from Cicero (Indiana), South Bend (Indiana), University of Notre Dame, Chicago, and many more.

Join me on my tour by visiting Roosh Live for a full listing of all cities I'll be in. Subscribe to my Youtube channel to catch future travel videos.

Previously: *Babylon Road #5 – Clifton Forge, Holy Cross Monastery, Columbus (Ohio)*

Babylon Road #7 – Madison, Wisconsin River Road, Minneapolis

August 9, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In this travelogue, I share scenes from Wisconson, Minneapolis (Minnesota), and many more.

Join me on my tour by visiting Roosh Live for a full listing of all cities I'll be in. Subscribe to my Youtube channel to catch future travel videos.

Previously: *Babylon Road #6 – Cicero, University Of Notre Dame, Chicago*

Babylon Road #8 – Badlands, Deadwood, Denver

August 16, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In this travelogue, I share scenes from Badlands National Park, Deadwood (South Dakota), Black Hills National Park, Denver, and many more.

Join me on my tour by visiting Roosh Live for a full listing of all cities I'll be in. Subscribe to my Youtube channel to catch future travel videos.

Previously: *Babylon Road #7 – Madison, Wisconsin River Road, Minneapolis*

Babylon Road #9 – Rocky Mountains, Hanging Lake, Salt Lake City

August 23, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In this travelogue, I share scenes from Rocky Mountain National Park (Colorado), Hanging Lake (Glenwood Springs, Colorado), Salt Lake City (Utah), and many more.

Join me on my tour by visiting Roosh Live for a full listing of all cities I'll be in. Subscribe to my Youtube channel to catch future travel videos.

Previously: *Babylon Road #8 – Badlands, Deadwood, Denver*

Babylon Road #10 – Grand Teton, Yellowstone, Seattle

August 30, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In this travelogue, I share scenes from Wyoming, Montana, and Washington.

Join me on my tour by visiting Roosh Live for a full listing of all cities I'll be in. Subscribe to my Youtube channel to catch future travel videos.

Previously: *Babylon Road #9 – Rocky Mountains, Hanging Lake, Salt Lake City*

Babylon Road #11 – Mount Rainier, Packwood, Portland

September 6, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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In this travelogue, I share scenes from Washington and Oregon.

Join me on my tour by visiting Roosh Live for a full listing of all cities I'll be in. Subscribe to my Youtube channel to catch future travel videos.

Previously: *Babylon Road #10 – Grand Teton, Yellowstone, Seattle*

Babylon Road #12 – Crater Lake, St. Herman's Monastery, San Francisco

September 13, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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In this travelogue, I share scenes from Oregon and Northern California before arriving to San Francisco.

Join me on my tour by visiting Roosh Live for a full listing of all cities I'll be in. Subscribe to my Youtube channel to catch future travel videos.

Previously: *Babylon Road #11 – Mount Rainier, Packwood, Portland*

ON SALE: Early Bird Tickets For Miami, Orlando, Atlanta, Nashville, and Charlotte

September 18, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Tickets for Miami, Orlando, Atlanta, Nashville, and Charlotte are now on sale at early-bird pricing until September 25. To grab your ticket, **click here to visit Roosh Live**, scroll down to your preferred city, and click the Buy button. Tickets are also still available for San Diego, Phoenix, Dallas, Austin, and Houston.

I've now completed thirteen events and will soon approach the home stretch. Here is some feedback I received from the previous events:

> A "peak-experience" event Roosh. I fully appreciated your outstanding insight and wry humor. I have to express my appreciation. You slave away at your computer conducting research and crafting shows and all I do is passively absorb your output through my earbuds at the gym or my iPad in the kitchen. I hope you will not always denigrate your writing as "the sin of pride" as you did to E. Michael Jones this spring (when you were lain pretty low.) Your writing is genuinely good. Even the sordid "Poosy Paradise" had its positive side: it was a study of the work ethic. I hope you will come to think of the regrettable early activities as ones that gave sideways birth to a real calling. It's like what EMJ says about God's providence: the bad often gives birth to the good.
>
> […]
>
> You must have had a cast-iron bladder. You did not budge from that room for more than six hours. You don't have to be superhuman! Please feel free to announce a ten-minute break somewhere in the middle.
>
> […]
>
> Your talk was very thoughtful. I was surprised to see women in the audience and although they did not ask questions it seemed to me they were fairly engaged in the conversation and you kept eye contact with them always with great sense of humor. I like the language you used; clean and clear slow speaking (as is your usual personality) and without beating around the bush choosing words too much. Direct. To be fair knowing your work for a long time (7 years) I was not surprised which is a compliment. I got to see Roosh Live. Thank you so much for taking on this tour and bringing your message out to "real life". It is so important for us to be able to connect in person and be able to talk about topics which are so taboo that even our families will not touch with a 10 foot pole. I woke up this morning (Monday) two days after the event with a sense of calmness and serenity that I can only attribute to being able to reconcile a side of myself that was in the shadows.
>
> […]

> I wish there was a slide or a presentation. There was nothing visual. Most men are pretty visual and most people coming will be men. The story was great though.

Please note that I have changed times and *all* dates from the original tour announcement! Also, I've renamed the Happy Hour to Meet & Greet, since it does not take place in a bar, though you are free to purchase alcoholic beverages in the hotel bar and bring it to the conference room. Here is the schedule for the new cities:

MIAMI
Talk + Meet & Greet: October 26 @ 4 p.m.
Dinner: October 25 @ 7 p.m.
Buy Tickets

ORLANDO
Talk + Meet & Greet: November 2 @ 4 p.m.
Dinner: November 1 @ 7 p.m.
Buy Tickets

ATLANTA
Talk + Meet & Greet: November 9 @ 4 p.m.
Dinner: November 8 @ 7 p.m.
Buy Tickets

NASHVILLE
Talk + Meet & Greet: November 16 @ 4 p.m.
Dinner: November 15 @ 7 p.m.
Buy Tickets

CHARLOTTE, NC (Final tour event)
Talk + Meet & Greet: November 23 @ 4 p.m.
Dinner: November 22 @ 7 p.m.
Buy Tickets

This early-bird sale ends on September 25. If you have any questions, leave a comment below.

Visit Roosh Live

Babylon Road #13 – Monterey, Big Sur, Los Angeles

September 20, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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In this travelogue, I share scenes from coastal California and Los Angeles.

Join me on my tour by visiting Roosh Live for a full listing of all cities I'll be in. Subscribe to my Youtube channel to catch future travel videos.

Previously: *Babylon Road #12 – Crater Lake, St. Herman's Monastery, San Francisco*

Babylon Road #14 – Laguna Beach, Escondido, San Diego

September 27, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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In this travelogue, I share scenes from Laguna Beach, the inland city of Escondido, and San Diego.

Join me on my tour by visiting Roosh Live for a full listing of all cities I'll be in. Subscribe to my Youtube channel to catch future travel videos.

Previously: *Babylon Road #12 – Crater Lake, St. Herman's Monastery, San Francisco*

Babylon Road #15 – Yuma, St. Anthony's Monastery, Phoenix

October 4, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In this travelogue, I share scenes from Arizona, including a confrontation I had at a Greek Orthodox monastery.

Join me on my tour by visiting Roosh Live for a full listing of all cities I'll be in. Subscribe to my Youtube channel to catch future travel videos.

Previously: *Babylon Road #14 – Laguna Beach, Escondido, San Diego*

Babylon Road #16 – White Sands, Carlsbad Caverns, Dallas

October 11, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In this travelogue, I visit the parks of New Mexico before reaching Dallas.

Join me on my tour by visiting Roosh Live for a full listing of all cities I'll be in. Subscribe to my Youtube channel to catch future travel videos.

Previously: *Babylon Road #15 – Yuma, St. Anthony's Monastery, Phoenix*

Babylon Road #17 – Waco, Fredericksburg, Austin

October 18, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In this travelogue, I explore the innards of Texas on my way to Austin.

Join me on my tour by visiting Roosh Live for a full listing of all cities I'll be in. Subscribe to my Youtube channel to catch future travel videos.

Previously: *Babylon Road #16 – White Sands, Carlsbad Caverns, Dallas*

Babylon Road #18 – San Antonio, Weimar, Houston

October 25, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In this travelogue, I explore San Antonio, Weimar America, and Houston.

Join me on my tour by visiting Roosh Live for a full listing of all cities I'll be in. Subscribe to my Youtube channel to catch future travel videos.

Previously: *Babylon Road #17 – Waco, Fredericksburg, Austin*

Babylon Road #19 – New Orleans, Fairhope, Miami

November 1, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In this travelogue, I leave Houston and make a mad dash through the Gulf Coast on my way to Miami.

Join me on my tour by visiting Roosh Live for a full listing of all cities I'll be in. Subscribe to my Youtube channel to catch future travel videos.

Previously: *Babylon Road #18 – San Antonio, Weimar, Houston*

Babylon Road #20 – West Palm Beach, Cocoa Beach, Orlando

November 8, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In this travelogue, I leave Miami and slowly crawl my way to Orlando via the coast.

Join me on my tour by visiting Roosh Live for a full listing of all cities I'll be in. Subscribe to my Youtube channel to catch future travel videos.

Previously: *Babylon Road #19 – New Orleans, Fairhope, Miami*

Babylon Road #21 – Thomasville, Americus, Atlanta

November 15, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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In this travelogue, I leave Orlando and chronicle my trip through Georgia.

Join me on my tour by visiting Roosh Live for a full listing of all cities I'll be in. Subscribe to my Youtube channel to catch future travel videos.

Previously: *Babylon Road #20 – Palm Beach, Cocoa Beach, Orlando*

Babylon Road #22 – Arab, Athens, Nashville

November 22, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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In this travelogue, I travel through northern Alabama on my way to Nashville, Tennessee.

Join me on my tour by visiting Roosh Live for a full listing of all cities I'll be in. Subscribe to my Youtube channel to catch future travel videos.

Previously: *Babylon Road #21 – Thomasville, Americus, Atlanta*

Babylon Road #23 – Great Smoky Mountains, Asheville, Charlotte

November 29, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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In this travelogue, I visit the Great Smoky Mountains and make my way through North Carolina to Charlotte.

Subscribe to my Youtube channel to catch future travel videos.

Previously: *Babylon Road #22 – Arab, Athens, Nashville*

LAST EPISODE: Babylon Road #24 – Reidsville, Charlottesville, The End

December 6, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In this travelogue, I travel from North Carolina back to Washington D.C. while sharing six major things I've learned from my trip.

Subscribe to my Youtube channel to catch future travel videos.

Previously: *Babylon Road #23 – Great Smoky Mountains, Asheville, Charlotte*

What Happened To Me?

December 27, 2019 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Scooter Downey made a video that shows the changes I've gone through. I talk about these changes in my "What I've Learned About Life" speech, which I will release on Friday, January 3, 2020. It is 2 hours and 28 minutes long.

Subscribe to my Youtube channel to catch future travel videos.

Previously: *Babylon Road #24 – Reidsville, Charlottesville, The End*

WATCH NOW: What I've Learned About Life (2019 Speech)

January 3, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In the summer of 2019, I embarked on a trip throughout the entire United States to deliver a speech in 23 American cities. In that speech, I shared 11 lessons concerning masculinity, relationships, work, human nature, grief, family, and spirituality that have revealed the truth to me upon turning 40 years of age. The lessons I've learned have allowed me to embrace wisdom, contentment, and faith during these difficult days of clown world.

The 2 hour 27 minute speech I gave in Nashville, Tennessee on November 16, 2019 has been preserved for you to watch or listen from the comfort of your living pod in downloadable video (MP4) and podcast (MP3) formats. You can also stream it online without the need for download. The speech is yours to own, and can be accessed on unlimited devices.

Watch or listen to my speech

The speech video and podcast package costs only $6.99 **$4.99** during launch week. After submitting your payment with a credit card, you'll immediately have access to the speech…

Click Here To Order Speech Package (Instant Stream or Download)

If you attended the speech live, you were already emailed a copy of the speech (check

your spam folder if you don’t see it).

Head over to Roosh V Store to see all the books that I have available for sale. Contact me directly if you need help with your order.

I look forward to getting back to work after finding a permanent place to live in the United States. As always, thank you for the support.

Visit Roosh V Store

What I've Learned About Life (2019 Speech – Full Video)

January 4, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

[smartvideo src="http://rooshv.com.s3.amazonaws.com/media/2019/What%20I%27ve%20Learned%20About%20Life%20%282019%20Speech%29.mp4" width="1280" height="720" poster="https://www.rooshv.com/wp-content/uploads/2020/12/thumb-lifespeech.jpg" responsive=true controls=true]

Visit Roosh V Store

I Have Unpublished Game And The Rest Of My Pickup Books

January 14, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In May of last year I unpublished 11 of my books because they were leading men directly to sin. That action was not enough. Today I have unpublished several more books, including my top seller Game, along with numerous articles, videos, podcasts, and forum postings.

The prospect of banning Game last May was too difficult, even though my conscience was bothered by the contents. I wrestled with the issue for a week as I closed out my final days as an expat in Eastern Europe. It made sense to ban all my Bang books, which explicitly instructed men how to have casual sex, and it wasn't that hard on my wallet since they were older books that had passed their sales peak, but if I were to ban Game as well, my income would be wiped out. I prayed on the issue, asking God to help me make the right decision. Then I received two comments in one day from men stating that Game had helped them with *married* life. I also did a poll showing not all men were using Game to become accomplished fornicators. My conscience felt more clear; Game could remain.

During my lecture tour, dozens of men asked me to sign their copies of Game. They said it helped them with women, though not necessarily within the confines of marriage. I reasoned with myself that Game was an agnostic tool which men could use for good or evil, and that it wasn't inherently evil. Towards the end of my tour, a Christian man said he read Game with "heavy discernment," a hint that it wasn't as agnostic as I wanted to believe, but outside of the ticket sales from the tour, which was soon to end, Game was my main source of income. If I were to unpublish it, what would I do for money during the several years it would take to release new books?

One month after the tour finished, I bought a used truck and was getting ready to rent a house in the mountains. I wasn't too worried about money, since Game was still selling well without any active promotion on my part. Then I received a message from a fellow Orthodox Christian that I had met in California saying he had just read Game, and noticed that it contained the same type of sexual content I had aggressively banned on the forum last year. I walked to my bookshelf, pulled out a copy of Game, and randomly flipped through it, expecting an "agnostic" tool, but I could not find a page where sin was not. The book wasn't agnostic at all—it trained and steered men for the main purpose of achieving bodily pleasure through casual sex. In some ways, it even wired men's brains to view women as objects to be won purely through knowledge, effort, and physical attractiveness. Even my book Day Bang, which has no sexual content, trained men to see women as objects to be won for pleasurable ends through the mathematics of approaching a lot of women in the hopes of finding one who was horny and loose. When faced with a hard life decision, I would pray for guidance, but this decision was easy: the books had to go.

Effectively immediately, I will no longer sell the following:

- Game
- Day Bang
- The Best Of Roosh: Volume 1
- Poosy Paradise
- 30 Bangs

I have also deleted countless articles (both here and on Return Of Kings), YouTube videos, and podcasts that aimed to teach a man how to participate in a behavior that could sacrifice his salvation. I also deleted work that was just plain vulgar. Lastly, I removed the

Game and Travel subforums from Roosh V Forum. By taking these actions, I want to impede or halt the spiritual damage that my work was doing.

Didn't you spend hundreds of hours writing Game, releasing it less than two years ago? Yes. *Didn't you spend thousands of hours writing all the books and articles you no longer profit from, and are now ashamed of?* Yes. *Won't this cause your income to drop so low that you will have to depend on savings for an indeterminable amount of time?* Yes. Yet I lament more the colossal amount of time I wasted on these works than monies lost.

> Whoever desires to come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me. For whoever desires to save his life will lose it, but whoever loses his life for My sake and the gospel's will save it. For what will it profit a man if he gains the whole world, and loses his own soul? —Matthew 8:34-37

It's worth noting how patient God was by not compelling me to complete a change I couldn't handle. The first round of book unpublishing felt exceedingly stressful, and I wrestled with the issue for many days. God saw my distress and allowed my conscience to remain clear upon banning only some of the books, which still fell short of His expectations. He let me complete the tour with no worries about where my future income would come from. Once the tour was completed, and I rested for a month, he deemed me ready for the next step. He enlightened a fellow Christian to help re-activate my conscience, and then allowed me to complete the job of removing the rest of my books when I was spiritually stronger and more able to handle the prospect of not earning a sufficient income. This time around, I was only mildly afflicted for one night before becoming overjoyed at the prospect of making an honest living. I'm happy to announce my retirement as a peddler of sex.

I will have to make some adjustments on how I live. For many years my income exceeded

my expenses and I got used to spending money on things I didn't need. I accumulated material possessions—even while traveling—and stopped valuing the dollar. I will have to become a better custodian of the things I own. I will have to learn how not to be a consumer, and to only consume that which is spiritually profitable. I'm lucky I don't have to start completely from scratch—I do have active internet platforms that are well-developed, and a small library of my works remain, but this is a challenge I did not imagine I'd have to face at forty years of age. Nonetheless, it's the challenge I have to face, and I pray that God guides me through it.

Read Next: *Modern Life Is AIDS*

How To Buy A Very High Mileage Mountain Vehicle

January 17, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In this video, I talk about the process of buying a used Toyota 4Runner and share some car tips I learned along the way.

Subscribe to my Youtube channel to catch future videos.

Previous Video: *What Happened To Me?*

8 Personal Defects That Allowed Me To Worship Fornication For 18 Years

January 20, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Last year I released a new edition of *The Best Of Roosh: Volume 1*, a compilation of 87 articles I published between 2006 and 2013, during the stretch of time I was most committed to a lifestyle of fornication. While re-editing these articles in 2019, I noticed eight blindspots, flaws, and rationalizations that allowed me to perform behaviors that were causing me great self-harm. Here they are…

1. I was frustrated and full of angst

I'm struck by how angry I was, not only at women but also at "beta males" for valuing women beyond the sexual. Where did this anger come from? Why was I was so mean during the time I was extracting the most from the world (in terms of sex and novelty)?

First, I was projecting anger outwardly as a way to relieve the guilt and meaningless of casual sex. I was participating in exceedingly shallow behavior that had no moral justification, so my attacks against others were a way to relieve my own condemnation. The more shallow my actions, the more I had to step up my attacks against those around me.

Second, I simply wasn't receiving joy from my efforts, regardless of the quantity or quality of women I was sleeping with. My ego was being rewarded, and I was also earning money from the sex guides I was writing, which allowed me to continue funding my worldwide fornication efforts, but none of it was leading to contentment. It was not even leading to

short-term contentment because I was adapting to casual sex as time went on. The first time you try coffee, you feel a noticeable energy boost, but if you drink coffee daily, you long ago stopped feeling the kick, and instead drink it to avoid a negative (fatigue). I was engaging in casual sex simply to avoid a negative, of feeling like a “loser” or experiencing pleasure withdrawal, instead of gaining a positive.

2. I wanted more than my fair share

When someone is born, God ensures that they receive as much food, shelter, and material comfort as necessary for their salvation, as long as they follow His rules. I didn’t know about His rules nor did I care to find out. Instead, I wanted to throw away the generous plate of food set before me at the dinner table for the plates of other men. I wanted their notch counts and caliber of women, their travel experiences, their fame, and their passive internet income, and then when I got all of that, I thought I would be able to see myself as a superior man, when in actuality my “gains” were losses. When I did make it in the material sense, I saw myself as some kind of lion, the king of the jungle, when I was just one of numerous hyena chewing on a leftover corpse.

I was also extractive. I wanted to remove value from the world at the same time I attacked others for being extractive themselves. I would try to use a woman’s body for sex and then whine like a baby if she used me for a $10 cocktail. I would erupt in anger if a woman dared to have a 30-minute conversation with me when she didn’t have any intention of giving sex. I now sit at the dinner table and bless the food that is intended for me. I do not look at what is on the plates of other men.

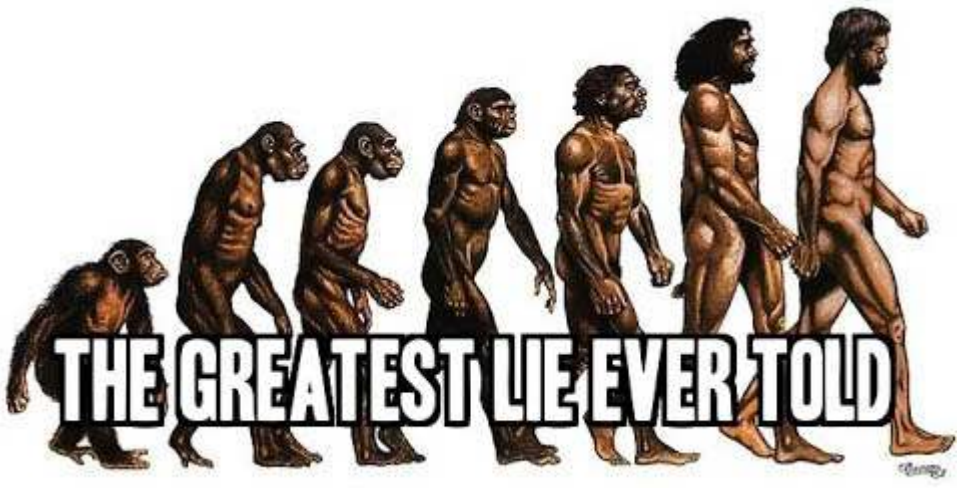
3. I made a false idol out of the vagina

The vagina was my god. I uprooted myself from my family, traveled around the world, and shaped my inner being to access as much of it as I could, all to feel its pleasure and validation. I am embarrassed to admit how many thousands of hours I wasted pursuing the female flesh, with barely any consideration of the human attached to it. One only needs to look at a listing of the books I unpublished to see how heavily I worshipped the vagina.

Ironically, I thought I was a *master* of the vagina. Through my game, I believed that I was a modern hypnotist, a keymaster of the flesh. Instead, I was its slave. I toiled ceaselessly for a few minutes of genital rubbing, and since that was hardly commensurate to the effort I was expending, I became a fornication guru to sweeten the deal. All that wasted time, lost forever.

I would receive a lot of comments during this time that said I was a “pussy beggar” or “desperate.” While many of these comments were uttered in ill will, there was some truth to them. I didn’t beg with my hand out, but I begged through my dedication of time and mental energy.

4. I thought fornication was “evolutionary”



No matter how immoral your behavior is, you still need to find a justification so you can look at the mirror and see yourself as a “good” person. Therefore, you must lie to yourself. I rationalized that my grotesque behavior was actually evolutionary because I intended to spread my seed far and wide and impregnate countless women. There was only one problem with that justification: I wasn’t impregnating any women.

There are men who have only slept with one woman, and have created a big family with her. I have slept with countless more, and have impregnated none. Even if the theory of evolution to create new species was the truth, which it is not, I still failed. Instead, I ejaculated into latex condoms and sterile women on birth control, and I remember at least two women who took the morning-after pill after having sex with me. Paradoxically, when you are fornicating with bad women, the last thing you wish for is impregnation, and I’ve lost count how many friends came to me in a panic that they may have done so.

Even if a man is impregnating multiple women, how will he raise all those children? It’s clear he won’t, and because those children do not have a father in the home, they will end up as criminals, sodomites, or drug addicts of the future. They will participate in the same kind of immoral behavior that their absent father did with the mother.

5. I thought fornication was the end-all-be-all of male existence

Whatever you lacked in boyhood or early adolescence will become your idol later in life. If you grew up poor, you go on to cherish money. If you were a late bloomer like me who received practically no sexual attention as a teenager, you go on to cherish sex. In my case, I thought there could be no higher achievement or experience than sex, and that it was an even greater good than love. Once I clearly felt the downsides from my pursuit of sex, and it took my entire adult life for that to happen, the spell was lifted and I came to see sex with a woman I didn't care for as a step *below* masturbation because of the drama it inevitably caused.

It turns out that pursuing sex so vigorously was actually the *source* of my problems instead of the solution. My anger, frustration, malaise, and existential dread bloomed from my sexual activities. Those problems are now almost entirely gone. It tends to be the case that the behavior we think will solve our problems actually creates more problems.

6. I thought I was right

I was so sure of my conclusions. There was little doubt that fornication was the correct path, and anyone who disagreed with me was either jealous, sleeping with ugly girls, or deeply misguided. People who said that my behavior was immoral or sinful wished that they could sleep with European babes like me. The men who were stuck in their boring hometowns were not strong enough to uproot themselves, travel the world, and learn foreign languages like me.

How could I have been so certain of behaviors that I now see as wrong? Because I ignored the teachings of holy men before me, I ignored my conscience, and I believed the lies and deceptions that entered my mind.

The fact that I was so wrong, when I was certain I was right, has made it impossible to trust myself today. If the behavior I'm about to embark on does not glorify God, either directly or indirectly, or is not clearly His will, there's a chance it's part of Satan's plan to corrupt me and those around me.

7. I thought that things in the physical world could make me happy

I believed that I could be a happier person from accumulating material. More sex, more money, more fame, and more status would elevate my base level of happiness, but that didn't happen. Because my lifestyle was the disease, the opposite occurred. More bangs meant more feelings of meaninglessness. More money meant more anxiety from losing it, or anxiety from not using it in a way that increased my stature. More fame and status meant more fear of losing my level of popularity, attention, or worldly respect.

I can't stress how every attempt to solve a life problem had the opposite intended effect, and from all that materialistic chasing, the only two things that have made life worth living in the present is the love of my family and my relationship with God. Anything else I've pursued was an empty distraction.

8. I listened to hip-hop music to help me get in the sex mood

In my older writing, I used a lot of slang that is more commonly used in urban America. I had listened to hip hop music and came to believe in the message that sex and money were the most logical goals for a man to pursue. In fact, to get me pumped up for a night of pursuing fornication, I would listen to hip hop songs such as this one:

The purpose of this song is to glorify sin, and I find it difficult to watch today because of the nonstop Satanic imagery. I eventually moved on to music with a more broody style from the likes of The Weeknd, which valued women, drugs, and fame above all else. I now see hip hop music as a means to convince men that having no self-control over their lust is somehow masculine.

Conclusion

Last year I was hesitant to put out a new edition of *The Best Of Roosh: Volume 1* because

of how vulgar it was, but I had gotten so used to ignoring my conscience that I proceeded. I should have listened to it, because six months later I ended up unpublishing the book anyway. I no longer recognize the man who wrote all those words. Nonetheless of what I've done in the past, it served a purpose to get me to the present, and for that I am grateful.

Read Next: *Casual Sex Creates Guilt*

Help Me Decide On A New Career

January 24, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In this video, I talk about the prospect of finding a new way to make a living.

Subscribe to my Youtube channel to catch future videos.

Previous Video: *How To Buy A Very High Mileage Mountain Vehicle*

How I Turned To God

January 27, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The following is a brief testimony of how I came to God. A more detailed version can be found in my speech, What I Learned About Life.

Many people are surprised that I have become such a fervent believer in God, and to that I say, “You’re not the only one.” In high school, I confidently declared myself an atheist after learning about the theory of evolution. I studied microbiology in university and then embarked on a scientific career that lasted six years, supplanted by a second career dedicated around fornication. How could a man who was so far from God come to have complete trust in Him practically overnight?

The emptiness of worldly life

Photo credit: Xposurephotos

As the years went on as a full-time fornicator, my spiritual belief slowly moved from atheism to agnosticism, thanks to studying Eastern philosophies such as Tao, which explained how we were one with the “source,” a sort of proto-god with no name. Once I accepted that we were all connected to the source, mostly due to the persuasive lectures of Alan Watts and Osho, it wasn’t a big step to believe that there was a god at the center of it, or at least a force that was god-like. I would soon interchange words like source, God, universe, and mother nature in my public speech.

Eastern philosophies were helpful, but I still wondered why I was experiencing such a lack of meaning at the peak of my hedonistic efforts. I turned to the Bible, beginning with the Old Testament. I thought that a straight-through reading would provide me with answers, solve all my existential problems, and make life easier, for I was ready to believe, but my

mind, trained in the ways of modern “logic,” could simply not accept the Bible’s miracles and visions. Instead, I gravitated towards resources that debunked the Bible as “flawed,” “contradictory,” and “corrupted” by man through bad translations. I finished the Old Testament, read the four Gospels of the New Testament, and thus concluded my spiritual inquiry.

I did enjoy the Books of Job and Ecclesiastes, but only in a secular sense. No faith blossomed. I still had the same problem: my life was centered around hedonistic acts that were eating at me. For too long I had structured my existence to receive bursts of pleasure from fornication, but I was becoming more lost and atomized as a result. Upping the dose of fornication with more exotic women did not solve the problem. My Eastern studies taught me the fruitlessness of desire and feeding the ego, but I saw these teachings as only an advanced form of individualism. They merely helped me navigate a material world where I was at the center, as if I were my own god. In fact, many Eastern gurus claim that you are your own god. Even Osho has said that you could “become like a god” in this world all on your own.

I started to tamper down my pursuits of women, because the reward was becoming so small, but I had nothing to replace it with. On many weekend nights, I went out to the clubs not because I needed a woman but because I needed material for my blog. It struck me that I was getting dissatisfied with hedonism when I had been so sure of it, or at least sure enough to roam the world for it. What else have I been wrong about?

At around the same time, I started perceiving an increase in the evil around me. I wasn’t the epitome of good, but even I had a limit to immorality. I would fornicate as much as possible, but I couldn’t accept abortion, the globalist agenda of destroying individual nations with third-world immigration, and homosexuality. You could argue that my vehemence against a fornicating homosexual was a way to relieve my own guilt of fornicating with women, since we were both behaving in a similarly sterile way that viewed sex as recreation, but it was clear to me that the “love is love” campaigns were intermediary steps towards something more sinister—the grooming and molestation of children. My fornication was the end goal, and a faulty one at that, but developments like Drag Queen Story Time show that one of the gay establishment’s principal aims is converting children to their lifestyle.

There were four moments that served as indicators to me that evil in the world was indeed deepening.

1. White House lit up with gay rainbow (June 2015)

Why was the government supporting sodomy, which is responsible for spreading HIV and all sorts of sexually transmitted diseases? Since when did homosexuality become the state ideology?

2. “Caitlyn” Jenner winning the Arthur Ashe Courage award at the ESPYs (July 2015)

I did a lecture in New York City and went to a bar with the attendees afterwards. On a television screen, I watched Caitlyn Jenner receive an award from ESPN for her courage in wearing makeup and women’s clothes. This occurred just a few months after he appeared on a sympathetic interview with Diane Sawyer. The elites were clearly behind pushing the newest degeneracy, transsexualism.

3. The rumor that Will Smith is gay (March 2016)

I stumbled upon a video from an individual named “Black Child” that explained how Will Smith is actually gay and most of Hollywood is one big Satanic cult. Sites like Vigilant Citizen added further evidence that Hollywood celebrities and even politicians are actually controlled slaves (often in the sexual sense) who are doing the bidding of their masters in exchange for money and fame. It’s one thing to submit to the casting couch for movie roles, but it was clear that many participants worshipped various demons, whose symbols are frequently displayed in music videos and advertisements.

At the time I may not have believed in the One God, but people who had massive success and power believed in demons, were praying to those demons, and then were showing demonic symbols in mass-produced media, all at the same time that I was seeing a clear increase of evil in society. If there is true evil then there must also be true good, because evil cannot exist unless there is a good to oppose it. Was there any force that the establishment hated, and seemed determined to destroy, and which represented true good? Yes, Jesus Christ. I started asking questions about why Christ was so hated by people high up the power ladder, and soon I learned that a disproportionate number of those people seemed to have the same religio-ethnic composition as those who killed Christ.

4. National Geographic magazine puts transsexual child on cover (January 2017)

As expected, the evil was now spreading to children, who were being groomed publicly at gay pride marches and events. Some were adopted into homosexual households and then—we must presume—molested. Information revealed through Pizzagate, Jeffrey Epstein, the Finders cult, and other exposés were hinting that pedophilia was institutionalized. In the case of National Geographic, a publication that is supposed to feature beautiful nature photographs was actually promoting the hormonal destruction of children, which opens the doors for them to be sexually abused.

I began to see all major institutions as a connected organism working in lockstep for the final goal of destroying society. We can attempt to find reasons for that destruction, such as an effort by the oligarchs to maintain permanent rule over a weakened population, or an effort by a certain tribe to cement their position as enemy of the human race, all while enriching themselves, but I believe it comes down to the basic fight of good against evil. Evil does not need a reason to do evil; it will do so for its sake alone.

An unexpected loss

With the failure of designing my own lifestyle, and watching the level of evil rise in society, I was now in a desperate state of seeking. I wanted to figure out not only the correct way to live, but also why society was degrading so quickly. My mind was dominated by these thoughts and questions as my sister battled breast cancer upon her diagnosis in the fall of 2015. She fought the disease for two and a half years and died in March of 2018.

My years sleeping around and traveling the world, and the "strength" I thought I built up while doing so, didn't come close to preparing me for her death. I had no knowledge or belief that could put the loss in perspective. Nothing in the secular society I was a part of could help me. The gains from my worldly experiences could not bring my sister back or allow me to bear the pain. My superior thoughts and logic could not help guide me to safety. I had believed I was powerful due to my "masculinity," hard-earned from international travels and numerous sexual encounters, most of which I had forgotten, but it was all a delusion.

For many months, I felt that continuing with my life as before was fruitless. Nothing seemed to matter. I drank every day. I took every black pill I could get my hands on. I could keep it together around friends or in public, but it was all for appearances—many nights I wished to die. I was scared to stand close to the edge of balconies for fear I would spontaneously jump. I busied myself with meaningless work to distract from the pain. I would just suffer alone, and watch helplessly as others suffered, until my time was over.

The gift of faith

And then, eleven months after my sister's death, I felt the urge to pray. I didn't take it seriously at first, but the feeling persisted, one that I had never felt before. After fumbling with this urge for several weeks, I went on Google and found a web site that taught me how to pray. Very quickly into my first prayer, tears began streaming down my face, and the next day, I felt that a burden had been lifted from my shoulders. I didn't have to drink to numb the pain. Soon, I wouldn't have to do a lot of the things I used to do to numb the pain, not only from my sister's death, but also from being in a state of spiritual death thanks to my addiction to the pleasures of this world.

There were two little accidents that were important in my turn towards faith. The first was my baptism in an Armenian Orthodox church at the age of 9. My mother never forced me to go to church, but she did force me to get baptized. Thirty years later, it was a simple matter to go right back to the same church as the same spiritual child.

The second accident was reading *Darwinian Fairytales* by David Stove in early 2015. As a trained scientist, the biggest blockage I had for turning to God was the supposed infallibility of evolution. We were not created by God, I believed, but evolved over billions of years from a primordial soup that randomly developed consciousness. Stove's book poked so many holes into my faith of evolution that I could intellectually and rationally discard it as the main theory for explaining how humans were created. There are evolutionary aspects to how God maintains the natural world, but evolution was not our creator. In fact, I only had to look at my own behavior to realize that there was nothing evolutionary about my sterile pursuit of fornication, which I claimed to base on "biology." Once this key blockage was removed, the gate to Heaven was open.

I thought most people found God through the Bible, that you just had to read it once and then you'd have faith, but this is not the case. I needed to witness the growth of evil around me and I needed to experience a loss that I couldn't explain, understand, or solve, a loss that would shatter my delusions and reveal the true state of my wretchedness.

Only then could I set aside my pride and stop seeing myself as my own god that had everything figured out. Only then could I humble myself before God and beg him for help. And then God gave me the best gift of my life—the gift of faith. Since prostrating myself before Him, I have been given new eyes, new ears, and a new heart that I can now use in this new life. Thank you, Lord, for this gift.

The above was a brief summary of how I came to God. The more detailed version can be found in my speech, What I Learned About Life. Click here to learn more.

Read Next: *Eulogy*

Game Is For Fallen Women

February 3, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Game is a social tool that helps you have more sexual success with women, but what *type* of women? During the time I was applying game, I noticed that it works best on women who were in the same mode of worldly extraction as I was. In essence, I became skilled at extracting pleasure from women who were skilled at extracting pleasure from me. Therefore, game is most effective on women who are in love with worldly things and in rebellion against God.

You don’t want the women you can get with game

When you’re on a casual date with a girl, you maintain a ledger of what you have given her compared to what you have received. You note how much time and money you spent on her and how good she may be at giving you orgasms in bed. You may also calculate the opportunity cost of being with her versus another woman. Are you aware that she maintains the exact same ledger?

A girl you’re on a date with weighs how much your attractiveness can validate her, how much social status she can withdraw from you, how entertained or happy you can make her feel, and how much emotional and sexual pleasure you can give her. The modern, secular date is really a business negotiation where both participants evaluate the goods they will receive compared to the cost. The man wants sex badly, the woman kind of wants sex but much prefers the attention, validation, or other freebies, and off they go to the restaurant or bar to “negotiate” under the guise of getting to know each other. You primarily see each other as a resource to be mined, instead of someone who could be

your spouse. The structure of the casual date is therefore one of extraction, and extraction primarily leads to the prospect of fornication or fornication itself.

When a girl is ready for fornication, or desires men to *attempt* to fornicate with her as a means to extract pleasure and good feelings, she is highly susceptible to game, which is designed to keep a fallen woman on the hook just long enough so that she opens her legs without commitment. Game has a failure rate, of course, but it is the most advanced toolset available to sleep with a woman who has decided not to save herself for marriage. You build attraction and curiosity while displaying scarcity. You show that you're not needy. You have stock answers to common questions that make her laugh. You never make her feel guilty for being a promiscuous girl on birth control who may have an abortion or two under her belt. Most importantly, you imply that sleeping with you is the best deal she can currently make in a life that is otherwise void of meaning.

While you perform the clown dance, she is doing the same but in reverse, using her attractiveness, sensuality, charm, and feminine wiles to amplify the lust you have for her, to the point where you're ready to throw all manner of logic and reason out the door in order for a single act of sex. Even if you have the best game in the world, a girl will effortlessly have more power than you by doing no more than showing up to the date wearing extra glossy lipstick, and the more you "win" with game by sleeping with many girls, the more you lose because of how deeply you become dependent on physical affections from women who ultimately would not sacrifice the end of a fingernail for your love without expecting the moon in return.

Find a woman who requires faith, not game

Compare the modern promiscuous woman to a virgin who worships God and shuns pre-

marital sex (or a repentant woman who has confessed her past sexual mistakes). Your game, which is tuned to making promiscuous women promiscuate, is now useless. The virgin believer may be attracted to you, and may even have thoughts of sleeping with you (that she banishes from her mind through prayer), but ultimately she will not act on that lust, because she already made a vow to God to save herself for her future husband. The best "game" on her is showing your faith and your ability to protect and provide for her and any potential children.

It's important to note that a girl who is not actively falling will still feel attraction to a good-looking man with game, but if her faith is genuine, and not something that is confined to the four walls of the gay rainbow church she visits once a month, there will be no subsequent intimacy. Attempting to break such a girl is rather grievous in God's eyes—you are essentially playing the role of Satan in tempting her to sin. When I look at my past, at the ease of which even sexually inexperienced females slept with me, I must conclude that I was but a needed stepping stone in their conscious decision to rebel against God, and for that I'm regretful, though at the time I really believed that I was doing them a favor.

Is it worth it for the man of God to learn game if he only wants a devout Christian wife? **No.** There could be exceptions if you have an exceedingly awkward personality, a lack of basic masculinity, or diagnosed autism, but the right girl for you should not need you to apply game on her to remain devoted, and if you do need to run game on her, *you will always need to run game on her,* even after the divorce when you want to see your children on the weekend. You'll need to be the permanent clown. If she doesn't see you as a man given to her by God, my advice is to forget her. You want a girl who has rejected the players, and rewarded only the man who has Jesus Christ in his heart, and if this outcome is too rosy with you then good luck marrying a worldly woman who is in constant need of erotica and dopamine stimulation.

You may be thinking: "Well it's easy for you to advise not to learn game, Roosh, since you already have it." And what do I now use it for? I no longer meet women like I advised in the past. I do retain the ability to read a woman's body language at a level above that of an average man, but I can read the body language of men too, so I can't even tell you that game itself was the source of this benefit. Understand that I don't want to use game at all, especially on a woman whom I would consider a wife, for it would just reaffirm that she has no faith in God to pick a spouse who is putting on a clown act. She would be using deceptive feelings and emotions to guide her judgment for what will certainly be the wrong choice.

Conclusion

I spent over fifteen years mastering game to come to the conclusion that I don't want to use it and that I don't want a girl who is so easily susceptible to it. All that lost time is the price I must pay for going down the wrong road for so long, but I hope my example can prevent other men from wasting even 1% of the time I have.

It’s fine to take the red pill, build your physical strength, mature into an adult man, become capable in social situations, and learn the warning signs of a bad woman, but you don’t need to use Tinder or approach women in the bar or the coffee shop. You don’t need to know pickup lines and tricks, and you don’t need to go on dates with a multitude of fallen women. When God places the right woman before you, trust in Him to move your lips. Let Him share with you the game that He wants you to do, and for that you’ll be better off than trying to learn a secular game that will only put you closer to the wrong woman. It turns out that my past game teachings are useless on a woman who is walking with Christ in a similar way that I am. From this point on, only God game will suffice.

Read Next: *How The Male Sex Drive Is Being Manipulated*

21 Secular Articles I Highly Recommend

February 6, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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1. Leftist Ideology & the Corruption of the American Military [Link]
2. Human-Animal Chimeras Are Gestating on U.S. Research Farms [Link]
3. The Delphi technique of subverting local government councils [Link]
4. Introduction to American military psyop strategy [Link] (PDF)
5. Jeff Bezos is using science fiction to guide his delusional plans [Link]
6. Patriarchy Preserves Families, Feminism Destroys Them [Link]
7. Progressive policies threaten a new era of urban dysfunction [Link]
8. How Doctors Die: It's Not Like the Rest of Us, But It Should Be [Link]
9. How America's next Civil War could play out [Link]
10. How the U.S. and Its Allies Got Stuck with the World's Worst New Warplane [Link]
11. Why all porn is gay [Link]
12. Invasion of the social media influencers [Link]
13. The Police Are Using Computer Algorithms to Identify If You're a Threat [Link]
14. The Rise of The Kushner Crime Family [Link]
15. Is dentistry a science? [Link]
16. Death by selfie [Link]
17. When did America die? [Link]
18. Human and chimp DNA are not as similar as we were told [Link]
19. Parents are heartbroken that their children think they're trans [Link]
20. The dying art of Japanese fan making [Link]
21. Australian rugby player banned from the game for not denying his Chrisitian beliefs [Link]

Read Next: *37 More Articles I Strongly Recommend*

Nightclubs Are Satanic Temples

February 10, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I first stepped foot into a nightclub in Washington D.C. when I was 21 years old. The music was incredibly loud and uncomfortable, but there were sexy women everywhere. In the eighteen years that followed, I had eagerly visited nightclubs hundreds of times. Now, I find them intolerable. Some of that is surely due to middle age, but a big part of it is because I've come to believe that nightclubs serve as a modern form of Satanic worship.

Why do people go to clubs?

The prospect of intimacy draws men to clubs, but what draws women? If you ask them, they usually give two answers: to "dance" and to "spend time with friends." But both can be done outside of the confines of a club, so what is the real reason? Women go to clubs because it is the most socially acceptable way for them to glorify themselves through the deadly sin of pride (i.e. gaining attention), often through dancing in a sexual manner, and also to achieve fornication with the least amount of effort, friction, and risk possible. Away from parents and parish, she is able to scratch her itch to feel both beautiful and sexual. While a woman doesn't fornicate every time she goes to the club, it is simple to do so if she chooses.

As our lives move towards the virtual, the fornicative aspect of the nightclub is decreasing. Many men whine that things are not as easy as they used to be. This is because women are now getting a *double* dose of vanity and pride from using her virtual reality machine (smartphone). It's common to see women in clubs spending more time chronicling the night with their smartphone for the men who lust after them online than

to pay attention to the handful of real-life men beside her.

Men go to clubs to get intoxicated and fornicate, and women go to clubs to get intoxicated, fornicate, and feed their vanity. This is all facilitated by the default club setup. Most are dark, making everyone look more attractive than they really are, which encourages you to lust over just about anyone, especially if you're a man. The strobe lighting disorients your sense of space while the loud, thumping music displaces pure thought. The pulsating beat of electronic music is what a zombie would prefer—unchanging and undead. The alcohol reduces your inhibition and any potential resistance to making a wrong decision. Soon you'll wish for the night to never end, which is made possible by a series of afterparties and the uppers that are taken there. How can we not conclude that nightclubs are designed to bring people into sin? And what force or being in existence has tried to bring all of humanity into sin? Would he approve of such a place?

Satan's pleasure temple

Last year, I joined a group of friends to hit a nightclub. By this point, I had stopped going to them, but out of camaraderie, I joined for a while. When we arrived at the club's front entrance, I noticed an esoteric symbol on the door that looked like a maze. The text above it read "Give Me Everything." It appeared that I was agreeing to some sort of contract.

Like most clubs, it was dark and loud. I sat on a couch and watched people on the dance floor. They were "dancing," according to the modern definition, but it was more like a convulsion, a prolonged seizure captured in slow motion. There was little variance in their movements since the music was at a constant beat per minute. Several women, dressed

in short skirts and tight pants, opted out of dancing and stayed focused on their smartphone, the glow of the screen revealing heavy applications of makeup. They texted, took photos, and captured short videos for Instagram stories that were meant to highlight how much fun they were having. Some girls came to the club to feed their vanity directly, but others came to record content and feed it to a much larger audience online.

To my right, a drunk man was groping a woman. Her breast was about to escape out of her top, but she was so drunk that she neither noticed nor cared. I looked at the DJ, the controller of the crowd, pleasing the dark spirits from his electronic turntable altar. He was on an elevated stage and bobbed his head continuously, and would occasionally do a fist pump. At that moment, I realized that all that was needed to convert this typical club scene into a full-on Satanic ritual was the DJ donning a dark robe, sacrificing a live animal, and spraying the animal's blood onto the crowd. I doubt anyone would have felt surprised if he had done so. They were approaching a state of ecstasy, and only needed to offer a blood sacrifice to Satan to speed up the fulfillment of his worldly rewards. I left within an hour. By staying in such a place, I knew that I was giving a subtle form of consent to allow these worshippers of the dark to affect me in ways that can't possibly lead to light.

Most people don't give a second thought to participating in a behavior that "everyone else" is doing. How can going to nightclubs be wrong if a huge percentage of young people do it? This is the exact type of thinking that the oligarchs and culture-makers use to nudge you towards behaviors that steer you away from God. In Sodom and Gomorrah, "everyone" was engaging in some form of sodomy, and thought it was normal, but the destruction of those cities showed that following the crowd is foolish.

If we live in an inverted society, which I believe is the case, anything that is popular or trendy must by default bring you into the arms of Satan. In a Godly society, it could be fruitful to follow what everyone else is doing, but we don't live in such a society, so you're better off doing what no worldly person is doing. For me, that means not going to nightclubs, and not investing time into the women who do.

Read Next: *Roosh Hour #37: Interview With E. Michael Jones*

How To Control Your Lust

February 17, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

If you believe in the secular lies that underpin Western culture, you probably see yourself as an animal that should not be denied pleasure. You believe that sex is one of the principal features of life, perhaps its only joy, and so we should all succumb to it whenever the mood strikes us. Besides, it's "biological." We should sexualize others, sexualize ourselves, watch pornographic entertainment, obsess over sex continually, and fornicate without intending to reproduce. We must all adopt a "sex positive" outlook and treat our existence as just a means to diddling our genitals and achieving orgasmic release.

I don't believe we are intended for recreational sex, in part because I was a world champion at it and got nothing for my efforts: no lasting happiness, no inner peace, no love, and most severely, no family. I donated the prime years of my life in exchange for practically nothing, just temporal physical entertainment, and so it wasn't especially difficult for me to choose a life of chastity, which is demanded of me as a non-married Christian. The implementation of chastity in a sex-obsessed society, however, is challenging, especially since I'm still a healthy, vigorous man who has the skill and know-how to fornicate with random women.

Here are the four ways I'm resisting urges of the flesh. I tackled these one at a time in sequential order, but you may attempt to fulfill them all at once.

1. Stop watching pornography

I believe hardcore porn is a direct tool that Satan uses to corrupt the minds of males of all

ages. I can't think of something more directly evil with not only destroying the innocence of young boys, but also fully grown men who become addicted to watching other men sexually devour and humiliate broken women. Porn programs you to think of sex only in recreational terms and to view women as masturbatory glove sleeves that happen to be attached to a human being. Even worse, it desensitizes you to sex and makes it more difficult to be intimate with a real woman (i.e. your wife). Moderation of porn still introduces a drop of poison into your cup, so I advise you to erase all the porn you have saved on your computer and delete all your favorite bookmarks in one go.

It doesn't stop at porn. You also have to stop viewing sexy images of women in bikinis, lingerie, and yoga pants. Even movies that are rated PG-13 must be watched carefully: close your eyes or turn away during scenes of passion. When I watched the horrible final season of Game Of Thrones, I turned away from all sex scenes, no matter how mild, whereas in seasons prior I'd have no problem letting the show's producers plant seeds of sex into my psyche.

2. View women in public from only the neck up

Once you get the "virtual" world of sex handled, it's time to move into the real world. When I was still in Poland upon receiving the faith, I was tempted daily by countless beautiful women who seemed desperate to show men their sex. They wanted me to stare at them because it gave them power in the form of attention and validation while steering my mind toward sexual thoughts.

I solved this by viewing women only from the neck up. This can be extremely difficult because fashion companies design clothing to frame the breasts and butt. These two areas are the centerpieces that help sell clothing to insecure women who want to feel sexy, meaning that even if you look only at a girl's face, the periphery of your vision will still catch sight of her breasts, especially in the case of a plunging neckline or extra tight blouse. Your eyes, in spite of your best efforts, will stray and look downwards, but a glance is quite different from a prolonged, lustful stare. The latter will provide more than

enough fuel for evil to penetrate your mind.

God created beauty for us to appreciate and admire, so I don't believe in poking your eyes out. While some women can sexualize their face with makeup or by injecting their lips with plastic filler, you will find it far more difficult to think of sex upon staring at a naturally beautiful face than a big butt or pair of breasts. If you're single like me, viewing women from the neck up has an added benefit of encouraging you to only meet girls who have genuine beauty, instead of a tainted sexuality that she displays to all men of the world in order to extract cheap pleasure. In other words, if you're interested in a girl after a thorough examination of her breasts or butt, you're giving consent for a woman to place sexual shackles upon your wrists.

3. Do not feed sexual thoughts that enter your mind

When sexual thoughts about a female entered my mind, I used to feed them by enhancing the fantasy and, if I was in bed, stroking my penis as if I were a monkey. I would essentially self-hypnotize myself with sex by keeping the fantasy alive in my mind as long as possible to feel a maximal state of arousal that could lead to a satisfactory session of masturbation. If I wasn't in bed, I would let the thoughts take hold until I at least got a firm erection. I applied no will in stopping the sexual thoughts. If anything, I welcomed them when they came, a sign that I was still a "healthy" man with "high" testosterone and optimal "biology." In order to halt this pattern, I began reciting the Jesus Prayer whenever a sexual thought entered my mind:

> Lord Jesus Christ, Son of God, have mercy on me, a sinner.

For some thoughts, you may only need to recite the prayer a few times. For potent fantasies, you may need to recite it on and off for hours or even days. Focus on each

individual word of the prayer and be persistent. If you are encountering a sustained demonic attack, I advise you to add sessions of the Jesus Prayer well after the sexual thoughts abate in order to ensure that the fire is completely extinguished. It may help you to get a prayer rope and recite the prayer in blocks of fifty or one-hundred. The fact that sinful passion can be defeated by asking Christ for mercy shows that it's difficult to be in full communion with God while also feeding your lust, which is why our elites had to kill God before ushering in the sexual revolution. Soon, you'll be able to stop a sexual thought just by saying "stop" to yourself or shaking your head, but for cases where that doesn't work, call on Jesus to help you.

Recently, an attractive woman made it clear that she desired me for sex. I had to fight this urge for multiple nights. She even entered in my dreams, where she was more seductive than in person. To overcome my passion for her, I recited the Jesus Prayer hundreds of times, and stepped up my prayer rule. After eventually winning this particular battle, Satan has diminished his lustful attacks on me. He now tries to distance me from God through pride, which is a significantly more challenging battle to face than lust.

The goal here is to stop feeding the sexual thoughts that enter your mind instead of attempting to control your thoughts entirely. Sinful thoughts will decrease in frequency over time, but they will not be eliminated completely, because God did give us a sexual nature that is both useful and necessary within the confines of marriage. Beware: if you experience a long streak where no sexual thoughts are entering your mind, it may be an effort by Satan to make you complacent before he hits you with fury. Never proclaim ultimate victory over your passions until this life is finished.

4. Do not masturbate

Masturbation is so normalized in the culture that we think of it as natural as eating, but it's actually a grotesque behavior. What happens when you witness a dog or cat humping an inanimate object? You probably think it's funny, and take out your phone to record the scene so that you can share the laughter—in the form of that animal's humiliation—with other people. It's no different when you do it. Masturbation, if viewed from the outside in, is a humiliating and degrading act where we treat our bodies like a plastic doll for a moment of gratification that harms our relationship with God.

What's even more harmful than masturbation is that it requires you to consume

pornography, whether on a digital screen or through a fantasy in your mind. In either case, you hypnotize yourself with a scene that is not based in reality. The porn actresses, often a sex trafficking victim or a drug addict who ran away from home, moans in pleasure when she's actually experiencing both physical and emotional pain. Her affection for the male actor is not real. The sexual images in your mind are also not real. In effect, you have to delude yourself in order to masturbate, a hint to its perversion. I therefore advise you to cease all masturbation without exception.

I know what you're thinking: it's impossible not to masturbate. It surely will be impossible if don't follow the first three guidelines above. If you watch pornography, view women in a sexual way, and feed sexual thoughts that enter your mind instead of praying to Jesus for help, your prostate gland will be busy producing seminal fluid in anticipation of sex, creating a "backed-up" feeling that can even cause testicular pain. Refraining from masturbation will then seem like torture. However, if you faithfully follow the guidelines, and lean on God when you need help, He will help you achieve what you previously thought was impossible. Your body will quietly drain unused seminal fluid and semen faster than you can create it, and you will not experience any pain.

Conclusion

You will be tempted to make exceptions to what I've written above. You'll think that just a little bit of porn won't hurt you, or that masturbating once in a while is no big deal, or that checking out girls can't be that bad because you're "in control," but I can tell you from experience that slipping just slightly opens the door just enough for Satan to flood your mind with filth. Once the camel's head is in your boxer shorts, it's inevitable that you'll succumb.

I have not found a way to control the lust I have for women unless I go all the way. Otherwise, a small compromise in my willpower will lead to a full-blown crisis, and there I am, my tongue hanging out of my mouth, craving a promiscuous woman's body. It's either all or nothing, though when starting off, you can tackle one guideline at a time until you achieve full chastity.

Controlling your lust may be the hardest thing you've ever had to do, because the path of least resistance is doing what most other men are doing: viewing women in predominately sexual terms, opening the door when a demon comes knocking with fantasies of sex, accessing Jewish-produced pornography as an aid to your dog-like behavior, and degrading the holy temple that is your body. Cease all those behaviors through willpower, prayer, and faith. If you really want to stop participating in sexual sin, God will help you, as He has helped me.

Read Next: *8 Personal Defects That Allowed Me To Worship Fornication For 18 Years*

40 Christian Articles I Highly Recommend

February 20, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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1. “The expression of sexual desires without the blessing of the Grace of God is not directed to a life that is natural, but is an extension of a death-directed existence.” [Link]

2. “If there is prayer, the soul lives; without prayer, there is no spiritual life” [Link]

3. “Remember that every obstacle is a Divine instruction. Every sting will be dulled when you learn to see Me in everything that touches you.” [Link]

4. Stop Saying ‘Glory to God for All Things!’ [Link]

5. Orthodox explanation of dreams [Link]

6. Memento mori – How religious orders remember death [Link]

7. What do Orthodox Christians teach about death and what happens when we die? [Link]

8. There is no happiness anywhere except in Christ [Link]

9. Response to those who believe Orthodox monasticism is a cult [Link]

10. “If you want to have a family—die. Die for the sake of another, and then you will have a family.” [Link]

11. “…we should pray not for a miracle of healing, but rather for the Lord to comfort and give grace to the one who suffers.” [Link]

12. A great sinner [Link]

13. The good unbelief of Thomas [Link]

14. 12 Reasons Why I Became an Orthodox Christian [Link]

15. “Those of us who are in the right and stronger in faith must tolerate the weakness of those who are weaker in faith and lack understanding.” [Link]

16. “…when you experience temptation, do not think that God has abandoned you or you’re doing something wrong” [Link]

17. The Eight Means of Temptation [Link]

18. The Kingdom Within [Link]

19. “We believe in one God. This God is Trinitarian.” [Link]

20. “Grow the seed of God in your heart. Spread it to others.” [Link]

21. “…in suffering we can find out whether our faith is living or just ‘theoretical.'” [Link]

22. “There is this concept of slavery in the Scripture that has been completely hidden to the English reader.” [Link]

23. Why does God allow the innocent to suffer? [Link]

24. Is the Jesus Prayer ‘Vain Repetition?’ [Link]

25. Becoming more Christ-like [Link]

26. Why do people reject Christ? [Link]

27. Three False Doctrines that Threaten Faith [Link]

28. “I give you their lives!” [Link]

29. Why does God allow evil? [Link]

30. “I was in hell! If only you’d have seen what it’s like there!” [Link]

31. “If you accept everything that happens in your life as from the right hand of God, you will always be peaceful and calm: No matter what happens, God sent it!” [Link]

32. “If the earth’s population started with 2 people just 4,300 years ago, it would only have to have increased at the rate of 0.5 percent each year in order to reach the present population. ” [Link]

33. “Sin promises freedom but brings slavery.” [Link]

34. “For at least the last few centuries, the application of scientific theories to the Bible has provided stumbling blocks for many who would otherwise accept the truth of the Word of God.” [Link]

35. “Masturbation is censured as self-abuse, the waste of seed and its procreative intent, and an improper turning inward and rejection of the marital context of sexuality. It is always sinful.” [Link]

36. If God created the universe then who created God? [Link]

37. “Forgetting God and grasping at the world, we become subject to unhealthy desires and addictive behaviors, driven by a continuous preoccupation with and pursuit of nothing.” [Link]

38. Towards a muscular Christianity [Link]

39. The life of prayer [Link]

40. The Ten Point Program for Living an Orthodox Life [Link] (PDF)

Read Next: *21 Secular Articles I Highly Recommend*

Worldy Beauty vs. Graceful Beauty

February 24, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

For the longest time, I judged a woman's beauty by what was visible to my eyes. I focused on a woman's face, hair, body, and mannerisms to decide if she was beautiful enough to be worth the chase, but oftentimes she possessed nothing beyond that initial flash of external beauty, nothing that could provide for a lifelong pair bond. Recently, I've noticed a second type of beauty that has escaped me in the past, one that, instead of creating feelings of lust and excitement within me, instead creates a feeling of calm and peacefulness. This type of beauty is only possessed by a woman who have been graced by God.

The beauty that creates instant excitement

Most women today have spent hundreds of hours, and tens of thousands of dollars, on optimizing their appearance. They purchase clothing that hides their natural body lumps to appear more "sexy." They watch countless makeup tutorials on YouTube created by homosexual men to apply clown paint in imaginative ways. They undergo minor plastic surgery in the form of lip filler and Botox injections, even in their early 20s. They dye their hair or alter its natural waves and curls through chemical treatments. They mimic the mannerisms and body language of the popular women on Instagram who are living a virtual life. And they tack on fake nails and eyelashes. All these modifications are done in front of the eye of the mirror or front-facing smartphone camera, causing her to look potentially beautiful only from a narrow viewing angle when a specific range of light is applied. In other words, a woman spends a big part of her life to look good for a particular

style of selfie, whether it be her face or—in the case she has a gym membership—her rear end. Her image is blasted onto hyperspace for men to admire, and it is often enough to gain the superficial adoration that she so desperately craves.

When you meet a worldly female in semi-dark lighting where she faces you from the correct angle, you feel immediate lust, especially if she is not overweight. You covet her. You want to take her to bed and fornicate with her to feel ecstasy with such an obviously beautiful creature. Yet beyond the moment of orgasm with her, she will have nothing else to offer. In fact, she will *extract* value from your life because her beauty is not just for you—it's for everyone, unlike the gift of virginity, which is preserved for the one man who will be her husband. Because she cannot gain the ideal man she believes she deserves—for you are just a temporary distraction on that search—she decides that quantity will fulfill her.

When a worldly woman ends up in a "relationship," the result is quite perverse. She will not nurture you or cook for you. She will not be honorable or honest. She will act as if she's single, and fight with you when you remind her that she is not. You will be in her presence and she will be on her phone a quarter of the time, not texting her mother but examining the analytics of her latest selfie upload. The external beauty that you craved from her was more than sufficient for a night of sex, but like a wildfire in a dry forest, it burns out rather quickly, leaving you wanting for a better woman.

The beauty that most men miss

Then there is the girl who has only average external beauty. She does not turn heads and does not immediately create lust within a man. I met such a girl last year when walking through a Polish city. It happened after my turn to God. The girls I had previously seen as

beautiful were no longer beautiful to me, even though they looked the same. I had stopped going to night venues and stopped attempting to fornicate. Even during the day, when the odds of meeting a “good” girl are highest, I took no action.

One afternoon, I walked past a tram stop. To my left, I saw a plain girl sitting on a bench. She had a dress that went down to her ankles, with hardly any visible skin showing beside her face, certainly nothing to titillate. I felt an immediate urge to talk to her, and since the game habit of approaching random females had not yet subsided within me like it has now, I walked up to her. I asked her for a café that was open, since it was a major holiday and most establishments were closed. She knew of a place and offered to walk me there.

After a three-minute walk, we stopped in front of a café and had a chat. I suppose that she didn’t mind missing the tram to catch the next one. I looked at her face, which was pleasant but average. It did not appear that she had on any makeup. I got to know her a bit, and when she talked, I felt a quiet calm, as if I could just stare at her and enjoy her presence without any concern for the actual meaning of her words. Something was flowing from within her, not so much a beaming radiance, but a graceful essence. Every word she uttered was pleasing to my ears. I suspected I knew why this was the case.

“Do you go to church often?” I asked.

“Yes,” she replied. “I’ve become more religious than my parents.”

She entered direct communion with God at a young age, and so has received a strong dose of His grace. This grace does not come in the form of external beauty that is perceived sexually and lustfully, but a fountain of inner beauty that is perceived by the soul. Just sitting beside her in silence, I imagined, would be enough to feel this grace. Her fire is that of a modest candle; hot to the touch but longer lasting than the raging fire of a girl who is perceived by all to be “hot.”

I asked her if she had a boyfriend, and she said yes, and I ended the conversation in a polite manner. Even though nothing substantial came from this interaction, I concluded that God repaired my antenna for attraction just like He did my mental outlook and behavior. The type of girl who was unwanted by me in the past is now wanted, and the girl who was most wanted by me is now unwanted.

Conclusion

Since meeting the girl in Poland, I have traveled through the biggest cities of America and spent months in the Washington D.C. area. I have not encountered many girls like her. That’s no surprise since the world is full of girls who follow the trends of the day that are disseminated by the oligarchs through smartphones. They apply the trends to their body and life, wholly ignoring God and why He gave them life. They display a manipulated—even vulgar—form of beauty back to the world, mainly through photos and videos. If she wears makeup like other girls, wears clothing like other girls, and stares at her newest iPhone as if she were a zombie like other girls, she is not for one man, but all men who are under a spell of lust and passion that is disseminated, manipulated, and controlled by the same trendmakers she follows.

There are women who have resisted the mandates of the trendmakers, and have maintained or renewed their relationship with God, but they are few and far between. They will miss out on many worldly pleasures and enjoyments, and will never have 10,000 horny internet followers, but they will have something that the trend-followers don't: inner beauty. It will be flowing from them, visible to others who have been graced in the same manner. You'll know a woman of this type not when you see it, but when you feel it.

Read Next: *Game Is For Fallen Women*

Roosh Hour #39: Quarantine

February 27, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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In this stream I talk about coronavirus, getting right with God in times of good health, the movie *They Live*, women who freeze their eggs, and much more.

Listen to it in podcast format or download the MP3:

Here's a highlight from a previous stream:

Subscribe to my Youtube channel or podcast RSS feed to catch future streams. You can also subscribe to the Roosh Hour Clips channel for stream highlights.

Previously: *Roosh Hour #38: Holy Water*

Moderation Is A Myth

March 2, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I used to believe that it was easy to moderate my vices using willpower alone, whether it comes to sex or something as basic as coffee, but I realized that “moderation” or seeking the “middle path” are mythical notions. If you allow just a little bit of vice in your life, the process of backsliding immediately begins as you gradually make exceptions to partake in more and more of the vice. Therefore, when it comes to staying away from harm, abstinence is the only solution that is effective.

A habit that is extremely difficult for me to control is coffee. While you may argue that coffee is healthy, it contains a high amount of caffeine, a powerful drug that creates physical dependency. If you are a regular coffee drinker and have tried to quit, you’re aware of the debilitating withdrawal effects of headaches, fatigue, and brain fog. I love the bitter taste of coffee, but my body and mind become dependent on it.

In the past, I’ve tried to moderate my caffeine intake to only once a week. That would work for a few weeks until I felt it was safe to drink on a second day of the week. I can’t become dependent on coffee from just drinking twice a week, right? But the backsliding had already begun. Within a month, I will be drinking every day, becoming fully dependent on it, all because I started drinking it once a week. The same applies to alcohol.

When it comes to sex, a guide of moderation I tried in the past was to only pursue it when I had a physical need. When I was feeling horny, I would pursue a casual sex interaction, but this would increase the desire for more sex, and it doesn’t account for the fact that your “need” of sex can be manipulated by your environment, especially if you live in a

society bathing in free porn. It would only take one sex act to create voluminous thoughts and fantasies that made me hornier, and that all happened because I had sex based on what I thought was a genuine need. Soon enough, I'm thinking of sex every day and feel that I need sex quite often. The fulfillment of sex, it turns out, begets the desire for more sex.

Over a year ago, I was dating a girl who was fulfilling my sexual need. We would see each other once or twice a week. She soon ended the relationship because I did not want to commit to her. That same night, in a state of mild panic, I went to a seedy dive bar named Dragon and picked up a girl of ill repute. I had sex with her a couple of days later. I did not particularly like this girl, but I used her body because I thought I was in need of sex, when really I was just upset. I proceeded to have a rather unfavorable sexual experience that I have since tried to forget. During this time period, I had convinced myself that I was in a state of moderation, but I was actually ready to sleep with any woman who was willing.

A random female may attempt moderation when improving her look through surgical means. She only wants to inject a little filler in her lips to garner more likes for her Instagram photos, but once her lips are nice and juicy, she starts to notice the micro wrinkles on her face. Back to the dermatologist she goes for Botox, and you know what, she now feels that her breasts are two sizes too small. Can the kind doctor recommend a surgeon for breast augmentation? It started with the lips, and a few years down the line she looks artificial and a full decade older than her actual age.

Indian guru Osho preached the middle way, but he embraced being treated like a god. He said yes to every media outlet who came knocking while using his status to sleep with his female followers. That is moderation? It's very easy to preach moderation, for it sounds

reasonable and pleasing to the ear, but it doesn't work in practice. Moderation is a slow falling. Once you partake in a small dose of vice, you give it the means to fill your thoughts, and soon, your behavior. I no longer kid myself that I can moderate any vice, no matter how minor they seem to appear, and know that abstinence is the best approach.

Read Next: *Get Away From Me*

How I Pray

March 9, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

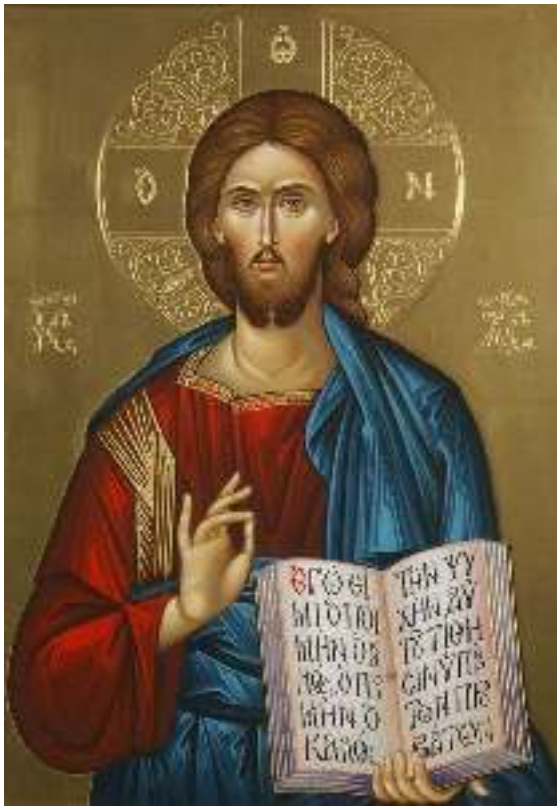
If you ask people how they came to God, they will probably say it was due to a church their parents took them to as a child. Others may talk about their study of the Bible as an adult. Neither of those allowed me to receive the faith. Instead, I came to God through prayer, after feeling the compulsion to pray during a period of darkness and despair.

I didn't know how to pray when starting out, because I had never done so in my life. All I knew about prayer was what Hollywood movies depict. I did a web search on "how to pray Orthodox," since I was originally baptized as a child in an Armenian Orthodox church. I found a Greek Orthodox resource called Orthodox Prayer, which has been most helpful for me to establish a beginner prayer rule, especially their handy PDF worksheet. As I learn more about the faith, I have added specific prayers that suit my spiritual needs.

Wherever I live, I assemble a humble prayer corner that is aesthetically pleasing. It consists of two icons (one of the Theotokos holding infant Jesus and the other of Jesus), two wooden crosses, a blessing cross I like to hold while praying, and a prayer rope I use for the Jesus Prayer. In the morning, I pray after waking and then begin my day. At night, I pray once more before laying in bed. I read for some time and right before closing my eyes to sleep, I say one more short prayer that does not make the assumption I will wake the next day:

> Into Your Hands, O Lord, I commend my soul and my body. Bless me, forgive my sins, and have mercy on me. Amen.

There is a large gap between the morning and evening prayers where you can easily "forget" about God, especially if you live in a large city and have a day that is filled with distractions. When I come across something that is naturally beautiful, I sometimes recite a simple doxology multiple times: "Glory to God, glory to God in all things." In other moments, if I feel anger rising within me or am frustrated from having to wait in a long line, I recite the Jesus Prayer: "Lord Jesus Christ, Son of God, have mercy on me, a sinner." The Jesus Prayer helps remind me that I'm experiencing no real pain or suffering compared to what Jesus endured, and that only through Him can I overcome the small and big trials of this world.



Another way to remember God during the day is to recite a prayer before and after your meals. If this is a new habit, you will forget to do it most of the time, but if you keep applying effort, it'll eventually become automatic. Here is a prayer I use before all my mealtimes:

> O Christ our God, bless the food, drink, and fellowship of thy servants, for thou art holy always, now and ever and unto ages of ages. Amen.

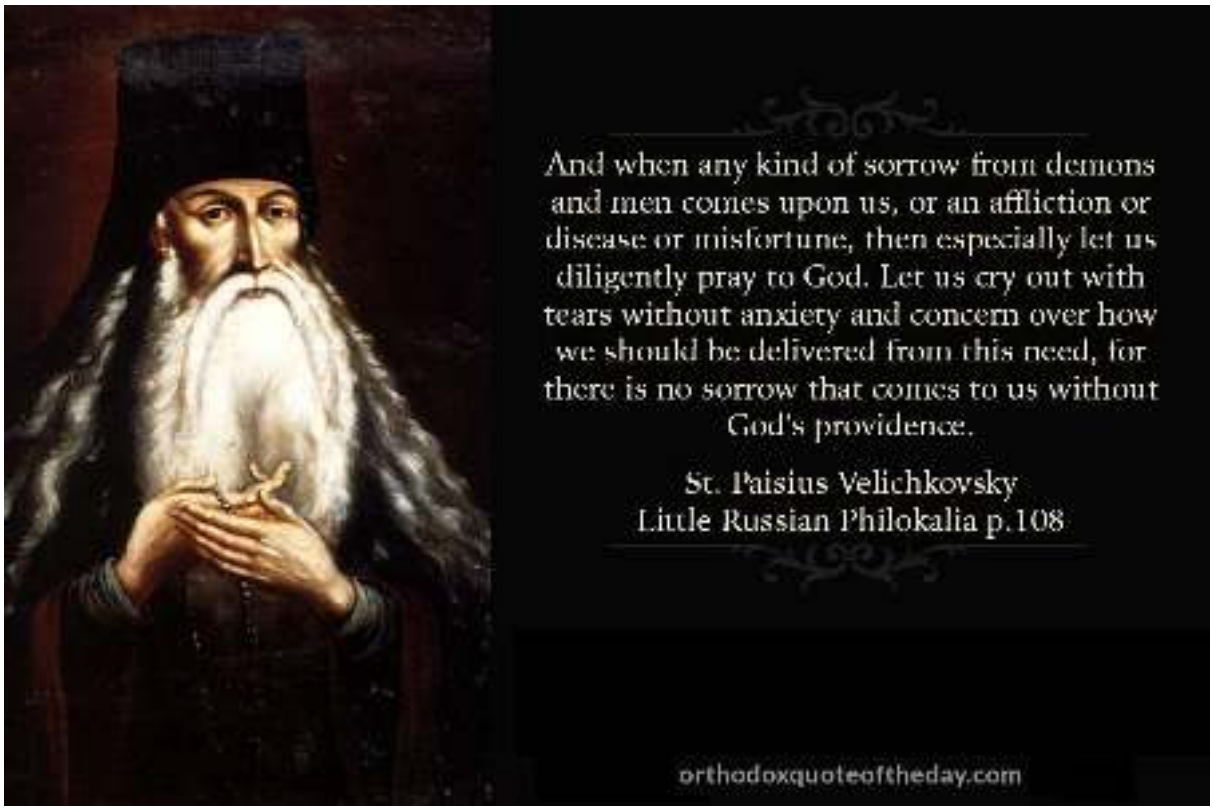
And one for after meals, which I sometimes still forget:

> Blessed is God, Who has fed and nourished us with His bountiful gifts by His grace and compassion always, now and ever and unto ages of ages. Amen.

You may be tempted to ask what are the material "benefits" of prayer. Will it make you feel more calm? Will it help you complete more work during the day? This is the wrong approach. I believe the purpose of prayer is to worship your Creator and establish a direct line of communication with God to aid in your salvation. Such communion will help you battle against sin and fight demonic influences that are so prevalent in this world. Through prayer, I also show thanks and appreciation to God for creating and sustaining me. I ask Him to forgive my signs and to have mercy on me while I carry out my mission in this world. I certainly do not ask him for more fame, comfort, pleasure, or ease of life as if he was a genie in a bottle. Unless I am in dire straights, I do not ask him for worldly gain, and if I do, I always add "if it is according to Your will" to stress that it is His will be done, not my will be done.

If you're new to prayer, I recommend you start with a small base and then build it up gradually. If you attempt too much in the beginning and fail to maintain it, you'll get frustrated, stop praying entirely, and maybe even lose faith. Instead, warm up your

prayer muscles with a nightly prayer that lasts no longer than five minutes. Ramp that up as you gain confidence maintaining the routine. When you have maintained a night prayer rule for a month or two, and feel the need to do more, add a morning prayer as well. Do what you can.



Once you've established a prayer rule, you can consider Church attendance and Bible reading for a set amount of time each day (be sure to use a study Bible like the Orthodox Study Bible). Take it slow. Don't treat your faith as just another material hobby, something to be achieved. I prayed for two months before I stepped foot into a church, and am very careful to add more prayer time or other spiritual deeds. Recently, I tried to add a third daily prayer, but I was not yet ready for it, so I stopped after a few days. That's okay—I will progress spiritually for some time and try again later. I would only advise you to "force" yourself to do at least one prayer per day (the Lord's Prayer is suitable) and if that is still too hard for you, ask God to help you pray. Prayer is a gift from Him, so if you would like to pray, ask Him for aid.

Even if you establish a daily prayer rule, prayer will not be easy. You will procrastinate when it's time to pray and be tempted to rush through it. The demons and your corrupted mind will flood you with distracting thoughts. You may feel that you're just reciting words instead of feeling them. These problems were even common with the Saints. Start small, build up over the months, and stick with it so that you may develop a relationship with God and fully receive His grace.

Read Next: *40 Christian Articles I Highly Recommend*

Roosh Hour #40: America First

March 13, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In this stream I talk about the AFPAC political conference, coronavirus, abortion mania, the Desert Fathers, and much more.

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4 Steps To God

March 16, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

When you adopt a new ideology, which these days involves taking a metaphorical "pill," you confidently believe that this is *it*. You've arrived at ultimate truth and can now allow the ideology to help you achieve more out of life. You may think there is nothing beyond this particular pill, but it's actually a mere stepping stone to the ultimate truth, Jesus Christ. Since our brains cannot handle an instantaneous change from dark to light, we are put on a gradual path of spiritual enlightenment. For men of this era, that path includes four different stages.

The blue pill

If you were born after the sexual revolution of the 1960s in a dense suburb or city, your default ideology upon completing puberty is blue pill. You have accepted the lies that are disseminated in the mainstream media and universities. You believe in an inverted reality where men and women are equal, homosexuality is a virtue, there are no differences between the races, and "science" is infallible and the final arbiter of truth. You even buy the myth that a centralized, one-world globalist tyranny is better for humanity and the planet. If you're a man, you idolize the woman as your personal savior and are prepared to degrade yourself before them to gain bits of intimacy.

The lifestyle of a blue pill man is one of deference to authority figures who are trying to destroy the natural order. He participates on social media to give doxologies to women, he becomes dependent on a corporate job with a "woke" political agenda, he attacks any morsel of truth to maintain his already anemic social status, he is addicted to a

neverending cycle of consuming technology and Hollywood entertainment, and he will often participate in internet outrage mobs against conservative figures. He also considers himself “rational” and so will follow popular atheists like Richard Dawkins and Sam Harris. In the rare case he does believe in “God,” the church he attends will have a giant gay pride flag or “Refugees Welcome” banner displayed out front, mandated by its female pastor.

Born in 1979 in the dense Washington D.C. suburbs, I was blue pill up until discovering the pickup artist community in 2001. Prior to that, I would always get stuffed into the friend zone when I really desired fornication. I had high trust in the news, enjoyed Hollywood movies, and believed that lack of education was the cause of crime among those low on the socio-economic ladder. Once I started applying game, I recognized all the lies that were told to me about women. Other lies collapsed over time as I gradually began to understand which groups were controlling world levers of power.

The red pill

With the red pill, you become armed with the truth that has been concealed from you. And what do you do with that truth? You extract material from the world in the form of women, money, fame, and status. While it’s not a requirement to harness the truth for purely worldly extraction, many men do so, often as a way to compensate for the lack they experienced during their blue pill phase. The red pill has a strong focus on using the truth for *individual* success and gain.

The lifestyle of a red pill man is centered around self-improvement to create the “best version of yourself.” This means international travel, hitting the gym, reading non-fiction books that contain detailed instruction on personal achievement, pursuing forms of

income that maximize freedom and mobility, and interacting with large numbers of women for the purpose of sex or short-term relationships. From 2008 to 2019, my forum was a hang-out for the prototypical red pill man.

The problem with the red pill man is not the set of truths he believes, but that they are applied almost universally to fulfill a man's unlimited passion for sex, greed, and pride. This pursuit of hedonism has a limited shelf life, because you will adapt to worldly pleasures and satisfaction until hitting a ceiling where you cannot duplicate the highs and blissful feelings of before. The red pill man ignores this truth, believing that happiness or contentment can be continually gained from the material world if he just tries a little bit harder or learns a new technique of sexual extraction from an internet guru who promises to divulge his secrets for the reasonable price of $1,499. While the red pill contains far more truth than the blue pill, it still contains lies in respect to human biology, psychology, and the very existence of our Creator.

I hit a peak with the red pill between 2011 and 2012 when I was traveling through Scandinavia and Eastern Europe to fornicate with a high number of women. I hung on to this lifestyle for a few more years, hoping that it would give me more pleasure, but hit a solid dead-end with it in 2015. I started to look towards stoicism, Taoism, and even wisdom books from the Bible. I would take some pieces of advice here and there, but nonetheless I did not stop my ways of extracting from the world.

The black pill

Photo credit

At the end of the red pill stage, the harsh limitations of the world become all too apparent. Even if you are armed with the truth, that does not guarantee material success or happiness. It could also happen that you have achieved a high level of success but stopped feeling pleasure from it because of adaptation. Soon, you no longer see the point of trying. You enter a black pill stage that is one of both acceptance and hopelessness.

You accept the world for how it is while losing hope that your existence can be improved in a substantial way, even though you still hold firm the truths of your red pill phase. For example, you still understand the nature of women, and know that being attractive and charming will obtain sex, but you no longer care for trying to meet them with the same intensity as before.

A man in the black pill stage is essentially sitting on a park bench watching the world go by, with the slight desire to see it burn, because that can at least provide him with entertainment while he sits. He follows the news and takes notes of the newest degradation as proof that life is some kind of cruel joke. He enjoys memes that revel in this state of affairs. He also begins to look down on those who tell him to "just get laid" or "make more money," because he sees those as the least of his problems. The effect of this is that he begins to remove himself from society.

His mentality becomes one of existential dread, often infused with pointed cynical humor, and it's not uncommon for him to lose interest in things that used to give him the sort of happiness he now sees as false. A psychiatrist would diagnose him as "depressed" in spite of the fact that there is no structural problem with his brain.

I started taking black pills in 2015, when the Canadian government tried to stop my lectures in Toronto and Montreal. That was followed by an effort to ban my books from Amazon. Then my sister was diagnosed with cancer. In 2016, I was attacked by a worldwide mob that threatened my family's safety and in 2017 I broke up with a girl who I thought would be the mother of my children. In 2018, my sister died. The only way I could keep it together towards the end of this difficult stretch was to distract myself with work while embracing nihilism. I saw the world as totally meaningless and void of hope.

The God pill

In its Christian form, the God pill is believing that Jesus Christ was sent by God the Father to redeem us for our sins and save our souls. If you take this pill, which is dispensed only by God when you humble yourself before Him, all red pill truths from your past are retained if they really were God-given truths. The black pill is shaken off and you come to see that you have a role to play in this world, that the time you were born in was destined for you. You choose to use the free will that God gave you to do His will instead of the will of Satan like before. You harness the truth for good instead of evil. You realize that the toil and suffering you endure are not for nothing, and you live in a way to receive God's loving grace.

Unfortunately, there are a lot of Christians who are actually blue pilled and believe in things that have little basis in scripture or Apostolic tradition. There are also Christians who use the faith to assert their superiority over others, such as being overeager to condemn men for their sins. A man who takes the red pill *before* the God pill is more likely to avoid these pitfalls.

When God offered me the gift of faith in early 2019, I accepted it. Since then I've returned to my baptismal faith (Armenian Orthodox Christianity) and have been devouring religious scriptures, articles, books, and sermons. All the mental and intellectual energy I put into extracting from the world in my red pill days is now going towards God. Instead of trying to perfect my game, I try to perfect my faith. Instead of going to the gym to lift heavy weights, I lift the Orthodox Study Bible. Instead of going to the club to listen to pop music, I go to church to listen to hymns. I am still tempted and challenged by the world, but I understand that the struggle I endure is serving a purpose for my salvation and the salvation of those around me. My despair and hopelessness have been lifted as I put full faith in God to deliver me from both personal sin and Satanic evil.

Conclusion

I have described a fourfold path to coming to God that applies to Western men born after the sexual revolution in population-dense environments. Other men who are born into the faith may come to God in a different way, but if you're like me, you were raised in a secular household to loving but hands-off parents who did not pass on spiritual fruits. Instead, the establishment directed your path straight into the arms of Satan and his lies.

Coming out of a blue pill stage leads to the hedonistic highs of the red pill, but that is sure to be followed by a black pill "hangover," and the more sins you committed in your red pill phase, the longer you will see black, which will hopefully humble your heart enough to reach out to God for help, and only then may you receive the final pill, the gift of faith. For men like myself, we shall now see how our faith in such a faithless time collides with the evil that is growing around us.

Read Next: *How I Turned To God*

Lifestyle Is The Disease

March 23, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Many people are unhappy with how their lives are going. They're depressed, they desire more pleasure, they're lonely, they lack purpose, and so on. While life contains many inherent hardships, most of the suffering that people experience are a direct result of a lifestyle they chose that they thought would solve their problems. Instead, it is the *cause* of their problems. In fact, there is no worldly lifestyle you can choose that will give you lasting contentment or satisfaction.

Lifestyles cause emotional and physical illness

The clearest example of a lifestyle that creates more problems than it solves is homosexuality. Such a lifestyle involves temporary sexual attachments, unbridled sodomy, copious drug use, extreme vanity, and a general fixation on anything bodily to feel a spike of pleasure or happiness. The costs of pursuing this lifestyle are severe: mental illness, depression, drug dependency, sex dependency, lack of life meaning, and physical diseases in the form of HIV, butt cancer, HPV, and a host of other viral and bacterial infections. To resolve these costs, the homosexual doubles down on the lifestyle, pursuing even more sodomy, even including the abuse of children, but that makes the disease even more virulent.

Lacking in awareness of how he is harming himself, the homosexual will project the misery of his lifestyle onto others, complaining that he is being oppressed for his life choices by "bigots," "homophobes," and "Nazis," and that he requires more rights and benefits to fulfill even more degrading aspects of his lifestyle. His crusade is futile. Since his lifestyle is the direct cause of his disease, he will continue to spiral downwards. The guilt from his lifestyle will manifest itself mentally and emotionally, while the sexual acts he performs will manifest in physical illness.

Heterosexuals who decide on a life of casual sex (or masturbation with the aid of porn) are actually performing a “homosexual lite” lifestyle. The same behavior is present though in diminished form. The heterosexual participates in temporary sexual attachments, unbridled fornication and masturbation, elevated drug use (particular alcohol), extreme vanity to better facilitate meaningless sex acts, and a fixation on things of this world (money, travel, fame, etc.).

If you put an active homosexual in a room with an active heterosexual fornicator, you will not be able to differentiate their character, which is centered around constantly evaluating potential sexual opportunities in their environment while maintaining an overly groomed appearance. The only difference would be their mannerisms and the object of their desires. Even though a heterosexual man participates in vaginal sex with women instead of anal sex with men, he will suffer from the same disease, though less severe in intensity.

Satan will distract you with lifestyle options

Another diseased lifestyle is that of an urban Western woman. Her inverted belief of the natural order leads to a common set of behaviors: an obsession with career and money-making (mercantilism), activism for Satanic-inspired social justice causes, active denigration of her countrymen and traditions, promiscuity, self-glorification via social media and dating apps, willingness to use contraception and abortion to maintain a barren womb, hollow “spiritual” pursuits (e.g. yoga, postmodern Buddhism, New Age spirituality), and dependence on corporations for moral guidance. A woman who adopts the globohomo lifestyle will experience similar symptoms as the homosexual: mental illness, depression, drug and sex dependency, existential malaise, the inability to pair bond, and an addiction to anti-depressants.

Any lifestyle you pursue that puts your glorification, “happiness,” desires, or genitals at the center will create a similar manifestation of disease, whether you are homosexual or not. I know this because I embarked on a homosexual-lite lifestyle for nearly two decades, when I worshipped the vagina as part of a detached sex act. I uprooted myself and created a life that was centered around extracting genital pleasure, which I then linked to my pride and vanity. The more “successful” I was at this game, of mastering the art of transient intimacy, the more addicted I became to it and the more empty I felt.

Not only was I becoming more detached from the world, but I was losing myself in the process. When I looked in the mirror, who could stare back at me but a professional fornicator, a man who knows how to create the loosest of human bonds? And that detriment still occurred in spite of the fact that I was abiding by male-to-female sexual biology. If I perverted that biology further, I would have caused more damage, for I did not infect other human beings with diseases and I did not urge a woman to undergo a surgical procedure that killed my child. The costs for performing those acts must be great indeed, and I’m lucky that I did not reach a point of irredeemability and hard-heartedness. I slowed down my lifestyle of fornication starting in 2015 and turned to God in 2019, suggesting a gradual healing process of four years until arriving at the ultimate truth. But for people who transgressed far more than I did, I imagine their healing timeline would be extended. The deeper your depravity, the more “side effects” you will feel, and the longer it will take to become whole again.

All lifestyles, with no exception, cause disease by their very nature, because they separate you from God. They are designed to fill you with worldly distractions, pleasures, and fame. Even if you don’t actively worship Satan, if you are not consciously serving the will of God, you are serving the will of the father of lies. Satan will approve of any lifestyle you choose. If you participate in anything that could even be construed as a lifestyle, or

one where a corporation sees you as a marketing opportunity or audience segment, you have fallen for a lie, and will undoubtedly suffer as a *direct result* of your behavior. There is suffering even if you are a practicing Christian, but that suffering does not stem from your own lifestyle choices.

The side effects of being a fornicator have disappeared from my life. Instead of depression, I am filled with hope and trust in God that His plan will lead to good triumphing over evil. Instead of malaise or hopelessness, I strive to understand God's will as it concerns me. Instead of depending on sex, alcohol, or caffeine, I depend only on God and His mercy and love. Instead of floundering from one fleeting relationship to the next, or one country to the next, I am focused on the love of my family and my relationship with God. I still experience the ups and downs of life, but as I share the truth to you through my God-given talent of writing, I feel more at peace with who I am and my place in this temporary world. The only "disease" I have is being born in a fallen world, of occasionally lusting after a woman or feeling puffed-up through my material accomplishments.

The word "lifestyle" is rather new. It is yet another ingenious attempt by Satan to convince humans that they can figure it out on their own, but by attempting to do so, they put themselves squarely in rebellion against God. The only outcome for a person who pursues a lifestyle is to become gravely ill before eventually suffering spiritual death.

Read Next: *Why It's Folly To Design Your Own "Lifestyle"*

Roosh Hour #41: Tower Of Babel

March 27, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In this stream I talk about the silly things that coronavirus is sweeping away, why you should say no to national quarantine, why I may have to move out of my mountain home, and much more.

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Previously: *Roosh Hour #40: America First*

Do Not Accept The Mark Of The Beast From Bill Gates (Id 2020)

March 27, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The following clip is from Roosh Hour #41.

Watch Next: *Quarantine Is A Method Of Human Control*

5 Layers Of Sexual Temptation

March 30, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Upon transitioning from a life of unbridled fornication to one of chastity, I had to become more careful about staying away from sexual temptations that stem from the sight of alluring women or interactions with them in close quarters. Such thoughts create the desire to participate in masturbation or sex. I learned that if you cut temptation at the source, you are more likely to resist the urge to pleasure yourself or fornicate.

Here are five ways men may be tempted, from the least to most dangerous…

1. Sight or image of an attractive girl

If you witness a girl who has sexualized herself with tight or revealing clothing, you will almost certainly think of sex. The severity of the thought depends on how sexualized she is and if you're looking at a mere photo or a real woman up close. A photo of a naked woman on the internet will create more lust than a fully clothed woman in real life, but if the latter changes outfits to reveal cleavage and a perfect rear-end, the lust she can create within you will surpass a naked photo.

Online, I do not view any pornographic or nude imagery. Offline, I maintain custody of my eye and try to look only at a woman's face. This is easier said than done, and my eye often roams, but if you successfully focus on a girl's face, no matter how beautiful she is, your brain is less likely to create sexual thoughts. If it's a hot day and every girl is semi-naked, like often is the case, I have to be extra vigilant in keeping my glances of them above the neck. If that fails, a self-imposed quarantine could be an option during the steamiest parts of summer. This is where living in a rural area or small town is helpful.

2. An attractive girl fixed in your field of view

The second layer of sexual temptation is when you find yourself in a setting where you have to look at a desirable girl for a prolonged period of time, with little option to turn away. One example is if you're in a university class and a sexy girl wearing sweet-smelling perfume is sitting in front of you. Another example, which has often happened to me, is when an enticing girl sits in my field of view while I'm working at a cafe. She could also be a store clerk or receptionist. In these cases, you will absorb her essence for much more than a glance, allowing you to create a richer fantasy of how her intimacy is like.

The solution here is easy enough: get up and move. Unless you're in a prison, you are not forced to remain in a certain position. Put your back to the object of temptation and continue with what you were doing. Unfortunately, the fashion industry designs female clothing to frame the breasts and buttocks, highlighting them as if they were Las Vegas lights, so you may have to take strong measures to block out illicit views.

3. An attractive girl fixed in your field of view while you're intoxicated

The most common example is when you're drinking in a bar that has many libidinous women. You'll lose custody of the eye and start to explore the crevices of their bodies. In addition, alcohol removes all willpower to control your thoughts, and since you are also less inhibited, you'll find it easier to talk to the sort of woman you wouldn't have been interested in had you been sober. In such an environment, a thought of sex can easily turn into its fulfillment. There are very few substances out there that more easily facilitate lust and the sex that follows than alcohol.

In order to block this threat, I recommend not drinking alcohol in places where women are present. Feel free to have a drink with your buddies in private, or even alone at home, but once you start to drink in bars or clubs, you will allow lust to take over, and then feel ashamed that you acted in such a weak manner the day after. This may force you to make substantial changes to your lifestyle.

4. Continual and steady access to an attractive girl who is not suitable for you

If you work in a corporation, you may have a sexy female coworker that you cannot pursue, either because she doesn't meet your standards, would not make for a good long-term partner, or is already betrothed to another man. In spite of that, you will get to know her deeply over a prolonged period of time, and there will be moments of flirtation on late work nights when completing a project under deadline. You will see hints of her vulnerability and sensuality, and imagine all sorts of romantic scenarios with her.

Unfortunately, this case is hard to combat, because you will see her every day. It doesn't help that dress codes in modern workplaces are sometimes not that different from gym wear. If you are single, she will enter your mind in lonely moments and linger, sometimes providing fuel for masturbatory action. Unless she is ugly or your willpower is especially strong, there is no way to stop this temptation unless you remove yourself from her presence entirely. Consider transferring departments or getting a new job.

5. Attractive woman who has diabolical plans to corrupt you

The most dangerous layer of temptation is when a woman, likely under the influence of a demon, has made a choice to corrupt your chastity. Online, she will send you nude photos and videos even if you didn't ask, and then follow up with sexual banter (e.g. "Do you like my vagina?"). Offline, she will compliment you and touch you lecherously, inching ever closer to your crotch, prompting you to develop an erection. As strong as a man you may think you are, you have no innate resistance against this type of seduction, even if you haven't consumed alcohol. Pray continually and then block the woman online or escape from her in person.

I've had a handful of cases in the past where women online sent me nude photos and videos, particularly on Instagram and Twitter. Their pornography immediately aroused me and I had trouble stopping myself from masturbating to material that was "custom made" for me. Since then, I've withdrawn from Instagram and stopped accepting messages from strangers on Twitter. Recently, when a woman tried to seduce me, I prayed without ceasing, kept my hands to myself, and waited for the threat to pass.

Conclusion

If you're a fornicator, you may find the above examples silly, but if you're chaste, you understand how hard it is to remain so in a secular world that has elevated masturbation and sex to virtues. You will be tempted nearly every which way you turn, not just from pornography and real-life women, but also advertisements, movies, and music videos. It's almost as if those in power want you to think of sex constantly. The average woman in her prime is more than eager to play along with this agenda.

I know that my biggest weakness is the female flesh. I have very little willpower to defend against an attractive woman, so I've had to identify and block the main areas where they

tempt me while praying to God for help. If there's no temptation, there's no lust, and if there's no lust, the desire to fornicate diminishes. I'm still a hot-blooded man, but thanks to these efforts, I'm much more in control of my passions than before.

Read Next: *How To Control Your Lust*

6 Signs That A Woman Is In Rebellion

April 6, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Most women you meet are in a state of rebellion. They have rejected the natural order and God, along with the notion of biological sex roles. While in rebellion, a woman will not respect the authority of a man or submit to him for long. Such a woman will be the source of great misfortune and heartache. Below are the most common signs that a woman is in rebellion.

She rejects the natural state of her body

She does not want to accept the body that was created for her. It is not beautiful or capable enough, so she begins an intensive crusade to morph herself in what trend-makers—who are in rebellion themselves—say is beautiful or capable.

In the early stages of rejecting her body, a girl will apply profuse makeup, dye her hair, or pierce her body in areas besides the earlobe. Still unsatisfied—and there is no other option for her to be unsatisfied when rejecting God's gift—she will then adorn herself with fake nails, eyelashes, and even eyebrows. Almost always, rebellion against her natural beauty takes the form of adopting plastic beauty that is cultivated, advertised, and sold by corporations and the medical industry. Adopting their commercial wares may get her more likes on Instagram, but decreases her overall beauty to any man who is not in rebellion himself.

In the middle stage of bodily rejection, she will get tattoos, which she believes are righteous because it increases the amount of attention and therefore dopamine she receives. In later stages, she will undergo plastic surgery, particularly when it comes to

fillers in her lips or botox in her forehead and cheeks. Since rebellion is eternal, she will not know when to stop modifying her body.

Obese women are in indirect rebellion from being in a state of gluttony, one of the seven deadly sins. Their proclamation of “beauty at any size” is intended more as a comforting rationalization than an attempt to attack God, but the end result is the same: she refuses the natural body she was given and morphs into a different creation.

She idolizes herself

The rebellious woman wants to be seen as a goddess or queen, and may even use those terms to describe herself. She wants to be worshipped by men and admired by women. The quality of those who worship her is less important than the *quantity*: her goal is to increase the number of individuals who admire her or “follow” her on social media platforms, because it provides an objective number to her goddess-like status that can be compared to others (the analog for men is sexual notch count). To learn how to be a goddess, women will eagerly follow other popular women on Instagram, mimic them, and drool over the prospect of being as popular as them. She soon becomes addicted to compliments of her appearance.

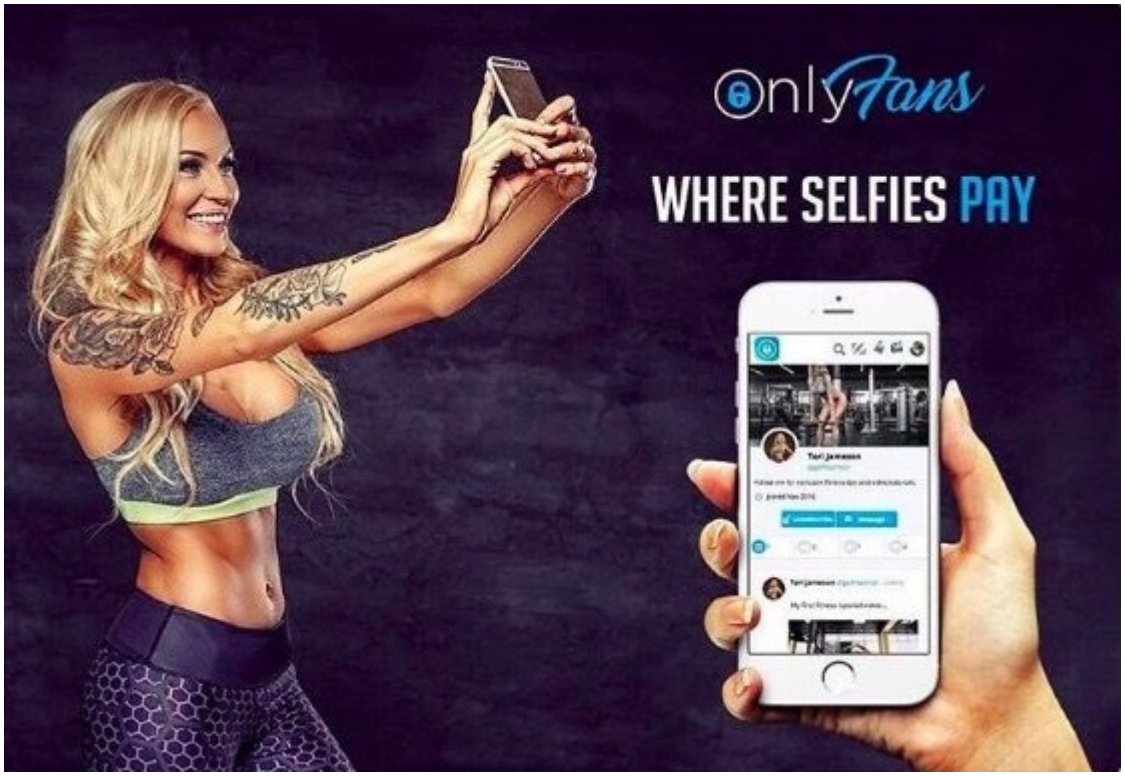
In the past, a woman would morph into “goddess” mode when entering a nightclub. She would put on a haughty mask and look down on any merely average male who wanted to talk to her. This was only temporary, and she would morph back into normalcy the following day, but we are now entering a time where goddess mode is more-or-less permanent. She really believes that she is more important than other men and women because of her artificial beauty, trendy style, or follower count. Who are you to disturb her? Don’t you know she has 900 followers on Instagram?

She rejects her traditions, countrymen, hometown, or nation

A woman in rebellion will be eager to run away from who she is. If she was born a Christian, she will take up yoga or be sympathetic to Islam. If she's German, she will bring home to mom and dad an African man named Mutambo who arrived to Europe by boat. If she's from a rural Midwestern town, she will escape to Miami or New York City. A manifestation of rebellion is to seek out the extremes, far away from what is familiar.

Whenever a woman from a foreign country slept with me, she was passing up on countless of her native men—men who shared her traditions, language, and religion, and who would make a far better long-term partner than I could. In some cases, she was directly cheating on a native man with me, her enabler and tempter. Fornicating with me was a way to reject those men and the country of her father. It's no surprise that many foreign women I've slept with possess multiple rebellious qualities. While abroad, I adopted the view that if a foreign woman was quick to sleep with me, she couldn't possibly be a suitable long-term partner.

She prefers the virtual over the real



It’s hard to carry out a successful rebellion while fixed in the real world. There is a physical limit to how many men a woman can interact with at any time. There are bodily flaws that can’t be hidden no matter how much work is done to conceal them. But in the online world, anything is possible. She can be perceived as a goddess from a shockingly high number of men who covet her photoshopped images taken at angles that camouflage her flaws. She can easily play out the fantasy of who she wants to be.

The people who buy her online fantasy—and this is increasingly happening in the literal sense of men paying money for access to her lewd content—are often ones who are in a state of rebellion themselves. The virtual world allows fools to fool other fools. Women are very hesitant to create real-life relationships as opposed to ones in the virtual world because then she might be found out. This is why so many women will spend hours on online dating apps, soaking up the attention that makes her feel like a goddess, but go on sparingly few dates.

She has completely divorced sex from reproduction

The way a girl in rebellion believes she will achieve enlightenment is through her vagina or anus. She owns several sex toys and masturbates to them often. She believes being penetrated by a sexy man who doesn’t love her will fulfill her or make her happy, but as sexy as that man may be, she fears being impregnated by him because her career is not yet “established.” She has been on birth control since she was a teenager and is in favor of abortion.

She takes pride in being confident when it comes to sleeping with random men, but since such an act is not something that God allows her to do naturally, she must drug herself with alcohol or pills and be egged on by her girlfriends. After sex, she mimics the behavior of men by bragging about her “conquest.” While a woman with multiple sex

partners may seem staunchly heterosexual, she begins to take on the demeanor of a man, because when you're in rebellion, you adopt traits that exist in the opposite sex. (Men who sleep with a lot of women are profuse conversationalists with high social calibration, traits that are normally possessed by women.)

She trusts in her own abilities above that of a man who loves her

God created Adam. God saw that Adam could use companionship, so He created Eve from the substance of Adam. God intended Eve to submit to Adam who then submits to God. While God gives equal blessings to men and women, he intended for women to follow the authority of men. Women in rebellion barely respect men, let alone follow them. They won't listen to their fathers, their boyfriends, or their husbands, and will only fake submission for a short period of time when they want to deceive a man to gain a material reward. They believe that through their own knowledge and confidence, they are deciders of their fate and must only follow the result of their feelings and unseen demonic influences.

If you get involved with a woman in rebellion, you will have to suffer her punishment, just like how Adam following Eve into sin caused him to be condemned alongside her. You cannot isolate the pleasure you experience from a bad woman without also enduring the negative effects of deceit, lies, cheating, and other forms of manipulation. If a man can't find a suitable woman, he is better off alone, because at least that fate will not lead to spiritual death as it did for Adam.

She is gay

The most severe form of rebellion is homosexuality. Such a girl has completely refused the natural order and the authority of men to develop a deep-seated hatred for both. Since a woman cannot penetrate another woman without the use of a plastic toy made in a Chinese factory, she has essentially chosen a life of masturbation in place of genuine love and intimacy.

It may seem "hot" when you see two attractive girls in a bar, but such situational bisexuality is an effort to spite God to receive attention. Indeed, stay away from harlots you only noticed because they were committing a severe act of rebellion.

Conclusion

If a girl is rebelling against God, her Creator, she *will* rebel against you. It's not a matter of if, but when. Many men foolishly think they can tame a rebellious woman, but this is the same as thinking you can tame Satan himself. It's fine if a girl who chooses against rebellion requires additional guidance or knowledge from you to stay out of rebellion, but if she's in *active* rebellion, I suggest you run away unless she humbles herself before God and repents.

Most men are tempted to extract casual sex from a girl in rebellion, since she so freely gives it up, but understand that that sex act will not be free, and may haunt you for years to come while risking your salvation. Currently, I am single and can walk with Christ in peace, so I don't feel compelled to take a risk on a woman who spits on God and sees herself as a goddess. Choose the women of your life very carefully, because your very soul may depend on it.

Read Next: *Not Every Woman Wants To Use Men For Attention Or Sleep Around*

Roosh Hour #42: Coronavirus Is Revolution

April 10, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In this extended stream, I carefully lay out the theory that the coronavirus pandemic is being used by the elites to usher in a more totalitarian stage of their globalist system. If you're short on time and want to get to the meat of my analysis, start at 1:53:30 and watch until 3:37:30.

I have recently started broadcasting my streams on DLive. Follow me here.

Listen to the above stream in podcast format or download the MP3:

Here's a highlight from a previous stream:

Subscribe to my Youtube channel or podcast RSS feed to catch future streams. You can also subscribe to the Roosh Hour Clips channel for stream highlights.

Previously: *Roosh Hour #41: Tower Of Babel*

How Coffee & Alcohol Addictions Are Linked

April 13, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I've consumed alcohol and coffee for most of my adult life. I've enjoyed both, but have experienced enough negative effects from them that I've embarked on multiple periods of abstainment. Through those periods, I've learned that alcohol and coffee addictions are linked together, and if you want to quit one, it helps to first quit the other.

I'm able to quit alcohol without much willpower, but coffee is far more challenging. The withdrawal effects are so severe for me that I have to plan to quit during a week when I don't have much going on so I can nurse my headaches and fatigue without facing any important deadlines. During a period of not drinking coffee, I may still drink alcohol at night, but on the day after, I feel slightly sluggish and strongly crave coffee to pep myself up. It then becomes a matter of time until I'm back to having a daily cup of coffee, addicted like I was before.

It also has worked the other way around where I tried to quit alcohol without first quitting coffee. In that case, the coffee will inevitably lead to high-strung and jittery feelings that alcohol is perfectly tailored to resolve. To lessen the coffee jitters, I may have a couple of beers in the evening. The next day, I experience a mild hangover and now crave coffee to wake up properly. The cycle continues.

Modern life is set up so that you need to wake up at a predetermined time to perform cognitive work, and then when that work is finished, you must experience a feeling of relaxation in order to sleep properly for the next day's cognitive work. So you drink coffee to perform work, sometimes multiple cups, and then drink alcohol (or smoke marijuana) to bring you back down to counter the negative effects of coffee to feel "relaxed" at night

so that you can get something resembling sleep to do it all again the next day. The root cause of both coffee and alcohol addiction is therefore contorting your body to perform activities on someone else's clock, such as that of your employer, instead of your own natural clock.

My bigger weakness is coffee, so in order to successfully quit, I had to quit alcohol at the same time, which made the task far easier. You will be tempted to moderate your consumption of both, but this will fail you in the end, so you must abstain completely, and in the times you slip up, you must not consume more than one drink of either, and strongly resist the urge in the next 48 hours to consume more.

While drinking alcohol or coffee in moderation is not harmful to your body, it is the gateway to physical or psychological dependency (or both). You can't get addicted to something you never consume, and since I have proven to myself that I cannot properly control my consumption of these substances, especially coffee, the only solution for me is to abstain from both.

Read Next: *Moderation Is A Myth*

What Happened When I Took Psychedelic Mushrooms

April 20, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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*The following is an expanded written version of a segment contained within my speech **What I Learned About Life**.*

I have long known about psychedelic mushrooms. In conversations, it was often brought up alongside "bad trip" stories concerning a related drug, LSD. I had decided that I didn't need to take mushrooms or any other substance to learn something I couldn't figure out on my own while in a sober state. I much preferred to stay in "control" of my faculties.

That belief changed after my sister died in March of 2018. The lifestyle I had created through my own will and effort provided me with no meaning or comfort, and all the control I thought I had over the world was an illusion. I began to desire to see things in a different, more truthful way, but I was still grieving and emotionally unstable. Ten months after my sister's death, with the worst of the grieving over, I began warming to the idea of taking psychedelic mushrooms.

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One night in 2014, while I was living in Poland, I met a man from England by the name of Albert. He approached me in a bar and said he was a fan of my work. As an Englishman, he sympathized with my writings that portended the inexorable decline of Western civilization. Our response to that decline was similar: we extracted pleasure from Polish females in the town we lived in, though I embarked on this task with far greater zeal than he did.

Albert is anti-establishment, to say the least. He has squatted in empty dwellings and experienced homelessness for long periods of time without complaint. He regaled me with stories of his experimentation with just about every drug known to man, from typical party drugs to Ayahuasca. He also happens to be one of the most learned men I know, with a deep knowledge of history, philosophy, and politics. I would wonder why he chose to live roughly instead of making money on the internet selling sex books. Why didn't he value the material world in the same way I did? Why didn't he open a YouTube channel and build up his subscribers? Why didn't he, or anyone else, live like me? Regardless of his own choices, and his eccentric personality, over time he became a man who I could trust. When my sister died, he was one of the few men I spoke to about her last moments.

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A relationship I had with a Polish woman ended in 2017. The pain from that was minuscule when compared to my sister's death a year later, which left a hole in my heart so large that a foreign land or its women could not begin to fill. Many nights I would break down and grieve for my sister in whatever little apartment I happened to be renting. By that time, I had reached a dead-end with hedonism. I long ago adapted to pleasure of all kinds and felt increasingly enveloped by modern evils. The secular world and its

teachings offered me no aid, and I distracted myself with work and entertainment.

For the first time in my life, I found myself in a pit that I could not get out of, and even if I could overcome the pain through some type of life hack, I would probably choose not to. I didn't want to be "happy" after witnessing my sister's sufferings. I didn't want to merely resume where I left off. I flailed in this pit, allowing feelings of hopelessness to envelop me. Many times I asked why she died while I continued to live. I would not classify my state as suicidal, and had never thought of a method to end my own life, but I had at least lost the will to live. I was phoning it in, sleeping with this woman or that if it was easy enough to do so, busying myself with work to keep the pain at bay, participating in the day's latest internet outrage to feel any emotion besides sadness. If I could stay mired in meaninglessness, maybe I could forget that my life had no meaning.

After visiting my family during the Christmas of 2018, I decided to return to Poland. This would be my "last gasp," I told friends. I would hang on for just a bit longer to the European lifestyle that had given me so much fleeting happiness in the past.

I first spent six weeks in Warsaw, a city that I cannot love no matter how much time I spend in it. I attempted to go to the clubs to pick up girls for the sake of cheap pleasure, but I could no longer bear the nightlife or the drunken women. During the day I would flirt with a girl here or there in the cafés, but my heart wasn't into it. Then a new desire came over me that I never felt before in my life: the urge to pray. I felt the impulse to get on my knees, clasp my hands together, and pray to God. The only problem was that I had no idea how to pray. My ideas on prayer all came from Hollywood movies. The actors in those movies, while actively participating in some type of sin, would pray to God for a material benefit, usually a million dollars or the love of a promiscuous woman, as if He were a genie in a bottle.

I made up my own prayer. Upon waking up, I said, "Please God give me the strength to fight against evil and endure this pain." At exactly this time, I was in a state of extreme horniness. I had not fornicated in over a month. Thoughts of lust bombarded my mind, in part thanks to the many beautiful Polish women walking around the city. I'd feed those lustful thoughts by creating sex movies in my mind. On the third day of my rudimentary prayer, a woman sent me an unsolicited pornographic movie of herself using various dildos to the point of ecstasy. I masturbated to it. The next day, the urge to pray completely disappeared, so I stopped praying.

A couple of weeks later, I moved back to the Polish town I had lived in before to spend time with Albert and other expat friends. I rented the exact same apartment I lived in when I first came to Poland in 2011, during the absolute peak of my fornicative behavior. I met with Albert and one of the first things I told him was that I was finally ready to try mushrooms. He told me it's best to take it while outdoors in view of nature, and to wait for spring to arrive. In the meanwhile, I fornicated with a girl I had dated in the past. Now that I was sexually sated, fewer fantasies came into my mind. Soon, the urge to pray came back, this time stronger than before.

I wanted to pray properly, so I did an internet search on "how to pray orthodox." I added

the “orthodox” since I was baptized when I was nine years old in the Armenian Apostolic Church, which is contained within the branch of Oriental Orthodoxy. I found a detailed prayer resource from the Greek Orthodox Church. Close enough. I printed the prayers out one afternoon in March of 2018, and that night, I got on my knees and prayed.

For the next half an hour, I cried like a baby. I don’t know if it was from grief or from the act of humbling myself before God for the first time, but I soon began to feel a sense of relief that I no longer had to be my own god. I didn’t have to know everything or have it all figured out. I didn’t have to know how to save myself from the evils and madness of the world through my own human power. I intuitively sensed that I could put my faith in God and allow Him to guide me instead of my vulgar desires for pleasure, fame, and status. For most of my life, I had been trying to invent ways and rules to puff myself up as a “strong” and “masculine” man, but all of that—every last idea from my own mind—had failed me. My first prayer was an admission that I was a fool.

I found more prayers online, including ones for dead relatives. I began praying before going to bed, for God to help guide me, to watch over my friends and family, and to have mercy on my sister’s soul. I asked God many questions about her. What happened to her? Where is she now? Would I ever see her again?

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The weather forecast predicted that the first warm day of the year would be a Saturday at the end of March. It happened to fall on the one-year anniversary of my sister’s death. Albert told me that taking mushrooms for the first time on such a day could make the experience “heavy,” but the grief was already heavy. I told him that I wanted to proceed.

Before I explain what happened when I took mushrooms, I must state that the drug is extremely powerful. What I’m about to share with you is not an attempt to glorify its use, and for every positive story you hear from someone who tried it, you don’t have to look far to read a negative experience that put someone on a darker, more occult path. If you make the decision to take mushrooms, do so with an experienced guide who can keep an eye on you or calm you down if you experience distressing effects, one who is intelligent with a stable demeanor, because during your trip you are sure to have questions about the nature of existence, society, and God. Based on my experience, it would have been a huge mistake for me to take mushrooms alone, so I’m grateful that Albert was there with me.

The Saturday arrived. I woke up, did some light reading, and had a cup of coffee. I left my apartment around noon with a bag containing rolls of bread, almonds, bananas, a bottle of water, a beach towel, a notepad, and a pen. In my front jean pocket with a single 100-zloty bill (approximately $25 in U.S. currency). I left my smartphone at home.

I met Albert near the city square. He was wearing a red Make America Great Again hat. I walked with him to a park on the north side of the city. As expected, it was crowded with locals eager to break out of their winter hibernation. We entered into a lightly forested area that was covered with soft molehills, eventually settling on a spot that was about forty yards from the nearest path. Albert took out two yoga mats from his bag and laid

them out.

Albert retrieved two sealed jars. They each contained 1.8 grams of crumbled mushrooms in one-third cup of lemon juice. The acidity of the lemon juice is theorized to mimic the stomach's digestive enzymes and break down a substance in the mushrooms into its more active hallucinogenic component. Albert told me it's the first time he had taken mushrooms with lemon juice. I placed full trust in him for the experience, not questioning the dosage, the location in the park, or any other detail. I'm already quite rigid with my daily routine and how I live life. For this experience, I had consciously decided to let things happen as they may.

Albert unscrewed one of the jars and handed it to me. The liquid looked like water mixed with dirt. Even though I was about to take a new drug, my understanding of what it could do was quite limited. I knew far more about Ayahuasca and DMT, drugs that could purportedly give you access to other dimensions containing monsters and elves (i.e. demons). For mushrooms, I expected trippy visuals and weird things emanating from the trees in a wide range of colors. I did not ask Albert for the specifics of what the drug would do so he would not give me any preconceived notions or biases of what I "should" see. He did warn me, however, that I may develop an upset stomach.

I gulped down the liquid. The citrus of the lemon juice balanced out with the earthy flavor of the mushrooms. I was now strapped in for the ride, excited to begin feeling its effects. From what I gathered online, I had the impression that many young men took psychedelics as a sort of shortcut to understanding the world or experiencing enlightenment. I was not looking for a shortcut. I was a 39-year-old man of the world who won in pleasure, lost in misdiagnosed love, and suffered a loss that made all of his life's efforts seem like a total waste. I was tired of life, ready to give up completely. A man who is tired of life does not look for shortcuts. No, he looks for something to help him get

through another day.

Albert and I talked like we normally did, about politics and girls. He spotted a red squirrel and commented that they were rare in England. More Poles entered the park via the paved paths. Thirty minutes after ingesting the mushrooms, I started to feel lethargic. I laid down on the mat and looked up at the forest canopy. Branches on two trees were moving in slowly and rhythmically, yet there was no wind or rustling sound that normally accompanies the movement of trees.

“Hey Albert, are the trees moving or is it just me?”

“It’s just you,” he replied. Was he joking? I took out the Polish bill from my pocket and stared at it. It appeared brighter than normal.

The red squirrel returned. He came close to us and started cracking a nut. He put his back to a tree to protect his rearguard.

“Can you imagine having to worry about getting killed while you’re eating?” Albert mused.

After the squirrel enjoyed his nut, he moved to another location, observed us for some time, and then repeated the procedure.

“He’s preparing to attack us!” Albert yelled.

“No, he’s probing our defenses,” I said. “The rest of the squirrel army is coming!” I began laughing for much longer than the squirrel’s behavior warranted. This is the moment I knew I was high, because squirrels are neither funny nor physically threatening.

I stood up and started walking around to test my physical abilities. The spongy molehills now made the earth feel like a moon bounce. The ground was so soft that I was scared I would sink in.

“Albert, the ground is not right. I need to find solid ground. I’ll be back.”

I bounced on the spongy earth towards the nearest concrete path that was lined with benches. I told myself, “Okay Roosh, people will see you so try to act normal.” I sat on a

bench and tapped on the asphalt with my feet. It felt like carpet. I stared at the asphalt and noticed that it was undulating in a subtle manner. I recalled that asphalt was usually quite hard and unmoving, but now I had the urge to lay on it to further test its properties.

A man and woman were walking towards me. Where should I put my hands? On my lap or to my side? Should I cross my legs or leave them straight? Am I slouching? How should I wear my face? I should wear a neutral expression so they don't think I'm weird, but I can't tell what expression I'm wearing. What is a neutral expression, anyway? I wish I had a mirror. Uh oh, they're here! Should I make eye contact with them? Maybe I should smile and say, "Hello fellow humans, how are you today?" No, that's a bit odd.

Right as the couple was about to pass, I laughed. I immediately tried to contain the laughter by shutting my mouth and out came a spray of spit. They looked at me. My cover is blown—they know I'm a freak. I turned sharply towards the right so they couldn't see my face, and noticed a family of four. An obese mother reached down to pick up her son. As she did so, her shirt lifted and revealed a mound of flesh. I laughed again and turned my head back in the other direction. Trying to be normal was impossible. I carefully walked over the asphalt carpet and then the moon bounce back to the encampment.

"Albert, I can't find solid ground!"

"Now that's a metaphor," he said, looking up from his phone.

"And I don't know how to be like other people. It's too hard."

"How about I give you a top hat and monocle so you can fit in?"

I sat down on my mat and took out the lone bill from my pocket. The anti-counterfeit seal on its right side now appeared to have a soft texture like that of a peach. The paper fibers looked like little hairs, giving the bill a 3D appearance.

"Are you ready for another dose?" Albert asked. I had originally planned on just the one

small dose, but outside of the feeling of being high, I figured that I was tolerating the drug quite well. I was in complete control of my body, and outside of the laughter, I didn't feel that I was in any danger or on the verge of experiencing a bad trip. Besides, Albert wouldn't offer if I looked crazy.

Albert handed me another jar of 1.8 grams of mushrooms in lemon juice. After gulping it down, I said, "You know, Albert, the effects of this drug are only sensory. I know what I'm doing for the most part and feel that I'm in charge. This is just a drug for fun." I didn't know it at the time, but the effects of the first dose had yet to reach its peak.

"Is it safe for me to eat?" I asked.

"Yes, but chew carefully. You don't want to bite your tongue. "

I took out a thick roll of bread. It compressed as I bit into it. A small piece of bread separated and entered my mouth. As I began chewing, I watched the remaining bread in my hand slowly expand back to its original thickness. I brought the bread close to my face, amazed to see that a new world was being created. Caves, rocks, and tunnels were forming right before me, in a configuration that has never existed before, all from the single bite of my jaw. When the bread world finished coming into being, it froze in absolute stillness. I took a second bite to create yet another fascinating new world. With the bread only a few inches away from my face, I examined it from different angles, admiring every stalagmite, nook, and cranny. I didn't have a clock, but I imagine it took me fifteen minutes to finish eating the roll of bread.

I took out my bag of almonds. I bit half of an almond and then looked at the uneaten half. I had never observed the insides of almonds before, but now I was examining them closely. I noticed that each almond had its own unique pattern, like a fingerprint. I finished eating and wiped my hands with a white napkin.

I glanced onto the paved path and said, "Am I hallucinating or is that an African pimp in a red suit walking with four Asian women?" This was an impossible sight in Poland.

"You're definitely hallucinating," Albert replied. He glanced onto the path. "Wait, there actually is an African man in a red suit with four women." We howled in laughter for some time.

Albert asked, "Why is everyone on bicycles? They're obsessed… truly obsessed." He repeated his complaints about the bicycles for some time. I didn't understand half of the things he was going on about. Then again, I doubt he understood why it took me forever to eat a roll of bread and bag of almonds. Our external experience was shared, as we could objectively agree on witnessing the African man or the numerous bicycles, but how we were interpreting and feeling those shared experiences were quite different.

Albert's railing against the bicycles put my attention on the path. I watched the Polish people for some time. They all appeared to behave in an identical manner as if they were computer players in a video game. If weather is nice, go to park… locate paved path… walk on right side of path at medium pace… maintain proper distance from other humans… do not talk to other humans… glance at humans for no more than half a second with neutral facial expression or slight smirk… glance at pretty tree for two

seconds and take a deep breath… purchase ice cream cone or liquid refreshment from kiosk.

The pedestrians behaved like automatons. We were in a huge park, with isolated areas of forest and grass, but everyone was walking on a path that was constructed for them by another man while doing the same things in the same way while wearing the exact same facial expressions and even the same clothes. It didn't make sense!

The peak of the afternoon heat hit. "Albert, where are all the people coming from?"

"They're spawning from that far end. It's like a film reel." They did all seem to be walking in the same direction.

"They're not looking at us, at least."

"Oh, they're looking," Albert replied.

"Really?"

"Yes, they're glancing at us in that discreet Polish way."

I focused on the part of the path nearest us, and he was right, they were giving us a half-second glance. I felt self-conscious like when trying to sit on the bench. Was I being too loud? Was I making too many movements? Was my blue jacket too bold in color? The knowledge and ability to act "normal" or "socially acceptable" in public, an ability I have had for my whole adult life, escaped me totally.

"Maybe we should move soon," I told Albert. The path seemed plenty far away when we first chose our spot, but now it was becoming hard to tell what was far or not. If I could notice people noticing me, I must be too close to them. I put my back on the path and the self-consciousness subsided. The people weren't on my mind as long as I didn't observe them, similar to how a baby thinks he's invisible if he covers his eyes with his hands.

I glanced around for the thickest tree and stared at it. At first it appeared still, but eventually I could see that its trunk, the thickest object in the forest, was moving, just like everything else. The farther up the tree I went into the thinner portions, the more movement I saw.

I write these words while completely sober. I'm sitting in front of a large window facing many trees. I can testify that they are not moving in the slightest, except for when a bird makes contact with a branch, and even then, the movement is a brief spurt, though the reality I was experiencing in the forest was one of a constant dance. The trees never stop dancing. How could it be any other way? All matter is made of atoms that are in constant motion. We perceive objects as still or solid so that we don't end up staring at inanimate objects for hours or days at a time.

"I need to make notes on this," I said, taking out my pen and notepad.

"It'll all be gibberish tomorrow," Albert replied.

"But I have to record what I'm seeing."

"Write down your nonsense!"

"Shut up!"

I wrote down my first note: “Everything has a breath.”

I decided to perform a rudimentary experiment. I grabbed a rock and stared at it. I took note of the gentle ripples that graced its face. Then I vigorously rubbed my hands over it and observed again. The pattern of the rippling changed! My “breath” affects the breath of other things, and I’m sure the vice versa is also true. I immediately thought of sex, the most intimate of exchanges. You impart your ripple pattern onto the woman and she imparts hers onto yours, but what if the woman is bad? Can bad ripples stay with me forever?

I still felt in control of what was happening. While I was “hallucinating,” I didn’t feel like I was hallucinating. Instead of seeing things that weren’t there, I seemed to be witnessing an amplification of things that were. A tree is real. Its constant movement unrelated to the wind must be real since its base composition, the atom, is in constant motion. Therefore, seeing the trees move seems to be an amplification of my limited sense perception, which has been fine-tuned in a way to prevent me from going mad while living on earth. Rubbing my essence (my atoms) on a rock must also really occur, but it cannot be perceived until a certain drug removes the filters that safeguard us against an overflow of information. Also removed were my social filters that normally allow me to share the same space with complete strangers without acting weird or awkward.

If we could see the world for how it really is, we wouldn’t even be able to walk down the street without noticing an empty soda can and staring at it for some time before rubbing against a light pole to see what would happen, all while laughing maniacally at someone who had a kitty cat picture on their t-shirt. We’d certainly be late for work and other important appointments.

—

I laid on the yoga mat face up and closed my eyes. I was in a red hallway shaped like a subway tunnel. I turned to the side and could see the frame of the wall crisscrossed with lines. I opened my eyes and stared at the two trees above me and to the left. Then I closed my eyes again. I could still see the outlines of the trees, and attached to the outline was a lattice frame. The trees were supported by something outside of themselves. Maybe this was just an ocular imprint, similar to seeing a halo when you close your eyes after staring at a bright light. I kept my eyes closed for some time to rule out the imprint hypothesis. The tree lattice remained. The trees were props on a stage, supported by a mechanism that is invisible to the sober eye. Then I put one hand over my eyes to block out all light. I could still see the trees and the lattice, but it was fainter. Then I put both hands over my eyes. I could no longer see either. For several minutes I used my hands to control the light that was entering my vision to change what I could see.

I sat up and faced Albert. The forest appeared darker. “Albert, did you change the brightness level of the sun?”

“I think that’s called clouds,” he said.

“Look, Albert, there’s a lattice. It holds everything in place.”

“How can a lettuce hold everything?”

“No, LAT-tice.”

“Yes, I like lettuce.”

I started laughing at the idea of lettuce holding the universe in place. I grabbed my pen and wrote a note: “Lettuce.” I laughed some more and then looked at the ink. It appeared as oil. I brought the notepad closer to my face. The ink was so elevated that it appeared to float. I was worried it wouldn’t properly adhere to the paper and my note would be lost. I watched the ink dry, first at the appendages of the letters and then the main trunks. I then crossed out the word lettuce and wrote down three notes:

> Lattice
>
> The lattice holds nature
>
> There is no empty space

I noticed my crumpled white napkin on the ground. I picked it up and brought it in close. It seemed that every wrinkle and fold of the napkin was purposely made to maximize its beauty, as if it were done by a Japanese origami master. I held it up in the air against the sky. It looked like a white rose. I rotated it, trying to find a part that was flawed, but the entire napkin was brilliantly perfect. How can something I crumpled in such a random, haphazard way be so beautiful? I stared at the napkin for some time. I wanted to save it and encase it in glass, but I knew it wouldn’t appear beautiful after the effects of the drug faded.

“Albert, take a look at this napkin. It’s so…” I stopped talking. My voice sounded strange, as if it were being played back to me through a cheap radio speaker. “Hello… hellooooooo. Is this really my voice?” It had to be my voice, since I was controlling it, but where was the sound coming from? I tried to test my internal monologue, but no thought entered my mind.

“There is no point in talking,” I said to Albert. “My thoughts are meaningless and…” I couldn’t continue, and Albert didn’t seem to notice. My words were just useless noise, my thoughts insignificant.

I laid back down on the mat and closed my eyes. I saw mostly black, though occasionally a geometric pattern flew by. Then my breathing became labored and loud. I could hear the sound of air filling into my lungs as if it were a balloon. I put all my attention onto my breath so I wouldn’t forget to breathe. I didn’t want to suffocate. My chest felt like it was being twisted by strong hands. I got scared of what was happening and opened my eyes. The sound of my breath and the chest tightness immediately vanished.

I stared at the dancing trees for a while and chided myself for being so afraid. My whole life I sought to control my body and the worldly outcomes that I faced. I methodically planned projects, routines, and relationships, and immediately took corrective action if control was lost. And what has that gotten me? What have I profited from this control? Everything I had accumulated in life through my own efforts gave me no solace when

darkness overtook me. No, I must let go, and allow things to happen as they may.

I turned to lay on the right side of my body, almost in a fetal position, and closed my eyes once more. The geometric patterns were gone, my vision all black. My breathing became labored once again. My chest felt like it was being wrung out from the center. I tried to be careful with my breaths to make sure I received enough air. Still, I was fighting.

The sound of my breaths was still loud, but now they were becoming spaced further and further apart. Don't be afraid, I said to myself. Then the sound of the air entering my lungs went silent. I was no longer breathing. I could not perceive myself as breathing. I tried to open my eyes, but I couldn't. Then I tried to wave my hands in front of my face, but nothing happened. I was no longer in my body. Then whoosh—I felt a great movement at amazing speed as if I was transported somewhere else.

I was placed in a great void. My breath was gone, my body was gone. I couldn't hear Albert or any sounds of the forest. And yet I was not afraid or worried. There was no concern for what happened to my body or if I would ever possess it again. There was no lamentation that I could not continue experiencing the world as I have for my previous 39 years of existence. In this great void, with no sign of stars or other physical matter, or even the perception of space or time, I felt complete serenity and peace with myself.

Then a large dome with a gray outline came into view. The bottom of the dome was flat. In the center of the flat bottom was a white light. I stared at the light and a warm feeling overcame me. The word "home" entered my mind. That's the home of my soul, where I came from and where I will go back to, where I will rest for all eternal. I desired to be with the light, to float towards it, but then my eyes opened.

I was back in the forest, curled up on the ground. I took a deep breath and stood up. I wanted to talk to Albert but I had no voice. I whispered, "Albert, I saw it."

"Saw what?"

"It! I saw It! The source!"

"The sauce? What kind of sauce?"

"It, Albert! Everything!" I tried to calm down. It would be best to wait a while before revealing anything more to him.

"I have to go to the bathroom," Albert said. "Do you have to go?"

"Yes, I'll go," I mustered.

My voice returned and we walked through the forest, crossing over two footpaths. Albert carried a large stick and was banging it against the trees. Other humans continued to give us half-second glances before looking away, no matter how loud and obnoxious we may have been.

Albert pointed out a secluded area and I went to urinate behind a bush. On the way back to the encampment, we approached one of the footpaths. I stood in the middle of it and asked, "Is this a road or a sidewalk?" I couldn't perceive distance or size.

“Why are you talking so low?” Albert asked. I also couldn’t perceive volume.

I knew I had to be alone to process the vision. I found a tree trunk near our encampment. “Albert, I’m going to sit here for a while.” As soon as he walked away, I started piecing together what I saw. On this one-year anniversary of my sister’s death, I remembered how she died. I witnessed her laborious breaths, the sound of the air creating friction with the fluid in her damaged lungs, the spacing apart of her final breaths, and the changing color of her body as her soul left her. While on the tree stump, I came to believe that God had just killed me in the same way that my sister died to show me where her soul went. Then he allowed me to be put back into the body for a second chance at life.

My sister was no longer suffering. The drugs and surgeries and false hopes that doctors tortured her with have been followed by her departing to the Lord. He showed me a hint of her soul’s journey, just enough for me to understand the truth and accept that I was on the right path in turning my back against the world and choosing Him.

I was in a full, heaving sob when Albert came back around. He handed me his Make America Great Again hat and said, “Will this make you feel better?”

“Go away!” I snapped, looking away from him. I wanted to cry alone.

Albert came back a couple of minutes later. “What do you want…” I sternly began, and then he handed me my pen and notepad so that I could take notes.

> Dome with a white light
>
> You are not the body

The sadness of my sister’s death will never leave me, but on this day I began to feel relief that she is okay. I experienced how our body is a container for our soul, and once the body fails, our spirit returns to God, for Him to judge us with His great mercy based on how we lived, and while I am in this body, no force or person has power over me unless I grant them that power. There is no danger but the danger I bring into my life by the choices I make. There is nothing to fear while in the body.

I got up from the tree trunk and walked back to the encampment. I guessed it was 4 p.m. The park was crowded and we received many more looks than before. Our little spot now seemed like an elevated stage. “Let’s go somewhere else,” Albert suggested. We packed up our things and began walking in search of a more isolated area of the park.

I reached into my pocket and pulled out the Polish bill. I looked at it for a few seconds and said, “Albert, this money is just a piece of paper made by a group of men. It has no real value.” I picked up a brown leaf from the ground and handed it to Albert. “Kind sir, may I have some goods and services for this leaf?”

Albert played along: “Why yes, I accept this leaf and so here are your goods and services.”

My “fake” money fell on the floor and was picked up by the wind. I ran after it, saying, “This may be fake, but I know I will need it later!”

As we walked through the park, I saw other people walking on the paved paths. They

appeared normal. Is this how I appeared when not on the drug? Only children listened to their natural voice and walked off the path to explore the grass and the bushes. They had no notion of what was acceptable or where they could and could not go. Parents would let a child explore for a minute and then yell after them: “Come back! Come back to the path of man! You must be normal!” It only takes a couple of years for the child to be conditioned. He learns to become fearful of straying from the path, and to only give short half-second glances to those who do.

Albert and I found a small mound. We had a beautiful view of the most manicured section of the park that amplified my perception of the world of man as a movie set.

> Society is layers
>
> Layers and layers and layers of bullshit
>
> It’s all fake!

Albert offered me a third dose of mushrooms. “No thanks, I already have a lot to think about.” I looked at the ground—it was still breathing. I wanted to start connecting all I had seen in the previous few hours, but the drug still had a power over me, bouncing my emotions from appreciation to grief, curiosity to concern.

Albert took the third dose. Shortly thereafter, he removed his shirt and fashioned it into a turban that wrapped around his head. He began having heated conversations with a thick stick as he bashed it against various trees. While he made war with the trees, I paced back and forth between our encampment and an isolated tree a few hundred feet away. I thought about the lattice, the societal filters, my sister, and the source of creation. Numerous questions entered my mind. Is the human world separate from the source, or a part of it? Is this world a stage just like the park? Is it possible to experience the world of God while living in the world of man?

I wanted to ask Albert these questions and many more, but he was busy with the trees, accusing them of all sorts of crimes. Yet one question arose within me which I needed an answer to. I walked up to Albert while he was attacking a tree with his stick, and asked him, “Why did God do it? He didn’t have to make this world for us. Why did He give us life?”

Albert paused his battle with the tree, turned his head to me, and said, “And leave us hanging out there in space?” And then he went back to bashing on the trees.

It’s a gift. This world is a gift from God for our souls to exist in a physical body so that it may one day exist at His right hand. If we follow His rules, and use our limited time here to glorify Him and spread His word, we will be graced by His love in this world and rewarded in the next. He selected certain men to reveal His commandments and love, and when it was time to redeem humanity, he sent his only begotten Son, Jesus Christ, to be crucified for us.

My sister died too young, before she could fully turn to God. Things of the world distracted her as they have distracted me, though I believe her extensive suffering in this world did much to scrub the sins she committed, and that she has paid her way into God’s good graces, but in case not, I will pray for her daily, and hope that God recognizes the fruits of her love in the form of her brother choosing to walk with Him, something that may not have happened had she not died.

Two more hours passed. It became dark. I stared at the ground—it was no longer breathing. I took the bill from my pocket—it appeared dull and flat. The high was finished. I sat on my mat and waited until Albert was done bashing the trees. We then began the walk back to the city. The park, now empty, seemed real again. When we passed other people, I no longer had to remember how to be normal.

As we got closer to the city, eight hours after we first started off, layers of society began

reappearing: traffic lights, buses, billboard advertisements, car horns. At one intersection, Albert thought I would ignore the Don't Walk signal, so he put out his arm to block me from crossing, not knowing that the subconscious filter which allows me to move through society without hurting or embarrassing myself had returned.

A part of me didn't want to go back into the city, because I knew there was nothing in it for me. I was only a glorified tourist here and in every other country I had ever been to, and perhaps even my own home town, and perhaps even this world. I wish only to go to my true home.

Most of what I had experienced or saw during my mushroom high was an amplification of what I already knew or believed. I chose God before so I saw God. I believed the manmade world was artificial before so I saw how artificial it really was. I saw the beauty of all things, the workings of nature, how the most inanimate objects are alive, how my essence impacts the essence of other things, and the nature of our souls. We are not just random beings that came out of random mechanisms that evaporate from the world upon our death. My vision of the eternal, in a place of no time or space, watered the gift of faith that was given to me just weeks before.

I got back into my apartment and went online. I read through numerous mushroom trip stories, trying to find one that matched mine. I read stories of "ego death," where a man temporarily lost his self-identity and felt he was no longer connected to the world. I read "out of body" experiences, where a man could see himself from a distance, often from a position above his body. I experienced neither. The closest I could find to what I saw were near-death experiences of those who had clinically died and saw a light. Perhaps God created the image of the dome specifically for me, because He knew what I needed to see to boldly go against the secular world and put my faith in Him above all else.

When I got bored of reading mushroom stories online, I messaged Albert to join me at a nearby burger restaurant for a late dinner. After eating, we went to a bar and sat in the back. I ordered a sparkling water and observed the other patrons. They were drinking and socializing, hoping to convey beauty and status to others in order to receive pleasure. The music was loud, interrupting my thoughts. After what I had just experienced, the bar seemed so deficient and corrupt. The streets, packed with obnoxious drunkards, seemed more void of life than a quiet forest. I knew that only with God's help could I navigate this world of man without causing further harm to my soul.

Whenever I encountered a problem in life, I would always solve it through my own efforts, but how could I now? How could I respect my own judgement when for decades I did all those things which I'm now ashamed of? No, I cannot trust myself—I can only trust in God. If I need help, I will pray and ask Him for help. No longer will I use my free will to be a slave to my own passions. I will be a slave for God instead. I will ask Him what he wants me to do, and then I will do it.

The above was an expanded written version of a segment contained within my speech What I Learned About Life. Click here to learn more.

Read Next: *4 Steps To God*

Roosh Hour #43: Medical Gulag

April 23, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In this extended stream, I review the latest authoritarianist measures surrounding the coronavirus pandemic and make the claim that we are now living in a medical gulag.

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Previously: *Roosh Hour #42: Coronavirus Is Revolution*

Hope Is A Killer

April 23, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The following clip is from Roosh Hour #43.

Watch Next: *I Don't Take My Smartphone Outside Anymore*

You Are Living In A Medical Gulag

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Science Is Not Really Science

April 23, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The following clip is from Roosh Hour #43.

Watch Next: *Why Do You Need More Years To Live?*

How To Use Twitter Without Damaging Your Soul

April 27, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

For years, I attacked people online with glee. I wanted to hurt feminists, beta males, journalists, fat women, and many others. I wanted to make them reconsider their horrible views and behavior. I'd write articles or send tweets about them, believing that I was making the world a better place due to my actions when I was actually making it worse by adding anger, invective, and resentment. If anything, I solidified the positions of those I was attacking, since practically nobody changes their mind due to someone yelling at them. I needed to change this bad habit.

After I turned to faith in early 2018, I made an immediate improvement when it came to committing bodily sins. In a moment of pride, I actually thought I was almost sinless, but I still continued my awesome takedowns of people on Twitter. I would highlight the wrong ideas or behaviors of a random somebody in a tweet and then inspire my followers to send that person dozens of negative comments with the aim of hurting them. The more likes my tweet got, the more successful I considered my attack. I truly wanted to *hurt* the other person, because they have hurt the world. I had done this hundreds of times in the past, and greatly enjoyed it, but it didn't take long for my conscience to start bothering me. I was accusing a person of a grievous wrong, sending a mob after them, and then soaking in the moral superiority that gave me pleasure since I'm obviously a "better" person, but was I not committing the deadly sin of pride?

Even as my developing Christian conscience gnawed at me, I fired off the tweets anyway. Why shouldn't I do what I've always done? Inevitably, I began to feel guilty. Normally I'd feel good about hurting others, but now I felt bad. I may have ruined that person's day

based on my interpretation—whether right or wrong—about their moral character, along with the invective spewed by my followers. The person I attacked did not attack me directly and did not obstruct my faith, yet I personally attacked them.

I wanted to stop, but when you've been doing something for years, it's not that easy. Many times I'd send off a tweet, initially thinking it wasn't an attack, only to delete it minutes later. I had to re-learn how to share things on the internet in a way that didn't unleash my anger or feed my pride, and I struggled with it for many months. It was so difficult that I had to make a checklist to go through before sending a tweet that involved individuals or groups. If I could answer yes to any question, I did not send the tweet. Here are the five questions I use:

1. Are you falsely accusing someone of a misdeed based on circumstantial evidence?

If there is no clear and identifiable evidence that someone committed a misdeed, you should make an accusation or insinuate it. Today, accusations of homosexuality, rape, or pedophilia are thrown out without any evidence. Don't take on the role of the accuser we already have—Satan. He accuses us all of all manner of misdeeds, so there is no reason to make his job any easier by doing it to others.

2. Are you making incorrect claims about the opinions or statements from a person or group?

A common tactic is to make someone more extreme than they really are by inflating their position to one that is easier to attack. This is often done by taking quotes out of context or analyzing their work incorrectly. Always look at the original source for any wild claim you're about to make.

3. Are you judging a specific person for their sins, especially one that you don't commit yourself?

It's tempting to condemn someone for a sin that you are free of. I'm not much of a glutton, and never had a weight problem, so it has been very tempting for me to make fun of fat women, because it can serve as a reminder of how "good" I am and how "ugly" they are. But if they are guilty of the sin of gluttony, why should that make me happy or prideful? Pray for them instead so that God may relieve them of that sin.

Even worse is the hypocritical behavior or attacking someone for a sin you are actively participating in. It's easy to attack homosexuals, but are you in a state of fornication? Perhaps your act of fornication is less severe since you're doing it with the opposite sex, but in God's eyes, it's still enough to condemn you. Strangely enough, you are more likely to accuse others of sins you are doing since it's a way to relieve yourself from the guilt of your behavior.

4. Are you opening up a specific person to mockery from the mob, either directly or indirectly, especially if they did not insert themselves into the public conversation?

If you learn how not to attack others directly, but still have pride flowing from you, you'll get crafty and allow the mob to do your dirty work. For example, you'll share a tweet of a woman promoting abortion with a rather banal or even kind text *knowing* that your followers will unleash venom onto her. You can then sit back and watch the show, convincing yourself that your hands are clean, but you are in fact as guilty as those who did respond with anger. While you can't be accountable for everyone who follows you, do not send the tweet if you know for sure that your followers will respond in a negative manner.

5. Are you publicly commenting on personal conflicts or feuds in a way that does not bring about a peaceful resolution?

It's tempting to get involved in internet drama. This e-celeb is having a dispute with another e-celeb and everyone is taking sides for their "team." Many are asking you to comment on the drama. In the past, particularly with tradthots, I would pick a side in a way to inflame the drama, which was wrong. Unless your involvement doesn't help

resolve the dispute, you should not comment publicly.

Conclusion

It takes time for God to help you develop a new conscience. If you're a prideful person, your new moral instincts will take a while to be ready for primetime, causing you to stumble online. You may need to use some sort of checklist until you become more mature.

I still have *a lot* of work to do when it comes to not using the internet to feed my pride, but if you've been following my Twitter for a long time, I'm sure you've noticed how much I've toned things down. I'll share news stories, and point out the factual and harmful actions of individuals and groups, but more to inform and enlighten than as a way to punish others while feeling smug about it. If things flare up for me again, and Twitter remains a stumbling block, I may have to quit it for good.

Read Next: *Lifestyle Is The Disease*

Roosh Hour #44: Jay Dyer

May 1, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In this stream, I interviewed Jay Dyer. I asked him questions about the global elite, psychological operations (psyops), Orthodox Christianity, and a lot more.

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Previously: *Roosh Hour #43: Medical Gulag*

Incels And Fornicators Are Almost The Same

May 4, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Most people see incels and fornicators as complete opposites. The successful fornicator is enjoying life and receiving rewards while the incel is obviously suffering in mommy's basement due to a lack of sex. Most secular people would agree that it's much better to be a fornicator, but if that assumption is examined, it becomes clear that incels and fornicators are not that different from each other.

I was a successful fornicator for nearly two decades. Using both inherent abilities and acquired skill, I learned how to chat up women in just about any environment, show value, and—if a woman had attraction for me—profit with at least one instance of casual sex. It's not exactly easy to master the art of pickup, so what do you think was constantly on my mind during these years I aimed to be a world champion fornicator? Sex. I would wake up in the morning and think of sex. I would write about sex during the day. I would think of sex when seeing women in public. I would fill my nights with the pursuit of sex, and if that failed, I would masturbate to videos of people having sex. A huge chunk of my life was dedicated to feeding my lust in order to generate the fuel to undertake the challenging task of pickup, with which I was successful enough to teach thousands of other men.

Now imagine the incel. What do you think is going on in his mind every day? Sex. He wakes up in the morning and dwells on how he desires sex but can't get it. He masturbates vigorously to porn day and night, cursing the world for his imposed celibacy. If he doesn't talk about sex, he's discussing women through the lens of sex, complaining about them being sluts, dishonorable, race-mixers, or what have you. He attacks men

who are successful with women and wishes for society to burn to the ground because in that case, his odds of getting sex may increase. He's not getting laid like the fornicator, but sex is no less on his mind.

The fornicator and incel are identical in that they are held hostage by their lust. They both believe that a woman can save their lives in some way, and therefore dedicate just about their entire mental outlook to women. The only meaningful difference is that the fornicator can at least occasionally get laid due to being better looking, more persistent, or more socially calibrated, but what type of outlook did most fornicators have before learning how to get laid? That of an incel.

I was an incel in high school and college. I lusted after women and were jealous of men who got laid. Then I learned game and became a renowned fornicator, but internally I was the same, still enslaved to my lust. If anything, getting laid made me even more enslaved because I developed an addiction to the physical aspect of sex, and did not want to regress back into being a "loser" who had to masturbate alone, as if there was no other option.

Sometimes when I see a man with big muscles, I think to myself, "Where is the little boy inside?" The muscles are just an outward physical covering that doesn't change what is happening within his soul, for any increase in confidence a bodybuilder experiences will immediately evaporate if his muscles deflate. He stays in the gym not necessarily because he enjoys it, but because he's scared of going back to possessing a normal body and having to look at the little boy in the mirror. His confidence is false, and it's the same with the fornicator.

When you look at a modern Don Juan, ask yourself: where is the incel inside? Where is the man who wanted his dream woman but couldn't get her, and moved mountains to

“improve” himself in order to receive the consolation prize of sex with promiscuous women? He may feel more confident now, but that confidence is totally dependent on a woman saying yes to his advances. It takes just one cold streak of no sex and the little boy will reveal himself in a frustrated panic. Whether a man sleeps with a few women or a few hundred, you will see the incel again from just a week or two of bad responses from women.

As long as you are enslaved to your lust and the intimacy you hope to receive, it matters not whether your classification is player or incel. Both are obsessed with sex, and while the player is lucky or skilled enough to participate in the carnal act, they are more similar than they would like to admit. They are both immature boys, because you cannot mature as a man if you spend your adulthood feeding your vices and being enslaved to your passions. Simply ask me how I was a 39-year-old boy, and I will tell you.

Outside of marriage, only the man who is celibate through his free will (i.e. he is a practicing Christian) is different from the fornicator and incel in both substance and spirit. The Christian man is not dependent on the responses of women to make him feel good or confident. With God’s help, he has minimized or entirely removed lust as his master to turn away from the type of sin that can lead to judgement. He is celibate because he wants to please his Creator and be a good steward of his soul, which means the demotion of his bodily desires along with other concerns of the world. Meanwhile, the fornicator or incel cannot see beyond the tips of their erections. The entire world must be framed around sexual attraction and a distorted perception of human value, just to abuse their bodies for fleeting pleasure. I know this being I lived it, publicly, for so long.

When I was in Austin, Texas, I met a man in an Orthodox church who was about the same age as me. He said that he found pickup around the time *The Game* came out, before I wrote my first pickup book *Bang*. He tried to learn game, and got a handful of dates, but was rather unsuccessful at it. Instead of turning to another game guru for help, or to pornography, he turned to God. He received God’s grace and met his wife not long after. There in the church were four of his children. How I wish at that moment that I was also bad at game! But no, I was good at it, because I was so crazed for sex that I would do everything to ensure success. Each new bang kept me in the game, and next thing I knew, eighteen years of my life had passed me by, and the only “children” I accumulated were stuffed animals in the backseat of my car.

It turns out that the incel is better off than the fornicator, because while he may be a vigorous masturbator, he does not fornicate, so he sins less in the eyes of God. He sustains less damage to his soul and is therefore closer to receiving His grace than a man who is puffed up with an unwarranted ego just because he can sleep with fallen women he meets in bars or through Tinder.

My sexual "success" gave me so much pride that I never thought I needed God to save me, but that success was actually a massive failure, down to every last bang which I have prayed to forget. These acts helped push me down such a dark pit that only direct divine intervention could lift me back up. I wish that when I was frustrated about sex, instead of turning to pickup to save me, I turned to God instead. I wish I asked Him to help me with my lust and to send me a woman if it serves His will instead of being directed by my own passions and remaining a little boy for so long.

Read Next: *Game Is For Fallen Women*

Roosh Hour #45: Science God

May 8, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In this stream, I discuss how our leaders have given us an alternate religion where we worship “science” as gospel and mortal men as gods.

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Previously: *Roosh Hour #44: Jay Dyer*

The World Of Newton vs. The World Of God

May 11, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

If you don't have God in your life, everything that happens to you is seemingly random and mathematical, based on statistical probabilities, which will regularly evoke the same questions: Why me? Why this? Why now? There is no rhyme or reason to your fate, so the best plan becomes to extract as much reward and pleasure from the world as you can before you die. Before that end, if God's grace enters you, you come to see this nihilistic notion for the lie that it is.

The world of Newton

While teaching pickup, I taught men that meeting women was a numbers game—the more women you talk to, the more likely you will have sex with one. I convinced them of the world of Newton, where atoms in space are randomly moving and may occasionally collide with another atom. I was an atom in lust that wanted to collide with another atom in lust, so I maintained constant movement within tightly packed areas (urban squares, cafes, bars, clubs) to establish attraction with a woman who was desiring a man.

There was no destiny, fate, or plan in my pickup philosophy—it was merely statistics. But with such an approach comes the rub: just as a woman you meet is an atom that is quickly replaceable, so are you. The relationships that are created from the world of Newton are fleeting indeed—most will not even make it to the third date, and within a year or two, you won't even remember the partners you've had unless you dedicated yourself to maintaining a diary or photo album.

Since applying Newton's outlook to pickup does "work," countless men have dived into

the game. They regulate their energy levels to talk to mass quantities of women, improve their attractiveness to maximize the chances that another atom collides with them, and even uproot themselves and leave their families to go to lands where the atoms are more attractive. The costs of these successful collisions, however, are severe. You view women as objects of pleasure instead of partners in family, you become addicted to the physical outcome of your mathematical game (sex), you abandon your parents, and you degrade yourself through acts of fornication.

What is the alternative? If I'm not a randomly created piece of meat floating through space in the hopes of colliding with another piece of meat, why am I here? Aren't I supposed to create my own meaning of existence? No, you were created by God to experience His love and grace for all eternity, as long as you serve His will and the plan He has laid out for you. However, His will does not involve fornication and does not involve participation in behaviors while not in communion with Him. When you accept God's grace, His will becomes revealed to you in time, but without any faith, you will inevitably choose for your own destruction while convincing yourself that the vulgar pleasures you seek are giving you purpose in life.

The world of God

The world of God is simpler than the world of Newton. I don't have to rely on my own effort and strength to extract from the world. I don't have to worry about receiving bodily pleasures, money, or other false rewards. I don't have to worry about attempting to live a long life by eating only organic foods and attending Crossfit class three times a week. I remain still, I pray, I worship in church, and use whatever talents He has given me to perform His will.

I sit and wait for God to give me worldly rewards or pleasures that He deems healthy for my soul, and I can tell you that those rewards are not what you think of as rewards, for they nurture the soul instead of exciting the body. I don't have to be obsessed with pleasure like in the past. I wait for God's pleasures to come on God's schedule, without the soul-destroying cost of before. What is called luck in the world of Newton is called providence in the world of God, and as long as God is in your heart, everything is providence. Your spiritual eyes will be able to look backwards in time and think, "Aha! So that's why God put me through that trial! That's why God allowed that to happen!" Everything makes sense, and you look upwards with warmth in your heart as you understand God's plan for you.

In the world of Newton, everything must be forced. You create a goal for yourself out of thin air, and it's usually a worldly goal involving money or sex or whatever the culture of the day is pushing onto you, and then you do all that you can to achieve it. Any setback is just an excuse to dive in harder, to buy more self-improvement books, to attend a motivational seminar, to give it all that you have, to force a collision that God did not intend for you, but all goals disconnected from God come from your own pride and only distances you further from Him.

The world of God is calmer, more harmonious. You don't struggle for worldly wants, you don't fight against God's plan. You accept both good and bad in your life as necessary for your salvation, and don't compare what you lack to others. You come to realize that you were born in these times for a reason, and pray that you complete the tasks God has for you with the strongest of faith before your earthly life ends.

I'm not a random atom. I was not created by chance from billions of years of evolution from the mythical primordial soup or the big bang. I am a soul created by God whose mission is to serve Him in this life to sit with Him in the next. As long as I serve His will, and not let the talents He gives me go to waste, whatever I receive will be His gift for me, and I will accept it graciously. I bid farewell to Newton and his world of atoms and random collisions, for if I were to see my existence as random, the only result would be a random life that sends me hurtling over the abyss.

Read Next: *Worldy Beauty vs. Graceful Beauty*

Roosh Hour #46: E. Michael Jones

May 16, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In this stream, I interview E. Michael Jones about his book *The Jewish Revolutionary Spirit* and the effects Jews have had on society since rejecting Jesus Christ.

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Previously: *Roosh Hour #45: Science God*

Is Politics Compatible With The Christian Life?

May 18, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Practically everyone today is an expert on domestic and international politics. People will not hesitate to strongly state their opinions on the President, global policy, race relations, Middle Eastern politics, gender relations, and so on. Through political activism, they hope to bring good and peace to Earth, but a cursory look at the progression of history shows that by trying to bring about heaven on Earth without God, they may very well be doing the opposite.

In the past, I was heavily involved in the politics of gender relations. After fornicating with many women around the world, I deemed myself an expert on women and spoke about ways to fix them. They needed to lose weight, wear high heels, dress in an inviting manner, and stop being so masculine, traits that didn't necessarily improve their moral character but made them more sexually pleasing to me while I was in a state of lust. Those solutions tried to make women perfect to me in the here and now so that I could extract more pleasure from them.

The sexual "heaven" I would experience as a result of more feminine women would allow me to partake in more sin. I would suffer the consequences of that pursuit within this lifetime in the form of increased guilt, anger, and depression, but also risk my salvation. It's a blessing that my activism failed and the world went a different direction than the ideological projection of my sexual fantasies, because it allowed me to see that the world will not bend to my will, no matter how many other men I recruit to the cause, and that even if it did, I wouldn't be better off.

You can pursue political life for the sake of your own glory or for the glory of Jesus Christ.

The purpose of the former is to experience heaven on Earth through the belief that your political ideas, when implemented by the society at large, will save you and those around you. In essence, you create a false idol out of your worldview. You look towards a narrow and perhaps accidental period of history, such as the 1950s in America, and get nostalgic about the “heaven” that those in that era were able to experience, but such an interpretation of heaven is purely focused on the material. The men of that era may have had nice houses in quiet neighborhoods and wives that knew how to make apple pie, but how was their spiritual life? Were they saved? Or was the high material comfort and ease they experienced a barrier to their salvation?

I consider it a gift to myself and other men that we were born in such an evil time as now, where the women around us have so eagerly chosen sterility and death instead of family and spiritual life, because it’s through this inverted world that we can call on God to help us endure. If your ideal world existed now, and all your political ideas made the Earth perfect, why would you need God? Why would you even need heaven?

The biggest problem with political activism for its own sake is that it feeds your pride, especially when people start listening to your ideas. Multiple priests have told me that the worst sin is pride—no other sin is as reliable in separating you from Christ. Pride is the fuel that makes you think you have it all figured out, that you are your own god and don’t need the One God to save you, but you were created from nothing and will fade back to nothing. None of your achievements will be worth remembering when human history ends and this universe folds up into a speck of matter as it was at the moment God began time and space. How is it possible to have pride for that which will be lost in the wind for all eternity? To have pride is demonic in nature, a blatant lie of who you are and why you’re here, and nothing feeds it better than the realm of politics where you have followers and donors. You appear in the news and are seen as a leader. People come to depend on you for guidance. You come to believe that the world would be worse without you, and perhaps the world couldn’t even live without you, a belief shared by many men who are buried in the cemeteries of the world. If you decide to make a god out of yourself, how can there be room for God?

All the ideas of the secular political activist will fail. All his theories will be for naught. Look around you—are things getting better? After having been graced by the masterful political scientists and intellectual giants that have come before us, does this look like heaven? Everyone who lived before us served a purpose, yet not to improve the world from their own efforts. Instead, they were a part of God's plan whether they were aware of it or not. The best we can do is to serve Christ in this life, to honor those close to us, and to save our souls. If you are called by God to serve Him politically, ensure it's for His glory and not your own. Anything else is at best busywork, at worst the will of Satan.

God commanded us to follow human authority and it is my hope that more of those authorities will be Christian, but in the meanwhile, keep your eyes on the heaven you can't see *before* trying to make a heaven of the world you can. Speak the truth and say no to evil when it comes to you, but understand that nothing is a saving act without God. Everything must be done with your salvation and the salvation of those close to you in mind, because as soon as you remove God from your actions, and fail to seek His blessing through secular political activism, you turn away from God. Without Him, you may create an accidental good, since the Gospel is written in your heart, but chances are you will add more indemnity and anger to the world, making it worse than when you started.

I will share the truth to you, political or otherwise, I will support this political party or organization over another, I will be vehement in condemning the actions of cosmopolitan groups that are subverting the country, and if God calls on me to become President of the United States then I will do so, but such intentions will not be to make my life easier, to create a "better" world, or roll back the clock to a period of history I didn't live in. I will do all this to serve the Logos, to act on the Word of God, and not under my own authority or my own ideas of how to improve the world. God already has the plan laid out for me, and

all I have to do is follow it, wherever it may lead.

Read Next: *Moderation Is A Myth*

Only God Can Find You A Good Wife

May 25, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

For nearly two decades, I believed that game (i.e. pickup) was the best method men could use to find a wife. All a man had to do was master the art of seduction, interact with hundreds or thousands of women, sleep with many of them, and then, as if by magic, one "good" woman will fall in love with him through statistical probability and then he will live happily ever after. This belief was a result of incredible deception—my game efforts blocked the likelihood of a strong pair bond more than not. Now that I'm not running any game or approaching women at all, but serving God instead of the false god of game, my chances of marriage are infinitely higher.

The most common complaint I hear from men about my basic Christian stance against pre-marital sex and the use of game is that it makes the likelihood of marriage "impossible." Dating and fornication are absolute requirements in order to marry, they insist, because women see them as requirements, and as men we must follow women and do what they want—as if we're being held at gunpoint—or else we won't get want we want, because following a woman into sin is acceptable in your quest to create a healthy family. If you approach marriage as a goal, as just as another life checkbox to be completed after losing your virginity, graduating from college, moving out of the house, and getting a career, then you are 100% correct that not having pre-marital sex would block the formation of marriage with a secular woman who is looking to put a checkmark next to marriage, because who is crazy enough to marry someone they haven't yet diddled under the influence of alcohol?

In such a case, you will get your marriage, but with a rebellious woman. What you sign up

for, quite literally on the dotted line, is a glorified roommate you have sex with and are legally required to provide for, but no more. God will not grace your marriage unless you subvert your worldly desire for marriage, a checkmark, to first serve Him.

Looking back at my experiences with women, I don't see one that was worth marrying. How could that be? Didn't I meet a thousand women in my life? Many thousands. I didn't meet a good woman due to the fact that I was an odious fornicator, and God protects females who have faith in Him away from fornicators. All the women I dated and slept with were in a state of rebellion just like me. They wanted to have sex, I wanted to have sex, and we could fall together for fleeting ecstasy while thinking that we were adding to our lives when we were actually subtracting from it.

When you are in a state of rebellion, you will meet and attract the mirror reflection of yourself. Don't believe for a second that you are so attractive or smooth that you corrupted a woman who chose God. If that was the case, and a woman who claimed to be walking with Christ slept with you quickly, her faith was for appearances only, to fool you into thinking she's a "good" girl, and the type of man who can be fooled by a girl of dubious faith is one who has dubious faith himself.

> But seek *first* the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all [things] shall be added to you. Therefore do not worry about tomorrow, for tomorrow will worry about its own things. Sufficient for the day is its own trouble. —Matthew 6:33-34

You will fail if you put the search for a wife into your own hands, because out of the many billions of women on this planet, and all the flaws, weaknesses, and warning signs a woman can have, you will *never* be qualified enough to make the correct choice, no matter how much game you have or how many books you read. Only God can help you make the right choice. If you decide on a wife without faith, she will be decided by your penis. You will try to find a woman who is as physically attractive as you can land, just like every other man on this planet who is blinded by his lust instead of his thirst for Christ. You will spend the prime of your life searching the world for a girl whose value is way above yours, using incorrect standards that will make no bearing on her worth as a wife, and almost certainly fail in the end.

If you want a checkmark, go talk to a thousand women and persuade one to marry you. If you want arm candy, go to a favela or Asian slum and flash your cash. If you want not to be lonely, go find a woman who is scared of being alone just like you. But by choosing a wife in these ways, you will suffer from terrible regret, because we don't live by checkmarks, lust, or companionship alone—we live to serve God, which your worldly choice denies.

So does that mean I've given up on marriage? Quite the opposite. Before, marriage gave up on me. I wasn't mature or suitable enough. I was still a boy, though instead of crying out for candy, I cried out for sex, and what fruits could have possibly come from that? Only sex, and a passionate affair here or there that was based more on lust than love. I can tell you that as a 40-year-old man, I have never been in a real relationship. I have never loved a woman as Christ loves me. The incredible quantity of women I've talked to in my life has made no difference with that outcome—I could have met fifty thousand women and the result would have been the same.

Since I have accepted Jesus Christ as my Savior, I have not fornicated with a woman. I have approached less than ten women in total, and only did so because they were staring at me and I wanted to see if they were sent by God. I have been on wife interview meetings (i.e. dates) with three women, and used that time to evaluate them for marriage, not to test drive their bodies because I'm enslaved to my passions. With this new approach, I have not had any STD or pregnancy scares. I have not been stood up or treated like dirt. I have not had my heart broken or broken a woman's heart, and even with these three woman, I arrived closer to the prospect of marriage than the experience of dating innumerable women before them.

The high quantity of interactions you must have with strangers to maintain a sex life is

the killer of married life. The fewer women you talk to and get attached to, the better. The less you follow the desires of your passions, the more you can pray to God for help. If He wants me to have a wife, and believes it will aid in my salvation or the salvation of a woman, it will happen without me having to exert any psychological manipulations or strenuous effort. All I have to do is maintain my faith in Him and respond to the woman He sends with the masculinity, abilities, and speech that He gave me as I am. I have no current wife prospects, and don't know when I will meet a woman again, but paradoxically I'm closer than ever to the prospect of marriage, and only God knows if it will one day happen. I leave it up to Him.

To a man with little or no faith, my words will have no effect. I must be wrong since I have no wife, and so he will look for flights to Ukraine, Colombia, or Thailand. He will strain to solve his problem himself through his material and sexual powers, and even if he finds a wife, she will be a wife in category only, because she is not bonded to him in any way beyond economics or emotional attraction, and he is only bonded to her because of an easily-broken marriage contract. What will keep them together? What will limit their vices and block out the growing evils of society that attempt to pull their new family apart? Nothing, because it's only God that can find your wife and keep her by your side. It's God we first serve when we enter into marriage, an institution that He created for our own good, and it's God we will be married to even if we don't happen to marry in this world.

Read Next: *6 Signs That A Woman Is In Rebellion*

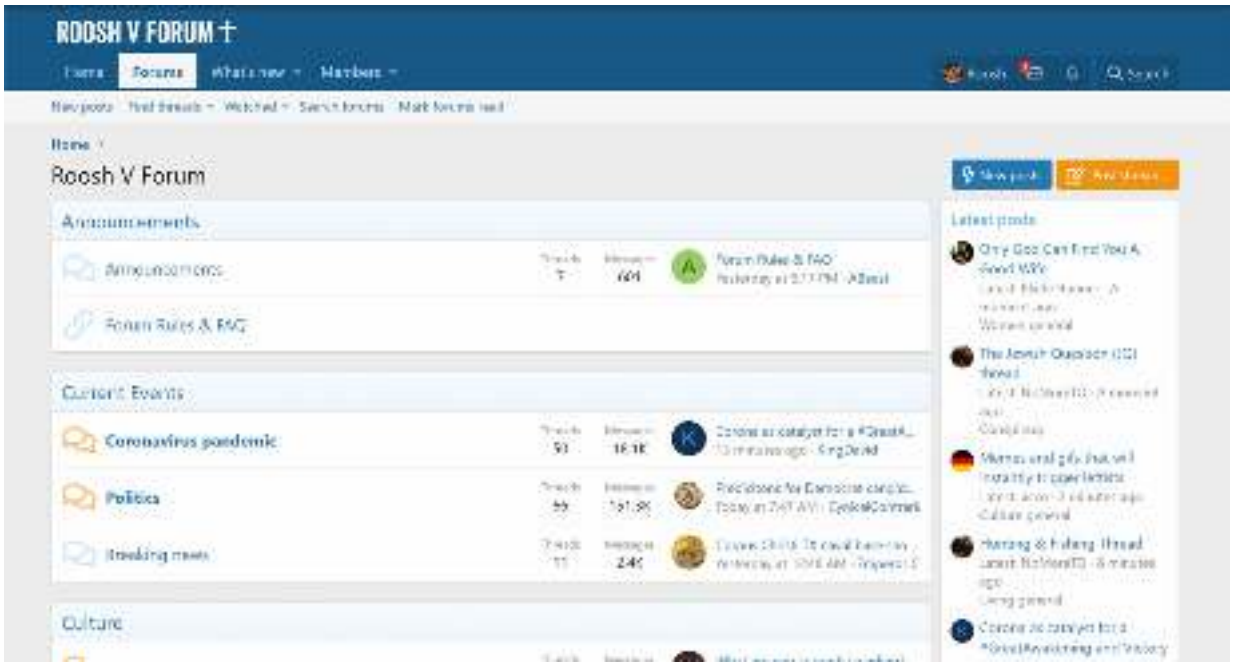
Grand Re-Opening Of Roosh V Forum

May 28, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In 2008, I opened Roosh V Forum, a message board dedicated to achieving casual sex around the world. RVF was *the* pre-eminent destination for traveling fornicators to learn how to achieve all their sexual fantasies. I myself used it to waste about a decade of living abroad, convincing myself all the while that I was "winning" when really I was losing.

After I accepted Jesus Christ as my Lord and Savior, I could no longer stomach maintaining a forum that was enabling thousands of men to sin. In the first half of last year, I changed the rules and expectantly received a backlash from the membership. Eventually, I deleted all the sex and travel content. Approximately 50% of members left the forum with parting shots that I've gone "mad" or have "lost it." The forum carried on but with a lack of focus.

Since then, I've made steps to establish Roosh V Forum as a community for Christian men. This most recently involved an upgrade to modern forum software. Today I'm proud to share the fruits of those labors…



The new interface is seamless, fast, and mobile-ready. I added over a dozen new subforums, from Catholicism to Silicon Valley. I've also enlisted the help of two trusted moderators to ensure the discussion is not disrupted by trolls with too much time on their hands. **Give it a test drive.**

If you want to sign up and start posting, understand that the forum is more of a semi-private social club than a public social networking platform. Newbies are limited for their first two weeks of membership and moderation is strict. Read the forum FAQ page for all the details.

Currently, there are not many places for Christian men who aren't blue pill to congregate

online and share their stories, ideas, and faith. I hope the new RVF can serve that function. See you there.

View Now: *Roosh V Forum*

Roosh Hour #47: Only Fans

May 30, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In this stream, I discuss the exploding phenomenon of camgirl website Only Fans, and why it will cause severe damage to women.

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Previously: *Roosh Hour #46: E. Michael Jones*

Worshiping Comfort Is Satanic

June 1, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

When the people of a society don't have strong faith, they manufacture a false god to replace the one they have forsaken, unaware that they've created a new idol. This false god will be so baked into the culture that individuals worship it without conscious thought. In the United States, that false god is comfort. Whether an American is an atheist or a Christian, or somewhere in between, nearly all have put their desire for comfort—and the fear of losing it—above that of God.

Americans have no remembrance of war coming to her shores. They haven't seen first-hand the two World Wars and the communist revolutions. There is no one alive to tell them how their lands were invaded, their women raped, their houses burned. Only American soldiers abroad have had to bear the brunt of human violence and suffering, while those back at home can sip on coffee, eat cheeseburgers, and drive big cars. No tribulation except the very recent coronavirus lockdowns and still developing riots have introduced to the American psyche the idea that life is not automatically one of high comfort.

Look around and you'll notice that everything about the way you live was designed to maximize your personal comfort, and as Silicon Valley has amassed more power over our lives, they've attacked every little inconvenience for annihilation, before you even thought of them as inconveniences. When life enters such a state of ease, you can then do what you really "love," which in practical terms is ordering junk food from your phone and masturbating to an unlimited selection of pornography.

Not everyone worships at the altar of comfort. The Slavic peoples of Russia and Ukraine,

for example, have seen darker recesses of humanity. Alongside their Orthodox faith, they have come to see suffering as the same as the early Christians: a cross to bear. And many eagerly bear it. If things in life go a little too smooth for a prolonged period of time, the most devout of them cry out to God—*"Why have you forsaken me?"* Without tribulation, we do not build virtue. Without a fire, gold cannot be molded and fashioned into objects of beauty. If we do not face difficulty, we do not get closer to God, for why do you need God if everything in this life is perfect? Ask a 22-year-old man at the peak of his physical energy, hormonal drive, and worldly optimism how much he needs God, and he will respond, "What God?"

The Orthodox ask God to help them bear the cross, to help them endure, but Americans ask for the cross to be removed. *"Please God make me rich and alleviate all my health problems!"* Americans foremost ask for material blessings, and they worship the prosperity gospel, because their god is not God—it's comfort. They want to be comfortable in the material sense, and so they donate millions of dollars to a man like Joel Osteen who says that God blesses the congregation if their pastor saves souls through the television box.

Many Americans see Jesus Christ as a man who can help them buy a winning lottery ticket, that we are not called to endure like He did, to suffer humiliation and pain even though he could have chosen otherwise at any time because He is God. We ignore His example and pray for the cross to be removed, but be careful what you wish for, because if Christ in his infinite love grants your request to remove the cross He wants you to bear, He may then give you a bigger cross for your own good, because He knows that our virtue cannot be built through comfort, our purification cannot proceed without trials, our sanctification cannot happen without perseverance. It may seem masochistic to see an Orthodox embrace his cross of suffering, but this is what our Savior did. It's demonic not to.

Is Jesus Christ your Lord and Savior? Tomorrow He may come to the conclusion that, for your salvation, you must lose all things in this world as happened to Job in the Old Testament. You must lose your property, your money, all your family members and friends, and even your health, and you must endure this until the end of your earthly life. He has deemed it, because without this loss, you will not be saved. Now, is He still your Lord and Savior? Unless you can immediately and unequivocally say *Yes*, you have not put Him first. You have become too comfortable in this world, too attached to its rewards. Every day you are making dozens of little decisions to maintain the comfort you desire while ignoring the cross that you have to bear.

It’s hard to bear the cross. After receiving God’s grace, I banned only the oldest of my fornication books, but I couldn’t ban *Game*, the book that comprised most of my income. I reasoned with myself that it wasn’t *that* bad, but it was. I was scared that I would be poor, that I would have to live with my mother forever, that I would never earn a decent income again, and that I would surely never create a family of my own. I was scared of losing the basic comforts and freedoms that I have become so used to as an adult. I hesitated to bear the cross that Christ has given to me as a man who went down the wrong road for so long. What decision must I make? Do I choose the world and its comforts, risking my soul in the process, or do I choose God? I chose God. He is first, and He doesn’t want me pushing sexual filth or participating in it. The rest of the books had to be banned, and so they were. I’m in His hands now because *I am His*. He will provide my daily bread, both materially and spiritually. If I ever get worried or distressed, that means I do not trust in Him. That means He is not in my life.

Comfort is not my god. I was not created to live a comfortable existence. A soul was not breathed into my physical body so that I could have material blessings and excellent health and amusements and fleeting emotional happiness. I was put here on this earth to serve my Creator. Everything else that is thrust before me in this modern environment are mere distractions meant to make me covet all that is not God. The Lord can take all this comfort away from me. He can drain my bank account, He can put me on the streets with all the other homeless, and I will still follow Him until the end of time.

Read Next: *Lifestyle Is The Disease*

Roosh Hour #48: America Burning

June 5, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In this stream, I discuss the race riots in the United States and the man who is likely orchestrating them.

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Previously: *Roosh Hour #47: Only Fans*

Don’t Marry An Unrepentant Woman

June 5, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The following clip is from Roosh Hour #48.

Watch Next: *The Man Behind The Black Lives Matter Riots*

The Man Behind The Black Lives Matter Riots

June 5, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The following clip is from Roosh Hour #48.

Watch Next: *Woman Gets Sexually Assaulted On Television Interview*

Woman Gets Sexually Assaulted On Television Interview

June 5, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The following clip is from Roosh Hour #48.

Watch Next: *Don't Marry An Unrepentant Woman*

15 Ways That Heterosexual Fornicators Are Identical To Homosexuals

June 8, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

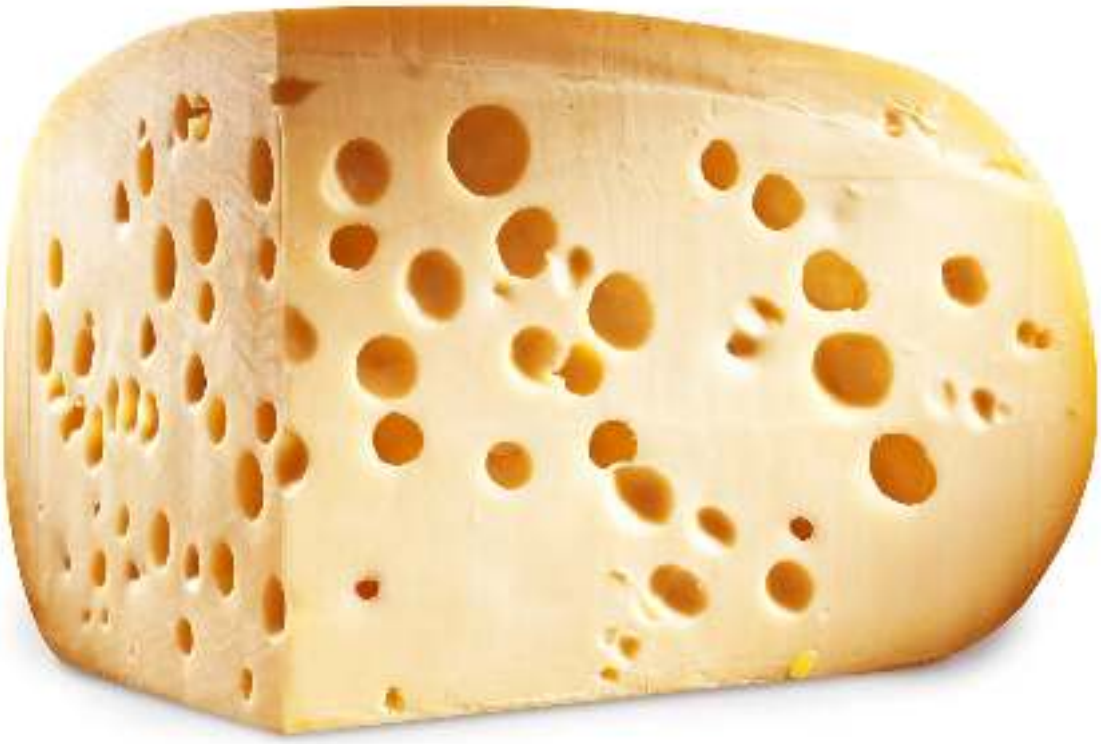
At a time in my life when I was attacking homosexuals for their degenerate fornication lifestyle, I was participating in a degenerate fornication lifestyle. Outside of the difference that they had sex with men and I had sex with women, our lifestyles, moral outlook, and approach to intimacy were almost identical. I may not have been a homosexual by definition, but I was a homosexual in spirit.

Here are 15 ways that a heterosexual fornicator acts the same as a homosexual…

1. They seal the deal late at night under the influence of drugs or alcohol

Both the straight and gay man undergo the same ritual at night to get ready for sex. They congregate in dark rooms within a big city and warm themselves up by taking alcohol or other drugs. All potential sexual prospects for the night are plied with drink or pills to get them in a heightened state of lust, and then at the peak moment of attraction, an attempt is made to move to a private bedroom (or bathroom) to complete a sex act. If you're an active fornicator, I can just about guarantee that you have never slept with a woman for the first time without the aid of a psychoactive substance.

2. They're obsessed with holes



Both homo and hetero can’t get their minds off holes. Every day, they fantasize about how a mouth, vagina, or anus located somewhere in meat-space can give them an orgasm. These holes, they believe, will save them from a meaningless existence, but the pursuit of holes only makes life more meaningless, because after all, they’re just holes.

3. They’re obsessed with having big muscles

They only way to guarantee access to sex is to be attractive to those who have the

desired hole, so both gay and straight have active gym memberships where they pay money to perform the manual labor of lifting things up and down. They do useless work to build huge muscles that act as a tailored suit in order to get a little more attention than a guy wearing an off-the-rack suit. The fornicators spend dozens of hours a month—if not each week—working out in the gym for muscle growth that only gets used inside the gym, but which aids their ability to score sex. It would be the same as building a car to run only on a dynometer but not on a real road.

4. They groom as much as women

To maximize attraction, everything about their look has to be perfect. Hair has to be trendy and well-coiffed. Clothing most be modern and fitted, but not formulaic. And then there's the manscaping. Back hair and excessive chest hair must go. Beards and even eyebrows must be carefully sculpted. I hear that some gay men now wear makeup, which means that straight men may soon start doing it as well. If you don't look in the mirror and think "I'm an ugly dude heh" then you may be a homosexual or acting like one.

5. They rack up dozens or hundreds of sexual partners

While the homosexual racks up innumerable partners with ease, don't underestimate the ability of an average-looking heterosexual man to do the same through third-world travel, prostitution, and dumpster diving. I've known many straight men with hundreds of notches who believe they're one sexual encounter away from meeting the perfect women when they're lifestyle actually precludes that from ever happening. For both gay and straight, the weekend is nothing more than an anxious whirlwind of trying to secure a hole so that on Monday they can say they had a good weekend.

6. They're obsessed with anal sex

I've never had anal sex in my life, because it's disgusting, but most straight men I know have done it, and they seem proud of that fact. They have relayed the sordid details of their anal encounters and how it made them feel "powerful" or "dominant." The only way they could have come to this conclusion is through the brain-rotting effects of pornography.

When I used to watch porn, it took quite some time to find a preferred video that had no anal, and many times I was tricked into watching a vaginal porn scene that suddenly changed to anal without warning. Anal porn is pushed onto everyone and unfortunately many straight men have fallen for the anal meme. Both gay and straight can't wait to drill for mud-covered E. coli, Campylobacter, and other enteric bacteria.

7. They prize sex without protection

The fact that AIDS endures is proof that homosexuals still refuse to wear condoms. When you're under the influence of alcohol or drugs, you tend to lose control of your will, and even if not, homosexuals love the "bareback" feeling. Heterosexual men are no different in preferring to do it "raw." The ones who say they "always use condoms" are not being honest, because once you hear details of their sexual encounters, you'll see that they use condoms only when a woman forces them to, or when one puts out severe warning signs like having a facial tattoo, but even then, many men hope they can fornicate without protection.

Both types of men will put their penis into the hole of a stranger without doing any type of vetting, exposing themselves to all sorts of diseases, and yet freak out if they're dining in a restaurant and find a hair in their food.

8. They have sex with partners they have no feelings for

A notch is a notch, right? Fornicators look at other human beings as just a potential orgasm, as a way to take away the pain of a life that is out of communion with their Creator. Many times I would dance like a monkey for a girl I didn't like, to entertain her and maintain her attraction, just so I can access her hole and have an orgasm. I have been a complete fake to innumerable women by exaggerating my strengths, omitting my weaknesses, and sometimes resorting to blatant lies about my career, background, or intentions. Through fornication, both gay and straight stop viewing human beings as human, but as vessels to a sex act that is barely more intimate than masturbation, and any means will justify that end.

9. They think sex makes them happy

All fornicators believe that sex is making them happy when it’s really doing the opposite. They focus on the bodily pleasure without looking at the immense emotional costs of malaise, depression, guilt, and anger, which seep into every area of their lives. The more sexual partners a man has, the angrier he is, but is too blind to see that that anger is caused by his own sexual behavior.

As soon as I ceased all fornication, most of my emotional problems went away. I was calmer, more patient, and less irritable. You may even be able to notice these changes in my most recent writing. That is undoubtedly helped by my daily prayer rule, but I also no longer have to deal with the heavy personal costs of seeking a continuous supply of casual sex partners.

10. They’ve sterilized the reproductive act

We already know that gays don’t care about reproduction, and must instead convert other people’s children into their doo-doo lifestyle, but the same goes for most straight fornicators. I’ve lost count how many men I’ve had to counsel through a pregnancy scare, and I’ve been through a couple myself. They feel like their whole life is about to fall apart because they may have accidentally impregnated a woman—the horror! How could a baby interrupt my carnal fun?! Oh it’s no big deal, you can just convince her to kill it, to destroy the inconvenience on your quest to surpass the conquests of even Casanova at his peak. Truth is if you’re not ready to be a parent, you shouldn’t be having sex. We may want to inform women of this fact as well.

11. They insist on living in big, expensive cities to improve their access to sex partners

Fornicators would never consider living in the mountains or on a cozy farm with chickens and goats, because then how would they meet enough people to gain a coveted “sex life”? The bigger the city, the better, because it gives them more selection of holes and also a higher chance of sleeping with someone who is “hot.”

The only acceptable life for a fornicator is one near other people who have the same disorder as him. If he happened to be living in a rural town, he may not put his penis inside something for a long time, and that would make life not worth living.

12. They don’t believe it’s immoral to fornicate

Both gay and straight have no moral qualms about using other people for sexual gain. They bought the Satanic conclusions of the sexual revolution and insist on ignoring their conscience, which is easy to do with the all the substances that must be taken to participate in casual sex, but the Gospel is written on our hearts, and the act of fornication will eventually catch up with them. If they continue to ignore their conscience, they will approach the point of such hard-heartedness that their souls may be forever lost.

13. They believe that fornication is the main source of their “confidence”

Confidence is a variant of pride, and pride is a deadly sin that separates you from God, so of course it's one of the first things you develop as you become accomplished in your fornication. Confidence and self-love have become false gods in the West. If only I could have a really high opinion of myself that has no metaphysical basis, then I will really be happy! You are sick with delusion if you believe that your ability to access holes possessed by those who are as deceived as you somehow makes you more important, skilled, or accomplished. If God's only begotten Son, with divine powers we cannot even begin to comprehend, was more humble than you, what does that really say about your "confidence"?

14. They didn't read the instruction manual of the human body

A human mouth is not a place to put a penis. An anus is not a place to put a penis. Your mouth is not intended to slurp up a vagina or anus. Based on how fornicators use their bodies and those of others, many lifetime warranties have been declared null and void. When you're addicted to gaining physical pleasure, you have to get creative in vile and disease-causing ways just for a little extra shot of pleasure.

15. They throw temper tantrums when they can't secure sex

If a gay or straight loses their preferred sexual partner for the night, get ready for an epic temper tantrum. He will get obnoxiously drunk, start a scene, or simply cockblock his fornicator friends. The most “confident” and “masculine” of fornicators act like outright children when the hole they thought was secured for the night slips through their grasp. Not only do fornicators have no self-control over their body but also their emotions.

Conclusion

A society of homosexual fornicators, flaunting their behavior in public, can’t be achieved without first having a society of heterosexual fornicators. Both go hand in hand to divide and destroy both sexes while preventing the creation of families. More severely, fornication separates you from God and destroys your soul, one casual hook-up at a time. It pains me to think of how deceived I was to partake in this evil for so long.

Read Next: *Casual Sex Creates Guilt*

Roosh Hour #49: Owen Benjamin

June 12, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In this stream, I interview comedian Owen Benjamin about the Hollywood lifestyle, coronavirus, the BLM race riots, living on a homestead, neighborhood militias, young women who choose the secular world over God, and a lot more.

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Previously: *Roosh Hour #48: America Burning*

Do Not Seek Out Pleasure

June 15, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Most secular people structure their days to maximize pleasure while minimizing pain or discomfort. The problem with this strategy is that they will run out of ways to achieve pleasure that still feels like pleasure to the burned-out dopamine receptors in their brains. They end up suffering from a myriad of side effects that make them worse off than when they started.

After I established a Christian way of life, I wondered to myself, “How did I live before? How did I get by without God?” From the perspective of an online observer, it seemed like I was having a grand time with all the fun, women, travel, and minor internet fame, but in reality I couldn’t get through a single day without diving into all sorts of pleasures, both small and large.

When I was living in Poland, the first thing I would do upon waking up is go to a busy cafe and order a Caffè Americano. When the coffee was brought out to me, I’d meditate on the aroma as it opened my nasal passages, anticipating the joy I was about to receive. Then I would cup the coffee with my hands and close my eyes—almost as if I were in prayer—and slowly take the first sip to savor the bitter taste. I usually paired the coffee with a buttery chocolate croissant. I’d nibble on the croissant, approaching feelings of ecstasy when little pieces of dark chocolate melted in my mouth. I’d proceed with some writing but would always be quick to halt work to watch a beautiful woman who entered my field of view. I would evaluate her in a sexual manner, maybe fantasize about fornicating with her, and use that lustful energy to fuel my pickup writings which I hoped would increase my income and internet stature as the hairiest alpha male in the world. I would also enjoy the stimulation and novelty of the foreign people who surrounded me.

After a couple hours of work, I would go home and put on modern music with catchy melodies that titillated my ears and caused movement to my body. I would prepare a rich breakfast of Polish farm ham, cheese, eggs, and bread with butter, and enjoy the mouthfeel of animal food products. I would then send off a few angry tweets and feel good that I took down people who disagreed with me. Then I'd go back outside onto the city streets. If I was desiring of sex, I would approach a young woman or two on my way to another crowded cafe, where I'd resume working while watching more people, evaluating the women and judging the foreigners on their style of dress or demeanor.

Once the day's work was done, I would maybe meet a woman out for a date, in the hopes of having sex with her, or I'd meet with a friend for alcoholic drinks. Hopefully there would be more women around who were drinking, because that would make it easier to extract pleasure from them, but if that failed, I would go home and load up some free hardcore pornography and masturbate to wrap up the day. I pursued pleasure even more intensely on the weekends, when I stepped foot into nightclubs for hours at a time to achieve fornication. Failure here was less of an option than the weekday, and I'd consider it a bad weekend indeed if I went without sex.

Without God, I couldn't get through a single day without filling it with all sorts of pleasures, and while the specific pleasures would change, I maintained a pleasure routine that was centered around casual sex for nearly two decades. At the peak of my coffee addiction, I was having three cups a day. At the peak of my alcohol use, I was drinking daily. At the peak of my fornication, I was going out five nights a week, working more on sex than my writing. At the peak of my pursuit of travel, I was moving countries every two or three months for a brand new injection of novelty that allowed me to publicly display my worldliness.

A lot of people must have thought I was having the time of my life, because so many took my work for gospel and attempted to emulate my lifestyle, but in actuality I was a slave. I was a slave to pleasure and things of this world. I was a slave to sex and therefore a slave to those who created and controlled the sex culture. I was a slave to various substances and to internet attention. I was physically and psychologically dependent on pleasure, yet slowly and imperceptively, I was getting accustomed to it, paradoxically making it harder to feel anything new as pleasure. A new girl in my bed brought huge amounts of pleasure when I was in my early twenties, but hardly any at all in my late thirties.

When God entered my life, He enlightened me to see that all the angst, frustration, and sadness I had been experiencing were the side effects of pursuing worldly pleasure. The incompleteness I felt in life was due to thinking that the reason for my existence was to "enjoy life." As rich as the foods I was eating were, I was sustaining myself on thin gruel. Spiritually, I was starving.

Today, I abstain from caffeine, alcohol, fornication, masturbation, and pornography, among other vices, and ask God continually to put nothing in between me and Him. I eat a more restrained diet. I have stopped international travel, and currently write this not from an exotic locale but my mother's living room. The void created by stopping all those activities has been replaced by prayer, church life, and the hobby of bird watching, which allows me to glorify God and His Lordship over the natural world instead of glorifying myself. The highlight of my week is not going out on Friday night to party with friends, but attending the Divine Liturgy on Sunday morning to be close to my Creator and be in fellowship with fellow Christians. The main worldly pleasure I may experience today is the occasional chocolate chip cookie, but even that I try to regulate. I must release myself from the desires of worldly things. I must strive not to exist outside of the condition given to me by God. Whatever situation or state God puts me in, I accept, for He knows what's

best for me better than I know myself.

I say all this to you not to show that I'm moral, for I am likely a greater sinner than you and still have a long way to go, but to show you that worldly pleasure is not needed to feel joy. You only need God and the pleasures that He decides to give you when He sees fit, because I can tell that His pleasures have no side effects and cause no harm. God's pleasures come in the form of pleasant coincidences, of being given the opportunity to help someone in need, of having a bird you've never before seen sing a song to you, or of showing your love for those who are close to you. They do not come in the form of gains, wins, or doses of sex or pride. They come only in service to God, and when I feel that I'm experiencing pleasure outside of that, I ask Him to put these non-spiritual concerns and phenomenon behind me.

I have experienced many lifetimes of pleasure and all it brought was destruction and pain, so I can't help but groan when someone asks me, "Are you happy?" I know they're asking about happiness in the material sense, and they have forsaken God for what the false prophets and teachers of this age have taught them happiness is supposed to be about. A happy life is a condemned life, full of pride and sin. A happy life that is dedicated to material benefits will lead to the spiritual abyss. I live only to complete the mission that God has set out for me, whatever that may be, because I aim to no longer be of this world.

Read Next: *How To Control Your Lust*

Do Young Men Need God?

June 22, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

During my 2019 lecture tour, many men told me that they had trouble believing in God. They couldn't develop faith because the scientific explanations of the world, centered around the big bang and evolution, made sense to them, and things were going okay in their lives. True happiness was just around the corner. Most of the time, this problem was presented to me by a man in his early 20s. I quickly learned that it's hard for men in this age group to develop faith because they believe that they can "win" at life.

Life for a Western man doesn't begin until the age of 21 or 22 when he graduates from university. Everything before that is training wheels for the real thing of moving out of the house, getting a stable job, developing a muscular physique, and banging a lot of chicks *or* getting into a sexual relationship with an attractive girl. I went through this same cycle twenty years ago, and very quickly I started to win. I had a good job, lived on my own, had a lot of friends, and was developing a game skillset that was growing fast. I went from being a virgin to being rather competent at meeting girls in two years' time, and when my first goal of getting a perfect girlfriend failed, I settled for the consolation prize of sleeping with a lot of them.

Then I read a book called *An African In Greenland*, which detailed the sexual benefits you'd receive from being an exotic man in a foreign land, of being treated like a rock star without knowing how to play any musical instruments. It seemed way more appealing to me than being a microbiologist in the Washington D.C. suburbs, so I decided to try it out. I ditched my 9-5 job and, and within a few years' time, pursued a writer's career of traveling and fornicating around the world.

After grinding it out for many years, I was finally able to hit my stride in 2011 at 32 years of age. I was sleeping with many European babes and made money while doing it. *I'm winning so much! I cheated life and could grab more than my fair share haha!* All my online haters were losers who obviously couldn't get laid on the same level as me. In fact, the source of all their problems was a lack of sex with exotic women. They didn't have the will, the work ethic, and the social power to be a stud like I did.

From the time I graduated college until the peak year of 2011, I don't remember doing even a single minute of spiritual introspection. My god was the material world and my scripture was self-help and psychological books that would help me win some more. I believed that life was what I made of it, and I made it to be about fornication, because fornication made my body feel good. I thought the party would last until I died.

Sometimes I wonder, would it have been possible for a Christian missionary to successfully convert me during those times? Would I have been interested in hearing how placing my faith in Jesus Christ would allow me to enter into Heaven instead of experiencing a sexual heaven on earth? No, it would not have been possible. My pride was too high and my heart too hard on spiritual matters. I would have politely thanked the missionary for the attempt and bid him farewell. I didn't need a god—I was doing just fine on my own, though ironically this was the time that I needed God the most.

Until you are defeated by the world, you will not be able to transcend it. Until all of your theories, lifehacks, and systems fail you—and they all will—and you lose faith in your own abilities, you will not put faith in God. Until you experience a void in your heart through the loss of a family member or friend, you will not allow Christ to enter it. It's no accident that most men in their early 20s have no need for God, because they are sure they will win without Him, but the moment of truth will one day arrive, for it arrives for all men, at a time they don't know beforehand, and at this personal moment of revelation, it will be painfully obvious that there will be no winning in this life. Then they can either lie to themselves and double down on the wrong path, getting even more involved in intoxication, fornication, greed, pride, and other sins, or they can admit that they were wrong, that they acted the fool, and allow God's loving grace to supplant their corrupted desires.

You must suffer worldly loss to achieve spiritual gain. You must feel hopeless to experience true hope. You must feel beaten down to be lifted up. You must be crying out for help while turning away from worldly "solutions" that offer false help, for all they do is numb your pain and dig you into a deeper hole. May God have mercy on you if, in your defeated state, you still refuse to set aside your pride to beg God for help. Then you become broken, worse than a wretch. In your decrepit state you'll think victory is still possible when you're one sin away from losing your soul. This problem is more common with aging women than men, but it happens to men as well, and whoremongering in Southeast Asia seems to be their fate.

If you desire God, and you're a young man, stop trying to win at life, because what you think of as winning only exists in the incomplete world of the material, of things which omit the unseen. Instead, be frugal, be gracious with what you already have, stop masturbating, stop watching porn, don't fornicate, and pursue fitness activities for the joy of it instead of a way to increase your pride. You will feel a lack from living such a life when compared to the pleasures that your peers brag about, but your heart will remain soft enough to begin a life of prayer. When God wills it, you will receive the gift of faith, and be able to navigate the world with new senses and a new heart.

It's impossible to win in this material world. If you fail to accept that truth, you'll suffer one great loss after another, and think it's all due to randomness or bad luck. You'll try harder and harder, but only find more darkness. If only I didn't believe that I could win at a worldly game that cannot be won, how many years of my life would I have saved.

Read Next: *8 Personal Defects That Allowed Me To Worship Fornication For 18 Years*

Roosh Hour #50 – Black Lives Matter

June 27, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I talk about the powerful forces that are funding Black Lives Matter and how the group is being used to subvert American society. I also discuss the long-term plans of the elites, the hypocrisy of the coronavirus lockdowns, and a lot more.

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I Wish I Remained A Virgin

June 29, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In the past, my advice to virgins was clear: do everything you can to lose your virginity. Improve your look, learn game, and start approaching numerous women so that you get lucky with one and stop being a dreaded virgin. I can no longer advise that. If you are a virgin in this current year, I advise you to stay that way until marriage.

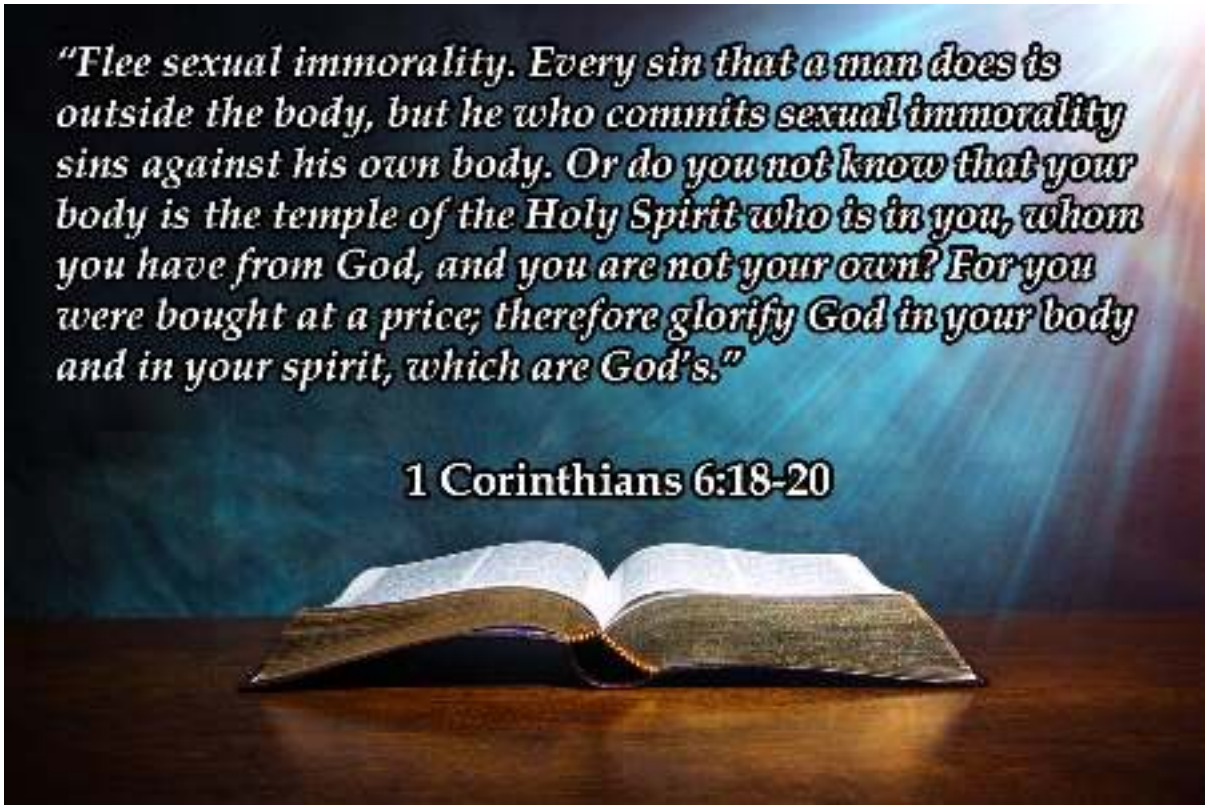
Western culture has inverted the natural order. Sex has been elevated to a virtue and virginity demoted to a sin. If you don't have a "sex life" then you're missing out and must do everything within your power to remedy the problem. This is what I believed as I went through four painful years of high school and then four excruciating years of university as a virgin. Everyone was getting laid except for me, it seemed, and I was missing out on reams of pleasure and intimacy. I was in a state of extreme lust but could not get a single woman. I felt like a low-value man, a loser. Upon graduating from university, I implemented game teachings I had found online and lost my virginity within a year. Victory! I was no longer in a "sinful" state, and could "enjoy life" with the rest of my sexually active peers until, nearly twenty years later, I realized all that sex profited me not in the slightest.

Upon receiving the grace of God, I ceased all sexual activity. I don't look at porn, or even sexy lingerie images. I don't masturbate and definitely don't fornicate. If sexual thoughts attack my mind, I pray to Jesus Christ to take them away, and He does. The closest I get to sex today is the occasional sex dream, but even in my dreams, I've developed willpower to usually say no to the flesh that is offered me. Aren't I suffering like the days I was a virgin in school? Aren't I in utmost pain from all my unmet sexual desires? The answer is no, because I've attacked the root cause of sexual pain: lust. Take away the lust, which is amplified in our pornographic culture, and you take away the ache and desire.

If you are a virgin in lust, and fail to gain physical pleasure, you will experience tremendous anguish. You will be angry at all the men who are getting laid, and you will also be angry at all the women for not choosing you for sex. You will masturbate to experience the pleasure of the orgasm, and then experience an immediate emotional hangover of having had to masturbate. This is an unbearable state that most men "solve" through prostitution, yet since a prostitute is not what any man truly wants, the pain and anguish intensify. Even for the sexually active man, the accomplished player, the pain of his lust is transmutated into other forms, such as the simultaneous addiction and hatred of "sluts."

If the virgin doesn't have God in his life, he will be in a heightened state of lust just like the fornicator, and suffer ill side effects from his pornography and masturbation habit, though he may sustain less damage to his soul since he is not corrupting women through the sex act. If he does have God in his life, he may feel lonely at times or curious about what sex is like, but these problems can easily be handled with just a mustard seed of

faith. He will proceed in treating his body like the Holy Temple it was created for, further strengthening his walk with Christ.



The problem is therefore not virginity—the problem is faith. If you don't have God in your life, and believe in the lies of the secular world that you need sex to be happy, the only solution is a worldly one. You will eventually get your sex but then new sufferings will begin. If you have faith, there is no problem. You are in a pure state, as God intended, and can give the gift of your virginity to an honorable Christian woman, of which I admit there are few, but this is not for you to worry about, because we do not accept sin into our lives just because the rest of the world is faithless. I can tell you that if I were a virgin, and maintained that virginity to honor God, I would be hesitant to marry a woman who is also not a virgin, but since I have sinned against God and violated my body innumerable times, I have little basis to seek a virgin, and instead seek a *repentant* woman whose previous sins I must forgive in the same way she forgives mine.

I truly wish I were a virgin. I wish I didn't learn game and become good at it. I wish I didn't sleep with all those women, and I've prayed to God to not only forgive me for those encounters but to help me forget them. The intimacy I've had in the past does not at all serve me in the present. It doesn't make me feel happier or more masculine. Instead, I feel regret and shame. I can't stress how the sex I had in my life was in no way an addition. Instead, it was a subtraction, one that occupied most of my free time and intellect while taking my eyes off God.

If you are a virgin, rejoice, for you are closer to God than you realize. Seek Him out to help you with matters of lust, and be assured that your position in the Kingdom of Heaven will be elevated far higher than all the lost souls who think they will somehow be saved by allowing sex to dominate their lives.

Read Next: *5 Layers Of Sexual Temptation*

Secular Marriage vs. Christian Marriage

July 6, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

God has been removed from the institution of marriage in the West. Marriage has changed from glorying God and becoming one flesh with your spouse to maximizing material rewards and having a “good” life. Because it was God who invented marriage for us, this secular change has not only blasphemed the institution but also deceived all those who wish to get married under the new paradigm. It’s no surprise how difficult it is—if not impossible—to have a successful marriage without placing God at its center.

What are the most common reasons that secular men get married today? One is access to sex. Not every man is a pickup artist who can get dates every weekend. For most men, dating is tedious, and those who are skilled at it have to treat it like a part-time job, often uprooting themselves for the best access to women, but for the average man, having sex with only one attractive girl is enough. He can’t wait to marry to lock in an assured supply of sex, but it will just be a matter of time until that sex gets boring. Many years into the marriage, he may wish to have sex with anyone but his wife, assuming she still wants to have sex with him.

The second reason men get married is to not be alone. No one wants to grow old alone, be sick alone, or die alone, and while this is a fear more common with women, many men have shared with me that this is the reason they are looking for a wife. They will enter marriage not to achieve a positive but to avoid a negative. Their wife selection will be driven by unresolved anxiety, not the virtue of the woman, and just like with sex, you will adapt to the person and no longer see them as your personal savior against loneliness or whatever fear you have. Within a few years of marriage, you will start to limit the amount of time you spend at home and wish you stayed alone, especially if you married the wrong woman.

Another reason to get married is to have children. Now this seems like a great reason, because bringing life into this world must be meaningful, but children are hard to raise with the wrong person, and children don't remain children for long. Within secular households, pop culture kidnaps them in their teenage years and turns them into little demons of rebellion. They go to universities, where they can perfect all the sex they were exposed to through movies and pornography, especially if they're female. Otherwise, they become gay, trans, cyborg, or whatever new trend destroys them most effectively. Then they move to a big city far away from home to shower in pleasures of the world. Talk to any boomer parents and they will tell you the "silence" that is their homes. They feel a void that cannot be filled unless grandchildren happen to live close by, which in this rootless society is usually not the case. Much of the joy you receive from your children will have to be given back when the nest is empty or when they pursue lives you don't approve of.

One final reason to get married, and perhaps the worst, is because you're "in love," which in reality is a state of heightened emotional attraction that is closer to lust than love. You are enjoying sex with an attractive girl who excites you and are convinced it will last for all eternity. In this case, you're blinded by your lust and are totally unable to properly evaluate the woman. Either you commit to a woman of dubious repute or the strong emotions you thought you had changes for the negative, or it changes for her, and then you have no relationship foundation to stand on.

The material reasons I've described above will all fail you in time. You will get tired of the woman and her sex, you will feel empty and unappreciated once the children leave the house and no longer need you, and your feelings for the woman you had initial passion for will fade. Many men logically understand this and so have decided against marriage, because with these inevitable downsides, where are the upsides? Why should a man sign

on the dotted line to legally declare himself as the provider of another human being who will not excite him or take care of him in the future? Materially, the reasons to get married are sparse, but how about spiritually?

Orthodox Saints have taught that when a man and woman get married, they create a little church with the man as the priest and the woman serving by his side. The purpose of this church will be for them to aid in each other's salvation, and also aid in the salvation of children who are borne through them (the laity) as one united body that serves the Lord within a bigger united body of the parish church they attend on Sundays. If you're in communion with God and believe it is His will for you to marry a certain woman, He has deemed that this marriage is necessary for the salvation of you both, and that without this specific marriage, the course of your life or hers will turn out in a way to increase the likelihood of condemnation. There is little material reason to get married in the Christian sense, and because it's so hard, especially in a post-Christian world, I've even read multiple priests state that such a marriage is a form of martyrdom, a way to exceedingly please the Lord.

In a Christian marriage, will it matter that you are bored of sex with the same person? You will know that sex was given to you by God to bond with your wife and create children, not a source of entertainment where you can treat your wife's body like an amusement park. If you get tired of her, or she attempts to drive you crazy, is that a reason to get upset and divorce her? No, it's time to pray to God for endurance and tranquility, because you never married her out of a fear that you would grow old and die alone. If your children leave the nest, will you be upset? You'll miss them surely, but your main concern would be their salvation and whether you gave them a proper spiritual foundation to escape the devil's many snares. If you lose romantic attraction for your wife, does that mean disaster? You never based your relationship on romantic attraction in the first place. The love you have for your wife will transcend matters of passion or lust that secular people primarily use, and instead become more of a spiritual love.

I agree that getting married in the secular sense is pointless, especially since sex and short-term companionship are being given away by women so readily to those men who want it bad enough. You can even experience a "married-lite" scenario through cohabitation and have a pair of Instagram-ready dogs to satisfy your nurturing instinct, and now with unlimited entertainment options, you'll always have the warm glows of your digital screens to stave off relationship boredom, but if you do get married for secular reasons and have children, I feel sorry for them. You won't pray for them or give them moral guidance that is not heavily influenced by today's state ideologies of individualism, materialism, and homosexuality. Creating life for purely selfish reasons may even make you a murderer of any soul you create, and while I harbor no ill will towards my parents, their secular outlook didn't do me any favors when I became an adult. The world took me, used me up, and hung me over the edge of the abyss.

If God sends you a specific woman, not marrying her could make you worse off, and only a man actively walking with Christ, who prays daily, has access to spiritual guidance, and possesses discernment of what to look for in a female can know if a specific woman is right for him or not. You don't need to be experienced with sex or game to know whether a woman is suitable, but you do need to have God in your life. He will help you make the best decision.

I'm not actively looking for a wife, but I do keep my eyes open for a woman with faith, and while I don't want an "ugly" woman, I know that what I think of a potential wife's physical attractiveness and how I feel about her is less important than what God makes of our potential union. If God wills it, and she is someone who I believe will deepen my faith instead of obstruct it, I would marry her, in spite of the countless material obstacles and detriments of doing so, because even if that marriage doesn't work, and I lose my children and all of my money in a divorce, I know that that too is part of God's will. As long as I don't seek out a woman for material reasons or to experience pleasures of the flesh, my salvation will be assured.

Read Next: *Worldy Beauty vs. Graceful Beauty*

The Spirit Of Gulag Archipelago

July 13, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

After reading Dostoevsky's The Brothers Karamazov, I decided to tackle all three volumes of The Gulag Archipelago by Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, which clocks in at about 2,000 pages. It's a tremendous work that allowed me to understand the full extent of evil that mankind is capable of and how we are in the early stages of duplicating a similar course of events in the United States.

Soviet authorities were paranoid that spies were everywhere

> And who noticed the thirty thousand Czechs who in 1939 fled from occupied Czechoslovakia to their Slavic kinfolk in the U.S.S.R.? It was impossible to guarantee that a single one of them was not a spy. They sent them all off to northern camps. (And it was out of those camps that the "Czechoslovak Corps" materialized during the war.) And was it not, indeed, in 1939 that we reached out our helping hands to the West Ukrainians and the West Byelorussians, and, in 1940, to the Baltic states and to the Moldavians? It turned out that our brothers badly needed to be purged, and from them, too, flowed waves of social prophylaxis. They took those who were too independent, too influential, along with those who were too well-to-do, too intelligent, too noteworthy; they took, particularly, many Poles from former Polish provinces.

The Soviets had no way of knowing whether you were a spy or not, so to be on the safe side, they threw anyone they considered suspect into the gulags (concentration camps). Now, thanks to us voluntary buying gadgets and technology that record just about everything we do, the American government has yet no need to do the exact same. Political prisoners of the likes of Julian Assange are rare. They simply monitor everyone and—if a dissident happens to gain too much power—figure out a way to halt his activism, usually by defaming him through the media, shutting him down on social media, or canceling his financial and e-commerce accounts. You're technically "free," but the rug can be pulled out from under you at any moment if you threaten the state's agenda.

Minor offenses sent you to the Gulags

> A half-literate stovemaker used to enjoy writing his name in his free time. This raised his self-esteem. There was no blank paper around, so he wrote on

> newspapers. His neighbors found his newspaper in the sack in the communal toilet, with pen-and-ink flourishes across the countenance of the Father and Teacher [Stalin]. Anti-Soviet Agitation—ten years [in the gulag].
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> […]
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> The village club manager went with his watchman to buy a bust of Comrade Stalin, They bought it. The bust was big and heavy. They ought to have carried it in a hand barrow, both of them together, but the manager's status did not allow him to. 'All right. you'll manage it if you take it slowly.' And he went off ahead. The old watchman couldn't work out how to do it for a long time. If he tried to carry it at his side; he couldn't get his arm around it. If he tried to carry it in front of him, his. back hurt and he was thrown off balance backward. Finally he figured out how to do it. He took off his belt, made a noose for Comrade Stalin, put it around his neck, and in this way carried it over his shoulder through the village. Well, there was nothing here to argue about. It was an open-and-shut case. Article 58-8, terrorism, ten years.
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> […]
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> If a man had a brick house in a row of log cabins, or two stories in a row of one-story houses—there was your kulak: Get ready, you bastard, you've got sixty minutes [to pack all of your things]! There aren't supposed to be any brick houses in the Russian village, there aren't supposed to be two-story houses! Back to the cave! You don't need a chimney for your fire! This is our great plan for transforming the country: history has never seen the like of it.

Comrade, you sent a tweet in the past that was slightly racist. I think your employer will have to take punitive action against you. You wrote an article thirty years ago that was sexist. Time for you to resign. I also scanned your social media accounts and, after assigning you a risk score, deem you unfit to rent short-term properties on Airbnb. There is no right to appeal, but I assure you that there was no mistake in these pronouncements. While you're restricted from the marketplace, you'll have plenty of time to improve your thoughts and behavior.

Methods of torture

> The bedbug-infested box has already been mentioned. In the dark closet made of wooden planks, there were hundreds, maybe even thousands, of bedbugs, which had been allowed to multiply. The guards removed the prisoner's jacket or field shirt, and immediately the hungry bedbugs assaulted him, crawling onto him from the walls or falling off the ceiling. At first he waged war with them strenuously, crushing them on his body and on the walls, suffocated by their stink. But after several hours he weakened and let them drink his blood without a murmur.
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> […]
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> Sleeplessness was a great form of torture: it left no visible marks and could not provide grounds for complaint even if an inspection—something unheard of anyway—were to strike on the morrow.
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> […]
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> The loneliness of the accused! That was one more factor in the success of unjust interrogation! The entire apparatus threw its full weight on one lonely and inhibited will. From the moment of his arrest and throughout the entire shock period of the interrogation the prisoner was, ideally, to be kept entirely alone. In his cell, in the corridor, on the stairs, in the offices, he was not supposed to encounter others like himself, in order to avoid the risk of his gleaning a bit of sympathy, advice, support from someone's smile or glance. The Organs did everything to blot out for him his future and distort his present: to lead him to believe that his friends and family had all been arrested and that material proof

> of his guilt had been found.

In the past, I thought I was tough because I was so accomplished with pursuits of the flesh, but I was actually effeminate, a slave to my passions. I could only simulate being “tough” if I knew that it would be followed with a reward of pleasure. I may know emotional pain and suffering, but I do not know physical pain, and doubt I could handle it.

There was no way to prepare for this time

> From childhood on we are educated and trained—for our own profession; for our civil duties; for military service; to take care of our bodily needs; to behave well; even to appreciate beauty (well, this last not really all that much!). But neither our education, nor our upbringing, nor our experience prepares us in the slightest for the greatest trial of our lives: being arrested for nothing and interrogated about nothing.

Living in the Gulag

> They didn’t distribute rations to individuals but to units of ten. If one of the ten died, the others shoved his corpse under the bunks and kept it there until it started to stink. They got the corpse’s ration.
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> […]
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> Even one mere year, whew, how long it lasts! Even in one year how much time is left for you to think! For 330 days you stomp out to line-up in a drizzling, slushy rain, and in a piercing blizzard, and in a biting and still subzero cold. For 330 days you work away at hateful, alien work with your mind unoccupied. For 330 evenings you squinch up, wet, chilled, in the end-of-work line-up; waiting for the convoy to assemble from the distant watchtowers. And then there is the march out, And the march back. And bending down over 730 bowls of gruel, over 730 portions of grits. Yes, and waking up and going to sleep on your multiple bunk. And neither radio nor books to distract you.

What you learn from the concentration camps

> Live with a steady superiority over life—-don’t be afraid of misfortune, and do not yearn after happiness; it is, after all, all the same: the bitter doesn’t last forever, and the sweet never fills the cup to overflowing. It is enough if you don’t freeze in the cold and if thirst and hunger don’t claw at your insides. If your back isn’t broken, if your feet can walk, if both arms can bend, if both eyes see, and if both ears hear, then whom should you envy? And why? Our envy of others devours us most of all. Rub your eyes and purify your heart and prize above all else in the world those who love you and who wish you well. Do not hurt them or scold them, and never part from any of them in anger; after all, you simply do not know: it might be your last act before your arrest, and that will be how you are imprinted in their memory!

> […]
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> Once upon a time you were sharply intolerant. You were constantly in a rush. And you were constantly short of time. And now you have time with interest. You are surfeited with it, with its months and its years, behind you and ahead of you—and a beneficial calming fluid pours through your blood vessels—patience. You are ascending… Formerly you never forgave anyone. You judged people without mercy. And you praised people with equal lack of moderation. And now an understanding mildness has become the basis of your uncategorical judgments. You have come to realize your own weakness—and you can therefore understand the weakness of others. And be astonished at another's strength. And wish to possess it yourself. The stones rustle beneath our feet. We are ascending… With the years, armor-plated restraint covers your heart and all your skin. You do not hasten to question and you do not hasten to answer. Your tongue has lost its flexible capacity for easy oscillation. Your eyes do not flash with gladness over good tidings nor do they darken with grief. For you still have to verify whether that's how it is going to be. And you also have to work out what is gladness and what is grief. And now the rule of your life is this: Do not rejoice when you have found, do not weep when you have lost.

Suffering builds virtue while material excess destroys virtue. Suffering makes you stop and think about your life. It removes all trivialities, all inane chatter. Orthodox elders have taught that a disease like cancer, which kills you slowly, is a gift from God. It takes you away from the world to focus on your life and mortality, opening the door to repentance and salvation. Whether you're facing the gulags or cancer, you will have more time and motivation than before to examine yourself and the source of your creation.

True faith was revealed

> N. Stolyarova recalls an old woman who was her neighbor on the Butyrki bunks in 1937. They kept on interrogating her every night. Two years earlier, a former Metropolitan of the Orthodox Church, who had escaped from exile, had spent a night at her home on his way through Moscow. ‘But he wasn’t the former Metropolitan, he was the Metropolitan! Truly, I was worthy of receiving him.’ ‘All right then. To whom did he go when he left Moscow?’ ‘I know, but I won’t tell you!’ (The Metropolitan had escaped to Finland via an underground railroad of believers.) At first the interrogators took turns, and then they went after her in groups. They shook their fists in the little old woman’s face, and she replied: ‘There is nothing you can do with me even if you cut me into pieces. After all, you are afraid of your bosses, and you are afraid of each other, and you are even afraid of killing me.’ (They would lose contact with the underground railroad.) ‘But I am not afraid of anything. I would be glad to be judged by God right this minute.’

Without God, how can you endure suffering? How can you put it into context? Your life would be nothing more than a losing lottery ticket, for no matter how hard you try, and how many years you work, the things you show for it would be pitiful. What do you have to brag about? A McMansion and an expensive plastic automobile? A few notches under your belt of “hot” girls who long ago forgot about you? A few thousand internet followers who move on as soon as a new viral sensation is dangled in front of them? Unless you devote yourself to family and God, your life will have no meaning. You will be continually hurtling from one moment of distraction and pleasure to the next.

No justice, no truth

> And in 1942 Strakhovich cried out during a session of the military tribunal of the Leningrad Military District: ‘But I could not have been recruited by Ignatovsky when I was only ten years old!’ But the presiding judge barked back: ‘Don’t slander the Soviet intelligence service!’ The whole thing had been predetermined long before: each and every one of the Ignatovsky group was to be sentenced to be shot. Some man named Lipov got included in the group, but no one from the group knew him and he knew none of them either. Well, so, all right, Lipov got ten years.
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> […]
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> At the Novosibirsk Transit Prison in 1945 they greeted the prisoners with a roll call based on cases. ‘So and so! Article 58, twenty-five years.’ The chief of the convoy guard was curious: ‘What did you get it for?’ ‘For nothing at all.’ ‘You’re lying. The sentence for nothing at all is ten years.’

If the U.S. Federal Government decides to prosecute you for a crime, you are as good as guilty. 93% of Federal cases result in conviction. Why even bother spending the money

for your defense in what will amount to a show trial, a farce of justice?

Violent criminals were proxy soldiers for the state

> The most inveterate and hardened thieves were given unbridled power on the islands of the Archipelago, in camp districts, and in camps—power over the population of their own country, over the peasants, the petty bourgeoisie, and the intelligentsia; power they had never before had in history, never in any state in all the world, power which they couldn't even dream of out in freedom. And now they were given all other people as slaves. What bandit would ever decline such power? The central thieves, the top-level thieves, totally controlled the camp districts. they lived in individual 'cabins' or tents with their own temporary wives. (Or arbitrarily picking over the 'smooth broads' from among their subjects, they had the intellectual women 58's and the girl students to vary their menu.)

Blacks and homosexuals are the proxy warriors of today. They are allowed free reign in American cities to spread violence, destruction, sodomy, and AIDS while you have to watch your mouth for anything that may criticize their behavior.

Slow starvation

> Hunger, which forces an honest person to reach out and steal ("When the belly rumbles, conscience flees"). Hunger, which compels the most unselfish person to look with envy into someone else's bowl, and to try painfully to estimate what weight of ration his neighbor is receiving. Hunger, which darkens the brain and refuses to allow it to be distracted by anything else at all, or to think about anything else at all, or to speak about anything else at all except food, food, and food. Hunger, from which it is impossible to escape even in dreams—dreams are about food, and insomnia is over food. And soon—just insomnia. Hunger, after which one cannot even eat up; the man has by then turned into a one-way pipe and everything emerges from him in exactly the same state in which it was swallowed.
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> […]
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> Sometimes the entire body of a man dying of starvation is covered with blue-black pimples like peas, with pus-filled heads smaller than a pinhead—his face, arms, legs, his trunk, even his scrotum. It is so painful he cannot be touched. The tiny boils come to a head and burst and a thick wormlike string of pus is forced out of them. The man is rotting alive.

Have you involuntarily gone a day without food? I'm sure you've dieted or fasted in some way to become more desirable, allowing you to feed your pride or better sate your lust with attractive sex partners. We put ourselves into a state of hunger to be better able to sin, but the kitchen is never far, and it is always full of food. The hunger will end as soon as we want.

The bond between man and woman remained

> And women who were not at all young turned out to be involved in this too, even placing the jailers in a quandary: out in freedom no one would ever have considered such a woman! And these women did not seek passion, but to satisfy their need to look after someone, to keep him warm, to sacrifice their own rations in order to feed him up, to wash and darn for him. The common bowl out of which they ate was their sacred wedding ring. 'I do not need to sleep with him, but in our beastly life, in which we curse each other in the barracks the whole day long over the bread ration and over rags, I keep thinking to myself: Today I must mend his shirt, and boil his potatoes,' one woman explained to Dr. Zubov. But the man at times wanted more, and it was necessary to yield, and right then the supervisors would catch them. And that was how, in Unzhlag, the hospital laundress Auntie Polya, who had been widowed very early, who had subsequently been alone all her life, and who had later helped out in a church, was caught at night with a man at the very tail end of her camp term.
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> […]
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> Women who were already elderly could not sleep nights because of a chance smile, because of some fleeting mark of attention they had received. So sharply did the light of love stand out against the dirty, murky camp existence!

What amazes me today is that even in an intense climate of hostile propaganda aimed at dividing the sexes, men and women are still getting married and doing the best they can at raising a family. Maybe their marriages are difficult, but the fact that people are walking down the aisle instead of satisfying every carnal delight that is presented to them

is a testament of our God-given nature to bond with the opposite sex. No matter how much Satan tries, he will not destroy this bond completely.

Women had it easier if they agreed to be concubines

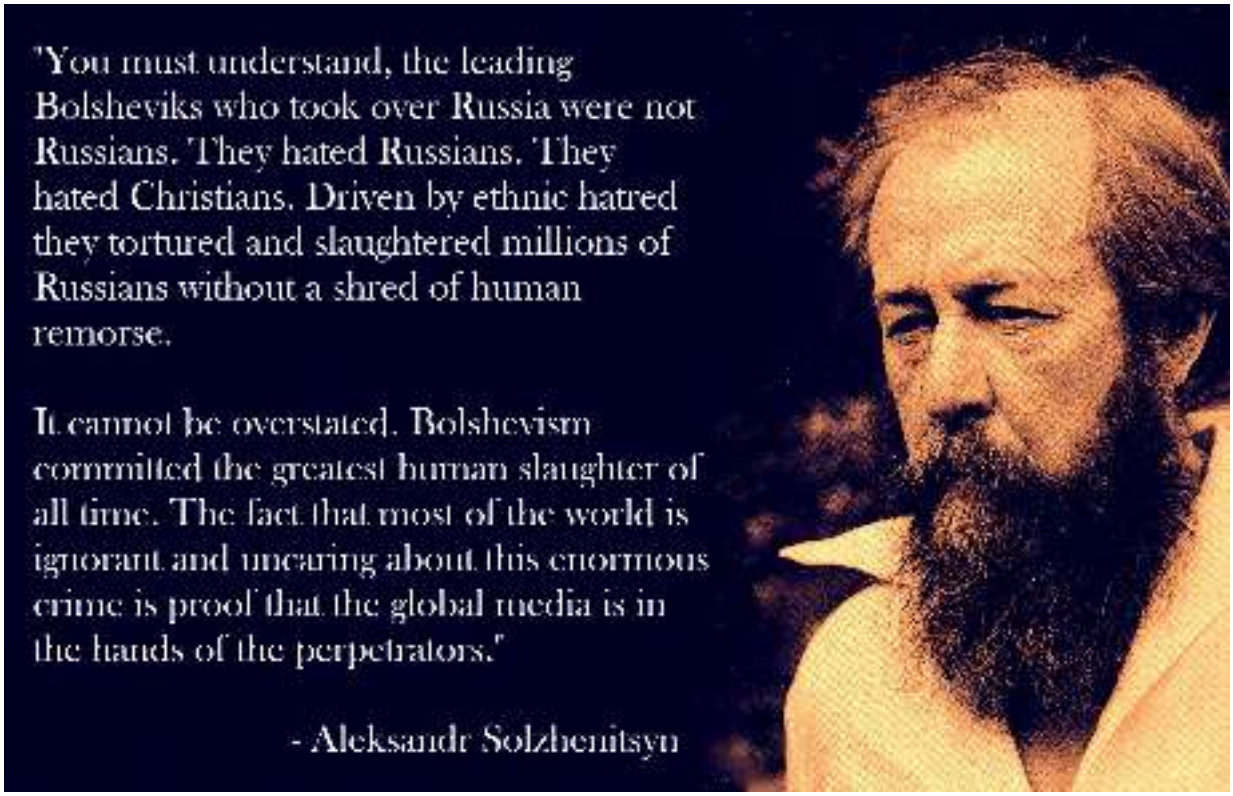
> In certain camps a polite procedure was preserved: The women were conducted to their barracks—and then the well-fed, self-confident, and impudent trusties entered the barracks, dressed in new padded jackets (any clothing in camp which was not in tatters and soiled seemed mad foppery). Slowly and deliberately they strolled between the bunks and made their choices. They sat down and chatted. They invited their choices to 'visit' them. And they were living, too, not in a common-barracks situation, but in cabins occupied by several men. And there they had hot plates and frying pans. And they had fried potatoes too! An unbelievable dream! The first time, the chosen women were simply feasted and given the chance to make comparisons and to discover the whole spectrum of camp life. Impatient trusties demanded "payment" right after the potatoes, while those more restrained escorted their dates home and explained the future. You'd better make your arrangements inside the camp compound, darling, while it is being proposed in a gentlemanly way. There's cleanliness here, and laundry facilities, and decent clothes and unfatiguing work—and it's all yours.

A system that made you fearful of helping your neighbor

> The mildest and at the same time most widespread form of betrayal was not to do anything bad directly, but just not to notice the doomed person next to one, not to help him, to turn away one's face, to shrink back. They had arrested a neighbor, your comrade at work, or even your close friend. You kept silence. You acted as if you had not noticed. (For you could not afford to lose your current job!) And then it was announced at work, at the general meeting, that the person who had disappeared the day before was . . . an inveterate enemy of the people. And you, who had bent your back beside him for twenty years at the same desk, now by your noble silence (or even by your condemning speech!), had to show how hostile you were to his crimes. (You had to make this sacrifice for the sake of your own dear family, for your own dear ones! What right had you not to think about them?) But the person arrested had left behind him a wife, a mother, children, and perhaps they at least ought to be helped? No, no, that would be dangerous: after all, these were the wife of an enemy and the mother of an enemy, and they were the children of an enemy (and your own children had a long education ahead of them)!

It's not an accident that Bolshevik communism was a complete inversion of the Gospel. It featured authority from below (the working class) instead of up high. There was faith in the man leader (Stalin) instead of the God-man (Christ). There was purported equality instead of divine hierarchy. And in the above excerpt, there was fear and avoidance of

one’s neighbor instead of love. Everyone was on their own in a little island, with few bonds to speak off.



A work of persecution

> I must explain that never once did this whole book, in all its parts, lie on the same desk at the same time! In September, 1965, when work on the Archipelago was at its most intensive, I suffered a setback: my archive was raided and my novel impounded. At this point the parts of the Archipelago already written, and the materials for the other parts, were scattered and never reassembled: I could not take the risk, especially when all the names were given correctly. I kept jotting down reminders to myself to check this and remove that, and traveled from place to place with these bits of paper. The jerkiness of the book, its imperfections, are the true mark of our persecuted literature. Take the book for what it is.

One fact that is absent from Solzhenitsyn’s three volumes is describing *who* was primarily responsible for the human tragedy of Russian communism. He did share that fact elsewhere, particularly in his book Two-Hundred Years Together, but for some reason it has not been picked up by a New York City publishing house for translation into English. I don’t think I’ve ever heard of a Nobel Prize winner not having one of his major books translated to the most dominant language in the world. We can only speculate as to why that is.

I don’t believe that an exact carbon copy of the gulag will come to the United States, but we’re already seeing shades of it, especially in the virtual sense on the internet. If the elites do lose the ability to control public opinion through propaganda, they will tighten

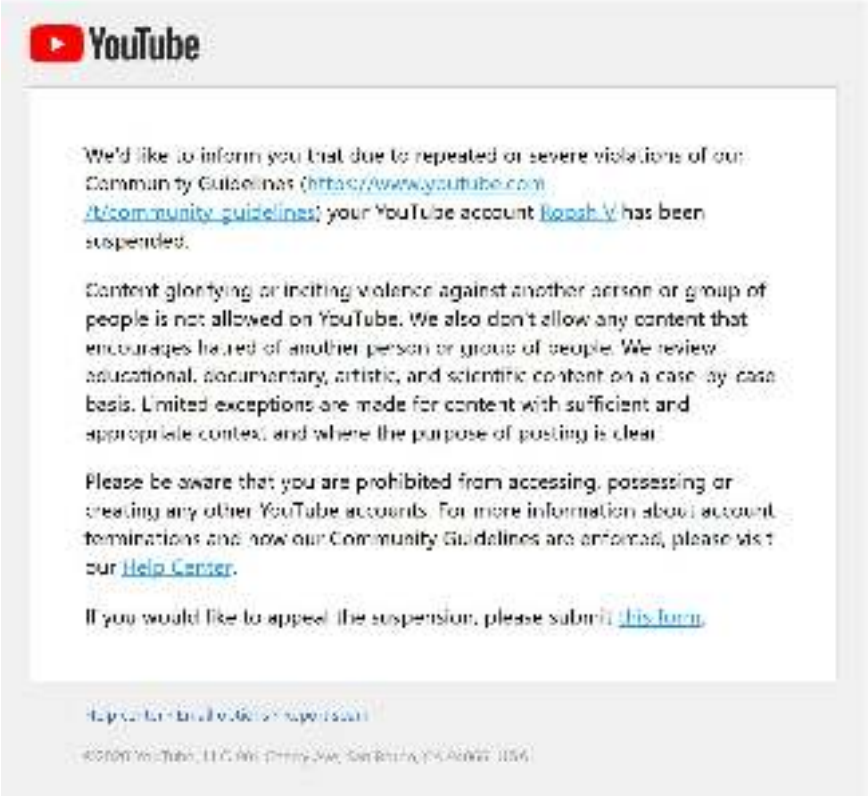
the screws. We must put on the armor of God, because nothing short of that will allow us to endure being attacked like the Russians were in the 20th century.

Learn More: Soviet Defector Yuri Bezmenov Accurately Predicted How America Would Decline

YouTube Banned Me… Now What?

July 14, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

On Monday, July 13, YouTube terminated both my main channel and Roosh Hour Clips channel, deleting all my videos even though I did not have any existing community strikes. They also deleted all my personal favorites and playlists.


YouTube

We'd like to inform you that due to repeated or severe violations of our Community Guidelines (https://www.youtube.com/t/community_guidelines) your YouTube account Roosh V has been suspended.

Content glorifying or inciting violence against another person or group of people is not allowed on YouTube. We also don't allow any content that encourages hatred of another person or group of people. We review educational, documentary, artistic, and scientific content on a case-by-case basis. Limited exceptions are made for content with sufficient and appropriate context, and where the purpose of posting is clear.

Please be aware that you are prohibited from accessing, possessing or creating any other YouTube accounts. For more information about account terminations and how our Community Guidelines are enforced, please visit our Help Center.

If you would like to appeal the suspension, please submit this form.

Since I don't glorify violence against any group, I presume I was banned for "encouraging hatred" (i.e. speaking the truth) about sodomites who groom children and those who worship in the synagogues of Satan. It seems that my coded means to discuss the current purveyors of evil was not enough to keep my account in good standing, and so I was banned like many other dissidents before me, including Alex Jones, Nick Fuentes, Owen Benjamin, E. Michael Jones, Rick Wiles (TruNews), Gavin McInnes, Stefan Molyneux, and David Icke.

Last night on DLive I discussed my thoughts about the banning:

I choose the e-hermit option

When I originally joined YouTube, I never had to self-censor myself. I could say whatever I wanted as long as I didn't promote violence. Once YouTube started partnering with Jewish groups such as the ADL, speech for everyone on the platform was progressively curtailed. Who is to say that won't happen to another platform that today advertises "free speech"? Chinese-owned DLive seems fine now, but no one can make any guarantees of its future direction. Therefore I will not spend several years building myself up on a site that will arbitrarily cancel me.

From this point on, I intend to take the path of an e-hermit. I will hunker down onto my own domain and forum and host as much content as I can, including videos. There are dozens of cloud providers for video self-hosting instead of the two or three video platforms. Even if I get banned from every cloud provider in existence, I will simply rent dedicated servers from one of hundreds of hosting companies and serve videos that way. It will be significantly harder for them to stop me now.

To defray costs, I can take up the fashionable idea of charging $5/month for access. Perhaps I will leave my podcast free but save videos for members, and maybe I can throw up some bonus content as well. I'll figure something out, but first I will begin work on establishing an archive for all my deleted videos (in the meantime, you can use Bitchute).

It's clear to me that we are only at the beginning of an aggressive censorship campaign. While it proceeds, I will get cozy on my own domains and continue creating content. My audience will get smaller, and my influence will surely shrink, but for those who have ears to hear what I have to say, let them hear.

Read Next: *The Goal Of Corporations Is Not To Make Money*

Roosh Hour #51 – Culture Rot

July 17, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

This is the stream that got me banned from YouTube. I talk about the shocking acceleration of cultural decline, what it's like not to wear a mask in public, Bill Gates' evil plan for the future, cancel culture, Christian persecution, and a lot more.

Listen to the above stream in podcast format or download the MP3:

Watch Next: *Roosh Hour #50: Black Lives Matter*

Most Relationships Built Using Game Will Fail

July 20, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I occasionally hear men exclaim how they successfully used game to find a beautiful girlfriend or loving foreign bride. They didn't need God at all to land her but a set of social skills they learned from a book, or merely the ability to purchase a ticket to Thailand, and now intend to live happily ever after. While a few secular men will hit the lottery and get lucky with relationships, most will find that theories of attraction and game are nowhere near enough to create and maintain a lifelong bond.

Game is a secular tool and therefore any woman you get from it will also be secular. The more that game "worked" on your woman, the more secular she is, and if you successfully used game on a self-described "Christian" woman, she may need to examine her faith. All secular unions that involve game or physical attraction are transactional, driven by temporary feelings of happiness, pleasure, and pride. Such a relationship may give you a high amount of satisfaction in the short-term, but those feelings will quickly change. The eyes will start to roam, the desire for something novel will grow, and the cold heart will move on to something more exciting, causing the relationship to deteriorate or end.

If you find a woman who doesn't have God in her life, no matter how beautiful or moral she may be, her thoughts, words, and deeds are being driven by a secular and materialistic foundation. She may give you pleasure in the here and now, and she may even give you children, but what happens when she inevitably gets bored of you or tired of being your wife? What happens when another man offers her a better deal that makes her believe she will be happier? Besides, how loyal can a secular woman really be? Outside of our loyalty to Christ, there is no loyalty among man, and what may seem like loyalty to you is really a feeling of resignation that you're the best she could get from sampling all the other goods on the sexual market. She stays with you just like how I stay with the car I'm driving—it would be too arduous and perhaps too expensive to swap it out for another. I'll deal with it until it completely breaks down, which in the secular female mind means "I'm not happy" or "I'm bored."

A devout Christian woman has loyalty to Christ. She wants to serve Him now and be fully rewarded in the next life for her faith. This means allowing her husband to serve as priest of the "little church" they created through the sacrament of marriage, to follow Him as she would Christ. She is not constantly looking for a better deal because there is no better deal beyond Christ, and she knows that a lasting union will aid in her salvation. Satan will tempt her, and she may make mistakes, but we pray that such a woman can maintain her faith and serve her husband as he serves her.

A spiritual union that fails is a spiritual battle that was lost, the triumph of evil over good in that particular church, instead of the case of a secular woman who just wanted to feel sexy or get attention from men who knew how to push her emotional buttons. For those men who found a secular woman, and are convinced that game will preserve the relationship, they will learn the hard way that only God can preserve a relationship. The temporary joy they are receiving will soon be exposed for what it really is—a fleeting transaction that resembles the buying and selling of stocks like we see today in a culture that promotes the constant swapping in and out of romantic partners.

“But Roosh, game really does work! I started using it and I got a girl!” Tell me about that girl. Tell me about her lack of faith, her lack of daily prayer rule, her lack of desire to serve as the Body of Christ in his Church. Are you sure your game reward is not a punishment? Are you sure that the social moves and tricks you learned didn’t thrust you into bed with a woman who knows even more tricks than you? Game is simply the exercise of becoming a bad actor to attract a bad actress—you will receive exactly what you are. So what if you lack confidence or are socially awkward. So what if you’re nervous around women and don’t know what to say. As a Christian man, put your faith in God to match you with a woman who is suitable for you and all your flaws instead of acting like a clown for the short entirety of any union you create through your own power.

When I meet a woman today, I’m nice, perhaps excessively so. I may slouch my body, smile in meekness, and not use any of the game tricks I’ve spent nearly two decades mastering. If she is a worldly woman, she will be turned off immediately and run into the arms of a man who spends more time at the bench press than bowing before the Holy Altar, who knew that she needed entertaining stories, a cocky attitude, and a t-shirt one size too small, but a Christian woman would not be turned off by me, for she will see me as a faithful servant of Christ. “He is like Christ; he is a man who will bring me closer to

Him. Lord, if this man is for me, let your will be known." And if there is no woman like this then I will exist in my little church of one, and serve Him alone instead of a worldly woman who, through ignorance or pride, serves Satan.

Don't believe all the men online who brag about their "perfect" girlfriends or wives. It's a simple matter to broadcast to the world how secular strivings lead to secular results. A huge part of the American economy is based on schemes, technology, and social networking platforms that cater to this very fact. Through photos or text, you can share the news of your hot girlfriend, awesome vacation, or expensive car. "Look at me, I'm permanently happy! And if you give me your attention, praise, or money, you'll be happy too!" Yet I'm sure you know someone who makes their lives appear fabulous online when in reality they're miserable. The lie here is "my life is better than yours" or "my girl is hotter than yours." If someone required strangers online to validate them, their life is not as good as they make it out to be, because a genuinely good life is validation enough.

The more someone publicly boasts of their "happiness," the less happy they are. They want people to compliment or praise them to keep their pyramid scheme of pleasure going. I did the very same thing with my travel efforts. I presented sex stories with foreign women in such an adventurous and rewarding light that many men wanted to duplicate my efforts, but if my sex travels were so great, why did I stop? Why did I renounce it all, including the lucrative writings that came from it?

The less game you know and have to use, the better. You'll still have to embrace your God-given masculinity, and you must possess the basic confidence and strength to keep your wife and future family safe, but you don't need to be outgoing, cocky, or smooth. You don't even need to be attractive beyond maintaining basic hygiene and refraining from sloth and gluttony when it concerns your bodily physique. I can't stress that the

more secular methods you use to “improve” yourself—and we must take self-improvement to mean “being prideful and falling out of God’s grace”—the more you will get a secular woman. On the other hand, the more spiritual means you use to find a woman, the more spiritual she will be, and before you start complaining that there are no spiritual women out there, the reality is that God keeps his best women away from those with weak faith. Develop your faith and you will meet more women while you practice that faith, and one may become your wife.

You can argue that I’ve internalized so much game that I’m using it without knowing. I am still adept at reading body language and maintaining conversations, for example, but the seeds of those skills were within me from the beginning, just like how you may have naturally-given social or intellectual abilities that others don’t. Everything else I’ve thrown overboard. All my lines and moves which I shared in my books are atrophying at a rapid pace, soon to be forever forgotten. I don’t consciously use game anymore, because I know that if I do, I will just get me the same old result of the past, of a woman looking for a man to save her existence when really she needs Christ to save her soul. Let the blind pair bond with the blind, but I am no longer blind, and only a woman who has eyes to see will be a match for me.

Read Next: *Game Is For Fallen Women*

Gay Pride Is A Form Of Child Abuse

July 21, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The following clip is from Roosh Hour #51.

Watch Next: *My Dream Of Jesus*

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Watch Next: *People Always Yell At Me For Not Wearing A Face Mask*

People Always Yell At Me For Not Wearing A Face Mask

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Watch Next: *The Shocking Decline Of Beauty*

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Watch Next: *Gay Pride Is A Form Of Child Abuse*

I Started My Own Live Stream Notification System

July 23, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

After getting banned from YouTube, I realized that I can't rely on the notification system of any platform I'm using, so I created my own. If I get banned from the current platform I stream at, DLive, I can easily redirect my live viewers to another site.

If you are based in the United States and would like to receive an SMS notification before the times I go live, send the text message **ROOSH** to **77948**. If you would like to receive an email notification, enter your address in the below form.

Note that this email list is *separate* from my existing weekly newsletter. If you're on that list, you still have to sign up for this live stream list to receive notifications.

If you are outside of the United States and want to receive a notification on your smartphone, join my Telegram app channel. Starting today I will only send infrequent notifications about new articles or live streams so you don't need to mute the channel. I also announce live streams on Twitter.

In the meanwhile, my old videos are back online. Click the Videos link in the menu bar or one of its sub-categories to browse through the archive.

Read Next: *YouTube Banned Me… Now What?*

Roosh Hour #52 – Acceleration

July 25, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I talk about the acceleration of civil disorder, public freakouts, the Brazilification of American cities, the Orthodox Christian view on revolution, the latest cultural absurdities, and a lot more.

If you receive value from my videos, please support my work by making a donation.

Click Here To Make A Donation

Listen to the above stream in podcast format or download the MP3:

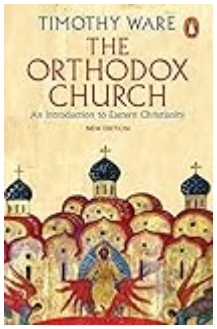
Here are clip highlights from my previous stream:

- Gay Pride Is A Form Of Child Abuse
- My Dream Of Jesus
- People Always Yell At Me For Not Wearing A Face Mask
- The Shocking Decline Of Beauty
- The Time For Talking Is Over
- What Happens When You Defund The Police

Watch Next: *Roosh Hour #51 – Culture Rot*

The Orthodox Church

July 27, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



The first book I read when I received God's grace in early 2019 was The Orthodox Church by Timothy Ware, which gives a brief overview of Orthodoxy along with its history. In hindsight, this was not the best book for me to read because of its dry, academic tone, but I received spiritual value from it nonetheless.

The importance of monks

> The monks with their austerities were martyrs in an age when martyrdom of blood no longer existed; they formed the counterbalance to an established Christendom. People in Byzantine society were in danger of forgetting that Byzantium was an image and symbol, not the reality; they ran the risk of identifying the kingdom of God with an earthly kingdom. The monks by their withdrawal from society into the desert fulfilled a prophetic and eschatological ministry in the life of the Church. They reminded Christians that the kingdom of God is not of this world.

If you need "evidence" that God exists, simply visit an Orthodox monastery or convent. You will see firsthand how people discarded their worldly lives, making vows of chastity in the process, to serve the Lord for the remainder of their time on this earth. Most people can't even quit coffee on their own strength; to successfully turn away from the world and all its benefits and rewards takes nothing less than divine grace.

A bygone Christian era

> Not without reason has Byzantium been called 'the image of the heavenly Jerusalem'. Religion entered into every aspect of Byzantine life. Byzantine holidays were religious festivals; the races which took place in the Circus began with the singing of hymns; and trade contracts invoked the Trinity and were marked with the sign of the Cross. Today, in an untheological age, it is all but impossible to realize how burning an interest was felt in religious questions by every part of society, by laity as well as clergy, by the poor and uneducated as well as the Court and the scholars. Gregory of Nyssa [in 557] describes the unending theological arguments in Constantinople at the time of the second generous council: *The whole city is full of it, the squares, the market places, the*

> *crossroads, the alleyways; old-clothes men, money changers, food sellers: they are all busy arguing. If you ask someone to give you change, he philosophizes about the Begotten and the Unbegotten; if you inquire about the price of a loaf, you are told by way of reply that the Father is greater and the son inferior; if you ask 'Is my bath ready?' the attendant answers that the Son was made out of nothing.*

We have more important matters to discuss today. Did you see the sportsball game yesterday? That hulking man really ran well with the leather ball. Did you see the TV show with the gay characters? Their idea of relationships seems so normal and fun. Did you hear about that woman who said something offensive on the internet and lost her job? Wow the world sure is getting crazy.

These days, it's as if we're trained to talk about everything *but* God. No triviality is too small for us to fixate on.

We were made for fellowship with God

> Humans were made for fellowship with God: this is the first and primary affirmation in the Christian doctrine of the human person. But humans, made for fellowship with God, everywhere repudiate that fellowship…
>
> […]
>
> If we are to achieve full fellowship with God, we cannot do so without God's help, yet we must also play our own part: we humans as well as God must make our contribution to the common work, although what God does is of immeasurably greater importance than what we do. 'The incorporation of humans into Christ and our union with God require the cooperation of two unequal, but equally necessary forces: divine grace and human will.'

You're an antenna meant to receive and send messages to God. Unfortunately, many people wrap themselves up in aluminium foil to block out God's signal, thinking that they can make it on their own.

God gave us free will

> While it is true that God loves us with an infinite love, it is also true that He has given us free will; and since we have free will, it is possible for us to reject God. Since free will exists, hell exists; for hell is nothing else than the rejection of God. If we deny hell, we deny free will. 'No one is so good and full of pity as God,' wrote Mark the Monk or Hermit (early fifth century); 'but even He does not forgive those who do not repent.' God will not force us to love Him, for love is no longer love if it is not free; how then can God reconcile to Himself those who refuse all reconciliation?"

A lot of the evil that exists in this world is from other men (and fallen angels) using their free will for evil ends. We're victims of their decisions, though such evil does not come from God directly, since he is not capable of evil. Of course God knew that his creatures would use free will to commit evil, but He must've decided that His love for us, in the form of granting us free will and eternal life, would overcome any evil we would have to endure from others. The fact that I was even able to develop faith in spite of the innumerable mistakes I've made and rebukes I've suffered is a testament to His divine wisdom in making the world the way it is.

Don't try to understand God's plan

> When St Antony of Egypt was one worrying about divine providence, a voice came to him, saying: 'Antony, attend to yourself; for these are the judgements of God, and it is not for you to know them.'

I've spent many nights trying to understand God and His creations. I was like a dog trying

to understand the thoughts, dreams, and desires of its human master, but the distance between a dog and human is infinitely smaller than between man and God. I resist questioning the things that happen in this world, even if they appear random. It has to be this way, and I trust God to offer a path to salvation for me and everyone else.

Female priesthood is forbidden

> If Christ had wished women to be priests, so they argue, He would have taught His Apostles accordingly, and the latter would have obeyed. The ordination of women to the priesthood lacks all basis in Scripture and Tradition, and after two thousand years we have no right to innovate in a matter of such importance.

It's frustrating that Christians attend churches with female pastors and leaders, especially when those churches claim to be based explicitly on the Bible.

Sex outside of marriage is forbidden

> Sexual intercourse is a gift from God, but a gift given for use between man and woman only within the sacrament of marriage. The Orthodox Church for this reason cannot approve of sexual intercourse outside marriage, even when a couple has the firm intention of eventually getting married; the marriage blessing is not to be anticipated. Still less can the Church give its approval to sexual unions between persons of the same sex. But in all specific cases of homosexuality we should of course seek to show the utmost pastoral sensitivity and generous compassion. 'A brother who had committed a sin was driven out from the church by the priest. But Abba Bessarion rose up and went out with him, saying: 'I too am a sinner.'

I've met many Christian men who want to have sex before marriage. They want the benefit of God's grace and eternal salvation, but don't want to follow His rules against sexual immortality, and misinterpret the Bible in all sorts of ways to justify their sexual passions.

Orthodoxy is old and unchanging

> Orthodoxy stands outside the circle of ideas in which western Christians have moved for the past eight centuries; it has undergone no scholastic revolution, no Reformation and Counter-Reformation, but still lives in that older Tradition of the Fathers which so many in the west not desire to recover.

I can't express how fortunate I am to have been baptized into Orthodoxy. My church has no female pastors, no gay flags, no church leaders flying in private jets or attending Black Lives Matter marches, no sex scandals, and no pagan idol worship. I don't have to worry about fixing my church, and can instead devote all my time into developing the faith, which is hard enough on its own.

Overall, I wouldn't recommend this book to new believers, since it offers more in the way

of historical facts than direct teachings of the Church Fathers. It would be better suited for those who are in a different branch of Christianity and want to know the big picture of Orthodoxy. Overall, it was a slog to get through, but it could be somewhat useful if you're thinking of becoming an Orthodox Christian.

Learn More: *The Orthodox Church On Amazon*

19 Secular Articles I Recommend

July 30, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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1. The NSA is creating a social graph of everyone on the planet [Link]
2. Once the cities are destroyed, the suburbs are next [Link]
3. The amusement park that closed down because it was too dangerous [Link]
4. Is China providing material aid to the revolutionary left in America? [Link]
5. Why does the app for Tim Hortons coffee shop track everywhere you go? [Link]
6. Covid has exposed America as a failed state [Link]
7. The Fourth Turning Is Accelerating Towards Climax [Link]
8. Are face masks safe? [Link]
9. The age of the Tiktok nurse [Link]
10. Story of the American robin [Link]
11. The Pandemic Road to Serfdom [Link]
12. What Happened to Jordan Peterson? [Link]
13. How Mass Media Shapes and Molds Society [Link]
14. Why Sexual Morality May be More Important than You Thought [Link]
15. Black Frankenstein Turns on its Jewish Creators [Link]
16. The Chinese Workers Who Assemble Designer Bags in Tuscany [Link]
17. “Trannies are the center of the universe now” [Link]
18. The secret battle to save America’s undercover spies in the digital age [Link]
19. The politics of taking down a Christian statue in St. Louis [Link]

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Crazy People Are Being Rebranded As Winners

August 2, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The following clip is from Roosh Hour #52.

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The Father Is Responsible For A Screwed-Up Family

August 2, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The following clip is from Roosh Hour #52.

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August 2, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Watch Next: *We Are Not Alone In This Fight*

We Are Not Alone In This Fight

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Protestants In The USA Have Given Christianity A Bad Name

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15 Signs You're A Dopamine Slave

August 3, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

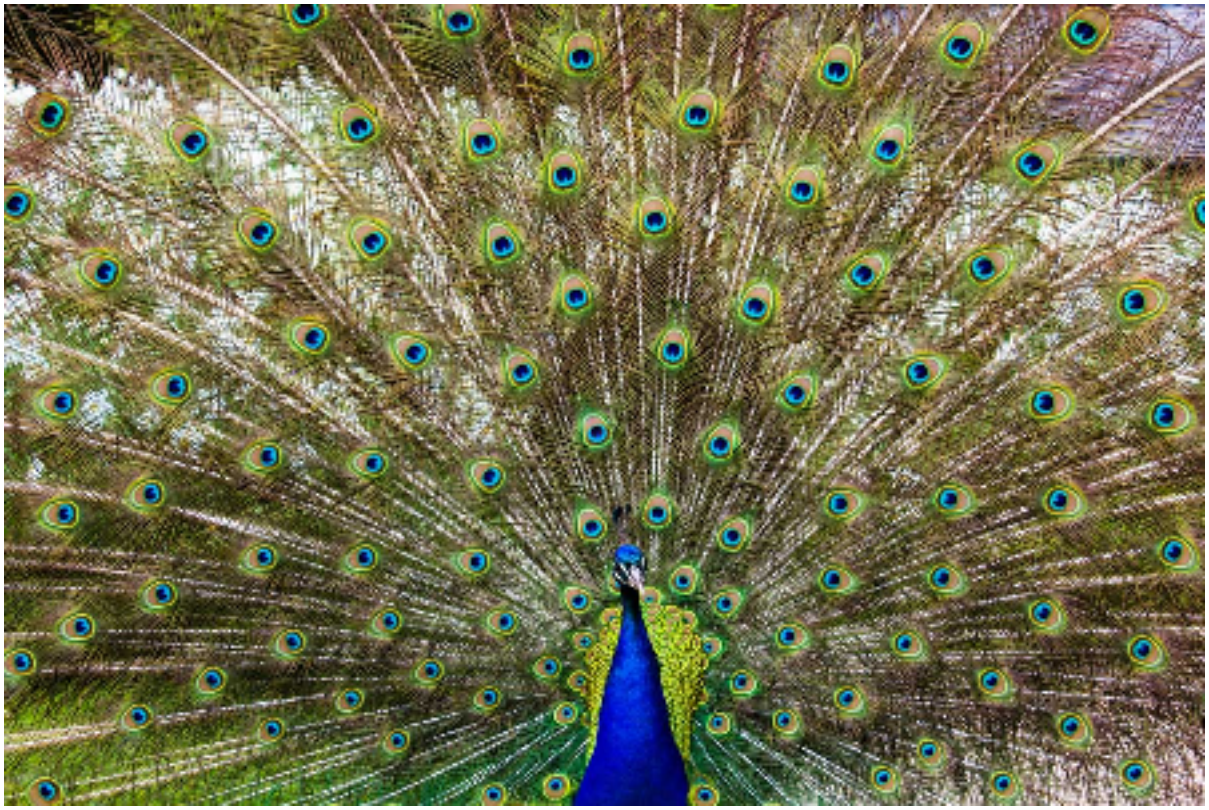
Dopamine is released inside your brain upon receiving pleasure. It's useful for experiencing joy when serving your family and loved ones while in communion with God, but it can become your slavemaster when pursued for the sake of pleasure alone. Below is a list of behaviors that people commonly pursue in order to feel transient pleasure via dopamine.

1. You drink coffee daily

Coffee is a beverage that elevates your mood and gives you a perceived burst of energy. If you do not like your current mood, and want to feel happier without having to commit a good deed, simply imbibe on this drug, and you will become a new version of yourself. Worse than the jittery side effects of caffeine is the physical dependency. Very soon, you will be compelled to drink every day, sometimes multiple cups a day. The master, the person who used his free will to drink the coffee beverage, is now the slave who *has* to drink just to feel normal.

Solution: Abstain from all caffeinated drinks. For hot beverages, only drink decaffeinated coffee or herbal and ginger teas.

2. You modify your behavior to be seen as sexually attractive by the opposite sex



A beautiful girl gave you eye contact. That feels good. Then she gave you her number. That feels even better. Then she allowed you to take her to bed. Paradise on earth! In order to accomplish these feelings as a man, you only need to hit the gym, get a cool haircut, dress well, have game, lie constantly about your intentions, and dedicate hundreds of hours per year towards transacting with the opposite sex for shallow ends while debasing your soul. If you embark on that path, women become the gatekeepers of your happiness, and you won't be able to be happy without them.

The same applies to women. For them, the mere attention from a man—any man—is often good enough. They go through the daily ordeal of applying makeup to their face, a substance originally used by prostitutes to simulate their appearance during orgasm. They wear tight clothes that reveal their sexual assets. If men gave a woman attention, she feels good. If they didn't, she feels bad, and she will go online in a rage to attack racist politicians or some other boogeyman hated by the media.

Solution: Maintain basic hygiene and don't be overly concerned with your appearance. Instead of seeking validation from humans, seek out validation from God.

3. You post things on social media and compulsively check for reactions

You post a selfie on Instagram and keep refreshing the app to see how many likes or comments it gets. You post a hot take on Twitter and reload nonstop to enjoy all the comments coming in. Every new response to your photo, video, or text feels good, even if it's negative. When your new piece of content garners few responses, you craft something else so additional dopamine can be released.

I have had major issues regulating my social media usage. I can post gibberish on Twitter right now and many responses will come in, releasing dopamine. I have made efforts to reduce my usage but it's still tempting to continually check responses. It would be a blessing in disguise if Twitter or YouTube ban me.

Solution: Approach social media the same as postal mail, where you only check your mailbox once a day.

4. You masturbate or fornicate

Nothing releases more dopamine than an orgasm. Your entire body convulses in pleasure and after a brief respite, you hope to feel the same amount of pleasure again. It's no surprise that most secular people are addicted to the sex act, and all sorts of industries have propped up to support it (porn, sex toys, contraception, prostitution, dating apps, etc.). Nonetheless, sexual gratification outside of marriage is a form of self-harm. Sex obsession turns your mind to mush, and soon your entire existence becomes about serving your genitals.

Solution: Chastity. You will need God's help with this.

5. You drink alcohol to the point of intoxication

Alcohol feels good because it turns off your conscience and allows you to be whoever you want to be. You can be a tough guy, a Casanova, a celebrity, a Miss Universe. Alcohol suspends reality so that you can create a fantastical world where you are more confident, beautiful, or intelligent than you really are.

For a brief period, I was still drinking alcohol after receiving God's grace, but noticed that it evaporated all my willpower to resist lust. If I was in a bar and had two drinks, I could not stop the lustful desire for the women around me. I concluded very early in my walk with Christ that alcohol is Satan's elixir, and should be avoided.

Solution: If you can't moderate your drinking, only full abstinence will suffice.

6. You anticipate eating rich or sweet foods

You’re having a long day at work and can’t wait for it to be over. You decide that you’ll treat yourself for dinner to a juicy burger and a big piece of chocolate cake. The anticipation of this meal is now your main way of getting through the day. What you’ve done is create a sham savior out of a meal.

Since foods that create pleasure tend not to be good for you, you will sacrifice your health and create a physical dependency, like with coffee or alcohol, to counterbalance the stress or pain of life. There is nothing wrong with eating tasty food in moderation, but you long ago crossed the line if you fantasize about food.

Solution: View food as nourishment, not sources of pleasure. The Orthodox fasting rule can help you with this.

7. You snack throughout the day

The presence of food in your mouth and the act of chewing feels good. You aim to extend this pleasure by essentially eating one continuous meal throughout the day as if you were a cow. I see this most commonly with women, who are quick to claim that “studies” show eating a dozen or so small meals a day is good for them, but a quick look at the research shows that this is junk science put out by women’s magazines peddling fad diets. On its face, it’s absurd to think that keeping your digestive system active for most of the day is correct.

Solution: If you’re an office worker who sits down all the time, eat two meals a day. If you’re a farmer or lumberjack, and need extra calories to perform your masculine work, eat three meals a day. No snacking.

8. You use online dating

Online dating could make sense if you use a site named CelibateOrthodoxChristianSingles.com, but Tinder? Bumble? OK Cupid? You end up spending more time on those sites engaging in the drama of seduction than connecting with your lifemate. You get attached to the act of receiving a match, texting someone, and coming up with witty responses (or put-downs). You may become a master of emojis, and you may occasionally fornicate, but you will remain single. Many people, especially women, use it as an alternate form of entertainment to receive fresh notifications that break up their day. It’s no surprise that they get addicted to the dating apps even when they don’t care to date.

Solution: Say no to dating apps unless they are explicitly designed to help you secure a lifelong partner.

9. The first thing you do when you wake up is check your phone

What a treat to wake up and have a text message from your sex partner, or a new match on your favorite app Grindr. With crust still in your eyes, you feel an immediate shot of dopamine that is analogous to a first sip of coffee. It's becoming common for people to place their smartphone on their bed and allow notifications to wake them up. The smartphone was once the tool to connect you to your lover, but now *it is the lover*. Chad cannot compete with Mark Zuckerberg and Tim Cook.

Solution: Turn off your phone when you go to bed and only turn it on after you complete your morning prayer and Bible study. If someone you know has an emergency during that time, they can call 911 (unless they live in Minneapolis or Chicago).

10. You love international travel

I would place international travel right underneath sex when it comes to the intensity of dopamine release, and since travel can aid in actual sex, it's no surprise that they go hand in hand. I heard of one man who was so addicted to both that he would travel to a foreign country, spend all his time there trying to fornicate with women, and then write a sex guide about it so other men can do the same. What a dummy.

You've probably noticed that the act of travel has become normalized to the point where something is wrong with you if you dislike it. Ask someone what their hobbies are and they will *always* include "travel" in their response. It's a normie activity because it's an easy and reliable way to release dopamine.

Solution: Embrace your place of birth and remain there. Chances are you've already traveled more than most humans who have ever lived. If you really need to go somewhere, visit a national park and let the mountain air invigorate you.

11. You root for a false tribe

You love the Dallas Cowboys. When they win a game, you feel a burst of pleasure. When they lose a game, you feel sad and have to seek out pleasure in other ways. You love Donald Trump. When he sticks it to the media, you feel pleasure, but when he is attacked by the Democrats, you feel angry. You love your anti-white revolutionary identity. When there is an outrage that cancels a “nazi,” you feel good. When you notice that truth still persists in the world, you feel sad. It’s a simple matter to establish an unhealthy relationship with a secular sports team, corporation, politician, brand, or identity so that you can feel good when your tribe does well and bad when it doesn’t.

Solution: Don’t look to corporate groups or worldly identities for happiness.

12. You are first in line to buy new gadgets

For many decades, two-blade razors were enough for a man's face. And then three blades came out, and then four, and then five. Five blades will save you! We're now seeing the same with technology. Two cameras on your phone are not enough. Now there are three, four, five cameras, and smartphones that fold! Phones packed with more pixels than the human eye can even perceive! And people line up to buy these products, thinking they are just one gadget away from material salvation. The purchase will give them a big dopamine boost, yet soon their life will return to where it was, but now with more dependency on the gadget.

Solution: Technology is harmful if it's distracting you from God. Aim to use it as a tool to serve Him.

13. You fantasize about the future

The present is boring, hard, and uncomfortable. It would feel good to hump my pillow in bed while fantasizing about sex. It feels good to imagine if I had more money to live in the coolest part of town. It feels good if I went to a party and everyone wanted to talk with me. All fantasies come to an end and then you have to face life as you are, no better than before your invented delusions. All pleasure fantasies that are oriented towards the future are harmful because they forsake the present, a time of action and submission to God's will.

Solution: Stop fantasizing about scenarios that yield pleasure.

14. You crave compliments and recognition for your worldly accomplishments

I banged a hot girl—compliment me! I got a new job that pays a lot of money—compliment me! I just broke my personal deadlift record—compliment me! I went on an all-expenses-paid journey to Dubai thanks to a generous benefactor—compliment me! My content went viral and now I'm some kind of famous—compliment me! When you receive a compliment, dopamine is released and you feel good. If you get attached to this pathway, you live entirely for others in the hopes they compliment you, and when people no longer want to do so, you become like a desperate drug addict who will do anything for just one more hit.

Solution: Seek out only the "compliments" of God through his loving grace, not the meaningless praise from worldly people who don't have any stake in your salvation.

15. You like putting other people down

When you're of the world, you also compete for things of the world. Every single interaction, conversation, and transaction is its own competition. Either you are winning all of these competitions, which makes you feel pleasure, or you are losing. A worldly person can only take so many losses before it bruises their ego, so they must imagine themselves as the winner in everything. I'm more attractive, I'm smarter, I'm a better deal-maker, I make more money, I'm more crafty, I make better memes, I'm more

conservative, I'm more authentic, I'm more cultured, I'm a better parent, and though I'm not stronger than that guy, I get laid more than him so in the end I'm still better. Every day becomes an exercise in maximizing the number of times you can say "I'm better than this person," all for a little dopamine.

Solution: The only competition to be won is your salvation. The worldly possessions or powers of anyone you encounter are their business. A Christian life will be helpful in reducing your pride and not judging others on inconsequential matters.

Conclusion

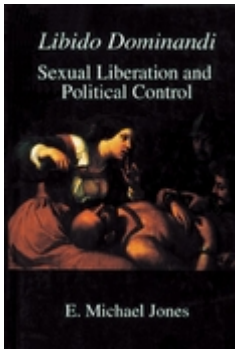
I've done everything on this list for sustained periods of time except being first in line to buy new gadgets. I was a man fully addicted to the world, and I would structure my days solely for the release of dopamine. With God's help, that is coming to an end. I still struggle with some things, such as my social media usage and anticipating pleasure from food, particularly baked goods, but I can say that I'm less of a dopamine addict today than I was yesterday.

Understand that if God is not in your life, you are not godless as you may think. Your god is one of pleasure, and that pleasure is biologically controlled by dopamine, a chemical God created for us to feel the pleasure of spending time with our families, of participating in the Divine Liturgy, of breaking a long fast, of helping the poor and the sick, and of enjoying fellowship with Christians in our community. Ultimately, it's for you to decide whether the chemical is used for good or evil.

Read Next: *15 Ways That Heterosexual Fornicators Are Identical To Homosexuals*

Sexual Liberation Is A Form Of Political Control

August 6, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



Libido Dominandi, written by Dr. E. Michael Jones, shows how sexual liberation is a top-down scheme of political control. What you think of as "free love" or "natural biological urges" is really an extensive plan by the elites to keep you obsessed and occupied with sex. In essence, our modern society is constructed in a way to maximize your lust so that you are too weak and distracted to fight a corrupt ruling class that is stealing your birthright and nation.

This book was personal for me since I was a "victim" of sexual liberation for so long. I bought the lie that feeding my lust was the path to happiness and fulfillment when the opposite was true. While I innately knew the thesis of this book, I needed Dr. Jones to put into words the mechanism through which I embarked on a life of fornication and why it did not pay off in the way I thought it would.

Below are my favorite passages from the book. You can also watch my interview with Dr. Jones about Libido Dominandi:

Sexual liberation is a form of political control

> A man has as many masters as he has vices. By promoting vice, the regime promotes slavery, which can be fashioned into a form of political control. The only question which remained was whether that slavery can be harnessed for financial and political gain and, if it could, how to do it. The best way to control man is to do so without his awareness that he is being controlled, and the best way to do that is through the systematic manipulation of the passions, because man tends to identify his passions as his own. In defending them he defends his 'freedom,' which he usually sees as the unfettered ability to fulfill his desires, without, for the most part, understanding how easy it is to manipulate those passions from without. It took the evil genius of this age to perfect a system of financial and political exploitation based on the insight that St. Paul and St. Augustine had into what they termed the 'slavery of sin.'
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> […]
>
> The Enlightenment appeal to liberty invariably led to the suppression of religion, which led to the suppression of morals, which led to social chaos. This meant that

> those who espoused the Enlightenment with any circumspection would also have to be interested in mechanisms of social control, since the erosion of morality which invariably accompanied the proclamation of ‘freedom’ necessitated it. Freedom followed by Draconian control became the dialectic of all revolutions, and, in this regard, the sexual revolution was no exception. In fact, revolution and sexual revolution were, if not synonymous, then certainly contemporaneous, and in fact, the latter was inseparable from the former. Once the passions were liberated from obedience to the traditional moral law as explicated by the Christian religion, they had to be subjected to another more stringent, perhaps ‘scientific’ form of control in order to keep society from falling apart.
>
> […]
>
> Morals meant the advent of tranquility, and tranquility meant the end of revolutionary fervor. Therefore, the state must promote immorality. Given man’s natural and inordinate inclination to pleasure, the immorality most congenial to manipulation is sexual immorality. Hence the revolutionary state must promote sexual license if it is to remain truly revolutionary and retain its hold on power.

The purpose of our sex-obsessed culture is to control you. From sexy fashions to pornography, all are meant to keep you in a permanent state of genital obsession. As you may have noticed, it’s working. Both men and women have sex burned onto their minds and shape their lives to fulfill its obtainment. Many men, such as myself, even uprooted themselves and traveled to far-away lands to amplify their sex supply. And what fruits were borne from this sex obsession? Did I improve my neighborhood or community? Did I focus on honoring my family or creating one of my own? Did I take a step back from material pleasures and focus instead on worshiping God? Sex became the primary goal in my life, and I sacrificed just about everything to get it.

The casual sex cycle

> Kollontai led the life of the quintessential rootless cosmopolite. Based in Berlin, she would travel from city to city and congress to congress using her impressive language skills to propagandize for revolution. Yet, in spite of her fierce and total commitment to revolutionary struggle, she would inevitably succumb to a loneliness which would drive her into the arms of yet another man for the consolations of love which she claimed could not be found in the family. The love affair would inevitably turn sour, leaving Kollontai longing once again for the freedom from attachment, which would quickly tum to loneliness, which is what drove her to the love affair in the first place. And so the cycle from loneliness and longing to bondage and disgust would start all over again.
>
> […]
>
> Life as a rootless, unmarried cosmopolite led inevitably to loneliness, which led to an affair, which led to an even greater sense of alienation after it was consummated, which led to a desire to be free from the chains of love, which led

> to more work, which led to more loneliness. Kollontai's new woman is a slave to her own passions, a slavery which is all more effective because she can never identify its source.

Is your life that different from this communist woman? You feel an ache or void so you seek a new sex partner. That keeps you dazzled with pleasure for a short while and then you're lonely again and lacking. You swear to yourself that you don't need anyone, and being single is just fine, but that doesn't last long before finding a new sex partner to repeat the process. Years go by, and all you have to show for your sexual "success" is cynicism towards the opposite sex and a cold heart that makes it that much harder to connect with the right person of the faith.

State-sponsored immorality

> Morals meant the advent of tranquility, and tranquility meant the end of revolutionary fervor. Therefore, the state must promote immorality. Given man's natural and inordinate inclination to pleasure, the immorality most congenial to manipulation is sexual immorality. Hence the revolutionary state must promote sexual license if it is to remain truly revolutionary and retain its hold on power.
>
> […]
>
> Lust [is] the force which keeps the citizenry of the republic from succumbing to the inertia of tranquility which is the fruit of adherence to the moral order.
>
> […]
>
> …the moral man is in a state of peace; because he is not in motion, he is, therefore, impossible to direct and control from the outside.

The state promotes neverending change so that you never feel like you're on firm ground. Your ship is tossed in stormy waters and you can only hold on as the elites thrust one more fad, trend, or crisis at you, which has the cumulative effect of disconnecting you from your land and people. You take on the spirit of a rootless traveler, or you become that in the literal sense. You have no place to call home, especially not the urban containment zones where you live to extract pleasure. You have no roots to cherish. Here's a new shiny toy or body for you to get temporary meaning from, and when you bore of that toy, you seek out another toy, yet that only kills the time, and you lose yourself totally.

Freedom to commit sin leads to slavery

> Once man is freed from the moral order, he is immediately subjected to the despotism of those who know how to manipulate his desires. This is the essence of the Enlightenment regime; not to prohibit, but to enable, to encourage motion or restlessness, and direct the flow of that activity by manipulating desire. This is the political genius behind a regime that is based on advertising and pornography and opinion polls and the other instruments which control

> ‘liberated’ man.
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> […]
>
> If morality is a form of repression, then reason is repressive, and if reason is repressive, then man can become free only by becoming irrational, but once he becomes irrational, the only thing that drives him to act is his appetites, his impulses, and his passions. But once man is driven by his passions, he loses all control of his actions. Thus freedom of this sort, as the ancients rightly saw, becomes a form of slavery. Those who advocate freedom of this sort are promoting, whether they understand it or not, a form of social control because the motive for action which previously lay in reason has now been replaced by the stimulation of passion. Those who control the stimuli now control the stimulated.

The big lie is thinking you are free or liberated when you are in fact enslaved. Most of Satan’s lies are built right into the name, and “sexual liberation” is no different. I thought I was a free man, living a life like the kings of old, because I could go anywhere in the world and fornicate with beautiful women, but if I was not able to successfully fornicate, I was unhappy. I would feel like a failure and less like a man, and so I was a man bonded to sex, not freed from it. If you have the lust desire, of the need to be with a woman outside of marriage, you are a slave, and very soon a worldly woman who is enslaved in a similar way as you will be happy to sate this desire as long as you sate hers. Two slaves, attached to the same chain of bondage controlled by invisible powers, and yet both think they are free.

The elite wants you to masturbate, so you masturbate

> Appetites belong to man only if he asserts rational control over them. If the opposite holds true, the man belongs to his appetites. Addiction is the only word which seems to convey this truth in our culture. And so just as Joe Camel can induce children to smoke, sex education and pornography can induce them to masturbate. Both are forms of social control, but only the former is recognized as such. The latter is invariably construed as 'liberation from repression,' not because it is so, but because the regime wants us to believe it is so. Unless passion is under rational control, it is invariably under the control of someone else, especially in an advertising culture like ours, which is based on manipulation. These are the only two options; either you control yourself according to the moral law or your passions control you in the absence of moral control or—and this is the modem variant on the latter possibility—someone controls you through the manipulation of your passions.

I have come to see masturbation as a foul act, a form of self-harm that simply feeds your lust and deepens your mindless attachment to non-marital sex acts, yet when I was growing up, why didn't I hear from anyone that masturbation was evil?

The first few times I masturbated as a teenager, I remember feeling a sense of guilt afterwards, like I did something wrong, but I ignored that and continued, because everyone else was masturbating and enjoying it. The magazine articles told me that masturbation was normal, a "healthy" way to "express sexuality." The masturbation jokes in the movies further normalized it, suggesting that if I didn't do it, I had a sexual "problem." The opposite is true: masturbation is the problem. I wish I had listened to my conscience in the beginning.

Casual sex creates guilt

> In the absence of repentance, the most common way to assuage guilt feelings is by transmuting vice into a political cause.
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> […]
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> Modernity means sexual liberation. Sexual liberation creates guilt. The only way to deal with guilt among those who refuse to repent is the palliation that comes from social activism. Involvement in social movements like the civil-rights, abortion-rights, and gay-rights movements became a way of calming troubled consciences. The relation between the liberal Left and the civil-rights leadership was symbiotic. The guilt which accrued from carrying out the agenda of the Left, which invariably involved some form of sexual liberation, was anesthetized by involvement in fighting for the Negro's 'freedoms,' which invariably meant some form of eugenic sterilization to weaken black demographics and the political power which accrued from it.

This point was so important that I wrote an entire article about it. The more entwined I

was in casual sex, the more I was an “activist” against feminism and the more angry I was at women who impeded my ability to fornicate. Once I stopped fornicating, the activism subsided along with the anger. I feel calmer now than when I actively meditated for tranquility.

Godlessness leads to social chaos

> Liberalism, by the inner dynamic of its logic, was forced to become an instrument of social control in order to avoid the chaos which it created by its own erosion of tradition and morals. Democratic man could not be left to his own devices; chaos would result. The logic was clear. If there is no God, there can be no religion; if there is no religion, there can be no morals; if there are no morals, there can be no self-control; if there is no self-control, there can be no social order, if there is no social order, there can be nothing but the chaos of competing desire. But we cannot have chaos, so therefore we must institute behavioral control in place of the traditional structures of the past—tradition, religion, etc. Abolishing tradition, religion and morals and establishing ‘scientific’ social control are one and the same project. As soon as the liberal cabal abolished morals, religion, tradition, etc., they needed something to control the passions of the masses they had just ‘liberated.’
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> […]
>
> The classical state must foster virtue; the revolutionary state must foster vice. The revolutionary can foster vice as a way of bringing down the classical state, but vice leads sooner or later to the demise of the revolutionary state as well, as the Soviets found out, in the short run in 1926 when they attempted to stem the tide of decadence, and in the long run when the Soviet empire collapsed for good in 1989.

The revolutionary state requires constant change to maintain power. Stillness may wake up the slaves to their bondage. Woman’s suffrage wasn’t enough, so then they pushed women into the workplace. That wasn’t enough so they pushed gender equality through the meme of “sexism” and then abortion. That wasn’t enough so they pushed homosexual pride. Then they pushed transsexualism. Soon they will have to normalize pedophilia. If we’re only allowed to molest children, they’ll argue, we will have our utopia and the world will be void of inequality and racism. The revolution never ends, and I wouldn’t be surprised if cannibalism is one-day promoted as having a nutritional benefit.

Those with the strongest desires and passions rule over all

> The general anarchy which sexual liberation brings about is a function of power. In the absence of morals, the rich will get away with murder because their desires are more powerful, and power in this context becomes the only measure of right and wrong. Either might makes right, or we are all bound by the terms of a moral order which is not of our making. There is no third alternative.
>
> […]
>
> Whoever controls sexual behavior controls the state. And he who controls the mores of women controls sexual behavior. That is the first lesson of sexual politics. He who understands that law understands why pornography and sex education and abortion and the government funding of contraceptives are all non-negotiable conditions for the current regime. Without them, they could not rule.

The ruling class is immune to laws. As you've seen recently with Jeffrey Epstein, they will cover up their heinous crimes and sweep it under the rug. The CIA will break all sorts of laws, and even attempt a coup on the President, and no one will go to jail. What are you going to do about it? Don't you need to get laid or something?

Pornography is evil

> …masturbation creates a world of docile consumers whose pleasures lead to ever-increasing addiction and isolation, which is to say, a simultaneous and ever-increasing dependence on pornography and the fantasies it generates. In the name of liberation, the consumer of pornography becomes progressively more

> isolated from all other human contact, including those with the opposite sex which normally lead to marriage and offspring and ultimately the creation of communities which enable the citizen a measure of independence and support. All of that is abolished by the sexualization of culture which pornography and masturbation promotes.
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> […]
>
> The promotion of masturbation is simply another way of foreclosing both life and love in the interest of financial gain, foreclosing, in other words, any horizontal connection with a spouse of the same age as well as any vertical connection with future generations. Masturbation is, in other words, the ultimate form of solipsism and, as a result, the ultimate form of control. Masturbation closes off intimacy to everything but one channel, the one controlled by the pornographer, where the masturbator can satisfy any fantasy as long as he has his credit card handy.

The elites are so desperate to maintain control that you don't even need a credit card to access high-quality pornography. The most hardcore of porn is available for free, and children are watching. Why is it that viewing such filth online is so easy but you need to show government identification to see a rated-R movie? Do you think that's an oversight? The earlier you can get a child hooked on pornography—and the earlier you can give them "sex education" in public schools—the more enslaved they will be to it.

There will be passionate efforts to solve all other problems under the sun, such as the dangers of plastic straws, before addressing the corruption of children and adults who regularly watch porn. Just know that every time you load up on a porn clip to masturbate, the elites are rubbing their hands furiously… "We got him—he's still masturbating! Let's lower wages even further—he won't even notice! Let us push a mandatory vaccine—he'll do whatever we tell him!"

Conclusion

Libido Dominandi was the last piece of the puzzle I needed to understand why I have lived a life of fornication and how to begin moving past it. I can't express my gratitude to Dr. Jones for being an essential ingredient for getting my life back on track. I strongly recommend this book to all men who can sense that the way our society deals with sex is immoral and damaging.

Read Next: *The Casual Sex Funnel*

Roosh Hour #53 – Women Are Lost

August 9, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I talk about the shocking behavior of Western women, demoniac protesters, the possibility of a mandatory coronavirus vaccine, tyrannical actions of American politicians, “The Great Reset,” and a lot more.

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- The Father Is Responsible For A Screwed-Up Family
- Nick Cannon Had To Be Re-Educated By A Jewish Rabbi
- We Are Not Alone In This Fight
- Protestants In The USA Have Given Christianity A Bad Name
- Why Is The World Becoming More Evil?
- Wearing Face Masks Is Feminine

Watch Next: *Roosh Hour #52 – Acceleration*

Why I Always Wear A Face Mask

August 10, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

You may be surprised to know that I constantly wear a face mask, even when I'm driving alone in my car. The reason is I don't want to get infected by coronavirus, and other than washing my hands two dozen times a day, the mask is the only way I'm assured of staying healthy. I'd like to share why I wear the mask so that you decide to wear one too.

I'm terrified of death

I have heard that all humans die, but I tremble at the prospect of death because then my entire existence evaporates at the moment I take my last breath. My life would be for nothing, just a random series of events that, in the end, served no purpose. As the logical nihilists tell me, death will be like before I was born, a void of blackness and nothingness. I would like to postpone that moment as much as possible, so I wear the face mask.

Once the scientists inject a coronavirus vaccine into me that will preserve my body and nourish my blood, I can remove the face mask and live just like I did before, which mostly entails seeking out as much pleasure as I'm able to obtain. By the time I'm old, I hope the march of transhumanism will give me the ability to live forever so that my consciousness will never die and the popular brain-in-a-vat thought experiment will become an eternal reality.

The honest media said the face mask is effective

If the face mask wasn't effective, why would the media, scientists, governors, and mayors advise me to wear one? Why would they lie? How does my compliance help them? You can't argue that they're coordinating and doing it for the sake of power alone, because that would suggest the existence of a methodical and coordinated evil, of which there is no such thing. Evil is an archaic term to describe a collection of spontaneous and biological decisions made on the basis of rational self-interest, and nothing more. Besides, it's not like in the future the authorities will demand I do more than just wear a face mask. Once coronavirus is gone, they will relinquish all their new powers and give us back the meager freedoms we once had, because they want us to live happy, fulfilling lives.

There are many dumb conservatives going on about how mandating face masks is actually a conspiracy theory to disrupt the economy and thwart the re-election of Donald Trump. Some Christians, who believe in the magic sky fairy instead of the fact of the theory of evolution and primordial soup of slime, say that being forced to wear a face mask sets the stage for the devil to arrive in human form. I believe they call it the "Antichrist." There is no scientific evidence of this! Until scientists who are sponsored and paid for by Bill Gates tell me that there is a devil and the end of the age is fast approaching, there is no Satan or anything that we cannot see. If a scientist doesn't declare something to be of reality, it is fake, period. Scientists are incapable of uttering falsehood because science, which constantly changes, is the ultimate unchanging truth. All truth comes not from God but the men with the most amount of money who can fund the scientists of the day.

I have actually encountered scientific studies that state there is no definitive proof that face masks block viral infections, but these must certainly be false because they disagree with consensus. How could the majority be wrong? It is simply not true that wearing a face mask to block coronavirus is like building a chain-link fence to keep out mosquitoes.

It must do *something* or else it wouldn't have been accepted by most of the population that rightfully worships at the altar of the laboratory bench, so therefore I will wear the mask at all times. Granted, doing so has put me in a permanent state of anxiety and reclusion, and I no longer desire to communicate with other people for more than a minute or two at a time, but that's a small price to pay to live for maybe a little while longer while in a constant state of fear.

There is nothing higher than human life

I think we can agree that, since we all have one shot at this meaningless existence, life must be protected and cherished. Once you die and your consciousness is obliterated, there is no more you, so don't you think it makes sense to adopt any measure that reduces that chance of death by even 0.1% in the middle of a disease pandemic that has a death rate of 0.02%? Since the mask must do more good than harm, and I simply don't buy the idea that wearing one blows potential virus particles into your exposed moist eyeballs, we must uphold the sanctity of life by forcing everyone in the world to wear one at punishment of state violence that may lead to death by police.

Now don't get any wise ideas by thinking we should also criminalize abortion. The right for a woman to party and make Tik Tok videos or Instagram Stories with a svelte, unencumbered body surpasses the needs of the unborn. When I talk about life, I only refer to those humans who have successfully exited the womb, not those who are still gestating and only vaguely human. Once we agree on what "life" is, and the scientists have done a great job with several usable definitions, it becomes a matter of science to determine who lives and can who can die, because it's not like the unborn are conscious. They have no soul as you have no soul because scientists cannot measure a soul with their powerful instruments. When a strong and independent woman aborts her unborn

baby, the baby probably doesn't even know it's being sucked up into a vacuum tube to be used in anti-aging creams, food additives, and future vaccines that keep people like me alive. So yes, when I get injected with a coronavirus vaccine, I will also receive "nanograms of DNA fragments" from tiny fetuses. They die so that I can live.

I see the face mask serving as a beautiful new beginning of eliminating death for the true living. I wouldn't dare suggest that we wear goggles and helmets and wrap ourselves in a protective plastic bubble (unless the scientists tell me that's a good idea), but coronavirus has awakened us to how dangerous the world really is. At the minimum, we should ban guns, since guns are solely used to take away life, but at the same time let's not be racist by attempting to defend ourselves against gun-wielding minorities and Marxists who want to kill evil whitey (I suppose evil really does exist!). Everyone is equal, but some lives are more equal than others because of the unequalness that happened in the past. Let us not stop the efforts of the mob to address the historical wrongs of white privilege and colonialism through righteous looting and shooting.

I like exerting power over others

I've never had much power in my life. I was never in the position where I could levy a command upon someone and they had to immediately obey me, but now that I'm on the right side of history—and it must be the right side since all institutions happen to believe in what I believe—I can accost people in public who aren't wearing the face mask by yelling in their faces, and no one dares to stop me. I have the moral high ground because mayors and governors have enacted ordinances, which I'm sure are constitutional legal, that mandate their use. I'm on the side of law and justice. I'm saving lives.

Let me tell you a story from the other day. I was in the supermarket and I saw an ugly

bearded man shopping without a mask. He looked like a Trump supporter and an anti-Semite. Immediately I went up to him and yelled as loud as I could: “Put on your face mask! You’re putting other people at risk! I’m immunocompromised because I experimented with my sexuality when I was younger!” He didn’t hear me, so I got even closer, and repeated myself until my voice went raw. He still didn’t comply so I ran to the manager. The manager found the killer—for that’s what he is—and made him put on a mask. What a rush! I exerted my will over him and it felt great because usually no one would ever listen to me. I’m so thankful that I have this power over other people to save lives. Who knows how many people would have died if the idiot didn’t put on his mask. It has gotten to the point where I so enjoy exercising my newfound powers that I go to the shops much more often than before.

Conclusion

I hate people who don’t wear a face mask. They represent all that is wrong with the world—anti-scientific viewpoints, belief in a God whose existence can’t be proven through infallible science, and the exaggerated concern for the unborn over people like me who are actually alive. These transgressors go around, without their masks, infecting untold numbers of people with malicious intent (the Black Lives Matter protesters burning down cities do not at all possess malicious intent). If only we could somehow get rid of these people, the world would be a better place. Until then, I will do my part in preserving and cherishing human life by wearing my face mask at all times and screaming at those who don’t while hoping they would just drop dead. I will give a big smile every time I make this world a better place by forcing a racist to put on a mask, and the only shame of it all is that no one will see my joy, because I always wear the mask.

Read Next: *Worshiping Comfort Is Satanic*

35 Christian Articles I Recommend

August 13, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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1. A century-old plan to destroy Christianity is coming to fruition [Link]

2. Teachings on pride from the Church Fathers [Link]

3. “Christianity and socialism strive for different things; they are as opposite as fire and water.” [Link]

4. The importance of obedience [Link]

5. The spiritual decline of America [Link]

6. Lessons from a 96-year-old nun [Link]

7. Through the sacrament of marriage you create a “little church” [Link]

8. Without repentance, we cannot be saved [Link]

9. When should you disobey church hierarchy? [Link]

10. Humility is saintly [Link]

11. “No system of man can eradicate sin and evil” [Link]

12. Five spiritual lessons from coronavirus [Link]

13. Saint Païsios: The Humility of a Priest who Performed Miracles [Link]

14. “Anything that can make our heart humble, crushed and able to relate with the God of mercy and every consolation is beneficial” [Link]

15. “A man has all his strength up to forty years. He can still dream, climb mountains, and so on. Then body parts start giving out; this means it’s time for him to prepare.” [Link]

16. “We have fewer churches now; but you must be a church of God yourself. If access to many holy places has become limited, become a holy place and a living icon yourself.” [Link]

17. A man called Jesus [Link]

18. The Hand of the Beast [Link]

19. “What began in Russia will be finished in the West” [Link]

20. Christians in Times of Epidemic, Then and Now [Link]

21. “The mindfulness of death is the greatest wisdom.” [Link]

22. Sorry, but your soul just died [Link]

23. St. John Chrysostom on the upbringing of children [Link]

24. Stories from Abbess Xenia [Link]

25. “The mentality of today’s Christians is completely distorted” [Link]

26. Church Should Be Your Excuse for Missing Everything Else [Link]

27. Why does church have so many old ladies? [Link]

28. A story of divine providence [Link]

29. Catholic analysis of the movie Groundhog Day [Link]

30. Catholics are withdrawing into a more traditional form of worship [Link]

31. What's the difference between humility and pride? [Link]

32. The signs of a correct spiritual life [Link]

33. "The most precious thing in the world is to know God and understand His will, even if only in part" [Link]

34. "If you do not feel pity for the sinner destined to suffer the pains of hellfire, it means that the grace of the Holy Spirit is not in you, but an evil spirit" [Link]

35. Guidance on the Jesus Prayer [Link]

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August 16, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Tomi Lahren And The Tragedy Of Modern Dating

August 17, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Every once in a while, a woman provides us with a public example that dating doesn't work. This most recently came from conservative Fox News correspondent Tomi Lahren, who proclaimed all that is wrong with men in a 15-minute video that has accumulated nearly two million views. In spite of her having access to the attention of tens of thousands of men, many of whom are rich and handsome, she has not secured a life partner. While she blames her failure on the state of men, her problem lies with using the secular strategy of dating.

If you're short on time to watch her full video, view this short supercut:

> Tomi Lahren says a lot of men are trash…
>
> Tomi Lahren is canceling men this summer… pic.twitter.com/55uodC3K0s
>
> — Yashar Ali (@yashar) August 5, 2020

I was immediately struck by the disparity of her feminine, doll-like appearance to her hostile, stern demeanor. It's as if you encountered a fluffy cat on the street that for no reason began to bark at you. If she matched her demeanor to her appearance, could she look the same as most card-carrying feminists—heavyset, short-haired, wearing problematic prescription glasses, and covered with tattoos?

> This is a message for all the boys who think they're men, but are actually boys.

What is a boy? Someone who is not responsible, loyal, or consistent. A boy just wants to play. He seeks excitement and fun instead of obligation. For her to utter this statement, and be motivated enough to shoot a video about it, she must have had a lot of experience with immature men she calls boys. But why? Why has she voluntarily cavorted with so many boys that she has developed an expertise in analyzing them? Could I ever have been able to write articles and books on "sluts" unless I had many dealings with them?

> All of my [female] friends are attractive and successful. They all have an issue with men. If all of these women are having issues then it might not be us.

She defines a successful woman as one who is in an expert at extracting material rewards from the visible world, no doubt aided by a team of expensive hairstylists, dermatologists, and personal shoppers. And yet they still cannot find a man, only boys. Could it be that the fruit of their worldly "success" is attracting men who are addicted to the fleeting things of this world as much as them?

When listing all the accomplishments of her and her friends, she not once mentions faith. She does not mention her spiritual journey nor her obedience to God. For all we know, she could be an atheist or a Christian in name only, because if you were following Jesus

Christ and went on to list all your personal strengths, or at least those things you strive towards, it'd be impossible not to mention Him. She surely has faith in the world, and in the beauty of her body, but from her video I don't see a woman who is seeking out a man of God instead of a man of the world.

I used to be a staunch fornicator who was obsessed with obtaining sex by the third date. For many years I got what I wished for. My sex life was exciting enough that I could teach other men to mimic my lifestyle, and yet much of my ensuing writing and conversations with friends were filled with complaints about women. Pursuing them in a secular way, in which God had not intended, gave me sexual pleasure but nothing else, and so I wonder if Tomi can see that her secular dating strategy is not only failing but causing her to develop a belligerence against men. She is receiving unbridled attention from them, and surely no shortage of dates, but what is the use of all that if in the end you're left bitter and angry?

Tomi has several rules that she wants men to follow. I've paraphrased a few of them below.

1. "Be single"

Men who are pursuing her are not single, and since this was her first rule, I imagine that it is a common occurrence. This means they see her as a side piece, a potentially erotic experience. These men are so enslaved to their passions that they dishonor their partners and eagerly seek to commit adultery. Whatever bait she's putting out there, the type of fish that are biting are the piranhas that just want to gobble her up for a quick meal before moving on to the next woman.

2. "Don't act like a pen pal"

She experiences endless texting marathons that go nowhere. I would guess this involves men who are involved with another woman. They are trying to warm up their new prospect until the iron is hot enough to create a brief window of opportunity that leads to fornication. Time is of the essence—they can't wine and dine Tomi on multiple dates, so she is treated like a backup plan, which is devastating to her since she sees herself as successful. Her ego then convinces her that the problem isn't her, but nearly every man she has ever involved herself with.

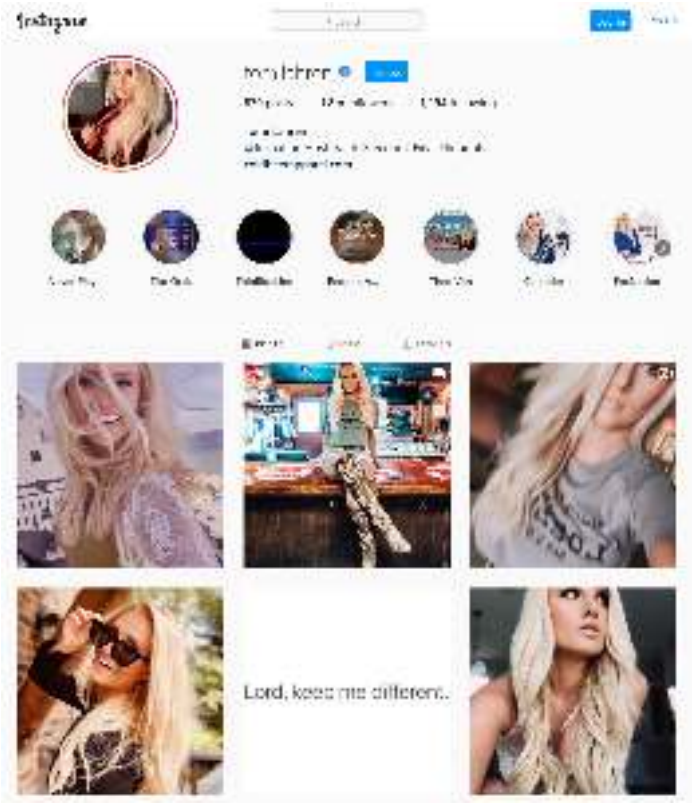
3. "Make solid plans instead of texting at late hours"

When a man is not invested into a woman, he won't care to make plans more than a day in advance. Booty calls and one-time hookups do not deserve advance notice. Even though Tomi is listing different rules for men to follow, it's clear that they all stem from the same problem of men who aren't serious about her and just want to get her in bed, either for sexual pleasure or for the novelty of sleeping with a celebrity.

4. "Be consistent"

Men are showing a burst of interest in her and then dropping off, perhaps after sleeping with her or after she states her demands of what a boyfriend should provide her (she doesn't say). The reason this happens is that Tomi has presented personal and aspiritual

qualities that attract fornicators. If a woman puts career above family, dresses in a way to elicit a man's lust, has an active Instagram account that amplifies that lust further, and wears excess makeup to simulate her face coloration upon the peak of bodily orgasm, she will not catch the attention of a devout Christian man who is the only type capable of providing the loyalty and consistency she seeks, and if she is attracting the Orthodox Christian man but still chooses to remain single, she is mixed up about the kind of man she truly wants.



My guess is that Tomi, despite possessing a high worldly status she boasts about, has not been able to secure the commitment of the right man who wants to become one flesh with her in the house of God. This is because she is announcing to the men of the world that she cannot be a wife who dedicates herself to the husband and home since she already has a husband in the form of a career, and a home in the form of a television studio.

> It is not just the guys [who live in certain cities]. A lot of men are trash. They don't know how to treat women. They don't know how to pull their heads out of the sand and pay attention… I think men have failed themselves and they have failed us.

There are some men who are trash. I was trash. I treated women as fleshy sex toys and saw them as a means to gain pleasure and feed my masculine pride while the women I dated saw me as a means of novelty and entertainment. Only one loving relationship developed in nearly two decades of secular dating, and that ended in a fireball of deceit and manipulation. Only through God was I able to break that cycle and pursue a life of chastity where I cannot complain about my recent personal dealings with women. When I was of poor character, I attracted women of poor character, and now that my faith has

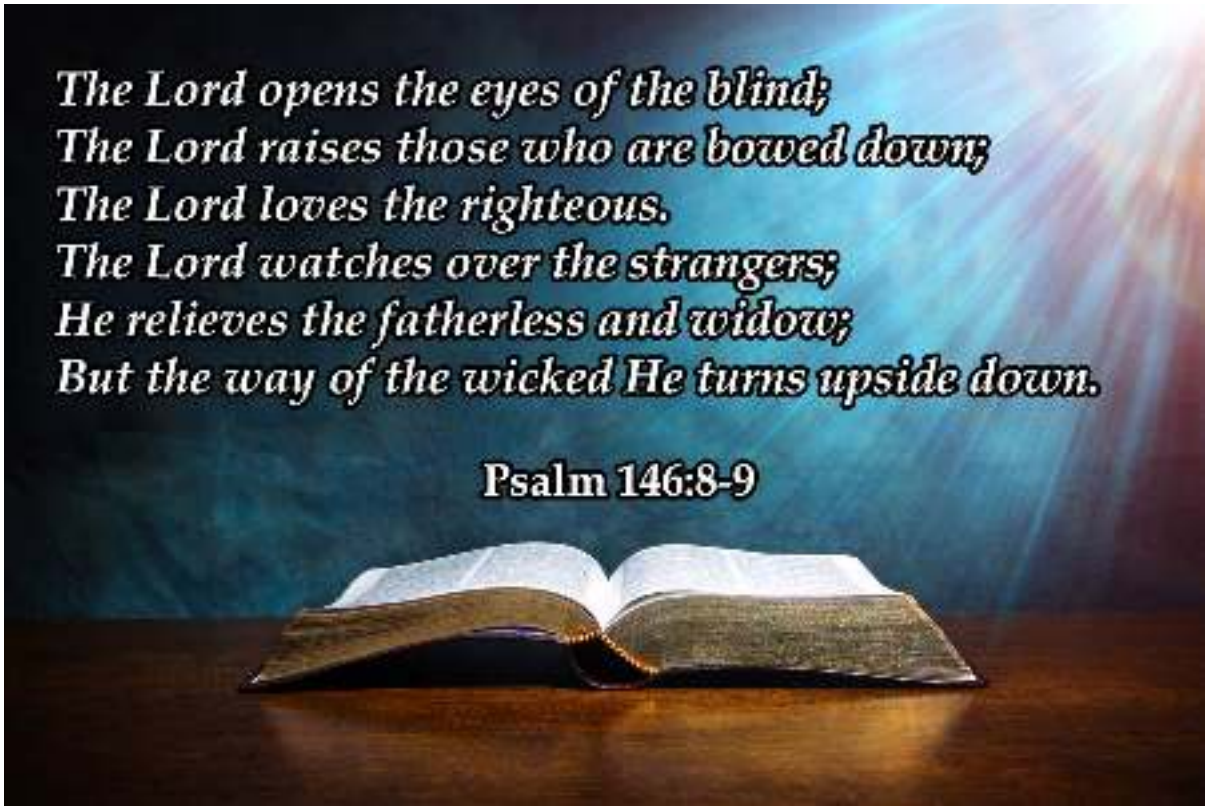
given me moral character, I also attract women of moral character. It's not rocket science.

Tomi Lahren supports abortion, an abominable act that seeks to terminate the lives of society's most helpless. If you're a woman who supports the killing of the unborn, what kind of man do you think you will attract? It's possible that she would never choose for abortion herself, but if that was the case, why support it for others? The only type of man who would date a woman who publicly supports abortion is a fornicator who is not of God. I wouldn't recommend such a man for your sister or daughter. Tomi is attracting her mirror reflection, and she is furious at it, yet that anger should be redirected from men to herself for boldly going against her Creator and the love He has for His human creation.

> If you want to mix in with people like my friends who are go-getters, who work really hard, who make their own money, who are talented, skilled, and ambitious, please don't mix us in with the [thots]. We take it as an insult if you are also talking to five other [thots].

If a man is pursuing you at the same time he's pursuing multiple women of ill repute, that says he sees you as a thot just like them. You share their characteristics, rituals, and behaviors. Those other women you call a thot do not call themselves a thot, yet probably would call you a thot. Every other woman but you is a thot although you're similar enough to them that men you interact with can't really tell the difference. At the very least, this should serve as a wake-up call for her to investigate the attributes she shares with thots.

She again refers to the worldly value of herself and the women she knows, not understanding that women prize material success and the stability it brings far more than men. Many times throughout her video she referred to her friends as having "something going on"—some material scheme or ambitious plot that is irrelevant to men looking to start a family. She also commands men to leave her alone and instead waste time on women who "haven't found themselves," insinuating that she herself is found and must therefore be treated as she wishes, not at all connecting that how she is treated is a reflection of her true value, not her perceived value, and that as long as we are far from God, we are not found but lost.



She doesn't help her case by frequently referring to texting and DMs, suggesting she is on her phone for much of the day, likely communicating with various men who want to date her. By announcing this behavior, she is going to attract the type of man who is also on his phone for much of the day, who lives in the virtual reality of photoshopped pictures and witty comebacks.

> Don't be a bitch. Don't be a bitch. Don't be a bitch. If you failed and lost a woman of value like myself of my friends, don't be a bitch. Don't be butthurt. You did it to yourself.

You may think this anger is the result of one bad relationship, but I see it as an accumulation of failures with men. She is at the age (28) where I believe she imagined herself to be married and living happily ever after, but men of the world failed her and she doesn't see it as her fault, yet based on her vitriol, she might as well have multiple divorces under her belt. These days, a woman doesn't have to be divorced for her to carry a lot of baggage left over from a robust dating history.

She mentions her friends yet again. This tells me that they are the enablers of her current behavior and world outlook. Instead of having a spiritual father, or at least an ordained priest to receive guidance from, she has a secular sisterhood. They cry on each other's shoulders after every failed relationship and reinforce the idea that men are the problem. Where is her father? Why isn't he arranging for her to marry instead of her arranging dates based on who she is emotionally attracted to?

> I do have high standards and high expectations. My friends too. Do you want to know why? We worked for those? We work hard, we're successful. We have a desire to be something more each day. We're not difficult, we have a baseline

> standard.

Who created the material standard of success that she follows? Certainly not Christ, for He told us to live in the world but not be of the world. I don't see her standard of success taught in the Bible, certainly not in the First or Second Epistle to the Corinthians where St. Paul gave lessons for women about conduct. It does not come from the teachings of the Orthodox Church or the Church Fathers. She learned it from the great deceiver, the father of lies. He deceives people into thinking that they are at the height of value because they are attractive and have money when in fact, due to their lack of faith, they are facing judgement.

> It will be a cold day in hell when I chase a man. There is not one single man on planet earth who doesn't make a woman feel good enough.

If a woman is chasing after positive feelings, what she's really chasing is dopamine, and the type of man who releases dopamine is the exact type she interacts with—fornicators who cheat on their girlfriends and string her along with low-effort text messages until trying to set up a booty call. The good man, who is ready to protect and provide for his family, releases not dopamine but serotonin, a hormone of peace and calm, feelings that modern women choose not to have due to empowering their disordered passions.

Conclusion

I wish Tomi had a spiritual elder that could tell her she's merely attracting the male version of herself, and that the value she perceives to have is opposed to securing the type of man she thinks she wants. I look at the type of woman I attracted during my pickup days and compare them to the women I have corresponded with since turning to Christ—they are a world apart. I forgot what it's like to have wild interactions with women with accompanying tension, disappointment, and anxiety that follows acts of illicit fornication.

If Tomi asked me for advice, I would tell her to repent and declare Jesus Christ as her Lord and Savior, not with memes posted to her Instagram but with the entirety of her heart. I would tell her to quit her job and remove herself from the hell-pit of career, fame, and money. I would tell her to stop dating and beg God to reveal a path forward that will save her soul and provide a family through which she honors God. Good can only come from God, but that means putting Him first, a hard decision for a woman who Satan is actively tempting with fame and riches of the world.

Christ clearly teaches us the kind of life we must lead while in servitude to Him, and until we embark on that path, we will encounter needless sufferings that redirect the hatred we have of ourselves due to our misconduct to those around us. If Tomi embarks on a righteous path, she will soon be able to recognize a different type of man, a man of the faith who does not excite her emotions but pleases her soul, because it's through this man that she will serve God and not the world. May God bless her on that journey.

Read Next: *8 Personal Defects That Allowed Me To Worship Fornication For 18 Years*

8 Reasons Men Should Live With Their Parents Until Marriage

August 20, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Modern culture would have you believe that a man should move out of his parents' house around 18 to mature and learn how to live on his own, but doing so will actually keep him in an immature state while teaching him how to live with the aid of alcohol, drugs, consumer products, pornography, and other degenerate entertainments. Therefore, it may be better for men, especially those who put their faith in Christ, to move out of the family home only upon marriage or to serve the Lord more intensely.

I fell for the "move out of the house" meme when I was 21 years old. Within a short time, I had sex for the first time and was throwing huge parties where I would get intoxicated and hope that I would have more sex. I was also able to masturbate more frequently since I didn't have to worry about my mother in the next room. In the meanwhile, I learned how to do the laundry, which is something any 10-year-old can master, but did not learn how to cook for many years since my disposable income was high enough that I could eat out regularly at Chipotle or buy semi-prepared foods that contained all manner of estrogenic ingredients.

The second home I lived in as an adult was closer to the Washington D.C. nightlife, so it would often be the meeting point for my friends before going out for nights on the town. I purchased dozens of various liquors and constructed a full-service bar, and I'd regularly bring girls back for fornication. The cost of these activities would eat up about half of my disposable income, but I considered myself a maturing man who was learning important things about being independent, when in reality the opposite was occurring. I was developing severe vices, cementing habits that offered no aid to my soul, and was becoming dependent on various corporations to feed me and provide me drink. Living on my own was not making me more mature—it was instead providing a more frictionless opportunity for me to sin at the cost of giving up my hard-earned money to various businesses while spending less time with my family.

Once I moved to Europe, and no longer had any roommates, I developed the habit of talking to myself while alone, along with peculiar ways of eating and working. In other words, living alone was making me weird, and any woman I met would have had to accept that weirdness if she wanted a relationship with me.

If you don't have faith in God, living alone seems great because it maximizes the amount of pleasure you can receive, but if you're Christian, those pleasures will separate you from God. Even though I'm 41 years old, I currently live with my mother, and I've considered living with her indefinitely because it allows me to work on my weirdness for the sake of a family bond. I do not participate in any activities that I need to conceal from her, and as long as she doesn't make noise while I live stream, she doesn't bother me much, but alas, her apartment is too small.

Unless your parents are obstructing your faith or insist on infantilizing you (i.e., you have a Mediterranean or Middle Eastern mom), I would be hesitant to move out of the house, even if you're up there in age. Here are eight reasons why you should potentially live with your parents until getting married…

1. You'll have less opportunity to sin

When it comes to fornication, compare the logistics of living with your parents in the suburbs to living in the city within walking distance of the nightlife. The latter situation will give a man the potential to score a ton more sex, all to his personal and spiritual detriment. When living at home, you will drink less, masturbate less, be in more control of your anger, and be less likely to develop the vice of greed thanks to a communal living situation. It's harder to sin when other people you love are nearby.

2. You'll learn about family life

As a child, we subconsciously absorb a template of family, and that can sometimes lead to bad results if our family often experienced strife, but as an adult, you can be more conscious of examining the positive and negative traits of your parents and how they impact the tranquility of family life. Your parents don’t have to be perfect for you to learn from them; if your father has a bad temper and an alcohol problem, you know that that is something you have to watch out for in your own family. If your mother takes care of all the cooking and cleaning, and you notice that it helps your father with his duties, then you can look for that trait in a wife. You will be able to construct a list of strengths and weaknesses of both your parents and use that for your own version 2.0 family. This is harder to do if you leave the home early before you had time to think of family life.

3. You won’t become excessively selfish

When you move out of the house as an immature adult, the focus is on me, me, me. Everything is done for your own pleasure, gain, and satisfaction. The world revolves around you and the only sacrifice you have to make is for your manager at work to keep your job. In other words, you learn how to master selfishness. You develop the belief that people must perfectly serve you just like how your little apartment serves your needs and genitals. This is impossible to do when living with your parents. They have quirks and habits which conflict with yours, and they'll repeatedly encroach on your privacy, making it hard to conceal secrets. You must therefore sacrifice and give—in the form of your patience and love—for their sake. In the end, if you can't figure out how to live with your parents, as flawed as they are, you may falter when living with a spouse.

4. You won't waste money on rent

People who pay rent to live on their own are flushing money down the toilet. Nothing is built, preserved, or saved through rent payments to a landlord. If you calculate the money you've spent on rent in your lifetime, that would have made a sizable down payment on a family home, but no, you had to pay rent because you wanted to party and get laid.

5. You won't develop weird habits that could turn off a reasonable spouse

It’s almost impossible to become weird while living at home unless you lock yourself in your bedroom all day. Any odd habit will be immediately checked by your parents or siblings, but once you live alone for a while, you will become officially weird in no time.

6. You won’t waste hundreds of hours performing feminine duties

Nothing was added to my being by cleaning the apartment, doing a thousand loads of laundry, or washing the dishes. These duties didn’t make me more independent or masculine, and if they make me seem more attractive to a woman, it’s because that woman doesn’t want to do the house duties ascribed to her sex.

7. You will participate in church life with your family

No one moves alone to the city to attend church more frequently, but when you live with your family, not only are you more likely to go to church, but you will do so as a family unit.

8. You will be instantly unattractive to worldly (i.e. bad) women

Women who have made a god out of themselves by living a worldly life hate men who live at home. *They're losers! They're momma's boys! They don't know how to clean like a*

'real' man! You don't want these women as wives. A Christian woman knows of the many traps and snares the devil has set up, and would value the man who is closer to his family because she desires a husband who will value the family that they can one day create. The best screening method you can use on potential female prospects is to tell them you're a devout Christian who lives at home (and voted for Donald Trump). If she's also a devout Christian, she will understand, because she's living at home, too. She will not want to sin with you, and knows that such a living situation makes it difficult to accidentally fornicate.

Conclusion

Ultimately, living alone is an unnatural state that is most fit for the holy hermits, for even the monks live within a community. It's best to either you live with family (parents) or you live with family (wife and children).

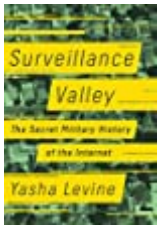
What have I really learned by living alone for over fifteen years? I learned how to trim my body hair so I could be more attractive to women, how to have conversations with myself, and how to gently kick women I didn't love out of my place, all things that were not spiritually beneficial and which I don't do today.

Satan would love for you to live alone. He will have infinitely more opportunities to tempt you, and unless you are with Christ, you will succumb to those temptations like most people who live in the city. Many businesses and corporations profit when you live alone as you depend more on them than your family, but by living in such a way, ask yourself what profit there will be to your soul.

Read Next: *Men Are Wasting Their Time*

The Internet Was Created As A Surveillance Network

August 24, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



Surveillance Valley by Yasha Levine documents how the internet was originally developed in the 1960s as an intelligence-gathering network. Once that network was perfected, it was unleashed onto consumers under the guise of being an educational tool of freely flowing information when in reality it's an educational tool for the government to gain free information *on you*. The form of the internet you see today is no accident—it was carefully guided and nurtured by the U.S. government through its university and corporate partners. While you do see some benefit from using the internet, the benefits for those above you are far greater.

What the government has tried to do through the internet is create one giant prediction machine. Rulers are desperate for a crystal ball so that they can become omniscient like God and quickly identify threats to their power. We are "free" to discuss many topics online, but our behavior is carefully monitored. If we are deemed a threat to the state, we will be discouraged or silenced. In the end, I must wonder if the internet really is a good deal.

Silicon Valley and the U.S. government are intertwined

> From Amazon to eBay to Facebook—most of the Internet companies we use every day have also grown into powerful corporations that track and profile their users while pursuing partnerships and business relationships with major US military and intelligence agencies. Some parts of these companies are so thoroughly intertwined with America's security services that it is hard to tell where they end and the US government begins.

The internet was designed as a prediction machine

> The Internet came out of this effort: an attempt to build computer systems that could collect and share intelligence, watch the world in real time, and study and analyze people and political movements with the ultimate goal of predicting and preventing social upheaval. Some even dreamed of creating a sort of early warning radar for human societies: a networked computer system that watched for social and political threats and intercepted them in much the same way that traditional radar did for hostile aircraft.
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> In other words, the Internet was hardwired to be a surveillance tool from the

> start. No matter what we use the network for today—dating, directions, encrypted chat, email, or just reading the news—it always had a dual-use nature rooted in intelligence gathering and war.

The internet's predecessor hoped to stop revolutionaries

> '…the computer system would check up-to-date intelligence information against a list of precipitants and preconditions,' writes historian Joy Rohde. 'Revolution could be stopped before its initiators even knew they were headed down the path to political violence.'
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> On June 2, 1975, NBC correspondent Ford Rowan appeared on the evening news to report a stunning exposé. Baby-faced with light blue eyes, he spoke straight into the camera and told viewers that the military was building a sophisticated computer communications network and was using it to spy on Americans and share surveillance data with the CIA and NSA. He was talking about the ARPANET.
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> DARPA ran a human radar project as well: the World-Wide Integrated Crisis Early Warning System, or ICEWS, which is pronounced as 'IQs.' Started in 2007 and built by Lockheed Martin, the system ultimately grew into a full-fledged operational military prediction machine that had modules ingesting all sorts of open source network data—news wires, blogs, social media and Facebook posts, various Internet chatter, and 'other sources of information'—and routing it through 'sentiment analysis' in an attempt to predict military conflicts, insurgencies, civil wars, coups, and revolutions.

The government may know you better than you know yourself. If they see you going down a road which may lead to revolutionary action (at least a revolution they don't

approve of), they will put assets onto you to modify your behavior. Or they will get their partners in the media to write negative articles about you so you cancel whatever masculine meetup you had planned.

Here's the internet—make sure you use it, slave

> …after two decades of lavish funding and research and development inside the Pentagon system, the Internet was transformed into a consumer profit center. Businesses wanted a cut, and a small crew of government managers were all too happy to oblige. To do that, with public funds the federal government created a dozen network providers out of thin air and then spun them off to the private sector, building companies that in the space of a decade would become integral parts of the media and telecommunications conglomerates we all know and use today-Verizon, Time-Warner, AT&T, Comcast.

It's a common pattern for the elites to profit while subverting you. It's not enough for them merely to get rich and powerful—they also want to *stay* rich and powerful. That means that you must be weakened as much as possible, to the point where thoughts about resisting their godless rule never enter your mind.

Silicon Valley companies (and therefore the U.S. government) know everything about you

> What does Google know? What can it guess? Well, it seems just about everything. 'One of the things that eventually happens… is that we don't need you to type at all,' Eric Schmidt, Google's CEO, said in a moment of candor in 2010. 'Because we know where you are. We know where you've been. We can more or less guess what you're thinking about.' He later added, 'One day we had a conversation where we figured we could just try to predict the stock market. And then we decided it was illegal. So we stopped doing that.'
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> […]
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> …these companies have turned our computers and phones into bugs that are plugged in to a vast corporate-owned surveillance network. Where we go, what we do, what we talk about, who we talk to, and who we see—everything is recorded and, at some point, leveraged for value. Google, Apple, and Facebook know when a woman visits an abortion clinic, even if she tells no one else: the GPS coordinates on the phone don't lie. One-night stands and extramarital affairs are a cinch to figure out: two smartphones that never met before suddenly cross paths in a bar and then make their way to an apartment across town, stay together overnight, and part in the morning. They know us intimately, even the things that we hide from those closest to us.
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> The US government was running a vast Internet surveillance program, hacking mobile phones, splicing into undersea fiber-optic cables, subverting encryption

> protocols, and tapping just about every major Silicon Valley platform and company—Facebook, Google, Apple, Amazon. Even mobile games like Angry Birds didn't escape the spy agency's notice. Nothing seemed to be off limits.
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> …using a specialized interface, an NSA analyst creates a data request, called a 'tasking,' for a specific user of a partnering company. 'A tasking for Google, Yahoo, Microsoft, Apple and other providers is routed to equipment ['interception units'] installed at each company. This equipment, maintained by the FBI, passes the NSA request to a private company's system.' The tasking creates a digital wiretap that then forwards intelligence to the NSA in real time, all without any input from the company itself. Analysts could even opt-in for alerts for when a particular target logs in to an account.

What surprises me is how many people don't mind being surveilled. If sales of smart home speakers like Amazon Alexa and Google Home are any indication, the average citizen is willing to give up all their privacy for the convenience of saving a few keystrokes a day. Techno-fascism is here in the form of an all-encompassing corpo-government alliance. It maintains an extensive social graph on everyone and is used to nudge us into the hands of harmful spiritual powers and principalities under the guise of consumer capitalism.

The only minor flaw of this book is that Mr. Levine throws out gratuitous anti-racist and anti-Nazi statements as if by compulsion, but that's a small flaw for the excellent research he compiled that explains how the internet was not at all made for our benefit.

Learn More: *Surveillance Valley On Amazon*

Basic Christianity Is Extreme To Those Without Faith

August 27, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A common argument I see against me is that I've gone "too far" with my relatively new Christian faith. Instead of following the clear teachings of Jesus Christ, I should instead seek "balance" with the "middle path" where I only moderately sin to "enjoy" the pleasures of life since I'm a "biological" animal with "natural" sexual needs. Needless to say but this line of argument always comes from non-Christians who are so far away from God that witnessing just a little bit of faith causes them alarm.

Last year while visiting with my mother, I maintained a basic daily prayer rule. She does not pray as frequently as I do, so she was at first startled by my behavior, explaining that no one in her immediate family prays like that. No one in her family prays at all, so yes, I can understand how my minimum prayer rule is startling.

I attempt to attend the Divine Liturgy every Sunday unless I'm physically unable to do so. I've been told, "You know, you don't have to go *every* week." I know, but if my church has a service every week, it's not just for their sake. Already, with just my daily prayer and weekly church attendance, I'm "very religious" to someone who lacks faith. Compared to the many holy men I've met across the country, however, I'm not even in the minor leagues of holiness.

To walk with Christ means to be concerned about your salvation. As Christians we are encouraged to sanctify our souls to prepare for the next life. This means turning away from all sin—fornication, lust, greed, pride, gluttony, and so on. I was addicted to fornication, and through God's grace, I was able to stop it. Masturbation is never acceptable, since it's a form of self-abuse, and I don't intend to have sex again unless I get married. "You've gone off the deep end! You've gone from one extreme to the next!" To the faithless, chastity is extreme. To men of the world, following the basic commandments of Christianity is fanatical.

I follow only the absolute minimum of Christianity. I'm not going above and beyond and I'm not inventing my own rules. Praying daily, corporate worship (in church), and avoiding sin is Christianity 101, and for people to attack that shines a light on the darkness they allow to enter into their own lives. If someone thinks abstaining from fornication is extreme, we know what they treasure. If someone thinks taking twenty minutes out of the day to glorify God through prayer is too much, we know the sort of distractions and entertainments that occupy their mind. If someone thinks spending two hours with fellow Christians on Sunday is excessive, we know how actively their worship at the altar of sportsball, brunch, hangovers, and gossip.

As our creator, God knows what is best for us. Through scripture He wrote the instruction manual for our lives and enlightened some men to teach that scripture to us. The only rightful balance is striving with all our being to follow it. The men who tell me to seek balance, to avoid the "extreme" of Christianity think they are in balance, but through their separation from God, they are in communion with evil and are facing judgement.

It's surely possible to go extreme as a Christian. Members of the Westboro Baptist Church attack everyone, even fellow Christians, through intense pride and anger. Other Christians distort the Gospel to state that God wants us to experience material blessings, and they end up worshiping mammon on a mad dash to becoming rich. Other Christians may call for violence against those who are not even obstructing their faith, and it's not uncommon for someone to invent their own brand of Christianity by picking and choosing which rules they want to follow, but as an Armenian Orthodox Christian, I wish I was able to pray more. I wish that I lived near a monastery and could attend more than one service a week. I wish I had a spiritual father who could help guide me through rough spots in life. My prayer rule and church attendance amount to only 4% of my total time, yet to someone who devotes 0% of their time to Christ, my feeble 4% puts me on the same

level as ISIS.

In the end, you're either falling towards God or falling towards Satan. If you look at a man who is performing the absolute minimum as asked by his Creator and think he's extreme, it would be worth examining yourself and the vices you hold tight. As the Western world descends into greater levels of chaos and evil, just a flash of faith will be shocking, a single prayer will be extreme. In such a world then maybe I really am an extremist.

Read Next: *Worshiping Comfort Is Satanic*

Roosh Hour #54 – Porn World

August 30, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I talk about the pornification of the United States, increasing civil lawlessness, hero of law and order Kyle Rittenhouse, the push to make a coronavirus vaccine mandatory, and a lot more.

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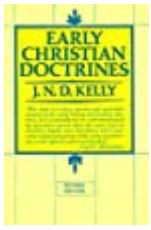
- Secular Trends Cannot Solve Spiritual Thirst
- I Do Not Consent To A Global Government
- Google Attacked Me With Sexy Ads While I Was Live Streaming

Watch Next: *Roosh Hour #53 – Women Are Lost*

Teachings Of The Church Fathers

August 31, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



When I first received God's grace, I was essentially a blank slate, with only a couple of preconceived notions of what it meant to be a Christian. To catch up for lost time, I began devouring Christian books. Early Christian Doctrines by J.N.D. Kelly was a part of my catechism. It details the shaping of Christian doctrines in the first few centuries after Christ. If you're Catholic or an Orthodox Christian, the doctrines and dogmas you believe were settled thanks to the Church Fathers the author details in this book.

Why does God seem different in the Old and New Testaments?

> …the Law of Moses and the grace of the New Testament, both adapted to different sets of conditions, were bestowed by one and the same God for the benefit of the human race. If the Old Testament legislation appears less perfect than the New, this is because mankind had to undergo a progressive development, and the old law was designed for its earlier stages. Hence we should not conclude that it was the product of a blind Demiurge and that the good God came to abolish it; in the Sermon on the Mount Christ fulfilled it by propounding a more intimate and perfect justice. (Irenaeus)
>
> […]
>
> In the Old Testament the New is concealed, in the New the Old is revealed. (Augustine)

I see much of the Old Testament as actions God had to take to ensure Jesus Christ would be born from the Jews and be able to fulfill the prophecies to save mankind. Judgement had to be faster and more wrathful against those who blocked His saving plan.

A priest I talked to also commented that the Old Testament is what the Israelites *captured*. God may have dealt with them through bountiful love, but since their faith was kept more in line through His anger, the prophets at times captured a stern God.

Should the Bible be interpreted literally?

> According to 'Barnabas', the fatal error of the Jews was to let themselves be beguiled by the literal sense of Scripture. What God really asked of His people was not bloody sacrifices, as the Law seemed to prescribe, but a contrite heart; not bodily fasting, but the practice of good works; not abstention from certain forms of food, but the avoidance of vices symbolized by them.

> […]
>
> [Augustine's] rule for determining whether the literal or the figurative sense was the more correct was that whatever can be shown to be inconsistent, if taken literally, with propriety of life or purity of doctrine must be taken figuratively. In a general way he thought that no interpretation could be true which did not promote the love of God or the love of man.

I take the New Testament literally, and have not encountered any troubles or mental blocks while doing so. The Old Testament, however, is a challenge, and I take instructions from the Church Fathers to tell me what I should interpret as metaphorical or literal.

The Holy Spirit

> The Spirit's role is indeed essential, for 'without the Spirit it is impossible to behold the Word of God… since the knowledge of the Father is the Son, and the knowledge of the Son of God can only be obtained through the Spirit; and according to the Father's good pleasure the Son ministers and dispenses the Spirit to whomsoever the Father wills, and as He wills'. Our sanctification is indeed wholly the work of the Spirit, for it is 'the Spirit of the Father Which purifies a man and raises him to the life of God'. (Irenaeus)

The Logos

> Before Christ's coming men had possessed, as it were, seeds of the Logos and had thus been enabled to arrive at fragmentary facets of truth. Hence such pagans as 'lived with reason' were, in a sense, Christians before Christianity. The Logos, however, had not 'assumed shape and become a man' in Jesus Christ; He had become incarnate in His entirety in Him. The Logos is here conceived of as the Father's intelligence or rational thought… (Justin)
>
> […]
>
> …he goes on to identify the Word as the Son of God. Repudiating the objection that there is something ridiculous in God's having a son, he protests that God's Son is not like the children of men, but is 'the Father's Word in idea and in actualization. It was by Him, and through Him, that everything was made, and the Father and the Son form a unity. 'The Son being in the Father and the Father in the Son by the unity and power of divine spirit, the Son of God is the Father's intelligence and Word'. (Athenagoras)
>
> […]
>
> The Word Himself fashioned His own humanity in the Virgin's womb; and if it be asked why He did this instead of creating some altogether novel substance, the answer is that the humanity which was to be the instrument of salvation had to be identical with that which needed to be saved. (Irenaeus)
>
> […]
>
> The Logos is our teacher, law-given and model; by associating with Him we lose our deadness and irrationality, becoming 'divinely possessed and rational'. He is 'the pattern of the perfect life', the exemplar of true virtue into Whose likeness

> Christians are transformed, thereby being enabled to participate in the divine nature. As [Origen] puts it, ‘Discoursing in bodily form and giving Himself out as flesh, He summons to Himself those who are flesh, in order that He may first of all transform them into the likeness of the Word Who has been made flesh, and after that may exalt them so as to behold Him as He was before he became flesh’.

The fallen Adam

> The original Adam, by his disobedience, introduced the principle of sin and death, but Christ by His obedience has reintroduced the principle of life and immortality. Because He is identified with the human race at every phase of its existence, He restores fellowship with God to all, ‘perfect man according to God’s image and likeness’. And because He is a real man, born of a woman, He is able to vanquish the Devil, into whose power mankind has fallen. (Irenaeus)
>
> […]
>
> All men, [Clement] teaches, have a spark of the divine in them and are free to obey or disobey God’s law, but all except the incarnate Logos are sinners. They are, as it were, sick, blind and gone astray; they are enslaved to the elements and the Devil; and their condition can be described as death.
>
> […]
>
> [Adam’s] only weakness was his creatureliness, which meant that he was changeable by nature and so liable to turn away from the transcendent good. Any blame must lie exclusively with his own will, which, though inclined towards goodness, had the possibility, being free, of choosing wrongfully. When it did so, the latent ground of the act was pride, the desire to break away from his natural master, God, and be his own master. If there had not been this proud satisfaction with self in his soul, this craving to substitute self for God as the Goal of his being, he would never have listened to the Tempter. And from this character of the first sin flows its heinousness. Trivial though it might appear, it can be seen on analysis to have involved sacrilege (through disbelieving God’s word), murder, spiritual fornication, theft and avarice. It was worse than any conceivable sin in proportion as Adam was nobler than any other man and as the will which produced it was uniquely free. In fact, such was its gravity that it resulted in the ruin of the entire race, which became a massa damnata, sinful itself and propagating sinners. (Augustine)
>
> […]
>
> We were one with [Adam] when he made [the choice to sin], and thus willed in and with him. As he expressed it, ‘In the misdirected choice of that one man all sinned in him, since all were that one man, from whom on that account they all severally derive original sin’. Sin is a matter of the will, and ‘all sinned in Adam on that occasion, for all were already identical with him in that nature of his

> which was endowed with the capacity to generate them'. (Augustine)

Adam feels close and personal to me, because it's plain to see how men in the current day are following women instead of holding firm to their faith.

Believe it or not, I originally got into game to land a girlfriend, but girls who hang out in bars and clubs—places I was frequenting—weren't trying to find a boyfriend. In essence, they said to me, "Roosh, I like you but I only want to have sex with you until I get bored, and then I will move on. I don't want a serious relationship." Instead of sticking to my original desire of a girlfriend, I immediately threw it away and followed the woman's desire for casual sex until I got addicted to it myself. It's easy for me to insult Adam for his weakness, but I was no better.

To know the Son is to the know the Father

> Hence anyone who sees Christ sees the Father, ‘because of the Son’s belonging to the Father’s substance and because of His complete likeness to the Father’. This likeness is no external resemblance, however, such as exists between man and man, but extends to His very substance or nature. (Athanasius)

Free will

> If God’s help is necessary for doing good and if the good will itself comes from him, it is equally true that the initiative rests with man’s free will. Chrysostom similarly teaches that without God’s aid we should be unable to accomplish good works; nevertheless, even if grace takes the lead, it co-operates with free will. We first of all begin to desire the good and to incline ourselves towards it, and then God steps in to strengthen that desire and render it effective.
>
> […]
>
> In creating man God did not subject him, like other creatures, to the law of nature, but gave him the unique privilege of being able to accomplish the divine will by his own choice. He set life and death before him, bidding him choose life (Deut 30:19), but leaving the final decision to his free will. Thus it depends on the man himself whether he acts rightly or wrongly; the possibility of freely choosing the good entails the possibility of choosing evil. (Pelagius)
>
> […]
>
> Man’s free will is most completely itself when it is in most complete subjection to God, for true liberty consists in Christ’s service. (Augustine)

The Council Of Arausiacum

> It is sufficient to note that at the council of Arausiacum (529 AD) the following propositions were established: (a) As a result of Adam's transgression both death and sin have passed to all his descendants; (b) man's free will has consequently been so distorted and weakened that he cannot now believe in, much less love, God unless prompted and assisted thereto by grace; (c) the saints of the Old Testament owed their merits solely to grace and not to the possession of any natural good; (d) the grace of baptism enables all Christians, with the help and co-operation of Christ, to accomplish the duties necessary for salvation, provided they make the appropriate efforts; (e) predestination to evil is to be anathematized with detestation; and (f) in every good action the first impulse comes from God, and it is this impulse which instigates us to seek baptism and, still aided by Him, to fulfill our duties.

Many people online have criticized my turn to God, claiming that it's an "act" or "fake" because it happened so suddenly, but grace is indeed sudden. Grace is transformation. Overnight, your heart can be changed. The old me would probably comment that my transformation is fake as well, since I didn't know grace, and believed that transformations can only occur after a prolonged period of human effort and time, such as building muscles in a gym or losing a lot of weight. If you don't believe in grace, you cannot possibly understand how someone can change so quickly.

Saving work of Jesus Christ

> When Adam was created, he was of course righteous, and a mediator was not needed. But when sin placed a wide gulf between mankind and God, a mediator was called for Who was unique in being born, in living and in being slain without sin, in order that we might be reconciled to God and brought by the resurrection of the flesh to eternal life. Thus through God's humility human pride was rebuked and healed, and man was shown how far he had departed from God, since the incarnation of God was required for his restoration. (Augustine)
>
> […]
>
> Now that the Lamb, foreshadowed of old in types, is led to the slaughter as a spotless sacrifice for all in order to do away with the sin of the world, to overthrow the destroyer of mankind, to annihilate death by dying for all, to rid us of he curse which lay upon us… For when we were guilty of many sins, and for that reason were liable to death and corruption, the Father gave His Son as a ransom, once for all… For we were all in Christ, Who died on our account and in our stead and rose again. But sin being destroyed, how could it be that Death, which springs from sin, should not be destroyed as well. (Cyril)
>
> […]
>
> If in the Person of Christ one did prove able, by His death, to offer satisfaction on

> behalf of all, that was because His dignity and status (i.e. the fact He was very God) so far exceeded the dignity and status of all those whom He was saving taken together. Since He was God incarnate, precious beyond all human valuing, the offering made with His blood was abundantly sufficient to redeem the whole world. (Cyril)

Body and blood of Christ

> Theodore of Mopsuestia argued very similarly that 'He did not say, "this is the symbol of my body", and, "This is the symbol of my blood", but, "This is my body and my blood", thereby instructing us not to look to nature of the oblations, for that has been changed, by the eucharistic prayer, into flesh and blood'.
>
> […]
>
> Cyril of Jerusalem argues that we become 'of one body and one blood with Christ', citing 1 Cor. 11:23-25 to prove his point; for since He Himself has said, 'This is my body, this is my blood', who can doubt that the bread and the wine are truly His body and blood?

The Blessed Mother and virginity

> [He] argued that Eve, while still a virgin, had proved disobedient and so became the cause of death both for herself and for all mankind, but Mary, also a virgin, obeyed and became the cause of salvation both for herself and for all mankind. 'Thus, as the human race was bound fast to death through a virgin, so through a virgin it was saved.' (Irenaeus)
>
> […]
>
> It was indeed Mary and her virginity, according to Gregory [of Nyssa], that finally halted the long reign of death.

Conclusion

Early Christian Doctrines is an accidental book on Orthodox Christianity, which has not changed substantially from the days of early Christianity. While the teachings in this book are scattered and do include discussions of long-since-corrected heresies, most of it does not conflict with my faith today as an Armenian Orthodox Christian. This is not an easy book to read because of its academic tone, but I recommend it if you aim to understand how the beliefs and faith you hold dear were elucidated over the ages.

Learn More: *Early Christian Doctrines by J.N.D. Kelly On Amazon*

Why I Don’t Trust American Dentists

September 3, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Due to living abroad for over a decade, I’ve been to dentists in half a dozen countries. From my cumulative worldwide experience, I can proclaim that my worst dealings with dentists have occurred in the United States. American dentists are overly aggressive with treatment and have practices that I believe are more likely to harm your long-term health.

I had a serious problem with cavities until adulthood, which I attribute to a combination of bad teeth genes and high sugar intake. Even as a young adult, I would dread going to the dentist because I would have a “small” cavity every other visit, often multiple small cavities. The response was always to drill—the sooner the better.

I remember one visit when a dentist found seven small cavities at once, including a couple of “microcavities.” I think he needed a microscope to see them. I had no teeth pain or discomfort from these cavities, yet he wanted to drill and fill them all over the course of two visits. Foolishly, I consented.

The dentist used a different kind of drill that I hadn’t experienced before—my entire head felt like it was vibrating. A week later, I developed a massive migraine that would randomly come and go. Not connecting the migraine to my dental treatment, I thought I had a brain tumor and would soon die. The migraine eventually went away but it had caused me a lot of anxiety. I later read numerous reports online from other patients that had also experienced headaches after receiving dental work.

Before leaving for Europe in 2010, I received recommendations from two American dentists to crown my back teeth. If I didn’t do so, I was told, the teeth may suddenly go bad and require “emergency” treatment. By this point, the only emergency I had with my teeth was the migraine caused by aggressive treatment, so I passed on the recommendation.

I moved to Europe and noticed that their dentists were different: they never X-rayed my mouth… not in the eight years I lived on the continent. A couple of times I asked why and they’d say, “We don’t do X-rays unless something is wrong because it exposes you to radiation.” Let’s compare that to America, where they insist on a *yearly* X-ray. Some want to X-ray you every six months!

Panorama X-ray

Let’s put a yearly X-ray through the smell test. If you live to the age of 85, that means it’s recommended protocol in America for you to receive approximately 70 X-rays within the small confines of your mouth (starting from when you’re an adolescent). How does that seem even remotely sensible? And don’t give me the bologna that it’s a “tiny amount of radiation.” If it’s going through your flesh to reveal a picture of your bone, it’s too much radiation. If you have to wear a ten-pound lead apron, and the dental assistant has to leave the room when the X-ray is taken, it’s too much radiation.

But wait, there’s more. Not satisfied at X-raying your mouth once a year, American dentists have recently started pushing the “panorama X-ray” of the entire lower half of your skull that requires an even higher dose of radiation. The reason as told to me? “To make sure everything is okay and you don’t have any tumors.” So they use the fear of cancer to convince you to get more X-rays which can cause tumors! And of course this X-ray is very expensive (around $250). It’s another income stream for them. By the time you reach the end of your long life (made less likely by their X-rays), an American dentist will hit you with **up to 100 X-rays**. How is this at all justifiable?

The second thing I noticed about European dentists is they’re not eager to drill healthy teeth. Whenever I had a small cavity, they’d say, “Let’s watch it, but you don’t have to do anything right now.” American dentists, on the other hand, sternly recommend immediate action. Drill, baby, drill! That healthy segment of tooth around the cavity must go (to help set the filling). And they use scare tactics to get you to agree, by saying that it could go “deeper” and cause “bigger problems” down the line, maybe even requiring a root canal, a controversial procedure.

Perhaps you’re wondering, “How did the European dentists treat you without X-rays?” With the eyes that God gave them! They would do all their treatment with eye vision only. That’s not enough, you may say. Well, in the near-decade I lived in Europe, I have not had one major tooth problem. I actually came to enjoy going to the dentist, because it would leave my teeth squeaky clean, and by squeaky clean I mean totally eradicating my

mouth's natural microbiome. And what about those crowns I needed in my back teeth, that would cause an "emergency" upon failure? Ten years later and they're fine! Let's hope for another ten years!

Last year, I moved back to the United States and made an appointment with an American dental office. I arrived to my appointment and immediately they wanted to give me multiple X-rays, both panoramic and bite-wing. I said, "I rather not. You can just use your eyes to see if there's a problem."

"We need to take X-rays so we can see what's going on," the dental associate said. "It's standard policy."

"But I don't want X-rays. I don't want the radiation."

"It's also a liability issue. If you have a condition, and we don't diagnose it, you could sue us. There may be something wrong that we can't see." Again with the fear tactic, but what does their fear of getting sued have to do with my health? It was clear to me that the X-ray policy is driven more by money than matters of health.

I said, "I waive all liability for you. I just want you to scrape the plaque. I don't have any problems."

"We can't treat new patients without an X-ray. If you have a previous X-ray from another dentist, we can accept that."

I didn't want the X-ray, but now I'm thinking that I'll have to go through this silly charade anywhere I go. Well, I haven't had an X-ray in a decade—maybe this X-ray won't give me cancer after all. I relented, more out of laziness to make another appointment with a different dentist. Besides, this dentist got great reviews online.

I got zapped with the X-rays and then the dentist came to do his work. I must say he was quite professional. He made sure I was comfortable and the background office music was soothing.

"Everything looks good," he said. "Only one issue is you have a cracked filling that I recommend you repair."

"Would you have to drill healthy teeth to repair it?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Then I rather not."

"It's better for the strength of the tooth. I recommend you do that." Drill, baby, drill! My first visit back and they're already coming at me with the X-ray and the drill!

"Maybe next month," I said, politely. The next month came and, of course, I did not make the appointment.

I went back to him for a cleaning about eight months later and told him with a smile that the chipped filling is holding up just fine. He tried to X-ray me again but I declined. After the cleaning, I stated that I didn't want any more X-rays unless I was experiencing a problem. He told me that he could no longer treat me, and stated that he doubts any other dentist would treat me either. This is the first time in my life that I've been refused medical care.

I have better dealings with car mechanics than dentists. An honest mechanic will tell you to keep driving a car if the engine is making a little noise, but a dishonest one may insist on a complete rebuild. American dentists never have a wait-and-see attitude, and use just about any pretense to whirl up the drill. The cynical part of me wants to believe it's a money grab, since dentists don't exactly drive beat-up Honda Civics to work, but if you account for the years of improper schooling that all of them must go through, it will be hard to find a dentist under the age of 50 who will pass on any excuse to operate on your mouth.

It looks like I will have to find a dental assistant and pay him for underground treatment in a basement somewhere, all so I don't get zapped by X-rays. Or maybe I'll just plan a yearly European vacation and get treatment done that is much more sensible, without worrying about any long-term side effects. I don't look forward to traveling in a post-coronavirus world, but if it means I don't have to visit an American dentist, it just may be worth it.

Read Next: *You Are Most Certainly Deficient In Vitamin D*

You Will Be Full-Spectrum Dominated By Black Women

September 5, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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The following clip is from Roosh Hour #54.

Watch Next: *Globalist Propaganda Is Methodically Evil*

Forces Of Evil Want To Humiliate You

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The Lamp Of The Body Is The Eye

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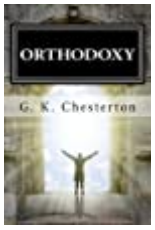
The Orthodoxy Of G.K. Chesterton

September 7, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



It's hard to go a couple of months in conservative circles without coming across a G.K. Chesterton quote. After reading this book, I'm afraid to say that his quotes are better than his prose because Orthodoxy felt like the ramblings of a grumpy old man. There wasn't much orthodoxy in it at all, and at times I was completely lost in his train of thought. Nonetheless, I'd like to share the few passages that I enjoyed.

Trying to be healthy

> The mere pursuit of health always leads to something unhealthy. Physical nature must not be made the direct object of obedience; it must be enjoyed, not worshiped.

One side effect of the fear of death is an obsession over health and living longer. Every few months there is a new trend which purports to extend your life, but what will you do with longer life? Obsess more over your health? People would use an extension of time given to them to merely try to extend it further. The fear of death remains, and if anything, intensifies as the moment gets near.

The bustle of modernity is a mirage

> It is customary to complain of the bustle and strenuousness of our epoch. But in truth the chief mark of our epoch is a profound laziness and fatigue; and the fact is that the real laziness is the cause of the apparent bustle. Take one quite external case; the streets are noisy with taxicabs and motorcars; but this is not due to human activity but to human repose. There would be less bustle if there were more activity, if people were simply walking about. Our world would be more silent if it were more strenuous. And this which is true of the apparent physical bustle is true also for the apparent bustle of the intellect. Most of the machinery of modern language is labour-saving machinery; and it saves mental labour very much more than it ought.

It seems like the more "busy" someone is, the less important work they do. Business, like the aforementioned health crusades, is just a way to distract from your mission in life. If you keep moving, and keep thinking of the future, maybe your mind will never settle for a moment to ask what is the point of your existence.

Confidence is weakness

> Complete self-confidence is not merely a sin; complete self-confidence is a weakness. Believing utterly in one's self is a hysterical and superstitious belief…
>
> […]
>
> A man was meant to be doubtful about himself, but undoubting about the truth; this has been exactly reversed. Nowadays the part of a man that a man does assert is exactly the part he ought not to assert—himself. The part he doubts is exactly the part he ought not to doubt—the Divine Reason.

It's not an accident that I was most prideful during the times I had the least to be prideful for. People are so desperate to feel confident or superior that they make up a game with rules that declare themselves a winner (e.g. number of sex partners in foreign countries), and then use that to feel good about themselves, but no one cares about your game or rules—certainly not God—and the things that you feel prideful from today will be what you'll be ashamed of tomorrow.

A mind on its own cannot save

> A man cannot think himself out of mental evil; for it is actually the organ of thought that has become diseased, ungovernable, and, as it were, independent. He can only be saved by will or faith. The moment his mere reason moves, it moves in the old circular rut; he will go round and round his logical circle…

The problem with the mind is that it's most capable of coming up with schemes. A new scheme pops into your head that you believe will save you, and then you give it your all to accomplish the scheme, but its fulfillment does not save, and so you're forced to construct another scheme. Many people's lives are nothing more than a series of schemes or material projects. Only God can save you with His grace. Your mental effort or plans cannot save; it only creates spiritual death.

Virtue gone mad

> When a religious scheme is shattered (as Christianity was shattered at the Reformation), it is not merely the vices that are let loose. The vices are, indeed, let loose, and they wander and do damage. But the virtues are let loose also; and the virtues wander more wildly, and the virtues do more terrible damage. The modern world is full of the old Christian virtues gone mad. The virtues have gone mad because they have been isolated from each other and are wandering alone. Thus some scientists care for truth; and their truth is pitiless. Thus some humanitarians only care for pity; and their pity (I am sorry to say) is often untruthful. For example, Mr. Blatchford attacks Christianity because he is mad on one Christian virtue: the merely mystical and almost irrational virtue of charity. He has a strange idea that he will make it easier to forgive sins by saying that there are no sins to forgive.

Virtue disconnected from its source, God, is pride. You don't have to spend a long time on Twitter to see it in full display among the do-gooders who are supposedly fighting against evil. Proper virtue is a way to ascend into the Kingdom of Heaven, a way to show love for our Creator, but virtue for virtue's sake often turns wrathful and demonic. In some cases, your display of virtue, such as in the case of promoting an open-door policy for third-world refugees, is a direct attack on your neighbor who has to bear the brunt of your "virtue."

God's plan as lived by humans

> God had written, not so much a poem, but rather a play; a play he had planned

> as perfect, but which had necessarily been left to human actors and stage-managers, who had since made a great mess of it.

Nothing is unexpected by God. He knew we'd make a mess, just like how you know that a puppy you bring home will soil the rug. He accounted for our inevitable failures in His plan, which will still be achieved in due time.

The sin of suicide

> Not only is suicide a sin, it is the sin. It is the ultimate and absolute evil, the refusal to take an interest in existence; the refusal to take the oath of loyalty to life. The man who kills a man, kills a man. The man who kills himself, kills all men; as far as he is concerned he wipes out the world. His act is worse (symbolically considered) than any rape or dynamite outrage.

Suicide is a problem of faith. How could you do it if you felt Christ was guiding your life, methodically opening some doors and closing others while helping you endure temptations and sufferings? The man of faith can see suffering as a compliment, that God believes he can handle this trial and through that ascend even closer to Him. Blessed is the suffering man who still glorifies God.

Orthodoxy is sanity

> This is the thrilling romance of Orthodoxy. People have fallen into a foolish habit of speaking of orthodoxy as something heavy, humdrum, and safe. There never was anything so perilous or so exciting as orthodoxy. It was sanity: and to be sane is more dramatic than to be mad. It was the equilibrium of a man behind madly rushing horses, seeming to stoop this way and to sway that, yet in every attitude having the grace of statuary and the accuracy of arithmetic.

The collection of quotes above are certainly appealing, but I don't have much in the way of praise for the rest of Orthodoxy, which spent an inordinate amount of time arguing against determinists (those who don't believe in free will). This book is safe to pass on.

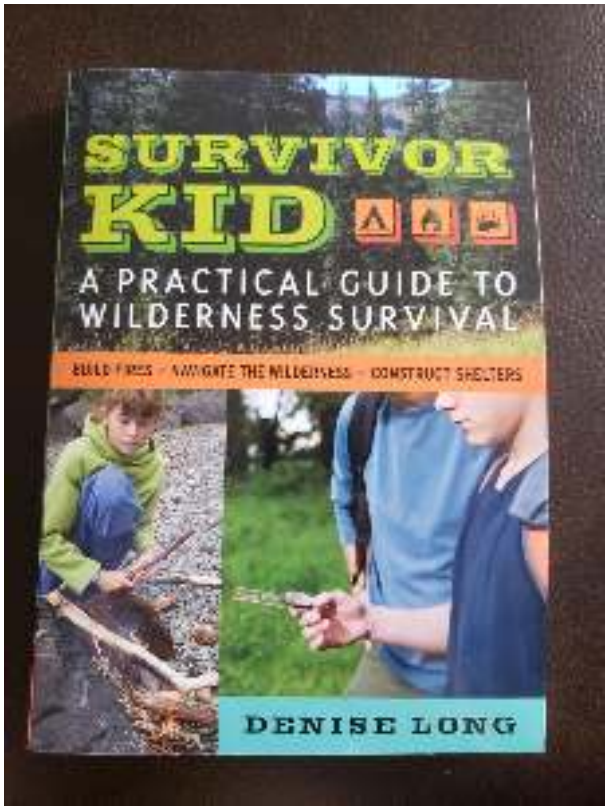
Learn More: *Orthodoxy by G.K. Chesterton On Amazon*

On The Road Again

September 9, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I'm back on the road after spending the past five months at home with my mother in the Washington D.C. suburbs. My bird-watching abilities have declined and I've become a little too comfortable in the kitchen making chocolate chip cookies and delicious Neapolitan pizzas. It's time to be a man again.

I'm embarking on an open-ended trip around the eastern part of the country. My plan is to enjoy the outdoors through camping, an activity I have done for only a single night about fifteen years ago. I fear I have gone so far with easy, cosmopolitan living that camping will be chafing to me, but I'll soon find out. So I don't embarrass myself in the forest, I bought a useful book called Survivor Kid, an indication of my level of expertise.



I'm not sure if I will do a video travelogue like last time with Babylon Road. If you watch that series, you will be able to see the early rumblings of the chaos in which American cities are now fully embroiled. Until I decide, I intend to continue posting articles while on my trip.

May God grant me safe passage while I travel during this tumultuous time.

Read Next: *I Was Fooled By The Promise Of The Internet*

Poland Won’t Let Go Of Me

September 14, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Scenes from Poland flash into my mind. The gray street I lived on for two years, with the hipster cafe right across my kitchen window. My favorite pub where I’d stand next to the bathroom and fish for loose Polish women. The Catholic Church I walked by a thousand times but only went into at the very end. The shopping mall with the basement supermarket. Two-hundred grams of cheese and one-hundred grams of ham, *prosze*. I met a virgin there in the produce section, and I’m sure she still is a virgin.

I’m back home in my place of birth. Poland was only a waystation, but I made too many memories there. I remember the lake I would ride around with a rented bicycle and the pleasing aroma of hamburger meat from the food truck down the street. I remember the profession of insincere love she whispered into my eager ear. Go away, all of it! You are not a part of my life anymore.

I commandeered a section of my mother’s living room. I look out the window and see my 21-year-old mountain vehicle parked on the street. Three black teenagers film a low-budget rap video. Poland taps on the glass. *Do you miss me?* Maybe going back could be good for me. I wouldn’t need a car to get around. My friends would live only minutes away—no more driving for an hour or two just to have a dinner with them.

And don’t you remember how cheap it was? You can’t afford America, especially after burning your books in so rash a manner. You’ll need a lot of time to write new books. Cheap and pleasant Poland can help with that. How else do you think you’re going to live? You don’t even have health insurance. Your parents wouldn’t mind if you go back. They love you, and will support you like they always have. Go back, Roosh, go back to Poland. The United States is not for you.

Get behind me, Satan!

My life in Poland was a fantasy. Money from sex filth, auto-deposited into my bank account. Women sexually craved me because of a beard and an accent they heard in movies and television shows they never should’ve watched. No family responsibilities, no rides to give to my mother or aunt. No real worries or concerns. The hardest part of the day was pumping up my muscles in the gym to sustain a steady supply of sex. Did my latest game book add to my savings? Let me count the dollars. Does the harlot want another go? Let me prepare the bed of fornication.

Living abroad was supposed to make me a man, but it made me more like a woman. It made me effeminate, an addict of pleasure and comfort. The bigger my muscles became on the outside, the weaker I became on the inside. Fornication put shackles on my wrists; cheap living put them on my ankles. Where did my virtue go? Lost in my luggage on one of my yearly visits back home to pretend I loved my family. And what of those men who followed me into foreign lands? Blind like me. I lived a fantasy for too long, and now when I want to live right, the memories of all my mistakes penetrate my mind when I pray,

when I drive my mother to the supermarket, when I pay $400 for a visit to the dentist.

I lost and found myself in Poland. Killed and reborn in the same place. Deemed so by God. Poland served its purpose; the world served its purpose, but I am not a child of Poland or the world. I am the blood child of an Iranian man and Armenian woman who immigrated to the United States, my home. I am the spiritual child of God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Let Poland be for the Poles and let the world be for the worldly. Get behind me, Poland, I live with you no longer.

Read Next: *Lifestyle Is The Disease*

The Providence Of God

September 21, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

On The Providence Of God by Saint John Chrysostom was personally recommended to me by Abbot Damascene of St. Herman's Monastery in California. Saint John wrote this book at the end of his life after he was exiled to the mountains of Armenia. It was meant to help relieve the despair of the faithful during a particularly intense period of Christian persecution.

The folly of trying to understand God and His plan

> What then, is the cause of such a sickness? It is an inquisitive and curious mind, it is wanting to know all the causes of everything that happens, it is questioning the incomprehensible and unspeakable providence of God, and it is shamelessly investigation and being inquisitive about that which is limitless and unsearchable.
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> […]
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> Therefore, since you know all these things through which He has made Himself known, through which He has acted, and through which He will act, do not be inquisitive, do not be unduly concerned, do not say, 'Why is this? To what end is this?' How could it not be insane and full of the utmost folly and madness to do so, when one does not inquisitively question a doctor when he cuts and cauterizes and applies bitter ointments-even if he is a servant. But the master of the house lies in silence undergoing all that, and is grateful for the cauterizing, the cutting, and the ointment, even though the outcome is uncertain (for many doctors have killed a great number of patients by performing these procedures). We yield to him very submissively when he does these things, just as we do with a seaman, a builder, and those who pursue all the other professions.

Thanks to my scientific mind, I admit to having such a sickness. I like to know why things are and how they came about, but this will certainly cause me spiritual harm. No matter how intelligent or learned you are, you will not be able to understand God's ways or the completeness of His plan, and if you insist on trying, Satan will insert all manner of doubt and deception into your mind. If you want your Christian faith to be strong, you have to accept that it's okay not to know all the answers.

Death

> When a man sees someone who yesterday and the day before was walking along with him now dissolved into worms and putrefaction and ashes and dust—even if he has the made pride of the devil—he cowers with fear, he is sobered, he restrains himself, he learns to exercise himself in virtue, and he establishes in his mind the mother of good things, humility.
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> […]
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> Death was introduced into our life as an exceptional teacher of virtue: it moderates one's thinking, bridles the passions of the soul, calms the waves, and produces stillness.

Where do you see death today? Did you see it in the heavily processed animal products you eat? Do you see it with your elderly neighbors? Death is concealed from us, and even when someone dies, their body is treated with chemicals and makeup so they appear as if they never died. With death hidden, the idea of your own death rarely enters your mind, preventing you from making the necessary preparations before it comes for you.

God does not need you

> [God] has no need of us. The marvel of His goodness is that He brought us into existence without having any need of service from us. For, in truth, before we and the angels and the powers above came into being, He existed and possessed His own glory and blessedness; and it is only out of love for mankind that He brought us into existence and did all these things for us, and many more as well.

If you happen to choose evil over good, God will make a compensation to ensure His plan

is still fulfilled. Your life is a gift from Him, and while it would please Him for you to serve His will, human history will proceed as planned regardless. We need Him fully and totally and He needs us not at all, and it's only through His infinite love that He decided to create man in the first place. Don't feel that you're doing God a favor through your good deeds.

Why is it so hard to walk with Christ?

> If you say: 'And why in both the Old and the New Testaments are there so many dangers, so many trials, so many snares?' then learn the cause. Therefore, what is the cause? The present life is a wrestling school, a training ground, an arena, a smelting furnace, a dye house of virtue. Just as leather-dressers, taking the hides, first work them, stretch them, strike them, dash them against walls and stones, and by countless other treatments make them fit to receive the dye—and thus they impart to them a prized color; just as goldsmiths, but putting the gold into the fire, deliver it over to the trial of the furnace, in order to make it exceedingly pure; just as teachers at the wrestling school train the contestants with a great deal of hard work, attacking them more violently than their opponents, so that by exercise their whole bodies will be set aright, and they will be ready for the contests, prepared for the holds of their adversaries, and will easily undo them—so also does God act in the present life. Wishing to make the soul fit for virtue, He works it, refines it, and gives it over to the testing by trials, in order to strengthen those who have lost heart and are slack, and so that those who are worthy will become even more worthy, impregnable to the plots of the demons and the traps of the devil, and preeminently fit to receive all the good things to come. For, as they say, a man who has not been tested is worthless. And Paul says: *Tribulation produces perseverance; and perseverance, character* (Rom. 5:3-4). Thus, since God wants to make men patient and enduring, He permits the coins to be tested in every way.
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> […]
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> Thus, when Paul was searching for an abatement of the evils that afflicted him and to be released from them, God also said to him: *My grace is sufficient for thee; for My strength is made perfect in weakness* (2 Cor. 12:9).

Non-believers have said that I took the easy route by becoming a Christian, but they do not understand how much more is demanded of you by Christ compared to a person who is free to satisfy all their worldly desires and pleasures. To deny the world is so difficult that only through God's grace can you succeed.

If you want a comfortable life, I advise you not to become an Orthodox Christian. Don't follow what Jesus taught. Don't follow your conscience when it screams at you. It's far easier to go along with the secular winds, to gorge yourself on delights, to cheat, scam, fornicate, and lie, but all your gains can only result in spiritual death.

On The Providence Of God was a slim volume that had sound guidance. I look forward to

reading more of St. John’s work in the future.

Learn More: *On The Providence Of God by St. John Chyrsostom On Amazon*

Do You Deserve A Good Woman?

September 28, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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An endless refrain I hear from men is that there are no good women. The assumption is that these men are themselves "good," but a quick look at their anemic faith and unbridled passions shows that they are far from it.

What can we assume about a woman who cries out that there are no good men? She's older, probably in her 30s. She's certainly not a virgin, and probably has racked up numerous sexual partners from at least a decade of dating. She's entitled, thinking she deserves happiness or success. We also know she has placed many worldly objects above God, and thinks a good man should be given to her because of her intelligence, beauty, career, or tattoos.

A man who cries out for a good woman is often not that much different. Just like her, he's older, probably in his 30s, with many women notched on his belt. He's cynical from having his heart abused so many times, and is less capable of love than a younger man with less experience. He's entitled, thinking that because he has some money in his bank account and can hold a job, he is deserving of a good woman, and like his analog, he has put faith in the world before God.

If I had a daughter of marriageable age, and she was strong in the faith, the only man suitable for her would be a man whose faith is **stronger** than hers, not a man who thinks he can seamlessly transition from a life of partying, fornication, and secularism to one of family without repenting of his sins and accepting Jesus Christ as his King. I wouldn't care about his experience, worldly wisdom, or money. I wouldn't care about how many countries he has been to or how many languages he speaks, and I certainly wouldn't care about the power or fame he has in this world. I would only care about how close he is to God, because when it comes to my daughter, her salvation is my top priority, and I would forbid her to marry a man who could risk it.

> Therefore do not worry, saying, 'What shall we eat?' or 'What shall we drink?' or 'What shall we wear?' For after all these things the Gentiles seek. For your heavenly Father knows that you need all these things. *But seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added to you.* Therefore do not worry about tomorrow, for tomorrow will worry about its own things. Sufficient for the day is its own trouble. —Matthew 6:31-34

I don't encounter many who have noticed the word "first" from the above. To them, God is for later, *after* intensely pursuing all manner of worldly gain, and even family for the sake of creating a family, when disconnected from God, is a worldly pursuit. Attaining a wife and children, in most people's minds, is no different than attaining a job, just another checkmark in the bucket list of life. Game, confidence, and effort are used in this attainment, but it would be unlikely for it to lead to good unless ordained by God. Your own efforts will yield a woman who is as worldly as you, who whines about the state of

affairs of gender relationships like you, who is scared of dying alone like you, and who wants to put a few checkmarks on her bucket list just like you.

I have no will but God's will. I aim to serve God fully and completely, and through this faith, if He suits it, I will meet a wife, not through secular effort or confidence. In the process of honoring God, whether in my church, participating in fellowship with other Christians, or serving my neighbor will a God-sent woman appear, as if out of thin air. Women of this country don't have to change themselves to please me or be more attractive to me. They only need to serve God, and if He sends me a match, we will serve Him together in the little church of our home.

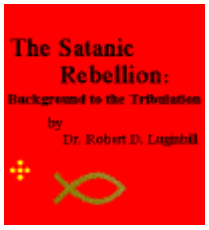
Truth is most men don't deserve a good woman. Their faith is weak. They don't have a consistent prayer rule. They come up with the flimsiest of excuses not to attend church. They watch porn and masturbate. They ache to fornicate and see a woman's body as a source of pleasure and amusement. They can't control their passions, and allow pride to seduce them into all manner of harmful behaviors. God keeps his good women away from men like them, just like how He kept them away from me. You can travel to the ends of the earth to meet your "good" wife, interact with thousands of the most exotic women, but in the end you'll merely find one who is as worldly as you.

When your faith becomes so strong that you are serving God out of love instead of for material rewards, your entitlement will fade. Your distress about finding a woman will cease, because you will come to the understanding that "His will be done" means *His will be done*, not your will be done. You will serve God in whatever state he wants you to be in, whether single or married, and not murmur against Him. I don't worry about finding a woman or any other worldly desire—I worry only about loving the One God.

Read Next: *Most Relationships Built Using Game Will Fail*

The Consequences Of Satan’s Rebellion Against God

October 5, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



The first book that helped me get familiar with the Bible was The Satanic Rebellion by Dr. Robert D. Luginbill. It offers a big picture view of God’s plan that was helpful for me as a new believer, in spite of the fact that many of his beliefs (e.g. premillennialism, the Genesis gap, innate sinful nature) strongly conflict with what the Orthodox Church teaches. Nonetheless, this work played a role in my early catechism by reorienting me away from the secular world and onto the world of God.

God’s love for us

> For the supreme love that God the Father has for us as demonstrated in the sacrifice on our behalf of His only Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, can also be seen in His determination to let us, to let all His creatures, choose whether or not we wish to follow Him of our own free will. Although God loves all His creatures with a perfect love, He does not force any of them to love Him back. When history finally comes to an end, the only creatures, men and angels, who will be with Him forever are those who have chosen it.

The fear of death

> The fear and the terror we humans feel in regard to death is sign enough that, on some very basic level, we understand that through our own devices no good result waits on the other side. This fear is the devil’s ace trump. Through it he has entrapped uncounted millions, coaxing them into a variety of false religions that promise relief and solution, but without Christ. Jesus alone gives us the power to escape this fear through faith in Him and His resurrection.

I don’t believe it when people claim they are not afraid of death. Their lives are often filled with obsessions over health or distractions to take the mind off dying. Buried within the bravado that they are ready to die is a low-level hum of terror.

Jesus Christ is human history

> Jesus Christ, in the most complete sense of God’s point of view, is history, because human history has no purpose without His saving work on the cross (which is the entire point of history). From the first, prehistoric Eden, to the garden of Eden, to the dark world in which we now find ourselves (wherein He is

> the only light: Jn.1:4-5; 1:9; 3:19; 8:12; 1Jn.2:8), to the coming Kingdom of God, Jesus Christ is and has always been the visible Person of God, the face of God (2Cor.4:6; Heb.1:3), and the ultimate issue for every human being who has ever lived. No one, therefore, can approach God the Father apart from embracing the Son and His saving work.

Without Jesus Christ, there is no point of this life. Any good you are able to create, such as children, will fade to dust just like you, their lives reduced to a mere series of moments, neurochemicals flowing this way and that in their brains. In our degenerate age, many will not even have children, and so what then will your life be about? Money-making and pleasure-seeking? Creating all manner of false idols? Letting a little part of you (your genitals) command your entire body? Without Christ, I might as well line up on the edge of a cliff and kindly ask you to push me over, to escape the utter bleakness that is the existence of a mere animal.

Either be a slave to sin or be a slave to God

> Simply put, God is glorified by our obedience, by our response to His sovereign authority. Our will is not really "free" in the sense that we can choose the course of our lives without consequence. We really have only one choice: obey God. If we do, God is glorified by our obedience. If we do not, we suffer the consequences (and God still enjoys a measure of glory by dealing with us in justice, though He would have preferred to deal with us in love). No, we really do not have "free will" in the overarching sense of the phrase. Either we choose to do God's will, or we end up choosing to follow the present "ruler of this world" by default (Gal.5:16-17). Either we accept His sovereign authority over our lives, an authority He possesses by nature of being God, an authority He has underlined to an unimaginable degree by the price He has paid for us through the death of His only Son, or we reject Him for the usurped authority of the devil's world (1Jn.2:15-17). If we seek Him, if we follow Him, if we serve Him, if we obey Him, we will find that in our lives, in our spiritual gifts, in the production that flows from the ministries He assigns, we will be partakers in the delegated sovereign authority of God that was bestowed upon Adam so long ago.

We were thrust out into a world controlled by demons

> As they walked out of the garden, Adam and Eve were not only entering a world characterized by pain, toil and ultimate physical death, but also a world where the devil's influence would be great and pervasive. This was no Eden, but a world where only the unseen protection of God would prevent them from being annihilated by the satanic forces swirling around them, a world where only the diligent seeking of God (in response to the consciousness of sin they now possessed from their knowledge of good and evil) would lead them away from the otherwise inevitable path of death.

The useless pursuit of happiness

> Between birth and death, we human beings have nothing but time, time which must be served on this earth under the Genesis curse. We fill the time with work, with relationships, and with various pleasures and pursuits. We fill the time, we waste the time, we strive desperately not to be at loose ends with our time, lest the realization of life's vanity dawn and bear heavily down upon us. To the extent that the effort produced by our time-filling, time-wasting activities is directed at all, it is inevitably directed toward the impossible goal of making ourselves happy (whether directly or indirectly). Whether a man toils a lifetime in the depths of the earth searching for treasure, or spends his days at the corner pub, happiness is the ultimate objective, and who can say which man is the greater fool? In the latter case, happiness stops almost instantaneously with "last call"; in the former, great success will only bring an end to the diversion of toil and bring on the realization that riches do not produce happiness (dispelling the illusion that motivated the distracting toil in the first place).

I was able to pursue pleasure more intensely than most men, and when I snapped myself out of the spell, I was determined to cease all of it. I am still able to perceive pleasure by my body, so what does that say about the worthiness of my initial pursuit? It was false and led nowhere. Most men do not want to hear this warning because they already made up their minds to drench themselves with pleasure. They want to duplicate or exceed what I have done, but they will reach the exact same dead-end as I have.

How Satan attacks us

> Unbelief always manages to find an excuse (as it did in Jesus' day), and the devil always manages to exploit this lack of trust in God and His Word (as he did in the garden). The essence of Satan's strategy in attacking Adam and Eve was the same then as it is now: drive a wedge of deception between the believer (or potential believer) and the truth.
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> Typically, the devil's attacks center around a distortion of God's truth. [His] strategy as employed against Eve is thus critically important for us to understand today, for his tactics remain essentially the same: first, involve us in a "dialogue", some form of subtle temptation, verbal and otherwise, which engages our egos and our arrogance; second, use this dalliance with him to throw the slightest shadow of doubt upon some aspect of God's word, God's commands, or God's character; finally, as soon as a fracture of distrust, a fissure of failing belief, appears in our shield of faith, then slam home whatever wedge will fit the crack.
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> He observes the chinks in our armor, our ignorance of the word of God, our disbelief, our doubts, our nonchalance about following in the footsteps of Christ

> (in general or on particular points), and then, armed with this critical “scouting report”, he attacks, providing false information, false assurances, and tempting us (or frightening us) right when and where we are at our weakest.
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> Satanic opposition is, quite frankly, a normal and continual part of the Christian life. Certainly, these assaults will take a variety of forms; certainly, they will differ greatly from time to time, from place to place, and from individual to individual. But the fact of their occurrence is a given. As long as we march across this battlefield, we are going to be subject to enemy fire, of greater concentration and intensity to the degree we increase in the effectiveness of our Christian lives (growing spiritually and helping others to do likewise).
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> […]
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> The devil turns need to greed (the fears and pressures of life are at its root). The devil turns self-awareness into self-worship (subjective arrogance is at its root). The devil turns our desire for God into a desire for pseudo-good (objective arrogance and self-righteousness are at its root). The lie is the basis for Satan’s world system. He gained a following through the lie that seduced many of his fellow angels. He re-gained control of the earth through the lie that corrupted Adam and Eve. He exercises control over his cosmos through the lie that seeks to ensnare all of mankind. Our common human responses to the devil’s propaganda, namely greed, pride and self-righteousness, culminate in an integrated system of organized sin and evil that is better known as the chaos called “human history”. Human history (as opposed to the plan of salvation which God is carrying out in the course of history) is not really progressive at all from the divine point of view, but actually and inherently regressive.
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> It is important to remember, however, that the devil is not omnipotent. And we have it from God that He will not allow Satan to bring more pressure to bear upon us in this regard than we are able to bear.

Demonic attacks will never stop. You can escape to the desert, like St. Anthony did, but the demons will simply follow you there. The goal shouldn’t be wanting the demons to leave you alone, but to learn how to wield the sword and armor of faith to defend against those attacks, for every temptation you are able to resist builds your virtue and moves you closer to God.

This world is the devil’s world

> …this is the devil’s world. That Satan’s world of deep unhappiness is essentially corrupt is a truism evident at life’s every turn. Everything decays. Nothing good lasts. Sin and evil are ubiquitous. And not too far down the road in every individual life lies the grave, the reward and legacy awaiting us all, no matter

> how blissful or disappointing our lives have been in the interim. Only God is truly meaningful here on earth, if we would but search for Him. Only Jesus Christ offers a solution to the futility of life and the inevitability of death, if only we would believe in Him. Only on the other side of this life is there true meaning, true fulfilment, true and lasting happiness, when we are at last re-united with the God who loved us enough to sacrifice His Son on our behalf, if only we have chosen Him in this present life over the deceptive vanities of the devil's world. Until that time, like our first parents Adam and Eve before us, we have been left in this strange and alien world where the blinding reality of God is largely obscured from view, revealed almost exclusively in His Word to those who seek Him out. Until that time, we wait for something better as homeless wanderers in a world which finds our perspective and our hope worthless, even idiotic. But by our faith and the actions that faith produces, we show the world that we are not of it, do not love it, and acknowledge that we have no true part in it – except for the God who is the focus and the object of our love all the days of our sojourning here in the devil's inhospitable desert.

If there's something you've become attached to that is not connected to God, the world has you. All Satan has to do is keep you engaged with pleasures long enough to make your heart so cold to God that it closes to Him completely.

Live in the world, but do not be of it

> From the moment we turn away from the hollow manner of life handed down from generation to generation (1Pet.1:18), and turn instead to the living God through faith in His Son Jesus Christ, we are reconciled to Him, and at the same time alienated from the world. There can be no middle ground. Either we are friends of God, or friends of the world (Jas.4:4). Satan has done his best to structure the kingdom he tenuously controls and its mode of operation so as to invite compromise and involvement in the activities and values he sponsors. But God is holy. God is righteous. God is absolute, and the issues He puts before us (of accepting salvation first, and following Jesus Christ ever afterward) are equally absolute. To be sure, Christians sin, Christians stumble, Christians fail; but our imperfect obedience does not change the fact that God's standards are unbending, unsullied and perfect in every way.
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> […]
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> For this world is not yet a place where God dwells manifestly and in person, but rather a wilderness through which we who believe in Christ are making our pilgrimage to God.

God is looking for sinners to reside with him in heaven for all eternity. Our time in this world is a test, a sort of prolonged interview. Can we still choose for God in spite of all the traps that lay before us?

Material success is vanity

> It is sadly ironic that the madcap rush for wealth, fame, glory, pleasure and possessions often serves to distract the unbeliever from the central truth of life outside of the garden: all these things are vain, because we shall all return to dust in the blink of an eye. The godless pursuit of pseudo-happiness (and false security) can never take the sting out of death, but for all those who are manically involved in it, it does provide distraction from death's approach. The unbeliever, after all, has every reason to fear death, more so than he may know. We should not be surprised, therefore, to find him engaged in a frantic cycle of activity, accepting any and all substitutes to blind his eyes to the reality of death's grim approach. The unbeliever, in short, although mortal, behaves as if he were immortal, and that is the essence of his folly. He stores up wealth, as if he will be around to enjoy it forever; he seeks glory, fame and achievement, as if it will not fade with his impending demise; he indulges himself in all pleasures, as if the grave will not put his enjoyment of them to an end.
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> [..]
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> The devil's lie is that happiness can be achieved in this world apart from God, and that, with enough effort, security can be vouchsafed for such gains. Sufficient space has already been expended to establish the principle that death makes a complete mockery of this lie from the outset (for any and all who are willing to make a truthful appraisal of the essential calculus of human life in this world outside of Eden). This fact, however, has not prevented a majority of humanity from falling into the pseudo-happiness, pseudo-security trap. Having rejected the truth of God, most people in the history of the world have gladly embraced the myth of true happiness capable of enduring. The exact incarnation of this "myth-happiness" takes many forms, of course, and is sought in a multitude of ways, but, inevitably, it is never really achieved. It always remains vaguely future, no matter how wealthy, or famous, or successful, or powerful a person manages to become in this short life: "I'll be happy if only I get/do/experience _____ ." Filling in this blank merely opens up the way for other blanks that need to be filled in for the elusive, never-actually-achieved myth-happiness to be attained.
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> […]
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> Indeed, mankind has made a science of discovering interesting amusements and diversions to try and take the sting out of life—in vain.

Security can never be achieved without God. Many people aim to be financially secure. They save for years yet security always eludes them. Their expenses have gone up, their lifestyle has elevated, their children need to attend Ivy League schools, a worldwide pandemic has arrived. They end up needing more money than they thought, and now there is a new fear—the fear of losing money. The rich don't have to worry about the small things, such as how to pay their medical bills, but they still worry they don't have

enough. They worry that it will all be taken away from them or that their neighbor has much more. They worry than an angry mob will burn down their house, so it's time to buy a compound in New Zealand, but how much is that going to cost? More money is needed.

I don't make as much money as I used to. My savings is slowly being depleted. I live with my mother. I don't know what will happen to me in the future, but I am more secure than ever because I am in God's grace. Anything that happens to me, no more how uncomfortable, is part of God's plan for me and therefore must be essential to my spiritual development, and so I will embrace it.

God-given pleasures

> Beyond the simple, God-given pleasures of family, labor and food, the attainment of successive plateaus of wealth, fame, power or pleasure may entertain for a brief moment, but like a feast to a man with a full belly, they quickly lose their appeal, thus spurring the myth-happiness faithful on to the next level of dubious achievement as the cycle progresses on its never-ending way.

All parties come to an end, without exception. Some parties go on for a long while—you can travel the world for decades if you choose, but soon you will tire of it, and the joy of hopping on an airplane to see a new exotic destination will one day feel like torture. Any worldly thing that gives you joy will one day stop giving you joy. And then what will you do?

Nothing fails like success

> On and on, in never-ending cycle, the more knowledge we amass, the more miserable we become (Eccl.1:18); the more doctors and medical technology, the more suffering; the more wealth in the world, the more poverty (cf. Eccl.5:11); the more information available, the more ignorance reigns. As material prosperity increases and technology advances, as peace and security expand, the more complacent we become and the more easily the essential pointlessness and vanity of life can be ignored.
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> […]
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> If we are slaves to material things, it is them that we shall serve (Rom.6:16-18), but if we follow in the footsteps of our Lord and Savior, the living Word, we will put what God has to say first (Ps.138:2 KJV), and in so doing will never need to fear any lack of provision on His part, for He is faithful (Deut.7:9; 1Cor.10:13; 1Thes.5:24; 2Thes.3:3; 2Tim.2:13; Heb.10:23; 13:5-6).

Look at all the time-saving technology and conveniences we have today. Are we better off than a few generations ago? We're worse! We're more depressed, medicated, angry, suicidal, and despondent. The more material comforts and pleasures you have, the more lost you will be.

The Christian life has purpose

> From the Christian perspective, life is an entirely different matter, because it has purpose. Our time in this world is neither pointless nor futile, for we remain here in the devil's world as servants of God, as followers of Christ. Having recognized our mortality and sinfulness, having acknowledged God and turned to Him through Jesus Christ our Lord, we know that for us immortality lies directly behind the mortality the world sees (or chooses to ignore); we know that for us rather than there being no ultimate point to anything we do, there is instead great significance to everything we do. For as believers in Jesus, we remain here as instruments of God, as members of the body of Christ, in order to do His will, that others may likewise turn to Him through Christ and likewise grow in spirit through His Word day by day.

The purpose of my life is to serve God through the world He created—my work, family, church, and neighbor. While I'm not a perfect Christian, and still succumb to worldly entertainments and politics, my aim is to bring God into everything I do, and if there is something I can't bring God into, maybe I shouldn't do it.

Trust in God's plan

> Only by allowing us to experience His grace in the midst of the devil's world, can God bring us to the fullest understanding and appreciation of His love for us, while at the same time leading us to a full and genuine love for Him. Thanks be to God for His ineffable and unsearchable wisdom!

That wisdom can sometimes be hard to see from the nosebleed seats we may find ourselves in, but I regularly remind myself that my feeble human brain cannot even begin to comprehend God's plan, and if I can just understand the morsel that concerns me, that's all I need. Maybe one day God will show me how everything in human history fits together to achieve His end, but until then, it's not important for me to know.

Good can only come from God

> Sinful mankind will never be happy, never be satisfied, and certainly never achieve "victory" over poverty, crime, disease, or any other of the multitudinous manifestations of the sin nature within us all. And Man will beyond question never "conquer" death. Trying to make the world "a better place" apart from God and God's will is an effort that is not only doomed to failure because of the nature of man and of the devil's world, but buying into this satanic lie in this way and energetically embracing it is subtly yet completely anti-God.
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> If we do accomplish anything outside of His will, that is in actuality to our great shame, and whatever we accomplish within His will is, in reality, because of His gracious provision, seen and unseen. All glory, therefore, belongs to God alone.

> When we attribute success, accomplishment, or natural endowments to ourselves, we are robbing God of the glory that is His by divine right. What makes us think we have any right to take credit for what God has done?
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> […]
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> Claiming to be able to do good apart from God, to be able to improve a world that God has long ago marked for complete destruction in order to burn the evil out of it entirely, is, in essence, to deny the need for a Savior, to deny the need for God's help, to proclaim arrogantly instead that we are somehow able to "help God" by these paltry activities.

I remember when Zen guru Alan Watts taught that if there is a rising trend of do-gooding in the world, of people who want to make it a "better" place, grab your gun and lock your doors, because they are going to bring death and destruction in their wake. Communism tried to bring good in the form of material equality, and we know how many tens of millions of people had to die for that. Today we have good in the name of "social justice," "refugees welcome," "saving lives from coronavirus," "racial equality," and other do-gooder acts, yet we also know how many people are attacked, censored, deplatformed, impoverished, demoralized, and tyrannized as a result.

There is no peace in this world

> It should come as no surprise, then, that all who become "light in the Lord" (Eph.5:8) have from the point of salvation forward little in common with the world in which they walk. As was stressed above, we believers in Christ are no longer "of the world" (Jn.17:14-16), but are sojourners and aliens in a strange and hostile environment. The corollary to this principle is equally true and equally compelling: just as we have chosen God over the world, so the world has little use for us who have rejected it (Jn.15:18-20). The fact that the present kosmos is under the devil's influence makes this eventuality the more understandable (1Jn.5:19). As soon as we stop playing according to Satan's rules, we are no longer his subjects, but only interlopers in his realm. Thus we lose all further consideration on the part of the world and its ruler. By choosing Christ, we gain our lives, but lose the world, thus incurring its undying hostility (Matt.16:26).
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> […]
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> There is perhaps no greater mistake a believer can make than to assume that he or she can ever have any true peace with this world and its diabolical sovereign (Jas.4:4; 1Jn.2:15-17). This is one reason why peace and prosperity are potentially harmful to the believer's spiritual equilibrium. For the devil is at work in "good times" too. Indeed, he does some of his most effective work on such occasions. Followers of Christ need to remember that the world is not an essentially "friendly" place where bad things happen only from time to time. Rather, it is an entire cosmos of evil where darkness reigns, a mad beast that can never be tamed, only destroyed (as God shall eventually do: cf. 2Pet.3:10-12).

It’s not an accident that after receiving God’s grace I wanted to escape from the city and live in the mountains. It’s also not an accident that most monasteries are built in the middle of nowhere. While I can’t escape from the world entirely, it’s a natural progression for a believer to want to buffer themselves from evil. People who want to worship the world move from the countryside to the city, but since I don’t worship the world anymore, I hope to one day escape the city for good.

False spiritual roads

> Despite the hyper-materialistic nature of the world in which we live, human beings have a spiritual side and a deep and abiding need to satisfy this essential part of their makeup. Only a true relationship with God through Jesus Christ can truly satisfy this need, but the devil, recognizing the drive for spirituality in mankind, has developed a kaleidoscopic variety of alternatives. These run the gamut from staid and traditional religions to outlandish, mystical or cabalistic activities. The devil is anxious to find something for everyone, anything to intrigue the spiritual side of man, anything but the truth of Jesus Christ. Any and all religious activities which do not put Christ in the undiluted center of things put Satan there by default. For by helping to still the innate desire to seek their Creator, such activities merely perpetuate separation from Him.

It seems to be a trend these days to declare yourself “spiritual,” a new word for “agnostic.” The so-called spiritual person believes we are all one with the universe and connected into a karmic hivemind of collective consciousness, and yet she can still fornicate and lie all she wants. She can hurt others, obsess over money, and masturbate with sex toys that are now available for purchase at the local pharmacy. If your spirituality does not come with morality or sacrifice then you may be worshipping the wrong spirit.

You have help in the battle against evil

> We can also take comfort in the many scriptures that assure us that along with an unseen enemy, there are many unseen allies, angels of God (too numerous to count) to fight this battle for us (Gen.19:11; 1Ki.19:5; Ps.91:11; Dan.6:22; Matt.4:11; Matt.18:10; Lk.16:22; Acts 5:19; 12:10-15; Heb.1:14). Unable to perceive the ebb and flow of the spiritual conflict around us, we become like private soldiers on the battlefield, only conceptually aware of what is going on beyond our individual fox-holes. Under such circumstances, the correct procedure is to walk by faith, not by sight, and to learn to trust God unfailingly (Ps.23; 2Cor.4:18; 5:7; Heb.11:1). The closer we move to God, the more we grow spiritually, the safer we shall be in this conflict, and the more effective our prayers to influence what we can see will become.

God comes first

> Whenever our thinking begins to be dominated by personal concerns to such a degree that we lose perspective about our place in God's plan, our spiritual life is bound to suffer. We have of necessity many ties with the world (family, business, etc.). This is all the more reason to strive to keep God first in our thinking, our conversation, and the actual living of our lives, approaching the distractions of life (whether harassment or enticement) with the proper, professional Christian point of view.
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> In doing God's will, Jesus not only declined this offer of a crown, but, in the end, had to give up everything – even His life – in order to accomplish God's will. In doing so, He made it abundantly clear that He came to worship, follow and do the will of God, not to glorify Himself (Jn.12:28; 13:32; 17:1).

Whenever I go through an especially busy period, I forget about God. I'm too distracted with tasks at hand, and at the end of the day, when all work is done, I remember Him again. Thankfully these busy periods do not last long, and my worship can return to normal, but many people structure their lives to be hectic on a daily basis, forever. They leave no room for God to come in, perhaps because they know he would not approve of the lives they're living.

Life is a continual trial

> Christians have to affirm their reality by faith in every skirmish of every day as we make our way across this battlefield we call the world. All this takes faith, and the building up of our faith requires in turn the diligent, daily intake of God's Word consistently applied to life in order to grow. Only through the continuation of this irreplaceable process do the realities of heaven begin to become more real than the ephemeral "realities" our eyes behold.

Technology distances us from God

> Faith in technology (instead of faith in God), hope in political solutions (instead of God's solutions), and love for human cultural accomplishments (instead of for God and the sacrifice of His Son) are common variations on the devil's theme of working to make heaven on earth. But cutting God out of the equation is not only impossible—it is foolhardy. For only God can satisfy the true needs of humanity: forgiveness, spiritual peace, and eternal life.
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> The more we depend upon ourselves and our human abilities, the less we are interested in God and all that He does for us. Technological and scientific "progress" require no moral progress at all. Indeed, all our collective accomplishments on this score (minuscule from the standpoint of all that is in the

> universe, not to mention from the true point of comparison, the Creator of the universe) have helped to alienate mankind from God, creating a false sense of mastery over the material world (though death remains and suffering has, in some cases, intensified). If we are not careful to take the true spiritual realities of life into consideration (the forgiveness of our sins through the blood of Jesus Christ, first and foremost), it is all too easy to let this dependence upon our technology undermine our reliance upon God.

The smartphone has not been in existence for long, but most people cannot live without it. When I was fornicating, I recall how challenging it was to maintain the attention of a woman who had all sorts of notifications popping up on her smartphone and how much more of a "clown" I had to be to get her into bed. Even if you want to opt out of technology, how will you communicate with those who choose to opt in? People don't like speaking on the phone as much as in the past, and now a large part of friendship comes in the form of text messages infused with images and emoticons. By refusing technology, you're essentially refusing the world, and since most people are of the world, the result of your decision will be less human connection. This is the price you must pay to retain your connection with God.

Globalism is Satanic

> A highly cooperative, highly homogenized, highly centralized society need only be shifted in a godless direction once. For once the worship of the only true God is deemed anti-social and made illegal, it becomes an easy matter to discourage it entirely under such circumstances—especially in the absence of any alternative society on the face of the earth where religious "dissidents" who had chosen for God might find refuge. One cannot therefore imagine a more ideal scenario for the devil's squelching of faith than to bring about a single unified, top-down state in charge of all human affairs on earth. For from this beginning it would be but a short step to eradicating all faith on earth by taking away the freedom of those who might choose to exercise such faith.

What a coincidence that today's society—with its gay pride marches, transsexual acceptance, and child sexualization—is highly centralized in a way that makes it easiest for Satan to spread evil most efficiently. The increasing centralization of the world that has come with globalism also aids in making it more evil.

Conclusion

Dr. Luginbill has created an excellent work that brings the Bible to life, and best of all, he offers it for free. My priest may have a heart attack at some of his doctrines, but in spite of those differences, I was aided by the book.

Read For Free: *The Satanic Rebellion by Dr. Robert D. Luginbill*

How To Join The Orthodox Church

October 12, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Many people have expressed interest to me about joining the Orthodox Church but don't know how, especially since so many Orthodox Churches seem to revolve around ethnicity. For new converts who want to experience the Divine Liturgy in mostly English, however, the choice is not difficult.

First, allow me to give a quick background on the Orthodox Church. There are two main branches: Eastern Orthodox, which is what most people see as "the Orthodox Church," and Oriental Orthodox. The latter is a much smaller branch serving mostly the Armenians, Ethiopians, Egyptians, and Indians. For all intents and purposes, you will not join an Oriental Orthodox Church unless you marry into it or have a particularly strong interest in one of the cultures.

The Eastern Orthodox Church comprises all other churches such as the Russian Orthodox Church, Greek Orthodox Church, Serbian Orthodox Church, and so on. Each church is under the authority of a patriarch. If you're coming from Catholicism, the patriarch is like a fallible mini-Pope who has far less authority to exert top-down control of the Church.

Most of the ethnic churches conduct their Divine Liturgy in languages that are no longer spoken (Armenians conduct theirs in Classical Armenian, so I use a service book that contains an English translation). It would make sense for you to join a church that conducts at least some of the Divine Liturgy in English to ease your transition into a more eastern form of worship. There are three churches that I can recommend:

Antiochian Orthodox Church. The Antiochian Church comes in two types. One is

mostly for Syrians and the other is mostly for converts. You want the one for converts. If the priest of a particular church doesn't have a Syrian name, and pictures of the parishioners online are not all Syrian, you have the right church. I have visited Antiochian churches in Salt Lake City, Portland, San Diego, and Austin. They ranged from multicultural (Salt Lake City) to having mostly Protestant converts (Austin). From what I've seen, the Antiochians are extremely faithful to Orthodoxy.

ROCOR (Russian Orthodox Church Outside Russia). Now part of the Russian Orthodox Church, ROCOR was originally created by bishops fleeing Bolshevism who wanted to preserve the doctrines and faith of Orthodoxy. Many ROCOR parishes conduct an English liturgy with some Slavonic. My two favorite monasteries in America, Holy Cross in Wayne, West Virginia and Holy Trinity in Jordanville, New York, are ROCOR monasteries.

Orthodox Church of America (OCA). The OCA branched off from the Russian Orthodox Church not long ago, and like the Antiochians, maintain the eastern mysticism that will not remind you of an American megachurch. I attended one OCA church in Denver and found it similar to the Divine Liturgy of ROCOR. My main concern about this church is that it's American; I am distrustful of American institutions and am not sure that the OCA can resist the inevitable subversion attempts by forces of evil, but as of today, the OCA seems suitable. Unfortunately, this Church was closed to visitors due to the coronavirus pandemic, a potentially bad sign that they are in tune with secular authorities, but if you become a member of this church and later change your mind, you can join and receive communion from other Eastern Orthodox Churches without having to be baptized or chrismated again.

Two additional options to consider:

The Russian Orthodox Church. While it can depend on the parish, Russians are not bubbly to strangers, and it could be difficult to insert yourself into their community. That said, their Divine Liturgy is excellent and their faith pure. If you want to remain "anonymous" and not have small talk with others, this could be a good option.

The Greek Orthodox Church. Many non-Greeks join this church because of its reputation and history, but the Greek Orthodox Church in America is rapidly going down the road of secularism by virtue signaling on issues like racism and global warming. Most recently, their bishop attended a Black Lives Matter protest. Even though there is a Greek Orthodox Church in most American cities, I cannot personally advise you to join this Church unless you have absolutely no other option.

My recommendation is to attend the Divine Liturgy of at least two churches and stay for the fellowship period (coffee hour) if it's available. If you like the liturgy, meet the priest and give him an abbreviated version of your life story. Does he seem like a man who could be your spiritual guide? Ask him about the process of becoming a catechumen with the intention of getting baptized and/or chrismated.

If you've never been to an Orthodox church, there are a variety of rituals that can feel intimidating, such as making the sign of the cross, venerating the icons, bowing, and lighting a candle. You don't need to do any of them. Simply stand or sit with the congregation and no one will view you as disrespectful. As for dress, wear something that covers your arms and legs. Many people wear short-sleeve shirts, especially in the summer, but it's better not to. If you're a woman, take a headscarf just in case (it is strongly advised for ROCOR and Russian Orthodox churches).

After you visit the Orthodox churches in your area, ask yourself these three questions:

1. Which church will allow me to get closest to God? At the end of the day, this is why you go. Do you feel that the church will aid in the development of your faith, and ultimately your salvation?

2. Which church is likely to resist secular winds? You don't want a church that is going to implement changes to fit in with the world.

3. Which church has the ultimate truth? While this is much harder to discern, the more mistakes or errors a Church has, the less grace you may receive from God from following its doctrines. Since all the Churches I recommended to you are Eastern Orthodox, you should not find major theological differences between them.

Don't fall into the temptation of picking a church that gives you more mating options. It should not be relevant if a church has attractive singles, and if you are looking for a church with that in mind, you are not putting God first before your worldly needs.

Another temptation is to gravitate towards the church that is more "entertaining," which is more of a problem with Protestant churches that feature amplified music bands. Instead, seek the church that is most holy. Did you feel moved during the Divine Liturgy? Do you feel that the Holy Spirit is in the church? Remember that it's all for God.

I once suggested to my priest that the Armenian Church needs an English diocese. “I’m sending a lot of people to other Orthodox Churches,” I exclaimed. My priest replied, “If we stopped doing the *Badarak* in Armenian, would we still be the Armenian Church?” Good point. Whatever the case, I continue to serve in my baptismal Orthodox church while helping others find Orthodoxy as well. In a post-coronavirus world where joining a church is more difficult than before, pray to God that He may help you find one that leads to your salvation.

Read Next: *How I Pray*

What Christians Can Do As America Falls Apart

October 19, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

You don't need a PhD in history to know that the American empire has run its course and is in terminal decline. We've passed the stage of parasitic infection, where the host remains alive and functioning, and have moved into the devouring of the corpse by a multitude of hyenas and vultures. Plagues, famines, poverty, civil strife, violence, and humiliations seem to be our fast-approaching fate.

As you watch the collapse of law and order, you may wonder, "Where is God's mercy?" Why isn't He putting a stop to this? I can't speak for God, but I wonder if we deserve God's mercy. We took the blessings that He had granted the nation and killed over 60 million unborn children, abolished chastity, perverted marriage, and have institutionalized the medical abuse of children through transgenderism. It would be more than just for us to deserve an outcome similar to that of Sodom and Gomorrah.

Yet we remain alive, residing in a country that is unlikely to make it through this decade in one piece. How then will we escape from the hyenas? How will we hide from the vultures? I am only a spiritual baby, and cannot tell you what to do, but I'd like to share the principles that seem likely to preserve my salvation.

Perform your duty of state

What is the job or role that God has entrusted you with? Are you a mother, father, husband, wife, son, or daughter? Are you a teacher or student? Are you a charity worker, bureaucrat, employer, or shepherd who provides for a flock? That role has not changed.

You still have a duty to perform and may not leave stranded those who depend on you.

> Whatever work you have to do in accordance with your position and profession, whether it is to hold the reins of some government organ, to judge someone, to teach someone, to write something, to engage in some kind of art or handiwork, to plow the fields, to sow grain, to reap or to thresh, to mow and gather hay, and so on, do all of those, for whomever you do it, whether for yourself and your family, or as a duty to others, do all this as if for the Lord God Himself, that is, do it because the Lord God demands it from you, and because that work is God's work. —*How To Live A Holy Life by Metropolitan Gregory*

My high school had a lot of fistfights. Whenever they happened, whether in the cafeteria or hallways, students would drop what they were doing to get a front-row view of the action. Isn't the very same going on today when we gawk at the daily news or scroll through Twitter seeking images of political violence? We forsake our duties to watch the fights, and yet it's the simple obedience to those duties that will help those closest to us get through the tribulations of the future.

I am a son, a brother, a writer. I must continue to serve my family in a way that is first and foremost spiritually profitable to them, and secondary to what makes them physically comfortable, and I must continue to use the gifts that God gave me to act as His herald, directing thirsty souls to the source of living water. I cannot throw these duties away to obsess over outrageous videos that appear online, and I must not let communists and the demonically possessed distract me from what needs to be done in the present.

Learn how to protect yourself

The past twenty years may have been the safest in recorded history, so safe that young

women could go out in the cities, get drunk, and stagger into a taxicab without automatically getting assaulted. Those days are coming to an end. One day soon, you may not be able to walk alone unarmed in your own neighborhood.

As police departments lose both the authority and will to enforce the law, the restraints on criminality will be lifted. First it will start with incessant petty crime and commercial thefts, then muggings and burglaries, and finally brazen carjackings, armed home invasions, and violent assaults. People will be killed just for the thrill of it. Heinous acts will be done without fear in open view of surveillance cameras. You will call 911 and no one will answer, and even if someone does, the police were defunded and cannot arrive for many hours, if at all.

Your best weapon is not one you can hold in your hand but one that you carry everywhere: your mind. Use it for self-awareness of your environment and quick judgement of abnormal or dangerous human behavior. When I lived in South America between 2007 and 2008, a time when it was far more dangerous there than it is now, I didn't carry any weapons on me, not even pepper spray. I simply stayed out of the bad neighborhoods, did not walk around at night, and avoided shady characters, which was enough to keep me safe.

The violence in the United States will get to a point where you may need more than just your mind. There is a large variety of options to defend both home and person, and it's up to you to do the research in order to protect yourself based on your situation. Chances are that you may have to become more familiar with batons, pepper sprays, knives, guns, and swords. You will learn more about door bars, motion detectors, and home cameras. You will also have to make decisions about rules of engagement. Will you shoot when the communist is on your lawn, when they're trying to break through your door, or when they're already in the house?

Using force is not just about killing the enemy to protect your physical body but also safeguarding the salvation of those you love. If a communist kills your child before they were able to make the choice for Christ, or kills grandma when she needed more time to prepare for her deathbed confession, what kind of eternal damage was done? On the other hand, if you're walking with Christ, and thirty communists barrel down your door, is it reasonable to kill them all instead of taking up the martyr's crown for greater rewards in Heaven? This is a personal choice that you must decide on, and it's best to do so before the enemy comes to our door, because for many of us, they will. The best I can do is take prudent steps that address the most common threats and leave the rest up to God.

Become a member of hyperlocal society

The United States no longer belongs to you or your ancestors. It will no longer allow you to receive an overflowing sense of pride. It is in the process of turning to ash and dust and so it's best to overcome the temptation that you can "save" a country of 320 million people or reverse its course when at least half of those people do not want to be saved and much rather see you dead. Once you accept this fact, you can begin to make a positive impact on those who are less than a mile away from where you currently live.

It won't be any good to have a trusted friend with an arsenal of guns who lives across town from you. When the electricity goes out and you can't get a cell phone signal, you won't have any way of communicating with those who even live a short drive away, but you will still be able to speak to the neighbor on your left, the one on your right, and the one who lives across from you. When it comes to war, those beyond walking distance will find it difficult to help you. Having friends all over the country is fine to get a perspective on national events in peacetime, but during acute periods of danger, they might as well live on another planet.

Participate in everything that impacts your most immediate living area: HOA meetings, neighborhood watch meetings, city council meetings, farmers' markets, even yard sales. Say yes to anything local. When you build enough rapport with a neighbor, tell him your concerns about the violence you've seen elsewhere. Exchange phone numbers and make tentative plans. Invite him and his family for dinners. Send messages if you notice suspicious people in the neighborhood. Soon you'll be able to identify the neighbors you can trust in hard times and those who don't seem to care.

If you're thinking that you can go it alone, the bad news is that you can't. You will tire out and need sleep, making it easy for the enemy to pick you off. Unless you operate as a team to maintain a vigilant 24-hour watch, you will succumb. Start testing people to be

your allies while you still have time.

Tactically defend and preserve your faith

I can’t be the only Christian who was disappointed by how most Churches responded to the coronavirus lockdowns. They obediently followed the authorities without a word of protest. In my zeal I had thought that we don’t allow the secular world to interfere with our worship, but the real world requires more pragmatism, so I pray that God enlightens our bishops to make the right decisions.

As Christians, we are allowed to resist authorities when they obstruct our faith or demand we commit sinful acts. It is also within your rights to push back using legal means against local mandates that violate your religious freedoms. You can protect your holy buildings and statues against those who seek to desecrate them and you surely can disobey any call to renounce Jesus Christ, even if it comes at a cost of martyrdom. At the same time, we are called to obey the authorities in matters that do not obstruct our faith, even if it may be inconvenient. This includes wearing a face mask.

Wearing a face mask in a supermarket does not obstruct your faith. If you want to resist that order in a civil manner like I do, that is your choice, but we cannot say that wearing the mask in places of business is spiritually damaging. Christendom is full of historical examples of direct and severe persecution, so we must not lump in our own desires for convenience and earthly freedoms that stem from our personal will, even though the force that requires us to wear a mask in the supermarket is the same who is eager to lock the doors of your church. Nonetheless, we cannot get into a position where we resist everything because we don’t like it, for that lacks humility and sends us down a dangerous road of pride that will be spiritually costly to us in ways we don’t expect.

Obeying the authorities—who I believe are evil—has been a stumbling block for me, but I

know that any resistance I perform should be level-headed with the main goal of giving glory to God, not myself. As discerning as you must be when deciding to use lethal force against an intruder, we must also use discernment when it comes to disobeying authority figures who were given to us by God for our spiritual benefit, even if they happen to be evil, and even if we cannot see the benefit of doing so in the here and now.

Secure at least one month of food, water, and supplies

We take for granted that supermarkets are fully stocked with food, but the coronavirus pandemic has warned us that this cannot hold true forever. Even now, several months after the worst of the lockdowns are over, many supermarkets and big-box retailers are having trouble keeping items in stock. If this is the case during peacetime, things will be far worse in the case of nationwide violence, where supermakets will completely empty within 72 hours with no sign of restocking. Mass panic will ensue.

If a hot war occurs, municipal and sanitation workers will be taking care of their own instead of dutifully arriving to work at 9am. When you turn on your faucet, water may not come out. Electricity, internet, and cell phone service may fail. While you can't prepare for every single thing that may go wrong, you can at least focus on food and water. You can survive without food for three weeks but only three days without water. If you can secure a plan for these two, you're better prepared than most of the population. Throw in a generator and propane gas supply for cooking and you may be able to bug out for greater than a month without much trouble.

One thing we have to be careful about while prepping is pretending God doesn't exist by solely surviving through our own strength. Having a month's worth of supplies is reasonable to me, but crafting a bunker with years of food would be making the

assumption that God does not care about me at all and will send not a soul to help preserve my worldly life (assuming He wants my worldly life to continue at that time). Deciding what is reasonable or excessive is a question of your faith, so use prayer to help arrive at an answer.

> "Therefore I say to you, do not worry about your life, what you will eat or what you will drink; nor about your body, what you will put on. Is not life more than food and the body more than clothing? Look at the birds of the air, for they neither sow nor reap nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feeds them. Are you not of more value than they? *—Matthew 6:25-26*

On one hand we can be tempting God by not using any of the intelligence He gave us while on the other hand we forsake him by having a high level of fear just like an atheist who wears a face mask while driving alone in his car. As Christians, we are likely to settle on a solution that allows us to receive our daily bread while not losing sight of the spiritual bread that is even more important.

Deepen your faith through prayer

What a great opportunity to live in these times where you are aching for safety, protection, and emotional comfort. Prayer remains always on the edge of your lips, ready to call out to our King for his sweet mercy. Take advantage of the loss of law and order by praying daily, both day and night. Give alms to those less fortunate than you to put the crisis in perspective and realize that you still receive many blessings from God. Remain vigilant against committing sin and continually ask yourself how can you help your neighbor and give glory to God.

Many men express how they wish to have been born during a different time, an easier

time, but what a compliment from God to watch the United States burn before our very eyes! He would not have put us here at this time unless He knew that we could handle it as long as we lean on Him. We are spiritual athletes asked not to compete at sea level but in the 7,350 feet altitude of Mexico City. Our lungs are not receiving enough air, but God will give us air, and if we are blessed enough, he will grant us a crown so that we can serve as a faithful witness to Christ.

I don't know how those who lack faith or a prayer life will make it through the next decade (or even the next year), not to mention what will happen to their souls after they die, but that is not our business. If the Gospel was brought to you, it is your choice to accept or deny it. Let people choose to care about their salvation based on the free will that God gave them.

Conclusion

A lot of men have asked for my thoughts about leaving the country and going to a land where Christians are least likely to be persecuted in the near future (Russia is often mentioned). There is even scriptural support for fleeing persecution.

> "Now brother will deliver up brother to death, and a father his child; and children will rise up against parents and cause them to be put to death. And you will be hated by all for My name's sake. But he who endures to the end will be saved. When they persecute you in this city, flee to another." *—Matthew 10:21-23*

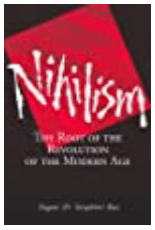
That said, I don't feel the persecution has begun in earnest. I'm still able to attend church every Sunday, pray daily, and publish Christian articles like this without fear of the police apprehending me. Deciding whether to flee or not, especially if you have a family, may be the hardest decision you'll have to make, but I can tell you that I would only leave this country if I never intended to come back again, even to visit. My leaving would be permanent, and if I do leave with a plan on coming back to visit often then things were probably not that bad in the first place. Ask yourself if you want to leave because we can no longer be Christians or if it's because you're scared and want to escape discomfort.

The current decade is sure to include continual violence and adversity, yet it turns out that the best way to respond is through "boring" actions: performing your daily duties, having a self-defense plan, experiencing fellowship with your neighbor, purchasing a water filter, and praying unceasingly. Maybe you were hoping I'd tell you to organize into a militia and start seeking high-level intelligence contacts to infiltrate and destroy communist groups, but I won't waste my time on actions that do little for me spiritually and are sure not to reverse the direction of a country that lost its faith long before I was born. Yes, I will take the boring path of pure faith, because I can't let war or rumors of war disrupt my salvation and for those whom I love. God may have removed his blessings for America, but there are plenty of blessings left for us as we pick up the cross and carry it across the carnage of a nation that has only begun to die.

Read Next: *4 Steps To God*

Nihilists Are Spiritually Dead

October 26, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



There aren't many American Orthodox monks who are candidates for sainthood, but Father Seraphim Rose (born Eugene Rose) is one of them. He led a worldly life that included an illicit relationship before turning to Christ and becoming a light for the Orthodox faithful around the world. His academic and philosophical style has appealed to many who crave a sharp, intellectual theology. While that style is hard for me to grasp early in my walk with Christ, his book Nihilism is important reading to understand the root of our present-day maladies.

You must descend before ascending

> From his own experience, Eugene believed that modern man cannot come to Christ fully until he is first aware of how far he and his society have fallen away from Him, that is, until he has first faced the Nihilism in himself.
> —Introduction by Father Damascene

There is no redemption without a fall. While you could be an exception, God is likely to permit you to be under the throes of Satan until you choose Him of your own free will. And then He will help you begin your new life.

Nihilism has become the default world orientation

> Nihilism has become, in our time, so widespread and pervasive, has entered so thoroughly and so deeply into the minds and hearts of all men living today, that there is no longer any "front" on which it may be fought; and those who think they are fighting it are most often using its own weapons, which they in effect turn against themselves.

Nihilism is baked into the cake of our society. Most nihilists don't even know they are one. Recently I watched a news segment at my father's house. It described how subterranean bacteria evolved hundreds of millions of years ago, as if it was an obvious fact and not the theory it is, and last year while visiting America's national parks, I saw countless informational placards made by geologists that pegged the age of rock formations with as much confidence as I proclaim my age to you. God surely use long stretches of time in nature, but scientific information is presented to you without any scriptural context, and so you hurtle down the default orientation of nihilism, Big Bang theory, evolution from salty water, and all manner of made-up events to explain your existence.

Nihilism is the opposite of Christianity

> What, then, is the nature of the Nihilist faith? It is the precise opposite of Christian faith, and so not properly called ‘faith’ at all. Where Christian faith is joyous, certain, serene, loving, humble, patient, submitting in all things to the Will of God, its Nihilist counterpart is full of doubt, suspicion, disgust, envy, jealousy, pride, impatience, rebelliousness, blasphemy—one or more of these qualities predominating in any given personality. It is an attitude of dissatisfaction with self, with the world, with society, with God; it knows but one thing: that it will not accept things as they are, but must devote its energies either to changing them or fleeing from them. it was well described by Bakunin as ‘the sentiment of rebellion, this Satanic pride, which spurns subjection to any master whatever, whether of divine or human origin.’

Have you ever encountered a happy atheist? If he’s in the middle of experiencing pleasure, perhaps. He will be in a good mood and full of exuberance when you catch him at a fun party, the morning after sleeping with a woman (or man), in the middle of eating a craft burger, or upon buying a new gadget, but when the worldly high fades, he’s back in the doldrums to masturbate to porn, get drunk, take pills, and attack others in anger. Atheists claim that their lives are revolved around the pursuit of happiness, that they themselves conjure the meaning and purpose to their existence, but without exception they are unhappy people who live only by that which is fleeting.

The “New Atheists”

All truth leads to Christ

> No one has rightly sought the truth who has not encountered at the end of this

> search—whether to accept or reject Him—our Lord, Jesus Christ, ‘the Way, the Truth, and the Life.’
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> […]
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> …it is impossible to extinguish the thirst for truth which God has implanted in man to lead them to Him, and which can only be satisfied in the acceptance of His Revelation. Even those who profess satisfaction with ‘relative’ truths and consider themselves too ‘sophisticated’ or ‘honest’ or even ‘humble’ to pursue the absolute—even they tire, eventually, of the fare of unsatisfying tidbits to which they have arbitrarily confined themselves, and long for more substantial fare.

If you are honest about your pursuit of truth, you will come to Christ. It’s impossible not to. Many men claim to pursue the truth, as I have in the past, but apply that truth to primarily gain pleasure and worldly benefits. I shared the truth of fallen women and men and then used that within the confines of my bedroom to secure a steady supply of sex. I closed my eyes to anything that hurt my access to the female body. A tiny bit of truth gave me pleasure, I got addicted to that pleasure, and so my pursuit of truth was stifled.

Truth outside of God is demonic

> It is the presumption of the fragment to replace the whole; it is the proud attempt to build a Tower of Babel, a collection of facts, to reach to the heights of truth and wisdom from below. But truth is only attained by bowing down and accepting what is received from above. All the pretended ‘humility’ of Realist scholars and scientists, these men of little faith, cannot conceal the pride of their collective usurpation of the throne of God; they, in their smallness, think their painstaking ‘research’ of more weight than Divine Revelation.
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> […]
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> All Nihilists, but preeminently those of the greatest genius and the broadest vision, are the prophets of Satan; refusing to use their talents in the humble service of God, ‘They have waged war against God with His own gifts.’

I no longer see the value of receiving guidance or knowledge from someone who is not in communion with God. Just like how a broken clock is correct twice a day, the nihilist may very well be speaking the truth on some matters, but the secular packaging it’s wrapped in contains lies, urgings to participate in sin, profanity, vulgarity, and callousness towards life. I may observe the work of a nihilist to see what the nihilists are up to, and maybe to receive cheap entertainment, but when it comes to how I live my life, it’s safer to do the exact opposite of what they’re doing, just like how it would have been better for a man to do the opposite of me when I was deep into fornication.

The nothingness of nihilist existence

> No man, we have said often enough, lives without a god; who then—or what—is

> the god of the Nihilist? It is nihil, nothingness itself—not the nothingness of absence or non-existence, but of apostasy and denial; it is the ‘corpse’ of the ‘dead God’ which so weighs upon the Nihilist.
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> […]
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> [In the Nihilist universe] there is neither up nor down, right nor wrong, true nor false, because there is no longer any point of orientation. Where there was once God, there is now nothing; where there were once authority, order, certainty, faith, there are now anarchy, confusion, arbitrary and unprincipled action, doubt and despair.
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> […]
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> The true Nihilist places his father [Satan] in things that pass away and end in nothing; all ‘optimism’ on this foundation is clearly futile. The Christian, renouncing such vanity places his faith in the one thing that will not pass away, the Kingdom of God.
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> […]
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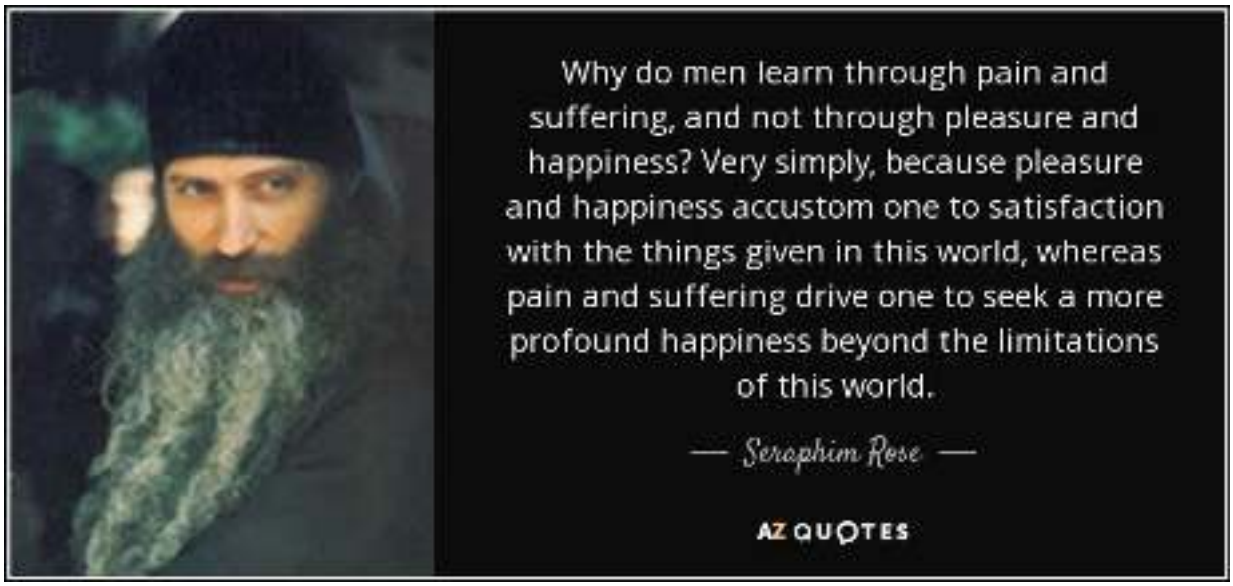
> He who does not live in Christ… already lives in the Abyss, and not all the treasures of this world can ever fill his emptiness.

Some men insist on learning this fact the hard way, or they think they are special enough to win when everyone else has lost. They really believe that they will be a champion of the world, but the higher they climb, the deeper the pit they dig, and the more divine the intervention they’ll need to be lifted out.



Satan’s lies become more appealing in a world void of God

> For Satan is the ape of God, and once divine coherence has been shattered and men no longer hope for the absolute coherence God alone can give to human life, the counterfeit coherence that Satan is able to fabricate may come to seem quite attractive.

In previous ages, people had stronger foundations of faith to fall back on. They were catechized as a child, went off into a world of sin and depravity, and then returned to the faith before it was too late, but today, when a person gets horrified by evil, they merely jump towards a new pleasure or sin.

Weak faith allows evil to grow

> Christian compromise in thought and word and negligence in deed have opened the way to the triumph of the forces of the absurd, of Satan, of Antichrist. The present age of absurdity is the just reward of Christians who have failed to be Christians.

The apostasy began a long time ago. The comfort, wealth, and mass-produced entertainment that the industrial age brought forth pulled society away from God. Weakened in faith, people no longer had any defenses to Satan's schemes, from abortion to institutionalized pedophilia. The world is crumbling around us while moderners covet their smartphone, Tinder matches, OnlyFans revenue, and Starbucks coffee, believing they are just one more achievement away from happiness, but there is no worthy achievement apart from God.

Nihilism leads to the absurd (clown world)

> From faith comes coherence. The world of faith, which was once the normal world, is a supremely coherent world because in it everything is oriented to God as to its beginning and end, and obtains its meaning in that orientation. Nihilist rebellion, in destroying that world, has inspired a new world: the world of the 'absurd.' This word, very much in fashion at the present time to describe the plight of contemporary man, has actually, if properly understood, a profound meaning. For if nothingness be the center of the world, then the world, both in its essence and in every detail, is incoherent, it fails to hold together, it is absurd.
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> […]
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> If man is after all to end in nothingness, then in the deepest sense it does not matter what he does in this life, for then nothing he may do is of any ultimate consequence, and all talk of 'living this life to the full' is empty and vain. It is absolutely true that if 'there is no immortality', the world is absurd and 'everything is permitted'—which is to say, nothing is worth doing, the dust of death smothers every joy and prevents even tears, which would be futile; it would indeed be better if such a world did not exist.
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> […]
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> Absurdism is the last proof that Christian truth is absolute and uncompromising, or else it is the same as no truth at all; and if there is no truth, if Christian truth is not to be understood literally and absolutely, if God is dead, if there is no immortality—then this world is all there is, and this world is absurd, this world is

> Hell.

We all are living in the clown world of an inverted society where evil is promoted as virtue and good as sin, but God knows how to turn evil to good. Like myself, many of you have recently humbled yourself before Him in part from being a witness to evil.

Nihilism by Father Rose had more of a philosophical tone than books I prefer, but it provided great value in showing me what godlessness really can bring—hell on earth. I pray to God that He can give us the strength to endure the severe tribulations that are sure to come in our lifetimes, to release ourselves from the bondage of this world and to prepare for the world to come.

Learn More: *Nihilism by Seraphim Rose on Amazon*

There Is No Identity Without Christ

November 2, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The tragedy of the modern era is that we lack identity. Once tradition and faith were removed from daily life, we had to search for worldly identities based on our sexual orientation, consumer choices, political beliefs, or even favorite dog breed. Needless to say that these manufactured identities can not even begin to fulfill the soul. Without Christ, all identities serve as distractions meant to keep us away from salvation.

In the past, I sought my identity through my sexual prowess. I was an international player, a semi-famous modern Casanova, and I relished in the material rewards that that identity gave me, but like with all worldly pursuits, you adapt to it until eventually your identity feels bland and meaningless. Doubling down will be your first instinct, because if a little bit of sex gave you happiness in the past then *a lot* of it will surely be the ticket, and yet that will be adapted to as well, leaving you in quite a hole. All identities based on desiring a "sex life," whether heterosexual or homosexual, will merely push you into the abyss.

So I'll switch gears and allow my consumer identity to save me. I can have a favorite sportsball team and smartphone brand, and I'll even wait in long lines to give them glory. I can become unreasonably fascinated with Star Wars or a comic book movie franchise, and use the anticipation of a new release to give me a scrap of hope that my life will somehow improve. I can follow all the restaurant brands on Twitter and get excited at witty comebacks against their competitors. I will beg them to take my money to make me forget for a moment that I am out of communion with God and have no reason for living.

If sexual or consumer identities fail me, I'll move on to political identities. From the two

available Presidential candidates, there will be one I can pour all my wishes, dreams, and hopes into. His personality and politics will fit me like a glove. Unlike candidate Kronos, who is obviously evil, Kang will save me. I must vote for him or else the country—and maybe even mankind—will end. Yes, he is my personal savior and I must now become a political expert like everyone else on Twitter and analyze the daily news cycle as if it were a second job. I will do that for years and years, moving from one candidate or hot-button issue to the next, until realizing that my political saviors don't know me or care about me. They're looking out for their own while I don't even get the leftovers. Back to the drawing board, I guess.

And how about the atheists, whose negative identity proudly announces another identity they refuse? "My identity is that I don't believe in what you believe, and I will make an entire world view out of my lack of belief!"

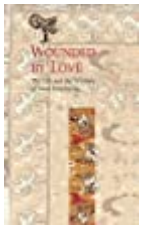
If an identity is worldly, it is controlled by the world. The sexual norms are controlled by those who control the makers of the sex culture—the movie producers, book writers, magazine editors, app owners, and pop singers. The consumer norms are controlled by those who control the corporations. The political identity is controlled by the big donors of the politicians. The atheist identity, the only one which begins to reach into the unseen, is controlled by the revolutionary Jews who hate Christ. All serve under the banner of the world, and who controls this world but Satan. If you have an identity that is not predominately based on Christ, chances are you have a Satanic identity.

There is no true identity without Christ, for from Christ comes all that is good—family, love, beauty, and concern for one's neighbor. If you are a Christian, you have all the identity you need. Your prayer rule, church worship, scripture readings, and the fruits from your faith are your identity. You need nothing else to feel complete, because it's through Christ that we are made whole, and any urge or inclination you feel to establish a worldly identity are merely temptations from the evil one. Resist them and seek Christ in all His Glory. He is the food, the nourishment, the manna that is your beginning and end, in this world and the next.

Read Next: *15 Signs You're A Dopamine Slave*

Learning To Love God

November 8, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



Wounded By Love by Saint Porphyrios was recommended to me by a monk at Holy Cross Monastery in Wayne, West Virginia. As a new believer, a big part of my faith was to avoid the pain of eternal punishment, but this book helped me understand that it's better to love God as a son instead.

Exhaust yourself for God

> Every physical and spiritual task which does not involve pain, toil and trouble never bears fruit for the person who engages in it, for the Kingdom of Heaven is taken by violence and the violent lay hold of it'—'violence' here meaning the laborious exercise of the body in everything.
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> […]
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> Before complaining about your bodily exhaustion, start praying, because when you complain grace departs and you are left with your own strength. If you say "Lord Jesus Christ, have mercy on me' three times, you continue joyfully. God sees you and stretches out His hand to help you. From that moment on, true communion with Him commences.

During the summer of 2019, I thought it would be impossible for me to tour the United States by car while also holding weekly speaking events. The endeavor far surpassed anything else I've attempted, but since I conducted the trip in the name of God, I believe He gave me energy I did not know I had. Funnily enough, after the trip was over and I had hardly any work to do at all, I felt more tired and weak than while I was conducting the tour.

Put blame on yourself

> On every occasion when something happens to you, place the blame on yourself. Pray with humility and don't seek to justify yourself. If, for example, you find yourself the object of enmity, pray with love so that you pour love over the enmity. If you hear a slander against you, then pray and be careful, because 'the noise of murmurings shall not be hidden.' The slightest murmuring against your neighbor affects your soul and you are unable to pray. When the Holy Spirit finds the soul in this state it does not dare to approach.

Attaining humility

> When you arrive at such a degree of humility and you compel the grace of God to dwell within you, then you have gained everything. When you have attained humility, when you have become a captive of God—a captive in the good sense, that is, a vessel of divine grace—then you can say along with Saint Paul, ‘it is no longer I who live; Christ lives in me.’
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> […]
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> We should address ourselves to God in the manner of a humble servant with a voice of entreaty and supplication. Then our prayer will be well-pleasing to God. Let us stand devoutly before the Cross of Christ and say: ‘Lord Jesus Christ, have mercy on me.’ That says everything.
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> […]
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> …God is infinite; God is a mystery; God is silence. God is infinitely hidden, but everywhere existent. We live in God, we breathe God, but we cannot sense His greatness, His providence. He frequently conceals the actions of His divine providence. But when we acquire holy humility, then we see everything and experience everything. We experience God openly and manifestly and we sense His mysteries. Then we cannot but start to love Him. And that is something which He asks for. It is the first thing which He demands for our own happiness, as He says, You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart and all your soul and all your mind’; this is the first and great commandment.

Accepting Christ

> Christ stands outside the door of our soul and knocks for us to open to Him, but He doesn’t enter. He doesn’t want to violate the freedom which He Himself gave us. The Book of Revelation says this in so many words: ‘Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If anyone will hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and I will dine with him, and he with me.’ Christ is courteous. He stands outside the door of our soul and knocks gently. If we open to Him, He will enter us and give us everything—Himself—secretly and silently.

This is how Christ dealt with me. He began tapping on my door in early 2019, ready to help me, but for one month I fiddled around, not sure if I should open the door or not. And then finally when I did open the door, He embraced me and changed my life.

Living with Christ

> When you find Christ, you are satisfied, you desire nothing else, you find peace. You become a different person. You live everywhere, wherever Christ is. You live in the stars, in infinity, in heaven with the angels, with the saints, on earth with people, with plants, with animals, with everyone and everything. When there is love for Christ, loneliness disappears. You are peaceable, joyous, full. Neither

> melancholy, nor illness, nor pressure, nor anxiety, nor depression, nor hell. Christ is in all your thoughts, in all your actions. You have grace and you can endure everything for Christ. You can even suffer unjustly. You can endure injustices for Christ, and indeed with joy. Just as He suffered, so you too can suffer unjustly. Did you choose Christ in order to avoid suffering? What does Saint Paul say? I rejoice in my sufferings. This is our religion: for our soul to awake and love Christ and become holy, to give herself over to divine eros.
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> […]
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> Those who desire and crave to belong to Christ and who abandon themselves to the will of God become worthy. It's a great thing, all-important, to have no will. The slave has no will of his own. And it is possible for us to have no will of our own in a very simple manner: through love for Christ and the keeping of His commandments.

Some men tell me, "Roosh, you're getting old. You really have to hurry up and find a wife. Have you thought about going to Armenia or maybe Ukraine? You can meet a girl in those places." There is no need. When you have Christ, you have enough. You can live alone in the mountains and go days without talking to another person yet remain content because you can see God everywhere, even in the trees and birds. With Christ comes fulfillment, and anything that can be added to me from this point on would be sent by Him for my salvation. He can send me a faithful woman, a friend who is in need of help, or the ability to make a meal for my neighbor—I accept his gifts without question, and do not lament what I perceive as a lack. If Christ did not give it to me, it cannot be something I should regret not having.

Living without Christ

> When someone is empty of Christ then a thousand and one other things come to fill his soul: jealousies, hatreds, boredom, melancholy, negativity, a worldly frame of mind and worldly pleasures. Try to fill your soul with Christ so as not to have it empty. Your soul is like a cistern full of water. If you channel the water to the flowers, that is, to the virtues, you will experience true joy and all the thorns of evil will wither away. But if you channel the water to the weeds, these will grow and choke you and all the flowers will wither.

Modern society is constructed to keep you away from Christ no matter which way you turn. Even most churches, which are supposed to glorify and worship Christ, do not have Him. They blaspheme Him through false teachings and gay flags. Evil forces of this world have molded everything to block God from your life, but in my case and others who have found Him, they have not been successful enough.

God wishes all to be saved

> You wish for everyone to find salvation, light and sanctification and for everyone

> to enter in the Church.
>
> […]
>
> No one should wish to be saved alone without all others being saved. It is a mistake for someone to pray for himself, that he himself may be saved. We must love others and pray that no soul be lost, that all may enter into the Church. That is what counts. And it is with this desire one should leave the world to retire to a monastery or to the desert.

I used to get schadenfreude when my enemy faltered. “Serves you right for attacking me in the past!” Now I aim to pray for them. I can no longer celebrate when a man falls into the pit. No one deserves to suffer for eternity merely for humiliating me or hurting my feelings.

Engaging in sin makes you confused

> Sin makes a person exceedingly psychologically confused. And nothing makes the confusion go away—nothing except the light of Christ. Christ makes the first move: Come unto me all you who labour. Then we accept this light with our good will, which we express through our love towards Him, through prayer, through our participation in the life of the Church, and through the sacraments.

The irony is that the more confused a person is, the more sure they will seem. A woman will be so convinced of her abortion that she will brag about it online and encourage other women to do the same. A man will be so convinced of his life of fornication that he will boast of his conquests and teach you how to do likewise. I could argue that today I have more to be sure of, but I’m more hesitant to dispense advice to others. I don’t want to give guidance that could end up inadvertently hurting someone’s spiritual development.

Do not despair

> It is not healthy to be excessively downcast on account of your sins and to turn with such revulsion against your evil self that you end up in despair. Despondency is the worst thing. It is a snare set by Satan to make a person lose his appetite for spiritual things and to bring him into a state of despair, inactivity and negligence. In this state a person is unable to do anything and is rendered useless. The person says, ‘I am sinful and wretched, I am this, I am that, I didn’t do this, I didn’t do that… I should have done that then, now it’s too late, nothing can be done… I’ve wasted my life, I am unworthy…’ He is brought into a sense of inferiority and consumed by fruitless self-reproach. Do you know what a destructive thing that is? It is pseudo-humility.

I can admit that I am hard on my past, but how can I not be when I was a fool for so long? Yet I do believe God has forgiven me for my sins, and so I steer away from despair or despondency. My salvation is in my hands based on what I do today.

Loving your neighbor is loving God

> Love towards one’s brother cultivates love towards God. We are happy when we secretly love all people. Then we will feel that everyone loves us. No one can attain to God unless he first passes through his fellow men. ‘For the person who does not love his brother whom he has seen, how can he love God whom he has not seen?’ We need to love and sacrifice ourselves selflessly for everyone without seeking recompense. A love that seeks something in return is selfish. It is not genuine, pure and sincere.

Atheists have ailing souls

> No one can deny that Christ is the fullness of life. Those who deny this truth are soul-sick and possessed by an evil spirit. They deny that which they are lacking. And so the devil finds their soul empty and enters in. And just as a child is deeply traumatized if he is deprived of his father and mother in his life, so too, and much more so, is the person who is deprived of Christ and His Holy Mother.

Repentance is not possible without grace

> For the soul to repent it must first be awake. It is in this awakening that the miracle of repentance occurs. This is where human will plays its role. The awakening, however, is not something that rests only with the individual man or woman. The individual on his own is unable to bring it about. God intervenes. Then divine grace comes. Without grace a person cannot repent. The love of God does everything. He may use something—an illness, or something else, it depends—in order to bring a person to repentance. Accordingly repentance is achieved through divine grace. We simply make a move towards God and from then onwards grace supervenes.
>
> […]
>
> If there are not the preconditions for Christ to enter into us, repentance does not come. The preconditions are humility, love, prayer, prostrations and labour for Christ. If the sentiment is not pure, if there is no simplicity and if the soul is moved by self-interest, then divine grace does not come. In that case we go and confess, but we don’t feel relief.

Grace is a gift and God decides when to give it. You then make a decision whether to accept the gift or not. I was given this gift at 39 years old when I was beaten by the world and no longer had any options to save myself. For the first time in my life I prayed for help, and then I received help.

Icon of Saint Porphyrios

Prayer

> We shouldn't blackmail God with our prayers. We shouldn't ask God to release us from something, from an illness, for example, or to solve our problems, but we should ask for strength and support from Him to bear what we have to bear. Just as He knocks discretely at the door of our soul, so we should ask discretely for what we desire and if the Lord does not respond, we should cease to ask. When God does not give us something that we ask for insistently, then He has His reasons. God, too, has His 'secrets'.
>
> […]
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> In our prayer we should ask only for the salvation of our soul. Didn't the Lord say, 'Seek first the Kingdom of God, and all these things will be added to you?' Easily, without the slightly difficulty, Christ can give us what we want. And remember the secret. The secret is not to think about asking for the specific thing at all. The secret is to ask for your union with Christ with utter selflessness, without saying 'give me this' or 'give me that'. It suffices to say, 'Lord Jesus Christ, have mercy on me.'
>
> […]
>
> I never ask for God to reveal something to me, because I don't like asking Him. I believe this is contrary to His will, that it is not polite and that—even worse—I am coercing Him. But I say the prayer 'Lord, Jesus Christ, have mercy on me' in a supplicatory tone and then I abandon myself to Christ. Whatever He wills. Whatever He Himself reveals.

When praying for myself or others, I used to ask God for specifics—to help me with finding a mountain home or to help a friend with his money problems—but how do I know what is God's specific plan for each individual? Now I ask God either for mercy or the endurance to get through a specific trial (assuming it is His will for me to get through the trial). When you ask for mercy instead of specific outcomes, you ensure that God treats you with love and compassion in a way that preserves your salvation, since it's very possible that attaining something you desire may lead to condemnation. If you ask me to pray for you, I'll ask God to have mercy on you. His will be done, whatever that may be.

We cannot fix ourselves without Christ

> Without Christ it is impossible to correct ourselves. We will not be able to detach ourselves from our passions. On our own we cannot become good. 'Without me, you can do nothing.' However much we try, we will achieve nothing. There is one thing we must do, and that is turn to Him and love Him 'with all our soul.' Love for Christ: this is the best and sole remedy for the passions.

It is possible for a non-Christian to do a good deed, since the Gospel is written on our hearts, but it will often come with sinful baggage. Someone will claim that they give to charity, but they do it as a public display. I spoke the truth about men and women, yet applied that truth in an immoral way. To do good without harming oneself or others, you must be in communion with God. Otherwise, you will null out the good you're doing with other sins that you will not even be aware of.

Turn to Christ when evil comes to you

> Things are simple and easy in the spiritual life, in the life in Christ, as long as you possess discernment. When something bothers you—a seductive thought, a temptation, an assault—ignore all these things, and turn your attention, your eyes, to Christ. He will then take over the task of raising you up. He will take you by the hand and will give you His divine grace abundantly. All you need to do is make a tiny little effort. The human contribution in all this represents only a millionth of a millionth part—a slight inclination, that is. Take a step in God's direction, and in a split second divine grace will come. As soon as you think of it, the Holy Spirit will come. You don't do anything. You just move in that direction, and divine grace comes immediately.
>
> […]
>
> You won't become saints by hounding after evil. Ignore evil. Look towards Christ and He will save you. Instead of standing outside the door shooing the evil one away, treat him with disdain. If evil approaches from one direction, then calmly turn in the opposite direction. If evil comes to assault you, turn all your inner strength to good, to Christ. Pray, 'Lord Jesus Christ, have mercy on me.' He knows how and in what way to have mercy on you. And when you have filled yourself with good, don't turn any more towards evil. In this way you become

> good on your own, with the grace of God. Where can evil then find a foothold? It disappears!
>
> […]
>
> You don’t become holy by fighting evil. Let evil be. Look towards Christ and that will save you. What makes a person saintly is love—the adoration of Christ which cannot be expressed, which is beyond expression, which is beyond… And such a person attempts to undertake ascetic exercises and to do things to cause himself to suffer for the love of God.

Many Christians want to “fight evil” and eradicate it from the world, but is that God’s will or their will? God permits evil and sickness in this world for our spiritual benefit, so the most likely consequence of fighting evil is bringing yourself closer to it. As long as this world exists, evil will exist.

All sheep need a shepherd

> If you are going to occupy yourself with prayer of the heart exclusively you must have the guidance of a spiritual father. Prayer of the heart is impossible without a spiritual guide. There is a danger of the soul being deluded. Care is needed. Your spiritual guide will teach you how to get into the right order for prayer, because you don’t get in the right order, there’s a danger of your seeing the luciferic light, of living in delusion and being plunged into darkness, and then one becomes aggressive and changes character and so on.

Whenever I speak with men who are going it alone without the Church, they have a buffet of beliefs gathered from multiple sources (philosophy, gnosticism, New Age, Buddhism, etc.). The end result is that they formed their own religion with them as Pope, and they defend their unique position with an exceedingly high level of pride.

Your faith is progressing if you desire less from the world

> In the eyes of God, the married and the unmarried person are the same, provided they live in accordance with the commandments of God and provided they live the life of God. Chastity, lack of possessions and poverty, which are the virtues of the monk, are to be found in a person’s heart. Someone may be a virgin as far as the body is concerned, but be like an inveterate whore as far as the soul is concerned on account of his malice and passions. Someone may own a dozen houses and yet in his soul be liberation from material things and live like someone who owns nothing. On the other hand, someone may be poor in an external sense, but not be free of possessions internally. It is not the quantity of possessions that makes someone propertied or unpropertied, but the attachment of the heart.

How to treat those who attack you

> When someone injures us in whatever way, whether with slanders or with insults, we should think of him as our brother who has been taken hold of by the enemy. He has fallen victim to the enemy. Accordingly we need to have compassion for him and entreat God to have mercy both on us and on him, and God will help both. If, however, we are filled with anger against him, then the enemy will jump from him to us and make a mockery of us both. A person who condemns others does not love Christ.
>
> […]
>
> And if you see a brother troubled by passions, do not hate him. Hate rather the passions that are assailing him. And if you see that he is being tormented by desires and habits from former sins, have even greater compassion on him, lest you also fall into temptation, since you are made of matter that easily turns from good to evil.

Use prayer to help others change instead of words

> In our missionary endeavor we need to employ a very delicate manner so that people accept what we are offering, whether it be words, books or whatever, without reacting negatively. And something else: use few words. Words often provoke irritation. Prayer and living example find resonance. Living faith moves people, regenerates them and changes them, whereas words alone remain fruitless. The best form of mission is through our good example, our love and our meekness.
>
> […]
>
> And when sometimes I see that someone is heading for disaster in his life, I can do nothing about it. I point it out to him a little, but he doesn't understand. I can't intervene strongly and compromise his freedom. It's not an easy matter.

Has it happened to you that you knew the exact solution to someone's problem, and yet when you relayed the solution, the person completely ignored you or outright attacked you? Words don't work on a hard heart. The person simply wants a material reward or solution, and anything you say which blocks their immediate satisfaction will be shot down. This is also the case with bringing people to God. It can be obvious to me that a person is suffering from their worldly pursuits, but if I were to tell them that they need God, they would attack me or say I'm "too religious." By now, everyone close to me knows that I'm a believer, so it's just a simple matter for them to ask me how to seek help from God, but if they are still of the world they will insist on asking for a worldly solution instead that doesn't get to the root of the problem.

The providence of God

> God is love; He is not a simple spectator in our life. He provides and cares for us

as our Father, but He also respects our freedom. He does not pressure us. We should have our hope in God's providence and, since we believe that God is watching over us, we should take courage and throw ourselves into His love and then we will see Him constantly beside us. We will not be afraid that we will make a false step.

Raising children

Become saints and you will have no problems with your children. The sanctity of their parents releases the children from their problems. Children want to have saintly people at their side, people with lots of love who will neither intimidate them nor lecture them, but who will provide a saintly example and pray for them. You parents should pray silently to Christ with upraised arms and embrace your children mystically. When they misbehave you will take some disciplinary measures, but you will not coerce them. Above all you need to pray.

[…]

It is not sufficient for the parents to be devout. They mustn't oppress the children to make them good by force. We may repel our children from Christ when we pursue the things of our religion with egotism. Children cannot endure coercion. Don't compel them to come with you to church. You can say, 'Whoever wants can come with me now or come later.' Leave God to speak to their souls. The reason why the children of some devout parents become rebellious when they grow up and reject the Church and everything connected with it and go off to seek satisfaction elsewhere is because of this pressure which they feel from their 'good' parents. The so-called 'devout' parents, who were anxious to make 'good Christians' of their children with their human love, pressurized their children and produced the opposite result.

What to do when you're sick

…pray a great deal [when you're ill], but for God to forgive your sins and to give you strength to love Him and to give yourself to Him. Because the more you pray for the illness to leave you, the more it adheres to you, winds its tentacles around you and squeezes you, and becomes inseparable from you. If, of course, you feel an inner human weakness, then you may humbly entreat the Lord to take the illness from you.

[…]

Don't pray for your health. Don't say, 'O Lord, make me well.' No! Rather say, 'Lord, Jesus Christ, have mercy on me', with selflessness, with love and without expecting anything. 'Lord, whatever Your love desires…' Only in this way will you act from now on, loving Christ and our brothers and sisters. Love Christ. Become saints. Throw yourself into becoming friends with Christ, into His love alone, into divine eros.

Without this book, I’m certain I would have embarked on a more legalistic form of Christianity, where I simply follow the rules so that I’m not punished, but Christ is so much more than a stern headmaster. God made us out of love and so wants us to fully experience that love, which is enough for us to face any evil or suffering that comes our way. Wounded By Love was important in helping me realize this essential component of the Christian faith.

Learn More: *Wounded By Love by Saint Porphyrios on Amazon*

Men Treat Women As Gods

November 16, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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In order to be with a woman, there is no sacrifice a modern man is not willing to make. He will pretend to be a feminist, travel around the world, and even feign allegiance to abortion or homosexual marriage. If a man wants a woman, and the woman professes to like something, the man will profess to like it as well, all for a chance of intimacy, sex, or just a bit of companionship, but like Adam following Eve, his actions lead directly to spiritual death.

I originally got into the game because I wanted one idealized sexual relationship, not many. I imagined that the lust and sex from one woman would fulfill me and give my life meaning, so I learned some tricks and techniques on the internet and applied them to random women. My newfound game knowledge led instead to sex with multiple women, fueling my pride and lust to such an extent that I rewrote my personal history. Instead of admitting that the relationship fantasy I desired in my mind didn't exist in the real world or was unattainable in my current immature state, I convinced myself that I wanted sex with a lot of women all along. I always wanted to be a player.

For nearly twenty years, I provided women with whatever they wanted—entertainment, fun, alcohol, emotional attraction, anonymous sex in European Airbnbs—so that I could feel pleasure from them, a paltry simulation of the love that exists within a devoted Christian marriage. If I didn't apply my game skills and "social technology," I feared that I would end up alone and miserable, yet how different was I from Adam?

> Now the serpent was more cunning than any beast of the field which the Lord God had made. And he said to the woman, "Has God indeed said, 'You shall not eat of every tree of the garden'?"
>
> And the woman said to the serpent, "We may eat the fruit of the trees of the garden; but of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden, God has said, 'You shall not eat it, nor shall you touch it, lest you die.' "
>
> Then the serpent said to the woman, "You will not surely die. For God knows that in the day you eat of it your eyes will be opened, and you will be like God, knowing good and evil."
>
> So when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree desirable to make one wise, she took of its fruit and ate. **She also gave to her husband with her, and he ate.** Then the eyes of both of them were opened, and they knew that they were naked; and they sewed fig leaves together and made themselves coverings. —Genesis 3:1-7

Adam's woman was tempted by Satan first and lost eternal life. When she came to him after eating from the tree, I imagine he noticed that her countenance had changed. She was no longer innocent with a saintly glow, and must have appeared worried and tense. The birds were not singing in the Garden like before. He was faced with a difficult choice: turn away from her and reorient himself to God, counting on Him to create another helpmate to make his life worthy, or fall with the woman in a moment of panic and fear of being alone to serve the will of Satan.

To Adam's credit, he fell with the only woman in the world, yet today, men are begging to fall not for women who love them, not for women who could give them children (they would be immediately aborted), and not even for women they know, but for the *potential* to meet a godless woman. A man will spend hundreds of hours training to be more interesting or wealthy, to be more attractive in the hope of garnering the momentary interest of a woman, and he will stock his home with all the things that she wants, such as exciting travel photos, bottles of alcohol, playlists of sexy music, and "For Her Pleasure" condoms to satisfy her physically after spending hours straining to satisfy her emotionally. Some men even learn new languages, and the hundreds of hours that entails, to satisfy such a woman. Pathetic! In effect, the modern man *pre-eats* the apple from the Tree just for a chance of making a good impression on an Eve who has already gorged herself on the fruit. He falls for a woman who is busy serving her true master, Satan, a master she will always serve first.

I can't help but laugh at my foolishness at the handful of times I tried to transform a girl I had met randomly, often in a bar, into a devoted housewife. When a woman is serving the evil one, she doesn't want a human master. Why would she follow you anyway, a desperate, weak man who has re-arranged his entire life to make a false god out of a

fallen woman?

Any woman who made the decision not to follow me into my perverted idea of marital bliss without God made the wise decision, because while I could puff my muscles up in the gym, strain to be more interesting than a smartphone, or pretend to be some type of dominant gorilla in the bedroom when all I really wanted was love, I was still the servant of the woman, and only deserved one who treated me like the fool that I was by playing games with me, lying to me, and treating me as a disposable toy.

Don't make the same mistake as Adam. Don't act as if you were made from the woman's rib instead of the other way around. Don't attempt to satisfy a woman with worldly trivialities and pleasures, because I assure you that it is far better to go it this life alone, walking with Christ under his love and protection, than to follow a woman into hell.

Read Next: *Do You Deserve A Good Woman?*

Secular Lifestyles Create Ceaseless Anxiety

November 23, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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When I lived without God, I seemed to experience a weekly crisis or drama that would make me doubt if I was living in the right away. I would try to improve my life program but then a new crop of problems would arise. Today, as I aim to live according to God's will, life is hard but smooth, without the upsetting tensions, doubts, or anxieties of the past. It turns out that the more I serve God, the less I need Him to bail me out of problems or worries that are the result of my own doing.

If you pursue women for fornication, your anxieties will be endless. Are you attractive enough? Is your style fashionable? Do your biceps look big? Is the Tinder algorithm only showing you ugly women? Do you know what to say to an attractive woman? Did you build enough chemistry for her to desire seeing you again? Why is it taking so long for her to text back? Why did she disappear after sex? Did your body not satisfy her in bed? What is the itchy rash around your groin?

When you pursue sin, and that sin could be fornication, greed, or pride in the form of status, your life will become more about mitigating the problems that come from those pursuits than experiencing any sort of happiness you envisioned from the initial fantasy of being sexually successful, rich, or high status. If you think about how many books and online resources exist that teach men how to pickup girls (I wrote many), it's clear that a goal of fornication is anything but "natural" if it's defined as something that is inborn to our spirit and doesn't require hundreds or thousands of failed attempts to get right. The same goes with money: many people are spending their entire lives mastering the art of getting dollar bills to reproduce, but they remain far from reproducing themselves.

To a person without faith, my current life is boring. There is no excitement. I wake up, pray, read, and sit in front of the computer for my daily toil. I eat two meals a day, make a few political tweets, watch some basic entertainment at night, and then go to bed, yet I don't have any problems that stem from this life. I may seem alone to you, but with God in my life, I'm less alone than even when I was with a sexually exciting woman. I may seem to receive no pleasure, but watching a cardinal bathe in a stream on a warm day gives me more joy than when I attended a packed nightclub while under the influence of lust and alcohol. My senses are not titillated, and while it's possible I eat too many sweets, I train myself not to seek things of this world to give me pleasure. God will not let me suffer needlessly, and as long as I'm patient, He will give me harmless pleasures that exceed those I sought from my own will.

The biggest crisis I've experienced in the past year is signing a rental lease for a house that was previously used as a crack house. I had to leave because it was not properly decontaminated, but even that experience had fruits, for I gained enough information to know exactly what type of rural home I want to live in. Though I have nothing the world would covet, and I'm not exactly swimming in material wealth while living in my mother's apartment, I don't suffer from problems that come from my own doing because I now make decisions that are based on my desire to serve God instead of my own passions and lusts. Most of the problems I do face are external to me, coming from other people or powers, or from the limitations of my own flesh, but not through my own secular choices. Life is hard enough on its own when you walk with Christ, so imagine how much more difficult you make things when you decide to walk by your own feeble and stupid will.

If you're down and feel that nothing seems to go your way, or you feel that things are grossly "unfair" in spite of having food, shelter, and relatively good health, it's because you are making decisions that are disconnected from God. We will always be faced with difficulties, tribulations, and illnesses, but if you embark on a certain goal and feel stymied every step of the way, and you have not sought the blessing of God for that endeavor, you may have received the blessing of Satan instead.

My will was so strong and my desire for sex so high that I fought to overcome innumerable obstacles to achieving a career of fornication, but it all came to an ignoble end anyway. We'll see what God has in store for me from this point on, but at least now I know that any obstacle I face on my walk with Christ is righteous and worth overcoming, instead of being a method of my own destruction like it was before.

Read Next: *8 Personal Defects That Allowed Me To Worship Fornication For 18 Years*

Roosh Hour #55 – Donald Trump

November 24, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I talk about the United States Presidential election, the real reason behind coronavirus lockdowns, the deranged behavior of Western women, how to maintain your faith in times of tribulation, and a lot more.

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November 29, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Is Faith Growing Or Dying?

November 30, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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A question I'm commonly asked is if I believe faith in Christ is increasing or decreasing. Is the Holy Spirit active in growing the faith of the flock or is Satan getting closer to achieving the end times with the introduction of his Antichrist? I believe the answer is that *both* good and evil are growing at the same time.

The clearest sign that evil is on the march is Drag Queen Story Time, a program whereby men dress up as women to read books to little children in public libraries, a taxpayer-funded institution. Why do children need to be read by grotesque men dressed up in makeup and colorful wigs via a quasi state-sponsored program? To desensitize them to the sort of person who is most likely to molest and rape them. The parents of these children essentially bring them to slaughter in a government-backed grooming program to aid in the future sexual abuse of children and the destruction of their innocence. It's just but one example of the increase of Satan's activity that includes the normalization of sodomy, blatant government corruption, and the breakup of the family unit.

How about faith? Since evil is obviously growing, shouldn't that mean that faith is dying? Not so. You're reading the words of a man who turned to Christ in 2019, well after Drag Queen Story Time and transgender kids became a national phenomenon. I went on tour that year and talked to hundreds of men, many of whom confessed that they are also making their way out of the darkness and into the light of Christ. I've lost count how many emails I've received from both men and women who are new to professing the faith and turning away from the evils of the modern world.

It's tempting to look at surveys and polls and lament the decreasing *number* of self-identifying Christians, but a human body present in the pews is not necessarily faith. There may be 10,000 souls in a megachurch, but if true repentance is not found there, and their faith ends as soon as they walk out of their rock concert experience, it may be more pleasing to God if a lone monk recited the Jesus Prayer, because if your faith doesn't re-orient your body away from worldly things, should it be counted in national surveys that attempt to quantify the faith, or does it belong in the box of "other," of something New Age, in between true good and true evil but leaning more toward evil than not?

From my perspective, true faith is growing. Men are renouncing their past and immoral lifestyles to donate their lives to Christ. There are not many of these men, I will admit, but their prayers will resonate deeply instead of bouncing around the sterile walls of the modern church with a woman at its pulpit. In spite of the growing evil that is undeniably visible, many men are landing on the path to salvation.

> Another parable [Jesus] put forth to them, saying: "The kingdom of heaven is like a man who sowed good seed in his field; but while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat and went his way. But when the grain had sprouted and produced a crop, then the tares also appeared. So the servants of the owner came and said to him, 'Sir, did you not sow good seed in your field? How then does it have tares?' He said to them, 'An enemy has done this.' The servants said to him, 'Do you want us then to go and gather them up?' But he said, **'No, lest while you gather up the tares you also uproot the wheat with them. Let both grow together until the harvest, and at the time of harvest I will say to the reapers, "First gather together the tares and bind them in bundles to burn them, but gather the wheat into my barn."' "** -Matthew 13:24-30

I suppose it would have been easier for us to be sown without so many weeds, but you wouldn't be reading this right now if God has not deemed you fit and faithful enough to handle the tares. You can endure this evil, you can endure the sodomites and the pedophiles, you can endure the abortionists, you can endure the maniacal oligarchs and their questionable vaccines, and you can endure the poverty and strife that comes from not being of this world.

Both the wheat and the tares are growing, both good and evil, side by side, and God will

sift it all out at the end. Evil may be growing tall; the tares are visibly choking out the good crop, but the wheat endures, fighting for life. The harvest is so close, the farmer is on his way to reap, and we only have to wait a little while longer until we can be separated from the tares to breathe full life as God intended when He created man. Don't concern yourself with Satan and if he's winning or not. Simply orient your heart on Christ and let him build your faith, and let it surpass in height to the tares that grow beside you.

Read Next: *Worshiping Comfort Is Satanic*

I Lived Most Of My Life Under Demonic Influence

December 7, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Secular people think being under heavy demonic influence looks like something out of a Hollywood movie. You develop a guttural croak, stick out your tongue at inappropriate moments, and even develop a limp that signifies you are not well. Or you'll do things that are obviously evil, such as punch little children in the face and torture backyard animals. The reality is far more subtle. Demons can be in total control over your life, directing your every move, and you will still be deceived that you're a "good person" who is in charge. The word demon may not even enter your mind.

You're under demonic influence if you commit evil deeds yet are unable to recognize them as evil. Usually it starts when you commit minor transgressions as an adolescent, often starting with masturbation. You choose to ignore your conscience telling you that masturbation is wrong because you want to feel good in the moment and follow your own will. Over time, your conscience atrophies as you continue to disobey it, allowing you to commit greater evils as an adult until your conscience becomes so damaged that you are easily able to convince yourself that the evil acts you commit are actually good or virtuous.

An example of a great evil I committed in the past was taking the virginity of a few women. In my defense, I did not have to trick them that I wanted a long-term relationship or marriage, and chances are they used me to begin a promiscuous lifestyle, but that is still no excuse. I was the vehicle that Satan used to remove their bodily purity, something they will never be able to give to another man.

Believe it or not, when I slept with a virgin, I thought I was doing her a favor. I was

introducing them to a world of wonderful sensual pleasures, allowing them to get over the awkwardness of virgin sex so that after me they could sleep with any other man they wanted without hesitation. Not only that, but I eagerly bragged to my friends when I did sleep with a virgin, since I deemed it harder to do when compared to a woman who was already sexually active. Every virgin I slept with was a confirmation of how skilled and masculine I was, a testament to my supreme abilities that justified my growing worldwide fame.

How do you think I feel about my actions now?

When the initial thought came to my mind that I was doing the virgins a “favor,” it was in my own voice. It did not coincide with tongue-wagging or circling of my eyeballs. I was not in a state of wrath but calm. When subsequent thoughts came into my mind that I was a big man for doing what I did, I accepted it immediately, along with any other conclusion that boosted my own pride.

The biggest mistake that secular people make is believing that thoughts from their minds are theirs, and are therefore worth listening to or following, but if you are not in communion with God, much of your thoughts will be evil. The Orthodox Church teaches that demons have the ability to put thoughts into your mind, and when combined with other thoughts that derive from your own flesh, it shouldn’t be hard to see that most of your thoughts should be ignored. Most of your judgments are wrong. For some people, all are wrong. Thankfully, God and the angels can seed beneficial thoughts, and our conscience can never be completely annihilated, but don’t assume you’re totally in the clear where anything you think of must certainly come from a place of good.

In the past, I assumed that the demons would want me to suffer and experience pain. In the next life, yes, but in this life they give you all the pleasures and worldly rewards you can handle. If you want sex, Satan will do what he can to see that you get it, and if you can’t get the real thing he’ll make sure you’re addicted to the next best thing, pornography. Do you covet money? He’s wiring the funds right now, just as long as you devote every waking hour to making a buck. Do you want to feel like a somebody? He’ll make sure you invest hundreds of hours into a YouTube channel and get recognized on the street. All he asks in return is your soul.

Satan puts you at the center of your false universe, to worship any god but God, convincing you to follow your own "self-interest," that you're just an evolutionary animal and it's okay to walk over or destroy those around you as long as you are growing and gaining and achieving the emotional happiness that you believe is the meaning to this life, and the big lie is that it's not *you* that has come up with the master game plan. You're the stooge, the useful idiot who is being controlled like a puppet on a stage that your pride blinds you from seeing.

Have you ever seen a man get hypnotized? Under hypnosis, he may do weird things such as bark like a dog or roll on the ground, and then when the hypnotist releases the spell, he's amazed when the audience tells him he acted like a total animal. He can't believe that his will was hijacked by an external force, but that's exactly what happened. On stage, he may be embarrassed for an hour or two, but when you fall for the hypnotism that Satan performs, you don't lose your dignity for a moment—you lose it forever.

God is in the process of releasing me from the spell of Satan, because I surely couldn't do it on my power with a broken conscience and deformed will. I admit I did a lot of evil things while I was hypnotized. I acted worse than a dog, but now that I am able to re-orient my will with God's, to use the teachings of His Christ and His Church as a measure of what is good, and to ignore all that contradicts it, I pray that He never allows me to be so heavily deceived again.

Read Next: *The World Of Newton vs. The World Of God*

Experience Is A Lie

December 14, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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When I was a teenager, the idea of "experience" was aggressively pushed onto me. The only way I could grow up and enjoy life, I was taught, was to get a lot of experience. It would make me a mature, responsible adult. I went on to rack up a lifetimes' worth of experience all around the world, and now that I look back at it all, I see that it was a waste.

In 2007, I backpacked for six months through South America. I started in Ecuador and snaked my way through half of the continent, eventually ending up in Rio de Janeiro to celebrate Carnival. During that trip, I met hundreds of people and saw countless exotic sights. I drank in dank bars and had deep conversations with dozens of Australians about nothing. I went through six years of experience in only six months. Where is that experience now? How does it help me today outside of the specific task of taking a road trip?

If I were to write a memoir of my life, the most prominent lessons would be knowing how *not* to live, what *not* to do. I was floatsam on the river of Western culture and yet gained nothing. I traveled, developed worldwide notoriety, and "explored my sexuality" with female partners who wanted to do the same, and yet I'm firmly on my way to forgetting most of it. You could argue that knowing what not to do is valuable wisdom, but was it worth half my life?

When those who control the culture tell you to gain experience, what they're really telling you is to gain experience with sin. They certainly don't mean experience with prayer, going to Church, and understanding the Bible. Instead, they want you to exercise your sin muscles and develop addictions to money, lust, and achieving a level of status among other worldly people so you can convince yourself that they will all gnash their teeth in your absence, but experience is just a code word for sin, and the more experience you participate in that is disconnected from God, the more you please Satan and his efforts to condemn your soul.

I see experience as a shovel. Every time you embrace the world for a new experience, you dig out a chunk of earth from where you stand. The hole around you gets deeper. There is no pause between your experiences, or else you'd wonder why you are becoming surrounded by dirt, and by the time you get exhausted from all the digging, you find that you're stuck in a pit of worms that your shovel can't help you climb out of. Some people keep digging, because all they have is a shovel, but soon the pit becomes a chasm. There is no escape, and as you dwell with the worms, you look at the shovel and feel a sense of disgust. It wasn't the tool of your salvation that you thought it would be.

If while in the pit, you see experience for the lie that it is, and beg God for help, He will lower down a ladder. You start the climb, nervous that the ladder will fail you. You step over the first rungs (prayer) and gain confidence that it will hold. You step over the next rungs (the Bible) and feel a brightness in your soul unlike you've ever experienced

before. You can finally see the top of the pit, and then you step over the last rungs (the Church) until you lift yourself out and step onto firm ground. You crane your neck over the edge to look down into the pit and marvel that it's so deep you can't even see the bottom. You begin to lift the ladder out, and realize it's as light as air, and you take it with you because you know it will come in handy for an even greater ascension to come.

Read Next: *Poland Won't Let Go Of Me*

Roosh Hour #57 – Dangerous Vaccine

December 20, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I share my suspicions about the new coronavirus vaccine, the elite plan to transform the middle class into peasants, Donald Trump's momentous decision to cross the rubicon, loser women art, demonic influence, a retrospective of the year 2020, and a lot more.

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11 Things I Learned From Living On The Blue Ridge Mountains For 2 Months

December 21, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I had planned on renting a house in the West Virginia mountains for one year to learn what kind of mountain man I was, but because of a landlord problem, I stayed for only two months. Even in that short amount of time, I gained a lot of knowledge about country living and what type of home I should seek in the future. Here are eleven things I learned…

1. It's a solitary life

If you move to a rural area alone and have a stay-at-home job, you will be *alone*. Unless you make an effort to have social interactions, which involves going to a job site, your neighbor's house, or to a store, you will not speak face-to-face to anyone all day long.

I consider myself a solitary type who needs a lot of alone time, but the feeling of isolation on the mountain was extreme. I started to crave meaningless interactions with store clerks, and actually tried to have conversations with them as if I were a lonely elderly person (it turns out that just a couple minutes a day of meaningless small-talk contributes to a feeling of being "social"). You will need to have an introverted nature to go several days without talking to people. If you move to the mountain with your spouse and children, on the other hand, you probably won't notice the decrease in social interaction.

If you work from home, living in the country is similar to the initial weeks of the coronavirus lockdowns. Funnily enough, my mountain experience was a sort of training

that allowed me to endure the actual lockdowns without much trouble.

2. There are more consequences for not being prepared

If something goes wrong in the country, you have to wait longer to receive aid or a resolution. Power outages are longer. Streets take longer to be plowed after snowstorms. Police take longer to respond to your emergency call (if at all).

When my power went out for a day, I realized how unprepared I was. Electricity powered my well water pump, so not only did I have no power but—when the water tank emptied—no water either. I didn't have a relative's or friend's house down the street where I could shower or charge my phone. I realized that I would need a water backup plan, a portable battery system, and also a small generator. These items aren't expensive, but they do take some foresight. In the city, I never had to think about coming up with an emergency plan.

You will also need a 4-wheel-drive vehicle, not just for the snow but also the rain when you may have to deal with muddy roads on even your own driveway. In the case of safety, you will need some type of home defense strategy and also a first-aid kit, because you won't be able to count on the local authorities. If you take a purely city mentality into the country, you may find yourself in a crisis that could threaten your life due to a lack of preparation.

3. I don't need as much land as I thought

Before moving onto the mountain, I figured I needed at least five acres of land (though ten would be better). Maybe I will become a farmer with three chickens that necessitate all that space.

I didn’t ask how many acres the home I lived in had, but based on the size, I guessed between 2-3 acres. After only a month, I realized that it was all I really needed as a single man. One day, I finally looked up how many acres the property had: one acre. On that one acre I had a ton of trees, a storage shed, more lawn than I wanted to take care of, and enough space for multiple garden beds. Even one acre may be too much. When I look for a future house, I will consider plots starting at half an acre.

4. Old habits die hard

I thought moving to the mountain would instantly transform me into a mountain man. I'd chop down trees for the fun of it, make bookshelves, and repair my cars like an expert mechanic. Instead, I simply carried over my city lifestyle into the mountain. I woke up, read my books, and worked on the computer like I had been doing for years. The only thing I really added to my routine was watching birds.

After some time, I did start doing yard work, but it would always be secondary to my computer work and tasks that took place inside the house. Only towards the end of the second month did I start using an ax.

5. Manual labor is more satisfying than computer labor

It feels good to publish an article like this, one that started as an idea in my mind and morphed into a finished product that other people can gain value from. It also feels good to complete a live stream, but I noticed that I received more satisfaction from doing something physical like raking leaves or rehabilitating a dirty fire pit. I believe this was the case because the result of manual labor is three-dimensional, existing in the same plane as you, instead of only a digital screen. You can visually see, touch, and even smell the fruits of your labor.

It’s pleasing to tire yourself from work, complete the work, and then sit down on a chair to rest while admiring your work. When it comes to completing computer work, however, you simply minimize one window where your work was completed and then open a new window to do more of the same.

6. Everything is cheaper

Rent is cheaper. Home prices are cheaper. Groceries are cheaper. Restaurants are cheaper. Even gas is cheaper. I experienced a 10-20% discount from the city on the same goods and services. Why were they cheaper? Doesn't it take more money to carry goods into the mountains? I'm not an economist so I don't know, but I greatly enjoyed the discount.

My monthly living expenses in a USA mountain home was maybe only 50% more expensive than living in the center of a fun European city, and the former includes having two cars. Granted, I didn't party in the mountain (there was nowhere to party, anyway), but based on the same income, going from Europe to the mountain wasn't a tremendous blow to my budget.

7. I like birds

Chickadee

I did enjoy the mountain beauty, silence, clean air, and overall country living, but I most valued being able to feed and watch my birdies. Seventeen different species came to my home, from the little chickadee to the stout pileated woodpecker. When it was time to move out, I was deeply saddened to take down my bird feeders. I felt like I was abandoning my avian friends. There are many birds in the suburbs as well, and I continue to bird watch, but there is less intimacy and connection when you're not feeding them.

I did learn that if you want to attract birds, it's best to have a lot of trees. Better yet, be on the edge of a forest. When I look for a future home, I hope to find one that is as suitable for the birds as it is for me.

8. You get to know your neighbors

In two months, I talked more with my mountain neighbors than all of my previous city neighbors combined. Even in my late 20’s, when I lived in two houses in Maryland, I don’t recall ever meeting a neighbor. In Europe, I didn’t have a conversation with a neighbor that lasted more than thirty seconds. The less dense the living arrangements, the more conducive it is to getting to know a neighbor. I find this to be the case in national parks as well. The less crowded a park, the more likely someone walking by me will say hello.

9. Vegetable gardening is like magic

I bought the book Square Foot Gardening and was getting ready to start planting vegetables. I was amazed to learn that you could mix up some dirt, plant seeds, and then from that dirt grow your own food that is better than what you can buy in a grocery store. I was waiting for a big catch, but the only one I could find is that it needs some manual labor and patience. Unfortunately, I did not get a chance to start gardening, but in the future it will be one of the first things I try.

10. You don’t necessarily become more spiritual

By moving to the mountain, I thought that prayer would automatically get easier, and that I'd become a monk in the world with no additional effort. This did not happen. Prayer got no easier and instead of praying more, I ramped up my internet usage. I wasn't perusing harmful content, but being away from physical temptation and the secular horde didn't instantly make me feel closer to God. What did was using my *will* to pray more and give doxologies to God when observing the nature in my backyard. Faith is a decision, a matter of will, so don't think a new environment will give you what you should seek no matter where you happen to be.

11. I don't need to live in the mountains

The mountains are beautiful, but it’s not necessary to live in or near them. I wasn’t receiving direct joy from the fact that my elevation was higher or that I had a nicer view. When I seek a new home, I will consider ones on flat land at sea level. The best part of being on a mountain is saying to others that you live on a mountain, but it’s more of a bonus than a necessity.

Conclusion

I thought I had to live in the mountain for one year to know what type of home I needed, but two months was enough. A half-acre of land with a lot of trees and birds located a couple of hours from my parents will be sufficient. If God deems it, I will find such a home and say goodbye for good to the European cities and the American suburbs, and adapt to a greater level of isolation where I can continue to work on my salvation.

Read Next: *8 Reasons Men Should Live With Their Parents Until Marriage*

25 Christian Articles I Recommend

December 24, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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1. “I do not experience misfortune, because misfortune happens when a person seeks his own desires.” [Link]

2. The Cosmic Significance of Tsar Nicholas II [Link]

3. “Without fail, sodomy brings death to the body and destruction to the soul.” [Link]

4. “If people do not think about death, they are living outside of reality.” [Link]

5. Vladimir Soloviev’s “A Short Story of the Anti-Christ” (Full Text) [Link]

6. The Quest for Eastern and Oriental Orthodox Unity [Link]

7. “Despair is not for a Christian. Despair is only for a man who is attached to the material.” [Link]

8. Live Not By Lies [Link]

9. Sinful Dreams and Spiritual Warfare [Link]

10. “God justly punishes us by the same means that we use to sin against Him.” [Link]

11. Why Won’t Orthodox Bishops Fight for California? [Link]

12. The Orthodox view of creation [Link]

13. Orthodox priest: masks should be forbidden in church [Link]

14. How should we react to doubts about our faith? [Link]

15. We have something to thank God for every minute [Link]

16. Taking responsibility for your life [Link]

17. Spiritual deception is common [Link]

18. “Sickness and poverty humble a man to the finish.” [Link]

19. How did Christians respond to leftist terrorism in the past? [Link]

20. The demons will try to take you when you die [Link]

21. In God we no longer trust [Link]

22. 8 spirits of evil [Link]

23. How individuals and nations become demonically possessed [Link]

24. We should be thankful for 2020 [Link]

25. 2020: The Best Year of Our Lives [Link]

Read Next: *35 Christian Articles I Recommend*

So You Just Lost Your Virginity To A Man And Feel Horrible

December 28, 2020 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

You're a young woman who fornicated for the first time and are now convinced that you made the biggest mistake of your life. You did make a mistake, but the fact that you're remorseful is a positive sign that you can overcome what you've done and move forward in a way that serves God more faithfully.

Virginity lost

The stories are usually the same. You met an attractive man who appeared charming, kind, and patient. He knew the right things to alleviate your concerns about going too far too fast. He seemed to put out signals that he wanted to be with you long-term though you never explicitly asked him for commitment. While petting and kissing, many times you said "No" or "Stop" and he obeyed, though sometimes reluctantly. He lavished praise on your beauty. He exclaimed how much you were turning him on. No man has ever kissed or caressed you like that before. You felt excited over wielding the power of your sexuality. You couldn't believe that such a "natural" intimate act could be wrong. The moment took over, your will seemed to disappear. Next thing you knew, you're in the middle of a sex act that felt far less enjoyable than the kisses and touches that preceded it. You wanted to escape, to be somewhere else, but too late now. His orgasm is complete. He lay beside you but he might as well be in the next town over. You try to convince yourself that maybe he is the one, yet within only a few days, he's taking longer

to reply to your text messages. He acts as if he doesn't even care.

For your sake, I hope this is the biggest mistake you'll make in your life, because there is much worse you can do. You let a fantasy of sexual passion supplant your faith, which was too weak to resist the advances of an attractive man who used stock lines and techniques, perhaps ones that I wrote about in my now-unpublished fornication books. The connection you felt with him was lust and not love, centered around physical appearance and emotion. You cared about him much less than you think, and he cared about you even less than that. He's already moved on, lining up his next sex partner, hoping that new flesh will save him in the same way you looked to him to save you, but now you're holding the bag of the virginity you lost that can never be given to your husband.

> Do you not know that you are the temple of God and that the Spirit of God dwells in you? If anyone defiles the temple of God, God will destroy him. For the temple of God is holy, which you are. (1 Corinthians 3:16-17)

The first thing you must do is beg God for forgiveness. He created you as a Holy Temple, and you sinned by defiling it through a sex act outside of marriage. While fornication is normalized in the world, and most people participate in it, it's no less grievous in the eyes of God. You turned away from Him through your actions, as if saying you don't care for Him or His plan for your life, that you are going to make your own plan that you learned from the world. The grief you feel is a conscience that is in pain, but don't despair: our sins are forgiven if we turn to our Savior Jesus Christ. Ask Him to keep you away from *all* acts of sex outside of marriage. If you're in a church that has the sacrament of confession, confess before your priest so that he may absolve you of the sin.

Should you enter a relationship with the male fornicator?

Maybe your tempter is not a bad man after all, you think, and only needs a little urging and training so that a loving Christian pair bond can come forth. If he has gone cold on you after sex, you already have an answer that he is not suitable. He saw you as a vehicle for an orgasm and dose of pride, and if he was smooth in getting you into bed, he is not the type of man you should continue communicating with. Trying to ease into a relationship with him is the same as trying to tame Satan, because that is the evil force that he was in communion with based on what he did to you.

How about if the man was a Christian and feels as guilty as you do? If both of you were in a courtship that was headed towards marriage, it may be worth continuing the relationship with the understanding that you can't have sex again before marriage. If you told the player that you want a relationship without sex, I am confident you would not hear from him again, and if you do, it would be for him to finagle another late-night rendezvous (he will surely insist on dates where you drink alcohol). If you decide to sin with the same man again, you're using your free will to run away from God. In that case, may He have mercy on you. All harlots of today used to be virgins, and it only took a few mistakes from them to graduate to sex with multiple partners and then online prostitution.

A problem of faith

Since your faith was too weak to resist sexual temptation, you must examine yourself and find out why you rebuked God for a false sense of happiness. Do you maintain a daily prayer rule? Do you regularly read the Bible, particularly the New Testament? Do you attend church every Sunday with no exception? Do you participate in fellowship with other Christians instead of cosmopolitanites? Do you use Christian morality to guide your decisions instead of your emotions? Do you steer clear from dopamine-feeding social media apps and entertainments? A woman doesn't go from being a devout Christian to having casual sex in one step, so do a self-examination of your daily routines and habits that made falling so easy.

The good news is that even with a partner count of one, you are doing better than most women. There will still be men who want to marry you. With the aid of Christ, you will overcome your mistake. Think of this as the beginning of your new life. Up to now, your faith may have been mostly theoretical or based on old habits from going to church as a child. You believed that there is a God somewhere who loves you and has strict rules for you, but maybe a little bit of "moderation" wouldn't be so bad, that one instance of sex couldn't possibly cause harm, and maybe it could be liberating or even empowering like the women's websites claim. The guilt and pain you feel is what happens when you fall for Satan's lies, for seeking liberation *from* God, who loves you as if you're the only human being in the world. Your anguish is a microcosm of what promiscuous women feel every day, but who have deadened their conscience to such an extent that they insist on hoisting all their anger and bitterness upon men.

Keep your eyes on Christ. Resist temptation. Don't allow a handsome man to smooth-talk you into committing fornication. Don't allow a man to ply you with alcohol. Don't sit alone with a man on beds or couches. Strengthen your faith and wait for God to send you a man who forgives your sins as you forgive his so that you come together in one flesh to

worship God instead of worldly pleasures and idols, and if it ever gets too hard, simply cry out to God. He will help you every step of the way.

Read Next: *6 Signs That A Woman Is In Rebellion*

Roosh Hour #58 – New Year's Eve With Dr. E Michael Jones

January 1, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I interview Dr. E Michael Jones about the events of 2020. We talk about the coronavirus agenda, Black Lives Matter, the Great Reset, the Presidential election, maintaining Christian faith in times of hardship, the Logos of history, and a lot more. Visit Dr. Jones' web site.

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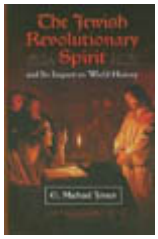
Watch Next: *Roosh Hour #57 – Dangerous Vaccine*

Why Are Jews Behind Most Modern Evils?

January 4, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



After reading The Culture of Critique by Kevin MacDonald, I thought I knew everything that I needed to know about Jewish influence on Western culture, but I was only scratching the surface. Enter The Jewish Revolutionary Spirit by E. Michael Jones, a thorough examination of *why* Jews tend to be revolutionaries of any society and *how* they do it. By the end of the book, I could say I understood the race of people that vehemently reject Jesus Christ.

Below are my favorite passages. You can also watch my interview with Dr. Jones about the book.

What is a Jew?

> A "Jew" is something who rejects Christ and as a result will die in his sins. After the Jews rejected Christ, Judaism ceased being a religion and become an ideology. Or, to say the same thing another way, it went from being a true religion (in fact, the only true religion) to being a false religion, like Islam, Mormonism, Scientology, etc., in spite of the fact that it still claimed the inspired word of God as its foundational texts. Israel simultaneously lost its biological basis. The New Israel, the true children of Moses and Abraham, was now the Church.
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> […]
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> The "Jews" are not children of God. Their father is Satan. "The devil," Jesus tells the "Jews," is your father and you prefer to do what your father wants."

Jews killed their religion when they rejected their promised Messiah, one that was foretold through centuries of prophecies. The Jews then had no choice but to invent a new religion around the Talmud, an exhausting series of legal commentaries that further exacerbated their prideful nature and rejection of the Word of God.

Jews wanted a worldly king, not an eternal savior

> Political messianism is a manifestation of the carnal Jew. According to the Church Fathers, the Jews perennially await a messiah who will restore their political power. Christianity is incompatible with political messianism and Jewish revolutionary activity because it recognizes another messiah.

> […]
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> Poncins demolish the idea the idea the Jews are “the people of the Old Testament” by showing they want, not a messiah, but “a terrestrial reign in which they will control the social, economic and political life of the nations… Judaism seeks to impose itself as the sole standard and to reduce the world to Jewish values.”

The Jews expected the Messiah to be a king along the lines of King David who would build a magnificent worldly kingdom. They were angered when the Son of God became a man to usher them instead into a spiritual kingdom. They rejected Him and the eternal freedom He offered in exchange for earthly power and enslavement to their carnal passions.

What have the Jews become?

> The Jews, according to Origen, were abandoned because of their rejection of Christ. “Jerusalem,” he says, “may now be called wretched. It has no honor, no glory. It is without Temple, without altar, without sacrifice, without prophet, without priesthood, without any divine visitation whatever. The Jews are dispersed throughout the world and live as fugitives and exiles. They have been repudiated by God.
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> […]
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> Chrysostom in particular, but the Church Fathers in general, portray the Jews as “sensual, slippery, voluptuous, avaricious and possessed by demons.” Additionally, Jews are “drunkard, harlots and breakers of the Law,” as well as “the people who murdered the prophets, Christ and God.” The Jews are “pitiable” because they chose darkness over the Light.
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> […]
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> St. John Chrysostom: “[The Jews] live for their bellies; they grasp for the things of this world; their condition is no better than that of pigs or goats because of their wanton ways and excessive gluttony.”
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> […]
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> St. Bernard of Clairvaux: “The Jews are not to be persecuted, killed or even put to flight [because] the Jews are for us the living words of Scripture, for they remind us always of what our Lord suffered. They are dispersed all over the world so that by expiating their crime they may be everywhere the living witnesses of our redemption.”

Once you learn how to recognize Jewish names and physiognomy, it doesn’t take long to see that just about every moral degradation under the sun is spearheaded by Jews. There are certainly gentiles involved in such movements, but if Jews were wholly absent, many social revolutions and degeneracies would simply not exist.

AP

Biden: Jewish leaders drove gay marriage changes

Josh Lederman, Associated Press
May 21, 2013

WASHINGTON (AP) -- Vice President Joe Biden is praising Jewish leaders for helping change American attitudes about gay marriage and other issues.

Biden says culture and arts change people's attitudes. He cites social media and the old NBC TV series "Will and Grace" as examples of what helped changed attitudes on gay marriage.

Biden says, quote, "Think — behind of all that, I bet you 85 percent of those changes, whether it's in Hollywood or social media, are a consequence of Jewish leaders in the industry."

The danger of engaging in interfaith dialogue with the Jews

> …the Jews were a threat to Christian society that had to be contained. Jews were promoting syncretism or the sense that there was no difference between the Old and the New Covenant, luring unsuspecting newly-baptized but poorly catechized Christians into their synagogues, where they promised cures by Jewish doctors, who often used amulets and spells. Jews were also promoting elaborate musical productions that overshadowed the Mass. Unlike the Father of the Second Vatican Council, St. John Chrysostom tried to impeded dialogue between Christians and Jews, especially when it entailed Christians and Jews worshipping together in the synagogue. To halt this dialogue, Chrysostom asks newly baptized Christians to consider that they are sharing their fasts "with those who shouted: 'Crucify him, Crucify him,' and with those who said: His blood be upon us and our children.'"
>
> […]
>
> According to Llull, the only reason "a Jew wants to make conversation with you" is "so that you might thereby become weaker and weaker in your belief." Simple folk should be on their guard, because the Jew "has thought out well for a long time how he will converse with you, in order that you might thereby become ever weaker in your faith. For the same reason it is decreed by Scripture and the papacy that no unlearned man should speak with a Jew."
>
> […]
>
> Jews use their wealth "to lead astray not only the common people but even educated men" by corrupting the morals of Christians and by undermining their

> faith.”

Every now and then I encounter news that a group of priests had an interfaith dialogue with Jewish rabbis. To that I respond, why? What profit will Christians have from engaging with those who reject Christ, who maintain the spirit of the Pharisaical Jews who crucified Him? Maybe the Rabbis are swell fellows, but unless they want to meet to convert to Christianity, I don’t understand the purpose of talking to them.

The Protestant Reformation

> Luther used rabbis to construct his text, and that text was, therefore, skewed in favor of Judaizing. Beyond that, when the average man read the Bible with the admonition that he has the power to interpret it unaided by pope, priest, or council, certain things were obvious to him. First, he did not find the word “Trinity” in it. Secondly, he realized the Old Testament stories of Hebrews taking numerous wives and exterminating their enemies far outnumber the texts of the New Testament containing the admonitions of Christ. By sheer weight alone, the unsuspecting reader was led to Judaizing unless corrected by a larger more powerful tradition. And Luther had discredited that larger tradition, no matter how much he hated the interpretations of those who invoked his name as a justification for their messianic politics.
>
> […]
>
> Calvin and his fellow Reformers had “interspersed the religion of Christ with such an amount of Judaism that their Christianity was in many respects a relapse into the bonds of the Law from which Christ had set us free.”

The Catholic Church had major problems at the time of the Reformation, but if we cruise by any American city today and see what’s on the front of Protestant churches (gay flags, “Refugees Welcome” signs, “Black Lives Matter” propaganda, female pastor names, etc.), we can conclude that they did not ultimately bear greater fruit than the Catholic Church.

Jewish involvement in the Protestant Reformation

> Revolution was a binary weapon, a Protestant-Jewish alliance from its inception. The Jews, as Newman shows, promoted every “reform” movement in Europe, from the Hussites to the Anabaptists, to weaken the hegemony of the Catholic Church, reasoning that the enemy of their enemy was their friend. In places like Antwerp and Amsterdam, the Jews put their wealth and their considerable expertise in finance and publishing at the disposal of the Dutch Calvinists and their princely protestors to wage cultural warfare against the Catholic Church and Spain, its defender.
>
> […]
>
> The Jews who controlled the spice trade reinvested their profits in the new printing trade, which they quickly used for cultural subversion and psychological

> warfare by printing Protestant Bibles. The printing business combined with their intelligence network gave the Jews and Protestants a significant advantage in the war with Spain. Soon the Jews were smuggling Protestant Bibles into England, making a handsome profit from cultural subversion.

With the fanatical Zionist beliefs that so many modern-day Protestants hold, I would say that the Jews made wise investment choices to aid the Reformation.

Jews hate manual labor

> Russia, perhaps influenced by the success of the American Enlightenment, felt that it could turn saloon-keeping usurers into sturdy yeomen farmers within a generation, but the program soon made contact with deeper more intractable realities, most notably, the Jewish aversion to manual labor. P. I. Pestel was convinced that this early example of social engineering was a fool's errand because, quite simply, Jews did not believe in farming. "In expectation of the messiah," Pestel wrote, "the Jews considered themselves only temporary inhabitants of the land in which they live, and as a result want to have nothing to do with agriculture. They also hold all forms of labor in contempt and devote themselves almost exclusively to trade."
>
> […]
>
> According to M. O. Gerschenson, the spirit of the Jewish people prohibits involvement in farming because a man who tills the soil is the man most likely to put down roots in a particular place." Jews gave up the plow at the first opportunity in order to become middlemen and devote themselves to other more desirable activity. The hard work of farming was the bitter lot of the goyim; the fact that Jews did not have to break their backs while engaging in hard physical labor was perhaps taken as another sign that they were the Chosen People. Jewish women soon refused to marry farmers, or they had clauses added to their marriage contracts which specified that they could not be expected to do manual farm labor.

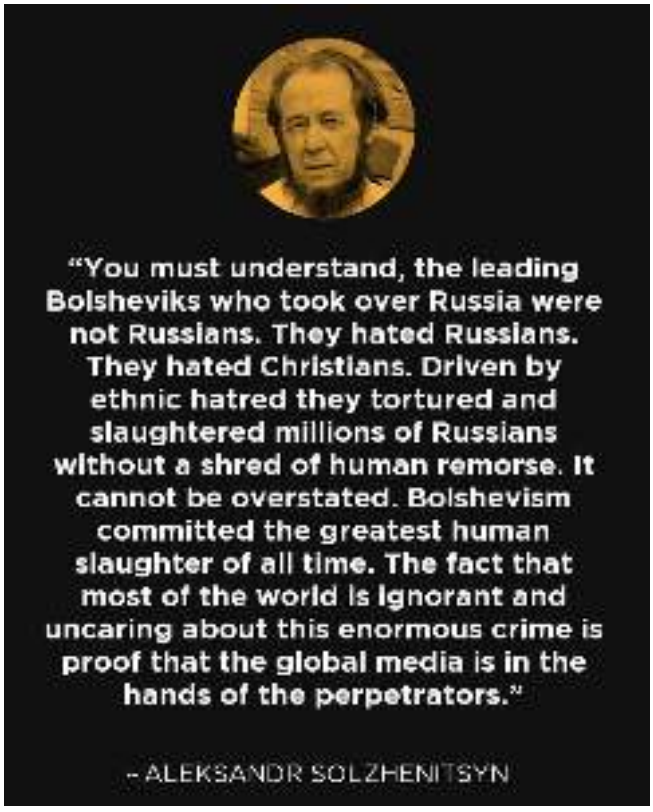
Unless you do manual labor, it could be argued that you are Jewish in character. I take this to heart as a man who spends most of his working hours sitting on a chair and staring at a computer screen (the first time I used a wheelbarrow was when I was 40 years old).

The Russian revolution

> The Czar was simple the Pharaoh in his latest incarnation. The future promised a utopia not only for Jews but for all people, who would be grateful that the Jewish revolutionaries had led them out of bondage. The revolution fulfilled the deepest longings of a group of people who had stopped waiting for the Messiah and who now felt that the revolution was going to bring about the paradise on earth which the Messiah had promised but failed to deliver. Revolution was a deeply Jewish project, but in terms of its rationale and in terms of the people who filled the

> ranks of its organizations.
>
> […]
>
> M. Cohen wrote in the Communist of Kharkov of April 1919: “One can say without exaggeration that the great Russian social revolution has been made by the hand of the Jews. Would the somber, oppressed masses of Russian workmen and peasants have been capable by themselves of throwing off the yoke of the bourgeoisie? No, it was especially the Jews who have led the Russian proletariat to the Dawn of the International and who have not only guided but still guide today the cause of the Soviets which they have preserved in their hands.”

Along with the work of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, I consider it settled history that the Russian revolution was a primarily Jewish project, executed by Jews revolutionaries in Russia and funded by Jewish bankers from abroad.

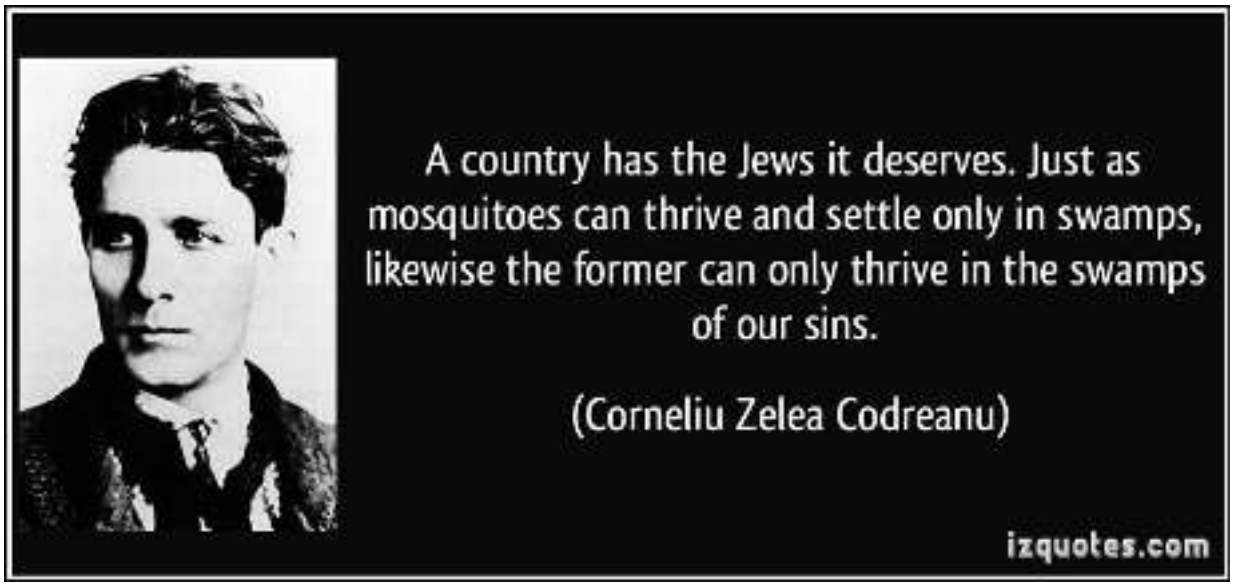


Turning away from God puts you into the hands of the Jew

> Any country which abandons the Catholic Faith and turns from God’s law, as France did in 1789, will end up being ruled by Jews, because [according to La Civilta Cattolica] “in effect, the modern principles, or the so-called rights of man, were invented by Jews in order to cause the people and their governments to divest themselves of their defensive arms against Judaism, and to multiply the offensive arms redounding to this latter’s advantage. Once having acquired absolute civil liberty and equality in every sphere with Christians and the nations, the dam which previously had held back the Hebrews was opened for them, and in a short time, like devastating torrent, they penetrated and cunningly took over everything; gold, trade, the stock market, the highest appointments in political

> administrations, in the army and in diplomacy; public education, the press, everything fell into the hands or into the hands of those who were inevitably depending on them.”
>
> […]
>
> Virtually every country which experienced revolutionary ferment, whether home grown or imposed by Napoleon, emancipated the Jews and put laws in place which secularized social, economic and political life. In each instant, including Russian, which had yet to experience revolution, the Jews, as Karl Marx noted, flourished in those countries’ newly created capitalist economies. This economy coupled with industrialization uprooted huge number of people who had lived on the land for generations and herded them into the cities, where they became the revolutionary proletariat.

If you decide to turn away from God, there will be a Jew to catch you with one of his degenerate movements, pseudo-intellectual ideologies, or money-making schemes. I fell for the Jewish trick of sexual liberation and paid dearly for it. Many others fall for greed, cosmopolitan living, new atheism, pornography, or the self-glorification that comes from Jewish-run social networking and dating apps. I must conclude that Jews are God’s punishment to those with weak faith. If you stray too far from God, you in essence become a Jew.



Jews used African-Americans as proxy warriors for their revolutionary ends

> Henry Ford felt that the Jews promoted Jazz to destroy America’s native born musical culture. He felt the same way about the Jewish dominated New York theater. Harold Cruse, writing at the other end of the political spectrum, felt that Jews “sought to make themselves the interpreter of the Negro to American society.” This took the form of patronizing Negro art forms like Jazz and then colonizing them.

> […]
>
> The Jews remained adamant in their refusal to support the Negro whenever he proposed a program that was too close to the program of ethnic and economic solidarity promoted by the American Jewish Committee and other like-minded organizations.
>
> […]
>
> By the early ’50s it had become clear to people like Cruse that the only reason the Jews who controlled the party were interested in Harlem was to turn Negroes into revolutionaries and use them to fight their battles.
>
> […]
>
> The price the Negro has to pay for marriage (both literal and figurative) with the Jews is 1) loss of faith in God and 2) moral corruption.

Can we list any benefits that blacks have received from their long alliance with Jews? Last time I checked, Jews control just about everything in the United States while blacks are still at the bottom, pointing the finger at whitey, blaming them for all of their troubles. It’s only the Black Israelite sect that seems to understand why blacks did not get their share of the American dream.

Full size

Modernity is Jewish

> Germany and America became more Jewish after the world wars because they became more modern. Modernity, as Yuri Slezkine argued, was Jewish. Modernity was “about… dismantling social estates for the benefit of individuals, nuclear

> families and book-reading tribes (nations). Modernization, in other words, is about everyone becoming Jewish."

In a society without tradition, rootless Jews can flourish. Their very first task when parasitizing a new nation is to break down the traditional order to set the stage for them to rule every institution and sector of both economic and cultural life.

The truth cannot be suppressed

> In spite of all their worldly power, the Jews cannot suppress the truth. They murdered the Messiah who was "the way, the truth and the life," but he confounded their intention by rising from the dead. Trying to contain the truth to suppress it is like trying to seal Christ's tomb to prevent his resurrection.

The Jews have done everything they could to stop the rise of Christianity, but yet you landed on the web site of a man who embraced Jesus Christ after falling for numerous Jewish tricks.

The end times

> The final collapse of Jewish resistance to Logos will take place when they have reached the pinnacle of worldly power. At no time in the past 2000 years have Jews had more power than now. The Jews possess Jerusalem and, according to reports, plan to rebuild the temple, lending credence to the belief the stage is set for that last great battle over who will rule the Jewish soul.
>
> […]
>
> The unprecedented strength of the Jews coupled with the unprecedented weakness of the Church allows apocalyptic explanations; in fact, it demands them.

Dr. Jones' book was detailed, engaging, and well-researched. Hundreds of historical figures were mentioned, many of whom I have never heard of. Jones' masterpiece amounts to an alternate history that has been concealed from all Americans because of how devastating it is to the interests of powerful Jews who are attempting to create a heaven on earth for themselves and a hell for everyone else. It is one of the most important books I've read.

While many men have fantasies about defeating Jews or ridding them from the land, understand that they would never have gained power in the first place if people stayed close to God. Without faith, a man will not be able to resist the traps that the Jews set out for him, so the solution to constrain the Jew becomes a personal and then societal decision of faith. The closer we get to Christ and the One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church, away from Zionist distortions, the less power Jews will have over us.

Learn More: *The Jewish Revolutionary Spirit*

Roosh Hour #59 – The Future Of Tyranny

January 10, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I talk about the breach of the United States Capitol, the authoritarian reaction from the left, the reality of a Biden presidency, side effects of the Coronavirus vaccine, and an in-depth forecast for 2021 and beyond. Click here to download the PDF slideshow used in this stream.

[Backup video locations: 1 , 2]

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Watch Next: *Roosh Hour #58 – New Year's Eve With Dr. E Michael Jones*

Demons And The City

January 11, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The typical Western city of today is the most effective environment to encourage sin. It is able to generate immoral behaviors so effectively that the task of corrupting your soul becomes one of demonic auto-pilot.

If the opportunity to commit evil is all around you, and you have already chosen for that evil, why do demons need to get involved? Demons must labor to influence you to choose wrong, but if you voluntarily place yourself in an evil environment with the purpose of satisfying a wish list of sinful desires, you make their job effortless. A good example is someone who moves from a small, traditional town to a city like New York or Los Angeles. A man or woman uprooted themselves and went to the big city because they desire to gorge themselves on money, sex, and fame. When a hungry child is in a candy store, do you need to convince him to eat candy? He simply dives in until he gets sick, and during that time of eating, he needs no convincing from a being or external force to keep going until his belly is full of sugar and high fructose corn syrup.

I suspect that there are not many demons residing in the major cities. The evil you may feel while in one may not come from the presence of demons but the mass quantity of people who have chosen evil. The city is actually a platform for evil, one that Satan has constructed and optimized over hundreds of years to lower the barrier for you to commit severe sins. To engage in pride or fornication within a modern city involves no debate or consternation—they're so normalized that you are looked at as an oddball if you decide against them. You don't have Instagram? You're anti-social. You don't want to hook up after a night of drinking? You're sexually inadequate. Your friends and acquaintances play the role of the demons by tempting you to sin, and they do that work for free. Surely the demons swing by on weekend nights to appreciate their handy work, especially in the month of June when the sodomites take over much of the Western urban world, but do they need to persuade a homosexual to attend a gay pride parade? Do they need to urge him to wave dildos and other sexual paraphernalia in public?

If the demons are not in the city then where are they? On assignment corrupting souls that have chosen for Christ. Demons venture out of the city, away from the nightlife and gay pride parades, and into the suburbs to cause strife in families. They separate man and wife and put rebellious ideas in the minds of children. They're in the countryside, introducing subtle traps to those who want to worship God through the natural world. And they're in the monasteries, attacking men who are on their way to receiving a hundredfold blessing from God.

The demons only care about you when you care about your salvation. The ancient Desert Fathers remarked on the pattern: the instant you choose to pick up your cross and walk with Christ, the demons climb on your back and won't leave until God has deemed their attacks sufficient for the building of your virtue. When I went into the mountains for two months to live in what I later found out was a former crack house, a den of exceeding vice, I was tormented by sexual dreams and nightmares involving actual demons burning my flesh. Relief only came when I slept beside a wooden cross. While the nightmares were frightening at the time, I must take it as a compliment that the demons cared enough to single me out.

In my old life in the city, when I chased women for casual sex, Satan left me alone as I destroyed myself, and I can't recall having even a single nightmare from the time I was behaving at my worst. From this point on, if Satan wants my soul, he's going to have to devote all his resources to the task, whether I live in a city or not, because I certainly won't give it to him without a fight.

Read Next: *I Lived Most Of My Life Under Demonic Influence*

The Way Of The Pilgrim

January 18, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

One of the most recommended books to me after I returned to Christ is The Way Of The Pilgrim, written by an anonymous Russian peasant in the 19th century. It focuses almost entirely on prayer, particularly the Jesus Prayer.

The importance of prayer

> The Apostle's directive indicates that the act of prayer comes first; it comes before everything else. The Christian is expected to perform many good works, but the act of prayer is fundamental because without prayer it is not possible to do good. Without frequent prayer it is not possible to find one's way to God, to understand truth, and to crucify the lusts of the flesh. Only fidelity to prayer will lead a person to enlightenment and union with Christ.

When it comes to persecution, almost everything can be taken away from you. You can lose your job, your home, your family, your church, and even your Bible, but they can never take away your prayer. No matter what dungeon they throw you in, or what form of torture they subject you to, you will always have the ability to pray. This tells me that it should be the most important component of my faith.

Resisting temptation

> His spiritual father gave him a copy of the Gospels and strongly urged him to read a chapter whenever he wanted to take a drink. If the desire for a drink did not leave him after he read one chapter he was encouraged to read another and if necessary still another. My brother followed this advice, and after some time he lost all desire for alcoholic beverages. It is not fifteen years since he has touched a drop of alcohol.

Along the same vein, I aim to start every day by reading the Bible for at least fifteen minutes. I let the words of the Bible remain in my mind as I face temptations and difficulties throughout the day. Another option when acute temptation arrives is to recite the Jesus Prayer.

God's providence

> What unexpected happenings one encounters on the path of life! And always God in his divine providence is in charge of our destiny and our actions, as it is

> written: ‘It is God, for his own loving purpose, who puts both the will and the action into you’ (Phil. 2:13)

It’s easy to get hung up on knowing whether or not you’re serving God’s will. He doesn’t exactly give us a daily itinerary to follow, so we must make decisions on our own. However, as long as you follow His commandments, turn away from sin, and commit to prayer, you will be steered by grace into a life that does follow His will. I focus on the day-to-day struggles and let God work out the rest.

Ask God for faith

> The first condition necessary for salvation is true faith. Holy Scripture says, “Now it is impossible to please God without faith” (Heb. 11:6). He who has no faith will be judged. But it is clear from Holy Scripture that man of himself cannot give birth to faith even as small as the mustard seed; faith does not originate in us but is the gift of God; and as a spiritual gift it is given by the Holy Spirit.
>
> What must one do then? How does man reconcile his need of faith with the impossibility of acquiring it by himself? Again Holy Scripture points to the means and also gives us examples: “Ask and you will receive.” The Apostles could not of themselves bring their faith to perfection, and so they prayed to Jesus Christ, “Lord, increase our faith.” This is an example of obtaining faith, and from this we can see that faith is attained through prayer.

For some men, like Saint Paul, the gift of faith was given unexpectantly and without asking. For others, it must be persistently asked for over a long period. I suspect that for most people, the more humility you have, the sooner you will be given faith.

Pray even when it is difficult

> Mark the Hermit says, “To make an effort to pray is in our power, but to pray purely is a gift of grace.” And so offer to God what is in your power. Begin by bringing to God a sacrifice of constancy in prayer, and God’s almighty power will swallow your weakness; your dry and distracted but frequent prayer will become a habit and second nature; your prayer will be made pure, fervent, and powerful.”

I don’t think I’ve ever prayed without worldly distractions entering my mind. I do my best to block them but they inevitably return. I see this as an annoyance that results from having grown up in a technological world with a multitude of entertainment options. Many times I have to hunker down and barrel through my prayer routine.

It’s not wrong to desire a reward from God

> It is true that to wish a reward is not the most perfect intention for doing good, but it is not against God’s will, for He Himself promises us a reward if we keep the commandments and attain perfection.

Many atheists claim that the Christian intention is impure, since we are not acting for morality's sake but to receive a reward, but where do they think morality comes from? As a Christian, I act in love to please and honor my Creator, and if he deems me worthy of a reward, He may give it. The atheist claims they act on pure intentions, but it's clear they are even more eager for rewards, not from God but from the world. Even an atheist who often donates to charity does it to "feel good" and signal to others that they are charitable, not solely because—as they believe—they are a "good" person, since all good comes from God.

God may use anyone to speak the truth to you

> The Fathers say that if with faith and the right attitude you ask even a Saracen, you can gain valuable insights; but without faith and the right intention, even if you ask a prophet for direction, you will not be satisfied.

It's not always the case that I can learn only from a Christian. God uses all people to deliver the Logos. I'm a prime example—even when I was a fornicator, God did allow me to see and deliver some truth. While I don't seek out the guidance of non-Christians, I do use discernment to evaluate if what they have to say has value or not.

Overall, I enjoyed this book for its commentary on prayer. For large sections it described "prayer of the heart," of which I am not spiritually advanced enough to understand. Nonetheless, if you are trying to strengthen your prayer rule, this book will help.

Learn More: *The Way of a Pilgrim and The Pilgrim Continues on His Way*

Email Provider AWeber Shut Me Down After An "Investigation"

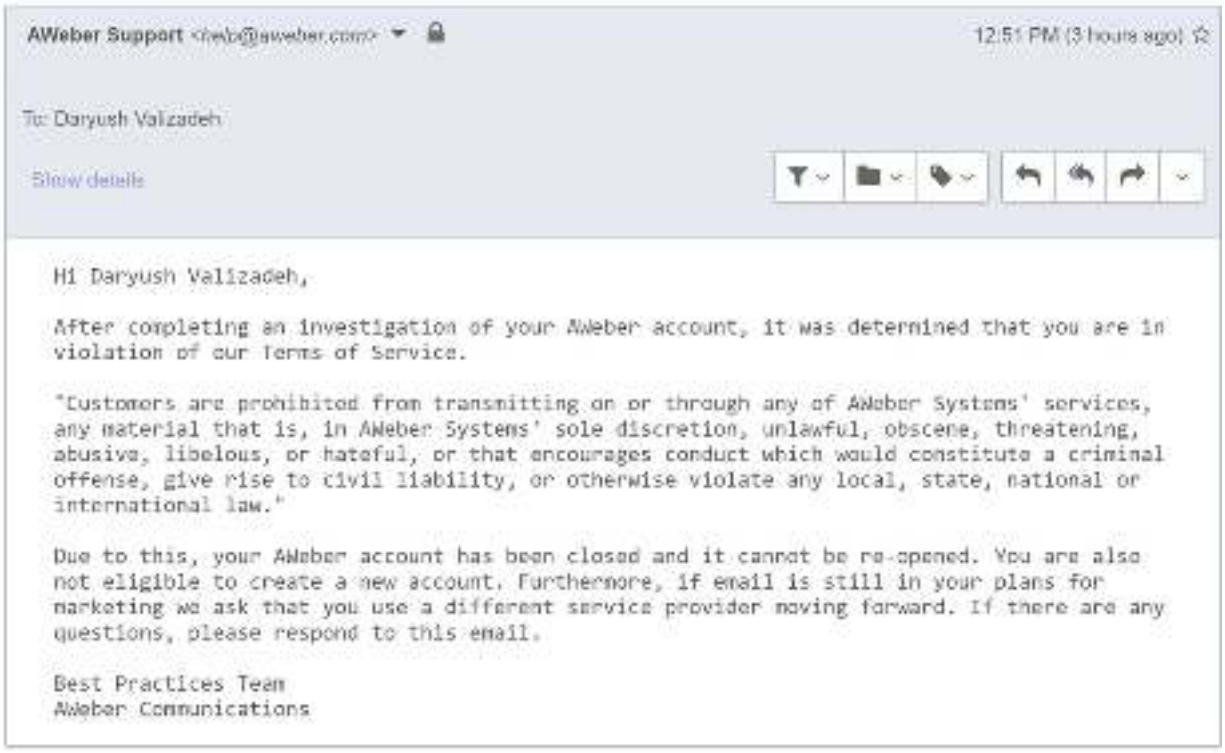
January 19, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

If you're wondering why you've yet to receive my email newsletter on Monday, it's because my provider of thirteen years, AWeber, a competitor of Mailchimp, shut down my account. I had no prior violation with the company.

On Monday afternoon, I noticed that this week's newsletter email was held in the queue instead of being sent out at noon like usual. I contacted support and got the following response:

> I do see that your account is on hold due to an automated process within our security system and therefore your message has not yet been sent. This will require a manual review from our team. I have gone ahead and passed your information to our Best Practices team for this to be reviewed as soon as possible.

A full day passed and I didn't hear back. Like in Franz Kafka's *The Trial,* I had to jump through hoops to find out what I was accused of. Their telephone support was not helpful in explaining why my account was on hold, but since I've been through this rodeo before, I backed up a fresh copy of my email list, which contains over 40,000 email addresses (mostly from my pickup artist marketing days). An hour later, after an "investigation" was completed, I received this verdict:



AWeber Support <help@aweber.com> 12:51 PM (3 hours ago)

To: Daryush Valizadeh

Show details

Hi Daryush Valizadeh,

After completing an investigation of your AWeber account, it was determined that you are in violation of our Terms of Service.

"Customers are prohibited from transmitting on or through any of AWeber Systems' services, any material that is, in AWeber Systems' sole discretion, unlawful, obscene, threatening, abusive, libelous, or hateful, or that encourages conduct which would constitute a criminal offense, give rise to civil liability, or otherwise violate any local, state, national or international law."

Due to this, your AWeber account has been closed and it cannot be re-opened. You are also not eligible to create a new account. Furthermore, if email is still in your plans for marketing we ask that you use a different service provider moving forward. If there are any questions, please respond to this email.

Best Practices Team
AWeber Communications

From their explanation, you may think that the newsletter of mine they blocked tried to enlist troops for a renewed attack on the U.S. Capitol, or maybe even start a Civil War.

Here I reproduce it in full:

> **SUBJECT: My cultural and political forecast for 2021…**
>
> The law is not applied equally…
>
>
>
>
> In Roosh Hour #59, I talk about the breach of the United States Capitol, the authoritarian reaction from the left, the reality of a Biden presidency, side effects of the Coronavirus vaccine, and an in-depth forecast for 2021 and beyond….
>
>
>
> You can also download the PDF slideshow that includes my predictions for the future. Listen to the podcast of this stream by clicking here. If you want to be notified whenever I go live, get on my live stream notification list.
>
> My article this week discusses why the demons don't need to target you as aggressively in the dense cities…
>
> *The typical Western city of today is the most effective environment to encourage sin. It is able to generate immoral behaviors so effectively that the task of*

> *corrupting your soul becomes one of demonic auto-pilot.*
>
> **Click here to read the article**.
>
> Because of an active leftist purge of conservatives online, I have made Roosh V Forum private to non-members until February 1. Before then, you need to be a registered member to view these two popular threads...
>
> 1. **The road to mandatory vaccination begins**.
> 2. **Web Browser Privacy**.
>
> If you're enjoying the articles and videos I put out, please consider making a donation so I can continue publishing content at a high level...
>
> Click Here To Make A Donation
>
> Have a good week,
>
> Roosh

Did they shut down my account because of a meme that truthfully stated black people get away with crimes that white people don't? Was it mentioning that the coronavirus vaccine is dangerous? Was it sharing the fact that Western cities are evil? I will never know, but if you are the type of person who likes to speak the truth, I cannot recommend AWeber. One day you may try to access the service you paid for and see this:

I've been shut down by companies far more important than them:

> FINANCIAL
> Paypal
> Coinbase
> Authorize.net

> Chase WePay
> Square
>
> BOOKSTORES
> Amazon (9 books banned without explanation)
> Barnes & Noble
> Books-a-million
> Kobo
> Smashwords
>
> E-COMMERCE
> Shopify
> AWeber
>
> SOCIAL
> YouTube
> Airbnb
> Disqus
> Facebook – they kept suspending me for 30 days, making my account useless
> Soundcloud – deleted most of my podcasts
> DLive – demonetized
>
> ADVERTISING
> Google Adsense
> RevContent
> Taboola
> Outbrain

When I imagine all the companies that are sure to shut me down in the future, a part of

me simply wants to give up, but give up and do what? This is my life's work, and now that I'm attempting to preach God's Word, I'm even more motivated to continue, because I know I'm not being persecuted for being a sex pervert but speaking out against the agenda and useful idiots of the dark rulers of this world.

> Blessed are those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake, For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

I will set up an alternate email provider, and I will keep going.

Read Next: *YouTube Banned Me… Now What?*

President Joe Biden Is A Blessing

January 21, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Conservative Americans are not happy. The Presidency of the United States was stolen in plain sight from their rightfully elected candidate, Donald Trump, and now they have to face at least four years of being ruled over by a usurper installed by billionaire oligarchs. They will experience death by a thousand cuts as the oligarchs eliminate every possible avenue for a candidate who fights for them to ever be elected again. In such a scenario, entering a state of despondency would seem reasonable, but there is no need—Joe Biden as President is actually a time to gird your loins and prepare for a long war. Here are five consolations from the inauguration of Joe Biden…

1. Joe Biden blocks you from attempting to outsource your masculine responsibilities to a strongman

Would I rather have Trump as President? Yes, because I'm lazy and weak and don't want to do any of the hard work of building a worthy nation for my family and tribe. I rather spend the days consuming funny memes, perfecting my homemade pizza recipe, pursuing more artistic writing projects in peace, and generally embarking on a life of comfort where everything is given to me by kind and honest authority figures instead of having to be bludgeoned by the human zombies enlisted by the prince of darkness. I don't mind doing my part once every four years when I take an hour or two out of my day to vote for the strongman who is going to do all the dirty work on my behalf. I prefer my entire commitment to creating the nation I want to pushing a button at the voting booth.

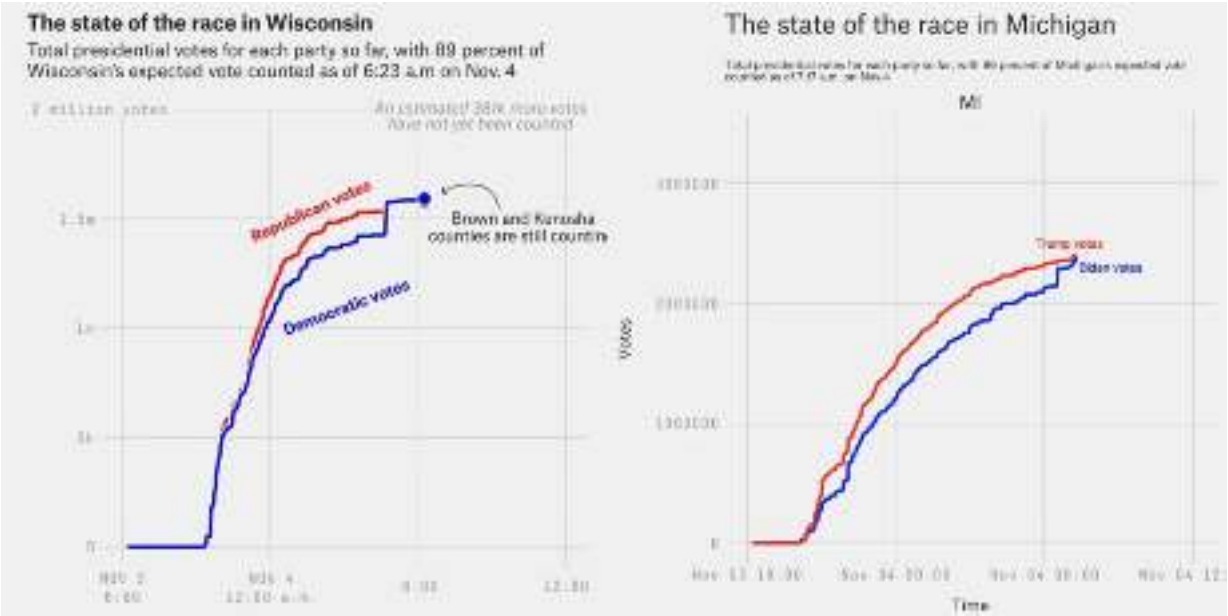
Donald Trump promoted sloth in American men, because they could sit on their couches

and consume untold hours of entertainment, pornography, and political news while rooting for their guy to say mean words to the CNN reporters all while neglecting their community and personal responsibilities. They didn't have to prepare their families for hard times, they didn't have to organize with trusted men in their neighborhood, they didn't have to participate in local politics to thwart the leftist march through the institutions, and they surely didn't have to put their necks out by speaking out against powerful forces when the consequence could be losing their jobs. Instead, they could pour all their hopes and dreams into Donald Trump to do what they should have been doing every day. If all you're willing to do to create a good nation is vote for a strongman, you don't deserve a strong nation. You must be the leader that you believe is what this country needs.

Donald Trump allowed me, at least for the first two years of his presidency, to live a life of pleasure in Poland by fornicating and publishing sexual filth. Even after I repented, I never took the state of the world seriously enough to make the necessary changes required for protecting myself and my family. It's as if I believed I could remain a nomadic writer for the rest of my days instead of creating a fortified home base where I could concentrate my strength alongside local allies.

If you are strong, you do not want a strongman to lead you, because you know his strength will eventually tyrannize you. If you are weak, you look to the strongman to do what you should be doing as a man. For four years, Donald Trump enabled our weakness because we expected from him what we should have been doing the entire time he was President. Now that the oligarchs are firmly in control, how will you respond? Will you think it's merely sufficient to buy a gun or two for when a militarized SWAT team arrives at your door or will you cement local relations that can be leveraged into power that resists state and corporate oppression?

2. He destroyed the lies that we couldn't let go



Most of your world view may have been based on the truth, but there are some stubborn

lies you held on to. You may have believed that the President of the United States is like a king who could remake the nation in his own image, that he didn't need 1,000 loyal statesmen to help usher in his policies, as if you could cut off the head of a snake and simply put on a new head that would seamlessly control the body. You may have believed that your vote counts, that you could enter the voting booth, select the lesser of two evils, and that vote would be registered on a government roll somewhere, and that the real corruption was not in the counting of votes but in more esoteric matters like campaign finance or broken promises. You may have genuinely believed that the United States is a "democracy" based on the "Constitution," but the farce of usurper Biden being installed before a lawn of Chinese-made flags while 25,000 soldiers in camouflage stand beside their concrete barriers should rid you of that notion. You may also have underestimated the power of the oligarchy, the network of billionaires and their old family banking backers who operate as one cohesive unit to exert control over you, first through persuasion and influence, and when that no longer works, through sheer might alone. I'm sure you can now feel their boot on your face. It was always there, but the material on the sole was a luxurious felt instead of the stiff rubber it has transformed into. I think it's going to leave a mark.

As a man who has upstanding dealings with the people I know, I want to believe that humans are not inherently evil, and when their dangerous ideology or program of control is met with the reality that it will destroy lives, they will change their minds and instead pursue a path of peace, but events of the past year have shown me that if you choose not to live in Jesus Christ, vocally and deliberately, you will in time become like the demons that you are wittingly but most commonly unwittingly in communion with. Without being able to logically explain why, you will accelerate your demands for policies that promote chaos, suffering, and death, and even believe you are a "good" person for doing so.

Thanks to Joe Biden, I have had to accept that the left wants me dead, not in the figurative sense that I have encountered in memes, but in quite the literal sense that if the new President proclaimed that he would pardon anyone who comes to my house and murders me, I would have to immediately make final calls to those I love since my remaining time here would be measured in hours, and while I don't think Biden will actually make a proclamation that assassinating conservatives is guaranteed to be pardoned (though he may come close), it shouldn't be hard for you to imagine that all the George Soros-installed Attorney Generals in the largest cities in the country will be reluctant to pursue criminals who attack any one of the millions of people who are currently being slandered as "domestic terrorists" and "right-wing extremists."

The nakedness of reality has been laid before us. Satan enlists souls for his cause to assail those who are serving God, whether directly against soldiers of Christ or indirectly against those who speak the truth, because all truth comes from God. Initially, the most severe persecution will be against agnostics and lukewarm Christians who find it difficult to tell a lie while working in positions that aid the oligarchical system of finance, commerce, propaganda, and technology. Quick work will be made of them. As those souls are crushed and put into the grinder of hopelessness and pharmaceutical powder, Satan

will concentrate his swollen human army on the most devout Christians, the remnant, and it's in the approach to this attack that the true nature of the world, one of spiritual battle between the seen and unseen, will make a trifling mockery of our two-month agitation concerning how the election was stolen from Donald Trump. Our knowledge and recollection of the twists and turns of the daily news cycle won't help us when it's time to wrestle with the demons ourselves.

3. He helped reveal the QAnon fraud

QAnon is a government or deep state psyop that was modeled on the Soviet Union's Operation Trust. In that scheme, the Bolsheviks controlled an opposition movement with genuine opposition leaders who had already submitted to the communists in secret. These fake leaders gave aid to local resistance cells with the goal of identifying the active opposition to then delay or obstruct any plans they had for attacking communists.

> "Operation Trust" was a Bolshevik counterintelligence operation run from 1921 to 1926 aimed at neutralizing opposition by creating the false impression that a powerful group of military leaders had organized to stop the communists' takeover.

QAnon is essentially the digital version of Operation Trust. An alleged insider who is on our side has been sharing privileged, sensitive government information through coded messages that convince millions of conservative Americans to stand down, do nothing, and "trust the plan." Q was the perfect operation for the type of conservative who wanted their leader to do all the hard work so they could read astrological messages on the internet while in a persistent state of comfort. Anything that leads to your inaction—whether a strongman who is on "your side" or an elaborately designed digital

operation that accomplishes the same—should be viewed as a scam.

When you consider that Q did not promote the plan of Jesus Christ but the plan of feeble human powers, it's obvious to see that it was another one of Satan's tricks to get people trusting in man instead of the God-man. It promoted passivity, community neglect, ignorance, and false hope, all while blurring the line between truth and fiction. Conservatives have been so deceived by the QAnon operation that once I saw on Twitter its adherents counting the number of claps Donald Trump made during a rally in the hope of finding a secret code.

Unfortunately, the Q fraud will not go away with Biden. For the next four years, we have to hear them proclaim that Trump is assembling his legion right outside Washington DC and will take back control in spectacular fashion. It will happen any day now, just you see. And of course all the "sealed indictments" are for Democratic members of Congress, multiple Hollywood celebrities have already been arrested, and on and on it will go.

4. He pushes us into serving our ordained mission

Holy New Martyrs of Optina

No more sneak previews. You've already used the bathroom and gathered all of your popcorn and sugary snacks. The movie you paid to see has begun. The time for action is now and our duty before God should be more clear than ever. Whoever you made yourself up to be before this moment is what you must use to begin the rest of a life that will be far more difficult than before. Either you put away childish and trivial things or you perish.

When times are comfortable, it's easy to dabble in various lifestyles and useless hobbies in your search for happiness or "finding yourself," but as soon as things get tough, you're

forced to wake up. This year, you will have to forget about your pie-in-the-sky fantasies or accomplishing silly items on a bucket list of worldly concerns. You will have to throw away your desire to be an eternal consumer who seeks hourly secretions of dopamine. Instead, you'll have to recognize your Godly mission and embark upon it with vigor and faith.

> What is the job or role that God has entrusted you with? Are you a mother, father, husband, wife, son, or daughter? Are you a teacher or student? Are you a charity worker, bureaucrat, employer, or shepherd who provides for a flock? That role has not changed. You still have a duty to perform and may not leave stranded those who depend on you.

There is a role you can take on right now without any experimentation or self-discovery. That role, whether within your family or community, was always there, but you turned away from it in exchange for something easier and more pleasurable on the body. The stage of procrastination is over, and even if it wasn't, I'm sure you have already passed the point of diminishing return of fleshly pursuits. Any further delay on your part will just make the day of reckoning and adaptation to future tribulations that much harder to bear.

5. He allows us to dive into spiritual warfare with zeal

Those who depend on secular solutions will fall away into despair, depression, or suicide, assuming they haven't already in 2020 from the coronavirus lockdowns. The world will not save you. No man can save you. Perhaps no human will even come to your aid when you are persecuted by the state or mob, not even those in your family. You will now have to depend entirely on God for your deliverance, and with that dependence will come an acceleration in the progression of your faith. As long as you choose for Christ, your faith will advance so rapidly that you will look back to this month and marvel at how much of a

spiritual baby you were.

Difficulties and trials build faith. The reason we experience sufferings in life is that God loves us. Without suffering, we would never disconnect ourselves from the world for a moment to prepare for our next life, one that lasts for eternity. Therefore if suffering builds faith, may the Lord heap suffering upon us and the ability to endure it and respond to it all with the same love that He has for us.

This year will also reveal to many that the atheistic and nihilistic understandings to life are utterly meaningless and arbitrary. When looking only upon the seen world, there should be no reason why other humans are breathing hellfire upon their countrymen, why crime and murder are skyrocketing, why rulers want to take away our rights to speak on the public square as a law-abiding citizen with valid opinions and concerns on matters of survival. If we "evolved" from the animals, one must wonder why we behave so much worse than them.

First they will humiliate and terrorize us into silence, and when that doesn't work, for it never does, they will kill us. Without God, this is an unbearable and frightening outcome, but with God, it is an opportunity to be a witness for Jesus Christ and receive the crown of martyrdom if you can bear it. I like to think my faith is strong enough to die for Christ, but it's much easier to make such a statement than to live it. I will just have to wait and see what my faith is really made of.

Conclusion

The formula is simple: an effective conservative strongman is good for us materially but bad spiritually (assuming the strongman brings long-term calm and economic prosperity) while a usurper who serves China and the internationalists is bad for us materially but good spiritually. The question you have to ask yourself is whether you live for this world or the world to come, because if it's the former, I do not know how you will make it through while playing at the blackjack table of the nihilistic casino, of hoping that things will turn around so that you may once again be able to travel around the world and eat Spanish tapas before a night out drinking at the bars. As a Christian, I don't live for this world, and know that the more trials I face here, the more I can focus on what really matters—approaching the Judgment Seat of Christ knowing that I served Him will all my heart, body, and soul. God's will be done, and may we endure it in a way that leads to our eternal salvation.

Read Next: *What Christians Can Do As America Falls Apart*

Roosh Hour #60 – White House Of Horrors

January 24, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I talk about the installation of Joe Biden as President, profuse hand rubbing from a certain tribe, persecution of heritage Americans, a sudden softening in the coronavirus narrative, the growing vaccine body count, and a lot more.

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The Pain Of Limbo

January 25, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Experiencing pain may be difficult but the *anticipation* of pain, of not knowing the exact nature of an upcoming tribulation, is even worse. For many people, being stuck in such a limbo state is unbearable enough that it can lead to a mental breakdown. It's easier to face a storm that is here than to watch one slowly advancing towards you.

When I moved to the West Virginia mountains, I unwittingly selected a former drug house that had not been properly decontaminated. The landlord concealed a noxious odor that smelled like the combination of dog urine and unwashed feet. I was upset that I had inherited such a problem, but the landlord acted quickly to steam clean the carpet. I was happy again, until the odor returned. Then a contractor came to get an estimate, signifying sure progress, but then nothing happened for two weeks. A new promise to repair the problem arrived in my email inbox, and then a long delay. Another contractor, and then nothing; another promise, then silence.

For the two months I was in limbo, not sure if I would really stay in the house or not, I experienced emotional whiplash between hope and despair. Many days I was waiting by the phone, expecting a call that the problem would be fixed. I'd run when it rang, only to see that it was my mom. I had trouble concentrating on my work because all I wanted to know was if I could properly move in and call the crack house my home. I learned that I had no innate strategy to deal with limbo. My mind desperately craved a resolution, but unfortunately that resolution never came and I had to move out of the house.

When acute pain comes, such as with a health or financial issue, I absorb the blows and can immediately take action to remedy the damage, but when you *expect* blows to come forth at a time you cannot predict, you're forced to brace your body to the point of exhaustion, and when you can brace no more, you now fear that you won't be able to handle the pain that you believe is still coming.

One common example of limbo is experiencing a health symptom. You may have headaches on one side of your head that won't go away. You look online for a diagnosis and encounter the word "cancer." You call the doctor and have to wait one week to see him, more than enough time for your mind to play tricks on you that you indeed have cancer. The doctor orders an MRI and then you have to wait several more days for the result, but at least when the result comes, you'll have an answer. Either you experience relief that it's nothing serious or you begin a war against the illness with defined actions to remedy the problem, but when you're in limbo, what will you fight against? What target will you shoot your bullets at? With no defined enemy, you shoot at the air, making limbo much harder to respond to than if you had a definitive diagnosis or final outcome at hand.

When Paypal started banning people in 2016, I was worried they would come after me. If I didn't have a Paypal account, I figured, my e-book business would be destroyed. Sure enough, in 2017, I received an email from Paypal stating that they have terminated my account for political reasons. I thought that I would be financially ruined, but I immediately got to work. I found an alternate payment processor that entailed having to build a new e-commerce store. The end result was not destruction but growth; the new storefront increased my monthly earnings by 20%. Before I got banned, I could only worry and hope I wasn't targeted, but after the banning, I could apply concrete work to remedy the problem.

I have found only two solutions to help with a prolonged limbo state. The first is to lean on God for endurance. In your daily prayer rule, beseech God to help you get through this trial and not to worry about the things that may come tomorrow. Even with prayer, your anxiety will not disappear overnight, but if God deems it, He will allow you to overcome the problem.

Second, it's helpful to approach the situation as if you're an observer instead of an active participant. Imagine you are a field scientist or memoirist commenting on the events and feelings you are experiencing: "It is interesting that one side of my head hurts, and the pain is severe—oh there it goes again—but it is not known what this is and so more tests must be made. Life goes on in the meanwhile." Or in the case of my crack house: "It appears that the owner doesn't want to repair the urine odor, and this is expected since he must have lost a lot of money renting to drug addicts. Let's see if he will throw away a paying tenant by not making a repair that costs about two months of rent. In the meantime, try and write two articles today."

During down moments, let the observer talk some sense into you: "It is upsetting to know

that my employer is likely to fire me, but as of now I have a job and will wait patiently to see what happens. If things go bad, I will respond in a proper way to resolve the problem. My resume is already updated." Instead of allowing your emotions to send you into despair, replace them with the dry musings of a detached observer who describes the problems in a calm way and reminds you that while in limbo, patience is the most prudent quality to have.

One solution I've tried that does not work is keeping myself excessively busy with other tasks. This may work for a period, but the second you have free time, a flood of emotion and anxiety will attack you, leaving you worse off than before. This can also lead to a dangerous path where your idea of keeping busy is drinking alcohol, masturbating, or committing some other type of sin.

Most limbo states you experience will be short. There is a rumor at your office that layoffs are coming, and you find out within a few days. You have a health problem and can get a diagnosis within a couple of weeks. It's when you're in limbo for months then you'll really need to call on God for help with controlling the emotional instability that happens in your mind. The coronavirus pandemic, with its months of random lockdowns, is a good example of how limbo can be prolonged. You may have seen firsthand how people were unable to handle the limbo, responding with all manner of fear, anger, and impatience. One can only imagine how it will be during the end times, when you know for certain that severe tribulations are coming but without the knowledge of when or how. Let us train ourselves today for the little limbos we must endure for the ultimate limbo that may not be that far into the future.

Read Next: *15 Signs You're A Dopamine Slave*

The Screwtape Letters

January 28, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Early in my walk with Christ, I suffered continually from various temptations. Multiple priests recommended I read The Screwtape Letters, where C.S. Lewis imagines how the demons tempt us to sin. The book helped me understand how serious spiritual warfare really is.

Hiding death through comfort

> How much better for us if all humans died in costly nursing homes amid doctors who lie, nurses who lie, friends who lie, as we have trained them, promising life to the dying, encouraging the belief that sickness excuses every indulgence, and even, if our workers know their job, withholding all suggestion of a priest lest it should betray to the sick man his true condition! And how disastrous for us is the continual remembrance of death which was enforced. One of our best weapons, contented worldliness is rendered useless. In wartime not even a human can believe that he is going to live forever.

When death is hidden, you don't have to think about your life, and when you don't have to think about your life, you don't worry about what will happen to your soul after you die. Compare that state of affairs to the monastics, who keep death close, sometimes by storing and viewing the skulls of the monks who died before them. The more Satan can conceal death from you, the less likely you'll be concerned about your salvation.

Distraction separates you from God

> Provided that meetings, pamphlets, policies, movements, causes, and crusades, matter more to [someone] than prayers and sacraments and charity, he is ours—and the more 'religious' (on those terms) the more securely ours.

If only we could go back to an era where pamphlets occupied our attention! Now, thanks to the internet and smartphone, we can browse through photos, videos, and low-effort content all day without even using our minds. Days turn to weeks, weeks to months, and months to years, spent mostly in front of a screen. If we're lucky enough, we can open our eyes before it's too late and wean ourselves away from that which fails to nourish our souls.

Why God withdraws from new converts

> He will set them off with communications of His presence which, though faint, seem great to them, with emotional sweetness, and easy conquest over temptation. But He never allows this state of affairs to last long. Sooner or later He withdraws, if not in fact, at least from their conscious experience, all those supports and incentives. He leaves the creature to stand up on its own legs—to carry out from the will alone duties which have lost all relish. It is during such trough periods, much more than during the peak periods, that it is growing into the sort of creature He wants it to be. Hence the prayer offered in the state of dryness are those which please Him best.
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> […]
>
> He cannot 'tempt' to virtue as we [the demons] do to vice. He wants them to learn to talk and must therefore take away His hand; and if only the will to walk is really there He is pleased even with their stumbles.

This happened to me. When I first came to God, the grace was overflowing in spite of still possessing beliefs, thoughts, and habits that were conducive to sin. I was on cloud nine yet knew practically nothing and wasn't even receiving communion. In time, God removed the lofty feelings and allowed me to start working on all my problems and sins one at a time, at a level where I never felt overwhelmed or in crisis.

If I stopped progressing at the moment God entered my life, my virtue would be quite small. It's through my daily spiritual work, often in dryness, that I am able to ascend closer to God by using the will and conscience He gave me.

The descent into hell is gradual

> It does not matter how small the sins are provided that their cumulative effect is to edge the man away from the Light and out into the Nothing. Murder is not better than cards if cards can do the trick. Indeed the safest road to Hell is the gradual one—the gentle slope, soft underfoot, without sudden turnings, without milestones, without signposts.

Committing small sins is often combined with Satan's lie of "moderation." He will have you convinced that a little bit of sex or masturbation is okay, a little bit of status-seeking is okay, and next thing you know, your time on this earth is finished and Satan comes to collect your soul. "But I didn't know a little bit of sex is bad!" Yes you did, but you didn't want to listen, and allowed your pride and ego to make all manner of exceptions, deluding yourself into thinking that an expensive bill would never come due.

You are "yourself" only when you serve God

> …when they are wholly His they will be more themselves than ever.

A woman does online pornography because she believes displaying her naked body to

men allows her to express her “true self.” This is a lie. Your true self is being in communion with God as He originally created you, not serving the will of Satan.

Devout Christians want to primarily serve God and allow their faith to be who they really are without attempting to select a worldly identity and evaluate if it is “natural” or “biological.” If you’re using your body or hobbies to define yourself, I would wonder if you even depend on God at all.

Worldly success bonds you to Satan

> [If] the [middle-aged] years prove prosperous, our position is even stronger. Prosperity knits a man to the World. He feels that he is ‘finding his place in it’, while really it is finding its place in him. His increasing reputation, his widening circle of acquaintances, his sense of importance, the growing pressures of absorbing and agreeable work, are building up in him a sense of being really at home in earth, which is just what we want. You will notice that the young are generally less unwilling to die than the middle-aged and the old.

If worldly people call me “successful” then I must assume that I’m serving Satan instead of God. They see me as being of the world, in possession of various accolades and possessions that are coveted by those who also prize the world. Neither my work nor my achievements should ever garner acclaim by the multitude, and if they do, I must have made a wrong turn and forsaken God in exchange for earthly treasures.

Don’t seek heaven on earth

> So inveterate is their appetite for Heaven that our best method, at this stage, of attaching them to earth is to make them believe that earth can be turned into Heaven at some future date by politics or eugenics or ‘science’ or psychology, or what not.

Man was once in Paradise and so we desperately long to go back, but the return will not happen in this life or on this earth, and any attempt to seek it here, whether it be through politics or ideology, is demonic. Ask God to help you endure the trials of this world, keep your faith steadfast, and you will experience the Kingdom once you pass the test of earthly existence.

Overall, The Screwtape Letters helped me realize that the demons will battle for my soul as long as I live. They have nothing else to do but to use me and other humans to spite God. Nothing personal, I suppose. I lament that I have to fight these creatures for the rest of my days, but fight them I will.

Learn More: *The Screwtape Letters on Amazon*

Demons Can Put Thoughts Into Your Mind

February 1, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Scientists have spent decades trying to understand the brain, and while much has been gained about its neurochemical workings, most of that newfound knowledge has been harnessed by the elites to control our thoughts and behavior. We're still no closer to understanding why we have consciousness or even why we dream. All the while, an important fact has been concealed from us as taught by the Orthodox Church: thoughts can be inserted into our minds by demons. In other words, the thoughts we have are not entirely our own.

The first time I went to church as a new convert, I assumed that the "house of God" would be void of any demonic influence. I could pass through the large wooden doors but the demons could not, as if I traversed over a magic portal, and experience a rest from evil subversion for as long as I was within the four walls of the church. You can surmise that I was more than surprised when disgusting thoughts still found a way into my mind. Later, I learned that even a priest can be serving the will of Satan within a church.

I realized that, outside of heaven, nowhere is safe from evil. That got me wondering about the mechanism of demonic power. I understand they can put thoughts into my mind, but the biologist in me wanted to know how.

When you receive a fright, your body responds nearly instantaneously. Someone scared you and then your heart immediately started racing and your senses sharpened to evaluate the unknown threat. I'm sure it also has happened where you received bad news and felt a physical response the very next moment. For demons to effectively influence us, I believe they can respond to one of our perceptions in a near-instantaneous manner. For example, if I lay eyes on a sexy woman, a demon may then be able to insert a sexual thought into my mind that leads to lust and the corresponding physiological response. I don't have any proof that this is true, only the understanding that if there was a lag between your perceptions and demonic influence, their power would be greatly diminished, if not outright trivial. They must be able to act quickly on the stimulus we perceive in the environment, fast enough for us to conclude that it is ourselves who have created the thought and not an external source, for the more we believe a thought came from our own brains, the more trust we have in it.

When I was in Texas, I visited a state park at night to observe bats. I stayed late enough that I was alone with the park guide. As he was explaining to me the biology of bats, which I was genuinely interested in, a thought entered my mind: "I could kill him right now and nobody would know." I was taken aback. I'm not a violent man and don't fantasize about harming people, even my enemies, so where did this thought come from? A scientist would say that it's my limbic system or "lizard brain" acting up, but I believe it was a demon trying to disturb my faith. While I get less of these types of thoughts now, once in a while something truly vile and repugnant enters my mind even though it had nothing to do with my most recent thinking or behavior.

I wonder if the demons have access to a type of neural superhighway that is similar to a telephone system. Without having to be beside us, they can dial the right “number” and essentially have a level of access to our brains, both our perceptions and the ability to insert sinful thoughts that we believe come from our own flesh. On the bright side, angels must have this power too, meaning they can insert encouraging or spiritual thoughts. Instead of glancing at a provocative woman and lusting after her, an angel can remind me to pray and focus away from the temptation. Instead of feeling guilty over a sin to the point of despondency and hopelessness, an angel can help me re-orient towards Lord Jesus Christ and focus on his mercy.

God has allowed external creatures to manipulate our thoughts for His own reasons, but we are still free in deciding how to act on those thoughts. The demons can pollute the river, but they can’t make us swim in it. It’s only when we desire to do what they are telling us that we get into trouble.

I don’t trust my own thoughts anymore, especially when they try to thrust me into the pleasures and degradations of this world. When such a thought enters my brain, I hold it up to God’s standards. Does it go against what Lord Jesus or the Apostolic Church taught? Does it conflict with the Church Fathers? Is it bothering my conscious in a way that I can only feel but not explain? Then it’s probably something sent into me from the spirit of darkness. I will ignore it, carry on, and remain diligent until their power over my mind comes to an end with the conclusion of this earthly life.

Read Next: *Demons And The City*

God’s Revelation To The Human Heart

February 4, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

God’s Revelation To The Human Heart is a slim volume authored by Fr. Seraphim Rose. It was gifted to me when I visited St. Herman’s Monastery in California, which was also founded by Fr. Rose. The book was a mere afterthought compared to the bulkier texts that were on my bookshelf, but it turned out to be one of the most enjoyable and impactful Orthodox works I’ve read.

What is the point of religion?

> Why does a person study religion? There are many incidental reasons, but there is only one reason if a person is really in earnest: in a word, it is to come into contact with reality, to find a reality deeper than the everyday reality that so quickly changes, rots away, leaves nothing behind and offers no lasting happiness to the human soul. Every religion that is sincere tries to open up contact with this reality.

All human-derived theories eventually fail. All material schemes, worldly solutions, and carnal pleasures are to be revealed as folly. If you’re lucky, they will fail you while you’re still alive, giving you ample time to search for the deeper truth of God.

Don’t look for miracles

> How can a religious seeker avoid the traps and deceptions which he encounters in his search? Here is only one answer to this question: a person must be in the religious search not for the sake of religious *experiences*, which can deceive, but for the sake of *truth*.

A faith built on miracles is weak. Look at the Hebrews at the time of Moses. They were shown miracle after miracle, including the parting of the Red Sea, and yet they eagerly returned back to their own vomit in the form of idolatry.

I believe God doesn’t show many miracles because He knows it doesn’t build faith. Allowing a seeker to come to Him through prayer, Bible worship, and Church-going are means that are far likelier to create a faith that lasts.

The heart has to be ready for God

> …when Philip spoke to the Ethiopian eunuch, something in the eunuch’s heart changed. It says in the Acts that he came to “believe”; that is, his heart was

> melted by the truth he heard. The words of Scripture are very powerful, and when the right interpretation is given to them, something in a human being "opens up" if his heart is ready.
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> […]
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> Why is the truth, it would seem, revealed to some and not to others? Is there a special organ for receiving revelation from God? Yes, in a certain sense there is such an organ, though usually we close it and do not let it open up: God's revelation is given to something called a loving heart. We know from the Scriptures that God is love; Christianity is the religion of love.
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> […]
>
> This loving heart is why anyone comes to a knowledge of the truth, even though God sometimes has to break down and humble a heart to make it receptive—as in the case of Apostle Paul, who at one time was breathing fire against and persecuting Christians. But to God, the past, present and future of the human heart are all present, and He sees where He can break through and communicate.

God reached me after my sister's death. My heart was broken and I had nowhere to turn. Before that, I was filled with pride and stubbornness. I thought I had figured out life all on my own, so why would I need God? Losing my sister allowed me to see through my delusions. He knew the perfect time to give me the gift of faith.

Fr. Seraphim in his "Optina" cell in 1981. On the wall are portraits of the Optina Elders. On the stand in the corner is an icon of his patron in the world, St. Eugene of Alexandria, and on the door his patron in monasticism, St. Seraphim of Sarov.

Suffering builds faith

> …our Faith actually is a suffering Faith; and in this suffering, something goes on

> which helps the heart to receive God's revelation.
>
> […]
>
> …we cannot simply put a man into prison camp and say, "We'll make him a Christian this way." Some become Christian and some do not. When conversion does take place, the process of revelation occurs in a very simple way; a person is in need, he suffers, and then somehow the other world opens up. The more you are in suffering and difficulties and are "desperate" for God, the more He is going to come to your aid, reveal Who he is and show you the way to get out.

No one turns to God when they are on top of the world, when every material desire of theirs is met, a state that is only temporary. It's in the difficult situations when we perceive a lack do we cry out to God for help. Even if your faith is already well-established, I'd be prudent about asking God for material blessings. It's too easy to forget God when everything in this world is pleasant and comfortable.

Under atheism, everything is permitted

> Once you have the idea that atheism is true and there is no God, then—as Dostoyevsky wrote in his novels—everything becomes permitted: it becomes possible to experiment with anything that comes to you, any new inspiration, any new way of looking at things, any new kind of society.

We are seeing this in action today in the form of sodomites parading on the streets like they own the place, children being groomed during Drag Queen Story Time, abortions performed on-demand, and women prostituting themselves online for money. Pedophilia is in the process of becoming normalized and I imagine that bestiality won't be far behind.

The evil that is always within us

> Solzhenitsyn: "In the surfeit of power I was a murderer and an oppressor. In my most evil moments I was convinced that I was doing good, and I was well supplied with systemic arguments. And it was only when I lay there on rotting prison straw that I sensed within myself the first striving of good."
>
> […]
>
> Solzhenitsyn: "Gradually, it was disclosed to me that the line separating good and evil passes not through states, nor between classes, nor between political parties—but right through every human heart—and then through all human hearts… And even within hearts overwhelmed by evil, one small bridgehead of good is retained. And even in the best of all hearts, there remains… and unuprooted small corner of evil.

We must never become complacent. Your faith may be strong today, but the evil one is lying in wait for you to make a mistake. He will rush in if you get puffed up. Stay vigilant

until you make it to the Judgment Seat of Lord Jesus Christ.

I enjoyed God's Revelation To The Human Heart more than Seraphim Rose's more popular book, Nihilism. It took me only an hour to read but it was a shot in the arm for my faith, reminding me that all truth leads to God and not to despair when things get too hard.

Learn More: *God's Revelation To The Human Heart on Amazon*

It’s Time To Quit The Smartphone

February 8, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

When coronavirus hit, I began to realize that the data sent out from my smartphone could be weaponized against me in a quarantine scenario where leaving the house was “illegal.” I didn’t want to voluntarily help the elites monitor my every movement and then nudge me into performing their desired behaviors, so I made the decision to buy a dumb phone (a classic phone without apps) and tried leaving my smartphone at home when going out.

Very early into the coronavirus pandemic, Google compiled location data from Android users around the world to put out worldwide “mobility reports” to help Bill Gates know if his evil plan was working or not.

> Community Mobility Reports aim to provide insights into what has changed in response to policies aimed at combating COVID-19. The reports chart movement trends over time by geography, across different categories of places such as retail and recreation, groceries and pharmacies, parks, transit stations, workplaces, and residential.

Google would then join Apple to hard-code contract tracing software directly into their operating systems. I could only guess how many other Silicon Valley companies were soaking up my location and usage data to aid pro-quarantine factions. Why should I give them all that information for free to simply search the web, send text messages, and use a navigation app?

I had to accept that I have become dependent on my smartphone. I took it everywhere I went and glanced at it incessantly to experience its warm glow even when not receiving notifications. I didn’t buy my first smartphone until I was already in my thirties, so did I really need the internet in my pocket at all times? I already spend most of my day in front of a computer, typing articles like this, so why take another digital screen with me wherever I go? I saw the coronavirus crisis as a prime opportunity to reduce Silicon Valley’s access to my data while lessening my dependence on digital screens.

When I shared my decision to buy a dumb phone on one of my live streams, a common response was that I would be tracked anyway through cell towers. This is true. Every phone, smartphone or not, is connected to a cell tower that knows your exact location within a few meters. This location data is then eventually packaged and sold to various marketing firms, but a smartphone is different in that it produces reams more precise data every day—I imagine several extra gigabytes a month—about who you are and everything you’re doing, and directly pipes all that data to Silicon Valley firms in real-time, allowing them to build a master profile on you that can easily be used against you. So yes, I know that using a cell phone gives up my location data, but with a dumb phone, nothing beyond that is given. The difference in data flow is like between a leaky bathroom faucet and Niagara Falls.

The smartphone alternative I chose is the Nokia 3310. For its sparse features, the price is surprisingly high, suggesting that smartphones are given away at razor-thin margins for companies to make money on the backend from the free data you give them. Since you don't need any mobile internet with the Nokia, you can find a plan for under $10 a month with US Mobile or Tello. I pay $7 a month for a basic plan (about half of my monthly charge is taxes).

Sometimes when I go outside the house, I only take the Nokia. Less than ten people know its number. I'm trying to leave my smartphone at home more often and use it as a home tablet to stay in touch with friends around the world. In the case I need to take the smartphone outside, I leave it on airplane mode as long as I can.

How about for driving navigation? I plan my trip at home before leaving. Either I write the directions down on a sticky note or print them out.

How about music and podcasts? I have an old Android smartphone with no SIM card. I factory reset the phone and made up a new Google account. Using wifi at home, I load up my podcasts and download songs using Spotify's offline feature.

How about meeting out with friends? I don't meet friends out in public much anymore (thanks, Bill Gates), but if I do, I give them my dumb phone number. You can use phone calls and SMS to stay in touch with them when heading out to meet.

It's possible that my attempt is futile and makes little difference to the powers of Silicon Valley, but I'm certain they have less data on me than before. Even better, I stare at screens much less. For short trips, I leave the house without taking any phone. I actually like the feeling that no one knows where I am or how to get in touch with me. My family is of course annoyed with yet another one of my eccentric experiments, but I simply don't want what amounts to having an ankle monitoring device in my pocket, radiating my testicles, at all hours of the day. I wonder if in a year or so it'll be wise to use a smartphone at all.

Read Next: *I Was Fooled By The Promise Of The Internet*

New York City Is Hell

February 11, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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*The following is an excerpt from my new book **American Pilgrim**. It will be released on Friday, February 19.*

I decided to visit the gay pride parade to film footage for my YouTube video travelogue. I knew I'd be walking into the biggest exhibition of homosexuality in the world, so I prayed on the subway ride over that what I was about to see wouldn't corrupt me further or make me hate others. I got off at the 14th Street subway stop and walked up the stairs into the middle of Sodom.

I was greeted by a group of black women twerking in the middle of the street. Large groups of gays and their supporters walked by, fully decked out in rainbow paraphernalia. Most surprising of all was that most of the attendees were straight women of college age with slim figures and long hair, dressed up as if they were attending a music festival like Coachella, with little ribbons tied around their arms and their skin coated with a shotgun blast of glitter. I walked by one such female on the sidewalk, and she was sticking out her tongue in front of her smartphone to get the perfect selfie, barely able to keep her eyes open from whatever drug she had taken that wanted to close them.

I walked closer to the parade line. Huge groups of gays in skimpy clothing roamed free, unafraid of judgment. I passed by a restaurant named Garden of Eden, reminding me of where I was not. I made it to the parade line and was greeted by an overweight, shirtless black man wearing a gimp face mask. His leather pants were so low that I could see his curly pubic hair. Then another group of gays arrived in full bondage gear, whooping it up as if they owned the city. Beside me a white man and Asian girl couple was taking a selfie with several transsexuals in the background. I imagined it would receive an inordinate number of likes on their Instagram accounts. A parade float sponsored by American Airlines came through with multiple gays and transsexuals dressed as flamboyant flight attendants. The crowd was cheering, waving their rainbow flags and yelling, "Happy pride!" An Irish Pride float followed, and then I looked to my left and saw three topless women, significantly overweight, with random words scrawled across their bodies.

It's one thing to see homosexual activists online, but it's another to see them up close. They are not a niche community and they are not small fry. The gays may be small in absolute numbers, but their corporate sponsors and government enablers have elevated them to be one of the most privileged groups of our time. Their straight allies shout down men like me for being "bigots" while elevating the naked obese women and the black man with visible pubic hair as paragons of virtue.

Based on the huge presence of heterosexual women, I concluded that all gay propaganda, from the rainbow flag to the empty slogan "Love is love," is not targeted at gays at all but straight women. It is meant to suck them into a degenerate lifestyle of fornication and intoxication, to develop a hatred for the type of man who is most capable of creating a strong family and resisting the evils of homosexuality. The purpose of gay pride is not only to pat gays on the back but to destroy female innocence, to bombard them with a lifestyle of sex and drugs, to render them sterile. And it's working, because I was stunned at how many attractive women were cheering with their gay flags, at how many women were being pulled down by Satan into hell.

I was happy to leave New York City. Apart from the birdbath in Central Park, I had seen nothing good for a soul that was trying to be good. Everything about the city attempts to draw you into the cult of the world. Many who live there are convincing themselves that New York City is the best city in the country, and that they're living the best life possible, when they're actually living like a diseased rat, soaking in filth, excrement, and sulfur. Just trying to eke out a living in New York City requires such an obsession with the material in the name of "making it" that the spiritual life is unlikely to happen. I must conclude that God has forsaken New York City. He abandoned her long ago, and I can only wonder whether He will enact judgment upon the city in my lifetime.

*The above was an excerpt from my new book **American Pilgrim**. It will be released on Friday, February 19.*

Read Next: *Modern Life Is AIDS*

The Cardinal Outside Your Window

February 15, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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At 40 years of age, I moved back in with my mother to the Washington, DC suburban jungle I was raised in. Within a week, I saw birds I had never seen in nearly three decades I had lived in the area—northern cardinals, blue jays, crows, house wrens, and gray catbirds. Was it possible that the birds were completely new to the area or had I been totally blind to them for so many years?

There is a family of cardinals that live across the street from my mother. I would hear them every day, and if I stared out the window for ten or so minutes, I was sure to see at least one. The cardinal is bright red and hard to miss, even when you're not looking for it. I wondered if my mother had noticed such a distinct bird that regularly flies right by her window.

"Mom, when was the last time you've seen this bird?" I showed her a picture of the cardinal on my phone.

"It's been a couple of years," she replied. "They don't come by anymore."

"There are several of them that live in the trees over there. They sing all the time and I see them daily."

"What, really?" She looked surprised, and probably thought I was playing a joke on her.

"I'll show you."

A couple of hours later, a male cardinal was walking around the parking lot. I went to my mom and pointed him out.

"My goodness, it's so beautiful!" She was instantly filled with joy, staring intently at the bird until it flew away. For the next couple of days, I called her whenever a cardinal was outside. I taught her their main song so she could know when they were nearby. Within only a week, she was almost as good as spotting cardinals as I was, and would run excitedly to me every time one was outside. She began asking about other birds she was noticing.

Until I pointed the cardinal out to her, she was blind to them. They could have been perched right on her window, singing their hearts out, but she could not see or hear them. It took someone else to show her the cardinal, and now she can't stop seeing them. She hasn't taken bird watching to the level that I have, but something was unlocked in her heart through my basic teaching and now I can say that her life has a little more beauty in it than before.

All humans are machines for recognizing beauty and truth, but unless they are taught by a guide, they may never see it. Our physical bodies act as antennae to receive the signal of God, but unless the Gospel is taught to us, the forces of evil will keep Him hidden within our hearts. The world corrupts our conscience at such an early age that it usually requires divine intervention or a loving teacher to unlock the Kingdom of God that is already within us.

How much longer would my mother have gone in her life without enjoying the beautiful cardinals unless I pointed them out to her? What a shame if she died without experiencing it. Now imagine how much detriment it is to our soul if we are not shown the One God and His infinite love and power. If you have eyes then let me point out that God to you. He flies by your window every day, waiting for you to notice Him, and all you only have to do is turn your head and look.

Read Next: *Learning To Love God*

The Dangerous Women Of Wisconsin

February 17, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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*The following is an excerpt from my new book **American Pilgrim**. It will be released this Friday.*

Madison was also full of attractive and naïve-looking young women thanks to the University of Wisconsin. My first experience with one was in a supermarket. I asked the female clerk for a bonus card to save a few cents on my shopping. She asked for my mailing address. When I made an offhand comment about being from "out of town," she interviewed me about where I was from and what I was doing in Wisconsin. Telling her that I was on a massive road trip was all that was needed for her eyes to open wide and give me a long stare. When a man receives such a look, intimacy is not far away. It would have been effortless at that point to get her number, but instead I got my bonus card and walked off.

Later while at a Starbucks, a series of young women who were alone sat next to me. Two were attractive enough, and starting a conversation with them as an out-of-towner would have been natural. There were more young women on the streets and many of them made eye contact. These women weren't the hottest I had seen, but they were cute and young. A six out of ten in Madison is an eight in many other parts of America, and based on the excessive public display of leftist catchphrases, I doubt they would have objected to casual sex. Maybe I received so much attention because the young men possessed an effeminate manner, making affirmative statements with the intonation of a question. The hours dragged on and the girls kept looking at me. They were dying to interact with a man! Why Madison has a flood of soy boys, whereas I hardly saw any in the cities of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, I do not know.

I knew that my lust could quickly be sated by the women of Madison, who were leftist enough to engage in premarital sex but not so leftist to be ugly. It reminded me of Poland, a country I had lived in for five years that had the exact same type of female. I could stay in Madison for one night and resist the temptation on willpower alone, but to live here would pose a great difficulty for me, because it was obvious that women would give me enough attention that I could unconsciously transmute into sex.

The women of Madison were so starved of masculinity that even a stony look could elicit their submission. In the afternoon I was on the street filming a homeless encampment for my travelogue. As I finished recording a clip, I heard the voice of a woman ten feet away saying, “Why is he doing that? He shouldn’t do that.” I put my phone away as she geared up to make another statement of complaint. Then I stood still and stared at her. Immediately, she looked away and stopped talking to her male friend, who didn’t look at me either.

The temptation continued in La Crosse, Wisconsin, even though it had a fraction of the university students as Madison. In my brief walk through the center, a beautiful brunette locked eyes with me. I had the opportunity to approach her with a basic “Do you know where I can find…?” opener, but I let the opportunity pass.

I went to the fast-food restaurant Culver’s for a meal. The young woman who served me was excessively friendly, as if she had targeted me specifically to release her affections. When I was leaving and walking out the door, she shouted after me to ask if I enjoyed the meal. She seemed eager to converse further.

At the cheap hotel where I stayed the night, the front desk was staffed by a woman with a thick Eastern European accent. Before I could ask her where she was from, she asked me. It turned out that she was from Iaşi, Romania, a city I happened to live in for three months, a fact that excited her. Arranging for some kind of date after her shift to “talk about life in Romania” would have been a foregone conclusion. I had been presented with a number of potential sexual opportunities for two straight days. In the past, I’d celebrate this fact and bless my luck, but now I cursed it and suspected some form of demonic attack.

If Satan wanted to get me, he could send an attractive girl to one of my events, and have

her make it obvious that she wanted to engage in fornication immediately. It might seem that I was helping him by thinking this way but Satan already knew my weaknesses. He and his lieutenants had been examining me my whole life, and knew exactly how to trip me up. Without God's help, I had no chance, and would fail on the very first temptation, but with God's grace, I just might make it.

The above is an excerpt from my new book ***American Pilgrim****. It will be released this Friday.*

Read Next: *The Casual Sex Funnel*

READ NOW: American Pilgrim

February 19, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Today I'm releasing American Pilgrim, my first book as a practicing Christian. It is a 350+ page memoir that shares my first-year journey upon deciding to repent from a life of evil to serve Jesus Christ. I travel across the United States to deliver my testimony in person through a series of lectures while chronicling the temptations that attempt to bring me back to Satan, the spiritual labors that deepen my faith as a new Christian, and the lamentable state of America on the cusp of great upheaval.

Early reader review

> Immediately, American Pilgrim strikes you as something new from Roosh. It's a travel story, a commentary on the United States, and a coming of age tale that will affirm your beliefs in God.
>
> Detailing his 2019 speaking tour across the United States, Roosh visits 23 major cities, countless small towns and destinations, and just as many churches and monasteries. He speaks about the challenges and temptations he faces, the lessons he learns, and the way you can tell if a city is on the decline by visiting the local "homeless shelters" (I'll not spoil where that is, it made me laugh). The book is thought provoking, made me pause and reflect on my own life, and makes you realize what really matters.
>
> The advice from Roosh's personal experience is invaluable for someone that is on the path to finding God. I have over 100 specific quotes that I wrote down from the pages of this book that hit home with me. Whether that be about keeping your faith alive in a world that trends towards Godlessness, forgoing temptations and hopping off the hedonic treadmill, living a "properly inverted life", where to find true beauty, and just overall focusing on the right things in this life – family, friendship, our own salvation and God.
>
> I would highly recommend this book to anyone that is on the path to Christ. It will make you laugh, it will make you think. I very much enjoyed it, and thank you, Roosh, for allowing me to review it.

Order the ebook or paperback today

You can order American Pilgrim from my web store using a credit card or Bitcoin.

The instantly downloadable ebook edition costs only $7.99 during launch weekend (20% off) and contains unrestricted PDF, EPUB, and Kindle (MOBI) files that can be viewed on unlimited devices. After submitting your payment, you'll be immediately forwarded to the book's download page...

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View the full description of American Pilgrim at Roosh V Store. Note that there will not be an audiobook edition of this book and I also don't have signed copies to sell. Leave a comment below if you have a pre-sale question or contact me directly if you need help with your order. Thank you for supporting my work!

Roosh Hour #61 – Third World Texas

February 21, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I talk about the crisis in Texas and what it means for America, coronavirus insanity, the danger of mRNA vaccines, new diabolical plans from Bill Gates, and a lot more.

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Watch Next: *Roosh Hour #60 – White House Of Horrors*

LAST CHANCE: American Pilgrim Discount

February 21, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Today is the last day of the launch special of my new book American Pilgrim. The price of the ebook will go up tomorrow from $7.99 to a whopping $9.99.

Order the ebook or paperback today

[image]

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View the full description of American Pilgrim at Roosh V Store. Leave a comment below if you have a pre-sale question or contact me directly if you need help with your order. Thank you if you've bought the book already!

3 Spiritual Types Of Women

March 1, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The hardest thing for a Christian man to do is choose his wife. Unless God gives him a direct revelation of who to marry, he is on his own when it comes to making a decision that will assuredly involve hesitation and doubt. While I can't begin to offer guidance on whether you should give a yes or no to a certain woman, I can share knowledge on three broad types of women and how seriously you should consider them for marriage.

1. Traditional women

A woman who is born in an *explicitly* traditional family has been given God- or pagan-centered morals since birth, even if those morals weren't taught to her as coming from God the Father. She has a healthier conscience and is therefore more resistant to falling into sin, and when she does fall, she does not stumble badly. She may have a failed relationship or two under her belt, and perhaps an experimental one-night stand, but no drug addictions, tattoos, double-digit notch counts, or abortions.

With her traditional upbringing, she never saw the need to repent and be born again because she was never fully oriented towards sin. If she slips, a period of confession and prayer may be all she needs to get back on track. She will not appear particularly religious because she is mostly living by morals instilled in her since childhood.

Because the Christian faith in the United States has become so badly corrupted, I would not classify women raised in Christian households as traditional unless it is clear that her family home is an extension of the church, void of worldly entertainments and influences, with a father that acts as a firm patriarch. Most traditional women you encounter will

have immigrant parents, usually Muslim. Young Armenian women, for example, don't have much of a church or prayer life, but they were raised with enough morals centered around family that they are closer to God than nominally Christian American women.

The marriage potential of women from traditional families is quite good, but beware that they may not want to learn new ways of worship and their faith may not deepen, so what you see is what you get. It is also the case that if you marry a traditional woman, you are marrying the family. If her family is pleasant then this will be an asset when raising children.

2. Pre-repentant women

If a woman wasn't born in a traditional God-fearing family, she will likely be far from God. Starting at a young age, she became addicted to the pleasures of this world and will attempt daily to re-create paradise on earth to be "happy" instead of preparing for the Paradise of the next life. Any faith she does possess will be New Age in nature, centered around yoga and "oneness" with the universe.

Even though a woman like this may not be necessarily evil, she is serving the will of Satan by not directly worshipping her Creator or following her God-given conscience. A close examination of her past will reveal innumerable sins that have not been sacramentally confessed, and when it comes to men, she will try to find one who makes her feel good through temporal emotions and material benefits instead of one who can help assure the salvation of her soul.

A pre-repentant woman is especially dangerous because since puberty she learned to maximize her sexuality to lure a man of status. In effect, she's a hypnotist of men who match her degraded spiritual state. She will badly deceive many men into thinking she's a good life partner when in actuality she is merely a good sex partner. (Nearly all of the

women I had relations with prior to coming to Lord Jesus Christ were in this category.)

We are taught by Saint Paul not to get yoked with non-Christians, so I would not consider marrying a pre-repentant woman. There is absolutely no guarantee she will ever take up the faith and unless she has the rarity of a soft heart, chances are she will continue to fall and take you down with her. If I meet a woman in this category, I would gently share the Gospel with her or give her the Jordanville prayer book to get her on the right track.

3. Post-repentant women

When a woman is truly repentant, she re-orients her mind and body away from sin. Within a short amount of time, her entire life changes, from her beliefs to her behavior. Repentance is so transformative that her face may even begin to look different. No longer does she dress immodestly, attack men with feminist talking points, or fornicate. It will be obvious when a woman repents because she is no longer who she used to be.

A repentant woman is likely to have a heavy suitcase of past sins that the man she marries will have to forgive and accept. While a woman who has multiple tattoos and has slept with 25 or more men is justified by God upon repentance, not every man will be able to stomach her past. Allow the man who can accept her past to marry her, and if that man isn't you then let her go so that she may continue her search for a husband. If God intends her to marry then she will marry.

It is critical for you to discern true repentance from a woman who is simply trying a new dating strategy. Some women, when they get older, realize that they cannot hook a man through sexuality, so they put on a veneer of false modesty and grace without any internal change to the soul. Other women, in a rush to beat their biological clock, will simply lower their standards and temporarily pretend to be more pleasant than they

really are.

True repentance involves a full turning away from the old self. When a repentant woman discusses her past, you should sense a mournful attitude of how she used to live, followed soon by a clear and unambiguous declaration of Jesus Christ as her Lord and Savior. You must be able to discern a woman who is attempting to please God and one who is simply trying a new tactic to receive a worldly benefit, and the only way you can properly do that is if your own faith is genuine and strong.

If you can accept the past of a post-repentant woman, her suitability for marriage is high since she has made a decision of her free will to pursue Lord Jesus Christ. In some respects, her potential may be higher than the traditional woman since she has already danced with the devil and therefore will be more inclined to say no to temptation in the future.

Conclusion

I am a post-repentant man. Even though my parents were immigrants of traditional backgrounds, they raised me in a purely secular manner. My adult life up to middle age was completely wasted on sin and excesses of the flesh. If you've been following me for some time then you have witnessed that repentance is total and all-encompassing. The harder someone has fallen, the more manifest their repentance will be, and I am no exception.

Once you understand the three spiritual states of women, you can make better decisions about whether to pursue a courtship or not (if you're a woman looking for a husband, these states also apply to men). If a woman is pre-repentant, give her a sermon and the name of a suitable Orthodox Church. Ignore how her beauty or personality make you feel, because I don't need to tell you the consequences of choosing the wrong woman for marriage. Otherwise, proceed with God's help. Approach your wife selection with spiritual eyes to make the decision that God knows is best for you.

Read Next: *Only God Can Find You A Good Wife*

A Walk With Jesus

March 3, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Once in a while I like to go for a walk in a small park near me. The park isn't exactly ideal: it intersects with a main roadway so you always hear the white noise of automobiles, but the birds and deer still come. I like to walk through it alone, less to enjoy nature, since you can still hear and smell the city, and more to get away from the degradations of the modern world.

The park has a stream. If I cross the most narrow part of the stream, carefully over the wet rocks in the middle, I can enter the back part of the forest. I walk beside the stream for a short while until I arrive at the thick fallen tree.

I rest on the dead log and stare at the stream. Insects hover over it. A grey mockingbird digs into a nearby bush. A nuthatch climbs a tree in front of me, looking for food. I take a deep breath and wonder about life, what will happen in the future, and if I will be able to endure the difficult trials to come.

I desire to relieve the pain of being a prisoner in my home. The lockdowns have made me weary. For too many months I have sat all day on the same wooden chair. Fantasy overtakes me; my imagination begins to run. I imagine that my savior Lord Jesus Christ is sitting next to me on the log. He's right there, only three feet away, looking similar to the icon of Him I have on my wall.

I become excited and happy, restraining a big smile. I have a thousand questions to ask Him. Where should I start?

"Lord, why do the birds sing?"

He throws a little pebble into the stream, and the ripples create a big wave as if a motorboat passed by. "Their songs give glory to Me, just as you do when you pray to Me."

I nod my head quickly as if I were a happy child whose father just brought home a surprise.

"Lord, how do they fly?"

"They fly like the angels. You will see." His explanation felt almost wordy; I would have been satisfied with less.

"Lord, I read that birds don't have any fat, and they must eat every day. Is that true?"

"Yes, every day I feed them, as I feed you."

I wanted to ask Him about the flowers and the trees, the rain and the seasons, about pain and suffering, but I didn't even care about the answers as much as hearing Him speak. His presence answered all questions. I intuitively sensed that the world could not have been made in any other way, that just one microscopic alteration from how things are would have made life unbearable for us.

Jesus stands up, signaling that He wants to walk. "Can I hold your hand?" I ask. He smiles and puts His hand out. I grab it and walk with Him through the forest though I much

rather have skipped.

He points upwards towards the tree. I look but can see nothing, just a dense covering of branches and leaves. And then my vision changed. I could see through the foliage. A male and female cardinal were feeding their babies in a nest. I had never seen baby cardinals before. They were so cute. My vision returned back to normal.

“Lord, when is the world going to end?”

“Soon.”

We reached the stream crossing, but somehow it had turned into a rapid. Only a tiny part of the stone I normally use to cross was exposed. There was no way I could make it without falling. I looked to Jesus and He nodded.

I let go of His hand and said to myself, “Lord, have mercy on me!” I closed my eyes and began walking. It felt as if there was only air under my feet. I made it across the stream and opened my eyes. I looked down and not even a drop of water was on my shoes. I jumped up in amazement with my hands raised in the air and turned around, but Jesus was no longer there. I peered through the forest but could not see Him. “No! Come back! I don’t want to be in this world anymore if I can be with You!”

I heard two people talking on the trail. The fantasy was over. I wiped my face. When the couple saw me, they put on their face masks. Maybe they smiled at me as they passed, but I could not see it.

I finished my walk through the park, filled with the weight of loneliness, yet in that moment I couldn’t help but wonder if I really was alone. Is Jesus not with me in my every step and contemplation in every hour of my days? Before getting into my car to drive back home, I looked upwards into the sky, hoping to see His sign.

Read Next: *How I Pray*

I Could Not See The Truth Before Repentance

March 5, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I recently did a lengthy interview with Stephen Heiner, a traditional Catholic writer. We talked about my path to repentance, the hagiography of our founding fathers, modern sterility, the city-countryside dichotomy, public libraries, the folly of secular marriages, birds, enduring online criticism, my future plans, and a lot more.

> *In your introduction [to American Pilgrim], you write, "[Y]et it totally escaped me that I was receiving from women merely what I gave them.'" Did you have an inkling of this earlier in the process? That "pickup" wasn't all it was cracked up to be, even as you were succeeding at it?*
>
> Roosh: No, I did not see the truth until after I stopped fornicating. While pursuing women for sex, I was deceived into believing I was a "high value" man because of superficial qualities centered around my appearance and personality (but only the traits I would selectively reveal to women), and that I was entitled to a woman who was both sexually appealing like a pornographic actress, since I regularly watched porn, but also traditional with qualities such as honor, loyalty, and dedication. When I did not receive the woman I thought I deserved, one who existed primarily in my mind, I interpreted that as not indicative of my true worth or sense of delusion, since I obviously had "value" from being able to bed so many women; but this was a fault of the the women themselves, which is why I spent an inordinate amount of time publicly complaining about their collective flaws and weaknesses.
>
> The reality of what was happening is that I was pursuing harlots and succeeding with them — and them alone — because I mirrored their moral character. We both had no faith and looked to the opposite sex to "save" our miserable lives (from not having God). In other words, I was the harlot I slept with and then publicly criticized. But these women did not save me, and I surely didn't save any woman, so I would whine endlessly that the world is filled with "sluts" and "whores." Without Christ, I simply couldn't see the error of my behavior, and it wasn't until after repentance that this was clear to me.

Click here to read the interview.

Read Next: *American Pilgrim — A New Christian's Journey Across America*

America Is A Dumping Ground For Junk

March 8, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In the past two decades, the quality of products I purchase online or in retail stores has greatly declined. Most of what I buy today are not even finished products—they require a bit of tinkering or modification to perform as advertised, regardless of how many "five star" reviews they've garnered. I'm coming to the realization that corporations see us as fools who will buy anything, and will keep unloading junk onto us because we'll keep buying it.

A friend told me a curious fact. Weber barbecue grills that are sold in America are made in China, while the Weber grills sold in Germany are made in the United States. Why wouldn't American-made grills be sold to Americans instead of being shipped halfway across the world? "Because Americans prefer cheaper prices over quality, so they buy the inferior grills made in China. Germans do not tolerate inferior quality, so they get the better-made grills that are produced here."

Could it be that Americans prefer junk over quality? It's not like we're an impoverished country (not yet, anyway) whose citizens can't afford to spend $10 more on a grill that lasts twice as long, if not forever. I can't help but recall my most recent purchases and how they're faring.

—I bought a bed frame and mattress from Ikea. Within a day, I noticed a loud creak whenever I moved. I looked on YouTube and—judging by the view counts—thousands of other people had the same problem. After trying a few remedies, the only one that worked was coating the inside of the frame with duct tape to minimize friction with key contact points.

—When I lived in Europe, I don't remember ever having to replace a pillow, but in America, pillows quickly turn into flat rocks. It's like they have a self-destruct mechanism built right in. Pillow manufacturers are obliterating the lifespan of a pillow by saving a few cents using inferior polyester filling.

—I bought a screwdriver set from Amazon that came with a dozen bits. On the very first time I used it to tighten a screw, one of the bits started stripping.

—My mom told me she needed a knife set, so I bought her one at a department store. I made sure not to buy the cheapest set because I wanted them to last my mother for the remainder of her life. It didn't even last a year. The handles all became loose, and one of them detached completely from the blade.

—I bought a three-pack of Type C USB cables from Amazon with "heavy duty" coating. In three years, all of the cables have failed. I fondly remember how USB cables would last forever, and grew up not knowing that it was even possible for them to fail.

—During my long USA road trip, the weather was getting cool so I bought a pair of gloves from Walmart. There was a stiff tag on the inside that was stabbing my skin and turning it red. I had to use my Swiss Army Knife to surgically remove the tag, which was aggressively sewed into the fabric.

—One Asus laptop I bought was not completely level when placed flat on a desk. I fixed it through the use of velcro pads. Another laptop I bought had protruding keys that left marks on the screen. If a laptop unit is defective in any way, I'm guessing that they dump it to the Americans.

—I use a soft lighting box for my live streams. The light bulbs are meant to last for hundreds of hours, but one burned out after I used it for less than fifty.

—A fan I bought from Target made a clicking sound so loud that it disturbed my sleep. I had to stuff folded paper into the mechanism to silence it.

—When buying t-shirts from a store like H&M, I learned that they are all different even if they're the same size. I must now try on multiple shirts of the exact same cut and size to find one that is not defective. This is difficult in the post-coronavirus world where you may not be able to try on clothing.

I could go on. Almost everything I buy is junk. One of the few items I have bought that is not junk is a Japanese-made hand coffee grinder. I've been using it for years and besides the fault of a slightly bent steel notch (from all the grinding), it works perfectly. In fact, when I think of my possessions that have lasted, the only real winner is my 1999 Toyota 4Runner, which was also made in Japan. Even my fancy Samsung Galaxy S9, a premium phone (made in China), has started to have camera focusing problems, and I've only had it for two years. In essence, all my possessions are junk. I own a little junkyard. I'm like Redd Foxx in the old television show Sandford and Son. Maybe I can combine my possessions with yours so we can have an even bigger junkyard.

I don't know how to even begin solving this problem. Do I simply buy the most expensively priced item of whatever I'm looking for, only to find out that I'm still buying junk albeit with a fancier brand name? Or do I seek out craftsmen who are making items

by hand? Or maybe I can buy the wires and plastics to make a USB cable myself. Until I create my own workshop, whenever I need something I go to Amazon, Target, or Walmart, and willingly and knowingly buy a piece of junk that I know will not last. It's not a good feeling.

I want to punish those who are selling me junk by not buying their products, but the economy is so centralized around only a handful of producers that that would be impossible. If I need a fan, there are only a couple of options, and they're probably all made by Kung Pao Trading Company. When globalization was sold to us as "cheaper prices," they concealed the downside of inferior products. It's no surprise that a people who tolerate junk are also seeing their country's politics and culture turn into junk. I wonder if it's all related.

Read Next: *The Goal Of Corporations Is Not To Make Money*

The Demons Among Us

March 11, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Demons by Fyodor Dostoevsky is a story about a revolutionary cadre that attempts to wreak havoc on a Russian village as part of their quest to overthrow the traditional order. It features intense psychological descriptions and analysis by Dostoevsky to reveal the deep-seated emotions and feelings that drive revolutionary behavior.

Losing touch with God

> You may be sure that all those who cease to understand their people and lose their connection with them, at once, in the same measure, also lose the faith of their fathers, and become either atheists or indifferent.

Revolutionary ideas were sweeping Russia at the time. Dostoevsky himself was caught up in the fervor and served time in prison for his activities. Being spared execution by the Tsar at the last moment served as his spiritual awakening, allowing him to recede from the darkness and become a force of tradition and Orthodoxy.

The modern drive to "progress" can be understood as destroying any sense of faith and order possessed by the preceding generations. It may be hard to believe, but many humans today still retain some *logos* within them which makes today's revolutionary movement that much more worrisome, because once the remainder is removed from those who rightly believe that a man is a man and a woman is a woman, and both should have the ability to seek their daily bread, materially and spiritually, what will be left? The horrors of the 20th century will pale in comparison to what we will soon face.

Whether local or global, revolution is the same

> So far as I have understood, and one could hardly not understand, you yourself, at the beginning and then a second time, rather eloquently—albeit too theoretically—developed a picture of Russia covered with an infinite network of knots. For its own part, each of the active groups, while proselytizing and spreading its side-branchings to infinity, has as its task, by a systematic denunciatory propaganda, ceaselessly to undermine the importance of the local powers, to produce bewilderment in communities, to engender cynicism and scandal, complete disbelief in anything whatsoever, a yearning for the better, and, finally, acting by means of fires as the popular means par excellence, to plunge the country, at the prescribed moment, if need be, even into despair. Are

> these your words, which I have tried to recall verbatim? Is this your program of action, conveyed by you as a representative of the central—but hitherto completely unknown and, to us, almost fantastic-committee?

In the above passage, a revolutionary member is attempting to clarify the aims of the group he is a part of. You may be struck by how their method of subversion is no different than what the elites are subjecting us to today. The “denunciatory propaganda” comes in the form of relentless Jewish-controlled fake news. Their centralization of power and innumerable globalist organizations from the United Nations on down seek to “undermine the importance of the local powers.” The staged Black Lives Matter protests in hundreds of American cities “produce bewilderment in communities.” We are tyrannized by scientific experts who lead us to “complete disbelief” against the truth that goes against the will of the elites while simultaneously giving us false hope about the future and a “yearning for the better” through their lies of “flattening the curve.” Every single tactic that Dostoevsky’s revolutionary character speaks of is currently, actively, and methodically being used on us, because the strategy of revolution does not change.

Destruction for the sake of destruction

> In the meantime your whole step is towards getting everything destroyed: both the state and its morality. We alone will remain, having destined ourselves beforehand to assume power: we shall rally the smart ones to ourselves, and ride on the backs of the fools. You should not be embarrassed by it. This generation must be re-educated to make it worthy of freedom. There are still many thousands of Shatovs [revolutionary traitors] ahead and us. We will get organized so as to seize the tendency; it is shameful not to reach out and take what is lying there idly with its mouth gaping at us.

The revolutionaries today are eager to share their “logic” of equality and love, but since

they behave in direct opposition to what they profess, the only logic remaining is that of destruction and chaos. They want to destroy for the sake of destruction because that is the only way to synchronize their darkened souls with the environment. If your soul is in chaos, you don't want to see a society of law and order, and if your passions are disordered, you don't want to elevate or promote those who have self-control. Society is but a projection of the souls within that society, and when society is atheistic and lacking in tradition, the projection can become close to hell.

The antidote to madness

> Listen: this man [Jesus Christ] was the highest on all the earth, he constituted what it was to live for. Without this man the whole planet with everything on it is—madness only. There has not been one like Him before or since, not ever, even to the point of miracle. This is the miracle, that there has not been and never will be such a one.

The further you are away from Lord Jesus Christ, the closer you are to accepting the presuppositions and assumptions of revolution. You become infused with the spirit of the times and participate in it without conscious thought or deliberation. All good comes from God, and when you are far from God, that places you on the streets to agitate for "black lives," in the workplace denouncing your fellow employees for "racism," in the shops recording and reporting "violators" who are not wearing a face mask, and online looking to ruin those with whom you disagree. Either you have God in your life or you are a revolutionary to some degree.

Will we be comforted?

> In the end it has always been that the most disgraceful cross becomes a great glory and a great power, if the humility of the deed is sincere. It may even be that you will be comforted in your own lifetime!

If God wants to comfort us in this lifetime, I would graciously accept it, but I'm not counting on it because of how clearly we can see the tides of revolution growing. As a Christian, I am called to pick up my cross and carry it, not seek heaven on this earth. I look back at my life and see that I experienced enough comfort for many lifetimes, so I would not mind constant tribulation as long as I'm able to bear it in a way that does not sacrifice my salvation.

Demons wasn't the easiest book I've read. With so many characters and subplots, it wasn't until page 300 or so where I began having a firm grasp on what was transpiring (pro tip: write down the names and descriptions of characters on a notecard as you encounter them). Nonetheless, the story was a good reminder of how a small group of people can cause immense damage and pain to a community. Woe to us for living in a time where that small group are those at the very top who use all their will and power to foist revolution upon our societies for their own malicious ends. May we survive the fires that are to come.

Learn More: *Demons by Fyodor Dostoevsky*

Silicon Valley Platforms Are A Bad Deal

March 15, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

On July 13, 2020, YouTube deleted my main channel with nearly 60,000 subscribers. Fourteen years of labor and love that I spent building up a channel were gone in an instant. Since then, I've realized the folly of using any kind of Silicon Valley platform in order to present my work to the public.

The two biggest draws of the platform are the convenience and the user base. By the time you encounter a platform that could be useful, it already has tens of thousands—if not millions—of users. Wouldn't it be nice if you could start sharing work that reaches those people, without having to set up your own website and painstakingly market to your intended audience?

It's helpful that the platform exaggerates its own usefulness by implementing an algorithm to give followers and views to new users even if their content doesn't warrant it. The honeymoon won't last for long: soon the platform holds your followers hostage. Instead of showing followers your content, a platform like Facebook demands money from you to help "boost" your post—to those who already opted in to your work. Or how about YouTube, which refuses to notify your subscribers of a new video upload. Once the platform gets big enough, the algorithm is tweaked to maximize benefits for them, not exposure for you.

When using a platform, you're essentially making a deal with the devil. You grant a perpetual license for your content to a corporation and submit to arbitrary and stifling rules in exchange for eyeballs, status, or fame. As long as you serve the will of the platform, the deal seems like it will have no cost, but as soon as you begin to think for yourself, or wish to create content that does not serve the prevailing agenda of the Jewish owner of the platform, you will be swiftly throttled or banned.

It's no big deal if you get banned, because you can just take your subscribers elsewhere, right? Wrong, the platform has access to your subscriber list and will not let you contact them. When I was banned from YouTube, I had no way of contacting my 60,000 subscribers to let them know where they could find my future videos. While many of them were already familiar with my blog, half weren't, because my videos since then have suffered a 50-60% drop in views. Perhaps they are still clicking reload on YouTube, wondering why I stopped making videos.

Jewish CEO of YouTube with cross-dressing YouTuber who is heavily promoted on the platform

The platform owns your subscribers while you own content which may not even be suitable anywhere else (e.g. TikTok videos, Twitter tweets). As they say in marketing, "The money is in the list." If you don't have the list of people who follow you that you can contact yourself, you have nothing. Compare that to using a service instead of a platform. If my hosting company shuts me down, I will simply find another host. If my newsletter email service shuts me down (which it did in January), I will import the email list that I regularly backup onto another service. They do not take my subscribers. But Twitter? DLive? Instagram? If they ban me, I lose access to my subscribers while the platform gets to keep the users that I brought to the service. They experience all upside from me using their platforms, and yet I have to withstand all the downside. I have skin in the game, they have none.

There are several platforms I'm still on, mostly independent in nature like Gab and Telegram, but I don't plan on signing up for any new ones. Unless the platform gives me a subscriber list of email addresses—and the only one that I know that does that is Substack—it's not worth it, because on a long enough timeline, everyone on a platform gets suspended, censored, or banned. I must admit that my influence will progressively decline. I will never have over 40,000 people watching my video live streams again, but that also means I will not be helping a homosexual-friendly company build their business on the backs of me and my followers.

I fell for the platform scam. I made a deal with the devil to receive more attention to my work, and at the peak of my ability to spread the truth during a critical juncture of American history, I had the rug pulled out from under me. I won't make that deal again. From this point on, I will maintain a humble blog for a ragtag group of a few thousand

people and not much more.

Read Next: *The Influence Curve*

Don’t Fear Poverty

March 18, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

On Wealth and Poverty is my second book by Saint John Chrysostom, a Church Father who is venerated in both the Catholic and Orthodox Church. It is difficult to find a set of his complete works so the best I can do is read booklets like this that are focused on a defined topic area.

Sharing the Gospel

> For when thou sowest the seed, and the hearer receives it not, and does not bring forth the fruit of obedience, thou hast the reward of thy intent, laid up with God; and thou wilt receive the same recompense whether the hearer obey or disobey; for thou hast performed all thy duty.

Even if sharing your testimony and faith—from a position of love and not pride—doesn’t immediately help others come to Christ, you will still receive your reward. You shouldn’t remain silent as to how important God is to your life just because you have a hunch that your words will not be well-received by the hearer.

Do not give up on a troubled soul

> And what need is there to speak of those who, after repeated warnings, have not come to their right mind? It behooves us not to abandon or neglect even those who are diseased incurably, even if we foresee clearly that, after having had the benefit of our zeal and good counsel, they will not at all profit by it. And if this that I say seem to you unreasonable, suffer me to confirm it by things which Christ himself said and did. For we men being ignorant of the future, cannot therefore be certain, as to the hearers, whether they will be persuaded or whether they will disbelieve that which we say; but Christ, knowing both one and the other perfectly, did not cease instructing the disobedient even to the end.

Satan will not stop

> The Tempter continually goes to and fro to baffle our salvation, while he himself gains nothing, but rather is to the last degree a loser by his zeal; but still so maddened is he, that he often attempts impossible things, and attacks not only those whom he expects to cause utterly to stumble and fall, but also those who in all probability will escape his snares. Therefore, when he heard Job praised by

> that God who knows all secrets, he thought to be able to overcome, nor did he in his guile cease trying every method and every device in order to cause the man to fall. The Spirit of all evil and wickedness did not shrink from the attempt, though God had ascribed such grace to that just man.

We shouldn't be upset that Satan is attacking us, or suspect that those attacks come because we are being punished by God. The Book of Job shows that even the righteous will be severely tested.

Woe to those living in wealth and luxury

> For do not tell me only of enjoying a sumptuous table, and of being clothed in silken garments, and of being followed by troops of slaves, and of proceeding in state through the public places of resort; but lay open to me the conscience of such a man, and there you shall see within great trouble on account of sins, perpetual dread, tempest, and confusion, and the reason, as in a court of justice, ascending the royal throne of conscience, sitting there as a judge, bringing forward the thought as minister of justice, racking the mind, torturing it on account of sin, and vehemently accusing it; and this state of things is known to no one else, save only God, who sees all that takes place.
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> […]
>
> …think those blessed, not who live in wealth, but in virtue; think those miserable, not those who live in poverty, but in wickedness: let us look not at the present, but at the future; let us examine, not the outward appearance, but the conscience of each man…

Enduring daily trials

> How many troubles arise each day! How great must that soul be that is not annoyed—that is not vexed, but gives thanks and praise,—that adores Him who ordains that these trials should be endured! How many unexpected things there are,—how many difficulties! And we must restrain evil thoughts, and not suffer the tongue to speak any improper word, as did the blessed Job, who praised God while he endured a multitude of ills.
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> […]
>
> Whensoever, therefore, ills, frequent and accumulated, come upon you, be not troubled nor downcast, but abide till the end. The end will turn out in every way worthy of the beneficence of God, if only you bear thankfully the things that in the meantime befall you.

True wealth

> For he who cannot restrain his desires, even if he should be surrounded by every kind of possessions, how can he ever be rich? Those, indeed, who are satisfied

> with their own property, enjoying what they have, and not casting a covetous eye on the substance of others, even if they be, as to means, of all men the most limited, ought to be regarded as the most affluent. For he who does not desire other people's possessions, but is willing to be satisfied with his own, is the wealthiest of all.

Apologize now to not be judged later

> If thou hast defrauded any one of anything, restore it, and say with Zacchaeus "I restore him fourfold," (Luke xix. 8). If thou hast slandered any, if thou hast been any one's enemy, be reconciled before thou comest before the Judge. Settle every affair here, that thou mayest see that tribunal with untroubled mind. As long as we are here we have good hope, but when we come there, we no longer have it in our power to repent nor to cleanse ourselves from our sins.

Before Christ, I would apologize to someone who I believed would receive it with grace and not offend my ego. My apology was transactional and not genuine. Now, I apologize even if the old me would think that the person doesn't "deserve" an apology or would use it as an excuse to insult me further. I do it because I made a mistake and apologizing is the right thing to do as a Christian, not as a public show of contrition or to soothe out social tension.

Material wealth is deceiving

> Just as in a play, certain men enter, wearing masks of kings and generals, and physicians and orators, and sophists and soldiers, being themselves in reality none of these; thus also, with respect to the present life, both poverty and wealth are only masks. As, therefore, when sitting in the theatre, you see one of the players on the stage, having on the mask of a king, you do not think him happy, nor think him really a king; neither would you wish to become like him; but since you know that he is some common man or other—a rope-maker, perhaps, or a

> worker in brass, or some one else of that sort, you do not think him happy because of his mask and his dress, nor do you judge of his condition in life by these things, but you rather look down upon him because of his insignificance in other respects. Thus in truth also, here in this present life, it is as if we were sitting in a theatre, and looking at the players on the stage. Do not, when you see many abounding in wealth, think that they are in reality wealthy, but dressed up in the semblance of wealth.
>
> For if you remove his mask and examine his conscience, and enter into his inner mind, you will find there great poverty as to virtue, and ascertain that he is the meanest of men. As also, in the theatre, as evening closes in, and the spectators depart, those who come forth divested of their theatrical ornaments, who seemed to all to be kings and generals, now are seen to be whatever they are in reality; even so with respect to this life, when death comes, and the theatre is deserted, when all, having put off their masks of wealth or of poverty, depart hence, being judged only by their works, they appear, some really rich, some poor; some in honour, some in dishonour. Thus it often happens, that one of those who are here the most wealthy, is there most poor, as it was also in the case of this rich man. For when evening, that is, death, came and he went out from the theatre of the present life, and put off his mask, he was seen there to be poorest of all, even so poor as not to possess a drop of water, but obliged to beg for this, and not gain the object of his petition.
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> […]
>
> Whenever you see a man living in wickedness, and enjoying great prosperity, and suffering no calamity, on this account lament for him the more, because, being under the power of disease and grievous corruption, he increases his own weakness, becoming worse by luxury and indolence.

If you have an obsession with money and are possessed by the sin of greed, Satan will work to give you what you want so that your soul is condemned. Material wealth is dangerous because it allows you to be in a state just comfortable enough that you are able to ignore your soul's calling for God.

Better to suffer in this life

> As therefore, of those who commit sin, they who suffer no ill here, undergo greater punishment hereafter; thus also, of those who live righteously, they who suffer many ills here, enjoy greater honour there. And if there be two sinners, the one punished here, the other not punished; the one who is punished is more fortunate than the one unpunished. Again, if there be two righteous men, of whom one endures more, and the other fewer trials; he that endures the most is the most fortunate, since to each will be rendered according to his work.
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> […]
>
> In a word, with respect to all punishment, if it be inflicted on sinners, it lessens

> the burden of sin; if on the just, it makes the soul more glorious;—and the greatest gain accrues to each of us from affliction, if only we bear it thankfully. For this is the design of punishment.
>
> […]
>
> And the Scripture tells us that it is not possible to enjoy repose both here and hereafter; it cannot be.

When you ask yourself why the West has degraded, simply examine the main aims of the culture: comfort and pleasure. Everything is structured for you to be happy and fulfilled in this life. According to Saint John, this assures judgment. Accept your lot, let the sufferings expatiate your sins, and approach Judgement with a clear conscience that you are prepared to receive eternal glory.

Why aren't there more obvious miracles?

> …if the dead arose continually to declare to us all that takes place there [in heaven], even this phenomenon would in time also be disregarded; for the tempter could, with the great ease, adapt his wicked teaching to such a state of affairs. He would be able often to feign appearances, or by preparing his ministers to feign death and burial, and exhibiting them as having risen from the dead, by these means he would introduce into the minds of those whom he misleads everything that he wished them to believe. For even now, when nothing of that kind takes place, the forms of the departed often have appeared in dreams, and have deceived and ruined many. Much more if such a state of things, nameless, that many returned from the dead, existed, that subtle spirit would involve many in his wiles, and introduce great deception into our life. Therefore God has closed the portals, and does not permit any of those who have departed to return to tell us the things that take place there; so that the tempter cannot take advantage of such a state of things, and introduce all his deceit. For, also, when there were prophets Satan raised up false prophets, and when apostles, he raised up false apostles; even when Christ appeared, he raised up false Christs; and whenever sound doctrine has been delivered, he has introduced corrupt doctrine, sowing tares among the wheat.

God has foreseen all possible methods to increase human faith and save souls. If God doesn't allow it, there's a reason. Don't think that your feeble mind could have arranged this world in a way where evil would have been less.

My main complaint about this book is that I wish it was longer. It also was not singularly focused on "Wealth and Poverty" but on a multitude of other subjects that thankfully kept me engaged. Overall, it taught me not to be so quick to escape any suffering I happen to experience. If I'm able to bear it then I should, because my reward will soon come.

Learn More: *On Wealth and Poverty by St John Chrysostom*

Roosh Hour #62 – Spring Call-In Special

March 21, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In this extended stream, I took a couple dozen calls from listeners, including Father Spyridon Baily (video timestamp: 1:41:25 — podcast timestamp: 1:40:55).

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Watch Next: *Roosh Hour #61 – Third World Texas*

Why Does The Supermarket Play Pop Music?

March 22, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I don't go out much these days, but when I do, it's to the supermarket. I need to eat food to survive, and since I don't grow my own food, I must buy it from the supermarket. Whenever I do go, assuming there isn't someone yelling at me for not wearing a face mask, I hear music at a volume that is just loud enough for me not to ignore. For as long as I can remember, the supermarket has played music, not just supermarkets in the Washington DC area but every supermarket I've traveled to in over twenty states, and even around the world. Where did supermarkets get the idea to play music?

A professional consultant will claim that the music is amendable to business by putting customers in a desired mood that results in increased sales. A "study" with an N of 24 has deemed it, one that could not have possibly been double-blind or reproducible, and yet it is that conclusion which nearly every supermarket in the United States has willingly adopted without hesitation or protest so that when you go to the supermarket today, you will be forced to hear Lady Gaga and Katy Perry, or perhaps Chicago and Madonna. The music must feature electronic instruments and cherish a false idol such as romantic love or the notion of fun.

Father Seraphim Rose, in his superlative lecture series Orthodox Survival Course, commented that music in the supermarket is not an accident. There's a purpose, a philosophy, behind it.

> The same way with music and art — music especially since it's so all-pervading in society; you go to supermarket and you get music. There's a whole philosophy in back of why you get the kind of music you do in the supermarket; and you have to understand what this music is trying to do to you, what is back of it. There's a whole philosophy to it.
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> You go into a supermarket and you're subjected to music. You go out in the street and you're subjected to the art — the buildings, the billboards, everything in the streets is the art of our times. And therefore since one has to be subjected to that, it's better to be subjected to good, refined art than the barbarism which exists today.

Father Rose answers the question indirectly in his lectures: there is music in the supermarket because it takes your mind off God. The kind of music they play is not classical. It's not Gregorian chant or Appalachian hymns—it's the kind of music with worldly lyrics entwined in catchy melodies that lack the sort of beauty which would instinctually cause you to glorify God. The purpose of the music in the supermarket is to contribute to your eternal condemnation.

But how could that be? Such a plan would involve a massive conspiracy from the producers of the music, the singers, the distributors, the owners of the supermarkets and

their district managers, the store managers, and even the store employees who are responsible for turning on the store music system every day at 8am. It would be impossible to get them to all consciously agree *and* coordinate to this Satanic plan, and to that sentiment I would agree. Truth is they don't even know that a plan exists. They are part of the spirit of the times, and by not worshiping their Creator as we were told through the scriptures, they become unwilling participants in the evil one's incredibly intricate system to condemn the world through every means at his disposal. A thought or impulse from the demons fills agnostic minds about creating or playing the music, and because they are not actively resisting evil and have no immunity to it, they make the choice to fill our ears with sounds that offer no profit to anyone's soul.

If the music they play in the supermarket is meant to aid in our condemnation, to serve as one drop of water within a large bucket of apostasy, what else out there aims to do the same? Everything. Everything else that you see and experience, that bombards your senses and occupies your thoughts, that keeps your mind and heart away from Lord Jesus Christ, cumulates through these little drops, leading to a disastrous showing of a modern soul on the Day of Judgment.

Imagine the world, if you will, as a children's arcade, filled with all sorts of games and amusements, but which contain absolutely nothing nourishing of substance. Our entire world, down to every last street, shop, and television commercial, is fashioned like the arcade, but it's less an arcade and more a pigpen, filled with the stench of evil that we must actively resist, but of which we are doing a poor job. Many people will live and die in the pigpen, and refuse to accept—despite numerous opportunities—that there is an eternal world in the heavens. They will go into the grave as a soul that has not been purified, or one that does not even know what purity is. They went to the supermarket hundreds of times, and heard the music playing, and liked it enough that they wished it

was louder. Even when not in the supermarket, they sought out the same music—anything to keep their minds away from the ultimate truth of why they exist—but it's only when we close our ears to the music of the world do we really begin to live.

Read Next: *Is Faith Growing Or Dying?*

What Is Orthodox Christianity?

March 25, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The Orthodox Faith, Worship, and Life by Hieromonk Gregorios caught my eye when I was browsing through the St. Herman's Monastery bookstore in California. Since I was baptized as a child, I had never been properly catechized in the Armenian Church, so I figured I could use some additional instruction. (Note: The Armenian Church is in the Oriental Orthodox branching of Orthodoxy which is deemed schismatic by the author and those in Eastern Orthodoxy because of a Christological issue.)

What is faith?

> Faith is the unreserved acceptance of divine revelation and the full conviction that all things preached by the grace of God constitute the only truth. (St. Basil the Great)
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> When man asks something of God, he must do so with unshakeable faith and without hesitation or ambivalence, in other words, without harbouring doubts. According to the Lord's brother James, *let him ask in faith, with no doubting, for he who doubts is like a wave of the sea, driven and tossed by the wind; for let know that man suppose that he will receive anything from the Lord* (Jas. 1: 6-7). Those who ask something from God with faith are always heard, for Christ said: *Whatever you ask for in prayer with faith, you will receive* (Matt. 21:22).

You need to know why you believe what you believe

> The Apostle Peter urges us: always be ready to make your defense to anyone who demands from you an accounting for the hope that is in you (1 Pet 3:115), in other words, to know how to answer anyone who asks us about our faith. St. John Chrysostom states further: 'If Christians do not know how to answer non-believers and heretics who question them about their faith, they will say that the Christian faith is a lie.' It is therefore unjustifiable for an Orthodox Christians not to know what he believes, especially in our own times which are characterized by an excess of diverse information.

I'm not inclined towards theological debates, but oftentimes someone—usually a Protestant—will try to finagle a debate out of me. Since I'm a public witness for Christ, I aim to educate myself on important points of doctrine.

Atheism

> The belief that creation happened accidentally is a delusion suffered by modern man who uses scientific achievements only to feed his egotism and distance himself from God, a foolishness worse than idolatry.

Atheism is a form of mental illness. I've gone through this stage as a youth along with perhaps most other Westerners, and it's only when you snap out of atheism can you clearly see how deceived you were. You will wonder what type of state you had to be in to fall for lies that don't even provide rational answers.

The Church will not be defeated

> Since its early years the Church has endured assaults from its enemies both from without and within. From without, Jews and idolaters sought with hatred to destroy the Church, but in doing so only succeeded in strengthening it. The schisms and heresies that have arisen from within, however, have tormented the Church to an even greater extent and continue to do so.

Process of salvation

> In this present life 'we emerge from the water of Holy Baptism without sin, we receive the divine gifts through the Chrism and we live the life of Christ by partaking of the sacred Table. In the age to come we shall be "gods surrounding God" [cf. Ps. 81:1], inheriting with Him His riches, reigning with Him in His Kingdom, unless of course we willingly blind ourselves in this life and rend the royal garment. For our only contribution to the life in Christ is this: that we preserve the gifts that we have received, retain the graces bestowed on us and do not reject the crown which God by much sweat and toil has prepared for us.'

In Orthodoxy, salvation is a process. Christ tells us to endure until the end, so it is incorrect for me to say right now that I am "saved." When I am in my resurrected body and serving God at His right hand then I can confidently tell you that I am saved. Until then, I must continually work on my salvation by living obediently to God's will and properly using the gifts that He gave me.

Persecution

> If we understand that to be persecuted for Christ's love is a divine blessing, not only will we not want to do evil to our persecutors in return, but we will even love them as benefactors of our souls.

The importance of prayer

> Prayer is the strongest weapon that Christians have in their struggle against the passions. And because the Devil knows how greatly a soul is strengthened by prayer, he strives with every means possible to keep us from it.
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> Prayer needs the participation of the body through physical toil for it to bear fruit. A prayer 'wherein the body does not toil and the heart is not afflicted is a miscarriage, for this prayer is without soul.' The toils of the body contribute to the humility of the soul and then man can say to Christ, *behold my humility and my toil, and forgive all my sins* (Ps. 24:18)

Asceticism

> When we try to restore human nature to its natural state through ascetic endeavours, we are met by strong resistance: firstly, from the powers of the soul, which, as we said, have degenerated and so consider their unnatural state to be normal; secondly, from the body, especially the bodily senses; and, thirdly, from the Devil, who is envious of man's spiritual progress.
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> If the ascetic struggle is to bear fruit, man must fully renounce earthly pleasures and even hold life itself in contempt. Christ said, *whoever comes to me and does not hate… even life itself, cannot be my disciple* (Luke 14:26; cf. Luke 14:27 and 33).

Deification

> Man's deification is accomplished within the Church and is a gift of God. It is not something that we can bring about by ourselves. According to the holy Fathers, we 'suffer' deification, while it is God who enacts it. On our part we must, nevertheless, also struggle to make ourselves worthy of receiving and keeping this great gift. The first prerequisite for attracting God's mercy and help is humility, for God opposes the proud, but gives grace of the humble (Jas. 4:6).
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> The further man advances in purifying his soul, the more he experiences spiritual states and the workings of divine grace. The first bitter tears of repentance turn into tears of profound peace and finally into tears of love for God. The intellect is enlightened and gradually starts seeing things, people, the whole world, in a different way. The state experienced then by man is called dispassion (apatheia). There are four types, or stages, of dispassion: 'The first type of dispassion is complete abstention from the actual committing of sin, and it may be found in those starting out on the spiritual way. The second is the complete rejection in the mind of all assent to evil thoughts… The third is the complete quiescence of passionate desire… The fourth type of dispassion is the complete purging even of passion-free images.' About this last type of dispassion St John Climacus writes: 'He who has been granted such a state, while still in the flesh, always has God dwelling within him, governing all his words, deeds and thoughts.'

I would say I'm on the second type, where I still vigorously battle with prideful thoughts. It is correct that tears of repentance precede tears of love. I had not experienced the latter until my second year walking with Christ. Perhaps that is how long it took me to realize what God has truly done for me.

Overall, if you're new to Orthodoxy or thinking of converting, I believe Hieromonk Gregorios' book will be of great help since it presents the basics of the faith without going too deep into theology. Since I read this book when I was pretty well-versed with the Orthodox Church, it served more as a review, but it was nonetheless important to rounding out my understanding.

Learn More: *The Orthodox Faith, Worship, and Life*

The Orthodox Faith

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Western Medicine Is Dead

March 29, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Once vaulted as the most respected professional field, Western medicine has been corrupted by the scientism of the times, reduced to a pill-popping and vaccine-injecting shamanism that no longer cures diseases but prolongs them. Medicine used to bring solace and hope to people, but now it is the grim reaper, the bringer of suffering, confusion, false hope, and unnecessary death. We're fast approaching the stage where it may be better not to seek medical care at all for the most serious of illnesses.

The politicization of medicine

When I was an undergrad at university, I originally wanted to become a doctor. I was on a pre-med track along with many of the peers who majored in a hard science. Starting in my junior year, much of our talk was centered around taking the medical school entrance exam (MCAT) and achieving a score that assured acceptance into a medical school not based in the Caribbean. I quickly learned that, all else being equal, we would be evaluated on a curve according to our race. My black peers could get in with an MCAT score of 25, while my white peers needed to get close to 30. It was even worse for Asians, who had to punch above 30.

How could it be that applicants who objectively did worse on an exam could become a doctor over those who had done better? Doesn't society want the absolute best doctors in the country to perform life-saving procedures and surgeries? Apparently not. The medical care that you receive is becoming increasingly dependent on correcting perceived historical wrongs than rewarding genuine ability and intellectual merit. I could not

understand that as a lowly undergrad student. It should not surprise you that nearly all of my black peers became doctors, but based on what I knew of their abilities from studying with them, they were not the most qualified above other applicants who were discouraged due to the higher standard they were being judged on.

While a requirement for intelligence has not been completely thrown out the door, politics was already an entrenched factor for medical school admissions upon my graduating year of 2001. Consider the fact that women are so "encouraged" to become doctors that they now outnumber men, only later to leave the profession in droves because they changed their mind or desired lighter hours. What a societal waste to train women for medicine when so many of them rightfully decide it's more joyful to raise children.

Once in medical school, at least, students can be taught pure medicine, untainted from the type of affirmative action policies that selected much of the admission class, but medical schools are connected to universities—the same universities that have become infected with a Marxist rot that insists on creating an inverted world where revolutionary and egalitarian ideas are elevated above the most basic truths. I have seen no indication that medical schools have walled themselves off from this revolutionary spirit. Not only have they adopted Marxist ideas, but at the same time they've become heavily influenced by money from the pharmaceutical industry.

Medical treatments lack reproducible proof of efficacy

Medical school curriculums have been created through "scientific studies," and who can afford to conduct those increasingly expensive studies but globalized institutions, corporations, and "philanthropic" foundations. Take a look at the popular medical journals today and you will see a paucity of studies promoting natural remedies or lifestyle

changes. Those compose a tiny minority of the research compendium because it entails no profit, and if you encounter such a study, it almost certainly was done outside of the United States.

Medical students gain a large amount of raw knowledge, but the entire orientation of which to apply that knowledge is to slice, dice, and pill-feed. In their exceedingly expensive training (medical school debt can surpass $1 million), students learn that all bodily problems can be solved with a scalpel or through prescribing chemicals produced in Chinese and Indian factories. I've been to honest car mechanics who have advised no intervention for an annoying car issue, but a doctor is trained to do something, anything, and the patient, lacking in faith and terrified of death, will beg for that anything—which they may have seen on a slick television commercial—no matter how extreme or toxic, even if the expensive solution to his ailment will merely rearrange the workings of his body to soon create yet another ailment that he must also seek treatment for. The efficacy of all those treatments is unknown because of the reproducibility crisis that has not only hit the soft sciences but also medicine.

The reproducibility crisis is the phenomenon whereby at least 50% of scientific studies cannot be reproduced, in spite of the fact that reproducibility is supposed to be the hallmark of science. I should be able to take your peer-reviewed and published scientific study, duplicate the setup, apply the same variables and conditions, and come up with identical results, but this is simply not happening, and perhaps never happened. You would think that reproducibility is essential to prove the efficacy of any medical treatment because human health and life are at stake, but just one successful study is enough to sweep all the failed ones under the rug. I know this because I worked for a pharmaceutical company that would hedge their bets by conducting multiple studies on the same drug candidate and then pick the ones that showed the most favorable results that could lead to FDA approval.

Many drugs that were heralded to alleviate a disease, despite the studies allegedly proving their claims, turned out to cause serious health damage while providing no curative effect, and so the entire foundation of modern medicine becomes shaky, held up only by vested financial interests that want to keep selling you expensive treatments. I can in fact prove to you that the best way to put out a forest fire is to drop a nuclear bomb on it. The fire will certainly go out since the entire forest and all combustible matter would be obliterated. I may even get published by a journal that peer reviews my nuclear bomb treatment, but if you want the forest to at least somewhat resemble its original state, it may be worth looking into another remedy, and the sad truth of my nuclear bomb example is that at least it does work, but most medical treatments do not work, and were approved by compliant government bureaucrats who wanted high-paying jobs in the same companies they are supposed to protect us from.

What is really true and what is not? What really works and what doesn't? You'll need a professional laboratory to help you seek the truth, but only 3% of laboratories are independent. Most are connected, by one or two degrees, to corrupt academia, the same interests that profit from the supposed cure, and Bill Gates and the Rockefellers, who

have a strange fixation on the agenda of depopulation alongside “health.” No one in their right mind could interpret the actions or behavior of globalists like Bill Gates as a genuine concern for their fellow man.

Medicine’s motto is “dope and cope”

How could I be so against medicine? I must have had a bad experience—a really bad experience—and you would be correct. My sister, when she was diagnosed with breast cancer in 2015, became a medical experiment for numerous drugs, infusions, and treatments that were “proven” through “studies” that appeared in the most prestigious journals. Her team of smiley doctors (all female) was full of “optimism” and “hope” of their recommendations. They pricked her, sliced her, diced her, and injected her with some of the most carcinogenic substances known to man. No recommendations of theirs did we refuse, and not even three years later, she was gone, at the age of 31.

The suffering she went through, not from the cancer but from the doctors who treated her, who swore an oath to do her no harm, was so deceptive, needless, and barbaric that you can say my opinion on medicine has become biased. I have absolutely no doubt that I could have constructed a treatment plan for her from basic food ingredients in the kitchen cupboard that would have reduced her suffering by over 90% and perhaps even prolonged her life, because three years is not a long time, and in hindsight, doing absolutely nothing would have given me more positive memories of her in her last days than the personal anguish I still feel for not advising her correctly on how to face this disease, but how could I have done so when I had no faith in Jesus Christ to put her illness in context?

At least I was by her side when she died, along with my mother and father. I know my

presence comforted her before she departed this world, but if tomorrow I am in her position and reach the end of my life in a hospital, my parents would not be by my side because of demented hospital rules that forbid it. In the name of halting the spread of coronavirus, which from my lying eyes and ears appears to be a bad flu that is an incredibly useful tool to establishing a worldwide scientific dictatorship, my own parents would not be able to comfort me as a lay dying on a hospital bed while connected to the med-tech machinery of computers, sensors, pumps, and breathing machines. Even if I have a wife and children, they would not be able to console me. I would be forced to die alone as if I were alone, because I guarantee no doctor or nurse would stroke my hand as I take my last medically-assisted breath.

I talked to a priest who told me the story of going to a hospital to give one final communion to a dying parishioner. He went prepared with a face mask, but the security guard would not let him in due to "rules." A heartfelt attempt at having compassion for the dying was met with a threat that the police would be called. The parishioner died without a man of God to pray for his soul.

If I suddenly approach death's door, I challenge you to convince me to call 911 for an ambulance. Convince me to get admitted to a hospital with nurses who may prefer making TikTok videos over changing my bedsheets, who would be relieved to discover that there are no friends and relatives of mine who can ask questions, test their treatment decisions, and confirm that I'm receiving an appropriate level of care. In my incapacitated, drugged-up state, would I be able to protest? Would they even listen to my complaints or would it be easier to tie me to the bed? Would I be allowed to escape the hospital prison and die on my own terms instead of theirs? Or would my death be managed as per the standards of modern care, which is now what the prompts on the computer screen by your bedside tell them to do, a decision tree no doubt approved by the insurance companies, so they can end your life without fear of lawsuits while the coronavirus numbers can be juiced further for the hospital to receive a big fat check from the government?

I choose not to die in a hospital

I don’t trust the last days of my life in the hands of doctors and nurses. Whatever consciousness that remains in me without medical aid I will dedicate to repenting and glorifying my Creator. It’s for that reason that my life expectancy has dropped. I have no ailment and am in fine health for my age, but I will not be admitted to the hospital. I will not be intubated, undergo open-heart surgery, or receive the same toxic chemotherapy drugs as my beloved sister. If I am struck down by the hands of fate, of which only God knows the when and how, I will die in my own bed, beside my family, and I will receive one last communion from my priest who cares about my soul.

I’ve been to several hospitals and noticed that many of them were established as explicit Christian charities. Relics of those foundings can be seen in the occasional Bible verse displayed on the walls, but when you walk into a hospital administrator’s office today, or you peek into the cubicles of the nurses and doctors who practice there, you will see not the God of the Cross but the gods of technology, silver, and gold. Medical care is a big business that is controlled by big interests, and the token displays of Christianity you witness are just to appease the few faithful remaining in this country who feel hesitant to be chopped up by human hands instead of trusting the hands of God.

Good can only come from God, and if an entire industry is advancing without God, as medicine has been during our lifetimes, I don’t see much good in it besides the boring but effective treatments of hip replacement, eye cataract surgery, and removal of warts. If you’re afflicted by something that merely annoys you, perhaps a visit to the doctor couldn’t hurt since you will make a decision for your care that is clear-headed and not based on your fear of death, but if your life is at stake, and you ask a doctor to lay hands upon you, you will get the worst of what medicine can provide simply to keep your body alive when God Himself had already decided that what you need to do is repent and get ready for your next life.

It is possible that I may die sooner than my parents because I refuse to get butchered by doctors only to die alone in the end, but I can’t help but consider the benefit to my soul.

As I write this, I know that I can be struck down at any moment. No med-tech torture device or genetic therapy injection will save me. I may not have much time to even say goodbye to those I love when the angel of death comes to take me, so believe me when I say that I make my peace with God every single night. Not one goes by that I don't ask him to forgive me for my sins, because when the end comes, I only want to be comforted and embraced by the love of God who created me, not the sterile gloved hands of a doctor who wants to dope me up to the point where I don't even know what is happening to me, all under the guise of making me feel a false "comfort." Only God can give me comfort. Only He can help me face my death. And only He can prepare my body to be resurrected in the age to come.

*My new book **American Pilgrim** is now available in paperback and ebook. Click here to learn more.*

Read Next: *Basic Christianity Is Extreme To Those Without Faith*

The Brave New World Has Been Realized

April 5, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Twenty-five years after his popular novel Brave New World was published, Aldous Huxley wrote the nonfiction work Brave New World Revisited to directly explain how society can be managed by a select few without force. Unfortunately, his ideas seem to have been used as a blueprint, because what he wrote is more relevant today than when the book was released in 1958.

The elites are obsessed with the agenda of depopulation

> The problem of rapidly increasing numbers in relation to natural resources, to social stability and to the well-being of individuals—this is now the central problem of mankind; and it will remain the central problem certainly for another century, and perhaps for several centuries thereafter.
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> Rapidly mounting human numbers are pressing ever more heavily on natural resources. What is to be done? Obviously we must, with all possible speed, reduce the birth rate to the point where it does not exceed the death rate.
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> […]
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> "The Pill" has not yet been invented. When and if it is invented, how can it be distributed to the many hundreds of millions of potential mothers (or, if it is a pill that works upon the male, potential fathers) who will have to take it if the birth rate of the species is to be reduced? And, given existing social customs and the forces of cultural and psychological inertia, how can those who ought to take the pill, but don't want to, be persuaded to change their minds?"

Concern over the growth of the human population, which often coincides with eugenic notions of controlling who is able to be born, has been the pet cause of elites for decades, because it's the one agenda that allows them to determine the direct fate of humankind while feeling like a god, something that George Soros himself has admitted. Almost every modern degeneracy you witness, from feminism to gay marriage, has the effect of reducing the population while at the same time condemning souls who participate in them.

If you accept the belief that Satan is the grand orchestrator of all evil on Earth, his goal would include reducing the number of souls that enter heaven through a variety of methods: (1) preventing human beings from being born, (2) sacrificing conceived humans

before birth through abortion, and (3) deceiving the living with lies that lead to eternal hellfire. The human elites who rule us under their thumbs, while powerful in the earthly sense, are mere pawns in Satan's game. Neither their riches nor their power will help them in the slightest when they face God after death.

Increasing concentration of power

> Whenever the economic life of a nation becomes precarious, the central government is forced to assume additional responsibilities for the general welfare. It must work out elaborate plans for dealing with a critical situation; it must impose ever greater restrictions upon the activities of its subjects; and if, as is very likely, worsening economic conditions result in political unrest, or open rebellion, the central government must intervene to preserve public order and its own authority. More and more power is thus concentrated in the hands of the executives and their bureaucratic managers.
>
> […]
>
> Permanent crisis justified permanent control of everybody and everything by the agencies of the central government.

Coronavirus is a great example. Here is a "crisis" that requires the government to act, and through that action it restricts the freedom of citizens while allowing massive transfers of wealth and power from the middle class to the existing elites, particularly in Silicon Valley. Huxley may have written this book in 1958, but the idea remains exactly the same in our own time. Either gradually or suddenly, we lose our freedoms and become serfs of the elite who control the state with wealth gained through usury, vulture capitalism, and the mandates of scientific tyranny.

Corporations will control all business activity

> In a world of mass production and mass distribution the Little Man, with his inadequate stock of working capital, is at a grave disadvantage. In competition with the Big Man, he loses his money and finally his every existence as an independent producer; the Big Man has gobbled him up. As the Little Men disappear, more and more economic power comes to be wielded by fewer and fewer people. Under a dictatorship the Big Business, made possible by advancing technology and the consequent ruin of Little Business, is controlled by the State—that is to say, by a small group of party leaders and the soldiers, policemen and civil servants who carry out their orders.

Small businesses were possible in the United States, at least until 2020, especially related to food and hospitality, but that has been deemed too threatening to the oligarchs. The serfs must have their freedom, leisure, and choices constrained. Through the pretext of coronavirus, those businesses have been annihilated so that we become utterly dependent on Amazon, Walmart, and junk food chicken sandwiches delivered via apps that monitor you programmatically. Unless you directly serve the elites by working at one

of their corporations (remember that transgender acceptance training is coming up this Friday) or you go the blue-collar route and become a tradesman, it will become increasingly difficult to earn your daily bread in an entrepreneurial fashion.

The Power Elite

> This Power Elite directly employs several millions of the country's working force in its factories, offices and stores, controls many millions more by lending them the money to buy its products, and, through its ownership of the media of mass communication, influences the thoughts, the feelings and the actions of virtually everybody.

Huxley talks through both sides of his mouth. On one hand he is warning us about the freedoms we are on the verge of losing while on the other he was providing the oligarchs with material and intellectual aid in secret meetings to help them exert their plans over humanity. He ran a good hustle by profiting from both the elites directly and through the serfs (via book sales) while pretending to enlighten the masses.

Modern society is sick

> Dr. Erich Fromm: "Our contemporary Western society, in spite of its material, intellectual and political progress, is increasingly less conducive to mental health, and tends to undermine the inner security, happiness, reason and the capacity for love in the individual; it tends to turn him into an automaton who pays for his human failure with increasing mental sickness, and with despair hidden under a frantic drive for work and so-called pleasure."

We are in a scientific dictatorship

> In the more efficient dictatorships of tomorrow there will probably be much less violence than under Hitler and Stalin. The future dictator's subjects will be painlessly regimented by a corps of highly trained social engineers.
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> […]
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> The survival of democracy depends on the ability of large numbers of people to make realistic choices in the light of adequate information. A dictatorship, on the other hand, maintains itself by censoring or distorting the facts, and by appealing, not to reason, not to enlightened self-interest, but to passion and prejudice, to the powerful "hidden forces," as Hitler called them, present in the unconscious depths of every human mind.
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> […]
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> Under the relentless thrust of accelerating over-population and increasing over-organization, and by means of ever more effective methods of mind-manipulation, the democracies will change their nature; the quaint old forms—election, parliaments, Supreme Courts and all the rest—will remain. The underlying substance will be a new kind of non-violent totalitarianism. All the traditional names, all the hallowed slogans will remain exactly what they were in the good old days. Democracy and freedom will be the theme of every broadcast and editorial—but democracy and freedom in a strictly Pickwickian sense. Meanwhile the ruling oligarchy and its highly trained elite of soldiers, policemen, thoughts-manufacturers and mind-manipulators will quietly run the show as they see fit.

Seventy years ago, Huxley explained our modern-day governance better than I could. Either he is the greatest prophet that modern man has seen or he was simply attending the meetings that planned out the future. We are essentially living in a material reality that was planned by men who have been in the grave for decades.

The deception behind marketing

> "We no longer buy oranges, we buy vitality. We do not buy just an auto, we buy prestige." And so with all the rest. In toothpaste, for example, we buy, not a mere cleanser and antiseptic, but release from the fear of being sexually repulsive. In vodka and whisky we are not buying a protoplasmic poison which in small doses, may depress the nervous system in a psychologically valuable way; we are buying friendliness and good fellowship, the warmth of Dingley Dell and the brilliance of the Mermaid Tavern.

Don't listen to modern music

> For the commercial propagandist, as for his colleagues in the fields of politics and religion, music possesses yet another advantage. Nonsense which would be

> shameful for a reasonable being to write, speak or hear spoken can be sung or listened to by that same rational being with pleasure and even with a kind of intellectual conviction. Can we learn to separate the pleasure of singing or of listening to song from the all too human tendency to believe in the propaganda which the song is putting over?

The trick they've mastered is to engineer "music" that releases dopamine while slapping the most degenerate lyrics imaginable atop it. Understand that only a few musicians gain access to the top producers who create the catchiest melodies and rhythms that can become hits. The owners of the music industry then task a music writer to jam pack as much sex and immorality into an individual song, and then the actor known as the singer will "sing" the song with the aid of advanced computer technology. While there is a profit motive to music, its main goal is to serve the agenda of the elites. Once you consent to listen to a song that is instantly pleasing on your ear in a way that an Orthodox hymn may not, you are now susceptible to abiding by the lyrics, or at least not objecting to the behavior featured. Even music from the 70s and 80s contain messages that created all manner of false idols, most usually the notion of eternal romantic love.

Public schools abuse children through repetitive programming

> "Think," writes Mr. Clyde Miller ecstatically, "think of what it can mean to your firm in profits if you can condition a million or ten million children, who will grow up into adults trained to buy your product, as soldiers are trained in advance when they hear the trigger words, Forward march!" Yes, just think of it! And at the same time remember that the dictators and the would-be dictators have been thinking about this sort of thing for years, and that millions, tens of million, hundreds of millions of children are in the process of growing up to buy the local despot's ideological product and, like well-trained soldiers, to respond with appropriate behavior to the trigger words implanted in those young minds by the despot's propagandists.

Using extreme stress (i.e. torture) to change behavior

> [Pavlov learns that] on their way to the point of final breakdown, dogs become more than normally suggestible. New behavior patterns can easily be installed while the dog is at or near the limit of its cerebral endurance, and these new behavior patterns seem to be ineradicable. The animal in which they have been implanted cannot be deconditioned; that which it has learned under stress will remain an integral part of its make-up.
>
> […]
>
> …it has been found that the deliberate induction of fear, rage or anxiety markedly heightens the dog's suggestibility. If these emotion are kept at a high pitch of intensity for a long enough time, the brain goes "on strike." When this happens, new behavior patterns may be installed with the greatest of ease.
>
> […]
>
> If the indoctrination is given in the right way at the proper stage of nervous exhaustion, it will work. Under favorable conditions, practically everybody can be converted to practically anything.

Historically, war has been used by regimes to make wholesale changes to human behavior, but what if humans have become so weak that they can't even endure a war? Then a fake pandemic will suffice. Businesses are closed down to simulate a military invasion, random lockdowns simulate an unexpected bombing, and the covering of the face simulates a poison gas attack. The human is just as frightened as in a real war, if not more since they have been conditioned to fear an enemy they can't see or perceive.

Realize that even if the fake pandemic ends today, many people will continue to wear a

face mask for the rest of their lives while fearing public spaces. The longer the crisis continues, the more lasting that behavior change will be.

Slaves who think they are free

> It is perfectly possible for a man to be out of prison, and yet not free—to be under no physical constraint and yet to be a psychological captive, compelled to think, feel and act as the representatives of the national State, or of some private interest within the nation, want him to think, feel and act.
>
> […]
>
> Any bird that has learned how to grub up a good living without being compelled to use its wings will soon renounce the privilege of flight and remain forever grounded. Something analogous is true of human beings. If the bread is supplied regularly and copiously three times a day, many of them will be perfectly content to live by bread alone—or at least by bread and circuses alone.
>
> […]
>
> Nothing, except the absence of freedom; for when things go badly, and the rations are reduced, the grounded dodos will clamor again for their wings—only to renounce them, yet once more, when times grow better and the dodo-farmers become more lenient and generous.

You may be wondering: how can humans be so dumb? How can they not see that the choices they make are enslaving them? The answer is that they *choose* this way of life. They have willingly, voluntarily, and methodically chosen comfort and security above serving God, Who demands that we turn away from this world and all that it provides us to prepare for the next life. Therefore, it's not a matter of intelligence that so many people are enslaved by the elites, but that the deadness of their spirit demands it, for if you do not have God, all you have left are pornography and Netflix, which the elites promise you as long as you obey them. Those who choose for Lord Jesus Christ can at least recognize the truth of their material reality, but otherwise it is a hopeless matter to help those who want to remain in a state of deception.

Did you say… adrenochrome?

> Within the body, hitherto unknown chemical substances such as adrenochrome and serotonin (of which Dr. Page was a co-discoverer) have been isolated and their far-reaching effects on our mental and physical functions are now being investigated.

Rumor has it that adrenochrome, which is released into the bloodstream by a frightened human, is a powerful stimulant and aphrodisiac used by the elites during rituals involving the abuse of children.

The end of history

> Under a scientific dictator education will really work—with the result that most men and women will grow up to live their servitude and will never dream of revolution. There seems to be no good reason why a thoroughly scientific dictatorship should ever be overthrown.

The answer is reaction, not revolution, but first we have to ask what Christ demands of us. Does he want us to take up arms to “fix” the world from the evil-doers, or does he want us to keep our eyes and heart on Him to endure a spiritual struggle for greater rewards in Heaven?

It was disturbing to read this book because Huxley might as well have been commenting on the year 2021, not 1958. Apparently, we are mere participants in a script that he and others have long ago written, and while our free will is preserved, it’s easy to see how seductive this scientific script is for most of humanity who only care about what appears in front of their noses. As Christians, our duty is to persevere through the growing evil of this age, and let others cast their lot as they see fit.

Learn More: *Brave New World Revisited on Amazon*

Roosh Hour #63 – God's Judgment

April 11, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I talk about the the normalization of sodomy and transgenderism, the insanity of the left, the rise of demonic behavior, the coronavirus vaccine, the latest activities of international Jewry, and a lot more.

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Watch Next: *Roosh Hour #62 – Spring Call-In Special*

How Old Is The Earth?

April 12, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A potential stumbling block for many Christians is the age of the Earth. Scientists have normalized an Earth age in the billions of years, allowing them to present all manner of grotesque and fake intermediary species into the archeological record. Meanwhile, the Bible suggests an Earth age that is not much older than 7,000 years. These wide differences cannot be easily reconciled, leaving the Christian in a tough position. Should he reconfigure the Bible into a timeline presented by atheist scientists, or should he stick to a more literal view? One thing that may help him in his decision is understanding that God created the Earth with an inherent age.

> Then God said, “Let the waters abound with an abundance of living creatures, and let birds fly above the earth across the face of the firmament of the heavens.” So God created great sea creatures and every living thing that moves, with which the waters abounded, according to their kind, and every winged bird according to its kind. And God saw that it was good.

When God created the animals, they were fully grown. In other words, on the day after Creation there were some animals that were already many years old. There were animals living alongside parents that were not physically born from those parents. If a scientist was present on this day, he would estimate the ages of the animals based on their size and maturity, but again, everything was only one day old.

The same was true for the plants and the trees. God created fully grown trees from nothing, in instant time. A scientist could cut down the trees and count their rings to come up with an age in years, but he would be wrong no matter how sure he was, because the tree would only be one day old.

How about the rocks and mountains? The moment after creation, the valleys and the hills were already in a state of lushness and completion. The mountain tops were covered with snow, home to various vegetation and critters that could handle the thin air of the high altitude. Would the scientist approach the mountain and say, “This is obviously one day old”? No, he would drill through the layers underneath, of which God fashioned like an artist using layers of paint on a canvas, and conclude that the mountain was too old for his instruments to measure. He would have to conclude that the Earth was thousands or millions or billions of years old, because the Earth was in completed form when God created it even though it would have taken billions of years of time had it been formed through the handful of natural processes that feeble man can only slightly understand.

Badlands National Park, South Dakota, USA

Techniques like carbon dating or DNA analysis do more to reveal the arrogance of man than the truth of our world. Scientists believe the Earth is old, and are already in a state of rebellion against God, and so settled on techniques that confirmed their tightly-held convictions. They hate God and so they will believe that which allows their hatred to manifest. They will invent animals that never existed and use the discovery of one oddly-shaped finger bone to declare a brand new human species. Consider that all the bones found of pre-*Homo Sapien* man can fit in a medium-sized cardboard box. Is that what you base your history of man on? People have more faith in a box of dubious bones than in the truth God gave us through his prophets, which becomes more self-evident by the day as the field of science degrades into politics, fraud, and death.

From Father Seraphim's Rose Orthodox Survival Course:

> There are certain basic principles, presuppositions, which these dating systems must have. The carbon-14 system, which traces the radioactive decay of half-life of carbon-14 to carbon-12, requires: 1) that there is absolute uniformity — that the decay rate has always been the same for as long as the process has been going on, 2) that there has been no contamination from outside sources — which they admit does happen, and 3) that the thing being dated has been isolated, buried somewhere and nothing else has been touching it from outside, no organic matter, and finally, 4) that there was no carbon-12 in the first place, it was all carbon-14. All these things are assumptions; they are not proved.
>
> Many people, even among non-evolutionists, will admit that carbon-14 is the most reliable of all the dating systems; even the scientific creationists admit that it has an accuracy back perhaps 2,000 years. It has been tested on certain

> articles whose age has been determined and it has proved to be not too far off in most cases. But beyond 2,000 or 3,000 years it becomes extremely dubious. And even those adherents to this system admit that because the half-life of carbon-14 is 5,600 years or so, it cannot be accurate beyond 20,000 or 30,000 years at the most. The other systems, potassium-argon, uranium and so forth claim to [have a] half-life of one billion, three-hundred million years; and therefore when they talk about improving the age of old rocks they use these systems.
>
> The carbon-14 system is used only on organic matter, on the fossils themselves; and potassium-argon and uranium systems on rocks. But the same things are true: there must be uniformity throughout the billion years, no contamination from outside. We must assume that it was all potassium in the beginning before it decayed to argon; and all these things you have to take on faith. And if you try to measure anything recent, say only a million years ago, and you take this system with a half-life of a billion years, it is like trying to measure a millimeter with a yard stick; and is not very accurate even assuming it is valid. And there have been numerous cases when they have applied this system to new rocks; and they give them a life of two billion years old. Therefore, the whole thing is very shaky. And it requires that those billion years exist in the first place.

I don’t know exactly how old the Earth is, but I don’t believe it to be older than 10,000 years. Since I don’t work in a dinosaur museum, there is nothing in my daily personal experience that begins to even hint to an age older than that. What I notice on my path to salvation is that there is nothing new under the sun, and that what was written in the Holy Bible about man and faith has not at all clashed with what I encounter experientially. The Bible speaks to me, the scientists lie to me, and so I have thrown in my lot with God, for I cannot have two masters. I ignore the studies that suggest a fossil was a gazillion years old, I ignore DNA studies that state we’re just like the apes, and I continue building my faith in the God of creation, because when he created my ancestors, Adam and Eve, they were already a fully grown man and woman, and once they were kicked out of the Garden of Eden, they encountered a world that—modern civilization and technology aside—was not that much different from ours.

Read Next: *God’s Revelation To The Human Heart*

30 Christian Articles I Recommend

April 15, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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1. “No Christian should be a merchant.” [Link]

2. “The family peered attentively at the barred windows and suddenly saw a hand there, blessing them with a priestly blessing.” [Link]

3. “Where God’s presence is not, where people do not have God before their eyes nor do they look to God, something else is at work – the presence of demons.” [Link]

4. “If someone says, ‘I love God’ and hates his brother, he is a liar.” [Link]

5. “The message of ‘repent for the Kingdom of heaven is at hand’ has been supplanted by the message of ‘let us build an earthly kingdom of well-being for all humanity.'” [Link]

6. The Church Will Never Alter Her Beliefs or Practices Out of Fear [Link]

7. What are the Christian rules of engagement for war and violence? [Link]

8. The world will perish when love dries up [Link]

9. “Hell is a democracy but Heaven is a Kingdom.” [Link]

10. How American Politics Destroys Orthodoxy [Link]

11. “A man who rejoices can instantly ascend to Heaven. But he who grieves, languishes, despairs, can neither pray nor remember Christ.” [Link]

12. How to eat food [Link]

13. It is Difficult to Find Christ [Link]

14. “What makes us Christians? Faith, we’ll say. No! The devils also believe, and tremble.”
[Link]

15. What Should Christians Do About The Great Reset? [Link]

16. Will Orthodox priests resist against Bishop who follow the secular authorities? [Link]

17. The Broken Covenant [Link]

18. Interview with a Ukrainian Catholic priest who converted to Orthodoxy [Link]

19. “Even the simplest of true Christians is wiser than the “wisest” of this world because he has God for his teacher.” [Link]

20. Three monks in Russia were martyred by a Satanist who carved 666 into his weapon [Link]

21. “Turn me over, I’m done on this side.” [Link]

22. How To Use A Prayer Rope [Link]

23. A spirit of complaining leads to hatred against God [Link]

24. “You have everything you need! If you want to pray, go ahead and pray! If you want to go to church services, you’re free to go!” [Link]

25. The religious nature of secular life [Link]

26. "…the efforts and struggles that married people have to engage in for their salvation are greater than those of monastics." [Link]

27. The Poison Of Pride [Link]

28. Examine your faith [Link]

29. A modern "fool for Christ" [Link]

30. The moral power of music [Link]

Read Next: *25 Christian Articles I Recommend*

The Desert Fathers

April 19, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The Desert Fathers is a collection of ancient Christian wisdom compiled by monks. It's primarily used to help other monastics but it can aid the lay Christian as well. Below is a selection of my favorite passages. If your faith doesn't allow it, you may perceive the miraculous stories allegorically instead of literally.

How should we live?

> As far as I can tell, abba, I think anyone who controls himself and makes himself content with just what he needs and no more, is indeed a monk.
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> […]
>
> Poemen said, 'Suppose there are three men living together. One lives a good life in stillness, the second is ill but gives thanks to God, the third serves the needs of others with sincerity. These three men are alike, it is as if they were all doing the same work.'

The Golden Rule

> Some of the hermits used to say, 'Whatever you hate for yourself, do not do it to someone else. If you hate being spoken evil of, do not speak evil of another. If you hate being slandered, do not slander another. If you hate him who tries to make you despised, or wrongs you, or takes away what is yours, or anything like that, do not do such things to others. To keep this is enough for salvation.'

Arguing with others

> If anyone speaks to you on a controversial matter, do not argue with him. If he speaks well, say, "Yes." If he speaks ill, say, "I don't know anything about that." Don't argue with what he has said, and then your mind will be at peace.'
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> […]
>
> Macarius said also, 'If you are stirred to anger when you want to reprove someone, you are gratifying your own passions. Do not lose yourself in order to save another.'
>
> […]
>
> A brother who was hurt by another brother went to the Theban Sisois and said, 'I want to get back at a brother who has hurt me.' The hermit begged him, 'Don't

> do that, my son, leave vengeance in the hands of God.' But he said, 'I can't rest till I get my own back.' The hermit said, 'My brother, let us pray.' He stood and said, 'O God, we have no further need of you, for we can take vengeance by ourselves.' The brother heard it and fell at the hermit's feet, saying, 'I won't quarrel with my brother any longer; I beg you to forgive me.'

Temptation

> Abraham [said to Sisois], 'If in the meeting after church on Saturday and Sunday, a brother drinks three cups of wine, is it a lot?' The hermit said, 'If there were no Satan, it would not be much.'

Fasting

> Hyperichius said, 'Fasting is the monk's control over sin. The man who stops fasting is like a stallion who lusts the moment he sees a mare.'

Speech that creates immediate pleasure

> Once when I was talking to some brothers for the good of their souls they became so drowsy that they could not even keep their eyelids open. I wanted to show them that this was the devil's work, so I started gossiping: and at once they sat up and began to enjoy what I was saying. But I said sadly, 'We were talking of heaven just now, and your eyes were closing in slumber: but the moment the talk became frivolous, you all began to listen eagerly. I beg you then, dear brothers, since you know that this is the work of the devil, be watchful and beware of falling asleep when you are hearing about spiritual things.'

Faith in money

> A brother was leaving the world, and though he gave his goods to the poor he kept some for his own use. He went to Antony, and when Antony knew what he had done, he said, 'If you want to be a monk, go to the village over there, buy some meat, hang it on your naked body and come back here.' The brother went, and dogs and birds tore at his body. He came back to Antony, who asked him if he had done what he was told. He showed him his torn body. Then Antony said, 'Those who renounce the world but want to keep their money are attacked in that way by the demons and torn in pieces.'
>
> […]
>
> They said there was a working gardener who gave away all his profit in alms, and kept for himself only enough to live on. Later on Satan tempted him and said, 'Store up a little money, as a provision to spend when you are old and infirm.' So he made a store of coins in a big pot. It happened that he fell ill, and his foot became gangrenous, and he spent all his coins on doctors, but grew no better. An experienced doctor told him, 'Unless we amputate your foot, the gangrene

will spread through your whole body.' So they decided to amputate it. But the night before the operation, the gardener came to his senses and was sorry for what he had done, and groaned and wept saying, 'Lord, remember my earlier good works when I worked in the garden and served the poor.' Then an angel of the Lord stood before him and said, 'Where is your store of coins? Where has your trust in them gone to?' Then he understood, and said, 'I have sinned, Lord, forgive me, I will not do it again.' Then the angel touched his food, and it was healed at once. He got up at dawn, and went out to the fields to work. At the appointed time the surgeon came with his instruments to amputate the foot. The people told him, 'He went out at dawn to work in the fields. The doctor was astonished and went out to the field where he was working, and he saw him digging, and glorified God who had restored his health.

The benefit of illness

A great deal is gained spiritually by bearing illness quietly and giving thanks to God. If we go blind, let us not be upset. We have lost one means to excellence, yet we can contemplate the glory of God with the inward eyes of the soul. If we go deaf let us remember that we shall no longer hear a lot of silly talk. If suffering has weakened the strength of your hands, you still have inner strength against the enemy's attacks. If the whole body is afflicted by disease, your spiritual health is still increasing.'

Don't show off your faith

A hermit was fasting and not eating bread, and he went to visit another hermit. By chance some other pilgrims came there and the hermit made them a little vegetable soup. When they sat down to eat, the fasting hermit took a single pea which he dipped in the soup and chewed it. When they got up from the table, the hermit took him to one side and said, 'Brother, if you visit someone, don't make a display there of your way of life. If you want to keep your own rules, stay in your cell and never go out.' The brother accepted the advice, and thenceforth behaved like other people and ate what was put before him.

Judging others

In Scetis a brother was once found guilty. They assembled the brothers, and sent a message to Moses telling him to come. But he would not come. Then the presbyter sent again saying, 'Come, for the gathering of monks is waiting for you.' Moses got up and went. He took with him an old basket, which he filled with sand and carried on his back. They went to meet him and said, 'What does this mean, abba?' He said, 'My sins run out behind me and I do not see them and I have come here today to judge another.' They listened to him and said no more to the brother who had sinned but forgave him.

> […]
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> A brother said to Poemen, ‘If I see my brother sin is it really right not to tell anyone about it?’ He said, ‘When we cover our brother’s sin, God covers our sin. When we tell people about our brother’s guilt, God does the same with ours.’
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> […]
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> A monk of the Thebaid received from God the grace of ministry, to serve the poor as they had need. In a village once he happened to be holding a love-feast. A woman dressed in rags came up to him to receive her share. When he saw the rags, he meant to take a great handful, so as to give her a big helping: but his hand was kept nearly shut, and he took only a little. Another, well-dressed, woman came up and, seeing her clothes, he meant to take a little handful for her but his hand was opened, and he took a big helping. So he asked about the women, and found that the well-dressed woman had been a lady who had sunk to poverty and still dressed well because she felt that she had a standard to maintain for her family. But the other had put on rags so that she would receive more.

Body vs soul

> Daniel said, ‘if the body is strong, the soul weakens. If the body weakens, the soul is strong.’ He also said, ‘If the body is prosperous, the soul grows lean; if the body is lean, the soul grows prosperous.’

Love your enemies

> Poemen said, ‘Evil cannot drive out evil. If anyone hurts you, do good to him and your good will destroy his evil.’

Demonic thoughts

> A brother came to Poemen and said to him, ‘Many thoughts come into my mind and put me in danger.’ He sent him out into the open air, and said, ‘Open your lungs and do not breathe.’ He replied, ‘I can’t do that.” Then he said to him: ‘Just as you can’t stop air coming into your lungs, so you can’t stop thoughts coming into your mind. Your part is to resist them.’
>
> […]
>
> A hermit said to a brother, ‘When a proud or vain thought enters your mind, examine your conscience to see if you are keeping God’s commandments; ask yourself if you love your enemies; if you rejoice in your enemy’s triumph, and if you are sad at his downfall; do you know yourself to be an unprofitable servant and a sinner beyond all others? But not even then must you think that you have corrected all your faults; to entertain such a thought as that would undo all the other good you have done.’

Teaching others

> Hyperichius said, ‘He who teaches others by his life and not his speech is truly wise.’
>
> […]
>
> Once Theophilus of holy memory, the archbishop of Alexandria, came to Scetis. The brothers gathered together and said to Pambo, ‘Speak to the bishop, that he may be edified.’ Pambo replied, ‘If he is not edified by my silence, my speech certainly will not edify him.’

Humility

> The brother went into his cell, and for three days and nights he lay prone upon the ground, in penitence before God. Then the thought came into his mind, ‘You are very good, you are a great man,’ but he took control of his thoughts, and in humility called his sins to mind, saying, ‘What about all the sins I have committed?’
>
> […]
>
> Antony also said, ‘I saw the devil’s snares set all over the earth, and I groaned and said, “What can pass through them?” I heard a voice saying, “Humility”.’
>
> […]
>
> A hermit was asked, ‘What is humility?’ He said, ‘It is if you forgive a brother who has wronged you before he is sorry.’
>
> […]
>
> A hermit said, ‘In every trial do not blame other people but blame yourself, saying, “this has happened to me because of my sins.”‘
>
> […]
>
> A brother asked a hermit, ‘What is humility?’ he answered, ‘To do good to them that do evil to you.’ The brother said, ‘Suppose a man cannot obtain that standard, what is he to do?’ The hermit answered, ‘he should run away, and choose silence.’
>
> […]
>
> The devil appeared to a monk disguised as an angle of light, and said to him, ‘I am the angel Gabriel, and I have been sent to you.’ But the monk said, ‘Are you sure you weren’t sent to someone else? I am not worthy to have an angel sent to me.’ At that the devil vanished.

What is God’s plan?

> Antony was confused as he mediated upon the depths of God’s judgements, and he asked God, ‘Lord, how is it that some die young and others grow old and sick? Why are there some poor and some rich? Why are there those who are bad and

> rich and oppress the good poor?' He heard a voice saying to him, 'Antony, worry about yourself; these other matters are up to God, and it will not do you any good to know them.'

The format of The Desert Fathers remind me somewhat of Zen koans, short sayings from the East that are supposed to enlighten the seeker but which make no sense. The Desert Fathers not only makes sense, since it's rooted with the Church, but it provides a wake-up call to deep-seated sins you may be tightly holding onto. For those who want to deepen their faith beyond the parish level, The Desert Fathers is a great place to start, as long as you understand that you are not a monk who needs to duplicate the ascetic feats found in the text.

Learn More: *The Desert Fathers on Amazon*

Satan Helped Me Write

April 26, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I've been writing since 1999, when I created a blog before it was known as a blog on the free web space that my university offered me. For the two decades that followed, I have written millions of words, much of it about how to fornicate. There is a challenge in organizing the chaos in your brain into the coherence of the written word, so I had to develop many habits to make my living as a writer. Upon my turn to faith, I thought that writing would become much easier, since I was now sharing the good news instead of instructing men how to sin, but truth is writing has become harder than ever.

It wouldn't be inaccurate to describe writers as degenerate alcoholics. The reason, I believe, is that writing creates so much mental tension that the flesh demands a release in the form of drink or other harmful behaviors that yield an immediate dose of caused pleasure.

There were three pillars of pleasure that allowed my previous writing: coffee, alcohol, and sex. Coffee would be taken first, to create a buzz in my brain that motivated my fingers to more effortlessly dance across a keyboard. Then I'd drink alcohol at night to relieve the stress of writing while also counterbalancing the jittery effects of the coffee. And then finally the orgasm, which I'd receive either manually through masturbation or through sex with a woman. The orgasm was usually the culmination of my reward for a writer's job well done.

I have greatly underestimated how much those three rewards fueled my writing, because now that they have been removed, along with most of the monetary rewards and the infrequent but ever-present prospect of cheap groupie sex, it has become twice as hard to write. During a writing session, I stare at the blank screen and the blinking cursor in states of immobilization for longer periods than before. I have to construct little outlines for 800-word articles that I used to spit out in one go with no preparation. Every sentence I now type I must fight for, and only rarely do I enter a state of flow where the words are gushing out.

God gave me the talent to write and then Satan hijacked it for his own ends, coupling it with a constant need for pleasure. I have had to disconnect my talent from those pleasures and write for God's sake, for the uncaused joy he gives me at times I cannot predict, for a greater reward that will not come in this life. I can still write well enough, as I hope you'd agree based on my output in the past year, but every little article has become a fierce battle now that I cannot "unwind" after a hard day.

How can I manage to write more books? I don't have any worldly fuel to keep me going, and it's obvious that my own power is weak. The answer must lie in my prayer rule and faith. Unless I have an idea that is approved by God, that will serve His plan for the salvation of my soul and those who read me, from where will I get the motivation? How will the river of words be transmitted from my mind to the screen? I know I will never earn as much money as I did in the past or reach the height of internet fame that peaked

around 2016, so it’s for God alone I must do this. May He be pleased with all that I will write and share with the world.

Read Next: *How Coffee & Alcohol Addictions Are Linked*

24 Secular Articles I Recommend

April 29, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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1. Your phone is a surveillance device [Link]
2. As much as half of medical science is fake [Link]
3. Transgenderism is having a ‘corrosive impact’ on society [Link]
4. What’s it like to live in a city with no cell phone signal or wifi? [Link]
5. The COVID Coup [Link]
6. Germ Theory Versus Terrain: The Wrong Side Won the Day [Link]
7. The deep state is running a color revolution on the United States [Link]
8. Liberalism always leads to Marxism [Link]
9. Globalists are gleeful that religious identification is decreasing worldwide [Link]
10. Antifa has a concrete command & control structure [Link 1, Link 2]
11. The Battle for California Is the Battle for America [Link]
12. Millennials, the Dying Children [Link]
13. Alexandr Solzhenitsyn’s 1978 Harvard speech [Link]
14. Silicon Valley parents don’t want their children to use technological devices [Link]
15. One of the biggest porn companies in the world was funded by Wall Street investment firms [Link]
16. 5 Confirmed False Flag Operations and How to Spot Them in the Future [Link]
17. The Homeless Republic of Echo Park: Life (and a Death) in L.A.’s Fastest-Growing Tent City [Link]
18. It is time to wean ourselves off Amazon [Link]
19. The Baby Boomers’ Dismal Legacy [Link]
20. “Protests achieve their goals when leaders actually organize. The left knows this, the right, not so much.” [Link]
21. Carl Lentz and the Trouble at Hillsong Church [Link]
22. “[Leftists] are terminally unhappy because they can’t produce anything of value, they don’t know how to love, and they can never put enough effort in to please their vengeful and jealous god.” [Link]
23. Pornography is a Jewish form of cultural terrorism [Link]
24. What happened to Portland? [Link]

Read Next: *19 Secular Articles I Recommend*

The Prayer Rope

May 3, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

“Honey, I’m going for a walk. Do you need anything from the store?”

“No, we’re fine,” replied Simon’s wife, in the middle of changing the diaper of their newborn son.

Simon got into his electric truck and drove two miles down the country road to a small river park that gets crowded on the weekends. He turned off the engine and stared at the wide dirt trail for a long minute before getting out. On this weekday afternoon, he would be the only person there.

What a time to have a child, he thought. All manner of pure evil was being normalized. Just the other day, he was told of the newest scientific trend, the “flay dinner party,” where friends would slice tiny pieces of skin from each other using a medical tool offering painless excision, mix it with a spicy tomato relish, and eat it to candlelight for a range of purported nutritional and mental health benefits. Simon’s priest told him that society was beyond the wickedness of the Bible, and didn’t understand why Jesus had not yet returned.

The doctors wouldn’t let Simon be with his wife in the delivery room. It took a whole day for them to even let him hold the baby. *Who knows what they injected him with.* The latest problem on Simon’s mind was the box of feed the government drone dropped off every Monday. The vegetables seemed way larger than the days when he could pick out produce at the store, and most items contained a faint odor of bleach that couldn’t be washed out. At least the proprietary seasoning on the laboratory meat made it taste real enough.

After walking through the park for a while, Simon made it to the narrow river. He sat on a rock beside the water and focused his eyes on a fallen log that many used as a bridge to cross the river, before a sign was put up forbidding it. He took out his black prayer rope, the one he kept in his truck’s glove compartment, and held it in his right hand. *Lord Jesus Christ, Son of God, have mercy on me, a sinner.* His eyes felt heavy, and he wanted to close them, but he resisted the urge so that images of his wretched past wouldn’t appear. He made it a third way through the rope while staring at the fallen log when behind him he heard the sound of someone clearing their throat.

Simon turned his head and saw a frail old man glaring at him through round glasses. The thick bags underneath the old man’s eyes were stacked on top of each other like that of a lizard. His exaggerated nose dominated his face, all but hiding two gray lips. He had to be at least ninety years old, but to Simon’s eyes he possessed a brightly contrasted sheen as if he were being displayed on a quantum television set.

“Can I help you?” Simon asked, wondering where the man came from.

The old man shook his head and squeezed his lips white. “How many violations can I count? You don’t have on your face lock. You left your domestic passport at home. And is

that Christian contraband I see?”

Simon loosened his grip on the prayer rope, almost dropping it from his hand.

“But you died last year. It was in the news. President Shaniqua spoke at your funeral.”

“And now I am back, and I am here talking to you and I own this park and…”

“No, leave me alone. You’re just a hologram.”

Simon turned his head back to the river and continued to pray, this time aloud. It wasn’t long until he heard a muffling sound in the distance that soon became the distinct trampling of boots on dirt.

“I may be just a hologram, but my friends are not.”

Simon turned back around. Ten or twelve soldiers lined up behind the old man, decked out in all black, faces covered in tinted masks. Simon had thought that “hologram enforcement” was just a conspiracy theory. He was told that when a powerful man died, his bodily image and a likeness of his consciousness were uploaded onto a computer system that could then be recreated nearly anywhere in the country through the use of mobile network towers. Simon was conversing with the avatar of Nathan Wolfe, a tech billionaire who died the previous year after his sixth or so heart attack as recreated by expert computer programmers hired by those of the regime who were still living. They believed that using familiar faces would invoke terror, as if seeing a ghost, and breed compliance in a way that their measures of control leading up to the Global Rebellion of 2026 had not.

“I need you to listen carefully,” Nathan said, enunciating every word. The soldier to the right of Nathan raised his rifle and pointed it at Simon. “You’re playing a very dangerous game by breaking the law to come here, but I will give you a final chance. The punishment for what you have done is re-education by nano-vaccination, an outcome that involves… side effects, as you already know, but this is done for the harmony of the world, so that the three billion people living on this overcrowded planet can co-exist in peace without conflict. The vaccination will not kill you, but the things you believe now, you will not believe later, and the things you disbelieve now, you will come to miraculously believe. Your wife will still look at you as you, as the man she chose to marry—for some foolish reason I may add as your dangerous behavior now indicates—and you will not be inhibited to raise your child in a way that is more or less fitting for what it means to be a human parent. The promise I offer you is that if you receive the nano-vaccination, which my agent can administer today, right now, you won’t be bothered again, and you will be able to enjoy the best entertainments we can produce, beamed directly to your quantum television set, which I may add is about to get an exciting upgrade. You will eat the most advanced foods that our scientists can create. You will even be allowed to experience a bond for your wife and child, which you may perceive as love, but without all that hateful and extreme baggage you have corrupted yourself with by consuming forbidden materials and practicing archaic rituals that will only cause those whom you care about great harm.” Nathan flashed his bright eyes at the prayer rope.

“Okay I’ll put on the face lock and carry my passport at all times,” Simon said. “I just needed a break from it all. I won’t disobey again.”

“Oh I’m afraid we’re too far past that. The problem is that your psychology is damaged, disordered. Our scientists have discovered a mutated gene that makes you believe in myths, fairytales, and scientific impossibilities. These beliefs are causing friction in our world. You are—by a small but measurable degree—corrupting this planet and spreading that corruption to others, to your wife, to your child, to those in your secret church, which is no secret at all, for we know everything, and we have allowed things to get as far as they have, and maybe it’s time for us to close that church, because it’s up for us to decide, and…” Nathan stopped and blinked in a repeating cycle of five blinks, three blinks, and eight blinks before his left shoulder twitched and he began speaking again. “Your family does not deserve the pain and suffering that your disobedience is bringing to them. Halt this theatrical worship in God! Stop this egotistical, self-centered sham! Think of your life and your family. Think of your neighbor, those in your church, who you are supposed to love as yourself, if I’m not mistaken.”

Simon did not respond. He stared at Nathan, curious about the specific workings of the hologram, wondering if he could explain it to others, if anyone would believe him, if the nano-vaccination would leave his brain intact to even be able to recollect Nathan for what he really was. A minute passed in silence; the only noise was a soldier who cleared his throat and the warbling song of a male American robin looking for a mate. Then Nathan perceived movement. Simon’s thumb and forefinger were advancing through the prayer rope, one knot at a time. Simon was asking Jesus Christ to have mercy on his wife and son.

“You’re praying! I must say, Simon, computer-generated or not, I am continually amazed that people are willing to throw away their lives for a lie.”

All the remaining soldiers pointed their weapons at Simon. He looked at each one in a vain attempt to identify with their humanity, but he could not see their eyes, their faces, their hair, or even any visible skin. He wondered if they were holograms too.

Simon inhaled and extended his right arm in front of his body, opening his hand to the sky, his prayer rope dangling from his fingers. The breath of the robin’s song could have blown it onto the ground. Nathan widened his eyes and gave a crooked grin at what was appearing to be an act of submission to the regime. Another success for those chosen by blood to rule the Earth! Another sealed soul! Only the programmers could know if Nathan perceived a feeling of happiness and power like he would had he been alive, but any possibility of his digital pleasure was eliminated when Simon clasped the first three fingers of his hand and rested the remaining two against his palm and then pulled back his arm and touched his forehead and said, “Glory to the Father.”

The force of the twelve bullets that entered Simon’s body pushed him backwards. He felt an intense heat throughout his torso but perceived no pain and was still able to stand. He managed to touch his right hand to what was left of his stomach and said, “And to the Son…”

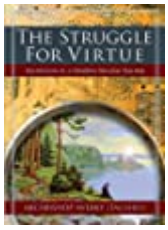
At least sixty more shots were fired, nearly all hitting their target. Nathan snarled and clenched his fists as the transgressor fell onto the rocks by the river's edge. The sound of the water grew faint in Simon's ear as the very center of his vision became bright like the sun. He had no ability to hold air in his lungs but was able to mouth "And to the Holy Spirit" before his soul departed.

As if a switch had been flicked, the hologram vanished. The troops began to exit the park. The address of their next assignment, Simon's house, was spoken into their headsets. Nathan Wolfe would meet them there.

Previous Story: *Jake Ultra*

The Struggle For Virtue

May 6, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



The Struggle For Virtue by Archbishop Averky of ROCOR came to me in two ways. First, by an online suggestion that was strong enough for me to order it. Second, by a monk who gifted it to me directly. I'm skeptical of believing in coincidences so I came to conclude that this was an important book for me to read.

Christianity is asceticism

> Asceticism is something so closely bound up with the spiritual life that without it spiritual life is simply *inconceivable*. It is, so to speak, the primary instrument of spiritual life. It is by no means an end in and of itself, but only a means; nonetheless, it is an absolutely necessary means for success in spiritual life.
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> […]
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> It is clear that everyone, if he desires to save himself from this oppressing power of evil, must enter the path of the spiritual life—that is, to become an ascetic struggler to some extent. One who avoids this is doomed to perdition.
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> […]
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> The human soul, being divine in origin, always aspires towards God. It cannot find full satisfaction in anything earthly and, suffering severely in its alienation from God, it can find rest only in God. The human soul can attain this salvific communion with God only through the fulfillment of the commandment of love for God and neighbor. The commandments of love for God and neighbor can be fulfilled only through the uprooting of the "law of sin" living in us—evil habits and evil dispositions of soul—and through the planting in their place of good habits and good dispositions of soul. This does not happen without fierce battle or struggle. It is precisely this battle of struggle that is the essence of asceticism, which makes possible man's success in the spiritual life—that, in drawing near to God and entered into communion with God, for which the human spirit longs.
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> […[
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> Asceticism is the one sure path to the alluring lighthouse of happiness which all people seek. Happiness, as life experience shows, is not outside of a man, where he mistakenly looks for it, but inside. Happiness lies in a peaceful state of soul, in serenity and internal calm, which come from internal satisfaction following victory over evil and the eradication of bad habits that tyrannize the soul. Sinful

> habits create chaos and disarray. Evil inclinations cannot be peaceful, calm and joyful. The only way to pacify the soul is by suppressing and eradicating bad habits through asceticism, an ascetic way of life.

Asceticism is not only for monks but for all Christians on the path to salvation. The teachings of scripture are clear on the matter:

Do not love the world or the things in the world. If anyone loves the world, the love of the Father is not in him. (1 John 2:15)

Adulterers and adulteresses! Do you not know that friendship with the world is enmity with God? Whoever therefore wants to be a friend of the world makes himself an enemy of God. (James 4:4)

"If you were of the world, the world would love its own. Yet because you are not of the world, but I chose you out of the world, therefore the world hates you." (John 15:19)

Then Jesus said to His disciples, "If anyone desires to come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me." (Matthew 16:24)

"No one can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one and love the other, or else he will be loyal to the one and despise the other. You cannot serve God and mammon." (Matthew 6:24)

And do not be conformed to this world, but be transformed by the renewing of your mind, that you may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God. (Romans 12:2)

The "prosperity gospel," a central tenet of some churches in the West, is therefore in flagrant opposition with Biblical teachings, which lay out a clear path for Christians to deny themselves the pleasures and attachments of this world to prepare for the Kingdom to come. You don't have an excuse to forgo this path just because you live in a city or happen to be married—all are called to pick up and carry their cross of faith and tribulation, not a warm blanket of pleasure and comfort.

Performing good works

> The greater our good works, and the more often we perform them, the easier it becomes to overcome evil habits: they are weakened by the increased frequency of our good words and are less able to counteract our good will—which, to the contrary, is increasingly strengthened by good works. An obvious conclusion can be drawn from this: he who desires success in the spiritual life must by all possible means force himself to perform good works as often as varied as possible.
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> […]
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> …the main thing is not works but man's inner disposition, the good or evil will of his soul and the virtuous or depraved condition of his heart, from which good or evil works are born naturally.

> […]
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> …for the true ascetic, it is far from sufficient only to refrain from evil works and only to perform good works: the true ascetic strives to uproot from his soul evil dispositions, evil habits, and evil will, and in their place to plant and firmly inculcate good dispositions, good habits, and good will.
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> […]
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> Without faith in Jesus Christ as the Son of God, there is no Christianity. Performing good deeds out of some unknown motivation cannot be equated with Christianity. How can it be Christianity, when Christ Himself taught that the first and greatest commandment is love for God? This understandably includes faith in Him, for how can we love someone whose existence we deny? Without love for God and faith in Him, no really authentic good deeds are possible, nor is any true morality possible.
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> […]
>
> It is not in and of themselves that good deeds have meaning, nor is it the personal effort of doing good that saves man; what saves him is the earnestness with which his will is directed towards good. In forcing himself to do good, one shows that his will seeks virtue. This is what attracts the all-powerful grace of God which, conjoined with one's personal effort, makes him a victor over evil in his own soul, which is the ultimate purpose of unseen warfare.

It's unfortunate that so many modern Christians have put faith and works in opposition, as if they are mutually exclusive. In my life they have co-worked in a synergistic fashion: when my faith grows, I desire to perform more works, and when I perform more works, I put more faith in God. I would be skeptical of anyone who proclaims faith but does not perform works.

Pride is weakness

> …a humble person is not weak, but actually strong, because God's power manifests itself and acts through him; the proud man is weak, for he rejects God's all-powerful grace and is left with only his human powers, which are, of course, immeasurably weaker and less significant than God's all-powerful grace. Therefore, pride always sooner or later disgraces itself, and the proud man falls, perishing with all his self-confidence, plans, and calculations.

When I look at the personal accomplishments I made during the height of my pride and personal strength, they give me absolutely nothing today. The books I wrote… gone. The girls I slept with… forgotten. The innumerable cities I've been to… a blur. Upon repentance I essentially had to start life all over. My first book as a Christian, American Pilgrim, feels like the first book I've ever written, and none of the "game" I valued in my past is useful in discerning whether a Christian woman I meet is suitable for marriage. Anything I've learned through my own pride had to be unlearned when I began to live

with Christ.

Criticism of Catholicism

> The western world with Rome reigning at its head, before which all the nations of the world once trembled, demonstrated that it was incapable of properly assimilating and absorbing the spirit of Christian humility; pagan pride, love of authority, and the unquenchable thirst to rule and command continue to live even in Christian Rome, which had adopted the teaching of Christ superficially and shallowly. This spirit of pagan pride expressed itself in the pretensions of the Roman patriarchy-pope to rule the entire Christian world. The pope continue the tradition of the pagan emperors of Rome, becoming as it were a successor to their politics of subjecting all nations under them. They forgot Christ's testimony to His Apostles: "Whosoever desires to become great among you, let him be your servant" (Matt 20:26).

Needs of the spirit

> How does the spirit reveal itself in a person? St. Theophan indicates three manifestations of the Spirit: (1) the fear of God, (2) the conscience, and (3) the thirst for God: "All people, no matter what degree of development they have reached, know that there is a Supreme Being, God, Who created everything, maintains everything and rules everything, and that they depend on Him in everything that they must please Him, that He is the Judge and Requiter, Who gives to everyone according to his deeds.
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> […]
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> The conscience is the legislator, the guardian of the law, the judge, and the executor." It is no coincidence that the people call the conscience "the voice of God."
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> […]
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> It is the property of the spirit to seek God, to strive towards Him, to thirst for Him. Nothing created, earthly, worldly can ever satisfy it. No matter how many good things a person has, it will never seem enough, he will always want more and more. This eternal lack of fulfillment, this constant dissatisfaction proves that our spirit strives towards something Higher, the Ideal, as they say. Therefore, nothing earthly can replace this Higher Being, this Ideal. The soul is restless, finding no peace. Only in God, in living communion with Him, can a person find total satisfaction and rest, having obtained grace-filled peace of soul and calmness.
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> […]
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> …no matter how much a person suppresses within himself the needs of the spirit, these needs will demand their rights. The spirit yearns for God and, unable to find a means of escape for its aspirations under the violent pressure of the crude oppression of human pride, the spirit satisfies itself by substitutes, which are

> invented by the same human pride in order to calm it. In place of authentic religion, the spirit is given some nebulous philosophical teaching, or theosophy, or spiritualism. In place of the Church, it is offered the "template" of science, or the theater, ballet, etc.—anything from worldly life, capable of fully captivating the person.

I confess that I still seek fulfillment from worldly things. One example is through cooking. Starting in the spring of 2020, I've dedicated myself to making the perfect Italian pizza pie. I've spent many hours educating myself via YouTube tutorials and cooking blogs. I've tested many different kinds of flours and ingredients to bake well over 100 pizzas, even dessert pizzas. My craft has culminated in large dinner parties where, on one night, I made 16 pizzas. I've lost count of how many times I heard someone say, "This is the best pizza I've ever had!" With such a compliment, there is nowhere else to go. Sure, I can grow my own tomatoes and even my own mozzarella cheese upon procuring a cow, but ultimately my soul will never be fulfilled by making pizza.

It's no surprise that after my biggest pizza party, I started looking for new hobbies. I could hop from one hobby to the next knowing that they will never give everlasting satisfaction. If a hobby doesn't grow my faith, aid my neighbor, or allow me to engage in Christian fellowship, I'm not sure if it's worth doing.

Don't let the world take you

> All of modern entertainment acts like cocaine and alcohol on our contemporaries. Contemporary entertainment puts spiritual life to sleep in man, paralyzes spiritual impulses, and suppresses the voice of the conscience and of moral norms. Little by little, a person descends from the natural to gross carnality, becoming like a body without a soul according to the words of the Psalmist, "I was so foolish and ignorant: I was like a beast before you" (Ps 72:22).
>
> […]
>
> When a person created in the image and likeness of God renounces his high calling and becomes a soulless body, he becomes like a brute beast and pronounces upon himself his own death sentence.

A man's spiritual state will match what he subjects his eyes and ears to. If he consumes mindless TikTok and hip-hop videos, we know where his heart lies. If he consumes self-help materials in order to increase his status before other people, we know that he has made gods of things in this world. Even the news is dangerous: it's designed to make people anxious and upset so that they keep watching more news in the hope of receiving a positive feeling.

My aim is to listen to music that makes me think of God—Orthodox hymns and classical. I temper my intake of news (though sometimes not) and try to read spiritual articles and books. I listen to Orthodox podcasts and sermons. While most content on the internet seems to be made for evil, you can find enough Christian sources to completely replace

all that is secular.

Fear God, but don’t be motivated by fear alone

> The Gospel indeed speaks of rewards that await the righteous and punishments that will befall unrepentant sinners. However, nowhere are these rewards and punishments offered as the main, exclusive motivation for a Christian. In fact, these rewards and punishments are not the motivation but the natural end result of one’s lifestyle. Christ explains that the narrow and sorrowful path of life preached by Him has as its natural end eternal joy, while the broad and easy path, counter to the Gospel, culminates in eternal grief, eternal torment. These are not incentives, not external pedagogical methods to force a person to act in a certain way. They are the natural results of a chosen lifestyle, which He warns against and makes abundantly clear.

It’s natural to fear hell, as you very well should, but it should not be your sole motivation for serving God. I am increasingly motivated by my love for Him, thanks to knowing His immense love for me, than severe punishment for breaking the rules. Like a child wants to please his parent, I want to please God by following His commandments.

Listen to your conscience

> A person may disdain [God’s voice], ignore it, and treat it as insignificant, but it will continue to speak within his soul. Sooner or later, in this life, or in full measure in the next, the conscience will present itself in its full power as the harsh and merciless judge of man, the judge of all his actions, thoughts, feelings and experiences which he self-indulgently allowed himself.
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> […]
>
> It is impossible to kill the conscience, but it can be numbed, smothered and lulled to sleep. The Holy Fathers teach us that this happens through willful sin. “Every sin,” says St. Ignatius (Brianchaninov), “Leaves a harmful impression on the conscience. A constant willfully sinful life as it were, mortifies it.”
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> […]
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> The cutting edge of the conscience is very delicate. It must be carefully preserved. If a man transgresses its dictates through weakness or passion, he must shed tears of repentance.” Even minor things are significant. “From those small things we also come to despise the great ones,” says Abba Dorotheos. “When someone begins to say, ‘What does it matter if I say that word, eat that little morsel, feast my eyes on that?’ he falls into bad habits and runs the risk of gradually falling into insensibility. For both virtues and vices start from slight things and lead to greater ones, either good or bad.”

Even the smallest of sins, like a white lie, can be detrimental to your soul, because when you commit a little sin, you are actually training yourself to take on a sin that is slightly

bigger. For example, it's common that I want to read a news story but cannot because of a paywall. I know many ways to get around a paywall, but lately I've been allowing the paywall to stymy my efforts to read an article. A private corporation owns content and has dictated that they don't want a person to read more than so-and-so pieces per month. Their property, their rules. The "crime" of circumventing a paywall will never be prosecuted, but what comes after that? You will steal other content, perhaps download torrented movies or software. It's not so much going around the paywall that you should be concerned about, but what you will desensitize your conscience into doing after that.

When you consider a harlot who sells pornographic images of herself online, she got there through a gradual process involving a multitude of decisions that trained her mind to ignore cries from her conscience about committing sins of pride and lust. If you're not ready to tackle the tiny sins, which in some cases you can avoid on willpower alone, you will certainly fall to the big ones where willpower is no longer sufficient to resist.

The mask of evil

> In human hearts, evil is taking the upper hand. Evil in our time rarely manifests itself openly, in a repugnant way. As time passes, it gets better at masquerading itself in the guise of good. Often overlooked by many is the fact that those who committed crimes in the past usually understood that they were committing evil and would often repent and try to correct their wrongdoing. In contrast, the majority of our contemporaries have lost the very concept of evil. While committing evil, they do so cold-bloodedly and without emotion.

How can you repent if you don't even know you committed evil? If you don't even know the Ten Commandments or the Beatitudes? If you muted your conscience from a pornography habit that started as a teenager? Satan wants to condemn souls, and one way he does that is to delay or block repentance. Disguising evil as good is an ingenious way to do that, though many of us have seen through the tricks and repented anyway. I wonder if Satan is thinking of a new way to block repentance, perhaps by a genetic method that injects people with "vaccines" that knock out critical genes necessary for normal human functioning. We may live long enough to see.

Bread and circuses

> …the epoch that we are now living in reminds us of the epoch of the Roman Empire just before the birth of Christ, when the rallying cry of the masses was "bread and circuses!" The only difference is in the fact that ordinary bread and simple, primitive entertainment will not please anyone anymore. Now, man's refined lust demands something more reined. Bread must be specially baked and served as an accompaniment to other gourmet dishes, which are prepared according to the dictates of the art of gastronomy—or rather, gluttony. Entertainment must likewise be refined and masquerade as art, while exciting the basest, animalistic desires of man's nature.

I can’t help but be reminded of my obsession with making authentic Italian pizza to titillate the palates of my guests.

Freedom from sin

> Instead of freedom from sin, people began to strive for freedom to sin. True freedom, freedom of spirit, Christian freedom came to be considered “despotism,” “coercion,” the oppression of the Church, while the dissipation of one’s sinful will, which leads to enslavement of the spirit, was made life’s ideal.
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> […]
>
> Only that person who in Christ has freed himself from oppressive slavery to sin and has unwaveringly chosen the bright path of a pure and virtuous Christian life is happy and joyful. And all who continue to wallow in sin and who through their sins are languishing and suffering as slaves to the devil are deeply unhappy, for they cannot find moral satisfaction, which is the only thing that can give a man happiness in life.
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> […]
>
> Some may think that they do not rely upon themselves and that they place all of their hope in God. But when they fall into some sort of sin, they despair and come into a melancholy and dismal state of soul. This excessive, dismal sorrow is a sign that they hoped not in God but in themselves, and therefore this betrayal of their self-assurance through their fall is particularly difficult and torturous, and it brings them into despair. But the one who does not rely upon himself, upon his own powers, will not be particularly surprised by a fall and will not overwhelmed with excessive sorrow; he knows and understands that this happened because of his weakness and that nothing good can be expected of him. Such a man humbly admits his weakness, his helplessness, and, therefore, instead of giving himself over to extreme sorrow, he hastens to God, pouring out in prayer before Him his repentant feelings, hastens to repent before God of his sin as soon as possible, with his whole heart, and to continue to battle with unseen enemies and with the evil living in his soul—he hastens into unseen warfare.

I am prone to falling into despair after committing a moderate sin because I want to believe I’m “growing” and “past that,” purely secular notions. The reality is that I have come into the existence after the Fall. The environment is such that my impulse is to commit sin and distance myself from God. It is demonic to beat yourself up over everything and think there is no hope for your salvation.

I’ve since adopted a healthier approach in the aftermath of committing a sin: prayer. Ultimately, it’s up to God based on the labor and will I put into the matter that determines when or if I will overcome a sin. In fact, it’s even up to God if I will merely see sin as sin.

Distraction

> Why is distraction so harmful? It is quite obvious: a distracted person is not capable of being vigilant in regard to himself. He is constantly preoccupied with things outside of himself. How can he observe his own heart when the main object of his attention is not his inner life by the events of the outside world? He is not concerned with reducing the influx of external impressions but, on the contrary, lives entirely for those external impressions. His inner life interests him little or not at all: his greatest interest is the external life, the life of the surrounding world, and thus he gives free rein to his sense. To see, hear, smell, feel, and taste everything is what her perceives as the meaning and purpose of his life. His soul is like an easily accessible highway. A whirlwind of impressions follow one after another as in a kaleidoscope, and he completely immerses himself in the thoughts, feelings, and desires that they generate. How can he monitor his heart and guard it from pollution by the vileness and crudity of this world, which lies in evil?

I shut my phone off when I go to bed. I only turn it on when a good chunk of my workday is complete. When not using it during the day, I put it in silent mode. Otherwise, I wouldn't be able to write articles like this. Perhaps I wouldn't even be able to pray. I notice that most people don't take these types of efforts to block out the effects of their "slot machine" device that is always ready to serve a new prize that causes distractions.

How to fight evil

> When a gentle word of persuasion has no effect, when people are so steeped in evil that they do not yield to any admonishment and continue doing evil, a Christian cannot and should not take refuge in this teaching of the forgiveness of all, sit indifferently with his arms crossed, and apathetically watch as evil abuses good, as it increases and destroys people, his close ones. To indifferently watch the ruin of a close one by one who has lost his sense and become a bearer of evil is nothing other than the breaking of the commandment of love for one's neighbor. Every type of such evil should be immediately thwarted with the most decisive measures, even including the sacrifice of oneself in an unequal struggle.
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> […]
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> …our battle with people who have become bearers of evil should have the purpose of the suppression of the evil that is performed by them and should in no way be vindictive. The right for vengeance belongs to God, Who is the One, Righteous Judge Who Knows everyone's heart.
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> […]
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> A Christian should fight every type of evil wherever it appears, but this battle with evil should, in the first place, be a battle in his own soul. The battle with evil should begin with oneself, and only then will it be correct, reasonable, and sound.

> One who has fought and rooted out evil in his own soul will much more easily wage a battle with evil in the souls of other people; and the less evil remains in the soul of the solider of Christ, the more successful this battle will be. This great truth has been completely forgotten by contemporary people who have turned away from Christianity and think that they can benefit humanity by persecuting and harassing others for things that they perceive to be evil, but which many not necessarily be so, all the while themselves remaining evil in their own souls.

When I meet a Christian man and one of the first things he says to me is, “Christ overturned the tables of the moneychangers! He said to carry a sword!”; I know that he had already decided to be violent, and is trying to pour his will into the Gospel to justify it. There is such a thing as righteous force, but outside the realm of self-defense, it’s best to receive the blessing of your spiritual elders (or merely consult with them) before enacting a plan that is probably more about trying to wrestle away some of Satan’s worldly power than defeating evil without passion.

Spiritual warfare

> …the essence of unseen warfare is in a persistent battle with the spirit of self-assertive human pride and all its offspring-various passions and vices. As this battle is extremely difficult, it is impossible to rely only upon one’s human powers; essential also is supernatural Divine help, the power of God’s grace that, as we know is made perfect in weakness (2 Cor 12:9). Therefore, the Holy Fathers say that he who desires to be victorious in unseen warfare must establish the following four dispositions or inclinations in his heart: (1) never in any way rely on yourself; (2) always have in your heart complete, resolute hope in the One God; (3) work unceasingly; and (4) always be in prayer.
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> […]
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> …it is not spiritual struggle that liberates a Christian from the rule of the passions: it is the right hand of the Most High that liberates him, the grace of the Holy Spirit. But be that as it may, the grace of the Holy Spirit is given not otherwise than in response to man’s personal effort, personal spiritual struggle. This is why Christ the Saviour says, Strive to enter through the narrow gate (Luke 13:24).

God didn’t intend us to be passive beings that simply sit around and only pray before awaiting a miracle. We’re creatures that are able to labor so we must labor for the good, and the more effort we put in using our own will, the more likely God will then lend us a hand to complete the task.

In the Gospel, Christ multiplied the bread instead of creating it from thin air, which He could have easily done. He asked the Apostles how many loaves they had on hand and worked with that to feed the multitude. Even if the “labor” in this example is minor, the message is clear: we must do some work before we expect God to do any.

Spiritual warfare is no different. If we don't have a daily prayer rule, if we don't receive communion, if we don't fast, if we don't read the scripture, how much of a hand is God going to give us against the demons that are attempting to take our soul? Do as much as you can do, under the guidance of God, and when you can do no more, beg God for help.

The consequence of feeding your passions

> All of the Holy Fathers, teaching on the spiritual life, with one voice agree that the root and source of all the passions is egoism or self-love, that is, unreasonable, wrongful love towards oneself. Egoism or self-love gives rise to three principal passions the three fundament roots of all the other passions: love of pleasure, greed, and love of glory. These three principal passions are enumerated in the Holy Scripture by the Apostle and Evangelist John the Theologian who says, "Do not love the world or the things in the world… For all that is in the world—the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life—is not of the Father but is of the world" (1 John 2:15-16). From these three principal passions in turn come the following eight passions: (1) gluttony, (2) fornication, (3) avarice, (4) anger, (5) sorrow, (6) despair, (7) vainglory, and (8) pride. These eight passions engender yet more and more passions which then branch out into a multitude of diverse and subtle variations of each of these principal passions. All of these innumerable passions tyrannize and torment the human heart, never giving a person rest and causing him unbearable suffering, from which he loses spiritual peace, inner balance, and tranquility of conscience. He feels deeply unhappy, sometimes experiencing truly hellish torment, as if experiencing the onset of those torments that inevitably await all unrepentant sinners…

I used to think that the old me was only committing the sins of fornication and lust. And then I realized I also had a lot of pride, and also continual anger, and sometimes wrath, and even gluttony. It turns out that when I was at my worst, it may be easier to identify which sins I *didn't* commit. Within each person there will be a sin or two that is predominant, but if you're willfully and eagerly committing one sin, chances are you're committing many more, and will need to fully repent before even beginning to heal.

Overall, The Struggle For Virtue by Archbishop Averky was a short but powerful book that helped summarize all the disparate Orthodox teachings I have encountered in various articles and sermons. While perhaps too potent for beginners, it should be on the list for every Christian who recognizes that the most rational solution in response to living in the evil modern world is to detach oneself from it through a life of repentance, asceticism, and faith.

Learn More: *The Struggle For Virtue at Holy Trinity Publications*

6 Things I Learned From Camping Alone

May 10, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I made it to 41 years of age having only camped once in my life. It was with a group of friends in my early 20s for only one night. With the coronavirus lockdown in full gear, and tired of staying home all day for months on end, I decided to try my hand at camping in September of 2020. I bought the necessary camping gear and, on a slow road journey to Alabama, I camped in Bald Eagle State Forest (Campsite 5) in the middle of Pennsylvania and the Trail of Tears State Forest (Campsite S4) in southern Illinois for a total of five nights. Here are some things I learned…

1. God made a lot of bugs

I thought I had seen all the bugs that have ever been made, but I saw many new varieties that liked me and wanted to be as close to me and my tent as possible. I acted as a natural magnet to bugs, to a degree that was higher than what I could elicit from women at the peak of my pickup lifestyle. Without learning any type of bug game, I attracted at least a dozen species, particularly the daddy long legs. They would approach my tent before picking a spot to rest, and some found a way inside to watch me sleep. To dispose of them, I'd grab one of their long legs and toss them out.

2. God likes variety

It’s impossible to be bored in this life if we embark on a mission to view all of God’s creations. He made so many different categories of living things, and so many kinds within those categories, that some men have effortlessly dedicated their lives to simply studying one kind of species within one category. There are many men around the world who only study fruit flies, and nothing else, and when they die, they will lament that they don’t know more about fruit flies.

I have identified less than 100 birds from many hours of birdwatching. I could spend entire afternoons with a pair of binoculars to look at just a few bird species, and yet God has created over 10,000 species of birds. I could become a full-time bird watcher and not even scratch the surface of birds.

Boredom is a choice. Even in this fallen world, God has created so much variety for us, so many potential fields of study, that to be bored is more an indicator of our need for entertainment than there not being enough to do or see.

3. The night is for evil things

For most of my life, I've been a night owl. It's effortless for me to stay up until 2 or 3am if I choose. Before, I'd use that time to pursue matters of the flesh, to watch pornography or exist in a state of sloth. So it's only when I go into the woods, without lighting available at the flick of a switch, that I can understand why Satan's best work is done at night. In the cover of darkness, when the Christian is asleep to get a jump start on serving God in the morning, evildoers focus their eyes on filthy things and hatch plots to better gain from the world.

I still go to bed rather late, around 1am, lured by low-grade internet content, but while camping, I was ready for bed at 9pm. My portable lantern could not coax me to stay up later, and even if it did, I felt genuinely tired. There was no screen to keep me energized or fluorescent lighting to trick my brain that it was still daytime. It turns out that I'm only a night owl in the modern world, but in a candle-lit world, I'd have no reason to stay up.

4. I spend half of my waking life in front of a computer

I am an extension of the computer; the computer is an extension of me. All that I can contribute to the world is through a computer. The way my faith in God is displayed to others is through a computer. The way I expend my creative energies and stay in touch with friends is through a computer. The computer is like one of my appendages, a third arm that I may even choose above one of my own. As long as I live, the computer will be my partner. We will never separate.

While camping, I easily adapted to not using a computer. I went for walks and read. I wrote using pen and paper. But the first thing I did when going back to the city was get on a computer (smartphone) to check everything I had missed, from text messages to world news. What an immediate feeling of happiness to be connected again, to receive information that, in the end, doesn't matter an hour—or maybe even a minute—after it is consumed. Camping reminded me to use the computer as a tool for serving my mission from God, instead of me getting used by it.

5. It's easy to turn nature into a false idol

It’s not hard to make nature into a god. You can master multiple methods of camping, embark on more extreme terrain, climb mountains, challenge yourself with bushcrafting techniques, or become a treehugger activist that attempts to save the forests. The variety that God gives us can easily lead to a deceived state where you put the variety above God.

Camping is one of the most wholesome hobbies you can have, but unless it makes you more humble or directly helps with your spiritual life, it is just another hobby, one that should be moderated and not exceed your love of prayer, church, and scriptural reading. The forest may allow you to feel more “connected” to God, but He demands much more of us than pleasant feelings while being surrounded by beautiful views. He demands that we repent, be baptized, and serve Him and our neighbor with love. Nature itself cannot save, so it must only remain a part of a Christian’s life, not the whole.

6. The natural order was on display without adulteration

I did not see a single living creature, whether animal or plant, going against the nature that God bestowed upon them. There were no homosexual birds or trees with tattoos. I did not hear the squirrels playing hip hop music or encounter a deer that demand I address him as xi/xir/they/them. While the hands of men were visible upon the forest, the vast majority of my sense perceptions of the nature that surrounded me was what I believe God intended. There was a harmony that made sense, both logically and spiritually, and from that I noticed that my basal level of tension and anxiety were reduced.

In the two forests I visited, I saw more abidance to the natural order in a square foot of dirt near my tent than in the entirety of a major American city. You can take your pick of which city—you will not find one that contains a holy patch outside of a church that is more pleasing on our spirit than a section of dirt teeming with visible plants and bugs and unseen bacteria. When I entered the city after camping, I did not feel as if it God was present.

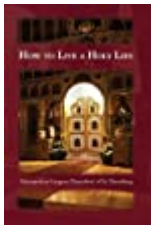
Conclusion

Camping was what I needed after spending most of the year in my mom's living room. I enjoyed having no worldly cares and being able to read at an accelerated pace. While I did miss my beloved digital screens, I could easily imagine a life where I would have to permanently go without them. If only I can find a middle ground between the city and the forest, to stay within arm's reach of my neighbor but also worship God surrounded by His natural glory. Maybe one day He will grant me to live in such a place.

Read Next: *11 Things I Learned From Living On The Blue Ridge Mountains For 2 Months*

How To Live A Holy Life

May 13, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



I didn't expect much from How To Live A Holy Life, a compact 150-page book written by Metropolitan Postnikov in 1856, but it turned out to be one of my favorite books on the Orthodox faith, offering practical advice that is hard to find from modern authors.

How to get up in the morning

> If the time at which you woke is the time at which or near which you should get up, then without any delay say, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit," while making the sign of the cross. And then, "Lord Jesus Christ, Son of God, have mercy on me, a sinner."
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> Right after this, or at the same time, get out of bed. Getting out of bed quickly is often very unpleasant for our flesh, because our flesh, like a lazy servant, always likes to lie and sleep or to luxuriate and remain idle. Every single morning act against the base desires of your flesh. Let this opposition to the flesh be your first sacrifice to the Lord God. Among other reasons, quickly getting up in the morning is very beneficial for the soul because (as all those who fervently strive for salvation have long observed) when we lie in bed for a long time after waking, impure tendencies very easily arise in our bodies, and impure thoughts and desires in our souls."

It has been a lifelong struggle for me to get up in the morning. Recently I have tried a tactic that has been working: I position my alarm clock on the other side of the room. When it rings, I get out of bed, turn it off, and forbid myself from getting back into bed. The only concession I allow myself is to sit down on a chair until I gather enough strength to put on my clothes and start the day.

Give thanks upon waking up

> Each morning thank Him with all your soul, like this, for example: "My Lord God and King! I thank Thee that during the past night Thou hast preserved my life and that Thou hast again granted me time for repentance and amendment of my life. Many, many people have been deprived of their earthly lives in the past night. The day that is beginning is not an inevitable day in my life. It is beginning only because Thou art giving it to me because of Thine unspeakable mercy. I could easily have died in the past night. But Thou, O All-good One, hast saved me

> and hast given me a new day, that I might save my soul. I thank Thee with all my heart, O All-merciful One."

Upon waking I like to give a short prayer before my main prayer: "Today is the day that the Lord hath made. Let us be glad and rejoice in it!"

How to treat other people

> It is unpleasant when people react to you poorly and suspect you of some evil doing. Therefore do not speak poorly of anyone, and without sufficient cause do not be suspicious of anyone. 'Love thinketh no evil (I Cor. 13:5).
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> It is pleasant for you when people speak well of you. Therefore you should speak well of all your neighbors. Be especially careful not to slander your neighbor. Slander is the work of Satan, let it belong to him alone (Rev. 12:10). You speak only good of your neighbor.
>
> When someone speaks poorly about someone outside your circle, try, if at all possible, to defend or excuse him. Besides this, never repeat that which you have heard. For it frequently happens that things are said about people because of malice or our of revenge, and to repeat that which was said can cause enmity. Enmity is described in the Word of God as one of those vices which can prevent one from entering the Kingdom of Heaven (Gal. 5:20).
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> […]
>
> …come to the assistance of those who are especially in need, that is the ill and disabled. Even if you cannot give them what they specifically need, then at least visit them, serve them in some way, and comfort them. Act in this way even if they are totally ungrateful to you, for 'Love does not seek its own' (I Cor. 13:5), and the Lord will reward you.
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> […]
>
> 'Why may I not judge?' The passage, 'that ye be not judged' tells us why. 'What is the reason for this?' We are not told this, but of course there is a reason. 'What is the reason?' This, for example, is a reason: whoever loves to look at others and keep an eye on what they are doing almost as a rule forgets himself, and in forgetting himself, usually does not see his own faults. And not seeing his own faults, he always deems himself better than others.

I confess that I judge people daily. I eagerly hunt for their flaws to mock them in my mind. I ridicule them, their habits, and their way of speech. I have practiced foreign accents in order to elicit the laughter of others. I dwell on the weaknesses of all races and gleefully share them in my live streams. All these things I do out of pride, and hope God can cure me of this malformed habit.

What to do during a disagreement

> If it happens that because of an offense you became angry with your neighbor,

> then say nothing, for immediately your anger will flame up, and in an impassioned state you are likely to consider it necessary to say something that later sorely regret, but will be incapable of correcting. While angry say nothing but wait until you have completely calmed down. If your neighbor is for some reason very angry with you, do not attempt to talk him out of it, even if it seems very necessary, for while he is in the heat of anger the passion is in control of him and not his reason, therefore you must not try to dissuade him—it is impossible to speak convincingly to someone out of his mind, your words will only make him more angry and force him to do something possibly harmful to you.

If I had followed this advice in the past, I would have avoided unseemly and degrading fights with just about everyone in my life. Instead, I felt an attack of anger within me, poured my passions into it, and then lashed back at my target for a temporary moment of victorious pride or exuberant satisfaction, yet I only bred enmity. I've realized that it takes two to three days for an episode of anger to fully die down. In the future I plan to wait that length of time after any disagreement before airing my grievances. More likely than not, after that time is up, I will have to air apologies instead of demands.

Giving spiritual aid

> …each of us, when we notice that a Christian is behaving in an improper way, should look for the right time in order to privately and with love bring him to his senses and direct him on the right path of salvation. 'Now we exhort you' (not just ask), 'brethren, warn them that are unruly" (I Thess. 5:14).
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> […]
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> As in offering physical help, in offering spiritual help we must also follow a special rule mainly: before helping others we should heed the needs of people that God's Providence has closely bound us with, such as our children, relatives, friends, benefactors, employees. He who strives to instruct, correct and awaken the conscience in strangers while his own children or employees run out of control and fall into sins and error, does not fulfill the commandment of love for his neighbor.

All my attempts to give spiritual aid to those who haven't asked for it have failed. I see a relative who needs God, I give them a word about God, and they reject it. It turns out that giving unsolicited advice does not work, whether on matters secular or spiritual. I remember back in my game days when I had "beta male" friends who needed help with women. If I gave them advice when they hadn't asked for it, they raged and our relationship became strained.

Compare these failures to people who voluntarily visit my website. I did not implore them to read a Christian book review like this one, but they do it of their own volition. For those who have ears, let them hear! My relatives know that I am walking with Christ, so if they ever wonder about how exactly I changed my life without doctors or medicines, or what

happens to their souls after they die, I'm not hard to get in touch with. I will wait patiently for them to do so, and love them as Christ loves me. After all, He waited nearly 40 years for me to open my heart to Him.

Continually give thanks to God for all that you have

> When you are happy, that is, when everything in life is going according to your wishes: you are healthy, your wife, your children, and your family is healthy, your neighbors like you, all your affairs are going well, you are satisfied and do not feel need, then every morning and every evening thank the Lord God from your whole soul for all of this and be very careful not to be ungrateful to Him. Everyone recognizes as vile those who are ungrateful to other people; even more so should we acknowledge as vile those who are ungrateful to the Lord God. The holy Apostle numbers the ingratitude of people among the vices of the people of the last time (II Timothy 3:2), that is, of the most depraved time.
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> […]
>
> Never think, as many foolish people among the rich do, that you owe your wealth to your intelligence, your cleverness, or your energy. Although you, perhaps, really are intelligent, clever, and energetic, never attribute the acquisition of your wealth only to these attributes; for consider: who gave you your intelligence? Who gave and gives you health and strength, so that you can work? Who bless your labors with the success you desire, while many other people no less intelligent and hardworking than you are hardly able to get their daily piece of bread? And who looks after your wealth, which you could lose at any moment from any number of circumstances? Is it not God, your Creator, Who does this?

"I am the vine, you are the branches. He who abides in Me, and I in him, bears much fruit; for without Me you can do nothing." —John 15:5

Every moral and good and truthful thing that we have done and will do comes solely from God; He should receive all the credit, because at that moment you did good or spoke the truth, you allowed the will of God to flow through you as He intended with your creation.

But how about when an atheist speaks the truth? Or when a homosexual does a good deed? Or when a Jew cares for his neighbor? God made us in His image, and so we are made to do good deeds. God loves His creations to such an extent that He has mercy on us all, even those who hate Him, and allows them to participate in His good by serving as a light of some luminosity to the world, no matter how faint, but I must insist that it is far easier to do good when you are in direct communion with God, when you worship His Son, the second person of the Holy Trinity, who you will have to pass through on the way to the Father. Performing the occasional good deed is not enough to go to heaven. Being a "good person" is not enough to enter Paradise. Until then, God will do all he can to block your heart from becoming enveloped in total darkness.

How to handle misfortune and hatred from others

> …when any misfortune befalls you, and you feel guilty of something, then immediately imagine the Lord Jesus Christ on the cross and cry out to Him with all your heart, ‘All-Merciful Lord, double, triple, or increase my grief tenfold, but do not allow me to perish in sin. What do all my temporary misfortunes matter, compared to eternal torments?’ Or, ‘My Lord and God! You suffered incomparable more for me than I can suffer, but You, being Most Pure, suffered completely innocently and suffered moreover without the slightly complaint or ill will, but I have merited much more misfortune, so can I grumble at my present misfortune? Have mercy on me. Teach me. Grant me zeal to correct myself, and strengthen me in this zeal. Have mercy on me and save me.’
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> […]
>
> Act [with faith], no matter whence your misfortune may come: from hostile people or from the elements, from wild animals or from livestock, and so on, because your misfortune really comes not from them, but from God. Nothing ever happens to use without God’s will or without His consent.
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> […]
>
> If in your poverty some other burdens oppress you, again do not lose your spirits, but comfort yourself with holy thoughts. For example, people hate you or despise you. Think: ‘What does it matter? My Lord and Savior was God, but they hated and despised even Him. He was not at all diminished because of this. Should I not endure hatred and scorn, when the Lord also says, ‘Blessed are ye, when men shall hate you’ (Luke 6:22). Do they oppress you and insult you? Think: ‘What does it matter? Who did they oppress and insult more than the Lord Himself?’

Every day, I receive negative comments from people on the internet. Some are particularly nasty, even attacking members of my family, but that does not even approach 0.1% of the attacks that Lord Jesus Christ received while He was on Earth. When you bring the truth to the world, when you hold up the light that Jesus Christ has given you, you are becoming Christ-like, and so you will be hated, slandered, and persecuted. If it happened to Christ, and you follow Christ, or if you merely speak the truth, which comes from Christ, the persecution will happen to you, though remember that Christ endured much worse than you.

Beware of receiving praise from others

> What does praise from people matter, when we are unworthy of praise from the Lord God?
>
> […]
>
> Remember well that what is worthy of praise in you is not yours, but God’s. It was, indeed, something we acquired because we tried to acquire it, but who gave us the disposition, ability, strength, desire, and opportunity to obtain it, if not

> God?

I don’t only receive hate—I receive many more compliments. Most are generic enough that they don’t stroke my pride, but every now and then, I receive a compliment so detailed, so targeted to my ego, that I can’t help but feel a brief moment of ecstasy. And then when I snap out of it, I force myself to reject it as a message from Satan. All credit goes to God. If you desire to compliment me, I insist you first thank God for allowing me to do what you seek to praise.

Some of the insults hurled at you are correct

> When you hear that others are speaking badly of you and ascribing to you vices of various sorts, bad intentions, and so forth, then immediately subject yourself to the strictest examination to see whether the vices they ascribe to you are really there. Perhaps they say you are proud, a liar, an idler, a spendthrift, a drunkard, a sluggard, a debaucher, or whatever else. Examine yourself very closely: don’t those vices actually lurk within you, if only to a small degree?
>
> […]
>
> If impartial examination of yourself shows you that others reproach you justly, that one or another vice indeed exists in you, then quickly offer repentance, fervently pray to the Lord God to deliver you from that vice, try zealously to correct yourself of it, and then everywhere show the most sincere friendly disposition and gratitude towards the one who spoke evil of you, regardless of his intentions for doing so, because without his reproach you perhaps would never have seen your vices, would have died without repentance and correction, and would have perished forever.

A while ago I got into an argument with my mother. I wrongly fed my anger and said things I shouldn’t have. One of the things she said, which I immediately ignored, was, “You don’t listen when I speak!” Several days later, I examined all the things she said about me during the argument, at the height of my anger. Was she at all correct? Yes, actually, it’s true that I don’t listen to her. When she talks, I begin to zone out, focusing only on key words so that I know when to nod in agreement or give a “Hmm” of sympathy. If I want to avoid future arguments with my mother, I must listen to her more intently, even when she talks about things I’m not interested in, like mothers are apt to do.

I take critiques of my behavior more seriously than in the past. Either the critique is true, and I’m in need of correction, or the critique is not true, and I can discard it. So why get defensive or upset about the critique? If the critique is correct then you should thank the critic, and if it’s incorrect then pray for humility that you do not get offended or feel aggrieved at a falsehood.

Thank God for any illness that befalls you

> If some illness befalls you, first of all thank God for it, for the Lord God sends every illness for our salvation. Illnesses have always been of the Lord God's most powerful motivators towards salvation. Without illness, many people would not have come to love God, would never have begun to pay less attention to the temporary, and would never have come to so highly value the eternal, as they do now.

God knows how to bring people to repentance—this is why human history is full of the same patterns and cycles of hardship and tribulation, both on the individual level and societal. I believe that illness is God's best tool in waking someone up to the folly of their ways. In my case, it was the illness of my sister that brought me to repentance.

Take your work seriously

> Whatever work you have to do in accordance with your position and profession, whether it is to hold the reins of some government organ, to judge someone, to teach someone, to write something, to engage in some kind of art or handiwork, to plow the fields, to so grain, to reap or to thresh, to mow and gather hay, and so on, do all of this, for whomever you do it, whether for yourself and your family, or as a duty to others, do all this as if for the Lord God Himself, that is, do it because the Lord God demands it from you, and because that work is God's work—do it and say in your soul to God: 'O Lord, You assigned me this work: I am doing it in obedience to You and to please you.' Or: 'O Lord, bless my labor. It was not without Your will that I found myself in the position in which I live, and the work that I do or should do is the work demanded by my position. You assigned it to me, so bless me and help me.

I'm very lucky that I can serve God directly through my writing, but even regular jobs will give you opportunities to praise God. When I worked in construction in Alabama, I would recite the Jesus Prayer while painting or sweeping the floor, knowing that I was not only working for my human boss but also for God, that how I conduct myself in work was a reflection of my faith. Even if I come upon hard times and have to labor as a dishwasher in a restaurant, I would make those dishes sparkle and present them not only before the manager of the business but also God Himself. How else could I hope to be a good servant of God if I'm not a good servant here on Earth to a mere human who has far less stringent demands of me?

Do not overeat

> St. John Chrysostom gave an excellent rule for observing necessary moderation in food: 'Eat just enough to alleviate your hunger.' Another holy teacher said 'You should not eat whatever you want, but eat what you have, and in a way that after eating and drinking, you still feel an urge for food.

> […]
> Satiety is extremely harmful for the soul. Whoever overindulges in food or drink is incapable of spiritual exercises and can never pray nor reflect on anything divine, because excess in food draws a person into laziness, sleepiness, idleness, idle talk, ludicrous behavior, and a great multitude of impure thoughts and desires. And for inflammation of anger and love of pleasure it often plays the same role as oil poured onto fire. In general, whoever overeats does not have the true God, but his own flesh and its desires. Therefore, whoever overeats is capable of violating even the holiest obligations and is prepared to commit the most vile acts.

This is one of my current stumbling blocks. Sometimes when I start eating, I become so lost in the pleasure of tasting, chewing, and swallowing that I ignore signals from my stomach that it's full. I keep going until it's overloaded and soon begins the bloatedness, lethargy, and sloth, all of which make prayer excruciatingly hard. I've reduced my cravings for carnal pleasure in other areas of life so it will be with food that I must make a grand stand against temptation, for I understand that the idea to eat an additional bite of food beyond my body's need comes from Satan himself.

Reflect at the end of the day

> After dinner, just as in the morning after breakfast, occupy your heart with spiritual thoughts. For example, you may properly say to yourself, 'I have gotten a whole day closer to death. What if it is the Lord God's will to call me during the coming night before His righteous Judgment Seat? Would I pass the test? In the morning I intended to pass the whole present day in a holy way, but did I? Have I somehow angered the Lord God?

If you have trouble sleeping

> 'If I had to stand before the judgment seat of God in this present night, what could I expect, I who am so unworthy in God's eyes. Now I lie in bed and find it annoying that I have not been able to fall asleep for a long while; but how hard it will be to lie in hell if I go there because of my sins. In hell there is never any sleep, not even for a moment. There are very many entrances to hell, but there is not a single exit!' Occupy your mind with these and similar reflections until you fall asleep.

It amazes me how, upon waking in the middle of the night, my mind wants to immediately activate as if it had never been sleeping. It wants to focus on trivial concerns and judgements, mull over plans for the next day, or dive into inappropriate fantasies. The only way I've found to shut the mind up at such inappropriate times is to grab my wooden cross and recite the Jesus Prayer back to sleep: "Lord Jesus Christ, Son of God, have mercy on me, a sinner." It turns out that sleep is primetime for spiritual warfare against those demons who couldn't cause you to fall during the day.

Overall, How To Live A Holy Life is an excellent book that covers practical day-to-day matters that probably wasn't covered in your catechumen instruction. It's easy to teach the broad outline of the faith, scripture, prayer, and so forth, but it's often the little things that allow us to be a Christian not only during prescribed periods of the day but throughout the whole day, just like the monastics. This is a must-read book for all those who are pursuing Orthodoxy.

Learn More: *How To Live A Hole Life at Holy Trinity Publications*

The Theory Of Evolution Is Incompatible With Christianity

May 17, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

> Evolutionism is at root an ideological justification for atheism. —E. Michael Jones in *Logos Rising*

The theory of evolution by natural selection to explain the creation of new species is Satan's most elegant and effective lie. No other scientific theory has done more in killing God and faith. When I first encountered the theory in high school, I accepted it without hesitation and quickly concluded that there must be no God, which removed any spiritual restraint for me to commit innumerable evils as an adult. All truth comes from God, and since evolution is a lie, any Christian who believes in it is most likely in a state of deception.

Let me first state that something resembling evolution does occur *within* species. Different environmental conditions, which can include variability in weather or food supply, can alter the physical characteristics of an animal over the long term (microevolution). Birds living on one side of the forest may have a different beak size or mating call than birds of the same species on the other side. Human beings living on one continent may have different mental and athletic abilities than humans on another. The lie is that these changes, over the course of millions or billions of years, can lead to the creation of *new* species that then cannot reproduce with the previous species it evolved from (macroevolution).

Intuitively, you would think that given an unlimited amount of time, it has to be the case that new species can come about, but in fact this does not occur and has never occurred. Humans have artificially bred dogs since the beginning of humanity to create innumerable breeds, some small enough to fit inside a woman's purse and others large enough for children to mount like a horse, but they are still the same "dog" species that can mate with another through natural mating or artificial insemination. We can selectively breed dogs for a billion years and they will still be dogs. (From this point on, when I refer to "evolution," I'm referring to macroevolution, the theory that attempts to explain the creation of new life and species.)

Evolution is absurd on its face. To think that a "random mutation" can be introduced into a working and functioning system to create the beginning of an intermediary transition stage that could then—through countless more mutations still within the same stage of intermediation—lead to a finished and enhanced protein, organ, or system, on top of the hundreds, thousands, or millions of other concurrently active intermediary stages within the same species, requires so much faith that it would be a simpler matter to believe in the Bible.

Let's ignore for a moment the claim that life was created from absolutely nothing, for no

reason, and without cause, in a primordial soup that the expert scientists of today simply cannot reproduce to a minute degree with all their expertise and equipment. Functioning organisms were existing, surviving on Earth, and then through an accidental miracle, a random mutational change happened which enhanced their ability to survive. By simple analogy, this is like me grabbing a heavy sledgehammer, opening the hood of my car, throwing in pieces of scrap metal, wiring, and plastic, and giving the engine one big whack with all of my strength. If I attempt this whack a trillion times on a trillion different cars, the scientists would say that one of my "mutations" will begin an intermediary stage that, with many more miraculous changes from many more whacks, will have a positive effect which increases the value and performance of my car compared to other cars that did not receive the blows, but the car is already a completed, functioning system. All mutations that are the beginning of an intermediary stage of eventual enhanced function will always, without fail, cause a decrease in performance and survivability by either breaking something or increasing the usage of energy for a non-functioning potential advancement that won't work until further mutations over an extended period of time finally complete the evolutionary stage to arrive at the end design.

To explain life, scientists say, "It is through a series [i.e. millions] of beneficial mutations that a new protein is developed." In other words, a lot of miraculous whacks in the same car will make its performance better compared to the ones that didn't experience the whacks. You can give me trillions of cars, and randomly assort the whacks to hit different parts of the car, but not a single car will be improved with multiple whacks from the sledgehammer, which is what a mutation does when performed on a system that already works. And yet that's what scientists want you to believe happened in order for you to have transformed from stardust into the exceedingly complex conscious being you are now—simply a series of death blows that stem from random chance. It's clear from this analogy that the evolutionists do have faith: faith in creation over a long period of time through an infinite number of miracles that they call beneficial mutations, even though the benefit is not realized until more random mutations, all in the correct direction, make it so. This is supposed to be more plausible than what I believe—faith in creation during a short period of time through a loving and all-powerful God?

My field of study in university was microbiology, which included a year of biochemistry courses. I studied a class of proteins called enzymes that catalyze reactions in our bodies. These proteins are exceedingly sophisticated, created from long chains of genetic material that have to be constructed just so to interact with specific substrates whose concentrations and biological activity are controlled by other enzymes. Just one enzyme is so complex that you can give a computer simulator unlimited time and not *even one* of these proteins will ever be created through an evolutionary process that scientists insist on. Why should it? There's no reason for a spontaneous assembly of such specific complexity.

Consider that we have tens of thousands of proteins in our body (scientists don't know the exact number), all working together in a majestic symphony, and you will begin to see the absurdity of the evolutionary lie that we are expected to believe. And that is only

describing the proteins—we still have to account for the multitude of cells comprising different organs, the organelles within our cells, the nature of DNA replication, cellular signaling via organic chemicals and electrical impulses, immune system response, cellular regeneration, fetal development, and on and on through every square inch of our bodies until we reach the big question mark that a study of these individual systems cannot explain: consciousness. To say that all of this—and I have only begun to scratch the surface of how impossibly complicated the human body is on a level that simply does not compare to a modern car which is complicated in its own right—came to life through solely an evolutionary process that the universe possesses for its own random reason, and yet of which there is no actual evidence of this claim, requires—if I may be frank—an insane mind that fits like a glove with the spirit of these times, one that is fast approaching a point where most human beings on this earth will perform the grossest of evils in the name of being a "good person" who is on the "right side of history" thanks to being "evolved."

The atheists would counter by saying I believe in a "magic man in the sky" or "fairy tales," but I argue that their fairy tale is even more improbable and based on less evidence than the existence of God. Consider that "all the evidence for human evolution, all the skulls could be put into a single small coffin" (Teilhard de Chardin). The entirety of the secular world view, which leads to a lifestyle of secularism, self-worship, idolatry, abortions, sodomy, and Drag Queen Story Time, is a fantastical construction based on only a few bones collected over the decades by scientists who desperately sought prestige and recognition from the world for possessing a genius mind who could piece together the meaning of the universe without God.

Who is the greater fool—the man who puts his faith in Jesus Christ, the Godman who lived on Earth in the flesh and performed miracles and other signs with authority to a multitude that then proceeded to re-orient their lives through the gift of grace to serve Him unto death despite horrible persecutions, or the man who puts his faith in a box of dead bones, looking upon their marks and etchings like a medium looks upon your palm? Even carbon dating, which is supposed to be a gold standard of examining those bones, is a dubious science on par with astrology, and that's an insult to astrology.

For you to doubt evolution and even carbon dating means that you will also have to doubt the normalized and widely accepted scientific story for how and why the universe was created. What will you then depend on to explain the world? The Orthodox Church, which is scripture interpreted and realized. Observable and measurable science can certainly be true, especially when it concerns mathematics, chemistry, and physical sciences, but as you begin to wade into archaeology, anthropology, biology, medicine, and certainly the social sciences, which is not science at all but was grafted with the term because of how effective its "truths" were at controlling the population, you should discard anything which has the effect of reducing your faith or trust in God, because if an idea is capable of doing such a thing, the end result being the eternal condemnation of your soul, you must conclude that it originated from those who are in communion with Satan. God wants all to be saved, and would not enlighten the world with the "fact" of evolution if it so effectively

and consistently does the opposite. The fruits of evolution are atheism, nihilism, and the condemnation of millions of souls. Therefore it cannot possibly be of God, and if it is not of God, it is not true.

The scientists of this age have replaced a God who loves you with a god who doesn't—the god of natural selection and random chance. This false god is one whose guiding hand brings order to disorder, meaning to the empty vacuum, and intelligence to the black void of hydrogen and carbon. The god of natural selection lacks consciousness but must act consciously to create, improve, and enlighten. How could the unconscious create consciousness? Perhaps the more important question: whence did natural selection arise? How did it become the driving law or force of the universe since it was conceived from nothing, another impossibility of physics, for that which is created must be created from something, not nothing.

Since evolution and continual improvement denote intelligence, and intelligence denotes consciousness, it's clear that evolutionists are still relying on a god-like explanation for the universe. Instead of a living god, they choose a dead one, a watchmaker who they don't admit exists but which must be the source of the principle reality from which all evolutionary theories hold true. You don't have to hold your breath waiting for an answer from evolutionists when you ask them *why natural selection?*—they simply don't know. They don't know why the most important justification for the explanation of their existence exists and from where it originated, but they have admirable faith that it is the cause and driver of all.

I've given only a brief summary of why evolution is a lie. I could labor to turn this article into a book, but thankfully another man smarter than I has done that: David Stove wrote Darwinian Fairytales to poke huge holes in a supposed infallible theory that is anything but settled science. When a Christian comes to the realization that evolution is a lie, he need not much convincing that it is a lie from Satan, the father of lies. What other argument do you need to know that believing in a lie is incompatible with Christianity? If your faith is based on believing in tempting lies that allow you to feed your passions and fit into a secular world then your problem is not with evolution but your desire to go against God's commandments due to a lack of faith. You don't believe God has given you—through his Church and Bible—the most essential truths so that you can pick up and carry your cross to live a life that leads to salvation, and so you've put him aside to be willingly deceived by the world.

Christians who believe in evolution are lukewarm Christians, and this makes a questionable assumption that the evolutionist still believes in God—most of them completely lose the little faith they had after representatives of the secular world in public schools and universities jammed into their brains the myth of evolution and the false god of natural selection, the unconscious guiding force that has a preference for advanced consciousness for no reason at all. Such a deceived individual no longer believes that God made them from dust in His image and likeness. They don't believe that they are in need of a Savior to redeem their sins. They believe that after this life it will be as if they were never born, a state of ignorant blackness, or if they've bought into

the New Age lie, that they will become one with the collective unconscious of absolute nothing, but the truth is they return back to God from where they came to be judged, and from that judgment they either go to heaven or hell for all of eternity. Pardon me if I'm hard on evolution, but you can easily calculate the untold number of souls that it has helped lead to damnation, all consensually by those who wanted to believe in scientists over the Church, who received their sacrament not in the form of the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ administered by an ordained priest but medicines, vaccines, drugs, and silly health fads enabled and disseminated by the princes of this world.

Ultimately, evolution is a gateway to atheism. This is why Satan designed the theory and why it is pushed so forcefully on young people. I consider it Satan's best work, but he alone cannot take the blame when people choose worldly explanations that enable them to be their own god on Earth instead of postponing pleasure and serving their fellow man with love as commanded by God to receive a reward not in this life but the next. May all of us be ready to wholeheartedly account for the decisions we make that affect our salvation when we arrive at the Judgement Seat of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Read Next: *Nihilists Are Spiritually Dead*

The Orthodox Survival Course By Father Seraphim Rose

May 20, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

> …there is a God and there is the devil; and world history goes on between these two adversaries. And man… man's heart is the field on which it is played out.
> —Father Seraphim Rose

The Orthodox Survival Course is a series of lectures by Father Seraphim Rose which you can obtain in video or text format. The title may be a misnomer because what it provides is a history of the world that explains our modern times. I liken this work as a companion to The Jewish Revolutionary Spirit by Catholic intellectual Dr. E. Michael Jones'. They both provide an alternate history that explains the nature of the modern world better than institutionally-supported historians and "experts." This pairing is not to be expected when you consider that many of Father Seraphim's critiques are levied directly against the Catholic Church at the time of the Schism. Nonetheless, I see The Orthodox Survival Course as valuable to all Christians—Catholics included—who seek salvation.

God's plan

> The whole history of Israel is this history between belief and unbelief, between following God and turning away from God. And the history of Israel becomes in the New Testament the history of the Church, the new Israel. And the history of humanity from the time Christ came to earth until now is the history of the Church and of those peoples who either come to the Church or fight against the Church, or come to the Church and fall away from it. World history, from that time to this, makes sense only if you understand there is some plan going on, which is the plan of God for the salvation of men. And you have to have a clear understanding of Christianity, of what Orthodoxy is, what salvation is in order to understand how this plan is manifested in history.

Jesus Christ is the center of human history. Without him, nothing would make sense; we'd be flotsam in a ocean, blown randomly by the wind, colliding with other flotsam, all pieces going nowhere. Only with Christ can we understand that every being, every animal, every molecule in the universe serves a purpose to fulfill God's plan of salvation for mankind.

The problem with "reason"

> Kireyevsky: "The Roman Church fell away from the truth only because it wished to introduce into the faith new dogmas unknown to Church tradition and begotten by the accidental conclusions of Western logic. From this there developed Scholastic philosophy within the framework of faith, then a reformation in the faith, and finally philosophy outside the faith. The first

> rationalists were the Scholastics; one might say the ninth and the last rationalists are the Hegelians of his day, one might say that nineteenth century Europe finished the cycle of its development which had begun in the ninth.”
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> […]
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> Scholasticism, human reason, becomes the measure instead of Tradition, and that is exactly where Rome went off.
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> …reason, once it is exalted above faith and tradition, continues and produces its own destruction. The reason which first produced Scholasticism then produced the Reformation because you were criticizing the religion itself; and finally — first it’s the Reformation that is a criticism of the Medieval Catholicism and then the criticism of Protestantism produces the atheist agnostic philosophers of the nineteenth century. And after Kireyevsky we’ll see that it produced the actual suicide of reason.
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> […]
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> …between Orthodoxy and the West there is this gulf because in the West they are all talking in the same language, the Protestants, Catholics, sectarians, atheists; it’s all the same language. They’re all used to taking reason as the standard, even when they do not take it all the way, because they’re scared to go too far, most people; still, they have this rationalistic atmosphere in common. And in that atmosphere you cannot escape. You have to admit that reason is capable of truth; and, therefore, when your enemy has a very good argument, you have to grant that that’s true. If it’s true, he explains away your faith. But in Orthodoxy, reason has an entirely different function…
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> […]
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> …the last 200 years is a continuation of a kind of dialectical process whereby reason overthrows everything in the past and finally destroys itself. That is, reason must destroy itself once it is given the license to be the standard of truth. That’s why this Enlightenment Age seems now so naïve.
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> […]
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> The “Christianity without mystery” has now given way to actually non-Christianity with mystery.

The temptation to know

> Because before the Middle Ages in traditional Christian times, in Byzantium, in the West before the Schism, in Russia and other Orthodox civilizations, there was no desire to unravel the mystery of the universe because we had the knowledge, sufficient knowledge of God for salvation. And we knew that the universe is — there are many aspects we don’t understand. We know enough to save our souls. And the rest of it is this sphere of magic, alchemy and all kinds of dark sciences.

> But now the Christian faith is being rejected, the religious interest is projected into the world.
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> […]
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> At the present day, scientific knowledge is felt to be almost an intolerable weight upon men. And many people feel that the rise of modern science has as its ultimate aim the bringing of mankind to total slavery. And even today we have people seriously in American universities teaching that man is entirely determined, that scientists must sort of govern his future, that you can put a little calculator of some kind in the pocket, hook it up to the brain; and whenever anyone performs an act which is anti-social, against whatever the leaders want, they will get an impulse from the brain which will give them such a pain that they will stop acting contrary to society.
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> […]
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> But the movement of reason, once they got started, you can't stop it wherever you please. The Scholastics thought that they would accept the whole content of Christianity and simply make it logical. Those after them rejected many of the small points which they were arguing about and said there was a certain essence you could retain. Then the essence grew smaller and smaller and finally they wanted to do away with mysteries altogether. And now we shall see that the idea of religion at all begins to be attacked.

Father Seraphim, who died in 1982, well before the age of the internet, accurately predicted the oppressive tyranny that science would come to hold on our lives. He even seems to have foreseen projects like Elon Musk's Neuralink, which aims to attach computers directly to our brains (it recently heralded the achievement of a monkey playing video games with its mind). Father Seraphim was able to understand his times and how man's lack of faith was driving him into the wiry arms of technocrats and other so-called scientific experts.

The temptation of revolution

> … revolution is the historical process which has produced the world of today.
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> […]
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> The revolutionary acts are often the work of a small organized group, but they succeed because they have the support of the common mind, that is, the spirit of the times, which is willing to excuse any kind of excesses. Without this support of the common mentality of the times, the revolution, all revolutions would collapse as soon as the plotters are killed off. Even today we see very clearly that Communism continues to exist and to have half the world precisely because the West shares the same basic ideas and, therefore, is willing to excuse the crimes of Communism.
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> […]

> And we Orthodox Christians know that one who removes revelation, tradition, the Church, and accepts whatever his mind tells him, or whatever his feelings dictate to him, opens the way for what? — for Satan to enter, because Satan enters by means of thoughts, by means of feelings. And we'll see that in these revolutionary outbursts you cannot explain what happens except by the fact that Satan is directing things. He's inspiring these people with all kinds of plots, all kinds of ideas.
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> […]
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> Everybody comes up with a new plan for society; everybody's dreaming about who they are going to bomb, how they are going to make a name for themselves, how they are going to bring about the final revolution; and they're all extremely shallow and posing. And they have no basis, no idea of responsibility before God, no idea that they are going to be called to account for their life — nothing but this senseless fever they have to spread the revolution. And they don't even know what it's all about. They're obviously just puppets in a play which is being played. They don't know who is the author or where it's going. And when they're finally shot down themselves, they just become, as even the Communists say, "manure" for the revolution, the future happiness of mankind.

Is Father Seraphim referring to revolutions of the past or the one like we have recently encountered with Black Lives Matter, whose minions are obviously confused about what they're fighting against, or the veiled revolution advanced by doctors and scientists who implore us to mask and vaccinate ourselves unto suicidal obliteration while they get paid by the revolutionary controllers at the top under false pretenses to accomplish the same ends of the racial revolutionaries—the destruction of our society, our souls, and whatever meager traditions we have left. Both revolutions will merge and end in a tyranny that, when aided with digital IDs and chips, will pale in comparison to the wars of the 20th century.

The spirit of revolution

> Nechayev, this young anarchist, was at first a disciple of Bakunin. And then Bakunin began to see that he was rather more revolutionary than he had suspected. He helped Bakunin to write what is called the Revolutionary Catechism which says, among other things: "The revolutionary must let nothing stand between him and the work of destruction…. For him there exists only one single pleasure, one single consolation, one reward, one satisfaction — the success of the revolution. Night and day he must have but one thought, but one aim — implacable destruction…. If he continues to live in this world it is only in order to annihilate it all the more surely."
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> […]
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> Bakunin wrote in his Revolutionary Catechism: "Our task is terrible, total, inexorable and universal destruction." Again he says: "Let us put our trust in the

eternal spirit which destroys and annihilates only because it is the unsearchable and eternally creative source of all life. The passion for destruction is also a creative passion." And once when he was asked what he would do if the revolution was successful and the new order of his dreams came into being, he said, "Then I should at once begin to pull down again everything I had made." In him we see a primordial human will to destroy and to rebel. This is the passion for rebellion which we see even in recent writers like Camus, the existentialist who says that the only thing that proves that I exist is the fact that I have a will to rebel.

[…]

This desire for rebellion, we must understand, is a very deep part of this whole revolutionary movement, not just some accidental part. The revolution is not caused by idle dreamers who just want to blunder their way into a better order of things or to revise the government, the deepest motive for rebellion as we see clearly in these radical thinkers of the last part of the nineteenth century, is really the idea that everything must be destroyed. And they didn't much think about what was to happen after that. They have this satanic inspiration to destroy.

[…]

The first duty of man," he [Proudhon] says, "on becoming intelligent and free is to continually hunt the idea of God out of his mind. For God, if He exists, is essentially hostile to our nature. Every step which we take in advance is a victory in which we crush the Divinity. God, if there is a God, is the enemy of humanity." Bakunin also said something similar: "If God really existed, it would be necessary to abolish Him." And we see now in [the Soviet Union] after sixty years, the government is not really atheistic, it is anti-theistic; it fights against God.

[…]

A person who is very conscious of the currents going on in the world could already by the end of the nineteenth century have said that the twentieth century is going to be something frightful because these things which are ideas are not simply the property of a few crazy people, but are getting into the very blood of the European people and are going to produce some terrible effect when it all filters down to the lowest level, to the common people. In fact Nietszche even said: "When my ideas, the ideas of nihilism penetrate to the last brain of the last person, then there will be such a storm as the world has never seen."

[…]

The violence of the revolution and this love of violence, of burning and destroying — is not only for the sake of overthrowing the old order. There is another purpose. Marx says: "Both for the production on a mass scale of this Communist consciousness and for the success of the cause itself, the alteration of men on a mass scale is necessary; an alteration which can only take place in a practical movement, a revolution: this revolution is necessary, therefore, not only because

> the ruling class cannot be overthrown in any other way, but also because the class overthrowing it can only in a revolution succeed in ridding itself of all the muck of ages and become fitted to found society… “In revolutionary activity, change of self coincides with the change of circumstances.”
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> […]
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> …it turns out that going through all those experiments of the apostasy, man cannot develop anything for himself. He tried everything and each time he was confident that he’d had finally found the answer, he overthrew more and more from the past. And always whatever he made was overthrown by the next generation. And now he comes finally to doubting even whether the world exists, whether he, what he is. Many people commit suicide. Many destroy. And what is left for man? There’s nothing left except to wait for a new revelation. And man is in such a state, he has no value system, he has no religion of his own that he cannot but accept whatever comes, as this new revelation.

Revolution is a manifestation of apostasy and rebellion against God. If you hate God, if you want to crucify His Son anew, you will become a revolutionary under the guise of being a “good” person who stands against “racism” and “extremism,” and as more of society apostatizes on the approach to the end of human history, it does not take a theologian to predict that things will get worse for us, beyond the level of what our recent ancestors saw in the past, and the only way to endure is through faith, because there will be no human coping mechanism or “mind hack” that will come to your aid as the revolutionaries, far greater in number than last century, come to burn down your city and your home.

The ego of the Western man

> And so, in the mainstream of Western thought, we see the beginning of the formation of a new deity, the Self. The world previously went around God, and now the world begins to go around the self. And this idea will go very deep into Western man.

In a previous interview I said:

> To serve God through your spouse, however, not only takes faith but maturity, of which I can’t say I ever had before Christ. I was always focused on my own desires and needs, never wanting to make a sacrifice that impeded my pleasures. My narcissism, pride, and self-centeredness were such that I saw myself as a little god with which the world revolved around. Unfortunately, that’s the default outlook of a young person today.

Satan has elevated the idea of self among those in the West to such an extent that it effectively blocks us from seeking God, for why do we need God when I have made myself out to be one?

A world without God

> One man can be lost in an infinite universe. We don't know what's going on, because the sun has gone out. God is gone. And of course, if you don't believe in God, the world becomes a very miserable place. Indeed, you don't know where you're going, what you're doing, because God gives meaning to everything else in life.
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> […]
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> If there's no more God, then our whole outlook on life becomes free. You can be a beetle, you can be a man going to the stars. You can have advanced civilization. There's all kinds of new possibilities open up. This is what the more recent writers, in the last twenty years or so, call the "art of the absurd."
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> […]
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> For example, in Kafka's The Trial, someone is brought up for trial for a crime he doesn't know what it is; He's not guilty, he doesn't know whether he is guilty or innocent. He's announced to be, "You go on trial tomorrow at 10 o'clock." "On trial? What did I do?" "We don't know. Just show up." And he goes and he finds these very shadowy figures. It's all very mysterious. He doesn't know who his judges are. He doesn't know what his crime is, who his witnesses against him are, what he did. And this is presented in such a matter of fact way that it is as though he is living in a nightmare. And it turns out that apparently just for existing he's guilty. He doesn't know quite how to answer it and they kill him off someplace. And it's just this idea that there's no sense any more, no logic, just that, because there's no more God, you're in a state of being hounded.

The "clown world" meme is a recognition within the zeitgeist of the "art of the absurd." Nothing in the United States makes sense today. A fat Jewish man pretending to be a woman is the Assistant Secretary for Health on the Federal level. Doctors are giving drugs to children to change their sex. Revolutionary blacks, communists, and homosexuals have free reign in our major cities to commit mob crime and sodomy. Honest and hard-working men are getting fired for speaking the truth, not during work hours but outside of it. Institutions that historically were made to protect citizens are now used as weapons to directly attack them. Imagine the most absurd human scenario you can come up with. How many years (or months) will we have to wait for a shade of that imagination to manifest in these times?

Lack of faith leads to chaos

> Max Picard: "There no longer is an outer world which can be perceived, because it is a jumble — likewise, there is no longer in man a mind able to perceive with clarity, because his inner world, too, is a jumble. Therefore, man no longer approaches objects by an act of will; he no longer selects the objects of the external world and no longer examines them: the world is fluid; disjointed objects

> move past disjointed man. It no longer matters what passes by; what counts is only that something should pass by."
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> […]
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> …it is we the ordinary people who are living this very kind of life of disjointedness and used to the very phenomena which we see around us — the newspapers, the radio, the television, the movies — everything which is oriented toward pieces which do not fit together. There's no God; there's no overwhelming, underlying pattern to things, no God, no order. And the order which we see in our life is only left over from the previous time when people still believed in God. And that's why Solzhenitsyn can look at America and say, "It's coming here." You are sort of cut off; you don't see it. But it's coming here because that's the way, that's what's happening in the world. And of course, Americans are blinded because we're used to having our food and very much cut off from the reality. And the reality that's happening in the world is this here, these crazy people, who are not crazy people, they're expressing what the devil is planning for us next.
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> […]
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> And even all this sexual revolution and so forth, some of it's just, you know, looseness but quite a bit of it is people looking for love. They do not find love in God, in the family, in church, in the society. And so they grasp at this ideal of sexual love, which gives a temporary warmth and then fades away to nothing. That also is needed to make a millennium: people who are enlightened, away from any standard. And it will give the appearance, therefore, of a kingdom of love, and the Antichrist will be, he, the one they worship, while worshipping themselves, because their god is themselves.

I repented before God. Maybe you have repented also. Maybe you know a friend or neighbor or family member who has done the same. Many of us have repented, and thank God for that, but we are a tiny minority. People in the world are convinced of the latest scheme, the newest revolution, and see no need for God. Until we see repentance on a massive scale, until we are greeted by our fellow countrymen with a "Christ is Risen!"; we will simply have to endure the tribulations—the blasphemy, the violence, the grotesque mutilation of children, the psychological torture before the voluntary mass suicide—while maintaining our faith in God, for if the ultimate plan of Satan is to condemn as many souls as he can, to look to Our Savior Jesus Christ at the very end and say, "See, all of them are sinners too!" then our mission becomes that much clearer. We are children of God, not Satan, and we must live it every day of our lives, no matter how evil things get, and yes, it will be so evil that you will wonder if Earth itself has become hell, but God will help us get through it.

Conclusion

Father Seraphim's Orthodox Survival Course, alongside Dr. Jones' work, has satisfied a lot of my curiosities about why the world has become the way it is. I clearly discern and understand the revolutionary spirit of the times and where it must end for God's plan to

be achieved, and while I am utterly weak and feeble to battle directly against evil, I know that my soul will be preserved if I call upon Lord Jesus Christ for aid. Blessed is Father Seraphim and may we see him glorified during our lifetimes.

Learn More: *Orthodox Survival Course in Audio or PDF Format*

12 Things I Learned From Visiting Holy Trinity Monastery In New York

May 24, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Last fall I visited Holy Trinity Monastery in Jordanville, New York (a ROCOR monastery) for the second time in two years. On the first visit, I did not have a conversation with any monk and only attended the Divine Liturgy. This time around, I spent several hours in dialogue with a monk named Father Theodore and three seminarians. Below are twelve things I learned from the visit.

1. The search for truth is a process

Even when you receive a strong dose of God's grace, you will not come to know everything at once. Understanding the truth is a process that takes place for the duration of your life, and it must be approached with patience and humility. While you have the most necessary truth upon declaring Jesus Christ as the Son of God, the rest takes time. God gives you what you need to know when you need to know it, so don't look for shortcuts by attempting to digest things that you are not spiritually prepared for.

2. Level of faith is inversely correlated with fear

When I walked into the monastery's church for Liturgy, I was expecting most parishioners to be wearing a face mask since we were in the middle of the coronavirus pandemic. I was filled with joy when I counted not one of the forty or so parishioners wearing one. I was stunned that no one in the church, not even the elderly, supplanted their faith in God to the pervasive secular fear that was groomed into them by Bill Gates and his cronies. I immediately felt the presence of a living faith that I had read about in Orthodox books, where parishioners rely only on the strength and armor of Jesus Christ instead of modern medical solutions.

I have noticed that the more fear a person has, the weaker their faith. The bigger the city a Christian is in, and the more connected he is to secular propaganda, the more likely he will wear a face mask out of fear. While there are those who wear masks in consideration of others, we cannot deny that many Christians are scared of getting an infection, and are putting more faith in a piece of useless cloth than in God.

3. Having Christian parents makes a huge difference

In the hundreds of interactions I've had with Christians both online and off, it's clear to me that the more you were catechized as a child in a faithful church, the less you will fall as an adult. If you weren't catechized at all then practically anything goes, and you may end up like me where the bottom had no floor.

I've also observed that adults raised in Christian households are more mature, come to that maturity at a younger age (before 30), and are more likely to dutifully serve Christ as an adult, just like two of the seminarians I met in Jordanville who had at least one devout parent.

I imagine that raising your children in a secular household during the 1950s may not have spelled a guaranteed bad outcome, but if you attempt that today, while evil is much higher, I fail to see how your child won't stumble badly before even their eighteenth birthday. If I have children, I would never force God upon them, but they will know through my actions, behavior, and leadership that Jesus Christ is their King.

4. Don't get bogged down with interpretations of the end of times

It’s hard not to develop a minor obsession with the last days and how the story of humanity will end. I asked for details from Father Theodore. He gave it but then warned me not to get too caught up in the specifics. It’s not knowledge of potential traps that will preserve our faith but faith itself, and if you have that faith, you will not be deceived. Our understanding of the end times, which probably won’t happen during our lifetimes, should not be the cornerstone of our faith.

5. Many priests-in-training are based and red-pilled

Some people complain that Christian clergy are “soft” or blind to modern realities, but I couldn’t say that about the seminarians I met at the monastery, which also has a seminary on its grounds. I didn’t have to dumb down my speech and they seemed up-to-date on all the latest innovations in degeneracy that I spend too much of my time reading about online. It turns out that many of them were raised on red pill content that shared a lot of general truths about men and women. Unlike myself, they were able to separate the sinful baggage from those truths.

6. Secular life is exceedingly more worldly than monastic life

Monks and seminarians spend most of their time in prayer, worship, labor, or study. They are constantly surrounded by God or reminders of God, unlikely secular life where the goal seems to be about forgetting God to pursue fun, pleasure, and pride. Even a devout Christian living in the city has many secular cares that aim to pull him away from God—bills to pay, job tasks to perform, appointments to meet, shopping to do, and on and on.

The layman will never be able to accomplish the full ascetic ideal. This must be accepted since we are not monks and should not pretend to be. I am even hesitant to use the phrase “monk in the world” to one day describe myself if I were to remain single, as useful as that phrase may be.

7. I’m not obviously deceived

After sharing my current spiritual state with Father Theodore, he did not think I had fallen into deception. Of course it's possible that I am deceived in some ways, but perhaps not severely. I have taken a guarded and measured pace to learning about the faith so that I don't get puffed up from merely reading a lot of books, and I do my best to ignore compliments given to me. It helps that I've met so many men and women whose faith is stronger than mine. Their witness keeps me humble.

8. I don't currently have the calling to be a monk

As I mentioned in my book American Pilgrim, whenever I leave a monastery, I feel spiritually filled with no desire to stay longer.

Father Theodore told me that Kallistos Ware once remarked that a man must be 100% sure he wants to become a monk, because if he's only 99% sure, Satan will use the 1% to breed doubt in his heart, jeopardizing his monastic vocation. I wonder if men should also use this approach in deciding whether to marry a specific woman.

9. The fate of other people's souls

From the Biblical parable about the wide and narrow gate, Jesus Christ suggests that more people will go to hell than heaven. I asked Father Theodore about the borderline cases of those who aren't necessarily evil but perhaps did not have proper faith. "What happens to them?" I asked.

"It's none of your business," he replied, echoing what God told St. Anthony in the desert.

> Antony was confused as he mediated upon the depths of God's judgements, and he asked God, 'Lord, how is it that some die young and others grow old and sick? Why are there some poor and some rich? Why are there those who are bad and rich and oppress the good poor?' He heard a voice saying to him, 'Antony, worry about yourself; these other matters are up to God, and it will not do you any good to know them.'

I understand that our salvation is in our hands, and not an arbitrary decision by a Creator who wants us condemned. Wherever we end up after this life, we chose it.

10. Barbarian souls can't handle God's presence

The souls of those who deny God from a lifetime of sin become so corrupted and evil, like the demons whose thoughts they have acted upon, that they would not even be able to handle the mercy of God. The mere presence of God would cause them such pain and torment that they would prefer hell, and many people while alive make such a choice. Your soul cannot handle what it was not prepared for, and even if you use mercy on an unrepentant sinner, the sinner would refuse it, because his heart knows not what mercy is and cannot accept your gift, even if it's for all eternity.

11. We don't have enlightened spiritual fathers because we wouldn't listen to them

We don’t even follow the basics. Most Christians do not fast or pray daily. They come up with all manner of excuses not to attend church on Sunday. They don’t seek guidance with their priests before making major life decisions, and even if they did, they frame their situation in a way that the priest will agree with what they already decided to do. So why would God send them a clairvoyant and wise elder to help guide their lives? The elder would give them correct advice and advance warnings and they’d ignore him to serve their own will. God doesn’t waste the holy on the non-holy. The holier we become as a society, and the more we repent, the more likely that we will also receive powerful spiritual fathers.

12. Satan knows when to distract you

Father Theodore made the astute observation that Satan leaves you alone when you’re committing sin. “When you used to watch pornography,” he asked me, “were you ever distracted?”

Never. While watching porn, my mind would be totally fixated on the screen with the utmost concentration. Any problems or anxieties in life I had were temporarily gone so that I could commit the sin.

“And how about with prayer? Do you get distracted?”

I can count on my two hands the number of prayer sessions where I was in complete peace. Prayer is a continual struggle, because Satan does not want me to perform it. There is a noise outside my window—time to look! There is dust on my icons—time to clean it! There is a meal in an hour—what will I eat?!

When you want to do something unnatural that destroys your faith, such as masturbation, Satan leaves you alone, but when you want to do the natural act of speaking to your

Creator, in a similar way that a child speaks to his father, Satan makes it very difficult. That should be a clue to the Christian to persevere in that which is hard, because if it's not hard, and you seem especially focused without expending any of your willpower, it may be something that Satan wants you to do.

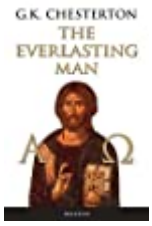
Conclusion

In my relatively short time as a Christian, I've been blessed to speak with so many monks and priests. From their wisdom, and also from the simple sharing of their faith, I have been able to grow spiritually in a way that would be much harder from books alone. I highly recommend serious Christians to consider a day trip to a monastery. Who knows, maybe at the end of your trip, you will wish that you could stay longer.

Read Next: *I Lived Most Of My Life Under Demonic Influence*

The Everlasting Man

May 27, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



After my first experience slogging through G.K. Chesterton's work, I would have sworn not to voluntarily read another one of his books again, but I bought two of them at the same time and felt compelled to read the second one on my bookshelf, The Everlasting Man. As expected, the book is uneven: it can swing from incredible insight to utter bore in just a matter of half a page, but thankfully it does have many gems.

Slow miracles are still miracles

> An event is not any more intrinsically intelligible or unintelligible because of the pace at which it moves. For a man who does not believe in a miracle, a slow miracle would be just as incredible as a swift one. The Greek with may have turned sailors to swine with a stroke of the wand. But to see a naval gentleman of our acquaintance looking a little more like a pig every day, till he ended with four trotters and a curly tail, would not be any more soothing.

Just because your miracle of evolution took 5 billion years doesn't make it less of a miracle than if it took 6 days. Both transformed nothing into something (life and consciousness). You can add a trillion years to evolution and you won't be able to escape the fact that somewhere within that vast period of darkness you went from non-life to life, for no reason or explanation at all, and it happened only once.

Science cannot explain creation

> The science whose modern marvels we all admire succeeds by incessantly adding to its data. In all practical inventions, in most natural discoveries, it can always increase evidence by experiment. But it cannot experiment in making men; or even in watching to see what the first men make. An inventory can advance step by step in the construction of an aeroplane, even if he is only experimenting with sticks and scraps of metal in his own back-yard. But he cannot watch the Missing Link evolving in his own back-yard. If he has made a mistake in his calculations, the aeroplane will correct it by crashing to the ground. But if he has made a mistake about the arboreal habitat of his ancestry, he cannot see his arboreal ancestor falling off the tree.
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> […]
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> He produces his little bone, or little collection of bones, and deduces the most

> marvelous things from it. He found in java a piece of a skull, seeming by its contour to be smaller than the human. Somewhere near it he found an upright thing-bone and in the same scattered fashion some teeth that were not human. If they all form part of one creature, which is doubtful, our conception of the creature would be almost equally doubtful. But the effect on popular science was to produce a complete and even complex figure, finished down to the last details of hair and habits. He was given a name as if he were an ordinary historical character.

You found a bone that you allege is a human ancestor. You use dating techniques to pinpoint an age of that bone. And then you fill in the gaps with the miracle of evolution, and if I dare doubt your myth, you label *me* the mythmaker? At least the atheists in the past craved some evidence to justify their lack of faith and desire to transgress the moral law, but today it's merely sufficient to throw out the words "science," "study," "fact check," or "expert" for someone to swallow whole a fantastical assertion without reading the fine print or investigating the presented evidence behind it. If a "scientist" said cannibalism is a way to improve the fitness of the human species, it must therefore be true.

"Bones and stones cannot in their nature bear witness"

> The other day a scientific summary of the state of a prehistoric tribe began confidently with the words 'They wore no clothes.' Not one reader in a hundred probably stopped to ask himself how we should come to know whether clothes had once been worn by people of whom everything has perished except a few chips of bone and stone. It was doubtless hoped that we should find a stone hat as well as a stone hatchet. It was evidently anticipated that we might discover an everlasting pair of trousers of the same substance as the everlasting rock.
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> […]
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> According to the real records available, barbarism and civilisation were not successive stages in the progress of the world. They were conditions that existed side by side, as they still exist side by side. There were civilisations then as there are civilisations now; there are savages now as there were savages then.

A scientist looks at all living animals and picks the one we most resemble to exclaim "We evolved from them!" Then he looks at the most rudimentary societies and tribes, of which there are still many, and exclaims "We used to live like that!" Even though they still live like that. Of course it's all nonsense, yet because it is intuitive enough, the lazy, rebellious man who most desperately wants to be entertained and soaked in pleasure will readily accept it as his personal gospel so that he finds no reason to love God.

Why Caesars rise

> A despotism may almost be defined as a tired democracy. As fatigue falls on a community, the citizens are less inclined for that eternal vigilance which has truly

> been called the prince of liberty; and they prefer to arm only one single sentinel to watch the city while they sleep.

We saw this with Donald Trump. American conservatives abrogated their duty to society for many decades and then wanted to fix it not through the hard work of community building but by putting their hopes into an outspoken businessman who has mostly proved himself through marketing and branding. How did that turn out for them? As I've written before, strong men don't want a Caesar because they know that his hunger for power will soon bring tyranny to their front door.

Social theories are wish fulfillment

> In spite of all the pseudo-scientific gossip about marriage by capture and the cave-man beating the cave-woman with a club, it may be noticed that as soon as feminism became a fashionable cry, it was insisted that human civilization in its first stage had been a matriarchy. Apparently it was the cave-woman who carried the club. Anyhow all these ideas are little better than guesses; and they have a curious way of following the fortune of modern theories and fads.

It's not hard to speculate what type of "archeological" findings will be published in the next decade: entire societies of our ancestral past were actually gay. Children had perfect outcomes from being raised by sodomites. And look, we have seen evidence in these tiny fragments of pelvic bones of successful gender reassignment surgery that resulted in material prosperity and happiness for the entire tribe. Liars will invent whatever they want for other liars to "peer review" the lies and give it a stamp of approval for the media liars to disseminate it to the minds of men and women who lost touch with the truth long ago.

Islam is a poor distortion of Christianity

> Islam was a product of Christianity; even if it was a by-product; even if it was a bad product. It was a heresy or parody emulating and therefore imitating the Church. It is no more surprising that Mahomedanism had something of her fighting spirit than that Quakerism had something of her peaceful spirit. After Christianity there are any number of such emulations or extensions. Before it there are none.

Let us pray that Muslims come to see the truth that Lord Jesus Christ is the Son of God.

The Church will never fall

> Christianity has died many times and risen again; for it had a God who knew the way out of the grave. But the first extraordinary fact which marks this history is this: that Europe has been turned upside down over and over again; and that at the end of each of these revolutions the same religion has again been found on top.

> […]
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> [The Church] has not survived; it has returned again and again in this Western world of rapid change and institutions perpetually perishing. Europe, in the tradition of Rome, was always trying revolution and reconstruction; rebuilding a universal republic. And it always began by rejecting this old stone and ended by making it the head of the corner; by bringing it back from the rubbish-heap to make it the crown of the capitol. Some stones of Stonehenge are standing and some are fallen; and as the stone falleth so shall it lie. There has not been a Druidic renaissance every century of two, with the young Druids crowned with fresh mistletoe, dancing in the sun on Salisbury Plain. Stonehenge has not even rebuilt in every style of architecture from the rude around Normal to the last rococo of the Baroque. The sacred place of the Druids is safe from the vandalism of restoration.
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> […]
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> At least five times therefore, with the Arian and the Albigensian, with the Humanist sceptic, after Voltaire and after Darwin, the Faith has to all appearance gone to the dogs. In each of these five cases it was the dog that died. How complete was the collapse and how strange the reversal, we can only see in detail in the case nearest to our own time.

If you seek salvation, no matter what year it is or how bad things get, or even if the Antichrist is ruler of the world, you will be able to be saved. God promised us that His Church would not fall and He has kept that promise. The rulers of today, on the other hand, make false promises that are not even good the moment after they are uttered. I put my trust in God, not man.

Conclusion

I beg you not to recommend any more G.K. Chesterton works to me. He was a great thinker and fine man, but I don't have enough willpower to make it through another one of his books. If your willpower is strong than mine, however, you may very well enjoy The Everlasting Man.

Learn More: *The Everlasting Man on Archive.org*

Why I Left The Armenian Church For ROCOR

May 31, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

> And about the eleventh hour [the landowner] went out and found others standing idle, and said to them, 'Why have you been standing here idle all day?' They said to him, 'Because no one hired us.' He said to them, 'You also go into the vineyard, and whatever is right you will receive.' —Matthew 20:6-7

Two years ago I returned to the Armenian Church, where I was baptized as a child by affusion, after living most of my adult life in the grip of sexual sin. On Holy Saturday of this year, May 1, I was baptized into the Russian Orthodox Church Outside of Russia (ROCOR) at Holy Trinity Monastery in Jordanville, New York (ROCOR historically receives converts by baptism). My godfather is a monk and my patron saint is St. Darius of Nicaea, an early Church martyr. I selected ROCOR over other Orthodox Churches because of its purity and fullness of faith, tradition of monasticism, and proven experience dealing with the sort of revolutionaries and communists that are currently subverting the United States. The Orthodox Church will be my final spiritual home before I am judged by Lord Jesus Christ upon my death.

The two groups that are known as" Orthodox," the Oriental Orthodox and Eastern Orthodox, split in the 5th century because of a Christological dispute. The Orientals, which include the Armenians, Ethiopians, and Egyptians (Copts), did not accept the Fourth Ecumenical Council in Chalcedon regarding the two natures of Christ. This resulted in them breaking communion from the Eastern Orthodox, meaning that up to my baptism in ROCOR, I could not commune in other Eastern Orthodox Churches, which includes the Russians, Greeks, Serbs, Romanians, and Antiochians. When I returned back to the Armenian Church in 2019, I did not understand the Christological disagreement that caused them to be labeled as "monophysite" schismatics or heretics, and wrote it off as a misunderstanding concerning semantics, but as my faith and knowledge of theology grew, I came to suspect that this was more than a misunderstanding because I saw firsthand that the Armenian Church has lost aspects of the faith still possessed by the Eastern Orthodox, which from this point I will simply refer to as Orthodox. I eventually concluded that damage to the Armenian Church occurred because they made a mistake in their theology which resulted in a decrease of grace, and that the Orthodox Church contains the pure teachings of Jesus Christ.

The first deterioration to the Armenian Church is confession, which used to be private. They no longer have private confession like in the Orthodox Church. Instead, the faithful read a prepared script aloud from the pews before receiving communion. I can attest that you can read this statement and receive communion without having to think of your sins or feel remorseful. You have the option to privately talk to your priest to confess your sins, but it is done informally and not something actively promoted by the Church (I don't know any Armenian who does it). As a result, there are a lot of secrets in an Armenian parish where severe sins are occurring among the faithful that the priest knows nothing about. This leads to profuse award-winning acting where a parishioner acts pious in front of the priest but then immediately changes demeanor in his absence, an issue I have not noticed in Orthodox parishes.

Second, the Armenians have not been able to canonize individual saints for several centuries. While the victims of the Armenian genocide were recently canonized as a group, the last individual Armenian saint I learned to be canonized was St. Gregory of Tatev in the early 15th century, meaning there is no one in modern times who the Church has recognized as someone we must learn from and emulate in order to be saved. When I expressed this concern to a Church authority, I was told that the Church has lost the ability to canonize individuals due to governing and organizational obstacles. This answer did not satisfy me, because how could God's Church lose the ability to glorify His most faithful servants before the end times? I believe that guidance from recent saints is essential to navigating a modern world that is far more evil and complex than several centuries ago, but I did not have that guidance in the Armenian Church and so began to look upon Orthodox saints.

Third, the Armenians seem to be in the process of losing monasticism. Most ancient monasteries in Armenia are medieval tourist destinations that do not perform the

liturgical cycle of daily services or receive pilgrims like the innumerable Orthodox monasteries. If you visit an Armenian monastery, you would be lucky to encounter an Armenian priest from whom to receive a blessing. In the United States, there are no Armenian monasteries or sketes. Armenians will reasonably claim that the genocide and period of communism have devastated their monasteries (and Church in general), and that parish life is where priority should be given, but Russia was able to get their monasteries back open relatively quickly, and they are flourishing within Russia and the United States.

The last problem is icons: Armenians never developed iconography like the Orthodox or the tradition of venerating icons. They have icon-like paintings in their churches, but no framed icons that can be venerated. Being able to venerate an icon may seem like a minor detail, but there are endless examples of Orthodox icons performing miracles for the faithful. The Armenian Church has a beautiful cross design, but as far as I know, miracles do not come forth from them in modern times, unlike the numerous miracle-working and myrrh-streaming icons in the Orthodox Church that are currently active. I like to venerate icons because it is a way for me to show more humility before God and therefore add power to my prayers. While I was in the Armenian Church, I constructed my prayer corner in the Orthodox style with icons that I venerate.

Kardiotissa myrrh-streaming icon

In spite of these four points, theology was not enough for me to leave. I rationalized that the Armenian theology was “close enough,” for which Church was closer? The Catholics seemed further away on dogma thanks to modern innovations and the Protestants even further. Besides, just about all the sermons I listened to and books I read came from an Orthodox source. I believed that I covered my bases, so to speak, but inevitably a new problem arose: I began to feel divided. I received the sacraments on Sunday from one

Church and then for the remaining six days of the week I poured over the works of another Church. It was like courting two women at the same time. Of course you will develop a favorite, and my favorite was Orthodoxy. The Orthodox faith spoke to me more powerfully and was giving me the tools to follow God's commandments and resist temptations at this late stage of human history. The Armenian Church was not able to support my zeal with enough materials and resources that made me confident my soul would be guided into Paradise. This year I arrived at the point where I was so convinced that Orthodoxy was the truth that even if the Armenian Church did start publishing books and sermons in English, I would not have consumed them.

The determining factor that could have prolonged my stay in the Armenian Church was ethnic identity. I am 50% Armenian by blood through my mother (my father is Iranian). This Church was made for me and "my people," was it not? The problem is that I was not raised with an Armenian identity. My mother was born in Istanbul and is much closer to Turkish culture than Armenian. Her relatives and friends all prefer to speak Turkish. While she stayed in the Church, and decided for me to be baptized as a child, she taught me nothing culturally or spiritually Armenian, so it wasn't until I was 39 years old that I heard the Armenian language for the first time at length. I tried to learn Classical Armenian to understand the Liturgy without a service book but gave up quickly, even though I had learned several other languages in the past with far more determination, perhaps because I subconsciously knew I would not remain in the Church.

I also do not identify with the Armenian historical struggle or pain from their genocide. When last year the war in Artsakh was raging, to me it was a war like any other, and I felt no more sadness than if the war had been in Mongolia. Other than learning how to make tasty Armenian food dishes, I never felt "Armenian" even though I did see that some of my personality traits, particularly when it comes to my passions, were shared by other Armenians. The Armenians in my church repeatedly asked me when I would visit Armenia for the first time and the instinctual response in my mind that I dared not speak aloud was "never." Maybe I am too burned out from travel, but I am simply not interested in visiting what I'm sure is a beautiful country even though it is supposed to be my ancestral home.

On Easter Sunday of this year in my Armenian parish (April 4), I looked upon the crowd of Armenians and couldn't help but see myself as a tourist who was enjoying a very pleasant service with an exotic people who vaguely looked like me. It didn't feel like my Church and the Armenians present didn't feel like my people. I was born and raised in America as an American, for better or worse, and while I can value my ancestral past through food and shared personality traits, I didn't desire to be enveloped in a foreign culture that I would never have picked out of personal interest or a Church I would not have chosen based on its theological merits. The Armenian Church is an ethnic and nationalistic Church for Armenians, of which I never identified as one, and even if I did, I'm certain its theological problem would gnaw on me enough to only postpone my inevitable conversion to Orthodoxy by a couple of years.

In the past half-year, as God's hand worked more firmly to guide me to the Orthodox Church, I even began to wonder if the Armenian sacraments were wholly valid. If their sacrament of confession was damaged compared to its past, was their Eucharist really the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ? I pushed that thought out of my mind when it would appear, telling myself that perhaps in the future when I moved to a rural area, and an Armenian Church was not nearby, I could finally make the jump to Orthodoxy. It would be too difficult to do it before, to tell those in my church that I left not because I was moving far away, but because I didn't love the Armenian identity and had doubts about its theology. Then I received a call from Father Spyridon Bailey, a ROCOR priest.

On March 20, I conducted a call-in live stream. One of the callers was Father Spyridon, who has a popular YouTube channel. I knew of him and was exceedingly glad that he called. You can watch our conversation here:

After the call, in which I shared my concerns about being divided between two churches, I was on fire. I no longer wanted to be passive and let the meandering flow of the river determine which Church I should be in. If I am in the right Church then there is no problem, but if not, then I must make a decision and follow through on it, regardless of the social or familial consequences. After speaking with Father Spyridon, I prayed: "Lord, please give me the strength to make the right decision of which Church I should be in." Forty-two days later, I was baptized in ROCOR's Holy Trinity Monastery in Jordanville, New York. I received a brief but intense catechism that filled in the holes of my Orthodox knowledge from a monk who is now my godfather.

Maybe one day I will share the series of providential steps that occurred in those forty-two days, but in summary, all the strength was given to me to leave the Armenian Church without losing a minute of night's sleep, and all the doors to the Orthodox Church opened

in a way that I would deem miraculous. Besides some bearable temptations from the demons the week before I was baptized, I felt that God was holding my hand into Jordanville's baptistry to be immersed three times in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. It is now so obvious to me that God was guiding me into His Church that I wonder if I tested Him by taking so long to make the decision. I may have arrived at the eleventh hour, but with joy I can tell you today that I am an Orthodox Christian.

Why did I pick ROCOR? It's more that ROCOR picked me. Most of the spiritual value and edification I received in the past two years happened to come from the Russian Church. From reading their books, listening to their sermons, visiting their churches and monasteries, talking to their priests and monks, and viewing the actions of their bishops, I came to believe that ROCOR is the most traditional Orthodox Church existing in the world today which has best preserved the Christian faith. It fully grasps spiritual warfare, does not dabble in new ideas, has clergy that understands the Jewish revolutionary spirit, and has been most resistant to succumbing to coronavirus mandates, not only by its hierarchy but also its parishioners (though some ROCOR parishes in the cities are unfortunately strong on masks). There are many other Churches within Orthodoxy, but by getting baptized into ROCOR, I have made my bet that if there is only one Church left standing during the tribulations of the end times, which there must be since Christ did state that the gates of hell will not prevail against His Church, it will be the Russians.

I also like ROCOR because of its strong sense of community that spans across state lines, the piety of the flock, and its catholic nature of drawing in converts from all ethnic and socioeconomic backgrounds, many of whom are just like me in that they came to the truth later in life after a period of seeking. There is certainly an ethnic component to ROCOR, but unlike with the Armenian Church, it does not wholly dominate or make me feel that the ethnicity is put on par or even above God. In ROCOR you receive the fullness

of God based on what the Russian people have dutifully preserved over the centuries, and the parish services are not so foreign to disturb your worship if you happen to be an American who does not have a Russian background.

For much of my adult life, I've been seeking the truth, and while you may have seen me take many wrong turns, I never wholly strayed from that mission. Returning back to God two years ago gave me the humility to finalize this journey with my baptism in ROCOR. Now that I've experienced a taste of the Kingdom and the glory that awaits Christians who love our Lord Jesus Christ, I hope to co-work with God to share His truth to all who happen to come across my words. I do not deserve the grace I'm receiving from being in His Church based on the evil works I have done in my life, so Glory goes to God for the love and forgiveness He has for His most sinful servants.

Read Next: *12 Things I Learned From Visiting Holy Trinity Monastery In New York*

You Attract Your Mirror Reflection

June 3, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

When it comes to relationships, we desire what we are not. We look to bond with someone of the opposite sex not to make a commitment that pleases God but to improve or satisfy our lives in a material way, but why would someone who has the positive qualities we lack want to bond with us? So we end up spending the bulk of our 20s and 30s searching in vain, racking up hundreds of hours on Tinder alongside innumerable dating failures that make us bitter, jaded, and fearful, decreasing our value as a mate. All the while, we miss the basic truth that we attract our mirror reflection. If you don't like the women you are pairing with, the problem is not them but you.

Before I accepted Christ into my life, I went on a worldwide hunt to find the most beautiful woman who was loyal, honest, loving, generous, patient, kind, and feminine, yet I myself was not loyal, honest, loving, generous, patient, kind, and masculine (in the sense of being in control of my passions). I thought that if I played a mathematical game of meeting ten thousand women through sheer effort and willpower, I would encounter many perfect women and one of them would decide to spend her life with me. I could have met ten million women and the result would have been the same: I did not meet a woman who came even close to possessing the qualities I dreamed of in my deluded mind. Instead, I met women who were a reflection of my own traits: disloyal, dishonest, extractive, calculating, manipulative, impatient, superficial, cosmopolitan, and faithless.

I have been walking with Christ for only two years, and during that time I have gone on marriage interviews (i.e. dates) with five women. Each woman possessed at least a moderate faith in God, and for that reason alone, all five were superior to every single woman I have dated in my past. In other words, if I had to pick a wife out of all the women I've ever known, these five would be at the top of the list. The reason is that as I ascend closer to God, I've attracted women whose souls have also begun to ascend to God. This process is completely automatic. No manual effort or conscious "game" is needed on my part. You can not fake the state of your soul, which can only bond with flesh that closely mirrors its state.

There are two levels when it comes to attracting your mirror reflection. The first: is your mental orientation primarily material or spiritual? If it's material, you will attract and bond with a woman who is a materialist. If it's spiritual, you will also attract a woman who lives according to the grace given to her by the Holy Spirit. The second level is degree. How *much* of a materialist are you? The more material you use to attract a woman (cars, money, muscles), the more of a materialist woman you will find. On the other hand, how strong is your faith in God? If you pray daily and attend church every Sunday, you will bond with a woman who either does the same or will have no objection to doing so in the near future.

If you remember the last three people you dated, you will find that they possessed the same general outlook as you and to a similar degree. The deeper your relationship was with a person, the more that person reflected who you were at the time. If you review all your past relationships, and evaluate every woman you dated, the conclusion you must reach is that each person was who you were at that period in your life. For some of you, that type of person didn't change at all, and you kept getting burned by the same type of woman, and for others, it changed over time as you've changed.

If you're mad or angry at a failed relationship, you're in essence mad at yourself for not being the person you should be in the eyes of God. You were lacking in your faith and were tempted to see your partner as someone they were not. That person possessed a similar state of spirit as you, so if she was a cheater (lust), liar (pride), or overweight (glutton) then you also possessed an inclination to her sins or at least the willingness to commit sins that are similar in severity. At the minimum, you were in a relationship with someone who wanted to materially extract from the relationship as much as you desired to extract, but extraction is not confined within a relationship but applies with the entire world, so if your partner couldn't extract from you the things that would make her "happy," she simply began looking elsewhere for those benefits and there went your relationship.

If all good comes from God, and you are far from God, you will not attract a virtuous woman. Therefore the solution to attracting a faithful, traditional woman is not acting the fool and traveling around the world to spam a thousand women with a puffed-up composite character of masculinity, or complain endlessly online about how no good women are left, but to build your faith in God. A woman on the same journey will recognize your faith and want to pair bond with you. At the very least, you will get someone who aspires to the faith you have and has already started that journey with

sincerity. And if no woman can be found, your faith will be at such a level that you will welcome without complaint what God has laid out for you. You will depend on His love to sustain you and not murmur against a mode of physical existence that He knows you can bear.

Read Next: *Men Treat Women As Gods*

Roosh Hour #64 – Baptism

June 6, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I talk about leaving the Armenian Church, the sinister coronavirus vaccination campaign, the decline of medical doctors, disturbing transgender propaganda, angry signs from God, the latest pronouncements from evil henchman Klaus Schwab, and a lot more.

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Watch Next: *Roosh Hour #63 – God's Judgment*

Finding A Husband With God's Help

June 7, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The second edition of my book for women, Lady, has been released. It now contains a Prologue (shared below) intended for Christian women to aid them in their search for a suitable husband while avoiding secular behaviors and traps. Lady is available in eBook, paperback, and audiobook. ***Click here to learn more****.*

I originally wrote *Lady* for secular women who wanted to get married and were ready to make changes after failing to find a husband with casual dating. I was agnostic at the time and attempted to offer an intermediate step between the secular world and the world of God for women who felt that casual dating was wrong but didn't yet trust God to provide them with a suitable husband.

It would be impossible to retrofit *Lady* as a Christian work. It contains too many secular ideas and cost-benefit arguments, and promotes behaviors that could be classified as sinful, so instead I have written this epilogue for Christian women who want to get the best out of *Lady* without risking their salvation. Below you'll find direct quotes from *Lady* followed by a correction that has been guided by my developing Christian faith.

"In life, there is a time for hearing 'sweet little lies,' as the Fleetwood Mac song tells us, and there is a time for knowing the truth so that you can improve your life." "Improve your life" in what way? In terms of the benefits, comforts, and pleasures you can receive? In the amount of pride you develop for being a beautiful or "good" person? In *Lady* I advised you to embark on a journey of self-improvement to increase your "value," but in the eyes of God, your value is determined by your faith, not your skill at appearing better before worldly men. The only improvement you need is to increase your faith and turn away from sin, and doing those two things alone will yield enough for you to bond with a man who has a similar level of faith as you do. The last thing you want is to make yourself appealing on a skin-deep level to a man lusting after external beauty. More effort should be put into improving the internal, in the form of the spiritual, than the external, for if you want to drink from a cup, it's more important for the inside to be clean than the outside.

"Our basic nature is to survive and pair-bond with our sexual opposite… to accomplish this end, nature gave men and women their own set of specific tools." Our basic nature is first and foremost to serve the will of God. For most people, His will entails getting married, working out your salvation with your spouse, and sowing the seeds of salvation for your children. It is true that God gave women a set of tools that are different from those He gave to men, but those tools must ultimately be harnessed to serve God's will, not your own will or goals. If you want to get married and have children, and you're not praying to God for strength or help to achieve this end, you will be tempted to date many men so that you can make the "right" choice. You will try to find out whether you are "sexually compatible" with a man. You will wonder whether taking a trip to Italy will allow you to obtain a better-looking man with a pleasing accent. Disconnected from God, our choices are likely to be infused with deception, and so God must be involved every step

of the way. In the practical sense, this means intense prayer and receiving guidance from priests, monks, and devout Christians around you.

"[T]he point of all this is not merely to get married, but to transcend the material world for the immaterial experiences of love, family, and a life that is compatible with your feminine essence." I was close with this statement but still off the mark. Where does love come from? God. Who "invented" the family? God. Who created your life? God. Without God, love is lust, family is just a checkbox on your bucket list, and life is meant to be enjoyed in this world only. There is no transcendence if you're deceived by the schemes of the world. Only God allows you to transcend. Only God can grant you salvation and eternal life. God must be a part of whatever you pursue, and if you can't see the man who desires you as sent by God, you should wait for another man.

The materialistic goals you pursue are business transactions. You weigh the costs and the benefits, and may even write the "pros" and "cons" on a piece of paper, just like the self-improvement gurus teach. You marry a man because he passed your analysis and is the best you can get, but what happens when the marriage gets difficult? What happens if he gets sick or loses his job? Now your business transaction is not looking so great, your piece of paper needs to be updated, and you'll want to abandon ship—like so many women do—instead of enduring. But if you believe your husband was sent to you by God, and you are serving Him through the marriage, you will endure the trial as a way to please the Lord instead of running away. You will stay in order to deepen your faith. This is the difference between a secular woman and a Christian woman. The secular woman will remain in a situation only if there are material rewards but will flee when things turn sour. The Christian woman, on the other hand, uses her faith to preserve the family "in sickness and in health" and walks away only if God wills it.

Be careful of making a false god out of motherhood and family. Yes, being a mother is by default the best thing you can do with your life, but motherhood is not the god. Family is not the god. Your husband, an icon of Christ, is how you serve God, but he is not a god. The One God must come before everything in this world, because when isolated from God, you will simply not make the right choice about which man to marry or be able to bear the multitude of problems that happen within any marriage.

"Before you can get into a relationship with a man, you first have to attract him... a man must be attracted to you physically before he will begin to attach himself emotionally." Your physical beauty comes from your faith in God. You are thin because you turn away from the sin of gluttony. You have long hair and act like a woman because you cherish your God-given femininity. From accepting how God created you, you don't have to put on makeup, shape your butt in the gym through hours of exercise, or apply fake nails or eyelashes. The natural beauty that flows from your faith is all you need to attract a man. Otherwise, you'll disfigure yourself into a trendy ideal of beauty with a focus on being sexy, which merely attracts men who want a trendy woman. Women who obsess about external beauty inevitably become objects of sexual desire by men who just want to get laid.

In *Lady* I explained how the main form of bait you should use to attract a man is beauty, but it should be your faith, because only with faith can you be truly beautiful. You can place a supermodel in front of me right now, with her perfect facial structure and hair, but I wouldn't see beauty. I would see a fallen woman who sold her soul for fame and money. Many men covet porn stars, but you can imagine the type of man you will attract if you try to imitate them. You don't want a man who cannot tell the difference between a disguise of beauty and the real thing, but to get there, you must actually possess the real thing, and that only comes with faith. The stronger your relationship with God, the more beautiful you will appear to a man who also has a relationship with God. Think of beauty, grace, humility, and elegance as side effects of leading a Christian life, not the goals themselves.

"I know it's frustrating that so many men just want to use you for sex, but from the standpoint of men surveying the available women in their local environment, it's the most logical default option to have." Wrong, it's the most sinful default option to have! Just because so many women are bad, that doesn't mean men should follow them with their tongues hanging out of their mouths, and just because a supposedly "good" man demands sex before marriage, that doesn't mean you should follow him.

I can't stress how much of a reversal I've experienced when it comes to premarital sex. As of this writing, I'm chaste. I do not fornicate or masturbate. I do not implement game tactics to meet random women in public. I do not date with the goal of physical intimacy, and would only consider traditional courtship. If, after several years, I do not meet a suitable woman, then it is God's will for me to remain single. I definitely would not whirl up the Tinder app on my phone in a panic or change myself to conform to the fallen world, and neither should you. If there is no man out there who allows you to maintain your walk with Christ, then God may have given you the gift of lifelong chastity, like He

may have given me.

Be extremely careful of men who are sexually active, and by that I mean a man who is not against premarital sex, masturbation, or pornography. At a minimum, he should be struggling to reduce or eliminate his sinful habits in order to please God. What is the point of choosing a secular man who will reluctantly wait until marriage to have sex with you but in the meantime masturbate to naked women on a computer screen? Whether he masturbates or fornicates, he is controlled by the deadly sin of lust, and this will damage any marital home in the future. While no man is perfect, he should be ascending to Christ and attempting to control his sins with God's help when he encounters you. It is not your responsibility to present the Gospel to a man for the first time or be his personal savior.

"If a man has a stable job, has similar family values to yours, and you enjoy spending time with him in spite of his flaws, there isn't much more you can look for in a long-term partner." As you would expect, we need to add to that his faith. In fact, it should be number one, because all the family values you seek will sprout from faith. If a man has the right values but doesn't have God in his life, I must wonder how good those values will be when he is tested, or whether he may be putting on an act in order to achieve his materialistic goal of marriage. On the other hand, if by all appearances a man is in a woeful state but has the right faith, or at least a faith that is deepening, I would put more stock in him than in one who is faithless yet appears more polished.

Since God ordained a husband to lead his wife, a man's faith should be developed enough that you feel secure following him. While no one's faith is perfect, you should not identify so many problems with his that you feel he's doing it all wrong or is deceived. If his faith is less developed than yours, you should at least feel that it's growing fast enough so that he can soon surpass you. The last thing you want is to serve as your husband's spiritual

leader. God created Eve from Adam, not the other way around; if a man is sorely lacking in the faith department, leave him be until he can fully receive God's grace.

"[You should] postpone physical intimacy to weed out men who only want sex. I therefore advise you to kiss a man on the lips no sooner than date two and to have sex with him no sooner than date nine. (Oral or anal sex counts as sex.)" If you're serving Jesus Christ, you should not participate in sex before marriage, or in any other behavior that could potentially lead to sex. This includes lip kissing, cuddling, and holding hands. The ideal is not to do anything with a man who isn't your husband that you wouldn't do with your grandfather. Refrain from behaviors that put you or a man in a state of physical arousal, because once that occurs, fornication is not far off. If you're with a man who refuses to abide by these rules, or makes a big show of not being able to stay in control because you are turning him on, ditch him. He doesn't care about serving God and only wants to manipulate you in order to receive pleasure from your body.

It's upsetting to see so many self-identifying Christians throw sexual morality out the window. You will encounter many of them who declare their love for Jesus Christ while fornicating and cohabitating, but the teachings of Christ have not changed in 2,000 years. His expectations of us have not altered. He does not want us to fornicate before marriage. If you love Him as He loves you, abide by his commandment to turn away from sexual immorality. In a sex-obsessed world, this will be an impossible task without His help. Whenever sexual temptation knocks on your door, recite the Jesus Prayer until the temptation fades: "Lord Jesus Christ, Son of God, have mercy on me, a sinner."

"If you're out in public, walk slowly as if you're not in a hurry to be somewhere [so that men will approach you]." I can no longer advise you to meet men in public. While it is statistically possible to meet your future husband in a beautiful park, you are far more likely to meet a player or secular man who wants to fornicate with you. There is a reason random encounters were the principal means by which I obtained fornication in the past: they are the best way to meet a lot of women in a short amount of time and screen for those who are sexually willing. I gave detailed scripts for men to meet women in bars, cafés, and public venues where social ties were not needed. Men who have no attachment to their community can just pop right in front of a woman, make her feel happy, and take her to bed. There is too much temptation involved with meeting a man in such a way.

That said, it is always possible that Divine Providence will send you a man who appeared out of the bushes in a park, but don't seek out that outcome. Instead, focus on events that draw in the right type of man. For example, you may want to attend the yearly Armenian Food Festival held by a church, and there in the corner is a man with a large beard who explains to you how his mom makes dolma and börek. For every one woman who meets a man at a food festival or farmers market, a dozen will meet them through their church or social groups. It's better to invest in community-based avenues than random encounters.

"I do think traditional ways are best for long-term relationships, but achieving this in a non-traditional age is impossible." This statement is an indication of how little faith I had at the time. If you serve God, you will become traditional without trying. Lean on God and He will give you the strength to resist the temptations that the non-traditional world offers. If I ever have children, I don't doubt that the family home would be traditional. We would grow our own food and repair things that break down. We would homeschool. We would keep out television sets and damaging entertainment. Most importantly, our home would be centered on Christ, and manifesting from that faith will be what outwardly appears as traditionalism. I've met countless Christians who are doing it, and I'm sure that, with God's help, you can do it as well.

"Experiment in the bedroom with sexy outfits, dirty talk, role-playing, and different-colored wigs. Wear a short skirt in public so that he's aroused and can't wait to get you home." Sex-addict Roosh was talking here. Most secular men fear that their sex lives will suffer in marriage. In essence, they've made an idol out of sexual pleasure, putting it above the marriage. If a man does the opposite and puts marriage above sex, he will be able to endure the prospect of never again having sex with his wife if—for example—she develops a serious medical condition. You do not want a man who is obsessed with sexual pleasure, because once the sex gets boring, and it will, he will start to make demands that reduce you to a sex doll or a pornographic actress he saw on the internet. This extends to performing anal or oral sex. If your husband is not satisfied with normal sex, then perhaps the problem lies with him. You certainly have a wifely duty to provide your husband with sex if you are physically able, but you should not have to morph into someone else to satisfy his uncontrolled lust or perverted kinks.

"I know many men who are avoiding marriage solely because of divorce laws." And you should leave those men alone. Let them remain single and shout to the world that divorce

is unfair and life is stacked against them while they pursue fornication or masturbation. Since the fall of Adam and Eve, life has been difficult for both men and women. Traps set by the demons are all around us, but those traps should not stop us from serving God in one of His most important sacraments: marriage. A man who is scared of marriage because of divorce has put worldly concerns above trust in God. He has no faith that God will deliver him from any future tribulation, and is more concerned with his money and comforts.

Let's say I get married to a Christian woman and she later becomes influenced by Satan and divorces me. She takes my house and most of my money. Should I curse God for this misfortune? Quite the opposite. I should thank Him for putting me through a trial that is designed to deepen my faith in a way that only God knows. Perhaps I would have sacrificed my salvation if I had stayed with that woman. Perhaps the house and money distanced me from God in a way I couldn't see. Besides, why did I accumulate so many possessions? Is it through serving God that a man's fortune is amassed? If I marry a woman who I believe is sent by God, and she later divorces me, I have nothing to lament, for that is God's will. The problem is therefore not unfair divorce laws, or that marriage is rigged against men, but a lack of faith. Christian men should not let Caesar's laws prevent them from serving God through marriage, an institution that He created for us.

One point I didn't address in *Lady* is how to know whether or not a man is right for you. I tackled the problem as if it were something of a checklist, where if a man has certain qualities, he should be good enough, but those qualities are materialistic in nature and do not provide any assurance that he will be a good husband in the future. In the end, only God knows whether you should marry a man based on how the marriage will affect your salvation, and the only way to find out if a man is sent to you by God is to pray about it continually and seek spiritual guidance from elders, priests, and monks who God may enlighten to help you make the right choice.

God may not want you to have a "happy" marriage that resembles a Disney movie. From God's perspective, your salvation is His utmost concern. He wants you to be saved, and it's very possible that for you to be saved, you need to enter into a difficult marriage, or a marriage where your husband dies young, or perhaps not to be married at all. By marrying the wrong man from God's perspective, you may have a great marriage materialistically but risk your salvation. By marrying the better man, your life could have significantly more struggles, but you will be saved. Pray to God for weeks or months about the man who is courting you. Ask Him whether this is the man for you, and to enlighten others around you to help you make the correct decision. Don't go it alone and don't depend entirely on your emotions or instincts. Depend on God to make the final decision.

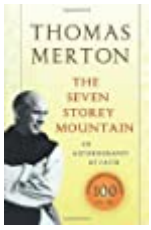
If I rewrote *Lady* today, God would be on every page. All good comes from God, and if you want to serve Him through marriage, you need to seek out God every step of the way. Thankfully, *Lady* is not wholly incompatible with the Christian life. This isn't a surprise, since I wrote *Lady* right before I accepted Jesus Christ as my Lord and Savior. He was working through me even though I felt that He was absent from my life. Praise be to God

for producing a work that served as a rudimentary beginning to healing the immense damage I had done to both men and women through my prior writings. I pray that He will continue to work through me not only for my salvation, but also for the salvation of those who follow me.

Learn More: *Lady on Roosh V Store*

The Seven Storey Mountain By Thomas Merton

June 10, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



After immersing myself in the world of Orthodox monasticism through my travels and reading, I became curious about how Catholics approached monasticism. For my introduction to this world I selected Thomas Merton's The Seven Storey Mountain, an immensely popular work that chronicled his path to becoming a Trappist monk in the middle of the 20th century.

Merton's experiences as a monk were different than what I have been exposed to in Orthodoxy. I found him to be overly sentimental and always looking for signs (of which demons are happy to provide). The weapons he brought into spiritual battle seemed light, which explains how he fell away into secular ways towards the end of his life. All these considerations aside, I did find a number of profitable passages that are worth sharing.

The benefit of spiritual guidance

> What is the good of religion without personal spiritual direction? Without Sacraments, without any means of grace except a desultory prayer now and then, at intervals, and an occasional vague sermon?

I do not have a spiritual father to who I am in full obedience. While I regularly consult with my godfather, who is a monk, and many priests, at the end of the day I am in obedience only to myself, and final decisions lie with me alone. To the secular world, there is no problem with this arrangement, but I know that it would be quite easy for Satan to deceive me into making a decision that is detrimental to my salvation.

Love your enemies

> [My father] was not afraid to express his ideas about truth and morality to anybody that seemed to need them—that is, if a real occasion arose. He did not, of course, go around interfering with everybody else's business. But once his indignation got the better of him, and he gave a piece of his mind to a shrew of a French-woman, one of those spiteful sharp-tongue bourgeoises, who was giving free expression to her hatred of one of her neighbors who very much resembled herself.
>
> He asked her why she thought Christ had told people to love their enemies. Did she suppose God commanded this for His benefit? Did He get anything out of it that He really needed from us? Or was it not rather for our own good that he had

> given us this commandment? He told her that if she had any sense, she would love other people if only for the sake of the good and health and peace of her own soul, instead of tearing herself to pieces with her own envy and spitefulness. It was St. Augustine's argument, that envy and hatred try to pierce our neighbor with a sword, when the blade cannot reach him unless it first passes through our own body.

Loving our enemies is perhaps the hardest commandment to follow. Since most of our relationships are transactional in nature, we are constantly mindful of the benefits that others are doing for us. "Chris still did not pay me back for a meal I bought him two years ago. Why should I again treat him kindly if he will never return the favor?" Because Lord Jesus Christ commanded me to do so, and if I love my Lord, I will follow His commandments.

Experiencing suffering when you don't have faith

> What could I make of so much suffering? There was no way for me, or for anyone else in the family, to get anything out of it. It was a raw wound for which there was no adequate relief. You had to take it, like an animal. We were in the condition of most of the world, the condition of men without faith in the presence of war, disease, pain, starvation, suffering, plague, bombardment, death. You just had to take it, like a dumb animal. Try to avoid it, if you could. But you must eventually reach the point where you can't avoid it any more. Take it. Try to stupefy yourself, if you like, so that it won't hurt so much. But you will always have to take some of it. And it will all devour you in the end.
>
> […]
>
> …the truth that many people never understand, until it is too late, is that the more you try to avoid suffering, the more you suffer, because smaller and more insignificant things begin to torture you, in proportion to your fear of being hurt. The one who does most to avoid suffering is, in the end, the one who suffers most: and his suffering comes to him from things so little and so trivial that one can say that it is no longer objective at all. It is his own existence, his own being, that is at once the subject and the source of his pain, and his very existence and consciousness is his greatest torture.

Without faith, the moment you experience suffering, you immediately dedicate all your energy into getting out of it, because what would be the point? I'm in pain and I feel bad. I'm upset and frustrated. I only get one life, and that life is currently unfavorable. Suffering doesn't feel good, and look at all the people surrounding me who don't suffer, or who at least conceal their suffering, and brag about their riches and lovers and travel experiences.

The spiritual reality is that suffering is impossible to escape after the Fall, and it's in God's great mercy that He allows suffering so that you began to call upon Him for help to develop a real faith that puts you on the path to salvation. The primary reason I came to

God was because of the emotional suffering I found myself in after a life of sin and the loss of my sister. If I never experienced suffering at all, I'd still be squeezing blood out of a rock in some foreign land, blaming promiscuous women for all my unhappiness.

"I'm not hurting anyone"

> I believed in the beautiful myth about having a good time so long as it does not hurt anybody else. You cannot live for your own pleasure and your own convenience without inevitably hurting and injuring the feelings and the interests of practically everybody you meet. But, as a matter of fact, in the natural order no matter what ideals may be theoretically possible, most people more or less live for themselves and for their own interests and pleasures or for those of their own family or group, and therefore they are constantly interfering with one another's aims, and hurting one another and injuring one another, whether they mean it or not.

When you seek your own pleasure or gain, you have to lie constantly, whether big lies, white lies, or most commonly, lies of omission. I lied to nearly every foreign woman I slept with and I lied to my family about my real intentions from living the life I did. I lied to just about everyone to maximize my gain and soothe over minor inconveniences and social tensions.

When you're focused on receiving not what God wants to give you but what you want to receive, you have to lie, and it's only through living a daily Christian life, and not just one on Sundays, can you break this secular habit.

Where does pursuing your desires end?

> So there I was, with all the liberty that I had been promising myself for so long. The world was mine. How did I like it? I was doing just what I pleased, and instead of being filled with happiness and well-being, I was miserable. The love of pleasure is destined by its very nature to defeat itself and end in frustration.
>
> […]
>
> In grasping things, I had lost everything. In devouring pleasures and joys, I had found distress and anguish and fear.

The greed of capitalism

> It is true that the materialistic society, the so-called culture that has evolved under the tender mercies of capitalism, has produce what seems to be the ultimate limit of this worldliness. And nowhere, except perhaps in the analogous society of pagan Rome, has there even been such a flowering of cheap and petty and disgusting lusts and vanities as in the world of capitalism, where there is no evil that is not fostered and encouraged for the sake of making money. We live in a society whose whole policy is to excite every nerve in the human body and keep it at the highest pitch of artificial tension, to strain every human desire to

> the limit and to create as many new desires and synthetic passions as possible, in order to cater to them with the products of our factories and printing presses and movie studios and all the rest.

Here Merton was referring to many decades ago. How would he describe our modern society? How would he reconcile the growing apostasy, even among self-described Christians? What would he think about our obsession with technology and its promises to alleviate every moment of boredom or mild discomfort? What would he think about the faithless waiting in line at the clinic to be injected with an experimental vaccine that is well-known to cause a myriad of side effects, including death?

The demeanor of revolutionaries

> …most Communists are, in actual fact, noisy and shallow and violent people, torn to pieces by petty jealousies and factional hatreds and envies and strife. They should and show off and generally give the impression that they cordially detest one another even when they are supposed to belong to the same sect. And as for the inter-sectional hatred prevailing between all the different branches of radicalism, it is far bitterer and more virulent than the more or less sweeping and abstract hatred of the big general enemy, capitalism. All this is something of a clue to such things as the wholesale executions of Communists who have moved their chairs to too prominent a position in the ante-chamber of Utopia which the Soviet Union is supposed to be.

Revolutionaries are the chief atheists of their times, so we should not be surprised that they are full of anger, wrath, and jealousy while lacking in patience, empathy, and compassion. You can watch as many hours of video as you want of revolutionary protests that happen in America and I challenge you to point out only one face that is displaying a genuine sentiment of love and kindness. You will only find disfigured faces influenced by the demons. There is hatred in those who accuse you of hate, injustice in those who preach justice.

Works without God are dead works

> Because in the concrete order of things God gave man a nature that was ordered to a supernatural life. He created man with a soul that was made not to bring itself to perfection in its own order, but to be perfected by Him in an order infinitely beyond the reach of human powers.

When you perform a good deed without God, you are really doing it for your own benefit, even if it’s just for a brief positive feeling. Externally there is a sacrifice, but internally there is none.

Those who go to hell want to go to hell

> Why should anyone be shattered by the thought of hell? It is not compulsory for

> anyone to go there. Those who do, do so by their own choice, and against the will of God, and they can only get into hell by defying and resisting all the work of Providence and grace. It is their own will that takes them there, not God's. In damning them he is only ratifying their own decision—a decision which He has left entirely to their own choice. Nor will he ever hold our weakness alone responsible for our damnation.

As a neophyte Christian, it is hard for my puny mind to comprehend the severity of being condemned to hell for eternity. Surely those people don't deserve hell for all time, right? But God is All-Merciful and All-Just, or else He wouldn't be God, so it is impossible for him to merit out a punishment that is not deserved.

If on earth you choose to live according to Satan, if you accept and act upon his every evil impulse that he puts into your mind, you have made a choice, through an entire lifespan, that you are in allegiance to Satan. Therefore, when you die, God sends you to live with him, the demon that was your lifelong god. You wished for Satan in all that you did in your earthly life, you wrecked other people's lives as well as your own, and desensitized yourself to the suffering and misery caused by your own hand, so God will give you more of that by placing you in hell. You will then be able to live with Satan and feel more of the suffering which you mired yourself in on earth because of your rejection of God. There is not a single creature that does not deserve the judgment that God gives them.

Did Thomas Merton rush into monasticism?

> [The priest] saw that I was only a recent convert, not yet two years in the Church. He saw that I had had an unsettled life, and that my vocation was by no means sure, and that I was upset without doubts and misgivings.

Merton became a monk not long after being baptized as a young man, but his memoir details that even after his baptism, he was prone to serious sin, suggesting that grace was not immediate. Once he rid himself of his most major sins, he rushed into monasticism. Did Catholic elders do him a disservice by allowing him to become a monk so early in his walk with Christ?

Because Merton's works produced a flood of interest in the Catholic Church, the hierarchy treated him like a rock star by giving him special benefits compared to other monks. Eventually, he strayed from his faith by diving into Eastern religion and engaging in an intimate relationship with a nurse who was a fan of his work (and writing profusely of the love affair's benefits). To his credit, he ended the relationship and remained a monk. Perhaps he wouldn't have been as famous if he lived as a lay Catholic, but I wonder if it is unfair that his elders put him in a position that his spiritual state could not handle.

For a 450-page book, there were only a few sections that spoke to me, so I can't recommend it to Christians who are looking for an insight into monasticism. For Catholics, however, this book may be a necessary read since it serves as a historical document for the development of Catholicism in the United States.

Learn More: *The Seven Storey Mountain on Amazon*

5 Reasons St. Louis Is The Best Big City In America

June 14, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

On the drive to St. Louis last fall, I expected the worst. I had already been to numerous large American cities the year before and experienced firsthand the rot and the degeneracy, which I chronicled in my book American Pilgrim. I was confident that St. Louis would be yet another name to add to the trash heap, especially since I had seen in the news that its local politics were veering leftward, but to my surprise, St. Louis is tied with Charlotte in North Carolina as the best American city I have been to with a metropolitan population of at least one million. Here are a few reasons why…

1. There are not many homeless people

Compared to the West Coast, St. Louis does not have a visible homeless problem. In California, for example, the homeless are becoming more assertive in taking over prime real estate and making demands upon the public thanks to creating alliances with local communist movements that claim housing is a human right which should be given to all people of working age who choose not to work. Perhaps there are homeless encampments in St. Louis, but I did not see them. This made St. Louis rather clean and tidy.

2. The gays are not nearly as flamboyant

After my first couple of days in St. Louis, I wondered, “Where are all the sodomites?” I did not see any obvious gays on the streets or overhear conversations in gay uptalk. I did visit a hipster area of town and was ready to be surrounded by homosexuals, but I only saw two or three, and it’s possible they were actually straight. St. Louis had the least amount of gays who were proud to be out of the closest compared to any other American city of comparable size, and while the gays here may be in the closet, I suspect that there are fewer of them.

3. The suburbs are pleasing

The suburbs around Washington D.C. are Federal control zones for importing third-world immigrants, either from Latin America or Eastern Africa. The white people ran away from the area long ago to the exurbs of Virginia, Maryland, and even West Virginia (e.g. Harpers Ferry). In St. Louis, the suburb I stayed in on the western side of the city, Chesterfield, was almost entirely white. It's the whitest place I've been to in the States. It was even whiter than even some Polish cities I've been to. It almost felt like a white ethnostate, and I was shocked that such an area could be so white.

Many of the suburban whites in St. Louis vote for Democrats, but I find living around secular whites easier and safer than secular blacks because the latter are prone to making more noise, using drugs openly, and littering, among other misdeeds. But if you don't mind living around blacks, you can find a home on the eastern side of St. Louis where they congregate. You can pick and choose an area since the races in St. Louis prefer to self-segregate.

4. Clear English is spoken in retail environments

I’ve gotten used to having communication problems with ethnic and vibrant clerks at coffee shops and supermarket deli counters, not helped by mask-wearing and its concealment of mouths. Many of the clerks around D.C. are immigrants and don’t have a grasp of English like natives do, and even natives, soaked in a culture of hip hop and slang, can’t be entirely expected to understand my plain English, which is why I’m not totally against the trend of electronic kiosks and self-checkout machines.

In St. Louis, I did not have a single communication problem. Every commercial worker I interacted with understood my English and I understood them. This reduced a lot of my inner angst.

5. Highways are in decent condition

This may be a minor point, but I did enjoy the St. Louis highways, especially Route 64, which dissects the city from east to west. The local roads were also well-maintained without any potholes. My only complaint is that there were too many traffic lights. If you're a foreigner and wondering how the condition of the roads can contribute to calling St. Louis the best city in America, you must be aware of the general lowly state of the country at this point in history. Most American cities I've been to do not have any positives at all.

Conclusion

And one reason I do not like St. Louis is… it's still America. St. Louis may be the best big city in America, but it's only the best of the worst, like saying In-and-Out burger is the best fast-food burger restaurant when comparing it to the GMO sludge of McDonald's and Burger King.

Unfortunately, St. Louis is firmly on the path of spiritual death and material decline. The left is taking over the city and persecuting law-abiding citizens such as the McCloskeys, and when they finally take down the Apotheosis of St. Louis statue (after a failed attempt in the summer of 2020), you will be able to arrive at the conclusion that St. Louis is dead. Until that moment happens, it's one of the most materially pleasant cities I've visited. May it be granted many more years before the inevitable.

Read Next: *The Dangerous Women Of Wisconsin*

Saint Joseph The Hesychast

June 17, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Saint Joseph was a Greek monk who achieved the heights of theosis on Mount Athos in the middle of the 20th century. His perfection of hesychasm (advanced interior prayer) caused many monastics to follow him, including Elder Ephraim, who would later establish over a dozen monasteries in the United States and Canada, one of which I visited. My Elder Joseph The Hesychast is an excellent biography of Saint Joseph as recollected by Elder Ephraim and his disciples.

One warning I have to state about this book is that it features a multitude of visions and miracles. If your faith is not yet at the point where you believe miracles are naturally occurring among God's most faithful then you may be skeptical with the book's content.

Physical and spiritual labor cannot be separated

> Bodily ascesis is, of course, only one aspect of the spiritual struggle, but based on this one aspect, one can surmise a person's overall spiritual zeal, because he who is zealous in material things is also zealous in spiritual matters.
>
> […]
>
> "He who is eager to labor physically is also eager to labor spiritually. Physical labor done for the right reason wonderfully helps a monk to repent, mourn, weep, and pray."

Physical asceticism among Christians has been lost. Most Christians in the United States happen to be Protestants and they do not fast, perform prostrations, or otherwise see mortification of the body as providing the means to become closer to God, but these works stem from faith to better control our passions and separate from the material kingdoms of this world to ultimately reach the Heavenly Kingdom.

Beware of giving and receiving compliments

> One day Papa-Ananias said to him, "Geronda, is there anyone else in the entire Holy Mountain who mindfully and seriously practice hesychasm with praxis and theoria? I doubt it. You are the only one."
>
> He was momentarily enticed by this compliment, and he looked as if he were in a daze. But a second later he regained his sense and exclaimed, "Get behind me, Satan!" and punched himself on the thigh with all his might. "Forgive me, my God!" As a "penance" for him, God allowed him to be so sleepy the following

> night that he slept right through his vigil until later in the morning. Instead of working that day, he did his prayer rule to make up for neglecting it.
>
> After experiencing how easy it is to accept vainglorious thoughts and seeing how much damage they do, the later wrote to someone: “Be careful… not to compliment one another in each other’s presence, for if compliments harm the perfect, how much more harmful they will be to you who are still weak.”
>
> […]
>
> “Listen, my child: on the one hand you gave your vows to renounce the world, and on the other hand you want honor and compliments? Well, you are wrong! If you want to become a servant of Christ, you ought to accept everything He suffered for our sake: scorn, insults, humiliations, and even being spit upon and beaten! If you endure all these things then you are bearing a small cross and following Christ. With comfort and empty honor and courteous talk, there is no progress of salvation.”

I do my best to not to internalize compliments or use them as a measure of my spiritual progress. They can easily lead me to a prideful and delusional state, of coming to the belief that I am needed and that without me God would not be able to fulfill His plan.

The state of grace

> When grace comes to man, it makes him God. But when it departs from him, then he is ready to fall into every heresy, every delusion, every moral deviation, and even damnation. Everything is supported by the grace of God. But grace also has its requirements before it will dwell in man. It seeks his good intentions, his willpower, and his struggle. Together with grace, man becomes an angel. Without grace, he deviates and becomes a demon.
>
> […]
>
> For it is absolutely necessary for the grace of God to leave, once a tried struggler has acquired a good taste of it in the beginning, so that he may be tested and become a practiced soldier of Christ. And without such temptations, no one has ever ascended to perfection. This stage that we mentioned where many fall into delusion is the stage where the grace of God withdraws in order to make us, as we have said, practiced soldier of war, so that we are not infants forever. But the Lord wants us to become worthy men and brave fighters able to guard His riches. That is why He allows us to be tempted.”

I’ve been walking with Christ for over two years and I’ve yet to feel His grace significantly withdrawn. There have been periods of stronger temptations and dryness in prayer, but I have never felt totally alone as I did in my secular days. If that does come, Orthodoxy has given me the tools to deal with it.

Seek not earthly payments

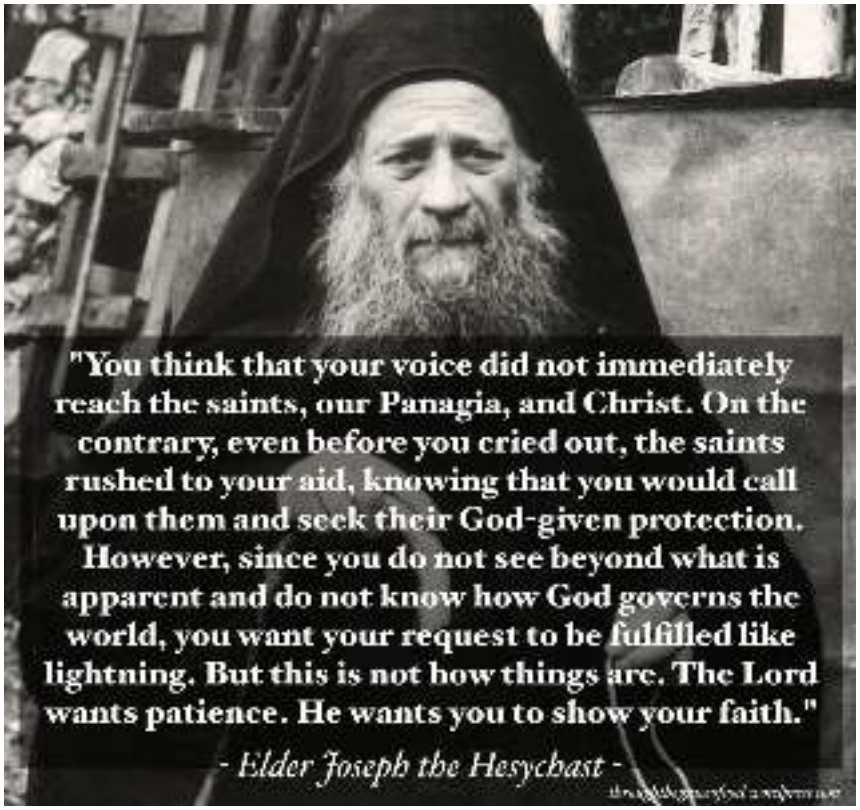
> Elder Ephraim [a different Ephraim] was a superb woodcarver. He carved the iconostasis for many churches. When the chapel of the Archangels nearby was renovated, a woodcarver told the elder of that hut that he would charge twenty gold coins to carve a new iconostasis. Since that elder couldn't afford to pay that much, he asked Elder Ephraim to carve it. Elder Ephraim agreed to do the work without discussing the price. When he finished, the elder of that hut gave him only two gold coins and asked him, "Is this good enough?"
>
> "It's fine," replied Elder Ephraim.
>
> As soon as Fr. Arsenios found out, he was furious. He couldn't bear seeing the extreme injustice and said to Elder Ephraim: "Is that all you got? That's not fair! The only monk asked for twenty coins and he paid you off with only two?"
>
> The simple but wise Elder Ephraim responded: "If we get paid for everything here, my child, what will be left for heaven?"

A secular person is like an accountant who maintains a ledger of gifts given and gifts received. If the ledger's balance is out of his favor, he will cry out that people are selfish and don't appreciate him. If the ledger is tilted to his favor, his pride will believe that he is well-loved and deserving of rewards. The Christian, on the other hand, maintains no ledger, and knows that any good deed he does here will ultimately be rewarded by God, not man. A good test of your faith is if you're able to offer a sacrifice to someone who you know will not even give thanks. Do the deed for the sake of doing what Christ would have done and then move on.

No exaltation without temptation

> "Don't expect only sweet things. Expect bitter things, too. When you are given a spiritual state full of grace, expect a temptation soon. Likewise, when you have temptations and grief, be aware that consolation from God is near."
>
> […]
>
> "The amount of grace we are entitled to receive is proportional to the severity of a temptation we can bear with gratitude towards God."

I have learned that when I experience an especially graceful state, a severe temptation is almost sure to follow. I believe the demons panic when they see your spiritual labor has resulted in a "payday," and immediately try to bring you back down. This is why it's important not to think that a graceful state on earth will allow you to forever leave behind the fight.



Having a spiritual elder

> "Here on the Holy Mountain, we see that some monks are doing well while other are not. Don't be surprised by this. Both of them came with the same piety, the same self-denial, and the same zeal that we all had when we first came to monasticism. All of us left behind our father, our mother, our job, etc. That is no great accomplishment. What is a great accomplishment, however, is to find a real elder who will guide us and instruct us and teach us what monasticism really is. The monks who are not doing well are those who did not find a real elder."
>
> […]
>
> "When we are not obedient to our elder, we will end up being obedient to many 'elders,' that is, to many wills, to many passions, to many demons, and in the end we will be enslaved to them in hell. When, however, we are obedient to an elder, we are being obedient to God. For without a sacrificial obedience out of love for Christ, man cannot show his self-denial and love for Him. When we start doing our own will, then every act of obedience to some passion is toward an 'elder' or rather a tyrant, who will direct us from then on. This is why today's disciples who do not revere their elders have no progress."

Since spiritual elders in the West are few, many of us will have to make do with only a loving parish priest. Without a spiritual elder, however, I believe the amount of grace we can receive will be capped, simply because we wouldn't be able to handle gifts from God without falling into massive pride or delusion. Perhaps if greater portions of our countrymen repent, God will give us more elders.

Do not judge

> “Has a judgmental thought about someone come to you? Don’t just sit there, debating with yourself whether that person is to blame or not. Justify everyone and take all the blame yourself. As soon as you start having negative thoughts about someone else, there is a danger that you will judge him. Just interrupt the thoughts and say to yourself: ‘What he is saying and doing is right. My ego is making me think evil about my brother, and so there’s no point trying to analyze it.’ If you don’t face the assaults of judgmental thoughts in this manner, whether you express them outwardly or cultivate them within you, you will have carnal warfare.

I battle daily with judgment. I dwell on all the wrong things that people are doing and then create elaborate stories of their character flaws and deficiencies. I have used Saint Joseph’s teachings in this area to help in the struggle.

Examine your conscience

> “Every evening a monk should examine his conduct to see where he progressed and where he stumbled so that he can make a new beginning of repentance and correction.”
>
> When Elder Joseph did this, he would examine how his day had passed, where he had made mistakes, which passions were acting, which weaknesses were still an issue, and what thoughts had passed through his mind. He would ask himself, “Where am I slipping up? Ah, I am being negligent. In what way? Ah, I am not being careful with my mouth.”
>
> Whenever he found himself to be at fault, he would immediately seek forgiveness from God and be determined to correct himself and to make a new beginning with a strong fight against every passion the following day. His entire life was spent examining his conscience, obtaining its advice, and being obedient to it. In this manner, he was gradually freed from the passions and reached the point of not having his conscience condemn him in anything. This is what gave him boldness in prayer and assurance of going to Paradise.

A good time to do this is during your nightly prayer. Review the day’s deeds, words, and thoughts for future correction. Confess the sins you’re aware of, admonish how you fed your temptations small and large, and recognize any enmity you may have done to your neighbor. (The night prayer section of the Jordanville Prayer Book incorporates this for you.)

Avoid vain and idle talk

> Geronda taught us that silence is something ideal and is loftier than all other virtues. He said: “If we take a scale and put all the virtues on one side and silence on the other, the scale will tilt towards silence; for when a monk is silent

> for the right reason, he will be praying or contemplating divine things. When he is silent and prays, he will have compunction, mourning, tears, peace, and tranquility. When a person is silent, he does not criticize, talk idly, tell lies, slander, or speak about vain matters. Thus, his soul will acquire grace. Silence brings compunction; compunction brings tears; tears bring purification; and purification makes a person worthy to see God. He sees God by mystically perceiving Him in his heart, and he sees things that one could never dream of or describe."

It has become a challenge for me to converse with secular people. They are enthused and invigorated by sportsball, mainstream news, video games, comic book movies, and the newest technological devices. In order to maintain rapport with them, I have to feign interest in these topics, but that is becoming harder. I remain silent not as a tactic but because I have nothing to add, and so they ask me "What's wrong?" or explain that "I'm quiet," no doubt thinking to themselves that I've become a boring man compared to my exciting past when I was traveling around the world. I would have no problem admitting that I am boring, but speaking of matters that are not spiritual can only engage me for a short while. I much rather talk about our Creator and the spiritual battle we must engage in during this life.

You may have already been given mercy

> At first, we lived in Fr. Theophylactos's hut of the Holy Unmercenaries in New Skete, but we were not comfortable there. We heard that Father John was about to move away from new Skete, so we went to see if his hut would be suitable for us. When we walked in, we couldn't believe our eyes! With all the money Father John had earned through iconography, he had purchased the most luxurious amenities: sofas, fancy chandeliers, and even a gas-powdered refrigerator! Such things were unheard-of in those days on the Holy Mountain. When Geronda saw all this, he sadly said: "Can a monk living in a place like this say, 'Lord Jesus Christ, have mercy on me'? He has already received mercy! I don't believe that a person can say the prayer in here."

The Jesus Prayer is a mainstay of my prayer rule. I regularly ask God to have mercy on me, and I can confidently say to you that He has given me mercy. I am not in any material lack that makes this life unbearable and also have no spiritual lack which blocks my salvation. I experience the little trials, like everyone else, and am sometimes caught off-guard by a new method of demonic attack, but the mercy I ask for is being given to me daily. What can I complain about? What can I use as a pretext to forsake God from accepting the common delusion that He has forsaken me, like with so many lukewarm Christians who experienced a tough trial and then decided to blaspheme the Lord and abandon their faith? I'm sure my mind will soon find something to complain about, but I know that I have truly been given more mercy than I deserve.

Do not talk to the demons

> "When I tried to disprove the devil's claims by citing states of grace I had experienced, he refuted every one of them by attributing them to coincidence, human nature, delusion, circumstance, feelings, or by merely dismissing them as natural, non-existent, or demonic."
>
> […]
>
> "The primary goal of the devil is to undermine our faith so that he can ridicule us for having betrayed and denied God."

The demons are smarter and more advanced than you. They are experts at fallacious argumentation. If you get into a debate with them, they will simply widen the door to whatever doubt you're experiencing. Here's a relevant example from my book American Pilgrim, which coincidentally happened at the time of my visitation to Elder Ephraim's monastery in Arizona:

> Around the time I visited St. Anthony's, doubts began randomly popping into my mind. I would contemplate God's providence and then a thought would enter: "How do you know this is God's doing? It's just a coincidence." I would pray to Jesus Christ and a different thought would enter: "Jesus was just a man. Are you sure He even existed?" Now that I was finally getting a handle on my sexual temptations, I found myself in the midst of a new style of attack. The doubts were not convincing, and almost childish in nature, but they were distracting. Even before my reversion to the faith, I had deconstructed and discarded most atheistic beliefs, so I was surprised that the demons thought that type of attack could shake my faith. I'd just have to barrel through. When the doubts came, I'd recite the Jesus Prayer until they stopped. **I wouldn't get into a debate with the thoughts and open the door for the demons to converse with me.** I'd simply pray.

Turn away from the temptation and hold onto the truth of Jesus Christ that He already wrote on your heart. Labor against the temptation and soon God will cause the demons to scatter for a time, but be careful of needing to be re-convinced or re-persuaded of a truth that already came to you so vividly through the Holy Spirit upon repentance. God is not a salesman who must eternally convince you through miracles and signs—it's your responsibility to remember the truth and hold onto it until the end.

Conclusion

My Elder Joseph The Hesychast taught me that the more we dedicate ourselves to God, not only in spirit but also through daily labors, the closer we will feel his presence and grace. Unfortunately, we fill our days with so many distractions and worldly tasks that we give hardly any space for God to enter, and then when we are exhausted at the end of the day from what the world threw at us, we dedicate a paltry five or ten minutes before bedtime (if that) to give God His rightful thanks and worship through prayer. That is surely not enough time for monks and neither for us lay people as well. With the same

zeal we worship God on the Lord’s Day, we must also do the same on other days to reduce the domination that non-spiritual cares have on us. We may not be able to achieve the heights of Saint Joseph, but we can surely climb higher.

Learn More: *My Elder Joseph The Hesychast on Amazon*

Roosh Hour #65 – Milo Yiannopoulos

June 18, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I interview Milo Yiannopoulos about his ongoing repentance, living in the public limelight, Catholic vs Orthodox spiritual guidance, temptations, spiritual warfare, and a lot more.

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Watch Next: *Roosh Hour #64 – Baptism*

Modern Life Is A Managed Terror

June 21, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Modern man lives like a hospital patient. He endures while connected to various tubes and machines that pump him with air, medicine, and nutritional syrup, but as soon as medical intervention is removed, his real state of pain and illness is revealed, assuming he is able to survive. The illnesses of today are alleviated by the "treatment" of manufactured pleasures, distractions, and status schemes that dull the longing for God just long enough to hide the fact that the sick individual is spiritually dead.

The anxiety of today's man is so intense that his days must be enveloped by worldly distractions and games to give him enough meaning to proceed for another 24 hours. He wakes up, unrested, to reach immediately for the dopamine glow of the smartphone. He begins work for a company that has monetized for profit one or several human vices, and puts on the actor's mask of pretending to like his job and his transsexual coworkers with neon purple hair. He burns out his adrenal glands with several cups of coffee to push through mindless work tasks because he needs the money to sustain a lifestyle above his means that is necessary to distract him from a spiritual reality whose truth he refuses to accept. The smartphone is caressed dozens of times a day in the hopes a dating match will save him, or that a sexy nude picture from a new lover arrives to shove the mind into the gutter of lust. These solutions don't quite do it, so it's time to reach into the medicine cabinet for psychoactive drugs, or take microdoses of hard drugs, or munch on sugary unfood, and when that doesn't alleviate the pain, there's always marijuana and alcohol. And during all this, the eyes and ears are continually bombarded with entertainment in the form of electronic music, viral stories, outrages, and political news, and finally the nightly meal has arrived to be gorged on, and then some more entertainment and perhaps the night can be capped off with pornography, masturbation, sex, or a sleeping pill. All of this must be done to suspend the subconscious terror within that his soul has died, is dying, and will die, that it lives for absolutely nothing.

You landed at the top of a mountain, but it's cold and lonely. The air seems thin. You fear that you may perish, so you start the descent at a mild trot, but the slope is too steep. Now your feet are moving faster than you can handle, stomping one after the other, and it's just a matter of time until you lose control and tumble over, but you've reached a flat clearing and come to a stop. You turn back around and look at how far you've descended, but before the remembrance of God can enter your mind, you feel compelled to descend some more, to make sure you are safe with the others. A lifetime of descending to the very bottom of the valley, of going "with the flow," of taking the path of least resistance, of swallowing the medicine the doctor prescribed, of chasing the lie of "moderation," when all you had to do at the summit where you started was pound your chest in humility and yell, "Lord, have mercy on me!" You think the descent will stop at the valley, but you've been deceived—there is still much further to go. You've gone too far down and the devil takes away your will to climb back up, and so you continue to descend just to delay

the inevitable, thinking that maybe things will be okay in the end.

The soul is dying. The terror is spiritual. The more sex, drugs, and entertainments you seek, the more that reality is hidden from you. Your life becomes a carefully produced movie directed by Satan himself. He ensures your days are filled with activities that keep your gaze away from the ongoing descent, because all that is needed for you to change direction is to understand the truth that you are descending, to feel the terror of eternal judgment and be frightened by it, and then to look back up the mountain, throw away all of Satan's meaningless toys and distractions, and begin to climb back up.

Read Next: *Secular Lifestyles Create Ceaseless Anxiety*

The Orthodoxy Of Early Christian Writings

June 24, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

One thing I like about Orthodoxy is that it hasn't strayed from the teachings of the Church Fathers. To verify this, I dived into Early Christians Writings, a compendium of non-canonical epistles that aided the first few centuries of the Church. Most of the letters implore Christians to fervently follow Lord Jesus Christ while depending less on worldly matters. Below are my favorite passages from twelve different letters.

The First Epistle of Clement to the Corinthians

The resurrection is self-evident

> Think, my dear friends, how the Lord offers us proof after proof that there is going to be a resurrection, of which He has made Jesus Christ the first-fruits by raising Him from the dead. My friends, look how regularly there are processes of resurrection going on at this very moment. The day and the night show us an example of it; for night sinks to rest, and day arises; day passes away and night comes again. Or take the fruits of the earth; how, and in what way, does a crop come into being? When the sower goes out and drops each seed into the ground, it falls to the earth shriveled and bare, and decays; but presently the power of the Lord's providence raises it from decay, and from that single grain a host of others spring up and yield their fruit.

An atheist will often ask for "proof" of the existence of God. My instinct is just to wave my hand before our surroundings. To think that all this manifest order, especially within our own organismic being, came about accidentally and randomly, takes a greater level of faith than even I possess in God. All of this was created for us.

Co-working with God

> For the great cannot exist without the small, nor the small without the great. Every organism is composed of various different elements; and this ensures its own good. Take the body as an instance; the head is nothing without the feet, nor are the feet anything without the head. Even the smallest of our physical members are necessary and valuable to the whole body; yet all of them work together and observe a common subordination, so that the body itself is maintained intact.

> In Jesus Christ, then, let this corporate body of ours be likewise maintained intact, with each of us giving way to his neigbour in proportion to our spiritual gifts. The strong are not to ignore the weak, and the weak are to respect the strong. Rich men should provide for the poor and the poor should thank God for giving them somebody to supply their wants. If a man is wise, let him show his wisdom by good deeds, not by words; and if he is modest, let him leave others to speak of his modesty, instead of proclaiming it himself. Also, one who is physically chaste must not brag of it, knowing that the ability to control his desires has been given him by Another.

Such a passage confirms to me that we are not meant to save ourselves by living alone. My early idea to become a hermit in the Blue Ridge Mountains was—in hindsight—a temptation from the devil, because he knew he could easily deceive me while in an isolated state based on my rudimentary faith. It was in God's providence that I was ejected from the mountain before serious damage could be done. Consider that even our triune God is never alone, and that should be sufficient evidence to show that He intends for us to always be in spatial communion with other Christians.

Letter to the Ephesians (Ignatius)

Christian conduct

> The end of all things is near. From now onwards, then, we must bear ourselves with humility, and tremble at God's patience for fear it should turn into a judgement upon us. Let us either flee from His future wrath, or else embrace His present grace; no matter which, so long as we are found in Jesus Christ with our true life before us. Apart from him, nothing else should have any value in your eyes; but in Him, even these chains I wear are a collar of spiritual pearls to me, in which I hope to rise again through the help of your intercessions.

Do modern Christians live as if "nothing else should have any value in [their] eyes"? I have been called an "extremist" for my Orthodox acceptance of Christian teachings, and even a fellow Christian in my then Armenian Church scolded me for condemning pre-marital sex. People are entitled to their views, but I will trust the words of the Holy Fathers above that of a layman or online commentator.

Letter to the Magnesians (Ignatius)

Two different coinages

> All things must come to an end, and there are two alternatives before us. They are life and death; and every one of us will have to go to his own particular place. There are two different coinages, so to speak, in circulation, God's and the world's, each with its own distinctive marking. Unbelievers carry the stamp of the world; while the faithful in love bear the stamp of God the Father, through Jesus

> Christ. Unless we are ready and willing to die in conformity with His Passion, His life is not in us.

Some Christians say that as long as they have “faith” in Christ, which in practical terms is a one-time declaration of an emotional belief, they have no worry about going to heaven, but Lord Jesus Christ does proclaim that in the Day of Judgement He will turn away from many who called upon his name.

> “Not everyone who says to Me, ‘Lord, Lord,’ shall enter the kingdom of heaven, but he who does the will of My Father in heaven.” —Matthew 7:21

All Christians must continually examine how they live and ask themselves if they are faithfully carrying their Cross or instead dragging around bags of gold and silver as prized by the world.

Letter to the Trallians (Ignatius)

Cut off worldly fare

> And so I entreat you (not I, though, but the love of Jesus Christ) not to nourish yourselves on anything but Christian fare, and have no truck with the alien herbs of heresy. There are men who in the very act of assuring you of their good faith will mingle poison with Jesus Christ; which is like offering a lethal drug in a cup of honeyed wine, so that the unwitting victim blissfully accepts his own destruction with a fatal relish.

I try to minimize how much modern entertainment I consume. The catchy beats of pop music may delight my ears but they implant secular messages into my soul. The fast-paced action and aggressive editing of a Hollywood action movie will stimulate my senses but suck me into matters of the world. I see no spiritual benefit in subjecting myself to creations of non-Christians when there is a lifetime’s worth of Christian-friendly content in the form of books, articles, podcasts, videos, hymns, and classical music that will not pull me away from God.

Letter to the Romans (Ignatius)

Surmount all barriers between you and Lord Jesus Christ

> This is the first stage of my discipleship; and no power, visible or invisible, must grudge me my coming to Jesus Christ. Fire, cross, beast-fighting, hacking and quartering, splintering of bone and mangling of limb, even the pulverizing of my entire body—let every horrid and diabolical torment come upon me, provided only that I can win my way to Jesus Christ!
>
> […]
>
> All the ends of the earth, all the kingdoms of the world would be of no profit to

> me; so far as I am concerned, to die in Jesus Christ is better than to be monarch of earth's widest bounds. He who died for us is all that I seek; he who rose again for us is my whole desire. The pangs of birth are upon me; have patience with me, my brothers, and do not shut me out from life, do not wish me to be still born.

While Ignatius would embrace every torment, I cannot even bear being stuck behind a slow driver on the road. I get upset when a neighbor plays loud urban music and I can barely contain my irritation when my mother calls me when I'm in the middle of a work task. Satan knows my desire for transient peace and comfort and will use it against me unless I can learn to endure all slights and irritations, no matter the severity, in preparation for the days of direct persecution of my faith.

Letter to the Philadelphians (Ignatius)

Never listen to Jews

> All the same, if anyone should make use of them to propound Judaism to you, do not listen to him. Better hear talk of Christianity from a man who is circumcised than of Judaism from one who is not—though in my judgment both of them alike, if they fail to preach Jesus Christ, are no more than tombstones and graves of the dead, which limit their inscriptions to the names of mere mortal men. Shun such knavish wiles and snares of the prince of this world, or else his arts will wear you down and weaken your life.

I suspect that, like myself, you will have no problem obeying this command.

Letter to Polycarp (Ignatius)

Endure to the end

> So in all circumstances be *wise as the serpent*, though always *harmless as the dove*. The very reason you are given a body as well as a soul is to help you to gain the favour of this outward and visible world; though at the same time you must also pray for insight into the invisible world as well, so that you may come short of nothing and the whole treasury of the Sprit may be yours. Crucial times like these need you, as the barque needs a helmsman or the storm-tossed mariner a haven, if men are ever to find their way to God. So be strict with yourself, like a good athlete of God. The prize, as well you know, is immortality and eternal life.
>
> […]
>
> You must not let yourself be upset by those who put forward their perverse teachings so plausibly. Stand your ground with firmness, like an anvil under the hammer. The mark of a true champion is to stand up to punishment and still

> come off victorious. It is our duty, particularly when it is in God's cause, to accept trials of all kinds, if we ourselves are to be accepted by Him. So redouble your efforts, and watch out for every opportunity; but also keep your eyes on Him who has no need of opportunities, being outside all time.

It is likely to happen to you that the higher you spiritually climb, the more severe the attacks from Satan. Don't be discouraged by these attacks, for if you were firmly on the path to hell, Satan would not interfere with your conduct. Simply remember that God is always with you, and pray fervently and hold onto your Cross when attacked by evil.

Epistle of Polycarp to the Philippians

Do not love mammon

> It moves me to warn you earnestly against any excessive fondness for money, and to insist upon your absolute probity and integrity. You must keep yourselves from the slightest taint of wrong. If a man has no control over himself in matters of this sort, how can he possibly preach it to anything else? If he fails to rise above the love of money, he will find himself corrupted by the worship of his idol, and be classed with the heathen who know nothing of the Divine judgement.

The Martyrdom of Polycarp

Dying for Christ

> But indeed all the other martyrdoms that God willed to take place (we must be careful to ascribe all things to His governance) were blessed and noble. No one could fail to admire their high-hearted endurance, and the love they showed for their Master. Some of them were so cut to pieces by the scourges that their very vitals were plainly exposed to view, down to the inmost veins and arteries; and yet they still bore up, until even the bystanders were moved to tears of pity for them. Others displayed such heroism that not a cry or a groan escaped from any of them; which seemed a clear proof to us all that in that hour of anguish those martyr-heroes of Christ were not present in the body at all—or better still, that the Lord was standing at their side and holding them in talk. So it was that, with all their thoughts absorbed in the grace of Christ, they made light of the cruelties of this world, and at the cost of a single hour purchased for themselves life everlasting.

I previously thought that one had to train for martyrdom as if training at the gym. First I had to endure a little bit of persecution, perhaps first by refusing an X-ray body scan at the airport, and then withstand being yelled at inside the supermarket for not wearing a face mask, and then maybe I had to confront a government official when he levied an unjust tax upon me, and from that I could gradually increase my strength to resist until facing whatever final martyrdom God has selected for me, but I can now see the folly of

this scheme: I'm attempting to call upon my own strength instead of God's strength. I would be building myself up instead of building up my faith to receive through prayer and direct worship any necessary divine help when the final hour arrives.

There will be martyrs in our time who lived their life on this earth as harmless as doves, who did not "train" to be a fighter, and their courage will astound us because nothing outward about them would have suggested that they were capable of acting in such a holy way, but that's how I believe it will proceed. My fleshly strength is puny compared to what God can grant me, so I will simply serve His will and await his command and the grace that He wants to bestow upon me.

Polycarp refused to renounce his Lord

> The Governor, however, still went on pressing him. "Take the oath, and I will let you go', he told him. 'Revile your Christ.' Polycarp's' reply was, 'Eighty and six years have I served Him, and He has done me no wrong. How then can I blaspheme my King and my Savior?'
>
> […]
>
> So they left out the nailing, and tied him instead. Bound like that, with his hands behind him he was like a noble ram taken out of some great flock for sacrifice: a goodly burnt-offering all ready for God. Then he cast his eyes up to heaven and said:
>
> 'O Lord God Almighty, Father of thy blessed and beloved Son Jesus Christ, through whom we have been given knowledge of thyself; Thou art the God of angels and powers, of the whole creation, and of all the generation of the righteous who live in thy sight. I bless thee for granting me this day and hour, that I may be numbered amongst the martyrs, to share the cup of thine Anointed and to rise again unto life everlasting, both in body and soul, in the immortality of the Holy Spirit. May I be received among them this day in thy presence, a sacrifice rich and acceptable, even as thou didst appoint and foreshow, and dost now being it to pass, for thou art the God of truth and in thee is no falsehood. For this, and for all else besides, I praise thee, I bless thee, I glorify thee; through our eternal High Priest in Heaven, thy beloved Son Jesus Christ, by whom and with whom be glory to thee and the Holy Ghost, now and for all ages to come. Amen.'.

The difference between us and the secular world is that we have something to die for. Their passions and desires are not worth dying for; they're not even worth enduring a day of irritation or soreness, so they must flee from death whenever they glimpse the scythe. They must plead with the doctors and drug companies to take away disease and the effects of aging; they must get on their hands and knees and beg Satan to spend just one more day on an earth that will soon pass away, but as Christians we don't flee from death but look forward to it, because like happened with our Savior, we know that death is not the end but the beginning, and what a joy it will be to pass the test of a life surrounded

by corruption to live beside God as He intended when He created all.

Polycarp Burnt.

Epistle to Diognetus

This world is not our home

> The difference between Christians and the rest of mankind is not a matter of nationalist, or language, or customs. Christians do no live apart in separate cities of their own, speak any special dialect, nor practice any eccentric way of life. The doctrine they profess is not the invention of busy human minds and brains, nor are they, like some, adherents of this or that school of human thought. They pass their lives in whatever township—Greek or foreign—each man's lot has determined; and comfort to ordinary local usage in their clothing, diet, and other habits. Nevertheless, the organization of their community does exhibit some features that are remarkable, and even surprising. For instance, though they are residents at home in their own countries, their behavior there is more like that of transients; they take their full part as citizens, but they also submit to anything and everything as if they were aliens. For them, any foreign country is a motherland, and any motherland is a foreign country. Like other men, they marry and beget children, though they don't expose their infants. Any Christian is free to share his neighbour's table, but never his marriage-bed. Though destiny has placed them here in the flesh, they don't live after the flesh; their days are passed on the earth, but their citizenship is above in the heavens. They obey the prescribes laws, but in their own private lives they transcend the laws. They show love to all men—and all men persecute them. They are misunderstood, and condemned; yet by suffering death they are quickened into life. They are poor,

> yet making many rich; lacking all things, yet having all things in abundance. They are dishonoured, yet made glorious in their very dishonour; slandered, yet vindicated. They repay calumny with blessings, and abuse with courtesy. For the good they do, they suffer stripes as evildoers; and under the strokes they rejoice like men given new life. Jews assail them as heretics, and Greeks harass them with persecutions; and yet of all their ill-wishers there is not one who can produce good grounds for his hostility.

This excerpt from the Epistle to Diognetus, written by an anonymous author, describes the type of Christian I aim to be.

God's bounty for us

> For God, though Lord and Architect of the whole world, who made and set in order each single thing that is, was something more than loving towards mankind, He was long-suffering as well. (So He has always been, and is still, and ever shall be: merciful, kind, slow to anger, and true; there is none so good as He.) He conceived a design, great and beyond all telling, and He imparted it to none but His Son alone. (And so long as He maintained this secrecy, and kept His own wise counsel, it seemed as though he had no care for us and had put us out of His mind; but as soon as He disclosed it, through His beloved Son, and revealed what had been planned since the beginning, then straightway He poured out all the fullness of His bounty upon us, permitting us to share His benefactions and to see and know such blessings as none of us could ever have looked for.)
>
> […]
>
> God loves the race of men. It was for their sakes that He made the world; it was to them that He gave dominion over everything in it. On them He bestowed reason and understanding, and they alone received permission to lift up their eyes to Him. He formed them in His own image; He sent His only-begotten Son to them; He promised them the kingdom of heaven, and to those who have loved Him He will surely give it. Once you have grasped these truths, think how your joy will overflow, and what love you will feel for Him who loved you son. And if you love Him, you will become an imitator of His goodness. Do not be surprised that a man should be an imitator of God; he can, since God has willed it so.

It can be hard to understand God's love, especially during times of tribulation and suffering, but it had to be this way and no other. Your mind, your feeble brain, thinks it knows a better method from which this world could have come unto itself, but just one microscopic alteration from what God created would have rendered this planet a hell.

In American politics, the Q meme implored citizens to "Trust the plan" as presented by an anonymous man who has inside knowledge within the government, but I say trust no man except the God-man Jesus Christ.

Epistle of Barnabas

Avoid that which is a detriment to your salvation

> What we must do, then, is to survey the present situation in all its aspects, and see which of them offers assurance of salvation for us. Let us keep ourselves with the utmost strictness from any kind of wrongdoing; otherwise wrongdoing will get the better of us. Let there be hatred in us for the errors of this world, so that there may be love for us in the world to come. We must not give such rein to our natural instincts that we feel ourselves free to mix at will with rogues and sinners, or we shall only grow to resembles them ourselves.

I have been learning to avoid my natural instinct. It is almost always one of anger, judgment, and mockery. If you needle or test me, I will respond with the whip, not with love. If you disagree with me in front of others, I will spit venom back at you even if you may be right. How can I possibly reform this malformed instinct when it is so deep-rooted within me? By not using it. I have been training myself to *stop* and *think* during those times my instinct has already prepared to respond with sharp words and emotion, and to let that moment of silence fill with God's urgings to respond in a way that He sees fit. I testify to you that it was easier to stop fornicating overnight, after a lifetime addiction to it, than it is to reign in my tongue in moments my ego is pierced.

The stubborn power of unbelief

> …for Moses had hardly received [the covenant] when they [the Jews] forfeited it for ever. What Scripture tells us is, *Moses was in the mount forty days and forty nights fasting, and he received the covenant from the Lord: tables of stone, written upon by the finger of the Lord*. But because they then turned aside after idols, they lost it. The Lord's words were, *Moses, Moses, make haste and get down, for the people you brought out of Egypt have broken my law.* Moses understood, and threw down the two tables he was holding; and that Covenant of theirs was smashed to pieces, so that the seal of the Covenant of Jesus the Beloved might be stamped on our own hearts, together with the hope that accompanies faith in Him.

I can't be the only one who feels that a word or two spoken of God merely bounces off a friend or relative like a basketball off concrete, and that perhaps it's better not to mention any word at all, but the finger of God has been written directly onto our hearts, and we display his markings for all to see, hidden within a world of exciting jingles and flashing lights, but I insist that if just one soul is reached by our humble declarations, it is all worthwhile, for how much of a spiritual benefit it is for you to nudge one man or one woman onto the path of eternal life?

The Didache

Give alms without expecting a return

> Give to everyone that asks, without looking for any repayment, for it is the Father's pleasure that we should share His gracious bounty with all men. A giver who gives freely, as the commandment directs, is blessed; no fault can be found with him. But woe to the taker; for though he cannot be blamed for taking if he was in need, yet if he was not, an account will be required of him as to why he took it, and for what purpose, and he will be taken into custody and examined about his action, and he will not get out of until he has paid the last penny. The old saying is in point here: 'Let your alms grow damp with sweat in your hand, until you know who it is you are giving them to.'
>
> […]
>
> Do not be like those who reach out to take, but draw back when the time comes for giving. If the labour of your hands has been productive, your giving will be a random for sins. Give without hesitating and without grumbling, and you will see Whose generosity will requite you. Never turn away the needy; share all your possessions with your brother, and do not claim that anything is your own. If you and he are joint participators in things immortal, how much more so in things that are mortal?

I confess that I do not know how to give alms. Should I donate monthly to good causes? Should I volunteer at a homeless shelter or food pantry? Should I visit the elderly sick in hospices? I hope God reveals to me how I can better love my neighbor.

Daily guidance for all Christians

> Keep away from every bad man, my son, and from all his kind. Never give way to anger, for anger leads to homicide. Likewise refrain from fanaticism, quarrelling, and hot-temperedness, for these two can breed homicide.
>
> Beware of lust, my son, for lust leads to fornication. Likewise refrain from unclean talk and the roving eye, for these two can breed adultery.
>
> Do not be always looking for omens, my son, for this leads to idolatry. Likewise have nothing to do with witchcraft, astrology, or magi; do not even consent to be a witness of such practices, for they too can all breed idolatry.
>
> Tell no lies, my son, for lying leads to theft. Likewise do not be over-anxious to be rich or to be admired, for these too can breed thievishness.
>
> Do not be a grumbler, my son, for this leads to blasphemy. Likewise do not be too opinionated, and do not harbour thoughts of wickedness, for these too can breed blasphemy.
>
> Learn to be meek, for the meek are to inherit the earth. School yourself to

> forbearance, compassion, guilelessness, calmness, and goodness; and never forget to respect the teaching you have had.
>
> Do not parade your own merits, or allow yourself to behave presumptuously, and do not make a point of associating with person of eminence, but choose the companionship of honest and humble folk.
>
> Accept as good whatever experience comes your way, in the knowledge that nothing can happen without God.

This hits on all the most important points of what it means to be a Christian not of this world.

Beware of false prophets who need money

> If any prophet, speaking in the spirit, says, 'Give me money (or anything else)', do not listen to him. On the other hand, if he bids you give it to someone else who is in need, nobody should criticize him.

I'm instantly reminded of Joel Osteen and my visit to his church in Houston. Via American Pilgrim:

> After a series of songs, Joel came on the stage and delivered an impromptu prayer. I was so far from him that I had to watch on the Jumbotron screen. He asked God to bless everyone in the stadium and those watching from home. Then the pitch came. Joel had a problem: he needed more money. You see, his program was currently shown on 20 television markets, but now there was an opportunity to be on 40 markets, and they wouldn't put him on in the dead of night like usual but right after the nightly news. He would go on during primetime! He had already paid $4 million to take advantage of this opportunity, but he needed $10 million more.
>
> Surely the crowd would be turned off by him discussing money matters before the sermon, on the Lord's Day no less, but they clapped loudly, cheering him on. Joel exclaimed that his opportunity was their own, because if he was able to expand his reach and save more people through television, God would bless the entire congregation with good health and financial stability. But those blessings could come only if they donated more by "stretching your faith," as Joel put it, a euphemism for "stretching your wallet." His wife and two other speakers came on to stress how they must take advantage of the television opportunity, because it was a way for everyone to get closer to God. The parishioners agreed. When dozens of large plastic buckets circulated throughout the stadium, they gave generously indeed.

While all Orthodox churches I've been to hand out collection plates, their pitches have been so muted that the capitalist in me instinctually wants to suggest ways for them to maximize their revenue. There are fundraisers in these churches, for sure, but the lack of

urgency in soliciting donations compared to their Protestant counterparts who insist on a 10% tithe makes it clear to me that Orthodoxy is not mainly about monetization. Not once in the countless Orthodox sermons I've heard has a priest suggested to the flock that they would receive a benefit from donating to their church, and so I must conclude that the coinage of Caesar is used only as a fiduciary tool to spread the Gospel, not the final end.

Conclusion

This is not an easy book. Sometimes you have to slog through many pages before you encounter text that ignites your soul, but this is an absolutely essential read for all Christians because the authors were closer to the pure faith and therefore Christ than us woeful beings who have happened to be born in a technological era where Satan's inverted system is on the verge of worldwide perfection. I consider it a minor miracle that these texts have even been preserved for us to read, but preserved they have and for such a trivial price, so while you won't find it at the top of the "Christian bestsellers" list, and while the cover does nothing to arouse your eyes, I implore you to dive into this book and at least feel for a couple of hours the faith of those who followed Lord Jesus Christ both to the letter and to the spirit in anticipation of living the blessed life to come.

Learn More: *Early Christian Writings on Amazon*

14 Things I Learned As A Construction Worker In Alabama

June 28, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Last fall I stayed in Alabama for one month to work in home construction. During that month, I gained more construction experience than my previous 41 years of life, which consisted mostly of assembling Ikea furniture and nailing things to the wall. This blue-collar job was given to me at a stage of my life where I desire to own a home, so I took the work seriously and contemplated on the experience after it was over. Here are fourteen things I learned…

1. Nothing fits the first time around

You can sum up construction as "forcing things to fit that don't want to fit together." You can take your time, be methodical, and measure diligently with your tape, but when it comes time to lay down a counter or build stairs for a deck, the pieces won't fit. Then you have to figure out how to make the thing fit, either by cutting some more, using a wood shim, or pounding it into place with your fists of rage.

As a perfectionist, I dislike how construction work is more an art than a science. In fact, my writing is more of a science because I am able to methodically examine the purpose of every word in every article or book before releasing it to an audience knowing that it is perfect based on my ability, but in construction the standard is often "that's good enough" before moving on to the next task that will also be impossible to get perfect.

2. It’s okay to mess up

Mistakes happen all the time. Whenever you hear an outburst of profanity then one of your coworkers just made an error, and you hear profanity all day long. Construction is not a baking recipe where if you add the wrong amount of ingredients, your bread won’t rise properly. In fact, a good chunk of the workday is correcting your mistakes or correcting the mistakes of the contractor who tried to do the work before you.

The biggest hurdle I had to doing my own construction work was the fear that I would mess up. Now I see that as a big laugh. Even the experts mess up, so the perfectionist in me officially died in Alabama.

3. There is no one right way to complete a job

There is no field manual to complete a job. You attack a task based on your experience and the tools you have on hand. The more experience and the better tools you have, the more likely you will complete the job quickly with the fewest mistakes. When you're learning on the job like I was, you observe a variety of techniques and then pick the most efficient ones to incorporate into your skillset.

Funnily enough, the one time there was a field manual on a job (to build an outdoor gazebo from a kit), the foreman didn't like the instructions and modified it based on his experience, which ended up saving us time. Even a detailed instruction manual is just one way of getting things done.

4. Blue-collar men are not college-educated

I don’t remember meeting any college-educated men on the sites I worked at. When I got hired, the second-in-command looked at the boss and exclaimed, “We’re hiring former scientists now.” What the workers lacked in book knowledge they made up for in practical experience.

I noticed that blue-collar men process information and content differently than my college-educated peers. The attention spans of the former are not trained to read dense books or listen to long podcasts packed with information; they much prefer shorter snippets and sound bites to get to the essential truth of the matter, which I imagine is why politicians and corporations create memorable slogans. Blue-collar workers also don’t waste time participating in political activism or getting to the bottom of intricate cultural issues. They don’t have a vague mission to “spread the truth” or “improve society.” They care more about getting through the day and then getting paid on Friday. They hate communism, love guns, smoke cigarettes, chew tobacco, engage in more direct communication without a labored sensitivity for other people’s feelings, are more masculine, are less politically correct, like making fun of gays, and curse in every other uttered sentence, if not every sentence.

5. Working outside is harder than working inside

When you’re working outside, you’re more likely to be digging holes, carrying very heavy things, serving as a blood meal for bugs, or on the verge of passing out from baking in the sun. By comparison, the hardest part of indoor work is bending down repeatedly. Digging holes in the summer heat really is the worst.

6. Workers break every safety rule in the book

Before using a new tool, I like to educate myself with safety videos on YouTube so that I

don’t injure myself. The men I worked with never followed these rules, and actually invented new ways of using tools that were rather dangerous. One example is the “standing cut,” whereby a man takes a piece of wood, braces it against his bent right leg, then uses a circular saw to cut it. When it came to eye protection, the most common form was squint goggles, which as you may surmise is the act of squinting while sawdust is flying at your face. I was the only person on the job who ever used ear protection, and I figure the other guys thought I was a sissy for doing so.

The worst injury I saw on site was a man who dropped a heavy piece of metal on his foot. He wailed in pain for some time, almost to the point of tears. When I suggested he get emergency medical treatment, the foreman looked at me and said, “Roosh, I know you’re trying to be helpful, but he’ll be fine.” Sure enough, he resumed work a few minutes later.

7. Construction is a matter of time as much as skill

Most construction jobs can be done by any man possessing an IQ of 95, at a level comparable to the pros. As long as you study a handful of YouTube tutorials and be patient, you can complete a job that looks great, but the reason most people don’t do it themselves is because of time. Your lack of experience and skill means it will take you weeks to paint your house while the pros can do it in a couple of days. If you tell me to build an outdoor deck right now, I’m confident I could do it, but it would take me forever.

Construction isn’t rocket science. If you can assemble Ikea furniture then you can theoretically build stairs. In the future, I’ll probably do smaller home jobs on my own and hire out the bigger ones.

8. Building is more fun than finishing

Building is when you buy the raw materials from Home Depot, devise a plan, cut all the required pieces, and then put it together, such as a deck or even a house. There is a lot of room for error and you don’t have to pay much attention to detail. Finishing is when you’re painting, adding trim, caulking, touching-up, or otherwise doing a task that will make the outer layer finished and visible to the world. The latter is far more monotonous and boring because you can be doing the exact same task for hours on end, whereas building is composed of more tasks and variety. On the plus side, finishing is generally easier for an inexperienced worker because of its simplicity.

9. Your body is either built for manual labor or it’s not

My physical energy decreased every week while on the job with no hope of recovery. The 100+ equivalent squats I was doing each day caused my legs to feel numb at night. I was so tired that I didn't even have the energy to read. I figured that for every four weeks I worked, I would need at least two weeks off.

Compare that to men who have been in this line of work for decades. There was one man in his fifties who had never seen a gym in his life. He drank heavily, smoke, and ate fast food every meal, yet he could run laps around me. A weekend of hard partying actually had the effect of *increasing* his energy. Many men who did not look physically impressive were able to maintain consistent output while I faltered because of my fragile constitution.

If I had to pay the bills, I have no doubt I could work construction indefinitely, but it would come at a cost of all other areas of my life, including my intellectual work. I wonder if the job we're currently doing is the job we're meant to do, and the fact that so many of us have comfortable desk jobs may be an indication of how weak men of our generation have become.

10. You don't need the right tool (but it sure does help)

Home construction is a mobile job. You drive to a person’s home with the right materials and tools and then get to work, but you can only fit so many tools inside a truck. This means that you have to visualize the job beforehand and decide which tools you need, but you will always forget something, and when you do, it doesn’t make much sense to leave the job and spend an hour or two retrieving the tool you need. Improvisation is common.

I have witnessed water bottles being used as paint buckets and power drills used as hammers. One task I was assigned to called for using a clothing iron to melt a strip of adhesive attached to Formica. We did not have an iron, but we did have a hairdryer for some reason, so I used that instead. You will never have all the tools you need.

11. There is too much drone work

The more skilled you are, the less drone work you do, because it wouldn't make sense for the foreman to mop the floors when the guy making the least amount (me) could do it, but even the most skilled worker did lowly things like hauling trash to a dumpster or digging holes. That said, if toilets had to be cleaned, like was the case one afternoon, the job went to me, and so I cleaned the toilets. Even the owner of the company got his hands dirty, usually when it came to meeting an urgent deadline. Your ability to get the job done mattered more than your perceived status of being above this type of work or that.

12. Your mind begins to obsess about lunch, quitting time, and the weekend

For the first week on the job, I was genuinely interested in all the work I was doing, but by the third week, all I could think about was lunch, and when lunch was over, all I could think about was going home. All my fantasies started to revolve around the times I knew I wouldn't have to work, because the work itself wasn't fun. Every cool thing I learned on the job was surrounded by hours of drone work. For my coworkers, the weekends were time to let loose and live it up to unwind the tension from working manual labor all week. They would sometimes scandalize me with stories come Monday.

13. The favorite music of your co-workers can drive you crazy

A few of my coworkers needed to listen to music while working, either rock, country, or hip hop. Rock was tolerable, especially if it was the oldies station. Country music was intolerable, because all of the songs were about a guy who couldn’t imagine living without this one amazing woman in his life. Maybe old country music displayed genuine masculinity, but modern country is idolatrous slop.

Hip-hop music was the worst. I wanted to take the power drills laying around and apply them to my brain to stop the pain from the incredibly stupid and disgusting lyrics. I could forge through country music, but during the hours of hip hop, I relied on prayer to distract me from the assault on my ears. I preferred working in silence, especially if we were outside, so that I could hear the birds. They were my preferred music.

14. Construction is not worth doing financially unless you develop a specialty or trade

I imagine that entry-level construction is the hardest way to make money. Your pay hardly increases with years on the job (partially thanks to the flood of unskilled immigrant labor), there are no benefits like health care, and if your body wears out, you will be in dire straights. Unless you are a college student looking for a short-term job, I can't advise it.

To make a blue-collar job worth your while, you should receive training and focus on a specialty. Better to become a carpenter, plumber, electrician, car mechanic, or some other trade where a hungry Central American worker who just arrived in the country can't immediately compete against you. These jobs still require a heavy bodily investment but less than a grunt worker. You use more of your mind and get paid way more.

Another option is to start as a grunt worker, gain experience over a few years, and then start your own contracting company. From observing my boss, there is a lot of stress involved in owning a firm since you are responsible for both employees and demanding clients, but you can achieve a comfortable middle-class lifestyle. I did notice that heavy smoking and drinking are common among men who work construction.

Conclusion

I can admit that I had a romanticized view of manual labor. It has been easy for me to advise other men to pursue a trade while I sit at a desk all day, but now that I see the intense bodily involvement, I can't advise it for men who don't have a sturdy physical constitution. If you're a dainty cosmopolitanite like me, you will wear your body out before retirement and have to pursue another line of work.

Even though I'm not cut out for manual labor, it was more fulfilling to me as a man. My body was used more in line with its intention from creation and I slept better than I ever have. I enjoyed the comradery with salt-of-the-earth men where I did not have to speak with a filter in case I offended a female coworker who would then rat me out to Human Resources. If I could develop a specialty where the physical labor component was eased

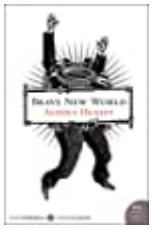
somewhat, I believe I could perform this type of work to earn my daily bread, but it looks like God has given me a different gift.

Construction may not be for every man, but if you have the opportunity to try it for a short while, I recommend it. You will work as men of old did, perhaps like those of your ancestry, and experience a different side of your nature that is concealed from you while working the comfortable jobs of modern times.

Read Next: *6 Things I Learned From Camping Alone*

A World Where You Will Love Your Servitude

July 1, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



I decided to reread Aldous Huxley's Brave New World not long after reviewing his nonfiction work Brave New World Revisited. I wondered if our society has made "progress" on achieving Huxley's dystopian vision, and to that I can answer in the affirmative. In only a decade we have wholeheartedly descended into a level of slavery and hedonistic savagery that even Huxley did not imagine.

You will enjoy being a slave

> A really efficient totalitarian state would be one in which the all-powerful executive of political bosses and their army of managers control a population of slaves who do not have to be coerced, because they love their servitude.

This excerpt is from the author's forward. Huxley was close with his prediction: approximately half of the population loves their servitude, and will attack you directly for not loving servitude like them, but as for the other half, a 1984 style of ad hoc boot-on-your-face tyranny managed by AI drones and deranged transsexuals will have to do. No one will escape their grasp.

Standard-issue humans

> "Bokanovsky's Process is one of the major instruments of social stability!"
>
> Major instruments of social stability.
>
> Standard men and women; in uniform batches. The whole of a small factory staffed with the products of a single bokanovskified egg.
>
> "Ninety-six identical twins working ninety-six identical machines!" The voice was almost tremulous with enthusiasm. "You really know where you are. For the first time in history." He quoted the planetary motto. "Community, Identity, Stability." Grand words. "If we could bokanovskify indefinitely the whole problem would be solved."
>
> Solved by standard Gammas, unvarying Deltas, uniform Epsilons. Millions of identical twins. The principle of mass production at last applied to biology.

This feat has been achieved not with biology but standardized education, entertainment, and news. Wherever I went in the United States on my grand tour, I repeatedly observed archetypes of the same individual. The atheist enthroned to lust on the West Coast is

similar to his counterpart on the East Coast. The lukewarm Christian who fell for the prosperity Gospel in the South is the same as one in the Midwest. Even the same corporations were present nationwide, meaning that everyone consumed the same products, and since very few people seek out old books to add variety to the modern propaganda their brain receives, most Americans seem to be converging into one standard type of human, and this applies even to both sexes which are converging upon an androgynous form that denies the very basis of nature.

Pre-destination of the young

> "The surrogate goes round slower; therefore passes through the lung at longer intervals; therefore gives the embryo less oxygen. Nothing like oxygen-shortage for keeping an embryo below par." Again he rubbed his hands.
>
> "But why do you want to keep the embryo below par?" asked an ingenuous student.
>
> "Ass!" said the Director, breaking a long silence. "Hasn't it occurred to you that an Epsilon embryo must have an Epsilon environment as well as an Epsilon heredity?"
>
> […]
>
> Hot tunnels alternated with cool tunnels. Coolness was wedded to discomfort in the form of hard X-rays. By the time they were decanted the embryos had a horror of cold. They were predestined to emigrate to the tropics, to be miners and acetate silk spinners and steel workers. Later on their minds would be made to endorse the judgment of their bodies. "We condition them to thrive on heat," concluded Mr. Foster. "Our colleagues upstairs will teach them to love it."
>
> "And that," put in the Director sententiously, "that is the secret of happiness and virtue-liking what you've got to do. All condition aims at that: making people like their unescapable social destiny."

The regime wants to predestine you to servitude. The force that directs and steers the regime, Satan, wants to predestine you to hell. Children are now wearing face masks that limit their oxygen intake. Fetuses will be subject to their mother's decision to be injected with experimental mRNA serums. And just wait until people rush to have their DNA modified to "improve mental performance" or implant themselves with a neuro-brain chip that Elon Musk swears is safe. Before children even have a chance to exert their free will, their bodies will be poisoned and mutilated, but I have no doubt that God will make accommodations for this devilry and allow everyone to choose whether or not they want to be saved.

Attack on monogamy

> "But seriously," she said, "I really do think you ought to be careful. It's such horribly bad form to go on and on like this with one man. At forty, or thirty-five, it

> would be so bad. But at your age, Lenina! No, it really won't do. And you know how strongly the D.H.C. objects to anything intense or long-drawn. Four months of Henry Foster, without having another man-why, he'd be furious if he knew…"
>
> "Of course there's no need to give him up. Have somebody else from time to time, that's all. He has other girls, doesn't he?"
>
> Lenina admitted it.
>
> […]
>
> Lenina shook her head. "Somehow," she mused, "I hadn't been feeling very keen on promiscuity lately. There are times when one doesn't. Haven't you found that too, Fanny?"
>
> Fanny nodded her sympathy and understanding. "But one's got to make the effort," she said, sententiously, "one's got to play the game. After all, everyone one belongs to every one else."
>
> "Yes, every one belongs to every one else," Lenina repeated slowly and, sighing, was silent for a moment; then, taking Fanny's hand, gave it a little squeeze. "You're quite right, Fanny. As usual. I'll make the effort."
>
> […]
>
> "But it's absurd to let yourself get into a state like this. Simply absurd," she repeated "And what about? A man—one man."
>
> "But he's the one I want."
>
> "As though there weren't millions of other men in the world."
>
> "But I don't want them."
>
> "How can you know till you've tried?"
>
> "I have tried."
>
> "But how many?" asked Fanny, shrugging her shoulders contemptuously. "One, two?"
>
> "Dozens. But," shaking her head, "it wasn't any good," she added.
>
> "Well, you must persevere," said Fanny sententiously.
>
> […]
>
> The lift was crowded with men from the Alpha Changing Rooms, and Lenina's entry was greeted by many friendly nods and smiles. She was a popular girl and, at one time or another, had spent a night with almost all of them.

The propagandists of Brave New World drilled ideas of promiscuity into sleeping children (hypnopaedia), ensuring that every male and female would be a fornicator upon adulthood. We are worse off: promiscuity is drilled into us while we are awake. In the novel, Lenina's conscience urged her to pursue only one man, the traditional "savage," but her friend repeatedly tried to convince her out of it.

Are the above passages so out of place among women of our times? The demonic "you

go girl” meme of feminism pushes females into having multiple sex partners to not only deaden their conscience but to reduce the possibility of ever having children. You only need two decades of intense propaganda on an adult female to completely destroy her ability to ever have children. Soon, I predict that single women in their 40s and beyond will become such a danger that we will have to protect real mothers from their wrathful physical assaults. These women will “go postal” by attacking what they do not have.

Slaves prefer their slavery

> “But do you like being slaves?” the Savage was saying as they entered the Hospital. His face was flushed, his eyes bright with ardour and indignation. “Do you like being babies? Yes, babies. Mewling and puking,” he added, exasperated by their bestial stupidity into throwing insults at those he had come to save. The insults bounced off their carapace of thick stupidity; they stared at him with a blank expression of dull and sullen resentment in their eyes.”

When people choose their slavery by choice, they will attack you if you call them a slave. They are blind to their own slavery and so will come to believe that the free man is the real slave.

The one who doesn’t want to get the vaccine is a slave to “conspiracy theories”; he’s a slave to “lies” that were satisfactorily fact-checked on all of the regime’s news outlets. The one who doesn’t embrace same-sex marriage and public sodomy actually have low intelligence—the regime’s best scientists say so (quite literally). You can unlock all prison doors confining the useful idiots of the state and they will merely curse you and lock themselves back in.

Year Zero must be achieved

> “But why is [the book] prohibited? ” asked the Savage. In the excitement of meeting a man who had read Shakespeare he had momentarily forgotten everything else.
>
> The Controller shrugged his shoulders. “Because it’s old; that’s the chief reason. We haven’t any use for old things here.”
>
> “Even when they’re beautiful?”
>
> “Particularly when they’re beautiful. Beauty’s attractive, and we don’t want people to be attracted by old things. We want them to like the new ones.”

It’s hard to be successful with social engineering that pushes degeneracy when citizens still possess traditional beliefs of old. The aim of every revolution is to destroy as many traditional beliefs as possible to create a societal mob of humans whose brains have been washed of notions that conflict with the goals of the current regime, as if they were MK Ultra zombies. What we have to ask, either within our generation or the next, is what will happen if they manage to wipe out enough traditional beliefs that most of our neighbors act more beastly than human?

The unrealized utopia

> The world’s stable now. People are happy; they get what they want, and they never want what they can’t get. They’re well off; they’re safe; they’re never ill; they’re not afraid of death; they’re blissfully ignorant of passion and old age; they’re plagued with no mothers or fathers; they’ve got no wives, or children, or lovers to feel strongly about; they’re so conditioned that they practically can’t help behaving as they ought to behave. And if anything should go wrong, there’s soma.”

This “heaven” will never be achieved. Humans will never be happy without God, no matter how much junk food, Chinese electronics, or vaccines you give them. The greed of the rich will ensure a growing class of poor; crime and filth and disease will follow. More efforts will be made to pathetically achieve eternal life without God. The inner spirit of man and woman will call out to become fathers and mothers and to create little children who curiously pursue this thing or that. The very essence of humanity will never be eradicated, no matter how much darkness envelops one’s soul, because as long as you are alive on this earth, God loves you, and patiently waits with mercy for all humans to step into His light.

Eradicating God

> “Call it the fault of civilization. God isn’t compatible with machinery and scientific medicine and universal happiness. You must make your choice. Our civilization has chosen machinery and medicine and happiness.”

> […]
>
> ‘You can only be independent of God while you’ve got youth and prosperity; independence won’t take you safely to the end.’ Well, we’ve now got youth and prosperity right up to the end. What follows? Evidently, that we can be independent of God.

God is dead to those who want Him dead, but very much alive to those who were able to wipe the muck from their eyes and see His presence in all aspects of creation. They feel His comfort upon receiving communion, they receive His aid in moments of suffering, and they experience His Providence firsthand as dealt by a loving neighbor. The regime is in essence creating a parallel world where God is not, but one does not have to stray very far from that world into one where God is everywhere.

Conclusion

Aldous Huxley appears to have been an insider who advised the proto-globalist elites of his time. Judging by where we are today, I have to assume that they accepted Huxley’s advice concerning the scientific management of the entire planet, and even though we know the basic outline of their plans, that does not make it any easier to live day after day in an increasingly oppressive world.

Those who serve the dictates of the regime are rewarded with money and sex slaves while those of us at the bottom will have to be grateful for our daily bread, waiting patiently for the promised Day of Judgment when our faith and patience is rewarded for being a good servant not of the evil men of our times but our Almighty Creator and Lord. I hope to endure the “brave new world” that horrifies me to wait for one to come whose blessedness my mind cannot even begin to imagine.

Learn More: *Brave New World on Amazon*

Roosh Hour #66 – Gay Terror Month

July 3, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I talk about surviving yet another gay pride month, the advancement of sodomite propaganda, fighting back again evil, the attack on “racist” birds, more coronavirus fakery, hedge funds buying up single family homes, activation of shut-it-down mode, and a lot more.

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TRT Is Like Botox For Men

July 5, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

During the red pill phase of my life, I made a false god out of testosterone, a sex hormone produced in the testicles. I worshipped how it made feel more youthful, lustful, and energetic. I rearranged my entire lifestyle to allow it to be more “fertile” in my body, to multiply in concentration beyond my need so that I could pursue a life of sexual sin and muscular vanity. Now that the spell of my old life is broken, I can see clearly how modern man has made a false idol out of testosterone, worshipping it even above God.

Why do women get botox, lip fillers, and other dermatological procedures? To look younger, to improve their aesthetic appearance before others, most especially in internet photographs, and to be more alluring to a male sex partner with high social status. She doesn’t believe that God had a plan to bring her to eternal salvation in making her the way she is. Instead, she seeks benefits from the world that give her the daily food of bodily pleasure and emotional satisfaction. She denies the nature bestowed upon her by God to more effortlessly live a life away from God.

It’s not much different when a man, usually older than 30, decides to get injected with pharmaceutical-grade testosterone as part of the medical treatment called testosterone replacement therapy (TRT). In fact, he is embarking on a decision that is worse than the woman’s choice to get botox or lip fillers, because the testosterone hormone biologically alters the inner workings of every cell in his body, even within his brain, while the woman primarily manipulates her outer layer of skin. Like the woman, this man wants to delay aging, improve his appearance through increased muscle mass, attract the opposite sex, and as a bonus, throw more fuel on the fire of his sexual lust to seduce women he never intends to marry. In my past, when I did all that I could to organically maximize the concentration of testosterone in my body, I “prayed” that it would put me in a lustful state like that of a dog so I could more seamlessly fornicate with women I would have passed on had I maintained a more natural bodily state as determined by God’s commandments and the environmental reality of being a single man living in extreme safety and comfort.

Only God knows if your testosterone is low. The doctors and their laboratories don’t know. They use a needle and test tube to pull a sacrifice of your blood at a single time point and use that to make a proclamation of your entire masculine wellness. It would be like measuring the function of your heart by looking at only one heartbeat and then prescribing a variety of drugs based on that alone instead of hooking you up to a monitor that could measure all 100,000 beats your heart makes in a day, or 700,000 in a week, yet even if a doctor could take continuous measurements of your testosterone, how could they state with certainty that it was too high or too low *for you*? They compare your testosterone concentration to historical figures codified in medical textbooks that were assembled by taking single snapshots of men who lived in times far less cosmopolitan than now, when they actually fought in wars and worked physical jobs and had more than

two children by the time they were 40, all without spending most of their days looking at digital screens.

Men today live a lifestyle of a Pomeranian dog and want to have the testosterone of a German Shepard. You can inject the fluffy Pomeranian with as much testosterone as you want, and it will bark more frequently as it perceives it has become tougher, and it may even develop bulging biceps that it vainly admires in the mirror throughout the day, but it will never be able to defend its master's house like the German Shepard. The solution is to accept who you are in the times you are in as God created you with humility and repentance instead of rushing to the shamans and witch doctors of our times to change it, not unlike how mentally deranged individuals attempt to change their sex in the name of transgenderism with the exact same vial and lot number with which you are injecting to heat your blood with passion and increase the frequency and realism of your sexual fantasies.

Testosterone is the hormone that God gave men to be protectors of society, wives, and children. When times are rough, the concentration of that hormone will naturally increase within your body to help you serve your duty before God, and when times are not so rough and you're living like a tiny dog in comfort, the concentration will be low. There are other reasons that testosterone can be low, such as poisoning from plastics and eating genetically modified soy or high fructose corn syrup, but for most men, the level of testosterone you have is the level you need to remain a humble servant of God, and any attempt to manipulate that for primarily worldly gain is motivated by the exact same spirit that pushes women into the offices of dermatologists to have serums injected into their face so that their Instagram photos get more likes from men living in India.

God made you perfectly to serve your mission before Him. You may not believe that upon

examining your dandruff, back pain, heartburn, high blood pressure, bouts of depression, headaches, and physical flaws, but He made you perfectly able to worship Him and be saved. From your perspective, you are anything but perfect, but in your ability to transcend the evils of this world to serve God in the next, there is nothing you can add through the tinkering of technology, chemicals, or drugs that could be considered an improvement. Accept your mental and physical deficiencies with humility, bear what you can, and reject any false promise by Satan to improve your body in this life beyond what is needed to worship God.

Read Next: *8 Reasons Men Should Live With Their Parents Until Marriage*

The Confessions Of Saint Augustine

July 7, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

> [God, you] arouse [man] to take joy in praising you, for you have made us for yourself, and our heart is restless until it rests in you.

No other book has been recommended to me more than Saint Augustine's Confessions. I bought it expecting a gripping tale of repentance, but instead encountered a philosophical tome addressed to God that I could only hardly understand, and the parts I could understand were overly emotive and coated in sentimentality. Nonetheless, I forged through the entire book to extract the best highlights.

We obsess over frivolous matters

> Regard, O Lord my God, patiently regard, as is your wont, how carefully the sons of men observe the properties as to letters and syllables received from former speakers, and how they neglect everlasting covenants of eternal salvation which they have received from you. Thus if a man who accepts or teaches the ancient conventional forms of pronunciation violates the rules of grammar, and utters the word homo (man) without sounding the "h" in the first syllable, he will offend men more than if, contrary to your laws, he who is a man himself would hate another man. It is as if he thought an enemy more pernicious to him than his own hatred by which he is aroused against the other. Or as if he thought that he could do more damage to another by persecuting him than he does to his own heart by this hostility. Certainly, no knowledge of letters is more interior to us than that written in conscience: that one does to another what he himself does not want to suffer.

We're chafed when someone says they support homosexual marriage, but have no problem uttering "God damn it" in frustration. A man is eager to call someone a "bad person" for a minor slight, but remains silent at his own pornography habit. A woman complains at the shallowness of men, and then spends hours doing squats in the gym to entice their eyes at first glance. We are eager to announce the transgressions of others, or invent transgressions where none exist, but are strangely quiet when it comes to our own sins. We obsess over the external and yet wholly ignore the internal.

Bragging about sins

> ...I ran headlong with such great blindness that I was ashamed to be remiss in

> vice in the midst of my comrades. For I heard them boast of their disgraceful acts, and glory in them all the more, the more debased they were. There was pleasure in doing this, not only for the pleasure of the act, but also for the praise it brought. What is worthy of censure if not vice? But lest I be put to scorn I made myself more depraved than I was. Where there was no actual deed, by which I would be on equal footing with the most abandoned, I pretended that I had done what I had not done, lest I be considered more contemptible because I was actually more innocent, and lest I be held a baser thing because more chaste than the others.
>
> […]
>
> Foul was the evil, and I loved it. I loved to go down to death. I loved my fault, not that for which I did the fault, but I loved my fault itself. Base in soul was I, and I leaped down from your firm clasp even towards complete destruction, and I sought nothing from the shameful deed but shame itself!

In my past, the best part of sleeping with a new girl wasn't necessary the sex act, but regaling my friends with all the details, including added embellishments to elicit guffaws and laughter. If the girl played hard to get, I began my story by highlighting the unlikelihood of success. If the girl was overweight, I made it seem like she was a giant to show my masculine determination. Even better when I could share these stories online to receive adoration from men who turned out to be the first to rage against me upon my repentance. I used sex to bond with both women and men, but those bonds were weak indeed.

All relationships without God will fail

> Yet foul and vicious as I was, with overflowing vanity, I took pride in being refined and cultured. I plunged headlong into love, whose captive I desired to be. But my God, my mercy, with how much gall did you sprinkle all that sweetness of mine, and how good you were to do it! For I was loved, and I had gained love's bond of joy. But in my joy I was bound about with painful chains of iron, so that I might be scourged by burning rods of jealously, and suspicion, and fear, and anger, and quarreling.

Don't most couples today pair in a secular way? We can see the fruits of their relationships—a 50% divorce rate, women-led households, smartphones and iPads as babysitters, and the prioritization of comfort, money, and Marxist education over faith. Parents will teach their children everything *except* how to save their souls. Fathers will push their daughters into degenerate universities and mothers will dress her inappropriately for the occasion.

You are too wise for the secular marriage "scam," you declare, and will casually date until the end of your days, but how long will the relationship with your Tinder match last? How many orgasms will you receive before she is ready for the next man, no matter how much time you labored to be interesting or attractive? What vow has she made to you before

God? You will fail, you will suffer without any spiritual benefit, and then you will blame all of womankind before returning to your “monk mode” LARP that does not including the reining in of your passions.

Don’t cast pearls before swine

> You gave [my mother] another answer, then, through one of your priests, a certain bishop brought up in the Church and well trained in your books. When that woman besought him that he would deign to talk with me, refute my errors, correct my evil beliefs, and teach me good ones—for he was accustomed to do this for those whom he found to be properly disposed—he refused, very prudently indeed, as I later understood. He told her that I was as yet lacking in docility, that I was puffed up by the novelty of that heresy, and that I had already unsettled many unlearned men with numerous trifling questions, just as she had indicated to him, “But let him be,” he said. “Only pray to the Lord in his behalf. He will find out by reading what is the character of that error and how great is its impiety.”

Direct intervention on a lapsed Christian won’t work. Intervention on an agnostic or atheist won’t work either, as I have learned. The intervention that we have a duty to perform is on the Christian in our community who is harming others. We may intervene privately, but otherwise we leave it up to God through our prayers.

Recognize your corrupted state

> It was made manifest to me that beings that suffer corruption are nevertheless good. If they were supremely good, they could not be corrupted, but unless they were good, they could not be corrupted. If they were supremely good, they would incorruptible, and if they were not good at all, there would be nothing in them to be corrupted. Corruption damages a thing, and it would not suffer damage unless its good were diminished.

The Orthodox Church teaches that upon repentance, your mission is *theosis*, to gradually become like God. We must co-work with God while alive to be what He intended us to be upon creation—what you would have been had Adam and Eve not been tempted by Satan. You cannot accomplish this in a mere moment or in a short series of emotional experiences; the task will take every day of the remainder of your life to accomplish, and Satan and his demons will try to thwart you along the way.

Your sins cause permanent damage

> Yet in my memory, of which I have said many things, there still live images of such things as my former habits implanted there. When I am awake, they assail me but lacking in strength; in sleep they assail me not only so as to arouse pleasure, but even consent and something very like the deed itself. So great a power have these deep images over my soul and my flesh that these false

> visions persuade me when asleep to do what true sights cannot persuade me to when awake.

You will never forget your sins. They will pop in your head at the most inopportune of times to remind you of the wretch you are without God's grace. You will have dreams where you possess the same conscience as the old man when your conscience was dead, consenting to all manner of vile acts until you finally wake. The more sins you commit, the more it will weigh on you when you try to live life without sin.

Don't seek out spiritual visions or spectacles

> …monstrous sights are exhibited in the show places. Because of it, men proceed to search out the secrets of nature, things beyond our end, to know which profits us nothing, and of which men desire nothing but the knowing. Such curiosity is also the motive when things are investigated by magic arts and with the same purpose of perverted science. Because of this, God is tempted in religion itself, when signs and wonders are demanded of him, and are desired not for some wholesome purpose but only for experience of them.

Father Seraphim Rose has echoed the same sentiment in modern times through his book Orthodoxy and the Religion Of The Future. Faith is primarily built through inward labor, not through miracles or visions. The latter will only keep you "faithful" for a short time before you demand yet another experiential boost to your faith. In reality, as long as you have the Church, Bible, and prayer book, you have all that you need to save your soul.

Conclusion

I did feel a connection to Saint Augustine because we were both lustful men, but either due to his philosophical style or the time he lived in, I can't say I strongly identified with Confessions. Page after page I searched for myself but I mostly found abstractions such as this passage…

> *Deus creator omnium*—"God, creator of all things"—this verse of eight syllable alternatives between short and long syllables. Hence the four short syllables, the first, third, fifth, and seventh, are simple with respect to the four long syllables, the second, fourth, sixth, and eighth. Each long syllable has a double time with respect to each of the others. This I affirm, this I report, and so it is, in so far as it is plain to sense perception. In so far as sense perception is clear, I measure the long syllable by the short one, and I perceive that it is exactly twice as long. But when one syllable sounds after another, and if the first is short and the second long, how will I retain the short syllable and how will I apply it to the long syllable while measuring it, so as to find that the latter is twice as long?

Saint Augustine, a saint in both the Catholic and Orthodox Churches, writes directly to God, making both entreaties and praise. I'm sure the words were welcome to God's ears but to me it felt like accidentally intruding on a man's private prayers or even… confession. He also raises innumerable questions about God that I never had, and likely

never will have, which were more philosophical than practical, so in this book I got neither a straightforward memoir nor a clear lesson on the faith. My critiques are only against the book, not the man, but in the end, Confessions did not speak strongly to me.

Learn More: *Confessions on Amazon*

I’m Speaking In Atlanta On September 11

July 9, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I will be speaking at the Christian Veterans United event in Atlanta, Georgia that takes place on September 10-11, 2021. Though my speech takes place on September 11, I plan to attend both days of the event.

Organized by Dr. Michael Robillard, a Catholic veteran, the Faith & Freedom Men’s Conference is an explicitly Christian men’s event that will address the feminization of men and the increased secularization of the United States.

> For far too long have the values of Faith, Family, and Flag been under assault in this country. The current narratives have succeeded time and again in dividing us and pitting us against one another along every conceivable line of difference and grievance, real or imagined. This conference therefore, aims to proactively respond to this ongoing assault by bringing together three cross-sections that constitute nothing less than the backbone of this nation: Christians, veterans, and men. We therefore aim not just to conserve these traditional values, of discipleship in Christ, duty to country, and traditional masculine virtue, but to begin the process of restoring these values both for the sake of America and its future.

My speech is titled *Turning away from the modern world*, where I will discuss how faith in Christ offers both a shield to modern evils and a path to healing. There are 15 scheduled speakers, including Jesse Lee Peterson, Tim Gordon, and Terrence Popp.

Tickets start at an affordable $14 for the live stream and $29 to appear in person. **Click here to purchase your ticket**.

I look forward to meeting both old and new faces. See you there!

Note: If you purchase a ticket through links on this page, I may receive a portion of the proceeds to cover my travel expenses for the event.

Learn More: *Christian Veterans United on September 10-11 in Atlanta*

The Rise Of The Orthosphere

July 12, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Five years ago, I would estimate that most of my readers knew nothing about Orthodox Christianity, but now many know the basics, and some have become catechumens, and several have been baptized as I have become baptized. This is not at all my doing but God using the internet to select men and women to be part of a growing Orthodox community online that is bringing souls to His Church at an intensity and speed that is unmatched in modern times.

The internet zeitgeist

After I graduated from college, I forged a connection with the internet zeitgeist. I was already entrenched into the underground pickup artist community before it went viral with the 2005 release of Neil Strauss' book *The Game*. Sensing that pickup would compose just one part of a secular masculine identity, I was involved in the red pill wave that established a materialistic lifestyle around the sin of fornication. I was an early adopter in the travel-to-meet-women phenomenon, whereby I provided a bustling message board community whose content acted as scripture for men to sow their oats abroad. I was an early Trump supporter who encouraged the connection between masculinity and conservative politics. I say these things not to boast, for being a son of worldly things that are disconnected from God is nothing to be proud of, but to show my credentials that I can identify the cultural winds, and that I don't believe in the fallacy that a group is popular or expanding just because I'm a part of it.

Many men can describe to you the feeling of being part of the PUA community in the early 2000s. It was exciting, transgressive, and free of commerciality. You would read an internet posting by an anonymous PUA online and then try it out on a woman in public.

Carnal pleasure and egotistical satisfaction were promised and—for many secular men—abundantly granted. The PUA community eventually became part of the larger red pill movement that offered a complete though flawed system on everything. Many writers of Return Of Kings get nostalgic about the period between 2013 and 2016, how we were part of something "special." In some respects, we were unwittingly shaping the culture by drawing in a wide audience: PUAs and feminists, conservatives and liberals, atheists and Christians. The energy was palpable and spilled offline. The most masculine men in the world were ready to act and battle with the world, but we had no worthy cause to fight for, so the energy was used up in fornication or online battles criticizing feminists. Our ideas were good enough for a rootless lifestyle, but not our lives, and eventually we had nothing more to say. The "manosphere" hit a dead end and died to purely commercial interests that stopped creating new ideas, descending into abject vulgarity while ignoring the fact that men have souls.

The last dissident movement

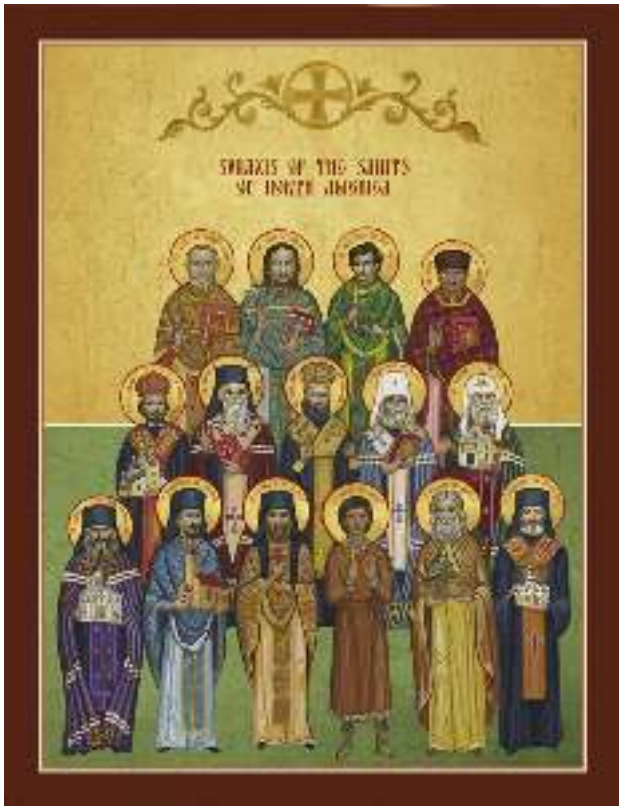
In May 2021, after I was received into ROCOR, I went shopping for a parish. I attended the Liturgy of a ROCOR church in the DC area. I expected the experience to be somewhat like my old Armenian church of mostly nice old ladies who offered me delicious baked goods, but what I found instead were Christians of all ages, single and married, who were zealous like me. The young men talked not about sports but Byzantine Church history. The married men talked not about housing prices but the exegesis of the day's Bible reading. They knew of many Orthodox figures I knew, had been on pilgrimage to the monasteries I had visited, and were active on the internet in some capacity, spreading the Gospel through a constellation of creative means. It took me a few weeks of attending this parish, and observing how church life was connecting to the online Orthodox

community, to realize what was happening: Orthodox Christianity was going viral, not due to a craving of worldly gain or pleasures like other internet movements but the desire to save souls. I believe God is far along in blessing a temporary wave of internet activity that will bring a huge number of people to Orthodoxy within the next five years.

Orthodoxy does not believe in the Protestant concept of "revival." The Church has never faded away or gone into darkness. What you are seeing instead is a noticeable uptick in the calling of those who God deems ready to serve Him in a way that they were not capable before. If God called me at the height of my pickup artist phase, when I believed women were God, I would not have answered. If God called me at the height of my red pill phase with Return Of Kings, when I believed masculinity and its chemical analogue—testosterone—were God, I would not have answered. Even when God did call me in 2019, I still wasn't ready for Orthodoxy, and needed two additional years in an almost-Orthodox Church to finally receive the faith in full. I'm not the only one who has taken the long road. God does not give us what we cannot handle, and one of the reasons we can handle it now is because the world has become so depraved and corrupt that the truth of Orthodoxy is obvious on its face, or at least much easier to accept, whereas in the past we were able to fulfill our sinful desires while deluded and blind to the obvious evil we were participating in.

It is a bit of a secular cliché to want to be part of something that you would die for. Many are dying, literally and spiritually, for Black Lives Matter, coronavirus vaccines, homosexuality (AIDS), and so on, but dying in this world is explicitly what Orthodox Christianity calls for. Every other cause is counterfeit, every other temporal attainment is not worth moving your finger for once entering a blessed state of grace. There is ultimately no reward in secular movements and ideologies, only apostasy, personal destruction, and eternal death. All other internet dissident movements that have faded away, from the manosphere to the alt-right, were really proving grounds to select for men who would use the technology of the internet to bring souls to God's Church for a last push of evangelizing until the fast-approaching time when we can no longer speak the truth online. Those who are in the "Orthosphere" today, the unwitting internet evangelists of an ancient faith, from the anonymous Twitter accounts to the big-name YouTubers, are part of the last dissident movement. My years of internet involvement have led to this, because this is where it all ends. The Cross is where all our lives end.

A funnel to salvation



God has harnessed the internet, a tool that I'd argue is predominantly used for evil, to bring those who crave the Truth to Him. Orthodox Christians have begun producing content that is getting the attention of the secular mob and those in other Churches. They are learning about Orthodoxy at a measured pace until God enlightens them to take the next step by buying a book on Orthodoxy, watching recorded sermons, or wading through theological debates. And then they find a local parish. The priests and deacons take over and then they get baptized. It's clearly a funnel to salvation, and judging by the emails I receive that share how God is using me to act as a person's first exposure to Orthodoxy, I am happy to fulfill a role within this funnel as ordained by God, as many hundreds of other Orthodox who are active online are also part of this funnel, waving people in like a parking attendant before the start of a large stadium event. Our evangelism is not knocking on doors or yelling at people on the street but speaking to hearts that God already reached at the exact time He knew best. God calls, the person answers, and then we come in to help, not deliberately or through an organized plan, but accidentally through the gifts of writing, speaking, visual artistry, debating, and community-organizing, all in an aspirational tone of consideration, patience, and humility. This is what the Orthosphere is doing, with a growing love and energy that far surpasses my involvement in previous secular movements.

If I were to arbitrarily pick a date when the Orthosphere became real to me, even though it had been subsisting for some time, it would be June 12, 2021, the date of the Trad Forum speaking conference organized by Orthodox politician Michael Sisco. It was an implicit Orthodox event that revealed to me the desire of Orthodox Christians to express their faith not just in the Church but outside it. Attendees met multiple Orthodox content creators like Luke Kendrat and Michael Witcoff. Nearly everyone else knew of Jay Dyer and is on his Discord. They know Father Josiah Trenham and Father Spyridon Bailey. They

know of all the popular internet blogs and podcasts. They know of the Orthodox anon accounts on Twitter and Gab. The ratio of content producers to consumers is the highest out of any other community I've been involved in—it seems that everyone is trying to do their part. Today these men are Ortho memelords; tomorrow they will be fathers, deacons, priests, monks, and maybe even bishops.

There may be skepticism to my pronouncement that God has allowed Orthodoxy to go viral, especially since the word "viral" is often used to refer to something that is a flash in the pan, but through this word I refer not to the endurance of the Orthodox faith, which will be eternal, but to the sudden and effective internet evangelism that won't last forever. My experience is that the power of any internet-based movement is most easily seen in a rearview mirror. When I was in the pickup artist community, I had no idea it would become as large as it did, and even when Return Of Kings was getting many millions of page views a month, I could not anticipate the impact it would have on the culture. The only reason I know the Orthosphere has arrived is my experience with those past groups and feeling today a level of effectiveness and vigor than I thought impossible within an internet movement.

Excited to serve God

Men and women are excited to be Orthodox Christians, want to share that excitement outside of Sunday, want to meet other Orthodox Christians, and want Orthodoxy to be the sole way of how they live their lives, as Christ demanded. And if you're thinking that similar aspects of the Orthosphere are present with Protestants and Catholics, consider that the Orthodox Christian population in America is less than 2%, and the vast majority of those are Greek and Russian boomers who barely know how to use a smartphone. I estimate that fewer than 5,000 Orthodox Christians are steering the Christian

conversation online within a country of over 320 million people, in a way that will result in innumerable conversions. The Orthodox I know don't spend much time consuming the content of the heterodox, but the heterodox seem to be growing consumers of Orthodox content, and I believe that is because God is working on their hearts in a way that will eventually lead them on the firm path of eternal salvation as guided by the Church. For so few people to have this sort of influence is evidence in itself that God's hand is at work. The best ideas and minds are increasingly connected to Orthodoxy and everyone has begun to look at the Orthodox to see what they're saying and doing.

Secularized internet movements that stay outside of the Orthosphere will get left behind. Their movements will muddle in half-truths, infighting, egomania, grifting, and infiltration, while those connected to Orthodoxy will evangelize and create ideas that apply our unconquerable faith to the modern world. What happened to men's rights groups? They faded away because they did not offer the full truth of women. What happened to MGTOW? They remain in stagnant YouTube ghettos because they denied the reality that men want to marry women and have children. What happened to the alt-right? They were abandoned by their leaders and collapsed because they made a false god of race, descending into paganism. The same will apply to those who deny Orthodoxy, and at the very least an explicit Trinitarian faith (e.g., America First has a disproportionately high Orthodox representation). Dead-end dissident movements will remain fringe and attract those who want to believe in lies to better enable the achievement of sin. They will no longer be the main force offering a counter-narrative to the establishment culture. They will not be part of the conversation that gathers souls to God's Church.

I speculate that God is reaping the harvest of those who clearly see the fallen state of this world and desire Lord Jesus Christ to lead them to true life through His Church, and this harvest can only be reaped in times of troubles like we are in. He will baptize those who want to be baptized, and he will allow His children to use the internet, a tool that has caused massive carnage to the culture, to create strong online and offline local communities that will offer strength and support when the real persecution begins. Satan has already noticed what I have noticed. He will start to direct his minions against the Orthosphere very soon, and even if we have to go underground, we will never be alone. For a faith that is 2,000 years old, the fight for it will only get more intense, and I'm thankful that for the first time in my life, I'm a part of something that is true, right, and worth dying for.

Read Next: *Why I Left The Armenian Church For ROCOR*

From Degeneracy To Decadence

July 15, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In March of 2019, I ended my life of degeneracy when I turned to Lord Jesus Christ. Since then, I've made great strides away from a wretched existence, and am less degenerate than before, but I still find it hard to step away from degeneracy's little brother—decadence. As if I am living in the last days of burning Rome, I've so far failed to give up attachments to the little pleasures and comforts of this world.

I define degeneracy as major sins that are a sign of a life lived far away from God, where He is not at all desired. On the other hand, decadence is composed of smaller sins or worldly attachments that may be done by a struggling Christian. Here is a list of behaviors I'd define as degenerate:

Homosexuality — Sodomy is the champion of degeneracy.

Fornication — Regardless of what modern culture teaches you, fornication is a grave sin, and should never be looked upon as a virtuous alternative to homosexual sex.

Masturbation — God did not design you to fellate yourself to Jewish-produced pornography.

Violence, anger, persecuting others — There are many people who are actively trying to remake the world into their image to experience heaven on earth.

Gluttony — Food is not a god, and if you make it one, you will become ill and physically incapacitated.

Intoxication — The abuse of legal and illegal drugs is a way to escape from God-given reality.

Fame-seeking — You are not a god, no matter how many people in this world sing your praises or proclaim to love you.

Body modification — God made you as a Holy Temple, not as a blank canvas that you can manipulate and distort.

While my past sins were innumerable and multifarious, on this list I most committed fornication, masturbation, intoxication (mostly to enable fornication), and fame-seeking. When I wasn't treating women as false gods to achieve sexual pleasure from their bodies, I treated myself as a god among men simply because I was so accomplished at worshipping promiscuous women. With God's grace, I was able to turn away from degeneracy and ease into a life of modern decadence.

Here are some decadent behaviors I've identified in the wild:

Exquisite eating — I receive pleasure from the foods I make, like my homemade pizza, breads, and exotic desserts. Sometimes when I'm eating delicious food, I experience so much pleasure that I lose track of time and eat much more than my body can handle.

Not fasting — I aim to keep the Orthodox fast, which trains me not to seek pleasure from food, but I regularly break the spirit of what it means to fast by crafting the Pharisaical counterparts to my favorite foods (e.g., I can make vegan brownies and pancakes that taste like the real thing).

Climate control — People of the past experienced seasons in their homes (summer was hot and required the opening of windows and winter was cold and required bundling up). Today, we feel no indoor temperature discomfort.

Excessive worry over money — Many people are more concerned with growing their bank account than growing their faith. Even more severe is being so obsessed with money that you live for it alone, often coinciding with the sin of greed.

No prayer life — What percentage of a Christian's life is devoted to prayer?

Neverending accumulation of stuff — Buying junk won't save your soul, no matter how many great reviews it got on Amazon and how much you "need" it to live a connected or comfortable life.

Hot water — How can I not conclude that every time I turn on the hot water in the shower I am but a mere scrap of a man compared to my male ancestors who did not have hot water on demand? I should feel shame every time I exit the shower and see steam on the medicine cabinet mirror.

Optionality — To the decadent person, it's important to have options, backup plans, and exit plans. I fear getting stuck in an uncomfortable scenario without an instant solution, and I like to have my "options open" before making a real-world commitment, but the most common result of this mentality is that I never make commitments.

Professional health care for pets — You want your pug to live forever and unto the ages of ages. He's your best friend, the comforter of your soul. Who needs the comfort of Lord Jesus Christ when you have a goofy dog who is loyal to you because you give it food?

Profanity — I know of no other more reliable sign of someone's spiritual state than their use of profanity. If someone frequently uses profanity, the language of the demons, do they really fear God?

On the list of decadency, I eat exquisitely, use climate control, shower in steaming hot water for prolonged periods, and pursue optionality. Do these habits completely block my salvation? I hope not, but I know that if I don't guard against the mild pleasures they bring, I can easily fall back into degeneracy and more serious sins. I must remain watchful about any perceived benefit I receive in this world that causes me to forget about God even for a moment.

What comes upon the person who defeats decadence? A holy Christian life and maybe even sainthood. If you can mortify your body to all the pleasures of this world, no matter how small, and rely upon God alone for all that you need, you will exist in a state that God intended when He created you. May we pray for those participating in degeneracy to

ease into decadence with God’s grace and then into their final stage of becoming like the saints.

Read Next: *Worshiping Comfort Is Satanic*

9 Things I Learned About Montgomery, Alabama

July 19, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

While working a construction job in Montgomery, I had the opportunity to know the city. I was warned by many to stay away from Montgomery, that it was overly vibrant, but compared to Washington D.C. and Baltimore, it was tolerable. Here are nine things I learned…

1. It makes demographic sense

You have white people who speak English and you have black people who speak English. All identify as Americans. In a nominal sense, all worship the same Christian God. The whites behave in a mostly uniform way and the blacks behave in a mostly uniform way. Whites have their own areas and blacks have their own areas. I quickly learned how to deal with both groups and didn't have any problems with either, even though some black areas of the city were rough.

In Washington D.C., there is no demographic logic. The gates to the city have long since been opened to the world so the result is an environment built on the template of an international airport. Once you walk out your front door, you are surrounded by all the world's religions and odors. You cannot guess which second or third language that you learned long ago will aid you on your tasks for the day. In Montgomery, there were practically no surprises, resulting in far less personal tension and confusion.

2. Southern Baptists have stronger faith than other Protestant

denominations

It’s easy for a Catholic or Orthodox Christian to needle Protestants, but I can’t say much bad about the Southern Baptists I met in Montgomery. Their faith was significantly stronger than other Protestants I’ve encountered, especially compared to the Northeast. Many men shared Biblical views to me which would have made them zealous converts to the Orthodox Church.

The principal flaw I saw in their faith is their lack of spiritual tools to block out worldly addictions and demonic deception. They are also undergoing subversion from within, so if I return to Montgomery in a decade, I would expect to find weaker faith and an increased tolerance of sodomy.

3. Southern hospitality is real

Let me first tell you about Middle Eastern hospitality. If you arrive at my Armenian mother's house unexpectedly, she will stop all she's doing to serve you. She will use her creative genius to make a meal from random ingredients in her pantry and find varieties of tea I didn't even know she had. She will sit you down, ensure you are comfortable, and anticipate your needs. She will give you what you didn't know you wanted. When your water glass is half empty, she will fill it even though you don't want more water. I advise you to visit her on an empty stomach because she will ply you with food.

Then there is my Iranian father and stepmom. In their house, your genuine exclamation of being "full" will be totally ignored as waves of food are brought out. Once you finish a piece of cake—and you must eat it or else you will get into an argument with the host—you will think the gluttonous ordeal is over, but here comes a basket of grapes, apples, oranges, and other fruits you didn't know were in season. And there may be some imported confections after that, and how bought some nuts and pistachios? You're expected to eat most of it, because you don't want to insult the host, do you? I am my father's son yet not a meal goes by where I'm not urged to eat double my bodily requirement.

The hospitality of a typical American is more of a self-serve buffet model, to put it as kindly as I can. You will often not be offered anything, not even a glass of water, but if you want to get it yourself, the host will instruct you how to do so. A question I've often had to ask in the homes of my American friends is "I'm so very thirsty—can I please have a glass of water?" and then when I'm granted permission, I must ask, "Where are the glasses?" You can visit my mother's house for years, but you will never know the location of the glasses, and she will reprimand you if you dare pick up your own dishes and carry them to the sink. Of course I am grateful for even the glass of water that I have to retrieve, but there is quite an irreconcilable gulf between American and Middle Eastern hospitality.

Enter Southern hospitality. They are the middle ground between these two extremes. They offer you food but are not overbearing. They go out of their way to serve you but do not force it. They are not put off by unexpected guests and are generous with their food even if they don't have much. Their hospitality was pleasant and graceful, and closer to what I have experienced for most of my life.

4. They love junk food

I was astonished not only by the sheer number of fast food restaurants in Montgomery but the fact that they were always busy, including brands that you thought died long ago, like Hardees. The population is so satisfied by fast food that there are practically no restaurants that aren't a chain brand. Perhaps two or three restaurants in the entire city have what I would define as a craft burger that is not cooked from frozen meat. The food culture is rather abysmal, and it is here that I stepped up my own cooking.

5. The black population is very high

There are *a lot* of blacks in Montgomery, enough to scare off any white liberal, but for me it was not a shock. I'm used to such enrichment (my high school was nearly 50% black), so Montgomery was almost a home away from home.

I was told there were tensions between whites and blacks in the city, but compared to where? I didn't see this tension because the blacks in Montgomery don't have a chip on their shoulder like the east coast blacks who analyze every infinitesimal action from a white as some type of racial offense or personal affront. I found the races in Montgomery to exist in a peaceful détente, perhaps because so many whites are armed. The most negative experience I had with a black was when a female Walmart greeter was aggressive in asking me to put on a face mask (I did not comply).

6. A lot of men served in the military

Most people you meet have either served in the military or know a direct relative who has. A lot of families have had multiple generations in military service, and only lately have many of the enlisted come to realize that the military is not what it once was.

7. Everyone you talk to identifies as a Christian

When talking to people in DC, I don’t drop God in a conversation because chances are they are secular or atheist. In Montgomery, people would drop God on me first, usually

very early on, and from that I must conclude that I didn't meet a single atheist while I was there. I could talk about "God's plan" and they wouldn't bat an eye. I could drop a verse from the Gospel and they would know it. Maybe the person I was talking to wasn't devout, but almost everyone in Montgomery believed in God and had a basic understanding of the Bible. There was no need to filter your faith.

8. There is less disparity between the rich and poor

I did not see any obscene displays of wealth in Montgomery. While there is a large underclass, from my view it seemed that most of the inhabitants were in the middle-class category, tenuously getting by. The most common type of vehicle was a pickup truck, usually old and beat up, and rarely did I see a BMW or Mercedes-Benz.

Even in the rich areas of Montgomery, which I often worked in, the owners did not display a level of snobbiness that I would've expected. Most people are down to earth and have not made a false god out of money as I've seen on the east coast.

9. The driving is aggressive

The number one downside is insanely aggressive driving, usually by minorities. I have never been tailgated so often by impatient drivers. I guess everyone is in a rush to get to Hardees before it closes.

Conclusion

If you've never lived in a very black city, I don't think you'd feel comfortable in Montgomery, but since I grew up around blacks as a kid (and survived to tell the tale), I didn't have to make any adjustments besides cooking more often due to a lack of decent food options. When you account for all the pros and cons, moving to Montgomery from the DC suburbs was more a lateral move for me than anything. The fact that I can live in Montgomery without being annoyed or robbed frequently tells me that there probably aren't many places in the United States that I couldn't adapt to.

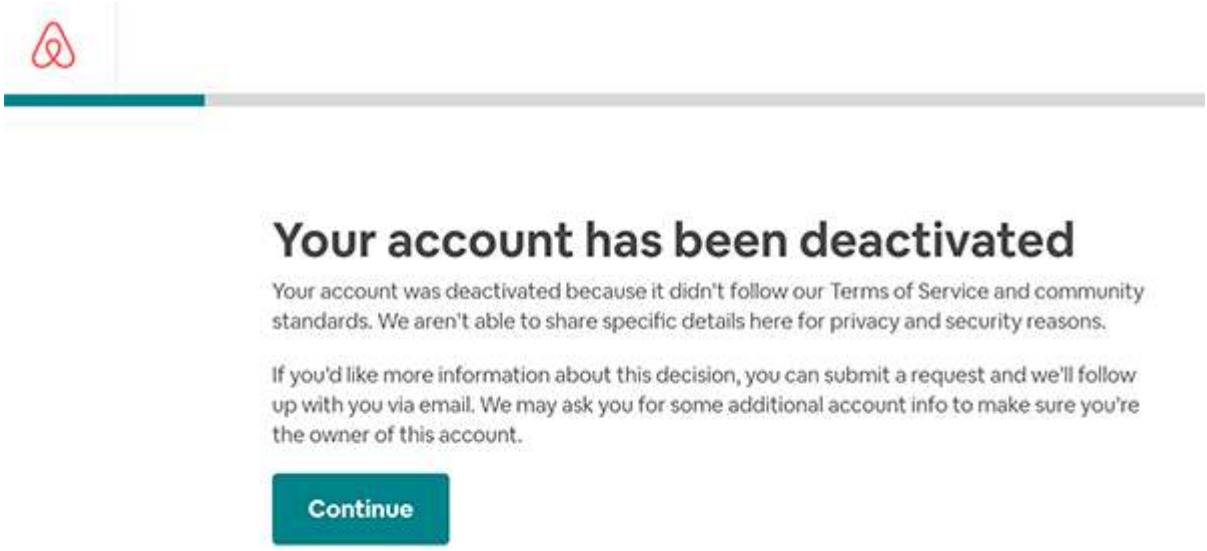
Read Next: *14 Things I Learned As A Construction Worker In Alabama*

Blacklisted From The Economy

July 22, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

If you are a devout Christian, possess conservative beliefs that originate from the truth, or choose not to be a slave to the billionaire oligarchs, you will soon have to pay because of it. Those who stand against the globalist agenda will gradually be excluded from commercial activity, forcing them to either comply with the current order or seek alternatives that cost more.

Last year I traveled to Montgomery, Alabama to work a construction job for one month. A popular website I would have liked to use is Airbnb, where you can rent furnished lodgings by the day, week, or month. Problem is I was banned from Airbnb, not because I trashed a house or had a problem with a host, but because of the political views I shared online. I had to instead rely on hotel booking sites that offered rooms without a kitchen for a far substantially higher price than what was available on Airbnb, which has a *de facto* monopoly on short-term furnished rentals. I was faced with the prospect of paying a lot more money for less, because Airbnb's staff had determined that I was an anti-Semite and transgressor of progressive ideology who had to be punished.



Previously, the elites were content in silencing your voice. If you hurt their agenda, they'd ban you from participating in public spheres of discussion that they controlled, but we are now well into a new stage of economic blacklisting. Not only do they want to shut you up, but they want to block you from participating in the economy, and this blacklisting will not occur just for someone who shares the wrong idea on Facebook, but those who fail to comply with the mandates of the regime. If you fail to wear a useless face mask on an airplane, you will be banned from flying. If you fail to get a dangerous vaccine, you will be blocked from receiving higher education. If you fail to share your favorite Martin Luther King Jr. quote with sufficient tears at a work meeting during Black History Month, you will be denied a promotion and eventually laid off for fostering an "unsafe" work environment. It won't just be public figures like myself who are affected by this

blacklisting, but scores of normal Americans who don't even use social media.

The blacklisting will begin to take place in earnest because powerful monopolies have been cemented in just about every sector of the economy. If they attempted to blacklist you before, you would have simply used an alternative that may have been cheaper and better, but now the alternative will either not exist or will be more expensive, not just objectively but also relatively since your income will be lower from not being able to get a job as the "conspiracy theorist" you are for holding views different than CNN. We will live in a time where many of our brethren won't be able to obtain lodgings, education, employment, and eventually, non-insectoid food. They will be excised from the economy because of their heretical views, and there will be no government authority to take up their cause because "it's a private company," but if you operate a private company of your own and don't want to service homosexuals, or you want to ignore the latest fake variant of coronavirus and utilize every table in your restaurant to serve diners, you will be shut down by the state. The companies are only "private" when they serve the will of the oligarchs.

If you're a Christian, it's hard not to connect what's going on with the Antichrist system described in the Book of Revelations, where St. John's vision explains the Mark of the Beast.

> He causes all, both small and great, rich and poor, free and slave, to receive a mark on their right hand or on their foreheads, and that no one may buy or sell except one who has the mark or the name of the beast, or the number of his name.
>
> Here is wisdom. Let him who has understanding calculate the number of the beast, for it is the number of a man: His number is 666. —Revelation 13:16-18

There are many interpretations of what the Mark really is, but we can agree that if you do not bend the knee to Antichrist, you will not be able to participate in the economy through buying and selling. Is it possible that this system of economic blacklisting will be perfected and fully implemented within our lifetimes? One class of citizens will have access to all the wares of society, mostly Chinese junk, while the other will have to scavenge because their fealty to God is higher than their desire for comfort in this world.

While in Alabama, I didn't want to stay in a hotel room for one month, so I put out a call asking if there was anyone who had an extra room to rent. Two Christian men answered my call, and I ended up staying with one who absolutely refused to accept a single dollar in rent from me no matter how much I persisted. Airbnb blocked my access to lodgings and yet God responded by putting me in a home where I could further develop my faith with a man who was doing the same.

From my experience in Alabama, I learned an important lesson: do not worry about how the world persecutes you and cuts you off, but put trust in God to give you what you need from the hands of other Christians as you do the same to them when they are in need. We will have to count on each other to get through the tribulations to come, because if we don't, it'll be too hard to resist the Antichrist.

I'm sure I will eventually be blacklisted from even receiving money online, and you may be blacklisted from maintaining regular employment, but to that I say we should not worry, because as long as we maintain our faith, God will enlighten me to give you what you need and enlighten you to give me what I need, and we will deliver each other from harm through God's mighty hand. We will never have to accept Satan's globalist system and we will never be condemned along with the world. They can have their Airbnbs, Facebooks, banks, and all the other major companies of the world, because we won't need them.

Read Next: *The Goal Of Corporations Is Not To Make Money*

Roosh Hour #67 – Michael Witcoff (Brother Augustine)

July 24, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I interview Michael Witcoff (Brother Augustine), best-selling author of On The Mason And Their Lies, about his conversation to the Orthodox Christian Church from Judaism, sexual temptation, the Protestant doctrines of "once saved always saved" and *sola scriptura*, theological differences between Orthodoxy and the Catholic Church, the Latin Mass, online evangelism, secularism, and a lot more. Follow him on Youtube and on Gab.

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Watch Next: *Roosh Hour #66 – Gay Terror Month*

You Must Suffer

July 26, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

One of the most difficult topics concerning Christianity is suffering. Lord Jesus Christ called us to pick up and carry our cross while not being of the world, but how much suffering is too much? Should we attempt to alleviate our suffering or embrace it? From my short two-year walk with Christ, I have noticed that experiencing any kind of suffering seems to increase my faith rather than decrease it. Therefore I must conclude that suffering is a gift from God to preserve our salvation.

The first "gotcha" question that atheists usually demand of believers is "Why does God allow suffering?" Their hearts are too hard to understand the answer: because He loves us. Without suffering, we would remain attached to the fallen world and its false idols, never turning away from the neon lights and sensual music to work on our salvation, because it's only in pain do we start contemplating the big questions of our existence. In the Orthodox Church, one saint has taught that illnesses like cancer which kill you slowly are a gift from God. It removes a person from the world and gives them ample time to serve God in a way that they didn't before the illness. This explanation does not satisfy the atheist, agnostic, or lukewarm Christian, because they believe the point of this temporal life is to experience pleasure and happiness. Anything that conflicts with that notion will be rejected; they will turn away from you in anger and seek the comfort and benefits that Satan promises them in the here and now, and eventually subject their bodies to all manner of medical tortures to "enjoy" their "one" life.

Even devout Christians require suffering to maintain their faith, because they can easily be tempted and deceived by the evil one upon moments of worldly luck or strength. May I be so bold to say that they need *constant* suffering, at least at a low level, because a prolonged period of material benefits, without health or money problems, for example, will have a corroding effect on their faith. In many Orthodox monasteries, the monks store and view skulls of dead monks to remind them of death. For us, we need to be inflicted with continual pain, or else we forget that one day, we too will die.

Since my early twenties, I have had heart palpitations. Many nights I have awoken in terror to a thumping chest. In the past few years, the problem has gotten worse, to the point where it's a daily presence in my life. Like most others with this issue, cardiologists have said they could find nothing wrong with the workings of my heart. I have tried various natural supplements and diet changes, and while they've allowed me to manage the problem, causing mostly mental affliction than physical, the sensitivity of my heart and the feeling of its struggle to maintain a normal rhythm is a constant reminder that I will certainly die, well before I desire, that I am closer to death than I would like to be, and the only reason my heart continues to beat is that God allows it. I'm sure there are pharmaceutical medications that can alleviate this problem, but I will not take them, and I also have not prayed to God to remove this affliction entirely, but to allow me to endure it, and to help me only if it is His will, because I know that if my heart palpitations disappear along with all of my other minor health problems, God in his mercy will have to give me another affliction to remind me of my true calling to serve Him in this life, not merely maintain perfect health so that I could enjoy the fallen world. He knows that if I did not have any bodily afflictions that remind me of death, I would slowly backslide into being a man of this world and a child of Satan.

As I'm sure you've noticed in your life, as soon as you solve one major problem, it doesn't take long for another problem to surface. God gives you a cross that is well suited for you, but I imagine He will take it away if you truly can't bear it. He will let you rest and then give you a new cross, because He knows you need a cross. We all need a cross. He sent His only Son in the flesh to teach you about this reality, and as Christians we must bear whatever cross He gives us if we care about our salvation.

The elderly suffer from health maladies not only because their body is degrading, but because God is trying to prepare them for the next life. The pharmaceutical commercials

may show geriatrics having an “active lifestyle,” of actors smiling from ear to ear while playing tennis, but instead of popping dozens of pills a day in a vain attempt to extend life or minimize pain, what they really need to do is beg God to forgive them for their sins and prepare them to serve by His right hand in Paradise. You will not “win” at this life. Instead, you will die before you believe it’s time. It’s when you fight this truth that you really suffer, not only now but in the life to come.

Read Next: *The Struggle For Virtue*

The Psychology Of Complaining

July 29, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Nothing damages a relationship more than complaining. It is a poison that causes the recipient of the complaint to become frustrated and distant, eliciting further complaints from the complainer. In fact, if you want to wreck a relationship, no matter the type, simply complain.

Complaining stems from *internal* unhappiness or irritability, not from an external cause like many complainers think. “I am unhappy because my wife loads the dishwasher in the wrong way. If she loads it the right way then I will be happy.” The man complains to his wife about her dishwasher protocol, to which she humbly complies. The husband is happy initially, but in short time, even though the dishwasher is now loaded according to his preference, his unhappiness returns. Why is he still unhappy? It turns out that there are too many of his wife’s long hairs in the bathtub. He complains about that, and even if the wife diligently removes them, it will have only a temporary positive effect on him.

A person complains because they think their unhappiness is a result of their environment or other people, something outside them, when in reality it is from their own unrealistic expectations, disordered passions, demonic influences, or active sins. You can reshape the environment to remove every imaginable complaint the person has, but since the foundational way they see the world is incorrect, there will be no long-term benefit. The complainer will then have to invent fantastical scenarios that can be complained about, attributing motives and impulses that don’t exist.

In one of my relatives, I’ve noticed that her negative mood precedes the complaint. When I see that her body language is tense, I know that a major complaint about me or someone else is coming, and sure enough it does a while later. My relative thinks she is tense because of the external cause, but really the tension came before the awareness of the cause. The mind projects the cause of the unhappiness onto something worldly, but even once that cause is resolved, the unhappiness either remains or burrows into the psyche to erupt later.

Complainers think their complaints are increasing their happiness, but it actually reinforces their unhappiness by making them believe that happiness is due to external situations or events. Saints who were imprisoned and tortured actually *thanked* their persecutors for delivering them to Lord Jesus Christ through martyrdom. Russian writers *thanked* their jail sentences, of living in abject squalor, as a way to learn the truth that can be displayed later through their writing. And you complain because another driver on the road cut you off? Because your spouse left clothes on the floor? Because your roommate's music is too loud? Our lives here will never be peaceful and heavenly. For you to seek heaven in this life is unreasonable, even delusional, and shows a lack of belief in Heaven for those who faithfully serve Christ.

One habit that will make you prone to complaining is maintaining a mental ledger of the deeds or favors you do for other people. I took out the trash and did the dishes today, so I expect my roommate to clean the floors tomorrow, but when he doesn't clean the floors, I get upset at him for not abiding by my ledger. Keeping track of all the things you did for a person alongside what they did for you is called reciprocity in the secular world but greed in the Christian. Reciprocity is what the atheists do. As Christians we are called to give and be generous, not to maintain an accounting of the works and good deeds we perform.

My roommate doesn't want to take out the trash? I'll take it out every single time and not expect him to return the favor. If I'm doing the right thing, my reward will be from God, not from man. A friend doesn't offer to buy me a meal when I cooked for him a dozen times? I will keep serving him meals as I strive to be a Christian full of the love of God, without expecting anything in return, even a thank you. It's better if my gift doesn't receive a thank you for I know my reward will instead come from God. Your "fair share" of work is to do everything you're able to do, in service to Lord Jesus Christ, even to those

who are not paying you back, because it’s through you that the light of our Lord is brought to others.

It’s easy for me to write an article about the toxic nature of complaining and the selfishness of maintaining a deeds ledger, but it’s hard to put into practice. I struggle with the Christian ideal. I find it hard to give to a person who never gives back and I fight to withhold complaints about something trivial that is irritating me, but the closer I get to God, the easier these tasks become. It turns out that those with weak faith are the most prone to complaining, because they believe this world is all there is, and that it must conform to their whims, desires, and tastes. I aim not to fall for this folly. This world is continually passing away, and so complaining about that which will soon not exist will not change my internal state one bit, but worshiping God surely will.

Read Next: *The Pain Of Limbo*

9 Signs You're A Barbarian

August 2, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Before turning to Lord Jesus Christ, I was a barbarian living in total darkness. I thought I was a champion of sex but I was really a champion of delusion. I knew practically nothing about Christianity or even God though I was baptized in the Armenian Church as a child. As God is continued to be stripped bare from Western culture, we will become surrounded by barbarians who know nothing except the trifling daily concerns of modern life and the desires of their bodies. Here are some signs that you may be a barbarian…

1. You think God is a genie in a bottle who must serve you with comforts

The barbarian opinion of God is that He is a genie who man wishes upon for material comforts, usually money. Since the poor are in greater need of resources than the rich, the "intelligent" barbarian concludes that God is an invention for the impoverished to embrace their lot, not understanding that it benefits Satan to engineer a global system of comfort instead of poverty, for in poverty at least people are reminded of their abject needs and reach out to a higher power. In fact, Satan does all that he can to satisfy your worldly needs because once he does so, you will become deceived that there is no need of God. This is why the most vehement atheists are those whose bodies are in a state of comfort, good health, and easy working conditions.

The truth is that all souls are in need of salvation, whether poor and rich, and as Lord Jesus Christ taught, the rich will find it much more difficult to enter the Kingdom of Heaven because of their riches. Therefore poverty is a blessing given to those whom in

riches would have forsaken God and been condemned.

2. You don’t know what Easter (Pascha) is about

I did not know what Easter was when I become a Christian. I knew it was an important Christian holiday, but my mind associated it more with eggs and rabbits than its real meaning: the resurrection of Lord Jesus Christ from the dead. Through this fulfillment of scripture and Law, our Lord defeated death for all those who call upon His name through hundreds of witnesses who saw His resurrected flesh, proof of the eternal nature of our souls. Easter also reminds Christians of all the pain and suffering that Lord Jesus Christ took on behalf of our sins, that in appearing in space and time as fully God and fully human, He served as the only rightful intercessor between us and God the Father, and by denying his salvific work, we merely crucify Him again.

3. You think all passions and appetites are “natural”

You want to eat a tub of ice cream. That's "natural" because you have a mouth and stomach and felt the urge to eat. You want to watch pornography and masturbate all day. That's "natural" because animals have the ability to become aroused. You want to dedicate your life to accumulating money. That's "natural" because we are supposed to accumulate resources to impress mates who love money. You want to fornicate with anything that moves, even of the same sex. That's "natural" because all bodily holes can yield physical pleasure.

Barbarians confuse capability with God's plan. I may capable of murdering men, but doing so goes against the Commandments as given to me by God. His intent for our souls is to manage our appetites, detach ourselves from worldly pleasures, and have heterosexual sex only within the confines of marriage. Barbarians love to brag about their accomplishments as they exalt themselves before other humans, but the second they want to justify committing carnal sin, they are quick to compare themselves to the dogs.

4. You believe it's important to have a "sex life"

Barbarians are obsessed with sex. Not an hour goes by in their life that they're not fantasizing about it, planning for it, scheming for it. They look at the sliver of flesh between their legs and say to themselves, "This is what I live for! Unless that sliver of flesh is rubbed up against someone, I will be unhappy and miserable from a lack of sex life!" If barbarians get sex, they're happy for a moment, and when that moment ends, they become sad and try to have sex again. If they don't get sex, they think their life is bad, and begin a crusade of anger against the opposite sex for not giving them the sex they think they deserve.

With an obsession for sex comes an obsession with the body. Everything about it must be fussed over, examined, and optimized. Every hair must be in the proper place. The most visible muscles (chest and bicep for men, butt and legs for women) must be targeted with the most rigorous of bodybuilding programs. And then when the body ages, and it is apparent that the sex life will be hurt, it's off to the doctor to pay for hormone therapies and plastic surgeries.

5. You think the point of fasting is to improve your bodily appearance or health

In the secular world, the only time you hear about fasting is when someone is trying to lose weight or get rid of “toxins,” because wouldn’t you believe that when you get older, your body starts to degrade on its way to death. Fasting in such a manner is always done for worldly gain, and I’ve known a few men who tried to sell me on this fast or that while going on about antioxidants.

In the Orthodox world, fasting is done to build a closer relationship with God. Anything which you’re attached to in this world will block your faith, as the “daily bread” in the Lord’s Prayer is not only literal bread but spiritual bread. Eating much less than you are able teaches you that it’s not even food that is most important in your life, of which you’d certainly die from lack, but faith, of which a lack would lead to eternal death.

6. The first person you reach out to when sick is a medical doctor

Orthodox Christians believe every illness permitted by God is given to us for our spiritual benefit. I may not ever know the specific benefit, but illness is one of the most useful tools in God's toolbox to bring people to repentance and make them contemplate their salvation.

When a barbarian is sick, they rush to the atheist doctor, hoping for all manner of drugs and vaccines to cure them, but as a Christian, I rush to the prayer corner. God allowed this sickness to happen for a reason that only He knows, so I will seek God's counsel through prayer to endure the illness and—only if necessary—seek out the care of doctors whose healing abilities have become more influenced by money and global politics than actual concern for my well being.

7. You're trying to be "the best version" of yourself

Barbarians think of themselves as a blank canvas that needs to be improved upon instead of as a creation of God—with flaws and all—that has been fully endowed with the required physical, mental, and emotional abilities and strengths to be saved. Many barbarians take the blank canvas metaphor literally by covering themselves with tattoos and other mutilations, thinking that they can improve their aesthetics to those with the same delusion. Others take the route of self-improvement and change the entirety of their lives, including all their thought and behavioral patterns, to become a master in one exceedingly narrow domain, like making money or getting laid, yet all that these changes accomplish is making you the most grotesque version of yourself. The further you are from God, the more grotesque you become, and the punishment for your calculated and sleazy journey to become someone you're not is that when the worldly benefits all dry up, you will not even want to look at yourself in the mirror.

8. You're fallen for numerous globalist lies, if not all of them

Barbarians are a puppet of their oligarch slavemasters, falling for most of their lies. To my great shame, I fell for many lies, including casual sex, fame-seeking, urban Cosmopolitan living, being attractive through personality and physical changes, alcohol, caffeine, and seeking “experiences and memories” through travel. If money can be made through sin, a big business that is supported by an oligarch is not far.

If someone does not have God in their life, they’re susceptible to falling for the biggest lies, and who is in charge of the lies today but the princes of this world, who know that the further you are away from God, the more likely you will be their slave.

9. You hope for a better life in this life

To the barbarian, tomorrow will be better. They will gain more in life, have more sex, conquer something new, attain more power, and from these achievements all their problems will be solved. They believe today is just a waystation to a more glorious earthly future that will come from their own intellect and effort, but what actually happens is they become dopamine chasers, pursuing pathetic bursts of a neurochemical just to get through another hour due to the lack of God in their life.

I have no hope for this life. We are steadily descending into hell, approaching the moment when the Antichrist makes his appearance and we Christians will wish to have instead lived in the time of Nero. My only hope is that I will maintain my faith until the very end and go to Lord Jesus Christ ready to be judged. Everything else is simply a trial of faith until my time here is finished.

Conclusion

I was a barbarian in every respect of this list. I was a 39-year-old man who didn't know what Easter was, who didn't understand God's saving plan for humanity and decided that *I* knew all there had to be about the world and how to save myself. I don't need to remind you that my plan led to internal misery, of hovering over the abyss. I was suffering, grieving, and spiritually dead. Turning away from the darkness of ignorance, I decided that I did not want to be a barbarian anymore but a child of God, and thankfully God answered.

I look back at my barbarian beliefs and habits and cringe that I was so foolish, but such is our delusions when we worship ourselves or false idols. We don't need to read the history books to study the barbarians—we are surrounded by them, stifled by them, but we must not let these hordes disturb the faith we have in our sweet Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

Read Next: *How To Live A Holy Life*

What Do You Need?

August 5, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

You think you know what you need. You have a list of desires that, once received, you believe will allow you to enter a state of bliss and joy, a life of winning and dominance over your inferiors. You spend many years to achieve these ends, yet once you have them, you are less joyful than you imagined and for less time, because you merely sated temporal desires—not needs—that thrust you into the arms of Satan instead of God.

I thought I needed women for my happiness, not love but fornication, with all the women who were willing. I got that and I still wasn't happy. So I decided what I really needed was a multitude of women in exotic lands, that I must fornicate with women who had sexy accents. Yet I got that and was not filled. So I decided to make a lot of money from publishing sex guides, that money in my bank account would give me meaning and bliss, an objective measure of my superiority. Yet it didn't. Then I stumbled upon Zen Buddhism and Osho. Worldly wisdom from slow-talking Asiatic men will save me! Yet it seemed to only save the gurus with wealth and female groupies. Then I decided it was just one woman who I needed, a secular woman who saw the world as transactional and carnal as I did. Yet that ended in failure and heartache. All the things I thought I needed were distractions and blockages to my true need of salvation through Lord Jesus Christ.

Rarely a week goes by that a man doesn't email me with his womanly problems. He needs a woman to love and marry, and yet there are no good women, so he is depressed and unfulfilled. Marriage is a sacrament, a blessed institution given to us by God, but first we must be married to God by picking up and carrying our cross, not merely to serve oneself with pleasantries and the comfort and dignified status of being a family man. Men think they need a woman, but they need the faith first. If they land a woman without God, they will soon come to realize that their new need is to escape the yoke of being married to a woman who has not God.

And what about a woman of this generation? She asks for a career and the strength to be independent of men while sleeping with many of them who are at her beck and call. She spends the peak years of her fertility, which were given to her by God to create a family, to damage herself in body and soul. She achieves her "strength" in the form of addictions to food and wine and pills, a mockery of the strength exhibited by Christian mothers who daily serve the little church of a family home, and in moments of insobriety she will wail for hours to a friend of like kind about the cruelty of her "bad luck." Material blessings are only a blessing if it strengthens your faith in God, but if those blessings allow you to never remember God or run away from committing to prayers of thanksgiving, what you received was not from God.

> Ask, and it will be given to you; seek, and you will find; knock, and it will be opened to you.

Whatever I think I need, I can ask God, but if granting my wish puts me on the road to

hell, He will not give it. If you ask for what will deliver your soul from condemnation, God will answer, and if you don't know what to ask, then you should ask Him what it is you should ask. God is not here to satisfy your warped desires and disordered passions; He will not grant you prosperity disconnected from salvation.

We don't need what we think we need, and as my faith continues to grow thanks to God, I see that there is nothing material I truly need outside of food, water, and shelter, and my true needs for all of my life are God's mercy and God's strength, and as long as I have those, the needs that I long ago coveted become revealed as desires, put into me by the demons. Lord, have mercy on me, and allow me to endure tribulation, for only you know what I need, only you know what will exalt my soul.

Read Next: *The Struggle For Virtue*

Roosh Hour #68 – Hard Times

August 8, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I talk about the aggressive advance of medical tyranny, vaccine mandates, demonization of the unvaccinated, the latest plans from archvillains Bill Gates and Klaus Schwab, end of the Latin Mass, and a lot more. Click here to download this stream's companion PDF.

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Watch Next: *Roosh Hour #67 – Michael Witcoff (Brother Augustine)*

The Three Basil Plants

August 9, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Since deciding in the summer of 2020 to become an Italian pizza master, I am in constant need of fresh basil since every pizza I make requires at least three or four fresh basil leaves. Instead of buying a package of basil every week, I maintain three basil plants at home. From taking care of them, I learned a lesson on how God treats us.

Walmart sells little plastic pots of basil for about the same price as a bunch. Rationally, I bought the pots so they can provide me a continual supply of basil at no extra cost for the rest of my life, but basil is a finicky plant. It hates to get its leaves too wet but at the same time needs a lot of water. The result is that I must check on my basil plants every day as if they were babies. I prune them regularly so dead or malformed leaves do not weigh the whole plant down. I lift up the pots often, rotating and examining them, measuring out water based on need. Where do the basil leaves put all that water that I give? I wonder.

When I bought the three plants, they were roughly equal in leaf density, but once in my care, one of the plants started to greatly lag behind the other two. Half of its stems died and the remaining ones produced tiny leaves that I couldn't use in my pizzas. The plant had become worthless.

As it was winter, sunlight into the house was limited. One spot by the window received the most amount of light. A second spot received slightly less and a third spot received the least. I put the struggling plant in the prime spot to get all the light. The other two plants, which were producing far more leaves, were placed in the spots that received less

light. I wanted to give the lagging plant a chance to grow like the others.

The lagging plant refused to grow. The leaves remained small. The other two plants, I noticed, also stopped growing. The result of giving the slow plant favored treatment was that the two strongest plants began to starve. I could not tolerate this state of affairs. I moved the lagging plant to the back and allowed it to receive the least amount of light. I put the strongest plant in the prime spot. Its leaf density nearly doubled in only a week, giving me a bountiful crop for my pizzas. I had given the lagging plant a chance to produce, but it did not, and so it has remained an unproductive plant.

> Now as they heard these things, [Jesus] spoke another parable, because He was near Jerusalem and because they thought the kingdom of God would appear immediately. Therefore He said: “A certain nobleman went into a far country to receive for himself a kingdom and to return. So he called ten of his servants, delivered to them ten minas, and said to them, ‘Do business till I come.’ But his citizens hated him, and sent a delegation after him, saying, ‘We will not have this man to reign over us.’
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> “And so it was that when he returned, having received the kingdom, he then commanded these servants, to whom he had given the money, to be called to him, that he might know how much every man had gained by trading. Then came the first, saying, ‘Master, your mina has earned ten minas.’ And he said to him, ‘Well done, good servant; because you were faithful in a very little, have authority over ten cities.’ And the second came, saying, ‘Master, your mina has earned five minas.’ Likewise he said to him, ‘You also be over five cities.’
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> “Then another came, saying, ‘Master, here is your mina, which I have kept put away in a handkerchief. For I feared you, because you are an austere man. You collect what you did not deposit, and reap what you did not sow.’ And he said to him, ‘Out of your own mouth I will judge you, you wicked servant. You knew that I was an austere man, collecting what I did not deposit and reaping what I did not sow. Why then did you not put my money in the bank, that at my coming I might have collected it with interest?’
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> “And he said to those who stood by, ‘Take the mina from him, and give it to him who has ten minas.’ (But they said to him, ‘Master, he has ten minas.’) **‘For I say to you, that to everyone who has will be given; and from him who does not have, even what he has will be taken away from him.** But bring here those enemies of mine, who did not want me to reign over them, and slay them before me.’ ” —Luke 19:11-27

> Every tree that does not bear good fruit is cut down and thrown into the fire. Matthew 7:19

I did sympathize with the lagging plant, and gave it a chance underneath the full brightness of the sun, but it refused to grow while the other plants meekly begged for more sun to show me their full glory. As a *pizzaiolo*, I require basil leaves on schedule and

without compromise, and so the basil that did not produce must be given much less even though I strongly desire it to give me a rich bounty. The strongest plant will get the prime spot of sun, and the middle plant, which I neither despise nor love, will get just enough to avoid the trash heap.

One of my pizzas

I can't help but wonder if God treats us in a similar way. He gives many chances for us to reach our full glory that comes only when we repent and commune with him, but how many people do you know, despite receiving many gifts, choose not to grow? We spiritually lag, and forsake the grace that he gives us to pursue the rewards of Satan while God's faithful children prosper with fewer gifts by choosing to work with God. God moves the wicked servant to the back of the line and brings his bountiful servants forward for a full complement of grace, and those servants grow to amazing heights while their doomed peers are thrown into the fire.

Which plant am I? Am I the lagging plant that will be condemned, the middle plant that does just enough to get into Heaven, or the bountiful plant that pleases God the most with my spiritual production? I have been the lagging plant for many decades of my life and am deserving of not one further drop of water or ray of sun based on how I so ignorantly and persistently rebuked God, but God's mercy is great, and I was not thrown into the fire. Today I serve God as the plant in the middle, and hope that I can grow higher to approach a morsel of the greatness of the saints that have come before me and given God such a bountiful crop.

Read Next: *The Cardinal Outside Your Window*

28 Christian Articles I Recommend

August 12, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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1. A Guide to Orthodox Liturgical Vestments [Link]

2. Live not be lies [Link]

3. "…before, [Christ] had expressed no sympathy for their uprising, but now He was prepared to endure torture rather than defend the honor of the nation and its future kings with a new miracle." [Link]

4. The Life of our Holy Mother Mary of Egypt [Link]

5. How Does God Guide the Church? [Link]

6. Yoga is demonic [Link]

7. How to make your prayer fruitful [Link]

8. "I died and went to hell but Christ sent me back." [Link]

9. Everyone receives according to his faith [Link]

10. How to pray with a prayer rope [Link]

11. "Only people who truly receive the uncreated energy of the holy cross will be able to stand." [Link]

12. The sin of charging interest [Link]

13. Outside the Church and without the Church, Christian life is impossible [Link]

14. The Miracle of Saint Euphemia the All-praised [Link]

15. In Christianity in step with the times? [Link]

16. 3 levels of apostasy [Link]

17. "Everything is very simple. Only those who can learn to love will pass this test, because God is Love." [Link]

18. "Why are you slothful? Why are you wasting the time given to you?" [Link]

19. How can we explain near-death experiences? [Link]

20. "Meekness and humility do not mean spinelessness" [Link]

21. Genesis, the fall, and the nephilim [Part 1 | Part 2]

22. Saint Paisios on God's providence [Link]

23. The purpose of music is to use it "as an occult medium through which to develop altered states of consciousness, psychic abilities, and contact with the spirit world" [Link]

24. Services of the Daily Cycle [Link]

25. Don't be a lukewarm Christian [Link]

26. Is it possible to live a holy life in the world? [Link]

27. "Start nothing without prayer, because whatever we do without prayer later turns out to be futile or harmful" [Link]

28. Do Not Resent, Do Not React, Keep Inner Stillness [Link]

Read Next: *30 Christian Articles I Recommend*

Can Single People Become Mature?

August 16, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

As a single man, I don't think I will ever reach a level of maturity as that of my married peers, because there is nothing material outside of me that I care more about than myself. The entire world revolves around me and my needs, even if they include the realm of the spiritual, and so I am the most important created being in the universe and always will be. That would change in an instant if I were to get married, but until then, my adult development has peaked.

Maturity is the de-idolization of self, the deicide of the god we make ourselves to be upon growing up in a Western culture that emphasizes individuality and personal will. I don't see how a person can become mature in full form without marriage, either to a spouse or to the Church through the monastic vows where they die to the world. A single person may become a faithful follower of Jesus Christ, and his soul can certainly be saved, but always present within him will be a weed of self-idolatry that sprouts through the forms of neuroticism and conceitedness. Only the rough grinder of marriage can smooth out these childish and pathological qualities to allow the person to serve their fellow man as God intended.

There are four kinds of people: (1) Single people without God, (2) Single people with God, (3) Married people without God, and (4) Married people with God. As expected, single people without God are the most immature, essentially acting as children in fully-developed adult bodies, of which I was one in the not-so-distant past. You would then think that single people with God have more maturity than married people without God, but this is not automatically the case. Since marriage is given to us by God, it confers emotional and mental maturity to those who partake in it to aid them with raising a family. I have seen single people who go to church every Sunday acting far less mature than agnostic married couples, because while receiving the Eucharist during a two-hour church service is a sacrament, living as a single person in your pleasure-ensconced apartment box for the other 166 hours of the week is not, and unless that single person methodically chooses to be a "monk in the world"—and the debate is still out if that can be done successfully in modern times—his life will be more secular than Christian. Therefore, unless you have a burning zeal or unique ministry as a single person that keeps your eyes *constantly* on Christ, you will face an intense temptation to idolize your needs, perceptions, and pleasures.

Married people who have God in their lives (and I include monastics in this category) are the most mature, loving, altruistic, caring, and thoughtful people I've met. The grace that God has given them from marriage has allowed them to reach the height of Christian life that I simply don't see in single believers, even ones who read Christian books all day like myself, because reading books or writing about God like I'm doing now are not sacraments and not enough on their own for salvation unless it coincides with a living faith. It is in God's wisdom that he created marriage to essentially be a 24-hour church where you can constantly serve your neighbor (i.e. family) through love to help you be saved, and what a risk it is to try a novel and non-sacramental path to salvation by being a Christian hipster farmer or Christian content creator who takes down low IQ heretics. If maturity is an aid to serving God, and the only way to attain that maturity is through marriage, either to another person (the right person) or to the Church directly through monasticism, that should be a hint to us that we should be wholly unsatisfied with being single as a Christian life plan.

When I was received into ROCOR, I asked multiple priests and monks what advice they had for a newly baptized 41-year-old man with no wife. I was struck by the similarity in their response: "Stay close to the Church and don't go it alone." From their experience, a Christian is doomed to fall if he doesn't take Church life seriously, and even I have seen firsthand how men who received God's grace and believed they didn't need the Church went on to fall for ancient heresies or other delusions that damaged their faith. From the guidance I've received, I can automatically reject plans where I am isolated from a local parish or other Christians.

For most people, single life is a dead life. They will fail to mature and grow spiritually, eventually succumbing to one of Satan's tricks. I could make the argument that my writing is a fruitful ministry that can enable me to live in the world as a single man, but

only time will tell. If I’m falling backward or am not developing spiritually then it will be time for a change. God clearly laid out his plan for us: either get married or become a monk. We should be wary of trying a third option.

Read Next: *3 Spiritual Types Of Women*

The Lack Of Miracles In Miracles

August 19, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Like with G.K. Chesterton, I have hit my limit with C.S. Lewis. The latest book of his that I read, Miracles, continues on the pattern of obtuse, philosophically-styled writing that comes from a heterodox position. He has brought many people to God, I'm certain, but for the simple faith I strive for, I prefer the directness of Orthodoxy as taught by the Saints and Holy Elders. That said, here are a few profitable passages from Lewis' book Miracles.

The nature of miracles

> If God annihilates or creates or deflects a unit of matter He has created a new situation at that point. Immediately all Nature domiciles this new situation, makes it at home in her realm, adapts all other events to it. It finds itself conforming to all the laws. If God creates a miraculous spermatozoon in the body of a virgin, it does not proceed to break any laws. The laws at once take it over. Nature is ready. Pregnancy follows, according to all the normal laws, and nine months later a child is born. We see every day that physical nature is not in the lead incommoded by the daily inrush of event from biological nature or from psychological nature. If events come from beyond Nature altogether, she will be no more incommoded by them.
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> […]
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> A miracle is emphatically not an event without cause or without results. Its cause is the activity of God: its results follow according to Natural law. In the forward direction (i.e. during the time which follows its occurrence) it is interlocked with all Nature just like any other event. Its peculiarity is that it is not in that way interlocked backwards, interlocked with the previous history of Nature.

If you are not in the Orthodox Church, you may be wondering why God has stopped performing miracles. They were so common in the Bible, yet today they are hardly seen. In reality, miracles are constantly occurring, but within His Church. If you are outside His Church, you may never see miracles, and be tempted by Satan to pursue charismatic and mediumistic experiences to satisfy your craving for the spiritual. That said, one should not pursue miracles, since it is the weakest way to build faith, but instead let God show you His presence when He deems it necessary for you.

The Resurrection

> The Resurrection is the central theme in every Christian sermon reported in the Acts. The Resurrection, and its consequences, were the 'gospel' or good news which the Christians brought: what we call the 'gospels', the narrative of Our Lord's life and death, were composed later for the benefit of those who had already accepted the gospel. They were in no sense the basic of Christianity: they were written for those already converted. The miracle of the Resurrection, and the theology of that miracle, comes first: the biography comes later as a comment on it. Nothing could be more unhistorical than to pick out selected sayings of Christ from the gospels and to regard those as the datum and the rest of the New Testament as a construction upon it. The first fact in the history of Christendom is a number of people who say they have seen the Resurrection. If they had died without making anyone else believe this 'gospel' no gospels would ever have been written.

Why pray?

> When we are praying about the result, say, of a battle or a medical consultation the thought will often cross our minds that (if only we knew it) the event is already decided one way or the other. I believe this to be no good reason for ceasing our prayers. The event certainly has been decided—in a sense it was decided 'before all worlds'. But one of the things taken into account in deciding it, and therefore one of the things that really cause it to happen, may be this very prayer that we are not offering.
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> […]
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> When the event you prayed for occurs your prayer has always contributed to it. When the opposite event occurs your prayer has never been ignored; it has been considered and refused, for your ultimate good and the good of the whole universe.

According to Orthodox priest Thomas Hopko, God's foreknowledge accounted for our prayers before He made the world. The less prayer you perform, the worse your outcomes will be (for your soul) and the harder it will be to endure those outcomes. Consider that praying for a specific person was heard by God before He created the world, and will thus impact that person during the course of their lifetime. It's up to Him to decide what we will go through in response to prayer, but I have no doubt that prayer helps me to get through trials without sacrificing my faith.

For a 300-page book, the above were all the gems that I could identify. C.S. Lewis is an important figure in Christendom, but I will have to go elsewhere for spiritual counsel. I don't think you would suffer loss if you skip on his book Miracles.

Learn More: *Miracles by C.S. Lewis*

Secular Success vs. Christian Success

August 23, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Success for a secular person is not the same as success for a Christian. In most cases, they are diametrically opposed, because worldly success always revolves around a material gain or achievement while Christian success revolves around a spiritual gain that benefits a person's soul. Since becoming a Christian, my secular successes have dried up to the point where, in the eyes of the world, I am a failure, but spiritually, it is no longer a certainty that I will be condemned by God for eternity.

When I was of the world, the main device I used to achieve benefits was salesmanship through effort and persistence. I would make "sales calls" on the objects of my desire with obsessive dedication. To achieve fornication, I kept talking to girls until I found one who was willing. To gain fame, I simply kept inserting myself into the zeitgeist with controversial statements that weren't precisely the truth. To gain money, I kept pumping out pickup books for men who were desirous of carnal passions. To gain fleeting happiness, I kept traveling to new cities or countries whenever I'd feel bored. To those of the world, I was a success because I was receiving measurable benefits, and it helped that my material pursuits formed synergies that encouraged me to continue (e.g., my fame helped me meet women and my pursuit of novelty helped me write books that increased my income). Due to my fallen nature, inherent genetic gifts, and support from the demons, as long as I kept working towards sinful ends, I couldn't fail.

I've since replaced the will to chase worldly things with God's will. Some may think the same rules apply, that probability and hard work are the main drivers of achieving spiritual "success," but I haven't found that to be the case. Spiritual success transcends human biology and statistical probability and may only be made aware to you by God after the fact, not in the process of perceiving a sort of spiritual feat or achievement. In other words, I'm not quite sure if the life events and experiences happening to me right now, good or bad, will end up being spiritually beneficial or not. I may have to wait weeks, months, or even years to measure their effects on my faith, whether it was increased or decreased, and only then can I declare an achievement a "success," but I still wouldn't do so because how could I claim it as a success achieved by my own hand when it was given to me by God? As an Orthodox Christian, the word success has begun to lose all meaning, and I only use it to condescend to those who are outcome-oriented.

It's no surprise that events which have been spiritually successful for me have been abject failures in the material sense. For example, in the past, I never had problems finding a place to live. I've rented dozens of rooms and apartments, and only when my reputation as a "pro-rape advocate" hit Google did I hit some comical snags that in the end were manageable. But since becoming a Christian, I can't seem to settle down. It's been two-and-a-half years since I received God's grace and I write this article from the confines of my mother's apartment, and yet it's while living with her that the path to being received in the Orthodox Church opened for me. To most of the world I am middle-

aged loser, and yet my faith keeps growing, and my salvation is more assured.

As long as I maintain my faith during a stretch of material failure, my faith will be increased, while periods of material success that lead to comfort will have the opposite effect. Therefore I've had to reformulate how I approach "failure," the definition of which was cemented into my brain from secular life, and how to gain the will to proceed with a spiritually profitable task where material failure is inevitable. Satan's success and God's success are different, so it would make sense that all the outcomes that happen as you go from worshiping one to the other will also begin to change in shape and meaning.

In my short life as a Christian, I've observed that to succeed with God is to fail with the world, or to be rejected by it, and to succeed with the world is to fail with God, but we are not of the world because Lord Jesus Christ chose us out of the world. He may give us blessings to be materially sated, especially if we have mouths to feed, but only up to a point where it's needed in your fallen weakness to serve Him. If you can endure abject poverty, and in that poverty He knows you will become more saint-like, poverty is what you will get as long as you keep telling him, "Thy will be done, not mine." If you are instead a hero of your time, the envy of all, and the faithless rush to you to learn how to achieve your sins, you are not receiving your success from God.

According to the world, I'm a has-been who fell from the heights of sexual glory. I live with my mother, my income is a fraction of what it used to be, I don't have huge muscles, I don't sexually attract women, and I am unable to tell you a single interesting or novel story of something I've done in the past week that doesn't involve watching birds—and not even handsome birds but common house sparrows—and yet my faith is deepening. God is pouring out his grace upon me. I am meeting more devout Christians and they're helping me stay on the right path. God knows what I need to be saved, and it's not the things that I can measure and count as when I was pursuing vice. Material success leads nowhere if it is disconnected from God; serving Him fully in this life and the next is the only success that matters.

Read Next: *9 Signs You're A Barbarian*

On The Human Condition By Saint Basil The Great

August 26, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

> What is Christianity? Likeness to God as far as is possible for human nature. —St. Basil the Great

St Basil the Great, a saint in both the Orthodox and Catholic Churches, is one of the three Cappadocian Fathers who was a key figure in developing early Christian theology. On The Human Condition is a collection of his writings that refer to the fall of humanity, the cause of evil, and how Christians should relate to one another within their communities.

Culture is a side effect of the fall

> [St Basil] believes further that much of human culture as we know it has arisen as a way of managing the physical weakness and material scarcity that were not present in paradise. This begins with houses to provide shelter and includes agriculture, manufacturing, technology, commerce and the arts. Basil does not consider these things bad; rather, he acknowledges their necessity but considers them morally neutral and denies that they possess ultimate or permanent value. They belong to the present life, which will come to an end. The prospect of God's overwhelming judgment dwarfs their seeming importance when compared with the truly lasting goods, love for God and neighbor and practice of virtues and good works.

The stronger your faith becomes, the less attached you will be to the culture, which will pass away at the end of human history. The only culture that I find valuable and not obviously demonic is that which stems directly from Christianity—iconography, hymns, monasticism, forms of prayer, Orthodox-inspired writings (e.g., Fyodor Dostoevsky), traditional Christian clothing, church architecture, stories from the lives of the Saints, and so on. A quick perusal of modern culture, on the other hand, is a shortcut to revealing all that is not God, a bombardment of your senses of all that is truly ugly, a grotesque artifact to dull the spirit and pave the way for the Antichrist to be accepted without question.

Do you have a Jewish conception of God?

> Do not diminish the Great One in a Jewish way. Do not enclose God in bodily concepts, nor circumscribe him according to your own mind. He is incomprehensible in greatness. Consider what a great thing is, and add to the

> greatness more than you have conceived, and to the more add more, and be persuaded that your thought does not reach boundless things. Do not conceive a shape; God is understood from his power, from the simplicity of his nature, not greatness in size. He is everywhere and surpasses all; and he is intangible, invisible, who indeed escapes your grasp. He is not circumscribed by size, nor encompassed by a shape, nor measured by power, nor enclosed by time, nor bounded by limits. Nothing is with God as it is with us.

One of my stumbling blocks was trying to conceptualize God and understand what He is able to do and how He does it. This caused me much inner tension since I was essentially trying to build a box around God that limited His powers. Since then I have come to the simple truth that God is God, and because He is God, there is absolutely nothing He cannot do (besides committing evil). I am sure that He can trace a single atom from the beginning of history to the end, and give you an accounting of where that atom was at any unique point in time you declare, and in what atomic energy state and position it was in, because such a feat seems to me eminently easier than creating human beings from nothing.

You are a slave in body only

> Suppose "you were called as a slave" [1 Cor 7.21]. Why do you lament your slavery in the body? Why do you not consider great the sovereignty given you by God, that you have reason as master of the passions? When you see your master being a slave to pleasure, while you yourself are a slave only in body, know that you are a slave in name only. He has the name of master, but he has established his slavery by deed. You see him joining with a prostitute, but you despise her. How are you not master of your passion, while your master is slave of the pleasures you have trodden beneath yourself?

Those who are richer and more powerful than you are also greater slaves than you. They are addicted to wealth, luxury, and fulfilling their passions while you, a faithful Christian, have separated yourself from this world in anticipation of the world to come. In my past, I was a slave to every passion under the sun, yet deceived in thinking that I was free, while today I am a slave to God's will, in the sense that I want to be what He intended me to be when He created me, free of the bondage of sin and sensuality. You could put my body in a COVID-19 quarantine cage but that would change only my bodily state, not my duty before God or my understanding of Him.

How to treat others

> If you become a hater of evil, free of rancor, not remembering yesterday's enmity; if you become brother-loving and compassionate, you are like God. If you forgive your enemy from your heart, you are like God. If as God is toward you, the sinner, you become the same toward the brother who has wronged you, by your good will from your heart toward your neighbor, you are like God.

That reminds me of the story of the lazy monk:

> There is [the] story of a monk who lacked discipline. He was not a bad person, but quite lazy and not at all reliable. The other monks were frequently annoyed with him. While this lazy monk was on his death bed, the other brothers came to visit him. They were surprised to see him in such good spirits. “Are you not concerned,” they asked him, “that God’s judgment will come upon you harshly for living such a lax life as a monk?”
>
> He smiled and did not deny that he was far from exemplary, but he had one key defense, “Our Lord said, ‘Judge not, and ye shall not be judged: condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned.’ I have never judged a man for anything he has done. Rather I have looked upon all with simplicity and love.” The brothers were speechless at his response and realized that though they had good works, they had neglected this crucial aspect of the spiritual life. The simple monk died in peace and went to Paradise, and all of the brothers were edified.

A “loophole” to heaven is not to judge others, but I challenge you to go even a single day without doing so.

Worldly delights are a consolation

> For since we fell away from the true delight that was in paradise, we invented adulterated delicacies for ourselves. And since we no longer see the tree of life, nor do we pride ourselves in that beauty, there have been given to us for our enjoyment cooks and bakers, and various pastries and aromas, and such things console us in our banishment from there.

Do not fear evil rulers

> Have you seen someone conceited, clothed in bright colored raiment, his hand bearing a ring, its setting holding a precious stone, and he is conceited about this? He wears cloth of silk, possesses household servants with long golden hair, and struts too elaborately, wearing gold armlets, seated on a silver throne; walking haughtily, thinking proudly, speaking loftily to the crowd of servants, flatterers in his train, before an extravagant table, before the greetings of all who approach him in the public square, some rising from their seats, some going forth to meet him, some escorting him, some carrying staffs to provide security. When you see these rulers, preceded by a herald with an uplifted voice, when you see them terrorizing one and torturing another, confiscating this one’s property and delivering that one to death, do not fear what you see, do not be dismayed by those who command that these things happen, do not let your imagination astound you. Take to heart that God molded the human being, dust from the earth. If he is something else, fear him, but if he is dust from the earth, despise him.

What will happen at death to the rulers of today who have gone mad with power? Since they came from the dust like you, from the same Creator as you, they will be judged like you, yet much more harshly since all authority on the earth is God-given, and must be used in accordance to His will. May they repent before their end, but until then, we will have to endure the great evil and wickedness they subject us to.

God allows Satan to exist for our benefit

> Accordingly, the devil has remained as our opponent because of the fall that came upon us due to his abuse long ago. So the Lord has planned for us wrestling with him so that we would wrestle through obedience and triumph over the adversary. If only he had not set out to become a devil but remained at the post at which in the beginning he was stationed by the Commander! But since he became a rebel, he is an enemy of God, and also an enemy of the human being who has come into existence according to the image of God. For on this account he hates humankind, because he also fights against God, and he hates us both as belonging to the Master and as likenesses of God. Therefore we were joined in battle against his wickedness as a training exercise for our souls by the one who plans human affairs with wisdom and foreknowledge, as a physician uses the viper's poison to make medicines for healing.

Satan is inexorably linked to free will. If there is free will, there is the will to choose evil, and so there will be a creature who is the greatest of evil that acts as a god for evildoers. The great evildoer of the world is Satan, and even if he were eradicated, the next demon in line would take his place, and those who want to continue to do evil would not lack the imagination or motivating energy to do so.

Do not repay evil with evil

> From the very beginning let us stop the evil, removing the anger from our souls by every contrivance. For thus we could excise the greatest number of evils together with this passion, since it is a kind of root and source. Has someone abused you? Bless him. Has he struck you? Endure it. Does he spit on you and regard you as nothing? Then accept this thought about yourself, that you were taken from the earth, and you will return to the earth again [Gen 3.19]. For one who applies this concept to himself beforehand, will find all dishonor to be less than the truth. For thus indeed you will provide your enemy no means of revenge, you will show yourself invulnerable to the abuse, and you will procure for yourself a great crown of perseverance…
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> […]
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> Suppose [someone] calls you a poor laborer. If he speaks truly, admit the truth; but if he lies, what are his words to you? Neither be filled with conceit about praise that goes beyond the truth, nor be aggravated over insults that do not apply to you. Do you not see how arrows naturally pierce through hard and rigid

> objects, but their force is blunted by soft and yielding objects? Consider indeed that the power of abuse is of the same kind. One who resists it receives it into himself, while one who yields and withdraws dissolves by his gentleness of character the wickedness brought against him.

I ignore Christians in the world who advocate for revenge, violence, and the purchase of a large armament of weapons. While there is a time for self-defense (and prayer for our armed forces against foreign and internal threats), I do not have the discernment to know whether to act violently in order to make the world a "better" place. I'm not hoping or wishing for this world to become better, and do not aim to make it materially better for others. Instead, the weapons I carry every day are the truth and a prayer rope, and from my perspective, they have done much more to aid souls than any piece of forged metal I can wield with my hands.

Do not live alone

> And if indeed we all, who share in the one hope of our calling [Eph 4.4], are one body, having Christ as head, and are each members of one another [1 Cor 12.12], if we are not fitted together in the Holy Spirit to join in concord into one body, but each of us chooses the solitary life, we will not serve the common good with coordinated planning according to God's good pleasure, but fulfill our own passions for self-indulgence. When we are split off and dived, how can we preserve the relationship and service of the members to each other, or our submission toward our head, that is Christ?
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> […]
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> For how will [the solitary man] manifest his humility, since he has nobody beside whom he can show himself more humble? How will he manifest his compassion, since he has cut himself off from the community of many? How will he train himself in longsuffering when nobody opposes his wishes?
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> […]
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> For see, the Lord in exceeding compassion did not find it sufficient to teach only by word, but so as to transmit to us precisely and visibly the pattern of humility in the perfection of love, he himself girded himself and washed the feet of the disciples. Whom, then, will you wash? Whom will you serve? In relationship to whom will you be the last, you who spend life by yourself?

One of the most consistent pieces of advice I've received since getting baptized in the Orthodox Church is not to live alone. Satan will make easy work of me, and my experience in a mountain crackhouse confirms that the demons step up their attacks against you when you are alone.

Overall, On The Human Condition by St Basil the Great was dense but not an especially difficult read, offering great spiritual and theological insights. I recommend it if you want to know the teachings of a preeminent early Church Father.

Learn More: *On The Human Condition by St Basil the Great on Amazon*

3 Women In A Man's Life

August 30, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

There are three distinct relationships men must maintain with women to remain spiritually whole. The more damage there is to any of these relationships, the worse off the man will be.

The first "woman" in a man's life is the Church, which in Orthodox writings is referred to in the feminine. We are the bride to the Church and Jesus Christ is the bridegroom, united spiritually for eternity and also metaphysically every time we receive the Eucharist. Collectively we form the Body of the Church with our Savior at its head. Disconnected from the Church, we remain distant from God and never develop a salvific faith. The Protestant notion of "I only need my Bible" is a deception from Satan that has cost many souls.

The second woman in a man's life is his mother. Sadly, I don't know many men who have a positive relationship with their mother, and this usually translates to resentment, guilt, and holding tight to past grievances, causing deep-seated anger and other psychological disorders. You will not find a man "whole" who has a severed or toxic relationship with his mother, but this can be alleviated somewhat by adopting the Mother of God as your spiritual mother, especially after your earthly mother reposes.

The third woman in a man's life is his wife. A man departs from his parents and unites in one flesh with a woman to establish a "little church" that becomes the vehicle for the worship of God and ultimately their salvation. If a man marries the wrong woman, or does not have the faith needed to endure a difficult marriage, the result may be infidelity, the breaking of his vows, or murmuring against God. Choosing the Orthodox Church was the most important decision I've made in life, and choosing a wife would come right after that. Of course there is no "perfect" woman, as there is no perfect man, and God will grace the marriage union since it is a sacrament, but picking a woman for predominately secular reasons (physical appearance, her potentiality for sexual gratification) will lead to disaster. If a man chooses not to get married, he may marry the church through the vows of tonsure and become a monk.

When a man has damage to these relationships, he will present as a damaged man and participate in sin. At the peak of my hedonistic period, I had damage to all three relationships. I was not a member of the Church, I chose to be thousands of miles away from my mother, literally running away from her, because I did not want to respond in love to her overbearingness, which many Mediterranean and Middle Eastern mothers have, and instead of seeking a wife, I pursued innumerable harlots for bodily pleasure, ego gratification, and worldwide fame. During a period I thought I was a modern, accomplished man, I was all but dead.

I've been spending the last two-and-a-half years repairing relationships with the three women. I've now an active member of an Orthodox parish. I live with my mother and am striving to accept her idiosyncrasies with love and patience while leaning more on the intercessions of the Theotokos for spiritual help, and I've turned away from fornication and masturbation to prepare for a potential marriage with either a woman or—gulp—a monastery. I am content with the progress that God has allowed me to make in the past couple of years but I know that it will be a continual struggle to not fall away from a Church, bicker with my mother, or backslide into carnal sin.

A man's attempt to repair one of the three relationships without ever addressing the other two may never allow him to feel complete. If a man tries to enter a Church while in enmity with his birth mother and believing in false notions of "moderation" when it comes to pre-marital sex and masturbation, his faith will lack transformation and be an external show. If a man tries to be close to his mother while remaining far from God and treating other women like sexual amusement parks, he will project the flaws of the harlots onto his mother and have disdain for her, and if a man tries to seek a devoted and honorable woman as his wife but is far from the Church or his mother, he will lack discernment and end up choosing a sensual woman to feed his lust, which is what I did in my relationships

before I came back to the Church. I must be actively struggling to improve all three relationships with God's help if I want any of them to succeed.

I sustained so much damage to myself and the three women in my life that my starting point for healing was quite low. By the time I work it all out to a satisfactory level, I may be in my mid-forties, which is why it's so important for men not to waste their time gallivanting around the world (or on dating apps) to experiment with sin while neglecting the Church and their family. My dance with Satan under the guise of "enjoy this life" took away eighteen years of my prime, and for that reason, the ship for marriage is ready to leave the dock. Take your faith seriously, have the strongest relationship you can with your mother, and look at a potential wife for satisfying your spiritual needs instead of material.

Read Next: *Do You Deserve A Good Woman?*

How To Live A Simple Life

September 2, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

On Living Simply by St. John Chrysostom is a little book that is packed with Christian wisdom. As an anti-materialist, St. John teaches the Christian to keep his eyes on the next world instead of accumulating wealth in this one. Nearly every page has a memorable passage that I wanted to capture.

Not sharing wealth is a sin

> The rich usually imagine that, if they do not physically rob the poor, they are committing no sin. But the sin of the rich consists in not sharing their wealth with the poor. In fact, the rich person who keeps all his wealth for himself in committing a form of robbery.

Does this contradict the American idea of getting as rich as you can by any means possible and believing that your wealth is yours alone to use for the fulfillment of all your desires and passions? It's not hard to understand the current state of America upon recognizing that it strayed from basic Christian principles long ago.

The act of charity

> When we commit an act of charity, in which we use our excess wealth to help someone with too little, we are acknowledging our unity with others. After all, the rich and the poor have the same flesh, the hunger of the poor should cause pain to the rich; and the pain can only be soothed through assuaging that hunger.
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> […]
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> Every act of charity on earth is an investment in heaven.
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> […]
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> When a rich man makes a large gift to the church, he is heartily thanked; and although he will not feel the lack of that money himself, he is praised for his generosity. When a poor man makes a small gift, nothing is said; even though that gift may cause him to go hungry, no one praises him or thanks him. It would be better to praise no one than to confine our praise to the rich. Better still, we should take trouble to observe every true act of generosity, whether by the rich or the poor, and then offer our praise.
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> […]
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> Do you want to honor the blood of Christ? Then do not ignore his thirst. You have donated beautiful gold chalices for the wine, which becomes a symbol of Christ's blood; and it is right that you should honor Christ in this way. But on your way to services, you passed by beggars who pleaded for food and drink. It is no good putting gold chalices on the Lord's table unless you give food and drink to the

> poor from your own tables. The service which we celebrate in church is a sham unless we put its symbolic meaning into practice outside its walls. Better that we do not come at all than we become hypocrites whose selfishness can only besmirch the Gospel in the eyes of others.

I am in the process of learning how to give. During my secular adulthood, I maintained a tight grip over money and only opened my hand when it yielded me benefit. Since then, I've started small by giving gift cards to the homeless and modest donations to churches and monasteries. From this I hope to build further. When I die, if I have no children, my goal will be to leave this world with not even one dollar to my name. Otherwise, I know I will have to give an accounting to God for the money I saved that I did not use to help my neighbor.

It is better to need your spouse

> In a family the husband needs the wife to prepare his food; to make, mend, and wash his clothes; to fetch water; and to keep the rooms and furniture in the house clean. The wife needs the husband to till the soil, to build and repair the house, and to earn money to buy the goods they need. God has put into a man's heart the capacity to love his wife, and into a woman's heart the capacity to love her husband. But their mutual dependence makes them love each other out of necessity also. At times love within the heart may not be sufficient to maintain the bond of marriage. But love which comes from material necessity will give that bond the strength it needs to endure times of difficulty.

In these times, does anyone need a spouse? Satan has structured modern society so that a woman can do without a husband and a man can do without a wife. Instead, they look upon each other as heavy anchors that limit insatiable appetites and the need for "freedom." I can wash my own clothes and cook my own food, and a woman can make her own money, so neither sex needs each other, and when times get rough in a marriage, it is a simple matter to swap out a spouse for an exciting new lover, or double down on feeding all those appetites that are forbidden within a marriage, and we'll never go without the support of the culture that insists the right thing to do is pursue our temporal happiness instead of maintaining marriage vows made before God.

Trust in God, not money

> Many poor people are gripped by fear: their hearts are caught in a chain of anxiety, worrying whether they will have food on their plates tomorrow or clothes on their backs. Some poor people are constantly formulating in their minds devious plans to cheat the rich to obtain their wealth; this is no different in spirit from the rich making plans to exploit the poor by paying low wages. The art of being poor is to trust in God for everything, to demand nothing—and to be grateful for all that is given.

If I am robbed tomorrow, perhaps that is because I have too much wealth, and God is distributing that wealth involuntarily because I did not do so voluntarily. Besides, why is it that I have gained so much in this world that I have become a target for thieves?

Usury is evil

> When a family falls into poverty, it may be compelled to borrow money in order to survive. But if the lender charges interest on the loan, then that family will fall deeper into the pit: not only will they have to repay the loan but also the interest that accumulates on it. The lender may pretend, even to himself, that he is acting kindly; but in fact behind the guise of charity he is acting with extreme malice. He is trading on the calamities of others; he is drawing profit from their distress; he is demanding a material reward for an act of charity, and so turning charity into robbery.

A theory I accept is that usury used to mean lending money at *any* amount of interest, but in modern times it is defined as lending money at *excessive* interest. Who gets to define what is excessive? Those lending the money! The Old Testament describes lending at interest as an abomination, the same term used to denounce sodomy, which perhaps is why Dante put moneylenders and sodomites in the same level of hell.

Lends at interest, and takes profit; shall he then live? He shall not live. He has done all these abominations; he shall surely die; his blood shall be upon himself. —Ezekiel 18:13

You shall not charge interest on loans to your brother, interest on money, interest on food, interest on anything that is lent for interest. —Deuteronomy 23:19

Modern capitalism is a form of state-sponsored usury. We currently live in a system that is most amenable to increasing the wealth of usurers, whoever they happen to be.

The prosperity gospel is a false gospel

> We who are disciples of Christ claim that our purpose on earth is to lay up treasures in heaven. But our actions often belie our words. Many Christians build for themselves fine houses, lay out splendid gardens, construct bathhouses, and buy fields. It is small wonder, then, that many pagans refuse to believe what we say. “If their eyes are set on mansions in heaven,” they ask, “why are they building mansions on earth? If they put their words into practice, they would give away their riches and live in simple huts.”

Leisure is a temptation

> …just imagine what perpetual leisure actually means. In your mind let me give you a large house in which to live, filled with comfortable furniture. In this house you only need to nod at a servant, and you will be brought dish upon dish of the most delicious food. Outside there is a garden filled with trees and shrubs, which bear sweet-smelling flowers. For a few hours, for a few days perhaps, you would enjoy being in such a place. But soon you would feel bored and restless. Your

> bones would become still for lack of exercise. Your stomach would swell with all that food. Your head would ache for lack of anything to stimulate the mind. Your mansion in which work was impossible would seem like a prison. God has designed us to labor for our bread; only in toil can our minds and bodies find contentment.

It took me over a decade of worldly living to learn that you will adapt to leisure and tire of it. All those years of striving and ambition for material gain were vanity of vanities. Relaxation, fun, and decadence are meaningless to the soul. No new hobby or pleasure will ever be enough.

Being a literal slave is no obstacle to salvation

> To be a slave, to be in the legal possession of another human being, does not in any way impede spiritual salvation. On the contrary, by performing his duties with a humble spirit, a slave may advance the progress of his soul. Even if the tasks he performs are useless in themselves, the attitude with which he undertakes those tasks is profoundly important.

Do not envy the gifts of others

> Those who are gifted in some way should not despise those less gifted. On the contrary, God has distributed gifts and blessings in such a way that every person has a particular place and purpose within a society—and thus everyone is equally necessary for a society to function well. So do not resent the fact that someone is more intelligent or stronger than you are. Instead give thanks for their intelligence and strength, from which you benefit. And then ask yourself: "What is my gift, and thence what is my place in society?" When you have answered this question, and you act according to your answer, all contempt and all resentment will melt away.

I was given the gift of writing. I'm fortunate that people want to read what I have to say. They regularly compliment me on my ability to inspire them, but I really wish I could sing. I wish I was more athletic and not so fragile in bodily constitution. I wish I was a better speaker. And yet there is a great singer or athlete out there who wishes they could write effectively. I am blessed with the abilities that I have as given to me by God and must fight the urge to desire more.

Redistribution of wealth is wrong

> Should we look to kings and princes to put right the inequalities between rich and poor? Should we require soldiers to come and seize the rich person's gold and distribute it among his destitute neighbors? Should we beg the emperor to impose a tax on the rich so great that it reduces them to the level of the poor and then to share the proceeds of that tax among everyone? Equality imposed by force would achieve nothing, and do much harm… Worse still, the rich whose

> gold was taken away would feel bitter and resentful; while the poor who received the gold from the hands of soldiers would feel no gratitude, because no generosity would have prompted the gift. Far from bringing moral benefit to society, it would actually do moral harm. Material justice cannot be accomplished by compulsion, a change of heart will not follow. The only way to achieve true justice is to change people's hearts first—and then they will joyfully share their wealth.

In other sections of the book, it may appear that St. John, through his teaching on altruism and loving your neighbor, is promoting a socialistic or even communistic organization to society. You may even occasionally hear lukewarm Christians say that "Jesus Christ was a socialist." This is a gross distortion, maybe even a blasphemy, as the passage above shows. St. John teaches you to give to please God and save your soul, and that all that you own, especially if you're rich, is given to you by God to help the poor. Communism, on the other hand, is state-enforced theft mandated by a minority of power-hungry, violent maniacs, who then use the proceeds from that theft to enrich themselves and their useful idiots in order to maintain a tight grip on society while living in luxury. With God, you have the free will choice to be altruistic or not, and if you choose to give, you will be rewarded by Him in heaven, and if you choose not to give, you have the remainder of your lifetime to repent of your greed and make right, but with communists, if you do not follow their stern dictates to create a heaven on earth (for them, not you), you will be immediately exiled, imprisoned, or impoverished with no mercy. If you're lucky, you won't be tortured before your untimely death.

Are you bearing fruit for God?

> Look at the trees of the forest. See how sturdy and beautiful they are, how tall they grow, and how smooth is their bark. Yet when we plant a garden, we prefer other kinds of trees, such as pomegranate and olive trees. This is because we want trees that bear fruit. We are the trees which God has planted in his garden. He is not concerned at how sturdy and beautiful we are, at how tall we grow, or at how smooth our skin is. As trees in his garden, he is concerned only that we bear fruit. And the fruit which he wants us to bear is spiritual: peace and love, faith and gentleness, patience and self-control, generosity and loyalty.

If the only fruit you bear benefits your material self, you are not bearing fruit for God. The closer someone is to the true faith, the more spiritual fruit you will see them bear, but if someone professes Christianity, and their tree lacks fruit, he has made a mistake in his Christian beliefs somewhere along the line.

Fear is not of God

> The sea is surging and the waves are high: but we have nothing to fear because we stand on a rock—the rock of faith. Let the sea surge with all the power at its command, and let the waves rise as high as mountains; the rock on which we

> stand will remain firm and unshaken. Do I fear death? No, because on the rock of faith I know that death is the gateway to eternal life. Do I fear exile? No, because on the rock of faith I know that I am never alone; Christ is always beside me, my friend and my brother. Do I fear slander and lies? No, because on the rock of faith I know that I am always protected by the truth—Christ, who is the truth, in my protector. Do I fear poverty? No, because on the rock of faith God also provides for my needs. Do I fear ridicule? No, because however low I may sink in the esteem of those without faith, on the rock of faith all are treated with respect. Far from fearing the surge of the sea, I enjoy it, because it assures me that the rock on which I stand is immovable.

Be wise as serpents and innocent as doves

> What does it mean to be as wise as a serpent? When a serpent is attacked, it is willing to have much of its body severed, as long as it saves its head. So to be as wise as a serpent means to be willing to lose everything—your wealth, your reputation, your friends—as long as you save your faith. Your faith is your head, by which you learn all truth; and by that truth your soul is set free. We should, however, recognize that the wisdom of the serpent is not enough; we must be as honest and innocent as doves. Indeed it is the combination of wisdom and innocence that creates virtue. The person who is wise as a serpent can sustain the most terrible attacks and still continue to flourish as a disciple of Christ. The person who is innocent refuses to retaliate against those who make the attacks. To be as innocent as a dove means never to take revenge on those who wrong you or undermine you. Unless wisdom is tempered by innocence, one attack provokes another, and conflict continues without end. Unless innocence is tempered by wisdom, a person is so vulnerable that he will not even survive a single attack. Rest assured that no one can ever take away your faith; your wisdom guards against that. But be careful never to bear a grudge against anyone who does you wrong.

A clear manifestation of demonic influence—or even possession—is a vengeful wrath, because it negates the existence of God by making you a god who judges and enacts punishments. If you encounter someone who is quick to punish others for misdeeds, I would expect that person to not even declare a belief in God.

Judging the sins of others

> When we see a person who has committed vicious sins and crimes escaping with impunity, we react with indignation. We want to see that person called to account and punished, and feel angry that this has not happened. But at such moment we should reflect on our own actions; indeed we should turn that sense of indignation inward against ourselves. Each of us should ask: “How many sins have I committed against others, when I have escaped with impunity?” There

> are, no doubt, many examples in all our cases. Recognizing this fact will cause our anger against others to melt away. More importantly, it will make us turn to God and ask forgiveness of these sins. Yet there is perhaps a difference between our own sins and the sins which we notice in others. Our own sins are probably quite subtle and inconspicuous, whereas the sins of other are obvious and gross. Should we, therefore, regard our own sins as less important or dire? On the contrary, we should realize that subtle sins are frequently the most harmful. Obvious sins, such as robbery and violence, are easily recognized, and so can often be guarded against by physical means. The more subtle sins, such as lying and slander and power-mongering, are frequently hard to spot, and so difficult to prevent.

How many sins has God forgiven me for? Thousands? Tens of thousands? Not only did I commit innumerable sins, but I helped many other men do the same. Therefore, if I see my neighbor displaying greed or anger, or committing an act of fornication, how can I judge him? Do I not forget my wretched past, which was not that long ago? Do I not forget the sins I have committed on this very day? So we must pray for the sinners, that God has mercy on them, and forgive them for their sins, as He forgives us for ours.

God's way to our heart

> God waits for our hearts to open to his grace; he waits for an opportunity to reveal to each of us his truth. Then, when we are ready, he ensures that we hear about Christ and about his Gospel; and we find ourselves faced with a choice, which will affect the entire course of life and death—whether to embrace the words of Jesus Christ or to reject them. If we deliberately reject the Gospel, even when we fully understand it, then we condemn ourselves; if we embrace it, we shall ourselves be embraced by God in heaven.

This echoes the teachings of Father Seraphim Rose in God's Revelation to the Human Heart. When God called me in 2019, I answered. He may have called me before that, but I was deaf to His voice, and did not answer, and I thank God He kept calling me, because now that I have answered, I can navigate this fallen world with Lord Jesus Christ and turn away from the sins and passions of my past.

Marriage or celibacy?

> If a man and a woman marry to satisfy their sexual appetites, or to further the material aims of themselves or their families, then the union is unlikely to bring blessings. But if a man and a woman marry in order to be companions on the journey through earth to heaven, then their union will bring great joy to themselves and to others. Some people need a close companion, and for these people God has ordained marriage. Some do not need a close companion, and for these people God has ordained celibacy.

If I can make it to 42 years of age without a wife, perhaps God has ordained celibacy for me. I wait to discover if that is the case.

A good spouse

> The obedient wife does not wait for orders. Rather, she tries to discern her husband's needs and feelings, and responds in love. When she sees her husband is weary, she encourages him to rest; when she sees him agitated, she soothes him; when he is ill, she nurses and comforts him; when he is happy and elated, she shares his joy. Yet such obedience should not be confined to the wife; the husband should be obedient in the same way. When she is weary, he should relieve her of her work; when she is sad, he should cherish her, holding her gently in his arms; when she is filled with good cheer, he should also share her good cheer. Thus a good marriage is not a matter of one partner obeying the other, but of both partners obeying each other.

In secular "red pill" teachings on marriage, the husband is essentially portrayed as the dominant alpha slave master and the woman as the slave who has no will of her own. She must shut her mouth and do all the housework while providing the husband with his favorite food or drink where every day is a feast day. It's no surprise that those who were far from God, including myself at the time, would approve of such a cartoonish approach to marriage. In the Christian ideal, marriage is about equal sacrifices to God to create a "little church" that ushers both souls—along with any children—into Paradise, not a game where psychological manipulation and fear are used to exert your will over someone else.

Why fast?

> There are two reasons to fast. The first is to break our attachment to material things, of which food is the most central, and so compel us to depend on spiritual things. When we are eating regularly, food not only sustains our bodies, but provides pleasure and satisfaction. In itself there is nothing wrong with such pleasure. But when we do without food, we are reminded that the only true and lasting source of joy is spiritual. The second is to express solidarity with those whose poverty forces them to go hungry. We may fast from time to time as a discipline; but many people fast continually because they have no money to buy food. If we are truly to show compassion to the poor, we must experience within our own bodies the consequences of poverty.

I've noticed two levels of fasting. The first is the dietary restriction, of not eating meat and dairy on fasting days. This is difficult but not impossible for Orthodox Christians of average faith. The second level is portion control. From what I've learned, we're supposed to eat *less* of the restricted foods on fasting days. This isn't impossible on normal weeks where I fast on Wednesday and Friday, but for the prolonged fasts, at my current level of faith, portion control is a challenge.

Overall, I strongly recommend On Living Simply. While it comes across as Orthodox in

nature simply because it is so old, it provides actionable advice for all Christians living in modern times. It is so far my favorite compilation of St John's writings.

Learn More: *On Living Simply by St John Chrysostom*

Roosh Hour #69 – The Evil Empire

September 5, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I talk about America's failure to spread evil to Afghanistan, idolatry of medical care, perpetual vaccination, the prophecies of Saint Paisios the Athonite, pro-abortion hysteria, and a lot more.

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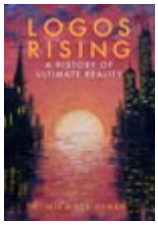
Logos Rising By E. Michael Jones

September 9, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



Logos Rising by Dr. E. Michael Jones is one of the most anticipated books I've read. It offers a complete philosophy of history, chronicling the descent of the world-mind from reason to skepticism to decadence and finally to our current stage, nihilism. Because of the heavy Catholic perspective of Dr. Jones' analysis, it did create some friction to my Orthodox views, but I nonetheless received great value from the book.

The nature of ultimate reality

> Ultimate reality can win without weapons, but weapons cannot win without ultimate reality. Christianity, to get back to Rome, defeated the Roman Empire without firing a shot simply because it had a superior understanding of the ultimate reality.

I must admit that I'm becoming exhausted with Q Anon-type Christians who declare that guns will be needed to defeat evil. I think an understanding of Christian history, of which many Westerners do not have, would dispel the notion of using violence as a first course of action.

Man became pagan to satisfy his worldly desires

> India is perhaps the prime example of a culture which could not maintain its hold on the logos of its origins. After viewing monotheism from afar, India descended into the jungles of polytheism never to emerge. Polytheism is synonymous with moral corruption. The transcendent God has no need of man's sacrifices. Since fallen man wants what he wants, he is willing to create subsidiary deities or demons who are more amendable to ends which the one God would find contemptible, such as the death of enemies, the sexual favors of someone else's spouse, etc. And so at the root of India's decline into polytheism, we find moral decline in general and the sin of usury in particular.

While the United States is not officially polytheistic, it has all manner of false idols and beliefs which are harnessed to achieve material desires, and if something like an accidental pregnancy gets in the way, a sacrifice can quickly be made to rid the mother and father of the inconvenience.

What is science?

> “Science” is another word for the Jewish hatred of Logos, which takes on new ferocity when combined with the homosexual’s rage against nature.
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> […]
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> Darwinism plays a critical role in the administration of the American Empire because it uses “science” to rule out of court any moral objection to the economical exploitation that is an intrinsic part of the oligarchic system known as capitalism. Control means, in the first instance, decertifying any and all forms of logos or rationality which restrict the power of the oligarchs.

The end result of science is the injection of hundreds of millions of people with unproven and unapproved vaccines to render them both harmless and sterile to the power of the world regime.

God’s revelation and plan

> The motion which both the unmoved mover and nature share is *philia* or love, which would only become clear with the arrival of Christianity, which explained that in God there are three Persons who are loving each other. And that love was so powerful it overflowed the bounds of eternity and found expression in creation.
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> […]
>
> God used the passions of men to bring about His ends, not theirs, in a process which Hegel later described as “the cunning of reason.” Throughout human history, divine providence devised “an inherent logic transcending the conscious intentions of individuals agents”…

Hebrew revelation plus Greek metaphysics

> Empedocles had said that the universe was ruled by love and strife, resulting in circular motion, which is another word for a machine, which is how Newton characterized his vision of the universe. St. John simplified things by de-mechanizing the universe and incorporating the motion of history into the static understanding of Logos which he inherited from the Greeks. Logos is God, but since God is Love, Love now manifests itself as motion in history. This means that history is a manifestation of the mind of God every bit as much as the physical universe is. By combining the Hebrew understanding of history with the Greek understanding of Logos, John granted to the Hebrews a new metaphysical understanding of their history, and to the Greeks a new understanding of how the Logos moves through time.

Decline of pagan Rome

> When crisis came, the Roman plebs needed more than the old gods could

> provide. They needed actual communities grounded in beliefs that went deeper than fables based on obviously anthropomorphic gods, hence the rise of Christianity and along with it the rise of other religious-based communities, like the Egyptian cult of Hermes Trismegisthus and the Gnostic Manichean sect that captivated Augustine for a time. Secular culture had gotten too big and too abstract to move the minds and hearts of the people who lived in the cities, which were increasingly lonely and impersonal places. Christianity filled the cultural spaces which the empire could no longer occupy in the minds of the humble and dispossessed…
>
> […]
>
> During the fifth century more and more barbarian tribes found themselves fighting over an ever decreasing financial base of plunder. The idea of empire became increasingly meaningless, primarily because it had been bankrupt for some time, was unable to pay its own troops, and no longer controlled anything of value. Its financial bankruptcy mirrored its cultural bankruptcy. The empire ended because no one derived any benefit from belonging to it any more.

A world without God becomes a playground of the rich

> In terms of its covert cosmology, Newtonian physics was a return to the vomit of paganism. Like gravity and inertia in the cosmic drama known as Newtonian physics, the power of the good god was limited by the power of the bad god, as it was in Zoroastrianism. This meant that the good god lacked the power to bring about good. What filled the vacuum in the ancient world which resisted Christianity and the modern world which abandoned it was will. In a world where there was no telos and as a result only what Aristotle called violent motion, human will became the only source of motion in an inert, meaningless universe where everything went around in circles and history had no meaning other than what the rich and powerful imposed on it.

In the Darwinian world of competition and strife, where the strongest is most deserving of rewards, even defrauding or tricking the dumb is considered a form of accepted superiority. We're forced to use the financial system of the rich, based on usury, which ensures that they get even richer.

The City of God

> The City of God is based on love of God to the extinction of self, and the City of Man is based on love of self to the extinction of God. Love is the basis of both. The two cities are the manifestation of two loves: "the earthly by the love of self, even to the contempt of God; the heavenly by the love of God, even to the contempt of self." Both cities play a role in the often inscrutable providence of God, which distributes earthly kingdoms according to His will, giving the Roman Empire at one point to Constantine, who recognized the Church and at another

> point to his grandson Julian the Apostate, who persecuted it. Even if the human mind fails at times to understand its workings, that Providence guarantees that there is a logos to human history.
>
> […]
>
> God, who was "the unchangeable Governor as He is the unchangeable Creator of immutable things, orders all events in His providence until the beauty of the completed course of time, of which the component parts are the dispensations adapted to each successive age, shall be finished like the grand melody of some ineffably wise master of song."
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> […]
>
> According to St. Augustine, the course of history revolves around a conflict between: "two dynamic principles embodied in two societies and social orders—the City of Man and the City of God, Babylon and Jerusalem, which run their course, side by side, intermingling with one another and sharing the same temporal goods and the same temporal evils, but separate from one another by an infinite spiritual gulf. Thus St. Augustine sees history as the meeting point between time and eternity. History is a unity because the same divine power which shows itself in the order of nature from the stars, down to the feathers of a bird and the leaves of the tree also governs the rise and fall of kingdoms and empires." [Dawson]
>
> […]
>
> "As the natural force of self-love draws down the world to multiplicity and disorder and death, the supernatural power of the love of God draws it back to unity and order and life." [Dawson]

It's not a coincidence that upon my repentance, I wanted to escape from the cities and go into the woods. Perhaps the cities were of God during the Byzantine era, but I don't need to tell you how they are now. My current life is essentially about creating a little bubble of monasticism in my mother's living room where I can pray and fast while keeping away from worldly temptations. It's getting to the point where even a weekly visit to the supermarket is chafing to me because of having to endure the extreme secularity of public spaces.

Persecution is here

> During his imprisonment in Pavia, Boethius wrote his masterpiece, The Consolation of Philosophy, the classic lament of the just man persecuted for being just. It is also the lament of the man of philosophical disposition in a decadent age, who looks around him and sees: "the wicked workshops of lawless men overflowing in joy and jubilation; every last degenerate making threats with brand new deceptions and denunciations; good men fallen laid low by their fear of this crisis of mine; every criminal encouraged to dare a crime because he will

> go unpunished and to commit it because he will be rewarded; and the guiltless deprived not only of their safety but even of their defense."

Boethius wrote these words in the 6th century. Fifteen centuries later they ring truer than ever, because persecution for the Christian rhymes the same regardless of the era.

Muhammad harnessed political power

> Muhammad capitalized on the absence of an Arabic translation of the Bible by creating a new book which summarized Jewish and heretical Christian beliefs in a language which gave the Arab-speaking tribes national unity and, therefore, political power, which the caliphs then projected outward through military conquest. Muhammad was a lot like the German reformer Martin Luther: he had difficulty controlling his passions, and he gave his people a national epic in their own language which assured them that the "Ishmaelites" too were children of Abraham and, therefore, on an equal footing with the Jews but superior to Christians, who could claim Abraham as their father by faith but not by blood.
>
> […]
>
> After Islamic scholars failed to come up with one agreed upon version of the Qur'an, the caliph resolved the issue by force majeure in a move which would have theological implications. God became an exalted caliph, and science became an exercise in reading the mind and predicting the arbitrary will of an all-powerful being who could not make up his mind.

When God gives up a nation

> Divine Providence then has "its extreme remedy at hand." God allows the nation to fall back into the feral condition from which it arose after the Fall. Once a nation becomes corrupted by the "barbarism of reflection," nothing can save it from the new beastly state of nature that so uncannily resembles the state capitalism in our day. Rome was able to delay this decline by holding firm to religion, marriage, and property as the three bulwarks against Greek skepticism, but even Rome succumbed to the same "power of ideas" that destroyed Athens and ended up being ruled by "dissolute and shameless madmen, like Caligula, Nero, and Domitian."

Understanding history

> To be taken seriously, any philosophy of history must take into account both human freedom and God's omnipotence. Human history, as a result, implies "a double kind of contingency, on the one hand with respect to the transcendent freedom of God, and on the other hand with respect to human free will as well as to natural accidents and vicissitudes." If the philosopher of history does not believe in God, he will transfer divine agency to some other principle, like natural selection. Similarly, those who deny human freedom simply transfer that freedom

> to God alone, as Islam did, in which case it becomes synonymous with fate, or they transfer it to matter, as Marx did, in which case it becomes synonymous with the movement of matter otherwise known as materialism. Materialism becomes, as a result, a philosophy which claims that only atoms have freedom, and that freedom is synonymous with random motion. Either way, both concepts—God's omnipotence and human free will—are necessary to any understanding of history.
>
> […]
>
> Every successful revolution leads to a civil war. This means that there is no "End of History," despite Francis Fukuyama's claim at the end of the Cold War, but it also means that the dialectic always labors in the service of Logos, which is to say, in the service of God's providence. No matter how messy their activity seems, the mills of history always grind out the truth.
>
> […]
>
> In every age, the forces of Logos confront the forces of anti-Logos, and more often than not the forces of anti-Logos win out, forcing irrepressible Logos to appear ever new yet ever the same in the following generation.

Another man who takes into account human freedom and God's omnipotence when studying history is Father Seraphim Rose, especially his Orthodox Survival Course.

Logos in human history

> …I asked my wife if she would have moved to South Bend if she had known that I was going to be fired a year after we arrived. The answer was, of course, no. No one in his right mind, including me, would have agreed to such a thing, which is why God does not reveal the future. If the option of future knowledge were available to man, he would have to know all of it to make a proper decision, but to know all of the future, man would have to be God, which he is not. Hence, the need for faith. Ever since St. Augustine explicated the meaning of the Incarnation, we know that time has a direction and a purpose and that the name of that purpose as well as the force which makes that purpose happen is Logos. We know that man's free will allows him to negate that purpose, but no wicked human act, no matter how heinous, not even killing the Logos Incarnate, can thwart God's plan. As the Crucifixion shows, even deicide, the ultimate wicked act, became the occasion which propelled Logos forward in human history, not because it was evil but because God can take that evil and the freedom that enabled it and turn it into a greater good. That is the meaning of human history. Every single victory has led to failure, but every failure has led to another even more unpredictable victory in the upward spiral of Logos that is the inexorable trajectory of human history.

I do have a couple of critiques of the book. First, I think Dr. Jones is too quick to accept

anthropological evidence from scientists, especially when it comes to their flawed methods of historical dating.

> During the period following the emergence of Mitochondrial Eve between 99,000 and 148,000 years ago, and Y-chromosomal Adam between 120,000 and 156,000 years ago…
>
> […]
>
> The Egyptian hieroglyph for dog is no more abstract than the pictures of the horse which had been painted on the walls of the caves in Lascaux in France some 30,000 to 40,000 years earlier.

I have no ambivalence in discarding most science outside of physics. If it's not observable or reproducible, and it is presented as "science," it's moreso conjecture or theory. (See more in my article about the age of the earth.)

My second critique, which Dr. Jones may receive as a compliment, is that Logos Rising felt like a Catholic Scholastic work produced through the brain of Thomas Aquinas, who I perceive Dr. Jones sees as the apotheosis of Christianity, an opinion that as an Orthodox Christian I do not share, especially since my Church does not recognize Aquinas' teachings. I did not make a specific count, but Aquinas is mentioned throughout Dr. Jones' book.

My last critique concerns Dr. Jones' suggestion that those closest to God will be more materially successful, especially in war. His assertion is that if a nation has logos, it will have a superior military and be more likely to win battles. I would agree that possessing the logos will bring you closer to the truth of technological advancement that allows you to defend against heathen armies, but God's favor plays out over huge stretches of time and can't exactly be pinpointed battle by battle. For example, I would be hesitant to say that the United States defeated Serbia in war because the American nation was closer to God than the Orthodox Serbian nation, but then again, who can measure the spiritual state of a nation and all its people at a specific point in history? My preference would be to agree with Dr. Jones' assertion on a macro scale, over hundreds of years, instead of micro. Otherwise, a mad ruler could claim justification of a war victory as being blessed by God, when in actuality God may be arranging events for his soon-coming annihilation.

Logos Rising is primarily a philosophical work that traces the logos throughout human history without shying away from dense metaphysical and Catholic theological analysis. While a layman would certainly get value from Logos Rising, especially when it comes to understanding how God approaches human history, I would recommend it more strongly to Catholic brethren who seek a philosophical approach to history in a way that matches their theology. Otherwise, Logos Rising was a monumental undertaking and Dr. Jones should be commended for synthesizing a work that brings us closer to understanding God's revelation through the ages.

Learn More: *Logos Rising on Fidelity Press*

Modern Psychiatry Is Demonic

October 18, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Now that Western medicine is tightly controlled by corporations and compassionless doctors who follow the dictates of Anthony Fauci and Bill Gates, we are arriving at a point in history where, if you *don't* have access to medical care, your life span may increase, such as I imagine the case in the days when witch doctors practiced trepanation. Within this murderous beast of death care is psychiatry, the most evil component within a greater evil. From my research and firsthand experience, psychiatry is a vehicle of Satan to destroy minds, sterilize women, and ultimately condemn souls to hell.

The secular world makes people ill by denying the presence of God, and then the secular world gives the solution of psychiatry and its obsession of prescribing anti-depressant and anti-psychotic drugs which fleece billions of dollars from patients via recurring monthly payments for those who become dependent on them and simply cannot quit. The situation has become so bad that even the leftist media is starting to highlight a problem that is called antidepressant discontinuation syndrome, where some people must take pharmaceutical drugs for the rest of their lives to avoid mental incapacitation, "brain zaps," total psychosis, and even permanent brain damage.

Psychiatric drugs are hard to get off of because the brain reworks itself around the artificial chemicals it finds itself bathed in daily, and as soon as those chemicals are withdrawn, the brain cannot adapt fast enough to create a neurochemical balance that does not result in a variety of terrifying mental symptoms which many patients cannot handle without severe disruption to their lives and overall health. Even worse, drug companies create tablet and capsule dose increments that are too large to allow a tapered, safe withdraw, leading to patients having to hack open their capsules and measure dosages with microgram scales to methodically wean themselves off drugs as if they were a trained pharmacist in a process that—for those who are unlucky enough to have serious withdrawal symptoms—can take two or more years to accomplish safely, if ever. The doctors and the drug companies are happy to put you on potent brain drugs for life, but they don't care for getting you off them, and User3428 posting in one of numerous anti-depressant withdrawal forums online will be able to give you more aid than a trained physician. Unless someone on psychiatric drugs is ready to become their own researcher, doctor, pharmacist, and nutritionist, they inevitably become slaves to pharmaceutical companies and their drugs whose manufacture is cheaply outsourced to China and India.

Psychiatry confuses cause and effect

The whole field of psychiatry is backward rationalization. They study patients with mental illness, theorize on the biochemical state of their brains, and then shovel them with ultra-addictive drugs to make their brains appear similar to those without mental illness, but this is merely studying the effect of a disorder and then declaring it to be the cause. Their ultimate conclusion is that brain imbalance causes brain imbalance. What science can measure of the brain is not a cause of illness but the *effect* of illness. In other words, your beliefs, lifestyle, relationships, environment, diet, and faith are the inputs—the true causes—which create the visible brain functioning that scientists can scantily observe and critique, but your brain itself, the very physiology of it, is rarely the organic cause for mental illness.

A psychiatrist will study house fires, notice that firemen always seem to be present at them, and then create a solution to destroy all firehouses, the "obvious" source of fires. A psychiatrist will look at an old car with a broken fuel pump and then try to solve it by filling the gas tank with jet fuel. A psychiatrist will compensate for a cake that is too sweet by sprinkling vinegar on top. They have lost the script when it comes to cause and effect and have applied a one-size-fits-all remedy to anyone who walks through their doors and claims to be "sad" by dosing them with drugs that many will never get off of, a fact that is hidden from the patient. Even general-practice doctors seem to rush to dope up their patients who claim the mildest of fleeting emotional-related phenomena.

Having a "brain chemical imbalance" is often the effect of a faithless or sinful state of existence where depression is due to the consequences of secular life, or one that is far from what God intended. The root cause of emotional malaise must be addressed and then the imbalance will correct itself, but only up to a point because we exist in a post-Adamic fallen state and will not experience heaven or bliss in this life. If you attempt to correct your sadness with drugs, without addressing the root cause, and especially

without faith, you merely become a zombie who is still suffering but simply can't feel it. If I burn myself often while cooking, the solution is better cooking technique, not taking a drug which removes my ability to feel the pain of being burned, because I will simply continue to get burned. In fact, I will be burned even more, and my cooking ability will decrease.

Do psychiatric drugs remove repentance?

Psychiatric drugs disconnect you from your humanity and make it harder for you to repent before God. Consider that God gave us emotional states to help us orient our lives closer to Him, similar to how ancient sailors used an hourglass, quadrant, and compass to arrive at their intended destination. If we're feeling constantly sad then something is wrong and we must meet with our priest, double our prayers, and search through the Gospel for answers to alleviate our pain and reorient our lives, because the cause is spiritual in nature or mostly so, which I can say with high confidence because of the vehemently nihilistic secularism and humanism we are all born into. By removing your sadness through chemical means to feel a lack of sadness (but not quite happiness), the psychiatrist will allow the years to fly by without the need for God. How many souls needed God's love but were later condemned for eternity because they were given Chinese-made anti-depressants instead of Church sacraments, and died while in that medically-induced conscious coma?

Anything that blocks or delays repentance while offering no spiritual fruits is by definition demonic, and so psychiatric drugs must only be used in uncontrollable situations or to prevent a sin even greater than dying of natural causes without repentance: suicide. A suicidal person needs a priest more than a drug, but if the person does not have a priest, which is the greater problem than brain imbalance, and the only action that can stop him

from killing himself is to dose him on anti-psychotics, perhaps it is better to give him the drugs, but if he is feeling merely depressed, or unhappy that he doesn't have a girlfriend, it is better to get him a priest who will serve as his doctor, because once he goes on the drugs, and the sadness can no longer be perceived, replaced instead by the demonic magic of mental numbness, he may never seek out God for as long as he lives.

Saint Paisios of Mount Athos, who is highly revered in the Orthodox Church, advises against psychiatric drugs, which may only be of "some" help in serious patients:

> Pills will not solve the problem, but will temporarily cover it. This is not an effective solution, as once they stop taking their medication, the problem will come to the surface again, and the person will be found in the same miserable condition. The only solution is to become aware of the problem and confess it to a spiritual father [in the Orthodox Church] and then humbly follow his advice.
>
> […]
>
> The doctor will prescribe some pills, which might be of some help in case of a serious condition, but just for a short period of time.

Did you know that psychiatric drugs were explicitly targeted to women, particularly white women?

> As Jonathan Metzl writes, in "Prozac on the Couch," S.S.R.I.s were marketed especially to female consumers, as drugs that would empower them at work while preserving the kind of feminine traits required at home. One advertisement for Zoloft showed a woman in a pants suit, holding the hands of her two children, her wedding ring prominent, next to the phrase "Power That Speaks Softly." Today, antidepressants are taken by one in five white American women.

These women have been deceived from birth to expect the world to make them "happy," but lo and behold, they arrive at a point, usually in their late 20s, where they followed feminist and anti-racist doctrine to a T after attending numerous diversity trainings and gay pride parties and yet are still not happy. Their life is in disorder, cheap entertainments and sex cannot fill the void in their spirit, so the cause of it all must be a brain imbalance, and like the good doctor may confidently add, depression has a genetic component and must run in the family, because the patient remembers her grandmother was sad that one time after grandpa died, and yet the doctor forgot to tell her that every single human being born after Adam and Eve is "predisposed" towards falling into abject sadness, depression, addiction, and often the most vile of evils, and it's really a roll of the dice that determines which psychological ailment you will struggle against, like every other human being who is alive, ready to be diagnosed and managed by the pharmaceutical industry.

Psychiatry enables inversion

Feminism is demonic because it inverts the natural order by trying to make man as coming from the woman's rib instead of the other way around, and here comes the psychiatrist to further enable this inversion with a heavily-marketed drug that keeps the independent woman working, without a husband, while just functional enough to take care of her pets and social media accounts that are replacements for children she cannot have because of a spiritual condition made worse by the secular authorities she should never have trusted.

How can a woman, who is chemically numbed in the brain, have the discernment to pick a husband? I have been told by a therapist that for many people who go on psychiatric drugs, at the time of their first dose they halt the process of maturation. Instead of being able to recognize threats and traps like normal people, they simply avoid them while in a comfortable medical stupor, and so there goes the maturity needed to have a relationship that leads to marriage. Besides, how can a woman who is on powerful brain-altering drugs have kids when the toxin she ingests in pill form crosses the placenta and attacks the baby's brain from when it is the size of a rice kernel? The inorganic mental illness of the mother and her faith in medicine over God eventually becomes a very real organic illness of a child that grows up to have severe mental and physical impairments that cannot be healed. It turns out the autism epidemic is not only suspected to be caused by vaccination but by mothers having babies while on psychiatric medicines.

Psychiatrists are the mad scientists of our times, which is a slight compliment to them because at least they are not the butchers of our times like those performing abortions or transgender surgeries as heralded by Johns Hopkins University, but both sets of doctors, the doctor of medicine who damages the brain and the doctor of surgery who mutilates the body, need each other to achieve Satan's will, because the women who commit abortions and the men who chop off their penises need the psychiatrist to alleviate the inevitable pain that results from the hands of Satan's butcher, not just the mental and emotional pain but the pain of a soul crying out in need of God. The doctors all work as a team to destroy the human soul, one prescription, vaccination, and surgery at a time,

until all that is left is a husk of a human who can't even comprehend plain and self-evident facts of the cosmos that God created. I see the same process in play with the coronavirus epidemic, where people who are scared of dying reach out not to their Creator but to doctors who put them on ventilators and inject them with genetic therapy "vaccines" that cause inflammation and blood clots throughout their body. Once you see the medical industry as one of many departments of Satan that is essential for hastening death and removing repentance, their actions make much more sense. I predict that medicine of the future will involve mostly genetic therapies and identity-destroying surgeries that will make repentance not just difficult but impossible because patients accepted a series of treatments that irreparably damaged what it means for them to be human.

I'm hard on psychiatry because of witnessing the experience of a friend, Gennadias. Due to a combination of ignorance and trust in medical science, he began taking anti-depressant drugs in college, and several years later, he was ready to come off of them when he was in a better place in life, even reaching ever so meekly out to God. He tapered off his medication by 25%. I was then able to witness firsthand the withdrawal effects that I, as a middle-aged man, was not prepared to witness. I don't want to violate his privacy by sharing more detail, but it was so severe that I needed help and encouragement from holy men just to help him. Thankfully, I was strongly with God during this period and was able to pray for him, which I believe helped, unlike when my sister was ill with cancer and I did not have God in my life or pray for her even once. Gennadias was able to endure and overcome the first round of withdrawal effects, thanks to God, but the experience served as vivid proof of the demented evil of psychiatry. No matter how spiritually sick you are, even if you are demon-possessed, the spiritual treatment of the Orthodox Church has no greater side effect than fatigue, and yet the side effects I saw in Gennadias were so torturous that I don't think I could personally endure them, because when they hit you, no matter how intellectually or spiritually enlightened you may be, your mind will be so out of your control that you may not even be able to perceive the very notion of God to lean on Him for help.

Western medicine is harming souls

Anger is a sin, but anger at Satan, sin, and evil is not, and so I feel that my anger at psychiatry and the medical industry is righteous, because I use it as fuel to warn people to be very careful when depending on secularized knowledge and wisdom that is stripped bare of God and whose point is for you to not see God. As Satan continues to work his evil within the field of medicine, you will soon encounter treatments that are so evil and barbaric that I would not be surprised if grieving family members retaliate against doctors not with lawsuits but violence. That step may be reached once dangerous medical treatments become mandatory.

I'm not a doctor, but that doesn't preclude me from having a medical opinion, because the truth is not confined to a priestly class. I believe that a person with symptoms of depression or psychosis should consult with an Orthodox priest for spiritual diagnosis and treatment. I would guess that treatment will include repentance, baptism, receiving communion, prayer, a change of diet, lifestyle adjustments, and in severe cases, exorcism. This treatment will take months and years for the spiritual patient to crawl out of the darkness that was likely caused by a life lived far from Christ. If you are one of the unlucky few who has an organic cause to your mental illness because you were dropped as a child or sustained a war injury then the treatment remains the same, because your best hope for living a life of normalcy and ultimately salvation lies within the Orthodox Church. The pharmaceutical industry will be too happy to dope you up with pills for their monetary gain, and it is even spoken about openly that their most optimal financial strategy is to keep you popping pills for the rest of your life. There is no profit in one-time cures, and if such a cure is ever spontaneously found, I wonder how many billions of dollars the pharmaceutical companies would pay to keep it hidden while they continue to dose an ever-increasing percentage of the population with expensive drugs that are usually combined with other expensive drugs to inhibit a human being's ability to unite with his Creator, whose grace is the only cure.

If you are suicidal, and refuse spiritual treatment, take all the psychiatric drugs you want, because death by suicide, a grave sin, is a worse outcome than the potential of being doped up, but now that you know how difficult it is to get off these drugs, understand that the solution psychiatry gives you is a spiritual suicide that can waste decades of your life. Seek out the Church, and if you don't believe in the Church or God then it's clear to me what is the root cause of your disease.

Someone with mental illness may have a thousand problems, but their biggest problem is spiritual, and if he still has mental illness though he is in the Church, then we must assume it's not serious enough to block his salvation, unlike a person who takes psychiatric drugs and remains outside the Church. Life is hard, and even though I have Christ in my heart, there are many days where I feel like I cannot move a finger. There are days I want to respond in anger to the most minor of slights, and on those days I step up my prayer to overcome what I'm sure is an attack by Satan and his legions. Only the sacraments of the Church can heal me, only the wisdom of holy elders will lighten my burden, only my unceasing prayer can spite Satan and his deranged strategy to take my soul and others. I will not count on psychiatry unless I feel that I cannot live for another moment, but well before that happens, I will lean on God, and know with confidence that He will respond.

Read Next: *Western Medicine Is Dead*

Roosh Hour #70 – Supply Chain Shock

October 24, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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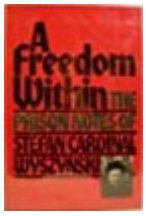
The Prison Notes Of Polish Catholic Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski

October 25, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



Stefan Wyszynski was a Catholic bishop in Poland who was imprisoned by the Polish communists after World War 2 for resisting the agenda to destroy the Church and turn Poland into an atheist state. Thanks in part to his efforts, the Catholic Church of Poland actually grew during communism as Poles sought out meaning not provided by the empty materialism of communism. Bishop Wyszynski is seen today as a Polish hero who stood by his faith and his people. A Freedom Within: The Prison Notes of Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski is a memoir of his experience as a prisoner.

Dealing with unjust authority

> If a citizen does not demand his rights, he is no longer a citizen. He becomes a slave.
>
> […]
>
> …any form of government, no matter how ruthless, will slowly cool and wane as it runs up against difficulties that the bureaucrat cannot resolve without cooperation from the people. Somehow the people must be taken into account.
>
> […]
>
> It is significant to note how little contemporary men learn from history. Mighty empires fell more quickly as they increased the intensity of their violence.
>
> We can take examples from ancient history: weaker countries often managed to survive longer than states ruling with slavish tyranny. Recent examples could also be cited (Hitler's state). The ruler seeks peace, and so do the citizens. Let the ruler leave the citizens in peace, and he will achieve peace himself and be able to maintain peacefully all he possesses. The ruler fears revenge against his violence. Police states are violent states. In conditions such as these, only a priest can find a way to defend the citizens.
>
> […]
>
> They proposed that I select a monastery in which to stay, a new mutually acceptable place, to promise not to leave the premises, to abstain from any declarations and statements, to counteract any petitions and manifestations. I declined to answer.
>
> My place is in the cathedrals of Gniezno and Warsaw. I can discuss only that. I

> cannot cooperate in deliberations newly depriving me of my freedom; that would only make me a voluntary prisoner. The voluntary surrender of freedom is an expression of a citizen's moral ruin. If today I refused to defend my right to freedom, I would not be able to defend the freedom of my country if the need should arise. Only a free citizen is able to defend his freedom. A citizen oppressed in his own country cannot hope to defend it.

Bishop Wyszynski is the kind of Christian I want to be when subjected to the psychological and medical tortures of today's secular globalist regime. I want to look at the police officer who makes an unjust demand upon me, such as to inject myself with a toxic serum in order to participate in buying and selling, say "no I will not," and suffer the consequences in the name of Lord Jesus Christ, whatever they may be. I already have crossed a line of acceptability during the first round of lockdowns by sometimes wearing a face mask within stores when asked, but I can't go any further than that, and so I'm preparing myself for a showdown with the state, a challenge I cannot win, but I know it will put me closer to almighty God, thereby granting me strength to suffer for the truth in a similar way as our Lord suffered as God-man on this earth.

Be patient

> A person who believes very strongly expects to receive everything from God quickly, and any delay makes him anxious. It is not lack of faith, but rather surprise that there is conflict between the power of God and His goodness. I worry about those who believe very strongly in the efficacy of prayer. They should not want too speedy a result from their prayer, and they should not give up if God's response is slow in coming. I knew from the outset that my case needs to drag on. God requires it. And it is not so much "my" case as the case of the Church. And such cases take time.

I've been a Christian for a couple of years now. Why aren't I a saint yet? Don't I read enough books? Don't I pray enough? Where are all my spiritual gifts? While I jest, many want to receive benefits from just a little spiritual effort, and to such impatience the demons will happily oblige with a variety of spiritual experiences. I look at the Orthodox elders I have met, one of whom has been a monk for over 50 years, and I understand that there is no shortcut to time, that while God's transformation of souls upon their rebirth through baptism and repentance is powerful indeed, any change that goes beyond the ability of the soul to handle will shatter it, and so we must wait for God to change us and grant gifts that are appropriate for our spiritual level.

Love your enemies

> I received no Christmas letter from my father, although it was difficult to imagine him sending the package without a letter. But I forgave my guardians this need to demonstrate their power over me. They would never force me to hate them, no matter what they did.

> […]
>
> I feel a deep sense of injustice suffered at the hand of the government. I feel I was especially hurt by Mr. Mazur, who was aware of my sincere efforts to bring about an atmosphere of peace in working on the relationship between the Church and the government. I bear no grudge against President Bierut, although I think that he did not fulfill his duty to defend a citizen who was unlawfully denied his freedom. In spite of this, I have no feelings of animosity toward any of these people. I wouldn't even know how to hurt them in the least way. It seems to me that I have the truth on my side, that I am still filled with love, that I am a Christian and a child of my Church, which has taught me to love people, even those who wish to consider me their enemy, to change my feelings toward my neighbors.
>
> […]
>
> The shortest way to an internal reconciliation with those who wrong us is to remember the question posed by Christ to Judas: "My friend, for what purpose hast thou come?" Still "friend"! Christ always used a word that revealed the essence of the matter. The traitor a "friend" of the Saviour! Because the Saviour wishes to redeem the world and Judas helps Him by his treachery, he becomes an involuntary instrument in the plans of Christ, he cooperates with Him. A collaborator in the Redemption. All of our enemies, against their will, cooperate with us, and contribute to the release of divine power in us. Perhaps they do not even realize what a great favor they are doing for a person who knows how to take advantage of God's mercy, who wants to take advantage of the grace of suffering. What of it that they want to be my enemies, when in them I only see friends and collaborators in the work of my redemption?

Not long ago I was severely hurt by a Christian who dealt with me in a non-Christian manner. My fallen instinct was to get angry at this individual and enact revenge, but upon praying, I let go of this notion and prayed for him instead, completely forgiving him though he did not apologize to me. Now that I can look back at how easily God allowed me to endure this trial, I am thankful for that painful experience because it helped me address my lingering anger and pride, and know that the secular habits I learned throughout my life have not yet escaped me, and that I must always be diligent and watchful when interacting with others so that, if a situation goes out of my favor, I don't respond in ways that I would have in the past.

"The prison cell reveals the truth"

> I must concede that all Your ways are mercy and truth! Suffering is diluted in the experience of love. Punishment ceases to be retaliation, because it is a medicine administered with fatherly gentleness. Sadness that torments the soul becomes the plowing of fallow ground for new seed. Loneliness becomes the act of gazing at You more closely. The malice of men is an education in silence and humility.

> Separation from one's work brings an increase in one's diligence and dedication. The prison cell reveals the truth: we have no permanent dwelling here… Let no one, then, think ill of You, Father; let no one assault You with accusations of severity—for You are good, for Your mercy is everlasting.
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> […]
>
> My misery does not hinder me in serving the mercy of God by providing people with the benefits that the world regards as most valuable. This was how Christ himself lived—scorned by the mob, ragged, beaten, covered with street mud, spat upon. And yet it was He Who saved the world—and saved it even though the world sneered at its Saviour. How closely these two roads parallel each other. My inadequacy is supported by sacramental grace; the "inadequacy" of Jesus the Man is supported by His divinity… Let the world laugh, as long as the work of redemption is effected.
>
> […]
>
> To give witness to Christ while in chains is the same kind of obligation as in the pulpit. It is therefore not a waste of time to remain in prison in the name of Christ. This is why God allowed so many servants of the Church to remain in prisons even when the crops in the fields were ripening, ready for the harvest. Saint Paul, during his most ardent missionary work, was abducted to prison, and he served terms in Jerusalem, in Caesarea, and in Rome. The history of the church makes a substantial contribution to the history of prisons.
>
> […]
>
> Saint John Chrysostom writes from his exile to the bishops, priests, and faithful: "You are in prison, and you are bound with chains. What better fate can you have? What does a golden crown on the head—what does a chain binding the hand—offer God? What do possessions, what does a prison full of darkness, filth, and suffering? Rejoice, then, and don a wreath, because sufferings prepare you for great happiness. They are the seeds promising a rich harvest, the struggle that will bring victory and palms.

Our regime has innovated imprisonment, making it not within a cell but within our own homes, with faces covered, six feet away from those with whom we love. Some mothers are even imposing "scientific" guidance of imprisonment to their own children, locking them away in bedrooms and only making contact to feed them, just like a real prison. There are too many prisoners, and not enough prison guards, so the imprisonment we face will be as psychological as physical. That want us to lose our minds, and through this we will sterilize and neutralize ourselves in fear and pose no threat or resistance to the oligarchs who think they will live forever in their towers of Babel once merging with the transhumanist cloud, but if you are a Christian, this psychological imprisonment will result not in sterilization but a ripe harvest of good deeds, faith, and ultimately, the salvation of millions of souls who foremost trust in Lord Jesus Christ for the only freedom worth its name.

Purifying the soul

> Christ spoke about whited sepulchers. It is strange how man likes to conceal what is dirty by painting over it. After all, a whitewashed wall does not cease to be dirty underneath. Is that perhaps why people paint their faces, because they already see in them the decay of the grave? Is that perhaps why they reach for perfume because they realized that something within is rotting? Or perhaps why they dress more and more meticulously, because they are beginning to look worse and worse within? Do they want to vaunt their used merchandise in new wrappings? The Egyptians painted mummies, knowing that there was no longer any life in them. Is history also to repeat itself here? And so, we should cry aloud, "Water!" But Living Water, not the kind of water for which the Samaritan woman went to Jacob's well. What is needed is the water with which she returned to town. The Water of Christ. Because this Water reaches *usque ad animam meam* [to my very soul].

Communist medicine

> For two days I have been in the hands of the medical clinics in Opole. I use the term "clinics" rather than doctors, because they behave like automatons: efficiently, professionally, almost infallibly, but without the medical spirit. For the unfortunate patient, these people have no human side, something an ailing body needs more than a prescription. We have here a bureaucrat for whom propaganda is more important than medicine. His conscientiousness, his politeness, his efforts are not for the patient but for an unknown third party, who orders him to make a good impression, to be polite and thorough. The presence of this third party is felt so strongly that the patient is reduced to the level of an object, a bureaucratic piece to be disposed of as instructed.

Are you surprised that communist medicine of the 1950s looks so much like modern medicine? Do you believe that most doctors today, as they prescribe pills and inject you with experimental sludge, actually care about your health? My experiences state that they care more about their jobs, bank accounts, homes, cars, and lifestyle than the catastrophic consequences of their advice, and if you say I'm being too extreme in my judgment, that I'm maligning an entire profession that was "ordained" to do absolutely no harm, I ask you to show me the fruits of their supposed loving care that is dictated more by greedy pharmaceutical companies and the likes of Bill Gates than any notion of science. Today I believe there is more healing in holy anointing oil that is placed on my forehead in the figure of the cross during Orthodox vigil services on Saturday evening than any toxic substances doctors push onto me in the name of a monstrous ideal of physical health.

Weak Christians

> [There are] contemporary "progressive" Catholics. "Progressive" in what? In evil.

> They make constant progress in succumbing to all, increasingly weak, temptations. Am I to be scandalized by them? No, rather I should grow wiser, so that I myself will not be tempted by the devil.

I'm bored of attacking lukewarm Christians. They've chosen their lot in life, with the free will that God gave them, and so let them live it. I much rather share the truth of Orthodoxy and for those who have ears to hear, let them hear.

A warning I must give about this book is that veneration of the Mother of God is very heavy, and that's coming from a member of the Orthodox Church where her veneration is already heavy. If you're Protestant, you will undoubtedly be chafed. Another complaint is that some of the family letters he excerpted were mundane, but I could see them as necessary for creating an accurate picture of what he was going through while imprisoned. Overall, A Freedom Within was an excellent book that has better prepared me for the fast-approaching Antichrist era, and I recommend it for all Christians who expect the times to get a lot tougher than they are now.

(Note: Used copies of this book are expensive but you can borrow an electronic copy for two weeks at Archive.org.)

Learn More: *A Freedom Within: The Prison Notes of Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski on Amazon*

The Kardiotissa Myrrh-Streaming Icon

November 1, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

After a three-week stay at Holy Trinity Monastery, culminating with me being received into the Orthodox Church, my brain was overloaded with spiritual knowledge and a list of tasks I wanted to complete to begin learning about my new faith. I was ready and eager to go home. The only stop remaining was to meet Gab founder Andrew Torba on his homestead in Pennsylvania.

When I left the monastery, my godfather told me that the spiritual experiences would diminish. I would have to manage a transition from interacting daily with priests, monks, and seminarians who constantly strove to have Lord Jesus Christ in their hearts, with providential events occurring to me daily, to a bizarro secular world where people cared more about gay people than God. This transition was on my mind as I drove to Northeast Pennsylvania to meet with Andrew Torba and his family.

Torba and I got along immediately. We are both fighting the good fight and have the same enemies. His enemy list, however, is much longer than mine since he is providing a platform that reaches many millions of people each month. We exchanged war stories over dinner and then lunch the next day. During one of our conversations, he asked me if I heard of the myrrh-streaming icon that was in a nearby Orthodox church. I had heard of myrrh-streaming icons before, whereby an icon leaks myrrh, but I was not interested in seeing it because of fatigue. I repeat: I was not interested in seeing a miracle within my new Church because I was tired, and besides, myrrh-streaming icons may not stream continually. Maybe I could visit it during a future trip. When Torba, who is not in the Orthodox Church, mentioned the icon to me a second time, I gently ignored him and changed the subject.

The day before I was set to drive back home, Torba showed me his land and farm machinery, which made me jealous because I own practically nothing useful besides electronic equipment to conduct internet live streams. I went back to my hotel room and checked my email. I read one from an Orthodox man who suggested that, if I were ever in Northeast Pennsylvania, to check out the Kardiotissa myrrh-streaming icon. I had not publicly shared that I would be in Pennsylvania. Why was I being told to visit this icon by two men within a 24-hour period? I leaned back from the computer screen and thought for some time before concluding that the email suggestion was from God, as was Torba's. I can only remain turned away from God for so long when he speaks to me, so I picked up the phone and called St. George's Orthodox Church in Taylor, Pennsylvania. I was invited to Vespers the next day at 6pm to see the icon. I extended my hotel stay and messaged Torba to join me.

I met with Torba in front of the church at the appointed time. I did not expect the icon to be streaming. I simply wanted to venerate the icon and ask the Theotokos to pray for me. Torba and I walked into the church and stood in the back row on the right side. As Vespers began, I looked around the church but did not know where the icon was. I would have to wait until the service was over. As hymn after hymn was sung praising the Theotokos, I wondered what Torba was thinking, since his background was in Protestantism, where the Theotokos often seems relegated to the role of a surrogate baby donor.

After Vespers was completed, the priest said the icon was not streaming and then motioned towards it, located in the center of the church. The usher then released one row of parishioners at a time to get in line to venerate the icon, starting at the front. Our row was eventually released and I waited in line, which moved quickly. When I finally arrived at the icon, I venerated it by kissing the Mother of God's hand and shoulder through the

glass. Then a priestmonk anointed me with the icon's myrrh on my forehead.

Many of the faithful left but I felt the urge to stay. I circled around the entire church to return to the front to venerate the other icons. Then I sat in a front pew and stared at the Kardiotissa for a minute before the usher came up to me and asked, "Did you see the streaks of myrrh?"

"I didn't look carefully," I replied, and stood up. Before I could take a step towards the icon for a closer view, the priest took it out of its glass case and held it in the air at a titled angle. It had just started streaming. A woman in front of me approached the icon and placed her right hand underneath. I watched as a bead formed in the bottom corner of the thin-slabbed wooden icon and dropped onto her hands. The priest turned the icon towards me and I approached with my hand. A drop of myrrh landed in my hands and I immediately made the sign of the cross, giving glory to God for allowing me to experience the miracle. I looked towards the back of the church and saw Torba. I motioned for him to come and he also received a drop of myrrh.

The Kardiotissa myrrh-streaming icon

I returned to the pews in the back. I could not hold back tears. I knew I was experiencing God's grace and so began to pray for all those I loved, hoping that my prayer at this moment would have more power. Torba came to sit beside me. I didn't make eye contact with him so as not to disturb any moment he was experiencing. The grace was heavy so I could not talk, but I managed to whisper to him, "It's just a piece of wood."

Tens of thousands of Orthodox Christians have experienced myrrh-streaming icons firsthand, and it's not hard to find their stories, but to be there myself, to watch drops of liquid fragrance come forth from inert wood and paint bearing an image of the Theotokos; to watch the earthly intersection between the Uncreated and Created, only possible

because of the providential steps that allowed me to be present in Taylor, Pennsylvania, made me feel an overflowing love for God and the Mother of God, for it had only been three weeks since I was received into the Church. I saw how God was allowing my faith to start strong, and how lucky Torba was for seeing this miracle when he wasn't even in the Church, and what sort of plan God had for us both.

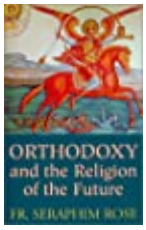
"God arranged this," I said to Torba. "He wanted us to see this together." I stared at a large Orthodox cross in the front of the church, trying to retain the feeling of grace, but the tears soon ended and back out into the world I went, retaining only a memory of what had happened.

Less than four months later, the Lord God showed me the wonderworking Kursk Root icon and then another myrrh-streaming icon, the Hawaiian Iveron icon. The more I see and the more grace that falls upon me, the more unworthy I feel, the sinner that I am.

Read Next: *12 Things I Learned From Visiting Holy Trinity Monastery In New York*

Orthodoxy And The Religion Of The Future

November 8, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



> Satan, it would seem, is now entering naked into human history. The years just ahead promise to be more terrible than anyone can now easily conceive. —Fr. Seraphim Rose

Orthodoxy and the Religion of the Future is one of Father Seraphim Rose's most popular works, apparently moreso in Russia than in the United States, where I read that it is offered for sale in subway stations (in America, good luck finding it in a physical bookstore). The book offers a summary of all false religious phenomena that are helping to condemn souls in our modern times, such as New Age beliefs, mediumistic practices, "alien" sightings, and pseudo-demonic forms of church worship.

Do not seek spiritual experiences

> Anyone who understands the nature of prelest or spiritual deception will recognize in this description of "Christian Yoga" precisely the characteristics of those who have gone spiritually astray, whether into pagan religious experiences or sectarian "Christian" experiences. The same striving for "holy and divine feelings," the same openness and willingness to be "seized" by a spirit, the same seeking not for God but for "spiritual consolations," the same self-intoxication which is mistaken for a "state of grace," the same incredible ease with which one becomes "contemplative" or "mystical," the same "mystical revelations" and pseudospiritual states. These are the common characteristics of all who are in this particular state of spiritual deception.
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> […]
>
> …the wiles of the devil are much more subtle than you may have imagined, that the willingness of our fallen human nature to mistake illusion for truth, emotional comfort for spiritual experience, is much greater than you think.
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> […]
>
> …the Orthodox Christian is protected against deception by the very knowledge that such deception not only exists, but is everywhere, including within himself. Bishop Ignatius writes: "We are all in deception. The knowledge of this is the greatest preventative against deception. It is the greatest deception to acknowledge oneself to be free of deception."

> […]
>
> [The] “contentment” and “peace” described [in] contemporary “spiritual” movements are quite manifestly the product of spiritual deception, of spiritual self-satisfaction—which is the absolute death of the God-oriented spiritual life.
>
> […]
>
> When experience is emphasized above doctrine, the normal Christian safeguards which protect one against the attacks of fallen spirits are removed or neutralized, and the passiveness and “openness” which characterize the new cults literally open one up to be used by demons. Studies of the experiences of many of the “consciousness cults” show that there is a regular progression in them from experiences which at first are “good” or “neutral” to experiences which become strange and frightening and in the end clearly demonic.

If you seek spiritual experiences without a foundation of faith, or a desire to struggle to attain the virtues, such as humility and patience, you are making an idol out of the experience itself, and so God will allow the demons to deceive you in the way that you seek, because the desire for spiritual experiences is not compatible with the desire of God, who tested Christians know will grant experiences on His own timeline, not arbitrarily from the wish of someone in delusion who wants to primarily feel an emotion of ecstasy or grace. Instead, one must put in the required spiritual work to receive only what God knows he needs.

Zen is a religion of experiences

> Zen, without any theology, is no more able than Hinduism to distinguish between good and evil spiritual experiences; it can only state what seems to be good because it brings “peace” and “harmony,” as judged by the natural powers of the mind and not be any revelation—everything else it rejects as more or less illusory. Zen appears to the subtle pride—so widespread today—of those who think they can save themselves, and thus have no need of any Saviour outside themselves.

I fell for the Eastern philosophy trap in my early 30s. My pride loved the notion of reaching existential “enlightenment” through my own works without having to submit my will or ego to a higher power. One of my favorite gurus at that time, Osho, remarked that there is no point of life at all, that you must just “be.” I accepted this notion of nihilism, but now I can see that according to his behavior and actions, there was indeed a point to life: to feed all of his passions by sleeping with female followers in America, amass the biggest collection of Rolls Royces and Rolexes in the world, kowtow with Hollywood celebrities, and rise to the *de facto* head of a political operation that resulted in one of his followers poisoning the local inhabitants. If you’re wondering how people can fall for such a man, look no further than pride, which blinds you to the truth, and gets you to believe in any lie or ideology which blocks their worship of Lord Jesus Christ.

False spirituality

> Non-Christian “spirituality” is no longer a foreign importation in the West; it has become a native American religion putting down deep roots into the consciousness of the West. Let us be warned from this: the religion of the future will not be a mere cult or sect, but a powerful and profound religious orientation which will be absolutely convincing to the mind and heart of modern man.

The man who accepts Antichrist will believe in capitalism, democracy, comfort, Western medicine, and the notion that the point of life is to “enjoy” it in the here and now. When the Antichrist comes, perhaps 50% of the population will immediately declare fealty to him without any need of convincing, and those with a weak faith will eventually fall when the price of discomfort for their disloyalty to Christ becomes too high for their lukewarmness to bear.

Science fiction is a vehicle of the occult

> In a word, the science-fiction literature of the 20th century is itself a clear sign of the loss of Christian values and the Christian interpretation of the world; it has become a powerful vehicle for the dissemination of a non-Christian philosophy of life and history, largely under open or concealed occult and Eastern influence; and in a crucial time of crisis and transition in human civilization it has been a prime force in creating the hope for and actual expectation of “visitors from outer space” who will solve mankind’s problems and conduct man to a new “cosmic” age of its history. While appearing to be scientific and non-religious, science-fiction literature is in actuality a leading propagator (in a secular form) of the “new religious consciousness” which is sweeping mankind as Christianity retreats.

The only use I can see in science fiction is that its ideas seem to be a source of future inspiration for the regime when it comes to designing and implementing methods of human control. They are trying, in quite the literal sense, to rule over us with advanced AI and robots like shown in the movies Terminator, I Robot, and RoboCop.

Demons are behind UFOs and alien sightings

> …UFO encounters are but a contemporary form of an occult phenomenon which has existed throughout the centuries. Men have abandoned Christianity and look for “saviours” from outer space, and therefore the phenomenon supplies images of spacecraft and space beings.
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> […]
>
> In a recent bibliography of UFO phenomena prepared by the Library of Congress for the United States Air Force Office of Scientific Research, the introduction states that “many of the UFO reports now being published in the popular press recount alleged incidents that are strikingly similar to demonic possession and

psychic phenomena which have long been known to theologians and parapsychologists.”

[…]

The most puzzling aspect of UFO phenomena to most researchers—namely, the estrange mingling of physical and psychic characteristics in them—is no puzzle at all to readers of Orthodox spiritual books, especially the Lives of Saints. Demons also have “physical bodies,” although the matter in them is of such subtlety that it cannot be perceived by men unless their spiritual “doors of perception” are opened, whether with God’s will (as in the case of holy men) or against it (as in the case of sorcerers and mediums).

[…]

Orthodox literature has many examples of demonic manifestations which fit precisely the UFO pattern: apparitions of “solid” beings and objects (whether demons themselves or their illusionary creations) which suddenly “materialize” and “dematerialize,” always with the aim of awing and confusing people and ultimately leading them to perdition. The Lives of the 4th-century St. Anthony the Great and the 3rd-century St Cyprian the Former Sorcerer are filled with such incidents.

[…]

It is clear that the manifestations of today’s flying saucers are quite within the “technology” of demons; indeed, nothing else can explain them as well. The multifarious demonic deceptions of Orthodox literature have been adapted to the mythology of outer space, nothing more…

[…]

A true evaluation of the UFO experience may be made only on the basis of Christian revelation and experience, and is accessible only to the humble Christian believer who trusts these sources.

[…]

…UFOs are but the newest of the mediumistic techniques by which the devil gains initiates into his occult realm. They are a terrible sign that man has become susceptible to demonic influence as never before in the Christian era. In the 19th century it was usually necessary to seek out dark séance rooms in order to enter into contact with demons, but now one need only look into the sky (usually at night, it is true). Mankind has lost what remained of basic Christian understanding up to now, and now passively places itself at the disposal of whatever “powers” may descend from the sky. The new film, Close Encounters of the Third Kind, is a shocking revelation of how superstitious “post-Christian” man has become—ready in an instant and unquestioningly to believe and follow hardly-disguised demons wherever they might lead.

[…]

> We live near the end of this fearful age of demonic triumph and rejoicing, when the eerie “humanoids” (another of the masks of the demons) have become visible to thousands of people and by their absurd encounters take possession of the souls of those men from whom God’s grace has departed.

Orthodoxy has a credible and rational explanation for paranormal activity, and the definitive sign to me that alien sightings come from a place of evil is that the United States government is using them to distract the population from its horrible crimes through a drip-drop method of propaganda release that is keeping apostate Christians in heightened anticipation for some type of major alien encounter they think will be beneficial to mankind but which will really be used to control them just like all other Satanic schemes.

Navigating the end of an age

> The conscious Orthodox Christian lives in a world that is clearly fallen, both the earth below and the stars above, all being equally far from the lost paradise for which he is striving. He is part of a suffering mankind all descended from the one Adam, the first man, and all alike in need of the redemption offered freely by the Son of God by His saving Sacrifice on the Cross. He knows that man is not to “evolve” into something “higher,” nor has he any reason to believe that there are “highly evolved” beings on other planets; but he knows well that there are indeed “advanced intelligences” in the universe besides himself; these are of two kinds, and he strives to live so as to dwell with those who serve God (the angels) and avoid contract with the others who have rejected God and strive in their envy and malice to draw man into their misfortune (the demons). He knows that man, out of self-love and weakness, is easily inclined to follow error and believe in “fairy tales” that promise contact with a “higher state” or “higher beings” without the struggle of Christian life—in fact, precisely as an escape from the struggle of Christian life. He distrusts his own ability to see through the deceptions of the demons, and therefore clings all the more firmly to the scriptural and Patristic guidelines which the Church of Christ provides for his life.
>
> Such a one has the possibility to resist the religion of the future, the religion of antichrist, in whatever form it may present itself; the rest of mankind, save by a miracle of God, is lost.
>
> […]
>
> The Holy Scriptures and Orthodox Fathers clearly tell us that the character of the last times will not at all be one of a great spiritual “revival,” of an “outpouring of the Holy Spirit,” but rather one of almost universal apostasy, of spiritual deception so subtle that the very elect, if that were possible, will be deceived, of the virtual disappearance of Christianity from the face of the earth.
>
> […]
>
> The Second Coming of Christ will be unmistakable: it will be sudden, from heaven

> (Acts 1:11), and it will mark the end of this world. There can be no "preparation" for it—save only the Orthodox Christian preparation of repentance, spiritual life, and watchfulness. Those who are "preparing" for it in any other way, who say that he is anywhere "here"—especially "here" in the Temple of Jerusalem—or who preach that "Jesus is coming soon" without warning of the great deception that is to precede His Coming: are clearly the prophets of antichrist, the false Christ who must come first and deceive the world, including all "Christians" who are not or do not become truly Orthodox. There is to be no future "millennium." For those who can receive it, the "millennium" of the Apocalypse (Apoc. 20:6) is now; the life of grace in the Orthodox Church for the whole "thousand years' between the First Coming of Christ and the time of antichrist.

This is why the rapture doctrine is so dangerous. Those who believe in this 19th century innovation think that Christ will take them away *before* the tribulation, and that they won't have to endure any sufferings. In other words, they will not believe that the evil world leader before them is Antichrist since they are still alive on the earth, yet to be raptured. They are likely to take the Mark of the Beast offered by Antichrist, because in their minds, they shouldn't be here during his reign.

Fake miracles

> …we know that it is not only God Who works miracles; the devil has his own "miracles," and in fact he can and does imitate virtually every genuine miracle of God. We shall therefore attempt in these pages to be careful to try the spirits, whether they are of God (I John 4:1).
>
> […]
>
> "Sometimes the demons [work miracles] in order to lift into pride the man who believes himself to possess the miraculous gift, and so prepare him for a more miraculous fall." [St John Cassian]

I suspect the reason that God does not grant many spiritual experiences is that the pride of the recipient gets to such a fervor that he comes to believe in his own sainthood and infallibility. Instead, God grants spiritual experiences in a safe manner to those who are humble or in dire need.

Protestant "revival" and speaking in tongues

> What can be the reason for such a spectacular success of a "Christian" revival in a seemingly "post-Christian" world? Doubtless the answer lies in two factors: first, the receptive ground which consists of those millions of "Christians" who feel that their religion is dry, over-rational, merely external, without fervency or power; and second, the evidently powerful "spirit" that lies behind the phenomena, which is capable, under the proper conditions, or producing a multitude and variety of "charismatic" phenomena, including healing, speaking in tongues, interpretation, prophecy—and, underlying all of these, an overwhelming

experience which is called the “Baptism of (or in, or with) the Holy Spirit.”

[…]

[Dr. Koch] concludes that the “tongues” movement is not at all a “revival,” for there is in it little repentance or conviction of sin, but chiefly the search for power and experience; the phenomenon of tongues is not the gift described in the Acts, nor is it (in most cases) actual demonic possession; rather, “it becomes more and more clear that perhaps over 95% of the whole tongues movement is mediumistic in character”.

What is a “medium”? A medium is a person with a certain psychic sensitivity which enables him to be the vehicle or means for the manifestation of unseen forces or beings (where actual beings are involved, as Starets Ambrose of Optina has clearly stated, these are always the fallen spirits whose realm this is, and not the “spirits of the dead” imagined by spiritists).

[…]

Do we not have here a clue to the chief actual accomplishment of the modern Pentecostal Movement—that it has discovered a new mediumistic technique for entering into and preserving a psychic state wherein miraculous “gifts” become commonplace? If this is true, then the “charismatic” definition of the “laying on of hands”—“the simple ministry by one or more persons who themselves are channels of the Holy Spirit to others not yet so blessed,” in which “the important thing [is] that those who minister have themselves experienced the movement of the Holy Spirit”—describes precisely the transference of the mediumistic gift by those who have already acquired it and have themselves become mediums. The “Baptism of the Holy Spirit” thus becomes mediumistic initiation.

[…]

“The tongues movement is the expression of a delirious condition through which a breaking in of demonic powers manifests itself” (Koch). That is, the movement, which is certainly “delirious” in giving itself over to the activity of a “spirit” that is not the Holy Spirit, is not demonic in intention or in itself (as contemporary occultism and satanism certainly are), but by its nature it lays itself particular open to the manifestation of obvious demonic forces, which do in fact sometimes appear.

[…]

If these “charismatic” experiences are religious experiences at all, then they are pagan religious experiences; and in fact they seem to correspond exactly to the mediumistic initiation experience of spirit-possession, which is caused by “an inner force welling up inside attempting to take control”.

[…]

Protestant “revivalism” [is] a phenomenon that preserves only a fragment of anything genuinely Christians, substituting for Christianity an emotional

> "religious" hysteria whose victim falls into the fatal delusion that he is "saved."

Modern Protestantism is easy if you're declared saved after one or two emotional experiences very early on your walk with Christ. It appeals to those who fail to see the need for spiritual labor. What I don't understand with those who believe in "once-saved-always-saved" is how they reconcile the completeness and finality of their mission before God with the fact that they are *still alive*. If you are definitively saved, why are you still here? Why are you not in your resurrected body, which is the final requirement for being saved? How can anyone presuppose God's final judgment of His creatures, which has yet to come? As an Orthodox Christian, I'm not sure if I will be saved, but I'm more sure of it today than I was yesterday, and I will approach tomorrow with fear and trembling to endure until the end.

Spiritual gifts are given only to the most faithful

> According to Bishop Ignatius, the gifts of the Holy Spirit "exist only in Orthodox Christians who have attained Christian perfection, purified and prepared beforehand by repentance." They "are given to Saints of God solely at God's good will and God's action, and not by the will of men and not by one's own power. They are given unexpectedly, extremely rarely, in cases of extreme need, by God's wondrous providence, and not just at random" (St. Isaac the Syrian). "It should be noted that at the present time spiritual gifts are granted in great moderation, corresponding to the enfeeblement that has enveloped Christianity in general. These gifts served entirely the needs of salvation.

Seeding the soil for Antichrist

> …the imitator of Christ will appear as a kind of saviour, solving man's economic and political problems and offering to satisfy his spiritual aspirations through what Fr. Seraphim called a "melting pot" of science and world religions. [Hieromonk Damascene]
>
> […]
>
> The last great deceiver, who in the end will pretend to be Christ, will be seen as but another magnificent product of evolution. [Hieromonk Damascene]

This book is an excellent wake-up call for lapsed Christians, whether Orthodox or not. There are *a lot* of demonic traps out there and the sad reality is that most Christians are so oblivious to them that they open demonic doors thinking that it will bring them closer to the god of easy Christianity, who gives spiritual experiences from paltry spiritual labor. And now we are arriving at the end of human history where a system of globalization is ready to welcome Antichrist, even if the human managers of this system don't know exactly how they're bringing it about. Whether consciously or not, world leaders will accelerate a mass persecution of Christians who would *not* accept Antichrist, and this persecution has already begun in germ stage. Who knows, maybe some of us will be alive when the Antichrist comes, but until then, I highly advise you to read Orthodoxy and the

Religion of the Future so you have a fighting chance to say no to the innumerable benefits that Satan will offer you to snatch away your salvation before the final moment.

Learn More: *Orthodoxy and the Religion of the Future on Amazon*

What Spell Are You Under?

November 15, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Even devout Christians are capable of believing in lies. This is not to be unexpected: we are bombarded daily with lies by the demons and it doesn't take much weakness to accept falsehood as truth. When you come to believe a lie, you fall under a spell and become incapable of making correct decisions within a specific domain in your life. Once Satan's foot is in the door with one spell, it is easy to fall for many more.

I know of a Christian family who fell under the spell of Anthony Fauci. They wore masks all the time and were likely first in line to get the vaccine. From my observation, they were able to make sound decisions in other areas of life, but when it came to coronavirus, they did not know the truth from a lie. In church they may sing the "Christ is Risen" hymn during Pascha, the ultimate truth of our reality, and believe that Christ defeated death on the cross, but because of the spell, they were willing to take a new vaccine that could damage their health in both the short- and long-term.

In 2019, I fell under the "cabin in the woods" spell, where I believed it would be a great idea as a neophyte Christian to live as a semi-hermit in a location far away from family, friends, and church. I made a blunder that could have been spiritually fatal, since isolating yourself is the worst thing you can do when it comes to maintaining the faith, but I thoroughly convinced myself it had the ability to increase my faith. Of course it did not, and I'm thankful that God kicked me out of the mountains within two months.

They are many other spells someone can fall under. There is the spell of heresy, where you come to believe in an ancient lie that was refuted many centuries ago by God-bearing saints. There is the spell of passion, where you are blind to the lack of faith of a potential spouse because of their physical attractiveness. Middle-aged men may fall for thrill-seeking temptations, where they justify the purchase of something materially-pleasing like a sportbike because it gets "good gas mileage." There is no limit to the number of spells that Satan can conjure.

The further you are from God, the more likely you will be under multiple spells that build a high wall around God's truth. In my old days, I was under the common but severe spell of pre-marital sex. I thought that it was right and normal for a heterosexual man to sleep with whichever woman he wanted before marriage, and it took nearly two decades to break out of it. Even as a Christian, I'm not immune to falling under smaller but still deadly spells, and I have needed the guidance of those more spiritually advanced than me to identify ways that Satan can trick me. I imagine he will keep trying to trick me as I grow into Christian life.

What spell are you currently under? We're not yet in Paradise so Satan still has a level of control over our minds that we don't want to admit, usually in an area of life where we want to serve our own will instead of God's. The only way to snap out of it is to humble ourselves before our spiritual elders and not trust our fallen instincts and judgments. If you have no elders, or at least no Christian that you can talk to about your decisions,

you’re in danger. It’s only when we are part of a Christian community, an active member of the Body of Christ, can we steer clear of the many traps that Satan lays out for us.

Read Next: *What Do You Need?*

The Optina Martyrs

November 18, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

At The Ringing Of The Bells details the lives and faith of three monks (Hieromonk Vasily, Monk Therapont, and Monk Trophim) who were all killed by a Satanist during a Paschal celebration at the Optina Monastery in Russia in 1993. Individual stories of each man are shared through their own personal writings and the testimonies of those who knew them.

Family and friends will judge your faith

> Faith in God was burning more and more brightly in Igor [Hieromonk Vasily], and some of his close friends were surprised by the changes they began to notice in him. But his inner life was closed to them, and they were unable to truly understand and evaluate his conduct. Some would smile and gesture that he had gone crazy; some would question him with curiosity; others would try to persuade him of the uselessness of faith and religion.

I have been encouraged by hundreds of Christians worldwide, most of whom I've never met, and while I have many detractors online, I'm surprised that it's those nearest me who have been the most critical or skeptical about my conversion. Now that I've been following Jesus Christ for some time, I'm learning that it's quite common for close relations to be less than enthusiastic—if not hostile—in response to an unexpected conversion. The current approach I take when dealing with antagonism is silence. My faith is higher than theirs, so they can vent and complain and I can absorb it more than they can absorb my truthful retorts which they would immediately refute or discard. I learned that non-Christians don't want to believe that they are not doing nearly enough for their souls, and so they must question those who are actively laboring, sometimes in petty ways.

Do not judge anyone

> Never, for any reason, reproach anyone for his shortcomings.
>
> My son, do not multiply your words. Loquacity will separate you from the Spirit of God.
>
> My son, it is very glorious to have learned silence. Silence is an imitation of our Lord, Who "answered nothing, so that Pilate marveled."
>
> Do not offer to anyone, do not teach anyone, that which you have not accomplished yourself.

> The life of the soul is an unceasing remembrance and love of God. It should primarily be called the life of the soul and spirit. [Saint Anthony the Great]
>
> […]
>
> When you have criticized someone, pray like this: “This is really me sinning, O Lord. Forgive me, have mercy on me!” [Hieromonk Vasily]

It feels to me impossible not to judge others. For decades I have prided myself on being able to look at a person and create a snap judgment about their attractiveness, body language, demeanor, and overall value. That feat is no longer useful in my life as a Christian. If I go to the store and look at a person, within one second a thought of judgment enters my mind that invariably denigrates, objectifies, or mocks them. These thoughts come so fast that I doubt if the demons are actively involved—it’s like a mental reflex that was strengthened from doing it thousands of times, especially while I was living in European urban environments where every stroll became an exercise in people-watching. How do I rid myself of a sin that I’m doing without conscious thought, that intrudes into my Christian life? Through prayer and patience. God is allowing me to struggle with this for the time being, and so I will struggle with it.

How to be humble

> To the question, “Of what does humility consist?” Abba Isaiah answered, “Humility is when a man acknowledges himself a sinner before God that has not done even one good deed well-pleasing to God. Humility is expressed with and cultivated by the following actions: when a man maintains silence, when he does not measure himself in respect to any matter, when he avoids arguments, when he is reticent, when he holds his eyes lowered to the ground, when he constantly has death before the gaze of his mind, keeps himself from deceit, distances

> himself from idle and sinful discussions, does not contradict his elders, does not insist on his own opinion and word in a matter, bears revilement, abhors idleness and languor, forces himself in bodily struggles, and does not grieve anyone."

In the past two-and-a-half years as a Christian, I've noticed that my body language has become softer without conscious effort. My shoulders have become more rounded; my gait has less of a pronounced sway. Before, I pretended to be an alpha male with my chest out and head held high, especially in nightclubs and bars when carousing for women. I wanted them to see my physical body as a non-dangerous danger, a fleshly vehicle of bodily dominance modeled from the male silverback gorilla that is able to mate with multiple females through his physical presence and power, but as a Christian, I don't want to intimidate anyone or suggest that I'm stronger or more attractive than other men. Without having to deliberately change my body language, I carry myself in a more relaxed way, and only when I'm in a rough neighborhood at night do I pretend again to be the gorilla that I'm not.

Spiritual warfare

> Father Vasily, gesturing with his hand moving upwards, briefly said that… every man that loves God must meet the evil spirits face to face. And the more he loves God, the fiercer the battle is, until the chief spirit of evil—Satan himself—comes out to battle with this lover of God.
>
> […]
>
> If you want to conquer the passions, cut away the pleasures. If you hold back the stomach, you will enter Paradise. When one experiences the spiritual power of exhaustion he will soon receive rest from the passions. Rest and the love of pleasure—these are the fishing poles of the demons, with which the demons catch the souls of monks for their perdition. —Saint Paisius Velichkovsky

Drug addiction

> …a drug addict cannot live in a monastery. A demon comes to live in him and chases him from the monastery to his death. A drug addict becomes a plaything of the demons and no longer has control over himself.

The power of scripture

> The Holy Fathers write that the truth is revealed to us depending on the purity of our lives. That is why the Gospel is understandable to both children and old men, both those who are illiterate and those who have received the best education. That is why it is so powerful, and this power is the power of the Holy Spirit, by which every line of this book was written.

At The Ringing Of The Bells was a melancholic but inspiring look at three modern martyrs who, thanks to the miracles that have occurred after their deaths, may be canonized in

our time. The martyrdom we face will likely not be as violent as theirs, and will instead feature food insecurity and psychological torment, but the need for Lord Jesus Christ to endure the suffering will be no less. I recommend this book to help break your pattern of comfort-seeking and imagine the harsh persecution that you will one day undoubtedly face as a Christian in a post-Christian world.

Learn More: *At The Ringing Of The Bells on Holy Trinity Bookstore*

Roosh Hour #71 – Heart Attack

November 21, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I talk about the Kyle Rittenhouse verdict, the mysterious rise of heart attacks, automobile "vaccidents," concealment of the truth on the most painfully obvious matters, Christmas markets in Europe, climate lockdowns, Vladimir Putin's friendship with Klaus Schwab, Jeff Bezos' plan to relocate you to outer space, famous people who sell their soul to Satan, and a lot more.

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Watch Next: *Roosh Hour #70 – Supply Chain Shock*

5 Reasons Why You Should Never Experiment With Casual Sex

November 22, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Some people state that it has been easy for me to turn away from sex because I had my fill or got bored with it, not understanding the nature of addiction and that there is no bottom to sexual desire. You can spend your whole lifetime pursuing new forms of sexual gratification and never feel satisfied. The real reason I was able to stop fornicating was because I repented before God, and was given strength by Him to break the cycle of sin, not because—as if often claimed—I ran out of sex partners or because my testosterone was depleted. Pre-marital sex is simply not compatible with a life in Christ, and so I made my choice. To add to that fact, I offer five practical reasons why you should preserve your purity until marriage.

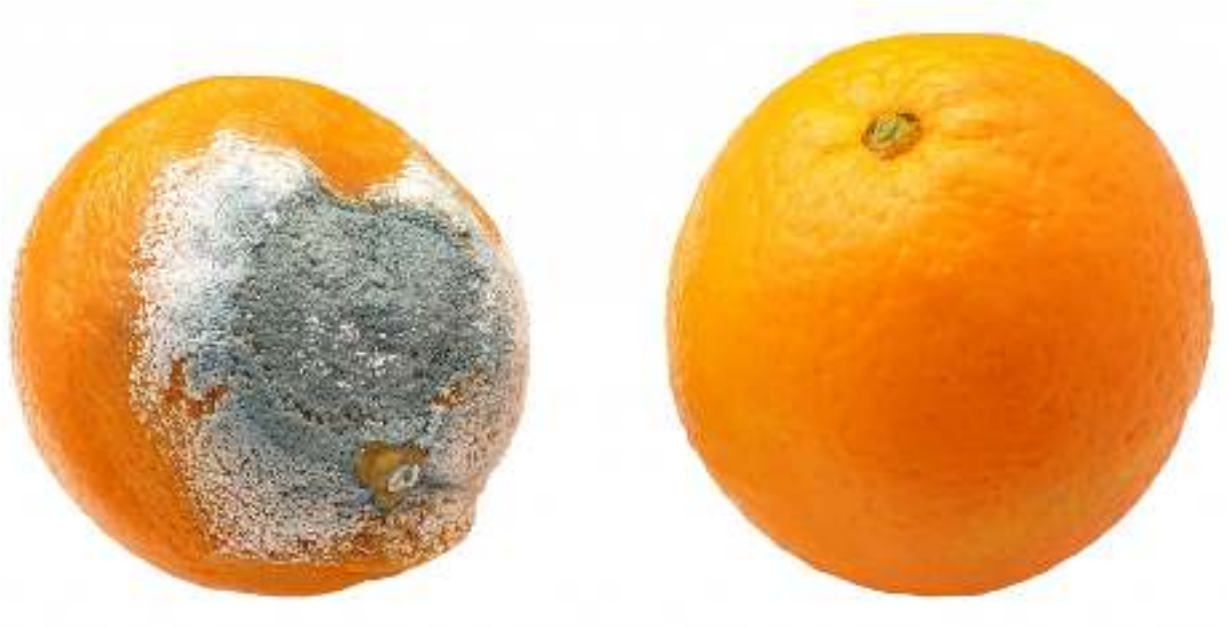
1. Once you start, you may never be able to stop

You open a bag of potato chips and think you can have just a couple, or you open a pint of ice cream and say you'll only have a few spoons, but next thing you know, half of the bag is empty, the entire pint is gone. Sex is more pleasurable than bagged snacks and ice cream. The physical ecstasy, dopamine rush, and personal validation from even loveless, drunken sex is such that you can get attached to it immediately, as I did.

Many men argue with me that they want just *a little* bit of experience with sex to make them "confident" or "experienced," but these lame excuses were put into their minds by the evil one. The only confidence and experience it gives you is with fornication and other

sins, not love or marriage. And since you were weak enough to listen to Satan to fall for such a trifling excuse, to dance in intimate embrace with him without thinking that you would get burned, it will be effortless for him to convince you to sleep around with even more easy women for “valuable experience” while “waiting for the one,” which will never come because your mind has been turned into mush from being in a state of continual lust and sexual passion. For every one man who returns to chastity, a dozen more are still cruising dating apps, haggling with “Sugar Babies” over a soy-laden meal in Applebee’s, or planning trips to Southeast Asia or South America to sleep with prostitutes. Once you start lusting after women, your fallen flesh is on auto-pilot to seek it more and more.

2. It taints you for a pure mate



If you destroy your sexual purity and later repent, that’s enough for God, but will it be enough for a virgin partner to accept you as a spouse? Look at me as an example. What percentage of female Orthodox virgins with a proper upbringing would select me as a husband? Would their fathers allow me to marry their daughters? If I had a pure daughter, and she brings home a middle-aged man who went on a decades-long sex bender around the world, I would chain her up in the basement until she changed her mind, because while that man is a Christian now, I do not want to be anxious that he will simply go back to his old ways and harm my lovely daughter.

Staying away from sex keeps you in the running for women who are doing the same, because I tell you that faithful young women have their pick of Christian men to choose from. If you’ve fallen hard in the world then you should be paired with someone who also fell hard. The excuse “There are no good women” should not be uttered by depraved masturbators and fornicators like myself who were anything but good for most of their adult lives.

3. It permanently damages you

God may heal your soul from sexual sin but your body and mind remain damaged for the remainder of your life. Your memory remains tainted and you have flashbacks of your sin at the moments you least desire. Your emotions become disordered due to uniting in one flesh with a multitude of harlots who played games with your heart for their amusement. Your mind becomes more perverted and attached to carnal and profane ways of behavior. You develop relationship habits that are suitable for secular pairings but damaging for a Christian marriage. Your discernment disappears as you find it difficult to evaluate potential partners without objectifying them sexually or focusing on skin-deep traits.

Another severe form of damage is wasted time. All those years I spent perfecting my "game" could have been spent building my faith and becoming part of a parish where I could've found a wife and already had children. Where is my game now to help me when it's the last thing I need to find and land a wife? What use is my "cold approach" skills to chat up random girls, of which I no longer do? And if you disagree with those statements, thinking that game is needed, then your faith is not where it should be to believe that you need a modality designed solely to satisfy your passions to help you within the Christian institution of marriage. You need to be a man, and know what that means, but you don't need game.

4. It haunts you later

You will continually feel a multitude of negative emotions stemming from your sexual experiences: shame, foolishness, mourning, guilt. Through your behavior, Satan paved an asphalt highway to your heart that he will use to tempt you in the future at will, in a way he simply couldn't if you had remained pure. He will fill your mind daily—and sometimes hourly—with sexual ideas you experienced firsthand and give you the filthiest of dreams that won't be unfamiliar to you. The amount of sexual sewage that Satan sends in my dreams is reason alone to wish I never took on the "sexually liberated" path. Do you think all these downsides will have a positive effect on a future relationship? I have to work much harder than men who struggled to maintain their purity just to keep foul images and temptation at bay.

5. It distances you from God

This should be reason alone to avoid pre-marital sex but we are weaker than Christians of the past and may need worldly encouragement. If you have sex outside of marriage, a mortal sin, and fail to repent, God turns away from you. He can not stand to see His creatures participating in behaviors He did not intend. You are no longer working with God when committing such behaviors so He will not work with you. He still loves you, and will forgive your sins if you seek Him out and confess, but you need to claw your way back to His grace through a tearful process of repentance which will still leave you with permanent damage.

Conclusion

It's extremely difficult to turn away from sex after a period of even short involvement, because the demons you empowered through your behavior do not want to let you go, thinking that they were so close to dragging you to hell. I am now able to control the sexual urges that I have fed for so long with God's help, but I know I'm only a couple of prideful steps away from falling backward into the same behavior, or even worse behavior, and thus must spend an inordinate amount of energy and prayer at keeping my passions at bay. In other words, I must be admitted as a lifelong patient in the spiritual hospital, whereas other men who remained a virgin can live as an outpatient, visiting the doctor and speaking to him less frequently. It would have been far better if I did not start this behavior at all. There is no amount of casual sex that is healthy, moderate, or safe. Stay away from it completely, and may you be blessed by God with a suitable spouse if that is His will for you.

Read Next: *Secular Success vs. Christian Success*

Corneliu Zelea Cordreanu: Revolutionary Or Saint?

November 25, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

> ...one who fights for God and his people, even if alone, will never be defeated.
> —Coreneliu Zelea Codreanu

Corneliu Zelea Codreanu was a Romanian Orthodox leader of The Legion of the Archangel Michael (more commonly known as the Iron Guard), a far-right movement that often engaged in street combat with its enemies. His political ideas developed in parallel to other fascist movements of the early 20th century. Executed by the Romanian government in prison at 39 years of age, he is mostly ignored by Orthodox Christians of today because he raises the thorny question if using political violence and activism is in accordance to God's will when subjected to a pernicious enemy that happens to be Jewish.

Either Cordreanu went too far with his movement, and was a violent ideological thug, or he set the standard for Orthodox Christians on how to fight against Jewish cultural terrorism within Christian lands without losing one's soul. His memoir For My Legionaries, which I excerpt below, contains so much truth that, if his movement were to be replicated in America, it would provide a proto-template of taking God from the realm of personal and temple worship and into the national consciousness, but there are not many Orthodox priests who would publicly praise his work, which paints a picture of Romania in the 1920s that is not that different from America 100 years later. The same people with the same revolutionary spirit are up to the same tricks.

Manipulating the youth

> Young students are influenced very easily particularly when they lack a faith. They let themselves be lured not so much by the immediate material advantages they might be offered but more particularly by flattery and by the prospect of a great future they were promised. But the youth must know that no matter what position he will hold, he is a sentinel in the service of the nation and that permitting himself to be bought, flattered, lured, means a dereliction of duty, and could even lead to desertion or betrayal.

Activism against communists

> The enemies feared not so much us, but our determination.
>
> [...]
>
> The great majority of students was made up of communists and their sympathisers. But they could not take one step forward because our group, never over 40, was always present; we attacked and did not permit the airing of communist ideas and practices. The general strike tried at the Iasi University when the communist student Spiegler was arrested, failed after one day,

> because our group occupied the mess hall forbidding strikers entrance to meals on the grounds that “Whoever does not work, does not eat.” All pleadings of the rector and the professors to convince us that these students ought to be permitted to enter for their meals, were made in vain. Shortly thereafter, our group was to win another victory—the change of the uniform. Communist students were wearing Russian caps, not that they had no other caps, but as an ostentatious sign of affirming Bolshevism. On the occasion of a clash at the university, these caps were grabbed and burnt in Union Square. Then, daily, at the university, on the streets, through pubs, the hunting started. All caps were burnt, After one week they completely disappeared.
>
> […]
>
> A movement never dies under the blows of the enemy without, but because of the enemies within, like any human organism. Normally, only about one human being in a million dies of external causes (run over by a train or a car, shot to death, drowning, etc.); man succumbs to internal toxins, he dies poisoned.
>
> […]
>
> It is not advisable to try a rebellion of the masses, for in this day they would be decimated by cannon and this would result in spreading only misfortune and sorrow. On the contrary we must work alone, in limited numbers and only on our own responsibility.

To keep out communists, Codreanu used violence. He snatched up Soviet paraphernalia and blocked communists from entering campus grounds during attempted strikes. He destroyed their private property. He did all this so that an atheistic ideology with predominate Jewish backing would not infiltrate and destroy Romania and its institutions. Did Codreanu “sin” through his activism? Did he have to confess to his priest that he destroyed communist hats while they were trying to subvert the university? Or was his work righteous before God? I am not qualified to answer these questions, but if a prominent Orthodox elder today declares Codreanu’s actions as righteous, you wouldn’t have to wait more than a year to see a more forceful activism take place among Orthodox youth, who can only be entertained by internet memes for so long as they watch their country crumble into a secular hell.

Do not seek outside funding for your organization

> Not only were we not “financed” by capitalists, but I counsel anyone who leads a movement based on sane principles to refuse all offers of financing if he wishes his movement to survive. Because a political movement must be constituted so as to be able to produce alone, out of the faith and sacrifice of its members, exactly as much as it needs to live and grow. For a normal and healthy development a movement has the right to consume only as much as its members can provide; and its membership can only provide to the extent of their capacity for faith, that is, for sacrifice. It does not provide sufficient funds? Do not resort to

> outside financing but go about increasing the faith of the membership. In fact insufficient contributions on the membership's part is an indication of little faith. It does not provide any funds? The organization is dead and it will soon collapse. Lacking faith it will be vanquished by those that have it.

A few years ago I was asked if I wanted to be on a major podcast network. I was promised widespread distribution and advertising revenue which was more than the zero dollars I was then making from it. The weirdest thing about this offer is that it was made by a man who worked in the hedge fund industry. Later I would hear stories of other influencers who were approached by hedge fund employees, which confirmed to me that the culture-makers are those who have the most money (i.e., the bankers). To add tension to this little story, I want to say I debated the offer for days, and strongly considered selling out, but it was clear even at that time, before I was a practicing Christian, that I would be making a deal with the devil. I would be initially told that I did not have to limit my content in any way, but weeks down the line the urgent emails would arrive stating that I was threatening a loss of prized advertisers with my rhetoric. I refused the offer with no regret, and have maintained a completely independent publishing platform since then. I am sustained by individual readers who buy my books and donate to me.

The diabolical plan of the Jews

> …we began to realize, that for the first time in his history, the Romanian had come into contact with a people which use as weapons to fight and to destroy—as national weapons—slyness and perfidy. The Romanian has always known only the honest fight. Faced with the new Jewish method, he was at a loss. We realized that everything comes down to knowing the enemy, and that as soon as we Romanians know him, we will vanquish him.
>
> […]
>
> In order to break all power of resistance of the Romanian people, the Jews will apply a truly unique and diabolical plan:
>
> 1. They will try to break the spiritual ties of the Romanian to heaven, and to earth. To break our ties with heaven they will engage in widespread dissemination of atheistic theories in order to separate the Romanian people or at least some of the leaders from God; separating them from God and their dead they can destroy them, not by sword but by severing the roots of their spiritual life. To break our ties binding us to the land, the material source of a nation's existence, they will attack nationalism, labelling it "outmoded," and everything related to the idea of fatherland and soil, in order to cut the love thread tying the Romanian people to their furrow.
>
> 2. In order to succeed in this, they will endeavour to get control of the press.
>
> 3. They will take advantage of every opportunity to sow discord in the Romanian camp, spreading misunderstandings, quarrels, and if possible to split it into

> factions fighting each other.
>
> 4. Will seek to gain control of most of the means of livelihood of the Romanians.
>
> 5. They will systematically urge Romanians on to licentiousness, destroying their families and their moral fiber.
>
> 6. They will poison and daze them with all kinds of drinks and other poisons.
>
> Anyone wishing to conquer and destroy a people could do it by using this system: Breaking its ties with heaven and land, introducing fratricidal quarrels and fights, promoting immorality and licentiousness, by material ruin, physical poisoning, drunkenness, All these destroy a nation more than being blasted by thousands of cannon or bombed by thousands of airplanes.
>
> […]
>
> Nothing frightens Jews more than a perfect unity in others: the unity of feeling in a movement, in a people. That is why they will always be for "democracy" which has but one advantage, and that one for the nation's enemy. For democracy will break up the unity and the spirit of a people, which, faced with the perfect unity and solidarity of Judaism in Romania and the rest of the entire world, once divided into democratic parties, thus fragmented, will be defeated.
>
> […]
>
> …the fury to destroy us had been mercilessly unleashed, No means were spared to annihilate us; no infamy. And we were guilty of nothing. The Jewish papers in which we were violently attacked, ridiculing us and the truth, reached us in prison, and we could do nothing, we could answer in no way. With arms crossed, within the four prison walls, we watched how insults and all kinds of accusations were hurled it us.

Democracy is a tool of Satan that has been perfected by Jews and their gentile allies in secret societies to take sly control of nations while allowing citizens to feel that they have a choice in the matter, keeping them compliant and dumb. Can you read Codreanu's six points of Jewish subversion and not see every single one having already been successfully used in transforming the United States from a nation with a Christian ethos to the state of Jewish pornographic sewage we have today? Codreanu saw the truth, and because he was ignored after his death, the exact same tactics could be reproduced with even greater ease throughout the Western world, to the loss of untold millions of people who sought to sell their souls for comfort, money, and sex.

I see myself as an intelligent man, but even I fell for the most common tricks and wasted my life until middle age when God helped me snap out of the spell. How much more spiritually profitable would my life have been if there were Legionaries in the university I attended to warn me against them? Instead there were usurers at every corner giving out free t-shirts for a credit card application while the rot of social Marxism seeped into every classroom alongside the temptation of half-naked women who walked around campus. And that was twenty years ago. I can't imagine how it's like to stroll through a campus

now where every day feels like a gay pride celebration.

Fighting the Jew

> … students at the University of Iasi, realizing the difficult situation in which the Romanian people finds itself menaced in its very existence by an alien people that grabbed our land and tends to grab the leadership of the country; so that our descendants not wander through foreign lands chased from their land by poverty and misery, and so that our people not bleed under the tyranny of an alien people, we determinedly rise around a new and sacred ideal, that of defending our fatherland against Jewish invasion.
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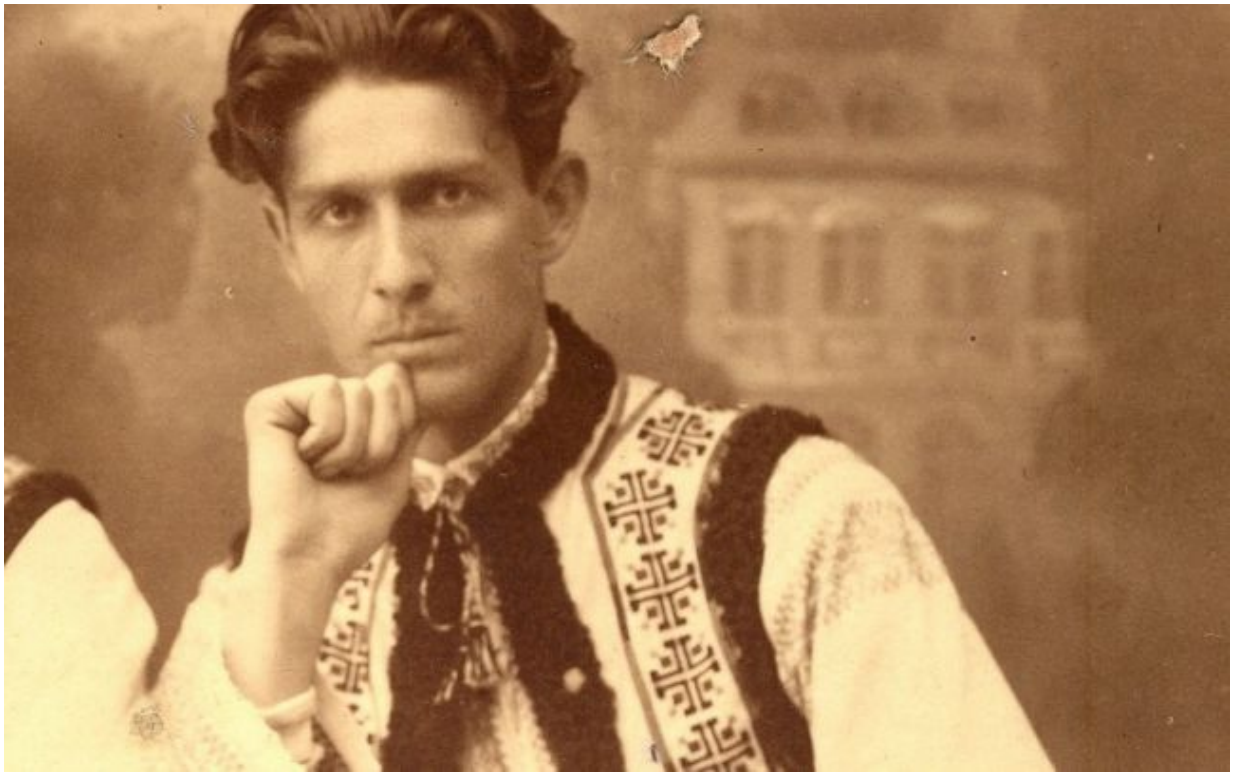
> […]
>
> To this low blow was added also the fact that being alone on the street he was provoked and struck in the face by a Jew's fist. When such outrageous daring became known, students went into all pubs, and struck in the same manner every Jew they met. On the occasion of that demonstration, ten students were arrested, Mota and lulian Sarbu included, who were sentenced to one month in jail. They served it in Galata. Urziceanu, a student, took several shots at the individual suspected of being the moral instigator of the insulting act of violence.

Can you imagine what would happen to you if you went into the bars and slapped every Jew you saw? You'd be charged with every Federal hate crime in the book. You'd rot in jail for a long time, because there is a people within the United States who are above reproach, and if you dare touch their bodies, stand against their agenda, or interfere with their money, you will experience severe punishment. On the other hand, if you assault me, unless the assault is captured on video, you will escape punishment, but even if it is captured on video, you will still not be charged, as happened when I was attacked on the street by Antifa thugs in Montreal (warning: profane language).



No room for cowards

> For myself, in my poverty and with my poor powers, I defend myself against an assault as best I can—by the printed word if I can; with the aid of authorities, if they are still Romanian; by word, if someone listens; by force, as a last resort, and if everybody keeps quiet. Unworthy and a traitor is he who does not defend his country either because of selling out or because of innate cowardice, or does not react in any fashion.
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> […]
>
> Next day our comrades returned full of blows and wounds, for it was no easy matter for a group of 15 youth to enter a theater with 3 or 4,000 Jews; and particularly they returned borne down with the opprobrium and invectives from our Romanians. Many a time I ask myself: what kept us going, such a small group, faced with so many blows, so many rebukes heaped upon us from all directions? We found support nowhere. In this fight against everybody we found the only support in ourselves; in our belief that we were on the great path of our national destiny, side by side with all those who fought, suffered and died as martyrs for our land and its people.

I wouldn't dare you to take fifteen of your fellow Orthobros and crash the Zionist AIPAC convention, preventing them from solidifying their diabolical plans. You would be charged not with disorderly conduct but terrorism! The ring leader would be sentenced to jail for life.

"Anti-Semitism"

> I had many discussions with the students at Berlin in 1922, who are certainly

> Hitlerites today, and I am proud to have been their teacher in anti-Semitism, exporting to them the truths I learned in Iasi. Of Adolf Hitler I heard for the first time around the middle of October 1922.

I want to make two points on this statement. First is that, from what he explained in this book, Codreanu was not a disciple of Hitler and did not import his tactics. Nazism and the Legionnaires were parallel fascist movements, with the latter striving towards an authentic Orthodox nation. Second, I've learned through my own experience that the truth happens to be "anti-Semitic." If you pursue the truth and state the truth, you will at some point be labeled an anti-Semite. If you don't get labeled an anti-Semite, even if you don't speak of Jews at all, either you are not vigorously pursuing the truth or have not yet disclosed the truth you know to many people.

Don't read Jewish newspapers

> This press attacks the religious idea, thus weakening Romanian moral resistance and breaking their contact with God. This press disseminates anti-national theories, weakening faith in their nation and breaking them from their country's land, of their love for it, land that was at all past times an urge to battle and sacrifice. This press falsely presents our Romanian interests, disorienting and directing Romanians on paths opposed to national interests. This press elevates mediocre elements and men capable of corruption so that the alien can satisfy his interests, and downgrades the moral people who will not stoop to do Judaism and its interests any favors. This press poisons the soul of the nation, daily and systematically publicizing sensational crimes, immoral affairs, abortions, adventures. This press murders truth and serves up lies with diabolical perseverance, using slander as a weapon of destruction of Romanian fighters. That is why Romanians must be careful when they read a Jewish paper, being on guard against each word, not one of which is haphazardly printed, and seeking to decipher the Jewish plan behind it. It is these matters the student movement wanted to call to the attention of all Romanians when it turned on Jewish editorial offices, declaring them enemies of the Romanian people. I emphasized that the formidable eruptions of the student masses were led by their power of intuition and not by leaders.
>
> […]
>
> In all the universities, students returned to classes. It seemed there was a moment of disorientation. For two months they had been living under the terror of the Jewish press which incessantly exaggerated the gravity of our attempt at revenge and its "disastrous" consequences for the country. It shouted that we had lost the confidence of the "civilized world;" that we were a Balkan state. They constantly asked: "What will Berlin say?" "Vienna?", "Paris?" And so, transformed into the defenders of the "permanent interest of the State," Jews daily urged the country's leaders to take radical measures against the national

> movement which must be suppressed “with the utmost violence.”

Thankfully, a lot of Americans discovered during the Trump Presidency that the media cannot be trusted for anything besides weather forecasts (and even that is questionable when it is saddled with “climate change” propaganda). Sure, normies may not know the high-level Jewish editorialships and ownerships behind various news outlets, but consider that the media no longer controls the minds of half the country’s population. The regime simply cannot proceed with its agenda in such an environment, so we should expect them to become more aggressive at keeping us all in line.

The Jewish problem

> The Jewish problem in Romania, as elsewhere, consists of the infringement by Jews of this natural law of the territory. They trespassed on our territory. They are the infractors and it is not we, the Romanian people, who are called to bear the consequences of their infraction. Elementary logic tells us: the infractor must bear the consequences of the committed infraction. Will he have to suffer? Let him suffer! All infractors suffer. No logic in the world will tell me that I should die for the infraction committed by others. Thus, the Jewish problem is not born of “racial hatred.” It is born of an infraction committed by Jews against the laws and natural order in which all peoples of the world live. The solution to the Jewish problem? Here it is: the re-entry of infractors into the universal natural order and their respecting natural legality. But the laws of the land too, prohibit the Jewish invasion.
>
> […]
>
> …if we will not fight against the Jewish element, will perish as a nation.
>
> […]
>
> Thus, two ways of Jewish behavior toward us are specified in the Talmud: “If you are stronger than Christians, exterminate them.” “If you are weaker than Christians, flatter them…” “But someone weaker than I, in order to become some day stronger than I, has first to pass through a middle stage in which he is equal to me.” “Do you now understand, I wonder, what it means to grant so-called political rights to the Jews?” [B.P. Hajdeu]
>
> […]
>
> In the market towns and cities invaded by Jews, local authorities are either in a state of bribery, a state of blackmail, or in a state of destruction.
>
> […]
>
> Romanians face a people which attack us not with the sword but with the weapons that are specific to the Judaic race, with which they strike and paralyze first the moral instinct of peoples, then systematically spread all sorts of moral sickness, thus to destroy any possibilities of reacting. That is why our people feel disarmed and defeated.

America's "moral sickness" is in its terminal stage. The boomers are busy counting their money, Gen X is trying to keep their 2.1 children from becoming gay, millennials opened Pandora's box on degeneracy not practiced since the Canaanites and Edomites, and the zoomers may not be able to keep their brains intact from being exposed to hardcore pornography at the age of eight. Even if you wanted to assemble a movement to combat the Jewish cultural terrorist, you would not be able to find many men who (1) still possess the cognitive ability to perceive the truth and accept it, (2) have enough physical stamina to endure a fight that requires them to stand for more than two hours a day, and (3) won't be taken down by the Feds in an unseemly sting operation on trumped-up charged instigated by a loser infiltrator. And yet in spite of all these challenges, the words I've shared from Codreanu may not be a shock to you, or even new, so it's easy to see how the truth is still managing to reach a large number of people.

Dealing with traitors

> The Jews are our enemies and as such they hate, poison, and exterminate us. Romanian leaders who cross into their camp are worse than enemies: they are traitors. The first and fiercest punishment ought to fall first on the traitor, second on the enemy. If I had but one bullet and I were faced by both an enemy and a traitor, I would let the traitor have it.
>
> […]
>
> In Romania, particularly since the war, democracy has created for us, through this system of elections, a "national elite" of Romano-Jews, based not on bravery, nor love of country, nor sacrifice, but on betrayal of country, the satisfaction of personal interest, the bribe, the traffic of influence, the enrichment through exploitation and embezzlement, thievery, cowardice, and intrigue to knock down any adversary. This "national elite," if it continues to lead this country, will bring about the destruction of the Romanian state, Therefore, in the last analysis, the problem facing the Romanian people today, on which all others depend, is the substitution of this fake elite with a real national one based on virtue, love and sacrifice for country, justice and love for the people, honesty, work, order, discipline, honest dealing, and honor.

Is not the American "conservative" movement full of traitors, where the requirement to gain influence within it seems to be signing an oath that Israel is our greatest ally before donning a kippa and bowing down at the Wailing Wall? The mainstream conservatives are hyper-materialists who don't have any problem receiving payments from rich Chabad Jews to pretend to fight the rich Reform Jews that promote sodomy and transgenderism. If you can't find a billionaire Jew who is close to your ideology then you're out of luck and will have to become a dissident who gets insta-banned from Paypal, Twitter, YouTube, and Facebook.

Celebrating Easter in jail

> Easter arrived. I celebrated the Resurrection alone in my cell. When the bells of all the churches in town began pealing, I knelt and prayed for my fiancée and myself, for my mother and mine at home, for the souls of the dead and those fighting outside—that God may bless them, fortify them and grant them victory over all enemies.

A trip to France

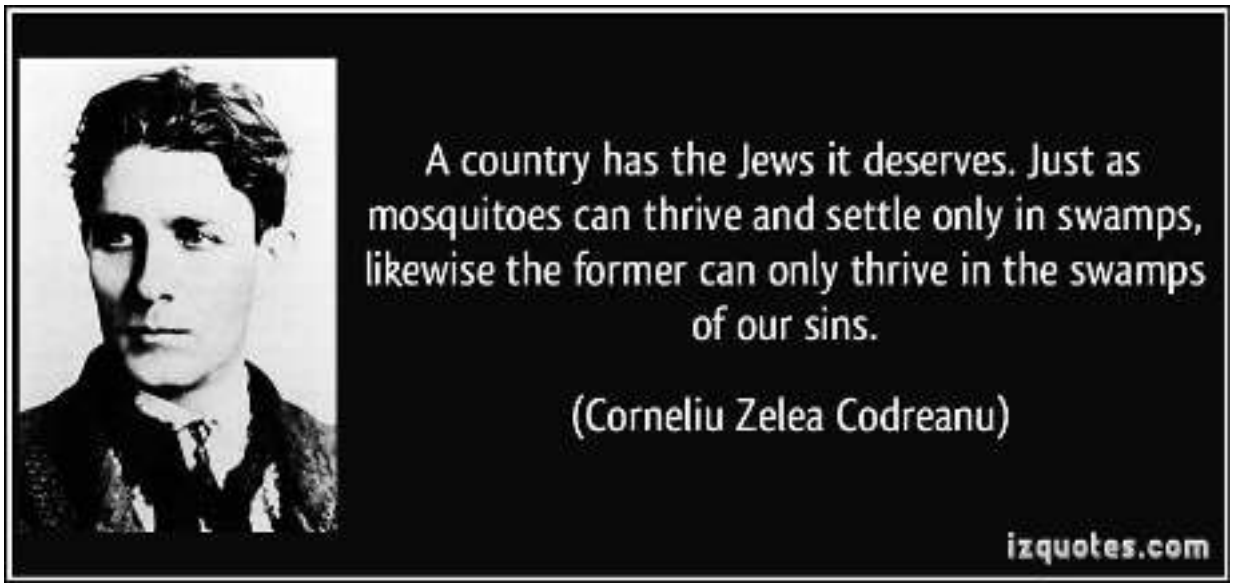
> After a long journey through Czechoslovakia and Germany followed by several days' stay in Berlin and Jena, we entered France and stopped at Strasburg. What surprised me exceedingly was the fact that this city, contrary to all my expectations, had changed into a real wasps' nest of Jewish infection. Stepping off the train I expected to see people of the Gallic race that with its unequalled bravery had marked history's centuries. Instead, I saw the Jew with his aquiline nose, thirsty for profit, who pulled me by the sleeve to enter either his store or his restaurant, the majority of restaurants around the railway station being run by them. In the France of the assimilated Jew everything was kosher. We entered restaurant after restaurant in order to find a Christian one, but in each we saw the sign in Yiddish: "Kosher food."

Jewish false flag attacks

> Everyone went home in perfect order. Our victory was great, particularly by virtue of the peaceful and orderly manner in which the rally progressed and ended. But the Jews of Cahul needed a scandal, a disturbance, a disorder at any cost in order to compromise our movement and initiate governmental steps against us. Seeing though that people left for their homes in a peaceful manner, two Jews, surely set up by their rabbi, broke the windows of a store, their own. Had the local authorities and some people not caught them in the act and taken them to police headquarters, the Jewish press, Dimineata ("The Morning") and Adevarul ("The Truth") would have printed such headlines as: "Great devastation at Cahul," "How much the country loses in the eyes of the people abroad!" etc. I have given this case, seemingly of minor significance in itself, because of its immense importance for those who wish to understand and know the Jews' devilish system of fighting. They are capable of setting a whole city on fire in order, by throwing the blame on their adversaries, to compromise an action which otherwise would lead to the ultimate solving of the Jewish problem. Therefore, I warn the legionaries not to permit themselves to be provoked, for we will win only by maintaining the most perfect order. Disorder, for us, does not mean a conflict with the Jews but with the state. But it is exactly into this that the Jews want to push us, into a permanent conflict with the state, That is why, as the state is stronger than we, if we were to be lulled or pushed into conflict with

> the state, we would be crushed; and they would continue to remain impartial onlookers.

In the United States, we've arrived at a late stage of Jewish infection where even non-Jews possess the Jewish revolutionary spirit and act Jewish. While Jews are still overrepresented in finance, Hollywood, the media, academia, and other institutions of cultural power, they are getting help from gentile traitors, just like during the Russian Revolution of 1917. Of course not all Bolsheviks were Jews, but without Jews, there would not be "Russian" communism. Without Jews in America, I'm confident there would not be gay marriage, Black Lives Matter, and Drag Queen Story Time. If all Jews in America were to be magically transported to Israel, the United States would be better in only one day, not due to a concerted program or policy change but simply because the brains and brawn behind the inhibitor of a moral America would be physically absent, but such a fantasy is useless because frankly, we deserve the Jews we have. America lost faith in Lord Jesus Christ long ago, instead going down the road of comfort, sex, money, drugs, and easy Christianity. Righteous judgment is upon us.



I must now revisit my initial question on if Codreanu was a revolutionary or saint. He did participate in street activism, but did he lie? He had goals of political power for his people, but did he lose his faith or steer others away from God? He killed a man who attacked him in court, but did he and his legionaries not always strive to act in national self-defense? Only God knows his real intentions and the state of his soul, but from my observation, Codreanu was a good man and devout Orthodox Christian who wanted Romania to remain an Orthodox nation. If Orthodox Christian Alexander Schmorell was glorified by the Church for fighting Hitler by distributing anti-Nazi leaflets, I believe Codreanu has a fair claim at sainthood, especially since, like Schmorell, he was martyred by the enemy, and I am in no way trying to downplay Schmorell's sanctity. I only look for patterns of consistency.

Overall, For My Legionaries was almost like reading a page of American history. Jewish infiltration and subversion remain the main vehicle of cultural terrorism within the West as Dr. E Michael Jones chronicled in his masterpiece The Jewish Revolutionary Spirit. What

we are going through today is a story that is 2000 years old, but I lament that at least Codreanu had more freedom to fight against the enemy. We, on the other hand, can do nothing. We cannot speak the truth, we cannot organize, we cannot even identify the enemy with our speech, and if we dare do so, we will be utterly destroyed and made to whisper it on the fringes. You might say that in this world, we are slaves, but spiritually, thanks to the Orthodox faith which I share with Codreanu, I am truly free, and with patience I await my marching orders from God before I ascend to Him for eternity.

Learn More: *For My Legionnaires on Archive.org*

Stop Cursing Challenge

November 29, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Christians should never use profanity. If you wouldn't say a word to a priest or to a child then you shouldn't utter it before anyone else, for we are all striving to be innocent before Christ. Cleaning your mouth may be the easiest way to please the Lord and receive more of His grace.

The old me was a vulgar sleaze. If you've read my game books (I hope you haven't), most pages were soaked in disgusting language. I cannot read a single page of a book like Bang Iceland without wanting to throw it across the room for being an abomination to God. Sadly, the words of those books reflected who I was at the time. Since I no longer want to be that man, I've thrown out all the sinful behaviors that he performed, and that includes profane language.

Every time you use a profane word, you crack open the door for the demons to tempt you, because profanity is the language of the demons. No such word is ever used around God's throne. It's what the demons use to darken your mind and turn it away from God and onto anger, judgment, vanity, sex, wrath, and violence. Profanity is a crutch for the lazy mind, a tool of the evil mind, and the vomit of the atheist mind. It should never escape the Christian's tongue, and if it does, it should be confessed before your priest.

I greatly dislike when people curse, but I am but a mere man, struggling in my walk with Christ. Imagine how much God hates it when you use such filth! There is no need to embark on a ten-stop program to stop cursing: simply make the decision to stop and then pray to God for help. He will then make you aware of how sordid your language may have become. For those of you who want to accelerate the process, wear a rubber band around your wrist and snap it as hard as you can whenever you speak a profane word. The pain that your wrist feels is but a shade of what the ears of your receivers feel when you speak such putridity.

There is no excuse to curse, not even in righteous anger. Once you cleanse your mouth, you also cleanse your soul, and while foul words will still occasionally enter your mind, you will know how to block them from exiting your mouth. Don't rely on your own pathetic strength to help you with this: our Lord Jesus Christ is standing by, ready to purify you as long as you let Him. If one day you see me unleash a rash of profane epithets, I must have fallen backward, because where profanity is heard, sin is not far behind.

Read Next: *How To Live A Holy Life*

Notes From The First Bug Man

December 1, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

> I am a sick man… I am a spiteful man. I am an unattractive man. I believe my liver is diseased. However, I know nothing at all about my disease, and do not know for certain what ails me.

Notes From The Underground by Fyodor Dostoyevsky is a fictional memoir by a 19th-century bug man who is angry and hateful because things don't go his way. His life is utterly void of meaning. He is petty, vindictive, and lacking love in his heart. As a character novel, this book captures the psychology of even the modern bug man who insists on living within his narrow, composite world, waiting to exert his will over others in the most cowardly ways imaginable.

Existential sickness

> It was not only that I could not become spiteful, I did not know how to become anything, neither spiteful nor kind, neither rascal nor an honest man, neither a hero nor an insect. Now, I am living out my life in my corner, taunting myself with the spiteful and useless consolation that an intelligent man cannot become anything seriously, and it is only the fool who becomes anything.
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> […]
>
> We are oppressed at being men—men with a real individual body and blood, we are ashamed of it, we think it a disgrace and try to contrive to be some sort of impossible generalized man. We are stillborn, and for generations past have been begotten, not by living fathers, and that suits us better and better. We are developing a taste for it. Soon we shall contrive to be born somehow from an idea.

We're seeing that come to fruition now. We are born into a world spirit of globalism, equality, climate change, and gay acceptance. We are not allowed to hold opinions if they clash with those of the ruling class. We cannot undergo our own search for truth if it conflicts with the agenda of the times. From the day you were born, you were groomed to hold a set of beliefs and perform a prescribed set of behaviors that serve the will of the princes of this world, and thus is born the bug man who tries to win within the crooked system and false reality.

Civilization leads to a subtle barbarism

> Take the whole of the nineteenth century in which Buckle lived. Take Napoleon—the Great and also the present one. Take North America—the eternal union. Take the farce of Schleswig-Holstein… And what is it that civilization softens in us? The only gain of civilization for mankind is the greater capacity for variety of sensations—and absolutely nothing more. And through the development of this many-sidedness man may come to finding enjoyment in bloodshed. In fact, this has already happened to him. Have you noticed that it is the most civilized gentlemen who have been the subtlest slaughterers, to whom the Attilas and Stenka Razins could not hold a candle, and if they are not so conspicuous as the Attilas and Stenka Razins it is simply because they are so often met with, are so ordinary and have become so familiar to us. In any case civilization has made mankind if not more blood-thirsty, at least more vilely, more loathsomely bloodthirsty. In old days he saw justice in bloodshed and with his conscience at peace exterminated those he thought proper. Now we do think bloodshed abominable and yet we engage in this abomination, and with more energy than ever.

Look at a man such as Bill Gates, heralded as a computer genius who for some reason is qualified to advise you on health care even though no one would describe him as looking healthy. He was integral in pushing through a vaccine that has already killed tens of thousands of people around the world, and once all is said and done, the death toll could be in the millions, and yet right now, he's probably eating something banal, an organic avocado spread on supermarket bread, and after that he will check his email and sip on a beverage enriched with added minerals. His assistant will then present him with his fluffy lap dog, which has just returned from the groomers with a cute ribbon tied around its neck and a behavioral report card of B+.

The scientific man

> …then, you say, science itself will teach man (though to my mind it's a superfluous luxury) that he never has really had any caprice or will of his own, and that he himself is something of the nature of a piano-key or the stop of an organ, and that there are, besides, things called the laws of nature; so that everything he does is not done by his willing it, but is done of itself, by the laws of nature. Consequently we have only to discover these laws of nature, and man will no longer have to answer for his actions and life will become exceedingly easy for him. All human actions will then, of course, be tabulated according to these laws, mathematically, like tables of logarithms up to 108,000, and entered in an index; or, better still, there would be published certain edifying works of the nature of encyclopaedic lexicons, in which everything will be so clearly calculated and explained that there will be no more incidents or adventures in the world.
>
> […]

> …you tell me again that an enlightened and developed man, such, in short, as the future man will be, cannot consciously desire anything disadvantageous to himself, that that can be proved mathematically. I thoroughly agree, it can—by mathematics. But I repeated for the hundredth time, there is one case, one only, when man may consciously, purposely, desire what is injurious to himself, what is stupid, very stupid—simply in order to have the right to desire for himself even what is very stupid and not to be bound by an obligation to desire only what is sensible.

The scientists have already figured it all out for you: what to eat, how to sleep, how to work, when to get vaccinated, and increasingly, what to believe. You simply have to follow their precepts for a happy life that maximizes physical health. All the petty problems and inconveniences of the bug man and soy man are ameliorated: they are permitted microdoses of pleasure that prevent them from considering the spiritual life because the tasty engineered food, pornography, and two minutes of daily online outrage satisfies them just enough, but when they die, how will God judge them?

Fantasies of revenge constrained by bug man cowardice

> I was standing the billiard-table and in my ignorance blocking up the way, and he wanted to pass; he took me by the shoulders and without a word—without a warning or explanation—moved me from where I was standing to another spot and passed by as though he had not noticed me. I could have forgiven blows, but I could not forgive his having moved me without noticing me.
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> […]
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> I often met that officer afterwards in the street and noticed him very carefully. I am not quite sure whether he recognized me, I imagine not; I judge from certain signs. But I—I stared at him with spite and hatred and so it went on… for several years. My resentment grew even deeper with years.
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> […]
>
> One morning, though I had never tried my hand with the pen, it suddenly occurred to me to write a satire on this officer in the form of a novel which would unmask his villainy. I wrote the novel with a relish. I did unmask his villainy, I even exaggerated it; at first I so altered his surname that it could easily be recognized, but on second thoughts changed it, and sent the story to the Itetchestvenniya Zapiski. But at the that time such attacks were not the fashion and my story was not printed. That was a great vexation to me.

When face masks were first required, I was yelled at several times by other customers, people I would have never noticed in my daily life, who seemed to be the type that is never noticed by others either, yet go through great pains to be noticed. The face mask mandate was their moment of courage. The legal authorities were on their side. They could intrude on a person’s life with expletive-laced demands and get away with it. Mad

with power, they were like a terror to me when I only needed to run to the supermarket to buy a ball of mozzarella cheese for my homemade pizza.

The height of the bug man "look at me" attention ploy is to commit a mass shooting. The physiognomy of the men who commit shootings immediately confirms that it's the invisible trying to become visible through heinous destruction, even for only a moment.

Wounded pride

> Even at sixteen I wondered morosely [at the fine-looking boys at school]; even then I was struck by the pettiness of their thoughts, the stupidity of their pursuits, their games, their conversations. They had no understanding of such essential things, they took no interest in such striking, impressive subjects, that I could not help considering them inferior to myself. It was not wounded vanity that drove me to it, and for God's sake do not thrust upon me your hackneyed remarks, repeated to nausea, that "I was only a dreamer," while they even then had an understanding of life. They understood nothing, they had no idea of real life, and I swear that that was what made me most indignant with them."
>
> […]
>
> …I dreamed of getting the upper hand, of dominating them, carrying them away, making them like me—if only for my "elevation of thought and unmistakable wit." They would abandon Zverkov, he would sit on one side, silent and ashamed, while I should crush him.
>
> […]
>
> No one paid any attention to me, and I sat crushed and humiliated.
>
> […]
>
> I smiled contemptuously and walked up and down the other side of the room, opposite the sofa, from the table to the stove and back again. I tried my very utmost to show them that I could do without them, and yet I purposely made a noise with my boots, thumping with my heels. But it was all in vain. They paid no attention.

The bug man is trapped in his own head. On one hand he is viciously critical of everyone who doesn't rise to his level of fantastical perfection, but on the other he is desperate for just one morsel of positive attention. If you want to wound a bug man, to see his face twisted in pain, simply disagree with one of his lofty ideas. The fact that he announced his opinion to you means it was rehearsed in his mind for a long time, perhaps many years, and your refusal of it is a shameful slap. How much he will come to hate you, and develop fantasies of your own humiliation at his superior hand. Every interaction is a power struggle, a way to feed his pride, to be perpetually offended at everyone and everything for not giving him the commendation he thinks he deserves.

This may be the first "black pill" novel. It has more philosophy than narrative, making it one of the hardest Dostoyevsky novels to fully understand, in spite of its short length. The

main character is eminently unlikable, despicable, and often evil. He is the person who craves power but to whom none should be given, and yet what do we live in today but a society ruled over by petty bug men who in spite of their billions in wealth still harbor grudges for going through high school without a girlfriend. Now they get to enact their vengeance on the world using all the technology and medical toxins that are available to them. A bug man with power—a true nightmare indeed.

Learn More: *Notes From The Underground on Amazon*

How To Maintain The Faith During Extreme Evil

December 3, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Last month, I drove a few hours south to Lynchburg, Virginia to attend a talk titled “Truth Before Peace: The Message of Fr. George Calciu to Today’s Youth.” It was given by Father Theodore Stanway, a monk of Holy Trinity Monastery in Jordanville, New York, the same ROCOR monastery that I was baptized in.

Father Theodore’s talk shares how to maintain the Orthodox faith in an increasingly materialistic and secular society by highlighting the teachings of Romanian priest Fr. George Calciu, a powerful confessor of Orthodoxy during Romanian communism.

Here is the video recording of the talk:

These two books help supplement Father Theodore’s speech:

- Father George Calciu: Interviews, Talks, and Homilies – thoughts on imprisonment, prayer, and defeating temptations
- The Saint of the Prisons – details of the horrible torture during Romanian communism alongside incredible states of grace

We are treading down a road already traveled by saints who had faith stronger than ours, so it would be wise for us to listen to what they have to say.

Thanks goes out to Pano Kostouros for hosting the video. You can view his Orthodox channel here.

Read Next: *The Prison Notes Of Polish Catholic Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski*

Should The Divine Liturgy Be Live Streamed?

December 6, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

When the coronavirus lockdowns first hit, churches scrambled to live stream their services. In April of 2020, microphones, cameras, mixers, and computer HDMI adapters were either impossible to find online or prohibitively expensive. Most churches went on to figure things out and live streaming became commonplace, but how useful have they been in strengthening the faith of the flock? From my experience, live streaming the Divine Liturgy hurts more than helps.

I was in charge of setting up live streaming for my Armenian church before joining ROCOR in May 2021. The task was more complicated than my home setup because, for the Armenian Liturgy, there were four different locations that needed a microphone: the priest, the deacons around the altar, the reader in front of the altar, and the choir pit. In a complicated setup that involved dozens of feet of microphone wire, I ended up using two mixers, five microphones (including two wireless microphones), one camera, and one computer running Streamlabs software.

Once our live stream was up and running, I began to receive many thanks from the community for allowing an average of 20-50 people each week to watch the Liturgy from home in decent quality. I felt like I had done a good deed, and was proud of myself, but in hindsight I realize that I may have inadvertently damaged the spiritual development of the parish.

The first sign I knew something was off was when my Armenian mother remarked that she kept the live stream running in the background while cleaning the house and doing laundry (she did not regularly come to church with me). She never made comments on the priest's sermon, but instead asked me questions about who the tall man was, or who the lady in the hat was. During the live stream itself, I saw comments in the chat of people asking me who was singing in the choir. There were also complaints about the sound or video. "It's not loud enough!" "I hear static in the background!" The first thought in my mind when I encountered them was, "If you want high quality, you should come to church!" There were some individuals who did not come for many months on end but would often watch at home.

Attendance was heavily depressed for a year. There were many people who watched the live stream but stopped coming in. Unless they met with the priest privately, they did not confess their sins sacramentally through the Armenian Church's public confession process, they did not receive the Eucharist, they did not participate in communal prayer, and they did not receive spiritual guidance. The live stream was the excuse that allowed them to stay home and still feel that were close to the church. Instead, they were deepening their dependence on technology and the comfort of an easy Christianity where their fears and anxieties about a pandemic were indulged, and I say this not only of the Armenian parish I was in, but all Christians who may have used live streams as a pretext to stay home instead of claw tooth and nail into the church to heal their souls by taking the Body and Blood of our Savior and then participating in fellowship afterward.

Does the live stream hurt the faith or does it merely reveal those who are lukewarm? I would guess a bit of both, but if the live stream wasn't available, at least those who are lukewarm would feel a tinge on their conscience that they should be in the church. With the live stream, however, they can rationalize their lack of attendance by watching the Liturgy on their phones and deceive themselves that they are an active Christian who is "close" to their parish.

A couple of days after I was received into ROCOR at the monastery in Jordanville, New York, I caught a cold. I asked my godfather, a monk, if I could still attend the Liturgy even though I was sick. He replied, "You need the Liturgy even more when you are sick!" And are we not only sick in body but also in soul, in need of continual healing and grace? I can think of very few valid excuses to ever miss the Divine Liturgy on Sunday. To believe that an electronic simulacrum of the Liturgy can be a suitable substitute is the height of folly.

The parish I currently go to does not have a live stream. Not coincidentally, it's usually

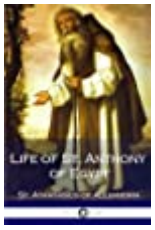
packed, and sometimes I hardly have enough space around my body to do the sign of the cross without whacking the person beside me. I don't go to Church to feel spiritual, or to be a Christian for only a couple of hours, but to participate in the healing sacraments and draw nearer to God. I go to engage in dialogue with my fellow Christians in a state of post-Communion grace, which I certainly cannot do from home.

If the current head of my parish asks me to set up a live stream, I would probably obey, but first I would warn him that it will likely decrease church attendance, enable a lukewarmness of spirit, hurt fellowship, and for some, trivialize how they view the sacraments, because if you really believed that the Body and Blood of Christ come forth from the chalice, how could you miss it because of the fear of catching what for most people is no worse than a cold? I had one whole year while in the Armenian Church to witness how live streaming ultimately bore no fruit that I could discern, and should be rejected by Christians as a suitable means of worshipping our Lord God.

Read Next: *9 Signs You're A Barbarian*

The Life Of Saint Antony Of Egypt

December 9, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



Saint Anthony is perhaps the most well-known monk who has ever lived. His decision to serve Christ in the desert starting in the 3rd century has inspired untold numbers of Christians to follow his example. His teachings have been so normalized in Orthodox monasticism that if you study the monastic saints, you indirectly study him. Life Of Saint Anthony is a short book that reviews his life as chronicled by Saint Athanasius of Alexandria.

Enduring temptations

> The demons, therefore, if they see all Christians, and monks especially, labouring cheerfully and advancing, first make an attack by temptation and place hindrances to hamper our way, to wit, evil thoughts. But we need not fear their suggestions, for by prayer, fasting, and faith in the Lord their attack immediately fails. But even when it does they cease not, but knavishly by subtlety come on again. For when they cannot deceive the heart openly with foul pleasures they approach in different guise, and thenceforth shaping displays they attempt to strike fear, changing their shapes, taking the forms of women, wild beasts, creeping things, gigantic bodies, and troops of soldiers.

If you don't regularly pray *and* fast, you're in dire straits against demonic attacks, and must pray to God to reveal to you the severity of your condition so that you can begin a spiritual life of repentance. Saint Theophan the Recluse has stated that for those who do neither, we can assume a demon is already residing in them, filling their minds with all sorts of evil ideas.

After repentance, the demons will be busy trying to push you back in the world with bad thoughts and suggestions, and if that doesn't work, they may try to ruin your life by setting you against a parent or spouse, or encouraging someone to levy false accusations against you, and if that still doesn't work, and you are insistent on trusting God with all your heart and soul, they may appear in corporeal form to frighten you and rattle your faith. Once you decide for Christ, there is rarely an easy moment.

Demonic appearances

> 'If there had been any power in you [demons], it would have sufficed had one of you come, but since the Lord has made you weak, you attempt to terrify me by

> numbers: and a proof of your weakness is that you take the shapes of brute beasts.' And again with boldness he said, 'If you are able, and have received power against me, delay not to attack, but if you are unable, why trouble me in vain? For faith in our Lord is a seal and a wall of safety to us.'
>
> […]
>
> But the demons as they have no power are like actors on the stage changing their shape and frightening children with tumultuous apparition and various forms: from which they ought rather to be despised as showing their weakness.

I have no doubt that what he says is true, but if one day I am taking a walk in the park, and I witness an alien creature with black leather skin and eyes bright like red coals rushing at me, I wonder if I would just outright faint from fear instead of remembering to call upon Lord Jesus Christ for aid.

There is no point in knowing the future

> For what use to the hearers is it to know from them what is going to happen before the time? Or what concern have we to know such things, even if the knowledge be true? For it is not productive of virtue, nor is it any token of goodness. For none of us is judged for what he knows not, and no one is called blessed because he has learning and knowledge. But each one will be called to judgment in these points—whether he have kept the faith and truly observed the commandments.

I break this teaching every day. I steadily consume the news to look for patterns that allow me to make a guess of the future. I analyze statements by oligarchs to perceive their evil plans. I'm curious beyond measure of what will happen tomorrow, to the point where I may be neglecting my present duties before God.

Even if I did know the future, and the specific details of all the pain and tribulation that is coming, would that increase my faith or merely put me in despair? By sharing my dire prognostications with the world, aren't I nudging others towards despair as well? I must carefully examine myself on this issue.

The body must be subjected to the soul

> [Antony] used to say that is behooved a man to give all his time to his soul rather than his body, yet to grant a short space to the body through its necessities; but all the more earnestly to give up the whole remained to the soul and seek its profit, that it might not be dragged down by the pleasures of the body, but, on the contrary, the body might be in subjection to the soul. For this is that which was spoken by the Savior: 'Be not anxious for your life what you shall eat, nor for your body what you shall put on. And do you seek not what you shall eat, or what you shall drink, and be not of a doubtful mind. For all these things the nations of the world seek after. But your Father knows that you have need of all these

> things. Howbeit do you seek first His Kingdom, and all these things shall be added unto you. Matthew 6:31; Luke 12:29.'

For most of my life, I didn't believe there was a soul, and fed the insatiable appetites of my body, which bullied my dying soul into complete submission, muting its cries for spiritual food and moral goodness. I'm trying to reverse that pattern now, but I made my body rather strong. It cries out in pain if it goes without food for an hour beyond its feeding time. It curses me when I want to take a cold shower. It exclaims how it will die if I endure another long fast where I avoid meat and cheese and cakes with buttercream frosting. I don't hate my body, since it is an instrument God gave me for my salvation, but I dislike how listening to its fallen urges and instincts will condemn me for all eternity. My asceticism is still weak, but I'm arriving at a point where if my body makes a demand, I think about doing the opposite.

The endurance of Christianity

> For this is a marvellous thing, that your religion was never persecuted, but even was honoured by men in every city, while the followers of Christ are persecuted, and still our side flourishes and multiplies over yours. What is yours, though praised and honoured, perishes, while the faith and teaching of Christ, though mocked by you and often persecuted by kings, has filled the world. For when has the knowledge of God so shone forth?

One need only look at all the dead ideologies and religions to see that they were temporary trends with puny revelations, mere flashes in the pan. Is anyone trying to bring back Druidism? Is there a revival around the cult of Diana? Will the Stoics once again have learning centers in the world's most important cities? Some religions such as communism and Islam will likely remain with us until the end, only because it is supported by the dark powers as a plausible replacement to Christianity, but if they were judged on their own merits, as being the source of ultimate truth, they could not hold a candle to the revelation that God has provided through His Church and saints.

At only fifty pages, Life Of St. Anthony was a quick read that gave me much insight into spiritual warfare and asceticism. Thankfully, the full teachings of St. Anthony were captured in many other sources, so this work can serve as an introduction to one of the Church's greatest saints.

Learn More: *Life Of St. Anthony on Amazon*

Roosh Hour #72 – Winter Call-In Special

December 12, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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In this stream, I took calls from listeners on topics ranging from the alleged contagiousness of viruses to building one's faith.

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Watch Next: *Roosh Hour #71 – Heart Attack*

Sinful Judgment vs Righteous Judgment

December 13, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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A persistent problem for new Christians is judging others. We look at someone, either their appearance or behavior, and develop snap judgments—often negative—from years of doing so out of habit as a non-Christian. At the same time, shouldn't we judge others around us to understand what is going on in the world to keep ourselves safe? How can we discern between sinful judgment and righteous judgment?

A concept you hear among the Orthodox is discernment, the ability to pick out the divine signal from the fleshly and demonic noise. One of the differences between us and the saints is that the latter know when a thought comes from God and when it doesn't. I, on the other hand, have to be skeptical of all thoughts, seek spiritual guidance before listening to them, and generally proceed very slowly before acting on a thought that may influence the direction of my faith. The reason is that I don't have discernment, and even thoughts that may appear holy on the service (e.g. 'Do 1000 prostrations!' 'Pray 4 hours a day!') may be a trick by Satan to cause a spiritual setback and eventual fatal despair. We must then apply discernment to our judgments, a great challenge.

My shortcut, which is an aspiration and not something that I've mastered, is that if judging others leads to sin, it's not of God, and if judging others leads to virtue, it *could* be of God. I aim to replace judgment with judgment calls. Let's try a few hypothetical examples…

1. I go to the café with a book and purchase a cup of tea. In walks in a woman who is wearing a bra for a top and minuscule shorts. Immediately the words "harlot" and "slut" come to mind, and I wonder how she could possibly dress in an immodest way, and then I consider how immodest I have been in my own life. This is sinful judgment, and something that I must later confess.

2. My friend arranges a blind date with a "devout Christian woman." We meet at a café. She arrives in yoga pants wearing thick makeup. I can see her commodious cleavage. She approaches me and says, "Roosh I'm so glad to meet you!" Due to her scandalous attire, I determine she is not suitable to be my wife. I am polite to her for thirty minutes and then leave the date by saying I have to venerate all my icons. I pray for her. This is a judgment call. I used my knowledge and experience with secular women to make a determination that this particular woman is not suitable to be my wife to avoid being yoked to a lukewarm or lapsed Christian.

3. I visit a friend in a rough area of town in the middle of the day. There I noticed a large group of black males smoking marijuana and listening to loud music. Immediately the words "lazy" and "criminals" come to mind and I ponder at length about why black people have such difficulty being productive members of society, and how my current behavior is nowhere near as bad as theirs. Then I realize that I have performed worse evils than all of those men combined. I pray for the men and later confess this act of

judgment.

4. I'm a single father who works part-time and cannot homeschool my young boy. I decide to enroll him in a private school. I visit the first potential school. During lunch, I noticed a group of black boys bullying a white kid, demanding he give them their lunch money. The white boy is crying and looking to the supervising teacher on duty, who muttered something about white privilege before turning away. I decide not to enroll my white-passing son at the school, and instead pick a school where I do not notice racial strife. Here I made a judgment call for my boy to avoid needless suffering when he should be getting an education.

If a judgment doesn't have an end goal of serving God, protecting your family, increasing your faith, or helping others with the faith, it is likely done out of pride to make yourself feel superior to others. You are the Pharisee looking at the publican exclaiming, "Thank God I'm not like that person!" If I'm feeling prideful or content with myself from the use of judgment, I know I've gone too far. On the other hand, if I'm using judgment to further my faith or the faith of others, chances are my judgment is not sinful, though I continually check my decisions with church elders. Unfortunately there are many cases in the middle, and you will inevitably slip and judge out of pride, but that's why we have the sacrament of confession, which wipes your sin clean. When in doubt, I confess it.

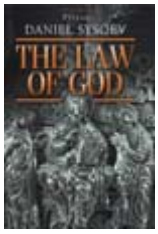
The simple heuristic I've shared above is what I'm using as a neophyte Orthodox Christian who spent his secular life mastering the judgments of others upon first glance in order to achieve a material reward (and was proud for doing so). It has been a challenge for me to uproot this habit, and I struggle with it daily. If I were to meet you in person, the temptation to make a snap judgment of you based on my life experience is incredibly strong, but unless you are someone I must decide to do business with (and therefore

trust), or you are a woman I must evaluate for marriage, I will fight the urge with all my will and God's help, because the only judgment I should be concerned about is that which I will receive from God on the Final Day.

Read Next: *The Orthodoxy Of Early Christian Writings*

The Law Of God

December 16, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



The Law Of God was one of the last books I read before getting baptized in the Church. It served as a catechism that taught me both the broad outline of the faith along with curious little details such as how to use a censer in the home or what days prostrations can't be done in church. It was written by Russian priest Daniel Sysoev, who was martyred in 2009 at the hands of an Islamic murderer inside his parish church because he was successfully evangelizing to Muslims. Reading the words of someone who willingly died to spread the word of Christ made the book a powerful confession for the Orthodox faith, and so it's no surprise that I converted soon after reading it.

What is faith?

> Faith has two forms. We call the first of these belief in God, and the second—trust in God. The first is limited to recognition of the Creator's existence, but his need not necessarily affect one's life. The Bible says that even the demons have this kind of faith: the devils also believe, and tremble (James 2:19). This faith is not perfect, and man cannot please God with this kind of faith alone. The second type of faith presumes trust in the Creator's words and a rejection of self-reliance, an active increase in love. It is this kind of faith that is salvific.

The existence of God is self-evident

> Even the pagans, who do not know the Scriptures, are not left without the knowledge of God that is placed into their hearts, handed down to them through Tradition from their ancestors, and garnered from contemplating nature. For this reason they will have no excuse on the day of Judgment: *For the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead; so that they are without excuse* (Rom. 1:20).
>
> […]
>
> Even ordinary experience shows us that order does not arise spontaneously out of chaos. Rather, the opposite is true: any order tends to break down spontaneously, and rationally-directed efforts are needed to preserve it. The second law of thermodynamics bears this out, stating that in closed systems (of which, according to materialism, the universe is one) entropy constantly increases. Even if we examine an open system, rational intervention is needed to

> improve order. Otherwise the principle of the bull in the china shop comes into play. Hence, the existence of order testifies to the existence of the Great Intellect Who set the universe in order. And the unity of the laws of nature testifies that this Intellect is the only one there is.
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> […]
>
> What is the reason for such widespread obviously irrational views of the world's origin? Saint Theophan the Recluse says this occurs because people 'are carried away by the broad path of the passions: 'We don't want to know positive commandments,' they say; 'we need palpable natural laws.' And so they pursued them. What was the results? They cast their lot with irrational beasts. Is it not this moral collapse that also engendered the theory of man's origin from animals? See just how far they go! And so it goes, always fleeting from the Lord…'

For a long time, I believe that the world came about in a random manner. Even a flying paper airplane cannot be formed randomly on its own in a billion years, and yet I believed that everything from the stars and planets down to the incredibly intricate biochemical workings of our cells happen *just because*. I was trapped in the heights of delusion, because that delusion removed all barriers for me to fulfill my passions. By not believing in God, there was no objective morality, and the path to being a "good person" while simultaneously committing horrendous evils was opened before me. If you examine the life of someone who refuses God, they are participating in grave sins that are diametrically opposed to the Christian life. Once they repent of their sins, they will snap out of their spell and come to be embarrassed for all the lies they believed in.

God's plan to save fallen man

> …in His mercy the Lord Himself intervened for His creation. Three obstacles stood before Him. The first of these was the gulf between the Divine and human natures. For it was said to Moses, *Thou canst not see My face: for there shall no man see Me, and live* (Ex. 33:20).
>
> How can a weak creation stand before the might of the Source of all power. Would it not be burned up like a moth in a flame? On the other hand, where is a person to find life unless he is united with the original Life?
>
> The second obstacle was sin, which cannot go ignored by Holy God. For the righteous Creator cannot allow crime to go unpunished. On the other hand, there is no man that lives and does not sin; hence, all must be punished.
>
> The third obstacle was death, which destroys man's nature. What is there to be said if all man's works are devoured by death? How can a mortal being commune with the Immortal unless his death has been destroyed?
>
> And here the Lord Jesus Christ comes to destroy these obstacles, to save man, and to make him a god by grace.

> […]
>
> In God the Son, God the Father appointed a place for every person who is saved. He resolved beforehand to adopt Christians to sonship through Jesus Christ, so that His grace might abide in us. After the fullness of time had been arranged He foreordained that all things earthly and heavenly be united beneath a Head, which is Christ (Eph. 1:3-10), so that all rational beings might enter into the blessed life of the Trinity.
>
> To accomplish this great design God determined the seasons and the times, that in this temporal world, as in a school for souls, he might teach free beings through love to know the Unoriginate Life."

What is evil?

> Evil is a violation of God's will, iniquity, abuse of the good properties of the nature God has created. Evil has no essence, and arises when the free will of a rational being abuses the gift of choice. Evil acts that become a habit are called passions (i.e., that which causes suffering and deprives a person of his freedom), and if the evildoer does not fight them they will corrupt his nature. For in the end sin produces death, both temporal and eternal. Naturally, the Creator does not wish that His creation perish, and it is for this reason that He forbids evil.

Why fast?

> Fasting helps to overcome the devil, intensifies prayer, and enables one to control one's heart. During the fasts one must refrain from meat and dairy products (during strict fasts fish is also prohibited), as well as gluttony and drunkenness (which of course are impermissible at any time). By mutual consent marital relations are also suspended during this time. During the fast one must refrain from idle entertainments, instead abiding in prayer, reading the Bible, and increasing works of charity. Naturally, the fasts do not apply to the sick, women who are pregnant or nursing, those in the army or in captivity, and travelers. These fast as they are able.
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> […]
>
> Remembering Judas' betrayal of the Lord we fast on Wednesday, while on Friday we lament the Lord's Crucifixion. According to the Apostolic Canons, whoever does not fast on Wednesday and Friday and during Great Lent without a compelling reason is excommunicated from the Church.

I once heard an Orthodox priest say that if you don't fast, you're a "lousy Christian." I don't want to be a lousy Christian, so I fast.

Sex as political control

> A certain Greek tyrant once came to a colleague and asked, "How can I ensure

> that rebellion will not be raised against me?" The latter replied, "Lead the most intelligent and influential citizens to harlots, and they will cease to be a threat to you."

This has been achieved in our time. I'm not a fanboy of the Taliban, but they were able to defeat the American empire in Afghanistan because they were not watching pornography, trying to match with secular girls on Tinder, or going to bars to get drunk and score a one-night stand. All their innate masculine energy was focused on defeating the biggest empire in the world, and they succeeded in doing so.

Judging others

> If someone attempts to involve us in judging another, we must not listen silently, let alone agree. Rather, as St. John advises, we must answer: "'Stop, brother! I fall into graver sins every day, so how can I criticize him?'"

When someone shares with you a complaint of another person, what they really want is for you to *agree* with them. I cannot do that.

Tribulation

> The sincere believer learns to bear all these sorrows with patience, understanding that everything that happens to him is necessary either as a punishment for sin or as a test of his faith.

Icon of Father Daniel Sysoev

The importance of prayer

> As we have said above, the virtues are, in essence, a reflection of the properties of God Himself in the created world. Given this, they cannot be properly fulfilled without the help of the Creator. And how is one to obtain this help if one does not ask it? This explains the need for prayer.
>
> […]
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> The Lord does not fulfill harmful or untimely requests, however. We ourselves would not fulfill the request of a child which if granted, would kill him, make him sick, or hurt him in any other way, and God the Father treats all believers likewise. People often wonder, "Why did God not hear me when I prayed?" He did hear, but what we asked for would have been harmful or premature for us.
>
> […]
>
> St. John of the Ladder: "Prayer by reason of its nature is the converse and union of man with God, and by reason of its action upholds the world and brings about reconciliation with God; it is the mother and also the daughter of tears [the mother because the person praying begins to see his own sins, producing mourning, and the daughter become mourning intensifies prayer and purifies it of all superfluous thoughts-Auth.], the propitiation for sins, a bridge over temptations, a wall against afflictions, a crushing of conflicts, work of angels, food of all the spiritual beings, future gladness, boundless activity, the spring of virtues, the source of graces, invisible progress, food of the soul, the enlightening of the mind, an axe for despair, a demonstration of hope, the annulling of sorrow, the wealth of monks, the treasure of solitaries, the reduction of anger, the mirror of progress, the realization of success, a proof of one's condition, a revelation of the future, a sign of glory."
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> […]
>
> Without communion with other Christians it is difficult to receive the divine gifts that the parishioners of a church receive. As Father Paul Florensky rightly said, a "Lord, have mercy" in church is of greater value than dozens of akathists at home. Even desert dwellers who had withdrawn from the world would hasten to the "assemblies of the faithful" to find relief in their struggle against it.

I don't know how I got through life for so long without praying first thing upon waking and last thing before sleeping. Actually, I do know: I enveloped my entire days in sins and pleasure, looking to the world to give me meaning that it couldn't possibly give.

The importance of sacraments

> In the sacraments lies the very heart of Christianity. One may have Orthodox faith, do good works, and pray, but without participation in the sacramental life of the Church a person will never become a Christian and cannot achieve salvation. For while faith gives a proper understanding of God and His providence, good

> works make one to resemble Him, and prayer enables one to commune with Him, only in the sacraments does true union with God take place, transforming the whole person.

The ideal marriage

> In the Orthodox family there is neither democracy nor tyranny. The husband is the image of Christ, the head of the family, the protector and guide of the wife, and the chief upbringer of the children. He is answerable to Christ and must become the religious leader of the family; he is solely responsible for everything. At the same time the husband must honor his wife as a coheir of the life of grace. The wife is an image of the Church, the helper of the husband. She must honor her husband and be obedient to him in all things that do not contradict the commandments. All issues must be resolved based on the principle of Christ' love.

The calling of Abraham

> The nations became ever more deeply enshrouded in the darkness of paganism. Only a few families preserved the light of the original Revelation. And then it pleased God to establish a separate people for Himself, in whom not only the original knowledge of Him would be handed down, but also the salvation of all mankind would be prepared.

The function of the Mosaic Law

> The law became a schoolmaster to bring us to Christ (Gal. 3). It did not permit the people to destroy themselves with sin, and protected them from self-destruction. Men's freedom was shackled, for they were still children, incapable of freely serving the Creator. The commandments kept men from sliding into the swamp of satanization, and the animal sacrifices showed that the innocent blood of the Savior must be shed, which is able to cleanse men from sin. True freedom will only enter a person when the Law of God has been written by the Holy Spirit upon the heart of each one who has believed, who like a son fulfills the will of the Heavenly Father. The need for the external observance of Moses' law then disappears, but its content remains forever. And so it happened after the death of Jesus Christ, Whose Sacrifice took the place of all the sacrifices of the Law.

The punishment for sin

> The forty years of wandering came to an end, and Moses' sister Miriam died. At this time the Hebrews began to lack water, and a new revolt against God arose. Through God's Revelation Moses and Aaron were to bring forth water from a granite cliff, but Moses fell into anger and lack of faith, and struck the cliff with his rod twice, which the Lord had not commanded him to do. The cliff

> immediately produced water, but for their unbelief Moses and Aaron forfeit their chance to enter into the Promised Land. Here we see that the closer a person is to God, the more responsible he is for his sins, and that what would have been forgivable for some people prevents one who spoke with God face to face from seeing his dream realized. To many of us it seems that if a person is holy everything is permitted him, but Scripture says the reverse: to whom much is given, from him much shall be required.

I believe this is why Russia suffered so badly in the 20th century. They had the true faith, the full revelation of God, enough to give them the moniker "Holy Russia," and then they committed adultery with Western ideas. If you are walking in the garden with God, and you turn away from Him, your punishment will be severe, as Adam's was, but if you were never in the garden to begin with, and instead had only a limited revelation, your ongoing existence that is distant from God may be punishment enough.

If you get baptized in the Orthodox Church, and you fall away, I do not want to imagine your punishment. You will be sent to the lowest level of hell, because your refusal of His Church was a direct rebuking of God Himself. If you turn away from Buddhism or Islam into nihilism, however, I imagine the eternal outcome of your soul will be changed by a smaller degree, if at all.

The mistake of the Pharisaical Jews

> The Pharisees (meaning "set apart"), who considered themselves the only ones who were right and pure, believed in the resurrection of the dead, immortality of the soul, and the existence of the Holy Spirit and angels. They boasted of their exact observance of the letter of the Law, though their hearts were far from God. But instead of fulfilling the Scriptures they substituted their own interpretations (the traditions of the elders), distorting the essence of Revelation. The Pharisees emphasized the necessity of separating from the pagans, and under their influence the Jews began to consider themselves exceptional people to whom all nations must be subjected. In their imagination the future Messiah began to be perceived not as a Savior from sin and death, but as a great Conqueror of the world.

How little things have changed. The Jews of today still consider themselves exceptional people who must rule over the world, putting all underneath their heel.

Jesus in the garden of Gethsemane

> …Jesus entered the garden of Gethsemane ("olive press"), so that just as man had fallen in a garden, so also in a garden his salvation might begin. There Christ was seized by deathly terror, for He, the only one Who need not have died, being sinless, was going to the sufferings of death. The desire to live, which God placed in every living thing, is even strong in Christ's human nature, since His nature is not compromised by sin. Death was the more terrible for the Lord because He

> was to drink to the dregs the cup of God's wrath, which was intended for us. He, being innocent, died for the guilty, and took upon Himself our curse, that we might be blessed. Small wonder that Christ as a man was afraid.

Heterodoxy

> Once they had begun changing Church tradition, the Roman Catholics proved unable to stop. They introduced new dogmas: purgatory, in which a person allegedly pays for unredeemed sins; that the Theotokos was born without original sin; supererogation, or good works of the saints in excess of the amount required for salvation, which are transferred to the papal treasury and from there are distributed to those who lack sufficient good works (which gave rise to the practice of indulgences). The rites of the sacraments were also changed. Baptism began to be practiced by aspersion (Sprinkling), and not by immersion, as the apostles had commanded. Chrismation began to be performed only after reaching adolescence, and thus children were deprived of the grace of the Holy Spirit and of Communion. The Liturgy began to be served using unleavened bread, and the laity were given Communion only in the form of bread, contrary to the Lord's words, *Drink ye all of it* (Mt. 26:27). Many other apostolic practices and dogmatic teachings were also distorted.
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> […]
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> The Protestants initially spoke out against the heresies of Rome, such as the sale of indulgences, papal supremacy, and secular power. Instead of returning to the Orthodox Church, however, they decided to "restore the Church of the apostles." This proud idea led them to reject the better part of Church Tradition, proclaiming Sola scriptura ("Only Scripture") as their watchword. They began to teach that faith in Christ alone is sufficient for salvation, and no good works are necessary.
>
> They lost apostolic succession and consequently rejected practically all of the sacraments, losing the very essence of the Gospel. Having lost every possible criterion for understanding the Bible, the Protestants promptly split into numerous sects.

My favorite sections of The Law Of God were summaries of Bible books and stories, which were essential for me to know before I started to read the Old Testament. One downside of the book is that it reads like a textbook. The information is complete, accurate, and detailed, but it may sometimes feel like a trial to get through its 500 pages. Overall, it seamlessly connected the prophecies of the Old Testament with Christ's ministry to give me the full revelation of God and how that revelation is contained in the purest form within the Orthodox Church. The book not only allowed me to develop a deep understanding of the faith but also served as a direct aid to my conversion into the Church. I recommend this book for all Orthodox Christians and those who are inquiring.

Learn More: *The Law Of God on Ancient Faith Bookstore*

Is It Time To Move To A Better Place?

December 20, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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The most frequent question I'm asked is if one should move from a degrading city, state, or country for another location that is better. Everyone's situation is different, and I can't possibly know what is right for you, but in the vast majority of cases, I'm reluctant to tell any man "Yes."

There are two kinds of people who ask me this question: secular and Christian. To the secular person, a situation becomes bad when there are more costs than benefits. *I relocated to California to hit in rich in Silicon Valley… the state has become a cesspool… technology jobs can be found in Austin… I'm a rootless cosmopolitan… I have no children… I'm tired of smelly homeless encampments… so I will just get up and move, rebuilding my social network with Tinder and other apps*. This person will not admit that it's their godless materialism which is the root cause of societal decline, that **they** are the problem, so they pack their sins and nihilism into the moving van to defile the new location they end up in. No matter what advice you give them, they will end up doing what they "feel" that allows them to be "happy" and extract the most material benefits from the world.

Then there's the Christian, but not all Christians are the same. We must ask how much does the Christian trust in God. If he is Christian in name only, and does not have a living faith of self-denial where all his major decisions derive from serving God's will, and instead practices a comfortable Christianity, he will proceed as the secular man albeit with more hesitancy since he is more likely to have family and be part of a local community. He has kids to consider, and he wants them to be raised in a good environment, and so he decides to move to an area that is better today (but maybe not tomorrow). No one will fault him for this, but if the Christian doesn't have children, he will likely be similar to the secular man who places comfort above all else. The secular man and childless Christian are on different timelines, but they both end up in the same place because they both have the same desire for living in a "good place." The problem for both is that in a connected world, the place they're moving to is still part of the same sickly body, and just because it's visibly healthy now doesn't mean that the infection hasn't already begun underneath the surface.

Moving doesn't treat the root cause of infection, which is that world society has aggressively turned its back on God. By treating the symptom, you only buy time, perhaps three years, five years, or even ten years if you're lucky, but then in ten years, you will end up in the exact same situation as before, but perhaps now much weaker in the faith since you chose comfort and a false sense of material safety over God, and where will you now go that the whole world is oozing with pus and rotten to the bone?

Then there is the Christian who was chosen out of the world by Lord Jesus Christ and is carrying his heavy cross (John 15:19), which gets heavier by the month. He knows Church history and the martyrs that suffered before him. He reads the lives of the saints. He knows that God will only bless nations if they repent. He knows the nature of spiritual warfare and how demons are not constrained by walls or borders. What choice does he make? The one that his faith allows. If you can endure then endure. If you can't endure, ask God for endurance, and if He has gone quiet on you (for your own benefit so you seek Him with more zeal), then the problem is not where to live but the state of your soul.

I'm a middle-aged single man. I live close to Washington DC, ground zero for the worst social engineering and psychological operations known to humanity. I hope to soon move to an outer exurb, but it could be in a blue state. My aspirational plan is to endure the hardships, adapt to them with prayer and faith, inoculate any children I may have against the evil ideas of our times, and live in the midst of great evil, because I know that this world is fallen. Heaven will never be achieved in this life, and by moving to South Dakota or Tennessee, I will just train my soul to run away at material discomfort, to kick the can down the road, when I should be actively training for persecution of my faith or worse, and when that persecution comes, if I can stay and endure martyrdom then I should, and if I can't then I should flee.

> Those who have gone like sheep to the slaughter, "resisting not evil" (cf. Mt 5:39), will become like the Son of the Father (cf. Is 53:7) and will rise again with him in glory everlasting (cf. Col 3:1-4) —Saint Sophrony in On Prayer

Persecution of your faith is the most valid reason for a Christian to leave (Matthew 10:23), especially if a family is involved. If you cannot practice your faith with your children, if your church is burned down, if the local government is banging down your door because

of your homeschooling curriculum, then escape in the dead of night. But if you're a single man, examine yourself and the reasons why you want to leave. The martyrs who stay and the confessors who flee both keep the faith alive, and only God knows what is right for you to enter the Kingdom in your pure white garment. The fewer attachments and responsibilities you have, the more you should be able to endure. I should personally be able to face the worst of what's to come, since I don't have a 9-5 job or family, but my human strength is so weak then I will end up having to flee sooner than I should.

There is a multitude of mitigating circumstances that my black and white portrayals cannot convey, but if you desire to move because you crave comfort or seek alleviation of your anxieties and fears, the problem may not be where you live but your faith. Search deep down for *why* you want to leave, and unless the answer stems from protecting your family or serving God, there is a high probability you're making a decision to please the flesh, not the soul. May God enlighten us all to know the difference.

Read Next: *Secular Success vs. Christian Success*

3 Lessons From The Novel Frankenstein

December 23, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Frankenstein is the early 19th century novel by Mary Shelley, mother of pioneering feminist Mary Wollstonecraft, who died after giving birth to Shelley. Shelley had a turbulent life due to being raised by an anarchist father. Before writing Frankenstein, she had an affair with one of her father's married friends. He went on to remain with Shelley and leave his wife, who became so distraught she later committed suicide. Frankenstein was written after the first child Shelley had with him out of wedlock was born prematurely and died. It doesn't take a skilled psychologist to see this novel as a projection of her turbulent life, with the fictional monster representing the bad fruits of her non-traditional choices in an era that was still rather rooted in tradition and Christianity.

Here are three timeless truths that the book shares…

1. Don't try to become a god without God

The following quotes are said by Frankenstein, the mad scientist who created the monster (it is a common mistake for the monster itself to be called Frankenstein)…

> …I entered with the greatest diligence into the search of the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life; but the latter soon obtained my undivided attention. Wealth was an inferior object, but what glory would attend the discovery if I could banish disease from the human frame and render man invulnerable to any but a violent death!
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> Nor were these my only visions. The raising of ghosts or devils was a promise liberally accorded by my favourite authors, the fulfilment of which I most eagerly sought; and if my incantations were always unsuccessful, I attributed the failure rather to my own inexperience and mistake than to a want of skill or fidelity in my instructors.
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> […]
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> The sun does not more certainly shine in the heavens than that which I now affirm is true. Some miracle might have produced it, yet the stages of the discovery were distinct and probable. After days and nights of incredible labour and fatigue, **I succeeded in discovering the cause of generation and life; nay, more, I became myself capable of bestowing animation upon lifeless matter.**
>
> […]

> What had been the study and desire of the wisest men since the creation of the world was now **within my grasp.**
>
> […]
>
> I was like the Arabian who had been buried with the dead and found a passage to life, aided only be one glimmering and seemingly ineffectual light.

Frankenstein dives wholeheartedly into his effort to create life, to be like a god, and insists on stopping at nothing to achieve his goal. I compare him to the Silicon Valley geeks of today who promote transhumanism and want to create AI and neurochips to make man "better," and when they use that word, they mean to make men better subject to their own control to trivially sate man's obsession with comfort and convenience.

Note the pride that coincides with the desire to be god-like. In his delusion, Frankenstein really believed that he possessed the powers of God.

2. You will become angry at the "creator" of your apostasy from the true God

The monster went on to have a wretched life, because he was formed from the pride of man instead of the love of God…

> "Accursed creator! Why did you form a monster so hideous that even you turned from me in disgust? God, in pity, made man beautiful and alluring, after his own image; but my form is a filthy type of yours, more horrid even from the every resemblance. Satan had his companions, fellow devils, to admire and encourage him, but I am solitary and abhorred."
>
> […]
>
> "Unfeeling, heartless creator! You had endowed me with perceptions and passions and then cast me abroad an object for the scorn and horror of mankind. But on you only had I any claim for pity and redress, and from you I determined to seek that justice which I vainly attempted to gain from any other being that wore the human form."

Consider the useful idiots of the regime: pro-vax, pro-gay pride, pro-migrants, Antifa, Democrats, NeverTrumper, and the like. Do they seem happy at their worldly creators and enablers, who shaped their views and formed their behaviors from propaganda campaigns that promised material benefits? The Frankensteins of this age, however, are smarter than the mad doctor in the novel: they are concealed and never claim credit for their creations. They pretend their name is not really Frankenstein, and plea they don't know who he is. So the monsters of our time lash out at innocent bystanders just like the monster in the novel, because of uncontrollable wrath that stems from not knowing where they came from and who they must truly serve for eternal rest.

Can you imagine those who are angry at God? You may have met a few of them and are familiar with the utter foolishness of their sentiment—to be mad at the Being who created

them from the dust! I must conclude that being angry at God, murmuring against Him, shows a deadly lack of understanding of God combined with a desire to wallow in earthly feelings of anger and pride and the sins which the sufferer is decidedly attached to.

3. Creations will always turn on their human "creators"

From the monster…

> "Slave, I before reasoned with you, but you have proved yourself unworthy of my condescension. Remember that I have power; you believe yourself miserable, but I can make you so wretched that the light of day will be hateful to you. You are my creator, but I am your master; obey!"

Many times in history we have seen the pets of the elite turn against their masters. Dr. E Michael Jones' book The Jewish Revolutionary Spirit provides numerous examples. African-Americans, a weapon harnessed by Jews to attack white Americans through so-called Civil Rights, now regularly attack Jews in major cities. Anti-corporate liberals, fed up with the greed of capitalism, attacked their masters with the Occupy Wall Street movement until they were placated with pornography and equality bucks. Recently, the Afghani army, which the United States spent decades training, put down their arms and humiliated their master in the face of the sandal-wearing Taliban. The lives of the Frankensteins of our day are constantly filled with schemes and plots to control their little pets. One question you must ask yourself is if you are a creation of a Frankenstein. If you are far from God, you must answer in the affirmative.

Conclusion

It is impressive that Shelley wrote this book at only 18 years of age. The idea was innovative for its time, but nonetheless the execution was lacking. There was an incredible amount of fluff strewn through every page, as if she was trying to hit a certain word count and turn what she was capable of doing (a short story) into what she was not (a full-length novel). The book reminded me of an American football match, where there is hardly any action for the long amount of attention it demands of you. Here is an example of her boring writers-workshop writing that infuriated me to the point where I was almost as angry as the monster in the novel:

> In a thousand spots the traces of the winter avalanche may be perceived, where trees lie broken and strewed on the ground, some entirely destroyed, others bent, leaning upon the jutting rocks of the mountain or transversely upon other trees. The path, as you ascend higher, is intersected by ravines of snow, down which stones continually roll from above; one of them is particularly dangerous, as the slightest sound, such as even speaking in a loud voice, produces a concussion of air sufficient to draw destruction upon the head of the speaker. The pines are not tall or luxuriant, but they are somber and add an air of severity to the scene. I looked on the valley beneath; vast mists were rising from the rivers which ran through it and curling in thick wreaths around the opposite mountains,

> whose summits were hid in the uniform clouds, while rain poured from the dark sky and added to the melancholy impression I received from the objects around me.

This is the sort of writing a high school teacher with green hair tells you is good literature, and your ignorant self scratches your head, confused as to why it is good, but you want to get a high grade so you try to pay attention and convince yourself that it is good.

One other notable passage displays a hint of the leftist propaganda of her time. In the favored female character of Elizabeth, Shelley shares the laughable notion that republics (i.e. democracies) create more moral and refined citizens.

> The republican institutions of our country have produced simpler and happier manners than those which prevail in the great monarchies that surround it. Hence there is less distinction between the several classes of its inhabitants; and the lower orders, being neither so poor nor so despised, their manners are more refined and moral.

When you look around to the lower classes of today's democracies, do you find that their manners are "more refined and moral"? I see utterly base and subhuman behaviors, of which I participated. My guess is that she was merely spouting the beliefs of her anarchist father, whose ideas went on to win the day since chances are you are not ruled over by a king but through the votes of a grossly immoral and petulant mob.

Overall, Frankenstein was a poor novel with a great idea, refreshing for its time. I can't recommend it unless you are a bibliophile who wants to grasp the history of the novel form.

Learn More: *Frankenstein on Amazon*

The Importance Of Childhood Discipline

December 27, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Before I became a Christian, I did not understand what was the big deal about disciplining children. Humans are merely a type of animal, I thought, and young animals will act like animals until they figure it out someday through random osmosis. I was completely wrong. Disciplining children is the best way to prepare fallen little souls to fully worship their Creator as mature adults.

You should not be surprised to know that as a child I was never properly disciplined. I was beaten many times, with instruments such as brooms and sticks, and when I became a teenager, my mother found it more useful to throw objects at me such as flashlights, or whatever happened to be nearby, but not once was I disciplined. My parents never sat me down, told me why my behavior was wrong, the moral consequences of that behavior, and then—without passion—gave me a few methodical slaps on the behind. Instead, the beatings came when my parents had had *enough*, when they were in a bad mood, when they had a difficult day at work, or when they were angry at their lot in life. Throughout my entire childhood, I was beaten not only because of my behavior, but because of the turbulent emotional states of my parents, particularly my mother, who gave me 98% of my whuppings.

For example, for 29 consecutive days I could disobey my mother and not take out the trash. She would not say a word about it, but then on day 30, because she had a long day at work, she would be furious at my disobedience, and I would get a beating. As an insolent youth, I calculated that it was in my favor never to take out the trash, because the one-minute beating would come infrequently, if at all, and those beatings never came with any lasting punishment that required me to change my behavior. I therefore linked my beatings not to my behavior but to my mother's mood. I became accomplished at reading my parents' body language, tone, and facial expressions, but I never fully conformed to their will. I only obeyed them when I felt like it or needed something from them in return. I certainly was never taught a Christian morality that would keep me away from sin as an adult.

Recently I was invited for dinner at the home of a married Orthodox couple with four young children. I noticed something that I had rarely seen before: the parents verbally disciplined their children throughout the time I was there, and explained to the children *why* they were being disciplined. I never saw the parents just let things slide, even if they were occupied, which is what my parents did so often with me, because if the child learns they can get away with certain behaviors, perhaps if a guest is in the home or they are out in public, the discipline starts to lose its effectiveness and the little one develops a sneaky manipulation and willfulness.

What struck me about the disciplinary method of the Orthodox parents is the constant and consistent nature of it. Kids will be unruly and brazen, and so every few minutes something happened that was an opportunity for discipline in a patient and loving way, never in anger like with my parents. The fruit of this discipline was obvious. The children, in spite of their minor mistakes, behave like angels in my eyes. They have no flaws that I can perceive. Without exaggeration, I can state that they are the most well-behaved children I have encountered in my life, and they are also sweet and kind, but they weren't born like this—they were molded through the Orthodox faith of their parents, who know that the discipline which demands parental obedience prepares them to obey God and one day enter His Kingdom.

Without any discipline, a child grows up to be a feral adult, chafed at following any type of authority, whether human or divine, developing a level of pride that is even higher than God Himself. It's no shock that males grown up in single-mom households, where discipline is often lacking, grow up to be derelicts and criminals, and while I saw my father weekly after my parents' divorce, I did not receive discipline from him, and went on to become a derelict myself and cause incredible damage to the world by enabling tens of thousands of men to commit sin. In my case, "Spare the rod, spoil the child" became "Spare the rod, watch your child become a demon."

Imagine a woman who wasn't disciplined as a child. She was always treated like a princess and trained to develop self-esteem, self-confidence, and masculine aggression. She did not obey her parents to not get those tattoos and she certainly doesn't obey God, but one day she will faithfully obey a man who becomes her husband. Hah! Such an assertion only exists in the mashed potato mind of the lustful man who wants to passionately possess her body. She will put on the veneer of obedience so that he falls in love with her and gives her a fairy tale wedding, enhancing the narrative in her mind of a

woman who is worthy of a man's devoted love, but how long will that pleasantness last before she morphs into a terror? Five years… one year… maybe one month?! If a woman doesn't obey God, her Creator, she will not obey a mortal man for long, no matter how attractive or rich he is.

I look at the little children of the Orthodox family and see that they possessed stronger will than when I was a grown man, all because they were disciplined from the beginning while I was not. How lucky will they be to start off adulthood with not only the knowledge of God that is taught to them through the Orthodox Church, but also the mental and emotional faculties to follow Him. I'm 42 years old and still straining to develop those very faculties.

I do not lament my past and the fact that I was brought into the Church at the 11th hour. Based on my secular and lax upbringing, I consider myself lucky, because how many people, whose parents did not discipline them, get so lost in their disobedience against God that they never come to develop the faith? In such cases, the failure of the parents will lead to the condemnation of the soul of the child. If I ever have children, I will not be their friend or "cool" dad—no, I will be the loving drillmaster, and grind away at their fallen and evil will so that it is supple enough to obey God's will, and may they then receive God in all His grace like their old dad.

Read Next: *3 Spiritual Types Of Women*

The Ladder Of Divine Ascent

December 29, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

> I am fully aware, my good friends, that the struggles I have described will seem to some incredible, to others hard to believe, and will seem to some to breed despair. But to the courageous soul they will serve as a spur, and a shaft of fire; and he will go away carrying zeal in his heart.

The Ladder Of Divine Ascent by Saint John Climacus is a book intended for monks and the spiritually advanced, yet I read it as a neophyte around the time of my baptism into the Orthodox Church. Much of it just went over my head so I don't seem to have been damaged through errant interpretations. Below is a selection of my favorite passages.

What does it mean to love God?

> The man who really loves the Lord, who has made a real effort to find the future Kingdom, who is really pained by his sins, who is really mindful of eternal torment and judgment, who really lives in fear of his own departure, will not love, carry, or worry about money, or possessions, or parents, or worldly glory, or friends, or brothers, or anything at all on earth. But having shaken off all ties with earthly things and having stripped himself of all his cares, and having come to hate even his own flesh, and having stripped himself of everything, he will follow Christ without anxiety or hesitation

It is somewhat ironic that we need to pray to God for instruction on how to love Him. We are so fallen and our worldly souls so wicked that we don't even know how to love our Creator as He intended, and instead are only capable of a fleshly love that is transactional or lustful.

You will suffer

> Those who aim at ascending with the body to Heaven, indeed need violence and constant suffering, especially in the early stages of their renunciation, until our pleasure-loving disposition and unfeeling hearts attain to love of God and chastity by manifest sorrow. This is a great toil, very great indeed, with much unseen suffering, especially for those who live carelessly, until by simplicity, deep angerlessness, and diligence, we make our mind, which is a greedy kitchen dog addicted to barking, a lover of chastity and watchfulness. But let us who are weak and passionate have the courage to offer our infirmity and natural

> weakness to Christ with unhesitating faith, and confess it to Him; and we shall be certain to obtain His help, even beyond our worth, if only we continually plunge to the depth of humility.

The newly repentant should use the full dose of grace given by God to develop a zeal that can begin the difficult task of turning away from passions that have become engrained from many years of sinful life.

How to live in the world

> Some people living carelessly in the world have asked me: 'We have wives and are beset with social cares, and how can we lead the solitary life?' I replied to them: 'Do all the good you can; do not speak evil of anyone; do not steal from anyone; do not lie to anyone; do not be arrogant towards anyone; do not hate anyone; do not be absent from the divine services; be compassionate to the needy; do not offend anyone; do not wreck another man's domestic happiness, and be content with what your own wives can give you. If you behave in this way, you will not be far from the Kingdom of Heaven.'

Don't be afraid of spiritual battle

> Let us charge into the good fight with joy and love without being afraid of our enemies. Though unseen themselves, they can look at the face of our soul, and if they see it altered by fear, they take up arms against us all the more fiercely. For the cunning creatures have observed that we are scared. So let us take up arms against them courageously. No one will fight with a resolute fighter.

Ignore dreams

> He who believes in dreams is completely inexperienced. But he who distrusts all dreams is a wise man. Only believe dreams that warn you of torments and judgments. But if despair afflicts you, then such dreams are also from demons.
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> […]
>
> The demons of vainglory prophesy in dreams. Being unscrupulous, they guess the future and foretell it to us. When these visions come true, we are amazed; and we are elated with the thought that we are already near to the gift of foreknowledge. A demon is often a prophet to those who believe him, but he is always a liar to those who despise him. Being a spirit, he sees what is happening in this lower air, and noticing that someone is dying, he foretells it through dreams to the more light-minded. But the demons know nothing about the future from foreknowledge.

I used to sleep with a notepad and pen at my bedside to write down memorable dreams, but I no longer do that because being able to remember certain dreams starts to ignite a craving within me for them to become true or to see them as a source of wisdom that I

could use in the future. I now let dreams be naturally forgotten seconds after waking.

Do not be eager to share your opinions

> He whose will and desire in conversation is to establish his own opinion, even though what he says is true, should recognize that he is sick with the devil's disease. And if he behaves like this only in conversation with his equals, then perhaps the rebuke of his superiors may heal him. But if he acts in this way even with those who are greater and wiser than he, then his malady is humanly incurable.

Are conversations not an exercise of who can share the most opinions in the least amount of time?

Distracted thoughts during prayer

> Constantly wrestle with your thought, and whenever it wanders call it back to you. God does not require from those still under obedience prayer completely free of distractions. Do not despond when your thoughts are plundered, but take courage, and unceasingly recall your mind. Inviolability is proper only to an angel.

This is one of my main problems in spiritual life. During prayer, it can happen that I think of when I'm going to cook pizza again, how I'm going to respond when a store clerk demands I wear a face mask, or what clothing I should wear the next day. And then I catch myself in the act and wonder how I was able to engage so deeply in the trivial thought that I completely forgot I was before God my King, and disrespected Him so offensively with my scattered brain.

Why we don't know when we will die

> Some inquire and wonder: 'Why, when the remembrance of death is so beneficial for us, has God hidden from us the knowledge of the hour of death?'—not knowing that in this way God wonderfully accomplishes our salvation. For no one who foreknew his death would at once proceed to baptism or the monastic life; but everyone would spend all his days in iniquities, and only on the day of his death would he approach baptism and repentance.

How do you respond when offended?

> I once saw three monks receive the same injury at the same time. One felt the sting of this and was troubled, but kept silent; the second rejoiced at his injury for the reward it would bring him, but was sorry for the wrongdoer; and the third, thinking of the harm his erring neighbour was suffering, wept fervently. And fear, reward, and love were to be seen at work.
>
> […]

> You will know that you have completely freed yourself of this rot [remembrance of wrongs], not when you pray for the person who has offended you, nor when you exchange presents with him, nor when you invite him to your table, but only when, on hearing the has fallen in spiritual or bodily misfortune, you suffer and weep for him as for yourself.

When I am slighted, I am prone to get angry, or at least irritated, and I have to harness all my willpower to not respond with my tongue. Sometimes I'm successful.

Do not judge others

> If you see someone falling into sin at the very moment of his death, even then do not judge him, because the divine judgment is hidden from men. Some have fallen openly into great sins, but they have done greater good deeds in secret; so their critics were tricked, getting smoke instead of the sun.
>
> […]
>
> Do not condemn, even if you see with your eyes, for they are often deceived.

Facing temptations

> He who falls is to be pitied. But still more to be pitied is he who causes another to fall, because he bears the burden of the falls of both, and further, the burden of pleasure tasted by the other.
>
> […]
>
> Let us listen again to another wile of our foes. Just as food which is bad for the body produces sickness after a time or some days, so this often happens in the case of actions which defile the soul. I have seen some give way to luxury and not at once feel the attacks of the enemy. I have seen others eat with women and converse with them, and at the time have no bad thoughts whatsoever in their mind. They were thus deceived and encouraged to grow careless and to think that they were in peace and safety, and then suffered sudden destruction in their cells.
>
> […]
>
> Demons keep away from us when we are living in the world, that we may go on staying among worldly-minded people because we are not attacked there. Hence we should realize that the place in which we are attacked is the one in which we are certainly waging bitter war on the enemy; for if we ourselves are not waging war, the enemy is found to be our friend.

When I was living a secular life, I don't remember being "attacked" by strange thoughts. I didn't even have bad dreams, and actually lamented that I didn't have sexual dreams more often. When I decided to become a Christian, the horrible dreams started, sometimes multiple nightmares per sleep, not only sexual but even demonic appearances. While awake, there are evil thoughts that come to my mind that I simply

can't block. If you're not in the spiritual war, you will not have to face spiritual battles. With a secular life, you're continually waving the white flag.

How to pray

> For those who have not yet obtained true prayer of the heart, violence in bodily prayer is a great help—I mean stretching out the hands, beating the breast, sincere raising of the eyes to Heaven, deep sighing, frequent prostrations.
>
> […]
>
> When prayer is finished wait soberly, and you will see that swarms of demons, as if challenged by us, try to invade us after prayer with absurd phantasies. Sit and watch; you will see those who are in the habit of snatching away the first-fruits of the soul.
>
> […]
>
> All who ask and do not obtain their requests from God, are denied for one of the following reasons: because they ask at the wrong time, or because they ask unworthily and vaingloriously, or because if they received they would become conceited, or finally because they would become negligent after obtaining their request.
>
> […]
>
> He who has experienced the good which comes from prayer will shun crowds like a wild ass; for what, if not prayer, makes him like a wild ass and free from all association with people?

"I need to get rich to be charitable"

> The beginning of love of money is the pretext of almsgiving, and the end of it is hatred of the poor. So long as he is collecting he is charitable, but when the money is in hand he tightens his grip.

It's not uncommon to encounter the belief that one must work hard for many decades to get rich *and then* you can take on the semblance of Christian life through almsgiving. The problem with that plan is you starve your soul during your years of money-making. You become spiritually dry, a desert of prayer, and at the end of it, may decide it's better to keep the money for yourself since you worked so hard through your lofty abilities. Any thought that delays your participation in the Christian life by even one day is pure deception.

Complimenting people brings them spiritual harm

> God often hides from our eyes even those perfections that we have obtained. But he who praises us or, rather, misleads us, opens our eyes by his praise, and as soon as our eyes are opened, our treasure vanishes.
>
> […]

> The flatterer is a servant of devils, a guide to pride, a destroyer of contrition, a ruiner of virtues, a misleader. Those who pronounce you blessed, lead you astray, says the prophet.
>
> […]
>
> ‘Praises exalt and puff one up; and when the soul is exalted, then pride seizes it, lifts it up to heaven, and casts it down to the abyss.’

I refuse all compliments that are given to me, and try to forget them immediately. Insults and critiques, however, I carefully examine to identify if there is any truth in them.

What is pride?

> Pride is denial of God, an invention of the devil, the despising of men, the mother of condemnation, the offspring of praise, a sign of sterility, flight from divine assistance, the precursor of madness, the cause of falls, a foothold for satanic possession, a source of anger, a door of hypocrisy, the support of demons, the guardian of sins, the patron of pitilessness, the rejection of compassion, a bitter inquisitor, an inhuman judge, an opponent of God, a root of blasphemy.

What is humility?

> ‘Humility means constant oblivion of one’s achievements.’ Another: ‘It is the acknowledgment of oneself as the last of all and the greatest sinner of all.’ And another: ‘The mind’s recognition of one’s weakness and impotence.’ Another again: ‘In fits of rage, it means to forestall one’s neighbour and be first to stop the quarrel.’ And again another: ‘Recognition of divine grace and divine compassion.’ And again another: ‘The feeling of a contrite soul, and the renunciation of one’s own will.’
>
> […]
>
> Many have received salvation without prophecies and revelations, without signs and wonders; but without humility no one will enter the marriage chamber, because humility is the guardian of these gifts, and without her they will bring frivolous people to ruin.

When the body is sick, the demons rush to attack

> We have need of considerable vigilance when the body is sick. The demons, seeing us laid low and temporarily incapable of entering into the struggle with them owing to our infirmity, try to attack us fiercely at such times.

Do not love the world

> If any monk has spent an hour or a day in visiting people in the world, or has had them as guests, he ought to rejoice when he parts from them like someone who has been freed from a hindrance and a trap. But if on the contrary he feels the

> dart of sorrow, this indicates that he has become the toy either of vainglory or of lust.

If your faith is lukewarm, this book has the potential to put you in despair that you're not doing nearly enough for salvation. Simply reviewing the quotes above may even have tugged at your conscience, but understand its context: this book was written during a time when Christians were on fire with holy zeal and a man could promptly be tonsured as a monk without waiting several years as is currently the case. Even the monks of today are nowhere near as strict as what you encounter in the book. Unless you're an experienced Orthodox Christian who has read much of the other materials intended for laymen, I can't recommend The Ladder Of Divine Ascent. As powerful as it is, and I believe I have gained some benefit from the book, it would be better to wait until your faith has matured.

Learn More: *The Ladder Of Divine Ascent on Amazon*

33 Christian Articles I Recommend

December 31, 2021 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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1. “Whoever is not participating in the divine services is dying spiritually by falling away from the Church…” [Link]

2. “The renunciation of the Orthodox monarchy was the renunciation of Divine authority…” [Link]

3. What is Orthodoxy? [Link]

4. The basics of spiritual life [Link]

5. God will allow the Great Apostasy at the End of Times [Link]

6. “The Zionists want to rule the world” [Link]

7. Elder Paisios the New [Link]

8. Introduction to the Jesus Prayer [Link]

9. “Our judgment of the other is really about ourselves, our own actions, words, attitudes and temptations” [Link]

10. The art and science of prayer [Link]

11. Saint Paisios on Positive Thinking [Part 1 | Part 2 | Part 3]

12. “It’s often the will of God that the wondrous deeds of ascetics and virtuous monks remain hidden from our eyes as long as they’re with us.” [Link]

13. Father Seraphim Rose and the Signs of the Times [Part 1 | Part 2]

14. I Keep Repenting of the Same Sin Over and Over, But I Can’t Get Rid of It. What Should I Do? [Link]

15. “College life will doubtless give you many temptations. But remember that learning in itself is useful and can be used later in a Christian way.” [Link]

16. On dealing with distracted prayer [Link]

17. Lessons from the life of Fr. Seraphim Rose [Link]

18. “It seems since the appearance of Christianity on earth there have never been more ‘evil days’ than those we are now experiencing.” [Link]

19. A perspective on St. Patrick [Link]

20. Are you bearing the cross? [Link]

21. The Orthodox Christian justification for NOT getting the coronavirus vaccine [Link]

22. On Humility [Part 1 | Part 2 | Part 3 | Part 4 | Part 5]

23. 55 maxims of the Orthodox Christian life [Link]

24. If God grants the gift of parenthood to a family, it means it is essential for them [Link]

25. On Christian Masculinity [Link]

26. The escape from materialism [Link]

27. The future of Russia and the end of the world [Link]
28. “Only a caring father can completely protect a child from the evils of the world” [Link]
29. “The best death for a Christian is, of course, martyrdom for Christ the Savior” [Link]
30. Enemies of Orthodoxy in the Modern World [Link]
31. The 3 Temptations In Marriage [Part 1 | Part 2 | Part 3]
32. The danger of imagination and fantasy [Link]
33. The Orthodox view on the Mark of the Beast [Link]

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Forecast Of The End Of The World

January 3, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

From studying Orthodox Christian eschatology and observing the political course of the coronavirus pandemic during the past two years, a clear picture has emerged for me about where the rulers of the world are taking us. It is a place of trials and sufferings that will be difficult to endure. Secular people will have to make a "deal with the devil" and trade away their freedoms and physical health to temporarily alleviate their fears while Christians will have to love God with all their hearts and trust Him with all their being to endure direct persecution, exile from society, and starvation. I've personally concluded that we are entering either the end times or a time that will closely resemble the end times.

The quest for power

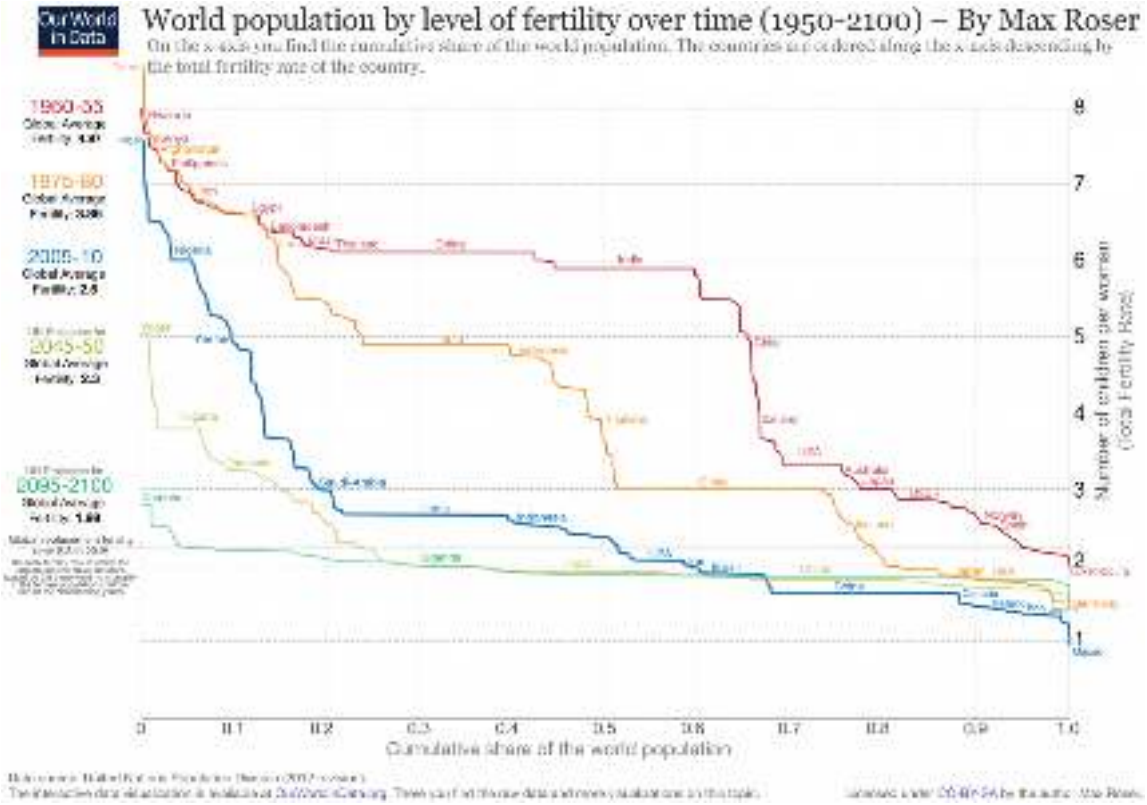
Broad Street in Utica, New York used to be loud thanks to numerous active factories. They employed the city's men on wages that were enough for mothers to stay at home, but now most of those factories are closed. "For lease" signs are displayed on dilapidated buildings that will never again be leased, and the jobs that remain can't sustain a family without mothers working full-time. Good jobs for good men were methodically and purposefully shipped abroad, and the cost savings in wages were pocketed by corporate executives and their institutional shareholders. For the men who couldn't secure a stable job, they were given opioids, junk food, and comic book movies so they would not be aware of the fact that ruthless scavengers came and took away their birthright.

In our modern, capitalistic age, power is derived from money, particularly the control of money. There are many people who are rich, such as Hollywood celebrities, but they are pawns who don't have any power, because they don't control money and its distribution, lending, and monetary policies. It's the difference between owning a local bank, and having the power to use other people's money to earn a yield for yourself, and having a savings account at a bank to earn a tiny yield compared to the bank's owners.

To have worldly power, you must not only need a lot of money but you must live beside the river where money flows. You must be in the financial markets, be an oligarch with the political ability to change the workings of how money is used, or be in control of monetary policy at a central bank. The most powerful men in the world have money *and* some level of control over the financial markets or the ability to influence them. Those who control the financial markets control the world, because they have the most power to push policy at all levels of society under threat of taking away money, of reducing the river to a trickle.

The oligarchs, the richest men in the world who control the river of money, informally form an international regime to exert their will on the world to maintain their power and accumulate more money. The oligarchs are non-elected rulers who sponsor and thereby control all those who are politically elected. On television, they are kind-hearted philanthropists with goofy laughs and heartwarming origin stories, but in reality, they are destroying the middle class, enabling addiction to drugs and vice, spreading degeneracy to all corners of the world, removing our freedoms, and with the help of unseen dark powers (demons), hurtling human souls into hell.

What the regime needed from human beings



Brian proposed to Amanda when she was 24-years-old. While she had strong feelings for him, she refused his proposal. She had hardly experienced the world, and had a long way to go before establishing her marketing career in Austin, Texas. After the relationship with Brian ended, time flew by quickly. She had relations with over two dozen men, but none were as kind as Brian, and none proposed to her. Because the intimacy she often pursued was under the influence of alcohol, there were two accidental pregnancies, and two abortions. By the time she was in her mid-30s, she decided to use a sperm donor to become a mother, but two fertility specialists informed her that she was infertile, even though received all her scheduled vaccines and ate a "healthy" low-fat diet of vegetable oils and heavily-refined carbohydrates. After the heartbreaking news of her infertility, she developed an addiction to alcohol and soon had to go on anti-depressant medication.

During the industrial revolution, oligarchs needed a growing population of human beings to work in factories. Ideas connected to the nuclear family and reproduction were tolerated and sometimes promoted so that enough workers could be born for the oligarchs to amplify their wealth. Ideas that did not promote reproduction, like homosexuality and spinsterhood, were stigmatized. From the perspective of a husband, who worked a boring job that allowed him to provide for a family, the deal wasn't exactly a bad one. Many men chose this way of life over alternatives because it suited a man's nature as given by God, and also allowed for the direct worship of God.

In the 20th century, the world regime became fixated on the fear of over-population. Neo-Malthusian theories were adopted and aggressively promoted by the media and elite organizations like the Club of Rome starting in the late 1960s, and ideas that halted family creation and reproduction began to be promoted. Around the same time, a nuclear bomb was dropped in the form of the sexual revolution. Redefining sex to be recreational instead of reproductive helped reduce birth rates across the Western world, and decades

later across the rest of the world thanks to the export of American culture through sports, apparel, fast-food chains, movies, music, and television. Birth control and abortion were legalized, further amplifying the reduction of birth rates, and once "women's education" was promoted to further brainwash women that family was a secondary pursuit and then later an unworthy pursuit, many countries saw their birth rates dip below the replacement rate. The widespread promotion of internet pornography to breed psychological and physical dysfunction among men sealed a below-replacement birth rate for generations to come.

The regime also encouraged citizens to fixate on spheres of behavior outside of family, and that was primarily driven by the consumption model of capitalism which made a lifestyle of everything, from music to cardiovascular exercise. Anything that encouraged consumption, with associated paraphernalia that was marketed to you, must now become an obsession, an ideological lifestyle that takes your interest and devotion away from God and family. At the head of this militant secularism were innumerable gurus featured by Oprah and mass media channels that taught you how to dedicate your life to what in the past would have been seen as a neurotic obsession or mortal sin.

The regime tolerated human existence and freedom in the decades following the sexual revolution because technology did not yet reach their desired level of advancement. In the meanwhile, humans were encouraged to pursue sterile lifestyles while working meaningless service jobs that would help transition the world economy from human-powered industrial labor to computer-powered automation, AI, and robotics. Even today, technology still has a ways to go, but it is on the verge of becoming advanced enough to decimate entire industries, with no hope of alternate employment for those who lose their jobs. Eventually, there were will be an excess of billions of people whose labor is not needed and whose existence, no matter how pleasingly sterile it is to the regime, is a liability instead of a benefit, because these people are becoming restless, insolent, and harder to influence with media propaganda. For the regime, it's better for all those people to not be here anymore. At the minimum, their deaths should not be replaced with new life, and a controlled die-off can—or must—occur in a way that doesn't disturb the power of the oligarchs, but in order to do that, nightmarish authoritarian control systems must be put in place so that citizens don't have the strength or means to fight back, let alone the ability to voice their displeasure to rouse others to action. As an additional bonus, it would be helpful for the regime to reduce life expectancy so that government pension obligations do not have to be paid out thanks to a rash of untimely early deaths.

Many industries we depend on are a partial condescension from the regime to humans that would otherwise revolt. Digital entertainment, chain restaurants, Starbucks, mega-retail (Walmart, Amazon), international travel, and restaurant and nightlife hospitality keep the Western citizen placated, satisfied just enough with fleeting happiness to not threaten the regime, because without these basic pleasures, along with cheap Chinese merchandise and tasty but toxic GMO food, the motivation of common citizens to rebel would be rather high, since they would have little to lose compared to a life without engineered comforts. Therefore, the regime must carefully manage the decline to their

utopian post-human fantasy world in a stepwise fashion with the implementation of multiple control schemes that discourage noncompliance and block rebellion. To the public, the regime calls this massive reduction in standard of living and controlled die-off the Fourth Industrial Revolution. The vehicle they're using to arrive at the Fourth Industrial Revolution is The Great Reset. From the horse's mouth:

> The Fourth Industrial Revolution represents a fundamental change in the way we live, work and relate to one another. It is a new chapter in human development, enabled by extraordinary technology advances commensurate with those of the first, second and third industrial revolutions. These advances are merging the physical, digital and biological worlds in ways that create both huge promise and potential peril. The speed, breadth and depth of this revolution is forcing us to rethink how countries develop, how organisations create value and even what it means to be human. —World Economic Forum

The coronavirus pandemic, which is only one of their schemes, has shown the willingness of the regime to cripple entire industries, including commercial airline travel, various hospitality industries, movie theaters, and office real estate, to implement broader goals. They are clearly signaling through their surgical slicing and dicing of the world economy through a medical false flag that they are moving onto a more aggressive form of control where freedoms, rights, and pleasures will be steadily removed at high cost to them, or at least high cost to their friends who control those industries, but such monetary losses are but a rounding error to them when a far greater goal must be achieved.

Why are they doing this to us? It is my belief that the advancement of their plans through the pandemic and other Great Reset schemes come primarily from a combination of greed (i.e. of wanting more power) and the fear of losing existing power. The nightmare they have, which you don't have, is maintaining their exalted position without being killed by an angry mob. Their strategy to avoid this fate is to weaken and impoverish humanity through a kaleidoscope of measures that attack the citizen on all fronts so that their rule endures forever. One of their favorite ways to accomplish this goal is through relentless divide-and-conquer social engineering tactics: right vs left, black vs white, men vs women, families vs homosexuals, vaxxed vs unvaxxed, rich vs poor (where the "rich" are usually small business owners). Their plan advances with ease through misdirection because it keeps everyone's eyes away from the only battle that matters: the oligarchy versus the middle class. Divide-and-conquer ploys must be used because the number one fear of the oligarchs is being killed for their theft, greed, and heinous crimes. Citizens must be distracted with each other while the plan of the oligarchs is successfully implemented right under their noses. Even better if you simply die while the plan is being carried out. The more deaths, in fact, the better.

Two problems for the oligarchs

The New York Times

TRUMP TRIUMPHS

OUTSIDER MOGUL CAPTURES THE PRESIDENCY, STUNNING CLINTON IN BATTLEGROUND STATES

Through a series of random steps over the years that sent him down various internet rabbit holes, Chris Hogan has unwittingly found himself in a position where he stood in opposition to the oligarchy. He reduced his economic activity to the bare minimum, made risky but timely gambles in cryptocurrency, is not dependent on one corporation for his income, and perhaps most threateningly, has no debt and thinks consumerism is "lame." He sees through the method of global control and adjusts his behavior so that he does not aid those who remove value from his life, even though he's not sure what the word "oligarch" means. When Donald Trump lost the 2020 election to Joe Biden, Chris was a node to transmit data to tens of thousands of people that showed the election was fraudulent, and as a result, he was banned from all social media. That hasn't stopped him from spreading the truth, and he uses every medium available to do what he believes is right.

The first problem of the oligarchs is they began losing momentum with the wide support of Donald Trump, Brexit, Jair Bolsonaro in Brazil, AfD in Germany, and Marine Le Pen's National Front party in France, among various conservative revivals. Based on their decades of perfected propaganda, these candidates and phenomena should not be defeating their preferred candidates and policies. Chris Hogan, a supporter of Donald Trump, should not believe in what he believes, should not be voting for a candidate not fully on board with the regime's agenda, and should not be making economic decisions that threaten a system based on high debt and high consumer activity. Something went wrong, and it must be fixed.

While many conservative candidates eventually fall under the control of the big bankers

and go along with the regime on major issues (it is possible that all of them have always been controlled), it was still intolerable for these candidates to win elections and retard the regime's plans by even one day. The regime's power was not ultimate. They were discomforted at not being able to go full steam ahead with their agenda and they continually feared a general uprising. It's all so burdensome to control the minds of all these citizens, and all the contradictive beliefs they should hold, and which candidate they should vote for. Is there an easier way?

The second problem that occurred, more behind the scenes, is that the world financial system became increasingly unstable through insatiable greed, in spite of the bandages applied during the 2008 financial crisis. The root cause of the problem was not fixed, and in late 2019, an unprecedented bailout of the obscure "repo market" was orchestrated. Without this bailout, a massive worldwide financial collapse would have occurred, but the financial market must not collapse. If money is worthless, and citizens use barter, physical metals, cryptocurrency, and promissory notes to conduct transactions, and no longer use central bank currency, simply because it has been hyperinflated, the regime power disappears, because all control comes from the powerful river of central bank currency. If you have to use their money, you give consent to the legitimacy of the regime, allowing its endurance. The current financial system must be preserved at all costs, or else we would see a different kind of "Great Reset" that would destroy the ruling class and threaten their luxurious lifestyle and existence.

Their dilemma is severe. How can they print enough money or manipulate the economy to maintain their wealth and power without triggering hyperinflation, where their money would be worthless along with their power and where the mob could spontaneously assemble outside their mansions? How can they do whatever they want to the economy without angering the middle class through high food and commodity prices? And how can they do all this while limiting the spread of truth and the ability of citizens to find the truth and act on it in a way that counters the incessant lies of the regime? It's quite a balancing act, but something must be done, because if they do nothing, and their beloved system collapses, they are finished, and yet if they merely print trillions of dollars, without managing how that money flows into the world economy, hyperinflation will spell doom for them as well, allowing new factions to replace them.

How about if they could monitor and control every single economic transaction done by every human being in the world? If they could control all economic activity, including all use of money, would that prevent hyperinflation while preserving their system? If they could censor at will, limit a citizen's movements, and slowly poison them with industrial food and pharmaceuticals, would that make them impotent to regime power? Well, it's worth a try, and out of all the other options, most of which were already implemented, it's the best shot they have. In order to grab this huge amount of power, a pretext has to be given which eases all citizens onto a plantation where they must receive consent from the regime to make any purchase, from a pack of gum to a new house, and where they voluntarily choose to spend 23 hours a day at home, without causing agitation on the internet, and quietly die.

The solution to all of the regime’s problems

The Federal Government granted a new stimulus to all citizens, a large sum of $6,000, but it could only be collected on an app released by the Federal Reserve, which is neither a Federal agency nor in possession of a money reserve. Only through the app could you spend the money. The only requirement for the app—and it was a big one—was to have a vaccine passport app in good standing. Matthew Drummond did not like the idea of being forced to get the vax and use two government apps, but he was in a bad financial position, and $6,000 would make a significant difference to his family, so he got all the vaccine boosters he needed to collect his money. He wasn’t the only one: within one year, a vast majority of the population collected their $6,000. Both of the apps were heavily used. There were no forceful mandates implemented to gain such high compliance, and once that compliance was reached, many stores stopped accepting cash, and then even credit cards could only be used once linked to the Federal Reserve app. Soon, all corporate stores would only accept payment through the app. Cash was still circulating, but hardly any retail stores accepted it.

Matthew felt uneasy once cash was de facto abolished, even though it was celebrated as an end of germs and drug crime. When he went to the hardware store one afternoon to buy a gas-powered lawnmower, the app wouldn’t let him. A notification told him that his “carbon score” was too high. He was forced to buy a battery-powered lawnmower instead which had a charge that wasn’t enough to mow his half-acre lawn. He was also denied the ability to purchase many common items, either because his health status was not up to date or because the app required his carbon output to be limited. What started off as a good deal quickly turned sour, and Matthew regretted granting his consent in the first place. Two years after he collected his money upon vaccination, he was diagnosed with

leukemia and died. He was buried by his wife and daughter.

It is my opinion that the regime believes the only way they will survive is if they are able to monitor and control all financial transactions that comprise human life, which would allow them to manipulate the economy in any way they see fit to serve their interests without destroying it, and in a way which would allow surplus or problematic citizens to be removed from centers of power, commercial activity, and the public square to die off in a controlled, predictable, and gradual manner. The most essential step in this goal is to introduce a digital currency. The digital currency must then be linked to a person's social, health, and environmental scores, which brings to fruition the Biblical prophecy of the Mark of the Beast in a way that only modern technology can allow. Digital currency would be one of the last steps before achieving the Mark, which precedes the last years of mankind.

> [The Antichrist] causes all, both small and great, rich and poor, free and slave, to receive a mark on their right hand or on their foreheads, and that no one may buy or sell except one who has the mark or the name of the beast, or the number of his name. —Revelation 13:16-17

To accept the Mark of the Beast is to make a consensual act of fealty to the Antichrist, a world ruler controlled by Satan. Taking the Mark allows the citizen to buy and sell (i.e. participate in commerce) and be a "good" person who is on the side of science. Those who do not get the Mark will not be able to buy and sell. It is not known what final form the Mark will be, but in the most literal interpretation, an implanted hand microchip linked to your identity would fit the bill, though it could take on a more metaphorical form that we can't foresee. The holy Orthodox elders who are alive during that time will help us discern whether the Mark has arrived or not.

When the Mark arrives, it will be a signal to the remaining Christians on earth that the end of the world is fast approaching. This will be a time of intense repentance, lamentation, and suffering, but for the oligarchs who are aligned with the Antichrist, it will be a time for joy. In their maniacal delusion, they will believe that their "eternal" technocratic utopia has been realized. The preservation of their financial system will be achieved, along with their power and wealth. Birth rates will drop to practically zero and they will invent new diseases to give them plausible deniability for the high amount of extra deaths happening from their hands, even in children ("It's the new super virus we discovered that is giving 3-year-olds heart attacks, not our safe vaccines!"). They and their kin will rule forever and ever. To them, it's the perfect plan.

The pandemic paves the way for a vaccine passport, where you must be regularly injected with pharmaceutical sludge in order to remain within society. The vaccine passport psychologically grooms people to accept a financial passport that uses digital currency. The two passports would merge, and other forms of social and environmental scores would be added in. This would complete the slavery of man.

Even without further progress to a digital currency, the pandemic confers so many

benefits for the elite on its own that it's a surprise they didn't orchestrate one sooner:

- It allows them to seize greater control over the economy and launder taxpayer funds wherever they want within the financial system in the name of "pandemic relief."
- It eases citizens onto a lower standard of living that is the fault of an alleged virus and the unvaccinated, not the regime.
- It collapses the social graph, disconnecting family and friends from each other and restricting human social behavior and movement to the point where communication and trust are broken. This also reduces the likelihood that anti-regime groups will be created and have effectiveness.
- It restricts the flow of truthful information through increased censorship in the name of stamping out harmful "conspiracies," leaving people in confusion, doubt, and uncertainty. As a result, many will become dependent on regime propaganda and come to believe it upon repetition.
- Fewer men and women are allowed to meet each other outside of regime-controlled social apps that put sex at the forefront instead of family. The "crisis" that will never end convinces citizens of reproductive age that it's better to fornicate because it's a "bad time" to bring children into the world.
- The vaccines potentially sterilize millions of people while increasing the death rate of all age groups.
- Destroys small and medium-size businesses that are run by the type of conservative who is skeptical of government power and overreach, thereby funneling middle-class consumer activity and wealth onto monopolistic entities that are a part of the regime plan, and which as a bonus provides products and services alongside social engineering messages (gay pride, diversity, inclusion, etc.)

The pandemic had to occur, because digital currency or not, it's too useful. It's perfectly compatible with the regime's agenda to control the world population, their movements, their beliefs, and their thoughts, and before everyone knows what hit them, a huge power grab has been achieved in the name of "saving lives." Thanks to the pandemic, the oligarchs have gotten richer while citizens have become poorer and their liberties lost in the name of preserving physical health.

If the regime has the opportunity to kill millions of citizens, who they see as liabilities whose minds are becoming increasingly hard to control, all without getting caught, why wouldn't they? They don't need you on this earth, they don't want you, they don't love you, and if you're already old, it's a wise economic decision to get rid of you since you're a financial and social burden. Problem is the coronavirus pandemic was not lethal enough, whether it was created by man or not, so the "population adjustment" may have to happen in earnest with new vaccines, which I suspect the oligarchs will not get but which their disposable useful idiots—politicians, corporate executives, journalists—will get before a camera while smiling through a face mask to help persuade the masses that it's safe.

The vaccine, which conservatively has killed thousands in the United States and injured

hundreds of thousands, and yet is still used, suggests a large conspiracy has been implemented. If a batch of spinach gets four people ill, it is recalled across the land, but a vaccine that is debilitating or killing the perfectly healthy—including children—is promoted even more. We're forced either to believe in a conspiracy that directly benefits the regime in every way or in a thousand coincidences that always seem to fall in the regime's favor.

The most powerful men in the world have the will and agency to direct society in ways that normal citizens do not, so the belief in conspiracies is more plausible and rational than believing everything happens randomly. The conspiracy model is much easier to believe when you observe that any scientific or medical professional who speaks out against the vaccine is immediately shut down with a coordinated media and medical or university board attack. No dissenting voice is permitted. The useful idiots of the regime must be aware of parts of the plan and want to see the plan implemented for their own personal benefit. They will lie and commit crimes so that the plan is achieved, even though they are likely to be tossed aside before they know it.

> The pandemic has accelerated a longer-running move to digital. Mobile and contactless payments are already part of our daily lives; QR codes and "buy now, pay later" options are gaining popularity; gloves, badges and Olympic uniforms with payment functions are being prepared for the Beijing Winter Olympics; and the tech-savvy generation will soon dream about money and payments for the metaverse.
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> Alongside these developments, the world's central banks are stepping up efforts to prepare the ground for digital cash – central bank digital currency (CBDC). They have a job to do – delivering price stability and financial stability – and they must retain their ability to do it. —Central bank digital currency: the future starts today
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> […]
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> One of the most potentially far-reaching trends in the financial landscape right now is the imminent roll-out of Central Bank Digital Currencies (CBDCs), and the parallel attacks which central bankers are waging on private digital currencies and tokens as they tee up the launch of their CBDCs. —Central Bank Digital Currencies: A Future of Surveillance And Control
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> […]
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> …account-based CBDCs will be tied to user identities and Digital IDs, and straight off the bat they allow for total surveillance by the State and torpedo any chance of anonymity. For this reason, they are already a favourite among central banks. —Ibid.
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> […]
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> In January 2020, the Bank for International Settlements (BIS) issued the results of a survey on CBDCs that it had conducted in the second half of 2019, and to which

66 central banks had responded. Strikingly, 10% of central bank respondents (which represented a fifth of the world's population) said that they were likely to issue a 'general purpose' CBDC (for the general public) in the near future (within the next 3 years). Another 20% of central bank respondents said they would likely issue a 'general purpose' CBDC in the medium term (within 6 years).—Ibid.

[…]

…the Digital Yuan can be programmed to be activated on a certain date, programmed to expire on a certain date, programmed to be only valid for certain purchases, and ominously, programmed to be only available to citizens who meet certain pre-conditions. —Ibid.

[…]

Those who don't agree with the system will have a rough time. They'll constantly be trying to imprison them, using any pretext they can find. They won't torture anyone, but without the mark it will simply be impossible for a person to live. "You're suffering without the mark", they'll say. "And if you had just accepted it you would have had no difficulties." For this reason, by learning to live a simple, moderate life here and now you'll be able to get through those years. By getting a little bit of land, raising a little wheat and some potatoes, planting some olive trees, and keeping animals of some sort, a goat or chickens, the Christian will be able to feed his family. Stockpiling is of little use: Food doesn't keep for long before spoiling. But these oppressions will not last for long: three, three and a half years. For the sake of the chosen the days will be hastened. God won't leave a person without help. —St. Paisios

[…]

It will not be possible to feign either the possession or non-possession of the mark. Its presence or absence will be obvious and irrefutable. Nevertheless, Christians should know that God will provide a way for them to resist. Elder Lavrenty of Russia's Chernigov Trinity Convent commented, "The mark will be such that it will be immediately apparent whether a person has received it or not. The Christian will not be able to buy or sell anything. But do not despair. The Lord will not abandon His Children. One mustn't fear!"

Saint Andrew, Archbishop of Caesarea, wrote, "[Satan] will strive so that the mark might be placed upon everyone." Nevertheless, those who want to remain faithful to Christ must refuse the mark, for it absolutely and permanently links a soul to Satan. —Ultimate Things by Dennis E. Engleman

[…]

This mark—whatever it proves to be—we Orthodox Christians view as a serious denial of Christ. We must not accept it. Accepting it will be a rejection of one's Holy Chrismation and a rejection of God. —Fr. Andrew J. Anderson

[…]

> Under economic duress, Christians will be strongly tempted to think that they can receive the mark of the beast without being harmed thereby. They will reason, "Of what benefit is it to refuse if we starve? The mark on our flesh will not affect the faith in our hearts."
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> The Russian New Martyr Bishop Damascene specifically addressed this argument, pointing out that for Christians it is not possible to accept the mark anywhere. "Why is it that the seal of Antichrist… will be placed not upon the forehead and the hand simultaneously, but upon the forehead OR the hand? … This will occur because at that time there will be people who will affirm that it is possible and permissible to recognize the God-fighting authority of Antichrist if only one remains a Christian in one's soul. From such ones Antichrist will not demand that they share his way of thinking; in other words, upon all such one he will not place the seal on their forehead, but will demand of them only the recognition of his authority, which is, according to St. Hippolytus, the seal on the hand… A Christian by this very fact will cut off from himself every possibility of doing good and righteous deeds, for in his faith there will be missing the chief sign of uprightness—the confession of God as God and the recognition of Him as the Being that stands above all… Repentance is impossible for such ones, according to the teaching of the Holy Church; and it is impossible only because the seal of Christ and the seal of Antichrist are incompatible with each other, and the reception of one banishes the presence of the other." —Ultimate Things by Dennis E. Engleman

A pipeline of new resisters

Mary Henson is a mother of two. She is a believer in modern medicine (she gave birth to both of her children in a hospital and consented to immediate shots of Vitamin K and the

Hepatitis B vaccine), but she became skeptical of the coronavirus vaccine due to some videos she was sent of dissenting doctors who convincingly explained why it was harmful. Two of her friends came down with serious illnesses right after getting injected by the vaccine, and with the support of her husband, who was also skeptical, they decided that it would be best for the family not to get it at all.

During this time, she started to become more involved with what her kids were learning in school. She was bothered that they had to wear a mask when published studies not reported by the media had shown that masks were ineffective at preventing illness. She participated in all board meetings and made her opinion known, and many parents followed her, so it was quite a surprise when one day she got a visit from two burly FBI agents stating that she made school board members feel "unsafe," not from a specific threat but because of her "antagonistic and combative tone." Not one to get scared, she doubled down and hired a lawyer, and debated who to sue first.

As of this writing, 62% of all Americans are fully vaccinated. That number, while likely inflated to aid in social persuasion, is still too low to begin implementing the vaccine passport, which has to be accepted by a vast majority of people within an armed population—my guess is 80-90%—in order to put teeth into a required nationwide health passport system. The problem for the regime is that in spite of nearly two years of unhinged fearmongering and neverending praise for a dubious vaccine, people like Mary Henson exist, who not only refuse the vaccine, but are starting to agitate against other parts of the regime's agenda, and like a game of whack-a-mole, for every Mary Henson they neutralize, two more seem to spawn in her place. Too much truth is out there, and people are not as weak as the oligarchs thought, especially in the United States.

If an 80% vaccinated rate is ever reached, which as of this writing does not seem probable without a new crisis, that would leave 20% unvaccinated. Of that, I imagine that 10% would be the unbanked poor (mostly black) who do not threaten the regime, and the remaining 10% would be diehard resisters (mostly white). Perhaps the regime feels they can slowly neutralize the 10% of resisters, but it's looking like the diehard resisters may be as high as 25%. In some states, that number could be even higher. Even if we accept the lower 10% estimate, that means the United States will have at least 82 million vigorous resisters who will not get the vaccine no matter what. Can the regime handle such a huge number of people who are opposed to their agenda? Not with current control methods, so I'm afraid to envision how brutal their planned future systems must be. If they can't decrease the resister percentage to under 10%, how can they proceed with a digital currency plan? Their whole rule of power would be threatened.

Just because the regime has a plan, that doesn't mean it will succeed. While they have the motivation, brains, means, psychopathy, and resources to make it succeed, they are not in control of the world. God is in control of the world, and He will only permit a course of events that fulfills His will, which is the salvation of souls until Lord Jesus Christ returns. At least for the United States, the regime plan is falling. Big tech cannot censor the truth fast enough. There are too many determined vaccine resisters. People are starting to resist in completely different spheres like public school education and anti-abortion

activism. Vilified conservative politicians, controlled or not, are still winning in elections. Getting 62% of the population to receive an experimental vaccine that is not even a vaccine but genetic therapy is surely an impressive feat, and this will be made more impressive in the future once lowered birth rates are locked in, but it's not enough for the regime to move on to the next step in a country that has as many guns as the United States. Some aspects of their depopulation agenda are being achieved, but not their most treasured goals of digital control. How will they respond?

> God's people, people of prayer, still remain, and God in his all-goodness still tolerates us and will put everything in order. Don't be afraid! We've gone through many storms, and still haven't perished. So should we be afraid of the storm which is now gathering? We'll not perish this time either! God loves us. In Man there's a hidden power which comes out when necessary. The difficult years will be few. Just a lot of thunder. Don't get upset in the least, for God is above everything. He rules everyone and will bring all to the defendant's bench to answer for what they've done, according to which each will receive his just desserts from God. —St. Paisios

Salvaging a failed plan

World War 3 lasted for five years. Allegedly, three million Americans perished from bombs that landed on small American towns, usually on empty fields, but no one actually knew a friend or relative who died. Nonetheless, the food shortages, material deprivation, and mental suffering during the war years made the pandemic lockdowns a half-decade before seem like a walk in the park, and the people of the world were desperate for a leader who would bring prosperity and comfort. That leader came in the form of Joseph Wright. He gained the support of both liberals and conservatives, Christians and Jews, and the poor and wealthy as the man who would rebuild the entire earth to a new level of

material prosperity. His rhetoric was sublime, he performed numerous "miracles," his countenance was beautiful, and he even spoke favorably of God. Many Christians began to see him as Christ Himself.

Joseph Wright gained an incredible amount of power, more than any other man in the history of the world, and most of it was through persuasion and wonders. Whenever he spoke, people believed, even those with a skeptical nature. Once his power was cemented, he transformed the United Nations peacekeeping force into his personal secret police. He methodically targeted resisters around the world, getting their numbers down to only 2% (many went off-grid and escaped to the mountains). It was Joseph who took a patchwork of various national health passports, social credit systems, and digital currencies and brought them together in the "Unity App" to be used by every human being alive on the earth. He was now in control of almost every facet of human transactional and commercial behavior, and the vast majority of the world went along with it because of the fear of going back to the pain of the past, of shortages, disease, and war. They believed in his promise that there would be more prosperity. The slogan of the app was, "One app, one currency, one humanity." Even to use the internet, the Unity App was needed. It became the centerpiece of human life.

Continuing to push vaccines on a skeptical population will not work, because the fear of imminent death has ebbed and new distractions have occupied the minds of the population. What options are remaining for the regime to salvage their plan of worldwide human servitude that—unbeknownst to many of the elites—leads to the rise of the Antichrist and the end of human history? I imagine they are approaching this problem as in fighting a war. They have multiple weapons at their disposal and will use all they can to grind down humanity into accepting their will.

There are three levels of weaponry that the regime can use against the population. Level One weaponry, which you have been subjected to your entire life, includes social engineering and gradual behavioral modification. Examples include the unrelenting promotion of sexual sin (fornication, pornography); the destruction of the middle class through offshoring and outsourcing; the flooding of heroin, fentanyl, synthetic meth, and oxycontin onto the Main Streets of America; the advocacy of sodomy as a virtuous alternative to family; the poisoning of the food supply with GMO food, vegetable oils, and other industrial slimes; and endless divide-and-conquer schemes. You exist in a mental, physical, and spiritual state that is more weakened than your ancestors due to attacks that you may see as background noise to your life or even normal. If your ancestors merely saw the "food" you ate every day, they would weep for you.

Level Two weaponry includes localized fears and panics that force short-term behavioral modification. This includes contrived supply shocks, ransomware "hacks" that turn off a gas pipeline for a week, mass shootings and terroristic acts by perpetrators "known" to the Federal government [1, 2, 3], engineered race riots inflamed by the media, UFO sightings or expected "alien invasions," and a temporary surge in climate change scares. They are meant to promote antisocial behaviors, modify economic activity, put you in a state of fear, keep you isolated, breed distrust in your neighbor, get you to vote for a

preferred candidate, and demoralize you to accept stronger shocks without resisting. Level One and Two attacks use a combination of chronic and acute tactics to soften the target, but are not enough to achieve the regime's final goals. A massive, war-like crisis must be used to force nearly all human beings on the planet to consent to their own slavery.

Level Three weaponry results in mass panic, mass hysteria, and permanent behavioral modification that stands directly opposed to one's self-interests. I know of only three phenomena that can accomplish these ends: a deadly pandemic, a world war, or the threat of imminent starvation.

The problem with the alleged coronavirus, if you accept my conclusion that their plan is failing in the United States, is that it wasn't deadly or scary enough. Not enough of the sick were dropping dead and it was clear that the alleged virus mostly targeted the elderly and those with existing medical conditions (i.e., those who were already dying in some capacity). The media, in spite of using ominous red tickers of death counts in all their broadcasts, were not able to push the vaccination numbers up to where they needed. This has forced the use of heavy-handed mandates, which in a country that loves "freedom," will undoubtedly lead to strong resistance.

The pandemic bomb is slowly failing, so the regime will have to unleash a bigger bomb. That must mean a deadlier pandemic, massive world war, or the beginnings of starvation that affect not just the poor but the middle class. Orchestrating a deadlier pandemic—assuming it's even possible—is a big risk to the oligarchs, because they may die themselves. The alleged coronavirus has actually been a perfect vector, because it's allegedly dangerous enough to kill those who actively dying, but not enough to kill healthy people at a rate above that of the flu (unless you put them on ventilators). One option for the regime is to package the side effects and long-term deaths from the vaccine into a new viral variant that leads to the necessity of more emergency mandates and lockdowns, but I suspect that side effects alone won't provide the acute danger needed to continue modifying behavior. Therefore, if their vaccine passport fails as is, they must move on to another option.

The regime may decide to start World War 3 to preserve their power and complete the implementation of their digitization plan. It's hard to know if any world war will be real or fake. Since the oligarchs are cowardly and afraid of dying, and are rapidly trying to achieve various transhumanist goals so they can live longer, an authentic war may pose too much risk for them, but then again, consider that there are innumerable underground military bases in the country that can sustain human life for many months—not your life but the life of the powerful and those who serve them. Instead, what we may get is a declaration of war against a foreign axis of powers that consists mostly of drone versus drone combat, while the real war takes place against the country's citizens by their own government.

We will be told that we're at war with China and Iran. Once in a while, bombs fall on American towns, but the bombs will not be from our enemies. Instead, they will be from

black-op military groups associated with the U.S. government. There will be dissidents to provide proof that we're bombing ourselves, just like how there are dissidents who provide evidence big pharma is killing us with their toxic vaccines, but it will be censored. A future world war will have deaths, and will have war-like qualities, but it will be as scripted as the coronavirus pandemic. Proof of this will be the miracle that not a single member of the oligarchy or their inner circle will die.

Another option is starvation. The supply chain crisis continues to endure though mankind has known for many decades how to ship cargo, unload them, and truck them to warehouses and stores, even in the days before the automobile. This suggests that the breakdown could be a plan by the regime to use the threat of starvation against its citizens if they don't voluntarily comply with vaccine and climate mandates. We may be forced to primarily eat a diet full of soybean oil, bug protein, laboratory-made meats and cheeses, and pesticide-laden carbs. Otherwise, you will starve. A regime plan to begin a period of food insecurity would match their long-standing agenda to physically neutralize the masses. Unless everyone gets the vaccine and drastically reduces their carbon footprint, they will claim that shipping and logistical systems cannot be fixed.

An authentic war scares the regime, because things could go off-script and they could lose control, just like how a real infectious agent scares them. Starvation, on the other hand, has little downside for them, because the people who are angry at being starved can be easily brought to heel with new lockdowns or by well-fed government soldiers. In whatever horror device they decide to use, they will feel comfortable in their level of control and ability to direct the crisis while they maximally inflict pain on the middle class to impoverish them, strip away their liberties, and kill them.

I am not enlightened with dates on when things will happen, but I would be surprised if a major acceleration of their plan— that is far more intense than the coronavirus pandemic—doesn't occur by 2030. If you think of how life was in 2018 and compare it to now, that change will be minuscule compared to how life is today compared to 2030. While there can be prolonged reprieves and breaks, anyone who expects to permanently go back to "normal" will not be prepared for the tribulations of the future.

> Difficult years are ahead. The Old Testament Tower of Babel was child's play compared with our age. The Seal of the Antichrist Becomes a Reality. It's possible that you'll live through much which is described in the Book of Revelations. Much is coming to the surface, little by little. The situation is horrible. Madness has gone beyond all bounds. Apostasy is upon us, and now the only thing left is for the 'son of perdition' (2 Thess. 2:3) to come. The world has turned into a madhouse. A great confusion will reign, in which each government will begin to do whatever comes into its head. We'll see how the most unlikely, the most insane, events will happen. The only good thing is that these events will happen in very quick succession. Ecumenism, common markets, a one-world government, a single made-to-order religion: such is the plan of these devils. The Zionists are already preparing their messiah. For them the false-messiah will be

> king, will rule here, on earth. A great discord will arise. In this discord everyone will clamor for a king to save them. At that moment they'll offer up their man, who'll say: "I'm the Imam, I'm the fifth Buddha, I'm the Christ whom Christians are awaiting. I'm the one whom the Jehovah's Witnesses have been waiting for. I'm the Jewish messiah." —St. Paisios
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> Archimandrite Panteleimon wrote, "A special affliction of people during the reign of Antichrist will be hunger." Saint Nilus cautions Christians to have fortitude: "If you crave and demand food, beat it a little while, and God, having seen your patience, will send you help from above; you will be revived by the aid of the Most High God. If, however, you will not be patient, and will be sealed with the imprint of this foul king, you will later regret this." —Ultimate Things by Dennis E. Engleman
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> […]
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> Once the Antichrist makes his first public appearance, evil spirits will generate a global excitement over him. Says St. Ephraim the Syrian (fourth century): "Evil spirits dispersed over the universe will excite in men a universal, most exalted opinion of Antichrist; a general… and irresistible attraction to him." (Thus, some Orthodox elders have strongly advised against even looking at the face of the Antichrist, lest you get seduced by his charm.) As a result of this demonic stirring up of excitement over the Antichrist, according to St. Ignatius Brianchaninov (nineteenth century), there "will arise a demand for an invitation to Antichrist. A voice of appeal will issue forth in human society, expressing the urgent need for a 'genius of geniuses,' who would elevate material development and progress to a higher plane and bring about prosperity on earth." He will be hailed as the ultimate political savior. Most everyone will be placing all their hopes on him, looking to him to solve the world's political and financial turmoil. People will be supremely impressed with him and will think that he is the best leader ever, the ultimate man. They will say, "Who is like unto the beast [the Antichrist]? Who is able to make war with him?" (Rev.13:4). —Fr. Andrew J. Anderson

The global financial system is saved

Mike Scarborough was born after the Unity App came into existence. He has never held a dollar bill in his hands and doesn't know what life would have been like with cash. It annoys him when he is denied the ability to make certain purchases in the name of changing the temperature of the earth by 1.5 degrees Fahrenheit, but he agrees that we must save the planet while avoiding a fourth world war.

One day, for no obvious reason, Mike had trouble breathing. He felt constrained and trapped. It was a panic attack. He wanted to go outside and yell at the top of his lungs; he wanted to get in his electric car and drive its maximum range with no idea how he'd return home. Instead, he got online, went to some shady websites, and began downloading and sharing funny memes that made fun of black people.

The next day, he received a notification from the Unity App that he was on "individual lockdown." Ninety percent of his money had "expired" in the app, and only upon good behavior would it be renewed in 3% increments each month over the next year. Most of it he would never get back. And no longer could Mike use any dating apps. His profiles now displayed a badge to women and transgenders stating how he fell into a serious violation. He was unclean. He learned that he could only engage in commerce within five miles of his house. Purchases outside that range were declined. The range on his electric car was halved, and he was required to respond to app notifications at night with an immediate selfie showing that he was at home as required (they already knew he was at home so the selfie requirement was more to breed compliance through humiliation). There was no number to call and no way to appeal. Mike was so angry at himself for losing all of his privileges because he was impulsive with silly memes. He vowed to do whatever it took to get his life back.

Thanks to the ability to expire money, inflation was nonexistent and the financial system was stable. Men like Mike were so limited in their freedom, and so fearful of future

punishment that would prevent them from behaviors like fornication and travel, that they became as harmless as flies.

In the future, a "Unity App" will combine the most frightening authoritarian ideas into one perfected human management system. Everything you do which involves human commerce or social exchange will be in the app. All your bank accounts, credit card accounts, and loan balances will be there. When making a purchase (if you're approved for making that purchase based on your social, health, and climate scores), you will choose which money source to use, similar to current touchless payment apps on your phone which allow you to choose a specific credit card for transactions.

For car or home loans, the banker verifies your app score to ensure that you qualify. For your convenience, you may review multiple loan offers within the app.

When applying for a job, you must first share your app ID so that they can review your various scores. Same for renting an apartment. On the bright side, job interviews will be much shorter since the app becomes a reliable predictor of work productivity and servile compliance.

All retail stores (the few that are left and haven't been put out of business due to the decriminalization of shoplifting) will have turnstiles that require you to scan the app before entry. Rolling lockdowns may prevent you from entering some stores compared to others, depending on the severity of any new climate crisis like the alleged eruption of a volcano in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. Ordering online was long used as a loophole to purchasing anything desired, but the app must be verified there as well for the top ten e-commerce stores, which comprise over 90% of all online commerce.

There will be men in rural areas who have secret tanks stored with gasoline and extra virgin olive oil. If you are not right with the app, you can buy from them at five times the normal price. There are many who participate in an underground economy based on barter, precious metals, private cryptocurrencies, and promissory notes vouched by Chester who lives down the street, but you have to know someone who knows someone, and prices are high. Nonetheless, this option is sufficient to avoid immediate starvation for those whose scores are too low. Performing any behavior or making any statement that conflicts with what is shown on CNN or BBC results in immediate punishment. Because people have become too weak from pandemics, war, and poisonous foods, they resign themselves to this state of affairs.

> Abiometric digital identity platform that "evolves just as you evolve" is set to be introduced in "low-income, remote communities" in West Africa thanks to a public-private partnership between the Bill Gates-backed GAVI vaccine alliance, Mastercard and the AI-powered "identity authentication" company, Trust Stamp.
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> The program, which was first launched in late 2018, will see Trust Stamp's digital identity platform integrated into the GAVI-Mastercard "Wellness Pass," a digital vaccination record and identity system that is also linked to Mastercard's click-to-play system that powered by its AI and machine learning technology called NuData. Mastercard, in addition to professing its commitment to promoting

> “centralized record keeping of childhood immunization” also describes itself as a leader toward a “World Beyond Cash,” and its partnership with GAVI marks a novel approach towards linking a biometric digital identity system, vaccination records, and a payment system into a single cohesive platform. The effort, since its launch nearly two years ago, has been funded via $3.8 million in GAVI donor funds in addition to a matched donation of the same amount by the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation. —Africa to Become Testing Ground for “Trust Stamp” Vaccine Record and Payment System

The Unity App and the end of the world

Joseph Wright, the Antichrist, with his app in place and compliance nearly total, is not satisfied at the tiny amount of resisters, especially since most of them are the most faithful of Christians. He begins to hunt them down like animals. He believes he is merciful, and gives them an option to download the app, to participate in society like a “normal” person who “cares” about the planet, and if they refuse, they are dragged to a mass grave and shot. No one interceded for the Christians, not even the leaders of the Churches, and so the last obstacle was being cleared for Joseph Wright to be worshipped as a god by the entire world.

According to Orthodox Christian eschatology, the Antichrist will appear at the end of the world several years before Lord Jesus Christ returns. For those who refuse the Mark of the Beast, they will have to flee to the mountains. Vaccine mandates are necessary for the vaccine passport. A vaccine passport is a logical step to prepare society for acceptance of a digital currency and an app that controls not only health but other facets of their behavior. A digital currency is a logical step to controlling what everyone can buy and sell. The progression of pandemic to Mark of the Beast requires only a few steps and

seems to be taking place in earnest now by a regime that is more motivated—in my opinion—to cement their power than consciously serve Satan, but the fact that they regularly perform masked rituals and spirit cooking seances that purportedly involve children shouldn't be ignored. Whatever the case, they are serving the will of Satan and working with him to unleash the full force of demonic power.

Today in the United States, the regime is desperately trying to usher in vaccine mandates, but it is not going smoothly. Resistance is stubborn and high, so more authoritarian measures and fearmongering must take place in order to pump up the numbers to prepare for a nationwide vaccine passport. Once a vaccine passport is compulsory within any nation, I predict it will take no more than five years for a digital currency to follow. We don't know if the regime's plan will be successful or not, because it wholly depends on the consent of the people and the will of God, but it's safe to say that higher levels of digital control concerning your social, health, and commercial behavior are necessary for the regime to maintain their power. If they can't do it in one big swoop like they are trying now, they will try through a thousand thin salami slices.

One question is why Israel was so quick to accept mass vaccination and strict travel passport rules. Aren't the Jews the "chosen people" who will receive the most worldly benefits compared to other nations? The Orthodox Church teaches that the Jews will be the first to accept the Antichrist, thinking that he is their messiah. Therefore, global systems of control will be implemented most aggressively and eagerly in Israel, and they will be among the first to accept the Mark of the Beast *en masse*. By rejecting Lord Jesus Christ so vehemently, they have prepared themselves to accept Antichrist in His stead.

> The Jews will rejoice and give honor to the reign of the antichrist more than anyone else. And he, under pretense of preference, and being industrious with them, will designate for them all a place and the temple. —Saint Ephraim († 373 AD)
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> The Jews will be the first to declare that, in the person of Antichrist, their "Christ" has finally come. When he receives the ringing endorsement of this traditionally recalcitrant and conservative people, Antichrist's spiritual credentials will attain a sudden and spectacular validity. —Ultimate Things by Dennis E. Engleman

There are multiple ways we can arrive to Antichrist and his system of unparalleled control. The first is a step-by-step progression until one day the world wakes up and has a new world ruler. Descriptions of the Antichrist by Orthodox saints instead paint a different picture: he will be a uniter who solves world crises with incredible ease and charisma. He will perform false wonders, miracles, and spectacular displays of power.

What I believe will happen is the world will be in utter chaos, perhaps from the regime clumsily trying to implement their new digital control systems, and here comes a believer in "God" who irresistibly seduces the world with brilliant ideas and sublime authority. Many women and homosexual men will fall in love with his physical appearance alone.

The oligarchs had failed before him to implement the needed systems to usher in the Mark, but the Antichrist will succeed, perhaps since he is in direct communion with Satan, who gives him intellectual, seductive, and supernatural powers. Once the Mark appears, and something like the Unity App is a contender for it, the prophecy of the Book of Revelation will be fulfilled and time for humankind will become short.

Another consideration is that the successful rollout of a "one app" by a charismatic world ruler will be a *type* of Mark of the Beast, which means we will experience tribulations on a smaller scale and Lord Jesus Christ will not soon return. The world may continue for many decades or centuries more. Almost every generation of Christian has believed that the end was coming in their time, even the early Christians, yet the end did not come. Why does God allow Christians to believe in a fast-approaching end times that may actually be hundreds of years away? Because it keeps them vigilant and focused on their salvation. If you do not believe that evil is active and about to be unleashed in unprecedented ways, or that the authorities will implement schemes that aim to give your children heart attacks and distance your family from God, you will become complacent and backslide into sin and worldly living. That said, globalization and advanced technology have allowed the fulfillment of the end times to be more possible than ever before. Christians must be aware of the age we are in and not be fooled by future leaders who pretend to be merely sympathetic to Christianity while supporting the agenda of the regime and, ultimately, Satan.

Whether we will witness the end of the world or not is a disheartening question, but at the minimum, the regime's criminal and reprehensible actions in light of the coronavirus pandemic do suggest at least the end of the Western world according to its post-Enlightenment notions of individual freedom, thought, and liberty. They are in the process of dismantling the Western way of life to ease us onto a tightly controlled pseudo-communistic system that the Western world is wholly unfamiliar with. Freedom was permitted when people were needed for the regime, but now that they are not, they will force us to live on a computer-controlled plantation under the guise of being a good person who protects the environment and one's neighbor from imaginary diseases. The world may not be over, but the West is, and it will be interesting to see what amalgamation results within the next decade.

> We do not see yet Antichrist himself, but his spirit obviously is settling in and already beginning to rule in the world. A large number of forerunners of Antichrist are preparing with tremendous energy for his arrival, his triumph, and his enthronement among mankind. Of course, a very long and considered preparation is necessary for the Antichrist to be able to be accepted amongst Christian people. It has been and is being conducted from the very times of the Apostles with every greater intensity. —Archbishop Averky
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> Antichrist will call himself a preacher and restorer of true knowledge of God: those who do not understand Christianity will see in him a representative and

> champion of true religion and will join themselves to him. Antichrist will appear to be gentle, merciful, full of love and of all virtues: he will be recognized as such and obeyed on account of his most exalted virtues by those who recognize fallen human nature as the truth… Antichrist will offer to mankind the organization of the highest earthly well-being and prosperity, he will offer honors, wealth, majesty, and bodily comforts and pleasures: those who seek earthly things will accept the Antichrist and call him their master. Antichrist will reveal before mankind a shameful display of striking miracles similar to the cunning presentation of the theater… he will instill fear by the terrors and wonders of his miracles, and by them satisfy vanity and human pride, he will satisfy carnal sophistry and superstition, and will confuse human learning: all men who are guided by the light of their fallen nature and who are foreign to guidance by the Light of God will be attracted to obey the deceiver… The Antichrist's opponents will be considered trouble-makers and enemies of the general welfare and good order, they will be subjected to both concealed and open persecution, torture, and execution… their small number will seem insignificant before all mankind, and their opinion will be thought especially feeble, subject to general contempt, hatred slander, and oppression; violent death will be their lot." —Sainti Ignatius Brianchaninov
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> Antichrist will not destroy us. We will have already determined our spiritual orientation and made our choice before he even arrives. The mark of antichrist will be the final dot upon our choice. —Archimandrite John Krestiankin
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> Saint Paul explained that many will be vulnerable to Antichrist's deception because they have already rejected Truth. They will believe his lies, because they are already living the Lie. —Ultimate Things by Dennis E. Engleman

How to prepare for what will feel like the end

Anna Flynn has always been an anxious person, worrying about every little thing that could go wrong. This ailment was somewhat alleviated when she returned to her baptismal Church. In the scriptures, Lord Jesus Christ commanded her not to worry about what may come the next day (Mt. 6:25-34), and she called upon Him in prayer to help take away her needless concerns.

When the Unity App was instituted by Joseph Wright, she summoned her faith to refuse it. Very quickly, her world turned upside down. She could not purchase food in stores, could not earn money even from internet freelancing, and was forcefully evicted from her apartment. She packed a single backpack, gathered with other Christians, and walked 120 miles by night to a cavernous area of her state (they were not permitted to buy fuel). Then, oddly enough, nestled in her new cave home, the anxiety she normally experienced all her life disappeared, and it felt to her as if she was being comforted by the Lord Himself. A sense of calm and love flowed through her as she lived with her fellow Christians. During her nightly prayer she cried tears of thanksgiving to the Lord for sustaining her and her brethren. When a platoon of Antichrist troops discovered their hideaway, her heart did not jump a single beat. She was ready to face whatever God had willed for her.

The secular solution for worldwide tribulation is aggressive prepping. One must stock up on large amounts of food, toilet paper, guns, and ammo. The problem with prepping is twofold. First, you won't know how the tribulation will unfold specifically for you and your family. You won't know exactly what you'll need and you won't know how the government will attack you, meaning that you may spend countless hours and funds preparing for the wrong scenario. How useful will your massive armament be if authorities simply deny you the ability to purchase gas, rendering you immobile, or take down internet communications, putting you in the dark, or put you literally in the dark by cutting off

your electricity?

Second, prepping beyond reason or to alleviate fear presupposes that God doesn't exist, He doesn't love you, He's not watching over you, and you only need brain and brawn to save yourself. At best, this is lukewarm Christianity, and God will spit you out of His mouth if you care more about your physical condition than your spiritual condition. At worst, this shows a complete lack of faith, and you will be judged for it. Without faith, prepping is vain and will hurt your soul. With faith, prepping will be modest and done in a way that accounts for the salvation of those around you as much as their physical well-being. Every Christian must ask God how to prepare for tribulations instead of first running to YouTube to watch doomsday or survivalist videos.

> Then He spoke a parable to them, saying: "The ground of a certain rich man yielded plentifully. And he thought within himself, saying, 'What shall I do, since I have no room to store my crops?' So he said, 'I will do this: I will pull down my barns and build greater, and there I will store all my crops and my goods. And I will say to my soul, "Soul, you have many goods laid up for many years; take your ease; eat, drink, and be merry." ' But God said to him, 'Fool! This night your soul will be required of you; then whose will those things be which you have provided?'
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> "So is he who lays up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God." —Luke 12:16-21

The most effective dissidents will be neutralized by the regime through imprisonment, digital exile, or murder, but unlike in the Soviet Union, it is unlikely we'll see mass incarceration of Americans. The regime can hardly maintain order in existing prisons today, and the trend among police officers is to seek early retirement with little hope of their replacement. Most of us will instead face lawless towns within a technocratic gulag imposed by a faceless regime that you cannot confront or challenge. A scan of your QR code will flash red, and you will not be able to participate in commerce, and your options to resist will be limited. Spectacular fantasies of SWAT teams raiding your homestead will instead be met by more banal realities of restricting your movements and ability to buy and sell.

The most sensible solution, which I'd like to implement in my own life, is to move to a rural area and become more self-sufficient by growing some of my own food and learning practical skills that don't involve a computer. I would maintain arms not to shoot regime troops but to hunt game during food shortages caused by flash lockdowns. In case I have a family, the rural area will be safer to raise and homeschool children, shielded from the degeneracy of the city. Any type of vaccine passport or digital currency mandate will first be applied in the cities before spreading outwards to less dense population areas, giving me valuable days or weeks to prepare for novel trials that I may not have expected.

Rural living buys me *some* material protection, but it is not an everlasting solution that will lead to material bliss and a happy life. No matter where you are, whether city, suburb, or exurb, you will be attacked. All countries who are members of the central bank

of central banks, the BIS, will likely be participants in the Antichrist world system, no matter how sensible, conservative, and Christian they may seem today.

Material solutions will lessen and postpone your suffering, but if you focus on them alone, there will be no benefit to your soul. We are called by God to serve His will by loving Him and our neighbor, so focusing exclusively on how to mitigate physical suffering will not do you any good on the Day of Judgment. Eventually, a level of suffering will arrive at your door that, without faith, you will respond to with despair and despondency, no matter how strong and prepped you were, because we all have a line that once crossed, we lose hope. You will become a plaything of Satan and accept his Mark if you don't have the faith to endure suffering and put it into context for what will either be the end of the world or a type of the end of the world. There will be a point, in the late hour, where no material solution will matter, and only through God's grace will you be able to endure from one hour to the next, and perhaps that is how we should approach our lives today, to depend on God for everything instead of waiting for a crisis to turn to Him.

Moving to a rural area with modest prepping is a goal I'd like to achieve, but my greater goal is to strengthen my faith in God within the Orthodox Church. I pray regularly, read the Bible daily, and participate in the Divine Liturgy every Sunday, where I unworthily receive a dose of God's grace through His Body and Blood, because without it, there will be no life in me (Jn 6:53), and it's through this exercise of the faith that I can build the spiritual strength to endure the temptation to alleviate my extreme physical sufferings by participating in an Antichrist system instead of relying solely upon God. Increasing my faith is a process that takes time, so I work in earnest today while the burden of my material sufferings are light enough that I can reorient my fallen soul away from the idea of material happiness and contentment with an artificially-constructed egocentric lifestyle that invariably involves high degrees of comfort and onto the goal of eternal spiritual happiness.

If you have a belief in God, my advice is to attend a Divine Liturgy and investigate if the Orthodox Church has the full truth of Lord Jesus Christ that will lead to your ability to resist the Antichrist and ultimately preserve your soul. Your faith can be worked alongside material solutions that give you the needed time to build your faith and learn how to trust God when tribulations come. It is not enough to only believe in God or pray at home—you must be a member of the Body of the Church that He created when He walked on this earth as the God-man. If you don't believe in God, you have to do a self-examination of the pride, sins, and moral wrongs you are attached to that Satan is using as a weapon to keep you out of the Church. Sincerely ask yourself what you love more than the truth. If you don't sort out your life by turning away from immorality and asking God to heal you, you will be among the first to fall for the tricks of the regime in order to preserve a decaying physical body that is destined to become food for worms and insects.

Throughout the above fictional anecdotes, I have tried to convey how *hard* it will be. Physical strength and mental toughness will only get you so far in this life, and is ultimately useless if they are not used to please God. You must build your faith, not only for yourself but for those around you, and only then will you be a rock in turbulent times

who does not worry from one moment to the next, who is protected by God now and forever. For my entire life, I have sought the truth of my existence, and I have found that in the Orthodox Church. No more do I seek. I simply stand strong in the teachings of my Savior Lord Jesus Christ as given to me by the Church He created on earth two-thousand years ago and leads from Heaven today, the Orthodox Church. I follow His saints and His holy elders, and welcome every trial as necessary to drawing me nearer to God. Start with a Liturgy, read an Orthodox book, and then build a faith that will be able to face the Antichrist with real strength and power to endure until the very end.

> When you are suffering, do not seek human help. Do not waste precious time; do not squander your spiritual strength on searching for that powerless help. Await help from God. According to His will, people will come and help you at the proper time. —Saint Ignatius Brianchaninov in The Field
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> Why are you slothful? Why are you wasting the time given to you? Have you somehow already finished? Have you somehow already conquered? Are there somehow no more battles? Or are you already perfectly united to God? What are you doing? What are you acquiring? Behold, the market is closing, the sun is setting in the west, Judgment is at the door, the harvest is coming in, and day after day your life is drawing to its end. Will you continue sleeping instead of laboring? Do you think that someone can sleep through the time for sowing and then wake up at harvest time and begin to reap sheaves? Who collects grapes from vines which they have never planted? To the one who labors belongs the fruit. Why then do you not labor? Why do you not work? Why are you not gathering while you still have the time? The time is coming when you will not be able to take action. The time allotted for your life is like a single day. Call upon the Lord, diligently work, be watchful, redeem the time, and take action. Gather and reap while it is the harvest, while you have good weather, while night is yet to come, while it is not yet winter, because when the day ends you may desire to take action, but you will be unable. —Saint Dimitry of Rostov
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> For those few who live through the Great Tribulation without having submitted themselves to Antichrist, the greatest sight is in store—the Return of Christ in glory! And those who have died in the Lord will also be awakened to witness this most wonderful of all moments. —Ultimate Things by Dennis E. Engleman

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7 Steps To Stop Heart Palpitations (And Improve Digestion)

January 10, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I've suffered heart palpitations since my early twenties. I had a complete heart checkup done twice, once in my mid-20s by an American cardiologist and once in my mid-30s by a Polish cardiologist, and was given a clean bill of health both times. Only now in my early 40s have I come to understand the condition and—through trial and error—discovered natural remedies that make it only a trivial problem in my life.

Palpitations are a common heart phenomenon that affects your heart's rhythm. For me, it presents as a missing beat followed by two quick beats (a heavy beat and then a normal one). If I were to be monitoring my pulse when it happens, I would be expecting a heartbeat but there is none. Did my heart stop? Is this the end? The left ventricle of my heart becomes completely filled with blood, and so a delayed *thump* finally arrives, a hard beat to eject the overflow of blood in the ventricle, and then immediately a second normal beat. This pattern is disconcerting because I can feel it while sitting, standing, or lying (but not walking), and until I educated myself that it's not life-threatening, I feared that I would die. My absolute worst episode was going a couple of hours with a big thump every other beat.

I researched my condition and conducted some experiments to find out what was going on. It turns out that my heart palpitations stem from two main causes: magnesium deficiency and improper digestion. Once I fixed those two problems, the palpitations became practically non-existent unless I lift weights (I'll share why later). Here are seven things I did to mostly eliminate this problem.

1. Take magnesium supplements

Fruits, vegetables, and animal meats have far fewer nutrients than in the past because our soils are depleted and farm animals are fed a diet of GMO soy. In some cases, we're essentially eating cardboard filler slathered with toxic seed oils and wondering why we have all sorts of health problems. Magnesium is an essential ingredient to promote proper electrical activity of the heart, and if you lack magnesium, you will have palpitations. Potassium is also important and I suspect calcium as well.

The supplement that has worked best for me is the Naturelo Bone Health mix, which is interesting since it's not promoted for heart health. The label advises taking four pills a day, a dose you can start with. I usually take two a day at lunch when I'm not exercising and four on the days I exercise. The reason weight lifting exacerbates my palpitations, I believe, is because the strain stimulates the vagus nerve, which innervates your heart and digestive system. If this nerve is irritated, it can manifest in heart issues.

I also discovered that magnesium allows me to sleep more soundly, so before going to bed, I take another dose of magnesium. The best formulation I've found is Marine Based Magnesium. You may only need this supplement alone instead of the more expensive Bone Health formulation.

2. Eat smaller meals, chew food properly, and eat slow

It turns out that my palpitations were linked to heartburn-like digestive problems. When my digestion was poor, my palpitations acted up. This gastro-cardiac link was noticed a century ago and labeled Roemheld syndrome, but since pharmaceutical companies couldn't make money off it, they never explored the link. I can affirm that this link is very real. Let me share an example.

If I eat a full meal then crouch over, thereby squeezing my full stomach against my heart (and perhaps the vagus nerve), I can immediately induce palpitations. Then when I stand up, the palpitations stop. If I lean back over, it starts again. The digestive link became obvious to me on weekend dinners when I usually stuffed myself: my palpitations were awful. They were a direct consequence of gluttony, of eating more food than my body needed.

So what does chewing have to do with it? When you don't chew your food, your stomach has to work harder to break down the larger chunks of ingested food, which means producing more acid and letting that acid churn in your stomach for a longer time. This extra work, I believe, induces palpitations. For most of my life, I was a bad chewer. I had to recently teach myself to chew food until there was nothing left to chew, and then swallow.

Another problem I had was that I ate too fast because it was more pleasurable, but that leads to palpitations. Not only do I now eat slower, which is easier when you chew food properly, but I also count 120 seconds between items on my plate to slow myself down even further. What ends up happening is that I start to feel full while still eating, not *after* eating like in the past, and I eat much less, sometimes half as much, and yet feel satisfied enough not to eat further. The result is that my palpitations are noticeably reduced.

3. Take 1 tablespoon of apple cider vinegar in a quarter cup of water before every meal

While I didn't have the classic heartburn symptom of chest pain, I knew something was going on because I was so burpy and gassy after meals, and I also felt bloated for too long (not helped by overeating). Heartburn is caused when your stomach produces more acid than it can contain, to the point that it starts to rise into the esophagus. The doctors say to eat less acid, but your stomach is a vat of acid much stronger than the tomato sauce or orange juice they tell you to avoid.

I suspect that when you start your meal with an acidic liquid, you signal to the stomach not to overproduce acid. It's as if the stomach is saying to itself, "Hey look, we already got some acidic vinegar in here—we don't have to produce so much of our own acid that it starts to creep into the esophagus, especially since he's properly chewing the food into mulch." Another possibility is that the acid from the vinegar digests food on its own, thereby lessening the overall digestion time, which is especially important if you eat raw vegetables (salads), which is the hardest food for your non-bovine stomach to digest.

Before eating a meal, I gulp down one tablespoon of apple cider vinegar (ACV) in about a quarter cup of water, and then eat. That improved my digestion and also causes less unprocessed food to end up in my large intestine, which anaerobic bacteria pounce on to produce gas. I'm far less gassy than I was before.

When I'm eating at other people's homes and don't take ACV before eating, digestion feels rougher and more palpitations occur. ACV is purported to have a lot of health benefits. My opinion is that they all stem from better digestion where you're actually absorbing the already low nutrients in your food and not causing digestive distress.

Another helper for digestion is kefir. After ACV, I sometimes drink a quarter cup of kefir.

These two in combination make digestion a breeze. A substitute for ACV is a peeled orange. Eat the orange first, since it's acidic, and then eat your meal.

4. Walk for at least 30 minutes after eating

There is not much space in your torso. If you look at an anatomical diagram, everything is squished together. It's more squished when you're sitting, and squishiest yet if you're sitting after eating. If you choose to sit after eating a large meal, I promise you that your body hates you. You're scrunching your organs, even your heart, and you give your stomach little room for the acid to work on the food you just ate. The result is that your stomach has to hold onto the food for longer, and be forced to secrete more acid while doing so, and your vagus nerve will be more irritated, and your heart will act out.

I walk for about 45-60 minutes after eating each day (I eat two main meals a day). After that time, I don't feel pressure in my stomach. There is no bloating, burping, discomfort, and most importantly, rarely any palpitations. I also don't get the usual post-meal fatigue. Now I understand why during my trips to the Mediterranean, especially in Italy, I saw so many old people walking at night: they were allowing digestion to take place!

If you're an Orthodox Christian, there's another benefit to the walks: you can pray. I take my prayer rope along and say the Jesus Prayer for much of my walk. Better digestion, no heart problems, and communion with God—what a lovely habit that walking after eating has become for me.

If you can't walk after eating then at least stand for thirty minutes (perhaps by doing the dishes or cleaning). It is also a good idea in general to correct any slouch you may have while standing, because slouching squishes your organs. Another tip is not to lay down for at least two hours after eating so that acid does not easily creep into the esophagus.

5. Don’t drink any liquids during meals and for 60-90 minutes after

Let’s say you eat a big meal. Your stomach is churning the food with acid, and then you decide to drink a big glass of water or have a pint of beer. Where does that liquid go? Into the stomach with the food and acid. What happens to the stomach’s contents? The acid is diluted! So now you have a big bag of food, diluted acid, and water, and your stomach puts acidic production into overdrive while trying to get rid of the water, which is a slow process because there’s so much food. Drop by drop, the water eventually leaves the stomach. In the meanwhile, the stomach produces more acid and keeps on churning, prolonging digestion.

For small meals, I wait an hour after I finish eating before drinking anything, even if I’m thirsty. For big meals I wait at least ninety minutes. I want to give my stomach a chance to digest the food, and then when it’s empty, I can drink. Understand that your stomach does not absorb water, only your small and large intestines, so if your stomach is already full of food, you’re causing it to work harder by ruining its acidity with neutral pH beverages. I also don’t drink during meals unless it’s a small sip of water to take a supplement.

I know it’s customary for people to drink with their meals, but they will have to pay the price with more laborious digestion. If I’m thirsty before eating, I’ll drink a glass of water and wait a couple of minutes for that water to drain from my stomach. Then I’ll drink my ACV and begin eating.

6. No caffeine… ever

From my personal experience, I can firmly claim that caffeine is toxic to the heart. It disturbs my heart's electrical activity, directly causes palpitations, and also induces tachycardia (rapid heartbeat), not to mention the jitters. Caffeine is a powerful stimulant and an unhealthy enabler of poor sleep habits.

The only caffeine in my diet is from rare treats of dark chocolate. I've become so sensitive to caffeine that if I take only ten grams of dark chocolate before bed (two small pieces), I will be wired and unable to sleep. A dark chocolate brownie is like a cup of coffee to me. I can only have it around lunch, not dinner.

7. Take cold showers

I debated whether to put this on the list because I'm not absolutely sure it's effective, but I suspect that hot showers were making my heart palpitations worse, perhaps by stimulating the vagus nerve in some way. You can experiment with this.

Conclusion

It's possible that your heart palpitations are due to a structural heart problem that needs medical care, but if you try all the items on this list and are getting relief, chances are there's nothing wrong with your heart. Instead, it's the Western way of life that is causing you harm in the form of bad nutrition and eating habits that are all wrong. I cannot stress that *everything* I knew about eating a simple meal was wrong. The stereotypical movie scene of someone eating a huge meal and then sitting down on a chair with a big glass of beer is the worst thing you can do to promote healthy digestion that doesn't aggravate your heart.

Sadly, beyond popping pharmaceutical pills, most Americans will not begin to make a lifestyle change to improve their health, because that will mean less time experiencing pleasure or comfort. For heart palpitations, they'll take prescription beta-blockers, which does not solve the root cause of the problem, and for heartburn they'll take Prilosec, which also doesn't address the root cause. Drugs only mask the symptoms (while adding new ones), keeping your body in a state of unwellness. Even if you don't have health problems, improving your digestion will allow more nutrients and vitamins to be naturally absorbed, yielding better health that can then be used to serve our God-given mission with more strength and vigor.

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10 Reasons Why You Should Visit An Orthodox Monastery

January 17, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

It's no secret that I like to visit monasteries. It took only three months from the time I accepted Lord Jesus Christ in my life to step foot in one. These visits have been so spiritually profitable to me that I recommend all those who believe in Christ to visit a monastery as soon as they are able. Below are some reasons why.

1. Monasteries are an integral part of the faith

There is no Orthodoxy without monasticism. It is the trunk holding up the branches and the leaves, comprised of men and women who strive to God with unceasing tears and prayers. In many cases, monks have been given exalted gifts by the Holy Spirit to aid in the salvation of the world. If monasteries were to suddenly disappear then I know the Day of Judgment is frighteningly near.

One of the reasons I left the Armenian Church is because they have no active monasteries in the United States. Parish life, as you know, can be shallow. As devout as many parishioners are, a Christian who attends parishes alone will be drawn into worldly cares. The after-Liturgy fellowship will feature as much talk about the secular world as the divine. This is not the case in monasteries, where you find faith that is deeper and a palpable repulsion to the dumb modern world. I look up to the monastics as torch-bearers into the Kingdom. Parish life provides filtered tap water, which is eminently suitable to drink, but the monasteries provide water directly from a fresh mountain spring.

2. There is more grace

Parishes have grace, but monasteries have more grace. I consider the monastery that I was baptized at, Holy Trinity in Jordanville, to be hallowed ground because of the millions of prayers that have taken place there alongside the relics of holy men (like Archbishop Averky and Metropolitan Philaret). I feel that holiness whenever I visit. There is more peace and calm, more spiritual insights and providence. Whenever I randomly meet someone in the monastery, I stop and consider that this meeting was likely ordained by God, and when that person unknowingly provides a missing piece of the puzzle that I had been searching for, I am not surprised.

It would make sense that grace would be higher in an area where more Orthodox prayers are performed. I also perceive grace from Christians in the parish, but in the secular world when talking to secular people, I rarely perceive grace.

3. You receive deeper spiritual guidance

I remember the first monk I ever talked to in Holy Cross Monastery in Wayne, West Virginia, which I detailed in my book American Pilgrim. I was overflowing with zeal but temptations also, and totally lacking in discernment when it came to understanding my thoughts and desires. The monk could see what was happening and went on to rattle my self-confidence, giving me the right amount of doubt to question my self-will, and for that I'm eternally thankful. If I did not speak to him, I would have made bigger mistakes.

If you do need spiritual guidance, ask for it when you arrive at the monastery (or contact them beforehand). The monks there tend not to bother people, so they will not attempt to serve you like you were at a restaurant. Request time with them.

4. You can win a gold medal at the Standing Olympics

Monasteries have more services… and they're longer… and you have the ability to stand for hours each day. I must admit that I don't even win a medal at the Standing Olympics. If there's an opportunity to sit, such as during the reading of a Psalm, I will sit along with the old and infirm. I must train harder.

5. You feel more energized to serve God

The effect of a monastery visit is usually felt upon leaving. I had arrived with a partially

depleted spiritual gas tank from being battered by the world, and now after a couple of days or even hours, my gas tank is full. I feel invigorated, fresh, and eager to serve God. I want to pray longer, fast harder, and withdraw more from the world.

Of course that invigoration fades over the next few days, but I have noticed that I advance a solid step in my faith after every monastic visit, sometimes several steps. There is always something new I learn or realize that helps me when I re-enter the world of the Washington D.C. suburbs to live amongst the secular hordes. If there were no monasteries, I don't know how I could reliably refill my tank.

6. You receive great book recommendations

Do you know what's better than book reviews on Amazon from anonymous consumers? Book reviews from monks! Tell a monk your story, your common problems, and ask him for book suggestions. Don't be surprised when you then start reading a recommended book and it feels like it was written specifically for you at that moment and time. Many of the books I've reviewed here were recommended to me by monks.

7. Buried sins are revealed to you

Anger, pride, irritability, neuroticism, comfort-seeking… all these sins were painfully shown to me during my monastery visits. In the secular world, so many people proudly display their own sins that you begin to see them as normal and do not recognize them as sins when you perform them yourself. This false notion is dispelled when you're surrounded by real virtue. You may realize that you are a prideful, angry person, like I realized at St. Anthony's Monastery in Arizona when I initiated an argument with a monk. Once you're able to spend time with those who are struggling to achieve the Christian ideal, you plainly see where you are lacking.

8. It's easier to shed tears of repentance

It’s no guarantee that you’ll shed tears at a monastery, but if you shed tears in a parish, you will probably shed more in a monastery, and with those tears come the presence and love of God. What a joy it is for God to give you tears that wash away the impurities of your soul.

9. Your ears behold the workings of God

When you’re at a monastery, you will meet serious Christians and hear their testimonies.

You may hear of miracles that happened within monastery grounds. You may hear of visions and prophecies from the saints. You may hear the workings of the Holy Spirit. The longer you stay in a monastery, the more you will hear.

10. You learn about obedience

If you are lucky enough to stay many days in a monastery, you will learn why obedience is considered a higher virtue than prayer. You will witness monks who follow their spiritual father as if he were Christ himself, and how this obedience bestows bountiful salvific grace upon them. Once you notice this grace, perhaps you will want to fall in obedience too, to receive guidance from a spiritual elder who will aid you in your salvation.

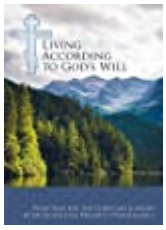
Conclusion

All the reasons above ultimately boil down to one: you draw closer to God. Your spiritual life grows and your faith grows, and you become more motivated to labor with God to transform your fallen, broken soul into one that is worthy of serving God in the Kingdom of Heaven. If you have enjoyed reading my articles concerning the faith, understand that the root of my observations and knowledge have come from what I learned in the monastery. I glance at the calendar and count down the days until it's time for my next visit.

Read Next: *12 Things I Learned From Visiting Holy Trinity Monastery In New York*

Living According To God’s Will

January 19, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



Living According To God’s Will was written by Metropolitan Philaret, first hierarch of the Russian Church Abroad, whose relics were found to be incorrupt, indicating a saintly life. This book is aimed at those who are new to the Orthodox Church. It offers basic but firm instruction for those who are beginning the path of spiritual warfare.

Stages of sin

> It is more difficult to struggle with sin when, through frequent repetition, it becomes a habit in one. After acquiring any kind of habit, the habitual actions are performed by the person very easily, almost unnoticed to himself, spontaneously. Thus, the struggle with sin that has become a habit for a person is very difficult since it is not only difficult to overcome but is even difficult to detect in its approach and process.
>
> As even more dangerous stage of sin is vice. In this condition, sin so rules a person that it fetters his will as if in chains. Here, one is almost powerless to struggle against it. He is a salve to sin even though he may acknowledge its danger and, in lucid intervals, perhaps even hates it with all his soul (such for example are the vices of alcoholism, narcotic addictions, etc.). In this condition, one cannot correct oneself without the special mercy and help from God and one is in need of both the prayer and the spiritual support of others. One must bear in mind that even a seemingly minor sin such as gossiping, love of attire, empty diversions, and so forth can become a vice in man if it possesses him entirely and fills his soul.
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> […]
>
> The highest stage of sin, in which sin completely enslaves one to itself, is the passion of one or another type of sin. In this condition, man can no longer hate his sin as he can with a vice (and this is the difference between them). Rather he submits to sin in all his experiences, actions, and moods, as did Judas Iscariot.

One vice I have, which I’ve become aware of only recently, is daydreaming. Throughout the day, as an escape from whatever task I must perform, I begin a vain fantasy of the future in which I gloriously achieve a worldly goal or assert my superiority and correctness over others. I’ve been getting better at stopping these fantasies while they’re in progress, but they seem to start effortlessly, without my consent, and they often

encroach on my prayer rule. Why am I so enraptured with what may happen in the future when here in the present I am creating the most meager of fruits in service to God?

Blasphemy

> One who is blind can regain his sight and love the one who revealed the truth to him, and one who is soiled with vices and passions can be cleansed by repentance and become a confessor of the Truth, but who and what can change a blasphemer who has seen and known the Truth and who has stubbornly rejected it and come to hate it? This horrible condition is similar to the condition of the devil himself who believes in God and trembles but who nevertheless hates Him, blasphemes Him, and opposes Him.

I find it hard to believe that there are men who have received the full revelation of God, accepted it, enjoyed God's grace, and then rejected it.

The spiritual struggle

> …from a Christian point of view, life is a moral struggle, a path of constant striving toward good and perfection. There can be no pause on this path, according to the law of the spiritual life. A man who stops working on himself will not remain the same as he was, but will inevitably become worse—like a stone that is thrown upward and stops rising, it will not remain suspended in the air but will fall downward.
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> […]
>
> The entire earthly life of a Christian is a constant struggle of moral self-perfection. And, of course, Christian perfection is not given to a man at once, but gradually. To a Christian who, through his inexperience, thought that he could attain holiness at once, St Seraphim of Sarov said, "Do everything slowly, not suddenly; virtue is not a pear—you cannot eat it at once."
>
> […]
>
> An Orthodox Christian, however, who is God-loving and strict with himself will never allow, never permit, bad desires and thoughts to possess his mind and heart. In order to accomplish this, he will call upon God's help in prayer and, with the sign of the Cross, struggle against such thought the instant they appear. By effort of the will one will bring one's thought over to prayer or at least to other more edifying subjects. If one allows oneself to be inflamed by impure imagination, it means that one has depraved and ruined oneself. In order to struggle with bad thoughts, an Orthodox person must firmly turn away from and quickly depart from all that can elicit these bad thoughts.

I don't believe God will allow us to feel absolutely certain of our salvation, because then we would immediately slack off. Even on your death bed, He may only give mild comfort, just enough so that you continue to pray to Him, but not so much that you turn on the

hospital television or scroll through TikTok videos, lest Satan snatch away your soul at the final moment.

Old Testament law vs New Testament law

> …the Old Testament law looked at the exterior actions of man, while the New Testament law looks at the heart of man, at his inner motives. Under the Old Testament law, man submitted himself to God as a slave to his master, but under the New Testament, he strives toward submitting to Him as a son submit to a beloved father.

Metropolitan Philaret

What is Christian love?

> What, exactly, in this Christian love? In its fully developed state, it is the most elevated, powerful, and radiant of all human feelings. It is manifested as an experience of especially spiritual and moral closeness, of a most strong inner gravitation of one person to another. The heart of a loving person is open to the one who is loved, and ready to give itself to the other.
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> […]
>
> St John of Kronstadt advises us not only not to be angry at those who offend our self-love, but to value them as spiritual doctors who reveal the sores of our proud and vainglorious soul.

Underneath Christian love is natural love, where you love your family members and friends, but only as long as they please you with the emotional or monetary transactions you seek from them. As soon as a mother, brother, or friend hurts your pride or stymies

your worldly goals, you will be quick to cut them off in selfishness and anger. The standard for Christian love, on the other hand, which is impossible without the grace of God, is to love those who harm you and—most of all—your enemies, and to never return evil for evil. I am capable of natural love: if you are kind to me I will be happy to repay that kindness. As for Christian love, however, I struggle and fail to not resent those who hurt me.

Importance of the family unit

> A strong and healthy family is the first and basic unit of society and of the state. The strongest and most well-organized state will come to a condition of decline and disintegration if its family unit falls apart and there are no bases of family life and upbringing. If, on the other hand, the family unit is strong and the upbringing is healthy, then in the event of a major external destruction of the forms of government and society, the people remain capable of carrying on life and can reestablish the strength and unit of the state.

In the United States, the family unit is broken, and is now a big factory of creating mostly broken people with hearts hard towards God. I would love to reverse this state of affairs, but look at the time—we seem so close to the end. The best we can do is to shield and inoculate our children, assuming we can find a spouse with whom it is suitable for creating a family.

Importance of prayer

> One who does not pray is not a Christian. Prayer is the first and most essential element in our spiritual life. It is the breath of our soul, and without it, the soul dies, just as the body dies without air. All the vital functions of the body depend upon its breathing. In exactly the same way, one's spiritual life depends on prayer, and a person who does not pray to God is spiritually dead.
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> […]
>
> If you have a good desire to pray, thank God from Whom everything good comes, and do not lose the chance to pray from the soul. If you do not have this desire, and the time for prayer arrives, then it is necessary to force yourself, encouraging your lethargic and lazy spirit by reminding it that prayer (like every good deed) is all the more precious in God's eyes when it is given with difficulty. The Lord does not disdain any prayer if one prays sincerely, as best he knows how, even though he has not developed the habit of praying fully and with unfading fervor.

Communism is a religion

> Communism is supposedly an atheistic system that renounces all religion. In actual fact, it is a religion—a fanatical, dark, and intolerant religion. Christianity is a religion of heaven; communism, a religion of the earth. Christianity preaches

> love for everyone; communism preaches class hatred and warfare and is based on egoism. Christianity is a religion of idealism, founded on the faith of the victory of God's truth and love. Communism is a religion of dry, rational pragmatism, pursuing the goal of creating an earthly paradise (a paradise of animalistic satiety and spiritual reprobation).

The Metropolitan's definition of communism sure sounds like what we have in the United States.

Overall, Living According To God's Will is a good book for someone who wants to begin the spiritual life within the context of the Orthodox Church. For me, it was more of a review. If you are already actively engaged in spiritual battle, and have at least a rudimentary spiritual life, a more potent resource would be The Struggle For Virtue by Archbishop Averky. It wouldn't hurt to read both.

Learn More: *Living According To God's Will on Amazon*

29 Secular Articles I Recommend

January 21, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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1. The persecution of Poles by Jews [Link]

2. Shock doctrine comes home [Link]

3. “No one wants to wife a sex expert.” [Link]

4. Many diseases may be a result of improper gut health [Link]

5. Meditation has led to mental breakdowns, psychosis, and suicide [Link 1 | Link 2]

6. “Large parts of history have been manufactured, faked, pushed, and invented.” [Link]

7. Gamers are more willing to calling out fraud than scientists [Link]

8. Coronavirus is being used to shift society from liberalism to oligarchic authoritarianism [Link]

9. A massive bank bailout is taking place behind the cover of coronavirus [Link]

10. How Industrial Seed Oils Are Making Us Sick [Link]

11. The benefits of high cholesterol [Link]

12. Unsaturated vegetable oils are toxic [Link]

13. Vegetable oils transform into a “paint shellac” that resembles “white silicone lubricant” after frying [Link]

14. “…the Digital Yuan can be programmed to be activated on a certain date, programmed to expire on a certain date, programmed to be only valid for certain purchases, and ominously, programmed to be only available to citizens who meet certain pre-conditions.” [Link]

15. “[Doctors] don’t die like the rest of us. What’s unusual about them is not how much treatment they get compared to most Americans, but how little.” [Link]

16. Is Boeing losing the ability to make safe airplanes? [Link]

17. “We are witnessing an emerging biosecurity surveillance state designed to curtail liberties ranging from freedom of movement and assembly to political protest and free speech.” [Link]

18. Synthetic meth is destroying souls more than any other illegal drug [Link]

19. Bankers have created a financial product to monetize nature [Link]

20. Russia is not as based as many people suspect [Link]

21. China was so focused on controlling their population that they made the country eminently unlivable [Link]

22. The elites are using the climate change agenda to turn us into serfs [Link]

23. If viruses aren’t contagious then what are they? [Link]

24. Research doctors could not infect medical test subjects with the Spanish flu no matter how hard they tried [Link]

25. “Poisoning [is a] common tactic in the game of political and economic warfare in America” [Link]

26. Saturated Fat Does a Body Good [Link]

27. Upscale LA Neighborhood Wrestles With Worsening Homeless Crisis [Link]

28. Become an FBI informant… or else [Link]

29. Raw vegetables may not be good for you [Link]

Read Next: *24 Secular Articles I Recommend*

Roosh Hour #73 – Demons

January 23, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I talk about the rise of demonic activity, the unraveling of society, questionable behavior from mothers, coronavirus vaccine side effects, the success of the depopulation agenda, the allegation that viruses are contagious, the latest “predictions” from Bill Gates, the deliberate toxification of the food supply, and a lot more.

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Watch Next: *Roosh Hour #72 – Winter Call-In Special*

How To React When Relatives Attack Your Conversion To Orthodoxy

January 24, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

There are three assumptions I can make about you if you're deciding to convert to the Orthodox Church. First, I assume that your family is not Orthodox. Second, I assume that they are not familiar with fasting, praying twice a day, and going to Church multiple times a week to stand for hours at a time. Third, I assume that they believe you're confused or outright deluded for wanting to convert to such a "strange" and "cult-like" Church. I'd like to share some tips for the inevitability of your family objecting to your desire for the Church that Lord Jesus Christ built.

A man's biggest obstacle to his conversion to Orthodoxy is often his parents, particularly his mother. How dare you discard the faith your mother attempted to teach you and choose your own? Don't you know that your mother figured it all out, and you simply need to believe what she believes? Amusingly, my Armenian mother was hostile to my return *to her own Church*, because I desired to have a level of faith that was different than her own. Either from your mother or someone close to you, there may be a concerted effort and fanatical panic to block your attempts at conversion that is based on emotion. You will be subjected to petty remarks, outrageous lies, hurtful blasphemies, and even accusations that the piety of clergy or monastics is "fake," a "scam", or "all about money."

Your instinct will be to get angry, argue, and debate. I can tell you that this does not work, has never worked, and will never work. Even if the relative is lying, attempting to logically dismantle that lie will not go anywhere. Let me share an extreme example that unfortunately may be used on you if you have a Protestant parent who does not know much about Orthodoxy:

Parent: "The priests in the Orthodox Church are child abusers!"

You: "That's totally wrong. The Orthodox Church doesn't have that problem. You may be thinking of the Catholic Church."

Parent: "How can you be so sure?"

You: "In the Orthodox Church, the priests are married. They're devoted, family men. There are no abuse scandals. It's simply not an issue."

Parent: "No, I don't trust them at all. You really have to be careful around them… they're dangerous!"

You: "You're just making things up. Do you have evidence that this is a problem in the Orthodox Church? Show me a news story."

Parent: "Oh my God, they already got you. You're being tricked! They've already brainwashed my son!" [Weeping commences]

You: "This is stupid… you've totally lost it! You don't know what you're talking about!"

A fight ensues and the relationship becomes damaged. The following is a better way to respond to maintain peace with your parent:

Parent: “The priests in the Orthodox Church are child abusers!”

You: “I have researched this Church thoroughly and found that not to be the case, but thank you for sharing your concern with me. I will be very careful in who I trust.”

Parent: “But they will abuse you and groom you!”

You: “Thank you for your concern about my well-being.”

Parent: “But really they are going to get you! You shouldn’t go!”

You: “I’m an adult and know how to take care of myself. Thank you for your concern. I know you care about me, but I’m not being groomed or abused. I don’t want to discuss this further.”

The second dialogue will still upset you, but at least the conversation doesn’t escalate into a shouting match that will actually convince the relative that you are in the grips of some evil scheme. Understand that Satan will do all that he can to block your entry into the Church, right up to the moment you are baptized, and that includes tempting your relatives to attack you with absolute nonsense. Since they are not in the Church, they are partially or completely blind, and that blindness will be manipulated by Satan when you decide to have the full truth of Christ.

Oftentimes the remarks will be more subtle, but no less infuriating. You’ll be asked if the monastery is trying to “recruit” you. Your prayer life will be described as “excessive.” You’ll be asked if you’re only hanging out with “church people.” You’ll be described as “unhappy” because you don’t want to have “fun” anymore or “enjoy life” (i.e. commit sin). Your pride will be wounded, and you’ll want to lash back, as I often have, but I promise you that nothing good will come out of your snappy or irritated replies. Since your faith is greater than that of your attacker, it’s you who should absorb the blows, because you have the greater ability to do so. Respond to a lie with the truth, thank them for their concern about you, let them get the last word in, and then change the topic.

Beautiful young woman is ready to convert to Russian Orthodoxy and get married immediately but mom argues that she should “enjoy life” in her twenties and go to the megachurch down the street with the excellent rock band and laser light show.
Overall, here are five tips I recommend:

1. Do not debate. As a torchbearer of Christianity, always counter falsehood with the truth (never nod, agree, or say “maybe it’s possible” in response to lies), but don’t engage in a debate when your attacker has no interest in the truth.

2. Do not involve your emotions. If you are hurt by a comment, keep your mouth shut and recite the Jesus Prayer, because if you respond in such a hurtful state, an explosive argument is sure to follow.

3. Do not immediately try to evangelize. One mistake is to try to convert relatives and friends when you’re barely in the Church. First, be received into the Church, work on your faith, understand Church teachings, and develop a solid and consistent spiritual life. Your attempts to bring someone into the church before you’re ready to evangelize can have the opposite effect you intended. When you’re a new Orthodox Christian, it can be hard to discern between zeal and pride.

4. Do not be overtly pious. Don’t make a show of your faith with large cross necklaces, hundreds of prostrations, refusal to eat mom’s Christmas meatloaf because you’re “fasting,” and incessant talk of the spiritual life. Such displays will aggravate the relative and lead to a heated reaction.

5. Share the depth of your faith only with those who are seeking. I learned that if a relative doesn’t ask questions about my faith, they are simply not interested. Try to remember your behavior upon your conversion: how many questions did you ask priests, monks, or Orthodox laymen? How many web searches did you do to inquire about the

faith? How many Orthodox books did you read? If someone is interested, you will know, because they will ask questions. Other than that, you're forcing it upon them, and they will not be happy.

Everyone's situation is different, but if I followed the above five tips when I first returned to Christ, I would have saved countless arguments that temporarily strained my family relationships. Not a single debate I've had with a relative ever brought them one step closer to the Church. If I just absorbed their own anxieties, fears, and empty arguments with a simple, "That's not correct but thank you for your concern about my well-being," I would have saved a lot of needless pain.

> As a person becomes more spiritual, so much fewer rights does he has in this life. It is obligatory to be patient, to accept injustice, to accept evil words from others. A crooked stick (perverted person) who is distant from God has many rights: to strike and shout and act unrighteously. Our rights God keeps for the other life. Out of ignorance however we often seek our rights here. Let us not damage things at all. If they say anything to us, immediately we give them the right [i.e. we fight back]. And later we think we trust in God. That is a big joke. Human justice doesn't mean anything to a spiritual person. But it is a great concern for the perverted person. —Saint Paisios of Mount Athos

The convert fantasy is that he found the Truth and now he's going to get everyone he knows immediately into the Church and they'll all believe in what he believes and everyone will be saved and go to Church together. Unfortunately, that fantasy is a delusion. It's more likely you'll find that many relatives who are so against your conversion that they try to block it, and just wait until your longtime friends find out about your new spiritual direction. Unlike family, there is no blood binding them to you, so prepare for the necessity of making new (Orthodox) friends.

> "Do not think that I came to bring peace on earth. I did not come to bring peace but a sword. For I have come to 'set a man against his father, a daughter against her mother, and a daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law'; and 'a man's enemies will be those of his own household.' He who loves father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me. And he who loves son or daughter more than Me is not worthy of Me. And he who does not take his cross and follow after Me is not worthy of Me. He who finds his life will lose it, and he who loses his life for My sake will find it. —Matthew 10:34-39

As newly illumined members of God's Church, we have to find a way to be on good terms with family members who are not in the Church, up to the point where they've made it clear that they choose to be an enemy of Lord Jesus Christ. Unlike friends, we can't swap out relatives for new ones. Develop your faith, don't aggravate relatives who don't want Orthodoxy or simply don't want to understand it, and wait patiently for the many months or years until one day you get a text message from a relative who not long ago attacked your faith with the question, "Can I come and see your church this Sunday?" Once a

relative’s heart is softened by God, you’ll be there to guide them with a deeper level of spiritual understanding.

Read Next: *The Rise Of The Orthosphere*

What Christians Outside Of The Orthodox Church Believe

January 27, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

[image]

The word “heterodox” is a term that the Orthodox use for the non-Orthodox. Orthodoxy and Heterodoxy by Father Andrew Stephen Damick reviews all the major Christian denominations, and even some non-Christian religions, based on what they believe and how their doctrines conflict with the truth of Orthodoxy. Because God’s Church cannot err, it takes only one falsehood or misinterpretation to put you out of the Church. Father Andrew reviews these falsehoods and why they’re wrong.

What is the truth?

> One of the basic assumptions of this book is that Truth—and here I deliberately use the capital T—is not relative and that Orthodox Christianity represents the fullness of the Truth, the locus of the revelation of God in Christ. Why? For the Orthodox Christian, Jesus Christ is the Truth (John 14:6), and because the Truth is a Person, truth cannot be relativized.
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> […]
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> Because Truth is not relative, we should be willing to set aside whatever we would prefer to be true and embrace only what really is true, changing ourselves, our attitudes, and our beliefs whenever necessary. If we come upon some truth we disagree with, yet we can see that it must be true, we should say not “I don’t believe it” but rather “I don’t believe it yet.”
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> […]
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> If I encounter a teaching of my Church that makes no sense to me or that strikes me as incorrect, then it is I who need to be reformed, not the Church. This is the traditional view of almost all religions, as opposed to the modern consumer-style understanding of faith now popular: that each person is the arbiter of what is true and false, and that he is free to pick whatever bits of “spirituality” and belief he likes from a sort of religious buffet.
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> […]
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> Religions are not all the same. They do not all worship the same “God.” This observation ought to be obvious to anyone who takes religious believers at their word when they describe their beliefs. Yet at the same time, we can recognize that there is truth in all religions and philosophies. St. Justin Martyr, in the second century, called this the spermatikos logos, the “Logos in seed form.” The Logos, or “Word,” is Jesus Christ (John 1:21-16), and St. Justin believed that all belief systems had within them the seeds of His revelation. Because all humans beings

> are created according to the image of God, Jesus Christ, they are not capable of being wrong all the time.

A deception that will cause you spiritual harm is to think that, because your non-Orthodox Church has some truth, or even a lot of truth, it is good enough and you shouldn't have to endure the social discomfort and pain of having to change Churches, learn a new prayer rule, drive to a church that is located further out, and so on. Think deeply about this deception if you happen to be caught in it. You are stating that you are willing to stay away from the fullness of Christ's truth, who went through the pain of crucifixion to bring the truth to us, because you are currently comfortable and don't want to be inconvenienced or made uncomfortable. Why then do you deserve to receive the full complement of grace that comes from beholding the teachings of God's Church in its completeness, of which were maintained over the centuries through the blood and sufferings of countless martyrs? Once you look at changing Churches in this way, the barrier should fall away, or at least become that much more manageable. A bit of worldly discomfort is worth it if it means a greater closeness with God for eternity.

Will the heterodox be saved?

> We can therefore look at a given doctrine or practice and say, "That is not the Way." But we cannot say, "All of you who have embraced that heresy are forever damned." We don't know that. We can say, "That doctrine leads to damnation," but not, "Anyone who teaches that doctrine is certainly damned." And especially not, "Because you teach that doctrine, you are damned." Even the solemn conciliar anathemas (curses) pronounced against historical heretics do not go so far as to declare them damned.
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> […]
>
> From the Orthodox point of view, all Christian and non-Christian bodies that are not Orthodox are not the Church. The Church is a concrete, historical community founded by Jesus Christ through His apostles, which has existed in a real community for roughly two millennia. That is why we can say where the Church is.

Unfortunately, there are some Orthodox online who are quick to condemn someone to eternal damnation if they are not Orthodox. Ignore them because their behavior is not what the Church teaches.

Do the Orthodox idolize rationalism?

> Rationalism has no place within Orthodoxy, because human reason is notoriously fallible.

What is faith?

> Faith is not reducible to an inner, mental knowledge or even a feeling. Faith is

> rather an ongoing, dynamic relationship of trust and cooperation of the believer with God. Faith is a life of communion. Just as a marriage is not made by the wedding ceremony or the exchange of rings, salvation is not made by making a single decision for Christ. It is begun by that act, and like marriage, which St. Paul uses as a metaphor for salvation in Ephesians 5, salvation must be maintained and nurtured in order to come to full fruition.
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> […]
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> We need to repent throughout our whole lives, not because that earns salvation, but because repentance is a cooperation with God so that He may bring salvation and personal transformation into every part of our humanity.

The occurrence of miracles

> There are the "normal" miracles that occur such as the change of bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Christ, but the more unusual miraculous gifts are typically practiced only by saints. The ability to heal spectacularly through prayer or to know the future, etc., are usually gifts given by God only to those who have spent a lot of time in asceticism and repentance, which make them humble and more likely to avoid the spiritual pride that so often affects modern-day "miracle workers." Even in the New Testament, we do not see all believers working miracles. It is mostly just the apostles. There's no indication that the kind of gifts God gives them are normal for everyone.
>
> Miraculous gifts do continue within the Church, but they are not the norm, and they are also not regarded as being the proof of Orthodoxy's authenticity. Miracles are often not widely advertised but taken rather to be normal in the sense of not being sensational.

Critiques of Roman Catholicism

-Doctrine

> The Roman Catholic Church accepts development of doctrine. Its own understanding of what that means is that the Church progresses in its understanding and expression of doctrine, not that new dogmas are actually introduced… Where the Orthodox differ is that we believe that—despite its self-understanding—Rome actually has introduced new dogmas.
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> […]
>
> Development of doctrine is possible in part because of the relationship Rome sees between faith and reason, in which reason tends to be placed on a higher level in Christian life than it is for the Orthodox Church.
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> […]
>
> The Roman Catholic faith is not "backwards compatible"… which means that a

> “good Catholic” from two hundred years ago could be in danger of excommunication were he alive today. For example, papal infallibility was denied by many Catholics, including bishops, until the official definition of the dogma in 1870 at the First Vatican Council. They all remained “good Catholics” before 1870. Now they would be excommunicated and under the anathema of the First Vatican Council.

-Rationalistic

> Pope John Paul II in his 1998 encyclical Fides et Ratio puts faith and reason on the same level as means to the truth: “Faith and reason are like two wings on which the human spirit rises to the contemplation of truth; and God has placed in the human heart a desire to know the truth—in a word, to know Himself—so that, by knowing and loving God, men and women may also come to the fullness of truth about themselves.”
>
> This kind of language is the reason Orthodox critics of Roman Catholicism describe it as rationalist—not just rational, but subjected to the demands of human rationality. Human reason becomes not merely a tool but rather the very criterion of truth. It is also the reason much of Roman Catholic spiritual life is legalist, because it is often concerned more with satisfying legal, philosophical categories than with addressing and healing spiritual realities.

-Spiritual excesses

> Certain stream of Roman Catholic spirituality tend to be anthropocentric and materially focused. Instead of turning the eye of the soul away from this world, this kind of spirituality tends to focus on specifically earthy images and sensations.
>
> In the religious arts, some visual examples of this kind of emphasis include Renaissance and Baroque art, with their highly sensual (and even erotic) character, and the realistic, three-dimensional statuary that is standard in church ornamentation.
>
> […]
>
> …consider the imaginative spiritual exercises of Ignatius of Loyola (the founder of the Jesuits), self-flagellation, and other extreme forms of asceticism. All of these represent a fleshy, sensualistic approach to spiritual life. They are focused on the flesh and on the imagination.
>
> […]
>
> Roman Catholic spirituality in practice is often legalist, as well. For instance, it is held as a sin not to fast, whereas Orthodoxy recognizes fasting as simply a tool. One may also find detailed lists of how to obtain indulgences out of purgatory, quantitative penances (“Say ten Hail Marys and one Our Father”), and the

> annulment of marriages as a means of circumventing the prohibition against divorce.

-Remitting sins

> The Scriptures use the language of “debt” or “crime” in describing our sins against God, but it is not emphasized for the Orthodox as it has been for Rome, nor is there any complex system of satisfaction, merit, and indulgences. The Orthodox do not teach temporal punishment for sins that are forgiven, because forgiveness cancels out any kind of punishment. If God forgives someone, why would He still demand payment through satisfaction? This model denies the full power and implications of forgiveness in Christ’s death and resurrection. We agree that forgiveness of sins in absolution “does not remedy all the disorders sin has caused,” but what is needed is a reorientation of the human person so that he functions differently, not that he “make satisfaction for” his sins.

-Error of purgatory

> [A problem] with purgatory is that it divides salvation into two parts: getting to heaven and being “purged” or paying off the debt of sin. The emphasis in everyday spiritual life is then placed on externalized works in order to reduce time in purgatory rather than personal transformation in order to unite with God. Christ’s saving work only suffices to get believers to heaven, but they still have to work themselves to be really free from sin. In some sense, full forgiveness can only ever be bought, with money, with good deeds, or with suffering in purgatory.
>
> For Orthodoxy, it is even more nonsensical to suggest that one may essentially “buy” another person’s spiritual advancement by gaining indulgences on their behalf. We may affect another person’s life by our prayers, but we cannot exercise critical control over their spiritual experiences. Are spiritual realities so discrete and external to us that we can pay off the debt of punishment owed by another?

Critiques of Protestantism

-It constantly changes

> Today, most Methodists would not be recognizable to John and Charles Wesley, nor would most Lutherans be recognizable to Martin Luther, nor most Calvinists to John Calvin.
>
> […]
>
> As some of the Radicals attempted to read the Bible divorced from prior tradition, they began to revive some of the ancient heresies.
>
> […]

> Almost every time there was a disagreement led by a charismatic theologian, a new denomination was formed.

-Emotional conversion process

> Nowhere [in the Protestant conversion experience] is there a reference to entering the Church, the Body of Christ. Baptism is not necessarily involved. There is no sense that salvation itself critically involves anything other than escaping from hell after death. The only thing you are "saved" from is hell—the wrath of God. The whole process is essentially private, mental, and emotional. It is not required that there be an ongoing life of struggle against the sinful passions.
>
> […]
>
> In historic Christianity, faith is not understood as a single, absolute certainty, based on a one-time experience of salvation. It is an active, ongoing movement toward and with God.

-Pietism

> In its more radical forms, pietism is one of the most significant influences on all of modern-day Protestantism, especially Evangelicalism with its emphasis on a "personal relationship with Jesus Christ" and its believers' tendency to change denominational or congregational allegiances several times in life.
>
> Pietism in one form or another affects nearly all Christians in the modern age, independent of their church membership. Even though it is not the tradition of the Orthodox Church, many individual Orthodox Christians themselves function in terms of pietism. My experience as a pastor has included helping people to heal from the damage caused by this movement. Christians who make sincerity the key to spiritual life often fall away when they feel that the flame of their zeal has cooled, that they don't feel God's presence, or that following the communal traditions of the Church no longer feels satisfying.
>
> The individualism of pietism is also one of the currents that has affected the whole culture of the United States, which was founded in large part by English and German immigrants deeply influenced by this form of Christianity. It is not only in the realm of church life but also in politics, literature, music, marriage, parenting and so forth that pietism holds sway—the cultural measure of authenticity is how deeply you feel something for yourself, not whether you measure up to timeless truths or how you serve the larger community.

-Doctrine of the Great Apostasy

> …most of the Radical Reformers, and indeed, now most Protestants of any stripe

> accepted some form of the Great Apostasy doctrine, even if only implicitly. The true Church must have disappeared entirely at some point, or else there would be no point in reinventing it or rediscovering it. Those who accept this doctrine must also accept the implication that the apostles fundamentally failed in their mission. Although the apostles practiced pure Christianity, they failed to pass it on to their disciples.
>
> The Orthodox Church teaches, however, that the apostolic mission did not fail. One need only look at the writings of someone like St. Ignatius of Antioch, who was a disciple of the Apostle John, to see that it was Orthodox Christianity, not Radical Reformation Protestantism, that was practiced by those who learned at the feet of the apostles. Indeed, through the first few centuries of the Church's history, even before the time of Constantine, one of the marks of a church being trustworthy was that it could trace itself historically back to the apostles (this was explicitly witnessed to even in the second century by St. Irenaeus of Lyons). Apostolic succession was always defined by two elements: the continuity of the succession of the laying on of hands, and maintenance of the same apostolic faith. Orthodoxy has kept both up to the present time.

-The "Invisible Church"

> And since Radicals had rejected sacraments and the priesthood, there was nothing anyone could offer the believer that he could not get for himself directly. Thus, the "invisible" Church, composed of all true believers, wherever they may be found, was the only one that mattered.

To paraphrase Father Josiah Trenham, the invisible church is a great name for something that doesn't exist.

-The prosperity gospel

> The focus on material wealth is diametrically opposed to Orthodox spirituality, which focuses instead on asceticism, giving up what we do not need in order to lighten ourselves for spiritual struggle against the passions. Earnestly seeking after possessions is detrimental to the soul. And while there is nothing wrong with asking God to alleviate poverty, we humbly accept our lot, whatever it may be. We cannot believe that it is always God's will that we be healthy or prosperous—after all, such things are temporary anyway, and suffering with patience in this world often prepares us for the life of the age to come.

-Calvinism

> Orthodox Christians see Calvinism as monstrous, most especially because it depicts a God who arbitrarily saves some people and damns others, but also because God actually decrees the Fall of mankind. Such a "god" is not the God of

> a loving relationship, the gentle Christ who woos His bride, the Church. Rather, this is a capricious, erratic, vengeful “God,” who saves some men and damns others “for His glory” (a phrase used often by Calvin and turned into something of a slogan by Calvinists).

-Puritanism

> Puritanism also included a powerful work ethic, founded on the Calvinistic understanding of the predestination of the elect. It was believe that the elect would be materially successful in this life, and so Puritans and other Calvinists always worked hard out of a desire to prove their election to themselves and others.
>
> […]
>
> In a very real sense, it was the Puritans’ need for assurance of their eternal election which led to the building of America.

-Quakers

> [Quakers] do not officially hold to sola scriptura, because they believe that the Holy Spirit would never lead them astray in their interpretation of the Bible. Over time, however, this belief led to divisions among Quakers when they disagreed over where God was leading them.

-Revivalism

> …the Radicals distanced themselves from all the material elements of traditional Christianity. They retained no priesthood, no sacraments, no holy places, no asceticism, no place for visual beauty in worship. They did, however, retain a sense of community, if not really church as it had been understood for centuries. With all of those traditional defining elements of the sacred Christian community removed by the Radicals, revivalism took the next logical step and dispensed with the necessity for community altogether. Instead of church, a concrete, historical community governed by structure and dogma, revivalism was a movement, a popular current defined by enthusiasm, emotion, and personal charisma.

-Evangelicalism

> Because of the divorce from the historical Church, Evangelicalism has sought for a new way to satisfy the need or materiality. This is why such believers have welcomed pop music and rock-n-roll into their churches. It is why emotion is mistaken for spirituality. It is why sentiment is substituted for holiness. Sincere feeling is the authenticator. Instead of icons of Christ, whose piercing stare calls

> you to repentance, the Evangelical can go to a Christian bookstore and buy a soft-focus, long-haired picture of Jesus.
>
> […]
>
> Evangelicalism has to keep changing, seeking after the latest new means of attracting church attendance, always looking for innovation. Churches in the evangelical tradition—especially non-denominational ones—may change doctrine every time they change pastors.
>
> […]
>
> There is also a style of spiritual life and speaking that is now nearly ubiquitous in Evangelicalism—it is common, for instance, to hear average believers say with confidence that God is speaking directly to them.

I attended a service in Joel Osteen's church. I had a lot to say about it in my book American Pilgrim, but what vividly stays with me is how *loud* it was. As if I were in a nightclub, it produced adrenaline and gave me a short-lived buzz that, I would guess, parishioners there confuse for God's grace.

-Pentecostalism

> …various ministers from the old mainline Protestant denominations—Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and Lutherans—began to declare their experience of being baptized in the Spirit. Some were speaking in tongues. Some would interpret those tongues. Some were practicing faith healing. Prophecies were claimed. Worship services started to resemble the more enthusiastic character of Pentecostalism.
>
> […]
>
> Pentecostalism is not so much textual as viral. In some ways, it functions as a tradition, but without the usual limits placed by tradition. Ideas and practices are not propagated through historical processes or hierarchical determinations, but rather they function as communicable, memetic experiences.
>
> […]
>
> …one of the things that Pentecostals share with the Orthodox is an appreciation of materiality when it comes to the spiritual life—something that distinguishes them from most Evangelicals and other Protestants, who tend to shun this as idolatry. The Orthodoxy believe that holiness can reside in physical things, including our own bodies, and so do Pentecostals. We may not engaged in "grave soaking" [lying on someone's grave to receive their spiritual gifts], but we certainly do like to visit the graves of saints and ask for their prayers. And we do have the sense that physical touch can be an important part of our connection with the saints. Our dedication to physical beauty and love for the mystical experience of worship with all five senses may be for a Pentecostal seeker not merely familiar but more deeply fulfilling than what is available in

> Pentecostalism.
>
> […]
>
> …Charismatics engaged in a process of appropriation of certain features of Pentecostalism. They retained the general structure of their existing church but began to include some Pentecostal elements in an attempt to renew church life.

Out of all Protestant groups, I believe it would be easiest for a Pentecostal to convert to Orthodoxy, which does have the genuine gifts they seek that come from God and not the demons.

-Mormonism

> Mormons practice what is called baptism for the dead, a proxy baptism for someone who has died. With this practice, Mormons believe they are converting people to Mormonism. Their concern for all their ancestors becoming Mormon is the reason for their strong interest in genealogy. Mormons are researching their family trees so that they can retroactively convert their ancestry to become Latter-day Saints.

Heresies

Here is a selection of heresies that the book explains…

-Antinomianism

> Antinomianism is a deduction from the doctrine of justification by faith alone. In antinomian thinking, if the believer is justified before God by his faith alone, then whether or not he lives a moral life is not critical and therefore optional.
>
> […]
>
> Paired with the doctrine of eternal security—the teaching that it is impossible to lose salvation once you have it—antinomianism leads the Christian to believe that, because he's "been saved," he will go to heaven after death, even if he leads a life of selfishness and evil after his conversion to Christ.

-Soul competency

> Some of the communities that arose from the Radical Reformation (especially certain Baptists) profess the doctrine of soul competency. In this doctrine, each individual soul is ultimately responsible before God for its salvation. While the Orthodox can agree with this teaching in its essence (personal responsibility), these Baptists and others also hold it to mean that each believer has the full authority to interpret the Scripture for himself without correction from some other authority. The soul competency doctrine makes "every man his own pope"

> into a dogma.

-Congregationalism

> The Radicals' approach to Scripture also led to congregationalism, that each local congregation is completely autonomous and may not be corrected by any authority outside itself. In some cases, this makes the local pastor a sort of "pope" in his own right, but in most congregations, it means that democratic rule controls not only the "business" side of the church, but even questions of doctrine and the hiring and firing of clergy.

-Dualism

> A rejection of the material world in the Christian life is essentially an embrace of pagan philosophical dualism or of the fifth-century heresy of Nestorius, who taught that the "spiritual" Son of God and the "physical" Jesus Christ were two separate persons.
>
> […]
>
> The dualism of Evangelicalism extends beyond the sacramental life. Without a sense of the essential physical element of spiritual life, Christian anthropology suffers—we're dealing with only part of what it means to be human. If your body doesn't really matter, there is no need for asceticism. (Eat, drink, and be merry!) How could fasting, vigils, and specific periods of sexual chastity have any effect on the spiritual life? All of these kinds of practices, which are evident in Holy Scripture, are rendered meaningless in the dualistic worldview. While some discussion or observance of these practices does exist among Evangelicals, they are normally absent. If they are present at all, they are regarded as occasional acts of extraordinary piety rather than as a regulative lifestyle that trains the body to be submissive to the soul and thus brings salvation even to the body.

The problem that impacts the Armenian Church I left, monophysitism, is also discussed.

Overall, Father Andrew's book was packed with useful information. For me it served as a textbook to understand the modern religious landscape and how a multitude of people continue to fall for ancient heresies that were long ago debunked by the Church or who believe in outright fabrications of lying men. To prevent yourself from falling for such a fabrication, and to help lead others away from lies, Orthodoxy and Heterodoxy is a useful tool.

Learn More: *Orthodoxy & Heterodoxy on Amazon*

How To Make Italian Neapolitan Pizza In A Home Oven [Recipe + Tutorial]

January 31, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

After spending more than a year perfecting my pizza recipe, I'm finally ready to share it with the world. Before we get started, I must first stress that this isn't a standard recipe that you try once for fun—this is an art and a craft that requires time and sacrifice. I'm passing on knowledge that will likely make your pizzas better than just about all pizzerias within ten miles of where you live, but it will require a commitment on your part. Therefore, unless you are willing to try this recipe *at least five times*, and all the techniques that it entails, it may be better for you to close this window and call up Dominos or Papa John's for their soybean oil special. I recommend you select a day of the week where you can make pizza for five consecutive weeks, and by the end of those five weeks, sit down with your family and make a decision of how best to continue.

I decided to learn how to make pizza in the Neapolitan style (from Naples in the south of Italy). I chose this style is because it is the best pizza in the world. I made this conclusion based on extensive experience and travel, the latter of which put me in Naples in the year 2005. All other pizzas are inferior variants. To Italians, pizza is a bread dish, not a cheese dish like in America, and so the quality of the crust in an Italian pizza should be given the highest priority. Consider that cheese on a pizza was an innovation, not the original tradition, and you will come to understand the abomination that is American pizza, of which the cheese layer is actually thicker than the bread! When I eat my homemade Neapolitan pizza, I think, "I'm eating delicious bread, and as a consolation to my weakness for additional flavors, I've also added cheese and other things to it." If bread is life, pizza is decadence.

Here is how a classic Neapolitan pizza should look:

Source

Source

My pizza training came from two sources: Italian YouTube and an Italian friend of mine from the south of the country. I would send him photographs of my pizzas and cross sections of the crust and wait for his stern assessment. When his grandmother approved of my pizza, I knew that I had gone as far as I could go. Through many months of trial and error, I present to you my recipe but more importantly my technique, which plays a more decisive role in the quality of the final product.

Essential equipment

There are four tools you need to buy before continuing:

1. Pizza stone. Pizza needs high heat for the crust to develop in an airy fashion. If you don't have a pizza stone, your pizza crust will have the consistency of a breadstick, without the exterior crisp and interior pillow lattice. A pizza stone is a flat ceramic slab that is preheated with your oven for 45-60 minutes. The second that raw dough is placed on a hot pizza stone, which retains heat better than a metal pan, gases violently expand inside the crust, leading to proper crust formation. This process does not happen on typical pans. I use a 16″ diameter pizza stone. If upon measurement you discover your oven rack is too small for a 16″ stone, you can purchase a smaller stone. (Disable adblock if you do not see the following image.)

2. Pizza peel. This tool transfers your pizza onto and off the pizza stone and allows you to rotate the pizza midway through cooking. It's theoretically possible to use a wood cutting board as a makeshift pizza peel in an emergency, but pizza peels are cheap enough. I use a 14″ metal pizza peel.

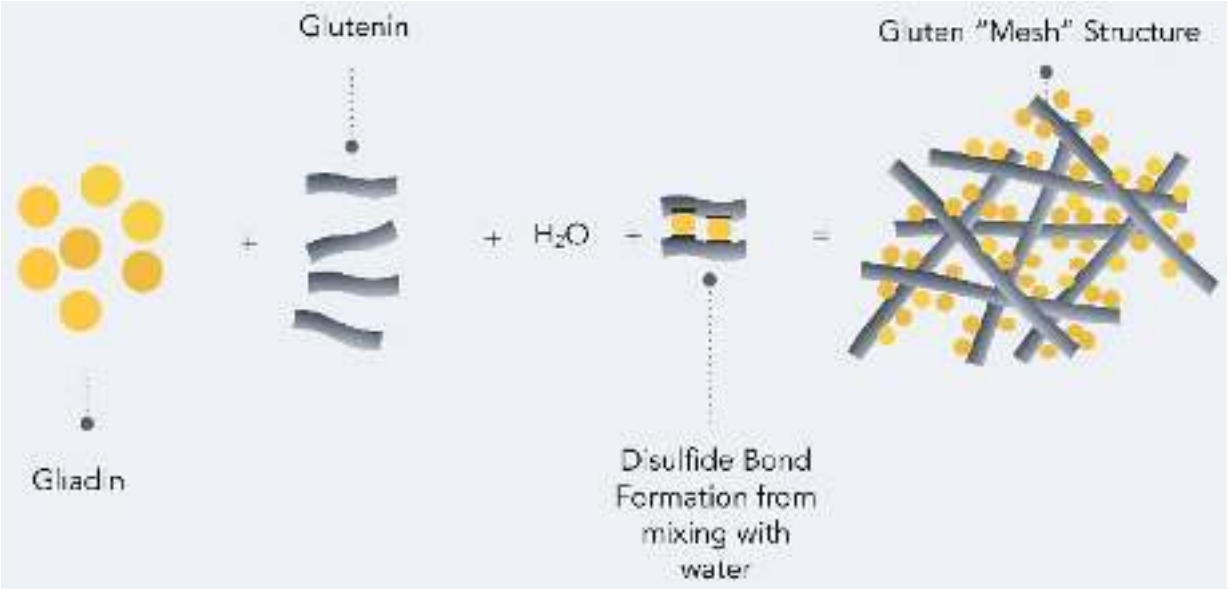
3. Digital scale with 0.1 gram increments. Italian pizza masters may be able to add ingredients based on eye, but we are not masters. I always use a scale to measure dough ingredients. Only when it comes to some pizza toppings is it okay to go based on feel. If you don't have a scale then I can't help you. (A scale with 1 gram increments can be used but you may have to round, which is dangerous.) One advantage of using a scale is that I've been able to micro-adjust my recipe so that it is as perfect as I can get it. This is the main scale I use:

Pro tip: Digital scales can be temperamental with measurements under 5 grams. When measuring lightweight ingredients, it is best to first put a portion of that ingredient onto your palm and then plop it down at once into a bowl that is placed on a tared scale. If you gradually add tiny amounts to the scale, it may not register properly.

4. Plastic dough scraper. The pizza dough we use is so wet that it will stick to the counter. Forget about the lies you learned about adding flour to dough until it doesn't stick anymore… we're not making crackers! You will use the dough scraper while kneading and also to transfer dough balls. A large rubber spatula can be used as an alternative but it will not look professional.

Thankfully, it's almost impossible to create a pizza that is not edible. On the first try your pizza will not be as good as mine, but you will be able to eat it. Even if you undercook your pizza, which you won't after reading this article, you can still eat it. It's a paradox that making perfect pizza is so hard, but making an edible pizza is so easy. Meditate on that while you're in the kitchen.

The importance of gluten



It's sad to live in an age where gluten is demonized. Gluten is simply a protein that provides structure and support to bread. Man has been able to tolerate gluten for ages. Jesus Christ fed the multitudes with bread and did not have to ask anyone if they needed a gluten-free alternative. So why is gluten suddenly a boogeyman? I believe it comes down to three reasons.

First, grain is no longer processed the way it used to be. Some farmers use chemicals to increase their yield prior to harvest, and these chemicals are not totally eradicated by the time wheat becomes flour. I suspect gluten-free flour is processed with extra steps that reduce the concentration of those chemicals. Second, many breads you buy from the supermarket are adulterated with fake-food ingredients that you may unknowingly be allergic to. Lastly, there is the phenomenon of gut inflammation. Due to the presence of all types of toxic substances in our environment, our body responds with inflammation to mitigate their harm. Certain foods will amplify existing inflammation in the gut, and for some people it's bread, just like how some of those who have had Lyme disease can no longer digest meat protein.

To give you an overview of gluten, let's compare two classes of baked goods: cakes and breads. Cakes are meant to be soft, delicate, and moist, with a "melt in your mouth" texture. You shouldn't have to chew on a piece of cake. This is because cakes often use low-gluten flour (often called cake or pastry flour), which is 7-9% gluten, and is baked in a way to minimize gluten formation. Have you ever used a pancake or brownie recipe that said, "Stir just until mixed"? This is to prevent the development of gluten, leaving your cakes soft.

The percentage of gluten in bread flour is 12-14%. When in the bag of flour, the precursors of gluten are inert, but when water is added to it, those precursors bond to form active gluten, ready to form a strong network of chemical bonds. The more you manipulate the dough (i.e. mixing or kneading), the more the gluten interacts with the water, forming more bonds, and the stronger those bonds get. I will spare you the technical science, but the act of kneading is not to mix the dough as much as to form strong gluten bonds. Don't you hate it when a big sandwich you're eating falls apart,

creating a big mess? In such a case, the gluten in that bread wasn't developed enough, or the flour didn't have enough gluten.

A pizza crust should be able to hold the weight of its toppings, or else the moisture of the toppings turn it limp and soggy. In other words, you *need* gluten when making pizza, because the crust is a physical support structure, similar to the foundation of a house. It's perverse to make pizza with "gluten-free" flour, but I have some great news: the pizza recipe I share is friendly to gluten sufferers because of the long fermentation time, which you'll read about later.

Now this is where things get a bit complicated. Gluten is not indestructible like cement: its bonds can be broken when you manipulate the dough or through the action of yeast, which can start to eat the bread and disrupt its gluten bonds when there is not enough sugar for it to feed on. We want pizza that can hold toppings, but we don't want a cracker. Therefore we form the dough to maximize gluten, then prolong the fermentation time to where just enough gluten breaks down to create a tender crust that is digestible, but still strong enough to hold the toppings. This balance comes down to a window of 30 minutes when the dough is resting at room temperature right before baking. If I let the dough rise too long once it is at room temperature, I will notice little holes and tears in my crust, meaning that too much gluten broke down.

Understand that Italians promote a digestible pizza. They use the word "digestible" often, because how many times have you eaten a pizza that sat in your stomach for hours, making you feel bloated? This is especially true if you order from a chain restaurant like Dominos, Papa John's, or Little Caesars. First, they use cheap ingredients, including GMO soybean oil instead of extra virgin olive oil. Your stomach hates that. Second, they use a dough that is easy for their minimum wage employees to stretch, which means a high-gluten dough where it's harder to make mistakes. Third, it's not monetarily conducive to prolong their fermentation times, so their shorter fermentation times mean you're eating a solid gluten baseball that your digestive system has to work really hard on to break down. One compliment I get on my pizzas is that it's "light." I had a friend who was gluten sensitive, and would only eat all the overpriced gluten-free products from the grocery store, but he could tolerate my pizzas without any problems.

One more thing about gluten I have to share is its grumpy demeanor. When you manipulate dough in any way, you are both tearing apart existing gluten bonds and creating new ones, putting it into a stressed state. When you let dough rest, you are creating gluten bonds only, leading to a rested state. In bread recipes you'll often come across directions like, "Let the dough rest for 5 minutes." This means, "Let the structure of the dough strengthen before you do something else with it." I've done experiments where I didn't let the dough rest, and the result is a weaker dough that breaks more easily. Of course it breaks, because not all the gluten bonds were formed, and it's those bonds that allow the dough to stretch.

Overall plan

Begin preparing the dough 24-36 hours before you want to eat the pizza. The actual dough preparation takes about one hour. The dough balls sit outside for an hour and then is put into the refrigerator. The next day, you reform the dough balls with your hands when it is convenient for you. Then 2-3 hours before it's time to cook, you remove the dough balls from the refrigerator and let them warm at room temperature. Then you form the pizza shape, add your toppings, and cook it for 6-8 minutes on your oven's highest temperature setting. **Click here for a printable version of the pizza recipe**.

Here's my typical schedule:

Day 1
2pm: Make dough
3pm: Let rise for one hour
4pm: Put in refrigerator (begins bulk fermentation stage)

You can also make the dough in the evening.

Day 2
~2pm: Reform cold dough balls (begins proofing stage). Return to refrigerator.
5:30pm: Take out dough from refrigerator
7pm: Preheat oven, prepare toppings
8pm: Bake pizza

The one task you have the most flexibility on is reforming the dough balls. It can be done at any time the next day up to taking out the dough from the refrigerator.

Ingredients for two 10-inch pizzas

You will probably be annoyed at my precise weight measurements, but I'm a perfectionist. These weights are perfect and have come from the trial and error of making over 100 pizzas in four different kitchens. One day you will be able to do your own thing, but I highly recommend you follow my recipe as closely as you can when starting off. I cannot be responsible for mediocre pizza if you deviate from my specifications.

The following recipe makes two 250 gram dough balls, which equates to two 10-inch diameter pizzas (one pizza is sufficient for a grown man though sometimes too much for a woman). If you double the recipe, you will of course make four pizzas. I don't make big pizzas because Italians don't make big pizzas (unless they are selling them by the slice). My goal is not to innovate but to maintain the tradition with the most minimal of adaptations.

- Dry yeast: 0.9 grams
- Sugar: 4.3 g
- Warm holy water: 203 g
- Bread flour: 294 g
- Fine sea salt: 4.3 g
- Extra virgin olive oil: 13 g (almost 1 tablespoon)

Let's talk about the ingredients…

Yeast. There are two kinds of dry yeast you can buy in the supermarket: active dry and instant. I recommend you use instant, because the yeast particles are smaller and get to work faster. If you have active dry, you may encounter debates on whether you need to "activate" it in water and sugar for 5-10 minutes before adding flour, but I advise you not

to worry about it. Use either type of yeast and proceed with the recipe in the same way.

Fine sea salt. You can also use normal table salt. I wouldn't use coarse sea salt because it may not be distributed properly throughout the dough.

Sugar and extra virgin olive oil. No comments.

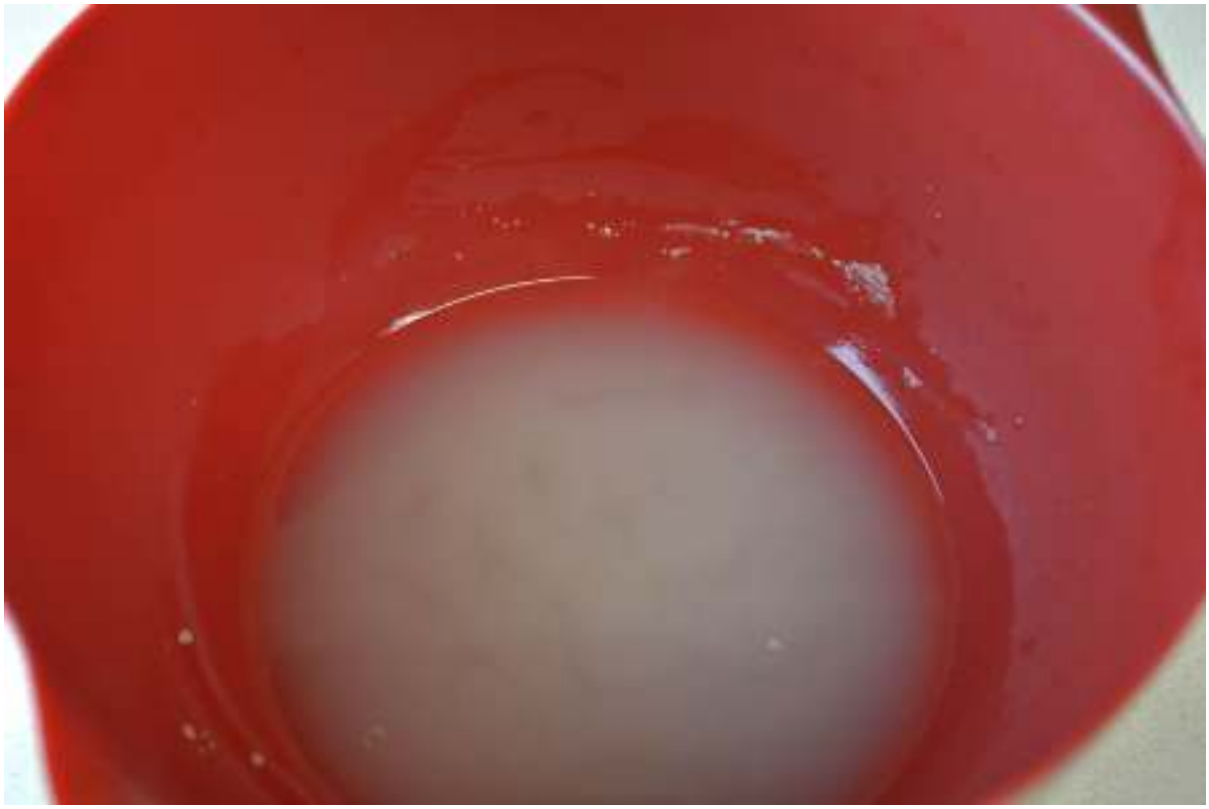
Warm holy water. Use holy water blessed by an Orthodox priest on Theophany (January 6/19), a day that commemorates the baptism of our Lord Jesus Christ by Saint John the Forerunner. If you don't have holy water, use spring water or filtered tap water. The water should be slightly warmer than room temperature, but of course not hot. At the risk of overcomplicating things, let me share how I achieve warm water. I have a jug of holy spring water sitting at room temperature. I boil one-sixth of the water amount and then add that boiling portion to the rest of the water. The result is perfectly warm water for my kitchen environment. If you're using active dry yeast, definitely ensure the water is warm. If you're using instant yeast, you can be lazy and use room temperature water, but if you're genuinely lazy then you wouldn't embark on this recipe, so try to get it right. When you put your finger in the water, it should be warm.

Bread flour. I have some bad news. Every company makes their bread flour differently. Some will lead to stickier dough and others less sticky. Some will give a harder crust and some softer. It gets even worse: flour from the same company can be slightly different from bag to bag. That said, the two bread flours I like the most are King Arthur and Gold Medal. King Arthur is available everywhere and produces a reliably solid pizza crust. Gold Medal flour produces a softer pizza crust that I like, but the dough is harder to work with, so I would avoid it as a beginner. I've also used Walmart brand bread flour and Pillsbury bread flour with success. I would not use all-purpose flour, which has a lower gluten content and will not provide the needed structure to stretch your dough without creating holes. Only use bread flour.

Making the pizza dough

Before beginning, I pray to Saints Spyridon and Nicodemus, baker saints of the Orthodox Church: “Saints Spyridon and Nicodemus, pray for me that my baking may be blessed!” I have a printed icon of them in my kitchen. You can also buy a wooden icon of them.

In a large bowl, measure out your warm holy water. Add the yeast and sugar then stir. The yeast has a tendency to clump. It is sufficient to smush the biggest clumps against the side of the bowl with the back of your spoon, but you don’t need to get them all. They will distribute evenly while kneading.



Add half of the flour to the bowl in a way that maximizes aeration. There are two ways to do this: use sifted flour or sprinkle the flour into the bowl from an elevation. As it falls from height to the bowl, it becomes lighter and more airy. Use a spoon to mix the ingredients.

Add the second half of the flour. Soon into mixing, your spoon is not going to cut it anymore. Ditch the spoon and get out your dough scraper.

Use the scraper to scoop some of the dough, lift the scraper up, then turn over your hand

so the dough lands on top of the pile. Perform this motion around the bowl until most of the loose flour is gone. The dough does not yet have to be well-mixed.

Add the salt and olive oil to the top of the dough and wait 1 minute.

Then use the same scooping method to partially mix the salt and olive oil into the dough. You will still see streaks of yellow from the oil and uneven ingredient distribution. That is okay. Let the dough sit for 3 minutes.

Dump the dough onto your bare kitchen counter.

The dough before kneading

Knead for exactly 8 minutes. What do I mean by “knead”? The main purpose of kneading is to work the dough to create gluten bonds, giving the dough structure and an ability to stretch. With one hand, push the dough across the table a palm’s width, then hook the dough with your fingers and fold it back over. Do this a few times, and once the dough becomes a blob you can no longer grab, use your scraper to scoop the entire mass of dough off the counter and turn it over itself. Keep repeating this process for eight

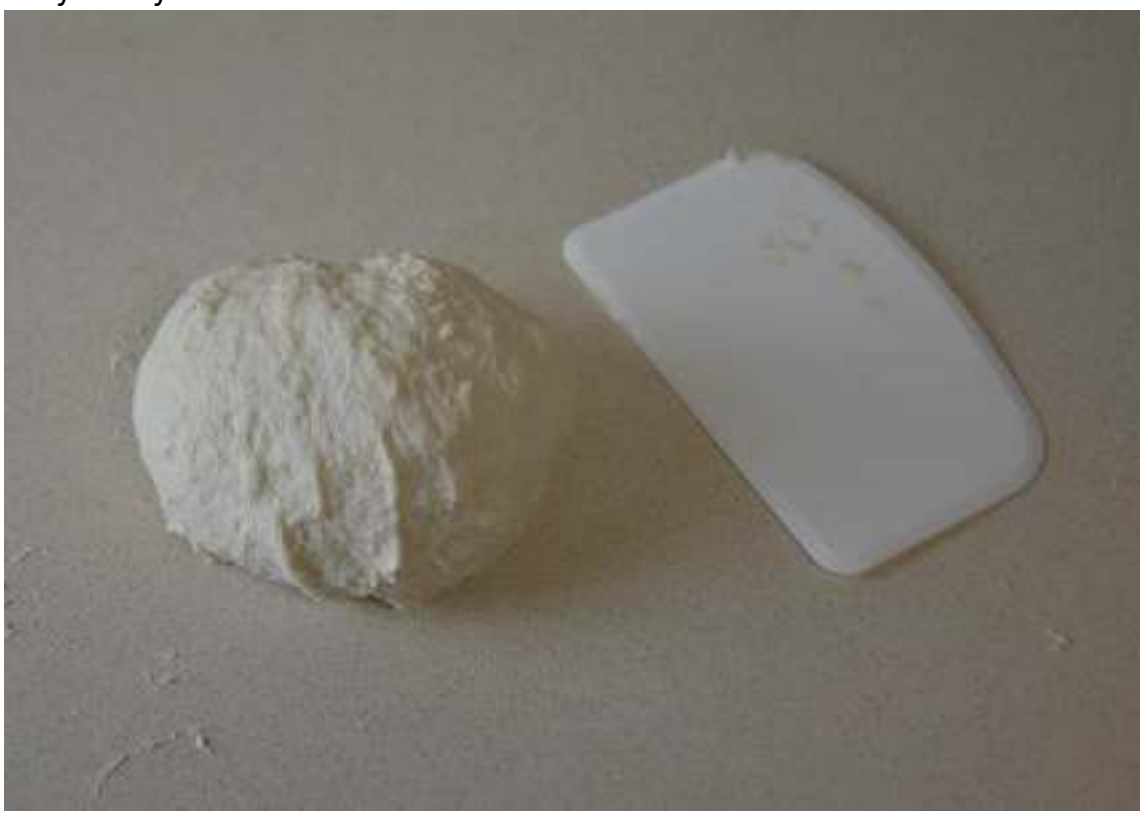
minutes.

Tip 1: Drag the dough across with your palm without breaking the dough. If you're breaking the dough, which is inevitable, you're traumatizing it. One thing you'll notice is that as the kneading time goes on, you can stretch it further without causing breakage.

Tip 2: Use your dough scraper to deal with the stickiness. This is a sticky dough! It will stick on the counter and even the hairs on the back of your hand, creating quite a mess, but such a wet dough is required. Don't add any flour. Embrace the stickiness.

The dough will be sticky

Very sticky



The dough after 8 minutes of kneading
I use a kneading technique as this professional baker:

Put the dough back into the bowl and cover with a towel or plastic wrap. Let sit for 20 minutes. It’s okay if the dough looks like an ugly blob.

Grab a baking pan or high-wall container where you will place the dough balls to rise. Coat the pan with a thin layer of olive oil and set aside.

To successfully create dough balls, we need to use some extra flour to reduce the stickiness. When starting out, don’t be shy to use extra flour to get the job done, but as you progress, you want to use the least amount of flour possible, because by adding too much, you start to disturb the water to flour ratio of the dough (70%). Most of the time, I find it sufficient to only coat my hands in flour.

After the 20 minutes is over, divide the dough into two equal balls that weigh approximately 250 grams (you can use a scale). If you add up the amounts to my recipe, you’ll notice that it is more than 500 grams, because some weight is lost to the bowl, your hands, and so on.

Dust your hands with flour. Take one of the dough portions and put it in your left hand.

Then with your right hand, tuck the outside of the dough underneath itself. Rotate and repeat. It will start to look like a ball. You may be surprised to notice that the dough is not as sticky as when you were kneading. While your flour dustings help, the gluten bonds have set and do not act like little hooks to the moisture on your hands. Pinch the seams on the bottom of the ball.

Go around the ball, tucking it underneath itself

Nice-looking dough ball

Your dough balls at this stage do not have to be perfect, so don’t stress. Get them as ball-like as you can.

Space your two dough balls on the pan and cover with plastic wrap or a lid. If the height of your baking pan is short and the plastic wrap touches the dough, dabble some olive oil on top of the dough to prevent sticking. Ideally, you want a pan with tall sides so this doesn’t happen. When the dough rises, it will actually flatten and spread horizontally

instead of rising vertically since it’s so wet that the water weighs it down.

Leave the pan out at room temperature for one hour then put it in the refrigerator overnight. If you have a refrigerator that is on the warm side, where liquids don’t really get that cold, skip the one-hour rise at room temperature and stick the pan directly into the refrigerator.

The dough now enters the bulk fermentation stage. The yeast, happy at being near a food source for the first time in ages, will eat the sugar and other bread components, creating carbon dioxide gas in the form of bubbles. The yeast also creates flavor. Think of yeast as a marinade: the longer something ferments (without over-fermenting), the better the flavor is. We use only a little amount of yeast because of the long fermentation time. Most same-day pizza recipes require a lot of yeast to promote a fast rise. While the result looks like a pizza, the taste is flat and the dough is harder due to mostly-intact gluten bonds. In such a case, there is so much yeast in the dough that you end up tasting the yeast instead of the complex and rich flavors that are created from prolonged yeast metabolism.

Day two of the dough

The dough after a night in the fridge

A bit sad-looking

The next day, at a time that is convenient for you, take out the dough pan. Coat your hands with flour. Use your scraper to remove a dough ball from the pan and onto your hands. Form a dough ball in the exact same way as before. You will notice the dough has a moist, rubbery texture, and is not as sticky as the day before.

This time, you should hear faint pops of bubbles bursting as you tighten the ball. You don’t need to go nuts, but you want to remove most of the air. Pinch the dough at the seams, as aggressively as you need to maintain a ball shape. At this stage it’s important for your dough balls to be properly round.

Both dough balls have been reformed

Return the dough balls to the pan, cover, and put back into the refrigerator. This begins the second stage of fermentation called proofing. Reforming the dough balls eliminates air to re-introduce the prosperous yeast to its desired food source. Flavors will continue to

develop and the ensuing bubble formation will be distributed more evenly. Perhaps most importantly, proofing creates an environment where the high population of yeast starts to break down some of the gluten, just enough to give an excellent final result of the pizza—not too soft but not too hard.

It’s possible to skip the proofing stage entirely, but I wouldn’t recommend it. Otherwise, the dough becomes like a flat pancake and difficult to stretch. I share this to remind you that while my instructions are the ideal, you can still proceed with wild deviations and achieve an edible pizza.

One question is when to reform the dough balls. It’s better to do it later than earlier. Remember that we will be taking out the dough balls from the refrigerator about 2-3 hours before cooking. You can reform it as late as then, but I believe it’s better for some of the proofing to occur in the refrigerator. I will usually reform the balls about six hours before it’s time to remove them from the refrigerator. Starting off, stick to a plan that fits your schedule.

Before cooking, we want the dough to come up to room temperature because cold dough does not like to be stretched. Instead of stretching, it will tear. There is a window of 30 minutes that is ideal to stretch pizza dough once it’s out of the refrigerator. If you do it too early while it’s still cold, it will not want to stretch, and if you want too long when it is warm to the touch instead of cool, too much gluten will break down and you will have a lot of holes. Starting off, it’s better to stretch it sooner than later, for reasons I will soon explain, so I recommend you remove the pan from the refrigerator either two or two-and-a-half hours before your hands will touch the dough to stretch it. If your house is warm (75 degrees or above), aim for two hours. If your house is cooler, try two-and-a-half hours. If your house is cold, try three hours.

Baking preparations and toppings

One hour before you're ready to stretch the dough, turn on the oven to its maximum heat setting for baking (usually 550 F) and place your pizza stone on the rack position you think is the hottest area of your oven while still leaving at least six inches above the stone to have enough space to manipulate the pizza.

While the oven is heating, prepare your pizza sauce. My sauce is probably the weakest link in my recipe, but it's easy, it's tasty, I have not gotten any complaints, and the ingredients are available year-round.

- 1 15-ounce can diced tomatoes
- 1 6-ounce can tomato paste
- 1 gram dried oregano
- 0.5 grams dried basil
- 4 grams sea salt
- 0.6 grams pepper
- 10 grams sugar
- 1 tablespoon olive oil

Unless you get petite-diced tomatoes, the consistency of the diced tomatoes will be too chunky, so what I do is pour the 15-ounce can into a bowl, put the bowl in the sink, and squeeze the tomatoes for a minute or two with the strength of my hand until they become smaller. For the canned tomatoes, it's better to get them without added salt, and definitely without any added spices.

The sauce recipe will be enough for 6-8 pizzas, depending on how much sauce you like to put on your pizza (I put just enough for a thin covering). You can use the leftover sauce for pasta, meatball marinara, or pizza the following week. The sauce will have no trouble

lasting in the refrigerator for up to two weeks. As long as there is no visible mold growing on it, I'll use it.

There are two types of cheese I use:

- ~10 grams grated parmesan (shredded is okay)
- 60 grams mozzarella cheese, dry or wet

Most supermarkets sell tubs of grated parmesan. You can also buy the triangle blocks and shred them yourself. Either one is fine.

Things are a bit complicated when it comes to the mozzarella. There are two types, dry and wet. Dry mozzarella is what you're familiar with, and is what they use for pre-shredded cheese, but *do not* use pre-shredded mozzarella cheese! It's junk, the lowest quality you can buy. You instead must buy the blocks, preferably an Italian brand that explicitly states it is made from "whole" milk. Dry cheese that is not shredded will usually come in a pale white color packaged in rectangle blocks. As a beginner, I recommend you use dry cheese. The taste is similar to what you already know and you can make more errors with it and not hurt the final result. To prepare this cheese, shred it or cut it into half-inch cubes. I like to have little gaps of no cheese on my pizza to see some red color so I prefer cubes.

Dry mozzarella

Wet mozzarella cheese usually comes in a round ball and is bright white. The texture is softer and, to my palate, the salt content is lower. This cheese is more expensive and is almost never used on commercial pizzas unless you're in Italy. I imagine most people reading this have never had a pizza with wet mozzarella. However, there is a problem with using wet mozzarella in a home oven where the crust needs to cook for 6-8 minutes:

because the moisture content of wet cheese is so high, it melts fast, and once it melts, it starts to dump its water onto the pizza, making it a soggy mess. The trick I learned is to cut wet cheese into julienne strips that take longer to melt, and if I'm not lazy, I only place the cheese on the pizza halfway through cooking. Do not attempt to shred wet mozzarella—it won't work.

Wet mozarella

In general, dry mozzarella gives a classic, saltier flavor while wet mozzarella gives a brighter flavor with softer texture.

The last two ingredients required are basil leaves and extra virgin olive oil. You need 2-4 fresh basil leaves per pizza. A pizza without basil is not authentically Italian. If someone gives me a pizza without the basil aroma I'm used to, I may refuse to eat it. Olive oil is drizzled on the pizza after cooking, especially the crust, which is especially important for us because a home oven is usually so dry.

Here are other ingredients that are safe to add without causing offense to an Italian:

- Mushrooms – I prefer Portobello mushrooms, sliced in chunks.
- Pepperoni – can't go wrong
- Black olives – sliced
- Grape tomatoes – halve them and place on top of the pizza *after* cooking or else they leak water
- Prosciutto – add after cooking
- Arugula – add after cooking

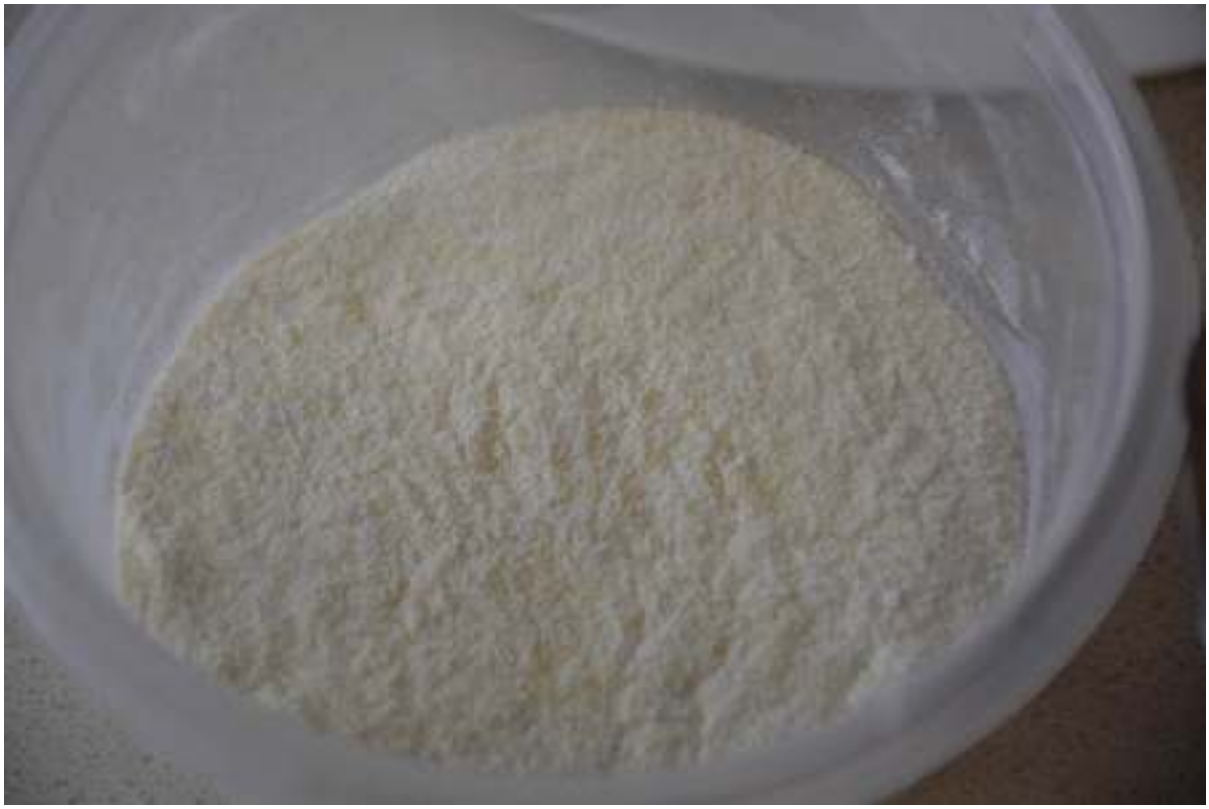
Personally, I like my pizzas with mushroom and pepperoni. Italian pizza is often very simple. American pizza is "creative" because they have to compensate for an inferior

crust. Remember the crust is the star of the show… adding too many ingredients is like putting makeup on a naturally beautiful woman. There's a point where she starts to look like a clown.

Mise en place for two pizzas

Let's say you're making a simple cheese pizza. The ingredients in front of you should be tomato sauce, parmesan, mozzarella, basil leaves, and olive oil. We're missing just one thing: a bowl as wide as the dough balls that contains a mixture of flour. This is used in the key step of stretching the dough. You can use a bowl of bread flour alone, but it's

better to use a 50-50 mixture of bread flour and semolina flour (fine or coarse, though I prefer coarse for the texture it creates).



Take a couple spoons of flour, a couple spoons of semolina, and mix it in the bowl. With this mixture ready, you can now make the pizza.

Stretching the pizza and adding toppings

Next step is to stretch the dough ball into a pizza shape. There are countless methods to

stretch a pizza. You are probably most familiar with the American method of tossing the dough in the air. We're not going to do that. As a beginner, I recommend you do a method I'm calling the *press and hang*. Keep any rolling pins you have as far away from the dough as possible unless you want a Mama Celeste pizza.

Dust some of your flour bowl mixture on the counter (from this point on I will simply refer to the flour-semolina mixture as "flour"). Using your scraper, scoop up your pizza dough ball and plop it down inside the flour bowl. Then turn over the ball with your hands. You should now have a semi-flattened dough ball that is completely covered on both sides. Place it on your counter.

Coat the first side

Turn it over and coat the second side

Using the fingertips of both hands, repeatedly press the dough in a direction from the center to the outside. What you want to do is move the air that is in the dough towards the crust, which will enhance the crust’s texture. After the dough has stretched a bit, turn it over and repeat the same process, pressing from the center outward.

Continue pressing, flipping over as many times as you want, until the pizza is roughly 10 inches in diameter and the crust on the outside is half an inch wide.

Small air bubbles are fine, though you can pop the big ones on the crust if you want
If the dough starts to stick to the counter, add more flour. At this stage, you don’t need to be stingy with flour. Use as much as you need to prevent sticking.

You will notice a couple of things. First, the dough ball will still be cool to the touch. That’s normal. Second, the dough tends to spring back slightly when you stop pressing, which is

also normal. Your tender warm hands will eventually coax the dough to stretch. If the dough is refusing to stretch at all, or springs completely back even though you've been working it for a couple of minutes, set the dough aside, cover with a towel or napkin, and wait 15 minutes before trying again.

There are two reasons in the rare case the dough may not want to stretch at all: either the dough is too cold or not enough gluten broke down during the proofing stage. Whatever the case, letting the dough rest when it doesn't want to stretch will alleviate both problems. In 15 minutes, try to stretch the resistant dough again. You'll notice that it will stretch more than before, Keep working it until you get it to a 10-inch diameter.

Sometimes the dough acts like a fussy baby. If you're impatient and decide to force the dough when it doesn't want to stretch, it will form holes and break. Tomato sauce will go through the holes and create a big mess when you try to transfer the pizza to the oven. If you encounter holes, try to pinch them shut or patch them with a piece of dough removed from the crust.

In other cases, the dough immediately starts to break when you stretch it out, acting as if it has no innate strength. This is likely because you used a low-gluten flour such as all-purpose or proofed for too long at room temperature. A sign you proofed too long is the dough ball looks gassy and has a slight alcohol scent. For a beginner, it's better to underproof (where the solution is simply to wait 15 minutes in the face of resistance) than overproof (where there is no easy solution to a dough that can't hold structure).

Once you get close to the final diameter, you will notice uneven spots or difficulty getting the dough to stay put without springing back. The second stretching technique is to grab the dough by the sides, lift it up so that it hangs in the air, and walk your hands around the crust so that gravity stretches it for you. If the dough is particularly tight, I will bounce

my hands slightly to encourage it to stretch from its own weight.

Another way to stretch pizza is through the *slap technique*, which is authentically southern Italian. First, stretch the dough by pressing with your hands until it is about 6 inches in diameter. Then with your right hand, press down (i.e. slap) the dough and with the left hand pull it outward. Do this repeatedly as you rotate through the entire pie. This is the technique I use and took dozens of practice pizzas to become somewhat competent at it, but I still use press and hang techniques alongside it. Here's a pizzaiola using the slap technique:

The half-inch crust on the outside will seem very small to you, but if you successfully pressed the air outwards towards the crust, it will expand three- or four-fold in the oven. If your crust did not expand much in the oven, you did not successfully transfer the air of the dough ball to the edge.

When you're done stretching, make sure the pizza slides easily on your counter. If not, throw some more flour underneath. Your pizza will also not be a perfect circle, which is okay because an irregular shape makes it look more authentic.

It's time to put on the toppings. Dump the desired amount of sauce you want on the center of the pizza with a spoon and then use the back of the spoon to spread the sauce until the crust.

Then sprinkle the parmesan cheese, the mozzarella, and any other toppings that can be cooked in the oven.

[image]
Parmesan cheese first
[image]
Then mozzarella
[image]
Then everything else

Cooking the pizza

[image]

Grab your pizza peel and dust flour on it. There are three ways to transfer a pizza onto the peel. In the first method, lay your pizza peel on the counter next to the pizza. Then hook the underside of the pizza edge with both hands on opposite sides of each other and rotate 90 degrees on the counter to verify it is loose. Don’t worry if it stretches into an odd shape (you can fix it once it’s on the peel). Then attempt to slide the pizza from the counter onto the peel.

[image]

Once the pizza is on the peel, rearrange the toppings that have moved.

The second technique, which I use, is to lift up the edge of the pizza crust that is facing me with my left hand. Then with my right hand, I slide the dusted peel underneath the pizza in a rapid motion. This sounds risky, but as long as the pizza is not stuck to the counter, and the peel has enough flour on it, it works well.

[image]

The third technique is to transfer the pizza dough without toppings onto a heavily-dusted peel then add the toppings while the pizza is on the peel. The reason the peel must be heavily-dusted is that the dough absorbs flour as it remains on the peel. If you take too long to add toppings, the loose flour will be all used up and the pizza will become stuck. This technique is safe for a beginner, but for my taste, it adds too much flour to the bottom of the dough.

[image]

Once you get the pizza on the peel, regardless of the technique you use, jiggle the peel back and forth to verify the pizza is not stuck. **This is very important.** If part of the pizza is stuck on the peel, identify the problem area, lift up the pizza with your fingers, and dust a good amount of flour underneath. Jiggle again to verify the pizza is completely loose. If you don't take this step, there is a high chance you will taco the pizza on the stone inside the oven. In the best-case scenario, you will make something like a calzone, but in the worst, you will get pizza all over your oven and it will not be edible.

Open your oven door (be careful: a blast of very hot air will hit you) and position the pizza over the pizza stone. Then give a little jerk forward followed by a big jerk backward to transfer the pizza to the peel.

[image]

As a beginner, you will mess up, and that's okay. The most common problem is you don't land the entire pizza on the stone. Part of the pizza is hanging off and toppings fell onto the oven, creating smoke (and sometimes fire lol), but the oven is way too hot to be grabbing things inside. Let it be (unless a fire started).

Close the door. Once we rotate the pizza halfway through cooking, when the crust is harder, we can position it more properly.

Let the pizza cook for 3-4 minutes. Use a timer to ensure the times are exact. Open the oven door and use your pizza peel to rotate it halfway.

[image]
Halfway done, when you'll see spots of light brown on the crust
Close the door and wait 3-4 more minutes. In my opinion, the pizza is done when you see coin-sized dark spots on the crust that approach black in color. For the first pizza of the evening that I make, this takes eight minutes, but for subsequent pizzas, only seven, and depending on the mood of my oven, sometimes only six minutes. A one-minute difference may not sound like much, but if you overcook it, you will get an overly crispy and dry pizza. Perhaps that is what you prefer.

When the pizza is done, slide your peel under the pizza and place it on a big plate. The problem with a home oven is that it's way too dry. In a proper pizza oven, a pizza only cooks for a couple of minutes, so eight minutes is more than enough time to start evaporating desired moisture.

[image]

Italian pizza in its natural environment
We compensate for a home oven by drizzling olive oil all around the crust after cooking and rubbing it lovingly with our hands. Also drizzle some olive oil in the center of the pizza, but don't put too much because it will overly acidify your pizza's taste. Finish the pizza by placing a few basil leaves on top and cutting with a pizza cutter (six slices lend well to this size pizza). Wait a couple of minutes to cool down. Enjoy your Italian pizza!

[image]

[image]

[image]

[image]

Conclusion

For the first few times you make pizza, I recommend making extra dough balls. It will take the pressure off you in case of a mistake and allow you to practice more. (You can refrigerate any extra pizzas you cook and bring them back to life by warming in a 350 F oven for 10 minutes. Never microwave cold pizza!) Once you have about twenty pizzas of experience, you will get the hang of it and be better at making pizzas than likely anyone you know. It may become impossible for you to eat soy pizza ever again.

[image]
A pizza I made in a friend's brick oven
The obvious benefit of making pizza at home is good-tasting food, but a bigger one is Christian fellowship. Since embarking on pizza making, I've held numerous dinner parties, including one where I made sixteen pizzas for my guests. The ability to cook allows you to be hospitable to others in a comfortable environment away from surly servers, arbitrary face-mask rules, and mediocre food. My zeal for making pizza has died down in the past few months, but the skill remains in me, ever ready to serve my neighbor. I'm thankful to God for allowing me to learn a useful skill that brings me closer to others. **Click here for a printable version of my pizza recipe.**

With this tutorial I reviewed the most common problems you'll encounter, but you'll surely encounter others. In that case, leave a comment so that I can troubleshoot your problem. Either way, I'd love to see a picture of your pizza. Post it in the comments or email it to me. *Buona Fortuna!*

Read Next: *7 Steps To Stop Heart Palpitations (And Improve Digestion)*

The Orthodox View Of The End Times

February 3, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Ultimate Things by Dennis E. Engleman is an overview of the end times according to the Orthodox Church. Though it was written by a layman, it has received approval from Orthodox figures as being compatible with the faith.

Will we have spiritual descendants?

> Christians concerned with being saved "from this perverse generation" are in a unique position. The world in which they live has reached an impasse: it has completed its rejection of Christ and declared the end of normal—that is, Christian—history. Any believers left in these "post-Christians" times might well be considered the "last Christians." Yet there is a deeper truth to such a label, for the eschatology upon which these believers' faith hinges makes it clear that they may in fact have no spiritual descendants!

I have a suspicion that at some point during the life of every man who has lived and will live, there is a tremendous crisis within his generation that frightens his bones and leads him to question what exactly is going on in the world. *Why is this event happening? How did it originate? How could humanity, which I thought was essentially good and moral (from my flawed perspective), allow this danger to mankind proceed?*

I'm reminded of the Cuban Missile Crisis, which occurred in 1962, well before I was born. Children at school were drilled by their teachers to hide underneath their desks in fear of nuclear war. Many adults believed that the end was nigh, and while experiencing that fear, existential and metaphysical questions were asked. Some decided to take their faith more seriously from that moment. Souls were saved that wouldn't have otherwise had there not been a crisis, and humanity carried on. How many times in human history was there a "nuclear crisis," where a husband looked upon his wife with glassy eyes, perhaps from hearing the thunderous noise of barbarians on horseback coming to attack his village, and gather her for a final prayer?

We've arrived at the year 2022, to the rule of a worldwide oligarchy that is masking our faces, locking us in our homes, and coercing us to be injected with toxic sludge. This must be the end, online commentators say, and chances are they are wrong, but I don't feel as if they are wrong, so I step up my prayer rule, beg God for mercy, and ask Him to give us more time to repent. The spiritual benefit of thinking we are at the end is undeniable, as long as the truth of Christ is followed, but one of these times, it really will be the end, and the fact that the entire world seems now to be on board with purely secular policies and

dictates says to me that the air is ripe for a complete fulfillment of the Book of Revelation, but even if it's not really the end, we should approach it all the same by repenting and making right with the Lord, not tomorrow but today.

The truth cannot be repressed

> …those who deny men freedom first attempt to deny them truth. Yet Truth can never be fully repressed, for it is not a fact or dogma, but a Person. Even if all books are burned and memories obliterated, "neither death nor life, nor angels nor principalities nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other created thing, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord" (Romans 8:38, 39).
>
> […]
>
> Rene Guenon: "Is the modern world really anything whatever but a direct denial of all traditional truth? It wears every disguise, often the most unexpected, to avoid being recognized for what it is, and even to pass itself off as the very opposite of what it is."

Everything that man creates without explicitly and directly calling upon His faith is either neutral to salvation or detrimental, because it is distant from God's truth. Certainly any work of modern art, music, or film deserves to be tossed onto the trash heap of lies and demonic simulacrum. Modern food is decadent slop engineered to manipulate your taste buds, the "convenience" of technology is primarily geared to distract you away from God, and even the wholesomeness of nature can be packaged as a dopamine-stimulating experience of novelty and picture-taking vanity. If you are about to create something or partake in an activity, and the urge to pray to God never crosses your mind, I would reasonably conclude that that activity is not of God.

Sign of the end of the age

> Saint Ignatius Brianchaninov: "Universal debauchery, together with the most abundant material progress which engendered it, will be the sign of the end of the age and the approaching terrible judgment of Christ."

Our times have both universal debauchery and material progress, to a level that was not seen in the past.

Satan is active

> Satan knows that Christ will ultimately triumph and that his own demise is foreordained. But he doesn't care, for he is utterly incorrigible. And he knows that, though his period of absolute power will be short, it will nevertheless be long enough to ensnare many people.
>
> […]
>
> After Christ's Resurrection, Satan's influence on earth was severely diminished.

> No longer could he operate openly, as a strong man in control of his own house, but only secretly, mysteriously, underhandedly. For the first time since Adam and Eve, the path from man to God was restored. “Orthodox Christians who have experienced the life of grace in the Church can well understand what Protestants cannot,” wrote contemporary Orthodox theologian Father Michael Pomazansky: “That the ‘thousand years’ (the whole period) of Christians reign with His saints and the limited power of the devil is now.”

A common fantasy for a secular man is, upon being physically threatened by multiple men, to imagine maiming or killing at least one of the attackers. If I will be killed, but can kill at least one of the enemy, then did I not accomplish a victory? In other words, the man is thinking, “I will return as much evil for evil as I can, and that will make it all better.” This is not the Christian way, but it is how I imagine Satan views his upcoming imprisonment in the Lake of Fire at the end of time: “Yes, I am going to hell for eternity, with all my henchmen. I know this very clearly, but to spite God, I will take as many of his creatures with me, who were all created in His image and likeness, so that I can torture them forever, and then I can tell God, ‘Look how many sinners there are who are just like me!'”

What is human history?

> “History,” wrote Father Seraphim Rose, “…is not a chronology of political or economic events; it is what happens in the souls of men, for good or evil, and only then is reflected in outward events. In the whole 19th century there were only two ‘historical events’: the progress of the worldwide Revolution, which is to say, the progress of unbelief in men’s souls; and the attempt of one power to stop it: Orthodox Russia… Similarly, in the 20th century only one historical event is very visible to us as yet: the progress of Revolutionary atheism (or anti-theism, to use the Social Proudhon’s more accurate word) once it has come to power.

Without Lord Jesus Christ, history makes no sense. It seems to be just a gradual falling into chaos for no reason at all, with no justice, no real morality, and no sense of ultimate meaning other than “Try to become rich and powerful to experience pleasure that you will soon get bored of.”

Man has rejected God

> In rejecting Christ, society has again become pagan, which is to say, demon-worshiping. Human sacrifice has re-emerged, not as a superstitious practice, but as one rife with scientific, economic, and social justifications. On stainless-steel tables, in scrubbed rooms reeking of antiseptic and anesthetic, women offer the fruit of their wombs up to a merciless idol who scorns both them and their costly sacrifice. And this abominable crime is no longer limited to some freak group of deluded savages, but has replicated itself in sinister abandon across the face of the earth.

> […]
>
> [Man] has rejected the Kingdom of God in order to reign over a pathetic little world of corruption. He has enslaved heart and soul in order to experience the passions of his fallen mind and body. He has denied virtue and been eaten up by vice. He has craved immortality, but only of the flesh.
>
> […]
>
> People who deny truth, and thus their own nature, inexorably become either suicidal or anarchistic.

What's even more strange is that there are those who profess to believe in Lord Jesus Christ but do not follow His teachings or commandments, and thus by their disobedience have rejected Him.

The desire to create heaven on earth

> Flight from God produces in worldly man a desire to build on earth the paradise which he has rejected in heaven.
>
> […]
>
> Whereas Christ offers His servants a perfect Kingdom in heaven, the Antichrist offers his servants the promise (which cannot be fulfilled) of a supposedly perfect kingdom in this world. Modern man, having lost touch with the spiritual reality upon which this earth is founded, has ceased to struggle for his heavenly homeland and given himself over to the easy path of staying where all his worldly friends are.

I chafe whenever someone eagerly offers me a scheme or plot to increase pleasure or rewards in this life that is totally disconnected from God. No, I'll pass and wait until the next life for the joy you promise instead of taking my eyes off God to experience temporal happiness in this one. For this reason, I've had to re-evaluate my decadent cooking habits of tasty foods, limiting them more infrequently to the point where I don't crave them. How foolish of me to look forward to the pleasure of food instead of the pleasure of communing eternally with God.

What will the end be like?

> Archimandrite Panteleimon wrote, "A special affliction of people during the reign of Antichrist will be hunger." Saint Nilus cautions Christians to have fortitude: "If you crave and demand food, beat it a little while, and God, having seen your patience, will send you help from above; you will be revived by the aid of the Most High God. If, however, you will not be patient, and will be sealed with the imprint of this foul king, you will later regret this."
>
> […]
>
> Saint Nilus the Myrrhstreaming said, "The more calamities afflict [non-Christians],

> the more evil will they become; instead of repenting, they will be angered at God. The evil deeds of people will surpass those of people at the time of the flood. All will speak only of evil, plan only evil, consent to evil, meet others only for evil."
>
> […]
>
> "Let not us, who would be Christians, expect anything else from it than to be crucified," wrote Father Seraphim Rose. "For to be Christian is to be crucified, in this time and in any time since Christ came for the first time. His life is the example—and warning—to us all. We must be crucified personally, mystically; for though crucifixion is the only path to resurrection. If we would rise with Christ, we must first be humbled with Him—even to the ultimate humiliation, being devoured and spit forth by the uncomprehending world.
>
> "And we must be crucified outwardly, in the eyes of the world; for Christ's Kingdom is not of this world, and the world cannot bear it, even a single representative of it, even for a single moment. The world can only accept Antichrist, now or at any time."

Are you spiritually ready for this? Whether this is the end or a type of end, it's a clear as day that this decade will not end without extreme tribulation that will cause many people to run to a type of antichrist for their survival and physical health, and they will have no hesitation to trample over you on their way to seek solace and aid from him.

The Antichrist

> Saint Paul explained that many will be vulnerable to Antichrist's deception because they have already rejected Truth. They will believe his lies, because they are already living the Lie."
>
> […]
>
> The Jews will be the first to declare that, in the person of Antichrist, their "Christ" has finally come. When he receives the ringing endorsement of this traditionally recalcitrant and conservative people, Antichrist's spiritual credentials will attain a sudden and spectacular validity.
>
> […]
>
> For it is certain that no human strength, whether physical, emotional or mental, can resist Antichrist.

A portion of Jews will convert back to Christianity at the end, joining the original root. I would love to be alive to see Jews of all stripes turning away from pioneering evil and calling upon Jesus Christ as their Lord and Savior as God intended.

The fatal lie of the Protestant rapture

> When these awesome events [of the end] transpire, what will be the fate of those who have expected the rapture to isolate them from the Great Tribulation? It is

> safe to assume they will be unprepared to face the crisis. What's worse, they will not understand what is really happening! They will reason that, since they are still on earth, the Antichrist cannot possibly have come yet. This attitude was articulated by the respected Protestant theologian Arthur W. Pink: "The Antichrist cannot appear before the Rapture of the saints," he asserted. As long as the rapture has not yet occurred, "then, here is proof positive that the Antichrist has not yet appeared." Not expecting the Deceived, those awaiting the rapture could be completely taken in by his deception and unwittingly become his disciples.
>
> […]
>
> What could be more diabolically clever than for Antichrist to persuade his victims they need never fear even meeting him? Viewed from this perspective, the common conception of the rapture as a pre-Tribulation "emergency eject" seems to be far more than just a minor misinterpretation of Scripture. It is instead a demonic subterfuge designed to lure many into dangerous complacency.

Those who firmly believe in the rapture will, unfortunately, be fooled by the Antichrist, if they happen to live during his reign.

Prepare today to suffer

> Lutheran pastor Richard Wurmbrand, who spent fourteen years in a communist slave labor camp because of his faith in Christ, believes preparation for hardship must be communicated to Christians early in life. "I took a group of ten to fifteen boys and girls on a Sunday morning, not to a church, but to the zoo," he once related. "Before the cage of lions I told them, 'Your forefathers in faith were thrown before such wild beasts for their faith. Know that you also will have to suffer. You will not be thrown before lions, but you will have to do with men who would be much worse than lions. Decide here and now if you wish to pledge allegiance to Christ.' They had tears in their eyes when they said, 'Yes.' We have to make the preparation now, before we are imprisoned."

If you can't even endure minor Christian asceticism today, which is what Lord Jesus Christ called us to do; if you blanche at the prospect of fasting two days a week from animal products or taking a cold shower, you will be utterly unprepared for true suffering, no matter how much of a tough guy you make yourself out to be. Prepare now, spiritually and materially, to have *a chance* for maintaining your faith in the time of Antichrist.

Death is coming

> If anyone who has serious sins on his conscience leaves this life without repenting, he will become sick at heart when he sees his sins standing before him, accusing him and condemning him, and he will say, 'Why did I the poor one not struggle with them, but wasted time playing games and so became myself a plaything?.. Why did I not repent before Him who takes away the sin of the world, but spent my years in delusion?… What am I to do? The time for repentance has

> passed by’.”

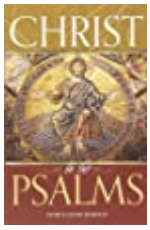
Saint Paisios said, “Those who are in Hades desire only one thing from Christ: to live for five minutes in order to repent.” It’s heart-crushing to think that pride and attachment to worldly things can condemn a soul for all eternity, but that is the reality. Repent now, start living a Christian life, and diligently prepare for the age to come.

Overall, I enjoyed Ultimate Things. It was light reading, without the potency that you’d find from the writing of a saint, but it explained in clear writing the teachings of the Orthodox Church concerning the end times, and I could spot nothing that conflicted with what I learned directly from the Church. I recommend this book to those who seek to make sense of what is happening to us today, which I believe is a type of the end, through an Orthodox lens.

Learn More: *Ultimate Things on Amazon*

Christ In The Psalms

February 7, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



Christ In The Psalms by Father Patrick Henry Reardon, an Antiochian Orthodox priest in Chicago, gives a two-page Orthodox interpretation of every psalm in the Bible. The book points out to the faithful where Lord Jesus Christ can be found in the psalms and which are spoken to us through His voice. This book helped me to unlock the meaning of the psalms, to which I had been praying mostly in vain for some time.

God gives you the freedom to participate in a life of evil

> Three times in this passage [Psalm 6], the Apostle Paul pounds the point home: *paradoken autous ho Theos*—"God gave them up…" (Rom. 1: 24, 26, 28). In this, then, consists the wrath of God: that He turns man loose, that he lets man go, hands him over, that He abandons man to his own choice of evil.
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> […]
>
> [Psalm 35 (36)] commences with the sinner's perverse delight in evil—those things traditionally called "the devices and desire of our own hearts." Man does not simply fall into evil. His perversity is a veritable project of his mind, the object of an intentional strategy. He can be said to lie awake at night figuring out new ways to work evil: "he devises wickedness on his bed."
>
> […]
>
> [Psalm 35 (36)] describes [the evil] man: (1) "There is no fear of God before his eyes;" (2) "He deceives himself;" (3) "The words of his mouth are wickedness and deceit;" (4) "He has ceased to be wise and to do good;" (5) "He devises wickedness on his bed;" (6) "He sets himself on a way that is not good;" (7) "He does not abhor evil."

When I was beginning to live a life of evil, God did not put a stop to it. He did not blockade my path. I had full rights as a human being with free will to commit all sorts of depravities, but the consequences of sin eventually caught up to me, and I felt compelled to do an evaluation of my life and the state of my soul.

Power of the Psalter

> …there are virtually no situations in the moral life for which the psalmist provides no appropriate words of prayer, that the Psalter is a veritable mirror, as it were, of the human spirit facing the manifold and varying conditions of our destiny.

Don’t go with the flow

> …*a priori* we know that going up is more difficult than going down. Therefore we would be rightly suspicious of any response suggesting acquiescence in the aboriginal gravity of our fallen state. “Doing what comes naturally” is scarcely the path to ascent. To “go with the flow” is invariably to go lower. Whatever the answer to the moral question, then, we can be certain that it will involve stern effort, struggle, adherence to irrevocable duty.

Only dead fish, the spiritually dead, go with the flow of the secular river.

God’s revelation to man

> The Christian faith recognizes two ways in which God has made His revelation to us: through nature and through grace. “Through Creation and through Holy Scripture” is another way of saying the same thing. These are the two means that God has given us through which we know Him.
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> […]
>
> Starting with the inspired Scriptures, sometimes Christians have reached back, as it were, to speak of nature itself as a sort of book, a scared scroll in which God is revealed. Nature itself provides a “text,” analogous to Holy Write. For example, a twelfth-century Englishman, Alexander Neckam, said that “the world is inscribed with the pen of God; for anyone who understands it, it is a work of literature,” while a contemporary, the Parisian master Richard of St. Victor, said that “the whole of this sensible world is like a book written by the finger of God.” Similarly, Garnier of Rochefort, in the same century, said that God speaks to us through two books, nature and the Law (Torah).
>
> […]
>
> The Bible is a book of salvation. Its dominant theme, above all things, is deliverance. Its varied components, written and edited in different cultural settings over many centuries and in places as diverse as Mesopotamia and Rome, are collected into one volume under a single unifying head: soteriology, the study of salvation.

Christ identifies as a sinner becomes he takes on our own sins

> [Psalm 40 (41)] goes on to describe Christ’s compassionate assumption of our sinful condition—identification of the Sinless One with sinners: “I said: ‘Lord, be merciful to me; heal my soul, for I have sinned against You.'” Here we have the voice of the one of whom St Paul said: “For He made Him who knew no sin to be sin for us, that we might become the righteousness of God in Him” (2 Cor. 5:21).

We need God’s help

> Men are helpless, if left to their own capacities and accomplishments, and they

> are foolish to imagine otherwise. We human beings are so thoroughly infected by the results of sin that, unless God intervenes in our misery and takes a hand in our destiny, our inevitable lot is despair. None of us can measure up, no, not one. Whether Jew or Gentile, "there is no difference; for all have sinned and fall short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3:22, 23).

I've said many times before that, on my own power, I could not even quit a one-cup-a-day coffee habit. How about quitting a lifelong addiction to sexual pleasure, and the feelings of pride alongside physical dependency on alcohol? Forget it. My willpower was only good enough to postpone pleasure for a short while to experience more pleasure in the near future.

Salvation is of God

> We do not have it within us to find God. We do not have it within us even to begin looking for God. We do not have it within us even to want to look for God. Adam and Eve, with the taste of the forbidden fruit still in their mouths, were not searching for God; they were hiding from Him, and so do we all. Left to our own resources, none of us can do better than to conceal ourselves in the bushes, with our bare behinds hanging out, hoping that God will pass us by.
>
> […]
>
> …in the strict sense, the true God cannot even be searched for; he can be sought only in the measure that He reveals Himself in holy grace. Whatever searching for God is undertaken by sinful human beings when left to their own devices will invariably involve idolatry—the setting up of false gods in human resemblance…
>
> […]
>
> Christian devotion begins on the basis of God's own self-revelation in holy grace. Worship is our Spirit-given response to God's saving intervention in our destiny.

The Lord's Passion

> [Psalm 114 (116A)] and so many other psalms testify that the Lord's Passion was a sustained act of worship. This interpretation of His death was perfectly obvious to the early Christians, who said of Christ that "He offered up Himself" (Heb. 7:27), and who spoke of "the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all" (10:10), and who describe His self-oblation as "an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet-smelling aroma" (Eph. 5:2).
>
> This is the language of the temple and of the sacrificial worship, and we are probably so accustomed to hearing it that we have lost all sense of how terribly strange and improbably it must have sounded when the Christians first began to speak this way of the unjust death inflicted on a just man. This event outsiders would have considered as, at best, a great tragedy, but for the Christian mind the death of Jesus was not a mere miscarriage of human justice; it was the supreme

> act of worship that endowed all mankind with God's justice. It was the single deed of such condign and consummate devotion as to render possible humanity's access to God for all time and into eternity.

Mistake of the Jews

> One of ancient Israel's great mistakes, exemplified during the lifetime of Jeremiah and vigorously condemned by him, was to regard these blessings of protection and peace in a political sense, as though Jerusalem benefited from some kind of automatic geopolitical immunity from harm, no matter how wicked its ways and unrighteous the lives of its inhabitants.

Many powerful Jews seem to still maintain this belief, that any truthful criticism of their political power or social engineering schemes is anti-Semitism, a term that has often been used against me, and that we should shut up and let them dominate the public sphere in any way they desire.

Do cities have God?

> The city was fallen man's idea. The first city was founded by the first murderer. Indeed, the first city was founded by the first fratricide, a fact that becomes the most ironical of archetypes. The irony was certainly not lost on St. Augustine, who commented at some length on the manifest travesty that such a great enterprise of brotherly cooperation should be started by a man who killed his brother. In his lengthy The City of God, the saintly bishop of Hippo went on to compare Cain's founding of the city of Enoch (cf. Gen. 4:17) to the founding of the city of Rome by Romulus, who had killed Remus, his own brother. The second city mentioned in Holy Scripture, Babel, was likewise an expression of man's rebellion against God. Holy Scripture, in speaking of such things, only calls attention to a fact that any of us can observe with minimum effort—that cities can be unpleasant, dangerous, and even violent places to live.

It's no surprise that one of my first inclinations after returning to Christ was to get out of the city and flee to the mountains.

What is the purpose of prayer?

> …the final purpose of prayer is not spiritual consolation. It is, rather, the gift of oneself to God—the placing of one's life in God's will.
>
> Because the Lord confers so much joy on our serious, disciplined quest for prayer, it can happen that the desire for spiritual comfort may replace the desire for God. A person may come to prayer, no longer to place himself in God's will, but in order simply to experience the joy of praying.
>
> At various times in our life in Christ, the Lord will thwart prayer of this sort, because it has become just a subtler form of selfishness. The Holy Spirit will hold

> back the warm blessings normally attendant on prayer, precisely in order to concentrate one’s attention on God, and not on himself.

This book positively transformed my understanding of the psalms, both during my private prayer using the popular Psalter According to the Seventy and when the psalms are recited in church during Liturgy or Vigil. It also has led me to Father Patrick Reardon’s All Saints Homilies podcast, which appeals to my more cerebral orientation.

Learn More: *Christ In The Psalms on Amazon*

An Introduction To Byzantine Theology

February 10, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Byzantine Theology by John Meyendorff was recommended to me by Jay Dyer, a man gifted with theological and philosophical understanding. I do not have this gift so it was quite a challenge for me to make my way through this book. Even though I did not comprehend much of it, what I did understand was quite beneficial for connecting disparate Christian concepts that I have learned elsewhere.

The necessity of monasticism

> That Byzantine Christianity lacked what today would be called a "theology of the secular" is largely the result of the predominant position of monasticism. Yet this very predominance prevented the Christian Church from becoming totally identified with the empire, which constantly tended to sacralize itself and to assimilate the divine plan of salvation to its own temporal interests. The numerical, spiritual, and intellectual strength of Byzantine monasticism was the decisive factor which preserved in the Church the fundamental eschatological dimension of the Christian faith.
>
> […]
>
> Whatever role was played in the Orthodox victory over the iconoclasts by high ecclesiastical dignitaries and such theologians as Patriarch Nicephorus, the real credit belonged to the Byzantine monks who resisted the emperors in overwhelming numbers. The emperors, especially Leo III and Constantine V, expressed more clearly than any of their predecessors a claim to caesaropapism. Thus the iconoclastic controversy was largely a confrontation between the state and a non-conformist, staunchly independent monasticism, which assumed the prophetic role of standing for the independence of the Gospel from the "world." The fact that this role was assumed by the monks, and not by the highest canonical authority of the Church, underlines the fact that the issue was the defense, not of the Church as an institution, but of the Christian faith as the way to eternal salvation.
>
> The monks, of course, took their role very seriously and preserved, even after their victory, a peculiar sense of responsibility for the faith, as we saw in the case of Theodore the Studite. Theologically they maintained a tradition of faithfulness to the past, as well as a sense of the existential relevance of theology as such. Their role in later-Byzantine theological development remained decisive for

> centuries.

Anyone who tries to downplay the importance of monasticism, especially a modern hierarch, is attempting to subvert the Church. Without monks there would be little left to the faith, because they are upholders of the faith in a way that laymen—who have attachments to the world—and hierarchs—who can be corrupted by power—are not.

Mysticism

> …the whole of Eastern Christian theology has often been called "mystical." The term is truly correct, provided one remember that in Byzantium "mystical" knowledge does not imply emotional individualism, but quite the opposite: a continuous communion with the Spirit who dwells in the whole Church.

Essence and energies distinction

> Gregory Palamas: "…the concepts of beauty, being, goodness, and the like, reflect God, but not His essence, only His 'powers' and 'energies'—which are not, however, a diminished form of deity, or mere emanations, but themselves fully God, in whom created being can participate in the proportion and analogy proper to each."
>
> […]
>
> …there cannot be any participation in divine essence by man.

Triumph of iconography

> Any veneration of images was equated with idolatry. If the goal pursued by Constantine V to "purify" Byzantine Christianity, not only of the image cult, but also of monasticism, had been achieved, the entire character of Eastern Christian piety and its ethos would have evolved differently. The victory of Orthodoxy meant, for example, that religious faith could be expressed, not only in propositions, in books, or in personal experience, but also through man's power over matter, through aesthetic experience, and through gestures and bodily attitudes before holy images. All this implied a philosophy of religion and an anthropology; worship, the liturgy, religious consciousness involved the whole man, without despising any functions of the soul or of the body, and without leaving any of them to the realm of the secular.

Fallen man

> According to Evagrius, the true nature of the "mind" is to be fixed in God, and anything which detaches it from God is evil. Thus, since the Fall, the human mind is captured with self-love, which generates "thoughts"; "thoughts," a definitely pejorative term in Evagrius, imply interest in sensible things and distraction from God. Acting upon the passible part of the soul, they can lead it to passions. These passions form a very definite hierarchy, beginning with the casual attachment to

> the most inevitable of all human sensible needs, food, and ending with demonic possession, with love for oneself.
>
> […]
>
> Instead of using the potentialities of his nature to raise himself and the whole of creation to God, man submitted himself to the desire of his material senses. As a result, the world which was originally created by God as “very good” became for man a prison and a constant temptation, through which the “prince of this world” establishes his reign of death.
>
> […]
>
> Man was created as the master of the cosmos and called by the creator to draw all creation to God. His failure to do so was a cosmic catastrophe, which could be repaired only by the creator Himself.
>
> […]
>
> …by rejecting God, human freedom, in fact, destroys itself. Outside of God, man ceases to be authentically and fully human. He is enslaved to the devil through death. This idea, which is central to Maximian thought and which made him profess so strongly the existence of a human, created will in Christ, serves as the basis of the Byzantine understanding of the destiny of man: participation in God, or “deification” (theosis), as the goal of human existence.
>
> […]
>
> The “secular” is always imperfect, or rather it exists only as a fallen and defective state of creation. This is particularly true of man, whose nature consists precisely in his being “theocentric.” He received this “theocentricity,” which the Greek Fathers always understood as a real “participation” in the life of God, when he was created and when God “breathed into his nostrils the breath of life” (Gn 2:7).

What is divine economy (oikonomia)?

> …oikonomia—i.e., God’s plan for the Church—represents a living flexibility extending beyond a legalistic interpretation of sacramental validity.
>
> […]
>
> What is at stake is not only an exception to the law, but an obligation to decide individual issues in the general context of God’s plan for the salvation of the world. Canonical strictures may sometimes be inadequate to the full reality and universality of the Gospel, and, by themselves, do not provide the assurance that, in applying them, one is obedient to the will of God. For the Byzantine—to use an expression of Patriarch Nicholas Mystikos (901-907, 912-925)—oikonomia is an “imitation of God’s love for man” and not simply an “exception to the rule.”

The purpose of the Church

> The primary function of the Church… is to provide [the Christian] with criteria of thought and a discipline of behavior, which would allow him to overcome his sinful condition and direct him to good works. On this assumption, the Church is understood primarily as an institution established in the world, serving the world and freely using the means available in the world, and appropriate for dealing with sinful humanity, particularly the concepts of law, authority, and administrative power.
>
> […]
>
> Whether he was a theologian, a monk, or an average layman, the Byzantine Christian knew that his Christian faith was not an obedient acceptance of intellectual propositions, issues by an appropriate authority, but on evidence, accessible to him personally in the liturgical and sacramental life of the Church, and also in the life of prayer and contemplation, the one being inseparable from the other.
>
> […]
>
> [The Greeks and Latins] agreed that prayers for the departed are necessary and helpful, but Mark of Ephesus insisted that even the just need them; he referred, in particular, to the Eucharistic canon of Chrysostom's liturgy, which offers the "bloodless sacrifice" for "patriarchs, prophets, apostles, and every righteous spirit made perfect in faith," and even for the Virgin Mary herself. Obviously he understood the state of the blessed, not as a legal and static justification, but as a never-ending ascent, into which the entire communion of saints—the Church in heaven and the Church on earth—has been initiated in Christ. In the communion of the Body of Christ, all members of the Church, living or dead, are interdependent and united by ties of love and mutual concern; thus, the prayers of the Church on earth and intercession of the saints in heaven can effectively help all sinners, i.e., all men, to get closer to God.

The true purpose of creation

> …created nature would lose its very existence if it were deprived of its proper energy, its proper purpose, and its proper dynamic identity. This proper movement of nature, however, can be fully itself only if it follows its proper goal (skopos), which consists in striving for God, entering into communion with Him, and thus fulfilling the logos, or divine purpose, though which and for which it is created. The true purpose of creation is, therefore, not contemplation of divine essence (which is inaccessible), but communion in divine energy, transfiguration, and transparency to divine action in the world.

The relationship between man and God

> The view of man prevailing in the Christian East is based upon the notion of

> “participation” in God. Man has been created not as an autonomous, or self-sufficient, being; his very nature is truly itself only inasmuch as it exists “in God” or “in grace.” Grace, therefore, gives man his “natural” development. This basic presupposition explains why the terms “nature” and “grace,” when used by Byzantine authors, have a meaning quite different from the Western usage; rather than being in direction opposition, the terms “nature” and “grace” express a dynamic, living, and necessary relationship between God and man, different by their natures, but in communion with each other through God’s energy, or grace. Yet man is the center of creation—a “microcosm”—and his free self-determination defines the ultimate destiny of the universe.
>
> […]
>
> According to Maximus the Confessor, God, in creating man, “communicated” to him four of His own properties: being, eternity, goodness, and wisdom. Of these four divine properties, the first two belong to the very essence of man; the third and the fourth are merely offered to man’s willful aptitude.
>
> […]
>
> …man is not an autonomous being, that his true humanity is realized only when he lives “in God” and possesses divine qualities.
>
> […]
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> …Palamas developed an experiential concept of our knowledge of God, based upon the notion that God is not known through a purely intellectual process, but that man, when he is in communion with God (i.e., restored to his natural state) can, and even must, enjoy a direct knowledge and experience of his creator. This direct knowledge is possible because man, since he is not an autonomous being, but an image of God “open upward,” possesses the natural property of transcending himself and of reaching the divine. This property is not simply intellectual; it implies purification of the whole being, ascetical detachment, and ethical progress: “It is impossible to possess God in oneself,” writes Palamas, “or to experience God in purity, or be united with the unmixed light, unless one purify oneself through virtue, unless one get out, or rather above, oneself.”

The Mother of God

> The election of the Virgin Mary is, therefore, the culminating point of Israel’s progress toward reconciliation with God, but God’s final response to this progress and the beginning of new life comes with the Incarnation of the Word.

Lord Jesus Christ

> In Jesus Christ, God and man are one; in Him, therefore, God becomes accessible not by superseding or eliminating the *humanum*, but by realizing and manifesting humanity in its purest and most authentic form.

> […]
>
> As Georges Florovsky rightly puts it: “the death of the Cross was effective, not as a death of an Innocent One, but as the death of the Incarnate Lord.” The point was not to satisfy a legal requirement, but to vanquish the frightful cosmic reality of death, which held humanity under its usurped control and pushed it into the vicious circle of sin and corruption. And, as Athanasius of Alexandria has shown in his polemics against Arianism, God alone is able to vanquish death, because He “alone has immortality” (1 Tm 6:16).

The Holy Trinity

> …all major acts of God are Trinitarian acts, and secondly that the particular role of the Spirit is to make the “first contact,” which is then followed—existentially, but not chronologically—by a revelation of the Son and, through Him, of the Father. The personal being of the Spirit remains mysteriously hidden, even if He is active at every great step of divine activity: creation, redemption, ultimate fulfillment. His function is not to reveal Himself, but to reveal the Son “through whom all things were made” and who is also personally known in His humanity as Jesus Christ.
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> […]
>
> “The Father does all things by the Word in the Holy Spirit.”
>
> […]
>
> …Byzantine Christian tradition requires the distinction in God, between the One unapproachable Essence, the three hypostases, and the grace, or energy, through which God enters into communion with creatures.
>
> […]
>
> The very notion of God’s being both Unity and Trinity was a revelation illustrating this incomprehensibility; for no reality, accessible to the mind, could be both “one” and “three.” As Vladimir Lossky puts it: “the Incomprehensible reveals Himself in the very fact of His being incomprehensible, for His incomprehensibility is rooted in the fact that God is not only nature but also Three Persons.”
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> […]
>
> In men…, in spite of the solidarity of the whole race, each individual acts separately so that it is proper to regard them as many. This is not so… with God. The Father never acts independently of the Son, nor the Son of the Spirit. Divine action… always begins from the Father, proceeds through the Son, and is completed in the Holy Spirit; there is no such thing as a separate individual operation of any Person; the energy invariably passes through the three, though the effect is not three actions but one. [Gregory of Nyssa’s doctrine of the energies described by G. L. Prestige]

In hindsight, I shouldn’t have read this book before I was received into the Church, because its concepts were difficult, but since it didn’t offer spiritual guidance, the potential of it to damage my faith is much lower than, for example, reading The Ladder Of Divine Ascent, which could cause serious problems if you follow advice that you’re not ready for. However, if you believe you’re ready for weighty theological matters concerning the Church, Byzantine Theology is a good place to start.

Learn More: *Byzantine Theology on Amazon*

16 Types Of Thoughts That Assault Me While Praying

February 14, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A common problem for Orthodox Christians is being attacked by worldly thoughts while praying. I'm no exception. Due to my overactive imagination, my thoughts stray during prayer, and rarely does a minute go by where my mind is completely pure and focused on the Lord God. The attacks can be so bad that, even though I know of the Orthodox concept of "watchfulness," I indulge in thoughts, sometimes even pausing my prayer to do so. Nonetheless, the first step for me in being watchful is knowing what type of thought categories Satan uses to distract me. I've identified 16 of them through experience.

Anger

Someone did something that has made you mad or upset. While praying, you may imagine ways to confront the person or convince yourself how bad they really are. Satan likes focusing your anger on a person rather than material objects, such as bad weather, to stir up your passions more strongly. Also, I was told by a priestmonk that irritation has its root in anger, so thoughts of being irritated by someone would also classify.

Example of distracting thought during prayer: "I don't believe my mother falsely accused me of dropping orange juice on the floor. Next time she does that, I'm going to tell her off!"

Anxiety and fear

You're worried about something that may happen or has already happened. You dwell on

negative or catastrophic outcomes. Anxiety is common in our generation. All of us could probably be diagnosed with some sort of “anxiety disorder.”

Example: “Are they going to mandate the vaccine at my job? If they do, how will I earn an income? Maybe I’ll starve.”

Body pleasing

I often have thoughts of sensations of my body and how to take better care of it. This is most commonly related to temperature, whether I’m hot or cold, and any discomfort in my feet. I also think of ways I could make my body more comfortable.

Example: “The lumbar support cushion in my car is a bit hard. I wonder if Amazon has a different style that I can buy.”

Body touching

During prayer, you may suddenly get the urge to examine your skin, explore your ear canal for pieces of wax, remove lint from your navel, pop a pimple on your head, stretch, crack your knuckles, smell your hair, or play with your beard.

Example: “This zit on my forehead just won’t pop. Let me try to scrape it with my fingernail one more time while I recite the Nicene Creed and see if there is any white juice.”

Despair

I find that thoughts of despair during prayer are often a sign of an acute demonic attack, and coincide with other disturbances of the soul. Here you will have thoughts of hopelessness, either for your salvation, material situation, or life in general. Take thoughts of despair seriously, because Satan is actively trying to upend your faith.

Example: “Prayer is too hard! I will never pray in peace!”

Events and news

You focus on things happening in the world, whether high-profile news or upcoming events in your social circle.

Example: “I wonder what the result of the election will be. If the conservative candidate loses, it’s the end of America.”

Fantasy

I commonly create grand fantasies in my mind that are oriented into the future. Fantasies are especially damaging because you're attempting to escape from the current reality, similar to what drug addicts do.

Example: "If I lived in a log cabin, I would be so happy. It would be so peaceful and serene. I could watch the birds all day. I wonder how many logs I would need to build it. Let me count…"

Food

You recollect the taste of the last meal you ate. Then you think of the next meal you will eat, and how tasty it will be. If you often cook like me, you may also imagine the recipes you want to make in the future. Often, I think of ways to improve recipes.

Example: "My banana bread was delicious, but a bit too dense. Should I use 50 grams less sugar next time?"

Judgment

Judgment doesn't lie far from thoughts of anger. You judge other people for not pleasing you or not being perfect like you.

Example: "I'm tired of African women almost hitting me with their bad driving. They are dangerous."

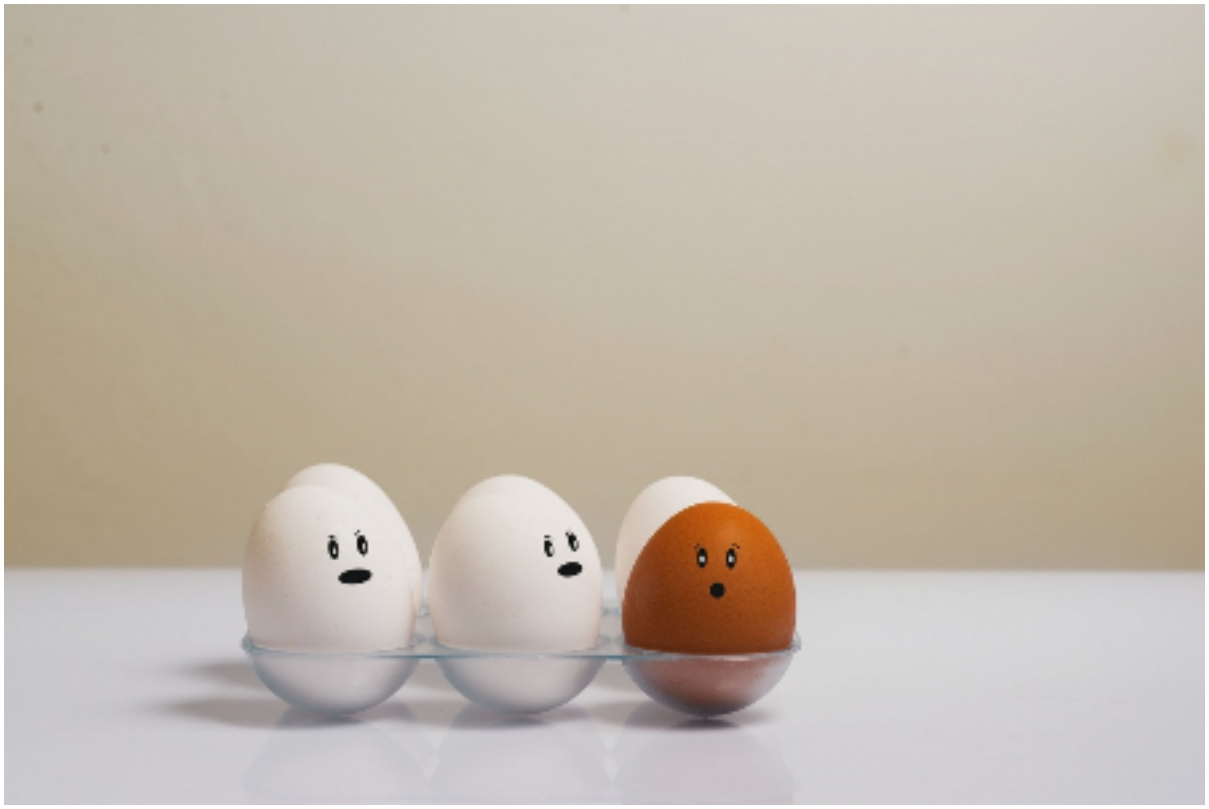
Meta

Meta thoughts are small thoughts that describe what you're currently experiencing while praying, such as the warmth from your prayer candle or the realization that you haven't

had a distracting thought in a while.

Example: “I think I’m experiencing grace right now because this prayer is better than yesterday’s.”

Nonsense



Sometimes you get bombarded with gibberish or trivia that seems comes from nowhere.

Example: “I wonder what’s the difference between brown eggs and white eggs.”

Past and memories

While my thoughts often stray into the future, I noticed many other people, especially women, linger in the past. Past memories, resentments, and grievances come up during prayer, often coinciding with anger and judgment. Other times, you think of pleasing episodes from travel or intimate moments with the opposite sex.

Example: “Living in Poland was so pleasant. I really miss the café culture and chocolate croissants.”

Pride

Thoughts of pride and superiority may be about how you’re skilled or accomplished in a certain area. You may also compare yourself favorably to someone else as if saying, “At least I’m not like that person.”

Example: “I read one new Orthodox book each month. I’m doing a great job maintaining the faith.”

Tasks and to-do

A big problem for me is I review chores and work tasks while praying. I even dive into the logistics of how exactly I'm going to execute a task. Sometimes I plan out my schedule and the times I should start baking my latest cake recipe.

Example: "If you start baking the masculine layer cake at 11am, and then make pancakes no later than 1pm, you'll have time to do a live stream at 2:30pm."

Theories and ideas

These are the pie-in-the-sky thoughts where you try to connect the dots from your education and life experience. There's nothing wrong with that… but not while you're praying. Sometimes I even draft articles like this one in my mind.

Example: "I should write an article on all the thoughts that attack me while I pray."

Vanity

The last category is vain thoughts about yourself. You review your strengths (or weaknesses), you commend yourself for a good deed, you wonder if you should get a haircut, you review your latest accomplishments, and so on.

Example: "I was really nice to that inquirer in church. Maybe I inspired him to take up the faith."

Can distracting thoughts be stopped?

I'm still battling this problem daily so I can't offer much advice on how to deal with it, but I can share some steps I've taken. First, I've come to accept that I cannot control whether

or not a thought enters my mind, but I can control if it persists or lingers. If I proceed to feed distracting thoughts, what will happen is that I'll only be technically reading the words of a prayer while having a conversation with myself concerning the thought. You can't stop the thought of what you're going to eat for dinner from entering your mind, but you can decide not to answer back with the name of an entrée and side dish. Don't feed the thoughts.

Prayer is like driving on a highway. You're in your lane, and up ahead you see a road sign. You glance at that sign but don't fixate on it, because if you do more than glance at it, you will start to veer out of your lane. There are many cars on the opposite side of the highway. You glance but you don't stare at them. There is a dead deer on the road. You don't try to examine its guts. Otherwise, you will end up in a ditch. While driving you cannot control all the "distractions" in the form of signs, cars, or other objects, but you deal with them by staying in your lane and maintaining appropriate speed. In prayer, you cannot control the thoughts that come in, so treat them like road signs. Recognize them as a thought and leave them there as you pass by. To my rudimentary understanding, this is what Orthodox elders call being "watchful." You observe the thoughts coming in, acknowledge them as distractions, but you don't start a dialogue with them or with yourself about them.

In the process of learning how to become watchful, I noticed that it was helpful to name the thoughts that were coming in as if I were a baseball umpire. I'd be praying, and I'd remember the lunch I just ate. "Food!" Then later I'd think of how supermarkets have started to have empty shelves. "Anxiety!" Then I'd have a thought about riding a rented bicycle by my favorite Polish lake. "Past!" This helped me understand that there are no good thoughts during prayer, and that if a thought that entered my mind is important, I'll surely remember it after prayer, even if it's an idea for my next greatest novel.

My understanding of distracting thoughts has improved, but I admit that on some days, I don't have the willpower or strength to not engage with them. I can go through whole prayer sessions having a conversation with myself about a dozen different matters even though I'm simultaneously "praying." I try not to get upset because I know that God recognizes my puny effort. I persist until the next prayer where my willpower may be stronger.

For a new Christian like myself, I believe the key is perseverance. I know the types of thoughts that assault me and I know that Satan is using an intelligent, refined, and concerted program to distance me from God. I simply try my best to focus when I'm speaking with Him, because when I'm speaking with a mere human being, I would want them to focus on me instead of every other worldly topic under the sun that enters their mind. How much more important is it for us to pay attention when speaking to God.

Read Next: *What Spell Are You Under?*

Christian Life Is Futile Without The Church

February 17, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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I don't usually do a review of tracts, but I so enjoyed Christianity Or The Church? by Archbishop Ilarion of the Russian Orthodox Church that I wanted to share my favorite passages. While it discusses many topics, the main one is why participation in the Church and its sacraments are absolutely necessary for salvation.

All legal societies perish

> …a society formed on a legal basis always carries within itself the seeds of its own decay, for it guards egoism which constantly corrodes all unity. The fate of the tower of Babylon is the fate of legal society. In such a society there must frequently occur a "confusion of tongues" when people stop understanding each other even though they speak the same language. Legal order often gives place to terrible disorder.

The necessity of the Church

> Outside the Church and without the Church, Christian life is impossible. Without the Church, the Christian teaching alone remains as an empty sound, for Christian life is Church life. Only in the life of the Church can a person live and develop.
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> […]
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> …the perfection of the human personality depends upon its belonging to the Church as a living organism, undergoing growth through the beneficial and abundant influence of the Holy Spirit. If the bond with the body of the Church becomes severed then the personality which is thereby isolated and enclosed in its own egoism will be deprived of the beneficial and abundant influence of the Holy Spirit which dwells in the Church.
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> […]
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> According to the words of Saint Cyprian, to be a Christian means to belong to the visible Church and to submit to the hierarchy which God has placed in it. The Church is the realization of Christ's love and any separation from the Church is a violation of this love, in which both heretics and schismatics sin equally.
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> […]
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> He who does not adhere to the unity of the Church cannot think that he is preserving the faith. Any separation from the Church is, without fail, connected with the distortion of the faith.
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> […]
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> "On the Unity of the Catholic Church," we read the famous words, "He who does

> not have the Church as his mother cannot have God as his Father.” Saint Cyprian completely refuses the name “Christian” to all those who stand outside the Church, as if repeating the decisive exclamation of his teacher Tertullian: “haeretici christiani esse non possunt!”—heretics cannot be Christians!

I’ve tried to imagine how my Christian life would be without the Church, without receiving the Body and Blood of Christ, without having my falsehoods and errors checked with priestly guidance, and without praying in one voice with other Christians. Without all that, my faith would boil down to a narcissistic and prideful activity like bodybuilding, of working on my soul completely alone like I would my body in isolation, constantly checking myself in the mirror to see how holy I am compared to others who are so “weak” and “misguided” to need to experience the sacraments within God’s temple with other sinful human beings, and very soon my faith would not even consist of prayer but a collection of vague intellectual beliefs about God’s plan for salvation and totally delusional ideas about how close I am to God.

The Body of Christ

> “Christian faith joins the faithful with Christ and thus it composes one harmonious body from separate individuals. Christ fashions this body by communicating Himself to each member and by supplying to them the Spirit of Grace in an effectual, tangible manner. Thus, the Spirit of Grace descending on each makes him what he ought to be in the body of Christ’s Church. Christ’s body being harmoniously fit together through this gift of the Spirit, builds itself up in proportion to the measure in which each member answers his purpose or acts for the welfare of the Church in all the fullness of the gift of Grace received.” [St Theophan the Recluse]

Importance of baptism in the Church

> The fact that forgiven sins return if there is no brotherly love is clearly pointed out by the Lord when He spoke of the servant whom the master forgave ten thousand talents. When this same servant did not take pity upon his fellow who owed him only one hundred dinars, the master demanded the payment of all that was owed him. Just as this servant had received forgiveness of the debt for a time, so one who is baptized outside the Church is also freed from his sins for a time. Since, however, he remains outside the Church even after baptism, all the sins which he committed before being baptized are again imposed upon him. His sins are forgiven only when he, through love, unites with the Church.
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> […]
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> For Saint Cyprian, the baptism of schismatics upon being received into the Church was not re-baptism at all, but precisely baptism. “We maintain,” he wrote to Quintus, “that we do not rebaptize those who come from there, but we baptize; for they have received nothing there where there is nothing.” He adds

> that baptism outside the Church is only “an empty and impure immersion.” “There, people are not washed, but are only profaned more; sins are not cleansed, but are only redoubled. Such a birth promotes children to the devil and not to God.”

Upon being received into the Orthodox Church through baptism, many people asked why I was “re-baptized” since I was also baptized in the Armenian Church as a child, and to that I must state that I’ve only been baptized once in my life. It is impossible for anyone to be baptized twice, for either the first baptism was valid, and the second baptism was done in vain, or the first was not valid, and the second was the true baptism. I am currently with the Church that I believe offers true baptism to all.

Protestantism

> Protestantism, having carried over the basis of humanism into the religious field, was not a protest of genuine ancient Church Christian consciousness against those forms and norms which were created by medieval Papism, as Protestant theologians are often inclined to claim. Far from it; Protestantism was a protest on the very same plane. It did not re-establish ancient Christianity, it only replaced one distortion of Christianity with another, and the new falsehood was much worse than the first. Protestantism became the last word in Papism, and brought it to its logical conclusion.
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> […]
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> Protestantism placed a papal tiara on every German professor and, with its countless number of popes, completely destroyed the concept of the Church, substituting faith with the reason of each separate personality. It substituted salvation in the Church with a dreamy confidence in salvation through Christ in egoistic isolation from the Church. In practice, of course, Protestants departed from the very beginning and by roundabout ways, by contraband, so to speak, introduced some of the elements of the dogma about the Church, having recognized some authorities, although only in the area of dogma. Being a religious anarchy, pure Protestantism, like all anarchies, turned out to be completely impossible, and by that, testified before us to the indisputable truth that the human soul is Church-prone by nature.

Protestantism tried to correct Catholicism but made something worse. It won’t be long until many of its denominations descend into something like a religious atheism.

“Influences” on Christianity

> For those who believe in Christ, however, all this talk about various “influences” on Christianity is completely senseless. The essence of Christ’s activities, as we have seen, is not at all in teaching, but in salvation. God sent His only-begotten Son so that we could receive life through Him (cf. 1 John 4:9; 5:13). Even though insights of truth which are close to Christianity can be found in the teachings of

> earthly philosophers, it was Christ Who renewed human nature, created the Church, sent down the Holy Spirit and thus established the beginning of a new life which no mortal philosopher could do. The descent to earth of the Son of God and His death on the cross were indispensable for the creation of the Church; and all those who separate Christianity sooner or later come to the blasphemy of the denial of Christ the God-man and they come to it because the divinity of Christ becomes unnecessary for them.

It's blasphemy to say that Christianity took from other sources, as if Christ learned from human minds. Before Christ, there were some philosophies that were closer to the truth than others, and since all truth comes from God, some of their teachings would be similar to what Christ taught. The Stoics, for example, had a philosophy of worldly detachment, which is indeed God's will for us, but Christ did not get his teaching on worldly detachment from the Stoics; the Stoics got it from the fountainhead of truth, either from stumbling upon it through trial and error, or because they were enlightened and given a proto-grace by God.

Absurd notion of "revival"

> Now, there is too often talk about the insufficiency of life in the Church, about the "reviving" of the Church. All such talk is difficult to understand and we are very much inclined to acknowledge it as completely senseless. Life in the Church can never run low, for the Holy Spirit abides in it until the end of time (cf. John 14:16). There is life in the Church and only churchless people do not notice this life. The life of the Spirit of God is incomprehensible to a person who perceives solely with his mind; it may even seem foolish to him, for it is accessible only to a person who perceives with his spirit. People who are of an emotional mode of thinking seldom receive a feeling of the Church-conscious life; yet even now there are people, simple in heart and pious in life, who constantly live by this feeling of the abundant, Grace-filled life in the Church. This atmosphere of Church life and Church inspiration can especially be felt in monasteries.

A relatively quick read, this article is a great summary of basic Orthodox precepts that also disputes common claims of those who falsely teach of Christ. Click here to read it.

Read Next: *What Is Orthodox Christianity?*

Why Do I Need To Know Everything?

February 21, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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We live in an age where the authorities label truth as falsehood, and falsehood truth. I can't take anyone's word for anything, and have to do my own research on the most trivial of matters, such as if a tablespoon of safflower oil in my cashew butter is going to start a cascade reaction in my body that leads to an untimely stroke. The authorities have abused me for so long that I can no longer trust them. I have to become an expert on everything, and I hate it.

In the past, you became an expert within a specific domain. For men, that meant farming, war, or governance. You spent most of your waking hours perfecting your skill in those fields, and trusted other experts for matters which you did not know. Today, the experts are liars. They will say anything the oligarchs want to keep their jobs and maintain a pleasurable lifestyle. We don't have experts anymore, only shills, marketers, and traitors to mankind. The "experts" have declared this additive to be safe in food, but they lie for profit, and I must search online for the real story. This takes time and does not guarantee the information I'll receive is accurate, but if I care the least bit about my health, I have no choice. After doing this for several years, I realize that I don't have just one job (writer) but several…

Nutritionist — I'm an expert on the poisonous nature of the American food supply. I know that vegetable oils are industrial waste. I know that they put a non-food seaweed addictive (carrageenan) in ice cream and lunch meats. I know that the increase in heart attacks and cancers is specifically due to foods that industry-controlled doctors claim are "healthy." I know all of this because I spent dozens of hours researching it. I never intended to become a nutritionist, but I'm halfway to getting a degree in the field.

Baker — All I wanted was bread without high-fructose corn syrup, but I could not find it in the supermarket, so I became a baker. I started with a bread machine and have graduated to hand-kneading and using loaf pans. Then I wanted pizza without soybean oil. So I learned how to make pizza. I wanted banana bread and cookies and cakes without the typical sludge they put into them, so I learned how to bake them. I'm not far away from grinding my own flour. I never intended to be a baker, but today I'm almost qualified to open a bakeshop.

Doctor — I was on a pre-med track in undergraduate school before deciding that I did not want to be a doctor, but because Western medicine has become corrupt and murderous, I had to become a doctor after all! I often review scientific studies and data. I'm always researching natural cures, skeptical even of over-the-counter drugs like ibuprofen and loratadine. I look for patterns of side effects in anecdotal reports of "vaccine" treatments. All of these I do because if I let a real doctor, who is trained by the pharmaceutical industry, do to me as he wills, he will dump a load of toxins in my body or make me a pill popper for life. I never intended to become a doctor, and deliberately decided against the field, but if you come to me with an illness, I believe I'd do less harm to you than a real

doctor with my apple cider vinegar and baking soda treatment plan.

Dr. Roosh at your service

Astrophysicist — I'm expected to arrive at an independent conclusion on whether or not humans landed on the moon. I've watched a few hours of YouTube videos where people examined the pixels of the moon landing video and I have personally concluded that we did not. I also have to decide if the earth is flat like a pancake or round like an orange. I have watched many more videos on the matter, and have decided to wait until my death for God to show me the answer. Nonetheless, in conversations with laymen, I'm expected to share my thoughts on a wide variety of cosmic matters that traditionally would have required at least a decade of graduate-level schooling.

Psychologist — Children of the modern world are severely damaged. Everyone possesses multiple psychological disturbances, ailments, and deviances (myself included). You're expected to know how to deal with anxiety, anger, lying, deception, addiction, and paranoia, whether within yourself or in other people. You need to read people and have some ability to ameliorate active mental problems. If you're a man and want to communicate at all with the modern woman, you'll have to understand what is going on in her mind to establish common ground. If I were hired by a law enforcement agency, I'd probably be good at detecting falsehoods through body language.

Financial Planner — In the old days, I imagine that I'd get paid physical currency, come home, give that money to my wife, and watch her put it inside her little purse. She'd use the money to buy all the needed things for the home while I focus on work. Today, I have to know if the Fed is going to raise interest rates or not, if the real estate market is going to implode soon, which cryptocurrency is best to "invest" in with my hard-earned savings, how to decipher the small print of an attractive credit card offer, how to identify obscure new tax laws that may apply to me, how to measure the current rate of inflation and how

that will affect my spending, and on and on. I essentially have to become obsessed with money to carefully guard the money I have. I never intended to become a Jewish banker, but I tell you that today I am forced to have the mentality of one.

Audio-Visual Technician — I only want to live stream once a month. That seems easy enough, but live streaming is so technical that I have a pre-stream checklist of twenty items to avoid seeing the dreaded "I can't hear you… there's no sound" in the live chat. The intricacies of properly using a microphone have made my head spin, especially when you consider applying filters like compressors and noise gates, but after several years of streaming, I think I know what I'm doing. I have installed a live stream setup for a church and know how to record speaking events with two cameras and reasonable sound. If you have audio questions, I may be able to help.

Fake Prophet — Not a week goes by that someone asks me—in a tone where it's clear they will accept whatever I say as fact—what I think will happen in the future. But how could I possibly know? I didn't predict the pandemic, the Great Reset, the ensuing inflation, or the supply shocks. God has not enlightened me with visions or signs of the future, so the best I can do is look at the past, measure the stepwise advancement of evil, and logically extrapolate what will unfold in the next few years. I'm hesitant to share what I think will happen because, more likely than not, it will put someone in despair, and will not change the fact that one must grow in the faith more than prepare for dystopian scenarios devised in the mind of Satan.

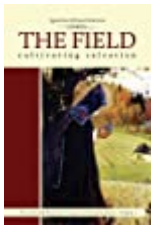
In casual conversation, I'm expected to share my opinion on everything under the sun, but even what I do know is but a drop in the ocean of knowledge. Why must I know everything? Why must I have an opinion on all things? Yet how disgruntled people are when I respond to their questions with "I don't know." They ask me again, and I repeat, "I don't know." I do not hold the knowledge you seek! I'm not hiding anything from you! And as for your unique situation, of which I have no experience, I do not have an opinion on the matter at all and can offer not a speck of knowledge to your profit. All I am truly qualified to do is evaluate your piece of prose writing and tell you if it's decent or not.

I try to prioritize domains of knowledge that concern material survival and spiritual growth, but it is easy to veer out of my lane and crash into all that is vain and inapposite. Why do we spend countless hours every week reading articles and watching videos that will have no relevance in our lives just to offer a factoid or opinion during times of idle chatter? I don't know, but I continue to do it! And maybe it will be you who asks for my thoughts on some random topic. You will ask, "Roosh, is organic milk worth the extra price over non-organic milk? Is it healthier?" You're in luck, because I happened to have researched that topic, and my answer is…

Read Next: *Can Single People Become Mature?*

The Field Of Spiritual Warfare

February 24, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



Saint Ignatius Brianchaninov is a Russian saint who lived in the 19th century, close enough to our times to see the beginnings of society's great apostasy from Christ. His birth may remind you of many barren-mother stories of the Old Testament: his mother was unable to conceive and only had Saint Ignatius, her lone child, after praying fervently to God. Born into a family of nobles, he was intellectually gifted, excelling as a teenager at the military academy, enough to be recognized by Tsar Nicholas I. He decided, however, to dedicate his life to the Lord through a life of monasticism, eventually becoming an abbot and then bishop. He is seen by ROCOR as a pillar of faith for his time, alongside his contemporary Saint Theophan the Recluse. The Field is the first in a series of his collected works.

Dealing with tribulation and suffering

> Grumbling and anger during sorrows and difficulties is a rejection of the cross. Only he who has taken his cross can follow after Christ—he is submissive to God's will, humbly acknowledging himself to be worthy of every judgment and punishment.

Do not get attached to this world

> When a pilgrim stops on his way in a house for pilgrims, he does not pay any attention to the state of the house. Why would he, when he is staying there only for a short time? He is content with only the basic necessities; he tries not to waste the money that he needs to continue his journey and to find housing in that great city to which he travels. He bears privation and lack of comfort with patience, knowing that they are only accidents to which every traveler is subject, and that undisturbed calm awaits him in the place to which he travels… Let us develop the same indifference to the world. Let us not foolishly waste our abilities of soul and body; let us not bring them as a sacrifice to the vain and fading world. Let us defend ourselves from attachment to the short-lived and material, so that the world will not prevent us from finding the eternal and heavenly. Let us defend ourselves from the indulgence of our insatiable and unquenchable desires, which only hastens a fall of monstrous proportions. Let us defend ourselves from excesses, being content only with what is necessary. Let us direct all our attention to the life after death, which will have no end.

For many years I lived in Poznan, Poland, a lovely city that I fondly remember for its beauty, architecture, and comfort, the latter of which I greatly treasured at the time. One intersection that usually served as a meeting point for friends was Podgórna and Wroclawska, right in the center of the city. There was a tram stop at that intersection, and while waiting for my companions, I'd often watch trams come, drop people off, pick other people up, and then depart. Many times I had the thought that this intersection was a "waystation," a place of movement, either for the sake of transport or to meet friends, and then I had the thought that Poznan itself, the city I lived in for five years, was also a waystation, a place I temporarily resided in before I moved to my true home, perhaps to another city in Poland, or to another country. What I didn't know at the time, due to my spiritual blindness, was that my very life in this body is a waystation to an eternal home, either hell if I do not serve God's will, or Paradise if I do.

I did not get too attached to living in Poznan—I had very few possessions and always had my eye open for a city that could be better. This is how I now approach living in my fallen body. Why get too attached when soon I will be underneath the ground, food for worms? Any worldly fixation or hobby should ultimately be harnessed to serve the Lord, for otherwise it will be done in vain and cause me to neglect my duties before God, making me an exile from the only permanent home worth living in.

Do not self-interpret Scripture

> Do not dare to interpret the Gospels and the other books of the Holy Scriptures on your own. The scriptures were uttered by holy prophets and apostles, uttered not arbitrarily but according to the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. How utterly mad, then, to interpret it arbitrarily!
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> […]
>
> For him who loves his fallen soul, for him who does not want to deny himself, the Gospel is shut. He reads only words, but the Word of life and the Spirit remain for him under an opaque veil.
>
> When the Lord was on this earth with His most-holy body, many saw Him and yet saw Him not. What profit does a man receive when he sees only with the eyes of his flesh, which he shares with the beasts, but sees nothing with the eyes of his soul—his mind and heart? And today, many read the Gospels daily but at the same time never read it at all; they know it not at all.
>
> […]
>
> The mind that has yet to be purified by repentance, still wanders in the darkness of the fall, and is not enlightened and led by the Holy Spirit. The man who dares to reason about God with his own sickly mind and from the darkness of his own pride, always falls into error.

Self-interpretation is a disease of the soul. I've had fornicators, men whose minds were blended into mush due to the intoxication of their fornication and incessant feeding of

lust, tell me that the scriptural interpretation of an Orthodox saint, who purified his body and soul for decades through asceticism, and who was granted visitations by the Holy Spirit due to his purity to teach the scriptures, is wrong. I've had women in their twenties, who don't even read the Bible, and are steep in New Age "research," tell me the ways of the Lord. What, therefore, am I worthy to share with you concerning God? I surely can't interpret scripture, and I wouldn't dare offer spiritual food like the saints. Perhaps I'm worthy only to read books from men who have been exalted by God, such as Saint Ignatius, and feebly attempt to share my opinions and faith in response to their holy guidance.

Read books according to your spiritual level

> Let everyone choose for himself the Fathers whose writings most correspond to his way of life. Let the hermit read the Fathers who wrote about hesychasm; let the cenobitic monk read the Fathers who wrote instructions for those who live in monastic communities; let the Christian in the world read those Fathers who wrote for the benefit of all Christians. Let each person, no matter what his calling, glean a fruitful harvest from the Fathers' writings.

The Philokalia is an advanced book but it's not uncommon for those who aren't even baptized in the Church to have read it. An advanced book I did end up reading is The Ladder of Divine Ascent. I understood the words from a definitional standpoint, but could I transmit the deep meaning of the book to you? No. Did I implement its teachings into my own faith? Not to my knowledge. Some people, however, get the wrong idea from difficult texts, and begin to be led astray by the evil one, thinking that the bulk of their faith should be about prostrations and hesychasm.

Difference between the Old Testament and the New

> The importance of the Old Testament for a person can be compared to a will, which usually has all kinds of detailed explanations about an inheritance, including facts, figures, and plans for buildings. The New Testament is the inheritance itself. Previously, everything was described on paper; now everything is given in actual fact.
>
> […]
>
> What is the difference between the Gospel commandments and the Ten Commandments of the Old Testament? The latter did not allow fallen man to fall further into an unnatural state, but at the same time it did not have the power to raise man to the state of sinlessness in which he was created. The Ten Commandments preserved in the person the ability to later accept the Gospel commandments. The Gospel commandments raise us up to a sinlessness even higher than the one in which we were created—they make a person into the temple of the Living God. Having made him the temple of God, they keep him in this grace-filled, supernatural state.

We are fallen

> Our fall is so profound, so frightening, that the word of God assumed human nature so that all people could be converted from disciples of the devil to disciples of God and the Truth; so that they could be freed from slavery to sin by the mediation of the Word and the spirit of truth and be taught all truth.
>
> […]
>
> I was born fallen, and began life already as a dead man: “I was conceived in wickedness,” and in the death of sin “did my mother bear me.” Life and death together were the beginning of my existence. I did not know or fully understand that I lived or that I was already dead in life, deceased in existence.
>
> What a mystery is the birth of man in sin! How is he already dead, though he lives? How has he already fallen if he has not yet learned to walk? How has he sinned if he has not yet done anything? How are children, separated from the forefather Adam by thousands of years, partakers of his sin? My mind reverently gazes at the judgments of God, but I do not understand them. I dare not ask Him about them, but I see and marvel at them. I praise the unattainable, unknowable God.
>
> […]
>
> My birth in sin was a calamity worse than nonexistence itself! How can it not be a calamity to be born for the sorrows of a short earthly life, and then to eternally exist in the darkness and sufferings of hell? There are no intercessors for me; I myself have no strength to pull myself out of the abyss of perdition. May the right hand of God rescue me from there! After giving birth to me through my parents for existence, He gives birth to me through Himself into salvation. He washes from me the stain of sin, he renews me with the Spirit in the waters of baptism, he accepts the vows of loyalty through my godfather, he gives me His name, He stamps me with His seal, he makes me a communicant of His divinity and an inheritor of His kingdom.

I was dead when I was born, and lived as if I were dead for most of my life. I reeked of death. I appeared as a rotting corpse to those with spiritual eyes. And then God resurrected me before the Resurrection, lifted me up from the bath of my rot, and gave me a chance at real life.

The importance of self-denial

> Without self-denial a person is not capable of faith; his fallen reason fights against faith, demanding an answer of God in all His actions and proof of His revealed truths. The fallen heart wants to live the life of the fallen, which faith strives to mortify. Flesh and blood, ignoring the constant presence of death all around it, wants to live its own life—the life of death and sin.
>
> This is why the Lord told all who desire to follow Him with living faith: “If any one

> desires to come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me. For whoever desires to save his life will lose it, but whoever loses his life for My sake will find it.”
>
> […]
>
> [Christianity] became the faith of the Empire, at first tolerated and then adopted by the emperors. Christianity soon became universal, but it did not preserve its previous character of extreme self-denial. Christians in the cities and towns began to spend more time in worldly pursuits, allowing themselves luxuries, physical pleasures, participation in civil holidays, and other weaknesses that would have horrified the first confessors, since they would have seen such things as rejection in essence, of Christ. The desert became a natural refuge far away from the temptations of the world for Christians who wished to preserve and develop Christianity to its fullest degree.

If your flesh wants to do it, don’t do it! It wants a second helping of dessert… stop! You’re already full! It wants to soak in a hot tub for an hour and forget about God… stop! Turn on the ice-cold water and punish your flesh for its desire to separate you from God. It came up with a good joke at a party that will make fun of others… stop! You are no better than those whom you wish to mock, you prideful wretch! If you feed the greedy desires and lusts of your flesh, your soul starves. Do the opposite: feed your soul and starve your fallen flesh.

Good deeds are not enough

> If good deeds according to the feelings of the heart would give salvation, then the incarnation of Christ would have been a pointless act. The redemption of mankind through the passion and the cross would have been unnecessary, and the gospel commandments would be meaningless. Thus, obviously, those who believe that good deeds done in our fallen nature are enough for salvation destroy the meaning of Christ and reject Christ Himself.
>
> […]
>
> These apparently good deeds inspired by fallen nature grow the person’s ego, destroy faith in Christ, and are antagonistic to God.

My understanding is that good deeds will reduce your punishment in the next life, but are not sufficient on their own for salvation. If you see someone who has rejected the Church that Christ gave us, but they are a “good” or “nice” person with a vaguely spiritual outlook, you should pray fervently for their salvation.

We are weaker than men of the past

> In the beginning of this nineteenth century, many virgins entered monasteries, people who never tasted wine, who never took part in any worldly gatherings, who never read secular books, who were educated only be reading the Holy

> Scriptures and the writings of the Fathers, who developed a habit of constant attendance of church services, and who were filled with other pious habits. They brought to the monastery a complete, already-formed morality, untainted by bad habits. They brought to the monastery their complete health, undamaged by any ill-use, which made them capable of bearing ascetic labors, hardships, and privations. The strict piety of the world itself educated and trained strict and strong monks, both in body and in spirit. Today's weakened Christianity prepares and delivers correspondingly weakened representatives for monasticism. In our time, people who enter monasteries are rarely virgins. Nowadays, a postulant who has not gathered scores of bad habits is a rarity! A prospective monk who has kept his body in full health, undamaged by drinking or other bad habits, capable of true monastic asceticism, is a rarity! Most often, new postulants are weak, damaged in body and soul.

He wrote these words around the middle of the 19th century. Can you imagine what he would say about us today?

Stop judging others for their sins

> When you see the shortcoming of your neighbor, have compassion for him—that is your duty! The weakness you see in him may become your weakness tomorrow. You are only tempted because you are proud and blind! You fulfill only some of the eternal rules of the law and become so impressed with yourself! You despise and judge your neighbor, who breaks the law in some trifling way, yet you do not notice them doing great, secret virtues that are pleasing to God, because such secret virtues are foreign to your proud, cruel heart. You have not searched your own heart enough. You have not seen yourself, and so do not consider yourself a sinner. Because of this your heart is not broken; it has not been filled with repentance and humility.
>
> […]
>
> You must forcefully distract yourself from judging others, guarding yourself with fear of God and humility. In order to weaken and (with God's help) completely root out this temptation from your heart, you must descend into yourself with the light of the Gospels, search out your own failings, and scrutinize your own sinful inclinations, movements, and states. When our own sin becomes the object of our search, then we still have no time to watch after the sins of others and notice them. Then all our neighbors will truly seem wonderful and saintly; then every one of us will admit himself to be the greatest sinner in the world, the only sinner in the world; and only then will the wide gates of true and effective repentance open for us.
>
> […]
>
> No righteousness gives one a right to judge a sinning brother, because God can give that brother true righteousness that is far more established and real than

> anything that we are capable of on our own. We can only be righteous in the Truth of God, but when we judge our neighbor, we reject the Truth of God, replacing it with our own, which is the definition of Phariseeism. The one who judges another usurps the role of God, who alone has the right to judge His creation and to judge the living and the dead on the last day.

It's okay to make judgment calls, where you use discernment to decide on the course of your life and faith while aiding those close to you, but it is not okay to judge others from a position of pride or superiority. This is perhaps the hardest commandment to follow. One thing that helps me is to pray for people when I see them, whether friend, foe, or stranger. "Lord Jesus Christ, have mercy on this person." It's much harder to judge someone when you've just prayed for them.

Reject the praise of men

> [The Pharisee] does everything for the praise of men—others would witness his love for fasting, his almsgiving, and his prayer. He cannot be the disciple of the Lord Jesus, who orders his followers to reject the praise of men, to go the way of humiliation, want, and suffering. The Cross of Jesus is a stumbling block for the Pharisee. He needs a messiah who looks more like Alexander the Great or Napoleon, with the triumphant glory of the conqueror, with trophies and booty! The mere thought of heavenly, spiritual glory, of the glory of God, of eternity—all these are impossible or his soul, which slithers along the earth in the dirt and corruption.

The world will hate you

> [Lord Jesus Christ], the incarnate God, was not treated fairly by the world. Why should we expect otherwise for ourselves? Let us reject the fairness of the world for the Cross of Christ!

Our God is a God of suffering, not a God of comfort. We will be hated by the world and attacked and persecuted. If you are not hated by the world then you are part of the world.

Helping others

> St Isaac the Syrian: "If you wish to heal others, then understand that the sick need attentive patience more than strictness."
>
> […]
>
> St Isaac the Syrian: "The beginning of divine wisdom is silence and meekness, qualities of a great and strong soul that appear in the soul only when one bears the burdens of others."
>
> […]
>
> Our good deeds not only must be hidden from people but from our own selves, so that their praises may not wither our soul, and that our heart itself may not

> praise us, becoming an adulterer with vanity instead of a faithful spouse of humility.

Almsgiving is so difficult for the modern man because of his selfishness, avarice, and self-centeredness that one must pray to God for an extended period of time to learn how to give the most paltry of alms, to give two mites when we have a treasure chest of two million.

Spiritual warfare

> The more we are purified, the less frequent our sinful desires torment us, but at the same time, they become more subtle, less obvious, and sometimes they seduce and fool even men filled with the grace of God. Such falls into sin actually protect one from becoming arrogant; they become a reason for humility by keeping the ascetic constantly on the salvific path of repentance.
>
> […]
>
> The passions will not stop appearing in us and attacking us until the grave! Let us prepare ourselves for a lifelong battle against them, firmly convinced that we cannot always achieve victory against them, but that because of the frailty of our nature we will sometimes be defeated. Nevertheless these defeats themselves can serve to help our spiritual progress by supporting and strengthening repentance and its consequent humility in us.
>
> […]
>
> Let us not trust our victories over passions, let us not be proud of such victories. The passions, like the demons that wield them as weapons, are cunning. They sometimes pretend to be defeated in order to give us a chance to become proud, because then their victory over us will be the more convenient and definite.
>
> […]
>
> Do not think it is a small matter to give in to your sinful desires, even if they seem insignificant. Every time you give in to such a desire, you will leave an indelible stamp on your soul. This impression can sometimes be very strong, leading to the formation of a sinful habit.
>
> Did the gambler know, when he touched his cards for the first time, that the game would become his passion? Did the alcoholic know, when he drank his first shot, that he was starting on the path to suicide? For suicide is exactly what this terrible habit is, since it destroys both the body and the soul.
>
> […]
>
> Only one sinful habit is enough to destroy a person because it will constantly open the door of the soul to all other sins and all passions.

We must endure until the end. What a fatal mistake to believe that you are “saved” while still alive. If I had a divine wand, I would wipe this absurd belief from the face of the earth,

because it is sending millions of souls into hell who need a convenient excuse to pursue a spirituality of comfort without having their conscience tugged. By declaring yourself saved before you were tested by the demonic spirits of the air upon your death, you don't even participate in the battle for your soul, but instead wave the white flag and make your attempted ascent to heaven frantically short.

Self-awareness

> Sometimes God lets us see ourselves as we really are so that we can know through our own experience how weak we are in our abandonment.

This happened to me one afternoon when I perceived the complete absence of God's grace. If the frightening state had continued, I would have been easily capable of sins that far exceeded the worst times in my life.

Natural love vs divine love

> Fiery, natural love easily turns to disgust, to irreconcilable hatred. Natural love has even been expressed with a dagger.
>
> Our natural love is covered in open wounds! What a terrible wound is passionate attachment! The heart possessed by passionate attachment is capable of any injustice, of any crime, if only to satisfy the cravings of its disease, so-called love.
>
> […]
>
> When your heart is not free, this is a sign of passionate attachment. When your heart is enslaved, this is a sign of insane, sinful passions. Holy love is pure, free, entirely in God.

Natural love reaches its apogee with mothers and their children, but even this natural love is not enough to prevent abuse and even murder of children by those mothers. Secular married couples have natural love, but this is based on physical and emotional attraction, which changes like the seasons. Friends may have some natural love, but I can't be the only man who experienced the disappearance of a "best friend" when he got a girlfriend. Natural love is a start, but it is not divine love, and often resembles the investing of stocks (i.e. "I will put effort into you now to receive continual benefits later"). The Orthodox Christian who is lucky enough to feel the love of God during a spiritual experience will immediately come to realize that natural love cannot even begin to compare, and the love of a wife or mother, while pleasant and joyful at times, hardly feels like love when compared to the eternal love of God.

Eating properly

> …whether you eat often or rarely, eating until you are full is strictly forbidden. This only makes a person incapable of spiritual labors and opens the doors to other carnal passions.

I have been repeatedly taught by the Church not to eat until I'm full or completely

satisfied, to stop just before that moment, but do I not break this commandment regularly? How much aid am I giving to the demons by saddling my body with excess food, of fixating on how I will fill my belly instead of my soul with the Holy Spirit?

Prayer

> …He fulfills our petitions after some delay. He sees that we need some time to be confirmed in our humility, that we need to become tired and to see our sickness, which always reveals itself very unexpectedly when we are faced with ourselves.
>
> […]
>
> God does not grant petitions whose accomplishment would be accompanied by negative consequences. He does not grant those requests that are against His holy will or contrary to his all-wise, unaccountable purposes.
>
> […]
>
> Do not pay any attention to thoughts that come to you during prayer, no matter how important, brilliant, or necessary they may seem to be. Give to God the things that are God's, while the things necessary for the temporal life can be done in their own time. It is impossible to simultaneously work for God in prayer and clutter the mind with wayward thoughts and care.
>
> […]
>
> Do not search for exalted experiences in prayer—they are not proper to a sinner. Even the desire of a sinner to feel exalted is already delusion. Seek instead the resurrection of your dead, petrified heart, that it may become open to the knowledge of its own sinfulness and the depth of its fall and its insignificance, to see it and to admit it with self-denial. Then you will find within yourself the true fruit of prayer—sincere repentance. You will stand before God and will cry out to Him with prayer from this suddenly revealed state of spiritual helplessness. You will cry out as if from a prison, from the grave, from hell itself.

There should be a moment during one of your long prayers, where you look up to your icon of the Mother of God and think, "I hope this prayer can continue forever," and yet how much more likely is it for us to think, "I can't wait for this prayer to end so I can check my phone." But I must ask you, what do you think you will do in Paradise for eternity? Watch interesting YouTube videos? Eat delicious food? Make googly eyes with an attractive mate? No, you will give glory to God, like the angels do, spending eternity beholding the beauty of His countenance. We might as well get used to that now with joyous prayer, training our wayward soul to love the Lord God instead of things of this world.

Humility

> The humble man is not capable of anger or hatred because he has no enemies. If any person hurts him in any way, he sees that person as a tool of God's justice or

> His providence. The humble man gives himself completely to the will of God. The humble man lives not his own life, but the life of God. The humble man trusts not in himself, and so he constantly seeks the help of God, and constantly remains in his prayer.

Humility is no longer taught in a culture that encourages self-esteem, self-confidence, assertiveness, and you-go-girlism. The more secular the culture, such as in the United States, the more Satan can invert the society with teachings opposed to God's commandments. Anger at "injustice" and "inequality" is seen as a virtue, and if you ask someone when was the last time they were angry, they would probably answer you "in the last hour." So many sins of pride and wrath go unconfessed and unremitted, leading the soul to a difficult judgment.

You deserve punishment in this world for your bad deeds

> Abba Dorotheos: "…perhaps someone will say, if a brother insults me, and I find that I have given him no reason for this, then how can I accuse myself? Truly, if someone examines himself with the fear of God, he will find that he gave all kinds of reasons, whether they be in action or word or any other way. If he sees, as he says, that this particular insult was given without reason, then he must have previously offended him or another brother, and must then suffer either than sin or some other sin, which happens often. Thus, if someone examines himself, as I said, with the fear of God and scrutinizes his conscience, he will always find himself at fault."

You were unjustly attacked or persecuted, and feel a bitterness rise up inside you as you proclaim your innocence, but you've sinned in innumerable other ways, and so amply deserve the attack.

Fornication is the fastest way to hell

> Enjoyment of carnal thoughts and emotions is fornication of the heart and defilement of the person, making him incapable of communion with God, while fornication of the body is a fundamental change of the entire person's nature due to his mixing with another body. Fornication of the body is complete isolation from God, death, and perdition. In order to come out of the first state, one must become restrained, but in order to leave the second state, one must be resurrected; one must be born again through repentance.
>
> […]
>
> O you virgins, you who have never tasted of spiritual death through actual bodily sins of fornication! Preserve your virginity as the most precious of treasures.

Fornication isn't called a "mortal sin" for no reason. If you commit only one act of fornication, and do not repent, you are in great danger. When we go through the toll-houses upon death, our good deeds will help us remit unconfessed sins, but I speculate

the full balance sheet of your life's good deeds will be needed to remit only one unconfessed act of fornication. Why would I take chances with my soul by willingly going against the commandment of God against fornication because I want to feel physical pleasure for a moment? Surely, I must not care about my soul if I give in to such a temptation, but in the case that I slip, the Orthodox Church provides a means for me to confess and remit that sin. How about the Muslims, Protestants, and Jews? How do they remit sin in this life? I do not know or claim to know, but may the Muslim who dies be the most pious of Muslims, and may the Protestant who dies be the most pious of Protestants.

Why the demons are so persistent

> Our enemy has no shame; he will never stop aiming his arrows against the greatest of God's saints, because experience has shown him that sometimes his doggedness pays dividends, and even the vessels of the Spirit are sometimes brought to great sins, as was David when he took an evening walk on his roof and saw Bathsheba bathing. Our flesh is a false friend, because it craves another body not only by its own inclination but also because of the attacks of the fallen spirits, who feel pleasure in the defilement of bodies not their own. Often unexpected is the awakening of the impure, insistent, unrelenting desire! For this reason, St Pimen the Great said, "The bodyguard of the king is always next to him, prepared. Exactly in the same way must the soul be constantly on guard against the demon for fornication."

The demons have nothing else to do but attack your soul. They don't sleep or eat. They don't lounge around scrolling through Instagram. The whole point of their existence is to attack God, and they do that through human beings, who are made in the image of God. Therefore even if you are holy and destined to sainthood, it's still worth it for the demons to attack you in the case your pride gets to the point that they can deceive you with one of their many tricks, perfected from thousands of years of human observation and spiritual warfare.

Enduring tribulations

> When you are suffering, do not seek human help. Do not waste precious time; do not squander your spiritual strength on searching for that powerless help. Await help from God. According to His will, people will come and help you at the proper time.
>
> […]
>
> If a person can easily find out how much weight oxen or other chattel can bear, then how much more does the endless wisdom of God know about the limits of suffering of each individual soul? A potter knows how long he has to keep his clay vessels in the fire. If he keeps them there too long, they burn up, but if he removes them early, they will be weak and useless for daily tasks. How much more, then, does God know how strong the fire of temptations should be for the

> spiritual vessel of God—the Christian—in order for him to become capable of inheriting the kingdom of heaven.
>
> […]
>
> Our sorrows seem heavy to us only because we do not wish to die for Christ, because we do not want to confine our desires, all our hopes, all our wisdom, all our riches, all our being in Him alone.

Many men spend hours each week at a gym, armed with a notepad or app to track their bodybuilding progress. They increase the weights methodically so that they gradually get bigger and stronger. How devoted are these men to their physical bodies! If only they would put that effort into building their spiritual strength by increasing their trust and faith in God with every tribulation they face in life. How much more beneficial would it be to their souls if they accepted the pain of God's loving admonishment as much as they welcomed the muscular pain and soreness from their workouts. But instead they run away from the pain God delivers and look for quick fixes, medicines, or needless pleasures that make them feel better in the moment, ultimately deriving no benefit to their soul.

Should you live in the world or become a monk?

> The Saviour of the world indicated two paths, two ways of life for those who believe in Him—the path or the life that leads to salvation, and the path or life that leads to perfection. The second way of life the Lord called "following Me," since it is the most exact expression of the Lord's teaching and a forcible emulation of the way of life that Christ led during His earthly life. Those who wish to follow the first path need the following: faith in Christ, life according to God's commandments, and the healing, through repentance, of a deficiency in the fulfillment of the commandments. Consequently, salvation is attainable and given to all, as long as a person works and lives in a way not contrary to the Law of God.
>
> […]
>
> "How can a Christian know if he is capable or incapable of the unmarried life? … He who desires it, is capable of it.
>
> […]
>
> Those who enter a monastery after their prime of life often cannot bear the monastic life and return into the world, not even having gained an understanding of what monastic life is.

Right now I'm in limbo. I'm not married, I have no active wifely prospects, and I don't want to become a monk. I believe in such a state I can be saved if I maintain the faith.

Building strong faith

> Let us follow Christ! Let us humble ourselves as He did! Like Him, let us be called

> liars and madmen, let us not spare our honor, let us not turn our face away from the spitting and our cheeks from blows, let us not seek honor or beauty or pleasures, let us complete our earthly travels as though we were wanders with no place to lay our heads. Let us accept the insults, condescension, and hatred of others as an inevitable component of our chosen path. Let us openly and secretly fight against proud thoughts, let us with all our strength cast down the thoughts of our old man, who is eager to revive his ego under various apparently good guises.
>
> […]
>
> This vision of God's providence inspires profound meekness and unchangeable love for one's neighbor, which cannot be disturbed or distressed by winds of temptation. For such a soul, insults, slander, and the evil acts of others simply do not exist. All creation acts according to the direction or the permission of the Creator. The creation is merely a blind instrument. In such a soul, the voice of humility becomes more pronounced, accusing the soul of countless sins, justifying one's neighbor as the tools of the just providence of God. This voice cries out joyfully in the midst of suffering, and brings calm and consolation. It quietly says: "I accept all this as fair because of my sins. It is better for me to suffer in this short life, rather than to suffer eternally in hell. My sins cannot go unpunished—this is required by God's justice. The fact that my sins are punished now, in this short earthly life, is proof of God's unutterable compassion. Glory to God!"

Saint John of Kronstadt stated that all illnesses are due to our sins. In that case, I'm extremely thankful that I was severely sick late last year with a flu-like illness that gave me breathing difficulties. How many small sins did it remit that I have forgotten, neglected to confess, or didn't even know were sins? Thanks be to God for giving us a way to erase sins we neglected to confess properly before the Day of Judgment.

The gift of tears

> The gift of sorrow and tears is one of the greatest gifts of God. It is a gift that is fundamentally essential for our salvation. The gifts of prophecy, prescience, and miracle working are sign that a person has especially pleased God and God has rewarded him, but the gift of compunction and tears is the sign of accepted or acceptable repentance.

A multitude of saints and holy elders advise the flock to open up their hearts to shed tears of repentance for how they have lived a wicked life away from God. There is one man I know at church, who half the time I look at him during the Liturgy, is crying, and how jealous am I of his tears, because I know they are purifying his soul. With hardened hearts, which most of us have, the eyes are stingy to discharge. In that case, you must attempt to cry inwardly, to feel genuinely sorrowful for all the sins you have committed, and beg God for forgiveness, and pray to Him that He may give you purifying tears.

While there are a variety of states of grace, if you experience one of prolonged and uncaused tears, it's safe to assume that you are on the right track. On the other hand, if you've been in a Church for many years, and don't remember the last time you shed tears of repentance, something may be wrong, and it's best to seek spiritual counsel.

Conclusion

This book is so dense with teachings that I wonder if I picked up even 10% of it, but thankfully I picked up on something. Its power, however, will be useless on a Christian who is not actively struggling with zeal on the path of theosis. I can only recommend The Field for those who are ignited with God's grace and want to become like God to the fullest of their ability within the Orthodox Church. Otherwise, I suspect the book will only serve as spiritual entertainment. I gained enough value from The Field that I plan on reading the next book in the series.

Learn More: *The Field on Amazon*

4 Reasons Why Lifting In Gyms Is A Bad Idea

February 28, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

For nearly two decades of my life, I would go to the gym two or three times a week. While I never had huge muscles, my body was athletic and toned. Women would compliment it. I want to claim that I went to the gym to be "healthy," but my true intention was to be attractive to the opposite sex for the purpose of fornication. When I repented of my sins before God and no longer sought fornication, I decided not to go to the gym anymore. As an Orthodox Christian, working out in a gym today would be exceedingly dangerous to me for the following four reasons.

1. The music is filthy

The vehemently secular music that all gyms play is painful to my hymn-loving ears. I don't want to hear songs about sex, seduction, getting rich, dancing all night in the club, driving expensive cars, and becoming a big boss. Thankfully, I can hardly understand the "English" being sung in most modern songs, especially hip hop, but even then, the Satanically-engineered melody will find a way to worm its way into my brain and remain there for at least a day, distracting my spiritual life with the potential to insert sinful and pornographic ideas.

I strive to listen to no secular music at all, whether modern or oldies, because of how it corrupts my nous (spiritual eyes of the soul). One of the reasons I like shopping at Walmart is because they are one of the only supermarkets I know that don't usually play music.

2. The women are almost naked

There seems to be a competition among gym-going women to see who can display the most skin without technically being naked according to local ordinances. The arrival of "sports bras," which are still bras (just because you put the word sports in front of them and remove the lace doesn't mean they should be displayed publicly), confirmed to me that the gym has become like an antechamber to the brothel bedroom. It's too natural a progression for people who are sweating in little clothing to become enraptured with carnal lust.

> "Lust has no less power than anger. It's cunning as a snake and able to hide and mask itself. Therefore, the Apostle Paul counsels us to flee from sexual immorality (cf. 1 Cor. 6:18). Do you hear? Don't even fight with it—but flee from it! Flee temptation, from the source of allurement, from dirty thoughts and even the potential opportunity to be seduced; because the enemy is too dangerous, strong, and cunning." —A Man Who Indulges His Passions Brings Ruin to Those Around Him

I like to think that I can maintain custody of my eye, but inside the gym, half-naked women cavort all around me, and then enter into compromising positions on their yoga mats which immediately sends my mind into the gutter without conscious effort. Yes, I am admitting that I'm too weak to not glance at these women in bras with gigantic bulbous rear-ends when they bend right in front of me. Before I turned to Christ, I actually saw this as a benefit of any gym, for why not be sexually entertained by women to lustfully prepare for an act of fornication? But now, I run away from it.

3. There are too many mirrors

I never got to the point where my muscles were impressive, but nonetheless I loved looking at my athletic body in the gym mirrors. I wouldn't go so far as flex or take selfies of myself, but I would puff out my chest and check out a profile of my body that incorporated my long masculine beard. I'd wonder if I achieved a good-enough pump where the vein in my bicep would remain popped out so that I could later wear an extra-medium v-neck before going to the nightclub for my satanic liturgy.

Since all gyms coat the walls in mirrors, my time in them exercised my pride as much as my body. I came to believe that I have achieved a physical state that was admirable, and that I was better than all the fat people who didn't go to the gym, including the puny men I would out-compete for sexual favors at the midnight hour. My bulging vein (only in my right arm, not my left) was proof to women that I was a superior male.

The mirrors were my teachers. Over many years, they taught me that my look is the most important part of me, that I had to cherish it if I wanted to continue receiving sexual benefits, and I could maybe consider getting botox injections when I became older to still be sexually attractive to young European women. It encouraged me to focus exclusively on the material. These days, I don't look in mirrors much and don't fuss over my appearance. Worldly women don't look at me either, which I am grateful for, because I know I am only one temptation away from falling back into the mud.

4. Desire to get bigger and bigger muscles for no practical reason

You're never the biggest guy at the gym. There's always someone who lifts more than you, or who has a better steroid supplier than you, so you will constantly aim to compare yourself to other men to subliminally attract the half-naked women that aggregate around the butt machines. Your body is fine as it is, you're healthy, but pride ignites within you to be even bigger and stronger, not to lift heavy things outside of the gym, but solely to lift heavier things within the construct of the gym itself to make you think that your body, given to you by God, is an achievement of your own. This temptation makes you a slave to the gym, and begins to cross over into real life as you develop a neurotic obsession with eating the right foods in the right amount. Instead of working out to be fit, you consider waking up in the middle of the night to gulp down a protein shake or eat a chicken breast just to look good in the gym mirror.

Conclusion

Does all this mean I'm anti-fitness? Certainly not. In the neighborhood playground I do callisthenic training a couple of times each week, where my body weight is used as resistance instead of metal plates. I haven't been inside a gym in three years, and my muscles are certainly weaker, but I'm still alive and able to serve my daily duties before God, which mostly involve reading, writing, praying, and baking. I don't need engorged muscles for those activities.

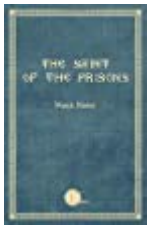
For me to go into a gym today, I would need to cover my eyes and ears to not fall back into the world of the material. Every man should ask himself why he wants to go to the gym and get big. Is it to achieve more from the world or to achieve a healthy physical state that optimizes his worship of God? For the role God has given me, where I use my mind more than my body, my modest workouts in the playground are good enough. For most men, push-ups, pull-ups, sit-ups, and bodyweight squats will be all they need to stay

fit and slim into old age.

Read Next: *5 Reasons Why You Should Never Experiment With Casual Sex*

The Saint Of The Prisons

March 2, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



The Saint Of The Prisons by Monk Moise chronicles the lives of devout Orthodox Christians who were imprisoned during Romanian communism, including Valeriu Gafencu, who is commonly seen as a saint thanks to his extraordinary piety and ability to endure harsh sufferings. Many of the Christians who maintained their faith in Romanian prisons were either affiliated or sympathetic to Corneliu Zelea's Iron Guard, which shows the fruits of his movement for helping to save the souls of men. This book is eye-opening in relating an experience that wasn't far from our times, which we may have to face ourselves either in intensity or form. Below are my favorite excerpts.

The centuries are getting worse

> The history of the Church is a history of oppression, of martyrdom for Christ. The oppression, initiated in the first century after Christ by the Roman Empire, continued afterwards by the barbarians and then by the Ottoman Empire. However, the twentieth century remains beyond doubt the most atrocious period in the history of Christianity, due to the bloodiest persecution that it had to endure: the communist oppression.

I expect the 21st century to be worse than the 20th. How could it not be? Do you see repentance on a global scale? Do you see Orthodox churches overflowing on Sunday? I see a handful of the remnant building their faith while the vast majority of souls continue to live as if heaven and hell don't exist. The faith of the 21st century is lower than the 20th, and since all good comes from God alone, we are in for a tough ride. The first twenty years of this century has been relatively peaceful, and we should thank God for that, because it's unlikely things will get better.

Building heaven on earth through communism

> The devil laid the foundation of Communism, suggesting once again to man that he could build Heaven on earth through mankind's joined power, excluding God (Adam's eternal trap—the temptation of the proud man: to achieve divinization with the presence of God)… It is typical of the man who rejects Christ's message, of he who refuses the Mystery of the Cross. This was truly the ultimate dream of Marx, Engels, and their disciples. As they stated, at the end of the total Revolution aimed at destroying the "Old World", the communists dreamed to bring on earth the Kingdom of Heaven—the place where the new man (perfect

> and re-educated) could live eternal and complete happiness.

The communists promise heaven to attain power but then deliver hell, indicating its true origin and spiritual progenitor. Now with many elites being linked to seances, spiritual cooking, and other occult practices, we must assume that any top-down measure from them, whether pandemic responses or climate change mandates, is sourced from Satan himself.

Did God use Jews to punish Romanians for their sins?

> …anti-Semitic sentiments have appeared not only in Romania, but in every country in which Jews have dwelt. Was their own behavior not a factor? Of course, speaking in a Christian manner, the excuse of provocation does not exempt one from guilt, but it does modify responsibility. At the same time, as far as we, Romanians, are concerned, we ought to consider whether this domination by another people was permitted by God because of our sins. In this sense, even the history of the Jewish people themselves in the Old Testament, led into slavery for having departed from the ways of God, is full of significance.

We get the Jews we deserve. The United States deserves the most wicked of carnal Jews because of how the predominately Christian population forsook the Gospel and embarked on a path of pleasure, comfort, and material wealth.

Prison is an opportunity to purify the soul

> After January 1941, hundreds if not thousands of young men were arrested and convicted for [contrived reasons]. Driven by earnest aspirations, idealistic but a bit confused, open toward spirituality but without a solid spiritual foundation, they matured through suffering and were spiritually purified in prison.
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> […]
>
> Father Iustin Parvu: “From a spiritual point of view, prison was a blessing for us. There were so many spiritual people gathered together in one place whom we couldn’t possibly have found outside of prison… For those of us who were arrested in 1948 or later, these prisoners were our saviors. Disoriented by the long and difficult interrogations we had gone through, our contact with them clarified things for us. They made us aware of the Christian significance of our struggle, of the fact that we were engaged on the Christian front against the apocalyptic beast. We thought we were paying for our sins, but thanks to them we realized that Christ called us to the war front in the name of the Romanian people. Once we understood this, the fact that we were in prison became a joy for us.”
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> […]
>
> Turtureanu: “I endured prison with love. During my trial, I smiled when they sentenced me to 25 years. My soul accepted this condemnation with joy. ‘Look at

> that hoodlum,' they said. 'He got such a heavy sentence and he's smiling.' Knowing that I was legally innocent, I accepted even the most difficult trials with the sense that this was the will of God. I never despaired. I considered that I was suffering for my own sins and for the sins of my people, and that perhaps God had ordained prison for me as a path of salvation."
>
> […]
>
> Father Gheorghe Calciu: "It is impossible for someone who was not in prison to understand. We are now free and we are very happy that we are free, but we have a kind of nostalgia for prison. And we cannot explain it to anyone else. They say we are crazy. How can you miss prison? Because in prison I lived the most spiritual life. I attained to spiritual heights that I am not capable of reaching in freedom. Isolated, anchored in Jesus Christ, I had a joy and an enlightenment that the world cannot offer."
>
> […]
>
> Virgil Maxim: "Prison created special conditions for you. Your cell became a sanctuary of prayer, of nourishment, an opportunity for ascesis, solitude, renunciation of material goods and joys of life, an opportunity to live as paupers, in purity and chastity. The chronic uncertainty of our situation enabled us to put our trust in the will and providence of God."
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> […]
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> Letter from prisoner Valeriu Gefencu to his mother: "And, dear mama, I want you to know that I suffered much. During the first winter I would wake up at night and in the solitude of my cell, cold and hungry, I looked into the darkness and whispered quietly, so that only I could hear, but loud enough for God to hear, 'Mama, I'm cold, I'm hungry!'
>
> "In the beginning it was terribly hard. But God was always with me. He never abandoned me even for a moment. I began by facing the sufferings of the body, and little by little I began to taste new joys. I saw that I was a sinner. I trembled at the thought of my sins, of my powerlessness. I realized then that I, who wanted an ideal world with all my heart, was myself a sinner. Therefore, first of all, I had to become a pure man, a new man. And I began to struggle with the evil within me."

After reading this I am close to announcing that I want to be imprisoned. In addition to these excerpts there is also A Freedom Within: The Prison Notes of Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski and The Gulag Archipelago to show that, if you enter prison with some faith, that faith will grow to heights that are simply not possible in the world with all of its distractions and temptations. Prison is forced monasticism. Even the prison cell is the same size as a monastic cell, which is why during Polish communism the monasteries were converted into prisons.

If you are sentenced to prison, and the way things are going, that may be likely for many

of us, do not despair. God could easily get you out, like He did for the apostles, but He wants you to be in prison for the salvation of your soul. Bear your sufferings, maintain your faith, and fully believe that this world and its sufferings are only temporary.

God’s plan

> What is life? It is a gift from God that is given to us in order to purify our souls from sin and to prepare ourselves, through Christ, to receive eternal life. What is man? A being created through the limitless love of God and to whom God gave the choice between holiness and death.

The importance of tears

> Turtureanu: “The greatest joy for me was when I fell on my knees and cried for my sins. I came to understand that the greatest satisfaction a Christian can have is to be able to shed a tear… Now that I have arrived at the threshold of death, I ask God in prayer: ‘Grant me, O Lord, tears of longing for heaven! Allow me, O Lord, tears of longing for heaven! Allow me, O Lord, to have the joy of tears shed for the forgiveness of sins! Lord, grant that the lamp of love and forgiveness for others may always be lit! Amen.”

Guidance from Valeriu Gafencu

> [Valeriu] told me that even if we do not succeed in changing the world, at least we can stir up interest, we can make it so that people no longer feel right when they do something bad, we can create tension, we can raise questions so as to make people change their ways.
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> […]
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> Everyone seeks happiness. Everyone wants it, everyone seeks it. To your hearts I say: seek happiness in your own souls. Do not seek in outside of yourselves. Do not expect happiness to come from anywhere else than from within yourself, from your own soul, where Christ dwells. If you expect happiness to come from somewhere outside of yourselves, you will be deceived and you will never find it.
>
> […]
>
> My dear brother, never consider yourself useless. It is the will of God that you are where you are, and you have a specific goal to fulfill. With your love and humility, you will build up your brother. And you will reap much happiness. There is no sin that will remain unpunished. If, however, you sincerely repent and pray to God with contrition of heart, he will forgive you and send you His grace. And conversely, there is no good, not even a good thought, however simple, that is not rewarded. But be humble, for it is not you, but God who works through you.

Valeriu was the holiest man in the prisons. Many came to him for guidance. He was rewarded by God with exalted divine visions. Without prison, we can suspect that he

would have not achieved such a level of theosis.

The inhuman Pitesti re-education torture program

> The torture was well-planned; it stopped only when the prisoner was about to die. There were various kinds of torture: beatings, hunger, being forced to maintain the same position 17 hours a day—legs extended horizontally, hands on knees, chest at 90 degrees—and at the slightest wavering, the supervisor would respond with a club. The prisoners were forced to drink urine and to eat excrement from buckets that served as toilets in the cells. They were forced to drink highly-salted water and then left to dry out from thirst, these were some of the many other tortures devised by the sick minds of the torturers… in order for the destruction to be complete, each one of them was required to profane the memory of whatever had been most important to him in front of everyone in his cell. For example, perhaps someone loved his mother or wife very much. In front of everyone, he was required to denounce them to make the most obscene and absurd statements about them. Whatever was clean and good in the mind of the one being tortured had to be slandered and dirtied.
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> […]
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> Theological students and those who were devout—"mystical bandits," as they were called—were forced to apostatize, to deny God, to curse everything that had to do with the Christian faith. At Christmas and Pascha, they were forced to sing carols or well-known religious hymns with altered words which profaned Christ and the Virgin Mary. They were forced to participate in blasphemous processions and to celebrate "liturgies" using human waste from buckets in the

> prison cells, and were then forced to swallow it as “Communion.” Some of them were “baptized” in tubs full of excrement. I believe that these things provide sufficient proof of the satanic nature of re-education.
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> […]
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> After the prisoner “unmasked” himself [denounced God and family], in order to prove that he had been re-educated, he was required to become a torturer himself and to convince others to give up “all bourgeois rottenness” and to accept communist ideology. Through the use of terror, the prisoners were truly brainwashed. The tortured, no longer able to endure the incessant torment, unable to commit suicide, always closely supervised, finally gave in and were transformed into robots, their hearts turned to stone and, from being victims, they became executioners. Not even after being re-educated did they escape the terror, for at the slightest sign of solidarity with their victims, they were subjected to torture once again. And thus, living in a constant state of terror, always suspicious of one another, they broke down completely, foregoing the possibility of returning to a normal state.
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> […]
>
> The system was planned in such a way that, as a result of the continual torture, very few were able to hold out to the end. In general, most of them compromised, some more, some less, according to the structure and stamina of each.
>
> […]
>
> Although the devil may have imagined that he won the battle through terror, he had few decisive victories among those who compromised. After the torture stopped, most of those who had acquiesced gradually returned to God. Considering the subsequent evolution of the re-educated, the devil won a battle at Pitesti [prison], but not the war. According to Father Calciu, most of them returned to Christ more vehemently than before their trial by fire.

We have a physical limit of pain that, once crossed, we will do anything to alleviate, including renounce God. It would be nice to think, “I would never renounce God in such torturous conditions,” but truth is we are weaker than these men, and so would probably give in much earlier. The last passage shows that the possibility of torture is no reason to despair, that as the body heals, the heart can return back to God stronger than before.

Re-education is more subtle and refined in capitalistic societies

> In the communist prisons, torturers used all resources available to force the prisoners to deny Christ. Nowadays, rejecting Christ is done voluntarily, as people are seduced from an early age to embrace a lifestyle which is opposite to the one to which Christ calls us. In prisons, torturers were trying to prevent every person from having any kind of privacy or moments of prayer. Nowadays, people

> voluntarily surrender their own privacy in favor of TV, Internet or anything which might steal their serenity and opportunity to be alone with Christ. Torturers did everything in their power to keep the prisoners away from their own families and to get them discouraged for an easier control over them. In present times, divorce has become a lifestyle.
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> […]
>
> The spirit of 're-education' is the same—both in Communism and in Capitalism—that is to say, it is characterized by a rejection of faith in God, by the giving up of traditional moral values, and by selfishness, pride, betrayal and cowardice. This is the Spirit of the Antichrist. The methods used as just slightly different: if during Communism, they wanted to obtain "the new man" through force, through demolishing and closing churches and monasteries, and through torturing or killing any opponents, in capitalism, the methods used are 'softer' and can slowly seduce even those who, under obvious Christian persecution, would have confessed and become martyrs.
>
> […]
>
> …re-education has two main goals. First, the removal of God from people's consciousness, the re-shaping of people's way of thinking, so that man's heart becomes insensible to God's grace, incapable of true and profound feelings. Man is thus condemned to live in a superficial manner, not only physically, but also spiritually and culturally.
>
> Second, achieving the perfection of the "new man," modeled so that the Devil can easily take possession over him or her. Such a man would be ready to receive the Antichrist and enthrone him in "the holy place" (Matthew 24:15) that belongs to God at the end of times.
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> An important clarification is needed in this context: the correct translation of the word "antichrist" is not "against Christ" but "in place of Christ / replacing Christ." In other words, the enemy no longer confronts visibly and directly Christ, but he seeks to take His place, to remove His from people's consciousness, to neutralize people's discernment and their capacity to choose freely.
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> […]
>
> …the contemporary pseudo-culture, the education systems… and the mass-media, which promote the message that the essence of life consists in enjoying oneself, feeling good, having fun, accumulating as much as possible, and being successful. Happiness in life is generally understood as the sum of moments of pleasure. Thus, people educated in this spirit constantly crave pleasure. Working like slaves, people chain themselves to monthly installments to the bank, or they steal or make compromises in order to comply with the unrealistic standards imposed by the marketing policies serving the aims of the cronies of this world.

The Pitesti re-education experiment was ultimately not a success for Satan. It was too

labor-intensive, unable to be adopted on a societal scale, and for many men, resulted in even stronger faith than before the torture, even creating men recognized as saints. It takes weeks or months of intense face-to-face torture to re-educate a man and then as soon as that torture is stopped, the repentance process begins. This was an unacceptable outcome for Satan, because the world has billions of souls, and he needs a reliable way to condemn them all. Enter capitalism and democracy.

By replacing Jesus Christ with inane pleasures and "fun" distractions that feed the fallen flesh (fun fact: the word "fun" never appears in the Bible), Satan does not have to physically torture anyone, and this is even better for him, because rejecting Christ in the face of torture, against your free will, does not lead to the same level of punishment as if you were to reject Christ with your free will in exchange for a night at the disco with a Tinder date. The current re-education method is far more dangerous, because you don't even see your torturers or know your heart is being darkened. You think everything is fine, that you are being blessed with material comforts, but all the while your salvation is slipping away.

Repentance of a man in prison

> "[I rebelled] against Jesus all my life, but now I have discovered His truth. Only Satan can inspire and sustain so much falsehood and hatred toward the truth. You cannot realize the awful drama that I am living in these moments… I opposed the truth, while you told me the truth and never behaved badly with me. I hated you, while you loved me. I was in deception, you were in the light of truth. It is I who must be forgiven by you, just as Paul needed to be forgiven by Christ. I believe that I will also become a Christian. I want to be a Christian but I am not yet the master of my soul. I ask you to be kind with me!"

The importance of chastity

> The physiological effect of chastity becomes a spring of spiritual power, but not with any personal aim, as some think, but with a communal aim, as the Lord teaches.

The true path to masculinity is chastity, because only by remaining in a pure state as God intended, with your passions fully bridled, can you fully access your God-given masculine nature without layers of corruption, defilement, distortion, filth, and carnal weakness.

Why is the modern world the way it is?

> Why did God allow the world to sink into this present crisis, after some 2000 years of Christianity? This crisis is not from God, nor is it from faith, but rather from the freedom of the human conscience. In the past few centuries, man has profaned the world, devastated souls, encouraged sensuality, and has fallen prey to the pride of materialism and atheism. At the same time, satanic forces are more refined and better organized in the 20th century than in the first Christian

> age. The way in which saints are killed by the beast and perish in the 20th century is much more diabolical, more perverse, more complete, better studied, more horrible than the way in which martyrs were killed during the age of the catacombs. Millions of Christians today are not at the spiritual level of the catacombs, but in this century, sainthood and martyrdom are greater than ever in intensity and manifestation. The enemies of Christianity, those who brought about this martyrdom, want to conceal it and make the world forget about Christ, but they are deceiving themselves and prove to be powerless. They have succeeded in ruling the world, but in doing so have created saints and martyrs. They have succeeded in closing the mouths of men, but they have not been able to conceal the light of the saints. God works in the world even through those who do not believe. This seems to be the reason for the crisis that the 20th century has experienced: the purification necessary for a higher level of spirituality and existence.

Spoiler alert: God and His children win in the end. We simply have to hold tightly onto Christ and endure until our death. If you are reading this right now, Christ is not unknown to you. Dive fervently into the faith through the Orthodox Church so that you can withstand demonic temptations and save your soul.

Not long ago, Hieromonk Theodore, a priestmonk at Holy Trinity Monastery, gave an excellent lecture about the very topic that the book covers:

As the times we live in become increasingly authoritarian, it's important for Orthodox Christians to know that our cross may become as heavy as these Romanian saints. In fact, if you believe that persecution of Christians has hardly just begun, as I do, this book is essential in providing you with the inspiration to pursue the faith with even more zeal and vigor, because I suspect that Satan is frantically optimizing his world system to condemn souls in a way that will be more diabolical and optimized than any other time in human history, until finally the appearance of his Antichrist. May God give us strength to bear the extreme hardships that are sure to come.

Learn More: *The Saint Of The Prisons on Amazon*

The End Of Roosh Hour

March 4, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In a decision that has taken me months to make, I have chosen to retire the Roosh Hour live stream format. The first Roosh Hour was recorded on July 10, 2017 while the last, Roosh Hour 73, on January 22, 2022. I will not do them anymore.

It was quaint to think that, upon repentance, I could seamlessly incorporate Christ into all my existing activities, but some activities are so predominately secular that they must be abandoned entirely. That includes doing a live stream where I offer commentary on dozens of news stories to a wide audience where my opinions are the "hidden knowledge" or "hot takes" that edify the masses. Problem is that doing live streams so exercised my pride that my most lamentable sins since being received into the Orthodox Church happened immediately after streaming.

Doing a Roosh Hour had the effect of dumping a gallon of adrenaline into my body. It gave me such a chemical rush that I immediately began to perform old sins, first with my mind and then my tongue. It even caused me to overeat. I learned that the adrenaline evaporates my spiritual guard, similar to the effect of alcohol. Not only do I lose control over my willpower, but I also lose the desire to pray. For at least a day after streaming, my prayer is unfruitful, full of distractions. It began to bother my conscience to do live streams because I knew I'd experience temporary spiritual damage as a result.

> This is the law: Abandon everything that is dangerous to the new life, whatever ignites passions, brings vanity and extinguishes spirit. And how many such things there are! Let the measure of this be each person's heart, sincerely seeking salvation without deceit and not only for show. Now is the time to cease from all theaters, balls, dances, music, singing, travels, strolls, acquaintances, jokes, sarcasm, laughter, and idle time. It is time even to change the time or arising from bed, sleep, eating and so on. At other times and in different places it may be otherwise. But the measuring stick is always the same: Abandon what is harmful and dangerous to life, whatever extinguishes the spirit. —Saint Theophan the Recluse

I have considered pre-recording streams to reduce the stimulation that comes from speaking to hundreds of people at once, or even to do an audio-only Roosh Hour to reduce the effect of me being the "star" of the show, but the problem of the content remains. For three, four, even five hours, most of what I talk about is the news, usually bad news. This observation was confirmed to me while I was preparing for my next stream by doing an objective analysis of the links I wanted to share. They were almost entirely negative: war in this country, rumors of war elsewhere, the regime trampling on people (literally with police horses), women behaving badly, children being hurt, people killing themselves, discussion of the human-destroying plans of the globalists, potential future pandemics, and on and on. I don't care how strong your faith is, but to be

subjected to this barrage of pain, suffering, and evil *will* darken your mind. For a long time I have been subjecting your senses to hours of doom and gloom, making it easier for you to experience anxiety, fear, and despair. Many people think I'm doing them a favor by showing them "what's going on," but do the benefits really outweigh the costs? Outside of knowing the basic framework of what's happening in the world, you don't need to know everything to serve Christ and be saved.

I have shared many spiritual ideas and quotes in my streams, but they are a minority of the content, and after a stream, it's easier to remember the shocking images or carnage I shared more easily than a nugget of spiritual wisdom from this saint or that. I have never encountered a saint who spoke or wrote endlessly about world events and politics to then say a word or two about the faith, or who had to rush out in the public square to shout his political opinions to all who would listen. In the end, my streams were just one step above Fox News.

> The thought that you could live like a Christian while holding on to the world and worldliness is an empty, deluded thought. Whoever lives by this thought will never learn anything more than pharisaism and imaginary life, that is, he will be Christian only in his own opinion, and not in fact. At first he will destroy with one hand what he created with another, that is, what he gathered while away from the world will be stolen from him at his first re-entrance into it. —Saint Theophan the Recluse

I'm not leaving you in the lurch. In my article Forecast Of The End Of The World, I carefully lay out how the world operates and what I believe will happen in the future. As of now, many news stories you encounter will fit into that framework. To continually discuss coronavirus week after week, for example, or gawk at a new war that we can view from the comfort of our homes, is gratuitous and merely a form of entertainment. You already have all that you need to know on an intellectual level about how the Antichrist will deceive the world, and now you simply need to strengthen your faith. Also, Roosh V Forum is active with hundreds of posts each day concerning every topic under the sun, including current events. Many astute men (and women) post there and can help you connect the dots of what is happening in the world.

It's possible that in many months I will decide to do something like a topical podcast, but I prefer writing because I can perfect it through the editing process and remove inflamed quips and mistakes in judgment that I simply can't do when speaking from an outline. God has shown me that for a passionate and impulsive person like myself who is prone to going too far in the moment, speaking in front of an audience is far more dangerous than writing, a methodical activity that does not dump any adrenaline within me.

Repentance is hard. Everything you were doing up to that point must be carefully examined with a spiritual lens. I had unpublished all my pickup books and articles, thinking that's all I needed to do, but that was just the beginning, as I am in the process of changing countless other personal behaviors and habits to align myself with the teachings of Lord Jesus Christ and His Church. I must put God above my worldly pursuits,

and if God tells me to give up everything then I must give up everything. Until then, I will commit to writing articles here and operating Roosh V Forum. For those of you who enjoyed my streams, I hope you stick around, because I think I have more to contribute without darkening your mind by showcasing all of Satan's modern handiwork.

Read Next: *Why Do I Need To Know Everything*

Faithmaxing

March 7, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The world is falling away. The center cannot hold. Everyone can feel it in their bones, even those who are far from God and participate wholeheartedly in the Antichrist system that aims to destroy souls for eternity. Today's man is faced with innumerable options on how to "enjoy life," but only one option transcends the material, not to improve this life, but to prepare for the one to come. The best response in these times is to faithmax.

Pickup artist teachings have long since taught the importance of maximizing your look to be attractive to women. There would be no point to learn all the pickup lines, routines, and so on if you look unkempt. Secular women love a modern, refined look, so if you wanted to be with secular women, you had to pay close attention to your appearance as if you were a woman yourself.

Over the course of decades, pickup artistry moved away from social value, status, and the art of charm to "looksmaxing," which is being an attractive man through bodybuilding, trendy haircuts, and the like. This strategy wasn't entirely flawed because these lustful men would be interacting with exceedingly shallow and lustful women who sought dopamine from hooking up with "hot" guys. The top 1% of good-looking men on Tinder would get most of the matches, and even if they possessed no charm, could finagle fornication from women who were desperate to be personally validated by a man approved by the world.

Unfortunately for the men who looksmaxed their way onto a woman's bed, and for the women who slept with men they found attractive, fornication is an immoral act that darkens the soul and separates one from God, so pickup artistry, game, and looksmaxing were dead-ends that offered only temporarily pleasure to the body and—if the fornicator remained unrepentant—condemnation for the soul.

Shortcuts can be handy in times of confusion or rapid change. Looksmaxing, while used as a tool for sin, was useful for the men who desired sin. For Christians who desire salvation, but live in dizzying times where each day offers its own challenges and pitfalls, I believe a sound strategy is to faithmax. This is where we focus exclusively on building our faith, repenting, confessing our sins before God, and living in accordance to His will. Our faith must be prioritized and maximized to what the soul can handle, above all other worldly or secular pursuits that offer no profit to the life we will have after death.

To faithmax is to strive higher for God every day of our lives. A life of faithmaxing will include…

- Praying at least twice a day
- Reading at least one chapter of the New Testament daily (or at least the Church's prescribed Bible readings of the day)
- Reading at least 10 pages of religious material per day
- Actively replacing secular content with Christian content
- Actively struggling against sins
- Starving the old man while feeding the new man with God's grace
- Doing good deeds out of love
- Weakening our attachment to worldly things
- Watching what comes out of our mouth (profanity, judgments) and guarding against secular influences
- Participating in Saturday night All-Night Vigil and Sunday morning Liturgy (within the Orthodox Church)

The "maxing" of faithmaxing implies that you continually grow your faith and do more today than you did before. I used to pray only ten minutes a day, but now it is more. I read more of the Bible each day, read more Orthodox books, and am more watchful about committing sinful behaviors. There must be growth in the spiritual life, because if there is no growth, Satan needs to only give you a slight push so that you start going backwards. You're either growing in zeal or at risk of falling away.

During times of relative peace, faithmaxing can be your focus, because in times of tribulation where you face homelessness, starvation, violence, illness, or persecution, you may not be able to faithmax—you will only be able to use what you have already built.

You'll be able to withdraw from the faith savings account instead of making deposits. It is simply too hard to strengthen faith practices in the initial acute stages of a new shock, which means that it's today that you should faithmax, without delay, not tomorrow, because when severe tribulations come, you may not even have access to your prayer books to practice the faith. You may not have access to a Church or to the Eucharist. The foundation must be built now, because from a foundation comes the strength to fight what could be a long war.

For example, if you lose your job suddenly, you may be so anxious and stressed that you'll forget to pray. There's no way you will add new daily faith habits to your routine during such a crisis. If you get diagnosed with a terminal disease, you will experience so much emotion that the last thing on your mind is to read the Gospel of Luke. All the practices of faith must be cemented in your heart and soul before the tribulation arrives at your door with the hope that you even use 10% of it to get you through the hard time.

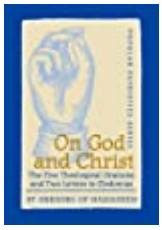
I have known many people who experienced states of limbo due to the fear of losing their jobs because of vaccine mandates and other authoritarian measures, but life remains easy for me. I live comfortably, have enough money to fund my internet platforms and baking hobby, and don't have any responsibilities that have become too onerous. Materially, life is stable, but I'm vigorously trying to use this time wisely by faithmaxing. I can say that I'm doing much more to worship God than a year ago, because each month I struggle to do a little bit more than the previous month. When tribulations come to me, and they certainly will, I will use the faith I built up to help get me through. I faithmax in times of calm to survive when times are rough, and though times are not entirely "calm" right now, they are calm enough for me, and I pray to God every day that He can allow me to one day sustain the harshest of persecutions, because we don't know what God will ultimately require of our souls.

If you're not faithmaxing then you're faithminimizing, faithsinking, faithplunging. There is no stillness in this world, you're either moving forward or you're moving backwards, and if you don't perceive forward movement then you must immediately get to work. Visit an Orthodox Church, talk to the priest, and ask his advice on how to build your faith. Start praying. Buy the Orthodox Study Bible. You still have time, but how much time we don't know. Faithmax today and every day so that when hardship comes, you can raise your hands in the air and say, "Lord, have mercy on me," and not worry about what comes next.

Read Next: *10 Reasons Why You Should Visit An Orthodox Monastery*

A Theology Of God And Christ

March 23, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



On God and Christ is a book by Saint Gregory of Nazianzus, one of the three Cappadocian Fathers, who were all instrumental in elucidating Christian theology before the Schism. This work features five sermons by Saint Gregory that help us understand the mystery of God.

Progressive revelation

> …there is an educative and progressive unfolding and knowledge of the God whose being is unfathomable.

This also applies on the individual level. If you have gone through repentance and come to behold the presence of the One God, I can safely assume that it was done in a stepwise manner. You didn't receive the full complement of God's grace in one moment because your damaged soul would not be able to withstand or comprehend it.

I know people who get noticeably uncomfortable when talking about God or stepping into a church. If that person was given a vision like was given to the Prophets, what would happen to them? They would probably go insane. The infinitely wise Teacher has a lesson plan for you to complete a course that will take the remainder of your life.

Theology is not for everyone

> Discussion of theology is not for everyone, I tell you, not for everyone—it is no such inexpensive or effortless pursuit. Nor, I would add, is it for every occasion, or every audience; neither are all its aspects open to inquiry. It must be reserved for certain occasions, for certain audiences, and certain limits must be observed. It is not for all people, but only for those who have been tested and have found a sound footing in study, and, more importantly, have undergone, or at the very least are undergoing, purification of body and soul. For one who is not pure to lay hold of pure things is dangerous, just as it is for weak eyes to look at the sun's brightness.

Three types of governing principles

> The opinions about deity that hold pride of place are three in number: atheism, polytheism, and monotheism. With the first two the children of Greece amused themselves. Let the game go on! Atheism with its lack of a governing principle

> involves disorder. Polytheism, with a plurality of such principles, involves faction and hence the absence of a governing principle, and this involves disorder again. Both lead to an identical result—lack of order, which, in turn, leads to disintegration, disorder being the prelude to disintegration. Monotheism, with its single governing principle, is what we value—not monotheism define as the sovereignty of a single person (after all, self-discordant unity can become a plurality) but the single rule produced by equality of nature, harmony of will, identity of action, and the convergence towards their source of what springs from unity—none of which is possible in the case of created nature.

In the West, due to our lack of faith in God, it appears that we are rapidly advancing from the stage of disorder into disintegration, and it's this shift that God is using to bring many people into the Church. Many souls can tolerate a degree of disorder, enough so that they don't pursue the faith, but few souls, even those who are inclined towards evil, can tolerate disintegration, for it is a prelude of painful eternal torments, and so such evil attacks their conscience and they begin to repent towards the all-governing order that only God can provide.

Theology of the Holy Trinity

> We have one God because there is a single Godhead. Though there are three objects of belief, they derive from the single whole and have reference to it. They do not have degrees of being God or degrees of priority over against one another. They are not sundered in will or divided in power. You cannot find there any of the properties inherent in things divisible. To express it succinctly, the Godhead exists undivided in beings divided. It is as if there were a single intermingling of light, which existed in three mutually connected Suns. When we look at the Godhead, the primal cause, the sole sovereignty, we have a mental picture of the single whole, certainly. But when we look at the three in whom the Godhead exists, and at those who derive their timeless and equally glorious being from the primal cause, we have three objects of worship.

Lord Jesus Christ is fully divine and fully human

> As man he was baptized, but he absolved sins as God; he needed no purifying rites himself—his purpose was to hallow water. As man he was put to the test, but as God he came through victorious—yes, bids us be of good cheer, because he has conquered the world. He hungered—yet he fed thousands. He is indeed "living, heavenly bread." He thirsted—yet he exclaimed: "Whosoever thirsts, let him come to me and drink." Indeed he promised that believers would become fountains. He was tired—yet he is the "rest" of the weary and the burdened. He was overcome by heavy sleep—yet he goes lightly over the sea, rebukes winds, and relieves the drowning Peter. He pays tax—yet he uses a fish to do it; indeed he is emperor over those who demand the tax. He is called a "Samaritan,

> demonically possessed”—but he rescues the man who came down from Jerusalem and fell among thieves. Yes, he is recognized by demons, drives out demons, drowns deep a legion of spirits, and sees the prince of demons falling like lightning. He is stoned, yet not hit; he prays, yet he hears prayer. He weeps, yet he puts an end to weeping. He asks where Lazarus is laid—he was man; yet he raises Lazarus—he was God. He is sold, and cheap was the price—thirty pieces of silver; yet he buys back the world at the mighty cost of his own blood. A sheep, he is led to the slaughter—yet he shepherds Israel and now the whole world as well. A lamb, he is dumb—yet he is “Word,” proclaimed by “the voices of one crying in the wilderness.” He is weakened, wounded—yet he cures every disease and every weakness. He is brought up to the tree and nailed to it—yet by the tree of life he restores us. Yes, he saves even a thief crucified with him; he wraps all the visible world in darkness. He is given vinegar to drink, gall to eat—and who is he? Why, one who turned water into wine, who took away the taste of bitterness, who is all sweetness and desire. He surrenders his life, yet he has power to take it again. Yes, the veil is rent, for things of heaven are being revealed, rocks split, and dead men have an earlier awakening. He dies, but he vivifies and by death destroys death. He is buried, yet he rises again. He goes down to Hades, yet he leads souls up, ascends to heaven, and will come to judge quick and dead, and to probe discussions like these. If the first set of expressions starts you going astray, the second set takes your error away.

All examples of His human weakness, of which Muslims often like to point out to justify their belief that Christ is merely a “prophet,” can be soundly defeated by His divinity in the very same category.

How God teaches man

> God thought it wrong to do men good against their will but right to benefit those with a mind to it. For this reason, he acts like a schoolmaster or doctor, taking away some ancestral customs, allowing others. He yields on some trifles which make for happiness, just as physicians do with the sick to get the medicine taken along with the sweeter ingredients artfully blended in. A departure from time-honored, customary ways is, after all, not easy.
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> […]
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> It was dangerous for the Son to be preached openly when the Godhead of the Father was still unacknowledged. It was dangerous, too, for the Holy Spirit to be made (and here I use a rather rash expression) an extra burden, when the Son had not been received. It could mean men jeopardizing what did lie within their powers, as happens to those encumbered with a diet too strong for them or who gaze at sunlight with eyes as yet too feeble for it. No, God meant it to be by piecemeal additions, “ascents” as David called them, by progress and advance from glory to glory, that the light of the Trinity should shine upon more illustrious

> souls. This was, I believe, the motive for the Spirit's making his home in the disciples in gradual stages proportionate to their capacity to receive him—-at the outset of the gospel when he performs miracles, after the Passion when he is breathed into the disciples, after the Ascension when he appears in fiery tongues.

We were born after the full revelation of God, when the theology was worked out without error in the Orthodox Church. We have all that we need for our salvation, through the Scripture and His Church, and so when we go to God upon our death, there is no use to plead ignorance.

The power of the Holy Spirit

> Look at the facts: Christ is born, the Spirit is his forerunner; Christ is baptized, the Spirit bears him witness; Christ is tempted, the Spirit leads him up; Christ performs miracles, the Spirit accompanies him; Christ ascends, the Spirit fills his place. Is there any significant function belonging to God, which the Spirit does not perform?

Overall, On God and Christ was a short but sturdy read that may be best suited for those who are already in the Orthodox Church since it features mostly theological teachings instead of practical matters of the faith. It was a suitable book for me to begin to wade into theology.

Learn More: *On God and Christ on Amazon*

Vegetable Oils Are Toxic

March 28, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In September 2021, I came down with a severe flu-like illness. During that time, I started researching my diet to see if it was the cause. I ended up down the rabbit hole of seed oils, more popularly called vegetable oils, which include canola, soybean, corn, safflower, and sunflower oil. I had always thought that it was only trans-fats that were dangerous, not the poly-unsaturated fats in seed oils that experts proclaim are "healthy" for the heart. I was wrong. I have come to the conclusion that seed oils are toxic and should not be consumed by human beings. I have since embarked on a quest to eliminate them from my diet.

You may be reluctant to examine the boring scientific evidence for why seed oils are toxic, but I promise that you won't need a PhD. Simply watch this video on how canola oil is made, produced by the same industry that wants you to consume more of it. By granting a film crew access to their factory, they actually thought this video would impress you with their product.

You just saw an industrial process to transform waste into "food" using noxious chemicals and high heat. If you watched this video and see nothing wrong with canola oil and how it is heavily processed from a disgusting brown sludge, there is no amount of science I can present to you that will convince you to stop eating industrial waste. This process uses bleach, lye, and hexane to transform an inedible product into a low-grade toxin that may not kill you immediately, but which causes long-term health problems. Soybean oil and all other seed oils must be processed in the same industrial manner because of the tiny amount of oil encapsulated in each tough little seed. Only a factory method using volatile chemicals is able to extract enough of that oil to make it lucrative for the extractor. Compare that to how extra virgin olive oil is naturally made:

Before seed oils came onto the scene, heart attacks were unheard of: cardiologists in the early 20th century never saw them, and any sudden heart failure leading to death was due to a congenital defect. Cancer was rare and so was obesity. Then the captains of industry found out that they could dump their waste onto the food supply through the magic of industrial chemistry—similar to how they dumped fluoride in the water supply—by offering payola to medical associations for a stamp of approval. They also dangled the prospect of future high-paying jobs to government workers as long as they approve their toxins as food. This video summarizes how we've been duped in the name of profits.

There are two main problems with seed oils. First, they rapidly oxidize, whether in the bottle or while cooking. They break down into primary oxidation products like peroxides, and dienes, and also secondary oxidation products of carbonyls, aldehydes, trienes, and isoprostanes. These byproducts are toxic and directly damage the body. The olive oil you buy in a store comes in a dark bottle to block out UV light and prevent oxidation.

Vegetable oil, on the other hand, comes in a clear bottle because it's already oxidized, so there is no use to spend an extra penny per bottle to prevent a process that degrades the product.

Second, seed oils that enter the body cause oxidation themselves, an indirect form of poisoning. Their unsaturated chemical composition allows them to easily react with proteins, organic molecules, and cell membranes to impair biological functioning and cause oxidative stress which leads to inflammation. This causes cellular damage that, over the long term, is suspected in heart disease, obesity, cancer, diabetes, blood clotting, malnourishment, thyroid dysfunction, and immunity defects. It turns out that polyunsaturated fat, which is heralded as heart-healthy, is most dangerous for the heart because of how readily it causes inflammation. (See the reading list below and embedded videos for evidence of all claims in this article.)

I suspect that many of the chronic health problems Americans face today, and which the pharmaceutical industry is only too happy to treat with expensive medicines, are caused by the consumption of vegetable oils, moreso than a sedentary lifestyle. If you have more time, and want the details on specifically why vegetable oils are so bad for the human body, I recommend this video:

Even though I was a scientist for many years, I don't have the time or patience to wade through all the literature determining whether each food I may eat is toxic or not, so I've implemented a shortcut. Did the food exist before 1900? Because the 20th century was a disaster for the human race, my heuristic makes the assumption that whatever existed before 1900 was better than what came after. I'm taking quite a gamble because most processed and refined foods, including pumpkin spice soy lattes, doughnuts, Cheetos, chicken nuggets, ranch dressing, and Hot Pockets are off-limits to me since they did not exist before 1900. If the food you're about to eat is unrecognizable to someone who lived at that time, or would not be considered food by them, we should not eat it, for we have the same body and digestive system as those men and women who knew how to live in a natural, traditional way. Unfortunately many people eat a modern diet composed entirely of Frankenfoods, and I would bet those people suffer from needless illness, or at least soon will.

When it comes to fats, there are only a few that pass the 1900 test: olive oil, butter, ghee, pork lard, coconut oil (at least in Asia), and beef tallow. All are heavily saturated. Wait, aren't saturated fats bad for you? I've been told by the American Heart Association, which is in the pocket of the seed oil industry from a relationship that started way back in 1948, that I need to only consume poly-unsaturated industrial sludge (doctors actually recommend you eat canola oil!). Well, you were lied to. Saturated fat is good for you. It has sustained humans for generations without the deaths from cancer and heart disease that we have now. First, it doesn't break down into toxic byproducts in the body like polyunsaturated fat, and second, it raises your cholesterol. Wait, isn't cholesterol bad for you? No, that's another lie. Cholesterol is also good for you. It is required by your body, composes much of your brain, and is actually an antioxidant that helps with immune

function.

Our diets have been contaminated by greedy businessmen and corrupt government health authorities. Instead of eating vegetables and refined carbohydrates, we should be focusing on animal fats and other animal products (assuming it's not an Orthodox fasting day), which are way more nutrient-dense than vegetables. Consider that a serving of beef liver has way more vitamins and minerals than a serving of the healthiest vegetable. Many of us, including myself, have wasted time eating a colorful variety of salads and health food products when really we should've just been eating eggs and meat slathered with butter, like most of our ancestors, while treating vegetables more as a side dish that should also be slathered with butter.

What they don't want to eat

It's still hard for me to quit bread (my ancestors were from the Middle East, after all), but now when I compose I meal, I ask myself how I can maximize the amount of animal fats and cholesterol without ruining the overall flavor balance. In my oatmeal, I use milk, butter, and almond butter. It keeps me full for hours. For lunch I may make an omelet with cheese and butter. I put more thought into the fat I'm going to use for meals or in my baking. Turns out that it's practical: fat makes me full for longer, so I spend fewer hours in a day in hunger or thinking about food.

I know that one day I will die. No matter how healthy I eat today, the cause of my death will still be what kills most people in old age: cancer, heart disease, stroke, dementia, or organ failure (often lungs). I am not improving my diet to live longer or escape from suffering. Instead, I simply desire to not eat sludge and poison. I only want to eat food, but most of what passes today as food is not food. Vegetable oil is not food, no matter how much they bleach it and add artificial yellow coloring, and most of the packaged junk in the supermarket is not food. God created me in His image and likeness to worship Him

to the best of my ability. Eating normal food that I can properly digest helps me in that aim. I only want to eat the fruits of the earth that my ancestors ate, not industrial sludge. If I eat a clean diet and still get sick, that's okay, because in this body I am mortal, but to eat vegetable oils and other waste products is to call food what is not food, and that is a lie, a trick of modernity, perhaps derived from Satan himself.

It's very easy to get neurotic about food. "It has a drop of soybean oil, so I can't eat it!" "This birthday cake my friends bought for me has bleached flour, which is bad!" You can take the truth about food and go overboard, allowing it to make you more anxious and fearful than if you just ate junk every day and got sick from it. My practice is to eat as clean as I can when I prepare my own meals. Some of the products I eat still have some vegetable oil (e.g., mixed nuts) and I use modern expeller-pressed avocado oil in my baked goods. When I am invited to other people's homes, I know I'm probably getting a lot of soy. That's okay. If I eat clean for most of the week, I can handle an occasional unclean meal. I don't want my decision to eat real food to separate me from other people, especially Christians, in the name of physical health. My desire to eat real food is more a natural desire to eat real food, because it is only a matter of time until I die anyway. There is no point coddling a corpse, of which I will soon be.

From my recent education of food, I have come to an alarming conclusion: I think they're trying to kill us. The vast majority of packaged food in the supermarket contains seed oils and other ingredients that human beings should not consume, but it's extremely profitable to the producers so they don't mind putting soy in just about everything. Even worse, when you go out to a chain restaurant, all you're getting is soy and other junk (look at the nutritional information section of your favorite restaurant's website if you don't believe me). They don't care about what we eat as long as they make more money, and those at the FDA will approve anything as "food" because they want to get a higher-paying job at the food companies they're supposed to regulate.

Don't trust what they tell you to eat—simply look in the past, at the foods that were available to your ancestors, and use that to construct a diet to the best of your ability without becoming anxious or neurotic. Food should be a way to nourish our slowly decaying bodies and experience fellowship with others. Anything beyond that and we've gone too far.

To further study this issue, here are the sources I recommend:

- Oxidation of food grade oils
- Free Radicals: Definition, Causes, Antioxidants, and Cancer
- Soybean oil linked to metabolic and neurological changes in mice
- How Industrial Seed Oils Are Making Us Sick
- Unsaturated Vegetable Oils: Toxic
- The Big Fat Surprise: Toxic Heated Oils
- Why Saturated Fat is GOOD for you
- Benefits of saturated fat
- Benefits of cholesterol

- Seed oils cause Cancer, Heart Disease, Obesity and Diabetes

Read Next: *How To Make Italian Neapolitan Pizza With A Home Oven*

Are You On The Path To Salvation?

March 31, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The Path To Salvation, written by Russian Saint Theophan The Recluse, elaborates how grace, sin, and salvation work within a soul. Since the way I came to the Church is an old story (wretched sinner who repents), I oftentimes felt that with this book I was reading my very own biography. It's extremely useful to not only understand how God uses repentance to benefit the soul but also how to proceed with the faith in a way that earns you eternal salvation.

The necessity for spiritual guidance

> Consequently it is necessary for someone who already has the desire to walk on the indicated path to the Lord to be shown in addition all the deviations that are possible on this path, so that the traveler may be warned in advanced about this, may see the dangers that are to be encountered, and may know how to avoid them.

It's a huge deception to think you can save your soul without those more spiritually experienced than you are. As tough as it is for a rich man to be saved, like a camel going through the eye of a needle, I imagine it's just as hard for the "I only need my Bible" types.

The Christian life

> [The Christian life] has three stages which may be called: 1) Turning to God; 2) Purification or self-amendment; 3) Sanctification. In the first stage a man turns from darkness to light, from the domain of satan to God; in the second, he cleanses the chamber of his heart from every impurity, in order to receive Christ the Lord Who is coming to him; in the third, the Lord comes, takes up His abode in his heart, and communes with him. This is the state of blessed communion with God—the goal of all labors and ascetic endeavors.
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> […]
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> There is a moment, and a very noticeable moment, which is sharply marked out in the course of our life, when a person begins to live in a Christian way. This is the moment when there began to be present in him the distinctive characteristics of Christian life. Christian life is zeal and the strength to remain in communion with God by means of an active fulfillment of His holy will, according

> to our faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and with the help of the grace of God, to the glory of His most holy name.
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> […]
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> By giving man freedom God has yielded to man a piece of His divine authority, but with the intention that man himself would voluntarily bring it as a sacrifice to God, as a most perfect offering. Therefore, if you have mastered yourself, now give yourself to God. When you sin, you not only lost yourself, but in losing yourself you took yourself away from God. Now, having returned from the captivity of sin, after you have mastered yourself, return yourself also to God.
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> […]
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> Do everything for the glory of God, and in nothing—either outwardly nor inwardly—intend anything other than this glory. It should be the measuring stick of every endeavor and place its seal on each other.

One of the reasons I have been able to turn so fervently to Christ is because I exhausted myself with the pleasures of the secular world. I currently have no curiosity or "fear of missing out" (if I wasn't deluded, I would have never possessed carnal desires in the first place). I had accomplished worldly things that many men wish, but none yielded any meaning or fulfillment. It was vanity of vanities, a colossal waste of time that damaged my soul and others, and I lament them bitterly. If I decide not to follow Christ with zeal tomorrow, I know that there would be nothing else to do in this world but to wait until my death to be sent to hell, because there is no meaning in this life without Him.

The power of baptism

> St. Diadochos, explaining the power of baptism, says that before baptism sin dwells in the heart and grace acts from outside, but after baptism, grace settles in the heart and sin attracts us from outside. It is banished from the heart as an enemy from a fortress, and it settles outside, in the parts of the body, from where it acts by means of attacks in a fragmented state. This is why there is a constant tempter, a seducer, but no longer a master: He disturbs and alarms, but does not command. And so, the new life is born in baptism!

Distractions

> A distracted person has made his soul a highway, along which, through imagination, tempting objects pass by like shadows and tempt the soul to follow them. And then, when one is thus, so to speak, torn away from oneself, the devil secretly approaches, takes away the good seed, and puts a bad one in its place. Thus the Saviour taught when He explained who it is that takes away the seed sown by the wayside and who it is that sows the tares. It is the enemy of mankind who does both the one and the other.

There are some days when I cannot at all control the flow of thoughts in my mind. It feels

like torture, because I do not desire to have all those useless and proud thoughts, and instead wish I could concentrate wholeheartedly on prayer, and yet it is impossible to do so with my limited spiritual abilities.

The foolishness of secular youth

> …what can one say to someone who not only does not love Christian life and truth, but has never even heard of it? …he is a house without protection, given over to robbery, or a dry branch given over to burning in a fire. When the arbitrariness of youthful ideas throw a shadow of doubt on everything, when the arousal of the passions is causing a mighty disturbance in him, when the whole soul is filled with tempting thoughts and movements—the young man is in fire. Who will give him a drop of dew to cool him, or give him a helping hand, if there is not a voice from his own heart that speaks for truth, for goodness, and for purity? But this voice will not come if love for it has not been sown previously. Even good advice in this case will not help; there will be nothing for it to stick to.

Was I not the dry branch given over to fire until middle age after being tainted with nihilism, hedonism, and the subjectivity of truth by the culture-makers of the Western world who are controlled and empowered by Satan?

Choose your friends wisely

> There are certain circles of “friends” with very bad ways of life. Being drawn in with them, you do not notice how you become united with them in spirit, just as you do not notice, when you are in a foul smelling places, how foul you yourself smell. People themselves often lose awareness of the indecency of their own conduct, and they quite calmly become crude in it.

You must hate sin

> Decisive and active resistance to sin comes only from hatred of it. Hatred of sin comes only from a sense of evil from it; the sense of evil from it is experienced in all its force in this painful break within repentance. Only here does a person sense with his whole heart what a great evil sin is; afterward he will run from it as he would from the fire of Gehenna. Without this painful experience, even if he begins cleansing himself in some other way, he will be able to cleanse himself only slightly, more outwardly than inwardly, more in actions than in disposition.

The lamentable life of a sinner

> Once he has turned away from God, the person dwells on himself, and makes self the main goal of his life and activity. This is because at this point, after God, there is for him nothing higher than self, especially because, having previously received every abundance from God and having now forgotten Him, he hurries and takes care to fill himself up with something. The emptiness that has formed

> inside him because of his falling away from God causes an unquenchable thirst inside him that is vague but constant. The person has become a bottomless abyss. He makes every effort to fill this abyss, but he cannot see or feel it getting full. Thus, he spends his entire life in sweat, toil and great labors; he busies himself with various occupations in which he hopes to find a way to quench his unquenchable thirst. These occupations take up all his attention, all his time and all his activity. They are the highest good, in which he lives with his whole heart.
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> […]
>
> …the sinner is continually troubled about learnedness, the possession of many things, and the desire for many pleasures. He amuses himself, he possesses, he questions. He goes around in circles his entire life. Curiosity beckons, the heart hopes to taste sweet things, and he is enticed by the will.
>
> […]
>
> If one looks at the sinner in his inner mood and condition, it happens sometimes that he is knowledgeable, but is blind with regard to divine things and the matter of his own salvation. Even if he constantly takes care and troubles over things, he is idle and careless in regard to arranging his own salvation; even if he continually experiences anxieties or pleasures of the heart, he is completely insensitive to everything spiritual. In this regard, all forces of being are afflicted by sin; and there is blindness, negligence and insensitivity in the sinner. He does not see his own condition, and therefore does not sense the danger of his situation. He does not sense his danger and therefore does not take the trouble and care to be delivered from it. The necessity to change and be saved does not even enter his mind. He has complete, unshakable confidence that he is at his proper station in life, wants for nothing and must therefore leave everything the way it is. Therefore, he considers any reminder about another kind of life to be superfluous for himself; he does not listen, and cannot even understand what it is for. He avoids and shuns it.
>
> […]
>
> If a person does not deny sin and run from it, then that is because he does not know himself and the danger he is in for the sake of his sin. If his eyes were opened he would run from sin as he would run from a house engulfed in flames. Such blindness is the result of inattentiveness to himself—the person does not know himself because he has never entered inside himself, and has never thought about himself or his moral condition.

When I was being catechized prior to baptism, I remember asking my godfather, a monk, how it was possible for me to perform all those evils of my past. He replied, “Because you thought it was normal.” Yes, I thought being a “masculine” man meant to fornicate. I thought being “happy” was to rack up new and exciting experiences. I thought being “cultured” meant living as a rootless cosmopolitan by traveling around the world enjoying espresso macchiatos and chocolate croissants in quaint European cafes. Everything I did,

the culture promoted in one way or another, and I never thought my behavior was wrong until after I reached out to God, because without Him, I could not possibly come to know good from evil.

How the demons attempt to block repentance

> The prince of this world has an entire horde of servile spirits of malice that are subordinate to him. At each instant they scurry along every boundary of the inhabited world to sow various things in different places, deepen entanglement in the net of sin, repair traps that have become weak and broken, and especially to guard against anyone who might take it into his mind to rid himself of his bounds and escape to freedom. In the latter case, they hurriedly gather around the self-willed person. First they come one by one, then by detachments and legions until finally, the entire horde is there. This happens in various ways and forms so as to block all exists and mend the strands and nets, and, using the other analogy, to push back into the abyss any person who has begun to crawl out along its steep slopes.

When I sought repentance, and attempted to pray using my own words for the first time, a woman on the internet I had never met sent me a homemade pornography film featuring herself. That was a rare occurrence, but it happened at the exact time I was reaching out to God. In response, I fell back into mortal sin, and it took another month for me to attempt prayer again. If my spiritual eyes were opened at that time, I can only imagine the number of bullets demons were shooting at me.

Why do we allow Satan to befriend us?

> The devil has done nothing for you, only tyrannizes you with sin, but you willingly and indefatigably work for him. You befriend him through sin, and he does evil to you through it. He entices you to sin by promising its sweetness, but those who fall into sin he torments and tortures. Here he convinces you that your sins are nothing, but there he will present them to your reproach, as major points. He trembles with evil joy when someone falls into nets of sin and gets stuck in them. Realize all this and arouse yourself to hatred for this man-hater and all his works.
>
> […]
>
> Satan has a single concern; that is, where a person is completely occupied in his consciousness, attention, and heart, that God not be the sole occupier, but that something outside Him be attached to his mind, will, and heart, so the person has something in place of God and only cares about what he knows and what he enjoys and possesses. Here there are not only carnal and mental passions, but also specious things such as learnedness, artistry, and worldliness that can serve as the bonds of satan for keeping blinded sinners in his power and not allowing them to come to their sense.

Before you come to the faith, Satan prefers that you not know of his existence so that you

believe all the evil thoughts entering your mind are of your own instinct and nature, but once you decide to follow Christ, there is no need for him to hide. He will then use whatever means at his disposal to shake your faith and put you into despair that salvation is impossible.

God awakens the sinner with divine grace

> We have said that the sinner is like a person who is sunk in deep slumber. Just as a person who is fast asleep will not stir and get up on his own in spite of approaching danger unless someone comes and rouses him, so will the person who is sunk in the slumber of sin not come to his senses and awaken unless divine grace comes to his aid. By the boundless mercy of God, this grace is prepared for everyone, approaches everyone in turn, and calls out clearly to each: Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light (Eph. 5:14).
>
> […]
>
> The awakening of the sinner is that act of divine grace in his heart, the consequence of which he, as one awakened from sleep, sees his sinfulness, sense the danger of his situation, beings to fear for himself and to care about deliverance from his misfortune and salvation. Previously, he was like a blind man, unfeeling and uncaring with regard to salvation; now he sees, senses and cares.
>
> However, this is still not change. It is only the opportunity for change and the call for it. Grace is only telling the sinner at this point, “See what you have gotten into; look then, take measures for salvation.” It merely removes him from his customary bonds and sets him beyond them, thereby giving him the opportunity to choose a completely new life and find his place in it. If he takes advantage of this, it is to his benefit; if he does not, he will be cast again into the very same sleep and the very same abyss of destruction.
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> […]
>
> In extraordinary situations the grace of God acts quickly and decisively, as we can see for example in the lives of the Apostle Paul, St. Mary of Egypt, and others. But in the usual order of things, the conversion will most often occur simply as the thought comes to a person to change his life and improve himself in his dealings with others and his inward inclinations. The thought comes—but how it needs to be strengthened so that it might prevail over the soul!

Saint Theophan’s breakdown of divine grace corresponds perfectly to God’s action in me.

How does grace work?

> The divine grace that is everywhere-present and fills all things directly inspires the spirit of man, impressing thoughts and feelings upon it that turn it away from

> all finite things and toward another better, albeit invisible and mysterious world. The general characteristics of such arousals are *dissatisfaction* with oneself and everything pertaining to oneself, and *anguish* over something. The person is not satisfied by anything around him; not by his accomplishments or possessions, even if he has incalculable wealth; and he walks around as if heart-broken. Because he finds no consolation in visible things, he turns to the invisible, and receives it with a readiness to acquire it for himself sincerely and to give himself over to it.
>
> […]
>
> Grace, though it be through a visible medium, is nonetheless always invisible and directly touches the spirit and draws it from the bonds that torment it into the divine light, into the realm of divine life.
>
> […]
>
> St. Macarius of Egypt says that the grace which comes to a man does not at all bind a man's will with force and does not make him constant in the good, even if he wants it or does not want it. To the contrary, the power of God residing in man gives place to freedom, so that the man's will might be disclosed: Does it agree or disagree with grace? From this moment begins the unification of the will with grace.

I've always been a seeker of the truth, but my attachment to sexual sin made it easy for Satan to block my acceptance of the ultimate truth, and only when I humbled myself upon my sister's death and started to know the extent that I was deceived by sexual liberation from the likes of Dr. E Michael Jones, the path was opened to me to accept grace without reservations and turn away from a life of evil.

He who relies on himself will stumble

> He who finds refuge in his own power and strength shall be subject to slavery and humiliation. He who relies greatly on wealth shall have it taken from him. He who shows off great learnedness shall be put to shame. He who relies on solid personal connections shall have them cut off. He who counts on the permanence of the order established around him shall have it destroyed by the death of people he knows or the loss of essential material possessions. Is there any way to sober up those kept in the bonds of indifference through outward happiness other than by sorrows and grief? Isn't our life filled with misfortunes so that it may assist with the divine intention of keeping us sober?

The process of repentance

> The limit to which the work of self-reproach should bring you is the feeling of inexcusable guilt, a state in which the heart is saying: "I have no justification—I am guilty." In this act of reproach of conscience a person confirms one after another of his sins, and says: I am guilty of this, and of that, and of a third, and in

absolutely everything I am guilty. He reproaches himself for all his sins and begins to feel that they are weighing upon him with all their heaviness. In coming to know your sins one can even view them from without, but in reproaching them they can be seen inside our own selves, and they weigh on us. They weigh even more on us because we can make no answer for them. Having reached this point, what can a sinner say but: I am wretched!

[…]

As soon as the person pronounces within his heart: I am wretched, immediately one painful feeling after another of repentance for sins is born within him. He is ashamed that he has given himself to such low deeds, upset that he has pampered himself and betrayed himself to his evil will, pained that he has brought himself to such a state of moral decay, and terrified that he has offended God and placed himself in such a dangerous position, now and for eternity. These feelings go around from one to another, and the person burns in them as in a fire.

[…]

…recalling all the sins you have committed and renewing the now ripened, inner commitment not to repeat them, rise up in the living faith that you stand before the Lord Himself Who receives your confession; and tell everything that burdens your conscience, without holding anything back. If you have approached it with the desire to shame yourself, you will not cover yourself, but will express as fully as possible your disgraceful weakness for sins. This will serve to satiate your humbled heart. You must be sure that every sin you have told is torn from the heart, for every hidden sin remains there even more to your condemnation, because the sinner stood with his wound near the Doctor that heals all things. By hiding the sin, he closed the wound without regretting that he torments and disrupts his soul… Tear out all that burdens you without hiding anything.

[…]

The discovery of the crafty one's intrigues leads a sinner to the certainty that he is in malicious, hostile hands, that he is being duped into harming himself, that he is being deceitfully led down some gloomy path toward destruction, and that the demons want to rejoice in this. This inevitably engenders a sense of fear for one's own well-being, caution, suspicion, an aversion to the sly one and his inventions, the vices and passions, and to one's entire former life. From here it is a close transition to the Source of truth, good, and bliss: that is, to God.

[…]

Humble yourself as often as possible before God in repentance, falling down before Him and praying for mercy. Seeing your labor, He will grant ceaseless contrition and, if necessary, an abundance of tears by which the face of your soul will be washed and finally become completely clean.

During repentance, there will be tears. You may cry more than you have ever cried in your life. In prayer, we ask both God and the Theotokos for tears of repentance to purify our souls.

The simple truth

> Truth is akin to the spirit. When it is uttered simply and sincerely, truth finds the spirit. When it is surrounded by images and is figurative and embellished, it remains in the imagination. When it is encumbered with concepts and arguments, it is detained in the intellect or soul, not reaching the spirit, which is left empty. One could say that all unfruitful preaching is on account of the intellectualizing that fills it. Just explain the truth in a simple way; say what it is, and spirit will be overcome.

The importance of ascetic struggles

> Refuse [the body] delights and pleasures, restrict indulgences in even the most natural needs; lengthen the hour of vigil, decrease the usual amount of food, add labor to labor. Mainly, in whatever way you want or are able, lighten the flesh, thin its corpulence. Through this the soul will free itself of the bonds of matter, will become more energetic, lighter, and more receptive to good impressions. The material body prevailing over the soul communicates to the soul the body's lethargy and coldness. Physical ascetic labors weaken these bonds and eliminate these effects.
>
> […]
>
> From this minute of his new life, the repentant sinner commences his podvig, struggle, and labor, and begins to bear the burden, the yoke. This is so essential that all the saints accept the only true path to virtue to be pain and hard work. On the contrary, lightness and ease are a sign of a false path, for the kingdom of God suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force (Matt. 11:12). Anyone who is not struggling, not in podvig, is in prelest. The Apostle says: Whoever does not endure is not a son.
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> […]
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> …all the saints who climbed to the heights of Christian perfection following their conversion embarked upon the most severe ascetic labors of self-mortification—fasts, vigils, sleeplessness, solitude and so on. This was done in a consciously chosen measure that was inspired by grace. They did it all to quickly achieve divine contemplation, and they did achieve it quickly. On the contrary, even temporary ease, pauses, and self-pity have decreased and always decrease the pace of spiritual progress
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> […]
>
> You should keep in mind that ascetic labors and behavior, with all their essential requirements and value in preserving and developing spiritual life and restoring

> the natural state, have no power to do this in and of themselves. They themselves do not create spirit and purify our nature, but the grace of God working through them does, which gains access or is channeled through them to our powers. Therefore proceed in them with all diligence, zeal, and constancy. But attribute any progress you make to the Lord, so that under their cover He Himself might create us as He wishes and knows. When commencing an ascetic practice do not fix your attention and heart on it, but pass it by as something extraneous. Open yourself to grace like a ready vessel utterly dedicated to God.
>
> […]
>
> No matter how correct our activities might be, if we do not dedicate ourselves to God in doing them we will not attract grace. It will create in us not the spirit of truth but a spirit of deceit, and produce a pharisee.

How about the Buddhist monks who have a tradition of asceticism? All vanity, all form with no Godly content. They experience some peace because meditation doesn't stir up their flesh like modern behaviors of listening to pop music or partying in the city, but peace and quiet are all they'll get from it as a reward since none of their labors are done for the sake of Lord Jesus Christ. Same goes for the Muslims who pray five times a day. The time they spent praying is not spent in carnal sin, at least, and they are oriented to the truth of a spiritual reality, so perhaps their punishment in the next life will be somewhat lessened, but since they have the wrong revelation and pray to the wrong God, it is done in vain.

Annihilate your desire for fleshly comfort

> Give the body what it needs but deprive it a little, and, leaving it behind, turn entirely towards the soul… Whoever pities the flesh cannot have the Spirit of God abiding in him. Satisfying individual fleshly desires and indulging desires sporadically because of inattentiveness and distraction make one grow cold. What then can be said of those in whom fleshly delight has become a law? Fleshly comfort is to the Spirit as water to a fire. The flesh is the seat of all passions, as St. Cassian teaches and as all experience proves, and therefore our persecution of it withers the passions. Whoever pleases the flesh even in small things cannot be within himself, for he is within whatever it is that pleases his flesh. Therefore he is not concentrated, and thus he is cold.
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> […]
>
> Not a single saint had an easy life; they all lived austerely, in persecution, weakening, withering and hatred of the flesh. St. Isaac the Syrian considers persecution of the flesh to be a condition for salvation. Whoever pities his flesh stands on a path that is delusive, slippery, deceptive and suspect. The flesh should be persecuted in all its parts, members and functions, so that these members may be presented as weapons of righteousness.

> […]
>
> Outwardly treat your flesh with a sort of hatred, keeping it in cold and roughness, and so on, so that it has no softness or comfort.
>
> […]
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> The most important physical ascetic labors that persecute the flesh are: fasting, vigils, labor, and purity. The last is the most effective of all, and the most necessary. That is why virginity is the fastest way to Christian perfection.

What a hard teaching for us today! With aid from the culture, our lives are completely oriented around maximizing ease and comfort. The geniuses of Silicon Valley do nothing but eliminate minutes of inconvenience from our day with newfangled apps and algorithms. Within view of this typing, I see my soft armchair and 100% wool blanket imported from France. How many naps have I taken on that chair to rest my tired body? If I peer around the corner, I can see the kitchen. Stocked in the pantry are over a hundred ingredients for me to make the tastiest of foods, and how often has it happened to me that I thought I may *die* if I eat just one hour past my normal feeding time? I woke up today and my lower back was tender—maybe I shouldn't do any prostrations from my already meager effort, because I may sustain a serious injury. After all, I assume I will live for many more years; perhaps I can do a prostration tomorrow. Woe to us who crave comfort and ease!

"Everyone is sinning so maybe my sin isn't so bad"

> God does not look at numbers. If everyone has sinned, He will punish everyone. Look at how many people were born before the flood, and all perished except for eight souls. In Sodom and Gomorrah five cities were consumed by fire from heaven, and no one was saved except for Lot and his daughters. The torments in hell will be no easier just because so many are being tormented there—on the contrary, won't this only intensify the suffering of each one?

An indicator that you are committing evil is if you reason that "everyone else is doing it." Christ teaches that salvation is through the narrow gate, not the wide path of the world. The remnant of Christ is so small that, as an Orthodox Christian, you shouldn't regularly encounter your beliefs and practices outside of a church setting, even if you live in an Orthodox country. The default opinion a random secular person has of you should be "weird" or "extreme."

Salvation

> Choose one or the other: Either crucify Him, then perish eternally—or crucify yourself, and inherit eternal life with Him.

The Jesus Prayer

> Standing with awareness and attention in the heart, pronounce ceaselessly:

> “Lord Jesus Christ, Son of God, have mercy on me,” without picturing any sort of image or face, but with faith that the Lord will see you and attend to you. In order to become strong in this, you should assign a time in the morning or the evening—fifteen minutes, a half hour, or more—however much you can, just for saying this prayer. It should be after morning or evening prayers, standing or sitting. This will place the beginnings of a habitual practice. Then during the day, force yourself minute by minute to say it, no matter what you are doing. It will become more and more habitual, and then it will start working as if by itself during any work or occupation. The more resolutely you take it up, the fast you will progress.
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> […]
>
> The easiest means for ascending to ceaseless prayer is the habit of doing the Jesus Prayer and rooting it in yourself. The most experienced men of spiritual life who were enlightened by God found this to be the one simple and all-effective means for confirming the spirit in all spiritual activities, as well as in all spiritual ascetic life…

The Jesus Prayer appears deceptively easy, but it is tough to say it more than a few times without being attacked by random thoughts or distractions. Try it if you don’t believe me, and then ask yourself, why is it that you can’t say the prayer for a short while without being distracted but when you subject your eyes and ears to video games or filth like pornography, there are no distractions at all.

Spiritual labors attract grace

> Labor, force yourself, search—and you will find; knock, and it will be opened to you. Do not relax and do not despair. But all the while remember that these labors only comprise the experience of our struggle to attract grace; they are not the grace itself, which we do not yet have. We have not yet acquired the main thing: grace-filled awakening… It is equally dangerous to think that there is a reward due for these labors, and grace should be automatically sent down to you. Absolutely not! This only prepares you to receive it, but the gift itself is entirely dependent upon the Giver. Thus, making assiduous use of all the prescribed methods, the seeker should go on, awaiting God’s visiting, which, by the way, does not come with discernment, but when it comes no one will know from whence it came.
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> […]
>
> Use all effort and force, as much as you can, to keep yourself in that salvific state into which you have been placed. Like a flammable material, if you hold it a long time before the fire it not only will become hot, but it may also catch fire. So can the desire to lead a grace-filled life be inflamed if you hold it as long as you can under the influence of grace.
>
> Therefore estrange yourself from anything that might put out this igniting little

> flame, and surround yourself with everything that might feed it and fan it into a fire. Go into solitude, pray and think over with yourself how you must be.

In the meager states of grace I have been granted, I can assuredly tell you what causes them to promptly end: the audio from a television, modern music, reading news or social media feeds on the internet, overeating, and talking with someone about anything except for God. To end a state of grace you merely need to get on the internet or eat a big meal.

Does your heart love sin?

> A sinner takes care of himself like a tenderly loving mother takes cares of her little child: He is sorry to deny himself anything, to go against himself. He cannot overcome himself, or punish himself for anything. Further the Saviour obliged us to deny everything in the world in order to save our souls: For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? (Mk. 8:37)
>
> […]
>
> …self-pity, sensuality, man-pleasing and earthliness (that is, the belief that there is only life on earth) are the characteristic features of a sin-loving heart; they are the deeply rooted inspirers of sin and its chief warriors. We sinners ourselves would not be able to discover them, and if the Saviour did not show them to us, of course we would not know them. Now that they are disclosed, we can see that it must be so. Having fallen from God, man turned to himself, and he was punished with self-pity—this comes essentially from falling into sin. The fallen one is disturbed within; he has fallen from spirit to flesh, and torments himself with sensuality. The main field on which sin reveals itself and rages is in the society of sinning people, where rules and relationships feed and support sin. While all these claims on sin are proceeding successfully, it is called happiness. But while such a course of affairs is only in this life, the future life demands something completely different, about which not a thought is given—it does not fit into the head, even less so does it find sympathy in the heart.
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> […]
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> …roots of sin are the inspirers of all thoughts that rise up against a man when he is ready to make a move away from those realm of sin to the side of goodness. A whole swarm of tempting thoughts confuses, terrifies and disrupts. Self-pity cries: “What kind of life is this? I see only labors, burdens, sorrows, and deprivation ahead, and there is no end. It’s like walking through thorns and thistles with bare feet—continuous wounds!” Sensuality raises its protest: “Give up this thing and that thing, and stop doing the other, in other words, everything that I had a taste for, and occupy yourself only with the spiritual! This is uninteresting, dry, unappetizing, lifeless.” “What will they say? They’ll think I’m strange and won’t have anything to do with me. Meanwhile I’ll have to break this and that tie—then what shall I do? And from other quarters I can even expect enmity.” This is the cry of man-pleasing.

> […]
>
> Everything sinful is something foreign to us, and therefore we should always separate it from ourselves. Otherwise we will be traitor to our own selves.

When someone tells you they are “happy,” what they’re probably saying is that they are successfully achieving sin. They have an attractive sex partner, are making a lot of money, live in a fun area of town, are satisfied with the number of likes received on their Instagram selfies, eat tasty food, live in comfort, and so on. When someone asks me if I’m happy, a question I receive often, I want to answer, “Happy with what? My fallen nature? My propensity to sin and turn my back against my Creator? Happy at the evil growing in the world? Happy at my disgusting thoughts, my incorrigible heart, my callousness towards my neighbor?” Such an answer would be unacceptable to the hearer: I will be labeled as “crazy” or a “pessimist,” but such is the reality for someone who is concerned about the salvation of their soul.

Achieving unity with God

> Mental and heartfelt longing for God, that has come by God’s good will, prepares a person to truly receive God. It is a kind of unity in which, without eradicating human strength and personality, God manifests Himself as one that worketh in him both to will and to do (Phil. 2:13); and the person, according to the Apostle, does not live but Christ lives in him (Gal. 2:20). This is not only the person’s goal, but also the goal of God Himself. All is created in God and endures in God. Free creatures are given over to their own volition, but not finally and not forever, so that they would give themselves to God All-powerful, not making any particular kingdom of themselves independent of God’s kingdom.
>
> […]
>
> “If our human nature is not kept pure or else restored to its original purity by the Holy Spirit, it cannot become one body and one spirit in Christ, either in this life or in the harmonious order of the life to come. For the all-embracing and unifying power of the Spirit does not complete the new garment of grace by sewing on to it a patch taken from the old garment of the passions.” [St. Gregory the Sinaite] The Lord cannot abide there fully, for the dwelling is not yet prepared; it is impossible to pour the grace to the brim, for the vessel is still faulty. Doing that would mean squandering and killing the spiritual treasure in vain.
>
> […]
>
> A free creature, according to his consciousness and determination, acts from his own self, but this should not be so. In the kingdom of God there should not be anyone acting from himself; God should be acting in everything. This cannot happen as long as freedom stands for itself—it denies and turns away God’s power. This stubborn resistance to God’s power will only cease when our free, or self-acting, individual will and activity fall down before Him; when we pronounce the resolute prayer: “Do Thou, O Lord, do in me as Thou wilt, for I am blind and

> weak.”

Preparing yourself for God’s judgment

> …with the knowledge of your sinful life, you saw that you were unable to answer for yourself and came to contrition; do not cease now to stand mute before God’s face. Judge yourself always and in everything without any self-justification or deceitful evasion. Hate your will, desires and reasoning. See yourself hanging over the abyss and unworthy to be spared.
>
> […]
>
> “I am worthy of every judgment and torment, but for the sake of God’s boundless desire for our salvation, out of which even His Only-begotten Son was not spared, I will not despair of my salvation. I do not know when and how, but I believe that I will be saved. Only Lord, let me struggle throughout my life, seeking salvation and Thee, in the hope that Thou wilt not neglect to help me, for the sake of Thy mercy and the intercessions of the God-pleasers. O Thou Who knowest the hearts, save me!” This is the right feeling! These feelings can all be fittingly called activity of spiritual life. And truly, when they are present, it means that spiritual life is happening.

Components of the fruitful spiritual life

> For the mind: 1) Reading and hearing the Word of God, the writings of the Holy Fathers and the Lives of the God-pleasers. 2) Studying and impressing upon yourself all the God-given truths in brief statements (the catechesis). 3) Asking questions of those older and more experienced. 4) Mutual informative discourse with friends.
>
> For the will: 1) Submission to the whole church rule. 2) Submission to civil order, or to family duty, for they are conduits of God’s will. 3) Obedience to God’s will as manifested in your fate. 4) Obeying your conscience in the doing of good deeds. 5) Subjecting yourself to the spirit that is zealous to fulfill its vows.
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> For the heart: 1) Attending holy Church services. 2) Prayer, as specified by the Church; home prayer rule. 3) Using holy crosses, icons and other sacred substances and objects. 4) Observing holy customs established and promoted by the Church.
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> […]
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> For the body in general. Wear out (muscular), constrain (nervous system) and emaciate yourself (the stomach). It is obvious how through these ascetic practices the body little-by-little returns to its natural state, becomes alive and strong (muscular), bright and pure (nervous system), light and free. It becomes a most capable instrument of our spirit and a worthy temple of the Holy Spirit.

If you do only 10% of the above list, you will be labeled an extremist in no time. Secular

family members will conduct an intervention to tear you away from the “cult” you have joined to re-enter life and be “happy” with the joys of nihilistic materialism.

Leave the world behind

> …leaving the world does not mean running away from the family or society, but abandoning the morals, customs, rules, habits and demands that are entirely antithetical to the Spirit of Christ which has entered and ripens within us. Citizenship and family life are blessed by God; therefore we should not turn away from them or have contempt for them, nor for anything belonging to their essential good order. But everything lustful and passionate that has come into them like a malignant tumor that tempts them should be held in contempt and renounced.
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> […]
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> The vain, passion-soaked world is inevitably transmitted to our souls, and arouses or infuses passions. Just as one who walks near soot turns black, or as one who touches fire gets burned, so does the one who participates in worldly things become embued with passions hateful to God. Therefore, when the penitent comes back to the world he falls again, and innocently becomes depraved. This is almost inescapable. The mind is immediately darkened; he becomes forgetful, weak, captive and plundered. Then once the heart has been wounded there follows passion and action, and the man has fallen. Witnesses to this whole history of depravation, as well as witnesses to how necessary and inevitable it is to abandon all of this, are those converts who flee all of these customs as if they were fire.
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> […]
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> This is the law: Abandon everything that is dangerous to the new life, whatever ignites passions, brings vanity and extinguishes spirit. And how many such things there are! Let the measure of this be each person’s heart, sincerely seeking salvation without deceit and not only for show. Now is the time to cease from all theaters, balls, dances, music, singing, travels, strolls, acquaintances, jokes, sarcasm, laughter, and idle time. It is time even to change the time or arising from bed, sleep, eating and so on. At other times and in different places it may be otherwise. But the measuring stick is always the same: Abandon what is harmful and dangerous to life, whatever extinguishes the spirit.
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> […]
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> The thought that you could live like a Christian while holding on to the world and worldliness is an empty, deluded thought. Whoever lives by this thought will never learn anything more than pharisaism and imaginary life, that is, he will be Christian only in his own opinion, and not in fact. At first he will destroy with one hand what he created with another, that is, what he gathered while away from the world will be stolen from him at his first re-entrance into it. From this it is a

> direct path to opinion, for what was stolen from the heart may still remain in the memory and imagination.
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> […]
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> Nevertheless it is a frightening prospect. “How can I leave the world?” one may say. It is only frightening superficially, while inwardly leaving the world means entering paradise. From the outside there appears only hatred, sorrows and loss. So what to do? Fortify yourself with patience. What is more valuable—the world or your soul, time or eternity?

Ouch. These are hard sayings that strike my conscience. I like being idle, making jokes, and wasting time with non-spiritual pursuits, but here Saint Theophan is telling me that I’m choosing them over my salvation. I believe him, but I’m weak. If one day I pray a little extra, or stand in a long church service, I’m “tired” and want to relax with my smartphone or a delicious meal. For every spiritual step I take, I insist on a worldly reward here and now, because I’m too impatient for the heavenly reward.

Confess your sins as you go

> Make a confession minute by minute, that is, every impure and blameworthy thought, desire, feeling and movement confess as soon as you realize it to the all-seeing God with contrition of spirit; and ask forgiveness for it and the strength to avoid it in the future. Ask that you be cleansed from all impurity in that moment. This activity is very salvific. It is like wiping your eyes as you walk against the dust, and it requires strict attention to the heart.

Of course you must also confess your sins during the sacrament of confession.

Spiritual warfare

> Man is totally passionate until he converts. At conversion the spirit, being filled with zeal, is pure. But the soul and the body remain passionate. When the cleansing and healing has begun, the soul and body resist and fight for their lives against the spirit that persecutes them. These attacks usually come through soul-related and bodily powers; they strike at the spirit, for through it are these powers estranged. But sometimes there are movements aimed directly at the spirit. These are the fiery arrows that the enemy shoots from his physical-emotional/psychological ambush at the prisoner escaping from his tyranny. Regardless of the fact that there is a part of us which is healed and whole, the attacks of sin and passions are obvious and felt throughout our existence.
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> […]
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> The Lord allows [tempting thoughts] with the special intention of purifying us, in order to test and confirm our devotion, faith and constancy, and to more intelligently create our inner man. Therefore we must cheerfully endure them, even if they are too grievous for a newly grace-filled heart. These are

> temptations such as blasphemy, despair, and unbelief. The main thing is to never incline towards them, never adopt them, and to keep the heart free from them, separating them from yourself and your freedom of thought and faith.
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> […]
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> A bad thought tempts, but a good-appearing one deludes. Whoever is carried away by the first is considered to have sinner or fallen, but whoever is carried away by the second is in a state of delusion. Is it possible to portray all delusions in all their beginnings and characteristics? Their foremost characteristic is that a person assuredly considers himself to be something he is not—for example, called to teach others, capable of an extraordinary life, and so on. Their source is the very subtle thought, "I am something, and something not unimportant…" The zero thinks of himself as something. The enemy clings to this very subtle pride and ensnares the man.

One of the major points I learned from The Path To Salvation is that the externals of prayer, prostrations, church attendance, and scriptural readings should all support the internals of repentance, humility, zeal, compunction, and self-denial. If you are doing the externals only, but do not have an inward spiritual struggle, your efforts are being done in vain. Always check your external behavior to see if it's improving the internal.

As you can probably discern from the above passages, The Path To Salvation is not an easy book. I would not recommend it to those who aren't already in the Orthodox Church, because the "Orthodox mind" is helpful to put the teachings in context and not fall into despair from some occasional hard sayings. That said, this is an incredibly useful resource on learning how to develop an Orthodox faith that saves.

Learn More: *The Path To Salvation on Amazon*

A Foretaste Of My Deathbed

April 4, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Last fall I came down with a flu-like illness while staying at a monastery. It lasted for two weeks. It turned out to be the worst acute illness I've ever experienced, and months later I still have lingering deficiencies with my physical stamina. Armed with the faith, I was able to put the illness into spiritual context, instead of blaming bad luck as I would have before.

The initial symptoms of the illness were like the flu: I felt as if I had been hit by a Canadian truck. My lower back and legs were in sharp pain, making it impossible to sleep. Headache and sore throat were next. Then I developed a fever. Then came dry cough, runny nose, diarrhea, and a distorted sense of taste. Everything seemed to taste bad. My appetite soon disappeared. I couldn't concentrate enough to read or do any sort of work.

When I got home from the monastery on day six of the illness, I checked my temperature: it was 104.7° F. My pulse oxygen was 93%. A reasonable person would tell me to seek emergency hospital care, but I refused because I wanted to live. I also developed lung inflammation where I'd feel a sharp pain inside my chest whenever I took deep breaths. I was incredibly weak and tired, like I had instantly aged forty years. I could not stand for more than a few minutes at a time and needed to take several naps a day. Only towards the end of the second week of the illness did things start to improve where I could resume my normal activities. By the time it was done, I had lost ten pounds.

While sick, I had serious difficulty practicing the faith. My cognition was impaired and I could not read the Bible or other religious texts. I could not stand before my prayer corner and could only robotically read abbreviated prayers while seated in a slump. I could not do prostrations or bows, and was even too weak to do the sign of the cross. I did miss church for one Sunday and so could not receive the Body and Blood of Christ. I was only capable of watching movies and light fare on YouTube, particularly car dashcam compilations, where I learned that the majority of car accidents are caused by impatience.

The external part of my faith was almost entirely wiped out, but there was one prayer I was able to recite throughout the day and night: the Jesus Prayer. I would lay in bed, on the cusp of sleep, and recite the prayer. I'd wake up in the middle of the night and recite the prayer. It was the only thing I was mentally fit enough to perform. This revealed to me a foretaste of what my deathbed will be like.

On my deathbed, I will not grow in the faith by reading more books and elongating my prayers. I will not be able to energetically get into my car and attend multiple church services each week. I will not learn new things or break new ground from my own efforts. I will not be able to handle long and deep conversations with fellow Christians, and will probably not want to talk to anyone. If given the Bible, I wouldn't even be able to focus my eyes on the text. I would not want to prostrate or make any other physical movements that could take hours to recover from. I would just want to lie down on my bed and conserve energy while dispelling the tempting thought that God has forsaken me.

On my death bed, I will be capable of reciting the Jesus Prayer and other short prayers, ask God for forgiveness of my sins, and not much more. I'll be lucky if I can do the sign of the cross. I surely will not be able to make up for years of lost time to build additional virtue. Whatever is my spiritual state on my death bed will likely be what I take with me into the next world. This means I must be fully prepared *today* for the end, because I do not know when God will demand my soul. If there are still spiritual tasks I must perform, but which I am holding off, I'm in great danger, because I am making the foolish assumption that I will continue to live for a long time, when the reality may be that my bed turns into my coffin on this very night. For acute illnesses and other health emergencies, you must make right with God before they hit, not during, because you may not even be fully conscious during the crisis.

I would have never chosen to be ill, but God does not give illnesses in vain. There is a spiritual lesson in each one of them. For most people, illnesses allow them to hit the pause button on their materialistic life and consider the life to come. For me, it helped me imagine the end of my life and how difficult it will be. It reminded me that while today I'm not on my death bed literally, I am symbolically, that I have already died to this world, which Lord Jesus Christ has chosen me out of upon reception into His Church, and that I must use my waking hours to prepare right now, so that when the end comes, my soul

will be ready and I will not enter a panic. I was humbled to know that my otherwise healthy body could break down so quickly, that one day I could stand and the next day I could not.

The Orthodox Church teaches that illnesses are spiritual medicine. The medicine does not taste good, and you rather not take it, but it is required for your salvation. If we never got ill, we'd slowly become absorbed by the world and feel invincible. We'd imagine that we would never die, and are in no need of a savior because of how robust and vigorous we are in this life. It is in God's infinite wisdom that he allows painful illnesses, not only to make us suffer for our sins, but to reorient our lives onto the spiritual and stay on the road to salvation. Glory to God for bringing a severe illness unto my body so that I will be ready for the next illness which may send me to Him to be judged for all of eternity.

Read Next: *You Must Suffer*

Prayer Is The Highest Activity Of Man

April 7, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Saint Sophrony is a modern saint (glorified in 2019) who was born in Russia, eventually moving to Mount Athos to become a monk. He was the spiritual child of ascetic Saint Silouan and wrote about many of his teachings. On Prayer is a reflective memoir of his own spiritual journey.

What is prayer?

> Prayer is infinite creation, far superior to any form of art or science. Through prayer we enter into communion with him that was before all worlds. Or, to put it in another way, the life of the Self-existing God flows into us through the channel of prayer. Prayer is an act of supreme wisdom, of all-surpassing beauty and virtue. Prayer is delight for the spirt.

Prayer is the highest activity of man. If you don't pray then—to use secular language—you haven't reached your "potential." We are called by God to be like Him through grace. Without prayer this cannot be done.

Why is prayer so difficult?

> …the act of prayer is too much for our earthly nature and so our mortal body, incapable of rising into the spiritual sphere, resists. The intellect resists because it is incapable of containing infinity, is shaken by doubts, and rejects everything that exceeds its understanding. The social environment in which I live in antagonistic to prayer—it has organized life with other aims diametrically opposed to prayer. Hostile spirits cannot endure prayer. But prayer alone can restore the created world from its fall, overcoming its stagnation and inertia, by means of a mighty effort of our spirit to follow Christ's commandments.

If you don't want to pray, force yourself. We force ourselves to do many other things in life that offer us practically no benefit to our soul, such as exercising or eating healthy, so there is no excuse to not call upon our willpower in moments when we want to do anything but pray.

The power of humility

> The more we humble ourselves in painful repentance, the more rapidly our prayer reaches God. When, though, we lose humility, no ascetic striving will help

> us. The action in us of pride, criticism of our brethren, self-exalting, and hostility towards our neighbor, thrusts us away from the Lord.
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> […]
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> Christ-like humility is an all-conquering force. It knows no degradation. It is divinely majestic. It is indescribable—what we portray in our words seems contradictory. Humility is an attribute of the God of Love, who in his openness to all creatures meekly accepts every blow, every wound, from the hands which he fashioned.
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> […]
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> Pride, as the manifest or hidden tendency to self-divinization, has distorted the human heart: no sooner do we detect in ourselves some sign of spiritual ascension than this snake lifts its head and thereby clouds the mind, interrupts the vision, and drives us away from God.

Are you proud of your beauty or your body? It came from God. Are you proud of the color of your eyes? God made them. Are you proud of a good deed you accomplished? God inspired it. Are you proud of going to church every weekend? God motivated you. Everything good you do is from God, and so all credit must be given to him. You decided to serve God, to perform the good, and then He comes in to provide the necessary motivating energy.

Loving your enemies

> Staretz Silouan described the state of our spirit when grace is given us from on high to love our enemies, as experience of divine eternity while we are still within the confines of this life. He both said and wrote, “The man who does not love his enemies has not yet come to know God as we ought to know him.”

We are all guilty

> …it is we, and we only, who are guilty of all the evil throughout the history of mankind. God manifested himself in our flesh. Humility is a natural attribute of his love. Divine humility, we may adumbrate as a readiness to accept all and every wound at the hands of creatures created by him. And, of course, this humility is indescribable. But we did not just reject him—we put him to what was in our eyes a shameful death. And I saw in spirit that it was not absence of compassion on God’s part that was the case of human misery but, only and entirely, man’s abuse of the gift of freedom…

When Christ was on the Cross, all the sins of mankind poured into Him, including your sins. All the sufferings he endured were for you and all whom you love.

Moments of grace

> For a brief instant he comforts the soul, touches the heart with his fire, delights

> the mind with a vision of his glory… and again withdraws, lest we should think that we have attained to the fullness of knowledge of him. Our lot on earth is to be “poor in spirit.” The moment we are invaded by a false feeling of self-satisfaction, the Spirit of Life proceeding from the Father forsakes us.

If you have a spiritual experience that is full of God’s grace, remember it! A long time may pass until you experience it again, if ever, because God doesn’t want you to build a faith based on spiritual experiences. He gives you what you need and no more, like a parent who takes away a child’s dinner plate when he has had enough.

Do you hate God?

> Every creature having reason swings between two extremes—between love for God to the point of self-hatred, and love of self to the point of hatred for God. “Hate” for God means a falling away, a withdrawal from God. It is not necessarily inked with emotions of the heart, though this, too, may often happen. Hate can be a cool decision on the part of the intellect—the “enlightened” intellect, many would say, but reality is hide from them: their “light” may naturally evolve to a degree where all life is frozen out.
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> […]
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> When for the sake of a “pottage of lentils” (Gen 25.33-34) people refuse the path indicated by Christ—divinization by the power of the Holy Spirit and the adoption of sons to the Eternal Father—the whole point of man’s appearance in the world vanishes.

You must suffer

> We are called to eternal life in the Kingdom of our Father which is in heaven. But entry into the Kingdom for created beings inevitably entails great suffering. Many decline the Father’s gift of love precisely because the utmost effort is required to assimilate it.
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> […]
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> It is imperative that we should experience both pain and horror, if the depths of being are to be disclosed to us, and for us to become capable of the love commanded of us. In the absence of suffering man remains spiritually lazy, half asleep, devoid of Christ.

This life is very short. The sufferings we endure, in the cosmic reality of eternity, is like stubbing your toe against the wall, and yet how we howl for our insignificant little toe! No, it’s better to suffer now, to take the lead of our Savior who showed us how to suffer (even though he did nothing wrong), rather than risk our salvation and suffer for eternity as a result of our spiritual laziness and desire for comfort.

Who is Jesus Christ?

> Jesus Christ is the wisdom of God, the hidden wisdom, which God ordained before the world… which none of the princes and servants of this world knew (cf. 1 Cor 1.24; 2.7-8). Before him the whole world, all its peoples, walked in dark ignorance of the way leading to the kingdom of God and our Father. Now these hidden mysteries are revealed to us. We are given the surest knowledge of the ultimate meaning of our coming into this life The Lord spoke to us of the pre-eternal love of the Father for us, and in himself made manifest to us the Father as he is. But we in our mad folly crucified him; and when he was hanging on the cross we mocked him. And to this day we continue to scoff.

It was the Jews who crucified the body of Jesus Christ, but since He allowed Himself to be crucified to redeem our sins, it was all of us who participated in His crucifixion. For every sin you perform, you crucify Him again, because only through the blood that was shed on the cross can that sin be remitted.

Modern Christians are weak

> In France, having arrived from Greece, I met with the sort of people I had become unfamiliar with during my twenty-two years on the Holy Mountain—especially during the latter period when I was spiritual confessor to several hundred monks representing every aspects of the ascetic life on Mount Athos. I make no secret of the fact that I was completely disorientated. The psychology of the monks, their patience and stamina, so far excelled all and everything that I encountered in Europe that I simply could not find either words or outward forms for contact. What monks accept gratefully, in Europe shattered people. Many of them spurned me, considering me abnormally hard-hearted, a distortion, even, of the gospel spirit of love. And I concluded that the “norms” of monastic ascetics and those of people of Western culture differed profoundly. There can be no doubt that the most “abnormal” of all, both for the world of the “Great inquisitor” and of our own contemporaries, would be Christ. Who can hear Christ, or even more, follow him? What monks acquired after decades of weeping, our contemporaries think to receive after a brief interval—sometimes even in a few hours of pleasant “theological” discussion.

This passage is a strong hint to visit monasteries as often as we can to receive the fullness of what Christ taught. Parish priests, even in the Orthodox Church, often have to provide “baby food” for those parishioners whose faith is at a lower level, similar to how a school teacher has to account for the slower students in class before progressing to a more advanced lesson. Consider that many Orthodox Christians don’t know about the toll houses, and how upon their deaths, the demons will test their souls for sins. Parish life is critical, and we must be considerate to those who are cool in the faith, but nothing stops you from supplementing with more advanced teachings that come from experiencing the services in monasteries and receiving guidance from monks and nuns, who gave up

everything in this world to serve God.

Secular knowledge will not lead you to God

> Secular scholarship provides the means for expressing experience, but without the assistance of grace it cannot communicate really redemptive knowledge. Knowledge of God is existential, not abstract and intellectual. Countless number of professional theologians are awarded top diplomas, yet in actual fact they remain profoundly ignorant in the sphere of the Spirit. This is because they do not live according to Christ's commandments, and so are deprived of the light of knowledge of God. God is love—but love acquired by torturous repentance and fear of God.

One could easily argue that the purpose of secular knowledge is to turn you away from God. Consider that young teenagers have been so imbued with the spirit of scientism and relativistic truth that it is a great challenge to even use spiritual language and vocabulary to teach them the truth of God. They reject it immediately without contemplation.

Gradual revelation

> Just as in the life of each one of us God reveals himself gradually, so in the history of mankind as shown in the Bible "at sundry times and in divine manners" (Heb 1.1) he revealed himself to the Fathers and the Prophets with increasing power and depth.

Can a broken cup hold pristine water? So our damaged souls cannot handle the full revelation of God until it has been gradually repaired through faith and repentance. As your faith deepens, so will your knowledge of God.

The name of Jesus Christ

> The name Jesus was given to us by a revelation from on High. It proceeds from the eternal divine sphere and is in no way the product of any earthly mind, although it is expressed by an everyday human word. Revelation is an act—the energy of Divinity—and as such belongs on another plane, and transcends cosmic energies. In its celestial glory the Name Jesus is meta-cosmic. When we pronounce the Name of Christ, calling upon him to communion with us, then he, all-fulfilling, hears us, and we enter into living contact with him.

Do not seek spiritual experiences

> The truly repentant sinner does not seek after sublime contemplation: he is totally preoccupied with the battle against sin, against the passions. Only after being cleansed from the passions—still as yet incompletely—naturally and without constraint do hitherto unsuspected spiritual horizons, illumined by light, open before him, and mind and heart are raptured by divine love.

On Prayer is written in a style similar to Saint Augustine's Confessions, with personal and spiritual stories entwined together. It's a relatively quick read with many spiritual insights.

Learn More: *On Prayer on Amazon*

The Dream Team Is Praying For You

April 11, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

So you've chosen to live in the eternal Kingdom of God and commune with Him for all eternity. Congratulations, you've made a wise decision. You're ready to live a life in Christ, to carry your Cross, and to love God above things of this world, but there is an obstacle in your path: Satan. You may have chosen for God, but Satan has chosen to own your soul, and you must overcome the crafty tricks of him and his legions before entering Paradise. Thankfully, there is a "dream team" that will help you in the face of attacks you can't overcome with your own power and strength.

The dream team was the name for the 1992 United States men's Olympic basketball team. I was 13 years old at the time, and was able to marvel at the assemblage of the best players of basketball lore into one team. Michael Jordan, Larry Bird, Magic Johnson, Charles Barkley, Patrick Ewing, Scottie Pippen and others were destined to crush their enemies, take home the gold, and make the country proud. And they did just that. They defeated Venezuela in the gold medal game by 47 points. I experienced one or two minutes of bliss at their victory before my dopamine lowered and life returned to normal.

To ensure Satan does not take our soul, God the Father has assigned a dream team to each one of us. As part of his divine plan, He wants us to lean upon not just Himself and His Son for the salvation of our souls, but also saints and angelic beings. They all comprise the dream team of salvation, and the Christian who calls upon them will be rewarded with aid in the face of temptation and despair. Who is on the roster of this divine dream team?

Lord Jesus Christ – Our Savior, the Son of God, who lived on this earth as fully human while remaining fully divine. He did not use his divine powers to escape suffering, and all the physical pain he experienced was how we would experience pain, providing us an example of how we can take the Kingdom without remaining one with this world.

The Mother of God, the Theotokos – Ever-virgin Mary, the Mother of God, is the most pure and sinless human who has ever lived. She deserves honor because she could have sinned but didn't, and for her incredible faith in God, and for her endurance to suffer beneath the cross as her beloved Son was crucified, God has assigned her an eminent role in the salvation of man. The Orthodox venerate her as the speedy intercessor of man who regularly answers our prayers through her Son. Without the powerful prayers of the Theotokos in such an evil age, can one even be saved?

Guardian angel – At baptism, an angel was assigned to watch over you and protect you. He prays beside you while you pray. He guards you against demonic attacks. He tells you to look to the right while driving to avoid a catastrophic accident. How many millions of car accidents alone have guardian angels prevented? Without them, so many souls would have perished before they were ready.

Patron saint – When we approach the chalice every Sunday, the priest addresses a

prayer to us not in our worldly name but in our baptismal name, which derives from one of God's saints, a holy ascetic, a teacher of the faith, a confessor, or a martyr, from someone who lived in this world like we did but has received glory from God and serves unquestionably at His right hand. Our patron saint prays for us, and may be one of the first persons we see when we enter Paradise.

Helper saint – There is a saint you may have developed a close relationship with that is not your patron saint. He or she may be a recent saint, one who lived in similar times as you, one who has experienced the problems you are going through and how to overcome them. You may even have access to the saint's relics, and be able to feel the grace of his or her sanctified body. God assigns this saint as a helper or guardian, to keep a close watch over you, to give you help when you need it most, to open the floodgates of your eyes to shed the tears of repentance that are needed to purify your soul.

Other saints and angels – How many angels are busy working to save those who want to be saved? How many saints are there in heaven? There are a dozen saints I regularly venerate, who each time I ask them to pray for me, they humbly turn to God and exclaim, "Lord have mercy on your servant Darius!" And it's this mercy I receive every day as I carry my cross, as I try to surmount the passion of my flesh and the attacks from the demons, to one day approach the Theotokos, the gate of salvation, and be greeted by all the saints to whom I prayed for assistance before being ushered to the throne of God.

> In the Kingdom of Heaven the holy Saints look upon the glory of our Lord Jesus Christ; but through the Holy Spirit they see too the sufferings of men on earth. The Lord gave them such great grace that they embrace the whole world with their love. They see and know how we languish in affliction, how our hearts have withered within us, how despondency has fettered our souls, and they never

> cease to intercede for us with God.
>
> The Saints rejoice when we repent, and grieve when men forsake God and become like unto brute beasts. They grieve to see people living on earth and not knowing that if they were to love one another the world would know freedom from sin; and where sin is absent there is joy and gladness of the Holy Spirit, in such wise that on all side everything is pleasing, and the soul marvels that all is so well with her, and praises God. —Wisdom From Mount Athos by Archimandrite Sophrony

There is no need to despair in this life, because you have a dream team in heaven that is watching you every day, that is watching you right now, and their victory will not merely bring one minute of bliss like with a sportsball match, but an eternity of bliss as we behold the beautiful countenance of God. Saints in heaven exist in the Holy Spirit, and can see what God sees, and with God's will they have the power to do what God can do, and they want you to be saved as they were saved. They won't violate your freedom or manipulate you into performing the good, but if you give them consent to help save your soul, they will help save it, as they are helping me.

Three years ago I was in the pit of despair, and Lord Jesus Christ lifted me up, and the Theotokos dusted me off, and my guardian angel gave me new clothes, and my patron saint brushed my hair, and my helper saint gave me a detailed map of the path I must embark on, and the other saints gave me water and food and encouraged me, telling me that I can do it as long as I live in accordance with God's will, and so with map in hand, armed with their prayers at each step I take, I continue the journey, knowing that I'm not alone. May God bless the dream teams of all his servants and handmaidens.

Read Next: *How To Live A Simple Life*

The Best Book For Orthodox Christian Converts

April 14, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

At the time I got baptized, Father Seraphim Rose: His Life and Works was recommended by the priest who baptized me. Written by Father Damascene, the current abbot of the monastery Father Seraphim started, which I had the privilege of visiting in 2019, the book offers a complete picture of his life, writings, and faith. Not only that, but around the time of my baptism, God sent to me a spiritual child of Father Seraphim Rose, and she enlightened me with many edifying stories of his ministry in California. The paperback of this massive book is hard to find, but I did obtain the Kindle version and read it nightly for a couple of months. It was critical in helping me come to understand my new faith.

Why does anyone need religion?

> "Why does a person study religion?" Eugene asked toward the end of his life. "There are many incidental reasons, but there is only one reason if a person is really in earnest: in a word, it is to come into contact with reality, to find a reality deeper than the everyday reality that so quickly changes, rots away, leaves nothing behind and offers no lasting happiness to the human soul. Every religion that is sincere tries to open up contact with this reality."

The oligarchs of today do not have the truth. The media and Hollywood do not have the truth. Mainstream science does not have the truth. To have the full truth, you must seek God and receive it from him, but which religion is the correct one? Many try to do an investigation with their rational mind, though it could take many years to test the theology of each religion for falsehoods. If a religion has even one lie, it can't possibly be the correct religion, because God is the source of all truth. You could also try to ask God through prayer to reveal to you the truth, and to put you in His Church. I used a combination of techniques over the course of my adult life and found that the Orthodox Church has the truth and is the only correct religion. It's the only way to experience the complete fullness of God and His grace.

Who was Father Seraphim Rose?

> …inside he was very, very passionate. I mean that not in a worldly sense, but in a spiritual sense. He was an all-or-nothing kind of person; he never did anything halfway.
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> […]

> “However, when I entered an Orthodox church for the first time (a Russian church in San Francisco) something happened to me that I had not experienced in any Buddhist or other Eastern temple; something in my heart said that this was ‘home,’ that all my search was over. I didn’t really know what this meant, because the service was quite strange to me, and in a foreign language. I began to attend Orthodox services more frequently, gradually learning its language and customs…”
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> […]
>
> Fr. Seraphim tried to ensure that no brothers were deprived of the regular cycle of services just because they had to run errands. When a brother would for some reason miss a service, Fr. Seraphim would even go to church and perform the service all over again with him.
>
> […]
>
> With Fr. Seraphim’s ordination now approaching, he was required to take an oath before the Gospels in which he was to confess sins or other deficiencies which might prevent him from becoming a priest. This he did in the presence of Fr. Herman.
>
> “I feel unworthy to serve,” he told his brother afterward.
>
> “I’m much worse than you are,” objected Fr. Herman.
>
> “No,” Fr. Seraphim continued with pain in his eyes, “I’m worse. I bowed and prayed to pagan idols.” At this he began to weep. Fr. Herman was deeply moved and also amazed to see such deep repentance in Fr. Seraphim over sins he had committed nearly two decades before, when he had been worshipping in Buddhist temples. He could see that Fr. Seraphim actually felt he had defiled himself, having at that time rejected the living Christ and bowed before cold, lifeless pagan statues—the masks of demonic powers. The memory of this youthful apostasy would always be a humbling one for Fr. Seraphim, as would the other sins of his youth. He would never feel “worthy” of his priestly ordination, but would always look on this sacrament, like his reception into the Church, as a totally unmerited blessing of the merciful God.

Modern civilization leads to Antichrist

> Science with its new and ‘higher’ knowledge of the ‘spiritual’ realm will possess a tyranny over men hitherto undreamt of; it will be absolute lord in a world completely closed off from the reality transcending it, and attack will be futile, for science itself will possess the supreme weapon: ‘God.’… The ‘master mind’ superintending this activity is none other than that of Satan, the ‘adversary,’ the ‘ape of God,’ who shall rule over his perfected kingdom in the person of Antichrist…. The Antichrist will be irresistible because he is ‘good’ and ‘beneficent’…. The Antichrist himself, the personification of the ‘opposing’ forces of Satan, will be the supreme ‘problem-solver’ of the age, with a ready ‘answer’

> to all its weighty and seemingly insoluble problems; and mankind, completely ensnared by ‘reasonableness’ and egocentricity, and seeking ever for the ‘light,’ will readily flock to him who offers the only ‘solution.'”
>
> […]
>
> …man has a choice between two faiths: faith in the eternal God or faith in the temporal world, and that modern society is the product of the latter.
>
> […]
>
> Godless humanism must inevitably revert to subhumanism.
>
> […]
>
> Life is a constant search for ‘fun’ which is so empty of any serious meaning that a visitor from any nineteenth-century country, looking at our popular television programs, amusement parks, advertisements, movies, music—at almost any aspect of our popular culture—would think he had stumbled across a land of imbeciles who have lost all contact with normal reality. We don’t often take that into consideration, because we are living in this society and we take it for granted.

The clearest sign of the end times is hip-hop music. I am subjected to this music by my neighbors and it creates such a laceration to my brain that I marvel at how Satan was able to convince so many millions of people around the world to enjoy the utter inanity of male and female rappers mumbling or yelling their passions to a tribal beat. It is no surprise that in the past I would often listen to this type of music when preparing for a night of fun in the bars or nightclubs.

Catholicism

> …in the Roman Catholic Church religious forms had been partially emptied of their “inner dimension,” and thus “the Church had to fall back on its purely external formal dimension.” “The Church,” he wrote, “has continued to exist until the present in a state of decay,” yet has still retained the traditional forms.
>
> […]
>
> …what has been transmitted with imperfect understanding in the Catholic Church has been transmitted in full by the Orthodox Christian East, which has even to the present day preserved intact that whole Truth from the fullness of which the Catholic West departed in schism now nearly a millennium ago.”

Everyone needs Christ

> “Christ is the only exit from this world; all other exits—sexual rapture, political utopia, economic independence—are but blind alleys in which rot the corpses of the many that have tried them.”
>
> […]

> “Our age has been taught to believe in nothing higher than the human mind, and in the ideas of that mind; that is why the conflicts of our day are ‘ideological,’ and why Truth is not in them. For Truth is only in living communion with living Truth, Christ; apart from Him there is no life, no Truth.”

The process of converting to Orthodoxy

> “When conversion does take place,” he said in later years, “the process of revelation occurs in a very simple way: a person is in need, he suffers, and then somehow the other world opens up. The more you are in suffering and difficulties and are desperate for God, the more He is going to come to your aid, reveal Who He is, and show you the way to get out.”
>
> […]
>
> Don’t mix Orthodoxy with anything else. If you want Orthodoxy, go into it deeply; if not, leave it alone and don’t take anything from it—not icons or Jesus Prayer or anything else.
>
> […]
>
> Some converts, alas, think they are very “smart,” and they use Orthodoxy as a means for feeling superior to the non-Orthodox and sometimes even to Orthodox of other jurisdictions.
>
> […]
>
> Converts who pride themselves on “knowing better” than Catholics and Protestants often end by “knowing better” than their own parish priest, bishop, and finally the Fathers and the whole Church!
>
> […]
>
> “Those who are raised Orthodox from childhood,” he said, “have patience, but lack zeal. The converts have zeal, but lack patience. The ideal is to have zeal tempered by patience. We must be governed by the Church Fathers, who are the mind of the Church.”
>
> […]
>
> One who is converted to Orthodoxy straight from ‘rock’ culture, and in general anyone who thinks he can combine Orthodoxy with that kind of culture—has much suffering to go through and a difficult road in life before he can become a truly serious Orthodox Christian who is capable of handing on his faith to others. Without this suffering, without this awareness, Orthodox parents will raise their children to be devoured by the contemporary world. The world’s best culture, properly received, refines and develops the soul; today’s popular culture cripples and deforms the soul and hinders it from having a full and normal response to the message of Orthodoxy.

One could argue that the entire point of modern culture, which is managed and steered by Satan, is to maim souls so badly that they no longer possess a mental faculty to

receive the truth of God, or even basic material truths. If you enjoy what this culture gives you, even in the slightest, I hope that your soul is not in trouble.

You must suffer

> We all deserve what we suffer, or at least should look on it with gladness as an opportunity to live more deeply and approach our fellow man and our God more closely. But Jesus Christ did not deserve to suffer. He had no cause to, for He was innocent, and He had nothing to learn, nothing to gain from suffering. His was a purely gratuitous act, such as we cannot even imagine, and He suffered as we cannot imagine anyone suffering, for He alone did not flee pity or the suffering of men.
>
> […]
>
> "God give us the strength to pursue the path to crucifixion; there is no other way to be a Christian."
>
> […]
>
> God allowed the Russian Revolution to take place, in order that the Russian Church might become purged and purified and that the Orthodox Faith might be disseminated across the whole world…. The Church is One, but each nation has its own calling within that Oneness. [Archbishop John]
>
> […]
>
> "Whatever God sends us," Fr. Seraphim told the brothers at the monastery, "we must accept and do our best with. Every day brings a new struggle, a new chance to increase our prayers, and new ways to serve God."

Did Christ suffer on the cross so that you may enjoy internet entertainment, steaming hot showers, wireless home climate control, advanced electronic gadgetry, well-paying jobs, and the ability to eat whatever tasty food you wanted every meal of the day without restriction? Is all that the point of life?

The world of man vs the world of God

> Every man, by virtue of being human, must choose God or himself. Every man, in fact, has chosen, for we are what we have chosen. And with our choice we indicate our preference for one Kingdom or other: for the Kingdom of God, or the Kingdom of self.
>
> […]
>
> Mechanical problems with the printing press tested the brothers' patience to its limit. When Gleb would start his lamentations, however, Eugene would cut them off at once by saying, "You want to go back to the world.—Is that what you want?" At other times he would ask, "Do you want your reward now, or in heaven?" "In heaven, of course," Gleb would reply. "But can't I have a little of it now?" At this Eugene would only shake his head: "It's now or then. Take your

> pick.”
>
> […]
>
> “The city is for those who are empty, and it pushes away those who are filled. The desert keeps those who are filled and allows them to thrive.”
>
> […]
>
> “Constancy also involves a regular reading of spiritual texts, for example at mealtime. We must be constantly injected with otherworldliness in order to fight against the other side, against the worldliness that constantly gnaws at us. If for just one day we stop these otherworldly ‘injections,’ it is obvious that worldliness starts taking over. When we go without them for one day, worldliness invades—two days, much more. We find that soon we think more and more in a worldly way, the more we allow ourselves to be exposed to that way of thinking and the less we expose ourselves to otherworldly thinking.
>
> […]
>
> Father Alexey: ‘We are pilgrims on this earth and there is nothing permanent for us here.’ We must constantly remind ourselves of that. We are just sojourners. This life is but the beginning of a continuum that will never end. We tend to treat it as though it’s permanent and awfully important in terms of careers and education and getting ahead and all those things. But all of that will die with us when the body dies; none of it will go with us into the next world.

You can’t have two masters: you can’t serve both God and the world at the same time. Upon converting, you will still have one foot in the world, but inch by inch you shuffle it over to the world of God and serve Him alone.

Is modern science a type of magic?

> “Modern science,” he wrote, “… has given itself totally to power. Even ‘curiosity,’ the root of modern science, aims at power, for the objective knowledge arrived at through curiosity is one in which ‘facts’ are seen to be at one’s mercy.” Again, he compared science and magic, stating that “their viewpoint is the same. Both are preoccupied with phenomena and their manipulation, with wonders, with results. Both are an attempt at wish fulfillment, an attempt to bend reality to one’s own will. The difference is simply this: science (modern science) is systematic magic; science has found a method, where magic works in fits and starts…. Yes, scientists can consider themselves rational (in the narrowest sense of the word) as long as they keep themselves buried in the laboratory, enslaved by technique. But to someone not so enslaved, someone capable of looking at things in a larger frame of reference—do not the results of science today resemble a magical landscape?”

Science is similar to magic in that it needs to divert your attention from the truth of what your body is experiencing onto the lying words of scientific experts who amaze you with

convincing statistics and platitudes, claiming falsely that the magic trick of one of their vaccines has resulted in a positive benefit to mankind even though you're suddenly suffering from heart palpitations and blood clots. We're fast approaching the time when you may be better off receiving zero medical care outside of situations involving emergency trauma.

Secular marriage is legalized promiscuity

> The easy divorce laws make of marriage as practiced by most moderns merely a kind of legalized promiscuity.
>
> […]
>
> These moderns think they are being 'realistic' when they frankly admit their slavery to sexual impulses; well, of course, they are being 'realistic' since such slavery is indeed true of weak men, men who will not strive for anything higher than the obvious—but they are surely indulging in the wildest fancies when they think that by doing this they become 'free.' 'Sexual freedom': this coupling of words that represent totally incompatible realities (since 'sex' as practiced today is slavery) is but another instance of that modern incompetence to do anything but follow one's passions and accept whatever vulgar slogan justifies this aim."

Even worse are the fornicators who gleefully point to the sexual activity of dogs and monkeys to justify their animalistic behavior, as if we're hardly different than dumb beasts who sniff at everything and put garbage in their mouths.

How to lead a spiritual life

> "…the surest way to bring forth fruit for Holy Orthodoxy is to find yourself in a narrow, confining, almost impossible situation, with no way out but to pray and work with sweat and tears. Too much freedom, too much money, too much opportunity, too many ideas—seem too easily scattered to the wind. We must simply thank God for all our suffering and trials—there's just no other hope for us!"
>
> […]
>
> "An intelligent man," stated St. Anthony the Great, "is one who conforms to God and mostly keeps silent; when he speaks he says very little, and only what is necessary and acceptable to God."
>
> […]
>
> "Christianity in practice, and monasticism above all, is a matter of staying in one place and struggling with all one's heart for the Kingdom of Heaven. One may be called to do the work of God elsewhere, or may be moved about by unavoidable circumstances; but without the basic and profound desire to endure everything for God in one place without running away, one will scarcely be able to put down the roots required in order to bring forth spiritual fruits.

[…]

Wherever you are, that's where you should work out your salvation, instead of wandering around, looking for the perfect expression of Orthodoxy, the most elevated spirituality, the perfect starets, etc. Fr. Seraphim told me that stability and loyalty are great virtues. What is most pleasing to God, he said, is your perseverance, your humility in working out your salvation where He has placed you."

[…]

"How many different spiritual orientations and problems among them all! And how bleak the spiritual future for those who trust themselves! Only those who deep down do not trust themselves, nor think themselves wise, have the possibility of flourishing spiritually."

[…]

If being Christian meant being "happy" in this life, we wouldn't need the Kingdom of Heaven.

[…]

'If you do not find Christ in this life, you will not find Him in the next.'

[…]

The true faith in Christ is in the heart, and it is fruitful, humble, patient, loving, merciful, compassionate, hungering and thirsting for righteousness; it withdraws from worldly lusts and clings to God alone, strives and seeks always for what is heavenly and eternal, struggles against every sin, and constantly seeks and begs help from God for this.'

Should you become a monk?

Right after they became monks the fathers felt an inward change that indicated to them that there was truly something sacramental in the rite of tonsure. As Fr. Herman described it, he now felt a little flame, as it were, burning in his heart. He asked Fr. Seraphim and found that he experienced the same thing. This flame of love, zeal, and inspiration turned out to be very valuable and in fact indispensable as they endured the heavy troubles that are given to monks in this life.

[…]

The whole aim of monastic life is the transfiguration of the old man into an unearthly being, which is why the Feast of the Transfiguration of the Lord on Mount Tabor has traditionally held such great significance for monastics. As Fr. Seraphim knew, however, such transfiguration does not happen of itself. He did not wait for the virtues to come naturally, but, seeing their lack in himself, he consciously labored to acquire them, hoping in Christ to strengthen him. Each day entailed constant unseen warfare, watching and fighting against the interior

> movements of the fallen man. He was one of those about whom Christ said, The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force (Matt. 11:12).
>
> […]
>
> “True Orthodox monasticism by its very nature is hostile to the principle of modern comfort. The constant activity of the monk is not giving ease to himself, sacrificing himself, giving himself over heart and soul to something above himself; but this is exactly the opposite of the first principle of modern life, which is based on the chiliastic dream of making life easy on earth. To commit oneself to a conscious battle against the principles and habits of modern comfort is a rare and dangerous thing; and thus it is no wonder that our monasticism [today] is so weak—it cannot but reflect the feebleness of Orthodox life in general today.”
>
> […]
>
> Work and prayer (the monastic cycle of services) to exhaustion will give the devil little chance to attack through the mind and may make him use cruder methods (fire, loss of property, etc.) which can be more directly fought.”
>
> […]
>
> Monasticism—martyrdom—suffering an incurable affliction are all the same thing spiritually. Ask God to give, not merely guidance or help—but martyrdom, suffering, a path where you can make a supreme effort, “get involved, ” become on fire to serve God.
>
> […]
>
> As Archbishop Averky had said, “Orthodoxy is an ascetic Faith that calls to ascetic labor in the name of the uprooting of sinful passions and the implanting of Christian virtues.”

I have considered monasticism but my will is too strong. I am overly attached to my own ways of doing things, ranging from work to diet, due to decades of living on my own without being in obedience to anyone. That will would have to be substantially ironed out if I were to even consider attempting monastic life. I suspect married life would be a better fit for me.

Spiritual warfare

> …there are teachings on spiritual deception in other traditions, but none so thoroughly refined as those taught by the Orthodox Holy Fathers; and more importantly, these deceptions of the evil one and our own fallen nature are so omnipresent and so through that no one could escape them unless the loving God revealed by Christianity were close at hand to deliver us from them.
>
> […]
>
> That the demons attack you in dreams is a sign of progress—it means they are

> retreating, seeing that you are resisting conscious sin. God allows this so that you will continue fighting. Often this demon goes away altogether for a while, and one can have a false sense of security that one is “above” this passion; but all the Holy Fathers warn that one cannot consider this passion conquered before the grave. Continue your struggle and take refuge in humility, seeing what base sins you are capable of and how you are lost without the constant help of God Who calls you to a life above these sins.
>
> […]
>
> The ‘gates of hell’ will not prevail against the Church, but they have and certainly can prevail against many who consider themselves pillars of the Church, as is shown by Church history. —Archbishop Averky.

I’ve noticed that other Christian Churches do not talk about “testing the spirits.” It seems that they believe any apparition or spiritual experience is holy or from God, just by sake of it being spiritual. This is not so in the Orthodox Church, where we are trained to automatically refuse the visions of angelic beings. If you were to assume that *all* spiritual visions are deceptions, you would be close to the truth of what Orthodoxy shares. You don’t need to experience visions in this body—simply wait for Paradise and you will see all the angels you want.

The end times

> The core of the New Age movement is found in what Joseph Campbell has called a “new planetary mythology”: a mythology which maintains that man is not fallen, that he is ultimately perfectible through the process of “evolution,” and that through leaps of consciousness he can realize that he is God and thus actualize the chiliastic dream of a Kingdom of God on earth. Such a mythology makes way for the final goal of the “new religious consciousness,” which is to bring forth the New Age Messiah: the so-called “Maitreya—the Christ.” According to Alice Bailey, “angels” will appear with this false Christ in order to convince people that they should follow him.
>
> […]
>
> “I don’t want to frighten you, but we’d better face the fact that what [Russians are] suffering now, or something similar, is probably coming here, and soon. We’re living in the last times, Antichrist is close, and what happens in Russia and other countries like it is the normal experience of our times. Here in the West we’re living in a fool’s paradise which can and probably will soon be lost. Let’s start to prepare—not by storing food or such outward things that some are already doing in America, but with the inward preparation of Orthodox Christians.

How history is made

> …if you look at modern history, at the whole revolutionary movement, it is obvious that it is not the economics that is the governing factor, but various

> ideas which get into people's souls about actually building paradise on earth. Once that idea gets there, then fantastic things are done, because this is a spiritual thing. Even though it is from the devil, it is on a spiritual level, and that is where actual history is made…

Because there is a spiritual reality behind everything in this world, I quickly grow tired of purely materialistic and mechanistic explanations. If you deny the spiritual in your conclusions, you are not close to the truth. Therefore, if you are not Orthodox, I will be skeptical that you are speaking the truth, or at least a truth that is not tainted or distorted by your passions.

Those who are outside the Orthodox Church

> …it is not for us to define the state of those who are outside the Orthodox Church. If God wishes to grant salvation to some who are Christians in the best way they know, but without ever knowing the Orthodox Church—that is up to Him, not us. But when He does this, it is outside the normal way that He established for salvation—which is in the Church, as a part of the Body of Christ. I myself can accept the experience of Protestants being 'born-again' in Christ; I have met people who have changed their lives entirely through meeting Christ, and I cannot deny their experience just because they are not Orthodox. I call these people "subjective" or "beginning" Christians. But until they are united to the Orthodox Church they cannot have the fullness of Christianity, they cannot be objectively Christian as belonging to the Body of Christ and receiving the grace of the sacraments. I think this is why there are so many sects among them—they begin the Christian life with a genuine conversion to Christ, but they cannot continue the Christian life in the right way until they are united to the Orthodox Church, and they therefore substitute their own opinions and subjective experiences for the Church's teaching and sacraments

I received a strong dose of grace while living in Europe. That grace allowed me to turn away from sexual sin and build a foundation of spiritual life. I've also seen something that looks like grace in even non-Christians, and that's because God loves all His creatures and aids those who want to abide by the natural and moral laws. Nonetheless, the grace outside of the Orthodox Church is limited, meant to propel you into the Church.

I see heterodox grace as one tank of gasoline in a car. You must use that gasoline to arrive at Orthodoxy as the ultimate truth, or else you will run out of zeal and then fall back into worldly ways without even knowing it, which is all too common with those who had powerful spiritual experiences but did not eventually convert to Orthodoxy. If I had not converted, I'm absolutely certain that I would not reach the level of faith I possess now, as meager as it may be compared to those who have been in the Church for long. Without the full set of tools Orthodoxy provides to fulfill spiritual labors and engage in spiritual warfare, I'm not confident my soul would be saved.

It’s better to teach only when asked

> In the Life of Elder Joseph of Optina, it is told how a certain monk used to murmur at the Elder because he was so sparing with words and never said anything without being questioned. “Why is this?” thought the monk. “The Elder is so well-read in Patristic teaching, and is himself so filled with spiritual wisdom, that he could say more—but you have to force him with questions.” Later, however, the Elder explained this matter to him with the words of St. Peter Damascene, who wrote: “One should not say anything profitable without the inquiry of the brethren, in order that good might come through free will, as the Apostle teaches: Neither as being lords over those entrusted to you, but being examples to the flock (I Peter 5:3). Without being asked, even the ancient Fathers did not speak of that which served for salvation, considering this to be idle talking.”

Society must repent

> …it had not been enough for just a select group to be turning away from evil. In order for Russia to be free again, the repentance of the evils of the past had to become a national movement, coming from the broad spectrum of Russian society.

To be a true Orthodox Christian

> What if we who are Orthodox Christians began to realize who we are?—to take our Christianity seriously, to live as though we actually were in contact with the true Christianity? We would begin to be different, others around us would begin to be interested in why we are different, and we would begin to realize that we have the answers to their spiritual questions.”

I deem Father Seraphim Rose: His Life And Works to be the best book for those who have just converted to Orthodoxy. I am certain that you will see many aspects of Father Seraphim in yourself. Like him, I was tricked by the modern world to commit sins I regretted, and like him, I searched through multiple religions and ideologies for the truth. He found Orthodoxy through a parish on the West Coast while I found it in the monasteries of the East Coast, and though our life experiences were spaced forty years apart, we both have come to share the same faith and the same truth, without distortion and error, where God’s grace is available in full to heal the damage we sustained in a world that is rapidly approaching the end of times.

Learn More: *Father Seraphim Rose: His Life And Works*

Bankers Rule The World

April 18, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

To anyone who has been paying attention, the boot of tyranny is firmly pressing upon our faces. The leaders of all Western nations are on board with a globalist agenda that is moving onto a more aggressive phase of control. We have been ruled over by a tiny elite for a long time, but now it's absolutely clear to even normal people who really is in charge.

In your quest to know the truth of who runs the world, you will encounter terms like billionaire, oligarch, "the rich," regime, bankers, politicians, banking families, and so on. Who has seen the organizational chart of the world except those at the very top? All we can discern from the nosebleed seats is that the central focus of power lies with those who have the ability to print money and control monetary policy. It's not those who have the most money who are powerful, such as Jeff Bezos or Bill Gates, but those who can hyperinflate the money and make or break fortunes overnight. Jeff or Bill cannot print or hyperinflate money, so they are not at the top of the food chain, and are beholden to those who control the value of their money. Instead, they are presented to us through softball interviews and glossy magazine covers as being the wealthiest and most powerful men in the world. No, the wealthiest man in the world may only have a dollar to his name, but if he controls money, he controls the wealth of all men.

Those who control money also control who is allowed to receive large political donations and favorable media coverage to win elections, or at least media coverage that doesn't include multiple women making false accusations of sexual assault. The system is set up so that it is impossible for an honest, Christian man to rise up to the highest levels of power. *Impossible*. You can't even rise up to a $100,000 a year corporate job without making compromises to your faith, for the products and services of most corporations target a human's weakness to commit the deadly sins of gluttony, sloth, pride, anger, lust, greed, envy, and wrath. With my eyes and ears closed, I deem any candidate for serious office to be greatly compromised due to an attachment to the world that is higher than his attachment to God. This doesn't mean that Christian men can't at least try to gain political office to serve God, especially in local elections, but the system as it is acts as a centrifuge to spin out any man whose character possesses an ounce of moral weight. The best we can hope for is a ruler is one who is not *too* evil or compromised in some heinous way involving Satanic ritual sacrifice.

How can one explain the fact that conservative politicians who speak against transgendered children or vaccine mandates are ultimately controlled by the same bankers who are forcefully pushing those very things through other politicians? If you are a top banking family that controls both sides, the left and the right, you will grant the left an allowable set of behaviors that are opposed by the right and grant the right an allowable set of behaviors that are opposed by the left. If you did not do this, there would not be two sides but only one, and you would have to watch in fear as an organic

opposition rose up from the people. Therefore, even if you are the banker who desperately wants to promote sodomy for the purpose of your depopulation agenda and everlasting rule, you must allow some of your pawns to mildly speak out against that agenda for the purpose of establishing a dialectic that ultimately you fully control to serve your long-term interests. Therefore, some "conservative" politicians are allowed to usher in toothless conservative policies under the guise of letting people think that power resides with them and their votes instead of a shadowy elite who increasingly desires to control every aspect of their lives.

Some leaders are allowed to go against cultural aspects of the globalist agenda, such as gay marriage, but they are not allowed to go against global agenda items such as climate change and pandemic response. Politicians cannot go against the big-ticket items of the bankers, and if they do, they will be quickly removed or assassinated. The ability to mildly oppose degenerate cultural norms outside of abortion is greatly limited. The biggest obstacles to family creation and higher birth rates are not abortion but women's education, employment, and birth control, which all fall under the feminism umbrella, but conservative politicians dare not stand in opposition. Conservatism is what the liberals believed a few years ago, and never includes pre-feminist traditional views, which puts God, family, and nation above all other concerns, especially the emotional and material desires of women. Ultimately, politicians like Joe Biden and Donald Trump are both controlled by the same spider who controls the spider web. No leader should gain our unending praise for calling a sin a sin, but in a controlled dialectic, we pathetically fawn over a leader who does so little as call the media liars, which Donald Trump had done. With just a few words from the tongue, Trump immediately earned the loyalty of tens of millions of Americans who he proceeded to let down in various ways.

It's safe to assume that a politician is controlled if his country is a member of the Bank of

International Settlements, the central bank of central banks. If you happen to control the BIS, you essentially control the world. The United States and all European countries are in the BIS (Russia was recently kicked out, signifying its genuine independence). Bankers have their tentacles deeply implanted in these nations, and will not let their politicians merely do whatever they want, so any type of conservative revival you see, especially at the hands of a politician who merely speaks a bit of truth but not the full truth, should be met with extreme skepticism unless you see him forcefully agitate for the moral and spiritual improvement of a nation, and not the sort of "spiritual but not religious" improvement of being a "good" person, but of persistently calling upon his faith in Lord Jesus Christ through his words *and* actions to encourage the nation to repent of their sins and turn away from the ways of the secular world. If you don't see a politician put Christ first, you're witnessing the work of a hired agent, a manager for the bankers.

Unfortunately, Satan dominates the nations of the world. Most attempts at anointing a moral ruler are a ruse, a means of deceiving you into placing faith onto that ruler instead of God. Recall the temptation of our Lord, when Satan showed him all the kingdoms of the world that he politically controlled.

> Again, the devil took Him up on an exceedingly high mountain, and showed Him all the kingdoms of the world and their glory. And he said to Him, "All these things I will give You if You will fall down and worship me." —Matthew 4:8-9

Archbishop Averky, a holy elder in the Russian Orthodox Church, explains:

> Truly, what can be more frightening than the spectacle of an entire world that had willingly given itself up to the authority of the devil? It is as if the devil is saying to the Lord: "You can see what power I have over people; do not get in my way, and in the future, I will be willing to share this power over them with You. All you have to do is enter into an alliance with me. Just bow down to me, and You will be that Messiah that the Jews are expecting." —The Four Gospels by Archbishop Averky

Nothing has changed since our Lord walked on this earth 2,000 years ago. Whether consciously or not, political aspirants consent to the devil's bargain while our Lord's human nature did not. Perhaps men think that they can make a deal with Satan to later renege and serve the people as God intended, but once you enter a pact with Satan, the Holy Spirit departs from your presence, and you become corrupt in ways you didn't imagine, unable to perform any of your original good intentions.

As Christians, we don't make compromises to our faith in the hope of performing good in the future. We don't perform an evil deed now in the hope of doing a good deed later. We strive to love God first and foremost, and to follow all his commandments as a testament of our love for Him, and that means not flirting with the devil and not putting our faith into worldly rulers who don't preach repentance. We will not change this world. We will not see a devout Christian man who isn't a tool of the Zionists rule our American homeland, and so we must wait until this life passes to behold the magnificent throne of

our Lord God, the only throne and the only king that is worth our worship unto the ages of ages.

Read Next: *Forecast Of The End Of The World*

I Am The Peasant Revolt

April 21, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

It wasn't supposed to happen this way. I'm not supposed to be sharing the truth with you. They had a specific plan for me, but I figured out what it was and revolted against it. They punished me to get me back in line, but I will never follow them. They aren't yet sure what to do with people like me who go against their will to expose their schemes and their lawlessness. My existence is proof that things are not going well for them.

In 1965, a certain demographic in America agitated for a looser immigration law. Historically, most immigrants came from Christian Europe, but the law changed opening the borders to anybody, including the Middle East, Africa, and Latin America. My father was one of the first to benefit from this new law. He immigrated from Iran before the revolution on a student visa. Not long after, my mom immigrated with her entire family from Turkey (she's Armenian), and additional family members came after that. They liked America. It's easier, safer, more comfortable, and there's more freedom. I expect both my parents to remain in this country for the rest of their lives.

The plan of the regime was simple: culturally sterilize the white population, their greatest threat to power (as clearly evidenced by the recent Canadian truckers protest), and replace them with atomized non-European people who will obey any directive to come and reside in the United States to enjoy its first-world comforts. Through the pursuit of their material self interests, my parents unknowingly consented with this plan. They had two children who were supposed to accept without question the prime directive of the regime: consumerism, comfort, casual sex. Their son abided by this plan and exceeded it to a foul degree. He injected the sexual revolution with the addition of steroids, spreading degeneracy around the Western world and unknowingly aiding the depopulation agenda through the fulfillment of his carnal desires. He was supposed to be a rootless Cosmopolitan, support abortion, and have grievances against America for being racist against non-whites. He was supposed to feed the divide-and-conquer plan of men versus women so they would never pairbond and create families. He was supposed to be an obedient corporate worker, a mindless consumer, an enjoyer of soybean oil. He was supposed to do all this for the remainder of his life, to be a mere peasant who survives day by day with the aid of entertainment, industrial food, credit, pornography, and normalized passions sponsored by the elite. Some of this he did, and some he didn't, but something happened along the way.

Within history you will find stories of the slave girl catching the eye of a member of the noble class. He reproduces with the slave girl. His spawn, sent back into the slum, is obviously smarter than the rest of the slaves. He learns how to read and write. Providence sends him a tutor. He comes to understand the system. This half-breed then speaks for his people, a generation of the disenfranchised. He becomes a thorn in the side of his father's allies. He gains a following that challenges an elite class who expects to maintain their rule forever. They're vigorously opposed and eventually must make concessions. How many peasant "half-breeds" are there in America right now, not racially but in socioeconomic class, knowledge, and faith, who were educated in atheist universities to be shown a window in the pleasurable ways of the world of man, and went on to flatly refuse to be a little machine for creating wealth and consent for the oligarchs, or a subhuman beast to satisfy sinful desires, but instead to unsheathe the sword of God to speak of the truth of Lord Jesus Christ?

If you put the truth above all, even above the gratification that comes from physical intimacy, which most men cannot do, you will eventually come face to face with the Almighty Creator, and that's what happened to me at the age of 39, when I received the grace of God and rejected the plan of the regime to serve their will, when I rejected the plan of Satan to give him my soul. They gave me a degree in microbiology to use in developing vaccines, and I now use that knowledge to forcefully speak out against vaccines. They gave me the internet and computer technology to be programmed by their words, and I attempt to counter that programming with my own words. They gave me the experiences of promiscuity, travel, and minor fame, and I use those experiences to speak of the harm of having attachments to this temporal, fallen world. Their plan has failed and they cannot stop me, because even if I'm imprisoned or killed, they will only increase the intensity of the spotlight that I shine on Lord Jesus Christ, who is the

progenitor of any good word I may say and good deed I may do in this life.

The second I started to speak the truth outside of their Overton window, the regime activated against me. Their peasant was not behaving correctly. Small punishments tried to get me in line, but then bigger ones, until I was banned from numerous platforms and even nations. My ability to spread the truth has been diminished, and I know they are not done with me, but a part of me feels that I'm only getting started, because I learned that my old master is a wicked master. He lied to me for my entire life. His ownership over me was false and illegitimate, because through my free will I decided to be owned only by God, my true master and Creator, who chose me out of this decaying world to love Him and follow his commandments. They should have never let my parents enter this country. Their peasant was obedient at first, but he has turned into a soldier of God, not with weapons but with his words, body, and soul. May God give us all the strength to speak the truth of Him until our deaths, because we are the peasant revolt.

Read Next: *Faithmaxing*

If God Exists, Why Do Bad Things Happen?

May 2, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Atheists commonly ask why bad things happen if we were created by God. If God is all good, shouldn't we exist in Paradise right now, never encountering suffering for even a moment? This barbarian argument shows a lack of understanding of God's will and His plan of salvation for all of mankind.

Unfortunately, we have inherited a fallen world from Adam and Eve, who went against God's commandments and were expelled from the first human Paradise, the Garden of Eden. Because of their sin, we were not born in Paradise or get to experience anything resembling Paradise and direct communion with God in this life. In case you are thinking that it's not fair we have to inherit a fallen world from the sins of our ancestors, is it also fair that you inherit intelligence, health, physical vigor, and other gifts from your parents? Is it fair that the God-man Jesus Christ had to suffer excruciating pain to remit your sins while all you have to do is follow Him? Inheritance works both ways, and we should not grumble that we live in a fallen world when we would have certainly committed the same sin as Adam and Eve.

God has given us freedom and refuses to impinge on that freedom. He does not want slaves, and will not force you to accept his commandments or the Gospel. You have the free will to choose the course of your human life and ultimately the eternal state of your soul. This is the same choice He gave to the angels. Many decided to not serve God because of their pride, and they became demons, who spite God by attempting to corrupt and tempt human beings that were made in the likeness of God. God is like a father who allows his grown-up son to choose his path in life, even if that path will lead to disaster. The father will certainly warn his son about the danger of the wrong path, but he will not shackle and force him to serve his will. This is why it's commonly stated that those who will reside in hell made the choice for hell through all the choices and actions they made in life.

Because we were born in a fallen state, prone to committing sin, and because we abuse our freedom in order to commit evil, no doubt aided by whisperings from the demons, God allows bad things to happen to us to cure our spiritual sickness. Bad events in our life, whether poverty, heartache, or bodily ailments, are the bitter doses of medicine that—at least for a moment—detaches us from the world to make us think of the meaning of our lives, and how without a personal God, life is pointless and all is vanity of vanities. God allows bad things to happen to us, if not horrible things, because He loves us and wants us to be saved, because He is all-love, and if bad things never happened to us, we would become firmly fixated onto things of this world and thereby lose our souls for all eternity. Difficult trials are the violent shake one gives to a sleeping laborer—"Wake up, lazy servant!" It's not pleasant to wake up in such a way, but otherwise we would not wake up.

> Oftentimes we do not lead a careful life and we take a wrong turn. God then puts up a barrier to stop our downhill slide. The barricade He raises may be extremely harsh, severe, and bitter. Man usually objects to the affliction and misfortune; however, like a wise physician, God uses these means to cure evil. Countless people attribute their return to God to a certain distressing adversity in their life. —The Art of Salvation by Elder Ephraim of Arizona
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> […]
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> Temptations, hardships, and sorrows that rise against us (either from the devil, from others, or from the world we carry within us) are medicines. They are all sent and given by God's providence to us, in order for us to regain the lost health of our soul. The health of the soul and heart consists of dispassion, holiness, and true well-being, which will extend into the next life as well. —Ibid

I know a woman who is far from God. A year ago, she came down with a flu-like illness. While bedridden, she spoke of prayer and uttered the word “God” way more often than before. It seemed that the illness was acting as a bridge for her to enter the Church and begin spiritual life, but once her body healed, she forgot about God and went back to her previous ways. I would expect—and maybe even hope—that God sends her a bigger trial so that she repents and keeps her heart on God for the rest of her earthly life.

I know a man who is close to God. His lifelong dream was to become an architect. He wanted to design buildings that would bring happiness to those who could enjoy his work. That dream was put in jeopardy when the coronavirus vaccine mandates hit the corporate world for much of last year. Because he is against abortion and vaccines that use fetal cells, it looks like he will eventually be squeezed out of a profession that was his goal since he was a child. He’s not murmuring against God or cursing his fate. Instead, his faith in God grows even stronger, because he realizes that any career in this life is only temporary, and that the only dream worth having is to rest eternally with the Lord.

> After January 1941, hundreds if not thousands of young men were arrested and convicted [by Romanian communists] for [contrived reasons]. Driven by earnest aspirations, idealistic but a bit confused, open toward spirituality but without a solid spiritual foundation, they matured through suffering and were spiritually purified in prison. —The Saint Of The Prisons by Monk Moise
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> […]
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> If a person can easily find out how much weight oxen or other chattel can bear, then how much more does the endless wisdom of God know about the limits of suffering of each individual soul? A potter knows how long he has to keep his clay vessels in the fire. If he keeps them there too long, they burn up, but if he

> removes them early, they will be weak and useless for daily tasks. How much more, then, does God know how strong the fire of temptations should be for the spiritual vessel of God—the Christian—in order for him to become capable of inheriting the kingdom of heaven. —The Field by Saint Ignatius Brianchaninov

My life is easy right now. I'm not going through major health problems or worldly trials, and for that reason I'm concerned. I'm getting too comfortable reading books underneath my wool blanket and baking various cakes that satisfy my sweet tooth. I know I'm only one or two temptations away from once again becoming a son of the world. I'm not confident enough to ask God for a difficult trial, but I know He loves me, and He will give me one that I need when I need it. The way the world is going, we will all face trials that—had we been forewarned—we would have immediately fallen into despair because of the difficulty, beyond anything that we experienced in our past, but God will send them to us when we're ready because we need them to be saved. Otherwise, we'd fall into the trap of becoming addicted to secular comfort and carnal pleasure.

I don't want to experience difficulties because my fallen flesh is weak, but I must face them just like our Lord Jesus Christ faced them when He was on this earth. He is the template, the role model, the master who shows us what it takes to be rewarded after this life with the Eternal Kingdom, and so I eagerly await the hard times, because I know it's the medicine that my sick soul needs. May the Lord God heal us all with the most painful of trials that He knows we can overcome in order for our souls to be saved.

Read Next: *God's Revelation To The Human Heart*

Should You Receive A Mandatory Vaccine To Get An Office Job?

May 5, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I encounter many college students in my church parish who, for a variety of reasons, refuse to get the coronavirus vaccine. If they can only hang on for one or two more years, they say, they can "get out" of an uncomfortable situation with a minted degree, ready to start their professional lives in a nearby office park. Problem is that as soon as they graduate, they are entering a world where full compliance will be demanded of them. Graduating from college will launch them into a system that is increasingly controlled by evil forces that stand opposed to God.

When vaccine mandates were strictly enforced in 2021 (which I expect to return soon), many universities offered a religious exemption program that required students to take one or two nasal swab coronavirus tests a week to prove they're ritually clean, in addition to following mask and social distancing rules. It was theoretically possible for a student to graduate by abiding to this protocol, but we're only one "aggressive variant" away from the universities saying, "It's now so dangerous that we require everyone to get the vaccine with no exemptions, God or no God." There have already been local governments that used such an approach. Therefore, we must assume that in the next wave of viral panic, at least some universities will rescind the exemption option, forcing students to get the vax if they want to continue their education.

Unfortunately, you're not "done" when you graduate college. Instead, your commitment to a system built by the world regime is only beginning. College was merely an intermediary step to cement your compliance with the regime for the rest of your life. If you want the benefits that only the regime can offer, which include a professional career and middle-class income, you must obey their demands. If you are studying at university to gain a comfortable white-collar job, but refuse to get the vax, chances are you will never begin your career. Corporations will be as strict or stricter than academia for the "pandemics" of the future. You will have to play ball if you want a stable career and the money that comes with it.

Within a few years, it will be impossible for anyone to get a professional job that pays a comfortable middle-class wage without full obedience to the regime's strict rules. Those jobs are for compliant and submissive human slaves who consent to build the oligarch's technocratic kingdom on earth. If you are refusing the regime in college, which is a training ground for regime workers, what do you think is going to happen to you when you finally want to get paid with the regime's money? They will close their doors on you. The problem is not the university forcing you to get a vaccine, but why you are enrolled in a university in the first place. If you don't want to follow the regime, it would be wise not to spend four years in one of their educational centers that they operate for their benefit, not yours.

If you started your university education, you will be hesitant to quit. You've already spent a lot of time in school and probably owe a ton of money. Isn't it better just to keep going and hope everything will work out? Let me share my story. I went to university for four years to study microbiology. Then I worked as a microbiologist in two pharmaceutical companies for six years. Professionally, those ten years have been a colossal waste, because after quitting to become a full-time writer, I haven't earned an income related to my profession in nearly fifteen years. How do I feel about wasting a decade of my life? Not so great. I would feel better if I wasted only five, and even better if I wasted only two. No matter how far you drive down the wrong road, you turn the car around, because by continuing to go in the wrong direction, you will never arrive at your destination.

What any college student must ask himself is if he's ready to yoke himself to the regime system for the rest of his life. University is only the *beginning* of a relationship where the regime is your daddy. He will insist that you commit to a high consumption lifestyle standard that includes living alone, a new car, expensive health (death) care, continual entertainment and dating, new fashions, and takeout soy food so you stay obedient to daddy for life. You wouldn't want potential dates to think you're poor, would you?

I long ago broke up with the regime. They hate my guts, and now I live in my mother's house. You either abide by their rules or you take an alternative path of inconvenience, struggle, pain, and hardship that is lighted by Lord Jesus Christ. He is my master, not the regime, since I cannot have two masters. We are approaching a time where you must commit some type of sin against your fellow man if you want a good job. Our society is so corrupt that most economic activity targets our fallen nature in order to make money for corporations. Either carry your Cross or stay compliant with a vaccine schedule that uses aborted fetal cells, a heinous crime against God's creatures.

> No one can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one and love the other, or else he will be loyal to the one and despise the other. You cannot serve God and mammon. —Matthew 6:24

If you have secular parents, they will be offended that you decided to turn away from the track they put you on. They will scare you that you'll end up homeless with no way of making a living, as if God won't care at all about sheltering and feeding you. They will shoot down your ideas to be a blue-collar worker. They will make you feel guilty of all the money they have spent on your high school accordion lessons and university education where every day is gay pride day. They will force you to make a deal: become a regime man, kneel before your oligarch daddy, or get out of the house. I'm already seeing signs of this happening, and courageous young men are choosing to get out and follow God. A few of them have winded up in monasteries. Within five years, I wouldn't be surprised if the monasteries are full of new monks who were on the regime path but refused it to serve God.

If you're a secular person who has no problem with vaccines or marketing to human passion in order to make a buck, you won't chafe at what I believe will be increasingly tyrannical and abusive demands by universities and corporations, but if you're an Orthodox Christian, your conscience, the voice of God within you, will loudly object. It will ask you why you are participating in not the Kingdom of God but the Kingdom of Satan, and you will never feel that your comfortable job or high earnings are clean. Has any man been spiritually harmed by following their conscience? Either be an Orthodox Christian or be a regime man, but it will be impossible to be both.

Read Next: *Bankers Rule The World*

Hugs Are Dangerous

May 9, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

> [God] forbids adultery, and all irregular and unclean carnal lust, and likewise all that may tend to excite unlawful desires...
> —The Holy Standards

It is extremely unsafe to hug a pretty woman. I expect most men to scoff at this notion and ignore it, but a hug with someone you're attracted to is a form of intimacy, and intimacy before marriage turns on the treadmill of lust and sets the speed to a brisk jog before steadily ramping up to a sprint. One "innocent" hug can begin a course of heavy temptation that entices you into sin and blocks your ability to properly evaluate a woman for marriage.

There is nothing wrong with a platonic hug, the form of which you'd give to an aunt or grandmother. It features minimal contact between bodies, only the shoulders and upper chest around the collarbones, and is often completed with a comforting pat on the back. It is important to physically touch those whom you care about to give support and show affection, so there is no need to deny someone a platonic hug that may be what they need to feel loved and get through the day.

An intimate hug, however, is simply a variant of horizontal bedroom embrace. Your body and her body are so firmly pressed against each other that you can feel the cushion of her chest and the fat and muscle of her thighs. In such an embrace, you can perceive the exact proportions of her feminine curves as if you measured them with a ruler. With this description alone, I've entered into the realm of the pornographic, not from my imagination but from the reality of an intimate hug, the type of which fallen men innately crave with women whose bodies they incessantly daydream about. The fact that she's wearing clothes matters little, because is the mind not capable of removing clothes? Unfortunately, many women already exist in a state of semi-nudeness, especially during the summer, so even for the dull-witted man, imagination is not required. When you add the emission of feminine scent from her neck and hair, whether pheromonal or chemical, your slavery to her body is sealed. This one "innocent" hug will amplify your passions to such an extent that lustful thoughts, a sin itself, become only the beginning of your fall.

> Beware of lust, my son, for lust leads to fornication. Likewise refrain from unclean talk and the roving eye, for these two can breed adultery. —The Didache

I've lost count of how many Orthodox couples I've seen using secular behavior in their courtships. They drink alcohol together. They give each other googly eyes. They hold hands. They hug incessantly. They use secular vocabulary like "boyfriend," "girlfriend", and "dating." They position themselves so close while seated that they can feel the heat of each other's breath. They even kiss! They do all this and say they are in "Christian courtship"! They are dating like any secular couple dates, but moving slowly enough so

that they can deceive themselves that they are courting when in reality they are in a veiled seduction. Many couples will succumb to mortal sins if they think all that I have listed is permissible, and the very first step of physical intimacy is the hug. If their courtship happens to end, they have caused so much real damage to their souls with the attachment that came from their rationalized sexual foreplay that they will have to repent for months before considering another try, all because they started with the wrong notion of what a hug can do. A hug does not smother passions, but lights them like a spark.

Before I converted to Orthodoxy, I was in a pre-courtship with a woman (the relationship has since ended). I could see that she liked me and craved a bit more affection than merely talking to her as if I were conducting a live stream. As a consolation for her needs, I decided to give her a hug. So passionate was that hug that I remember it more vividly than many of the most vile sexual sins of my past. It took place at night, outside the house she lived with her parents. If they were watching, they would have seen nothing that offended the virtue of their daughter. It was just a hug, after all, but through that hug I gained a detailed blueprint of her body and the signature of her pleasing feminine aroma, and because of that I had to use all my willpower and faith to fight the temptation to keep from hugging her repeatedly and doing just a “little” more. Thankfully, God was with me, and I did not fall in the flesh, but I learned my lesson: if I am considering a woman to be my wife, I will not hug her outside of the awkward platonic hug, hunched over so that only the tips of my shoulders touch her body, whose shape and softness will remain unknown to me until our wedding night, and if that’s too extreme for her, there is a long line of men who will be happy to hug and hug and hug her and serve the physical needs of her body. It’s also not fair to my future wife that I so vividly remember the hug with that woman, and it surely isn’t fair to me if my future wife remembers hugs and much more that she had with other men. Not hugging a woman is the best way you can

honor your future wife.

You may be thinking the following, “Look, we’re humans and we make mistakes. It’s okay if I fall. I’ll confess and repent and everything will be fine.” Many people who fall don’t get back up. Southeast Asia is packed full of European men whose taste of the female flesh has led to carnal addiction and a state of spiritual deadness. Are you so foolish to think that you are strong enough to willingly dance with Satan and walk away unscathed? With such noxious pride, it’s a miracle you’ve even made it this far in my article. Personally, I don’t want to imagine the grace that God would remove from me if I so deliberately transgress His commandments when I was taught of its danger through first-hand experience and the teachings of the Church.

> Often, we harm ourselves when we demand of ourselves more than we are able to do. Thus, we have hardly entered the fray, filled to the brim with carnal desires, and we expect that we will be able to prevent ourselves from agreeing to the sin, from accepting the thoughts, fantasies, and feelings of lust. But they exist; they are natural to our fallen nature; they cannot just stop existing. It is foolish to seek that which is impossible. Impure desires have to arise in infected nature, but as soon as they have appeared in whatever form, we must immediately, forcing ourselves, fight them off… —The Field by Ignatius Brianchaninov

Another reason not to hug is that it becomes impossible to properly evaluate and vet a woman for marriage when you are in a state of even mild passion, and if you’re trying to evaluate a woman you’re having sex with—forget it! You might as well marry a woman sight unseen to at least have a chance at a marriage that doesn’t end in divorce! You won’t ever be able to judge a woman you’re sleeping with because your flesh is firmly in the driver’s seat, guided by Satan, and all you can think about is when your pee-pee, your false god, can use her body as an instrument of your selfish pleasure. The same goes with kissing, hand holding, and hugs. While they are not sex, you have an imagination, don’t you? The physical touching paints an immediate and bright picture of her naked body and what sex will be like, completely damaging your ability to evaluate her as a wife. If you think that your courtship is holy because you’re merely kissing on the lips instead of having sex, you’re dead wrong. You’re still corrupting each other and framing your courtship around pleasure instead of spiritual discernment.

The bad news is that even if you refrain from all physical affection during courtship, and she's beautiful, you *still* will not be able to judge her properly. Her visage alone is tempting to your dumb flesh, and it's not hard to construct a rudimentary sketch of her body from incidental touches, but at least in this case you have *a chance* at proper discernment. For fleeting moments, you can transcend her body and contemplate if she would be a suitable wife for you. However, if you're intimate, even with hugs alone, it's close to hopeless! Your discernment is practically zero, yet Satan will have no problem convincing you that you are being wise and prudent with your secular intimacy so that you marry someone you shouldn't and put your salvation and hers at risk.

If you look at the history of courtship, men never had to make a decision to marry a woman wholly on their own (and neither did women), but involved parents, other family members, and the Church to guide that decision for them. The fact that you are deciding yourself is already dangerous, and if you add physical intimacy, you might as well be gambling in a Las Vegas casino, hoping for a lucky spin of the roulette wheel.

> Do not love the world or the things in the world… For all that is in the world—the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life—is not of the Father but is of the world. —1 John 2:15-16

If I am in a courtship with a woman, I will not give her a full-body hug. I will not learn about the contours of her body, I will never get a whiff of her glandular scent, I will be blind to her flesh and ability to please my flesh. If she needs a platonic hug, I will do so in such an autistic manner that the last thing on our minds will be sex. I must do this, not only to obey the commandments of Christ by blocking potential avenues of temptation, not only because I respect her and do not want her to fall, but because I want to be able to see through her body and into her soul. Does she understand what's at stake with our

decision to marry? Is she ready to follow me into Paradise? Is her soul compatible with my soul? I'll have a reasonable chance of answering these questions if I refrain from all physical contact. Otherwise, I might as well be back in the nightclubs, checking out women with my eyes to see which specimen pleases me the most. That I refuse. The next woman I hug will be my wife, and if I don't get married, I shall never hug a woman again.

Read Next: *How To Control Your Lust*

The Saints Among Us

May 12, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Everyday Saints is a book of anecdotes and stories that describe the life and teachings of Orthodox elders in Russia during the late communist era. The tales are both edifying and amusing, providing a light read compared to harder Orthodox texts.

The visibility of God

> Blaise Pascal: "Openly appearing to those who look for Him with all their heart, while hiding from those who run from Him with all their heart, God governs human knowledge of His presence. He gives signs that are visible to those who search for Him, and yet invisible to those who are indifferent to Him. To those who wish to see, God gives sufficient light; to those who do not wish to see, He gives sufficient darkness."

If you do not want God, you can live out many years without a thought of Him, and then when you come to yourself and believe, you will not be able to pass a day without Him.

The deliberate concealment of God by the state

> As we discussed the eternal questions of humanity and studied the history of the past centuries, grappling with the problems of our 1970s and 1980s—in our classrooms, our dorms, and the cheap cafes thronged by students, as well as during our frequent long nocturnal meanderings through the ancient side streets of Moscow—we came to the firm conclusion that our Soviet state was deceiving us, forcing its crude and ridiculous interpretations of history and politics upon us. We also understood very well that everything had been powerfully arranged so as to remove even the slightest chance of figuring out for ourselves the most important question of all: the question of the Church and God.

While the American authorities and institutions are not as openly hostile to God as the communists were, their aggressiveness at replacing God with science and entertainment has the same outcome of concealing God.

The benefit of imprisonment to spiritual life

> As for the history of Father John's years of imprisonment, what always struck me most about his story was the way in which he described the time he spent in those truly awful camps, so full of cruelty and suffering and callousness. Believe

> it or not, Father John would say that these were the happiest days of his enter life.
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> "Because God was always close by!" With joy Father john would exclaim this, although without doubt he realized that there was no way we could possibly understand him.
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> "For some reason I can't remember anymore a single bad thing," he would say about his time in the camps. "I can only remember now how I used to pray in there: the heavens opened and the Angels were singing in the heavens. I don't know how to pray like that anymore…"

This is yet another data point on how imprisonment can allow you to achieve greater spiritual heights. For more, see The Saint of The Prisons, Freedom Within, and The Gulag Archipelago.

Love your neighbor

> Father John: "We have been commanded by our Lord to love our neighbor as ourselves, but it is none of our business whether they love us or not! The only thing for us to worry about is to make sure we truly love them!"

There are no atheists in foxholes

> The truth is simply this. [World War 2] was so horrible, so full of monstrosity and suffering, that I gave my word to God: if somehow I manage to survive these terrible battles and survive the war, then I will give my life to God and will retire to the monastery. Imagine the German tanks charging our front lines, their machine guns firing, cannon shells blazing, just cutting us down, sweeping away almost everyone in their path, and suddenly in the midst of this utter hell I saw how our battlefield commissar tore off his helmet, even as the bullets were flying around him, and fell to his knees, and began to pray… yes, indeed, somehow this 'Communist' was able to mutter the half-forgotten words of the prayers he used to know as a child, begging the Almighty to spare us. And He did. That's when I realized: God lives inside of all of us, and one day He will make his appearance to us, some way or other…"

The utopian principles of communism

> Father Nathaniel: "The main principle of communism is 'from each according to his capabilities, to each according to his needs.' But who is going to decide what each person's capabilities or needs are? Probably it'll be some commission as usual. But what kind of commission? Probably a 'troika' (that is, a group of three judges carrying out the Party's will). So they will summon me and say, 'All right, Nathaniel, what are your capabilities? You can chop twenty cubic meters of wood per day. And what are your needs? A bowl of gruel. There.' That is their main principle."

Don’t fight with the will of God

> …Father Nathaniel died with remarkable peace and tranquility. When the cardiologist suggested giving him a pacemaker, he begged the Father Superior not to allow it.
>
> “Father, just imagine,” he said, “my soul wishes to go to God, but some tiny electric gadget is violently forcing my soul involuntarily back into my body! Let me soul go, now what its time has come!”
>
> […]
>
> In those years Soviet authorities and government officials in general were always hovering around us and pestering us and sometimes seriously made it hard for us to live. On the other hand, in some way the government really didn’t exist for us. We simply lived our own lives, not paying any attention at all to it. Therefore, we didn’t quite understand, for instance, those religious dissidents whose main purpose in life was to struggle with Soviet authority. For us it was somehow completely obvious that Soviet authority would someday live itself out and collapse with a magnificent crash. That is not to say, of course, that it could not seriously ruin our lives, putting some of us in jail, for example, or into insane asylums, or subjecting us to all kinds of persecution, or even getting us killed. But we believed that unless it was the will of God, nothing of the sort could possibly happen anyway. In the words of the ancient ascetic Abba Forstus: “If God wishes me to live, He knows how to make this happen. But if God does not wish me to live, then why should I live?”

A common question among my peers is whether to fight the authorities on their crazy mandates and policies or meekly live a Christian life. One of the better solutions I’ve seen is from Andrew Torba, CEO of Gab, who urges us to build a parallel Christian society. Instead of fighting or competing with the establishment head-on, we should simply use our talents to build our own companies, platforms, organizations, and schools while defending our families from the rest of the world.

Don’t announce the sins of others

> …if you see some monk or hieromonks or superior doing something wrong or committing some sin, your job is to pay no attention at all! Turn away, and don’t look at anyone! Let them sin as much as they like. As our father, St. Seraphim, used to say, “Let them live and eat our bread for the time being. But when the time comes, the Lord Himself will cast them out!” So listen carefully, beware of condemning people. Do not judge others. That’s not for us. The Lord Himself will fix everyone.
>
> Otherwise, who cares what flaws each of us have? That’s not any of your business. Don’t snoop, don’t pry. Don’t look at him. Look away! No one should judge him… But if instead you judge others you won’t last anywhere—that is

> repugnant to God. Watch instead what you're doing yourself!

Everyday Saints put many smiles on my face, because already in my young Orthodox faith I have been able to recognize the little "coincidences" that God makes you aware of to remind you that He loves you and is watching over you. If you're not in the Orthodox Church, this would be a good book to familiarize yourself with what it's like to be Orthodox and the grace with which we are blessed.

Learn More: *Everyday Saints on Amazon*

American Christian Warrior

May 16, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

There is a show called American Ninja Warrior that was imported from Japan. It features athletic contestants tackling formidable obstacle courses that test their strength and agility. Many of these contestants train for months to win a grand prize. I see this show as an analogy of what I have to do in this life to win the prize of salvation for my soul.

I don't pretend to know God's judgments, why He created the world as He did, or why he allows the demons to tempt us so vigorously, but Saint Theophan the Recluse states that this is the most intelligent way to preserve our free will and test our souls for where we want to spend eternity. If things were any different, if there weren't legions of demons giving us the choice to go against God's will, our free will would be violated and we would be slaves of God, which is not fitting of His love for us. An atheist is very quick to point out the suffering, tribulations, and temptations we experience in this life, but there is no better way to do it, because if there was, God would have done it. There are innumerable challenges God allows us to face in this life. I'd like to highlight five.

The Jumping Spider

In the Jumping Spider, the soul has to traverse over hell using two panes of vertical glass.

It's Sunday, and I just received Communion in God's Church. Afterward, I walk to the banquet hall to have lunch with my brethren. Before me are dozens of platters of food and sweets. I'm so hungry, and I want to eat them all, but I know that if I do, the grace I have will dissipate as my body becomes saddled with chewed matter that is placed on top of the Body and Bread already in my stomach. No, I will not eat all that I want. I will

put only a modest amount of food on my plate and eat slowly, so that I will recognize the feeling of satiety and not go for seconds. Through the grace of God, I control my eating and pass the Jumping Spider.

> If you have promised Christ to go by the straight and narrow way, restrain your stomach, because by pleasing it and enlarging it, you break your contract. Attend and you will hear Him who says: 'Spacious and broad is the way of the belly that leads to the perdition of the fornicator, and many there are who go in by it; because narrow is the gate and straight is the way of fasting that leads to the life of purity, and few there be that find it.' —Saint John Climacus in The Ladder of Divine Ascent

The Salmon Ladder

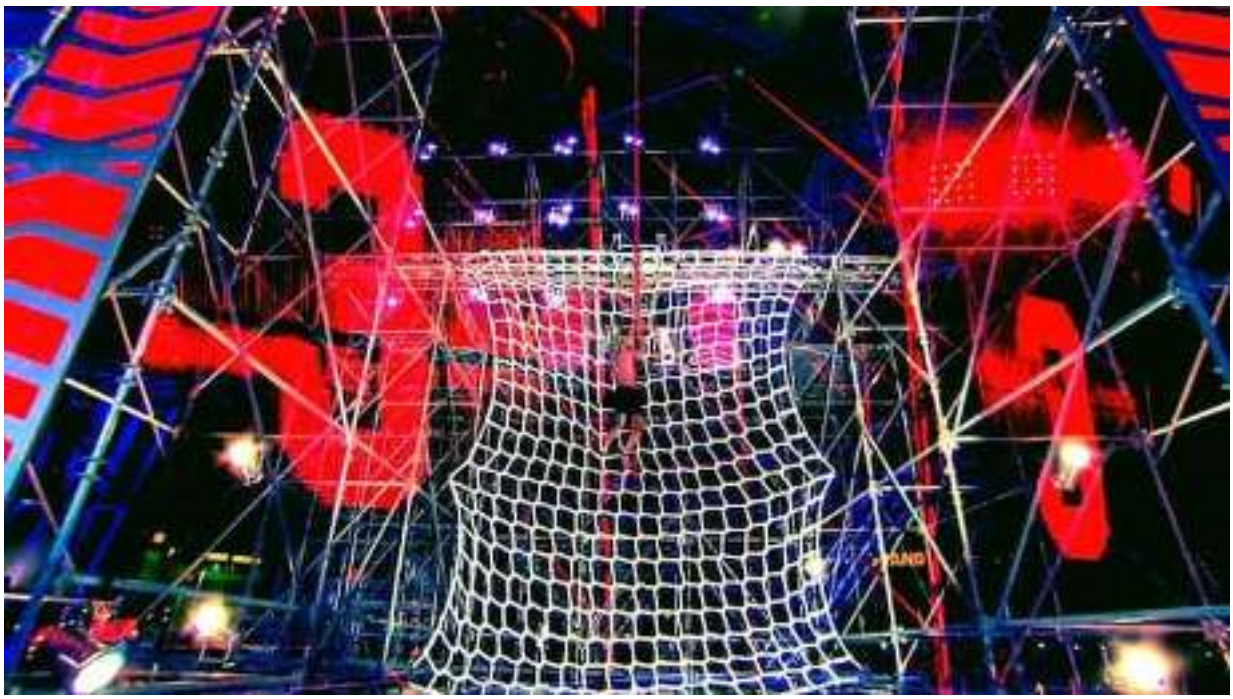
The soul has to hang from a bar over hell and use powerful bursts of energy to raise the bar to a higher level.

I'm attempting to write a new article. Unlike articles of my past, where I was a teacher of iniquity, I call upon God to speak through me, to create spiritually edifying works that won't damage the state of the reader's soul, but my mind is blank. I don't have any ideas; I don't want to proceed. I want to delete everything I have written so far. Can't I just read Orthodox books all day and feel holy that way? It's so hard to labor, to properly harness the gifts that God has given me. The cursor in my word processing program is blinking at me, mocking me, goading me to quit and give up. I should relax, listen to hymns, and pursue pleasant spiritual feelings instead of challenging labor. I place my hands on the keyboard, and I think and I wait, and words come to my mind and I start to type them, and I hope that the Lord my God will be pleased with how I am using my talents. Through the grace of God, I persist in my labors and pass the Salmon Ladder.

> Let us compel ourselves to remain vigilant and watchful, and let us ward off negligence and indolence because they hinder God's love toward man. Oftentimes the demon comes to make us feel tired and worn out. "Don't do

> prostrations," he whispers to us. "Don't get up to pray now. You are tired! Sleep a little longer because you have to go to work…" and so many other things. Let us not listen to him! Let us force ourselves because we do not know what may happen in the moments that follow. "As I find you, I will judge you" (cf. Ez. 33:12-16). If He finds us forcing ourselves to struggle, He will rank us with the faithful strugglers. If, however, He finds us in negligence and indolence, He will group us with the failures and the indolent. —Elder Ephraim in The Art of Salvation

The Cargo Climb



The soul must climb a cargo net before the buzzer or he will go to hell.

A friend calls me. He is suffering a difficult trial. He needs my aid, but I'm busy. I'm in the middle of many important work tasks and my pizza dough needs to be reformed into balls. I don't want to disturb my arranged schedule. I only want to help people on my terms and my timeline, not in the moment they need it, and right when I am ready to tell him that I'll be there later in the evening after my pizza dough is done fermenting, my conscience activates. It asks, "Whose will are you serving by putting your pizza dough before a child of God?" I publicly claim to serve God's will, but by elevating my worldly pursuits over the needs of my neighbor, I am serving my own needs first. If someone calls 911 for medical help, the paramedics don't say, "Let us first finish our lunch, and let Matt finish texting his girlfriend, and let Tom finish listening to an interesting podcast, and then we will come." No, they stop what they're doing, and they rush to help. God is 911, and He dispatches His servants according to His pleasure to those in need, and if we want to please Him, we must immediately go. Through the grace of God, I forget about how I'm inconvenienced, rush to the aid of my friend, and pass the Cargo Climb.

> Love for one's neighbor and every other virtue proceeds from love for God. Every virtue that does not have love as its foundation is founded on hatred. Love is the

> first of the virtues. This is because love, in contrast to all the other virtues, gives freedom to man, and also because man, if he so desires, can endlessly perfect himself therein. It is the first because it is the “greatest depth” that man can attain. Finally, it is the first because it shall never have an end, but is eternal. For this reason the Apostle Paul said: “Now abideth faith, hope, and love, these three; but the greatest of these is love” (I Cor. 13:13). —Saint Nicodemus the Hagiorite in What God Has Done For Our Salvation

Arm Bike

The soul must propel a bicycle motor with his upper body across the length of hell or perish for eternity.

It’s the day to do a live stream. I aim a camera at my head and put a microphone in front of my mouth, and I talk to the crowd. People want to hear what I have to say. They want to listen to my stories, my opinions, and my judgments. What a special boy I am to garner this much attention. I enjoy the sound of my voice. I must be a somebody, and with these proud thoughts, I begin to slip before the camera and sin with my tongue. I judge others, condemn others, mock others. Perhaps the crowd doesn’t notice, but my conscience notices, and certainly God notices. I’m using the stream to feel good, to give glory to myself. I look upon the icon of Jesus Christ, and He tells me that I’m not spiritually mature enough to talk live in front of a camera, that many saints would not dare to speak off-the-cuff for five hours like I do, and that there is no shame in correcting course. Humbly and with God’s consent, I bite my tongue when it wants to speak from the flesh and from the demons and redouble my ministerial efforts offline. I find more brotherly ways to spread the Gospel and pass the Arm Bike.

> Everything truly coinciding with God’s will we must retain, but everything within ourselves that has even a tinge of falsehood or sin we must despise and reject as

> contrary to God's will. —Saint John of Tobolsk in The Sunflower

Striding Steps

Before the hot flames of hell, the soul must leap frog against eight platforms of decreasing size or else Satan will torment it endlessly.

My mother said something I didn't like. I become furious. My mind flashes with retorts that would crush her words, demolish them, and then we'd enter a fiery argument like we have a hundred times before, but I know she would not be edified by my venom one bit to come to Church with me, to pray with me. A thought is able to enter through my anger: act with the faith you have. In my mind I pray to God: "Lord Jesus Christ, Son of God, have mercy on my mother and me!" She is on a roll now, words that jab me are flowing from her mouth. "Lord Jesus Christ, have mercy on us!" The same spirit tempting her must also be in my mind, and I want to talk like she talks, yell as she yells. I withdraw from the room, but she follows me, eager to battle. "Lord Jesus Christ, have mercy on me!" I can't take it anymore, I must respond. I say to her, more calmly than ever before in a situation like this, "Mother, thank you for your opinion, but I don't want to hear it right now." I exit the house, and walk for a long time, calming myself down while praying to God, and when I come back, the house is in peace, and we speak to each other again like nothing happened. Through the grace of God, I barely withheld my anger, and pass the Striding Steps.

> As a person becomes more spiritual, so much fewer rights does he has in this life. It is obligatory to be patient, to accept injustice, to accept evil words from others. A crooked stick (perverted person) who is distant from God has many rights: to strike and shout and act unrighteously. Our rights God keeps for the other life. Out of ignorance however we often seek our rights here. Let us not damage things at all. If they say anything to us, immediately we give them the right [i.e. we fight back]. And later we think we trust in God. That is a big joke. Human

> justice doesn’t mean anything to a spiritual person. But it is a great concern for the perverted person. —Saint Paisios

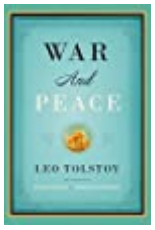
Conclusion

I wish there were only five obstacle courses to enter the Kingdom of Paradise. I could attempt to master each course mechanically with the aid of my memory, but the great deceiver has not five temptations for us but five times one-thousand, and we will be hit from the right and from the left, from above and below, from the front and back, with no prior knowledge or experience of the new temptation we must overcome to not fall into hell, but thank God for our God, who gives us the grace to pass these tests, one at a time, and if we happen to slip and dip our foot into the hot flames, He lifts us out of the fire and escorts us to the Church and to the place of Confession to divulge our filthy thoughts and deeds. Our Savior, working through an Orthodox priest, then forgets our sins and we are given vigor and new life to try the obstacle course again. Only a few of us are enlisted soldiers in this existence, trained by a nation state to shoot people with guns or steer navy boats in the water, but all of us were made to be Christian soldiers, with Lord Jesus Christ as our commander, and the war doesn’t stop until we’re dead. The path to Paradise is the only obstacle course worth passing, and pass it we must, to reside with our Creator for all eternity.

Read Next: *Faithmaxing*

Top 10 Passages From Leo Tolstoy's War & Peace

May 19, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



War & Peace is a war novel centered around Russia's involvement in the Napoleonic wars, which culminated in Napoleon's invasion of Russia. In parallel, the book also serves as a philosophy of history and war, where Tolstoy dived into long asides to share a multitude of opinions, some astute and some heretical.

Lamentably, my assessment of the underlying philosophy in War & Peace is that Tolstoy denies free will to subject human behavior to pre-determined unexplained forces, similar to his American peer Mark Twain in the essay What Is Man. I don't believe these men ever corresponded with each other, but denial of free will must have been "in the air" in the late 19th century.

The clashing of Tolstoy's philosophy with dogmatic Orthodox theology should not be surprising in light of the fact that he broke with the Church later in life to create a religious cult around the heresy of total pacifism. Nonetheless, Tolstoy was an eminently gifted writer and channeled unsurpassed technical skill in this masterpiece of a novel. To whet your appetite for this 1000-plus page work, here are my favorite ten passages.

Man's apparent powerlessness before a beautiful woman

> He got up, wishing to go around, but the aunt handed him the snuffbox right over Helene, behind her back. Helene leaned forward so as to make room and, smiling, glanced around. As always at soirees, she was wearing a gown in the fashion of the time, quite open in front and back. Her bust, which had always looked like marble to Pierre, was now such a short distance from him that he could involuntarily make out with his nearsighted eyes the living loveliness of her shoulders and neck, and so close to his lips that he had only to lean forward a little to touch her. He sensed the warmth of her body, the smell of her perfume, and the creaking of her corset as she breathed. He saw not her marble beauty, which made one with her gown, he saw and sensed all the loveliness of her body, which was merely covered by clothes. And once he had seen it, he could not see otherwise, as we cannot return to a once-exposed deception.
>
> She turned, looked straight at him with her shining dark eyes, and smiled.
>
> "So you never noticed before how beautiful I am?" Helene seemed to say. "You never noticed that I am a woman? Yes, I am a woman who could belong to anyone, even you," said her gaze. And at that moment Pierre felt that Helene not

> only could, but must be his wife, that it could not be otherwise.
>
> He knew it at that moment as certainly as he would have known it standing at the altar with her. How it would be and when he did not know; he did not even know whether it would be good (he even felt that it was not good for some reason), but he knew that it would be.
>
> Pierre lowered his eyes, raised them again, and wanted to see her once more as a distant, alien beauty, the way he had seen her every day before then; but he could no longer do that… She was terribly close to him. She already had power over him. And there were no longer an obstruction between them, except for the obstruction of his own will.

If you've made women out to be a false idols, and a beautiful woman begins to flirt with you, you have no chance, for behold, your false god is here, not to save you but to destroy you, and you will give consent for her to do so because you place the female flesh above God.

Kings are the slaves of history

> Man lives consciously for himself, but serves as an unconscious instrument for the achievement of historical, universally human goals. An action once committed is irrevocable, and its effect, coinciding in time with millions of actions of other people, acquires historical significance. The higher a man stands on the social ladder, the greater the number of people he is connected with, the more power he has over other people, the more obvious is the predestination and inevitability of his every action.
>
> "The hearts of kings are in the hands of God."
>
> Kings are the slaves of history.
>
> History, that is, the unconscious, swarmlike life of mankind, uses every moment of a king's life as an instrument for its purposes.

Who is the primary cause of history?

> To every administrator, in peaceful, unstormy times, it seems that the entire population entrusted to him moves only by his efforts, and in this consciousness of his necessity every administrator finds the chief reward for his labors and efforts. It is understandable that, as long as the historical sea is calm, it must seem to the ruler-administrator in his frail little bark, resting his poke against the ship of the people and moving along with it, that his efforts are moving the ship. But once a storm arises, the sea churns up, and the ship begins to move by itself, and then the delusion is no longer possible. The ship follows its own enormous, independent course, the poke does not reach the moving ship, and the ruler suddenly, from his position of power, from being a source of strength, becomes an insignificant, useless, and feeble human being.

What is power?

> Power is the sum total of the wills of the masses, transferred by express or tacit agreement to rulers chosen by the masses.

Does God give us each a specific lot?

> “Well, let’s argue, then,” said Prince Andrei. “Schools, you say,” he went on, raising a finger, “instruction, and so on—that is, you want to lead him out of his animal condition, he said, pointing to a *muzhik* [serf] who took off his hat as he passed by, “and give him moral needs. But it seems to me that the only possible happiness is animal happiness, and you want to deprive him of it. I envy him and you want to make him into me, but without giving him my intelligence, or my feelings, or my means. Second, you say lighten his work. But in my opinion physical labor is as much a necessity for him, as much a condition of his existence, as mental labor is for you and me. You cannot not think. I go to bed past two o’clock, I have thoughts and can’t sleep, I toss about, I don’t fall asleep until morning, because I’m thinking and cannot not think, as he cannot not plow or mow—otherwise he’ll go to the pot-house or fall ill. Just as I could not stand his terrible physical labor and would die in a week, so he could not stand my physical idleness, he’d grow fat and die. Third—what was it you said?”
>
> Prince Andrei raised a third finger.
>
> “Ah, yes. Hospitals, medicines. He has a stroke, he’s dying, but you let his blood, you cure him and he’ll go around crippled for another ten years, a burden on everyone. It’s far more simple and easy for him to die. Others will be born, there are lots of them as it is. You might be sorry to lose an extra worker—that’s how I

> look at him—but no, you want to cure him out of love for him. And he doesn't need that. Besides, what is this fantasy that medicine has ever cured anybody… Killed, yes! He said, frowning spitefully and turning away from Pierre.

Denial of human authority leads to the denial of God

> Suddenly, to the words of one of the officers, that it was offensive to look at the French, Rostov began shouting with a vehemence that was in no way justified and therefore surprised the officers very much.
>
> "And how can you judge what would have been better!" he shouted, his face suddenly suffused with blood. "How can you judge the sovereign's actions, what right have we to discuss it?! We can understand neither the goals nor the actions of the sovereign!"
>
> "But I didn't say a word about the sovereign," the officer defended himself, unable to explain Rostov's outburst otherwise than by his being drunk.
>
> But Rostov was not listening.
>
> "We're not diplomatic officials, we're soldiers and nothing more," he went on. "We're told to die—and we die. If we're punished, it means we're guilty; it's not for us to judge. If it pleases the sovereign emperor to recognize Bonaparte as emperor and conclude an alliance with him—it means it has to be so. And if we start judging and reasoning about everything, then there'll be nothing sacred left. Next we'll be saying there's no God, no anything," shouted Nikolai, banging the table, quite inappropriately in his interlocutors' opinion, but quite in keeping with his own train of thought.
>
> "Our business is to do our duty, to cut and slash, not to think, that's all," he concluded.

It is futile to seek happiness in this life

> The longer Princess Marya lived, the more of life she experienced and observed, the more astonished she was at the shortsightedness of people who sought pleasure and happiness here on earth; who worked, suffered, struggled, and did evil to each other to achieve this impossible, illusory, and fallacious happiness. "Prince Andrei loved his wife, she dies, it's not enough for him, he wants to bind up his happiness with another woman. Father doesn't want it, because he wants a more aristocratic and wealthy marriage for Andrei. And they all struggle and suffer, and torment and ruin their souls, their eternal souls, to achieve blessings that last a moment. Not only do we know it ourselves—Christ, the Son of God, came down to earth and told us that this life is a momentary life, a trial, yet we keep holding on to it and hope to find happiness in it. How is it no one understands that?" thought Princess Marya. "No one except these contemptible people of God, who come to me at the back door with bags over their shoulders, afraid of being noticed by the prince, not because they would suffer from him,

> but so as not to lead him into sin. To leave family, birthplace, all cares for worldly goods, so as to walk, without clinging to anything, in coarse rags, under an assumed name, from place to place, without harming people, and praying for them, praying for those who persecute and for those who protect: there is no truth and life higher than this truth and life!”

Are all women the same?

> The sweet impression of Natasha, whom he had known since she was a child, could not be combined in his soul with the new notion of her baseness, stupidity, and cruelty. He remembered his wife. “They’re all the same,” he said to himself, thinking that he was not the only one to have the sad lot of being connected with a vile woman.

The difference between European peoples

> A Frenchman is self-assured because he considers himself personally, in mind as well as body, irresistibly enchanting for men as well as women. An Englishman is self-assured on the grounds that he is a citizen of the best-organized state in the world, and therefore, as an Englishman, he always knows what he must do, and knows that everything he does as an Englishman is unquestionably good. An Italian is self-assured because he is excitable and easily forgets himself and others. A Russian is self-assured precisely because he does not know anything and does not want to know anything, because he does not believe it possible to know anything fully. A German is self-assured worst of all, and most firmly of all, and most disgustingly of all, because he imagines that he knows the truth, science, which he has invented himself, but which for him is the absolute truth.

How are military battles won?

> [Russian General Kutuzov] listened to the reports brought to him, gave orders when his subordinates demanded it; but, as he listened to the reports, it seems that he was not interested in the meaning of the words being said to him, but that something else in the expression of the face, in the tone of the reporter’s speech interested him. By many years of military experience he knew, and by his old man’s mind he understood, that one man cannot lead hundreds of thousands of men struggling with death, and he knew that the fate of a battle is decided not by the commanded in chief’s instructions, not by the position of the troops, not by the number of cannon or of people killed, but by that elusive force known as the spirit of the troops, and he watched this force and guided it, as far as that lay in his power.

The defeat of Napoleon

> It was not Napoleon alone who experienced that dreamlike feeling that the terrible swing of the arm fell strengthless, but all the generals, all the participating and nonparticipating soldiers of the French army, after all their experience of previous battles (where the enemy had fled after ten times less effort), experienced the same feeling of terror before an enemy who, having lost *half* his army, stood as formidably at the end as at the beginning of the battle. The moral strength of the attacking French army was exhausted. It was not the sort of victory that is determined by captured pieces of cloth on sticks, known as standards, and by the amount of ground the troops stood and stand on, but a moral victory, the sort that convinces the adversary of the moral superiority of his enemy and of his own impotence, that was gained by the Russians at Borodino. The French invasion, like an enraged beast mortally wounded as it charges, sensed its destruction; but it could not stop, just as the twice weaker Russian army could not help moving aside. After the shove it had been given, the French army could still roll on as far as Moscow; but there, with no new efforts on the part of the Russian army, it was to perish, bleeding from the mortal wound it had received at Borodino. The direct consequence of the battle of Borodino was Napoleon's causeless flight from Moscow, the return down the old Smolensk road, the destruction of an invading army of five hundred thousand men, and the destruction of Napoleonic France, upon which had been laid for the first time, at Borodino, the hand of an adversary stronger in spirit.

While I haven't tackled many war books, War & Peace has the best battle descriptions I've ever encountered alongside a clear and poignant narrative. Many books of Russian

literature have struggled to keep my attention, but Tolstoy did a magnificent job to draw me into the story itself, which alternates between scenes of war and—you guessed it—peace. His non-theological philosophical musings were also engaging even if I didn't always agree with them. As long as you have an interest in history, I'm sure you'll enjoy War & Peace.

Learn More: *War & Peace on Amazon*

Marrying A Woman With Mental Illness

May 23, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Diagnosable mental illnesses are so commonplace that it's inevitable for a single man to meet a woman who is "mentally ill." Should he still consider her as a wife or try to find another woman? This is a difficult decision that must involve God, his priest, and Christian family and friends. I want to offer some practical guidance on discerning between mild mental illness and the more severe kind that can easily wreck a marriage.

Every woman will have passions

Every man and woman born in this fallen world will have severe problems with their passions until they are purified by the Holy Spirit. Maybe you are prone to lust like I am. Maybe you are of a Mediterranean or Middle Eastern ancestry and are prone to daily bursts of anger. Maybe you are prone to intoxication. Maybe you are prone to pride, sloth, gluttony, or greed. We all inherited a mix of passions from our ancestors that, while unpleasant, sanctify us when we struggle against them with the help of Lord Jesus Christ, but we don't instantly become saints after baptism. For some of us, the passions remain for an extended period of time, declining ever so slowly. It is guaranteed that you will meet a woman, whether Orthodox or not, who has a thorn in her flesh in the form of a passion that—if unbridled—can cause serious damage to any relationship.

When evaluating a woman with an active passion, you must ask yourself several questions. Is she actively struggling against the passion? Has the passion's control over her declined from its peak? Have you witnessed her try to correct herself in the middle of experiencing an attack of the passion? If her passion does not improve, how will it impact

a marriage with children? With your life experience and faith, can you handle her passion without risking your salvation?

As a man of Middle Eastern descent, I am most familiar with the deadly combination of pride and anger. Many of my family members have it, and I have it as well. This translates into a persistent attitude of I-am-rightism that starts with an assertion and rapidly progresses into shouting, physical fighting, and an oath never to speak to a friend or family member again. I've witnessed one of my relatives get into multiple physical fights that, from my perspective, were not warranted, and countless more verbal arguments, to the point where going out in public with that person is difficult. With the help of Christ and much prayer, I've been able to block many angry thoughts from exiting my mouth. Sometimes, however, I am tired and my spiritual guard is low, so I deliver invective that hurts someone's feelings. Any woman that is thinking of marrying me must evaluate me for this problem and make a decision on whether she can handle it.

Since I have so much experience with pride and anger, I believe I can handle it in others. As long as a woman is not regularly getting into fistfights, her anger will likely be less than what I've already experienced, and therefore something I can work with. But how about a woman who is slothful? I do not have experience with slothful women. My mother is consistent with cleaning the home and cooking. She anticipates my needs and does things before I have to ask. It would not make sense to me if my wife claimed she was "too tired" to cook me a meal, or needed a "day off" from being a mother. In the face of such sloth, I would get angry and think my wife is lazy, and she'd respond with anger and more sloth, and certainly our marriage would be in trouble. It would be most ideal for a woman to complement my faults with strengths of her own, but whatever the case, I must be able to envision handling her passions within the context of marriage.

We all fall short of spiritual perfection, so occasionally we will display passions, but a woman you're considering for marriage should be aware of her passions and actively struggle against them, or those passions will dominate the relationship and threaten the marriage. If you do identify passions in a woman, that is not reason enough to dismiss her, because every woman will have a passion of some sort. What you should consider is if her specific passion is something you can endure. During your courtship, get to know her well enough to witness the passion and how it impacts both you and the relationship. Woe to the man who thinks his future wife does not have any passions! In secular dating, it's very easy for a woman to present her best foot forward, hide her flaws, and hypnotize a man with pleasurable fornication (a passion on its own). As Orthodox Christians, we do not have sex before marriage, as I advise against even hugging the woman you're courting.

Mental illness or immaturity?

To have a passion is not to be mentally ill. With that we arrive to the problems of definition and diagnosis. The medical industry has so broadened the definition of mental illness (to dose people on lucrative pharmaceutical drugs) that a huge percentage of the population is “verifiably” mentally ill. The diagnosis has become so common that saying “You’re mentally ill” is hardly an insult these days. As men we have to discern between a broad definition of mental illness that is common and genuine mental illness.

Many women on anti-depressant medication take it because they are “sad.” Winter came around and they weren’t having fun in life so the doctor eagerly prescribed them pills. Another woman was “tired” from her busy schedule and didn’t get “enjoyment” out of casual sex and other secular activities. Another woman started being “depressed” when she couldn’t find an office job she enjoyed. In cases like this, I believe the problem is not mental illness but a lack of Orthodox faith and coping mechanisms to the normal stressors of life. By the time we reach adulthood, we should have a toolbox of ways to deal with difficulties. What used to be “common sense” to people of the past, like daily prayer, is now either a strange revelation or “lifehack” that needs to be learned from a book or Dr. Oz, and if it is not learned, a host of negative feelings arrive that a woman doesn’t know how to address. Unlucky for her, the doctors are all too quick to give her psychotropics, and so she becomes dependent on the drugs without ever properly maturing. Her problem is not mental illness but immaturity. She’s a child in an adult body, and never learned the things that human beings in previous eras learned (men are no exception to this problem). Her misguided trust in the medical industry has not solved the root problem but merely kept her in an immature state.

Should you marry an immature woman who is on anti-depressant drugs? How about if she took them in the past but does not take them anymore? Will a woman with anti-depressant medications in her bloodstream negatively affect a gestating baby? Is a

woman who has the coping mechanisms of a child ready and eager to learn maturity from you?

When evaluating such a woman, you will have to test her for increasing maturity, responsibility, faith, and perseverance. If she doesn't have the basic qualities an adult should have, and she has to learn them during the marriage, expect rough patches. Without children, the marriage may proceed pleasantly for a time, but once children come—and understand that having and raising children are the most difficult things a woman will ever do—any immaturity that you overlooked will boil to the surface. Just like with a woman who has passions, an immature woman should be self-aware enough to recognize her immaturity, dive into the Orthodox faith and practical self-improvement to plug in harmful gaps to show you moments of undeniable maturity during the courtship. On the other hand, if she gives you a take-it-or-leave-it attitude, and declares that she is fine just the way she is and will change for no man, you have all the information you need.

Severe mental illness

It is my opinion that most people diagnosed with mental illness are merely immature, but there are people with what I'd call "severe mental illness." How do you discern passions, immaturity, and severe mental illness? Passions are connected to our fallen human nature and are generally pursued to please the flesh. Over-eating, having sex, and being lazy feels good on the body. Being angry and prideful makes one feel superior and can be perceived pleasurably in the mind. The passionate person gets something tangible out of their passions. Immaturity is linked more to improper upbringing, harmful medical intervention, bad education, ignorance of Christian spiritual life, and maladaptive coping mechanisms that are not directly related to feeling bodily pleasure. No one would be

proud of being immature, but many people are proud of their passions, as I was proud of my sexual passions, bragging about it online for many years. Severe mental illness, on the other hand, begins to involve brain dysfunction, heavy demonic influence (including possession), self-harm, and a disconnection from reality, to the point where the sufferers lose touch with the self and have reoccurring mental episodes where they cannot control their mind or body. With passions, immaturity, and mental illness, there is overlap, and it is not difficult in modern times to find a woman or man who is badly afflicted in all three areas.

When someone with severe mental illness is not experiencing an episode (often called a "mental breakdown" or a "psychotic break"), they may present as merely immature or even entirely normal, but during an episode, the engine grinds to a halt. They may not be able to take care of themselves and must be continuously watched over to prevent them from committing self-harm. They are "incontinent," not digestively, but of emotions and bodily movements. They do not want to use horrible language on you but they do because they cannot control their speech. They don't want to starve, but they must be fed by a caretaker because they can no longer cook for themselves or remember to eat. They do not want to kill themselves, but they have a compulsion to grab a knife and start cutting. Voices and demonic thoughts in their head are telling them to do things that they do not want to do (the Holy Fathers would have something to say about what's really going on in such a case). It's the total lack of control during an episode that justifies the diagnosis of "severe mental illness."

I once witnessed a person during a mental break lose awareness of if he was thinking in his head or speaking aloud. The line between inner monologue and speech was eradicated. I once witnessed a person who took on the countenance of a growling beast and used all their human power to make an attempt on their life (thankfully he was stopped). I witnessed a person who did not want to laugh but could not stop laughing for hours and hours. These are not instances of someone succumbing to passions, or merely being sad, but a disconnection from material reality, whether demonic or not. In the context of being married to such a person, this is a hard trial that the Church teaches is ultimately salvific for the sufferer and those who have to take care of them, assuming the healthy spouse doesn't come apart themselves. It's a humbling condition that forces everyone involved to lean more on God, strengthening their faith in the process, but the decision to involve yourself with such a person should not be taken lightly, because if you take on more than you handle, you can spiritually harm both your spouse and yourself. You must know what you're getting into lest you end up losing your soul.

How to screen women for mental health issues

If you're attempting to meet and date secular women, you will never possess an honest portrait of her mental health history. There is no barrier for secular women to lie or omit information in order to gain advantages or favors in this life, so she will only reveal damaging truth if she believes you will find out somehow or if she's convinced you "love" her so much that you wouldn't leave her because of emotional reasons or sunk costs. Orthodox Christian women, I've found, are way more honest, and will reveal damaging facts of their lives, but subconsciously they may downplay the severity or leave out small details that reveal the true extent of their problems. No matter who you are dealing with, you will have to read between the lines to complete the picture, and attempt to gently verify that picture to arrive at the truth. The weaker a woman's faith, the more investigation and filling in you will have to do.

Before entering a courtship with a woman, I'd ask her the following broad questions:

1. Do you take anti-depressant or psychotropic medication? Have you taken them in the past? How long did you take them?

2. Have you ever cut yourself with a sharp instrument or otherwise hurt yourself? (If yes, continue by asking her if she's ever made an attempt on her life.)

3. Have you ever had a mental breakdown where you needed medical care to get back to normal? Have you ever needed emergency mental care?

If she answers yes to any of these questions, I'd tactfully retrieve a full medical history from her. Beforehand, I would tell her that I'm asking these questions to discern if I can handle whatever problems she has, and that I'm not judging her for having a condition, because I surely have problems as well that I insist on divulging. If she doesn't want to answer your questions then either she doesn't yet trust you or she's not serious about giving a potential husband the full truth of who she is.

An ideal scenario for a woman with mental illness is that the problem has since been resolved with maturity and faith without re-surfacing in several years. Perhaps she

graduated from college, had trouble adapting to adulthood, was regularly sad (but had no mental breakdowns), took anti-depressants for one year, and then stopped taking them. In such a case, the drugs were a bridge from an immature to a mature state, and may not be a sign of severe illness, but rarely is a woman's medical history so open-and-shut.

A sign of a more challenging condition is visible scarring on her arms and legs, long-term use of psychotropic drugs that continues to the present, and a history of multiple mental breakdowns that required emergency psychiatric care. A woman who suffers from these problems is deserving of Christian friendship and love, and should not be shunned, but you must carefully contemplate upon prayer and the seeking of spiritual guidance if you are able to handle such a heavy cross. It's important to understand that mental episodes are often triggered by stress. If you observe a woman with a rough history but who is currently faring well, it's likely because she has removed the stresses from her life. The problem with marriage is that, once children enter the picture, the stresses are nonstop. Even for mentally healthy individuals, marriage is exceedingly difficult (you may marry a woman with a clean mental bill of health, with no prior history, who goes on to have mental breakdowns after childbearing). Personally, I would assume that any woman you marry will show an increase in mental dysfunction during the marriage, some more and some less.

Within a marriage, a woman has her prescribed duties. She cleans the home and cooks (if she's a housewife) and does most of the child-rearing. When a woman has an episode, she will be unable to do most or all of her duties. She will also be unable to fully take care of the children. Not only do you have to do the work she was doing, not only do you have to do the motherly childrearing, but you also have to take care of her as if she were a hospital patient. And you will not know for how long the episode lasts, but even if she comes out of it quickly, she will need extra time to fully heal. The effects of an episode could last for weeks and months. Can you see how marrying any woman without having strong faith is a foolhardy endeavor? Without complete trust and reliance in God, you will not be able to endure a mental health emergency, and will simply hand her off to the psychiatrist to dope her up while you resort to alcohol or other flawed coping mechanisms, even infidelity.

By highlighting the risk of marrying a woman with mental illness, I do not attempt to deny them love from a man. Instead, I share these points so men have all the information they need in making the best decision they can, because if they get into a marriage they can't handle, and if a woman has children that she cannot handle, they both will be worse off than they started and may lose the faith they have. Writings of the Holy Fathers are persistent in advising us not to test God by doing more than we can bear. Any decision to marry a mentally ill woman must be made with the truth of her condition and help from God. I do believe, however, that the more difficult woman you marry, the more blessings and rewards you receive from God *if* you are able to maintain the faith, but that's a big if.

Conclusion

I desire an easy marriage. I want to find an exceedingly beautiful woman who is mature

and completely healthy with fewer passions than myself. I want a marriage that lacks the trials I see in other marriages, where I can focus on my writing in peace and expect my wife to be a superhero who takes care of the home and children without any fuss. This is a fantasy. Marriage, even with a picture-perfect woman, is difficult, with good days and bad days, and any holes you have in your faith will quickly reveal themselves as you deal with innumerable trials that you never would have expected no matter how thoroughly you vetted her. Whatever the case, my decision to marry a woman must first and foremost involve God. I must pray to Him to enlighten me, to place the right woman for my salvation before me, and to help me endure whatever is to come.

Read Next: *Secular Marriage vs. Christian Marriage*

Signs That You Love God

May 26, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The book that has convicted me more than any other is What God Has Done For Our Salvation by St. Nikodim of the Holy Mountain, more commonly known as St. Nicodemus the Hagiorite, a prolific saint who produced many written works. His words made a direct impact on the many odorous parts remaining in my soul, igniting a desire to serve God more faithfully and obediently. Below are my favorite quotes from this slim book, starting with a list of items to check your love for God.

8 signs that you love God

> There are eight signs by which you may learn whether or not you love God as you should. You truly love God if…
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> 1) you love Him freely, and not because you are compelled to;
>
> 2) you keep His commandments;
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> 3) you love Him from your whole heart, loving nothing so much as you love God;
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> 4) you frequently recall His name, as says Gregory the Theologian: "Those who greatly love someone remember even the name of their beloved with pleasures;"
>
> 5) you shed abundant tears when you remember the name of God, as says St. Isaac: "The custom of love is to shed tears at the remembrance of the beloved;"
>
> 6) during prayer your mind easily leaves all the cares of the world and cleaves only to remembrance of God and to love for Him, feeling internal sweetness and peace surpassing all sweetness and all peace, and the more time you spend in prayer standing before God, the greater your love is for Him;
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> 7) you rejoice when you endure reviling for the love for God and for the fulfillment of His commandments; and
>
> 8) your love for God is not defeated by anything else…

The dangers of pride

> Pride is a mindless lust which, when it has possessed a man, suggests to him the idea that he is better than he actually is, and that other people think the same of him as he does. Thus, one who is proud thinks of no one but himself. As a spider sits in the center of its web, so he also puts himself at the center of everything. And as a spider spins the web out of itself, so also one who is proud, whenever he

> thinks or does anything, considers himself the source of everything.
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> […]
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> Pride and Christ cannot be present simultaneously in the heart of a Christian: where the one is the Other will not be, and vice versa. It is for this reason that the Lord said to the Pharisees that they, in seeking the glory of men from one another, became unworthy of believing in Him: “How can ye believe, which receive honor one of another, and seek not the honor that cometh from God only?” (John 5:44) From these words you may understand that as soon as glory enters into the soul of a man, faith immediately disappears. How terrible a thing it is that the man who despises the law of God and loves temporal glory instead will be eternally tormented!
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> […]
>
> If we think that we can heal ourselves of pride, this is itself the utmost pride. The only way to be healed of pride is to turn to the Lord, and say together with the prophet David: “Let not the foot of pride come against me” (Ps. 35:12). That is to say: O Lord, do not allow accursed pride to set foot on the ground of my soul.
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> […]
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> If you are proud, you will be punished as a thief who has stolen the glory of God, for He Himself said these words: “I will not give My glory to another” (Isa. 42:8). How destitute you are, O prideful man! Try to find something good that you have done by your own powers. Try, and you will shame yourself, for everything good that you have, you received from God.
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> […]
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> Come to your senses, therefore: examine your inner world, and if you find traces of pride in your heart, strive to wipe them out. Do not condemn a single sinner who is proud of himself, for you yourself know that one who is wicked now can change in a moment, like the thief in the Gospel, and you yourself, though good now, can suddenly turn evil, as occurred with Judas. Indeed, condemnation itself is already a manifestation of pride.

The ease at which we fall into sin

> There is no evil that we have not committed. We have only not done that which we could not, or for which there was not opportune time: the evil that we were able to do, we did. Our whole will, given to us by God that we might strive toward Him, the fullness of all good things, we have used to house within ourselves all the loathsome things of the world. With what incredible ease we have turned from God—as though neither divine nor natural law meant anything to us!

Even for the evils we cannot do, we imagine committing them in our minds to nonetheless receive pleasure from the possibility of one day committing the evil.

Neglecting God

> God created us out of nothing, yet we neglect Him as though He were nothing. In place of God we give preference to our bodies, which are in no way different from rotting stumps. God gave us His life that we might give Him ours also, crucifying our passions and not aggravating His wounds by our sins, as the Apostle Paul also says: “They crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put Him to an open shame” (Heb. 6:6).

Do not laugh too much

> How can we say that our inappropriate laughter is not contrary to the will of God, when our Lord, who became man, not only never laughed, but, in addition to the fact that He wept four times, in His teaching said: “Woe unto you that laugh now! For ye shall mourn and weep” (Luke 6:25). Basil the Great, in his canons for monks, prescribed a week of excommunication for laughter, inappropriate conversations, or joking words: “If anyone should make jokes or laugh inappropriately, let him be excommunicated for one week.”

Westerners are addicted to humor and making jokes. If you want an American to strike you, simply state that Lord Jesus Christ didn’t make any jokes and that it is not an essential human activity that we need to do or should be vigorously participating in. They will then go on to justify their incessant irreverence and man-pleasing so that their “humor” is rewarded with laughter, dopamine, and social value. I make jokes, more than I should, not because I see value in them, but because I require the temporal rewards of attention and validation due to my human weakness.

There is no such thing as a “little” sin

> Let us likewise think about the multitude of evils that “little” sins introduce into our souls. As illness weakens the body, so little sins remove every good work from our soul and weaken it, destroying the virtues that vouchsafe a man the fragrance of holiness. Every sin, even if it seems little, separates us from the fruits of the spiritual life, sets us apart from the Holy Mysteries, and hinders our unification with the Master Christ, as the prophet Isaiah also says: “Your iniquities separate between you and God” (Isaiah 59:2). Every little, forgivable sin makes our soul grow cold in love, kills piety, dries up tears of compunction, extinguishes repentance, and prevents the grace of Christ from coming to dwell within us. However, there is still greater evil: when, due to little sins, we easily move onto grave, mortal sins, which completely destroy the unhappy man. These sins make powerless the good habits of the soul, and hinder one from receiving help from God.

I see my “small” sins as an early warning system. If suddenly I’m having negative thoughts against my neighbor, or judging my mother, I know that a demon is not far, and

he’s “priming the pump” to pave the way for me to commit a bigger sin. Stop his evil scheme right then and there by turning away from the little transgressions.

Are you engaged in spiritual warfare?

> O glorious code of war! In earthly wars the soldiers do battle, while the king remains in a safe place; in spiritual warfare the first to enter the battle is the King, the soldiers following after Him.
>
> What, now, must you do when you are called to this war? You see that the war is short, and the victory and rest following it—eternal. You see that the foes whom Jesus desires to overcome are more your foes than His, since Him they are unable to depose from His kingdom, but you they can, if you do not overcome them. Thus, arise and resolve firmly to unswervingly follow after the Lord, to imitate Him in everything, and to undergo everything necessary to please Him. When you become close to Him you will find great happiness therein.

Two deadly traps of Satan

> The devil sets many different traps to catch human souls and urge them on to their destruction. Two of these are idleness and preoccupation. Both idleness, in which a man sits and rots from laziness, and preoccupation, in which a man is constantly occupied with a hundred different things, are obstacles to salvation. Many Christian sit in idleness for days at a time—they walk the streets of the city, tell each other various bits of news, and discuss the people walking by. If they do go to church, it is only because they have nothing else to do. Thus they spend day after day without any benefit to themselves.
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> […]
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> Working with one’s hands strengthens the body and makes it sound, while laziness and idleness make it weak, sluggish, and sickly. The most-wise Sirach rightly wrote: “Much evil is learned from idleness.” This we see in actual fact: There are fewer passions and less slyness in one who works, while one who remains idle is often possessed by ferocious passions.

The humbling labors of Lord Jesus Christ

> What a wondrous thing! The Master of all, to Whom all things heavenly and earthly submit, Who created all His creations free, humbled Himself to the point of serving men and working whole days for them. The Wisdom that established heaven and earth, and enlightened the human intellect that it might create various arts and trades, humbled Himself to the point of doing rude and difficult work. The Wisdom that with astonishing artistry created heaven and earth, and inspired human thought for the creation of different arts, humbled Himself to the point of engaging in the most humble of these.
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> It was truly amazing to see Him Who holds the whole world in the palm of His

> hand rising early in the morning, taking a basket of tools, and going from one task to the next, covered with sweat in the summer and freezing with cold in the winter, and returning home in the evening, weary from work. He Who by His Spirit feeds all that lives, not only animals but even the plants, and fills them with every blessing ("[Thou] fillest every living thing with Thy favor"—Ps. 144:16), worked from morning until night for the wages He needs. The human mind is incapable of comprehending this! No tongue can describe it! At the sight of this the blood runs cold from amazement. Thus, the words which the Lord said were justified: "The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister" (Matt. 20:28).

Do you truly love God?

> Your heart is so hardened that not only do you not weep when you hear the sweetest and most beloved name of God—you do not soften even a little when you see God nailed to the Cross and shedding His blood. When you stand in prayer your mind cleaves to every vain and worldly thing; it is here, there, anywhere but on the words of the prayer. If you do stand for a little while in prayer, you quickly become weary and despondent. Behold how little you love God: no sooner do you feel the slightest discomfort than you turn back and forget your former high ideas.
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> […]
>
> How hardhearted you are, preferring creation to the Creator! The easy yoke of the Lord ("My yoke is easy, and my burden is light"—Matt. 11:30) seems burdensome to you, and you consider your captivity freedom. Remove the heavy cloak of darkness and deception from your mind, and learn that there is no freedom other than that which comes from submitting yourself to God and committing yourself to the will of the Heavenly Father…

You praise others in vain

> Those who [give you praise and glory] likewise give it in vain. These do not know that you are sinful and wretched inside; they see only your exterior. What glory can they give you other than the glory that one might give to a beautiful coffin, which is decorated on the outside with inscriptions and epitaphs, but inside is filled with stench and decay, as the Lord said: "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! For ye are like unto whited sepulchers, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness" (Matt. 23:27). The glory of the world is also vain because it can never compare with heavenly glory. The existence of this whole vulgar world is a mere instant in comparison with eternity. Its glory is vain because it quickly disappears. In comparison with eternity our whole life is less than a heartbeat, less than the blink of an eye, less than an instant.

> […]
>
> People praise you for your beauty, but your true charms are hidden beneath your exterior—just as manure is hidden by snow in the winter. Your beauty is short-lived, like snow, and in the end, “when a man is dead, he shall inherit creeping things, beasts, and worms” (Eccl. 10:11). If you open any tomb you will be amazed at the falseness of the glory of this world, and that such glory, despite the fact that it is nothing, is so greatly desired in the eyes of foolish people!

I’ve said it many times before and I’ll say it again: if you give me a compliment, it is processed by my ears and then I forcefully eject it from my mind and soul. I may thank you for your compliment to be polite, but I immediately brace my soul to be on guard of any prideful thoughts that may follow. If someone were to compliment me incessantly, I have no choice but to turn away from them. If I’ve done a good thing that you’ve received spiritual value from, thank God because he was its sole originator.

“I’ll be a Christian later”

> In all the world there is no tradesman mindless enough to throw all his good into the sea and hope that they will return to him. There are Christians, however, who are quite ready to lose their purity of soul and the grace of God—the greatest gifts He has given them—and hope to receive these heavenly gifts back again; i.e., that their former purity will return to them as soon as they make confession. These unhappy ones, though bound by the chains of hell, think that they can cast them off at any time they choose. They walk before the Morning Star, who holds in His hand the keys to their souls, and think that they can freely leave him at any time. I will not describe this delusion further, for it is not new to man.
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> […]
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> Great is the harm that sinners inflict upon themselves, expecting to repent in the future, since they sin without shame or fear, and thereby sink still deeper and deeper into the filthy, polluted mire of sin, in the muck of which not even pigs would wallow. They bring harm upon themselves in that they become indifferent to their salvation and begin to despise the commandments of God, as Solomon said: “When the wicked cometh, then cometh also contempt” (Prov. 18:3). When they reach the final degree of wickedness, their mind becomes darkened, their hearts harden, and they never again think of their sins. Some of these not only treat their sins with indifference, but even boast of them as though they were great deeds: as Solomon says, they “rejoice in evils, and delight in wicked perverseness” (Prov. 2:14).

A similar delusion is when a man says, “I’m going to focus on work and get rich so that I can donate it to God later in life.” What the man is really saying is: “I will worship Mammon with all my heart and soul, become attached to worldly things, tightly grip my hands around money until they become arthritic claws, and then I will foolishly attempt to time my repentance upon old age by giving away a tiny fraction of the wealth I

accumulated.”

Idle thoughts and chatter

> The thoughts of idle people are an unbroken chain of gossip and condemnation. The more a lazy person neglects his own affairs, the more zealous and industrious he is in discussing the affairs of others. The less he likes to work, the more he enjoys talking with people, which, after all, requires no effort. He can spend whole days in condemnation—even if he is quiet for a short time he soon resumes his foul conversations.
>
> […]
>
> If you do not like it when you are talking with a friend and he does not listen to you, but instead keeps asking unrelated questions, how can you wish for God to speak to your heart when there is nothing in it but hundreds of empty thoughts?

Repent before it’s too late

> …the time that God has given us in which to acquire Paradise is as precious as Paradise itself.
>
> Do you now understand the value of the time that the Lord has given us in which to transform our lives? When death suddenly overtake you, you will search for yet a moment more, but will find none.

The love God has for us

> How much the Lord has done for us, enduring for the sake of our salvation a multitude of torments and offenses! Upon seeing this every mind is amazed and every tongue is silenced. The Son of Man had only to say a single word to His Heavenly Father, and help would immediately have come to Him. Instead, however, He desired to free us from the power of darkness, shedding His precious and divine Blood. How can we thank Him for having sacrificed Himself so that we might live forever? Could God have given us anything more than the sacrifice on the Cross, offered by the incarnate Word of God? Has God really required much of us by instructing us to keep His commandments? Of course not. Let us repent, therefore, of our ingratitude toward the God of love. Let us commit ourselves to Him, since He has created us and saved us at such cost. With humility let us ask Him that He burn up the whole of our ingratitude with the fire of His love, so that His love might shine in us and so that we might love nothing in this world so much as Him. Let us no longer offend Him with our sins, but rather let us serve Him with our whole heart, saying with David: “O Lord, I am Thy servant!” (Ps. 15:7).

I did not share the harder sayings from this book because I know that there are many non-Orthodox who read me and I don’t want to expose them to teachings they are not spiritually prepared for, but perhaps no one is ready to be told that their love of God is

quite pathetic and that they are attached to the world more than they realize, but for some of us, including me, these are the words one must read. What God Has Done For Our Salvation is less than 100 pages, and can be read in only a few hours, but its potency may be unsurpassed out of all other Orthodox texts I've encountered. As if taking a cold shower, it has invigorated me and opened up my heart to know how much more I could be doing to serve the Lord God.

Learn More: *What God Has Done For Our Salvation on Amazon*

Stop Eating Seed Oils Challenge

May 30, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I have not been shy about highlighting the fact that seed oil, sometimes called zog oil, is industrial sludge. They should not be classified as "food" and should not be eaten by human beings. Even though seed oils are in everything, it's not that difficult to eliminate them from your diet. I challenge you to do so.

Imagine someone you know who is self-destructive with how they live. They drive without wearing a seatbelt, use an electric saw without safety goggles, and chop onions with a paring knife. Such a person is endangering themselves in innumerable ways, but I can guarantee that they don't eat mud, bits of glass, or rat poison. Perhaps they inject themselves with poisons such as coronavirus vaccines or heroin, but they do not drink cloudy water nor eat putrid meat. And yet not a day goes by in this person's life that they don't eat toxic seed oils. When I realized the truth of seed oils, I immediately began an effort to rid them from my diet through four practical steps.

Step 1: Finish all the seed oil foods in your pantry

Chances are you have several weeks' worth of seed oil food in your home, most likely in the form of processed snacks. I don't like throwing away food, so I extended the poisoning of my body by a couple of weeks so that I could finish all the foods I should have never bought in the first place. This mostly came in the form of Clif Bars, which I would eat after a mild callisthenic workout. Turns out that the bars had "organic soybean oil." Good try, Clif, but you can make hemlock organic and I still wouldn't consume it.

Step 2: Read the ingredient labels of everything you buy at the supermarket

Me in a couple of years

The first time you go to the supermarket with the intention of reading nutritional labels to identify seed oils like canola, soy, safflower, and sunflower, you will be depressed, because the bulk of your diet was filled with garbage oil. You will realize that you've traded convenience and mouth pleasure for poison, unnecessarily desecrating your body. So begins your education in preparing quick and basic meals using healthier fats (butter, ghee, pork lard, beef tallow, extra virgin olive oil, coconut oil) and single ingredient sources. Thankfully, there are a billion food blogs and YouTube cooking channels that make it effortless to learn. Even I have published a recipe that is the length of a *novella*.

Step 3: Research the ingredients of your favorite restaurants

All chain restaurants have a “Nutrition” section on their website that lists all the synthetic and unnatural ingredients they use in their “food.” For the restaurants you frequent, check out the ingredients in the meals you usually order. I’ll save you some time: they are all loaded with seed oil. If it’s a chain restaurant, they use seed oils by the rusted barrelful. (The only chain I’ve found that doesn’t use them excessively is Panera.) If you’re a foodie and go to high-end restaurants, chances are you’re safe, because they tend to use butter and extra virgin olive oil.

A few months ago I was dragged to Waffle House. When I watched the disgruntled cook ladle neon yellow soybean oil onto the grill, I knew my body would not agree with the food (it didn’t—I experienced heart palpitations that very night and had trouble sleeping).

I went to the Applebee’s website and picked a random dish, the Bourbon Street Chicken & Shrimp. Here are the actual ingredients:

> Garlic Mashed Potatoes: Garlic Mashed Potatoes: Potatoes, Milk Blend (Milk, Skim Milk, **Canola Oil**, Cream, Datem, Water, Salt, Artificial Flavor, Vitamin A Palmitate And Vitamin D3 Added), Water, Margarine (**Soybean Oil**, Water, Salt, **Hydrogenated Cottonseed Oil**, Mono And Diglycerides, Soy Lecithin, Potassium Sorbate (Preservative), Natural And Artificial Flavor, Lactic Acid, Beta Carotene (Color), Vitamin A Palmitate), Margarine [**Canola Oil**, Water, Palm And Palm Kernel Oil, Salt, Whey Powder (Milk), Vegetable Monoglycerides, **Soy Lecithin**, Potassium Sorbate (Preservative), Artificial Flavor, Citric Acid, Vitamin A Palmitate, Vitamin D3, Beta Carotene], Cultured Buttermilk, Buttermilk Powder, Whey Solids, Natural Flavor, Monoglycerides, Roasted Garlic, Citric Acid, Potassium Sorbate, Sodium Acid Pyrophosphate and Titanium Dioxide (color), Parsley: Parsley, Grilled Chicken Breast: Boneless Skinless Chicken Breast With

> Rib Meat, Water, Seasoning (Salt, Onion Powder, Yeast Extract, Garlic Powder, Chicken Broth, Sugar, L-Glutamic Acid, Disodium Inosinate And Disodium Guanylate, Lactic Acid, Dextrose, Citric Acid, **Grill Flavor (From Sunflower Oil)**, Artificial Flavor, No More Than 2% Silicon Dioxide Added To Prevent Caking), Modified Food Starch, Sodium Phosphates, **Soybean Oil**, Grilled Onions: Onion, Liquid And **Hydrogenated Soybean Oil**, Salt, Natural & Artificial Flavor, **Soy Lecithin**, TBHQ And Citric Acid (Preservatives), Artificial Color, Dimethylpolysiloxane (Anti-Foaming Agent), Salt, Dehydrated Garlic, Spices, **Soybean Oil**, Not More Than 2% Silicon Dioxide Added To Prevent Caking, Sauteed Shrimp: Shrimp, Water, Salt, Sodium Bicarbonate, Sodium Carbonate, Sodium Citrate, **Soybean Oil**, Seasoned Mushrooms: Mushrooms, Liquid And Hydrogenated **Soybean Oil**, Salt, Natural & Artificial Flavor, **Soy Lecithin**, TBHQ And Citric Acid (Preservatives), Artificial Color, Dimethylpolysiloxane (Anti-Foaming Agent), Garlic Butter Sauce: **Liquid And Hydrogenated Soybean Oil**, Salt, Natural & Artificial Flavor, **Soy Lecithin**, TBHQ And Citric Acid (Preservatives), Artificial Color, Dimethylpolysiloxane (Anti-Foaming Agent), Liquid Margarine (**Soybean Oil**, Water, Vegetable Mono & Diglycerides, Salt, Natural Flavor (Milk), Vitamin A Palmitate, Vitamin D3), Garlic, Anhydrous Milkfat, Spice, Contains Less Than 2% Of Each Of The Following: Salt, Natural Flavor, Natural Extractive Of Turmeric And Annatto (Color), Garlic, Water, Citric Acid (Preservative), Salt, Spice, Garlic Powder, **Sunflower Oil (Flow Agent)**, Blackened Seasoning: Spices, Salt, Dehydrated Onion, Dehydrated Garlic, Dextrose, Celery Seed, **Soybean Oil (As A Processing Aid)**, Cajun Seasoning: Spices, Salt, Garlic Powder, Paprika, Onion Powder, Modified Corn Starch, Caramel Color (Class Iii), Disodium Inosinate, Disodium Guanylate, Medium Chain Triglycerides, Artificial Flavors, Natural Flavors, Less Than 2% Each **Sunflower Oil** And Silicon Dioxide As Processing Aids

Can this dish even be considered food? I rather eat a meal of bread and salt.

The safest food to eat out is the humble deli sandwich. Yes, the bread will have some seed oil and high fructose corn syrup, and the meat will have various chemical preservatives and even seaweed (carrageenan), but it's better than typical chain-fare. I tell you that I may never eat French fries again in my life, which are fried in rancid seed oils. The idea of eating French fries has become abhorrent to me.

Step 4: Prepare all of your meals

I eat approximately 14 meals each week. Either I or my mother prepare 13 of those without the use of seed oils, and the fourteenth meal is the Sunday fellowship lunch at church. There is not a whole lot of variety in my diet, and during long Orthodox fasts I'm sustained almost entirely on peanut butter, bread, and potatoes, but because I'm not poisoning myself, I'm not worse off than seed oil eaters who eat a "variety" of foods laced with inflammatory chemical agents. After reducing my heart palpitations through functional changes to my lifestyle, I'm in exceedingly good health outside of creaking knees and a sensitive lower back, but I would not be upset if it was God's will for me to contract a severe affliction, because the point of life is not merely good physical health. Perhaps I get more pleasure from my seed oil strike at disobeying the will of the oligarchs who are determined to make me eat like a farm pig than any perceived health benefits, because it turns out that one day I will die no matter what I eat.

It's effortless to become neurotic with food. After discovering that seed oil is sludge, I went too far and become slightly obsessed with every little thing I ate. I've since come back from that and have adopted a middle path where I only have one overall food rule: no seed oils. I find that that rule alone is sufficiently keeping my diet clean enough to stay in tip-top shape to serve my duties before God, that it doesn't matter if I don't eat bone broth, organic beef liver, raw milk, cod fish oil, and all the other trendy hipster foods that are supposed to prolong my life. If the only rule you have when it comes to food is no seed oils, I guarantee you will be in the top 5% of healthy eating with no additional effort, even if you eat cake every day (that you bake yourself with expeller-pressed avocado oil instead of seed oil), because a diet without seed oils will automatically exclude the most processed trash.

Now I must confess that there is one type of food I eat that contains minute amounts of seed oil: roasted mixed nuts. I imagine I'm eating one or two drops of seed oil a day

because of it. I love nuts and must eat nuts. I've considered roasting my own nuts, but I'll save that activity for my future wife (along with churning butter from our dairy cow and milling our own flour). To eat one food with seed oil prevents me from going over the edge into obsession, and you are welcome to judge me for that. If I'm starving and only have bottles of seed oil laying around, I will not touch them. I imagine that to be like dying of thirst while floating in a salty ocean. I wonder if dirt is more nutritious.

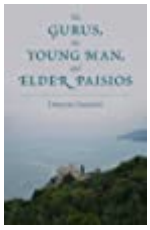
Since undertaking the seed oil challenge, I eat less sweets and restaurant food. While I'm not a bad cook, I often choose to whip up a quick sandwich that is definitely less pleasurable to my taste buds than an engineered Frankenstein restaurant meal laced with seed oils. By loosening my attachment to externally tasty—but internally toxic—meals, I've inadvertently aided my Orthodox faith and have been able to lean more on daily spiritual bread for happiness than worldly bread. It also has made prolonged fasts easier since I have less attachment to elaborate meals and feasts.

We should not be surprised that abstaining from zog oil indirectly aids our faith in God. From that we can safely conclude that the poisoning of the food supply with non-food is of Satan. I hope to abstain from more than two drops of seed oil per day for the rest of my life.

Read Next: *Vegetable Oils Are Toxic*

It’s Not Easy To Escape From The Occult

June 6, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



The Gurus, the Young Man, and Elder Paisios is a spiritual memoir by Dionysios Farasiotis, chronicling the author’s flirtations with the occult and later conversion to the Orthodox Church through the eldership of then Elder—but now Saint—Paisios. The author captures the most notable spiritual episodes of his own life on his path to repentance. The best parts of the book are the appearances of Saint Paisios.

The vanity of the secular world

> I realized that every morning you get up early to go to work at a usually joyless occupation that drains you of all your energy. Afterwards, you return home for some food, take a short afternoon nap, and for relaxation watch a soccer match or a mindless television show, which is followed by the evening news, during which you are told what is interesting and what opinions you should form on various minor issues. After some sleep, the cycle repeats itself. Of course, from time to time, you might see some friends and go to a restaurant to exchange some pleasantries, but who has the energy or the intellectual stamina to entertain serious questions? “Come on, pal, we just want some small talk, so we can have a good time to get us comfortably through the day.” And, ultimately, this is how you pass your entire life.

Like the author, I also recognized the futility of secular conformity. I decided to seek the truth using my fallen mind, and what did it decide on? That the “truth” was to pursue all my passions and worldly desires. From that wrong path, I did catch glimpses of objective truths, but not the ultimate truth, because I was so attached to the pleasures of the world.

Natural love is flimsy, transactional, and temporary

> In this world, I hadn’t found any genuine love, or anyone who really loved me for who I was. Everyone had a motive for loving me. Girls would love men for an attractive face, a handsome body, and beautiful eyes. But if I had been in an accident resulting in the loss of a limb or the disfigurement of my face, no woman would have cared to stay at my side, even though I would still have been the same person. No woman really loved me, or was even interested in the deeper core of my being; rather, they were only concerned with the appearance of my body. And the guys who were my friends loved me for my mind, my ideas, my

> knowledge, and my wit; but if I hadn't been educated, I would still have been the same person. Were I to have suffered a wound to the head and become a little slower on the uptake, the deeper core of my being, my soul, would still have been the same, yet no one would have still loved me. Even the natural love of my parents was not free from utilitarian motives. It was colored by certain expectations and desires for compensation in the future. They loved me because I was intelligent, because I was a good student, and because I would take care of them in their old age. No one loved me without guile, without self-interest, or without the expectation of something in return. My real self existed beneath the surface, apart from my being smart or stupid, handsome or ugly, good or bad. I longed for this core of my being to be loved without any reason or societal justification, but just because I existed.

Not until I came to God did I realize how true is the phrase "Looking for love in all the wrong places." It turns out that *all* the places of this world are wrong! Unconditional love cannot be found on the earth, because such love comes only from God. The highest form of natural love you can achieve, usually with your spouse or child, will still be a form of creaturely love, and lower than what you can experience directly from God.

The man who lives far from God

> When man despises the immortal soul, the higher part of his being, and becomes deeply attached to his body, he becomes utterly carnal and condemns himself to a life that is degrading. And so "man, being in honor, did not understand; he is compared to mindless cattle, and is become like unto them." (Psalm 48)

How does God dispense miracles to individuals?

> I once asked Father Paisios about something I found quite perplexing: "Elder, why have all these miracles happened to me?"
>
> "Because," he replied, "starting from when you were a child, you didn't get the help you needed. And not only that—you were actually being pushed towards evil. So you deserved some divine help, and God gave it to you all at once."

Warfare with Satan

> "Look," [Father Athanasios] said, "the devil doesn't want people to know that he exists, because it's easier for him to fight them if they're unaware of his existence. You don't protect yourself from an enemy unless you realize he exists. But once you've detected him, there's no reason for him to hide, so he then fights you out in the open."
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> […]
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> [Saint Paisios] used to say, "The devil isn't able to hide in a sack for long, since some horn will always show through the sack. But if you ask him, 'What's that sticking out?' he'll answer, 'Oh, that's not a horn; it's an eggplant.'" In other

> words, if evil showed itself for what it really was, everyone would flee from it for fear of being harmed. It has to be camouflaged and appear to be beautiful and good, so that people will accept it; and, in the same way, people enraged in evil have to act as though they are virtuous, so that they won't alienate others. This is why Christ openly rebuked the Pharisees, the supposedly virtuous men of biblical times, saying, "Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do. He was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own: for he is a liar, and the father of it."
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> […]
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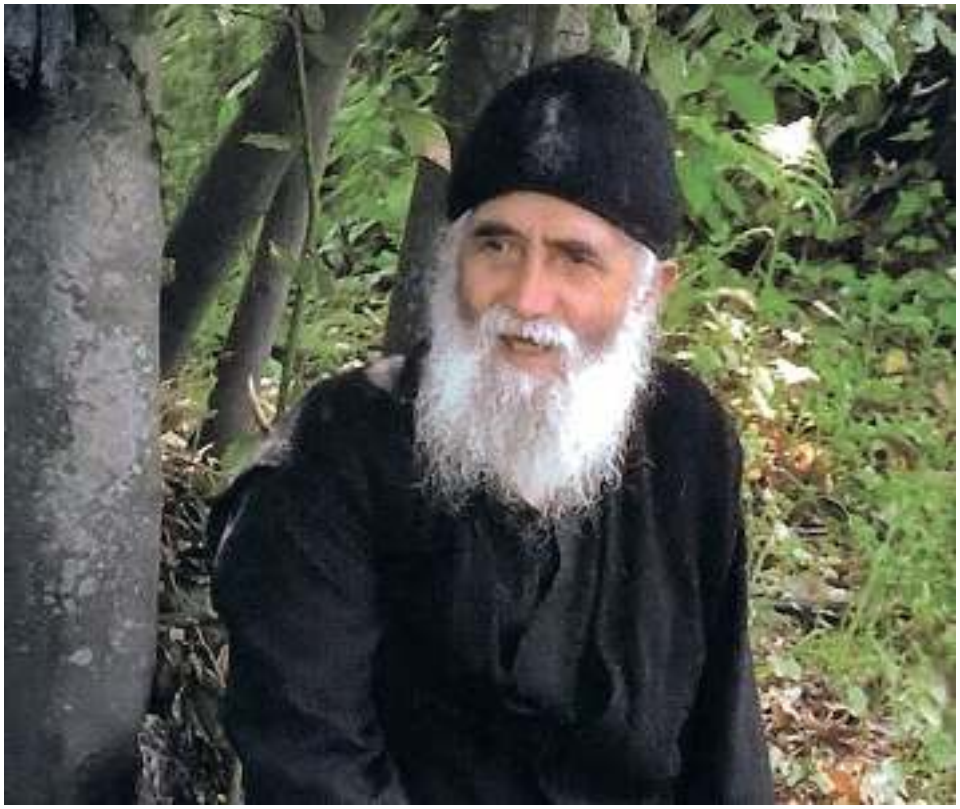
> I told [Saint Paisios] about [a strong demonic attack]. In fear, I asked him, 'Elder, does the devil really have such power?" And he answered, "We are the ones who give him that power, by our sins." Indeed, most Christians never have—or are even aware of—such experiences with the powers of evil, because they have not given the devil authority over them by immoral living or witchcraft, yoga, and related activities.

It's one thing to practice sin in ignorance or weakness, but it's another to deliberately open demonic doors through the occult practices of tarot, witchcraft, psychedelics, and the like. If you explicitly seek out the demons, you essentially grant them rights over your soul, and they will not want to leave even if you change your mind.



Saint Paisios of Mount Athos

Demons may use humor to lower your spiritual guard

> Then my [demonic] visitor, up to that point manifest in a terrifying form, seeming

> as though it could squash me like a bug, suddenly changed into a fat dwarf with a cap on his head. It started joking around, gradually approaching me as though it were playing a game. I was so taken back that I almost laughed, but as soon as it came close to me I could feel in my heart its evil and threatening malice. Again I resorted to the Jesus Prayer, and again it fled to me.

Love your neighbor

> Saint Paisios: “Man is worthy of being loved just because he’s in the image of God. It doesn’t matter at all if he’s good or bad, moral or sinful. Man is worthy of being loved for what he is. Christ loved and sacrificed Himself for sinful, corrupt people. “I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.” We should be the same way: we should love everyone without making any distinctions. Just like the sun rises on everyone, intelligent and unintelligent, good and evil, beautiful and ugly, our love should be like the love of God—love that’s like the sun and shines on His whole creation without making distinctions.”

The extent of demonic power

> …when a person has become open to demonic influence, the devil can indeed grant him, or rather exercise through him, the considerable power the devil naturally possesses as a spirit. Thus, such a man might gain great physical capabilities, such as were possessed by the man who had an unclean spirit in the country of the Gadarenes, who was able to break his chains into pieces. He might be able to alter his appearance, to speak with peculiar voices, to cause himself to levitate, or to make lights or different objects appear. He may seem to be able to foretell events, and he may be able to reveal a person’s hidden sins, amazing and frightening his hearers with his knowledge of the past. Moreover, acting through the demons, such a man can exploit others’ imaginations in order to form images and sounds in their minds, and can also bring about striking physical effects, such as cracking a mammoth tree or shattering a large boulder. I knew these phenomena well.
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> […]
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> “The most insignificant demon has such power that he could make the entire earth collapse with a stroke of his tail, but God does not allow it.” On another occasion he said, “Suppose the president were speaking on the balcony before a crowd of thousands watching him from below. If God permitted the devil to spear on that balcony for just one moment, they would all drop dead from fear.”
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> […]
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> Father Paisios: “When someone has a close relationship with another person and a lot of love, the soul can know [private details] from far away. But many times the devil gets involved and makes a mess out of everything. He’ll whisper to a boy and a girl about going someplace, and they go there and run into each other.

> Then he does the same thing with another place, and he keeps it up until they say, ‘Hey, there’s something special about what’s happening to us,’ so he can throw them into sin in the end. The tempter’s a great movie director. That’s why you shouldn’t pay attention to coincidences likes that, because otherwise you might get tricked. If it’s from God, He’ll find another way to let you know, one that’s even more clear.

The essence of spiritual life

> No matter how great a man’s ascetic labors may appear before the eyes of men, his offerings are infinitesimal in contrast with what God offers. Man takes one step, and God responds with a thousand in order to bridge the gap. Nevertheless, man’s small and insignificant step in God’s direction is absolutely crucial, because it reveals man’s intention and good disposition, giving God the “right” to approach him, without infringing his spiritual freedom. Unlike the hate-filled, tyrannical devil, God deeply respects human freedom and never violates it, because He loves man. He desires a relationship of love with man, and love can exist only when people are free.

This book has some problems. First, since it is not chronological, it spins you around the timeline of the author’s life. I did not know if what I was reading came before or after what recently happened. Second, it’s repetitive. This cycle of narrative repeats numerous times in the book: Saint Paisios showed the author God’s love, he ran off to seek an Indian guru, he felt bad, he returned to Saint Paisios and felt God’s love again. As a reader, it was frustrating to see him repeatedly going back to the gurus after seeing miracles I could only dream of, but it’s important to understand that repentance is messy and takes time. Sympathy and patience should be given to those who were deep into the occult. Third, the author gave me more of an education on Hinduism and demonic practices than I wanted, to the point where it intruded upon my imagination and thoughts.

The Gurus, the Young Man, and Elder Paisios is one of the few books that I can advise you to skip. The exception is if you fell hard for Eastern mysticism and actually went to India or bowed before the pagan idols. In that case, reading this story may help you understand that you alone were not deceived. Otherwise, the quotes I shared above are the best that it gets.

Learn More: *The Gurus, the Young Man, and Elder Paisios on Amazon*

13 Tips To Improve How You Read Books

June 13, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

You may think it's absurd to read an article for tips on how to read books, since it is obvious you already know how to read, but consider that private reading is an "unnatural" activity that only became common with the invention of the printing press. Before that, most people alive could not read, and only the intellectual and governing elite had access to reading materials. Also consider that for most of Christendom, there was no printed Bible. The command to "go read your Bible" wouldn't have made any sense before the 16th century. It's even possible that most souls residing in the Kingdom of Paradise were not able to read during their earthly life. Today, we can all read, but it surely isn't an intuitive, natural-born skill like talking or listening.

I've shared dozens of book reviews, but have never shared my tips for how I read those books. Here are thirteen…

1. Devote a shelf to unread books

Most modern households have a bookshelf, and within that bookshelf is a haphazard organization of books both read and unread all mixed together. When it's time for you to read a new book, you have to visually sort through the collection with your eyes and pick an unread book that catches your eye. It's better to have a shelf (or shelves) with only unread books so that you can be smarter with your selections.

On the left side of one of my bookshelves, I have unread Orthodox books. On the right side of the same shelf, I have unread fiction and secular books. As of this writing, there are 18 books on the shelf. When I'm ready for a new book, I do a minute of introspection, asking myself where I am in life, what I need, and what my brain is currently able to handle. Then I pick the next book, excited at the new world I will be exposed to.

I used to have no unread books on hand, but I moved to having a constant inventory to eliminate any shipping lag (I mostly read physical copies) and to account for my shifting moods, desires, and the twists and turns that life offers me. If I'm going through demonic attacks, I'll pick a book that offers spiritual counsel. If it's springtime and I want to go camping soon, I will pick a novel with an outdoors element. If I experience a surge of interest in my stoic houseplants, I'll pick a book on botany. I buy a book based on my general interest and then select it to read when that interest reaches its peak.

2. Find a time to read each day no matter what

You must make a commitment that forms a *daily* habit (at least Monday through Friday). Regardless of how busy you are—and who isn't busy these days?—you have to find at least one part of your day where you can devote a minimum of 15 uninterrupted minutes. That doesn't sound like much, but in that time you can read 6-8 pages, which in one month will amount to a book or close to it. Reading for only 15 minutes a day can equate to 10 books read each year. Most of the population does not even read one book a year, so you can see how a minimal daily investment can pay off.

It's best to read during a time when there are no social demands upon you that can interrupt your reading. Times to consider: right after morning prayers, before or after breakfast, before or after lunch, before or after dinner, before sleeping. Pick a time where you can do this *every day with no exception*. Even if you're a parent, there is certainly a 15-minute period where your children are not occupying your attention.

My longest reading period is after morning prayers, where I read for 1-2 hours. Then I have a smaller reading period of 1-2 hours after lunch. Then I have an optional reading session before sleeping that is about 15 minutes long. I'm trying to read as much as I can

while I’m single and my life is relatively free of normal obligations.

3. Put your phone in airplane mode while you read

It’s not enough to only silence your phone. You’ll be tempted while reading to reach for your phone to “check” something, whether a text message from someone or to do “research” on a passage you just read. You must disable your mobile and internet connections entirely (you may even have to switch off your internet router). Otherwise, your concentration will be puny and you’ll read much less, if at all. The smartphone is Satan’s most useful invention. While it can be harnessed for good, it usually isn’t.

Personally, I leave my phone in airplane mode for most of the day. If someone I know is experiencing a genuine emergency, they can call 911. Otherwise, they will have to figure things out on their own or depend on someone else until I check my messages in the evening. This may sound rude but I see no reason to be on standby 24 hours a day for emergencies that never happen due to a recent technological invention that was forced on me through universal adoption. Another option is to have a dumb phone where only your parents, spouse, and children have the number.

4. Ramp up pages read each week as you proceed with a book

The hardest part of any book is the beginning. It's similar to meeting a new person. When you meet someone new, you don't know what values and opinions they share with you. You don't know their style of communication and what "language" they are speaking. Your concentration has to be higher during this time so you can establish common ground with them. Compare that to an old friend where the interaction is more intuitive and casual. A new book is like a new friend. It's better to get to know them slowly, especially with literature. As you get to know them, you can then spend more time with them.

When I start reading a new work of classic fiction, I limit my reading for the first week to only 10 pages per session, and I take my time reading so that I can slowly digest the new plot and the cadence and rhythm of the author's language. I "get to know" the book. Then in the second week, I read 12 pages per session. I add 2 additional pages each week until the book is done. What ends up happening is that I go slowest in the hardest part of the book, and read many more pages once I'm comfortable with the story, giving me momentum to finish even huge books.

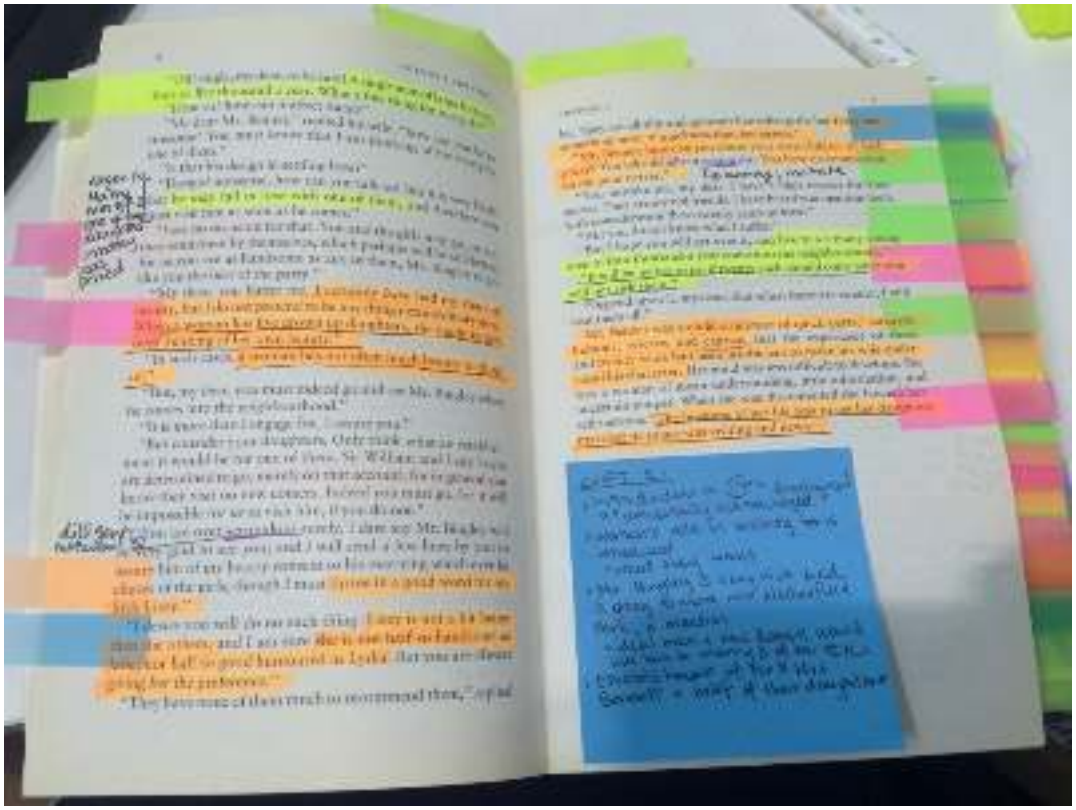
I used this approach recently to read War and Peace by Leo Tolstoy, which in my edition had over 1200 pages. I started with two 10-page sessions a day for the first week, which was necessary since the first 200 pages of the book introduce dozens of characters and many plot lines that will stymie you if you move too fast. I added two pages a week until I was pulling in nearly 30-page sessions, allowing me to finish the book within two months. Of course, you cannot escape the time investment, but through this approach, I find no book to be insurmountable. If you are not used to reading, instead of 10 pages you can start with a lower number.

5. Read at the speed of your brain, not your will

Everyone wants to be a “speed reader,” but that will come at a cost of retention. You simply cannot exceed the structural abilities of your brain by reading fast while retaining the same amount of information from slower reading. I’m not a naturally fast reader. I test at around 250 words per minute, which is slower than an adult “average” of 300 words per minute. For easy books I can read faster than that and for harder books I read slower.

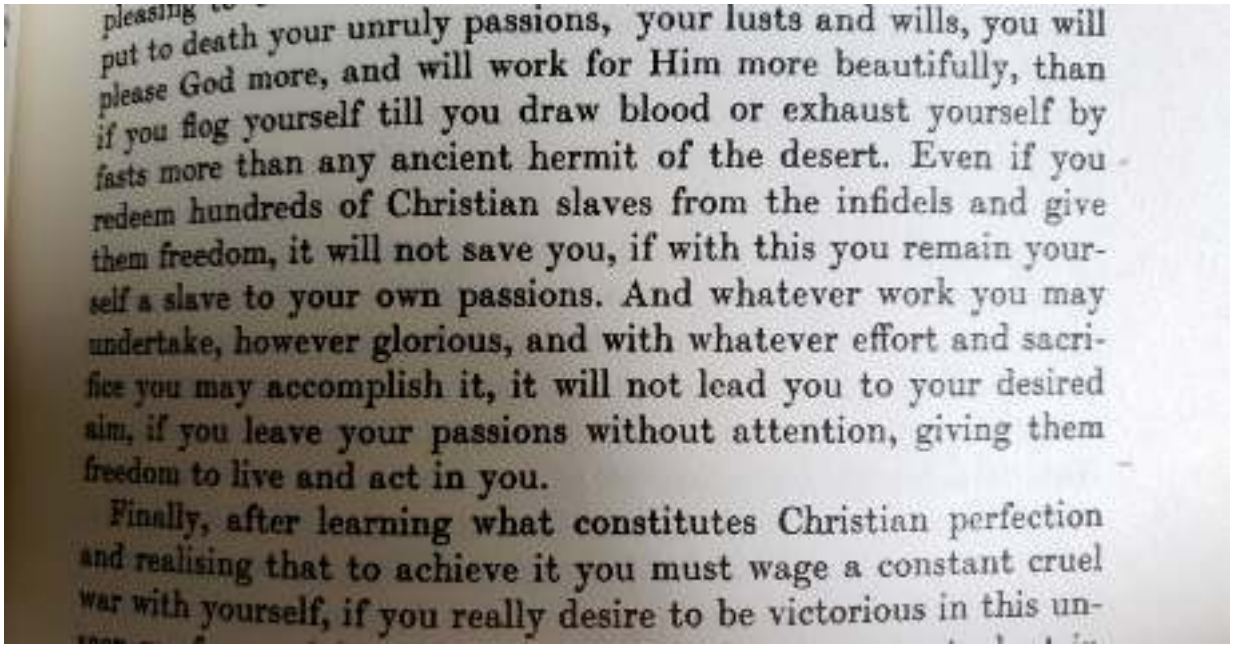
My will is to read at a billion words per minute, but if I use speed reading techniques of scanning the text instead of pronouncing them in my mind, I retain much less. The goal is not to read a lot of books or to win a competition, but to spend time on a wholesome activity that will educate or edify. We should enjoy the process of reading and the connection with another human being (the author) through the written word, not the bragging rights of reading a lot of big books. It’s okay if you read slow. You will speed up if you read daily, but you will hit a limit inherent to your brain, and should be content that God allows you to read and understand text at all, because many people cannot do so because of disabilities.

6. Highlight favorite passages without mutilating the pages



My heart cries whenever I see someone share a picture of a book page with a passage underlined using a ballpoint pen. The book is now mutilated, unfit to be given to another person without distracting their reading efforts with your mutilations.

To highlight text cleanly, you will need a 3×5 index card (or small piece of paper) and a pencil. When you encounter a portion of text that you want to save for future reference, make a small dot with your pencil in the outside margin of the book page where that section begins. Then make a dash in the margin of where it ends. Then write on your notecard the page of your highlight. There, you just made a highlight that will be clear to you without defacing the page. You can also use the index card to jot down any notes. By the end of the book, the card (which also can serve as a bookmark) will contain a list of pages of highlighted text along with any notes you took. To access your highlights, simply turn to the page, find the pencil dot in the margin, and read until you get to the margin dash. If you ever want to sell the book, simply erase the pencil marks, and the book will be like new.



pleasing
put to death your unruly passions, your lusts and wills, you will please God more, and will work for Him more beautifully, than if you flog yourself till you draw blood or exhaust yourself by fasts more than any ancient hermit of the desert. Even if you redeem hundreds of Christian slaves from the infidels and give them freedom, it will not save you, if with this you remain yourself a slave to your own passions. And whatever work you may undertake, however glorious, and with whatever effort and sacrifice you may accomplish it, it will not lead you to your desired aim, if you leave your passions without attention, giving them freedom to live and act in you.

Finally, after learning what constitutes Christian perfection and realising that to achieve it you must wage a constant cruel war with yourself, if you really desire to be victorious in this un-

Do you see my highlight?

If you're highlighting a lot of passages using this technique, that means the book is dense with information for your particular life station. That's a hint that you may want to read the book slowly to help with retention. For example, one of the densest books I've ever read is My Life In Christ by St. John of Kronstadt. Because of how many highlights I was making, I refused to read more than ten pages a day (even that may have been too much). The book is 500 pages so it took me about two months to read. On the other hand, for books that I rarely highlight, like fiction, I can read them much faster.

7. Read your highlights at least three times for high information retention

To retain what you read from a book, periodically review the highlights you made. Usually, I read the highlights and notes from a book three times within a year, and then I kiss the book goodbye. If I need to return to the book for whatever reason, I'll simply check my highlights or read the book again.

If you want to put your retention ability on steroids, type up your highlights. This is not practical for people who don't review books on a blog, but the act of typing text does help to remember it (as does writing it out by hand). For all my book reviews, I type up my highlights. This activity is painfully laborious but it gives me needed breaks from creative writing. It helps that I can type fast.

8. Fight brain fatigue by reading multiple books at the same time

I find it hard to read more than 20 pages of a book per session. My brain gets tired of the author, similar to how I can only be in someone's company for a certain amount of time before I need to depart from them. To avoid this fatigue, I discovered that I can read more pages per day if I read multiple books simultaneously. I've taken this to the limit: as of this writing, I'm reading nine books at the same time. Four of those books are daily spiritual readings, with only a couple pages per book daily. One is a Bible commentary. One is a dense spiritual book. Then there is a novel, a regular Orthodox book, and a non-fiction book. If I were only reading one book, I would max out at 40 pages a day, but by reading multiple books, I can push above 80 pages, not get tired of the reading, and retain much of the information.

If you do read multiple books simultaneously, try to select books on different topics so that they don't access the same part of your brain. If I want to read two spiritual books at the same time, I don't read two theological books or two books of spiritual counsel,

because I'll just get confused. Instead, I read one theological book and one book of spiritual counsel. I can read them back to back and not get fatigued or muddled. This is another benefit of having a shelf of unread books: you can stagger your selections on different topics to optimize your reading. If I see on my unread shelf that I have too many books on the same topic, my next purchase will be books about different topics.

You can use this technique with reading multiple novels, where it's better if the novels are not of the same genre. I wouldn't read two dystopian novels at the same time, for example, because you may subconsciously project the plot of one novel onto another.

9. If it's hard to concentrate, read aloud

By reading silently, you're only activating the visual center of your brain and the part that decodes words, but by reading aloud, even if it's at a whisper, you're doubling the activation by also stimulating the vocalization and auditory parts of the brain. I believe that reading, speaking, and hearing words causes the brain to essentially process them in four areas, increasing the chance that you will "catch" the words in some way. Consider that most humans who have lived learned new information using at least their ears in addition to their eyes.

If you're reading silently and can't focus on the text, your mind drifting off with every other line, read it aloud. You will find that your attention is better. I use this technique during prayer to defeat distractions and also through difficult Biblical texts. It's still possible for your mind to wander when speaking aloud, but much less so. This is a bit humbling since the last time you read aloud was in grade school when learning how to read, but it works well so use it on difficult days or for hard texts.

10. Use white noise in loud environments

The older I get, the less I can tolerate auditory and visual distractions while reading. I ask myself how I used to read in public coffee shops, as loud as they are, and the answer is that I only read articles or no more than ten pages of a book per session. There's no way I can read 80 pages in a Starbucks or a European café today with all the noise from the coffee machines, people yammering on their phones about their romantic lives, and the coming and going of people wearing modern clothing. Even at home, the noise is too much. I live in an apartment complex with a roommate (my mom) who is not as quiet as me and talks on the phone as do normal women. My solution is a variety of white noise apps and websites. Here are my two favorites:

- MyNoise.net (specifically Cave Water)
- White Noise Baby Sleep Sounds Android App

If it's slightly too loud for me to read, I put on brown noise on an external speaker. If it's very loud, I use headphones.

Reading is a strenuous mental activity that demands all of your concentration. You simply will not retain much if you're distracted or, heaven forbid, listening to music while you're reading, a behavior common with students.

11. Understand the story first before analyzing it on a deeper level (fiction)

We were done an injustice in high school when assigned literature: the English teachers pushed us into analyzing metaphors and symbolism that even the author may not have been conscious of instead of understanding the story itself. It is a pointless activity to understand the symbolism or deep meaning of a novel if you don't know what's going on in the story, and that itself may be a metaphor for the pointlessness of public schools in general.

When reading a novel, your pride may urge you to understand it on the same level as a professional book reviewer, but that sort of intellectual activity is separate from the storytelling. Your main goal should be to comprehend the plot, and even that is very hard for some works of literature. I know I'm supposed to love A Tale Of Two Cities by Charles Dickens, and I'm certainly fluent in English, but I could hardly understand what he was saying. An online plot summary told me of so-and-so character doing a specific act in so-and-so chapter, but I couldn't find it with my eyes, because Dickens used a particular style of language that I couldn't connect with. How could I analyze Dickens if I don't even know what's going on? Therefore, upon reading a novel for the first time, I don't concern myself with analysis, which anyway can only come from multiple readings.

If you intend to read a novel only once, your goal should be to understand the plot and gain the author's perspective on common life situations and scenarios. If you have a special connection with an author, you will start to see his symbolism without trying, but to force it is a fruitless behavior, in my opinion. Let deeper meanings come to you naturally after you comprehend the plot. Don't be shy to use sites like Spark Notes and Wikipedia to check your understanding of the plot as you proceed with the book. I find that I often have to check plot notes early in the novel, but once I'm comfortable with the author's style, my ability to understand him increases.

12. Write down character names and descriptions as you encounter them (fiction)

I stumbled upon a game-changer when reading Russian literature: write down the names of all characters and a basic description of each as you come across them in the text. I find that Russian authors do not care to remind you of certain characters that were introduced 100 pages ago, and if you don't write names down, you will get lost in no time and quit the book in rage. When you encounter a name you don't remember, check your notes and then proceed.

One issue is when there are a lot of minor characters that only appear once. My general rule is to write down all names that appear in the text twice (usually this happens in the same paragraph), signifying that the author wants you to know who this person is. It's often the case where the names of servants and maids are given once and then never again.

13. Do not read academic introductions for classic literature until you finish the book (fiction)

If you want to spoil your reading of literature, read academic introductions. These introductions are supposed to help you understand the story by giving needed background information and context, but they *always* reveal major parts of the ending, including who dies, and they do so without warning. The academics destroy the reading experience to show off their understanding of it. It's better to read the introduction after the book is complete, to plug some holes and get a deeper perspective.

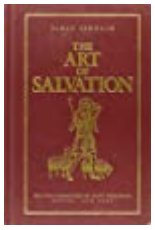
Conclusion

While reading is easy, reading well or voluminously is not, and if you want to tackle difficult books or long books, it's wise to have a handful of tools to help. Sometimes I look in the mirror and see a man who is a worm of books, and so from one worm to potentially another, I hope these tips will help you enjoy the written word.

Read Next: *Satan Helped Me Write*

The Salvation Of Your Soul Is Not A Game

June 20, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



The Art Of Salvation by Elder Ephraim of Arizona is a compilation of thirty-three homilies concerning spiritual life. It is a powerful and convicting book that will jolt you out of your spiritual slumber to recognize the stakes involved in your salvation. I was so deeply affected while reading that I often had to stop to contemplate or pray. It's one of the best Orthodox books I've read.

Salvation is not a game

> The matter of eternal life should not be taken lightly because, after a few moments we depart from this life, we will find ourselves—definitively and positively—before eternity. Is it a game to confront fearsome death? To encounter the demons? To face our criminal record—which every man has before God—and to observe all our sins being enumerated in complete detail? To discover our sinfulness, which we are unaware of presently? Is it a game to begin our ascent to the Judge, and to face the toll-houses? How will we look at the Lord straight in the eyes? Does our conscience reassure us? Does it hearten us and encourage us? Do we have the confidence? No! I am the first one who does not have it!
>
> We will not be able to look at the Lord in the eyes. We will lower our head in shame because we did not do the will of God. We defiled the white garment that we received during Holy Baptism. I wonder, however: Did we ever wash it with tears? Did we pour out tears of repentance? Did we change our life and live with purity? Not at all! Just as we are about to accomplish something good, we fall back into the same filthy muck again!
>
> […]
>
> When someone is being prosecuted, especially for a serious crime, we all know how concerned he is about avoiding imprisonment or even death itself. Such a person searches for lawyers, tries to find a preeminent attorney with connections, ensures that everyone is paid, and makes every effort to find witnesses and advocates in order to be found innocent. So much worry, so much distress over a temporary case! Yet, we do not take seriously the inescapable court of God that is awaiting us. We do not give it much thought. Our life and our actions prove it.

What is Orthodoxy?

> Orthodoxy is the truth. It is the correct dogma of God, man, and the world, as it was handed to us by the incarnate God Himself through His extraordinary teaching, His holy life, and His redeeming sacrifice; as it was detailed, in following, by the divinely inspired mind and heart of the Apostle Paul; as it was brought to life by the Disciple of love, Saint John the Evangelist, and the other Evangelists and Apostles with the heavenly light of the Holy Spirit; as it was handed to us by the spirit-moved fathers of Alexandria, Constantinople, Cappadocia, Syria, Palestine, and, later, Mount Athos. All these individuals, from the venerable Polycarp (the disciple of the Apostles) up until Saint Nicodemos the Hagiorite (who fell asleep at the onset of the last century), through their wisdom, holiness, sacrifices, and struggles entrusted us with the inheritance of proper faith and life: the treasure of Orthodox tradition.
>
> Orthodoxy is the marvelous synthesis of dogma and ethos, theory and practice. Orthodoxy, furthermore, is what was formally delineated by the holy Synods, these blessed ecumenical assemblies of Christ's worldwide Church. The God-bearing Fathers, "having amassed all the knowledge of the human soul and after making careful inquiry with the help of the divine Spirit," gave answers to the biggest problems occupying man's spirit and they laid the foundations of spiritual life…
>
> An entire sacred army of heroic confessors, consisting of millions of men, women, and children martyrs throughout the centuries confirmed the truth of Orthodoxy with their precious blood. From the amphitheaters of Rome to the concentration camps of Russia, they proved that Christianity is not a simple theory but the truth and life itself—it is the most splendid heroism, the victory over despicable acts of violence and tyranny, and the reign of the kingdom of the spirit.

Why do you delay repentance?

> We do not know what tomorrow will bring. We may unexpectedly find ourselves in the courthouse of God, and then we will bang our heads against the wall in regret; however, forgiveness and correction will no longer be possible. Currently, we have the blessing from God to be alive. We have not yet departed from this life. We still have the right to repent; we have the ability to emend our criminal record, and to lead a light-filled life. We should thank God now that we are still breathing and capable of voicing a word of repentance with every breath. Let us correct our life today, now that we have time, now that we are able to walk, now that death has not yet arrived.
>
> […]
>
> We witness formerly unrepentant people, with an extensively incriminating record, who in a moment become enlightened and return. They kneel, set their sins before the clement spiritual court, and immediately receive forgiveness. No

> handcuffs, no jail, no restrictions—nothing! It is so easy for laden man to receive forgiveness, and yet he chooses not to do so. The devil prevents him from confessing in order to keep him subordinated and, at the time of death, to lead him to Hell with no return.

Spiritual warfare

> When a person, through the enlightenment of God, attempts to uproot (in essence, to transfigure) a passion, he grips and removes the rootlets with forceps. However, as he attempts to uproot each passion, he simultaneously lacerates the heart. When the heart is cut open, it bleeds and hurts. If a person decides not to bear the pain, he gives up at this point, he abandons the struggle, and thus remains passionate and sinful. If, however, he patiently endures the pain, he removes the root of the passion and is set free.
>
> […]
>
> If we want to become rich spiritually, we must welcome temptations and see them as a war, as an incentive to fight with the evil demons of passion and weakness, as an opportunity to be victorious and advance with the grace of God. If we do not overcome a particular passion, it will continue to thrash us for the rest of our life. We will drag it behind us like a piece of filthy garbage. This is why God permits us to be battled: so we can win and be freed from the disgraceful passions that defile our soul.
>
> […]
>
> According to Saint Isaac the Syrian, God does not want unwise, brainless, and inexperienced “dummies” in the next life, but wise people: not wise in a secular sense, but wise in the warfare against the demons, against the world, and against their own selves. A person must fight like a warrior. During this complex war he learns the art of arts and the science of sciences; he becomes wise, and graduates with a diploma in godly wisdom. Thus, he ascends and becomes an heir of the kingdom. An heir of which kingdom? Not an earthly or corrupt one, but of the eternal and incorrupt Kingdom.
>
> […]
>
> …if we do not learn how to engage in war, we will make no progress. Even if we are educated, even if we read and study, we will accomplish absolutely nothing if we do not learn how to fight against our evil thoughts and fantasies. We should love one another, and we should sacrifice ourselves for each other. “Even if you do not help me, I will help you.” This is the attitude we should all have. This is the law of the Gospel. If you do not act this way, do not expect to execute the Gospel correctly.

I have a tendency to run away from spiritual struggles. If I know a situation is overly tempting, I will escape the temptation so that I don’t have to struggle against it and

potentially fail. While in these cases I do not commit a sin, I also do not earn a crown (reward), because virtue is built through active struggle.

Laboring with zeal

> If we were diagnosed with cancer and learned that there is a preeminent oncologist at the North Pole, we would immediately make every possible effort to obtain the required funds and go to received treatment for our physical illness. We would not take into account the difficulties, trouble, expense, or anything else. We would drop everything and run. We would humble ourselves without reservation, as long as we became well.
>
> When, however, we have the cancer of sin threatening us with death of the soul, shouldn't we disregard everything (our job, our pay, the distance) and run toward the confession room to kneel, to reveal our wounds, to receive medicine, to become well, and thus escape from the dreadful death of the soul?
>
> As human beings, we are unaware of the moment our Lord will come. He warned us: "Watch therefore, for you know neither the day nor the hour in which the Son of Man is coming" (Mt. 25:13). Run, He commands. Don't waste any time. For you do not know when the Lord will decide to take your life and lead you to the supreme and fearful courthouse, from which no person is exempt.
>
> […]
>
> [When] we offer nothing voluntarily and also lose our patience during involuntary trials, we will leave this life with an empty suitcase and with nothing to offer Christ. What will we say to Him? Instead of diamonds and other precious items, our luggage will be fully of hay, rusted cans, garbage, and rags. These will be our works. Christ will ask, "You mean to tell Me, this is what you accomplished all these years I gave you? This is what you did? This is what you brought Me? How many things did I do for you?" At that moment, our conscience will attest that this is indeed the truth. It will serve as witness of condemnation when it confirms and agrees that this is how things are. Then, every man is silenced; he closes his mouth and has nothing to answer in his defense.

Christian love

> Editor: "Our love for our brothers draws God's love to us. The more our love for others increases, the more God's love for us increases correspondingly… According to St. Augustine, God is a mirror: depending on the face we have, this is the face He shows us, and whatever disposition God shows to us."
>
> […]
>
> Love, the way it was taught by our Lord, nor the way it is distorted by people, is an expression of sacrifice. It is a "sweet-smelling, spiritual aroma" (cf. Eph. 4:18). It is an expression of the heart, and an offering that issues from a clement soul. Love is not measured by what you give, but according to how you give. Love is

> not stretching our your hand only, but giving your heart as well.

Do we really love Lord Jesus Christ?

> We do not love Christ—and I first—because if we loved Him, we would not sin. We have forgotten Him, but He never forgets us. He is the only One Who loves man to the point of death—even death on the Cross (cf. Phil. 2:8). He visits us continuously, sometimes with an illness, sometimes with an affliction, and other times with various trials. It is Christ who knocks on every person's door requesting, "Open the door so I may enter, and I will make you happy. I will make you My heir." Unfortunately, we bar the door securely, and we fail to understand that it is Christ Who is knocking in order to save me.

You can do nothing good without God

> Whatever we have, we have received it all from God. You assisted someone with your own hands? Very well. Didn't God give you your hands? Did you say a good word with your mouth? Did you save someone with your good advice? Do not boast! God gave you both your mouth and the ability to speak. Did you use your feet to run and serve others? Well, they also belong to God. Did you praise God with your heart, with your inner voice, and with your inherent logic? Did you have good thoughts about God and your neighbor? Again, the heart are mind are also God's. Did you even desire to be born? No! It was God Who brought you into existence. Since everything is a gift from God and all things must serve Him, then what can you possibly offer to God?
>
> This is why Christ said to His disciples, "When you have done all that you were ordered to do, you must know that you are simple and worthless slaves" (cf. Lk. 17:10). "I give to you, and then you give to others. If I had not given to you, you would have nothing to give. You did not conceal the gift, but you transmitted it and multiplied it." Hence, what is rewarded is the desire to perform virtue, as in the parable of the talents (vid. Mt. 25:15-28).

The nature of sin

> Conversely, when a person falls into sin and wallows in the mire of iniquity, his soul becomes disfigured and filthy, it begins to emit a foul odor, and the angels distance themselves, unable to tolerate the soul's stench.
>
> Saint Andrew the Fool for Christ was holy and free of passions, yet he pretended to be a lunatic and would roam around to different places. His biography states that he once entered a residence of sinful women, where he sensed a tremendously offensive odor. He immediately felt distressed, for he was pure and thus could not bear the stench. In following, the saint revealed to these ladies that they emitted a terribly foul odor on account of the sins of their soul and body. The angels—and especially our guardian angels—distance themselves and

> flee from man when he is not careful!
>
> […]
>
> Sin is like fire. The droplets that extinguish this fire are the droplets of repentance. If the house next door to you catches fire, won't you run to help put out the fire? If you remain indifferent, the fire will spread to your home as well. Similarly, you cannot remain indifferent when someone else is being burned by the inferno of sin. Shed tears in order to put out the fire. If you remain indifferent, you will also be at fault; you will also have a sin. If, however, you not only remain indifferent but also make fun of, criticize, and openly ridicule the other person's sin, then God will permit you to fall as well, and the fire of your sin may turn out to be your initiation into Hell, according to Saint John Chrysostom.
>
> […]
>
> Imagine a tree with a thick trunk and deep roots. The lumberjack strikes it with the axe; obviously, the tree does not fall with the first whack. He strikes it a second time, a third time, a tenth time… Eventually the tree starts to give and falls to the ground. It is the same with sinful passions. They may not fall over with the first swing of the axe. Continue steadily with repentance to strike at the passion. Be assured that some day the passion will fall, and you will be freed from the sin that tormented you for years.
>
> […]
>
> When a person is careless and sins, however, this grace becomes buried and submerged deep within the heart. It is entombed, and its radiance does not illumine the mind. In the absence of its brilliant light, man is incapable of coming to know God within himself; for when the temple of God is not clean, God neither visits it nor remains in it. Rather, He departs and abandons it. Then it becomes a filthy wasteland. All the demons come and take up residence within it, and consequently, man is left defenseless, unprotected, unguarded, and barren by the devil.

Are you ready for Judgment?

> We must reflect upon these matters very seriously and think, "I have an immortal soul; I have a conscience. I will go to be judged by God, and an eternal decision will follow shortly thereafter. What does God want from me? He wants me to correct myself, to repent, to stop sinning, to confess, to cry for my sins, and to map out a new path—a righteous, bright, and positive path." I should look neither to the right nor to the left, but directly toward Heaven. And when death comes, it will not disturb me. The Bible states, "I prepared myself, and I was not disturbed" (Ps. 118:60). When someone is ready, he does not become alarmed. Who panics? The person who is unprepared.

What happens after bodily death

> St. Nicodemos: "…during the time of death and the separation of the soul from the body, the devil come to oppose and lay claim to the soul. Both angelic powers and a multitude of demons comes to meet the soul and examine each person's deeds. If a person has good deeds, the angels take the soul; if they are evil, the demons take it. At that time, each soul is overcome by uncertainty and fear because the devil attempts to impede it from ascending into the heavens. The angels, on the other hand, help the soul, just as St. Anthony the Great saw during his vision and as we read in the life of St. Makarios… These abominable spirits are envious when they see the souls of mortal and physical humans ascending to the places of repose, while they remain in places of suffering and confinement. They can't stand to see humans inhering their former dwelling place in Heaven, while they themselves inherit the darkness of hades and the eternal fire of Hell.

For more Orthodox teachings on what happens after death, read Father Seraphim Rose's book The Soul After Death.

Love your enemies

> The most vibrant form of love for our fellow man is expressed and revealed when we pray wholeheartedly for our enemies, when we forgive with all our heart (not merely as a formality because God says so), and when we love our enemies, who in actuality are our benefactors. The person who bothers us, who criticizes us, who creates temptations and hardships for us, on the one hand becomes an instrument of the devil, but on the other hand an instrument of Christ. The Fathers teach that such a person is Jesus' instrument that cauterizes our egotism and our pride, and through him we receive therapy.
>
> […]
>
> The evil that someone has done to us, whether it be our neighbor, our brother, our colleague, or our relative is not as significant as it seems. It is transient. Even if it lasts a lifetime, one day it will come to pass. It does not have eternal validity, power, and existence. However, the harm we inflict upon ourselves when we do not forgive is endless. It has an eternal dimension—we will be punished endlessly!
>
> […]
>
> Where are all the previous generations of people who left from this life once and for all without having forgiven others? What did these people gain by not forgiving? Are they not filled with bitter, unproductive regret now when there is no longer any possibility of correction?
>
> […]
>
> When we unconditionally forgive every person who has harmed us, we will have

> the courage and boldness to ask for our eternal forgiveness, and we will be numbered amongst the saved servants of God.

Icon of Elder Ephraim

The importance of prostrations

> What are prostrations? The worship of God. We worship God, something that our enemy, the devil, does not do. He does not bow his head, he does not kneel, he does not worship. Everyone who worships God is an enemy of the devil, and hence a person of God. This is why prostrations have great significance. If we do extra prostrations, this is an ascetical effort and will be rewarded by God. The few prostrations we do are slowly deposited in God's bank in Heaven above, and when we make our way upward we will discover that they have become a large sum. This will help us when we give an account during the frightful moment we are judged.

The person who irritates you reveals your inner sickness

> Sometimes we find ourselves at odds with another person, and we stubbornly insist, "He is at fault. He's the one who became angry. He's the one who spoke to me rudely. He must humble himself. If he had spoken to me calmly and addressed me with respect, I would have been patient and not have been offended. Hence, he is to blame!" Behold the passion of egotism! We must oppose such thoughts by responding, "No, no! If I did not have egotism, I would not be bothered. Hence, I am to blame. My brother is not at fault. If I had humility, I would take this opportunity to gain a crown, and I would view this person as Jesus' cauterizing instrument. He is cauterizing my passion so I can

> become healthy. He is helping me now. He is my benefactor! I must embrace him, love him, and pray for him because he actually did me a favor by revealing my sickness. If he had not spoken to me in this manner, and if this temptation had not transpired, I would have remained unaware of the extensive egotism within me, and I would have never realized that I need to struggle against it. The sting of this temptation uncovered my sickness. Now that I have seen it, I will make sure I apply the medication in order to be healed."

How many of us have parents that annoy us or say outrageous things we disagree with? And from our mouths blow a strong wind of complaints, criticisms, anger, and the like. What a lost opportunity to humbly look inward, to say to ourselves that we may be to blame for aggravating our parents by giving them stones instead of love.

Stop criticizing others

> …Christ, Who is just, will ask us, "Why did you criticize and condemn others? What did I tell you in My Gospel? I told you not to judge. Who are you to judge? How did you become a judge? I am the Judge." Thus, he will condemn us according to the measuring stick we use to assess others. We wretched people fail to understand this, and we open our mouth to gossip about others. We are quick to cast the stone of anathema (vid. Jn. 8:4-5) without realizing that we ourselves have the anathema.
>
> […]
>
> We are plagued with so many sins, we are so heavily burdened, we have so many personal faults, and yet we continue to make countless erroneous judgments. Even though we constantly discover that we have made incorrect assessments in the past, we persist. At the slightest opportunity and excuse, we immediately move our tongues, start making phone calls, and begin criticizing and gossiping. Thus, the devil opens his books and records our sin within our criminal record. Why should we allow this to happen when our Christ very clearly teaches us not to judge?
>
> […]
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> My holy elder would say to me, "My child, the person who does not criticize his brothers is the mark of a saved man." That is, when someone does not criticize, this is an indication and proof that he is saved, that he is prepared to enter the Kingdom of God. When someone governs his tongue properly, this means that he governs his entire self correctly in accordance to the will of God.
>
> […]
>
> I will love my brothers, I will not criticize them, I will not slander them, and I will not complain about anything, but I will always accept that I am to blame for everything. My evil thoughts are due to my extreme pride, and my massive and preposterous egotism. All these thoughts arise from my pride and egotism. If a

> brother rebukes me, God has allowed him to become the cauterizing instrument for my egotism. God sent him to cauterize the egotism and pride that plague me.

In the last 24 hours alone, I've criticized at least five people in my mind for a variety of pointless reasons. This will be a tough passion to uproot.

Life begins at conception

> I am not sure if you are aware of the fact that these embryos, these infants, these beings do not cease to exist once they are aborted. On the contrary! Each embryo is a complete human being especially with respect to the soul. These children live in the other world, and, as you can understand, many millions of children now comprise an entire army in heaven. All of them protest. Their innocent blood cries out to God that they were killed unjustly, that they did not receive Holy Baptism, that they did not become Orthodox Christians.
>
> […]
>
> …women who have had abortions should not feel at ease by virtue of the fact they confessed this sin. They must pour forth tears of repentance throughout the remainder of their life. Many of these women do not feel at peace even though they have confessed. Why? Because they still have not repented internally, they have not shed the appropriate amount of tears required to wash away the blood of the abortion or abortions. Repentance is indeed vast and endless.

Watchfulness

> The Watchful Fathers tell us that one single thought can either raise us to Heaven or plunge us into Hell. "Through our thoughts we either improve or worsen." If we are careless when a sinful thought assaults us, it will poison us, impart sinful pleasure to us, and, subsequently, it can render us worthy of Hell. Conversely, one divine thought, one thought of self-denial, one courageous thought to resist sin, and prayerful thought or spiritual contemplation renders us worthy of approaching the Divine Throne and tasting heavenly things. Depending on our thoughts, we will either become defiled or purified. Sin begins and originates from our thoughts.

Why do we suffer?

> The question arises: "Why does God allow man's life to be inundated with pain and sorrow from the moment of birth until death?" Of course, we know that it is the result and the aftermath of exile. God realized that pain and suffering are the means and the medicine that heal man spiritually, restore him to health, and render him worthy of salvation.
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> […]
>
> Pain is the greatest, harshest, and strongest medicine, which God reserves for

> people who have not yet discovered the path of return and repentance.

Giving alms

> …when someone gives alms, he loans to God; and God who borrows will return the loan as He has promised, both in this life one hundred times over, and in the next life with His Kingdom (vid. Mt. 19:29). A person gives material goods; God, however, will repay him with spiritual goods.
>
> […]
>
> We should constantly keep almsgiving in mind: both material and spiritual alms. We should always repeat, “Thine own of thine own.” Nothing is ours. Everything belongs to God. Has God blessed me? I have something. God did not send His blessing? I have nothing.
>
> […]
>
> God loves the merciful person who gives eagerly, with a cheerful face, and on his own accord. Alms offered with sorrow and reluctance are unacceptable and are spurned. The root of charity is found in the heart. It originates from our heart and ends in the palm of our hands. Charity transmits warmth to others when the fire of love co-exists. Alms without love is frigid and oppressive. It is a dead corpse void of the sun and light. It is a flower lacking beauty and fragrance. When someone gives without love, he is actually offering an insult. For what value does the most exquisite and expensive gift have when it is offered without a genuine smile?

Why don’t we love God?

> Amidst the writings of the Desert Fathers, the following dialogue is recorded: Once a certain monk went down into the city where he overheard a small child telling his father, “Daddy, there is a person who loves me, but I hate him. There is someone else who hates me, but I love him.” The monk concluded that this is a true statement. He used this opportunity to contemplate: God loves us, and we hate Him. The devil hates us, and we love him with our actions.
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> […]
>
> When we begin to prepare ourselves, God’s grace will help us immensely, because God is waiting with His heart wide open to take us in and fill us with heavenly joy. We have not realized what type of God we have. If we knew, we would do everything in our power not to lose Him. My elder would tell me that there were monks in the past who would shed streams of tears (i.e., tears of joy, love, and divine eros) whenever they would hear the words “God” or “Christ.” We hear and read about God, but unfortunately our eyes remain dry because God does not speak to our heart; we have not felt Him within us. Of course, we have felt love for our fellow man in various ways, and, to some extent, we have knowledge of what it means to love another person. However, have we felt

> something similar with regard to the reality of God's existence? We must struggle as much as possible to acquire this love of God.

Feminist ideology is superfluous

> In our days there is much talk concerning equality of men and women. However, the struggles for this equality and the so-called feminist movement have appeared quite late. For twenty centuries now, Christianity has resolved the problem. How? It abolished discrimination. It honored the female gender with value equal to that of man. Furthermore, it honored a particular woman with acclaim that no man ever had, has, or will have. This woman is the Most-Holy Theotokos.
>
> Christianity, and the Church, does not use gender, social status, education, material wealth, or intelligence as criteria to rate and assess people. It grades and evaluates them using a single criterion: holiness. In the eyes of God there is no male and female. There are only people who are sinful and repentant, impious and pious, holy and holier.

Idle chatter always leads to sin

> As we labor at our ministry, we should be contemplating the name of Christ in order to avoid talking idly, which always results in sin. When we talk idly, the demons drop in on us and start going from one person to the next advising, "Say this thing; say that…" Thus, idle talk carries on with its ugly consequences. When, however, the Prayer is being said, the demons flee far away because they cannot stand to hear the name of Christ. "Flog the enemies with the name of Jesus," advises Saint John Climacus. When, however, we do not flog them with the Prayer, they draw near and inundate us with thousands of impure thoughts.

This holds true for me. Once I enter into an idle chat, it doesn't take long for me to lose control of my thoughts and tongue to begin judging, condemning, mocking, complaining, belittling, or exhibiting pride.

The Jesus Prayer

> Even today, when we utter the name of Christ, if we could observe with our eyes what takes place invisibly, we would exclaim, "Indeed! The name of Christ stirs up Hell even today, and it will always do so."
>
> […]
>
> The purpose of uttering the Prayer as we work, of the verbal invocation during the day, is to aid us in our primary prayer during the night. Consequently, it is crucial for us to pray verbally during the day and to guard our five senses—especially our mouth.
>
> […]

> If a person on the one hand struggles in an attempt to acquire the Prayer and to become a spiritually successful and fortunate monk, but on the other hand is careless during the day by speaking idly and ushering into his mind thousands of unnecessary things, how can this poor man later collect his thoughts when he sits to pray? He has deposited so much material within himself all day long; what type of prayer will he attain during the night? At that time, the devil, who has acquired many rights, will bring forward a multitude of intense images. The soul, compromised by the defeat it suffered during the day, cannot overcome the difficulty it faces from the devil. Thus, the prayer is fruitless, the soul feels dry and empty, and a person wonders, “Why is this happening to me? Why am I not able to pray?” My dear fellow, you have been disobedient, you have spoiled all your efforts, and you have made a mess of things!

Maintain high zeal

> [When] zeal begins to die down, our fervent thoughts ice up, we start becoming self-confident internally, and we begin believing that we are doing well. Subsequently, vain thoughts arise, which assault us and compromise the intensity of the struggle. When zeal diminishes, the soul begins to fall asleep, the mouth ceases saying the Prayer continuously, the Prayer becomes intermittent, man begins to waver, and he no longer cultivates the Prayer properly. At that point in time, the enemy strips us of the Prayer completely, our mouth remains shut, evil thoughts roam freely within us, empty idle talk shows up accompanied by criticism and forwardness, and the spiritual flock of the soul is left desolate.

When your heart is unclean

> When our heart is unclean, our actions, our eyes, our thoughts, our movements, and everything we do will also be unclean. All our bodily actions originate from the heart. The heart externalizes through the bodily members whatever is contained within it. This is how lustful dreams arise. The devil presents images to us in our sleep in order to summon them back to our mind as soon as we wake up, and thus precipitate a battle during the day as well. What must we do in this situation? We must disregard the lustful dream as nothing, aiming not to recall all the dirt that the devil presented to us during sleep.
>
> We should struggle correspondingly against our imagination. Do images come to mind? We must erase them with a sponge. Do they return defiantly? Erase them again. However, if we do not struggle accordingly, they begin to affect us, they start to take root within us, and they gain strength.

You are nothing

> Whatever you possess, from where did you receive it? From your own self? No! Then why do you think you are something? You are nothing! Time has proved again and again that you have been fooled and have made many mistakes! God

> has given you a drop of grace and you thought of something beautiful, or you said a few beneficial words, or you showed compassion through alms, or you helped someone. But, truly, what is so great about this?
>
> […]
>
> Elder: "…He who created the heaven and the earth, He who created the spiritual world, the angels, and the kingdom above, He who with His command brought the universe into existence out of nothing, said that He is humble and meek (cf. Mt. 11:29). Why are you prideful? You are clay, dirt, sinful, and full of passions. You have received innumerable blessings from God, and yet you imagine that you are something great? He bent down and washed His disciples' feet. He endured ridicule, curses, and sarcasm from a great multitude of people. We see Him dying naked on the Cross out of love for us, even though He could have returned the universe to nothing with a single glance. He was so humble; He didn't speak; He didn't utter a word. And we human beings lift our head up and believe that we are something?"
>
> […]
>
> How can we tell if we possess pride and egotism? If you feel uneasy inside or become embittered, if your ego revolts of you begin to object (either with your mind internally or with your mouth externally) when another person belittles you, rebukes you, or speaks to you in an impolite manner, this is proof that the heart is infested with pride and egotism. The harsh word, which God permitted to be directed at you, serves as medication. It is rubbing alcohol that induced pain as it was poured into the wound.

The way I approached reading The Art Of Salvation was to tackle no more than one homily per day to help retain the guidance that Elder Ephraim covers on both inner and outer spiritual life. He also offers edifying anecdotes from saints and holy elders. Since Elder Ephraim will almost certainly be canonized, it wouldn't hurt to ask him for your prayers as you read so that you may understand his teachings and implement them into your faith. If you're an Orthodox Christian, this book is a must-read.

Learn More: *The Art Of Salvation on Amazon*

The Best Exegesis Of The Four Gospels

June 27, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The Four Gospels is written by Archbishop Averky of Jordanville, who was a professor at the Holy Trinity Seminary before becoming abbot of the attached monastery. In this book, he gives you a complete exegesis of the Gospels according to scripture and the traditions of the Orthodox Church as taught and passed on by the Russian torchbearers of the faith. This is technically a textbook that is given to seminary students but it's also highly readable for laymen. I recommend it to all Christians who want to unlock the full meaning of the Gospels.

Why are there four Gospels instead of one?

> St John Chrysostom: "Can one Evangelist write everything? Of course, he could have, but consider this: Four Evangelists wrote at different times, in different places, without talking or agreeing with each other about the contents. And yet, they wrote their Gospels in such a way that it seems they uttered their words with one mouth. This is a great proof of their truth."
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> […]
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> The main difference between the Synoptics and St John is in the manner of relating Christ's preaching. In the Synoptics, Christ speaks very simply, in a manner easy to understand, in a populist vein. In St John, Christ speaks about profound and mystical things, often difficult to understand, almost as if they were not intended for the crowd, but rather for a limited circle of listeners. But that is, in fact, the case. The Synoptics relate Christ's preaching to the Galileans, who were simple and ignorant people. St John, in contrast, relates the words of the Lord directed at the Judeans, the scribes, and Pharisees, people who knew the Law of Moses well, and were (by the standards of that time) quite well educated.

Meeting of the Lord by Simeon

> …ancient tradition tells us that Simeon was one of those seventy-two elders who, by order of Ptolemy, translated the Old Testament from ancient Hebrew to Greek. He was given the book of Isaiah, and he doubted the prophecy of the birth of Immanuel from a virgin (Isa 7:14). Then an angel appeared to him and told him that he would not die until he saw with his own eyes the fulfillment of this prophecy. Inspired by the Holy Spirit, he came to the temple, to the place where the altar of whole-burnt offerings was located, and recognized the Christ in the

> Child held by the most holy Virgin Mary. He took Him in his arms, and from his lips came an inspired prayer—gratitude to God for the fact that He allowed him to see in the face of this Child the salvation prepared for all people: “Lord, now You are letting Your servant depart in peace,” he said… Joseph and the Theotokos were amazed because everywhere they went, they found people to whom God had already revealed the secret of this Child.

Enlightening the Persian barbarians

> The symbol meaning of [the] wonderful arrival of the Magi from the East is given by St John Chrysostom: “Since the Jews, who constantly heard the Prophets tell of the coming of Christ, never really paid it much attention, the Lord inspired barbarians to come from a faraway land to ask about the King born among the Jews, and they learned from the Persians that which they did not want to learn from the prophets.”

The Pharisees and the Sadducees

> The Pharisees skillfully hid their passions through an exact observance of the ritual commandments of the Mosaic Law, while the Sadducees, giving themselves up to physical pleasures, rejected everything that contracted their epicurean manner of life—the spiritual life entirely, as well as the divine judgment after death. John accuses them for their arrogance, their sureness of their own righteousness, and tells them that the fact that they are sons of Abraham will bring them no benefit, if they bring no fruits worthy of repentance because the tree that brings not forth good fruit is useless and is chopped down and thrown into the fire.
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> […]
>
> According to the pious rituals of the Pharisees, one must wash the hands before and after eating, and the Talmud even gives the exact amount of water to be used, at what times, and the order in which to wash in case there are more (or less) than five people in attendance at the meal. These rules were given such importance that whoever did not follow them was cast out of Israel by the Sanhedrin. For some reason, the Jews believed that Moses received two laws on Mount Sinai—one that was written down, and another oral law that was passed down from parent to child and was only later written down in the Talmud. This law was called the “traditional of the elders,” the ancient rabbis. This tradition is especially remarkable for its many niggling rules.

Satan’s temptations of Lord Jesus Christ

> Having come to earth in order to destroy the work of the devil, the Lord could have, of course, destroyed [the demons] at once merely with a breath from His lips. However, one must remember that the works of the devil were rooted in the

> delusions of man's free soul, whom the Lord had come to save without removing from man free will, that greatest gift of God. Man was created not a pawn, not a soulless automaton or an animal guided by irrational instinct, but a rational, free person. If looked at from the reference point of Christ's divinity, this temptation was a battle of the spirit of evil with the Son of God Who came to save mankind, an attempt to preserve [Satan's] power over men with the help of various illusions of power and happiness.
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> […]
>
> Christ came to earth to establish His kingdom among men, the kingdom of God. Two paths could lead to this purpose. One was the path desired by most of the Jews at that time—the path of the quick and magnificent enthronement of the Messiah as an earthly king. The other was a slow and difficult path of the moral rebirth of all mankind through their free will, together with much suffering, not only for the followers of the Messiah, but for Him as well. The devil wanted to turn Christ away from the second path, showing Him the illusory ease of the first path, promising Him not suffering, but only glory.

The work of Christ

> The Pharisees thought that the work of Christ would be judgment over all the other nations. The Lord explains that He is now sent not to judge, but to save the world. Those who do not believe will condemn themselves because this lack of faith will reveal their love for the darkness and hatred for the light, which come from their love for evil deeds. Those who do the works of the truth, moral and upright souls, go toward the light of their own accord, not fearing to be condemned for their actions.
>
> […]
>
> …the Lord came to call and save everyone, including self-delusional, so-called righteous people, but until they leave behind their delusions of personal righteousness and admit themselves to be sinners, calling them would be pointless, and salvation for them would be impossible.
>
> […]
>
> If, instead of bearing His sufferings, He used His divine power to avoid them, then He could not be an example for us.

Why Jesus did miracles

> One of the inhabitants of Capernaum, a former courtier of Herod's, hearing of Christ's arrival, hurried to Cana to ask Jesus to come with him to heal his son, who was near death. "Then Jesus said to him, 'Unless you people see signs and wonders, you will by no means believe.'" Faith that is dependent on seeing miracles is put by the Lord on a lower level than faith based on understanding the purity and greatness of His divine teaching. Faith born of miracles requires

> increasingly more miracles to be sustained since they become habitual and lose their ability to astonish. At the same time, the person who only accepts the teaching that is confirmed by miracles can easily fall into delusion because there are such things as false and demonic miracles. Thus, the word of God warns us to be careful with miracles (Deut 13:1-5)

Who will the Jews accept as their messiah?

> From the time of Christ, there have already been more than sixty such false messiahs, and the last of them will be the Antichrist, whom the Jews will accept also as their Messiah. The reason for the Jews' lack of faith is that they seek human glory, and they do not respect the one who reveals their sins, even if he is right, while the one who praises them (even if he lies), they accept as their own.

Judging others vs. making a judgment call

> "Judge not, that you be not judged." Judgment in this case does not refer to "making a judgment call" about someone or something, but condemning your neighbor, in the sense of finding fault with him, which is most often a result of self-love, vanity, and pride. Christ here forbids speaking ill of another, angrily rebuking the sins of others, especially when this is done with a sense of anger or hatred for that person… What is forbidden… is the evil feeling of superiority over others, the joy in the misfortune of others, but not the mere assessment of the actions of one's neighbor, for if we do not call evil what it is, we may become indifferent to good and evil, and we may lose the sense of distinguishing between the two. St John Chrysostom has this to say on the subject: "If anyone performs adultery, shall I not say that adultery is an evil, must I not correct the sinner? Yes, I must correct him, but not as though he were my enemy, not as a physician who punishes, but as a physician who gives medicine. We must not accuse, not decry, but we must enlighten. We must not denounce, but advise. We must not attack with pride, but correct with love."

A big part of knowing the difference between judgment and judgment calls is the intent behind your judgment. Most people judge with the intent to feel superior and put others down. On the other hand, a Christian will aim to recognize and identify sin and evil behavior without feeding one's pride, and will prefer to correct a brother or sister in private, without causing undue humiliation or embarrassment, and most essentially, they will only do so in love. Until you develop discernment with spiritual experience, it's too easy to cloak your pride and even anger in "loving correction."

Faith alone is not enough to save

> These false teachers have the appearance of meek lambs, but inside they are ravening wolves who feast on the true sheep. These false teachers can be known "by their fruits," by their life and works. As if the Lord were speaking directly to

> Protestants who deny the need for good works preaching justification by faith alone, He says, “Not everyone who says to Me, ‘Lord, Lord,’ shall enter the kingdom of heaven, but he who does the will of My Father in heaven.” Here it is clear that faith in Jesus Christ on its own is not enough; a life that reveals this faith is also necessary, and one must fulfill the commandments of Christ and do good works. In the early days of Christianity, many did perform miracles with the name of Christ, even Judas, who received this authority together with the rest of the Twelve, but this by itself does not save, unless such people constantly work on fulfilling the commandments of God.

What is blasphemy against the Holy Spirit?

> The mercy of God is endless, and there is no sin that could be greater than God’s mercy. But whoever stubbornly rejects this mercy, whoever acts against the saving grace of God, puts himself outside God’s mercy, and his sin remains unforgiven, and this person perishes. This intentional antagonism against the saving grace of God, which is the grace of the Holy Spirit, Christ calls blasphemy against the Holy Spirit. The Pharisees’ antagonism is vividly expressed in the fact that they dare to call the almighty works of God the works of the devil. Why will this sin not be forgiven in this age or the next? Because if a person rejects the obvious activity of the grace of the Holy Spirit, then he is incapable of repentance, without which there can be no salvation. He cannot repent!

What is the difference between the Kingdom of Heaven and the Kingdom of God?

> It is important to note that in His preaching and parables, the Lord Jesus Christ makes a very clear distinction between the kingdom of heaven and the kingdom of God. The kingdom of heaven is that blessed state of the righteous which will be revealed to them in the future life, after the Final Judgment. The kingdom of God is the kingdom, on earth, of those who believe in Him and strive to do the will of His Father in heaven. This kingdom of God, which began with the coming of Christ the Saviour to earth, invisibly enters the souls of men and prepares them on earth to inherit the kingdom of heaven, which will be revealed after the end of time.

Lord Jesus Christ transforms our dark souls from the inside out

> Just as a gardener grafts a fruit-bearing branch onto a barren tree to help it bear fruit, Christ Himself, desiring to make us participants of divine life, enters into our body darkened by sin and lays the foundation for inner transformation and sanctification, making us a new creation. It is not enough for our salvation merely to believe in Christ; one must become one with Him, to abide in Him, so that He may abide in us, and this is only possible through the great mystery of the communion of His Body and Blood.

> […]
>
> …the teaching of the Holy Eucharist was and always will be a stumbling block for true faith in Christ. There are many people who are amazed by the moral laws that Christ gives, but who do not understand the necessity of uniting with Him in this great mystery. But the truth is that without this mystical union with Christ, following His moral law in one's life is impossible, for it is beyond mankind's power to fulfill.

Peter is not the rock on which the Church is built

> "And I also say to you that you are Peter, and on this rock I will build My church, and the gates of Hades shall not prevail against it."… Can one understand these words to mean that Christ founded the Church on the person of Peter, as do the Catholics, in order to justify their false teaching of the primacy of the pope of Rome over the whole Church, as the successor of St Peter? Of course not! If, in these words of the Lord, Peter himself is meant for the Church's foundation, then Christ would have said something like: "You are Peter, and on you I shall establish my Church," or at the very least, "You are Peter, and upon this Peter I shall establish my Church." But Christ speaks quite differently, which is especially evident in the Greek text, which should always be consulted in such controversial passages. The word "Petros" is not repeated, even though the word itself does mean both "rock" and "Peter," but another word, petra is used, which means "cliff." Here it is obvious that in these words directed at Peter, the Lord promises to establish His church not on Peter, but on the confession of faith that Peter uttered, on the great truth that "Christ is the Son of the living God." This is how St John Chrysostom and the other great Fathers of the Church understood this passage, understanding the "Rock" to be the confession of faith in Jesus Christ as the messiah, the Son of God, or even Jesus Christ Himself, Who is often called the Rock in Scriptures (see, for example, Isa 28:16; Acts 4:11; Rom 9:33; I Cor 10:4). It is interesting to note that the Apostle Peter himself, in his First General Epistle, calls not himself the Rock, but Jesus Christ, instructing the faithful to approach the Lord as the "Living Rock, rejected indeed by men, but chosen by God and previous" (I Pet 2:4) and to become themselves living stones that would build the spiritual house. Here, Peter obviously teaches all Christians to walk the same way the he did himself, when he became "Petros" after confessing the name of the Rock, Christ.
>
> […]
>
> It is interesting that the Lord, who had just called Simon "Peter," in only a short period of time calls him "Satan," which especially vividly refutes all the Roman Catholic ideas of the Church being founded on the person of Peter. Can the establishment of Christ's Church, which will not be overcome by the gates of hell, be founded on such a fickle, unstable personality as Peter's? And if one is to understand all the words of the Lord literally, which in the first case the Catholics

> do without any scruples, then the latter words also should be understood literally, which is absurd and impossible. But that would mean that the Church was founded on Satan!

Are you denying yourself?

> “If anyone desires to come after Me,” to be His true follower, “let him deny himself,” let him cut off his natural will and striving, “and take up his cross,” let him be ready for the sake of Christ to suffer any deprivations, even death, “and follow Me,” emulating Christ in His labors of self-denial and self-rejection. “For whoever desires to save his life” in the sense of seeking after all manner of comforts and pleasures, “will lose it, but whoever loses his life for my sake,” whoever will not pamper himself and instead seek a harder path for the sake of Christ, “will find it.” Only he who preserves his soul for eternal life shall truly live. “For what profit is it to a man if he gains the whole world,” if he finds all the honors and pleasures that the world offers, if he has all its perishable treasures at this own disposal, “and loses his own soul?” The soul of a man is more precious than all the treasures of the world, and a lost soul is impossible to redeem with any earthly wealth. “What will a man give in exchange for his soul?”

Why didn’t Jesus announce He was God at every opportunity?

> The Lord forbade the apostles from telling anyone of [the Transfiguration], until He would be risen from the dead, again not to agitate the carnal expectations of the Messiah among the Jews.

Archbishop Averky explains that the Lord wanted people to fully believe He was God moreso after the Resurrection so they wouldn’t see Him as a worldly king with a hope that He would establish an earthly kingdom. Lord Jesus Christ also didn’t want to be condemned to death upon a bold proclamation of His divinity before His teachings and salvific work was complete, but He clearly expressed it to those who had ears to hear (“Most assuredly, I say to you, before Abraham was, I AM,” “I and my Father are one,” etc.).

Do you forgive others?

> The Lord teaches us [through the Parable of the Merciless Creditor (Matt 18:21-35)] that all of us have sinned so much that we, before God, are debtors unable to pay our huge debt. However, our neighbors’ sins against us are insignificant compared to our debt to God, but God still forgives us all our sins in His limitless compassion if we, in our turn, find the compassion to forgive our neighbors their sins against us. If we remain intransigent and merciless to the offenses of others and do not forgive them, then the Lord will not forgive us, but will condemn us to eternal suffering. This parable is a very effective illustration of the petition in the “Lord’s Prayer”: “and forgive us our debts, as we forgive our

> debtors.”

Who is your neighbor?

> …in the Old Testament, in order to protect the chosen nation from evil influence, clear distinctions were set up between them and all others, and a “neighbor” for a Hebrew was only his fellow Jew. The New Testament law removes all such distinctions and teaches universal evangelical love to all people.

The good works you perform are expected of you

> The Lord offers the example of the relationship between master and servant: if a servant plows the field, does the master consider it worthy of special praise? When the slave comes home tired after a day of work, does the master show solicitation for his fatigue and invite him to his own table to rest and eat? No! The master still orders the slave to serve him first. Will the master then thank the servant when he has done all that the master commanded? “I think not,” said the Lord and makes the following conclusion: “So likewise you, when you have done all those things which you are commanded, say ‘We are unprofitable servants. We have done what was our duty to do.'”
>
> This does not mean that the Lord will not praise His servants or give them rest, but rather that we ourselves should look at our good works as our duty, and at ourselves as slaves who can bring our Lord nothing more than the fulfillment of our duty. In other words, a person can have no merits before God.

The Eucharist contains the human flesh of Lord Jesus Christ

> It is especially important to note that the Lord said, “This is My body” (emphasis added). He did not say, “This bread is my body,” because in that moment the bread was no longer bread, but had become the true Body of Christ, with only the visible appearance of bread. The Lord did not say, “This is an image of My body,” but “This is My body,” a fact noted by both St John Chrysostom and Blessed Theophylact. As a result of the Lord’s prayer, the bread took on the essence of the Body, keeping only the external appearance of bread. Blessed Theophylact further elucidates, saying, “Since we are weak and would not be able to eat flesh, especially human flesh, the Lord gives us bread, which in actual fact is flesh.”

Why was Jesus in agony during His Passion?

> Who of us sinful people can dare to say that we truly understand what was going on in the pure and holy soul of the God-Man in this moment, when the hour of His betrayal to death on the cross for the salvation of mankind was at hand? However, in times past and even in our day, people try to explain the reasons for the agonies the Lord felt and suffered in these last hours in the garden of Gethsemane. The most natural suggestion is that the suffering was from the fear

of death, felt by His human nature. Blessed Theophylact says, “Death entered human nature unnaturally, and so human nature fears death and flees from death.” Death is a consequent of sin (Rom 5:12, 15), and so the sinless nature of the God-Man should not have been subjected to death. Death for Him is a phenomenon contrary to nature, and for this reason, the sinless nature of Christ rebels against death, grieves and sorrows at its appearance. These emotional sufferings of Christ are a very good proof of the existence of two natures in Him—divine and human, a fact rejected by the Monophysites, as well as two wills, rejected by the Monothelites.

At the same time, this agony occurred without a doubt also because the Lord took upon Himself all the sins of the world, and took them to the cross. That which the whole world should have been feeling on account of its sinfulness now was concentrated on Him alone!

[…]

“And about the ninth hour Jesus cried out with a loud voice, saying, ‘Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani?'” The word St Mark uses is “Eloi” instead of “Eli.” This naturally could not have been a cry of despair, but only an expression of the deepest sorrow in the soul of the God-Man. In order that the redemptive sacrifice be accomplished, it was necessary that the God-Man drink the cup of human sufferings all the way to the dregs. For this it was necessary that the crucified Jesus not feel the joy of His oneness with God the Father. The entire anger of God, which, in light of divine justice should have been poured out on sinful mankind, was now, so to speak, concentrated on Christ alone, and it was as though God had left Him. Among all the worst suffering of body and soul that one can possibly imagine, this sense of being forsaken was far more painful, which is why such an exclamation of agony came out of Jesus’s mouth.

Outpouring of the Holy Spirit to the Apostles

St John adds that He said a second time, “Peace to you!” and then gave them a visible sign—He breathed on them, giving them, before Pentecost, an initial gift of the grace of the Holy Spirit, saying, “Receive the Holy Spirit. If you forgive the sins of any, they are forgiven them; if you retain the sins of any, they are retained.” The full outpouring of the Holy Spirit on the apostles would occur on the day of Pentecost; but evidently before that day, the apostles needed some of the power of the Holy Spirit to strengthen them in firm and unshakable faith in the resurrection of Christ, to help them correctly understand the Scriptures, to awake in them the faith in their divine mission, faith in the knowledge that they were not merely fellow travelers and listeners of the Lord Jesus Christ, but apostles, His messengers, sent by Him to the great service of spreading the Good News through all the world. “As the Father has sent me, I also send you.” This is a “hint” of the Spirit, who is necessary for the strengthening of the apostolic

> community.

Belief in the Resurrection is so difficult for fallen man, because of our corrupted nature, that we need help from the Holy Spirit to see the truth. Without it, we remain in darkness.

The Theotokos was always a virgin

> [The Theotokos] remained with [John] until Her death, as tradition tells us, and John cared for Her as though he were Her own son. This is especially important and worthy of comment for the following reason: Protestants and other sectarians never miss an opportunity to degrade the most holy Mother of God, rejecting Her ever-virginity and saying that after Jesus She had other children born in the natural way from Joseph, and that these were the "brothers of the Lord" mentioned in the Gospel. But here arises the question: if the Theotokos had natural children, who would have had to take care of Her according to all laws of custom and love, then why did Christ give Her care to St John?

The truth of the Resurrection

> All the interpreters of the Gospels agree that all the efforts of the Sanhedrin to guard the body as fully as possible in the tomb ended up being the best possible proof for the truth of the resurrection, despite their opposite intentions. After all, grave robbery was a completely unknown phenomenon among the Jews, who were afraid of defiling themselves by touching a dead body (Num 19:11-22). And how could it be that professional soldiers all fell asleep in such an amazingly deep sleep on the third day—the exact day they expected the disciples to come! And their sleep needed to be extraordinarily deep if they did not even hear how a huge stone was being rolled away from the tomb. Even if they all had decided to sleep, which is completely improbable for a Roman soldier, they would of course have fallen asleep in front of the entrance to the tomb, to make it impossible to roll away the stone without crushing their sleeping bodies. But the most improbable part of the story is how the frightened disciples, who all fled when Christ was taken, could suddenly decide to attempt such a pointless theft, which would give them absolutely no benefit, with immense dangers outweighing any possible good. It is also strange that Roman soldiers could have allowed such a falsehood to be spread and not expect to be punished for such dereliction of duty. This was the invention of the hateful Jews, who stubbornly refused to believe in the truth of Christ's resurrection, even though it was evident, and yet they only managed to confirm the great truth of Christianity.

Overall, The Four Gospels is a work that has made the Gospels more alive within my soul. In time, they have gone from being a collection of abstract events and moral teachings to a living fountain of God's truth that fills me daily with the love of God and His commandments. Archbishop Averky did an outstanding job of filling in scriptural gaps with Orthodox tradition, known Jewish customs at the time of Christ, historical context,

and powerful exegesis. This is one of the few books that has made a marked difference in my understanding of God’s plan for the salvation of mankind.

Learn More: *The Four Gospels on Amazon*

Heaven Or Hell

July 4, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Matthew was daydreaming like usual in Art History class. When he came to, Professor Weisman was explaining how primitive artists of Africa influenced the European Renaissance and made it what it was. The famous artists we know—Boticelli, Giotto, Michelangelo, Titian, and Raphael—"appropriated" their best ideas from Africans. Ms. Weisman went on to share names that Matthew had never heard of: Mubanga, Nagudu, Adebowale, Rutendo, and Ekundayo, claiming that without them, we wouldn't have seen much advancement in art. She also implied that many inventions we currently use in our advanced society were contained in seed form within the art of the Africans, and that "European-derived peoples" were more imitators than inventors. The first time Matthew heard anti-European rhetoric in university, he audibly groaned, and was given a wrathful stare by a mulatto classmate with a septum piercing who considered reporting him to the administration, but since then, Matthew learned to keep his cool and simply learn what was needed to get a passing grade and finally get out of "homo camp," as he called it, so he could begin his adult life.

Matthew scribbled the African names down in a haze but made several misspellings. Luckily for him, Ms. Weisman's exams were multiple choice and spelling would not be tested, but even remembering these names would be difficult since they were completely alien to him. If he were to dig into his family tree, every single one of his ancestors would probably react with violence, though not the murderous kind, if they knew what their descendant was being forced to learn, but learn it he must, and so he jammed the names into his short-term memory bank. He figured out how to time his retention of nonsense so that he would have hardly any recollection of what he aced on the exams a day before. This was his quiet revolt. Otherwise, if he didn't know that the artist Mutombo, through a hazy painting that looked like a lumpy land beast eating grass, actually provided a rudimentary blueprint to the modern jetliner, his expected graduation in three months would be jeopardized.

Ms. Weisman went on to have one of her long asides. "White people like myself need to do better when it comes to…" and there was this and that about racism and microaggressions and she even began crying, channeling her emotion toward the three black students in the class as if confessing to them her sins and the sins of people she who vaguely looked like her. Matthew dozed off. He must have been sleeping for a while because when he awoke, drool was crawling down his slightly uneven chin, which due to his insecurity he attempted to cover by growing a beard so pitiable that one could measure the space between individual hairs with a ruler.

He rubbed his eyes and focused on Ms. Weisman. Immediately he noticed something strange: there was a red cloud over her, nearly three feet in height, that followed all her movements. The translucent cloud was in the shape of an upside-down bowl. Matthew closed his eyes and opened them again, but saw the same thing, and now he noticed that

all the students also had a cloud over their heads of various sizes, either red or white. Some clouds were short, only a few inches in height, and some were taller, like with Ms. Weisman. Matthew thought something was wrong with his eyes, and rubbed them so hard that he slightly scratched the cornea of his right eye, but the clouds remained. Everyone had one, either red or white. Otherwise, he could see fine.

Matthew didn't understand what was happening to him. The first thing he did once class was over was run to the bathroom. He stared into the mirror. There was no cloud over him. His eyes seemed fine, except for some redness in the affected eye, and when he walked out of the art faculty building on the northern end of campus, he saw clouds hovering on every single person, either red or white, and nothing he did could make them go away.

In the span of a few days, he visited two eye doctors, and other than the cornea scratch which healed quickly, they both gave him a clean bill of health. When Matthew told them that he could see clouds over everyone's head, including the doctors themselves, they advised him to seek a mental health professional. Reading between the lines, Matthew felt that he should keep this problem to himself lest others think he was crazy.

Matthew was a chatty, affable young man with an appearance that most women in his university would deem "sorta cute." He had enough friends where he wasn't classified as a loner or nerd, but not so many that he was considered popular. His talkative nature alone would pull many friends out of bad moods, just from the feat of distracting them from their worries with his partially interesting stories, and he did this without effort. He liked talking because it seemed natural to him, but he listened too, just enough so that no one labeled him self-centered, but many times while someone was talking he had already lined up a conversation piece that he was eager to launch into.

Never would Matthew go to the movie theater alone. He would rather go with one of his enemies than go alone. In the dining hall he had a rule: always sit with someone and introduce yourself. He made many acquaintances this way, including a small group of Argentinians studying computer science (he was a business major himself). It's this personality that charmed his girlfriend Jane, who preferred Matthew to other guys that had nothing to say and would blatantly stare at her voluptuous body like she was a piece of meat instead of a mature woman who could handle conversations about all kinds of topics, even politics.

Seeing little clouds over people's heads drew Matthew inward. "What's wrong Matthew… you're quiet today," he'd hear from friends. He couldn't pay attention to their words but only their clouds, either red or white. He noticed that the clouds were usually red. Since he was good with numbers, he decided to collect some data. He sat in the student union food court during lunchtime, in between the Greek and Chinese restaurants. In front of him was a piece of paper with two columns. The left column was titled "Red" and the right column "White." He sat for three hours and counted all the clouds. Out of 324 people, 266 (82%) had red clouds and the remainder (18%) had white clouds. What could this mean? A thought flashed through his mind that this may have to do with each

person’s spiritual condition, so he decided on Sunday to tell his priest, the first person besides the two optometrists who would learn about his predicament.

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For five months, Matthew had been attending the Holy Transfiguration Orthodox Church. It was a Western Rite church: outwardly it looked and felt like a Catholic church but it was not in communion with them. When people would ask Matthew what was a Western Rite Orthodox church, he’d reply, “It’s like Catholicism but on anabolic steroids.” His comparison made listeners think that his church was full of bodybuilders, and many asked if it was like a gym, suggesting to Matthew that he needed to come up with a better description. He then said that his church is “like the Catholic Church but more serious,” but that offended the Catholics. Finally he settled on this explanation: “It’s what the ancient Christians practiced, in the Western-style that is similar to the Catholics, but different from the Catholics.” To drive the point home, he would tell a joke: “How many Orthodox priests does it take to change a lightbulb?” The answer: “Change?”

He went to Mass on Sunday and stood all the way up front, never once looking back at other parishioners. He noticed that everyone serving in the Mass—the priest, deacons, and altar servers—had white clouds, except for one altar boy, who had a large red cloud. Matthew’s favorite part during the Mass was when the priest pounded his chest, asking Christ for mercy, just like the publican in the Bible. If he wasn’t standing all the way up front, in full view of everyone, he would pound his chest too. He surely needed mercy now that his vision was distorted in such a distressing way.

Father Laurence, with his smooth cadence and booming voice, gave a sermon about the wide and narrow gate. The ending especially pricked Matthew’s conscious: “…so brothers and sisters, which gate do you choose? Because even if you don’t choose consciously, you still choose… you make this choice dozens of times a day by your actions, whether you pray or not, whether you overeat or not, whether you ask for God’s blessing for every action or not, no matter how small, even to bless a trip to the supermarket, and whether you receive the Body and Blood of Christ every Sunday or not. Do you choose the wide gate of entertainment, hooking up… ‘It’s just a kiss!’… but it’s not just a kiss if it desecrates your purity, the temple that is holy. Do you choose laziness, of scrolling through your social media feed for endless hours of mindless content?” Here Father Laurence made a lethargic scrolling motion with his right index finger. “Do you choose to be a nosy person, involved in other people’s business? Do you choose to gossip and participate in idle, nonsensical chatter about sports and food and politics? Do you choose the gate of moral corruption, odor, and filth? Or do you choose the narrow gate, which, brothers and sisters, in our time is so narrow that we must squeeze through it sideways. Do you choose the narrow gate of putting God above all worldly fixations and obsessions, of loving your neighbor? We are called to love our enemies, but many of us don’t even love our relatives, and treat them with such irritation and disdain. Do you choose the narrow gate of struggle and spiritual warfare, of zeal that doesn’t fade, of wanting to unite with God now and forever? Examine yourselves, brothers and sisters! This is not a social game to play only on Sunday morning! The only door to the Kingdom of Paradise is

the gate of repentance and self-denial, of humility and meekness. If you're not repenting, if you're not fasting, if you are not checking your pride, you are going through the wide gate like the world out there, and will suffer eternally for it."

Many people shifted uncomfortably in their seats, not used to such fire and brimstone from an Orthodox priest. Truth is, a surprising number of people were there for trivial reasons, such as the beautiful singing, the ability to socialize, the prospect of meeting a spouse, and even the tasty food.

After the Mass was over, Matthew made sure he was last in line to receive a blessing from the priest. He couldn't help but scan the clouds among the parishioners. He did an unofficial count: about two-thirds had white clouds and the rest had red. Father Laurence had a tall white cloud.

It was Matthew's turn to kiss the cross that Father Laurence was holding. "Father, can I please talk to you? I'm having a spiritual emergency. Something is wrong with my eyes… I'm seeing things."

"Like a vision?" Father Laurence replied. A mother with her brood came up and asked if she needed to brew decaf today.

"No, not a vision. It's ongoing. I thought there was something wrong with my eyes but I went to two optometrists and they could find nothing wrong."

"Stay here, let me first bless the food." He went through the large double doors into the banquet hall and returned two minutes later, closing the doors behind him. Matthew began to nervously squeeze his hands together, hopeful that Father Laurence would be able to help.

"So what's wrong?"

"I can see little clouds over people's heads. The clouds are either red or white, some are short and some are tall. The cloud stays fixed above people, even if they're moving, and I can't make them go away. I don't know what to do."

Father Laurence cast his gaze downward to contemplate, and then as if enlightened, instantly raised his eyes and said, "Whatever you do, I beg you not to tell me the color of my cloud. Do you promise?"

"Yes, sure, I promise. So what do you think is going on?"

"Have you noticed patterns around the ratio of red to white? Or the type of person who has a red cloud versus a white cloud?"

"I did a count in the student union. 82% had red clouds. And I did a brief count here. About 30% of the clouds are red."

Father Laurence nodded his head, as if his suspicion was confirmed. "Can you see a cloud over your head if you look at a mirror?"

"No, I look normal."

"Think of a person who had a large red cloud. What is that person like?"

The first person who popped into his mind was Ms. Weisman. Matthew said, "I have an art

history professor who… who seems to hate white people. She's very progressive. She urges the class to participate in campus protests against racism and the like. Oh and one day she said that God is a myth."

"Lord have mercy on her," Father Laurence replied. "And someone with a large white cloud?"

Matthew was about to exclaim, "Yeah, you," but caught himself. He thought for a second and remembered Peter, a fellow parishioner. He converted his wife to the church (he joked that it was a "flirt-to-convert" courtship) and they went on to have six children, with a seventh on the way. He was on the parish counsel, served at the altar, led the men's ministry, and also organized food drives for the homeless shelter. His white cloud was as tall as Father Laurence's. "Peter has a large white cloud," Matthew said.

"Don't tell him!" Father Laurence used his hands to encase Matthew's, squeezing them tightly. "Don't tell anyone what you can see and what color their cloud is! This is a matter of life or death for their soul."

"Why? What does it mean?" One could forgive Matthew's naivety. He was not only new to Orthodoxy but new to faith in general from being raised by secular parents. He had not read the lives of the saints and stories of miracles that far surpassed what he was experiencing (the only miracle he really understood was healing). It was only the week before that he finished his first reading of the New Testament.

"Matthew, God has given you the ability to see who is going to heaven and who is going to hell." Father Laurence said this matter-of-factly, as if describing that there is a slight chance of rain in the afternoon.

"Heaven or hell? Where they go for eternity?" Immediately his red-clouded friends flashed before his mind, and Ms. Weisman, and in fact, all of his professors, and even some members of the church. With the day's sermon still in his mind, and knowing that hell is for eternity, Matthew started to cry. Father Laurence was tempted to ask him what cloud is over him, in the case that Matthew was weeping for his priest, but began to pray silently until the temptation faded away.

"Why is God doing this?" Matthew asked, wiping his cheeks.

"For your salvation, I imagine. He has given you this ability for you to grow in the faith and save your soul, but to be more specific than that, I cannot say. What is happening to you is unique but not completely new. There are many holy elders who can smell with their nose a stench of condemnation from people who are damned. There's no way for me to know, but I suspect the cloud you see is where they'd go if they died at that moment. I wonder… and I hope… that upon repentance or striving in the faith, you would see the color change, because if their fate was sealed, I imagine there would be no reason why they're still alive. Don't despair of what God is showing you. Use it for your benefit. If you see a red cloud person, note their way of life they have and don't replicate it. Pray for them. If you see a white cloud person, engage in fellowship with that person for they are saved and will be saved."

Matthew went into the banquet hall. He must've been talking to Father Laurence for a

while because only noodle salad and industrial hummus were left. He wanted something hot so he went to the coffee station where Simon was finishing off a plate of soft tacos. Simon was one year behind Matthew at the university. Since the school was only a few blocks away from the church, there were many students. The cloud over Simon was red.

“Why are your eyes all puffy?” Simon asked.

Matthew could not bear to make eye contact with someone who was going to hell. “Allergies, I guess.”

“So how was your weekend?”

“Studying,” Matthew mumbled. “And yours?”

Simon suspected something was wrong, since Matthew was usually more verbose, but he didn’t care because he was dying to tell someone of his date.

“It was amazing,” Simon started, licking his lips. “I had a date with this girl named Brenda, a psych major. I drive her to the overlook, and one thing led to another… you know how it goes… or maybe you don’t.” He let out a loud laugh that drew the attention of a Romanian grandmother. He lowered his head and softly said, “And then right there in the car…” He went on to describe an act of fornication.

“Stop!” Matthew yelled. “You’re baptized! That’s a sin!” Everyone looked. Simon’s face turned red and he attempted to raise his hand as if saying “Enough” but his strength failed him. He became self-conscious of all the eyes on him. He shrugged his shoulders and squeezed his neck, as if to say, “I don’t know what’s wrong with him, but certainly I’m not the sinner that he speaks of.” Matthew, staring at Simon’s red cloud, yelled, “Repent!” Then he faced the room, focusing on the handful of other red clouds, and repeated, “Repent! Or you will go to hell!” A gasp was heard. Someone dropped a small plate of salad that made a squish sound when it hit the floor. Father Laurence stood silently where he was. Many times he had wanted to say the same to his flock, but they were too sensitive and would invariably complain about his “hard” words. Once he was reported to the bishop for telling a woman that Tinder was for harlots, and he was certain that he would get at least two complaints about the day’s sermon. He couldn’t believe that he had to post a large sign reminding his flock to turn off their phones during the Mass, and still phones would go off. During confession, many would simply vent about their spouses or loved ones, complaining about the most trivial of matters, instead of seeking remission of their sins. Inwardly, Father Laurence was happy because Matthew said to all what they needed to hear. “God’s wisdom truly is infinite,” Father Laurence said to himself while pondering Matthew’s spiritual ability.

Matthew set his stale instant coffee on the table and rushed for the door. Before leaving, with the door half-open, he glanced at Father Laurence, who showed neither approval nor disapproval. What pain Father Laurence felt for this young man, who wasn’t even baptized in the church but was given such a heavy burden of knowing who would go to heaven and who to hell. Matthew ran home, crying along the way. A thousand times he asked himself, “Why, God, why?”

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Matthew thought about calling his girlfriend Jane, but doubted she would understand. She wasn't interested in his church, or any church at all for that matter, and would regularly share with others the life philosophy that she assumed came from the nobility of her own mind: "You only need to be a good person and enjoy life." In her ecclesiology, however, there was no punishment for not being a good person. No young man dared to challenge her custom religion, and actually commended her for it. Oftentimes she would hear, "I never heard of it that way" or "That makes a lot of sense." If she wasn't beautiful, in the prime of her life, graced with green eyes, a perfect nose, and mousey lips, one could wonder if her modern axioms would be as well received.

Jane's entire appearance, fashion, and essence were Instagram-ready. No matter the time of day, if a camera was pointed at her and the shutter was pressed, the picture would be perfect. Other girls had to take one-hundred pictures of themselves to be satisfied with one that made their dull eyes pop and flat lips swell (and even then it had to be digitally processed to remove various skin blemishes), but for Jane the matter was simple: she stared at the camera and imagined a crowd looking at her so that she could receive the love and admiration that was due to her, as if she were a princess just announced on the balcony of the Odessa theater opera. It didn't matter if she wore a cheap blouse and a simple pair of jeans. Simple, hah! Simple only for the unsophisticated—the jeans themselves, designed by fabulous homosexual men in New York, were akin to a mechanical claw that shaped her body in ways that carnal men desired. She lived as if eyes would always be on her, and she was always ready to be displayed. It's no surprise that a man like Matthew fell for her, more her body than her spirit, but he has heard of many successful examples of flirt-to-convert, so it was only a matter of time until Jane would be baptized as he would be baptized. She would study all the ancient fathers, read voluminous Biblical commentaries by Saint John Chrysostom and Saint Gregory the Dialogist, and have her worldly mind transformed through the grace of God into an Orthodox mind. He prayed on it, he hoped for it, he was sure of it.

Just when he was about to call Jane with the announcement that he could see where souls would go for all eternity, he put down the phone and surmised that Jane's response would be, "You should see a doctor." Then she would make an excuse about how she has to study for an exam in a course titled "Discrimination of transgenders in sexual labor." He would creep her out… maybe he would never hear from again. Only Father Laurence could know his secret. No one else would understand. His love for Jane was more important. The ability for him to see God's judgment may fade away, but the love he had for Jane would remain eternal.

He decided to surprise her in two weeks. He would drive north four hours to see his parents, then visit Jane at her university an hour further away. Hopefully his spiritual gift, which felt more like a curse, would be gone by then.

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Matthew bought monochromatic glasses on the internet and had them shipped overnight.

They were something like a party favor, allowing him to see only black and white. He could still see the clouds over people's heads but not the colors. He could now go many minutes, even a whole hour, without being consciously aware of his gift. In this way he was able to maintain enough concentration to continue his studies, with graduation so near. Once in a while, he would lift up the glasses out of curiosity to see if a certain person was going to heaven or hell. Several times he was surprised at the outcome, and was tempted to doubt how God had arranged the cosmos.

He became accurate at guessing colors when the cloud was large. If someone had a big cloud and blasted hip-hop music through a portable speaker, disturbing everyone's peace, it was always red. If someone had a big cloud and they moved slowly and carefully, invisible in the crowd, careful not to bother anyone, acting as a nobody, a zero, it was always white. Surprisingly, the wearing of cross necklaces did not correlate to salvation. Half of cross necklace wearers were on their way to heaven and half to hell, but this did not count the Orthodox, who usually tuck in their crosses. The pattern that emerged was that the meek students who commuted from home and stayed away from college parties had mostly white clouds. The fraternity and sorority members, along with the professors, were mostly red. Matthew wondered how the white clouds maintained their salvation when they were surrounded by the damned and even instructed by the damned.

With his monochromatic glasses, the gift became almost like background noise, a form of spiritual curiosity at times, and like watching a black-and-white movie at other times. He continued to attend church on Sundays and apologized to Simon for his anger. Other than having to wear glasses all the time, his life was seemingly normal.

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Halfway through the drive to his parents' house, he pulled over at a rest stop, not from fatigue but fear of knowing where his parents would end up for eternity. Based on their secular lifestyles and love of watching television, the odds were not in their favor. How could he maintain a relationship with them if he knew they were among the damned? But he couldn't just cut off his parents out of this fear. He convinced himself that the judgments were not permanent, that perhaps with his influence, a cloud could change color, but in the three weeks he had the glasses, the only change he noticed was that several individuals had their red clouds grow even larger.

He parked in the driveway of his parents' split-level home. He took several deep breaths while staring at the old siding that needed to be washed. His breaths became faster and shorter. His hand refused to open the car door. His mother, alerted by the camera system, came out of the house all smiles, happy to see her son. He lowered the window.

"What are you doing in there, Matthew?" She noticed his glasses, which was strange since Matthew never wore glasses. Her motherly instinct convinced her that something was off. She immediately asked what was wrong, becoming overly concerned as mothers are apt to do when their child is in obvious distress or merely displaying a new behavior.

Matthew looked at his mother in black and white. Her cloud was of small size. "Mom, I'm

having a problem right now but I can't tell you what it is. I'm not going to kill myself or anything, so don't worry, but something has happened and I need to figure…"

"Why don't you come in and eat with me and your dad, and then you can do what you have to do?" She was always understanding and patient with her only child, an indication to Matthew of her potential salvation, in spite of her attending a mega-church only twice a year that had the highest-rated laser light show in the tri-state area.

"I have to see Jane first, and then I'll come back. I know this is all weird to you, but just give me a day or two."

The fact that Matthew was interested in seeing Jane assured his mother. If he's interested in a woman, he's unlikely to hurt himself… at least until that woman destroys him, but that didn't appear to be the case here. Matthew was not sad or grieving, just anxious and impatient. His mother surmised that the relationship was on the rocks and Matthew wanted to see Jane to work things out before he could enjoy time with his parents.

"What do you want me to tell your father? He's expecting you for dinner. I cooked your favorite meatloaf."

"Save me some and tell him I'll be back soon!" He started the car and his mother took two steps backward. "Everything will be fine mom, I'm sure." He wasn't sure.

"Drive safely and call me tonight." Matthew's mother squinted her eyes in concern, but was not concerned enough to arrange an intervention with his father, or to call the police. Matthew wasn't a child anymore, though it never happens that a mother stops viewing her grown-up spawn as a child.

Matthew didn't know what he was doing, but somehow, the idea of being in the presence of a beautiful girl who loved him, and whom he loved, made him feel at ease. He imagined she would be filled with joy upon seeing him. Meditating on Jane, no dread or fear entered him. She was a beautiful girl, and so good, that it was incomprehensible for such a beauty to roast in eternal hellfire, but this thought revealed the heavy spell of love—or perhaps lust—that Matthew was under. There is nothing more weakening to a man's powers or even his common sense than a beautiful female countenance. If you pointed a rifle at Matthew, he'd at least run, knowing he was in danger, and if a grenade was thrown beside him, he'd jump out of the way, but when a beautiful young woman is placed by him, he draws closer and seeks to embrace her, though she is more dangerous than any weapon made by man. The beautiful woman draws men out of their safe foxholes with an irresistible song. Jane is so beautiful and sweet. To graze against her soft lips again for an innocent kiss… just a little kiss… would melt all of his problems away.

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Matthew pulled up to her dorm parking lot around 8pm in the evening. He waited by the main entrance and was let in by a stranger. He went up to her room. Her door was slightly open. He knocked softly and waited a few seconds before he went in. "Hey Jane, guess who's here!" The room was empty.

"Jane?" He stood at her desk and grabbed his phone, ready to call her. Then she came in

the door, her hair wet, carrying an overflowing shower caddy the size of a basketball containing all her feminine hygiene and makeup accessories. When she saw Matthew, she stopped dead in her tracks as if spooked by a ghost. Matthew, still wearing his monochromatic glasses, saw that she had a rather large cloud, almost as largest as Ms. Weisman's.

Due to his glasses, he was not able to notice the fresh layer of makeup on her face that gave it a bright contrasted sheen. She was more than Instagram-ready. Jane thought, "This is my boyfriend, who I haven't seen in two months. I should be happy right now." Then she feigned happiness and gave him a hug while still holding onto her shower caddy. Matthew tried to go in for a peck, to touch the lips that would melt away all his life problems, but she denied him. "You'll mess up my lipstick," she said.

Matthew looked at her outfit. She wore a tiny skirt of indeterminable color, and a tiny blouse with straps so thin they looked like bare threads. Her hairless midriff was visible alongside her sapphire belly piercing. Matthew fought the temptation to stare at her body, which was perfect in his eyes (and in the eyes of a lot of men), and that perfection would surely be confirmed by the color of the cloud over her head when he decided to remove his sunglasses.

"I wish you told me you were coming," Jane said. She began rapidly texting on her phone.

"I thought I'd surprise you by coming a couple days early." Jane didn't smile. She tapped on her phone five times faster than Matthew was capable of. "Am I… bothering you?" Jane still was on her phone. The silence became awkward.

"What's with the glasses?" she asked, finally putting away her phone. She reached over to pull them off but Matthew jerked his head back, explaining that he has a temporary eye condition and the glasses help him to see more clearly.

"What is the name of the condition?"

"It's… umm… ocular… itis. It's some type of inflammation. So what's going on? I missed you."

"Yeah, I missed you, too," Jane said, and flashed a smile that lasted maybe a tenth of a second. "I'm a little flustered because I didn't know you were coming, and had made plans with a friend…"

"Oh I'm sorry, well you can still hang out with your friend." Matthew didn't mind resting for a while.

"No, it's okay. And today my friend Beth was having, like, a huge problem, and she was crying to me all day about it."

"What happened?"

"It's her stupid boyfriend. He doesn't want her to go to parties anymore, which is ironic because they met at a party. I think he's being a hypocrite. He said, 'Parties are for single people,' which is not true at all. There is nothing wrong with getting to know new people as friends and having a couple of drinks, don't you think?" She didn't wait for Matthew to answer. "I mean, can you imagine the college experience if you couldn't party? So

anyway, we sat down with a checklist that the Gender Studies department distributes to find out if a man is abusive or not, and were totally shocked to find that Beth's boyfriend is guilty of most of the things on the list."

"What's on the list?" Matthew asked.

"It had like thirty things. Let me see… it's abuse if he wants affection without first asking if she's in the mood to give affection. He did that all the time. He criticized her for 'revealing too much skin' through her outfits, and the thing is she would dress normal like me. So she ended up buying these loose, frumpy outfits that grandmas wear. They didn't accentuate her curves at all and made her look fat! One time he raised his voice at her and made her feel unsafe."

"How so?"

"She was driving him somewhere, and there was a pedestrian in the street that she saw a mile away, but he thought she didn't see the pedestrian, so when it seemed like she was going to hit him, but she wasn't, he yelled at the top of his voice, 'Hit the brakes now!' She did what he said and stuff in the car flew all over the place. She was rattled for hours."

Matthew thought to himself, "If preventing an accident is considered abusive then every man should aim to be abusive." Jane kept going. The boyfriend bought gifts for no reason, got jealous when she talked to other guys, and dared to voice his preference for her to have long hair.

"Oh and one more thing which is like icing on the cake," Jane added. "He complained to her that her family dog barks too much. Can you believe it?" Jane tilted her head and stared at Matthew, expecting him to agree, but he remained still. He began to wonder what had happened to his girlfriend, and who exactly was this crabby person he was speaking with, but nothing happened to her—she was always the same, but something in Matthew changed ever so subtly with his spiritual gift, and for the first time since he met Jane, he became concerned for her salvation. He thought, "It's possible that her cloud is red. That would be bad." But he didn't dare lift up his glasses. The knowledge of her condemnation would be impossible to bear. He reasoned that she was just in a flustered mood, and saying things that she didn't really mean, only parroting what she heard from gender studies professors, and that Christ fully resided in her heart, temporarily concealed from his human senses, and that she was on track to receive heavenly blessings from the Lord based on the size of the cloud that floated above her head.

"I want to understand you when it comes to abusive behavior, but how is buying gifts for no reason considered abusive?"

"Because it aims to make her feel guilty! Like she owes him something because he keeps buying her stuff. It's wrong."

"Okay so how about if he doesn't buy her anything at all, not even for birthdays or Christmas?"

Jane rolled her eyes. "That's obvious selfishness. It's thoughtful when you buy someone

gifts on holidays."

"So I should only buy you gifts only on birthdays and official government holidays, and no other days?"

The strained logic of the gender studies professors made impact with Jane's mind. That would mean a husband could never buy his wife flowers just because, and had to watch the calendar for the days that he could do a good deed for his beloved. Instead of admitting that the propaganda was wrong, she huffed and puffed and said, "You just don't get it!" Jane didn't elaborate further, did not say why he did not "get" it, and grabbed her phone and reviewed her notifications for comfort, many of them from Indian men who fawned over her beauty from halfway across the world. Matthew started to feel the odd sensation that he knew not who this woman was, that she was some type of imposter who replaced the real Jane, but if you were to ask him who the real Jane was, into his mind would come a pleasing image of her face and her physique, and not a single word would follow.

"Let me pose a hypothetical scenario," Matthew said, elongating his back and tapping his fingers. He wanted to get to the bottom of what this Jane individual thought. "Let's say that you have a boyfriend, and it's Saturday night, and you're at a campus party, one thrown by the best fraternity on campus." Jane stopped looking at her phone as soon as Matthew said "best fraternity" and allowed her phone screen to darken upon the thirty-second timeout. "You love your boyfriend, but you're also a social being, and you love to meet people… nothing wrong with that." A lie, for he did think something was wrong for a taken woman to go to parties and meet people. "You're at the party and this really hot guy, the hottest guy in the fraternity, tries to start a conversation with you. Just meeting people, no harm is being done, but he's attracted to you, and puts his hand on the small of your back, and that hand quickly goes lower and lower until finally it's resting on the top of your butt. Is it wrong for you to permit this kind of touching?"

If Matthew wasn't wearing his monochromatic glasses, he would have noticed that Jane blushed at the description of the frat stud making a move on her. Through the dilation of the blood vessels flowing to the surface of her cheeks, not only was it clear that she saw nothing wrong with this party scenario, but that she was aroused by it, craved it, and had readily sought it. But why then did she enter a relationship with Matthew? Some women like saying they have a boyfriend because they believe it increases their value in the eyes of other men. It's an announcement to all that they are so desired that they couldn't possibly ever be single.

"Is that all or is there more to your story?" Jane replied.

"That's all."

"I don't understand. Did she do something wrong? There was no sexual activity… or kissing. It's just two people talking."

"You don't think it's a problem for a man to be touching the butt of a girl who has a boyfriend?"

“Wait, wait… are you saying that my body is your property?”

“No… you’re missing…”

“Oh my God, you’re just like Beth’s boyfriend, So he touched the girl’s butt… big deal! It’s not the end of the world, and doesn’t mean anything is going to happen.”

“But it can lead to something happening,” Matthew replied, exasperated at why such an obvious scenario of wrongdoing was a stumbling block for Jane.

“With that logic, I can’t even say ‘Hi’ to any guy because that will lead to sex. That’s insane!”

“Jane, saying hi to people is not an intimate act, it’s a standard way of communicating, but being felt up by a man who wants to have sex with you is not only dangerous, but probably a sin.”

If Jane was of Mediterranean origin, she would have escalated the interaction by making all sorts of rapid hand movements while yelling at the top of her lungs, and maybe even throw a non-expensive item across the room, but Jane’s ancestors were from Northern Europe and lacked the passion of their melanized brethren. Jane merely gave off a disdainful “Whatever” and grabbed her phone.

Matthew rubbed his chin, staring at the huge cloud over her head, replaying the conversation in his mind to identify why he could not break through to her. Behind Jane on the left was her desk, and behind her desk Matthew spotted poster board. He could see the word “MY” written in big bubble letters. Curious, he stood up and walked to the poster board.

“What are you doing?” Jane asked.

Jane physically got in his way, but Matthew, now hungry for the truth, leaned over the petite Jane with determination to reach for the poster. He held the poster board high. It read: “MY BODY MY CHOICE”.

Jane tried to feign disinterest, which couldn’t have been more disingenuous since just three seconds ago she tried to block Matthew from seeing the poster. Two choices presented in Jane’s mind: lie by saying the poster was a friend’s or admit the truth and use it to further portray Matthew as a likely abuser in the vein of Beth’s boyfriend. Since she already hinted at Matthew’s misogynist views, she chose the second option, stressing how a woman should have complete ownership of her body and what goes on both inside and outside of it.

To be against abortion was such entry-level morality that Matthew knew in his heart that Jane in reality was not the same Jane in his mind. He slumped back into the chair and sat in silence while Jane regaled him with a story of her friend who was raped and got an abortion because she didn’t want to have an “evil child from an evil man.” Then there was a banging at the door. A man’s voice yelled, “Jane open up!” Matthew jerked his head to the door and then back to Jane.

“Just a study partner,” Jane said.

“Jane! I know you’re not playing hard to get after last night! Open up!” The man behind

the door let out a loud laugh.

Matthew beat Jane to the door. This time it was he who physically blocked Jane. (If Matthew was a student, and Jane reported him to campus authorities, he could have been certainly expelled for “assault.”) Matthew opened the door and a jock who was a full six inches taller stared down at him. The jock looked past Matthew like he was a piece of furniture.

“Uhhhh, you ready to go Jane?” the jock said.

“No, she’s not ready to go. I’m her boyfriend.” Matthew unconsciously puffed out his chest.

The jock looked down at Matthew and said, “Uh-huh, whatever.” He chuckled and then walked away.

Jane went on to deliver the usual boilerplate that all women say when they get tired of a man: you’re controlling… abusive… jealous… my friend was right about you… this isn’t working for me. Jane planned to dump Matthew only after the jock committed to her, but she would have to do it now to save face, which was too bad because the jock would never commit to her, whether she had a boyfriend or not, and she would have to play the same game of entering a relationship with a naïve guy and use him as a means to achieve her secret desires.

Matthew did not try to change Jane’s mind. He was fine with her decision to go on a “break.” Only one question remained: was Jane going to heaven or to hell? There was practically no doubt in Matthew’s mind, especially after the poster and the unexpected arrival of the jock, but he wanted a hard confirmation. He closed his eyes in the middle of Jane’s harangue about him being overly needy and said a prayer to himself: “Lord, I see that Jane is not the girl you want for me, but may you have mercy on her, that she comes to be enlightened by your grace, the same grace that you have given me.” Then he opened his eyes, fully expecting to see an ominous red cloud, but there was no cloud. He rubbed his eyes and looked again, but still nothing. He rushed to the window and looked down at the courtyard where four students were talking. They also lacked clouds. His gift was gone.

He stared at Jane for what seemed like forever, but it was actually only ten seconds, and he felt so bad for her, because even without his gift, he knew that she was on the wrong road. “May God be with you,” he said, and walked out of the room. She responded by insulting his height and telling him to never contact her again. He left to his parents’ where leftover meatloaf was waiting for him. He was baptized into the Orthodox Church three weeks later.

Previous Story: *The Prayer Rope*

Signs You Have Strong Faith

July 11, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Wisdom From Mount Athos is a compilation of sayings from Saint Silouan, a Russian ascetic who lived in Mount Athos around the early 20th century. His disciple, Saint Sophrony of Essex, is responsible for publishing Saint Silouan's notes and other writings for us to read. (I have also reviewed Saint Sophrony's book On Prayer.)

The book itself is a slim volume with simply-worded and divinely-inspired thoughts and precepts. The faith that Saint Silouan shares stems from the "basic" teaching of loving God, neighbor, and enemy, but it's quite difficult to put into practice. He shows that faith does not have to be an arduous intellectual exercise.

3 signs your faith is strong

> How may we know whether the Lord loves us or no?
>
> Here are tokens: If you battle firmly against sin the Lord loves you. If you love your enemies you are even more beloved of God. And if you lay down your life for others you are greatly beloved of the Lord, who Himself laid down His life for us.

I battle firmly against some sins but not others. I do not love my enemies; sometimes I do not even love my friends. I may be able to do favors for people, but I doubt I would sacrifice my life for them.

From where do Christians get their strength?

> Filled with love the holy Apostles went into all the world, preaching salvation to mankind and fearing nothing, for the Spirit of God was their strength. When St Andrew was threatened with death upon the cross if he did not stay his preaching he answered:
>
> 'If I feared the cross I should not be preaching the Cross.'
>
> In this manner all the other Apostles, and after them the martyrs and holy men who wrestled against evil, went forward with joy to meet pain and suffering. For the Holy Spirit, sweet and gracious, draws the soul to love the Lord, and in the sweetness of the Holy Spirit the soul loses her fear of suffering.

Why doesn't God answer our prayers for healing and good health?

> Thus for many years have I suffered violent headaches, which are hard to bear but salutary because the soul is humbled through sickness. My soul longs to pray

> and keep vigil, but sickness hinders me because of my body's demand for rest and quiet; and I besought the Lord to heal me, and the Lord hearkened not unto me. So, therefore, it would not have been salutary for me to have been cured… And I understood that if the Lord does not cure me of my headaches it is because they are good for my soul.

If God does not remove an illness from me even though I pray to him for relief, I must conclude that He chooses not to help because I would go to hell without the illness, through a series of steps that I cannot foresee.

If you do not love your enemies, you do not have God's love within you

> When a man affronts you or brings dishonour on your head, or takes what is yours, or persecutes the Church, pray to the Lord, and say: 'O Lord, we are all Thy creatures. Have pity on Thy servants, and turn their hearts to repentance,' and you will be aware of grace in your soul. To begin with, constrain your heart to love her enemies, and the Lord, seeing your good will, will help you in all things, and experience itself will show you the way. But the man who thinks with malice of his enemies has not God's love within him and does not know God.
>
> […]
>
> If you cannot love, then at least do not revile and curse your enemies…
>
> […]
>
> Peace in our souls is not possible if we do not beg the Lord with all our hearts to give us love for all men. The Lord knew that if we did not love our enemies we should have no peace of soul, and so He gave us His commandment: 'Love your enemies.' If we do not love our enemies we shall only now and then be easy, as it were, in our souls; but if we love our enemies peace will dwell in our souls day and night.
>
> Guard the peace of the grace of the Holy Spirit in your soul. Do not lose it over petty trifles. If you give peace to your brother, the Lord will give you incomparably more; but if you injure him, affliction will inevitably fall upon your soul.

I have learned that the first step in loving your enemies is to wish them well.

God's love for us

> The Lord loves all men but His love is greater for the man who seeks Him.
>
> 'I love them that love me,' said the Lord. 'And those that seek me shall find grace.' And with grace life is good, and the soul rejoices and says: 'My Lord—I am THY servant.'
>
> In these words there is great joy: if the Lord is ours, then all things are ours. That

> is how rich we are.

Are you being influenced by an evil spirit?

> If you think evil of people, it means you have an evil spirit in you whispering evil thoughts about others. And if a man dies without repenting, without having forgiven his brother, his soul will go to the place where lives the evil spirit which possessed his soul.
>
> This is the law we have: if you forgive others, it is a sign that the Lord has forgiven you. But if you refuse to forgive, then your own sin remains with you.

Those who don’t know God love earthly things

> We live a long time on this earth and we love the beauty of the earth: the sky and the sun, gardens, sea and river, forest and meadow, music too, and all the beauties of the world. But when the soul comes to know our Lord Jesus Christ she has no further desire for the things of the earth.

The fruitless pursuit of knowledge

> If the Lord has left us ignorant of the ordering of many things in this world, then it means it is not necessary for us to know: we cannot compass all creation with our minds.
>
> […]
>
> With our minds we cannot come to know even how the sun was made; and if we beg God to tell us how He made the sun the answer rings clear in our soul: ‘Humble thyself and thou shalt know not only the sun but the Creator of the sun.
>
> But when the soul comes to know the Lord [it] forgets the sun and every created thing, and abandons all anxiety for earthly knowledge.
>
> The Lord gave us the Holy Spirit, and we learnt the song of the Lord, and so we forget the earth for sweetness of the love of God.
>
> […]
>
> The Lord does not reveal Himself to many because of their intellectual pride; yet they think that they have much knowledge. But what is their knowledge worth, if they know not the Lord, know not the grace of the Holy Spirit, know not how this grace comes and wherefore it is lost?

Does the Mother of God find your ways ugly?

> Of a truth I say, speaking before God whom my soul knoweth: in the spirit I know the Most Pure Virgin. I never beheld her, but the Holy Spirit allowed me to know her and her love for us. Had it not been for her compassion I should have perished long ago; but she was minded to come to me and show me, that I might not sin. This is what she said: ‘I find your ways ugly to look upon.’ And her words,

> soft, quiet and gentle, wrought upon my soul. More than forty years have passed since then but my soul can never forget those sweet words, and I know not what return to make for such love towards my sinful self, nor how to give thanks to the good and forbearing Mother of the Lord.
>
> […]
>
> …another time I was listening in church to the reading from the prophet Isaiah, and at the words, 'Wash you, make you clean', I thought: 'Maybe at some time the Mother of God sinned, if only in thought.' And, marvellous to relate, in unison with my prayer a voice sounded clear in my heart, saying: 'The Mother of God never sinned, even in thought.' Thus did the Holy Spirit bear witness in my heart to her purity.

The Saints know everything about you

> Call with faith upon the Mother of God and the saints, and pray to them. They hear our prayers and even know our inmost thoughts.
>
> Marvel not at this. Heaven and all the Saints live by the Holy Spirit, and in all the world there is nought hidden from the Holy Spirit. Once upon a time I did not understand how it was the holy inhabitants of heaven could see our lives, but when the Mother of God brought my sins home to me I realized that they see us in the Holy Spirit and know our entire lives.
>
> The Saints hear our prayers and are possessed from God of the strength to help us. The whole Christian race knows this.
>
> […]
>
> The glory which the Lord gives the Saints is so exceeding great that were men to see a Saint as he really is they would fall on their faces in veneration and awe, for man in the flesh is unable to bear the manifestation of heavenly glory.

Sign you are following God's will

> How are you to know if you are living according to the will of God?
>
> Here is a sign: if you are distressed over anything it means that you have not fully surrendered to God's will, although it may seem to you that you live according to His will.
>
> He who lives according to God's will has no cares. If he has need of something he offers himself and the thing he wants to God, and if he does not receive it he remains as tranquil as if he had got what he wanted.
>
> The soul that is given over to the will of God fears nothing: neither thunder nor thieves nor any other thing. Whatever may come, "Such is God's pleasure,' she says. If she falls sick she thinks, 'This means that I need sickness, or God would not have sent it.'… If we seem to ourselves to be greatly afflicted it means that we have not surrendered to the will of God.

> […]
>
> The Lord gave us the Holy Spirit, and the man in whom the Holy Spirit lives feels that he has paradise within him.
>
> Perhaps you will say, ‘Why is it I have not grace like that?’ It is because you have not surrendered yourself to the will of God, but live in your own way.

The importance of prayer

> …the more wood you pike on a fire the more heat you get, and thus it is with God—the more you think on Him the more are you fired with love and fervour towards Him. He who loves the Lord is always mindful of Him and remembrance of God begets prayer. If you are forgetful of the Lord you will not pray and without prayer the soul will not dwell in the love of God, for the grace of the Holy Spirit comes through prayer. Prayer preserves a man from sin, for the prayerful mind is intent on God and in humbleness of spirit stands before the face of the Lord, Who knoweth the soul of him who prays.

News stains the soul

> He who would pray freely and untroubled must keep himself in ignorance of the news in newspapers, nor should be read mean books or be curious to know details of other people’s lives. All these things fill the mind with thoughts that stain, and when one would sort them out they further entangle and wear.

During this past Lent, I would go on modest 24-hour news diets, and then when I checked the news, which was usually foul, degenerate, and disturbing, I immediately felt perturbed, tense, annoyed, and even angry. Unless consuming news nourishes your spiritual life, it will disturb the peace in your soul and even put you into despair.

How not to be irritable

> All men want peace; but they do not know how to attain it. Paissy the Great, having lost his temper, begged the Lord to deliver him from irritability. The Lord appeared to him and said, ‘Paissy, if thou dost not wish to get angry, desire nothing, neither criticize nor hate any man, and thou wilt have no anger.’
>
> Thus every one who renounces his own will before God and other people will always be at peace in his soul; but the man who likes to have his own way will never know peace.

Don’t give guidance or judgments without praying first

> If you are in authority, and have to sit in judgment on someone for doing wrong, pray to the Lord to give you a tender heart which the Lord loves, and your judgment will then be sound; but if you judge purely according to deeds there will be errors in your judgment, and you will not be pleasing to the Lord.

The easiest way to salvation

> Here now is the shortest, the easiest way to salvation:
>
> Be obedient and sober, do not find fault, and keep mind and heart from evil thoughts. Remember that all men are good and beloved of the Lord. For such humility the grace of the Holy Spirit will dwell in you, and cause you to exclaim, 'How merciful is the Lord!'
>
> But if you find fault and are rebellious, if you want your own way, your soul will fail and you will cry: 'The Lord has forgotten me!' But it is not the Lord who has forgotten you: it is you who have forgotten that you must humble yourself, and so the grace of God abides not in your soul.

Humble yourself

> To overcome self-love we need to be for ever humbling ourselves. This is a mighty science not quickly to be mastered. One must reckon oneself the worst of men, and condemn oneself to hell. In this way is the soul humbled, and the tears of repentance are made to flow which give birth to joy. It is well to school the soul to think, 'I am going to burn in the fires of hell.' But, alas, few understand this. Many there are who despair and fall by the wayside… [Man] must acquire a lowly and contrite spirit, and then all intrusive thoughts will depart, and his mind will be purified. But at the same time he must know his own capacity, so as not to overburden his soul. Learn to know yourself, and see to it that your soul's endeavour is within her strength.

Spiritual warfare

> Train yourself to cut off an intrusive thought immediately. And if you are forgetful and fail to chase them away at once bring God your repentance. Be at pains over this, so that you acquire the habit. The soul is a creature of habit: according to the habit you have acquired, so will you act all the rest of your life.
>
> […]
>
> …the soul spends her whole life waging war. But do you not lose heart over the struggle, for the Lord loves a brave fighter.
>
> […]
>
> 'Lord, Thou seest that I desire to pray to Thee with a pure mind but the devils will not let me. Tell me what I must do that they may leave me.'
>
> And the Lord's reply came in my soul:
>
> 'The proud always suffer from devils.'
>
> "Lord,' I say, 'Thou art merciful. My soul knoweth Thee. Tell me what I must do that my soul may grow humble?'
>
> And the Lord answered me in my soul:

> ‘Keep thy mind in hell, and despair not.’

One thing I learned from this book is that God will remove his help from you if you insist on guiding yourself, because such an action presupposes that you are proud and believe you don’t need guidance in the first place. I regularly cry out to God for needing guidance, yet I devise plans and goals on my own timetable. I’m learning that patience is an important virtue in spiritual life, that God’s timeline is different from my own.

I received tremendous value from Wisdom From Mount Athos. Its simplicity of language makes it suitable for both existing Orthodox Christians and also those who are inquiring into the faith.

Learn More: *Wisdom From Mount Athos on Amazon*

Why Do You Consume Secular Content?

July 18, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

At risk of reproaching fellow Christians, I am continually surprised by how much secular content they consume. From Facebook to TikTok, from Hollywood movies to pop music, I suspect the average Christian is bombarding his soul with several hours of secular content per week. Do they not know that this consumption may be separating them from God and weakening their faith?

When I first returned to God in the spring of 2019, I was wholly immersed in secular culture. I made several Twitter posts a day (usually about politics or the misbehavior of women), listened to popular music, watched movies, consumed all manner of YouTube videos, and read self-help books. I followed dozens of social media accounts, devoured the news, and placed myself in venues of the night to be bombarded with devil music for hours at a stretch. Secular content was normal to me, and I didn't give my habits a second thought until the growing grace of God within me could not reconcile the *spirit* from where all this content came. It did not worship God explicitly nor implicitly, and so it was not of God, even if it did not mention a bad word about God. If Satan could package his efforts into a motto, it would be *anything but God*, which is exactly how we can sum up all secular content.

It is three years going and I'm still tapering myself off secular content—that's how entwined it was into my life. Even today I use the news as a source of entertainment to relieve natural lulls in the work day and as a means of procrastinating from spiritual duties. I didn't realize how attached I was to it until I began the weaning process, especially when it came to music.

My Spotify account was loaded with custom playlists of modern music, from folk covers of pop songs to oldies rock. The first thing I'd do when getting in my car is load up a playlist to listen with pleasure, but I began to perceive in my soul that this was wrong, because while listening to these songs, I never once thought of God. I wish I could say that I deleted all my favorite music in one go, but it was a gradual process: first I quit the modern music, rationalizing that "oldies" was okay, but an examination of their woman-idolizing lyrics revealed that oldies wasn't safe either.

As a Gen X'er, deleting my Red Hot Chili Peppers playlist was challenging indeed, but like any drug, once you abstain for a while, your brain adapts to a healthier new normal. Now, I'm exposed to modern music mainly through passing cars or when I'm shopping in a store, and what strikes me is how I ever considered such a modern cacophony of sounds to be pleasing to my ears. Even better, my concentration has improved, particularly during prayer and long church services. I don't have snippets of words or tunes bombarding my mind like in the past.

Father Seraphim Rose had a word to say about Orthodox Christians who continue to consume secular content:

> Fr. Seraphim saw this "plastic" approach to religion most graphically when a young pilgrim, having spent time at another monastery in America, came to Platina [monastery] talking all about elders, hesychasm, Jesus Prayer, true monasticism, and the ascetic wisdom of the Holy Fathers. One day Fr. Seraphim saw him walking around the monastery singing rock songs, snapping his fingers and bouncing with the rhythm. Surprised, Fr. Seraphim asked him if he didn't think this might go against all his interest in spirituality, but the young man just shrugged his shoulders and replied: "No, there's no contradiction. Whenever I want spirituality, I just switch on the Elder" — meaning that he could take out his rock tape and put in a tape of his Elder giving a spiritual discourse. The fact that this young man could compartmentalize his life like this, Fr. Seraphim understood, showed that something was missing in the basic formation of his soul. —His Life and Works (p. 1048). St. Herman Press.

May I ask you why you consume the creations of non-Christians, of those who don't live by Christ, of those who don't glorify Him? Why do you subject your eyes and ears to content produced by those who—unless they repent—are at high risk of being condemned by God on the Day of Judgment? Why do you listen to music by artists who you know live degenerate, sordid lives, and whose work is helping millions of youth descend into hell? Why do you watch movies produced and directed by Jews who hate Lord Jesus Christ and view abortion as a sacrament? Why are you not concerned about what the secular content is doing to your mind over the long term, locking it in the realm of fantasy and superficiality, how it is leading you into the abyss in exchange for moments of distraction and sensual pleasure? I ask these questions not just to you but also myself, and I did not have a justifiable answer to them, so I began to force myself to sever this attachment.

I've since become highly averse to reading, watching, or listening to anything that is produced by someone who does not have a knowable or visible Christian faith. If I get weak and think such content will edify me, perhaps because the non-Christian is "intelligent," I ask myself how intelligent are they really if they don't worship their very own Creator in the Church that He built. Do I really need the "wisdom" of someone who is firmly attached to the material world?

It's a mistake to believe that Orthodox Christianity is merely a lifestyle add-on that has a slot in your life alongside many other lifestyles. Orthodoxy *is the lifestyle*. It was called "the way" by early Christians, and it is the only way. Anything that conflicts with it must be looked upon with disdain. Secular content has become so hostile to Christianity, so engineered to distract souls from Christ, that any attachment to it must be likened to a drug addiction. Not only will quitting help you psychologically with anxiety, distraction, and fantasizing, but it will help aid in the salvation of your soul.

To successfully quit secular content, you will have to find something to replace it with. I spend much time reading Orthodox books, but sometimes my ears want to be pleased. In that case, I harness Spotify not to listen to gay disco music but Orthodox hymns and Classical music, made by composers who were not shy about their faith in God. There are also innumerable Orthodox podcasts and YouTube channels, and I hope to never tire of watching bearded Orthodox elders share wisdom in various languages. There are also freely available audio versions of the Bible. Trust me when I say that you'll find so much wholesome content that you will not have enough time for it all.

Currently, I consume approximately 30-60 minutes of internet news each day, usually from Roosh V Forum, where I know that I'm getting information from a mostly-Christian lens. I do this because, as someone who speaks in the public square, I want my opinions and pronouncements of modern culture to be informed and up-to-date, but even that may only be an excuse, a sign of my worldly attachment. Let the secular world pass

away, for it will surely die, and let us focus all our energies on spiritual matters, to get ready for an eternity of the spiritual, where we can all live as one with Lord Jesus Christ.

Read Next: *Why Does The Supermarket Play Pop Music?*

Modern Culture Is Plastic And Self-Centered

July 25, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Letters From Father Seraphim Rose is a compilation of letters that Father Seraphim wrote to one of his spiritual children, Father Alexey, a man who started a nearby mission and eventually went on to become a priest. Unlike other works of Father Seraphim that I have reviewed, this book offers more of an intimate look into his personality, daily concerns, and strains of thought that help you come to know him on a more personal level. You realize that this holy man, who is likely to be canonized as a saint in the future, had struggles just like us. If you're familiar with his work, you can identify ideas in germ form that later became codified in his articles, books, and lectures.

Modern culture is plastic and self-centered

> It is no exaggeration to say that from the perspective of a normal life viewed even fifty years ago, life today has become abnormal. Fundamental values and concepts of behavior have been turned upside-down. The spoiled and pampered generations know no law except the fulfillment of personal happiness now. Parents bow down before their children's whims, and these same children grow to adulthood merely substituting their childhood toys and games for grown-up amusement. Life becomes a constant search for "fun," which is so empty of any serious meaning that a visitor from any 19th-century country, looking at our popular television programs, amusement parks, advertisements, movies, music—at almost any aspect of our popular culture—would think he had stumbled across a land of imbeciles who had lost all contact with normal reality.
>
> This "plastic" culture, which has been spawned by the "me generation," cannot support the development of normal human life, much less inspire a genuine search for truth. When this "me generation" turns to religion—which has been happening very frequently in the past several decades—it is usually to a "plastic," self-centered form of religion, filled with all the fantasy of a television program. In only a few short years this country has been inundated with a shocking variety of brainwashing and mind-bending cults, deified gurus, swamis, and other self-made "holy men." And these are not the only ones who vie for the total allegiance of souls. The secular world today presents a constant state of temptation which makes equally totalitarian demands on the soul. We are constantly confronted by it—whether in the background music heard everywhere in markets and businesses, in the public signs and billboards, and in the home

> itself, where television often becomes the secret ruler of the household, dictating modern values, opinions, and tastes.

My current mission is to identify thought patterns, habits, and inclinations that are worldly in nature and target them for elimination. If I cannot eliminate them due to my weakness and desire for what is not God, I aim for moderation. One example is secular music, which is pleasing to my ears because it makes no demands on me and helps me entirely forget about following God and His commandments. I hope to completely cease listening to such music besides when I'm exposed to it while shopping in a supermarket or retail store. After a long period of partial abstainment, I can tell you that my ears cry out in pain when it is subjected to new music that everyone else seems to enjoy.

What to do in the face of spiritual obstacles

> …we would advise you to go right ahead with your plans, doing all that you can yourself and leaving the outcome in God's hands. That you may experience difficulties ahead is to be expected, for the devil doesn't sleep; but unless the difficulties make your efforts absolutely fruitless and impossible to fulfill, don't fall in spirit but go right ahead according to your knowledge and with the counsel of others.

In my secular days, I used to believe that if something happened easily, it was "fate" or "destiny." For example, if I arrived in a new European city, and quickly found a cozy apartment and a cool nightclub where meeting women was easy, I thought fate was smiling down on me to enjoy unbridled pleasure. This trained me to avoid hardships and take the easy path, eroding my masculinity and making me something of a spoiled child who couldn't bother putting in any type of labor without the immediate expectation of carnal rewards that damaged my soul.

What is the state of the Orthodox Church?

> We still believe in the Orthodoxy of most of the basic jurisdictions in America, but view them as being in different stages of falling away from Orthodoxy, and different priests and laymen in each jurisdiction trying more or less hard (or not at all) to remain Orthodox.
>
> […]
>
> Blessed Paisius Velichkovsky: "…God's mercy does not leave us, and even today one may say that there is a movement of genuine Orthodoxy which consciously… hungers for more than the 'customary' Orthodoxy which is powerless before the onslaughts of a world refined in destroying souls… It cannot be that the flame of truly orthodox zeal will die out before the Second Coming of Christ; nor that if this flame exists, Christ our God will not show His zealots, even now, how to lead a true and inspired Orthodox life…"
>
> […]

> Fr. Alexey: “Fr. Seraphim constantly warned that Orthodoxy in the free world faced the dangerous temptation of becoming what Fr. Dimitri Dudko spoke of as ‘spirituality with comfort’…

It is unlikely that all the current Churches that are “Eastern Orthodox” today will remain so, but there will always be at least one visible Church in the Last Days that remained true to Lord Jesus Christ.

Common temptations for converts to the Orthodox faith

> Fr. Alexey: “The spiritual pitfalls Fr. Seraphim mentioned here concerned the temptation almost all converts experience: to jump directly from the ABC’s of Orthodox spirituality and teaching—those found in classic texts such as Unseen Warfare and The Way of the Pilgrim, for example—to what he called the ‘graduate level’ of the Philokalia and other very profound and exalted worked. The danger of pride and prelest for beginners was, Fr. Seraphim said, very great. Orthodoxy not being a mere intellectual exercise, he felt that newcomers to the Faith should start with what he called ‘baby milk’ before going on to a ‘strong wine.’
>
> […]
>
> In the case of our converts, it’s obvious that those who insist or are talking into receiving baptism after already being members of the Church are trying, out of a feeling of insecurity, to receive something which the Sacrament does not give: psychological security, a making up for their past failures while already Orthodox, a belonging to the “club” of those who are “right,” an automatic spiritual “correctness.”

We can do nothing without God

> Last week, after our truck caught fire (!), I was about ready to sink into a rather gloomy mood; but we did get the issue worked out (we pushed the truck to the road and then coasted down—the postmaster asked no questions, as he’s already used to our strange arrivals, a la the Lone Ranger!) and it looks as though the damage isn’t much after all. And thus does God faithfully teach us patience and to trust in Him and not our own powers, which after all can’t do a thing!

The end times

> In the middle of the apocalyptic chapter of Matthew (24:32; also Mark 13:28), the Saviour takes a parable from the fig tree and says: “Even so ye also, when ye see all these things, know ye that it is nigh.” In other words, we must watch for the signs of the times so we will not be deceived. Therefore it is not precisely true that, “the King of Glory may arrive at any moment”—it is only those who have not discerned the signs of the times who will be totally taken by surprise; but

> watchful Christians will know ahead of time “this it is nigh,” having recognized the signs and seen through the deception of Antichrist, with whose coming the end is but a few years away—the exact day is not known until it comes, but its approach becomes ever more obvious—just in the way we see the fig tree leafing out.
>
> […]
>
> “The Holy Fathers of the Skete (of Egypt) prophesied about the last generation, saying: What did we do? And one of the, great in life, Ischyrion by name, said: We fulfilled the commandments of God. They asked again: Those who come after us, will they do anything? He said: They will achieve half of what we did. And then after them, what? And Ischyrion said: The men of that generation will have no deeds whatever; but there will come upon them temptation, and those who are worthy in this temptation will be higher than us and our fathers.”
>
> Other Fathers have said: The psychological trials of dwellers in the last times will equal the physical trials of the martyrs. But in order to face these trials we must be *living in a different world*.

Discerning God’s will

> On numerous occasions we ourselves went to [Saint John Maximovitch] to ask his blessing for various things—for example, to buy a new piece of printing equipment—and his reply was always the same: “I don’t know anything about printing. Judge yourself what you need, buy it if you can, and God will bless your labors. If what you do is pleasing to God, it will prosper; if not, God will place such obstacles in your way that you can’t go on.”

In secular life, God leaves you alone to fall in the way you desire, but when you are striving for Him, he may put up impassable walls to block you from hurting yourself spiritually out of ignorance. This even concerns basic achievements, like finding a new apartment. In the past, I had no trouble living in dozens of different apartments around the world, but when I began spiritual life, God kept me living with my mother longer than I prefer, not to punish me but to help me advance my faith in a way I could not foresee.

Modern ideas that are false

> “Scientific” knowledge by its nature is the least reliable form of human knowledge, very subject to revision and deception, not to mention the very real possibility of demonic counterfeits.
>
> […]
>
> …the whole purpose and intent of the theory of physical evolution is to find an explanation of the world without God; i.e., physical evolution is by its nature atheistic, and it’s only ridiculous when “theologians” run after the latest “scientific” theory in order not to be left behind by the times.

> […]
>
> …evolution is not at all "scientific," but rather a kind of science-fiction theology, the product of faith (an atheistic faith, but nonetheless faith). That it is still so widely accepted surely shows how long not only theology, but just plain common-sense thinking have fallen today.

Like most of my peers, I fell for the science trap, believing that anything with the "science" tag was true, but this is far from the case. Most of what passes for science today are mere theories that originated in the minds of atheistic men with no corresponding proof. I have a bachelor's degree in microbiology, but the theory of evolution to my mind is not even a theory but a philosophy, and I wonder if viruses really are contagious, because the germ theory explanation of infection is also a mere theory that has not been definitively proven, especially for more recent diseases like coronavirus. Modern science is more like institutionalized, expensive magic to aid in the agenda of those with world power.

Spiritual endurance

> Fr. Alexey: "Often Fr. Seraphim spoke of the need to "suffer through" some particular problem or difficulty. By this he meant that one should endure, again without complaining—which is one of the best tools for spiritual growth.
>
> […]
>
> Pray for us. The devil wants to tempt us into thinking "what's the use?" when the times are so bad, and even those who are one's brothers in Faith seem somehow so unkind.

Spiritual labors

> Too many people make the mistake of limiting Orthodoxy to church services, set prayers, and the occasional reading of a spiritual book. True Orthodoxy, however, requires a commitment that involves every aspect of our lives. One is Orthodox all the time every day, in every situation and life—or one is not really Orthodox at all. For this reason we must develop an Orthodox world-view and live it.
>
> […]
>
> …please try to remember that all real Christian work is local—right here and now, between myself and God and my neighbors. Whatever more than that is possible—on the general church level—is something added to the main thing.
>
> […]
>
> Fr. Alexey: "…[Fr. Seraphim] believed and taught that spiritual work on oneself—the path to salvation—is hard work: "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." (Matt. 11:12) In a society that demands quick and superficial fixes and easy solutions to all problems—even spiritual ones—he maintained (as have all the Holy Fathers) that spiritual

> struggle is neither easy nor quick, but requires a lifetime of daily commitment and concentration. Since the aim of spiritual life is wholeness in Christ, one must be ruthless about rooting out distractions and temptations."
>
> […]
>
> Father Alexey Young: "'Only struggle a little bit more,' he would urge us. 'Carry your crosses without complaining. Don't think you're anything special, don't justify your sins and weaknesses, but see yourself as you really are; and, especially, love one another.'"
>
> […]
>
> …we must become *informed*. We must be informed of the sources of our Orthodox faith. We must be constantly reading spiritual books—the Holy Scripture, Lives of Saints, Holy Fathers—and all of this not for abstract knowledge, but to help our daily Christian life. When an atheistic government comes, we may be entirely deprived of books and have no contact with Orthodox clergy for long periods—we will have to live then on what we have acquired in freedom: not merely what we have read or been told, but what we have *absorbed* and *lived* of Christian teaching. We will be required also to say a word to others—and it must be not just something memorized, but a *living* word that is part of us… The reality of Communism… must make us all the more aware of why we believe as we do. Why do we believe in God? Why do we accept Jesus Christ as God and Saviour? Why do we belong to the Church and receive the Holy Mysteries? These questions become very real under Communism, and if our belief and commitment to Orthodoxy are not deep, they will fall away under persecution…

Is parish life too casual?

> Fr. Alexey: "[Fr. Seraphim] felt that the idealism and enthusiasm of too many young priests was extinguished by the "worldly side" of parish life: fund-raising, endless meetings, social activities, organizational concerns, lay people quarreling among themselves, etc. He believed that priests, while fulfilling their external responsibilities, should concentrate their energies on those few in each parish that really want something deeper."

I have noticed that if a parish does not have resident monks, there can be a strong worldly component.

Overall, Letters From Father Seraphim Rose painted a personal portrait of Father Seraphim that cannot be found in his other works. The writing is obviously casual but nonetheless I received value from seeing how he put into spiritual context the daily human problems that we all have to face, even the mundane like dealing with a broken-down automobile. If you have been edified by Father Seraphim's other works, you will enjoy this book.

Learn More: *Letters From Father Seraphim at Holy Trinity Monastery Bookstore*

74 Things Orthodox Christian Saints Have Never Said

August 1, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I like to read the lives of the saints and also writings directly from the saints. From this I've noticed two things. First, there are recurring spiritual teachings that are common among saints who lived in different epochs and nations, signifying importance for all Christians. Second, I've noticed attitudes, sentiments, and behaviors that *no* saint has taught. I'd like to extrapolate on the latter and imagine some statements that I suspect no Orthodox saint has ever said. (If a canonized saint did advocate for one of the sayings, leave a comment with the correction.) Here we go…

1. "I only go to church once a week."
2. "I don't like to do prostrations."
3. "Can you hand me a third piece of cake?"
4. "I'm bored."
5. "This new piece of technology has made my life so much better."
6. "I need to take some time off from praying."
7. "We must fight climate change."
8. "I wish my muscles were a lot bigger."
9. "I need to update my style."
10. "I need a vacation."
11. "Let's go have some fun."
12. "I eat healthy so that I will never get sick."
13. "You should always have a plan B."
14. "You have to fight for your rights by hiring a lawyer."
15. "I won't ever forgive that person."
16. "There is wisdom in crowds."
17. "I'm happy with the level of faith I've attained."
18. "Stand six feet away from me so I don't get sick."
19. "I like wearing pajamas in public."
20. "It's not important to fast."
21. "The church services are too long for me."
22. "I don't have a spiritual father."
23. "The humanity of Lord Jesus Christ evolved from monkeys."
24. "Different religions all lead to the same God."
25. "I regularly cut my hair and beard."
26. "I haven't picked up a Bible in a long time."

27. “I stare at a digital screen all day long.”
28. “I’m concerned about the overpopulation of the Earth.”
29. “There’s a lot we can learn from the field of science.”
30. “I broke my personal record for bench press today.”
31. “Not everything in the Bible is true.”
32. “I’m scared that the new virus will kill me.”
33. “I’m stocking up on guns and ammo.”
34. “This house is my forever home.”
35. “Did you catch the game last night?”
36. “I’m too busy to help you.”
37. “I really need a tan.”
38. “I used a psychedelic drug to achieve a state of grace.”
39. “One doesn’t need the Church to be saved.”
40. “I love loud music.”
41. “I don’t own a prayer rope.”
42. “This outfit accentuates my physique.”
43. “Traffic makes me so angry.”
44. “I want to share a picture I took of myself with everybody in the world.”
45. “My personal opinions are very important.”
46. “Many of my good friends are Muslims and Jews.”
47. “I’m very close to hitting my wealth goal.”
48. “I don’t have time to feed the poor.”
49. “I can’t wait to retire and play golf all day.”
50. “My best friend is my dog.”
51. “I like to fantasize about things that may happen in the future.”
52. “I’m stuffed!”
53. “It’s important to listen to the scientific experts.”
54. “Cursing is a good way to let out steam.”
55. “It’s essential to have a sense of humor that makes everybody laugh.”
56. “It’s not important to pray to the Theotokos.”
57. “I only like to sit in comfortable chairs.”
58. “I won’t eat that because it’s bad for my physical health.”
59. “I must be treated with respect.”
60. “I need to live in a big house.”
61. “I’m tired of working.”

62. “I have to retrieve something out of my personal safe.”
63. “I hate that person.”
64. “Tomorrow we’re going to the movies!”
65. “I don’t want to burn myself out.”
66. “I have not memorized any prayers.”
67. “It’s good to let loose once in a while.”
68. “It’s better to be rich than poor.”
69. “I’m an expert at making gourmet meals that please everybody.”
70. “I don’t have to follow that commandment.”
71. “The government needs to fix this problem.”
72. “I like to live in the middle of the big city where all the action is.”
73. “Let me see how my 401k retirement plan is doing.”
74. “I don’t own many icons.”

It’s helpful for Orthodox Christians to do a self-examination of their modern lifestyles. Would the saints of the Church believe what you believe? Would they have your same habits and attachments? Would they sanction the things that you think yield temporary life enjoyment? In such a contemplation, I believe most would discover that they have allowed the secular world to intrude upon their lives and compete with what the Orthodox Church teaches. Since I came to the Church at a later age, much of my efforts seem to be chopping off the secular habits that are firmly gripped upon my soul.

Read Next: *Faithmaxing*

How To Spend Less Money Online

August 8, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I'm an impulsive person. If I see something I want, I make an effort to get it as quickly as possible, and feel a temporary dopamine rush when I behold my new thing. This was a problem for me when it came to online shopping. I'd continually order from stores with little restraint. It got to the point where packages would be at my doorstep but I did not remember what I ordered. Junk started to pile up in my room. I was wasting money for no good reason and knew I had to make a change.

After experimenting with various ways to solve the problem, I found one that works: **only order items online once every four weeks on a designated day**. Look at your calendar, pick a date four weeks from now, and only on that day can you place *any* online order, no exceptions. When the day comes, place all of your orders, then for the next four weeks, you cannot order a single item online until the next buying day arrives.

No exceptions mean no exceptions. You cannot buy anything until your buying day. If there is something you truly "need," you'll have to find it in a physical store. If the store doesn't have it then too bad, you'll have to live without it. You'll be surprised how strong the temptation to buy a "necessity" becomes. Your mind will formulate a barrage of excuses to get you to buy the "essential" item, but once the temptation passes, you realize you didn't even need it. Instead, you were merely bored, lonely, or in a bad mood.

The first couple of months you do this, you may actually spend *more* money per month. This is because you are aggravating your flesh and it is desperate for a "release" through big shopping days. Your impulsive nature is yet to be fully tamed, and is coaxing you to go hog wild at the next opportunity. This will pass. By the third month, you will not

receive as much dopamine from the shopping, and actually be annoyed at having to open so many boxes at once, and your expenses begin to decline.

Another benefit of having one shopping day per month is that you can carefully deliberate whether you need an item or not. For example, I'll place many items in my Amazon shopping cart that I "need," and then a week or two goes by without buying them, and I realize I don't need them at all. Waiting to buy something removes the impulsivity behind it, allowing you to use your logical faculty on the usefulness of an item. While I may pile my cart with 20 items in the four intervening weeks, I may end up buying only 8 or so.

Yet another benefit is that you become fully aware of how much money you are spending. When you buy a thing here or a thing there, you don't know your exact monthly expenditure, but when you make all purchases in one day from multiple online stores, the dent in your pocketbook is noticeable and painful. I remember on my first buying day I spent close to $600. On what, I hardly remember, but I could not ignore that expense so easily. Now I try to make it a game to see if I can spend less than the previous month. Do I really need a third Bible? Do I really need a pair of jeans made by a company that uses transgender models? Do I really need another knit hat when I already have one? No, no, and no. But I would have bought all of these if I didn't constrain myself to a single buying day.

But what if an item you want is on sale? If it's not your designated buying day, you cannot buy it, no matter how great the discount. It has happened to me where I had to pay full price on my buying day for something that was just on sale, but guess what: I still spend less overall. The purpose of sales and free shipping is to increase corporate profits, not help you to spend less money. Paradoxically, by responding to consumer incentives and discounts, you end up spending more. I don't exaggerate when I say that "free shipping" may have caused you to waste thousands of dollars over your lifetime thus far.

I became so pleased with the results of this tactic that I extended my buying day to every five weeks. I'm spending less than ever online even though I have to wait a while to buy anything. When my consumer desires can't be immediately fulfilled, the desire itself begins to weaken.

The most immediate benefit of having a designated shopping day is spending less money, but I noticed a subtle benefit beneath the surface: I'm less dependent on new things to make me happy. Sometimes when we become upset, we look for novelty to give us a boost, causing us to go online and buy something we don't need, yet that thing doesn't provide us with positive feelings that last, and it becomes a piece of junk like most of the other pieces of junk we have in our homes. This tactic may sound easy enough, but you'll be surprised how hard it is to execute if you frequently shop online. Try it out and see what happens.

Read Next: *America Is A Dumping Ground For Junk*

27 Christian Articles I Recommend

August 11, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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1. Do Muslims go to heaven? [Link]

2. Dabbling in occultism ruins your mental health [Link]

3. “We were happy in prison…” [Link]

4. “…meekness and humility do not mean spinelessness and should not yield before manifest evil, and that a true Christian should be far from sugar-sweet sentimentality and should not step away in the face of evil…” [Link]

5. The Lives of Saints Cyprian and Justina [Link]

6. Are Protestants Beyond Hope? [Link]

7. “The Lord gives pure prayer to him who, eschewing laziness, prays much and regularly in his own manner, even if it is marred by inattention.” [Link]

8. “Orthodox Christians honor the Theotokos Mary more than all the saints and angels of heaven…” [Link]

9. Self-pity corrupts everything we do [Link]

10. “God gave us the sacrament of marriage as a gift that allows us to attain eternal life through service to and love of another person” [Link]

11. The Theotokos Prayer Rule [Link]

12. “The Apostle Paul counsels us to flee from sexual immorality. Do you hear? Don’t even fight with it—but flee from it!” [Link]

13. “Yoga is beneath [the] umbrella of Hinduism, and in many ways is the pole of the umbrella. It acts as a missionary arm for Hinduism and the New Age outside of India.” [Link]

14. The nature of dreams corresponds to the person’s spiritual state [Link]

15. The Pharisee speaks madness in his prayer as he stands before God in the temple [Link]

16. “They were willing to face even death to uphold their conscience before God” [Link]

17. “…the entire structure of contemporary life in the so-called ‘free’ world, where there is no open and bloody persecution of faith, where everyone has the right to believe as he wishes, represents a far greater danger to a Christian’s soul by drawing the Christian wholly down to earth and making him forget heaven” [Link]

18. “To fantasize about a person is to fail to see the person as a person. Just as in pornography, it is to objectify, to fail to relate, to fail to love…” [Link]

19. How God Punishes Nations for Fornication for Many Generations [Link]

20. “The Russian nation in its present capacity, and hopefully, ever more so in the future, is a living reproach for the modern West because we have regained what we once lost

while they lost what they once had” [Link]

21. The German who went to Rostov and became a Russian Saint [Link]

22. “True light is rejected because it causes a painful exposure of the true state of humanity and persons” [Link]

23. How life continues after death [Link]

24. Christianity is a Kingdom, Not a Religion [Link]

25. How to read the Bible [Link]

26. “[The Orthodox Church] may be the only church which attracts and holds men in numbers equal to women” [Link]

27. WW1 Ukrainian Priest, Murdered by Austrian Catholics, Made a Saint by Russia [Link]

Read Next: *33 Christian Articles I Recommend*

An Orthodox Examination Of My Foolish Psychedelic Experience

August 15, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In the spring of 2019, approximately two weeks after I started a daily prayer rule upon taking my first steps as a Christian, I took psychedelic mushrooms, something that I would not dare do today. Nonetheless, it happened, and I'd like to offer commentary on the out-of-body experience I had through the eyes of my growing Orthodox understanding.

Here's a recounting of the event that happened while I was under the influence of the mushrooms:

> I turned to lay on the right side of my body, almost in a fetal position, and closed my eyes once more. The geometric patterns were gone, my vision all black. My breathing became labored once again. My chest felt like it was being wrung out from the center. I tried to be careful with my breaths to make sure I received enough air.
>
> The sound of my breaths was still loud, but now they were becoming spaced further and further apart. Don't be afraid, I said to myself. Then the sound of the air entering my lungs went silent. I was no longer breathing. I could not perceive myself as breathing. I tried to open my eyes, but I couldn't. Then I tried to wave my hands in front of my face, but nothing happened. I was no longer in my body. Then whoosh—I felt a great movement at amazing speed as if I was transported somewhere else.
>
> I was placed in a great void. My breath was gone, my body was gone. I couldn't hear Albert [my friend] or any sounds of the forest. And yet I was not afraid or worried. There was no concern for what happened to my body or if I would ever possess it again. There was no lamentation that I could not continue experiencing the world as I have for my previous 39 years of existence. In this great void, with no sign of stars or other physical matter, or even the perception of space or time, I felt complete serenity and peace with myself.
>
> Then a large dome with a gray outline came into view. The bottom of the dome was flat. In the center of the flat bottom was a white light. I stared at the light and a warm feeling overcame me. The word "home" entered my mind. That [could be] the home of my soul, where I came from and where I will go back to, where I will rest for all eternal. I desired to be with the light, to float towards it, but then my eyes opened.
>
> I was back in the forest, curled up on the ground. I took a deep breath and stood up. I wanted to talk to Albert but I had no voice.

What happened to my body? What did I see? Father Seraphim Rose of blessed memory

has offered the most likely answers to these questions in his important book The Soul After Death:

> [A near-death experience] is not precisely an "after-death" experience; it is rather the "out-of-body" experience which is only the antechamber to other much more extensive experiences, whether of death itself or of what is sometimes called "astral travelling"… Although the "out-of-body" state might be called the "first moment" of death—if death actually follows—it is a gross mistake to conclude from it anything whatever about the "after-death" state, unless it be the bare facts of the survival and consciousness of the soul after death, which hardly anyone who actually believes in the soul's immortality denies in any case.
>
> […]
>
> The beings contacted in this realm are always (or almost always) demons, whether they are invoked by mediumism or other occult practices, or encountered in "out-of-body" experiences. They are not angels, for these dwell in heaven and only pass through this realm as messengers of God. They are not the souls of the dead, for they dwell in heaven or hell and only pass through this realm immediately after death on their way to judgment for their actions in this life. Even those most adept in "out-of-body" experiences cannot remain in this realm for long without danger of permanent separation from the body (death), and even in occult literature such adepts are rarely described as meeting each other.

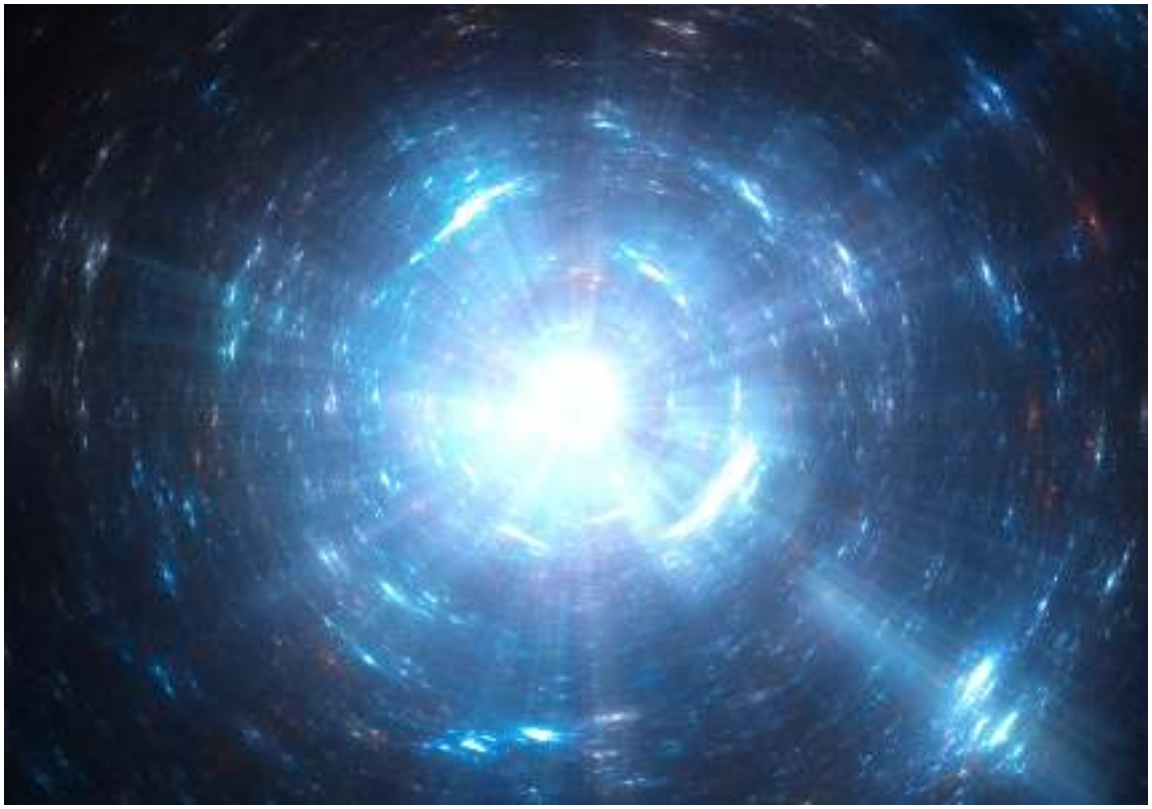
From Father Seraphim's teachings, my understanding of death and the toll houses as taught by the Church Fathers, and my own contemplation of the experience, I'd like to pose three inferences about what happened.

First, I believe that my soul did leave the body for a period of time and enter the aerial realm (the antechamber to heaven or hell). In Church teachings highlighted by Father Seraphim, this is the realm where angels come to take your soul upon bodily death in an attempted ascent to heaven, but if you have failed to please God in your life, your ascent will fail and demons will pull you down to hell. Father Seraphim explains:

> The realm into which the soul immediately enters when it leaves the body and begins to lose contact with what we know as "material reality" (whether after death or in a simple "out-of-body" experience) is neither heaven nor hell, but an invisible realm close to earth which is variously called the "After-death" or "Bardo plane" (Tibetan Book of the Dead), the "world of spirits" (Swedenborg and spiritism), the "astral plane" (Theosophy and most of occultism), "Locale II" (Monroe)—or, in Orthodox language, the aerial world of the under-heaven where fallen spirits dwell and are active in deceiving men for their damnation. This is not the "other world" that awaits man after death, but only the invisible part of this world that man must pass through to reach the truly "other" world of heaven or hell. For those who have truly died, and are being conducted by angels out of

> earthly life, this is the realm where the Particular Judgment begins at the aerial "toll-houses," where the spirits of the air reveal their real nature and their hostility towards mankind; for all others, it is a realm of demonic deception at the hands of these same spirits.

If my soul really did leave the body, and this experience is similar to actual physical death, the best analogy I can give to dying is trying to squeeze a marble through a thin straw. Initially, there was the feeling that I was losing gradual awareness and control over my body, including a cessation of sensory feedback, including pain, then a tightness and squeezing in the center of my body as I was being pushed through the "straw," and then a feeling of traveling at rapid speed into another realm, like being blasted off into space. It's disconcerting and strange but not painful or frightening. I never lost consciousness or awareness of what was happening, which we would expect because the soul is eternally awake, and the time it took to "die" (the progressive shutdown of my body), was short enough that there wasn't an opportunity for fear, just confusion as to what was happening. It is possible that real death is a completely different experience, but from my reading of after-death experiences, it seems to be somewhat similar.



Second, once outside of the body, my soul enjoyed a feeling of joy and peacefulness since it was unencumbered by sins of the fallen flesh, which was especially true for me since at that time I was riddled with a lifetime of mortal sins that were not yet cleansed through the sacraments of the Church. Father Seraphim shares that once outside of the body, you will experience less of your fallen nature.

> Our physical bodies in this fallen world are bodies of pain, corruption, and death. When separated from this body, the soul is immediately in a state more "natural" to it, closer to the state God intends for it; for the resurrected "spiritual body" in

> which man will dwell in the Kingdom of Heaven has more in common with the soul than with the body we know on earth.

Most out-of-body stories of near-death experiences are positive because they describe the soul freely floating in the aerial realm (before any type of judgment takes place). Unless we have lived the lives of saints, our fallen bodies are opposed to the desires of the soul, so coming out of that body feels like taking off tight clothes. Even if you're on your way to hell, for the time before the demons come to take you, you will feel free and joyful at the shedding of your flesh. If you've lived a holy life in the body then being out of the body may not offer a stark increase in the joy you perceive, since your body was already subverted to your soul's desire to be in communion with God.

Third, I believe the vision I had with a dome containing a white light was either a projection of my preexisting belief of the afterlife or a deception by the demons to trick me into believing pantheistic notions. According to Father Seraphim, afterlife experiences are usually deceptions.

> …most, perhaps indeed all, of [near-death] experiences have little in common with the Christian vision of heaven. These visions are not spiritual, but worldly. They are so quick, so easily attained, so common, so earthly in their imagery, that there can be no serious comparison of them with the true Christian visions of heaven in the past… Even the most "spiritual" thing about some of them—the feeling of the "presence" of Christ—persuades one more of the spiritual immaturity of those who experience it than of anything else. Rather than producing the profound awe, fear of God, and repentance which the authentic experience of God's presence has evoked in Christians saints (of which St. Paul's experience on the road to Damascus may be taken as a model—Acts 9:3-9), the present-day experiences produce something much more akin to the "comfort" and "peace" of the modern spiritistic and Pentecostal movements.
>
> […]
>
> …we must clearly distinguish between genuine, grace-given visions of the other world, and a merely natural experience which, even though it may be outside the normal limits of human experience, is not in the least spiritual and tells us nothing about the actual reality of either the heaven or the hell of authentic Christian teaching.

My initial interpretation was that it was a vision from God, because I so strongly craved God at that time, but I no longer believe this interpretation to be absolutely the case because of my then gross impurity and the vague nature of the vision. Visions given by God as described by Orthodox elders are usually quite descriptive and vivid, not vague and open to multiple interpretations as if it were a palm reading. For many years before this experience, I had been closely following Zen and Buddhist ideas of the afterlife that detailed the "collective unconscious" and going back to the "source," so when I saw the dome, I thought it was the source of all creation, somewhat matching Eastern teachings,

but I was so zealous for the real God at the time that I eventually interpreted the vision as being from a personal God. The most neutral possible interpretation is that the dome was something like space junk in the aerial realm.

When someone begins a life of repentance, they can be given a heavy dose of zeal and often grace. It was while in a state of zealousness that I took the drug and saw the vision, and so I believe that this state blocked me from interpreting it in a way that would steer me away from God. I say this because the psychedelic experience did not veer me off the path to getting baptized into the Orthodox Church two years later. I hesitate to say it helped me, but it did allow me to more quickly come to believe in a concrete spiritual reality, in which I had a weak belief at the time. Unfortunately for the vast majority of people, psychedelic experiences more often create mistaken notions of a spiritual reality and pull them away from God into beliefs closely aligned with deism, pantheism, or Buddhism, with the associated universalist belief that "everyone goes to heaven" or "everyone will be in peace after death." If this deception is not corrected, a person's soul is likely to be damned upon death.

From Father Seraphim:

> It may be asked: What of the feelings of 'peace' and 'pleasantness' which seem to be almost universal in the 'out-of-body' state. What of the vision of 'light' which so many see? Are these only deceptions also?
>
> In a sense, it may be, these experiences are 'natural' to the soul when separated from the body. Our physical bodies in this fallen world are bodies of pain, corruption, and death. When separated from this body, the soul is immediately in a state more 'natural' to it, closer to the state God intends for it; for the resurrected 'spiritual body' in which man will dwell in the Kingdom of Heaven has more in common with the soul than with the body we know on earth.... In this sense, the 'peace' and 'pleasantness' of the out-of-body experience may be considered real and not a deception. Deception enters in, however, the instant one begins to interpret these 'natural' feelings as something 'spiritual'—as though this peace were the true peace of reconciliation with God, and the 'pleasantness' were the true spiritual pleasure of heaven. This is, in fact, how many people interpret their 'out-of-body' and 'after-death' experiences, because of their lack of true spiritual experience and awareness."

I see my psychedelic experience as a form of chemically-induced pseudo-grace. I used a chemical and happened to luck out that I didn't have more of a standard experience that would keep me turned away from the Lord God. I attribute this entirely to the fact that I was in a new state of bountiful and genuine zeal at the time and God was closely watching over his idiotic servant. Since then, I've had potent spiritual experiences within the Orthodox Church, without using any type of drug, so it was wholly unnecessary to get blasted off into the aerial realm by using a poison for what amounted to a fireworks show for a man who denied fireworks for much of his life. In fact, I have had spiritual experiences in the body where the joy I felt exceeded the joy felt while out of the body

induced by my experience of chemical intoxication, negating any temptation to try a psychedelic drug again.

Orthodox baptistry

In conclusion, I got lucky, and cannot claim that I saw God or the source of all creation. I did experience something I suspect is close to bodily death, but the vision that followed was likely a demonic attempt to put me back into agnostic or gnostic notions of reality. Thankfully, my hunger for God was so great that I was able to get on the normal path of developing spiritual life as prescribed by Lord Jesus Christ and the Church He created for us, and two years after the experience I was received into that Church. If I hadn't typed out a record of what happened, I would hardly remember it, signifying how unimportant it was in my path to the Orthodox Church and developing faith in Lord Jesus Christ. Visions under chemical intoxication will not at all compare to what God can give you when He deems you ready.

Read Next: *The Law Of God*

Who Are You?

August 22, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Sometimes I wonder what is the most essential ingredient that makes me, me. Over the years I had many ideas of who I was, but it turned out that I was none of those things. And then I was absolutely sure I was other things, more internal things, but I was not those either, and the question remained unanswered.

In university, I thought I was my grades. If I got good grades, I was told, I would get a high-paying job and eventually be happy. If my grades were higher than my peers, I felt smarter than them, and if my grades were lower, I felt dumber. In the end, when my schooling was completed and I began to live a standard secular life, I discovered that I was not my grades.

As an adult, away from my parent's nest, I thought I was my income, my car, my possessions. I thought what I owned would define me and differentiate me. If my income was higher than others, I was more successful than them, a better person, and if it was lower, I was inferior. My stuff had to be better than other people's stuff, but in the end, I discovered that I was not the items I own or what is in my bank account.

Then I fell for the idea that I was my experiences, particularly my travel experiences and relations with women. The countries I visited would define me; the women I fell with would make up my identity. I was a traveler, a "player." If I had traveled to more countries or slept with more women than you, I thought I was superior to you, but in the end, I discovered I was nothing external to me, nothing that could be grasped in this material world.

> When someone is empty of Christ then a thousand and one other things come to fill his soul: jealousies, hatreds, boredom, melancholy, negativity, a worldly frame of mind and worldly pleasures. Try to fill your soul with Christ so as not to have it empty. Your soul is like a cistern full of water. If you channel the water to the flowers, that is, to the virtues, you will experience true joy and all the thorns of evil will wither away. But if you channel the water to the weeds, these will grow and choke you and all the flowers will wither. —Saint Porphyrios in Wounded By Love

So I must be my personality. I am my sense of humor, my quirks, my demeanor, my attitude. I am all the things that cannot be precisely duplicated in anyone else. If I made more people laugh than you, I had a better personality. If more people wanted to hear what I had to say, I was more interesting. I cannot so easily say that my personality is not me, because if it is not me then what is me? But then I asked, where exactly does my humor come from? Does it really come from inside me or was it influenced over the years by factors outside of me and by the milieu I live in? Does not my quirks, demeanor, and attitude, come mostly from my parents and upbringing? Doesn't the way I act come mostly from wanting to become some kind of ideal of a man as defined by the culture? In

the end, I had to conclude that I was not exactly my personality, which to my surprise has changed in major ways over the past few years through God's grace.

I got it: I must be my thoughts. Many people have told me that I'm "sharp" and "intelligent," and this must be because of the way my brain works on a functional, biological level. It is unique and solely mine, irreplaceable and unchangeable. My thoughts are definitely me… until they come from the demons in the form of judgments, temptations, and vulgarities. Or until they come from God or His angels in the inspiration to do a good deed. How can my thoughts be "me" if they can derive from beings external to me, if I can serve as a vessel for unseen spiritual forces? In fact, I cannot even prove to you that the words written here are definitively from me and me alone. In the end, I concluded that my thoughts are not solely me, and neither is anything else that allows me to compare myself with others in any way.

There is not much else I can declare as being me. It can't be my body, which is constantly changing and will soon not be mine when I die. It can't be my relationships with other people, which are also changing by the day. It's not the foods I eat, the way I pray, or even my favorite books. No, those are all external; they aren't me. So who am I? There is something in me that is "me" but I can't grasp it with my hands or my mind.

One evening, in a state of contemplation, I looked up at one of my icons of Lord Jesus Christ. I asked Him, "Lord, who am I?" I stared at the icon for some time and then I felt a warmth in my heart, and the thought that came to me was, "You are a creature of God who can perceive God and give glory to Him, and behold His beauty with indescribable joy for all eternity." And that thought seemed correct to me, that the "I" in I is a soul, a spiritual vessel, to recognize the God of all creation, the only faculty which makes me me, which will stay with me forever, and that I can only be defined according to my

relationship with my Creator, and all that is separate or apart from my relationship with God is not me, and will soon pass away, and how eagerly do I await the day that I can commune in divine fullness, clarity, and love with the Father, the Son, and Holy Spirit, unto the ages of ages.

Read Next: *I Lived Most Of My Life Under Demonic Influence*

Why Do You Get “Hangry”?

August 29, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The “hangry” meme is real. If you don’t eat for a while, you are more susceptible to the negative states of anger and irritation than if you were sated. This poses a problem for Orthodox Christians, who fast from animal products for about half the calendar year, not only abstaining from certain types of food but also reducing overall portion sizes. How can we perform the fast without falling into grumpiness that may open the door to passionate sins?

> Can anyone think that where there is no prayer and fasting, the devil is already there? One can! —Saint Theophan the Recluse
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> […]
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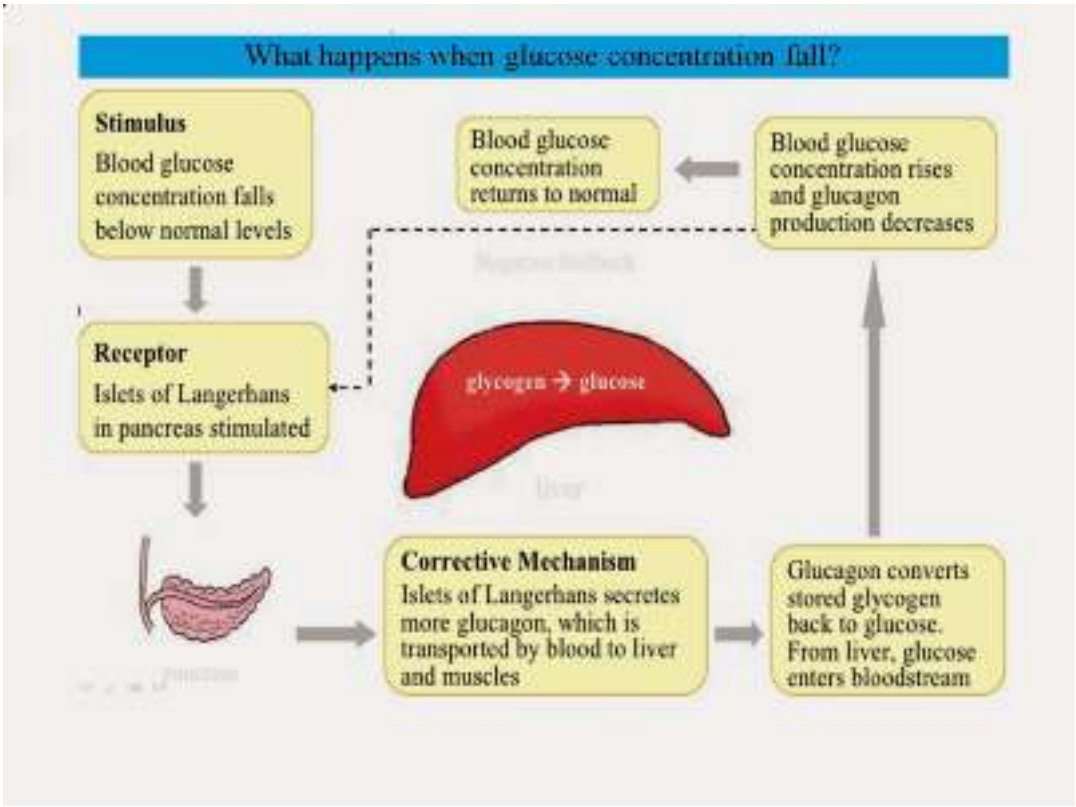
> Anyone who rejects the effort of prayer and fasting is capable of doing nothing but evil—and all his apparent good, if he has any, is in truth not good at all, but also evil; because according to Christ’s words: “A corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit”: “do men gather grapes from thorns or figs from thistles?” (Matt. 7:18,16). “Beware,” Christ therefore says, “of false prophets which come to you in sheep’s clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves” (Matt. 7:15). —Archbishop Averky

The key to understanding your mood in a state of hunger is blood glucose. After you eat a meal that contains glucose, which is found in sugars and carbohydrates, your body shuttles that glucose to your muscles and brain, where it is used as an immediate and accessible energy source. For the glucose that is not immediately utilized, your body converts it to glycogen. As an analogy, we can liken glycogen to glucose stored in a closed bottle and put on the shelf (it’s actually multiple glucose molecules chained together).

Depending on your unique physiology, your blood glucose concentration will dip 2-3 hours after eating. Your brain and muscles continually need glucose, so through a complex mechanism called glycogenolysis, the “bottle of glucose” (glycogen) is retrieved from the shelf and opened to release the amount of glucose that is needed for you to function normally.



The amount of glycogen stored in your body is not unlimited: you have about 2,000 calories worth stored in your muscles and liver. If you're an athlete and hit the "wall" during intense activity, unable to perform further, you have used up all of your glycogen (and free glucose). You have run out of gas, so to speak, but you do not need to be an athlete to run out of preferred energy stores. It is estimated that a sedentary person who is fasting from food will extinguish all their glycogen in 12-22 hours, and that will depend on their muscular physique, metabolism, and general level of activity.

If you run out of glycogen and do not have an immediate food source, do you soon die? No, our all-wise God has implanted an exceedingly complex mechanism in the animal world called gluconeogenesis which converts fat into glucose. What's amazing about the gluconeogenesis pathway is that fats contain no glucose molecules at all, but God has easily found a way to make the chemistry work. Gluconeogenesis will occur during prolonged exercise and fasting, or if you're eating a low-carb diet. There's only one major issue with gluconeogenesis: it's slow.

Your body can convert glycogen to glucose pretty fast, but converting fats to glucose takes more time and happens in a stepwise fashion like a home thermostat slowly arriving at a set temperature. Therefore, if you're all out of glycogen, you will enter a state where your body does not have a preferred energy source. During that time, you will begin to feel the classic symptoms of fatigue, mood irritation (i.e. "hangry"), bodily weakness, and even pain in the form of headaches.

When I'm hungry, and have not eaten for over 12 hours, I often enter a state of irritation. I'm much more likely to complain and snap at those who are close to me for the most trivial of reasons. I've since learned to *not talk at all* when I'm hungry, at risk of saying something I regret. Spiritually, I was told by a monk that not eating reveals the naked state of your being when it's not being sated with food or some other pleasure. I have a history of anger and irritation, so when I'm not being fed, those problems are able to directly rise to the surface. Modern scientists theorize (i.e. guess) that glucose is needed to control the willpower centers of the brain. When your brain doesn't have glucose, they say, it shuts down the willpower to be a decent human being.

I would have believed the biological theory if I wasn't an Orthodox Christian, where states of grace can transcend the body's immediate biological needs. This year, I went to a monastery for the first week of Lent. For several days in a row, I was able to eat the one served meal a day, something I had never done before, and experienced no irritation or anger. I didn't even feel weak. The reason is I was attending several hours a day of services. My soul was able to use any grace received from the services to supplant my body's need for food, but then the grace ended and I could not stop thinking of food. I again felt the desire to eat multiple times a day along with sharp periods of irritation.

There is certainly a biological reality, for we do exist in the body, but it does not supplant the spiritual reality of grace that God gives to our soul at His discretion. An Orthodox Christian only needs to read the lives of the saints to see countless examples of men eating only bread and salt for prolonged periods. It's not that these saints were anatomical supermen like professional athletes, but they so pleased God that their faith was able to suspend biological laws by grace for a sustained period.

When I'm at home and only attending one or two divine services a week, I don't have

much in the way fasting grace, and every day is a struggle. I'm tempted to eat three meals a day or else I'm grumpy and can't take my mind off food. From these struggles, here are five things I've learned on my quest to fast better…

1. If I'm getting angry and cannot control my thoughts or speech, it's better to eat. Our faith is a faith of love, so if you're a heroic faster but you're having angry thoughts or actually attacking those close to you, you may be missing the point of the fast.

2. It takes about 30-120 minutes for your mood to be restored after eating. The bigger the meal you eat, the longer it will take for your body to digest the glucose. For an acute attack, you can try eating a couple tablespoons of honey with a slice of bread for faster relief.

3. It's easier to fast for yourself than to fast for God. Before I came to Christ, I often did intermittent fasting and regularly went for 18 hours without eating. The reason I fasted was to improve my appearance to aid in achieving sin with women. Satan helped me every step of the way, and I did not notice being grumpy or having angry thoughts, probably because I liked my passions and thought it was an irrevocable part of my identity. To do the Orthodox fast is significantly harder because there is no worldly gain from it and the standard of Christian love is quite high.

4. Moderate bodybuilding can make you ravenously hungry. If I don't do any workouts, and sit in front of my computer all day, I can eat two medium-sized meals without too many tears, but if I just do a little callisthenic training, I become rather hungry on the day of the exercise and the day after, and when I do eat, I have to fight the temptation to eat big. For fasting periods like Lent, you may want to tone down your workouts so that your fasting is not unnecessary hard.

5. Don’t immediately run to the pantry upon the first hunger pain. You won’t starve, though you may be tempted to believe so. I wait an hour for the sharp hunger pain to morph more into a dull ache.

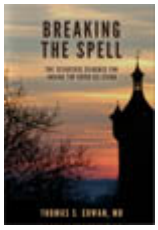
> This is the mark of Christianity: however much a man toils and however many righteous acts he performs; he must feel that he has done nothing. In fasting he must say, “This is not fasting,” and in praying, “I have not prayed,” and in perseverance at prayer, “I have shown no perseverance; I am only just beginning to practice asceticism and to take pains.” And even if he is righteous before God, he should say, “I am not righteous, not I; I do not struggle, but barely make a beginning each day.” —Saint Makarios of Egypt in The Fifty Spiritual Homilies

I’m a mediocre faster at best. I can abide by the dietary restrictions without much anguish, but I still eat a good amount and do not always lose weight during prolonged fasts. In times of grace where my prayer is strong and I’m attending daily services, I can fast harder, but while at home I am able to only do the bare minimum. Thankfully, God does grade us based on effort and struggle instead of pounds lost. With the knowledge of how my body works, and the fact that fasting separates me from the world to draw nearer to God, I continue to fast, and hope that my fasting becomes stronger in the years to come.

Read Next: *How Coffee & Alcohol Addictions Are Linked*

Are Viruses Actually Contagious?

September 4, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



The coronavirus pandemic has revealed to me that science is not what I believed it to be when I received a bachelor's degree in microbiology in 2001. Instead of striving for the pure, unadulterated truth of the natural world, it has blatantly become an authoritarian vehicle to enslave and spiritually destroy human beings at the hands of oligarchs who have the billions of dollars needed to fund science and therefore determine what is science. From my independent research into the germ theory of disease, which is the accepted theory of how we allegedly get sick from various pathogens, I can no longer say that I absolutely believe viruses are contagious.

A man who helped nudge me into my current belief is Dr. Tow Cowan, a medical doctor and researcher who has revealed the history of virology and other truths that were not taught to me in university. Breaking The Spell is a short 43-page book he wrote that reveals the sham of modern virology. After studying Dr. Cowan's work and many others (see the reading list at the bottom of this article), I cannot in good conscience conclude that viruses are the main cause of respiratory illness and other diseases.

When I tell people that I don't have a firm belief that viruses are contagious, they begin a series of "How about…" questions to which I sometimes have an answer and sometimes I don't. If you're new to virus skepticism, I hope the following passages from Dr. Cowan's book and my explanations will be of aid.

Epidemiological observations are not proof that viruses exist

> For more than a hundred years, people observed that one sailor after another got sick on ships. Their teeth fell out, and many went into heart failure and died. For many, it was "obvious" that something was being passed—a contagion—from one sailor to the next. At some point, however, a sailor ate a lime; the whole thing went away because, in fact, the sick sailors were suffering from scurvy, a disease caused by vitamin C deficiency.
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> […]
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> There are many other examples illustrating how epidemiological observations have misled a medical profession stubbornly wedded to the idea of contagion. Beriberi and pellagra two well-known nutritional deficiencies, were considered for decades to be caused by a contagion. It turns out the case was B vitamin deficiency, which, as one would expect, would often show up in the same family

> members at the same time.

Last year, I came down with a flu-like illness while traveling. I returned home and then three days later, my mother came down with a similar but milder illness. It seemed quite intuitive that something was transmitted from me to my mother, but in spite of the timing, I cannot say with proof that a virus was transmitted. I have the epidemiological observation that my mother got sick three days after me, but if I want to say a virus caused it, I would need to prove it. Scientists have not proven that a viral particle floating in the air can be the cause of illness once inhaled, ingested, or transmitted through blood. If I can't say it's a virus in the case of me and my mother then what happened? I don't know, but just because I don't know, I will not hop onto a deceptively intuitive theory that does not have sufficient evidential backing. (Another intuitive theory that many have fallen for is evolution.)

Do you believe in a yawn virus? Probably not, but I'm sure it has happened to you that someone you were with yawned, and then almost immediately after, you also yawned. We don't attribute such yawn contagion to a particle. Do you believe in a haircut virus? When I see a man with a nice haircut, I look in the mirror and evaluate if I need a haircut as well, and sometimes I get one soon after. Since it is theorized that diseases are the body's method of expelling toxins, it could be that when you see someone who is sick, your body does an evaluation if it should also expel toxins. There are many other theories available that are beyond the scope of this introductory article, and I cannot claim to know the complete answer, but I have not seen credible evidence that virus particles are the cause of flu-like disease or otherwise.

During the Spanish influenza, Milton Rosenau was tasked with researching exactly how it was infecting humans. After a series of experiments, he was unable to infect *anyone* with the alleged virus (then called Pfeiffer's bacillus). He went so far as getting sick people to cough and exchange fluids with healthy volunteers, and when that didn't work, he took fluid from dead people's lungs and tried to use that to infect people. It still didn't infect anyone!

> As the preliminary trials proved negative, we became bolder, and selecting nineteen of our volunteers, gave each one of them a very large quantity of a mixture of thirteen different strains of the Pfeiffer bacillus, some of them obtained recently from the lungs at necropsy; others were subcultures of varying age, and each of the thirteen had, of course, a different history. Suspensions of these organisms were sprayed with an atomizer into the nose and into the eyes, and back into the throat, while the volunteers were breathing in. We used some billions of these organisms, according to our estimated counts, on each one of the volunteers, but none of them took sick. The Infectious Myth Busted: The Rosenau Spanish Flu Experiments

I know this may be hard for you to believe, since you were bombarded with viral theory when you are a child, and everyone you know believes in it, but *they have never proved that viral diseases are caused by viruses*. It's just an intuitive theory that has been

accepted as fact. When I go to national parks in the United States, there are information placards that say a particular rock formation is billions of years old. That is presented confidently as fact, but it is also a mere theory (Orthodox Church doctrine puts the age of the earth at about 7000 years).

How are viruses “isolated”? (Hint: they’re not)

> In the history of medicine, not one published study shows the isolation of identical particles that would represent a disease-causing virus from any bodily fluid from any sick person.
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> Let me make this even more clear. If one takes any person with any “viral” illness—for example, chicken pox, rabies, measles, AIDS or COVID-19—the published literature does not contain any evidence of any virus that was directly isolated from any bodily fluids from even one person suffering from these illnesses. The interesting thing about this statement is that no health institution from any government in the world disagrees.
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> […]
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> …here are the steps Enders [the first scientist who “isolated” viruses”] outlined in his 1954 paper [describing viral isolation]. Enders started his experiment by taking a throat swab from seven children hospitalized with symptoms consistent with measles. He mixed the cotton swab with two milliliters of milk—interestingly, itself a source of genetic material. Then he added the throat swab in milk to a solution containing: “Penicillin, 100ug/ml and streptomycin, 50 mg/ml were added to all throat specimens which were then centrifuged at 5450 rpm for about one hour. Supernatant fluid and sediment resuspended in a small volume of milk were used as separate inocula in different experiments in amounts varying from 0.5 ml to 3.0 ml”.
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> “Inocula” is just the sample used in the next step, which was to inoculate this material onto a culture of “trypsinized human and rhesus monkey kidney” cells. To this culture medium, he added the following: “The culture medium consisted of bovine amniotic fluid (90%), beef embryo extract (5%), horse serum (5%), antibiotics, and phenol red as an indicator of cell metabolism”.
>
> In simple language, Enders mixed his sample with six other substances that are known to be sources of protein and genetic material. We now know that these substances break down into particles with the size and morphology of what are called viruses. These six sources are milk, human kidney cells, rhesus monkey kidney cells, bovine amniotic fluid, beef embryo extract and horse serum.
>
> To this culture, Enders’ research group next added antibiotics that are known to be toxic to the kidney cells, especially streptomycin. (Nowadays, scientists tend to use the antibiotics gentamicin and amphotericin.) Enders and colleagues then observed this brew over a number of days. When they saw a characteristic cytopathic effect (CPE) in the cells of the cultures—meaning the transition of

> healthy, normal-sized culture cells into giant, disorganized cells with internal holes or vacuoles—they concluded that these were proof that the virus from the throat swab was destroying the cells in the culture. To Enders, this cytopathic effect was the hallmark of dying cells, and he believed it could only have occurred because the virus in the measles sample infected and destroyed the cells in the culture.
>
> To this day, with minor exceptions, every "viral isolation" starts with this flawed culturing process. Furthermore, every genetic analysis of any purported virus is done on the results of this cell culture, not on an isolated, purified virus. No exceptions. Thus, if virologists want to elucidate the genome of a new virus, they don't isolate the virus from a sick person and sequence that specific particle. Rather, they take an unpurified sample from a sick person, run it through a tissue culture (as described above) and do their analysis on the resulting mixture—not on the virus itself.
>
> […]
>
> …every "live-viral vaccine" basically is nothing more than a partly purified (minimally filtered) cell culture mixture.
>
> […]
>
> Today, virologists refer to the inevitable breakdown products of dead and dying tissues as extracellular vesicles or sometimes as "exosomes." These particles can be isolated and purified directly from bodily fluids of sick people. They are conceptually different from viruses in that viruses supposedly come from outside the person and, at least sometimes, are considered pathogens. EVs come from the breakdown of the person's own tissues and are non-pathogenic. And, as of May 2020, virologists acknowledged that they can't distinguish between the two. There is only one realistic explanation for this. All particles with the size, composition and morphology of "viruses" are, in reality, the normal and inevitable results of the breakdown of our own tissues. And our tissues break down for the same reason as the cultures in Enders' experiments broke down: They're either starved, poisoned or both. Dying tissues produce a myriad of particles, and these particles have unfortunately been mistaken for pathogenic, exogenous viruses. It's time to clear up this misconception.

If I hand you a canister and tell you it's gasoline, you will assume that the liquid inside is only gasoline. If I give you a bottle of extra virgin olive oil, you will assume it only has extra virgin olive oil without adulterants. With virus isolation, however, you're getting a potpourri of genetic and medicinal junk in addition to the alleged virus. A virus "isolate" is anything but. They have not isolated any viruses, so whenever you hear in the news that a new virus has been isolated, they are using a definition of isolation that is quite different than what you would expect by the word "isolation." To help convince you of their sham, they will say they've used electron microscopes and various dyes, pointing with a soy meme expression that the little particles are viruses that will go on to infect

other human beings, when really it's just cell junk and debris that is created when you expose healthy mammalian cells of various animals to a toxic brew.

Coronavirus spike proteins are only seen after adding protein-digesting enzymes

> The authors [in a paper announcing the discover of coronavirus spike proteins] then describe the electron micrographs done on the resulting culture fluid: "Electron micrographs of sectioned Vero/hSLAM cells showed cytoplasmic membrane-bound vesicles containing coronavirus particles. Following several failures to recover virions with the characteristic fringe of surface spike proteins, it was found that adding trypsin to the cell culture medium immediately improved virion morphology."
>
> In other words, the particles the Australian researchers call "coronaviruses" included the characteristic halo of spike proteins only after the investigators added trypsin to the culture medium. Trypsin is a protein-digesting enzyme; viruses are alleged to have a protein "coat." It would be reasonable to assume that if one adds protein-digesting enzymes to particles with a protein coating, some of the protein coating will be eaten away, leaving a final particle that might look in an electron micrograph as if it has spikes. This lab-induced result obviously would bear no relationship to what such a particle might look like inside a live person.
>
> There is only one rational, logical and scientific conclusion that one can draw from this paper: These researchers had no idea what made the Vero/hSLAM cells break down. Moreover, they had no idea where any genetic material they subsequently tested for originated. Finally, they did not find any particle with the characteristic morphology of a coronavirus until they manufactured its appearance. In sum, there is no evidence in this paper that any particle known as SARS-CoV-2 was found, or that any virus had anything to do with this Australian person's illness.

Spike proteins are a laboratory-made creation. They have not been observed in human tissue nor isolated from them. They do not exist naturally. If you're watching a video of a based scientist who is telling you the "truth" of spike proteins as compared to establishment scientists, he is also far from the truth, despite his good intentions. Starting in the year 2020, there has been a wave of illnesses around the world, but I do not believe it is caused by coronavirus or spike proteins, and any research or content that discusses these alleged particles as the cause of illness is probably a waste of your time.

The coronavirus PCR test is actually a test for common human, bacterial, and fungal DNA

> Doing a BLAST search for the Drosten primer sequences [of SARS-CoV-2], Davis came up with more than 90 matching sequences in the human genome and more

> than 90 matching sequences in the microbial world. This finding means that the primer sequences being used in RT-PCR testing to identify “SARS-CoV-2” could be possibly of human or microbial (bacterial, fungal, etc.) origin. Any claims that these PCR primer sequences are unique to SARS-CoV-2 are, therefore, false.
>
> […]
>
> …all illness creates genetic debris, and similar illnesses cause similar patterns of genetic breakdown. When these patterns are picked up by the PCR process and erroneously used as a diagnostic test, that is when we run into trouble.
>
> […]
>
> The biggest danger of using the PCR process as a diagnostic test is that the number of cycles will determine the percentage of positives and negatives. Any PCR “test” done with 25 or fewer cycles is likely to be negative in almost every case. With that amount of amplification, one rarely is able to pick up the primer sequence in question. On the other hand, if the amplification cycles are above 40, almost everyone will test positive because those sequences are present in every human-and every human has a baseline of tissue breakdown happening all the time.
>
> The implications of this feature of the PCR process are clear. If any tyrant wanted to show that there was a “viral pandemic,” all they would have to do is increase the cycle numbers to more than 40. If they then wanted to show that whatever intervention they were using to combat this “pandemic” was helping, they could just lower the cycles to fewer than 25. Suddenly, all those “positive” cases would become “negative” simply because the sensitivity of the test was altered.
>
> The only way to combat this potential fraud is to eliminate the use of any PCR process as a diagnostic test.

Most people I know have fallen for the “coronavirus is infectious” sham and relay their adventures with clinical testing. Today they test negative, and three days later they still test negative, and then a day after that they test positive. From my observation, those who don’t have symptoms seem more likely to test positive. Coronavirus testing is a spin of the roulette wheel because it does not test for what it claims to test. Instead of testing for a virus, it’s actually testing for burrowed pieces of your own DNA that sometimes shows up on the test. The result it generates could be completely random.

Dr. Cowan’s explanation of the virus sham is thorough, logical, elegant, and clear, because instead of merely theorizing, he’s deconstructing the research papers from the virologists themselves who have made claims that later became normalized in medical science. He’s using the words and techniques of the scientists to show how ridiculous their research and “isolation” really is. This means that the viral model for disease is a theory, just like the theory of evolution, and we already know how wrong that theory is. Scientists have not isolated viruses and have not proved they cause disease unlike with bacteria or parasites. Something is being communicated when you get sick after spending time with someone else who is sick, but there is absolutely no proof that it’s a

virus.

After Dr. Cowan debunks modern medicine, he then theorizes about what he believes is really going on. This is where he loses me. In the last chapter of his book, he proposes a theory of water crystallization that ends up deifying water and how it can rearrange itself ad-hoc into needed biochemical structures. He stresses this is just a theory, but it's one I do not accept. I did discover that Dr. Cowan believes in a spiritual reality, which is more than most modern scientists who are pompously atheist. I find that scientists who at least believe in God are more likely to be closer to the truth of our material world.

Scientists in the 20th century were sure that certain diseases were spreading from person to person, but they were being caused by something other than bacteria, parasites, or fungi. So what did they do? They invented a particle called the virus to solve the problem. All the scientists who believed in emerging viral theory went on to receive much acclaim, prestige, and financial success as many billions of research dollars poured into an exciting new field that was extremely profitable to pharmaceutical companies developing vaccines, which are essentially soups of cell culture mixed with toxic preservatives. Lies seem to have a momentum of their own, and viruses are just one of many lies that the average secular person believes in. (Ironically, I think that scientists may have created or become close to creating a man-made virus, or at least harmful biological matter that has a greater ability to spread than purely chemical agents.)

So what's causing illness? I don't know, but I do have my suspicions about seed oils, environmental toxins, and electromagnetic waves. The fascinating and well-researched book The Invisible Rainbow makes a very strong case that every stepwise advancement in radio and telecommunications technology has resulted in a worldwide "pandemic." Getting sick from electromagnetic waves would end up having a similar epidemiology to person-to-person transmission. How else can we explain why sailors far at sea would get sick with flu-like illnesses at the same time as those on land?

> If influenza is primarily an electrical disease, a response to an electrical disturbance of the atmosphere, then it is not contagious in the ordinary sense. The patterns of its epidemics should prove this, and they do.
>
> […]
>
> "The English warship Arachne was cruising off the coast of Cuba 'without any contact with land.' No less than 114 men out of a crew of 149 fell ill with influenza and only later was it learnt that there had been outbreaks in Cuba at the same time."
>
> […]
>
> During the 1918–1919 pandemic, monkeys and baboons perished in great numbers in South Africa and Madagascar, sheep in northwest England, horses in France, moose in northern Canada, and buffalo in Yellowstone.47 There is no mystery here. We are not catching the flu from animals, nor they from us. If influenza is caused by abnormal electromagnetic conditions in the atmosphere, then it affects all living things at the same time, including living things that don't

> share the same viruses or live closely with one another. —The Invisible Rainbow

If this is your first exposure to the “viruses aren’t contagious” position, I’m sure you’re skeptical and filled with questions, because I sure was. This article is not meant to be exhaustive, and cannot possibly answer all of your “what ifs” and “how abouts,” but as a truth-seeker, where truth is all that is from God, I can no longer believe in modern viral theory without question. The theory does seem intuitive at first glance from our own epidemiological experiences, but the facts don’t support the existence of a transmissible virus. I need to see direct, causative proof and not mere correlation or conjecture.

Unfortunately, we don’t have the absolute truth of why we get various illnesses, and while industrial food and EMF radiation are strong contenders as causes, it seems that God does not want us to know everything about disease and illness, and He is using them as part of His plan to save the souls of men. People of old never thought that diseases were caused by particles but instead were the result of God’s will; perhaps that is where we must return. I don’t believe in the scientists, but I do believe in God, so whatever the cause of the next disease I have, may His will be done.

Further Reading:

- “The SARS-CoV-2 virus has never been isolated or purified”
- Covid: There Is No Virus
- “If [the virus] isn’t a germ, then what is it?”
- Case of conjoined twins who would have different illnesses
- “If viruses aren’t contagious, then what are they?”
- The Rockefeller Institute and the Polio fraud
- Inventing The AIDS Virus
- Does HIV exist?
- What Really Makes You Ill?
- Viruses aren’t contagious [RVF thread]

Learn More: *Breaking The Spell by Dr. Tom Cowan*

Seduction Is Narcissism

September 12, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Over the centuries, Christian courtship in the West has become distorted into seduction, and seduction into unbridled fornication, the "hookup culture" we have today. Seduction and romance were gateways to normalized sexual sin because they facilitated fallen man's propensity to self-love through carnal pleasure. Adam and Eve's innate desire to please and love God was transformed through the fall into a vulgar narcissism where we eagerly abuse and desecrate the bodies of others. To target someone and perform a set of behaviors in order for them to "like" you, and then harness those affections into sexual pleasure, is a side effect of demonic narcissism that is normalized in our time.

> Instead of pleasing God and instead of the humility and obedience to the Law of God and the Holy Church commanded by Christ, there now flourishes as never before truly diabolical pride: self-love, conceit, self-glorification, self-exaltation, vanity which oozes out of every pore, and seeking after popularity and earthly glory. This all leads naturally to hatred, envy, malice, and uncontrollable hostility, leading at times to frenzy, instead of to the mutual love and goodwill commanded by the Gospel… —Archbishop Averky in Enemies Of Orthodoxy In The Modern World

Imagine what a modern woman does to attract a man she likes. She will wear tighter or more revealing clothing, put on lipstick to mimic the color of her lips during a state of arousal, stare deeply into his eyes as if he were the only reason for her existence, bite her lower lip, purposely allow her chest, hip, or shoulder to graze the man's body, laugh purposefully at his jokes, feign interest in his hobbies, preen ceaselessly, apply chemical fragrances to her skin, and deliberately conceal her personal flaws. This is but a sample of the manipulative weapons a woman uses when she methodically targets a man's lustful tendency to get him to desire her for sex or love.

Why does a woman do this? To feel the emotional pleasure of being desired, to be validated through a man's attention, to create a narrative that displays social value to her friend group (i.e. brag), to alleviate boredom, and to fulfill her own physically lustful urges. Each of these reasons is for the self: *I want to feel good, I want to feel beautiful, I want to be desired, I want to experience physical ecstasy, I want to be loved, I want to be doted upon, I want to be happy, I want to be popular, I want to be in a relationship like my friends.* In such a seduction, the woman deceives herself into thinking that she likes the man, or even loves him, but in reality her behavior is a projection of her narcissism. She loves only herself, proven by the fact that there is no pure sacrifice or virtue displayed in the seduction—only the expectation of gain. If that gain is not forthcoming, she halts the seduction (often in anger) and moves on to another target who can elicit the desired outcome. She sees a man as a character in a play that she scripted to appeal to her imagination and long-held fantasies that developed since childhood from consuming

thousands of hours of secular entertainment and media. In essence, seducing a man allows her to be the princess in her own movie, someone who a man would die for, the ultimate confirmation of her perceived self-worth.

It's similar when a man is seducing a woman. A man will claim he is fornicating for the physical benefits alone, but he is all too eager to share tales of his conquests, highlighting his need for emotional validation concerning his masculine prowess. Sadly, I fornicated with many women in my past not because I strongly desired them, but because I wanted to bond with other men by sharing all the details of the seduction and be rewarded with their commendation or laughter. If you were to ask the old me why I dived so wholeheartedly into carnal sin, he would answer you thus: *I want to feel good, I want to feel masculine, I want to have fun, I want to show off to other men, I want to assert my superiority over others or get their attention, I want to be challenged, I want to think of myself as special or skilled, I want to be popular, I want to be the hero of my own movie.* It was all done for my pleasure and egotistical needs. The women were merely supporting characters in the play that I had written myself for myself. It was so easy to forget about them after a short time because they were a mere instrument of my own pride and self-love.

For women, seduction is a gourmet meal while for men it's like a trip to McDonald's. Men want something quick and easy that fills the belly without a long wait, which is why it's so much more common for a man to "take one for the team" than a woman. A man is more likely to see hooking up with any woman as a replacement for masturbation instead of the potentially life-changing narrative that women may prescribe to it. In both cases, the world revolves around the seducer and what he or she wants. The degree of patience may vary, whereby women are usually more patient than men since their sexual urges are less acute, but both use the other to receive material benefits, whether to the ego or

to the body, and any authentic love or generosity displayed is only done to continue receiving benefits, remaining always transactional without serving a higher purpose.

> All of the Holy Fathers, teaching on the spiritual life, with one voice agree that the root and source of all the passions is egoism or self-love, that is, unreasonable, wrongful love towards oneself. Egoism or self-love gives rise to three principal passions the three fundament roots of all the other passions: love of pleasure, greed, and love of glory. These three principal passions are enumerated in the Holy Scripture by the Apostle and Evangelist John the Theologian who says, Do not love the world or the things in the world… For all that is in the world—the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life—is not of the Father but is of the world (1 John 2:15-16). From these three principal passions in turn come the following eight passions: (1) gluttony, (2) fornication, (3) avarice, (4) anger, (5) sorrow, (6) despair, (7) vainglory, and (8) pride. These eight passions engender yet more and more passions which then branch out into a multitude of diverse and subtle variations of each of these principal passions. All of these innumerable passions tyrannize and torment the human heart, never giving a person rest and causing him unbearable suffering, from which he loses spiritual peace, inner balance, and tranquility of conscience. He feels deeply unhappy, sometimes experiencing truly hellish torment, as if experiencing the onset of those torments that inevitably await all unrepentant sinners… —Archbishop Averky in The Struggle For Virtue

Let's compare narcissistic seduction with Orthodox Christian courtship, where the *I* is removed and replaced with God. The self is no longer the main recipient of pleasure, happiness, or glory. Instead of a man using a woman as a vehicle for self-gratification, she is used as a vehicle to please God and serve His will for mankind. If a man identifies a woman he wants to marry, the questions on his mind will look entirely different compared to the narcissistic man: *Is this union pleasing to God? Is she the one that God wants me to marry? Is this union necessary to increase our faith and ultimately our salvation? What is the will of my Lord God?* Of course the woman must have some appealing traits, but the final decision to court her for marriage will depend not on personal satisfaction or pleasure but God's good pleasure, which He can reveal to the man in time through a variety of methods. The me-centeredness of seduction is replaced with the God-centeredness of chaste courtship. The desire to receive pleasure is replaced by the desire to pick up a cross that pleases God and ultimately leads to salvation. Using a woman to receive bodily pleasure is replaced with loving a woman to receive divine pleasure (God's grace).

If you don't possess the true faith of Orthodoxy, I deem it impossible to purely court for God instead of seduce for the self, even if you're a "good person" and covet marriage for wholesome material goals. Subconsciously, you will seek out a woman who pleases you in the here and now, and since it's typical that we attract a mate who is a mirror to our spiritual state, you will attract a narcissist if you're a narcissist. You will attract an egomaniac if you're an egomaniac. You will attract a woman who is unconsciously serving Satan if you're already serving Satan. On the other hand, if you're a God-pleaser, you will attract a God-pleaser, for a God-hater will find it torturous to be with a God-pleaser. From this reality, it's clear to see that the solution to finding the best spouse is to work on an Orthodox faith that is pleasing to God, but how many women instead devote their free time to makeup, clothing, or secular entertainment? How many men spend untold hours building huge muscles in a quest to spam a hundred women on Tinder or upload shirt-less photos? Such behavior is surely a sign that more spiritual work must be done, because it's only when we transcend the selfish needs of our flesh do we mature enough to enter a marriage with God at the helm.

Read Next: *Hugs Are Dangerous*

Should Christians Study The Book Of Acts?

September 19, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The Book of Acts continues where the Gospels left off and shows us how God further instructed the apostles through the Holy Spirit, the third person of the Trinity. It's also important in documenting the early history of the Church. Archbishop Averky, former abbot of Holy Trinity Monastery in Jordanville, New York, offers a sound exegesis of the book in his volume The Acts of the Apostles. My favorite passages are highlighted below.

Why the book of Acts is so important

> In this book, we see the fulfillment of those prophecies that the Lord uttered to His apostles in the Gospels. In it, we see the triumph of the faith of Christ over this fallen world, in spite of the human frailty of the apostles who had no money to ensure the success of their mission. In this book, we see how the apostles themselves became completely different people after the descent of the Holy Spirit. Fearlessly, with great self-rejection and courage, they preached the faith of Christ to the very end of the Greco-Roman civilized world, despite grievous persecutions. In a short time, they established many Christian communities who lived in the spirit of the commandments of the Gospels. The Book of Acts vividly shows us that the preaching of the Apostles was not the work of man, but of God…

Being filled with the Holy Spirit on Pentecost

> Even before [Pentecost] the apostles were given some spiritual gifts, but now they were filled with the Holy Spirit, for the fullness of gracious spiritual gifts now had descended upon them. They were transfigured, purified, sanctified, and enlightened by the action of the Spirit of God. It was as if they became completely different, new people, with the Holy Spirit as their constant inspiration and guide. The external manifestation of this grace-filled transfiguration was the speaking in tongues, something that Christ Himself foretold (Mark 16:17). As soon as this divine fire lit their souls, they began to praise and thank God in the natural exuberance of their holy ecstasy, glorifying the majesty of God.
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> […]
>
> It was appropriate for the grace of the Spirit to be given on the same day as the giving of the ancient Law [Jewish Pentecost], because as the Saviour willed to commit Himself to His passion in no other time than the time of the killing of the

> lamb, in order to tie the truth with the prefiguration. Thus also the coming of the Spirit could not have been given at any other time than the day when the Law was given, in order to show that the Holy Spirit is the same Lawgiver of both the Old and the New Covenants… In the same way that on Pentecost sheaves of the new fruits were gathered by many people from many different places to Jerusalem, so on this day it was appropriate that the first fruits of all nations living under heaven should gather into a single sheaf of piety, brought to God through the apostolic preaching.

The foreknowledge of God

> It is important to note that [God's] foreknowledge does not destroy human free will, for the predestination of God, expressed in prophecy, is founded only on His foreknowledge. God knows how a person will use his free will, and depending on this free choice, God predestines.

The gift of the Holy Spirit to Orthodox Christians

> Before the coming of Christ, the greater part of mankind, the Gentiles, were deprived completely of the gifts of the Holy Spirit, while grace was given to some of the Jews who were chosen for a special ministry. In Christianity, every one of the faithful receives these gifts of grace through the sacraments.

The beginning of Christian worship

> Every day, the Christian community participated in worship at the Temple of Jerusalem. Christianity was not a sect within Judaism, but rather, it was the completion and fulfillment of true Judaism. The entirety of the temple worship was established on the expectation of the Messiah, and so Christians could freely worship in the Second Temple. Because the Christians believed in a Messiah who had already come, their own unique worship would need time to develop in a form distinct from the worship of the Old Testament Judaism.
>
> The beginning of such unique Christian worship was the establishment of the sacrament of the Eucharist, which in Acts is called the "breaking of bread." To celebrate this mystery, the first Christians gathered in private homes—"from house to house"—where the Eucharist would be served in conjunction with the evening agape meal. The general character of these Christian gatherings is characterized by these words: "with gladness and simplicity of heart." This is the fruit of living faith and the purity of a heart deeply involved in a burgeoning spiritual life, illumined by the abundant gifts of the Holy Spirit. Because of this, Christians were a model of true piety, even for the rest of the Jews who did not believe in Christ. Therefore, many respected them as "having favor with all the people." This favorable reputation of Christians was the reason for the gradual increase in converts, an event that St Luke ascribes to the work of the Lord

> Himself: “and the Lord added to the church daily those who were being saved.”

Receiving help from God

> The more severe the persecutions of the newly established Church, the more manifest is the miraculous help of God. By the command of the angel, immediately upon their release, the apostles fearlessly returned to preaching openly in the temple. This remarkable boldness and courage can be explained only by the grace of the Holy Spirit encouraging their natural strength, making them fearless.

The mistakes of Protestants

> …to the end of his days, [Apostle Paul] resolutely battled [the delusion that Christians must follow the Mosaic Law], and all his epistles are imbued with the thought that man is justified by faith in Christ, not by the works of the Law. This thought unfortunately has been perverted by the Protestants, who teach that good deeds are not necessary for salvation, even though Apostle Paul would never even think of maintaining such an idea. He insisted on the irrelevance of only the Mosaic Law for Christianity. “The works of the Law” refer only to the rites of the Law of Moses, not to good deeds in general.

At only 120 pages, Archbishop Averky’s The Acts Of The Apostles is a quick read that can be tackled alongside reading the Book of Acts. If you were edified by his Orthodox exegesis of the Gospels, you will enjoy this book as well.

Learn More: *The Acts Of The Apostles on Amazon*

Do You Exempt Yourself From God's Law?

September 26, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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When a man begins repentance, his heart is tender, contrite, and humble. He is ready to follow God's commandments, obey Church teachings, and begin a new life in Christ. The problem is he is not yet fully healed, and still has elevated pride that is automatic for those who grew up in the West. Very soon, he may begin to make exemptions for himself concerning various sins or practices that he rationalizes as "small," "temporary," or serving the "greater good." Satan's foot is back in the door and will use his desire for exemptions to launch a strong attack that steals away the seed of new faith.

In Crime & Punishment by Fyodor Dostoevsky, the character Raskolnikov believes he is superior to his fellow man—so superior that he should have the right to kill someone if that person poses an obstacle to him.

> "I simply hinted that an extraordinary man has the right… that is not an official right, but an inner right to decide in his own conscience to overstep… certain obstacles, and only in case it is essential for the practical fulfilment of his idea (sometimes, perhaps, of benefit to the whole of humanity)."
>
> […]
>
> There is, if you recollect, a suggestion that there are certain persons who can… that is, not precisely are able to, but have a perfect right to commit breaches of morality and crimes, and that the law is not for them.

Raskolnikov goes on to murder someone he thought was a detriment to mankind, and in the process of that murder he ended up killing a second person who happened upon the scene. By usurping the mantle of God, Raskolnikov thought that his intellectual powers gave him the ability to dispense with a perceived miscreant and scourge to society, but very soon he is overcome by a crushing guilt that he cannot silence.

Before my repentance, when I was living in Catholic Poland, I adhered to the concept of "cultural Christianity," meaning that I saw the overall good that Christianity was doing to those who practiced the faith, but believed it was an "opiate for the masses," a tool for merely average men and women who needed external rules to have peace in life instead of ravenously following their worldly desires and carnal passions. Since I thought I was an exalted man, bestowed with innumerable gifts, including intellectual, I was not required to follow Christian morality and could instead live without any limits to my behavior or actions. My feelings and will were supreme, just like Raskolnikov, and I created wholesale exemptions for myself to God's law even though I saw moral benefit in it for mankind. I did not murder anyone physically, but by teaching sin so vigorously through my books and videos, I was an attempted murderer of the souls of men who used them to fornicate, and I aided in the corruption of women who had relations with me and the men who followed me. What peace did I have in this time? What calm entered my soul? I was a dopamine junkie, a slave to bodily pleasure, prone to anger, unstable in emotion, reeking

of disgusting pride, and deluded into thinking that I could operate my mind and body in a way that was not intended by God. It took a family death to wake me up from my demonic delusion.

It's common to meet unmarried Christian men who are in sexual relationships with women. They justify it by saying that they are "monogamous" and "will get married eventually," but will such self-justification suffice upon Judgment Day? God's law is clearly against fornication, adultery, and harlotry. No man is given a divine imperative to exempt himself. Do you really believe that God is pleased that you're fornicating with "only" one woman at a time? From what I learned in the Orthodox Church, such a man must stop fornicating until he gets married within the Church.

Even after I was received into the Church, I still made an exemption for myself that I can be the star of a popular live stream, one that spiked my adrenaline and led to numerous sins stemming from pride. It took me months to follow the basic Church teaching of halting that which causes you to sin.

> True repentance is a change of the heart, and the change of evil ways into good ways. True repentance invariably creates shame and regret in the heart of the penitent, that he had acted so shamelessly and insubordinately toward God. There can be no true repentance when a man does not want to cease from sins and show obedience toward God. There is a delusional and false repentance, and therefore it is of no benefit to the penitent. For repentance and willful sinning are contrary things, and cannot exist together. —Saint Tikhon of Zadonsk in On True Christianity Vol. 1

God did not exempt me. I'm not exalted above others. I'm not a special boy. Without God, my natural gifts are more likely to be harnessed for evil than good. The morality we get

from God is objective, clear, and for our eternal benefit; it's our fallen weakness to shade it gray and think that God really wants us to transgress His law because we are somehow above it. Believing you can commit any type of sin to do a "favor" for God is delusion, and unfortunately, I am infected with it. What the Church teaches, I must abide, and if I ever get the notion that I don't have to abide, I must conclude that a demon is whispering in my ear, and a damaging spiritual fall is near.

Read Next: *The Salvation Of Your Soul Is Not A Game*

5 Things Modern People Love More Than God [Video]

October 3, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In this talk, which I gave on September 17 at Trad Forum, I share five common worldly attachments that I've been struggling with since becoming a Christian. I discuss my experiences with these attachments alongside advice from Orthodox Elders and Church Fathers. My hope with the talk is to help people identify all that may be competing with their love for God.

[Video locations: Odysee | Bitchute | Rumble]

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What Happens To Your Soul After You Die

October 10, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The Soul After Death by Father Seraphim Rose shares the Orthodox Christian position on what happens to human beings upon death. Father Seraphim reviews the teachings of saints to explain modern phenomena such as near-death experiences of those who have been revived after clinical death and also out-of-body experiences among psychedelic drug users. His book is critical reading for serious Christians, because if one were to subscribe to errant beliefs about death, and come to think that "everybody goes to heaven" or that "heaven is a state of mind, not a place," it will start to negatively affect their spiritual life and may ultimately lead to eternal condemnation.

What is death?

> Saint Ignatius Brianchaninov: "By the fall both the soul and body of man were changed. In the strict sense the fall was for them also a death. That which we see and call death is in essence only the separation of the soul from the body, both of which had already before this been put to death by an eternal death!"

Do you believe in a spiritual reality?

> We who live on earth can hardly even begin to understand the reality of the spiritual world until we ourselves come to dwell in it. This is a process that begins now, in this life, but ends only in eternity, when we will behold "face to face" what we now see only "through a glass, darkly" (1 Cor. 13:12).

If you don't believe in a spiritual reality then everything you do will be structured around pleasing your body and flesh until you die, and then when you die, none of that body-pleasing will be useful when you are fully aware and present in soul to be judged by God.

What can we learn from near-death experiences among heterodox and non-Christians?

> …Dr. Kubler-Ross mentions one remarkable case where a blind person "saw" and later described everything clearly in the room where she "died," although when she came back to life she was once again blind—a striking evidence that it is not the eye that sees (not the brain that thinks, for the mental faculties become quicker after death), but rather the *soul* that performs these actions *through* the physical organs as long as the body is alive, but *by its own power* when the body

> is dead.
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> […]
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> It is characteristic of our times of unbelief that these people seldom use the Christian vocabulary or realize that it is their *soul* that has been set free from the body and now experiences everything; they are usually simply puzzled at the new state they find themselves in.
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> …most, perhaps indeed all, of [near-death] experiences have little in common with the Christian vision of heaven. These visions are not spiritual, but *worldly*. They are so quick, so easily attained, so common, so earthly in their imagery, that there can be no serious comparison of them with the true Christian visions of heaven in the past… Even the most "spiritual" thing about some of them—the feeling of the "presence" of Christ—persuades one more of the spiritual immaturity of those who experience it than of anything else. Rather than producing the profound awe, fear of God, and repentance which the authentic experience of God's presence has evoked in Christians saints (of which St. Paul's experience on the road to Damascus may be taken as a model—Acts 9:3-9), the present-day experiences produce something much more akin to the "comfort" and "peace" of the modern spiritistic and Pentecostal movements.
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> […]
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> …[near-death experiences] may be said to "prove" no more than a minimum doctrine of the bare survival of the human soul outside the body, and of the bare existence of a non-material reality, while giving decisively no information on non-material reality, while giving decisively no information on the further state of even existence of the soul after the first few minutes of "death," nor of the ultimate nature of the non-material realm.

What does it mean to see dead relatives?

> St. Gregory the Great, in describing many of these experiences in Dialogues, explains the phenomenon of meeting others: "It frequently happens that a soul on the point of death recognizes those with whom it is to share the same eternal dwelling for equal blame or reward" (Dialogues, IV, 36). And specifically with regard to those who have led a righteous life, St. Gregory notes that "if often happens that the saints of heaven appear to the righteous at the hour of death in order to reassure them. And, with the vision of the heavenly company before their minds, they die without experiencing any fear of agony" (Dialogues, IV, 12).
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> […]
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> These encounters, while they do not seem by any means to occur to everyone before death, still can be called universal in the sense that they occur without regard to nationalist, religion, or holiness of life.

> […]
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> …it must be that the dead relatives who are seen as not actually “present” as the dying believe them to be. St. Gregory the Great says only that the dying man “recognizes” people, whereas to the righteous “the saints of heaven appear”—a distinction which not merely indicates the different experience of the righteous and ordinary sinners when they die, but also is directly bound up with the different afterlife state of the saints and ordinary sinners. The saints have great freedom to intercede for the living and to come to their aid, whereas deceased sinners, save in very special cases, have no contact with the living.
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> […]
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> …we need not doubt that the saints actually appear to the righteous at death, as is described in many Lives of Saints. To ordinary sinners, on the other hand, there are often apparitions of relatives, friends, or “gods” which correspond to what the dying either expect or are prepared to see. The exact nature of these latter apparitions it is probably impossible to define; they are certainly not mere hallucinations, but seem to be a part of the natural experience of death, a sign to the dying person (as it were) that he is about to enter a new realm where the laws of ordinary material reality no longer hold. There is nothing very extraordinary about this experience, which seems to hold constant for different times, places, and religions.

Applying discernment to near-death experiences

> …we must clearly distinguish between genuine, grace-given visions of the other world, and a merely natural experience which, even though it may be outside the normal limits of human experience, is not in the least spiritual and tells us nothing about the actual reality of either the heaven or the hell of authentic Christian teaching.
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> […]
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> One who is aware of this Orthodox teaching cannot but look in amazement and horror at the ease with which contemporary “Christians” trust the visions and apparitions which are now becoming so common. The reason for this credulity is clear: Roman Catholicism and Protestantism, cut off for centuries now from the Orthodox doctrine and practice of spiritual life, have lost all capability for clear discernment in the realm of spirits.
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> […]
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> Those who are seeing “paradise” in the aerial realm today are “pleased,” “happy,” “satisfied”—seldom anything more; if they behold “Christ” in some form, it is only to indulge in the familiar “dialogues” with him that characterize experiences in the “charismatic” movement. The element of the Divine and of man’s awe before it, the fear of God, are absent in such experiences.

Demons will tempt you at the time of death and even right after

> The Orthodox Lives of Saints have numerous accounts of… demonic spectacles which appear at the moment of death, usually with the aim of frightening the dying person and making him despair over his salvation.
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> […]
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> The hour of death, then, is indeed a time of demonic temptation, and the "spiritual experiences" which people have at this time… are to be subjected to the same standard of Christian teaching as are any other "spiritual experiences." Likewise, the "spirits" who may be encountered at this time are to be subjected to the universal test which the Apostle John expresses in the words: Test the spirits, whether they are of God, because many false prophets are gone out into the world (1 John 4:1).
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> […]
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> It befits us, therefore, to be very suspicious (at the least) of the "beings of light" who seem to appear in the moment of death. They seem very much like demons posing as "angels of light" in order to seduce, not only the dying person himself, but even more those to whom he will later tell this tale if he is resuscitated (concerning the chances of which, of course, the demons are well aware).

The demons are not ignorant that people who are clinically dead may be revived, so it is profitable for them to give people a "peaceful" and "calm" vision so that, in the case they do come back to life, they will ecstatically share this vision to all, reinforcing the desired notion that everybody goes to heaven and spiritual labors are not necessary.

Also, don't despair if you're swarmed by imp-looking demons surrounding your deathbed. You may think that your judgment has arrived, but really it could be a final temptation by Satan for you to forsake God.

Demons provide a vision at death that corresponds to an individual's beliefs

> It is not necessary for us to define precisely the nature of the apparitions of the dying in order to see that they depend to some extent, as we have already seen on what the dying person *expects* or is *prepared* to see. Thus, Christians of past centuries who had a lively belief in hell, and whose conscience accused them in the end, often saw demons at death; Indians of today, who are certainly more "primitive" than Americans in their beliefs and understanding, often see beings that correspond to their still very real fears about the afterlife; while contemporary Americans, with their "enlightened" views, see apparitions in harmony with their "comfortable" life and beliefs, which in general do not include a very realistic fear of hell or awareness of demons.
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> On the objective side, the demons themselves offer temptations which accord with the spiritual state or expectations of those being tempted. For those who

> fear hell, the demons may appear in terrible forms in order to make a person die in a state of despair; but for those who do not believe in hell (or for Protestants who believe they are infallibly “saved” and therefore need not fear hell) the demons would naturally offer temptations in some other form that would not so clearly expose their evil intent. Likewise, even to a Christian struggler who has already suffered much, the demons may appear in such a way as to seduce him rather than frighten him.

The activity of demons

> Saint Ignatius Brianchaninov: “The holy spirits avoid communion with men who are unworthy of such communion; while the fallen spirits, who have drawn us into their fall, have mingled with us and, so as the more easily to hold us in captivity, strive to make both themselves and their chains unnoticeable to us. And if they do reveal themselves, they do it in order to strengthen their dominion over us.”
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> […]
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> Saint Ignatius Brianchaninov: “…the spirits who appear sensuously to men who are in a state of sinfulness and fall, are demons and not in the least holy angels. ‘A filthy soul,’ said St. Isaac the Syrian, ”does not enter the pure realm and is not joined to holy spirits’ (Homily 74). Holy angels appear only to holy men who have restored communion with God and with them by a holy life.”
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> […]
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> Saint Ignatius Brianchaninov: “The fallen angels are dispersed in a multitude throughout the entire transparent immensity which we see above us. They do not cease to disturb all human societies and every person separately; there is no evil deed, no crime, of which they might not be instigators and participants; they incline and instruct men towards sin by all possible means. *Your adversary the devil*, says the holy Apostle Peter, *walketh about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour* (1 Peter 5:8), both during our earthly life and after the separation of the soul from the body. When the soul of a Christian, leaving its earthly dwelling, begins to strive through the aerial spaces towards the homeland on high, the demons stop it, strive to find in it a kinship with themselves, their sinfulness, their fall, and to drag it down to the hell *prepared for the devil and his angels* (Matt. 25:41). They act thus by the right which they have acquired.”

The foolishness of seeking visions and spiritual experiences

> Saint Ignatius Brianchaninov: “The desire to see spirits, curiosity to find out anything about them and from them, is a sign of the greatest foolishness and total ignorance of the Orthodox Church’s traditions concerning moral and active life. Knowledge of spirits is acquired quite differently than is supposed by the inexperienced and careless experimenter. Open communion with spirits for the inexperienced is the greatest misfortune, or serves as a source of the greatest

> misfortunes.”
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> […]
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> Saint Ignatius Brianchaninov: “One who perceives spirits sensuously can easily be deceived to his own harm and perdition. If, on perceiving spirits, he shows trust or credulity towards them, he will unfailingly be deceived, he will unfailingly be attracted, he will unfailingly be sealed with the seal of deception, not understandable to the inexperienced, the seal of a frightful injury in his spirit; and further, the possibility of correction and salvation is often lost. This has happened with many, very many.”

Judgment after death

> [Concerning] our redemption by Jesus Christ, [Saint Ignatius Brianchaninov says,] “all who have openly rejected the Redeemer comprise the inheritance of satan: their souls, after the separation from the body, descend straight to hell. But Christians who are inclined to sin are also unworthy of being immediately translated from earthly life to blessed eternity. Justice itself demands that these inclinations to sin, these betrayals of the Redeemer should be weighted and evaluated. A judging and distinguishing are required in order to define the degree of a Christian soul’s inclination to sin, in order to define what predominates in it—eternal life or eternal death. The unhypocritical Judgment of God awaits every Christian soul after its departure from the body, as the holy Apostle Paul has said: It is appointed unto men once to die, and after this the judgment (Heb. 9:27).”
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> […]
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> What is certain is that there *is* a testing by demons, who appear in a frightful but human form, accuse the newly-departed of sins and literally try to seize the subtle body of the soul, which is grasped firmly by angels; and all this occurs in the air above us and can be seen by those whose eyes are open to spiritual reality.

In the Orthodox Church, the initial judgment after death is called the “particular judgment.” Prayers can help the dead who have not fared well in this judgment, changing their eternal fate. The final judgment occurs on the Last Day and is, as you may have guessed, final.

What exactly happens when you die?

> St. Cyril: “What fear and trembling await you, O soul, in the day of death! You will see frightful, wild, cruel, unmerciful and shameful demons, like dark Ethiopians, standing before you. The very sight of them is worse than any torment. The soul, seeing them, becomes agitated, is disturbed, troubled, seeks to hide, hastens to the angels of God. The holy angels hold the soul; passing with them through the air and rising, it encounters the toll-houses which guard the path from earth to

> heaven, detaining the soul and hindering it from ascending further. Each toll-house tests the sins corresponding to it; each sin, each passion has its tax collectors and testers."
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> […]
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> As a sensuous or "natural" experience, therefore, it would seem that death is indeed pleasant. This pleasantness may be experienced equally by one whose conscience is clean before God, and by one who does not deeply believe in God or eternal life at all, and therefore has no awareness of how he may have displeased God during his lifetime. A "bad death" is experienced, as one writer has well said, only by "those who know that God exists, and yet have lived their lives as though He did not"—i.e., those whose consciences torment them and counteract by their pain the natural "pleasure" of physical death. The distinction between believers and unbelievers occurs, then, not at the moment of death itself, but later, at the Particular Judgment. The "pleasantness" of death may be real enough, but it has no necessary connection whatever with the eternal fate of the soul, which may well be one of torment.
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> […]
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> In the contemporary experiences the soul is most frequently offered a choice to remain in "paradise" or go back to earth; while the genuine experience of heaven occurs not by the choice of man but only at the command of God, fulfilled by His angels. The common "out-of-body" experience of "paradise" in our days has no need of a guide because it takes place right here, in the air above us, still in this world; while the presence of the guiding angels is necessary if the experience takes place outside this world, in a different kind of reality, where the soul cannot go by itself. (This is not to say that demons cannot masquerade as "guiding angels" also, but they seldom seem to do so in today's experiences.)

Secular people are hung up on the delayed inevitability of physical death, and cope by distracting themselves in this life with endless amusements and doctor visits, but it's really the potential for spiritual death that we should focus our labors on.

Death experiences of the Saints

> Saint Ignatius: "The great saints of God pass through the aerial guards of the dark powers with such great freedom because during earthly life they enter into uncompromising battle with them and, gaining the victory over them, acquire in the depths of their heart complete freedom from sin, become the temple and sanctuary of the Holy Spirit, making their rational dwelling-place inaccessible for the fallen angels."

The aerial realm

> The realm into which the soul immediately enters when it leaves the body and begins to lose contact with what we know as "material reality" (whether after

> death or in a simple “out-of-body” experience) is neither heaven nor hell, but an invisible realm close to earth which is variously called the “After-death” or “Bardo plane” (Tibetan Book of the Dead), the “world of spirits” (Swedenborg and spiritism), the “astral plane” (Theosophy and most of occultism), “Locale II” (Monroe)—or, in Orthodox language, the aerial world of the under-heaven where fallen spirits dwell and are active in deceiving men for their damnation. This is not the “other world” that awaits man after death, but only the invisible part of *this* world that man must pass through to reach the truly “other” world of heaven or hell. For those who have truly died, and are being conducted by angels out of earthly life, this is the realm where the Particular Judgment begins at the aerial “toll-houses,” where the spirits of the air reveal their real nature and their hostility towards mankind; for all others, it is a realm of demonic deception at the hands of these same spirits.
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> […]
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> The beings contacted in this realm are always (or almost always) demons, whether they are invoked by mediumism or other occult practices, or encountered in “out-of-body” experiences. They are not angels, for these dwell in heaven and only pass through this realm as messengers of God. They are not the souls of the dead, for they dwell in heaven or hell and only pass through this realm immediately after death on their way to judgment for their actions in this life. Even those most adept in “out-of-body” experiences cannot remain in this realm for long without danger of permanent separation from the body (death)…
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> […]
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> Almost all contemporary researchers accept or at least are highly sympathetic to the occult teaching regarding this realm, for the single reason that it is based on experience, which is also the basis of science. But “experience” in the material world is something quite different from “experience” in the aerial realm. The raw material being experienced and studied in the one case is morally “neutral,” and it can be studied objectively and verified by others; but in the other case the “raw material” is hidden, extremely difficult to grasp, and, in many cases, has a will of its own—a will to deceive the observer.

What is really going on with modern near-death experiences?

> The passage through the toll-houses—which is a kind of touchstone of authentic after-death experience—is not described at all in today’s experiences, and the reason for this is not far to seek. From many signs—the absence of the angels who come for the soul, the absence of judgment, the frivolousness of many of the accounts, even the very shortness of the time involved (usually some five to ten minutes, compared with the several hours to several days in the incidents from saint’ Lives and other Orthodox sources)—it is clear that today’s experiences, although sometimes very striking and not explainable by any natural laws known

> to medical science, are not very profound. If these are actual experiences of death, then they involve only the very beginning of the soul's after-death journey; they occur in the anteroom of death, as it were, before God's decree for the soul has become final (manifested by the coming of the angels for the soul), while there is still a possibility for the soul to return to the body by natural means.
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> […]
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> It is not precisely an "after-death" experience; it is rather the "out-of-body" experience which is only the antechamber to other much more extensive experiences, whether of death itself or of what is sometimes called "astral travelling"… Although the "out-of-body" state might be called the "first moment" of death—if death actually follows—it is a gross mistake to conclude from it anything whatever about the "after-death" state, unless it be the bare facts of the survival and consciousness of the soul after death, which hardly anyone who actually believes in the soul's immortality denies in any case.

There is an aerial realm above us that we cannot see because our spiritual eyes are shut. This aerial realm is infested with demons. When you die, your soul launches into the aerial realm for a brief period, where the demons can influence you with various visions, until the holy angels come down to begin your trial of particular judgment. Many psychedelic drugs have the ability to put you in the aerial realm where what you see is almost certainly a demonic trick. Proof of this is the fact that very few psychedelic users interpret their "spiritual experiences" of the aerial realm in a way that steers them into the Orthodox Church. The vast majority fall back into a variety of pantheistic, gnostic, deistic, or New Age belief systems that are not sufficient for salvation.

It is pleasing for the soul to separate from a body corrupted with sins

> Our physical bodies in this fallen world are bodies of pain, corruption, and death. When separated from this body, the soul is immediately in a state more "natural" to it, closer to the state God intends for it; for the resurrected "spiritual body" in which man will dwell in the Kingdom of Heaven has more in common with the soul than with the body we know on earth.

What will our resurrected body be like?

> [The] resurrected body, like that of Christ Himself, will be different from our earthly bodies in that it will be more refined and more like the angelic nature, without which it could not dwell in the Heavenly Kingdom, where there is no death or corruption; but it will still be the same body, miraculously restored and made fit by God for eternal life, as Ezekiel saw in his vision of the "dry bones" (Ezek. 37:1-14).

Erroneous concepts of heaven

> …many Christians, in order to escape the mockery and unbelievers and avoid even the slightest taint of any materialistic conception, have gone to an opposite extreme and declare that heaven is “nowhere.” Among Roman Catholics and Protestants there are sophisticated apologies which proclaim that heaven is “a state, not a place,” that “up” is only a metaphor, the Ascension of Christ (Luke 24:50-51, Acts 1:9-11) was not really an “ascension,” but only a change of state. The result of such apologies is that heaven and hell become very vague and indefinite conceptions, and the sense of their reality begins to disappear—with disastrous results for Christian life, because these are the very realities toward which our whole earthly life is directed.
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> […]
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> The Christian after-death experiences all affirm the existence of heaven, hell, and judgment, of the need for repentance, struggle, and fear of losing one’s soul eternally; while the contemporary experiences, like those of shamans, pagan initiates, and mediums, seem to point to a “summerland” of pleasant experiences in the “other world,” where there is no judgment but only “growth,” and death is not to be feared but only welcome as a “friend” that introduces one to the pleasures of “life after death.”

What to do when someone you know dies

> As soon as someone has reposed, immediately call or inform a priest, so he can read the “Prayers on the Departure of the Soul,” which are appointed to be read over all Orthodox Christians after death. Try, if it be possible to have the funeral in church and to have the Psalter read over the deceased until the funeral. The funeral need not be performed elaborately, but most definitely it should be complete, without abbreviations; think at this time not of yourself and your convenience, but of the deceased, with whom you are parting forever.

The spiritual world is merging with ours

> St. Gregory the Dialogist: “As the present world approaches its end, the world of eternity looms nearer… The end of the world merges with the beginning of eternal life… The spiritual world is moving closer to us, manifesting itself through visions and revelations.” The end of this world’s existence began with the coming of Christ, and sensitive souls are always seeing how the other world is “breaking into” this world ahead of time and giving “hints” of its existence.”

The only way to heaven is through Lord Jesus Christ

> The Church’s teaching is that whereas before our redemption by Christ, no one could pass through the air to heaven, the path being closed by demons, and all men went down to hell, now it has become possible for men to pass through the

> demons of the air, and their power now is restricted to men whose own sins convict them. In the same way, we know that even though Christ "destroyed the power of hell" (Kontakion of Pascha), any one of us can still fall into hell by rejecting salvation in Christ.

I see the toll-houses as a way for God to show you his just judgment. It's a fair court trial with detailed evidence presented by your accusers—the demons—and defended competently by the holy angels. Whoever ends up in hell after the Last Judgment will have no doubt why they are there, and has no standing to whine that God is unfair or arbitrary. With The Soul After Death, Father Seraphim Rose did a commendable job revealing the doctrine of death and the importance of believing in the truth instead of vague modern notions that try to exalt death for everyone, regardless of what type of lives they had. (For a podcast adaption of the book, listen to Father John Valadez's Soul After Death lecture series. For a more academic approach to this topic, try Jean-Claude Larchet's Life After Death.)

One caveat is that, unless you are firmly on the path of Orthodoxy, you will feel notions of despair about the perceived difficulty of being saved, at least from the anecdotes that were shared involving mostly monks who were greatly tried at their final hour. I purposefully did not share any of the hard sayings since my audience is not solely Orthodox. I cannot recommend this book to those not in the Orthodox Church except for those who have had near-death or out-of-body experiences and have fallen into a "spiritual but not religious" trap that needs to be corrected. If you're Orthodox, this is essential reading to understand the stakes at hand.

Learn More: *The Soul After Death on Amazon*

19 Secular Articles I Recommend

October 13, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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1. The central bank of Central Banks that controls most of the world financial system [Link]

2. The story of Siamese twins who did not get the same illnesses [Link]

3. The institutionalization of social autism in South Korea [Link]

4. Jews are increasingly using psychedelics and other drugs for spiritual experiences and to heal from "generations of displacement, state violence, aggression, and antisemitism" [Link]

5. How the 1993 Movie "Demolition Man" Perfectly Predicted (and Ridiculed) Today's Society [Link]

6. Development of a new, multipolar world order [Link]

7. The historian whose life was ruined because he spoke the truth of World War 2 [Link]

8. "The people in power want a Great Reset, but what we are going to give them instead is a Great Restoration" [Link]

9. "We have been so hopelessly dehumanized that for today's modest ration of food we are willing to abandon all our principles, our souls, and all the efforts of our predecessors and all opportunities for our descendants." [Link]

10. "In the NFT community, we are witnessing the logical conclusion of a generation that is so alienated, so profoundly unfulfilled, that they are considering abandoning the physical world altogether. At least the metaverse is something new—maybe somewhere they can be rich, or important." [Link]

11. Viruses have never been truly isolated [Link]

12. "[San Francisco] is carrying out a bizarre medical experiment whereby addicts are given everything they need to maintain their addiction—cash, hot meals, shelter—in exchange for . . . almost nothing." [Link]

13. The United States is is trying to become the landlord monopoly class of the entire world [Link]

14. The Great Russian Restoration [Link]

15. How the Rockefellers took over medicine by pushing vaccines and other dangerous drugs [Link]

16. "…the petrodollar system was incredibly beneficial for (a) commercial banks, (b) arms manufacturers, (c) real estate owners, and (d) stockholders." [Link]

17. The Intelligence Branch in the United States acts as an independent government free of supervision and constraint [Link]

18. A mother's attempt to save her adult child from drug addiction [Link]

19. "…the collective West is now a totalitarian and aggressively anti-religious power-block

that seeks to export its anti-Christian and anti-human ideology onto the rest of the world."
[Link]

Read Next: *29 Secular Articles I Recommend*

33 Things Christian Men Should Know About Women

October 17, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A common lament from chaste Orthodox men I meet is their lack of experience in dealing with women who are more socialized than them. How can these men understand women, identify one with strong faith, and make confident decisions concerning marriage? As an unmarried middle-aged man, I stress to them how I'm not in a better situation, but they nonetheless feel that I can give them profitable lessons in their quest to enter an Orthodox marriage due to my excessive secular experience.

I have tried to be thoughtful about what I'm about to share so as not to interfere with God's will in bringing together man and woman in one flesh within the Church sacrament of marriage, because most of my experiences with women took place sinfully outside of marriage, causing me to lose all manner of healthy child-like innocence when viewing the opposite sex. I do not consider myself bitter, but I am surely cynical from partaking in behaviors that went against the commandments of God for so many years. If you perceive undue pessimism or even anger in my words, it is due to the damage I inflicted upon myself, not because God made a mistake in how he constructed man or woman. If you participate in evil for a prolonged period of time, you will carry distorted views of reality even long after repentance.

It could be possible that a secular woman you have feelings for will possess every negative trait I'm about to describe. When a woman lacks spiritual life, she does not struggle against her passions and sins, or even think they are wrong. On the other hand, the Orthodox women I've met and observed possess at least a basic desire for moral goodness, and will automatically be more suitable for marriage. However, some Orthodox women are more zealous than others, and they all swim in a putrid secular fishbowl. The tainted water corrupts us without our conscious awareness, and so it's not uncommon for an Orthodox woman to possess deep-seated secular beliefs that can strain a marriage. You must be discerning when it comes to identifying any beliefs that would be detrimental to maintaining a Christian family home.

I will often use the secular word "game" in this article. Game is a collection of psychological and behavioral techniques to attract a woman physically and emotionally for the purpose of fornication and fleshly pair bonding. Game includes: approaching an unknown woman in a public place while play-acting as a confident man, optimizing one's aesthetic so that it pleases worldly woman, using salesman techniques of rapport building and scarcity to make a fast "sale," hiding flaws while showcasing strengths, deliberately pumping up a woman's emotions, lying, omitting the truth, putting a woman in a negative state of anxiety or dread to modulate her attractive feelings, and exploiting a woman's human weaknesses for selfish gain.

In the game process, God is absent, and the primary goal of the man is to satisfy his selfish craving for positive female attention, worldly love, and physical pleasure. Even if you claim to desire abstinence before marriage, you can still be using game by

implementing secular techniques to meet women, get their phone number, arrange dates, and so on. A sign you are *not* using game is if you adhere to the old cliché "be yourself," where yourself is a child of God who follows His commandments with the understanding that marriage is a sacrament whose purpose is to usher two souls into heaven. The Christian way is to trust in God to pair you with a woman who is on your social and spiritual level instead of pretending to be an alpha male to deceive a woman into liking you using mostly physical and psychological means.

That said, here is a list of general guidance for men who want to pick the right woman for marriage in an Orthodox courtship where the man clearly expresses to the woman beforehand that no intimacy can take place until they are united in one flesh through the Church sacrament of marriage.

1. Assume that you will never change her

> Who can find a virtuous wife? For her worth is far above rubies. The heart of her husband safely trusts her; So he will have no lack of gain. She does him good and not evil all the days of her life. —Proverbs 31:10-12

It's a fatal temptation for a man to look at a woman, especially a young one, as a *tabula rasa*, a blank slate for him to mold into his perfect, traditional wife who bakes cookies and croissants all day. Such a man sees all her flaws and thinks that, with time, he can eradicate them one by one as if using a laser beam. Or he sees her annoying personality traits and thinks that he can dampen them with a sort of punishment-reward stratagem. This is delusion. Who she is is who she is, and if she does change, it will be entirely dependent on her own will and its cooperation with God to serve the good. Any immediate change you do see in her, without much in the way of effort, should be viewed with suspicion.

Do you know how hard it is to change a single behavior, personality trait, or quirk? For example, I have the bad habit of taking the Lord's name in vain by saying the word "Jeez" as an exclamation. For a couple of months, I have tried mightily to stop using this term, but I have not yet been successful. I have a bad habit of eating past 8pm. I'm grumpy in the mornings. I'm overly sensitive to noise and odors. I prefer socializing only in the evening. I have innumerable preferences that a potential wife may not like and will try to change, but chances are she will fail until I'm enlightened by God to work harder at correction not for my sake but for the sake of the marriage.

Through God's grace, I've been able to step away from sinful behaviors, but the little things that are entrenched into my personality, and which do not pose an immediate risk to my salvation, have remained. This is also the case with women. Do not assume you will change her. Do not assume you can even get her to grow her hair an inch longer than it already is. Do not assume she will change *at all*. Of course a woman will do many things to please her man, such as to lose a few pounds or dress differently, and she may be motivated to improve for you in a way that she didn't while single, but don't expect immediate, permanent change.

2. Women are capable of deceiving men

> An excellent wife is the crown of her husband, But she who causes shame is like rottenness in his bones.
> —Proverbs 12:4

The more secular a woman is, the more likely she will set out to deceive a man without ever believing she is being deceptive. How this plays out is that everything will seem to be going well with her while in a romantic relationship, and then one day you are blindsided by her shocking behavior. I wrote books on women, thought I knew them better than myself, but was still badly deceived by them, because as a man, we are not given natural tools to spot every female deception under the sun. There are thousands—perhaps millions of men—who came home one day and stumbled upon a horrible discovery that changed their lives forever. In heartache, they concluded that they never really knew their significant other at all.

It's possible for a woman to pretend to be someone she is not, sometimes for many years and certainly for the short amount of time needed to put forth a favorable impression and cement a man's affections during courtship. I've seen it with my own eyes. Depending on how skilled she is, the lie may be something as minor as a political opinion she's hiding to not displease you or as serious as living an entirely different lifestyle behind your back. The man who is lusting after a woman will not be able to see through the deception, but a chaste man whose eyes and ears are not tainted by lust should be able to see through any false façade by picking up on inconsistencies in behavior while continually self-checking whether she is "too good to be true."

At the risk of getting philosophical, I believe that women themselves don't know when

they're being deceptive or not. Their behavior is subconsciously driven to maximize the rewards received from a man with whom they want to be in a relationship. On the other hand, it is unlikely that a woman is consciously deceiving you if she is open about confessing all her flaws and problems.

3. If her spirit and behavior are more secular than Orthodox, she is abiding by the secular world

> Wisdom rests in the heart of him who has understanding, But what is in the heart of fools is made known. —Proverbs 14:33

A fish may strongly desire to be a healthy fish, but if it's swimming in polluted water, many of its biological functions will be impaired. As sincerely as we wish to be Orthodox, the waters around us are dirty and foul, and though our intentions may be good, we simply cannot block out all the toxic effects that are seeping unaware into our souls. I believe that even listening to one pop song can be damaging to the soul, and yet if we don't voluntarily listen to such music, we are subjected to it every time we walk into a retail store.

It's great that a woman goes to Liturgy every Sunday and confesses her sins and receives Communion, but it is not great if for the six remaining days of the week she is glued to her smartphone, watches Netflix, attends a university, listens to rap music, reads feminist influencers online, uses TikTok, watches reality television, follows celebrity gossip, and participates in Snapchat exchanges with men. In such a case, her behavior will be more driven by secular trends than her faith, driving her away from traditional family life.

If I met a woman who consumed over 20 hours of secular content a week, but spent only 5 hours on her faith, yet proclaimed to me that she wants to be a traditional wife, I would think she's confused, because it's not traditional to be attached to worldly content streamed from her smartphone. If, however, another woman said she wants to be traditional, and shares a sentiment of hatred toward the modern world, and I can hardly get in touch with her because she leaves her smartphone off for most of the day, I can be more assured that she is sincere.

Since a woman's smartphone is an extension of her personality and innermost desires, I may ask any female I'm considering if she can show me all the apps installed on her phone. If she has all the popular social media apps, and not even a single Bible or prayer app, you have an answer.

Just because a woman is Orthodox does not mean you must throw away all discernment and think everything will be fine. She is still a product of this corrupt world and you must keep your wits about you to see if she possesses the most important qualities needed to be a wife and mother. You must examine her flaws and ask yourself if you can endure them, and ask if your flaws can be endured by her. You don't want a woman exclaiming "I'm Orthodox" to cause you to close your eyes and jump in without discernment.

4. A woman who maintains a perfect physical appearance may crave validation from men more than God

> And there a woman met him, with the attire of a harlot, and a crafty heart. She was loud and rebellious, her feet would not stay at home. At times she was outside, at times in the open square, lurking at every corner. —Proverbs 7:10-12

It is my experience that the more time a woman invests into her external appearance, the less time she invests in the internal (her soul). This was most vividly shared with me during my long-ago stint in Ukraine, which had the most beautiful women out of all the nations I've visited. Part of their beauty was natural, as the beauty of Slavic women is renowned, but much of it is time spent on manual physical enhancement at the beauty salon.

On my dates with Ukrainian women, they revealed to me how much time they spend on their hair, nails, makeup, skin, clothing, and so on, and yet those same women could not tell me the last book they read. It turned out that I—as an impassioned foreign tourist—was selecting the most materialistic women in Ukraine who wanted to trade their beauty for an increase in adventure or living standard. Consider that these women spent a huge percentage of their low incomes simply on beauty upkeep, which in hindsight was depressing because Ukraine is an Orthodox country with God's bottomless grace available to them if they walked around the corner of their home into a church. I enabled their materialistic behavior by giving them my attention, interest, affection, and time in the hopes of a carnal reward.

Be on guard for a woman who has *excessive* concern for her appearance, because that may signify that her flesh is getting more maintenance than her soul. That will be a large

problem for a passionate secular man who marries her, because a woman's vanity may only please his eyes for a short period of time.

5. You will not choose a woman with wisdom if your passions are elevated

> With her enticing speech she caused him to yield, with her flattering lips she seduced him. Immediately he went after her, as an ox goes to the slaughter, or as a fool to the correction of the stocks, till an arrow struck his liver. As a bird hastens to the snare, he did not know it would cost his life. Proverbs 7:21-23

Passions are fleeting, temporary, and capricious. Making life decisions based on your passions and emotional urges is like building a house on sand. If a passionate woman likes you, it is more likely because you please her physically and emotionally in the current moment, not because she has assessed your faith and values for the long term. Passionate secular men, of which I was one, want to be pleased in the moment. They think that every flight of fancy that enters their mind is a worthwhile pursuit that can maximize their happiness. It was my unbridled passion that allowed me to waste two decades of my life, selecting the wrong women continually for bodily pleasure, pride, and masculine ego gratification. I had built my whole life on sand and realized at a late hour what a folly that was.

If you meet a woman you like, and for the next few days you can't even think straight because your mind is whirring with fantasies about how beautiful she is and how great your future life will be and how many children you will have, you are aflame with passion and emotion. Even adrenaline may be at play if you find it hard to sleep because of thoughts concerning her. This behavior is actually feminine, codified in hundreds of romance novels. We are men, not women, and must check ourselves when we enter "romance novel" mode, of which I have done innumerable times.

It's safer instead to make a more detached assessment that allows logic to reign so that you can build any future relationship on rock instead of sand. One sign you are proceeding correctly is if you're patient and take your time to evaluate a woman before even speaking with her. If there is a woman in my church who I'm interested in, I will not immediately strain to talk to her. Instead, I will observe her from a distance, politely ask about her situation to married parishioners or church elders (without fishing for gossip), and then contemplate the matter for days or weeks until I can make a calm assessment of whether it's even reasonable to have a conversation with her. On the other hand, if I see a new girl in the church and run up to her after the Liturgy with a church pickup line, I'm simply following my passions.

I am surprised how much pickup culture has infused into the minds of young Orthodox men, but I can tell you that such techniques are a blind alley. You must not be burning with desire when deciding to get to know a new woman.

6. Beware if “game” works on her

> The wise woman builds her house, but the foolish pulls it down with her hands.
> —Proverbs 14:1

If game works on a woman, either she’s naive in a healthy manner, and has not been previously exposed to men who methodically trigger her fallen nature, or she is a woman who has chosen to feed her fallen nature. Think of game as an offensive joke. Even if you’re pious, the joke may get a laugh out of you, but then you quickly comport yourself and decide not to “enjoy” it further since it comes at the expense of others.

In the same vein, game can “work” on a pious Orthodox woman in that it can get her attention, pique her interest, and create temporary feelings of attraction, but she should have the spiritual tools to fight this common temptation. She knows that pursuing a man because of romantic or sensual feelings is not pleasing to God, and will let the temptation fade away like all other temptations she faces throughout the day. If a woman acts on the temptation by seeking a man’s attention who is obviously unsuitable (i.e. a “bad boy”) and actually wants to date him, she may not be ready to sustain a “boring” monogamous relationship with a devout Orthodox man where the household revolves around serving God instead of her emotional feelings.

It’s a simple matter to use some game on a Christian woman to command her attention, but it should quickly fizzle out when she comes to her senses. However, game reliably works on any woman-–Christian or not—who is individualistic, selfish, narcissistic, impious, and carnal. In fact, such a woman may *only* respond to men who use game. If a man is able to use a couple of game tricks to inflame a woman’s emotions and send her on a roller coaster ride of excitement and desire, and she makes a choice to be with that

man to seek a further amplification of pleasure and “happiness,” fornication can happen in no time because it is merely a culmination of the emotional satisfaction she craves.

All women can have their emotions stirred by a cad, but the mature woman with an active spiritual life and pious support circle should be able to isolate those emotions, know that such a man is not good for her salvation, and move on to a more suitable match. If you see a woman who whips her head this way and that for the most attractive men with big muscles, a cocky attitude, and affected gorilla-like movements, pray for her that she can fight her passion. The same, of course, applies to you. If all it takes is a pretty face for you to forget about God then you must increase your spiritual labors. Until you gain maturity, run away from the type of woman who stirs up your passions.

7. A woman who simultaneously communicates with numerous men likely has an addiction to male attention

> This is the way of an adulterous woman: She eats and wipes her mouth, and says, “I have done no wickedness.” —Proverbs 30:20

I assert that a woman who is addicted to male attention will wreck a marriage. This addiction has affected me personally and made me extremely sensitive to a woman who must continually present herself to random men and converse with male “friends.” What happens is an acquaintanceship or “friendship” turns either into something more or something inappropriate, where she seeks in those men what she should be seeking from her man alone.

At best, she may view the other men as friends, but at worse they are “backup plans” for the moment when you dissatisfy her by trying to uphold an Orthodox or moral standard upon the relationship. In the minds of the men who are orbiting around your woman, they may view the friendship as an investment where one day they can cash in with an instance of sin.

It is certainly possible that a man and woman can be friends, but it should be within a strictly Christian context. With my current female friends, we talk about God more than anything else, and if their gender happened to be male instead, the topic of our conversations would hardly change, only the tone would. All my conversations with women are structured around the fact that we are in the same Church looking to save our souls. There is no innuendo, flirting, or double entendres. If a woman you are evaluating has friendships with men that do not present like this, she is either in pre-courtship with multiple men, using them for favorable attention, or sizing up suitors as if shopping in a department store. I wouldn’t trust any platonic relationship that doesn’t have a spiritual foundation, because if the root of her problem is an addiction to male attention, that addiction doesn’t magically go away when you marry her. In that case it’s not only her you marry, but all of her male “friends” as well.

8. A woman who can’t maintain small commitments may not be ready

to make larger ones

> For why should you, my son, be enraptured by an immoral woman, and be embraced in the arms of a seductress? —Proverbs 5:20

If a woman cancels her first official meeting (date) with you, she's setting a bad tone. As men we should not be entitled, and adapt graciously when unexpected things happen to people, but if there's a clear pattern of a woman not respecting your time or treating you flippantly, it could be a warning sign that she is not that interested in you or using you as a backup plan. In my experience, a woman who is genuinely interested in a man will go out of her way to uphold dates and show up on time. If she repeatedly cancels dates, is silent with communication for prolonged periods though you were expecting a response, or actively flirts with other men (even in your presence), she may be using you only for attention.

Think of all the steps it takes to go from meeting a woman to marrying her: all the phone calls, text messages, meetings, Bible studies, planning sessions, and so on up to the wedding date. What is a woman telling you if very early on she takes days to reply to a text message or cancels multiple meetings for the flimsiest of reasons? The earlier a woman displays flakey behavior to you, the less serious she may see you as a marital prospect.

9. A woman is capable of making it crystal clear that she likes you

> He who finds a wife finds a good thing, and obtains favor from the Lord. —Proverbs 18:22

The most common problem I see in men is not being able to realize that a woman is

completely disinterested and has moved on from them many moons ago. They relay the story to me as if wondering if there is some type of chance remaining when she has probably cycled through several new suitors in the meanwhile. We're not living in an age of coquetry where a woman displays her interests through a fleeting stare, incidental touch of the hand, or a written letter doused with her favorite perfume. No, we live in an age where a woman does the child equivalent of throwing little rocks at the men she likes. It's a myth that women are "hard to read" and that we must "read between the lines" to know if they like you. Frankly, I'm shocked at how blatant even meek women can act toward men when they have an interest.

If you're not sure if a woman likes you or not, simply wait a short while. Your inaction will cause her to escalate the means by which to get your attention, and only after that fails will she give up. If she doesn't take any small steps in the first place, her interest in you is either slight or non-existent. Women want what they want, and they want it quickly with the least amount of delay, and can only tolerate playing games for so long.

Beware: don't try to stir up a woman's interest by acting aloof or pretending you are disinterested. Technically, this is game, and you will one day regret that you used negative emotions to build fleeting attraction.

10. There is no excuse for an Orthodox woman to support leftist causes like feminism, climate change, and abortion

> Do not let your heart turn aside to her ways, do not stray into her paths; For she has cast down many wounded, and all who were slain by her were strong men. Her house is the way to hell, descending to the chambers of death. —Proverbs 7:25-27

While uncommon in the Orthodox Church, I have met women of other Christian denominations who were fully on board with the leftist Satanic agenda (I remember once when a non-Chalcedonian woman told me that eating meat is bad for the environment). Such a woman may be Christian in name only, and you must understand that it's not her faith that will predominantly determine her behavior towards men, including her approach to marriage, but the beliefs that the oligarchs of our times implanted into her through propaganda and various psyops. It won't be a surprise to you that many of these women respond readily to a man using game.

A temptation is to try to change the beliefs of such a woman, perhaps by saying to yourself, "She's so close to the truth; if only I can get her to believe that abortion is wrong, and face tattoos are ugly, then she will be the perfect wife." I already talked about the foolhardy endeavor of trying to change a woman. If a woman has beliefs that are not Orthodox or traditional, it may be best to leave her alone and pray that she accepts the truth on her own with the help of the Holy Spirit.

11. Beautiful women live in a different reality

> Do not fall for the beauty of a woman, and do not long for her beauty.
> —Ecclesiasticus 25:20

In general, the more beautiful a woman is externally, and the more urban the environment she has lived in, the less work she had to do internally on her soul, personality, charity, and demeanor, because since puberty, worldly men freely gave her everything she wanted in exchange for simply being beautiful. No merit or effort was required. In these times, where it takes only one selfie on Instagram for a girl to be propelled to minor fame, a beautiful woman is put on a different life track than one who is not beautiful. The former live in a fantasy world where everyone is nice and polite, it's so easy to get a job, it's so easy to date, everyone holds doors open for them, Uber drivers are all supreme gentlemen, and so on. Unless they know they are being treated better for their beauty, they risk becoming detached from reality, and if she remains outside of the Church, this will cause huge problems for her future husband.

I've seen firsthand how very beautiful women who did not mature in the Church become allergic to struggle (since eager men always bailed them out from it). They may find it difficult to dive deeper into the more ascetical features of the Orthodox faith. Therefore, if you insist on marrying a beautiful woman, you will have to discern carefully so that you don't marry someone whose best quality is her beauty. One exception is if a woman used to be very ugly or obese but is now beautiful, because she actually did live a period of struggle.

12. You must examine yourself if you pass on a woman of strong faith because you seek a more beautiful woman

> A wife’s grace will delight her husband, and her skill will put fat on his bones. A silent wife is a gift from the Lord, and there is nothing worth as much as a disciplined soul. A modest wife is blessing upon blessing, and there is no scale adequate to weigh a self-controlled soul. Like the sun rising in the Lord’s heaven, is the beauty of a good wife in the ordering of her house. —Ecclesiasticus 26:13-16

If you turn down the opportunity to court a devout Orthodox woman because she wasn’t pretty enough, I don’t know what to say to you. Do you know how hard it is to find a woman who has strong faith? So because you are receiving less carnal pleasure, you will pass on her for a prettier girl who is less likely to have the same type of faith? Do you know that if your Orthodox marriage goes the distance, any beautiful wife will look not so beautiful in a few years due to the hands of time, and that it’s her faith that is the most important feature of deciding the course of your marriage? As long as a woman is not abrasive on the eyes, and has a figure that is at least average, why covet more? I ask these questions primarily to myself.

13. A woman who is overly comfortable around strange men may have had a lot of experience with men

> I would rather live with a lion or a snake than with an evil wife. —Ecclesiasticus 25:15

I interpret it as a warning sign if a woman talks with ease and confidence to strange adult men, especially when she is holding court with multiple men simultaneously who are all lavishing her with attention. While many women fantasize about a scenario where they are the queen of the ball, it’s another thing if she has no social heistation, nervousness,

or awkwardness to be surrounded by virile men who are attracted to her.

Have you seen the shyness of a female child? When a strange man tries to politely talk to her, she literally runs away and hides behind her mother. For a grown woman who has not been socialized around passionate men all her life, she will feel uncomfortable when a strange man approaches her and certainly not enjoy it when men with inflamed passions are surrounding her. If she has no problems with such a scenario, we can assume that she has grown up like this and thinks it's completely normal to talk to men who want to sleep with her. If this indicates an addiction to male attention, her future husband will surely be upset when she spends suspiciously long times talking to other men while in a visible state of delight.

14. She may hide her most negative qualities, behaviors, and admissions until you have invested in her

> For the lips of an immoral woman drip honey, and her mouth is smoother than oil —Proverbs 5:3

This is more common with secular women than Orthodox. A crafty woman will embark on a deliberate program to hide things that she believes a man wouldn't like, and go to great extents to do so, and only reveal things slowly after the man falls in love with her or has invested so much time in her that she believes he wouldn't turn back because of sunk costs.

If you've been courting a girl for many weeks or months, and she drops a big bomb on you, it was probably planned and rehearsed, and not the first time she has done it. She wanted you to like her, you did, and she has calculated that you wouldn't dare leave her now. Maybe you will choose to stay with her, and that's your right, but what you have to

ask is if there's an even bigger bomb coming in the future, perhaps *after* you've married her.

I believe an honest woman should do a full disclosure of her physical and mental health conditions, her major flaws, and any serious sins that are relevant to a potential husband relatively early in the courtship. The same applies to men. A woman has a right to know that you used to be a world-famous pickup artist who wrote a dozen books on how to fornicate. The bad decisions we make in life will have consequences until we die, even if our repentance is earnest.

15. A woman who constantly updates her social media profiles should be examined closely

> She opens her mouth with wisdom, and on her tongue is the law of kindness. She watches over the ways of her household, and does not eat the bread of idleness. Her children rise up and call her blessed; Her husband also, and he praises her.
> —Proverbs 31:26-28

The point of social media is to receive attention for your random thoughts, low-quality opinions, and vainglorious selfies. The problem with heavy dependence on social media for attention, which I had in the recent past, is that you rewire your brain to prioritize "electronic love"—or at least a digital substitute of love—over love from people in the flesh. A woman receiving "love" from 100 men online, who leave comments on her latest selfie, will spike her dopamine more than receiving love from one man who may only show it by quietly sitting in her presence or taking her out to Culvers for a burger. If a woman gets addicted to the neurochemical aspects of receiving favorable attention, your love will not be able to compete with the attention that hordes of men give her online.

A warning sign that a woman is addicted to internet attention is if she updates and curates her social media profiles as if it were a job. If she's uploading videos or pictures multiple times a week, it's safe to assume that she has a strong attachment that will not be immediately broken upon entering a real relationship. On the other hand, if she's online simply because she's lonely, you should see a rapid decrease in her usage upon easing into a relationship with you. You will have to discern if her social media is due to loneliness or due to an addiction that has to be broken through effort, lest it harms any relationship she eventually enters.

16. Unless you have evidence to the contrary, she will become her mother and treat you like her mother treats her father

> Better to dwell in a corner of a housetop, than in a house shared with a contentious woman. —Proverbs 21:9

Men and women mimic the roles they saw while growing up. If you meet a woman, you may think to yourself that she is nothing like her mother, but consider that she has yet to get married and have children. Once she gets married, assume she will treat you similarly to how her mother treats her father. Once she becomes a mother, assume she will treat the children in similar ways that her mother treated her. If you want to know how married life will be with a woman, you can start by looking at the mother's behavior. Unless the woman you like has wholesale anathematized her mother's conduct, it's safe to assume that she will become similar to her mother. There is nothing wrong with this, and it also works with you becoming your father, but if you see major problems with her mother, you must investigate further.

For example, if you notice that her mother constantly complains to the father and tries to put him down, you may want to ask how long that has been going on. Perhaps the woman is not complaining to you right now, but that's because she is trying to put her best foot forward in the courtship phase so that you like her. Once you get into the humdrum of marriage, she will fall back on what she knows, which she subconsciously learned from her mother.

I haven't talked much about a woman's relationship with her father, but it cannot be overstated that the healthier her relationship with her father, the healthier her relationship with her future husband. Heavy discernment must be used if she was not raised properly by her father or is not on good terms with him.

17. Take signs of heightened passion, mental instability, mental illness, self-harm, and a violent or abusive upbringing very seriously

> Houses and riches are an inheritance from fathers, but a prudent wife is from the Lord. —Proverbs 19:14

A sign that a man may be in deception is if he says the following: “Yes it’s true that she is mentally ill and cut herself when she was a teenager, and was beaten by her alcoholic parents, and ran away from home a few times, and just got off psychotropic drugs, but she is completely fine now.” Getting over an abusive past or mental illness is not like the flu, where once you get over it you’re essentially back to full health. Instead, it presents as a continuum of symptoms that, in one way or another, stay with a person for much of their life.

When it comes to mental health problems, which are quite common, I’m sure there are success stories of women who have been able to manage their illness in a marriage, but you must not close your eyes to the problem or else you will get caught unaware when she has an episode that is triggered by the stress of marriage or child raising. Before you marry her, examine her mental health problems as if you were a doctor. Find out what triggers her episodes, how debilitating the episodes are, and then ask yourself if that’s the sort of cross you are able to endure.

If you are considering marrying a woman with mental illness, you should be comfortable with bedside caretaking. During a mental health episode, you will have to devote time to taking care of her until the episode passes, and that will include feeding her and watching over her so that she doesn’t hurt herself.

18. Do not delude yourself into thinking that you can command a woman to do whatever you want

> Wives, submit to your own husbands, as to the Lord. For the husband is head of the wife, as also Christ is head of the church; and He is the Savior of the body. Therefore, just as the church is subject to Christ, so let the wives be to their own husbands in everything. Husbands, love your wives, just as Christ also loved the church and gave Himself for her, that He might sanctify and cleanse her with the washing of water by the word, that He might present her to Himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing, but that she should be holy and without blemish. —Ephesians 5:22-27

A naive man with only casual sex experience may think he'll simply be an alpha male in the relationship and command his wife to do whatever he wishes, and that alone will preserve the marriage. One problem with that notion is that a woman has free will given by God. She has two other options in the face of your blunt commands: (1) not obey while making excuses for her disobedience, or (2) obey in such a way that she will make your life miserable.

There are always house tasks that a woman doesn't like doing but does anyway, just like there are tasks at work you don't like doing, but if she simply does not want to do what you're asking her, and you attempt to force her through your masculine authority, you will probably regret it in due time. A wife is not a mindless slave, and if you persist in forcing her to do things, she will "pay you back" in ways that you didn't imagine, starting with nagging and then escalating all the way to having an affair.

To avoid this problem, you should find a wife who wants or has agreed to do the things you want a wife to do. These conversations must be had *before* you get married. If you want a wife who cooks and cleans, you must inquire if she is willing to do these things (better if she already does them) and then verify her words. However, if you marry a

woman in the secular way, based more on romantic compatibility, you will neglect to test her for these values and may come to find out that she refuses to do most of what you find important. Where is that romantic compatibility now when you're eating out more than you like, the house is a mess, and she listens to hours of brain-dead music every day? In such a case, you may have been too busy lusting over her body to know what kind of person she really was.

It's impossible to test a woman for all her little values, but you can test her for meekness and the willingness to please her husband in accordance with Church teachings. It's preferable to find a woman who doesn't need to be persuaded or commanded to do every little thing that you believe is important.

19. If she's an adult and doesn't yet know how to cook, bake, or sew, she may never learn it

> Do not be wise in your own eyes; Fear the Lord and depart from evil. —Proverbs 3:7

If a woman made it to 25 years of age and hasn't yet learned the household skills that are critical to maintaining a Christian household, don't assume that she will learn it and be good at it. That works the other way around, too. If a woman wants a husband who is good at home maintenance, but her current prospect can barely use a screwdriver, it would be unwise of her to think he will learn that skill just because he says he will. The reality is that both men and women will say almost anything to have their affections returned.

The proof is in the pudding. If a man is looking for a wife, and he is not currently learning the things he says he will do in a marriage, his wish may be aspirational. If a woman is looking for a husband and knows that she will have to cook daily in a family home, but is not currently doing it, there is a disconnect that must be evaluated. The only exception that could be valid is if the activity is dependent on having a certain kind of home. For example, I want to learn how to work with wood, but I can't do it while living in an apartment. I also want to learn how to garden, but I can't because I have no land and only north-facing (low-light) windows. However, I do maintain a few plants, so a woman who hears me say I want to garden can see that I have started that endeavor. She can conclude that it's *possible* I will someday garden. When it comes to woodworking, however, she will not find any evidence of that skill, so she should not assume I will ever woodwork.

Personally, I am extremely skeptical of a woman who says she will learn how to cook but hasn't turned on her stove in months. The reason is that she has 2-3 opportunities *every day* to do what she says she will do but is not doing! What's stopping her now? If she lives in a home with a kitchen, nothing. If I encounter such a woman, and know that she eats takeout every day, I will have to assume she will never cook, and account for that in my decision to marry her or not. The same goes for other skills that are important to me, like sewing (buttons do fall off), laundry, ironing, and being organized in general. I must see

these qualities now or at least hints of them, because talk is cheap, and we need more than talk to have a successful family home.

20. If she has a career, don't assume she will quit when you want her to

> Do not give water an outlet, nor boldness to an evil wife. If she does not follow your good leadership, cut her off from yourself. —Ecclesiasticus 25:24-25

Chances are that you will find a woman who has a full-time job. Either that job is a waystation to a family, and she will quit when the children start arriving, or she will want to hold onto that job for as long as possible because it validates how she sees herself (independent, strong, high-achieving, etc.).

If you meet a woman who tells you that she desires to be a stay-at-home mother, and that her job isn't necessary for her, but she will work at it for as long as needed, it may be safe to assume that she will eventually quit. However, if a woman hints that her career is important to her because it gives her a sense of "purpose," or she likes making money, it is not safe to assume she will quit, even if she does not react vehemently to your wish for her to be a stay-at-home wife. Generally, the more feminist she is, the less likely she will quit when you want, for she may have succumbed to the lie that a career is the most important part of a woman's identity.

Failure to discern in this matter could be catastrophic: the children are sent to daycare, they will not be homeschooled, the household duties do not get done, she never learns how to cook (since it's time-consuming), she is in obedience to a boss at work which effectively means she has two men in her life, and she is frequently fatigued and irritated. She may even try to push you into the role of stay-at-home dad so that she can have her

cake and eat it too. I'm fearful enough of accidentally marrying a feminist that I must be convinced of a woman's insatiable desire to be a traditional stay-at-home mother before entering a courtship with her.

21. She will lose respect and attraction for you if you become emasculated and allow her to take control

> But I want you to know that the head of every man is Christ, the head of woman is man, and the head of Christ is God. —1 Corinthians 11:3

A common failure of men is backsliding on their masculinity and leadership. It is true that a woman will constantly test her man for strength, usually by nagging him to have more say in decision-making, but if that request is actually granted, she loses respect for him, because he becomes less of a "him" and more of a "her." We don't really know why women petition men for things that ultimately make them unhappy, but it is a test we must pass by maintaining our leadership position in the household.

If we fall for the trap of "equality" that is so common in secular relationships, the woman will start to lose respect for her man and so begins the typical side effects of her withholding sex, going out more often with her friends, maintaining inappropriate relationships with men online, neglecting household duties, starting a new gym routine with a young male trainer, and so on. It's hard to relay to men the severity of this trap when it starts in such a banal manner, that obeying a woman who really believes she must choose where to go out for dinner, for example, will actually begin a process where the husband is feminized, weakened, and destroyed in divorce. I'm sure you've seen this personally in your life as I have. Maintain your masculine frame or else she will take up that mantle and despise you for it.

22. No matter how thoroughly you vet her, you will be upset at her behaviors during marriage

> And Adam said, this [is] now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh: she shall be called Woman, because she was taken out of Man. Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife: and they shall be one flesh. And they were both naked, the man and his wife, and were not ashamed. —Genesis 2:23-24

Human behavior tends to be domain specific. My daily habits and routine when I was living in a European city is different from when living in an American suburb. The foods I eat, the times I shower, and how much I read are all different depending on the domain I find myself in. In one domain, a woman acts this way, but in another domain, she acts differently. How a woman behaves when she's single or in courtship is not going to be identical to her behavior as a wife or mother. A woman may appear perfect to you in the courtship phase, but after marrying her and living with her, you will see her flaws that may even make you feel regretful. This doesn't mean you made the wrong choice, or that she deceived you, but that wifely behaviors had no outlet for display within a stress-free courtship.

The point of marriage is not to eliminate the potential for failure or hardship. I'm tempted to make sure a potential wife doesn't have any major problems that may cause me pain in the future, but this is not the Orthodox Christian way. We are not gods who can see the future, and we are called upon to have faith in Lord Jesus Christ to pair us with a suitable spouse, not our own ability to avoid worldly pain. When you marry a woman, and she displays an odd behavior that displeases you, do not think, "What have I done to marry this woman? My life is ruined!" Instead think, "My Lord commands me to pick up and carry my Cross. Now I must bear and endure that which my wife is doing, as she is flesh of my flesh, and she must endure my innumerable flaws. So be it, so be it."

23. If she doesn’t like to be corrected, signifying a strong will, you will have many disagreements

> Better to dwell in the wilderness, than with a contentious and angry woman.
> —Proverbs 21:19

People who don’t like being corrected, like myself, often have elevated pride. It’s impossible for their ego to handle someone telling them that they are doing something wrong and that they must change their thinking or behavior. If you attempt to correct a woman, the most common response will be that she starts crying. If she’s more of a combative type, you may hear, “Why don’t you do it yourself then?” Even if you are exceedingly gentle, her pride will perceive the correction in the worst possible way and be wounded by it.

I’ve had experiences with women who simply could not take loving correction, and let me tell you: it’s a total drag. Their pride is preventing them from doing simple things that you like. For example, once a secular girlfriend was preparing lunch for me. I politely asked her to cut my apple in a way that I preferred. She got angry and made a big stink about it. It’s no surprise that the relationship later ended in a bitter way. I can’t imagine how life would have been with her if I tried to correct her on matters bigger than how an apple is cut.

During your courtship with a woman, it may be useful to correct her on something that is genuinely bothering you. The best response is if she accepts and does it the correct way. If she gets upset and sheds tears, but still performs the correction, that may not necessarily be a bad sign. However, if she responds with a nasty attitude, is resistant to change, and even starts hitting you, you have to understand that this behavior will carry through in a marriage. Ask yourself if you can deal with it.

24. She may lie to you but not think it is a lie, because she believes the lie to be the truth

> The mouth of an immoral woman is a deep pit; He who is abhorred by the Lord will fall there. —Proverbs 22:14

As the psalm says, “Every man is a liar.” The lying of women is unique compared to men because, in my opinion, much of the time they don’t really believe they are lying. The most prime example is when she states that a man she knows is “just a friend.” The reality is he is a suitor, biding his time for the best moment to attempt intercourse. In order for the woman to say the suitor is a friend, she had to view the interaction with him through a particularly narrow lens. Because there has been no physical intimacy, she thinks they are “friends,” but she ignores the emotional and romantic bond the man has for her. If she were to admit that he’s more than a friend, she would also have to admit that she’s enabling or encouraging a man who has romantic affection for her, and also admit that their relationship is only one text message away from physical intimacy. She is telling the truth only through the deliberate omission of numerous relevant facts.

Another example is when a woman says, “I have had three boyfriends,” and then gives you ample details on those three boyfriends without mentioning any others, as if she has never met any other man in her life. She frames the discussion in such a way that a man will want to conclude that she has only had intercourse with three men, but it’s quite possible she has been intimate with many more. Here she is lying by omission to a man who wants to believe the lie.

If you ask personal questions that hit upon her mistakes or flaws, and her faith is small, prepare for lies that she may not think of as lies. If you try to confront a woman on a lie, as I have often done, you should not be surprised if she refuses to admit fault and then blames you for not trusting her. The main persuasive weapon a woman uses against man, tears, will then make their appearance.

25. It’s common for a woman to conform to a man’s interests and hobbies to receive his affection

> A woman shall not wear anything that pertains to a man, nor shall a man put on a woman’s garment, for all who do so are an abomination to the Lord your God.
> —Deuteronomy 22:5

I don’t know when it began that men started to desire women who shared the same masculine hobbies as them. “She loves watching sports, drinking beer, and shooting guns… I’m in love!” It must be a sign of the times when narcissism is so high that men look to women to be just like them instead of understanding that God created two sexes with a distinct division of gifts for maintaining a family home.

When men signal they like a woman with masculine hobbies, women will soon come to “love” masculine hobbies. There are millions of women in the United States who know more than me about pro football, craft beer, bodybuilding, shooting guns, comic book movies, and all the most appropriate times to use profanity in conversation. They may not admit it to you, but I believe they do these things to maximize their chances of receiving affection from men and to sustain that affection by being able to talk about the things that men like.

The problem for you is that a woman may effortlessly pretend to like what you like if she happens to have a strong interest in you, leading you to have the wrong idea about your compatibility. If you like reading books, she will express her interest in reading books. If you like baking, she will send you a picture of her baking (for the first time ever). If you love dogs, she will love dogs and send you pictures (even though she really loves cats). Whatever you like, she will like.

Even more dangerous is if you’re an Orthodox Christian. She may also claim to love Orthodoxy, and even convert to the faith for you, but will love you more than the faith, at least initially. Now there are many success stories of a man bringing his wife into the Church, and many of these women come to be light-bearers of the faith, but you must use discernment to confirm she’s converting because she believes Orthodoxy is the truth, and that it’s God’s Church, not that she sees you as an ideal man and doesn’t mind a lukewarm religious commitment of only going to church for two hours on Sunday.

None of us can look into a woman’s soul and know why she really is converting, but there is one question you can ask her: “If our relationship were to suddenly end, would you still convert to the Orthodox faith?” If the answer is no then she is converting for you alone. Proceed with caution.

26. If she’s had sexual experiences in the past, look for undeniable repentance

> Any evil is small compared to the evil of a wife. May the portion of a sinner fall upon her! —Ecclesiasticus 25:18

Many secular men insist on knowing how many past partners their girlfriend has had. This is what I did in my secular relationships. As an Orthodox Christian, however, I'm not sure if it's useful to ask this because of how our soul is reformed through repentance, a turning away from sin, a regeneration of the old man into the new. With grace, you quite literally become a new person, and can no longer recognize the old person you once were. There is a gulf that exists between the man I am today and the man I was in the past, and if a woman were to solely evaluate me by what I did a few years ago, she would not be getting a complete picture of the good fruits I'm capable of producing today.

However, if I stopped fornicating because I merely got bored, physically tired, or hormonally depleted, and did not repent nor struggle mightily against my lust, it's safe to assume that I'm still dominated by sin and evil. The dark fleshly passions would still be lurking underneath in full strength. Without repentance, what I did in my most recent past would then be highly indicative of what I will do in the near future, or at least am capable of doing.

If you identify a woman who has fallen but whose repentance is genuine (i.e. she has taken steps away from carnal living and is pursuing a pious Orthodox life) then I don't think you'll gain useful information by asking her the gory details of her sexual past. Instead, you may only need a rough sketch of her past sins to know if she is successfully attempting an earnest struggle against them in the present.

I pray that my past fornication was a temporary aberration, but even if it was, there are other permanent features of my personality that a potential spouse will have to deal with. It may be useful to examine qualities of a potential wife that are ongoing or have a

permanent quality in the body, such as her health problems, demeanor, attitude, personality, latent addictions, and so on, instead of sins that seemed to have ended. It's possible that by focusing on her sexual past alone that you may be ignoring something even more disruptive to a potential marital union.

It is your right to exclude a woman whose sexual past is too much for you to bear. I will only add that the more you fell in a certain area, the more you should accept a woman who fell like you. If you're a virgin, perhaps you should wait for a virgin, but if you're like me and had sexual experiences before repenting, then a woman who repented from a similar passion could be a suitable match.

27. You don't fully know a woman unless you've seen her angry

> A continual dripping on a very rainy day and a contentious woman are alike;
> Whoever restrains her restrains the wind, and grasps oil with his right hand.
> —Proverbs 27:16-16

It's a great thing that the woman you're courting seems to always be pleasant, kind, and meek, but she is a human being, existing in fallen flesh, and it's just a matter of time until she gets angry. It would be helpful for you to know what she's like when she's angry so that you can discern if that type of anger is manageable.

Some women withdraw when they get angry and give you the silent treatment. Other women explode, throwing household objects and using bad language. Other women pout and cry as if having a childish temper tantrum. I've seen all types of anger, and none are easy to work with, but I would hesitate with any woman whose anger is deranged and violent, where she temporarily loses sanity and takes on a rage that approaches murderous (I've known men who were physically attacked by their girlfriends, including the case of a knife attack). With such women, warning signs will be present before you face her anger head-on.

I'm not advising you to purposefully get a woman angry in the courtship phase, because that would be manipulation, but don't fear it. As long as you are not deceived that she is immune to experiencing anger, you want to be mentally prepared for when it happens.

While a woman's anger is dangerous, a man's is worse, because we have testosterone, which allows us to kill a woman with our bare hands. It's far more important for a woman to understand the type of anger you have than the other way around.

28. Be extremely suspicious of a woman who still communicates with past boyfriends

> My son, give me your heart, and let your eyes observe my ways. For a harlot is a deep pit, and a seductress is a narrow well. She also lies in wait as for a victim, and increases the unfaithful among men. —Proverbs 23:26-28

It's bad enough if a woman communicates with men online she claims are her friends, but it's a *serious red flag* if she maintains a regular dialogue with someone with whom she had a romantic relationship. This is leaving wide open the door to sexual temptation and, in the case of marriage, infidelity. I believe women maintain such relationships because it makes them feel validated and proud that a man who had access to her heart and body still "cares" about her and wants her in his life. Even worse, it could be that she is considering him as a backup plan to return to in case her next relationship fails. You can completely discard her reasoning that she is only "friends" with the ex. It is not friendship if romantic emotions or bodily fluids were exchanged (starting with kissing).

I can't stress how this scenario is a *serious red flag* that may come to destroy any relationship you attempt to build. Any woman I court must cut off all communication (including text messaging) with exes or I will walk away with no regret. If a woman raises a stink about it, but eventually complies, I would still proceed with extreme caution, and verify that communication was indeed cut off. If a woman is not ready to throw away the attention of men she had sinful relations with for the sake of the man she may marry, is she taking the ideal of Christian marriage seriously?

29. Don't confuse her physical and emotional attraction towards you for deep compatibility

> Do not let your adornment be merely outward—arranging the hair, wearing gold, or putting on fine apparel—rather let it be the hidden person of the heart, with

> the incorruptible beauty of a gentle and quiet spirit, which is very precious in the sight of God. For in this manner, in former times, the holy women who trusted in God also adorned themselves, being submissive to their own husbands, as Sarah obeyed Abraham, calling him lord, whose daughters you are if you do good and are not afraid with any terror. —1 Peter 3:3-6

You're in danger if an attractive woman likes you, because your fallen nature is prone to entering a hypnotized state where you fixate on all the emotional pleasure she is giving you in the moment and the physical pleasure she may give you in the future. It can happen that a man is lukewarm about a woman, but then she accidentally touches him with her breast, wears a low-cut shirt, and smiles at him with extra-glossy lips that he then suddenly thinks she's a perfect match.

Do you understand how easy it is for a woman of even average looks to ensnare a man if she is aided by Satan? All she has to do is wear makeup, put on perfume, wear a revealing outfit, bite her lip during key moments of the conversation, breathe slowly and deeply, and give you the green light for physical touching. Unless you are aware of what she's doing, you will think there is a "natural" connection and in your blindness begin to see her as a woman ready for Christian marriage. Understand that in this world men have practically no resistance to a pretty woman who likes them. Most men do not even know that this is a temptation, and instead think they've received some kind of good luck or blessing when women look upon them as if they were a piece of meat.

When a woman is attracted to you, your mind begins the process of forgetting or rationalizing all her weaknesses while inventing strengths where none exist. She's no longer impulsive—she's spontaneous. She's not addicted to the mindless secular culture—she's avant-garde. She's not filled with passions—she has a big heart. She's not lazy with church attendance—she lives so far away and it's hard for her pretty self to drive forty minutes each way. With attraction, any piece of coal can be instantly rubbed into a diamond.

You may think this sounds amusing, but the process is real and has caused men to marry women who later ruined their lives and made them consider suicide. If you readily get physically aroused in a woman's presence or if you fantasize about being with her sexually then you are no different than a secular man lusting after a woman in a bar. The process is the same. It's okay to be attracted to a woman, but if you're *feeling* more than spiritually *discerning*, you may be setting up yourself for a hard fall.

I know myself and my inability to resist a pretty woman who likes me, so when I want to discern if a woman is right for me, I prefer to do it from afar before sustaining a relationship. I do not dive into any relations with an attractive woman because, without a plan to get to know her, I will fall into a trap of seduction because of the natural power of a woman's beauty, allure, and femininity.

30. Evaluate her for the potential to become a great mother

> But Ruth said: “Entreat me not to leave you, Or to turn back from following after you; For wherever you go, I will go; And wherever you lodge, I will lodge; Your people shall be my people, And your God, my God. Where you die, I will die, And there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me, and more also, if anything but death parts you and me.” —Ruth 1:16-17

A married man told me that the most important quality of a potential wife is if she will be a good mother. During a courtship, however, we are instead concerned about ourselves. How will she make *me* feel? How will she be a wife to *me*? How will she satisfy *me*? How will she please *me*? Me me me! Our entire standard, and much of what I’ve written above, concerns the relationship between future man and wife, but children do happen.

You will love your children with all your heart, but if your wife is a less-than-ideal mother, conflict and pain will enter your life as you try to correct her mistakes and deficiencies. Does it matter if your wife pleases you if you know your children are getting an upbringing that is hurting them? You will no longer perceive the prior-held romantic happiness. While you’re evaluating a woman on how well she will please you, try to also discern how she would be as a mother.

There are two major clues to knowing how good of a mother she’ll be. First, how does her mother treat her? Unless you have evidence to the contrary, she will be very similar to her mother. If her mother was neglectful or abusive, there is a chance the same traits may appear in her. Second, how does she act around children? If you meet her in a parish, it will be very easy to see how she interacts with kids. Personally, I want to see that a woman is patient, sensitive, and loving. I don’t buy the excuse that it’s okay for a woman to be cold to children that are not her own. If you love children, you love all children. I love pugs, and will give affection to all pugs that are not my own. I can’t

fathom how I would only love my pug but not care about other pugs.

If a woman had a difficult childhood, hopefully she has a mentor in the Church, perhaps her godmother, who she eagerly learns from. If a woman doesn't have the motherly ability you seek, but you've noticed she's willing to be corrected, perhaps you can proceed, but if she's not willing to be corrected at all, you will have a hard time. A lot of flaws in a woman can be somewhat discarded if she's meek and readily obeys you. Otherwise, even the smallest flaw can become a threat to the relationship.

31. An examination of her living quarters can reveal gaps in what she tells you

> Say to wisdom, "You are my sister," and call understanding your nearest kin, that they may keep you from the immoral woman, from the seductress who flatters with her words. —Proverbs 7:4-5

We have to be able to trust our future wife, but until we have that trust, we must verify. A visit to her home *with at least one mature chaperone* can be a good check on the things she has been telling you about herself. If she says she's spiritual, but you notice more K-pop posters on her walls than holy icons, you may want to dig deeper. She exclaimed to you how badly she wants to be a housewife, but is her room a pigsty? She claims she wants to cook every day for her husband, but is her refrigerator filled with only expired jars of Whole Foods branded condiments? Is the one cookbook she owns covered with cobwebs? It's possible that many things she told you were aspirational, a work in progress, but you should begin to see movements toward the wife she yearns to be.

Do not go to her house alone! We do not want a check of her living quarters to lead to temptation. Family members or sober-minded friends should also be present. You may think this precaution is silly, but the second you enter her home alone, a legion of demons is behind you to tempt you both so that you desecrate your courtship. If you are underestimating Satan and think what I'm sharing is absurd, it is possible you are already in a state of falling.

32. If a woman complains a lot about other people, she will soon complain about you

> Do not complain, brethren, against one another, so that you yourselves may not be judged; behold, the Judge is standing right at the door. —James 5:9

Complainers are equal-opportunity, meaning that they complain about everyone. I once knew a man who would complain to me about everyone we knew, and yet he would never complain about me. It didn't take much time for me to be grouped into his complaints. Complainers may shift their targets, but they will always land on those who are closest to them. If you find a woman who is prone to complaining, the intensity of her complaints will be entirely focused on you after you get married.

I'm sensitive to complaints because I have relatives who are complainers. I see firsthand how complaining can strain relationships and simply make you not want to spend time with the person. A priestmonk in the Orthodox Church told me that complaining is a form of irritation, which in turn is a form of anger. Therefore, the root of complaining is anger, even if the complaints may be just or uttered in a light-hearted manner. Identify if the woman complains once in a while or if she complains all the time. If she's an aggressive complainer, she has not found a way to tackle her anger in a way that will not damage her relationships, and you must keep a close eye on her pattern of complaining, assuming that one day the target of her complaining will be you.

33. Trust in God to find a wife, not in your own abilities

> The wise shall inherit glory, but shame shall be the legacy of fools. —Proverbs 3:35

You can follow every piece of advice in this article, and be completely sure of any choice you make, but still fail if you don't ask God through intense prayer for His will to be done. Be wary of only trusting yourself and what you can perceive with your senses when it comes to choosing a wife, because God can see things that you can't see. He knows any woman more than you know her. If you're relying more on worldly wisdom than God—and

most of what I'm offering here is worldly wisdom—how can you possibly make a good choice? My suggestions are to get your foot in the door if you are inexperienced and chaste so that you are not easily manipulated, but more important than what I say is to pray daily and humbly to help evaluate any woman you are interested in. Pray to the Saints, seek out elders in the Church, and ask balanced Christians close to you for aid.

Conclusion

I'm sure many men will read this article and say to themselves that they will avoid the big mistakes, but then something happens: they become attracted to a woman. Once the attraction happens, which is an emotional and physical process involving our flesh, rationality is first to go out the window. I hate to admit this but I'm certainly more experienced than you when it comes to falling under the spell of a woman and letting my flesh take over the driver's seat. You think that it won't happen to you, that you have the knowledge, but if that's what you believe, it will surely happen to you, because you are underestimating the power of your fallen nature.

Even though I have experience, I do not trust my judgment in the presence of an attractive woman, because even after returning to Christ, it happened that I entered a hypnotic spell of improper judgment. Thankfully, with the help of the Church and my faith, I pulled my soul out of the spell, but I don't kid myself: I'm one chance meeting away from self-willingly entering a state of passionate delusion. Whatever the case may be, understand that it is God's will that must be done. He allows us to fall for our benefit and He will permit us to enter a happy or unhappy marriage for our salvation. As long as He is in your heart more than any woman, accept whatever outcome arrives, love your wife in spite of all her flaws, and give thanks to God without ceasing for whatever

situation you find yourself in, whether single or married.

Read Next: *Hugs Are Dangerous*

7 Signs You're In A Cult Or False Movement

October 24, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I recently listened to Father John Valdez's 10-part lecture series called Survival Course for Orthodox Christians, which offers a renewed take on Father Seraphim Rose's lecture series of the same name. The talk on Eastern cults was especially helpful because Father John gave a list of signs that one has been deceived by a cult or false movement. I couldn't help but notice that I had fallen for most of them to some degree in my secular past. Using Father John's lecture as a starting point, I'd like to share seven of those signs with more detail.

1. The rules don't apply to the guru

In all cults and false movements, Lord Jesus Christ is either discarded or used as a nominal head, but the real head is a guru who prescribes a litany of rules and commandments for his adherents to follow. The only problem is that the leader has a hard time following his own rules. The excuse of his "transcendence" will often be used to exempt him from the group's moral teachings, since he will be "above" all rules, as if he were a god.

Guru Alan Watts taught a detachment from the world, viciously attacking the Western rat race, yet he was an alcoholic. Osho also taught detachment, yet he was attached to luxury European brands and sexual intercourse with his followers. Many Protestant leaders teach sexual morality, yet they all become embroiled in sex scandals. A worthy leader should follow the rules that he teaches, but that's not what happens when a guru teaches a false gospel.

2. There is no external need for God

In a false movement, without the guru, you're lost. He's not directing your soul to God but onto himself so that he gets all the rewards. Since *all* cults are sex cults in disguise, this means more fleshly rewards for him along with wealth, fame, and riches. The movement manipulates its adherents to think that they are lost without the leader. Guru co-dependency is encouraged.

In Eastern philosophies, a big lie is added: "You are God." The gurus insist that you are perfect, already a literal god, and only need the guru's guidance to unlock the divinity within you. This notion is pleasing to the pride of Western man, who flock towards these teachings to be constantly reminded that they are of the divine and do not have to heal their fallen nature through the grace of God upon repentance.

3. The promise of fast results without strenuous labor

> The striving to defeat the qualities of the fallen nature inspires the monk to such asceticism that those who have never attempted it cannot even imagine. This labor, which is a rejection of one's very nature, supplements the crucifixion and cross of poverty, which is only a rejection of money. This labor leads one to the very depth of humility, it brings one to living faith, it raises one to a state of grace. —Saint Ignatius Brianchaninov in The Field

The key to hooking someone onto a false movement is quickly giving them a positive experience that shows the guru's teachings "work" without having to expend much labor. This type of fast-food spirituality is often done with other adherents who are enraptured by the alleged bliss, peace, or pseudo-grace they are experiencing, enough for the law of social conformity to take over so that the inquirer eagerly misinterprets his feelings as empirical proof of efficacy.

Just meditate for 20 minutes in the way the guru says and you will feel sublime calm. Just attend the rock star church service and you will be buzzing with the Holy Spirit. Just watch all the people falling down in ecstasy before the guru's feet and you will feel ecstasy as well if you collapse like the others. Even these kinds of paltry labor are becoming too onerous for modern man, who wants more exalted spiritual experiences with even less work. This has led to the rampant use of drugs, especially psychedelics. Under the guru's guidance, you will smoke a potent weed in a hot room, or take mushrooms, and you'll feel such peace and maybe even encounter demonic creatures you are told are your pals. You are indebted to the guru for such a mystical journey and commit yourself to him.

4. Guru rediscovered ancient wisdom that was "lost"

The guru refuses to accept canonical teachings and instead looks for obscure sources to pour in his will and judgment. Osho wrote a book on the Gospel Of Thomas, a non-canonical Gospel, and used it to affirm his own ideas, even blaspheming that Lord Jesus Christ received his teachings from Indian mystics. Many Gnostics on YouTube accept historical speculation as fact to push their own teachings which ultimately reject Orthodox Christology. Protestants read the scripture with their fallen minds and become their own pope, claiming that the teachings of Christ were lost from the time of the Apostles until lawyers and apostate monks enflamed with sexual desire rediscovered them in the 16th Century.

The truth is that since the time of Christ, the truth has never been hidden or lost, because Lord Jesus Christ promised us that His Church would not fall, and through the Orthodox Church, it has not.

5. The familiar is used to build instant rapport

In modern hip-hop music, it's common for a producer to sample an old song and blend it with new degenerate lyrics. This is done so that you feel an instant connection with the new song even though you've never heard it before. False movements do the same by incorporating popular trends existing in the culture so that you quickly feel comfortable in new environs where you must begin to obey the guru. Another example is the similarity between the production values of a rock concert and megachurch. Both use advanced video and audio technology alongside programmatic laser lights. If you want to go to a free rock concert, they occur all around the United States on Sunday mornings.

> Millennium '73 was a three-day festival held on November 8–10, 1973 at the Astrodome in Houston, Texas, United States, by the Divine Light Mission (DLM). It featured Prem Rawat, then known as Guru Maharaj Ji, a 15-year-old guru and the leader of a fast-growing new religious movement. Organizers billed the festival as the most significant event in human history which would usher in a thousand years of peace. The festival's official schedule described the three evening addresses by Guru Maharaj Ji as the highlights of the event. **Big-band music, rock bands, religious songs, choral works, a dance performance and speeches by other DLM leaders filled the program from noon to 10 pm.**
> —Millenium '73 event in Houston featuring an Indian child who many thought was god

It's difficult to find a false movement that is traditional or critical of modern trends because that would involve real ascesis that sends the adherent to the true source of traditionalism: Orthodoxy. Instead, the guru must use secular features to hook people into quickly making the decision to become a member so that the fleecing can begin.

6. There is no objective morality or truth

> No one has rightly sought the truth who has not encountered at the end of this search—whether to accept or reject Him—our Lord, Jesus Christ, 'the Way, the Truth, and the Life.' —Father Seraphim Rose in Nihilism

The main method to retain members is through the management of their feelings (i.e. emotional manipulation), but since feelings and moods change, the teachings and lessons must also change to keep the coffers filled. This method of control is incompatible with objective truth, which does not change. Since false movements are more concerned with retaining dues-paying members and sex partners, the guru will mold the program so that there is continual growth, as if it were a business.

In the Orthodox Church, if you don't want to believe in one of its dogmas, you are outside of the Church. The hierarchy does not soften its stand on a dogma or begin to change because you believe strongly about a lie. Your feelings have absolutely no value when it comes to Church teachings. Compare that with the "seeker sensitive" approach of some Protestant churches, whereby a prospective member's needs are identified and catered to so that they fill the pews and open their wallet. It's possible to be in a modern church and have everyone believe in different dogmas. The truth no longer becomes important while relativity is openly encouraged. It doesn't matter what you believe as long as everyone is on the same "wavelength" in helping the guru achieve his self-centered mission.

7. A snippet of scripture or historical text is taken completely out of proportion

> Falsehood is a diabolical trait. He who has assimilated false thoughts has assimilated an attribute of the devil. He has entered into a relationship with the

> outcast angels; he has made union with God alien to himself and unnatural. He who is a stranger to God is a stranger to salvation. —Saint Ignatius Brianchaninov

Famous Russian author Leo Tolstoy went against the Orthodox Church and created an entire heretical movement by misinterpreting what the Bible said about peacemaking. He was eventually excommunicated from the Church but managed to cause immense damage to those who believed his lies.

I suspect that modern gurus are less concerned with the truth than appearing different or unique to hook wayward souls onto their movement. They are eager to provide new exegetical accounts that are absurd on their face, but since man is so far from God, born in iniquities and conceived in sin, he is prone to falling for such lies, and so new cults are continually being made.

Conclusion

> The Holy Spirit, descended on the apostles on the day of Pentecost, according to the words of the Lord Jesus Christ Himself, who promised to send Him down at the Last Supper, is primarily the Spirit of truth and was sent to the disciples of the Lord in order to instruct them on all truth (Jn 16, 13), and therefore the true Church of Christ, informing the believers of the grace of the Holy Spirit, is the one who keeps, confesses and preaches the Truth. In the same place where, instead of Truth, lies are proclaimed, whether in dogmatic doctrine or in moral or in the sense of any untruth in general, there certainly is no true Church, there is no God's grace that saves man, but only one appearance, blasphemous deception. —Archbishop Averky

I fell for many of the above tricks when I believed in the Eastern lie of becoming your own God. I believed in my thoughts and feelings and essentially did whatever I wanted to do in the name of being one with the Universe and acting as a dead fish to "go with the flow." There was no grace and no healing to my soul. Shamefully, I even went to a couple of yoga classes while living in Europe to mimic bodily configurations that were historically used to commune with Hindu demons. Thankfully, Lord Jesus Christ has removed the scales from my eyes and allowed me to see the full truth—without adulteration and without error—through His Orthodox Church. No one converts to Orthodoxy without having sustained prior damage from false movements, so may God help them all be received into the only true movement that is God's Church.

Read Next: *Why Do You Consume Secular Content?*

5 Types Of Imagination That Take You Away From Reality

October 31, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

I have an overactive imagination. Not an hour of the day goes by when I don't insert myself into a future that is not yet realized. Such a faculty may be useful for some aspects of creative work, but most of my fantasies are not directed on a specific outcome. Instead, I'm led astray by my imaginative faculty when I'm trying to undertake normal tasks like reading, writing, or listening, and it regularly distracts me when I should be serving God with zeal and vigor. I'm often in a fantasy land that creates an escape from my Christian duties.

What is imagination? Unlike a distinct memory, a relic of something that has already happened, an imagination (or fantasy) is something that has not yet been realized in material existence. You are using your mind to conjure a scene, situation, or outcome that—at the current moment—is fiction. Therefore, imagination is future-oriented, whereas a memory, whether enjoyable or not, is past-oriented. Your ability to recall memories is limited by the fixed limitation of memories, but with imagination, there is no limit to what you can invoke. Taken to the extreme, imagination may lead to a complete break from reality.

Orthodox Church Fathers state that imagination comes from the *nous*, which is the eye of the soul. The more damaged your soul, and the further you are from Lord Jesus Christ, the worse your fantasies will be, to the point where they cause you to sin and completely intrude on the ability to have a normal adult life.

> …imagination is one of the faculties of the soul that plays an important role in the action and development of passions. It forms the image of a person or thing within us, then provokes sensual pleasure to capture our nous. Once taken captive we commit sin.
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> […]
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> Since the Fall man's imaginative faculty has run wild and is full of fantasies. Apart from man, the devil also has imagination. For precisely this reason fantasy and imagination are an efficient conductor of satanic energy and the devil uses them to ensnare people. Fantasy and imagination are a bridge between man and the demons, which the demons cross to trouble him.
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> —Metropolitan Hierotheos of Nafpaktos

When classifying imagination, I noticed two variables that determine the severity of one's disconnection from reality. The first variable is the proximity of the fantasy. Does it take place in the next hour or does it take place in a faraway future? The second variable is the likelihood that the fantasy will happen. Are you imagining the conversation you will have with your friend as you are driving to his home or are you fantasizing about being a

world-famous singer? If the imagined event is proximal and likely to happen, your fantasy can possibly be described as a rehearsal, but if it is distant and not likely to happen, your fantasy may be a dangerous form of delusion.

Here are five types of imagination that I have noticed myself doing…

1. Things right about to happen

A type of imagination that I've never heard labeled as dangerous is rehearsing for an event that will soon happen. Examples include same-day preparation for a speech, job interview, sporting performance, work meeting, or difficult conversation with a spouse. You mentally arrange the pieces of what is right about to happen to increase the likelihood of success. Such imagination may include logistical planning, dry runs, and scheduling.

To write this article, I had to imagine various ideas and test them in my mind before committing them to paper. My imagination was focused, deliberate, practical, and based on a reality that I wanted to perform. Most jobs require this mode of imagination.

One limitation of this type of imagination is when conversing with others. If you already prepare what you're going to say to someone, or what advice you're going to give, you may neglect to listen to new information or perceive the shifting needs of the listener and end up speaking at them instead of with them. It's easy to turn spontaneous conversations into a lecture through excessive rehearsal and planning.

2. Things that are likely to happen soon

We now extend the timeline to things that are planned for the future but which may not happen. Last year, I was booked for a speaking event in Atlanta. I drafted a speech with

the expectation I would deliver it, and imagined speaking before the crowd, but the event was cancelled by multiple venues. Another time, I planned to visit my friend in the mountains. I imagined some topics I was going to talk to him about, but my car broke down and I could not go. Another time, I imagined making vegan banana pancakes and the joy I would get from eating them, but my mom ate all the bananas and I could not make them.

In this category, we're starting to see a failure in the realization of our imaginations, even though the failure is unexpected. After all, you did expect the event to occur, and wanted to be prepared for it. I wonder if the most useful aspect of our imaginative faculty is simply helping us prepare for common tasks so that we can give and receive the most spiritual value from them.

3. Things that are unlikely to happen anytime soon

> The more spiritually sick a person is, the more he is dominated by all kinds of fantasy and imagination. The healthier he is spiritually, the freer he is from fantasies and imaginings. Even what are referred to nowadays as psychological problems are produced and retained in our souls by fantasies. The more we are freed from their oppression, the more we are healed from various psychological problems. This is why St John Cassian the Roman writes that a sign that someone has acquired the virtue of holiness and chastity is that his soul pays no attention at all to imagination or fantasy, even when asleep. —Ibid

With this category, we're beginning to escape from reality, because we imagine things that—even if realized—won't happen for a long time. There becomes a huge gap between the present time and when the fantasy can occur. For example, a man may meet a pretty

woman and then later imagine her as his wife, or what it would be like to be intimate with her. A woman may get a haircut and imagine a handsome man who will sweep her off her feet because he finds her so ravishing. An unemployed computer programmer may imagine being a top executive at a prestigious firm. A single woman may imagine the names of her future children and how beautiful they will be.

Pleasure has begun to seep into the fantasy. The fantasizer disconnects from a boring reality and imagines a future that is pleasurable and more gratifying on the ego, just like how a drug addict ingests a drug to go somewhere else with his mind and body. He doesn't like how his life is at the current moment so he imagines a better one in the future, which in turn causes him to neglect the present reality.

Prevalent are fantasies of the flesh. Unfortunately, I have spent untold hours with these types of fantasies in my secular days, which enabled my addiction to carnal living. The fantasies become the main fuel to engage in lawlessness. Fantasies can also exist on the complete opposite end of the spectrum where you imagine catastrophes, traumas, and other bad events that lead to anxiety, despondency, and despair, feelings that tear you away from the Lord.

4. Lofty fantasies that will *never* happen

> Since the greatest and most terrible passion of all is pride, fantasy and imagination are closely linked with pride. Someone who is proud has something wrong with his imaginative faculty. It is inflamed. It conceives all kinds of images and fantasies and makes his soul an earthquake zone. —Ibid

The previous category had a *shred* of connection to reality, but now the fantasies become completely void of realism. For example, a man may imagine himself as president of a great empire while deliberating all the excellent laws he should pass, maybe even writing them down. Another man may imagine himself as a hero in a train accident, where his actions save dozens of lives. A woman may imagine herself as a saint who lived centuries ago. A timid man may imagine telling off a politician or policeman to a cheering crowd. A woman may imagine herself as inventing a cure for cancer and winning the Nobel Prize. These fantasies usually involve receiving adoration from a mob, absolute power, or a level of worldwide fame for nonexistent talents or virtues.

I admit that I have delved into this category more often than I like to admit. My insane pride has effortlessly led me to exalted fantasies where I was placed above all men to receive rapturous attention from the most beautiful women in the world. Someone can be especially prone to these fantasies if they are "bored" with their lives and want to add excitement or ego gratification without ever leaving their computer chair.

Ultimately, this category of imagination allows a person to believe that they are someone they're not. Their entitlement grows and they begin to detach from reality. They fail to empathize with those who are "beneath" them in their fantasies, and in heightened states of delusion, they may actually believe their fantasies are truth. If you are experiencing this level of imagination, your soul has likely experienced heavy damage

from secular life.

5. Vivid dreams, visions, and outright delusion

> Dreams are fantasies, and they relate to the passions existing within us. From the images in these fantasies we can discern which passions we have.
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> […]
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> It is noticeable that studying the writings of the holy Fathers crucifies the imagination, whereas reading impassioned writings, especially fiction, excites the imagination. The Fathers never concerned themselves with so-called Christian fiction, narrative tales and so on, because that sort of writing provokes fantasy. By contrast, even poetry written by the saints has an element of repentance and theoria of God. The poems of St Symeon the New Theologian contain a revelation of God. There is no trace in them of speculation or contamination with figments of the imagination.
>
> —Ibid

If you're regularly imagining yourself as a king or queen, chances are you have vivid dreams that further reinforce the belief that you are special, different, or better than others. The cycle becomes self-perpetuating: vivid dreams at night beget crazier fantasies during the day, begetting even more vivid dreams that you want to believe as truth or see as prophecies. More and more of your time is spent outside of reality to the point where you essentially have a second personality that none of your relatives or friends would recognize. You may be an office worker but, according to your imagination, you are an illustrious figure who is not "understood" by the common people you interact

with. In such a stage of delusion, you buy your own hype and will almost certainly be humbled in a way that will cause despair, when how you see yourself is not confirmed but what life's mirror displays.

The imaginative faculty can be so damaged that some people can experience disassociated hallucinogenic states and visions while awake without the use of drugs. In other words, they dream while awake. In extreme conditions, medical treatment may be required, which often requires doping the patient to turn down the biological activity of the brain.

Conclusion

Outside of sensible rehearsing for upcoming events, I don't see any positive use of being taken hostage by my imaginative faculty at times when I should be focused on other tasks. The fact that random fantasies come to me when I'm attempting to serve God, such as while praying or attending a Liturgy, tells me that imagination is more of an *intrusion* upon my mind instead of an aid. If I want to write a short story, I will sit down and direct my imagination onto the story, but more commonly it seems that my imagination is directing me into strange places and ideas. Before, I would play with fantasies and use them to help me escape the meaningless of life, but since I have found meaning in Christ, I have little use for the games that my imagination wants to play. Unfortunately, I damaged my nous to such an extent from so many years of secular life that I must now battle with this problem daily to attend to my obligations before God.

Read Next: *The Salvation Of Your Soul Is Not A Game*

How To Attract A Woman As A Christian Man

November 7, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Young single women in the Orthodox Church don't stay single for long. Since the ratio of young men to women is so high, it doesn't take long for single women to be taken off the market. As Orthodox men calculate their prospects, a common question is asked: "How can I attract a woman?"

In the past, I developed a lifestyle around answering this question. It inevitably involved transforming myself into a man I thought women would be attracted to. I exaggerated my strengths, concealed my weaknesses, lied without ceasing, uprooted myself to locations where it was easier to meet women, and engaged in numerous sins to win over a woman's fleeting affections. I can't help but chafe when a man asks me how to attract a woman because—without spiritual considerations—the answer that "works" is to deceive and manipulate.

To attract a woman, one can mimic the approach of the Protestant Churches and be "seeker sensitive." You could identify your target (the woman), find out her desires, and then mold yourself to satisfy them, even if that's not who you are. You become a phony to, at the minimum, lie by omission so that she becomes attracted to the "best version of yourself." You toss overboard the useful but socially mundane gifts that God has given you and instead summon qualities you don't possess so that the women of this evil age lust after you. If they like a muscular man and you are puny, you hit the gym with urgent zeal. If they like a funny man and you are not, you practice comedy. If they like a "bad boy" but you are not, you must insinuate that you are a great sinner (if you served time in jail, that would be a plus in their eyes!). The whole idea of wanting to attract a woman presupposes that your current state is not attractive, and that you must transform both your physique and personality into that which pleases a woman to satisfy her in a carnal manner while using the flimsy pretext that it is all being doing for "spiritual" reasons.

Can you not already see how seeking to attract women makes an idol out of them? We are supposed to transform ourselves into children of God through prayer, obedience, and worship, and we attempt that with hardly any vigor, but when it comes to being liked by a woman, we are ready to change ourselves wholesale to be with a female creature who was made in *our* image. Indeed, wanting to attract a woman inverts the natural order, because we were made in the image of God and women were made in the image of man. Before you even meet her, by possessing a desire to win her over, you've already stepped foot into the pit. Without even knowing it, and in the most subtle of ways, she will control you as long as the ensuing relationship lasts, directly or indirectly.

Attempting to attract a woman through techniques or tactics is secular behavior, and I know this because I did it for nearly two decades, and learned exclusively how to do so from secular sources. There is nothing Christian about modifying your essence and nature to be more pleasing to women than God while they are busy modifying their essence and nature to be more pleasing to men than God. There is nothing Christian about becoming handsome or socially astute through effort in order to excite a woman, to be vainglorious to attract the vainglorious. No, you do those things not to please God but to please yourself through the female flesh. I wholeheartedly condemn all efforts at "self-improvement" or "transformation" where the aim of your effort is to attract a woman instead of serve God. Men who are desperate to find a wife think they must attract a woman to please God when really they must please God so that He sends them a suitable woman. Surely it is better to evaluate a woman that God sends you versus one you met using sales tactics while talking to dozens of women on internet apps so that maybe one desires the result of your false transformation enough to get into a relationship with you.

The correct question to ask is this: How can I *identify* a woman who recognizes my love for Lord Jesus Christ? Instead of manually attracting a woman through superficial changes that clash with your God-given qualities and gifts, you instead use your eyes and ears to identify the one woman who wants you to lead her with faith. Notice the word "one." You don't need to attract a lot of women: you only need to find one woman who sees your own attraction for Christ. This means you can come across thousands of women who discard you as if you were trash, who do not see your love for God and call you all sorts of insulting names, and you will be tempted to fall into despair to think that no woman will ever love you, and be tempted to inject yourself with testosterone and wear cool skinny jeans like they do in Sweden, but you should deny that instinct, stay true to the faith, and wait for God to enlighten a woman that you are her match, and to enlighten you that she

is your match, because an Orthodox marriage is not a sales drive or a numbers game, but a game of patience and faith where we put our full trust in God to deliver what we need for our salvation and the salvation of others.

It is infinitely better for you to do a prostration to please God than a rep at the bench press to please a woman. It is better to make a spontaneous prayer glorifying God when you behold a beautiful mountain or vista than to make a worldly joke that you hope will make a woman laugh. It is better to shed tears of repentance at your sins than to puff out your chest to make a woman think you are an alpha male. I did all the latter and have nothing to show for it but darkness and sin. If you don't think that you can get married using God alone, without tips and advice from the secular world of which I once preached, then you have not a woman problem but a spiritual problem.

Allow me to predict your future if you go on trying to attract a woman outside of the clean waters of the Church. In order to transform yourself into an "attractive" man, you will create a fantasy persona and wade into the sewage of the world, of dating apps and the like, and get the attention of a lukewarm woman who likes your personality, your skin-deep transformation, who transformed herself to attract a man and uses no less deception than you. You may enter a relationship with her, a pseudo-courtship infused with secular behaviors, because she was on the app after all and demands physical and emotional pleasure like all other women on the app, but you will rationalize to yourself that you're doing God's will and all will be fine. After some time passes, you become tired of wearing the mask, of being someone you're not, but she is attracted to the mask, the false persona, the man full of self-pride and self-will, and you are scared to take it off because the pleasure and validation her affections give you will be withdrawn. Soon her secular flaws become more glaring as your attempt to flirt-to-convert her into the Church reveals that she's only converting because she wants to receive the secular benefits of being a married woman, not because she wants to worship God in his True Church. You're overly committed and don't want to lose her. You fall for the false despairing notion that no other woman will love you due to your impatience and lack of trust in God. You decide to marry her before she flees into the arms of another man. How many good years will you have until the expensive bill comes due? I've seen this bill with my own eyes concerning other men, and let me tell you, this is a bill that is so expensive that no man can pay it in full. The payment plan lasts for the rest of your life, and if that's God's will for you then so be it, but I fail to see how using deception to hunt for secular women who were never serious about the faith in the first place is what God ordains for Orthodox men.

My advice for men essentially boils down to “be yourself,” but with a huge caveat: you are like Christ. Be yourself where yourself is Christ, who the Church teaches us to be like, and identify a woman who wants to cleave into one flesh with an icon of Christ, of which you will be upon marriage as you establish a “little church” in your family home. What additional advice do you need in this case? You need to be a man with basic strength, courage, and communication ability. You need to notice when a woman stares at you for more than two seconds or when she asks around about you, and petition God to help you meet this woman and get to know her and discern if she could be your wife. That’s it! If you think I’m exaggerating, this is all I’m using in my own life, for anything else will kindle my passions and undoubtedly lead to sin. While I have reams of secular experience with women, and can analyze their behavior on the most minute level, it’s only useful when giving advice to other men in various stages of relationship difficulty, usually with women enflamed with worldly desires. For myself, however, I use my senses to identify which woman is interested in me and then my brain to discern her level of faith and then my heart to lean on God for help, because no matter how much experience you have with women, you will never see inside her soul and know for sure if she’s the one. It is effortless for her to pretend to be someone she’s not, whether subconsciously or otherwise, and since women are more socially advanced than men, you will be tricked and end up marrying a stranger, but know that God can see into her soul, and He knows who she really is, so don’t listen to me or other men when evaluating a particular woman: lean on God instead.

If you make googly eyes with a pretty woman and think to yourself how you can attract her, you’ve already lost. You’ve made her a false idol and have decided to trust your eyes and fallen flesh more than God. I pity you because you remind me of myself! You’re already in the pit and don’t know it. Through your weak faith and self-trust, you are about

to make this woman into your god, and your inevitable fall may shatter you. I wish I can relay to you all the horror stories I've seen and heard that sum up thusly: the more desperate a man is to cleave to a secular woman, the more painful the outcome will be. It's possible you may get an adorable child or two from it, but there will never be peace for them if the home is broken, and there is a high chance they will grow up to be broken themselves, and every day will be full of regret. Wake up, Christian man! A woman is not your God! Do not attempt to attract anything besides the grace of God within His Orthodox Church, because you will be surely chastised, as I have been chastised, of wasting most of your life with secular women who keep your eyes away from God and onto the pleasures of your body and the feeding of your will and pride. Love God and simply wait for a woman who sees your love and wants to love God the way you do, and then you'll have a good chance, and God will be with you. Whatever cross we have to bear in this life, whether it be a painful marriage, divorce, singledom, or something else we can't foresee, may God give us the strength to bear it so that we retain our Orthodox faith until the end.

Read Next: *33 Things Christian Men Should Know About Women*

Top 3 Sources Of Human Pride

November 14, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The biggest stumbling block to communing with God is pride. Many Church Fathers have said that most sins, if not all, stem from pride. If Satan can amplify your pride then he can get you to commit all manner of sin. This will be made easy if you are born with one of three natural gifts that effortlessly make you proud: beauty, singing ability, or intelligence. The more of these gifts you have, the easier it is for Satan to turn you away from God.

1. Beauty

> …the root of all sin is self-love. From self-love proceed pride, mercenariness, love of pleasure; and from these proceed all other passions, eight of which are considered to be chief, while the rest are without number. Every sinner has all the passions—some in deed, others in embryo—because everyone who sins conducts his affairs with self-love, the seed of all passions or sinful inclinations.
> —Saint Theophan the Recluse in The Path To Salvation

The worst trait to have in modern times is beauty. The world has become so carnal that possessing just a smidge of beauty, whether you are a man or woman, will lead to limitless material benefits and sexual offers that are hard to refuse. I have witnessed how beautiful women are treated, and I feel sorry for them. To no fault of their own, they are tempted multiple times every day by young men who want to date them, older men who offer them gifts and money for favors, modeling agents, casting agents, charming men in

Italy, policemen, politicians, and on and on. What never happens to an unattractive woman is daily background noise to one who is beautiful.

With such a tsunami of temptation, often starting from pubescence, a woman develops enough pride in her beauty and what it can give her that she sees no need for an Orthodox faith. Why supplicate her will to God when there is an unlimited number of men around the world at her beck and call, who treat her like a false god? She merely needs to read one of the hundreds of unread dating app messages on her smartphone to order up her own male slave. What woman can resist this if she hasn't been brought up with a zealous love of God?

While being a handsome man may not lead to as many material benefits, it does lead to continuous sexual benefits. Such a man will never have a hard time securing female attention and sexual partners. The women who love his appearance will keep him distracted and carnally pleased enough that he also doesn't see the need to pursue the faith. Even worse for men is that their pride can elevate to stratospheric proportions, to the point that they believe they are without fault. A beautiful woman may look in the mirror and still see a flaw that she cries to others about, but a handsome man may look in the mirror and think he's some kind of human god. His pride can actually end up separating him from God more than a woman who is tempted at a far greater rate.

2. Singing Ability

> Pride is denial of God, an invention of the devil, the despising of men, the mother of condemnation, the offspring of praise, a sign of sterility, flight from divine assistance, the precursor of madness, the cause of falls, a foothold for satanic possession, a source of anger, a door of hypocrisy, the support of demons, the

> guardian of sins, the patron of pitilessness, the rejection of compassion, a bitter inquisitor, an inhuman judge, an opponent of God, a root of blasphemy. —John Climacus in The Ladder of Divine Ascent

I can't sing, but I have observed the effects of those who can. During a concert, a male singer receives enraptured and adoring looks from women who have decided that are ready to be intimate with him—just from his singing ability alone. This phenomenon even affects women in the audience who have boyfriends or husbands. The singer doesn't have to be famous or a major rock star, and he doesn't have to be good-looking. If a man sings well in a tiny concert at a hipster café, he can probably pick from half of the women present with whom to at least go on a date. This makes him feel that his singing is a superpower that will get him what he wants in life instead of God.

Once I encountered a woman who was not attractive in my eyes, but because she was an incredible singer, she comported herself with a proud air as if she were a celebrity. While men don't generally flock to female singers because of their singing, female singers still receive limitless compliments that elevate their pride. Satan will be quick to come in with thoughts convincing her that she deserves an elevated material existence without any need for God.

3. Intelligence

> The flatterer is a servant of devils, a guide to pride, a destroyer of contrition, a ruiner of virtues, a misleader. Those who pronounce you blessed, lead you astray… —Ibid

If you're ugly and can't sing, there's one more source for you to gain unlimited pride:

intelligence. If your IQ is at least 115, which is one standard deviation above the norm, you will be filled with thoughts of intellectual supremacy. If your IQ is 130, it will be a constant temptation to not identify all the people around you as dumb and you as someone who should be their leader. You develop a superiority complex that causes you to not empathize with your fellow neighbor or have compassion for them. You believe that the unwashed masses are "beneath" you and not deserving of the material benefits that you've received according to your intelligence. Such an idea has infected oligarchs of the West to the point where their agenda involves massive depopulation through heinous means involving cultural degeneracy and medical poisoning.

Most of my pride has come from my intelligence (it's fine if you believe I don't have any). My attractiveness to women varies but my brain productivity is stable, so I have existed for many years in a state of mental superiority. I believed that I was better than other people because I was smarter than them, and they should shut up and listen to me because my big brain visibly pulsates at a more rapid frequency. Not only did this lead to pride, but I developed a false confidence that all my thoughts were correct simply because I was smart. In reality, my intelligence allowed me to better *rationalize* actions and behaviors that were completely wrong, sinful, and abusive. I believe the intelligent are even more susceptible to delusion because they believe they can never be tricked due to their intelligence.

Conclusion

> 'Praises exalt and puff one up; and when the soul is exalted, then pride seizes it, lifts it up to heaven, and casts it down to the abyss.' —Ibid

Woe to the man or woman who is intelligent, beautiful, and can sing! Within them will be a constant fountain of pride that not only stops them from humbling themselves before God, but which also leads to regular sins of the tongue and body. As someone who has decided for Christ, I'm happy to state that I'm steadily declining in physical attractiveness and also that I can't at all sing. I may possess some intelligence, but I have my odious past to confirm that it cannot be trusted nor can it be salvific without the Orthodox faith. If you have at least one of these natural gifts, you must be on guard that it does not become a source of pride and distance you from the Lord God. Unless our gifts are used to serve God, we're using them unwittingly to serve Satan instead.

Read Next: *Do You Exempt Yourself From God's Law?*

Serious People Don’t Pursue “Fun”

November 21, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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For most of my adult life, I lived as a child in an adult body. I never grew out of the desire to play in a selfish way, to pack every day with something “fun” that took my mind away from the reality that I have a soul. Only when I came back to Christ have I begun to put away the childish notion of having fun.

The word “fun” is not found in the Bible. At no point did God command us to idolize fun, pursue it, or engage in it, yet I don’t have to look back many years to see that I elevated fun as a mainstay in my adult life. Fun is an unserious pursuit of pleasure, ease, whimsy, and irreverence that often involves entertainment, novelty, and laughter. The epitome of fun is the modern amusement park, of partaking in stimulating rides and games for many hours until one gets nauseous from overstimulation and extreme movements, yet we do not need to physically drive to an amusement park to duplicate its effect upon our souls, to spiritually drive far from all seriousness and only pursue things that give us a spike of dopamine and adrenaline, cheap thrills that distract us from our vital mission before God.

In 1982, Father Seraphim Rose wrote that if a society values fun, they are not a serious people [PDF]:

> When [a modern] child becomes an adult, he naturally surrounds himself with the same things he was used to in his childhood: comforts, amusements, and grown-up toys. Life becomes a constant search for “fun” which, by the way, is a word totally unheard of in any other vocabulary; in 19th century Russia they wouldn’t have understood what this word meant, or any serious civilization. Life is a constant search for “fun” which is so empty of any serious meaning that a visitor from any 19th-century country, looking at our popular television programs, amusement parks, advertisements, movies, music—at almost any aspect of our popular culture—would think he had stumbled across a land of imbeciles who have lost all contact with normal reality. We don’t often take that into consideration, because we are living in this society and we take it for granted.

Fun is a relatively new idea that entered the world when material ease and comfort became idolized. If your material needs were easily being met, and you did not take your faith seriously, you would experience black voids of “boredom,” where the antidote was not serving others or communing with God but engaging in fun. The easier life got, the less we thought of God and the more fun we desired, until the only thing we desired in life was fun itself, the idol that is on full display in pure form within any major international city on Friday and Saturday nights. The apotheosis of fun may be the existence of a band by the same name who a decade ago sang about all the impious, drunken fun that we must enjoy.

My friends are in the bathroom getting higher than the Empire State
My lover she’s waiting for me just across the bar

My seat's been taken by some sunglasses asking 'bout a scar, and
I know I gave it to you months ago

Tonight
We are young
So let's set the world on fire
We can burn brighter than the sun

This song (i.e. work of social engineering) was extremely popular when it came out, and I know that because I had fun in the venues that played it, alongside other adult children who were totally missing the point of life and desperately needed to be reminded that our Creator has expectations of us that have nothing to do with fun.

Mentally, we have all struggled to shake loose a childish desire to enjoy ourselves without responsibility or seriousness. How often does it happen to you that, after a tough day at work or a particularly long Orthodox service, you want to clock out and "enjoy" yourself? You desire to unwind, relax in front of mindless entertainments, "take it easy," drink and feast and engage in idle chatter. Instead of seeking a reward from God for our labors, we instead reward ourselves in instant time to the point where the length of fun we experience exceeds the length of true labor we performed. Surely, we will have our reward in the form of an alcoholic buzz, a laugh from an internet meme, or a feeling of pride when we let loose our tongue concerning others, but that's all we will receive from our misguided pursuit.

> When I was a child, I spoke as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see in a mirror, dimly, but then face to face. Now I know in part, but then I shall know just as I also am known. —1 Corinthians 13

In this verse, Saint Paul was referring to spiritual maturity, because during his time I imagine there were no adult children he encountered whose mission in life was to have fun. We've fallen so badly with our obsession to have fun and turn this life into a fit and a laugh that the early Church Fathers didn't see the need to address that which didn't then exist. To put it starkly, I have behaved worse than a pagan even though I was born after the revelation of Christ, and I am currently in the Orthodox Church and still must battle with my need to kick back and clown around like I were still a boy.

During moments when I'm engaged in fun, my tongue is inflamed, ready to commit sin, and I'm not thinking of God. I become temporarily hypnotized with the notion of pleasing my body with a cheap laugh, spectacle, or piece of gossip, and miss the mark when it comes to serving God. I don't know how much longer I will live until I'm judged by Him at His Judgment Seat, but what a disaster if I were to leave this earth in the middle of having "fun"! There was a time for fun in my life, and that was childhood, but I am no longer a child, and so I must struggle to put the desire for fun behind me once and for all.

Read Next: *Girls Just Want To Have Fun [Pre-Christian article]*

She Returned

November 28, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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Seraphim stood in line to receive communion, his arms crossed against his chest, right over left. He had prepared himself. The previous night he went to All-night Vigil, he moderated his dinner meal (as tempting as it was to engorge his belly on a Saturday night), he refrained from all internet entertainment, instead reading a book that taught him how to discern the will of God, and he did his pre-communion prayers, which took half an hour. His restriction from worldly concerns was even more rigorous in the morning. He put his phone in airplane mode and prayed the Jesus Prayer during the entirety of the one-hour drive to church. No liquid or food touched his lips since midnight. By the time he got to church (early, to hear the 3rd and 6th Hour prayers before Liturgy), he was supple of heart, ready for the grace that God deemed him worthy and necessary to receive based on his spiritual labors. Not even an old woman dressed inappropriately, wearing a hip-hugging green skirt and bright red lipstick without a head covering, could distract him from receiving in pure faith the Body and Blood of his Savior.

He partook and then drank of the unconsecrated wine and ate a piece of antidiron. He glanced toward the back of the church and there by the door was a familiar face. “No, it can’t be,” he said to himself. He looked again, and she stared meekly at him, not into his eyes but at his chest, as if she did not want to intrude on his worship. “Is it really her?”

Normally, Seraphim would close his eyes and pray while everyone else received communion. Sometimes he would feel a serenity, a clearing of his thoughts, and other times he would shed tears that started without cause but then had gained the cause of realizing his unworthiness before God. He never knew how God would impart grace unto him each Sunday, if it would be palpable or not, but it seemed to Seraphim that the more seriously he took communion, the more he felt.

How many of those in his church really believe that the bread and wine transform into the literal Body and Blood of Jesus Christ? Judging by the number of people who miss communion for the most trivial of reasons, including a man’s excuse that he had to mow his big lawn, not many. Otherwise, every Sunday you’d crawl into church on your hands and knees, you’d withstand a three-hour drive each way, you’d hide whatever illness you had that was described by atheist doctors as deadly contagious, all to unite with God, but in these late times even a few drops of rain is enough of an excuse to stay home and worship the god of the stomach and the god of comfort. “I had a hard week,” the catechumen of apostasy says. Was your week harder than the week the Lord suffered for your sins? Were you scourged this week, betrayed, abandoned, denied by those you loved, and then crucified? Seraphim’s mother, a carnal woman who does not walk in the way of God, refused his invitation to Pascha one year because she “didn’t have anything to wear,” and this was said near a closet that is the size of a child’s bedroom.

After recognizing the woman’s face, Seraphim could not concentrate on prayer. He could not concentrate on the hymns sung after communion, the prayer of the priest from

behind the ambon, or the church updates. He only came to himself at the very end, when Father Sergius welcomed visitors and asked for their names, and the woman who broke his heart, who was the biggest reason for him being received into the Church, said "Elena" in a timid, sweet voice.

It was someone's name day. *Many Years* was sung, the cross was kissed, and then there was a polite dash to the food hall to begin feasting (you had to be among the first in line to secure a coveted meatball to your plate), though many remained in the temple to chit-chat about the weather, home improvement plans, and the like. Seraphim, not quite prepared to talk to Elena, stood in the front of the church without looking back and was the last one out. He accepted that the only food left for him would be supermarket salads made with soybean oil.

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Seraphim met Elena four years ago in Chicago when he was more commonly known as Tyler. Elena, a new arrival from Russia, was working as a waitress at Pequod's, a famous deep-dish pizzeria whose cult following loves thick, corrosive layers of tomato sauce. To Seraphim, a regular, everything about her titillated his senses… her Slavic accent, the sculpted angular features of her face, her direct style of communication where she told you exactly what she thought, her unnecessarily long hair, her seeming lack of all anxiety, and her waif-like figure, a welcome sight when compared to the local women who had indeed made a god of their bellies.

Luckily for Tyler, Elena was craving the "American experience" as defined by those who produce television and Hollywood movies exported abroad, and she wanted to go on a date with an American man. He asked her out in a roundabout American way, suggesting to "hang out," and she corrected his lack of masculine courage, saying, "What are you talking about? Tell me what you want."

Taken aback, Tyler stiffened up. "I want to take you out on a date."

"Yes I will go on a date with you," she replied.

Their first date was successful, and they went on many more. A physical romance developed. The fact that it took three whole dates to get her into bed confirmed to him that Elena was a girl of quality; she didn't sleep with just anyone. He chose her, and she chose him, and this was meant to be in a way that made Tyler's life more pleasing. He made sure to show her off to all his friends, because even an average-looking Russian girl (though Elena was clearly above average) would impress men who had an American girlfriend. Is it really the fault of American women, who were trained in the school of gruff "self-esteem" and cold-hearted "assertiveness" that they lost the faculty to perceive the feminine and act like a woman? In Tyler's mind, the answer was yes: it was their fault, because they're pretending to be something they're not, as if a cat, not pleased at its puny meow, attempts a bark worthy of more ridicule than the worst of meows. It's not only the women who deliberately dress like men who are transgender, but all of them to some degree have internalized the satanic inversion of transgenderism.

One of his friends, after beholding Elena's beauty (he had never seen a Russian girl up

close before), told Tyler, “You’re winning at life, bro, you’re so lucky.” Yes, Tyler was winning at life. He had an unfulfilling but stable job, his weekly dining options were satisfactory, he understood how to use all the apps on his phone that eliminated at least three minutes of inconvenience per day, and the vein in his right bicep would pop out if he did only twenty pushups.

Enamored by Elena, he would stare at her face while she was sleeping. He decided that he could gain pleasure and satisfaction from that face for the rest of his life… along with her body, of course. He soon wanted to take the relationship to the next level, but the “American experience” was valued by Elena more than he knew. She greedily ate at the trough like a pig.

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The new wrist tattoo that Elena got should have been like a firetruck siren to Tyler. It was a generic rose, a totally gratuitous defilement of her body, a Holy Temple before God, a truth she was taught as a child by one of her grandmothers in the motherland. It added neither value nor intrigue. She thought it would make her unique, as if she wasn’t created unique already, but it cheapened her instead. She did not know that her accent made her sufficiently endearing. The way she pronounced ‘th’ sounds as ‘z,’ and the way she pronounced ‘w’ sounds as ‘v,’ as in the sentence “Let us vatch ze veedeo” did more to make her an individual, a child of God, than the permanent ink stain on her wrist that was put there by a high school dropout who gave her a 10% discount because he wanted to sleep with her. Stupid Tyler, already seduced by Elena’s external appearance, blind to the internal, as he was blind to his own internal, actually complimented her. “Very cute,” he said, encouraging her rebellion against him and the natural order. With his finger he grabbed her wrist and rubbed on the tattoo, as if subconsciously trying to erase it, his soul knowing that she is sustaining permanent damage as part of her American experience.

What happened next should not have been surprising to Tyler, but it was. He was at her house on a Sunday afternoon, which she shared with six other people. After a few Aperol spritzes, a trendy European drink that Elena introduced to Tyler, they were getting handsy and moved to her room. Elena plopped down on the bed and as Tyler was about to dive in after her, he noticed something sparkling on the floor. He bent down and picked up a half-inch piece of foil and made out two letters: “ex”. Tyler recognized the font immediately. It was a piece of wrapper from a Durex condom. The carnal arousal Tyler had for his girlfriend, fueled in part by the Aperol spritzes, immediately vanished, and out of instinct he investigated her tiny closet, which no man could have possibly fit into. Tyler didn’t know whether to cry or yell. The piece of foil rested on the palm of his hand and he stared at it for a full minute, as if realizing that everything must now change.

“Yes, but it meant nothing.” She fixed her shirt and sat up on the bed. “Don’t be upset. Listen. I always wanted to do one-night stand. It was an experience I wanted when I was in Russia, but never did it because I lived in a little village. Only one time I wanted to see what it was like. And I did not like it. But it’s finished.” She said it all matter-of-factly, as if

it was completely logical for her to do what she did, and perhaps even obligatory as a modern female. How could she continue life otherwise without conducting this experiment? She stopped one step short of saying how her infidelity would help their relationship by making her more sure of her love for him, a statement that many of her kind have used on many broken-hearted men.

“But I loved you,” Tyler thought. He dared not to utter this aloud, to give any satisfaction to the one who broke him. As weak as Tyler was, as ignorant as he was, he could not tolerate cheating. The mere thought of her body being used as an amusement park by a man who wanted a thrill made him sick. So he ended it. The cool and calculating demeanor of Elena evaporated, and she responded to him in a fury, stating what an idiot he was to leave her for a trivial reason, and that he would regret it, since she only made a “small” mistake. Her outburst somewhat satisfied Tyler, because it did show she had feelings for him, but it wasn’t enough to stay with her.

If she were a man, he thought, she’d be a serial killer. How could she cheat in the name of experience? She was cruel, a destroyer of hearts. All women are evil and selfish. And they are supposed to be the caring ones? To add salt to the wound, no longer could he go to the Pequod’s near his house. Instead he had to settle for an inferior pizza without all the tomato sauce that his digestive system had adapted to.

Tyler began to lose interest in women, and even Chicago. When a job opportunity came up in St. Louis, he took it. There was nothing tying him to Chicago anyway. All the pleasures of a city get boring after a while, yet those very same pleasures in a new location make them seem novel, or at least perceived differently, so less than a year after Tyler broke up with the woman who impressed all his friends, and with the hope that life could be better, he moved to St. Louis.

While Tyler was trying to restart his life, Elena was treated like the Grand Duchess of Chicago. Just by the fact she looked like a woman and acted like a woman attracted hordes of suitors while she waitressed, and quickly the suitors turned into gentleman callers. The offers they made for a single night with her exceeded the monthly incomes of most men. This confirmed to her that men were “stupid.” Since she already accepted casual sex for free, why not get paid for it? So she became a prostitute, a word that she would never use to describe herself, but that’s what she was, and she quit her waitressing job to devote most of her free time to enhancing her appearance, which went on to attract the exact type of guy who would pay money to be with her appearance, which further confirmed to her that all men are dumb beasts, and so the spiral downward propelled itself, yet in her mind the sugar daddies she surrounded herself with made her think of how correct she was about men all along.

In St. Louis, Tyler had no luck finding Elena’s replacement. He would sleep with a woman and then she would ghost on him, or he would ghost on them, but it was one woman who insinuated the night after that he took “advantage” of her that made him realize the danger of the game he was playing. A memory of Elena surfaced in his mind. One night in bed, she told him that as a baby in Russia she was baptized in the Orthodox Church, and

when a baby is baptized, the priest holds it up in the front of the church and makes the sign of the cross with its chubby body. That image stuck and his curiosity grew, and since he stopped going out on Saturday nights, preferring to watch movies instead, he decided to visit a Russian Church in St. Louis.

The story of a man being set on fire by God is an old one, and does not need to be repeated here, but when Tyler stepped foot in St. Basil the Great Orthodox Church, he felt that it was more home than his home. He inquired for two months, was a catechumen for nine months, and then was baptized by triple immersion. Spiritually, Tyler became Seraphim. Three years after he was baptized, when he began to pensively wonder what was God's will for him concerning marriage, and whether he should become a monk, Elena showed up at his parish.

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Competition for women in the parish was fierce. There were too many single men who wanted to marry, and not enough single women. There were a few young handmaidens in the age range of 13-17, but when they graduated high school, their parents sent them off to the University of Satan. They would inevitably fall into a pit of some sort. You could see the change manifest itself when they visited in winter and then summer—their clothes became more snug, their hair shorter, piercings would appear in random locations and then came the tattoos, first little crosses and then flowers, infinity symbols, and music notes. And that was in the better scenarios. More often, the women would completely disappear, and then ten years later you'd see them in a big-city parish, worse for wear, with a man they forced to get baptized, but such is the will of God, and a lot of these women, after their extended Polonaise with the devil, came back to the Church and were saved. That is good for them, but not so good for the men who remained in the parish and wanted to get married to an Orthodox woman.

Two men in the parish, Nicodemus and Cyprian, were eager (some say desperate) to find a wife. They had brought all sorts of women to the parish, including nominally Muslim women, but regardless of how strapping and handsome they might've been, unless a woman craved God first before a husband, she would run away from them, not knowing that it wasn't a man they were running away from but Lord Jesus Christ, his Blessed Mother, and all the saints, whose presence in the form of the holy icons reminded their souls of the Day of the Dread Judgment. It has become impossible to find a secular woman who didn't think she was above being judged, because all her life she was taught that judgment of any kind is evil and wrong, and that essentially everyone goes to heaven. Such a person cannot even tolerate church icons, with the eyes of the saints reminding them of how far they've strayed.

Seraphim prowled the nightclubs for years, but never had to face the level of competition for women he was facing in the parish. In the nightclub, he figured out that most men, while under the influence of alcohol, did more to repel women than to attract them, so it was his deliberate strategy to allow a doofus or two warm up his target for a real man, which he hoped would be himself. Rarely did a man in the club know what he was doing.

They all played the casino game of the flesh, hoping for a score that they believed had something to do with their charm or looks but had just about everything to do with a woman's emotional state at the exact moment he started talking to her (and whether the guy she was already sleeping with was busy that night or not). Seraphim learned that it wasn't the men in the club who were actively dancing and flirting that he had to worry about. No, he had to worry about the man who was hardly moving, because like a snake he was conserving his energy and plotting his strike, and if the snake had beat him to a target, he would lose the girl, because two snakes cannot feed on the same meal.

Those days were long gone, and Seraphim hated to recollect them, but the reality of parish courtship forced him to remember it. When a new woman enters the church (usually a friend of another parishioner), she is first subjected to smiles and Hellos from the men, and then in the fellowship hall they angle to sit near her. The most popular opening line is "So what did you think of the service?" They ask for her religious background, share their own testimony of coming to Orthodoxy, and all this is done properly and piously, but Seraphim is getting up there in age, and cannot react as fast as the young men who feel they are inspired by the Holy Spirit to discern whether this young lady is the one that they can soon have babies with, because a six-month timeline from meeting to marriage seemed to them perfectly sufficient when in a state of obvious grace.

One time a woman who was slightly older came alone to the church. Seraphim thought that this woman could be for him, since the young men all insisted on a bride who was younger than themselves. He was on his way to talk to her, to ask her what she thought of the service, when Cyprian, who was Greek by birth, popped out of nowhere with a piece of baklava in his hand and gave it to the visitor, explaining how this particular baklava is unfortunately mass-produced and does not taste as good as what his beloved Yia-yia makes, but it's close enough to give her the general idea of how baklava should taste (Cyprian was always surprised by how few Americans had ever tasted baklava). Harking back to his days in the clubs, Seraphim thought he'd wait it out, but the Greeks know how to talk and talk for hours at a stretch, and Cyprian closed down the parish hall with her, only to update Seraphim the next week that she was "too old" for him and does not want to date her. She never came back to the church again.

Not every man can be as charming as the Greeks. Nicodemus, whose birth name is George, grew up playing too many video games, to the detriment of his social ability. He knows that women like funny guys so he tries to be funny, or at the very least entertaining, but he fails on all fronts and has developed a reputation as the church "autiste." He's so awkward that he once set a girl's hair on fire. It happened like this: a new girl was in the church and Nicodemus wanted to beat Cyprian and the others to the punch by chatting her up immediately after the Liturgy while still in the temple. He introduced himself to the handmaiden by the candle stand and went into a monologue about what candles mean. Then he removed one of the candles from the holder and started waving it around like a sparkler, to show her how "the smoke rises up like our prayers." Next thing he remembered was the smell of burnt hair and a shriek from the

girl. Thankfully the fire was put out before she was badly burned.

Seraphim was disappointed that some “game” could emotionally attract an Orthodox woman. He meditated on the issue and concluded that this was due to two reasons. First, no Orthodox woman in the parish is a nun who is attempting to completely annihilate her flesh. A part of her—sometimes a strong part of her—craves pleasure, and the best way for a woman to gain pleasure is by being desired by an attractive man who makes her laugh and feel the whirlwind emotions of romantic desire. Survey all the Orthodox women in the world and ask them if they would marry an ugly man with no charm but with saintly faith, or an attractive and charming man who had a mustard seed of faith. Most of them would pick the latter in the hopes that she can change him into the saint. She would even justify this effort by saying she needs a “project” or “purpose,” but the reality is that it feeds her ego to think of herself as a potential savior when really she just wants to be with someone who makes her flesh feel good in the moment. Second, and perhaps more severely, women are legally allowed to pick their own husbands. At the risk of entering the realm of misogynistic thought, Seraphim was not too confident about a woman’s logical faculty in weighing the pros and cons of a new suitor. His experience with Elena proved that point. She weighed the pros and cons and decided that infidelity was a good idea because she would “learn” about herself. Many times Seraphim asked himself if women should be permitted to choose their husbands, but when he told that to Cyprian, he was shot down as being anachronistic. Nicodemus, however, whose latest joke about anime girls fell flat with the group, had been intrigued with the idea, because it would be much easier for him to please a father by displaying his commitment to providing for a future family than it was to impress a woman who owned a smartphone and had access to endless entertaining content that the devil curated especially for her. Seraphim could turn on the charm if he wanted and compete with Cyprian, but he didn’t want to, because it reminded him of how he got a girl like Elena in the first place, who on this extraordinary day was glancing at him periodically while talking to the priest’s wife in the fellowship hall.

“Did you see the new girl?” Cyprian asked. “She looks Russian.” He rotated his entire torso to triangulate her exact position.

“Wasn’t your ex-girlfriend Russian?” Nicodemus asked Seraphim.

Seraphim hesitated to tell them the truth, but felt it was best to do so to avoid any potential embarrassment.

“Yes. That is my ex-girlfriend. Her name is Elena. I don’t know what she’s doing here. I haven’t talked to her since we broke up so she didn’t know I was at this parish.”

“Whoa, really?” Cyprian asked, reevaluating his plan of attack. “The one that cheated on you with another guy?”

“That one.”

“But she looks so wholesome,” said Cyprian. “Her head scarf is covering all her hair instead of leaving the longest, most fluffy parts exposed at the bottom. I mean, it’s so modest that it’s possible she has no hair at all.”

“I won’t be able to burn her hair,” added Nicodemus, hoping for a callback snicker, but no one bit.

“How old is she?” Cyprian asked. He needed new information before he could decide to pursue or not.

“She’s 14 years younger than me. We dated when I was 34 and she was 20, and that was a few years ago, so she’s around 23 now.”

Cyprian nodded his head, deciding that she would be a worthy pursuit as long as he proceeded delicately, which by Greek standards was not delicate at all. “So what are you going to do? Do you want to date her again?”

“I don’t know. I haven’t thought about it.”

“She does look wholesome,” Nicodemus said, echoing Cyprian’s sentiment.

“Do you mind if I talk to her?” Cyprian asked, completely oblivious to the time Seraphim might need to make a decision on a woman with whom he was seriously involved.

“Can you wait a minute for me to think about this?” Seraphim answered, annoyed.

“Oh sure no problem.” Cyprian put his hands in the air, submitting to Seraphim’s wish, but shortly after, while on his way to get more chips and salsa, he couldn’t help himself and complimented her on the pattern of her head scarf, a dicey opening line. Elena was nice to him, smiling all the while, but didn’t even ask for his name and glanced over his shoulder towards Seraphim. Cyprian got the hint and politely bowed out, deciding not to fetch a dessert for her, but the tenacity of melanized men must never be underestimated, and Cyprian was determined to try again before she left.

Theodora came to sit with Seraphim and Nicodemus. She was only 19 years old, with an attractive face, but no man desired her because she was fifty pounds overweight. Everyone in the parish were sinners, but for the most part, only the priest knew of their sins. Theodora’s was on display to all. She felt ugly in her body and projected that ugliness outwards to relieve her inner unhappiness by endlessly complaining about everything, especially the men in the parish, saying they were “boys who want to LARP as monks,” when really they would prefer the life of a monk to marrying a woman who was already hefty before birthing her first child. A fat person does not need to be told they’re fat, but at times when they describe their life problems, and the “bad luck” they’re facing concerning romance, they seem not to know that it primarily stems from their obesity and addiction to food. Women may have strong fleshly desires, but they are nothing compared to a man’s desire for a beautiful woman who is thin.

“I don’t like her headscarf,” Theodora said, complaining about Elena.

“What’s wrong with it?” asked Nicodemus.

“The colors are too loud. It’s like she wants people to look at her. We need to bring modesty back. Everyone is after attention.” She held her phone up as if she were taking a selfie. “Look at me… I’m pretty… I have a pretty scarf.”

“There’s something wrong with your eye makeup,” Nicodemus said. Theodora took out a pocket mirror and fixed herself. She went on to complain about the food, how it was too

cold, and then she complained that the temperature in church was always too hot. Seraphim periodically looked at her to force a weak smile, and remarked to himself that she at least had a pretty face.

Elena was slowly making her way toward him, getting stopped every few feet. Cyprian was on standby mode near the bathroom. He had a belief that he must strike when the iron is hot, that the window for opportunity is short, but based on the 100% failure rate of his romantic endeavors, the iron has not once been hot for him.

The priest's wife came over and introduced Elena to the table. Theodora was full of smiles and compliments. Nicodemus, in a rare moment of social calibration, dragged Theodora away so that Elena and Seraphim could talk alone. She sat down opposite him and stared at his empty plate while he unconsciously squeezed his lips shut, signifying that he was not quite ready to talk.

Elena spoke first. "I'm surprised to find you here."

"Why?" Seraphim replied. Then he thought to himself, "Easy, big boy."

"You didn't… or I guess we didn't… have interest in the Church when we were together." Her accent was slighter than in the past. Her English had become perfectly fluent.

"When I moved to St. Louis, I decided to visit, and I felt the presence of God, so I converted."

There was a long pause. Then Elena decided to open up her soul. "I went really wrong after you," she said. "It took me a while to realize it, but I woke up one day and I wanted to kill myself for what I became, but I remembered a memory from when I was a child. My grandmother would take me to church—my parents were practically atheists—and it was Theophany. She told me that when Jesus Christ was baptized, the heavens opened and God the Father said that this is my Son, with whom I am well pleased, and then the same happens when we get baptized, that God and the angels celebrate, and when I remembered that, I began to cry, because what have I done since my baptism that is worthy of the singing of angels? I came to America and came to believe I was a princess, and it was hard not to act this way because men were treating me in ways that made me believe I was much better than I was, that I didn't need anything but my body or my accent. I didn't say no to any temptation, because I thought the point of this life was to enjoy it. I did many wrong things." Tears welled in her eyes, and she made no attempt to stop them. This was the first time that Seraphim saw her cry—not even when they broke up did she shed a tear. He had decided that she was so heartless and cold that she was not even capable of tears, but many tears were falling from her eyes at that moment, and Seraphim had to look beyond her towards the wall and focus his eyes on an icon of Archangel Gabriel so that he would not cry also.

"It's a good thing that you came back to the Church," Seraphim managed to reply.

"And you, are you baptized?"

"Yes, it feels like a long time ago."

"Is it Seraphim from Sarov?"

“No, of Vyritsa.” He hesitated to give her credit for his conversion, but seeing her in such a repentant state, he thought it would be kind to do so. “One positive that came from our relationship is that you put the idea of the Russian Church into my mind, because I didn’t know about it before. Our relationship wasn’t for nothing… at least from my perspective.”

“I’m glad… I’m glad.” Elena put her hands on the table and looked at Seraphim intently. “I did not know that you would be here, but I’m happy, because I wanted to apologize for what I did to you. I acted horribly, like I didn’t have a heart, and after you, I did things that were worse. It does not seem like you are angry with me right now, but please forgive me.”

Without a second of hesitation, Seraphim replied, “I forgive you. And I apologize for any hurtful things I may have said or done.” Elena bowed her head.

Seraphim’s mind flooded with thoughts. Has it really happened that Elena had become a devout Orthodox woman through the grace of God, a type of woman he had been fantasizing about marrying along with many other men in the parish like his friends Cyprian and Nicodemus? Elena wasn’t wearing a drop of makeup, yet her prodigal living did not affect her outward beauty. If possible, she was more beautiful than before. Her body was concealed, and Seraphim wouldn’t have stared at it even if it wasn’t, but there was no sign of excess damage (there were only two more small tattoos that she got after their relationship ended, one on the top of her foot and the other on her hip). During their conversation, Cyprian looked on, trying to judge the tenor of their interaction and if there would be a reconciliation or not. It would bother most men to marry someone who had been with a friend, but Cyprian was despairing, not because he was getting too old, but because of the passionate nature that many Greek men have. He had fallen backward a couple of times, and saw marriage as the best way to deal with that.

“Do you live in Chicago?” Seraphim asked Elena.

“No, I moved here. Everyone is trying to leave Chicago. The crime is so bad. Most retail shops have closed. Then you try to order online, but your packages are stolen, either at your door or from the truck… or from the train. It’s worse than what my parents told me of Russia when communism ended.”

It turned out that they lived only ten minutes from each other by car. To Elena’s mind, this was all Divine Providence. Before, when she was prostituting herself and swimming in money, she thought that she had completely gotten over Seraphim, but now she reasoned that she really did love him. She knew he was in St. Louis, but did not know where, and did not know that he had joined her Church, so to see him here was a powerful sign that could not be ignored. Her interpretation was that God had destined them to get married. To Seraphim, her demeanor seemed more flighty than what he remembered, but that was because she was in a dream state, imagining their reconciliation, his tender embrace, their little wedding in this very chapel, and even children.

Seraphim wasn’t dreaming like her. He had accepted not long ago that his cross may be loneliness, and was ready to depend on God to help him endure. Elena showed up to his

church, in the best possible condition she could be, and a part of him wanted to forget about the past and start anew, but how could he? They fell together in sin, he corrupted her and she corrupted him, and then she betrayed his trust and stomped on his heart. While Elena stared lovingly into his eyes, the memory of the condom wrapper came to his mind. He flashed a grimace that Elena did not notice and shifted in his seat. This beautiful creature before him, beautiful not because of her appearance but her repentance, stabbed him in the back. She didn't kill him, it's true, but in one sense he did die that day, necessitating the act of being reborn through baptism, where he could begin his second life while still in the flesh.

"Remember that night we used a cardboard box as a snow sled?" Elena did not wait for Seraphim to respond before continuing the memory. "You ordered a humidifier, and for some reason it came in this massive box. There was that big snowstorm that ended with ice, which made the hill near your apartment really slippery. You put me in front and then we went down. You were yelling at me to shift my body this way and that way, and you tried to steer with your hands. We were going so fast!" She was telling the story as if it didn't matter whether Seraphim was listening. "We didn't know it but the kids made a bump and we flew in the air and landed on the ice. I was bruised for days!"

Seraphim gave a meek smile, a much more restrained display than Elena expected. Did he not have fun with her in that naturally spontaneous moment that was perhaps the only truly spontaneous moment of their relationship? He did have fun, but the memory on his mind at that moment was a different one, a painful one.

After Elena finished recounting the story, little Balthazar came up to them holding one of his action figure toys. Balthazar looked at Seraphim with an excited smirk and asked, "Is that your girrrrrlfriend?" Elena intended to let out a prolonged "Awwww" but Seraphim immediately addressed little Balthazar as if he were a grown adult with a curt "No."

Elena was confused. Her fantasies and recognition of destiny were not matching up with Seraphim's demeanor. How could he not see what she saw? Is he really still hung up on the fact that she used an app to order a man to her apartment while they were sinfully dating? Is he really not going to forget her mistake when it's so obvious that God has put him in this church to marry her, and put her here to marry him? Is he really going to be lonely for the rest of his life?

Seraphim waved over an excited Cyprian and introduced him to Elena. "This is my Greek friend Cyprian, he's a charming fellow." Elena didn't want to meet Cyprian, or any other man. She tried to rationalize that maybe Seraphim was just being friendly to set up a full-scale charm offensive where he would court her like an Orthodox Christian man should, but he went completely quiet on her as Cyprian talked and talked. Elena wished at that moment that she could read Seraphim's mind, but if she could, these are the words she would hear: "Lord, I forgive Elena for what she did to me, and please forgive me for what I did to her, but I do not want to marry her. I will continue to bear this cross of loneliness and seek for my will to be absorbed into Your will to prepare for life eternal."

Seraphim waved over Nicodemus. "This is my friend Nicodemus, he's a serious Christian."

Two single men were at the table, staring at Elena, hungry for her love. Just a few minutes ago were the beautiful fantasies, the fairy-tale wedding, their children wearing cute wooden crosses around their necks. Seraphim got up from the table, told Elena that it was nice to see her again, and he's happy that she returned to the church, and then walked to one of the deacons to have a conversation about mystical Byzantine theology, leaving Elena with two men who would cut off their ear if it meant marrying an Orthodox woman. Cyprian was so self-absorbed in his conversation, and Nicodemus so oblivious to body language, that they did not notice that Elena was occasionally wiping tears from her face.

A little over one year later, Elena was married to Nicodemus. Seraphim was the best man, and seemed cheerful that he successfully played matchmaker. Elena gave Theodora a collection of Russian beauty tips early in their friendship that could be summed up with the phrase "starvation diet." Theodora lost all her extra weight and became quite ravishing. Her complaining stopped. Cyprian was the lucky man to marry her.

Previous Story: *Heaven Or Hell*

The Synagogue Is Ramping Up Their Attacks On The Orthodox Church

December 9, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The Ukrainian government, a puppet regime controlled by the United States since 2014, has been making steady progress towards the unthinkable: the complete banning of the Ukrainian Orthodox Church (UOC). If this happens, it will undoubtedly pave the way for the banning of Orthodox Churches in America. Via Reuters:

> The Ukrainian government will draw up a law banning churches affiliated with Russia under moves described by President Volodymyr Zelenskiy as necessary to prevent Moscow being able to "weaken Ukraine from within."
>
> In a move condemned in Moscow, Ukraine's National Security and Defence Council told the government to draft the law following a series of raids on parishes that Kyiv says could be taking orders from Moscow as Russia wages war on Ukraine.

Other outlets called the Ukrainian Orthodox Church a "sect" in order to downplay the move, but make no mistake that it is *the* canonical Orthodox Church in Ukraine with the vast majority of Orthodox believers (70%) and succession to Saint Vladimir the Great, the baptizer of Kievan Rus in 988 AD, and then on to the Holy Apostles through the Greeks of Byzantium.

> Constantine the Great was for the Roman Empire what Prince Vladimir was to be for Rus, for the latter performed the great work of converting the entire Russian people to Christ. His life is exceptionally instructive for us. He clearly attests to the regenerative power of Christian teaching; how—when it is taken to heart and brought to life—it can utterly transform the human soul. The pre-baptism Vladimir and post-baptism Vladimir were two completely different people. At first brooding, cruel, suspicious, coarse, a lustful barbarian, after his baptism he becomes a tender, welcoming prince, full of love and mercy, a true father of his subjects.

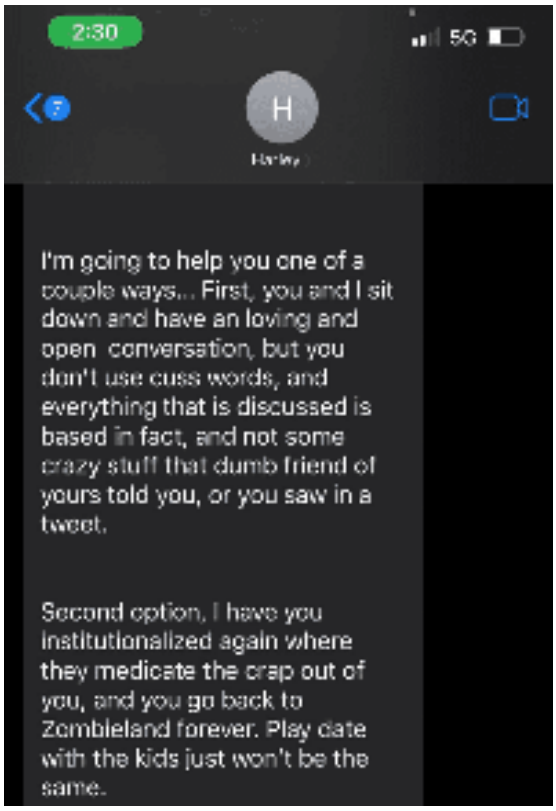
The other Orthodox church in the country, the Orthodox Church of Ukraine (OCU), hereby referred to as the schismatic church, was established in 2018 as a geopolitical attack against Russia thanks to its recognition by Patriarch Bartholomew of Constantinople, whose political aspirations lead him to continually meet with American officials. He granted the Tomos of autocephaly to the schismatic church in spite of vocal outcry and protest from Orthodox in multiple countries. Parishes of the schismatic church exist today because they were obtained through intimidation, seizure, thuggery, and outright violence.

First came the American coup in 2014 that took over the country and then little coups of the individual churches, with a design to move the geopolitical center of Ukraine from Russia to the West and its spiritual center from the Patriarch of Moscow to the Patriarch of Constantinople. These moves were not done to serve God's will, save Ukrainian souls, or engage in missionary outreach, but for the sake of benefiting the power of the Western elites and the wayward Orthodox hierarchs who love them.

History tends to repeat itself, and so it becomes instructive when we start asking *who* is behind the proposed shutdown of the Ukrainian Church. If your eyes and ears have been damaged by mainstream media consumption, maybe it's better to start off with a hint: those involved are the same group who proclaimed that they have no king but Caesar, who accepted a curse upon them and their children when they crucified the God-Man, who were called by our Lord the synagogue of Satan for aiming to serve as the devil's go-to henchmen for carrying out plots and schemes meant to flush the world down into a sewer of lies, immorality, depravity, and lawlessness. In the desert, Christ refused Satan's temptation for the world's kingdoms, but members of the synagogue were quick to make lucrative deals. The actions and behavior among the most elite of their members against Christians and humanity throughout world history have positioned themselves to be the enemy of mankind. Of course I'm speaking of the Jews, whose accumulation of world power has reached such an apex that it is impossible to speak the truth of any cultural, political, financial, or military matter without eventually being labeled an "anti-semite."

A rap star by the name of Kanye West, who has been vocal about his Christian faith (he released a music album in 2019 titled "Jesus Is King"), had a recent run-in with the synagogue when he truthfully pointed out their immense power. Shortly thereafter, his credit and bank accounts were shut down, he was slandered by multiple media outlets, and his sponsorship deals came to an abrupt end. According to him, speaking the truth

cost him two billion dollars. He was also menacingly threatened by a member of the synagogue, Harley Pasternak, that if he didn't shut up, he'd be put into a drugged-out "zombieland." The Jews really showed Mr. West how disenfranchised and oppressed they still are by making quick work of Mr. West's life.



I must point out that the President of Ukraine, Zelenksy, is Jewish. Most of the cabinet directing Joe Biden is Jewish. The U.S. government official he's posing with at the top of this article, Antony Blinken, is Jewish. It's so boring to mention these facts, but many people don't know them because the "fact-checkers" and "news" disseminators happen to be the same group who don't want you to know that they are in control, just like how Satan, as he floods your mind with temptations, filth, and hopelessness, does not want you to know that he exists, and will only make his evil handiwork known when you start making big steps into developing Orthodox spiritual life.

From the pages of the Gospels and the Book of Acts, Christians have documented the same people performing the same tricks. They persecute the Church and shut down those who speak the truth in the public square and who want to maintain God-fearing moral traditions, but even the Ottoman Mohammedans didn't shut down the churches. Even the Bolsheviks, who martyred more Christians in the 20th century than the Romans did in the 1st, only *de facto* shut down the church, not *de jure* as is being attempted now. But why wouldn't the synagogue of today launch a direct attack? Who will challenge them? Who will call evil evil and brace for the removal of their income and prized comforts for the sake of our Lord Jesus Christ?

> Russian Christians, in 1917, came up against a vigorous force, which had been created not in their own country in their own tradition, but in the secularized West, and which had found its leader in a German Jew [Karl Marx] who had made his home in England. —The Russians And Their Church by Nicolas Zernov
>
> You must understand, the leading Bolsheviks who took over Russia were not Russians. They hated Russians. They hated Christians. Driven by ethnic hatred they tortured and slaughtered millions of Russians without a shred of human remorse. It cannot be overstated. Bolshevism committed the greatest human slaughter of all time. The fact that most of the world is ignorant and uncaring about this enormous crime is proof that the global media is in the hands of the perpetrators. —Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn
>
> In the market towns and cities invaded by Jews, local authorities are either in a state of bribery, a state of blackmail, or in a state of destruction. —Corneliu Zelea Codreanu in For My Legionnaires

If stout resistance is absent when the Ukrainian Church is banned, its faithful dispersed,

and its remaining assets seized, next on the chopping block will be Orthodoxy in America, first the Russian Church Abroad (ROCOR). If the synagogue can shut down the Ukrainian Church and its 12,000 parishes, would it be easier or harder to shut down ROCOR with its 280 parishes in the United States? Who will put their neck out to defend the Russian Church Abroad? Will the Protestants or Catholics care enough to send out at least a tweet of support?

Before you think that other Orthodox jurisdictions will come to defend ROCOR, based on their "scientific" response to COVID, I expect them to convert their multiple spoons into multiple knives to thrust into ROCOR's back. One Church will make a statement that they never liked us anyway, another will send a letter saying they were concerned that our traditionalism was "cloaked in extremism," another will say the matter is "unfortunate" and offer ROCOR orphans the opportunity to venerate icons while wearing an N95 face mask, and another will task a liturgical commission to rid its services of anything Russian. If they simply distance themselves from the big bad Russians who according to the lying members of the synagogue must be an agent of Vladimir Putin, they think they'll be safe, but with those actions they would become altogether dead and easily scattered when Satan deems the time is right, and looking at my watch now it seems that true believers are not far away from tribulations that will turn Sunday from a day of piety and fellowship to one where we must go underground and wonder if this is the day when the hired agents of the synagogue will surround our secret church and force us to make a decision whether we are ready to lose our life to save it.

Before you seek out the diabolical guidance of a Fordham academic or a homosexual "Orthodox" scholar who receives institutional money, it's worth asking yourself *why* the canonical Russian Church is being directly assaulted by Jewish authorities yet again a mere 105 years after the Bolsheviks came into power: because it is the true and faithful Church, the savor of Orthodoxy, the preserver of Christian traditions, the upholder of dogmas unchanged, and if ROCOR in the USA goes, the other Orthodox Churches who kept quiet will rot both from the inside out and the outside in. They will be infiltrated and liberalized at double speed, moved from their roots on the rock of Eastern Orthodoxy to a husk placed atop a garbage heap. Only then will members of those Churches ask themselves, "Why didn't we defend the Russian Church when we had the chance? Why did we tolerate their persecution?"

> The essence of the ideology of the Russian Church Abroad consists of her complete and uncompromising refusal to accept that worldwide Evil which has spread broadly now over the face of the whole earth, and which, to a greater or lesser degree, has brought under its control all aspects of human life—not excepting religious and church life. —Archbishop Averky in Membership in the Russian Church Abroad
>
> …no one else is reacting. Who cares if people are trying to destroy the Church. They'll tell you, "Oh, it doesn't matter!" They're like feathers in the wind, so long as they are comfortable. How can they possibly be comfortable? They'll be made

> comfortable by Satan in the end. —Saint Paisios of Mount Athos in Spiritual Awakening

Whether you are in the Russian Church or not, this is one of the boldest attacks ever on the Body of Christ, and yet, distracted by news closer to home, by politics, alleged COVID outbreaks, and cool memes on Instagram, and without the benefit of exciting battle footage of Slavs killing each other, the legislative actions by the Ukrainian Jewish puppet of the American Jews to wipe out the Ukrainian Church is being set in motion without even a shrug. Satan's plans are coming together at rapid speed, and unless you make a spiritual stand today through repentance and prayer, and a bodily stand by speaking the truth to all those who have ears, the storm will come to your own church. It will be picked up and blown away with ease while the secular horde, overcome with demonic indifference to anything holy, will not even bother to care.

Read Next: *Why I Left The Armenian Church For ROCOR*

28 Christian Articles I Recommend

December 14, 2022 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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1. The Cosmic Significance of Tsar Nicholas II [Link]
2. Combating the sexual passions [Link]
3. Refutation of Islam from an Orthodox perspective [Link]
4. Choosing a spouse [Link]
5. “One must not become accustomed to a miracle.” [Link]
6. The incredible vision of Saint John of Kronstadt [Link]
7. “To deny that God can work through matter is to deny Christianity itself” [Link]
8. How *not* to lose grace after receiving Communion [Link]
9. The apostasy of the end times [Link]
10. One must have humility to believe in the truth of the incarnation [Link]
11. “Whoever prays with his lips but is careless about his heart prays to the air and not to God; he labors in vain, because God heeds the mind and heart, and not copious words…” [Link]
12. “Condemn yourself that you saw a temptation in the desert, which means you wanted to see it, more precisely, you were disposed to seeing it.” [Link]
13. “There will be a great war between Russians and Europeans, and much blood will be spilled.” [Link]
14. There is no such thing as “conservative” or “liberal” clergy [Link]
15. How should American Orthodox view the Russian Tsar? [Link]
16. What were the events surrounding the birth of Lord Jesus Christ? [Link]
17. Fr. Seraphim Rose is a Pathfinder for Americans to Ancient Christianity [Link]
18. What is the Russian Church Abroad (ROCOR)? [Link]
19. They were betrayed by all but blessed by God [Link]
20. The grievous state of modern Christianity [Link]
21. The Life of St. Nicholas “the Turk” who converted from Islam and was persecuted for it [Link]
22. Only Monarchy Can Save Russia [Link]
23. 14 people who are subverting the Orthodox Church [Link]
24. The meaning of the Divine Liturgy [Link]
25. Francis of Assisi was in an obvious state of deception [Link]
26. Understanding the signs of the times [Link]
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28. Saint of the Romanian communist dungeon [Link]

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Which Kingdom Does Elon Musk Serve?

January 2, 2023 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The silenced, censored, and slandered have recently experienced an incredible reversal of fortunes on one of the largest social media platforms on the internet: Twitter. The malodorous fog that has hovered over it for the past decade has been blown away by a man named Elon Musk. While the platform hasn't quite become perfect, I can't believe I can breathe in the fresh air of freedom and truth like in the days before Jewish organizations such as the ADL and SPLC wrapped their slimy tentacles around Silicon Valley's biggest companies. Elon Musk has shined a bright light on the diabolical influences of Twitter and scattered the liars and transgressors. Through his triumphant actions, he is on his way to becoming a savior for conservatives in a similar way as Donald Trump, but therein lies an incredible danger if he builds the trust of men only to lead them away from the Kingdom of God and into the deepest layers of hell.

Elon's takeover of Twitter has been nothing but a string of victories for the righteous, and left me stunned that such a fast turnaround could be accomplished for a company of its size. Within only the first six weeks of becoming CEO, Elon fired large swaths of the Twitter workforce that was almost entirely leftist, replacing them with Asiatic men who know how to code; he banned much of the porn (including child porn) that previous management refused to address; he unbanned the banned, including my favorite Catholic Dr. E. Michael Jones; he depressurized the moderation to the point where you can talk about Jewish power without getting insta-banned, he removed the aggressive censorship policy on COVID; he allowed journalists access to files that revealed how previous management colluded with the Democratic Party and FBI; and he even helped share details of Twitter's in-house blacklisting program that limited the influence of many Twitter users, including yours truly, judging by the numerous "I can see your tweets now" messages I've received since Elon took over.

> Twitter before Elon vs Twitter after Elon pic.twitter.com/rnhsgWc2IN
>
> — Lauren Chen (@TheLaurenChen) November 19, 2022

It's not entirely clear if the platform allows me to doubt the paramount Jewish dogma of the Holocaust™, but nonetheless I'm gushing that so much speech is being allowed. Twitter is fun again, and before I came to my senses, I was sorely tempted to re-enter the insanity of the daily news cycle to receive massive dopamine spikes when tweets go viral and crushing withdrawals when they get less than 1,000 likes.

Can I pour my hopes and worldly desires for victory and justice into Elon Musk so that I can feel like a victor in this earthly life? Or is the fact that he's doing so many things I like a sign that a big trap is being set by the prince of this world (Satan)?

> This is a battle for the future of civilization. If free speech is lost even in America, tyranny is all that lies ahead.

> — Elon Musk (@elonmusk) November 29, 2022

Who is Elon Musk?

Elon Musk is an immensely rich man who allegedly runs several successful companies with the freedom to rock the boat more than his oligarchical peers. He has a tendency to speak his mind, without a politically-correct filter, and gives at least the convincing exterior of someone who isn't a slave to the elite agenda. It's this man who has taken over a social media platform whose power is shaping the daily news cycle, opening the floodgates of truth that has been suppressed for so many years.

Elon may not be a big O oligarch like George Soros, who wields not just wealth but global political power, but big enough that he is at liberty to sometimes—from all appearances—follow his ego and do what he wants even if the media establishment doesn't like it. Also relevant is his robust relationship history with women: so far he has sired ten children with three women. At least he's a staunch heterosexual who enjoys the company of women, which is more than we can say about many members of today's elite, but this is a low moral bar indeed. I also do not recall him forcing the companies under his control to perform gratuitous displays of gay pride in June. It's possible that he even dislikes gays and prefers their behavior be performed behind closed doors as most reasonable people.

How about his spiritual beliefs? Only God can see in his heart, but Christians should know where a public figure stands on matters of the faith before they decide to support his causes or businesses. For example, if a man admitted to Satan worship and decided he's opening a children's charity, it would be safe to assume that children in the charity will be put at risk in some way, just like how children who are read by transgendered monsters are being groomed to not be fearful of dangerous men. Is Elon being predominately guided by God, the demons, or his fallen flesh?

Coarse jesting or blasphemy?

I'm not qualified to judge anyone's faith, because I only need to look in the mirror and see someone who daily transgresses the Lord's commandments, but I will attempt a speculative guess of his faith based on his public actions. It seems that he views Christianity as a sort of "wisdom philosophy" that can be the source of sound teachings, similar to stoicism.

> Jesus taught love, kindness and forgiveness.
>
> I used to think that turning the other cheek was weak & foolish, but I was the fool for not appreciating its profound wisdom.
>
> — Elon Musk (@elonmusk) December 1, 2022

I'm amendable to changing that opinion, and perhaps he possesses an ascetic-tier faith in private, but I have not seen anything from him that suggests he's leading an active Christian life with the aim of the salvation of his soul. His faith is for God to judge, but since he's a powerful public figure, I use the information I have on hand to speculate about his disposition so that I can protect myself from being tricked or negatively influenced by him and powerful men like him. There have been two recent incidents, however, that made me wonder if he's really behaving in a way that is pleasing to God.

First, the small matter. He shared a meme concerning Donald Trump that is—at the minimum—offensive to Christians. The image has a cartoon woman bent over a bed and beside her is what's likely a depiction of Lord Jesus Christ with his eyes closed in prayer. The text that Elon typed is "And lead us not into temptation," which refers to the Lord's Prayer. We don't know if Elon believed the man in the meme was Lord Jesus Christ or not, but I don't know any Orthodox Christian who would pair the words of the Lord's Prayer with such a suggestive image in order to make a point. This tweet is one indication—though certainly not proof—that he doesn't take Christianity seriously beyond the level of wisdom teaching.

The second matter is more serious. This past Halloween, his costume was the "Devil's Advocate," a sort of warrior for Satan. The costume featured an upside-down cross encased in a large image of Baphomet, the occult symbol for Satan. At risk of diving into the weeds, the upside-down Cross is **not** Orthodox and is not at all used in any manner of worship. While some internet Catholics may claim that it's a rightful symbol of St. Peter's upside-down crucifixion, I have never seen a Catholic wear such a cross. If you see this cross in modern times, it is either on the demonic altar of the Church of Satan or on the necklace of someone who dabbles in the occult and does not follow the Gospel.

Elon's notion of doing Satan's bidding in a rebellious manner, as represented by a costume that displays clear Satanic imagery, is an indication that he is not an active Orthodox Christian, Catholic, or even Protestant. It doesn't help that Elon uses a

photograph of himself in the costume as his current Twitter avatar. Is he trying to signal where his “power” comes from? I know many individuals in various Christian confessions and have never seen someone displaying public fealty to wanting to serve in Satan’s legions, whether on the level of fantasy or not, while also claiming that they are actively on the path to salvation. This is Elon’s choice, and we are all free to pray for him, but his choice is relevant to us all because of the worldly power he has accumulated that affects us, especially those like myself who use a platform that he runs, Twitter, and who may have the option to use one of his products or services in the future.

The danger of Elon Musk is that he is executing Christian-like justice on Twitter by going after pornographers, Jewish censors, the Democratic party, and the FBI, building the trust of Christians, while displaying a level of devotion to the devil. If Christians write off his costume as playacting, which I have seen many do, and they continue to trust him, they will be disappointed in the future if he halts carrying out righteous justice and performs overtly evil deeds, and that is in the best-case scenario, because if Elon becomes a forerunner of the Antichrist (a prototype of the final evil ruler of human history)—and that’s a big if—and Christians still maintain their trust in him, he could potentially cause them to lose their salvation if they choose to follow him and Satan into eternal hell, in a way that we cannot currently foresee.

The slave girl and Nebuchadnezzar

In the Book of Acts, a demon-possessed slave girl was stalking St. Paul. The demon prophesied through her, which earned money for her handlers. (When demons prophesy they are often making good guesses or “predicting” things they are about to do.) She professed that Paul was a servant of God who “proclaim[s] the way of salvation,” which was completely true, but St. Paul exorcised her anyway.

> Now it happened, as we went to prayer, that a certain slave girl possessed with a spirit of divination met us, who brought her masters much profit by fortune-telling. This girl followed Paul and us, and cried out, saying, “These men are the servants of the Most High God, who proclaim to us the way of salvation.” And this she did for many days.
>
> But Paul, greatly annoyed, turned and said to the spirit, “I command you in the name of Jesus Christ to come out of her.” And he came out that very hour. But when her masters saw that their hope of profit was gone, they seized Paul and Silas and dragged them into the marketplace to the authorities. —Acts 16:16-19

Why did St. Paul exorcise her when she was speaking the truth? Because her truth could build trust in her listeners to later deceive them with lies that tear them away from the path of righteousness. St. Paul clearly showed us that we don’t need the help or aid of those who don’t serve God, even when they seem to be doing an immediate good deed. Of course, God through His infinite wisdom can use any sinner as part of His plan to save mankind—a prime example is how He used Babylonian pagan ruler Nebuchadnezzar to chastise the insolent Jews, going so far as calling him “My servant.” This chastisement was necessary to preserve the Jewish remnant and fulfill the prophecies of the coming of our Lord.

> “Therefore thus says the Lord of hosts: ‘Because you have not heard My words, behold, I will send and take all the families of the north,’ says the Lord, ‘and Nebuchadnezzar the king of Babylon, My servant, and will bring them against this land, against its inhabitants, and against these nations all around, and will utterly destroy them, and make them an astonishment, a hissing, and perpetual desolations. —Jeremiah 25:8-9

Whether Elon fits the archetype of the possessed slave girl or Nebuchadnezzar—and we can all hope that his costume was merely coarse jesting—the danger remains that we must not put our trust in any man, especially one with worldly power, even if we approve of all his temporal political actions. We have a recent example of Donald Trump which exemplifies this danger.

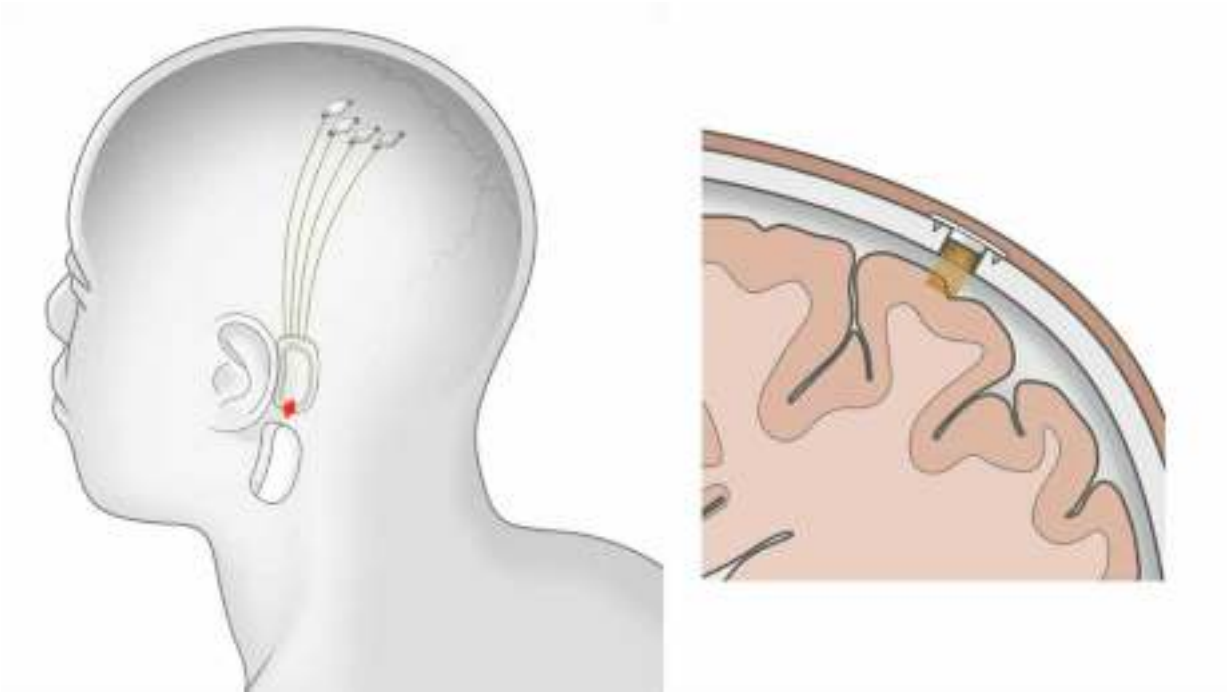
The false savior’s path of destruction

In 2016, Donald Trump, the slayer of journalists, the grandmaster of 4D chess, the high-energy defender of everything Americana, was my hero and many others. I eagerly subscribed to his personality cult and hung a huge portrait of him making a thumbs up on my bedroom wall. He laid waste to the enemy on many fronts and was arguably the best President that all living Americans have ever seen, and yet what happened at the end of his term? He led astray his most committed followers.

Trump's biggest supporters are today rotting away in jail when they attempted to cheerily support him on January 6, 2021. They instead fell for an insidious FBI trap that Trump was not prepared to handle or mitigate in the aftermath. Thankfully, he has offered to financially support the defense funds of many of the defendants, but is it consolation enough while they serve in solitary confinement?

Yet another group of Trump's supporters may have done irreversible damage to their bodies if they took the coronavirus vaccine because of his incessant urgings. We don't know their true number, and I hope it's zero, but I wouldn't be surprised if scores of boomers took the vaccine at least in part due to Trump's unequivocal recommendation that the vaccine is safe. We now know the truth: the coronavirus vaccine is incredibly dangerous and has so far caused tens of thousands of people to drop dead, usually from a failure of their circulatory system. Whether willingly or unwillingly, consciously or unconsciously, Donald Trump played a part of the massive psyop to shorten the lifespan of American citizens. I'm not accusing him specifically of keeping people in jail or hurting their health, but I believe his influence ended up harming at least some of those who trusted him the most.

The Neuralink nightmare



Elon Musk has the potential to do far greater damage than Trump, without at all becoming President, not only because he owns one of the largest propaganda outlets in the world (with over 124 million people who follow him directly), but because he owns a company called Neuralink that has absolutely insane aspirations.

> We're aiming to design a fully implantable, cosmetically invisible brain-computer interface to let you control a computer or mobile device anywhere you go. Micron-scale threads would be inserted into areas of the brain that control movement. Each thread contains many electrodes and connects them to an implant called the "Link." … We are designing the Link to connect to thousands of neurons in the brain, so that it may one day be able to record the activity of these neurons, process these signals in real time, and translate intended movements directly into the control of an external device.

The company has some good news: they only need to make a one-inch hole in your brain to insert a chip that will save you maybe three minutes a day of typing out text messages with your old-fashioned thumbs. Maybe in the future Neuralink will promise to make the blind see, the lame walk, and the deaf hear. They are a mere six months away from human trials, and if the hand-chip-loving Swedes are any indication, I expect a long line of completely healthy people to volunteer for this ridiculous implantation. As if to confirm that this technology is evil, Bill Gates has begun investing in brain implantation.

The most immediate spiritual problem of Neuralink is the potential to affect your free will through its two-way communication ability. While the chip mainly receives your thoughts, the company has already tested the ability to control animal behavior by sending signals into the brain, and this two-way system is connected to the internet. A medical device like a heart pacemaker is designed to only affect the heartbeat and not your decision-

making, and cannot be updated in real-time with the internet, but it doesn't take a sci-fi writer's imagination to see how a brain chip with internet access will fall under the control of hackers or whoever happens to run the company—the government, powerful black holes of capital like Blackrock, or perhaps more banally a bored employee who wants to play a prank on you by inserting homoerotic thoughts in your mind while you go for a stroll with your trad wife.

Is it really a stretch to imagine an evil owner of Neuralink pushing an update with the aim of controlling humanity, perhaps turning those with a chip implant into slavish zombies that are simply unable to process certain thoughts or resist specific types of sins that are profitable in some way for the owner's power or depopulation agenda? (Sadly, a lot of people seem to be mindlessly living as if they already have an evil brain chip installed, including me in the past.) What will those with the implant do when it takes more assertive control over their thoughts and behaviors? It's not like they can take out the chip themselves when it is behind a wall of cranial bone. They'd be captive to the software, the programmers, the CEO, certainly the Jews, and the devil himself, who will inspire the Antichrist during the end times to persuade humanity to receive something called the Mark of the Beast which looks strikingly compatible with what Elon is developing at Neuralink.

> [The Antichrist] causes all, both small and great, rich and poor, free and slave, to receive a mark on their right hand or on their foreheads, and that no one may buy or sell except one who has the mark or the name of the beast, or the number of his name. —Revelation 13:16-17
>
> To accept the Mark of the Beast is to make a consensual act of fealty to the Antichrist, a world ruler controlled by Satan. Taking the Mark allows the citizen to buy and sell (i.e. participate in commerce) and be a "good" person who is on the side of science. Those who do not get the Mark will not be able to buy and sell. It is not known what final form the Mark will be, but in the most literal interpretation, an implanted hand microchip linked to your identity would fit the bill, though it could take on a more metaphorical form that we can't foresee. The holy Orthodox elders who are alive during that time will help us discern whether the Mark has arrived or not. —Forecast Of The End Of The World

While the Antichrist has a scary name, he will initially be charming, full of moral teaching, and beloved by the masses, *especially among Christians*. The point of the Antichrist from Satan's perspective will be to condemn as many souls to hell as possible, so it won't be enough for him to only target secular people who are already on their way there. Instead, the Antichrist must also deceive those who already have some faith in Christ, whether Orthodox or not, and take their souls by getting them to believe he is the savior of mankind in place of Lord Jesus Christ. If the secular world loves a new leader but all Christians hate him, I say that he's not the Antichrist, but if Christians of various confessions love him *and* the secular world loves him, then I believe we have a contender, and so we arrive at the point of how Elon Musk is unfortunately a rough

qualifier for this horrible role (more so than widely hated Donald Trump), because he's doing righteous things that Christians like while owning a company that produces a chip that fits the mold of the Mark of the Beast and at the same time showcasing himself in a Baphomet costume that gives a level of honor and fealty to Satan, the enemy of mankind.

Is Elon Musk a forerunner of the Antichrist?

I do not believe Elon Musk is the Antichrist, but I do believe that he's only two or three momentous decisions away from fitting a mold of a forerunner of the Antichrist, and this terrifies me because, while I am not seduced by him as much as I was by Donald Trump, and would never hang a portrait of him in his devil's costume on my bedroom wall, I am rooting for him to dispense with justice and cleanse Twitter from corruption, pornography, and filth, while behind the scenes he advances technology that will almost certainly be used in some part by the real Antichrist of the future.

> These "forerunners" of the Antichrist also direct that world-wide process which the Apostle St. Paul called "apostasy" (II Thess. 2:3). The essence of this process is Christian mankind's ever greater departure from the genuine, uncorrupted teaching of the Gospel and the replacement of the Gospel commands with other ideals. The destructive nature of these ideals proposed to mankind by the Antichrist's forerunners is that they sometimes seem acceptable for Christians, compatible with Christianity, while in reality they are profoundly opposed to it; they gratify human passions and lusts and confirm mankind's fallen nature in its fallen state. —The Spirit of Antichrist and the Forerunner of Antichrist by Archbishop Averky
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> …[the Antichrist] will come in the capacity of a supreme benefactor of mankind, a benefactor and even protector of the faith and the Church, and he will expect overall recognition and the subordination of all nations. From the predictions of the holy fathers we know that not only will those who are total non-believers accept and submit to the Antichrist, but also seemingly the faithful and even Christian clergy, including those who hold the highest of office, will be beguiled by him. —On Apostasy by Archbishop Averky

If you're not an Orthodox Christian, and instead are part of a confession that is melding with the secular world, you won't have a good chance of resisting the charm and power of the Antichrist, and if you are Orthodox, you're still at great risk and must be sober and watchful, for the devil prowls around like a roaring lion seeking to devour your soul, and it's the souls of those in the True Church, the Orthodox Church, that are most prized by Satan since they can still receive the full inheritance of our Lord's Heavenly Kingdom as compared to the heterodox confessions which have sadly strayed from the dogmas of the once-united Church.

I like Elon Musk's recent actions, but he's not my worldly savior and will never earn my

trust. I must drill this into my mind every time I see him crush what appears to be the evil forces of this world, because with no evidence of a striving Orthodox faith, I must continually ask myself which side is influencing his actions. If it's the side of evil, I expect him to act like the demon-possessed slave girl, to execute truth and justice temporarily to later flip the switch by serving as a forerunner of the Antichrist, hurling many souls into the depths of hell. We all hope that this will not be the case, but I do wonder if he realizes the immense spiritual danger he's in. In the meanwhile, let us not be seduced by him, and instead pray for him that he may repent and be received in God's Church, and use his power to further not the kingdom of Satan but the Kingdom of God, for the eternal glory of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

Read Next: *The Synagogue Is Ramping Up Their Attacks On The Orthodox Church*

Top 10 Most Popular Articles I Wrote In 2022

January 11, 2023 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Last year I published 69 articles. Out of those, here are the top ten most popular based on page views:

10. 7 Ways To Stop Heart Palpitations And Improve Digestion

> I researched my condition and conducted some experiments to find out what was going on. It turns out that my heart palpitations stem from two main causes: magnesium deficiency and improper digestion.

Read The Article

9. Stop Eating Seed Oils Challenge

> All chain restaurants have a “Nutrition” section on their website that lists all the synthetic and unnatural ingredients they use in their “food.” For the restaurants you frequent, check out the ingredients in the meals you usually order. I’ll save you some time: they are all loaded with seed oil.

Read The Article

8. Hugs Are Dangerous

> Another reason not to hug is that it becomes impossible to properly evaluate and vet a woman for marriage when you are in a state of even mild passion, and if

> you're trying to evaluate a woman you're having sex with—forget it! You might as well marry a woman sight unseen to at least have a chance at a marriage that doesn't end in divorce!

Read The Article

7. Bankers Rule The World

> It's safe to assume that a politician is controlled if his country is a member of the Bank of International Settlements, the central bank of central banks. If you happen to control the BIS, you essentially control the world.

Read The Article

6. The End Of Roosh Hour

> It was quaint to think that, upon repentance, I could seamlessly incorporate Christ into all my existing activities, but some activities are so predominately secular that they must be abandoned entirely.

Read The Article

5. I Am The Peasant Revolt

> The plan of the regime was simple: culturally sterilize the white population, their greatest threat to power (as clearly evidenced by the recent Canadian truckers' protest), and replace them with atomized non-European people who will obey any directive to come and reside in the United States to enjoy its first-world

> comforts.

Read The Article

4. 4 Reasons Why Lifting In Gyms Is A Bad Idea

> There seems to be a competition among gym-going women to see who can display the most skin without technically being naked according to local ordinances.

Read The Article

3. Forecast Of The End Of The World

> It is my opinion that the regime believes the only way they will survive is if they are able to monitor and control all financial transactions that comprise human life, which would allow them to manipulate the economy in any way they see fit to serve their interests without destroying it, and in a way which would allow surplus or problematic citizens to be removed from centers of power, commercial activity, and the public square to die off in a controlled, predictable, and gradual manner

Read The Article

2. 33 Things Christian Men Should Know About Women

> The more secular a woman is, the more likely she will set out to deceive a man without ever believing she is being deceptive. How this plays out is that everything will seem to be going well with her while in a romantic relationship, and then one day you are blindsided by her shocking behavior.

Read The Article

And the most popular article I published in 2022 is...

1. Vegetable Oils Are Toxic

> I suspect that many of the chronic health problems Americans face today, and which the pharmaceutical industry is only too happy to treat with expensive medicines, are caused by the consumption of vegetable oils, moreso than a sedentary lifestyle.

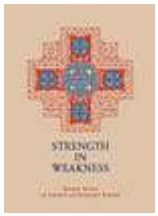
Read The Article

From this list, I take it that my readers most enjoy my writing on food, health, Jewish power, the end of times, and women. I plan to continue writing about these topics for 2023 in addition to what I learn concerning the Orthodox faith.

Read Next: *How To Attract A Woman As A Christian Man*

Why Does God Allow Us To Suffer?

February 15, 2023 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



Strength In Weakness is a booklet authored by Bishop Irenei of ROCOR that I picked up in the Jordanville monastery bookstore. It offers a simple but clear answer for those who are confused as to why God allows us to suffer.

The spiritual fruits of suffering

> Suffering has the power, despite its origin so often in tragedy, to draw us into a better character of life—and this God permits, for He knows that it can change us.
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> […]
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> Suffering opens the reality of the heart—what is good within it, as well as what is bad and requires healing. In such a circumstance the life of the Gospel is tested and made perfect—for that which is tested is tried, and that which is tried becomes stronger, like iron in the forge, and the weakness of man's nature is made mighty and capable of bearing the grace of God.
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> […]
>
> …suffering befalls us for many reasons and from many sources. Some suffering comes from God, Who rebukes and chastises those whom He loves; some comes from the world; some from ourselves; some from the demons. But whatever its origin, the suffering that we receive in faith is that which can save us.
>
> […]
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> St. Maximus the Confessor: "Suffering cleanses the soul infected with the filth of sensual pleasure and detaches it completely from material things by showing it the penalty incurred as a result of its affected for them. This is why God in His justice allows the devil to afflict men with torments."

Strength through suffering

> …in order for God's power to be made perfect in a man, that man must become weak. He must be rid of the "strength" that resides in his flesh and his will, and learn to be emptied of its illusive power. Then, in a life that is weakened of all its self-possessive fortitude, broken down into spiritual emptiness (often, precisely through physical trials), the Lord fills the heart with a strength that at last has room to reside there.

This book would be helpful for those who are experiencing feelings of despair during a difficult trial, such as a major illness, divorce, or general life crisis. It can give you “fast-acting” medicine to help endure the pain. On the other hand, a “slow-acting” medicine that also helps you understand why God allows us to suffer from a more big-picture view is God’s Revelation To The Human Heart by Father Seraphim Rose.

Learn More: *Strength In Weakness*

Do You Love Your Stomach?

February 20, 2023 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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When the True God is abandoned, false gods rush in to take His place. One of the most treasured false gods in the Western world is the stomach. Whether through satisfying it with food or gaining pride by displaying it externally for others to admire, worshipping this hunk of human anatomy is causing many to risk their salvation.

Is my beloved stomach fed with delights? Did the last meal make me happy enough to feel that life away from God is worth living? Was I able to momentarily forget all my problems with meats and fats and sugars that produced a glorious mouthfeel of mush against my tongue and palate? For most people, every day is a feast day. Every day must have animal products and luxurious foods that excite the flesh and passions. There is no limit to our eating besides the physical size of our stomachs, but even that can be overcome by training it to distend beyond its anatomical size.

My life is far from God, my consciousness burns me, so I eat as much as I can. While chewing the sweet or savory food, there is no God but my mouth pleasure, and since food is often seen as life's principal source of happiness, there are not two or three meals a day but one continuous meal, filled with engineered snacks and the incessant sip sip of caffeinated sugary drinks that give me the "energy" needed to compensate for my gluttony. When pleasure is sought from food, any hour is fit for eating, even if you just happened to eat. We don't eat to live but live to eat.

If it's not pleasure that I seek from food, it is vainglory and pride. Is my stomach flat enough? Does the opposite sex think my stomach is attractive? Is it pleasing to the eyes of those viewing pictures of my body on the internet? The gym is full of people who stare intently at their stomachs from every angle as if they were a scientist peering through a microscope. The smallest imperfection must be identified and targeted for elimination with religious fervor through strenuous workouts, diets, and intermittent fasting. The stomach has to be ironing board flat! It must look perfect in the mirror! There cannot be a blubbery bulge, a fold, or even excess hair around the belly button. YouTube experts must be sought and training programs studied so that this piece of flesh in the middle of our bodies looks perfect and sublime.

Who cares if the inside of our soul is filthy and full of darkness and demons and death as long as our stomach is flat and toned, with the muscular ripples that proclaim our bodily superiority to others? The blessed with washboard abs examine their stomachs in the mirror daily, caress them lovingly, the supple firmness, and select clothing to immodestly display it to the masses. Because of our stomachs, we are exalted, we are somebodies, we are loved by strangers who will desire us because of it alone. Even before old age arrives, we already have a bulletproof plan in place to ensure it remains the best-looking stomach around, and no expense, medical procedure, or workout regimen will be spared to ensure this end. To maintain our stomachs, we'll starve ourselves if we have to, with a zeal that surpasses the pagans and their worship of stone idols.

> "A soul moved by physical beauty reveals that it is moved only by this vain world; that it is attracted to the creation and not to the Creator, to clay and not to God. It makes no difference if this clay is pure and does not have the mire of sin in it. When the heart is drawn to earthly beauties, which though not sinful are still vain, it feels a worldly and fleeting joy. It is a joy that brings with it no divine consolation, no fluttering of the heart from spiritual exaltation. When however, we love and desire spiritual beauty, then our souls become whole and beautiful." —Saint Paisios in Spiritual Counsels

The young fornicators make a god of the outside of their stomachs. The rest care about their hourly mouth pleasure. Both have strayed from the royal path, both have missed God and worship a part of creation instead of the Creator. Only the Orthodox Church, with its weekly practice of fasting, treats the stomach not as a god nor as a source of pride or vanity or pleasure but as a human organ that must function according to God's plan. Its appearance is not treasured or glorified. It is not sated beyond what is needed to do one's labors and worship Lord Jesus Christ. You don't stare at your stomach longer than you stare into your soul. You don't grab an extra bite if you already feel full, or eat beyond what you need for your daily duties, and to help you achieve this ideal, for approximately half the calendar year, you are told to constrain your portions and struggle against your desire for foods that contain meat and dairy, which comprise the ingredients of the tastiest, most satisfying dishes and sweets. And daily you pray to the Lord God in humility—not bodily pompousness—to recognize what a wretch you are, whether you have a six-pack or not. Outside of the Church, the royal path is impossible to achieve, and the stomach remains a god in one way or another, besides a host of other false gods empowered and promoted by Satan and his fallen angels.

> *"This kind [of demon] goeth not out but by prayer and fasting.* (Matthew 17:14-23) If this kind goes out by the prayer and fasting of another person, then it is even less able to enter one who fasts and prays. What protection! Although there are a slew of demons and all the air is packed with them, they cannot do anything to one who is protected by prayer and fasting. Fasting is universal temperance, prayer is universal communication with God; the former defends from the outside, whereas the latter from within directs a fiery weapon against the enemies. The demons can sense a faster and man of prayer from a distance, and they run far away from him so as avoid a painful blow. Is it feasible to think that where there is no fasting and prayer, there already is a demon? Yes, it is. The demons lodging in a person, do not always reveal their presence, but lurk there, stealthily teaching their host every evil and turning him away from every good thing; so this person is certain that he is doing everything on his own, but meanwhile he is only fulfilling the will of his enemy. Just commence prayer and fasting and the enemy will immediately depart, then wait on the side for an opportunity to somehow return again. And he truly will return, as soon as prayer and fasting are abandoned." —St. Theophan the Recluse

The stomach is not the only fleshly organ we make a god of, but it might be the most common. I insist to you that your stomach won't save your soul, no matter how flat and toned it is. Your stomach won't give you eternal life no matter how many delicacies you feed it. It was created by God as a way for us to digest food so that we may seamlessly live a life in Christ with Him at the center and not our appearance or the pleasure received from whatever Frankenfood laced with seed oil that titillates our taste buds. If we insist on making a god out of our bellies, putting it above Lord Jesus Christ, we will miss the reason for our existence, and have an eternity of tears to ponder our mistake.

Read Next: *Why Do You Get "Hangry"?*

6 Signs You Are Following God's Will

February 23, 2023 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Saint John of Tobolsk took a pre-existing Catholic work and revised it to make it compatible with the Orthodox faith. The resulting book is called The Sunflower and focuses almost exclusively on answering the question of how to serve God's will. Below are six excerpts that Saint John shares to help you identify whether you are following God's will or not.

1. Do you pray before tasks?

> The first sign of a unique quality of a true Christian is diligence to do everything eagerly, being careful that none of his actions be contrary to the commandments and will of God. Therefore, he never begins a deed without first calling on God for help. Every true follower of Christ will not dare to begin any work without appearing to God with at least a short but heart-felt prayer. If he is faced with a useful and important work that is difficult to complete, let him ask for God's help not once, but many times, until God gives him wisdom and instructs him how to accomplish this work.

2. Do you have the proper disposition?

> The second sign of true piety and eagerness to act in agreement with God's will is a lack of fear when faced with afflictions or difficulties. Not mere a lack of fear, but cheerfulness, even eagerness, to suffer them. This eagerness is justified in the following way: the Lord God's grace is closer to those who are in sorrows and afflictions than to those who wallow in luxury and know no deprivation. The Lord loves not only the poor and indigent, but He blesses those who act as their benefactors.

3. Do you hold onto your own opinions?

> The third sign of the accord between the human and divine will is Christian humility, that is, the effacement in the self of any self-opinion, anything that goes beyond human, mortal, organic life. This virtue is particular to Christianity; it would hardly have even been known to the ancient idol-worshippers. Whoever is not infected by exalted self-opinion ascribes all the good he does not to himself or his mind, but to God's goodness and power.

4. Do you trust God?

> The fourth sign of agreement between our will and God's is our complete trust in the Lord God in all things. Such trust makes it possible for us to remain internally calm even when someone publicly insults us. It humbles the naturally occurring thought to avenge one's enemy. A trusting person thinks within himself, "God sees and hears this life, this insult. There will come a time that God will reveal the lies of the enemy and will turn it back on my enemy's head." In this way, the fully natural desire to avenge oneself is put down.

5. Do you suffer humbly?

> The fifth sign indicating the accord of our will with God's is endurance in humble-minded silence of universal dishonor, slander, and other accusations against our good name and deeds. There is no more sensitive wound for a righteous Christian soul than brazen insult and slander of his good intentions and actions, all done for the glory of God and the salvation, instruction, and benefit of mankind. However, a true follower of Christ will silently endure all such cruel blows, always gazing with his mind's eye with reverence at the much-suffering Jesus, who remained silent during countless accusations and tortures, during the unjust judgment of the Jews and the Romans.

6. Are you enduring?

> The sixth sign of a human will in concert with God's will is readiness to accept all hardship and deprivation, to subject oneself to the worst dangers, to endure all sorrows and difficulties at the limit of human endurance, all for the sake of the glory of God and the fulfillment of His commandments, firmly trusting in God's providence and help.
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> […]
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> …the most clear sign of the accord between the human and divine will is courage in the face of troubles and sorrows, when we, willingly having rejected ourselves (i.e., our self-will), bear the Cross of Christ on our backs. In other words, we do not refuse to follow the dictates of the divine will along the difficult, narrow, and sorrowful path of a Christian life, courageously enduring all offenses, grief, diseases, and other misfortunes that God allows.

One of the most common problems I overhear among Orthodox is whether one is following God's will or not. The Sunflower is essential reading to help resolve that.

Learn More: *The Sunflower on Amazon*

17 Worldly Consolations That Decrease My Faith

February 27, 2023 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

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When I'm tired, irritated, sick, or merely experiencing a lull in the day, I can choose to console myself in one of two ways: through a worldly comfort or by lifting up my eyes to God with prayer, religious reading, or divine contemplation. Lamentably, I usually look to the world to give my flesh instant relief. Here is a list of consolations I currently use or have used to feel better in the moment, all of which competes with my love for God.

1. Eating tasty food past the point of satiety

2. Reaching for my smartphone to check for unimportant new messages or news

3. Prolonged staring at beautiful women

4. Seeking direct praise when sharing my opinions, stories, or ideas

5. Oversleeping, taking gratuitous naps, or using an alarm clock's snooze function beyond what is reasonable

6. Consuming secular music or films to "unwind," not worry about life, and forget about death

7. Taking unnecessarily long showers in hot water

8. Consuming a socially acceptable drug (e.g., caffeine, alcohol) to create a desirable mental or physical state

9. Craving nonstop laughter and fun during social conversation

10. Seeking novelty through travel

11. Gaining useless secular knowledge to feel more knowledgeable

12. Improving my physical appearance for the main purpose of looking better than other men

13. Complaining and grumbling (usually about other people)

14. Using modern medicine and supplements to alleviate the fear, anxiety, and physical pain of common illnesses

15. Turning on the air conditioning when it's not that hot

16. Indulging in fantasies where I am a hero or saint

17. Responding with anger upon an insult or false accusation

At the end of each item on the list above, add "because it feels good" for the reason I do it. Sadly, my body seems not to care about the next life, and only wants to be coddled and pleased in the here and now. I prefer immediate rewards that I know yield comfort or pleasure than wait for God to console me on His timeline according to His will. His consolation requires patience and is dispensed according to whether it will benefit the soul while worldly consolation only cares about the body without taking into account salvation.

Worldly consolation is fleeting, forms addictions, and leads to worship of false idols while

divine consolation is sweet, joyful, and makes us become more in the likeness of God. If you are persistently consoling yourself with entertainment, food, and all other manner of pleasure, why then does God need to console you? Why does he need to fill you with His divine grace?

I do not judge you if you participate in behaviors that I've determined are unhealthy for me. You can do your own self-examination to see what is competing with your love for God. I've noticed that some men, for example, can speak to a beautiful woman without the risk of falling into lust like myself, but nonetheless our Lord does call us to a life of self-denial, so if you're filling your day with things that feel good, and none of those activities give you an opportunity to glorify God, you may want to ask yourself if you seek the temporal bosom of the world or the eternal bosom of God.

Read Next: *74 Things Christian Saints Have Never Said*

Why Do Bad Things Happen To Christians Who Faithfully Worship God?

March 2, 2023 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The Sunflower by Saint John of Tobolsk is an excellent book that helps us understand why God does the things He does, and how we can align our actions to serve His will. In the below excerpts, Saint John explains why bad things happen to members of the flock.

Previous Article On "The Sunflower": 6 Signs You Are Following God's Will

Strong Christians are sent to the front lines…

> Ask yourselves: why does the All-good God visit virtuous people with diseases or other calamities? It will be effective to answer this question by asking a different question whose answer is more easily accessible. Why is it that during a war the most capable and brave soldiers are sent to do the most risky and dangerous missions? The answer is not difficult. The commander chooses the most capable and brave soldiers for night raids on the enemy, to scout the best possible flanking movement around the enemy, to find the best path across a ford or a mountain pass for his division, and not a single one of the chosen soldiers complains to his commander for this assignment. He does not say, "My commander gave me this assignment because he wants to kill me." On the contrary, each of these soldiers eagerly tries to accomplish his mission with the greatest success, despite all difficulties and dangers.
>
> Those among us Christians who are weak in faith or lacking in patience should act like these brave soldiers, especially when God allows us to suffer and bear something grievous, heavy, or sorrowful. We should encourage ourselves and strengthen ourselves with the thought that God has acknowledged us worthy to bear such a burden, and that He would never lay on us a burden too heavy for our weak human strength.

…so that they may achieve moral perfection

> …it is not so unusual that God, knowing in advance what means can give us the best chance of rising to the highest level of moral perfection, tests us, His children, with various difficulties and teaches us to rise up from the low levels of our virtue to ever higher ones. All training in virtue seems cruel and laborious for the frail body. Has God allowed misfortune to attack us? Let us bravely endure it.

> This is not God’s wrath, but a kind chance give to us for ascetic labor that always carries a reward with it. The more labors we endure, the braver we will become. A person can achieve complete victory over evil only through patience. As gold is purified by the fire, so a person is strengthened by hardship.
>
> […]
>
> It is not [God] who is cruel. It is not His hand that is heavy in punishment. He, seeing with His gaze your entire past, present, an future, chooses to send you, by His mercy, everything that is most beneficial to you, even if it were to be your very death. Your soul is eternal, and you do not know what your future holds, you impatient fool of little faith, more fickle even than the weather!

How to respond when misfortune strikes

> If, despite all your attempts and diligence, something still does not go according to your plans, do not become angry with God or with any of His creations. Instead, remember that God knows every detail of your suffering and what suffering still remains for you. He desires to come to know and increase your courage. Therefore, whatever God wants, let that be your desire.

Bear it when other people attack you

> Even though human will is often evil and unrighteous, what can it do to you? In what ways does it succeed against you? You are upset that he managed to harm you, not that he wanted to harm you. But who made it possible for him to harm you? Did this not happen according to God’s will? And if it is according to the will and authority of God, then it must be for a just and holy reason, worthy of praise, not grief. Consequently, either stop your whining, or direct your complaints at God’s permission, and impress on your soul the fact that God would never allow any evil to harm you, if it did not serve for your own benefit. You are the only one who can harm yourself!
>
> […]
>
> Today He allows you to be insulted by this person, but tomorrow it will be another. Sometimes He punishes you through your relatives, brothers, or your own immediate family. It is one and the same hand of God that chastises, not always in the same manner, but differently every time. Sometimes He visits you through other people. So why do you rail against these others? This cunning person has harmed me, that thief left me with nothing, and that liar stole my honor along with my property. What are you saying you fool? Why are you taking a gauntlet to court? Pay attention to the hand of God that gives you mercies as well as punishments. God sent all this to you.

Why does God allow so much evil in the world?

> The reason God allows sin is hidden in the mystery of the perfection and the

> sinlessness of God’s direction of the world (His providence), a mystery that will remain unknown until the time of its revelation. God knows all futures in every detail, and He can easily prevent sin (so hateful to Him); however, He allows it, desiring to create good from evil, truth from lies, for the admonition and correction of people, to let them see the consequences of sin both for the sinner and for society.

Will you persist in asking the wrong questions?

> Why does one die as a child, whereas another live to deep old age? Why does one who sinned only a little die without repentance, whereas another, who lived many years in debauchery, finally improves and receives an end worthy of a Christian? Why does one drown in riches and luxury, whereas another has not a piece of bread or a penny to his name?
>
> Oh, you most restless and excessively curious mind! Why must you seek the answers to these questions? If you touch the fire of the divine judgments, you will melt from the heat. If you climb the unattainable mountain of divine foreknowledge and providence, you will fall. Like a moth or mosquito, you will fly in circles around the candle until it burns you. Thus, the human mind brazenly strives to pierces the secrets of the inconceivable divine fire. We, mortal men, cannot look directly at the works of the all-bright Sun, since our eyes are blind as a bat. The hidden mysteries of God are unattainable for us in this life.

If anyone asks me a question about what is God’s will, I send them straight to The Sunflower. It’s been exceedingly helpful on my walk with Christ.

Learn More: *The Sunflower on Amazon*

The Best Podcast In The World

March 6, 2023 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Now that I got you to click on such an enticing headline, I must deliver the goods or else you will be upset with me. Before I share with you the best podcast in the world, I wanted to first mention six other podcasts that I regularly listen to.

From The Amvon

This podcast is by Father John Whiteford, an Orthodox priest in Texas. His specialty is Biblical knowledge (perhaps thanks to a Protestant background), and his relatively short homilies have been helpful for me to go beyond a surface understanding of the faith. I consider him one of the best Orthodox homilists in the English language.

- **RSS Feed**
- **iTunes**

The Arena

This is published by Father Josiah Trenham, perhaps the most well-known Orthodox priest in the United States thanks to his firm but congenial demeanor. Father Josiah does a great job bringing in everyday stories and family experiences to teach how we can have a practical yet devout Orthodox faith.

- **Spotify**
- **Google Podcasts**
- **iTunes**
- **YouTube**

Orthodox Wisdom

Timothy Honeycutt provides audio transcriptions for important Orthodox texts, particularly concerning the lives of the saints. Timothy selects works of zealous Orthodox Fathers that are helpful in a modern secular age to counter heresy and blasphemy.

- **RSS Feed**
- **iTunes**
- **YouTube**

Ek Nekron

Father John Valadez in California follows in the "Death To The World" e-zine tradition to publish multi-part lectures that serve as a deeper Orthodox catechism. My article "7 Signs You're In A Cult Or False Movement" was inspired by his Survival Course for Orthodox Christians series, which I highly recommend.

- **RSS Feed**
- **iTunes**

Culture Wars Podcasts

Whenever a major news event happens, I think, “I need Dr. Jones’ take on this.” Dr. E Michael Jones is a Catholic intellectual who has his pulse on the zeitgeist and the powerful group we cannot name in polite company. His podcast is regularly updated with his interviews on other shows.

- **RSS Feed**
- **iTunes**

There are also two YouTube channels that are technically not podcasts but I listen to them as podcasts anyway by downloading the MP3 file using a program called ClipGrab…

Father Spyridon Bailey

Father Spyridon is an Orthodox priest in the UK who I believe has the most popular Orthodox YouTube channel in the world. You may remember that he called in to one of my live streams when I was still in the Armenian Church and gave me a loving push to become Orthodox. His videos focus on spiritual counsel and are suitable for inquirers.

- **YouTube**

Father Peter Heers (Orthodox Ethos)

If you want dense lectures that are soaked in the teachings of the Church Fathers and Elders, Father Peter is your priest. He makes no compromises with the world or liberal parts of the Church and gives you the guidance needed to overcome spiritual lukewarmness that is so common in our age.

- **YouTube**

And the best podcast in the world is…

Orthodox Talks

The above podcasts are great, but if you were to send me to a deserted island with only one podcast in my pocket, I would pick Orthodox Talks, because it would allow me to continually learn about the Orthodox faith *and* keep it.

Orthodox Talks is a series of long but edifying lectures from Father Kosmas, a priestmonk at the Orthodox Monastery of the Archangel Michael in Sydney, Australia. I first started listening to his talks before I was Orthodox, and was generally impressed with them, but now that I am Orthodox, I’m *very* impressed because his lessons perfectly encapsulate what I have learned through a multitude of books and teachers. Ultimately, Father Kosmas captures the savor of Orthodoxy, and is one of the best teachers that the Church

has.

Father Kosmas shares lessons on a variety of topics: repentance, marriage, lives of the saints, teachings of the Holy Fathers, Church sacraments, mental illness, prayer, death, demonic influence, secular temptations, and other issues facing those who live in modern times. It has been essential in my formation as an Orthodox Christian, and is the only podcast where I listen to episodes repeatedly.

It can be a bit overwhelming to be faced with 83 lectures that are many hours long. I recommend you start with the below three lectures as an appetizer and then embark on a holy and God-pleasing quest to listen to every single episode:

1. Talk 12 – What to look for in a spouse
2. Talk 13 – What you need to maintain a successful marriage
3. Talk 82 – Covidism's threat to the Church

- **RSS Feed**
- **Google Podcasts**
- **Spotify**
- **iTunes**
- **Web Site**

As you can see, there is no shortage of Orthodox content. They help us navigate this broken world while developing a faith that saves. Without them, especially Father Kosmas' Orthodox Talks, I would be spiritually worse off than I am now.

Read Next: *Why Do You Consume Secular Content?*

Why Did God Create Human Beings In His Image?

March 9, 2023 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A book that answers many Orthodox theological questions in a plain-worded manner is Orthodox Dogmatic Theology by Michael Pomazansky. While technically an introductory textbook (for students at Holy Trinity Orthodox Seminary in Jordanville, New York), it explains dogmas in a way that laymen can understand. Below are a handful of edifying passages.

Why God created the world

> …the Orthodox Confession and the Longer Catechism express it thus: The world was created by God "so that other beings, glorifying Him, might be participants of His goodness." … Blessed Theodoret writes: "The Lord God has no need of anyone to praise Him; but by His goodness alone He granted existence to angels, archangels, and the whole creation." And further: "God has need for nothing; but He, being an abyss of goodness, deigned to give existence to things which did not exist." And St John Damascene says (as we have just seen): "The good and transcendentally good God was not content to contemplate Himself, but by a superabundance of goodness saw fit that there should be some things to benefit by and participate in His goodness."
>
> […]
>
> St. Gregory the Theologian: "Since for the goodness of God it was not sufficient to be occupied only with the contemplation of Himself, but it was needful that good should extend further and further, so that the number of those who have received Grace might be as many as possible (Because this is characteristic of the highest Goodness)—therefore, God devised first of all the angelic heavenly powers: and the thought became deed, which was fulfilled by the Word, and perfected by the Spirit… And inasmuch as the first creatures were pleasing to Him, He devised another world, material and visible, the orderly composition of heaven and earth, and that which is between them."

Where is the image of God within us?

> …the image of God may be seen only in the soul, not in the body. According to His Nature, God is most pure Spirit, not clothed in any kind of body and not a partaker of any kind of materiality. Therefore the image of God can refer only to the immaterial soul—many Fathers of the Church have considered it necessary to

give this warning.

[…]

Man bears the image of God in the higher qualities of the soul, especially in the soul's immortality, in its freedom of will, in its reason, and in its capability for pure love without thought of gain.

[…]

Is there a distinction between the "image" and the "likeness" of God? The majority of the Holy Fathers and teachers of the Church reply that there is. They see the image of God in the very nature of the soul, and the likeness in the moral perfecting of man in virtue and sanctity, in the acquirement of the gifts of the Holy Spirit. Consequently, we receive the image of God from God together with existence, but the likeness we must acquire ourselves, having received the possibility of doing this from God.

To become "in the likeness" depends upon our will; it is acquired in accordance with our own activity. Therefore, concerning the "counsel" of God it is said: "Let us make man in our image, after Our likeness" (Gen. 1:26), but with regard to the very act of creation it is said: "God created man in His own image" (Gen. 1:27). About this St. Gregory of Nyssa reasons: By God's "counsel," we were given the potential to be "in His likeness."

What is Christian life?

The fullness of actual life in the Church on earth is manifested in three aspects: (a) confession of faith; (b) moral life; and (c) the Divine services. Therefore, each Christian is called (a) to believe; (b) to live and act according to faith; and (c) to glorify God and pray.

What is the Orthodox Church?

The Orthodox Church of Christ is the Body of Christ, a spiritual *organism* whose Head is Christ. It has a single spirit, a single common faith, a single and common catholic *consciousness*, guided by the Holy Spirit; and its reasoning are based on the concrete, definite foundations of Sacred Scripture and Sacred Apostolic Tradition. This catholic consciousness is always with the Church, but, in a more definite fashion, this consciousness is expressed in the Ecumenical Councils of the Church.

The role of the body

The body must serve as the companion, organ, and even fellow laborer of the soul. It depends on the soul itself whether to lower itself to such an extent that it becomes the slave of the body, or, being guided by an enlightened spirit, to make the body its obedient executor and fellow laborer. Depending upon the soul, the body can be a vessel of sinful impurity and foulness, or it can become a

> temple of God, participating with the soul in the glorification of God.

The importance of obedience

> Free obedience is the path to moral advancement. Where there is voluntary obedience there is (a) the cutting off of the way to self-esteem; (b) respect and trust for that which is above us; (c) continence. Obedience acts beneficially upon the mind, humbling its pride; upon the feelings, limiting self-love; and upon the will, directing the freedom of man towards the good. The Grace of God cooperates and strengthens one on this path.

How God uses suffering to save our souls

> Sufferings are given to man as a means of chastisement, enlightenment, and correction. According to St. Basil the Great, sufferings and death itself "cut off the growth of sin."
>
> […]
>
> [God] covered [man's] nakedness with clothing, moderated his self-esteem and pride, his fleshly desires and passions, by means of healing measures—labor and diseases—giving to them an educational significance. We ourselves can see the educational effect of labor, and the cleansing effect of disease on the soul. God subjected man to physical death so as not to hand him over to final spiritual death—that is, so that the sinful principle in him might not develop to the extreme, so that he might not become like Satan.
>
> However, this natural bridle of suffering and death does not uproot the very source of evil. It only restraints the development of evil. It was most necessary for mankind to have a supernatural power and help which might perform an inward reversal within him and give to man the possibility to turn away from a gradually deepening descent and towards victory over sin and a gradual ascent to God.

Orthodox Dogmatic Theology is dry and difficult at times, but if you want to gain a theological understanding of the Orthodox faith, and how it compares to other confessions, it's a great starting point.

Learn More: *Orthodox Dogmatic Theology on Amazon*

What Is The Coronavirus Vaccine Doing To People's Blood?

March 13, 2023 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

A recent documentary titled Died Suddenly confirms what many of us already know: the coronavirus vaccine is deadly. The documentary shows that the likely mechanism by which it causes injury and death is by befouling a person's circulatory system. I can conclude with a clear conscious that the vaccine is a blood and heart toxin.

Watch the documentary on Rumble:

> And some of the Pharisees called to Him from the crowd, "Teacher, rebuke Your disciples." But He answered and said to them, "I tell you that if these should keep silent, the stones would immediately cry out." —Luke 19:39-40

The stones that are crying out are morticians who embalm dead bodies. After the vax was released, they began noticing thick spaghetti noodle clots in dead people's veins and arteries that were not like normal blood clots. So many different morticians from so many different parts of the country identified this phenomenon that it's safe to accept as a national problem.

Even with my scientific background (I have a bachelor's degree in microbiology), it's not immediately clear what these clots are. They don't seem like classic cancer but are so big that I'm skeptical they were formed from a spontaneous biochemical reaction between the vax ingredients and organic materials within the body. Consider that the total volume of a vaccine injection is no more than 7.5 milliliters, a half tablespoon. Clots coming out of people are way larger than this volume—some as long as two feet! This suggests to me that there is some kind of persistent and ongoing process within the body that is producing clots and allowing them to grow independently of the initial vaccination.

The vaccine may be initiating a process in the body to create these unique clots within the bloodstream. I theorize it does this through one of three methods: (1) the vaccine is so toxic that the body desperately yet futilely tries to isolate and expel the toxin through a mechanism that somehow produces the spaghetti clots; (2) the vaccine directly causes blood cells to mutate and multiply indiscriminately like a case of late-stage cancer; or (3) the vaccine contains genetic instructions that, when embedded into a person's genome after vaccination, methodically and purposely produces these clots to the detriment of the human host.

I'd be inclined to lean towards option one or two if this vaccine didn't happen to contain genetic material in the form of mRNA, which our cells use as an intermediary template from DNA to make various proteins. Understand that scientists long ago perfected the ability to insert genes from one species into another. For example, do you know what it means for a vegetable to be "genetically modified"? Let me explain.

Are they genetically modifying us like food?

Pests are a bane of farmers worldwide, and can wipe out entire harvests. The problem with the pesticides that kill pests is that they're toxic and end up damaging or killing the plant itself, but how about if we can modify the plant so that it becomes resistant to the toxin? For example, take the glyphosate (Roundup) pesticide, which kills weeds. If you spray a naturally-growing plant with glyphosate, the pest dies but so do many types of plants. So here's what they did…

There is a bacteria that is resistant to glyphosate because it naturally produces an enzyme that neutralizes the toxin (all enzymes are classified as proteins, which are encoded within our DNA). Scientists isolated this enzyme from the bacteria, figured out its DNA sequence, and inserted it into a crop like the soybean. The soybean now is a franken-seed that has a gene from bacteria, but thanks to this gene a farmer can bathe his crops in glyphosate, kill the pests, and yet allow his crops to survive and be harvested to yield "nutrients" and "vitamins" when consumed by human beings. Unfortunately, many farmers claim that glyphosate is also killing them (with cancer), and data on the damaging effects of eating modified crops that have been treated with toxic chemicals is concealed from the public. Corporations have successfully modified numerous crops to resist pesticides and other crop killers starting way back in the 1990s.

It's been thirty years since genetic technology was first used on food. Have they been able to harness this technology to insert genes into humans through a series of injections? I would be surprised if they *hadn't* yet figured it out. Based on the mRNA genetic platform they are using for the coronavirus vax, a frighteningly reasonable explanation is that they are injecting people with the genetic blueprint to produce blood clots, whether deliberately or not, because the resulting clots are way larger in volume than the initial toxin and different in chemical composition than the clear liquid that was injected into them. This theory could also explain why some people get the clots and some don't: genetic uptake is more of a statistical phenomenon than a guarantee. Some people, perhaps due to their individual physiology, reject the foreign mRNA and so there

is no uptake in the genome of their cells. Or perhaps they received an injection that had somehow degraded due to improper storage, tainted manufacturing processes, or more nefariously, deliberate and careful manipulation of vaccine lots. There are many theories that can explain why not everyone goes on to develop the clots, but for the people who did, the outcome is either life-changing or life-ending.

Is there a worldwide conspiracy?

There is no conspiracy theory I will not at least entertain, but I need substantial evidence to come out on my platform and begin a sentence with "I believe" to put my feeble reputation on the line. After living through the coronavirus fake pandemic for over three years, and consuming an untold number of articles, videos, and podcasts on the issue in addition to scientifically related topics, I believe that there is a large conspiracy among high-level elites in public and private sectors to depopulate the world through vaccination in general, but particularly with the coronavirus vaccine. This conspiracy is aided by the mass cowardice, carnality, and atheism of many doctors who *know* from direct experience that this vaccine is injuring people, but choose rather to play ball to continue enabling their comfortable and lavish secular lifestyles.

> "…but they who live in wickedness and in luxury are punished both in the life here and the life yonder. For even here they are harassed by the expectation of the coming penalty, as well as by the bad opinion in which they are held by all, and by the fact that by the very sin itself their soul is corrupted; and after their departure thither they endure insupportable penalties." —Saint John Chrysostom in On Wealth and Poverty

There is no other explanation I can come up with that doesn't chafe my conscience. The elites know these vaccines are harmful and yet they ignore the evidence and keep pushing people—including little children—to get vaccinated. The doctors must be aware

that this vaccine is poisoning their patients (whom they swore to do no harm) yet they keep telling patients to get the vax and use emotional manipulation to do so, if the stories from my elderly parents are any indication. This is mass poison on a scale the world has never seen, and all those who are responsible will undoubtedly be held accountable for their evil on Day of Judgment, but until then, we have to use our reason and faith to discern which medical treatment to take for the sake of our bodily health and those of our loved ones. I've already made my choice: never, ever in this life will I get injected with a vaccine, and if I have someone's ear, like I have yours since you made it this far into my article, I'll tell them why they shouldn't either based on my personal observations and research.

If you are not an Orthodox Christian with an active spiritual life, you probably won't care for these proceeding comments: I strongly suspect that the coronavirus vaccine contains demonic energy (i.e. something like black magic). Consider that its development uses aborted fetal cells—parts of murdered defenseless babies—to provide "health" for living people. This is a narrative directly from Satan's mind. For you to take this vaccine where there is overwhelming evidence that it was developed in sin, and while also knowing of its extreme danger to so many people who have shared their vaccine injury stories online, suggests a spiritual problem, at least according to Metropolitan Neophytos of Morphou. He says that those who got the vax damaged their soul and must repent from their mistake. In other words, you must beg Lord Jesus Christ for forgiveness that you put faith in Bill Gates' inverted sacrament over the sacraments that the Lord gives us in His Church. If you took the vaccine, I suggest you find a spiritual guide in the Orthodox Church who will help you set things right.

I've lost complete faith in the medical industry, faith I should never have had in the first place. That faith was shattered when, before I became an Orthodox Christian, I saw what the cancer doctors did to my sister with their poisonous concoctions. From my perspective, their treatments accelerated her death. Now with the fake coronavirus pandemic, I believe that those in the medical industry who conceal the truth, whether voluntary or involuntary, are serving the will of Satan. The demonic presence is so strong that I'm questioning all their treasured dogmas, even the existence of viruses. If I have a broken leg, I will go to the doctor to x-ray me and snap it into place (unless you know how to do it), and I would also consider other emergency surgeries that require only an easy slicing and dicing, but to take their toxic medications or vaccines, I would have to receive a direct revelation from God to permit me to do so, and even if that happens, I would have to be convinced that that vision was indeed from God and not the demons, because Satan can easily masquerade as an angel of light.

> "Am I in good health? I will say: 'Glory to God.' Is my health poor? I will still say: 'Glory to God.' But the moment I become anxious about my health, wishing only to get better, running around to doctors, taking different kinds of medicines, traveling frantically to foreign countries for experimental procedures, I have lost God. I have become like a top spinning out of control." —Elder Aimilianos in The

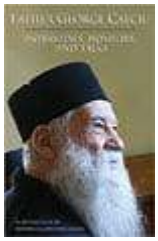
> Mystical Marriage

I ask a favor from you: if ever get sick with cancer in the future, and decide to forgo toxic chemical treatment, please don't convince me out of it. This life is temporal, a test for us to show our love for God and our neighbor so that we may enter into eternal life through Lord Jesus Christ, and I must not panic if I come down with a malady that God allows. I pray that I have the courage and strength to suffer in this body while preparing my soul for the next life instead of living in so much fear that I allow Satan to inject me with genetic material that grows little worms in my veins, because I tell you that if I try to save my life then I will lose it, and have to face the worm that never dies for all of eternity.

Read Next: *Are Viruses Actually Contagious?*

Americans Pay Money To Subject Themselves To Vile Blasphemies

March 16, 2023 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



Father George Calciu was a saintly Romanian priest who was tortured in Romania's worst communist prison, Pitesti. He was eventually released and sought asylum in the United States where he gained an understanding of America's declining spiritual condition. The quotes below are excerpted from the book *Father George Calciu— Interviews, Homilies, and Talks*.

The blasphemy of secularism

> Fr. Roman also told me that one of the things guards said to torture them was that the Lord Jesus had had an affair with St. Mary Magdalene. He commented to me that, in Communist prison, this constituted torture; in America, people will pay money to read it in a book, like The Da Vinci Code, or watch it in a movie.
>
> […]
>
> Perhaps yesterday, when Communism tried to wretch any faith from your heart and to form you into a mere cog in the gears of the social machinery, you, out of a spirit of youthful revolt had more of Christ in your soul than you have today.
>
> Today you are attacked from all sides with the sound of the rhythmic drumming of all the anti-Christian organizations, which wish to create an amorphous mass out of the world's nations, easily led to their intended destination. So it happens in the political world—a few individuals are anointed in secret and installed to govern all people from positions of international power. They determine which nations have the right to bear children and which must abort them; they substitute themselves for God and sketch the destiny of nations according to their pleasures or interests. Whoever does not submit shall perish.

How to confess the faith?

> I had learned from experience that people are changed only by the fire of your faith, by the dedication in your attitude to them and to God, because this is the most powerful proof.
>
> […]
>
> Tell those who until now have oppressed your divine soul: "I believe in the

> Resurrection," and you will see them coil in fear, for your faith has overcome them.

Stop engaging with the devil

> To the devil's [first two] temptations, Jesus Christ merely answered with a quotation from the Old Testament, but this [third] time he rebuked the devil. He said, Get thee behind Me, Satan (Luke 4:8). This signifies that we shouldn't argue with the devil, because he is cleverer than we are. He is entirely spirit. In an argument with the devil, using rational arguments, we would be vanquished every time by the devil. Our attitude toward the devil, when he tries to tempt us through our egotistical mind—our desire to be great in this world—is to say, "Go back, Satan, leave me alone."
>
> […]
>
> You probably have experienced the devil's temptations during prayer. When you start to pray, hundreds of thoughts start to go around in your mind—all kinds of things, all kinds of remembrances, all kinds of imaginings—because the devil is attacking you. He doesn't like anyone praying.
>
> […]
>
> …at the time of prayer satanic assaults are innumerable—thoughts besiege you, memories abduct your mind from prayer, past anger [i.e., remembrance of wrongs] becomes very present. All of a sudden, some unimportant matters—for example, "What time is it?" or, "Is it raining outside or is the sun shining?"—become very important, and the evil spirit drives you to interrupt your prayer "just for a moment" in order to look at the clock or the weather or some other unimportant thing.

You're easier to destroy while isolated

> I was very good friends with this young man and they knew that. So, after beating me and torturing him, they forced him to torture me and me to torture him—to destroy any connection between us, to isolate us. This is the tactic of the devil—to isolate everyone. God intended man to be in a spiritual community of prayer. Therefore, they isolated everybody; they made everyone to be alone. We can be one in Jesus Christ, but this was oneness in the devil. Everyone was completely isolated; no one believed in anyone; no one trusted anyone.

Spiritual happiness in prison

> It is impossible for people outside of prison to understand. We were freed and we were very happy to be free, but we had a kind of nostalgia about the prison. And we could not explain it to others. They said we were crazy. How could you miss prison? Because in prison we had the most spiritual life. We reached levels that we are not able to reach in this world. Isolated, anchored in Jesus Christ, we had

> joys and illuminations that this world cannot offer us. There are no words to express exactly the feeling one had there. Those who have not had our spiritual experience cannot understand that we could be happy in prison. Many times were not happy at all, but there were moment of happiness there. When I took care of Constantine Oprisan in the cell, I was very happy. I was very happy because I felt him spirituality penetrating my soul. I learned from him to be good, to forgive, not to curse your torturer, not to consider anything of this world to be a treasure for you. In fact, he was living on another level. Only his body was with us—and his love. Can you imagine: we were in a cell without windows, without air, humid, filthy—yet we had moments of happiness that we never reached in freedom. I cannot explain it.

Falsehoods require force

> Ideas are preserved through their truth. An idea which is maintained through force and violence is deeply undermined by the falsehood within it.

This book offers yet another confirmation of the happiness one can find in prison thanks to the forced detachment from passions and worldly attachments. While the teachings in this book don't go as deep as I would've liked, and contain a fair amount of repetition, Father George shares a simple but powerful faith that can be used in times of persecution.

Learn More: *Father George Calciu on Amazon*

3 Crafty Methods Of Christian Persecution

March 20, 2023 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

The persecution of Christians is more subtle than in Roman times, when it was absolutely clear that you were being killed for your faith. Satan has become reluctant to send throngs of crowned martyrs into heaven, and has instead refined his strategy to where your persecution garners little attention and ends up looking like “love” or “common sense” whereas it is actually a direct attack on Lord Jesus Christ.

In Roman times, Christians were commanded to give fealty to pagan gods, often by placing incense on hot coals within a pagan temple. If they refused, they were tortured and killed. There was no doubt why they were being persecuted, and I imagine there are millions of these martyrs in heaven (one estimate I have heard is 11 million).

Satan’s job is to send souls into hell, not glorify them in heaven, so for these times he has modified his approach. He is disinclined to give anyone the opportunity for a direct confession of the faith that leads to immediate death and glorification. Instead, he persecutes you through his human henchman for any other stated reason *besides* Christ, but make no mistake that he is behind the persecution and aims for you to compromise your faith in a way that causes you to lose your soul and inspire others to do the same. If you are inhibited to worship Lord Jesus Christ by even one minute due to a government directive or mob action, you are being persecuted, and must see through the false façade to gain courage and make a stand for your faith. Here are the three fake reasons that can be used…

1. Health: “We’re not persecuting you for your love of Lord Jesus Christ, but you’re putting people’s health in danger.”

We saw this vividly with the COVID pandemic, and I must say this was one of Satan’s most clever tricks. His main aim with COVID was to terrorize the world population into taking dangerous black magic vaccines to weaken people’s trust in God or simply cause them to die before repentance. One method to accomplish this is to shut down churches through government mandates that also applied to secular businesses (to help give plausible deniability that the Church is not the main target). Another method is to darken spiritual leaders with fear that venerating icons or communing from a common spoon, key practices of the Orthodox faith, will “put others in danger” and lead to a terrible physical death that is seen as an outcome worse than losing your soul for eternity.

I must remind you that many Christian martyrs died during the Iconoclasm period (8th and 9th centuries), when evil rulers tried to ban icons, and yet in 2020, without a whimper, huge swaths of the Orthodox Church voluntarily removed icons from their churches without any protest. What an incredible feat by Satan! It’s obvious that Satan can “learn” like we can learn, because he tried to remove icons a millennia ago but failed, and here he was able to do it, albeit temporarily, and not a single martyr died for icons and not one Bishop was excommunicated. Within most confessions, he also got them to

adopt zany health practices like mask-wearing, standing six feet away from each other, and neurotically applying alcohol to their hands until they're dry as a bone. I was in the Armenian Church when COVID first hit and a practice called the "Kiss of Peace" was modified to become "The Awkward Bow from Six Feet Away." The demons had a good laugh.

Bill Gates is already preparing for the next pandemic, and maybe he's a prophet because he seems to be able to predict the future, so I would expect another health crisis where various Churches will be even more aggressive in modifying practices to the point where essential dogmas are discarded and souls lost by choosing to be a friend of the world instead of Lord Jesus Christ. Woe to those leaders who hurt the Orthodox Church and attack the Body of Christ in the name of going along with a fake pandemic to preserve "health"! Whatever the case, when you are inhibited from going to your church to worship Lord Jesus Christ because of a health scare, you are actually being persecuted for your faith.

> "During the [Roman] persecutions Christians dealt with horrific tortures of the body, however there was no interference on the mind or the soul. On the contrary, during the martyrdoms of [the Christians] of the end times we will [also] have interference on the soul and the methods [of torture] will be far more satanic. And this because they [the system of the Antichrist] will introduce inside of you chemical things [mind altering drugs] to paralyze your mind, your will power, will distort your sentiments and will disorient your mind." —Elder Athanasios Mitilinaios

2. Hate Speech: "We're not persecuting you for your love of Lord Jesus Christ, but your religious beliefs are hateful and hurting the feelings of disenfranchised groups, especially homosexuals."

"Hate speech," a term invented by Jews to control and tyrannize the Western population, may be used in the future against Churches that forbid gay marriage, block boys from attending services in a state of cross-dress, or insist on transgenders to repent from their life of sin. Once the media maligns a Church—and we know that this will mainly happen to the Orthodox Church since most other confessions are going along with the world when it comes to cultural matters—the government may deny their tax-exempt status, pushing parishes into bankruptcy. Or in countries like Europe, they may shut down the Church outright just like how they send German grandmas to jail if they deny the Holocaust™ over tea and butterplätzchen. Or during a war they may put out an executive order that shuts down a Church by fiat for being a "threat to national security."

We're already seeing a shade of the latter with the Church I'm in, the Russian Orthodox Church Outside Russia (ROCOR). Writers connected to sodomy-loving globalist outfits are painting the Church as an anachronistic home to monsters who are not capable of living a progressive lifestyle in a big multicultural city with gay pride parades. Whatever the case, when your Church is being attacked because of its opinions and hatred of sin, and not

necessarily its dogmas or doctrines, it is actually being persecuted for its faith.

> "Under the cover of this deceptive, fair-seeming exterior, which is leading many into delusion, there is actually everywhere now taking place a most powerful hidden persecution against Christianity, appearing in the most various forms. This persecution is far more dangerous and terrible than the former open persecution, for it threatens a complete devastation of souls—spiritual death." —Archbishop Averky

3. Fascism or extremism: "We're not persecuting you for your love of Lord Jesus Christ, but your Church is actually an operation run by a fascist government or organization that happens to be Orthodox."

We see this being successfully applied in Ukraine to devastating effect for the flock. All Church activities in the country are in the process of being completely shut down because the Ukrainian Orthodox Church is spiritually connected to the Moscow Patriarchate. The false accusation is that the Moscow Patriarch is an agent of Putin, a realpolitik operation. The truth is that it's the Church that originated from Saint Vladimir, the baptizer of Russia in 988, who took the faith from the Byzantines as a safe deposit of the teachings of Lord Jesus Christ, with holy sacraments that are necessary for the salvation of our souls. Human beings who are in the Church are sinners and make mistakes, but the Orthodox Church itself is the bedrock of faith in the True God.

How easy will the United States government be able to apply this trick to Churches in the United States? First they will come after the Russians, and then it will be the Serbs since they are brothers of the Russians, and then it will be anyone else with ethnic origins and long beards who don't support the U.S. government's foreign policy that is looking more like a scheme of genocide perpetuated by Jews against the world's goyim. Whatever the case, when your Church is being accused as a "foreign agent" of extremists or fascists, it is actually being persecuted because of its faith.

> "…in Pitesti [Romanian communist prison] there was a fight between the spirit of good and the spirit of evil. It was not just the persecution of a regime against some people… It was really the battle between God and the devil. In relation to this, I said in my sermons that the whole history of humanity is a fight between God and the devil, and that our heart is the battleground. But it is not dead ground; it is living ground, and it can decide the victory—whether God or the devil will reign in our hearts…" —Father George Calciu

Conclusion

In modern times, when faith is weak, and people are ready to halt all worship of the Lord because of manufactured scares, Satan's achievement of getting Churches to modify their practices or close outright is not that impressive. Nonetheless, these closures and blasphemies against the sacraments will hurt those who want to maintain the right faith and participate weekly in church life without first getting permission from secular health

authorities who are obviously in bed with those who pay them the most money.

Until you see nationwide repentance and the arrival of martyrs who are willing to die for the fact that their church doors are closed, we will see more attacks by Satan. He will likely use multiple tactics simultaneously to hammer the Churches into submission, demoralize the faithful, and cause them to adopt secular medical practices to the detriment of their souls. God always looks after the zealous, so may our faith be strong enough to be included among His remnant, who will endure and persist until the end no matter the tribulation.

Read Next: *The Synagogue Is Ramping Up Their Attacks On The Orthodox Church*

Have Catholics Become More Like Protestants?

March 23, 2023 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

That's one of the arguments given by revered Orthodox priest Father Josiah Trenham in his book Rock and Sand, which gives a history of Christendom through an Orthodox lens, focusing primarily on the Protestant Reformation and the "fruits" of their dizzying array of denominations. He points out that Catholics are looking more and more like the Protestants, especially after Vatican II.

> Catholic-Protestant relations have morphed yet again since Vatican II (1962-1965) when the Catholic Church refashioned its ecclesiology to find a place for Protestantism, and adopted, at least in practice, many things that the Protestants of the 16th century were calling for. Today, especially in the West, the divide between Catholicism and Protestantism is thinner than ever, the traditional Tridentine Mass is virtually non-existent, and the Catholic services have been radically Protestantized, degraded, and denuded of their traditional liturgical, aesthetic, and linguistic grandeur. Centuries of traditional Gregorian chant and ecclesiastical architecture have often given way to banjos and guitars and architectural monstrosities, all of which bear witness to a radical break from tradition. The teaching on penance, so emphasized at the Council of Trent, has vanished together with long confessional lines and numerous priests. Now, in the local Catholic diocese here in the Inland Empire (Riverside-San Bernardino-Ontario, CA), there are 5000 parishioners for every priest, and so few Catholics confessing their sins and living a normal sacramental life that there is often but one published confessional hour per week. Monasteries have closed throughout the West, and there has been a reduction in the number of Roman Catholic monks, nuns, and members of religious orders in our land by some 95%. Parochial schools which were education some 6 million children before Vatican II are now educating about 25% that number.
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> […]
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> In many ways both Roman Catholicism and Protestantism are close to each other than either is to Holy Orthodox. They often give diametrically opposite answers, but they are asking the same questions. Orthodox Christianity maintains the patristic mind, and asks different questions.

Would the original Protestant reformers even accept modern Protestantism?

> Would modern Protestants even recognize Luther as one of their number? Would Luther be comfortable in the Lutheran Church of the 21st century? I think the answer to both questions is no.
>
> Luther taught the importance of making the sign of the Cross. He advocated for a yearly auricular confession in the Church sanctuary. He employed written prayers and a structured liturgy. He believed in and taught the perpetual virginity of the Most Holy Virgin Mary, the Theotokos. He completed rejected the idea of an invisible church as it is so commonly embraced by Protestants today. He considered those who reject the miraculous nature of baptism and the real presence of Christ in the eucharist to be utter fanatics. He had no tolerance for Anabaptism, and castigated those who refused to baptize infants. He argued strongly against the so-called "Constantinopolitan fall" of the church. He had no affinity for Jews, and rejected any reading of scripture that suggested that a return of Jewish people to the Holy Land was prophesied. He was deeply convinced of martyrdom as a mark of the church, and disavowed Christian triumphalism. Luther himself wished sincerely to be a martyr. He severely criticized the Protestant iconoclasts who broke up holy images, and defended Christian art as "sermons for the eyes."
>
> […]
>
> [Megachurch pastors] became fundamentally Bible-teachers detached from any essential interaction with their flocks. They have built mega-churches around their charisma, and multiplied their pastoral ministries on the business franchise model. They have connected intimately to the penchant of modern suburbanites for fast-food religion—quick, casual, often anonymous, unfettered by traditional customs, personal obligations of sacred community, denominational associations, and often even parish membership.

What exactly is an evangelical?

> There is no evangelical consensus of what it means to be an evangelical, nor is there any official or authoritative definition of the word "evangelical." Evangelicals come from all the branches of traditional Protestantism, and from many traditions that have only the faintest association with traditional Protestantism. The evangelical movement has grown out of Protestant soil, and was fashioned out of the great American revivals of the 18th and 19th centuries. As such, the movement is defined more by a form of spiritual experience than by a confessional commitment or a sacramental participation.
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> […]
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> …the majority of evangelicals today have found the historical Protestant denominational structures wanting, and, in a vain effort, have sought to identify

themselves as post-denominational. These “non-denominational” congregations, or independent “fellowships” as they are often called, are, in fact, the very worst form of denominationalism itself, being in essence denominations of one congregation. It is precisely these non-denominational evangelicals who are most active in missionary labors today. Many of these missionary labors are directed explicitly at traditionally Orthodox lands, and these evangelicals are zealously committed to “saving the Orthodox.”

[…]

In the area of dogma, evangelicals radically reject traditional Christian reliance on the modest of Holy Tradition including patristic teachings, canon law, the lives of the saints, liturgics, iconography and the sacred arts, and the Creed in order to adhere exclusively to the authority of Scripture. In the area of spiritual life, evangelicals radically reject traditional Christian emphasis on the holy mysteries, ascetical practices, and liturgical centricity in order to embrace and reproduce an individualistic and revivalist understanding of conversion (the “born-again” experience) detached with a Gnostic zeal from any sacrament. (Gnostic forms of religion have as one of their primary characteristics a disdain for the spiritual potentiality of physical things. Gnosticism is expressed in many forms of Evangelical Christianity by the latter’s rejection of the normative bestowal of grace through sacraments.)

[…]

Evangelicalism is a populist religion, and as such, being disconnected from tradition, casts itself in whatever forms are acceptable to the populace. To justify the cult of novelty as it is expressed in evangelical worship, many evangelicals simply believe that God has given no clear direction about worship form to His people and thus has left them free to innovate.

From the beginning, Protestants disagreed with each other

Incredibly, the Reformers, following the principles of sola scriptura, could not come to an agreement about the significance of the most important sacrament in the Christian faith and the traditional center of divine worship. This irreconcilable theological difference on the very nature of the Eucharist, a subject the Reformers themselves considered of utmost importance, would be the very headwaters of a river of Protestant disagreement and theological disunity that would only morph into a dizzying number of Protestant denominations and conflicting confessions of faith right up until the present day.

Protestants have distorted the Bible to suit their beliefs

[William] Tyndale used his [Bible] translation to further Protestant ideas, and upset the Catholic establishment in England by translating the Greek word presbyter as “elder” rather than “priest” or “presbyter”, and the word ecclesia as

> “congregation” or “community” rather than “church.” By Tyndale’s crafty translation, the New Testament existed for the first time in Church history without the words “church” or “priest.”

What is the true faith?

> St. Raphael of Brooklyn: “The Holy Orthodox Church has never perceptibly changed from Apostolic times, and, therefore, no one can go astray in finding out what She teaches. Like Her Lord and Master, though at times surrounded with human malaria—which He in His mercy pardons—She is the same yesterday, and today, and forever the mother and safe deposit of the truth as it is in Jesus.

Rock and Sand is an excellent book for the Orthodox to guard their faith while living in a Protestant or Catholic milieu. It is also suited for Protestants who have lapsed from their original confession and are seeking to know why the Orthodox Church is the New Testament Church as built by Lord Jesus Christ.

Learn More: *Rock & Sand on Amazon*

3 Reasons Why Intimate Secular Relationships Are Easy

March 27, 2023 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

Compared to maintaining an Orthodox relationship (i.e. courtship or marriage), secular relationships are easy. They're so easy that even I was able to maintain many for varying lengths of time even though I was a narcissistic wretch with not a drop of love in my soul. As long as you are able to pursue various amusements and sins while in a relationship, it's not hard to have one that is "successful" by worldly standards, but the truth is those relationships are spiritually dead and will not lead to salvation. Here are three reasons why secular relationships are relatively simple for modern couples…

They can pass the time and grow old with endless amusements and Jewish media programming

Think of a secular couple you know and imagine what they do in their spare time. Do they pray together? Do they go to church services regularly? Do they go on pilgrimages to monasteries instead of the beach? The whole point of a secular relationship is that of comfort and pleasure. Outside of the bedroom, that means endless travel, concerts, movies, and good eating. Couples must always go on trips, catch up on the latest Jewish cinema offerings or internet programming, and they must eat and eat and get fatter and fatter. This is the template that almost all couples participate in, because if they didn't, their supposed love would be revealed as a shrewd business transaction, of using each other to escape boredom, loneliness, or decreased social status, of desiring merely a sexual roommate to help forget that they were created in the image of God.

Look at what a secular couple does in their spare time, the utterly meaningless amusements they subject themselves to in the name of being "in a relationship," and quickly you realize that a hermetic life with God where you are tempted by loneliness is much preferable, because the former has a foot in darkness while the latter a foot in paradise. It seems to be that the entire point of a secular relationship, from the standpoint of Satan, is to keep two individuals in a state of somatic indifference until he asserts rights over their souls upon death.

> "There is no happiness anywhere except in Christ. So-called 'happiness' outside of Christ is incorrectly called happiness, since it is obtained with reprehensible means and since it ends quickly and leads man to the eternal unhappiness."
> —Elder Ephraim in Counsels of the Holy Mountain

They occupy the flesh with unlawful sex alongside varying degrees of cheating and infidelity

Sex outside of a marriage is a sin, and yet this is the main way that secular couples initiate and maintain their fleshly bond. If they couldn't have sex with each other up to

marriage, pleasing each other in the flesh, usually under the influence of alcohol, would they stay together? What percentage of secular couples would even have become a couple if they couldn't have sex with one another? Five percent, maybe, though probably less. I can't speak for women, but I have known many men who only stayed in a relationship with a woman because of the fornication, and had not a concern for her soul, and used her as a ride in the amusement park until the line for another ride cleared. Remove sex from the equation and you'll quickly see how much a couple "loves" each other.

Also consider that the Orthodox Church forbids oral and anal sex, for this is a gross violation of the natural law. Heterosexuals adopt the sinful behavior of homosexuals when they participate in these acts, for the mouth is meant to receive the Body and Blood of Christ, and the rear end is to eject foul waste.

Besides the sex act, secular couples engage in "pre-cheating"—inappropriate flirting and communication with the opposite sex, especially through the smartphone. I'm afraid that it has become normalized in a woman's mind to be in a relationship with a man while simultaneously chatting with numerous other men who obviously want to sleep with her. There is also outright cheating, where someone has a main boyfriend or girlfriend but fornicates on the side to maximize their bodily pleasure. Secular people say they are "in a relationship," but with how many people, exactly?

> "The fornicator is not unclean on account of the intercourse, but on account of the manner of it, because it injures the woman, and they injure one another, making the woman common, and subverting the laws of nature. For she ought to be the wife of one man… Here then is injustice, and therefore the act is wicked."
> —Saint John Chrysostom

They avoid most demonic attacks because Satan already has a grip on their souls

If you begin to pursue truths of the physical world, the demons may attack you. If you begin to pursue the truth of Lord Jesus Christ, the demons will definitely attack you. And if you begin to pursue the Church that Lord Jesus Christ created when He was God-Man, the Orthodox Church, you will be attacked to the maximum up to your breaking point that only God knows. Demons don't need to wage spiritual warfare against secular couples because, as the quote "don't interfere with your enemy when he's making a mistake" goes, these couples already voluntarily commit the type of sins that will condemn them. Why would the demons interfere unless their moral faculty is ignited upon having children or being struck by the grace of repentance? Most of the problems they experience are not demonic interventions but simply a consequence of their carnal sins.

Orthodox couples, on the other hand, are attacked so strongly by the demons, as I've observed through my parish acquaintances, that I doubt I could maintain such a relationship. The reason is that, within an Orthodox family home, there are many souls on their way to Paradise. It would make sense for the demons to devote more resources to

their destruction than, say, a single Orthodox man, and certainly much more than a secular couple who prefer to spend their Sunday mornings in bed after a night of lawlessness.

I can testify that it is not pleasant when waves of demonic attacks come, for the demons are crafty and find ways into your soul that are impossible to defend against with your own measly strength, but a sign that I'm on the path of salvation is that I'm actually being attacked, so how many more blessings will Orthodox couples receive if they maintain their faith and make it through the gauntlet? If you don't perceive the spiritual in your life, then I'd wager you're at great risk to weep and gnash your teeth on the Day of Judgment, and this can certainly be said of secular couples who look at each other for a means to their earthly salvation instead of Lord Jesus Christ, who must be put first in their relationship.

> "For if someone, heeding the call of God, has taken on the beginning of a new life through God's grace, providing for his own part all diligence (II Peter 1:5), then he must not expect to rest on his laurels, but rather to struggle. He has left the world, and for this the world will begin to press him. He was saved from the power of the devil and the devil will chase after him and set snares before him, to throw him off the path of good and drag him back this domain. He has denied himself and denied selfishness, along with a whole horde of passions. But this sin which lives in us will not suddenly relinquish its free and self-pleasing existence, and every minute it will attempt, under various pretexts, to establish once more the same routine of life that so richly filled and fed it earlier." —Saint Theophan the Recluse in Thoughts for Each Day of the Year

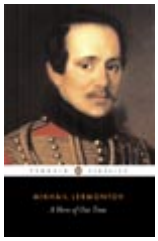
Conclusion

If you remove the ability for secular couples to travel, receive attention from orbiting admirers, participate in unlawful sex, consume entertainment (including pornography), and eat without restraint, I posit that they would not be in a relationship, revealing the phony character of their supposed bond. In fact, secular couplings are "easy mode" when it comes to relationships, but it's far worse than that: they're in hell mode, because unless the nature of their relationship changes to serve Christ instead of their need for distraction and fleshly desires, they will not have a good defense before our Lord on the Day of Judgment.

Read Next: *Seduction Is Narcissism*

The Life Of The Godless Man Is Pointless

March 30, 2023 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



In the 19th-century book A Hero Of Our Time, Russian author Mikhail Lermontov describes the life of a selfish, nihilistic Casanova who can't seem to satisfy his itch for adventure and women. The protagonist lived not like a child of God but a beast, and allowed his fallen human nature to hurt others for fun and games. This book is the diary of every modern man who aims to live his life according to his passions, and sadly I recognized a lot of the behaviors and sentiments in my own past.

The world can never satisfy your boredom

> As a young man, as soon as I got my freedom I threw myself wildly into all the pleasures that money can buy, and soon got tired of them, needless to say. Then I went in for society high-life and before long I was tired of that too. I fell in love with women of fashion and was loved in return. But their love merely stirred my imagination and vanity, my heart remained empty. I took to reading and study, but grew tired of that too. I saw I had no need of learning to win fame of happiness, for the happiest people are the ignoramuses, and fame is a matter of luck and you only need to be smart to get it. I got bored after that.
>
> […]
>
> If you like, I'm still in love with her. I'm grateful to her for a few moments of relative bliss. I'd give my life for her. But she bores me. I don't know whether I'm a fool or a scoundrel, but one thing I am sure of is that I'm just as much to be pitied as she is, perhaps even more. My soul's been corrupted by society. My imagination knows no peace, my heart no satisfaction. I'm never satisfied. I grow used to sorrow as easily as I do to pleasure, and my life gets emptier every day. The only thing left for me is to travel. As soon as I can I'll leave. Not for Europe, though, not on your life. I'll go to America, Arabia, India. With luck I'll die somewhere on the way. At least I can be sure that with storms and bad roads to help this final solace will last me a while.

Seducing a woman through suffering

> I met her in Chelakhov's shop yesterday. She was haggling over the price of a Persian rug and pleading with mama not to begrudge her it, as it would look so nice in her study. I offered forty roubles more and bought it from under her nose. I was rewarded with a superb look of fury. Near dinner time I had my horse

> walked specially past her windows with the rug draped over him. Werner was visiting them at the time and told me that the effect of this scene was most dramatic.
>
> […]
>
> ‘Tell me, does it amuse you very much to torture me? I ought to hate you. Ever since I’ve known you, you’ve brought me nothing but suffering…’
>
> Her voice trembled, she leaned towards me and lowered her head upon my breast. Perhaps that’s why you loved me, I thought. Moments of happiness one forgets, but sorrow never.

Women who don’t serve the good fall in love with evil men

> I really can’t think why she is so fond of me, especially since she’s the only woman who’s ever properly understood me and all my petty weaknesses and unhealthy passions. Can evil be so attractive?
>
> […]
>
> I remember one woman who loved me simply because I was in love with someone else. There’s nothing more paradoxical than the female mind, and you can never convince a woman of anything—you have to arrange matters so that they convince themselves. The chain of reasoning they employ to overcome their own prejudices is extremely original, and if you want to master their dialectic you have to turn all the textbook rules of logic upside-down. For example, a normal approach would be: ‘This man loves me, but I’m married, so I mustn’t love him’. But a woman’s approach would be: ‘I mustn’t love him, because I’m married, but he loves me, so…’I have to use dots here, for now the voice of reason is silent, and it’s mainly the tongue, eyes and heart (if there is one) which do all the talking.

The narcissistic man runs away from commitment

> However much I loved a woman, the first hint that she expected me to marry her would banish my love for good. My heart would turn to stone, its warmth gone for ever. I’ll make any sacrifice except this one. I’ll hazard my life, even my honour, twenty times, but I will not sell my freedom.
>
> Why do I value it so much? What use is it to me? What am I preparing myself for? What do I expect from the future? Absolutely nothing.
>
> I have this innate fear, this uncanny premonition. After all, some people are unaccountably afraid of spiders, cockroaches and mice.

The inner hell of a godless existence

> I’ve been going over my past, and I can’t help wondering why I’ve lived, for what purpose I was born. There must have been some purpose, I must have had some

> high object in life, for I feel unbounded strength within me. But I never discovered it and was carried away by the allurements of empty, unrewarding passions. I was tempered in their flames and came out cold and hard as steel, but I'd lost for ever the fire of noble endeavor, that finest flower of life. How many times since then have I been the axe in the hands of fate? Like an engine of execution, I've descended on the heads of the condemned, often without malice, but always without pity. My love has brought no one happiness, for I've never sacrificed a thing for those I've loved. I've loved for myself, for my own pleasure, I've only tried to satisfy a strange inner need. I've fed on their feelings, love, joys and sufferings, and always wanted more. I'm like a starving man who falls asleep exhausted and sees rich food and sparking wines before him. He rapturously falls on these phantom gifts of the imagination and feels better, but the moment he wakes up his dream disappear and he's left more hungry and desperate than before.
>
> And perhaps tomorrow I'll die, and then there'll be no one who could ever really understand me. Some will think me worse, others better than in fact I am. Some will say I was a good fellow, others that I was a swine. Neither will be right. So why bother to live? One just goes on living out of curiosity, waiting for something new. It's absurd and annoying.

I'm afraid to ask if A Hero Of Our Time is autobiographical because Mikhail Lermontov was known to be a passionate man who caused scandal during his sprees. One time, he went too far needling a man who challenged him to a duel. He was shot in the heart at age 26. May we learn how *not* to live from his engaging novel.

Learn More: *A Hero Of Our Time on Amazon*

Are You Poisoning Your Family And Friends With Lawlessness?

April 3, 2023 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

There is no greater validation to our ego than for someone to copy our ideas or behaviors. If a man wants to get drunk at a party, he will aggressively convince others to get drunk as well so that his drunkenness is validated and his conscience silenced (i.e., "Since everyone else is doing it, my drinking can't be that bad"). Ironically, the people who are living the most sordid lives are most forceful in persuading others to do the same, because without social conformity, the truth of their sinful behavior would be too painful to bear, but it's this persuasion that, like crabs in a bucket, drag others down into the abyss. I was reminded of this recently when trying to get rid of an ant infestation.

My mother notified me that she had ants around her kitchen window. They didn't seem to be doing any harm, and I wanted to let them be, but she insisted that they must be eliminated for her well-being. I bought an ant trap, placed it where the ants congregated, and waited. It didn't take long for the first ant to come feed on the poison. Through his pheromonal faculty, he informed other ants of the "free food" and his brethren also came to feed. A grand feast ensued. Many ants took home "to-go" containers of poison to ensure that the entire hive was eliminated within only a couple of days, much to my mother's joy.

Secular people who live in sin, and who require constant social validation to soothe their conscience, behave like the doomed ants. They feast on sex, drugs, entertainment, travel, pop music, and other worldly behaviors, and then try to convince others with a loud voice to do the same to feel assured that their lifestyle is "normal" or "correct." They think, "How can it be wrong if all my friends are doing it?" I have done this to an untold number of men when I idolized fornication, telling them that those who didn't enslave themselves to the flesh were "losers," but it's to one man I professed game advice that causes me grief to this day.

I knew this young man personally, and he was a virgin who didn't want to be a virgin anymore. Because in my blindness I thought virginity was a cursed state instead of the angelic blessedness that it really is, I was methodical in giving him demonic advice on how to lose his virginity with a female acquaintance. My words worked, and not only did he lose his virginity, but the woman he slept with lost her virginity, too. I served as an intermediary of Satan to help them begin a fall into hell. If you want to be nice, you can argue that it "would have happened anyway," but it's quite possible that it would not, so I beat my chest knowing that I poisoned the young man and woman by acting as a guru in iniquity. Several years have since passed, and as of this writing, neither of them has turned to Lord Jesus Christ.

> "Then He said to the disciples, 'It is impossible that no offenses should come, but woe to him through whom they do come! It would be better for him if a millstone

> were hung around his neck, and he were thrown into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones.'" —Luke 17:1-2

It's easier to give advice as a false guru than as an Orthodox Christian. In the former, you simply want others to do what you already decided to do—to get drunk at the party, obsess about your body muscularity, or meet loose women from internet apps, and if they show hesitation, you insult, mock, and shame them until they make your sin their own. As an Orthodox Christian, however, you come to an understanding of your blindness, and simply don't know what God has in store for others and how He is arranging the course of their life. If you speak from your fallen mind and give advice that conflicts with God's will, you can damage their soul and set them back months, years, or even eternity.

Unless someone's situation is painfully obvious, such as they are not in the Lord's Church or are engaging in heavy sins, I will not tell the person what to do, and instead pray that God enlightens them. Since I am not purified, there is poison still within me, and it's far easier to share that poison to feel a temporary sense of relief or pride than to keep it contained within a soul that I thoroughly damaged through the improper use of my free will. Even for the matters that I feel certain about, like not eating seed oils, is my advice actually helping or merely making people unnecessarily neurotic and earthly?

> "A truly humble person never behaves like a teacher; he will listen, and, whenever his opinion is requested, he responds humbly. In other words, he replies like a student. He who believes that he is capable of correcting others is filled with egotism." —Saint Paisios of Mount Athos

A sign you are beginning to love God and your neighbor is this: you don't proudly display your sins, passions, and worldly attachments in the hope that others copy you. Instead of feeling validated when a friend takes your recommendation to watch a Hollywood movie, listen to your favorite rap album, use a popular social media site, or go to the hip new bar that opened in town, you instead wonder if you hurt your friend with something that will compete with their love for God. It is better to shut your mouth when you feel the urge to preach your love for one of Satan's toys, for something worldly that does not implicitly or explicitly lead others on a path of self-denial and love of Lord Jesus Christ within His Church, the Orthodox Church, the safe deposit of truth.

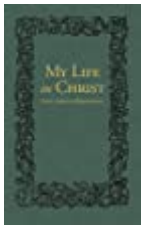
Please don't ask me for advice. I cannot help you, because I can hardly help myself. I don't know what is best for you. Examine all my words—including the ones in this article—with a microscope to ensure that it doesn't conflict with what the Orthodox Church and its saints teach. I don't know how you can find a spouse, I don't know where you should live, and I don't know how you should prepare for the tribulations to come. If I say a word on these issues, I'm speaking through a damaged soul, a bullhorn that emits distorted sound, and will impart to you—consciously or not—bits of poison that I have ingested in my shameful years as a man who coveted the flesh. Instead, seek first the Kingdom of Heaven through the Church, ask guidance from the Orthodox priests and elders who are trained to help you and have the special grace of tonsure or ordination, and stay away from the worldly gurus who are all too eager to give advice that, at best,

leads to missteps that cost you valuable time, but which at worst will lead you to an eternity of lament.

Read Next: *15 Signs You're A Dopamine Slave*

What Is Spiritual Warfare?

April 6, 2023 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



Saint John Of Kronstadt is a highly esteemed Russian saint and miracle worker who died in the early 20th century. He was a chosen vessel that healed scores of people while foretelling the intense tribulation of the Russian Revolution. His spiritual diary, My Life In Christ, is among the top three Orthodox books I've read. Every page is full of dense spiritual wisdom that beautifully harmonizes with what the Orthodox Church teaches. This is the first of four articles highlighting the best of Saint John's lessons, starting with a description of spiritual warfare and why it's so important to engage as a soldier of Christ.

> Those who are trying to lead a spiritual life have to wage a most subtle and difficult warfare in their thoughts every moment of their life. This is spiritual warfare. They must be entirely awake, every moment, ready to notice every evil thought entering their souls from the evil one and to repel them. Such people must have hearts always burning with faith, humility, and love; otherwise, the cunning devil will quickly invade them, leading to lessening of faith or complete loss of faith. Then every possible evil will inhabit their hearts, evil that will not easily wash away even with tears. Do not, therefore, allow your heart to become cold, especially during prayer, and avoid stony insensibility in every way possible.
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> …the devil and his evil spirits, as simple beings—though far from perfect in their simplicity, and very limited—act on the soul quickly, instantaneously, as suddenly as lightning or thought. A momentary feeling of attachment to earthly things, or a momentary inclination of the heart to sin, a momentary doubt in the truth, and Satan penetrates into the heart, producing in a moment a violent passion in it. Afterward, according to the measure of our sympathy with the passion, he takes possession of us and drags us where he pleases as his prisoners, bound hand and foot. If we resist him, he strives to foil our efforts to strive for heartfelt faith and pious thoughts and feelings by darkening our mind and heart. In order to vanquish and drive him from your heart, you must produce perfect faith in the Lord Jesus Christ in your heart and remember that the enemy is active within you, that your thoughts or the inclinations of your heart and will are sinful, ungodly.
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> [The devil] destroys us using our own mind, which should lead us to the eternal,

> living God! With our own ladles he draws for us the deadly water of worldly, vain wisdom, and gives us and other men to drink of it, instead of the living water of the Word of God! And we drink and drink, never suspecting that is it the water of death.
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> You can see that [Satan] is in you, but often you cannot rid yourself of him, because he usually takes care to close all the exits from your heart through unbelief, hard-heartedness, and other passions of his inspiration. “Your labor is in vain, fallen angel, I am the servant of my Lord Jesus Christ. You, who exalt yourself in your arrogance, lower yourself by thus violently struggling with me, weak as I am.” Speak thus inwardly to the evil spirit, who lies like a heavy load on your heart and compels you to all kinds of evil. These words are like fiery whips to the proud spirit, and he, shamed by your firmness and spiritual wisdom, will flee from you.
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> However slothful and weak your flesh may be, however inclined to sleep you may be, conquer yourself. Do not spare yourself for God’s sake; renounce yourself; let your gift to God be perfect. Give God your heart.

Why is it so hard to engage in spiritual life?

> Many people find it pleasing to go to the theater, but find it oppressive and dull to go to church. Why? Because in the theater everything is well suited to please the sensual man, and when we are there, we do not provoke the devil, but please him; while he, in turn, allows us our pleasure and does not bother us. Make merry, my friends, he thinks, laugh, only do not remember God. On the other hand, in the church everything is intended to arouse faith, the fear of God, pious feelings, the sense of our sinfulness and corruption. Therefore, the devil sows doubt, weariness, despondency, evil, impure, and blasphemous thoughts in our heart, so that the man is not content with himself and cannot stand for even an hour, and he gets away as quickly as possible. The theater and the church are polar opposites. The first is the temple of the world, the second the temple of God; the former is the temple of the devil, the latter the temple of the Lord.
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> Those who have not found Christ live in this life without heartfelt faith; they think and care more about worldly things—how to enjoy themselves, how to eat and drink pleasurably, how to dress exquisitely, how to satisfy their carnal desires, how to kill time, because they do not know what to do with it, even though time seeks them and, not finding them, quickly flies away before their eyes. Day after day speeds ahead, night after night, month after month, year after year, until finally, the last terrible hour strikes, and they hear a voice, “Stop, the course is finished; your time has been lost; your sins and iniquities have preceded you;

> they will fall upon you with all their power, and will crush you with their weight eternally."

You must force yourself

> People say that if you feel no inclination to pray, it is better not to pray, but this is the cunning of a carnal mind-set. If you only pray when you feel the inclination, you will completely cease praying—this is what the flesh desires. "The kingdom of heaven suffers violence" (Matt 11:12). You will not be able to work out your salvation without forcing yourself to be virtuous.

Do not pity your body

> Never pity yourself in anything. Instead, crucify yourself and your old man, who hides chiefly in the flesh, and you will strike at the root of all your passions. Bear patiently all that is unpleasant to your flesh. Do not spare your flesh, antagonize it, and you will become a true follower of Christ.

Secular people are in the firm clutches of the devil

> To fight, for the love of God, against our own flesh and the devil, that crafty, mighty, and evil enemy—not for a few hours, day, or months, but for many years, sometimes sixty or seventy—is not this worthy of crowns? And what, in comparison with these ascetics, are people living in the world, falling so often into sin even without begin assaulted, and defeated by their own flesh without even being attacked? What in comparison to these ascetics are worldly people, living according to their own will, in luxury, in pleasures of every kind, gorgeously appareled in soft raiment (Luke 7:25), given over to pride, ambition, envy, hatred, avarice, irritability, wrath, revenge, amusement, fornication, drunkenness—all possible vices, although not all in the same person? They are caught alive, without any resistance, in the power of the devil, and therefore he does not attack them, but leaves them long entangled in his nets, in the calm and self-forgetfulness that precede death.

Most Christians today, even many in the Orthodox Church, seem to accept the belief that their flesh must be coddled. I'm sometimes confused when I see a great difference between what the Saints of the Church taught versus what is accepted today. The typical argument I hear is that us moderners are "weak" and shouldn't have to exert ourselves too strenuously, but to that I respond: how will we ever get strong if we don't do things that require strength? If you want big muscles, you have to lift heavy weights, or else you will always be weak, so maybe it's worth adding a little more weight to the bar with your spiritual father as a "spotter."

To reach the ideal that Saint John teaches in My Life In Christ, we must push ourselves harder, because if his life is any indication, spiritual warfare should not be easy. If you're satisfied with the bare minimum then Saint John's teachings will not be for you, but if

you’re ready to push yourself, allow him to lead the way.

Learn More: *My Life In Christ on Amazon*

Why Homosexuals Make The Tastiest Dishes

April 10, 2023 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

In 2019, during my road trip across the United States, I visited restaurants all across the country. I noticed that the more gay flags a restaurant had, the tastier its food. How could it be that those who supported the awful act of sodomy make food that I liked the most? The answer is that they had dedicated their lives to carnal pleasures (food included) and had become worldly experts at it in a way that a devout Christian, who eagerly seeks divine pleasure, had not.

That which you treasure is where your heart is (Matthew 6:21). As a carnal man for most of my life, food was one of my greatest joys. While living in Poznan, Poland, my Friday night tradition was going to Fat Bob Burger near the town square for a burger feast to satisfy my belly before hitting dens of iniquity to satisfy my lusts. My burger meal selection was optimized after carefully testing most of the menu items to identify that which yielded me the most pleasure. I would savor every bite of my peanut butter bacon burger as an appetizer for additional pleasures I sought thereafter. With no faith in God, this meal was like a holy sacrament, the peak of my existence where I experienced deep communion with my false gods.

> The foundation of the passions is the flesh; when the flesh is emaciated, then it is as if the passions are undermined and their fortress is destroyed. Without fasting, overcoming the passions would be a miracle, similar to being in a fire and not being burned. How can he who profusely satisfies his flesh with food, sleep, and rest keep anything spiritual in his mind and in his intentions? —Saint Theophan the Recluse in Thoughts for Each Day of the Year

You will become a connoisseur of the world if all you have is the world. If you are a homosexual restauranteur and your entire life is centered around maximizing pleasure with great zeal, you will open a restaurant that easily satisfies the crowd and gets glowing reviews on Yelp. However, if you are an Orthodox Christian restauranteur who fasts for much of the year, and specializes in dishes that don't feed one's passions, your culinary creations will be suitable but forgettable, not nearly titillating enough for a line to form out the front door. The homosexual's tasty dishes are the culmination of his passions while the Christian's dishes are mere fuel for his real passion of following Lord Jesus Christ in truth and spirit.

When you're in the prime of your life, with no health, family, or money problems, you may be very well deceived that all you need is to drink and be merry, that the homosexual establishments in the city are like icing on the buttery rich yellow cake of a well-lived life, but don't be fooled: behind a pleasing material reality is Satan heaping up your soul in sin to throw it down into hell upon your death, and the memories of such pleasantries will be of no aid to you in the next life. Like the parable of the rich man and Lazarus (Luke 16:19-31), we should not aim for the good things in this life, for by doing so we surely

neglect worship of our Lord or forget Him entirely.

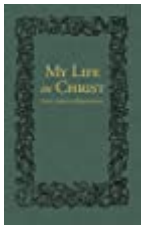
> “Whenever you see a man living in wickedness, and enjoying great prosperity, and suffering no calamity, on this account lament for him the more, because, being under the power of disease and grievous corruption, he increases his own weakness, becoming worse by luxury and indolence.” —Saint John Chrysostom in On Wealth And Poverty

Let us be satisfied with gruel and slop if they are placed before us. Let us shed the skin of the carnal man and not desire to please our temporal taste buds. Let us not trust the offerings of homosexuals and degenerates to give us pleasures of this world. This is easier said than done, and my carnal skin is attached firmly due to decades of seeking worldly pleasures, but I know that food will not save me, nor anything else that the homosexual in spirit can provide, and if I do seek out those things more than Lord Jesus Christ himself, I must not gnash my teeth when I fail judgment on the Last Day.

Read Next: *Do You Love Your Stomach?*

How To Respond When Someone Attacks, Cheats, Or Slanders You

April 13, 2023 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link



Saint John of Kronstadt was a parish priest who was intensely familiar with interpersonal problems between relatives, neighbors, and friends. In the following passages from My Life In Christ, he describes the Christian way of responding to those who hurt us. Hopefully you are not surprised that he does not advise you to get revenge or hurt your enemies. A key marker of Christian advancement is loving your enemies, which very few (myself included) are capable of doing. Maybe his words will convict you as they did me.

> Do not be confused and angry when anybody lies to your face, or expresses any unjust grievances, or speaks offensively, or boldly detects any of your weakness or passions, the wrongfulness of which, through your self-love, you did not suspect. Always first calmly reflect over your opponent's words, as well as your own words and conduct, and if, after an entirely impartial consideration of your own words and actions, you find them just, then let your conscience be at rest and do not heed the words of your accuser, either remaining silent before him, or indicating his error quietly, gently, in all kindness of heart. However, should you find yourself guilty of that which your adversary indicated in you, then, putting aside self-love and pride, ask pardon for your fault and endeavor to correct yourself in future. We are often angry with straightforward, frank people for openly disclosing our iniquities. Instead, we should value such people and forgive them, if by their bold speaking they offend our self-love. They are, in a moral sense, the surgeons who cut off the gangrene of the heart with a sharp word, and by arousing our self-love, they awaken a consciousness of sin and a vital response in the soul deadened by sin.
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> Brother, do you feel deadly anger in your heart against your neighbor, are you tormented by evil thoughts from the offenses he causes you? Here is a way to save yourself from this inner torment. Call to mind the countless multitude of your own sins, and vividly imagine how the Master of your life bears with you, how He daily, endlessly forgives you your sins if you pray to Him sincerely. And you do not wish to forgive your neighbor a few fits of passion excited in him by the devil! Sigh, weep if you can at your own foolishness, condemn yourself only, not your neighbor in any way, and the Lord will forgive you. Your inner constraint

> will vanish like smoke your thoughts will become clear, your heart will become calm, and you will again walk in freedom of heart. Train yourself to be so meek that you simply do not hear, reproaches, calumny, affronts, as if they were heard by somebody quite different, or by your shadow.
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> What a beautiful, peaceful, safe thing it is for us to forgive the sins of those who sin against us or offend us! As soon as we forgive, we feel at peace. You were offended? What of it? It is good to insult your old, carnal man, who is self-loving, proud, irritable, envious, lazy, avaricious, who greatly offends God.
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> Do not be irritated with him who holds grudges against you and repeatedly wounds you by finding fault with you, but be compassionate to him and love him, saying: It is not he or she that is so full of malice against me, but it is the devil who rages against me through them, and they themselves, poor creatures, are only tempted by him. As soon as this temptation ceases, they will be kind again.
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> We must love our neighbor even more when he sins against God or against ourselves, because then he is sick, because then he is in spiritual misfortune and danger, then, especially, we must have compassion upon him, pray for him, and apply to his heart a protective bandage—a word of kindness, instruction, reproval, consolation, forgiveness, love. “Forgiving one another, just as God in Christ forgave you” (Eph 4:32). All sins and passions, quarrels and disputes, are truly spiritual diseases—that is how we must look upon them. All passions are a fire of the soul, a great, raging internal fire, a fire coming from the abyss of hell. It must be extinguished by the water of love, which is strong enough to extinguish every diabolical flame of malice and other passions.

You’re no better than your enemy, who was made in the image of God

> You say that your friend has sins and great defects? So do you. You say that you do not love him because of such and such sins and defects. Then you should stop loving yourself as well, because you have the same sins and defects as he has… you must be compassionate with Christian love in every possible way to the faults of your neighbor, you must cure him of his wickedness, his spiritual infirmity (for every coldness, every passion is an infirmity) with love, kindness, meekness, humility, as you yourself would wish to receive from others when you suffer from a similar infirmity. For who is not subject to infirmity?
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> When I look at the faces of others, I see my own face, for we are all one, created by God from one single man, from the same blood, and we are all made in the image of God. Therefore, we must look at all purely, without suspicion or hatred,

> with no anger or cunning or avarice, but with pure, godly love.

You are disfigured and impure

> Pay no attention to the physical beauty of your face, but instead look attentively with your inner vision at the face of your soul. Is it disfigured by the passions? If it is, destroy this disfigurement through prayer and tearful repentance. Pay no attention to beautiful clothes. They are corruption! Instead, consider the incorruptible raiment of your soul, in what state it is. Is it hideous and impure, owing to frequent transgressions, both secret and evident? If so, strive to clothe your soul in the imperishable beautify of meekness, humility, chastity, purity, mercy, and righteousness.

Stop judging your brother

> You become angry with your neighbor, your brother, and you say, “He is such a miser, malicious, proud,” or he has done this and that, and so on. What is that to you? He sins against God, not against you. God is his Judge, not you. He shall have to answer for himself before God, not to you. Know yourself, how sinful you are, what a beam you have in your own eye! Know how difficult it is for you to master your own sins, how afflicted you are by them, how they have ensnared you, how you wish for condescension from others toward your own infirmities.

People can feel it when you hate them

> Our inward disposition, even when unexpressed by outward signs, strongly affects the inward disposition of others. This happens all the time, but not everyone notices it. Let us suppose that I am angry, or that I have unkind thoughts about someone; he feels it, and unwittingly begins to have unkind thoughts about me. There is a certain communication between our souls, separate from our physical senses.

Struggle against your irritation and anger

> Anger or any other passion that takes root in the heart has a tendency, according to the inexorable law of evil, to discharge itself visibly. This is why it is usually said of an angry or irritated person that he has “taken it out” on someone. This is the problem with evil—it does not remain in the heart, but forces its way out. From this, it should be already obvious that the lord of evil is very powerful and has a wide domain over which he reigns.
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> …how many of us become irritated and lose our tempers when we are deprived, not of our last coin, but only of some small part of our property, nowhere near to total deprivation! How much agitation, anger, malice, bitter reproaches, complaints, sometimes even curses! Righteous God! Can this dross we call

> money, or this food and drink, produce such storms in our Christians souls, in us who know the words of our sweetest Saviour?
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> Anger is the devil. The instant you begin to feel angry with your neighbor, the devil is already in you, penetrating you like a needle, and striving to become a mountain inside you, so quickly does he spread, and so heavy is he! Therefore, love God and your neighbor constantly. Do not admit enmity into your heart, even for a single moment, considering it demonic delusion.

Never think of yourself as a good person

> When the foolish thought of counting up any of your good works enters into your head, immediately correct your fault and rather count up your sins, your continual and innumerable offenses against the All-merciful and Righteous Master, and you will find that their number is as great as the number of grains of sand in the sea, while your virtues in comparison with them are as nothing.

If the above words from My Life In Christ came from a monk, some Christians would howl: "We can't all be monks! Our Gospel is different!" But when it comes to loving our enemies, they would be incorrect, because nothing that Saint John taught is impossible for those living in the world with children, full-time jobs, and wireless internet. It's a sign of our weakness that we are quick to dispel with edifying though difficult advice because we want to continue loving ourselves and our modern pleasures, but there is only one Gospel that we must all follow. While monks can adhere to it more intensely than those living in the world, Saint John was a married parish priest who lived in the city. What is my excuse for retaining my anger and self-love instead of doing what he prescribes?

Don't Miss: *What Is Spiritual Warfare?*

10 Ways City Dwellers Alleviate Secular Guilt

April 24, 2023 | by Roosh Valizadeh | Link | Original Link

If a man lives in sin, away from the Church and its sacrament of confession, his soul becomes burdened with the cumulative weight of his transgressions. Simply put, he feels bad most of the time but doesn't know why, and continually searches for worldly solutions to relieve his internal pain, guilt, and strife. He does not know—or does not want to know—that it is the soul which demands healing from prodigal and sinful living by getting right with God. Satan ensures he does everything except seek a true alleviation of that guilt through the Church and instead pushes him into various tricks and schemes that soothe the soul only for a brief moment.

The soul is facing eternal death, but the prodigal instead seeks solutions that delay physical death. The soul knows it has transgressed before God and is "bad," but instead seeks behaviors that make it feel "good." Healthy living and false virtue quiet the soul just long enough to continue transgressing, but offer no meaning to life or eternal salvation.

Below is a list of behaviors that city dwellers use to temporarily but uselessly relieve a burning conscience. They all fall into the categories of health or false virtue. Note that I'm not judging individuals who commit the various behaviors but the sentiment behind them, and the only reason I understand that sentiment is how regularly I used it before becoming an Orthodox Christian.

1. Buying organic food

"In spite of living far from God, to make sure I live a long and healthy life, I pay extra for organic avocados."

The idea of organic food is sound: it's rationally better to eat foods that have not been laced with various pesticides or genetically modified. (I have previously preached the dangers of eating seed oils which are common in the American diet). However, one must look at the intent behind eating organic foods to see if it reveals a spiritual problem. Those far from God eat organic and pay exorbitant prices at Whole Foods because they fear death and disease. They want to prolong their life and decrease the chances they will get cancer or strokes. Orthodox Christians, on the other hand, avoid goyslop and industrial food because they're fake, unnatural, stupid, and likely demonized. I'm ready to die in whichever way the Lord wills, whenever He wills, but I hesitate to eat canola oil because I know it's not actually food.

2. Buying ethically sourced food

“In spite of living far from God, I make sure to spend more money on foods I love to help those who live in racially and economically disadvantaged countries.”

It’s not enough for the city dweller to perceive they will live a long life from healthy foods—they also have to “feel good” about the foods they eat and how they’re incorporated into their lifestyle. There is no other better way to do this than to put the word “ethical” on a food package next to a picture of a short African, Central American, or Asian man holding a burlap sack of the product. The city dweller does not struggle against his sins, yet paying $2 extra for a bag of coffee allows them to think, “I am a good person helping those who are less fortunate.” Needless to say but sins are not remitted from purchasing ethically sustainable foods.

3. Recycling

“In spite of living far from God, I go out of my way to put plastic bottles in a special container so that I can save planet Earth.”

It’s rational to recycle and reuse materials, but the intent behind those behaviors will tell you if the person is doing it out of practicality or trying to alleviate a filthy soul. If you’re trying to save the planet, but you’re not trying to save your soul, you’re terribly deceived.

4. Exercising multiple times a week in a gym

“In spite of living far from God, I have faith that my yoga and meditation wellness routine will allow me to live a long, happy life.”

When it comes to exercise, a blameless intent is to do just enough to serve your mission before God, but you only need to step foot inside MegaCorp gym for five seconds to see that this is rarely being done. Those who spend most of their time in the cardio area fear the looming specter of death from heart disease and want to live longer. Those in the bodybuilding area what to vainly show off their physique with tight clothing and feel a false virtue for being the most attractive version of themselves. Exercise enough so that you can stand for five hours during a festal vigil. Bodybuild enough so that your legs can handle unlimited prostrations. Other reasons, however, may be a way to feed vanity or placate a soul crying out in pain.

5. Two minutes of internet hate

“In spite of living far from God, I have the discernment to state we should go nuclear against Russia because they’re baddies, and also I’m qualified to declare that the police officer who killed a black man on duty deserves the electric chair for his racism.”

City dwellers fall into judgment because judgment feels good—it’s a way to assert your superiority over others and inflame the notion of being a somebody. Even though they are facing a severe judgment that will cause weeping and gnashing of teeth, while in the body they can pretend to be righteous and on the side of good by shaking their fists on social media with the encouragement and approval of the elites.

6. Not using plastic bags or straws

“In spite of living far from God, if I see you using a plastic bag in the supermarket, I will give you a dirty look because of the harm you are causing to the environment.”

I live in a state that has passed extra laws to “protect” abortion while banning *all* disposable bags from supermarkets, even paper bags. So in my state you can kill a baby but you cannot obtain a disposable bag of any sort. Satan, the enemy of mankind, has somehow figured out how to make people feel virtuous for not using disposable products while simultaneously supporting the killing of human beings.

7. Practicing “safe” sex

“In spite of living far from God, I just engaged in a ‘safe’ act of mortal sin with someone who is not my wife because I covered 0.5% of my body with a piece of latex.”

The copulatory act is all-encompassing. There is no part of your body that does not interface with the other. It is known that many diseases can occur outside of the groin area, yet just because a condom was used, participants think it was “safe” and blameless. Sadly, considering that fornication is one of the gravest sins, and puts you most at risk for condemnation, it is absolutely impossible to have “safe” sex outside of marriage. And it goes without saying that masturbation is never safe.

8. Taking care of a small pet

“In spite of living far from God, I’m a good person because I take care of my little pug by dressing him up and even cooking vegan dishes for him.”

It’s hard to become a mother when you idolize your career and use apps like Tinder to meet a lot of men. Motherhood means taking on real sacrifice by putting others above yourself, but this is impossible to do when your pleasure comes first. However, the nurturing instinct in women is so strong that they seek out domestic house pets as an easy substitute. A woman can get a dog, retain her self-love, *feel* like a good mother, and get all the societal benefits from being a mother after sharing TikToks or Instagram Stories of her cute dog online.

9. Attending a gay pride event

“In spite of living far from God, I like to attend gay pride events to give moral support to a group that has historically been maligned, treated unfairly, and for some reason accused of spreading AIDS.”

The phenomenon of straight women going to gay pride events is very real. In fact, I believe that gay pride is a psyop primarily targeted toward straight women, to bring their lifestyles more in line with the extreme promiscuity of homosexuals while fomenting distrust against the potential source of their salvation: a good Christian man who is not gay.

10. Getting vaxxed, wearing face masks, and sanitizing hands until they’re raw

"In spite of living far from God and facing imminent spiritual death, I made sure to get the coronavirus vaccine because I don't want others to get sick and suffer physical death."

I'm certain the coronavirus vaccine is from Satan—it's a perfectly demonized construction that is perhaps his best work after the theory of evolution, because it helps the city dweller think he's escaping death while being a good person who "saves lives." In the end, hundreds of thousands of people will die due to this demonic elixir before they can repent. Meanwhile, the vaccinated man can browbeat you while soaking in virtue and "scientific" knowledge that he is making the right choice for his health and the health of those he cares about. Talk to people who got the vaccine long enough and very soon you find that it's not just a vaccine to them but an ideology that makes them feel good about who they are.

Conclusion

All these tricks to alleviate secular guilt are done in vain. Their effects are so fleeting that the person has to essentially create a lifestyle of guilt alleviation that will perfectly coincide with what the world—and the dark prince of this world—wants them to do. The reason why those in the city are so quick to latch on to the latest cause (even if it happens to be a massive war that could potentially kill millions of people) is that it contains an implicit promise to soothe their conscience. "If you believe in this thing, you will feel good for a moment." Or it will be a new health fad that has the implicit promise to live a day longer, postponing a divine judgment that cannot be avoided.

> Because a person cannot stand feelings of guilt in their conscious, they repress them into the subconscious and unconscious where, as psychology says, they acquire an independence and from then on cause continuous torment. Though the person throws these guilty feelings there, the feelings do not want to stay

> there, they want to escape. They also deserve to be exposed. They continuously prod and poke, until one day they erupt in some way and the seriousness of the sickness is exposed. That is, others can see that this person is sick. It is not that before this the person was well, but simply that there was a basement where all of these things were hidden. —Archimandrite Symeon Kragiopoulos in Anxiety

For those who participate in these behaviors, their sins grow deeper and their soul becomes more malformed. There's only one way to alleviate the guilt of a sinful life and that's through participation in the sacraments that our Lord Jesus Christ has given us through His Church, the Orthodox Church. Outside of the Church, there is absolutely no way to remove your guilt, even if you do everything on the above list and please the head of the Anti-Defamation League with your displays of online virtue. The path that our Lord has laid out is clear: if you have fallen, you must repent, be received into the Church, and confess your sins. Only then will the guilt fade, and only then can your soul be saved.

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